June 9. Up early and took grip over to steamer, arrived before the landing stages were up & had to wait. Pleasant & warm. Went back to N.Y. & bought clothes brush, got money changed to amount of $10. Wrote to Mother Win & Kate, earlier to Post & Pres. Eaton. Had steamer letters from Worthington, Professor Whitney, C.A. Emerson, Miss Tucker, Miss Hansen, Telegram from E.G. Found Mrs Dwight Whitneys card but did not see here [sic]. There was a great crowd at the dock and on the boat and it was almost impossible to get around. The band played several airs, the foghorn thundered & finally after 1/2 hours wait, we started. Took picture of N.G.L. docks as we went by. Mendle & Knoll are the names of my room mates both young fellows. Have interesting neighbor at table Heyer by name. He was in Jamison’s raid, knows Africa well & recommends me to go to Dar Es Salaam. Sent letters at quarantine & also 2 cards to children.

As we got out to sea it was quite hazy but otherwise pleasant, water smooth enough for Kate. Had good dinner as bill shows.

Walked around & got my bearings & learned the geography of the boat, she is a big one. Late this p.m. telegram was handed to me by the steward from Kate, also special delivery letter very glad to get both. Passed by a school of whales this p.m. & had a good view of them. Concert this eve. by ship orchestra. Hunted up Miss Reibe & gave her the package from Boots, sent in my care. Clouding up and no stars visible tonight. Went to bed early. Boat very steady. There are 2900 people on board including crew. Passed lot of dolphins. Later after dark passed large ocean steamer ablaze with lights bound for N.Y.

June 10. Rather high wind and quite a sea, toward noon the boat began to roll some. Read quite a little and walked more. It rains hard most of the day and there is quite a fog. We have made 422 miles at noon today and are straight south of the Bay of Fundy.

Heyer has been all over the world and gives me a good deal of interesting information and promises to look after me in Germany. He punishes a lot of beer and wine but he is a kind hearted fellow. Commenced writing postal cards and letters to home friends, some people are sick though there is very little motion to the boat. Lots of children aboard, from one year or less up. The bar is the busiest place on the boat the amount of beer consumed is surprising. Attended a concert by an orchestra of 12 pieces, all German music but played with fire and enthusiasm.

We were in wireless communication with Kronprinzersin Cicelie, Lapland, Celtic and Minneapolis. This last was the boat we came home on in 1903. Also in touch with Sable Island by wireless, and learned quite a little American news thereby. The news is chiefly regarding stock quotations, price of wheat &c. Cloudy & thick tonight with quite a sea.

June 11. Warm but rains all day with low lying clouds and some fog. Sea rough with S.W. wind and boat rolls slowly. Read some, bought postal cards and wrote to several. It is so dark on board that it is hard to see, everything is curtained, decks and all on a/c of rain.

Met an old sea captain who is going to sit next to me at table, Heyer brought him over. Talked about harbors and old times at sea. Feel better today than for last week and more appetite. Heyer tells me he is a distiller and is ostracized on that account. Stayed below most of day it is so wet and disagreeable on deck. Turned watches ahead 39 minutes today. Log at noon reads Lat 40°46, long. 54°59. At sea 46.2 hours. Run for last 24 hours 440 mi. Distance from N.Y. 862 mi. Watched poker games in the smoking room, a good deal of money changes hands.
Went to orchestra concert tonight, very good program. Passed a small steamer going east, toward dark. June 12. Quite a little American news from Cape Cod station 480 mi W. Also wireless communication from Sable Island, Cape Race\textsuperscript{22} and the following steamers Saxonia, Majestic, Graf Waldseee, Bulgaria\textsuperscript{23}.

June 12. Woke up this morning with boat rolling a good deal more than it has. A high N.E. gale is blowing.

The spray flies in every direction and the steward has shut up all the port holes, consequently it is close down stairs. Fog has disappeared but thick clouds are scudding overhead. Went out on the upper deck but could not stand up against the gale & besides was drenched with spray. There are several Catholic fathers on board and they held a service this a.m. in the writing room. The same old fellows were gambling for beer yesterday. “Consistency thou art a jewel”.

The gale grows worse toward noon and most of the passengers are sick. The boat pitches and rolls in spite of its great size. The ocean is a grand sight today, the great blue waves, with their white caps and accompanied by flying spray are beyond compare.

Passed steamer going west about dark. Both my room mates are sick & in their berths. I opened the port hole to get some fresh air in the room, when bang came a wave, which flooded the lower berth & threw water all over the cabin.

June 12 contd – I had to close the port and it soon became too close. Went to the concert this eve, the first piece “Deutschlands Ruhm” by Schröder was fine.

The log today is Lat. 42°5', long 45°36', distance 449 mi.\textsuperscript{25} Rainy and fog showers, strong gale beginning at 7 am, high sea and swell. The corrected passenger list is posted. There are 469 1\textsuperscript{st} class, 414 2\textsuperscript{nd} class, 487 3\textsuperscript{rd} class and 1005 steerage passengers, a total of 2375 add to this the crew of more than 600 and there is a total of 3000 on board.

We had wireless messages from Cape Cod, 900 mi west. Heard of the big fire at Seattle\textsuperscript{26}, of Roosevelt’s doings on his steamer\textsuperscript{27} &c. Heard also from these steamers “Kaiserin Auguste Victoria”, “St Paul”, “Mauretania” and “La Lorraine”.\textsuperscript{28} June 13. Too close down stairs to sleep well and came up on deck early, bright sunshiny morning but the gale is blowing hard and the boat pitches a good deal.

Passed a sailing vessel, 3 masted schooner, she was rolling at a great rate. The steward left the port open & a wave came in & soaked my suit case. Went through the usual round reading, writing, going to concert &c. Had some American news in the Marconi Daily\textsuperscript{29} but not much. The murder of a Mrs Charlton was the principal item. All news came from Marconi Station at Poldhu. 1590 miles away. We had news from the Mauretania, Rotterdam, Megantic, Minnetonka, Cedric\textsuperscript{30}. The log is as follows:- Cloudy, heavy squalls, light sea and swell. 439 miles run, lat. 45°18’, long. 36°31’.\textsuperscript{31} Distance from N.Y. 1750.

June 14. Fine day, wind has changed to S.E. & we can have our port open again. Quite a heavy swell and boat rolls back & forth. Tramped the decks a good deal & ate more as a result. The Germans at the table tell me what to take. Tried smoked eel, it was very good, also potato pancake with German cranberries poured over them. All kinds of sausage and cheese are served.

This is the ships birthday, she is 1 year old, had 2 band concerts in consequence. The passengers sent a wireless to Roosevelt on the Augusta Victoria\textsuperscript{32}, received a reply “Hearty Thanks”. American news still comes from Poldhu station. Very little of it of value, mainly gossipy news. A steerage passenger died today from some injury received in falling on the boat, he is ------ even to the care of old ocean at midnight. The log ------ Distance ------

June 14 cont’d.
444 miles. Lat. 47°25’, long. 26°14’. Cloudy and showery rough to moderate sea and swell. 2194 mi. from N.Y. Set watches 40 minutes ahead. Quite a little moonlight on the water tonight. Met Miss Reibe & her sisters again she said she had been pretty sick one day. I find that I have the honor of being at the principal table as second Officer Brunnig sits at the head of it when he eats at all which is seldom apparently. Saw nothing all day outside the ship except a couple of gulls flying far to windward. It is cold tonight and wraps are needed on deck.

June 15. Pleasant & cool, with brisk, S.E. wind, cloudy & quite hazy. I am told that the engines stopped last night at 12 long enough to hold burial services for the steerage passenger. The sailors are fixing up the donkey engines & getting the cranes ready to hoist mail & express at Plymouth tomorrow. We should be there at 6 a.m. but all bets say not earlier than noon.

There was a dance tonight on the promenade deck, watched it a few minutes, the band played 1001 Nights first. Went through the engine shaft & dynamo rooms, great sight, 8 pistons drive the 2 shafts. Over 700000 revolutions of the screw thus far. Also went into furnace room. Log today Lat 49°23’, long. 16°33’, distance run 442 mi. 2636 from N.Y. Set watches ahead 43 min. Cloudy moderate sea. In communication with Blucher wh. we saw at a distance, she was aground yesterday near Boulogne she wired us. Also news from Kroonland, Carmania, Kronprinz Wilhelm & Adriatic. Heard of fire in Montreal that burned 42 persons and of terrible thunder storm in Berlin that killed a good many. Subscribed 4 marks to musicians. June 16. Bright & pleasant tho hazy. At 7:30 saw Bishop Rock light & so we are at the Entrance of the English Channel. Had good view of the Scilly Is. with great breakers dashing on the rocks. Also saw Lands End, the Lizard &c. Great piles of mail being hoisted from hold also baggage. Everybody watching land, the numerous steamers & fishing vessels.

Passed a large H-A steamer coming from Rio de Janeiro. Shore visible all the way to Plymouth took 2 views of the Lizard and 1 of Plymouth.

Received a letter from Richardson at Plymouth. We stayed there about 1/2 hr & put off mail, silver bullion, 6 tons of it, and a good many passengers. Passed the famous Eddystone light about 12:30 & had a good look at it. Everything very green, the farms are laid out so trimly, every inch of productive land is worked.

The shore is irregular, rocky but quite an even sky line in general the cliffs are fairly high. We pass scores of small & ?? fishing craft. There were several ??? Plymouth, which is a great rendezvous

June 16 contd

for the Navy. Took a snap shot of the lighthouse & breakwater as we came out of the harbor. Had a letter from Richardson at Plymouth. After a short stop we steamed out & headed for Cherbourg a 5 hours run. Very chilly & Heyer let me have his over coat, he said he never wore it, while I was shivering. Saw a point of the French Coast about 5:30, it is 21 years since I saw it last with Father.

Passed Isle of Jersey after supper and about 8 arrived at Cherbourg, watched them transfer passengers & baggage to the lighters at 9 we steamed out, it was too dark to see much. Numerous revolving lights visible as we proceed up the channel. Went to Orchestra concert, their last piece was one of my favorite ones Boccacio March. Cold & high wind tonight.

June 17. Went up on deck at 7, no land in sight & we are well within the North Sea. Pass lots of fishermen, Capt Averdam says they are Dutchmen, they can be told by the cut of the sails. Heyer[sic] let me take European Edition of N.Y. Herald which he got at Cherbourg, I scanned it eagerly for American News. There was a notice of Ritshers death in it copied from Chicago Herald. Cloudy & misty & not much to be seen as the day advances. Took a walk along the 1st
cabin deck this a.m. it is much more roomy than ours. No log today, & no Marconi News. After dinner log was posted as follows, Lat 52°24', Long. E. 3°29’, distance 257 miles 192⁴⁹, miles to Bremen. 13.8 hrs since leaving Meridian of Greenwich.

Heavy fog for awhile & almost ran into a steamer, our boat stopped for half an hour, blowing the fog horn, in various directions other whistles could be heard. It was a ticklish position. The fog cleared after awhile & we could see the low flat sand bars off the coast of Holland first & then of Germany.

Passed several light ships the Terschellen ship⁵⁰ being the first last of the German Dutch ones off Terschellen island⁵¹ where German royalty & nobility spend their summers. At 6:30 passing Bonmen lightship first of the German lightships, 50 miles to mouth of the Weser and 83 from Bremenhaven. Watched the sun set at 9:03 p.m. Stayed up until we reached the Rotessand light at 10:45, it was still quite light. Heye[r] [sic] tried to get me to drink a farewell grog but I said no.

Went over to first class & went all over the ship, got quite a lot of literature for trip around world.

June 18. Routed out at 5 after being awake since 3 on a/c of the confusion. I looked out of the port & found we were anchored in the middle of the river at Bremenhaven. Had a hurried breakfast of rolls coffee & hamburger steak, there was no need of hurry as the boat was so slow in getting to dock that we did not get off until nearly 8. I roamed all over the boat went down & inspected the kitchen &c. Gave the table steward 1.00, the room steward .75 and the bath steward .50 and the head steward .25. I would have been in a terrible stew if there had been any more.

Finally about 9 we got on board of our train & started for Bremen. Went to the magnificent offices of the German Lloyds⁵³ & got money changed, then hunted up the U.S. Consul, a big fleshy but pleasant German & obtained some information from him about Bremen harbor. Then went to an automatic restaurant⁵⁴, where you put money in a slot & get what you want. Bought postage stamps in the same way.

The country around here looks like Holland, there are numerous canals & dykes, also wind mills. Haying is going on & the women & children are at work in the fields.

Quaint old single story thatched farm houses appear occasionally but they are mainly giving way to smart variegated brick & stucco houses. The old must give way, that is one reason I am taking this lonesome journey so that I may not have to give way, I am not as picturesque as these old houses for I havent much thatch left.

Came on to Hamburg⁵⁵ at 1:30, took 3rd class & slept most of the way. A great deal of moor & heather, unusable land which is being reclaimed by drainage & made into pasture or planted to forests. Pine trees in all stages of growth are common. Thousand [sic] of Holstein cattle cover the pastures, people mow by hand entirely & rake up the hay carefully & put it in little rick wagons drawn by 1 horse, it is a sort of 1 horse country, but they farm carefully still every possible inch.⁵⁶

Put up at Hannover House opposite the station, no one speaks English here & so have to do the best I can in German. Typical German inn, feather bed above feather bed below, but I slept sound. The landlord is named August Geerds and he bellows like a bull.

I can find the hotel by means of that roar, I asked for supper & he brought me a bill of fare in German script. I said I cannot read it, what have you got for supper, he tried to tell me, he talked so fast & loud that I could not follow him. I kept saying June 18 contd.
I don't understand, the more I talked the louder he roared until finally I thought he would burst, so for safety's sake I told him to bring me a simple supper. Walked around town awhile & found Afrika Haus, where I am to get my ticket to Africa.

June 19. Pleasant but high N.W. wind & tonight it is raining. Went down to the “Hafers” & took a ferry boat down the river visiting the various docks & then returned.

Came to the hotel for dinner, had tomato soup, roast veal, boiled potatoes, peas & chopped parsley, bread & strawberries. They have very fine berries & cherries here, but alas no cherry pie. The roar still continues, when August can roar at no one else his poor wife has to take it. He is as broad as long, consumes plenty of beer, in fact he is a tank in looks & capacity, & is very apoplectic, I fear he will drop suddenly one of these fine days & then the neighborhood will be quiet, one can then bear the noise in the streets or in the railroad station across the way. Broke the Sabbath by going to Hagenbeck’s famous animal park. Magnificent collection of animals & fine quarters, made as natural as possible. A crack military band from Dresden played, there was a wild west show there also. I looked at my watch it was 5 p.m. I said to myself it is 11 at home and the deacons are just about passing the boxes in church; it is a good thing they can’t see where I am in a wild beast park with bands playing & thousands of people crowding & pushing to see the big snake the parrot & the monkey. Came back & went to bed early after writing awhile.

June 20. Fine day & cool. The first thing I did was to go to the East Africa Line office & get my ticket also some literature then went down to the docks with the roll & put it in the baggage room of the Company. Wandered around awhile looking up prices of various articles I may need on voyage as everybody tells me to buy what I need in Europe rather than to wait until arriving in Africa as articles are much higher there. Taking all my meals at the hotel, the cooking is German but it all tastes very good. August is very quiet today for some reason, he must be drunk. Left a number of pieces to be washed. Saw the Kaiser’s private yacht “Hohenzollern” she is a magnificent ship, all trimmed in Gold. He is to be here Wednesday and sail on her for Northern waters. Bought a map of the harbor, Hamburg is certainly a great port & the busiest one I have ever seen because the river is comparatively narrow & the shipping is crowded as a result. There are a large number of basins & substantial quays with plenty of cranes & other machinery for handling freight.

June 21. Was called at 7 o’clock, had breakfast of rye bread & coffee & started for Berlin. Our route is through a flat uninteresting agricultural & pasture country. Everybody busy in field & garden. Great many fields of potatoes, most of them frozen, much rye & grass land. All grass mowed by hand, big scythes with long straight handles. Arrived in Berlin on time. Hunted up a hotel & decided to come to the old Hospice Zum Centrum on Adler St. close to the Palace. Wrote some cards and mailed them then walked down Unter den Linden [sic] and Liepzieger St. The latter the great retail st of the town. Bought a Berlin souvenir spoon at a large jewelry establishment. After a bath in a tub big enough to swim in went to bed. This old Hospice is an interesting place, it is very pleasant & homelike & evidently Americans come here a good deal, though no one speaks English. I believe it would be possible for me to speak German in 3 months if I had to speak it all of the time as I have since coming to Germany. Have a room on the ground floor & will take meals here beginning tomorrow. Have tried taking meals in restaurants but not very satisfactory. I did get a splendid cup of Cocoa & some fine bread & butter at Van Houtens cocoa rooms on Leipziger St. It was the first food that tasted like home that I have had. Some very fine shops here but most articles cost as much as they do at home.
Hardly any department stores, each store carries a special line of goods. Went into the Colonial Museum near Lehrer station, very good exhibit of African, South Sea Island &c archaeology. Got a very good idea of the articles made by natives in East Africa, the style of their houses, the methods used by them &c. Berlin is a very busy town, very large number of taxi cabs which go shrieking through the streets at a great rate.

June 21 contd.

There are some very imposing public buildings and monuments. The latter most frequently commemorate some national victory in war.

I supposed Berlin was a model city, but the dust flies here much as it does in Chicago, still Berlin is much ahead of C in cleanliness and is much less noisy. This has been Commencement day at home, [how/too] often my thoughts have gone thitherward to home and the dear ones there and to the College. I hope they had as beautiful a day there as this has been here.

June 22. Slept late & then ate breakfast here, same old thing as everywhere. Went to the Geological, and Natural history museums. Bought a field glass as my eyesight is so poor I cannot make out things at a distance. The collections are fine and beautifully installed. Took dinner at the Hospice We had cauliflower soup rolled pancake (German type) with peas & other veg. cooked together, boiled potatoes & roast mutton & stewed ox heart cherries, pudding.

This p.m. went to Zoological Garden, a fine collection esp. of birds antelopes and various members of the sheep family.

Met a young German who sat at our table coming over on the G. Washington. It is almost impossible to get away from acquaintances. Also went to Ethnological Museum this p.m. A wonderful collection in some lines, very rich in Alaskan, South American & Pueblo articles. It makes me discouraged in the attempt to build up a museum when I see such a one as they have here a hundred fold larger & richer in materials and all installed so well.

Got some gloves for Kate which I will try to send home in newspapers, or else carry around the world I dont know which. Berlin makes me think of Paris in many ways both in the style of buildings and in the boulevard restaurants.

June 23 Rainy morning but after awhile went out and took a look at the palaces & prominent buildings, University &c. along the Unter den Linden [sic]. Most of them are plain looking and not especially attractive in architecture neither are they ornate. Substantial & plain like the Germans themselves. For dinner had vegetable soup, thin slice of tongue sausage & boiled rice with prunes, ham & potatoes & for dessert cake. Went to hear the Guard band play in the ?ust Garten, very fine music, it was almost perfect. Home Sweet Home came first, what a wave of feeling swept over me as the band began it. Went into the Cathedral, a massive & imposing building but not much of interest in it. Walked around this p.m. bought 1/4 lb of peppermint drops & munched them as I walked the streets looking into store windows & watching crowds on the streets. Have seen several dirigible balloons since I have been here, they go back & forth at pretty good speed. The canal traffic is quite large here, it is very laborious work I have watched the men poling the boats along it takes all their strength & must be back breaking work, I should think they would introduce motor boats instead of this man power arrangement.

The moth millers are flying around the room at a great rate. I suppose I will have to carry them along with the rest of the baggage. Wrote to Kate.

June 24. Showery but warm & summer like, visited the Historical Museum in Kloster strasse, very good collection of old time costumes, furniture ornaments &c. Went into the University building and read Professor Pencks announcements, but did not try to go to his lecture. Took
several views on the Unter den Linden [sic]. Paid my bill at the Hospice of 24 marks. Came on to Hamburg this p.m. and put up with August again he seemed glad to see me. He roared out a lot of guttural German of which I understood about 1/2. There are quantities of fine strawberries in the market. In Berlin one sees everywhere the sign “Erdbeeren mit schlogahru” Strawberries with whipped cream. Cherries abundant the big black ox heart kind & cheap, have tried them & they are good. Lots of currants too. Had currants stewed with one of the courses for dinner today, chocolate ice cream also, it tasted like America.

Waited awhile at Berlin to see the guard mount but a shower came up and went to hotel. Wrote a card to Tannissee.

June 25. Had fairly early breakfast & started out to do some shopping, went to Haupts and found a clerk who spoke English and bought shirts, underclothes, slippers, helmet rubber coat & a few minor articles. Went to steamer office to get mail, found only a letter from Mother. Wrote cards to Kate & Mother and wrapped up a pair of gloves in a newspaper & sent to Kate. The package was overweight & the clerk at P.O. told me I must pay more on it.

Went over to office of U.S. Consul and saw 2 officials there about Hamburg harbor, whether they could give me information or not about the harbor. Got some but not much. They told me that Dr Goode of Univ. of Chgo had recently been there to get some information for City of Chicago. A Negro let me in it seemed natural to see a coon, I suppose they will be an old story in a few weeks. Went to hotel & had one of August’s simple but well cooked dinners, a kind of dumpling soup steak potatoes, cooked currants & shwarz bread & butter.

The boy took my grip over to the Ringbahn, August wished me “gutes reises” and was off to the ferry boat. Reached the steamer and found my room. I am in with 3 others, all Germans in a roomy cabin, they are all going to Africa to seek their fortune and are very pleasant men though they speak no English. Before starting got a cloth knapsack & shawl strap, have quite a load of stuff now. It was about 7 p.m. before we started instead of 4. So much to load on, all sorts of cargo. There is a motley crew on board, Hindoos, several varieties of Negroes, Chinese, &c. There are but few passengers out of Hamburg but more join the boat at Rotterdam & Southhampton. Got settled for a 5 weeks trip & then went on deck as we moved down the river. Great many lighthouses with all sorts of lights, toward dark we are in the wide estuary that shows we are approaching the sea and I went to bed.

June 26. Slept fairly well, woke up with boat pitching & rocking. Got up & went on deck, no land in sight, a fresh gale is blowing from N.W. & there is quite a sea. Many steamers & ships in sight & have good use for the field glasses, some of the big boats are bound for America I would not grieve if I were on one of them. The 2 brothers in our cabin Penss by name are sick, the other one Grossman is up & smiling. There are 3 women at our table going to Africa evidently as Missionaries.

There was a lot of weeping on the part of this group as well as others when the steamer left, I felt sorry for them, what it must mean to leave home & friends for long years of service in the heathen lands, with all the privation one suffers.

It is a cold, gloomy day, as usual on German ships the band played the National Anthem this morning (Sunday). Last Sunday I heard it played on the Kaisers private yacht.

About 11 o’clock we came in sight of the low sand bars with their light houses & little hamlets, which lie off the German & Holland coast. There are numerous dunes on these islands covered with brush & grass. It is so rough this p.m. that it is hard to write. Keeping passing
numerous steamers all day & I keep my glass busy. Showers keep coming & going, there was a rainbow for awhile this p.m. By 7 or a little after we entered the mouth of the Maas, the waves rolled on the beach in great shape. It was about 11, when we came up to our landing place. As we went up the river noted the low land with the substantial dikes enclosing them, the numerous canals & wind mills all moving in this gale. Passed Schiedam famous for its gin &c. The cattle are numerous and the pasturage seems rich.

Numerous buoys, light houses and electric lights on posts mark our way up the river to Rotterdam.

June 27. Cold gloomy day with showers. Do not feel very well, too much shaking up yesterday, I guess. Walked around Amsterdam Rotterdam. Got some postal cards & wrote them. This p.m. went out to Delfthaven whence the Pilgrims set sail for America. There is not much of interest here, the city is a great sea port, all the river ports & the numerous havens are crowded with shipping, a good many large steamers are discharging cargo, there are fine facilities for the same everywhere, these ports appear to be ahead of the U.S. in that respect. The first thing I saw about was a building marked Smits Hotel, we cant get away from Smiths no matter where you go. The shops are small & very little in them of interest, not much that is peculiar to Holland. Imitations of Delft ware are to be seen but they say no genuine ware has been made for centuries. Find that we are not to leave until tomorrow p.m. They are coaling here & taking on much cargo as well. Everybody is out again today, there are no waves to disturb us. Not a word of English is spoken at the table, so it is “Sprechen Deutsch” or starve. I am the only one in the crowd who does not drink beer, so I am lonesome in more senses than one. I wore my yellow walking shoes, for they are so much easier, they attracted more attention than if I had walked down the streets dressed a la Indian or a la Adam.

I feared the business of the town would stop before those shoes moved away. It is a fact that almost everybody had to stop & take a look. Cram ought to start a store here for tan shoes, he might make a hit. Took a couple of pictures of the canals, wanted to take one of a little boy and girl, each a little older than T. & K. who were playing on the deck of a loaded canal boat, the deck was down to the waters edge & they were having a great time playing in the water, but before I could snap them they ran to the middle of the boat.

Our steamer is loaded down now, until it would seem she could carry no more cargo. June 28. They were loading cargo all night & the steam winches made a fearful racket, sleep was almost impossible. When I got up it was raining hard & keeps at it more or less all day. They are loading coal briquettes at our end of the steamer, they arrive via canal boat from Western Germany, dont know where they are going but there is an enormous amount of them. The canal boat is nearly as long as the steamer. They are cargo & not for burning on the boat. A motley collection of nations is at work on the decks & in the hold. Went over to the city for we are docked across the river from Rotterdam proper & walked back, mailed some postals I had written after walking about 2 hours trying to find the post office. Got some ships paper & wrote to Kate, then between showers went out & photographed 2 different scenes in the harbor showing large power cranes & moveable elevators. As the boat officials have decided not to leave until evening took a ferry over to the city again & looked around & came back to dinner. Clearing up tonight but a great old gale blowing it will be fine in the English Channel tonight. We finally started about 8 p.m. watched the varying scenes along the river. The band played & lots of people waved to us from the quays, went to bed about 10 opened up the porthole which
these pesky Germans insist on closing. The wind blows a gale through the cabin & sets the
curtains flying.

June 29. Slept fairly well, though rather close as the port was shut all night. It was rough & the
boat rocked a good deal & creaked dismally. When I came on deck the chalk cliffs of England
were in sight, shortly after breakfast we passed Dover closely, not more than a mile away. It
looked familiar as Kate & I landed there 8 years ago. Most of the day the shores are in sight,
shortly after leaving Dover we passed quite a city that looked like a watering place. Quantities of
sail vessels & steamers pass in a constant procession. Most of the sailing ?? fishing vessels but
once in a while a fine ???ed ship bowls along before the wind.

???? ??? in the Channel all day with a strong [win]d, I tried to stand on the front deck &
watch ?????? could not do it. The wind blew my cap ???ily it caught on the railing & I got it.
??[b]reak right over the bow, the boat is so loaded that it does not respond readily to the waves.

Read some, tramped more & watched the shipping through the glasses. We can tramp the
full length of the saloon deck & have so much more freedom than on the Washington that it
seems quite a relief in that respect to be on this steamer. Log today Lat 50°50’ Long 50’ E. miles
run 145. The boat is a slow one naturally enough as she has a heavy cargo, from the recording
machine on the stern I reckon she makes about 11.4 miles an hour today. About 4 we sight the
Isle of Wight & sail up the Solent in plain view of Portsmouth & Cowes & numerous other
towns. Had a good view of Osborn House, a favorite residence of Queen Victoria and
numerous castles & fine country seats. We passed through a great naval display as we neared
Portsmouth. There must have been over a hundred vessels in the squadron, they were going
down the channel abreast & equally spaced & finally came to anchor off Cowes.

There were some large battle ships which we saluted also many cruisers &
numerous torpedo boats & torpedo destroyers. About 9 we arrived at Southampton & docked
went ashore & tried to get some stamps but could not & I did not dare go down town lest the
boat leave, so I gave Kates letter to a policeman with some money & asked him to mail it which
he promised to do. While standing on the dock I noticed a large steamer coming in & asked an
official her name, he answered “Her Majestic of the White Star line,” she was just arriving
from America.

About 11 we started off again & the tugs pulled us down the harbor. About
June 30. Went up on deck about 7:30 & set my watch back 20 min. as we are going westerly

It is pretty rough & most of the crowd are sea sick but I have attended all meals without
fail. Only a few steamers have passed today as we are pretty well south of the main lines of
travel. A large flock of ????? have followed us all day on tireless wing for ????? morsels that are
thrown from the boat a good deal & read the rest of the time waves. They look as if
they were going boat but we safely ride them.

June 30 cont’d.
The boat pitches around at a great rate tonight, it becomes rougher as we get out of the channel
into the Bay of Biscay.

One of the most amusing sights on the boat is an Englishman with 2 measy little King
Charles spaniels, he is a big strapping fellow but he carries these little dogs around hugged to his
breast or leads them by a chain.

The Mohammedans of which there is quite an assortment, (all coalheavers) are the
dirtiest looking mortals I ever saw. They eat by themselves squatted around on the fore deck. It
would be desecration for them to eat with the unbelieving Christians.
Dirt doesn't count if they can keep their religious scruples about cooking & eating. They eat what the prophet tells them & let the dirt take care of itself.

We had a fine view of the French Coast just south of Brest shortly before sunset. It was a rocky shore on which the waves broke with tremendous energy. The rocks seemed to stand on end and to be arranged in long walls that looked like city streets, but the glass showed that they were upright, possibly dikes. A steward told me that the big square light house standing way out in the sea was where the big English liner of the Castle Co. went down a few years ago. The French Govt. put up this tower so that the performance should not be repeated. The last thing I saw before going to bed was the brilliant flashing from this light & another one further to the north. They shone over a wild waste, the wind was howling & blowing a gale, our boat pitched like a drunken man in the great billows. It takes nerve not to have apprehensions under such circumstances.

July 1. Did not sleep much, the boat tossed too much & everything movable was flying around. During the night my big scrap book in which were 4 or 5 lbs of this diary paper, was dislodged from the berth shelf by an extra lurch of the boat & landed squarely on my stomach, the paper shot out all over the cabin.

At the same time some dishes which the Pens boys had in their berths went crashing to the floor. There was a great commotion for a moment, finally Grossman stuck his head out of his berth & yelled “Wir bleiben”, = We remain.

I had to laugh at the whole performance. The sea is quieter this morning & the rolling of the boat less so that life is more endurable again. Read a good deal in a little book in German on the soul life of animals written by one of Carl Hagenbeck’s men, it is a very interesting little work, practical & not theoretical. This noon we are half way across the Bay of Biscay & I am not sorry as it has an evil reputation for storms.

Almost nothing in sight today, very few sails or steamers & no birds. The gulls have left us, probably for better fields.

The Germans are too thrifty to throw away much & they can hardly get a living following a German boat. I should think after awhile the gulls would learn to know the German flag & steer clear of all craft that fly it.

Log today Lat 45° 33’, long 7° 16’ W. Distance traveled in 24 hrs 276 Knots. We are making better time than yesterday our average is nearly 12 miles an hour this a.m. That would be pretty slow in an auto but it is very good for an old plug of a boat like this. Talked with the cargo master quite a while, he speaks very good English. He told me that N. Germany is being washed away at rate of 7 or 8 meters a year in some places especially on the islands. He could tell me little about harbors.

Cold & damp, went to bed early.

July 2. Up early, could not sleep much. Found it raining very hard & heavy mist over sea. So we cannot see Cape Finisterre as we were promised at 8 o’clock. Read most of the time or moped around. Went up to the bow of the boat & stayed awhile. Lots of chickens & doves there, being taken to Africa for breeding purposes. The Arabs make their headquarters there & squat around on deck. The purser told me they were all from Aden & that they could get no one else who could stand the heat of the furnace room in the Red Sea. They are on duty there 2 hours at a time & often have to be horse whipped to make them stay the allotted time in the terrible heat.

I find that the Englishman’s name with the 2 dogs is Colin Campbell, that is another indictment against the Campbells.
He told me that the little brown dog is a Chinese dog not a spaniel as I thought and that he paid 350 dollars for him. A Campbell & his money are soon parted.

Cleared up toward noon, the wind has gone down & it is very quiet, no motion to the boat & every body is out again to meals. It is much warmer too & in every way more pleasant than it has been. Lots of steamers & ships today, counted 7 at one time, most of them freight boats going to England & the Continent from the ends of the Earth. Just as I went to bed I saw the flash of a light on the Portuguese shore so I suppose it is Lisbon in the morning.

July 3. Was awakened by the bellowing of the fog horn & arose though it was but 5 a.m. We were just entering the Tagus. We steamed slowly up the river to Lisbon & docked in the heart of the town. Went ashore & bought some postals sent one to Tannissee, one to Win, one to the Livermores & one to Mr Yates. After breakfast started out & viewed the town went up the river & found a quarry where I got some very good specimens of fossils that I judge are late Tertiary. Lisbon is a hilly city & quite imposing looking from the river but there is a lot of dirt bad smells & poverty when you really get into the town. It looks much like an Italian City, bright colored stucco houses with red roofs predominate. Many of the newer houses are built of showy blue & brown tiles with various pictures & designs upon them.

Walked around town most of the day, one would not realize that it is Sunday. The Roman church has never persuaded the people to keep that commandment.

The women & most of the men on the boat went to the bull fight I repressed my natural desire to go & kept the sabbath. My eyes are full of dust tonight I dont know how many kinds of microbes there maybe in them. I imagine Lisbon has its share of those things. Some beautiful flower gardens with palms aloes &c, some of the Avenues also are lined with palms & other trees.

Lots of fruit in the Market plums, cherries, figs, strawberries &c. Very hot, put on tropical underwear & the cork helmet.

Bought a N.Y. Herald & read the 1st American News since we were at Cherbourg. The date of paper is June 30. I read it from stem to stern to use a nautical phrase. This is a great place for baskets, everything is carried in them on the head or on donkeys backs. I saw a good many of the Algerian baskets here, some large ones which they use to feed donkeys & cows in. The harbor facilities are poor here & every thing has to lightened.

Lots of women here with hair on their faces I think the side shows must get their bearded ladies from Lisbon. After supper went East of town 3 miles to a quarry & looked around for fossils until dark, then walked back to steamer & went to bed.

July 4. Walked around quays before breakfast watching the coming & going of the small ships loaded with coal, cork, straw hay &c. Saw a lively fight bet two young sailors, one of them was pretty well punched up. Wrote to Kate. After breakfast went to another quarry and found a few good fossils mainly oyster shells. Called on U.S. Consul but it was a holiday & could not see him. Talked with Mrs Amy his wife, she was very pleasant. When I left and had gone down stairs, she called me back saying “Mr Collie it is the 4th of July & Americans should not part without shaking hands, so I want to shake hands with you”. We shook & I said goodbye again. Went back to boat at 11, the advertised hour for sailing but she did not get under way until 11 p.m. Bought a souvenir spoon, could not get what I wanted but did best possible. The bowl is round & is made of an old Portuguese coin with a handle fastened to it. Paid 2000 reis for it, sounds big but means 2.00 American money. Had a few copper coins left & spent them for candy. Have the Gala Peter appetite again.
I think the sea makes one hungry for sweets. Watched the shore south of Lisbon until a sharp turn in the coast to the East caused it to disappear in the dim distance. Bright beautiful 4th of July, a fresh N.W. wind blowing but the sea is not rough & very little motion to the boat. We took on a good sized load of flies at Lisbon & they are a nuisance.

Quite a number of passengers got on, so that 2 more tables have to be set. Some of the men are going to Portuguese Africa.

One mother hugged her boy until it was time for the boat to go and then crying as if her heart would break went down the gang plank, when the boat started she walked along following it to the end of the quay, when she could go no further, she waved her handkerchief one moment & wiped her eyes with it the next. And as long as I could see her she stood there watching the receding steamer. Well women love in Portugal just as they do in America. After a short time we are out of sight of land. The evening is beautiful & cool after the hot day & a gentle N.W. wind. Today has not been much like a 4th of July in America.

July 5. Bright pleasant day but very strong N.E. wind, in fact a gale & grown rougher with the advancing day. Sighted the coast of Spain about 10 a.m. and towards noon the great cliffs of Africa loom up before us. Had an early lunch & about 1:30 disembarked at Tangiers. Bought some post cards of a Moor, several of whom came on board with them & wrote to Kate Kenneth, Glen & C.B. Salmon. We went ashore, a great experience with a howling gang of Moors rowing the boat & yelling at the top of their lungs, had to pay 50 to get ashore and back, the boat was anchored out a mile from shore, then 5 cents to get in to the town and 5 to get out. Guides pestered the life out of me, so did donkey boys & runners for stores. Tried to find baskets or something characteristic but found nothing beautiful or useful. Walked through the bazaars, little booths with meat, fruit, vegetables &c, for sale. Peaches pears & plums tomatoes potatoes, squash, melons &c for sale. Saw a snake charmer at work, swallowing snakes &c. Dirt, dirt, dirt & vile smells, flies covered everything. Walked through the narrow ill paved streets out to the castle & also west of town away, after shaking off all guides. One is jostled by mules in the narrow roads. Some pleasant looking gardens with their reed fences, fruit trees & ornamental shrubbery. The howling & yelling of the boat men as they tried to get passengers was terrific.

If this is the Orient excuse me – Several Moors embarked on the steamer with their wives, the latter of course with faces covered. Good many salesmen came on steamer & tried to sell their wares. There was nothing of interest or of value. Came back to steamer on first boat & watched the excitement.

We had to be towed out by a launch, it was so rough it was almost impossible to row. While being taken out the rope broke & then pandemonium broke loose again, the Moors yelled & howled as if the end of the world had come.

As I write 7 p.m. the rock of Gibraltar looms up before us and so we are nearly through the straits. It was quite dark when we came abreast of the rock, but could see the outline & the flashing of the light houses on Gibraltar & the African Coast both.

July 6. Fine day, quite warm & light east wind. The Spanish Coast is in sight all of the time, a bald coast, with steep cliffs, occasionally a coastal plain with hamlets or towns upon it. All looks dry & dreary, small population & not much chance for a living. Early snow covered Mts. showed up, the Sierra Nevadas of Spain but they soon disappeared. We passed Cape Gata at noon and are nearly abreast of Cape Palos this evening. Reading a good deal & slept much up on the stern promenade deck which has now been covered with a double awning in preparation for the
tropics. I go forward two or three times a day & watch the motley aggregation there, animals and men, we are a veritable Noah’s Ark, only I hope we are not going to hit Mt. Arat\[sic\].

I shall be glad when the Portuguese leave as most of them will at Marseilles, they are disagreeable & belong to a different race & civilization than the rest of the passengers. They are more like Moors than Europeans.

The log was wrong today & I noticed it & called the chief stewards attention to it. Had quite a dispute with a Hungarian who sits next to me at the table, who eats with his knife & makes so much noise about it you cant help but know it. He claimed the log was right I said no it is incorrect. I was right for in about an hour one officer was sent from the bridge to correct the error. The log reads Lat 36° 44’ Long 2° 4W’, miles from Tangier [sic] 194. Sat in the smoking room awhile & watched my German friends drink beer, I think they averaged 6 glasses apiece within an hour or two.

July 7 - Misty & clouding up rapidly during the day.

High N.E. wind which kicks up quite a sea & the boat is rolling some as a result. Passed in sight of the Balearic Islands this forenoon. Made a guess as to the log today, guessed Long. 2°E, Lat. 39°30’ N. in reality it is Long 1° 57’, Lat 40° 6’.[sic] Only 3 minutes off on longitude a matter of 3 miles or so. Am going to guess that we are in Marseilles tomorrow at 12 o’clock. We have gone 280 miles in last 24 hrs. Not so very bad for the old tub. Sat around or read most of day, it is a bit monotonous especially as I have no one to talk to, no English speaking passengers in second class. The food is getting monotonous, too much meat & heavy foods, salads & the like & not enough fruit & “NO PIE”. All the puddings are gelatine puddings like Hull’s Angeline. They have plenty of good bread, butter & jam so I can get along. There is a Swede at the table who look at you with great mournful eyes but says nothing, I would like to know what ails him, is it a case of being love sick or is it dyspepsia it must be one or the other. He doesn’t speak English & I am no Swede, so I shall never find out I guess.

It has cleared up this p.m. & is a bright beautiful day after all. Toward night the wind came up strong from S.W. shortly after going to bed the Steward came in & closed the ports up tight.

July 8. High wind, rolling sea & a pitching steamer, very few at breakfast. About 10 the French Coast came in sight & soon the islands that guard Marseilles harbor, among the one containing the Castle d’If the scene of Dumas Novel Monte Christo. As we came in back of the breakwater there was Old Glory waving from three war ships anchored in line, the Massachusetts, Iowa & Indiana, it did my heart good to see the old flag & the U.S. Marines drawn up on the decks. We docked at 11:30 so my guess was 1/2 hr too late. Went out this p.m. into the outskirts of the city to study the rocks & their relation to the harbor & to take some views of the harbor including the battle ships. Walked 8 or 10 miles on this hot day & feel pretty tired. Have not seen any thing of the city as yet but will go out awhile tomorrow morning before the boat sails, at noon. Marseilles is certainly a great port

July 8 cont’d.

ships of every nation are gathered here. It is a great meeting place of the Orient & Occident, very few ports unless it is Singapore exceed it in this respect. The post card fiend is here also as in every port visited bothering you to death to buy their cheap trash. Went out this eve. for a short walk & to get my bearings in the city, came back & went to bed early.

July 9. Up at 6 & had coffee & rolls then went out & walked for several hours looking for some souvenir but found nothing. There was a woman came on the boat with silk dress goods, handkerchiefs &c. I took quite a fancy to one dress pattern & questioned the woman about the
price she told me 7 francs a yard (1.40). A German woman who sits at our table was standing near & she said in a low voice your wife would not wear the goods if you bought them, they went out of style 7 years ago. I was pretty hungry by 10 & got some breakfast on the boulevard some real chocolate, not much like the concoction they dish up on the boat & some cake & pastry in addition. Bought some cards & stamps. Wrote to Kate & sent cards to Mother, Tannissee, Kenneth & Densmore. Came back to boat & had lunch, as there seemed to be no indications that the boat was going to leave after lunch, I asked the guard if I had time to go out for awhile, he said yes plenty of time, when about a block away I heard the steamer sound the fog horn for starting & I had to run a good clip in order to get on board before the gang plank was hauled in, I made it with several minutes to spare.

Very fine warm day, no waves to speak of & very pleasant sailing. Good views of the steep coast & islands as we steam by on our way to Naples. All this portion of the French Riviera is attractive as one could wish. A very pleasant German & his wife came aboard at Marseilles bound for Africa, they sit at our table, he speaks very good English & has been in America. The steward told me I could sit with 2 Englishmen that came on board if I chose but told him I preferred to stay where I was now that I was acquainted. We keep in sight of French coast until dark. Went to bed early.

July 10. When I arose this morning we were in the strait of Bonifacio between Corsica and Sardinia. The former island showed up well with high hills passing into snow clad mts. in the interior. Farther on cliffs of chalk appear with great sea caves worn in them. We pass the interesting town of Bonifacio with its high, narrow houses perched on a cliff. Numerous islands everywhere. Sardinia is less rugged than Corsica as seen from the steamer but it is hilly & even mountainous in the far distance. By noon we have passed out of sight of land and only water every where but very quiet & peaceful, light wind & no sea. Passed quite close to the N.D.L. steamer Schleswig bound for Bremen. Found a little note from Kate in a clean pair of stockings this morning, it was a great surprise but very pleasant to have the little missive with its love.

Walked the decks most of the time, watch the Moors getting their hodgepodge meals or saying their prayers. They dont hesitate to say them in public when the proper time comes. They go right up on the fore castle deck, spread their outer garment on the deck, face Mecca & go through the performance no matter how many may look on.

Had quite a talk with the 2 Englishmen that got on at Marseilles. One is going to Uganda on Government service the other lives in Africa up the Zambesi [sic] river. The one going to Uganda has lived in Shanghai for 12 years & gave me some good points on that town & the region round about.

Just before going to bed at 9:30 saw the flash of a light house & so we are nearing the Italian Coast.

July 11. When I awoke about 4:30 we were just entering the Bay of Naples. Soon we anchored & I dressed, got breakfast & went by a tender to the city. Walked around most of day until 4 p.m. then went back to boat too tired to walk any more. The city has changed a good deal since Kate & I were here, they are now tearing down whole blocks of buildings, widening & straightening the streets. Took dinner in the Galleria Umberto, had Macaroni, steak potatoes & a kind of squash rolls cheese & fruit. Came back to boat early as it is hot & muggy & threatens rain. Had 2 letters from Kate which I was glad to get. Called on Kellner & Lampe to tell them to forward mail to Mombasa, also wrote to Hamburg about the same matter. Called on U.S. Consul to get facts about harbor but did not get anything. Went to bookstore he recommended but they said
nothing was published. Vesuvius is very quiet only a little steam escapes. Wrote some post cards to Kate & children to Mother & Genevieve. Went back to boat at 4 p.m. tired out. Stood on deck & watched the boat loads of singers, dancers & players who came out to entertain the crowd. Took a last look at Vesuvius & the brilliantly lighted city & went to sleep with the strains of “Adea Cara Napoli”, “Bella Napoli” &c.

July 12. Good many got on at Naples among others an American family from Richmond Va. on their way to Palestine via Port Said. The steward finally condescended to pay some attention to our complaints & removed one man from the state room, it is more livable in there now.

It is a bright beautiful day, very warm & almost no breeze blowing. Came in sight of Stromboli about 9 a.m.

I was on the watch for the volcano & saw it as soon
July 12 cont’d. as it began to appear through the thick haze. I was glad to see it for I often have to talk about it to classes as it is one of the remarkable volcanos of the earth, always in activity. I could see great masses of steam & ashes rush out of the crater every few moments. Shortly after lunch we entered the Straits of Messina & we could see both shores, Sicily & Italy very plainly.

I was surprised at the great number of ruined houses along both shores, they exist by the thousands. Barrocks [sic] apparently made of galvanized iron are numerous.

In Messina much of the city lies ruined, great masses of fallen masonry lie in the streets & comparatively few houses & buildings have been rebuilt. The Captain was very kind & ran the steamer in close to shore so that we could see every thing very distinctly. On the Italian side there is not such utter ruin manifest, but a great many buildings are half destroyed & stand as the earthquake left them.

The scenery is rugged & interesting, most of the hills are not rock but gravel sand & clay accumulations.

Orchards cover the lower slopes, with much terracing to hold them on the slopes. Ravines are far too plenty & the whole country looks as if it were being washed to sea. Saw Mt. Etna but not as clearly as I wished, it was too hazy for a clear view, still it showed up well.

Watched the Italian coast after leaving the Straits until we were opposite Cape Spartivento then went below & slept until dinner. Log today Lat. 38°29’ Long. 15°39’ mi. 158 from Naples. We passed quite close to the Prince Regent of this line about 4, she was bound for Europe. I would not be sorry if I were on her. Went down to pursers cabin after supper & had long talk with him. It is more livable in the stateroom with one person the less there. Fine night, moon in first quarter and its reflection on the water was beautiful, stood on stern & watched it awhile & thought of home so far away & the dear ones there.

July 13. Fine warm day with N.W. wind blowing gently.

Pretty lazy weather, have no ambition to do anything. Read a good deal or walked the decks or talked to English speaking people. To kill time wrote a letter to the Outlook about an incident at Marseilles that showed neglect on the part of the Navy, when neither officers or men saluted as our band played Hail Columbia in passing the war ships. Dont suppose the incident is worthy of notice but thought I would call attention to it. Had long talk with the 2 Englishmen on board about conditions in Orient, Hutton the man who lives on the Zambesi R. tells terrible stories of the way negroes are treated by the Portuguese.

Having fine weather in spite of the fact that there are 4 nuns on board, sailors hate to have them on the ship for they bring bad weather but that is not the case this time.
July 14- Still continues warm & pleasant with clear sky & little wind, they have put in wind shields in the port holes to catch all the air possible as it is warm below. Reading most of day, walk the decks & look for something of interest to take up time. Saw the island of Crete this morning & one steamer & that is all but water. Port Said tomorrow at noon is the guess. Log today Lat 34°10’, Long 25°56’. Distance in last 24 hrs 297 mi, my guess was Lat 33°50’ only 20’ off, & long. 26°30’, or 34’ min. off. We have enough passengers now so that things are more lively, they are playing shuffle board & other sea games a great deal more. There is a lot of complaint about the food even some of the German passengers are finding fault on a/c of its sameness. I live chiefly on jam, compotes, oranges, apples & bread butter & cheese. The rest of the old dope I eat little of. Have thought some today of writing a poem on “Wurst” the German word for sausage, but it is too warm to begin now. I would feel the WURST for it.

July 15- Very warm day but one can stand it if he keeps out of the sun. Nothing to see all day until about night when we came in sight of the Egyptian coast.

As the land is very low a light house is the first thing to be seen. Finished a book on Early Man that I procured in Berlin, it is very good. Log today Lat 32°13’ N. Long. 31°15’ E. Miles 292. Miles to Port Said 84. This means Port Said at night fall, sorry we could not get there by day. You have to take what you can get on these trips. Some of us commenced on the purser last night about having more ice cream & colder water at meals. He promised to provide more after leaving Pt. Said. Perhaps, that remains to be seen.

July 15 cont’d. They say it takes all kinds of people to make a world but it would seem that almost every kind is on this boat. Some are elephant hunters going out to help exterminate that noble old beast. Most are officers, teachers, Engineers &c, going out to make the poor “nigger” do what he does not want to do & to follow a course of life for which he is unfitted. They all seem to think they are important, perhaps they are. Africa is the last country to be exploited and there is a big rush to get a hand in the business.

There is one fellow, a regular tub in shape, who is a trader at Tanga, he imitates cats, dogs, chickens & keeps people in a roar, he would make a fortune as a clown.

There is one engineer who keeps playing songs on a kind of tin whistle which he fits over mouth & nose. He goes marching around playing his wretched tunes, he is happy if the rest are not. There is one mining engineer who is well educated & is going to develop copper properties in German E. Africa &c. &c. About 5 p.m. Pt. Said could be made out with a glass by 7 we had anchored in the canal & in the midst of pandemonium let loose I got a row boat & went ashore, hurried to the P.O. & sent letter to Kate & cards to Tannisse, Ross, Mother, Mr Logan & Mr Converse.

Made a few little purchases, nothing in the town worth buying hardly & all at high figures. It was quite dark when I left the P.O. so I went back to steamer after being examined at quarantine. Tried to go to bed but too close as ports are all closed on a/c of coal dust, which is thick enough all over the boat. The Arabs & Egyptians sing a doleful chant as they carry baskets of coal up to the bunkers. I had a fearful time shaking off the guides, they are like Egyptian flies, they cannot be shaken off. Received letters here from Mother & Glen. Sat up until 1:30 a.m. watching the traffic & the flash lights play up & down the canal as the steamers work their way through.

July 16- Got up at 6 after a troubled sleep, we were about 26 miles up the canal then. The mileage is shown on boards along the canal. We move slowly between banks of sand, sometimes high, sometimes low. Real desert on both sides, sand dunes & plains every where as far as one can see. We pass steamers constantly, also dredges, arab dhows loaded with stone for canal
improvements. They are now lining the banks of the canal with cut stone to prevent washing. We pass numerous donkeys & camels carrying loads of stone, grunting & yee hawing in disgust with life & their labor. Once in a while a miserable village with cubical houses, a door & a window or two in each, a few palms & other trees about. We are now passing thru Lake Timsah, very pleasant about it for there are many trees. The Khedive of Egypt has a place on its banks.

The desert reminds one of American deserts, sage brush & grease wood growing in clumps surrounded by sand.

A wonderful glow & lustre over the desert today with occasional simooms. We are anchored 4 miles off Suez at about the place where tradition says the Children of Israel crossed the sea, there are sand banks on both sides of the sea here which may justify the story. There have been a lot of traders on board today. I bought 5 lbs of beautiful grapes for a quarter & a little strong of blue beads for Tannissee as a souvenir of Suez though we did not land. At 7 we are off down the Red Sea, very hot tonight & sultry. The last thing I saw was the wonderful golden yellow glow over the desert & the flash of the red light off Suez.

July 17 - Very lazy hot day, no clouds but hazy & so could not see Mt Sinai as we passed it about 9 a.m. We came by Shadwan island at 10 a.m. & so entered the Red Sea. A solitary light house stands at S. end of this desert island, with its magnificent desert topography. Rock terraces cut by the sea showed up finely as we came by. Gulls of a species new to me follow us, they are a beautiful birds [sic] with dark bodies, white tails & pink bills. We pass many steamers during the day most of them going north. It is a day for sleep & I slept for 1 1/2 hrs this p.m. I was wet with perspiration [sic] on waking. We had fruit soup for dinner, ice cold, we also have all the ice water we want since yesterday. Wind catchers are in every port hole today but there is almost no circulation below. Saw many flying fish & yesterday in the canal millions of a kind of jelly fish, especially in the bitter lakes. You would never suspect it was Sunday, people are playing cards, drinking beer &c, yet

July 17 contd- here we are almost under the shadow of Sinai where the command was given.

The only way one can tell that it is Sunday on these German steamers is that in place of the usual bugle call in the morning for rising, the band gets together and plays Luther’s Hymn in 4 different parts of the ship. That is the sole evidence of Sunday there is no service of any kind. Tonight some of the passengers got a phonograph, brought it up on the promenade deck & they had a concert & dance. Only 4 women to dance, they did the inviting & not the men. It was a pretty noisy performance.

Went below at 9, it was so hot in the cabin I could not sleep so took a pillow & steamer blanket & came up on deck.

July 18- Slept all night on deck, pretty hard bed but one could breathe at least. The moon shone in my face & could not sleep very well, very brilliant moon light. Saw a light house light during the night, a very bright one on the Egyptian side. Have read or walked about most of day, very oppressive heat, so damp & sticky. It was over 90 in our cabin at breakfast time & no let up in the oven like heat day or night.

The Red Sea is keeping up its reputation as the hottest part of the Earth. Log today Lat 22°48’, Long 37°16’ miles 293. About 7:30 we crossed the tropic of Cancer & so we are now in the tropics, I have no doubt of it from the way things are heated up. Why is this called the Red Sea? It is as blue as any sea water. I asked Booth who has sailed in every quarter of the globe & has been through here many times, he said he could not tell. He says firemen often go crazy with the heat, they will
come up from the furnace room, run across the deck & jump into the sea. One good thing about it, they are cooled off before they drown anyway. At noon we were 807 miles from Aden, just think of 807 such miles. I guess that we shall arrive there Thursday morning about 7 o’clock.

A rather fresh E. wind came up about bed time & so decided to sleep in cabin as it is as cool there as on deck.

July 19. Woke up at 2 a.m. bathed in prespiration [sic] & no air in room, the Pens boys had gone on deck & carelessly shut the door, I was nearly smothered, wind gone down & no air stirring.

It has been the worst day of all & I have kept quiet in the shade & stood it as best I could, people give up all conventionality, wear the least possible & go in for comfort rather than appearances, we have plenty of ice water now at meals & I drink a good deal, most of the crowd drink endless quantities of beer, I should think it would kill them. This is Art’s birthday\textsuperscript{161}, I hope he is having a more comfortable day of it. A N.G. Lloyd steamer\textsuperscript{162} passed us this a.m., it was the Yorck\textsuperscript{163}. Had my hair all clipped off by the ship barber, feel more comfortable in that region. The wind is very changeable & shifts about from one quarter to another very easily, one cannot depend upon it very long at a time. Log today, Lat 18°33’ Long. 39°53’, distance 294 mi.\textsuperscript{164} Fine moonlight tonight & a soft breeze blows but not enough to cool cabins very much.

July 20. Slept on deck most of night & had very good sleep but could get none down below. Passed several islands during the a.m. The Apostle Is.\textsuperscript{165} This [sic] p.m. Keep passing rocky & sandy islands, very barren & uninteresting as a whole, they lie off African coast.

Some of them have light houses, well built & good architecture. One island apparently of S.S.\textsuperscript{166} was full of small holes apparently made by wind action. The stewards had a raffle of cheap jewelry & other articles bought 3 tickets because I had to, got nothing in the drawing. Keep inquiring of the people who live in Africa about stone weapons & implements, they all say there are none.

One of the men who speaks Suahili [sic] asked one of the Suahili deck boys if there were stone arrow heads in East Africa. He said yes if you go west of Lake Victoria for 24 days, to a lake north of Tanganyika you can find stone weapons, I’ll not go there.

Wrote to Kate and Glen & for the rest of the day kept as quiet as possible. Very sultry & damp, try to stay in the state room but cannot stand it more than a few minutes at a time, then have to go to the deck. Watched a boat drill this p.m. an alarm was sounded from the bridge, officers & men rushed to their stations then on signal from the fog horn they pushed the life boats out ready to lower, it was done very quickly. Have been watching schools of fish rushing through the water after small fish. When the gulls see them they gather around the school in order to get minnows also. A new species of gull\textsuperscript{167} begins to appear this p.m. A pearl gray color, with broad white collar, long narrow wings, a very trim looking bird compared to the darker gulls.

We are in the most dangerous part of the Red Sea tonight there are so many rocky islands & ships are often wrecked near Bab el Mandeb\textsuperscript{168}, hence its name. I found out why the Red Sea is so called, we have passed today great patches of reddish colored spores\textsuperscript{169} I think they are, they give the sea a reddish appearance. Spores of a different color gather in L. Geneva July 20 cont’d – at certain seasons. I suppose they are spores of algae or like vegetation.

July 21. Arrived at Aden 8:30 a.m. Went ashore at 9. Grossman Thimm & I took carriage to Aden. Went up to tanks, all empty but one & that water with green scum over it, natives drinking it however. Water is sold by gallon, peddled around by camel carts. Camels very common mode of conveyance. Went thru native bazaar & picked up 2 or 3 native articles. Very hot day & so could not study rocks as I hoped to do, tried it but heat was too much for me. Went to hotel &
stayed in shade & drank iced soda water until I felt better, then came out to boat. Went to Aden Coal Co\textsuperscript{170} to get English gold, on the N.D.L. checks\textsuperscript{171}. At first they would not cash them but finally they gave me 40 pounds for $200 worth of checks, they should have given me a 3/4 of a pound more, I protested but they would not give more & I had to take it 40 pounds or nothing, so I was forced to submit but I wrote a hot note to the N.D.L. Co. about the imposition. Aden is a very strange place, barren rocks of volcanic origin, no trees, no water, terrible heat & dust.

Very interesting in the bazaars, the native life is so strange. I have had to pinch myself a dozen times today to realize that I was in this far away corner of the Earth. The heat is something awful, the town is in an old crater, the rocks of black color rise a thousand feet & more on 3 sides, they shut off the wind & absorb quantities of heat & it is thrown back with interest. It is the hottest place on Earth & has 10 or 12 hrs. of rainfall yearly.

Iced drinks, punkahs\textsuperscript{172} everywhere, any device to keep cool & then one does not succeed. Great market for ostrich feathers, E. African baskets, horns & skins. Great many Arabs, somalis & Hindoos here as well as white soldiers. Met one of the Govt. officials on the boat tonight he was a fast one & drank continually while aboard. The beggars they run beside your carriage for miles, rubbing their stomachs & looking up most dolefully or twist their lips around pretending they are injured, they yell bakseesh\textsuperscript{173} at every step & keep saying “you rich man give me sup”. About a dozen of them followed me around the bazaar, I wanted some dates & tasted one of them to test it, it was green & not good & I spit it out & they all roared.

The evening is beautiful, the full moon has risen over the Mts. the soft tropical air, the beautiful harbor, the lights of the town make it an unforgettable scene.

Had letter from Mother, wrote letters to Kate & Glen & sent several cards. We left at 8 p.m. 4 hours late, one passenger in second class a Mr Bischop from China who is going to Africa.

Saw the famous tanks\textsuperscript{174} some of them hold over a million gallons & they are hewn out of the solid rock. This is one of the most strongly fortified places in world, ranking next to Gibralter, but no fortifications are seen. It is not allowed to take a camera on land, for fear some of the secret forts might be photographed. Took 2 views from the boat.

Cool east wind blowing & will try it below tonight. So hot down stairs could not stand it, especially as the younger Pens is sick & so came up on deck.

July 22. The sailors woke me up this morning preparing to wash the deck & so went below. Had quite a talk with Mr Bischop, he showed me some of the articles he picked up in China. He says Hong Kong\textsuperscript{175} is the place to buy silver ware, Shanghai \textsuperscript{176} for raw silk & Foo Chow\textsuperscript{177} for laquer, he says it does not pay to buy stuff in Japan, they lie & cheat so.

Wrote a letter to the Free Press\textsuperscript{178} on Aden, as I promised them a letter. Read & walked a good deal. Talked with purser about his African experiences. He tells great tales about the native women. The sailors are taking away all light articles to places of safety & lashng down all heavy ones, removing the awnings &c. in preparation for the monsoon which we shall face when we pass the cape about 4 a.m. tomorrow.

We had a wireless from a steamer yesterday saying it was blowing hard & so we shall catch it. Sat up until 10:30 & then made up a bed on a settee.

July 23\textsuperscript{d} – Woke up about 3 a.m. for the boat was rolling heavily & could see Cape Guardafui\textsuperscript{179} to our right in the bright moon light, it showed up well, went to sleep again for awhile though it was chilly on deck.

Got drenched to the skin while watching the waves break over the bow, an unusually large one came along & splashed over the deck where I was standing under the bridge. It is the
worst sea I was ever in but it is a fine sight just the same. It is cool & pleasant with bright sunshine, the sun is directly over our heads at noon. We are in Lat. 10°45’, long. 51°52’ at 12M.\(^{180}\), by tomorrow noon the sun will be north of us. Most of passengers are sick & very few at the table.

July 23\(^{\text{rd}}\) contd –

Put on my Khaki suit to let the other one dry. Nearly all the men wear Khaki. While we were at lunch a wave broke over the ship & the water came pouring through the sky light of the dining saloon, it did no damage.

The ship is going pretty slow & does not seem to make much headway against the wind & waves & especially the strong current which set her back about 50 mi. yesterday.

Decided to sleep on deck & Booth let me have his steamer rug. Beautiful night with moon shining over the tumbling sea.

July 24. Another fine day but sea is rough & wind blows a gale. Quite cool as sky is overcast with light fleecy clouds.

Do not feel any too well, the constant pitching of the boat wears one out & not much sleep nights, cant sleep below it is too close & too chilly & wind blows too hard on deck.

Sat & watched the waves most of the day, read & wrote a little also. The ship goes very slow only 8.5 miles an hour, she has a hard time fighting the waves & currents. Today we are Lat. 7°23’N, Long 52°18’E.\(^{181}\) and have gone only 204 mi. We are nearly 200 mi from the coast, they do not dare to navigate closer in on account of rocks. The coast is not well charted & there are no lighthouses to guide mariners.

One of the boats of this line was lost awhile ago, by going in closer to land & crashing upon some rocks. Very few passengers come to their meals, it pays to have temperate habits when it comes to a rough sea & these Germans cant be temperate either in eating or drinking. The result is they are flat on their backs or leaning over the rail feeding the fishes & quiet reigns on the decks & the bar tender has a rest, for the time being. Brought my bed up on deck as both the Pens boys are sea sick tonight & cant stay in state room. Asked purser to get me another room if possible, he said he would try but nothing comes of it. Had quite an attack of colic\(^{182}\) & took whiskey for it.

July 25. Slept pretty well, got up at 6:30 when they came up to wash the decks. Do not feel well & keep pretty quiet. Walked around decks a little but slept a good deal, have frequent attacks of colic today. Pleasant, with abundant light fleecy clouds. While wind still blows hard it is not nearly as rough as yesterday & much less motion to the boat & the sea sick people are crawling out of their cabins.

We see quantities of flying fish here in the Indian ocean and little else. Log. Lat. 3°34’N. Long. 50°38’E. Miles 250.\(^{183}\) Light showers chase each other across the sea but there is not much rain. As the ports are open decided to sleep below tonight.

July 26. Quite a sea yet & strong wind, as the steamer has altered its course the waves strike on the port side now, where we are located. Begin to feel better again after the fearful shaking up I have had in the last few days. More passengers are appearing. In fact I think all are out now except the two babies in my stateroom, they lie in their bunks & do not attempt to get out & get the air.

The steamer makes poor time & we cannot reach Mombasa before Thursday p.m. over a day late.

The sailors are getting ready for landing, fixing up ropes, tackle &c. We crossed the Equator\(^{184}\) about 2:30 p.m. & it is proposed to have a celebration tomorrow, all who have crossed
the equator for the first time have to be baptized by Neptune and have medicine administered by his doctor. I expect to catch it along with the rest of the first timers.

Pleasant & quite cool, cloudy, the sky nearly overcast with light fleecy clouds. Did little but sit around & keep pretty quiet. Signed a petition to the Captain to let the sailors conduct the Father Neptune services\textsuperscript{185} tomorrow. The Captain refused to do it & so we had the baptismal services this Eve.

I got a good dose of sea water and the name “Scholle” an edible fish of the sole family. Mr Bischop showed me more of his Chinese things, he has some choice articles, esp lacquer work and also Satsuma ware from Japan\textsuperscript{186}.

July 27. Fine day strong S.E. Trade wind\textsuperscript{187} blowing & slightly cloudy cool & pleasant. The deck coolies are getting out the mail & baggage for Mombasa and Dar Es Salam [sic] & piling it up on deck.

The 2\textsuperscript{nd} class passengers are getting up a ball for this eve. I told them I did not dance but would pay my share of the expense.

Heavy swell & the boat rocks a good deal but every one on deck & happy because we land tomorrow. Wrote a notice for the purser who does not write very good English about landing at Mombasa & observing the quarantine rules. Commenced to pack up stuff that I shall leave at Mombasa until I go to India.

The ship served a fine dinner & the dining salon was gaily decked in colored paper, tinsel &c. a la German. Had a ball this evening, went up awhile but noisy performance & went to bed after awhile, fine cool breeze tonight.

July 28. About 9:30 land to the north of Mombasa came in sight & we reached there about 1 p.m. Went

[letter inserted here]
Mombasa B.E. Africa  
July 29/10  
Dear Wife:-  
At last we have reached Mombasa a day and one half late. The monsoon was very severe, so much so the steamer was delayed 36 hrs. in coming down from Cape Gardafui. We have been pitched & tossed & rolled until everyone is sick of the ocean, myself included, and glad to get ashore. Was not sea sick & went to all my meals but did not feel very well just the same. We crossed the equator on Tuesday p.m. July 26 that evening all who had not crossed it before had to be baptized by Father Neptune & of course I had to catch it.

At 9 o’clock a man dressed up as Neptune came into the saloon and read a proclamation then he said all who did not belong to his family must go out on the deck & be baptized into it. I ran & put on my waterproof coat & went out on deck. Two elephant hunters were Master of Ceremonies. One of them Lehmann, called my name, Herr Professor, that is the only name I go by on board.

When he called that out I stepped forward and the other man, Schaaf, took a big can of sea water told me to sit down then he poured the whole thing over my head & shoulders while Neptune stood & muttered incantations and made a cross in the air.

Everyone receives the name of some sea animal after as he is christened, my name is “Scholle”, this is an edible sea fish like the sole or flounder. After the ceremony you have to pay 25¢ and then receive a certificate of baptism with the ships seal upon it. I will send mine home in a few days. Though the boat is so late, I will try to go down to Dar-es-Salaam with the chance of getting back in a few days. Probably will return here about the 4th or 5th of August & then start immediately for Victoria Nyanza & make the trip around that lake first before studying the Rift valley.

I have written a letter to the Free Press on Aden, which I mailed here. Wish you would tell Mr Worthington that I intend to send one also to the “News” later on from Africa.

Got your letter of June 27th & very glad to hear from you, sorry it is so hot, it is delightfully cool & pleasant here & we are right under the Equator. It is not always so cool, it just happens to be so today. I am very glad to get ashore we have had such a tempestuous voyage from Aden, it was all I could do to force myself to eat, I was hungry but not for ship food. Hope the heat is not going to keep up all summer & that you may save your potato crop. Tell Kenneth that I will be home again almost before he knows it. I would very much like to drop in and see you all, you can depend on that. Tell Tannissee all the little girls in Mombasa go barefoot all day & they dont wear many clothes either. The girls wear big round pieces of wood in their ears & the lobe of the ear is stretched until it comes down almost to the shoulder. We are anchored in
the Bay at Kilindini\textsuperscript{189}, I have been ashore and taken the suit case & tonight will take the brown roll & leave that. I hope to get back here Tuesday but that is not certain, will write cards from the ports south of here. As I sit here writing I can look across the harbor & see great plantations of cocoa nuts, they are in the green stage now, but they make a delicious pudding of the milk & meat in this stage. I realize that I am in a very different land & a good ways from home but in one sense every day brings me nearer home. Sorry to hear of Young Wolfe’s death\textsuperscript{190}, he seemed to be a fine fellow. I must hurry & close this letter & get ashore to mail it as we are leaving at 6 a.m. in the morning & will not have a chance to go ashore in the morning. I think of you so often and hope you are keeping well. With all my love.

Affectionately

George
July 28th continued
ashore & took part of my baggage & left it with Hansing & Co. came back & took dinner there
went ashore again with the brown roll. It was dark when I got to land, I tried to get natives to
take me to Mombasa 3 miles away, they asked 8 times the usual price that made me mad, I put
the roll on my shoulder & walked to Mombasa. I enjoyed the walk in the soft cool air, with the
sharp high keyed song of the cicadas in the trees resounding on every hand. Left the baggage at
the Africa House & came back with a crowd of Germans the natives do not dare to overcharge
when a number of Whites are together. Looked around Mombasa, at the old fort & watched the
surf breaking heavily on the coral reefs outside the harbor. Mailed several cards & sent letters to
Kate & Mother, had letter from Kate here. Everything is so different here, birds, trees flowers
people, one cannot help realizing that he is on a new continent, new to him. I do not like the
natives it seems to me they are insolent, when I got on the gharry car to be taken to Mombasa
last night, they crowded around the car gabbling away, shouting & waving their arms. Finally I
said what do you want one fellow said we will not take you unless you pay us 2 rupees, I said I
will not pay it, one big black negro came up & said “Get off the car then”. I got off & packed off
down the road alone in the darkness. I put the roll on my head so that passers by would think I
was a native for that is the way they carry everything, & thus I had my first walk in Africa.
July 29th We got off at 7:30, with quite a number of new passengers. One an old Boer who
lives up near Nairobi I have talked with most of the a.m. He says it is not dangerous to walk
along the R.R. track as all the rhinos, lions & buffalo, keep back from the R.R. while the natives
would not dare to molest you.
Poor old fellow, he says he has nearly failed trying to make a living, trying all kinds of
experiments with stock & grain. He has it in for Missionaries & all their work, says they are no
good, spoil the native &c. Told me quite a little about the game. A man on boat has immense pair
of horns of some animal, the Boer says he has lived in Africa all his life but never saw anything
like them. Asked the Suahili [sic] who has them in charge what the name of the animal is, he
could only give the Suahili name Hemu.
Arrived in Tanga this p.m. & went ashore for awhile not much to see but mailed postal
cards.
Fatty Timm, Meyer the Pens boys & several others left the boat, so have the state room to
myself.
July 30. Left Tanga at 10 a.m. and arrived at Zanzibar at 5 p.m. Quite a swell & boat rocks,
great many deck passengers Hindoos, Negroes & Arabs. Great hubbub on arriving at Z.
Numerous Negro guides & hotel runners Hindoo merchants, fruit sellers, jewelry vendors &c
filled the decks. All Hindoo work, nothing native. One guide grabbed me & said I am Abraham,
good guide, take me. Another on the other side said I am Geo. Washington. I said “Did you ever
tell a lie”, he replied never. I asked one runner what time the return boat for Mombasa left, he
said 10 a.m. tomorrow & he was right. another runner who stood there, said to me Don’t you believe
him, he is lying, he knows nothing about it. It was all exasperating & amusing as well. Bought
some postals & stamps, wrote a few cards & sent them ashore by a Hindoo. Was measured for a
white cotton suit, as my Khaki one is getting rusty. The price of the 2 piece suit made to order is
2.50. It is to be delivered tomorrow at 8 a.m. An Englishman told me that Z is best place on coast
for white suits. Took dinner on Kronprinz that bade friends goodbye, fled the waiters, got a
couple of Negroes to take my baggage down the gangway, then 4 Negroes rowed me over to the
Markgraf, which leaves for Mombasa at 10 a.m. tomorrow. Sat on deck awhile & went to bed,
had a good large cabin to myself, but it is swarming with moths. Saw a lot of Elephant tusks on
deck, I lifted one end of one the tusk must have weighed 100 lbs and was worth $450.00.

July 31. Pleasant warm day, cloudy & showery. Went ashore at Z & bought some pearl buttons
for my white suit wh. arrived at 5 a.m. I was sound asleep, when some one pounding at my door
woke me up & there was the tailor smiling & bowing with the suit. I looked it over & it seemed
all OK & so paid him, he wanted an extra 25¢ for boat hire but I would not give it to him as I
learned he had over charged 50¢ for the suit. Went ashore after breakfast & stayed until nearly
time for the boat to go, bought some bananas, 15 for 5 cents. Came back to the steamer with a
boat load of Hindoos. There was a well educated Hindoo at the breakfast table, he knew a good
deal about the U.S. Said he was a socialist & ranted away

July 31 contd.

about the rich, the Vanderbilts, he called them. The meals are fair, fully as good as on the
Kronprinz. I was not sorry to leave that old tub. We left Z promptly at 10 and are now well on
our way to Tanga, rolling around in the heavy ocean swell. Z. is very interesting town & was
sorry not to see more of it, perhaps as well that I did not have the time as small pox is raging
there196, it always is, they say. The streets are narrow & wind about in all sorts of ways, in fact it
is a they form a perfect maze. People who know Z say you can get lost there in five minutes
hopelessly and not be able to get out of the labyrinth all day. Saw the Sultans palace, not much of
a sight, there are a number of rusty old smooth bore cannon197 on the lower porch, it was
perfectly laughable to see those things standing there, it was a big bluff, for they would never
shoot. They tell me that Zanzibar island198 & the neighboring one of Pemba199 grow practically
all the cloves of the world & that Z controls the clove market200 of the world. Z is a beautiful
island, like the mainland a coral formation, but very rich & well watered.

One can see from the steamer that it is finely cultivated for there are plantations all along
the coast. There is not the vast amount of waste land there is on the African shore. The old Boer
told me that the coastal plain in Africa is absolutely unknown, even right around Mombasa. He says
you can go 15 miles from Mombasa & be in unknown territory & shoot all the buffalo you want.
The country is known only along the R.R. & along the old caravan route.

He says that probably most of the coast plain is not inhabited or if it is only by wandering
tribes who remain in a given locality but a few days. Arrived at Tanga late this p.m. did not go
ashore but the priest did & had room to myself.

Aug. 1. Pleasant & cool, left Tanga at 9 and after an uneventful sail arrived at Mombasa harbor
at 4. Had rice & curry for lunch today cooked by an Indian, it was hot stuff with the Chutney
sauce201. Had a long wait before we could go ashore on account of quarantine regulations against
Zanzibar & there were a lot of natives on board from that city.

Finally went ashore & put up at the Africa Hotel202. A couple of Negro boys carrying the
luggage. Talked with several men at the table tonight about big game hunting, they had all been
up the country hunting. Very cool & my new white linen punties do not afford much protection
from the cool winds blowing in from the Ocean a couple of blocks away. The roar of the surf
sounds above everything else. Went to Hansing & Co to enquire for mail but there was none
there. At dinner tonight the dessert was baked rice pudding with caramel [sic] frosting. Two
negro boys dressed only in night shirts were waiting on the table.

The landlady who sat at the head of the table called to one of them and said, give me the
milk, he went to a table, picked up the pitcher & behold it was empty & no milk for the pudding.

She questioned them as to the disappearance of the milk but they both denied knowing
anything about it. Then she turned to me with a sight of despair, “What can you do, these fellows
steal you blind, one of them has drank that milk but I do not know which. They steal, steal and lie, lie, oh it is fearful.” One of the guests at the table remarked “This is a wild man’s country turned upside down”. The Africa is kept by a German, it is an old Arab house centuries old, very grim musty and dark, no glass in windows, only wooden shutters, which bang & creak in the wind. Mosquito nets over the beds for this is a haunt of the malaria mosquito\textsuperscript{203}. The walls of the house are of coral rock a foot thick & great columns support the roof & floors. Negroes who are bare footed come & go into your room, they never knock & the first thing you know one is standing by your side.

Aug. 2. Warm, yes \textbf{hot} & rainy. Walked out along the beach of the harbor & collected coral rock, I could have secured hundreds of interesting Zoological specimens in the pools left by the tide.

Walked through the Native Shamba or village, most of the natives sitting in little groups talking their heads off. A man told me that when a nigger has an idea in his head, he gets rid of it as fast as possible, he talks a streak until it is gone. The houses are made of a frame work of poles filled in with mud & broken coral rock & thatched with palm leaves or pieces of tin cans, when they can get them, the latter very ugly. Bought a little rice basket in the market & a native broom for the museum\textsuperscript{204}. Took roll over to Hausing & Co. Warehouse & engaged my passage for Bombay on Sept. 13\textsuperscript{th}. Went to depot to enquire about steamers on the lake none are available until late next week. In the shambas one sees the native in all of his glory, naked children play around the doors, their ears loaded down with ornaments some of them fastened in the upper part of the ear & their weight pulls it down over the lobe. Men & women smoking, fighting flies & scratching. Graceful coconut palms are grouped around many of the huts, also mango trees, baobabs umbrella trees &c. The beds consist of a [sketched a picture] frame on legs with native cord stretched across it much like the old cord beds of our fathers.

Beds are about the only furniture one sees, the floors are of dirt & the cooking methods primitive, a sort of fire place. This p.m. went out & took photos & collected rocks. Had crushed mangoes for dinner they were delicious, cleared up this p.m. & very hot, though good breeze.

[letter inserted here]
Dear Wife:-

I arrived here last night from Zanzibar, could not go down to Dar es Salam because our steamer was too late and so I transferred to the Mombasa boat at Z. Am staying as you see at the Africa House, it is old & musty but at least the beds seem clean, I ask no questions about the food, it doesn't pay in Africa. We had some meat tonight I could not make it out and the proprietor told me it was turtle steak. I have been tramping most of the day, collecting specimens & taking photos (a few). It has been very hot today and a hard rain at noon. Too hot to work during the middle of the day & so I slept awhile. Walked around the native quarters, interesting life there, it doesn't take much to live, they can get plenty of fish snails &c, go out in the back yard & pick bananas, cocoa nuts, mangoes &c. They can make their simple huts in a few hours and they don't need to work unless they want to. The children run around without anything on & the adults need only a simple piece of cloth, life is reduced to its simplest terms here. Tell Tannissee I have seen many monkeys, some of them are very pretty with black & white rings around their tails. There are lots of parrots here, they are gray in color with bright red tails. They learn to talk well & if I could ever get one home would bring it along but that is not possible. Some of the birds are beautiful, especially the sun birds, bright yellow with pink feathers on the head.

I have had my first introduction to the mango and like them very much. Of course oranges, bananas &c are abundant & cheap, also very good.

Will start for Nairobi tomorrow, stay there two days and then I have decided to start on my walk across the Rift valley, when that is over go to the lake & make the trip there & then come back to Nairobi on the 30th of August.

I have made this change of plan because, the steamer that I want to get on the lake will not leave until Aug. 19th & I might as well complete the Rift valley before that. Will leave Nairobi on the return trip probably about Sept. 1st, working toward the coast, stopping at points that seem to be of especial interest and so reach Mombasa on Sept. 11th, which will give me a day or two to get ready for the trip to India. I shall sail to Bombay on the Markgraf, the same boat that brought me up from Zanzibar. I am certainly seeing a lot, so much that is new, curious and interesting.

I can hardly make myself believe that I am in Africa, sometimes it all seems a dream. It is bed time and I must go up the ancient stair case & crawl under the mosquito net, which shuts off all the air. Goodbye, God bless & keep you all, will write once a week while up country—With all my love—

Affectionately

George.
Aug. 2\textsuperscript{nd} contd.

Walked out along the ocean front & took 2 views of surf breaking on the coral reefs &
than went out to Kilindini & collected rock specimens walked back to hotel after dark.
Aug. 3. Pleasant hot day. Packed up stuff and started for the interior at 11 a.m. 2 pleasant
companions in the Coach Rev. Wray of the Ch. of England Miss. Socy.\textsuperscript{209} and a Mr Wilmott, a
manf.\textsuperscript{210} of Mombasa.

A steep climb most of the way until dark, much of the way we pass through an
uninteresting scrub country, a few birds & an occasional monkey is all one sees. Took lunch and
dinner at R.R. eating houses, the first at Sumburu\textsuperscript{211}, the latter at Voi\textsuperscript{212}, where Mr Wray left to
go to his station up in the Mountains. Had talk with a Ry inspector who got on at Voi. He told
me that just a short distance from Voi last week he came face to face with a rhino\textsuperscript{213}, he couldn’t
get away & so he stood and they looked at each other, finally the beast turned & ran off. The cars
are so arranged that 4 can sleep in each compartment. There were 2 of us in ours & so we had
lower berths, the seats being so arranged as to form berths.
Aug. 4. Woke up shortly after 6 and began watching for game. It is a dark dreary cold morning &
hard to see. The first thing I saw was water buck\textsuperscript{214}, then a splendid view of 5 giraffe who
crossed the track just in front of the engine, oh if it had only been light enough for a photo, they
were not 100 ft. away, I shall never have such a chance again. As we approach Nairobi, the
country which has been covered with trees & scrub, give way to treeless plains here the game is
abundant. I saw between 9 & 11 o’clock thousands upon thousands of Kongoni, “Tommies”
(Thompsons Gazelle) Grants gazelle, Zebra, ostriches, wildebeesets [sic]\textsuperscript{215}, better known as the
horned horse or the gnu. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Zebra & Tommies come up to the
city limits of Nairobi.

Took a ricksha to the Grand Hotel & will put up here for 2 days. Carried my films (4) to
a photographer to be developed. Tried to photo some Kikuyu’s\textsuperscript{216} but they turned their heads
before I could press the button, these & the Kavirondo\textsuperscript{217} go practically naked, many of them
wholly so. Went out this p.m. to study rock formation found it wholly schist, also tried to photo
game but it was too far away. Wrote letters and an article for the Beloit Alumnus\textsuperscript{218} which I sent
on to Densmore\textsuperscript{219}.
Aug. 5. Pleasant day though cloudy & poor for photoing. The films only turn out fairly well, they
seem to be fogged by ocean air and some have been over or under exposed, some however turn
out pretty well. Went to see Mr Cruickshank\textsuperscript{220} he was very pleasant & obliging, gave me a note
to Ry. men to give me all the assistance possible. Went out & tried some views of the great Athi
plain\textsuperscript{221} but it was too dark for such a sombre [sic] land scape, especially as the air is hazy. I am
writing by candle light the niggers come & go into the room on one pretext & another & the light
flickers badly. Studied the rocks and the topography, find that the surface rock in many localities
is volcanic ash & breccia\textsuperscript{222}. Had a talk with Mr Rowe a butcher here, who is interested in
geology, he gave me quite a little valuable information on the Rift valley but told me not to go
off into the volcanoes unarmed on account of leopards. He hinted pretty strongly about sending
his nephew with me but as he has only been here from England a month he is about as much of a
green horn as myself. He urged me to go to Kijabbe\textsuperscript{223} first and study the volcanic action in that
region.

Very tired & went to bed early. Sent out several postal cards today. Walked in the grass a
few rods\textsuperscript{224} to get a photo & found a tick on me as a result of that short walk.

Talked with a very drunken British captain, he said the country was no good likewise an
Irish soldier who happened in, they both affirmed it had no future for the whites.
Aug. 6. Cold & cloudy but brighter & warmer this p.m. Got a canteen had cold tea & sandwiches put up as water is not drinkable in the Rift valley. Got some of my views they were some of them good. Interesting ride up from Nairobi great numbers of Negro huts, Kraals, they cultivate a good deal of land, corn, bananas, yams &c. Took a picture of some Kikuyus at Kikuyu station, one fellow had a stone in his ear weighing 1/2 lb. Many were nearly naked bedaubed with grease & red paint, hair & face & in some cases the body spots of red paint on the face is a favorite feature. They curl the hair in little ringlets that has an odd effect.

Wonderful view of rift valley 2000' below at Escarpment, came down to Kijabe & station agent assigned me to a dirty room. Took photo of Escarpment from station collected some volcanic rocks. Ate some sandwiches & drank some cold tea. Went to a Hindoo Trading store & bought a towel & some chocolate, as I have only 1/2 as many sandwiches as I ordered, cold wind blowing, asked the Hindoo station master if it was safe to leave windows open he said yes, no mosquitoes here but fleas will come in. Decided to have fresh air & let fleas come in. Fixed up a bed using the dirty blanket that covers the springs on the cot & my steamer rug & my rain coat.

Aug. 7. Slept cold last night, here right under the Equator. Got up early ate 2 sandwiches & piece of chocolate which tasted good & drank some cold tea. Dark morning & very heavy fog hands over the valley & escarpment. Took my camera, hammer canteen & lunch & started for the other side of the escarpment 13 miles away by the R.R. walked up there & back arriving at Kijabe at 5 p.m. Found a freight train here going to Naivasha, decided to take it as it will save me carrying all my luggage there tomorrow and I am all out of provisions & nearly out of water.

Arrived at Naivasha about dark, got a native to take my luggage to a little hotel up on the hills & I put up there. It seemed good to see a bed again even if it is hard. The lake spreads out before the hotel, this is the lake where Roosevelt shot his hippos & there are a great many in the lake still, so he left a few anyway. I enjoyed the walk this morning it was so cool & every thing was so new. Picked some flowers to send to Kate. The birds are so abundant, some of them of rare beauty especially the honey eaters, with their brilliant blue & yellow colors.

One bird with a pure white breast had a wonderful bell like note. Heard the familiar buzz of bumble bees & looked for them, they were about the size of those at home & the same shape but jet black with a reddish brown fuzzy patch between their wings. Met scores of natives, some saluted me “Yambo Bwana”, How do you do Master, most of them passed in silence. It gave me a scary feeling sometimes when a crowd of these half naked savages went by all covered with grease & red paint & carrying their murderous spears, with iron heads 4 feet long.

Most of them had war clubs also. Passed little native villages, round grass huts with no openings except a low door, which compels one to get on hand & knees to enter.

They are slashing these splendid forests right & left. The R.R. company takes a good deal of material for fuel while lumber Cos are cutting down the fine Cedar forests. These woods used to be a favorite haunt of elephants & they say a few are left yet, but I saw no traces of them. Tired & went to bed early.

Aug 8. Cool cloudy day & a little rain, not much though it is sadly needed. Walked several miles E. of town to study the lava fields & escarpments. This is a region where the Masai are abundant they have great flocks of hump backed cattle, fat tailed brown sheep & goats.

Passed some of their Kraals all fenced about, I peered through the fence, which the women were repairing and looked in a hut, a skin on the floor for bed, some gourds of water, baskets of food & an open fire on the ground for cooking, very primitive indeed especially for a people who are as well off & well fed as this race is. Coming back missed the right path out of
the many & went several miles out of the way but finally saw the lake, got my bearings &
reached the hotel O.K. Saw 2 dik dik, the smallest of the African antelopes. This place
swarmed with game up to 10 years or even 5 years ago, but it has all been killed off nearly or
driven out by the great herds of the natives. Went to see an old boat builder who lives down near
the lake, he agreed to take me out to see hippos this week & I will try to get the time for I need
the rest.

Bought 2 canes of rhino hide, they are fine specimens. Had a talk with a Mr Fey who
lives 18 miles from here he wants me to go up to his home & stay a few days, even though he is
not to be there, he said his wife & children would be glad to see me. He gave me a letter of
introduction to her though I told him that I did not have the time to make the trip I feared because
of the distance.

He was very kind & generous as these pioneers usually are. Another rancher is here to get
permission to kill elephants who have raided his farm. He was mad because he could get
permission to kill only 2 per year. He said he could average 36 a year & the ivory would be
worth $15000 annually, which is better than farming he added. The settlers here all storm at the
laws of the country, they want more liberty than they have. The liberty means license to do as
they please in most cases I guess. Mr Fey lives up on the high plateau, they lost most of their
garden stuff, their corn &c by frosts last week. Here as every where else the young fellows drink
to excess, it will soon use them up but they are home sick & cant help it.

I am homesick but no liquor for me, have to drink pop & ginger ale, no one can drink the
water except the natives, it doesn't seem to hurt them.

[letter inserted here]
Dear Kate:-

I am here at Naivasha where Roosevelt shot his hippos. Have arranged with an old settler here to take me out on a 2 days trip on the lake to see some of them. Walked over 20 miles yesterday and 15 today and I am tired out, feel well but just worn out. I doubt if I can keep up such a pace without more training or else more rest. I am going to try 20 miles more tomorrow and if I am very tired will stop walking for a few days & go out on the lake for a change. Have written in the diary which I am sending something about what I have seen. I was lost this morning, I went away over the hills to the East of this little frontier town, up beyond some Masai Kraals or villages, on my way back I must have taken the wrong path, not a hard thing to do for the woods are full of native paths & I went miles out of my way, but finally found a trail to the town. I was rewarded for the disagreeable experience by seeing 2 Dik Dik antelopes, a kind I had not seen before.

I cannot get game pictures and I am afraid Mr Yates will be disappointed for he gave me the camera for that purpose, but the game has been so hunted that it runs before one can get near enough for a picture. Will keep on trying any way. That old back tooth of mine that Cleophas wanted to take out has bothered me, the filling came out of it & left sharp corners that cut my tongue, finally I took my knife & pried the tooth out, it broke however leaving a part of the root in, but it doesn't cut any more. One has to be his own dentist, doctor &c out here. How wild & primitive it is. This hotel charges 2.25 a day, in the U.S. it wouldn't be worth 1.00 but I suppose it is reasonable in this corner of the Earth. There is a rancher here today, he has come down from the Escarpment 50 miles away to get a license to shoot Elephants, which come on to his farm and bother him. He can get a license to kill only 2 & these must be old males or tuskers as they are called. He is very much disgusted because he cannot kill the herd. He is quite a geologist & has told me some interesting things about the region. He pointed to a great gap in the hills 15 miles away & said you ought to go there, you will find a gorge 1500 feet deep, the old outlet of Lake Naivasha. I said, I will walk there tomorrow, he said have you a rifle? No. Well then you had better not go there, for the gorge is full of rhinos & they might attack you.

[letterhead duplicated on second sheet of the letter]

This illustrates how impossible it is to go any where here, unless you are armed & have negro guides. He told me that the Kikuyus have been asking him who I was & what I was going to do and if I was going on a Safari they would like to go. There is an old settler here who makes canes of rhino skins, they are yellow & clear as amber. I purchased 2 one for Mr Yates & one for Mr Logan, dont let them know this.

There is a phonograph in a traders stores going day & night, nigger songs, Sousa bandpieces &c. You cant get away from Civilization any more. I am inclosing some of the better photos, a good many were fogged & spoiled. Will stay here until Thursday the 11th, walking out into the surrounding country to study the geology, where it is safe to go.

Will then go to Nakuru, where there is another hotel & stay there a day or two and thus work along toward the lake where I must arrive on the 16th in order to get my boat for the Lake
Nyanza trip. I wish you could see me, white tropical helmet, brown Khaki suit & leggings & the yellow walking shoes, I look like an East African, but they all dress roughly, it would be foolish to go in any other way.

I am making good use of the Yates-Forbes Khaki suit. You will not hear from me often now until I get back to Mombasa, the mail service is very slow & I dont know as you will get any of these letters. Will write when chances seem good to get letters through.

It is getting along toward dark, I must look up the post office & mail this, that is if there is a P.O. here, of which I am not certain.

I am terribly lonesome & homesick, some times it seems as if I could not stand it but I grit my teeth & go ahead. 1/4 of the time up today thank goodness.

Goodbye dear, Good wishes of all kinds to you & the children & all my love.

Affectionately,

George.
Aug 9. Up early & started for Kijabi, beautiful morning but cold. Cannot see how these half
naked natives stand it. I am cold in all my clothes. Fine walk saw quantities of Zebra &
hartebeeste, tried photoing some of the game but could not get near enough before the herds
would be off on the run.

Saw a great many pelicans, cranes &c. Took several views of the volcanoes & lava
plateaus & gathered specimens, in all accomplished a good days work in addition to the 20 miles
walked. Came back tonight by train & went to the boat builders hut to see if he was ready to go
out for hippos. He said there was not wind enough so I came up to the hotel. He asked me if I
saw lions today I said no, well he said there are plenty of them on that plain you crossed, why
only a short time 6 or 7 of them came right into town killed & ate two oxen in the enclosure or
boma where the post office is. A native runner came in a bit ago stating that an elephant had been
shot in the hills back of town. The tusks weighed 200 lbs, value over 500 dollars. I notice that
white ants have been at work on the partition of my room & have eaten great holes in it. Great
country. Good country to visit & a good one to leave in a few weeks, the fewer the better.

Aug 10. Warm pleasant day though cloudy & very hazy. Did not do a great deal, rested more
than I worked. Walked north of town & took 2 or 3 photos of geological interest & collected a
few rock specimens, found chips of obsidian, which indicates that this natural glass occurs
somewhere near. Had a talk last night with a man who has been in the country 13 yrs and is an
old pioneer, he hasn’t much time for it & wants to get away as soon as he has made money
enough. Had quite a talk with a settler from the opposite side of the lake at lunch today, he likes
the country & wants to stay, says it is the finest climate in the world which is doubtless true.

Mr Sarup says the day is favorable & so I got my kit together, sent most of the luggage to
Nakuro, took a blanket & with Mr H. & 2 natives went on board a sail boat & after ploughing for
1/2 mile through a thick mass of water lilies with beautiful purple blossoms we got out on the
lake and sailed away. After a good deal of trouble on account of contrary winds we reached the
other side of the lake, passing a sunken island, with dead trees half out of the water past an island
which is undoubtedly the rim of a crater.

We anchored & had supper of tea made by the dirty native boys bread butter, dried
herring cheese & jam. At this place saw from 12-15 hippos, they were very much frightened by
our approach & most of them made for the land, dashing through the thick papyrus reeds & out
of sight, one monstrous 3 ton bull stood his ground & fed in full sight of us, it was after sun set &
I could not photo him, alas it was the only good chance I had for a photo. Some of the herd
rushed out into the lake, puffing & snorting at a great rate. Went to bed on the floor of the boat,
did not sleep much for 4 reasons, bed too hard, too cold, too many mosquitoes & too many fleas,
too much snorting by hippos. Mr S said he thought we would have a lion chorus as this shore is a
favorite drinking place. But we heard nothing more than a far of roar.

Aug. 11. Cold & gloomy, had breakfast & in a strong breeze sailed to other end, south end of
Lake Naivasha. We saw quite a number of hippos but they dashed off at our approach & though
the light was good, could not get near enough for a photo.

It was great sport watching them as we chased them they would dive right under the boat,
swimming under water all about us, sticking their noses out to get a breath then diving again,
those that got ashore rushed like mad for cover.

Saw any quantity of Kongoni & Zebra around the banks of the lake & such masses of
water fowl, ducks, geese, coots, pelicans egret herons, ibis, cormorants, cranes, including the
magnificent trumpeter crane, with his splendid coloring. The lake fairly swarms with water birds.
The lake is too alkaline for fish, but there are plenty of frogs & water python.
My host has killed lots of hippo, he says they are a pig & he would rather have the lard from them than from pigs. He told me stories about Roosevelt who was with him a good deal while here hunting hippos & water fowl. Came back this p.m. got the 2 canes of Kibokas as they are called & started for Elmenteita.

On arriving there found that all beds in the rest house were occupied so came on to Nakuro & put up at the hotel. Found the best bed here that I have had since leaving home. Sent cards to Kate & Mother as birthday reminders. In this very interesting & profitable experience I spent my 53rd anniversary.

Aug. 12. Slept better than for a long time though I felt cold in the night. Beautiful clear morning. Walked out, examined rocks & the scenery which is very rugged & beautiful here. A fine lake also lies in the foreground. The hotel here run by French people is said to be the best in Brit. East Africa. It is certainly a good one but stiff prices & I must pull out early tomorrow.

Aug 12-cont’d. Wrote a letter to the Daily News to carry out my agreement there, now have one to write to the Round Table.

Feel pretty tired & lazy today, extremely hot after 10 a.m. I think the altitude, the extremes of heat & cold, the long hard walks are not conducive to the best of health. A man of 53 soon reaches his limitations under these circumstances & he must rest or go under, so I am resting at a 10 rupee a day hotel. Took my bag to station & forwarded it to Ft. Terman.

Had great time after going to bed, the landlady did not understand that I was to stay all night. First a nigger boy came in, he saw me in bed, rushed & told the landlady, she came in and asked me if I was going to stay & when I convinced her I was, she went out & pretty quick the steward came to ask if I wanted breakfast. I told him that the sandwiches & tea he had put up were for my breakfast, finally everything was quiet.

Aug. 13. Started out at 6:30 & walked pretty fast in the cool of the early morning, carrying a load of 20 lbs or more including food, water, blanket &c. Shortly before passing Njoro station, a pack of dogs made for me & I had quite a time beating them off until some negro women came to my relief & drove them off. The sun is terribly hot & I feel the heat so. Shortly after passing Njoro, was taken sick, everything turned black & I began to faint. I threw my pack down, made a pillow of it & lay down beside the R.R. track. Natives kept passing but they did nothing finally I felt better & though weak I pressed on to Elburgon station, where I put up in a wretched tin shack, it was full of fleas, had a dirt floor & was intolerably dirty. The Hindoo station master provided me with food, he had no bread, nothing but a kind of native pancake made of rancid butter, I could not eat the stuff, so ate boiled eggs.

Got caught in the daily tropical thunder storm & got a good wetting which damaged my sun helmet.

Aug. 14. Got up & left Elburgon at 6:30, the agent was going to have some breakfast for me but as he was not up, did not wait & started for Toudiani without it. Slept very cold, the altitude is high here & nights are cold & wet.

Reached Molo, where I concluded to follow a road that I thought went to Toudiani, this was a sad mistake. About noon got caught again in a severe tropical thunderstorm was drenched to the skin in 10 minutes got off on some game trail & was soon lost, with the rain falling in sheets & night coming on, in the midst of wild animals. I was in a terrible predicament but just as I was beginning to despair I saw a picket fence which meant a white man & I walked into an Australians abode, he & his natives took good care of me & I was none the worse for the experience, bad as it was. J. Matteshaw was his name, we sat & talked of all sorts of things & he...
read me the riot act for my fool hardiness, I needed the lecture. Saw a good deal of game
including the Topi, an antelope new to me.

Aug. 15. Bright cool morning Mr. M. sent me back to Molo under the guidance of a Kavirondo
boy, who carried my “swag” as they call a bundle here.

Reached Molo about 1 but not before the daily storm had wet me, my clothes & my hat
are a sight, stained & wrinkled it is a good thing I am in a tropical & a frontier region where
everyone dresses roughly.

Found out at Molo that the steamer I was to take day after tomorrow is wrecked at Jinja,
so my plans are upset & I scarcely know what to do.

Good [sic] my food at a Hindoo trader’s near the station, not very good. In his shop he
has cans of Quaker Oats, Armours hams & Libby’s corned beef. He served me these disgusting
native cakes. This place is in the wilds, with great forests all about, the negroes are nearly naked
& spend their time smoking & playing the curious native guitar. They make strange, weird
music.

Decided to go on to Port Florence in the morning on the advice of the Station Master.
Cold & rainy night & slept cold, shivered most of the night. Molo is the wettest town on the line,
it rains practically every day in the year, usually about noon. It is also the highest 8000 ft. above
the sea. The station master, a Hindoo, unburdened himself said his wife was unhappy, no one to
talk to, no company, she wanted to go back to India, &c. &c.

Aug. 16. Bright fine day, cold but clear. Had interesting ride down to Pt. Florence, fine scenery
& great lava plateaus. [Put up at] Dak Bungalow near station.

Aug 16 cont’d’ - There was a young German woman on the train a Red Cross Nurse, returning to
her work in the sleeping sickness district, she does not seem to fear the disease. Met a
missionary & his wife at dinner tonight, Brooks by name on their way to their station about 20
miles from here. He is a doctor & told me of his great difficulty in doing anything for the people
because they doctor with Native Medicine men & pay no attention to his orders. They come to
him with terrible ulcers all plastered over with cow dung, their favorite remedy, often he can do
nothing.

Sleeping sickness has broken out at his station, and he must fight that, he says the natives
slash open the scalp with a dozen long cuts, when any one has sleeping sickness or severe head
aches in order to let the devil out. If it is pneumonia, a frequent trouble, they slash the breast &c.
Lots of mosquitoes & have to exercise great care as this is a bad malarial belt as well as sleeping
sickness region. I shoo off all flies & mosquitoes, though the latter have bitten me & I have
started on quinine as a preventative.

Aug 17. Fine day but extremely hot & I have stayed at the hotel or better Dak bungalow, it is
not a hotel, most of the day. Visited the Native Market this morning, scores of women there
selling all kinds of produce. These Kavirondo women are naked, except they wear a bushy kind
of tail behind. Nothing in front, but a tail or little skin apron behind. I suppose they think tails
belong behind. Wrote an article for the Round Table & sent it on to Kate. Tried to find out when
the steamer leaves but no one seems to know. Read a newspaper which a settler here left me take.

Learned for the first time that Gaynor had been shot & that Chief Justice Fuller is dead.
Warm tonight & pretty stuffy when the mosquito nets are pulled down over the bed.

Aug. 18. Very hot sultry a.m. Went out toward Kibos & took a few photographs of natives in
their bazaar & on the road. Very densely populated region & apparently it has been for centuries.
Great quantities of fruit raised about here but we never get any at the hotel, nothing but meat,
veg. & bread with the everlasting tea. Went down to the boat & asked the captain when the boat
was going to sail, said he did not know probably not before Sunday. It is getting to be monotonous waiting here, went out & collected rocks awhile this p.m. Wrote up a part of my observations along the Coast. Talked to a very drunken young Englishman who has a rubber plantation near here. He is on a big spree, told me he was the son of a wealthy manf. in England who allows him 1800 a year. He is an Oxford graduate. I asked him what his majors were & he said beer, whiskey & horse racing. With a minor in Modern English literature. He recited John Hays poem Jim Bludsoe, I believe it is, with great approval. I asked him what his mother would think if she should see him, he did not answer. He keeps saying I must pull my weeping self together. He wants me to drink with him or smoke or play poker, when I said not any of these things for me he said, would you mind if I called you an absolute old fossil. He asked me if I was a Church member, I said yes well then I suppose you object to my swearing, I told him I did but probably it did little good to object.

It is terrible the way these young fellows drink in this country.

This young Barnard said this is no white man’s country now, it may be a century from now. He reiterates the opinion so many express that the Goanese & Indians ought to be driven out. He showed me his rhinoceros whip with which he thrashes his negroes, he said he made them put on a wet blanket, then whipped them, it hurt just as much but the marks did not show. My Khaki suit is very dirty & I had it washed the Hindoo laundryman loaned me a clean white suit to wear in the mean time. Tried to buy a Khaki suit here but could find nothing. Great troops of Negroes go by carrying burdens, they all sing a chorus, then one chants an antiphonal measure, then all break out into a chorus. They are a musical people in their primitive way. Lost my tooth brush & had to buy one of these coarse Hindoo brushes, they are meant for a negro’s mouth, hardly for mine. Suffering a good deal from chapped lips, they heal very slowly, the dry climate of the Rift is responsible & also from flea bites multitudinous.

Ants cover everything here you have to wipe them off from the cheese & bread, fish them out of milk butter & sugar.

I have been in a few more inviting places than this in my day.

Aug. 19. Clear & very hot, after breakfast packed up, as it seems likely that the boat is going some time today although no one knows. Walked out to the lava escarpment 6 or 7 miles W of town. Found the lavas there very different from those at Kisumu as I had hoped & expected. Passed thousands of natives going to & from Market & scores of native villages, consisting of little groups of mud cottages thatched with grass or reeds. They say these conical & square huts are very cool. Most of them have porches & a little garden behind enclosed in brush or with a fence made of a kind of branching equisetum, which they plant as a hedge. Tried to photograph some of the people & especially the women & girls but they would run into the great fields of sugar cane & I could do nothing. Went up the escarpment to study the rocks followed by a number of men & boys, who seemed very much interested in what I was doing. The people here seem well content & well fed. They have large fields & seem to get good crops of corn, yams &c, though they never fertilize the ground.

Aug. 19 cont’d. Bought some of the large native bananas 3¢ a dozen, but did not like them. They are woody & coarse & not fine flavored.

Had quite a dispute with the steward about my bill but he would not give in & I paid it under protest, I would not tip them here on that account.

The waiter boy wanted me to take him along on my travels but I did not want him. These servants are very restless & rarely stay more than two months or so in a place. Went south of town this p.m. but could not go far as an on coming thunder storm drove me back. Went after my
Khaki suit at the laundry, price 35¢ for washing & ironing. It looks much better & I am more presentable. A Mrs Stanton who is staying here with husband & child asked me to photo her little girl & send her a picture when I could, she is a dear little girl about 1 1/2 yrs old.

Stanton is quite a geologist & has given me much information about this country. Met Barnard on my way back this a.m. he was still very drunk, he was reeling home, he borrowed a rupee from me early this morning, but he was so drunk I did not try to get it again.

Took my baggage down to the steamer which is to leave at 5:30 a.m. & after dinner went down & slept on board. The mosquitoes are terrible tonight, they swarm all over one & it is impossible not to be bitten again & again. I suppose that means Malaria & more quinine also.

Aug. 20. Not much sleep, very hot under the mosquito frame & a great deal of confusion on board all night. The boat did not leave at 5:30 but is still here at 2 p.m., Engine broken down. Went out & hunted rocks, the captain saying he would sound the whistle in plenty of time to get back.

Getting better food than we had at the Bungalow, it was poor there. There are 5 passengers, the capacity of the boat, one my room mate an Italian, Graziano.

Two are Englishman going to Uganda, and the other the sleeping sickness, Red Cross Nurse. Have a good room, amid ships, with 3 windows, so get whatever breeze there may be. Got off a little after 2. Had quite a talk with Captain & 1st officer they say they are absolutely helpless they cannot get things done & can never tell when they are going. It is this Indian help which is so irresponsible that you cannot depend upon it. I have been trying to get the Indian steward to fix up the cabin, for instance the catch basin for wash stand is missing, he stands & looks helplessly at you & scratches some part of his anatomy, but does nothing. He cannot see why this American wants to wash or if he does why he should not dump the water on the floor. Why bother him to find a catch basin. We are now passing the shores where sleeping sickness has been raging, the huts stand as the people left them with the Boma fences about them but the people are almost wiped out. These Kavirondo do not bury their dead but leave them for the innumerable hyenas that abound in this region. We pass interesting scenery but it all looks volcanic, there are large numbers of isolated & very regular peaks that look as if they might be volcanic cones, chiefly on the S. side of Kavirondo Gulf. The ship monkey is loose & is having a high old time, plucking feathers out of the chickens, tearing the shirts of the crew hung up to dry, stealing vegetables &c.

Cool, beautiful evening with strong S. wind blowing. We cross the Equator tonight, I hope it will not be necessary to have another baptism.

Had several talks with a very pleasant Englishman, Mr Birch, an Engineer who is building a portion of the Cape to Cairo Ry. He has lived in Africa a number of years & knows the country well. He says the Kavirondo women who go naked are the only virtuous women of the region, the moment they begin to clothe themselves they go bad, most native women are bad he says and in Uganda they all are. Syphilis is a terrible disease & has made such inroads upon the natives that a Medical Commission has been appointed in Uganda to check it. Hardly any children are now born without a taint in their blood. It has been here only a few decades & was introduced either by Hindoos or Arabs.

Steamers generally do not run on the lake at night as the coast is unlighted, but it is bright moonlight & the Captain says he is going to run all night to make up lost time.

Aug. 21. We arrived at Jinja early and immediately I started by road over to Ripon Falls where the Nile begins its long course. Interesting falls but not impressive, only about 15 or 20 ft high and 1/4 mi. broad and all broken by great masses of lava. Sat down on a rock and read my new
testament chapter, read one each day, wherever I am and write the locality at the top of the page, today it was John V, Headwaters of the Nile. This place is greatly afflicted with sleeping sickness, I noticed the men all wear the so called Mosquito proof boots that flies cannot bite through, they also carry a fly brush with which they drive away flies which are very apt to settle on one’s neck just above the coat collar. The first officer told me he had been bitten by tsetse flies several times lately, they come on to the steamer from the land or into the row boats used for landing passengers. He says there is danger of getting the disease but if he gets it he will have to die thats all, he said he would hate to die of a fly bite, he would rather have a respectable disease or be mauled by a lion.

Left Jinja in two hours after arrival and have been sailing along the shores of the lake & between numerous islands. The shores are 200 feet high or so rocky in places but generally covered with soil & more or less forest of rather low trees. The shores are reedy and lined with papyrus, the officers say there are a great many hippo, crocodiles & buffalo along the shore but I cannot make them out.

They also say that sometimes you can see lions on the hills but none have appeared for me. Innumerable great ant hills, several feet high, cover the slopes all along the shore. We are in sight of land or islands all of the time. The 1st officer pointed out a fine island which he said had been stripped clean by sleeping sickness, the Govt. took off the last few survivors a month ago. Another island he pointed out he said he would own as soon as he had the money, an Englishman standing near said “What do you want of it, it is just covered with tsetse flies”? The officer said “Yes and it is all covered with rubber vines too and this is more to the point”. People are crazy over rubber in this country. They will risk anything for it apparently. Have seen several of the great canoes the natives have, hewn out of a single log, they carry 40 or 50 men, they [sic] were several crossing the lake near Jinja. Very hot p.m. with thunder storms gathering on every hand. Tried a nap but could not sleep, the native crew chatter so much.

Reached Port Kampala at 4:30, went ashore and collected a specimen of the gneiss of the region. Wanted to buy one of the lizard skin guitars of a native but could not bargain with him. The 1st officer told me to get one of the crew to buy such stuff as they can do so much better but the crew are all so busy that it cannot be managed while we are in a port. He says the natives here are so missionarized that their work is no longer native but Europeanized.

Aug. 21 Cont’d. Beautiful region here & rich tropical forests, bananas are particularly abundant. They say Uganda is the heaven of Africa, though that hardly holds true now that sleeping sickness ravages it so. Lay down in my berth and went to sleep with my clothes on & slept until morning.

Aug 22nd. Awakened by snoring of natives who lie all over the deck about the state room door. Had the door open as the night was close. Found that we were at Entebbe and 1st officer said we would be here until 10 or 11 o’clock. Sent mail out, then went to the shop of Bertie-Smith the well known safari man of the region and bought about $15 worth of curios for the museum though I think that some of them will find their way to the house.

I bought a native drum & 2 guitars or banjos for Prof. Tyler’s sake, woven native hat, a very fine old time wicker work shield that the native boy told me belonged to King Mwanga’s outfit, a gourd water bottle, 3 baskets, one a fine Nubian, Uganda matting several copper & iron bracelets & 2 Elephant hair bangles.

Came back to boat about 10:30 & took a couple of photos. We left about noon. Met a Missionary who with 6 native porters has just come from the Congo region, where he has been to establish a mission among the Nyam-Nyams, a cannibal race in the Congo Free State.
He had to go in with elephant hunters for protection, he certainly has his share of adventure but he is very modest & unpretentious about it. Says he is almost out of money & has to go 3d class on the boat, but his natives can do the cooking for him & he gets along well as he has plenty of bedding. His name is J.S. Gribble\textsuperscript{272} of the African Inland Mission\textsuperscript{273}, he is now going into German East Africa. He says the Elephant hunters & the white traders are a curse to the natives & greatly interfere with Missionary work. Indeed there is no room for both in the country & it is the hunter & trader who goes & the missionary stays.

He goes out & faces these cannibals alone & takes whatever comes without fear or favor. I met an American on the boat now located in German East Africa, he was brought up in San F. He is breeding & raising silk worms & says he can raise the best silk in the world.

The flowers at Entebbe were great, most of the trees have beautiful blossoms, the botanical gardens there were very attractive. Gribble says this is going to be the great cotton country of the world & also a center for cocoa culture, his mission station is now undertaking to grow it, says they raise most of the food they eat, that is one of their principles.

All the p.m. we sail along by papyrus lined islands, never out of sight of land though the lake is over 100 mi. wide. Stopped at a marshy port for several hours this p.m. but did not go ashore, talked with Mr Gribble, he says there are 400 varieties of bananas in Uganda all the way from small sweet ones to large yellow & red or purple ones that are cooked & [unreadable] with chicken gravy poured over them or some kinds have [unreadable] with them, some are baked, some roasted, some boiled &c. It is a banana land & natives use them almost solely for food, & make very pleasant drink [sic] of them also. He talked a good deal of what he hoped to do on the Congo among the wild cannibals up there & seems anxious to get in there as soon as possible.

Just at dinner time passed through a great cloud of flies, for which the lake is famous, they resemble somewhat our ciscoflies\textsuperscript{274}. It was like a snow storm, they piled up on the deck in places under lights several inches deep. When the native brought my soup, there were no flies in it before I could get two spoonsful, it was covered with them, they piled up on the butter until it could not be seen. You simply had to eat them or go without food, so I ate them along with the meat vegetables and pudding. I got some unusual flavors but then everything goes in this country. The cooks & waiters are abominably dirty I dont believe the flies could be any worse.

The night is rather dark and the boat anchored in deep water after steaming a few hours. Aug. 23\textsuperscript{d}. Got under way about day light and at breakfast time we are close to Bukoba\textsuperscript{275}, in German East Africa\textsuperscript{276}. Went ashore on first boat & started out with Gribble to see the place, spent the most interesting day of the trip. Met 3 men who were on the Kronprinz. Went to the Market & took photos there, went out to the beach & watched them draw in great seines\textsuperscript{277} with a very few fishes in them. A group of men will go in drive the fish toward shore & then spear them very delfty.

Bought a few curios, Gribble did the bargaining for me or else asked his boys to do it, bought 3 baskets & bargained for other things but natives would not sell as low as I wanted to give. Great many natives in with beans, bananas, lemons, pea nuts and Maboka\textsuperscript{278} to sell tried the latter, after it had been boiled & tasted very well indeed, much like potato. It is the root of a tree & natives consume quantities of it.

We went outside of town at noon to banana shambus to bargain for a lunch, bought 8 bananas of the small sweet kind and a pine apple, which a negro cut for me \textsuperscript{all} for 6 cents. Gribble did the same & we sat on a big rock in the shade & ate our lunch, my but that pine was good. We then climbed up a high hill to get what proved to be a fine view out over the lake & the plain below, the latter covered with huts hidden in banana groves. Coming back we passed a grass hut
where guavas were growing, Gribble wanted some, a girl came out to talk with us, she had on an
ivory bracelet I wanted, she asked 50 cents for it & would take no less & finally I paid it, it was
small & she had a great time getting it off. Then a young girl came out with a short green dress
made of grass that appealed to me, she wanted a rupee 33 cents for it, I said give to me, she ran
into the cottage, took it off put on a homely muslin wrap & brought it to me. It was very
interesting to get out among the natives & see how they live. They are well fed, very happy &
contented, have nothing to do but pick the fruit. They are [happier than] most in America.

Aug 23 – Contd. When I questioned whether that bracelet was ivory or not, the girl said oh deo,
tembo. Oh yes it is elephant. After she took it off she begged for more money but I would not
give it & finally she gave it to me.

All of these people are shrewd, clever bargainers, & it is hard to beat them down. Had
quite a talk at the dinner table with the vice governor of Uganda who is making a tour of
inspection around the lake. He came up here on foot from Mombasa 17 years ago. He is very
pleasant and affable especially for an English official. He says this is no white man’s country, he
hopes all the settlers will leave as he believes they will ultimately & leave the region for a great
game reserve, which he thinks is the proper use of it.

We ought to have one great game reservation on the Earth & this is the place to establish
it. He says there is as much game on the Athi plains now as there was 17 yrs. ago when he first
crossed them, but in other districts game is largely shot off.

Aug. 24. Cold cloudy morning, we did not get off and are still at Bukoba at noon. There is a
native, a German soldier on board who has a number of curios, I got the Uganda Gov. to bargain
for them as he speaks the native tongue perfectly. After a lot of chuffering I secured a sheath
of 12 native arrows, 3 native short swords in wooden sheathes a war club of wood, a native axe
& some native legbells all for $1.35. All the space under my berth is filled with the stuff I have
bought. I wish it were possible to carry some of their large baskets, I would buy them, for they
are beauties but they occupy too much space. These curios bought today all come from the
interior & are genuine Native work.

We got off about 2 in the face of a stiff wind the lake was rough & the boat rolled a good
deal, which made some of the negro passengers sick.

Found that Gribble was sick with Malarial fever, he is camped out on the deck as he has
no money for a cabin, he had a temperature of 104 and I got him some hot lemonade & hot tea to
induce a sweat. When that started I put him in my berth & told him to stay there until tomorrow
morning. I ordered his boys to take his cot up on the upper deck & make my bed up there, they
did so & I shall sleep up there. The boat anchored about 8 o’clock out in the middle of the lake,
they did not dare to go further on account of rocks.

Aug. 25. Slept well on the deck, fine warm day. Arrived at Mwanza at 9 am. This is the place
where Stanley started to explore the big sheet of water. My Italian room mate left here & I
have the state room to myself. Went out to the market bought some bananas, 3 doz. for 4 cents.
Gribble purchased some papai oranges & tangerines which I paid for, then I divided the fruit
with him. His boys all deserted him & he is camped out on the beach all alone not far from the
steamer. He is on the verge of blackwater fever I think.

He is going to stay here alone for 4 days until more supplies come then he is going to
start inland, poor fellow, the case is a mixture of pathos and heroism.

Gribble went to the market this p.m. & bargained for a knife, a giraffe hair necklace & a
gourd snuff box. Tried hard to get a woman to sell a shell necklace but she wouldnt do it. Most
of the women who have babies wear a hideous head dress made of birds heads & claws & a lot
of other trash, tried to buy one but the Mother said no, it protected her baby from evil spirits & she would not part with it. The Knife cost 16 cents and is a fine example, it took a lot of persuading to get the nigger to sell it, he said he wanted it to cut muako root, but the 1/2 rupee I showed him was too much of a temptation & he sold it. By this time a hundred or more natives were around us wanting to sell stuff.

A Swahili who spoke English came up & I told him to tell the crowd to come tomorrow with what they wished to sell & if it was good I would take it, with that I took Gribble up to his tent, talked with him awhile & then went back to the boat. Saw lots of crocodile eggs in the market today, evidently the natives eat them, it must be a strong dose. There are lots of crocs in this region.

Aug. 26. Dark & gloomy day until late p.m. when it cleared up. Spent most of day in & around the Market with Gribble bargaining for curios. I bought a few but the prices are high & refused to buy a good deal. Saw a medicine man give a remarkable dance in the Market place, tried to buy his whistles & rattle but he would not sell, walked to the top of the hill near the Catholic Mission to get a view of the country but could see little. This p.m. walked out N.E. of town hoping to see baboons among the rocks but saw nothing. Have had lots of negroes after me today to sell stuff, most of it was of no value to the museum. Gribble took my picture in the market place just as I had bought a wanderobo²⁸⁵ spear. Bought 3 spears, 3 musical instruments & 3 knives.

Invited Gribble to lunch & he accepted, Mr Spire talked to him rather plainly about wandering around the way he does in all sorts of places without knowing where he is & especially while he is so weak. Spire in a good natured way roasted the different missions for their tendency to quarrel & enter into rivalries. Mwanza is quite a town, there are several chain gangs of bad niggers & they help to keep town clean & in good shape. There are numerous raphia palms on the beach, a good many banana plantations, peanut, sisal²⁸⁶ & cotton fields.

It is very lonesome here for Europeans, as a young German told me this morning no theatres, no music, nothing, it is exile here.

Gribble came around to see me about dark, we talked awhile & I bade the poor fellow goodbye & he lumbered off into the darkness to his tent.

A native came just before dark stuck his head through my window & wanted to sell a spear, it was a pretty good one and I gave him 1.00 for it. This finished the curio business at Mwanza.

Aug. 27. We started off this a.m. about daylight & have pushed on all day steadily to Shirati which we reached this evening. Low granite islands & shores with their characteristic great boulders are seen most of the way but along in the middle of the afternoon we came in sight of loftier shores with yellow cliffs, probably sandstone. It is very warm and the sun just pours its heat down. Nothing of particular interest is seen during the day, though we are not out of sight of land during the day. One of the Catholic Missionaries at Mwanza is a passenger so there are 3 of us at the table. He persists in talking

[Aug. 27th contd.] [unreadable] in Swahili which I dont understand, he does not [speak good English]. If I was ever to come to Africa again I would try to pick up a little Swahili, it is such a help as practically none of the natives speak English. We stopped at Shirati all night but it was dark when we reached there and a storm coming on so did not go ashore. Raining hard tonight, with thunder & lightning. Water got into the state room & soaked my Uganda matting.

Aug. 28. Fine cool morning, left Shirati early & arrived at Karungu²⁸⁸ about 9. Went ashore with the Chief Officer, we were there only 15 minutes, but got a specimen of the rock, a black lava,
and also got the Catholic Missionary to buy a bead necklace with a boar’s tusk fastened to it, which an ugly looking native was wearing, paid 2 rupees for it. Bought an elephant bristle bracelet of the boy who waits on me at the table, cost 5 cents, which was double what he asked. Tried to get an ivory ring of one of the native firemen but wouldn’t pay the price 33 cents. 

Talked with Mr Spire, he says the natives are beginning to wake up, they want to know about raising cotton & other things, he says there is going to be a great change here in the next 2 or 3 years, the native will give up his old ways & will go into Agriculture & Commerce. We are now able to see the old type of life but it is not to last long. Africa is waking up & is going to be a great factor in the life & commerce of the world. He says it will be a Moslem Africa rather than Christian for every Moslem is a missionary, while only a few whites are missionaries & preach their gospel as they go. Today completes 1/3 of my trip, am not sorry it is slipping away so fast, even though there is so much of interest in it all. Went down into the hold & got some peanuts, two of the natives gave me a handful each also. They ship quantities of peanuts from this region and the bags break & let a lot out & so I made a dash for some, they were raw of course, but tasted pretty well.

Mr Spire was transferred to steamer Winifred as he wished to return to Jinja so we are 2 at the table. Mr S. advised me to take quinine for the next 10 days, so began after lunch. We came up Kavirondo Gulf & landed at Kisunu about dark, too late to get my things packed & besides a heavy rain storm was on, so stayed on the boat.

Chief Officer pointed out the Uyoma shore as we went along where sleeping sickness has come in the last 7 or 8 years & wiped out nearly the whole population. Some villages may have 3 or 4 left & some have no one left. I heard a negro playing a native banjo in the hold I went & found the Catholic father & asked him to get it for me if possible. He called the boy up on deck, he came up with a Kavirondo type of banjo. He asked him to sell it to me but the negro wouldn’t do it at anything like a reasonable price, so we had to give it up. In the mean time he commenced playing & singing, 2 or 3 negroes on deck began dancing & we had a fine exhibition of a native dance as practiced by the Kavirondo. They shuffled in step, made the shoulders go back & forth violently, then they would bend clear over & touch the player or the banjo as if to get inspiration from it, then they would dance harder than ever. The boat anchored at dark several miles from Kisunu.

Aug. 29. Fine day, but very hot. Boat landed about 7 & [unreadable] a long wrangle & much delay over charging customs [unreadable] the curios I brought. They finally charged me one dollar only. I then got a packing box & started in to pack the stuff. It was hard & hot work & the more fragile material like the gourd & violins will break I fear. I could not get packing material, except Uganda matting, I bought 4 or 5 rolls of that to stuff in & make the material tight.

It took me until noon to get stuff packed, then had to get some natives to carry the box up to the freight house, paid the bills there then sent them & the box to Mombasa [sic]. Spent the whole day chasing around getting those 2 dozen curios off. Took my meals on the boat & am going to sleep on board tonight as it is a much better bed than in the Dak bungalow. Went up to the Market and bought a grassy bead strap head dress of a Kavirondo woman paid a rupee for it, though her husband demanded 1 1/2. I would not give it & she finally caved in & sold for a rupee. Cool tonight & numerous showers on the high hills to the North.

The 1st Officer Lt. Whish, gave me a number of the latest papers to read & looked up American news with interest. He also wanted me to take dinner with him which I did, & we had quite a talk on things in general. Went to bed Early.
Aug 30. Mosquitoes got through the net & nearly chewed me up, more quinine I expect. Walked West of town to look at scenery then came back & got my traps together put them on the back of a boy & started for station. Hot day, took some snap shots at natives at Kibis & Kibigori. Came up through the familiar scrub country with numerous Mimosas, up into the hills & on to the Escarpment with its fine scenery. Bought some bananas of a native 3 doz. for 8 cts, & used them for lunch or a part of them I did not eat the 3 doz. Leave the naked Kavirondo behind & soon reach more civilized tribes that wear more clothing as the Lumburas and who load down their ears with all sorts of trash. The type of ornamentation is more characteristic of tribes than almost any other feature. We are now at Lumbara, 2 Masai just came to the window one of them had a fine topi robe & some good bows & arrows which I wanted but no way to carry the stuff. We poke along in the leisurely way characteristic of the Uganda Ry. Showers keep crossing our path coming off from the Mari hills. Usual string of natives at every station looking with all the eyes they have got. Once in a while as here at Landiani where we now are there are a few white settlers come down to see the train come in. It is pretty cold up here on the summit & the rain has not helped matters any. Great deal of Spanish moss on the trees in this region. Was intending to get off at Gilgil station and continue work in the Rift valley but was taken violently sick near Molo, terrible headache & vomiting and decided to go on to Nairobi where there is a doctor as I fear Malarial fever. Slept all night on train.

Aug. 31. Arrived in Nairobi at noon, feeling better but very weak & feverish. Spent the afternoon at the office of the Public Works dept. of British East Africa reading up a report on the Geology of B.E.A. by Muff. Found it very interesting and am going back tomorrow to finish it up.

Came down this morning with 5 settlers in the compartment, one of them asked me if I was the man that was lost on the Mari. So my escapade is getting to be known over the country.

This same man told me that the Zebras bothered him so that he was going to poison a herd of several hundred that were hanging about his place by mixing arsenic with salt & throwing it out on their feeding grounds.

Very chilly & slept cold last night, but warm toward noon. Took some films over to be developed, received a few prints, sent all that were good on to Kate.

Saw some saw buck for the first time this morning, have also seen wild dogs chasing the African hare.

This Evening is cool & pleasant, planned for the rest of my stay in Africa, will leave here Monday & go to Kiu, stay there all night, next day walk to Simba, then take train to Voi, stay two days there and go on to Mombasa, reaching there Saturday Sept 10.

Sept 1. Very hot day, spent most of the a.m. at Pub. works office and finished reading Muffs report. Then went to Heyers Safari Co & bought a few curios, took the rocks over there & arranged to have them boxed with curios.

After lunch took a long walk north of town, to look at the topography there & also hoping to get a glimpse of Mt Kenia but too cloudy in that direction & did not get a glimpse. Cool again tonight, such a contrast to the extreme heat of the day. The rainy season is coming on & I am anxious to get my work finished here as it will be by Monday.

Sept. 2. Fine day but hot. Much disappointed to learn that all of my pictures taken in the Rift Valley & Vic Nyanza trip are failures. I broke the shutter release & it did not work properly, especially sorry not to have the views of the escarpments in the Rift Valley, do not care so much about the rest. Have about made up my mind to go back to Naivasha tomorrow, 50 miles from here and take some more. Walked out south of town this morning to get some game pictures. Got
up within two hundred yards of some Kangoni and Tommie antelopes and photographed them. Of course they will appear very small on the picture. It is so hot this p.m. that I decided to remain in doors & not attempt any tramp.

Got the few prints that were any good at all and sent the best of them to Kate. Cloudy & cold tonight, the contrasts in temperature are rather trying.

Sept. 3. Cold gloomy day, attended to shipping of box of rocks & curios, paid my bills and started for Kijabe. Took a number of photos on the way especially in the Rift Valley trying to atone for those spoiled. Left my baggage at Kijabe but decided to go on to Naivasha & get something to eat & a bed. 2 young fellows in the compartment also going to Naivasha & put up at the hotel. They are on a hunting trip. Saw lots of Zebra & Kangoni today.

Met Sarup at Naivasha bought 2 or 3 small riding whips of rhino hide, one for Kenneth & one for Ross, of him.

Went to hotel & had the usual fine dinner of goat meat and cauliflower, cauliflower seems to be the favorite vegetable of Africa. There were 6 or 8 at dinner a big crowd for this hotel all settlers but myself. All full of stories about lion & rhino hunting. They were a jolly lot of young men, all Englishmen & some of them university men. They were cordial to me and tried to make the hour entertaining. Went to bed early. Cold wind blowing down from the escarpment & rain is threatened.

Sept. 4. Pleasant but cool & high East wind. Left Naivasha at 8:30 & started for Kijabe, took a dozen photos on the way – one of a herd of Zebra, so far away they will look like dots, & the rest of scenery, volcanoes & escarpments. The walk of 20 miles was without incident & arrived at Kijabe in just 7 hours.

Did not follow the R.R. all the way but took a trail down toward the Kedang Valley, then took a sheep trail up to Kijabe. On the way I passed 2 emigrant wagons, there were fully a dozen big dogs under them & they all came at me. I expected to be bitten a half dozen times, fortunately I had a cedar stick in my hand I whacked some of the curs over the nose, while a negro who came to my rescue banged several others & we finally drove them off.

Stayed in the Rest house, near the station it is pretty dirty, asked the Hindoo station master to ring a bell in the morning to wake me up as the train goes at 5:18. Very hazy in the valley today & good pictures are out of the question. Saw lots of game today more than usual, Grants gazelle & Tommies great herds of Zebra & Kongoni, saw several ostriches & wanted their picture but they ran off with the speed of race horses. A wild dog crossed the road in front of me, he

Sept 4 cont’d. was badly frightened & ran for dear life when he saw me. Bought some poor oranges of a trader here at Kijabe & these with some Naivasha sandwiches made my supper. Went to bed at dark as there is no light in the room.

Sept. 5. Slept cold, the train left at 5:30 a.m. & the native called me at 3:30 so I had plenty of time to dress in the dark. Just like an African Negro to call you 2 hours before it is necessary.

Reached Nairobi at 9 and went on a long walk west of town to warm up as the train stays here 4 hours. Took a photo or two bought a map of Nairobi, got my films of the Game, you can scarcely see it, & came back to train. We journeyed on across the plains seeing game at every turn until it was dark. Decided to get off at Makindu & did so, found a fair dak bungalow here with an obliging steward & after dinner went to bed.

Sept 6. Cold last night & had to get up & paw around for my rain coat, with that I was warm, the steamer blanket is not enough. I have a piece of Uganda matting under me now & blanket over me. After breakfast, at which I had oatmeal & real milk for the first time in weeks, I started off
toward Simba, walked in all 18 miles today, came back about 4, thirsty & tired. Saw negroes drinking out of a stream back a few miles & was sorely tempted to follow their example and did not. Found 3 rhino hunters here when I got back, they had been out all day & did not see a rhino, giant Eland, oryx or Kudu\textsuperscript{301}, the game they were after. This is a miserable thick thorny scrub country, with here and there a good tree. Have kept a sharp look out for rhinos today but did not see any. Every time I came within sight of a climbable tree, I would call it my rhino tree, for which I could run if one appeared, but had no trouble of that kind. Simba is the native name for lion & this was a great lion country 8 or 10 years ago but few are left now.

Collected some specimens of lava, they were very good and just what I need in my collection at Beloit as they show flow structure better than anything we have there at present.

Sept 7. Cold again last night but very hot today, the warmest day I have experienced in Africa, started East after breakfast toward Kibinezi found a good exposure of gneiss which I was glad to see, gathered some specimens there. Then went on & took photos of the gneiss hills to the East & South, they are fine types of monadnocks\textsuperscript{302}.

Saw a fine whirlwind it passed right over me & created a lively breeze, took a photo of it. A swarm of bees also went over, did not know but that they intended to light on me.

Feared they took the sun helmet for a hive. Rested awhile behind the trunk of a baobab tree, there are very few trees with leaves on now as it is the dry season. Very dusty & everything dried up pretty much including the streams.

Came home in the early p.m. The heat did not seem to affect me so came right along back to the bungalow & had a siesta. After dinner packed up belongings & took 8 p.m. train for Voi. Sept. 8. Arrived at Voi at 3 am, hunted up a bed at the dak bungalow & proceeded to sleep until 7. Could not get much sleep on train, warm & very dusty. After breakfast started out west of town collecting specimens of gneiss and taking photos of the great gneiss hills that abound around here. Very dusty & dry in this region & the game has all gone to greener pastures. Practically finished all the necessary work here this a.m. & have nothing to do but rest until 3 a.m. Saturday when I start for Mombasa. Feel pretty tired, after these weeks of tramping & the lazy spell will do no harm. Walked out East of town this Eve & saw a big troop of black monkeys. Had quite a talk with a govt. official this p.m. He pointed out a conical hill 5 or 6 miles South of Voi said he camped there last night & the lions made such a racket he could not sleep. He said if I would sit up & listen for them I could hear them on the hills, but I did not sit up. Share my room this eve & for tonight with two officers of the Royal Artillery. They are going to stay a day here for lion shooting. The official said that in coming up here from the South this week his porters were angry because he shot no game for them, but Providence helped him out. As he was coming along the road toward Voi, 2 lions ran out of the brush after a wild pig, they caught & killed him, there upon about 20 of the porters bunched together ran upon the lions & drove them off & helped themselves to the pig, which they were glad to get. The negroes seem to eat anything in the meat line, the only thing they stick at is the contents of the entrails. They draw those between thumb & fore finger & squeeze out all they can, then they eat the rest. Tired & went to bed early.

Sept. 9. Cold last night but warm today, though cloudy. Went East of town away but there was nothing to see but monkeys & they ran like whiteheads when they saw me. Then went out
Sept. 9th Cont’d. South west of Voi on the Kilimanjaro road but the scrub was so thick nothing could be seen there. Stopped at a Sisal plantation & looked the plant over. Got a basket here for carrying rocks of which I have quite a stock again.

Came back to bungalow & then started out South along the river valley, lots of Shambas of corn & sugar cane. Took some of the latter & ate it as I was thirsty. Saw nothing of particular interest, the women are at work in the fields getting ready for a new crop, while the men sit around & talk. Birds in great abundance along the way, one of them had an enormous beak & long tail, it seemed to be all beak & tail. Monkeys were running around the tree tops but they are timid & ran for thick brush when they saw me. Came back in the early p.m. and took a nap. Packed up stuff ready for the last lap of the journey to Mombasa tomorrow morning at 3. The lion hunters appeared this p.m. limping painfully along, no lions, no game of any kind.

Must leave Africa without seeing either of the great volcanoes Kenia or Kilimanjaro. It has been so cloudy lately that they could not be seen.

Sept 10th Up at 2 a.m. & took 3 a.m. train to Mombasa, a Russian priest shared the compartment. Took breakfast at Samburu & arrived at M. at 10. The clerk of the Africa was there & the head boy, gave baggage to latter & walked to hotel. The Schwentafskys seemed pleased to see me again.

Went for mail which I was glad to get several letters from Kate & Mother one from W.R. & others. Shocked to learn of Mrs Wrights death. Wrote letters all p.m. & did little else, after dinner went to bed. Very hot here.

Sept 11. Fine day but very hot even though a strong breeze blows in from the ocean. Got up at 6 a.m. Went to Changuruwe (?) by train, walked from there to Mazeras, ten miles, gathered a few specimens of rocks & took some photos. The hotel boy did not get my lunch ready as he promised & so had nothing to eat today until night, except a few bananas I bought of a negro & a papai fruit. Have been terribly thirsty all day but did not dare to drink the water. Today finishes up everything and I am done with Africa, geologically speaking.

Sept 12. Hot again in spite of strong breeze from ocean. Went out to Kilindini & took 2 or 3 photos and gathered some specimens came back & boxed them up & had a coolie take them to Hansings & made arrangements there to have them shipped.

Got my ticket to India, was fairly compelled to go first class as 2nd class is crowded with Indians & their families.

They are so filthy in their habits that I cannot stand it to be with them & especially to room with them & eat with them.

If there was to be any comfort at all for the ten days I simply had to go first class, sorry to pay the extra expense.

Cabled Kate at 5:20 p.m. after endless fussing with the stupid Indian clerks. I asked the fellow finally if the cablegram would go & if it would be charged for at the other end. Cabled the best possible news as the trip has been a complete success & it has been a remarkable experience for me.

Sent Kate’s gloves in an African Newspaper which I took from the hotel reading room, helped myself to it in short.

Bought some cascara & Pears soap, had my washing all done up & start clean for India on the morrow. Got my baggage from Hansings the storage there seemed to be dry & good but the suit case is mouldy. I suppose it is impossible here in the tropics to keep leather in good shape but I was very sorry to see that suit case looking so. There were countless bugs, spiders &c
inside the baggage, I had to shake everything out. Bought a new sun helmet as my white one is so dirty & wrinkled, it was not fit to be seen. Got my pictures, few of them are good, sent on some of them to Kate, I am discouraged with the photograph business.

Wrote a number of postals, one each to Fairfield & Mrs. Rowell and to others as well. Have stayed in doors most of the day, too hot to be out very much. Walked up & down the Vasco da Gama street this Eve. it was a beautiful moonlight night with its soft air laden with the odor of flowers, thought of home most of the time & the dear ones there & wondered if the cablegram reached there safely.

Sept. 13. Bright fine day but very hot. Walked out on the Ocean front and took a photo or two. Went to Hansings hoping to get mail as a European steamer came in last night but there was nothing. Bought a few oranges in the native market for my stomachs sake. Wandered around the crooked narrow streets of the town, eating the oranges & gazing at the scenes. Went to lunch which was not very appetizing so little of the African cooking is. Said goodbye to the landlord & his wife Sept 13. who have both been very kind and attentive. A one eyed negro coolie took my luggage to the custom house where it was examined to see if I was carrying away skins, ivory or horns. I dont know how many lion or rhino skins they expected me to put in my grip or how many elephant tusks, but they solemnly asked me if I had such articles & when I said no asked me to open my luggage.

Went out to steamer and watched the Hindoos piling on with bags, fruit baskets, parrots, monkeys, chickens, goats &c. The usual howling & yelling of the natives until it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose, every body yelling, giving orders & apparently no attention being paid to any of them.

Finally at 4:15 the boat started, took a photo or two of Mombasa just before starting. I have a fine state room 8 x 10 all to myself. There is only one other white passenger. There are Hindoos in 1st class but they are obligated to keep by themselves & cannot eat with the whites & their state rooms are walled off from the rest. The sea is somewhat rough but not bad as the monsoons are over. This latter fact accounts for the large passenger list this trip. Begin to feel that it pays to travel first class, the comfort, the peace & quiet are worth the extra cost. There are only 6 of us at the table, Captain, 1st Officer, 1st Engineer & surgeon with the 2 passengers. The other passenger is an Englishman who travels for the Ingersoll Watch Co.

Went to bed early, with fine cool breeze blowing in at the ports.

Sept. 14. Fresh wind & some sea, with a good deal of rocking on the part of the steamer. Have read & slept most of the day & written up the Topography of Uganda Railway some. Watched a Hindoo perform on the deck with a goat & 2 baboons.

The animals did some remarkable feats. When he told the goat to pray, he would kneel down & put his head to the floor & remain for some time in that position. The baboons acted as policemen, played drums, & cymbals, clapped their hands & various other performances. It was a lot of fun to watch them but the animals evidently did not enjoy it. We are crossing the Equator today and are again in the Northern hemisphere. Log is Long. 43°10’ Lat. 48°S.

The meals are very good though German, plenty of cheese sausage, fried foods &c. Not eating much but living on fruit & bread & butter. The steward brings tea, cookies & oranges at 6:30 a.m., then breakfast at 8, lunch at 12:30 and dinner 6:30. Sit between the Captain & doctor,
latter has lived in America & likes it. The Captain is a very jolly fellow but loves his beer &
wine. Sat up until 11 reading a novel “House of Merrilees” that the Englishman let me take,
fair but dont care much for novels any more.
Sept 15-

Pleasant warm day with strong S.W. wind blowing & a good deal of rolling on the part of
the boat. Read Eliot’s “The East Africa Protectorate” & wrote or rather rewrote part of my
paper on the physiography of Brit. East Africa. Pretty lazy life, read sleep eat walk the desk &
write a little & that is all. No sails, no steamers just a great waste of rolling billows. Scarcely any
signs of life beyond a few flying fish. The Captain told me this noon that we were only 30 or 40
miles from the coast but it cannot be seen. It is hazy & there are a great many fleecy cumulus
clouds in the sky. Watched the sun set in the ocean tonight it was unusually clear and a splendid
sight. Went to bed early as there is nothing else to do. Saw large numbers of jelly fish late this
afternoon, there were incredible numbers of them.
Sept. 16.

Another warm pleasant day with a fairly strong monsoon blowing from the S.W. Though
the boat rocks a good deal I pay no further attention to it, have become adjusted to it. Read a
good deal & wrote revising my article on the Phys. of B.E.A. Will spend most of the time from
here to Bombay upon it. We are making very good time & will reach Bombay the Captain says a
day ahead of time. Log today Lat 4°54’ Long. 50°E.

Sept 16.

Distance 331 miles. Distance to Bombay now 1600 miles. The Chief Engineer and the
doctor quarrel all of the time, they serve to relieve the monotony of the voyage. At lunch today
they fought & wrangled all the meal over the question when a pig cease to be a pig and becomes
a hog. The Captain took a hand in it but the question is not settled yet. Watched the sun set again
tonight not very clear.
Sept 17.

Pleasant again but high monsoon wind & a good deal of motion to the boat. They are
putting the racks on the table tonight. Voyage begins to be monotonous, nothing to do but read
& write. Log today Lat 7°58’ Long. 53°46’, miles 290, distance to Bombay 1310. Talked with
the Chief engineer & doctor quite a little, latter told me about some of his experiences with white
caps in Texas. Watched him prescribe for Indians, one fellow had a bad case of Asthma and
seemed to expect an instant cure. The doctor says he gives them liberal doses of Calomel, they
all sadly need cleaning out, but they dont come back for a second dose & so he gets rid of them.
Many of them have jiggers in their toes, the Hindus refuse to wash their feet and he refuses to
treat them until they do. The Negro boys on board however dig them out & do it skillfully. Lots
of flying fish again today.

Sept. 18- Fine quiet day, not nearly as rough. Did nothing but read watch the ocean & eat.
Watched some Indian fakirs try to make snakes (cobras) perform. The snakes were sea sick I
guess for they would do nothing, then one performed some very good tricks with coins,
handkerchiefs &c. Captain asked me to look at charts I wanted to see & so spent awhile in the
chart room. Mr White loaned me Dumas novel Nanon, read a little in that. Many flying fish, bonita, & jelly fish today. The Captain said we passed a steamer last night at 11 bound from Calcutta to London. Had a long walk and talk with the Captain tonight after dinner, we paced the decks & talked harbors & sailing for 1 1/2 hours.

Sept. 19. Pleasant & much warmer in spite of the strong breeze. It was warm in the room last night. Read Forbes War Experiences, wrote awhile on my paper & paced the decks.

Sept 19.

Listened to some of the squabbling that continually goes on between the officers. They see so much of each other that they are actually tired one of another. Talked with doctor & Chief Engineer about clothes.

They say Bombay is the place to get linen clothes made & they advise not white but brown or yellow. Log today Lat 12°37′, long 60°44′ distance 250 miles, remaining distance 790. We reach Bombay sometime Thursday p.m. Getting rested & feel better than I did in Africa. At dinner tonight the doctor said he would give me the quintessence of all medical science, when I asked for it he replied “Fear God and Keep your bowels open”. There is a lot of truth in it.

Sept. 20. Pleasant day but very warm in spite of the strong S.W. wind blowing. Wrote & read most of day, walked decks a little. Absolutely nothing to see but water & flying fish, an occasional gull puts in an appearance as we near the land.

It is quite cloudy today & threatening, it is time for the rainy season in this region. Studied railways & time tables of India from a book belonging to the Chief engineer. The Captain told us at dinner that the all he knows about the African negro, he does not think much of him & says he must be thrashed continually. He told us finally that the Negro regards himself as lower than the White but higher than the Indian or the Portugese. The Negro says God made the White man first he is Bwana Kuba, “Big Master”, then he made the Negro who is only Kuba. Then last he made the Indian & Portugese, they are all mixed pickles.

Fine moonlight night, leaned over the quarter rail & looked out on the glories of the moonlight reflected on the dancing waters of the Indian Ocean.

The doctor & Mr W stood there also & the latter told us long & to me uninteresting yarns about the horrible vice in Port Said, Zanzibar & other Eastern cities.

Sept 21. Very warm over 90 on deck in spite of the strong breeze. Wrote a good deal & finished the revision of my paper, a matter of 10000 words.

Went on the inspection rounds with the Captain & other officers, went down to the hold where Hindoos are herded like cattle, men women & children all in one promiscuous huddle, my how it smelled. I could stay there in that stench about 5 minutes. The doctor tells me that sometimes the plague breaks out among them & then they die like sheep. He said in one day a year or two ago he threw overboard 45 bodies. This boat frequently takes pilgrims to Mecca, he says 30000 fewer people come back annually than go in, the rest die by the wayside. The Hindoo is the dirtiest man I have ever met and how I do hate to eat their cooking. Watched fakirs perform with snakes.

Sept. 22. Very warm & close, some rain. By 11 the great lava beds back of Bombay are in sight and at 1 we are close to the city, taking on a pilot. By 3 we are at anchor & then begins the long dreary wait while the fussy English physicians go through the ship and determine what shall be done about quarantine. So many natives have jiggers that I fear we shall be held up some hours & so cannot go ashore tonight. We are anchored a mile from shore & the city with its parks & towers looks very
Sept. 22
Attractive from the ship. Land always does after a sea voyage.

High lava plateaus of imposing appearance & size rise to the East, the harbor is crowded with steamers & shipping, especially small Arab dhows. Asked the captain to let me stay on boat until morning he allowed it though he said it was against the rules. Studied the harbor some & asked questions about it. Had great time hiding from White, he was determined I should go ashore with him to the Taj Mahal hotel & I did not want to go with him. Had dinner, did not feel very well & went to bed early after watching the lights & scenes of the harbor awhile.

Sept. 23. Fine day but very warm & showery. Went ashore at 8 a.m. in an Arab dhow. Landed at Apollo Bundu in front of the Great Taj Mahal hotel. Went up the street to Victoria station & located that place then went to Stroudes & Co for Mail found one lone postal from Win. Then chased around & found Glades where I got some much needed cash, then went to Cooks & purchased Ry. tickets. Took lunch at Victoria station. Then went to Victoria docks & not finding Markgraf there went on to Prince’s dock & found her just coming into the dock. She was an endless time getting in & when she got to the dock I told the doctor to pitch my baggage over to me as it was so late I feared to miss the train.

They got it to me & I jumped in a carriage & was driven to Custom house where there was a short delay & then to station. Found the seat in the train I had engaged & stowed the luggage away.

We started promptly at 3 p.m. for first few miles go through tidal flats, then through endless rice fields & past squalid little villages, the houses of stone & tiled but very mean & poor. Then up the Ghat range a magnificent lava field with fine scenery. We journey through teak & bamboo forests up to the top, several thousand feet above the sea, where it is cool & fresh. Capt. Brown of British Army shares the compartment, Capt. Trelawney engaged 3 seats but at Igatpuri he had not put in an appearance. Ate no dinner but took tea & cakes at the ancient town of Kalyan.

Sept 24. Very hot uncomfortable day, did not sleep very well. Have been coming over great level plains all day with steep rocky hills here & there upon them. Numerous ruined forts, castles temples & towns tell the story of a mighty past. The population is fairly abundant but poor, lots of land waste or used for pasture.

Farmers ploughing with the wooden stick they have used for centuries & living in mud huts that look very ancient. Saw lots of cattle sheep & water buffalo, the latter usually buried to the nose in water to escape the flies. Passed through a number of interesting towns & wished I might stop to investigate them & the geology as well. Wonderful erosion over great areas especially near the river Jumna that make a veritable bad lands.

Saw wild peacocks & quite a number of deer in the scrub areas.

Sept 24. Arrived in Agra at 4:30 & found it is necessary to leave tonight at 11:30 if I make Calcutta in time. As there was but 2 hours of daylight left I engaged a carriage & a guide, told him to take me to the Taj Mahal first & then if there was time through the native bazaar. So we went straight to the Taj, leaving my baggage at the Dak bungalow where I am to eat dinner. I have seen the Taj Mahal at last, the wish of a life time gratified. I cannot describe it, that is a hopeless task. It is a dream in marble, so perfect, so exquisite that no one could wish or hope to make it more beautiful. I thought of Prof & Mrs. Wright for some reason as I walked into the centre where the tombs of Shah Jehan and his beloved wife Mahal are lying. They were said to be matchless lovers & he ransacked the earth for materials & workmen fitted to express his love.
for his lost queen. I suppose the Taj in some way expresses in marble, the reality of human love & its undying grief when the ties of love are sundered.

The great silver lamp in memory of Mary Leiter Curzon was burning as it is to burn forever over the resting place of Mahal.

Went to the bazaars, wonderfully interesting but getting so dark little could be seen. Went back to Dak bungalow where I was promptly bled for every cent the Indians could get out of me. There have been race & religious riots here the past week between Hindus & Mohammedans.

The city is boiling with excitement, as I was being driven to the Fort station after dark, in a narrow street some one threw a brick bat from the roof of a house & hit me in the shoulder, not much damage done but I was glad to get out of the town.

Sept 25. Rode all night had to get up at 1 a.m. & change cars at Tundla. A silk merchant of Bombay was in the compartment & told me that French silks do not wear & that Oriental silks are best. Reached Cawnpore early, walked down to the Ganges & watched native life in bazaars. Saw many beggars, Hindu saints & priests. One fellow kept prostrating himself in the dusty street & repeating some lingo. Others were dusting themselves.

Sept. 25. with ashes until they were white all over, one fellow on this terribly hot day had put a little tent over him, just large enough to squat under, then he put a big pole on his head & there he sat all covered up balancing this pole. The Cow is sacred here & they can be seen every where in the houses, feeding on the best in the land. People go about the streets, roll up the fresh cow dung in their hands, make cakes of it & take it home to use in ceremonies. The heat, dust, flies, odors are something frightful. At 4:49, hurried on to Lucknow, stayed there 6 hours, the heat was so intense I stayed in the Ry station only venturing out for a little while. Remembered Kates injunction about embroideries & bought some here. I suppose they are machine made & not very artistic but I bought them anyway, one has to be cheated here.

Had a hot dusty ride over the plains of the Ganges, well cultivated region, fields of sugar cane, millet, corn, rice abound every where but irrigation has to be used. Beautiful groves alternate with the fields. Few fences, each farmer seems to have his own little patch, the hedges are principally, the century plant.

Arrived at Banaras at 1:30 a.m. called a couple of coolies & had them carry my luggage to Hotel de Paris.

Sept 26. Slept a little, did some writing & then hurried around the city so that I may leave this p.m. After writing a few postals, took a guide & started out on a long, hot walk. Visited the Golden temple, the Cow temple & the Monkey temple also all dirty & unattractive. Could not enter the Golden temple but looked through a hole at the Gold God surrounded by worshippers & went up to the roof to the spires all plated with Gold. Saw the fat loathsome monkeys fed, saw the numerous fakirs, priests pilgrims bathing in the dirty waters of the sacred Ganges. Left B at noon for Calcutta, came though a flat country, very generally flooded for there has been much rain. An English Army officer regaled me with stories of his life on the Afghan frontier, he certainly does not lack for exciting experiences. He roasted the Indians and especially the Bengali as treacherous scoundrels who would stab you in the back, even while at worship in their temples. He told an amusing story of a holy man in Afghanistan.

Sept 27. Arrived in Calcutta this morning. Went at once for mail & found 7 letters from Kate, 1 each from Art & Mother.

Relieved to hear from home again. Engaged passage to Singapore for next Sunday morning early & then secured

Sept 27-
passage to Darjeeling. Walked around the streets & bazaars awhile but rain interfered a good deal. Hot & close beyond expression.

Calcutta not very interesting, the streets poorly paved narrow and dirty and simply swarming with people. Little booths serve for shops usually. Lots of betel nut vendors and most people men & women are chewing it, staining their lips red & their teeth black. Almost every one smokes even little children, their curious pipes are sold on every hand, they smoke a species of hemp which is strongly narcotic. The faces of the people are marked up in various ways & frequently their breasts to show their caste, even the cows & oxen are frequently covered with various hued designs. It is a strange oriental scene interesting to watch for a day but I would hate to live in the midst of it. There are some fine squares here in the neighborhood of Government House, especially Dalhousie Square. Left Calcutta at 5 took dinner on the steamer which ferries us across the Ganges at 8 p.m. The Coolie boys who took my baggage much dissatisfied with the fee I gave them but I gave what the others did. They seem to expect more from Americans. A Mr Lane, a botanist in Government employ, shared the compartment with me tonight.

Met 2 young English officials also who were very kind & cordial.

Sept 28. Reached Silaguri at 8 & had breakfast, then we transferred to a little toy train on a narrow guage [sic] road which is to pull us up 8000 feet & 51 miles to Darjeeling.

Wonderful scenery develops as we climb, we can see the Mountains range on range to the North, while south is the great plain of India spread out like a map, with many rivers crossing it. We pass through a succession of tea plantations this is the Great tea country of India especially for Pekoe teas.

As we go higher fog envelopes us & we are among the clouds. Rain falls steadily. Arrived at Darjeeling & 2 girls of Thibet [sic] took my baggage to hotel. The women here do all the hard work, & I saw them carrying loads of 100 pounds up the steep mountain roads. Found a fair hotel the Woodlands but expensive as all hotels are in this Northern Country. Wrote letters & then walked through the bazar [sic]. Accosted by numerous merchants to buy their wares & numerous Thibetan women wanted to sell their rings & bracelets of which they wear great numbers & all inlaid with turquoise. Very strange & picturesque people from the mountains & from China, Thibet, Nepaul [sic], Turkestan &c

Sept 28

walk the streets & gabble away in their strange languages.

Sept 29.

Went out walking after breakfast and enjoyed the splendid scenery though the higher mountains were hidden in clouds.

Visited a shop kept by a Hindu who is a Christian so he told me & was educated in a Mission College, I went into his place because I saw English women trading there & that is a good sign that the shop is O.K. so I went in & got to talking with him about enameled brass, silver &c. He talked very intelligently, showed me the difference between good & poor enamel work & also the difference between inlaid work & enamel.

Then he showed me the different grades of enameled work & I bought several pieces of brass & 2 or 3 of silver enamel all made in one shop at Jeypore. Then I talked embroideries with him, he does not carry them but he gave me the names of 2 or 3 firms who did & who have agents at the hotels. He said you could not trust these men either as to price or quality. If you knew good quality they could not cheat you but if you did not they were likely to beat you. I bought a little garnet necklace, with garnets uncut but polished & mounted on silver wire for Tannissee, I thought it would be pretty for her.
After lunch I saw an English woman buying lunch cloths of the men who show their wares at the entrance to the drawing room. I went up to her & asked if she objected to telling me what some of the pieces were worth, she said no that she & her husband had just come through Kashmir & as the work was done there, she knew the prices. She said she was not buying for herself but for friends. So I selected 2 linen pieces embroidered in Kashmir shawl wool & 2 silk pieces. I asked the fellows what they wanted for the 4 and they said 70 rupees in all. This woman said why you robbers they are not worth more than half that, then she said to offer all told from 30-35 rupees, I offered 32 & after much jangling & much criticism of the English Mem Sahib’s prices they let me have them at my offer.

Walked out this p.m. & had a magnificent view of Kinchijnunga (next to Mt. Everest the loftiest Mt. of the world) covered with glaciers & snow. It was a superb sight & one I can never forget, it paid for the trip to India, for I came here chiefly to see the Himalayas not cities or people.

Sept. 30.

Walked out this a.m. took 1 snap shot of the Mts. though clouds veiled higher masses. Had great jangle with some Thibetans who were just entering Darjeeling, having walked over the Mts from Thibet, there were 4 men & one young girl, the latter was carrying most of the luggage. They wanted to sell me brass & copper work but while it was quaint, it was ugly as well & I did not want it. They teased so hard in their broken English that finally I offered 10 rupees for a copper pot the owner replied, That piece cost me 15 rupees in Thibet, I have been 60 days on the road carrying it, I cant sell it for 10 rupees. I told him I would give no more & finally the crowd of them moved on.

Bought a native amethyst necklace & also one of topaz. They are rather pretty & they are genuine Jeypore work or Agra work. Paid bills & started for Calcutta at 1 p.m.

Rather misty most of the ride over & down the Mts. & could not get good views. 3 hulky Indians crowded into the compartment, forcing out some whites who had a prior claim, the latter were angry but did nothing.

The Indians would have taken my seat if I had not stuck to it at every station. The moment any one gets up they jump into his place. They are the most disgusting swine I have ever met. It was dark when we reached Siliguri but I rushed out & over to the Calcutta train in order to get a lower berth & was fortunate enough to find one though the train was crowded. Ate dinner after making up my berth. 2 other men in the compartment, one a clergyman, the other a young fellow who was at the Woodlands & who had been very courteous to me there.

Oct. 1. Arrived at Calcutta at 10. Had to get up at 4:30, when we reached the Ganges as it is necessary to be ferried across that great river by steamer. The river was covered with fishing boats or sampans, it looked as if there was about 1 boat for every possible fish. Came over the flat flooded Ganges delta, fairly steaming in the heat. The peasants washing their clothes in the dirty rivers & pools, though the water is cleaner than the clothes on the whole. Everywhere rice fields with the beautiful paddy birds flying over them. Numerous villages of mud or matting houses surrounded by palms & mangoes. Finally Calcutta with its flat roofed & gaudy stucco houses. Drove to Great Eastern hotel & left

Oct. 1.

suit case then drove to Chandpal Ghat, hired a boatman with a crazy old Sampan to row me out to the Bahrata [sic] which was anchored in the river, left the rest of my luggage on her, then came ashore & went back to hotel. Walked out on Chowringhee Road this p.m. but as it is Saturday most of the shops are closed, could find nothing that I wanted to buy.
After dinner settled bills & went to my room, set the electric fan going & retired. Had a
fine fruit for lunch today but do not know what it was & as the Indian servants do not speak
English could not ask them. (custard apple) The waiters all wear big white turbans & long cotton
garment with a red cord belt & all are barefooted.
Oct 2. Did not sleep very well, a boy came to wake me at 5 & hung around until I was dressed.
Took grip & walked to the Ghat as it was but a short distance. The streets were dark nearly but
good many natives moving about.
The steamer did not come down to the Ghat until after 6 & we did not get off until 7
instead of 6:45. Rains hard at intervals & got wet while waiting for steamer on the Ghat. Mailed
a card to Kate & went on board. Have stateroom to myself No. 10. There are only 12 or 15
passengers. The Bharata is a twin screw turbine boat & is very fast. We came down the yellow
turbid river swiftly. The banks are low but covered with villages of natives, heavy jungle like
forests every where. Numerous jute mills & cotton mills line the river & especially brick yards.

Crowds of natives canoes in the stream & all sorts of craft, a number of steamers are
passed some going to Calcutta some to sea. The banks become lower & further apart as we go
down the Hooghly\(^335\), finally the West bank disappears then the East, but long after land has
disappeared the water of the sea is muddy & yellow by reason of the great floods poured into it
from the various mouths of the Mighty Ganges.

Had quite a talk with the captain after dinner, he says he used to know people by the
name of Collie in Aberdeen where he came from & that there is a Collie family in Calcutta.
It is quite rough & most of the passengers are sea sick, so had my own way at dinner. The
Capt. said a severe tropical cyclone passed over the Gulf of Bengal yesterday the worst of it is
over but we are getting the sea that resulted from it. Slept most of the afternoon.
Oct. 3\(^d\)- Pleasant & sea much quieter. The Bharata is a small boat & plunges around a good deal.
Have slept 12 out of the 24 hours I have been on the boat.

It is hot & the air very moist, everything is sticky. There is a man & his wife on board
who are going to Hong Kong on the Princess Alice\(^336\), the same steamer I have a berth on. There
is a Young German on board who sat at the same table with me at the Woodlands in Darjeeling,
he is going to Australia. Had custard apples\(^337\) for breakfast they are delicious. The captain says I
must eat a durian\(^338\), when I get to Penang\(^339\). I am anxious to try them, everybody who has
acquired a taste for them seems to think the fruit is the best in the tropics, but their odor is
terrible. The table is well supplied but the food is not very well cooked, it all tastes alike to me.
At breakfast we had oatmeal, fish, collops, mutton chops, bacon & eggs, cold meats, poached
eggs on toast, jam & fruit. Also rice & curry. Enough certainly but most of it too heavy for a
tropical diet. The first class passengers are placed in the stern of the boat instead of amid ships.
We feel the motion more and are more uncomfortable than the 2\(^d\) class.

British conservatism however refuses to change a thing. The first ships were built that
way the last shall be also. There is an electric fan in each state room so much innovation anyway.
I kept mine going last night & managed to feel moderately cool in spite of the sticky heat. No
logs are bulletinized on this boat, but at noon we were nearly half way between the mouths of the
Hooghly and the Irrawaddy\(^340\) & we reach Rangoon\(^341\) tomorrow about 2 p.m. The first officer
said we had made 346 miles at noon.\(^342\)

Took a book out of the library on Australia & New Zealand & have been reading that
much of the day.
Oct. 4\(^th\). When I woke up about 6, an Indian steward stood at the state room door, as usual. When
he saw I was awake he bowed & said “Salaam”, “Will Sahib have tea?”. Sahib said yes. Then he
brings tea, toast & bananas & Sahib eats them then Sahib goes on deck to look around. The sea which was so blue last night is now a dirty yellow & we are entering the mouth or mouths of the Irrawaddy river. As we go on the water is more discolored, islands begin to appear, all Oct. 4th covered with forests. The land is low & hard to distinguish in the heat haze. The Captain says the water is but 7 fathoms deep, & they keep heaving the lead to find out the depth. Very hot & uncomfortable morning.

Saw a burial at sea this morning, a first class passenger who died in the night. The ship officers refuse to discuss the matter but it seems strange that they bury a man at sea within 12 hours of Rangoon. They probably feared a quarantine or something of the sort. The sea is very quiet this morning but we are running against a strong ebb tide which retards us 3 miles an hour & we shall be 3 hours late into Rangoon, so the first officer says. The sky is overcast & they say we shall have rain at flood tide about the middle of the p.m.

We pass vessels bound to and from Rangoon, the islands are becoming more numerous, toward noon the Mainland is in sight. By 1 p.m. we are well up the river, we pass herds of water buffalo feeding on the low flat shores. We see numerous villages embowered in cocoa nut palms, some with tall slender pagodas.

Numerous dug out canoes pass us, each with 2 men paddling they all wear the curious conical Burmese straw hat.

Landed about 3:30, went ashore & walked out to the great Shwe Dagon pagoda with its numerous shrines, many of them covered with gold. Great many worshippers, mainly women who bow before the images of Buddha & offer flowers candles incense &c. The pagoda is full of shops for the sale of all sorts of merchandise. Walked awhile this evening after dinner but too dark to see much, so came back & went to bed.

Oct 5. Rainy & have to dodge the severe showers as best I can. Went to Bullock Bros to have ticket countersigned & to inquire for mail, none there. Went to market & the pagoda & took 2 or 3 photos. Great mixture of people here, many Hindus & Chinese as well as Burmese. Splendid fruit market here but Chinese wanted 2¢ a piece for small tangerines & I would not give it. Bought one of the Burmese gongs used so extensively in the pagodas. Could not beat the Burmese woman down much on price. Caught in a severe storm on the way back to the steamer & took refuge under the porch of a private house & waited some time for the clouds to roll by. There are very few sidewalks in Rangoon & I got muddy indeed in my walk to the jetty. We were transferred, after numerous delays, to the steamer Dilwara this p.m. This boat takes us to Singapore I hope without further change.

There are no electric fans here but the boat is much larger & more comfortable than the Bharata. There is so much cargo that we shall not start until the 7th, one day late. There is little to be seen in Rangoon & I would like to push on, especially as the heat is almost unbearable. Rangoon is a real tropical city, the houses are quite generally on piles or piers, for the ground is damp. The yards are large & filled with a profusion of beautiful tropical trees, vines shrubs & flowers. The stores are better than those of Calcutta also. The Burmese are a great improvement on the Hindu, less talkative, more polite & refined.

The Burmese excel in wood carving but the pieces I have seen are all large & very expensive. The carvings in the pagodas are exquisite in some cases. There is much more Chinese & Japanese work in the shops than anything else, indeed the town is flooded with that sort of thing.
Oct 6. Went ashore after breakfast but it began to rain almost immediately, got pretty wet. Could not go around any & finally in disgust I went down to a jetty & got a sampan to take me out to the steamer, which now lies in the middle of the river. We are loading with rice, 60000 bags amounting to 6000 tons are to go on, most of it goes to China. The rain seriously interferes with the loading as they must not let the rice get wet. It is all brought down by barges from Mandalay & the up country. There are some queer looking specimens on these barges, they eat & sleep & live their lives on these boats.

Saw a Chinese procession in the streets today, the music was fearfully & wonderfully discordant. Several tables containing fruit & vegetables were carried along, also stands on which were placed roast pig (whole) & also goats. There were numerous banners, it was a Buddhist performance as I recognized the priests by their dress.

Did little this p.m. but read & sleep & walk the deck, it rains continually & so cannot go ashore. Did not sleep well last night, too many mosquitoes.

Oct. 7. Still raining & cannot go ashore, though we must all go to the Sparks St. jetty at 3 p.m. for medical examination & then sail at 4. I am glad we are to be on the move, everything I have is covered with mildew, everything is damp & sticky. Tried a new fruit for breakfast the Malays call it Sarso.\(^{346}\) The inside looks like cotton wool, I sit next to the Captain & he told me not to swallow the cottony stuff as it was very indigestible but to get the juice out.

It has a very pleasant acid flavor, not unlike pineapple ice, flavored with lemon, we also had papai for breakfast, which was good.

It stopped raining & I went ashore bought 1 or 2 souvenirs of Burmese workmanship at Hirst’s. Came back in a sampan in rather rough water. At 1:30 we were all taken to the port office for medical examination, it was a farce, they did not ask me a question. There were a lot of Indians & Chinese who were examined and 2 of the latter rejected, they had a fever. Came back to the steamer about 3:30 & at 4:15 we are off. Pleasant this p.m. the first fine day we have had, I hope we can get dried out finally.

Oct 7th – We move rapidly down the river with the tide, passing teak yards & mills, the huge refineries of the Standard’s great rival, The Burma Oil Co.\(^{347}\), past numerous villages with their pagodas embowered in trees, past paddy fields of vivid green, down to the mouth of the river. We reach the pilot ship at 8 p.m. the pilot leaves us in the darkness rain and wind, a boat rowed by stout Indian sailors came out for him from the anchored pilot ship. Tired & went to bed early.

Oct 8. The bath steward came early & said my bath was ready so had to get up though pretty sleepy. Then had Chota hazri\(^{348}\) with a new fruit (to me) Mangosteen\(^{349}\). Went up on deck, it was raining hard, quite a swell but not much wind, the boat rolls some but she is so heavily loaded that she does not pay much attention to waves. The steamer is loaded right down to the Plimsoll Mark\(^{350}\) as much as the law permits. We have a good many deck passengers Chinese & Indians chiefly, with a sprinkling of Malays.

It is fun to watch them getting food ready & then eating it, the Chinese with their chop sticks are very dexterous. Walked the decks a good deal. Read White’s the Claim Jumpers\(^{351}\) & Lord Roberts Forty One Years in India\(^{352}\). Very quiet voyage only 6 or 7 passengers & they read most of the time. Toward evening high lands appear to the left the Captain says they are all islands. The coast here nearly or quite to Penang is fronted by these forest clad islands. Fine moonlight tonight especially the reflection on the quiet sea. 260 miles run at noon.\(^{353}\)

Oct 9. Trip is half over today, not sorry a bit, fine as the experiences are, it seems an age since I left home. Pretty warm & very little wind, the boat jogs along very quietly & one hardly feels the motion.
Numerous islands are in sight all day long but we do not run very close to any of them. Read & walked most of the day, watched the deep blue sea sparkling in the sunlight or the clouds floating lazily along. Everything, even clouds, has to be lazy in this latitude.

Had a fire drill today, but not particularly interesting, the hose leaked so that one had to leave the decks or be wet through. Some very interesting scenery on the mainland & islands, great gorges a notable feature & also the folded & contorted rocks on some of the outer islands.

Walked the decks this eve, while most of the male passengers gambled, showery & the moon shines fitfully through the clouds. Did not feel sleepy & so stayed up until 1 a.m. Read the Prodigal Son by Hall Caine.

Saw a flash light from some light house on this lonesome coast, we also passed 2 steamers about dark, could not make out their names.

Oct. 10. Rainy dull morning, nothing to do but read as the decks are pretty wet for walking. The poor deck passengers are sitting in the wet as the canvas covering does not protect them.

We are now at 10:30 hanging around outside of Penang harbor, waiting for high tide to get across the bar. We should have reached here at 4 a.m. high tide but the ship has not been able to maintain full speed the Captain says on account of poor coal with the consequence that a full pressure of steam has been impossible. We shall be nearly 2 days late into Singapore & I begin to be afraid that I shall miss the China steamer which sails a day earlier than the date advertised in the hand book.

By 2:30 we have crossed the bar & moved up within a half mile of Penang but we cannot go ashore or see anything for the rain descends in torrents & hides the town & the high hills whose outlines can be seen dimly behind it.

Around the ship are numerous sampans manned by Chinese, they have come out for passengers but no one will leave the ship & there the poor boatmen sit huddled up under paper umbrellas, they look the picture of misery. There are numerous Chinese junks in the harbor the first I have seen, each with an eye painted on the bow so they can see their way so the Chinese say. It rains so hard & the wind blows so that the decks are all wet & so there is nothing to do but remain below in the stuffy saloons & cabins. Wrote some postal cards to the home folks & shortly after dinner in lieu of anything else to do went to bed.

Oct 11. It has stopped raining though still threatening but they are unloading the ship & there seems to be some hope that we shall get off today for Singapore. Went ashore after breakfast & wandered around the town & up along the beach. Gathered some shells that showed variation pretty well for use in classes. Tried to find something distinctive of the place but could not, everything seems to be Chinese or Japanese.

The population is largely Chinese & from the architecture of the house, the signs in the streets & the faces of the people, you might well suppose that you were in China. Like all tropical towns the houses are bungalows chiefly set in large yards filled with all kinds of tropical plants. The roads through the town are beautiful [sic] lined as they are with palms & other kinds of trees. The vegetation here is wonderfully varied & luxuriant. Walked around a good deal until I was pretty well tired out & then went back to the boat late in the p.m. Tried to visit the Chinese temple here, but there was such a crowd before it I could not get through, they were firing off crackers by the wholesale & pounding tom-toms, cymbals & bells, there was a fearful uproar & the smoke of the crackers & of the incense was suffocating, so I beat a retreat. We started at 7 p.m. & shortly after the rain descended in torrents, tonight it is foggy & the fog horn blows dismally, while the gale howls through the rigging.
Oct 12. Cloudy but pleasant & fine breeze. The Captain wanted me to eat some durian at breakfast. It was an awful dose but I ate it, could do nothing else with the crowd watching me. Several left the table they could not stand it. The odor is a cross between rotten eggs and sewer gas but the fruit is really fine to the taste. We are in sight of the Malayan States Coast all day, it is low & heavily forested, while in the back ground are high hills, usually hidden by the showers which go chasing each other over the country. Tonight we pass several light houses sending out their flashing signals even in these remote lands.

Oct. 13. Arrived at Singapore shortly after daylight and by 8 o’clock had landed. Took a gharry to the Van Wijk which the 1st officer recommended. It is a very comfortable hotel in the heart of the city on Stamford Road. Their specialty here is the dish known as the Java rice table. The pine apples we had at Tiffin were simple elegant. Wrote several letters and postal cards & mailed them. Measured for 3 suits, took a film to be developed and dispatched 3 weeks accumulation of washing to the dhobie. Walked around town some, all Chinese and Japanese, comparatively few Malayans or Indians. Wrote letter to Round Table this Eve and then retired.

The harbor here is beautiful with its many islands & it is filled with shipping of all nations except the U.S.

Oct. 14. Fine day but very hot & close, with a rain storm at noon which did not improve matters. Took a rickshaw to the Botanical Gardens, where there is a fine display of tropical trees & plants including the huge water lily, Victoria regia [sic], which I had never seen before.

This p.m. visited the Raffles Museum, an exceedingly fine local collection of Archaeology, Zoology & mineralogy.

It is my ideal of a museum because it is local and illustrates all one would wish to know of the region.

The collection of birds & butterflies is remarkable.

Hunted around for Singapore Souvenirs but found nothing but a Malacca cane, which I bought for Art.

My suits came & I put on a white one, welcome change from the blue one. After dinner walked out to dhobie’s shop to get my washing, he promised to send it by 10 p.m. It finally came & I went to bed. The Chinaman Hin Koon was very bland & polite for a tailor, I told him he charged me too much for the brown linen suit & he maintained that he didnt charge enough. Wanted to buy a durian this p.m. & take it to the hotel but did not quite dare to do it on account of the odor, the Chinaman wanted 15 cents for one, so I took tangerines instead.

Oct 15. Up early & went after the films & prints, wrote a note to Kate & enclosed some of the prints after driving to the boat.

Had quite a blow out with the gharry man about my fare I paid him a 1/3 more than the law allows & he wanted more I told him to get out promptly. Went on board & found that I was quartered with two Indians, went to the Chief steward & made a row about it & he changed me to a room with an Italian, not much better but on the whole more pleasant. Have seat 53 at 1st officers table. We started at 10:15 & went down the harbor rapidly, passing many steamers & one Japanese gun boat, on her way home from London. By 2 we are out of sight of land & fairly launched on the Pacific. About the first man I met after getting settled was a Mr Elliott, he asked me where I was from – Beloit, why he said my wife’s brother lives there, Dr Edwards, of course I met his wife. They are Missionaries in China. I almost met several other Missionaries all bound for China or Japan.
Miss Colby who has lived in Kobe for 30 years or so as a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. has interested herself in my stay in Japan and has suggested a number of places to visit. Mr. E. has handed me a Turkish fez to be taken to Dr Edwards.

At his request I have changed over to his table, though I did not want to go but could not well refuse. Pretty warm in the cabin tonight but set the fan going & got up a slight breeze thereby. Steward handed me a letter from Kate.

Oct 16. Cloudy & rainy, quite a swell also. A wireless has been received stating that a typhoon is raging near Hong Kong & we are likely to run into it. Went to church service conducted by a Church of England Missionary to China, the Episcopal service being used. Slept quite a little today, read some of Lambs Essays, very dark & gloomy this p.m. also pretty close. Getting acquainted with some of the passengers & find them very pleasant. They are all Americans at our table. We kept passing numerous islands yesterday up to the time of going to bed when we passed an island with a 5 sec. flash light upon it. Today no land whatever & have seen but one steamer. I should have said the sermon was on the text “The love of Christ constraineth us.” The Sermon was not very weighty but good enough for the sea.

Oct 16. There were a number of Chinese passengers at the service, also an Indian but no Japanese. Quite a number of Chinese & Japanese both in 1st & 2nd class. Lovely moonlight night & almost clear. Watched the sun set with the ever recurring sunset thoughts of home.

Oct 17. Pleasant day with something of a breeze & a heavy swell which makes the boat roll somewhat. Did little but pace the deck, read Essays of Elia, and discuss Missionary subjects with some of the veterans on board Bryson Stark, Elliott &c. We thrashed over the Eurasian question, I have formed such a feeling of aversion for them, all agree that their position is rather intolerable, then the question of native control of the churches without interference of whites, a growing tendency.

The race antipathy question as between Japanese & Americans. All say that war between Japan and the U.S. is nearer than it was a year ago. Invited to go to a prayer meeting intended to do so but was late & concluded not to disturb the good people.

I have been asked to lead it day after tomorrow & suppose will have to do it. Log Lat 11°15'. Long. 110°32', 345 miles in last 24 hours, 734 mi from Singapore. There are lots of children on board & they make things very lively. Went to orchestra concert this eve, very good as such things on ship board go. Met a Chinese doctor, Dr. Ho of Hong Kong, very intelligent chap & speaks good English. He is a Christian as his parents are but his mother & some of his relatives have been carried away by a new doctrine preached by two Americans that every one who has the Holy Spirit must have the gift of tongues, & babble all sorts of nonsense. They have fads in religion in China as well as elsewhere.

Oct 18. Bright pleasant day but high wind and sea is rough. Went to prayer meeting, Mr. Stark led, he wanted me to lead tomorrow but I was rejoiced to learn that the embryo missionaries on board had appealed to him & Dr Bryson to lead all meetings until we reach Shanghai & that lets me out. Had a long talk with Connell, himself an Eurasian, about servants in India. He thinks the old time servant is a thing of the past. Wrote to Kate and read Essays of Elia. Had quite a talk with Dr. Ho he had a good deal to say against the Missionary & told some amusing stories about their selfishness & indifference.

He told about one man spanking a coolie in Canton, with a bible because the coolie stared at him. He thinks

Oct 18. That China must be evangelized by Chinese teachers & preachers because they have more sympathy with the people than whites do. He thinks Christians should be allowed to bring
offerings of rice &c to the ancestral tablets, just as Americans take flowers to the graves of their
death. He told a story about an English sailor at Shanghai taking a wreath of flowers to the grave
of a relative meeting a Chinaman taking some rice & chop sticks to an ancestral tomb. The sailor
called out say John Chinaman “when will your ancestor come to eat that rice”, the Chinaman
replied “about the same time that yours comes to smell the flowers”.

He says most of the Missionaries to the interior are devoted to the people & true brothers
but in the large cities they become selfish & arrogant. He told of one Missionary who spent £300
on a tennis court & took it out of his native helpers by reducing their pay from 6 to 4.
He says many Missionaries pay no attention to the church services but leave it to the natives, or
they may come for a few minutes & then leave, but when they know foreigners are in town then
they come & stay the Service through. He told of one man at the head of a girls & boys school,
who forced the children to play in cramped up quarters, while his 2 children played in a garden
of 2 or 3 acres to which no native child was admitted. He says all this works against the
acceptance of Christianity by the natives. Watched the sun set a beautiful one & unusually clear.
The deck rail was lined with men & women watching it sink beneath the horizon & all as myself,
no doubt, with thoughts far away in the homeland.

Oct 19. On going up to the deck found that there were a number of rugged rocky islands in view
& also hundreds of Chinese junks. About 10 we entered Hong Kong harbor with the famous
peak over looking it and by 11 we were alongside the dock over in Kowloon across the harbor
from Hong Kong. Received a letter from Kate & answered it & after lunch took a ferry across to
Hong Kong. Went to Melchers & secured my ticket to Australia & also found a letter from
Mother. Bought a straw suit case to carry presents in, also bought a derby hat & an outing
Oct. 19- cap, bought some souvenirs in Hong Kong & also at Kowloon & then went to boat tired
out. Bought some persimmons of Chinese fruit dealer, they were very sweet and good. The
harbor is crowded with shipping, I saw one U.S. flag on a steamer, while there are scores of
British, German & Japanese flags flying from masts. The harbor presents a brilliant spectacle
tonight, for Hong Kong is built up on the sides of a high peak and the thousands of lights show
up finely. Wonderful moon rise tonight, the full moon coming up out of a mass of black clouds
with a setting of high rugged hills about it made an impressive sight. Thousands of sampans &
junks are flying about, whole families live on them as well as get their living by them. I was
hunting around for Melcher & Co’s office, a coolie saw that I want hunting for something &
came up saying “Are you looking for Office me show you” – I said Yes I want Melcher & Co.
“Oh me show you” & he took me straight there and I gave him 5 cents. After coming out of the
office he came up saying “Want any other office me show” – I said nothing more & off he went.
This illustrates how each man in this seething swarming mass of Chinese is ever on the look out
for a penny. No service is too hard or menial for them. The streets are narrow & filled with
signs painted on long wide strips of paper which flutter in the wind. Most of the shops are small
but there are some fine large shops on Queens Road.

Went into the market, quantities of vegetables, most of them new to me. The meat is all
cut up into little pieces & every part is utilized, even the head is cut into 3 or 4 pieces. Pork is
evidently the favorite flesh, and ducks, there are ducks galore. The Chinese love duck above all
else. Walked out along the docks about 9 p.m. & watched busy, busy life on every hand.
Oct 20. We started for Shanghai at 6 a.m. We are in sight of land all day, high conical hills
abound much like those about Hong Kong, pass crowds of junks & a few steamers.

Oct. 20. Mr Christian who has just graduated at Oberlin showed me photos of scenes in China
during the Boxer uprising when he was a U.S. Soldier there. He became so much interested in
the Chinese that instead of shooting at them he has become a Missionary & is going to teach them. Went to prayer meeting again led by Mr Stark, he gave a dull, commonplace talk. It is quite warm & I am wearing one of the white duck suits today. The number of passengers is greatly reduced and among others the Italian who roomed with me left at Hong Kong so have the cabin to myself. Took advantage of that fact last night to let the electric fan play on my bunk & had a cool breeze all night. Log. Lat 22°28’, Long. 115°30’. 76 miles from Hong Kong. Went to orchestra concert this Eve. and then sat up until midnight reading a book loaned me by Mr Christian, “A Friend of Caesar” by our mutual friend Wm. Stearns Davis. Christian fairly idolizes him.

A flash light stayed in view for hours this eve. it must have been on a high hill. Went over & paced the first cabin decks this Eve. for an hour. Wonderful sunset clear as could be and after an hour the moon rose out of the water, big and red.

Oct. 21. Fine day but much cooler & clouding up this p.m. I guess G.L. must shed his white ice cream clothes for something warmer. Did little today but read, wrote to mother & told a Jap. on board all I could about the nick names of the states. He is a newspaper Editor & was gathering all sorts of facts about the U.S. He wrote down in Japanese everything I told him.

The music man came around at lunch for a contribution to the band & all had to subscribe. Log today, Lat. 25°52’, long 120°17’ – 338 miles in last 24 hrs and 414 miles from Shanghai. I fear we shall not get there until tomorrow evening, instead of at noon as the passengers hoped. Rainy & disagreeable tonight & so stayed below. Attended the orchestra concert, very good one. The dining room all decorated with flags for dinner in honor of the Shanghaiites.

Oct. 22. Fine clear day overhead but the sea is the color of a mud puddle, as we are near the mouth of the Yang Tse Kiang. Numerous rocky islands on every hand, on which the surf breaks heavily, most of them uninhabited, too barren I suppose, but on some of them there are garden patches. Chinese junks on every hand, probably fishing vessels in the main though some are carrying freight. Went to prayer meeting led by Mr Bryson of Tientsin. He expressed a fear that the Missionaries were paying far too much attention to Education and not sufficient to evangelizing the natives. Over 1/2 the Missionaries in China are now teaching. At 2 p.m. a pilot boat comes along side and a pilot comes aboard. The water grows more & more muddy, if possible as we proceed. By 3 the low flat shores about Shanghai begin to appear. At 5 we anchor at Woosung. Most of passengers left on tender, only about a dozen left in 2nd cabin. Read awhile tonight.

Oct. 23. Went up to Shanghai after breakfast in the tender. Mailed letter & some postals, then walked into the native city but the terrible smells & the fear of getting lost caused me to get out after a few minutes. Bought a pomelo, some pears & bananas for lunch, also bought some curios & a Mandarin basket. The Bund is a fine street but the other streets even in the foreign quarter are not particularly fine. In the native city the streets are only 5 or 6 feet wide, very dark & all canopied with silk & paper signs. Went to Melcher & Co. for mail but none there. Thousands of people living on boats, the river being crowded with sampans & junks. The small creeks which cross the town are crowded with boats. The wheel barrow is a great feature of Shanghai, I saw one fellow wheeling 16 sacks of flour on his barrow. The poor fellow could scarcely walk. Few horses, men are the bearers of burdens. Many peddlers in the streets, selling little birds strung on bamboo strings also crabs strung in the same way.
They save everything even broken bits of glass, old burned pieces of cloth and sell them.

Heard a Chinese orchestra, it was excruciating, bought one of their violins. Came back in time for dinner, it rains hard this eve & high wind, it is said there is a typhoon outside.

Oct 24. When I woke up this morning we were out in the Yellow Sea, out of sight of the land, surrounded by turbid waters and a fresh gale blowing. Quite

Oct 24. cool, my appetite is returning with colder weather & I begin to be hungry all of the time. It is very quiet on board, only 12 of us left and we all sit at one table. 3 leave us tomorrow at Tsingtao, among them Mr Burt & his wife of the Presbyterian Mission in Shantung.

He is a teacher in a Mission College, an Englishman & true to his blood, rather important. Played at pitch board & quoits this p.m. Steinhof & I won against Marsh & Connell.

Went to bed early as it is too windy to stay on deck.

Oct 25. Arrived at Tsingtao\textsuperscript{377} at 7 a.m. It is situated on a peninsula in a fine bay, with granite Mts surrounding it. Granite & porphyry\textsuperscript{378} everywhere. The place is a piece of Germany set down in China & if no Chinese were about you could well believe you were in Deutschland.

Went out after breakfast & wandered through the town, climbed a hill & had a fine view of the rough, dry interior country. It is a beautiful clear day, such as they have here in the fall. It is a very dry region & trees do not grow save as they are watered. Had a hair cut, then wandered along the beach but found nothing of interest. Looked at embroideries but they were too coarse & would not buy. Bought some fine purple grapes, bananas, pears & persimmons for lunch at a total cost of 20 cents, then mailed cards & letter to Kate, pretty tired after the long walk & took a rickshaw to the boat. Not much of interest in Tsingtao, everything is new & European except the people & a few old Chinese houses. Bought 2 or 3 brass pieces, among them an old incense burner for the Beatus\textsuperscript{379}. It is a small but fine old piece. Watched the Coolies coaling the ship & unloading cargo. Even young boys are pressed into service & carry loads far too heavy for their years. We left Tsingtao at 9 p.m. & proceeded rapidly to sea.

Oct 26- Fine clear day, cool & pleasant, also a bright beautiful blue sea dancing in the light breeze.

Played quoits\textsuperscript{380}, successful this a.m. but lost this p.m. We are passing islands off the Corean [sic] coast this p.m. They are high & rocky, with bold cliffs. Log. Lat 34°26’ Long. 124°14’.\textsuperscript{381} 221 miles from Tsingtao and an equal distance from Shimonoseki\textsuperscript{382} Japan. Read Bernard

Oct 26- Shaws ravings on Socialism. Talked with the Captain, we shall arrive in Yokohama\textsuperscript{383}, 4 p.m. Sunday.

We whites had quite a talk with the Jap on board about the position of women\textsuperscript{384}. He thinks Americans & Europeans give their women too much freedom. We could make out a large Korean village on one of the islands we passed this p.m. Probably a fishermans village as there were a good many boats out in the sea. After dinner walked for an hour on the first deck, we passed very close to a lone rock rising steeply out of the sea. Could just make out its form in the darkness. It was about the size of a ship. It would be an ugly thing to strike in a fog.

Oct 27. Islands were in sight as soon as I came on deck, after breakfast we crossed the scene of the great naval battle between Russia & Japan\textsuperscript{385} in which the former was crushed.

It looked very bright & smiling in the sunlight this morning.

The Jap pointed out the field of battle to me. Played quoits awhile but the islands are so attractive preferred to look at them.

Many are terraced for rice fields, picturesque little villages are nestled on the cliffs or along the beaches, while thousands of sampans & little ships with rectangular sails cover the
waters. Everything looks so dainty & attractive, even the arrangement of the trees in the villages or about the homes is artistic. At noon we come through the narrow winding strait of Shimonoseki, with the bustling city of Moji on the right & then we enter, after a few minutes, the famous Inland Sea of Japan. It is dotted with islands many of great beauty & this beauty is enhanced by the skill & art of Japanese gardeners [sic]. There is nothing grand about the scenery but it is quiet restful & beautiful. Many of the hills are badly eroded & the forests & fields are being destroyed by the wash. I called Mr Hara’s (the Jap) attention to it as he is a newspaper man, but he did not seem to think it amounted to much. Mr Marsh, who lives in Yokohama, tells me their government is so poor that it cannot keep up internal improvements & so fields, roads, railroads &c are going to ruin while the Government has to strain every nerve to get the money to pay interest on its debts. Keep passing islands some

Oct. 27- high & steep but terraced to the top. The Japs must make the most of every acre. Pass by islands, islands, islands until dark & even after dark some of them can still be seen.

Magnificent sunset tonight, this time behind mountains & not in the sea.

Oct 28. Arrived at Kobe about daylight & had to be hauled out of bed to pass medical inspection. Four little Jap doctors came on board, looked at us and walked away. As it was we had to wait an hour before they came at all, but that is eastern style, nobody is in a hurry. It is not necessary to keep appointments on time. Went ashore and met several Missionaries and went over to Osaka with some of them. Walked and rode through the quaint streets with their toy one story shops. Went into a silk shop had to put on chamois skin covers over our shoes. Bought one or two articles here, then went to a bronze store and bought 4 or 5 articles there, stopped at a toy shop & bought Kenneth some paper soldiers. It is very hard to find anything for children here in the Orient, that is anything good. Went to a real Japanese restaurant and had lunch then came back to Kobe alone & wrote a letter to Kate on the car & a card to Mother, mailed them & went out to the boat for dinner. Came back in the tender after dinner & met by appointment Mr Sakata, the great Japanese worker in gold & silver damascene work. The art has been the work of his family for generations & is very interesting. I went to his work shop & saw how it is done. Bought a gold damascened buckle (belt) for Mrs Logan as I felt I must do something for her, also a pair of gold damascened bronze sleeve buttons for Win, they are handsome, & a little stick pin for myself or Kate. Then bought some postal cards & a cut velvet embroidered Japanese picture for Kate.

Bothered to death by rickshaw men, they could not understand why a European or an American should be walking around the streets at night, except for one purpose. They kept running up to me saying I take you nice tea house, nice Japan girls. I told them to clear out & fled to the tender & out to the steamer at 10 p.m.

Oct. 29- Fine warm day & smooth sea, we left Kobe at 8 a.m. and sail along the coast in plain sight of the eroded hills, with frequent villages, fortifications, light houses on the shores. In one place counted 110 fishing junks on less than a square mile of water all sailing along & dragging nets. At noon we have gone 61 miles & 284 remain to Yokohama. Lat 33°45’, Long. 135°9’. Oct. 29- Had quite a discussion with Mr Marsh and Kayahara about the influence of Missions in Japan. Both the Englishman & the Japanese said Christianity is not spreading. The people are at sea religiously speaking, no religion seems to have supreme authority. The Japanese Buddhists are reforming their religion bringing it up to modern idea & are sending many missionaries to China to preach the new belief. Walked the 1st deck awhile but it is so rough & the spray flies so that I gave it up & went to bed.
Oct 30. Up early & watched the scenery as we approached Yokohama. Sea rough & high wind blowing. Great number of forts and fortifications guard the entrance to the bay. Had a hard time to land, broke one cable, all on account of high wind.

Came to Royal Hotel after the farce of passing quarantine & custom house. On the way to the hotel saw in a shop window a Jap boy in porcelain, reading a book, though it was Sunday I could not resist the temptation to buy it for Kenneth. Walked around the city after tiffin but it began to rain & had to come back, so spent the p.m. & evening reading American News in which I am away behind the times. Yokohama is not especially interesting for it is neither Japanese or European but like the dress of many of its inhabitants a miserable unpicturesque hybridization of the two. A Chinese tailor called on me, very anxious to make me a suit & after some discussion with him decided to let him make one for 15.50. I certainly need it. Had to throw away my faithful pajamas Kate gave me years ago. They have done good service but had gone to pieces & I consigned them reluctantly to the waters of the Pacific.

Oct. 31. Fine clear day & quite warm. Walked around the streets examining the wares exposed for sale. Quantities of porcelain silk & embroidery [sic], bronze & brass, many shoe shops where they sell Japanese wooden & matting sandals. The people stumping about on their wooden clogs make the most characteristic noise in the city. Every where you hear the click clack, click clack of these sandals. The cheaper wares are not worth much, the good ones are beyond me. Bought a chop stick box & 2 pairs of chop sticks, tried to get some of the unique toothpick holders they have here at the hotel but could not find them. The proprietor said he feared no more could be found. Climbed a temple hill & had a fine view of Fuji, it was a great sight, it looks like the pictures. After lunch

Oct. 31- went to Kamakura to see the great bronze image “The Daibutsu”394. It was rather impressive sitting there with closed eyes meditating through the centuries. Had the usual quarrel with the rickshaw coolie & decided to dispense with their services here after, they gouge one outrageously. Went on to Enoshima by electric and in company with a young German who attached himself to me at Yokohama crossed the long wooden bridge that leads to the picturesque island just off the coast. The Ocean was beautiful this afternoon & hundreds of fishermen were at work in the sea & on the beach, while younger men & women gathered shells to sell to tourists. The shells are very commonplace. Came on by electric to Fujisawa where another good view of Fuji was obtained & where I watched a company of Japanese soldiers drilling in the open square before the station. The little Japs are fine soldiers & look as if they might be grim fighters. Wrote to Kate between times. Came back had dinner & soon after retired because tired.

Did not sleep well the latter part of the night, there was quite an earthquake about 3:30, it woke me up, for it shook things until the furniture rattled, the papers say it lasted nearly a minute. Did not sleep much after it. I believe there is an average of about 1 earthquake daily in some part of Japan.

Last night it was Yokohama’s turn. I dont particularly relish them but the people generally do not seem to mind.

There are quite a number of Americans in the hotel, how loud they talk and laugh. Sometimes I wish they would be more modest. Three or four women were talking in high nasal tones about “them stewards” on the boat that didn’t know their business. Met a Mr Frazer & wife of Hyannis Mass. He comes here every 2 or 3 years to buy Japanese curios which he sells in a Japanese store in or near Boston, I could not make out which. He says he does well at the
business, but states that prices are going up very rapidly in Japan. A photographer came in to sell photos, took 2 or 3.

Nov. 1. Fine cool day, tramped around town all the a.m. Bought some Christmas cards & a few little trinkets and a Jap doll for Tannissee.

Went to Tokio this p.m. The country looks like a garden, the hills covered with trees principally pines, the flat lands all cultivated.

Rice growing everywhere, sometimes little patches only a few feet square, all available space is utilized, many vegetable gardens, the persimmon trees are hanging full & there are many pretty flower gardens. Poor as the people are they will have flowers.

Chrysanthemums make the big show now. They tie them to poles in great masses & carry them throughout the streets.

Nov. 1. Tokio is very gay with flags in honor of the Emperors birthday on the 3d. Bought some toys, some films & collars, the films & collars much higher than those in America. Had to break my resolve & hire a rickshaw as the distances are so great that could not get around.

Saw the Emperors palace the grounds cover 3 sq. miles in the heart of Tokio, visited one of the old Shogun temples & a park, saw the Government buildings, and as it was getting dark came back to Yokohama. Tokio is not very impressive, most of the buildings are one story affairs.

The cars were crowded, men & women smoke cigarettes & it is impossible to get away from the vile odor of the smoke.

The rickshaw man today was a little fellow slender & puny, he spoke very good English & so I took him but he was scarcely able to haul me. The people are so poor I feel sorry for them, there is so much disease especially of the eyes & skin. Eyes & nose are never wiped except on hand or sleeve, thus they become contaminated & disease sets in. There are thousands of blind men & women here in Tokio, most of them are masseurs. They go about the streets at night, the men blowing weird notes on a shrill flute to announce their coming, while the women sing a plaintive refrain repeating these words “I will rub away all pain”. Their condition is pitiful, the authorities do not care for the poor & unfortunate & they are thrown on the world to get their living as they can.

Nov. 2. Cool, cloudy day. Mailed some colored photos to Kate and then took the train for Tokio, crowed in with loud smelling coolies but enjoyed the experience, provided I did not get any “little buggies.” Went out to Uyeno Park, saw hundreds of school children out there drilling & singing on the parade ground. Went in to the University Museums of Fine Arts, Archaeology and Natural History, some very fine exhibits, especially of the ancient arts of Japan. Wandered up and down The Ginza the great shopping street of the city. Went into one large store and bought one or two gifts. As usual had to put covers over my shoes, “cubbas” the Japanese call them. After I made my modest purchases I was shown into the tea room & served to tea & biscuits. The little Jap girl waiters bowed & bowed again when they brought the tea. Very ceremonious people but much of it is on the outside.

Nov. 2. Came back to Yokohama after dark and took the wrong car, finally I made up my mind I was on the wrong road, got out & wandered about the darkilly lighted streets until I recognized some buildings & adjusted myself then came straight to the hotel.

As a sample of the way people are taxed here, the following I found out this morning. I bought a train ticket costing 4 sen, 3 sen for the ride and 1 sen tax to the government for the luxury of riding. That is the government charges 25% tax for riding in street cars. There is a similar tax on R.R. tickets but amounts to only 5%. Cold & rainy this eve.
Nov. 3. Gloomy rainy morning but cleared up during the a.m. Decided not to go to Tokio to see the Emperor review the troops but went to Nikko via Shinagawa. The cars are very crowded as this is a national holiday. People come clattering in and out of the car at every station, what a noise they make in their wooden sandals & clogs.

The women kick off their shoes, kneel on the seats then sit down on their feet & look out of the window. They fuss with their hair, pull out a mirror to see if it is alright, then take a paper handkerchief & wipe their face, I wish they would wipe their youngster’s noses, I have scarcely seen a clean one in Japan. The country all the way up is similar to that around Yokohama, rice & vegetables, the whole region looks like one vast market garden, laid out regularly & so beautifully kept. Farmers are spading their fields with huge wooden spades or with iron mattocks.

The favorite vegetable is a huge radish a foot or two long. Bought apples, tangerines and a wooden lunch box at Shinagawa & ate lunch while waiting for a train at Akabane. The box contained rolls of cold rice with pickled beans in the center & wrapped around the outside with an aromatic leaf.

There was also a preparation of egg, like thin tough custard about some of the cakes, some contained dried fish, which smelled somewhat rank. Did not particularly enjoy the contents of the box, especially as I could not use the chop sticks enclosed & had to use my fingers.

Find Nikko a beautiful place though could not see much on account of darkness. The town is situated Nov. 3. right in the mountains and the wind comes down from their summits in terrible gusts.

Went to see the famous red bridge, very picturesque, was going up to the temples but it became so dark I gave it up.

The Kanaya Hotel is run by Japanese & is very fine but rather too expensive & fashionable for me, fortunately I am here but for the night. Visited some of the wood carving shops for which Nikko is famous. Bought a souvenir or two, then came back to dinner & then to bed, tired out. Took a very hot bath to warm up; I am half frozen.

Nov. 4. Fine beautiful day for fathers birthday, very cold & a heavy frost on the ground. Got up & had breakfast at 7.

The poor Japanese waiter girls were half frozen & were running around putting charcoal braziers at each table. I was glad to warm my fingers at one. Had the first good pancakes since leaving home, served with Nikko honey, also fine trout. After breakfast visited the famous temples & pagoda. They are situated in a lovely grove of Cryptomerias and are kept up in fine shape. Then a number of temples & a pagoda, all are finely carved, lacquered & gilded. The idols are interesting but grotesque & ugly. Saw the famous red bridge by daylight & took a photo of it. I also photographed the famous avenue of Cryptomerias at the beginning in Nikko, this splendid double row of great trees extends for 25 miles.

Bought a few curios & then almost penniless started for Yokohama. Had to take an express train & pay extra fare or else stay at a little one horse junction most of the day.

Consequently took the express & came by way of Tokio, had to cross from Nyeno to Shimbashi Station by tram & caught a fast train to Yokohama, arriving there just at dusk. Went to Chinese Money changer & exchanged some good American paper money which I had kept, for Japanese money. Have to pay Kay Thom the tailor tonight for my new suit, which does not fit like paper on the wall. Bought Mother a pair of Nikko slippers guaranteed to keep cold feet warm, I wondered which would need them most Kate or Mother. But Kate has come up to the limit of her allowance in gifts and so no more for her.
Have spent 150 for presents and there is China Australia
Nov. 4. and New Zealand yet to hear from. I will have some duty to pay. The foliage was very
fine in the morning sunlight at Nikko, far up the Mountain sides was the blaze of colors. Went to
the West of Nikko up a Mt. Stream to see a long row of stone images, I dont know what they are
for but there they sit, covered with tiny bits of paper with writing upon them, probably prayers.
The river during flood washes away some of these images from time to time.

Packed up every thing ready to get it over to the boat after breakfast tomorrow.
Nov. 5. Cool & cloudy, took some of my things over to the steamer at 8 after breakfast, got over
there & found no cabin had been assigned to me, came back to the office & secured a good
cabin, then went to hotel & got the rest of the baggage there took it to the boat, then went to
depot & got the grip which I left there last night because it was so heavy.

Then to K Thoms to get my old suit which I left there to be pressed & cleaned. Hurried to
the boat & had only fifteen minutes to spare, for promptly at 11 we were backing out of the pier.
The band played as usual, the crowd on the deck yelled & waved their handkerchiefs & the few
on board did the same. Only 9 of us in the 2nd cabin, 3 Americans, 2 Chinese, 2 Eurasians, 2
Germans, 1 Englishwoman.

The nations meet together on these boats. After we were well out of Tokio Bay the boat
began to roll as there is quite a swell. Passed a good many steamers, among them the Canadian
Pacific Steamer “Empress of Japan” on her way to America, I envied her.

Pass along the irregular wooded & cliffed shores of Japan all day, too cloudy to see Fuji.
Fine sunset.

Mailed Christmas cards & letter to Kate. Played games much of the p.m. In shuffle board
Cornell & I beat Rodgers & Messinger.

Nov. 6. Fine cool day. Arrived at Kobe shortly after breakfast. As usual a crowd of curio dealers
flocked on the boat & spread their wares on the deck. Bought some doll furniture & a Satsuma
hat pin.

Went ashore at 11. Decided to go to Kioto as I would have no other opportunity, spent the p.m. there walking about the old, old City the most Japanese of all Japan’s cities. Saw
the old palace, numerous temples & Doshisha College. It began to get dark & for fear I would
lose my way after dark started for the station & got a fast train for Kobe & arrived on steamer at
8:30 p.m., bushed.

Nov. 6. There are so many walled enclosures in Kioto. Most of the temples are thus enclosed, the
palaces also, very interesting places if one could but explore them. At the station one of the
numerous peddlers said sandwich to me, I said yes get me some, I had had nothing since
breakfast, he ran & brought me a little wooden box with paper napkin & toothpick & 10 small
but good ham & tongue sandwiches, 15 cents. Then I bought a little basket of apples, 4 in the
basket, for 10 cents & had a good lunch on the train going back to Kobe.

Nov. 7. Bright pleasant day, went ashore after breakfast & with Professor Rodgers went up to the
Womans College & called on Miss De Forest & Miss Gordon. I was shown through the
science building & visited a class in Zoology conducted by a Japanese Gentleman.

The college has a beautiful situation with mountains rising steeply behind it & a fine
view out to sea in front. After staying at the college for an hour we went to the water fall & then
back to steamer. Sailed at 3 p.m., and for a few hours of day light enjoyed the sail through the
inland sea. Something of a moon tonight which gives some idea of the beauties of the scenery
through which we are passing. Bought some curios on the boat, among other things a little
cabinet of inlaid wood in imitation of a Japanese tea house, fought for half an hour with the
trader in a wordy battle to jew him down from his price 4 yen to 2 yen my price, finally compromised on 2 yen 40 sen. I do not see how they can do such elaborate work at such a low price. Bought one of the carved bamboo canes also they are very fine examples of Japanese carving. I have made about 40 resolutions not to buy any more curios, but when I get where they are my good resolves are thrown to the winds and I spend all my loose change. About 8 p.m. this evening a steamer almost ran us down. I could hear the captain on the bridge yelling, put her starboard, starboard with her, it was a close call. After leaving Kobe I played bull board, shuffle board & quoits until dark, won at bull board & beaten in the other two by Connell & Douglass Rodgers, a fresh young college kid who is doing the Orient with his father, who goes about lecturing in Colleges all over the world on Religion from the stand point of Science. I am going to pump him to get his ideas.

Nov. 8. Cool cloudy day with little wind. Interesting ride along the Japanese Coast with its rugged hills & promontories & its numerous outlying islands. Played games much of A.M. Won at shuffle board once & beaten once. Talked with Dr Rodger [sic] about his ideas on religion which he thinks should be presented especially to the Oriental from the scientific stand point. He gave me some of his writings to read, not much in it, too thin & faddy. Log today Lat 35°27’, Long. 129°34’, miles 318 from Kobe, 63 to Nagasakai [sic]. Wrote some cards & a letter to Kate. When we came into the harbor we anchored close to the Great Northern Ry. Steamer Minnesota which was flying the U.S. flag. The greatest sight I saw in N. was the coaling of this ship & the Minnesota by women chiefly. They form long lines from the barge standing on ladders up to the coal chutes & baskets of coal are passed from hand to hand with remarkable rapidity until it is dumped into the bunkers. Went ashore & sent the mail, walked about for awhile but as it grew very dark went back to steamer.

Bought some fine tangerines at 6 cents a dozen. N has the finest harbor & most beautiful one I have seen next to Hong Kong. Bought a Souvenir Spoon, supposedly silver.

Nov. 9. Left N. at 8 a.m. & passed out rapidly to sea. A dull leaden day with more or less rain but quiet sea. Read & walked a good deal. Beat Douglass Rodger at Shuffle board it pleased me as much as it annoyed him, he is a fresh young thing that cant bear defeat. Became acquainted with a Mr Deming who got on at N. this morning, he is a Missionary to Corea & is going home on a furlough. He told me the reason why the Coreans are accepting Christianity so rapidly is that their minds & hearts have been disciplined by oppression & trouble to such a degree that they readily accept the gospel. Then they have no old religion to give up which makes it easier & their temperament is favorable to the acceptance of Christian truth. Log. Lat 32°30’, Long. 128°44’, 60 miles from Nagasakai, 393 from Shanghai. Came on a gale at dinner time from the west, I think they were looking for it all day for the sailors had been busy making everything fast. I spoke of the fact at dinner & said we may have a typhoon. In a few moments the gale was howling
last night he was just hoping we would have a terrible storm. He got his wish and something more, that he was not wishing for. The wind is unabated & the sea is angry enough, it looks grey & cruel under the dark, low lying, scudding clouds. We were expecting to reach Woosung at 2 p.m. probably cannot make it much before dark, as the storm retards the ship. Islands begin to appear about noon & the sea becomes yellow in color denoting our approach to land. Log: Lat. 31°. Long. 122°57, miles 304. 81 miles to Woosung. Anchored at Woosung about 6 p.m. It was dark & cold & I made up my mind not to go up to Shanghai tonight but wait until morning so stayed aboard. Sat in the smoking room & talked to Connell, Messinger, the Corean Missionary & a custom official. Went to bed early as it is very cold.

Nov. 11. Took the tender this morning up to Shanghai, took the 7 pieces of baggage I now have over to the N.D.L. Godown & deposited it there for 2 weeks. Then went to Jordine Matheson & Co’s office & bought a steamer ticket to Hankow & return, took the grip over to the boat at HongKew Wharf, the boat is the Kutwo.

Wandered around town all the p.m. bought a curio or two & a pair of flannel pajamas (2.50). Went down to the tender at 5 p.m. & bade friends goodbye, who are returning to the Prinzess Alice. Had Tiffin at the Savoy House. Came over to the boat at 8:30 p.m., after buying some Oregon apples & some chestnuts for lunch. Great excitement in Shanghai, the natives are rioting, because they are not allowed to bury their dead according to their ideas, the plague has broken out & the police interfere with John Chinamans customs, hence the riots. Great mobs in the streets, while armed soldiers, policemen & Sikhs patrol the streets on every hand. Was on a street car that went through one mob, they were ugly looking customers & swarmed out of the narrow alley ways on to the main streets like rats. Went to bed early.

Nov. 12. When I arose this morning we were in the Yang tze Kiang, no land visible on one side but low shores on the right & a turbid yellow tide beneath us. Have a steam heated roomy state room to myself & so very comfortable this cold morning. As we go up the river it becomes narrower & both banks visible, shores very low, covered with villages & great many groves of trees taking on their fall colors. Everywhere people at work, plowing with buffaloes & a wooden stick or hoeing the small fields, many are digging in the bank for roots which they gather into bundles for fuel, a bad practice as it makes the bank liable to erosion. A barge just came out to us with about 100 Chinese passengers for this boat, how they yell & chatter, it is like a cage of parrots & monkeys. Most are dressed in blue padded cotton suits, some so patched that it is doubtful if there is a shred of the original garment left. Numerous canals open into the river all crowded with junks. Great many junk's in the river going up or down with their big brown sails spread out resembling nothing so much as a bats wing. Lots of Chinese women on board most of them with a baby dressed in wadd'd clothes & bright colored caps. The women go tottering around on their little stumps of feet, I should think they would fall over & down would come Mamma, baby & all. The houses of which there are such vast numbers are mainly mud walled, thatched affairs without windows & a rectangular opening for a door, many of them are in the last stages of decrepitude. Goats & chickens are fairly abundant also buffaloes but these seem to comprise the animal life largely.

Every few rods some native sits patiently fishing with nets, though fish are few & far between. Some of the nets are very large & are raised by a long lever like a well sweep mounted on a rickety platform.

At one end of the platform is a little grass house where the fisherman stays all day long, coming out occasionally to pull up the net. There are endless miles of cane, 12-18 ft high. It shows the ingenuity of the people in that they have utilized this otherwise useless & cumbersome
growth, for many ends. Their houses are made of it almost entirely except the mud. Matting &
baskets are made from it &c. It is impossible to eradicate it & so use must be made of it. Arrived
at Chinkiang toward 10 p.m. Went ashore & mailed some postals, then went down to the
native town & bought what I supposed were 4 oranges. On eating one it turned out to be a lemon.
Well they say lemons are good for the liver, so it is not so bad after all. The wily old Chinese
who sold me the fruit tried to get me to buy some tangerines, but he asked 7¢ a dozen & that was
double the Chinese market price & I would not pay it. The Grand Canal ends here at Chinkiang
& so it is important as a shipping port & there seem to be great numbers of junks here, though it
was too dark to tell accurately.

Nov. 13. Cool cloudy day, we are passing through much the same country as yesterday, wide flat
plains intersected by numerous streams & canals up & down which moves an endless procession
of junks. Villages by the hundreds & people, people, people, all dressed in blue, working busily.

They are harvesting the cane now, setting it up in bundles to dry, or shipping it in the
junks which line the mud banks. 1/6 the worlds population lives in the valley system of the Yang
tze Kiang, so one can imagine that it is crowded a bit. 250,000,000 people. Stopped at Wuhu
at 1 p.m., no way to get ashore from the landing hulk except by sampan & no time for that so
took a photo instead. Lots of beggars came out in boats, they had baskets fastened to long cane
poles & raised these to the deck for coin. Even the little children set up a sing song howl for
cash. Clapping their hands & rocking to & fro. Whole families in the boat where they live, all
dirty, all dressed in bundles of rags. There are interesting old temples with their remarkable
curved roofs, at frequent intervals and also Earth God shrines. Each little district has its own
Earth God & shrines, to which the people of that particular district come to ask for soil fertility &
abundant crops.

People are out in force today in many places threshing their grain & rice, they use the old
fashioned flail. The region around Wuhu is that once governed by the famous Chinese
statesman Li Hung Chang, & he is buried not far from there.

Had quite a talk with a young Missionary who got on at NanKing & left at Wuhu. He
thinks the Missionaries are at last beginning to reach the higher classes of the people. He took me
down below to see an opium smoker at work, a rare sight in China now. The fellow was heating
& molding a pellet of opium ready to put in his pipe, when he saw us watching him he became
out of patience & threw the opium away & would not smoke. The Missionary said a few words
to him in Chinese about the folly of such a habit but the smoker did not reply.

This Missionary, Dr Wakefield, was a very bright practical sort of a man, also met Mr &
Mrs Sawdon of NenChang, far up the Yang Tze, they are missionaries also. It takes them 5
weeks to get up to their home.

Nov. 14. Dull cloudy day. Flat plains on one side high hills of tilted rock on the other. Took a
photo of “The Orphan” a solitary rock in the river with temples upon it. The soil is poorer up
in this country, there seems to be a good deal of sand in it & in the hills.

Cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, ducks abound. We took on a load of the latter at Wuhu &
this morning they scent the ship from stem to stern, I wish my sense of smell could go on a
furlough.

Begin to see Chinese carts with big wooden wheels drawn by buffaloes. The river is
swifter & trackers are seen, men drawing junks up the river by ropes fastened to the mast head.
Nov. 14. Men are regular beasts of burden, you can see them going along on the bank of the river
carrying such heavy loads that they fairly stagger. Lots of wild fowl up here, especially ducks,
paddy birds, cormorants &c. The wild pheasant is also abundant, we had some for dinner last
night. Crows abound both the black & white spotted kind. This p.m. we stopped for an hour or 
two in the ancient walled town of KinKiang, the centre of the green tea district of China &
also in bygone times a great centre for pottery.

Much pottery is still made in the vicinity & also silver ware. I started out alone through
the narrow vile crooked streets but concluded to go back. A guide offered his services & he
showed me some silversmith shops & a porcelain shop. He would not let me go into certain
shops, he said their prices were too dear, but you can never tell what these wily celestials intend
by what they say. He probably took me to shops where he could get the most squeeze, I accused
him of getting a percentage but he denied it. Bought 2 silver salt cellars & spoons as specimens
of their silver work & bought a plain porcelain teapot & a string of the unique official wooden
beads. It is rainy and disagreeable.

Nov. 15. Cold gloomy day, wind blows a gale. Arrived at HanKow shortly before noon. As the
hotels are very dear here & very dirty, I decided to stay on the boat & board here, the Chinese
steward said “allee light” when I told him.

Went over to Peking station thinking to arrange for a little trip up country on the Ry., but the
trains do not run so that I can. After lunch walked through the native city, what a walk, filth,
vile smells, noise, dim light, jostling crowds. I was glad to get out at the end of an hour. Beggars
followed me for long distances, keeping up a sing song request for money. They are usually
women with little babies & the latter covered with ulcers. One boy about 8 years old came up
asking alms, his head was one mass of raw sores, his hair was gone, after a few minutes I came
back & he was engaged in picking lice out of another boys head. Coolies keep running by with
big loads on poles, they keep up a shrill chant to warn people of their approach so that they may
get out of the way.

Sedan chairs go by & when they do you have to back into a door way as the streets are
too narrow for sedan

Nov. 15. chairs & pedestrians both. Pedlars go by striking drums or two pieces of metal
together & shouting their wares. The Chinese love pork and it plus ducks are about all the
markets afford. There are numerous fish especially a species of carp. The smaller fish when
cooked or pickled they eat whole, head entrails & all. They love a kind of flat cake fried in hot
grease & there are many stalls where this edible is made. Great many fruit stands & peanut stalls,
the latter are very cheap & good. You get as many for 1¢ as you do at home for 5¢.

There are some fine silk & porcelain shops in these unpropitious surroundings, where you
would hardly look for them. Evidently few Europeans go into the native city, for people stared at
me, gathered around me & looked me over thoroughly. Every time I stopped to look at anything
a crowd gathered. I stopped to look at 2 women quarreling, a great crowd had gathered there.
They were screaming Chinese at each other like crazy monkeys. The crowd was very solemn,
finally a man stepped up & separated them & the fun was over. Hankow is a busy manufacturing
town, there are great factories here for making brick tea for the Russian trade. Hankow is
called the Chicago of the East but I hardly think Chicago would feel flattered at the comparison.
Sat & talked with the Captain all of the evening about various things, though I would have
preferred to read a book on China which is lying here in the dining room.

Nov. 16. Bitterly cold & disagreeable, the dust flies in clouds on the streets. Wanted to go over to
Wu Chang but the river is so rough did not dare to cross the river in the crazy sampan they
have here. Wandered out into the country over the flat plain covered with cattle & swarming
with human beings most of them poorly clad & blue with cold. Went out on one of the old stone
paved high ways, it is about 2 feet wide & the slabs of stone are deeply worn by the centuries
of travel that has passed [sic] over them. The poor people are huddled together in small mud houses, that are no protection against the biting wind. I have never realized what real true poverty is. Many of the people were cooking bones stripped of flesh, stomachs & entrails of animals & making a thin watery stew that looked for the world like dish water, nothing in it, no rice or vegetables, and they were drinking this nauseating mixture as hot as they could stand it. It warmed them but it hardly fed them.

Nov. 16. This p.m. went through the native city for awhile but it was so cold I finally came back to the boat. The restaurants with their hot stews, rice, fried cakes were doing a rushing business, so were the baked potato men. They bake the sweet potatoes in big jars filled with coals & ashes & haul them out to customers piping hot. Some Americans came aboard tonight.

Nov. 17. Cold clear day. Stayed in most of the A.M. as it is too cold to venture out. Went out & mailed letters to Kate & Mr Logan, then went on & took 2 photos in the Native City. This p.m. walked away up to the Han river & out to the suburbs. Thousands out there are living in little mud huts about 6 x 8 in size, a bed, a chair & a crude earth or brick stove are the furnishings. Saw men at work spinning silk, others making rope &c. Great many were engaged in dyeing cloth 2 shades of blue are used, a light & dark blue. Lots of garden patches & the people busy collecting the produce, a kind of celery is abundant, cabbages & potatoes also. Some children followed me shouting at me & throwing sticks, the police did nothing about it, they say they are afraid of the people. HanKow is interesting but I am not sorry to leave it. Quite a crowd came on tonight, including Miss Stevens of Washington an interesting character, smokes cigarettes & drinks whiskey with the best of them. She roasted HanKow to a finish. She said she could prove there were no women in Heaven, for the Bible said “There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour”.

Nov. 18. Bright cold day, went ashore at KinKiang after breakfast with Mr & Mrs Sutcliffe of N.Y. & showed them where to get silver ware. Mrs. S. admired a silver pendant at the shop very much because of its quaintness, but finally bought something else, so I bargained for the pendant & finally got it with 3 extra small pendants, at my price $2.00. We got off from K. at lunch time & are off down the river.

Nov. 19. Pretty cold & windy but bright. When I got up we were at Wuhu but left there at breakfast time & came swiftly down the river without any incident and arrived at NanKing at 1 p.m. Bade friends goodbye & went ashore. Had a great fight with rickshaw coolies who swarmed around me, tried to grab my baggage away &c. Finally got hold of a boy who spoke a little English & made him understand I wanted to go to the Bridge hotel. He took me there & got a room. Then went over to NanKing Ry. station & took train to Exposition grounds. Found some interesting Exhibits but can make little out of them as all descriptions are in Chinese. There is no order or arrangement of exhibits, it is a perfect hodge podge. Silk goods next to Agricultural products, Educational exhibits along with pottery &c. But it is an interesting exhibit of what the Chinese are doing & illustrates their methods, arts, products very well. The Educational exhibit is excellent, the little Chinese Youngsters do as good work in Kindergarten
& grades as the children of America. Crowds of Chinese are around looking at things and they seem much interested, they discuss things & grow quite excited at times over them. It will be a great benefit to the people & they surely need it. There is a good deal of pottery, not much of it good. The silks and embroideries are nothing extra either, except in rare cases.

The exhibit of machinery education & products are the strong features of the show. Came back to hotel at dark & stayed in all evening.

Nov. 20. Cold but bright, pleasant day took a walk out to N.W. of City outside the wall. Very interesting, the wall is a mighty structure. It is 100 ft thick & 40’ high at the Chao Yong Men gate,449 paths cross the hills in every direction & once in a while a stone paved road.

Thousands of people are out digging weeds raking stubble for straw & brush to burn. They have curious bamboo rakes which they draw along the road & any where else that there is a chance of picking up a wisp of hay or a stick. Met hundreds of donkeys bringing in loads of wood & brush, while thousands of Coolies are doing the same thing. NanKing was once the Capital of China & its largest city, but the Great Wall now en-. Nov. 20. closes but a small city of 300,000 now, while there were millions here once. Inside the wall there are probably 20 square miles without a house upon it unless it be a few farm houses. It is said that over a million people were killed in the city during the Tai Ping rebellion about 50 or 60 years ago. The famous porcelain pagoda, the finest in China was destroyed then. There are thousands on thousands of graves on the hills, I never saw anything like it, they literally covered some of the hills. The creaking wheelbarrows got on my nerves today, why in the world don’t they grease them & put an end to the racket. Creak, creak, creak, you can hear them for blocks above all the babel & noise of the street. I have seen a new wrinkle today, lots of Coolies with their padded coats off, looking for bugs in them. The Chinese are dirty, I suppose we must call them civilized but it is not a high type. Climbed up the Drum tower today & had a fine view from it. Saw the big stone turtle & the big drum inside the tower.

Wrote to Kate & looked at silks & curios which traders brought to hotel but did not invest.

Nov. 21. Cool pleasant day, went out to exposition via 3d class in train, packed in with Chinese of every description. Took some notes on the exhibits for the purpose of writing an article on the exposition for some paper or other. Walked back to hotel for lunch then went back to Ex. by train. Looked through some of the Provincial buildings.

The Pekin Exhibit is best & there are some fine porcelains there worth thousands of dollars apiece & some very fine silk embroidered portraits. One of the Queen of Spain Italy is especially good.

The placard states it was much admired by the late Empress Dowager.454 Have decided to stay another day & look around the city somewhat & go out to Ming tombs.455 Curio dealers & silk dealers pester me to buy their wares, some of them are good but cannot carry any more stuff.

Nov. 22. Fine day & much warmer. Started out from Viceroy Yunun & walked to Ming tombs, rather interesting avenue of stone animals, elephants, lions, camels &c. They have stood there for centuries. Bothered by boy beggars who followed me for miles, whining a sing song request for money. Quite a number of blind beggars along the way also.

Saw one poor fellow stretched out on the road with a crowd stand Nov. 22. ing around in cold sympathy watching him but not offering to help. I think he was dying, if I could have made myself understood I would have tried to get some coolies to carry him to a hospital, but I cant say a word. The crowd let him lie there & idly watched him.
Went to Exposition for a little while this p.m. chiefly to look at the Pekin exhibit again, as it is by far the Choicest in the lot. About 4 started out to find a Confucian temple I had heard about, it became dark & I missed the way in these narrow labyrinthine streets, finally I gave up the quest and asked a rickshaw Coolie to take me to Chia Quan, the district where the hotel is. He was pretty slow & when near the hotel refused to go further because a bridge across a canal was broken. I tried to make him go around to another bridge but he would not go & so I had to walk it. The crowd laughed at my discomfiture. I paid the coolie only 20 cents instead of 25.

At that he had drawn me 5 miles on a trot, so there was little to complain of after all.

Nov. 23. Fine warm day. Started out by railway & on foot to find the old Examination halls, where students went to be examined for official preferment. Very interesting place there are 25000 little closets just large enough for a person to sit down & write. The candidates had to stay in these little cubby holes for several days & write. The place is utterly neglected now & fast going to ruin, the old system has passed away & modern Education & methods have taken its place. Took a photo of one part of the large premises.

Went back to hotel, paid bills and took the 1:20 express to Shanghai, arrived there at 8 p.m. Found a rickshaw boy who spoke English & had him take me to the Evans Home, which had been recommended to me by several Missionaries. Found a nice room there with private bath. Very home like place & for a change a good bed. The things called by courtesy beds in China are terrible & not only that but all too frequently they are inhabited by others than the man who pays for their use.

Interesting ride from NanKin, numerous hills bare or at best covered with scrub, thousands of them simply peppered over with graves, it would seem as if China was one great cemetery. Endless village of stone & mud houses standing usually in rows, 30 & 40 villages are frequently one time from the car window. Canals intermixed with them are standing about the farm houses, some were plowing with buffaloes, others planting rice, as much of the country is now flooded & a good time to plant rice. Some are thatching their homes, others tending the gardens, for onions cabbage &c are just coming up. Many are fishing in canals & even in their fields, pushing themselves around in the curious tub like boats the peasants use. Buffaloes, cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys and the inevitable skeleton of a pig are all hunting something to eat & they all look as if they needed it.

Here & there are old ruins, fine old stone gateways & stone animals left behind in the wreck of their former belongings.

The narrow roads, for they are but foot paths, are all elevated & necessarily so to keep them out of the floods. Along these roads walk an endless procession of blue clad peasants, wheeling their creaking barrows loaded with all sorts of stuff or carrying loads balanced on the familiar bamboo pole, or walking to their work. Along the canals the trackers are towing the heavy boats. They all have a curious sing song dialogue. One chants something then another replies & so they go encouraging each other I suppose by the noise they make.

It is a busy country & the people ought to have more than they do to show for their labor, but they are oppressed terribly by the officials. One of these scamps was in the compartment with me from ChinKiang to Soochow.

He had fine silk robes & a red button on his cap made of a large piece of coral. He had a servant who waited on him continually & who paid all his bills, he would not deign to hand out money to common mortals.
Nov. 24. It is Thanksgiving day, a bright warm beautiful day here.

Went down to the steamer office, then bought some papers with American News in them & came back to the house & read until lunch time. Talked with one or two of the women here about silks, one woman advised me to get Chefoo Pongee, that raw stiff yellow silk, just think of it for a party dress. Finally after all sorts of advice decided to go to Fook’s this p.m. & get what pleased me and I did so. People here tell me that I shall have to pay 60% duty on all curios & silks, if so my bill will be about 120. I hope to get out for less than that. Went to
Harbors-

1. Dread harbors with ground swell caused by currents which do not show at surface but cause anchors to drag or cables to snap.

2. Bremen harbor, a series of basins which can only be entered about 1 hr before high tide. Then the gates are opened & ship enters, as tide begins to ebb gates closed. River must be dredged constantly.

3. Regards Albany harbor, one of best in world. Narrow entrance then broad basin.

4. Clay makes best anchorage bottom, then sand & gravel. Rock bottom not good, danger in harbors where much refuse is dumped as it will not hold the anchor & this practice forbidden in many harbors.

5. Port Elizabeth, Durban &c. are like most East African ports open roadsteads. When a hard blow is coming on, in the old days the sailing masters had signals from shore. If they could not get out to sea, a special kind of hawser of East Indian fibre was sent out to the ship. It was light, would float, especially would give as Manila will not. If the anchors held O.K. if not, there were 3 green lights on shore, which indicated where the boat was to beach.

   The only possible place was thus shown. The ship was steered to this point & went head on, the crew escaped while ship went to pieces.

   Lisbon, wide estuary narrow at entrance by reason of high hills of tertiary age with dip of 20 to S.E. these rocks form hills from 1-300’ high, they are well matured as shown by the dissection at Lisbon, a city of hills & valleys. The rocks are soft & easily worn in main, in part scarcely consol. clays with intercolated thin L.S. bends. On account of this dissection is comp rapid & old age cond have been reached in many instances, over wide areas, this is case across Tagus from L where the drowning of the pemplain causes the widening [sic] of the Tagus forming the Great harbor of Lisbon 2-3 mi wide 20 or 30 long. The river is lined with stone quays for miles with few basins for lighters & fishing vessels & an occasional pile pier. The wharfage is inadequate & vessels anchor to buoys in the river whence the lighterage is the only possible [means of transportation]. Small cranes are used but no facil. for handling heavy goods by steam cranes, everything must be done by donkey engines.

   Steamers drawing up to 30’ dock, there is tide of 6-8’ apparently.

   Even where steamers dock lighters are used largely for transfer. The enlargement of docks on Lisbon side serious matter on a/c expense working in rock & high hills on S bank easy & extensive havens might be built there. The drowning which formed the Estuary has prob. largely closed since bars are forming across the minor irreg of the Estuary still erosion is active where hills form the shores, freshly scarred cliffs are common while cliffs in Equilibrium with Talus slopes covered with veg are exception. The muddy cond of water indicates that sed are accumulating not only on shores but in the Estuary itself. The tide rise 7 ft. Dredging is necessary all time to keep depths required by larger vessels. Depths of 40, 30 & less feet are maintained at dif quays. The postal card man told me that dredges worked 3 days getting required depth before Kronprinz arrived. The depression of Tagus may be due to synclinal cond. as rocks dip S.E. of Lisbon & N.W. 20 mi. south.

   The problem at L. is very dif from that of Hamburg Bremen &c or even of S. hampton & Dover where breakwaters must be built where stream is not paramount imp. at Shampton marshes forming behind bar on W. Entrance to W of Entrance.
Tangier 468 open roadstead with small shallow haven behind stone breakwater built out on W. side, harbor only secure from W winds open to N. & N.E. gales. Steamers anchor 1-2 mi from shore & everything lightered in. Very dif. to land in rough weather. Tangier bay formed by drowning of depression by higher hills on each side. Depression due to removal of softer rocks leaving a great sand waste as residue, also gathering ground for sand because low. This valley 2 or 3 miles across.

Marseilles. This is med type of harbor. The coast is steep in main of hard compact resistant rocks. On a/c of hardness & thickness cond. are not favorable for harbor making. It is not as in Hamburg feasible to do much excavating rocks are too hard & expence [sic] too great. In the med. the feasible thing to do as in Genoa Mar. & other great ports, is to build break water across a natural reentrant. A reentrant in such a region [unreadable] so lately necessary & it might better not be in connection with a river which would tend to fill it up in course of time. Since the reentrant is the important feature. We may well inquire how it came to be.

In order to answer this question for Mar. we must go back far in Geol. hist. Even to earliest rocks. For the topography which conditions

2 Harbors

the present harbor existed then. There was a great bay or gulf extending up toward central France & bounded by Mts of granite & other primitive rocks. When such cond. exist, that is where a steep coast is being exposed to direct action of sea the gulf must be rapidly filled both by surface erosion & by attacks of sea. This primitive gulf was in this way filled by sediments of various kinds in the environments of Mar. the sed was of a kind that made a fine hard compact limestone. This limestone had a checkered career not at all simple as shown by its brecciated char. It accumulated to great thickness, some of the hills about M. of this rock are 700’ high. After accum. thus & being compacted into the hard rock the region was uplifted & then rocks became dry land & exposed to erosion. Erosion both by attacks by sea & by surface were long continued (Tell of folding before this with steep beds 30° or 40°) & the region became much dissected, filled with intricate valleys. One valley of some length & several miles width was cut in this limestone plateau debouching in the Med. about where M. now stands. This valley in turn began to be filled by sed washed in from the L.S. hills, thick as if blue mud of gravel & cobble stones collected in this valley & were distributed chiefly by river action, for the bedding is not continuous but crossed, alternation of gravel & clay occur in varying thickness & in varying proportion every few yards or rods, the action is that of rivers rather than the more regular arrang. one looks for in sea deposits.

After this valley had been partially filled with these sediments & had undergone some erosion a slight drowning appears to take place. Making many islands out of isolated L.S. peaks & the sea was able to attack the soft clays & S.S. & Cong. & wear away circular bay. Those who founded Mar. took ad. of this fact & placed their city at head of bay on the beach there formed & built it upon the clay & S.S. Valley filling. As time has gone on the city has grown beyond this rather flat region & crept up upon the steep limestone hills that surround the flat valley deposits. This bay is exposed to full power of Med. waves on S.W. but is protected in part by L.S. islands on S.E. The problem that faced the citizens was how to make a com. & safe harbor under these cond. Only method was breakwater & this has been done. The portion bet. & shore & breakwater [sic] has been divided up into series of basins lined by quays & with minor basins formed by building out docks. Until suf room has been secured to take care of com. in large measure.
However more room is needed and already found for more breakwaters & new basins are already laid. Dif to maintain such a harbor for it fills rapidly & requires constant dredging.

Mombasa, Tanga types of coral reef harbors where lagoons are enclosed bet Mainland & reefs, there being openings in the reef deep enough to allow ships to enter. Mombasa harbor cannot be entered by vessels of deep drought 25’ or over on a/c of shallow entrance. The entrances are usually narrow & tortuous, flanked by reefs below water level but upon which waves beat vehemently in rough seas. The lagoons may be bay form as at Tanga or irregular with numerous coves & irregularities (resembling drowned streams) as at Kilindini & Mombasa. Only crude facilities for handling frt a few small cranes, no means of docking & all frt. has to be lightered out & in, work done by native help.

Zanzibar. Open roadstead, sheltered somewhat to W. & S. by coral islands & reefs. Buoys are fastened out sev. hundred yds from shore to wh. vessels tie. Everything lightered in & out. There is a stone quay where goods are received & shipped, at the Custom House.

The city is on the W. side of island & thus sheltered from the heavy swells of the Ocean. There are numerous coral reefs below water line & vessels hug shore pretty closely in arriving to Z from N. in order to avoid them. Buoys have been set in few instances marking the most dangerous parts of the channel.

A port to be of importance must have a large population in close prox to it or a rich & productive region as a basis of supplies for shipping. It must be extensive so as to allow sea room for the movement of vessels, it must have good anchorage or good protection natural or artificial, it must have suffic depth of water at low tide to afford entrance for vessels of deepest draft [sic] that are likely to visit the port. There must be facilities for discharge of cargo & its reception, preferably berths quays or wharves. If that is not feasible, then conditions for lighterage must be perfect, that is the harbor should be well sheltered so that discharging at anchorage can be accomp with safety, the supply of lighters should be ample so that discharge & reception of cargo may be done with despatch. There should be lighter docks fitted with steam or electric cranes so that a large number of lighters can discharge at once. There should be ample storage facilities, sheds for a large amt of tonnage as is likely to accumulate at any one time, large open spaces for such freight as is not likely to be injured by the weather.
Nov. 24. the Thanksgiving service at Union Church, the address was by the U.S. Consul General, Mr Wilder, formerly of Madison Wis.  

There was quite a program of music & the address was good though of a political character. Had Thanksgiving dinner tonight at which about 40 sat down, turkey & cranberry were on the bill of fare & an attempt at mince pie, but it was a dismal failure. Speeches closed the occasion, I had to get up & give them some of my ideas on Thanksgiving. An Irishman, a Scotchman, an Englishman & several Americans spoke. The venerable Dr Noyes closed the performance, then we sang America & God Save the King.

Nov. 25. Bright warm day, went down to steamer office and secured my ticket, did not draw a very good stateroom. The steamer is not to leave until tomorrow night & so cannot go on board until tomorrow p.m. Went out by electric on Bubbling Well Road & walked out there for awhile. I had given up my room at the Evans & had to come back & reengage it. The Chinese office clerk made an overcharge on my bill & I had to get after him & get a refund. The Chinese are most excellent financiers in that they always see to it that they get all that is coming to them. Bought a few little curios & came back to the house for dinner & bed.

Nov. 26. After breakfast & prayers at which Mr. Evans made a long disquisition on the 18th psalm, I packed up my stuff & took it to the office then went down town. Took a car out to Yang Tze Poo & walked along the little narrow paths out through the fields & watched the peasants at work. One woman & her daughter were making winter clothes for the family, others were washing clothes which consists in throwing them into the dirty ditch water & then taking them to a stone & beating them with a heavy stick. Some however take a scrub brush & rub them with that. Many were working in the fields & on the roads, repairing the latter & spading the former. Went back to house at 3 p.m. bade Mrs. Evans goodbye, got a rickshaw & went on the run to the tender. Got 2 coolies to get the baggage stored in the N.D.L. Godown. Asked the Chinaman in charge how much the storage for 2 week [sic] was, he said oh nothing except cumshaw (tips). The baggage was in good condition so I gave him 10¢ for each piece. Had quite a time settling with the baggage coolies, they demanded more after I had given them 2 prices.

Nov. 26. On the tender was one American who was tremendously drunk, he had fallen down & was covered with the dirt of the street. Started to go into the native city but when I reached the moat outside the wall the stench was so bad I concluded to turn back. The Lützow is anchored in the river on the outskirts of Shanghai & so did not have far to go, glad of it for it is chilly tonight with quite a strong east wind. They have the steam turned on in the steamer & it is nice & warm.

The Lützow though smaller than the Princess Alice is better arranged & more tastefully decorated & furnished. We leave some time in the night when the tide is high enough to allow the steamer to get over the inner bar at Woosung.

Nov. 27. Fine morning & cool but this evening dark blustering & rainy. Left Shanghai about 7:30 this a.m. arrived at Woosung at 9 & crossed the bar immediately by 2 p.m. We are at the mouth of the Yang Tze Kiang and the muddy water begins to give place to the clear water of the ocean. As I have noticed before the line of demarcation is often very sharp as it was today. One moment in the muddiest water imaginable, the next in comparatively clear greenish colored water.

There are only a dozen or so passengers among them a drunken but very witty Irishman, Conners by naming and hailing [sic] from Portland Oregon. He has kept me laughing in spite of my disgust with him, he follows me around & wants to be friendly. Says he must have some one to whom he can unbosom himself, he is the same one who was so drunk on the Bund in Shanghai.
Found an October number of Harpers and have been reading that today. Feel very sleepy as always, the first day at sea & slept most of the p.m. We started so late that we shall not reach Hong Kong until Wednesday & that will probably prevent me from going to Canton as I had hoped to do.

Nov. 28. Fine day though with a variety of weather from fog to clear sunshine & a beautiful clear sunset. Nothing much doing, running down the coast with Formosa in view on the left & bold headlands or islands on the right. Log Lat. 25°44’, Long. 120°23’, miles 361. Not much sea & boat very steady even though quite a breeze is blowing. Read a novel by Page entitled John Marvel, Assistant. Fairly good but I guess my taste for novels has departed, Conner wanted me to read it. He is not over his drunk yet & keeps pouring.

Nov. 28 liquors of various sorts & degrees down his throat, he is on the verge of tremens, keeps brushing off imaginary bugs from his face and trembles like a leaf. There are 4 German Naval officers on board who are very much stuck up and who strut about in their uniforms as if they were on parade. They also hit the beer mug quite often enough for comfort. There is a Mrs Miller and her sister from Chicago, they are doing the world. Mrs M. says her husband started in business in Beloit, but had no relatives there now. She has a lot of Japanese prints that she bought for old ones, a young Swiss on board says they are modern & she has been duped.

Watched the sun go down, it was a fine sight, it made me think of Tannissee’s little song about golden & crimson tulips.

Nov. 29. Fine warm day with fog banks occasionally, usual round of reading & walking & some writing. Not much happens, we pass through great fleets of junks most of them trawling for fish. The coast is in sight all day but shows up dimly. Log. Lat 22°23’ Long. 115°14’. Miles 356, total run 773.

Nov. 29. Fine day & very smooth sea. Arrived at Hong Kong about 4 p.m. dashed off the boat, got a ferry & went to Melchers found about 12 letters, from Prex, Tyler, Densmore, Glen Mother & Kate. Very glad to get the home news after 6 weeks. Shocked to hear of Caryl Eaton’s death. Wrote a letter of sympathy to Dr Eaton.

Spent all the evening until 11:30 writing letters. I had the nerve to stay on the boat tonight though I should have left this p.m. but I did not want to hunt up a hotel tonight.

Rather noisy crowd aboard, most of them have been over to Hong Kong & filled up I guess. This is Glen’s birthday.

Nov. 30. Fine day but hot, after much trouble & a great deal of hunting I found a place to store my luggage. Got some coolies to take it off the boat & over to the Godown. Went over to office & drew some money, found another letter from Kate & one from Mr. Forbes & one from Art. Got a ticket to Canton & went aboard the steamer at 4 p.m. Where I am writing this. Saw the Lutzow off at noon & went aboard the Prinz Sigismund to find the exact hour of sailing. 8 p.m. Friday, Dec. 2. Cabled a single word to Prex about a collection of fossils.

Dec. 1. Arrived in Canton at 7:30 & after breakfast went ashore & walked through the narrow crowded streets watching the varied life on every hand. Everybody rushing along everybody busy, keeping shop, some of them very fine, or working at a trade. The streets are given up each to a single industry or kind of shop. There is a street where shoes are sold, another is given to feather work another to paper & tinsel, another to silk, to trunks, to iron ware &c. Lots of restaurants & food shops, likewise cigarette shops, the latter possesses China. Here is a shop where pigs are baked & browned & glazed whole, another for glazing ducks. Here are 2 men grunting & groaning as they carry a 300 lb
porker through the streets in a basket. The pig has a fine ride & an easy one but I suspect it is his last.

Quantities of women sit in the streets mending clothes or repairing shoes. Many men are carrying burdens on poles shouting as they go to clear the way. Sedan chair carriers hurry along with their sing song warning. People go along with a little piece of fish or of meat for their next meal or with a piece of cabbage or some onions. What a babel of sounds, men pounding drums or cymbals, playing horns or flutes to call attention to their wares. The blind beat their little brass gongs for a clear way or sit on the pavement, moaning & crying for money. Beggars everywhere some needy, some evidently not. The streets are so narrow that they are roofed over generally with a movable glass or paper covering.

Here goes a bean cake vendor, here a seller of fried cakes. Numerous stands for the sale of oranges, bananas & nuts of various kinds. The merchants sit at the entrance to their booth like shops calmly smoking a pipe. I tried several times to buy some little trinket but almost no one speaks English & no business could be done. Canton is very anti-foreign & conservative, the breeder of riots & hostility to foreign learning. Well it is a great town & I am glad that it has been possible to see it. Passed a funeral with its tawdry red sedan chairs, its musicians playing the most piercing & doleful strains, the big Chinese lanterns & the table all spread with provisions for the departed. The chief mourner all dressed in white walked along supported by a friend, he looked terribly used up.

The house boats are a great feature here & crowd the river & canals, thousands are born on them & spend their lives there.

Chickens & ducks abound on them, they are kept in little baskets.

Dec. 2. Arrived in Hong Kong early, after breakfast went out in the rain & called a rickshaw, went to the ferry & across to Kowloon rounded up all the baggage from the Godown & Dec. 2. called a coolie to take it over to the Prinz Sigismund. There are 3 men in the cabin already & had quite a time to get it stowed away. Watched the Prinz Ludwig back out & sail away for Shanghai. Went over to H.K. & went up the peak by the cable road. Very misty & could not see much. In fact at the top I was in clouds & could see nothing. Came down & did a little shopping on Queens Road & then went to office & found a letter from Kate, only 27 days from Beloit. Came over to Kowloon changed my Chinese money to English gold & now am ready to sail away for Southern Seas. There is a large & giddy crowd of theatrical people, they are a typical crowd. They are only going as far as Manila thank goodness. The steamer will touch at the following ports in the order named:- Manila, Angaur, Yap, Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, Rabaul, Brisbane, Sydney 485.

Arrive at Sydney on Dec. 26. Will spend Xmas at Brisbane. Found a newspaper with a lot of clippings enrolled in my berth tonight, it was from Kate & was as good as a Xmas present. I went right up stairs & devoured all the news from beginning to end. One gets so hungry for home news. Took a last look at the myriad lights of Hong Kong tier on tier and retired.

Dec. 3. Was awakened at 1:30 a.m. by the motion of the boat & found we were out of the harbor and in the teeth of a strong N.E. gale. The boat is small and pitched about in a frenzy, could hardly stay in the bunk, as it is an upper one however it is wise to hang on. After my bath started to dress, all at once a big sea struck the ship, she rolled over on her beam ends and I landed all in a heap in one corner of the cabin, flying baggage, clothes, legs & arms all in inextricable confusion. The water poured over the deck & down the hatchways but did not enter our room. There were some live pigs on one deck, you could hear them squealing above all the confusion. I dont know why they squealed it is easier to die by drowning than by a knife thrust & that is what
they are facing. Pigs were not the only things that piped up, but women screamed & sea sick men groused & bellowed. It was pandemonium for awhile. Did little but lie down, it is the safest thing to do, especially
Dec. 3. if you want to keep up your reputation for not being sea sick. Went to lunch though did not want any. The Chinese steward brought some thick rice soup, hardly had he set it down when the boat gave a lurch & the soup poured gracefully out of the plate over the table cloth, well I had rather lose it that way than in some others that might be mentioned. I am writing this under difficulties for there is so much motion that it is hard to keep one’s seat. I am pitched over the table one minute and under it the next.

It is rainy & the scud flies so you can see but a little distance, it is certainly a dreary outlook though an ugly one or a grand one according to the way wave motion affects you. We are in the trough of the waves & so we wallow along with Manila 40 hours away.

Log. Lat. 20°40’, Long. 115°24’, 124 mi. from Hong Kong, 506 to Manila. All day long dishes have been crashing, they go sliding from the cup boards, the tables and the side boards, the Chinese who are poor sailors do not seem to care but let them go as they will. Passed a steamer about 7 p.m. could see nothing but the lights.

Dec. 4. Still very stormy, with high seas running but clouds begin to disappear & sun to shine. Sat on deck all a.m. & read Oct. Rev. of Reviews which I bought in Hong Kong. Every little while a sea breaks over the ship which gives me a good drenching but I stick to my post. Very hot & close in our state room & they are putting in an electric fan today. We make very slow progress, Log:- Lat. 17°28’, long 117°44’, miles 231 (less than 10 mi per hour), 275 miles to Manila.

Feeling better than yesterday though still a bit uneasy.

The weather is much warmer & the discomfort arising from the boat’s motion is increased rather than lessened thereby. Met a Wisconsin man this a.m. by name of Cochenes, brother of famous foot ball player, he is connected with the theatrical troupe. One of the Dec. 4. “artistes” connected with the troupe came up on deck last night & wanted to walk back & forth, the boat was pitching so that it was a risky operation. I heard her say in her French accent “Dees is vorse than to walk ze vire”, I suppose she meant the tight rope. She is the same one who exclaimed at the dinner table last night “I feel so bad I vish I could say what Ze Americans say when they feel that way”. Fine new moon, paced the decks as best I could with the boat pitching as it does.

Dec. 5. On coming up to the deck discovered that Luzon was in plain sight, its heavily forested hills seem to be but 3 or 4 miles away. Back inland are moderately high brown bare mts. Passed Corregidor island at 11. [sic] and anchored in front of Manila at 1 p.m. It was nearly 3 before all formalities were over & we landed at a dock in the Pasig river. Went to a P.O. & mailed letter to Kate & wrote 12 postals, then went over to the Escolta, the main street & took a look at it.

Bought a magazine, Nov. Rev. of Rev. & a cherry phosphate the first real American drink in 6 mos. Then tried to find the whereabouts of Henry Clark. His name not in the directory & a store keeper told me the only thing I could do was to go to the Army & Navy club & ask where he is. I had no time to do this as had to go to the tender at 4, so it was reported, went there but no tender, finally went to Behn Meyer & Co. office & asked what time the tender left, was told at 5. So went back to town for awhile, hurried back to tender & was told, we have no orders but will go at six. It was so hot & getting dusk so did not attempt to go away again. Have had no time to get much of an impression of Manila. The streets are narrow & not very clean, the
houses after the Spanish style. The Filipino men & women are in a great majority, usually smoking cigarettes. The latter are dressed in light flimsy waists whose sleeves are of huge dimensions & the waist is very loose. They are a diminutive people and not prepossessing at all. It is generally claimed that we have made a failure in the way of getting the good will & cooperation of these people. They look like an intractable lot however.

Dec. 6. A fine day & good breeze, have been sailing all day between islands of the Philippine group. Some large, some mere rocky islets, so low & flat, some lofty & imposing, some bare & brown, some luxuriant in tropical vegetation. Catamarans are sailing about with natives in them, at intervals there are villages with houses of thatch mounted on piles. Some look cosy & inviting nestled on a beach surrounded by groves of Cocoa & banana. The islands in this region appear to be rising as there are many terraces and old sea cliffs now back from the water their steep roots no longer bare but covered with vegetation. At no moment are we out of sight of land, the sea is calm & if it were not for the heat it would be a fascinating sail. It is beautiful under any circumstances. If one wished to invest in an island he could get one of any desired shape size and height, growing almost any desired kind of vegetation. The natives evidently have removed a quantity of timber for many of the hills are bare & desolate, a prey to erosion. The phosphorescence of the water is very noticeable in this region & it is a beautiful sight at night whenever it is agitated by wave or boat, it looks like molten silver. Log. Lat 13°13’. Long 121°49’. Miles from Manila 138, miles to Angaur 856.

Dec. 7. Awakened this morning by the rolling of the boat & found we were in quite a sea as we have passed out from the shelter of the islands on the left, tho’ to the right they are in sight until noon. In spite of the breeze it is warm & we are all arrayed in white duck suits. It is showery at intervals, rain comes lasts a few moments & then disappears & sun shines again.

Not much transpires except the constant motion of the boat which we must grin & bear. Log 12°20’ Long 125°45’, miles 257, miles to Angaur 600.

Read Oliver Twist a good share of the day & kept as quiet as possible. There are 2 German gun boat crews on the steamer going to New Guinea to relieve others, they have a band and so we have very good brass band music once a day. Most of the passengers are officers connected with the gun boats, Mr Atkinson of Shanghai & myself are the only Dec. 7 plain “giltless” people on board. All the rest are very “gilty” indeed. After dinner saw 2 lights one a fixed & one a revolving 5 sec. light. It was the last sight of the Philippines as we are now heading S.E. for the Pelew Group.

Dec. 8. Dull day with little wind but a very heavy swell which keeps the boat rocking & pitching a good deal. We have left the Philippines & are now in the open ocean, nothing but sea & sky. Constant showers cross our path, they last but a few moments, but it rains very hard in that brief time. Have been reading all of the a.m. & watching the antics of a monkey which are amusing at any time but especially so when time hangs heavy. The monkey is a pet of one of the gunboat crews.

It is a warm, close day & one suffers, when below, though it is very tolerable on deck. We are closer to the equator & the day is typical of the Equatorial belt of calms. Little wind, heavy showers, warm moist steamy atmosphere, Everything gets damp & mildews. Log. Lat 9°47’ Long. 129°14’-256 miles, 347 to Angaur. Read February Munsey, any old thing that comes along is acceptable if it is only reading matter.

Dec. 9. Very pleasant day, cumulus and cirrus clouds, a blue heaving sea, sparkling in the sunlight and a small steamer reeling its way under the one and through the other, that is the
picture of the day. Wrote a letter to the Round Table on the Nan Yang fair, read & walked quite a little.

The crew is teasing the life out of the poor monkey by setting a dog on him. The monkey runs up the ropes and then looks down making the most woe begone but laughable grimaces I have ever seen. Everybody shouts and laughs then proceeds to do it all over again, coaxing the monkey down with nuts or fruit then turning the dog loose. Log, lat. 7°41’, long 132°57’, miles 254, 93 to Angaur.

Talked with one of the passengers who lives at A. It is a shipping port for phosphates obtained in the Pelew islands.

Dec. 9. We reached Angaur about 8 p.m. & anchored. Quite a number of natives came aboard, they wear only a breech cloth, they are brown in color & very different from the Malay peoples. They are better looking but more effeminate, their hair is very fluffy and stands out from the head in aureole fashion, they wear long wooden combs to keep it up out of their eyes. Most of them are tattooed in wonderful fashion, many of the patterns are intricate & well made, some have the designs all over the body, some only in patches. They are true Papauans not Malayans.

Dec. 10. After breakfast went ashore & walked along the beach half way around the island which is not more than 2 or 3 miles long. Coral rock & coral sand everywhere & very dense forest growing in the rich soil. Fruits abound, bread fruit, papai, banana &c, also Cocoa nuts. The houses are simple & quite open to the weather they are covered with mats made of the padanus leaf, the Padanus grows very abundantly here so do ferns.

Saw numerous lizards but no other fauna. Collected some specimens of coral rock & coral sand & came back to steamer at 11 with a German gun boat crew who gave me a place in their big life boat. It is very difficult to land here on account of the heavy surf which beats eternally on these lone coral islets of the great Pacific. The people are very mild mannered & gentle & they have expressive & attractive faces, they live the simple life, they dont need to work unless they want to & most of them do take life easily. Was interested in their canoes which are the outrigger type, cut out of a solid log with a narrow slit in the top, just wide enough to stand in, the rest of the top being enclosed presumably to keep the heavy surf out. This is my first view of a real Pacific coral island & its strange inhabitants & it has been an interesting experience.

Last night while watching the natives unload cargo a Chinese boy who stood next to me said “They are a very curious people, I never saw such funny people”. Dec 10. It made me think of the old story about the Quaker saying to his wife “All the world’s queer but me and thee &c”. I would have liked an opinion from a Pelew islander regarding the queerness of the celestial with his moon face, shaved head & long pigtail. Tried to buy a bone bracelet for 25 cents, the man owning it could not speak English but a companion, tattooed from head to foot, could say a few words & he informed me in a most independent way that it was worth 25.00, I laughed & told him that price was ridiculous, but he stuck to it & no bargain was made. We started for Yap at 3:30 p.m. and sail among islands until dark.

The islands to the east are higher & have different physiographic features, they are not flat expanses but possess numerous sharp cone shaped hills, they are probably volcanic. All the hills are covered with dense vegetation, while around the islands are coral reefs over which the surf breaks tremendously. On the main island were some spouting horns where the water is driven up through crevices to a height of 30 feet or more.

Dec. 11-Close showery day, a heavy swell rolling & a good deal of motion to the boat. Read most of the day from library books. One on a voyage through Isles of the Pacific was poor & so
drew a novel, “The Company’s Servant” by Croker, that is a good story of India. So wet on deck that we cannot get about much & so sit still and read is the only pastime.

Went to church service, held as the law requires wherever Marines are congregated. The Captain of the gun boat crew read scriptures & prayers and 2 verses of a hymn were sung at intervals, the singing being led by the band. The service was brief & then the crew were free to do the customary things, drink beer, & they can drink a lot, they crowd around the steamers Schänke like flies around a molasses barrel, play cards & tease the monkey.

Log Lat 8°54’, Long. 137°21’, distance from Angaur 227 miles, distance to Yap 64 miles. Arrived at Yap at 6 p.m. Typical coral island surrounded by reefs & a number of large native houses, also large groves of cocoa nut trees, this is a great center for the shipment of the nut & also of copra. The natives much like those of the Pelews but they wear more clothes, they have attractive red kilts which are very showy. A tender & lighter came out across the reef & took off the Dec. 11. cargo. It was difficult to transfer the cargo as it was quite rough & the lighter danced about in lively fashion. When the crane swung a bundle of beer boxes over the side the lighter was not there but off one side wrestling with a big wave, bye and bye [sic] it would come swinging back against the steamer, then the cases were swiftly dropped on the deck at the auspicious moment. These coral islands look like very attractive places of residence but I suppose they have their draw backs, lack of good drinking water is one of them. The climate however is perfect.

We left Yap at 7:30 & put right out to sea in the teeth of the gale & the blinding sheets of rain.

Dec. 12. Dark gloomy day with high wind & rain squalls. Heavy sea running & the boat is a plaything for the waves.

Read most of the day, all sorts of trash serves for reading matter on a voyage like this, especially on dull days.

Log Lat 6°41’ Long 139°35’, 188 miles from Yap, 809 to New Guinea. Three days more of this before we see land again. Getting ready for Neptune performances when the boat crosses the line tomorrow night. Was asked by the Purser if I wished to be baptized I said not much I have had one experience. The crew sent a message to Neptune, they filled a large barrel with inflammable materials, poured Kerosene over it, set it afire then dropped it in the sea, the barrel floated off all ablaze & lighted up the sea for a few minutes with the blaze, but the waves soon extinguished the fire.

Dec. 13. Warm pleasant day, with very little wind but a long heaving swell on the ocean. Showers occur now & then, sometimes half a dozen of these little storm patches may been seen on the sea at the same time. We cross the equator tonight about 2 a.m., the hot steaming atmosphere indicates its neighborhood. Read Lang’s Romance of Australia, read a book a day now, also had a chance to look over some Sydney papers from Nov. 7-19, learned fully for the first time how the elections went in the U.S. Great performances this p.m. by Neptune & his crew. Neptune & his queen all rigged up in royal robes, wearing the one a great beard made of rope, the other a heavy shock of hair hanging down her back, rope also, were drawn about the deck on a car followed by a dozen police & courtiers, either dressed most fantastically or in some instances they were dressed like South Sea Islanders, nothing but a strip of matting about the loins. The latter were the baptizers. They were all hideously painted or blackened.

Dec. 13. After a triumphal march, they went to the fore deck where they held court. All connected with the performance belonged to the gun boat crews. They decorated the officers of
the steamer & their own officers with tin orders & medals. Neptune in humorous speeches in
which he took great liberties with his superiors, conferring the honors which were pinned upon
the coats of the recipients by the queen.

Then the bishop opened a big book in imitation of a Bible & read a lot of stuff &
nonsense, then announced that the baptizing would begin. There was a large canvas tank about
10 ft square constructed on deck. The victim walked up some steps to the edge & was told to sit
down with his back to the water. First of all his face was lathered all over, the brush being an old
broom, then he was shaved with a big wooden razor, his hair cut with wooden shears & his teeth
pulled with a big wooden forceps. If he had a mustache or beard this was plastered over with red
paint. Then he was made to swallow a nauseating pill & to drink sea water, then a table spoon
full of a vile looking mixture was poured down his throat. While he was spluttering over this he
was seized & tipped back into the sea water tank, where the imitation South sea Islanders
chucked him under & held him for a while & if he resisted he was ducked four or five times,
finally he crawled out over the tank only to be met by a stream of sea water from a hose until he
escaped by crawling into a long canvas tube 20’ long & just big enough for a man to get through.

It was terrible work to crawl through, the canvas was wet & it would cling to the wet
clothes of the victim until he could scarcely make headway but if he stopped 2 sailors, each with
a cat o’nine tails whipped him unmercifully so that he had to wriggle in some fashion. When he
reached the end of the tube & was crawling out exhausted 2 sailors stood there with big buckets
of paste dyed a deep black, this they plastered over his face his hair, in his eyes & ears until he
could get free of the tube & break away from his tormentors. In all I should judge 50 were
baptized, most of them gunboat men. I was glad that I had been through the mill before.

Dec. 14. Cool gloomy cloudy day. Strong west wind & numerous rain squalls. Read most of the
day, the decks are too wet & slippery for walking especially when the boat rolls a good deal.
About 11 we passed a lone coral island about 1/2 mi. in circumference. With the white surf
pounding the shores in fury. We passed so close that we could easily see the red kilted natives &
their thatched houses. While with the glass I could easily see the nuts on the trees. There was a
beautiful grove of trees growing on the island & it certainly looked attractive there as seen from
our very unsteady pitching boat. A young German on board told me that the island was one of
200 controlled by his boss 515, who has his head quarters on Hermit island. Schooners are sent
around periodically for copra which the natives busy themselves in preparing when the nuts are
ready.

Log. Lat. 1°33’ S. Long. 143°44’. 516 Miles 280, 255 miles from Friedrich Wilhelm’s
Hafen.

Dec. 15. We sailed along the New Guinea coast all the morning, a great tangled forest on every
hand & few clearings. The Coast is low but a high plateau can be seen on the interior about 30
miles away. Very close & damp & threatens rain. Landed at Friedrich Wilhemshafen about 11
a.m. Went ashore, bought & mailed some postal cards.

The people here are Papuans & not very attractive, they are small & look diseased. They
wear a red calico kilt or a breech cloth & plenty of shells, beads, teeth &c. They especially prize
boars tusk 517 & many wear them. They have spears, bows & arrows & are a treacherous crowd,
if they dared they would kill every white man here, in fact they have threatened & attempted to
do it. Some of the dandys paint themselves in fierce colors & look wild enough. They pierce
their ears & wear all sorts of stuff there, strings of calico, green leaves flowers, cigarettes [sic]
&c. Saw them climbing cocoa trees for nuts which seemed to constitute their dinner. This p.m.
walked through a cocoa grove, helped myself to nuts, breaking them open until I found one that
was neither too green or too ripe. Went on through a rubber plantation, which had the largest & finest trees I have yet seen.

Bought a mask of wood & a weapon of wood for the museum. Tried to get a boar tusk necklace of a native but he would not sell, in fact rather turned up his nose at the idea. I had read that it was difficult to get them to sell anything made of boar tusks, too hard to get.

Dec. 15. After dinner went ashore though it was dark, and walked under the cocoa nut trees. It was very still only the incessant sounds of insects broke the silence. Flashes of lightning far out on the ocean could be seen occasionally. Once in a while a breeze would stir the tree tops and wind make a great rustling in cocoa nut palms. Walked with all these beautiful tropical surroundings until too tired to go further. When I came back to the steamer saw one very disagreeable incident. A wrathful German overseer, beating slapping & pounding one of the natives, he kept at it until a white official on the boat saw it & went & stopped him. There were a hundred natives who saw it & they looked on in sullen silence.

The man was a fool, for the natives are uneasy & resentful, once before they tried to kill all the whites on the island & at that rate they will try it again. The natives on Ponape have killed all the officers there as we have just learned & the Germans have sent a gun boat there to quell the riot, they may need it here ere long.

Dec. 16. Hot uncomfortable day even in a duck suit. Left F.W.Hafen 9 hours late at 5 a.m. We are sailing by islands continually, most of them are extinct volcanoes of good height. Their sides are clothed with the dense beautiful forests of the tropics & they give no hint of the fiery passions of more youthful days.

Not much sea & very little wind, big cumulus clouds are banked up on the horizon & an occasional shower goes drifting by. Log. Lat 5°8'S. Long. 147°10'. 84 miles from F.W. Hafen, 345 to Rabaul. It is 12 a.m. here of Friday, it 8 p.m., of Thursday at home. Perhaps the folks are at prayer meeting, some of them.

Dec. 17. Very hot day, with light breeze & a few thin clouds. We sail along in sight of high islands all day, they all look volcanic, most of them more or less cone shaped. The great island of New Britain with its high hills, forest clad & green, is in plain sight on the one side while New Ireland can be seen on the other but more dimly. Got out some rocks & pamphlets in order to ship them from Rabaul when we arrive there this p.m. Will try to get

Dec. 17. rid of all extras here as there is too much baggage & it is too heavy. As we approach Rabaul the number of plantations increase, many of the hills are cleared of forests, while cocoa & rubber trees take their place. It is a very pleasant looking land, long gentle green slopes & the blue sea sparkling & dancing all about, but the heat, that is the draw back to all this beauty. Reached Rabaul on time & went ashore bought 2 small curios for the museum a gourd bottle & a native drum.

Bought a box & had a native take it to my cabin where I packed stuff in it. Will try to get more specimens tomorrow if there is time. Some beautiful volcanoes here, one especially about 3 miles from the dock, it looks as if it were thrown up yesterday I must crack another Sabbath day to go & see it & climb it if possible. Volcanoes, volcanic ash & bombs, lapilli & scoria everywhere. I believe Rabaul harbor is an extinct crater that has become flooded by the sea. Lots of fever here & it is a good place to get away from. Not a breath of air & the heat is fearful tonight. Two of my table companions leave here for their lonely life out on the Hermit islands. One of them said I dont want to go but I cant get a job in Germany & this is the only thing that offered itself, I must stay out there 4 years. Log. Lat. 4°3'. Long. 151°49'. Miles 294. 51 miles to Rabaul at noon.
Dec. 18. Had breakfast early & started for the volcano, found no path to it, all a tropical jungle, so I got a native who spoke a little English to hire a canoe & canoist for me, he promised to do it for an old suit of clothes, so the bargain was made. He invited me into his house, it had a dirt floor but looked neat. Like all native houses, it was made of bamboo & thatched with palm leaves. He carried me on his back to the canoe & I was paddled for 2 miles to the base of the cone. Here at the shore steaming hot water was pouring out of crevices & as we climbed the peak the fumes of sulphur were almost overpowering. Finally we reached the crater, I took 3 photos & gathered a few specimens. There were numerous small vents from which vapor was escaping & around them beautiful crystals of sulphur, they crumbled at a touch however. It was terribly hot in the crater both from the sun & from the ground. The stones were so hot that I could not hold them.

Dec. 18. in my hand. My Kanake guide could speak a little English & he said “Watch sun, lookout, bye bye your body fall down in heap”. So I was on my guard against over heating “body”. The old Cannibal had a butcher knife in his hand & every little while he would sit down & sharpen it on a stone. It made me feel uncomfortable as we were alone in a tropical jungle with tall grass all about us. I made him go ahead & break a path I certainly did not want him behind me. Finally we came down & I sat in the crazy little outrigger canoe while he paddled back. Walked back to steamer & got there with a lift of a short canoe ride by a wild looking Kanaka, who ferried me across the stream & demanded a mark for it, I paid it he was a cut throat if there ever was one & he had elephantitus to boot, his leg was a sight, a mass of ulcers. The volcano was well worth a visit, all of its structure was beautifully shown, & the variegated colors made by the vapor jets were beautiful. Great bombs lay just as they had fallen after the last eruption, in the crater & all about the cone.

Dust & lapilli cover the whole region, visited one bed on the way back to the steamer & secured some pumice bombs, the whole bed 20 or 30 feet thick was a mass of pumice.

After lunch the Kanaka came around for his suit, so I gave him the old gray suit, he tried on the coat & seemed pleased. Then he asked for neckstie, as he called it, I gave him a gray one, he wanted a red one & I found one of that color, though badly worn. Then we started for the dock, he very proud in his coat & the admired of his numerous tribesmen on the pier. He invited me to get in his canoe & he paddled me across to where 2 women, probably his wives, were sitting. He asked me if I would have a drink of cocoa nut milk.

I was very thirsty, so he took a green cocoa nut deftly, chopped the husk off, then cut a hole in the top of the nut & handed it to me, it was a delicious beverage & I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Then I said goodbye to the crowd who had been laughing at the white man swallowing the liquid, & walked away. They are busy loading the steamer with copra, 12000 bags of it, you can smell rancid cocoa nuts all over the boat. Natives are busy carrying it aboard or piling it into big nets to be lifted on board by the steam winches.

Dec. 18 – What I would not give for a breath of cold air or a drink of cold water. It is 105° in my cabin tonight & not a breath of air stirring down in this crater hole where Rabaul is located.

Dec. 19. We started sometime in the night & this morning only a couple of rugged islands of the Solomon group are in sight. Little cooler at sea though it is 90° in the shade out here. Something of a breeze & great masses of cumulus clouds overhead. Read a Modern Corsair & kept quiet. Repacked some of my baggage in order to get it in more compact form. Wrote a story for the Round Table on “Visiting a Volcano”. Log. Lat 5°59’ S. Long. 152°54’. Distance from Rabaul at noon 120 mi. Distance to Brisbane 1320 mi.
Passed a small steamer with all her sails set, she was the Delphin of Rabaul\(^535\) bound for some of the outer islands.

Dec. 20. Dark gloomy day, it rains hard most of the time and it is very hot. Read a book on Australia, also the “Yellow Van”\(^536\). Doing nothing but read, too wet on the decks to walk, so it is read & eat for me. Log 10°46’ S. Lat. 154°17’ long. Distance 299 mi. 1021 mi. from Brisbane. This p.m. it has stopped raining but it is very threatening. We passed a large island\(^538\), the middle of the afternoon, it had the usual high cone shaped hills, probably volcanoes, and low plains near the sea. It was all covered with heavy forests & no sign of life could be seen. The clouds were playing hide & seek around the hills & higher slopes. A half hour later we passed a coral island surrounded by a great reef which enclosed a lagoon covering several square miles. These lagoons can be recognized by the green color of the water in them contrasting with the blue color of the ocean as well as by the encircling line of breakers. The large island is said to be inhabited by cannibals, some years ago they enticed 400 Chinese over from New Guinea on pretence of getting them work, then they proceeded to kill & eat them, as occasion demanded.

Dec. 21. Rained hard most of the a.m. but clearing this p.m. with light westerly winds. Read Caines “The Eternal City”\(^539\). Saw a fine water spout\(^540\), the first I had ever seen. A long black funnel shaped cloud, swinging like a pendulum came down out of the clouds, it was hollow in the center, it drew sea water up toward it apparently in the form of vapor for 2 or 300 feet. The sea was greatly agitated & rose up in a thick column 2 or 3 times the diameter of the funnel, the water was drawn up in the center & seemed to fall on the outside like a great fountain. Finally the funnel withdrew into the clouds & streams of vapor followed right after it until it joined the clouds. For a long time 4 or 5 minutes after the funnel withdrew the sea was boiling up and sending its spray high in the air. We were 4 or 5 miles away from it and I was sorry that we were not closer as it is a rare phenomenon and I wanted to study it.

Log. Lat. 15°30’ S. Long. 154°20’\(^542\), 285 mi. 736 mi from Brisbane. Rains hard tonight & very dark, but the steamer rushes on just the same.

Dec. 22. Fine clear day, only a few fleecy clouds in the sky a fresh E wind blowing, the white caps are rolling & the boat rolls with them. We are out of the Equatorial belt of calms\(^543\) with its daily rains & are again in the trade wind\(^544\) belt. Feel better to have a little air stirring. Read & walked, nailed up a box of stuff, chiefly rocks for the college. Log. Lat 20°14’ S. Long 154°15’\(^545\), 284 mi. 452 miles to Brisbane.

Coral reefs were in sight awhile this p.m. all underwater except one which had a great sand bank upon it, covered with sea birds. These reefs probably belong to the great barrier reef\(^546\) system of Australia.

Dec. 23. Fine cool day with good breeze. By 9:30 a.m. the shores of Australia are in sight, they are low & sandy here. Read the Velvet Glove & walked the decks. Watched the monkey & the Captains dog, Max. Poor monkey he has a sorry time of it, plagued from morning until night.

Log. Lat 25°14’ S. Long 153°29’\(^547\). Miles 305, 147 from Brisbane. The shores of Australia are in sight most of the day, great sand dunes covered with scrub & long beaches lying in front is the general style of the coast, but sometimes there is no vegetation, then the sand is drifting & spreading over the country. It is a desolate shore, the only sign of a habitation has been one lighthouse on an exposed & prominent rock jutting out into the sea. About 9 p.m. we entered the mouth of a river with two lighthouses on one side, one of them had a very slow revolving light, and anchored there.
Dec. 24. Pleasant day & cooler. We pulled up anchor early & started up stream, low banks on either side, heavily wooded. Scows & dredges in plenty along the river, also frozen meat establishments. After a while we stopped while doctors & custom house officials came on board and made their inspection. Thousands of jelly fish in the river, big white fellows, the screws tear a good many of them to pieces, alive one minute & gone the next. Reached the dock at 9 and I went ashore.

Brisbane is an attractive town, very English in style, though the dwellings are chiefly bungalows roofed with corrugated iron, the public buildings & stores are after English styles. The shops are small & dark, not very inviting.

Very hot by 10 a.m. and I punished more or less soda water. 2 wheeled carts, drays & carriages are the go here. The people are so homely, men & women both. The latter look so faded. There are more loafers here than I have ever seen in a city of its size and they don't look discouraged but in fact very happy over it. Many of them are drunk or else well on the way. Visited the botanical gardens, where there is a fine collection of Australian trees, also went to a quarry to the library & to the geological museum. Came back to the boat about an hour before she sailed. We left at 5:15 p.m. sat & watched the scenes on the river, with its numerous sailboats & small steamers. We twist & turn this way and that to avoid shoals & finally about 10 p.m. we turned to the South & made for Sydney. Have a room mate a German who got on at B.

Dec. 25. Bright beautiful day, few clouds & strong cool East wind. Read Grant Allen's *Evolution of Religion*. The Coast is in sight all day mainly low & sandy but high hills rise further inland and rocky islands appear here & there. The Zealandia, the steamer I am to take home passed by us on her way to Sydney this noon, she is a faster boat than we are by about 1/2 mi an hour, first saw her far astern at 8 a.m. Fine looking boat.

We said Merry Xmas to each other this morning but it doesn't seem like Christmas at all. Went to a Xmas service for the Marines last night. The Capt. of the Gun boat Planet led, they sang 2 German hymns, then he read scripture & a prayer, that was all. Good many steamers passing and repassing all day.

Dec. 26. Pleasant cool day with strong wind. We entered Sydney heads about 10 a.m. & came to the dock at noon.

The harbor entrance is a fine set of cliffs, the most notable thing on approaching Sydney is the great number of red tiled roofs. The city is very English, you know, the streets narrow & dusty. The harbor is magnificent and next to Rio de Janeiro is said to be the finest in the world. It is a holiday & I could not get my baggage stored, the town is full of holiday visitors & I could find no rooms at the hotels so I had to ask the steward to let me stay on the boat until Wednesday, he agreed to do it.

Dec. 26. No sooner had the boat bumped up against the dock than the purser handed me a letter from Kate one from Professor Chase, some college bulletins &c. Wrote letters & walked around town this eve.

Dec. 27. Good N. breeze but exceedingly hot day. Offices are still closed & could do nothing except wait. Went over to the botanical gardens, beautiful for situation and most beautifully kept. Then went to equally fine Zool Gardens where there was a fine assortment of Kangaroos, wombats, wallaby, cockatoos, laughing king fishers, Emus & other characteristic Australian fauna.

Walked around town some though pretty hot for that and took meals in restaurants.
Dec. 28. Fine day with cool S. wind which makes it more endurable. This is an antipodal country the N. wind is hot the South wind is cold. Got my luggage out & stored in the dock baggage room, shipped a box of specimens after going through endless red tape & running back and forth between Lohman’s & the dock. Finally found a room at Roberts Hotel after much hunting. Sydney is full of visitors.

Secured ticket to America via Zealandia, taking the Warrimoo to Wellington on Saturday. Went down to Botany Bay this p.m. This was the site of the first settlement in Australia & the place where the convicts were sent from England for quite a while after the loss of the American colonies. Came back tonight & went to cinematograph show for a short time.

Dec. 29. Hot day, called on Mr Boorman but he was not in. Went down to Courulla beach S. of Botany bay. Did not find it up to expectations. The whole region rough & uncultivated with poor shabby farm houses & very few good fields or gardens. A region of great outlooks like the Drifters Area at home. Maturely dissected & wide open, numerous valleys. Came back this eve and wrote letters. Planned to go to Blue Mts. tomorrow.

Dec. 30. Started at 7:55 in crowded train for Katoomba. At first we pass over plains crowded with towns & villages, with their little brick & timber cottages, corrugated iron roofs predominating. It is a pasture country, little cultivation but numerous paddocks containing cattle & horses chiefly. Quite a number of orchards here & there. A few fields of corn, now ready to be cut. Finally we climb up the Blue Mts. to a height of 3500 ft. They are a great plateau Dec. 30 dissected greatly by streams. Walked several miles in the neighborhood of Katoomba, visited several waterfalls, which abound in this region. Walked through canyons a thousand feet deep, carpeted with ferns, passed through groves of the graceful tree fern & through great forests of conifers, eucalypti &c. Pretty hard climbing & feel tired tonight, returned to Sydney at dark & came to hotel.

Dec. 31. Mosquitoes raided me last night in good shape. Up early & took grip & camera over to the Warrimoo, attended to transfer of the baggage in bond. Then went to N.D.L. office for mail but none there, then went & bought boomerangs & a bull roarer for the museum also a few other articles. Then went to Berlin office Mr Boorman not there. Wrote a number of postals & a brief letter to Kate enclosing some photos. Ate a hasty lunch & went to Souls for one last glass of ice cream soda & then hurried to steamer. We left at 2:45, went down the beautiful harbor out through the heads & to sea. The boat is small, 2000 tons, and rolls some though the sea is very quiet. The boat is greatly crowded, in spite of the fact that it is a veritable old tub. I should think the company would pension the old scow and put on a decent boat in its stead. Went to bed quite early though some are going to sit up & see the old year out. Had quite a talk on Australia with a young fellow, a native of Melbourne, who is going to N.Z. to start an ink factory. Cloudy & dark tonight.

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Fine cool day, not much sea. Up early and sat on deck, read awhile. After breakfast, lay down & slept most of a.m. Making up for the loss in Sydney. Several of the great birds, the albatross, are following us. They are very graceful & also very swift of flight. They are an enlarged edition of the gull, but with dark wings. The body is white as is the under surface of the wings quite largely. The wings are very long & narrow & have a spread of 6 feet. We wished each other happy New Year at the table this a.m. I told the first officer that it was hard for me to realize it is New Year’s day. It is now about 4 p.m. and the New Year has just about arrived at Beloit, 16 hours later than it came here at longitude 156.
Talking Australia & N.Z. with passengers, almost started a fight at lunch between the first officer &

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a passenger over the labor conditions in Australia.

The first officer said they were no good, the other man said they were all right. The first officer was especially bitter in his remarks against the law which forbids colored labor in the colonies. He says you cannot get decent white firemen, they are drunk all of the time. Log. Lat. 35°20', Long. 156°11'. Miles 266. Miles to Wellington 973. Strong wind from the west came up this p.m. & it is very rough tonight, with port holes closed.

Jan. 2. Bright clear day, strong wind & high sea. We go bobbing about like a cork. Boat pitches too much to walk & so read most of the day, Origins of Religion &c. Talked with my room mate a man by the name of Duff & with several of the passengers.

One old N. Zealander who sits next to me at the table says that the labor laws are ruining N.Z. The workmen are worse off than they were. Industries like lumbering are being driven out of the country because wages are too high. The country is terribly in debt, the most so per capita of any country on earth, and the country goes on borrowing. Log today Lat. 37°12' Long 162°39'. 332 mi. 641 to Wellington. One fellow wanted me to go into a pool on the days run, but would not do it. They are getting up a concert & wanted me to sing a song, just fancy of course I had to refuse. The albatrosses still follow us with their tireless wings. Had a little entertainment this eve Mr Black presided, M. Pebribuzzi played the piano, Duff recited Shakespeare, Collins sang as did one or two others.

Jan. 3. Cold clear day with stiff wind, rolling sea, plunging ship. Did little but read & walk the decks. Passed a square rigged ship about noon, bound for Sydney. It was a fine sight to see her sails all set plunging over the rolling blue sea.

The water comes into our cabin occasionally but it has not soaked any of the baggage yet. Log, Lat. 37°7' Long. 169°3'. Mi. run 324, miles to Wellington 317. New moon tonight.

Jan 4. Got up at 4 as the boat was running steadily and opened the port to get a little air. Land was in sight at that hour, a portion of South island. Went to sleep again & on going to the deck at 7 a.m. we were entering Cook's Straits. The tide rushes through the strait at a great rate causing quite a commotion on the water. Soon North island is in sight, not as lofty and picturesque as South island. Thousands of sea fowl are swimming about on the waters of the strait, a great many gulls follow us but the albatrosses have left. They are not birds of the land, they love the open sea. As we approach Wellington, infrequent farm houses appear, generally on low land but sometimes on top of the steep debris laden cliffs. We pass the rock on which one of this company’s boats was wrecked 2 years ago & so many perished then on to the mouth of Wellington harbor, we wind & twist about & finally arrive at the pier. The harbor is land locked & very secure with high hills all about, reminding one a little of Hong Kong. The city is built chiefly on hills & the houses are scattered about over the slopes like so many sheep. One storey [sic] cottages are favorites and frame buildings predominate as this is a lumber country or used to be before the labor legislation, drove capital out. The Government office building is said to be the largest frame building in the
world. Went there to see Dr Bell of the N.Z. Geol. Sur. but he was out in the field met one of his assistants and secured some literature on South Island Geology. Went to the tourist agency and got tickets to Lake Wakatipu and returned. Also engaged my berth for Auckland next week. Found mail from Kate, Art and Miss Tucker. Had quite a rumpus with custom officials, they wanted to charge duty on my stuff, I said not much, I will leave it here in bond. The Maori, a ferry boat which takes us 175 miles to Lyttleton in South Island left at 8:30 p.m. She is a turbine boat and very fast. Was glad to leave the old Warrimoo, she shook quivered & creaked so that I expected to see her shake apart any moment. The ferry is very crowded & had to pay extra for a berth.

Jan. 5. On arising found that we were entering Lyttleton Harbor, dressed & got the grip off and on to the Christ Church train. After long delay we started and ran the 7 miles to C. in a hurry, transferred there to the Dunedin train, where we arrived at 4 p.m. in the handsomest station of N.Z. Put up at the MacKenzie, a Scotch hotel, as almost everything else is here. A characteristic Scotch town prosperous & substantial with pleasing brick & stone buildings both for residents & business purposes. The city is partly built on hills & here is very irregular but partly on a bar between the ocean & the very irregular harbor. Starting at Christ Church we crossed the very level Canterbury plain, a great flat area made up largely of coarse shingle, with wide irregular sprawling rivers running across it. The soil is so full of gravel that it hardly seems possible that it is fertile but good crops of wheat oats & potatoes are growing, though the grain is largely harvested & stacked now. Pasturage is a great feature and tens of thousands of sheep are feeding, their destiny is one of the numerous freezing plants of the region where they are frozen & sent to England.

The country makes you think of England, winding roads all lined with hedges, no fences, all hedges chiefly of gorse. As we approach Dunedin we come into a hilly country and the engine has great difficulty in pulling the train around the numerous curves and up the steep grades. The whole region between Christ Church & Dunedin (230 miles) is well settled, with prosperous looking farms, villages & cities. Stock is the great business then grain then fruit. Very rarely freezes here at Dunedin so that stock can run all winter, though the latitude is 45° S, about equivalent to Northern Wis. Dunedin has a poor harbor, it is all silted up but seems progressive in spite of that draw back. Went up one of the steep streets & watched the sun set behind the N.Z. hills & then looked out on the ocean which extends an unbroken waste of waters to the ice clad continent of Antarctica.

Jan. 6. Up early, had a slim breakfast & that only after a long wait. Started for Wakatipu at 8:20. Rather a long tedious ride the train stops often & long, dusty too. We pass through a much rougher country than yesterday, a great deal of moorland & marsh. Sheep and more sheep, a good many cattle & horses also cultivated farms, wheat & oats chiefly. We work our way up valleys surrounded by hills & toward the end of our journey snow capped mountains appear. Arrived at the lake at 4:30 & took the boat to Queenstown. Had a good deal of trouble to find a room but finally found one, at the Mountaineer Hotel. Fine roads even way up in this country and a good many bicyclers. Frankly speaking I am disappointed in the lake and its surroundings. The bare character of the hills & mountains is partly the cause, but the scenery though tamer than I supposed it would be is yet very fine.

Bracken is growing everywhere and that makes green spots, it like watercress in the streams is driving out all the native flora. The lake is a preglacial valley dammed by a moraine at Kingston. There are some really fine & distinct terraces.
Jan. 7. I am lodged in a little crooked room in a little crooked house, there is a potato garden in front of the door, and a little old crooked man works in it. He cautioned me very earnestly to shut & latch the gate behind me. Fair meals at the Mountaineer Hotel with Chinese cooks, I thought we were done with the Chinee boys but it seems not. Wrote letters & read a geological report on Lake Wakatipu, then went out & tried to find good specimens of folded and faulted schist, found one or two fair ones. This p.m. went out East & photoed the Mt. Range called “The Remarkables”. Looked for specimens but found nothing worth while, could hardly carry them even if I found them. Clouding up and threatens rain this Eve. A very strong S.W. wind is blowing down from the Mts.

Jan. 8. Dark rainy day. After breakfast stayed in hotel public room & read. It cleared up for a little while so went out along the lake shore and through the pretty public park. It started to rain again so went back to the room. Slept most of the p.m.

A lot of settlers from surrounding region in to dinner. Rains this eve. but in spite of that I walked around a good deal.

Jan. 9. Cold showery cloudy day. Went up to the head of the lake to Glenarchy. Disagreeable ride, cold & wet, the boat is overcrowded with passengers also. The scenery at the head of the lake is really fine, there are snow covered mountains in abundance, also a number of glaciers. The streams & the upper part of the lake have the characteristic milky color of glacial waters. Walked around the country for several miles taking photos & looking for specimens. Did not find anything worth while. Started back at 5 & took dinner on the boat. Put up at the Mountaineer, taken sick as soon as I reached the room & went to bed with terrible headache & sick stomach.

Jan. 10. Felt better & started by 8:20 boat for Kingston. Had a talk with Landlord Collins just as I was departing about the Maoris, sorry did not talk with him earlier as he knows a lot about them. Collins is the pleasantest & most obliging landlord I have met in all my travels. Came onto Kingston & then by slow tedious trains to Dunedin where arrived at 7 p.m. Put up at MacKenzie, they are full here & had to share a room with a N.Z. official of the land office. Walked around town awhile and indulged 3d worth of pastiles.

Jan. 11. Pleasant but hot, left hotel about 7 and lugged the heavy grip down to the station. Started for Christ Church & Lyttleton at 8. Got breakfast on train as we were passing Port Chalmers & the fine ocean scenery of that region.

Dusty tedious ride to Lyttleton where we arrived at 6 p.m. To my joy & surprise found the Monowai here and secured a berth through to Auckland instead of trans shipping as I had expected to do at Wellington. Had dinner on board & at 7 we are off for Wellington and the rest of the luggage if there is any left there. Put right out to sea where a strong S.E. wind is blowing with quite a beam sea resulting. Watched the sun set behind the Mts. of South Island for the last time. Had a fine view from the train of the Mt Cook range, a long line of snow capped Mts.

Jan. 12. Very high N.W. wind & rough sea, but I dont mind that much any more not even in these small boats. Arrived at W about 9 a.m. Hurried to Customs shed to see if the luggage was O.K. Found it stowed away in a gallery safe and sound. Had some trouble in getting it out, the officials insisted on examining it, in spite of my protest, but finally they let me have it & after paying storage & transfer charges I stowed it safely in my cabin with a sigh of relief. Had my watch fixed by a Scotchman John Brown by name, the mainspring was broken.

Went to P.O. for mail but there was none, went up on the hills East of town where there was a good view but too windy for comfort.
Went to the museum, where there is a fine Maori collection & also a skeleton of the extinct bird, the Moa\textsuperscript{584}, 12 feet high. Very good local collection indeed. Hurried back to the boat as she is to sail at 5 p.m., but it was 8 before we left.

Jan. 13. Pleasant warm cloudy day. In sight of the coast all of the time, chiefly high barren hills, with prominent cliffs at the shore. Reached Napier at noon. After lunch went ashore and looked the town over. It is a rambling place like most N.Z. towns, it wanders over the hills & up ravines & sprawls along the beaches. It is a typical sea side resort, with troops of children playing on the beach or bathing, scampering up & down as the big rollers come & go. Caught in a shower this p.m. & got somewhat wet. Left Napier at 8:30 p.m.

Saw quite a number of Maoris today, some with the remarkable native tatooring [sic] on their faces. Have a roommate tonight, do not know who as he came in after I had Jan. 13 gone to bed. Large crowd got on at Napier and the boat is very crowded.

Jan. 14. Raw cold cloudy morning with strong S.W. wind & high sea. We were anchored outside Gisborne\textsuperscript{585} when I arose & were pitching & rolling in the heavy sea.

A tender came out & took off a good many passengers, all had a serious time in getting on to the tender it was so rough, they were drenched with spray too. Did not try to go ashore it is so unpleasant but bundled up in a rug & read until time for the boat to start. Good many passengers got on, including an Opera troupe in 'The Dollar Princess'.\textsuperscript{586}

The boat is overcrowded again, have a man by name of Thompson in with me. Left Gisborne about noon & proceed north to Tokomaru Bay\textsuperscript{587} where we load & unload passengers by means of a basket, landing them in a small gasoline launch.

It is a ticklish job as the boat jumps about so. Quite a number of Maoris leave, they travel first class. Stayed here half an hour then start for Auckland, running near to the rocky high cliffed shore, with its barren hills lying behind. They seem to be burning these hills over today as vast volumes of smoke are rolling away from them. Fine moonlight night. Went on upper deck & open a sky light so our cabin would get more air, the lazy stewards dont attend to business so the passengers must.

Jan. 15. Fine warm day, cloudy & threatening tonight. Landed at Auckland about 11. Enjoyed the ride up the harbor with its volcanic peaks & low wooded shores of sandstone.

Tried to get the steward on the Navua, which sails for Suva on Wednesday to care for my baggage until then, he refused, then tried to get it stored on the dock but that failed, so gave it to a van man Nelson by name to store. Came to the Royal & had dinner, then walked down to the shore to look at the rocks, and around town also. Went to a Socialist meeting at the Opera House, very good talk on the Coming Revolution\textsuperscript{588}.

Auckland has a fine safe harbor, the city of 100000 is much like other N.Z. cities, an imitation of an English city, spread out over hills & valleys.

Jan. 16. Pleasant cloudy day. Went to Union D.S. Co. office & found letters & papers from Kate & others, also one from Glen that told me terrible news. How I wish I could have seen Mother once more\textsuperscript{589}. I picked up my grip

Jan. 16. & got over to the station somehow & on the platform walking up & down I had the struggle with another great sorrow. Came down to Ratoria, saw little, only I know it was a dreary dusty ride. Put up at the Capitol Park View House & after dinner went out & looked at some hot springs & mud geysers. They were not of much interest, nothing in comparison with the Yellowstone. Cool evening & a beautiful sunset.
Jan. 17. Got up early & went to Whakarewarewa and obtained a Maori woman for guide through the reserve. Very interesting geyser basin, also some large hot pools & springs. Went back to hotel & after a trout breakfast started back to Auckland.

Very dusty ride, the whole country is volcanic & covered with fine pumicious ash, this blows into the car in clouds & one is soon like a dusty miller in appearance. Some parts of the country are wild & covered with fine forests in which the beautiful tree fern is conspicuous, much of it is moorland covered with heather & gorse & used for sheep grazing. Men are vainly trying to burn the stuff off. You see but little cultivated land & that near Auckland. Very hot uncomfortable day.

Reached Auckland at 5 p.m. went to the Royal where I have the same room again No 54., had a good hot bath & wrote postal cards & a letter to Kate. Very hot tonight, no air stirs.

Jan. 18. Up early & after breakfast went to P.O. & mailed the cards & letter then to U.S.S. Co. to see if there was any more mail then to Wilsons to get baggage transferred, then to museum where I showed the fossil bones to the curator & obtained 6 Maori axes in exchange for them, then out to Mt. Eden, an extinct volcano, which I climbed & had a fine view of the country & the two oceans for one can see across N.Z. here. Came back & went aboard the boat which sailed at 2:25. Hot day but cloudy & a little breeze. My room mate to Suva is a Mr Condon of Sydney. Watched the sun set.

Jan. 19. Bright cool day, fine N.E. breeze, cumulus clouds & a light sea. Finished Origin of Religions. Walked all over the ship, have quite a cargo of sheep, pigs & horses. Quite a large number of passengers also. Not much doing the same program of sea & sky, with a few wandering albatrosses following the steamer.

Repacked some of my stuff & took out things that I shall leave with Win. Looks threatening tonight, dark heavy clouds in the south but nothing comes of it. Had a fine view of the constellation of the Southern Cross and the stars in its vicinity. The Nebula known as Magellans Clouds are conspicuous in these Southern skies. Log 32°42' - 175°23' 255 miles.

Jan. 20. Bright warm day with fresh N.E. wind & light cumulus clouds. Read as usual & paced the deck. The old program to look at, sea & sky, with a few sea birds, the sooty petrel especially, flying between. Log Lat. 28°2 Long. 175 48 miles 281 Distance to Suva 638. We are not going direct to Suva but to a station in the western part of the Fijis first, the station is Lantoka.

Jan. 21 Bright cool day, quite a breeze & a good deal of motion to the boat but that does not affect me in the least only it makes walking difficult. The spray dashes upon the deck & wets down the passengers every few minutes. Quite a good many are sea sick. We are getting up into the region where daily showers are a part of the program. The wind is veering from N.E. to E & S.E. as we go northward. Usual lazy life, it is getting warmer & the life will be lazier. Log. Lat 23°24', long. 176°24'. Miles 277, 361 mi to Lantoka. Very quiet time aboard, passengers do not seem inclined to talk & so I read or walk, or try to get away from the stench of our cargo of horses pigs & sheep. Hard rain came up this p.m. & it is simply pouring tonight. Went into salon and heard a Mr Knowles play & sing, he has a good voice.

Jan. 22. We had a very severe storm in the night, terrific gale & rain storm. It is rough this a.m. & rains most of the time. Clearing up at noon & wind moderating. The Capt. has decided to go straight to Suva & not to Lantoka as he fears to keep the Zealandia waiting if he does not. Reach Suva at 9 p.m. Have sat on deck & watched the sea most of the day, read & walked some. Log. Lat. 19°24'. Long. 177°12'. Miles 252. Suva 101. Reached Suva at 9 p.m. Boat docked after a Medical Examination but did not go ashore. Very hot & close.
Jan. 23. Hot muggy morning, stayed on Navua until Zealandia came in & berthed which was about 10 a.m. Secured a native & got my baggage over then went ashore & wrote several postal cards. Secured 1 or 2 souvenirs a spoon from a man by the name of John T. Collie. Walked about Suva, picturesque town with winding roads of coral and bungalows perched about with outs system. Plenty of vegetation trees and flowering plants abundant. The natives who are a vigorous athletic looking race likes [sic] to wear flowers in their long wavy hair which stands up straight a la pompadour. The hibiscus & other showy flowers are thus worn. Very hot & muggy, heavy rain about noon with severe thunder & lightning & it rains now, 3 p.m. Great many Indians here, they work on the sugar plantations. Some parts of the town are quite like a bit of India. Chinese here also chiefly as merchants & wood workers.

Jan. 23. The passengers are amusing themselves by throwing coins in the water for the native boys who dive and get them, very rarely missing one. I wasted two coppers on the performance. We started out at 5 p.m., 2 hours late.

We ran around the great reef with the white breakers running over it, then pushed out rapidly to sea.

Passed light house about 9 p.m. went down then & had a hot seawater bath & to bed in the stuffy cabin with its 3 occupants.

Jan. 23. The Captain posted a notice to the effect that as we had crossed the Meridian of 180, we would have another Monday, and so have to have two days numbered the 23d. Taken pretty sick in the night & had hard time of it, something I had eaten I guess, tho it may have been the oppressive heat of Suva, or perhaps the jamming of 2 Mondays into one week upset my poor old stomach, I was sick whatever the cause.

Kept pretty quiet & lay down most of the time. Beautiful day rather cool, light cirrus clouds & a mild east wind no sea to speak of & the boat is very steady. Log Lat. 15°1’ Long 178°13’ W 596 miles 285. 2490 to Honolulu. We are now in the Western hemisphere & our day is the same as that at home only we are 6 hours later today. It is 1:30 p.m. here & we have just had lunch, while it is 7:30 p.m. at home & supper is over. Had sports on deck this p.m. did not join. Some singing & playing this eve. Talked with the ship’s doctor awhile about the cloud effects which are fine this eve.


Jones in our cabin is sick today with similar trouble, some say it is the water. They took on a supply at Suva, I have little faith in tropical drinking water. Log lat 9°38’. Long 175°29’ 361 mi. 2429 to Honolulu. Passed 2 islands yesterday p.m. they were good size and much like Fiji’s in appearance but did not belong to that group, do not know where they belong. There was a concert tonight on Promenade deck, did not go. Talked with Dr. Cully of Flint Mich. quite a while.

Jan. 25. Fine cool day with strong N.E. wind & rough sea. We are evidently in the region of the trades again. The steward closed the port at 4 a.m. & I went up on deck & slept until 6. Passed Mary Is. at 1 p.m. very fine example of the type of coral island called the atoll, the finest I have seen. The lagoon inside was bright green in contrast to the deep blue of the ocean outside. There was a fringe of trees & bushes growing on the island among them a few cocoa nuts.

Jan. 25. Over the island there were hovering sea birds by the ten thousand, the air was dark with them. A large dark colored bird of very graceful flight was most conspicuous but there were numerous petrels also. Someone said the large bird was the frigate bird. The island is uninhabited & off by itself & so favorable to birds. Bright clear night & very few clouds but quite rough sea.
Jan. 26. Clear pleasant day, inclined to be a little showery at times but does not last long. Read some talked with the Australian who was going to the Univ. of Wis. 1st & 2nd cabin had a tug of war, 2nd won easily. Crossed the Equator a little before noon and we are now in the Northern hemisphere again. Strong N.E. wind & a sea quite rough & the boat begins to roll about quite a little. Decided to sleep in the smoking room tonight as it is too hot & close down stairs for comfort. Good many of passengers are sick, it is found that it is all due to lead poisoning, from water kept in lead tanks. Log 7° N 169° 38' 332 mi. 1447 mi. to Honolulu.

Jan. 27. Cool cloudy day, strong N.E. wind but it does not blow as hard as yesterday, long rollers are running however & boat pitches a good deal yet. Had a haircut, the barber is a very pleasant fellow, says he was a school teacher in Indiana where he was brought up. Board not very good & I take advantage of it by eating little. Log today 5° 9'. 166° 53' 344 mi. 1103 to Honolulu. Frequent showers this p.m. & evening.

Jan. 28. Cool cloudy day frequent showers go scurrying across the sea, unpleasant on deck & stayed inside most of the time.

Light N.E. wind, not much sea but quite a swell which keeps the boat rocking. Figured up the mileage traveled, it equals 45000 miles, of which 35000 by sea & 10000 by land & inland navigation. Log Lat. 10° 22' Long. 164° 1'. 358 miles, 744 miles to Honolulu.

Wrote up some impressions on our relation to the colored races of the globe. Concert tonight but did not go, went to bed instead.

Jan. 29. Cool day with frequent violent rain squalls, high wind from N.E. & rough sea. Boat rolls & pitches a good deal. Went to Church in first cabin Captain Phillips read the lessons & a Church of England clergyman conducted rest of service. Very tame sermon on rendering service to God. I hope Tannissee is having a better day for her birthday than it is here. Read some & walked decks when rain would permit. So close below that I decided to sleep in smoking room & went up there about 10:30. Contributed 1.00 toward a fund for a woman on board who is dead broke.

Jan. 30. Cool cloudy day, high N.E. wind & very rough sea. Usual Jan. 30. routine. We came in sight of the Hawaii group about 1:30 p.m. High Mts and table lands showing through the mist. Log 20° 35' lat. 158° 17' Long. Miles 333. 49 to Honolulu. Reached H about 5. Went ashore for a little while & looked over the town. Rainy & unpleasant. Had letters from Kate giving more details of Mother’s illness & death. Went to bed early but did not sleep. Read the R.T. Kate sent me & wrote postals & mailed them.

Jan. 31. Got up early & walked around town bought a spoon after breakfast went out to the aquarium with its wonderful collection of colored fish. Walked out to Diamond Head and examined the volcanic debris there. Tried to send some curios from here but found it not practicable. Visited the old mission church and the home of the first missionaries.

Then hurried to boat, stopped long enough to buy a bag of peanuts from a Jap, then I heard the steamers warning whistle & hurried to the boat. We left promptly on the hour 3 p.m. The Hawaiian band gave us some fine music just as we were leaving. High wind & very rough, we began pitching as soon as we got outside the coral reef. Took a photo of Diamond Head as we passed by, Very dark gloomy day with constant showers of fine misty rain. Very bad night, a perfect gale is raging & the boat pitches so, one can hardly walk.

Passed thru the strait between Oahu & Maui & could see both islands at once. The surf on the high rocky cliffs of Oahu was superb, a number of spouting horns could be seen.

Feb 1. Had to sleep in a wet bed & in a very stuffy cabin last night. I got up & opened the port for a few minutes to air out the room when a wave banged through & soaked my bunk. Very
rough today but not as bad as last night. Walked the decks a good deal. Cold raw cloudy day with high N.E. wind that we have had all the way from Auckland. Very few left at Honolulu & several got on so we are as crowded as ever.

Making out a schedule of the presents I have for the customs at Seattle. Very rough stormy night though the stars are out & a new moon has appeared also.

Feb. 2. Cold gloomy day, the sea rough & black as ink. It was very rough during the night. Ports all closed & very stuffy down stairs but it is almost too cold to sleep up stairs. The boat is making very poor time against the adverse winds. Passed the Mukura early she was out of her course by reason of the severe storm. She reported that it was below zero in Vancouver when she left. Repacked & listed more articles today, quite a job take it altogether. Log. 28°55’, long. 151°27’. 607 320 miles, 1768 to Victoria. Moon breaks through

Feb 2. the clouds and shines fitfully upon the black angry sea. It is a weird scene at night.

Feb. 3. Colder but pleasanter as the heavy clouds begin to break away and the sun shines out once in a while. The wind is shifting to N.W. it blows hard & the sea is still quite rough. Repacked all the rest of the Souvenirs and made an inventory of them. I have only one lost one or two articles of small value, though I expected more or less of them would be stolen while in storage or by employees on the boats. Slept below again last night but sleep is broken, the air is bad and the boat rolls a good deal. Log today Lat. 33°8’ – Long. 147°25’ 608 - 328 miles. 1440 miles to Victoria. Opened up the port tonight as the wind has shifted over on to the port side away from our cabin.

Feb 4. Cold but fairly clear with strong N.W. wind. The boat rolls a good deal & it is a job to walk the decks besides it is pretty cold. The smoking room is so thick with smoke you can fairly cut it but it is the only warm room on the ship, & I have to stay there a good deal. Read a good deal today, The Port of Missing Men and magazines. The sea is again quite rough and the wind blows hard. Log today Lat. 37°15’ – Long. 142°43’ 610 Miles 338. Distance to Victoria 1104. Gulls are following the steamer tonight the first I have seen since leaving Hawaii, they are a long way out to sea for we must be at least 1000 miles from land, we are about due west from San F. tonight. The wireless operator said that he had messages last night both from Cape Flattery and Honolulu. Concert tonight but did not go to it.

Feb. 5. Cold dismal morning but toward noon the sun begins to shine. N.W. gale and we are in the trough of the waves and the boat rolls worse than at any time on the trip. Almost impossible to eat, sleep, walk or even sit in comfort since one must keep braced all of the time. Too cold to be on deck much & I have shivered all day as the cabins are not adequately warmed. Read Munseys for February & other stuff. Log today 41°8’ – 137°19’ 611, 342 miles, 760 to Victoria.

Wild boisterous cold night, walked the decks for a long time this evening. No birds today.


Feb 6. Concert tonight, did not go, watched a cricket game this p.m. 1st cabin beat 2nd cabin. Rainy tonight.

Feb. 7. Cold & showery, not much sea or wind. Saw the Washington coast as soon as I came on deck. Passed C. Flattery about 9 and came up the straits rapidly.

Land visible on both side [sic], heavily forested & patches of snow here & there. The Olympias covered with snow show up finely on the South. Bright & warm this p.m. Log. Lat. 48°18’ – Long. 123°51’ 613 – 372 miles 31 miles to Victoria. We arrived at V. at 2 p.m. as soon as we finished the tedious medical and immigration examinations got baggage over to Seattle boat
& at 4:30 we were off. Arrived at Seattle at 9:30. Had great time with customs officials but finally got out & hustled baggage over to station & left for Portland at 11:15. Lost the camera in the mix up.

Feb 8. Woke up at Portland, walked about the city a little & came on to Hood River. Win came after me with his big grays. We rode out along the beautiful valley with snow clad Mts on every hand & the magnificent Mt Hood dominating everything. Had fine views of the Cascades of the Columbia on the way from Portland. Win & family well, I would not have known the children. Ross especially has changed. It is a fine sightly place for a home, the house is neat & comfortable & very pleasant. There is a fine orchard on the place. Pitched into the apples & distributed my little gifts. Walked around the orchard this p.m. warm and pleasant afternoon & bright sunshine. Ate several apples, they are fine.

Feb 9. Dull cloudy day & rather cold. Stayed in house most of day, too muddy to walk much. The children play out of doors, Ross has an air rifle that he uses a good deal. Read a good deal, talked with Win a good deal & ate apples, they are good. Clouding up tonight & threatening. Sat before the fire & talked until 10. The Jap came in for awhile.

Feb 10. Snowing this morning, dark damp day. Win took me out for a drive up the valley to see the orchards, enjoyed the trip, even if it was chilly. The children are studying & reciting, they work under the Calver system<sup>614</sup> & seem to get along well. They are both very attractive children. Ate apples and visited all day. Ross and Dorothy have gone up on one of the foothills this p.m. We reminisce a good deal about Mother and the old days at Delavan & the lake.

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<sup>1</sup> His mother, who lived in Delevan at the time; his brother Winfred, and his wife Kate.
<sup>2</sup> Edward Dwight Eaton, for whom the chapel is named, was president of Beloit College from 1886-1905 and from 1907-1917.
<sup>3</sup> Probably David B. Worthington, Beloit Postmaster and President of the Daily News Publishing Co, resided at 811 Church Street.
<sup>4</sup> Henry Mitchell Whitney was professor of rhetoric and English literature from 1871-1899 at Beloit, and presumably would have taught Collie while he was a student (Collie graduated in 1881).
<sup>5</sup> Charles A. Emerson, druggist; store was at 361 E. Grand Ave, resided at 905 Church Street. Son of Joseph Emerson, Beloit College professor.
<sup>6</sup> Maybe Aura C. Tucker, instructor at Beloit College, resided at 905 Church Street.
<sup>7</sup> Probably the daughter of Edward F. Hansen, secretary/treasurer of Beloit Savings Bank, resided at 924 Chapin St.
<sup>8</sup> Professor Erastus G. Smith, called E. G. by faculty and students alike; Chemistry and Mineralogy, 1881-1921.
<sup>9</sup> Probably the wife of Josiah Dwight Whitney (1898). He moved to the east coast, worked in newspapers and insurance, and died in 1926.
<sup>10</sup> Mendle – one of his cabin mates.
<sup>11</sup> Knoll – his other cabin mate.
<sup>12</sup> Uprising by English-speaking residents in S. Africa in 1896; an early sign of the unrest that would culminate in the Boer War.
<sup>13</sup> Capital of Tanzania.
<sup>14</sup> One of the daughters of Charles A. Reibe, residing at 941 Vine Street, Beloit. She and “her sisters” were on the ship. The females in the household are listed a Elsie, Helene B., and Martha (Beloit City Directory, 1910).
<sup>15</sup> Lies between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Canada.
<sup>16</sup> Kronprinzessin Cecelie was built for North German Lloyd in 1906. Lapland was built in 1908 for the Red Star Line of Antwerp. Celtic was built for the White Star Line in 1901 and transferred to the American Line in 1907. Minneapolis was an Atlantic Transport Ship.
<sup>17</sup> Telegraph station 300 km southeast of Halifax Nova Scotia. Also the site of a famous life-saving station.
<sup>18</sup> Which, clearly, never was inserted.
<sup>19</sup> Abbreviation for “account.”
<sup>20</sup> Prohibition was a prominent issue of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century.
Position entry

A point of land located at the southeastern tip of the Avalon Peninsula in Newfoundland, Canada. Site of wireless station built in 1904.

*Saxonia* was built in 1899 for the Cunard Steamship Co., *Majestic* was built for the White Star Line in 1890. *Graf Waldersee* was built for the Hamburg America Line in 1898. *Bulgaria* was built for the Hamburg America Line in 1898.

Also never inserted.

Position location

Fire on the Seattle WA waterfront on June 10, 1910 – Collie hears of it two days later – that destroyed the Galbraith Bacon storehouse and stables, and the entire block bordered by Railroad and Elliott avenues and Battery and Wall streets. It also gutted the four-story brick Glenorchy Hotel on Western Avenue north of Wall, four apartment houses, two restaurants, a hardware store, and much else including more than a dozen residences.

Roosevelt had been on safari in Africa in March 1910. Presumably he was returning to the U. S. on the *Augusta Victoria*.

*Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* was originally named *Europa* but was renamed when she was launched by her namesake in August 1905. The largest ship in the world until the arrival of Cunard's *Lusitania, Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* made her maiden voyage from Hamburg to New York on 10 May 1906. The *St. Paul* was the first American built screw express steamers. She was a steel vessel built in 1895 by W. Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia. The *Mauretania* was launched in 1906 and made her maiden voyage in 1907. She was the fastest and largest passenger steamer in the world for 20 years.

Daily news received by telegraph when ship was at sea.

The *Rotterdam* was the fourth so named ship of the Holland America line, and was launched in 1908. The *Megantic* was a passenger ship of the White Star Line, launched in 1909. The *Minnetonka* was an Atlantic Transport Company ship. The *Cedric* was built for the White Star Line and was launched in 1902.

Position

See note 27.

Position

The *Bluchet* was a Hamburg America Line ship, built in 1901. She served on the trans-Atlantic route until 1911.

The *Kroonland* was built in 1902 for the American Line. The *Carmania* was launched in 1905 for the Cunard Line. The *Kronprinz Wilhelm* was built for North German Lloyd of Breman, Germany in 1901. The *Adriatic* was built for the White Star Line, launched in 1906 and made her maiden voyage in 1907.

Cannot document this reference

Lighthouse 4 miles west of the Scilly Islands, Britain’s southwest most point of land.

Separates England from Europe.

A group of islands off of Lands End in Cornwall, England.

Holland America steamer.

Stands on a treacherous group of rocks some fourteen miles out at sea, bearing 211° from Plymouth Breakwater, in the South West of the United Kingdom.

Robert K. Richardson, History professor at Beloit College from 1901-1947, resided at 842 Church Street.

Port in France.

Type of flat-bottomed boat used to transfer goods to and from moored ships. They were used when dockage was not available.

Probably Capt Friedrich Averdam.

Edward C. Ritsher, class of 1886, a lawyer in Chicago, died in 1910.

A Chicago newspaper of the time.

Position

Probably one of the ships that ferried people from the mainland to Terschelling Island.

Collie is wrong here – it should be Terschelling Island, one of the Wadden Islands off the Dutch coast.

It is customary to tip service help on board a ship. Collie probably paid in American currency. According to http://www.westegg.com/inflation/infl.cgi a $1.00 tip would be worth about $20.50 in 2005.

North German Lloyd Company – a ship line based in Germany.

In American they were called “Automats” – the first and most famous being Horn & Hardart’s in New York City.

Major north German port city on the Elbe River.

The scale of everything in Europe is smaller than in the USA – farm land is precious and carefully used.
Built in 1899 by the Woermann Trading Company (a firm which made a fortune trading with Africa during the colonial period).  

The Hamburg Zoo (or Animal Park).  

Hagenbeck established a Wild West Show near Hamburg in 1907. In the summer of 1910 he had an entire Indian agency set up at his zoo, in which a group of Sioux Indians under Chief Spotted Weasel could be observed by the visitors. The exhibition included a program that was similar to Buffalo Bill’s, with Indian attacks on a log cabin and on a stagecoach, and horse stealing thrown in for good measure.  

Offertory boxes, usually on long sticks. First Congregational Church of Beloit used them for many years.  

The line operated passenger and cargo services between Germany and East African, West African and South African ports from 1890.  

Private yacht of Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm, of Germany.  

Hospice Zum Centrum; no information is available.  

A famous boulevard in Berlin originally planted with lime trees.  

Souvenir spoons, made by silversmiths in large cities, were (and are) collected by some travelers.  

A famous chocolate maker, originally from the Netherlands, later also located in Berlin.  

The museum by the time of Collie’s visit had been moved to the location near Lehrter station. Lacking any state support, it teetered and tottered until it finally collapsed on the eve of World War I.  

Founded in 1841, it is considered the oldest zoo in Germany. It was founded by Frederick William IV.  

The George Washington was the ship Collie sailed to Europe on. Built for North German Lloyd in 1908, it was launched in 1909, and so was only a year in service when Collie traveled on it.  

The Ethnological Museum was founded in 1873 and in 1886 it moved into its own building in Stresemannstrasse.  

One purpose of Collie’s trip was to find archaeological material for the Logan collection, as he was the director of the museum at that time.  

Hot air balloons were used for transportation in Europe. The Hindenburg didn’t explode until 1937, ending the use of the dirigibles for safety reasons.  

The waterways of Berlin were used to transport goods around the city and region.  

Albrecht Penck, a German geologist/geographer.  

Almost certainly John Paul Goode, faculty member at the University of Chicago, who later published Goode’s World Atlas.  

The “circular line” train route in Berlin. It was admired as an engineering and aesthetic marvel of its time.  

German for “good wishes,” the colloquial equivalent of “have a good trip.”  

Rotterdam—the Netherlands; Southampton—England. The ship stopped both places to take on more passengers before heading to Africa.  

This was a period when Christian missionaries were sent out by “Missionary Societies” to spread the Christian message (and often bring food and clothing) to the “primitives” or “savages” in Africa.  

The river that forms the border between Belgium and The Netherlands for 70 km.  

City in the province of South Holland, the Netherlands, known for its gin and windmills.  

City from which the Pilgrims set sail for America in 1620.  

Smith is probably the most common surname in the United States. Collie is commenting on this.  

Delft ware was produced in the city of Delft, The Netherlands. The pottery was copied from the porcelain brought back by the Dutch East India Company from China beginning in the 1650’s.  

Geroge H. Cram, owner of “Boots and Shoes” at 330 State Street, resided at 735 Church Street.  

Tannsee and Kenneth, his children.  

Coal briquettes were used as a fuel.  

Given the amount of coal needed to stoke a ship’s furnace, this is somewhat unusual cargo.  

One of the decks of the ship, obviously open to the weather.  

Position  

Island off the coast of England, about 15 km off Portsmouth.  

The area between the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and Southampton on the English coast.  

One of the royal English residences (should be Osborne), located on the Isle of Wight. Favorite residence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; Victoria spent most of her time there after the Prince Consort’s death.  

Built in 1889 for the White Star Line, by 1910 she was near the end of her operating life.  

Tugboats were needed to pull large ships that couldn’t get up to speed and would have had problems maneuvering in shallow and narrow waterways.  

44°N, 4°W – off the coast of France, and north of the coast of Spain/Portugal.
Collie is likely correct in his assessment that all the Middle Easterners are Muslim, particularly given his later observation of their habits.

Workers whose job it was to put more coal in the furnaces – hot, dirty, and exhausting work.

Further information is not available.

Carl Hagenbeck – established the Wild West Show in Berlin, this is a reference to one of his students. **Position.** One knot, or one nautical mile, is equal to 1.15 land miles, so about 115 miles. Why Collie chose to use knots here, and only here, is a mystery. **Position.** Off the northwest coast of Spain.


Probably a reference to the Scots clan.

Probably a Pekingese.

The major River in Lisbon, Portugal.

Frank Livermore, fire insurance salesman, resided at 1010 Bushnell Street.

Porter B. Yates, president and general manager of The Berlin Machine Works, resided at 710 Broad Street.

Tertiary period – the largest portion of the most recent geologic period (the Cenozoic Era), from 26 to 66 million years ago.

Shorthand for “between.”

Wife of the US Consul in Lisbon – wrote to US Dept of State 4/20/06 for information.

Unit of Portuguese currency

Reference is to a “Gala Peter” chocolate candybar. Collie’s sweet tooth was acting up.

Morocco, on the west side of the Strait of Gibraltar

Glen – his brother, Henry Glenwood Collie;

C. B. Salmon – President and treasurer of the Beloit Water Gas & Electric Co., resided at 719 Bushnell.

Cape de Gata – on the southern coast of Spain, near Almeria.

Further east on the Spanish coast, near Cartagena.

Mt. Ararat, where the Ark landed, as in Genesis.

**Position**

Off the Spanish coast, south of Barcelona composed of four individual islands including Majorca.

**Position**

Indigestion.

Site of the prison in Dumas’ The Count of Monte Cristo, an island very close to Marseille.

The reference is to The Count of Monte Cristo.

Three ships of the US Navy, all serving as training ships in 1910. The Massachusetts was launched in 1893 and served as a training vessel for the US Naval Academy in 1910; the Iowa was launched in 1896, and the Indiana was launched in 1895.

East and West.

Lies between Corsica and Sardinia, off the coast of Italy

The town is on the southern tip of Corsica.

One of the North German Lloyd ships, built in 1902.

Major river in Africa. The 2,574 km (1,600 mile) long river has its source in Zambia and flows through Angola, along the border of Namibia, Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe, to Mozambique, where it empties into the Indian Ocean. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zambezi)

A boat or small steamer for communication between shore and a larger ship, and often to attend to the larger ship for provisions and transportation of passengers.

Built in the late 1800’s in Naples. It still contains numerous cafés, businesses, book and record shops, and fashionable stores. Once it held theatres and restaurants as well, and was, indeed, the sitting room of bourgeois Naples.

“Kellner & Lampe – no further information is available..

Major city in Kenya – it would be Collie’s next major port-of-call.

“Adea Cara Napoli” & “Bella Napoli” were two local songs. The latter translates to “Beautiful Naples.”

Egypt, the north end of the Suez Canal.

A volcano located on one of the Aeolian Islands off Italy, that is famous for the frequency of its eruptions.

Stromboli – the volcano was unusually active in 1905, 1906, and 1907.

Probably a reference to the December 28,1908 earthquake that destroyed Messina, Sicily, which is quite close to the Island of Stromboli.
An Italian volcano located on the east coast of Sicily, close to Messina and Catania.

The southeastern most part of the “toe” of Italy, extending into the Ionian Sea.

Position

More formally, the *Prinzregent Luitpold*, launched 1894, began the Bremen-Suez-Far East run in 1904.

Purser – the official on board responsible for papers and accounts and for the comfort and welfare of the passengers.

“The Outlook”: a magazine of the period, published from at least 1897-1933. President Theodore Roosevelt was an editor beginning in 1909.

Women were traditionally thought to bring bad luck to ships and sailors, though nuns being worse might be a variant on that.

Position

Noble J. Ross, Vice president of Beloit Iron Works, also a College trustee, lived at 819 Park Ave.

Mr. Logan – Frank Logan, Collie’s friend and financier, member of the Board of Trustees of Beloit College, and an instrumental figure in the Anthropology Museum named for him.

Professor F. E. Converse, superintendent of the Beloit City Schools.

An Arab lateen-rigged boat usually having a long overhang forward, a high poop, and an open waist.

The Suez canal, opened in 1869.

A lake near the city of Ismailia in Egypt, along the Suez Canal.

The ruler of Egypt of Egypt.

A hot, dry, violent wind laden with dust from Asian and African deserts.

A rocky island in the Gulf of Suez

“A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,” also known as the Bach chorale “Ein Feste Burg.”

Position

J. Arthur Collie, George’s brother.

North German Lloyd steamship company.

The Yorck was built in 1906 and scrapped in 1933.

The Red Sea is littered with small islands on both the African and Arabian sides – which one Collie was referring to is lost in the re-naming of islands that has occurred in the last 100 years. Based on the previous day’s position, it was off the Sudanese coast or further south.

Sandstone.

A species that Collie had not seen before.

The southern entrance of the Red Sea, a very narrow strait. The name translates as “Gate of Tears” and the strait is only 20 miles wide with two channels, one 2 miles wide (east) and the other 16 miles wide (west).

Spores are primitive unicellular bodies produced by plants. Collie was partially correct; a cyanobacteria *Trichodesmium erythraeum* blooms seasonally and produces a red color.

A British owned company that ran coaling stations to supply fuel to the steamships.

N.D.L. – Nord-deutscher Lloyd, another way to refer to North German Lloyd, the owner of Collie’s ship.

A large fan or a canvas-covered frame suspended from the ceiling and used especially in India for fanning a room.

Properly spelled baksheesh: to give; also alms. The beggars cry

Ancient water tanks, of unknown origin, hewn out of volcanic rock. They are thought to be at least 2000 years old.

A port in China famous for its silver.

A port in China famous for its silk.

A port in China famous for its lacquered wood.

The *Free Press* was a newspaper in Beloit.

The headland that forms the apex of the Horn of Africa.

Position

A generic term for acute abdominal pain and cramping.

Position

Crossing the equator is an event celebrated on board ships to this day.

Father Neptune – Neptune was the Greek god of the sea. He presides over the “crossing” ceremonies.
Satsuma ware is something between porcelain and pottery. It is produced at lower temperatures than porcelain. Satsuma ware originates from the seventeenth century. The characteristics of Satsuma ware are rich decorations with gold and polychrome colors on a soft, ivory-colored, crackled glaze.

In this latitude the winds blow from the southeast.

David B. Worthington, postmaster and President of The Daily News Publishing Co., resided at 811 Church Street.

He is at Mombassa, Kenya in the port at Kilindini.

Stanley Wolfe, a Beloit high school junior was killed when he fell from the inter-urban train in South Beloit the night of June 24-25, 1910. He was the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. P. Wolfe of Beloit.

A horse-drawn cab used especially in India and Egypt.

An Indian unit of currency

A South African of Dutch or Huguenot descent.

On the coast of Tanganyika.

A ship of the German East Africa Line

Smallpox was endemic in parts of Africa at this time.

The firing tube of a cannon had been smooth until the mid-1800’s. These cannon, even if useable, would not have been as accurate as the newer “rifled” bore cannon.

Located off the coast of Tanganyika

Located just north of Zanzibar Island

Clove is native to Indonesia, but in the 1800’s had been transplanted to these islands off the coast of Africa.

A condiment of acid fruits with raisins, dates, and onions seasoned with spices.

A major hotel in Zanzibar at the time.

The anopheline mosquito.

The museum – the Logan Museum, for which Collie was collecting.

Collie’s adopted daughter.

Collie was referring to the Ring-tailed Lemur, native to Zanzibar.

The Congo African Grey parrot fits Collie’s description.

Sunbirds resemble the American hummingbirds, but perch to eat. The specific bird referenced is not known.

Protestant churches sent out many missionaries to Africa to “bring Christianity” to the “heathens.” The particular reference is to the Church of England Missionary Society.

Manufacturer, abbreviation.

Sumburu – stop on the train trip to Nairobi

Voi – stop on the train trip to Nairobi

A rhinoceros – although a large animal, it is capable of speeds of 30 mph.

A horned grazing animal of the African plains

Kongoni – common name for the African Hartebeest, the African antelope which stands about 6 feet tall; Thompson’s gazelle – a small (2-3 feet tall), horned grazing animal; Grants gazelle – larger than Thompson’s gazelle, although often seen with it; ostriches – largest birds in the world, flightless, noted for their speed on the ground; wildebeest – world’s largest antelope, more commonly known as the Gnu.

A native tribe of Kenya, traditionally agricultural people.

A traditionally agricultural tribe of Kenya.

The Beloit College alumni magazine at the time.

Hiram D. Densmore, professor of Botany and Zoology from 1888-1933.

Mr Cruickshank – no further information available.

The plain surrounding the Athi River, east of Nairobi.

A rock consisting of sharp fragments embedded in a fine-grained matrix.

A region in the Rift Valley.

A unit of measure equal to 16.5 feet.

The reference can be either to native villages or the animal enclosures.

An escarpment is a steep slope separating two comparatively level surfaces. Here the valley floor is 2000 feet below. The Rift Valley separates the grasslands of East Africa from the rainforests of West Africa.

A town north of Nairobi.

A small perching variety of bird.

“One bird with a pure white breast had a wonderful bell like note” - species is unknown.

An African variety of the bumble bee.
Swahili greeting for white men.

A pastoral and hunting people of Kenya and Tanganyika.

Properly, the dikdik. There are five species, four of which are found only in eastern and northeastern Africa. The dikdik stands about 14 to 16 inches at the shoulder and weighs about 12 pounds.

The president of The Berlin Machine Works in Beloit.

An early name for a record player.

Now the fourth largest town in Kenya. It is close to Menengai Crater, an extinct volcano over 8000 feet high.

Collie would have been interested from a geological perspective.

A variety of African antelope. It stands 4 feet at the shoulder and weighs from 165 – 350 pounds.

A town in Kenya 22 miles from Naivasha, in the Rift Valley.

His birthday.

The local Beloit paper.

An early name for a record player.

A fort in the Rift Valley.

A location in Kenya.

A town in the Rift Valley.

A stop between Elburgon and Molo.

A town in Kenya northwest of Elburgon.

Actually, the Australian term for it, still in use today.

A town on Lake Victoria, where the lake flows into the Nile River.

"Curious native guitar" - specific reference is not known.

An infectious parasitic disease carried by tsetse flies.

Quinine was used to prevent malaria.

A traveler’s rest-house.

Mayor of New York, William J. Gaynor was shot by a would-be assassin. He died in 1913 of “lingering effects” of his wounds.

Melville Weston Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States, died July 4, 1910.

A town on Lake Victoria.

A town on the far northeastern shore of Lake Victoria.

Equisetum is a branching plant native to South America, known commonly as “horsetail.”

Many of the natives were very shy about having photographs taken; some believed a photo would steal their souls.

Uganda lies to the east of Kenya.

These are hills on the south side of an arm of Lake Victoria (Kavirondo Gulf).

A railroad envisioned by Cecil Rhodes that would have spanned Africa from Capetown in the south to Cairo in the north. Large portions of it were finished, but a major link between Sudan and Uganda remains incomplete.

Now lost to the Owen Falls dam, it is the only outlet from Lake Victoria, in Uganda.

Rubber is native to the area.

Kampala is on the north shore of Lake Victoria.

A metamorphic rock corresponding in composition to granite or some other feldspathic plutonic rock.

Perhaps made out of lizard skin instead of wood?

A major city in Uganda.

“the shop of Bertie-Smith the well known safari man of the region” - Unknown

Abram R. Tyler, Professor of Music from 1902-1911.

The King of Uganda, violently opposed to Christianity who immolated 26 missionaries in 1886.

A tribe in the Congo that practiced cannibalism.


A non-denominational Christian mission in Africa, founded in 1895 by Peter Cameron Scott.

Ciscofly -

A town on the western shore of Lake Victoria.

Now Tanganyika.

Large nets with sinkers on one end and floats on the other used to enclose fish when the ends are drawn together.

Collie claims it is the root of a tree.

Uganda was a British colony in 1910.
Oxford English Dictionary – Chuffer: deceiver, cheat, imposter. Collie seems to be admitting he engaged in unscrupulous behavior to get the arrows etc.

Town on the south shore of Lake Victoria.

Henry Morton Stanley, African explorer.

A complication of malaria.

“hideous head dress made of birds heads & claws & a lot of other trash”- no picture available.

A spear used by the Masai.

A strong white fiber used for cordage and binder twine.

A town close to the Tanganyika-Kenya border on Lake Victoria.

A town on the south shore of Lake Victoria, in Kenya.

A steamship that sailed on Lake Victoria.

Variant spelling of Kisumu, now a large city in Kenya.

Possibly a robe made of three sections.

Mari hills on the Kenya-Ethiopia border in far northeast Kenya on the Mandera Plateau.

A small station in Uganda.

Probably not truly Spanish moss, which is native to the Americas, but a similar air plant that absorbs nutrients from the air and rainfall.

A city in Kenya, northwest of Nairobi.

Probably H. G. Muff.

A town in Kenya.

Another town in Kenya, clearly within walking distance of Kiu.

Mt. Kenya – the second highest mountain in Africa, a dormant volcano.

A small town on the plains that lies south of Nairobi.

The Giant Eland is the largest of the antelopes, now lives in isolated pockets of central Africa; the Oryx is a large antelope of Kenya, two varieties are found in the country; another variety of antelope found in Kenya.

A hill or mountain of resistant rock surmounting a peneplain (a nearly flat land surface representing an advanced stage of erosion).

The road to Mount Kilimanjaro.

Gardens.

Collie had hoped to see both volcanoes, at least at a distance.

Mrs. Theodore L. Wright, [wife of “Teddy” Wright, Professor in Ancient Languages, Greek Literature and Art (for whom the Wright Art Center was named)], died in childbirth August 26, 1910. The child also died.

Cascara comes from the cascara buckthorn, and is used as a mild laxative; Pears Soap, made from pure ingredients – glycerin, natural oils, rosemary, cedar and thyme, has been in existence for over 200 years.

Probably George B. Fairfield, Professor of Romance Languages at Beloit College form 1906-1911.

Wife of Wildrid A. Rowell (09), Professor of Oratory and English 1900-03, later College Chaplain (1943-46).

This type of segregation was common in the early 20th century.

Ingersoll Watch Company of New York was in business from 1892 to 1922. They made pocket watches that sold for only $1, so everyone could carry a pocket watch.


The work is by Sir Charles Eliot, formerly Her Majesty’s Commissioner for the East African Protectorate. It details the history and geography of the region, as well as the customs of its native people and its potential as a colony.

Equipment used to prevent the sliding of dishes at mealtimes on ships in heavy weather.

Mercurous chloride, used medicinally as a purgative and fungicide.

Archibald Forbes, a British war correspondent, who died in 1900. He spent most of his career in the Far East, and in Europe, but also reported from Africa.

The Ghat mountains run parallel to the west coast of India.

A town in the hills north and east of Bombay.

Also spelled the Yamuna, it flows north. Collie is going by train to Agra, then by train to Calcutta. The Jumna flows through Agra.
Apparently her husband, Lord Curzon, the last Viceroy of India, had a lamp hung in the Taj Mahal (which they had helped restore) after her death.

A major city on the Ganges River, now called Varanasi.

Legendary British hill station in the foothills of the Himalayas.

A town some 50 miles from Darjeeling.

A town in north east India.

In north west India.

Indian term of respect for a white woman.

At 28,159 ft the second highest mountain in the world, often referred to as K2.

A ghat is a mooring location for river craft.

The ship Collie was traveling on as he came down river to Calcutta.

One of the main arteries in Calcutta for over 300 years.

A river and city in eastern India.

A ship operated by North German Lloyd in the Far East.

A fruit believed to be native to the West Indies that has been spread around the world. There is a thick, cream-white layer of custard-like, somewhat granular, flesh beneath the skin surrounding the concolorous moderately juicy segments.

The edible fruit of one of the species of the durio. The fruit is edible but the outer husk is covered with sharp prickles, and some consider the odor of the fruit to be unpleasant.

A city on the western coast of the Malay peninsula.

The principal river of Burma (now Myanmar).

Then the capital of Burma.

**Position**

Before the invention of fathometers, ships captains would use a plummet to determine the depth of the water.

Shwedagon Paya is the most sacred Buddhist site in Burma.

The steamer was going from Rangoon to Singapore.

No further description of the fruit is available.

Operated by the British in Burma at the time, later merged with Royal Dutch Shell.

Early morning tea.

About a third of the fruit is edible and this part consists of 4 to 8 white to pinkish juicy segments. The precise number is indicated by the remnant flower parts on the front of the shell. The fruit's taste is delicate, sweet-acid, and the pulp seems to melt in the mouth.

A line marking the level to which a ship can be safely loaded.


A book by Frederick Sleigh Roberts.

**Position.**

A novel by Hall Caine, written in 1904. Caine was a very popular writer of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

An hotel in Singapore at the time.

Java rice table – unknown.

Archaic term for lunch or tea.

The laundry.

The letter was received and published in the December 2, 1910 Roundtable – it is in Appendix A.

A local but excellent museum, still in existence today.

A cane made from an Asiatic rattan palm.

Burton A. Edwards, a local dentist, practiced at 336 E. Grand Ave., and resided on River Road.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) was organized by the General Association of Congregational Churches of Massachusetts in 1810 "for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures, for promoting the spread of the gospel in Heathen lands."

**Position.**

There are a number of mountains surrounding Hong Kong. Collie could have referred to Tai Mo Shan, or to Victoria Peak, or to yet another mountain; we have no way to know.

The most important street in Hong Kong, then and now.

Oberlin is a college in northeastern Ohio.

In the early part of the 1900’s, the dowager empress of China, Tsu Hsi, wanted to drive all foreigners out of China. A secret society, known as the Fists of Righteous Harmony, attracted thousands of followers. Foreigners
called members of this society “Boxers” because they practiced martial arts. The Boxers also believed that they had a magical power, and that foreign bullets could not harm them. In the early months of 1900, thousands of Boxers roamed the countryside. They attacked Christian missions, slaughtering foreign missionaries and Chinese converts. Then they moved toward the cities, attracting more and more followers as they came. They laid siege to foreign compounds in China. Eventually foreign governments raised a relief expedition that destroyed the Boxers. In the process, the Ch’ing Dynasty was also destroyed.

Position

A popular author of the time.

Position

A major river of China that flows out at Shanghai.

Modern day Tianjin, a port city south and east of Beijing.

A village at the mouth of the Whangpoo River.

A fruit related to the grapefruit.

The waterfront in Shanghai, considered its symbol for hundreds of years.

Tsingtao – on the south side of the Shantung Peninsula.

A rock consisting of feldspar crystals embedded in a compact dark red or purple groundmass.

Reference is unknown – is not a faculty member or a resident of the City of Beloit.

A ring-tossing game, with its origins in horseshoe pitching.

Position

A port city on the southern end of Honshu Island, Japan.

A major port city on the eastern side of Japan, south of Tokyo.

Collie is writing prior to women’s achieving the vote in the US or Britain, let alone elsewhere in the world. The “place” of women was a hot topic of controversy.

Probably the Battle of the Korean and Tsushima Straits, in 1905, which was the last battle of the Russo-Japanese War.

Shimonoseki is on Honshu, Moji on the smaller southern island of Kyushu.

When governments issue bonds or other financial instruments, they must pay interest to the holders of the bonds. If the bonds (for example) are issued when interest rates are high, and the rates later fall, the government can find itself struggling to pay off the bond-holders.

Located on the south side of Honshu – one of the major cities of Japan.

No specific reference to Mr. Sakata can be found. Damascene work is ornamentation with wavy patterns like those of watered silk or inlaid work of precious metals.

Frank Logan, Mrs. Logan’s husband, was a trustee of the College and one of Collie’s financial supporters.

Position

Buddhism came to Japan in 584, from Korea. The specific reforms Collie is referencing are unknown.

South of Tokyo and Yokohama.

A very large bronze statue of the Budda (the second largest such statue in Japan).

Enoshima is a small island at the mouth of Katase-gawa River that flows into Sagami Bay. Its perimeter is approximately 4 km and it is linked with the opposite shore of Katase by the 600 m long Enoshima Ohashi Bridge.

Fujisawa Japan – south and west of Yokohama.

This was not a major earthquake.

Japan sits on a very active geological fault and experiences many small earthquakes on a regular basis.

A variant spelling of Tokyo.

The Emperor Meiji, the first emperor to rule as a constitutional monarch.

The park is famous for its thousands of cherry trees.

The Ginza still is famous as the great shopping street of Tokyo.

A sen is equal to one-hundredth of a yen; today it is not an issued unit of currency.

Nikko is north and slightly west of Tokyo in the hills. Shinagawa today is a ward in Tokyo – Collie must have left from there to go to Nikko.

Nikko is a sacred site, and the bridge is also called the Sacred Bridge.

His father, Joseph Collie’s birthday. Joseph was one of the first graduates of Beloit College.

A Japanese cedar tree.

Built in 1890 for the Canadian Pacific Steamer Company. Collie is home-sick and envies those who are going to America.

A variant spelling of Kyoto.
Founded in 1876 on Christian principles as a women’s liberal arts college.

The reference is to Doshisha College.

A pejorative, anti-semitic term for haggling. Anti-Semitic comments were made with scarcely a thought in the early 1900s.

Probably a board game current at the time.

I.e., in keeping with the latest trends, not lasting.

Position

No further information is available about this ship, the Minnesota.

Position

Position

One of the North German Lloyd ships – the one Collie was going to take when he left China.

Now Hankou; an inland city north of Wuhan. Collie was traveling on the rivers of China.

One of the large wharfs in Shanghai.

Nothing more is known about this river steamship.

Sikhism is a monotheistic religion of northern India founded about 1500 by a Hindu under Islamic influence and marked by rejection of idolatry and caste. The Sikhs were among the most respected (and feared) ethnic groups incorporated into the British Army.

Water buffaloes, not American bison.

Foot-binding remained a common practice in China until outlawed in 1911 under Sun Yat-Sen.

A reference to the lullaby: “Rockaby baby in the treetop, when the wind blows, the cradle will rock, when the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, and down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.” (Traditional)

Each structure is at least 10m high and comprises a cantilever with an outstretched net suspended over the sea and large stones suspended from ropes as counterweights at the other end. (wikipedia)

A city of eastern China on the Grand Canal east of Nanjing. It was an important trade center during the Ming and Manchu dynasties

250,000,000 people in the river valley in 1910 – this was greater than the US population of 94,641,195 in 1910.

Located on the south bank of the Yangzi River, 160 km from Nanjing. When Collie visited, it was a treaty port (which meant foreign traders could live there) and was a center of the rice, wood, and tea trades.

According to Chinese folk religion, every individual locale, be it a town, a community, an estate or a bump on the road, has its own protective god, or gods, that look over their neck of the woods. When hiking mountain trails, you'll often encounter these little shrines near convenient resting places. Inside, you'll usually see several diminutive figures sitting in a row, often old-looking with long white beards. These are the earth gods that protect the spot where you happen to be. (http://english.www.gov.tw/e-Gov/pda_index.jsp?categori=42&recordid=52934)

Used to separate the grain from the husks. A short stick is attached by a chain to a longer stick; the short stick is swung so it strikes the grain, loosening the grain.

Chinese statesman and general. His first success was as a commander of forces fighting the Taiping Rebellion. As viceroy of the capital province of Zhili (1870–95), he controlled Chinese foreign affairs for the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi. Li was the chief negotiator of the Treaty of Shimonoseki (1895), which ended the First Sino-Japanese War. In 1896 he negotiated the treaty that granted Russia the right to build the Trans-Siberian RR across N Manchuria. He protected foreigners when he was viceroy of G

Siberian RR across N

NanKing is the capital of China’s Jiangsu Province and a city with a prominent place in Chinese history and culture. Located in the downstream Yangtze River drainage basin and Yangtze River Delta economic zone, Nanjing has always been one of China’s most important cities. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nanking)

Probably Nancheng, high in the mountains in Ching Ling Province.

No information is available.

Pheasant is native to China, and was imported to the US in 1881 (wikipedia).

Another city on the Yangtze River.

Further information is not available.

Green tea was compressed into a brick; small amounts could be scrapped off to use in brewing a cup.

form former city, since 1950 part of Wuhan, E Hubei prov., China, on the right bank of the Chang River at the mouth of the Han. It is an administrative and cultural center, with diverse industries. The oldest of the three Wuhan cities, it dates from the Han dynasty (200 BC-AD 200). (wikipedia)
Roads paved in prior dynasties.

Highly unusual and morally questionable activities for any woman of that time.

Mr. Blackstone – no further information is available.

Mrs. Sutcliffe – without a husband’s first name there is no way to determine who this was.

Mr. Alonzo Aldrich, president of Beloit Iron Works, resided at 423 Bluff Street.

Mr. J. A. Vail, general manager of Fairbanks Morse Manufacturing Co, resided on Hillcrest.

The first World’s Fair held in China, in the summer of 1910 in the midst of growing nationalist movements that led to revolution against the Manchu Dynasty and establishment of the Republic of China the following year.

Nanking was a fortified city; this was one of the entrances.

An internal rebellion in China lasting from the late 1840’s to 1864.

Destroyed in 1832, the Drum Tower (Gulou) lies roughly in the center of Nanjing, on a traffic circle on Beijing Xilu. Drums were usually beaten to give directions for the change of the night watches and, in rare instances, to warn the populace of impending danger. Only one large drum remains today.

http://www.paulnoll.com/China/Tourism/Nanjing-Drum-Tower.html

Possibly in the Xiaoling Tomb in Nanking. Tomb construction began in 1381. Inside is a stele in the form of a turtle carrying a large memorial stone on its back. This was to become a standard feature of later Ming tombs.

Built between 1381 and 1405.

The area of the tomb is vast, and includes much statuary, as described by Collie.

Collie is correct in most particulars about the cubicles; there were “only” about 20,600, however, and the exams sometimes lasted as long as a month.

Chefoo was in the Canton district of China; pongee is a thin soft ecru or tan fabric woven from raw silk.

Captain

Bremen, Germany.

Albany, Australia, on the southwest corner of the continent, just east of West Cape Howe.

Both are ports in South Africa.

Lisbon, Portugal.

Consol – consolidated.

Lighters are small flat-bottomed boats used to move cargo from ship to shore where there is no deep-water harbor and/or inadequate wharfage.

Facilities.

In Morocco.

Mr. Wilder, of Madison, Consul General in Shanghai – wrote to US Dept of State on 4/20/06 for information

Nanking Road, the principal retail business street of Shanghai, extends West from The Build at Sassoon House (Cathay Hotel) and the Palace Hotel to the Race Ground and Public Recreation Ground (a magnificent public park) near the Thibet Road intersection, where Nanking Road magically and without warning becomes Bubbling Well Road. (http://www.talesofoldchina.com/library/allaboutshanghai/t-all06.htm)

The Yangtsepo district abuts the riverfront in the Eastern part of Shanghai and extends from Broadway along Yangtsepo Road to the Settlement boundary at the Point. This is the most important industrial section of Shanghai. (http://www.talesofoldchina.com/library/allaboutshanghai/t-all06.htm)

Literally, grateful thanks (a phrase used by beggars).

An American journal of literature, politics, culture, and the arts published continuously from 1850.

A novel by Thomas Nelson Page, 1853-1922, who popularized the plantation genre of Southern writing.

More precisely, delirium Tremens, a violent delirium with tremors that is induced by excessive and prolonged use of alcohol.

Mrs. Miller and her sister from Chicago – without a first name for her husband (who had been in business in Beloit) there is no way to determine which Miller this was.

Position.
Prex – President Eaton.

Abram R. Tyler, Professor of Music, 1902-11.

Caryl Eaton (formally Mattie Carolyn) drowned while on vacation in Pocomoke, MD on October 16, 1910. She was one of President Eaton’s daughters.

Mr. Forbes – look in city directory.

One of the North German Lloyd ships built in 1903.

Up river from Hong Kong, China.

In the Philippines, (Angaur) on the southernmost tip of Palau, the Caroline Islands, Papua New Guinea, New Britain, and Australia.

Position.

Cochenes – no information available.

In the Philippines.

A river that flows through Manila, the Philippines into Manila Bay.

The main street in Manila.

A precursor to bottled soft drinks, made of carbonated water with flavored syrups. Often phosphoric acid was added to produce a tart taste and a fizz.

Henry Clark – no further information is available.

Collie seems to be describing a light weight, loose fitting dress worn by the women.

A two-hulled sailing vessel.

Position

“Giltless” in this case means not rich, without gold or something resembling gold.

This article apparently was not published in the Round Table.

A long slender leaf of the Pandanus tree. The leaf resembles that of a day lily.

A canoe with a projecting member run out from the hull, to provide additional stability.

Collie was a geologist and interested in the geology of the lands he saw.

This natural wonder occurs when water rushes under a lava shelf and burst through a small opening at the surface. Every wave produces another spray. The phenomena is especially exciting at sunset when the spray becomes incandescent with the colors of the rainbow.

A novel of southern India by Bithia Mary Croker, published in 1907.

Meaning is unknown.

Dried coconut meat.

Part of the equator-crossing ritual.

Further information is not available.

1910 was not a presidential election year. Collie was referring to the congressional elections.

Off the north coast of New Guinea.

Probably prized because of the viciousness of the boar and the danger in hunting it.

SEE IF THE MUSEUM HAS ANY RECORD OF THESE ITEMS.

Papua, the southern section of the country, was annexed by Queensland in 1883 and the following year became a British protectorate called British New Guinea. It passed to Australia in 1905 as the Territory of Papua. The northern section of the country formed part of German New Guinea from 1884 to 1914 and was called Kaiser-Wilhelmsland. The revolt Collie refers to occurred during the German occupation.

No other information is available about this revolt.

East of Papua, a large island.

Another island east of Papua.

On the northeast tip of New Britain.
SEE IF THE MUSEUM HAS ANY RECORD OF THESE ITEMS

Volcanic bombs: a round mass of lava exploded from a volcano; lapilli: a stony or glassy fragment of lava thrown out in a volcanic eruption; scoria: a rough vesicular cindery lava.

Current scholarship bears out Collie’s speculation.

http://volcano.und.nodak.edu/vwdocs/volc_images/img_rabaul.html

The economic situation in Germany was very bad at this time.

Position.

The word originally derived from the New Caledonia or Kanaky word for human. (wikipedia.org)

An enlargement and thickening of tissues caused by obstruction of the lymphatic system by filarial worms.

A novel of the period.

Apparently this article was never published.

Position.

The word originally derived from the New Caledonia or Kanaky word for human. (wikipedia.org)

A tornado over the water.

A good description of a water spout.

Position.

A latitude in which there is very little east-west wind.

A wind blowing almost continually toward the equator from the northeast in the belt between 30° north latitude and the doldrums and from the southeast in the belt between 30° latitude and the doldrums.

Position.

A barrier reef system that runs along most of the northeastern coast of Australia.

Position.

A major port of Australia centrally located on the eastern coast.

The gardens Collie visited were flooded eight times between 1870 and 1974. They have since been relocated to a more flood-proof location.

Written in 1897. Allen was an agnostic. http://www.atheists.org/Atheism/roots/allen/

No further information is available.

Boxing Day, the day after Christmas is celebrated as a holiday in Britain and the Commonwealth countries.

Christmas gifts or boxes were traditionally given to household employees and other service workers on this day.

Frank Herbert Chase, Professor of English Literature 1905–11; member of the class of 1886.

Possibly a baggage storage company.

Warrimoo – a ship that sailed between Australia and New Zealand.

First settlement in Australia.

An archaic term for a movie theater.

Unknown.

No more precise location is available.

An area along the Mississippi River in Wisconsin with high bluffs and beautiful scenic vistas.

A mountain range to the west of Sydney in eastern Australia.

Bullroarer – see if the Museum has this.

Albatross – any of various large web-footed seabirds related to the petrels and include the largest seabirds.

Position.

No further information is available on this subject.

Position.

A sailing ship rig in which the sails are bent to the yards carried athwart the mast and trimmed with braces.

Position.

Separates North and South Islands of New Zealand.

South Island – the southern island of New Zealand.

The mountain range that runs the length of South Island.

The specific wreck referred to is not known.

The luggage was to be left until Collie was ready to leave New Zealand.

Near Christchurch, on the east coast of South Island.
The harbor at Lyttelton.
The major city in the area.
Soil that is full of gravel is often not fertile — this soil was.
A type of evergreen bush, also found in the northern hemisphere.
Collie is quoting from an old English nursery rhyme: There was a crooked man and he walked a crooked mile, He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile. He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse. And they all lived together in a little crooked house.
A mountain range near the southern end of South Island.
More specific location is not available.
Glacial water is often cloudy.
A sea running at right angles to the boat’s course.
A bird that lived in New Zealand until humans arrived. It matured very slowly and enough birds probably could not survive human hunting to mature and reproduce.
Named after an early Colonial Secretary William Gisborne, located on Poverty Bay.
A musical play by Willner and Gruenbaum, with music by Dr. Leo Fall, lyrics by Adrian Ross, first produced in 1909.
On the eastern coast of New Zealand.
Which revolution the speaker was referring to is unknown. This speech would pre-date the Russian Revolution.
The letter from his brother, Glen, brought news of Collie’s mother’s death in Beloit on December 10, 1910. This was a shock to Collie, as his later diary entries will indicate.
Located in Rotorua, in Central North Island, New Zealand. It is located in the midst of thermal features such as mud lakes, geysers, and hot lakes.
Does the Museum have these?
A coral island consisting of a reef surrounding a lagoon.
By Collie’s description it could have been a frigate bird.
Lead poisoning was more frequent when people were less careful about the kinds of vessels in which they stored food and drink.
The famous extinct volcanic mountain in Hawaii.
By Meredith Nicholson (1866-1947), published 1907.