

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 2, Cologne (August 8, 1910) to Territet (October 2, 1910)

[p. 1]

August 8, 1910, Monday

"The world goes round and round, sir
Some goes up and some goes down, sir"

We were all safely on board the boat by quarter of eight and promptly at eight the boat left the pier and we were started on our trip up the Rhine. The first part of the voyage we passed through flat lands but we soon came to Bonn, the city of Beethoven, and from there on the scenery was marvelously beautiful.

The first castle we came to was Drachenfels (dragon's rock) so called from an old legend connected to it. The ruined castle towers far above the river, looking down on the boats as they pass and repass with liberty where once they might not pass without toll because of a strong fortified castle where now there are only ruins.

A restaurant has been built near the castle, for the accommodation [p. 2] of travelers who wish to climb up to the top of the hill from Konigswinter, just below.

About half an hour after saying goodbye to Drachenfels we came in sight of Rolandseck whose ancient arches were blown down fifty odd years ago but were rebuilt in memory of the old legend of Count Roland and Hildegunde daughter of Count Heribert of Drachenfels. Below on a little island was built the convent, connected with the same legend.

As we passed by Oberwinter (on the right) we got a fine view back over the country we had just been through and a little farther on came to Remagen with its famous Apollinaris-kirche standing on a hill overlooking the village.

Besides being a land of beauty, of legend and of castles the country was a land of vineyards. [p. 3] Every scrap of land that could be used in any possible way was converted into a vineyard. The slopes of the hills were covered by grape vines on which the grapes were beginning to get ripe.

Just opposite Remagen is Erpel and a short way beyond on the same shore are first the castle ruins of Ockenfels and second the restored castle of Arenfels. People were living in the latter and were out on their balcony, looking down from their high position on the people going up and down.

The castle of Rheineck, on the other shore, soon claimed our attention. Only one of the old towers remains to remind the traveler of the famous Wine Trial in the time of Archbishop Anselm of Cologne.

A new building stands on the site of the old one and new people live and breathe and eat where [p. 4] once there was like enjoyment and where the wine flask passed around the table.

The next village on the same side was Brohl and just beyond this on the left bank of the river were the ruins of the old imperial fortress of Hammerstein to which

Henry IV during the revolt of his sons came for refuge. Founded in the tenth century for long years it withstood the assault of man and time until it was destroyed in the seventeenth century by the Archbishop of Cologne.

We passed on along the shores covered with grapevines and before long came in sight of Andernach an old station frontier of the Romans. The castle rising above it has a quaint old legend connected with it of Countess Genevefa, and the chapel erected by the Count on the spot where he saw the white deer which [p. 5] led him to his wife is still shown to travelers who stop there.

We read the legend as we went by and pictured the old ruins as they were "one upon a time."

At Neuweid on the left shore was the palace of the Prince of Wied with his imperial flag flying over it. Just opposite was the ancient watch tower of Weissenthurm and the village of the same name. A monument here, marks the crossing of General Hoche with a French army.

Engers on the left shore is believed by many to be where Caesar crossed the Rhine in his famous campaign. Only one tower remains of the old castle which once stood by the river shore.

After passing through several small villages we came in sight of Coblenz on the right shore and the "Gibraltar of the Rhine." [p. 6] Castle Ehrenbreitstein on the left. Coblenz is just half way up and is the place where people who have plenty of time, break their journey. The castle of Ehrenbreitstein ("the broad stone of honor") is a well preserved, fortified, building overlooking the city and guarding the river.

The bridge below the last boat pier was a peculiar one. As we approached it one section detached itself from the rest and went floating up the stream. Another section also went off on an afternoon promenade down the stream. After we had passed through each section promenaded back again and the traffic continued. [p. 7] It was the queerest thing to see the sections separate and go floating off apparently in their own sweet way and then unite again.

We were hungry by the this time so had our dinner up on the deck where we could see the scenery as we ate. Sister Helen and Helen Barr weren't quite over their upset but the rest of us made a good meal without much difficulty.

Leaving Coblenz behind we soon came in sight of Stolzenfels one of the many castles owned by the king. Placed on a high rock it commands a view of all the surrounding country and also of Capellen just at the foot of the rock.

In succession we passed Oberlahnstein with its restored castle of Lahneck (on the left), Rhense on the right, and Braubach on the left with the fine castle of Marksburg [p. 8] five hundred feet above it. This castle is one of the most striking because of its position. The sight of two smoke stacks from behind the hill do not improve it but it certainly is a crown on the summit of its hill. It towers far above the surrounding hills and bids defiance to time and weather. It is in a very good state of preservation and is used as a residence.

The places of interest seemed to go from one side to the other. On the left a little farther on is Osterspays with the chateau of Liebeneck. Then come, on the right,

Boppard an old Roman town. Bornhofen, on the left, follows next and near by are the twin castles of Sternberg and Lichenstein called "the Brothers" because of the mounfull legend connected with them. [p. 9] On the right we passed Salzig with its big cherry orchards, Ehrenthal (right) with its lead mines, and Welmich guarded by the castle of Thurnberg called "the Mouse" in derision to the Katz which is near St. Goar (right) and St. Goarshausen.

Above St. Goar, on the right bank, towers the jewel of the Rhenish castles — Rhinefels — the most extensive ruin on the river. Part of it is restored and belongs to the crown.

A little beyond, on the left, our boat passed under the shadow of the Loreley Rock with its romantic legend, now unromantically pierced by a railroad tunnel.

There were some German men on board the boat and they sang the song as we steamed by. If it had been a little darker one could have imagined the Loreley sitting combing her golden hair and singing. [p. 10] Instead of a beautiful enchantress there were only some tourists who had climbed to the top.

The next village is Oberwesel with the ruin of Schonburg rising on the hill behind.

On the left the big castle of Gutenfels (with its pretty legend) towers above the small village of Caub and a little beyond the Pfalz stands in the midst of the river reminding one of the old days when each man was his own king and every other man was his enemy.

Over on the other shore we soon came to Bacharach noted for its famous wines. Above it are the ruins of Stahleck and just beyond are those of Furstenberg all standing witness of the old feudal days.

Soon we passed Lorch on the left shore and just opposite is [p.11] Niederheimbach with the two restored castles of Heimburg and Sooneck. Just beyond these are Falkenburg and Rheinstein. The latter is placed on a cliff which decends sheer down to the waters edge. It was one of the castles destroyed because of the deeds of theft practiced by its owner on the ships passing up and down. It has been restored and is now used for a residence.

Assmanshausen famous for its red wines was soon left behind and soon the high hills gave place to more open lands. We passed the ruins of Ehrenfels about five and soon came to the Mausthurm or "Mouse Tower" of Bishop Hatto celebrated in prose and poetry.

About six o'clock we landed at "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine." After leaving Bingen we pass through Rudesheim and [p. 12] Geisenheim both noted because of their wines and before long we pass Johannisberg noted far and wide for the wine produced from the vineyards which cover all the available land.

We had supper up on the deck and then sat in the gathering twilight watching the country as it slipped by.

At half past nine we reached the pier at Mayence — and our day in the land of legends was closed.

Mother and Mrs. Barr hurried ahead and secured rooms at De Angletree Hotel not far from the dock.

I will 'fess up that I haven't written all of this out of my head. I could not remember all the names by just seeing it once. But this much is [p. 13] to be said. As soon as I see the names I have a complete picture before me from which store of pictures I have drawn this tale of a day of beauty, of quiet, of the knowledge of ancient power. It is a red letter day on our calendar and one not easily forgotten.

[At the bottom of the page, three postcards: a color postcard "*Ruine Drachenfels b. Konigsminter a Rhein"; a color postcard "Schloss Stolzenfels und Kapellen, Der Rhein"; and, a black and white postcard labelled "Marksberg" in pencil]

[p. 14, Two stacks of color postcards. At top: "Burg Katz mit St. Goar und St. Goarshausen"; "Der Rhein"; and, "Oberwesel a. Rhein mit Ruine Schonburg." At bottom: "Rheinstein" and "Der Rhein, Mauselum, Ruine Ehrenfels." Also loose in between these pages, a ticket for entry to an attraction in Dresden.]

[p. 15]

August 9, 1910, Tuesday

We had only the morning to see Mayence in, so we were up bright and early.

After breakfast we went straight to the bank and drew some money which we were sadly in need of. We wished to buy some things in a store and no one could speak a word of English. Helen proved her skill in German by making herself understood quite easily.

We went back to the Hotel, hunted up the Barrs and Mr. Emerson and then went to see the Cathedral. The square in front of it is used as a market place and was filled by vendors all displaying their wares.

Inside all was very quiet and peaceful. The sun came in through the windows making a golden mist of light. Over in one of the side chapels a whole rack of [p. 16] lighted candles were slowly burning before a picture of the Virgin. It was all such a contrast to the noisy exterior that it made the church seem very beautiful.

The walls were covered with tablets and monuments but we did not spend much time looking at them.

From the church we went to the car line and took the car for Wiesbaden. The ride was not over long and we got a good chance to see the town as we passed through. There were some very fine parks that we passed by and the public buildings were also fine.

Our car stopped in front of the Curhaus and after walking about in the park in front of this building we went to a restaurant where we got lunch.

We had only a limited time so we had to take the car back [p. 17] to Mayence about two o'clock.

Our express train left the station for Hiedelburg about three o'clock and we were down there in plenty of time. Just before the train came in a man from the Hotel came

rushing up to Mother with one of her boots done up in a paper. He explained that it was left and added "fine boot" onto his description. Mother was more than glad to get her "fine boot" as one without the mother would have been of no use.

Our train reached Hiedelburg about six and here we seperated from the Barrs whose company we have enjoyed very much. Mother had written ahead for rooms at a Pension run by Frauline Nebel 16 Karlstrasse and we drove there immediately.

It was a very unattractive exterior but our rooms were [p. 18] delightful. Mother and I had a small room adjoining a breakfast room and Helen and Katharine had a fine large room overlooking a quaint little garden. Mr. Emerson's was equally pleasant.

Dinner was at seven and after it we folks spent a quiet evening going to bed early, while Mr. Emerson went gadding off to the concert in the castle gardens.

[At the bottom of the page, two color postcards: "Wiesbaden. Curhaus." and "Mainz am Rhein, Dom vom Liebfrauenplatz aus"]

[p. 19]

August 10, 1910, Wednesday

We had breakfast in our own little room and spent the morning very quietly not going out until about eleven.

Mr. Emerson had a funny time last night. He got to the concert all right but when he wished to come home the Barg Bahn was not running so he decided to walk down by the path. The path landed him in some out-of-the-way part of the town about ten o'clock at night. He hadn't any idea where he was and he couldn't speak a word of German. He had forgotten the street the pension was on and had forgotten the word Berg Bahn which would have served for a clue.

He wandered around without coming near anything he recognized but finally he remembered Berg Bahn and managed to make a young fellow realize [p. 20] that he was lost and wished to get to the fenicula stations. The man was very kind and took him to it. From there he easily found his way home.

We went to the bank and into a few stores then came home and had lunch. Everywhere we went this morning we saw young fellows with their faces cut up. Some of them still had bandages on where they had dueled recently. The scars disfigured their faces terribly and would last all their lives. It seems too barbaric to go on in a civilized age.

This afternoon we took the funicular to Königsstuhl and there climbed to tower to get the view of the surrounding country. A chart pointed out all the various places to be seen and it was interesting as well as very beautiful. [p. 21] We walked from Konigsstuhl to the Heidelberg castle by the steep foot path. It was rather a still walk as well as a hot one.

We reached the castle just as it was time for the concert to begin so we sat down at a little table, had some beer and listened to the music.

We wished to see the castle itself so left after six numbers and started around with a guide. The buildings are gradually being restored but the ruined portions are

very interesting. One of the old towers partially fills up the moat. It was blown up in the war of the Palatinate and still remains in its crumbling condition. The famous "Heidelberg Tun" is well deserving of its fame for it is certainly an enormous thing. A staircase leads up to the platform on top which is [p. 22] big enough for the harvesters to have danced on.

From the outer courtyard overlooking the town we got an excellent view of the river the town and the surrounding hills.

We got home just in time for dinner after which we packed and went to bed as we have to take the six nineteen train to-morrow morning.

August 11, 1910, Thursday

We were up before the sun this morning and about the time it began to come peeking over the hills we were all packed up and sitting in the window waiting for breakfast.

Things were just beginning to wake up as we drove to the station and took our train.

We were supposed to reach [p. 23] Nuremberg about eleven thirty but our train was delayed for over an hour at a little out-of-the-way station so we didn't reach our destination until about one o'clock.

Mr. Emerson had telegraphed to have rooms reserved at the Victoria Hotel so we didn't have to go chasing all over town after a place to stay. The rooms were reserved, we found, under the name of "Chester and family!" and were very pleasant.

We took a carriage in order that we might see as much as possible of this quaint old German town. St. Lawrence's church, quite near our hotel, has beautiful stained glass. Our driver took us all around showing us the outside of the churches and letting us go into the courtyards to see the quaint carving.

There were quite a few fine [p. 24] fountains and statues. He took us to the scene of Mistersinger and Mr. Emerson who has seen it says that the scenery is an exact copy of the original.

The houses are quite high and have very slanting roofs reminding one of the slant of the Chinese pagodas. He showed us the house which we understood him to say was that of the father of Columbus and also the house of Hans Sachs the cobbler-poet.

We were allowed to go into one house that was very quaint. It was an old hunting lodge and had many very interesting pieces of furniture all highly carved as was the paneling. They had one large and two or three small pieces of goblin tapestry. The rooms were all completely furnished as in the olden [sic] days and that made it [p. 25] especially nice.

From here we went up to the castle where we saw the instruments of torture which were even more horrible than those at The Hague. One story they told us was of a man who was imprisoned for a year before he was to be executed. After the year was over and it was coming near time for his execution he escaped and gaining access to the outer court yard jumped over the moat and ran away. The marks are shown where he

is supposed to have stood while preparing to make his jump. They didn't tell us that we must believe this. From the castle walls we got a very fine view of the town.

Before going back to the Hotel we went into St. Sebald's church and saw one of Albert Durer's pictures. The museum [p. 26] containing most of his pictures was closed.

We went back to the Hotel and I stayed there quietly while the others went out shopping.

After dinner we spent a quiet evening resting so that we would wake up for another early start at a few minutes after eight.

[At the bottom of the page, three color postcards: Nürnberg von der Burg"; "Nürnbergs, Fleischbrücke": and "Nürnberg, Mannleinaufen an der Frauenkirche"]

[p. 27]

August 12, 1910, Friday

Every day we are coming nearer to our goal. Every day we are nearer Oberammergau and the Passion Play.

Our train reached Munich about eleven and here was another case of where a telegraph secured us rooms. This time our hotel was the Leinfelder and a very comfortable one.

We knew we had only a limited time so we took a carriage drive. We saw most everything from the outside but nothing save the Frauenkirche on the inside. Munich is certainly a beautiful city with its public buildings, parks, fountains and monuments. One monument in particular was very beautiful. It was a gilt figure in the action of flying. In one hand was a sheaf of wheat and in the other the world represented by a golden globe on which were [p. 28] standing a image of the large one. The base was reached on one side by a flight of stone steps and on the other a flight of steps led up to a circular space in the middle of which a fountain played.

We saw the Army and Navy building, the old and new palaces, Maximilian's palace, the two art galleries, the University, the Royal Theatre, the Bavarian National Museum and the statue of Bavaria, besides heaps of other things. We just went inside of the Hof Brewery to see what it was like but did not stop for any beer.

By five o'clock we felt we had seen the outside of the city very well. After coming back to the hotel and going round the corner to an ice cream store we went out and did some necessary shopping.

The evening we spent very quietly.

[p. 29]

August 13, 1910, Saturday

We were so tired from having rushed around that we didn't get up until quite late. Our train left for Oberammergau about half past ten and after we reached the station we had a terrible rush to get our baggage and seats. There were a great many people going on the same train so they had to put on an extra train in which we managed to get a place.

The trip lasted about two and a half hours the train winding among the hills and passing through quiet little villages.

We realized that we were coming to Oberammergau before our train halted for high up on a cliff above the town a cross caught the gilt of the sunbeams as it stood serenely keeping guard over the village below.

Mother had to get her tickets exchanged but that was quickly accomplished and we were soon [p. 30] on our way to the house of Andreas Bold. It doesn't seem as if there was ever such another house. It was perfectly charming. Just in front of it a clear mountain stream ran quietly by, calmy undisturbed as were the inhabitants.

"Men whose lives glided on
Like the rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth
But reflecting an image of heaven"

The home itself was white inside and out and the rooms were very dainty. The room Mother and I had, had white washed walls with a border stenciled in green, at the top. The beds were in a little alcove and were white. They were handmade as was all the furniture. The table cloth was heavy linen stenciled with the same pattern as that on the wall. The curtain [p. 31] over the door leading onto our little balcony were linen with hand made lace set in. There were electric lights and all in all it was a perfectly delightful combination of modern and olden articles.

Our room and the room Helen and Katharine had were the only ones opening on our balcony so that made everything more than nice. We were just under the mountain with the cross and from our balcony could get a good view of it.

After lunch we went out into the village first going to Cook's office to see if we could take the drive to Innsbrook on Monday but getting not definite reply, then, wandering around in the stores.

Anton Lang's shop was a very busy one but we managed to work our way in. He was kept busy writing his autograph for which he [p.32] charged fifteen pfennings apiece and gave the money to charity. We bought some pictures and were more than satisfied with them. Mr. Emerson got two of the large ones. The descent from the cross and Christ crowned with thorns and bearing the cross.

We walked up toward the theatre house and close by in a shop window filled with carvings were some crucifixes. Mr. Emerson was very anxious for one and found a perfectly beautiful one. It was of light wood perfectly plain, the figure carved of the same material. It was all very simple and plain but the face was perfectly wonderful. There was such a calm, sorrowful and yet peaceful expression on it!

We looked at all the others but there was not one with such a face neither did we find anything that could touch it in [p. 33] any other store afterward. Of course Mr. Emerson bought it and it is a thing that will always be helpful to everyone.

We wandered around the village more or less until dinner time. The evening we spent quietly on our little balcony.

[At the bottom of the page, two postcards: color postcard "Oberammergau mit Notspitze und Kofel" and a black and white postcard "Oberammergaue: Pension Landaus Bold"]

[p. 34]

August 14, 1910, Sunday

"Hearken, Lord, unto Thy people bending
Even as little children who come before Thee,
To the great Sacrifice their footsteps wending
In reverent awe, Thy people all adore Thee"

"Follow now the Savior's way,
Along the roughened thorn path leading —
Bearing for us in the fray,
Suffering, and for us bleeding!"

So sang the chorus and from then on we were lost to all save the scenes before us. It was not a play we were witnessing it was a homage given by a grateful people to a God who had guarded, protected and watched over them all their lives. The reverence in every action was very apparent. They did not play it to an audience, they played it to their God. It started at eight and lasted until twelve. Began again at two and ended at six. [p. 35] For eight hours the players were in action and some of the scenes were hard ones.

It is the jewel on the band of gold we have been forming. Nothing could be more perfect. There are no words in the English language that can describe it.

It rained up to the time the play was to start then it stopped and although grey for the rest of the day it was better than bright sunshine.

The tableaux were especially good. Everyone stood as though carved from marble even the tiny children. Also they did not move until the curtain was entirely closed.

Oh it was good! It was good!

Ye heavenly host, your praises bring, Your praises sing! Excellence be unto The Lord!
And glory be and power evermore! Honour unto the Lord [p. 36] from eternity unto
eternity without end! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He hath conquered!"
Thus ended the chorus and the Passion Play was over.

[p. 37]

August 15, 1910, Monday

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"

We were up before the sun which came over the hills as the last strap was fastened. We had breakfast all by ourselves and then we hurried down to Cook's where the carriage was to start from. The other party of five who were going proved to be

an English clergy man, his wife, two girls, and his sister-in-law. The man was very bright and funny and told some extremely amusing jokes.

We drove through the village just as it was beginning to wake up and leaving it behind were soon winding our way among the hills. The first part of the way we met a good many travelers who were going toward Oberammergau to see the Passion Play which was given to-day because it is the Assumption of the Virgin.

We soon left them behind and [p. 38] continued going higher and higher. About nine o'clock we stopped at one of the villages and rested the horses for a while but were soon going on again. On all sides we were shut in by hills many of them snow capped. It was very beautiful.

The clergyman told a funny story about the Eiser River when we passed it. Campbell had a servant who had taken a glass too much one night. Coming from a room at the head of the stairs he stumbled and rolled down. Campbell aroused by the noise came to his door and asked what the trouble was. The reply was "I sir rolling rapidly."

About half past twelve we stopped for lunch at Mittelheim (?) going on again about two. It was perfectly funny. The minister, a member of the standing committee and three girls all sitting down in a garden eating and drinking [p. 39] beer!

About five o'clock we made another stop where we had some more beer. I think it must have affected Mr. Emerson for he immediately made a dive for the piano and spent the rest of his time playing.

We had some nice chances to walk and on one hill we were going down the driver kindly requested us to all sit on one side so as to weigh down on the drag. When we reached the bottom of the hill and Mother got up from Helen's lap and Helen also got up they found they had been sitting on Mother's hat!!

The Englishman used his adjectives peculiarly. Once he said "That was a jolly little churchyard."

There was one hill that we walked down where we saw an ingenious contrivance. Some one had rigged up a miniture [p. 40] waterwheel and this ran some of the dearest little things. One group of little figures was two men cutting down a tree. They would cut it down then it would right itself and then they would cut it down again. Another group was a man driving a cow. Every few seconds the man would kick the cow then wait for it to go on then kick it again. Two men with tiny sythes were busily swinging them and cutting the grass while a man stood at a water wheel with his hand on the lever. It was an awfully cute arrangement and one we did not expect to find in a lonely country village.

We had to cross the border in to Austria Hungary and here for the first time we had to open our baggage. The official climbed to the roof of the carriage and picking [p. 41] out all the leather bags made us take them down and open them.

The man who was to inspect ours only looked at the top of it and without touching a thing waved his hand in the most disgusted manner and let us shut it up again. He evidently expected it to be a man's case.

The moon came out shining on the river Inn the mountains behind and the row of poplar trees which lined the road ahead. It was a wonderful panorama.

We reached Innsbrook about half past nine and were driven directly to the Kreid Hotel to which Mr. Emerson had telegraphed for rooms.

This is another red letter day in our minds.

[p. 41]

August 16, 1910, Tuesday

It seems as though we have had to get up early most every day. To-day we had to get up so as to take the seven twenty train to Lucerne. The station is very near the Hotel but we did not allow ourselves over-much time as we had to buy tickets. Mr. Emerson did not know where to go then he couldn't understand how much the tickets were and when he did find out he didn't have enough money and by the time we did get the tickets we had just two minutes in which to catch the train. We caught it however but didn't get any seat until we reached Landeck. At Feldkirch we changed to another train for Zurich. We had to stand up for quite a while here. Luckily they had a dining car and we could get some lunch for [p. 43] we were fairly starved.

We reached Zurich at two thirty five and went directly to our train for Lucerne which left at three five. It was extremely hot especially going through the tunnels of which there were two. One was a mile long and the other was two miles long. However we had a shower which helped to cool things off.

Our train reached Lucerne about five o'clock and we took a carriage for the Neus Schweizerhaus stopping at Cook's to get a nice bundle of mail and order our trunks sent up to the pension.

Mr. Emerson and Helen and Katharine found their rooms waiting but the one adjoining the girls room which Mother and I were to have would not be vacant until tomorrow [p. 44] but we were provided for at a house near by and could have our meals with the others.

Dinner tasted mighty good and we met some nice people who invited us up to their room to spend the evening. We enjoyed ourselves very much but had to leave early to go over to the other house for a bedroom.

It seems good to be in Lucerne at last and to have our trunks again.

Mr. Emerson seems to be given the bathroom, for the person whose room he is to have did not leave until after dinner so they let him have the bathroom as a dressing room until his room was vacant.

[p. 45]

August 17, 1910, Wednesday

We have left all our writing to do when we got here so all the morning and until four o'clock, we wrote.

About four we got ready and went down in town to Cook's to get the mail. The shops are very fascinating especially the embroidery shops and jewelry stores. We

found an ice cream store and went in to have some soda so that we wouldn't forget what it tasted like.

Helen had quite a few films which she left to be developed and printed. In the evening the Misses Piffers and their cousin Mr. Everest whom we had met, came down and we all sat out on our balcony and looked at the moonlight on the water.

Our view is perfectly fine but we have to work for it as there is a long, steep, tiresome hill to climb every time we wish to go down into the village and come back again. For, what goes down must come up.

[p. 46]

August 18, 1910, Thursday

We are writing all the inkwells dry. Until four o'clock this afternoon we did nothing but write a steady streak.

At four we again went down into the town for mail and this time the shops did more than fascinate us for Mother and Katharine each bought a lapis lazuli pin and Mother bought Helen a dainty little enamel pin.

At Cook's we got a big fat bundle of papers all from the time we left to the first week in August. After dinner Mr. Emerson came to our room and we had a feast with them reading advertisements and all.

The moonlight on the water and mountains is perfectly beautiful.

[p. 47]

August 19, 1910, Friday

At breakfast Mr. Emerson announced his intention of going up Mt. Pilatus and wished to know if we would plan to go. We had been doing so much writing that a change was most acceptable so we hurried upstairs, got ready and before half an hour was over we were comfortably established on board the boat, "Pilatus," which left at ten from the pier in front of the Schweizerhof. Mr. Everest and Miss Piffers went also.

The lake trip was about two hours long ending at Alpnachstad from where the mountain railway starts on its trip to the top. We had heard stories about this railway which is considered one of the boldest and grandest in the world. The English clergyman who rode with us from Oberammergau to Innsbruck said that shortly before he took his wife up, [p. 48] there was another man who had taken his wife. The woman was simply scared blue and when she got to the top absolutely refused to go down. They stayed at the hotel for several days but she still refused to make the trip down. Finally they had to give her chloroform and in a state of unconsciousness she made the trip.

We judged from that that it must be pretty bad. There was a woman in our compartment that had quite a time of it especially when all of a sudden we stopped in the middle of nowhere. She made a big row but there was no help for it she had to stay in.

The view was perfectly magnificent. On the right you could see back on the lake with the foot hills and snow capped mountains rising behind. On the left after we had ascended quite a way [p. 49] we could see a whole range of mountains all snow clad.

We went very slowly the whole trip taking about an hour and one half. This gave us a chance to see all the varieties of way side flowers as well as the scenery.

The dinner bell was ringing as we stepped out of the train and we went at once and had dinner which we hurried through with, it seeming such a pity to waste time eating.

By two o'clock we were out climbing the hill behind the station for the view. When we reached the top we fairly gasped. It was more wonderful than we had ever imagined. All the land for miles around was spread at our feet. Villages and lakes as far as we could see and all shut in by mountains some snow capped some bare but all beautiful. [p. 50] Away off in the clouds we could catch a glimpse of the Junhfrau raising its head high above the others, while one and all around it were tiny (?) minitures of their queen.

When we are enjoying ourselves most, the time flies fastest and we had to climb down from our lofty position, go through the gallery hurriedly and get into the train to go back.

We had a long wait at the half way station and this delayed our train and therefore our boat.

We had dinner at quarter of eight and "we folks" and Mr. Emerson sat on our balcony and watched the fire works on Mt. Pilatus and the moon which every night grows better.

This is another of the days we won't soon forget.

[p. 51, At the top of the page, three postcards: a black and white postcard "Die Berneralpen von Pilatus aus"; a color postcard "Pilatusbahn – Wolfortviadukt"; and, a black and white postcard "Pilatus(2132 m) – Die Hotels"]

August 20, 1910, Saturday

Mother didn't feel well so we girls went down in town by ourselves. We got the mail, did some exchange business then wandered around a bit. Katharine happened to come to the store where she had left her ivory pin to be recolored so she went in and got it. Just opposite was an ice cream place but the ice cream wasn't good (I speak [p. 52] from experience).

We thought we would explore the street leding to the Lion and found a very good little postcard shop where Katharine bought some dainty little hand painted place cards and postcards and where we got some boxes to send home some of our dutch shoes in. Helen got her films but they didn't turn out very well as a great many of them were taken on a dull day.

After lunch we wrote all the afternoon and in the evening again watched the moon from our balcony.

August 21, 1910, Sunday

We spent to-day very quietly reading and writing.

To-night we enjoyed Mr. Emerson's company for the last evening. He goes on to Interlaken early to-morrow [p. 53] and sails for home on the eighth. Evidently here and elsewhere they have taken him as Mother's son and us three girls as sisters. A nice big family.

August 22, 1910, Monday

We were up for eight o'clock breakfast with Mr. Emerson and at quarter of nine he left us to continue sight seeing and before long reach home. Just at first it seemed very lonely for he seemed like the last tie with home and friends.

A little later in the morning we went down in town, got the mail and bought a white dress from me. It is a very simple one and will be made and ready for me by Thursday noon.

This afternoon we got already to go out but it started to rain and we wisely stayed in and wrote. [p. 54] This is the first real rain we have had since Mr. Emerson joined us and now that he has gone it will probably rain all the time.

Mr. Everest who went with Mr. Emerson down to the station said that he wouldn't be lonely any way going to Interlaken for he had gotten in a compartment with two ladies and before the train started had scraped acquaintance with them.

We enjoyed the evening upstairs with these people we met.

August 23, 1910, Tuesday

We wanted to see some things to-day so we started out with that intent. First we got Katharine's films then more bought herself a big lapis lazuli pin and by slow degrees we worked our way by the shops to the Lion.

[p. 55] We were truly taken aback. It was much more beautiful than we had thought. The pain in the face as well as the whole attitude is expressed much better in the original than in any copy or picture. It is a thing to stand and study then leave it only to come back again.

By the time we had come by the various shops again it was nearly half past twelve and we had to hurry to get back to lunch.

In the afternoon we started out again. We took the car for the Gütsch which brought us to the foot of the Gütsch Railroad (the shortest railroad in the world). Just as we got off it began to rain but we sat down at a table on the porch of the restaurant and had beer and cake. We are getting to be regular old toppers by this time.

The shower was soon over and we [p. 56] started to walk through the woods in the direction of Sonnenberg. The trees are planted in straight rows and grow very tall although not as large around the base. The lower limbs are cut off so that the woods as one looks through them are quite open. We sort of kept on walking and before long came out near a restaurant where we went for information as to the road. We were very glad we went for the soldiers we having a mock battle and right in front of the building, not more than eight feet, from where we stood was one of the lines. The men

were lying flat in the wet grass firing for all they were worth. It was very interesting to have seen them.

In about fifteen minutes we came to the Sonnenberg Hotel which we reached by passing through the big golf grounds. [p. 57] We went out onto the flat roof of the railroad station from which we got a fine view of the country round about. We stayed here until we got ready to leave when we took the car down to Kriens. At Kriens we connected with an electric car which brought us out by the Kurl Platz.

Helen got her films then we went to the concert in the church. It was a good ending to a good day. The organ is perfectly fine and when they played "The Storm" it was simply wonderful. I have never heard a more perfect imitation. It doesn't seem possible that it can all be made by an instrument.

We had to hurry home jump into our clothes and go down to dinner late.

The evening passed very pleasantly with our new acquaintances, Mother and Mr. Everly telling funny stories.

[p. 58, At the top of the page, two postcards: a black and white postcard "Das Löwendenkmal in Luzern" and a color postcard "2130 Luzern-Gütsch"]

August 24, 1910, Wednesday

Directly after breakfast I went down to try on my dress. I think it will turn out quite satisfactorily. From there we went by slow degrees to Cook's where I was fortunate enough to get two letters!!!

About quarter past eleven it occurred to us that we might like to go to the concert but by the time [p. 59] we got there it was all over so we didn't hear it.

Helen who wasn't feeling well went home and Mother, Katharine and I went hunting for a post office. On the way back Mother bought some place cards.

The afternoon we spent quietly reading and writing while Helen slept. When it came to dinner time she didn't feel like going down but we folks were hungry enough. We spent the evening very quietly.

August 25, 1910, Thursday

We felt that we must do something to-day to make up for our inactivity of yesterday so Helen felt all right we decided, about twenty minutes before boat time, to take the trip to Fluellen. Of course [p. 60] then we had to hurry to the pier but soon found ourselves comfortably established on deck. The first part of the trip was much the same as that followed by the steamer going to Pilatus but soon we began to head for the Rigi rising high above the lake. A great many people got off at Vitznau to take the mountain railroad or the foot path from the top of the Rigi. Just beyond the village are two long promontories called the noses and our boat passed through these and on, still in a country of mountains rising one above another in wild confusion some with green pastures some with rocky slopes and still others on whose tops Father Winter boldly bids defiance to Queen Summer.

We pass by Gersau and [p. 61] come to Brunnen a big summer resort. Here the boats turn and go down the southern arm of the lake called Urner See or Lake of the Uri since it lies in that canton. Immediately as the boat turns this way the wild scenery and lofty mountains make a picture never to be forgotten.

On the right at the entrance of this portion of the lake stands a stone eighty feet high called the Mythenstein which bears an inscription to the memory of Schiller and reminds the traveler that they are entering the country of William Tell and his brave companions.

The mountains all around are very striking in their lofty grandeur. Through the clouds which lifted from time to time we could catch glimpses of the Uri Rothstock with its white glacier and of the Gitschen with its peaked summit. [p. 62] The next stop was Tell's Platte where we got off not wishing to see Tell's Chapel only as we passed by in the boat. From the pier to the chapel was a very short distance and soon we were standing where Tell made his bold jump for freedom. There is an iron screen through which the inner room may be viewed but not entered. It is not very large consisting of a shrine and containing four paintings on three walls. The first is where Tell produces the arrow intended for Gessler should his aim fail and he should shoot his boy. The second is where he springs from Gessler's boat. The third is where he kills Gessler and the fourth is the meeting at Rütli.

We climbed a steep narrow [p. 63] path at the right of the chapel and soon came out at a hotel on the Axenstrasse. We had lunch at a table out under the trees then took a carriage and drove to Flüelen along the Axenstrasse. The road would wind around at the foot of massive cliffs seemingly ready to topple at a finger's touch. Always the water flowed beside us, always the mountains towered above. The gallery's cut out from a cliff descending sheer to the water's edge were a proof of the power of man.

We got to Flüelen altogether too soon and as we were very comfortable we told the man to drive on to Altdorf. It is built right at the base of the mountains and has some very quaint old houses.

The statue of Tell with his little boy is on the spot where [p. 64] he was obliged to shoot the apple from his head.

We did not stop for long but went back to get the three ten boat for Lucerne. The boat skirted the opposite shore from the one we went by before and before long we came to the landing or Bütli. There were a party of young folks we got out here to climb up to the grassy clearing where the meeting that resulted in the freedom of Switzerland took place on the night of Nov. 7th 1307.

Treib was the next station and then followed Gersau.

At Beckenried the old walnut tree beneath which the delegates from the Four Forest Cantons used to meet is still standing.

From there the route was much the same as that we [p. 65] came over in the morning.

So far we had always thought of the country around Lucerne as high but coming back after having seen such very high mountains the country seemed quite flat, although it was still pretty.

We stopped for me to try on my dress and got home just in time to change our dresses and go down to dinner.

The first part of the evening we spent up in the Piffers' room and then they came down to sit on our balcony as it is larger than theirs.

They go to-morrow morning and before long we will probably be moving on.

[p. 66, At the top of the page, four postcards: a black and white postcard "1895 Tellskapelle"; a black and white postcard "1849 Urirotstock 2932 m"; a color postcard "Axenstrasse am Vierwaldstattersee"; and, "Vierwaldstattersee. Der Schillerstein"]

August 26, 1910, Friday

We spent the morning quietly on our balcony. Katharine industriously sewing and Helen and I lazily reading. I sewed quite a little however in order to get things ready for our start Monday morning.

In the afternoon we dressed and went down in town planning to go to the concert. [p. 67] We got to Cook's, saw the various men about tickets, mail, and baggage and were ready to go to the concert when the clouds began to pour forth rain. We had to take a carriage home and content ourselves there for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

August 27, 1910, Saturday

Mr. Emerson carried the fair weather with him for when we woke up it was raining in good earnest. Mother got things together to pack and we girls went down in town to arrange about the last things and to see the bridge with the Dance of Death. Some of the pictures were very plain and some were quite blurred.

Most of the afternoon we packed. [p. 68] Helen didn't feel so very well. I guess the little cakes we bought at a store this morning proved too much for her. Then too an ice chocolate may have had something to do with it.

She didn't eat any dinner but still felt well enough to go up on the roof and see the Venetian fete. It was very pretty. Some of the big buildings were outlined with strings of electric lights but the boats all decorated with lights were the best. They formed in a procession and made a big circle then drew up and fought a mock battle with fireworks. It was perfectly fine and there was not a moment for ten minutes but what there were twenty or more fireworks in the air at once. [p. 69] At the last all the hotels and pensions burnt lights—red and green. Even the Gütsch and hotels on the mountains around. It was one of the big fetes of the summer.

It occupied all the evening and when we came down we prepared to go to bed. In hanging my dress on the hanger the hooks made a slight scratching sound. Before I was through there came a sharp imperious rap from the other side. It was the woman who had asked me "not to knock on her door." It must be very hard to have her husband as sick as he is but when we have made special efforts to not talk aloud and stay in the other room she might have a little patience.

[p. 70, At the top of the page, a black and white postcard: "Luzern—Kapellbrücke und Wasserfurm," handwritten in pencil, "Dance of Death."]

August 28, 1910, Sunday

When we came down to breakfast the porter greeted us with the news that a Cook's man had been there left the receipt for our trunks and said he would call for them in the afternoon. That was a surprise but we made the most of it and hurried our packing along. By two o'clock it was finished [p. 71] and we were out on the balcony reading and waiting for the man to appear. We waited all the rest of the day but no one showed up. It was just as well, however, that we were hurried for we had the afternoon and evening to rest in.

August 29, 1910, Monday

This morning we did not get up to see anyone depart. We got up to go ourselves. The train for Interlaken left at nine-twenty and we were there with time to spare.

The first part of the way we went along the base of the Pilatus with the lake on the left but before long left it behind to keep watch over Lucerne.

We passed through quite a few quaint little villages and past the [p. 72] Sarner See—a small lake. Very soon after this we came to Giswil where the train began to ascend and went onto the "rack-and-pinion" system. It went higher and before long we saw the three white peaks of the Wetterhorn with other high mountains. At Lungern we would have liked to get out and stop for a while it was so perfectly beautiful.

Brunig is the highest point the train reaches and after a stop of some twenty minutes we began to descend into the valley.

From Meiringen at the end of the descent our train turned and went up the valley the track running beside the river Aare and between the mountains down which fell some pretty falls.

Before long our train came to [p. 73] the green lake of Brienz and soon came to the station at Brienz.

We took the steamer here for Interlaken. Giessbach the first stop was another place we should have liked to stop at. A mountain stream flowing into the river forms seven very pretty cascades. After stopping at several stations we turned up the canal and very soon came to Interlaken.

The hotel omnibuses were waiting at the pier and we got into ours and drove straight to the Hotel National to which Mother had written ahead and where we got pleasant rooms.

It was two o'clock and we were hungry so we went down and got some lunch. Next we went by slow degrees to Cook's looking in the shop windows as we went. From there we went into the Kursaal [p. 74] to the concerts. As Mother said—It was perfectly ridiculous for us to have the Kurl Karts in Lucerne and not to go to any concert but just as soon as we left we go to a concert.

The clouds only partially lifted from the Jungfrau which is very disappointing.

We spent the evening very quietly.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard: "Interlaken—Hotel Jungfraublick und Jungfrau (4166 m)"]

[p. 75]

August 30, 1910, Tuesday

In planning out our trip we were going to Grindelwald to-day but this morning when we got up the clouds were hiding the mountains and things looked very much like rain. We wandered around the town until about ten then returned to the Hotel and saying we would take our chances with the weather ordered a carriage and started.

We passed through several small villages and before long were in the pass. On one side ran the Lauterbrunnen and on the other side and before and behind us rose mountains unfortunately hidden in clouds. We went up hill and down hill through woods and meadows in rain and shine.

About twelve o'clock the driver stopped to water his horses and we got out to see "a living chamoix" (?). It was in a pen at the back of the house and seemed far from a wild [p. 76] mountain animal. He ate oats from our hands and seemed quite interested in us.

About one o'clock we reached the town of Grindelwald a perfectly delightful place to spend time but we drove on to the upper glacier where we had a long stop. By this time we were good and hungry so got some lunch before doing anything else.

After lunch we took a guide going first to the Ice Grotto by a winding path. Before we entered we were given shawls to put over us as we were told that it would be cold. And it was. The ice was hewn out just enough for a person to stand erect and walk through. It was just as blue as blue can be not dark blue but decidedly blue. At the end of the passage is a small square room all [p. 77] just as blue as blue can be. The guide told us that every year they had to make a new grotto as during the winter when the snow shifted the old grotto is filled up. Coming out of this the guide suggested that we should climb up farther and cross the glacier coming down by the left. We didn't suppose it would be very long so we said we would go. The path wound around and around going higher and higher the last part of the way being by a series of ladders. The ladders ended and our guide disappeared under a large boulder. We followed and after going through a passage where we had to bend nearly double we came out on the glacier itself. Then we started to cross. Our guide was very careful leading each once across the dangerous places then helping us along where it was [p. 78] safe. One place he let us look down into a crevice whose bottom was more than a hundred feet down. It gave us a fairly good idea of what a glacier is like.

About three hours from the time we started we were at the lift stations and were prepared to go down again to earth. We could not see the ground as we were up above the clouds but gradually as we slid down on our ropes it came into view. We wouldn't have missed crossing that glacier for anything although as Mother said she believed we were all crazy.

Our driver was impatiently waiting for us for we had taken more time than is usually allowed. Mother gave our guide an extra tip which I guess pleased him for he shook hands all around and made many bows.

[p. 79] The ride back was over the same route we had come and as it was raining very hard we had our carriage top up even though we could not see so well. The Jungfrau has remained hidden in clouds all day as have the other mountains.

We reached Interlaken about half past seven and found the Concierge on pins and needles to know where we had gone to. He said he had telephoned for us. I guess he was wondering if we had run off with the horse and carriage. We changed our clothes sending the ones we had worn to the tailors to be pressed. Then we went and had a good beefsteak dinner. My but it was good! No lettuce and chicken or anything else. Just beefsteak and french fried potatoes. I shall always remember that meal.

[p. 80, At the top of the page, four postcards (one loose): a black and white postcard, "Eisgrotte, Grindelwaldgletscher"; a color postcard, "Wetterhorn-Aufzug mit dem obern Grindelwaldgletscher"; a color postcard, "Grindelwald-Oberer Gietscher mit Kl. Schreckhorn (3497 m)"; and, a black and white postcard, "Grindelwald-Wetterhorn-Aufzug mit Eiger 93975 m)"]

August 31, 1910, Wednesday

The all important question this morning was "How shall we get to Paris?" Mother went down to Cook's and found she must either take the eleven thirty five in the morning or take a sleeper. The man said we could take the morning train and stay at Dijon all night going on to Paris in the morning. We decided that was [p. 81] what we would do and as we had only an hour before train time made hastily for the Hotel. Luckily we had packed everything before we went down to breakfast so that we got to the station in plenty of time.

We had had no lunch so by the time we got to Bern we were ready to take anything we could lay hands on and the result was a dangerous mixture. We had a stop of forty minutes but as we were quite comfortable and it was raining we stayed where we were.

Before we came to Neuchâtel the train passed along beside the lake of the same name and after we left it behind the train passed through nine tunnels, the views between being varied and interesting.

Verries was the last town in [p. 82] Switzerland and at the next station our baggage was examined. They didn't make any of us open our suit cases but me and mine was the least pretentious of them all.

Our train reached Dijon about half past six but by that time we had come to the conclusion that we would stay on to the end. Some funny French people got into our compartment here and it was simply funny some of the things they did.

Our train was delayed here for quite a while and we had a chance to buy something more to eat. Helen discovered some Avion Water at the French frontier and just as the train was starting there decided to buy some cakes. She gave the man a two franc

piece but as the train was beginning to move and he [p. 83] had no change he simply passed two franc's worth of cakes through the window. At another station she bought some pears and apples some lemon squash and Katharine bought some chocolate. The fruit proved [sic] to be very green but we were hungry – then – . On to all the conglomeration we piled a supper and wondered what would be the result.

It was provoking to have to be delayed for so long at Dijon but finally we started and when we started our train went alright, alright. It seemed as though we flew through a country of which we could see nothing except a few lights here and there marking the villages.

At half past eleven we got into the station; managed to get a porter; found a [p. 84] carriage and were soon driving through the streets of "Gay Paris" (and even at this late hour they were gay) to the Hotel Normandy. They had rooms that we could have and it didn't take long to get ready and get into bed. I don't believe any other place we have had such beds or slept so well.

Time goes fast, our train carried us almost into September, our carriage finished the job.

[p. 85]

September 1st, Friday

We weren't any too ready to get up this morning but we couldn't waste our time in bed.

After breakfast we took our map and hunted up Cook's office and Hotel Percy, 5 Cote du Retiro an address Aunt Isabella had given Mother and two which Mother had written from Lucern for rooms. They could accommodate us so after returning to Hotel Normandy and having lunch we took a carriage and brought our things to the other Hotel. Then we went for a drive around the city going up the Rue de Rivoli to the Louvre. We saw Notre Dame, the Luxemburg, the site of the Bastille, the University, the royal palace the theatres, the Pantheon beside most of the principle [sic] streets.

[p. 85] The remainder of the afternoon we rested and wrote, going to bed right after dinner.

Mother strained herself too much walking over the glacier and suffered intense pain during the night.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard "Paris – Place de la Bastille La Colonne de Juillet"]

[p. 87]

September 2, 1910, Friday

Mother stayed quietly at home this morning but we girls went to Cook's for the mail and get some Capsolene.

After lunch Mother insisted that she wanted to go to the Louvre so we went. It is quite a long distance but we took it slowly going by the Egyptian obelisk and seeing the

statues of the different cities. That of Strassberg now held by Germany is all heaped with flowers and wreaths and decorated with flags.

We walked slowly down the Rue de Rivoli and entering the square turned into the door in the centre of the right side. The first room was the room of the Cariatides which stood at the end of the hall where we came in. In this room were two large vases one [p. 88] at either end. A person standing at one and making the faintest whisper could be heard by the person standing at the other. At least some people could hear each other so they said but we couldn't seem too. It was in this room that Henry of Navarre and Margaret were married. Just five days afterward on the Eve of St. Bartholemew Aug 23) Charles IX was induced by his mother to sign the paper for the massacre of the Huguenots.

From here we went to find the Venus de Milo and coming out at the beginning of the set of rooms leading to her saw her far down the hall with all her grace and beauty becoming more apparent as we came nearer.

The best position is at the right of the doorway of the room before and another good position is [p. 89] on the seat facing the window. The strength of her face and the whole beauty comes out the more you look at it. I hope that we may spend a few minutes here each time we come.

In the room adjoining is the Melpomene a statue supposedly from Pompey's theatre and one of the largest ancient statues in existence.

We met Miss Winslow and Miss Connance here for the first time since we landed. They are staying six weeks here and had five in London.

From here we went up the stairway with the Winged Victory of Samos Thrace flying triumphantly toward us. We did not stop here for very long as there were no seats and we can come some time when [p. 90] Mother will feel more like standing. We went (turning to our right) straight to room IV which contained among many beautiful pictures two special ones—Leonard Da Vinci's Mona Lisa and Titian's Young man in black, holding a glove.

Raphael's "Madonna and Child with St. John;" Correggio's "Betrothal of St. Catharine of Alexandria;" Paolo Veronese's "Marriage at Cana": and Titian's "Entombment of Christ" are all especially good.

We went through the door at the right and into another gallery where were two attributed to Botticelli and his school Madonna's often seen. There were other very fine ones that we left for another day.

Coming out again we went unto the "grande galerie." All the pictures were very good but the climax was [p. 91] reached in Bay II where on the left wall was Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." Mary standing in the clouds with the moon under her feet while around her are a perfect shower of little cherubs. Just at first the expression is one of agony but after a few minutes it became one of great wonder and devout joy. Not far away are the Beggar boy and the Holy Family both by Murillo. The Holy Family is especially good.

In Bay "F" were Rembrandt's pictures and adjoining that were the Van Dyck pictures together with some of Rubens. We went down a short flight of steps and were

in a large room of Ruben's pictures. We did not stop to examine these last few rooms as we were hunting for a certain room.

[p. 92] The doors at the left and right led to a series of smaller rooms with pictures by Frans Hals, Steen, Ostade (with his white horses) Ruisdael, Hobbema, Teniers and many others.

From here we retraced our steps through the Grande Galerie and Room IV to the gallery of Apollo reached by the door at the left of Room IV. This room is one of the most beautiful in the world. The ceiling is painted with pictures of Apollo and is carved in gilt. The wood is white with carvings of gilt. Portraits are placed at intervals along the left wall and in the spaces between the windows. In one of the cases placed in the centre of the room are some of the crown jewels. There are two crowns (one imitation), [p. 93] a very large diamond, a beautiful string of pearls besides watches and medals.

The Rotunda was at the end of the Gallery and from here we went down the stairs and up those just opposite, to the Gallery of French masters. We went straight to Greuze's "The Broken Picture." It was very sweet and pretty. You couldn't help falling in love with it the minute you set eyes on it. There was another one by him of a little girl looking at a dead bird which simply captivated you the minute you looked at it. There were two others also by him on either side of the door as we entered but these were not so sweet.

In the room at the end of this room was the picture of Madam Lebrun and her little daughter [p. 94] This was another sweet picture and one we were looking for.

Here we took the room to the left (Room VIII). There were some very good pictures here some of the best being by David. The Reapers by Millet was a very good one and near this is the picture of a girl taking her bath. This picture had the best flesh tints of any we have seen so far and for this reason was very good. Quite a few other pictures in this room were also very good. The one of St. Augustine and his mother Monica had a lot in it especially the faces. Two people side by side gazing off across the desert with faces full of great peace.

[Four sheets tipped in between pages 94 and 95, all with colored cards with handwritten titles below: "L'angelus (Millet)"; "Les illusions perdues (Gleyre)"; "The Madonna of the Grapes – Mignard"; "Portrait de Muse Le Brun et de sa fille, Le Brun – The Louvre"; "The Immaculate Conception – Murillo"; "La Vierge de Seville, Murillo – Louvre"; "La Joconde, L. da Vinci – Louvre"; and, "Leonard da Vinci, The Virgin of the Rocks – Paris, Louvre"]

[p. 95, Two sepia toned postcards: "Musee de Louvre, Greuze (Jean-Baptiste) (1725-1805), La Cruche casse – The Louvre" and "Filipepi (Sandro), dit il Botticelli (1447-1510), La Vierge, l'Enfant Jesus et Saint Jean – The Louvre"]

[p. 96]

September 3, 1910, Saturday

Mother suffered a great deal last night so we girls insisted that she should have a doctor. It was hard work making her consent but she did and then came a time getting one. Dr. was finally reached by telephone and said he would come at once. "At once" proved to be quite a while for he did not come until about half past eleven. He said he thought it was nothing but rumetism but advised Mother to stay still for a while.

We girls ventured forth alone, this afternoon to get Mothers prescriptions filled, get the mail and also some fruit. We also caught sight of some burnt almonds which we bought with great glee and ate with greater still.

[p. 97] We went out several times in all spending most of the afternoon in this way. We confine our walks to the Rue de Madeline and the Avenue de l'Opera mostly although I think we could manage very well on some of the other streets.

[At the bottom of page, two black and white postcards: "Paris – Avenue de l'Opera" and "Paris, L'Opera"]

September 4, 1910, Sunday

Mother spent another miserable night but got up and went down to breakfast.

After lunch she insisted on going out so out we went. The Madeline is open in the afternoons so we went in. It is a beautiful building. The interior with a very large nave is as beautiful as the exterior. The little side chapels on either side and the altar especially all contain fine pieces of sculpture. From here we walked down the Rue Royal to the Place de la Concorde passing Maxim's on the way. From the outside Maxim's looked quite decent but we were there in the daytime and did not go inside.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most beautiful squares in the world – now. An Egyptian [p. 99] obelisk marks the spot where the guillotine stood in the time of the revolution and where Louis XVI met his death as did many others in 1793. How dreadful must have been this now beautiful square in the reign of terror.

After walking around this square we started to walk on the Champs Elysee which leads up to the Arch of Triumph. After we got started Mother was very anxious to reach the Arch so we kept on. We saw the Grand and Petit Palaces with the Pont Alexander III – near them – about half way up the street. It really was a much longer walk than it appeared at first but when we got there were amply repaid. The Arch (the highest one in the world) is grand and beautiful in one. "Grand" because for what it stands. [p. 100] "Beautiful" because of the work of the hands of man.

It stands a fitting memorial of the deeds of a great man. Mother had walked enough by this time so we took a taxi and rode down the Bois de Boulogne.

Sunday over here is not the same as at home. Here it is a day for picnics and games and amusements. The people were flying kites playing ball and enjoying a holiday thoroughly. I like our Sunday best.

After driving around for a while we went back to the Hotel and spent the rest of the afternoon reading and writing.

We had plenty of reading matter as yesterday we found perfectly fine book store "Brentana's" on the Avenue de l'Opera and promptly invested some money. I got Frances Elliot's "Old Court Life [p. 101] in France," Helen got Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and Katharine got one volume of Carlisle's "French History" and some American magazines. They came in might handy to-day.

[At the bottom of the page, two black and white postcards: "Paris—Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile" and "Paris—La Place de la Concorde"]

[Between pages 100-101, a printed Bible verse, Isa. 32:17, "For Peace Sunday and Missionary Services" printed at top.]

[p. 102]

September 5, 1910, Monday

Mother had another bad night so didn't go out this morning. Helen was engrossed with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" so Katharine and I ventured forth alone to get the mail and see about having our winter trunks forwarded from Liverpool. There were quite a few people trying to arrange about baggage and having a perfectly dreadful time about it. We didn't know what we were getting into but waiting our turn. The man was just as nice as he could be telling us just what to write and where to write it, on the declaration form. We hadn't the slightest bit of trouble. He probably took pity on our youth.

Mother declares that she is just as well off to go out so this afternoon we took a carriage to Notre Dame. The outside is highly carved and ornamented with [p. 103] many garoils of fantastic shapes. Around the door, on pedestals are figures of saints among them Saint Denis holding his head in his hands.

The interior of Notre Dame is darks and somber "Save where the candles / That glimmered few and faint, / Lighted a little space before some saint." The candles burning here were mostly before the statue of the Virgin or "Our Lady" of Notre Dame.

On either side of the body of the church ran an isle seperated from the centre by a row of pillars. In each end of the transepts was a rose window with the most beautiful stain glass I have ever seen or ever expect to see. It simply puts all the other stained glass just no where compared with it. We had to just sit down and gaze at it.

The choir and sanctuary were [p. 104] seperated from the rest of the church by a very fine railing and behind them in the chapels was some good glass for modern work. The stained glass in the cloister was good although it took quite a few minutes to get used to the combinations of color used.

We went into some of the side chapels conducted by a guide where were kept the Treasury of the Church. The coronation robe of Napoleon and the cushion on which he knelt, ancient and precious vessels, in one of which we could see what was called a piece of the true cross. There was one solid silver image of the Virgin which it was said required six or seven men to carry. The man talked in French so we could understand only what Mother and Helen could translate. He showed us some very

beautiful [p. 105] royal (?) robes or something of the kind. They were perfectly beautiful being hand embroidered some being "cloth of gold" I should judge. Here in Notre Dame are what is said to be the Crown of Thorns, a nail from the Cross and a piece of wood from the true cross. These are not shown—only the piece of true wood.

Mother waited and we girls climbed up in one of the towers. One place, half way up we went out and were right up among the gargoiles which projected above and below us. From here we went up a narrow and very dark, steep, winding stairway to the top of the tower. We stayed only long enough to get a brief glimpse of the city then went down again and joined Mother. We took a carriage home and called the day finished as far as Mother's going out was concerned. There are some nice people who [p. 106] sit opposite us at the dinner table. Mrs. Campbell and her daughter Mrs. Abbey. Her son and her daughters friend Miss Farish. We only see them at dinner but they seem quite nice. They come from Texas.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard "Paris — Notre-Dame — L'Abside"]

[p. 107]

September 6, 1910, Tuesday

Mother was much worse than she has been at all so had a fire built in her room and consented to stay in. We girls spent the morning between the drug store and the Hotel.

This afternoon we girls went to the Louvre. We followed the Baedeker through a great many of the rooms on the ground floor. We have seen a very good Egyptian and Asiatic collection in the British Museum so we did not go to the collection in the Louvre. Of course we had to go and see the Venus de Milo again and her beauty grew on us more and more. In a room not far away was the Borghese Gladiator, a splendid piece of work and not unlike our little one only the position was toward the other side from that which ours faces.

Upstairs we went through all [p. 108] the rooms we were in on Friday and then went up the stairs at the left of the Victory, through the Rotunda into the rooms beyond which were in the main part of the building.

There were not many rooms with pictures and after looking at the starred ones we went to the Saloon of Ancient Bronzes where we only stopped for a few minutes as there was nothing special. Next came the rooms with furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of the rooms were hung with Gobelin tapestries which of course are very precious. In the first room there was a perfectly fine cabinet inlaid with tortoise shell and brass of the time of Louis XIV. When you see all the beautiful things you can fully realize how France could be in a state of bankruptcy.

[p. 109] In the next room there was quite a large carpet of the time of Louis XV and two fine bureaux one of lacquer work and the other with fine inlaid work some of Wedgwood. They were not behind the times for there was a clock inserted in the back.

Two rooms beyond there was another large carpet and in one corner of the room was a small furnished room with a beadstead covered with the most beautifully embroidered silk, chairs and tables. As we could not make out the French we don't know whether the bed was used by Marie Antoinette or whether it was simply of that period. It certainly was fit for a monarch.

In the cases by the windows were the daintiest little snuff boxes with painted miniatures or inlaid work. We wouldn't have minded [p. 110] having some of them but they were not kind enough to offer us any.

There was one more room filled with fine furniture and containing another large carpet. The rooms themselves are beautiful being well preserved. The ceilings have the same paintings as when the Louvre was used as a royal palace and the walls – some of them – are hung with Gobelin tapestries or velvet.

The next rooms contained a collection of drawings which were very good according to Baedeker but we did not stop for a very close inspection as we considered we did not know enough to appreciate them

The rooms after these contained small objects among which the ivory collection was interesting. It seems almost impossible [p. 111] that they could produce the delicate results that they did.

There was one thing that took us aback a great deal. The Rothschild room which was only a small one compared to many of the others and contained no great masterpiece was valued at four million dollars and fifty thousand dollars was spent in refixing the room. If this one small room is valued at so much what can some of the large rooms with great masterpieces be worth?

The Asiatic antiquities were next and were well worth seeing. There was covering one whole (?) side of the room a frieze of painted and glazed terrecotta from the throne room of Darius I. On the other side is a portion of a stair railing from the palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon and at the farther [p. 112] end was a two headed capital from his throne room. It was merely the capital of one of thirty six similar ones but it stood nearly as high as the room.

There was a head of a woman which said ninth century before Christ. It gave you a queer feeling to see these things which were older than you could imagine. The other rooms contained old pottery and Egyptian articles on which we did not spend much time.

Upstairs there were not many rooms open and those that were, contained pictures.

By the time we had gone through all of the rooms upstairs we felt as though we had walked miles and had seen sufficient for one day so we turned our steps homeward reaching there about [p. 113] half past five or the time when Mother was beginning to worry.

We played a game of Bridge to while away the evening. Mother and I beat and it was about time to make up for our defeat in Bowness.

[At the bottom of the page, two black and white postcards: "Paris—Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel" and "Paris—Musee de Louvre, La Galerie d'Apollon"]

[p. 114]

September 7, 1910, Wednesday

We were so tired that we did not get up very early so that by the time we were ready to start out it was getting late. We went to "Cook's & Fils" then on down the Avenue de l'Opera to try and find the Palais Royale. We had our maps and seeing about the location made a bold start for it and came out all right. The garden was all shut in by the palace buildings but the buildings themselves are now used as stores.

By the time we had just got interested in imagining bygone days it was time to go home for lunch.

After lunch we took a carriage and drove to the Luxemburg leaving Mother to rest. This gallery is not very large but contains some good pictures and pieces of marble statuary. There is one picture of a mother bringing [p. 115] her dead child to the Virgin to whom she came for consolation.

Some of the landscape drawings were good also.

We went out into the gardens of the Luxemburg and spent quite a while hunting for the Medeci fountain which was especially good.

From here we walked to the Pantheon one of many beautiful buildings in Paris. We took the Baedeker and followed the pictures on the walls then waited for a guide to take us down into the vaults. It was quite dark down there and most of the tombs could only be seen through a small opening. The guide talked only in French but we could usually catch the names. Voltaire, and Victor Hugo are the two graves of special interest. Victor Hugo's was heaped with [p. 116] flowers and wreaths.

We took a carriage from here and drove to the Hotel des Invalides that we might see the tomb of Napoleon. I think very few people could stand and look down where he is buried with torn banners from the field of victory near by and think of his glory his victories and his exile without a feeling of pity. Especially so when they read his words "I desire that my bones shall be buried on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the people whom I have loved." He truly was a wonderful man. (Yellow window with light on a cross).

We walked by highway and byway to the Eiffel Tower which is the largest in the world being almost twice as high as Washington Monument.

By the time we reached it, it was getting late so we made no [p. 117] attempt to go up, instead took a carriage for the Hotel calling the day finished.

[In the middle of the page, four postcards: a black and white postcard "Paris—Jardin et Palais de Luxembourg"; sepia toned postcard "Bouguereau—La Vierge Consolatrice (Detail)"; black and white postcard "Paris—Le Pantheon"; and, black and white postcard "Les Invalides—Le Tombe de Napoleon"]

September 8, 1910, Thursday

Mother had asked Madam to write to the Chief of Police to get a permit to see the Conciergerie (part of the Palace of Justice). It came just in time so we started early this [p. 118] morning.

There was a short time to wait but soon the guide came up and we started. The guide did not know a word of English but once and a while we could catch a word or two. First there was a long passage way with steps leading up to an iron grating which separated the passage from the adjoining room. We are not quite sure but think this is the passage where the prisoners were packed in, pending the day when they should be dragged to the tumbrels and carried to their death.

[Glued over the middle of this paragraph, a sepia toned postcard: "Muller — Appel des derniers Victims de la Terreur, Musee de Versailles"]

Leding from this into another passage our guide soon brought us to the cell of Marie Antoinette. It is a very small room but is believed that the two rooms next this together with what is now shown were at that time [p. 119] one large room occupied by the queen. Each day from here she went up to the tribunal to hear what was to become of her and for many days she returned to live another day.

A small cell next to hers was occupied by Robespierre for a short time before his execution and beyond that is a chapel. Two pictures here represent the queen taking her last sacrament and bidding farewell to her family. "No spot in the world has seen so many tears, no spot in the world has witnessed such terrible tragedies."

We drove to the Bon Marchet to look for a waist for Helen. Helen did not get any but I got a black bever hat. We did not stay here for very long but drove to the Marlborough Tea Rooms on Rue Cambon and had creamed chicken, cornbread, hot muffins [p. 120] and hot griddle cakes with maple syrup. My but those things tasted good!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

After lunch there we went to the Louvre store but found nothing that we were hunting for but some artificial flowers. Then we drove to the Lafayette 1 Rue La Fayette (?) which Mrs. Garland had spoken of to Mother. We intended to end our shopping here but as we came out near Perrin's Glove Store on the Avenue de l'Opera Mother went in and got us seven pairs of gloves apiece. Then we went home with Versailles in prospect to-morrow.

[Added in the bottom third of the page in smaller cramped handwriting]

How could I have forgotten the Sainte Chapelle the entrance just around the corner from that to the Concergerie when we waited three fourths of an hour for the gate to open! It was built to contain the holy relics now in Notre Dame. The lower chapel is dark and unimportant but a little staircase in the corner leds to the upper chapel. We had our breath fairly taken away. All around is stained glass making the room seem most gorgeous for it is well set off by the dark stone of the rest of the

building. In fact the chapel is most beautiful because of its stained glass for otherwise it is quite bare. It was from here we went to the Bon Marchet, etc.

[p. 121]

September 9, 1910, Friday

Mother decided to try to go to-day so we went down to the Place de la Concorde and took the steam tram. The ride lasted for about an hour so we were landed very near the palace gate about eleven o'clock.

It was such a large building that it seemed better for us to take a guide who could show us the best parts.

The rooms he showed us first contained epochs of French history shown by paintings. He explained as we went along telling funny things often. There were several rooms devoted to Napoleon showing him at different stages of his triumphs. One picture was where he was looking at the tomb of Frederick the Great and saying he would never have conquered Prussia if this man was alive. Our guide said that Napoleon's example should serve as a warning to men not to [p. 122] divorce their wives for up to the time of his second marriage Napoleon was always victorious but after this marriage he suffered defeat.

These historical pictures filled quite a few rooms and were all most interesting for the represented most of the chief events of French history.

Our guide then took us to the Chapel. On entering the door we were standing in the royal box which, upstairs in the gallery, faced the altar. On either side the court used to sit and the priest is said to have complained one to Louis XIV for he said he thought that the ladies thought more of looking at and being looked at by the king than they did of their prayers for they used to turn their backs to the altar and their faces to the king. The chapel was a beautiful room itself made of white marble [p. 123] the roof being supported by Corinthian columns starting from the upper gallery. The lower arches were carved most beautifully in gold and the floor was of inlaid marble. It was a room fit for a king.

He took us then to Madame Pompadour's theatre and the small ante room adjoining it. The anteroom was carved in as much style as any of the royal apartments. Madame Pompadour's picture as Venus (?) hung on one wall and just opposite was that of her royal lover.

The theatre originally in oak is now in red being so spoiled by Louis Phillipe. It is a large one capable of holding many people. Now it is sometimes used when the Counsel assembles to elect a new President. The stage now is the platform on which Napoleon was crowned.

Behind the stage is a room in which was held the feast so fatal [p. 124] to Louis XVI. Here the officers were entertained with a royal repast while in Paris the people were starving. The soldiers were pleased with the banquet and tearing the tricolored cocade from their hats replaced it with the white and swore to be loyal to their king. The people of Paris heard of this feast and were greatly infuriated. The women rose and laying hands on the cannon in the market poured out onto the road to Versailles

crying "they have bread at Versailles. We will have food for our little ones" and dragging the cannon with them

The counselors of Louis tried to reason with them and that night they camped in the courtyard. The next day Marie Antoinette addressed them from the stone balcony running across the central [p. 125] portion of the rooms facing the courtyard. The people were pacified for a time but Marie and Louis were obliged to flee to the Palace of the Tuilleries as at length the mob no longer to be held back poured into the palace and up the grand stairway.

Next we went to the rooms containing large historical paintings by [blank space]. Each person in his pictures is supposed to be the likeness of someone known to the artist and a plan of the picture is given beneath each with the names of the people they represent. The largest picture in the world of this kind is here. It represents an Arab camp surprised by the British. Our guide points out one man in the picture who was fleeing with the [p. 126] money bags of the gathering. He is the one of the nobles of France. He wished to have his portrait painted by this artist but refused to pay what the artist charged him. The artist painted in this picture and it is said that the noble offered him more than he had asked for his picture to take him out of this one but the artist would not.

We now began to go through some of the large rooms used once for dancing and merrymaking. We took one of the state guides and went through the private apartments of Louis. There was not much furniture but they were different than the other rooms being of white wood with little pannels and gilt carving. We could not understand what they were saying for it was all in French and our guide was not allowed to go with us.

[p. 127] The room of Louis XIV is in the centre of the courtyard and from his bed (which is still there) he could look right down into the village. On his bed is carved the sun for it is to the sun that he compared himself. So when he rose in the morning the sun rose in the town. Everyone passing his royal bed was obliged to kneel and to do reverence to His Majesty.

We went into the room of glaces. We were just a wee bit disappointed for although in those times glaces were a great rarity, we expected they would be one big glace and instead each glace was composed of panes like a window. However the room was so large and long that it was marvelous to have it all glass. When the lights were lighted in the gorgeous chandeliers and the ladies and gentlemen were dancing about those mirrors must have seen [p. 128] a gorgeous site.

Another guide took us into the private apartments of Marie Antoinette. They are the dearest little rooms, just as cosy and dainty as they can be and yet fit for a queen. Marie seemed more humane after we had seen these dear little rooms. They were all furnished which made them especially attractive.

The large rooms are many of them very beautiful because of the walls being decorated with inlaid marble but Louis Phillips did not seem to realize the beauty of this and has covered much of it up.

Our guide had shown us most of the principle things – so he said – so we left the palace to get lunch. He took us through the gardens out onto a side street where he left us at a restaurant where we got a perfectly delicious lunch.

[p. 129] After lunch we took a carriage and drove to the Petit Trianon. The rooms here shown were Marie Antoinette's but they did not seem quite so cozy as those at Versailles' palace. The picture of the dolphin that is usually copied is on an easel in one of the rooms making it seem cosier.

We went out into the gardens but it began to rain and it would be a very bad thing for Mother to catch cold so we hurried back to the carriage and drove to the building containing the royal coaches and sleds. They were truly magnificent especially Napoleon's. The sleds were very dainty affairs used once by dainty ladies. Madame Pompadour's sled was especially fascinating but did not look as though it would go down the hill at Waterboro in forty seconds the way our toboggans did.

We drove hurriedly to the Grande [p. 130] Trianon for it was still sprinkling. There were quite a few rooms shown here as there were some in both wings of the house. They were many of them furnished and presented a fine appearance. The furniture was most gorgeous – to be looked at, not touched – One would have thought the monarchs would be scrupulous about not touching it themselves but I guess there was no difficulty in this way.

Napoleon's suite of rooms were very fascinating as in fact they all were. You could imagine Madame Mentinon and Louis sitting before any one of the numerous fire places talking together or out in the gardens walking among the flowers. Ah those were gay times! But how much better are the times now.

In one room there was a large round solid mahogany table all cut of one piece of wood. The tree must [p. 131] have been very huge for the top of the table was an unusually large one. It was certainly a beauty. One any one might well wish to possess. One room also contained malachites which were most beautiful. My adjective "beautiful" is getting well worn but there are so many things it would be an insult to, to call only "pretty" and I dislike "handsome" and "elegant" so much (for private reasons) that I am wearing "beautiful" very bare.

When we left the Grande Trianon we felt that we had seen as much as we possibly could in one day unless we wished to get very tired and that we did not wish to do, so we told our driver to drive us to the tram terminus and we said good-by to Versailles without having seen much of the beautiful gardens or all the rooms in the palace or Marie Antoinette's Dairy house.

What we did see of the fountains [p. 132] made us wish we had gone to see them last Sunday when they played but it was just as well, as Mother did not feel so very well. We will have just so much more to see next time we come.

The tram shook us up for an hour and one thing that surprised us. When we reached the entrance to the city there were gates and an inspector came on to see if we were bringing anything into the city not allowed. We don't know what isn't allowed but anyway we didn't have any. We got off at the Place de la Concorde, took a carriage to Cook's we bought our tickets to Montreaux for tomorrow – then took another

carriage home. The taxi-carriages are certainly a saving of strength and you can ride all around the city for about twenty cents apiece. We packed this evening.

[p. 133, Four color postcards glued in two stacks. Top: "Versailles – Vue generale prise a vol d'oiseau sur le Chateau, le Parc et le Ville" and "Versailles – Le Chateau et la Grille d'Honneur." Bottom: "Versailles – Le Chateau – La Cour de Marbre" and "Chateau de Versailles – Interieur de la Chapelle"]

[p. 134, Four color postcards glued in two stacks. Top: "Versailles – La Chateau, Chambre de Louis XIV" and "Versailles – Le Chateau – Galerie de Glaces." Bottom: Palais de Versailles – Salon de L'Oeil-de-Boeuf" and "Versailles – Le Chateau – Galerie des Batailles"]

[p. 135, Four color postcards glued in two stacks. Top: "Versailles – Le Parc – Le Bassin de Latone" and "Le Jardin de Versailles – La Bassin de Latone – Un Jour de Grand Eaux." Bottom: "Versailles – Le Petit Trianon – Chambre a Coucher de Marie-Antoinette" and "Versailles – Musee de Voitures – Voiture du Sacre de Charles X"]

[p. 136, Four color postcards glued in two stacks. Top: "Versailles – Palais du Grand Trianon – Cabinet de Travail de Napoleon" and "Versailles – Palais du Grand Trianon, Chamber de Napoleon 1st." Bottom: "Versailles – Le Grand Trianon, La Chambre a Coucher de Napoleon 1st" and "Versailles – Palais de Grand Trianon, Chambre a coucher de Louis-Philippe"]

[p. 137]

September 10, 1910, Saturday

We were up good and early this morning having breakfast at a quarter past seven. The Gare de Lyon was nearly at the other end of the town and it took nearly an hour to get there. Everything looked so fresh and clean in the early morning light that we had a last good impression of Paris although we were not sorry to leave it.

There was some trouble with the driver and Mother was having a perfectly dreadful time when one of us turned and there was a Cook's man standing quietly by waiting for us to call on him. We did call on him, and after he had settled the dispute with the driver he took us to our train, raced all through it until he found seats for us then took our luggage in through the window and put it on the rack besides telling Mother the porter's tariff. [p. 138] He made himself generally nice and obliging and when anyone is so nice as he was you don't feel as though you were wasting your money to tip them.

The train route was very similar to that which we came over to get to Paris, only we had a chance to see the country we had passed through in darkness.

We passed through Dijon and Pontalier from the last of which stations we went off on another route. It was good to be getting back again among the hills and the

beauties of God's hand not man's. Paris is beautiful, no one can deny that but give me the hills and the sky and the free pure air of the mountains!

Our train got into Montreaux a little after seven and we went out of the station to find the [p. 139] Hotel carriage. There were a while line of porters and the light was so dim that we could not distinguish them so Mother called our "Hotel Bristol" and the porters near by repeated it until it finally reached the ears of the porter we wanted and he stepped to the front and showed us the bus.

They gave us very comfortable rooms and without changing for dinner, we went right down for we were more than hungry.

[p. 140]

September 11, 1910, Sunday

We were lazy folks and as our room was dark we did not wake until ten minutes past nine or some where around there. We had just time to get dressed and go down to breakfast before the breakfast room closed.

The first of the morning we spent on the terrace in the sun but we girls went for a walk out to the Castle of Chillon passing Madam Des Essart's School on the way. There is only one house between it and the Hotel so we shall not be far from Mother.

We just went inside the castle grounds and stood by the wall forming the moat. The castle is really built in the water so that it is a natural moat. All along the stone wall were the smallest little lizzards and since we had never seen any before we [p. 141] were very interested in these

The afternoon we spent reading and writing.

We are right by the lake although the railroad track runs between it and the Hotel.

[At the bottom of the page: a black and white postcard "Chateau de Chillon (Lac Lemman)"]

[p. 142]

September 12, 1910, Monday

We unpacked both trunks this morning, trimmed a hat and set forth to see Madam Des Essarts. Madam was ill but we saw Mademoiselle which was just as good. We talked over everything and made the arrangements to come Wednesday afternoon. She then showed us the school rooms and bedrooms, the garden and all there was to see. Of course it is rather bare but it looked most pleasant and comfortable. This took most of the morning.

This afternoon we took the tram to Montreaux and hunted out Herinx – a tailor of whom Mother ordered a red wool suit for me. The address was given her by Aunt Isabella and it looked very nice.

We did some other little bit of shopping then walked home stopping in and having four o'clock chocolate and cakes. [written in the bottom margin in smaller script:] This was necessitated by a row we had just taken up by the school to the Castle

of Chillen then back again to Montreaux. We had learned that the girls in school were not allowed to row therefore we did this.

[p. 143] We played Bridge this evening and Mother and I beat Helen and Katharine very closely. I think we are more than making up for our defeat in Bowness. The more we play and I get so I can play better the more I like it for the brain work you have to use. Over here your brain is constantly receiving new impressions but it doesn't have to work much to get them so Bridge is good to make your brain work.

[At the bottom of the page, a black a white postcard "Montreux – Hotel Bon-Port et Excelsior"]

[p. 144]

September 13, 1910, Tuesday

We took the tram to Verey this morning to hunt up an address of Aunt Isabella's – and hunt we had to. At last we found the people had moved to Geneva so that ended the matter with us and we took the tram back home again. It is here in Verey that Peter's Chocolate is made.

We wrote all the afternoon and played a winning game of Bridge, for Mother and I this evening.

[p. 145]

September 14, 1910, Wednesday

By way of many shops we at last go to the tailor's this morning and had a fitting then hurried home to get some of the packing done. It took all the morning and until about four in the afternoon but I was quite proud when it was done for I had done every bit of it myself. I have always wanted to see if I could make a trunk come out straight, I have had such good luck with suitcases.

The trunk was sent right over and we followed after them. The last arrangements were made and we said good-by to Mother and went upstairs to unpack. Mademoiselle introduced us to Marion _____ an American and left us with her and our trunks.

Helen is on the floor above us with another girl who has not come so that isn't quite as nice.

I unpacked my things and go them [p. 146] hung away and put away, then Helen took the trunk upstairs and did likewise.

You are only allowed one picture rack. Nothing else can be put on the wall but then we didn't have anything to put. I pinned Mrs. Garland's American flag that she gave to Mother across the picture rack then put under it my one and only picture – Marjaires.

I hadn't hardly more than done when my door burst open and in walked in my next door neighbor – Roselya _____ and with her Dorothy Douglas, the first an American and the second a Scotch girl. Olive Richards and English girl also made her

appearance. I like her — so far — ever so much. The girls were very cordial and we got along quite well.

This evening they cleared the [p. 147] dinning room floor and we had a dance where we got acquainted with more girls. There are no French girls in the school but there are quite a number of English and Germans, some Americans, Spanish, Italians, Hungarians, Canadians, Danes, Norwegians, Dutch and Brazilians. So we have different nationalities. Most everyone whether new or not knows some French and it seems too bad that we couldn't have had at least a year of it.

It goes on the honor system. At night a teacher comes around to each room and asks if you have spoken French all day. If you have spoken anything else you must tell and then you are fined ten centimes for each time. It seems so queer to fine the girls instead of taking from their French rank. Well lots of things will seem queer but it is good for us.

[Glued on top of the bottom paragraph, a black a white postcard "Territet — Hotel Bristol, Hotel Richelieu et Institution des Essarts"]

[p. 148]

September 15, 1910, Thursday

To-day is the first day of school. We were told that the rising bell rang at seven o'clock but were afraid we mightn't wake up so set our minds a little before seven and woke up before the bell started. When it did start our minds were set quite at ease for the maid started at one end of the hall and walked slowly to the other end ringing a bell as big as ours up to Waterboro. She did this on each floor.

Where we have been having breakfast about ten each morning it seems unearthly to get up at seven but there was no help for it so up we got.

At ten minutes of eight the bell rang for prayers and we had to go down very promptly. You have to shake hands with all the teachers and some of them don't get down to prayers so that makes it [p. 149] most confusing to remember which you have and which you haven't shaken hands with.

After breakfast we had a few minutes to ourselves then went down to the class room to begin recitations at eight thirty. We were put in a class with two little American girls, a little English girl and a Dutch girl. All about ten or near there. The teacher was just as nice as she could be and I think we ought to learn something by Christmas. They use the Berlitz Method.

We had French 'till eleven then Helen and Katharine had German until twelve at which time we had dinner.

At half past one we went into the study room and from there Mademoiselle took us to see what we knew in music. We could play absolutely nothing and besides making a failure of music [p. 150] we made the failure of telling her that we had learned our lesson for to-morrow. She spoke to the French teacher who doubled our lesson as you are supposed to have enough to keep you busy until three o'clock. With the additional amount we had more than enough.

At half past three the others went for a walk but we went downstairs and sat on the tennis court instead. At half past four we went in and had tea and we were more than hungry. It gives you a good appetite to do some work.

After supper we sat in the drawing room and sewed or rather watched others sew until nine o'clock when we shook hands [p. 151] all around and went to bed.

No one – unless they are sick – can go to bed before half past eight and all must go at nine so that the lights will be off at ten.

We got along very well to-day and I think we shall be quite happy and contented here but when Christmas comes I think we shall be ready to gather our things together and move onward.

The girls mostly all have rooms looking out on the lake. The view is perfectly beautiful but the sun does not get around to our windows until about five o'clock so that the rooms are shiveringly cold.

[p. 152]

September 16, 1910, Friday

The work is settling a little more into its lines of routine. The bell woke us again and as yesterday we went down to prayers, then to breakfast, then to recitation. Recitation lasts long but by having so much French it seems as though we ought to pick it up.

Helen and Katharine had no German from eleven to twelve to-day so we had that hour together. Helen's roommate has not come yet. She has only heard about her. She is an Italian who speaks very fine French, speaks no English but understands it a little.

This afternoon we went for the walk at half past three. Helen and Katharine walked together and I walked right behind with an English girl who has her home in Cylon. There was quite a line of us all two by two with the governess. We walked down into Montreaux [p. 153] as far as the market then walked home as far as possible by the lakeside. We were out about an hour in all and had a good appetite for tea which was ready almost as soon as we got in. After tea Helen and I played tennis with Roselya and Winnie – Mother was out on the Hotel terrace and we waved to her.

This evening after dinner we sewed and listened to French conversation. It is fascinating to hear them talk and watch their motions even though you cannot yourself say anything.

We were at Mademoiselle Fraunaise's (?) table and since she is our French teacher she made us say things in French and told us the names of things in French. It is lots of fun. We like her ever so much. She is just as cute as she can be.

[p. 154]

September 17, 1910, Saturday

We don't even have all day Saturday free. We have to have French in the morning just the same as any other day but then we are here to learn not to have just a good time.

Mother came for us after lunch and we were allowed to go with her. We had made a tailor's appointment and also one with a dressmaker so we went down into Montreaux where we did these various little things besides numerous other little errands. Somehow the little things take up a lot of time, anyhow it was five o'clock before we knew it and we must be getting home. We could not go however without having some ice cream so we had ice chocolate—as they call it—and cakes. They tasted mighty good to us.

[p 155] Then we sorrowfully turned our footsteps schoolwards getting there just in time to dress for dinner. It is a puzzle to tell at which time we have dinner, at noon or at night. I guess it is at noon but anyhow at both times we get good things to eat and all we want of them.

This evening was the night for dancing so we danced, but Katharine and I went up to bed early. When the others came we were all in bed and the lights turned out. Suddenly there came a rap and a teacher put her head in the door. She did not hear us say "Come," neither did she give us time to speak before she vanished. Half an hour later she again appeared and I guess she heard us say "Come" or anyway we spoke. She was greatly relieved and rattled off something in French. I guess she thought [p. 156] we were in one of the other girls rooms or else out of the window on the piazza roof. Instead we had to go to bed to get some early sleep.

We do not have more than enough work to keep us busy and we do not indulge in violent exercise but somehow we seem to be quite tired. I think traveling must have kind of tired us out. Certain it is that we eat well, work well and sleep well. I would not mind having Thornton transported over here. I don't believe there is any school that can beat it very much, not in my estimation anyway.

[p. 157]

September 18, 1910, Sunday

"Out of Eternity a new day is born / Into Eternity at night shall return."

It is Sunday. What a lot of peace goes with the word. It is the day that everywhere is God's.

Mother came to get us and take us to Church and we walked down the street with the church bells musically ringing. The bells over here are very musical but we would have liked to be walking down the street to the tune of our big home bell. There is nothing very beautiful ordinarily in its tone but to me it would be the most beautiful bell in the world. It is the first Sunday of church at home and Mr. Emerson is back where he longed to be. They will have the good old service and afterward there will be sort of a reception among the people who have not been together much in the summer. Then will [p. 158] come Sunday School where everybody will be seeing someone they know. In the afternoon will come the loveliest service of all for they will hold Communion. It will be a day of thanksgiving and devotion to God.

Here, we went to the English service. Oh! It is not the same as ours. It is very beautiful and you are fed from the service but it is not the same. The set words which

first one portion and then then other portion of the choir intone and in which few of the people join! It doesn't seem a service of the people.

We had to go right back to the school but Mother is coming for us again, directly after lunch.

She came about two o'clock and getting our things together [p. 159] we went out on the terrace and spent most of the afternoon in the sun. Mother had met someone she liked very much Mr. and Mrs. D. About three years ago they lost their only child a girl of about our ages so Mother didn't as they would want to see us but they did and we had quite a pleasant talk with them. We spent the afternoon very quietly reading and talking and eating candy. Every so often the girls over to the school have what they call a "tuck" that is they are allowed to buy chocolate from the school's supply to the extent of one francs worth. Then they tuck it in. Saturday was one of the days for tuck but we had bought ours in town instead and had it for to-day.

We had dinner with Mother at a dear little table all by [p. 160] ourselves. It is lots of fun having dinner again where you are each waited on and can have all the clean forks you want. We enjoyed ourselves to our fullest extent and were only too sorry when dinner was over and we were obliged to hurry back to the school, this time for one whole week. It seemed long enough from Wednesday to Saturday noon but now it is from Monday until Saturday. However, I get out Tuesday for a tailor's fitting and there is no telling what may come up to make the time long or short.

[p. 161]

September 19, 1910, Monday

I guess my dinner and ice cream were a little too much for me anyhow I had to lie down three times before I could get dressed, I was so dizzy. I got dressed and went down to prayers but omitted breakfast as a thing of minor importance.

I managed to get through the French recitation and a little bit of dinner. In the afternoon I felt better and for supper or dinner whichever it is I made quite a good meal.

They have put me all by myself at the Family table. Katharine is down at the head mistresses' table and Helen is at the German (?) teacher's table. We all wish we were at Mademoiselle Fraunaise's table and the girls who are there wish they were away.

To-night was the night for sewing for which we were very glad as we prefer it much to dancing. The girls don't dance just the same as we do so it isn't very nice.

[p. 162]

September 20, 1910

Tuesday

I dressed again by slow stages. I guess it would have been wiser if I had not eaten any meal last night anyway. I tried to make up for it by skipping breakfast this morning. I managed in the French class but did nothing more than just manage. I was a little more prudent to-day and ate only the first two courses at lunch.

After study period Mother came for me and we started out in the rain. Fortunately for both of us there are cars going by the hotel and by the tailor's so that all we had to do was take a car that stopped within one or two shops of Herinx.

We were earlier than we planned so we had a wait of about thirty five minutes while some one ran over onto my time. [p. 163] This is the last fitting, for I can have the suit Saturday.

We went on down to a book store where Helen had ordered "Rienzi" and then took a tram back to a store just a block from the Hotel where Mother bought some fruit some jam for our breakfasts and some crackers.

At the Hotel she loaded me up with pills of every kind for I think my blood must have been kind of poisoned by something I have eaten as my body is broken out with pimples and I have begun to feel them coming on my forehead.

It was a funny mixture to carry a whole lot of pills and the sweets I had.

There was dancing again this evening but I did not stay down stairs long.

[p. 164]

September 21, 1910, Wednesday

I slept little last night and before Katharine woke I decided I would stay in bed for the day. When Katharine got up she handed me a mirror and then my decision was more than strengthened for my face was all a mass of sores and my body had broken out more. Anyone seeing me down stairs would have been scared of me.

While the others were at breakfast Mademoiselle Laymand came in and went out as quickly. Very soon Mademoiselle Des Essarts came in. She gave one look and said she would send for the doctor. He came and pronounced it a case of chicken pox. Now, what is the sense of coming to Europe and having chicken pox [underlined twice]. You can have it quite as comfortably at home where you [p. 165] will most likely stay most of your life.

They banished me at once to an upstairs room where Mother was waiting to see me. They made me quite comfortable and left me with Mother while they went to examine Helen. Mother said that the winter trunks came last night so that at last we had all our possessions together. I am to have a nurse and am to see no one but her, the doctor and Madame Lussy.

About twelve my nurse came. She is very nice and I know I shall get on finely. I do hope I haven't given it around freely downstairs but that can't be told for about two weeks.

I dosed most of the afternoon and evening. About nine thirty [p. 166] the nurse put on her hat and coat and took her sachel up. I wondered if I was going to be left all alone way off in this part of the house but I supposed if I was, I was, and that was all there was to it. So I let her put off the light. Out in the hall she met Madame Lussy who came in and stayed with me until the nurse came back an hour later. It was alright after all.

[p. 167]

September 22, 1910, Thursday

I dosed and slept most of the day. Mother sent me over some flowers and fruit and I got a letter from her and from Helen. That kind of helped things out.

They gave me some good things to eat soup and milk and eggs and etc.

About six o'clock I heard familiar voices and in walked Helen with her suit case under her arm and her face denoting chicken pox. I thought I should have her in my room but they made a bed for her in a room not far away where the nurse could tend to us both. There is something in having a companion in misery and although I am far from miserable as long as she has the chicken pox I am glad she is having it with me.

[p. 168]

September 23, 1910, Friday

I was perfectly uncomfortable to-day. I believe I used almost the whole box of talcum powder. The sores are everywhere and there is no comfort in any sort of position.

September 24, 1910, Saturday

To-day was a repetition of yesterday only worse.

September 25, 1910, Sunday

I am a little better. I guess the worst part of it is over. I am sure I hope so. I read some to-day in "Rienze."

September 26, 1910, Monday

I read this morning. They have put Helen in my room now which is lots nicer. About noontime I got my fountain pen so after [p. 169] dinner I spent my time inking my fingers in my endeavours to write. I don't think much of my pen.

September 27, 1910, Tuesday

Wrote all day long. Katharine sent up some things I had asked for among them fountain pen ink! So I filled the Waterman's Pen and wrote for all I was worth. We were allowed to sit up for a while this afternoon. Helen dressed but all my things are downstairs.

It is perfectly fine, warm, summerish weather. Let us hope it will be the same when we are able to be up and out.

The sunset to-night was perfectly wonderful and also peculiar. It is one of those golden effects that turn the whole landscape into pure gold. There was only a short [p. 170] opening between the clouds above and those below which were trying their best to cover the sun. While it was in view the sun colored all the sky golden such a pure color as is rarely seen even when looking at the sun on a cloudless day. There was a long lane of gold in the water which stretched toward our window as if inviting us to walk up the golden lane and pay a visit. The boats with their graceful sails turned

golden by this second Midas were posing picturesquely around and high above them the mountains outline their dark masses against a golden sky.

The clouds drew ever nearer and nearer and finally the sun was covered by those below. It was covered but not extinguished for it colored the clouds above with its color and outlined every tiny particle [p. 171] of cloud matter with a rim of gold. There is a poem about the sun set by Samuel Longfellow which Helen recited and which just fitted the occasion. I must find it out and add it to my treasury.

September 28, 1910, Wednesday

Each day we gain; in fact now it is merely a question of waiting until the sores heal, and they are taking their time about it. I sent downstairs for my cloths and about twelve o'clock Helen and I both got up and entirely dressed. It seemed good to get on my things again.

We had dinner at our little table and it seemed as if we were getting back to the ways of healthy folks.

[p. 172] Mother sent over some home mail and a note. Her daily notes are more then welcome and to-day she said she would be out on the terrace so we each could see each other at four o'clock.

I don't think the girls I have for acquaintances are very good correspondents. I have not had more than two letters from any of them and some have sent only one. Helen gets letters every mail and so does Katharine but not a word do I receive.

Katharine got a letter from her grandmother who said that one Saturday night Joe went to the telephone, called up Carl and asked him to come down, called up Kiyo likewise but he could not come. He did the same with George and Tukie. Thanks be that he had it in him to do [p. 173] it, for it is so senseless for people to quarrel. It certainly is the best home news I have heard since we left.

While leaning out the window this afternoon we saw Katharine sitting down in the garden. We simply broke the rules and called to her. We had quite a conversation and the other girls getting curious, came to see what was going on and joined in.

Mademoiselle Fraunaise came too, with her merry smile. It was quite a party until the bell rang for study hour.

About four Mother came out on the terrace and we had a handkerchief wave until tea was ready. It gave us a good appetite for we each had two cups of chocolate [p. 174] and Helen had a second serving of bread and butter.

After tea (which is chocolate) we sat in the window waving to Mother, looking at the scenery, studying French, writing and watching the girls have gymnastics down on the tennis court. The nurse says we may be out by Sunday. We plead for Saturday but she is doubtful. There was another wonderful sun set although there were not many clouds in the sky. We could watch the sun which was quite red slowly disappear little by little behind the mountains on the far shore. It was hurrying toward America where the people at home were just getting ready for the bell to ring which should end this days recitation work.

[p. 175] I think Thornton is all right if you want learn anything and I truly hope I can finish it even though it would be very hard for me to have to go into a class behind my own. But I could do it.

Waterboro is a good old place too, if you want to rest or have a good time. Helen got a postal of the dear old lake which Cousin Bert had sent from there. He had run down just for a day or so to see if the house was all right. It was.

We have had a busy day so we spend a quiet evening.

Good-night. Alls well.

[p. 176]

September 29, 1910, Thursday

We were quite energetic and got up about eight this morning!

Our time we spend mostly in trying to make up some of the French vocabularies. The scholars are well ahead of us and it will mean a good lot of work on our part to catch up.

Dr. Lussy said that we might for a walk this afternoon if we would veil our faces so we wrote a note to Mother who came for us about two o'clock. It is a perfectly beautiful day and it seemed like putting oneself into a prison to put on a veil but we were willing to undergo a little unpleasantness just for the sake of seeing Mother and getting out.

We walked up toward the Castle of Chillon and every time we came to anyone especially if it [p. 177] was a child we walked way out in the road. We came to a set in the sun, and all three sat down and had a regular sun bath where we could see the lake and the mountains. After we got thoroughly baked we walked farther on to a seat in the shade where we got cooled off by slow degrees. While we were sitting in this last place some of the girls from the school came by on the afternoon walk. It was simply killing to see the way they rubbered at us, for at first they did not recognize us until we motioned and spoke to them and then they were curious to see behind our veils. Our illness is a mystery to them. Katharine has been charged not to tell anyone and we are not to tell even after we get well, at least not until it is know whether [p. 178] we spread it around

We were most unwilling to go back but it is better to stay out only a little while at first and be able to go out each day.

As Helen and I were eating our dinner at our little table where we could look out of our little window on the lake with the evening shadows gathering, it suddenly occurred to us how funny it was for us to be eating a solitary meal looking out on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland and being in the room where we were because we had the chicken pox. It is absolutely absurd to come to Europe to have the chicken pox. We could have had it quite as comfortably at home.

Helen spent the evening sitting in the window looking at the stars and making [p. 179] promises to write up her diary tomorrow. It seems to me I have heard that before, but I have no doubt but what she will get caught up sometime soon.

One thing I will put in to-day for yesterday as I forgot it. We sang Thornton songs and softly gave Thornton cheers last night before the nurse put the light out. Thornton is a dear old place and it will be hard ever to forget it – which I hope we never do.

There were letters, for Helen, from home to-day. They spoke of Mr. Emerson's coming back and his joy in taking up his work again. It seems a very short time ago that we were traveling around the country with him and now it is hard to realize that he is back "Home." [p. 180] Our plans are most unsettled but Saco is still Home and the people there are the home friends, the good friends. Saco may be small but it has given us a lot of good friends a lot of pleasant memories and a feeling as if we belong there.

September 30, 1910, Friday

Every day we gain and we are feeling all well but our faces have not shed the sores yet. Mine is more advanced than Helen's for mine broke out before hers. We spent the morning very quietly, in fact there is no other way to spend it.

Mother came for us again this afternoon and again we masked our faces with heavy veils. Mother has taken quite a few walks so she took us on one of them that she like very much. The first part of the way [p. 181] was up hill by back streets but before long we came out on a path running along the hillside above the town and from which we got a fine view out over the lake. There were benches at short intervals and we established ourselves on one of these where we could get a sunbath. There are innumerable lizzards everywhere we go and this place was not an exception. There was one which came up the stone wall in front of us and made several attempts to cross to us, but I always have a feeling as if they would run up a persons legs so I scared him back each time. At last he got across and ran up a rock near the bench. He did not crawl on top of it but just got so he could see onto the top. There was the weest little [p. 181] baby lizard imaginable. Each looked at the other for some time without moving the least bit, then all of a sudden the little one scudded away into the grass as quick as he could go, and the big one went after him. We don't know what happened. Whether the big one ate the little one or what. It took quite a while for the scene to be enacted in the lizard world and when the two actors scurried from the stage and our interest was taken away we realized that the sun could be quite hot at times, so we decided to move on.

Eventually in our wanderings we came to a church. In the yard were benches which seemed to be a most popular resort, as the trees made the place pleasantly cool. We went in and sat [p. 183] down on one of the tumble down seats.

Everything was most peaceful. The sun shifting through the green leaves of the trees, the splash of a fountain, the chatters of children's happy voices and the sound of their feet as they ran gaily around on the gravel walks, the click of a mother's knitting needles and every quarter and half hour the soft chime of the church bells, all blended together without one jarring note. Even the couple seated on a bench near us, who were plainly oblivious to all save themselves and the greatest treasure of all earth which they had found, had their place and fitted into the scene. There was beauty in the shifting

sunlight; there was joy, youth and innocence in the happy little children; there was domestic [p. 184] life in the click of the mother's knitting needles; there was the passing of time marked by the chiming of the clock; there was love in the two happy people on the near by bench; there was the work of God's hands everywhere – and our heart were full.

"Now the heart is so full
That a drop o'er fills it;
We are happy now
Because God so wills it."

About four o'clock we turned to go back over the way we had come. Somehow the school girls seem to follow us, for they went by the church just as we were about to leave. Fortunately we had not left and they did not see us. It must seem funny to them to see us out and yet for us not to be able to come to school. They [p. 185] most likely think we are bluffing.

We stopped at the same bench we sat on the first of the afternoon but we saw no more of our friends the lizzards.

Before we went back to the school, Mother went to the Hotel and brought us "Kilmeny of the Orchard," "A Splendid Hazard" and a French dictionary also we stopped at a cake shop and bought some cakes and chocolate (Cauller's) for tea which we had as soon as we got in.

Helen started right in on "The Splendid Hazard" and I started to read "Kilmeny" over again. Marjorie's books are coming in most handy. We spent all the evening reading.

It is the last day of September. Time goes quickly but oh how much it has brought to us these last few months and it may bring much more!

Good-night.

[p. 186]

October 1st, 1910, Saturday

Can it truly be the first day of October with it warm enough for white linen dresses and with the roses showing no signs of stopping blooming!

The first of the morning was most beautiful but about ten o'clock the fog began to drift in from the lake. Nothing daunted we went out for a walk up toward the Castle of Chillon. We walked to the outskirts of the town just beyond Chillon then back nearly to the school then turned again in the other direction. This is practically the only place to walk for we cannot go down into the town neither do we feel like taking long walks. We are not wholly strong and although Mother is much better and no longer has the acute pain or the [p. 187] sleepless nights yet she is much weaker than I have ever seen her. In her face she looks far better than she has for some time but she no longer is the strong person she was a month ago. Somehow I have an idea that she was about at the end of her string when we left home but that she had kept herself up but nervous force

and after she got over here although she grew stronger yet she was still held at her unusual tension of strength by her nerves.

We had a very pleasant walk and talk in spite of the fog which however showed signs of clearing about noon. As we are not to be allowed to come in contact with Katharine we have our good time this morning and she this afternoon. [p. 188] Before we went in Mother bought us some apples from a dear little store just opposite the school. We were hungry when we got in and they were quickly demolished.

By the middle of the afternoon Helen had read both the books Marjorie gave me and we were rather at a lack to know what to do but somehow the time went. It always does, often to our regret. I am afraid traveling and being sick makes one lazy for I don't relish the idea of going back to the regular routine but I suppose that very routine which I have never had is one of the best things for me.

Madame Lussy came up after the nurse had left us and brought us some fruit from Katharine and a home paper from Mother.

[p. 189]

October 2, 1910, Sunday

Helen got up at seven o'clock this morning! I am sure I don't know what has got into her. Even among the girls the bell doesn't ring 'till half past seven on Sunday. I am always sleepy but I don't like to stay in bed if she gets up for breakfast. I didn't get up 'till eight though. It will be only a very few mornings more that I can sleep after seven for my face has only one sore left. I am glad, despite the fact that I shall have a lot of work to do to catch up in French.

Helen has received word that she is to room with Marjoire Kirk Patrick a Canadian whose room is on the same floor as ours. We both of us agreed she was lucky – if this rumour is true – for we both think Marjorie seems the most attractive girl in the [p. 190] school. She is good looking and wears a bow around her head which with her curly hair makes her look doubly attractive. She is seventeen or eighteen I should think, of medium height and very athletic. In gymnastics is can't be beaten in any stunt that we have seen. How much French will Helen and she talk together.

Mother came for us again this morning about ten and we again wore our shoes on the sidewalk between the school and the Castle of Chillon. We get very good chances to talk together on these walks but it would be very nice if Katharine could come too. It doesn't seem as though we are all there, but another Sunday let us hope that all will be well and we [p. 191] will all four be together, a reunited family.

It was even more foggy this morning than it was yesterday in fact we could hardly see the lake which is very near to us. We walked down to a bookstore not far off in the hopes that would be open as the other stores were and that we could get something to read for the afternoon. We were disappointed but instead of seeing his books we saw part of the girls from the school. We run into them everywhere. We consoled ourselves with some cakes for tea this afternoon and then went out on the Hotel terrace and spent a quiet hour. The apples yesterday were so good that we went in and got more so that I think we will not starve to-day.

I spent the afternoon reading [p. 192] the Harper's and Helen read a book which Mother got from the Montreux Circulating Library, which she has joined. About five o'clock Mother and Katharine came out on the terrace and we had a fine time waving to them.

At home Mr. Emerson is holding service and everything is very like Sunday. I wish we might transport a few things over here but it is fine as it is.

I have again reached the last page of this book. My diary has been a big undertaking and twice I have thought that I have surely met my Waterloo but oh how glad I am that I did not. I have put a lot of time into these pages but they are still far from what I really want them. May I improve in the next volume, is my wish.

This is finished.