

**MY TRAVELS  
THROUGH EUROPE  
AND MY WESTERN TRIP**

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My Travels Through Europe and My Western Trip by George F. Stackpole

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**GEORGE F. STACKPOLE**

**MY TRAVELS  
THROUGH EUROPE  
AND MY WESTERN TRIP**




**My Travels Through Europe**  
**and My Western Trip**

# My Travels Through Europe

AND

# My Western Trip

BY

 George F. Stackpole

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1912

*L.M.T.*

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## PREFACE

It happened to be my good fortune in the fall of 1906 to make a pleasure and sight-seeing trip around our own country and home across Canada. After my return I published in one of the local papers a brief account of where I went and what I saw.

Again in 1910 it was my good fortune, in company with my wife, to make a pleasure and sight-seeing trip through nine different countries of Europe and on my return I published in a local paper a brief account of our trip and some of the interesting things we saw. I received so many flattering words of appreciation from those who had read my description, that I have felt inclined to have my stories published in book form so that any who may have the desire so to do, can read them. The articles were written hastily in my office evenings, in common everyday language, without any attempt at embellishment or elaboration and describes what we saw or heard from our guide. Nothing is taken from the books or writings of others.

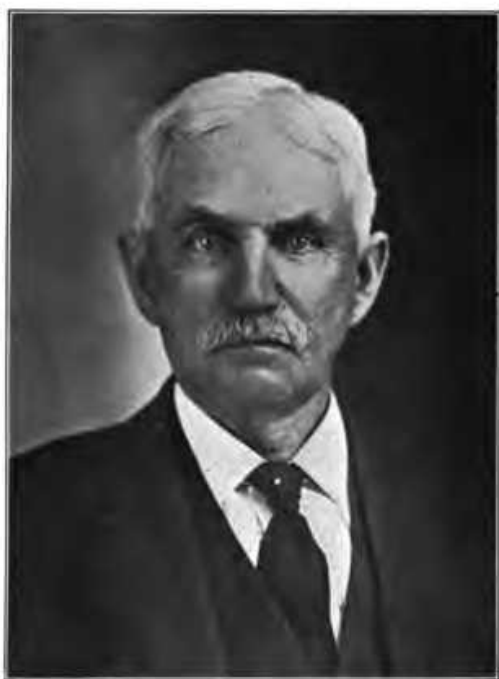
I trust that the reading of this volume will bring pleasure to many friends who have not had the opportunity and pleasure of visiting the places described herein.

LIBRARY

GEO. F. STACKPOLE

Dated, Riverhead, N. Y.

Dec. 25, 1911.



*George F. Stackpole*





# My Travels in Europe

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## CHAPTER I

On the morning of June 24, 1910, my wife and I went on board the steamship Menominee, at Philadelphia, with the dream of a lifetime about to be fulfilled. We were off for Europe. The lines were cast off at ten a. m., and we bid good-bye to the home land for ten weeks. We sailed down the river and bay and at six p. m., passed out beyond capes May and Henlopen and turned eastward for our long sea voyage. The Menominee is a small steamer of about 6,000 tons, making about fourteen knots an hour. There were 132 passengers aboard, all first class, at least they were all one class. Many of them were teachers, and all proved to be pleasant and agreeable. The captain was a Norwegian, a very quiet, reserved man, but a very competent navigator. The first mate was a pleasant young Englishman, who tried to maintain the dignity of his office, but found it difficult when the young ladies besieged him. The officers and crew were all very pleasant, obliging and attentive to the wants of the passengers. The weather was fine and the sea smooth

## My Travels Through Europe

all the way across the ocean and we amused ourselves parading the deck, reading, playing games and telling stories. One day we sighted a school of whales. One evening a steamer from New York, bound for the same destination, overtook us and we were interested to see the communication carried on between the two vessels by flash lights. A lantern, like a dark lantern, was used. By opening and shutting the slide a long flash or a short one could be made and these corresponded to the dots and dashes in the Morse telegraph code and by this means the signal men could spell out the words and communicate with each other. The steamer that communicated with us had our captain's wife on board. Later I asked him why he did not take his wife to Europe on his own ship. He said the rules of the steamship companies forbade it and when asked for the reason, said that the company felt that there was a likelihood that a captain would pay too much attention to his own family to the neglect of others and in the case of an accident he would look out for his own first of all. The days passed very pleasantly. None were seasick. We were well fed and by paying thirty dollars extra, we had a comfortable room, the best on the boat.

The fourth of July was celebrated with appropriate games, consisting of races, tug of war, jumping, pillow fights, cock fights and bun eating contests. I entered the bun eating contest, which consisted of attempting to eat a bun that was suspended by a string about a yard long and left free to swing. The bun was so tough that it was almost impossible to make any impression upon it with the teeth. It was covered with blackberry jam so that in the attempt to eat it one's face and clothes, if not protected, would be besmeared