

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
TRAVELS OF MYSELF AND MY
SON IN THE SUMMER OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO**

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Some Account of the Travels of Myself and My Son in the Summer of Nineteen Hundred and Two by James Cresson Parrish

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JAMES CRESSON PARRISH

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[Parrish, James Cresson]

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*Some Account of the Travels of
Myself and my Son in the
Summer of 1902*

THE fourth of July, 1902, was a warm, bright day in Paris, and Paris was very glad of it. There had been little summer weather in June, and the few bright days that had come at the end of that usually brilliant month had filled the suburban trains with many a gay party. From my window at the Ritz, overlooking the garden of the Ministère de la Justice, taking in a broad expanse of sky, where from the hazy horizon rose the iron lace-work of the Tour Eiffel, I looked with pleasure at the indications of the weather,

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having determined to deny myself the enjoyment of being present at the celebration by the American colony of our "glorious anniversary" and to hie me to London, stopping on the way for a sea bath at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The 8.45 morning train for London carries many travellers whose lives seem well ordered, early risers, well-to-do people, outside the world of fashion, to whom the early morning is perhaps more enjoyable than the late hours of the night. Of this number were my two chance companions in our comfortable railway carriage, a gentleman and his wife. They both insisted on my smoking, the husband joining me in a cigar. This led to conversation wherein I soon found by their accent that my new acquaintances were from the North Country, which naturally led to my reviving my Yorkshire days. My new friend was the proprietor of woollen mills, and entertained me by showing me sam-