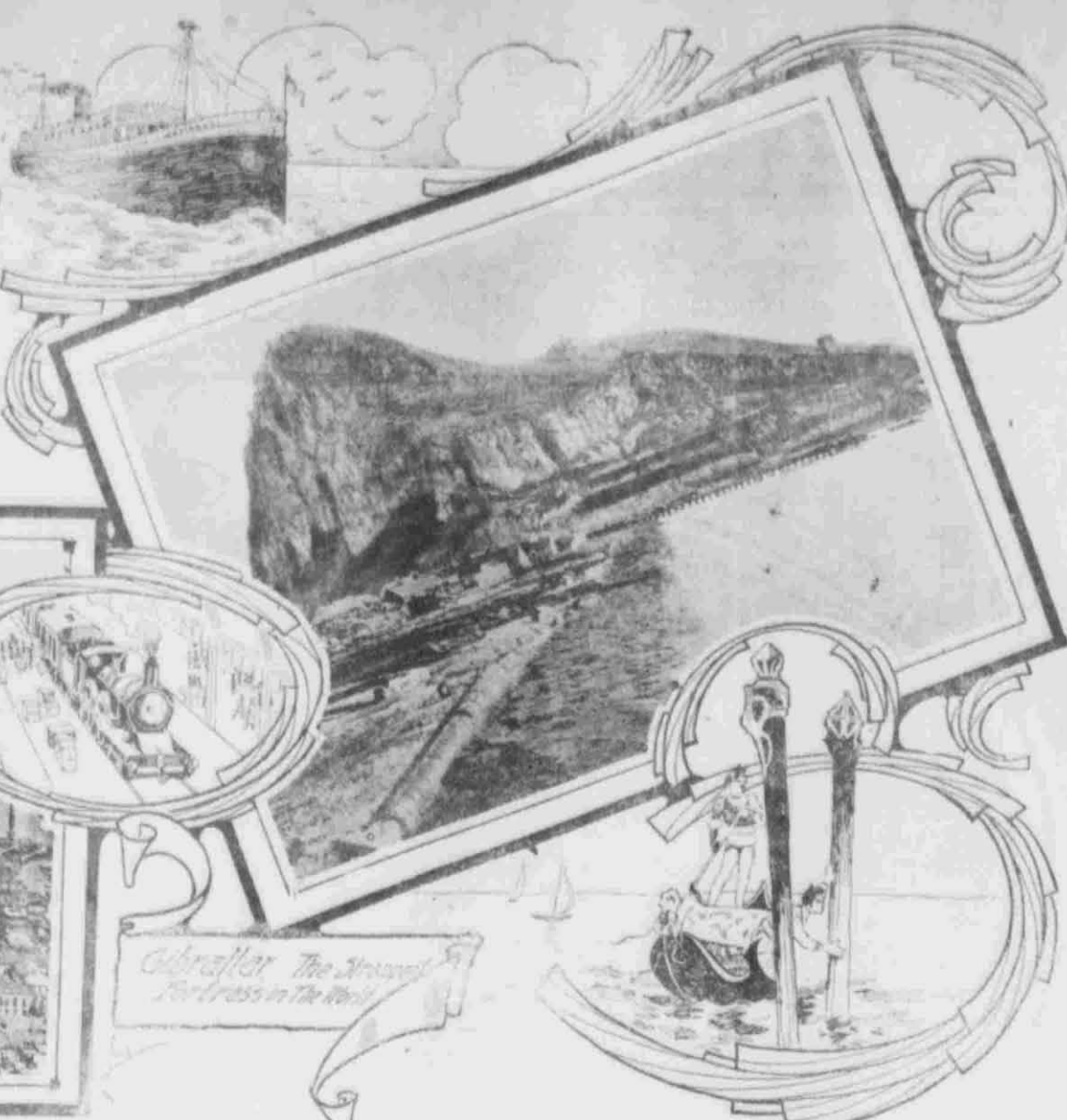


Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage



SNAPSHOT OF THE RESIDENCE SECTION OF MESSINA.
H. B. and F. M. Whitney of Salt Lake in the foreground.

Special Correspondence
MESSINA, March 2.—"Passengers desiring to go ashore at Messina will be ready in two hours. Kodaks must be left on the boat."
This is the word that is shouted through the Cedric at an early hour this morning. Consequently all is bustle and preparation. As we near the Straits of Messina, where the old Atlantic and Mediterranean meet and mingle, the gales which have been blowing ever since we left New York, show signs of subsiding, the sea is calmer, the sun is shining and life seems more buoyant. We are now in the straits, and have been existing so long below the decks.

"TWAR IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY."
The pilgrims gaze with almost the awe of schoolchildren at the dark shores of Africa as they plainly loom up on our right. We soon veer away from that, and the Spanish mountains come into view on our left. The waters at our north are those of Trafalgar bay, where Nelson smashed the French and Spanish fleets, and gave up his own life in 1805. Run your eye again over the thrilling story of that memorable chase, gentle reader, and ponder as we did, on what the great admiral might have done had wireless telegraphy been known in those times. But Gibraltar, glistening in the morning sun, is here, the big tender is ready to take us ashore, and as we go down the side of the Cedric, we have full opportunity to see the majesty of the overhanging rock, which a great insurance company has made so familiar to American travelers.

BRITISH BULLDOGS ON GUARD.
When we understand the injunction regarding the kodaks. The shore, the slopes the heights, and the great rock itself bristle with cannon of all sizes and lengths. We understand now why the place is called "the policeman of Europe," and we do not wonder that the British have to have troops of all nations taking snap shots of the fortifications he has spent \$30,000,000 in perfecting. The work has gone on steadily during the 20 years England has held this corner of Spain, and the place is truly impregnable, unless indeed it is assailed by dynamite dropped from airplanes. What this new and much dreaded means of warfare might do for Gibraltar, who can say? Yet as the guns of old England command the straits for miles, perhaps they could command the air in fashion equally effective.

PICTURESQUE TOWN.
The passengers from the Cedric, who spent several hours ashore, are shown a hundred points of vivid interest to Americans. The picturesque town holds 8,000 English troops, officers' families, and their servants. The great gates are locked nightly at sunset, as strictly as though the Spaniards in Algiers and the other towns near by were anything but helpless and degraded traders and slaves of the soil. Their ranks provide the servants of the garrison, but even they are strictly registered and their number is kept within a certain limit.

A mile or so away, there is a Spanish town of 12,000 population living like semi-savages, between the two towns is a green strip of ground half a mile wide styled "Neutral Land," and it was quite interesting to observe the English sentries pacing up and down their side of the strip, and the Spanish posted on horses, silently guarding their end. They are said to be there day and night, and there was something almost pathetic in the spectacle. We were urged by our driver, who took us over Neutral Land, to extend our drive into Spanish town and witness a bull fight, but we lacked both time and inclination. We passed an interesting half hour in the Moorish markets, just outside the city gates. Here is gathered every day a motley crew of Moors, who come over from their own towns with chickens, eggs, fruit, garden truck and raisins which they sell to the soldiers. The figs, raisins and lemons are both good and cheap, the oranges are inferior, but it is worth while spending a few silver pieces with the Moorish vendors to view their picturesque, if dirty costumes, their superb physiques, and their manner of driving a bargain. We re-embarked at last, and when the Cedric swung into the Mediterranean at nightfall, all danger upon the decks giving way to many expressions of admiration upon the brilliantly illuminated spectacle as long as the shores are visible to our view.

PRESIDENT TAFT TOASTED.
March 4.—The Mediterranean is like a vast mill pond. The air is tropical, the sunshine delightful, and the moonlight on the waters—no one but a Byron or a Moore would think of attempting to picture it. Indescribably beautiful, calm and peaceful is the view, and even the weariest passenger feels repaid for all he has suffered. All the afternoon of this day we skirt the southern shores of Sardinia.
At dinner, when the crush is greatest and the merriment is at its height, we are called to order by a sharp rap from the table where the captain of the Cedric, Mr. Harbert, takes his meals. One of his guests, a captain of the U. S. navy, arises with a glass full of wine, and says, "Today at

Washington, Mr. Taft is being installed into the office of president of the United States. I propose his health." Instantly, all the guests are on their feet, the toast is drunk, and then three cheers are given for the new president. We are no sooner seated, than the band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner," which brings all the passengers to their feet again during the rendition. It was a pleasant and patriotic outburst, shared in by Americans and foreigners alike.

END OF VOYAGE.
Naples, March 5.—The world famous Bay of Naples, with the no less famous city distributed about the mammoth horseshoe formed by the shores, and with gloomy menacing old Vesuvius easily recognizable in the near background—comes into view early this morning. Here the pilgrims are reinforced by the arrival of two other Salt Lakeers, Horace B. and Frank M. Whitney, Mormon missionaries, from Austria and Germany, the first released, the second on a leave of absence, and both fresh from a memorable trip to Messina and Reggio where they spent a day and a night. They went down from Naples on a venture, expecting to be able to secure some sort of accommodations at one of the towns. But the devastation is still so complete and the work of reconstruction still so little advanced, that such a thing as a hotel or lodging house was not to be found, and the two boys, with several other traveling companions, had to make their own bed in a boxcar, which they were fortunate enough to find in San Giovanni, and to subsist on oranges and figs till they could get back to civilization. The estimates are that 50,000 bodies yet remain in the ruins, and the

ENGLISH SOCIETY AFTER ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS

(Continued from page seventeenth.)
with their heads together endeavoring to unravel some problem which heretofore would have been considered fit only for the boys and girls in the school-room. Invitations are issued with the words "Come and puzzle with me," instead of "Bridge with me."
Anyone who has a really clever idea for a puzzle may make a fortune in a small way, for the publishers of such things are most keen on finding new ones—indeed, by what I am told, the supply in the market of such things is quite small and especially now is it badly inadequate to meet the demand. It is reported that Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the prime minister, has invented a new and most exciting puzzle, of which I have not yet had particulars. For it she has received a nice round sum and is to have royalties also.
The king has been introduced to some of the most interesting puzzles by his American friends since he has been at Biarritz, but it seems he did not "take them on." He said they involved too much brain effort, and that "at his time of life he did not intend to take up any new studies."

GOES HOUSE HUNTING.
Every house worth mentioning in London has been inspected by Mr. Madison Drummond (Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr.'s) uncle. He is most fastidious and according to a confidential house agent "most discerning." The last he was reported to have taken his fancy to one that Mrs. George Herbert did take in Carlton House Terrace. About this is a story which I save for what it is worth. It is said that after Mrs. Herbert had arranged for it, Mrs. Drummond came on the scene and indicated it. The millionaire was naturally in a position to pay a fair price and consequently got it. It is a very fine mansion, belonging to the Earl of Liverpool, and situated just near to Lord Beaconsfield's, one of the richest households in London still reported to be in love with Princess Victoria.

ture, the king's second and unmarried daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Madison Drummond are in Paris seeing about the decorations which are to be on unique lines.

AMERICAN GIRLS A JOY.
There is little fun in being given a secret that you dare not tell. But one of these days there will be announced the engagement of yet another American beauty to a nobleman. Much weeping and quivering of teeth will be the result in Mayfair and Belgrave.

With American girls, it is a case of still they come, and it would seem we have not yet seen the best of the bunch, which is saying a great deal. Englishmen who have met Miss Beatrice Oelrichs in New York say that her beauty is a cure for bad eyesight. She is to have a good time in Paris, as well as London. In the former city her aunt, Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, is a big personality at whose house everyone who is anyone is to be found. This lady has a special partiality for crowned heads with whom she is on most intimate terms. Mrs. Frederick Sherman will also be trotting out her second girl, who has been quite brilliantly educated. Mrs. Sherman has been house hunting, but so far has not decided upon anything. She is another American woman whom the house agents say is "too difficult."

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