

TOURING IN EUROPE ON NEXT TO NOTHING.

BY J. PERRY WORDEN.



“CAN I afford it?” That is the question which confronts the would-be tourist, whether his project includes only a month within the limits of the State or out in a long

summer's ramble beyond the Atlantic. The condition precedent to answering that question varies with the business in life or the length of purse. To some, time may be the essence, but to many thousands, like myself, whom the collegiate summer vacation lets free, the answer resolves itself into one of purse only. It is to this large class of contemporaries that I would submit my experience, by which they may judge and measure their own possibilities, I crossed the broad Atlantic ocean twice, and traveled for ten weeks through Scotland, England, Wales and Ireland, at a cost of less than ninety-five dollars. Did I sacrifice any of the necessities or decent comforts of life? No. I cut my coat according to my cloth before I started, foresaw and prepared for my method of travel, eschewed a few of the pomps and vanities, and exercised self-control and economy. That is all.

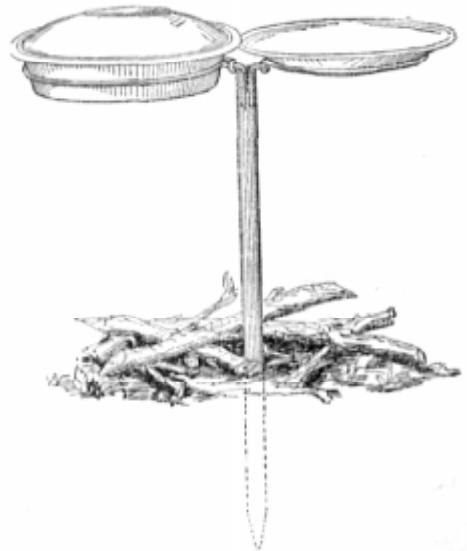
Those who must needs travel by the swiftest and most luxurious liners, must of course be counted out from the list of economical travelers, as must also those who cannot ride the democratic cycle. I was content, as all must be who follow in my footsteps, with a slower, far cheaper, but none the less comfortable steamer running between New York and Glasgow as the port of entry, with the alternative of returning from Londonderry, a port on the north coast of Ireland; a privilege of the very greatest importance, for it avoided returning on my tracks.

The round-trip second-cabin ticket for the sea journeys cost me fifty-five dollars, a formidable hole in my allotted ninety-five dollars, and one which at first staggered me. But then I could console myself with the reflection that, once on land, my faithful “bike” would afford all the needed locomotion, and carry my kit and my camp. Not that I had any intention, nor did I see or find

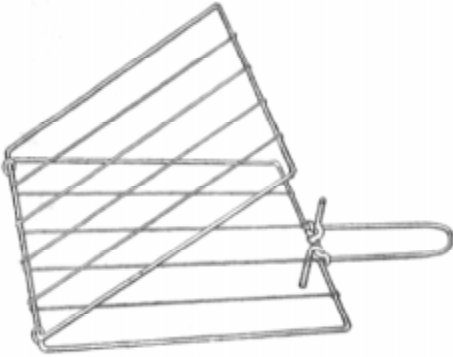
any necessity, for camping out, except one night, but I did intend to avoid the heavy cost of meals by providing and cooking for myself, especially when in Scotland, where I should be in the height of the excursion season.

This, and the absence of railroad fares, was my main reliance to bring my expenditure within my limits.

To provide a suitable cooking apparatus was my first care. I soon found that, although the designs of cooking apparatus for campers are numerous and admirable, none met the essential requirements of the cyclist, lightness and compactness. I was compelled to be my own designer, and succeeded in producing an apparatus at once light, most effective, economical, and easily packed. Of course, anything in the nature of a stove was out of the question—my fire must be, like the gypsies', on the earth. How to get the greatest possible heat-surface over it with the least weight of material was the problem for solution. I conceived the idea of raising two or three simple cooking utensils on a platform sustained sufficiently high to permit a small fagot fire underneath. For the column on which to raise the platform I utilized a piece of ordinary gas-pipe twelve inches long and half an inch in diameter, closed and pointed at one end to allow it



AN OUT-DOOR STOVE.



THE GRIDIRON.

to be driven into the soil, and open at the top. I divided this opening in two by a little cross-bar of iron, so that I could hook on two projecting and overhanging rests, one on each side of the pipe, making together two outstanding loops like a figure 8. My next work was to select the vessels and to arrange the projecting rests, which I saw must hold fast the pans as well as support them. In a hardware store I purchased an enameled cup, two enameled pans and two enameled saucers, three, five, and five inches in diameter respectively. I had only to place the vessels in the rings to cook many kinds of food. There was still a limitation in the use of the apparatus, however, that was far from satisfactory. I could boil and fry and roast, but I could not broil; and what is life in camp without broiling? A few experiments showed me that a small wire folding broiler could be adapted to my use by affixing, at right angles to the handle on each side, two wire projectors of an inch in length, arranged to fit into the holes at the top of the upright bar. In this broiler might be placed meat, or bread for toasting, to be turned again and again as occasion demanded. It remained only for me to construct a small oven of tin, 4x6x8 inches in size, after the pattern of a schoolboy's riveted, folding lunch-box, to complete the apparatus for outdoor use; and when I had it so arranged, I adapted it easily for such indoor service as would be demanded, by mounting the gas-pipe rod on an X-like wooden base of two narrow dove-tailed strips, with a hole in the center, and then placing a lamp beneath.

The cost of this outfit has varied from sixty cents to one dollar and a half, according as I have made it myself or de-

pended on the services of others. The apparatus can be made by the sportsman, but to gain most satisfactory results skilled labor should be employed. That many improvements may be made in my design, I do not doubt.

Of my ocean journey, suffice it to say that the difference between our surroundings and those of the first class was rather one of decoration than conveniences; in all the essentials of space, cleanliness, lighting and food, we had equivalents, while for the pleasure of social intercourse I doubt not my companions on my voyage ranked equal.

During the tenth night out we slackened headway up the estuary of the Clyde. The morning of the eleventh day found us at anchor and the sun rising over the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

made glorious and imperishable by the Wizard of the North.

No sooner had the morning mists rolled back and revealed the spires and spars which attest the commercial activity of Glasgow's million citizens, than we were at liberty; and as the tariff policy of Her Majesty's Government levies only on tobacco and spirits, neither of which I was importing, it was still early when I emerged from the Customs to shoulder my way through the somewhat importunate longshoremen and touts, whose presence the newly arrived traveler attracts everywhere.

My stay in Glasgow was not intended to be long; indeed, the limitations of time and purse alike pressed me ever to avoid a too long dalliance in big cities; besides, I had come more to stray through the historic land of Wallace, Burns and Scott, than in cities whose profitable study must be rather by residence than by a casual visit. I saw enough, however, and heard enough to assure me that Glasgow was in the van of municipal government, of which one instance must serve—it owns its own street car service.

One night at a temperance hotel, of which there are several and all moderate, began and ended my stay in Glasgow, and although the morning was very unpropitious, with but little appearance of the rain ceasing, I determined, as the ubiquitous British "bobby" says, to "move on."

It was the work of a few minutes to get my bicycle and rig it for the tour. To the upright bar in front I attached a waterproof carrier, which contained my camera-top, plate-holders and plates, my cooking outfit and articles of toilet, together with a compass and maps. Upon the handle bar I screwed another carrier, and in this I deposited a few necessary articles of apparel, such as an entire change of light underclothing, two pairs of stockings, two loose cycling shirts, a light overcoat and a rubber cloak. Along the frame of the wheel I strapped a tripod and an umbrella. To many persons this last-named article, as well as the coat and the cloak, might seem unnecessary, but experience is the best teacher, and I found as I had anticipated, that in the evenings or early mornings of cold and wet days the coat and cloak afforded much protection and comfort.

Having thoroughly inspected the bicycle—a wise thing for a cyclist to do regularly—I mounted. I met with no serious mishap until I reached the junction of North and Sauchiehall streets, and attempted to turn into the latter just as a cart was approaching. Had I been in America, and subject to Yankee usages, I should doubtless have gone along on my way rejoicing. As it was, I began to steer to the right, but suddenly recollecting that the Britisher turns with his vehicle *to the left*, I swung the wheel around. The pneumatic slid from under me, and I was thrown heavily to the street. For the rest of my journey I never forgot which side of a British road to keep.

When I had ceased to limp and was assured that my machine was still intact, I mounted it again, and was soon rewarded by reaching the limits of the Belgian blocks and finding a well-packed concrete road. Along this I sped, stopping now and then to view the great industries lining the banks of the Clyde.

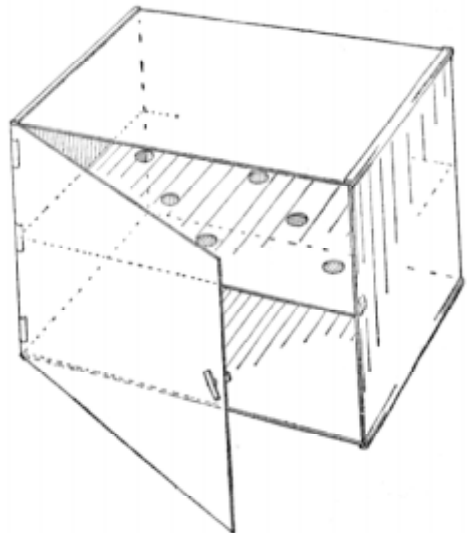
A ride of thirteen miles brought me to Bowling, the terminus of the Forth o' Clyde Canal. The storm ceased and I was tempted to open camp and to eat my first meal within sight of Colquhoun's Castle. But the greater

"Dumbarton's walls and frowning keep,
Which shield the beauty of the Clyde,"

was but three miles distant, and I could not tarry longer at Bowling than to search for the birthplace of Henry Bell,

who, in 1812, built the first steamboat in Europe.

I ran into the shadow of the rock of Dumbarton and decided to pitch my camp and lunch. I stacked my wheel, therefore, and set about "making the kettle sing." The rain clouds were fast breaking away, but the ground was very wet. A short search, however, enabled me to find beneath a sloping rock a pile of brush, the under portion of which was not yet wet. Leaving the fire to get under full headway, I procured some water from a kind-hearted widow at a cottage near by, and when I returned the fire was burning fiercely. While in Glasgow I had purchased six scones or biscuits, a small piece of meat and a half



THE OVEN.

dozen potatoes, and having replenished the fire I now proceeded to cook my dinner. Selecting three of the potatoes, I peeled and cut them in two, in order to boil them more rapidly in my shallow pan, and having covered it with an inverted saucer, I set it in the wire ring over the fire. Three of the scones I put in the other saucer. There was now for some minutes nothing to do in preparing my meal but to keep the fire alive and refill the pan when the water boiled away, so I turned for awhile to the inspection and cleaning of my wheel.

Suddenly I was startled by a violent coughing, and looking up I saw standing near me two little girls and a red-coated soldier, who had been drawn to

the spot from different directions by the sight of the camp fire. When the soldier saw that I was inclined to be sociable, he plied me with questions about America and Americans. Did all Yankees cook their food that way? I paid the penalty for my attention to the warrior by allowing the potatoes to burn slightly. When they were thoroughly boiled I removed them to the edge of the fire near the scones, to keep warm, and taking away the wire ring, I placed on the tip of the rod the broiler holding the steak. My visitors watched these operations with the keenest interest, and when I sat down before my fare the eyes of the children sparkled with delight.

After luncheon I left my bicycle and luggage with the widow who had given me the water, and hastened up the historic rock. Two hundred and eighty feet high I climbed, until my foot pressed against the crumbling ruins of the old beacon, which was erected by the Roman invaders of Britain, and looked about on the rocks beneath, all so closely identified with the stirring events of Scottish history. There brave Wallace was held a prisoner, and Mary, Queen of Scots, was nursed and protected.

The legend of the origin of Dumbarton is quite as unique as Washington Irving's story of the derivation of "Spuyten Duyvil." St. Patrick ended his contest with the devil at Kilpatrick by suddenly leaping to the isle of Erin. Satan pursued him to the Scottish coast, throwing a huge missile at his head. This did not reach the saint, but fell into the Clyde, where it now protrudes as Dumbarton Rock.

The day had well-nigh passed when I left the fort and its five-foot-thick walls, and as the sky was fast clouding again it seemed best to tarry for the night in some neighboring cottage. The widow could not accommodate me further, but she was certain, she said, that another widow, who lived a mile further north and "haed lang bin a bonny lass," would provide the necessary shelter.

A few minutes' wheeling brought me to the vine-bordered door of a low stone dwelling, at the front window of which a young woman stood. It was the widow. I presented my message of introduction, and received the pleasant assurance of lodging for the night. Twenty-five cents would be quite sufficient for a comfortable bed, she declared; but

would I like a room with supper or breakfast for one and six? I replied that thirty-six cents was indeed a reasonable charge for such service, but that I preferred to do my own cooking. Would she sell me some eggs? "Aye," she answered slowly, and I noted her smiles giving place to the wrinkles of perplexity. She stopped, took a survey of the neatly furnished apartment, and then, holding her hand to her chin and fixing her attention on the cleanly floor, she ventured to ask *whose stove I would use in the cooking?* She had never known a man to fry eggs without letting the grease spatter over the floor and the furniture. The still small voice within condemned me for not having told her in the beginning of my cooking outfit.

I cooked my supper that evening in the yard to the evident satisfaction of the young widow. It consisted of the remaining three scones, three potatoes and two eggs, all of which cost me but five pence, or ten cents. During the preparation of the food my hostess frequently ran out to watch the proceedings, and finally an old man came with her. He was one of those weather-beaten landmarks the tourist so often encounters in a country place. Of course, the widow must tell him that I was to do my cooking outdoors. The old chap knocked the ashes from his pipe, winked at the blushing matron and smiled at me, and then warbled some snatches of a song, beginning:

"Aye, the widow can bake en' the widow can
brew.

An' the widow can shape an' the widow can
sew,

An' mony a braw thing the widow can do,
Then have at the widow, my laddie!"

Song after song followed this sly intervention of the old man, until finally we retired to the house and passed the evening in pleasant conversation with the widow and some of her neighbors, who had strolled in. My bedroom proved to be well furnished, and I slept soundly.

The next morning I procured some milk, flour and bread from the widow, and began the day's work with a breakfast of milk toast and three eggs, which cost me all of eight cents.

Learning of the beauty of Loch Long, I determined to put in a day or two in running over to Gareloch Head. The road was of the most substantial kind,

and the wheeling most enjoyable. During this delightful run along the north bank of the Clyde I suddenly rounded a short turn in the highway, at the foot of a steep hill. One glance to the brow of the incline recalled the pleasures of many a past day in the American forests. There, in full relief against the brightening sky, stood a lone deer, whose attention was not yet directed toward me. With renewed energy I bent to my pedals, hoping to reach the summit ere the wind shifted and the fleet-footed animal detected my presence. But in vain! Before I was half way up the hill the deer was off like the wind.

The persistence of the rain drove me to shelter in the railroad station at Helensburg, a resort much patronized by Glasgow holiday makers, but now dreary to a degree, and the promptings of the inner man forced me to inspect the nearest store window, where lo and behold! was roast beef in cans, at eight cents the can, all the way from South America! Here was a chance, indeed, of testing my culinary capacities; so stowing away a can and a tupenny (four-cent) loaf, I was off and away. I soon found an open roadside shed, similar to those under which our teams are hitched at a country church, sufficiently dry to enable me to build a fire. The first cottage yielded me a cent's worth of milk, and, bless the good housewife! there was a pitcher brimful. For my dinner, then, of warm roast beef, milk and bread, I paid but seven cents, for of the beef there was yet a half left.

The scenery at Helensburg was delightful when the sun shone out over the wide waters of the Clyde, but I could not tarry. I pressed on to pass the night at Gareloch Head, getting a bed for one and six, or thirty-six cents, and after an early breakfast of thrupennies' worth of fish and bread, I mounted and turned my course south. The road follows the west bank of the loch, through forests of silver birch and mountain ash, and the waves are ever rippling at one's feet. When I had nearly wheeled the length of the little peninsula I arrived at Roseneath, the home of Jennie Deans. Many tourists were already here, though strange to say, there were no Americans among them. With a party of the travelers left the highway and spent a few hours

at Roseneath Castle, one of the homes of the Duke of Argyll. The castle is a curiously-designed structure, surrounded by clusters of indigenous shade trees.

For half a mile I continued along the end of the promontory, and once more I guided my silent steed northward. I was now opposite Strone, on the east bank of Loch Long, which stretches out as an arm of the sea about two miles wide. As I moved northward the loch became narrower, and its surface more disturbed.

At Coulpport I came up with a party of excursionists, all Scottish maidens, except one—a youth of seventeen or eighteen. Few words were required to place the girls fully at ease, and I learned that they had come from Ardentinnny, across the blue lake. They were just about to have lunch, and wouldn't I take a "wee bit" with them? The reader knows that I certainly would. And after we had moved to a secluded spot further down the road, I was called upon to bring out my cooking outfit to heat the excursionists' cocoa. Everything connected with my journey and my outfit interested the merry-makers; but their pleasure could not have exceeded my own when, at the conclusion of our luncheon, they formed a semicircle by clasping arms and, with a tenderness such as only Scotch lassies can give to melody, sang several old-time songs. Here is a fragment of one of them, as I remember it:

"The langsame wee, the darksome dee,
The mountain's mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Ardentinnny."

At Coulpport I crossed Loch Long to Loch Goil, and then rowed up to Portincaple, and a delightful experience it was for a shilling and sixpence. The surface of the water, but a short time before bristling with whitecaps, was at first smooth and almost devoid of ripples, but as we entered Loch Goil, a smaller loch or arm of the sea, five or six miles in length, and quite narrow, the wind rose again to a gale. Never before had I witnessed a livelier disturbance of the elements on a landlocked body of water, and more than once the necessity of turning the bow of the boat was imminent. The grandeur of the scene exceeded anything that I had yet seen. Hills and mountains surrounded the loch on all sides,

and far above them all rose Ben Arthur. On the west side there are several breaks in the sweeping coast-line, and on one of these projections of land stands Carrick Castle, once held by the Campbells. No one knows how old this fortification is. Here for several years the Marquis of Argyll held the forces of Cromwell at bay, until the Atholians burned the castle. The ruins are over sixty feet high, and the walls as thick as those at Dumbarton.

On the shore of the lake we disembarked, and I cooked some eggs and porridge. My own drink for the occasion was a cup of hot spring water, of which any one who uses it always becomes fond; but the hot spring in my companions' beverage was more essentially Scotch.

Regaining the highway at Portincaple, I passed the night there, and started early the next morning for Arrochar, ten miles northward on Loch Long. The air was fresh and invigorating, with just a suspicion of a frost, a not unusual occurrence even at high midsummer. Every mile of my journey opened to me anew and with increasing force the surprises of this wonder-land.

At Arrochar I prepared an old-fashioned Scotch and English breakfast for six cents—oatmeal (one cent), milk (one cent), and my triumph, roast beef (four cents). It was a substantial, though simple meal; I was not yet in the land of variety, where, later, I was to live like a king on the income of a pleb.

I left Arrochar in a drizzling rain, but light-hearted and even jovial. The road is said to have been constructed by Highland soldiers, who, on completing their labors, erected a famous seat by the wayside, with the inscription "Rest and Be Thankful."

The scene may well tempt the wayfarer to follow both these injunctions, for its rugged grandeur is tempered everywhere by the presence of hill-climbing sheep, an evidence that even these seemingly barren hills yield their peaceful harvest.

Beyond me lay the pass of Glencoe, which is not to be confused with the historic and gloomy "pass of Glencoe," made familiar by the pens of Macaulay and Dickens. Still it presents some fine characteristic Scotch scenery. The Cobbler raises his huge cone, and Ben Ima's cloud-capped crags are lost in the

jumble of ragged crowns of "Argyll's Bowling Green!" while back over the lochs are the mighty rulers of the land of "The Lady of the Lake."

The solitary mountains, with their great ledges of bare, somber rocks and their dashing torrents, were my only companions until I descended into Glen Kinglass, a quiet and pastoral vale, with a tiny loch of its own, and a little Highland burn which soon became a noisy and riotous stream—a perfect miniature torrent, such as the wandering artist loves, where on a petty scale he can study all the moods of rushing water and of hill and sky.

At Cairndon a number of the natives and tourists came out to satisfy their curiosity at the spectacle of a bicyclist evolving a kitchen from his outfit, and I gave another involuntary exhibition.

From Cairndon Hotel I continued my journey around the northern shore of Loch Fyne, bordered by a choice and varied woodland, to Inverary, getting frequent views of the blue waters and the busy fishermen preparing for the coming herring industries.

Inverary is the hereditary home of the Duke of Argyll, the head of the Clan Campbell, whose solid claims to fame rest on far more substantial basis than his illustrious pedigree. It was among the solitudes of Loch Fyne and the Ayr that the great "MacCallom More" thought out and gave to the world "The Reign of Law" and "The Unity of Nature."

Inverary Castle is built near the entrance to Glen Ayr, and its circular towers yield an impression of weakness only when compared with rocky Duniquoich, which every reader of the "Legend of Montrose" will remember, rising high near the castle.

Passing the night at Inverary, I made an early advance toward Cladich, ten or twelve miles up the glen. I say "up," for it was so literally as well as with respect to the point of the compass. But the roads here are the same superior Scotch thoroughfares that I had found before, and from the summit of Cladich, as the sun broke through the leadened clouds and shed its golden light upon Loch Awe, illumining the dark valley beneath, I saw a vision of Scotland's wealth in islands and mountain peaks that neither brush nor pen can reproduce.