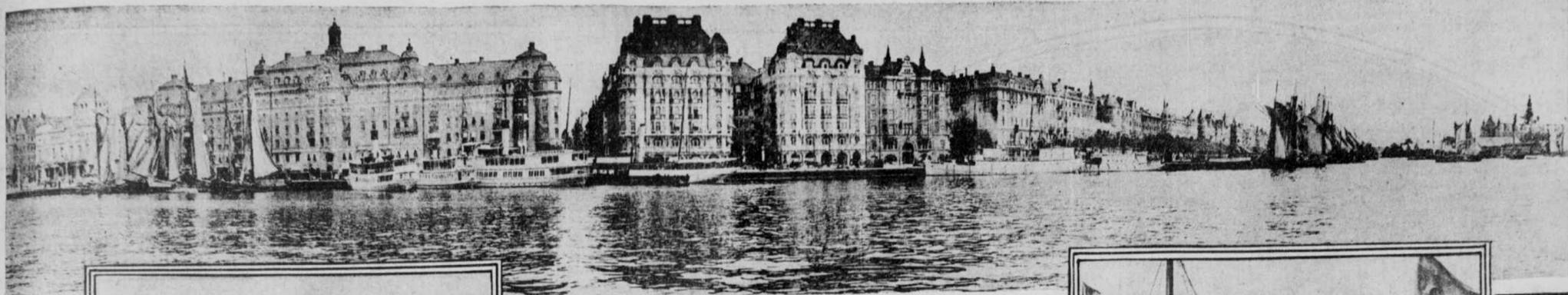


ZIG-ZAG TRIP ON MINED WATERS AND IN WORRIED LANDS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WATER-FRONT AT STOCKHOLM

Three American Women Found War Time Travelling No Jest as They Wended Their Devious Course from Sweden to Denmark and Thence to Scotland.

followed by our soldier, who waited below. From this corner tower one can look out but not step out on a broad platform, now covered with cannon, but where the ghost is said to have appeared to Hamlet. Not only has this bastion been made famous as a setting for the Shakespeare drama, but it is the identical spot where the immortal bard himself once came with a band of strolling actors, in which he was the star as well as director, and reproduced his own Hamlet.

guage, they merely glanced at the flying figure which had hailed them, and passed on.

Suddenly a bicycle stopped at our side, and an officer stepped off, addressing us in Danish. Being a handsome man and in a striking light blue uniform, such as appealed especially to the youngest of our trio, we did not wish to miss any of the conversation so politely begun in a tongue of our list, and so he was asked if he would continue in German. He then proceeded to inform us that we were supposed to have violated military regulations and taken photographs of the fortress, having been observed by the soldier on guard and reported at headquarters.

For this unexpected turn to an interview with an officer of the guard we were totally unprepared, and when he reached out for the offending kodak, which he took in his hand, it was immediately snatched away from him, his fond owner wildly gesticulating and shouting to him in his broadest vernacular. For this show of resistance the officer was unprepared, whereupon he became very stern, demanding his assailant should cease her fusillade of English, which had now reached the high C mark, until the testimony in German could be taken.

THE DANISH OFFICER GETS THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE PARTY.

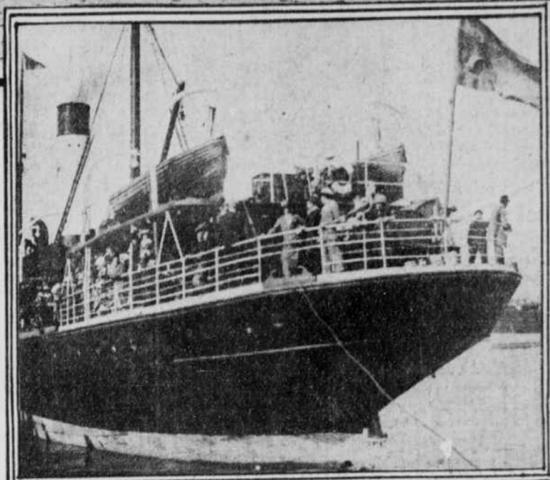
An exhaustive cross-questioning as to who, what, where and whether, closely resembling a court martial when translated, only brought out more hysterical replies in English with staccato bravura notes meant to conceal anxiety. A final steele, menacing stare from the coldest blue eyes ever encountered produced the desired paralytic effect. The batteries were silenced. The Swedish soldier was master of the situation, whereupon he reassuringly told of an American who had lately been arrested for taking a kodak view of this very fortress.

Once more the question was put directly: Had we taken any photographs while at the castle? This time the reply was in the best like-a-ready-lady manner. When, by way of pacification, our regret was expressed at any misunderstanding, he politely followed suit by voicing his own regret in being thus compelled to follow out the lines of duty. Following the exchange of a few more civilities he rode away, leaving us, however, so flabbergasted and subdued that we forgot to ask him the way to Hamlet's grave.

When we left Copenhagen to take our chances at reaching England we seemed to be the last of our race to go.

We took our journey in sections, the only way to reach Scotland. England's eastern ports were now closed, as were the western ports of Denmark. The only way open was through the Oeresund, through whose mined waters we were steered by a military pilot, from Helsingör in Denmark to Helsingör in Sweden.

Leaving Helsingör, with its old castle of Kronborg, where he had run the risk of arrest a few days before, we now decided that two risks taken



STEAMER BALDER, 1000 TON SHIP, WHICH CARRIED AMERICAN REFUGEES, FROM COPENHAGEN TO DUNDEE

last shot was fired across the invisible mines. The accompanying illustration is the result.

It was with more relief that outward bravado would allow us to acknowledge when we stepped ashore from that boat to take a train for Gothenburg, where we were to embark on a small steamer to Leith, Scotland. That another boat had been blown up in the North Sea the day before was not a cheerful thought to sail away with. Scarcely less enlivening was the information at the steamer office that our little boat, the Balder, was to proceed to Dundee, further north, instead of Leith, as the latter port, like that of Hull, Newcastle, and the mouth of the Thames, was to be closed and mined. The final bit of news imparted in confidence was that the harbor of Gothenburg was heavily mined, but there appeared no probability that the rest of the party would share this discovery before sailing.

NORTH SEA WEATHER AND SHOCKS OF THE NIGHT.

Not departing from the proverbial weather of the North Sea that first night was a stormy one. The small boat of only a thousand tons rocked and creaked as though every moment she must go to the bottom. Then we remembered, with startling vividness, among other encouraging bits of information received on the eve of sailing, that the largest boats had all been taken off the North Sea lines on account of the danger, only the older and smaller ones being left in service, as the loss of these vessels would be less serious to their owners. So it didn't matter then if this little old creaking tub did go down, since it would mean little to any one but the passengers.

It was near morning when, as we were pitching about from one trough into another, a mighty crash shattered the boat from stem to stern; the engines stopped, a dead silence followed and we seemed to be drifting. Had the mine struck the boat amidships and were we slowly going down? Lying quietly awaiting the end we wondered how long before we should sink to the bottom. We had no intention of trying to dress, knowing clothing would be no protection in a sea like this; neither was there any desire to take chances in a lifeboat drifting about in high seas, drenched with icy waters, freezing in stiffened garments. Quiet, drowning seemed now a merciful fate.

A life belt lay at our feet. Was it worth while to try it on, and would it fit? Rather let it lie. While waiting for the final lurch we raised up for

ing to a railing, when as calmly as possible we asked what had happened.

"A big sea struck us," he replied. "At least we know how it feels to strike a mine. Two whole nights the captain was on the bridge, where he suffered bitterly from the cold. The second morning at dawn an authorized pilot was taken on board, as we were nearing the British coast. When the captain was asked how he avoided the mines in mid-seas he replied:

"I simply had to take chances. I could not tell where they were."

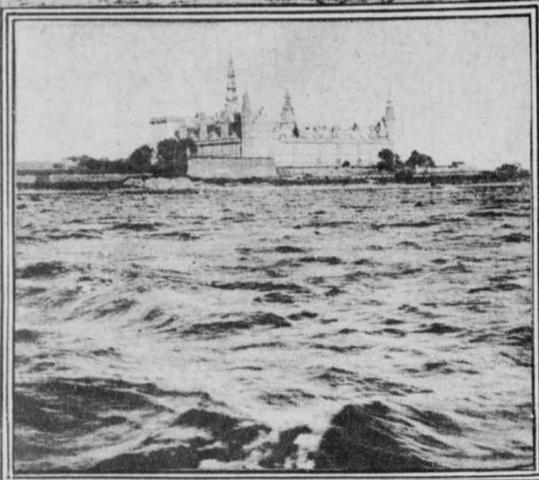
Floating mines as well as anchored mines had been sown in all directions, and it was impossible to keep a path clear between them. No one knows this better than seamen, who are now demanding twice their former wages for taking their lives in their own hands as they go out to sea.

It was a dilapidated looking set of passengers that arrived at Dundee that gray Sunday morning, but on British soil everything seemed as quiet as ever. In fact, Sunday seemed abnormally dull—but then this was Scotland. It was only when taking tickets to Edinburgh that there was given the first intimation this country was involved in war. In booking our luggage at the booking office we were informed that every piece of hand baggage down to the smallest package must be put into the luggage van, not even a tiny basket of fruit being allowed in the carriage.

This unusual regulation was in accordance with a military order to insure the protection of the two great bridges, the Tay and the Forth, the latter crossing the Firth of Forth, whose mouth forms the harbor of Dundee. The possibility of bombs, concealed in hand baggage, being dropped in transit upon the piers below is thus forestalled. The strategic importance of these two bridges is very great, the rivers crossed being large enough and deep enough to allow the biggest battleships to pass right into the heart of the country from the North Sea. The pride of the Scotchman was in evidence when the booking officer said:

"These two bridges must be protected from the secret enemy, whose spies might attempt to destroy them. You know this Bridge of the Forth is the biggest in the world (an especial burring on wurruld). Haven't you ever seen this bridge? Oh, then, when you are crossing over it now, just beyond Dundee, and see what a beautiful bridge it is, you will understand."

So we did, and didn't mind a bit that our kodak



CASTLE KRONBORG IN HELSINGÖR, DENMARK

By LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS.

WE HAD been in Stockholm a month, and we realized it was with no little complacency that we had so kept our heads in the excitement of war just door as to be among the very last to leave our beautiful city of refuge and venture out again to the uncertain world. Having failed to reach Russia before the bars were up, and the way to every other country on the Continent being closed by war gates, we decided to go as close to the border lines as possible before crossing to England.

It was not until we reached Malmö, on the way to Copenhagen, that we realized travelling in war times has its surprises. The first one was the long list of questions on the hotel arrival blanks, which, after they were filled out, looked like branches from the family tree. The next surprise came when we learned that the steam ferryboats from Malmö to Copenhagen, which usually cross over from Sweden to Denmark in an hour and a half, now required two hours on account of the zigzag course taken.

"By a zig-zag course?" we asked, with a sinking somewhere in the interior; then with a bold truth withheld: "Is it on account of mines?"

This casual inquiry, made in a languid tone of voice, was intended to conceal our stupefaction, as it suddenly dawned upon us that mines may have been laid in other waters than those between Sweden and Russia and in the North Sea. Mines were the one thing we had decided not to tempt. It had cost effort to appear indifferent, and to look as though we had been brought up on mines, but the affirmative reply to our question proved that the assumed nonchalance had been effective in obtaining guarded information, about the most impossible thing to get in these days of censored press and cautious speech.

A SPECIAL PILOT STEERS THEM THROUGH MINED WATERS.

We went aboard the boat, under a special pilot to steer us through the mines, and zig-zagged our way across to Copenhagen. Three women were the only Americans in a small company of local passengers, none of whom were out for pleasure. Upon arrival in Copenhagen we began to inquire about boats to England, only to learn that "for reasons" there was no information to be given out, and for the immediate present no boats were sailing from Copenhagen to England, unless possibly a small freight boat, or better boat, which would go far north around the shores of Scotland and down the west coast to Liverpool. In the perennial uncertainties we were advised to wait

for further information—instructions not difficult to follow when there is no alternative.

A thorough canvass for information elicited a few facts: Two Danish boats a few days before had been blown up by mines in the North Sea, and on the very day of our arrival in Malmö another Danish boat had struck a mine and sank only twenty-seven miles from Newcastle, hence the demoralization of passenger steamer service "for reasons." A telegram had been received that morning stating the Wilson Line steamer Runo, with three hundred Russian refugees on board, had struck a mine and gone down near Leith.

While "waiting" for further information, according to advice, we set out to see what we could of Copenhagen and its environs. An excursion to Kronborg Castle sounded the most alluring. It is one of Denmark's historical palaces, and it was here that the ghost appeared to Hamlet. Situated on the upper end of the capital island, Zealand, it is reached by railway to Helsingör.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE ANCIENT KRONBORG CASTLE.

Arriving at Helsingör there loomed up in the rear distance the battlements and towers of the ancient castle, whose copper roofs are a brilliant green from ages of corrosion. From afar were scented the stories of history and tales of mystery which have centred in and about these gray walls, rising from a low cliff on the shores of the sea.

Crossing over the old moat on the land side we found ourselves between two moats, where a clump of soldiers were bivouacked. Meeting one of them, he spoke something about a kodak which was swung along by one of the party, whereupon he was informed in broad American that she was "not going to take anything." The soldier passed on, doubtless impressed with the uselessness of carrying on a one-sided conversation with a foreigner. Over the inner moat, and passing through a low, wide-arched entrance, we found ourselves in a great court, the centre of the quadrangular building. Here we were conducted to one of the towers, from whose entrance a circular stone stairway, worn by centuries of use, led up many stories to a flat-towered roof above.

Under the watchful eye of a soldier guard we looked out over the Oeresund and Kattegat, covered with boats and white sails, together with Denmark's naval ships and submarines, which latter were then in operation sinking and rising again in their manoeuvres. Round about us rose the towers of the old castle.

When we were again led across the court and up into another tower we were unobtrusively

Standing at one of the deep recessed windows, looking right out into the little sentry box from which one can fairly believe emanated that very ghost, the temptation to get it all on a film proved too much. Letting precaution go to the winds the little kodak was set upon the window ledge, and the sentry box in the midst of the cannon had just appeared in the finder, when a hand was placed over the kodak! A stern voice spoke a word of warning just in time to prevent the click. The scene that followed was a whirlwind of unintelligible American and very pronounced Swedish, in which the American seemed to be the winner, from the fact she neither understood a word that was said to her nor had she any conception of the enormity of her attempted offence—that of photographing within a fortress, which, after all was frustrated—thus leaving her guiltless of a crime she had not succeeded in committing.

Concluding there was nothing more worth while running into temptation for we started to find Hamlet's burial place, not far off. Passing beyond the castle moats it was demanded of two passing soldiers:

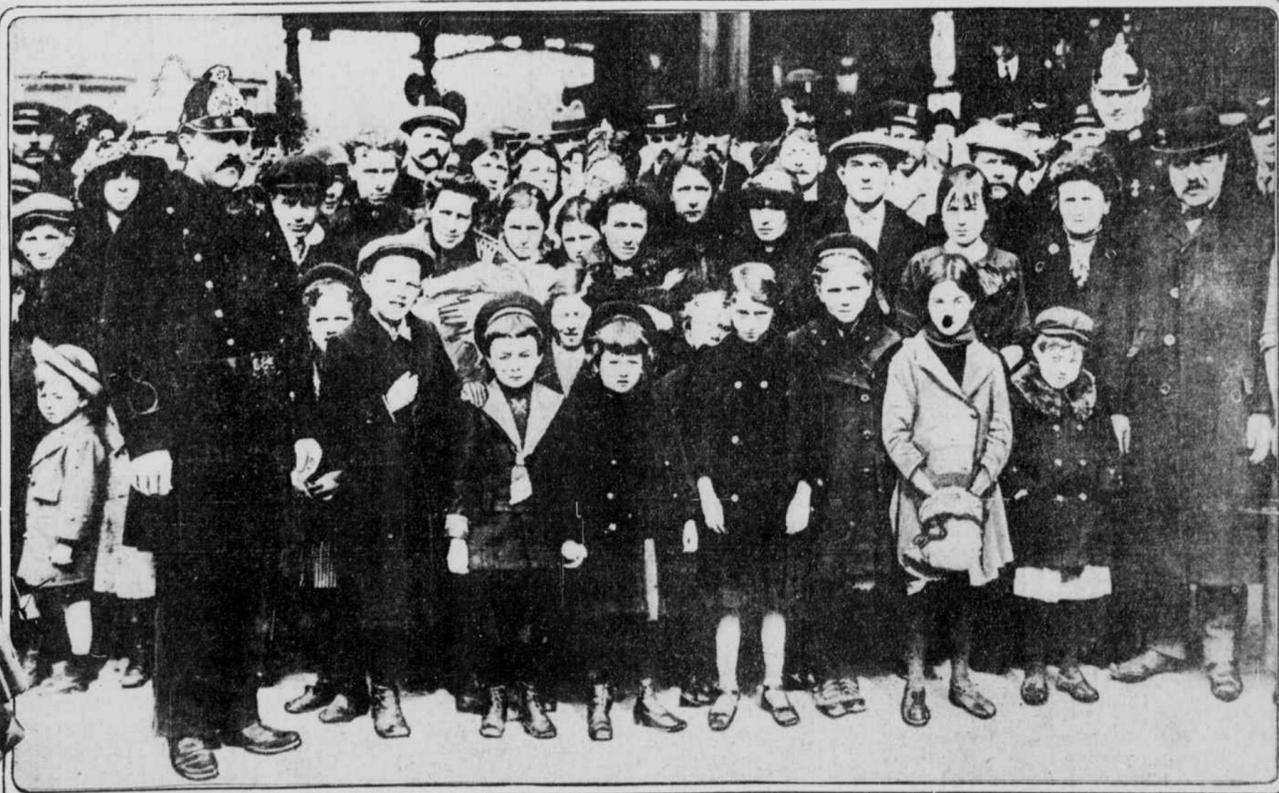
"Where is Hamlet's grave?" Danish soldiers not understanding English, however high the key in which it is spoken, and probably never having heard of Hamlet in any lan-

THE ANGELUS—1914.

Across furrowed field and waving grain
The evening Angelus is ringing.
Tired, labor hardened hands
Let fall the heavy implements;
And, clasped in eager supplication,
A weary, aching heart pours forth
From parched and bloodless lips
A mute and agonizing prayer.

Grim war with mailed grasp
Has seized the husbandman,
Who, erstwhile, with sinewy arms,
Bore the burden of the toll afield;
Thrusting him relentlessly
Into the hell of human strife:
Bids him war for conquest,
Or to erase a nation's shame.

What of the woman in the field,
With weary limbs and burdened soul,
Staggering homeward at close of day,
To meet the eager, upturned face, alone?
Where nations place their heroes' names,



HOLLAND HOST TO COUNTLESS BELGIUMS
© PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Will her humble deeds be chronicled?
While the evening Angelus is ringing
God give her hope and peace, and rest.
ARTHUR C. JOHNSON.

at once were no more serious than one at a time—that while taking the chances of mines we might again take those of arrest. As the beautiful old Kronborg began to recede from view, therefore, a

last glance out of the porthole. How cold and dark the waters looked, yet how mercifully quick the waves would close over. As we shivered a sailor in oilskins slipped by the porthole, cling-

and even the little "Blick" should now be reposing in the heterogeneous company of a luggage van if by any such arrangement a possible bomb might be diverted from its deadly aim.



HURRYING OUT OF ANTWERP