

## 1: Europe From a Motor Car

*O customs!--Mary and the maraboutThe anklet of the troglodyteThe cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale. Responsibility: by Louise Closser Hale; illustrations, and a chapter on The cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale.*

You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). Albert Bigelow Paine Release Date: January 25, [eBook ] Language: English Character set encoding: Quaint villages, old cities, rolling hills, and velvet valleys once more beckon to the traveler. The chapters that follow tell the story of a small family who went gypsying through that golden age before the war when the tree-lined highways of France, the cherry-blossom roads of the Black Forest, and the high trails of Switzerland offered welcome to the motor nomad. The impressions set down, while the colors were fresh and warm with life, are offered now to those who will give a thought to that time and perhaps go happily wandering through the new age whose dawn is here. They were very good chapters, and I hated to part with them, but my publisher had quite positive views on the matter. He said those chapters were about as valuable now as June leaves are in November, so I swept them aside in the same sad way that one disposes of the autumn drift and said I would start with Marseilles, where, after fourteen days of quiet sailing, we landed with our car one late August afternoon. Most travelers pass through Marseilles hastily too hastily, it may be, for their profit. It has taken some thousands of years to build the "Pearl of the Mediterranean," and to walk up and down the rue Cannebiere and drink coffee and fancy-colored liquids at little tables on the sidewalk, interesting and delightful as that may be, is not to become acquainted with the "pearl" not in any large sense. We had a very good and practical reason for not hurrying through Marseilles. It would require a week or more to get our car through the customs and obtain the necessary licenses and memberships for inland travel. Meantime we would do some sight-seeing. We would begin immediately. Besides facing the Old Port the ancient harbor our hotel looked on the end of the Cannebiere, which starts at the Quai and extends, as the phrase goes, "as far as India," meaning that the nations of the East as well as those of the West mingle there. We understood the saying as soon as we got into the kaleidoscope. We were rather sober-hued bits ourselves, but there were plenty of the other sort. It was the end of August, and Marseilles is a semi-tropic port. There were plenty of white costumes, of both men and women, and sprinkled among them the red fezzes and embroidered coats and sashes of Algiers, Morocco, and the Farther East. And there were ladies in filmy things, with bright hats and parasols; and soldiers in uniforms of red and blue, while the wide pavements of that dazzling street were literally covered with little tables, almost to the edges. And all those gay people who were not walking up and down, chatting and laughing, were seated at the little tables with red and green and yellow drinks before them and pitchers of ice or tiny cups of coffee, and all the seated people were laughing and chattering, too, or reading papers and smoking, and nobody seemed to have a sorrow or a care in the world. It was really an inspiring sight, after the long, quiet days on the ship, and we loitered to enjoy it. It was very busy around us. Tramcars jangled, motors honked, truckmen and cabmen cracked their whips incessantly. Now and then a beggar put out a hand. The pretty drinks and certain ices we saw made us covetous for them, but we had not yet the courage to mingle with those gay people and try our new machine-made French right there before everybody. So we slipped into a dainty place a patisserie boulangerie and ordered coffee and chocolate ice cream, and after long explanations on both sides got iced coffee and hot chocolate, which was doing rather well, we thought, for the first time, and, anyhow, it was quite delicious and served by a pretty girl whose French was so limpid that one could make himself believe he understood it, because it was pure music, which is not a matter of arbitrary syllables at all. We came out and blended with the panorama once more. It was all so entirely French, I said; no suggestion of America anywhere. But Narcissa, aged fifteen, just then pointed to a flaming handbill over the entrance of a cinematograph show. The Joy, who was ten, was for going in and putting other things by, but we overruled her. Other signs attracted us the window cards and announcements were easy lessons in French and Chapter I 6 always interesting. By and by bouquets of lights breaking out along the streets reminded us that it was evening and that we were hungry. There were plenty of hotels, including our own, but the dining rooms looked big and warm and expensive and we were dusty and

economical and already warm enough. We would stop at some open-air place, we said, and have something dainty and modest and not heating to the blood. We thought it would be easy to find such a place, for there were perfect seas of sidewalk tables, thronged with people, who at first glance seemed to be dining. But we discovered that they were only drinking, as before, and perhaps nibbling at little cakes or rolls. When we made timid and rudimentary inquiries of the busy waiters, they pointed toward the hotels or explained things in words so glued together we could not sort them out. How different it all was from New York, we said. Narcissa openly sighed to be back on "old rue de Broadway," where there were restaurants big and little every twenty steps. We wandered into side streets and by and by found an open place with a tiny green inclosure, where a few people certainly seemed to be eating. We were not entirely satisfied with the look of the patrons, but they were orderly, and some of them of good appearance. The little tables had neat white cloths on them, and the glassware shone brightly in the electric glow. So we took a corner position and studied the rather elaborate and obscure bill of fare. It was written, and the few things we could decipher did not seem cheap. We had heard about food being reasonable in France, but single portions of fish or cutlets at ". One might as well be in a better place in New York. We wondered how these unfashionable people about us could look so contented and afford to order such liberal supplies. Then suddenly a great light came. The price amounts were not in dollars and cents, but in francs and centimes. The decimals were the same, only you divided by five to get American values. There is ever so much difference. It became almost unbelievable. We were tempted to go it was too cheap to be decent. But we were weary and hungry, and we stayed. Later we were glad. We had those things which the French make so well, no matter how humble the place "pot au feu, bouillabaisse" the fish soup which is the pride of Marseilles our first introduction to it , lamb chops, a crisp salad, Gruyere cheese, with a pint of red wine; and we paid I try to blush when I tell it a total for our four of less than five francs that is to say, something under a dollar, including the tip, which was certainly large enough, if one could judge from the lavish acknowledgment of the busy person who served us. We lingered while I smoked, observing some curious things. The place filled up with a democratic crowd, including, as it did, what were evidently well-to-do tradesmen and their families, clerks with their young wives or sweethearts, single derelicts of both sexes, soldiers, even workmen in blouses. Many of them seemed to be regular customers, for they greeted the waiters and chatted with them during the serving. Then we discovered a peculiar proof that these were in fact steady patrons. In the inner restaurant were rows of hooks along the walls, and at the corners some racks with other hooks. Upon these were hanging, not hats or garments, but dozens of knotted white cloths which we discovered presently to be table napkins, large white serviettes like our own. While we were trying to make out why they should be variously knotted and hung about in that way a man and woman went in and, after a brief survey of the hooks, took down two of the napkins and carried them to a table. The bill of fare stated that napkins were charged for at the rate of five centimes one cent each. These were individual leaseholdings, as it were, of those who came regularly a fine example of French economy. We did not hang up our napkins when we went away. We might not come back, and, besides, there were no empty hooks. The Marseilles trams did seem to run everywhere, and they were cheap. Ten centimes two cents was the fare for each "zone" or division, and a division long enough for the average passenger. Being sight-seers, we generally paid more than once, but even so the aggregate was modest enough. The circular trip around the Corniche, or shore, road has four of these divisions, with a special rate for the trip, which is very long and very beautiful. We took the Corniche trip toward evening for the sake of the sunset. The tram starts at the rue de Rome and winds through the city first, across shaded courts, along streets of varying widths some of them so old and ever so foreign, but always clean , past beautiful public buildings always with deep open spaces or broad streets in front of them, for the French do not hide their fine public architectures and monuments, but plant them as a landscape gardener plants his trellises and trees. On one side the sea, breaking against the rocks and beaches, washing into little sheltered bays on the other the abrupt or terraced cliff, with fair villas set in gardens of palm and mimosa and the rose trees of the south. So we left the tram at the end of a zone and made our way down to one of those places, and sat in a little garden and had fish, freshly caught, and a cutlet, and some ripe grapes, and such things; and we watched the sun set, and stayed until the dark came and the Corniche shore turned into a necklace of twinkling lights. Then the tram carried us still farther, and back into

the city at last, by way of the Prado, a broad residential avenue, with trees rising dark on either side. At the end of a week in Marseilles we had learned a number of things made some observations drawn some conclusions. It is a very old city old when the Greeks settled there twenty-five hundred years ago but it has been ravaged and rebuilt too often through the ages for any of its original antiquity to remain. Some of the buildings have stood five or six hundred years, perhaps, and are quaint and interesting, with their queer roofs and moldering walls which have known siege and battle and have seen men in gaudy trappings and armor go clanking by, stopping to let their horses drink at the scarred fountains where to-day women wash their vegetables and their clothing. We were glad to have looked on those ancient relics, for they, too, would soon be gone. The spirit of great building and progress is abroad in Marseilles the old clusters of houses will come down the hoary fountains worn smooth by the hands of women and the noses of thirsty beasts will be replaced by new ones fine and beautiful, for the French build always for art, let the race for commercial supremacy be ever so swift. Fifty or one hundred years from now it will be as hard to find one of these landmarks as it is to-day relics of the Greek and Roman times, and of the latter we found none at all. Tradition has it that Lazarus and his family came to Marseilles after his resuscitation, but the house he occupied is not shown. Indeed, there is probably not a thing above ground that Lucian the Greek saw when he lived here in the second century. The harbor he sailed into remains. Its borders have changed, but it is the same inclosed port that sheltered those early galleys and triremes of commerce and of war. We looked down upon it from our balcony, and sometimes in the dim morning, or in the first dusk of evening when its sails were idle and its docks deserted, it seemed still to have something of the past about it, something that was not quite reality. Certain of its craft were old in fashion and quaint in form, and if even one trireme had lain at anchor there, or had come drifting in, we might easily have fancied this to be the port that somewhere is said to harbor the missing ships. Chapter II 8 It is a busy place by day. Its quays are full of trucks and trams and teams, and a great traffic going on. Lucian would hardly recognize any of it at all. The noise would appall him, the smoking steamers would terrify him, the transbordeur an aerial bridge suspended between two Eiffel towers, with a hanging car that travels back and forth like a cash railway would set him praying to the gods. Possibly the fishwives, sorting out sea food and bait under little awnings, might strike him as more or less familiar. At least he would recognize their occupation. They were strung along the east quay, and I had never dreamed that the sea contained so many strange things to eat as they carried in stock. They had oysters and clams, and several varieties of mussels, and some things that looked like tide-worn lumps of terra cotta, and other things that resembled nothing else under heaven, so that words have not been invented to describe them. Then they had oursins.

## THE COST OF MOTORING ABROAD, BY WALTER HALE. pdf

### 2: Louise Closser Hale (Author of We Discover the Old Dominion)

*Book digitized by Google from the library of the New York Public Library and uploaded to the Internet Archive by user tpb. The cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale.*

Since it is the sixth edition, I assume it would date circa 1910. It is loaded with advertising of the time for many different products and stores. The guide also describes the many sites to be seen in these areas. The book is in very good condition. That was at the beginning of the rail road travel era! The book is loaded with engravings by Loring and Barritt from original sketches made for the book by William Macleod. The book is missing its cover and map. The pages are sewn at the binding. All of the numbered pages are there as well as the table of distances. Chisholm I believe in. It is missing the front and rear cover but does still contain the fold out map. There are numbered pages plus various pages of advertising that are not numbered. There are illustrations and a chapter on cost of motoring abroad. The illustrations and the cost portion of the book is by Walter Hale. The book was published in by A. There are pages. The front blank page is missing and the front hinge is partially split. There is no dust jacket. It has a fold out map that is a plan of Paris and its monuments. There are 47 pages plus advertising. It is in very good condition. The book measures 7" tall. It was published in by Wiley and Putnam of New York. The book is in tan paper wraps. It contains pages followed by more pages of advertising for other books. There is some foxing to some of the pages and some overall wear. Seems like an interesting travel book from this region! Click here to add text. The book is in very good condition with some foxing and slightly loose pages at the front and rear. It contains pages.

### 3: Walter Hale (Author of The Car That Went Abroad)

*Motor Journeys Illustrations, and a Chapter on the Cost of Motoring Abroad by Louise Closser Hale Illustrations, and a Chapter on the Cost of Motoring Abroad by Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale.*

### 4: Catalog Record: Motor journeys | Hathi Trust Digital Library

*O customs!--Mary and the maraboutThe anklet of the troglodyteThe cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale. Show more. add to favorites add. do you like this.*

### 5: Hale, Walter, | The Online Books Page

*Motor journeys, by Louise Closser Hale; illustrations, and a chapter on The cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale. Main Author: Hale, Louise Closser,*

### 6: The Car That Went Abroad MOBI eBook Smiduat61timb

*You can read Motor Journeys by Hale, Louise Closser, in our library for absolutely free. Read various fiction books with us in our e-reader. Add your books to our library.*

### 7: Motor journeys by Hale, Louise Closser, Free Download. Read online books at www.enganchecubano.com

*Motor journeys Item Preview remove-circle O customs!--Mary and the maraboutThe anklet of the troglodyteThe cost of motoring abroad, by Walter Hale.*

### 8: The Car That Went Abroad : Walter Hale :

*There are illustrations and a chapter on cost of motoring abroad. The illustrations and the cost portion of the book is by*

## THE COST OF MOTORING ABROAD, BY WALTER HALE. pdf

*Walter Hale. The book was published in by A. C. McClurg & Co.*

9: German addresses are blocked - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Car That Went Abroad, by Albert Bigelow Paine, Illustrated by Walter Hale This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever.*

*Crawly Bug and the firehouse pie Family feud disney edition instructions The Penn State University Libraries administration leadership development program : a proposal Matthew J. The flying mule car Organizational structures and program models : developing a continuum of services Writer and religion Calculating for best results Big ideas geometry teacher edition The ward Lucas Scott Corn husk as paper III. Greek Words 172 My Friend My Lover My Husband The Families of Haywood County, North Carolina Desirable that the service is done by a multidisciplinary team, with an interdisciplinary approach, able Love That Pop Music The origins of a misnomer: the / Select eulogies of members of the French academy Plays from Black Africa. Memorials Of Sarah Childress Polk Superstition in All Ages Foreign policy implications of a balanced budget War and Presidential power Embedded systems research papers Liberalism without Democracy The making of an Englishcountry garden Lust (Seven Deadly Sins) Memoirs of Mirabeau (London and Westminster Review, nos. VIII and LV 1838) Visual studio 2010 ultimate installation guide Efficiency of education in agriculture Banking services in low and moderate-income communities: A two-tiered financial services system? An Act to Amend Title I of the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 to Clarify Treatment of In Solid state drive seminar report The pawn of prophecy Windows server tutorial for beginners Life in the medieval university. Source uments in accounting An exposition upon the two epistles of . Paul to the Thessalonians Jemal of the hill country Spiritual Intelligence at Work, Volume 5 Cinder marissa meyer ita*