

ATTRACTIONS of WALES



Welsh With Coracles.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

BOTH scenically and historically, the principality of Wales is one of the most alluring regions of the British Isles, yet comparatively few of the thousands of American tourists who make the transatlantic voyage include it in their itinerary. It is accessible, the hotel accommodations are admirable, the people hospitable, the highways irreplaceable, the summer climate delightful. But the average American traveler takes one glance at his guidebook or at the tourist-agency folder and decides to go to the English Lakes district, to Scotland, to the "Lorna Doone" country, or—Paris.

He lacks the courage to wrestle with such place names as Bettws-y-Coed, Bodelywyddan, Dwygyfylchi, Clwyd, Llandudno, Pwllheli, and Pen-y-Gwryd.

If the traveler goes to a railway station to get his transportation, he cannot tell where he wishes to go. If a ticket agent in a tourist office asks whether he would prefer to go by this route or by that, with stop-over privileges here or there, the sounds convey to him no impression of any of the places he may have read about.

He may have equipped himself in advance by studying some "easy rule for pronouncing Welsh names," such as "To pronounce Ll, place the tip of the tongue back of the upper front teeth and blow through the side of the mouth." But if ever he imagined he could remember such rules, he forgets their practical application the moment he hears Glin-div'r-dool, meaning Glyndyfrdwy. It's so much simpler to go elsewhere!

Consequently, at tourist agencies the Welsh window never has a waiting line, and few clerks are able to give one advice as to where to go, how long to stay, and how to come back.

Scenery Is Beautiful.

It is a pity, for within this little principality, having an area considerably smaller than New Jersey, one will find the loftiest peak and the finest mountain scenery of England and Wales; the loveliest waterfalls of the British Isles; beaches which rival those of Atlantic City, Deauville or Brighton; streams that teem with trout and other fish dear to the heart of the angler; footpaths through vale and forest which cannot be surpassed in the Tyrol or the Pyrenees; and the gray ruins of tessellated towers and frowning bastions, each of which has its own tale to tell of romantic adventure and of daring in the Dark or Middle Ages, when English kings battled ceaselessly to curb turbulent Welsh princes whose chief end and aim in life was warfare.

The courageous visitor who steels himself to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous orthography and even more outrageous pronunciation of proper names, and decides upon a week-end in Wales faces three instead of the proverbial two horns of a dilemma. Shall he visit northern Wales, middle Wales, or southern Wales?

Each section has its definite appeal and each its peculiarities. The guidebook does not help in reaching a decision. Suppose one takes at random northern Wales, the section from which David Lloyd George, the empire's wartime prime minister, hails. The gateway to this region is that unique city of western England, Chester, with its mellow old cathedral, its fine walls and its other-days' atmosphere. By taking an early morning train from London, the hurried visitor is enabled to have a sufficient stopover in the border town to convince him that he must return for a longer visit.

Crossing the River Dee, the train enters Wales, bound for Carnarvon, 69

miles distant by way of Rhyl, Conway and Bangor. Within a mile or two of the railway line, and just six miles southwest of Chester, rises Hawarden castle, famous in Welsh history and as the residence of Queen Victoria's great "Home Rule" premier, Gladstone.

On the right for many miles stretch those fatal sands of Dee across which Charles Kingsley's Mary went to "call the cattle home," and never home came she.

In the afternoon the train reaches Carnarvon, a community which concentrates more history in smaller space than any other town in Wales.

Carnarvon Castle.

Wandering up the main street and turning a corner, the visitor is suddenly face to face with one of the finest castles in Great Britain. Built entirely of hewn stone, the imposing structure stands on the peninsula formed where the River Seint flows into the Menai strait.

Every room in the great building has its legend, each dear to the stentorian guide, whose indignant protest to an incredulous tourist greets us down the full length of the corridor which once gave entrance to the noble banquet hall 100 feet long and 45 feet wide.

There are those who would take the "Oh!" out of all history, leaving it devoid of color and sentiment. They have been busy with Carnarvon castle, trying to rob it of its most cherished tradition; but since the present bearer of the title thought there was sufficient basis for the story to warrant his investiture in this castle in 1911, we shall prefer to accept the legend that here was born the first English prince of Wales, 639 years ago.

The story is a familiar one. During the reign of Edward I, the Welsh rose against the English, declaring that they would never acknowledge allegiance to any prince "but of their own nation and language and of an unblamable life."

Edward brought his army to Wales and put down the rebellion led by Llewelyn the Last. He then commissioned his famous architect, Henry de Elreton, to build castles at Conway, Carnarvon, Criccieth and Harlech, as strongholds from which in future he might hold his turbulent subjects in check.

During his long stay in Wales, Edward's queen, Eleanor, visited him at Carnarvon, and in a small room in the so-called Eagle tower of the unfinished castle he who was to be Edward II was born.

Eisteddfods at Twt Hill.

A short distance from the castle is Twt Hill, below which is an immense pavilion capable of seating 8,000 persons, and yet its capacity is greatly overtaken whenever an Eisteddfod is held in Carnarvon.

The Eisteddfodau are among the most distinctive and inspiring institutions preserved for sixteen hundred years by the Welsh. They are the famous festivals of song, music and poetry where Welsh bards participate in contests comparable only to those of the ancient Greeks, except that here the competition is exclusively intellectual and artistic, with no place for athletics on the program.

The national Eisteddfod has been held annually since 1819, in northern Wales and southern Wales alternately.

One of the spectacular feats at an Eisteddfod is the "penillion" singing, in which the poets compose their songs after the harpist has begun his melody. Each poet in turn sings his verse, beginning two measures behind the harpist, but ending on the same measure. The contestant who is able to improvise worthy verses longest wins one of the most cherished honors of the festival.

WHY HE WAS CALLED "THE BOOB"

By WALTER J. DELANLEY

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"IT'S the Boob," announced Myrtle Farr to her five close young lady friends in the garden of the pretty Durham home.

"It's the—" began the delicate, modest-eyed Elida Durham, a dubious one-half whimsical expression on her face. "Oh, Myrtle, explain that it is a very innocent slang word and relieve Elida at once," chirped in the madcap of the group, Vi Barringer.

"Very well, my innocent and inexperienced lone lamb," said Myrtle solemnly, "a 'Boob' is an unfortunate and artless human being who becomes the buffet and prey of the more knowing ones."

"Why, my brother Norman has introduced the gentleman to me as Walter Dale," said Elida, glancing past the bush-lined fence where the subject of consideration was passing.

"Oh, yes," answered Myrtle, with a meaning glance at the others. "Norman is too good a friend of Mr. Dale to call him names; isn't that so, girls?"

"Yes, indeed!" came a noisy chorus in unison, and then Vi cried out excitedly: "Why, he's coming right in here. Oh, oh, Elida!"

Pretty Elida blushed like a peony at the implication conveyed in these last roguish words. She wondered what in the world this unexpected call meant. In an uncouth fashion Dale stood in the middle of the graveled foot path fully 50 feet away.

He was stalwart, simple faced, not quite up to the blue blood standard in dress, pretense and artificiality. Yet as Elida advanced towards him she could not but admire the manliness indicating that he knew how to toil as well as study. If the manner in which he lifted his hat was somewhat awkward, a quiet firmness and dignity checked the giggling girls on the lawn and inspired Elida to give him a ladylike greeting.

"Miss Durham," he said, "I have come from your brother. He wishes you to send him some collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs and his shaving outfit."

"Why does he not come himself?" inquired Elida a trifle anxiously, "and why was he not home last night? Father and mother are both away and would be worried."

Walter Dale's face softened as he looked down into the sweet troubled eyes of the beautiful girl. Then he steeled himself to an unwelcome but settled mission and his eyes expressed firmness.

"Miss Durham," he said gravely, "your brother did not come himself because he is in my room up at the college manacled to a bedpost."

Elida drew back in dismay—incredulous, shocked.

"I have not yet learned to lie like a gentleman—home farm training that, I suppose," observed Dale, a slight trace of satire in his tone. "Most of the fellows would say that Norman was kept away from home last night by extra study, important club meeting and all that. It would be an untruth. He has got in with a fast crowd, I am sorry to say. They led him at one of their riotous carousals until I carried him to my room this morning. If he got away from me he would get back with the fellows, ready to prolong their merry bout, as they call it. I have spent all the morning nursing Norman into a reasonable condition. I got out the clubroom manacles we use in our initiation and no one can set him free until I get back."

Elida was pale and distressed. She had heard of the mad doings of the rich and careless set at the college before this.

"To explain a little further," said Dale, "I am a true friend of your brother."

"I believe that," murmured Elida. "Tomorrow is examination day. Norman is shy on his Greek. There are two things I really know how to do well. Miss Durham—one is to swim, the other to read Greek. If I sit up all night I'm going to drill Norman so he will creditably pass the examination."

Elida went into the house and returned with a package. Big, manly fellow that he was, Walter Dale tremored like a weak woman as she placed a soft, lovely hand upon his bronzed one.

"Mr. Dale," she said faintly, brokenly, "you are indeed a true friend!" "Don't you worry, Miss Durham," spoke Dale in his straightforward homespun way. "When this is all over you are going to be proud of Norman, for if he makes the Greek he will get the highest average of the class."

And that was just what Norman Durham did. Something more as well. "The Boob" had gained a certain in-

fluence over him with his rough but honest ways, and Elida's brother saw the folly of wasted hours and the fast set ceased to allure him.

Elida of course never let Norman know what Dale had revealed to her. The latter did not come to the house and for a spell there came no opportunity to invite him. Elida began to wonder why she thought of him so often; why in comparing him with the empty-minded young men in her set he shone forth not only as unique but attractive.

She knew now why Walter Dale had been called "The Boob." The students worked him out of half his monthly allowance. They imposed on his rare good nature. They played all kinds of tricks on him. But he had come to the college to learn the ways of the world and never flinched from the ordeal.

And then a sensational event transpired. The little college town was located on a lake with a very lovely island in its center. One afternoon Elida and one-half a score of her intimate friends took a boat and went over to Lone Island. A group of the college men were to join them at dusk for a moonlight row.

This happened: a violent storm. It came up suddenly, the boat the girls had used was driven adrift and dark came on with the frightened girls marooned.

The storm kept up. The college men went down to a spot opposite the island, but an old boatman warned them to wait till the storm was over; that no craft could live in that wild tempest.

One hour—two hours went by. Those who had timid sisters over on Lone Island, chilled and frightened, began to worry over the situation. The storm did not abate.

Dale was of the party on the mainland. He walked about restlessly, constantly watching the sky, hoping to see some break in the leaden pall. None came, then he disappeared.

"Hello," spoke Norman half an hour later. "Look, fellows, there is a light on Lone Island."

"It's a campfire," added a companion. "Well, the girls will feel less lonely. Maybe they have found some kind of shelter."

Three hours later they were able to get afloat. They reached the island to find their young lady friends sitting before a cheery roaring fire of logs built at the entrance to a cave-like depression in the rocks.

They were dry, warm and quite contented now at the oddity of their situation. And entertaining them with pleasant stories was—"The Boob."

He had proven his expertness as a crack swimmer; he had won distinction over his rather crestfallen fellow students.

Myrtle Farr fairly doted on him and Vi Barringer no longer made fun of his rugged country ways.

And Elida, who had known his sterling worth all along, was glad and proud of his escort to her home.

The papers made quite a feature of his brave, lonely swim to bring succor and courage to the fair marooners. A year later they chronicled the brilliant wedding of Elida and "The Boob," who had shown that he possessed at soul the merits that make true and great men.

Odd Tomb in London

The Lady chapel of Southwark cathedral, which is to be restored, contains one of London's most extraordinary tombs. The monument is the figure of a man so emaciated as to appear almost a skeleton. It is supposed to be that of a miser who starved himself and his servants. To test his domestic staff he pretended one morning to be dead. As soon as the news spread below stairs it was duly celebrated by raids on the pantry and the cellar. Presently the "dead" man could stand no longer the sounds of merriment that floated up to his room, so he crept down to catch the culprits. But he no sooner opened the kitchen door than one of the servants saw him, cracked him over the head with the first thing that came to hand, and thus converted the pretended corpse into a real one.

Sizes of Continents

Europe forms only about one-fourteenth of the land surface of the globe. Asia extends over nearly one-third of the land surface of the globe. Africa has about three times the area of Europe. North America is a little less than twice the size of Europe; and South America is a little more than 1 1/2 times the size of Europe.

When Rats Are Currency

In the island of Hoa, a French possession in the mid-Pacific, rats serve as mediums of exchange and with a sufficient number a man can buy a wife, according to the Dearborn Independent.

Helpful

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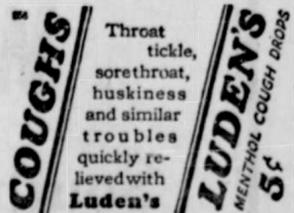
Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grams of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

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