

THE  
WONDER-VOYAGE

A PICTURE BOOK







# THE Wonder-Voyage

by



RUTH COBB



THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

# THE WONDER VOYAGE.

## Programme of Tour.

A.M.

- 11. Depart for China by Wireless Telegraphic Express. Eight minutes allowed for sight-seeing.
- 11.15. Excursion to Yellow Sea. Ten minutes allowed for bathing.
- 11.28. Depart for Japan. Lunch *a la japonaise*.
- 11.40. Leave for Holland by Magic Carpet Express.
- 11.55. Visit South Africa. Angling in The Great Fish River.

P.M.

- 12.10. Leave South Africa for Norway. Excursion on *ski*.
- 12.20. Depart for Germany, where dinner will be served.
- 12.27. Leave for India. Grand juggling performance.
- 12.37. Depart for Egypt. Donkey excursion and tea.
- 12.45. Visit to the Canary Isles. Bird-seed will be provided.
- 12.55. Excursion to the Desert of Sahara. Bucket, spade, and attendant, one shilling extra.
- 1.5. Depart for North America. War-dance of Red Indians.
- 1.12. Excursion to the North Pole. Eskimo dress provided.
- 1.15. Leave North America for New Guinea. Tree houses on view.
- 1.35. Depart from New Guinea for Australia. Ascent of the Blue Mountains.
- 1.40. Leave Australia for Vesuvius (now in eruption).
- 1.45. Excursion to the South Pole.
- 1.50. Depart from the South Pole for England.
- 2. Arrive in England.



*"I saw lots of countries that I knew very well."*

# THE WONDER VOYAGE.

BY EDWARD SHIRLEY.

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I DON'T know why it is, but people never will believe me when I tell them all about my voyage. Aunt Jane used to be rather a favourite of mine; but I am not friends with her now, for when I told her what I had done, and where I had been, and what I had seen, she only smiled and said, "What an imagination the child has, to be sure!" I don't know what she means by "an imagination," but I'm sure I haven't got one, for I've searched everywhere and I can't find anything of the kind. It's very unkind of Auntie to say that I have. But Peter, my cousin, he's the worst. He's perfectly horrid. He says I fell asleep and dreamt it all. Please don't believe Peter. You couldn't if you only saw him. He has sandy hair and freckles, and he laughs like the hyena that I saw by The Great Fish River. Who *could* believe a boy like that?

It is quite true that I was lying in the garden hammock when the little man asked me to go; but I wasn't asleep, I assure you, though I did shut my eyes for a minute or two. That's a very different thing from being asleep, isn't it? Why, Dad shuts his eyes all through the sermon on Sundays, and when I asked him why he did it, he said he was able to think better that way. I was only doing the same. I think it must "run in the family," as Mummy says, to think better with your eyes shut. So please don't believe Peter, whatever he says.

I remember that morning very well. We had all got up ever so early to see Uncle John off. He was going for a voyage round the world, and for weeks before he had been telling us all about the wonderful places and things he was going to see. I was very much interested in what he told us,



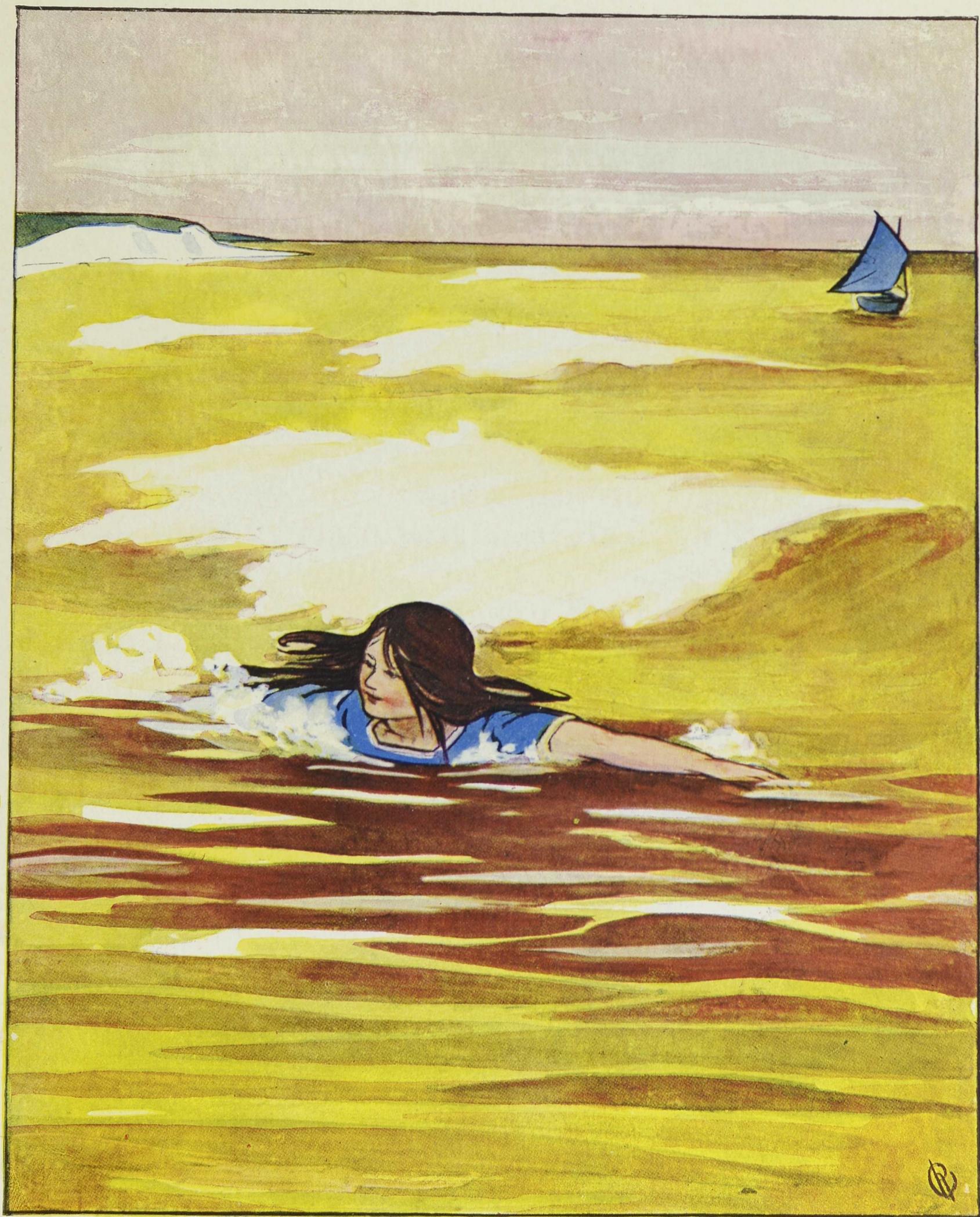
*“If ever you have seen a willow-pattern plate, you know exactly what China is like.”*

and oh! I did wish I could go with him. Well, it was six o'clock in the morning when we said "Good-bye" to him, and Nurse wanted me to go back to bed when he had gone. But I wouldn't. I was glad to think I had a long day before me. I set to work, and gave my doll's house a good "spring cleaning," and before I had finished it was breakfast time. Then after breakfast I went for a long walk to the village and back, and about eleven o'clock I got into the hammock for a little rest—and a think.

I had just closed my eyes when I heard a little voice close by my elbow say, "I have come to see you, Miss, about the 'Wonder Voyage.'" I opened my eyes quick, and there was a little man dressed like the stationmaster, only that he had on his cap the words "Cook's Tours." He was very polite. "Everything is in order, Miss," he said. "Here are your tickets," and he gave me a little book. "You will be 'personally conducted,' and the voyage will begin in five minutes. I have brought your bag, and your field-glass, and your umbrella with me, Miss, for we like to save our clients all unnecessary trouble. That is all, I think," and before I had time to thank him he was gone.

This was very surprising, but far more surprising things were to follow.

I jumped out of the hammock, and what do you think? The garden and the house had vanished, and I was standing with my luggage on top of a great globe like the one in the schoolroom, only a thousand times bigger. The man in the moon was smiling at me, though it was the middle of the day, and the rude little stars kept on winking at me, just like that horrid boy Peter. For a minute or two I didn't know where I was; but as soon as I had time to look around me, I saw lots of countries that I knew very well on the map. As I looked at them I remembered all the geography I had learned and forgotten. I could see Spain, where the Spanish juice comes from; and Turkey, where the people live on Turkish delight; and Arabia,



*“I undressed at once and jumped into the water, and had the loveliest swim.”*

where they have Arabian Nights ; and India, where they dig up the india-rubber ; and Persia, where the cats come from ; and China, where they make the cups and saucers ; and Greece, where the candles grow ; France, where the fashions are made ; Italy, where the piano-organ men live ; Brazil, where the nuts come from ; and lots of other places that I knew quite well by sight. Oh, it was splendid ! I was just going to step on to the Scilly Isles (that's where Peter ought to go and live, I think), when I heard the little man from Cook's say, "Only one minute allowed here for sight-seeing, Miss. The Wireless Telegraphic Express is just about to start. Take your seat, Miss ; I've kept this corner for you. It's rather a long journey, so I wish you to be comfortable. We shall be quite seven minutes in getting to China."

I didn't see anything else to sit on, so I sat on the ground. Then I heard a whistle, and suddenly I felt myself being swept along at a great rate. The lines of longitude kept flying past me like telegraph posts on the railway, and the stars shot by in long trails of light. It quite took my breath away, I can tell you. "Where are we ?" I gasped. "We have just crossed the North Sea," said my guide in a quiet voice, "and we are now over Germany. The Kaiser William is just down there reviewing his troops and twirling his moustache. I am sorry that you cannot break your journey to see him. Now we are crossing Russia. I'm afraid the Czar is not on view at present. He stops indoors a good deal just now. I'm told that the doctors recommend it, as it is better for his health. But here we are over Tibet. I could show you the Grand Lama if this were a stopping train, but it isn't. Ah ! here we are in China at last, and only half a minute late."

Yes, it was quite true ; we were in China. I knew it at once, for it was just like the plate I had broken that very morning when I was "spring cleaning" my doll's house. And there was a funny little Chin-chin Chinaman waiting to show me all the sights. He was dressed in loose yellow clothes, and his coat had sleeves like legs of mutton. His face was yellow,



*“He had a ring of black hair on his head just like a dollie that I have at home.”*

too, and he had funny little slanting eyes and, best of all, a long pigtail that hung down his back and waggled when he walked. He shook hands with himself, bowed low, and said, "Velly glad to see you, Mist' Cook. Me show lit' missy evly thing." Then we started to see China. If ever you have seen a willow-pattern plate, you know exactly what China is like. China is all blue—the land is blue, the water is blue, the trees are blue, the fruit is blue, the houses are blue, the pagodas are blue, the bridges are blue, the birds are blue, and the mountains are blue. I didn't mind it a bit, for blue is my favourite colour. Well, the little yellow man with the pigtail asked me to step into his little blue boat, and then he rowed me all over China. As we rowed along he told me lots of funny things about the Chinese. Then he showed me a Chinese lady walking on the bank. Well, she wasn't exactly walking, but hobbling along, and leaning on the arm of her maid. I looked at her through my field-glass, and I said, "What's the matter with her; is she a cripple?" But he said she wasn't. She hobbled along like that because her feet were so small. Then he told me that they bandaged up the little girls' feet so that they couldn't grow. I said, "Oh, how cruel!" for I once had a tight pair of boots, and I remembered how they hurt me. I looked at the lady's feet, and really she was wearing boots about the size of a baby's. No wonder she couldn't walk, poor thing!

I said, "What a shame!" and then the Chinese boy was very rude. He actually said all English-women had "gloat big feet, all piecy so big," and held his hands about a yard apart. "How dare you?" I said; "you horrid, rude fellow! I won't stay in your country any longer. I'll leave China this very minute." Do you know, I couldn't help thinking that the rude little Chinaman was very like my cousin Peter.

I had only just spoken when I heard the voice of the little man from Cook's. "We must move on now, Miss," he said. "Ten minutes are allowed for a swim in the Yellow Sea." I was glad to hear that, for I was very hot and angry, and I



*"Then all at once he cried, 'Hold on, Miss,' and up the carpet flew with us upon it."*

thought the Yellow Sea would cool me down a bit. The whistle sounded again ; once more I flew along, and in less than a minute I was standing by the Yellow Sea. I undressed at once, and jumped into the water, and had the loveliest swim. At last I heard a voice singing a song something like this:—

“ You can make a white man,  
 Make him very fast :  
 Dip him in the *White Sea*,  
 The colour’s sure to last.  
 You can make a black man—  
 Not a speck of white—  
 Pop him in the *Black Sea*,  
 Leave him there all night.  
 You can make a red man,  
 Like a soldier’s coat :  
 Souse him in the *Red Sea*,  
 Make him dive and float.  
 You can make a yellow man,  
 Like a piece of gold :  
 Plunge him in the *Yellow Sea*  
 Till he’s nice and cold.”

My word ! I didn’t stop long in the Yellow Sea after I heard that. I didn’t want to be yellow, like that rude Chinese boy. I wanted to keep nice and white, just like a clean English girl. So I swam ashore at once, and, oh dear ! how anxious I was when I dried myself to see if any bits of me had gone yellow. But no ! it all came off on the towel, and I was so relieved.

I had only just finished dressing when I heard the quiet voice of Cook’s man once more—“ This way for Japan, please. Not a moment to spare.”

Well, I sat down on the ground once more, and off I went like a sky-rocket. The Yellow Sea was out of sight in no time, and in three minutes I was in Japan. As soon as my feet touched the ground I heard the voice of my guide saying, “ You will now take luncheon, Miss, after the Japanese fashion.” “ Oh, thank you,” I said. “ I haven’t had anything to eat, not even a biscuit or a chocolate, since I left England, and travelling all the way across Europe and Asia does make you rather



*"I shall always remember Holland, because it was there that I lost my umbrella."*

hungry, doesn't it?" The little man bowed, and blew a little whistle. Up ran a Jap, drawing a big mail-cart—I think they call it a "rickshaw." I jumped in, and off my two-legged horse went at top speed. It was splendid. He ran along the streets, and everywhere I saw the happy, clean little Japs smiling and bowing as I passed. I smiled and bowed to them, and I felt just like the Queen when she goes to open a hospital or a bazaar. Everything was so pretty, so bright, so dainty, and so tiny that I thought I was in Doll-land.

Then the rickshaw stopped, and I heard the little man, who never seemed to be very far away, say, "Lunch will be served inside this house." I got down and had a good look at it. It was the flimsiest house you ever saw. It seemed to me that a good puff of wind would blow it over. Somebody inside the house slid back a paper-covered screen—that was the door—and in I went. I saw a big, airy room with no furniture in it. There wasn't a chair or a sofa to sit on, or a table to put the lunch on; but the floor was as clean as a new pin, and was covered with white straw mats. And oh! waiting for me were six of the dearest, sweetest little Jap girls in all the world. I fell in love with them on the spot. They all clattered up to me on their wooden shoes, and began bowing, and rubbing their hands down over their knees, and sissing gently, and saying, "*Sayonara*," or something like that. They looked just lovely in their bright silk gowns and their great big square bows tied at the back. And then their hair! It must have taken them a week to do up. It was as smooth and glossy as could be, and piled high up on their heads. Some of them wore flowers in their hair, and others had all sorts of funny pins skewered through it.

The bowing and the sissing went on a long time, and I began to get a bit tired of it, for I was very hungry. At last one of the girls clapped her little hands, and in ran a lot of other girls carrying all sorts of funny little boxes and wooden trays and bowls with little bits of food on them. They set them all down on the floor, and my mouth began to water. I was



*"I had caught The Great Fish of the Great Fish River! I was  
The Most Celebrated Angler In All The World."*

too hungry to wait for them to bring in chairs, so I squatted down on the floor by the side of the dinner things. Then the girls did the same, and we all began to eat. It was just like a doll's tea-party. I ate all sorts of funny little cakes and tiny bits of meat and sweets, and all that sort of thing, and when I had eaten everything in front of me I felt just as hungry as when I began. Oh dear! I did wish I had a good thick slice of mutton and a big helping of nice jam roly-poly like we have at home. A Japanese lunch is just playing at eating, I think.

When I had seen the garden we went out into the country, and then they introduced me to a jolly little Jap boy. He had a ring of black hair on his head just like a dolly that I have at home. He had wooden sandals on his feet, and he was wearing a blue "kimono" (I think that is what they called it), with big red and green flowers on it. When I saw him I said, "Banzai," for I thought that was the right thing to say. He grinned and said, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Then we were friends, and we had fine fun.

He could fly kites splendidly, that boy. He had two kites both shaped like big birds. He gave me one of them, and soon our kites were flying gaily, and we were running about laughing and chattering as if we had known each other all our lives. In the midst of the fun the little man from Cook's appeared. "I am very sorry, Miss," he said, "but only one hour is allowed to see Japan, and the time is up."

I was disappointed, but it was no good grumbling; and besides, I thought I might get a better meal in the next country, so I asked, "Where do we go now?" "To Holland, Miss, by way of Paris," he said. Then I saw that he had put on a new suit of clothes. He was wearing green trousers, and a little red Zouave jacket and a red fez, and he was spreading a carpet on the ground.

"Sit on this, please," he said. "It's a magic carpet, which we have acquired at a great expense for the convenience of our



*"I scuttled along as hard as I could go, and then jumped."*

patrons. We always use this mode of locomotion for our Arabian Nights tour."

It sounded very grand, but I didn't know in the least what he meant. However, I sat down, and he sat by me, and then he waved a magic wand which he held in his hand, and said very solemnly,—

*"Aldebrosco minge fosco  
Ditte risca ban,  
Contamoro bete foro  
Wingo fingo san."*

I said, "I beg your pardon. I didn't catch what you said;" but he took no notice. He kept on saying the words over and over again, and it sounded very weird, I can tell you. Then all at once he cried, "Hold on, Miss," and up the carpet flew with us upon it. I was a bit scared at first, but as we flew along I soon got used to the motion and enjoyed it very much. Night came on, but I didn't mind that. We went so high that we were quite close to the moon, which was now in the shape of a bow, and had a big bright star close to it. We had been about five minutes on the carpet when my guide said, "That's Persia down below—where the Shah lives." "Où est le chat?" I asked, remembering a bit of my French. "I expect he's in bed and asleep now, Miss," said the little man. "That's the third king I've missed seeing on this voyage," I couldn't help saying. "There was the Kaiser, who was too far off to see; and the Czar, who dare not come out of his house; and now there's the Shah, who is in bed asleep. I think kings are very disobliging people—that is, all except our King," I added, for fear he should think I wasn't loyal. "I'm sure our King would let me see him if he knew I wanted to," I said. "No doubt, Miss," replied my guide.

In about three minutes I noticed a strong smell of cheese in the air. "It's Holland, Miss," said my guide in answer to my sniff. And so it was. In a few seconds we were sinking down very fast, and just below me I could see the water of a canal.



*“The cook came down the steps carrying a big round pudding like a cannon ball, only not so hard.”*

"We shall be in it if you don't mind," I cried. "No fear, Miss," he said quite calmly. "This carpet steers very well." He just waved his wand, and before you could say, "The Dutch have taken Holland," I was standing in Holland itself. The carpet had vanished, and so had my little man from Cook's, though I knew he could not be far away.

I shall always remember Holland, because it was there that I lost my umbrella. I had taken it all the way to China and Japan, where I didn't want it, and had brought it to Holland, where I wanted it ever so badly, and then I lost it. Wasn't I unlucky? I'll tell you how it happened. Holland is a very rainy, blowy, wet place. Everywhere you go there are canals like shining snakes stretching themselves over the land, and windmills with big arms that keep on going round and round. Well, it was raining and blowing when I got to Holland, and, of course, I put up my umbrella. But an extra big puff of wind blew and turned my umbrella inside out, and carried it away right on to a windmill. It caught one of the arms and was taken round and round, and nobody would stop the windmill to get it off for me. I don't know what mother will say, for really it was hers, and I had borrowed it for the voyage.

I must say that two funny little Dutch boys in big wooden shoes clumped after it as hard as they could go, but, of course, they couldn't catch it. They weren't bad little fellows in their way, though I did see one of them smoking a big cigar. I told him I should tell his mother, but he took no notice of what I said. Now I come to think of it, perhaps he didn't know any English. I'm sure that his language was all Double Dutch to me.

I was soon tired of Holland, so I called, "Mr. Cook, Mr. Cook, will you come here, please?" In a moment he was by my side as cool and as polite as ever. "I have had enough of Holland," I said. "Please take me somewhere else. If it's all the same to you, I should like to go where it doesn't rain and the weather is a bit warmer." "Certainly, Miss," he said;



*“He stood on a big ball of fire, and flames kept on shooting up all round him, but he was quite comfortable all the time.”*

“we only allow ten minutes for seeing Holland. We shall be off in a minute and a half for South Africa.”

And so we were. It was quite a long journey—almost as long as the trip to China; but we arrived quite safely, and when we landed on our feet once more we found we were in a hot, sunny country.

“What do I do here, Mr. Cook?” I asked. “Here, Miss,” he said, “you are afforded an opportunity of trying to catch The Great Fish in The Great Fish River. A rod and line is provided.” I thought that would be rather fun, so I went down to the river side at once, rolled up my sleeves, tucked up my dress, and threw my line into the water. What grand fishing I had, to be sure! My line hadn’t been in the water a minute before I felt a big jerk. “I’ve got him,” I cried. I held on to the rod as hard as I could, and the fish tugged away at the end of the line. But I pulled and I pulled, and at last out came a whopping fish. “I’ve caught The Great Fish! I’ve caught The Great Fish!” I shouted. “Oh no, Miss, you ain’t,” said a voice just behind me. I turned round, and there was a farmer with a straw in his mouth. “This ain’t The Great Fish, Miss,” he drawled. “This is a little ’un. Why, The Great Fish is bigger nor you, Miss. People have come from all parts of the world to try and catch him, but he just laughs at ’em. I’ve seen him winking his big eye like this when they come along. Oh, he’s artful, he is. Why, he thinks nothing o’ swallerin’ hooks. He takes ’em down like flies. He must have a rare collection of the ironmongery in his inside. No, Miss, you ain’t got him yet. If you does catch him, Miss, you’ll be The Most Celebrated Angler In All The World!”

Well, that made me try my very hardest. I caught another fish, and then for a long time I hadn’t even a nibble. At last I saw quite a wave coming down the river. “Here he is at last,” I said; “now for it!” I planted my feet firmly and clenched my teeth hard and waited. Then the wonderful thing happened. All at once right out of the water jumped a huge



*"I liked Egypt very much. I took tea there."*

fish, bigger than me. It flew right over my head, and landed on the bank with an awful whop! I was a bit frightened, I must confess, but I was also ever so proud. I had caught The Great Fish of The Great Fish River. I was The Most Celebrated Angler In All The World!

When I had got my breath again I went a step or two towards The Great Fish, and, would you believe it, the creature winked at me in the rudest possible way and then began grinning. "Mr. Cook, Mr. Cook," I shouted, "I've caught The Great Fish! Come and hold him!" As soon as I said that the fish stopped winking and began to look serious. He stood straight up on his tail, and then took a great flying leap back into the river, carrying my rod and line with him. I was splashed from head to foot, and, oh dear! I was *so* disappointed. I'm afraid I cried a bit. Fancy losing The Great Fish after having caught him! Never mind, I *did* catch him; though, of course, people won't believe me when I tell them so.

Well, I didn't want to stop a moment longer in South Africa after my great disappointment. "Mr. Cook," I said, "let's go somewhere else. I don't like South Africa; and as for The Great Fish River, I don't care if I ever see it again." "Very good, Miss," said the little man. "As soon as you have made a few changes in your dress we shall start for Norway."

I was soon ready. The little man blew his whistle, and whiz! off we went once more. Presently my teeth began to chatter, and I saw in the distance a lot of great white snow mountains. "That is Norway," said my guide, "and you will be afforded an opportunity of indulging in winter sports." "What, sliding and skating and snowballing?" I asked. "Oh yes, Miss," he said, "and sledging and tobogganing and *shee*." (*N.B.*—They spell it *ski*, though they say it as if it were spelt *shee*, but I didn't know that then.) "That will be jolly," I said; "but who's *she*, I wonder?" "You will soon find out," was all he said.

So I did. When we landed in Norway he took me to a big wooden house where the folks were very kind, and there was



*“The canaries flocked round me, and oh! they were so tame.”*

quite a nice little Norwegian boy who seemed to know that I was coming. He had two great, long thin pieces of wood something like skates in his hand. "These are for you," he said. Then we went out of doors, and the little boy put them on for me quite nicely. "What do you call them?" I asked. "They are *shee*," he said. Then he put on his own, and I thought I would make a bit of a joke, so I said, "Yours are *he*, I suppose." Would you believe it, he didn't smile a bit, but he got very solemn, and said, "I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I don't understand." I didn't try to make any more jokes, for, as Mummy would say, he had "no sense of humour." But he was very kind for all that.

Well, at first I couldn't get along on the *shee* things at all. I kept catching them together and tumbling down in the snow, and I thought I should have to give up trying. But at last I found I could skate along quite well, and I thought it jolly fun. It was only when I was foolish enough to try tricks that I came to grief.

I was quite glad—though I was sorry to part with the nice little Norwegian boy—when Mr. Cook said it was time to go to Germany for dinner. I was awfully hungry. I had eaten nothing since breakfast that morning with Uncle John, except the bits and dabs that I had in Japan, and they didn't count. So when he mentioned "dinner" I brightened up, and asked him how long we should be on the way. But really it was quite a short journey after all. We were in Germany in about a minute or so.

"You will dine here," said Mr. Cook when we landed, and in we went to a big inn. A man with a big frizzy head of hair and a sticky-up moustache and an apron came to meet us. He bowed and he smiled and he rubbed his hands, and led me to a table, and put a stool for me. Then he set a great big German sausage, bigger than my head, on the table, and a big black loaf, and cut me a slice of both. They tasted very nice, and I ate them up at once. Then he brought a big polony for the second course, and when I had eaten some of that the cook came down the steps carrying a big round pudding like a cannon



*“It really isn't much fun making castles by yourself, especially if there is no sea to come and wash them away.”*

ball, only not so hard. Then I had some cheese. It was very strong, and looked like a lot of holes fastened together. When I had eaten it I felt that I had had quite enough. Oh, I forgot to say that they gave me some *sauerkraut*; but it was much too sour for me, and I said, "*Nein, merci,*" just to show that I knew some German.

I was very glad to hear from Mr. Cook that the next place we were going to was India. I knew the Prince and Princess of Wales had been there, and as my Christian name is the same as the Princess's, I thought I ought to go too. Besides, I had lost my india-rubber in the garden yesterday, and I knew that in India I should easily get a good big piece cheap. It is rather a long way to India, so Mr. Cook said, and you have to go up very high to get there, because the Himalaya Mountains block the way. Last time he took a party to India they had an adventure. The express was running too low, and they nearly knocked against the top of Mount Everest. One of the passengers was so frightened that his false teeth fell out. Mr. Cook said he saw them fall. They are somewhere in what he called a crevasse near to Kinchinunga. If ever you go there you might look for them. I'm sure the poor man who lost them will be much obliged if you send them back to him. Mr. Cook will give you his address.

It was dark when we got to India, but that didn't surprise me, for I've found out in my travels that it isn't day at the same time all over the world. Indeed, Mr. Cook said he was planning an "All Black" tour, so that you could go right round the world and never see the sun once. I don't think I should like that tour; do you? I think I prefer the "All Light" tour, or perhaps the "Mixed" tour that I am having now.

Well, when we got to India, Mr. Cook said that as only half an hour was allowed for seeing it, he had arranged for an Indian juggler to begin his performance at once.

He was dressed in a red robe, and had a big fly-away white beard, and a turban on his head. He stood on a big ball of



*“When I peeped round I saw the Indians dancing round a fire,  
just as they do in Peter’s books.”*

fire, and flames kept on shooting up all round him, but he was quite comfortable all the time. His feet didn't seem to be burned a bit nor his clothes singed. Then he began tossing bright balls from one hand to the other so quickly that I got quite dazzled by the sight. When he had done that for a long time he got some nasty, wriggly snakes, and played some queer, shrieky music on a pipe; and, would you believe, the snakes jigged up and down just as if they were dancing. Then he put a boy in a basket, and when he had fastened it up he did an awfully cruel thing. He got a sword and ran it through the basket, and I saw blood coming out of it. Really! I did. Oh! it was dreadful. I told Mr. Cook that the police ought to stop it, but he only said, "It's all right, Miss; it's only a trick." So it was, for presently the man opened the basket, and out jumped the boy without even a scratch. That was the end of the performance, and that was the last thing I saw in India.

"Take your seat for Egypt, please," said Mr. Cook, and I plopped down on the ground as usual. *Gee-whiz!* and off we started. As we flew along I heard voices singing a song something like this:—

"Come to the land of the Pha-ra-oes,  
Come away! come away! come away!  
Where the hot sun glows and the flamingoes  
Go dancing along on their little red toes—  
Come away! come away! come away!

"Come to the land of the big, broad Nile,  
Come away! come away! come away!  
Where the Gypies smile and crocodile  
Weeps on the river bank all the while—  
Come away! come away! come away!"

I like Egypt. There's such a lot to see. I went for a sail on the Nile, and saw the flamingoes and the crocodiles, and the bulrushes where they put Moses when he was a baby, and the Pyramids and the mummies that are thousands of years old, and heaps of other things. I don't think I like the little Gypie boys much. They are always begging for "backsheesh," and



*“The polar bear seemed surprised to see me.”*

they make themselves little nuisances. But there are jolly little donkeys in Egypt, and I had a fine ride on one of them. When the donkey-boys saw me coming they began shouting all at once till I couldn't hear myself speak. What funny names they give their donkeys, to be sure. There were "John Bull" and the "Prince of Wales" and "Yankee Doodle," and lots of others. I chose "John Bull," and off we went, with the boy running behind shouting and whacking the donkey every other minute till I told him not to. Yes, I liked Egypt very much. I took tea there. Then I had to move on.

I had just returned from my ride when Mr. Cook appeared. "Where do we go now?" I asked. "To the Canary Isles, Miss," he said. "Oh, how jolly!" I cried; "the place where the canaries live. Oh, I shall love to see them. Shall we be there soon?" "In about three and a half minutes, Miss," he said, and sure enough we were.

When the canaries saw us coming they came out like a great yellow cloud to meet us. They flew under us and over us and round us, singing so loudly and shrilly that I thought my head would split. When we landed on the biggest of the islands Mr. Cook gave me a basket—"Our special canary seed, Miss, to feed the birds with." The canaries flocked round me, and oh! they were so tame. They perched on my arm, my shoulder, and my hat, and two bold little things sat on the edge of the basket and helped themselves. I got quite fond of the bird that sat on my arm, and I said, "I shall take this one back with me." When I had given the birds all the bird-seed, it was time to set off for the Desert. Off we flew again, and I kept the canary in my lap and stroked it very gently, and thought what a nice pet it would be to have in the house when I got back home. But, oh dear me! just as we got in sight of the Desert the little ungrateful thing fluttered right out of my lap and flew right back to the Canary Isles. I was just as sorry to lose it as I was to lose The Great Fish out of The Great Fish River.



*"A little girl invited me to her house, and I climbed up after her, though the ladder was a bit wobbly."*

The Desert is just like the sea-side, only ever so much bigger, and there is no sea. Mr. Cook gave me a camel to ride on, and I sat on its hump while it jogged along, rolling from side to side like a ship in a storm. I thought I was going to be sea-sick, but the camel soon stopped, and I got down to dig in the sand. There was a nigger boy waiting for me, with shiny eyes and a great big mouth with such thick lips. He had big rings in his ears, and he held the umbrella over me all the time I was digging. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Cook managed to get my umbrella back when it blew away in Holland. He'd had it mended and sent on to Egypt, where he thought I should need it. Isn't he thoughtful?

I soon got tired of making sand-castles on the Desert. It really isn't much fun making castles by yourself, especially if there is no sea to come and wash them away, so I wasn't very sorry when he said it was time to go to North America to see the Red Indians.

I've read a lot about Red Indians in my cousin Peter's books. You remember Peter, don't you?—the sandy boy with the freckles who said I'd been asleep and dreamed all about this lovely voyage. Peter is a very rude and silly boy, but he has some jolly books about Pawnees, and Micmacs, and Blackfeet, and Shawnees, and Choctaws, and Flatheads, and Cherokees, and I've read them, so I was very anxious to see the Red Indians. I wanted to see them in their paint and feathers brandishing their wigwams and smoking their moccasins, and dancing their papooses round the palavers, and things like that.

It was rather a long journey to the Redskins' land, and we had to cross the Atlantic Ocean to get there. It was dark when we arrived and landed in a big, dense forest. We walked along for about half a mile, and then Mr. Cook said, "Hide behind this tree, Miss, and you will see what you will see."

I did as he told me, and when I peeped round I saw the Indians dancing round a fire, just as they do in Peter's books. There was a big piece of meat roasting over the fire, and the Indians had feathers in their hair, and rings in their ears, and



*“My word, how blue they were! As blue as Reckitt’s, and a lot bluer than the Bluebells of Scotland.”*

blankets, just as I expected them to have. Every now and then they gave awful yells that made my blood run cold. Oh, it was lovely! I just turned round to ask Mr. Cook a question, and when I looked again the Indians had gone, and the fire had gone, and the meat had gone, and the wood was as lonely as could be. I felt just as disappointed as I always do when the fireworks are over.

“We shall now start for the North Pole, Miss,” said Mr. Cook in the calmest possible way, just as if he were saying, “We shall now go into the garden.” “The North Pole?” I said. “Why, nobody has ever been there yet.” He smiled and bowed. “You will be the first, Miss; we have only just concluded our arrangements for this unique tour. You will have to wear the Eskimo dress, if you please. Here it is, and this Eskimo lady will show you how to put it on.”

He disappeared, and there was a little woman dressed like a boy. She grinned, and handed me a lot of hairy clothes, and I put them on. Then she gave me a little gun to sling across my back, a pair of snow-shoes to put on my feet, and a Union Jack, which I was to put on the North Pole when I got there.

It was bitterly cold, but the hairy clothes kept me warm and I didn't feel it much. Then Mr. Cook appeared once more. “All ready, Miss?” he asked, and as I nodded we were off. Below us was the gleaming snow and ice, and the sky was as red as though it were burning. At last we stopped, and came down gently on the snow. “Walk up that hillock, Miss,” said Mr. Cook, “and when you get to the top you will be at the North Pole.”

I started off, and I hadn't got very far when I saw a big polar bear standing on the very place where the North Pole ought to be. I shouted, “Shoo! get away there, will you?” and things like that. The polar bear seemed surprised to see me, I thought. He looked at me for a bit, and then I'm sure he began to laugh. I could see him shaking his big sides as he lumbered off. I suppose I did look funny in those Eskimo



*“I found two big watering-cans, which I filled, and then ran off towards the burning mountain.”*

clothes, but it was very rude of the bear to laugh for all that, wasn't it?

Well, I got to the top of the hillock, and nowhere could I see the Pole. There wasn't a sign of a stick or stump anywhere. I suppose the Eskimos must have cut it down for firewood. I was a bit disappointed, but I stuck the stick of the Union Jack in the deep snow and then began to sing "Rule Britannia" at the top of my voice. I hadn't got through the first verse when I saw the bear running away as hard as he could pelt. I wonder why.

It was very cold at the North Pole, and before I had got to the end of the third verse my teeth were chattering. It was awfully lonely, too, and I was beginning to get a little frightened. So I came down the hillock again, and told Mr. Cook that I should like to go to a warm country next.

Well, in about twenty minutes we got to New Guinea, and a fine country it was. I didn't see much of it, for Mr. Cook said we were due in Australia in a quarter of an hour, so I had to hurry up with my sight-seeing. I only remember one thing really well, and that is the houses in the trees. I was awfully surprised when I saw them first. They were perched up between the branches just like nests, and there was a long ladder like the rigging of a ship all the way down to the ground. A little black girl invited me to her house, and I climbed up after her, though the ladder was a bit wobbly. But I got up there all right, and shook hands with the little girl's mother. I shall never forget how delighted the little girl was when I gave her two chocolates that I found in my pocket. They were rather messy and fluffy, for they must have been in my pocket for two or three weeks. The little girl didn't seem to mind, though. She gobbled them up and smacked her lips, and then asked for some more.

I was rather sorry to leave New Guinea, for I really hadn't time to see it all. When I get home I shall ask father to build a tree-house for me in the orchard.



*"I slid forward over the hard snow like an arrow from a bow."*

It was not a very long journey to Australia. We landed at the foot of the Blue Mountains. My word, how blue they were! As blue as Reckitt's, and a lot bluer than the Blue Bells of Scotland, except where the snow is. And steep too! Mr. Cook thought I couldn't climb up, but I told him that a girl who had been to the North Pole could go anywhere. "Quite right, Miss," he said.

I really can't stop to tell you all I saw in Australia. I heard the laughing jackass, and I saw the bird with a tail like a harp, and the mole with a bill like a duck's, and the cherries with the stones outside, and the gouty bottle-trees, and the big flame-trees that look as if they were on fire. Of course I saw a kangaroo, but not a "Blackfellow." Mr. Cook said they were very hard to find.

"Take your seat, Miss," said my guide, and off we flew. We had not gone far before I saw Vesuvius in eruption. Oh, it was an awful sight! Great flames—red, blue, and yellow—were coming out of the top, and red-hot streams of fire were running down the sides. "This must be put out or there'll be some damage done," I said. "Let us go down at once." We dropped to the ground in a jiffy, and I found two big watering-cans, which I filled, and then rushed off towards the burning mountain; but just as I got close to it the whole thing disappeared, and all was pitch-black darkness. I felt as if I were going to cry; but only for a second or two, for I heard Mr. Cook's voice close beside me saying, "I regret, Miss, that the eruption has destroyed our railway, and that you cannot reach the crater. We will lose no time, if you please, in setting out for the South Pole."

I had to put on the Eskimo clothes again, and soon we were flying over fields of ice and snow just like those at the North Pole. It was bitterly cold, and nowhere could I see a sign of life. And when I reached the South Pole there wasn't even a polar bear waiting to see me.

As I started to come down from the South Pole I slipped



*“I stood at the bow holding on to the mast, waving my handkerchief, and hoping that the folks at home would see me.”*

and fell. I slid forward over the hard snow like an arrow from a bow. I scratched my face, and got my mouth and eyes full of powdered snow; but on and on I went, half choking, till I was pulled up by a drift of newly-fallen snow at the bottom of the hill.

I was so miserable and so sore, and so frost-bitten and so generally uncomfortable, that I was quite disagreeable to Mr. Cook. "Take me home at once," I said, and I'm afraid I stamped as I said it. "I've had enough of voyages."

Mr. Cook only bowed in his nice polite way. "Hold tight, please," he said, and we were off. The snow and ice were left behind, and in five minutes the weather was warm and lovely. As I got warmer I got better tempered, and in about ten minutes I felt quite myself. Then I began to feel ashamed of the way I had treated Mr. Cook. I told him I was sorry, but he only said, "It's of no consequence, Miss. Please don't mention it."

Presently he said, "We are over the English Channel now, Miss, and only a few miles away from your home. Would you care to have a little sail in one of our new canoes? There is one down below waiting for you, and the sea is beautifully calm."

I thanked him, and down we came. My bag and my umbrella were in the boat, and the sails were set. I said "good-bye" to Mr. Cook, and told him I should recommend him to all my friends. He raised his hat, bowed politely, and then disappeared. At once my boat darted forward towards the white cliffs of Old England. I stood at the bow holding on to the mast, waving my handkerchief, and hoping the folks at home would see me.

On and on my little boat sailed, and as we drew near the coast I could hear the church bells ringing. At last the boat ran ashore with a *BUMP!* Lo and behold! I was lying on the ground by the hammock in the garden, just where I started from that morning, and Mary was ringing the bell for lunch.

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