A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD
A Narrative of Personal Experience

BY
HARRY A. FRANCK

Pour connaître les véritables mœurs d'un pays il faut descendre dans d'autres états; car celles des riches sont presque partout les mêmes.
JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATED

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. PRELIMINARY RAMBLES</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. ON THE ROAD IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. TRAMPING IN ITALY</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. THE BORDERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. A &quot;BEACHCOMBER&quot; IN MARSEILLES</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. THE ARAB WORLD</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. THE CITIES OF OLD</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. THE WILDS OF PALESTINE</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. THE LOAVER'S PARADISE</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. THE LAND OF THE NILE</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. STEALING A MARCH ON THE FAR EAST</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. THE REALMS OF GAUTAMA</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. SAWDUST AND TINSEL IN THE ORIENT</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. THREE HOBOES IN INDIA</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. THE WAYS OF THE HINDU</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. THE HEART OF INDIA</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. BEYOND THE GANGES</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. THE LAND OF PAGODAS</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. ON FOOT ACROSS THE MALAY PENINSULA</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. THE JUNGLES OF SIAM</td>
<td>444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. WANDERINGS IN JAPAN</td>
<td>462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. HOMEMWARD BOUND</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY RAMBLES

On the eighteenth day of June, 1904, I boarded the ferry that plies between Detroit and the Canadian shore, and, coasting the sloping beach of verdant Belle Isle, swung off on the first stage of my journey around the globe. At the landing stage a custom officer glanced through my bag, stared perplexedly from the kodak to my laborer’s garb, and with a shrug of his shoulders passed me on into the streets of the Canadian village.

A two-mile tramp brought me to the Walkerville cattle-barns, where thousands of gaunt calves are rounded up each autumn to come forth in the summer plump bulls and steers, ready for the markets of old England. From the long rows of low, brick buildings sounded now and then a deep bellow or the song or whistle of a stock feeder at his labor. I had arranged for my passage some days before, and, dropping my bag at the office, I joined the crew in the yard.

Months of well-fed inactivity had not tamed the spirits of the sleek animals that were set loose and driven one by one out of the various stables. The racing, bellowing cattle, urged slowly up the shute into the waiting cars by blaspheming stockmen, waving lance-like poles above their heads, gave to the scene the aspect of a riotous corrida de toros. The sun had set and darkness had fallen in the alleyways between the endless stables before the last bull was tied and the last car door locked. The shunting engine gave a warning whistle. We, who were to attend the stock en route raced to the office for our bundles, and, tossing them on top of the freight cars, climbed after them.

There were no formal leave-takings between the little stock-yard community on the shute platform and those who were “crossin’ the
pond wi' the bullocks." The cars began to move amid such words of farewell as might have been exchanged with one setting out for the nearby village:

"So long, Jim, keep sober."

"Don't fergit me that tin o' Wills' Smokin', Bob."

"Give me best to Molly down on the Broomielaw, Jim," with an over-drawn wink at that worthy standing stolidly on the last car.

Jim and Bob were "boss cattle men," each of whom, though still young, had made scores of trips between the barns and the principal ports of Great Britain.

A short run down the spur brought us to the main line of the Canadian Pacific; our cars were joined to a train that was making up, and we made our way to the caboose that had been rammed on behind. Though the companies permit it, train men look with no kindly eye on the intrusion of traveling "cow-punchers" into their home and castle. As we emerged into the glare of the tail-lights, carrying our bundles and poles, a surly growl gave us greeting:

"Huh! 'Nother bloody bunch o' cattle stiffs!"

A steady run of thirty-six hours, enlivened by changes of caboose at unseemly hours, crews of increasing surliness, and a tramp along the cars at every halt to "punch 'em up" brought us to Montreal. The feeders at the railroad pens took charge of the shipment and we repaired to the "Stockyards Hotel," a hostelry pervaded from bar-room to garret by the odor of cattle. Thus far our destination had been uncertain, but, not long after our arrival, information leaked out that we were to sail for Glasgow on the Sardinian two days later.

On that second evening, I reported at a wharf peopled by a half-hundred men whose only basis of fellowship, apparently, was penilessness and riotous desire to secure passage to the British Isles. Twelve hundred cattle, collected from several Canadian feeding centers, were to be shipped and, besides the bosses, twenty cattle men were needed. A few, like myself, had come overland with the stock trains; but the throng was made up chiefly of those who had paid a Montreal agency $2.50 for the privilege of shipping.

Over these we were given precedence. "Farnsworth's gang" was summoned first and under the lead of our boss we filed into the shipping-office, to be greeted by a blustering officer seated before the ship's log:

"What's yer name?"
“H. Franck.”
“Ever been over before?”
“Yes, sir, on the Manchester Importer.”
The name was recorded and I touched the pen to make binding
the contract I had signed by proxy.
“All right! Fi’ bob fer the run. Next!”
Our boss was entitled to eight men, four of whom he had already
chosen. The last of these had barely given his name, when the
“agency stiffs” swept aside the policeman who had held them back,
and surged screaming into the office. We left them to fight for
the coveted places and, stepping out into the night, groped our way
on board the Sardinian. Even while we wandered among the empty
cattle pens, built on her four decks, we clung jealously to our bundles,
for the skill of the Montreal wharf-rat in “lifting bags” is prover-
bial among seafaring men.
Towards midnight several loads of baled straw were sent on board,
and those of us who had not succeeded in hiding “turned to” to
bed down the pens. Like many another transatlantic liner, the Sar-
danian, homeward bound, carried cattle in the spaces allotted to
third-class passengers on the outward journey. It was not, however,
for this reason, as one of my new acquaintances was convinced, that
this section of the ship was known as the steerage.
The bedding completed, we threw ourselves down in the stalls
and fell asleep. Long before the day broke, the entire ship’s com-
pany, from the first mate to the sleepiest “stiff,” was rudely awakened
by a stampede of excited cattle and the blatant curses of their drivers.
The stock-yard tenders had tied up alongside. In three hours our
cargo was complete; the panting animals were securely tied in their
stanchions; the winch had yanked up on deck the three or four bulls
that, having been killed in the rush, were to be dumped in the outer
bay; and we were off down the St. Lawrence. The crew fell to coil-
ing up the shore-lines and joined the cattle men in a rousing chorus:

“We’re homeward bound, boys, for Glasgow town,
    Good-by, fare thee well! good-by, fare thee well!
We’ll soon tread the Broomielaw now, my belle,
    Good-by, fare thee well; good-by.”

Our passage varied little from the ordinary trip of a cattle boat.
A few quarrels and an occasional free-for-all mêlée were to be ex-
pected, for the “stiffs’ fo’c’stle” housed a heterogeneous com-
pany. Some of our mates were skilled workmen of industry and good
habits, bound on a visit to their old homes. Contrasted with them
were several incorrigible wharf-rats, bred on the docks of the United
Kingdom, who had somehow contrived to cross the Atlantic to what
had been pictured to them as a land "where a bloke c'n live like a
gent at 'ome widout wavin' 'is bleedin' flipper." The western hemi-
sphere had proved no such ideal loafing-place. Bound back now
to their accustomed haunts, the disillusioned rowdies spent their
energies in heaping curses on America and those who had painted
it in such glowing colors. They were not pleasant messmates.

The work on the Sardinian was, as we had anticipated, hard, the
food unfit to eat, and the forecastle unfit to live in. But there
were no "first trippers" among us and all had shipped with some
knowledge of the treatment meted out to "cattle stiffs."

On the tenth day out, the second of July, we came on deck to find.
a few miles off to starboard, the sloping coast of Ireland, patches of
growing and ripening grain giving the island the appearance of a
huge, tilted checkerboard. Before night fell, we had left behind
Paddy’s Mile-stone and the Mull o’ Kintyre, and it was near the mouth
of the Clyde that we completed our last feeding.

A mighty uproar awakened us at dawn. Urged on by the bellows
of Glasgow longshoremen, the cattle were slipping and sliding down
the gangway into the wharf paddock. Unrestrained joy burst forth
in the feeders’ quarters. Enmities were quickly forgotten, the few
razors passed quickly from hand to hand, beards of two weeks’ growth
disappeared as if by magic, bags were snatched open, the rags and
tatters that had done duty as clothing on the voyage were poked in
endless stream through the porthole into the already poisonous Clyde,
and an hour later the "stiffs," looking almost respectable, were scatter-
ning along the silent streets of Sunday-morning Glasgow.

Strange it seemed next morning to find business moving as usual,
with no sounds of celebration, for it was the Fourth, "Independence"
or "Rebellion" day, according to the nationality of the speaker. At
noon we gathered on board the Sardinian to receive our "fi’ bob" and
our discharges from the Board of Trade. These latter were good for
the return trip on the same steamer, but few besides the bosses in-
tended to avail themselves of the privilege. As for myself, I found
another use for the document. One who is moving about Europe in
the garb of a laborer must be ever ready to declare his station in
life. The answer of the American tramp that he is "just a’ travelin’"
will not pass muster across the water. To have called myself a carpenter or a teamster without corroborating testimonials would have been as foolish as to have told the truth. The discharge from the *Sardinian*, though issued to a cattle man, did not differ materially from that of an able seaman. My corduroy suit and cloth cap gave me the appearance of a Jack ashore. I decided to pose henceforth as a sailor.

Tucking my kodak into an inside coat pocket, I sold my bag for the price of a ticket on the night steamer to Belfast. A two days’ tramp along the highways of the Emerald Isle was a pleasant “limbering up” for more extended journeys to come. It might have been longer but for an incessant rain that drove me back to Scotland.

On the afternoon of my return to Glasgow I struck out along the right bank of the Clyde towards the Highlands. An overladen highway led through Dumbarton, a town of factories, that poured its waste products into the sluggish river of poison, and brought me at evening to Alexandria. A band was playing. I joined the recreating throng and stretched out on the village green. What a strange fellow is the Scotchman! In a few short hours he runs through the whole gamut of emotions, gloomy and despondent when things go wrong, romping and joking a moment after.

The sun was still well above the horizon when the concert ended, though the hour of nine had already sounded from the church spire. Not far beyond the town the hills died away on the left and disclosed the unruffled surface of Loch Lomond, its western end aglow with the light of the drowning sun. By and by the moon rose to cast a phosphorescent shimmer over the Loch and its little wooded islands. On the next hillside stood a field of wheat shocks. I turned into it, giving the owner’s house a wide berth. The straw was fresh and clean, just the thing for a soft bed. But wheat sheaths do not offer substantial protection against the winds of the Scottish Highlands, and it was not with a sense of having slept soundly that I rose at daybreak and pushed on.

Two hours of tramping brought me to Luss, a cozy little village on the edge of the Loch. I hastened to the principal street in quest of a restaurant, but the hamlet was everywhere silent and asleep. Down on the beach of the Loch a lone fisherman, preparing his tackle for the day’s labor, took umbrage at my suggestion that his fellow-townsmen were late risers.

"Why mon, ’tis no late!" he protested, " ’tis no more nor five, an'
a bonny mornin’ it is, too. But there’s a mist in it,” he added pessi-
mistically.

I glanced at the bright morning sun and the unclouded sky and
set down both statements for fiction. But a clock-maker’s win-
dow down the beach confirmed the first, and the second proved as
true before the day was done. Stifling my premature hunger, I
stretched out on the sands to await the morning steamer; for Ben
Lomond, the ascent of which I had planned, stood just across the Loch.

About six a heavy-eyed shopkeeper sold me a roll of bologna,
concocted of equal parts of pepper and meat, and a loaf of day-be-
fore-yesterday’s bread. The steamer whistle sounded before I had re-
gained the beach. I purchased a ticket at the shore-end of the dis-
torted wooden wharf and hurried out to board the craft. My way was
blocked by a burly Scot who demanded “tu p’nce.”

“But I’ve paid my fare,” I protested, holding up the ticket.

“Aye, mon, ye hov,” rumbled the native, straddling his legs and
setting his elbows akimbo. “Ye hov, mon. But ye hovna paid fer
walkin’ oot t’ yon boat on oor wharf.”

Ten minutes later I paid a similar sum for the privilege of walking
off the boat at Renwardenen.

Plodding across a half-mile of heath and morass, I struck into
the narrow, white path that zigzagged up the face of the Ben, and
soon overtook three Glasgow firemen, off for a day’s vacation in the
hills. The mist that the fisherman had foreseen began to settle down
and turned soon to a drenching rain. For five hours we scrambled
silently upward in Indian file, slipping and falling on wet rocks and
into deep bogs, to come at last to a broad, flat boulder where the path
vanished. It was the summit of old Ben Lomond, a tiny island in a
sea of whirling grey mist, into which the wind bowled us when we
attempted to stand erect. My companions fell to cursing their luck
in expressive Scotch. The remnants of a picnic lunch under the
shelter of a cairn tantalized us with the thought of how different the
scene would have been on a day of sunshine. I was reminded, too,
of the bread and bologna that had been left over from my breakfast,
and I thrust a hand hopefully into my pocket. My fingers plunged into
a floating pulp of pepper, dough, and bits of meat and paper that
it would have been an insult to offer to share with the hungriest
mortal; and I fell to munching the mess alone.

Two of the firemen decided to return the way we had come. With
the third I set off down the opposite slope towards Inversnaid.
the first simultaneous stumble down the mountain side, we lost all sense of direction and, fetching up in a boggy meadow, wandered for hours over knolls and through swift streams, now and then scaring up a flock of shaggy highland sheep that raced away down primeval valleys. Well on in the afternoon, as we were telling ourselves for the twentieth time that Inversnaid must be just over the next ridge, we came suddenly upon a hillside directly above the landing stage of Renwardenen. On this side of the Loch was neither highway nor footpath. For seven miles we dragged ourselves, hand over hand, through the thick undergrowth, and even then must each take a header into an icy mountain river before we reached our goal.

Here a new disappointment awaited me. Instead of the town I had expected, Inversnaid consisted of a landing stage and a hotel of the millionaire-club variety in which my worldly wealth would scarcely have paid a night’s lodging, even should the house dogs have permitted so bedraggled a being to approach the establishment. The fireman wandered down to the wharf and I turned towards a cluster of board shanties at the roadside.

"Can you sell me something to eat?" I inquired of the sour-faced mountaineer who opened the first door.

"I can no!" he snapped, "go to the hotel."

There were freshly baked loaves plainly in sight in the next hovel, but I received a similar rebuff.

"Have you nothing to eat in the house?" I demanded.

"No, mon, I’m no runnin’ a shop!"

"But you can sell me a loaf of that bread?"

"No!" bellowed the Scot, "we hovna got any. Go to the hotel. Yon’s the place for tooreests."

The invariable excuse was worn threadbare before I reached the last hut, and, though I had already covered twenty-five miles, I struck off through the sea of mud that passed for a highway, towards Aberfoyle, fifteen miles distant.

The rain continued. An hour beyond, the road skirted the shore of Loch Katrine and stretched away across a desolate moorland. Fatigue drove away hunger and was in turn succeeded by a drowsiness in which my legs moved themselves mechanically, carrying me on through the dusk and into the darkness. It was past eleven when I splashed into Aberfoyle, too late to find an open shop in straight-laced Scotland, and, routing out a servant at a modest inn, I went supperless to bed. Months afterward, when I was in training for such undertak-