

CHAPTER IV

From Boston to Brookline via Hobart and Belfast



The world tour began on June 15, 1912, as Mr. Knapp sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong by way of Honolulu on a Japanese ship, the *Chiyo Maru*, with 46 passengers. As always, he presents the picture with more immediacy and more detail than the biographer can. The trip began auspiciously, with the kind of shipboard experiences which are, like the trains of the last chapter, becoming rarer in these days of jumbo jet travel across oceans and around the globe.

Alexander Young Hotel
Honolulu, Hawaii
Friday, June 21, 1912

Dear folks at home:

If I were to describe all I have seen and heard during the week aboard the *Chiyo Maru*, it would take me more than seven days to accomplish it; for I have seen something new and novel nearly all the time, and it takes longer to describe than to see it. I intended to get some studying done, but there was too much going on all the time except the first day out. Then, my! things were quiet! There was a heavy sea, and the old boy just tossed that boat about rather recklessly, with the result that only three people showed up at the dining room for the second meal. . . . Monday and Tuesday the

ocean was as Pacific as a mill pond. A rain storm Wednesday has kept things cloudy and rather boisterous ever since. The weather has been growing warmer, too, each day. But here in Honolulu the weather is about what I might expect it to be in Boston on a June day.

My cabin was very comfortable and roomy, with plenty of light and air. An electric fan, berth lights and two drop lights gave much convenience for study had I had the time. Now you may wonder what could occupy my time like that. There was but one eligible girl aboard and she sat next to Mr. Parker, and he looked after her very satisfactorily. There were, however, about eight or ten college boys who were out for games and sports. So we played shuffle board, quoits, and tossed rings over a spindle, and so forth. But what occupied all our afternoons was baseball. We had about six on a side and played on the top deck aft. Canvas curtains were dropped. We chalked off squares for bases, had a big soft indoor baseball, regular bats, and we did have the fun. I started off as pitcher for our side, and we played five innings with the score 28 to 29. Pitching, however, was too strenuous for me, and thereafter I held down first base, which didn't require so much running. Tuesday the score was 24 to 15; Wednesday, it was 16 to 6; and Thursday 7 to 6. We were really getting the game down to fine points and were making some rather sensational plays. We were all getting good and hard from such strenuous daily exercise. The ship's doctor and the purser played with us. I got over my lameness right off after the first day, and I feel fit for anything now. . . .

This morning about six o'clock that old fog horn went off and woke everybody up. Up I jumped and looked out of my window, and there I beheld some real land for the first time in seven days. But it came as a matter of course. Actually, things were so lively on board I really hadn't had much time to think about being anywhere unusual. I dressed and got outside. We were anchored awaiting inspection. Finally the quarantine physicians steamed out in a launch. Then the custom officers came out in another launch. All on board were ordered into the dining saloon for inspection . . . The medical inspection was exceedingly perfunctory. The inspectors, accompanied by the ship's doctors, just walked down the line taking a sharp look at the passengers' eyes, and that was all. I then

had to turn my ticket over to the custom's official, get a receipt, and that was all. Only three of us left the boat at Honolulu.

After the departure of these officials, we steamed up to the dock. Meanwhile we had breakfast and I packed up. But before I was all packed, the Scientists had come aboard, and I have been in their hands ever since. They sent me a wireless of greetings a couple of days ago.

My lecture is scheduled for Sunday evening, and it is evidently well advertised. . . .

I have already gone a greater distance by water than from Boston to Liverpool, and the next lap to Yokohama consumes ten days with no land in sight. Monday I shall take an automobile ride all around this island, — a distance of ninety miles. . . .

With best wishes to all the folks, I am

Lovingly,
Bliss

Alexander Young Hotel
Honolulu, Hawaii
June 24, 1912

Dear Daphne, Ralph and Ethel:

. . . There were about seven hundred people out to the lecture Sunday evening. The opera house seats about seven hundred and fifty, and nearly every seat was taken. Strict attention was given throughout. The experience was not unlike any other lecture in the States. This is the third lecture, Dr. Fluno and Mr. McCracken having preceded me. Mrs. Scott, one of the two practitioners here, introduced me. Each of the three newspapers has published portions of the lecture. One of the evening papers, "The Star," published the full report, — the Scientists taking 700 papers for distribution.

I bought a little Eastman camera Saturday to take a few pictures along the route. It is a vest pocket affair.

With best wishes to all the folks,

Lovingly,
Bliss.

The trip across the Pacific continued on a British ship, the S.S. *Nile*, sailing from Honolulu on June 28. Mr. Knapp was the only passenger to join the ship in Hawaii.

Hong Kong, China
July 25, 1912

Dear folks at home:

How would you all like to live in a Chinese laundry? Well, I am doing the next thing to it. Chinamen and China women are thick. A Chinaman owns the hotel where I am stopping here in Hong Kong. . . .

We have had one typhoon already. It came the night before the lecture (July 23) and finished up the second day after. It hasn't so much ferocity as an Oklahoma cyclone.

I do wish you all could take the same trip that I am taking, — it is so interesting. It is perfectly easy to get about after the least bit of experience. Of course the Scientists met me at all the ports of entry and got me initiated. But once initiated, I could walk alone all right. It was great fun to hire a jinricksha man by signs and motions, agree on the price and arrive at my destination all right. It is best to know in advance the relative price for a ride and hand out the exact change upon arrival; otherwise there is a heated controversy. If a coolie kicks at the price, and holds out the money, take it away from him and walk off. Then he always comes to terms.

I met some very nice people at Yokohama. I was invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. DeWette for tea and dinner Wednesday evening. At the evening meeting, there were twenty-one present, more than they had ever had before. It was really a good meeting. Afterwards, I walked about the narrow streets, getting the human interest and local color of the place, and stayed ashore in a hotel all night, returning to the boat (home) in the morning.

You remember most all Japanese things are decorated with that snow-capped volcano called Fujiama. I saw that very distinctly as we were going up the bay to Yokohama. Cameras are generally objected to in Japan; so I took no pictures there. The pictures I did take in Shanghai were nearly all spoiled. My port hole was left open one night and while I was peacefully asleep, about five o'clock in the morning, a wave of the sea just drenched me and everything

in my cabin, including my camera. It is damp anywhere in this latitude, especially at sea, so that all my things are drooping, including my silk hat. That is a sight. It looks as if some one sat on it. I really can't wear it again until it is blocked over. The dampness spoils the covers of my books, too.

The boats don't go in alongside a wharf out here. They anchor at some buoy outside, and all passengers come to land by launch, and all freight is transferred by junks. The postal I sent home shows how they do it in putting on coal. Twelve hundred coolies were employed at Nagasaki to coal the *Nile*. . . .

The trip through the Inland Sea was beautiful. Land was on either side all the way, and everything was that vivid Japanese green. We were two nights and one day going through. The shores are honey-combed with fortifications, and one is forbidden to use a camera.

Going from Nagasaki to Shanghai we resumed our ball games to keep from going stale. I captained one side and called it the Boston team. We played the Friscoes and beat them 25 to 15. We dropped anchor at the mouth of the river and took a launch to Shanghai, fifteen miles up the river. Everything thereabouts is level. Shanghai used to be on the shore, but the silt from the river has built out the present strip of land, making Shanghai an inland port. It has beautiful streets and costly buildings. It is a modern, stately metropolis, with 12,000 Europeans and over a million natives. The Chinese coolies wear pajamas, minus the frock. The women wear both frock and trousers, and they are always black.

Flo Fobes and her father met me. You remember we met her at the Whitcombs'. I recognized her before she did me. We had an automobile to drive about town and a Chinese chauffeur. He was that careless, it is a wonder that he didn't down a dozen or more people. But he always escaped. We were taken out through the Hardoon Gardens, — private grounds, — the most beautiful I ever was in. I am sending some pictures of them. These pictures are not so clear as the previous ones, because of the sea water bath they had before being developed. Innumerable tea-houses, pagodas, grottoes, walks, lawns, arbors, ponds, and so forth made of these gardens a regular maze. . . .

Lots of American gunboats were anchored all along the river, prepared for any trouble. Before leaving Shanghai, I went through

old China, the walled city section. But the wall is being removed rapidly. It is a sight for crocodile's tears.

Hong Kong is smaller and different, being built on a very steep mountainside. I am stopping at the St. George's Hotel, which is run by Captain and Mrs. Lossins, who are Scientists. My room has a big balcony overlooking the business district and the harbor. It is ideal as a pleasant retreat and I am enjoying myself hugely. Here we have sedan chairs, besides the jinrickshas, and I haven't seen a single horse since my arrival a week ago. Coolies do everything that horses do.

The church building here is complete, and about forty Scientists attend the services. Threats of rotten eggs and interruptions preceded the lecture, but we got to work and nothing came of it. About four hundred people came out. The weather was sweltering in the theatre, but the audience stayed right through. I think not over four or five left before the lecture was over. However, two people have taken a fling at me in the paper, but not very bad. Six columns of the lecture were published. One of the people who got after me did so because he was prejudiced against Americans. He is an army officer, but I guess we can handle his hash all right. The Scientists here seem to feel very well satisfied with everything, and keep me busy with callers. This morning I had for a caller a Parsee who claims to be getting interested in Christian Science. All the big officials in the local government were at the lecture, including the acting governor, the magistrate, and so forth. Just the people came that the Scientists wanted, and many favorable comments have been heard.

I shall hope to get across to Manila before the next typhoon. That is the direct path for them. Within a week after leaving Manila, I shall get cool weather.

The people here in Hong Kong are delightful to meet and they are making my stay a very happy one. I have felt fine every day and minute since leaving Boston, and consequently my work comes easy and gives time to study French, and now the French is beginning to come easy.

With love to all the folks, I am
Yours from the Orient,
Bliss



Manila Hotel

July 31, 1912

Dear folks at home:

When a fellow goes through hell, most anything else seems like heaven. Consequently I am feeling perfectly heavenly just now. The "situation" is the trip from Hong Kong to Manila that has stared so many people in the face. The course is in the direct path of the typhoon. But a typhoon is not to be compared with some other things I encountered.

My boat, the *Yuensang*, is the worst boat on the line, and I simply had to take it. It was a case of "Hobson's Choice." Then again Hong Kong is an infected port, and everybody coming into Manila from Hong Kong has to be vaccinated. It is a law, passed about a year ago, that has been enforced to the letter. Well, everybody simply has to be vaccinated, or he can't land, and I simply had to land. Again, too, the customs authorities are stricter here than in New York. The port has that reputation.

I worked on the problem in Science to overcome any sense of disturbance, until I might arrive at a condition of willingness to do whatever might be right or necessary to do. When I got that work done, I felt better. I felt the assurance, moreover, that Science could save me from any evil consequences.

One of the Scientists in Hong Kong, who came over a month ago, said that every one not only had to be vaccinated, but each one was held in custody with a bandage about the arm, to prevent any possibility of his wiping out the vaccine, until it had not only taken, but until he felt nauseated. If that condition didn't appear quickly, he was vaccinated a second time and so on until the officials had their way. No excuses nor reservations were accepted. As I said, I worked metaphysically on the problem until I felt perfectly willing to do all that, if necessary, and entertained no mental disturbance as to the outcome.

Then something else happened. The boat, the *Yuensang*, was filled to its capacity. My cabin mate was paymaster's clerk in the Navy, a Mr. J. P. Lynch, and he was laboring under the effects of several cocktails imbibed before leaving. The cabin was too small

down. This absence of a covering on the deck prevented us from going there to sit because of the continuous rain, so we had to stay in the cabin or saloon. We should have arrived Monday night but for the necessity of going out of our course. As it was, we reached Manila Tuesday morning at 10:30.

Everybody on board was well and about. Through all this three days' experience, I hadn't felt a single touch of illness, nor missed a meal. Indeed I survived the ordeal all right. But now the quarantine officer boarded the boat, as we lay off at anchor. And what do you suppose he did? There we were all ordered into the saloon, and he stuck his head in at the door, counted us and that was all. He didn't so much as feel the pulse, and we were passed! Everybody was passed without a question. I learned today that those who came over on the *Nile* with me and reached Manila a week earlier than I all had to be vaccinated upon their arrival. Not one escaped, and that was just a week ago, and they came from Hong Kong too.

Next was the customs examination. For this I turned my keys over to the hotel porter, and went directly to the hotel. In an hour or so my trunk and grip arrived, and really I don't believe they did more than raise the lid. Nothing was disturbed in the least. So here I am, high and dry, and happy as a clam in high water. . . .

The lecture here is to be Sunday at five, and I leave Monday, the fifth, for Australia. From that moment I shall be getting into a colder climate and consequently a dry one. . . .

With best wishes to all, I am

Lovingly
Bliss



S.S. *Yawata Maru*
Aug. 14, 1912

Dear folks:

My boat from Manila to Brisbane is the *Yawata Maru*, officered and manned entirely by Japanese. The small passenger list is about evenly divided between Japanese and English; there is only one American besides me, a physician who sits just at my right at the purser's table. On my left sits Mrs. Lazarus, whose

husband, at her left, holds some minor government position in the Fijis. Opposite me at the table is the Bishop of North Queensland with his niece at his right, and Dr. Morgan Owen from London at his left. The purser at the head of the table can scarcely speak any English.

Only a glance at my surroundings, and my course was determined for the trip, as to what I should say. It was that my conversation should be limited to two words only: "Yes" and "No," and do you know I have almost literally carried out that resolution.

The first morning out of Manila I was sitting on deck reading a book when there came prancing up to me a dapper little Japanese fellow who informed me that he was the ship's doctor, and he asked me whether I had been vaccinated going into Manila. I said, "No," but instantly I realized that I had said one word too much. "Well," he said, "you will have to be vaccinated right now."

I promptly refused to allow him to vaccinate me, and then he explained that they had had a smallpox case on the boat on the previous trip down to Australia, and he proposed on this trip to vaccinate everyone on board, and he was going to start with me, and then he asked me if I had ever been vaccinated. I told him I not only refused to be vaccinated, but I refused to answer his question, whereupon he almost literally went right into the air, mad clear through; and what he didn't say to me wasn't worth saying. However, I pretended to pay no attention at all to what he said, apparently resuming my reading, and after he had relieved himself considerably of his state of mind, he went on to the next one.

Now I fully realized I had something to do on that case. The period of incubation of the smallpox germ is said to be fourteen days, exactly the time from Manila to Thursday Island, the first port in Australia. There the English physician makes a most thorough examination of all passengers to prevent epidemics coming to them from the Tropics. I realized that unless the malice of that Japanese doctor were removed from me, he might say something to the English physician, with the result that I might be taken off the boat at Thursday Island.

I had the feeling that the Japanese doctor had no right to require me to be vaccinated, and I intended to stand on my rights so long as I felt I had any. Not once during this trip has the Japanese

doctor spoken to me, but I worked daily to realize the nothingness of human hatred or revenge.

Well, finally we reached Thursday Island. The English doctor came aboard and proceeded to make three tests on each passenger. He examined the eyes, took the pulse and temperature of each. We were all sitting on deck while he was doing that, and after making the three tests upon several at my table, he finally reached me. His salutation was, "Please remove your hat," and I promptly obeyed, and then he said, just as politely, "That is all, thank you," and moved on to the next one. He never laid a hand on me. Again I realized the power of God in this victory.

What a relief it was to go ashore in full liberty of action. Thursday Island, as you know, is the centre of the pearl fisheries in that region, and so I bought three nice ones at a pound apiece.

Lovingly,
Bliss

Bliss

Grand Hotel
Dunedin, N.Z.
Sept. 8, 1912

Dear home folks:

Whenever there are Scientists about, I never get time to write, but inasmuch as no one knows I am stopping at Dunedin, I have time for a stroll and to write. I left you as I landed in Auckland, New Zealand, about a thousand miles north of Dunedin. . . .

I arrived Sunday evening just in time to attend the Sunday evening service of September first. There were about thirty present, and it seemed good to be among friends and hear the service. Monday afternoon after my walk up Mt. Eden, I met them all in the office of Mr. Clark, who recently came from London to enter the practice with his wife; so with the one already advertised, there are now three practitioners in the city. Just as soon as the Second Reader's application for membership in The Mother Church is accepted, they are going to organize and advertise in the Journal. They were all so happy to have me call on them that I was happy, too. The practitioners met me upon my arrival, and they saw me

off on the evening train Monday.

I do wish Ethel could have seen that sleeping car. It is a narrow gauge road, like the Revere Beach Road. The car was divided into compartments, and four slept in each compartment. There were two seats facing one another, — the length of a man, — and a shelf over each, making four shelves in all; for mind you, these seats were not pulled out to make them any wider than when made up to sit on. Nor was there any protection or railing to prevent one from rolling onto the floor, except for the top shelves. Even the bedclothes could not be tucked in, as there was nothing under which to tuck them. There were no curtains over the front to hide the view from others. Everything was open, and a fellow had to lie pretty quiet not to get off on to the floor, or not to lose his bedclothing off, — and all this with a temperature just above freezing. Husbands and wives are not allowed to sleep in the same compartments. There are certain compartments reserved exclusively for men, and others for women. There were three men in my compartment, besides myself, and one snored terribly. In the morning another remarked to him, “You have a bad cold, haven’t you?” “Yes,” said the man, “it kept me awake nearly all night.” However, the rest of us were quite well aware that he snored nearly all night, and apparently was a sound sleeper.

My train reached Wellington about five o’clock Tuesday, making in all about 528 miles. The volcano in eruption we didn’t see, as we passed it early in the morning. By the way, the “Refreshment Car” on that train would also bid for a similar description to that of the sleeper.

I was met at Wellington by Mr. and Mrs. Metz, — Americans in the employ of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, — who have started the work. They said I looked good to them as a fellow countryman, and they certainly looked good to me. They had just learned of Science two years ago in Palo Alto, California, and came directly out here. But they held to their Science, though all they know of it is what they have learned from the books. They started services in Wellington, and Mrs. Metz has all the patients she can tend to. She has to give her whole time to the practice. She feels a mere babe in Science, but she has just been pushed into the work, almost without her own consent. It was a case of sink or

swim, and she is still swimming. Now perhaps you may think that woman wasn't hungry to see a Scientist and ask some questions. She had no end of problems to ask about, and if ever a person was open to instruction it was Mrs. Metz. They are both exceptionally intelligent people, and just as good and good-looking as they are capable. They make two fine examples to represent Christian Science in the community and give people a good impression of it.

The Scientists in Wellington hold a monthly testimonial meeting, and they held it Tuesday night so that I could meet with them. Mrs. Metz, who is First Reader, asked me to occupy all the time; so I went prepared to tell some good testimonies that would occupy the time. But directly I had started, I heard some one turning the leaf of a notebook. I looked around and saw a newspaper man taking notes. Instantly I recognized that I was not talking to that small gathering, but to all of Wellington which had been in the past pretty mixed up with "mental science." I had been told that afternoon, too, that nothing favorable to Science had ever been in a New Zealand paper, except once or twice when a most meagre reply was inserted at advertising rates. I therefore adapted my remarks to the situation, and the paper gave me a whole column.

The reporter called the next day, and I looked over what he had to see if there were any errors. He submitted the second part as it appears in the paper. I did not have the opportunity to see the first part. But as there were no particular errors that might be misleading in the second part, I made no changes and offered no suggestions, so that it could be said it was entirely their work, and it was all voluntary and gratis. I have sent a copy of the paper to you, that you may see the first Science article that a New Zealand paper ever volunteered to publish.

Wednesday I met with a few of the Scientists at Mr. Metz's home and dined with them. Afterwards they drove me out to see Wellington. It, too, is built on several hills, but there are not as many hills as in Auckland and they are much steeper, so that deep cuts are required for the roads to wind about, and long bridges cross the intervalles.

Wellington has a beautiful harbor and I left there by boat at eight o'clock Wednesday for Lyttleton, the port for Christchurch.

My, but I nearly froze on that boat, until I went to bed and got under something less than a dozen comforters. My teeth chattered and I shivered in the cold. Nobody has stoves in this country, either on land or sea.

When I reached Lyttleton, it was raining and raw with cold. I took the train for Christchurch, passed through a long tunnel (six minutes) and emerged in a beautiful valley with the city of Christchurch nestled in between the mountains and strung along the banks of the beautiful Avon River. My room at the hotel overlooked the parkway along the river, which was adjacent to the street that passed in front of the hotel. The setting was beautiful, but every breath I exhaled was plainly visible from the cold. I sat in my cold room with my heavy overcoat on all the afternoon trying to keep warm, but I had to take it off to go to the dining room, or appear ridiculous. I went out and walked about to get warm, but I soon cooled off, once I sat down anywhere in the hotel. The beds had no adequate covering, so that I kept waking up in the night from the cold. However, I thought I could stand it, if anybody could, so I set about to make the best of it. When the First Reader called on me Friday morning, my teeth nearly chattered in his face, but I tried to smile and look pleasant.

Thursday evening I called on the practitioner, Mrs. Simpson, and had a good talk with her. I got back to the hotel a quarter after ten, and found it all locked up. I went around to another entrance and found that locked, too. Finally I found a bell and pulled it. Some one presently bestirred himself and let me in. That is the first experience of that sort I ever had at a hotel.

The time for the lecture finally arrived. The theatre was two thirds filled and Mayor H. Holland introduced me. Everything went off well. After the lecture, the Mayor stepped up to me and said with the frankness of a child, "I came here in fear and trembling, expecting to hear an attack on Christianity." But he heard the opposite. Most of the audience came as did the Mayor, and they, too, were agreeably surprised.

If ever there was need of a lecture to clear up false impressions in a community, it was in Christchurch. There was not a bit of opposition to Christian Science as presented in the lecture, and it was a real pleasure to lecture for them. The papers were fearful,

like the Mayor, and would insert very little of the lecture. However, there has been a good building foundation for the next year's lecture, and I am sure much more will be done then.

After meeting the officers Saturday morning I took ship in the afternoon for Dunedin, thinking to catch the Melbourne boat there, but my boat got held up by a very dense fog; so I missed the boat and have to remain over night here at Dunedin. I leave on the early morning train and shall catch my boat at Bluff Monday afternoon, reaching Melbourne Saturday morning September 14.

Dunedin harbor is even more beautiful than the others. The city is built on the mountain slope in amphitheatre style, overlooking the land-locked harbor. I walked to the top of the ridge this afternoon.

I shall write again after I get aboard ship to tell of the southern extremity of New Zealand, as I see it tomorrow. I am keeping on top and having a real enjoyable time of it all, and I feel I am leaving New Zealand with much real good accomplished.

With best wishes to all, I am

Lovingly yours,
Bliss

Bliss Knapp's postscript, written some months later:

In looking over this letter I note a most important omission in the story of my experiences in Christchurch, New Zealand. It has to do with a visit to the Reading Room and a certain man I met there.

The First Reader of the church, Mr. Anderson, took me up one flight to show me the Reading Room shortly before it was scheduled to open for the day. We had scarcely had time to look around, when a man walked in and announced himself as a truth-seeker. The moment he declared himself a truth-seeker, I felt that he lied, and so I gave no heed to him, whereupon he directed his questions to the First Reader. I soon observed that his method was to ask a leading question and then proceed to criticize the answer. He soon had the First Reader cornered in an argument of that nature, and when the First Reader turned to me for help, the so-called "truth-seeker" turned his attention to me. He asked me two

or three questions. One (I believe it was the second one) I did not attempt to answer, but simply remarked that he got that question from John Stuart Mill's political economy. When he saw I was familiar with the topic, he did not pursue that line but asked me instead the general question, "What is matter?" Well knowing that all he desired was for me to make a statement so that he could riddle it if possible, I replied, "There isn't any professor in any university in the world that knows what matter is."

He pursued that no further, and then asked another question, but without answering it, I said, "It is the easiest thing in the world for me to know whether a man is honest or dishonest." He promptly asked, "What is honesty?" Without replying I looked searchingly at him. He dropped his eyes toward the floor for a moment, then whirled on his heel and ran down the stairs to the street just as rapidly as he could pick up his feet.

The First Reader was considerably surprised at my manner of treatment of this individual, but I insisted that he was a dishonest scamp. Then Mr. Anderson said that he was a Russian doctor who made frequent visits to the Reading Room and impressed some members of the church with his honesty, but others felt that he was dishonest and so the church was rather divided in their attitude toward him.

I took the opportunity that evening when I met with some of the members to explain the necessity of having spiritual discernment. I made the point that honesty from Principle is a discerning quality that makes no mistakes in distinguishing between honesty and dishonesty; that it is quite necessary for Christian Scientists to be able to discern between the real and the unreal and exercise righteous judgment.

Some months later when I reached home, a letter was awaiting me from Mrs. Simpson, giving the sequel to the story. The "Russian doctor" just prior to his visit to the Christian Science Reading Room had visited the theosophists' reading room across the way and had stolen a watch and chain from the lady in attendance there. When I told him that it was the easiest thing in the world for me to know whether a man was honest or dishonest, he thought I could see the watch and chain through his clothes, and being self-condemned, he fled. His extreme haste was for the

purpose of getting to the pawn shop ahead of the police, but they were there ahead of him so that within twenty minutes from the time I made that remark to him the "Russian doctor" was in jail. He was convicted of the theft of the watch and chain, of various sums of money, and of assuming the title of "doctor" illegally, and was given a long term in the penitentiary. The Scientists in Christchurch were convinced that my diagnosis was correct.

Bliss Knapp



The *Australia*
Enroute to Melbourne
Sept. 13, 1912

Dear folks:

I shall reach Melbourne tomorrow morning early, and Mr. Stone informs me that I have a letter from home awaiting me, and I shall be most happy to get it. You see, all the news I have read since leaving Manila the first of August, I could read in fifteen minutes. The papers here don't print it, and I haven't been where I could get the *Monitors* or read them except twice, once at Brisbane and once at Sydney. They don't take the *Monitor* in New Zealand. However, I have been busy enough to keep me from thinking of much else but the very next thing to do. I have gained a little so that in my winter clothes I weigh about 185.

My, but this is a beastly cold country. I have on two sets of underclothing, then put on my heavy Raglan ulster, button up the collar tight, put on my gloves, and sit around in any place to get out of the terrific wind that cuts through everything. There is not a cabin nor a spot on the boat that is heated. All the rooms are filled with scroll and lattice work for ventilation, and the wind has no hindrances. It isn't a matter ever of getting warm. We don't expect that. It is simply a matter of keeping one's self from getting too cold. Everybody is purple. And yet what surprises me most is the children, the babies. Their little legs and arms are perfectly bare, and they mind the cold seemingly not at all. Down in my cabin, things are so cold and clammy as to smell musty all the time. Besides, this trip from Bluff has been the roughest I have yet seen,

and it is quite the usual occurrence for the sea to be as rough. The old boat has been thrown and tossed so terribly that no one can walk about deck. Everything has to be tied down, and most of the passengers are sick. But through it all, I can gratefully say I have been perfectly well all the time, feeling free and hungry three times a day. I can hardly stand it from one meal to the next I get so hungry at times. It is the way we boys used to feel on the farm.

I had a great surprise yesterday. We docked at Hobart, Tasmania, Thursday, September 12 at 2 o'clock. I went ashore, as every one did, to stretch my legs. I hit the car line and walked out over the top of the hill for about two miles when a man crossed the street and accosting me said, "Isn't this Mr. Knapp?" I assured him it was. But whom in Hobart did I know? Nobody, and I didn't know there were any Scientists there. However, this man said he was a Scientist and there were six or eight gathered to meet me at Mrs. Breen's at three o'clock. Mr. Cope Stone had wired them the day before. Mr. Gibbings had arrived too late to meet me at the boat, and thinking Mrs. Breen had met me, returned to her house, only to learn that she had not.

Then he started out to find me, a perfect stranger in a city of 40,000 people. I was the first man he met on leaving the house. I had been walking directly to the door without knowing it, and there, two miles from the wharf, I was accosted by a stranger, informed of a meeting with the Scientists at three, and it was just three o'clock at that moment. Consequently I walked into the house, and found them all seated waiting for me.

And, oh, how hungry they were for the Truth! Only Mr. Gibbings had ever seen a Scientist before. He had been in Sydney. Well, they had lots of questions to ask. They had read the service together for two Sundays and there were many things they wanted to know regarding the way to proceed. Then, too, some had opposed their efforts, and they wanted to know how to meet their arguments. Altogether I spent two hours with them; then they left, and I was invited to remain to tea.

Mr. Gibbings and I took a walk while Mrs. Breen was preparing supper, and we returned a little before six and had a good home-cooked supper before a roaring big fireplace. Heavenly? Well, I guess it was! At least I felt that way about it.

Mr. Breen came home for supper. He hasn't accepted Science, but he lets his wife do what she likes. Now, that man got impressed before I left, and he went nearly to the boat with me after supper. He is a Mason, and I told him that many Scientists were way up in Masonry, and that no Mason could conscientiously object to Science and so forth. I got back to the boat at eight o'clock, and we sailed a little before nine. I really had had a most happy time of it.

I advised Mr. Gibbings and Mrs. Breen to join The Mother Church and organize as a Society so as to be able to advertise their meetings in the Journal. When I was in Dunedin, I learned there were Scientists there, too. In fact, there are Scientists scattered all over New Zealand. But the latest development is in Tasmania. A good worker going into those places could do lots of good in a short time. I wish I had the time to spend a month in each of those places and get the work started.

All this has been a unique experience for me, but when I get into Europe, I shall have another and perhaps stranger experience. But I don't worry about what is ahead. The best time to tackle that is when it arrives.

Give my best regards to all,
Lovingly,
Bliss

At Bliss Knapp's lecture at Sydney, Australia, in August 1912, the organist of the Church (First) was healed of a sprained ankle of a year's standing:

Cincinnati, Ohio
Nov. 22, 1912

Miss Fulney:

. . . the facts are as you state. I was healed during a lecture by Mr. Bliss Knapp for which I am deeply grateful, and since then the joys and comfort Christian Science has brought to me are too numerable to mention.

In Truth
Robt. H. Cone, Jr.



Upon arriving in Melbourne on September 14, on the S.S. *Ulimaroo*, Mr. Knapp received a letter from The Christian Science Board of Directors in Boston, a surprise and an honor informing him that he had been elected to fill out the term of James Neal as President of The Mother Church. The letter was dated July 25, 1912, and signed by John V. Dittimore as secretary.

There follows an extract from a letter written by George H. Kinter to David B. Ogden, August 30, 1912, an extract which Mrs. Knapp preserved in the memento book:

With regards to the new President of The Mother Church: I was attending the correspondence at the time he was being gotten ready for the lecture work, and I tell you frankly I would ask no greater heirloom than to have the fine things said to me by her (Mrs. Eddy) that she said of Bliss. She loved him dearly and had the utmost confidence in what she was pleased to call his Christian integrity. She related to me in happy personal conversation, how she had known him from babyhood and had watched him grow up in the sweet atmosphere of as sweet a Christian Science home as she had ever known. This incidental tribute, denoting her esteem of his distinguished parents, is as well worth while in my judgment as the things she has said regarding Bliss himself.

From Australia the itinerary took Mr. Knapp to Ceylon [Sri Lanka] and Cairo. The next two letters are detailed descriptions of his experiences in these places:

P. & O. S. N. Co.
S.S. *Mooltan*
Friday, Oct. 11, 1912

Dear ones at home:

. . . Tuesday forenoon (October 9) we steamed up the coast of Ceylon, where Sir Thomas Lipton has his big tea plantations. The distant range of mountains, swathed in a grayish purple haze, seemed so transparent as to appear almost mythical.

We finally reached Colombo harbor in the middle of the afternoon, entered within the breakwater and tied up to a buoy about

4:30, and it was five o'clock before we got the launch for the shore, — ten days from Freemantle, Australia.

It is always extremely interesting to watch the natives, black as night, but more shiny, swarming out in their peculiar little boats, always with an outrigger . . . The native dress for the better class is a cloth or towel wound about the body, tied at the waist, and extending from the waist to the ankles; a jacket, and that is all for clothing, as none wear shoes. All the men have long hair. This is done up in a little knot at the back of the head, and a tortoise shell comb sits on top of the head like a crown, only it does not quite meet in front. Being separated in front, the two ends of the comb stick up like two horns, and always suggest the tail that goes with the devil. Their black hair is kept in place by that shiny grease the Chinese use. . . .

Upon going ashore the first thing was to get some money changed. Fifteen rupees to the sovereign or English pound, and a hundred cents to the rupee. Mr. Bartholemew, my seat mate at table, and I started off together. We each got a sovereign changed and walked about town a bit gazing into shop windows and so forth. A stranger is easily spotted, and all the natives immediately want something. They beg for money, or beg to have you take a ride in a jinricksha, or beg you to buy something. It kept us saying, "No, no, no."

. . . Though the temperature was about 86 in the shade, the dampness of the climate is rather exhausting. However, we walked about a mile out of town, along the beach boulevard and parkway to the Galle Face Hotel, situated right on the beach, where the breakers come roaring onto the sand. There we each got a room for five rupees a day with board extra. That hotel has servants galore. One can't stir without running amuck of one of those horned black fellows, always with the greasy palm held out.

But there is one thing more numerous than the black servants. That is crows. The crows there are as numerous as the English sparrows are at home, and they make much more noise. If one doesn't look out, they will steal his scarf pin right out of his scarf. Or if they don't some other crow will; for the birds, men and goats are all the same color.

As I went to bed that night, one of those black men slept on the

floor at each door. A sign in the room gave notice to deposit all jewelry and shiny articles with the clerk, as the crows would get them if left in the room. Windows of course have to be left open.

When I awoke in the morning, there stood two of those black crows on the window sill watching me. Fearing they might carry off my stockings, I made a lunge at them through the mosquito netting canopy over my bed. But they aren't afraid. Four sat in a row on the roof of a shed, in the shade of a beam, trying to keep cool. A cat saw them and crept towards them. They just moved when absolutely necessary to keep out of the cat's clutches, — and the cat was black.

There were curio shops in the hotel, and the Tuesday evening before supper, I looked over some of the curios. . . .

With dinner over, and having given the assurance, upon inquiry, that we would certainly be there for breakfast, I strolled into the reading room. There I saw lizards scurrying about the walls of the room — pretty little fellows. I waved my hand at some near me, and off they scurried, and then turned around to watch my further movements. I cast a glance over the papers on the long table and spied a Brooklyn, New York paper of Sept. 8 and 9, — only a month old, but it was more recent by a month than any I had seen. So I devoted an hour and a half to devouring its contents, even to the baseball and stock market pages. I was glad to observe Boston still in the lead for the American League championship. I do wish I could see such a team play just once. . . .

Mount Lavinia was seven miles along the shore. The road there would take us through the native villages where we would get more of the human interest and local color of Ceylon. Going to the carriage stand we inquired the price by jinricksha. It was four rupees out and back. We secured two, one of the coolies being quite proficient in English. He was a Singalese, born in Kandy, and learned his English as servant in an English family.

Now that ride to Mount Lavinia beggars description. The road, well macadamized all the way, is level and dripping off the edges with native sights. Throughout the seven miles, there is nothing to suggest anything European except a steam roller at work. But the contrast of it! The trees were so green — of the greenness of celery leaves that are bleached. There are all kinds of

palms, coconut, traveler, and so forth, papia trees, everything from banana trees to grass. Mud houses with thatched roofs or just thatched houses were interspersed with occasional frame houses and various temples, Hindu, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Vedic, besides Presbyterian and English churches. Children could be seen at school, as all the houses are wide open.

Most shops were wide open, and all the meat hung exposed to the withering atmosphere, flies, and so on. But no one seemed to mind. Purchasers were just as eager as the flies. Meat shops and fruit shops seemed to be most numerous, except perhaps for the liquor taverns.

Throughout the seven miles to Mount Lavinia, there was one continuous procession of pedestrians, going to and fro like ants. The next thing most in evidence on the pike was the bullock team. Either in pairs or singly, these little diminutive bullocks labored under the heavy yoke, hauling immense two wheeled covered carts, loaded with all sorts of merchandise. Men and women were passing to and fro bearing burdens on their heads or on a shoulder stick with a load suspended from either end of the stick. Everything was creaking and reeking in sweat. The sun's rays were merciless, and the bare torsos of those coolies must have baked under the torrid heat. They were seldom seen speaking with one another. Or if they were, it was always pleasantly. They never lost their tempers. The dogs are as skinny as the humans. The coolies could be seen curled up in a bit of shade, fast asleep, anywhere along the road, just as the dogs might.

All the jinrickshas have on one shaft a bicycle bell. As these fleet runners glide along, frequent sharp rings from the bell are necessary to clear the way. And it is a warning well heeded by the natives. But they all make way for the occasional automobiles that whirl along, leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. . . .

We finally reached the Grand Hotel at Mount Lavinia, having covered the seven miles in an hour and a quarter. . . .

The trip back required an hour. Then we had to hurry to get back to the boat. . . .

It did seem like getting back home to get into my cabin once more. Many strange faces were seen, and many familiar ones had disappeared. But the surroundings were familiar, and my things

were all there. We finally sailed out of Colombo harbor after dinner, and land was lost to view, not to be sighted until we reached Aden, on the Red Sea.

With best wishes to you all, I am
Lovingly,
Bliss



P. & O. S. N. Co.
S.S. *Mooltan*
October 23, 1912

My dear relatives:

We have just passed the island of Crete, enroute to the straits of Messina and Marseilles. I am sending herewith my picture taken last Monday at the pyramids of Gizeh. This is the evidence that I have been there. My dragoman is shown with me. That man up on the Sphinx I had to hire, too. Nobody does anything for nothing.

We arrived at Suez about one o'clock Sunday noon, and there I received my European schedule from Dr. Fletcher. He had just received your communication about Paris, your letter having been addressed to another Fletcher. Consequently Paris has not yet been arranged. I cabled from Suez, asking him to try to arrange it for Sunday, October 27. Then there are Frankfurt, Germany and two other English places that are not yet fixed. That makes twenty-nine lectures in just a bit over a month. Do you know what that means? That you don't get any more mail from me until it is all over. There will be no time for me to either look around or write letters. If there are no more calls to come in, I shall be through by the tenth of December. Then I may want to look about a little.

When I arrive at Marseilles Saturday (October 26) I shall have a wire there from Dr. Fletcher telling me whether I must go first to Paris or to Geneva. I shall have no time for Italy. Consequently, I am sending a wireless today to have my Florence mail sent to Geneva. With a little business to look after, things begin to seem like old times. I am getting my things together, so that when I land I shall be all ready for the warpath. I am sending my trunk around via boat to London.

When I went ashore at Suez, there was but one other passenger to disembark, — a Greek going home to the war. He is a merchant, a dealer in cotton in India, and belongs to the reserve army. He speaks English fluently, and without accent. Consequently I enjoyed his company to Cairo. Fortunately for me I took no baggage with me ashore, but the Greek had all sorts of experiences with his. On landing, a dragoman immediately assumed charge of us and conducted us to the quarantine station. All the Greek's soiled linen had to be steamed for half an hour (disinfected). We then had to sign our names, residence, intentions, and business, after which we went through customs. The Greek had five pieces of baggage and had to pay an Egyptian every time they were moved. Then there always was a row, in which the dragoman joined. Those fellows always wanted too much, and they were great talkers. All the bystanders always joined in the scrap, too, — this all in a foreign language.

Finally we were located in our train, ticket in hand, and off for Cairo. The road runs due north, half way to Port Said, where we had to change to the train just arrived from Port Said, which then went due west to Cairo. The Greek had to change again, about an hour's ride out of Cairo, for Alexandria, and I continued alone to Cairo, arriving there at eleven o'clock at night. Shepherd's Hotel had a representative there, and I entrusted myself to his care, and by 11:30 I had retired to a fine room and was fast asleep under my mosquito canopy.

Promptly at 5:45 next morning I was called. While I was dressing, breakfast was being prepared, and was brought to my room at 6:10. I had a fine omelette, larger than I could eat, some good bread and butter and a pot of coffee. After that I had some luscious Malaga grapes, and my breakfast was over. Putting on my overcoat, for it was cold, I went downstairs, and according to arrangements the night before, an automobile was waiting together with my dragoman, whose name is George.

We were off for the pyramids of Gizeh in the Lybian Desert. It was eight miles out there by a fine boulevard. A trolley line goes all the way out. We were there by seven o'clock. The pyramids were in full view for two miles as we approached. They looked small from that distance, but grew to their full 450 feet as we drew

nearer, and loomed large as we stood at the base, looking up. I didn't attempt to climb them. It would have been worse than the Washington Monument. I walked around them. Then I walked over to the Sphinx, perhaps two or three hundred feet away. There I mounted my dromedary and had my picture taken. It was to be delivered at the train.

All sorts of itinerant merchants were out there that early to sell trinkets. In full view were encamped some American excavators, exploring for relics of the past. Back of us was a granite temple, excavated from the sand and fenced about with barbed wire. I could look down into it from my elevation on the camel.

After a long look about, including the observation of the three great pyramids and the six little ones, the tossing sands of the Lybian desert, and the excavations with mounds and hills of sand everywhere, we circled about the pyramids again on the dromedaries. I didn't enjoy having mine trot, but it was quite fascinating to have him walk. The Nile had overflowed all the lowlands and encroached on our elevation, so that we could look toward Cairo and see only the elevated road or boulevard, extending from our feet, out across the inundated country to the outskirts of Cairo, and midway to our right was the village of Gizeh. Only a hotel and a few bazaars are seen at the end of the boulevard near the base of the pyramids.

After completely satisfying myself with a last long look at those great piles of stone, I entered the automobile and was driven back to Cairo. On the way I saw lots of things we read about: Arabs moving with their flocks, mostly camels and goats. Cotton grows in abundance along the way, where the land is drained. Then there was sugar cane, maize and so forth. I saw Arabs plowing with their ancient wooden plows, drawn by bullocks. On the way to town I saw, too, a wedding procession of camels with cages on their backs, all gorgeous with finery. The wedding party was supposed to be in those cages hidden from view. They were preceded by a brass band, and flags were profuse.

A drive through the native streets where we could see the bazaars was of especial interest. We finally began the ascent to the Acropolis, where we visited the Alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali. It is built all of alabaster, and it is beautiful, surmounting as it

does the Citadel. From its cloisters we could see the entire city spread out before us in panoramic view. To enter, we had first to put on slippers over our shoes, so as not to defile the mosque. Inside it was beautiful. The painted decorations that embossed the interior of the great dome were like Persian silk. There is one great central dome, sustained by four great pendent piers, like our church, and then four semi-domes surround it. Chandeliers are suspended from the dome which resemble ours, too; only these are larger, and the electric lighting is glaring instead of being softened by the glass effect of brilliants.

After a thorough inspection of its architecture and Turkish rugs and all, we drove through another portion of the city to the National Egyptian Museum. There I saw everything in all periods of Egyptian art and sculpture. Some of the very best works of art, we haven't so much as a copy of at home, and we should have for our museum. I saw the stone [The Rosetta Stone] that furnishes the key to hieroglyphic language.

The museum is very extensive and there are more objects than they have room for. My dragoman was very familiar with everything; so we needed no guide. Mummies were exposed to view. Here, too, I saw lots of the color work that will not endure in any other climate. One must come to Egypt ever to see it. Well, I got very much interested in it all.

After spending more than an hour there, we took another drive out in the opposite direction of the city from Gizeh, till we were out in the country, returning to the railroad station at 10:30. There I met my man with the picture postals and also the hotel man, who brought his bill; and after paying for the motor, dragoman, ticket, and all, I had spent about \$35.00.

I had difficulty in getting through the crowd on the train platform. Pilgrims were taking my train for Mecca, and hundreds of others were there to see them off. They had to take the boat for Mecca at Port Said. A dining car was attached to the train, so that I enjoyed every comfort on the way to Port Said, where we arrived at 3:15 P.M.

Having no baggage, I walked across the city to the wharf, and got the launch to the *Mooltan*, which was anchored just off shore. It seemed like getting back home to get aboard of her. There was

my room, or cabin, and all my things just as I had left them, and I felt well repaid for having taken that hurried trip to Cairo and the pyramids. We steamed out of Port Said at 4:30 into the Mediterranean Sea.

One thing especially did I enjoy on that train. It was a fat juicy watermelon that was big enough to wet my ears. Oh, it was delicious. Just now, as I write, the orchestra has begun to play at my elbow; so I shall leave off for now.

Lovingly,
Bliss



Grand Hotel du Louvre
& de la Paix
Marseilles
Oct. 26, 1912

Dear brothers and sisters:

Today I am a Frenchman in the ancient city of Marseilles. While I was traveling about the streets today, they looked so much like certain sections of Boston and New York that I almost had to pinch myself to appreciate the fact that I was actually in France. Most everybody I have to deal with speaks English, and I know enough French anyhow to get along; so I move about freely and have been enjoying myself hugely.

I believe, however, that my appreciation is greater by reason of the fact that I have entered the country by a circuitous, rather than direct, route from America. I have become accustomed to entering foreign countries so much stranger than this, that the matter of entering France seemed like stepping into something that reminded me of American cities, because of their development, and because of the familiar appearance of the French people.

Lovingly,
Bliss



Hotel Adlon, Berlin W.
Unter den Linden 1
am Pariser Platze
Nov. 2, 1912

Dear folks at home:

Unless I take the occasion now to send home a few words, I shall not have another opportunity for a few days. The lectures at Geneva and Berlin were very successful. There were 400 at Geneva, their largest audience, and 800 at Berlin, one of their largest. The weather was beautiful both nights, but it rained this morning. By my speaking very deliberately and distinctly, they seemed to grasp what I was saying very well, and I have heard much in appreciation.

I took the day trip from Marseilles to Geneva, but arrived in Geneva after dark. I drove about the city a little, saw the lake, Mount Blanc, the oldest bridge, the old city and wall, walked around a little, met delegations of Christian Scientists, and had time for study and the lecture besides.

Wednesday I started in the morning for Berlin, but it was dark soon after leaving Basel. However, I saw the Swiss mountains, Lake Geneva, Neuchatel, and Biel, and read through several Digests and Monitors. At Basel, I had to change trains and take my sleeping car. I had a compartment to myself. Everything there was German, and I was all at sea. I don't remember a bit of German, and the conductor couldn't understand a bit of English, but we both could laugh about it.

At Frankfurt at 10:09 to 10:23 I saw four Scientists and tried to arrange to lecture for them December 13.

Thursday morning I reached Berlin, it being altogether a trip about as long as from Boston to Chicago. Mrs. Spencer and Fräulein Leplow met me and soon had me comfortably located at Hotel Adlon. Thursday evening I met the ushers at their request. All I said there had to be interpreted, but I helped them much.

Friday, the day of the lecture, I was in the hotel most of the time. I had a very responsive and appreciative audience at the lecture, and it was a pleasure to speak to them.

Today (Saturday) I saw a homesick man from Walla Walla at 9:00 A.M. This noon at 1:30, I shall lunch with Count Von Moltke.

This evening I dine with Mr. and Mrs. Gray, who introduced me last night. They are from Providence. After dinner I meet with the workers here, and leave for the Hague in the morning at eight, arriving there Sunday evening at 7:12.

Thursday I drove out to Potsdam where the Kaiser lives. I saw Sans Souci, the Old Mill, and the Kaiser's residence. Everything here is intensified in its development and upkeep. Buildings, palaces, parks, and all are away ahead of Boston. We can learn much from Berlin in the matter of improvements. I am enjoying it all.

Mrs. Robertson was here in the summer; also Mr. Tomlinson and many others.

With much appreciation for your labors in my behalf and with best wishes to all, I am

Lovingly,
Bliss

A brief newspaper account of the Berlin lecture misspelled the lecturer's name!

Many German Christian Scientists

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES

BERLIN, Nov. 2 (1912) The annual rally of the German Christian Science organization took place last night in Philharmonic Hall. An immense audience was addressed by Bliss Knopf, a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Boston headquarters. Although they are still more or less under the surveillance of the police, the Christian Scientists have made extraordinary progress in the Fatherland during the past few years, their adherents now numbering tens of thousands.

Mr. Knapp's itinerary and the number of lectures delivered up to this point in his world tour should be contrasted with the density of his schedule after he reached the British Isles. Between June 23 and November 4 he gave 13 lectures. He gave 25 lectures between November 7 and December 12.

is that his stay in England is to be so short. It has certainly been a privilege to come in close contact with him. We hope he will come back to England again one of these days. With kindest regards.

Your sincerely,
A. Byers Fletcher



North Western Hotel
Liverpool, Nov. 30, 1912

Dear folks at home:

You may wonder why this has not arrived earlier. Don't get at all disturbed. Always spend your worrying time in writing a good long letter to me, and everything will be square. I have to acknowledge the receipt of some good letters from you all, and also the receipt of some *Monitors* and *Digests*.

Thursday night at Harrogate, I completed my fifteenth lecture in nineteen days. That evening after the lecture, I drew my comfortable chair up before the grate fire, pulled off my shoes rather deliberately, hitched up my chair a little closer, and then drew a tin box across the table within easy reach — a box which Mrs. Dr. Fletcher had sent me filled with maple sugar and popcorn balls — and for the next hour or so I sat there munching popcorn and apples to my heart's content. Along with the box came a little American flag, and that I planted on top of the heap of popcorn balls. Outside the snow was falling, but inside it was oh, so cozy and nice. Now don't you wish you had been there to share my Thanksgiving with me? I remember that a year ago that little bit of a child out on Foster Street sent me a box of sweets away out to Rapid City, South Dakota. So you see I get remembered wherever I go.

Tomorrow I lecture here in Liverpool, and shall give nine lectures in the next twelve days. Then I am done for this season. Yesterday and today I have been celebrating a vacation by catching up on my correspondence, and this is my last letter, and it is only a little after seven in the evening. Consequently I expect to get to bed early.

Tomorrow night I have to be up most of the night, getting over to Belfast. Sunday nights the boats do not run on the regular

schedule. I leave Liverpool at 10:35, reach Holyhead a little after two in the morning, get a boat there and reach the Irish coast about 6:30 Monday morning, and Belfast about ten o'clock. That will seem like old times away back there in America. We are having a regular snow storm blizzard this afternoon. Winter has really arrived, and I am keeping warm, too.

All the high muckety mucks over here wear cloth gaiters. Consequently I got some today to wear over my low shoes. I had to smile as I thought of Ralph, if he should behold me now with my gaiters and cane. All that is lacking is one of those single eyeglasses, a monocle. While I was walking back to the hotel with my gaiters on, I met a small boy walking along barefooted. One sees many of these Dickens' boys over here.

I wrote you a letter a few days ago telling some of the antijoys of my experiences here, but on second thought, I burned it up. However, you will be glad to know that everything in my work so far has been uniformly successful, and possibly the greatest success was at Queen's Hall, London. That is the biggest auditorium, next to Albert Hall, in London. It was packed full, and hundreds of people were turned away. I was introduced by Lt. Colonel the Honorable Chas. P. Napier, as he signed himself. Everyone could hear, and general satisfaction was expressed by frequent applause throughout the lecture. During the month of November, I addressed seventeen thousand four hundred people, — more than I ever met in a single month before.

It seems just as natural for me to hobnob with lords and ladies as with the more common sort. I rather suspect that most of them are more democratic than those still struggling for recognition and place.

The day I went to Sevenoaks Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite drove me down in an automobile (they call an automobile a motor here) and we visited an ancient Castle, "Knole," where are exhibited more of the old masterpieces of painting, Van Dykes, Rembrandts, and so forth than I ever saw in one collection. It is a private collection, and the present lord and owner of the estate, being poor, ekes out a livelihood by opening this collection to visitors on certain days for a nominal entrance fee. When they get down too low, and some improvements are needed, then a masterpiece is sold

and a "copy" put in its place. The estate and collection, however, are worth millions. I got some pictures and a descriptive booklet of the place.

Mr. Braithwaite has introduced me twice, but Mr. Beesley presented me there at Sevenoaks, as also at Birmingham. Mrs. Braithwaite is a classmate of mine. I had a nice long talk with Miss Shannon. I called on Mrs. Grant and Miss Spiller. The evening that Mr. Dixon introduced me I went home with them to supper. I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young, and last Sunday (the only day I have seen the sun out in full force since coming to England) I went for a motor ride with Mr. and Mrs. Bathurst and Mr. Young. That day we actually saw things which one reads about but seldom sees. So I have seen a thing or two, after all. Mr. and Mrs. Young are going to Germany for the winter.

I probably shall not have time to write again. If any of you people decide to meet me in New York, find out from the Cunard office in Boston just when the *Lausitania* is due to arrive. Remember, too, that customs and quarantine examinations require some time; so you must count on that delay. I have secured a cabin all to myself, so as not to be bothered by anybody on this last lap.

With love to all,
Bliss

Letter addressed to Mr. Ralph H. Knapp, 4 Denmark St., Boston, Mass. U.S.A.:

Midland Hotel,
Manchester (England).
Dec. 4, 1912

Dear folks at home:

Hurrah for Ireland. We have met the enemy and they are ours. I really had to tell you about my engagement with the medicos of Belfast, but as this was my third real experience here, and doubtless the last, I might make mention of the other two.

The first at Sheffield was an assault that merely frightened me after the lecture was all over. But by sitting up late, I overcame my fear. I believe it is really the only time I ever got frightened at M.A.M. and that didn't last.

The next time was at the London Society at Putney. There I nearly fainted on the platform, and had to give an audible treatment with the power of Almighty God back of it to save myself. Though the weather was so cold in the hall that one could see one's breath, I wilted my collar from perspiration. However, I finished the lecture, though it was a little short, and got lots of compliments on the good lecture they had. So that was a victory.

The next was in Belfast. The papers I am sending will tell about it. However, they will not tell that this was the first time when an interruption occurred, that the lecture was finally given in toto and without interruption, after the disturbance was quelled. In fact, never before has it been quelled, once started. We got the best of the students. We outmaneuvered them.

The students were grouped together in the rear. For the crowd to pass through them through the rear door, there would have been a free fight. A little narrow stairway mounted the platform, which was four feet high. As the audience crowded about that little stairway to get to the platform, the students were in the rear, and it took their woolly heads some time to see that the separation had already taken place. They could succeed only by mixing with the audience. Then they made a rush to climb up onto the platform, too late, for just at that moment the police entered the platform from the rear, and tossed them off. In the scrap that followed, the audience was all safe in the anteroom back of the stage, and the entire field was free to the students and police. It was a pretty vicious fight for a few minutes, and some broken heads resulted; but the police were in the advantage, and rushed the students out of the hall.

When quiet was restored, and the furniture and plants readjusted, the audience returned to their former seats, and we were in possession with no opposition. That audience would have followed me anywhere, and I knew it; and by that method alone could the sheep be separated from the goats. I saw that all worked out mentally before I went to the hall. I knew the students were to be there. I remembered what Josephus says about the way prepared for the Hebrews to pass through the Red Sea, and that Moses had to lead them. In fact, "The way which God prepared for the safety of His people could not be made a way for the enemies of those people," and that idea which came to me was proved to be just as

demonstrably true at Belfast as at the Red Sea. I felt that this way over the platform was for God's people, and not for His persecutors, and so it was proved to be the case. It all was done without pre-arrangement, except metaphysically.

When the request was made to the audience, some said, "What made you do that so soon? We must have time to get the police and get ready." However, we chose God's time and got ahead of the enemy, and everything dropped into its place at the right time, just like those slugs in the linotype.

I then began the lecture when all was quiet again, and delivered it just as though nothing had happened, though it was after ten before we finished. That situation required generalship, and we had God for our general. The result was that the people got what they came for, and not a single thing was lost.*

Everything at Dublin was serene and profound attention. Their hall was packed, and I feel they got one of the best lectures I ever gave. And I am on top with my colors flying about the shamrock green. Hurrah for Ireland.

The rest may be left to tell you after I get home. I might add, however, that Sunday night at Liverpool, I got really hungry. Although I left home weighing 198, I don't weigh more than 175 now. But Sunday night I got hungry. I had two big pork chops, three big boiled potatoes, and some tomato salad. With this I had three heaping helpings of Boston Baked Beans, and still I was hungry. So I ordered a Welsh Rarebit and some toast and coffee.

Well that just about sounded bottom, and I felt satisfied. But I have had a terrific appetite ever since, and I guess by the time I get home, I may be back in the 190 class again.

So au revoir for this time.

Lovingly,
Bliss

*Writing to the Christian Science Organization at Harvard, March 18, 1956, Bliss Knapp notes that he had recently received a brochure from First Church of Christ, Scientist, Belfast, presenting some of the events marking the pioneer days of that church. One of their serious problems was the giving of an annual Christian Science lecture. The trouble started with their first lecture in 1902 by Judge William G. Ewing, when medical students from Queen's College attempted to disrupt the lecture. This continued for the next ten years.

Seven newspaper accounts of the Belfast experience are preserved in the memento book. Of these, that of *The Northern Whig*, for Tuesday, December 3, 1912, is the most detailed. As this was a unique experience for Mr. Knapp, and as student disturbances of the nineteen sixties may have seemed, to some, novel forms of protest, it might be well to cite a good portion of the news story:

Exciting and disorderly scenes were witnessed in the Ulster Minor Hall last evening on the occasion of a lecture on Christian Science by Mr. Bliss Knapp, C.S.B., member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. A number of medical students had taken up a position at the rear of the hall, and it was quite patent even prior to the commencement of the proceedings that they had come to the hall with the sole object of creating a disturbance. Provided with electric snuff, toy bugles, and whistles, they soon made their presence felt in a most undesirable fashion, and the lecturer had scarcely embarked on his address until handkerchiefs were seen in all parts of the hall in consequence of a liberal distribution of electric snuff. So uproarious was the din that it became utterly impossible for Mr. Knapp to proceed. The orderly members of the audience were eventually invited to occupy the corridors at the rear of the platform, while a number of policemen forcibly ejected the students from the hall, after which the lecturer proceeded with his remarks.

As already indicated, the students were bent on disturbing the proceedings right from the commencement, and on the lecturer, accompanied by the Chairman (Mr. G. H. Stewart, first reader, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Belfast), coming to the platform they were received with prolonged ironical cheers. The Chairman . . . said the pleasant duty devolved upon him of introducing to an audience of his fellow-citizens one who was visiting their shores for the first time to tell them something more of the Christian and scientific interpretation of that old yet ever new song of wondrous love which the angels sang. He proceeded to point out that the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church was constituted of judges, lawyers, medical men — (ironical cheers from the medical

students) — and business men. Mr. Stewart concluded by bespeaking on behalf of the lecturer not only a warm Irish welcome, but also an attentive and appreciative hearing, the latter part of his address being received by prolonged cheers.

Mr. Knapp was not long kept in the dark as to the fact that the Chairman's appeal . . . was but in vain. He was greeted with the blowing of . . . toy bugles, and these, together with a roar of catcalls, produced a weird noise . . . making the members of the fair sex put their hands up to their ears. At the outset he stated that it had been his pleasure to address college men — (cheers) in Harvard University, in the University of Illinois, and in the University of California, in the University of Kansas, and in the University of Minnesota. (Cheers) It had been his experience that college men as a class were more given to fair play and reason — At this stage a shuffling of feet and some ten or twelve voices yelling simultaneously drowned the speaker's voice, and it was an absolute impossibility to catch the end of the sentence, despite the fact that the writer was sitting immediately underneath the lecturer. . . .

When quiet had been restored he continued to say that the college men in America would give a good hearing to a lecturer because they knew what reason meant. Ironical cheers and another interruption followed this remark. The members of the audience who had come to hear the lecture were naturally becoming greatly irritated, and several of them appealed to the students to either leave the hall or else give the speaker a chance to proceed.

Mr. Knapp again essayed to address the audience, and briefly described the experience of his brother, who, he said, had been cured from an ailment by Christian Science a considerable time ago, and had never been sick for a day since. (A Voice — "Has he never been seasick?")

This remark was greeted with loud laughter, and the Chairman . . . addressing those at the back of the hall, said — "May I be permitted to appeal to my brothers to show at least a spirit of manly fair play, and give a stranger in our midst a patient hearing? I know what Belfast audiences are — (cheers) — and they are no worse than in many other places. . . . Queensmen, you are on your honour tonight. (Cheers) Try and be a little fair and give the lecturer a chance."

There was a chorus of "Don't say anything against the doctors," while one or two voices yelled, "What about Home Rule for Ireland?" . . . A lady rose from her seat, and addressing the disorderly element said she had never seen such irreverent conduct in her life. Her remark was greeted with the retort, "Oh, what an 'oul' lady." Alleged singing was then indulged in for some time, during which the lecturer remained as cool as the proverbial cucumber waiting until the noise would cease.

After some time Mr. Knapp said it could be recognized that there were those present . . . who were very concerned to know what he had to say about Christian Science — (not at all) — and so in the spirit of fair play which generally appealed to college men he hoped those at the back would show some consideration for other people's rights. The fact was that it was not his intention or purpose to disturb anyone. This is all the length he got when his voice was again drowned by another uproar, which was followed by the singing of "We're here because we're here" and shouts of "Get on with the lecture."

When at length silence had been restored, Mr. Knapp said he had a proposition to make to them. He proposed to give that lecture to that audience either with those at the rear of the hall there or with them outside, but people who wanted to hear the lecture would go with him to another portion of that hall, and leave those at the back there alone. . . . When Mr. Knapp had stated his proposition, the disorder was resumed, cries of "Hurry up" mingling with half-hearted cheers and shouts of "Give him a chance." The lecturer then said — if these gentlemen do not choose to remain quiet it is simply a matter of the audience going with me to another place. Would the interrupters retire quietly or let the audience go with him? The response to this question was a verse from a music-hall song . . . "We'll all stick together like the ivy on the garden wall."

The Chairman then came forward and said . . . "I appeal to you again, in the spirit of fair play and for the credit of our city, to be quiet." (Cheers)

"Will we be allowed to ask questions later on?" . . . "Individually you may ask questions, but not during the course of the lecture. . . . Please, now, as a last and final appeal, surely there

are some of you sufficiently capable of asking your comrades to give order.”

The disturbers had evidently noticed policemen standing at the door of the hall, for there were cries of “Take the police away.”

The lecturer hesitated for some time, and a voice shouted, “Wind him up,” the remark eliciting a hearty outbreak of laughter. Mr. Knapp then said that he was willing to stay there until tomorrow to deliver his lecture. (A Voice — “We won’t be home until morning.”)

The Chairman and lecturer had a consultation as the result of which Mr. Stewart said that they had been reluctantly compelled to change the plan of the lecture. . . . Christian Scientists respected not only the religious convictions of those who differed from them, but also the opinions of medical men. They had no quarrel either with medicine or religion; they only asked to be allowed to live their lives quietly and to do their work faithfully. The scenes which had occurred there were not to the credit of Queen’s University. He asked those of the audience who were prepared to listen to the lecturer to come on to the platform by means of the stairway and accompany him to the large hall, where provision would be made for them.

The members of the audience who had come to hear . . . were only too willing to accede. . . . However, the difficulty of preventing the students following suit quickly presented itself. . . . The orderly members . . . proceeded up the steps on to the platform and out to the corridors. The students, however, were intent on still further horseplay, and climbing over the chairs, they were soon in possession of the platform. But their efforts to gain admission to the corridors were foiled in an unexpected manner. About a dozen policemen, including five members of the mounted force, under Sergeant Fox, made their appearance on the scene. At first the students looked like putting up a fight, but on being unceremoniously bundled off the platform on to the floor they speedily displayed “the white feather.” This was also partly due to the fact that one burly constable brought a stout baton into view . . . The hall was quickly cleared by the police.

Those who had proceeded to the corridors of the main hall returned to the minor hall, and Mr. Knapp proceeded with his lecture.

(The rest of the story is a very fair summary of the lecture.)

With Mr. Knapp's may be compared the experience in the same city, four years earlier, of one of his teachers:

Belfast, May 12. Edward Kimball of Boston, a Christian Scientist, lectured tonight in the Exhibition Hall. A howling mob was present, largely composed of Queen's college students, who rushed the doors. By the use of drums, tin pans, and toy trumpets they did their utmost to disturb the lecture.

On being expelled from the building they threw stones. Windows were smashed and the platform was littered with missiles. Eventually quiet was restored and the lecture delivered. (*Boston Globe*, May 13, 1908.)

The metaphysical work which Mr. Knapp did so faithfully before and during his Belfast lecture resulted in a complete healing of that problem, so that never again did those medical students at The Queen's University molest a Christian Science lecturer. And forty-five years later, Christian Science Organization at The Queen's University in Belfast was officially advertised in *The Christian Science Journal*.

Upon returning home, Bliss Knapp made two decisions which were to affect his future markedly. There are two sentences in *Science and Health* which he was fond of quoting: "Your decisions will master you, whichever direction they take." (392:22) And: "The Christian Scientist wisely shapes his course, and is honest and consistent in following the leadings of divine Mind." (458:25) Mr. Knapp had, up to this time, given the whole of his attention and effort to healing and to spreading the word of Truth through his lecturing. As a C.S.B. he was, of course, a qualified teacher of Christian Science. He therefore convened his first class on January 1, 1913. That was his first decision.

The second probably led, ultimately, to his marrying. In February he set up an independent residence by purchasing a handsome three-story house, with shuttered windows and awnings, at 11 Hawes Street, Brookline.