

woods, ranks with the Triesenberg in its effeminate charm.

Three towns bear the Schellenberg name. I had sweet omelet and good coffee in Mittel Schellenberg. On walking through flowery fields back of the convent one can look down on Vorder Schellenberg. Cupped in a scene of rare beauty, I found it charming. (So much for the effect of sweet omelet and coffee.) On coasting down through this little town, there seemed no reason for stopping. To coast on such a day was sheer delight, even though one ended in a fly-plagued plain.

At Gamprin there is a mill, operated by a man who lived for years in Minneapolis, but did not take up milling until his return to Liechtenstein. From a dusty face with whitened eyebrows a dough-lined mouth welcomed me in plain «United States.» Of course I had to «sit a while» and look at the postcard album containing highly chromatic views of the railway stations, public libraries, and parks of half our Middle West.

«I get homesick for America,» said the miller. That made it unanimous.

Then along the curving bund between canal and Rhine, with Mount Sentis staring down upon the scene, until I came to the northernmost of the country's four wooden bridges connecting Bendern's small but showy church with the little Swiss town of Haag. Then back across the southern end of the Schellenberg to Eschen.

#### A LANDSCAPE OF LAWNS

There was no good reason for stopping at Eschen. There must be many towns like it. But near the watering trough there is a lawn. Two days after the hay is cut on field or mountain face, half of Liechtenstein is like a cliff-walled lawn; but this was a lawn by intention. A rude curbing marked its limits, and although its surface would have made a tennis ball erratic, it was evident that some person had definitely set out to have a bit of green beside his house, not as fodder, but as a feast for the eye. As I refreshed myself in an inn decorated with pictures of village



Liechtenstein has plenty of altitude. In a region no larger than the District of Columbia, there are at least a dozen peaks more than a mile high. This mountain range forms the Austrian border, with customs officers at the passes and a closed boundary along the peaks. The building in the foreground is a little hotel at the foot of the Ochsenberg.