post at Tsiombe had been bitten by a mad dog and was being rushed by litter to Tananarive. The message had come over the hills to the capital by signal, and from that night on, every evening, from all corners of the city the people—Frenchmen and natives alike—came for news of the sick lieutenant.

Tsiombe, to them, was on the other side of the world, and they did not think he could make it. The journey overland was a perilous, if not an impossible, one. But he made it after all, and the natives rejoiced as much as the whites. Now fine motor highways and an airline extend over the route the lieutenant crossed by litter, and Tananarive is only six days by air from Paris. Telegraph systems, hotels, and telephones are spread out in a long line over a country that ten years ago was believed impassable. The energy and lives of Frenchmen have made it an integral part of the great empire of France, and no good can come from any attempt to change it now.

THE "FOUR LANDS"

MOST Germans, unless they happen to be from Hamburg, would look at you in some bewilderment if you were to ask them about the Vierlande, the "Four Lands." But a native of Hamburg would wax enthusiastic and probably tell you that the finest fruit he ever tasted came from there.

Vierlande is a district consisting of four parishes in the delta of the River Elbe. Its fertile, marshy soil provides the great city of Hamburg with most of its fruit, vegetables, and flowers. On shallow arms of the Elbe, motor lighters move from farm to farm, collecting their produce by the basketful and carrying it down the river to the markets of Hamburg. There you can see rows of baskets along the banks, brimming with tomatoes, plums, apples, pears, horse-radishes, and flowers.

Although the Vierlande are scarcely more than ten miles upriver from the metropolis of Hamburg, they have retained much of their old-world atmosphere. The only modern note is the huge greenhouses, in which roses, lilies of the valley, and narcissi are grown. But otherwise the thatched houses with their carved wooden gates stand in the fields between the high dikes just as they have stood for generations. The scenery is not unlike the marshlands below Shanghai, where the roofs of the farmhouses also barely peep above the level of the dikes.

And when you enter one of the farmhouses of the Vierlande you feel even more transported into an age gone by. To keep out the damp, the inside walls are usually tiled like those of Dutch farmhouses. The ancient, heavy cupboards and chests, the chairs and tables, and the grandfather clocks—all are decorated with rich inlay work.

If you are lucky and happen to be there on a holiday, you will see the people in their ancient finery handed down from generation to generation: the men in top hats, jerkins, and breeches, with rows of heavy silver buttons, the women with gay embroidery and silver ornaments on their dresses.
The beautifully carved gate, the metal doorknocker, and the unusual, old-fashioned decoration on the wall near the door, all show the pride taken by the farmers of Vierlande in their homes.

**Vierlande**

An ancient, timbered house. It was the traditional ambition of every mason to have a different design of bricks in each square.

Growing lilies of the valley is an important item in Vierlande agriculture. Budding flowers are laid on ice and shipped all over the world.
The larder of a Vierlande family, with rows of smoked hams and sausages

The kitchen with its old, tiled fireplace

Hamburg's Fruit and Vegetable Garden

Vierlande women put their pots and pans out to dry on this simple “drying machine”
The Yierlande dance. The only music is provided by a flute.

People of the “Four Lands”

The dike overseer makes his weekly report to the authorities.

The village carpenter working at an intricate piece of inlay.