THE LOG of a CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

GEORGE A. JOHNSON

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THE LOG OF A CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

By

George A. Johnson

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Colonel George A. Johnson

The Log of a Circumnavigator

BEING A SERIES OF INFORMAL
NARRATIVES DESCRIPTIVE OF
A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

by

GEORGE A. JOHNSON

1927
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Dedication

TO the Circumnavigators Club, that circle of admirable gentlemen, strong charactered and loyal in friendship, versed in the ways of the world, be it in Greenland, Tierra del Fuego, China or America, and whose substitute for the sad "good-bye" on parting is the hopeful "Luck to you," this volume is fraternally dedicated by the author.

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Prefatory Note

WHAT is it that impels a non-professional to write a book? Primarily, we suppose, it is the urge of vanity, and the desire to see some of one's own home brew in print. In the present instance, however, this little volume is the outgrowth of a series of articles contributed to The Log of the Circumnavigators Club. The author, being the recipient of many kind expressions from his fellow Circumnavigators, maintaining that the stories told are of a somewhat unique character, decided to write a book founded on these narratives.

The author is no Magellan, nor either a Holmes, or a Frothingham. The stories he has to tell, however, are taken entirely from memory, and set to music without the aid of guide books or a diary. He knows that the majority of the incidents described have never before been set down in print, except in The Log, even though quite probably some of them have, in some fashion, been experienced by others. Therein lies the book's chief claim to originality. At least it can be said that the tales are founded upon truth, that high-priced commodity which is stranger than fiction.

New York, 1927. G. A. J.

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CHAPTER I

Initial Stages of the Expedition

THE day has come! We are about to set out on travels which will take us completely around the world. In other words, we are going West, and shall keep on going West until we arrive back at the place from which we are now starting. Our middle destination is the Far East, but to arrive there we proceed westward.

Passports, letters of credit, baggage checks, railroad tickets, letters of introduction to people in far-away lands, and the usual assortment of other junk a traveller sets out with and chucks away in a week's time, or less, have been stored away in the wrong pockets, or where they will be the most difficult to locate when needed. We settle ourself in the Club Car of the Twentieth Century Limited, "All abo-o-ard" sounds up and down the train platform of the Grand Central Station in New York, the conductor's arm falls to his side, and we are off on a year's trip around the world.

As we pull out of the station and enter the tunnel on the initial stages of our expedition, we recall a hundred and one things left undone. One always does. But letters and wires will solve such problems, and our job now is to enjoy life, give our eyes a treat, and get our money's worth.

The trip across the United States has been taken by us so many times that without faking a lot we can record but little about it. We do not now realize the manifold comforts and conveniences of railroad travel in America, but in a few months' time we will. With our eyes peering ahead to the Orient, we also fail to appreciate the majestic scenery through which we pass, and take the ferry from Oakland to San Francisco with a feeling of great relief that so much of the necessary, but at present to us uninteresting part of the trip, is over with.

Having a few days in San Francisco, however, we conscientiously "do" it all over again, but uncover no new thrills. Eventually we board our ship, bound for Japan via Honolulu, and in due course are wending our way out to sea through the Golden Gate.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

From San Francisco to Honolulu is a sail of some 2100 miles. We raise the mountainous Sandwich Islands when five days out, and round Diamond Head and enter Honolulu Harbor the

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day following. This is the chief seaport, and only good harbor, in the islands.

Shore leave is altogether of too short duration for us to do more than look about the streets a bit, and accumulate the customary flock of floral wreaths. Some of our fellow travellers missed the ship's departure, and were forced to remain over for the next steamer. Their Kanaka stories, related to us in Japan a month later, caused us to wonder if we had been unwise in not staying with them.

CHAPTER II

The Land of the Rising Sun

WE made the run of 3500 miles from Honolulu to Yokohama in ten days, and on one of these a noteworthy incident occurred. It was Sunday, and a rather stiff game of draw poker was in progress in the smoking room. Quite a number of missionaries were on board, and one of them made complaint to the Captain, requesting that the game be stopped. That worthy gentleman proceeded to the smoking room, accompanied by the expectant missionaries, noted the game with an interested mien, and after catching sight of four aces in one hand remarked to the complainants,—"Well, you are right, they are playing poker, and good poker I should judge. But really, I do not see why I ought to stop the game. You see, we are just crossing the 180th meridian, the international date line, and whereas a few minutes ago it was Sunday, as you said, it is now Monday." The game went on, and the four aces were good.

FUJIYAMA AND YOKOHAMA. The last leg of the voyage approaches culmination, of course, in the first glimpse of *Nippon*. The morning mists are clearing, and above them, as the mainland is neared, towers the almost perennially snow-capped cone of *Fujiyama,* that most symmetrical and beautiful of mountains. This agreeable vision is enjoyed for hours before the harbor of Yokohama is entered.

Debarkation is accompanied by more than the customary confusion and turmoil. Actual ship docking is impossible, so the anchor is dropped and lighters carry us and our baggage ashore. Some of us cannot wait, however, and hasten to the *hatoba* in one of the *sampans* which swarm about the ship. At the *hatoba* the customs officials are particularly fussy, albeit they display a degree of audible politeness and hiss us smilingly through our examination. Outside we are besieged by a swarm of *kurumayas,* those sturdy pullers of the indigenous *'rikshas.* A selection made, we are rolled off down the Bund toward our chosen caravansary, unless we forget to so instruct the *kurumaya,* in which event, and without further ado, and especially if we are Americans, he will surely land us at "Number Nine," that irresistible calling port of the inquisitive tourist.

Satisfactory hotel accommodations being secured, and a bit of unpacking accomplished, we are ready for our initial essay into the mysteries of Japan. More *'rikshas* are engaged, and in single file we rattle over the narrow streets to the hill, through the Horticultural Gardens and around the shores of Mississippi Bay, the latter so named by Perry seventy-three years ago when that American Commodore brought to Japan the first expressions of good will and amity from Millard Fillmore, then President of the United States.

The brief initial excursion over, we return to our hotel with confused recollections of unpainted dwellings, clean streets without sidewalks, unaccustomed smells, beautiful flowers, weird appearing dwarfed trees, sturdy and exceedingly vivacious children, the younger of this element partaking freely of "hot meals at all hours" as their mothers rest in their doorways, or mince along the streets, unconscious of the thrill they unwittingly are giving the newly arrived Occidentals.

THE RETURN OF OYAMA. We were in Tokyo on the day when Marshal Oyama returned from Manchuria, at the close of the Russo-Japanese war. Securing a table at a window in a restaurant overlooking the square in front of the railroad station, we were favored with an excellent view of the initial reception. Troops were drawn up in two columns leading away from the station, banners were everywhere, and the juvenile popu-

A View in Hibeya Park, Tokyo, Japan

Rice Fields, Japan

lation particularly in evidence as they are in all countries on similar occasions. Cannons announced the arrival of the Field Marshal, and bands struck up the National Anthem as the great man issued from the station.

Oyama was a big man, not only in accomplishment but in physical size, being well over six feet in height and weighing around 250 pounds. The assembled multitude greeted him with "*Banzai-i-i,*" that long drawn-out Japanese cheer, sounded in a descending minor key, and more resembling a wail of distress than a paean of victory. If we had heard this immediately after the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth we might have considered it as being pitched in an appropriate key.

Elsewhere in Japan we also saw the Fourth Manchurian Army return home. It was a noteworthy parade. Seventy-five years ago the Japanese may have fought with bows and arrows, and in lacquered armor, but believe you us they no longer lack anything in equipment or personnel required to make up a very efficient and "fightin' all the while" army.

The army private is not taken from the coolie class. He is a step above that. The coolie serves as the beast of burden, because domestic animals are scarce in Japan. The soldier, however, in size and appearance, makes every bit as good a showing as do our own, and they can subsist on a pocket-full of rice, whereas our fellows consider themselves terribly abused when issued canned willy, goldfish, beans and slum.

Nobody ever accused the Japanese soldier of inability or ineptitude in action, either. They lack the stolidness of the Scot, and the initiative of the American, but they are brave and trustworthy, and fear death no more than a Mohammedan.

Parenthetically, it may be added that the Japanese fighting forces have been patterned after the best European practices, as exemplified by the British navy, the German infantry, and the artillery and air service of the French.

A THEATRE PARTY. In giving a theatre and dinner party in *Nippon* one does not make his own arrangements, but having decided upon the theatre which he wishes to attend sends his interpreter to confer with, and give general instructions to, the proprietress of a teahouse which is located near the theatre selected. These instructions refer chiefly to the number of guests to be present, what is particularly desired in the way of food and drink to be served during dinner at the teahouse after the play, and as to the number, and in some instances the names, of the *geishas* desired. This done the responsibility shifts from the shoulders of the host to those of our *"cicerone"* who will meet the party at the theatre and attend to every detail therafter.

Taking *'rikshas* at the hotel at about two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon we reach the theatre about three o'clock and are met by the proprietress of the teahouse, who assists us in removing our shoes and escorts us to our box. Having arranged ourselves comfortably let us take a look at the interior of the theatre itself.

The floor is in the form of a square, and rows of boxes line two sides, from the stage to the rear of the house. About ten feet below the boxes is the pit, which to the eye appears more like a giant checker-board than anything else. The floor is pitched slightly toward the stage and is divided into square spaces by boards about twelve inches high. Each of these compartments will accommodate comfortably about six people. Incidentally it may be added that the boxes also are separated from one another only by this foot-high board.

There are no chairs in any part of the house, their place being taken by mats about eighteen inches square and upon which the spectators seat themselves after their own fashion. In each box, and in each pit compartment there is at least one, and in cold weather often more, *hibachi,* or braziers, containing glowing charcoal surrounded by charcoal ashes. These *hibachi* furnish warmth for the occupants and fire for their pipes and cigarettes.

Running from the rear of the house to the stage, and at the level of the latter, is a footwalk about three feet wide. This is used by the actors as an exit from the stage in particular instances, and also as an entrance for the spectators. There are aisles on each side of the house, and the spectators reach their compartments by stepping through one compartment into the next, and so on until they reach their own.

It is almost impossible to do justice to the audience itself in a few words. Here are whole families, the father, smooth pated and sedate, sitting upright upon his heels, his wife,—maybe his better half but at least not so considered in Japan, —and the brood of children ranging in years from ten to one, or less. These little people take a lively interest in all that goes on, and particularly the foreigners in the box. Over there is a bevy of *geishas,* attractive certainly in their rich apparel, and more than attractive on account of their peculiar Oriental beauty. With their perfect oval faces, hair black as night and arranged in a fashion which would drive a European coiffeur wild with envy, eyes like twin pools of deep water, cheeks as pink as peonies, tiny mouths and an air of ineffable grace, they are indeed a picture to be remembered.

The children are everywhere, running hither and thither, visiting their friends, munching sweetmeats and thoroughly enjoying themselves. There is no place where they cannot go apparently, for over here a number of small boys clamber upon the stage itself and one, bolder than the rest, actually raises the curtain and crawls underneath, reappearing in a moment flushed with victory and chattering excitedly to his friends about what he has seen.

Everyone is devoted to tobacco, the father, the wife, the *geisha.* Each one has his or her short pipe, or *kiseru,* enclosed in its lacquered or leathern case, and a pouch of the threadlike Japanese tobacco. At frequent intervals the pipe is drawn from its case, a pinch of tobacco is abstracted from the pouch and inserted in the tiny bowl of the pipe which is then inverted and touched to a glowing coal of charcoal in the *hibachi.* The tobacco ignites immediately, one puff is sufficient to get the tobacco going well, then another puff, upon which a cloud of smoke is drawn into the lungs and in a moment exhaled with all the signs of evident enjoyment. The pipe is then returned to the case. This constitutes the *ippuku,* or one puff, which is taken so many times a day by almost every Japanese, for where is the Japanese who does not smoke?

In the interim before the rise of the curtain our hostess has seen to it that we are provided with all the comforts obtainable, from more cushions to baskets of oranges, boxes of sweets and sweet pickled black beans to soda, beer, *saké* and cigarettes. Chattering incessantly, pointing out celebrities in the audience, looking after our every requirement and every few minutes bringing her little silver *kiseru* into action for a puff, she is the living ideal of a perfect entertainer who thoroughly enjoys her position. About this time the sound of two blocks of wood striking together, first slowly and then increasing in rapidity of strokes, notifies us that the curtain is about to rise.

The Irving of the Japanese stage, Danjiro, died some years ago, and perhaps his most worthy successor, Kawakami, is to entertain us today. The play is a Japanese adaptation of Monna Vanna, and is given in excellent fashion. The facial expressions, gesticulations and the mode of delivery of some of the lines are a little too dramatic at times, perhaps, but we are reminded that the players are catering to the tastes of a people who desire that sort of thing, and reserve our criticism. When we are told that not so long ago a Japanese version of Hamlet was given, in which the melancholy one made his appearance in knickerbockers and riding on a bicycle, we cannot but express admiration over the rapid progress which is being made in theatrical entertainment in Japan.

A GEISHA-DINNER PARTY. About five-thirty we have seen and heard enough, and express a desire to depart. At the exit we again are assisted on with our shoes, enter *'rikshas,* and are drawn to the teahouse where dinner is to be served, and where we are to have our first opportunity to view a *geisha* dance.

A few minutes brings us to the tea house which, from the outside, appears much like all Japanese houses, a novel-looking but rather unattractive dark brown building, and unpainted, as is the case with all the native houses in this country. Closer inspection shows it to be an excellent demonstration of the artistic cleverness of the Japanese carpenter.

We enter through a gateway, for all of the better class houses in Japan are surrounded by walls, wooden or otherwise, and about eight feet or more in height. We pass through a garden profuse with a kaleidoscopic variety of blooming flowers. Here on one hand is an artificial pond of Lilliputian dimensions in which a score of many-tailed gold fish disport themselves, and on the other the omnipresent stone lantern five feet or more in height. Everywhere are winding paths through rocks and tiny groves of dwarf pines. It is a fairy land, indeed. Arriving at the house itself we again remove our shoes, — for the Japanese is very proud of the fact that he does not "make a street out of his house," — and are assisted in this by a number of plump, pink-cheeked and barefooted *musumes* who have rushed out upon our appearance and greeted us with many low bows and shrill cries of *"irasshai-mashi!"* (welcome). Shoes removed, our hostess treats us to a most graceful bow, and invites us to enter by saying *"O hari nasai,"* (be honorably pleased to come in).

The first thing which attracts our attention upon entering is the scrupulous cleanliness of the interior. The halls are bare and the boards worn smooth by constant scrubbing and contact with bare feet or *tabi* (bifurcated stockings). The rooms, apart from their size, appear to be all alike, and there is a very noticeable absence of furniture or profuse ornamentation. The walls are bare with the exception of a few *kakemonos,* or hanging scrolls, and the floor, absolutely unencumbered by furniture, is covered with soft straw matting an inch or two in thickness. Each mat unit is six feet by three feet in size, and the floor is completely covered by a sufficient number.

The Japanese room, by the way, is always spoken of as a "nine mat" or a "fifteen mat" room, and so on. Inasmuch as no dirt is brought into the house from the street these mats are easy to keep clean, and not even the most delicate clothing is soiled by contact with them.

The rooms are separated from each other by *karakimi,* or lattice frames covered with a tough, specially prepared, opaque paper. One may enter the room at almost any point he desires merely by pushing aside one of these *shoji.* Ordinarily one cannot see through them, but by pressing the moistened point of the finger against the paper a very respectable peep-hole is made without damage to the paper other than to make it temporarily transparent at this point. There is a minimum of privacy in Japan!

In preparation for the dinner, cushions are brought and these are placed in a semi-circle at one end of the room, the two ends of the crescent pointing toward the vacant part. After a few polite formalities and much bowing, (as there are several Japanese in the party), we seat ourselves. Incidentally it may be well to remark here that the bewildering display of silverware the Occidental is accustomed to is, of course, conspicuous by its absence, the only implements of warfare being *hashi* (chop sticks) as usual. There follow several amusing incidents attendant upon initial attempts at mastering these at first apparently hopeless substitutes for knife and fork, but it is astonishing to note how soon one becomes accustomed to their use. When one learns that one stick passes through the apex of the "V" between the thumb and forefinger, and rests immovable against the end of the third finger, at the side; and the other stick is supported against the inner side of the thumb (of the same hand) and rests against the inner ends of the first and second fingers, which provide all the motion needed, the operation of the *hashi* is easy.

Preparatory to serving the dinner, an honorable lacquered table *(O zen)* about a foot high and two feet square is placed before each guest. Following this a procession of miniature waitresses enter and place before each guest a cup of Japanese tea *(O cha)*. This is consumed, or rather inhaled, with as much noise as possible. Following come in rapid succession *suimono* (fish soup); crushed birds served with sugared walnuts and oranges; *shiwoyaki* (broiled fish) with tiny balls of sweetened potatoes; *hachizakana* (steamed fish); *tori nabe* (chicken stew); *O yaku donburi* (a bowl of rice baked with chicken and eggs); *chawan mushi* (a custard-like soup containing chicken, eggs, mushrooms, minced fish, etc.) ; and a steady stream of *hors d'oeuvres,* such as horseradish, seaweed, spinach, and the ever present and much beloved (by Japanese) *takuwan* or *daikon,* the rancid Japanese radish. Then comes, with most impressive ceremony, the delight of the Japanese epicure, the live carp. Borne upon a silver tray in a bed of green grass and leaves, this noble sacrifice is set before us. Only a minute before it had been removed from the water in which it had been kept alive for the occasion, and now thin pink and white steaks *(arai)* are cut from its sides and served in this state upon dainty mats of twisted grass. It is unnecessary to add that this course is partaken of but sparingly by the foreigners, but was devoured with immense relish by our Japanese guests. The usual bowl of rice followed, and this marked the crisis of the dinner.

The only wine consumed during the dinner was *saké,* and a few words regarding this are necessary.

In color *saké* looks much like weak tea, and is always served hot in small shallow cups which hold about three table-spoonfuls. In taste it resembles hot sherry, and it is probable that its content of alcohol is about the same. All through the dinner *saké* was constantly being brought in and served to the guests. The customs surrounding its consumption are somewhat curious, and in brief are as follows:—

The first cup of wine is drunk by the guest of the evening. The host selects a cup, names the guest and says, "*Dozo saké ippai onomu nasai*" (Graciously condescend to imbibe a cupful of wine), at the same time touching the cup to his forehead and bowing toward the guest. The latter bows to his host, accepts the cup, touches it to his own forehead and holds it forward on the palm of his hand for the maid to fill, at the same time replying, "*Arigato gozaimasu, itadakimasho,*" (Thank you, I sure will). He drains the cup, rinses it out in a tureen of water which stands beside him, touches it to his forehead and returns it to his host with the request that he have one himself. Formalities satisfied, everyone else begs the privilege of a cup with the guest, and after him with whomsoever he may fancy. To the uninitiated a word of caution: 'Ware the cup that cheers in Japan, for the custom above outlined is easily capable of being carried beyond the realms of a joke, and in his desire to be polite one may learn that hot *saké* in sufficient quantities, and taken in small doses, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Furthermore, *saké* does not behave well in mixed company.

THE GEISHA DANCE. Following the dinner

comes the treat of the evening, the *geisha* dances. Already we have heard the suppressed laughter and tinkle of the *samisens* of our little entertainers who await the call in an adjoining room. Now the *karakimi* are pushed aside and four female *samisen* players enter, followed by four *maiko,* or very young girls, and four older *geishas* who are to do the dancing.

No one, unless the French, and even they appear to be outclassed here, can equal the graceful *ojigi,* or honorable bow, of the Japanese. As the *geishas* enter they treat us to their most winning smile and a series of bows without even halting in their gliding entry. In a moment, however, the greatest seriousness prevails, the *samisen* players seat themselves to one side, while the *geishas* arrange themselves in a line before us. There is a little tuning of instruments among the players and then the dance begins.

Before describing the dance let us look at the entertainers. The *samisen* players are dressed in dark silk *kimonos,* and are noticeably older than the dancers. They are *geishas* whose beauty has faded, or whose ability has made it possible for them to depart from the ranks of the *maikos* to become true *geishas,* where they command a higher compensation for their work. The *samisen* players are always accomplished dancers, and exercise a sort of directorship over the dance.

The *maikos,* on the other hand, are really beginners, although they would be violently offended if one were to so express himself in their hearing. They are the butterflies among the ranks of the *geisha,* wearing the most gorgeous and expensive brocades. Often the dress of a *maiko* will prove to be worth hundreds of *yen,* and the broad *obi,* or sash, alone a very comfortable sum, indeed. The *maiko* is always a child in years, from ten to fifteen, perhaps, but in dignity she might be a queen grandmother. After the first welcoming smiles and bows frivolity is put sternly aside, her face assumes a positively austere expression, and she begins and ends the dance with no thought but to make it perfect in every part, to display every grace her lithe body is capable of, and incidentally to make as conspicuous as possible every thread of her gorgeous plumage.

It is next to impossible to clearly describe the dance itself, for it amounts chiefly to rhythmic posturing and elaborate fan play. The movements of the dancers lacked the grace we had looked for, but when it is understood that the steps are all made on the flat of the foot, this is not so remarkable. It is only fair to add that the Japanese look upon our dancing, especially that which is done in abbreviated skirts, or less, as particularly ridiculous, and indeed indecent. As our entertainers paraded, turned, and stamped with white stockinged feet, chanting their song in a weird, tremulous minor falsetto meanwhile, these sober-faced little dolls amused us greatly. A glance at our Japanese guests satisfied us that there was nothing really amusing about it, however, for their faces bore only expressions of appreciation over something well done. Clement says that "the measure of the song should be worked out by the woven paces and waving hands of the dance," and this surely was accomplished.

The chief beauty of the dance lies in the sinuous undulations of the body, and the remarkable pantomimic skill displayed. Every dance is a story demonstrated, and the song which is carried alternately by the instrumentalists and the dancers throughout the performance is acted by the dancers. Exquisite to the Japanese ear the vocalistic efforts of the performers may be, but it is certain that they appeal to the Occidental who listens to them for the first time much the same as do the advertising efforts of an old-clothes man.

There are many foreigners who have come to really appreciate and enjoy the songs of the Japanese, and after all this is not so remarkable. All tunes are pitched in a plaintive minor key, and all are set to march time; at least the majority of them are. There is a certain swing to all the songs, and some are positively intriguing. The American war song, "Marching Through Georgia," was introduced into Japan shortly after the Boxer uprising, and although the words are different, and the music is pitched in a minor key, it is easily recognizable and somewhat startling to one who hears the tune of this famous war song so far from home.

Following the first dance of the *maikos* came many special dances of four, two, and even one *geisha* alone. They were all descriptive of some particular story or legend, and very enjoyable. Of all the "Butterfly Dance" was perhaps the prettiest. At the close of each dance, the performers knelt, placed their hands on the mats before them, touched their foreheads to the backs of their hands and then arose, smiling their thanks at our applause.

As we departed we were escorted to the exit and assisted on with our shoes. *'Rikshas* had already been called for us by our hostess, and these we stepped into, the big man of the party being greeted by a hearty burst of laughter on the part of the *'rikshamen* who assured each other with many nods that he is *"Daibutsu tashika na,"* the big Buddha certainly. And so, amid a hundred bows and a storm of *"Sayonaras"* from our hostess and her score of fair entertainers, we were drawn swiftly out of the fairy garden into the silent streets of the city, passing people homeward bound, each with his paper lantern on a short stick, his clogs sounding "clip, clop" on the still air, by other teahouses from whence came the subdued music of the *samisen,* and by the corner of the street where the old *kurumaya,* forced to retire from the shafts on account of premature old age, keeps a small food stand for the convenience of his younger and stronger fellows, and nightly cries his wares (chiefly macaroni), *"Nabe yaki udon,"* in a sing-song that can never be forgotten.

In the memory of more than one of our party that night there lingered the tinkle of the *samisens,* the quaint songs and gliding dances of the *geishas;* and in the minds of all of us there persisted the pleasant recollection of the cheery farewell of our genial and attentive hostess and her score of pretty *geishas, "Sayonara"* since it must be.

TEMPLES. Shintoism and Buddhism are practiced. The former is the primitive religion of Japan, and is founded on ancestor worship. Buddhism, that better understood religion, is

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observed generally throughout the eastern countries.

Religious exercises in Japan are conscientiously considered, even if apparently observed in an almost casual manner. As in all countries, however, the women folk predominate the attendance. The worshippers show no sign that they fear the day of wrath. Temples are a place where one may worship, confess and pray in peace of mind. The faces of the devotees usually wear a smile of contentment as they issue from the temples.

Of the temples of Japan those of Nikko are by long odds the most beautiful, and stand as monuments of a particularly striking nature to the religious zeal of probably the most powerful of all the Shogunates of the Empire, the Tokugawas, who ruled at Yedo (Tokyo) for more than 260 years (1603-1868). Next rank the temples of Tokyo,—some think Shiba the peer of all temples in Japan,—and those of Kyoto, Nagoya, Nara and Ise.

There are temples everywhere. Every hamlet, however poor, has at least one and often more. One cannot drive a mile along the country roads without encountering a wayside shrine, or fail to see looming in the distance, or rising near at hand, the impressive *tori,* or arch, which informs the pilgrim that here a path may be found leading to

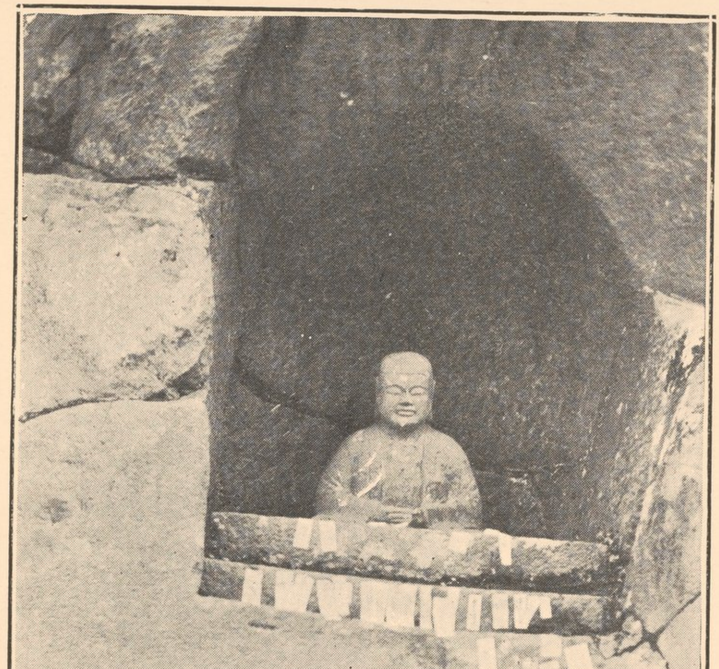


Image of Buddha, Gamma-no-fuchi, Japan

the nearest temple wherein he may offer up his devotions. A common procedure in this connection is the washing of the hands in holy (but probably horribly dirty) water, clapping the hands or pulling a bell cord to attract the attention of the gods, casting a small coin into a barred receptacle, clasping the hands and murmuring a short prayer and closing with a farewell bow.

There are temples where the memory of departed children is kept green. Herein are stored thousands of their former possessions, their toys, braids of their hair, and pieces of their clothing. Their relatives, on entering such temples, pause before these mementos, and there offer up their prayers for the spiritual happiness of the departed ones in the heavens beyond.

There are temples for expectant mothers, and to these shrines come those whose time is near, each bearing a prayer inscribed upon a block of wood obtained from a priest for a trifling sum. Pausing before the shrine the woman bows her head, murmurs a supplication to Kwannon, and then casts upon the roof of the shrine her prayerful wooden plea that her accouchement may be successful.

THE IMAGE OF DIZO. The author hopes he has given correctly the name of this god, for it is responsible for a lot of disease propagation in

Japan. Now the images of the gods, and especially those of celestial rank, customarily are found within the walls of temples, but Dizo, who originally was classed as a celestial divinity, one day was heard to express admiration for a woman, and was promptly cast out.

His image is always found standing on the outside of temples. Usually it is made of wood, and presents a much bedraggled and weather-beaten appearance. This is because of its exposure to the elements, and the Japanese supposition that by rubbing an afflicted part of the body and then rubbing a corresponding part of the idol, the pain, distemper or what not, will disappear. As the Japanese always have "colds" (and but few use handkerchiefs!) the nose of the Dizo image is usually worn flat. The eyes are well worn, too, and its shiny belly gives mute testimony to much abdominal trouble in the Kingdom of Flowers.

This custom of promiscuously caressing an idol in specific places must and does explain the abnormal spread of diseases of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and ailimentary tract.

PUBLIC WATER SUPPLIES. All of the large cities in Japan have public water supplies, and although water distribution is by no means carried to every dwelling, or even a majority of them, the service seems to be satisfactory. The water supplies in their raw state are often badly polluted, but suitable purification by coagulation, sedimentation and filtration makes them thoroughly potable. Indeed, twenty years ago more people were supplied with filtered water in Japan than in the United States.

SEWERAGE AND DRAINAGE. In the larger cities partial sewerage systems obtain. In others drainage is effected by ditches which run parallel with the streets, these being primarily fed by mountain waters. It is no uncommon sight to see a fond mother aiding her offspring in its matinal devotions over this ditch, and directly below to find another housewife drawing water from the same ditch for use in washing up the breakfast dishes. Typhoid fever is very prevalent in Japan.

THE YOSHIWARA. A word about the land of *"Shikata ga nai."* All of the large cities have such districts, but the most impressive of them all is that of Tokyo, situated at Shinagawa a short distance from the foreign quarter. The author has been told that the word *"Yoshiwara"* means moor, and in the case of the district in Tokyo such an appellation would be appropriate for it is located, as is all of the foreign quarter, on "made" low land. Since the activities within the district are licensed by the Government, however, and volume of business an understandable consideration in consequence, the meaning of the word *Yoshiwara* was changed from "moor" to "the place of good luck."

The district is surrounded completely by canals except at the one and only entrance, the *"O mon,"* or big gate, through which all pass in and out. This gate is shut promptly at midnight, and a guard posted. None may enter or exit after that hour until six o'clock the following morning. During the ensuing six hours the police can thoroughly comb the district for such malefactors as they may be desirous of locating; and where could they look in a more promising place?

The *Yoshiwara* is many acres in extent, and is divided into three parts, first, second and third "class." Its streets are narrow but good. The wooden buildings average better than any other group of residences in the city, except those of the Royal Family. Most of the houses are two-storied.

At the entrance to some of the houses is an ante-room, or foyer, upon the walls of which are displayed photographs whereon are inscribed the names of the inmates, their respective ages, dispositions, periods they have spent in service, and what not. The scheme of things is different as a rule, and is as follows:

The entire front of the ground floor of the house is constructed as one room, open to the full view of the passersby. Thin bars, set vertically, prevent human ingress or egress. In the winter months windows of glass are lowered. Within these rooms sit the unengaged *joro,* the *"fille de joie."* They are placidly playing the *samisen,* having their hair dressed, chatting with acquaintances on the other side of the barred window, or engaged at their toilet mirror (Japanese cynics say that the looking glass is the mind of a woman). Others, naked to the waist, are laving their hair, or performing various hitherto mysterious functions of the female toilet.

The dress of the inmates of these establishments is a study in itself, since it ranges, according to the status of the house, from the modest and somewhat sombre habiliments of the student, to the more elaborate dress of Daimyo households, and the brilliant gold brocades of the Shogunates.

Down the side of each house runs the entrance alley. At the head of it is a small booth within which the ticket seller sits. After looking over the bevy of talent in the window the prospective client bespeaks his choice to the ticket seller, who draws forth an account "card" in the form of a black lacquered block of wood eight inches long, three inches wide and half an inch thick. Through one end a cord is looped. The name and address of the client are duly inscribed by the ticket seller upon the card, together with the date, hour, and name of the *joro*. The "card" is then handed to him, the *joro* summoned, and he passes through the alley into the house where she awaits him.

The client may remain as long as he desires without payment in the interim, if he appears responsible. The price of all purchases of food, drink, tobacco, etc., are entered on his "card" which hangs from a hook within his room. Upon departure, if he has no money wherewith to pay his bill, he is permitted to go, not, however, without the "shadow" who never leaves him, unconscious though he may be of the fact, until he returns and squares the account. Should he prepare to leave the city without doing so, or evince no sign of intending to pay within a space of a few days, he is delicately approached with a request for settlement. Refusal on his part results in his prompt apprehension by the police and enforced payment of the bill; for do not forget that the Government collects ten per cent of the gross receipts of every house. Thus his delinquency affects not only the *yarite,* or female manager, but also the Government.

The inmates of these places are largely recruited from the country districts. When famine occurs the procurers set forth on their disgraceful errand. The heads of households in want are interviewed, and their daughters thus are sold for years of service for trifling sums. The author has seen a contract, approved by a representative of the Government, whereby a girl of twelve years was sold for a period of seven years for a sum approximating twenty-five dollars.

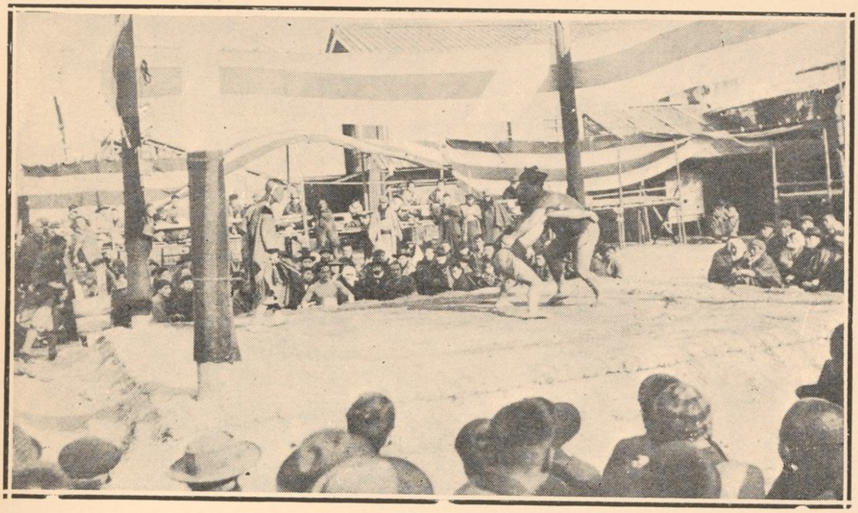
No disgrace attaches to a girl so bonded, and at the end of her servitude she may return home and thereafter be regarded as though she had never been away. Indeed, many girls happily marry directly out of these establishments into Japanese families of high class. The groom has but to pay her debt, or what balance of it remains.

The contract between the agent and the father or guardian of the girl is thoroughly and legally binding. There is the certificate of hire from the agent to the parents, *hokonin shosho;* the certificate of sale, or receipt, *baishu-shomon;* and the money consideration, *mi-no-shirokin.* There are regular employment agencies through which the procurers ply their trade, known as *"Yatoinin-kuchi-ire-jo."* Thus new faces, or *shin-gao,* are secured for the *Yoshiwara;* and the Government collects ten per cent on every transaction, including the *min-no-shirokin,* the money for the body.

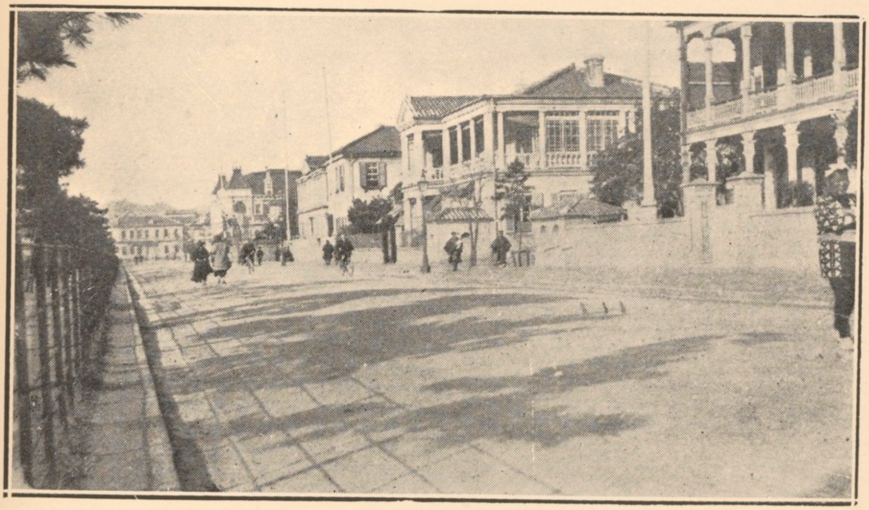
GAMES. The Japanese is as fond of games as anybody in the world. Not only can he swing a mean racquet at tennis, and play a good game of baseball,—although usually he is a punk batter,—but also he can get a world of fun out of sitting on the floor at a "tea party" and playing by the hour *"Ii funa mitzu,"* a sort of a "bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold" game. At *geisha* parties, the *samuri* dances and male conjurer performances are plentifully interlarded with games that bear strong resemblance to our "post office," "drop the handkerchief" and other similar diversions of our youth. Of course, there remain, and probably always will, the Chon Keena dance game, named after a white sailor of that appellation, and other forms of *"hadaka odori,"* which apply solely to dances, or dance games, performed *in puris naturalibus*. But exhibitions of this sort are given only for the delectation of the tourist, as a rule.

A WRESTLING MATCH. A wrestling match is an interesting thing to watch—once. Commonly it is held in an open air enclosure, the ring being located in the centre and raised from the ground some three or more feet. The ring itself is covered with a canvas or wooden roof held in place by posts at the corners. Tickets of entry are wooden blocks, as usual. The spectators stand or sit, according to their pleasure.

The raised platform is solidly built, as well it need be, and is sanded. The ring proper is about



A Wrestling Match, Osaka, Japan



The Bund, Kobe, Japan

fifteen feet in diameter and enclosed within a thin rope of rice straw. The wrestlers are enormous fellows, well above six feet in height and weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds. They wear their hair long and dressed in the "hammer-lock" style.

The two contestants and the judge enter the ring. The principals are naked save for a breech clout. The judge is fully clothed, but barefooted, and carries a double winged fan with which he cautions and instructs the wrestlers. The idea is for one or the other of the wrestlers to push or throw his opponent outside the ring of rice straw.

The wrestlers face each other and exchange dark looks. They catch up wisps of straw and cast them in the air, anxiously watching their descending movements. They stamp their feet, flex their muscles, and exchange more dark looks. Time is called.

Placing their hands upon their respective knees they face each other. After many false motions they come to grips, each trying for the "clout hold." When this is achieved brute strength chiefly is responsible for whatever result there is. The amazing thing is that these huge mountains of obvious fat have the actual endurance they display. All through the match the referee walks about, slapping his fan and calling what sounds like *"Ackerty, ackerty, ackerty!"* and *"Ike ugi, ike!"* These are words of caution against violation of the rules.

These common wrestling matches are not to be confused with *"jiu jitsu,"* which is an entirely different style of wrestling, and far more scientific. In *jiu jitsu,* science, not strength, decides the battle. The writer has seen two-hundred-pound foreign sailors overcome by one-hundred-pound Japanese policemen, and, indeed, has himself been heavily thrown by Japanese engineers of half his weight.

EARTHQUAKES. As "every day is ladies' day" in the song of one of our recent plays, so earthquakes are a daily occurrence in Japan. The author experienced what he considered a heavy one in Yokohama, and when he expressed the opinion that the sensations he then was experiencing were due to a flock of charged water he had consumed on retiring, was told by his room companion, an old resident in Japan, to "shut up and go to sleep. It's nothing but an earthquake."

Of course, about once in a generation they have a man-size seismotic disturbance. Ordinarily Japanese earthquakes do not amount to much. The flimsy dwelling houses are not fastened to their foundations, and during earthquakes hop about, but come to no harm unless an oil lamp becomes upset, whereupon they, and maybe thousands of other buildings, promptly disappear in smoke.

Some Japanese have a queer conception of the cause of earthquakes. They maintain that beneath Japan is an immense subterranean lake, and that in this lake is a fish of Brobdingnagian proportions. When he bristles his spines, merely, a slight tremor of the earth results, but when he gets completely out of sorts and threshes about, a real earthquake follows.

They have another little fancy more or less along the same line. They claim that since the cubic content of Lake Biwa and Mount Fuji is approximately the same, when Fuji was formed a corresponding depression occurred north of Otsu. This became Lake Biwa.

PLUM BLOSSOMS. The plum trees blossom in March. Early one morning the author's boy arose very much betimes, walked five miles to a tree in bloom, selected a few branches and returned to the hotel. Entering the room quietly he spent the next fifteen minutes arranging the branches in a vase. It was a solemn moment, as are all moments spent in flower arrangement in Japan. Placing the vase where it would catch the author's eye on awakening, the "boy," (he was at least fifty years old!) left the room on tiptoe, only to knock loudly on the door and announce "Bath ready, *danna sama.*" Peeking through the door immediately afterwards he was completely rewarded for his effort by the somewhat pharisaic outburst of admiration of the floral display on the part of the author.

GEISHAS AS LINGUISTS. At Shimonoseki one day we encountered what my companion characterized as "a flock of touri." They were Americans recently landed, among them being a little Yankee schoolmarm. She was dead set to attend a *geisha* party, and our *banto* arranged one promptly, being carefully directed by us to order the deportment of the *geisha* to fit the particular occasion. Vain hope, as every traveller in Japan well knows it was.

Arriving at the inn where the party was assembled we "put the shoes from off our feet" and took our seats in the customary semi-circle. The *geishas* had their own ideas about the seating arrangement and chose places next to the men. The schoolmarm, desiring to make conversation, inquired of a peony-cheeked damsel — "Do you speak English?" "Yes-s-s," hissed the dainty one, innocently repeating her small store of English which had been taught her by a sailor, presumably, "Go-a to hell, I lov-a you, etc. ! ! !" Ensued an animated and noisy discussion of the weather, while the schoolmarm blew her nose to cover her natural embarrassment.

GEISHA APPAREL. Aside from its greater excellence and gorgeousness, the habiliments of a *geisha* do not differ from those of other Japanese women of the better classes. There is nothing intricate about it. Indeed, it is simpler than the clothing scheme of the present day flapper, and that is saying something.

The feet are covered with *tabi,* or stockings, which extend to a point just north of the ankle. The *tabi* foot is built like a mitten, the big toe being enclosed in a pocket by itself.

For shoes, straw sandals, or wooden *geta,* are used, the latter varying in type and cost. Some are low and elaborately lacquered; others, for rainy weather, are built high off the ground, and are cheaper. The latter are carried by a deep leather toe cap. Dry weather *geta* and sandals are carried by a single thong attached to the front end of the shoe, and extending therefrom in the form of an inverted V run two similar thongs which are fastened to the sides of the shoe about midway its length. The wearer slips the single front thong between the big and next toe. In all cases the rear of the shoe is permitted to slap along by itself.

The body, below the waist, is covered by a strip of cloth wound around twice and fastened at the waist with tie strings. In the case of unmarried women the color of this petticoat is red, but a more somber color is substituted after marriage. Apropos of this, the Japanese have a saying "Love flies away with the red petticoat."

Over the petticoat is the under *kimono* of cotton, and over this is the gorgeously colored silk outer *kimono*. Both of these *kimonos* are widely open at the neck, and are fastened at the waist, not by buttons, pins, or hooks and eyes, but are merely held together by a broad sash of silk brocade tied at the back in a butterfly bow.

All of the above, and no more, constitute the outdoor dress of the *geisha*. Indoors it seems to be the same. Hats are never worn, an exceptionally beautiful arrangement of the usually heavy hair being sufficient ornament and covering.

MONKEYS. In the Japanese hills are not a few wild monkeys. They are sad dogs and sorely addicted to liquor. They are almost never caught by usual methods, but place a saucer of *saké* beside a runway, and pass that way in an hour, and very likely a monkey will be found "sleeping it off" where you left the *saké*. And yet the W. C. T. U. assert that wild animals do not make beasts of themselves with liquor, as men do!

DRINKS. No need to describe the drinks at the hotels frequented by the tourist. They are the same as those which once were dispensed in this country.

The favorite Japanese "cup that cheers" is *saké,* brewed from rice and consumed hot. Domestic beer, made under the direction of German brew masters, is of several kinds, among which "Asahi" is perhaps the most popular brand. The Japanese are not addicted to the use of strong spirituous liquors.

Tea is served at the slightest excuse, and a kettle of hot water is ever ready at hand wherewith to brew it. A business conference is not complete without a cup of tea and a cigarette, and coincident with their consumption the ubiquitous bowl of sand, and the six-inch joint of hollow bambo, stand on the table to serve as ash tray and cuspidor, respectively.

LIGHTING SCHEMES. Of course, there are electric lights in Japan, and immense power developing stations, most of them hydraulically operated; but in inland communities, and numberless households of the less opulent classes, oil and vegetable tallow supply the medium for illumination, both inside and outside.

Street lamps line both sides of the thoroughfares, and are useful more as guides than the light they spread. The street itself is almost pitch dark, but by holding one's course directly between the two rows of lights the way is easy. Lanterns, suspended from short bamboo sticks, are carried at night by all native pedestrians, and similar lanterns are hung from the shafts of every *'riksha,* so there is no danger of collisions.

The street lamps are really lanterns, a long slender wick of pith or cotton being immersed in a dish of oil set perhaps midway the depth of the lantern itself, which is a wooden frame covered with paper. The house lamps are similar, although in those that are carried about the house, or used in the street by pedestrians and *kurumayas,* a vegetable-tallow candle is substituted for oil. These candles are not inserted in socketed candlesticks as ours are, but are set on spikes.

FIRES. The author has had but one experience with a fire in Japan, but this one was very intimate and not without its thrills. It concerns the destruction of the Oriental Hotel Annex in Kobe, called by the Japanese "*Sangai*" because it rose to the stupendous height of three stories.

At one o'clock one morning he was awakened by a house boy racing through the halls, beating a poker and shovel together and yelling "*yojin*" (fire) at the top of his lungs. The narrator arose from his downy couch, donned a dressing gown and looked into the hall. No fire, not even the smell of smoke, so he retired again only to be reawakened a few minutes later by the same boy-made racket. This time he reconnoitred more thoroughly, and at the far end of the corridor entered an unoccupied room where the floor was hot to the touch, and the crackling of burning wood could be heard beneath.

Then, having learned something of the leisurely ways of the Japanese, he *moved!* A brace of house boys and two *kurumayas* were secured in a jiffy with the aid of some silver. Returning to his rooms he "packed" by emptying dresser drawers onto the bed. The spread took one load, the quilt another, the blanket another, and the sheets still others. Into bags and trunks went the remainder, or most of it, for some small things were left behind in the hurried departure with what proved to be the last load. The smoke got thicker and thicker, until it became a question of probable suffocation to return for a final "looksee."

Outside there was an awful *yakamashi,* for the fire department had finally arrived, a full half-hour after the first alarm was struck. They were now going through their "dress parade," of which more later.

In wandering about a Japanese city one casually notices tall bamboo ladders, extending considerably above the roofs of the surrounding buildings.

At the top of these ladders is a miniature roof under which is suspended a thimble-shaped gong. This is a fire station, and the number of taps given the gong by the watchman signifies the location of the fire.

When a fire breaks out one does not ring in an alarm and go to packing up, but notifies the police. The police, after looking carefully into the ethics surrounding the case, finally notify the firemen that there is work for them to do by sending a man to strike the alarm. This man hustles to the nearest firetower, mounts to the top and gets active with his little hammer. The tone of the fire gong itself, at dead of night, is enough to strike terror at the heart of the most hardened.

The firemen come scurrying, dragging hose carts and other implements. As they approach the scene of the conflagration one can hear their excited chatter for blocks. Arriving at the fire a "dress parade" is formed, noses counted, brigades or fire companies allotted particular tasks by the chiefs, standards are raised and the mad revel is on, and the water too, at last.

Suffice it to say that in the case of the Oriental Hotel Annex, the fire got such a running start on the firemen that there was never any doubt about the outcome. The building was entirely destroyed, with about everything in it, for there were few who moved with the celerity of the author. So we stood at a safe distance and watched the firemen sprinkle the outside of the building. Occasionally there would be heard a machine-gun succession of "pops," denoting the extravagant departure of many good bottles of champagne. The able manager of the hotel, Mr. Adam, seized a hose nozzle and attempted to enter the building in order to fight the fire from the inside, but he was immediately disarmed of the nozzle and told to scoot! That isn't the way the Japanese fight fires, especially during the ascendency of the fire god, as then was the case, and when the fire is in the foreign concession.

A TRIP TO GIFU. A friend of ours had an engagement with a prominent paper manufacturer in Gifu, and invited the author to accompany him on the trip. Neither of us could then speak any Japanese to mention, but we started off without an interpreter, nevertheless.

Leaving the Sannomiya Station at Kobe we stopped over a day each in Osaka and Kyoto, completing the 150-mile journey to Gifu on the third day almost. Part of the ride from Kosatsu to Gifu, skirting the shores of Lake Biwa, was very beautiful. Certain incidents on the train were even more interesting.

The seats in the Japanese day coach run length-wise the car on both sides, the same as in our old street cars. One has good opportunity to study his fellow travellers, but it is a bit tiresome for a long journey. Waiters are at hand with food and drinks of all kinds, and smokes. Every coach is a smoking car, simply for the reason that everybody smokes.

At Kyoto a particularly pretty *geisha* boarded the train, and after arranging her elaborate costume to her satisfaction, she discovered that the thong of her *geta* had chafed the part of her foot between the big and next toe. Raising the afflicted member to the knee of her other leg she gently massaged the sore spot. Let the reader recall the description of the *geisha* dress previously given in this series of sketches, and understand why the author, who sat opposite the gorgeously arrayed one, must draw the curtain at this point.

At every stop of the train, butchers, or whatever they are called in Japan, set the air alive about the train with their cries of *"bento"* (lunch), *"O cha"* (tea), *"tabako"* (tobacco), and "Tokyo Puck," the last named being a current comic weekly.

The *bento* boxes were dainty, thin affairs of wood, tied with a red and white cord. Opened they commonly were found to contain smoked eels, reposing upon a bed of perfectly cooked rice.

Within the box were the "*hashi.*" The tea was served in pots, and these, with the cups, the traveller left behind on his seat, to be collected by other boys later on. The whole lunch cost but a few *sen,* perhaps five.

Along about nightfall the engine broke down, and we went forward to see if we could aid in its repair. In so doing we discovered a dining car well up in front, and entered it.

We found this diner to be not different from those in this country except that the *carte du jour* was fastened in a stand and could not be removed. This card served for all meals, and the food was practically all European. On the reverse side of the card was the wine list, so we ordered a bottle of "White Seal," and got it—warm. Calling for another we were told that "White Seal" was "*moshi mai,*" all gone, finished. So we ordered the next in line. One bottle of that and again "*moshi mai.*" This was the invariable answer to all repeat orders until we reached *saké*. There was enough of that!

At two o'clock in the morning, weary, and overworked in the diner, we descended from the train at Gifu. There we were met by Tomeyasan, the proprietor of the inn where the author partook of his first Japanese bath. Tomeya personally escorted us to the inn, arranged for our comfort, and finally bade us a cheery *"O yasumi nasai"* (may you enjoy honorable tranquility).

Night was all about us. Belated homecomers clip-clopped past the inn, and the night watchman, carrying in his hand the iron staff with rings at the top, strode by, at every other step striking the rod against the ground and setting the rings a jingle, at the same time chanting in a mournful voice "look out for fire"! And then sleep claimed us.

CALLING A "TAXI." This operation is a very complicated procedure. You issue from your residence at any hour of the day or night, and address the wide open spaces with a shrill cry of *"kurumaya"!* Afar off, or maybe near at hand, echoes almost instantly one or more responses, *"Hai"* (yes). If your call be heard by more than one *kurumaya* a sharp race to you ensues. The first arrival wins, of course. Then follows your instructions to him:

"Kurumaya ne?" (You are the *'rikshaman,* aren't you?)

"Hai" (Yes.) He admits it.

"Blank san, yamamichi ne?" (Mr. Blank, Mountain Road, isn't it?)

"Hai."

"Ju ban chi ne?" (Number ten, isn't it?)

"Hai."

"Ni chome ne?" (Ward two, isn't it?)

"Hai."

"Wakarimasu ka?" (Do you understand?)

"Hai."

Entering the *'riksha,* you polish off the conversation by sweetly advising the *kurumaya* to *"Sa! Hayaku!"* (All right! Hurry up!) And that's that, except that the word "hayaku" is pronounced hiké-u. Was our word "hike" derived from the Japanese?

THE BEDROOM. This room, over which the designer of Occidental abodes devotes so much careful thought, is located anywhere in the house where the Sandman happens to get in his irresistible work. Mattresses (*futon*) are called for, and these are spread upon the clean straw-matted floor. Quilts constitute the covering. The pillow for males is a bag of sand (maybe not, but it feels just like it). For females the pillow is an elevated wooden structure with a drawer at the bottom for cigarettes, matches and what not. At the top is a cylinder covered with soft paper. Upon this the female rests her neck, her head hanging free beyond the "pillow," that the elaborate head-dress be not disarranged.

Light is furnished by rape seed oil lanterns covered with specially prepared paper. This lantern furnishes illumination only sufficient to allow one to find his bed, and to prevent his walking through the *karakimi*, or *shoji*, and doing a Brodie into the garden outside.

KAKEMONOS. In every house there are *kakemonos*, or hanging scrolls. These are copies of axiomatic or proverbial writings of emperors and other wise men. Just as representations of the carp are so much in evidence during the "Boys Festival," since "As the carp swims upstream and overcomes adverse currents and waterfalls, so must the boy conquer the adversities of life," so likewise these written proverbs are believed to lend inspiration. One in the author's possession was indited by the Tokugawa Shogun Iyeyasu over three hundred years ago, and was translated for the author by an eminent Japanese engineer, as follows:

"The life of man is like a journey, heavy load on his shoulders. If he endure troubles he shall be always happy, and will never complain of the lack of pleasure and luxury. Fortitude and perseverance are the fundamental principles to be observed. Consider 'angry and complain' his foe. If he has no experience of defeat in battle he will not success. Do not reproach the other but reproach yourself. A little less is always better than too much."

THE TOILET. This is invariably situated outside the house, in the garden, and in a building by itself. It is a dry closet. One enters by ascending a short flight of steps, and finds himself in a small, bare room. In the center of the floor is a rectangular slot some three feet long by one foot wide. Rising at one end on a slight slope from the perpendicular is what at first sight looks like the handle to a lawn mower, equipped with the usual horizontal handle bar. Across the face of the upright arm a thin, foot-wide board is fastened broadside to the long dimension of the rectangular slot in the floor.

Evacuatory proceedings are performed by the operator first planting his feet astride the floor slot, suitably arranging his clothing (and in so doing, dropping downward through the slot his keys, knife, and loose change), seizing upon the cross bar of the upright and swinging backward and downward therefrom. Suitable receptacles repose beneath the floor.

Beautiful beds of flowers and blossoming cherry or plum trees surround this *benjo*. It's a great life.

DISPOSAL OF THE ORDURE. The receptacles beneath the floor of the *benjo* are emptied at periodic intervals by licensed scavengers. These scavengers receive from the householder an annual fee of one *yen* ($0.50) for each adult, and fifty *sen* ($0.25) for each child. Collections of material are always at night, and the late homecomer is made well aware of this by the engaging persistence of his *'rikshaman* who jogs along directly back of the scavenger's cart, when he can locate one. Frantic yells of *kusai,* which means about what it sounds like when pronounced, commonly fail to swerve the *kurumaya* from his highly undesirable position in the parade. The author firmly believes the Japanese have no well developed sense of smell; offensive smell anyway. The perfumes affected by some *geisha* girls add confirmation to this hypothesis.

The ultimate destination of the scavenger's cart is some farm. There are available no natural fertilizers worth mentioning, except those of human origin, because horses, cows and other domestic animals cannot be raised extensively in Japan owing to the omnipresent bamboo grass, which grows profusely wherever otherwise good pasture land might be had. This bamboo grass, consumed by domestic animals, promptly penetrates their intestines, causing speedy death.

It follows, then, and because the average farmer cannot afford artificial fertilizers, that he must, perforce, employ human excreta for this highly necessary purpose. The scavenger and the farmer enjoy many a vigorous battle over the value of the contents of the scavenger's barrels, the argument always being based upon the asserted or supposititious strength of the material. Claims of "watering," in this connection, are as common as those associating milk and the old oaken bucket in this country.

The scavenger's cargo ultimately is deposited in the farmer's receiving tank. From this tank buckets are filled, and these latter are conveyed on bearing poles to strategic points throughout his fields. From these large buckets smaller hand buckets are filled, and by means of long handled dippers the human waste is distributed about, and *upon,* the growing vegetables. Small wonder that the intelligent white man eschews the luxury of fresh vegetables, lettuce, strawberries and the like, in Japan; and notwithstanding the sterling service of their greatest bacteriologist, Dr. Kitasato, an internationally famous scientist and a pioneer in higher sanitation for Japan, communicable disease still is widely spread through the population by the common practice of this very elemental, but exceedingly potential unhygienic agency.

THE BATH. There are many public baths, both hot and cold, natural and artificial, medicinal and plain, scattered through the country. The Japanese, unlike the Hindu, takes his bath unclothed.

Mixed bathing, while still practiced, is not so common as it used to be. In the household, where financial considerations or lack of space preclude the establishment of the usual bathing facilities, water is heated in a caldron, and the bath enjoyed in the street within the sight of all who may wish to look. Only the white visitor looks, however. Such things mean nothing to the Japanese. Indeed, pictures of the naked human form divine may be displayed openly in shop windows, but photographs of actresses in tights, like our old cigarettes pictures, are taboo on grounds of indecency. The "Black Crook" would not be tolerated. The "Follies" might, and probably would be.

The author's first personal experience with the Japanese bath took place in Gifu, a small city situated inland about forty miles north from Nagoya. Arriving at that city late at night he proceeded to the inn of Tomeyasan, whose caravansary is one of the most elaborate and best known in all Japan. Being shown to a room he left instructions to be provided with a bath at seven o'clock the following morning, then stretched his weary body upon the soft, but not very resilient *futon,* and laid his head upon the customary sand bag. Morpheus arrived promptly.

At the hour indicated he was awakened by a tug at the sleeve of his *kimono,* and sleepy-eyed looked upward, first right, then left, into the smiling eyes of two little maids of some twelve or fourteen years, who at once began a voluble chattering which the then thirty-day knowledge of the Japanese language failed to untangle into American intelligence. He caught the word "*furo,*" however, which means bath, so arose obediently, wormed the kinks out of his neck, and was handed a pair of high stilted *geta* which he slipped on as he issued from the room. The ensuing flight of stairs leading to the garden he negotiated in one step and series of bumps, having caught the stilt of one *geta* on the top step. During his flight gardenward his ears rang with the shrill laughter of his amused attendants.

Stepping out into the garden he was led to the bath house. This was an open structure, a roof supported on four uprights covering (why, he later wondered) the bath tank. This tank was perhaps five feet in diameter and depth, respectively, and into it, and bent downward into the three feet of water it contained, was a three-inch pipe which led initially from a charcoal brazier outside the tank. This heated the water. Leading upward into the bath tank was a flight of steps.

At the tank the narrator paused and instructed his small, and intensely interested attendants to "beat it." They merely giggled and held their ground. The arrival of several interested villagers about that time decided the victim, who hastily shook off his *kimono,* swarmed up the steps and fell into the tank. Shades of Gehenna! That water had a temperature close to boiling, it seemed. But he couldn't get out of the tank in the presence of that rapidly growing audience of merely curious spectators, and decided that if he remained long enough they would depart, and that the water would cool ultimately. Vain hopes! He had forgotten the charcoal brazier outside, and the little pipe leading into the tank. The water became hotter and still hotter, and finally, cooked to a turn and red as a boiled lobster, (red for the same reason and not from outraged modesty,—he had no time to think of that!) he flew out of that tank of torture into the blessed cool of the outside air. As the present day jazz song goes—"Whadda I care."

Alighting on the ground the circle of spectators pressed closer for minute inspection of the foreigner. The two maids bustled up, bringing pails of cold water which they splashed upon the shrinking nakedness of the human lobster. Then followed the towel-drying process, which gave the audience much cause for merriment, the small attendants prolonging the operation as much as

A Shave in the Morning, Japan

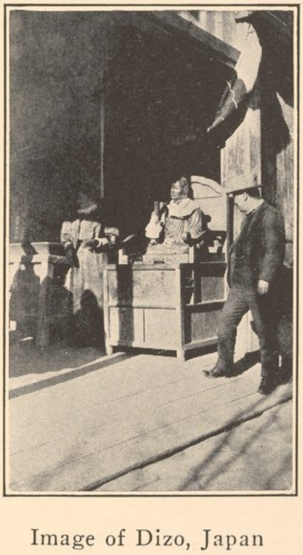
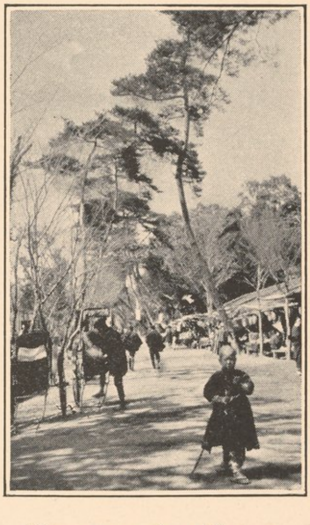


Image of Dizo, Japan



View near Arashiyama
Rapids, Japan

possible. Finally the *kimono* again was resumed, and the victim of his first Japanese bath allowed to ascend to his room where he bruskly invited his travelling companion to go take his bath. He responded, with a wide grin, "Not by a damn sight. I saw you take yours!"

A SHAMPOO OR A SHAVE. One peculiarity about the shampoo, enjoyed in towns well inland, is that if the shampooee be a man the shampooer will be a woman, and vice versa. Also, in inland towns, you most commonly take your shave lying flat on your back, your loose change dribbling meanwhile from your pockets.

JAPANESE VIRTUES. The artistic senses are quickened by the wonderful exhibitions of woodcarving at Nikko, the almost inconceivably beautiful embroideries of Kyoto, and the exquisite porcelains of Satsuma which perhaps represent more truthfully an art of really Japanese origin than almost anything else. But taken all in all it is a fact that the Occidental is more particularly attracted by the people themselves, their lives and customs. Peaceful, hospitable and always courteous, they soon attach themselves strongly to one, for it is a fact, which is true of but few countries, that the foreigner may travel the length and breadth of Japan and never meet with discourtesy;

disconcerting curiosity, perhaps, but never discourtesy.

The Japanese people possess a trinity of virtues which would make them a lovable people if they possessed no others, those of patriotism, filial devotion and untiring energy. No country is more loved by its people than Japan; in no other land does filial devotion, the fundamental idea of Shintoism, play a more pronounced part in the domestic life of the people than here; and it would be difficult, indeed, to name a land where every one is so bent on "keeping busy."

OCCIDENTAL FOOD. That the Japanese are not a carnivorous people is due essentially, in all probability, not to their aversion to meat, (notwithstanding their adhesion to Buddhism), but to the paucity of the fauna of Japan. Fish are abundant, as are wild ducks and geese. Rice remains their chief article of food, and is their bread. Fish, chicken, game, beef, pork and eggs are used by those who can afford them. *Soy* is the universal condiment. Vegetables, seaweed, beans and grains, are used widely. *Daikon,* the rancid radish, is very popular.

At the *Nani wa te* in Osaka the hungry foreigner receives an agreeable surprise. He must remove his shoes on entering, of course, but instead of being forced to sit on his heels on the floor, and endeavor to derive satisfaction from a mess of Japanese chow, with the doubtful aid of *hashi,* he is treated to real chairs and a high table covered with an immaculate linen cloth. The china and cutlery are such as he is accustomed to, as is the food, with one or two exceptions.

The bill of fare is painted in white upon a half-inch thick block of wood, perhaps eight inches long by four inches wide. The items are written in Japanese, but the lines run horizontally. At the left of each item is a number, so the foreigner has merely to order by announcing to the waitress the numbers of the items he desires, *"Ichiban"* (number one) *"Sanban,"* and so on. But how will one know what he is ordering? The answer is simple. The menu card, once prepared, never changes, it would seem, and once used the numbers may be employed by a relatively recent arrival in Japan to the wonderment of accompanying friends who have but just landed.

The stereotype fare at the *Nani wa te,* runs the gamut from soup (number one) through fish and chicken cutlets down to French pancakes. Tea is served whether asked for or not, and, wonder of wonders, split toasted wheat rolls. But alas for the last named! The butter, served in the old time covered glass dish, is not so good. It looks all right, and is all right, so long as it remains in the dish with the cover on. But with the removal of the cover,—boy oh boy it is awful! Complaining to his *banto* about this on his first visit to the *Nani wa te* the *banto,* an alumnus of the University of California, by the way, expressed surprise but no chagrin. "Not good?" interrogated he, "It seems all right to me." And then, the week following, when a return visit was made, his face beamed as he announced that the management had secured some "fresh" butter. Glory of glories, happy days! And sure enough, there was the butter reposing in the covered glass dish, innocently white and inviting. Business of delicately raising the cover and applying the smeller. No need! The rancid reek literally jumped out from beneath the cover, and offended the olfactory nerve a yard away. Old fashioned "IXL Axle Grease" ought to find a whale of a market in Japan.

IMPERIAL STEEL WORKS. On the return trip through Kyushu we called on the general manager of the Imperial Steel Works, located at Moji, it is believed, although it may be Wakamatsu. Conversation was carried on through an interpreter until the smiling Japanese atom, deciding that we had no improper designs on the works under his charge, suggested that we continue our talk in English. Previously disclaiming any knowledge of the English language he proved to be a graduate of Yale Sheff. What can you do with such people!

THE TADAKAMA COAL MINES. Travelling to Shimonseki, and on through Moji and Wakamatsu, one eventually arrives at the coal mining region in the Island of Kyushu. The speed of the trains in Kyushu reminds us of the query addressed to the conductor on a "Cannon Ball Express" in the Southland — "Can't you go faster than this?" "Certainly," responded the conductor, "but I am not expected home until this train pulls in."

The little village nestling about the mines is a string-town, with the houses spread along the banks of a stream. At the inn where we put up the chow was entirely Japanese, and particularly awful Japanese chow at that. For two days we lived on rice, eggs and beer. The eggs were grand! Once a year, it is thought, there is an egg pickling orgy, and hundreds of eggs are barrelled in salt. The antiquity of the egg is never questioned; indeed, the blacker it proves to be the more it is coveted by the native. Add a feather or two and the edible value of the rudimentary foodstuff jumps prodigiously.

At six o'clock, morning and evening, the mine shifts change. The workers are both male and female. Issuing from the shafts they come, covered with coal dust and black as a landlord's heart. The men and boys are attired in a breech clout. The woman and girls pass a cord about their waists and from this depends a small rectangle of cotton cloth. This cloth is just as likely to hang at the back, or over one hip, as it is in its proper position in front. Often the women wear an additional ornament in the form of a coal dusted infant strapped to the back.

Proceeding from the mouth of the mine shafts the male and female workers wend their way to the stream for the grand clean-up. Fifteen minutes later the banks of the brook present an unique spectacle, with hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, combing their hair and generally polishing off their toilet, all utterly naked and unconscious except for such curiosity as they display over the white men who are giving them the up and down.

BACKHANDED IDEAS. Many things the Japanese do appear utterly incongruous to us. For example, the shovel blade is pointed toward the user, and shovelling is done toward the person, and not away from him. The carpenter's saw "bites" on the upward, and not on the downward, stroke. He planes toward and not from himself. His screwdriver works to the left because the screws are made that way. Locks close to the left. Japanese writings commence at our last page, and at the right thereof. The lines are vertical and not horizontal; and so on *ad infinitum*.

When a Japanese is interrogated on this point his only answer is that it is we who are wrong, and that settles the argument. Just as they assert that their religion (Shintoism) is thousands of years older than ours (and rightfully, too) they lay claim to having originated about everything else. They are not backward in expressing the conviction that our "Worcestershire" sauce is but a retrogradation of their *soy*. If they invented Japanese butter they are welcome to it. Over here we call it axle grease.

JAPANESE ESPIONAGE. One newly arrived in Japan learns promptly that he is not to be permitted to hide his light under a bushel, or otherwise for that matter. On registering at the hotel he is made acquainted with the register, (*seki*) that is, he must file a certificate of his name, age, status, color, occupation, permanent or temporary home, previous address, father, grandfather, mother and grandmother's names, businesses, residences, color, and addresses. He must state for what purpose he is in Japan, how long he intends to remain, where he proposes to live, and so on.

The Occidental visitor need not flatter himself that he ever escapes from the eye of the police, for he doesn't. Through their countless sources of information they know more about his movements, past, present and proposed, than he does himself, as for example:

Open house was held one night at the Kobe Club in honor of a British Prince. An acquaintance of the author took full advantage of the hospitalities offered by the open bar, and around two o'clock in the morning left the club, engaged a *'riksha,* and was conveyed to his hotel some four squares away. Arriving there the *kurumaya* attempted to stick him for a double fare. Considerable loose conversation followed, ending by the white man's fist describing the arc of a circle, the said fist impinging on the beezer of the *kurumaya.* The latter sailed into the gutter, and the white man into the hotel and to bed.

The next morning at breakfast a boy handed a *chit* to the white man and he, following to the hotel office, found a policeman who apologetically announced that the "chief" desired an interview with him. Proceeding to headquarters he was given a cup of tea and a cigarette, and then informed smilingly that if there was any question of the amount of the *'riksha* fare of the night before he should have paid it and later filed a formal complaint; but that instead he had struck the *kurumaya* a powerful blow, so injuring him that he would be confined in the hospital for two weeks; that the *kurumaya* was married and had six children; that his earning capacity ceased, of course, when he was struck; and finally, that one hundred gold dollars would quash the complaint and liquidate all damages.

The white man set up an awful wail. The *kurumaya* couldn't earn a hundred gold dollars in six months; he had tried to trim him when he was "blotto"; and anyway, he had only given him one paste on the nose. "Well" replied the chief, "all that doubtless is true, but adjustment of this matter must be made promptly, nevertheless. We know that you propose going to Yokohama today, and on Wednesday to Tokyo, thence back to Yokohama on the following Saturday. From that point your movements appear uncertain, so it is best to arrange this matter now."

The white man declared to the author that no one but himself could possibly have known his plans so far ahead, but he certainly *was* going to Yokohama and Tokyo, and did not know himself what his movements were to be after Saturday. "But," he said to the author, "if they knew as much about me as I found they did know, it was enough, and then some. I paid!"

JAPANESE DUPLICATION. In a certain city the author passed through a water-works pumping station, and in so doing made casual mental note of four triple expansion steam pumping engines of a certain well known type. Something was strange about them, however, which hasty inspection did not clear up.

Months later the author was a guest of the pump manufacturers in Europe, and casually remarked that there were four of their pumping units in this Japanese city. To this the agent replied, "The hell there are! Five years ago we received an order for four engines, one to be delivered at once, one the year following, and the remaining units two years later. The first unit was set up and paid for. We waited in vain for confirmation of the rest of the order. Letters and cables availing nothing we sent a man to Japan. He found four pumping units in place. The original had been promptly 'knocked down' and the other three fabricated, using the original as a pattern."

The "strange" thing about those engines, unfathomed at the time by the author, was that the three home-made engines did not bear the maker's nameplate. The original one did! "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain," etc., to paraphrase one Francis Bret Harte.

DONATED APPELLATIONS. Just as in America every bellboy is a "boy," every pullman porter "George," and every waiter "hey," "waiter," "boy," or what have you, in Japan every male servant is *"chiisai,"* which literally means "small." The author is in the dark respecting the proper appellation for a female servant. *"Neisan"* is the accepted term, but often the male guest rolls what he believes to be a wicked eye, and addresses her as *"iihito."* No Anglo-Japanese dictionary is needed to explain that this means "sweetheart."

Now *"chiisai"* for the boy, and *"ko"* for the girl mean small, yet *chiisai* it is, even if the "boy" is eighty years old. The girl is luckier in the matter of names, for what is prettier, more euphonious anyway, than *Cho Cho Ko, Matsu Ko, Umi Ko,* meaning Little Butterfly, Little Pine, Little Plum?

THE GARDEN OF LANTERNS. In the grounds surrounding Shiba Temple, in Tokyo, is the wonderful Garden of Lanterns. Enshrined in a veritable forest are scores of gigantic lanterns fashioned out of stone. These have been presented to the temple from time to time, and each one bears an inscription giving the name of the donor, who quite commonly is a provincial governor, the date when the gift was presented, and the statement that it is reverently offered. This garden is one of the most impressively beautiful spots in Japan.

ARASHIYAMA (THUNDER MOUNTAIN) RAPIDS. Near Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, is located Arashiyama, a mountain of parts. The neighborhood is particularly noted, however, for Arashiyama Rapids and the beautiful cherry trees that line both sides of the river. On the banks of the stream are numerous platforms built out over the water, and to these whole families flock on occasion, carrying their lunches and *saké* bottles, to spend the day feasting their art-hungry eyes on the beautiful floral display and scenic grandeur spread out before them.

A trip down the rapids provides a real thrill. The boats are of wood, flat bottomed, shallow and wide, accommodating half a dozen or more people. The boatmen, two in number, stand at the bow and stern, respectively. They are muscular fellows, and agile as cats, as well they must be. They are clothed in blue denim tights and straw sandals, if they do not go barefoot. For outer covering they wear straw rain coats, and enormous pyramidal hats of the same material. They appear like animated hay stacks.

Arranging ourselves in the boat at the head of the rapids we "let go." Boy oh boy, how we do swim! Rocks are everywhere, and only the quick eyes and superior dexterity with the poles on the part of the boatmen save us from a good ducking. On we fly, ever and anon the boat grating over a submerged rock amid excited and unsubdued shrieks on the part of the ladies as the spray dashes over them. The boat bounds against a rock, tilts, and a hat goes overboard up forward, but the alert boatman at the stern in the next instant has fished it expertly from the racing torrent. We slide over another rock, the bottom yawns and water rushes in; but we are near our destination, and aside from wet feet none the worse for our small adventure. Arashiyama towers over us, and the cherry blossoms provide a veil of pink against the green expanse of the mountainside.

CHAPTER III

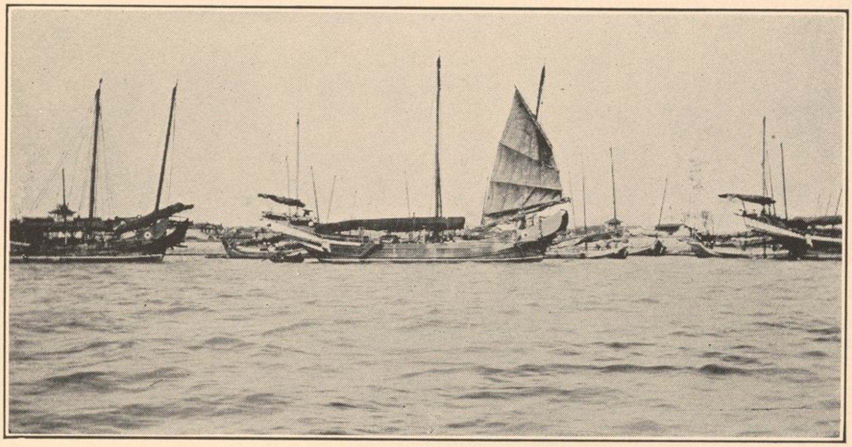
China and the Settlements

TO LEAVE Japan is as great a strain on the nerves as to enter it, albeit the respective sensations are antithetical. On first approach to the shores of Dai Nippon all is expectant enthusiasm, whereas departure therefrom, after a sojourn of many months, is enshrouded in an atmosphere of mental gloom. Close, though relatively new, friendships must be severed, and a mass of ever enduring memories is all that is left to console.

On the day of our departure for China the Hatoba is crowded with our friends, and the members of a Japanese brass band bravely struggle with American jazz. Gifts are showered upon us, and not the least of these are remembrances presented by our "boy," a native artist, and a billiard marker at the Kobe Club. We have them yet among our cherished possessions. On board ship the jorum is passed innumerable times, and then the last farewells are said, the anchor weighed, and with heavy hearts we enter our flower bedecked cabin to seek consolation in anticipating the experiences to come in China and the South.

THE SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS AND A WET TIFFIN. Little do we suspect that our friends just left behind on the Hatoba, which even now is fading away into the mists of the sea astern, already have spread nets for us in friendly solicitude. Arriving at the Straits of Shimonoseki, where the Inland Sea joins the Sea of Japan through the Eastern Channel and Korea Strait, our ship drops the mud hook for a short tarry of a couple of hours. Even before we come to anchor we espy a launch, bravely beflagged, speeding from the shore, and presently we are vociferously "paged" by its occupants and invited ashore for *tiffin.* Apprising the Captain, and arranging for signals to mark the time of our return aboard ship, we set off to put in two hectic hours with people of whom we have never heard, but who have been asked by our friends in Japan to speed us on our way. They do! As for *tiffin,* the author of these chronicles faintly recalls a stack of sandwiches, which at the end of the two-hour visit still remained a pyramid of almost identical size, whilst ever and anon, chiefly ever, the atmosphere about the veranda was shattered by the precipitant departure of corks from an army of black Ayala bottles. Then back to the ship and more farewells, during which our host of two hours' acquaintance wept bitterly over our going. We are not at all certain that we did not join heartily in this tearful feature of the farewell performance. We probably did.

SHANGHAI AND THE YELLOW SEA. Now around through the Channel, a brief stop at Nagasaki, then across the Eastern Sea to Shanghai. North of Shanghai is Hwang-hai, or the Yellow Sea; south of Shanghai is Tung-hai the Eastern Sea. Like Mike and Ike they look alike, for both are sure enough yellow. We all have had a taste of what happens when a muddy water enters a body of clear water, such as is encountered at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, and at the Delta in Louisiana, but nothing can equal the conditions opposite Shanghai. Here is the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and for quite a hundred miles from shore the sea is stained a deep yellow by the fine sediment brought down to it by the Yang-tse. The Yellow River, the Hwang Ho, may be its superior as a mud shooter, but probably not. Doubtless they are of equal antiquity, but the Yang-tse is five hundred miles longer, so it ought to be dirtier, like the neck of the lad eight years old as compared with that of his playmate six years of age. It is true that the Yellow River is known as "China's Sor-



Junks at Wu Sung, Shanghai, China

row" because of its frequent and disastrous floods, but nobody has ever bestowed any medals upon the Yang-tse for refraining from wiping out hundreds of lives annually when it feels like getting down to business and acting naturally.

PRESENTING A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION IN SHANGHAI. Our Shanghai anchorage is at Wu-Sung. From here we are driven to the Astor, enjoy a bath and early breakfast and are ready to go. Our first duty is to locate those to whom we have letters of introduction. There are a dozen of these, so a conveyance is secured and we make our first call, on a banker.

The "clark" of the banker expresses deep surprise at our call made thus early. Our man has not arrived at his office as yet. This experience being repeated in our next two or three calls we get a bit peeved at bankers, engineers, merchants and solicitors. At the fourth or fifth stop we encounter an unusually amiable secretary, who suggests that we look in at the Shanghai Club. Our man may be there. Arriving at the club we name him to the doorman, who leads us to the bar, and to him. We introduce ourself and present our letter of introduction. Business of being the recipient of the O-O, otherwise known as the "Once Over" or the "Up and Down," while we try hard to look natural. Apparently passing the initial test our hand is shaken, and our new acquaintance inquires if we have other letters to present. Silently and hopefully we pass over to him the entire sheaf, whereupon he shuffles them, glances about, and calls "Hi! Jim!" "O Harry!" "Mike!" and so on, meanwhile handing out our letters like a rear admiral in front of the dentist's parlor, murmuring casual introductions with each letter. Believe it or not, all of our letters of introduction were distributed right there, before noon, in front of the bar in the Shanghai Club! There may be hordes of "yowsers" in Austria (vide Anita Loos) and a fairish number of "wowsers" in Australia (vide Wilton Russell Nevins) but we will take a chance on the statement that there are none of either in Shanghai, at least, none who has a white hide.

THE SHANGHAI CLUB BAR. It seems to be a passion among the Caucasian race in the Far East to construct long bars. Our guess is that the bar in the Shanghai Club is the longest in the world. At the Kobe Club in Japan men frequently lose their voices calling their orders to bartenders standing at the other end of the bar. In the Shanghai Club one resorts to signals. At that, the space in front of the bar is fully occupied to a depth of three men, with a fair overflow milling about on the outside, waiting expectantly for some weak mortal to fall out of place. Gin and bitters is the order of the day, for it is not yet time for whiskey-soda.

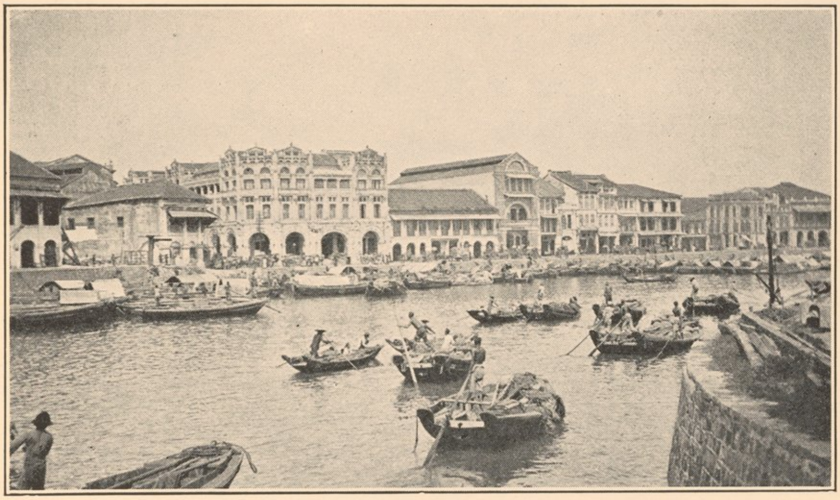
And speaking of gin and bitters reminds us of a terrible mess we got into at the Kobe Club. Not waxing very keen over gin and bitters at ten *sen* per copy, we bethought ourself of an excellent *frappéed* Martini that Sheridan used to mix for us at the Manhattan Club in New York, and so we taught the Japanese bartender at the Kobe Club to make one like it. What a sale it had until the Chairman of the House Committee discovered it was being dispensed at the same price as gin and bitters! And what a whale of a bawling out he gave us when we were identified as the instigator of its manufacture!

The author's days in Shanghai were long and brightly colored. Bubbling Well Road was explored to its terminus. Not so bad. A side trip to Nanking provided thrills, in which a Viceroy and battalions of "sing song" girls were component elements; and here it may be remarked, that sing song girls are sometimes pretty and amusing, but they do not always prove agreeable to the olfactory sense. The oil on their hair has a way of dying a lingering death that is not conducive to attractive smell.

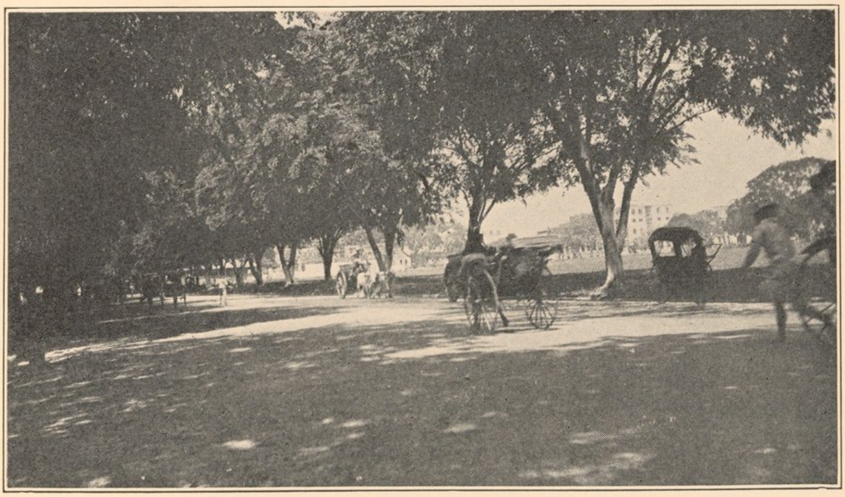
HONG KONG AND MACAO. A nine-hundred-mile sail from Shanghai and we reach Hong Kong. It is the latter part of June, and not cool. At the King Edward we meet Captain Saunders of the Pacific Mail S. S. Manchuria, who discusses with us sympathetically the misfortune which befell Captain Porter of the sister ship Mongolia. It seems that Captain Porter, a splendid man and most capable mariner, sailing his ship into Honolulu harbor for the first time following the San Francisco earthquake, piled up on an uncharted reef which unquestionably had been thrown up by that seismotic disturbance. The irony of Fate dictated that Captain Saunders was later to lose the Manchuria on the identical spot.

While *'rikshas* were employed somewhat in Shanghai, in Hong Kong we took to chairs. These, with their long and springy bearing poles are sleep-making agencies, and conducive to dreams of the happy days in Mother's arms.

The Peak, with its veil of mist, Macao, with its rough characters and waste-paper currency, where a five-dollar note looks like a cotton bandanna and is worth less, and a trip up river to get a close smell of Canton, exhausted the days in this vicinity. Canton is a hundred miles from Hong Kong as the crow flies, which is lucky for Hong Kong. One does not need to travel the full century to get the smell. Ninety is quite enough.



The Quai, Singapore



Raffles Square, Singapore

SINGAPORE. We dropped anchor in the harbor of Singapore on the afternoon of July 3d, and proceeded promptly to Raffles Hotel. Sir Thomas Raffles was a man of parts, and crowded much useful achievement into his brief life of forty-five years. He served as English colonial governor and administrator in Java and Sumatra, published a "History of Java" during his thirty-sixth year, and died in 1826. It is said that he was largely instrumental in effecting the purchase of Singapore Island from the Sultan of Jahore in 1824. Raffles Square was named for him, and numerous monuments were erected to his memory. Raffles Hotel bears his name worthily. Sir Thomas was *not* the hero of Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman."

Independence Day broke fair and warm, but not so warm at that for a point just north of the equator. Strolling out onto the porch in the early morning, in the company of the genial proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Constantine, we noted the absence of the flag over the United States Consulate. The Consul being advised of the fact first inquired the reason for the unseemly question, but on being advised as to the day promptly ordered the colors to be run up.

MANGOSTENES. This duty performed we could breakfast with a clear conscience, and did. The outstanding feature of that repast was the dew-covered mangostene, a glorious fruit so perishable that a reward of a thousand pounds to anyone who would deliver a basket of this unparalleled edible at Buckingham Palace during the Victoria Jubilee, was never claimed, though it was vainly earned by many ambitious persons.

The mangostene is small, of the size of a tangerine. It has an outer skin like that of a pomegranate, and which is easily removed. The fruit is white, tinged with pink, and arranged in sections like an orange. Each section contains one black seed. Its taste is indescribable. If there is such a thing as "nectar of the gods" it is the beverage expressed from mangostenes.

AMERICAN FLAGS. Quite a number of Americans were spending the "Glorious Fourth" in Singapore, and thus a demand for flags was created, and eventually satisfied. All of the shops and other places of promise failing to disclose an American flag a dozen or so were finally secured from a British sea Captain! Forthwith the eagle screamed, and so did some of us.

A part of us spent the day in a trip to Jahore, but others put in considerable time at the Singapore Club. Here the author, unknowingly to himself, created quite a sensation by being pointed out as Jim Jeffries. His game of billiards was quite bad enough to heighten the delusion.

STENGAHS. The Singapore Club is dangerous. The author will forego the exquisite pleasure it would give him to name those who there introduced him to the "Stengah." When he had imbibed about a dozen of these he arrived at the belated conclusion that their name was "stingers." They had that effect, but it seems that "Stengah" is Malayan for a pony highball. They must be worse than that, however. Probably a bit of T. N. T. is slipped in for the after effect, which is poisonous.

Singapore is a downright tough burg, so tough, in fact, that the author will pass over this phase with the mere remark that the casual visitor in districts he should not frequent, is promptly taken in charge by a British bobby, who acts as his guide and protector until he has seen enough, which is soon.

A BEANPOT BATHTUB. In Singapore we again encountered our friend the Yankee schoolmarm, whose bit of trouble at a *geisha* party has been chronicled previously. Here she got into another scrape.

Her room was directly opposite that of the author, the entrances to each being barred by the customary "short skirt" swinging doors we used to see at the entrances of saloons. At about ten o'clock one night the author was alarmed by a shriek from the schoolmarm's room, and he promptly flew to the rescue.

Now her bathroom consisted merely of a square room with concrete floor pitching toward a drain in the middle. In one corner stood what looked like a giant Yankee beanpot, about five feet in height. Through the wall ran a water pipe discharging into the beanpot. The schoolmarm, desirous of bathing, mistook the beanpot for a bathtub, and with difficulty (it is believed) climbed into it. Alas! Once in she could not get out, and becoming unnerved, screamed. Sir Galahad, promptly to the rescue, envisioned two hands and a head, whitefaced with terror, over the edge of the beanpot. Backing up, and extending backwards his hands which were clutched feverishly by the little schoolmarm, her extrication was effected with celerity, if not with dignity.

The next day the little lady was instructed that the beanpot was merely a receptacle for water against that hour when the main supply might be shut off; and that the proper way to take a bath was to utilize the long-handled dipper hanging on the wall, dipping water from the beanpot and pouring it over oneself.

PENANG. This island is a British possession, situated west of the Malay Peninsular and northwest of Singapore. It is a port of call *en route* to Colombo, and the harbor of its capital, Georgetown, was the scene of a famous raid by the Emden during the World War. Only a brief stop here, then Ho for Ceylon, Colombo, Kandy, and the "Garden of Eden."

CHAPTER IV

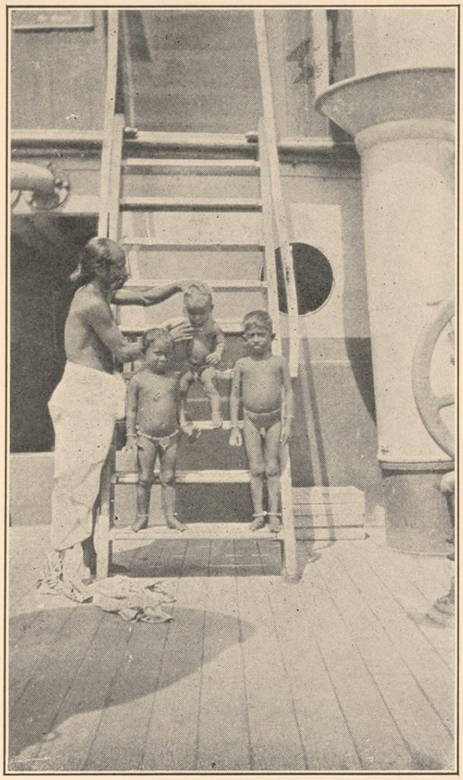
Summering in India

A JULY sail of something like 1,400 miles from Penang, across the Indian Ocean, brings us around the southern coast of Ceylon into the Harbor of Colombo. The sea thereabouts cuts up right smart on little or no provocation, but a fine breakwater makes Colombo Harbor an ideal anchorage.

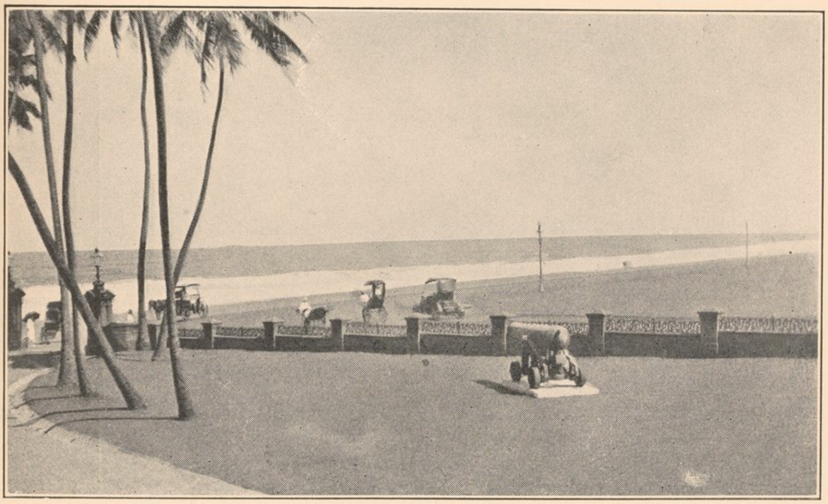
Let it be said now that the author proposes to throw no bluff at knowing anything about Ceylon. He does not, and there are few who do. His stay in Colombo on his way to India was necessarily brief, and on his return six weeks later he was so shot to pieces by the fever that the delightful days in Colombo and Kandy passed like a dream. This was in the summer.

There is nothing of a particularly startling nature about Colombo, except its beautiful harbor, its attractive summer residences, and a beach which stretches out as far as the eye can see from the Galle Face Hotel. It is the capital, chief port and commercial center of Ceylon.

MONEY CHANGERS. On coming to anchor in the harbor we were beseiged by money changers,



Tamils, Ceylon



Looking toward India from Ceylon

who came on board to swap *rupees* for what have you. Being justifiably suspicious of the avowed kindly intent of these money short-changing birds, we turned a cold shoulder to their entreaties for business until we recalled a brace of five-dollar Macao notes we had acquired in Shanghai, and which both the Hong Kong-Shanghai and Chartered banks refused to enthuse over when asked to change them. Being offered ten *rupees* for the pair we made the exchange, and considered ourselves lucky, at that.

RUBIES OF MOGOK. We also acquired for a trifling amount a handful of black sapphires. These stones are really beautiful, and by some are called "dancing catseyes." Placed upon a tremulous surface the "eyes" flutter like a dash of mercury within a sea of ebony.

This reference to precious stones recalls our experience with a ruby in Colombo. We had always coveted a *real* ruby, and quite naturally a merchant speedily heard of our desire. Accompanying him to his establishment, we watched him remove from his safe a chased gold box. On pressing a spring the lid of the box lifted, and out of a bed of white velvet there rose upon a pin a ruby, the like of which we have never seen nor expect to see again. About a centimeter in diameter and two centimeters deep, and tapering to a sharp point, this ruby blazed like a drop of fiery blood against its background of virgin white. "Ah!" we breathed to the merchant, "that is a stone. How much?" "One thousand pounds, sahib," replied the merchant, "a rare stone from Mogok." Hail and farewell! We did not buy the ruby. However, we consoled ourselves in the assurance that it is dangerous to buy rubies in Ceylon unless one knows them. So many, indeed most of them, are composition. But we now have a ruby, indeed two rubies, and pigeon's blood at that, which our beloved bought for us one day at Birks' in Montreal at one hundred dollars per carat.

DIVING BOYS. An interesting diversion, as we lie at anchor in the harbor at Colombo, is afforded by the diving boys who swam about the ship. They come out from shore in dugouts and canoes, and set up a volley of shrill cries for money to be cast into the water. They dive leisurely from their boats for copper, but like a flash for silver. They never miss, and soon their cheeks are puffed by the accumulation of salvaged coins. The oral cavity is their only purse. A special dive from the upper deck of the ship is no hazardous novelty for any of them. They are veritable human seals.

THE "GARDEN OF EDEN." Kandy, situated on a plateau some 2,000 feet above sea level, and sixty miles northeast of Colombo, was the former capital of the native kingdom of Kandy, and contains numerous temples and royal tombs. It is reached from Colombo by a mountain railroad. Because of its high elevation the climate is exquisite. Tea plantations abound.

Kandy is claimed by some writers to be the site of the Garden of Eden. Climatically and scenically it is a lot more like the biblical descriptions of that unparalleled Utopia than is the location more popularly given it in the Palestine. Whether the quite common use of the name Adam, *vide* Adam's Bridge, a dangerous shoal northwest of Ceylon, Adam's Peak, a conical mountain 7,379 feet high whereon is located a Buddhist temple, and other similar applications of the name of Adam Kadmon, is to be connected with this belief, the author is not aware.

For the time being we will leave Ceylon and set out on a six-week journey through India, returning to Colombo and Kandy late in August. What a gehenna of a season for any unacclimatized person to spend in India, the reader will say! The criticism is fair enough. Nobody but a double-dashed ass would have done it. We were and we did.

COLOMBO TO TUTICORIN. This trip involves a sail of about 180 miles, but boy oh boy what a sail! The boats are not ships, but are more properly to be compared with the character of vessel the three men went to sea in. They are said to roll over completely at least once during every passage. The navigating company needs to provide mighty little food, for the passengers lose it anyway if they are foolish enough to take it. Most of them never get beyond the soup course. On his first trip the captain and the author were alone at the table when the coffee was brought in. Table racks or storm "fiddles" are useless, and one eats and drinks as at an afternoon tea, grasping his chow in the only two hands he has, when he needs double that number, at least.

TUTICORIN TO MADRAS. Tuticorin is our first stop in India, and needs to be mentioned solely because it is from here that the train starts for Madras, our next objective. This is a ride of some four hundred miles. We pass, without stopping, through Madura, Trichinopoli and Pondicherry.

The less said about this railroad the better. Even first class is dirt, and then more dirt, and the heat is plain hell. As everywhere on railroads in India, one is required to provide his own bedding. We did not know about this so we had no bedding, which added to our discomfort, but eventually we arrived in Madras.

A gharri took us swiftly and noisily to the Castle Hotel on Mount Road. Our particular object in Madras was to enter into a controversy with the engineering authority of the Presidency relative to certain municipal improvements which he had recommended. The day following our arrival was devoted to getting the lay of the land, and the next forty-eight continuous hours in the preparation of a report for the Madras Council. The twenty-four hours following the submission of that report were spent in dreamless slumber. Work over we played around a bit.

KRISHNA. We acquired a "boy" in Madras who was to remain with us until we left India. He was a regal looking person, very black, very tall and straight, and always clothed immaculately in white. He was a Christian, spoke English well, bore the name of Krishna, and was with Younghusband when that British officer made his famous expedition into Tibet. Krishna had a certificate and two medals as a result of personal bravery during that excursion. These, like his extra suit, a pair of low shoes, and his entire stock of lares and penates, he kept constantly by him in an airtight tin box.

In Madras we were met by an old friend, Ralph Lawton, who was to be our constant companion for the next six weeks. Lawton had then been a resident of India for many years, but not so very long ago he gathered up his doll rags and settled in Los Angeles, where he now resides in a home that cost more money than the author will ever squander on a place in which to live.

We paid our boy Krishna a salary of fifteen *rupees,* or the equivalent of about five dollars per month. Lawton was terribly upset about this, as he said twelve *rupees* was quite enough. When we were travelling we defrayed the cost of his transportation, of course, and allowed him four *annas* daily for his food; that is, about eight cents. From what we saw of the food he ate (he was a strict vegetarian) he probably saved money. He was a faithful servant, and worth a lot more by any standard than we paid him.

INDIAN SERVANTS. The servant question in India is a weird proposition. Even a modest household requires a half dozen or more servants. They are Hindu, Mohammedan and the Lord knows what. Some will not cook or serve meat or grease, and each has his or her own religious principles or caste considerations to live up to. As a result, ask a passing servant to fetch you a match, and moments later the match will be borne to you by another boy. It was not the job of the first boy. There are *saises, ayahs, kitmatgars, chumars, babus* and others, and others, and others, until the head swims, and their services command compensations of five dollars or less per month each.

To keep them in order it seems to be a not unusual custom for the "master" to take a whip to them about once daily. They appear to feel neglected if they do not receive some such consideration every so often, whether deserved or not. Maybe it is a proper and necessary practice; it did not appeal to us.

HOUSE PETS. The hotel in Madras was infested by ants, lizards, bandicoots and crows. The ants did not bother so much, for they are kept from tables by the exercise of simple precautions. The chief objection to them lies in the fact that they travel about in hordes, and when a battalion is marching across a cement floor and one steps in the midst of it, one is very liable to sit down abruptly and break one's watch crystal. Lizards are pets, and rather cultivated because they destroy flies. Their cheerful "tic-tic-tic" is audible all over the place. They stroll across the ceiling, and can jump a foot in an upside down position and nail their fly. Sometimes they miss their footing, and when they do are quite likely to plop into your soup, which is a bit disconcerting. It makes the soup a total loss, and may drown the pet lizard into the bargain.

Bandicoots really are enormous rats, some two feet long and weighing two or three pounds. They are said to be edible, but their chief usefulness appears to be that of forcing the lazy human being in India to enter his bath immediately it is prepared for him. If he doesn't the bandicoot will. The crows are the same hoarse-voiced, mischievous birds we know in America, except that they are a rusty black in color, and smaller. When one's *choda hazri* is set out on the serving table in the morning, it is well to attack it at once, else one or more crows may fly in through the window and steal the toast from under your very nose. Also, it is wise to keep collar buttons, brooches, rings, and other small shiny articles covered up, for once a crow spies them in his trip around your room, they are a goner. We would like to search a crow's nest in India. Good hunting, we think.

SNAKES. Dining in India sometimes is accompanied by a real thrill. We were the guest of Sir Malcolm Arbuthnot in Madras one evening, and dinner was served in a room which let out immediately upon the garden. We sat at table for several hours, the company being very enjoyable, and when we rose a ten-foot snake, probably entirely harmless, uncoiled from beneath the table and moved leisurely out into the night. The *piéce* *de résistance* that night was buffalo hump, but the snake was an added starter.

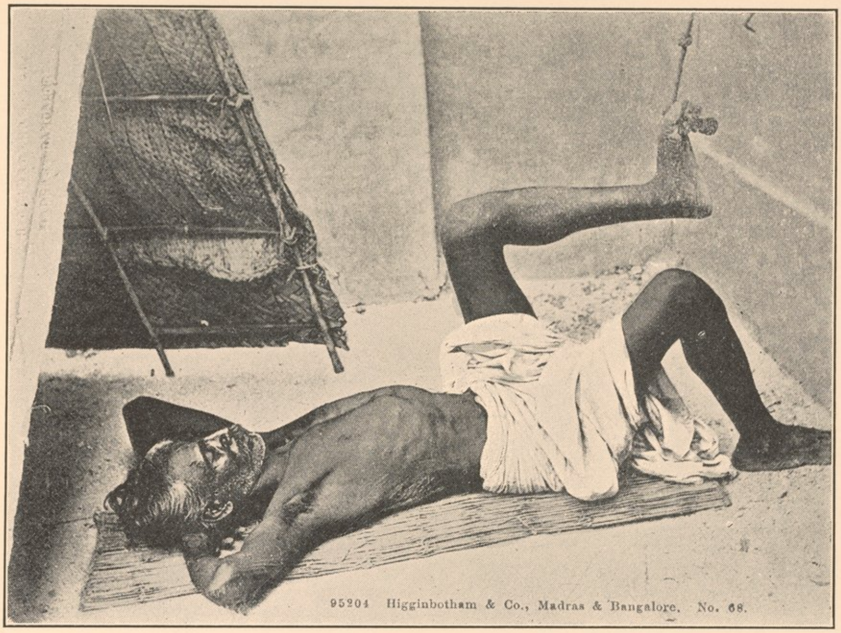
Most of the Indian snakes are harmless, but the cobra bite will kill inside of six hours, and the poison of a small viper, the *krait,* which lies along tree branches and drops upon people, works more speedily than that. We suppose that the householder tolerates snakes in his house for the sake of getting rid of bandicoots and other rodents, but we are fussy and prefer rats.

PLAGUE AND CHOLERA. Even so, rats are a real peril in India, for it is the flea they harbor that is the chief carrier of the germs of bubonic plague. This is a very unpleasant disease, but works swiftly and thoroughly, the victim succumbing in hours, rather than days, when the crisis approaches. Cholera steps even faster, and once settled upon a person it is only a matter of a day or two before he knows the answer, if it is favorable. We had a narrow escape from it ourselves. Those who have experienced cholera tell us that in the event of another attack, if a gun is handy, they will see to it that they are not made to wait through hours of agony to learn whether or not they will recover.

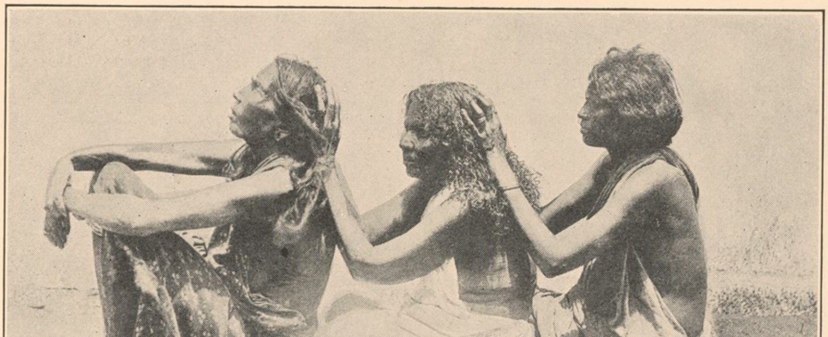
The reader must not think that all of the disagreeable things chronicled above are peculiar to Madras alone. They apply to India generally, except in the Hill section. Elephantiasis, that specific inflammation which causes the arms and legs to swell enormously, so that the leg, for example, and the foot, will resemble closely those of an elephant, seems to be especially prevalent in Madras. This malady is known in the West Indies as the "Barbados Leg." It does not appear to be particularly painful, but it must be more uncomfortable to lug about than a wooden leg. Oxford bags would be excusable if worn by one so afflicted. We can think of no equally good excuse.

THE MADRAS HUNT. Fleas and other vermin abound, of course. There has been some speculation among World War veterans concerning the origin of the cootie, which was such a persistent companion in the trenches. They might have been brought in by the Indian or African soldiery. Certainly the so-called "Madras Hunt" is a common enough sight, where two or more natives arrange themselves in single file and diligently search for game on the head of the one in front.

BANGALORE. Bangalore is situated in the Province of Mysore, and on the edge of a plateau elevated from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level. From Madras to Bangalore, is a run of a little more than two hundred miles, and we made it in the day time thus avoiding the necessity of lugging


95204 Higginbotham & Co., Madras & Bangalore. No. 68.

A Punka Puller, India



The Madras Hunt, India

bedding with us. The trip over the Madras Railway was not uncomfortable, and we arrived in Bangalore in the late afternoon. Our hotel accommodations were good, and shortly after dinner we retired, for we had a hard day ahead of us on the morrow.

JACKALS. Did we get to sleep promptly? We did not. Our room looked out over a broad plain, splashed by moonlight, dotted here and there by thickets, and but sparsely housed. Amidst the absolute silence, disturbed only by the small noises of insects and squeaking rodents, there crashed upon our ears the infernal racket of the jackals. These wild dogs, dodging in a pack about the plain before us, set our nerves a-tingle with their dismal cries. To make a good night's work of it a striped hyena strolled into the picture, scattering the jackals and mingling his diabolical yells with the cries of the dog foxes.

Whoever dubbed these sounds "laughing" must have had a weird imagination. Select a hopelessly insane person, fill him full of bootleg "licker," strangle an infant in front of him and one might elicit a laugh which would compare feebly with the pet noises made by the "laughing" hyena. The author's hair was formerly anything but straight, but since that night in Bagalore, if the curl has not entirely left it, it has acquired a sort of permanent wave effect. The "laugh" of that long necked, shaggy pelaged, grinning toothed, carrion eating grave robber, was enough to keep anybody awake.

THE GOLD FIELDS. The following morning broke fair, and we set out for Betmangula where is located the "tank," or storage reservoir, and the purification plant wherein the water supply of the Kolar Gold Fields and the town of Robertsonpet is treated before delivery to those places. These works are of American design, and were installed by Lawton. Their efficiency has been proved by the fact that whereas formerly there always was much water-borne cholera among the mine workers, since the purification plant was placed in operation this and other water carried disease have practically been stamped out.

Except in Mysore native gold is rare in India. In fact, the Kolar Gold Fields are the only profitable gold workings in that empire. The workers number over 20,000 of which several hundred are Cornish miners.

TANKS. The "tank" at Betmangula is formed by an earth dam on the Palar River. When full it holds about 2,000 million gallons of water. There are scores of such reservoirs in India, sometimes a string of them on a relatively short stretch of river. To thus store water is a grave necessity, because in India, while the total annual precipitation is about the same as in this country, the rainfalls occur only in "season," and so water must then be stored for use during the prolonged dry spells. This water is needed both for domestic consumption and industrial use, and for irrigation purposes as well. If these dams give way it sometimes happens that a string of them go out at once. Then the crops are parched and famine follows.

A TRIP BY JUTKA. The ten-mile trip from Boweringpet to Betmangula was negotiated in a *jutka* cart. This is a two-wheeled conveyance whereof the body is a framework of wood covered with fibre, some six feet long, less than four feet wide, and four feet high with a semicircular roof. The body is open at both ends, and slopes upward toward the front. Shafts form a continuation of the body, and extend out in front on a true line with it. Thus they rest upon the saddle of the "horse" near the top of his back. The "horse" is a pony, in height falling considerably below that of an average man.

Now in travelling by *jutka* there is only one safe bet, and that is to lie down. There is a mattress on the floor of the cart, but we have formed too intimate an acquaintance with small animal life to suffer our heads to come in contact with it. One cannot sit up without pulling up one's legs.

Neither can one sit in the rear end and dangle his feet in the air. The author tried this, and locomotion ceased abruptly; the feet of the pony had left the ground, perforce. But the pony and we made the grade somehow. There were only three of us for the pony to pull, and he is used to six or eight.

From Kolar and Betmangula we return to Bangalore, and thence to Madras, and from there go on to Calcutta where we arrive on July 27th. The trip from Madras to Calcutta consumes forty-four hours, on the one train per day, and is nothing to become enthusiastic over. The double, and deeply overhanging roof, is designed to reduce the effect of the sun's rays, and the fibre-covered wheel in the window, which one moistens and whirls, actually tends to lower the temperature of the compartment. But it is the devil of a trip, net, for all that.

CALCUTTA. Here we put up at the ubiquitous Grand Hotel, situated on Chowringhee Road, four squares from Dalhousie Square, acquiring an elaborate suite of parlor, bedroom and bath. Krishna slept on the landing outside. Our progress from the railroad station to the hotel was interfered with perceptibly by pedestrians, and by cream colored bullocks which stroll alone about the streets and always have the right of way.

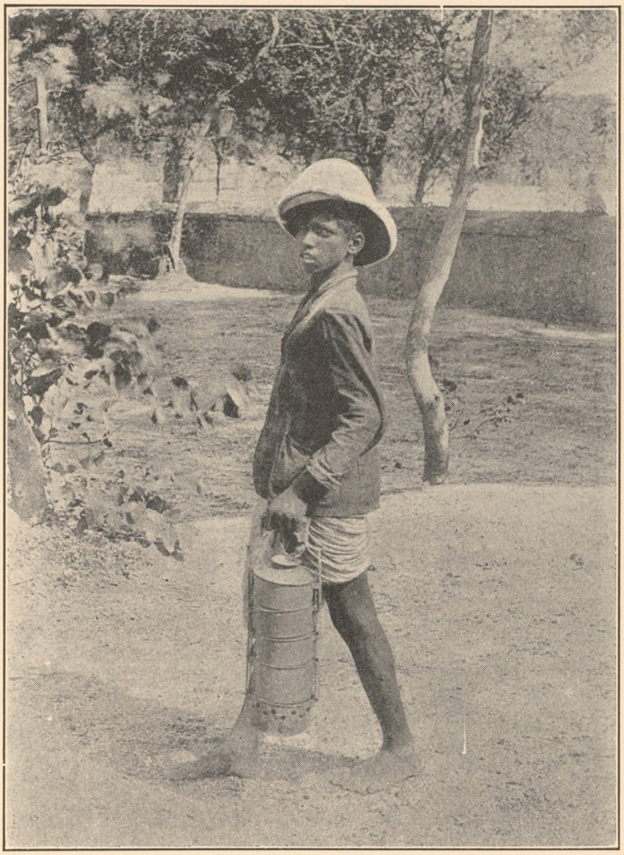
Off to the right of the Square is the enormous Writers Building, Clive Street, where Lawton's office was, and directly across the Post Office, and nearby the Black Hole, the garrison strong room, or "black hole," about eighteen feet square, whereinto on June 20, 1756, 146 British prisoners were forced at sword's point by Siraj-ud-Dowlah, Nawab of Bengal. The following morning but twenty-three remained alive, the remainder having died of suffocation.

The tragedy of the black hole is well known to everyone, and how Robert Clive, but recently returned from a visit to England, promptly avenged it by defeating the *Nawab* near Calcutta the year following. Just a year from the date of the black hole tragedy Clive put the finishing touches on the *Nawab* at Plassey, and deposed him, becoming Governor of Bengal in 1758. Clive was elevated to the Irish peerage in 1760.

THE BURNING GHAT. The Burning Ghat was visited to ascertain the manner in which the Hindu disposes of his dead. The area is located on the outskirts of the city, and consists merely of a cluster of earth floored, uncovered, concrete walled enclosures, each about fifteen feet square. In these the relatives assemble, view the last rites performed by a priest, and in some cases watch the incineration of the body. This is effected in the most casual fashion. If the person is well to do, a pyre of logs is prepared and the body laid out straight upon it for burning. If a poor person, his body is folded up and a pyre of smaller area used. During the actual burning operation an attendant replaces burnt-off members which fall from the pile. When the body is entirely consumed the ashes, or a part of them, are gathered up and cast on the bosom of the Ganges.

STRAW HATS FOR HELMETS. A somewhat peculiar custom of changing headgear is observed each afternoon. The "master" proceeds to his office in the morning wearing his *sola topee,* or pith sun helmet. In the afternoon around four o'clock his servant appears at the office bearing the master's straw hat, and carries home the helmet. It is *very* improper for a *pukka* gentleman to wear a helmet on the street after four in the afternoon.

SUNSTROKE. The author had a touch of sunstroke while in Calcutta. Remaining too long at midday at Lawton's office, on issuing therefrom he found no conveyance at hand and decided to walk across Dalhousie Square to his hotel. He was conventionally clothed in white duck, with nothing much underneath, white shoes and pith helmet. Strolling leisurely across the square he became almost totally blind a few steps from the entrance to the hotel. No one was on the streets,



Taking Home Master's Helmet, India

or moving in the hotel. Feeling his way to his room he fell over the person of Krishna stretched across the entrance. Krishna took in the situation at a glance, dragged the dazed person of the author to the bath-room, and held his head beneath an inch and a half water faucet. Far from being cool the water which issued from that faucet, heated by the sun's rays in the tank on the roof, was sufficiently hot to be unbearable. Fans, head and wrist ice packs, and complete quiet for the rest of the day, effected a cure. The sun is tricky in India.

RAIN. In all truth "it never rains but it pours," in Calcutta. This was the rainy season, (July) and we saw most of the annual rainfall descend in two sessions, each of two hours' duration, or less. When it is understood that ten and even twenty inches of rainfall in an hour or two are common occurrences during the rainy season, it can be believed that practically everything outside gets thoroughly wet. Then the nice hot sun breaks through the clouds, and in another fifteen minutes everything and everybody is steaming sweetly. We have seen some first-class rainstorms in New Orleans, when the streets would be nicely flooded through the utter impossibility of the drainage system to carry off the water; but for real rainstorms and flooded streets Calcutta heads the list.

PUNKAS. Before we forget it, unlike hotels in Madras and many other cities, the *punkas,* or fan sweeps, are electrically driven, and not activated by a "boy" on the end of a *punka* rope outside the room. These *punka* boys are mighty essential to one's comfort, and they will pull on that rope for hours at a stretch. They even tie it to their big toe, and lying flat on their back continue to move it in that way. It is even intimated that they can sleep and pull the *punka* rope too, but if they once stop you know it at once. At one inn where we stopped the *punka* boy laid down on his job at midnight. Immediately we awoke, with a sense of suffocation, and reaching up seized the rope and gave it a vigorous yank. A startled shriek from the *punka* boy outside on the veranda rewarded us, and the *punka* began to hit the ceiling on both sides of the rod. In the morning we looked for a boy with no big toe on one foot, but apparently he had gone off duty.

THE HILLS. Everybody that has the price goes to the Hills in summer. The exodus of white women begins in May, and by June all that can do so move to the hill section. Their susceptibility to certain organic disturbances, unduly prolonged, imperatively dictates such action. Dysentery is always a menace, and divers fevers, more or less bad, chiefly more, abound. Quinine swiftly

Railroad Station en route to Madras, India

A Kolar Jutka, India

follows "grace" at meals, for one must always be on the lookout. Indian fever is about a hundred times, squared, worse than what we call malaria, but we shall speak of this at length, and very feelingly, later on.

LAUNDRY WORK. Our laundry work is done by a *dhoby*. These washermen have an engaging system. Most of them do not use soap, indeed it is contrary to the religious beliefs of some to use it since it contains grease, and so they cleanse clothing, delicate and tough, white and colored, by taking it down to the river bank, soaking it in water and banging it about on a flat rock. A white duck or *pongee* suit gets all out of proportion in this way. A sleeve or a leg will elongate and another shorten, until sometimes the wearer has difficulty in deciding whether he is going north or south. It is tough on seams and buttons, too, but not so much so as the practices of Japanese and Korean laundrymen who beat the clothes with a club.

FREE MASONRY. Members of the Masonic fraternity will be interested in a word about freemasonry in India. We attended a lodge meeting one night, and were admitted after a short examination and upon being vouched for by our friend Lawton. It was a Scottish Rite lodge, and we are a York. Consequently, when the time came to wiggle the fingers, we muffed the ball several times. This caught the eye of the Master, and presently we found ourself proceeding eastward under escort. There we contritely told our story, and were graciously permitted to escape with our life. At that, though, we would enjoy seeing one of our Indian brothers try to work his way into a Philadelphia lodge where "short way" work is the custom. We had the time of our life doing it, and we were then but recently initiated, and "knew our onions," according to the Missouri Grand Lodge ritual. Of all the "work" we have ever seen, that of the Kobe Lodge in Japan was by far the best.

COPS. John Law is represented on the streets of India chiefly by Sikhs, or so it seemed to us. They make magnificent looking policemen, being upwards of six feet in height, and commonly wearing a curly black beard parted in the middle, *a la* Charles Evan Hughes, and Jim Ham Lewis. Their white turban is in striking contrast to their regular swarthy features. They are some cops, and not only operate in India but are found in British possessions on the China coast, and elsewhere. They originally sprang from the Punjab. For native soldiery we chose the Ghurkas, who resemble Japanese both in size and visage, and fight like wild Irish and Scotsmen. The pet fighting tool of the native Ghurka is the *kukri,* a particularly villianous looking crescent-shaped knife. They are the dominant race in the Kingdom of Nepal.

HO FOR THE HILLS. The ninth of August has come, and we are due in Mussooree in the Siwalik Hills on August 11, so we depart from Calcutta for that point. To get there we must pass through Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow, and leave the train at Dehra Dun. From thence on it is a foot journey (for the coolies) up the mountain side to Mussooree, negotiated during the initial stages out of Dehra Dun in a *tonga,* and finishing in a *dandy* borne by four lusty coolies.

THE SEPOY MUTINY. Early in the year 1857 a new rifle was issued to the Sepoy army. This arm required the use of greased bullets, and since the touching of grease offended the religious prejudices of the Sepoys a mutiny broke out promptly. Prosecuted by the Sepoys and their followers, a most vicious and barbaric warfare ensued, lasting a full year until the last resistance was suppressed by the British in the spring of 1858.

Benares, the principal Hindu holy city and noted for its brass work, was the scene of an outbreak. At Cawnpore occurred a terrible massacre, and the relief of Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, provided much colorful history. We passed through all of these cities, as well as Allahabad, where the annual fairs of Central Hindustan are held, arriving on August 11th at Dehra Dun. Here we left the train and prepared for the ascent into the Hills where we were to spend a few days at Lawton's summer home, and meet D. W. Aikman, sanitary engineer of the Punjab.

MUSSOOREE. Mussooree is a hill settlement in the Northwestern Provinces, sixty miles southeast of the Tibetan boundary and about the same distance southwest of Simla. From Dehra Dun the rise is gradual, and the *tonga,* our ox-drawn cart, carries us slowly but comfortably to a point where the roadway assumes a sharp angle upward from the horizontal. Here we transfer into *dandys* for the real climb. We settle ourselves in our respective "coffins," our luggage is shouldered by coolies, we in our *dandys* are shouldered by our bearers and the mad revel is on.

DANDY COFFINS. A *dandy* in reality is shaped like a coffin, and is just long enough to allow one to sit comfortably on the bottom with legs outstretched and back supported. One faces to the rear in a *dandy.* Long poles extend from the front and rear of this box, with cross bars attached at their ends. On the extremities of the cross bars four husky coolies take up their burden, while several spare coolies trail after to take their turns in good time. The road is steep and rocky, long and winding. We do not recall the elevation of Mussooree, but it was high enough for us.

High Altitudes and Hearts. Arriving at our destination we immediately sought food in the hotel, tripping briskly up the steps and into the dining room. While looking over the menu we discovered that our heart was behaving strangely, and glanced about to discover the beauteous maiden who might be responsible. Soon it was borne upon us that we were at a higher elevation than we had realized, and our appetite departed while we sought our room and the solicitous cold water ministrations of Krishna.

Slips and Precipices. The accelerated heart action slowed down after a bit, and with the doubtful aid of a few "pegs" we felt fit for the trip around the mountain to Lawton's place. It was raining slightly, and a fog effectually obscured the fine view we knew was everywhere before us, glimpses of which we had caught from the *dandy* on the up trip. After dinner we smoked for a while on the veranda, with our chair tipped back against the outer railing, and eventually called it a day.

The next day broke clear, although there was a bit of fog, or low flying clouds, moving about here and there. We then learned that the "swiss-shing" sounds, followed by a low rumble like thunder, which we had heard at intervals during the night, were caused by part of the mountain hastily departing into the valley from its higher first location. These are what they call "slips." On top of this came the information that the railing against which we had braced our chair the night before was directly over a sheer drop of a trifling few hundred feet.

There are a lot of things to keep one's mind occupied in the hills. Children skip about, from level to level, like mountain goats. We did not. A small climb would bring on an active case of the "puffs," and our chest measurement would increase several inches on such occasions.

BED TIME STORIES. We met Aikman, spent much time with him, and loaned him the page proof sheets of our latest book to read that night. The next morning he told us he had read himself to sleep over it, and wanted to retain it permanently because he hadn't been sleeping well until we arrived. *"Sic transit gloria!"*

THE HIMALAYAS. At eight o'clock in the morning we strolled outside to take some photographs looking northeast over the Himalayas. This snow covered range swept out toward Lhasa as far as the eye could see, and away beyond. We took many pictures of these gorgeous scenes, and on our return to the plains Krishna carefully laid the box of exposed films in the sun on top of the rest of our luggage, and of course they promptly melted. On learning about this later we bestowed upon Krishna one of the finest oral exhibitions of English cuss words ever released. He was quite impressed.

THE ALLURES OF INDIA. During the taking of these pictures we wore a cloth cap, assuming that the sun was not dangerous thus early in the morning. In ten minutes our head began to swim, and we promptly substituted helmet for cap. It is a whale of a country where you have to wear a carload of pith on your head, next to nothing but a cholera belt on your body, shun alcoholic stimulants, soak your system in quinine, line your stomach with cast iron and dismiss your olfactory nerve for the time being, eat your peck of dirt and two pecks of someone else's dirt, slap insects and scratch until you can qualify as a contortionist, make friends with lizards, jump sideways at snakes, and so on, and still you haven't been in the jungle where men (and women) have to be men. That's where the "taggers" are.

BANYAN TREES AND MONKEYS. We now recall that while recording certain events anent our stay in Calcutta, we neglected to speak of the *banyan* trees and the monkeys, two things that impressed us particularly while driving through the Horticultural Gardens, which are marvellous, indeed.

The *banyan* tree is an extraordinary growth. It starts like an ordinary tree, then hesitates as though it had forgotten something. The limbs droop, and when they touch the ground, take root. The original trunk, being supported in its life from a multitude of points distant from it, assumes an enormous girth, and one tree, thus replanting itself as the limbs extend, droop, take earth and root again, may spread over an enormous area, an acre, or close to it, sometimes being covered by a single tree.

The monkeys are little slate-grey fellows, who spend most of their time in the palm trees. The thing that worries them the most is for a human being to make faces at them. This drives them wild, and if anything is handy they will throw it at the face-maker.

AGRA. Departing from Mussooree we broke several speed records downhill, for we had stayed about two drinks too long with Aikman when saying our farewells. Then Dehra, Lhaksar, Agra and the peerless Taj Mahal.

THE INDIA FEVER. On the road to Agra, at Lhaksar to be exact, the fever with which we were to be cursed for months and years after, first made itself manifest. We shall mention this feature from time to time, but desire now to chronicle the place and date of its first onset, namely, Lhaksar, August 13th. Immediately after we descended from the hills to the plains came the assault.

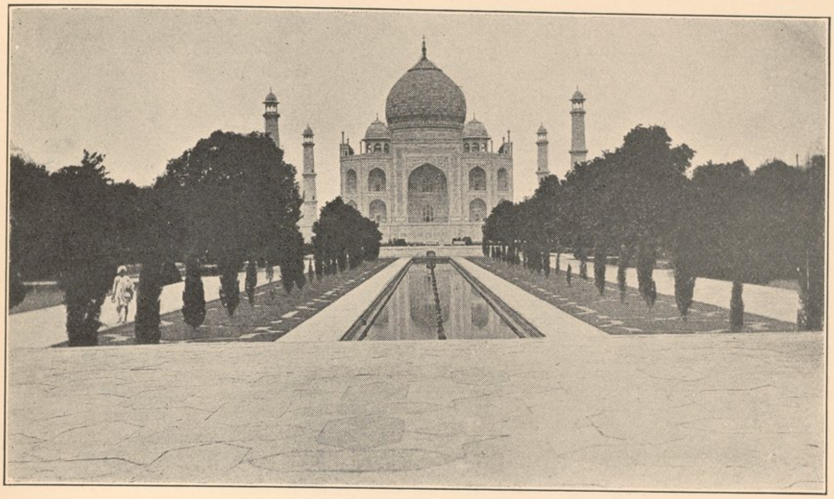
India fever is known to the medical profession as *dengue*. It is intermittent in its action, and sometimes recurs months after it seems to have been permanently overcome. Heat and moisture favor its development. Enlarged spleen is common, and many of the natives suffer keenly from this. Its cause is a parasite which enters the body through the media of impure air, water, and probably uncooked food to some extent.

We know the malady in this country as "malarial fever." The India variety is the great granddaddy of all malarial disorders. There is the usual headache, burning eyes, sensitive scalp, high temperature, and cutaneous eruptions known as fever sores. Every individual joint is an ache, and so acute is the pain that it seems as though bending would surely result in joint fracture. In other words, India fever is just plain unadulterated hell, if there is any such thing.

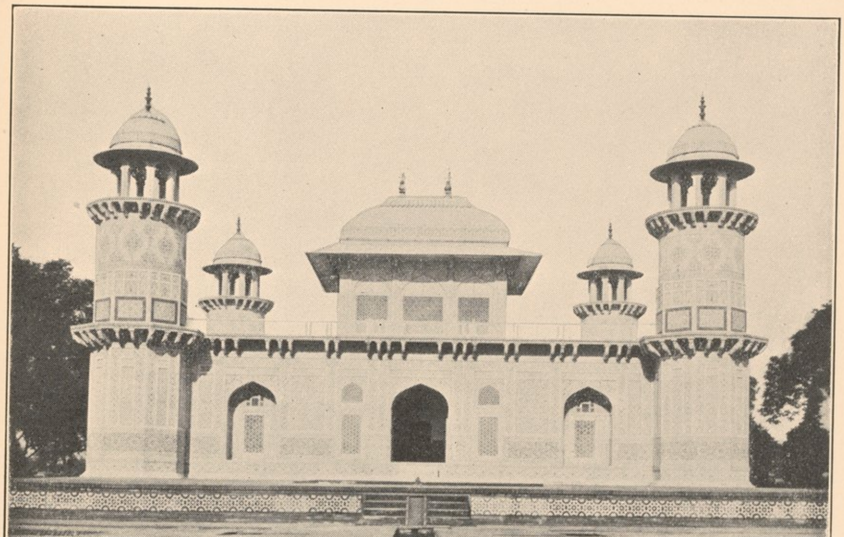
AGRA AND THE TAJ. Agra is 250 miles due south from Dehra Dun. We arrive there in the afternoon, get settled at our inn, and at once visit the Taj Mahal. This is the world famous mausoleum erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite wife.

THE TAJ. Lawton is a first class salesman. He manoeuvers us about until we issue abruptly from the main entrance to the grounds. Then there burst upon our vision the most exquisite architectural triumph it has ever been our privilege to look upon. The Taj Mahal is a white marble structure standing on a white marble platform eighteen feet in height and 313 feet square. The main structure is 186 feet square in plan, and 210 feet in height, flanked by four octagonal kiosks, and with cylindrical minarets 133 feet high at the angles. The interior is occupied by four domed chambers in the corners, and a large arcaded octagon in the middle. In the central chamber stand two cenotaphs. All light admitted to the interior enters through marvelously pierced marble screens, which are set into all windows. The decorations are enriched by much exquisite mosaic inlaying in stone. Colors are provided by using agate, bloodstone, lapis lazuli and jasper. Twenty thousand men and twenty-two years were required to erect this magnificent structure.

THE TOMB OF ITIMAD-UD-DAULAH. This structure was erected under Jehangir early in the Seventeenth Century. It is a triumph of inlay work



The Taj Mahal, Agra, India



Tomb of Itimad-ud-Daulah, Agra, India

in stone of the Indian-Saracenic style. The workmanship on this building, as well as that of the Taj, is exceptionally beautiful.

THE CITY. We spent a hot night at the inn, and in the morning looked about the city with the aid of an *iccah,* the cab of Agra. This is a single horse-drawn, two wheeled, covered "dog cart," seating besides the *jhampani* two persons back to back, even the bulky person of *burra sahib bahadur.* We visit the fort, the red sandstone palace of Akbar, and the Pearl Mosque, and then it is time to depart for Jhansi and Bombay, the latter city one thousand miles by railroad southwest from Agra.

PEACOCKS AND MONKEYS. The trip to Bombay has its interesting features. At one period, while we are moving slowly, we pass two gorgeously plumed peacocks who pay but little attention to the train. We shy a couple of soda water bottles at them, whereupon the peafowl take ponderous wing, fly twenty feet and then alight to go to feeding again. They are not disturbed by the Hindu, who kills no living thing but man, but peacock is not a bad substitute for turkey, and consequently is found on many tables in India on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

Along a sort of levee on the other side of the train we note a small monkey strolling along by itself, and evidently in deep thought. Suddenly he picks up a handful of dirt, casts it into the air, then jumps about and claps his paws as it falls upon him.

THE TRAIN COMPARTMENT. We have a *de luxe* compartment to ourselves, with electric fan, toilet 'n everything. There are four berths, all running parallel with the train. The two upper berths are folded up when not in use.

At one end of the compartment there is a sliding window connecting with an adjoining compartment wherein our servants are riding. Their accommodations consist of two bare wooden benches running across the narrow compartment. The transportation charge for servants ranges from one-fifth to one-seventh that of first class accommodations. Through the sliding window we give orders to our boys respecting what they shall do for us at the next train stop. They cannot enter our compartment except as directed, and must not remain there. Our orders chiefly consist of demands for carbonated water and ice. We always get two bottles each, one bottle being used to wash off the sawdust and dirt from the ice, and the other to drink. Nobody but an imbecile would have the temerity to drink any other than charged water, unless it first be boiled. We and the fever ran into Bombay in the early morning of August 16.

BOMBAY. Collecting a flock of coolies to carry our luggage we proceed in a *gharry* to the Taj Mahal Hotel, an excellent caravansary.

Bombay is the terminus of the G. I. P., the Great Indian Peninsular Railroad, and a beautiful city of more than a million inhabitants. It is a great commercial center in which business is largely dominated by the Parsees, Zoroastrians in religious belief, and a clever, handsome, old-ivory skinned people. Unlike the Hindu, who burns his dead, the Parsee gives his to the vultures of the air.

We are favorably impressed by the Taj Mahal Hotel. It is a light and airy structure, there are real bathrooms, the food is good, and there is a good orchestra to play for us during the evenings. If the devilish fever were not playing hob with us we would really enjoy ourself for the first time in India. The sole remedy for the fever seems to be whiskey and quinine, so we dose ourself liberally. Whiskey and quinine are cheap, and we feel like hell.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE. We take as much interest in the dead as we do in the quick, and so journey to the outskirts of the city to see the Towers of Silence. These are red brick enclosures perhaps fifty feet in diameter by twelve feet in height. About six feet from the earth bottom is a false bottom, or platform, sloping to a wide drain in the center. The bodies are divested of all clothing except a winding sheet, and by priests passed through a side opening onto the raised platform within the circular enclosure. The vultures do the rest.

Standing at a point slightly away from the towers we can look down the valley and see the funeral procession approach. The vultures, circling overhead, see it too, and their hoarse cries of anticipation are eerie, indeed. In clouds they hover over the towers, and when the body is placed therein they swoop upon it in a mass. In ten minutes the bones are picked clean, and the air filled with departing vultures, each with his part of the booty.

It was necessary for the authorities to cover the distributing reservoir of the water works system, because the vultures have a habit of flying over it, and when they are carrying an intestinal section of a human victim of cholera, those intestines, not by any means tough, sometimes break and parts fall into the reservoir. There are enough cholera germs in the Bombay water supply without seeding the reservoir in this way.

DEPARTURE FOR MADRAS. The better part of two days in Bombay sufficed under the circumstances. The fever was getting bad, Lawton was complaining of illness, and those days were like a nightmare in a beautiful setting. While driving to the train the author became delirious, and Lawton placed him in his compartment and ordered Krishna to stay with him. Lawton, poor lad, was taken from the train at Poona early in the following morning, suffering from cholera. Long, weary months of illness followed before he was out of the woods, and his hair turned white from the experience.

The author somehow escaped it, and why he did is not clear. We both drank the same water, ate the same foods, interchanged the services of our two servants, and lived together for over a month. He got it, and got it good and hard. We did not.

At that, though, we did not care particularly, for we were much of the same frame of mind, or what was left of it, as the traveller overcome by seasickness who prayed the ship would sink. Of the first night out of Bombay the author has no recollection. He awoke in the morning and looked into the eyes of a charming British gentleman, who greeted him with a solicitous smile. It seems that at the last moment in Bombay he had come aboard, chucked Krishna out of the compartment, and assumed the care of our fever racked person and delirious mind. He said he had had a tough night of it, and he looked it. The author, on the other hand, felt fairly well. The fever had departed, and only extreme weakness and nausea remained.

Our friend advised us that we were approaching the boundary line of the Madras Presidency, and we already had reason to know how fussy the Madras health officers are. We had but just come from a plague and cholera ridden territory, and so we would be looked over with considerable care. We were asked if we could manage a drink, and with as much emphasis as we could command we replied in the negative. Could we smoke a cigarette for appearances' sake? Well, we could try. Just then the train came to a stop at the border, and the inspection was on.

The second and third class coaches were emptied, their occupants herded within a roped enclosure, and examined one by one. The doctors would make a threatening motion toward the groin, or grasp the subject beneath the arm, and if he winced he was motioned aside for further examination. The first class passengers were not required to get out, but were talked to through the window. The author, with a face white as a clean sheet, and speckled with fever sores, languidly puffing on a cigarette and holding the contents of his stomach in place with extreme difficulty, chatted with deeply assumed gaiety with the doctors and was passed. When the train pulled out for Madras he promptly let his stomach have its own way.

But the fever attack was over for the time being. We arrived in Madras, paid a few calls, and then moved south to Tuticorin, thence retracing our steps to Colombo by ship. We parted from Krishna at Tuticorin because had we taken him with us to Colombo he would have been interned for two weeks. In the final financial settlement for services, however, Krishna did us out of fifteen *rupees* representing money advanced. So for a Christian he did fairly well.

When we arrived back in Colombo we were a sight, and amply justified the suspicion that we had just passed through the proverbial knot-hole. A long fever scab adorned our brow, another an ear, and still others the cheeks and chin, while a duplex nuisance made the use of our mouth a painful ceremony. We were required to report to the office of the Port Physician every day during our stay in Colombo, being graciously permitted, however, to go to Kandy for a few days to recuperate. And then we set sail for Aden, the Red Sea and Port Said. So now for Egypt.

CHAPTER V

The Land of the Pharaohs

WE are off again on the bounding main. Because we have formed a favorable opinion of them, due to their cleanliness and all around good management, we take passage on a Clyde-built Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer, and set out from Colombo for the Red Sea and Egypt. It is a 2100 mile sail from Colombo to Aden, near the southern entrance to the Red Sea, and over a thousand more from there to Port Said on the Mediterranean.

MONSOONS. Our ship was the Kanagawa Maru, whose captain and chief engineer were white men, the rest of the officers being Japanese. When selecting our stateroom we specified the larboard side of the ship. The purser gave us a curious look, and remarked that if he were us he would select the starboard side, but gave no other reason. Having for many years followed the custom of seeking "southern exposure" we insisted, and were assigned to a good room, equipped with an electric fan, on the port side of the ship.

Alas! We had not then met up with southwest *monsoons*. Now winds having annual alternations of direction, caused by differences in land and ocean temperatures, are termed *monsoonal,* and in the area where we speedily found ourself they blow in the winter from the northeast. In this season of ours they were coming from the southwest. For days there was no particular sea of an alarming nature to bother us, but one morning a blow came on that was buttercups and daisies. We had taken our morning bath, dressed, and were stepping out of our stateroom, when the entire Indian Ocean sailed over the rail and pushed us aqueously back again. So we were obliged to go through the ritual all over again, and that day we moved to the other side of the ship.

HASH. Our skipper spoke cockney English, and was very fond of hash for breakfast. He had to give his order every morning, for the Japanese waiters enjoyed hearing him call for "'ash," and they would pretend not to understand him. "Dammit," he would roar at them, *"aich-hay-ess-aich,* 'ash, don't you understand?"

ADEN AND THE RED SEA. As we neared the Gulf of Aden it began to get hot, not meaning by this to convey the impression that it had been cool heretofore. But now it became distinctly hot,—but Maggie, you don't know the half of it.

Wait a few days until you get well into the Red Sea.

Aden is a port of call for P. & O. steamships, but not ours. We bestow upon it a haughty look as we pass, and enter the Red Sea.

Midway between Aden and Port Said, and perhaps fifty miles inland to the east of the Red Sea, lies Mekka, the capital of Arabia, and the most holy city of the Mohammedan world. We mention this merely for the reason that it was at this point in our travels that we learned what a real hot wind is like. The Red Sea is noted for its heat, and when we arrived at a point opposite Mekka, and were treated to a blast from the Nubian Desert on our left, we knew why. We had been sleeping nights on deck in steamer chairs, but this night there was no sleep for us anywhere. A strong wind was blowing, but it was so hot we could breathe it with tolerable satisfaction only when presenting our back to it.

GULF OF SUEZ AND THE CANAL. Before we enter the Gulf of Suez there rises before us on our right stately Mount Sinai, whence the law was given to Moses and near which the Israelites encamped. We enter the canal, which is 100 miles long and some 300 feet wide in parts. The big ditch would appear to be a relatively easy bit of earth excavation in this day, although it had cost

$100,000,000 in 1869 when it was opened for navigation. Unlike our Panama Canal, Suez is a sea level canal. Dredges appear to be kept constantly at work removing the sand sloughed from the banks and blown into the canal by winds. Passing ships are close enough at times for comfortable inter-ship conversation to be carried on. Caravans and camel trains are frequently seen on either shore. On September eighth we drop anchor in the harbor of Port Said, twelve days out of Colombo.

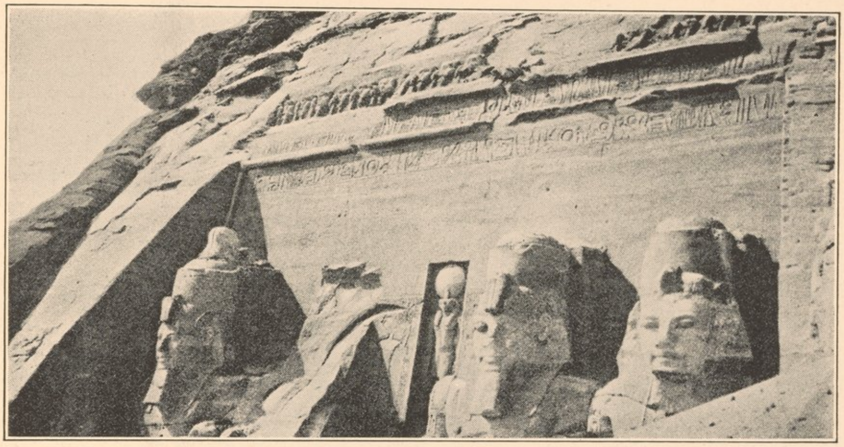
AIGYPTOS. The Greeks give to Egypt the name Aigyptos, the Turks Gipt, and the latter is also the name in Coptic. The ancient Egyptians are represented by the Copts, and their intermarriage with Arabs has resulted in the Fellahs who predominate all other elements of the population, which is composed also of Turks, Levantines, Jews, Gypsies, Berbers and the foreigners.

LOCAL "COLOR." There is plenty of local color in Egypt, but so far as realizing the Occidental conception of the "Streets of Cairo" idea, with its *hula hulas, danse du ventre,* dimly lighted, heavily draped and mysterious apartments, it is the bunk. This aspect of Egyptian life actually is just as unattractive as are the most notorious resorts on the China Coast and in the Settlements, where one consumes high grade wines in unpainted and shabbily decorated rooms with earth floors, and where the service table is of the kitchen variety covered with a red cotton cloth.

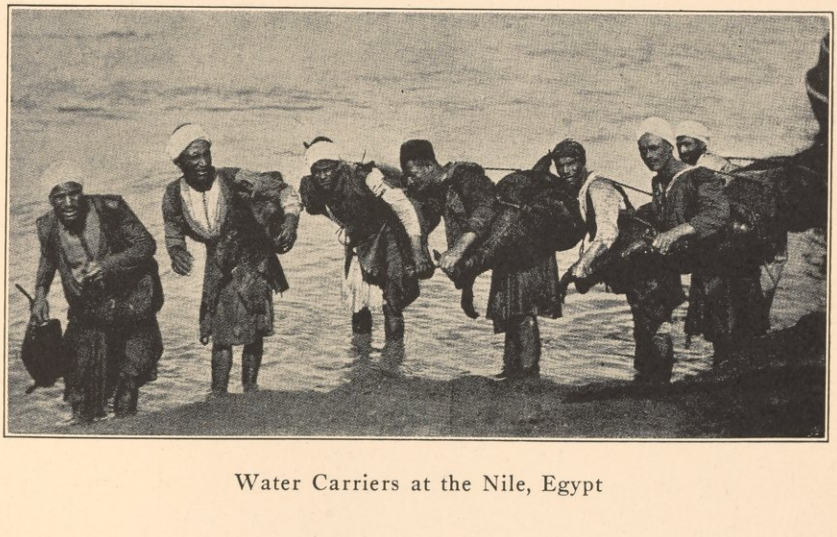
PORT SAID. It has been said that Port Said is the wickedest city in the world. That it is some tough burg there can be no doubt. Debarkation is accompanied by a terrible rough house, everybody trying to get a job, but we turn our responsibilities over to a representative of old Tom Cook, and speedily find ourself at the Continental Hotel, parked for the night. We had thought to leave our heavier luggage downstairs in the hotel, but after giving the once over to the talent hanging about it we had it brought to our room.

The next day we strolled around the town, but not for long. There was not much to see, and we had spent a rotten night. The city is never still. All night long the sidewalk cafes do business, and the bright lights, clatter of coffee cups, and the raucous conversation of the seemingly insomnious natives, kept us awake far beyond our usual hour. So tiring of the city, and the inevitable purveyors of whispered importunities, (whispered for our benefit although otherwise entirely unnecessary), we set out for Cairo.

CAIRO AND SHEPHEARD'S. The trip up to Cairo from Port Said was hot and dusty, but in the ultimate worth while. We have arrived some-



Abou Simbel, Egypt



Water Carriers at the Nile, Egypt

where at last, and this conviction is borne upon us even more forcibly when we enter Shepheard's Hotel from the Sharia Kamel. The hotel fronts on this broad thoroughfare, and the remaining three sides upon spacious gardens.

This caravansary defies adequate description, and after nearly a year spent in more or less primitive hotels, Shepheard's seemed paradise, indeed.

Baths. To get a real room with bath again was a novel experience, and to those who have travelled "east of Suez" nothing in the world is appreciated more than a good bathroom. It seems peculiar that in countries where bathing is so absolutely essential, so little attention is given to the provision of adequate bathing facilities, Japan is generally better fixed in this regard than other countries, but only the bare necessities are provided in many other places, and this takes the form of running water brought through the side of the wall in an overhead pipe, with a tin bucket or small metal or wooden tub beneath it. Sometimes there is not even this.

Of course, the lack of more elaborate and convenient bathing facilities in some hot countries probably does prevent a lot of "prickly heat," because when one is warm the natural impulse is to take a cold bath. Nothing favors "prickly heat" so much as a cold bath, and the traveller learns after a few short experiences to adjust to luke-warmness the temperature of his bath. A succession of hot baths in a hot country will bring on a rash that in a few days reduces the external covering of the human being to raw meat.

And so the private baths in Shepheard's were a real delight. We had music with our meals, and in the evening, and spent much time at table on the veranda, sitting at a vantage point where all the world passes, as it does on the *Rue de la Paix* in Paris.

CIGARETTES. Although most of the tobacco comes from countries other than Egypt (we suspect Turkey and Greece), Cairo seems to be the home of the cigarette. There is made the Dimitrino, in our opinion the peer of all cigarettes, the famous Nestor Gianaclis, the long and fancy Russian cigarettes which the ladies love, and many other brands. The large-size Dimitrino costs $4.00 per hundred in Cairo. We bought several tins of 100 each, determined to ease them by the customs, if we could, since they were for our own selfish consumption. We recall the fate of one of these tin boxes which, with its fellows, was later hidden away on the top shelf in our closet at home in New York. One day the janitor of our apartment house performed some trivial favor, whereupon our wife, having no change at hand, presented him with a box of our Dimitrinos as a tip. We promptly discovered the loss, and on learning the source, disclosed to our wife the intelligence that a tin of Dimitrinos was rather a large fee for almost any service of a nature capable of execution by a janitor.

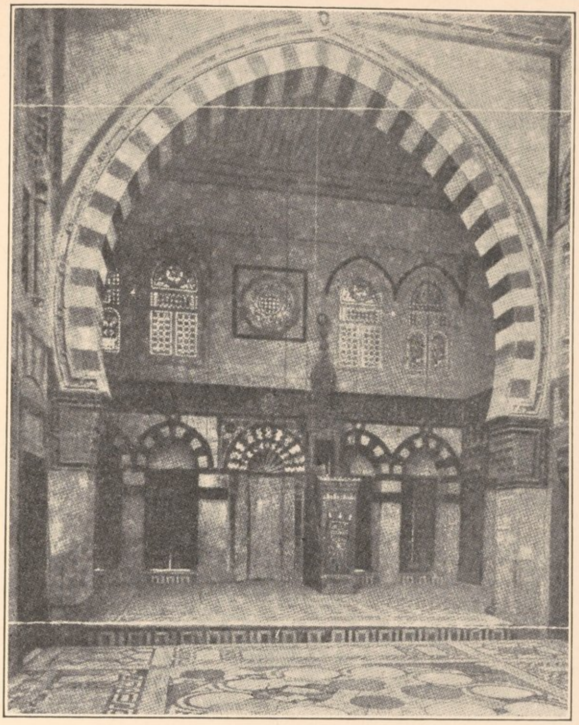
THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH. Of course, one of our first trips is to the nearby pyramids of Gizeh. These are situated about seven miles southwest of Cairo, on the west bank of the Nile, and are reached by way of the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge. There are three large and eight small pyramids at this point, and close by is the Sphinx.

The pyramids are constructed of limestone blocks, cut from a quarry which is clearly visible across the Nile. How they were put in place is a question that has yet to be solved. The big pyramid, that of Pharaoh Khufu, or Cheops, dates from about 4000 B. C. It rises to a height of 451 feet, and measures three-fifths of a mile around its base. The other two main pyramids, those of Chephren and Menkaura, respectively, are somewhat smaller than the big pyramid of Cheops.

Years ago an entrance to the big pyramid was discovered on the north side, some forty-five feet above the base and twenty-four feet to one side of the center. Breaking through at this point a passageway was disclosed which branches off in two directions, one leading on a gradual slope downward for 306 feet, and the other upward to a point about one quarter the height of the pyramid. There are various galleries and chambers along the route of these passageways, but nothing is left to the present day explorer anywhere within the big pyramid. The contents of the main sarcophagus have unquestionably been looted, and probably the star performers in this line were the Roman soldiery of twenty centuries ago.

Egyptologists tell us that every pyramid was built by a ruler to serve as his tomb. We have reason to doubt that this was so, but rather that they were built as blinds to frustrate future generations who assuredly would be seeking the mummies of these ancient rulers, and such treasures as might surround them in their last resting place. The disclosures of Carter, in his recent excavation of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, have shown the richness of the booty which the first looters of the pyramids must have found if the bodies of the older Pharaohs actually were placed in them.

THE SPHINX. This 140-foot effigy, hewn from the natural rock and of even greater antiquity than the pyramids, is a familiar sight in all illustrated books on Egyptian travel. Periodical re-



Entrance to Mosque, Cairo, Egypt

Sphinx and Pyramids of Gizeh, Egypt

moval of the sand which drifts about it is made necessary, lest in time the image perhaps be completely covered by it. At this date the sand has been removed down to the foundation upon which the Sphinx rests, uncovering the paws, with the altar between, for the first time in many years. Ordinarily sand is allowed to accumulate until nearly half of the image is covered up, leaving but the head and shoulders of the image visible to the eye. No interior chamber has been discovered.

When Napoleon made his famous address to his soldiers before the battle which took place on the banks of the Nile opposite the pyramids, he remarked among other things, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you," and, indeed, they then did and still do "look down upon them" in more senses than one, if the records of historians are authentic. Those lads had little consideration for the historic value of these most ancient and wonderfully preserved structures, and so lowly did they regard them that one of Napoleon's artillery captains, in playful target practice, discharged a solid shot at the Sphinx, mutilating its nose and one eye. The results of this act give it the somewhat peculiar appearance it has today, although the look of calm dignity remains. Other writers attribute the mutilation of the Sphinx to

Mohammedan fanaticism; but it is a fact that the vandalism of organized soldiery is beyond all civilized conception, and is not dying out, as witness the disgraceful performances of the Germans in Louvain, where, among the perpetration of acts serving no earthly useful purpose, they destroyed one of the most valuable libraries in the world, thereby matching in barbaric act that of the Saracens who, in A. D. 389 burned the library at Alexandria in their fanatic endeavor to banish learning.

The name Sphinx has become a synonym for secrecy, a message untold. To us the Sphinx of Gizeh is no mystery. Constructed long before the pyramids by the "Servants of Horus" that solar deity, the son of Osiris and Isis, it was placed on the edge of the Libyan plateau, so that it faced straight east, that with head eternally upraised it could catch each morning the first glimpse of its father Ra, the sun god. To us the countenance of the Sphinx bears a look of intense and profound thoughtfulness, as it gazes eternally eastward to the point of sure appearance each morning of its father.

SCARABS. There is no doubt that the Egyptians held in high regard the beetle known as the Scarabeus, for among the mummified remains of human beings, sacred bulls and other animals, quantities of scarabs have been found. These are artificial, of course, an emerald or obsidian being cut in the form of a beetle and engraved on the under face.

It is amazing how many scarabs are found even now in Egypt, many of them having been made in Newark, New Jersey, in all probability. Every dragoman has a pocket full. One of these chaps attached himself to us, and stuck until we left the shadow of the pyramids. He had a choice collection of scarabs and old Roman coins that had "just been dug up from beneath the Khafra mausoleum." He offered this priceless handful to us for three sovereigns. An hour afterwards the price dropped to two and then to one pound sterling. Finally, as we drove away, he shoved the whole collection into our hands, and we gave him a ten piastre piece, or about fifty cents, as a keepsake. His name was Abdallah, of course.

PHOTOGRAPHS. While at the pyramids we were photographed. It is strange how everybody falls for this. While pitching about on camels, and coming to a point opposite the Sphinx, with the pyramids in the background, we were halted by a native photographer and "snapped." Of the incident we thought nothing more until the clerk at the hotel handed us a package, which proved to be a dozen mounted reproductions of the photograph taken at the pyramids. We were advised that we had ordered them of the photographer, who had delivered and collected from the hotel. It is a good racket for the picture takers of saps. What we were charged for them, and paid, we are ashamed to say. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher. All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

SAKKARA. We visited Sakkara and the Step Pyramid. This is said to be the oldest pyramid in Egypt, is about two hundred feet high, and rises in five stages. The construction of this pyramid is believed to be contemporaneous with the reign of the Fourth Pharaoh of the First Dynasty.

Nearby is the Apis Mausoleum, accessible through a sloping subterranean passage. The Apis was the sacred bull of Memphis, requiring definite and natural hirsute markings for identification. When discovered it was worshipped by ancient Egyptians as the living image of the soul of Osiris. During life it was zealously cared for, and after death was buried with treasure and at great expense and ceremony. A granite sarcophagus was provided for each sacred bull that had passed on. These stone chests are about fourteen feet long, eight feet wide and eleven feet high, including the cover slab. The stone out of which they are formed looks like gneiss, is cut truly and is highly polished. The thicker block is hollowed out to receive the body of the bull. The cover slab is three feet thick.

Now what puzzled us was, how did the Egyptians move these stone coffins to Sakkara? The only quarry bearing this type of stone, which showed evidence of having been worked, is located many miles to the south. Each of the larger blocks when finished would weigh all of twenty-five tons. The problem of how to move such a weight must have been solved, however, for there they are at Sakkara, dozens of them, in the Tomb of the Bulls.

All of the granite covers, beautifully polished and fitting true as a die the under sections of the sarcophagi, have been pried to one side and the contents rifled for the treasure they doubtless contained.

MEMPHIS. Five miles from Sakkara, and across the Nile, are the ruins of the ancient city of Memphis, which was an early capital of Egypt. Walking about the walls of one of the ruined buildings we sought to dislodge one of the bricks by a kick of the foot. The only result was a "singing" toe. The mortar used by those old Egyptian bricklayers must have been *some* mortar, to have persisted without noticeable deterioration these thousands of years.

CAMELS AND DONKEYS. When travelling about in the desert, where the sand is deep and soft, the camel is the only reliable means of transportation. These "ships of the desert" are untiring and swift, but grumble and bubble over their job, and will take a bite out of anyone who comes near enough for them to get their teeth in him. Their legs seem to have too many joints, and they walk with a fore and aft motion that is tiring on the rider who does not quickly accustom himself to it. The donkey is about as big as an overgrown gray squirrel, and the feet of the rider quite likely will drag in the sand. But the native drives blithely along on the donkey, at every third step clipping him over the head with a stout club, the while yelling at him to hurry,—*"musta 'gil!"*

HOTEL BILLS. The charges in Egyptian hotels are not unreasonably high, especially when compared with American standards. One can live *en pension* in any of them, if he so desires, but this style the traveller usually finds undesirable. The disconcerting feature of these hotel bills is the item "hall porter charges," which includes everything everybody else has forgotten, including yourself. Also, the custom of recording the amounts in *piastres* is disturbing, for on glancing at the total one's hair creeps a bit when a figure in the thousands is disclosed. A *piastre* being the equivalent of our nickel, it follows that a thousand *piastre* bill is exactly fifty dollars and thereupon the temporarily high blood pressure subsides.

BACKSHEESH. The hailing sign in all Egypt is the outstretched palm accompanied by the importunate cry of *"backsheesh." Salam* means "greetings," but the word is a half brother to *backsheesh,,* which means "come across," or what have you? Every white face inspires the ubiquitous beggar to louder and more persistent efforts. Your response of *"ma feesh"* only makes them yell the louder, but sometimes if one sadly murmurs to them *"Allah ja 'tik."*. . . Allah will provide, they will throw up their hands and move off, thinking perhaps you really are on to the ropes. You are, of course, but ordinarily you give up just the same.

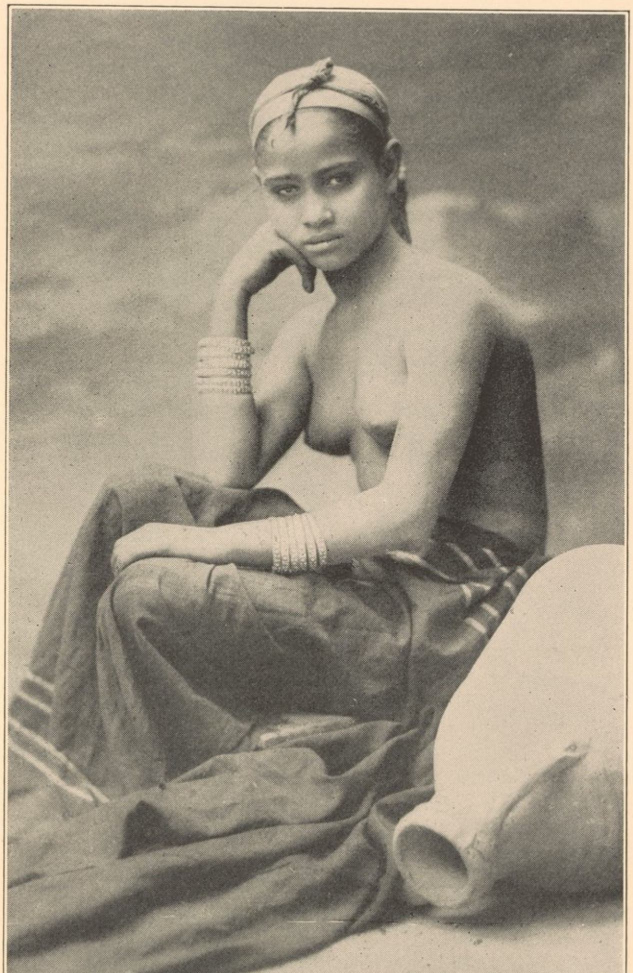
In the desert the donkey boys can spot a tourist as far as a buzzard can a corpse, potential or real. Their pet game is to offer green dates with their cry for *backsheesh,* for these lads eat green dates much after the fashion of green apple consumption by the youth of our country; whether with the same after results we do not know. But the worst of giving *backsheesh* is that there is no end to it. One coin thrown and a score of other upraised hands is the immediate answer.

FLIES. Among the seven curses visited upon the Egyptians by God, through Moses, one was the curse of flies. Others were frogs, lice, locusts and boils, but the fly plague is enough for this story.

The plague of flies, with which the Egyptians were afflicted thirty-two centuries ago, is still with them. The faces of sleeping babies almost invariably have upon them four black blotches. These are swarms of flies gathered about the eyes, nose and mouth, and only from time to time swept away by the bullrush brushes in the hands of their mothers. It is no wonder there is so much blindness in Egypt.

THE WATER WAGON. The common method of water purveyance in the native quarters is in goat skin containers. Goats are useful as milk givers and for meat, but after their demise their skins still serve for a long time as water reservoirs. In the morning the water carriers swarm to the banks of the Nile to fill their goat skins, and through the day peddle the water by the cup within the city. A variant elaboration of this is the *limonade* seller, whose receptacle is the same, and who advertises his soft drink by the clashing of small cymbals as he walks along the streets.

THE INDIA FEVER REAPPEARS. The mummy of the Pharaoh of Moses' time and the oppressor


JEUNE BARBARINE
S I P.

Young Egyptian, Negroid Type

of the Israelites, Rameses II., was found by Maspero at Deir-el-Bahari in 1881, and is now preserved in the Gizeh Museum in Cairo. We were looking down upon his marvellously preserved features when the lights went out. The India fever had struck again. We were led to our carriage, driven back to Shepheard's, and placed in bed. Our friend Dr. Bitter, Director of the State Institute of Hygiene, arrived promptly, and administered a thirty-grain dose of quinine, leaving instructions for us to have another dose of equal size in two hours, and to keep well covered in bed. Now sixty grains of quinine is some dose, and we spent the night comatosely listening to bands of music, the "scuff-scuff-scuff" of marching troops, the roar of waterfalls and such like. And sweat! It was never believed that the human body contains so much moisture. But the day following the distemper had left us, weak but otherwise well.

Damietta. We wished to see an American water filtration system which was under construction at Damietta, and so, in the company of Dr. Bitter, proceeded north to that place. This ancient city is situated between the Damietta branch of the Nile and Lake Menzaleh, seven miles from the Nile mouth. It was twice beseiged and taken by the crusaders in 1218 and 1249, respectively.

A Rhode Island Yankee by the name of Peckham was supervising the erection of the filter plant at Damietta, and as we entered the building we heard his high, querulous voice describing in English to the Arab laborers how he wanted some work done. Their only reaction was to gaze blankly at him. Throwing up his hands in despair he wailed "Oh hell! Can't you understand nuthin,' you dumbheads?" And then he espied us. In the mixup that followed we felt sure he was going to kiss us.

On the return trip we stopped briefly at Mansourah, where Louis IX. of France was defeated by the Egyptians in the year 1250, and all went well until our train engine broke down at Zagazig in the late afternoon, forty miles north of Cairo. That settled it; we had to remain there over night.

ZAGAZIG. Proceeding to a hotel we got connecting rooms, and while unpacking the author discovered how thoughtful the innkeeper was. Not only were there comb and brush at hand, but a well worn tooth-brush. Looking over Dr. Bitter's room we discovered similar equipment. This reminded us of a like incident in the washroom of a hotel in Boonton, New Jersey. Several men were cleaning up before dinner, when another entered in a great hurry and proceeded to make a hasty toilet. In the midst of this he grabbed up a tooth-brush and was proceeding to use it when his neighbor said casually, "That's my tooth-brush." "The hell it is," replied the hurried one, "then where'n hell's the hotel brush?"

We had our dinner at a table on the sidewalk, and in ordering it the Doctor, an extraordinary linguist, was stumped, for once. He tried out several waiters and the manager in Arabic, French and German, but Greek he did not know, and Greek they were. So we went to the kitchen, picked out what we wanted, and so solved the problem satisfactorily.

Very much betimes the next morning, and when it was still dark, we heard just outside the hotel a succession of weird sing-song cries, repeated at intervals. Some fellow just getting home from a party, we thought. But it continued, so we arose and looked out, and found that the sounds came from the minaret of a mosque just across the narrow street. It was the call to prayer, which is repeated by the *muezzin* at noon, four o'clock in the afternoon, sunset and nightfall, as well as at dawn. The echoed responses from mosques elsewhere in the city were impressive, indeed.

RAMLEH AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. Leaving Cairo, after a round of the bazars and the "Fish Market," we proceeded to Ramleh on the Mediterranean, arriving at the Hotel Casino San Stefano at night. We were assigned to quarters on the ground floor, and on awakening the next morning opened our eyes upon one of the most beautiful of visions, that of the wide expanse of the dark blue Mediterranean, dotted with white sails, and stretching across to the Aegean Sea, and Greece, but five hundred miles away.

We looked over the nearby city of Alexandria, founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B. C. Not only was this city at one time an important seat of learning, containing a wonderful library of 700,000 volumes written in all languages, but it was the scene of the death of Cleopatra, and of her boy friend Antony, and it was from here that the two obelisks of pink granite, known as Cleopatra's needles, were brought to London and New York, respectively, less than half a century ago.

Our time in Egypt is about up, so we move back to Port Said, and there on September 22 take ship for Marseilles, where we arrive five days later after a beautiful voyage of 1700 miles. The trip is quite uneventful, although the passage through the Straits of Messina, the imposing sight of ever active Stromboli at night, and the trip through the Straits of Bonifacio, separating the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia, provide occasional thrills. Arriving at Marseilles we again allowed Mr. Cook to do his stuff, and presently were enshrined in the royal suite (no kidding) at the Grand Hotel.

CHAPTER VI

France

THE Chateau d'If; the birthplace of Thiers, that brilliant first president of the third, and first real, French Republic; the Prado; the Cathedral; the monumental Palais de Longchamps terminus of the Dorance Aqueduct; all these are Marseilles. Founded by Phocaean colonists twenty-five centuries ago, an important Gallic city in the reign of the Caesars, ravished by the Saracens, and finally united to France in 1481, Marseilles has had a colorful history.

Then too, it was at a civic banquet in Marseilles on June 25th, 1792, that Mireur sang that immortal "*Chant de Guerre,*" the strain of which floated ahead of the revolutionists as they entered Paris from Marseilles on June 30. Captain de Lisle's famous "*Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin*" promptly thereafter became known as "*La Marseillaise.*"

THE ROYAL SUITE. The suite to which we were assigned in the hotel was a well furnished portrait gallery, in which hung the likenesses of sundry kings and princesses who sometimes had occupied it. We are apprehensive lest even our own likeness may be there now, and undergoing questioning scrutiny on the part of other favored sojourners in those parts.

The beds were massive, and the chandelier suspended in the center of the drawing room vividly recalled the one in the Metropolitan Opera House. Conversation between the two extremities of the drawing room could be carried on comfortably by telephone.

FOOD. Once bathed and dressed, our palatial surroundings moved us to a mild form of insanity. We summoned the *maître d'hôtel,* and with the inspiring assistance of a *louis d'or* explained tersely to this majestic person our desire for much food, both wet and dry. Leaving the selection entirely to him he was instructed to hop to it, being advised only that we wished everything in the kitchen and cellar except *"château de la pompe."*

Promptly things began to happen. Pages, waiters, tables, linen, silver, candles and flowers, assembled in a kaleidoscopic picture, and weaving into it at suitably frequent intervals, the *sommeilier,* with his engaging potions. Ice rattled in coolers, and ancient becobwebbed baskets in which reclined dusty bottles, none bearing a finger mark were carefully entabled at the side for future reference. And presently there was served a dinner designed as reimbursement for all of the deprivations of nearly a year in the Orient. We recollect that at its ending we were content to call it a day, and our complete record of the repast took the form of a salad dressing (*"Moutarde a la Ravigote"*) thus; four tablespoons oil, one vinegar, one-quarter mustard. If you desire an additional thrill, add some minced green peppers.

EN ROUTE TO PARIS. We had an engagement in Paris on October 1st, so on this trip went directly through from Marseilles. The trip is one of some five hundred miles, but ingratiating smiles, waist-low bows, hat raisings and a ten-franc note secured a "free" compartment. When we learned later on that we had paid in full for a *lit-salon* our conceit drained away swiftly. Second class pullman facilities consist of compartments for four people. Pillow and blanket are for rental, and most of them see long service between washings. Disrobing for the night in these quarters is a sketchy and incomplete operation. In the morning one looks as though he had slept in the cell of a police station.

Day train accommodations are *premiére, seconde* and *troisiéme classe.* Aside from the fact that there is no upholstery in the third class coaches, it is fortunate we do not attempt to travel that way, for we could never pronounce "*troisiéme*" and get away with it the first time; and if in attempting the French language you miss with the rifle, a shot gun won't help you later. Second class is about the same as first, with the exception of interior advertising scenery which is plentiful in coaches of the second class. In either one there will be a paucity of ventilation, and an overplus of crowding. Trains are not provided with water coolers, and a thermos bottle is a necessity.

THE DINER. The food on express trains is excellent and cheap, and the price for each repast is fixed. The only embarrasing feature of dining on a train in France is that your *vis-á-vis* will insist on trying to draw you into a long and complicated conversation. If he confines his conversation to French you can easily dispose of the situation by smiling sweetly and explaining that you do not speak French. It is never wise to admit that you do anyway. Whether you do or not will be discovered soon enough. If your *vis-á-vis* essays English, quite probably you will find yourself in an inextricable fix.

PARIS. We stop at the Hotel Continental, on the Rue de Castiglione, because Baedeker informs us that only princes and rich Americans go there. We find accommodations awaiting us through the kind thoughtfulness of our friend Samuel Lord

Morison, and having travelled all day turn in early.

On awakening we are forced to exclaim, "So this is Paris!" Everybody does. We have to travel a mile to the bathroom, and get chucked out of several rooms we first enter by mistake. Dressed, we proceed to our friend's room on the third floor, have a whale of a job finding it because they have a queer custom of shuffling the room numbers in the Continental, but first get into a mild dispute with the lift boy over our pronounciation of the word *"troisiéme."* Corralling our friend we breakfast and fare forth.

CITY TRANSPORTATION. Taxis, 'buses, tramways, subways and horse drawn victorias furnish the means of transportation. If you are in a hurry, and really want to arrive at some specific place, hail a taxi by giving a shrill yell and waving your stick. Once in it there lies ahead of you the thrill of your life. The Parisian taxi driver has no equal in the world, unless in Havana, for speed, close shaves and vocabulary, and accidents are surprisingly rare.

We find the horse drawn *fiacre* the real Rolando. The *cocher* is a very friendly person, desirous of giving you the low down on all the sights. If you can understand him it is a great help, but paradoxically, if you can you probably don't need it. A dream of a drive is out through the Arc de Triomphe, Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne to the Cascade. Here is a little rest spot that beats by several miles the Casino in New York's Central Park.

THE FORE SIGHTS. Of course, we visit the Louvre, Notre Dame and the Madeleine; the Opera House, the Place de la Concord and the Pantheon; the Hotel des Invalides, the Hotel de Ville and Place de la Bastille.

We own up to a supreme joke we played on ourself in connection with the last named. In our best French (which is rotten) we told our chauffeur *"C'est pour voir la Place de la Bastille,"* only we didn't say *"la Place de."* He drove us there, straight down the Rue de Rivoli, and on our arrival we instructed him to circle about a bit. After we had searched the square for five minutes trying to locate the Bastille we suddenly, and with deep chagrin, remembered what had happened to it in 1790, after its hectic career of nearly four hundred years. We have never made public this deplorable incident until now.

In some slight self-justification, however, we may add that we discovered the line of white paving stones which trace the perimeter of the Bastille, and the bronze *Colonne de Juillet,* both marking the site of the old prison.

COCKTAILS AND GREEN CORN. One day we had just broken away from a cocktail party with friends at Henri's, near the Hotel Chatham, and while slowly strolling along the street an unusual sight caught our eye. It looked like a pyramid of new green corn. Now we knew that corn on the cob is not the long and hasty of the French, but being willing to try anything once we entered the small restaurant, and indicating the green corn sought a table. It was a long and laborious task to convince the *garçon* that we wanted corn, and nothing but corn, but we suppose they are coming to a point where nothing an American does surprises them. When we indicated a half dozen ears, however, his eyes went up with his shoulders and forearms. When he brought it we ate it, and also half a corn cake the size of an ordinary pie. The eyes of the waiter never left us during the semi-barbaric process observed in the consumption of the green corn, and we didn't blame him much.

When the grain bill arrived it was our turn to laugh, however. It appears that new corn is a rarity in France, each ear being put to sleep under a stocking o' nights. The *addition* called for the equivalent of $2.40, the charge for the corn being twenty cents an ear, and for the corn bread twenty cents a "piece," the whole cake being divided into twelve sections. In this country they throw in corn bread with the cover charge, and in the south they shoot you if you don't eat it.

THE HIND SIGHTS. It will be noted that in this heading a distinction is made from the previous heading "Fore Sights." Now it is true that in marksmanship one is necessary to the other. The employment of the hind sight, without the fore sight, usually will result in a miss unless engaged in wing shooting. A fore sight is particularly useful when aiming at a definite target. So for hind sights, since it doesn't matter much whether we hit at once the sort of entertainment we like, we might mention the Quartier Latin, Place Pigalle, Porte St. Martin, Moulin Rouge, Olympia, Bal Boullier and some, but not all, of the multiude of *Boîtes des Nuit.*

On the entrance of an American to these places, it is interesting to observe the look of pleased anticipation that breaks out like a rash over the countenances of the proprietors, entertainers, *and* some of the guests. The most appropriate music that could be played at such times would be "Strike up the band," "Clap, clap, here comes Charlie," "O Pop! O Pop!" and similar well-meaning tunes.

There is nothing particularly "wild" about any of these places, unless it is a stray American tourist, or an occasional excitable Argentinian, and those who visit them know what they want, and expect to get stung. They usually do, but if one behaves himself and doesn't high hat too much, buys when it is his turn, and when it isn't, and does not start anything, he is just as safe as he is in New York Chinatown. It is the very frankness about Parisian night life that allures more than its actual toughness.

We freely admit that there is a considerable display of quite promiscuous friendship on the part of *femmes de la nuit,* and that it is extremely difficult to acquire a bite late at night without intrusion, but polite rejection of casual overtures are usually respected, and as in all other countries the traveller receives just exactly what he invites, and in such cities as Paris, Cologne and Vienna there is a lot thrown in for good measure. Make no mistake about that.

PICTURE POSTCARDS. France and Belgium must work overtime turning out picture postcards of the very frank variety, but while one can easily get pinched for minor infractions of the law, one is permitted to paste the postcard seller on the jaw. This is a great relief sometimes. Our greatest difficulty along that line was to convince a demure lass in a bookshop close by La Madeleine that we did not care to buy an unillustrated, but unexpurgated, English copy of "Fanny Hill." We wondered whether she could read English, or whether she was actuated only by a desire to make a sale of any sort. Alternately studying the girl and the book we were unable to solve the conundrum.

It is remarkable what a mass of this junk one could pick up in almost any foreign country, and how it is always offered to Americans in particular. Perhaps they know that we do not go in for that sort of thing in this country. It is an old story abroad, particularly in Egypt and France, and we fancy that the local demand is infinitesimally small. Just so have short skirts, bare knees and "reviews," finally convinced our Puritanical minds that women have legs; and that spot on Broadway at the Flatiron Building, where twenty years ago young and old men used to gather on windy days, now is forsaken except by those hurrying by on foot; and the cop on post no longer wears smoked glasses.

At this point we cannot refrain from a brief parenthetical reference to the word "cop." This neologism was derived from the initial letters of the English "constable of police," just as the word "tip" comes from a sign "To Insure Promptness," once placed in an old eating house over a box for the receipt of gratuities.

VERSAILLES. An engaging trip is that to nearby Versailles. In the royal palace, built by Louis XIII, or perhaps more properly by Louis XIV, is the famous *Galerie des Glaces,* where seven years ago was signed the Peace Treaty that definitely ended the German Empire. The ironical clothure of this comparatively recent and significant ceremony rests in the fact that it was in this identical room that the German Empire was born fifty-five years ago.

When any important act is to be consummated the French insist that the event be staged at Versailles. Diplomatic conferences are all well enough on the Quai d'Orsay, but signing on the dotted line is an act to be performed only in the Hall of Mirrors.

French presidents are elected at Versailles. Here also are located the Little Trianon of Marie Antoinette, and the Large Trianon of Maintenon. The very atmosphere of Versailles is redolent of romance and history.

FONTAINEBLEAU. The palace at Fontainebleau was perhaps the chief residence of the Kings of France from the middle ages. The gardens, park and forest of over 40,000 acres, are famous all over the world.

When Napoleon took a one-year involuntary lease on the Island of Elba he moved from Fontainebleau. That he came to prefer the latter as a residence is evidenced by the fact that he broke his Elba lease after ten months. The move was an unfortunate one for him, however, for after one hundred days' house hunting he not only failed utterly to recover his old apartments at Fontainebleau, but was forced to locate finally and permanently on St. Helena, a far less desirable place of residence. There is no record that he thanked the British for his buggy ride on H. M. S. Bellerophon, either.

SURESNES AND IVRY. On October 7th we visited Suresnes and Ivry to see parts of the waterworks of Paris, where the Seine river water is pumped to an elevation, spilled over aerators, and afterwards passed through several filters of progressively increasing fineness. The bady polluted river water is thus purified and made safe to drink.

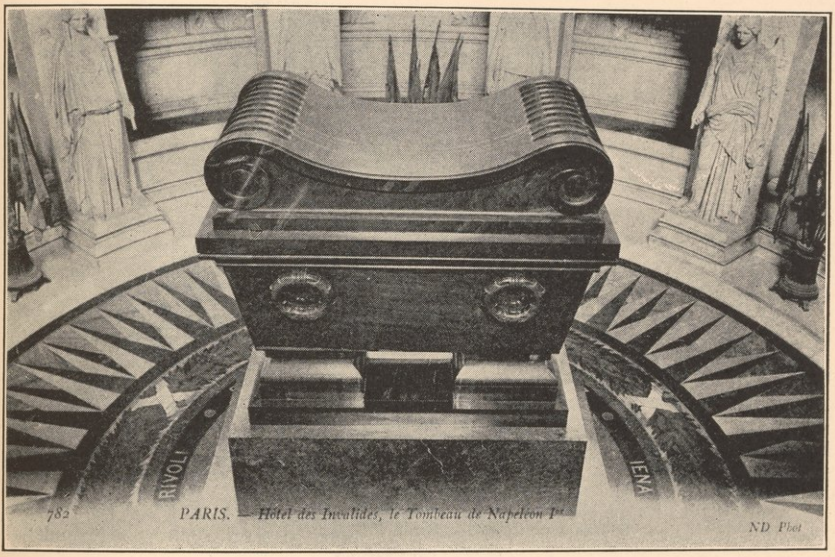
Ivry-sur-Seine is an important manufacturing center, and figured prominently in the Communistic War of 1871.

LA CITÉ. The city of Paris did not derive its name from Priam's pretty son, the boy friend of Helen Menelaus. Quite to the contrary, it came from sterner stuff . It would appear that the chief settlement of the Parisii, a tribe of Celts, was called by the Romans Lutetia Parisiorum, and was so known until the decline of the Roman Empire, not long after which it acquired its present cognomen, derived from the Gallic tribe of Parisii. The modern city has grown around the *Ile de la Cité.*

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON. In the Hotel des Invalides, so named because it was founded for disabled and infirm soldiers, is the monolithic red granite sarcophagus of Napoleon Bonaparte, standing in an open crypt beneath the dome. The building is remarkable for its architecture, and for the priceless military trophies it contains. We carefully watched our step while gazing downward from the balcony encircling the crypt. If you sneeze within these hallowed premises the guard will chuck you out.

Everyone who visits this tomb should consider the lighting effects. A soft diffusion of bluish transmutation of the daylight, descending from the dome, creates an atmosphere entirely indescribable, but highly appropriate to the surroundings.

THE BIG PARADE. While mentioning the tomb of Napoleon it occurred to us that a word might not be out of place respecting the Big Fuss in which Willie Hohenzollern was knocked for a row of Algerian dog kennels. We shall attempt no accurate historical account, expansive in detail and made tiresome by statistics; but, at that, many


RIVOLI
IENA
782 PARIS. — Hôtel des Invalides, le Tombeau de Napoléon Ier
ND Phot

Tomb of Napoleon, Paris

will realize that there are a number of things about the Quarrel of the Ages which are not very completely understood.

DISTANCES. In this thumb-nail sketch of stellar events crowded into the years 1914-1918, certain high lights stand out. Among these is the matter of distances. It is difficult for many Americans to comprehend that Liége, in Belgium, where Germany first struck in force on August 4, 1914, is but 150 miles from Paris as the crow flies, or equivalent to the distance from New York to Albany; New Orleans to Vicksburg; St. Louis to Terre Haute; Omaha to Des Moines; Dallas to Wichita Falls; Los Angeles to Tia Juana; and Portland to Seattle. The entire western battlefield, from the Rhine to Paris, covered a territory some 250 miles east and west, and 200 miles north and south, or about the area of the State of Pennsylvania.

The fact that Germany succeeded in getting within seven miles of Paris is not so remarkable. The wonder is that they were stopped at all before over-running into the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean and over the Pyrenees. The probabilities are that had it not been for the Belgian resistance at the outset, they assuredly would have. Nevertheless, when Von Kluck arrived practically at the gates of Paris, he seems to have overlooked the fact that he no longer was fighting a retreating army, but one fully organized to make a last determined stand. When this army, commanded by Maunoury, made its first threatening move against the victoriously advancing Germans, Von Kluck, with four-fifths of his army engaged against French and d'Esperey, turned temporarily from his late antagonists and faced Maunoury. Reinforced at critical moments by his superior, Gallieni, in which reenforcement the famous "taxicab army" played its part, Maunoury not only held, but pressed the enemy back. French and d'Esperey closed in on Von Kluck's left flank, and realizing the seriousness of his position he ordered a general retreat. The Battle of the Marne followed. Similarly were the hordes of Attila turned back from Lutetia Parisii twenty-four centuries ago.

In this great advance of the German Army in 1914, Roulers (140), Ypres (125), Courtrai (130), Armentieres (140), Lille (140), Mons (160), Neuve Chapelle (120), Valenciennes (130), Arras (100), Cambrai (100), Soissons (60), Chalons (90), Rheims (80), Chateau Thierry (40), Chantilly (22), Verdun (140), and St. Mihiel (140) featured often in the dispatches. The air line distances from Paris are approximately as shown in parentheses. This gives a fair idea of how relatively close to Paris the western battlefront always was. The Argonne Hills are but forty miles east of Rheims, and 120 from Paris. Verdun and St. Mihiel are but twenty miles further east.

THE MEUSE-ARGONNE. The American forces first dipped alone into the big game at Cantigny, near Montdidier, on May 28, 1917. Immediately afterwards they did their stuff at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. These successes were the forerunners of later victories, terminating in the famous Meuse-Argonne campaign. This was the greatest struggle at arms ever engaged in by an American Army. In the succession of battles lasting forty-seven days, 1,200,000 American troops and 320 tanks were engaged. Artillery of 2,400 guns fired over 4,000,000 rounds of ammunition. Some eight hundred airplanes dropped one hundred tons of explosives on the enemy. More than 150 towns were liberated and six hundred square miles of territory taken. The American casualties numbered 120,000.

BEAUVAIS. This little city, the capital of the department of Oise, is a comfortable two hours' motor trip from Paris. Its cathedral, on which construction was begun on a too ambitious plan in 1225, remains unfinished. The tapestry made here is of surpassing loveliness. It is fabricated on flat looms.

A LOUER. A New Yorker, strolling about in France, suddenly became aware of the immense number of signs tacked to doorways and standing in windows, bearing the inscription "á louer." When enlightened by a friend that the sign indicated the place was for rent he exclaimed, "Suffering goulash. That guy A. Louer has got Joseph P. Day backed off the map!"

CHAPTER VII

Odds and Ends

THE trip from Paris to Brussels developed but little excitement. Setting out in the evening we arrived at the Grand Hotel around midnight. We dined long, and well, *a la table d'hôte,* in the *wagon-restaurant,* seated opposite a nerve exciting vision of Belgian loveliness, who insisted that while Paris was all right *"il n'y a que Bruxelles!"* "Eh, well, we are from Missouri," said we, "Oui?" interrogated our *vis-á-vis,* concluding rather doubtfully, *"Je regrette!"*

Our conversation must have been a scream. We would silently rehearse a remark, and deciding that it was ready to serve, do so, noting apprehensively the growing look of expectancy on our listener's face. Then would follow an avalanche from her, through which we waited anxiously for a word or two which we would recognize. The exchange of ideas became more and more infrequent, and finally reached the point of requests for salt and pepper. As she arose to depart she graciously bestowed upon us a *"merci pour la ballade,"* to which we bowed and murmured *"a vous,"* wondering whether we had caught the idea or not, for we couldn't get the *"ballade"* part of it. It seems that she was thanking us for the buggy ride, the lark, or something of the sort.

Arriving at the hotel in Brussels we came into initial contact with a head porter, gate-man, court-man, or something equivalent, who took our luggage in charge. He was dressed like a rear admiral, and wore a Leopoldish spade beard. We addressed him as "Bill," and put him on our payroll at once. Many a time he rescued us from certain casual acquaintances who expressed a desire to accompany us to our rooms. On these occasions, when the matter was referred to his judgment, he would assume a positively austere expression, roll his eyes to heaven, elevate his shoulders, place one forefinger along the side of his nose, droop a single eyelid toward us, and assure the cockeyed world that such a thing was never heard of at the Grand Hotel. Whereupon our casual acquaintances would snap their fingers beneath his nose and depart. We never heard one of them ask him *"et pourquoi pas?"* and that shows what a picker we were when we chose him as a guardian.

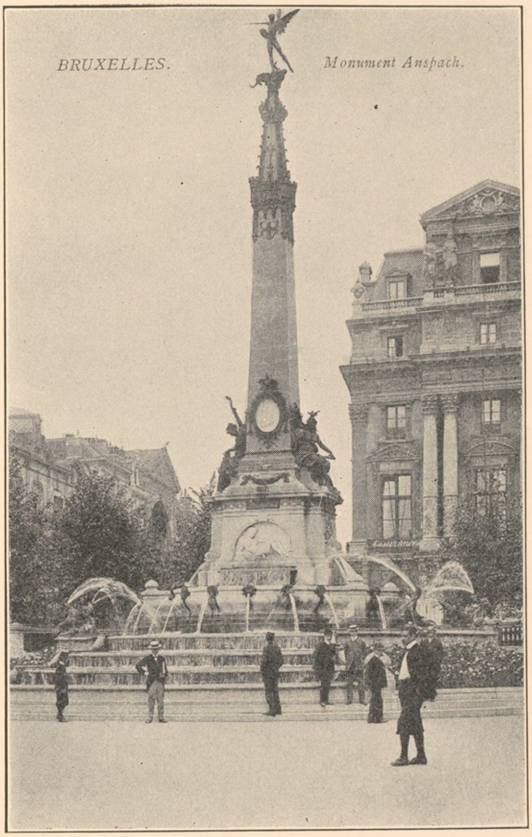
M. HENRI FRECHIE. For Brussels, Antwerp and the nearby towns we engaged a *courier,* yclept as above. Henri could "coo" some, and was a delightful companion into the bargain. He dashed us around with a speed and accuracy of purpose that makes a review of our expense account while in his company a real joy.

THE WERTZ MUSEUM. Probably, we have this all wrong, but it is something like it, and anybody will recognize the establishment by the description that follows. This struggling artist, whose name the museum bears, was patronized by an elderly woman, who purchased a house for him and supplied his meagre living wants, providing only that none of his paintings should be sold, but that all should be hung and remain within the building. At his demise the title to the property and his paintings passed to the Belgian Government. The artist, Woertz, or Wertz, gradually lost his mind, and clear evidence of this is found in his creations.

Of his skill there can be no doubt, but his choice of subjects was that of a disordered and morbid mentality, as a rule. One, "The Beautiful Rosina," described a splendid nude, and a counter painting that of her bare skeleton. In "The Rose," showing a girl extending from a casement window a flower in her left hand, the foreshortening of her arm was particularly well done. A huge canvas showed part of a Homeric battle, where one surprised combatant was receiving a spear-thrust in his abdomen, while another was about to bounce a huge boulder upon the head of the spearman. Loose heads and arms were lying all about.

Along the walls, and rising from the floor, were inhabited dog mangers, sentry boxes and the like, painted on the wall itself. The dogs and sentries were shown asleep, as was proper, but we tiptoed by them because their very naturalness inspired the apprehension that they might awaken. In conspicuous places were "The Suicide" and "Napoleon in Hell," the former showing the skull crown of the suicide flying through the air, propelled by the discharge of a pistol in his hand, while behind him in shadow, on his left and right, respectively, stood an angel and a disciple of the devil, in appropriate poses. Napoleon in hell was discovered standing in a characteristic attitude, while the shades of men and women swarmed about him, extending toward him clenched fists, dead children and similar agreeable objects. Evidently he was being given the big "strafe."

The four corners of the room were boarded off, and in each such partition was a peep-hole. Looking through one a tomb room was disclosed, with coffins stacked against the wall. On the floor was another, bearing the inscription "Dead of Cholera." The cover of this coffin was being raised at one end by the hand of its occupant, who


BRUXELLES.
Monument Anspach.

Shaft of Anspach, Brussels, Belgium

was peering out. This picture was entitled "Buried Alive."

THE MANNEQUIN PIS. There is in Brussels a remarkable fountain presented to the city by a man whose little boy had strayed from home. Among the rewards offered by his father for his safe return was the fountain in question. If our publisher sees fit to reproduce the illustration we have submitted to him, nothing more need be said about this very ornamental and interesting monument.

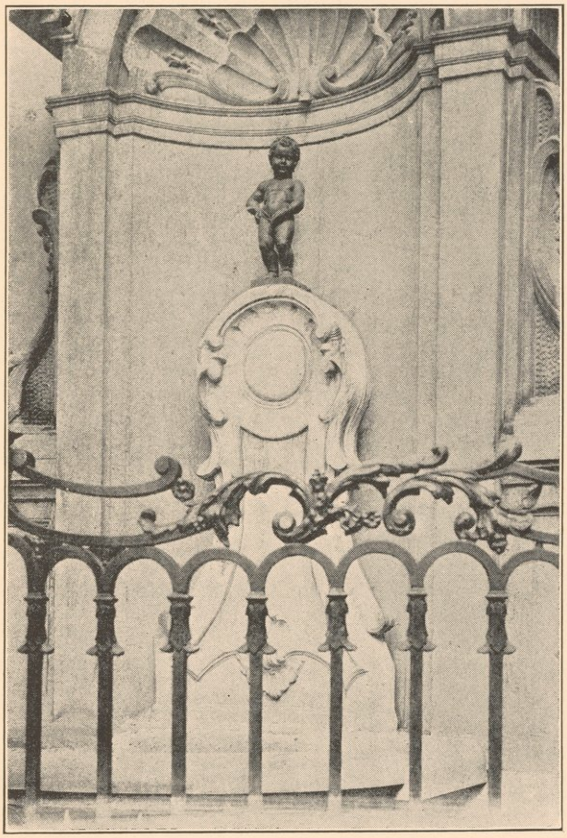
GENERAL. Brussels can be summed up in one word, Beautiful. Space does not permit adequate description of the Bois de la Cambre, the graceful shaft of Anspach in the Place de Brouckére, La Bourse, Palais de Justice, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Maison du Roi and the Hôtel de Ville. All are architectural triumphs.

These Belgians are regular men and women. Julius Caesar was right when he characterized them as the bravest antagonists he had met. They proved it again in the World War. A buffer state, Belgium's soil has been soaked in blood repeatedly through twenty centuries, and yet the people are ever industrious, courteous and considerate. Somehow we cannot refrain from comparing the people of Paris and Brussels with those of New York and small western cities. In New York and Paris it is more customary to permit the devil to take tailenders, while in Brussels and smaller cities in our country, there is displayed more humaneness, and kindly concern.

CALAIS. Passing rather hurriedly through Antwerp, and stopping only long enough to get a birds-eye view of things, and to look over the subaqueous garden at the water works, we proceeded to Calais on our way to England.

Approaching the gangway to the Channel boat we were stopped by a British officer who enquired "Are you a British subject, sir?" So glad were we to hear English again that we bestowed upon him a broad smile, and announced that if to secure passage to England it was necessary first to swear allegiance to the Crown, he might produce the necessary papers and we would sign them. "American, eh?" said our English friend, "Pass in."

TRANS-CHANNEL HABITS. Why is it that in crossing the English Channel so many people determine to be sick? Of course, the prevailing customs help in forcing the idea upon sensitive stomachs. If one takes a stateroom it is either for the purpose of resting in comfort during the passage, or deliberately to be ill. On deck the stewards conscientiously set out a nice basin beside each chair, and thus is avoided the necessity for pitching the lunch overboard, upon the deck, or



The Mannequin Pis, Brussels, Belgium

over some other sufferer. But the aim of some is woefully bad, and the basin is a small mark for a seasick person to hit consistently. Consequently, much of the deck is "all wet."

LONDON. Arriving in London we went to our temporary quarters adjacent to the Princess Hotel, facing both on Jermyn Street and Picadilly. The porter who brought in our luggage took a swift look about and exclaimed "My word, sir, but you are fortunate. Lord Jermyn died in this very room, sir!" It may be mentioned that this house stands next to, and is connected with, the Princess Hotel, and is used as an overflow accommodation.

Cable communication with us from Berlin having misfired while we were in Belgium, a message caught us in London, calling us to Cologne. We had barely turned around in London before we were obliged to take a train for Harwich.

COLOGNE. The crossing from Harwich to the Hook of Holland was made at night, and a rough night it was. Entraining at the Hook for Cologne in the morning found us bleary-eyed and sore at the world. We fussed at Customs examinations, which were becoming far too frequent, got into a row over our *"platz karte"* on the train, and generally groused until we arrived in Cologne. A porter helped us with our luggage across the square to our hotel, the Kölner Hof, we secured a room, ordered a dash of "schnapps" and made ready for a good sleep, but there was absolutely nothing doing. Our Berlin friend had wired another engineer in Barmen the news of our prospective arrival in Cologne,—or Köln since we are now in Germany,—and no sooner had we laid our travel-weary frame upon the bed, and pulled the feather bed up to our chin, thereby uncovering our feet and half of our legs, than he was announced. So we dressed and descended to the lobby where he awaited us.

This genial Prussian's name was Wolscholtz. He greeted us effusively, and for about thirty seconds it seemed as though we were going to get on famously together. Then came an ugly pause in the conversation. We had exhausted all of the German we could muster, and he his meagre store of English. Thenceforth we conversed in a polygot of English, German, French and Latin, filling in the chinks with gestures and facial grimaces. Our best, we found, was standing before a mahogany counter, facing each other, right hands grasping a sweating receptacle, and saying, in unison, "Prosit." We did that very well, and often.

We did the Cathedral in a couple of hours, much too short a time in which to but faintly appreciate its manifold splendor. Then the "Bodega," more prosits and funny conversations. Finally we gave it up and proceeded to the home of a friend of Herr Wolscholtz, at 122 Köenigstrasse (perhaps), and lo! Herr Hüssing, who spoke English well; so all was indeed well again.

It appeared that Herr Hüssing was a wholesaler in fine wines and old brandies. Happy days! Several hours and scuttles of these and a bite to eat was suggested. This took the form of cheese sandwiches and Rhinewine. After a platter of dry and a case of wet goods had been disposed of, somebody suggested that we proceed to a restaurant overlooking the Rhine where we could dine. Seriously doubting our internal displacement value at the moment we tagged along.

Friend Wolscholtz recommended that before we started dinner the party should have a cocktail "in honor of our American friend." Gentle reader, did'st ever quaff a German Manhattan? If not, you haven't missed much. Following the consumption of the cocktail came an avalanche of lentil soup, fish, entrees, roasts, pancakes, sweets, and all the time Moselle, Moselle and still more Moselle. Long after midnight we arose from the table, steady as the proverbial judge but feeling dreadfully damp. The table looked like a bowling alley in distress. Hüssing said we had better drop into Fritz's for a cup of coffee, and then to bed. Two steaming cups of strong black coffee, and the hay was sought.

Promptly at seven o'clock the next morning Wolscholtz again called at the Kölner Hof. After a breakfast of coffee and cony-ack, as the doughboy has it, another merry round was on. This one hesitated at the Bodega at noon where we were expected to consume a quart of old port as an appetizer for luncheon, which afterwards followed in seven courses. More sights, dinner, a show, and supper. We broke away from the supper around one o'clock and started alone for our hotel. We could discern in the distance the twin spires of the *Dom,* and decided to walk. Gentle stranger, has't e'er tried to find your way about in Cologne, alone at night? Don't do it! We walked for two hours, having lost sight of the cathedral spires soon after we started. The streets were deserted, and finally we wearily leaned against a building and resigned ourself to wait for morning. The sound of a snore came to our ears from around the corner. There stood a cab, with both driver and horse asleep. Arousing them we named the Kölner Hof. A drive around three more corners, and in three minutes we had arrived at the hotel.

Our week in Köln and environs was hectic. We were entertained to a point where we never after could stand the taste of Moselle, and in view of what Mr. Volstead did to America a few years ago, perhaps it is just as well. So back to England, and off for the north.

ENGLAND. A flying trip of two weeks took us to Rugby, Birmingham, Stoke, Hanley, Stafford, Manchester, Bolton, Newcastle, York and back to London. Everybody knows Rugby for its great public school; Birmingham for its hardware; Stoke, Hanley and Stafford for pottery productions; Manchester and Bolton for cotton and woolens.

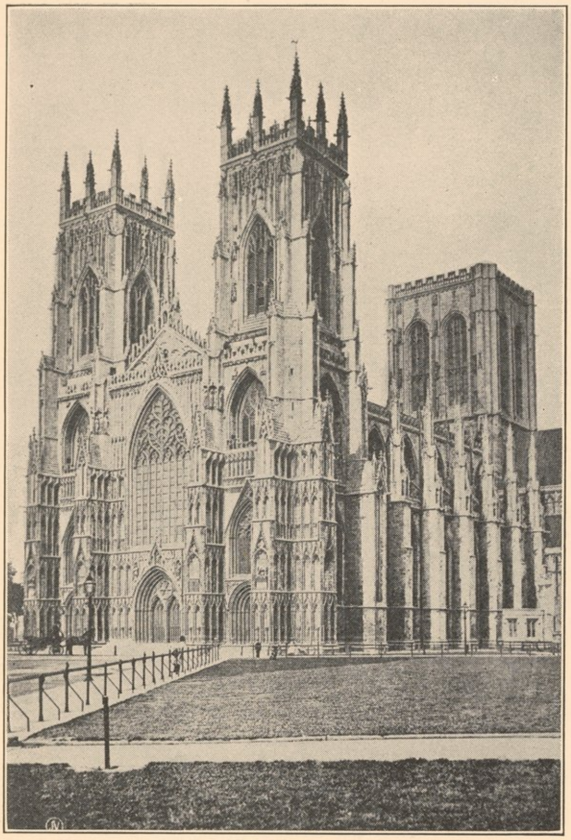
TAP-ROOM SAGES OF STAFFORD. Tiring of the large city activities in Birmingham we headed for Stafford. Here is a mighty pretty town, and as good a small hotel as one can imagine. Our particular joy was to hie ourself o' nights to a small nearby inn, and in the smoke-blackened tap-room stir up political controversies. If small village stores are famous for this sort of thing in New England, they ought to send representatives to Stafford, and there learn how to direct the affairs of an empire.

AN ECONOMICAL NIGHT'S LODGING. Leaving Manchester late one night we drove to Bolton ten miles away, and drew up before the Red Swan. The hour was past midnight, and the inn was in darkness. Our driver plied the knocker long and vigorously, and presently a porter opened the door. Securing a room we inquired if we might get a bite to eat. "My word, sir," replied the porter, "the cook has been gone these four hours!" A nice new half crown passed and the porter looked reflective, showed us to a nearby room, and quickly produced half a cold chicken, half a duck, a loaf of bread, some butter, a large piece of cheese, a bottle of Scotch and a siphon. We waved him to bed and feasted.

The next morning we set out for the northeast, and in settling our score at the inn whistled over the total. "Is it too much?" solicitously inquired the young lady cashier. "Indeed it is not," we replied as we paid it. For our midnight supper, lodging and breakfast, we had been charged the equivalent of $1.60.

NEWCASTLE. This is the chief city of Northumberland, is situated on the Tyne, and forty miles south of the Scottish border. Here is the largest coal market in the world. We might state that we brought nothing with us in the shape of coal, as some do, except a rather large load of ashes in our throat as the result of our midnight repast in Bolton.

Newcastle always figured prominently in the border warfares, but of this, and of a trip to



York Minster, England

Edinburgh, Linlithgow and Stirling, with Loch Lomond twenty-five miles away, we shall write at another time. It is worthy of a separate article. So back to York, the Capital of Roman Britain, around wonderful York Minster, the city walls that Caesar built, and down to London again. On the way back, however, we must chronicle the incident of the Scotsman who, at every stop of the train, plowed his way out, and then back in again, over people and luggage, until finally the patience of one passenger was exhausted. "Look here," said he, "why do you get off and on again at every station, to the manifest discomfort of us all?" "Ah, weel," replied the Scot, "I hae just visited a dochtor, who advised me I was a verra sick mon, and like to dee at ony minute; sae I'm pur-r-chasin' my ticket frae station to station!"

LONDON. Unlike Anita Loos' beautiful blonde who found Paris "divine," but London "really nothing," we cannot begin to do justice to this wonderful city. The Londinium of the Romans, and an important encampment long before that, there is history at every turn. The stern days of 1665-1666, so graphically described by Samuel Pepys, when the plague and fire nearly did for that great metropolis, are recalled by the Roman Doric column standing near London Bridge, and commemorative of the great fire. The British

Museum, the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the National Gallery and Burlington House, the Guildhall, Saint Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, once an ancient palace—citadel, then prison, and later arsenal, are but a few points of interest. We shall leave London, also, for a separate article.

We must, however, relate a dream we had in the death chamber of Lord Jermyn. It seems we were dining with the King and Queen that night, Morpheusly speaking. We dressed with meticulous care and proceeded on foot to Buckingham Palace. Arriving there, we strolled casually in, and were greeted at the door by George who took over our hat and stick and allowed as how we had just time to "shake one up" before Mary came down. Proceeding to the butler's pantry we shook up two or three, and then passing to a small drawing-room, seated ourselves before an open fire. The Queen graciously hailed us on entering, and to our great surprise inquired casually respecting the whereabouts of *her* cocktail. This was shortly brought by a beperiwigged servant in golf raiment, and very pleasant chit-chat ensued. All was well until we happened to glance at our feet, whereupon we were electrified to discover that we were wearing carpet slippers.

HOMEWARD BOUND. But enough of this. The

call of home had become too strong, so we booked passage on a Cunarder and took ship at Liverpool, the home of a particular variety of Scotsmen, it is said. The sail back was uneventful, and soon we arrived at New York, financially busted but supercharged for our friends with "I recall one day when I was in . . ." Of these tales, those who have had the courage to peruse the author's efforts have by this time had their share, and then some. And so, with Harry Lauder, we will say, "Gude nicht."

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