

Surrounding a small square, wherein grow tropical trees, giving a freshness to the otherwise dusty spots, may be seen at one glance all the houses which supply western goods to the whole community of whites, who, out of a population of almost 200,000 persons, number only about 2000. But such is the influence of custom that the better educated Chinese who speak English patronise very freely these stores for all purposes. These buildings are interesting in a small way, but are as nothing to the people we now see emerging from the various offices. The day's work is done. A number of clubs claim their members for an hour or two after labour is over, and there they go. First, the Managing Director of one of the large firms is driven off in his landau drawn by a pair of spanking horses. Here the manager of another 'kongsee' going home in a different direction. Next a number of young men of good ability driving off in their dog-carts, while the majority of juniors are wheeled away in the cosmopolitan Rik. So much for the Europeans, but the Chinese, a very wealthy and influential class, are numerous, and deserve some attention. Towkays (a wealthy Chinaman) loll back in splendidly upholstered Victoria's, drawn by the finest high-stepping animals in the city, whose silver mountings create a feeling of envy in the junior class, and whose three attendants, look (in the eyes of the native) gorgeous in liveries of red, yellow, and green. Younger Babas, straits-born Chinese, drive fancy colored traps, for the native liking for hideous colors will show itself, sometimes making an otherwise pretty scene like some gymkhana. The re-

mainder of individuals choose either a gharry or Rickshaw, the effort of walking home being too great.

Continuing our ride, we come across a body of volunteers, Artillerymen and Rifles, some of the latter being Eurasian, and some Chinese, their pig-tails carefully stowed beneath their wide hats, most of them having newly learned the goose step, their corps only having been formed a few months. The esplanade, a large level lawn of about 20 acres in extent is the chief scene of action at this moment. Lawn tennis and cricket practice occupy one part, a football ground the next, and the Eurasians the third. But it is at the football the native can be seen to enjoy most. There is excitement—without him having to exert himself for it—and he loves that. Malays in bright Baju and Sarong, a jacket and a kind of kilt, with long striped trousers, generally of some hideous combination such as bright red and green, no stockings, but shoes of sorts. Chinese with pig-tails (though why they should be called that is a conundrum, since there is not the vestige of a curl in them), and very loose baggy trousers, shoes on their feet composed of two parts, the sole of wood and from one to four inches thick, the uppers a strap across the toes. Klings, whose only garment is a long white robe, the edges of which have been dipped in some cheap dye and the whole wrung together, the result being marvellous. Their hair and body, covered with rancid evil-smelling cocoanut oil, add to the reputation they have gained of being the dirtiest race in the east. Chetties, with shaven heads, a white spot on the forehead between