

way and the desert is twelve feet under water, communication by boat being established between the two rivers. A couple of days ago I crossed the Tigris and walked a quarter of an hour back from the river, where all further progress, except by swimming, was impossible. Towards the setting sun not a trace of land was visible and the horizon was clear and distinct, while on the left were here and there little islands marking ancient mounds. I stood some time by the tomb of Sit Zobeida (Harun-al-Rashid's wife) admiring the view, which was grand. The air this summer is of course more humid than usual, and we may expect an epidemic of fevers and mosquitoes.

But Bagdad is a healthy city withal, and is famous as a summer health resort for the entire Persian Gulf region. "The air and water of Bagdad are good" is an old chestnut; I have heard it now fifteen thousand times, and what *tout le monde* says must contain some truth. I should say: "The desert air of Mesopotamia and the Tigris water five miles above Bagdad are good."

I should like to tell you something of my journey from California to Mesopotamia were I not afraid of wearying you. I visited the U. S. Naval Hospital at Yokohama and found it, like everything else in Japan, clean. It also looked to me as if it were empty, but the surgeon in charge assured me that there were two doctors, and also a couple of chronic cases kept as seed to justify the presence of the two naval surgeons there. Therefore the hospital was not, as I at first thought, empty.

China is a land where industry and poverty are twins. I visited Canton, and found the wharfs and landing places almost as disgracefully dilapidated, dirty and foul-smelling as those of San Francisco. On my arrival at Calcutta I had completed my tour around the world in fourteen years—Nellie Bly, George Francis

Train and other idiots have done it in less time. What seemed very strange to me was that during my absence distances seemed to have greatly magnified; in other words, the distance between two given points was twice or thrice as great as fourteen years ago. Why? There have been many sanitary improvements during my absence. Dead bodies no longer come floating down the river and back again with the flood tide as before; urinals have been erected in various parts, and one does not see men urinating all along the street, anywhere, quite as often as before. The sewers are fairly good and the water excellent.

India is suffering from too much western civilization. One day on Dalhousie Square I was accosted by a well-dressed Baboo,* who delivered the following speech:

"It would seem presumption on the part of this miserable worm, myself, to intrude my presence on your Highness' valuable time, but if your Excellency would condescend to listen to the pitiful tale of this miserable wretch, who has been educated in the Benares University, and passed with high honours in Sanscrit, but who rests at present without employment, perhaps, by the influence of your noble presence, he might be saved from an ignominious death by starvation," etc.

"My young friend," said I "go to America and my Uncle Samuel will give you a farm."

"Thanks, my noble benefactor," said he, "and may all the blessings of Heaven fall on your head, and on that of your eminent uncle, but I have not the wherewithal to go to America, and moreover, being a Brahmin, I cannot cross the ocean."

I visited Dr. Cunningham's bacteriological laboratory. Dr. C. has made experiments with comma bacilli, and says

*Baboo, a term in Calcutta and in Lower Bengal for a Hindoo gentleman, or a gentleman of pure Oriental descent.—Worcester's Dictionary.