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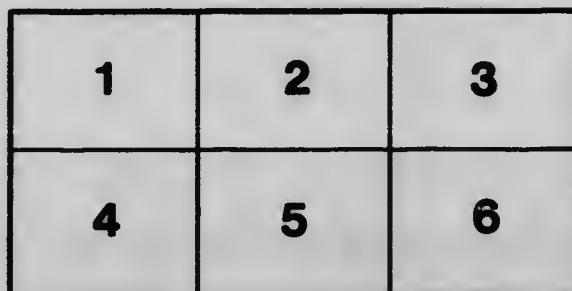
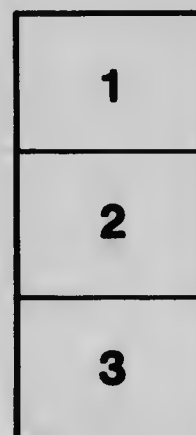
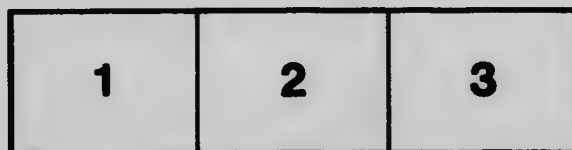
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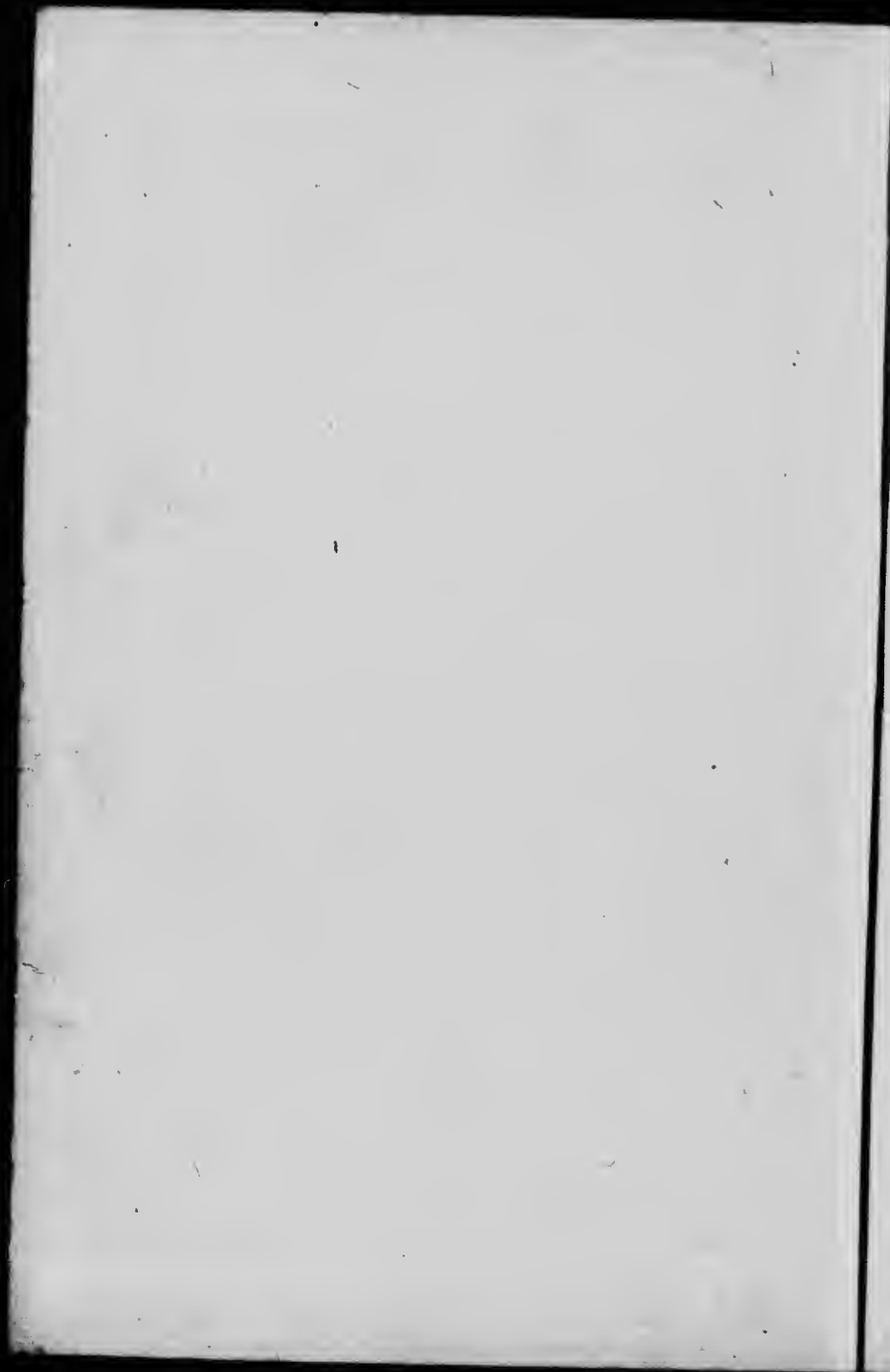


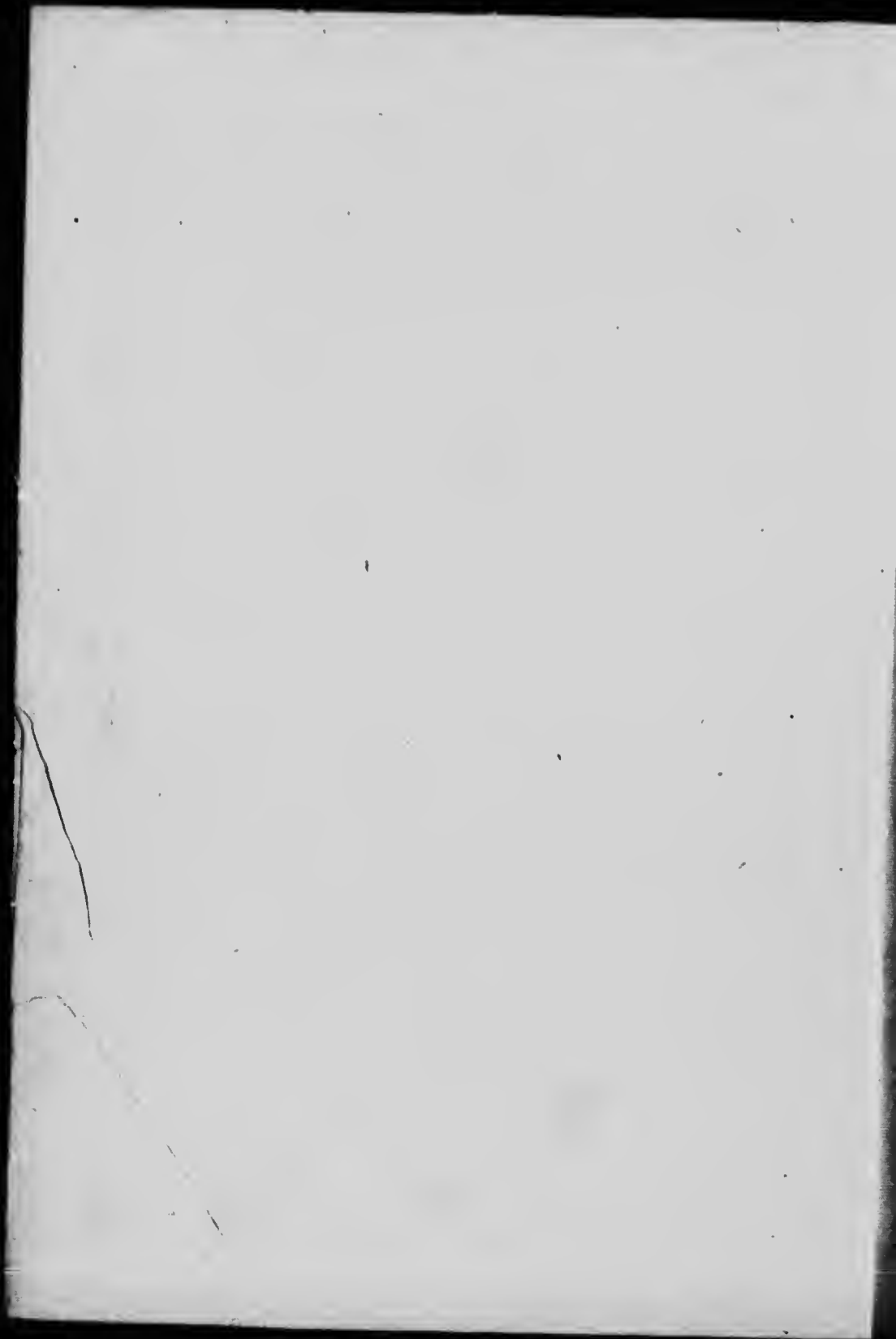
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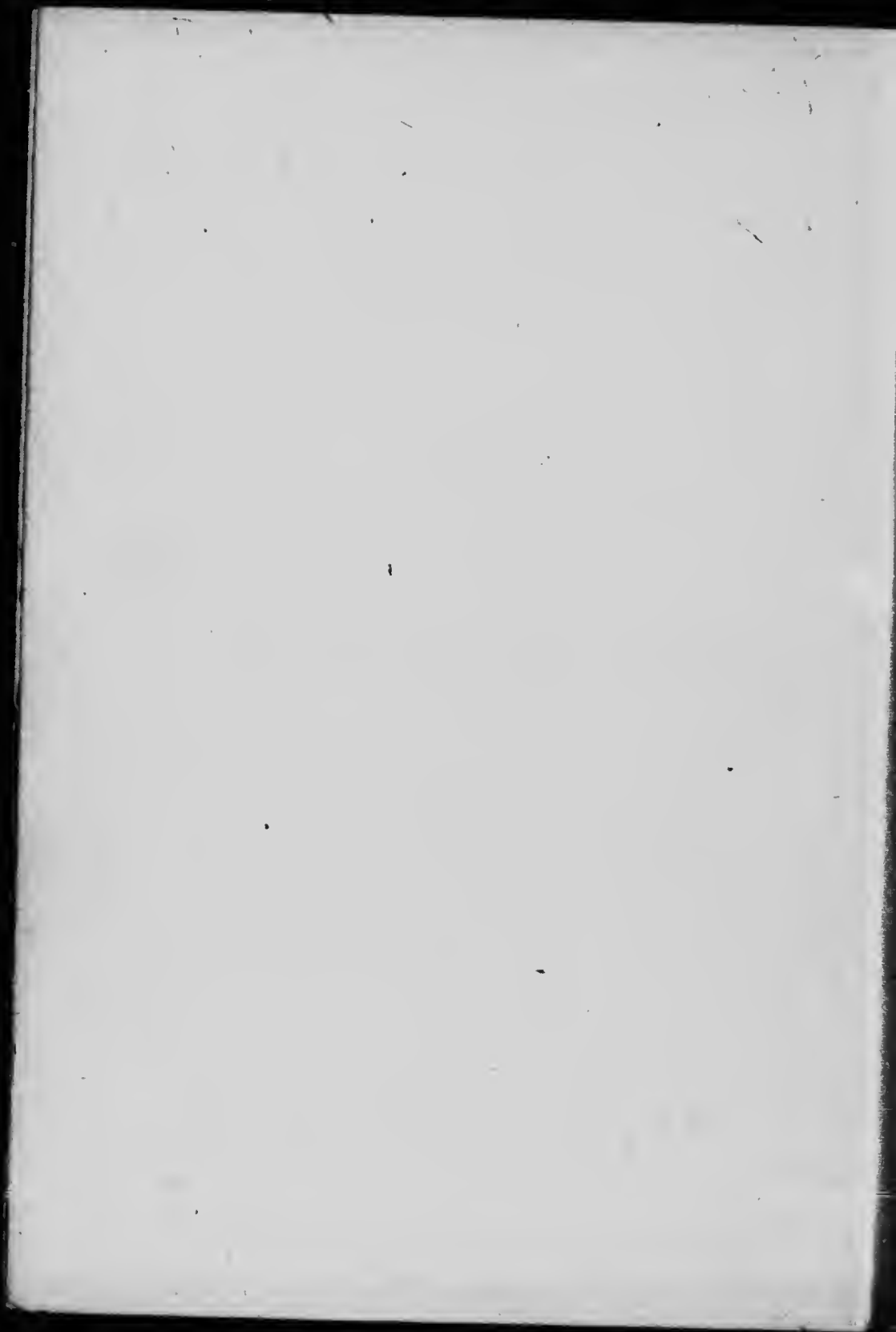
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A ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE



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A ROUND
THE WORLD CRUISE

BY
FRANK CARREL



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PREFACE.

Almost all the leading countries of the world can boast of possessing a book of a tour around the world. If the publication of this modest work places Canada in line with such countries, the author is repaid for the efforts he has made in this direction.

FRANK CARREL

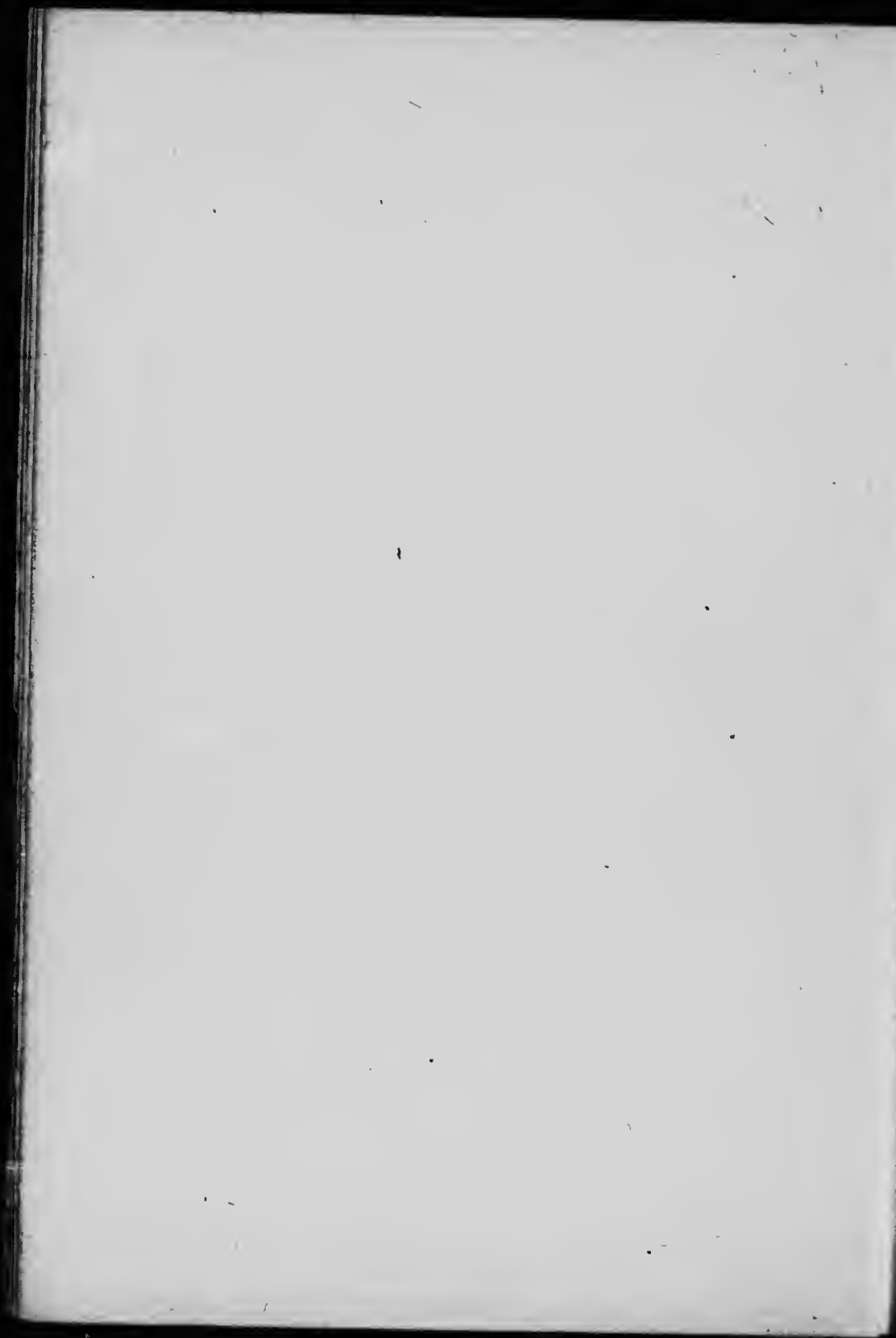


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A ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

CHAPTER I

QUEBEC TO THE PACIFIC COAST

LEAVING Quebec towards the end of January, in a temperature of 20° below zero, with several feet of snow on the ground, we travelled by rail to Chicago. In the Windy City we embarked on one of the cross continent trains, and started for Los Angeles, on a tour around the world.

Across the American continent, a distance of over 3,000 miles, in hot, stuffy railway carriages, until we should board the ship at San Francisco, upon which we intended doing the rest of the journey to New York towards the latter end of May, was not a pleasant contemplation; but one must never compare the inconveniences of railway travelling on short distances with those upon long ones, for the railway companies realize the difference, and do their utmost to add to the comfort of travellers on lengthy rail routes.

Then, again, travelling in a train filled with Western Americans is a delightful

experience, and the kindly feelings which prevail knit everybody together in a very short space of time. There is no formality: the multi-millionaire, the big grain merchant of Chicago, the banker of Kansas City, or the furniture king of Seattle, hobnob with the humble merchants of the East, just as readily as if they were in their clubs at home. It is not what you are worth, or what you wear, or where you come from, but what you are!

If you have a pleasant smile, a quick sense of humor, and an unselfish disposition, you readily make friends, and such new-born friendships are full of passing interest, and sometimes a continued source of pleasure after the journey is over—not to speak of entertainment of the most charming kind. Masonic, Elk, Mystic Shrine and Knights of Columbus pins are visible everywhere, even on the ladies, who look up to the brothers with implicit confidence and appreciation in return for many kindly acts.

Our train, or section, was made up of several Pullmans, an observation and club car, containing a barber shop and a diner, the whole illuminated with electric light and provided with modern comforts. We only stopped at stations, with few exceptions, to change engines, crews, or take on water; otherwise, we travelled at the rate of forty to fifty-five miles an hour, almost the entire distance of over 2,000 miles from Chicago to Los Angeles. We ran on a double track road of heavy steel rails for over half the distance, stone ballasted and sprinkled

with oil. There was little or no dust, nor sand, even crossing the deserts. Oil engines hauled us for many miles on the western end of our journey, obviating the possibility of cinders finding their way into our eyes and ears, while sitting out-of-doors on the observation car. Newspapers and magazines are distributed free among the passengers at every large centre where they are printed, while the stock quotations are daily bulletined together with any important news from the East.

Under these favorable conditions, we travelled over the continent, leaving the cold blasts of winter for the warm shades of summer and the bright sunshine of the California Peninsula. A day out of Chicago we shed our winter overcoats, and a day later our heavy clothing, and the windows of the cars were left open and the steam shut off. The weather was ideal, the temperature being about 70° in the shade, without humidity, and most delightful to move about in.

After leaving the State of Illinois we entered the temperance States of Missouri and Kansas, where the laws are so strict that drinking glasses have to be removed from the wash rooms, and no alcoholic drinks of any kind are allowed to be served or drunk on board the cars. Even if you carried them with you the law would not permit of their indulgence. This was a sad blow to a few of our passengers, but there was no possibility of breaking the law.

Everything was sealed down tight and fast, and no one was favored, not even the millionaires. But the drinking habit is steadily declining in the United States, though it is not so much due to the efforts of the temperance advocates as it is to the higher intelligence of the people, who are learning more and more every day the evil consequences of intemperance. There is no doubt that the spread of physiological works is doing its share towards this end.

A disgruntled foreigner sarcastically remarked that "these temperance states were only fit for camels." We think he struck it right, when they go so far as to insist on removing the glasses, or cups, from the drinking water cans on the cars. - But we only spent one day in going through two of these States, so that the sufferings and hardships of the few thirsty ones were of short duration, and no doubt afterwards they were able to make up for any lost time.

THE GRAND CANYON

We stopped off at the Grand Canyon, and rode a mule seven miles down into the deep cavern, to the borders of the Colorado River, which presents the United States with a most extraordinary work of nature. Imagine overlooking a deep opening in the ground, several miles wide and over a hundred in length, at some places wider than others, with millions of crevices, ledges and pinnacles, producing all

the shades and coloring of the rainbow, changing into shadows and tints as the sun circles around and casts its rays upon the scintillating scene of wondrous beauty.

W. J. Black in a description of the "El Tovar" hotel says:—

"No one can describe the Grand Canyon to you. It must be seen—not once, but many times. Only by frequent visits may a small portion of its ineffable loveliness be apprehended. For a distance of nearly 500 miles (from the junction of the Grand and Green rivers in Southern Utah to the mouth of the Rio Virgen), the Colorado River flows through a series of deep canyons, culminating in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

"This latter chasm begins near the mouth of the Little Colorado River and extends southwest 217 miles. The granite gorge section is sixty-five miles long. Here the plateau level varies from 6,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea. The river has carved a winding channel through the uplift more than a mile deep and from ten to thirteen miles wide in places. In this titanic trough are hundreds of mountains more imposing than Mount Washington, none of which, however, rise above the canyon's rim. The rock strata are many-tinted, creating a rainbow sea of color."

There is an excellent hotel on the "rim" of the Canyon, built in rustic style, while on the grounds are some of the old houses and vamps of the Navajo and the Supai Indians. The former are supposed to be the

oldest race of Indians of America, and were noted for their artistic work and other industries, but to our mind they were entitled to special mention in their marital relationship, which insisted on the women building and owning their houses, while the men worked out-of-doors, making dresses and other wearing apparel. In the event of any disagreement the wife either puts her husband out of her own house, or refuses to let him in. This is certainly an improved plan upon that existing in these days of supposed superior civilization. It has also been found impossible to manufacture their famous blankets and other handicrafts, by machinery, which, to-day, gives them a monopoly and a livelihood. The Navajo blankets are in demand all over the West, and command prices as high as \$100.00 apiece. We asked a Canyon guide why these blankets could not be manufactured by machinery. He said "the Indians have a slow, lazy, secret way of making them, and our people are so quick they cannot slow up to get on to it."

NEARING THE PACIFIC COAST

Hundreds, if not thousands, of arid and deserted lands were passed on this journey to the coast, but they are not tiresome to the eyes, for even if you are in the desert, you always have the mountains in the distance to break the monotony, and the Western deserts are not like those of Northern Africa.

They are covered with a scrub that keeps the sand from shifting into dunes and drifting about in the wind storms.

The approach to the coast was a delightful finish to our four days' railway ride across the continent of America. For many miles we rode through orange, lemon and olive orchards, all bearing fruit. We saw beautiful asphalt roadways, thousands of motor cars, pretty homes surrounded with magnificent geraniums in full bloom, and a varied collection of tropical foliage, the principal of which was the Pepper Plant.

LOS ANGELES AND THE CALIFORNIAN COAST

Quite a number of Easterners were on board the train with us, and among them a rich banker, who three years previously, had purchased an orange grove about seventeen miles from Los Angeles, at a place called Glenoria. His oranges had just taken the highest prize of all the shipments from that district. The gentleman in question was highly elated, and with his whole family and a number of friends, was going to spend a month or two on the grove. They had sent their motor car on in advance. This is what many of the Easterners do during the winter. They close up house, pack their car off to the coast, and either rent a bungalow or board at an hotel for several months, and motor all over the Californian coast, where there are some delightful motor roads. This

may be the reason why one sees so many automobiles in and around Los Angeles, where many millions of dollars in making these excellent roads have been spent.

The hotels, both in and out of the city are enormous, some of them ranging from 600 to 800 rooms, and are conducted in the most modern manner. The rates are very reasonable, and not at all what we had been led to believe. We registered at one of the best in Los Angeles, and asked the rate. "Three dollars a day with bath," replied the clerk, and we received everything that could be desired. We also found the common articles, in daily use, very moderate in price, in the local stores.

The worst feature of Los Angeles was the railway terminals, and the disreputable districts around them. To leave a train and pass through an old dilapidated looking station and start through a district of ramshackle dwellings, after travelling through miles of beautiful fruit orchards, was, in itself, sufficient to prejudice one's mind against Los Angeles, and class it with some of the indolent cities of the South, but we were soon told that the question of a union station in another part of the city, was under way, and that it will only be a short time before Los Angeles will boast of one of the finest in the land.

And this puts us in mind of how much importance Americans attach to their railway

stations. We met a young man from Kansas City, and like every other Westerner, whether American or Canadian, he was a great booster for his city. He was no exception to the general rule, and after discussing and dilating upon the great future of Kansas City, he said that its present population was over 70,000, but as soon as the new railway station was erected, this would increase to 100,000. We failed to see how the building of a new railway station would accomplish such a change.

"Why, it is like this," he said, "if you come along and see a fine looking railway station, you will probably get off to see more of the city. Perhaps you might invest some money in it, or stop there for a time, and that is the way we will increase our population with a new station." This is the way they look at things in the Western States, and it would do no harm if Canadians took the same view. Every little counts with these people in the building up of their home towns.

We had no sooner arrived in our room, than the phone rang, and we were interviewed by reporters of two of the leading papers, including the "Times," which has come in for much prominence, owing to its building having been blown up by dynamite over a year ago. The interview was a case of when Greek meets Greek, but we would like to have known how these young men found out that we were going around the world, before we had spoken to a soul in the city, except the hotel clerk. Nevertheless, there

they were, and the first question they asked us was:—

“How do you like Los Angeles?”

“Well,” we said, “we have only just arrived, and never having been here before, and having seen so little of it, we cannot express an opinion. We admitted that the officials of the train we had arrived on had certainly taken good care of us, and some of our passengers were loth to leave the cars on arrival

Well, the next morning there were two interviews, and both spoke of how pleased we were with Los Angeles before we had even seen it. This was enterprise far beyond anything we had ever learnt in the profession.

But it did not take more than twenty-four hours in Los Angeles, and its environs, to become convinced of the truth of what we had been made to say, and to note the alertness and enterprise of its citizens. Everyone, like the residents of the new cities of Western Canada, wants to tell you something about the city, and it is not difficult to realize the many advantages of living and investing in Los Angeles. Their 700 real estate agents are men well able to impress you with the fact that there is a howling big business going on in that line of trade, and this is a good sign. There is more assessed property in the country, by four millions, than in that in which Chicago is situated, said another, and we wondered how the Chicagoans would like this. “We will have a million population inside of ten years,” said the newspaper man,

"and we have just taken in eleven more miles of suburbs, that now makes us the fifth largest city in the United States. The last census gives us 350,000, but we have close on to 500,000." Here a dispute took place between the two scribes, and we had to settle it by asking a question.

"What was going to be responsible for all these wonderful things?"

"Why, the Panama Canal," they said in chorus, and one of the newspaper men drew a map upon the palm of his hand, of how Los Angeles was going to benefit by this great waterway.

Los Angeles is seventeen miles from the ocean, at a point called San Pedro, which had every apparent opportunity of largely benefiting by this prospective increase in the shipping business, but the "wide-awakes" of Los Angeles have annexed a strip of land between the city and San Pedro, just as Athens did under the same circumstances thousands of years ago, and when you talk of the port of San Pedro, of course it is Los Angeles.

"See!" Yes, we saw. It was a clear case of steal, but we guess San Pedro won't object. Over ten millions of dollars will be spent in improving this harbor within a few years.

But this is a small sum of money for Los Angeles, compared to the \$123,000,000.00 which she is spending in building a new aqueduct two hundred and twenty miles away from the city, in order to have a supply of

water for the one million people she anticipates. The vote for the expenditure of this vast sum of money was ten to one, and the vote to spend ten millions in dock improvements, was seventy to one, and the spending of three million five hundred thousand dollars on good roads, was three to one, all of which goes to show the unanimity of the population on the important questions of interest to the city. The city expects the new aqueduct will pay for itself by 1925, through the sale of electric power, which will be generated from several large plants to be established along the water way.

We were in Los Angeles the first week of February, when northeastern Canada is covered with several feet of snow and the thermometer occasionally dips to ten and twenty below zero. But there it was seventy in the shade and ninety in the sun, and yet the air was so dry that we went about without finding it unpleasantly hot, due to the fact that there is so little humidity in the atmosphere. The country was suffering from lack of rain, only two inches having fallen during the winter, when five to seven inches was expected. This deficiency prevented the grass, vegetables and flowers from attaining their usual condition of loveliness at this period of the year, though we could see quite sufficient luxuriant gardens and lawns to form an idea of what it must be like when it has its usual supply of rain. Two growths of fruit and several of vegetables are annually

produced in and around Los Angeles, and we do not think we have ever eaten more beautiful lettuce and other light products of the soil.

In a few years a horse will be a curiosity in Los Angeles. The streets are filled with automobiles and auto drays.

Southern California has one of the largest oil deposits in the world. The output for the past year was upwards of seventy-four million barrels of crude oil. Almost all the industrial plants are changing, or have changed from coal to oil fuel, for power, the cheapness of which may be judged from the fact that two and a half barrels of oil costing \$1.50, equals a ton of coal. Almost the entire railway system west of Kansas City burns oil.

Los Angeles' citizens are as great boosters of their city, as any North Western Canadian, and are also very courteous to visitors. The storekeepers are very obliging, and shopping is a decided pleasure. Among her religious buildings is a Christian Science Church, costing \$320,000.00, the second largest of this sect in the world, only being surpassed by the mother church in Boston. The Y.M.C.A., with its 6,000 members, is also said to be the largest in the world, while the 1008 miles of street railway is proportionately very large. Real estate in the residential district sells up as high as \$250 a street foot, and as our guide said, "before they are allowed to build, the municipal authorities look over the pedigree of the purchaser."

It is not a large town, but is known as a

“snowbird” town, as a laborer remarked to us, for the reason that so many laborers drift into it for the winter months, and take jobs at any price to pay their board and lodgings.

The streets downtown are crowded from early morning until late at night, but the population is not of a miscellaneous order. You see very few Celestials or Orientals—they are nearly all immigrants, though the influx in winter time might be from any part of the world, as was shown by the register in our hotel.

While there are no really poorly clad people in Los Angeles, the municipal law permits many sad cases of infirmities upon the streets. One of these was a man lying at full length upon a stretcher, along the side of a very busy thoroughfare, selling papers, with a sign informing the people that he was unable to walk from the effects of spinal and heart trouble. Another case, was a man with St. Vitus dance, he also was selling papers. Other unfortunates of a like nature were offering pencils for sale, but the people are of a charitable disposition, and the poor and maimed are well looked after.

During our visit, they had a tag day, to place 50,000 bibles in every room in every hotel in Southern California. Not only did the ladies of the city take a hand in selling tags, but they occupied all the principal corners with their children and motor cars, and remained there most of the day. In

addition they had large drays and bands in cars with immense streamers hung along the sides, announcing the object.

The weather is so mild during the winter, that many of the shop-keepers, such as butchers, grocers, vegetable dealers, etc., have open stores, while you may have your hat pressed or boots soled, your name stamped upon brass checks, or your card printed, all in the twinkling of an eye, while you wait, for all these odds and ends are performed by experts along the sidewalks.

Millions have been spent, not only in making good roads around Los Angeles but in keeping them in repair. We did not hear of the mileage, but we travelled over one road to an out of the way, though very beautiful, Spanish restaurant at the foot hills of the mountains, over twenty-five miles on an asphalt road, that was as smooth as marble, oiled and dustless. Los Angeles is certainly one town where the automobile is a pleasure as well as a convenience in business.

Within two hours ride from Los Angeles there are more than sixty towns and cities having from 500 to 35,000 population, and every year or so, Los Angeles extends the welcome hand to some of the nearer ones, which is readily grasped; and thus this city goes on growing fatter and fatter as the years roll by. But its interurban electric railway system, the largest of any city in America, runs more trains, if we are to believe one of its advertising circulars, than the total

of nine eastern cities, including Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Springfield, Dayton, Columbus, etc. Who would imagine it? To leave Los Angeles without a ride around the city and through the residential district, would be like seeing Italy and missing Rome, so we took a motor and guide, and enjoyed several of the most pleasant sight-seeing tours of our visit. We passed through miles of magnificently paved streets, bordered by long lines of palms, pepper plants, and other varieties of semi-tropical foliage and floral gardens. We saw residences of millionaires and multi-millionaires, including that of an old lady worth \$35,000,000.00, and several others costing from \$50,000 to \$150,000, our guide pointed out many belonging to well-known Easterners, manufacturers of articles popular with every American.

"There," said our guide, "resides Mr. Gillett, of safety razor world fame. On the left is the residence of Mr. So-and-So, the great patent medicine man of New York, over to the right, is the residence of Mr. Smith, President of such and such a railway." Then we entered the beautiful grounds surrounding the stone wall of a burnt residence, situated in the middle of this garden. "Here on these grounds," continued our guide "are over 135 different varieties of trees," many of which were pointed out to us. Then, as we approached a house in the centre our cicerone said: "This was the residence of Mr. —, who was associated with Lucky

Baldwin. That room on the right is where his son, twenty-one, committed suicide, caused by having too much money and too much drink? Thus does the fame of one of Los Angeles wealthiest families go down into history, which puts us in mind of the Quebec cabmen, who stopped their vehicles in front of a prominent block of houses, and informed their fares that one of the houses was occupied by a very rich man who owned the block, notwithstanding the fact that he could not read nor write. Sometimes the gentlemen in question walked out of his house as the cabmen were extolling his virtues, and heard his intellectual qualities referred to in such terms that he appealed to the municipal authorities to stop the flagrant publicity given to his ignorance.

We visited a number of beautiful parks, one of which is the largest municipal park in the world. It contains 3,000 acres.

This city has excellent hotel accommodations, prosperous and rich banking institutions, and an enormous trade in vegetables, olives, sugar, wine, brandy, petroleum, cotton, fruits, flowers, etc., which is an asset large enough in itself to inspire her citizens with the Optimism of the Canadian West.

PASADENA

This more or less summer and winter resort, is situated a few miles outside of Los Angeles, but is probably as well known in

the East as the latter. It has a population of 250,000 with an influx of ten or fifteen thousand during the height of the winter season. It is a clean, well-divided and beautifully built town, with magnificent hotels furnished with all the luxuries that wealth demands.

We first noticed the large number of automobiles. On the main street we saw over five hundred lined up on both sides of the roadway, while a horse was a rarity. In fact, he was to be pitied, he looked so lonesome. There are no saloons in Pasadena, and the residential district displays the wealth of the residents, in beautiful homes, well-paved streets, and magnificent gardens. Forty-six millionaires reside on one of the pretty thoroughfares. Among them, like those in Los Angeles, were the names of the most popular manufacturers in the world of patent medicines, soups, beers, etc., which are household names in the United States. On a popular street, the citizens were erecting at their own expense, handsome copper lamp poles, costing \$230.00 apiece, or a total of \$36,000.00. We rambled through one of the gardens, which was said to have cost over five millions of dollars, and is not finished yet, the proprietor having a pay roll of over eight thousand per month, is still further improving them. These are without doubt the finest private grounds on the Pacific coast and it is laudable of the owner to allow the public to visit them.

As we left Pasadena to return to Los

Angeles, we passed the main city park, in which a band was playing amidst a throng of several thousand people sitting on the grass or benches, enjoying the music. This park was a gift to the city, from the proprietor of one of the largest hotels.

As we returned to Los Angeles on an electric car, we saw a very useful invention that might be adopted in many of our towns and cities. It was an automatic box placed on a pedestal at a railway crossing from which protruded every few seconds, a deep red disc, on which was painted, "Stop! Go Slow," while to attract the approaching pedestrians, or automobilists a bell was automatically ringing, all ingeniously run by a small electric motor, with probably very little motive power.

There are many every day excursions out of Los Angeles and one in which almost all travellers participate, is a visit to Santa Catalina Island, a popular resort, where one sees the submarine gardens through glass bottomed boats. The sight is a wonderful one, and all the living elements of the ocean, from a star fish to the larger species of marine life are seen in their homes along the tall under sea growth, resembling foliage, and standing erect as our trees on land. The water is so clear that all that is going on to a depth of thirty or forty feet can be distinctively observed. There are a large number of hotels and amusement houses on the Island, but the big season is in the summer

time, and not winter, though the day we were there, the first week in February, was like a hot day in July in Quebec. The seals which swim around the shore and wharves afford visitors considerable entertainment. They are so friendly that they will occasionally land on the wharves and climb up a narrow gangway, looking for a fish treat. They will take a five or ten pound fish in their jaws, descend the gangway, jump into the water and there shake their prey over the top of the incoming sea swells in their struggle to masticate it, and this is generally done in a fierce battle with other seals who gather in a scrimmage to get some of the spoils. Even the sea gulls hover around fighting for the small bits that float away in the fight. The scene is novel and very exciting.

Santa Catalina is about 27 miles from the main land, by way of the steamers, and about 17 miles in a straight line from Los Angeles.

SAN FRANCISCO

We left Los Angeles at 8 a.m. and arrived in San Francisco at 9.30 p.m., travelling by day right along the coast line in order to obtain a view of the shore country between these two points. We found it consisted largely of agricultural lands and fruit orchards, with quite a number of fine winter and summer resorts with large hotels, an agreeable climate, and rich Americans spending their dollars among the most luxurious kind of

residences and tropical foliage. The close proximity of the sea equalizes the climate to a greater degree than in Los Angeles. Among these popular summer resorts is Santa Barbara.

San Francisco is a beautiful city, with but few visible ruins of the terrible earthquake of 1906. She can boast of being one of the most sanitary and well protected cities against fire on the Continent. Not alone does she possess an adequate supply of water, but she has large well filled cisterns located throughout the city at central points, so there is no great danger of a repetition of the ravages of fire which was responsible for her great loss after the earthquake.

Market Street, one of the principal commercial thoroughfares, is as brilliantly lighted at night, by electricity, as any of the large western cities. In fact, San Francisco is well illuminated all over. Her hotels are unsurpassed, and it may be said that there are no inflated prices in this western city. She is well supplied with theatres and restaurants. At the latter you may be entertained with a vaudeville programme on an elevated stage, or, if it be lunch time, a number of singers render popular songs, in addition to the orchestral programme, and the prices are no higher than in the majority of first class restaurants elsewhere.

We visited Chinatown where some fifty thousand Celestials are housed together, but it was not the old Chinatown that existed before the fire. To-day it is as sanitary

and clean as any other part of the city. Opium smoking is restricted, and other public dens of vice have been closed up, so that one can walk as safely through these streets as in any other part of the city, and at any time, day or night.

We visited private residences, stores, boarding houses, and Joss houses and the air in all of these places was exceptionally pure, so the earthquake has done much for the Chinamen of the place as well as for the city in general.

The Chinese publish two daily papers, and are adopting many American customs, even in burial ceremonies. They are also changing their calendar year to ours, and in dress, we noticed that they were adopting American tailor-made clothing.

Among the large dry goods stores which we visited, was one claiming to be the largest on the Pacific slope. It had high ceilings, and a huge opening in the centre, admitting air and light to the entire store. Here we saw a novel department. It was a playroom for children. Parents were permitted to bring their children and leave them there in charge of young women attendants, while they did their shopping, or other commissions in the city. This playroom was a very important department and occupied a large area of space on the first floor. It was filled with all kinds of attractions, from the chute-the-chute to merry-go-rounds, and hundreds of other toy games. We should be very much

surprised if the children of San Francisco do not often tease their mothers to take them to this store, which is known as the Emporium.

We visited the Government Mint, where there is more gold coined than in any other mint in America, and where we saw \$50,000,000 in bullion, and the process of turning it into \$5.00 and \$10.00 gold pieces. We were informed that coinage is dying out, and that the precious metal is now being handled in bars instead, it being found more convenient to carry around in this manner. The story that the workmen of the mint, numbering about two hundred, have to change their clothing coming and going from the work rooms, in order to prevent thieving is untrue. It was almost impossible for them to get away with any of the gold or silver because the metal going into a certain department is weighed morning and evening, with a small allowance for actual waste. The system is a very perfect one, and any dishonesty would be detected at once.

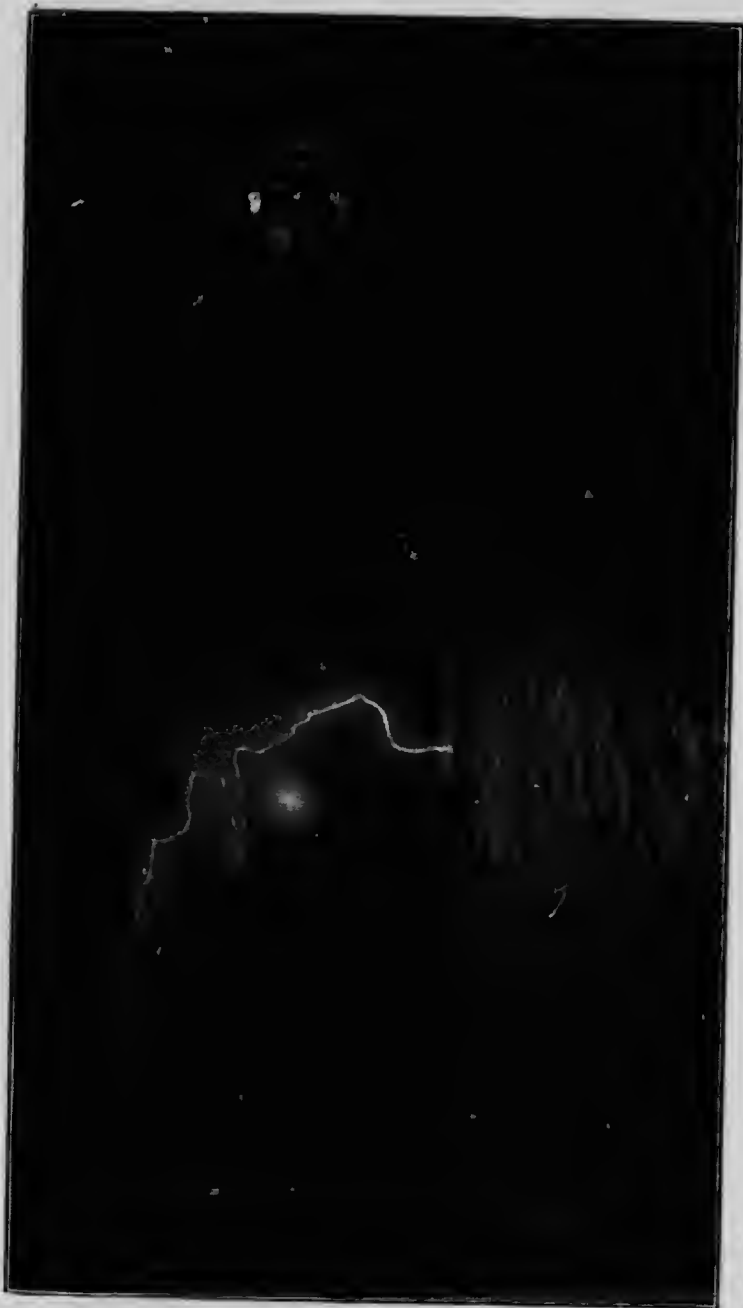
San Francisco can boast of some very fine parks, made beautiful by the vegetation which is very rapid in this climate.

CHAPTER II

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU

THE arrival and departure of our ship on her first and second cruises around the world, were made occasions for public celebrations in the city of San Francisco. The Mayor and leading citizens received the passengers with a public welcome, extending to them the freedom of the city, and arranging a number of interesting events, including a motor ride all around and over the fair grounds. Even the militia were brought out for a drill exhibition so that when the second party gathered in the city from all parts of the world to re-fill the ship with another group of world girdlers, they found themselves the object of envy wherever they went, and on the day of departure, several thousand San Franciscans turned out to wish them "Bon Voyage." The Mayor and a large deputation of citizens followed our ship out of the harbour, exchanging greetings, cheers, and waving their hats and received a spontaneous response from our excited party, thrilled with the sense of leaving America for a tour of the world.

The run of 2098 miles to Honolulu was a delightful sail, with calm seas pleasant breezes,



FORKED LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED AT SEA.



ROYAL PALM AVENUE, HONOLULU.

and a warm temperature which brought out summer clothing and white duck suits.

HONOLULU

Under the setting sun, in the Mid-Pacific, lie the Islands of the Hawaiian group, which present to the traveller or homeseekers more alluring features than are combined in any other country in the world. Nowhere else are such pictures of sea and sky and plain and mountain, such magnificence of landscapes, such bright sunshine and tempering breezes, such fragrant foliage, such brilliant colorings in bush and tree, such dazzling moonlight."

"With a climate world-excelling for its equableness, these happy islands afford a refuge for those who would escape the rigors of cold or heat encountered in the temperate zones; an entertaining resort for the pleasure seeker, an almost virgin of field research for the scientist, a sanitarium for the ill, weary or over-wrought. For the man who would build a home where conditions of life are most nearly ideal, and where Nature works with man and not against him, Hawaii smiles a radiant welcome."

"It is withal an entrancing land, these midsea islands, for the combination of tropical sunshine and sea breeze produces a climate which can be compared to nothing on any mainland, and by reason of peculiar situation,

to that of no other island group. Hawaii has a temperature which varies not more than ten degrees through the day, and which has an utmost range during the year from 90 degrees to 55 degrees. Sweltering heat or biting cold are unknown, sunstroke is a name for an unthought thing, a frost bite is heard of no more than a polar bear."

"And as in Nature's bounty the climate was made close to perfection, so the Good Dame continued her work and gave to the land such features as would make not alone a happy home for man, but a pleasure ground as well for there are mountains and valleys, bays and cataracts, cliffs, and beaches in varied form and peculiar beauty, foliage rich in color and rare in fragrance, flowers of unusual form and hue, and all without a poisonous herb or vine, or a dangerous reptile or animal. To fit the paradise was sent a race of people stalwart in size, hospitable, merry and music-loving."

"More prominent than any other cause for this condition of affairs is the fact that Hawaii is windswept throughout the year. The northeast trades bring with them new vitality, and make of the islands a paradise where life is pleasure all the year round. From out of the frozen north, picking from the blossoming white-caps the fragrant and sustaining ozone, sweeping across the breakers to caress the land, comes the constant northeast trade wind. It is not a strong, harsh blow at all, rather a fanning breeze. The



- (1) KING STREET, BUSINESS CENTRE OF CITY, HONOLULU.
- (2) CAPITOL BUILDING, FORMERLY PALACE OF QUEEN LILIA-KALANI, HONOLULU.

average velocity for the year is about six miles per hour. The mission of the trade wind is a beneficent one always. Cyclones or hurricanes in Hawaii are unknown."

Such was the description of Honolulu, read by our party in advance of our arrival, among the freely circulated printed matter of the Hawaiians.

The visitor to Honolulu learns in advance of the wonderful character of the Hawaiian group of Islands, on one of which Honolulu is situated, before he has ever set foot on land, for Honolulu has as enterprising a Promotion Committee as can be found anywhere in the East, and their literature is to be had on every incoming steamer, as well as in the ticket offices on the main land. And this committee does not even stop at sending out advertising literature, but they have a real, active live wire manager, who is also secretary of the Board of Trade. This gentleman has a staff of workers who put themselves out to take advantage of every opportunity to make Honolulu more widely known to the world, and to bring its many advantages, both for pleasure and commercial purposes, to the attention of all travellers and business men.

Tourists to Honolulu find a warm hearty welcome extended to them from every direction. You enter a store and ask for a directory and the obliging clerk produces the book in question. and asks you if he cannot find the name and address which you are supposed

to be looking for. You may want to use a phone, and it is just the same, with the possibility that you would probably insult the Hawaiian if you asked him how much was the toll for using it. They will give you all the change they possess, as they did in our case, one day, to enable us to pay our chauffeur, though we did not make a purchase from them. One merchant is known to have closed his store to carry a parcel down to our ship to ensure it being on board before we sailed away. This is probably the best kind of advertising the Promotion Committee can devise. It is also due to a natural kindness of disposition on the part of the citizens towards visitors. The beautiful climate has much to do with producing this temperament.

An illustration of the delightful atmosphere of the place was the right royal welcome (Aloha) extended to our party on the morning of our arrival in the Harbour of Honolulu. Before breakfast, a steam launch laden with flowers, steamed alongside, and a bevy of young Hawaiian maidens tripped up the gangway with hundreds of wreaths (leis) of flowers of all colors and varieties, with which they decorated every passenger and officer on board. Later on, as we drew alongside the quay, we were welcomed by the Hawaiian band, and thousands of citizens who were there to see us come in, while on the other side of us were two American warships, whose bands were also filling the air

with welcome tunes. This kept our own sturdy bandmaster busy endeavouring to keep up with the outside music. All this was going on under a delightful sky and superb summer weather, which might well be said to make life worth living. It was real Hawaiian weather, the weather of which we had read in the circulars and pamphlets, and we experienced nothing else during our two days' visit.

Everybody was in great form, and decorated with floral wreaths, we must have presented a pretty landing for the natives.

Apart from what we had read, few of us had the least conception of what Honolulu or the Hawaiian Islands looked like. We knew they belonged to the United States, and that we have on several occasions, seen the natives doing stunts at World fairs, and in the "Midway Pleasants" or the "White Way," but we had no idea that the Hawaiian Islands and Honolulu in particular were so beautiful. Fine wide streets, covered with lava stones and tar, making an excellent surface, electric railway, running into Honolulu in all directions, with a thirteen mile ride for a nickel, and magnificent public buildings, excellent up-to-date hotels, a plethora of schools and a university, fine churches and a good law and order municipal administration, with a high moral status, were among some of the many interesting things we saw at Honolulu.

The directors of the electric street railway are averse to smoking and will not permit

it on their cars, which are open all the year around. The licenses of the few saloons in the town are under the immediate control of the Council, and are subject to their orders at all times, even to the withdrawal of their licenses for repeated offences. If any complaint is made to the Council that a man is drinking too much, an order is sent out to all the hotels, and the party in question is cut off from recognition in any of them, and he soon finds out that it is better to be more moderate in his habits. This is not so bad for an island which was almost barbarous and pagan in its belief a little over a hundred years ago. To the missionaries belong the credit for reforming it, and it is probably the first country of its kind that has been so thoroughly reformed and held under the good influences of these first missionaries. It is quite true that the old Hawaiian race is slowly dying out by inter-marriage with foreigners, but it is said that their inter-marriage with the Japanese, produces a splendid type, and the Island is greatly benefitting by it.

The population of Honolulu is about 60,000, one-third of which is foreign, principally Chinese and Japanese, one-third European, and the balance Hawaiian and other mixtures. At one of the schools we were told that there were twenty-seven races represented among about two hundred children, which goes to show the miscellaneous mixture of the peoples who have gathered on the Island.

On arrival, our party was soon seated in street cars for a sight-seeing tour over the city, which took several hours, and delighted and surprised everyone of the company. No one will ever forget the miles and miles of streets lined with charming residences, all surrounded with tropical foliage of the most beautiful fragrance.

The bougainvillia in red and purple, with thousands of pink carnations, huge roses and a hundred varieties of other flowers too numerous to mention, were in profusion in all directions. Add to this scene rows of royal palms lining the avenues leading up to the pretty villas and bungalows, with date and other tropical trees interspersed here and there, large banyan trees, the bougainvillia covering the walls and gateways of brown lava stone, making an exquisite effect in contrast to the bright floral coloring, and yet, with all this, you have but a slight idea of what we saw on that lovely morning, our first stay in Honolulu. All through the city among these beautiful surroundings, were cocoanut, banana, pineapple, date, lemon, orange, guava, and many other varieties of fruit trees, almost all laden with their particular fruit, so inviting to most of us from a frozen-up country on the main land.

We passed many rice plantations and an enormous duck farm, all conducted by Japanese. The former looked like fields of our small onions, better known as shallots, a vegetable of its kind in the early growth, only that the

rice is sown in water several inches deep, which is drained off every few days, thus requiring a great deal of attention, and this is not all. The hundreds of thousands of sprouts which we saw, were planted one at a time, so that the labor required to grow a rice field must be very considerable, and only repaid by rapid growth and large crops.

Automobiling is extensively indulged in by the populace, who, on the whole, are wealthier, per capita, than those of any other country with the exception of Persia, so that what are considered luxuries in other countries are quite common in Honolulu, where there are some very fine drives in and around the Island, and one encircling it can be made in seven or eight hours.

Before our car ride ended, we travelled along the beach, through a magnificent row of tall royal palm trees to the Aquarium, situated opposite the Kapiolani park. Here we saw a collection of native fish, as brilliant and varied in color as the flora we had seen during our morning's ride. Though not as large as many other aquariums, it is certainly one of the best selected, and most interesting. It is difficult to imagine that the fish we saw were real and existed in the waters surrounding the islands and it is unlikely that many who did not see them would have believed that such fish did exist in any part of the world if they were shown pictures of them in their natural colors. Dr. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University, one of

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BATHING AND SURF RIDING, WAIKIKI, HONOLULU.

the world's authorities on fish, said: "No aquarium can boast a collection of fishes more unique in form or coloring, although some have a greater number."

Our next stop, shortly after noon, was at the Moana Hotel, an imposing building skirt-ing the beach of Waikiki, about five miles from Honolulu.

We lunched in a dining room commanding a fine view of the ocean, which in the bright sunshine rivalled the azure of the semi-tropical sky, while the heavy swells rolling over the coral reefs and up the shore, broke into picturesque breakers on the beach. The lunch started with a Poi cocktail, containing no alcoholic ingredients, but made of a fruit of the Islands, which the natives relish in the form of food. It is ground into a kind of flour, and the cocktail was in the substance of gruel and tasted like buttermilk. In fact, we thought it was buttermilk until better informed. We concluded our lunch with a pineapple, not cut in slices, but served whole, and which almost everyone of the 520 yacht cruisers was able to enjoy.

At the lunch and during the afternoon, we were afforded a splendid programme of music and singing by the Royal Hawaiian Band and local singers. The music and singing were soft and sweet, and blended well with the atmosphere of the place. The ukelele, an instrument resembling the mandolin, is one of the most popular of its kind on the island. It sweetly blends with the voices

of the natives. Our party indulged in surf bathing, boating and board riding. The two latter sports were intensely exciting, and a novel experience for many of us. The canoes resembled dug-outs, with out-riggers which kept them from capsizing in the heavy swells of the surf. They are guided by expert Hawaiian natives, and when quite a distance from the shore are so turned in front of the breaker that the wave furnishes the impetus which drives the canoe directly towards the land, and the breaker tumbling beneath the stern, raises it in the air, shooting it at a rapid velocity through the water. Before the wave catches the canoe, the guide gives the signal and everyone starts to paddle as hard as he can, in order to give the canoe a swift speed before the breaker reaches it and starts it on a sixty-mile-an-hour pace for several hundred feet. This is when the excitement is at its height.

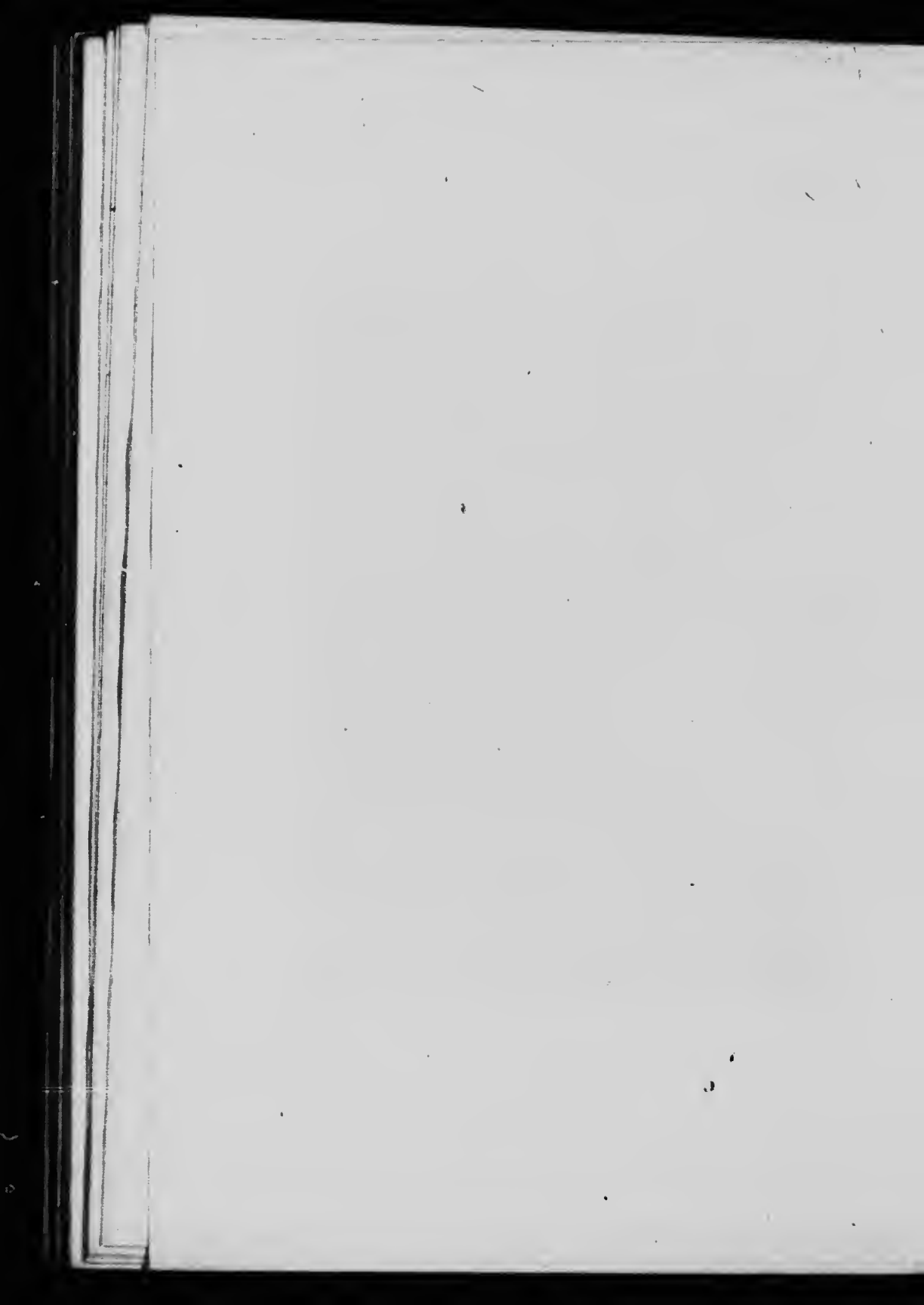
Adepts take sharp pointed boards about five feet long and two feet wide a long distance out into the surf and await the incoming of a big breaker, which they catch in the same manner as the canoes, only it is more difficult to hold on, and some times they stand upon them, making most amusing somersaults when they lose their balance. The entire beach at this point, known as the Waikiki, is enclosed by a great reef of coral which effectively guards the bathers from the possible intrusion of sharks.

In the afternoon, a local club entertained

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PALI, HONOLULU.



a large number of our party to a Hawaiian treat in the shape of Pig and Poi, the making of which was done in the regular Hawaiian form of baking them in the sands.

Among the pretty drives around Honolulu, is the Nuuanu Pali. This great cliff, over 1,000 feet high, overlooks the valley of Nuuanu, commanding a magnificent view of the undulating land in the valley and the ocean in the background. Here took place the last conquest waged by the famous Kamehameha the Great, sometimes called the Napoleon of the Pacific, who drove his opposing forces to the number of three thousand, over the cliff, all meeting instant death on the rocks below.

The Hawaiian Islands have other attractions than those we have mentioned. They possess the most active volcano and the most remarkable extinct craters in the world. Kilanea, on the Island of Hawaii, but a day's journey from the capital city, affords the visitor the greatest of all sights in this respect, and from the nature of the formation of this volcano, one may, with impunity, approach the edge of the crater and look down into the caldron of eternal fire, throbbing and pulsating in the livid molten lava. Unlike any other crater, Kilanea has never been known to burst with such fierce energy as to endanger life. It is known to be the safety valve of the Pacific region.

Near by is the mountain peak of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet high, whose crest is still the

active crater of Nakuaweoweo, and around whose sides are numerous openings, from which lava flows have issued in the past. This peak is the second highest on the Pacific, and a visit to this part of the Hawaiian group introduces the visitor to what is probably the most interesting of all works of nature around the islands.

These high mountains are scenes of all kinds of weather during any season. The loftiest peaks are generally covered with snow all the year round. Another odd feature of the archipelago is the fact that the rain-fall varies from several inches near the water's edge to eighty inches on the tops of the mountains, with so many intermediate variations that a resident may select a site for his home in whatever rain zone he desires.

The islands are not of large area, the largest being 90 miles long by 75 wide, and yet they can provide more vegetation in the way of fruits and commercial products of great value, such as coffee, sugar, tobacco, etc., than any other similar sized district in the world, and in addition to this, an even temperature both in summer and winter.

There is no doubt that this beautiful, indolent climate is enervating to new-comers, but in time they become innured to it, and fall in line with the natives, who are of a slow, easy-going race, always smiling and happy, hospitable and generous-hearted. In fact, the inhabitants of Honolulu appear to

be the most contented people in the world. Mark Twain, in describing the Islands said;

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong, charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through more than half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me, its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded craigs, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

There is a good story told by the same author about his visit to Honolulu. He took a ride with some friends, and when going along the beach and the road in the midst of beautiful tropical foliage he noticed that he and his horse were lagging behind the others. Then he realized that he was looking at the same view of the swaying palms and the inrolling breakers, and when he pulled himself out of his dreaming listless condition he found his horse had gone to sleep. This is characteristic of Honolulu. You feel it after you have been there a couple of days, but the languid feeling is welcome to those suffering with nervous disorders, and who is there

who is without such suffering in this strenuous world?

Honolulu is the home of many new plants and shrubs, among which is the thornless cactus. It is believed that through the efforts of her experimental sugar-cane ranch, she will be able to produce more cane at a less cost per acre, than any other part of the world. At the present time, she has increased the production over 35 per cent. Her exports, which probably include sugar-cane, have recently jumped from five hundred thousand dollars to forty-nine thousand millions.

The first missionaries arrived in Honolulu from Boston, March 31st, 1820, in the brig Thaddens. They took 150 days to make the voyage. They found the natives living in a barbarous state. Men and women ate separately; it meant death to do otherwise. It was death for a woman to be caught looking at an idol temple.

"The Pagan Islands of the Pacific" as they were called, rapidly fell under the sway and influence of the first missionaries, and the country progressed in education and civilization.

The Kings ruled until 1891, when Liliuolalani became Queen of Hawaii. She was deposed, and a Provincial Government set up in 1893, which was succeeded in the following year by a republic and in 1898 by annexation to the United States. The Hawaiian alphabet only consists of twelve letters. The population of the Hawaiian Islands is 191,000, of

which there are 80,000 Japanese, 22,000 Portuguese, 26,000 Hawaiians, 21,000 Chinese, and about 25,000 Caucasians.

The motto "Un Wau Ke Ea O Ka Aina I Ka Pano," on the coat of arms of Hawaii, means, "The Life of the land is in righteousness." It seems to be well borne out in principle, as there is very little crime of any kind in the Islands, except that of indulging in a local strong drink sold at twenty or thirty cents a gallon, which stupefies those who imbibe the liquid, and the opium habit, against both of which the United States Government is waging war, and will no doubt, in time, entirely eradicate. There are a number of theatres in Honolulu, and on the occasion of our visit there were two entertainments put on for us, which consisted of tableaux, singing and dancing, in regular old Hawaiian style. The latter, known as the Hula dance, was probably the most interesting to many of the passengers, though it is said not to have met with favor with some.

Free of yellow fever, malaria, dysentery, and hookworm, the poisonous mosquito, the Hawaiian Islands are ideal resorts, though it has to be acknowledged that cholera and leprosy are prevalent: the former only periodically, and the latter confined to the native or Asiatic foreigner. The United States quarantine station has done much to isolate and eradicate these scourges. One of the small Islands has been converted into a leper's home and now has some six hundred patients.

They live in comfortable houses and have every care and attention, and a number of cures have been effected.

The local museum is well worth a visit, as well as Pear Harbour, about ten miles away, where the United States Government are spending millions in establishing a naval station. On the way are many pineapple orchards, and sugarcane fields, as well as several sugar factories.

Honolulu has two English, one Chinese, and four Japanese dailies, not to speak of the semi-weekly Chinese and Portuguese papers, and monthly magazines.

The dance given in our honor on the roof garden of Young's Hotel was the crowning event of our stay in Honolulu. Everybody, and especially the young people, of whom there were a large number, were fond of dancing, and when a beautiful large floor with a singing orchestra of fifteen Hawaiians afforded the inspiring and lively two-steps and waltzes, on the top of a six-story hotel, under a canopy of the star-spangled heavens, one can picture the intense pleasure which this entertainment afforded all present. Nowhere have we seen such a magnificent roof garden, so spacious, pretty and artistically constructed. It was large enough to accommodate several thousand guests, so that our party and those who joined us, making up less than a thousand lovers of the terpsichorean art, had the roof garden all to ourselves.



- (1) YOUNG'S HOTEL, HONOLULU.
(2) ROOF GARDEN, YOUNG'S HOTEL, HONOLULU.
(3) MOANA HOTEL, WAIKIKI.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS ON SHIPBOARD

The usual nightly games, lectures and dances were organized by a staff engaged for the purpose, and helped to make the members of the party know one another better, and so unite the 520 cruisers into one large family of good natured travellers. There were few victims of mal-de-mer, and to the old sailors the voyage was what might be called a very smooth and easy one. Travelers and kodak clubs were formed, and Masons, Elks, and other social orders met and organized for the tour, as separate and special entertainments were sometimes arranged for them by their respective brethren in the foreign climes to which we were destined.

One day the Masons met in the aft saloon. By some mistake or other, a young lady sauntered into the assembly and took her seat quite unconcernedly. There was a momentary lull in the proceedings. One of the Order mastered up sufficient courage to interview her, with the result that she made a hasty exit, with a tinge of red on her cheeks. She had mistaken the meeting for the Travellers' Club. But this was but one. Another was that which occurred when a parade was made around the decks led by the band, all the members being attached to a cord. When the parade was over, a young man who had gone through the whole

ceremony, said that he was surprised that he had heard nothing about kodaks during the proceedings. He had got the impression that he was attending the Kodak Club. The first week on board was one of many complicated situations, many of them ludicrous, but none particularly serious.

CHAPTER III.

HONOLULU TO JAPAN.

WE left Honolulu in the afternoon, performing a very clever turn in the small harbour, in the presence of several American warships fully manned. They had received word to be prepared to sail at an hour's notice. Every man was aboard, and possibly on deck, or, in the rigging, to see us off, as well as thousands of Honoluluans on the wharf and surrounding docks. Our departure was as impressive as that at San Francisco, if not more so. The bands of the warships and our own, kept up a lively rivalry of airs, principally of a sentiment to suggest good luck to the parting guests, etc.

The warships with their crews all dressed in white, standing upon the decks, the city of Honolulu, with its mountain ranges in the rear, and our own group of passengers and several hundred of the ship's crew, clinging to the railings and occupying every foot of space upon the decks, made a most picturesque scene, as we steamed out of the little harbour into the ocean amidst the glow of a brilliant setting sun. It was the first time that our party had been ashore sight-seeing, and naturally the first time they had returned to the ship, somewhat fatigued,

but happy to be back again to their comfortable floating home.

A sad incident occurred in this harbour on the last occasion in which our ship was entering it. The pilot, just as the vessel was about to come into her dock, dropped dead. The captain, standing nearby, took charge of the wheel, and safely docked the vessel without a mishap, as the body of the veteran pilot was being carried down below.

For twelve days, with few interruptions, the sun shone, the sea was smooth, and the air cool but pleasant, neither too warm nor too cold. More dances, entertainments and lectures followed, and among the festivities came Washington's birthday, which, like Lincoln's, on the run between San Francisco and Honolulu, was fittingly celebrated with an extraordinary display of American flags. The band played national anthems in the early morning, and a specially prepared luncheon menu, with souvenirs, followed, together with a concert, speeches, dancing and a Vienna garden concert at midnight, breaking up in the wee sma' hours of the morning. It was one of the most enjoyable days of this part of our trip. It would be difficult to surpass our officers and crew in the arrangement of entertainments such as we enjoyed on this cruise. They seemed to be specially adapted to enliven and enhance the light side of life, and young and old enjoyed the singing of both the old-time and the modern popular airs on the port side of the promenade deck,

which was illuminated with hundreds of brightly colored lights, and comfortably furnished with tables and chairs, with an excellent orchestra to supply the music to any song which the audience, or any member of it, might start, or call for. It was a night long to be remembered.

Other interesting events on this run were the sports. These formed a programme that kept the onlookers in a continual roar of laughter, from the opening to the closing event. Among the contests were potato, egg, three-legged and nail-driving competitions for ladies, threading the needle, cock fighting, eating the thread and biscuit, and arranging the ladies-hair, the latter for gentlemen and ladies, etc. The afternoon's fun wound up with a tug-of-war between the married and single men, which was, strange to say, won by the latter, notwithstanding that the former had the advantage in avoirdupois.

There were over 300 kodakers on board, and each one carried at least thirty ten-film rolls, averaging sixty cents per roll, involving a similar sum for developing and printing respectively. On a rough estimate this would bring the grand total of money expended on amateur photography up to about \$6,000.00, furnishing an idea of the amount of money which goes in one item alone, on this journey of globe trotters.

Between Honolulu and Yokohama, twelve days voyage, (3,440 miles), you cross the

180th Meridian, where we lost a day from the calendar. We jumped from Sunday to Tuesday. Of course you can pick it up again if you pass that way in the opposite direction.

LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Peopled by Little Folk who are cheerful and dignified and who spend their days in cultured simplicity."—Treves.

"Where is Japan?" asked the young woman studying the European war map bulletined in front of the newspaper office. "I don't see it anywhere."

Her companion came to her assistance, scanned through the map, rubbed his chin, and said: "Oh, it is only a city map. They have left out Japan—come along!"

This is probably what will happen to any one who is not acquainted with the exact location of Japan, or its area, in looking for it on a map of the world, and yet, difficult as it is to find, the area of this cluster of islands on the Eastern Hemisphere, it is larger than the area of Germany, or Austria and Hungary, or even the British Isles.

It is difficult to perceive what underlies Japanese life. "No book," so Hearn says, and he is one of the best authors interpreting that life, "will be written for fifty years." The united labour of a generation of scholars could not exhaust it. There is so much still in obscurity. The tenets of the Japanese

religion has hitherto been criticized by enemies of that faith. Art is closely allied with the religion. A Japanese once said: "When you find in four or five years more, that you cannot understand the Japanese at all, then you will begin to know something about them."

And, later on, Hearn says:—

"The outward strangeness of things in Japan produces (in certain minds at least) a queer thrill, impossible to describe—a feeling of weariness. The queer, small streets, full of odd small people, wearing robes and sandals of extraordinary shape, sexes scarcely distinguishable. You cannot conceive the use or meaning of numberless things in the stores, or the foodstuffs of unimaginable deviation, utensils of enigmatic forms; emblems incomprehensible, of some relief work, as done in ways opposite to Western ways. The blacksmith squats at his anvil, and blows the bellows with his feet, the carpenter pushes instead of pulling his plane and saw. The cooper holds tubs with his feet, horses are put in their stables in the reverse way, for their flank is where their head should be. The left is always the right, and the right is always the wrong way. Japanese screw screws the other way, keys are turned in the opposite direction. Percival Howell says, "the Japanese speak, read and write backward, they place the eye of the needle over the thread instead of putting the latter into the former. In fencing the sword is pushed

forward instead of being raised and brought down to be swung forward from behind. The literal translation of ordinary phrases in English from the Japanese is incomprehensible. The Japanese are always good natured, kind, gentle and happy, and cruelty to animals is unknown. There was no heaven or hell in their mythological belief until the advent of Buddhism. The ghosts of the departed were thought of as being constantly present among the living, and sharing in the pain and pleasure of the living. They require food, drink and light, and in return, confer benefits upon the living. The bodies of the dead were supposed to melt into the earth, but the spirit power is believed to linger in the upper world, and move around in the winds and waters. By death, they acquire mysterious force, and become Kami gods. To refuse the ghosts nourishment and a fitting tomb, would bring about the anger of the gods, and malevolence and misfortune upon those responsible for the neglect. Other things besides nourishment were placed in their graves, such as swords in the case of warriors, and a mirror in the case of women."

TO UNDERSTAND JAPAN.

To understand Japan, or even China, it is necessary that one should have some knowledge of Buddhism, even though Shintoism, a sort of mythological religion,

was first known in Japan. Since then, Buddhism introduced education into the arts and sciences, as well as religion, and almost the whole nation came under their control by this movement. Hearn says there is even to-day scarcely one interesting or beautiful thing produced in the country which for the nation is not in some way indebted to Buddhism.

The common punishment in olden times was condemnation to slavery. Thieves were sentenced to become slaves to those whom they had robbed, and debtors, unable to pay, became slaves to their creditors. Hereditary conditions existed. A farmer's son could be nothing but a farmer, and a carpenter's son nothing but a carpenter, and a slave a slave, etc. A certain class, the followers of Eta, have been ostracized for over a thousand years, and though living in certain villages and towns by themselves, the Japanese proper never enter their domain or territory. This condition of affairs rather shows up the Japanese to advantage as being quiet law-abiding citizens.

Every province, village and town, has some specialty of manufacture made by them alone. Trades people in some districts work quite differently from others, elsewhere.

It is customary to speak of Japanese history as starting from the reign of Jimmu-Tenno, the first Emperor, 660-586 B. C. Before this was the age of the gods—the period of mythology. Trustworthy history only begins

a thousand years after the reign of Jimmu-Tenno, or during about the years 500 to 600 A. D., for the chronicles during that thousand years have to be acknowledged as little better than fairy tales, and many of these fairy tales have come to us in recent years from these far-off Eastern countries, being first published in Germany, and then in England.

HISTORY OF JAPAN.

Jimmu appears to have been an inventor, and met opposition from two distinct groups of natives, the barbarians and the Qumasos, the latter originally Mongolian, and apparently from Korea, were considered the true Japanese people. These factions fought for nearly 600 years, until the Qumasos were subdued.

Then the allied forces started a four century war with Korea, until 660 A.D., when a semblance of peace was brought about. It was during these thousand years of strife, that the Japanese developed a crude naval and military spirit.

During Japan's many centuries of war with Korea she had been gradually adopting the religious and civilized influences of the Mongolians, who were educated by the Chinese, and through this connection came Buddhism, the arts of writing, architecture, painting and music, and the science of medicine and astronomy. Confucianism also came from China and did much towards bringing about

a peaceful ruling of the people, with philosophical reasoning. Both Buddhism and Confucianism were introduced without interfering with the ancestral belief of the people.

In 1603 A.D., the Imperial family lost prestige by being influenced and over-ruled by usurpers, in the shape of a Shogun or military governor, until the re-establishment of the Imperial family in 1867.

During these turbulent and internal troubles the Catholic missionaries had invaded Japan. It was during a time when the country was engaged in general civil warfare. One of the contending factions welcomed the missionaries, but it was subdued by the other, who wreaked vengeance upon the religious intruders, and not only banished them from the country by committing the most horrible massacres and cruel murders, but raised a barrier against any foreigners entering Japan for trading or other purposes for over 200 years. It is said that the missionaries were made the scapegoats of Iyeyasus, the first Shogun usurper, who was determined to prevent traders from entering the country, which would destroy the system which he had built up for keeping the people under his sway.

Under the Tokugawa Shogun dynasty, dating from 1603 to 1867, the country was divided up into states, with Diamyos, or princes, in charge, who in turn employed retainers and knights as of old in Scotland. The Government was conducted in much

the same way as the Romans did in Rome. Everything centred from Tokyo, or Yedo, as it was then called. It was during the reign of the Shoguns, the usurpers of Japan's administration, that the Emperors became puppet rulers, as it were, and the populace barely heard of them, though they occupied a palatial palace, and were given an allowance to subsist on. It was through this administration, that all communication with the outside world was stopped, for a very good reason. The Shoguns were afraid of foreign invasion, as they knew it would quickly disseminate their universal power over the people. It did eventually, and the Emperors were restored to their old-time sovereignty and position in 1867. The Tokugawa Shogunate regime was stagnant, and population declined. Modern Japan started when the Shogun Dynasty came to an end.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Human sacrifices at great funerals were obligatory in olden times, but at a later period became voluntary, and remained so up to the first century of our era, when baked clay images were used. When some great dignity died, or even a land owner, having a number of slaves, it was customary for a group of them to volunteer to give up their lives to form a human hedge around the grave of their departed ruler. These courageous volunteers were buried up to the

neck around the tomb, or grave, from which is derived the term of the Human Hedge. Disembowelling (Hari Kari) of retainers of a Daimyo (District Governor or Clan Chieftain) at the latter's death continued up to the sixteenth century and was also observed in the case of the servants of lords. And even when these acts were publicly prohibited, during the century above mentioned, or only about three hundred years ago, the custom has been kept up in many families, of suicide, as was witnessed within the last few years in the sad ending of General Toga and his wife, following the death of the Emperor. Those who did not want to give up their lives in this form, shaved their heads and became Buddhist monks.

HARI KARI.

The Japanese learn in youth, how to commit suicide, in order to defend their honor at all times in the fulfilment of some duty or in case of the displeasure of their masters. Women also end their lives by piercing the throat with a dagger, frequently at the death of their husbands, so they can join and wait on them in the next world. Hari Kari is inflicted for loss of honor, but if for debt, pecuniary embarrassment, or disappointment in life, the Japanese always choose some less honorable death, such as hanging, poisoning, drowning, or lying in front of a train.

The striking of one's parents or debtors was punished by death, and the law of Confucius, which taught the Japanese the duty of revenge, declared that the injured and the injurer cannot live together under the canopy of heaven, and that in the event of murder, it was the duty of the nearest of kin to kill the murderer and so on. Feuds lasted for years, as they now do in China and other countries.

ARRIVAL OF THE JESUITS.

The Portuguese Jesuits attempted to Christianize Japan about 1650, and after a ceaseless campaign of ninety years of strife, revolution, war and atrocious cruelty, with massacres and martyrdom, during which hundreds of thousands of converts perished, the missionaries were compelled to abandon their efforts. The tortures which these brave missionaries were subjected to, were frightful. Many of them were murdered, by being tied up by their feet, and allowed to die a slow and lingering death.

The Japanese followed up the suppression of Christianity by enacting a law which imposed capital punishment upon any one who left Japan, and should subsequently be captured. This was to prevent any of their people from going abroad to be trained for missionaries by the Jesuits and returning in the guise of laymen. Ocean-going ships were not allowed to be constructed for the same

reason, and sharp lookouts were established along the coast. All large vessels were destroyed.

THE OLD AND NEW LAWS.

Everything was done to officially discourage court litigation in the new moral code of legislation, while laws of leniency were more for the lower classes in the event of crime, whereas, the upper classes, who were supposed to be more literate, were subject to the full penalty of the law. An excellent law it seems to us, even though the reverse to the custom in America, but we have said before, that the Japanese do everything quite differently from ourselves.

In the administration of the old Japanese law, the condition of the offender, his intelligence, degree of education, previous conduct, motives, suffering endured, provocation, etc., and final judgment, was decided by moral common sense, rather than by local enactment or precedent. If a man was falsely accused, he would not only be consoled by kind words, but received a substantial compensation. The foregoing are some of the general laws of the Tokugawa rule, which brought about peace, and encouraged industry for two hundred and fifty years, but was finally overthrown by the present form of Government.

The law will not permit peasants or farmers to be reduced to a state of starvation by the land owners or their lords. Jinrikisha men

must not attempt to pass another going in the same direction. The strong and swift must wait for the weak and the slow.

To build a house, you have to employ a master carpenter, who looks after everything and superintends all other tradesmen required for its completion. You have to keep him as your contractor, in so far as any repairs are required, for the rest of your life, under severe restrictions of a craft guild, who will not allow any other one to work for you if you break this rule, except for a good cause. The same law applies to gardening. Servant girls are sent to service for no money consideration, but to learn and prepare themselves for marriage. Their employers give them a dress or two, and the parents of the girls, from time to time, make presents to the employers, until they call for her to give her hand in marriage. How different is all this in America!

Living has tripled in cost, while wages are about the same. This condition of affairs will in time discourage artists and artisans from doing their best, so that cheap rapid work will take the place of the beautiful leisurely work of old days, and the present patient order of things will become impossible.

Children are never frightened with loud harsh words, angry looks or slaps on the head, nor are they punished by being restrained from play, a change of diet, or deprivation of their accustomed pleasures. Chastisement must be administered as quietly as possible.

Fighting or bullying is unknown in Japanese schools.

The Japanese religion makes it an obligation to die at the call of either duty or country, and to die in fighting for the Emperor and nation is envied by the soldiers, who believe that those experiencing such a death will find a place in the Emperor's garden in the next world.

THE SHINTO FAITH.

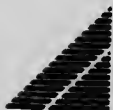
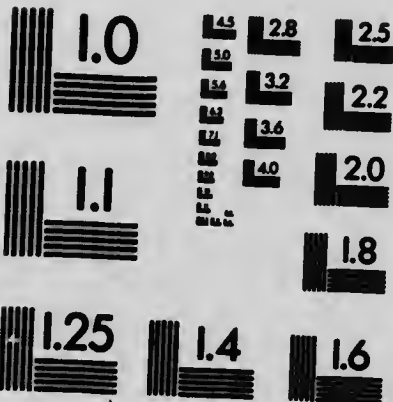
"The Shinto faith belongs only to Japan," says Treves. "It is the indigenous religion of the country, and although it may have been much modified by the teaching of Buddha it remains still the religion of the people. It is the simplest of all the faiths in the world. Shinto merely means 'God's Way', and to the founders of the sect, 'God's Way' must have been a way of pleasantness and a path of peace. Shintoism possesses neither sacred books nor a code of ethics. It has burdened itself with no darkness, while the unseemly cackle of theological discussion has never come within its tree encircled walls, while of the malignity of religious hate, and of the bitterness of religious persecution the Shinto faith knows nothing. It has been to the people the familiar friend, not the pedagogue; the comforter, not the censor.

"Shintoism is represented mainly by two elements without any moral teaching at all,— ancestor worship, and the adoration of Nature.



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Ancestor worship has made it the religion of the state as well as the religion of the family. With that phase of devotion has come the inculcating of loyalty, patriotism, reverence, duty, unselfishness, comradeship. With it has also come the veneration of those who have passed from out of the sight of man. It has made itself a religion of Hero Worship. It has made of great men demigods; and it has done more than this, for it has served to keep their memories green. The Shinto faith is the religion of old friends, the religion of lovers, since high among the object of its homage is fidelity in human affection, and unforgetfulness of human ties." It is the state religion. Buddhism and Confucianism have produced many noble lives, but to a number of the leading public men, so a recent writer says, "the nation seems to be drifting away from Oriental religion."

An author has said : " Shintoism is a religion ready to hang on to any faith which comes along, first allying itself with Buddhism, and then Confucianism, and now it seems to be worked in with the two." In other words, it is a religion lacking in ethical or doctrinal teaching. Buddhism is not the same Buddhism of Burma and Ceylon, or even India.

Lloyd says : " Pagan though the Japanese may be, he is not without his religious instincts; nay, truly, he is a man of deep religious sentiment. In course of time he will assuredly be won for Christ, for he sees, and will see more

clearly, that a genuine Christian faith has much to give him that he needs. But no form of Christianity will ever give him permanent rest and satisfaction which does not recognize to the fullest extent the realities of the Unseen World and the blessed Communion of all Saints, living and departed, in Christ."

As late as the conclusion of the Japan-Russia conflict, the conquering hero, Admiral Togo, on his return to Japan to receive the ovations of his people, first stopped his ships at the peninsula of Ise, to offer thanks at the shrines of the gods supposed to be the divine ancestors of the then reigning Emperor, at whose death Togo and his wife committed hari-kari. This spot is more revered by the Japanese than any other in the country, for it is believed that the Emperor has descended from a long lineage going back to Jimmu-Tenno, the first Emperor (600 B.C.). Since then, all the ancestors have become gods, and are watching the destinies of Nippon, (another name for Japan, meaning Origin of the Sun) with a paternal protection.

GRANITE LANTERNS.

Granite lanterns are erected in Japan, around temples and other places, to keep alight the memory of a friend. When we were in Nara, where there are over three thousand lanterns around the temples, and bordering the avenues leading up to them, our guide informed us that for the sum

of ten dollars, we could have all these lanterns lit up at night. We agreed to the proposition, but unfortunately the rain interfered with the show. No doubt the sight in the Park, a most magnificent place with thousands of deer, would have made a most brilliant spectacle.

The ceremony of worshipping at the temples is quite simple. The devout follower of Shintoism first washes his hands and mouth. After this ablution, he rings a bell by pulling a rope dangling from above, and throwing some alms into a receptacle covered with a wooden railing, kneels or bows before the altar, with hands clasped, and prays. His prayers are generally made to him for whom the temple was erected, for, as we have said before, almost every hero and the most popular gods, have a temple for their respective followers. Before retiring from the altar, the worshipper will probably clasp his hands two or three times, bow his head and repeat more prayers. He then takes a walk around the grounds of the temple, and forgets himself in adoration of the plum or cherry blossoms, or the many beautiful flowers and trees which surround the sacred place of worship.

FIFTEEN DAYS IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

We were fifteen days in the Flowery Kingdom, also known as the Land of the Rising Sun, and though we were there during the rainy season, as well as the worst month

of the year for seeing this small empire, teeming over with tiny busy human beings, and hundreds of thousands of babies, we had a thoroughly interesting and instructive visit. There were a number of us who would like to have seen Japan in April, when she is at her best, radiant in cherry blossoms of the most delicate tints, which have endeared these islands to the hearts of all lovers of nature and art. But we met the Japanese, in the leading cities and in the country, we travelled hundreds of miles with them, in excellent railway cars and special trains, slow, it is true, but nevertheless very comfortable, and we rode in jinrikishas, on horseback and in chairs and motor cars; in fact, we had the experience of almost every kind of Oriental conveyance to carry us about to see the sights.

What impressed us most of all during our short sojourn in Japan, were the smiling countenances and good nature of the people, and the multitudes of babies carried on the backs of their mothers, sisters, brothers, and even old men. They were everywhere, the first and last things we saw arriving and departing from Japan. They were the best set of babies we have ever seen, seldom crying, in fact it is a very rare thing to hear a baby cry in the Land of the Cherry Blossom. They sit as comfortable as possible, in bags or tied to the backs of their carriers, who go about their daily vocations as though they were not there. The children who have to

carry their little sisters or brothers in this fashion, may be seen playing hide-and-seek, as we saw them on many occasions. Mothers may be shopping or washing clothes with their little charges strapped to their backs, happy and fully interested in all that is going on around them, with their large black almond shaped eyes bristling with curiosity. It is said that if you take the babies and cherry trees out of Japan, it would lose its two most attractive sights. Of course there is a reason for the babies. The Japanese are taught to marry and to have babies. It is a part of their religion, and the Government encourages it with a bonus for boys, in the shape of exemption from a portion of the very heavy taxes which have to be paid. And now that we have touched on religion, it might be well to refer more fully to this subject.

RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

From personal observations, and from little study, we have come to the conclusion that there is not much real religion—as we Christians understand it—in Japan, though that is not saying that the morals and ethics of the people are suffering to any great extent. There are Shinto and Buddhist temples in all directions, but they are now becoming the show places of the country, as the holy places and churches of Italy and the Holy Land are to-day. We had

a number of Japanese guides and we asked one of them what religion he followed, to which he replied "Buddhist," but when we asked him a few more questions as to his faith, he said that he was not a very good Buddhist. Then we asked him what he believed in, to which question he replied "myself." In the olden times the Buddhist priests took all the money from the people and spent it in the temples, thus keeping the people very poor, but they have ceased to believe in that kind of religion, and now keep their money for themselves and families, and this we found to be the awakening of the Japanese from their belief in Shintoism and Buddhism. Whether they will eventually adopt Christianity is another question; it is a problematical one just now, though we did find signs that the Japanese were beginning to give it some consideration, and the more so as they saw the Americans and their wealth. Like those of all other countries, the Japanese have a mythological history relative to their creation. They believe that in the beginning forces of some order were manifest and that the world was a shapeless mass, floating like a jelly fish upon the water, when the earth and heaven separated, and gods appeared and disappeared, and at last a female and male deity arose and gave birth to all gods. By this couple, Izangi and Izanami, were produced the Islands of Japan, generations of the gods and the deities Sun and Moon. Then the eight or

ten thousand gods worshipped by Shintoists were brought into existence. The Sun and the Moon are believed to have been born in Japan.

Upon this mythological belief, the Japanese, who no doubt were originally from China, began to worship ancestral gods, and Shinto was their Buddha or Christ. Every one who died in Japan became a god, to be worshipped by his relatives on earth, who heap upon his grave eatables as though he were alive and among them. Tablets and small shrines dedicated to these ancestral gods appear in almost all the houses of Japan. The form of worship consists of prayer to the rising sun, as the Mohammedans pray, looking towards Mecca, then they enter the house and offer up a short prayer to their dead relative gods. Their prayers are very short, because the Japanese do not believe in wasting time reiterating their requests for favors. They say this is altogether unnecessary.

To-day, Japan has over 200,000 temples, with the shrine at Ise, as the Mecca, which every Japanese is expected to visit at least once during his lifetime, though if this is impossible, he may do so by proxy. Most of the great men of Japan have temples erected to their memory. You can hardly name a subject in the language of any country to-day, that the Japanese have not some god to rule over it. The belief was that the dead

rule the living, as Hearn has said in his very excellent book on this country.

Thus Japan went on for several hundreds of years, until the overthrow of the Shogun Dynasty, the most successful, though somewhat tyrannical family of administrators, and the establishment of a people's Government, which exists in an amended form to-day. Since then, all religions have been permitted, and the Japanese are allowed perfect freedom in this regard.

The religious question of Japan is certainly a perplexing one. It is undergoing a change, and we believe that change is due to the fact that Buddhism and Shintoism will in time have to give way to Christianity, as there are no great leaders to-day, and wherever churches, schools, hospitals and Y. M. C. A. buildings are erected, they seem to produce a beneficial impression upon the people. In Nagasaki we visited an excellent entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on the last night of our stay in Japan. The hall was large and spacious, with a gallery seating about 1,200 people. We were astonished at its magnitude, as well as the statement of the secretary, a Canadian, that the institution had 720 members, among whom were the Governor, Mayor, and the leading men of the city, and that it was now self-supporting. The programme for the evening consisted of fencing, jui-jitsu, singing, dancing, etc., all of which was well rendered. One young Japanese lady sang English songs

with a voice as sweet as any English speaking singer, notwithstanding that the national singing and music of Japan is anything but sweet to the ears of Europeans. It is weird and gruesome in sound, only appropriate for a funeral dirge. Perhaps it is music played backwards, as most things seem to be done in Japan.

FENCING AND JUI-JITSU.

Their fencing and jui-jitsu acting was exciting and most skilfully executed. The latter has been carried on in Japan for over three hundred years, and the former for one thousand years. Jui-jitsu was introduced in Japan to enable the small men, and they are nearly all small men in Japan, to defend themselves against the large men, and we saw several good bouts, in which men of small stature threw men fifty pounds heavier, with perfect ease, all over the stage, as if they were half their size. An odd thing about Jui-jitsu is that it is not always the man on top who wins in a contest. The main object seems to be to choke your opponent into insensibility, or acknowledgement of defeat, which is declared by the losing man tapping the other on the head. That is why the under man might have the best of the man over him.

In fencing, there is a great deal of excited talk, that sometimes sounds like two mad

animals at war in the back yard on a black night. This, we understand, is part of the game. At Kyoto, we saw a splendid exhibition of fencing in the public examination of candidates for military degrees. Three judges sat on the floor, as well as all the other spectators, and took notes as the bouts were pulled off in the centre of the group.

In several of the cities we visited, we had young men from the local schools, or colleges, as guides. Many of them only had a smattering of English words, but no one in our party could fail to come to the conclusion that they had a keen intellect for grasping things, and particularly for acquiring languages. Our experiences were numerous, but we will only relate a few of them. We asked our student guide on one occasion to what religious persuasion he belonged. "Buddhist," he replied, "but me no good Buddhist, me like go English Church." That was about the substance of his religion. It did not matter very much what he belonged to. The form of belief with the average Japanese is not of very serious import, but to the enlightened Japanese, the opportunity of mixing up with Europeans in their churches and societies appeals very strongly.

The Japanese are not to be altogether criticized or deplored for their form of worship, unless it teaches them to be indifferent to the liberties and morals of the people. As it is, and as we have said before, we have much to learn from them in their habits and living.

We can only exhort them to take the best from our religion, and the best from their own, and make a new one, and we think it might be an improvement on both. The Japanese takes the Christian world to task for the lynching of negroes in the Southern States, because they are despised and hated by the white people, and the persecution of the Jews by the Russians, all because of hate, which they do not allow to exist in their form of belief.

ODD ADVERTISING SIGNS.

It would seem as if the Japanese took their signs to some of their would-be English linguists, to have them translated, as the following samples will tend to show:—"High Taylor," "Milkman with Cow House," "Best Pure Milk," "Open all Day Night," "Sign Board Construction," "Flowers New to the Wedding and Funeral," "Club Place for Sport," "Goods Sold for Nothing," "Fresh Milk Squeezed from the Cow by a Veterinary Sitong," "Water Hotel," meaning, no doubt, temperance hotel, etc., and at whatever station we arrived, we were inundated with advertizing matter, in the shape of cards, circulars, and pamphlets, all in English, as it is understood, spelt and written in Japan. Some of the sentences and grammar were very amusing, and one would imagine that they would improve them in

later editions; as for instance in the pamphlets which were issued by a Welcome Society, which does a sort of Cook's business in Japan, but unfortunately they did not, for we saw one of those much distorted publications in its tenth edition, without any attempt at correction. If it was done as an advertisement, it was a great success, because we all wanted to see and have a look at it.

One of the hotels had a well gotten up card with the following,—which may be true:—
“The Cuisine is in charge of a First Class Thief” (Chef). Another business card read:—
“There is only One First Class Place for Foreigners to Patronize. Beware of others.”
Many of the store-keepers are proud of their signs, a habit, we think, they must have adopted from the English. One of these signs in Nikko consisted of the three famous monkeys, and when we were leaving for our hotel, the owner of the store said: “Do not forget my place, you cannot miss it, just look for the three monkeys.” As a curious incident, there were only three people in the store at the time, and if we had not known that Nikko was the home of monkeys in Japan, and believed to have given rise to that world-famed work of art representing three monkeys, with eyes, ears and mouth covered by the forepaws, signifying not seeing, speaking, or hearing evil of your neighbor, we might have thought the gentleman was somewhat personal in his remarks. Another general dry goods merchant was called “Pawn Broker,” and had the sign of

three balls, no doubt a suggestion of some practical joker.

MISTRUSTING ONE ANOTHER.

The Japanese hate to trust one another. Our guide said he would not trust them, and he had no foreign blood in him either. We dined with an Englishman, who related many incidents of Japanese art and cunning in business transactions. He said that he had a very faithful native manager, but if he were to leave Japan for a few months, he thought the temptation to usurp his business or sell the secrets of his trade would be too strong for him, so he would simply close up shop if compelled to leave for any length of time. Lloyd who has resided in Japan for over twenty-five years, says : "A Japanese can never engage in any business without at once desiring to control it."

Japan is a country of mystery and mysterious thought. Even in our short stay, we could see things of which we could not obtain any satisfactory explanation. It is a country of perplexing study for the visitor. Bearing on the subject of honesty among the Japs, we had with us a number of passengers belonging to San Francisco and other places where there were a great many Japanese employed, and they were the most bitter in their condemnation of them, accusing them of being unsanitary, unclean, untruthful, sly and cunning. Yet we saw very little of these

traits in all our fifteen days' journeyings in the land of the Cherry blossoms, nor did we hear of a single case of theft, discourtesy or bad temper. If we lacked the sunshine from above, there was no scarcity of it in the faces of all with whom we came in contact on land. Why is it that we find foreigners living for years in Japan who await their departure to give publicity to their criticisms of the alleged cunning and dishonest ways of the Japanese, and on the other hand, find so much good said about them by writers who have spent long periods among them? These stories conflict, so that it is difficult for a casual observer to form any correct opinion of their habits and customs. One gentleman gave us a number of illustrations of the absolute dishonesty of the Japanese in doing business. He said their creed taught them to get ahead of the other fellow by foul or fair means, as the other fellow was working on the same tack, and if they tried to act honestly, their case would be a hopeless one.

THE GEISHA GIRLS.

Japan has many surprises in store for the uninitiated, and one of these is in connection with the world-wide fame of the Geisha and probably the other girls as well. The former are anything but pretty, notwithstanding that they wear pretty gowns. We visited one of the houses in Kyoto, where we participated in a Japanese supper and dance.

The supper consisted of about ten or twelve courses of fish, raw and boiled, with rice cakes and a few small cups of saki and tea. If you take saki on an empty stomach, in ninety-nine chances out of a hundred it will make you ill for three days. It is the most unpleasant social drink in the world. A cocktail of paragoric and castor oil might come near it, but we doubt it.

About twenty or thirty girls, the usual size and age, from fourteen years and upwards, would occasionally approach and sit before us, and longingly gaze at some piece of our jewellery, but when we looked at them, as in the case of the saki, they put a damper on our appetite. Their facial painting and powdering was anything but well done. One of those who sat in front of us had so much *rouge* on her lips that it was dripping down her chin. There were few of our party who ate or could eat anything, and few who were sorry when it was all over, to return to their hotel to get a real dinner.

It was, however, an experience that one must never miss, but we think there are so many very much more exciting things to see and dream of in Japan than the Geisha girls, who are generally the first thing one thinks of on arriving there. You must not connect a pretty American actress, dressed up as a Geisha girl, in a Japanese opera, on an American stage, with the real thing in Japan. One is a pleasing attraction. The other—'nuff said.

There is a movement to do away with the Geisha girl, but this will not follow for many years to come. You might just as well try to do away with dancing in America as with the Geisha girls in Japan. They form part and parcel of the social life of the people. Their lives are quite interesting. They commence their education when very young, perhaps five or six years of age, up to the time they make their debut. They are as moral and respectable as the average Japanese girls, whose standard is not quite up to that of American girls, though those of Japan are not as bad as they are painted. This is our own opinion. We have not read it out of any books.

MORALS, BABIES AND HOUSES.

We think that the standard of morals of any country is determined by the activity of the people, and there is no doubt that the Japanese are active. They are always busy, though not as hustling, by any means, as the Chinaman. They work from morning until night, and late at night, as we perceived in many of the cities visited. Sometimes we wondered when they slept. The whole family works. There are no "stay-at-homes" to keep house or get the meals ready. Both can be done in a few minutes, and any one of the household can be cook or housemaid without much experience or loss of time.

Nurses are not required. When a child is a few weeks old, it is strapped to the back of the youngest member of the family, boy or girl, as the case may be, generally a youngster of about six or seven years of age, and in this human cradle it is jogged out onto the street or back alley. There are few parks or playgrounds for the children in the big cities of Japan, and no country needs them more, for there are so many babies and children. The houses are all one or two storeys, seldom higher. They are narrow, with low ceilings, built of wood, with tiled roofing, all the one color, steel grey, which is not nearly as attractive to look upon as the bright red of Italy and some other countries. The front room is the work or shop-room, where the whole family labour upon a raised flooring above the streets, covered with bamboo matting one or two-inches thick. At nighttime it is used as a sleeping apartment by the apprentices. It is extremely clean, as no one walks upon it with dirty muddy boots, coming from the streets. Everyone stepping upon this flooring, or in large public buildings, either a temple or otherwise, must remove their clog shoes. This is an operation of two smart lifts of the legs, the shoes only being held on by a noose over the toes, and caught between the big toe and the others. As a rule, their feet are covered with a pair of clean white short stockings, but some of the lower classes go barefooted. Even when shopping, you have to perform this ceremony of remov-

ing your shoes at the door, and walking about in your stocking feet. With few exceptions, the stores are small stalls with sliding paper doors that open up any part or the whole of the front. These sliding doors, or panels, are very light, being made of a very fine frame in small sections of about five inches square, covered by a white oiled paper, which, we were told, had to be renewed once a year. Through these doors is supplied the light, not only to the small store or workshop, but to the one or two rooms in the rear, which are generally the living rooms of the family. There are no chairs or superfluous furniture. Japanese house furnishing teach us how unnecessary is the multitudinousness of bric-a-brac with which we decorate our houses. Their tastes in this respect are of the simplest. They also claim that the lack of furniture, such as chairs and sofas make them lithe and supple in form, keeping them in excellent physical condition. The kitchen utensils consist of a few pots and pans and a small charcoal urn, which is used to make the tea and heat the fish, and in winter time the family sit around and obtain a little warmth out of it. In some of the hotels we visited this mode of heating was all we had in our rooms. Some of the better class of inhabitants have small stoves, but they are generally used in connection with their work. There is not even a picture hanging in the bed-room, nor is there a piece of furniture, nothing but the bamboo matting on the floor and the four bare walls, which

oftentimes do not go to the ceiling, and are nothing more than sliding doors, so that you can walk all around the house through the partitions.

The Japanese are thrifty and simple in habits. They love sunshine and pure air. Their houses were originally built of wood for this purpose, and their style of architecture has remained unchanged for many centuries. In later days it was found that the wooden houses were preferable to the more solidly constructed of stone, owing to the numerous volcanic eruptions which visit Japan so frequently. The Japanese say it is easier to replace a wooden than a stone house.

W. C. Frizell, an American, who has written his observations in Japan, in an interesting way, gives a very vivid description of his experience in a Japanese hotel, as follows:—

“At Okayama two American ladies and three men in our party were given a wing in a very attractive hotel. The wing had only a floor with the soft reed mat upon it, which required our leaving our shoes outside, a daintily decorated ceiling and two end walls. There is no cumbersome furniture in a Japanese house. We seated ourselves on the floor, while maids fitted paper screens in grooves that made side walls and division walls. Then they brought us tiny pipes and braziers with which to light them, sweet cakes and fresh kimonas to put on. They treated us as if we were fellow-countrymen. At dinner time they carried in little tabourets, off which to eat,

and when bedtime came, they spread a quilt on the floor for the bed, gave me another to put over me, and rolled up another quilt for a pillow, to take the place of the native pillow, which is shaped somewhat like a railway rail, and is made of wood with a cloth over it. It is made so as not to crush the elaborately arranged hair of the women.

"After I had retired, I was surprised to notice one of my paper walls opening, and to see a couple of Japanese girls enter and gather up my clothes and baggage and start to carry them off. I could not speak Japanese, so I called to my friend in the next room to find out what was happening. The girls then explained that they were carrying off my things to lock them up in a safe place, as robbers might come through the paper walls before morning and steal them. The American lady and daughter insisted on taking their umbrellas to bed with them to fight robbers when they broke in. No robbers came, but morning did, and the problem was to get up. I called for my clothes, and was surprised to see through a half removed wall, one of the maids carrying my clothes into the room of the American ladies. In Japan, men and women wear the same clothes, so this Japanese maid, who had not seen foreigners before, could not distinguish as to whom our clothes belonged. By means of shouts and gestures, I finally obtained mine. Then the difficulty was to get dressed, for all the maids in the hotel seemed to think that my room was a pro-

menading place in which to get a look at a real curiosity. I would no sooner turn a couple of girls out of the room and jump up and close the wall, than another wall would slide open and a few more would enter. It was a dive back to bed again. They calmly walked around and looked down upon me while they pretended to be doing something. After going through the gymnastics of closing walls and jumping into bed for a while, I called to the American ladies in a distant room if they would not please invite the girls out of my room. They responded that they would, if I would only call the men out of theirs.

"After breakfast, we paid our very reasonable bill, gave the proprietor the usual tip, while he presented every one with a tooth brush and a package of tooth powder. He also sent a special messenger into our car on the train, bearing a note thanking us for having honored his inn with our presence, and hoping that our honorable selves might return again."

THE WORKING CLASSES.

The Japanese, or the working classes, of which we are speaking, and they number about nine-tenths of the population of any of the larger cities, wear about all the clothes they possess on their backs, at least in the winter season, so it is unnecessary to have receptacles for extra clothing, though, if they have, they generally place them in a

wooden box in a corner of the room. The bed clothing, consisting of several larger comforters, and one or two head rests, if the room is to be occupied by women, are stored away in a small closet in the side of the wall, so well built into it that you would not notice it was there. At night time this clothing is taken out and used, and then put back again in the morning. That is the entire process of housekeeping. Washing or bathing is done on the ground floor, in the rear. Very little underclothing is worn. When the weather is cold, heavy loose sleeve coats are multiplied, and although the weather was not excessively cold when we were there, the thermometer not even going down to freezing point, yet we saw any number of men and women wearing three or four of these coats.

There is no supply of foodstuffs kept in the house; everything, except rice, is bought at the door, from street hucksters or a neighboring stall. Every house has one or two small altars dedicated to the dead, and certain kinds of highly colored cakes are bought and deposited around them, as offerings to dead relatives, who, in the minds of Shintoists, have to be fed as well as the living members of the family. It is said that the dogs and cats and other animals around the house generally live upon these offerings.

Everything is done by hand in Japan, and principally in these little stalls, and the

whole family engage in helping the father. This is why the boys generally adopt their father's trade, so that it can be taken for granted that any tradesman in Japan has had a long line of ancestors following the same occupation. This is, and has been, a great drawback to Japan's development, though, as we have said before, the worst obstacle was her closed-door policy, furthered by the Shogun dynasty during a period when the rest of the world was advancing in civilization. The Shogun knew that the introduction of modern methods would be their downfall, and sure enough it was.

The next big uprising in Japan will be brought about by the Socialists, and the ruling Government will have trouble holding the reins of power. No Government is likely to be popular, or any country staple, with a 22% taxation on a man's income.

The houses in the largest cities of Japan are one, two or three storeys, but seldom higher, closely packed together, with little yard or garden room, and no modern sanitary conditions, though there is running water in many of the houses, and nearby public faucets where there is no house connection. There is very little waste matter to throw away, and what there is, keeps the cats and dogs alive, though the latter animals, as well as horses, are very scarce. The bullock is the beast of burden in most places. Portable cesspools are used, which are cleaned out weekly, and their contents carried to the

country and placed upon the soil as fertilizing matter, together with other refuse, such as fish and seaweed. Because of the former custom, foreigners are warned not to eat any uncooked vegetables in Japan. The Japanese eat a great many onions, and a white radish (daikon), which has an unsavory smell when cooked, but they seldom use meat, though the latter, in the form of chicken, is daily coming into use, like many other European habits of dress and custom.

We saw very few cattle anywhere during our short stay in Japan, which is naturally a sign that milk is a luxury with the inhabitants, though what we saw delivered was neatly done up in bottles and looked as if it were sterilized. The babies are not fed on it as they are in this country, which is, perhaps, responsible for the impression most all visitors carry away with them, that the Japanese baby never cries. You see thousands and thousands of them on the streets, and yet you seldom hear one crying. It is really remarkable what good babies are to be found in the land of the Sun and Moon.

And this reminds us of a friend who patented a machine for rocking cradles, but when he told a lady about it, she said, "Why cradles are not used nowadays. It has been found that they were the cause of all our crying when young, so mothers are adopting a more scientific way of rearing children." There is much reason in this

logic, and it has worked successfully for many years in Japan.

SO MUCH GOOD IN JAPAN.

We saw so much good in Japan that we were surprised to hear adverse criticism expressed by many in our party, but we believe that visitors lose a great deal of their pleasure by looking at Japan through European glasses, and making too great comparison between it and their own country. For instance, many of the women said, "what dirty children, and so many of them suffering from scrofula and scalp diseases," and then and there formed the idea that the people and their houses were unsanitary. These people never take into consideration that our visit was in winter, and that many of the babies were suffering from colds in their heads, and having no handkerchiefs, and their mothers and nurses not around to look after them, their noses naturally did not present a very pleasing appearance, but their faces were ten times cleaner than the street urchins one sees in any one of our own large cities, and their clothes infinitely cleaner and in much better order. We do not think one of our party could say they saw a child in rags in Japan. This is a broad statement, but it is mentioned in justice to the poor Japanese. In our visit to Japan we learned many things which changed our impressions as to the

future of the country. Truly wonderful, but not great, nor is it destined to be so.

But to return to the land of babies. After breakfast, the entire family starts to work in the front store, and the babies are tied to the next child in size. Then the two are sent out into the street to play with the many other street urchins, until lunch, and then again in the afternoon until supper or bedtime. Supper time is generally about 5 p.m., and as the Japanese sit up late at night, they will probably have another little snack before retiring.

The densely packed condition of the houses has resulted in disastrous conflagrations, but when you hear of one or two thousand houses going up in fire and smoke in Japan, have little worry of any enormous loss. The Japanese keep nothing of value in their stalls or houses. They believe in short prayers to their gods and little in their houses, so that if a fire comes, their loss will be so much lighter to bear. Can you beat this for philosophy? They say, what is the use of asking God a thousand times for something you want? Once should be quite sufficient, and repetition is not only bad form, but a waste of time.

THE FIRE TOWERS.

The fire towers are used in many of the towns, but there were few signs of an up-to-date fire brigade, though it is known

that the firemen are acrobats of a very high order, and can perform most of the balancing feats seen in our theatres. There were hand pumps, and we guess that their appliances for fighting fires are not modern. Every large shop or store, principally established to cater to the tourists, have their respective fire vaults, which may be seen in all parts of the city, and in them are deposited the valuables of the families or business firms at night time, and in case of fire they are rushed over to the vaults.

This might account for the anecdote, told in a Japanese magazine, about two beggars, who one day, were resting in the sun by a river side when the fire-bells began to ring. One of them aroused himself instantly, and cried out to the other: "Fire, fire; don't you hear?"

The other dozed on, and, smiling, said to his companion, "What are you making so much ado about? You have nothing to lose."

"I know that," said the other, "but the least I could do was to act like a gentleman."

THE STREETS.

The streets are for the most part very narrow, about eight to ten feet wide, but in the larger cities they are widening them, as a matter of precaution against fires, and to accommodate motor cars, of which there are quite a large number in Yokohama and Tokyo, but few or none in

the other towns. At Kyoto, the Director-General of the Commercial Museum, a most modern Japanese, speaking the English language very fluently, told us that his town was spending much money in the widening of streets and introducing a modern water works system. We saw evidence of both these stupendous works at the time of our visit, though Kyoto did not show so much progress as we noticed in other places. This may be on account of the Japanese moving the capital away from it to Tokyo, some forty years ago.

THE JINRIKISHA CABBIES.

Next in interest to the babies in Japan are the jinrikisha men and their funny little two-wheeled vehicles, which to look at, and see someone get into, might give you the impression that they were very uncomfortable, but this is not the case. They rest upon two springs, ride smoothly on rubber tires, and glide along as quietly as a gondola. They are to be seen everywhere, in all the cities and towns of Japan, and the physical endurance of the men, who haul these funny looking carriages, is simply marvellous. We rode over twenty miles one day with one of them whose only sustenance during the day was a little curry and rice, and a few cups of tea. A cup of tea in Japan is about two ordinary mouthfuls and is served in a miniature cup.

HOW DIMINUTIVE IS EVERYTHING.

You are not long in this country before observing how diminutive is everything, even the price of labour, carriage hire, coinage, paper bills, merchandise, hills, cliffs and bays, tools, horses, windows, telegraph poles, dogs and cats, all seem to be in harmony with the stature of the people. A woman working on the land receives nine to ten cents per day. A man servant receives about \$15.00 per annum. A young girl only receives clothing and food, and when she gets married, her wedding trousseau. Women are of great assistance to the Japanese men in all pursuits of labor. They also do much if not a greater share of the general work. The cats are fairly large in body, but have short tails, and many of them none at all. We never saw a dog larger than a collie, and most of them much smaller, though we saw a rooster with a tail seventeen feet long, at Miyanoshita, and were told by the owner that there was another to be found at Tokyo. He wanted \$40 for him, and as a curiosity, or freak we think he was worth it. The owner had him resting on the top perch of a cage about the size of a grandfather's clock. There was no reason why he should not hop down to some lower perches, but he did not. He remained there on the highest perch, as proud as could be, and seemed to be pleased with our admiration.

We noticed him on many occasions, and he always stood as we first saw him. The owner was an antique dealer, and this was one of his attractions to draw trade, but it was not the most interesting. He had a black bird called a quistrino, almost the size of a crow, which any member of the household could make speak at once, and not as is the case with a parrot, who rarely speaks when you want him to. Although the bird seemed to repeat about twenty-five sentences at the command of his owner, or his son or wife, we were told that he could be taught almost anything. These two birds certainly attracted everyone in our party, and no one could very well go to see them without buying something, if only a picture of the bird, and as they are very careful not to infringe on one another's trades in Japan, this man only sold 25 cent pictures of the bird, so that he must have made a neat income from his pets. Since returning home we have learned that these birds are bred by Lord Watari, near Osaka, who is said to be the only man who knows the secret of their breeding. Several imported by a Kansas City man were reported to be worth \$500 each, but their tails were not so long as the one we saw at Miyanoshita.

Another man, who ran a tea house in the same town, advertises his business with a pond of red gold carp, not of the small sized variety similar to those we see in house bowls in America, but weighing as much

as one and two pounds, and we saw them in the pond of a Damazine factory in Tokyo, as large as seven and eight pounds. At the tea house biscuits are handed you to feed the fish, which scramble for them as excitedly as the rush of newsboys for pennies thrown into the street. It was a case of the survival of the fittest, and from what we saw the red fish have practiced the jiu-jitsu art, for the biggest ones do not always win, being frequently raised by shoals of small fry from underneath, and landed not only out of the water, but out of the scrimmage as well. We never heard fish groan before until we saw those red fish at Miyanoshita, but they did so every time they made a rush for a piece of cake. While you are busily engaged in the delightful pastime of feeding the fish and seeing them scrambling about for your piece of cake, you are supplied with a chair and table, and before you have time to realize what is going on, a nice cup of Japanese tea and some rice cakes are laid on the table. It is too tempting, and further would have been bad form, to refuse to take what has been put before you, or leave without a small donation.

JAPANESE AS IMITATORS.

Much has been said about the Japanese being great imitators. We think this is exaggerated, as we fail to see where they have imitated any other country in the

utilization of the bamboo. This species of the grass family of flora forms forests of large trees, three to five inches in diameter, and is used in almost every conceivable utensil and for all practical purposes throughout Japan, including the construction of water pipes, houses, fences, bridges, baskets, cord, footwear, water troughs, and a hundred and one other odd and useful things. It is also used in the building of heavily tapered bridges and crib work, known as criss-cross work. In the former, the Japanese make a round open work basket, the size of the pier they want. This is placed in position, under the bridge, and then filled with large boulder stones from the river below, thus making an exceedingly strong pier without any mortar or masonry. We might not consider this a very strong bridge, but it suits the traffic of the Japanese, over the smaller rivers and ravines. The same principle is followed in making crib work, only the baskets are smaller, and laid one alongside the other. In the country, and even in the cities, much of the freight traffic is carried on a pole, made of bamboo, and carried over the right shoulder, which gives the load an easy spring, from which at either ends hang two large bamboo baskets. Earth, stone, and coal are carried in this manner.

We were amused at a group of boys at a country place, vying with one another as to who could pump water into the air the highest, with the aid of a hand pump made

out of bamboo. These boys, using an ordinary bucket, could squirt streams as up high as thirty to forty feet. At every turn we seemed to find some new use for which the bamboo was brought into requisition.

BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING.

The Japanese have become great advertisers, but it does not necessarily follow that they are imitating us any more than we could say that we have in a great measure imitated Great Britain, other countries, and so on. What we have to give the Japanese credit for, is in the fact that in the last thirty or forty years since they have spread out and seen other countries and allowed foreigners to enter their domain, they have made wonderful strides of progress, and this is noteworthy; but we would like to ask if the habit of extending tea to you when you enter a store, or presenting you with little souvenirs and presents when you make a purchase or on arrival in the country is not original with Japan, and have we not already spoken of the shopkeepers who have curious and interesting attractions outside goods, to draw you to their stores. All this is for the very same purpose for which our merchants use newspapers, magazines and signboards, though these latter schemes are not as original as those of the Japanese. On our arrival in Yokohama, which is the port of entry into

Japan, some of our ladies received handsome little baskets; others fans, etc.

THE SALEMEN OF JAPAN

The salesmen of Japan smilingly receives you, patiently waits upon you, nothing is a bother to him, and if, after taking up an hour or so of his time, you should leave without a purchase, he graciously accompanies you to the door, and wishes you well, and hopes to see you back again. Contrast him with the American or Canadian shop girl behind her counter, in the large dry goods stores, or even the small ones. There are exceptions, we admit, but the best argument in favor of the Japanese system of shopkeeping is in the fact that we know of several large general dry goods houses, who have discovered that there is too great a lack of courtesy and pleasantness among their shop girls, and they have started lectures and schools to train them how to be courteous on all occasions; while at the same time they want these girls to be imbued with the belief that their position is one of honor and respectability, and that it is no disgrace to be behind a counter. In other words, the large dry goods stores want to introduce a reform in their service, which is more after the Japanese form of serving you, so that it cannot be claimed that in this respect the Japs are copying from us. For originality we have to take our hats off to the Japanese, over

an actual incident of advertising which occurred at Nikko. It had been raining all night, and in the morning there was a mist on the panes of glass all over the hotel, and there on the most prominent windows was written with the tips of the fingers, "Please go and buy your novelties at Mr. Pawnbroker's store," etc. Can you surpass this for originality? We think not, and yet we have not told you about the antique shop at Nagasaki (M. Yahiro), who has a trained monkey, in addition to a museum on the top story of his store, which he has trained to cover his eyes, ears and mouth, after the famous Nikko monkeys. There are sign boards and considerable outside advertising in the principal cities, which might be said to have been copied from us. We presume most of the moving picture shows have been started by foreigners, as they seem to attract the Chinamen and Japanese to a very great extent, and have injured the regular dramatic theatres not only in Japan, but in Honolulu and all over the Orient.

THE MOVIES IN THE EAST

We were not permitted to enter a Japanese theatre, but we visited several moving picture shows. They depicted dramas identically the same as those produced in the regular theatres, but at reduced admission fees. It cost us fifteen cents to enter, which is double the native price, but the natives sat down

on the floor and we had chairs, which was worth the difference, though this is not the actual reason we were charged double. The main one was that we had the money and could afford more than the poor people. The hall held some eight hundred to a thousand people. The play comprised several murders and exciting scenes, but a great deal is left to the imagination of the spectators. If any actor leaves the house and is supposed to go on a sea voyage, the other actors will disappear, and he will take up an oar and work it as the Japanese row, in a sort of a sculling fashion. You are left to imagine that he is in a boat; there is none in view. In the larger theatres, or regular ones, the scenes are not quite so overdrawn, but we were told that the performance lasts for five or six hours, and the actors, when leaving the stage, have to pass through the audience on elevated bridges, which makes their exits or entrance much more difficult and embarrassing. They also have a crude moving stage so as to change the scenes more quickly.

At the moving picture shows there is a man who vocally explains the different parts of the actors in the play. The one we saw did it splendidly, and while in the dark, we hardly realized the lines came from the same man, until the lights were turned on between acts, and we saw him walk behind the scenes. They also have music, that is, Japanese music, to play during the performance so that it is made more entertaining than

those in our country, where there are no accompanying voices.

PRIMITIVE FARMING

Farming is all carried on by hand. The soil is turned up with the aid of a hoe with a short handle and a long toe, while a pitchfork-shaped implement, with shorter handle and longer prongs, follows and does the harrowing. We saw men and women pounding the ground with large wooden mallets, for what purpose we do not know, except, perhaps, to powder the upturned soil. Men, women and children work in the fields, and it is astonishing what large loads the young girls and old men carry along the roadways. The old women seemed to be principally engaged in conveying brush wood in the same manner as everything else is carried, with a balance pole over their shoulders. We saw more people at work throwing fertilizing matter on their small farms, than doing anything else, but we must remember that it was springtime with them.

A farmer who has five or six members in his family who can help him, can exist on eight or nine acres of land, pay his taxes and rent, and probably have a few yens (fifty cents) over, to buy some old clothes, but he will never have a bank account. Flat, low lands are used for the growing of rice and barley, the two being produced on the same land in one year, which goes

to show how productive is the soil. Where barley is not grown, two crops of rice are taken from the same piece of land. Rice seeds are sown in marshy ground in March. As soon as the plants are five inches high, they are transplanted into irrigated fields, a long and tedious operation. The crop is harvested in November. Most of the Japs live on rice. It is the one thing that is boiled by the middle class people, everything else which goes with it to make up a meal, is sold ready to eat by the peripatetic merchants. Tea is also grown extensively on the flat lands, and we had the pleasure of meeting the man who first started the exportation of tea. He is many times a millionaire, and a charming personage to meet, speaking English quite fluently. We do not think there are many millionaires in Japan, although we were surprised at the enormous capitalization of a number of the banks with their large reserve accounts. In many cases the former goes up to eighteen and twenty million dollars, while the reserve might be half as much.

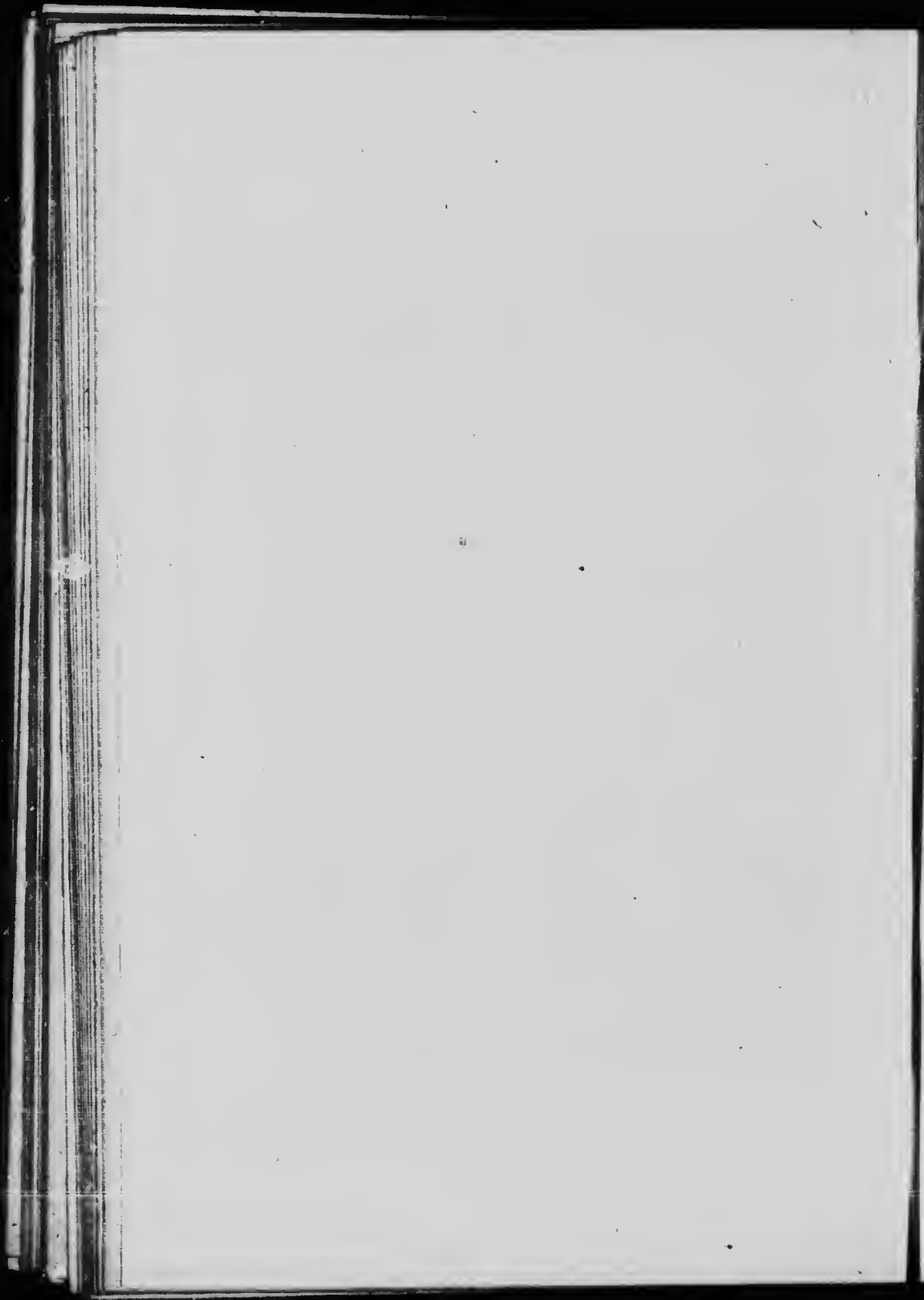
Relative to the above, it might be said that we found out that most of the books on Japan read in our party, were written by Europeans, in some way or other, in the employ of the Japanese Government, or as professors to the large colleges or schools, and it would not be fair to expect an unbiased expression from them. It was even said that several of the authors are married to Japanese ladies, so that they naturally have a strong

admiration for that nation and its people. In our short stay, we saw a great deal of good in the country and among its people, but we could not help thinking that Japan has turbulent days ahead of it. Its old form of feudalism is not extinct, the patriotism of the people is not dead, but, while in its present state of evolution, without Christianity and education, will it be able to hold down the masses who are rapidly becoming socialists? This socialism, it must be remembered, exists among ignorant people who have never been taught to reason, and who are as crude and old-fashioned in their methods of living as they were hundreds of years ago, with the exception of a very small proportion of its fifty millions, who are anxious to become educated, and who then lean towards European ways and habits, and want to leave Japan. Almost all the students we met had a great desire to see America some day. It is the dream of their lives, and it is a question whether this is not one of the greatest stimulants for application to study,—or is it the love of gold which the Americans have and which they lack?

Followers of Buddhism only believe in Buddha and the priests, and those whom we saw seemed to be of a very inferior race. They are not at all anxious that the Japanese should become educated, and they will strive to prevent it. Possibly those in power at the present time are of the same opinion, as they know that the education of the people will make



RICE PLANTING, JAPAN.



it so much more difficult for them to rule, and yet there are no signs of this opposition, if we are to judge by the fine school buildings and colleges in some of the cities, and even of the villages, which we visited. This is the great question which is facing Japan to-day. Her feudalism has changed into militarism, but it should have been salted with education first, and then it would have had a strong foundation to stand upon.

MILITARY AND NAVAL POWER.

Japan has recently opened the eyes of the world with her naval power, for which we have a great admiration, and the world has been influenced on this account to take it for granted that she is a wonderful country. This is not obvious in personal inspection. Her army and navy are enormous for her population, and their cost is a severe burden upon her people. Conscription is in vogue. Two years must be spent in the infantry, and three in the other branches of the service. Rich men sometimes get off with one year by paying a considerable sum of money, but all are subject to joining the reservists. Just imagine living in a country where a man has to turn over 22 per cent. of his income in "personal" taxes, if he is making over \$50,000 per annum. Since 1868, when Japan threw over the Shogunist Dynasty and feudal rule, and followed this up with an emperor and a form of

Government, somewhat similar to that of Germany, most of the leading men in power at the time were appointed to the highest political positions, which they have maintained ever since, and to their credit, let it be said, they are of very high intellect and education, most of the latter obtained in America.

The senior statesmen (Genro) were prominent men of the country, who were called in to lend their assistance by advice to the Emperor after the Restoration, and had many perplexing questions to settle, without recent experience. Ito was one of them, and responded for the salvation of Japan from a serious attack by foreign powers, when she could ill afford to defend herself, as she was not posted on any of the modern arms of warfare, which the European countries had been arming during the retrogressive period of the Shogunite regime. Ito went to London, saw how the world had progressed, and returned home and began a rejuvenation of his country, particularly in the matter of military and naval armaments, as well as a good sound financial policy for the Government. Ito's influence was wonderful, though he was ultimately assassinated after many unsuccessful attempts. On one occasion, when chased by a gang of would-be assassins, he took refuge in a tea-house, and was hidden away by a tea girl, whom he made Princess Ito.

THE FEW RULE.

There is only a small percentage of people who vote in Japan, so that the ruling classes are returned to power by the chosen few. This has been, and is, all right for the present, but will the people stand for it when they become educated? Will they stand for a few of the upper classes controlling the entire franchise, or, will they demand the one man, one vote system? This is the serious problem of to-day, and students of political economy visiting Japan are deep in thought over the perplexing situation.

But the Japanese statesmen know their people better than outsiders, and they may think that they will be able to accomplish these necessary reforms by a feat which will surprise the world as much as their naval methods with China and Russia did. Let us hope so! There is also another serious problem ahead of Japan, beside her big debt, and heavy taxation, and that is her limited area of land, with its comparatively small production for its teeming millions. Though supplies will become more expensive and will ultimately drive her people to revolt against the enormous outlay for her army, it will not be soldiers that Japan will need, but farmers. This, again, may lead the people to think for themselves, and when they do, it may produce a state of revolution, which it will be difficult to suppress.

The Yellow Peril, as it is called, is a question that will require more study in the future than any other, and while we have no hesitation in thinking that we have nothing to fear from Japan we certainly have from China, as we shall endeavor to explain later on.

The Japanese have not originated much in the way of discoveries, either scientifically or mechanically; in fact, they have added little to the storehouse of invention, in comparison with the other races, China included.

Their buildings are nothing to boast of, certainly nothing to compare with the great ancient works of architecture of India, Egypt, Syria, the Holy Land, and all the later day empires and countries of Europe. Her one great accomplishment, if it can be called such, is keeping her form of feudalism and closed door policy longer than any other country, made possible by her isolation. Every Japanese in the past was a fighting man, everything was done to produce fighting men, even at the sacrifice of religion and education. That is what Japan has done. She has produced the finest fighting men in the world, soldiers who have more physical endurance, with least outward appearance of suffering, than any other of the human race. Hospital doctors say that the Japanese patient undergoes operations without anaesthetics and without flinching.

THE SAMURAI.

Since the restoration in 1868 the Government changed the Samurai feudal system by showing great clemency and pardon for imprisoned rebels and traitors. The new Emperor endeavored to continue the governing of the country with the clan system, which had existed for three hundred years, but found it impossible, so effected a peaceful agreement with the chieftains and their retainers, the ronins, or knights, who laid down their swords and offered their services to the Government without any resistance or trouble. This was in great contrast to the same experience which William the Third encountered in subduing clans of Scotland, which he had to do by force of arms and great loss of life.

The Samurai were often called the two-sword Bushido, meaning the same caste or class. The two swords refer to the fact that they carried one at their side for fighting purposes, and the other in case they were defeated to end their lives, rather than submit to the disgrace of having to acknowledge their defeat. Bushido is also known as the unwritten code of moral principles regulating the actions of the Japanese Knighthood, or Samurai; the chivalry of Japan.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

In 1881 the Emperor promised to give the people constitutional government as soon as they were ready for it, which followed a few years afterwards, and from that date the commerce of Japan has gone forward by leaps and bounds.

Nobles, princes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons were created by an Imperial decree in 1884. Old families, sometimes poor but loyal to their Emperor and their country, were thus remembered in the time of Restoration. Every year new nobles are added to the list.

In the court of law in England a man is innocent until found guilty. In Japan as in Europe, he is guilty until he proves his innocence. The remuneration of a judge is so small that no lawyer of any standing will accept the position.

The Japanese held such a strict censorship on the press at one time that the newspapers made it a custom to employ a dummy editor to go to prison for publishing something that displeased the Government, but to-day the press has a freedom of opinion almost equal to other countries.

Japan is filled with myths and mediaevalism, which refuse to be as rapidly dismissed as the growth of Modernism would expect. As it is a country of contradictions, it is difficult to know what one may expect

in the near future. We can only hope for the best, in the interest of the world and Japan.

POSITION OF JAPAN TO-DAY.

The position of Japan in the world of nations to-day is very similar to that of a "nouveau riche," who, lacking education and refinement, expects to be received into educated society. She is attempting to hobnob with England, Germany, France, and the United States, and making a great effort to edge her way into the company of these nations, and there is not the least doubt that they will all welcome her, and will do everything they can to assist her in her great work of reformation. Should she succeed she will have no better well-wishers. Christianity and Education are the main requirements of the Japanese, and while the latter is readily accepted by them it will be interesting to observe whether they will as readily eradicate the Buddhism and Shintoism of their ancestral worship, as they at one time did Christianity, when the Jesuits had obtained such sway over them, centuries ago. The interrogation mark has to be used extensively in writing one's impressions on Japan, and that is probably why even great minds and eminent authors find her such a mystery.

We asked a rickshaw man if he had a vote, to which he replied, "No," and "that very few in the country had one."

"Would you like to vote?" we asked.

"Yes, very much."

"Do you like your Government?"

"Yes, good Government."

This rickshaw man is still suffering from ancestral belief and patriotism. He would like to have a vote and thinks he should have one, but still thinks he has a good Government, which prevents him from having his cherished desire, for the very reason that he has been taught not to think bad of his lord and master, or those above him.

HOW THE FAITHFUL WORSHIP.

The Buddhists adopted Shintoism to introduce their form of religion, and they succeeded, but if we are to judge from the poor state of repair of the temples, and the huge grotesque gods all over, there can be little faith in their administration, or, no money left in the pockets of the people. We saw few at prayer and those we did see were poor peasants who had walked long distances to worship at the leading shrines. Before the ugly gilded figures, was a large trough covered with a wooden grating, into which these adherents of Buddha were not inclined to give away anything for nothing. The money passes through the grating into a V-shaped trough, with a small opening at the apex, two or three feet below, so that there was no possibility of robbery, as no one could see where it went to after it dis-

appeared from view. The faithful followers of this belief were very devout in their prayers, occasionally clapping their hands, as we would say "amen," as they finish a prayer. Then, if they had more favours to ask, more money was thrown into the trough. Those who gave the most money, stood the best chance of obtaining a response to their supplications.

HANDICRAFT AND ARTISTIC WORK.

Satsuma ware so well known in Japan, with that of cloisonne, was brought into existence about the year 1673, by the poverty of the Satsuma soldiers, who through their ill starred expeditions against Korea, had become too poor to keep up their standing armies, and something had to be done to bring in a revenue, so they started the famous Satsuma potteries, which have made the most beautiful chinaware the world has ever seen, particularly in cloisonne, which is supposed to represent the most artistic taste of Japan.

Up to a short time ago, the Japanese made all their own swords, which gave occupation to a large guild of workers. Some of these swords were magnificent, and artistically carved, but the factory has done away with this craft to a great extent, and one only sees collections of old swords, to bear testimony to the excellent work of the old sword-smiths.

The Japanese are said to have obtained all their clever handicraft and artistic work in manufacturing Damascene, Cloisonne and Satsuma ware, as well as the art of manufacturing silks and handsome lacquer work from the Chinese, from whom it was introduced with Buddhism. If they did, they made apt students and workmen. Until you have visited the factories and seen the whole process of manufacture of any of their pottery ware, it is not easy to describe the tedious labour that is spent in making only a simple little vase, wooden box or piece of jewellery. It is so fine that one wonders that they can keep their sight for any length of time, but we were informed that these workmen generally hold out for twenty years, and as their wages are high, in comparison to what is paid ordinary labour, they can retire at the end of that period, even though blind, with sufficient to keep them for the remainder of their lives.

All the factories we visited were as clean and spick and span as the stores, and many of them surrounded with gardens, miniature lakes, rockeries and palms. There are no yards or vacant spaces around the ordinary buildings, In the poorer localities every foot of space is utilized, but if there should happen to be an open space of a few feet square you will find it filled with a tree or two, flowers, or some highly colored blossoming plants. The residences of wealthy citizens are, of course, surrounded with very

pretty foliage and flowers. The Japanese love nature in this respect, and it is one of their finest traits. We saw some lonely houses in the country, evidently inhabited by very poor people, but there was always an attempt at a garden somewhere around the house, and on several occasions the greatest care was practiced in its composition. A rustic bridge, a few hanging lanterns, or an imitation well, with large boulders amid slippery stones lying around, were sometimes introduced to break the color from the cherry and other blossoming trees and flowers. The chrysanthemum is one of Japan's most popular flowers, and it is difficult to imagine the wealth of bloom produced by these highly colored flowers in the month of August. The other principal flowers are the crimson azalia, lillies, whose beautiful blossoms are supposed to be charms against all evil spirits—roses, and the wisteria, used in wreathing the bridges in the parks and country, the tea-houses, balconies, and the trellis work of the gardens.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The love of flowers is a characteristic passion of the Japanese, and without them life would be monotonous and dreary to them. Clive Holland in "Things Seen in Japan," says:—

"A battalion of Japanese were making one of the many fierce assaults upon the hills

surrounding Port Arthur. Their advance had evidently been discovered, for the great guns of the citadel were pouring shells over the hills almost on the spot of the regiment's advance. Amidst the crash and bursting of projectiles, and the groans of wounded comrades, a soldier almost trod upon a little flower growing upon the hillside in solitary beauty. It was a blossom, common alike to China and Japan, and, forgetful for the moment of aught else, and possibly overwhelmed by some memory of a garden far away in his native land, he stooped and carefully plucked the blossom amid the hail of shrapnel and placed it in his knapsack. Then he hurried forward to take his place with the foremost of his companions in the thick of the danger and in the fury of the attack.

Few soldiers—few men, indeed—would have paused for an instant to rescue the tiny blossom from the risk of destruction, or allowed at such a moment, the tender human element of the flower spirit to possess him."

Each month in the Japanese year has a flower dedicated to it, and some have two.

Almost all trees and flowers are symbolic of some poetic idea. The plum denotes sweetness; the pine, life; the bamboo uprightness; and so on.

Unlike some parts of Canada, the snow in Japan is the farmer's delight, even though it causes much discomfort, and oftentimes does considerable damage to the flowers and shrubs.

Two popular Japanese sayings are :—
“Blessed be those who planted the cherry tree,” and “When the blossoms are few we value the trees.”

“The Japanese gardener,” an author says, “would wish no more than that he who walked in his garden should find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

There are no more asthetic people in the world than the Japanese. They love to make their gardens and rivers by some spot dear to their heart, and in doing this they will represent every detail in miniature, as closely as possible, even to the exact number of islands and contour of a lake or river. There is much truth in the saying that “Their gardens are those of dreamers and thinkers.” They also practice a uniformity in the planting of trees, which offers the visitor to-day beautiful avenues and gravel paths, lined with magnificent foliage.

We were in Japan during the blossoming of the plum trees, and it was quite a sight to see street vendors going about in the very poorest districts, hawking branches of these fruit trees, and to observe the glee of the small children in possessing twigs. Even in the country parts, we saw the same thing happening time and again, and the stalls or stores were never without them.

There is no vandalism in Japan. The people love and respect all that Nature produces, and all that is sacred to the dead.

BATHING AND BATH TUBS.

One never sees a boot-black, whose stands are so prevalent in America, but there are any number of barber shops. They all looked clean and very modern, the tonsorial artist being invariably dressed in white, and when you see white clothing in Japan it is generally immaculate, for there is little to soil them. You never see a spot of grease or dirt on any of the wearing apparel of the people, except among the labouring element, who have dirty work to perform, and even these men will be quick to change when they return to their homes. We had occasion to see two jinrikisha men remove their inside clothing to rub off the perspiration after a heavy and long pull to Mogi, five miles from Nagasaki. Their under garments were just as white and unsoiled as if they were new.

There is little modesty on the part of the inhabitants when bathing. In Miyanoshita, we saw three men and a woman in the river, taking a thorough scrubbing, after a day's work. We were surprised that they could stand it, owing to the cold weather prevailing at the time, but later learned that the water was from the hot springs further up the mountain. The finest baths we have ever found in the hotels of any continent we discovered in the hotels of Japan, though we must admit they were hotels almost entirely patronized by Europeans. On the other hand, the Japanese will not patronize a summer

resort, unless it is near the water, or a hot spring, so that they can have their daily bath, as this is necessarily a part of their religion.

It is etiquette when visiting a Japanese to take a bath at least once a day, though the Japanese may indulge in several ablutions. The average temperature of these baths is 100 degrees, somewhat warmer than Americans are accustomed to. There is a bath hour in some villages, when everybody is supposed to get into a tub. It may be in or outside the house; this point is not an essential one. The women are said to prefer it outside their doorways, in order to carry on a neighborly talk—probably the gossip of the village. The wooden tub used is called a furo.

PRAISE FOR THE JINRIKISHA MEN.

We are not writing a history of Japan, nor have we given the country either a lengthy visit or extended study. We are only giving our impressions after a two weeks' sojourn on the little islands. They are only cursory, but they are truthful, unbiased pen pictures. It might interest those who are fond of travel to give some of the subjects herein referred to further study and research, but as we have said before, most of the books on Japan have been written by men either prejudiced, or influenced one way or the other. We have no axe to grind in the matter, and have jotted down our observations,

without notes—just from memory during the few days after we sailed away from Japan en route to China; but the impressions are fresh, and those who may have occasion to read these casual notes, and who may later visit Japan, will see it, we hope, without endeavoring to discover all its evil traits and habits, without first having a full knowledge of those existing in their own country. Many things we might have condemned at once, did we not know what similar conditions existed in our own land, but knowing them as we did, we must pray the indulgence of our readers to leave the criticism of the other side of Japanese life to those who are better judges. A country famous for the great physical endurance of its men, as we all witnessed in the extraordinary work of the jinrikisha men, one of the lowest types of men we had to deal with, cannot be of low morals.

Our party engaged five to six hundred jinrikisha men a day, and sometimes more, as occasion arose for their use. We invariably kept them busy all day, either running around the city, or out into the country, during our two weeks' stay in Japan, and yet at our travellers' club meeting, when we talked over our impressions of the land of the Lotus flower, there was nothing but praise expressed for the jinrikisha man's courtesy, his honesty and his physical endurance. Though many of them had opportunities to steal, we did not hear of one case of theft, insolence or

dissatisfaction, and that is saying a great deal for these poor hard-working cabmen, who trotted all day, up and down hill, with heavy and light charges, for the small remuneration of about one dollar. Some days were hot, and the work was sweltering, and perspiration poured from their heads, faces and necks, but never did we see one of them who would not respond with a smile, if we spoke to them under the trying circumstances. They were always well dressed, with their numbers, and sometimes their names, on their backs, as well as on the front of their coats, an excellent idea to help you to find them after a stop in the day's ramblings. They also showed a great ambition to practice the few words of English which they had by some means picked up. We found that fully 50 per cent of them could name all the interesting places in the city, and about 20 per cent could carry on quite a good conversation and understand all our wants, while perhaps 10 per cent could even go as far as to give you a description of some of the places of interest. How many of our jehus would ever pick up the Japanese language in this manner, if our cities were inundated with Japanese tourists?—though it must not be understood that such excursion parties as were carried by our ship were common events in these waters. Heretofore, Japan's visitors have mostly consisted of English people, but now the American visitors are increasing in numbers, and it will not be long

before they will form a very large asset to this country's annual income.

The students are very talkative, attentive, and even too much so, for they have not sufficient knowledge of the English language to properly explain things, and it is a rather irksome job to try and follow or even to keep up a conversation with them at all, though there were few of our party who did not have something good to say of their meeting with these young men of learning, many of whom made great sacrifices to be with us. Our young cicerone told us that he gave up the chance of seeing his mother during vacation time, to have the pleasure of going around with us, which they did, without wanting to receive any compensation. Many only asked that we send them an English letter.

Others went so far as to present souvenirs of a local nature, to some of our party, who no doubt reciprocated when they returned home. On all sides our party was treated with many courtesies from these young men, the rising men of Japan. We met one learned Buddha priest, the only one who impressed us. He was also the tallest man we had seen, rising over six feet high. This ambitious priest spoke English fluently, and had a number of English books. His one dream was to visit America, and of course, one of our party had to ask him to come to the World's Fair at San Francisco, in 1915, and presented him with his card and address.

This gentleman was from San Francisco, and everywhere we met him he was booming the Fair, but no one expected him to go so far as inviting Buddha priests to it. This advertising is on a par with the enterprising merchant at Nikko, who used the moist covering of the window panes to advertise himself.

POPULATION AND FAMILIES.

The Japanese population of about fifty millions is increasing at the rate of half a million a year, in the face of a terribly high death rate, and ravages from tuberculosis and dysentery. These two main causes of death are out of all proportion to a country with such an outdoor existence for its people, but it is due, no doubt, to the constantly stooping pose of the inhabitants. Almost all their work is done in a bending position. Even the farmers have short handles to their implements, which compel them to lean forward in their field work. Merchants and labourers sit on the floor and bend over their work; the rikisha men, many of whom have consumption even in harness, double up while tugging at their tiny shafts, and when not working in winter time, are generally sitting around a small fire urn, with round shoulders. All this, and very short rations of food, must have a tendency to propagate the dread disease. The early marriage is also responsible for their short

lives, with an average of about thirty-five years, as compared with fifty years in America. Marriage at twelve to fourteen years, and the bearing of children before the little mothers have grown to maturity are still other causes of the shortening of their lives, as it is a well-known fact that in all countries where people marry young, life is shortened. A family of five—three boys and two girls, is considered an ideal family to have among the better class of Japanese, though the majority of families run up to eight and ten. It is a disgrace not to marry, and not to have children, and this accounts for the great number of babies and children.

Marriages are still made for the principals, though of recent years a law was enacted, prohibiting marriages unless the bridegroom was 17 and the bride 15 years. The consent of both parents, as a rule, has to be obtained.

BABY TO CHILD.

It will perhaps be interesting to mention something further about the Japanese babies, although we have already several times referred to them. The news of the arrival of a baby is heralded by the parents to all the relatives and interested friends, who are expected to make a call at the home, and present the newcomer with small gifts wrapped up in white paper. Only water in which rice has been boiled is given to the child for three days. On the seventh it is christened with-

out any special ceremony. It has no cradle or perambulator; its first resting place being a tub, covered with mats. When it is a few weeks old, it is tied to the back of the mother or one of the younger children, and from that time on, until it can walk, its resting place is on the back of one of the family.

The choosing of names for a child is a difficult proposition. Superstition will not let the Japanese christen a child after the name of some deceased person, for fear that the spirit of the departed one will be grieved at the insult, and do some injury to the living. Sometimes when a child is ill for a long time, his or her name is changed, with the hope of effecting a cure. In this way, the devil, who is the cause of all disease, is supposed to be outwitted. Naturally, there is a great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of names.

After 110 days in the case of girls, and 120 in the case of boys, the children are weaned, and fed on fish and rice. The children of rich parents are treated somewhat differently. As there are no chairs in Japan, the children are taught to sit on the floor at an early age, which is said to be responsible for their small stature, and with the advent of the chair, it is expected there will be an increase in the average height of the race.

The child from the beginning of its understanding is trained to take hot baths, and becomes so acclimatized that it is able to stand water at a greater temperature of heat

than an ordinary grown-up European could endure. We might here remark upon the fact that it differs not what time of the year a child is born, it is two years old on the following New Year's day.

Among the festivals of the country are doll days for girls and carp days for the boys, which are looked forward to with joyous anticipation. Women celebrate their 3rd, 13th, and 33rd birthdays with considerable ceremony; the men the 15th, 25th and 42nd birthdays. If these days are not duly honored it is feared that a fox, or other evil spirit, may enter and dwell in their midst.

There are a number of shrines erected to the memory of those who have died in battle, while fighting for the restoration of Imperial power, and for the Emperors ever since. Twice a year great festivals take place around the shrines, with the white-robed Shinto priests, who present addresses, sing hymns, and take up offerings of rice and flour (a common and fruitful rite), after which the populace is treated to an entertainment of wrestling, jui-jit-su, fencing, running, jumping and all kinds of sports to please the spirits of the departed soldiers.

Mr. H. C. Donovan, who has made phrenological observations among the Chinese, Japanese and other nations in the far East, states that it is difficult to get at the true character of a Japanese, except through phrenology. Individual form, locality, imitation, secretiveness and conscientiousness are

very prominent in such observations. These faculties are well developed in the Japanese.

THE GEISHA GIRL DEGENERATING.

The question of the Geisha girl in Japan is arousing some interest and in time these girls may be relegated to the past. At one time the Geisha girl afforded the innocent amusements of singing, playing, dancing and expressing witty sayings for the benefit of the better class of Japanese, but as times are becoming more prosperous on the little islands, and money more plentiful, it is beginning to change the morale of these girls, and for that reason, objection is now being taken by the better class of society, to their presence at social and other functions. In this way, the character of the Geisha girl is degenerating, and in time she may be on a level with the girls of the Yoshiwara. The five accomplishments which are compulsory to their complete education, consist of composing and reciting poetry, singing, artistic flower arrangement, instrumental music, and in old time dancing. They are also very clever at games of forfeits, mostly carried on by wondrously deft motions of the fingers. We attended one of the Geisha dances, and the little tricks which the Geisha girls played, were very amusing, but quite childish. Several in our party did some for them, which produced an expression of glee that is seen on a child's face when a conjurer

performs, making a handkerchief disappear in the air or swallowing a watch and chain.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG JAPAN.

The Japanese Government are concentrating their efforts towards the education of young Japan, and many western ideas and suggestions are being introduced each year. Even now one will see Japanese wearing European clothes, and acting with western chivalry when walking with their wives. A Japanese woman has always held a secondary position in the past. Her first duty has been towards her father, then her husband, whilst kept in confinement in the house with perfect contentment. Her education has been to obey and please her lord and master. To-day, with the introduction of western civilization, she is to be seen at public entertainments alongside of her husband, and is beginning to assume an independent position.

The general education of children is provided for by the Government, but it will be many years before the Japanese habits and customs are altogether changed, and even then it is not likely that the changes will appeal to the inhabitants living outside the cities. Every child, on attaining its sixth year has to go to school for a period of six years, and in every village there is an elementary school, and in every town and county a higher elementary school. The scholars write with a brush except when writing English.

THE OLDEN DAYS.

In the olden days the Japanese embalmers were successful in retaining an extraordinary amount of preservation in the bodies upon which they operated. Recently, two graves were opened in Tokyo, belonging to two old governors, who were buried about two hundred years ago. The graves consisted of stone cells, with large coffins of kusunoki wood, containing inner coffins of earthenware. When the space between the walls and wooden coffin was opened, those present were surprised to see that the bodies were in their natural state of preservation, and had all the appearance of wax figures. The old lords lay almost in life-like freshness, dressed in the picturesque costume of an earlier date. Several valuable belongings were found in the graves, including two long swords, women's hair ornaments, boxes of precious stones, gold family seals, etc. These personal relics are now kept as curiosities in a temple.

THE LANGUAGE.

The Japanese language is a most complicated language. There is no alphabet. An author says there are two sets of syllables, and six ways of writing the one most commonly used, but to read a newspaper, one must commit to memory, three or four thousand ideographs. To complicate matters still further, and as a friend once somewhat

plaintively said to discourage a student of the language, "these may be written in two different ways by the average man, and further varied considerably in the case of the well educated. They also may have several meanings, each according to the context."

There are a few things made in pairs in Japan. If you bring a Japanese workman an article to be duplicated, he will never agree to do so, but he will say "I will try to make one as good or better."

THE WOMEN.

Notwithstanding the fact that Japan's customs make the women a secondary consideration, she has not lost her dignity or charm. A Japanese teacher has said "It is woman's mission to obey." There is also a book published in Japan, entitled "The Whole Duty of Women," which is reverently read by them. It teaches them that they are mere worms. The same book has such aphorisms as "A virtuous heart is more precious in a woman than beauty"; "When a vicious woman speaks, it is to set herself above others; her words are harsh and her tones vulgar"; "The qualities that best befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness." The Japanese women make the best of wives and mothers, because they are self-sacrificing. After marriage, the women do not think it necessary to make themselves attractive, and sometimes allow

their jealous husbands to blacken their front teeth, so as to render them less charming. Only one mother-in-law is allowed to interfere with the running of the household affairs, and that is the mother of the husband.

Neither the trades unions nor the suffragettes have as yet arrived in Japan, and when they do, you may expect to see some lively times.

The hair dressing of the Japanese women is a most interesting and intricate arrangement. It requires the aid of a hair dresser, and takes from two to three hours to bring it to perfection, and is supposed to remain in order for several days. This is one of the reasons why the Japanese woman does not sleep with her head resting on a soft pillow, but on a wooden neck rest rising about six inches from the floor, which prevents the disarrangement of the hair.

Clive Holland says, "But if the Shinto faith had meant no more than Nature worship it might have led to moral and racial degeneracy." But there is in this mysterious Shintoism a virile and ennobling element, difficult for the "foreigner" to describe. So it is that, without a system of theological belief, without dogma, without philosophy, as generally understood, without idols, and without a special priesthood, this strange faith has not only endured, but flourished—has not only provided a nation with a love of Nature, but has kept alive the fires of patriotism; has fostered the love of the family, and has encouraged filial

piety. In the present European conflict, the greatest in the history of the world, it has been said by leading authorities that there is a religion in patriotism. If so, then all credit is due the Japanese, for their patriotism to their country is deeply rooted.

There seems to be no antagonism between Shintoism and Buddhism; the temples are often side by side, and the same priest administers to both.

FINANCIAL CONDITION.

It is interesting to look over a comparative statement of the financial conditions of the United States and Japan, which we have compiled as follows:

JAPAN

Area (square miles).....	147,658
Debt.....	\$1,287,604,531
Interest paid on national debt.....	4 to 5 per cent.
Interest and other annual charges.....	\$76,283,536
Population.....	53,283,390

UNITED STATES

Area (square miles).....	3,606,484
Debt.....	\$1,023,861,531
Interest paid on national debt.....	2 to 4 per cent.
Interest and other annual charges.....	\$21,803,836
Population.....	102,361,957

A comparative statement like the above, at one glance, shows the heavily embarrassed financial position of the Japanese. With a population half that of the United States,

they owe almost four times as much, and they are paying one-third more interest. The national debt of Japan is also 25 per cent. greater than that of the United States notwithstanding that the latter country has an asset in its area of land of over thirty times that of Japan.

Our overland trip of fifteen days included stops at Yokohama, Kamukura, Tokyo, Nikko, Miyanoshita, Kyoto, Nara, Kobe and Nagasaki.

IN CONCLUSION.

Before concluding this chapter on Japan, it might be interesting to reproduce an extract from a book recently issued in Japan, entitled: "War between Japan and America," and which was translated and published in two recent issues of the New York World, for the first time, under the following heading: "The First Presentation to the American Public, of a Highly Significant Book (the most popular in Japan and issued by its Powerful and Official National Defense Association), which tells why the Japanese are determined to declare war upon us (Americans), and how they expect to win." From this interesting publication, we quote the following extract, which, in a measure, helps to give one an idea of how a certain class of Japanese look upon Americans. The writer of this book is called the Japanese Bernhardt, and the book was, at the time of publication of

these articles, in its sixth edition. More than a million copies have already been sold and distributed throughout Japan. The translation is a strictly literal one, and was made by the well-known American writer, Lawrence Mott, in collaboration with Mr. John Hain Jou Kia, a distinguished Chinese writer and scholar. Much in the book is deliberately calculated to inflame Japanese hatred against the United States. The following is the extract in question:

"There are one hundred and fifty bath houses in California! Here again is another sign that the Californians have no facilities of their own, whereby to keep their bodies clean! They look to us to teach them cleanliness! These hundred and fifty Japanese bath houses earn more than 3,000,000 yen (\$1,500,000) per year. And the money is earned by the washing of the dirt from American people who do not know how to wash it off themselves.

"Our agricultural workers in California, in Nevada and in Utah, have been treated in the disgraceful way that has ever been typical of American ethics of politeness!

"Our readers will notice that we use the term 'agricultural workers' instead of that of 'farmers.' And we do so because the pronoun 'farmer' distinctly implies the many-kinded American common man who digs in the dirt with his hands, and will do anything, even to murder, for money! Note the famous case where a famous gambler was shot dead

because he threatened to open his mouth and tell of the many vilenesses of the highest Americans in the city. It was decided by the rich men, that this police official must be 'done up,' and men were hired for the festive occasion. The Honorable Police Captain Becker was the originator of the whole gambling house system of bribe taking, and as he was the chief of all the police in New York, his trial was a notorious one.

"Almost as great a case was that of an insane man called Thaw, who shot a Mr. White in cold blood because of some woman, and Thaw is still living! All these things prove, without doubt, that the Americans are savages—without sense of law or reason. In Japan we would never permit such outrages of common decency and order! The United States has much to learn from us!

"Taken all in all, the Japanese people are far more thrifty than the Americans, and far more clever. They are more skilful in invention, better armed in mentality than the clumsy-witted Californians, for instance, and it may be truthfully be said that we, in Japan, can find to-day, even among our most humble classes, much better types of men and women than the semi-Irish, semi-French, semi-German, and semi-everything else on two legs that may be called a human being—with which the whole of the United States is pestiferously populated.

"What are, in contravention and comparison, our habits?

"We are accustomed to do without chairs—and in consequence our bodies are exceedingly supple.

"We do eat with so-called 'chop-sticks,' for cleanliness sake. (Not as the Americans, who seize the bones of chickens and animals and literally gnaw them!) Nor, as the Americans do, do we use utensils for food purposes that lie unwashed for days at a time.

"What, as a side remark, is the great wireless system that the United States claims to be their sole invention? It was invented originally by Marconi, an Italian, and then so greatly improved by our own students, that Marconi was much pleased to take lessons from us! To return once more to the comparison between the United States workman and ours: We can do the same work in a better way in half the time! The Americans are but mere children when compared to us, who are masters of all scientific essays.

"Our method of replanting is much better than anything the Americans ever dreamed of, and they will, eventually, be very grateful to us for teaching them these important things.

Our fingers are clever at any kind of work, no matter how delicate, whereas, the fingers of the Americans in general are only capable of cutting up beef.

"They do not know how to peel fruits or vegetables! We do! We will have our canneries for fish and fruit in Oregon, and for various other things in California. In

Nevada and Utah, and later—when we have subjugated the Pacific Coast States—in Wisconsin and Michigan, we will carry on our human school of teaching. Perhaps the Americans will some day learn from us, but it will need much perseverance and patience on our part—as they are wonderfully stupid.

“And still the Americans say that their ‘Eagle screams with pride!’ Rather, we should say, it had better cry and squawk with shame—or that the United States adopt some carrion bird of filthy habits; that fills its beak with flesh of human beings from whom life has—fortunately for them—departed. This sort of a bird would be a better emblem for the United States, we think.

“At best, the American army consists of 30,000 men. All of them raw, untrained and awkward, who scarcely know the words of military commands. Even in the most urgent case—such as our declaration of war will be—the United States has not more than 400,000 men who are able-bodied enough to fight! And these would consist only of men whose hands are more accustomed to directing a plough, milking cows, slaughtering pigs for the Chicago beef and pig canneries, etc., etc., than to the knowledge of rifle shooting, the building of trenches and the hundreds of other technicalities that an up-to-date army has at its eyelash ends.

“In comparison to these facts, we in Japan can mobilize and put in the field at twenty-four hours’ notice 12,000,000 soldiers, every

single man of whom is trained to the highest point of efficiency, every man of whom is eager to fight, as a hound is eager to follow the trail of a fox, and who is officered by men who have already served noble and strenuous apprenticeships in the God-like art of war for their country's honor and inviolable integrity.

"America has only one god that it really worships! And that is the god of gold! They fall on their knees to it, and with much supplication implore it to cast friendly eyes on them, so that they may become even more rich! Americans have no philosophy save that of their craze for gold! Yet we have seen in their Bible a proverb that says: 'Thou shalt not worship any golden image!'"

JAPANESE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Japan's secret of long life is in the form of twelve commandments, as follows:—

- I. Arise and retire early.
- II. Sleep six to seven hours daily in a room perfectly dark and with open windows.
- III. Spend as much time as possible in the open air.
- IV. Eat meat only once a day.
- V. Drink moderately tea and coffee and do not smoke or drink.
- VI. Take a warm bath every morning.
- VII. Give up silk garments for woollen ones.

VIII. Rest one day a week and on that day do not even read or write.

IX. Avoid warm places, especially those heated artificially.

X. Re-establish your exhausted organs with identical animal organs.

XI. Avoid getting excited and do not fatigue your intellect.

And the twelfth commandment is the most interesting one:

XII. If you are a bachelor get married without delay; if you are a widower contract a second marriage immediately.

MAGAZINE STORIES.

In the far off days of old Japan a certain retainer wanted to make a unique present to his daimyo, so he secured some Chinese sparrows; but the number being insufficient, he added one Japanese bird to make the gift complete. The daimyo was much pleased with the gift; and after admiring the birds and making many appreciative remarks about them, he said finally, "I notice one is a Japanese sparrow."

"Yes, of course," said the man; "all the birds are foreigners, so I had to put in one as interpreter."

In a certain Buddhist temple one night four priests agreed to have a solemn period of religious meditation, during which profound silence was to be maintained by all, including the boy who was there to attend to the light.

As the meditation went on the light began to go out, and as the boy appeared to pay no attention to it, one of the priests got very anxious and wanted to remind the boy of his duty, but could not do so without breaking the rule of silence. Being unable to hold his tongue any longer, he at last said: "Boy, don't you see the light needs attention?" Then the priest beside him, much annoyed that his comrade should thus break the regulation, remonstrated: "Don't you know you must not speak during meditation?" Thereupon the old priest sitting next them said: "See here; if you two men go on this way I cannot continue my meditation." Then the last one, much satisfied with himself, said "Well, I am the only one who has not spoken."

SOME JAPANESE RECIPES.

Japanese folklore contains some very strange recipes.

To make a husband and wife live in harmony, take the leg bones of a pigeon that was cooked on the fifth day of the month, put them in red bags and hang them, one on the man's left arm and the other on the woman's right. Perfect love and harmonious living will be the result.

To cure a wife of envy and jealousy, feed her on boiled nightingales. Undutiful conduct in a child may be cured by plastering the kitchen furnace with a mixture of earth and iver.

To become beautiful in a week, crush a wild gourd and dissolve it in water in which red ochre has been mixed. Apply every night, and wash off in the morning.

To cure intemperance, mix with the food dew taken from the stump of a bamboo plant early in the morning. Do this for seven days, and the patient will suddenly take a dislike for strong drink.

THE POLITE JAP.

In Japan, when a subscriber rings up the exchange the operator may be expected to ask:

"What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hohi, two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes:

"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service, and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently censured line is busy?"

WHERE THERE ARE NO OLD MAIDS.

According to the statistics of the last Japanese Blue Book, there are very few Japanese women who do not marry. The majority of Japanese girls marry at 21 years of age. The men usually marry at 26, but marriage at the age of 15 is not unknown, and 4,000 marriages at the age of 17 were regis-

tered in the case of men last year, while 7,000 girls of the age of 16 were married. The number of women who married at 30 was only one thousand more, but the number of men who set up house for themselves at 30 was 18,000. The decline in the figures after this is rapid, only 3,700 men and 1,600 women of the age of 40 married last year in Japan. Practically every Japanese man who does not join a Buddhist monastery marries. The old bachelor and the old maids are almost unknown in the land of the chrysanthemum.—Westminster Gazette.

YOKOHAMA.

This city, the first we saw in Japan, is said to be less Japanese than some of the inland towns, but we did not find it so. We enjoyed everything in it, excepting the rain, which poured almost incessantly, only an occasional ray of sunshine intermitting, but it was during one of these moments that we got a glimpse of Fuji, that famous mountain, the idol of the Flowery Kingdom.

We stayed at the Grand Hotel, one of the leading hostelries of the country, pleasantly situated along the bay, in full view of the miscellaneous Japanese junks and foreign craft in the port. Hours and days could be spent on the verandah watching the water scene. But we had hardly closed the door of our room when there was a rap and in walked a Chinaman—a tailor.

"Want any clothes?" he asked.

We answered "No," and then surmised that this was where we had to put in a stock of duck suits, about six in all, so we said, "What you got?"

At this request he displayed about one hundred samples, took our measure, and said our half dozen white suits would be ready on the following day, at a cost ranging from \$3.50 to \$7.00. The latter was for evening dress.

This first arrival represented one of the best tailors in the city, and strange to say, the leading tailors of Yokohama are all Chinamen. They seem to have the monopoly of the business.

We do not think there ever were busier tailoring establishments than these we saw during our few days stay in this port, as almost every one on board, numbering over five hundred, gave similar orders to our own, which amounted to something like three thousand suits and dresses to be made in two or three days.

Yokohama has a population of over 300,000, all gathered together within a hundred years. Of this number there are about 3,500 Europeans and Americans, and 6,000 Chinese. This city appealed to most of us more than any other, as it was the first we visited in the country, though there were not many great sights to be seen. Here, however, we had our first ride in a rickisha, and we saw the many babies for which Japan is really famous,

and we came in contact with the Japanese in their homes, and become acquainted with many of their customs, and learned to be more at ease with them.

We found them excellent trades-people, and enjoyed buying our first Japanese trinkets, and we learned before we completed our tour around the world, that Japan was the best place of all countries in which to buy souvenirs, particularly kimonas, damascene, cloisonné and satsuma ware, ivory, and such like. The book shops which we visited were marvellously stocked with a fine collection of books of all descriptions of travel, and in many languages. The attendants spoke English fluently, and picked a book out of the shelves in extraordinarily quick time, showing a full knowledge of all the stock in the shop. There were a number of fine European stores, including a drug establishment that would do credit to New York's Fifth Avenue.

But it was the Japanese quarters which interested us most, and we enjoyed Theatre Street, where all kinds of moving picture shows and acrobatic performances, which the Japanese dearly love, were going on day and night.

We visited the Shinto temples, and read the fables relating to their erection, a description of which and detailed explanation would fill many books. There are thousands of temples in Japan, and a reason is given for building every one of them, as there seems to be a story and a reason connected with almost

everything of any importance in Japan. The story-telling powers of the people is beyond anything ever heard of in any other country. For instance, the story in connection with the building of the temple of Fudo is a sample. In this temple the idol of Fudo sits on a rock, emitting flames of fire, having a two-edged sword in the right hand and a rope in the left. It cuts asunder vile thoughts with the sword, purifies the mind with the fire, ties up passions with the rope, and keeps them completely under the sway of reason. At the right side of the temple the red idol of Binzuru sits calmly. A person who has any bodily infirmity rubs his affected part and the corresponding part of the idol alternately, the idol is believed to take the disease from the body to itself, and consequently the person is healed.

At the foot of the hill, just below the temple, there is a penance ground, where penitents and those who pray for Fudo's mercy pour upon themselves from ten to hundreds of buckets of water, even in the coldest weather, and go to and fro a hundred times between the temple and the penance ground. They may be seen walking up and down, murmuring prayers, with a bundle of one hundred strings of twisted paper in their hands, by which they count the number of times of ascent and descent. The pictures and tablets hung in the temple have been offered by men and women whose prayers have been heard.

The foregoing is a good description of the superstitious belief which hangs around these various Shinto temples.

The time bell, hanging in a tower, is one of the curious sights of the city. It announces the hour by strokes, three gongs preceding the hour stroke, warn the people to take notice. All the clocks and watches of the city are set from this bell. It is also used to announce a fire. It rings one at a time when the fire is far away, two when it is in the town, and four when it is very near the town. The city looks after this bell, and if the ringer misses a stroke, or strikes the hour too soon or too late, he is fined or dismissed.

There is another odd custom of the people in this city and probably in some others, but we saw it here for the first time. This is a watchman who parades the streets at different hours of the night, ringing a large hand bell, which can be heard quite a distance away. This is supposed to be a means of frightening thieves, but we fail to see how making a noise will have this effect. It should work the other way and forewarn the robbers that the watchman was coming along; only another illustration of the Japanese doing things differently from ourselves.

The foreign settlement is on an elevation, divided from the town by a public garden, in which is situated a football ground, surrounded with cherry trees, which must be a picturesque spot when the trees are in bloom.

There is also a historical wrestling ground, and it must be known that wrestling is one of the great sports of Japan, dating back many years. The children of all ages may be seen wrestling in their play, and as they grow older, they become adepts at the sport, which contains forty-eight principal devices, or tricks, each of which has eight minor ones, making 384 devices in all. Invariably every Japanese knows all these devices, but should he win by one not found among them, he ranks above the ordinary. Almost all matches are judged by expert umpires, who belong to one family. Any person desiring to enter the professional wrestling game as an umpire must become a pupil of Kimura, and adopt his name. The wrestling grounds have also an interesting tale, which runs like this :

“In the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor Suinin (23 B.C.) there was, in the Province of Yamato, a man called Tagima no Kehaya, who boasted of his great strength and thought himself matchless in the empire. He went to the Imperial palace at Kyoto, and said he would be glad to fight with any person. The Emperor, feeling a little curious of his boast, issued an order that a man strong enough to match him should be found and sent to the Palace. The people of the Province of Idzumo sent a man named Nomi no Sukune. A wrestling match was held in the Palace garden between Kehaya and Sukune, the Emperor himself presiding over

it. Sukune kicked and broke the ribs of the boasting Kehaya, who fell and died on the spot. This is the origin of public wrestling in Japan."

There is a very fine drive of a few miles out to the bluff, where there is a good view of the Mississippi Bay, named after one of the ships of Commodore Perry's fleet, and also of the cremation ground and cemetery. In connection with the burial of Japanese, it is noticed that the tombs are close to one another. This is explained by the deceased being interred in a sitting posture. The coffin is twenty-eight inches square and four feet high. They usually shave the head of the deceased, wash the body in cold water, as a sign of his becoming a disciple of Sakymuni, and dress him in a white linen coat, armour, leggings and stockings. While the Shinto priests look after the ceremonies attending the birth and life of the Japanese, Buddhism looks after his exit from earth, and the deceased is robed as a Buddhist pilgrim, a rosary is placed around the right arm, and the hands put together as in prayer.

The relatives of the deceased write on paper hundreds of sets of the same characters as those on the coat, and put the papers on the knees of the deceased. They fill the remaining space in the coffin with a kind of incense or lime. For seven weeks the children and some of the relatives visit the new grave every day, which is decorated with flowers and lanterns, and offer flowers, cakes, fruits and

water, and burn incense. At the end of each of the seven weeks, a short mass is held in the temple, and a long narrow tablet having a text of scripture and the name of the deceased written on it, is set up near the grave. The children of the deceased sometimes visit the grave every day till the hundredth day after the interment.

According to the vulgar form of Japanese Buddhism, it is believed that the souls of children after death, go to a northern dry stony river bed in Hades, where they remain till they arrive at maturity, in care of Jizo, who stands in the centre of the Kawra river, The children are supposed to listen to the sermons of Jizo, and heap stones and pebbles upon one another—the first stone for the welfare of their fathers, the second for mothers, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters, and the last for their own salvation, but when the night comes the wind blows hard, and a gigantic devil appears with flashing eyes, breathing flames and having a huge iron rod, with which he knocks down the heaps of stones, scattering them all. Then the dismayed souls of the children are gathered and hide themselves together under the sleeves and skirts of Jizo's clothes, which miraculously become large enough to cover and protect them all from the dreadful rod of the devil. In the morning the sky becomes calm and clear, and the devil disappears, and the children have to begin the work of heaping up stones anew. Their tombs, there-

fore, have carved on them the image of Jizo, to recommend them to his special care as his foster children.

Yokohama has some interest for Americans from the fact that this is where Commodore Perry, in 1854, opened up international relations, which have continued so successfully ever since. When the treaty was made this city was only a small fishing village, with a few hundred population.

It was here that we first became familiar with the Japanese "Ohayo" (good morning) and Banzai (welcome) from the lips of every smiling child, until the words were worked into a chorus which sounded quite harmonious, and for weeks after we left Japan, remained pleasant memories of this country. One author has very appropriately said, "the leading crop was children," and another, "the country of kimonos, fans, rickshaw men, sandals, lanterns, cherry and camphor trees, and chrysanthemums."

KAMAKURA.

This village, consisting of a few hundred small houses, a fine summer hotel, with an excellent bathing bay in the rear, and the great bronze statue of Buddha, commonly known as the Daibutsa, was once the capital of Japan, with a population of over a million people. In 1369 and 1494, tidal waves swept the city completely out of existence, with a fearful loss of life and property, the famous

image, known as the finest specimen of Japan art, alone withstanding the force and fury of the great Pacific wave.

The statue has stood intact for over 600 years, "the ideal of boundless light." It was once surrounded by a building supported by sixty-three massive wooden pillars, the foundations of which are still to be seen. The statue is fifty feet high, with a circumference of ninety-seven feet. Millions of pilgrims have visited it during the last five hundred years, offering up their prayers in its imposing presence.

TOKYO.

There are many things to prevent us ever forgetting our visit to Tokyo, the capital of Japan. Among them is the fine hotel and an amusing incident which happened in it. Our neighbour handed his boots to one of the bell-boys, one morning, and said, pointing to his boots, "clean! hot water!" meaning, of course, that he wanted his boots polished and some hot water. To his great amazement, the Japanese attendant returned in a few minutes, with his boots soaked in hot water.

Tokyo has a population of over one and a half million, and when it is considered that this vast population have no skyscrapers, but inhabit, with few exceptions, low one and two story buildings, one may obtain a faint

idea of the area covered by the city, estimated about 15 by 10 miles.

Here one may see the largest and most magnificent Buddhist temple in Japan. It cost eight millions of dollars, and took seventeen years to build. It was principally erected by the poor peasants of the country, who not only subscribed their hard earned savings, but devoted their labour with unstinted generosity. Even the women took part, and when a heavy hawser was required to drag the huge timbers along the road, and lift them into position, nothing strong enough could be found, so the women decided to make one of human hair. This they did, supplying the necessary millions of single hairs of all kinds and colors to make the hawser, a most curious piece of work three hundred feet in length, and three inches in diameter. It is said that there is no other work like this in the world. In the innumerable shades of hair composing it there are many silver locks, testifying to the great religious patriotism of the old grandmothers as well as of the young girls. Haigashi Hongwanje is the name of this wonderful temple, built by the love and devotion of the Japanese people.

There is another interesting temple in Kyoto, in which there is a shrine for love-sick maidens. They appear before it and have to tie a knot with a piece of cotton with a homily on it, purchased from the priest, through the bars of a grating with their

thumb and little finger. Frequently in Japan, you will see and perhaps wonder why maidens spend so much time in making these knots, but this shrine in the sanctuary of Kiyomizu-Dera, is the cause.

The city has an electric railway, the fares on which are $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents, with a return ticket, if used before 7 a.m. It has recently been taken over by the Government, and the people are clamoring for still further reduced fares. The Japanese love all kind of conveyances, so that the street cars, or railway trains, are generally crowded.

Tokyo undergoes a complete house and street cleaning, under the supervision of the police, twice a year.

This immense city was formerly known as Yedo, and in the 14th century consisted of only a group of little villages, lying at the entrance to an extensive lagoon.

In the past, when it was the principal seat of the Tokugawa Shoguns (1600 to 1868), every Daimyo (Governor) or Prince, was obliged to maintain a residence here for a certain number of months of the year with his family, who were kept in the city as a sort of hostage during his absence from it. It was a very clever trick to keep the leaders of the country under their thumb, as it were. At the same time it made Yedo a fine residential centre.

In 1657 a fire swept over the entire city, wiping it out with a loss of 100,000 persons.

Asakusa Park is one of the principal sights

in Tokyo. It is a place of pleasure and religion. It is constantly crowded with the middle or lower classes. It was built as a recreation ground for the people. In it is a temple, where the devotees first offer up prayers, make a contribution, and then stroll into the park and enjoy themselves in various ways. In the temple, there is a little red idol of Binzura Sama, whose powers of healing we have already described, while outside the temple women may pray for a husband, or a baby, at a shrine. Amulets and charms are sold in a great variety around the temple to assist the devotees in obtaining a response to their prayers.

Leading up to the temple are avenues, lined with theatres and stalls, where everything in the way of sweets, cakes and drinks are sold, an aquarium, zoological garden, and an aviary, where we saw a wonderful performance by trained birds.

Near the park is the residential quarter of a large number of the members of the Thieves' Guild, who make the park a happy hunting ground at all times, sufficient cause for keeping the visitors on the alert. It is said that this guild of miscreants is so well recognized by the other Japanese trade guilds that on one occasion, when the Japanese soldiers returned from the Russo-Japanese war the authorities asked the Thieves' Guild to desist from their pursuits during the three or four days' celebrations, which they agreed to do.

Some of the means of thieving practised are amusing. In relieving a man of a new pair of clogs, his feet are tickled, and when he lifts them up to scratch them, the new clogs are replaced with an old pair.

The noblemen are forbidden by etiquette to go to a theatre in Tokyo, and many of them only saw a stage performance for the first time during the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught, when a special entertainment was given in his honor.

We were amused at some of the street traffic rules. A motor car, of which there are a few, and we think we experienced the fastest motor drive in our lives in this city, seems to be allowed to run without a speed limit, but the driver of a horse in the narrow streets, and they are almost all narrow, has to lead his horse with a three-foot rope, to avoid running over pedestrians. Horses sell from \$25 to \$50.

There are some fine public buildings in Tokyo, and the Imperial palaces, now unoccupied, are exceedingly interesting places to visit.

NIKKO.

Nikko, February, 191 .

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We heartily welcome your party visiting to our town and herewith we enclose a few postal cards for souvenir, and you are cor-

dially invited to inspect our "Show room," which is specially provided for your party at the hotel premises, as well as our stores, at the main street, when you have some leisure time to spare.

We remain,

Respectfully yours,

Board of Nikko Traders' Association,
Nikko, Japan.

STORES.

H. K. O'take	U. Kibira
Sasaya, Kobayashi	S. Nakamura
K. Hoshnio	T. Echigoya
T. Takemotos	D. Komeya
J. Sasamoto	A. Nagays
G. Watanabe	Y. Hayashi
S. Komura	J. Kibira
K. Iwase	T. Yanagita
* Miss Tanaka	Y. Kameda
Jujiya	K. O'taka

Thus we were welcomed in Nikko, the holy city of Japan, a most enterprising place for advertising. We have already recounted several stories of the manner in which the merchants vie with one another in "rushing" trade. This was the city where the man told us to be sure to search for the three monkeys when looking for his store; his mother, brother and himself being present in it at the time.

* Note the attempt to anglicize the Japanese name.

He really meant to inform us to look for the sign of the three monkeys, his trade mark, which hung over the doorway. It was also the place where Mr. Pawnbroker made use of the steaming condition of his window panes to invite us to visit his store.

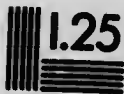
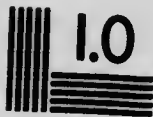
But outside of this enterprise there is much of interest and historic lore about the place, which is situated on a hillside about two thousand feet above the sea-level. What the Taj Mahal is to India, and Westminster Abbey to the England, Nikko is to Japan. The Japanese, as we have previously stated, are students of nature. They adore the mountains, rivers and lakes, the trees, and flowers. So it came to pass that Iyeasa, the oldest and greatest member of the Tokugawa family, the most famous in the Shogunate Dynasty, which ruled Japan for several centuries, and are responsible for the secluded habits and customs of the Japanese, resulting in all foreigners being kept on the outside of their formerly inhospitable shores, expressed a last wish to be buried in this beautiful spot. No doubt he had wandered around it many times before finally selecting it as his elysium. Iyemitsu, the third member of this illustrious family of rulers, was also interred here, and over the remains of these two immortalized men were erected magnificent temples.

The hillside became a shrine of wondrous attraction for the Japanese, and millions have done obeisance at the tombs. The



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.50

1.56

1.63

1.71

1.80

1.88

1.96

2.05

2.14

2.24

2.34

2.44

2.54

2.64

2.74

2.84

2.94

3.04

3.14

3.24

3.34

3.44



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road from Tokyo to Nikko, some ninety miles, is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is lined with tall, graceful *Cryptomeria* trees, and one may ride the whole way in the shade of the monster sentinels. There is a sacred bridge, painted vermilion, in pretty contrast with all the green of the surrounding hillsides. Exquisite handcarvings are to be seen in every part of the temples, which are in perfect harmony with the natural beauty of the surroundings. The locality makes an ideal resting place for one of the greatest men of Japan.

We were much interested in the large number of pilgrims, from the remote parts of Japan, paying devout respect to the memory of the dead rulers. The Japanese make many pilgrimages, because they believe that worship is a thing that requires to be done at the cost of a certain amount of trouble and expense. Many of them had travelled on foot for hundreds of miles, but their Mecca was reached, and even if the Sun was not shining, and the day was dull and gloomy, as we found it, their hearts were palpitating with joy in the attainment of their long cherished hope of seeing Nikko. In the surrounding country, and even in the village, were many monkeys. They seemed to be rampant everywhere, and it is said that this is the home of the three monkeys, Mizaru, Kikazaru and Iwazaru, who, sitting up in a group together, see, speak or hear no evil of their neighbours.

A Japanese proverb says: "Do not use the word 'Beautiful' until you have seen Nikko."

MIYANOSHITA.

To arrive in a little village, after dark, in cold, misty, drizzling weather, very tired, at the close of a day's journey by steam train and trolley cars, at an uninteresting time of the year, was not the most inviting situation for our party. But it was not long before our spirits were stimulated by the unexpected. The station and exits were crowded with rickshaws and coolies. There was no subterfuge, we had to play the baby once more, for an hour and a half's ride. We knew there was a fine hotel awaiting us, which, according to guide book veracity, "was the finest in Japan." This was encouraging for the weary travellers, and everybody thinks he or she is tired after a day's journey on a train of cars. We spent most of the day reading the interesting history of Japan, which helped to pass the time so rapidly, that we found the day only too short. But to return to the station. It took but a little time to know how to enter a ricksha and get tied in with baby aprons and a light shawl, and then the procession started. There were eighty of these tiny two-wheeled carriages with two coolies to each, which made quite a formidable parade for the few villagers to gaze upon, as we rode away. To each

rickshaw was attached a lighted Chinese lantern.

We passed along the edge of a precipice overlooking a small river, upon which is the one electric plant where the power and light which supplies Yokohama and vicinity many miles away, is generated. Then we began the steep ascent of 1,337 feet to the Fujiya Hotel, our destination for two days. No one of our party will ever forget this end of six days' journey. It was thrilling beyond expectation. The long line of lanterns, one following the other in close procession, up the steep grades and bordering on the edges of deep gorges, winding snake-like round and round the mountain sides over an excellent roadway, was a beautiful sight to behold. It was like one of those snowshoe torchlight processions along the mountain side which so delights visitors to Montreal and Quebec in the winter time. Even the coolies in their straining and breathless efforts to pull us up the incline, added a charm to the illuminated parade, with their characteristic singsong monosyllables, or code of signals from the coolie harnessed to the shafts, to the man who assisted him by pushing on the cart from behind. At one bend of the roadway which made the figure eight, the entire parade came into view. Not only did the coolies set up a chorus yell, but every member of the party joined in, and it was one of the features of that famous ride up the Hakone mountains

to the Fujiya Hotel. Our strenuous day of travelling sent everybody to bed early that evening, with the result that we awakened in the morning fully refreshed for the first day of sightseeing among the mountains, which hemmed us in on all sides, notwithstanding our altitude.

Our pretty maid asked us what time we wanted tea in the morning, a question which perplexed us for the moment, as we were afraid to be called too early, particularly as we had a chance to sleep, and it was a change from rising at six and six-thirty every morning, as we had been accustomed to do for the first five days ashore. So she read our thoughts, and said, "you ring bell, me come." This was a happy solution. We did as she bade us at 8 a.m. and made signs to her that we wanted a swim in the swimming pool. "Yes," she said, and was off like a streak of lightning, but soon returned with a bathing suit and a large towel, and awaited outside the door while we prepared ourselves for the morning dip. She then led the way up stairways, through long corridors, until we arrived at an exit leading out into a garden with fountains, and garlanded with flowers, and trees. We were wondering if we had to give the hotel an exhibition of swimming, as it was in the immediate neighborhood of a large number of the rooms, when the maid donned a pair of clogg shoes (genas) and led us up the mountain slope several hundred feet away, where we found a beautiful large

swimming pool, filled with clear running water from a fall which dropped into the pool from the mountain side. Then we enjoyed a stimulating swim all by ourselves. The sun was doing its best to shed a few rays through a mass of white clouds, a most welcome sight after our several days rainy weather.

When we returned to our room, it was all made tidy, with our clothing neatly folded and all the contents of our pockets lying intact upon them. It is difficult to beat these midget housemaids. They have only a smattering of English, but they seem to know what you want and when you want it, even if they are not able to understand what you say. They meet you everywhere around the hotel, open and shut doors for you, take anything out of your hands and carry it to your rooms, or wherever you want them to. They smile and bow at you, and searchingly look into your eyes on all occasions you pass them, to see if they can be of service should you require something else. When they are satisfied that you do not they disappear. They will reappear from almost any place, and they generally are by your side when you are in need of them.

HAKONE.

Miyanoshita has many walks and climbs, but the feature of them all belongs to Hakone, bordering on a beautiful lake of the same name,

from which a magnificent view of Mount Fuji is obtained in clear weather. A number of our party took this day's outing, and started from the hotel in chairs carried by four coolies, in hammocks swung from a pole supported by two stalwart natives, in jinrikishas, and on horseback. We preferred the latter, and found one of the smartest mountain ponies we had ever ridden. We did so many tricks on the short cut trails that we could easily compare him with the Western bronchos upon which we travelled over the Rockies. We never thought to find the equal of the latter anywhere in this universe for sure-footed animals, but we had to change our opinion, for our diminutive horse, like the inhabitants of Japan, upset our calculations. We had not been on him long before we grew to love him. He had no bad habits, and wanted to go at a break-neck speed over the most dangerous parts of the road. We were all alone, and for several hours allowed our mount to lead the way and take us where he pleased, but we had not miscalculated the fiery nature of our steed, who galloped us into Hakone at a speed which we could not halt until he swung into the gateway of a small hotel, and we found we were the first visitors of the day, though we were among the last to leave Miyanoshita.

It surprised us to find a roadway good enough for a motor car all the way up the ascent to our hotel, and then up almost as high again to Hakone, but the secret was

solved when we saw a beautiful palace, one of the summer homes of the Emperor, on an island on Hakone lake, and then we knew who had paid for it.

Hakone is a very old-fashioned village, bordering on a beautiful sheet of water, with superb scenery, one of those lakes by whose side you can sit and dream, with never a thought of the rest of the world. No wonder, the Mikado, when there was one in Japan, selected this spot in which to rusticate during the hot summer months. The village is still existent, with its straw hatched roofs, over one foot thick, its old-fashioned occupants living on what they catch in fishing in the lake, growing mushrooms and vegetables by its borders, and attending to the wants of a large number of visitors from the cities of the lower levels in summer time. We were there in the winter season, and found the hotels open, but the Emperor and the aristocratic population absent. We took boats and rowed on the tranquil waters, not a ripple of a wave marring the trip, and here the boatmen handle their oars differently to any others we had seen before. They row their boats from the aft, which is flat, while the prow is pointed and lifts out of the water. Both rowers stand in such a position that they use their oars in opposite directions, and on opposite sides of the craft, presenting an interesting picture from the shore.

On the way to and from Hakone, we passed a number of inns, all showing signs

of artistic taste in their surroundings. It was the season for the blossoming of the plum trees, and it was surprising to see how the inhabitants love to decorate the interior of their homes with branches of this tree, with its delicate pink blossoms. Even the children, tiny wee mites of a few years old, seem to take pleasure in carrying a small twig around with them in their youthful games.

We stopped at one of the inns, and a pillow was laid upon a branch for us to rest upon. The landlady and her daughter were attending to a half dozen peasant teamsters, who had stopped off for a meal. They were eating cold rice and another dish which looked like mustard pickles, and drinking tea. They poured the latter over the rice, which they ate with chop sticks, shovelling it into their mouths more than picking it up as in the proper way. When we approached one of them, out of curiosity more than anything else, we received an invitation to participate in his frugal meal. We courteously declined, but bought him a bottle of lager beer, which he poured upon the rice, instead of the tea, and seemed to relish it with great glee. The Germans have introduced beer into Japan, but so far, as could be seen by this illustration, the natives have not learned how to drink it. The politeness of this innkeeper in offering us everything she had in her little storehouse of eatables was characteristic of the treatment we received throughout our tour of Japan. It is in such out of the way

places that one sees the true life and customs of a country.

We passed a fairly big hotel that was being enlarged. A number of workmen were employed on the construction of a new wing. We saw them sawing timber in a most uncomfortable position, underneath the logs, in a cramped up form. The Japanese seem to do everything in the opposite way to us, and in sawing they were always pushing the saw, not drawing it as Canadians do. We looked on for a few minutes, and when we thought we had gained their good feeling and friendship, we offered to show them how much easier it would be if they stood on the log and sawed it from that position. They accepted our suggestion in this regard, which was entirely contrary to what they were doing, and continued to act upon it for several minutes afterwards, and until we left. Whether or not they were so polite as to do this just to please us, we shall never know, but we do know that we have not changed the manner of sawing in Japan, and that it is still going on in the same old way.

One morning we took a long walk of several miles along pathways which skirted the mountains, surrounding a deep gorge, through which passed a tiny river. The scenery was beautiful. First of all we passed a group of stately looking men dressed differently to the Japanese, and looking more like Europeans. Our young Japanese guide said they were Shinto priests. Later on we had occasion

to pass a house, evidently that of a farmer, in which there was a terrible racket going on. We thought it was a dance, so walked up the avenue until we reached a position, through which we could see the performance that was being enacted. At the far end of the room, which occupied the entire first floor of the house, sat the father and mother, an aged-looking couple, and a number of grown-up children, in a sort of semi-circle form. In the middle of the room was a man with a huge dragon head upon his shoulders, who romped about, moving his arms in different gestures, and occasionally standing in front of the family, and apparently staring into their faces, and then quickly whirling himself around and stamping the floor like an Indian doing the war-dance, keeping time with the weird music from instruments played by three of the priests' associates, whom we had seen in the early part of the morning. We watched this scene for over half an hour without it varying in the least, and how long it kept up we do not know, but when we had gone a long distance from the house, we could still hear the same extraordinary sounds coming through the clear mountain air. The dance was a religious ceremony, performed to drive away the evil spirits from the house, and in this manner the Shinto priests go travelling through the country side, collecting money from the poor peasants. The Shinto priests

are employed for all joyful occasions, and Buddhists for all sad events.

Later on a sign upon a tree attracted our attention. It was written in English, as follows:—"Resting place—a nice place and fine scenery to see the Fuji mountains all the year round, for the spring, summer and the autumn." No mention is made of winter. How they managed to leave this season out is unaccountable.

All through Japan, the sacred Fuji is religiously upheld. Thousands of pilgrims climb up its 12,000 feet, and encircle the crater, and worship at the temple on the crest. To go to Japan and not see Fuji, is like a Mohammedan who has never been to Mecca, or touched somebody who has, as is the custom of the Mohammedan religion, if one is unable to have the distinction of being able to spare the time and money to get to the shrine.

Fuji is known as the peerless mountain, from the fact that its name may be written with two Chinese characters, meaning respectively, "not" and "two," and giving the combined idea that there are no two mountains like Fuji. An old saying is that you are a fool if you never go up Fuji, and a double fool if you go up twice.

KYOTO.

One of the most laudable customs of the Japanese is exemplified on New Year's Day, when all debts are settled. The Japanese

start the new year without any liability. One is considered dishonest if he does not settle up with his creditors, or be given an extension of time by them before the New Year. In order to assist those who are compelled to liquidate their debts a large public auction fair is organized the week before New Year in Tokyo, and other large centres, where all kinds of wearing apparel and household furniture is offered for sale by the delinquent debtors. What a blessing this custom would be to Western civilization!

During the New Year's festivities, the priests call on the parishioners with presents, carried by acolytes; the doctors on their patients, and lawyers on their clients.

Kyoto, the third largest city in Japan, has a population of over 450,000, and was for 1,100 years the capital—in fact its name means capital. Japan seems to have had a shifting spirit with regard to her capitals, and to have changed them around ad libitum. The last change from Kyoto to Tokyo, was made forty-five years ago. Since then the former city went backward, as was natural, until about fifteen years ago, when a group of progressive merchants and city councillors got together and decided to give it a boost. They established a fine commercial museum, similar to those of some of our Western cities, only on a very much larger scale. They filled it with descriptions of all their manufactured goods, advertised, and sent out circulars and agents, and through this vigorous policy

have succeeded in restoring much of their old-time prosperity.

The museum contained a varied collection of exhibits, beautiful and rich. Here a merchant can see samples of all classes of merchandise with their prices, and the names and addresses of the makers. Our reception was most hospitable. The directors, with frock coats and silk hats, escorted us everywhere throughout the building and finally led us to the upper story, where we were treated to a cup of delicious tea and cake. Every director spoke excellent English and French, and afforded us a great deal of valuable information on the trade of Japan.

The ladies found this city one of the best in which to make purchases, and many thousands of dollars were distributed among the stores. We had a very interesting experience at a tailoring establishment, in our endeavour to order a kimona to be used as a bathrobe. The store was small and dingy, though the reputation of the merchant was famous. A few feet from the entrance there was a raised platform, upon which sat the proprietor, an old man. Behind him were four or five young men, employees of the establishment. Our guide told the old man what we wanted. Many questions of little importance were asked and answered, during which time all the working men stopped work, and gathered around the proprietor to listen and look on with curiosity. This is part of the etiquette of purchasing in Japan. We were

shown about a dozen samples, which were taken from a drawer. Another half hour was passed asking and answering more questions with regard to the making of the kimona. Sometimes three or four minutes would elapse between questions, during which time one could hear a pin drop. The cloth being chosen, we moved on to the lining and sash, and then the time of delivery. Nearly two hours were taken up in this proceeding before we were measured, though there was little choice in either the cloth or the trimmings. The price was made up with the aid of a Chinese rack and balls, and amounted to \$10.00. When the kimona was delivered to us we found several little presents, such as a couple of handkerchiefs and a pair of slippers, wrapped up inside it. This is another happy custom of the Japanese.

There are very few foreigners residing in Kyoto, and a curious fact in connection with this population is that it is about equally divided between men and women.

In one of the hotel booklets, under the title of "When to Visit Kyoto," we found every month of the year was mentioned. In alluding to the month of February, it said: "February is a month of snow, Kyoto under snow looks very sweet. and the Japanese come five, ten or even twenty miles to enjoy the sight." Canadians go thousands of miles to get away from it.

Kyoto, besides having an historical charm, is the centre of the art industries of the

Empire, and on this subject we cannot do better than quote Sir Frederick Treves' excellent description of a visit to a store, one of many in the busy city. He says:

"Many visitors to Kyoto will need to buy some specimen of the cloisonne enamel, for which that town is famous. To satisfy this need they will make their way to the house of Namikawa, the great cloisonne maker. In this particular shopping you come upon no shop, but upon a plain Japanese dwelling in a small street. The ricksha deposits you in a little yard, where you remove your shoes, and step at once on the primrose-colored mats of an exquisite room. A man in a brown kimona leads you, with many bows, through other rooms, bright with the primary colours of plain wood, and bare but for a black and gold cupboard, a bronze stork, and a single flower in a porcelain jar. At the end of the verandah, which crosses a courtyard is a room looking over a garden. Here are a European table and some lodging-house chairs. Without them the room would be faultless.

"Sliding paper screens open upon a little balcony, built over a pond, where are innumerable gold carp lounging through the bistre water like fish made of coral-pink lacquer. The garden is as pretty a Japanese garden as the town can show. Besides the pond is a river, also many bridges, together with paved walks in a forest of dwarf pines. There are old water basins too, with wooden

dippers in them, the familiar granite lantern, and a circle of trees, which give the impression that the garden is in a wood.

"It is a fanciful little landscape, and I have no doubt that the yard long beach at the edge of the lake is 'the Coast of the Early Dawn.' The whole of the make-believe country is but little larger than the room with the lodging-house chairs.

"An amused Japanese girl comes out upon the balcony and gives you rice cakes with which to feed the fish. You are joined, in due course, by an old and most courtly man with a fine ascetic face. He is thin and pale, and his dark robe gives him the aspect of a monk. He is no other than the great cloisonne maker himself. He speaks no English, but he points out certain fish as curious and joins in the feeding of them.

"There are things in the garden to be seen, and time passes quickly. After a while you sit down at the obtrusive table, where some incense is burning, and the man who led you thither brings from the cupboard a white box, out of which he draws a tiny vase of cloisonne wrapped up in a rag of lavender silk. You tell him it is not the kind of thing you want, whereupon he brings other boxes out of the cupboard, which also contain the kind of things you do not want. In time the table is covered and the incense has burnt out. One of the carp can be heard splashing in the pond, and the day is waning.

"At last, from out of the twentieth box,

comes the ware you have talked of. You carry it on to the balcony, over the pool, for the better seeing of its workmanship, and notice an old gardener tending the moss on a bridge. Then follows much talk about yen, together with a disquisition on the costliness of art. Finally you leave, amid infinite expressions of amiability, and promise to come the next afternoon.

"The next afternoon you walk in the garden a little, watch workmen who are busy in a room as neat as a boudoir, and who only take their eyes off their work to look at the 'Tree of the Setting Sun' on the 'Elysian Isle.' Then comes the eating of the rice cakes, more talk about yen, copious bowing and smiling to the accompaniment of which the box of cloisonne is deposited under the seat of your rickshaw. Thus is shopping elevated to a fine art."

NARA.

Our arrival in Nara, about noon, was made the occasion of a general holiday, and everybody was alert to get a good look at the "rich Americans." We drove in rickshas to one of the most comfortable hotels in all Japan, beautifully situated on the edge of a large pool, with green banks, and shaded by cherry and pine trees. A band was playing American two-step airs, and the large rotunda became an impromptu ballroom for half an hour. Twelve hundred years ago Nara was the

capital of Japan. A writer has adequately described it in the following sentence: "It lives upon the memories of the past, and could gossip delicately about a glory that was."

Its ancient park was the leading attraction. Here we were welcomed by thousands of graceful sacred deer, which swarmed around us like the pet animals they are, to eat out of our hands the thin wafers which we had purchased from a number of vendors at the entrance. This park is said to be more beautiful than anything in England. If so, its beauty is in its antique garb. The finest old moss covered trees form a continuous archway over the avenues. In the centre there are several Shinto temples, and a street of shops, full of all kinds of souvenirs. In one of the temples we gave a dollar to see a religious dance by the girls attached to the temple, who were painted, powdered and adorned with enamel faces. They were gowned in gorgeous costumes. We believe we have already mentioned the fact that a certain number of women are attached to each temple for the entertainment of the priests. Their reputation is not of the best.

We gathered in a large hall in the park, where we were greeted by the mayor and offered a cup of tea and cake. The mayor's remarks were very badly interpreted by a Japanese student, after which the caretaker of the deer blew his horn outside, and we saw a wonderful sight. Deer came from every direction, jumping over shrubs, and even

over one another, in their mad race to reach the gardener, who fed them with a small berry indigenous to the country.

Nara has the largest Diabutsu in Japan. It is not as imposing as the one at Kamakura, nor has it as beautiful surroundings. At the time of our visit the Government was repairing it at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, the people paying half the expense. By subscribing twenty-five cents and upwards one's name was placed upon a piece of timber that is to enter into the repairs, and by this means the people pay half the cost.

Near a big statue is a copper bell, 1300 years old, and weighing thirty-six tons. To make it ring out its sweet tones a heavy log is hung from ropes and given a swinging motion. When it is at its swiftest and highest swing, it strikes the bell, with melodious effect.

We visited a girls' school for fancy work, where we saw some very clever silk embroidery executed by little girls eight and ten years of age. The Japanese adaptation to this kind of work is marvellous, in fact the extent of child labor in the Orient is astonishing.

Nara has the oldest museum in the world. Few Europeans have ever been allowed to visit it. The Japanese had heard of the wonderful English art collectors who fill the British museums with treasures from all parts of the world. This museum was founded in 756. and it is said that it has gone through all

the changes of the Japanese Empire without one single addition to its collection. It opens its doors but once a year, on a selected day in spring, when a special committee inspects the collection and a new list is made out. The museum contains about 3,000 articles, which are said to be the most beautiful specimens of decorative work which have ever been produced by human hands, such as lacquer work, decorative furniture, enamel ware, cambric-like fabric, etc. Most of the articles on exhibition appear to have come from China to Korea. All, however, are of a time prior to the year 756. Of course, this was one of the sights of Nara which we did not see.

KOBE.

After fourteen days' travelling in trains and rickshas, we were glad to reach Kobe, and to see our cruising ship once more, lying at anchor in the harbour, gaily decorated with flags from bow to stern. The railway authorities had done everything in their power for our comfort, while en route through Japan. We had the right of way on the track, and an inspector, with white cotton gloves, accompanied the engine driver and fireman, in the caboose of the engine, while several student interpreters, with kid gloves, accompanied the train crew, to assist us in making ourselves understood, and also to act as an encyclopedia on all matters concerning Japan. They only spoke a smattering of English,

and it was quite a task to understand them, but they were apt scholars, and we took pleasure in teaching them some additional English words. As we drove through the main street of Kobe we could not help thinking that it was the most European thoroughfare we had seen in Japan. The stores were large, and the windows filled with plate glass, while the buildings and hotels in the vicinity of the water front were largely two, three and four stories high and built of sandstone.

Kobe is the sea-port for the two great inland manufacturing cities of Kyoto and Osaka. It is the most important port in Japan.

It is a great place of learning as well as of commerce. We saw two public schools. It happened to be recess time, and the schools were close together. The girls were going through gymnastic exercises that were marvellous, and it is no wonder that the Japanese are great gymnasts, considering the wonderful feats these children performed. The boys were engaged in a game similar to football. After the game they were lined up in military form, and marched from the playgrounds to their school-rooms.

Those of our fellow passengers who arrived in Kobe on the ship were given a public demonstration by thousands of these school children, who stood on the fine stone dock and welcomed the Americans with cheers as lustily given as one would hear in America. The girls were more modest, and only waved

their flags as they sang out "banza," (welcome.)

There is not much of interest to see in Kobe. There is a Diabutsu, but it is insignificant alongside that of Kamakura and Nara. The shining Fox Temple has two bronze images of smiling foxes on either side of the path, with a red bib, or apron, hanging from their necks. Here again the faithful worshippers tied little pieces of paper, with prayers on them, around the necks of the foxes, with the fervent hope that their supplications would be answered.

One of the most famous photographers in Japan has a store here, that would do credit to any American firm in the same trade. The work of developing, printing and hand coloring is far above the average. For about two cents extra per picture, postal card size, we had our photographs beautifully hand painted. The work is done by a number of little girls about eight to ten years of age. They work with wonderful dexterity in producing their perfect harmony of colors. One would hardly recognize that the colored photographs were anything but original paintings. We loaded this store with so much work that there were many disappointments in our party, owing to the fact that it was impossible for the little artists to fill all our orders before our departure.

The Y. M. C. A. work in Kobe is very popular and prosperous. The institution has in this city a building costing over \$75,000,

which was largely subscribed by both non-Christian and Christian Japanese. In Osaka, the business men have recently erected a \$200,000 building.

NAGASAKI.

After a day's sailing, a greater part of which was through the Inland Sea, skirting small and large islands, and passing innumerable Japanese odd sailing craft, we entered the fine harbor of Nagasaki, one of the chief naval bases of this country. It was not long before we were ashore, exploring the interesting sights. Nagasaki has a population of over 180,000, an export trade of nearly fifty millions, and is a great coaling station for the ocean shipping in this part of the world.. It can boast of one of the most wonderful natural docks in the world, and a beautiful park, from which a magnificent view of the city and sea is visible. Nearby is the Bronze Horse Temple, containing a remarkable bronze figure of a horse. The city was a favorite place for shopping, and many thousands of American dollars were left here by our party.

Coaling a ship with the aid of human carriers from the lighters up the steep sides of the ship to the landing opposite the hatchways, is the manner in which ships are coaled in many parts of the world, but probably there is no port that can do it so quickly as Nagasaki, where 5,300 tons of coal were stowed



COALING OUR SHIP AT NAGASAKI WITH 3000 FEMALE AND MALE COOLIES.

away in the bottom of our ship in twenty hours by about 3,000 Japanese, men and women, many of the latter, with blue and white handkerchiefs knotted around their heads, had babies tied to their backs, and were doing equal labor with the men. The side of the vessel is very quickly covered with a trellis work of scaffolding, upon which the coal is passed from one elevation to the other, in a small basket carrying probably half a bucket. The dexterity in the filling of these baskets and passing from one to the other, the contents thrown into the ship, and the baskets returned to the laden barge, is astonishing. There are many lines from the barge to ship's hatches, which makes an endless human carriage of coal.

An English cruiser had anchored ahead of us during the night and was coaling the next morning. Our captain informed the commander of the cruiser that he thought the latter was lying too near us and suggested that as he was the last arrival in port he should move his anchorage. No reply was made to this request. We heard afterwards that it was considered below the dignity of a captain of a cruiser, or battleship, to reply to a captain of a merchant-marine. In any case, the expected happened, and on a bright afternoon, when most of the passengers were on board, we were treated to an exciting scene, the cruiser swinging round in the current before our large ship was affected, and making a collision imminent. Neither ships had

sufficient steam to move out of the way, and the inevitable took place. Unfortunately, the side of the cruiser which was approaching into collision with the side of our ship, was that in use for coaling the vessel, and on the scaffolding were some 3,000 coal heavers. It did not take many minutes for the workers to see what was coming, and with the assistance of the two crews, the entire mass of scaffolding was taken down, and the large army of workers placed in boats and removed to safety when the contact did take place.

After the stern of the cruiser had collided with us on our broadside, both ships separated, and then came together in the opposite way, only there was then the graver danger that the low prow under water of the cruiser, would damage our propellers, and place us in a very serious position, but fortunately this did not take place.

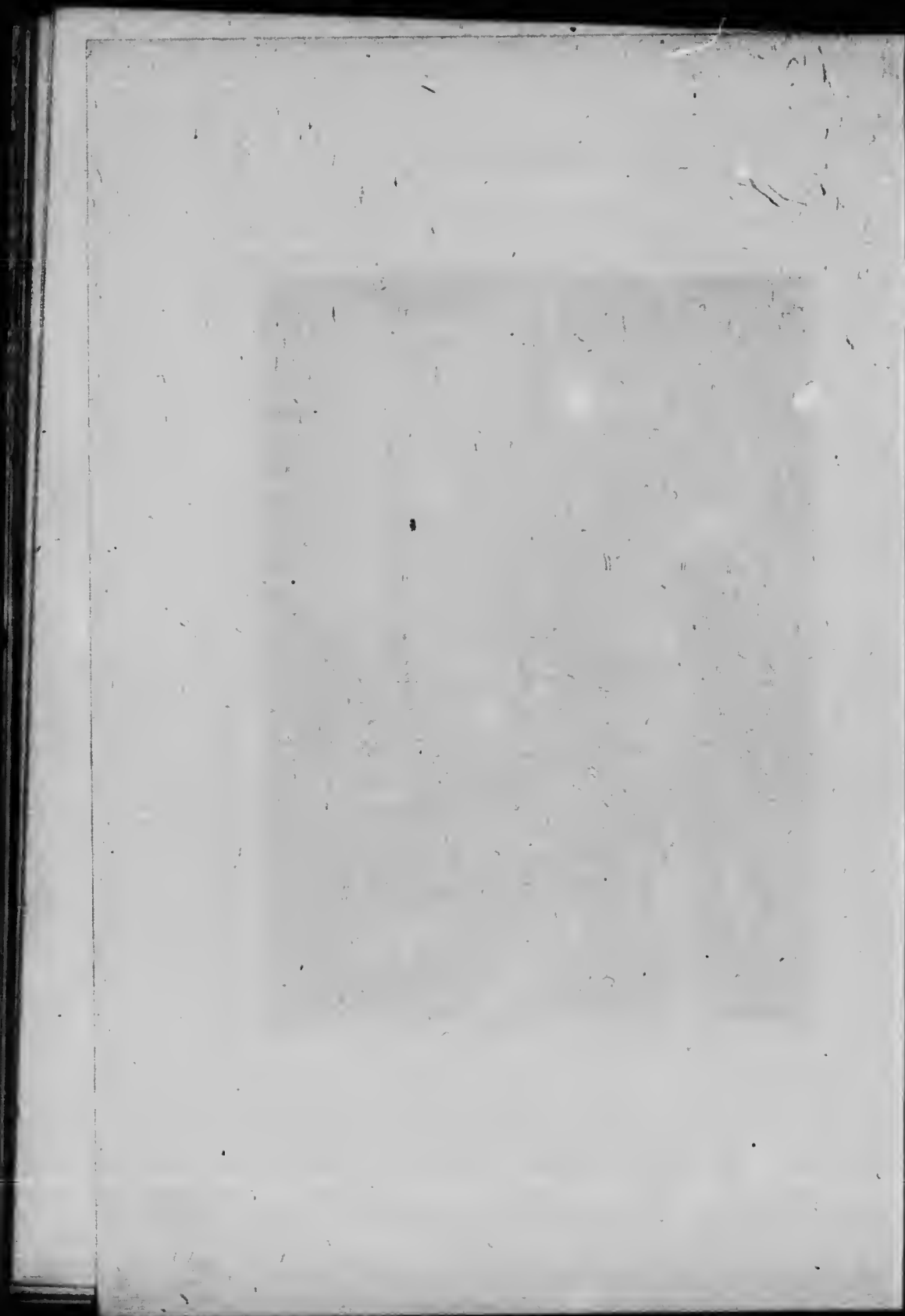
At Nagasaki, which is the naval base of Japan, we were not allowed to take any photographs without official permission. We first went to the police station for this permit, and received a very courteous reception, but no one could understand us for a long time, notwithstanding that the services of every policeman in the place, who met us with a profound bow, were enlisted.

By the way, the art of bowing is one thing they have to perfection in Japan. We were finally directed to apply at the headquarters of the Gend'armes. At this place we were more than successful in having an



HOLY BRONZE HORSE, NAGASAKI.

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interpreter, and our request understood. We wrote our name, nationality, profession, etc., on a piece of paper, and the officer in charge gave a hundred reasons why our request could not be granted, among which was the fact that it was Sunday, a day which the Japanese never observe, and several other equally incomprehensible excuses. We were about to take our leave, understanding that we had to come around the next day. Just then a *gend'arme*, whom we had noticed leaving the station, returned in Japanese street costume, and stood ready to go with us.

The unexpected had happened, just as it often does in Japan. When you are with the Japanese you never know what they are going to do, and this was a case in point.

We left the station with our guide, with more profuse bowing and the good wishes of the interpreter, who said he would see us on the morrow, but he never did.

We felt highly honored in being accompanied by our military *attache*, who was a splendid fellow. With a knowledge of about twenty-five words of English he carried a Japanese-English phrase book, and as we went along he would study up some sentence, and to his credit, would render it with excellent pronunciation. Our reply was generally the end of that conversation, until he hunted up another phrase. Nevertheless, we enjoyed his company, and the morning we spent with him, taking in the sights of Nagasaki,

with freedom to take any photographs we pleased.

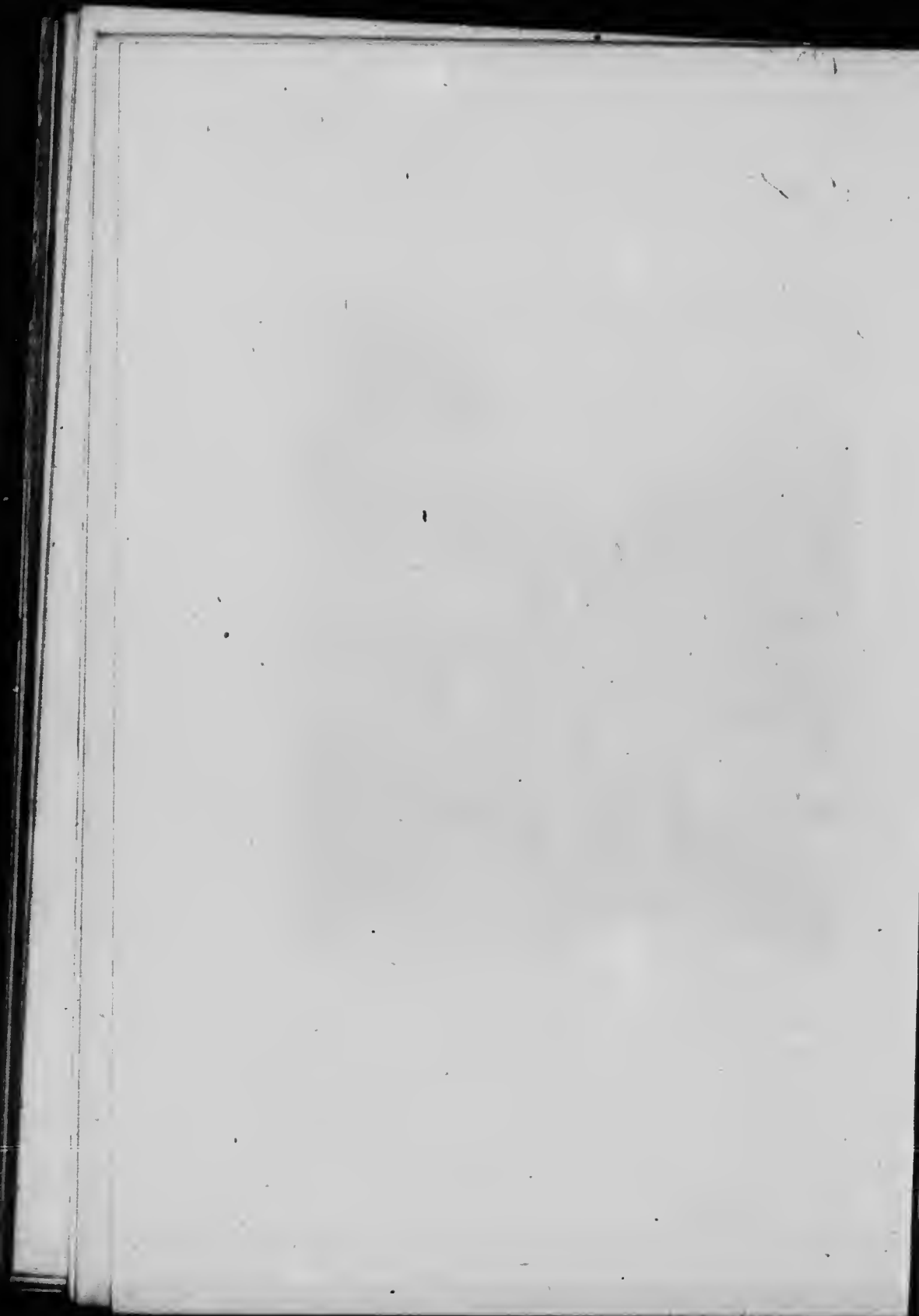
We caused quite a stir among our party on our return, because of having been allowed to take pictures, when our ship's orders that morning read: "Leave all cameras on board, as photography is prohibited." We might have done so, if we had seen the notice, but we did not, so we carried our kodaks ashore.

On parting with our military friend, we thanked him, and offered a tip, in the usual American way, by handing half a dollar (a very large tip to a Japanese) but to our astonishment he grew deeply indignant, in fact, we have never before felt so guilty of doing the wrong thing. We endeavored to compromise the embarrassing situation, by offering him a cheap German cigar, and our card, which he most courteously accepted, and in return, handed us his own, with the following in English, under his name: "A Corporal of the Gend'armes." We had been given this point of etiquette, but this was the first occasion we had practised it, and it certainly did assist us, as our friend seemed to much appreciate our card, not to speak of the cigar, and we parted good friends.

We again made use of the card custom the next day, in an antique shop, where we became fascinated with an old cup and saucer of Satsuma ware, which was held at a very high figure, by an intractable dealer. We did everything possible to bring him down in



(1) STREET DECORATED IN OUR HONOUR, NAGASAKI.
(2) OUR JINRIKISHA MAN AND MILITARY ESCORT, NAGASAKI.



his price, but it was of no use. We bought a lot of superfluous things, and a dozen handsomely painted d'oyleys from his artist daughter, for the munificent sum of fifty cents. But even such marked attention to his child's wonderful talent was of no avail, and we started to leave the store. We had descended two flights of stairs, and there was still another one to the ground floor, when we thought of our visiting card, more with the object of letting him know who we were, so that, if, by any chance, he cared to part with his valuable chinaware, before our ship sailed, he would know to whom to apply. He bowed lower than usual on receipt of the card. A ray of hope shot through our mind as we thought of the amazing effect it had produced on the previous day with our military attache, and we changed our remarks and thanked him most politely for his kind attention, and the tea and rice biscuits which his good daughter had prepared for us, and incidently told him how much we had set our mind on possessing the old cup and saucer. It was the one thing we wanted to take away as a souvenir of dear old Japan. The study of the man's face as we played the part, and its effect on the cunning and deep character of the Japanese, was one of our most interesting personal experiences in Japan. We won out, with the aid of our little piece of white cardboard, having exhausted all our persuasive eloquence.

We cannot close our relation of this episode without mentioning that the father, mother and daughter accompanied us to the door, and gave us the kind of send-off you would expect if you had been spending a vacation with some friend, and after a most enjoyable time, you were taking your leave for home. We must not fail, either, to mention that this store is probably the only one of its kind in Nagasaki. It has four stories, on the top one of which is a most unique and valuable museum, much used by scholars and teachers of medicine, and a lifetime hobby of the old dealer. At the mention of this fact, many who have visited Nagasaki, will remember this "Old Thing Shop," as we once read over the door of what was an old curiosity shop.

One afternoon the city planned to give us a kite-flying exhibition. This sport is one of the great pastimes of the Japanese, but it has to be seen in Japan, to appreciate the keen rivalry in the game.

When we arrived on the grounds, a very spacious area on the outskirts of the city, we found several hundred young, middle-aged, and old men flying over a thousand kites, and all enthusiastically and excitedly watching and directing them in a manner that led one to wonder what it was all about.

We soon found out. It was an air battle between the blue and red kites, one side endeavoring to cut the strings of the other, and render them hors de combat. To do this the lines are passed through powdered

glass, which makes them so sharp that a little see-sawing soon brings down one or the other, and herein lies the glory of the contest. There is, as in all games, a knack of cutting your rival down. As far as we could judge, it is done by a sharp see-saw jerk. Many of the competitors handle four or five kites at the same time, and carry on defence as well as attack on the enemies. We borrowed a kite from one of the veteran champions at the sport, a man of over seventy years of age, but after a short time we were among the slain. The game is much more interesting than it would appear to be. Of course the entire society of Nagasaki turned out to see us.

We had a delightful ride of five miles out to Mogi, passing through a picturesque farming country, which gave us a good idea of some of the primitive ways adopted by the farming community of this locality. Mogi is a combination of a fishing and summer resort village, on the shore of the Inland Sea. On the other way, we passed a number of the city scavengers with barrels of refuse from the city, which was being deposited on the fields. Sometimes unsavory odors hovered in their wake.

We had the pleasure of attending a concert in the Y. M. C. A., at which we saw a splendid jui-jit-su competition between the champion of Japan and all-comers, many of the latter being members of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The champion took the contestants, one after the other, with one exception, who took him

three or four minutes to prove his superiority. Every one of the ten or twelve competitors weighed from 50 to 75 pounds heavier than the champion. We also heard several Japanese lady soloists sing in excellent English, and a chorus of probably one hundred young and old men. The Secretary, who, by the way, is a Canadian, hailing from Toronto, informed us that the Japanese have taken very kindly to the Y. M. C. A. work throughout the country, and that they liberally subscribe towards its support. In Nagasaki, the Y. M. C. A. was on a paying basis, with a membership that comprised all the leading business men. It also had the largest public hall of any building in the city.

In Nagasaki, while many of our passengers were astonished at the absolute confidence the local merchants had in them, by accepting their express and similar bank cheques at par, there was nothing extraordinary in it. They knew that no one on a world's cruise was doing it on wind and water alone, and that our ship could easily be traced if anything went wrong; but we came across a case where the Japanese would not even trust our ricksha men, or ourselves. He was a painter, that is of the Japanese order, to whom we had brought some photographs to be colored. His place of business was away from the more accessible streets, and on the afternoon of our departure, we found ourselves in his studio short of sufficient funds to settle our account. We were rather modest in the

suggestion that he should trust us with the photographs until we should return to the ship and obtain some more money, or we would give it to the jinrikisha man, who not only lived near the painter, but was on very friendly terms with him. To this he would not accede, but when he said: "What time your ship go?" we understood he was thinking of bringing them down himself, which he did in the evening, paying a couple of boatmen to row him out, and going to the trouble of dressing up entirely in European clothing. Of course, we took a pleasure in showing him over the ship, and especially in watching his expression of wonder and amazement when we opened a door and ushered him into the elevator and took him up five decks in it. Our elevator worked on the touch button system, so that he apparently saw no means of locomotion, or anybody like an elevator boy working any levers or pulling cables. It worked automatically on the pressure of a small button.

The school boy guides were allowed to remain on the ship in the evening, going without their dinner, rather than miss the entertainments. One of these boys was shown a gentleman's cabin, and he evinced so much interest in everything he saw that the occupant of the compartment in question showed him how we dressed up in the evening for a ball. He could understand the vest and pants of the dress suit, but the tail coat proved a mystery to him. He handled the tails with great curiosity,

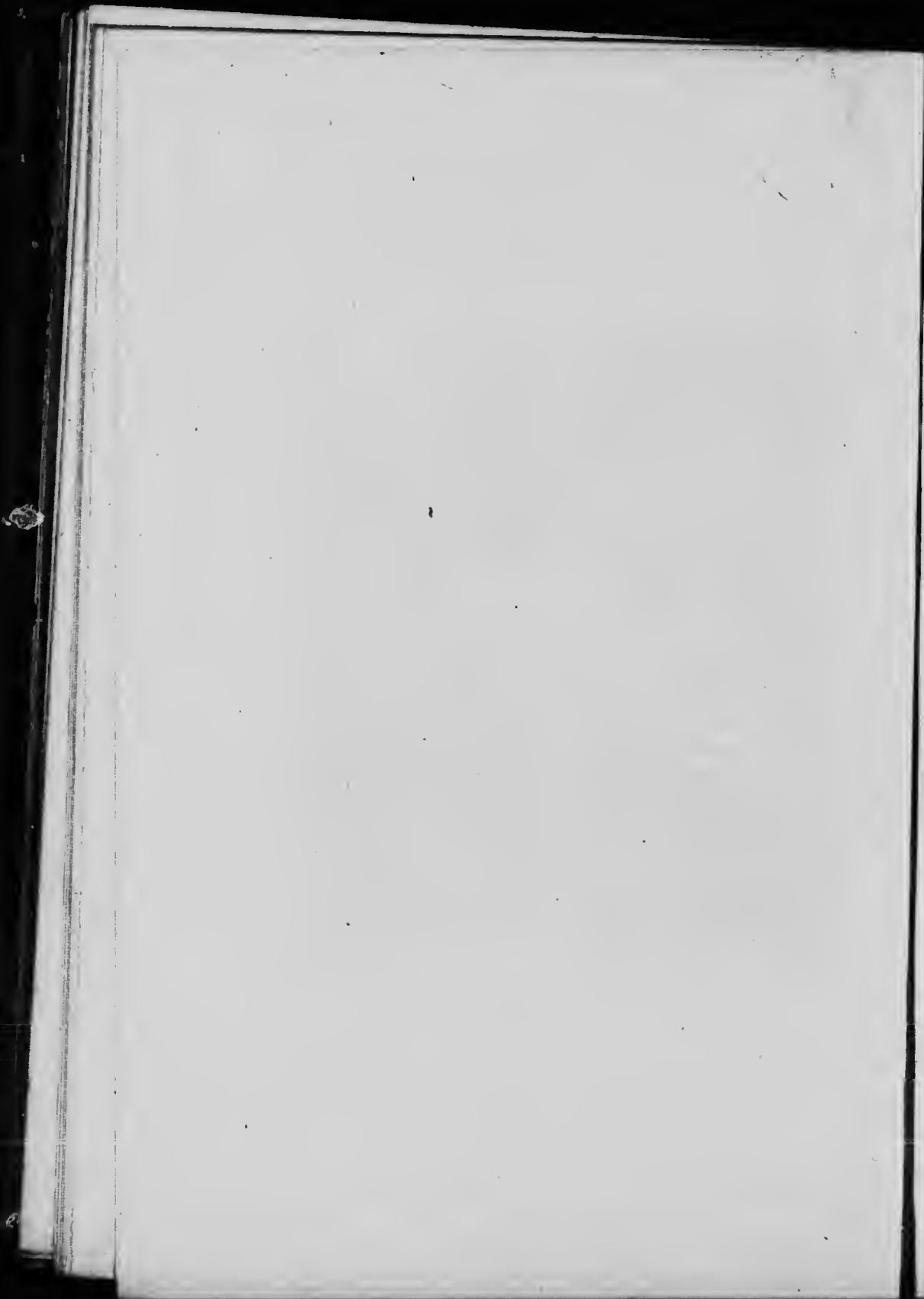
but could not, for the life of him, make out what on earth any civilized man could see in such an outlandish garment of dress. When he looked at the shirt and its starched front and was told that a three-inch collar went on top of it, encircling the neck, close to the skin, he said, "You no bend at all," evidently thinking that it was no costume for a Japanese, who is so fond of bowing on all occasions.

Later on, this same boy, who, like most of the other boys, had never seen much of anything outside Japanese country life, much less one of the very finest ships afloat to-day, was invited to remain for the ball, which he did, and a lady, interested in him, brought him up to the front line to get a better view of the dancers in evening dress. He was asked what he thought of it all, to which he replied, "It is a true Paradise." After a while he ejaculated, "but they all do same thing long time. What for that?" You see, he, no doubt, found our dancing about as tedious as we found that of the Geisha girls, which, like the music, is a great disappointment to those who expect much in this direction.

We visited an embroidery school. The scholars were tots of girls, averaging in age from six to seven years. The work performed was marvellously delicate and artistic. A hundred little girls sat upon the floor, around looms upon which were stretched kimonos, wall pieces, hangers, screens, etc. They were being instructed by a Japanese woman, who walked about directing here and there



- (1) CAB STAND AND KIOSK, NAGASAKI.
(2) FISH MARKET CONDUCTED BY WOMEN, NAGASAKI.



as the work went on. We would never have thought it was a school of instruction, by the beautiful embroidered figures, and landscape scenes being worked in silk. There was no American school atmosphere about the place, no buzz or hum of whispering conversation when we entered, but the moment one of our party attempted to create a little amusement by sitting on the floor alongside of the midget workers, the entire school burst into a hearty laugh, the teacher joining in.

This school room made us think of the possibility of Japan's advancement in the world of manufacture. We were told that modern machinery was being imported from America and Europe at a rapid pace, and that huge factories were springing up in the larger cities, which, in time, would threaten the western world with serious competition. Labor is ridiculously cheap. We heard of large cotton mills turning out cotton for China, a trade once held by the Americans. How then, is America to keep the Japanese from entering their goods into competition with those of our own country, where labor is now becoming a serious aspect in the production of manufactured goods? With industrial education in Japan, which is sure to spread to China, with its teeming millions, wherein can the present manufacturing countries of Europe and America compete? This will be an important problem to be settled in the future, between the East and the West.

CHAPTER IV

HONG KONG.

AFTER three days sail from Nagasaki, Japan, we entered the beautiful harbor of Hong Kong, one of the greatest sea ports in the world, both from a scenic and shipping view point. We had heard a lecture on the ship on Hong Kong, and had read some books, one of which was written by a member of the American Legation, at Pekin, for a number of years, and we were filled with the very highest expectations of the port and city, and were led to entertain an excellent opinion of the Chinese. We had also previously read Chamberlain's "Ordered to Pekin," and never forgot those most stirring letters of a newspaper man in the office of the New York Sun, who had been ordered to Pekin during the uprising and attack upon the Legations. Chamberlain answered the call of duty, as a newspaper man generally does, and started off for the seat of strife and trouble in the Far East, leaving a wife and two children behind him. He promised to write his wife a letter every day, which pledge he faithfully redeemed, and these were the letters which we read. The author, when on the eve of returning

home, was reordered by the same paper, to continue his tour around the world, to complete his news service, and return home via London, which he undertook to do; but the last chapter of the book, and particularly the last words, told of a pathetic ending of his mission. They were conveyed in a cablegram from Baden Baden, where Chamberlain had gone to recuperate, and to cure some internal trouble, and which read as follows:—"Chamberlain died this morning."

Those letters gave us a favorable impression of the Chinese, and though we have had very few dealings with Celestials, we have always heard the same good opinion of their honesty and energy, and the fact that they never forgot a kindness or a wrong, and that they are quiet and inoffensive, with all the qualities to make excellent servants. In our more recent search and study of the life and character of the Chinese, our first opinion had remained unshaken. Now we were to come in contact with them, and naturally enough desired to do so with an open mind. Every writer and lecturer, and all who have resided among the Chinese, will tell you that those who migrate to America, are not the true representatives of that nation. Imagine our entering one of the largest restaurants in the Chinese quarters of Hong Kong, a restaurant which would be difficult to surpass in many of our large cities, and learning that we could not obtain chop suey because they did not make it there; and then again seeing

a big steam laundry, as modern as could be, in a town across the water, near Kowloon City, which was owned and conducted by Europeans, presumably for European trade! Such are some of the anomalies met when travelling, and which open the eyes of the fair and unbiassed traveller, who is not looking at things from only one view point.

The harbor of Hong Kong should really be the harbor of Victoria, a city of nearly half a million population, which is situated upon the inner side of the island, protected by a high peak, some 1800 feet in the rear, the main land in the fore, and islands in the channel on both right and left. It is an ideal place for a city like Victoria, garrisoned by some 8,000 English soldiers.

Hong Kong was at one time—about 1840—a stronghold of pirates and fishermen, principally the former, who fished when there were no ships to loot. To-day it is a densely populated and thriving British colonial city, with public and residential buildings in the most modern style of architecture, and the main streets of the town are kept in splendid order, clean and sanitary, as all English towns are fashioned.

The Island was ceded to Great Britain by China in 1841, as a war indemnity, when she (China) refused the importation of opium and dumped great quantities of it into the sea.

It is not the only possession of this kind that England holds in these Eastern waters.

She also owns and controls a large tract of land on the opposite side of the island, on the main land, and several towns on the Malay Peninsula, and no doubt what she has done in Hong Kong and Singapore she has also done for these other places. The British rule in these foreign lands is conducted much as a certain lawyer controlled a large electoral vote. Being asked how he did it, he said, "By conciliation; and when that won't work by the fear of God, with lead." With the educated Chinese it is no trouble to get along, in fact, they are anxious to get along with you, but with the ignorant classes it is different; they have to be controlled and kept in order with an iron rule, forcibly used, with quick action.

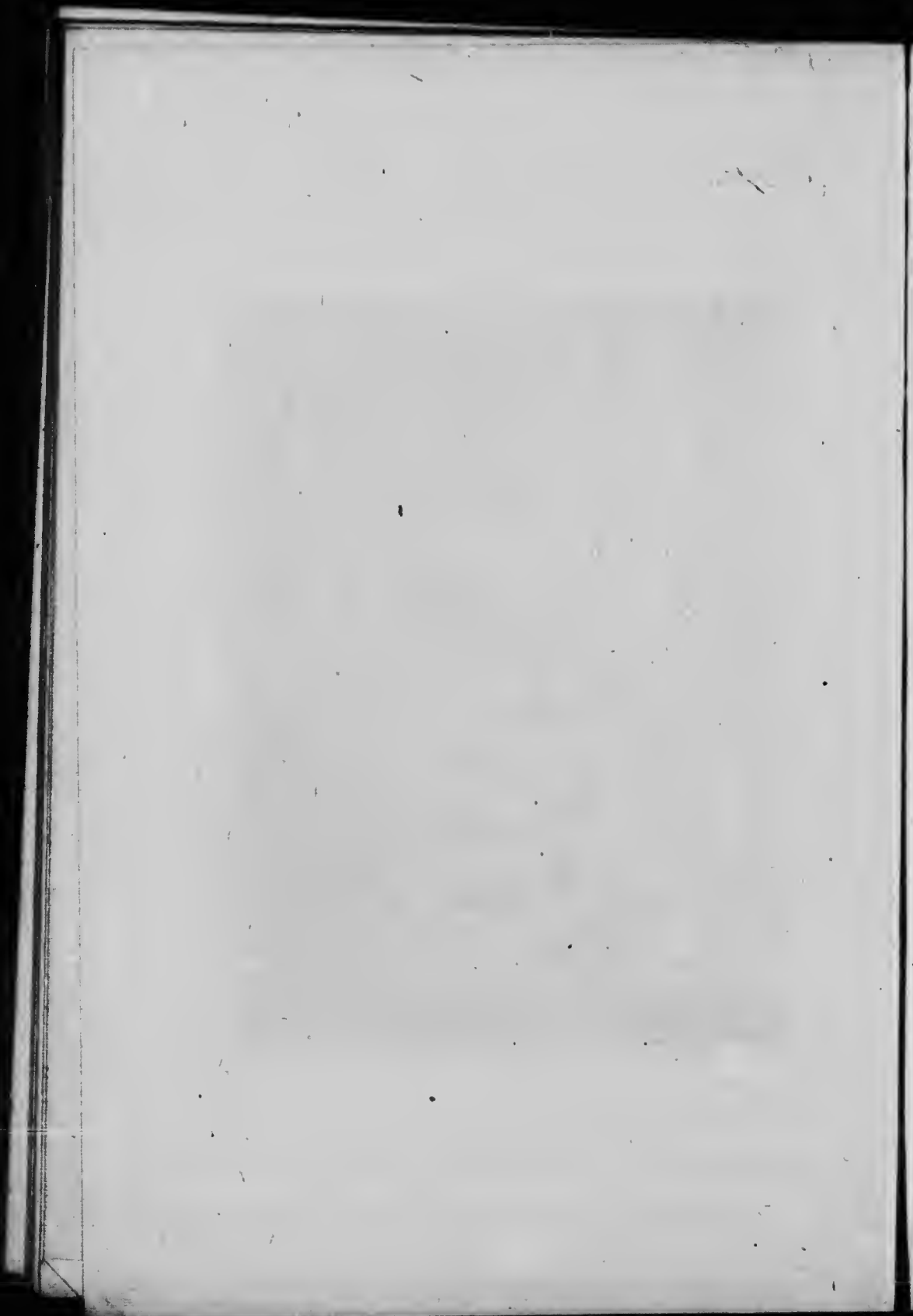
The harbor was filled with sampans and Chinese junks. The former are small sized boats, about eighteen feet long, with a round hood made of thatched bamboo, over about one-third of the boat, under which the whole family sleep and live. The junk is about the size of our bateaux, though not so wide, with an ugly bow, slanting downward, and a raised stern, upon which the navigator, and generally his whole family, can be seen lounging. The small boats naturally swarmed around us, with all kinds of wares on board to sell. This was the regular practice at all the ports, and our ship was no exception. The only difference between this floating flotilla and any other which we had seen was in the fact that these boats were the

homes of the pedlars and carried all their worldly possessions. They picked up everything that was thrown from the ship's sides, and existed on the old bread and scraps which were thrown out from the culinary department, during our several days stay in port, and probably for many days after our departure. There are no gulls in Hong Kong, only a black bird the size of a crow. Like the Jews, who cannot make a living in China, we presume the gulls could not eke out an existence in the harbor.

Our first surprise on shore, was the sight of Indian policemen on the dock. They were fine specimens of humanity, of good stature, square shoulders, dark, intelligent faces, and seemingly quiet and gentle. We were surprised to see these officers of the law, for we knew that the Indian population was very small, in comparison with the Chinese. Out of a population of 453,793, according to the census returns, of 1911, there must be over 300,000 Chinese, while there are only about 13,000 Europeans. To keep law and order in this city, they have a police force of about 1,000 men, composed as follows :—133 Europeans, 378 East Indians, and 493 Chinese. The latter are not alone confined to their own quarters, for we saw an Indian and a European policeman on the stage of a Chinese theatre, which was crowded with about 1,500 Chinese, two other men and ourselves being the only Europeans in the audience. We also noted with considerable wonder that



SAMPAN BOATS, FILLED WITH PEDLARS, HONG KONG.



the Indians, or Sikhs, were very largely distributed throughout the Chinese sections, and we learned by experience that they have not much love for the yellow race, on account, no doubt, of their pride of caste. We do not know the Chinaman's opinion of the Indian policemen, but we do know that the whites of America would not stand for a foreign police force, any more than they would drink poison at their meals. Yet there we found hundreds of thousands of Chinamen peaceably abiding by the laws of the city, and the enforcement of them by foreigners, and this because they are in accord with the laws of Confucius; so that a Chinaman, instead of seeking to rescue a compatriot, who has committed a misdemeanor, from the hands of the police, as onlookers frequently do in America, will assist the officer in bringing him to justice.

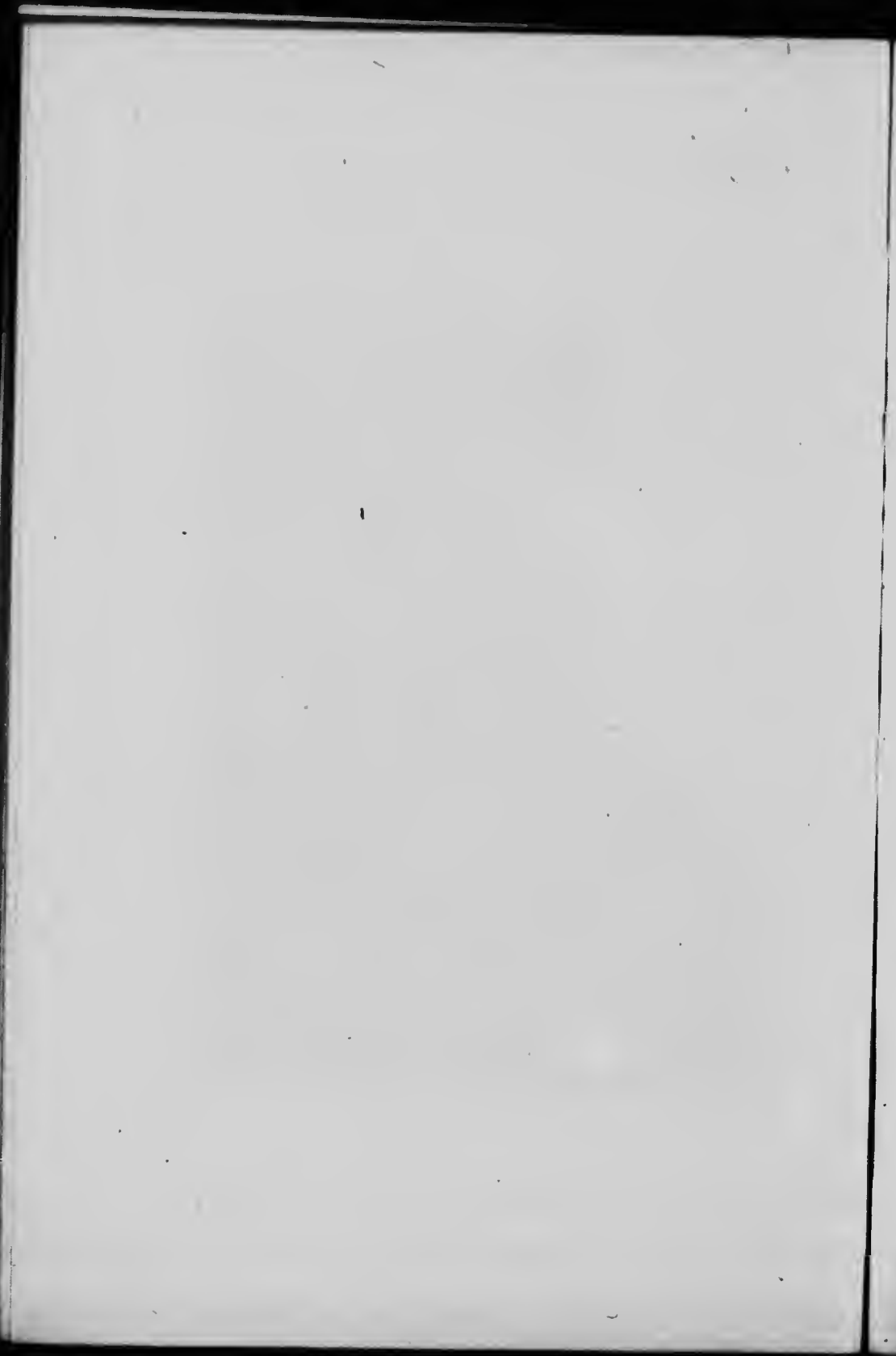
We were supposed to make a trip up the Pearl River, to Canton, some seventy-five miles away, but this arrangement was cancelled by the authorities, much to our disappointment and chagrin, because of the revolution and internal strife going on in China. Fighting was taking place within a few miles of Hong Kong; and in Canton, a few days previous to our arrival, over a thousand Chinese had been slaughtered. The trouble was caused by the revolutionists liberating all the prisoners, and permitting them, as well as the thousands of river pirates, who swarm around Canton by tens and

hundreds of thousands to assist them in fighting for a Republic, promising them pay in addition to their liberty. After the war, in which they probably did more looting, robbing and murdering than anything else, the revolutionists demanded the return of their firearms, promising restitution, which they never made, with a result that the very men who had helped them to victory turned on them with a very large and fierce force of cut-throats. Fighting was at its height when we arrived. Every available gunboat of all nations had gone to the scene; stray shots had pierced every passenger boat that went up the river. Trains were stopped for several days, and no one knew how the fray was going to end. The foreign element residing on an island, and known as the Shameen section, was very much alarmed, and a large force from the men-of-war was landed, and wire fences and barricades erected all around the Legations.

The marauders and pirates ravaged sections of Canton to their hearts' content; they ransacked stores, killed all who resisted them, and while they had no grudge against foreigners, they were such reckless and excited shots that stray bullets scattered in every part of the city, and any one was liable to be struck, even those on boats in the harbor, as a number went in the direction of the river. Everything was done to harass the Cantonese Republican Government into making them liquidate their debts, but the Government had no money, and the only



HOUSEBOATS IN CANAL, CANTON, CHINA.



thing they could do was to fight the pirates who were trying to steal as much as they could, on account of what they considered the Government owed them. The fighting was not of long duration, as the revolutionists were soon beaten into submission by the trained army. The arrival of our ship gave the rebellious leader an opportunity for a coup d'etat. It was announced that we were to go to Canton in two of the large river steamers. "Here," said the leader, "is a chance to make my enemies sit up and take notice of our demands for the adjustment of our rightful claims. If we put a fusillade of bullets into these two boats, crowded with passengers from America, and kill one or two hundred of them, we will bring on an international war, and possibly see the whole city of Canton blown up by the united action of all the eighteen gunboats in the harbor, loaded up to the gunwhale with sufficient powder and shot to blow every mother's son and building in the city into hell."

The plot was too good to keep, so he told it to his subordinates, and they thought it great, and in turn confided it further down the line, until the news was pretty well circulated throughout the disorderly army. The first part of the coup was played. An armistice was declared the day we arrived, so that there would be nothing to prevent our going up the river, as arranged, but the news had reached the authorities at Hong Kong, and we were notified by the allied

interests of the foreign countries that it was not safe to go, and that we would be doing so at our own peril. Furthermore, the American Consul sent word to the same effect, stating that it was impossible to offer any security or the assurance of safety, and advised the cancelling of our inland excursion. After all this, there was little desire to go, though much disappointment was the result, and it is one grudge we bear these river pirates who live in small boats around Canton. They are densely packed together, and are said to stop at nothing in their nefarious mode of existence. Births, deaths, marriages and funerals all take place on these little crafts. The greater number of those who exist in this manner have never known any other way of living and are born and die on their sampans or junks. The police are kept busy arresting them for crime, and arrest generally means execution. During the revolution, times were too strenuous for even a trial or a proper execution, and men were shot on the spot, wherever caught, rather than take the trouble of bringing them before a court of justice; though the Chinese are fair in this respect, under ordinary circumstances.

One of the instances we heard of while in China showed how peremptorily the law takes its course. Canton was under military jurisdiction. A general, finding good evidence to prove that twenty-three of his officers were rebels, ordered them to be shot without

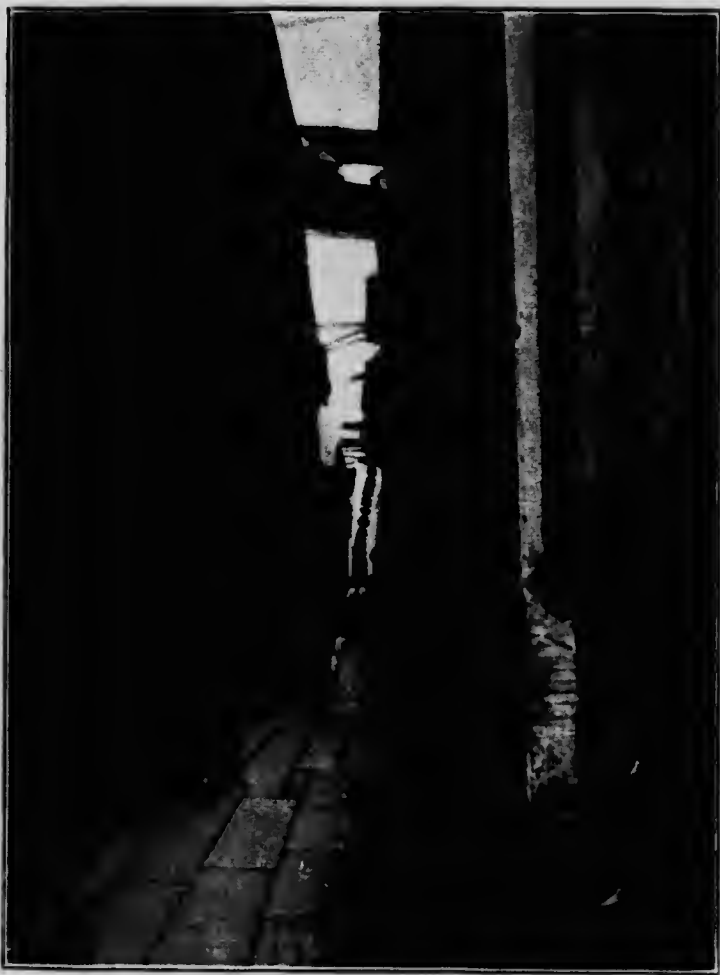
trial. A Hong Kong thief arrested in Canton was imprisoned there awaiting an English officer to bring him back for trial in Hong Kong. The officer started up, but it was fighting day, and his train was unable to approach the city, so he returned. A few days afterwards he received word that if he did not claim his prisoner on a certain day the latter would be shot, as the authorities had no place to keep him. The officer arrived just in time, as they were marching him to the shooting ground, and several in our party saw the prisoner manacled and led through the streets of Hong Kong to prison, where the officer said he would probably have to serve a term of seven or eight years, instead of being put to death.

The public execution ground in Canton was found too slow a place for the quick dispatch of criminals and law-abiding citizens of the Celestial city; and the old executioner, who has chopped off the heads or strangled about 30,000 human beings in the exercise of his vocation as Lord High Executioner, must have been growing lonesome, for a few of our party went up to Canton, and when they visited this usually popular spot, they found it deserted. "There was not even a woman strangling in one of the cages," they disappointedly said. On a previous trip, the party had a far different experience, as will be seen by the following account published in "As Far as the East is From the West":

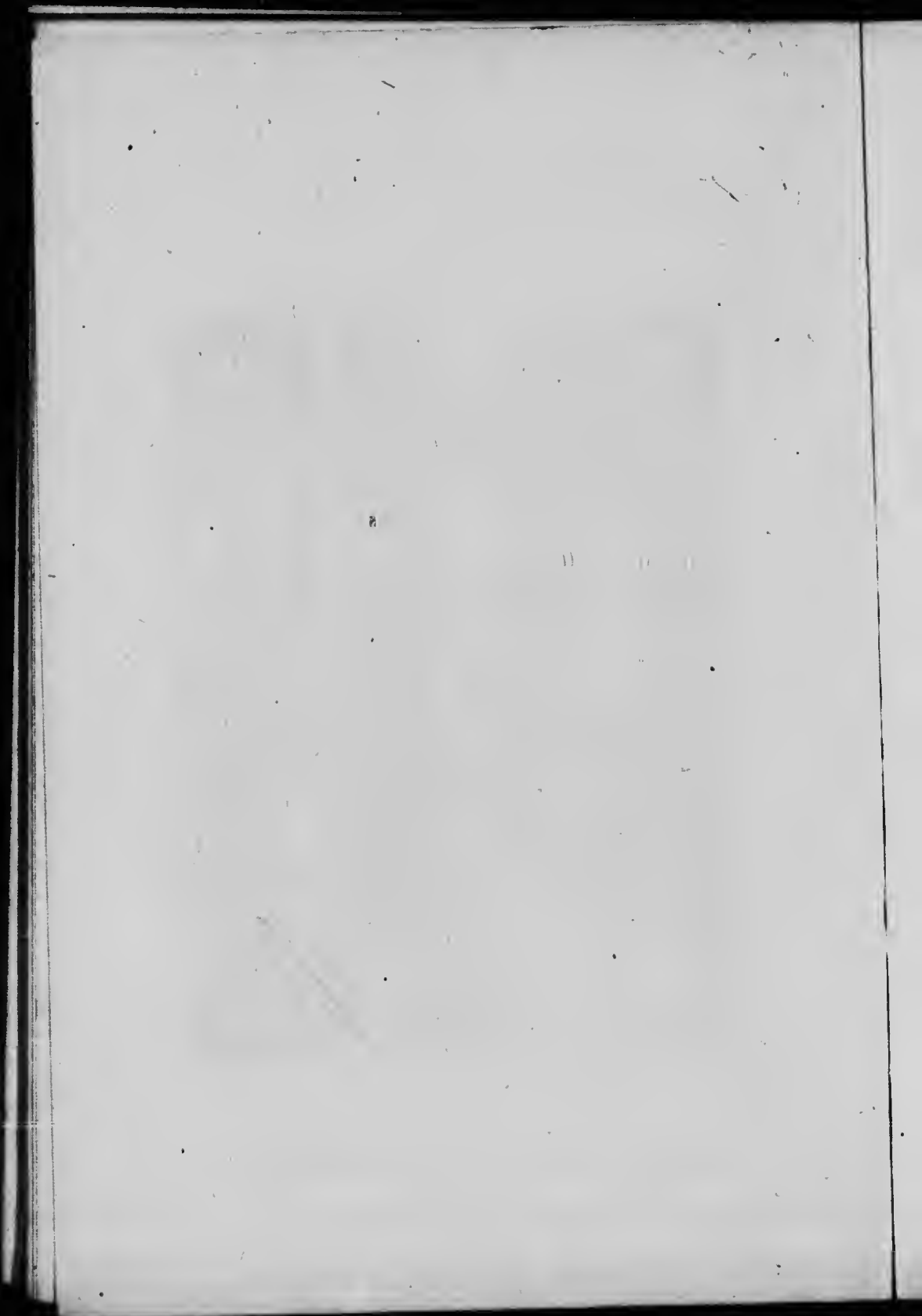
"One lane led to the notorious execution ground, a squalid and gruesome opening, half-filled with scattered crockery. The bodies which the earlier tourists had seen had been taken away, but we saw on the ground dark stains, which we heard were from the veins of the pirates slain the day before. The blood had begun to decompose. The framework used for the strangling of the women was in place, an ugly reminder of a cruel and barbaric death.

"The headsman lived near-by, and in answer to a request, strengthened by a half dollar, he lounged into the foreground to be photographed. With a stolid indifference he struck a shambling attitude, his great knife uplifted, in his unwashed hand. His unintelligent and brutishly indifferent face unshaven. It was unsavory with a dirty stubble of gray. At the moment the view was taken a sinister grin parted his thin lips, and gave to the face an aspect even more hideous and revolting."

Canton, the great commercial capital of Southern China, is a walled city, about six miles in circumference, surrounded by a moat. The English, after many difficulties and threatened bombardments, obtained the right to do business in the city about 1654, and ever since all nations have had the same privilege, and to-day almost every European country has a consulate. A writer on China says:—"The city has been a hot bed of intrigue and duplicity, and in its annals can



STREET SCENE, CANTON, CHINA.



boast of greater outrages against justice and the laws of humanity, than any other city in the universe. Yet over all, a most interesting trophy of a by-gone and traitorous age. A typical Chinese city, its streets, seldom more than eight feet wide, so constructed as to get the breeze, at the same time shutting out the rays of the hot sun. In the hottest season, there is always a cool air after mid-day in the narrow streets of Canton.'

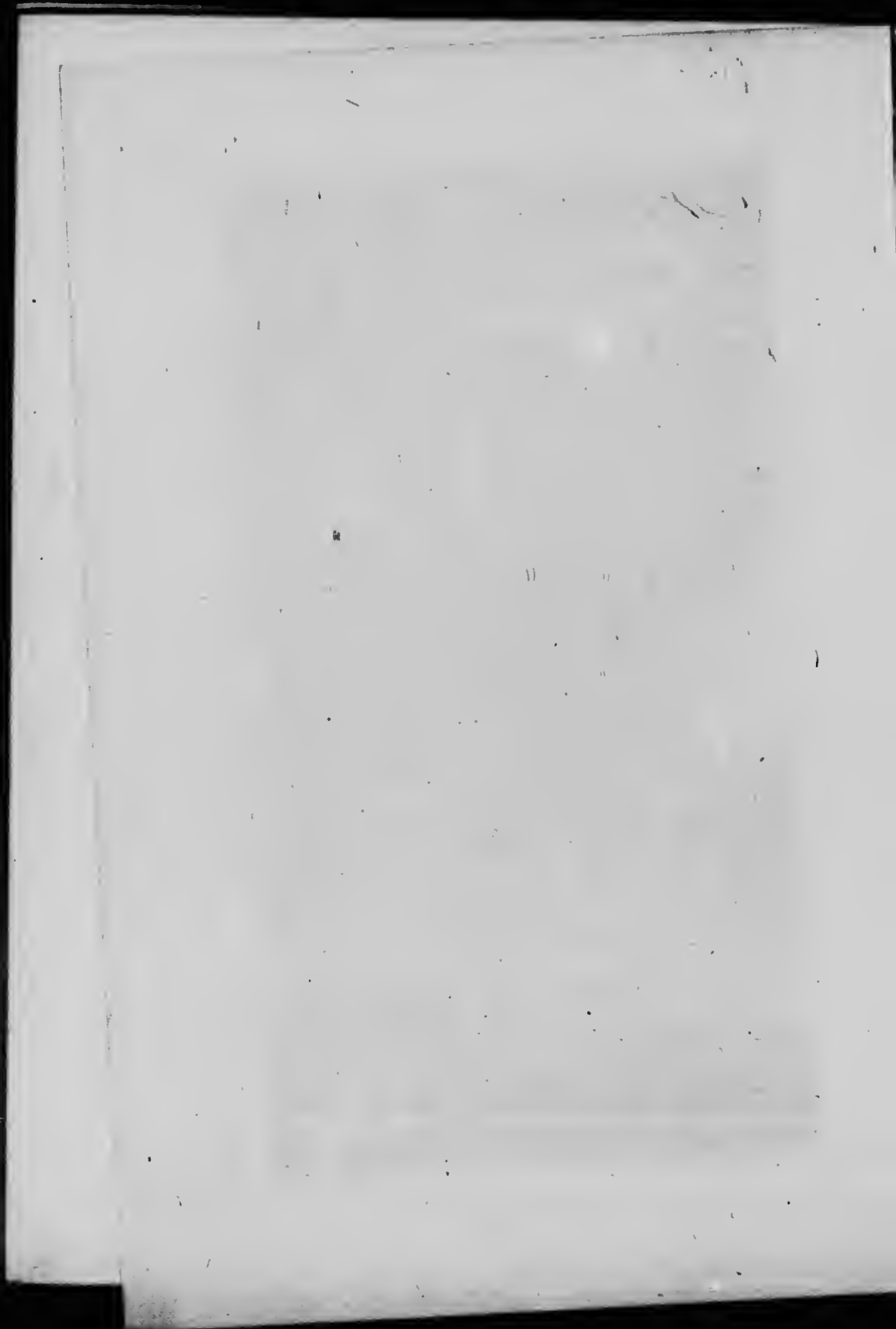
"Such gorgeous decorations and wonderful carved and richly gilded wood work, such unique designs in the bold hieroglyphical characteristics of the land, such beautiful coloring in silks and satins, old embroideries and porcelains, black wood furniture, and a host of other curios in soap stone and jade, the precious stone of the people. This is Canton—a huge bazaar from one end to the other, with throngs of contented-looking people, always on the move, from morning to night."

But we are digressing from Hong Kong, of which we saw a considerable portion during our three and a half days' stay. After landing we were delighted with the fine appearance of everything. The large granite buildings most artistically constructed, four and five stories high, wide, well-paved and cleanly kept streets, magnificent public buildings, churches and hotels, with a moving street traffic of electric cars, rickshas and sedan chairs. It was all so pleasing to the eye, for it was all so entirely unexpected.

Fine stores bordered the main streets, principally kept by East Indians and Chinese. They were crowded and business seemed to be rushing, though we had to wait until we reached the Chinese quarters to see the busiest scenes of all. The difference between the quiet, easy-going ways of the Japanese, and the hustling, bustling instincts of the Chinese, was apparent. There were hundreds of thousands of them, and they were all either buying or selling, eating or working in the craftsmen's stores. We walked through the streets and found everybody too occupied to even notice us going by, notwithstanding that we were dressed differently to them, and belonged to the white dog caste of civilization. The street scenes were interesting, and so numerous that one could spend days in these wards and never tire of them. Whole streets were occupied by sidewalk vendors selling every kind of Chinese food stuffs which looked very appetizing in many instances, although one never knew whether the meat was from the ox, rat, or cat, the latter being a popular dish among the lower type of Celestials. We were not up early enough in the morning to find out what time the Chinese started to work, but we saw them at it late into the night, and we have every reason to believe that they work from rising to retiring, and not from morning to night, as some authorities have stated, for we saw the various tradesmen and shops open and doing a thriving business as late as ten o'clock,



QUEEN'S STREET, HONG KONG.



while the restaurants were still open and crowded an hour or two later, when we were returning from the theatre.

Our experience in the latter place was the most interesting and amusing in Hong Kong. There are many modern theatres and moving picture shows in that city, but we selected one of the oldest houses, a clumsily constructed wooden fire trap, accommodating about 1,500 people. The night we visited it, every seat, or bench, was filled, while standing room was at a premium. The entire door staff of attendants showed extraordinary attention in leading us through the motley crowd, to the stage, upon which they placed several wooden stools for us to sit on, a few feet away from the actors. We presume this was caused by our having paid double admission, but still it was not very much after all, about fifty cents in our money. As we sat down, the scene was bewildering, in fact, almost beyond description. The stage stretched the whole width of the hall, about four feet away from the audience, who wore their hats if they had any; ate, chewed, smoked and talked at random, without any consideration for the performance, but it was still worse on the stage. There were no scenery or foot lights, only two large gasoline lamps at both sides, and a few smaller jets throughout the hall, which had a balcony, jammed to the railing. There was no curtain; it was not required, as it was old-time Chinese acting, which compels the audience

to imagine all these accessories. For instance, if the scene of the play is to be changed from a parlor to a bedroom, the performers walk out through an exit into the dressing room, while the stage shifters in their bare feet and generally smoking, will probably bring out a doll-sized bureau, glass and washstand, and raise two small curtains over a cross pole in front of a bench or two, for no good purpose that we could see. The performers then enter from another door, and go on with their acting, while the audience are supposed to realize that the scene is a bedroom, and so on.

Women are barred from the stage, but men take their part very well, even to imitating the little feet, about four inches long. They talk, walk and gesticulate like women, and to all intents and purposes, do as well.

We had the pleasure of seeing a comedy, ending in a murder and a drama, and it is difficult to say which made us laugh most. We were not alone on the stage. The members of the orchestra, the most weird and untuneful aggregation of tin can pounders we have ever listened to, sat all sprawled out on the floor immediately behind the players, and supplied a noise, for it could not be called music.

A great deal of acting was pantomimic, and sometimes there were some conversational parts, at these times the orchestra played louder, so that no one could hear a word of what was said. About fifty to one hundred

boys, children and men crowded both sides of the stage, playing, talking and smoking, while a number of children played by themselves, between the actors and ourselves, and sometimes they went in among the latter while running about, but it did not bother the performers, in fact, nothing did. The only dignified personages anywhere in the hall were the two policemen, an Indian and a European, who stood on the stage, the boards of which were large thick pieces of timber laid down without any nails, and often wobbled when there was much dancing and jumping on them.

In the comedy play, several heads were cut off by an infuriated lover, or husband.

The execution of the victim was ludicrous. The murderer rushed up with a huge knife, swung it over the head of the faithless friend five or six times, then threw a stuffed head on the stage, spread a quantity of red substance on his face, hands, knife and clothes to represent blood, and walked off the stage exultant to the great amusement of the audience.

This performance had started at one o'clock that day, and as it was Saturday night it would in all probability continue until the next morning, but on all other week nights, the theatre has to be closed at twelve o'clock. This accounted for the large number of people who had hampers, and who bought all kinds of eatables, peddled throughout the hall, by bare-footed attendants, who moved like acrobats, on top of the railings

and backs of the benches, in serving the people.

We faced the audience, and all looked serenely happy and contented. Many parents brought their children, some of whom slept most of the time, others played, and sucked sugarcane, which acted as a great soothing syrup. Men and women smoked out of water bowl pipes. They first lighted a taper, then took a pinch of tobacco, stuffed it into the small bowl of the pipe, ignited the tobacco with the taper, the smoke of which passed through a tube and cooled off in a depository of water in the bowl, through which it gurgled. The tube or stem was taken out and blown, so that no smoke of the last pipeful would be left to mingle with that which was coming. The pipe was replenished with another pinch of tobacco, and the same process gone through for perhaps five or six times, until the taper had burned itself out. Then the pipe was passed on to another member of the family, probably the daughter, in many cases a girl of only twelve or fourteen years of age. Many of the men smoked cigars or cigarettes.

There are 27,000 vessels calling at Hong Kong per annum. The Government derives its revenue from land taxes and sales, licenses, fees of courts and post offices, rent of Government property, light and harbor dues, and on opium. The latter revenue is decreasing, owing to the more stringent laws regulating its use, and it has been necessary to enact

some custom duties of recent years, to make up for this deficit, which has lost for Hong Kong, the reputation of being a free port.

The harbor is very extensive, and can accommodate a modern large fleet in time of war, and is generally considered safe but for the typhoons, which occasionally sweep down upon it without warning, though the meteorological office now gives the shipping interests sufficient time to make for shelter. The last disastrous typhoon in 1900, resulted in the drowning of over 7,000 Chinese living on their boats, and blew a French man-of-war ashore. The bodies of the natives were picked up in thousands in the bay, and interred on a mound on the Island, while the Europeans were laid to rest on the main shore at Kowloon.

The island of Hong Kong is only about ten miles long and four miles in width. Victoria is the name of the city, but it is better known as Kong Kong. It is beautifully located for a city in the tropics, as it is built at the base of a mountain, known as Victoria Peak.

The business part of the town is along the bay front, and extends thence up the hillside with a cable railway going up to the top, where there are several hotels, hospitals, parks and hundreds of bungalows, the crowning point of all being occupied by the summer residence of the Governor-General. On this upper height, the Europeans find a cool situation during the hot months. On the

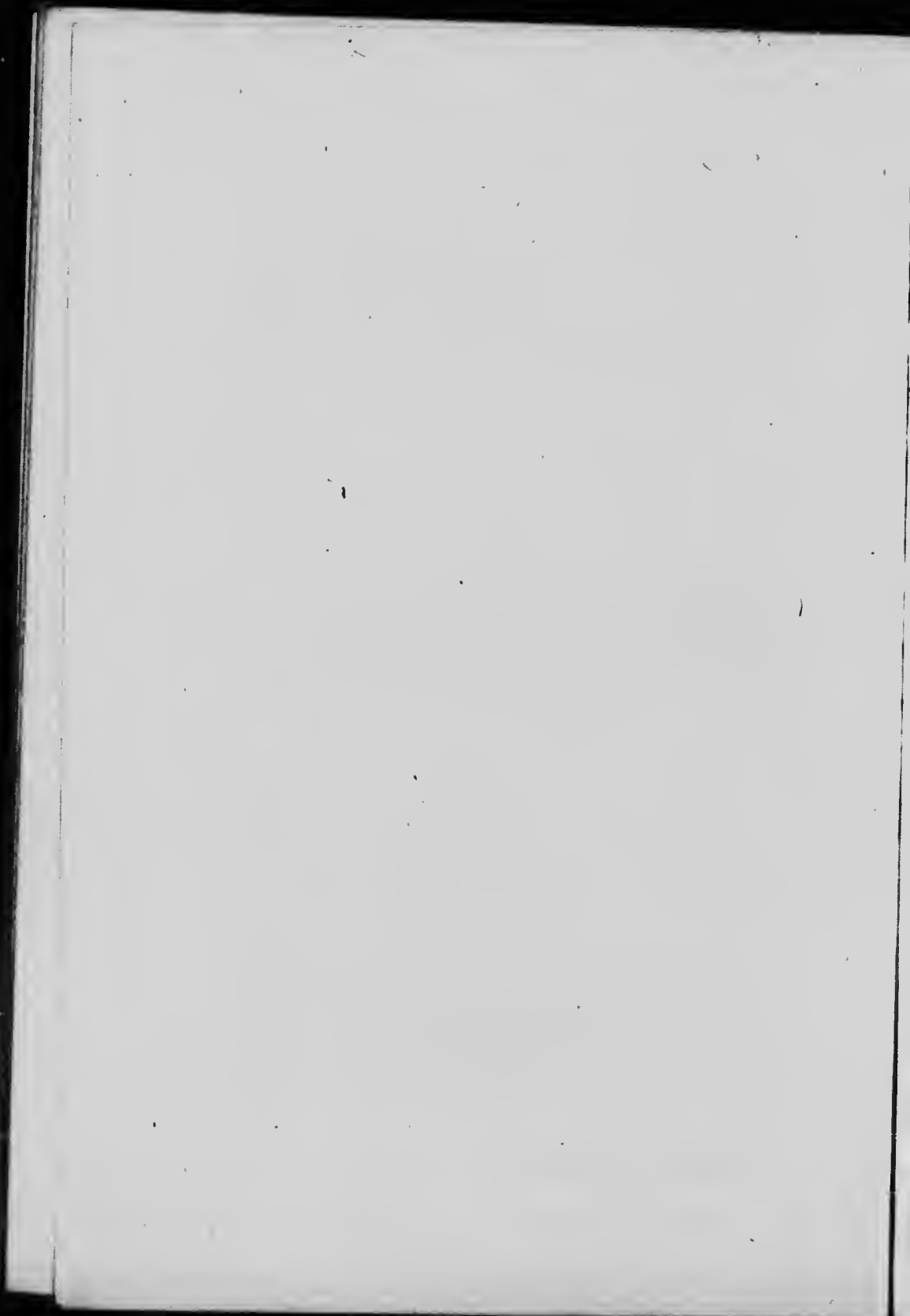
low land is a fine race course, polo ground and many recreation parks, while the religious community are well supplied with handsome churches and two cathedrals, one English, the other Roman Catholic. There are many good schools, and Queen's College has an attendance of over 1,000 Chinese students, though there is a university for Chinese alone, as well, which is sustained by the Government.

Like all English ports, there are a number of public gardens, public libraries, many clubs, and several excellent hospitals. The chief industries of the city are sugar refining, cotton spinning and weaving, painting, rope making, ship and boat building, manufactures of cement, drain pipes, blackwood furniture, paper, bamboo and rattan ware.

One of the great attractions of Hong Kong is Victoria Peak. We ascended it on a bright Sunday morning, obtaining one of the grandest views we have ever seen. It was a picture to thrill the soul, and one never to tire of. From this height the large ships of the port appeared as miniatures, and the panorama commanded a very wide area, consisting of islands in all directions, surrounding Hong Kong and then the sea beyond, while towards the main land were ranges of mountains, over which we could picture the turmoil and unrest of China's 400,000,000 population, hundreds of thousands of whom were starving from hunger, and dying of pestilence. Smallpox was also



- (1) **SUMMER RESIDENCE, GOVERNOR GENERAL ON VICTORIA PEAK, HONG KONG.**
- (2) **VICTORIA PEAK, HONG KONG.**
- (3) **CHINESE JUNK, HONG KONG.**



ravaging many districts, which rendered the vaccination of our passengers and crew compulsory before we entered another port.

In the afternoon of the same day, we crossed the bay and visited Kowloon, three miles away, a very old Chinese city, formerly a centre of sin, degradation and gambling; but as the English Government put a stop to this infamous business, the wretched looking inhabitants have gone back to fishing. The ride to it in our rickshaw was very interesting. We passed an encampment of 2,000 Sikhs just arrived from India to aid in the protection of Europeans in case of an outbreak. We also saw several fine vegetable gardens, one of which was conducted by the hotel at which we were staying in Victoria.

At the entrance to the village, there was a temple, around which crowded a number of vendors of an assortment of eatables, including skinned and dried rats and dogs and cat flesh, which are more or less luxuries. Whether any devotional exercises took place in the building it was difficult to say, for every inch of space was occupied. The village was nothing but a cluster of huts and narrow dirty streets, filled with Chinese, but everyone was buying or selling, just as they were in every other Chinese corner we had visited. The Chinese live from day to day, and evidently enjoy shopping. Pigs, chickens and dogs maintained equal rights in the houses and had no hesitation about entering within doors when they felt so disposed. At the

upper end of the village was still an older part, walled in by a thick stone wall over twenty feet in breadth, and about the same height. The houses in the interior were falling to pieces, but families inhabited the buildings that were left standing. Old cannons about four feet long, were lying around the casements, half buried in the ruins. We walked all around the walls, which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. On the way back, we visited the quarries, where we saw women and children at work hauling and breaking stones. Some of the women were very old, and the children, who were mainly engaged in carrying the broken stone very long distances, with harnessed apparatus similar to scales in a grocery store without the resting centre piece, were very young.

On the way from Kowloon village, we undertook to photograph our Chinese ricksha men, but they did not wish it, and a very nasty expression came over their faces, which caused us to desist from going any further, as we were in a lonely spot, without any protection. Nevertheless, we endeavored to have our Indian boy, who was acting as guide, take the place of one of the coolies, in holding the rickshaw, but he became more indignant than the coolies, and it was only afterwards, we realized, that being an Hindu, and of probably some caste higher than that of the coolies, it was lowering his dignity to hold the handles of the shaft of a ricksha, even if only for a photograph.

Later on, we were told that some of the Chinese imagine that if they are photographed, it brings them bad luck forever and we presume this was the cause of our coolies not wanting to be kodaked.

A point worth considering about Hong Kong, is the fact that when the English took possession of the island, it enjoyed an unenviable reputation for unhealthiness, but to-day, owing to the sanitary regime since enforced, it is one of the healthiest places of its latitude in the world.

There are several fine motor roads on the island to Aberdeen and Shau-ki-Wan village. Some of our party who took the former, were so enchanted that they went over it a second time.

Few Chinese gentlemen come into contact with Americans in America, but in the East, one has many occasions of meeting them and judging of their intelligence, courtesy, and hospitality, and for evidence of their generosity no better illustration could be given than that in connection with the Hong Kong University, which was nearing completion. Though the first subscription to this institution was \$400,000, subscribed by a Parsee, to defray the entire cost of the building, this was followed by another of \$200,000 from a Chinese ex-vice-roy of Canton, while an Englishman donated \$200,000 to perpetuate a chair for engineering. The grounds cover fifteen acres, and the total cost will be over \$1,500,000.

A bazaar was being held in it during our stay in Hong Kong, and we were told by those who visited it, that it was a splendid affair, attended by the very best class of the musical population of Hong Kong, principally Chinese. Everything was donated, and the collection, filling many of the large halls, was amazing, as the goods were all of a very rich order. There was also a dramatic performance every evening, the leading Chinese amateurs taking part, where, our informant, a lady, said they saw some rich gowns, richer than they had ever seen at a New York theatre on a state occasion. Their receipts averaged \$6,000 per day, which is probably the best evidence of the generosity of the people attending it, and showed the great interest they were taking in education.

Hundreds of Chinese students are now being sent abroad to England, United States, and European universities, to study, and one may expect a great evolution in China when the seeds of their learning begin to bear fruit. We were told that the Chinese are exhibiting a passionate desire to acquire western knowledge and customs, which were formerly held in contempt.

One of our party asked an exceedingly intelligent Chinese merchant, why the Chinese did not adopt the European dress? The Chinese merchant, with a desire to avoid injuring the feelings of the American, said, "Well, no doubt we would adopt your dress, but it would ruin our silk industry, which

now keeps millions of our population from starvation. What would take its place, if we were to buy all our woolens, serges and footwear from your country, or Europe?" The reply was to the point, and settled the curiosity of the American.

The harbor has excellent shipping facilities, with several docks large enough to admit, not only any of the mercantile marine, but any vessels of the British or other navies. One of the docks cost the British over five million dollars.

A railway line was opened last year, between Kowloon, on the main land, opposite Hong Kong, and Canton, the British section of which, some twenty-two miles, cost \$250,000 per mile, the most expensive railroad construction in the world, and it is costing the Hong Kong Government a quarter of a million dollars a year to run it. This drain is likely to continue until it can make a connection with the trunk line at Hankow.

When the Manchus overcame the southern Chinese, they compelled them to wear the queue, as a sign of conquest. This is one of the reasons why the Chinese are now rapidly cutting off their queues.

Here again are atmospheric conditions noticeable upon the inhabitants. The Manchus and Moghuls of the North are a fine powerful race, while the Chinamen of the south are of diminutive stature.

Another of the Chinese incongruities is seen in the awarding of titles, peerages, knight-

hoods, etc. Instead of these descending to the children of those who receive them, they go back to the ancestors, as the Chinese philosophically think that the fathers, grand-fathers, and great grand-fathers of the personage who is so honored, are more entitled to the honors than his offspring, for no one knows how he or they will acquit themselves while on earth. There is certainly some logic in this.

Their selection of mandarins or governors, to control the many states, is made by means of a very fair competition. They are drawn from the winners of an educational examination, in which the poorest peasant boy may be a competitor with the richest youth of the country. The examination is a very severe one, and requires considerable learning. The mandarins are divided into four classes, the lower order being the military one, which was very unpopular, and not at all fashionable some forty years ago. It was even considered a disgrace to enter the army, which accounts for the defective fighting qualities of the Chinese; but things are rapidly changing now, and China is making an effort to raise an army to defend its vast domain.

The magistrates, a sort of low grade mandarin, are always at the service of aggrieved persons, who have permission to wake them up at any hour of the day or night, by ringing a huge gong at the door. One of the great drawbacks to the development of China, is the diversity of languages spoken,

seven in all, and each one as different from the other as French is from German. One result of this, though not a desirable one, is to keep the natives of each province to themselves. There are three written languages, all different from the seven spoken ones.

Chinamen are not as fond of fresh air, or of cold or hot water as the Japanese, and are therefore not as cleanly in their habits, even though they are the great washer-folk of Western America.

There are few bachelors in the Celestial Empire, and monogamy is the rule. A widower may remarry, but not a widow. The wife is said to be not only a slave to her husband, but to her mother-in-law as well, and things are ten times worse if her first-born should happen to be a girl instead of a boy, or if she has no children at all. Childlessness and talkativeness are two of the seven reasons for a divorce, but this is not very general, as the husband would have to return the wife's dowry with the lady, and in all probability he has spent it and cannot raise the wind to the promised tune that the girl's father will sing on her return.

Chinese women are being condemned for their club feet, caused by their toes being forced under their soles when they are children, but this custom is on the decrease. The baby tower is an odd institution in China. It is situated outside the town, generally in some secluded spot. It has only one opening, a square window about six feet from the

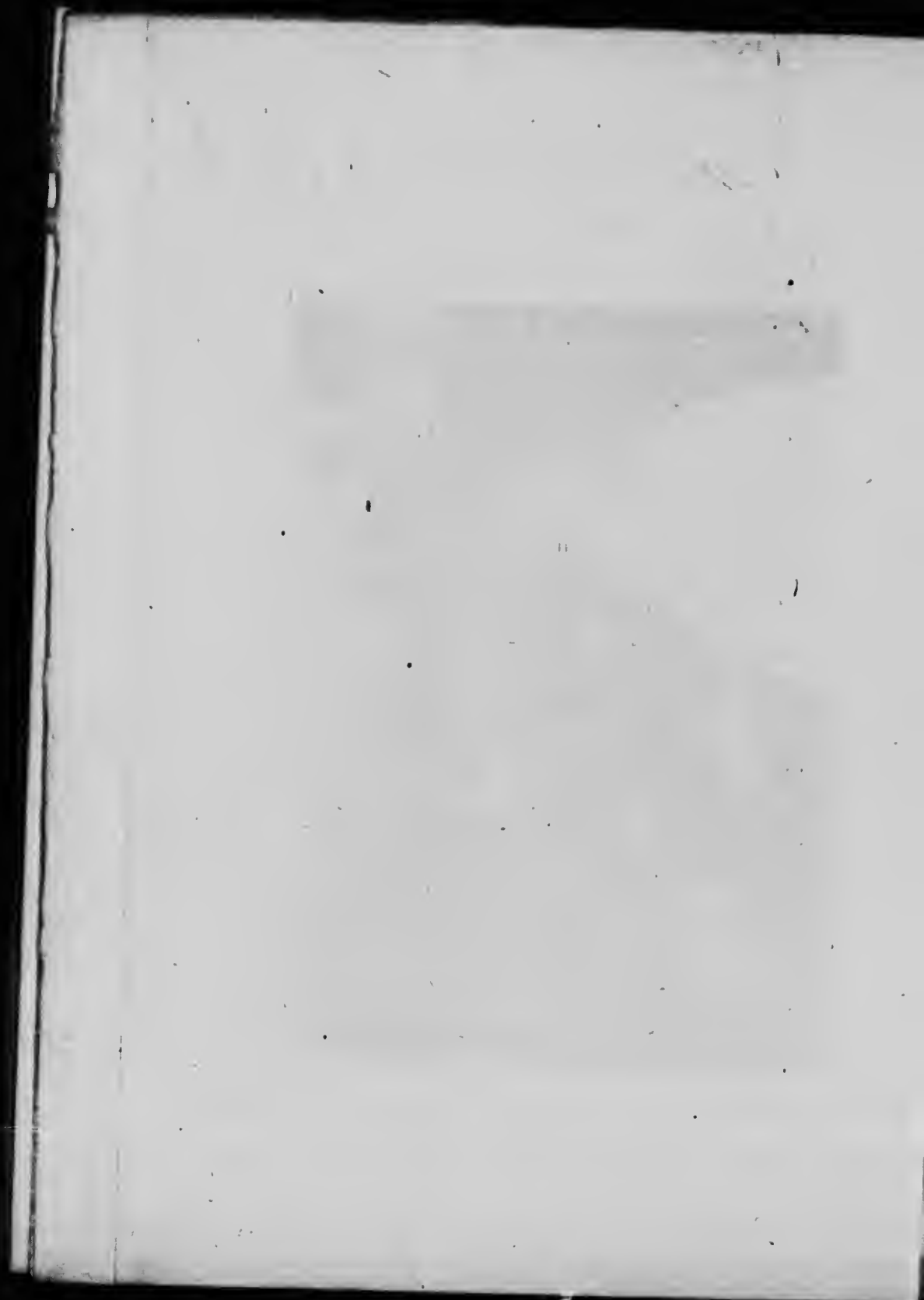
ground, with a wide sill or ledge. Upon this ledge a man leaves his baby girl if he is poor, and finds his family too large. The next comer pushes it through the opening, and leaves his own in its place. Thus, no father is guilty of killing his own child.

In their social etiquette, the left side is that of honor, it being understood that the host leaves his right arm free to defend his guests. In handing anything to you, both hands are used, and it is considered discourteous to use only one. Should a visitor stay too long, in other words bore his host, after the proper time for departure, the host has a trick of handling his cup, which invites the guest to take his leave. This seems a very reasonable rule of Chinese etiquette and one which might oftentimes prove very valuable to Western civilization.

The Guild system in China is worthy of note. In these Eastern cities, the traders are all located on the same street or district. It is therefore easy to find what you want, but the object of this plan with the Chinese, was due to the guilds which have a minimum price for the sale of goods, and have to look after the upkeep of the streets upon which their stores border. Should one of the members of the guild be found cutting prices, he is at once reported, and the Beggar Guild, a flourishing institution, hounds the merchant in question by the lowest class of medics, who hang around his premises until they drive away his custom. The Beggar Guild is an



CHINESE STREET, HONG KONG.



important commercial body, and not at all a bad one. The Guild decrees what each merchant shall pay for the sustenance of the poor, which tax is imposed in accordance with his income or wealth. Should there be any delinquent tithe payers, they are treated in the same manner as the cut-price dealers. An extra levy is sometimes made by increasing the band of beggars with a few lepers.

"Money in China is a veritable puzzle, a tissue of trade destroying anomalies," so a well-known writer says, and it is only by the adoption of a single language and a standard imperial coinage, that a new and prosperous China will arise.

Hawkers of all kinds may be found upon the streets of China, and the public scribe and barbers are by no means unfamiliar. The barber not only shaves the face and head, but cuts, greases and arranges the queue, cleans the ears, nose, and frequently the inner eyelid, which they say accounts for much of the eye affection in China.

There is very little cribbing at the examinations of the native schools. Students are carefully searched on arrival, and then placed in a box that is almost hermetically sealed, where they remain with their examination papers until the time for answering them is up, when the doors are opened. Sometimes students die in these boxes from over fatigue, or other illness. There are no means of warning those on the outside to open the box in case of sudden illness.

China can boast of having the longest novel, and possessing the oldest newspaper in the world, printed over a thousand years ago, but journalism is not a very profitable business, as one paper is sometimes read by an entire street, being passed on from one neighbour to the other.

The Chinese cook has original methods of giving a character of his employers to his successor, the humble saucepan being the instrument of his communication. If standing on the floor neatly covered, the place is a good one; if the lid be reversed, it means that the departing servant purposes to return at the earliest moment, having only left to transact some urgent business. The lid half on, half off, indicates that the last cook left through circumstances unconnected with the household, and was thoroughly satisfied. Rice at the bottom of the pan signifies great difficulty in exacting squeezes and a disposition in the head of the house to be stingy. The lid lying on the floor beside the pot means a hard place and frequent shortage of servants. The saucepan upside down denotes a hot tempered master; while laid on one side, it means that the whole family is difficult to please. If the pot be left on the stove inverted, it may be to suggest that there is doubt whether wages will be forthcoming regularly; while if it is the custom of the house to stop for breakages out of wages, the bottom of the pot is chalked.

A Chinese proverb says: "The most

important thing in life is to be buried well," which privilege is fully illustrated by the grand ceremonies attached to an interment. While white is the mourning color, the relatives of the deceased frequently dress in bright colors when attending a funeral, as though it was an occasion of joy, instead of sorrow.

CHAPTER V

MACOA.

WE spent a day in Macoa (pronounced like Macow), thirty-eight miles from Hong-Kong. This is a Portuguese possession, one of the earliest foreign settlements in the East. It was established some four centuries ago, and takes you back to Spain, the moment you arrive in it, and see the architecture of the buildings, the cobble stone streets, the bright color of the houses, and even the dress of some of the residents. The city is almost entirely inhabited by Chinese. We made this trip in one of the palatial Canton-Hong Kong steamboats, large enough to carry one to two thousand Chinese, which they invariably do during each trip. One of the officers said they were great travellers, and very fond of gambling, which is one of the attractions of Macoa, and which they visit as the Mohammedans go to Mecca.

On our arrival we found the quay jammed with about five thousand Chinese, who must have turned out to meet us, and as we passed through this throng, to our rickshas, many of the women felt quite uneasy with the slit-eyed Celestials peering at them from six or seven

rows deep on either side of the small passage-way left us to walk through. But there was no danger, only curiosity brought them out. They had never seen such a large arrival of white people in their midst before, and it was no wonder that the occasion was made a fete day, though, to judge by the thousands of Chinese we found in the gambling houses, we should say that gambling is one of the principal assets of the town. We drove through the main thoroughfare along the waterfront, between a number of fine Portuguese residences on the land side, and a line of magnificent oleanders shading the street, on the water side. The road followed a pretty bay, in this manner, for a few miles.

We saw the lonely stone facade of the fine cathedral, which occupied one of the heights of the city, all that was left of this beautiful structure after an earthquake which shook it to pieces some years ago. There were monasteries and convents, but they were in a crumbling and dilapidated state, with old walls coated with moss, and stone crosses covered with creepers, memories of better days long ago.

Macoa has been termed the "Gem of the Orient Earth," and she is no doubt entitled to recognition, as she has picturesqueness in her exotic coloring, shady streets, and well filled gardens and parks, with a serene quietude about it that would make one think every day is a holiday in this once lively colony of Portugal. It is certainly a good

place for artists and persons who want to get away from the rush and bustle of modern conditions.

Fan Tan is the game played in the gambling houses, and it is about as fair and square a gambling game as could possibly be conceived. There is a large table in the centre of the room, which is generally on the second story, with a balcony around it on the third story. Baskets and strings allow those looking on from that point of vantage to make their wagers. The croupiers stand behind one side of the table, on which are the numbers, 1 to 4. At one end of the table sits another man, with a stack of probably one thousand gold or copper coins about the size of an American nickel in front of him. When the money that is to be wagered, has all been deposited on the numbers, this individual takes one or two handful of coins, places them about a foot away from the main pile, and begins to abstract four at a time with a stick with a hook at the end. In this manner, working very slowly, so that all in the house can watch him intently and see that there is no cheating, he continues until there is 1, 2, 3 or 4, finally left on the table, which is the winning number, and for which the house pays four for one, deducting 10 per cent commission.

Wherever we went, among the numerous gambling dens, we were treated with the greatest courtesy and respect, being offered cigars and tea, about every ten or fifteen

minutes, and the local players generally retired to give us more room around the tables, but where the natives did the entire play, we noticed that their wagers were not very high. We imagine that these gambling houses gather in all the money that is made in the town.

There was an opium factory which we visited, together with several other minor industries, including a fire-cracker factory, but there was no great sign of prosperity to be seen anywhere. The boat on which we made the trip was punctured in several places from rifle shots, which it had received during the insurrection at Canton. a few days previous to our arrival. The officers are a fine set of hardy English mariners, with rifles in their cabins, and revolvers in their pockets, ready to dare and die, under any circumstances, in the protection of their passengers, of whom they have a very good opinion. They consider them a very peaceful race, with the exception of the river pirates of Canton, who live like rats, and neither value their own life nor the life of anyoue else. They are the gun men of Canton.

CHAPTER VI

MANILA.

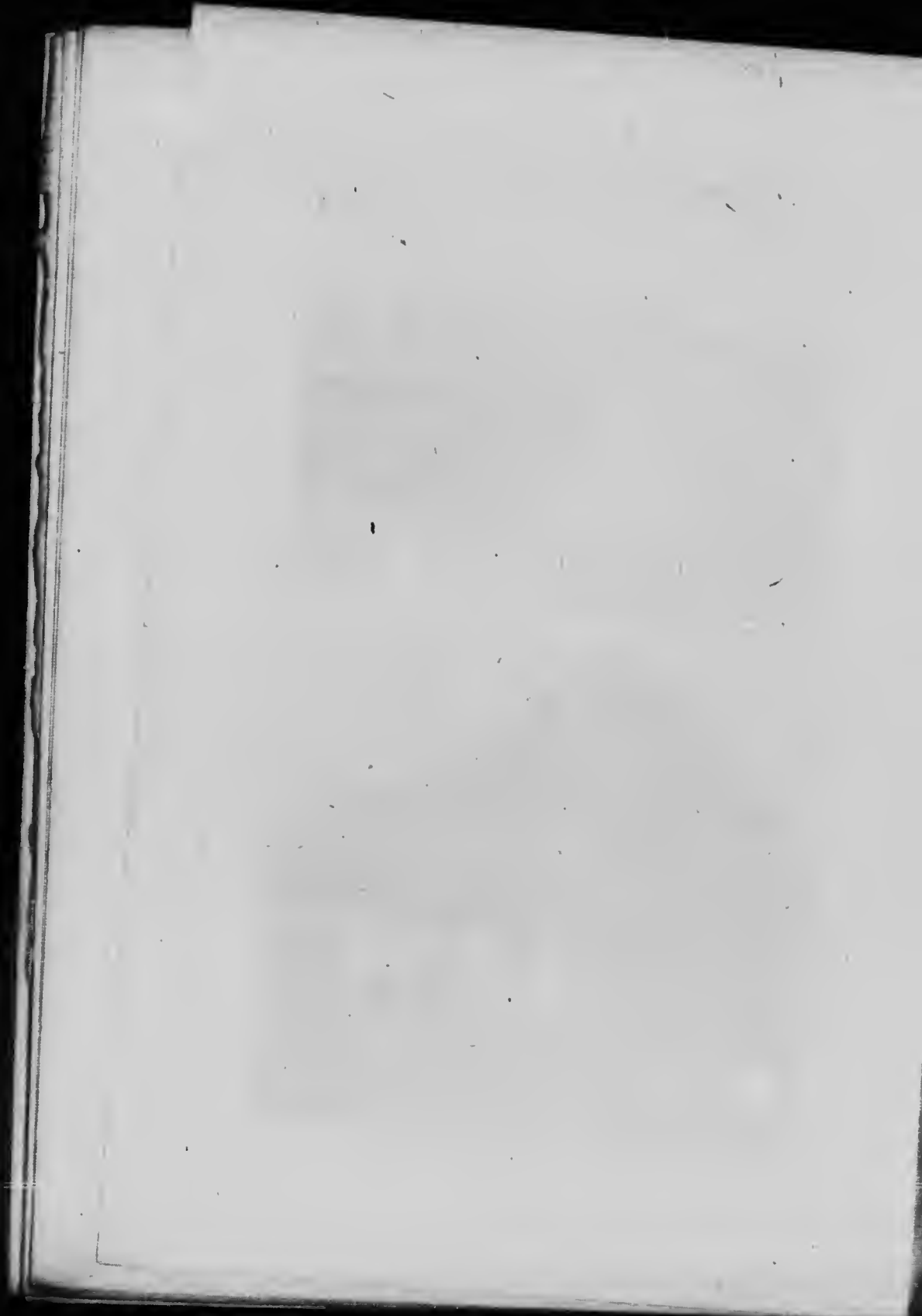
WHEN it was learned that we could not go to Canton, owing to the rebellious state of the Chinese in that city, many of our passengers immediately set to work to have our itinerary changed, so that the time that would have been spent in going up river into the interior of China would be passed in Manila. This was natural, as the large proportion of those on board were Americans, and they all had an intense desire to see the place that had been in the limelight of American politics, and the subject of much discussion and publicity for the past few years.

There were also quite a few who had brothers, relatives, or friends attached to the garrison of the new addition to the American Republic, which influenced our captain to announce that we would remain at Manila an extra day.

Our crossing from Hong Kong was a delightful sail of two days, while our reception on arriving in the latter port was no less hospitable than at many of the other places where we had stopped. In fact, it was probably greater, and more lively, as

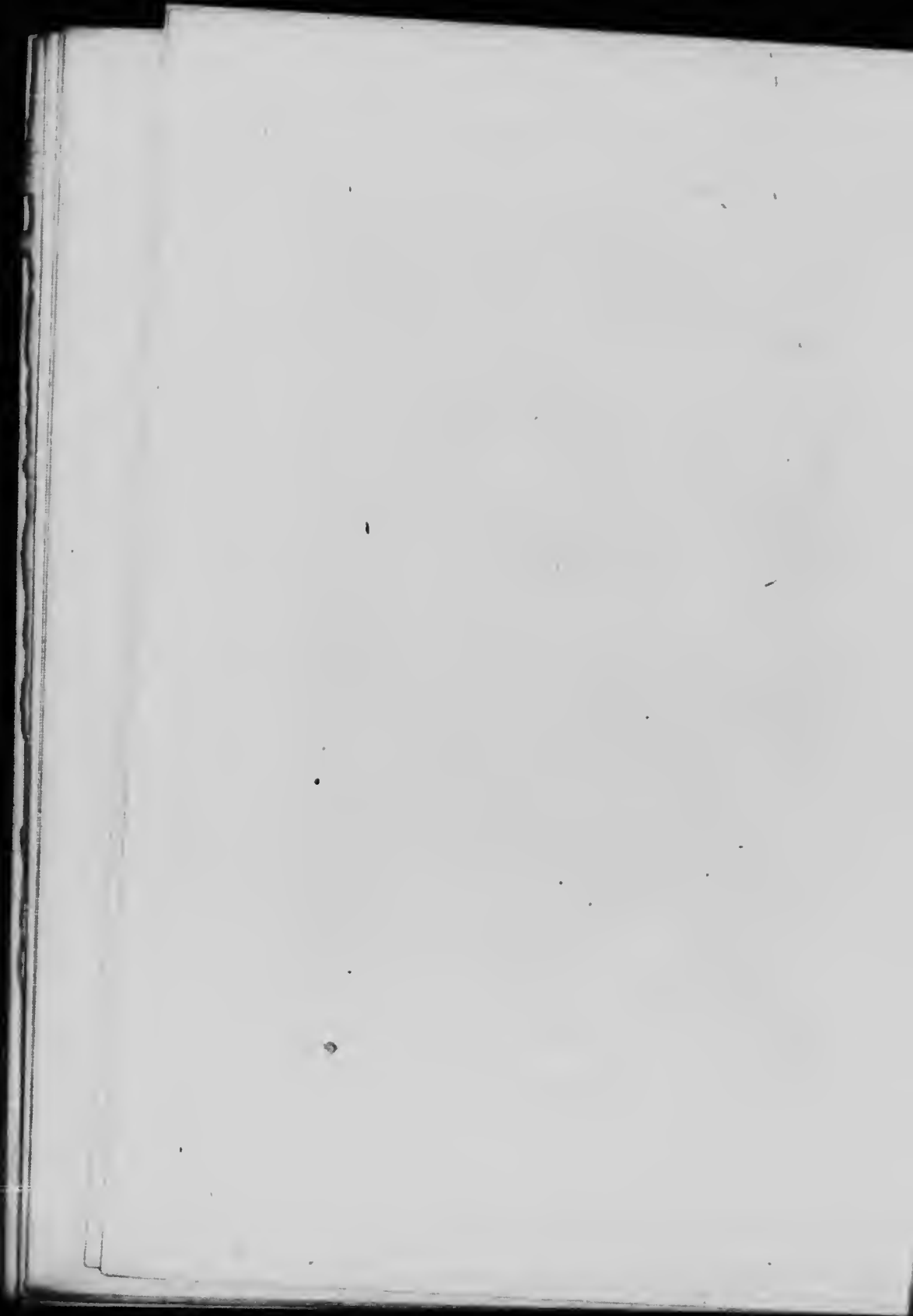


(1) BANANA PLANTATION, PHILLIPINE ISLANDS.
(2) PHILLIPINE ISLANDS, NATIVE HUT.





SAN DOMINGO CHURCH, MANILLA.



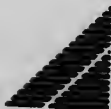
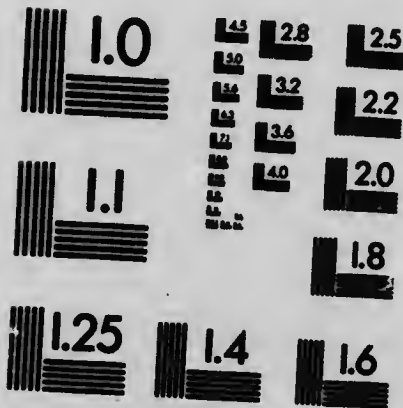


A PHILIPPINO FAMILY, MANILLA.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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(1) PHILLIPINO HUTS, MANILLA.
(2) A CLOSER VIEW.

many of the officers and men of the regiment stationed there, were on the dock to welcome us in true Western style. After visiting several foreign ports, it seemed strange to find the dock hands looking exactly like those in New York Harbor, and this is characteristic of the Philippines. While England only attempts to control law, order and national trade, in her colonies, allowing the natives to take care of their local business and municipal organizations, the Americans are adopting a different system in the Philippines. They are endeavoring to Americanize the natives and the place American habits and customs. All the leading stores in Manila are owned and controlled by Americans. Those in Malta, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Rangoon and other English dependencies are principally run by natives, Syrians or Hindus, but seldom Englishmen.

This is probably why the Americans had so much trouble with these islands, but they are certainly doing good work in their prison administration. Here they teach the natives a trade, and how to speak and write English. The results are said to be wonderful, and in a few years the criminal class of to-day may be occupying the best positions and controlling the affairs of the islands. It has been said by one of the prison officials, that seldom do they ever see a native prisoner the second time.

Bilibid prison, of which we speak, has an average attendance of about three thousand

inmates, and may be said to be the greatest educational establishment in the Islands. They have their own band, and each afternoon and morning have to go through a regular course of calisthenics with music, which makes the occupation a very pleasant and healthful one.

Manila is to-day a mixture of Spanish and American architecture, though the old part of the city, with its huge cathedrals, narrow streets, and iron barred windows, will for some time to come, remain Spanish. But outside the walls of the old town, some very fine American buildings are erected, including hotels, clubs and private residences.

About seven miles away is Fort McKinley, said to be one of the largest army posts in the world.

The Philippinos are an easy-going race, very fond of cock fighting and betting. Sometimes as much as two and three thousand dollars will change hands at one of these fights. The women wear very large sleeves and collars to their dresses, which are made of bright-colored home-made cloth.

The Americans are carrying on a scientific war upon disease in the Philippines, and the sanitary conditions of the city, and the whole island have been greatly improved in consequence.



COCK FIGHTING, MANILLA.



CHAPTER VII

JAVA.

BETWEEN Manila and Java, a four days' sail, we passed the equator. This was a novel experience for most of us, and proved to be anything but what we expected, as far as weather was concerned. We had been looking forward to a scorching time, one of the hottest of our cruise, but we received a very agreeable disappointment. We crossed the line about nine o'clock in the evening, on a most delightfully dry, breezy night, cool as a summer evening at home. A Herald, fantastically dressed, from the court of Poseidon, or Neptune, came on board in a flash of Bengal colored lights, and led by the sailors' "impromptu" band, passed up to the promenade deck, and made the proclamation that Poseidon and his court would come on board on the following day at 2 p.m. to perform the baptismal rites, and register those on board, who were making their initial crossing of the equator. This event was keenly anticipated, and at the appointed hour next day, the after deck was crowded with passengers and members of the crew, occupying several points of vantage, whether on a cabin stool, railing, life buoy or spar. On

the deck was a large improvised swimming pool, rigged up with a large canvas sheet tied upwards at the ends. Nearby on a dais, specially decorated with flags, chairs and tables sat the captain and officers, in a half circle. The first arrival was a tramp fisherman with pole and line. He sat at the side of the pool and started to fish, affording the spectators some amusement in his attempt to pull out his prize, and ending the struggle by falling into the water. The band was then heard in the distance, and in a few minutes later Father Neptune and his royal court, a most grotesquely dressed retinue, all equipped with the necessary looks and implements of torture for the victims of the baptismal ceremony made their appearance. A number of Nubian slaves followed, who on reaching the water, plunged into it, and frolicked about, like a number of ducks who had not seen any water for a long time.

Poseideon saluted the captain and officers, and made them an informal address of welcome into the regions south of the equatorial division, concluding his oration by decorating each officer present. Then the ceremony properly began. The first candidate and there were a great many, was lathered with soap in no gentle manner, with the aid of a whitewash brush, then the royal barber, with a huge razor with a blade about two feet long, removes the lather and administers a few squirts from a soda water bottle, and as the candidate receives his new sea name, he

is tumbled backward into the pool, clothes and all. Here he is caught by the Nubian slaves, and several times submerged beneath the surface, sometimes for a longer period than is pleasant, all in accordance to his station and proportion of weight. He is then handed over the side of the pool to another group of attendants on the outside, who force him into a canvas tube, through which he has to crawl or wriggle the best way he can, a stream of water playing on him all the while, from the time he enters until he makes his exit at the other end. There is no end of laughter produced by this performance of the various candidates who included a representative of every department of the ship, as well as some of the passengers. Several ladies were baptized but escaped the water plunge. When the fun was at its height, notwithstanding that the sea was calm and the sky overhead as bright as azure, with the equatorial sun pouring its rays down upon us, there was a sudden deluge of water from a number of concealed hose nozzles on the deck and in the rigging, and few of the assemblage escaped a thorough soaking, which brought the show to an end.

That evening everyone was presented with their baptismal certificates, lithographed in colors, which read as follows:

BAPTISM

"We, Poseidon, the only Son of Chronos,

PRINCE TRIDENT

lawful ruler of the violet-blue high seas,
 earth-girdler and earth-shaker, have most
 graciously permitted the earth-born.....
on board of our friendly yacht
 to pass carefully over our equator.

This, our sea-law, declared equator-christen-
 ing, is appropriately and satisfactorily done.

The christened child bears in this region,
 according to custom, the sea name of.....
 which he (or she) must
 bear from now on in joy and sea-sorrow in our
 realm.

POSEIDON.

This baptismal function in crossing the
 equator, originated among the Scandinavian
 sailors as a sport, in crossing the Arctic circle,
 and it was considered an honorable distinction
 of having sailed into dangerous seas. When
 these sailors ventured southward and crossed
 the equator, they brought the baptismal
 custom with them, and sailors of other
 nations have adopted it.

Around the equator, many of our party
 slept in cots on the decks, a most enjoyable
 way of having a cool sleep, and permitting a
 study of the constellations.

The Southern and the false crosses were
 soon pointed out by the amateur astronomers.

These are only visible in the Eastern sky. At the equator the days and nights are of the same duration and the sunsets beautiful, while the earth travels more rapidly, and the sun looked more fiery than we had ever seen it. Our shadows about noon barely extended six inches from our bodies, and exactly at noon, there was no shadow at all, as the sun was straight up above us.

About four miles south of the equator, we arrived at the port of Tandjong, a few miles distant from Batavia, the capital city of Java, the island beautiful. This was the most southern point in our cruise.

"Tropical outfit and umbrella," were the instruction for shore. Umbrellas were ordered because it was the rainy season, and though the sun was out in full force, without a cloud in the heavens we were informed that it would rain a downpour between two and three p.m., which it did.

Java is one of the most important islands in the tropics. It is over six hundred miles in length, and from 46 to 121 miles in breadth, with an area of 48,503 square miles, controlled and possessed by the Dutch for several centuries. Though Holland has only about 12,000,000 population, it administers the trade and affairs of 40,000,000 Javanese, including those of other nationalities, who have emigrated to Java, to take advantage of the riches which Nature has bestowed upon it. For Java is one of the richest and most populous islands in the world, unsurpassed

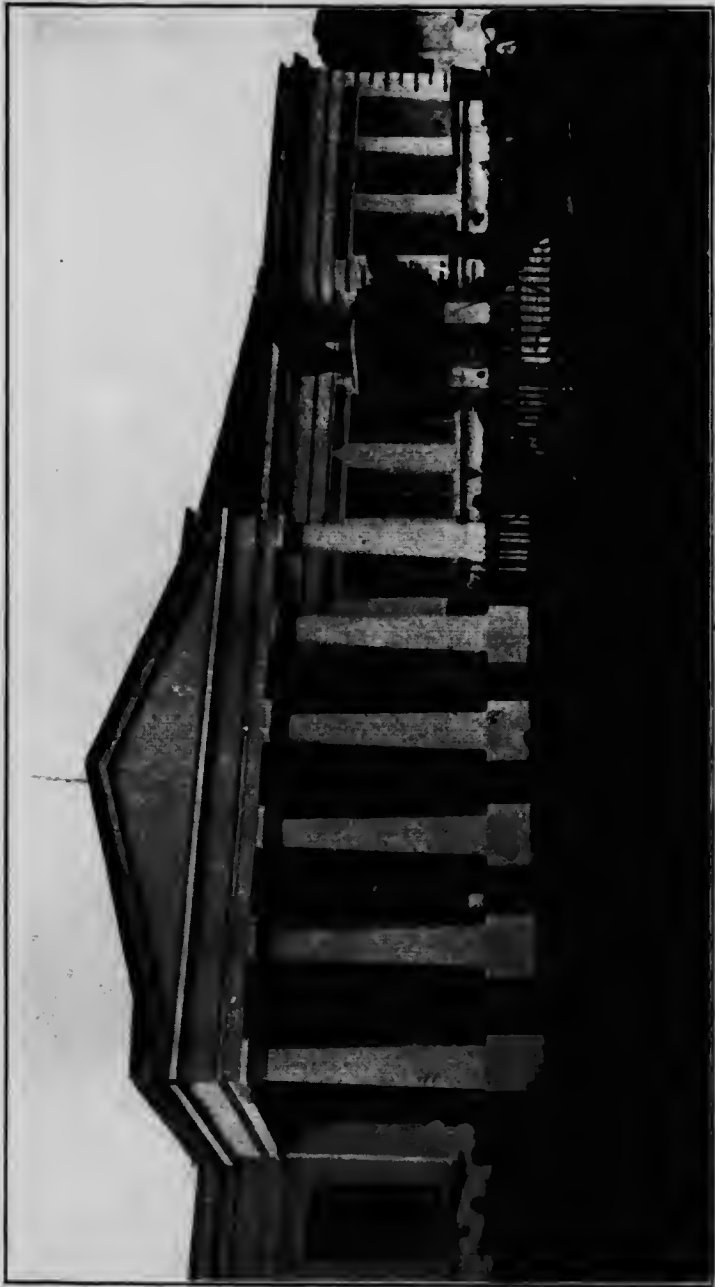
in fertility and beauty of scenery. It is also wonderfully interesting archeologically.

It is very mountainous, and can boast of some fifty volcanic peaks, many of them still in activity, and ranging from 2,000 to 12,000 feet in height. These mountains have destroyed many thousands of lives in the past, and within recent times have belched forth with great devastation. In 1686 Mount Ringghit destroyed 10,000 souls.

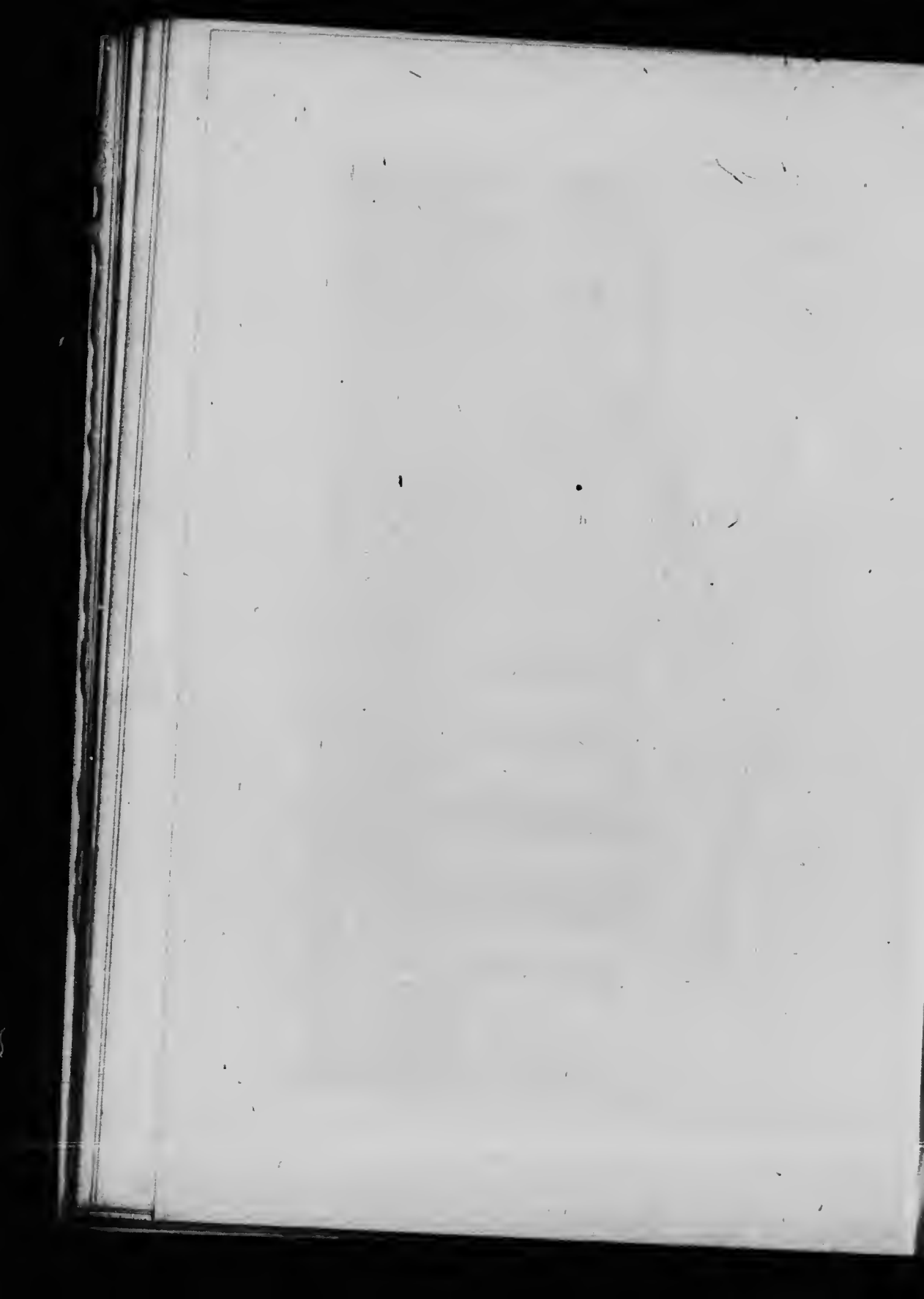
Its soil is deep, black, and so rich, that it produces almost every vegetable known in the United Kingdom, absolutely without a parallel anywhere in the world. Among its products are rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, tea, coffee, tobacco, fruits, rubber, camphor, etc. Camphor, mahogany, teak, sandal-wood and a variety of forest trees grow in profusion, also miscellaneous palms and immense variety of scrub wood. Almost every named European flower grows on the loftier heights.

Its fauna is as diversified as its flowers, fruits or vegetables, and sportsmen may hunt the tiger, leopard, rhinoceros, wild sheep, deer, wild boar, jackal, crocodiles, etc. The latter are found twenty to thirty feet long. Domestic animals are principally the pony and water buffalo for draught and driving purposes, but they are of a smaller size than those of any other place we visited.

There are, as in the waters surrounding most of the islands in the Pacific, and especially in the tropics, a great variety of



GOVERNMENT MUSEUM, BATAVIA, JAVA.



fish. Those of Java number six hundred species.

Our ship was too large to enter the fine harbor or breakwater, of Tandjong, so we anchored outside, and went ashore in one of the coasting steamers of the Koninglijke Paketraart, Mantschappij Steamship Company, where we found fine docks, excellent freight sheds, and a busy shipping scene. We saw the Javanese for the first time, on their own soil, though a large percentage of those whom we thought were Javanese, were Malays, but they were all of a dark brown skin and but lightly clad, with a pair of short blue colored pants, about the size of bathing tights, or a loin cloth. The group that we saw were evidently the long-shoremen of Tandjong, or coolies employed in the huge custom house building.

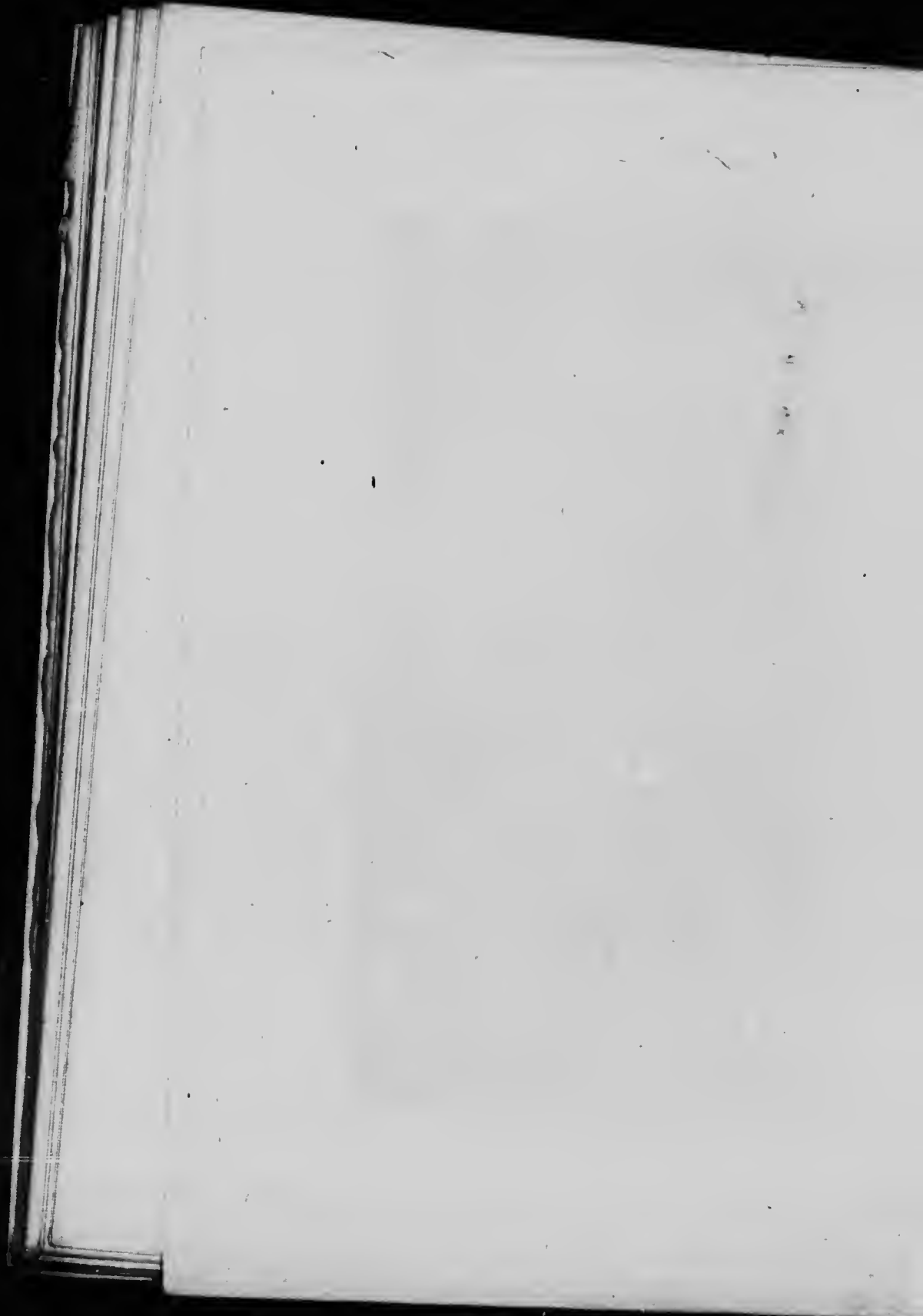
Our special train conveyed us over nine miles, through the low lands surrounding the port, in which no white man can exist, but which was peopled with natives and their naked children. The weather was perfect, the sun not too hot, and everyone enjoyed the view from the car windows. It was more tropical than anything we had seen. The palms and cocoanut trees grew to an enormous height, while the smaller palms and the underbrush were so thick and varied, that the lightly constructed huts of the natives but a few feet away from the track, were barely visible. The verdure was of a fresh green, and made a pretty picture.

Instead of going back to Batavia, our train carried us to Buitenzorg, a fashionable summer and health resort, where the Governor-General spends a good deal of his time during the hot months, its elevation being about 900 feet above that of the capital city, some thirty miles away. First we saw a goodly portion of Batavia passing through one of its residential suburbs. Here we found comfortable-looking houses, built somewhat after old Colonial architecture, with pillar colonades and embowered in palms and cocoanut trees, with deep long gardens in the rear. Almost every home had a covered-in living room or porch, which we noticed was occupied by the women in the day time, and the men in the evening. The latter, after a day's work, if there is no foreign company around, generally take a bath and lounge around in their pyjamas in these open places, reading the evening papers, or smoking until the sun retires and the air cools off. We passed rice fields, in one of which, not larger than about three acres, we saw over two hundred workers, evidently planting the roots, which is a very laborious occupation.

At every station, we saw quantities of fruit, but a timely warning was given us to postpone sampling them until later on, which we then did with great relish, particularly the mangosteen and pumelos. The fruits are not dangerous to eat, but owing to the fact that cholera, the



BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUITENZORG, JAVA.



bubonic plague and smallpox are always lurking in these tropical countries, disease may be contracted by handling the outside skins, and it is rather remarkable, though in keeping with Nature's beneficent purposes, that in all these places where the insects and reptiles are of such large proportions, the skins of most fruits, including those mentioned, grow a very hard thick covering, in order to preserve them from total destruction. The banana is very diminutive, though the cocoanuts are twice the size of those we generally eat in America.

The villages we passed were typical Javanese with thatched huts, some on tiles and others on the ground, around which swarmed women, children and babes, the latter carried on the hips of their mothers, who had a large handkerchief around their shoulders, hammock-like to remove the weight from the arm. As in Japan, the older children carry their little brothers and sisters in this manner, one might imagine that the habit would produce curvature of their bodies, but we could see no trace of anything of the kind.

We passed a very progressive looking village, with a fine church and school building, and a general air of prosperity among its people. We were told that this was a Christian village. If so, it is a living example of what Christianity can do in both colonization and agriculture, for the farms all around were much more prosperous looking than any others we saw.

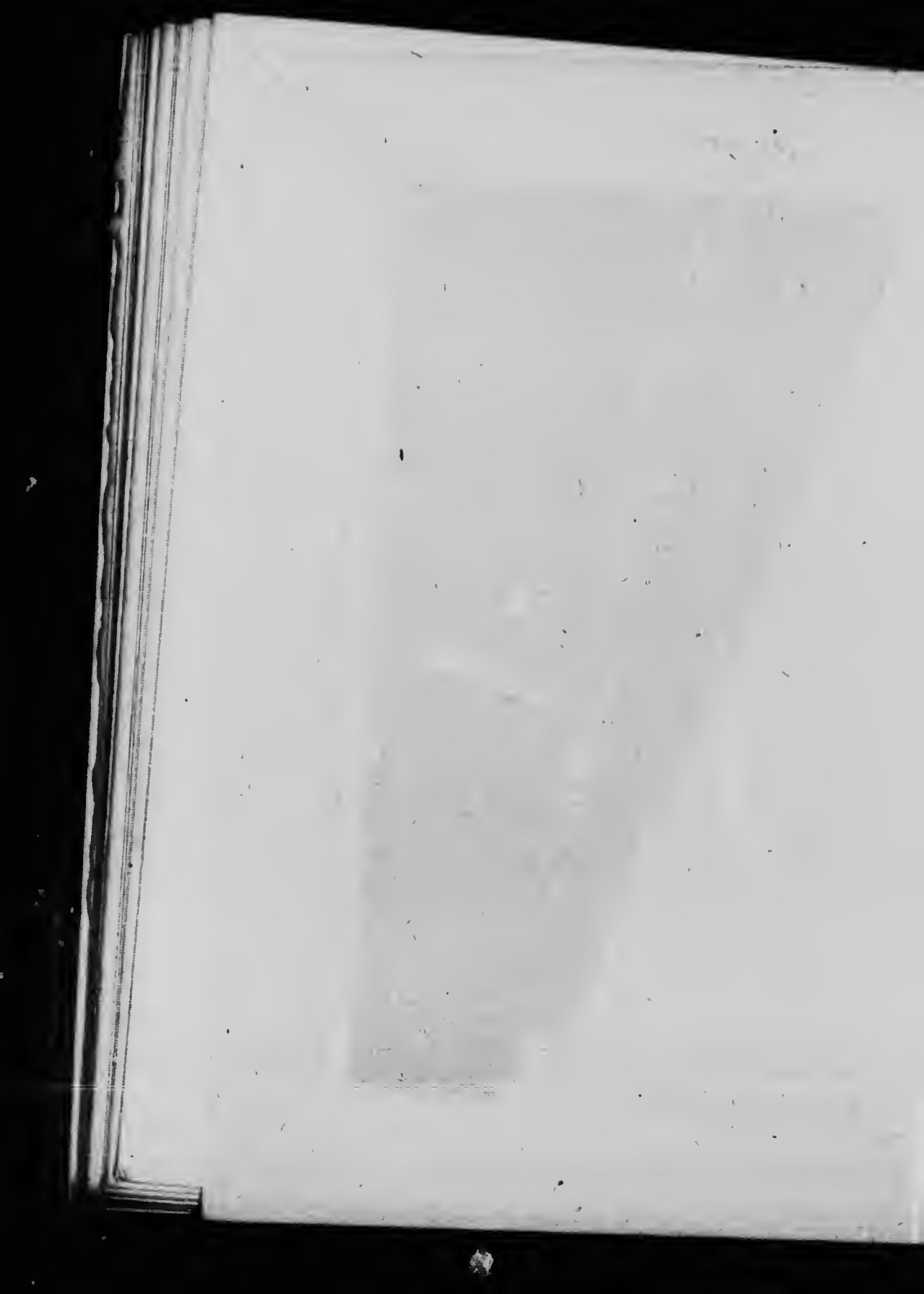
BUITENZORG, JAVA'S SUMMER RESORT.

At Buitenzorg we drove in dos-a-dos through the city, to the botanical gardens. These peculiar and odd-shaped cabs are like Irish jaunting cars, but with the difference that the seats face both back and front, instead of lengthwise. It is immaterial whether you sit in front or behind, though it makes a big difference if your *avoirdupois* is excessive, for the ponies are not much larger than the Shetland breed, and if you choose the rear seat, you may lift the little horse into the air, and this he resents with all four legs flying out in every direction. If you get in front, the driver stands behind. They are not as comfortable as the Japanese ricksha.

We drove through the main street of the city, which was bordered by a number of fine residences and stores, and then through an avenue of tall palms to the entrance of the world-renowned gardens, containing over 10,000 trees and plants. They certainly justify all that we had heard about them, but the task of studying them, with the rapid approach of evening, was too much to undertake during our short visit. So we simply followed the guide, one of the swiftest men we met in the whole of our travels, through pretty walks and stairways, with lily and lotus palms along the brooks and in the ravines, and stored up in our minds a bird's eye view of a most beautiful spot, enriched by a



WHERE WE LUNCHEDED AT BUITENZORG, JAVA, AND WHERE THE WAITERS KEPT THE CHANGE.



marvellous storehouse of Nature's tropical growth.

No doubt, to-day, the Dutch are proud of this valuable addition to the attractions of Java, and the opportunity for scientific study which it affords, but, as in the case of many other such undertakings, it required the patience and energy of a stranger, to impress Holland with the great advantages of such a garden, and it was to this outsider that is due the credit of laying out the grounds as they are found to-day.

The town of Buitenzorg can also boast of a very good museum, laboratory, convent, and a magnificent Gothic Church. The merchants here, as in Batavia, and almost all the other cities and towns we visited in our cruise, are principally Chinese and East Indians.

There are several hotels at Buitenzorg, but they are Dutch, and we found it difficult to obtain a meagre luncheon in the principal hotel, which had a very fine appearance inside as well as outside. The proprietor did the best he could to give us a European meal, but it was a failure, though no one made complaint, for the view obtained from the covered-in booth in which it was served, was sufficient to make up for any deficiency of food. It looked out upon a valley, through which flowed a river, along whose banks, under the shelter of towering palms, were the native houses, with their inhabitants, old and young, enjoying and refreshing themselves

in the cooling current of the stream. Beyond the land rose into hills, then mountains, and among them a very high peak enveloped in clouds, around which rumbled thunder.

Bathing was an easy matter for the natives, for while the children ran about in nature's garb, the men and women mostly wore the sarong, the typical dress of the Javanese. This consists of a piece of cloth, apparently a cheap cotton about two yards long and one deep. This they fold around their bodies from the hips down, tying it, with two corners. They change their dress in a few seconds, without entirely disrobing themselves.

In the square in front of our hotel, we were treated to a typical native dance, known as the Snake Dance. It is performed by four or five young girls, who wear grotesque masks, and to weird music, they go through most graceful movements, depicting, so we were told, a drama in the life of the snake and cobra, with which the island is well supplied. The head, arms, legs and body, all work individually. When the right arm is performing the most graceful curves, twists and turns, slowly but artistically, the body, head and remaining limbs are rigid. If two or more were dancing, they all made the same movements, so that one could see that the dance was not easy to acquire, and this little party kept up a series of different dances, for several hours. Whether they were all part of the big drama they were portraying or not, we did not question.

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SNAKE DANCE BUITENZORG, JAVA.

We know that Colonel Henry Savage, the well-known American playwright and impressario, sat for quite a length of time, intent and interested, gazing upon the little dancers.

The surprise of the day, however, came after lunch, when we sauntered into the main dining room, and asked for a cup of coffee. An island which produces over 60,000,000 pounds of coffee should certainly be able to serve a delicious cup. The proprietor, who spoke excellent English, followed us into the dining room, and to him we made our request.

"We want one of your very best cups of coffee," we asked the polite gentleman, to which remark he bowed his humble acknowledgment of the honor bestowed upon him, and immediately issued an order to one of the waiters, the latter assenting obediently, by going to a sideboard, producing a half empty bottle, pouring out some black fluid, filling a cup with luke warm water, and bringing it to us. It was the worst cup of coffee we ever had in our lives, and not one in a million could have told what it was, if we had not seen its process of manufacture, and knew that we had been served with a cup of concentrated coffee, which had lost its flavor with age.

BATAVIA AND WELTEVREDEN.

The next day we visited Batavia and Weltevreden, the old and new parts of Batavia proper. Weltevreden is situated at a slight elevation, beautifully laid out with wide streets, handsome residences, avenues lined with tall cocoanut and palm trees, electric street railway, and all modern conveniences. This is the European section, while across the wide canal built by the Dutch, are the old thatched hovels, narrow streets and poor looking houses of the working classes, also the bazaars conducted by East Indians and Chinamen. Here, the tailor from China, as in some of the principal places in Japan, and Manila, seem to dress the people. We had two excellent suits made to order here, very well finished with high military collar, and as many pockets as we desired for the large sum of four dollars for the two.

The Chinaman is a clever business man. In every store we visited, they all understood English sufficiently well to be able to serve us. It is necessary to know Dutch, Malay and Javanese, as these nationalities are in the great majority, so that the Chinaman must be a good linguist to carry on his trade. He is also a wonderful calculator, and never did we find them wrong in change or additions, though we frequently paid them in American gold or English sovereigns,



(1) CHINESE TAILORING SHOP IN DUTCH BATAVIA.
(2) MAIN STREET IN THE OLD CITY OF BATAVIA, JAVA.

which must have made it difficult for any but an expert to handle correctly.

We visited the museum, a stately building with a bronze elephant on a pedestal in the front. which was presented to Batavia by the King of Siam. The exhibits consisted of every description of early life of the Javanese, with a very interesting collection of marble relics, while the fish and snake exhibition was varied.

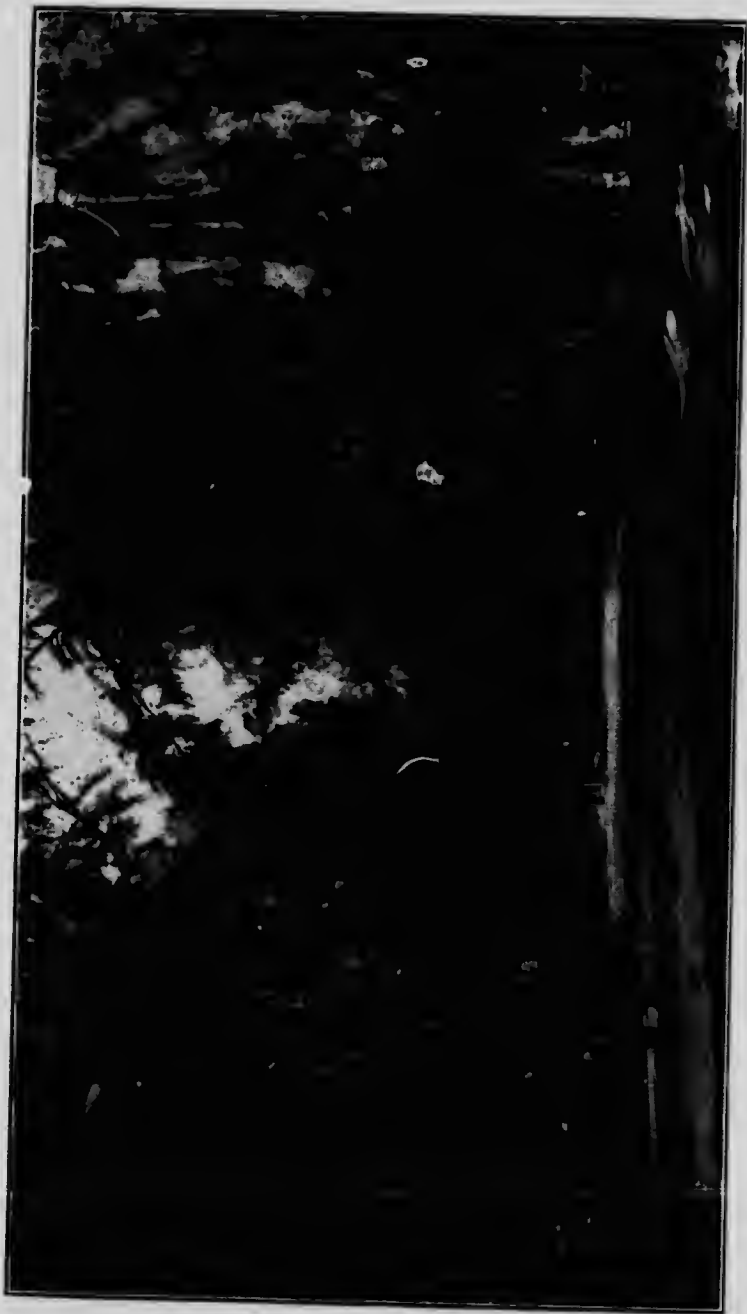
After driving through the principal streets of the town, we approached the public gardens and as we entered through the arched gateway, we heard the strains of music. The air was the Washington Post March, and this during the noon hour on a hot day, a half hundred miles below the equator. Passing around the pathways, we came to an open space, a sort of recreation ground, in the centre of which was a magnificent large pavillion, with tables set for 250 people, while on a raised stand was Batavia's favorite band, performing a programme of American airs during lunch. We were served with an excellent repast, with an opportunity to eat some of the luscious sweet fruits of the island, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. More driving in the afternoon, and tea at the Netherland Hotel, completed a pleasant visit to one of the possessions of the Dutch East Indies.

We were glad to see this island, as it gave us an opportunity of judging the colonization methods of three nations, the English, the Americans and the Dutch; the former being

undoubtedly the most successful of the three. They are strict in certain laws of sanitation, living and good order, but allow the natives of their colonies the choice of habits and customs of living in all other respects. The United States go much further and enforce upon the natives a more rigid observance of American laws. We could see a rapid development in Manila, and there is no doubt that in time, it will be very much Americanized, even to the learning of the English language, but in Hong Kong or Java, no great effort is made to compel the natives to speak anything but their own language.

Though we were amazed at the luxuriant vegetation to be seen everywhere in Java, we were astounded at the export figures which we read in one of the Government books, which were something as follows: Sugar, 1,110,469 tons; tobacco, 59,284,000 pounds; tea, 23,649,000 pounds; pepper, 18,840,272 pounds; 102,436,000 buffalo; 2,654,000 oxen and cows, and 418,000 horses.

When the Dutch came into possession of the island, they purchased the rights to collect or tax the inhabitants as they had been taxed in the past, which was much after the French Canadian tithe law in the Province of Quebec. They had the right to demand a portion of everything that was grown or produced, but this they have allowed to lapse, and only impose a tax on tobacco and one or two other minor products, which gives them quite a handsome revenue with which



CEDAR AVENUE, BATAVIA, JAVA.

to conduct the administration of the island, including the upkeep of an army of only 5,000 soldiers to control some 40,000,000 people.

Two weeks before we arrived, some of the Chinese in a neighboring city, about 80,000, became riotous, and endeavored to stir up the natives into a state of revolution, similar to what was going on in their own country, but the small foreign population turned out "en masse," armed, and within a few hours three hundred Chinks went into the shadow of the hereafter, with some seven Europeans, and the revolution was ended. The Chinaman sometimes breaks out into an excited condition without knowing what it is all about. At present, few of them know how to handle firearms, but they are learning fast, and things will be different when they do.

The Dutch have not done for Java what the English have done for Singapore or Hong Kong, in the way of building up their cities, nor will it compare with Manila, in a few years, at the rapid rate at which the Americans are now doing things.

Notice of arrival or departure from the island has to be given to the Government. The latter is only granted if, on investigation, one's debts are found to have been paid. There are about 76,000 Europeans and Urasians on the island; 53,700 Chinese; 275,000 Arabs; and 34,000,000 natives.

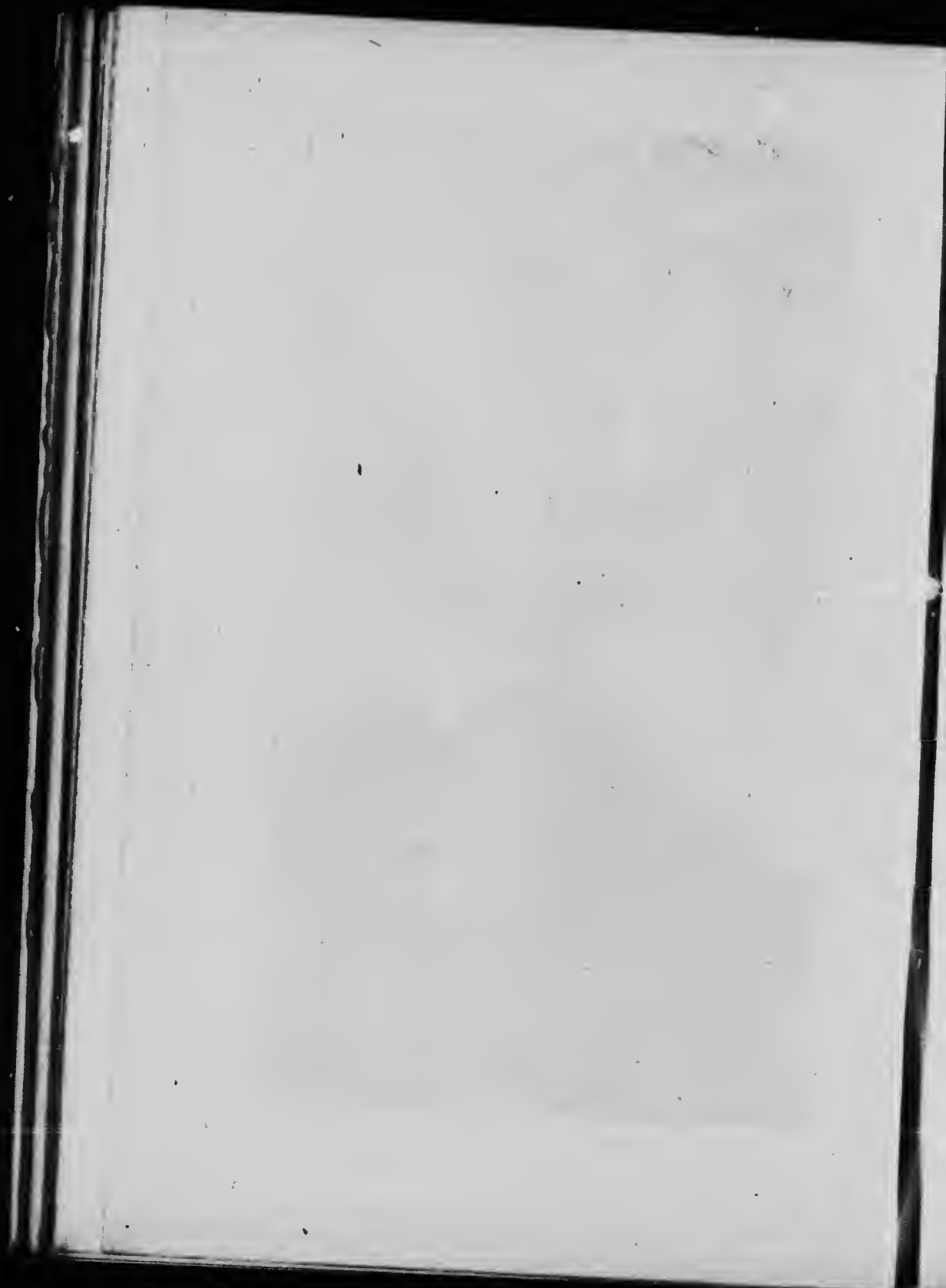
We met a young Dutchman who was interested in the export trade of the island,

and remarked that it should lend itself to excellent opportunities of making money. "Yes," he replied, "it does, but it is very expensive to keep up a staff of clerks. A junior draws about \$80.00 per month, which is about the same as double this amount at home. We thought this was rather high, and until he added that they must know how to read and write five languages, then we changed our minds, and thought the other way.

We entered the living apartments of a Chinese tailor, in the rear of his store, and found the whole family engaged in sewing garments. His wife was very handsome, as well as his children, and the furnishing of the house was very modern looking, he possessed a very fine grandfather's clock, gramophone and electric fan, of which he seemed very proud. We saw that one of the girls had been eating beatel nuts by the discoloration of her teeth, which were almost black. She noticed our interest and from a secret pocket produced a small piece of paper, in which was wrapped a few green leaves, a nut, some white substance like cream, and a little tobacco. She took a green leaf, spread a little of the white cream, then took a very small piece of beatel nut and enfolded the whole into a small compressed form, and offered it to us. We declined, and made her take it herself, which she did, with a satisfied smile. The tobacco was used to clean the teeth after a chew of the beatel nut. The



CANAL, BATAVIA, JAVA.



inhabitants chew the nut as Americans chew tobacco, spitting out the dark red juice, which often might be taken for blood. It is not as harmful as tobacco.

SINGAPORE

After two days' quiet sailing through the China Sea, crossing the equator for the second time, experiencing delightfully pleasant weather, with cool breezes and a calm sea, we steamed into the Straits of Malacca, and docked at Singapore. The harbor was filled with every conceivable kind of craft and foreign vessels, while the dock we moored at was the most modern of any we had seen.

Singapore is on the beaten track of all shipping passing from West to East, or vice-versa. They all stop here, and the port is so situated, that a ship has no turning to make in leaving port, as she can pass out in the opposite direction to that by which she came in. No wonder it is the eighth commercial port in the world, and the far-seeing shipping merchants and those in control of the harbor improvements have done well in spending over ten millions of dollars on its docks and shipping yards, to afford accommodation for every class of ship. It is also the naval base for the English squadron of Southern China.

Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlements, is on an island at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, south of China, and

only about seventy-nine miles north of the equator. Its close proximity to the equator, however, does not produce an unhealthy or unpleasant temperature, but on the contrary, one that is very even, and that rarely rises to 90 degrees or falls to 70 fahrenheit. Singapore has had a wonderful history, and a remarkable growth of population, commerce and wealth.

To Stamford Raffles, who was what we would call a self-made man, is due all credit for its birth and success. He was born at sea, the son of a captain, off the Island of Jamaica, in 1781. When fourteen years of age, after attending a boarding school in Hammersmith, he was placed as a clerk in the office of the East India Company in London, a company that much resembled our Hudson Bay Company in Canada. He had not much schooling, but started out to do some studying on his own account after his apprenticeship. In 1805 he was sent out to Penang, near Singapore, to one of the establishments of his company, and on his way out mastered the Malay language, and in his new field of labor, devoted his spare time to the study of the geography of the country, and the customs and history of the place. This work brought him under the observation of Lord Minto, who was sent to occupy Java against the French, and who took Raffles along as secretary, afterwards leaving him on the Island as Lieutenant-Governor, which post he held for five years,

administering the affairs of the islands most satisfactorily. After Waterloo, Java was generously returned to the Dutch, and Raffles sailed for England.

In 1817 he was appointed Governor of Bencoolen, on the Southwest coast of Sumatra, and while in this office, soon saw that British rights in the East needed a better position for their advance than the port of Sumatra. He selected Singapore for a base for trade and concentrated his efforts to convince England of the importance of his move. He met with all kinds of opposition, much of it due to jealousy from the other cities and ports already established, and even from the Government in England, but he kept right on and to-day Singapore has a population of about 150,000 people, two-thirds of whom are Chinese.

It is a beautiful city, with fine broad streets, handsome buildings and splendid sanitary arrangements. Its population is said to be like no other place in the world, except perhaps Cairo, or Constantinople. They come from all continents and corners of the globe, and their dress is very diversified in color and style, though the Chinese predominate in numbers. There are about 50,000 Japanese, and 30,000 Javanese. It is the distributing centre for all Malaya, and has some 9,000 vessels with a tonnage of six millions, passing through it each year, while over 200,000 Chinese immigrants arrive and depart in the same way. It has six miles of sea front, which is constantly crowded

with large and small craft, and was the first free port in the world. It was founded February 6th, 1819, the year Queen Victoria was born, and in writing home Raffles said: "Our object is not territory (which was generally the main object of all British expeditions in the East in those days) but trade—a great commercial emporium. By taking immediate possession, we put a negative to the Dutch claim of exclusion. . . . one free port in these seas must eventually destroy the spell of Dutch monopoly."

And so it did, as time passed on, and as we saw the possession to-day.

Poor Raffles, although he saw his port recognized and incorporated with the other British possessions, Penang and Malacca, died in 1826, after suffering many severe trials one of which was the loss of his entire collection of books, notes and valuable treasures, in the burning of his home. He and his wife barely escaped with their lives. His name, however, is not forgotten in Singapore, and in addition to a fine monument erected to his memory, many large buildings lend fame to his name, including one of the best hotels in the Settlements.

On landing we boarded a train, and rode out of the city, through rice fields and jungle, for a distance of fifteen miles, coming to the north end of the island, where we crossed a strait about a mile wide, and landed at Jahore, on the Malay Peninsula, a small dependency which the English bought some

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MOANALUA GARDEN, JAHORE.

years ago for a trifling sum, and a yearly allowance of about \$27,000 to the Sultan of Jahore, during his life. The dependency is very original, and no land can be purchased except by an Englishman so in time the resources of this land will be fully developed in the English interest.

Jahore was one of the quietest places we visited. It looked like Sunday with the people all at church, or engaged in the ricksha business, for there were some two hundred on hand to take us sight-seeing, though there was little to see. We rode through a broad street along the water front, passing a fine hotel, where we afterwards rested, up an incline to the Sultan's palace, which was undergoing repairs, and visitors were prohibited from visiting it. We were told that the Sultan at one time, allowed strangers to go through the entire palace, but one day, a member of a party of Americans mistook him for their chauffeur, and ever since he has not permitted this privilege.

The botanical gardens—and it seemed to us by this time that every city and town in the East had one—were very thickly and prettily laid out. The present Sultan, following the footsteps of his father, leads quite a gay life in Singapore, and in Frankfurt on the Rhine, where his predecessor, kept up a home, and where his lively entertainments are still the talk of the town. It is said that at dinner parties, he oftentimes presented the ladies with very valuable stones

as souvenirs, sometimes going as high as diamonds for his favorites.

Almost immediately in front of Raffles Hotel, facing the sea, is a fine large park, where a game of foot-ball was in progress, in which much interest was shown by the natives. It was a match between two local teams. There must have been fully five thousand spectators surrounding the grounds, and on every tree, telephone pole, and roof within view of the game. It really did us good to see such hearty interest in sports, though we were informed that the Chinese are great athletes, and that it is the intention of the St. Joseph College authorities to send teams to compete in the world's sports. The principal and other brothers of this institution have all come from the United States, and they say that they now have athletes, who will certainly surprise the Americans, if they ever enter a competition in this country.

We had a delightful drive through a large portion of the residential district to the botanical gardens, a drive that should never be missed when visiting Singapore. Charming residences are to be seen along this roadway, with beautiful foliage. The motor car and smart European equipages with one and two horses, and coachmen in livery, are to be seen mixing up with the ricksha men. Every few blocks is a drinking vendor, the bane of the ricksha fare. Once permit your coolie to stop at one of them for a drink

and the habit becomes a nuisance. Their trick is to extort money for a beverage, which costs very little, and pocket the change, never having any left to pay out at the next stop. We caught on to this in time to prevent the habit overwhelming our man, but on the way back, on account of it being very hot and the perspiration pouring off his bronzed back, we allowed him, with three others, to indulge in a drink, to see how it was made up. The drink vendor has a small stand, upon which are glasses, a few bottles and a chunk of ice. He takes the latter and runs it over a sharp knife, solidly planted in the top of the stand with blade upwards, and shaves off half a dozen thin shavings of ice. These are placed in a glass, into which he pours a little garlic, or syrup, as may be desired by the customer, and fills up with water. The draught is cool and relished. We gave our coolie sufficient money for the four drinks, but he only paid for his own, and pocketed the rest, to which we raised objection, and with the assistance of the other coolies, eventually compelled him to settle the whole bill.

The park contained the usual collection of tropical trees that we had seen in other places, with the addition of the "flaming or fire tree," which grows throughout the city, and is equally as pretty as the cherry tree in Japan. It was about the same size, and branches out like the elm or birch trees in America, and is literally covered with red

blossoms, which makes a complete canopy over the branches and trunk.

In the evening, a ball was given in our honor in Raffles Hotel, which was well attended by a large number of our cruisers, as well as town people. Dancing took place on the marble floor of the dining room, a spacious hall with balconies thirty to forty feet up, allowing an excellent ventilation, which was assisted by a number of large electric fans.

The next day, Sunday, favored us with superb weather. We remained out of doors all day, and a great part of the time we were in the sun, and never found it uncomfortably hot, which bears out the reputation of the place, as having temperate weather both summer and winter. We drove out to a beach by the seashore, and shall never forget the beautiful roadway which we followed after leaving the main thoroughfare, leading down to the beach, where there were several hotels and excellent bathing. We were hauled by a small Japanese. The avenue led through a cocoanut ranch, and the hotels were shaded by the same trees, laden with the juicy ripe fruit. There was absolute silence on the part of our rickshaw man as he trotted along this avenue, and fortunately for us, there were few obstacles on the way, so that we had it almost all to ourselves, and thoroughly enjoyed the softness of the air, and the quietude of the surroundings.

On the way home we endeavored to obtain



PICKING COCOANUTS.

some information relative to the time and a shorter way to return to the ship, but our ricksha man kept pointing in the direction of a narrow street, and we let him have his own way. After hauling us about a mile, he turned off the small road into a still smaller one, which led up an incline and brought us to a Chinese temple, the passageway of which was decorated with the most hideous and grotesque paintings, descriptive of the horrors of the hereafter for evil-doers. The gallery was extremely interesting, and well depicted the imagination of the Chinese artist. At the door of the temple we bought fire crackers, which we set off to keep away the evil spirits, and also paid the priest for several prayers, which were handed out to us much as if we were prize winners at a lottery drawing. The temple in itself was very beautiful and claimed many interesting idols. There was a large room with tables and chairs, in which on feast days, refreshments were served.

When we left we expected to return to the ship, but our ricksha man pointed still further away, and again we allowed him to guide us. This time we found ourselves in the grounds of a large Japanese hospital, where there were over a thousand patients, cared for in the most sanitary manner, and apparently without any attendants. The hospital was built upon an elevation, and consisted of about twelve separate buildings. Their construction consisted of a concrete

floor and roof, with no walls. The beds were nothing more than a board or two resting upon an iron frame. The patient could lie on the floor, under the bed, or on top of it, as he desired. During the hot weather, the concrete was found to be cooler than the boards. Around each building was a running stream of water. Most of the cases confined in these wards, with the exception of that for the white inmates, were for skin diseases, and it is needless to mention that we saw some horrible sights. We walked through all the buildings, without seeing an attendant, though we knew that some one occasionally visited the building by a table and chair which stood at the end of each ward. A fine large bath house, separated from each building, with other necessary conveniences, was connected with the ward buildings by a small walkway. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when we visited this hospital, and most of the patients were asleep. Our intrusion did not seem to arouse them to any great amount of curiosity. A great many of the patients were suffering from leprosy.

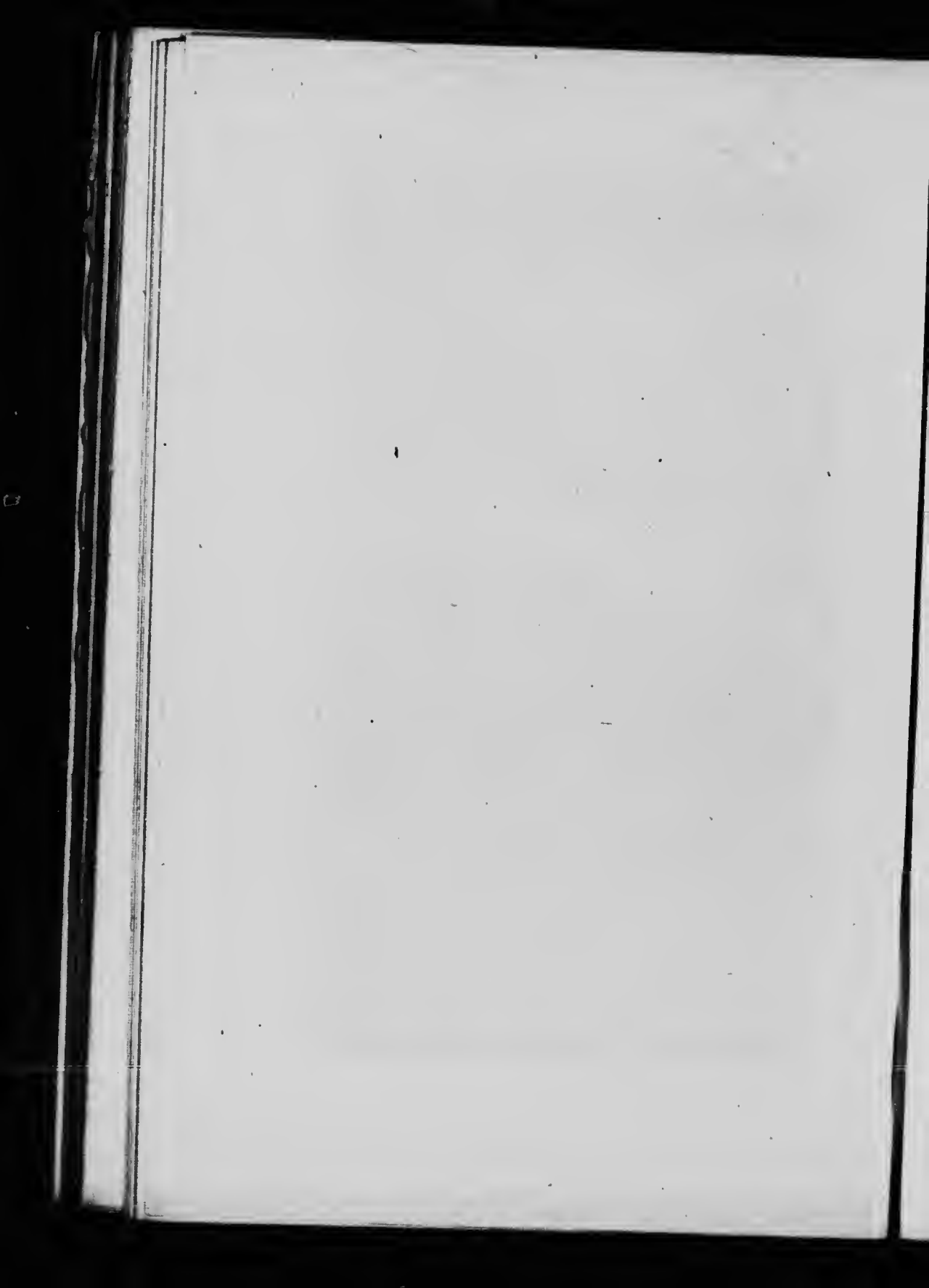
After we had visited the buildings, we entered the guard's or attendant's office, and found two very well educated Indians, who stated that their staff was very limited, as there was little to be done in the way of administering medicines. The cases were nearly all affectations of the skin, and only required dressings once or twice a day. The average of deaths was two to three per day.



A BURMESE BEAUTY.

SMOKING CHEROOTS, BURMA.

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This hospital was first established by the Hindus, one of whom subscribed a very large sum of money towards it. Laterly it has been taken over by the English Government, and it is now being conducted under its administration.

Before we left Singapore, the usual flotilla of small boats with youthful divers for coin surrounded us. Among them were a number of dugouts, about six feet long, with small boys as occupants, and in one or two a monkey for a companion. In diving for a coin, thrown into the water, by our passengers, they simply flopped over, generally upsetting the canoe. On their return, they tipped it back again, clambered in, and sitting in the middle with their feet baled the water out of the fore part of the canoe, and with their hands the rear end.

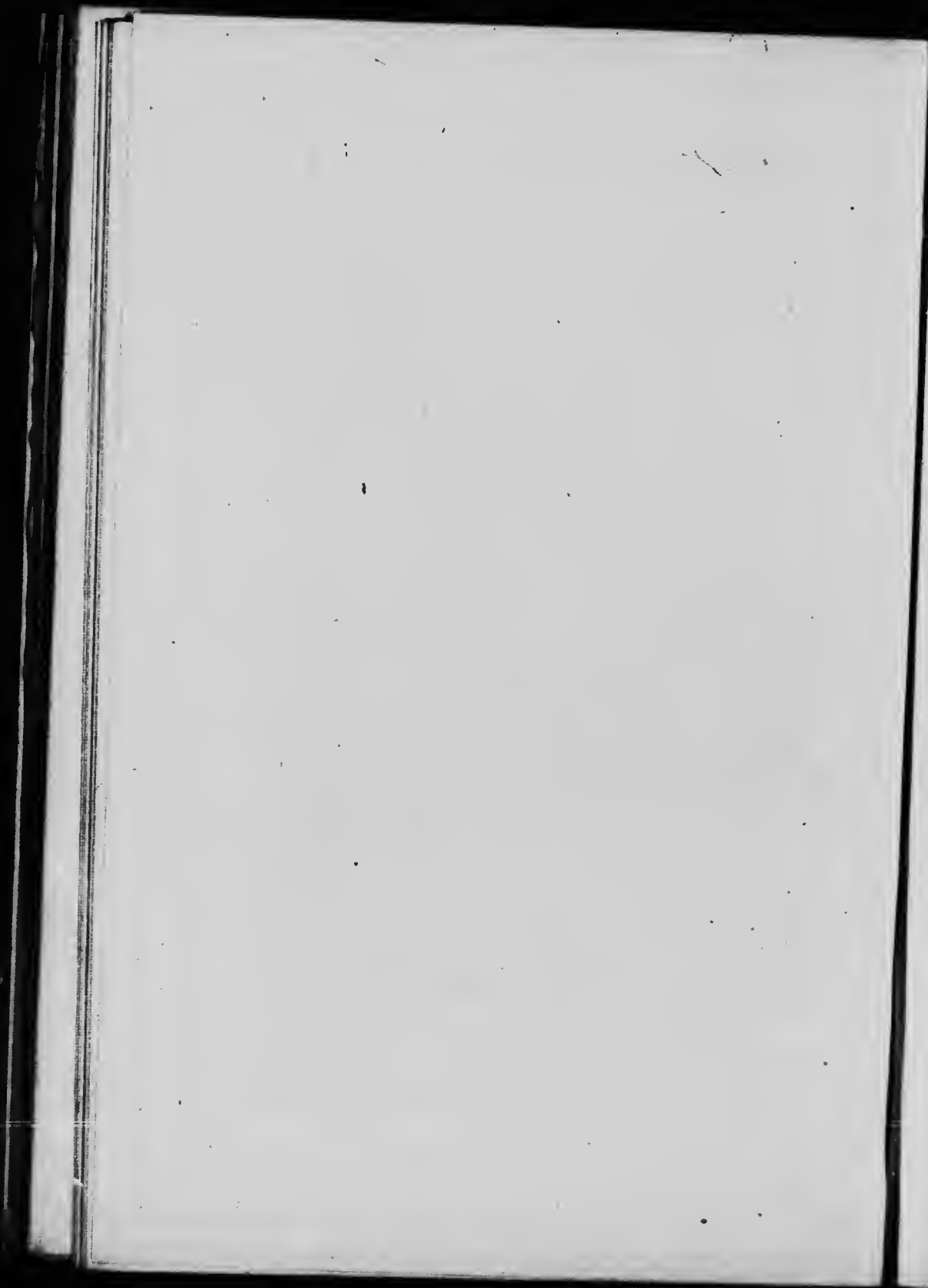
CHAPTER VIII

RANGOON, BURMAH

LEAVING Singapore at the extreme south end of the Malay peninsula, and sailing northward on the west side, through the bay of Bengal, we reached Burmah. For many hours before we were in sight of land, the water became brackish, turning a muddy brown, instead of the habitual deep sea blue, which we had been accustomed to. This was caused by the outflow of the Irawaddy and other large rivers of Burmah, which discharge their waters into the sea through many estuaries, for a distance of over fifty miles on the coast line, upon one of which the Rangoon River, Rangoon, a port city of 300,000 population, is situated. The river, like the Hugli and Ganges of India is dangerous for large vessels, owing to its shifting channel, and our ship had to anchor some four miles from the city proper, to which we were conveyed in small steamers, powerfully built to withstand a strong current. A few months previously, one of these boats had been capsized by the swift water, resulting in the drowning of six hundred passengers. We only heard this unpleasant piece of news on our departure; also that there were many smallpox cases, and twelve of bubonic plague,



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE, RANGOON.



existing in the city, principally among the natives. These two diseases appear to be lurking in all the Eastern countries, but there is little danger for the visitors, as the sanitary conditions and health laws of the European administrations are very severe and diligently observed. Some of the most wonderful charitable works carried on by the English and Americans, are those of the hospitals.

As we steamed up the Rangoon River, about half a mile wide, we had our first glimpse of the Burmese men, with long flowing hair, clean faces, and a loin cloth for apparel. These were of a miscellaneous group working around the docks and in the lumber yards inland from the shore. The women were few but those seen wore bright colored gowns; yellow, pink and red seeming to be the prevailing colors.

Between the wharves were fishermen, with boomerang nets and a huge basket on their heads. They waded into the river up to their necks, pushing the net ahead of them, which they frequently lifted out of the water to gather up the imprisoned fish, which were deposited in the basket on their heads.

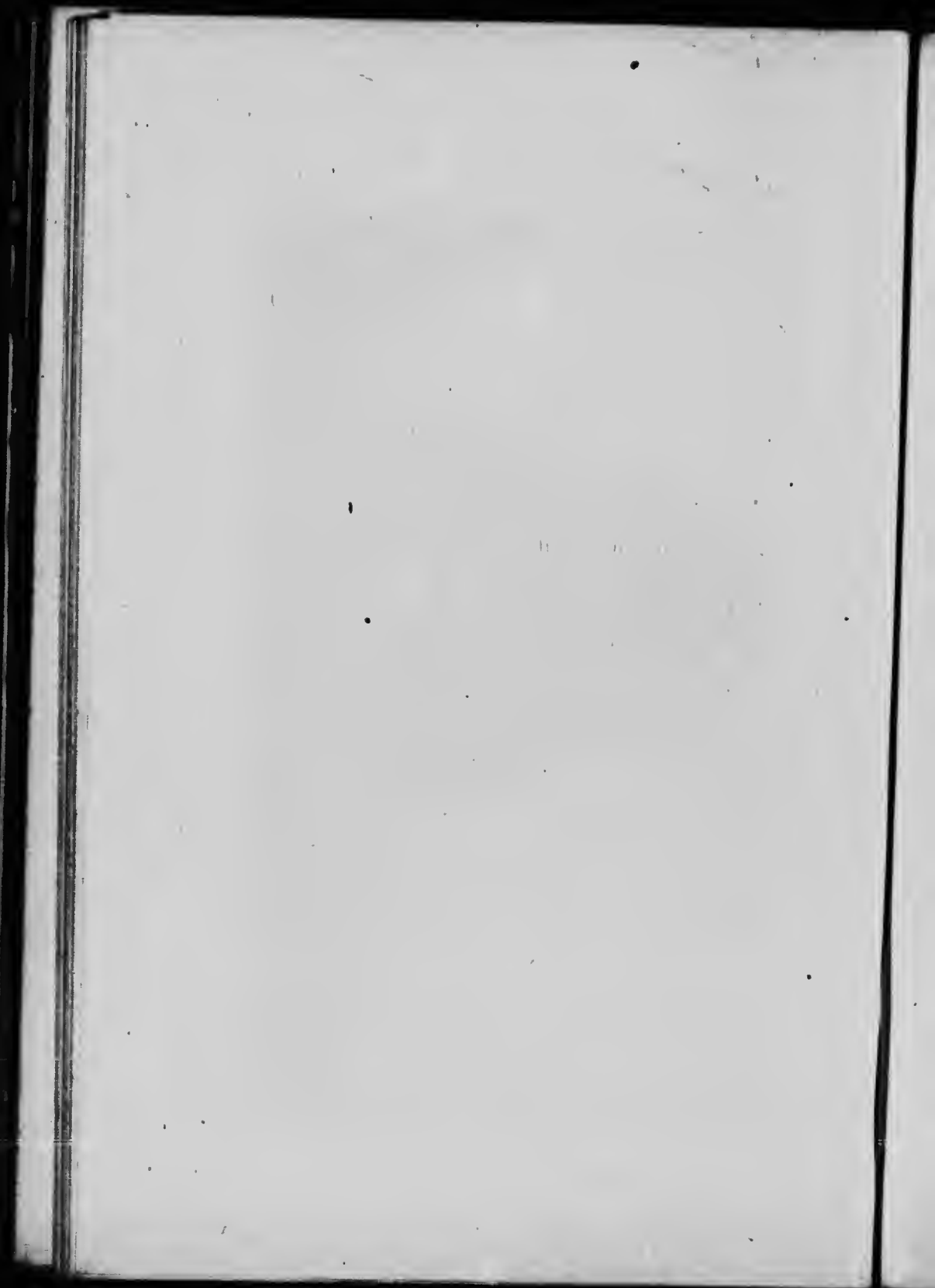
Odd-shaped four-wheeled wagons were met, much resembling the closed animal wagons of a small circus, with the driver seated on the top directing a very diminutive horse, even smaller than our Western mustang. These vehicles or cabs, carried two persons facing one another. They were closed on the side with blinds, having an opening

under the eaves of the roof to admit air. They were rather heavy for the light springs, and in going over a rough roadway, rocked like a cradle. Our procession had certainly the appearance of a circus parade, but we soon divided up in the city, and it was then not quite so conspicuous. The weather was hot, but we had been told that Rangoon was one of the warmest places on our cruise, so that it was not altogether unexpected. Coming from Java, Hong Kong and Singapore, where there was a luxuriant verdure and foliage in dark shades of green and spring freshness, we found a condition in Rangoon where the flora and foliage were very much suffering from the want of rain. The rain, beginning in May, continues until November, and from that time until the following May, Rangoon hardly ever sees any wet weather. Everything looked parched and dried up, but the wide streets and splendid buildings, with the brightly dressed population, good-natured though indolent, gave Rangoon a charm, even under the disadvantage of being there in April.

The better class of Burmese dress in the most fantastic colored garments, without any harmony or blending of color. Purple, red, blue, yellow and all the colors of the rainbow are used. The graceful and tall solemn Sikh policeman is to be seen everywhere, with a splendid type of Englishman in command. The bazaars fairly swarm with a mixed street traffic, though the scenes here did not compare



AN OLD BUDDHA TEMPLE.



with the rapid business-like trading of the Chinese at Hong Kong, Singapore, and other places where we found them congregated together. When you are in a Chinese bazaar, everybody is busy selling, buying or eating. Here the merchants would be found sleeping or indolently waiting for a purchaser to enter their stalls. The women wear large quantities of jewellery upon their noses, ears and wrists. Sometimes you can see as many as three or four gold rings in their noses, even the little tots, four or five years of age, went about with these barbarous facial decorations. Some of the women have rings, four inches in diameter, hanging from their noses, which must certainly handicap them in eating.

Our first visit was to the Sule Pagoda, close to the business centre of the city. Inside a courtyard were half a dozen miserable looking blind beggars, who were asleep—no doubt in waiting for us. Possibly they had assembled there early the day before to obtain front positions for our coming, and went to sleep at the wrong time. From this court yard we ascended a few steps to a circular platform, around the outer edges of which were all descriptions of booths for the sale of flowers, candles, cigars, etc. In the centre was a huge bell-shaped tower, spreading over many shrines and images of Buddha, before which the faithful pray and make offerings, the principle of which is—the larger the offering, the more chance there is of the prayer being answered.

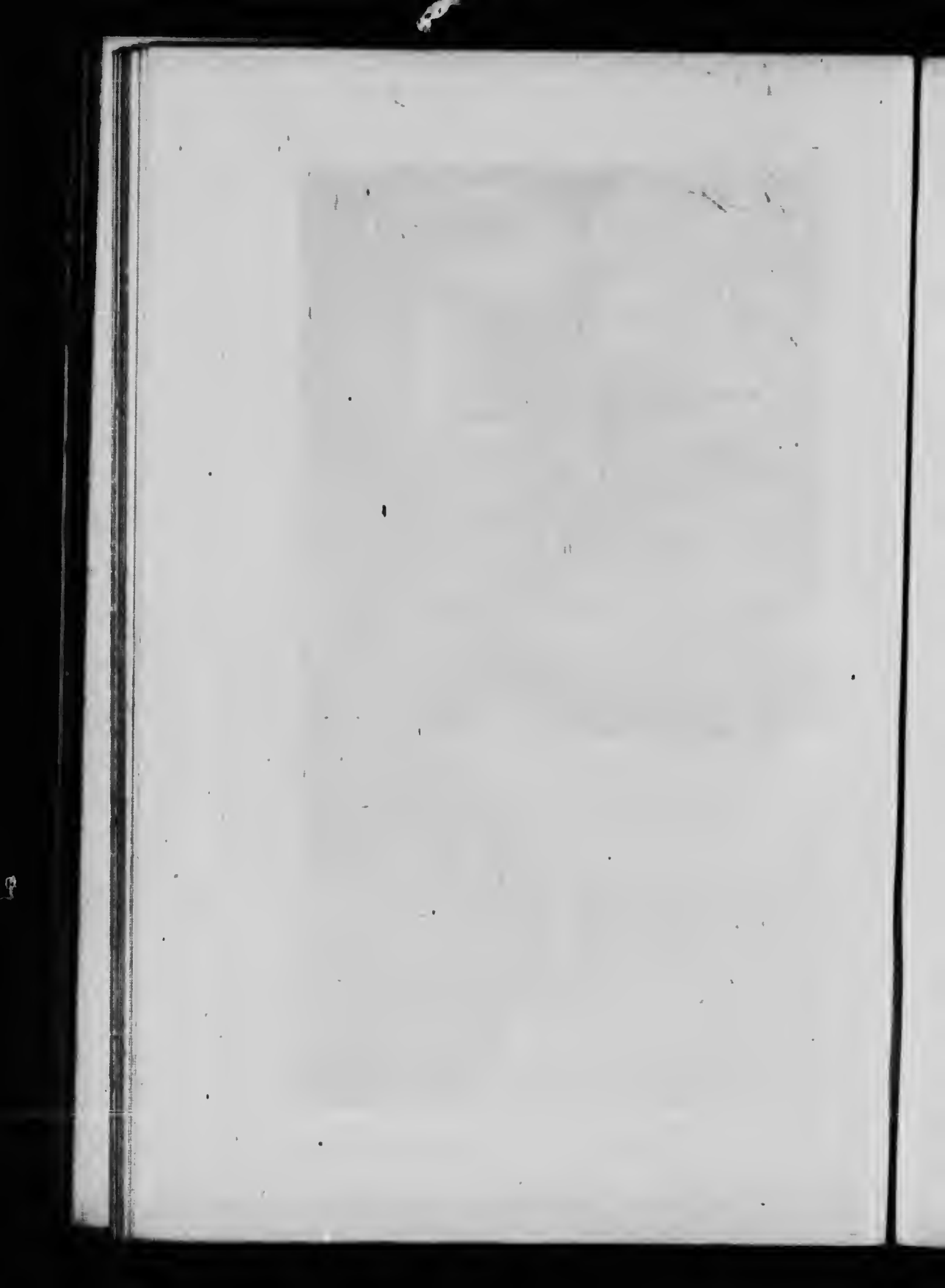
Rangoon; and the whole of Burmah, is almost 90 per cent Buddhist, which has given it the title of the land of Pagodas, monasteries and yellow robed priests. Thousands of pagodas exist in Rangoon, and throughout the whole country. Every rich man builds one to his own memory, while the old ones are seldom repaired. There is no dearth of pagodas to pray in. In the Sule pagoda, outside of the ugly images and grotesque figures, at the feet of whom the idolatrous people worship, we were amused at a little girl about six years of age, puffing away at a huge cheroot, about eight inches long and an inch in diameter, which is made of dried leaves of a local tree, mixed with strips of finely cut wood. This is a general habit of the Burmese, and one of the novel scenes of street life. This little girl willingly allowed herself to be posed for a photo, to the extreme delight of her father and mother, who thought it a great honor, and evidently an appreciation of the accomplishment of their little daughter.

After a drive around the city, we arrived at the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which the guide book says, "is the most venerable, the finest, and the most universally visited of all places of worship in Indo-China." It contains relics of the three Buddhas, and it attracts pilgrims from distant places, who flock to it in thousands. To us, it was among the most interesting sights on our cruise.

The stately pile is on a mound on the out-



THE TI AND BELL—ENTRANCE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.



skirts of the city. You have to climb 166 feet to reach the main platform, or terrace, which is 900 feet long by 685 feet wide. The ascent is so interesting, that you hardly notice the effort. All the way there are vendors on either side, selling flowers, dolls, bells, and gongs, for which Rangoon is famous, silver and pewter ware, rubies, wood work, and every conceivable trinket, characteristic of the place. In the midst of this pagoda stairway market, you may even see devout women praying in front of a bunch of flowers.

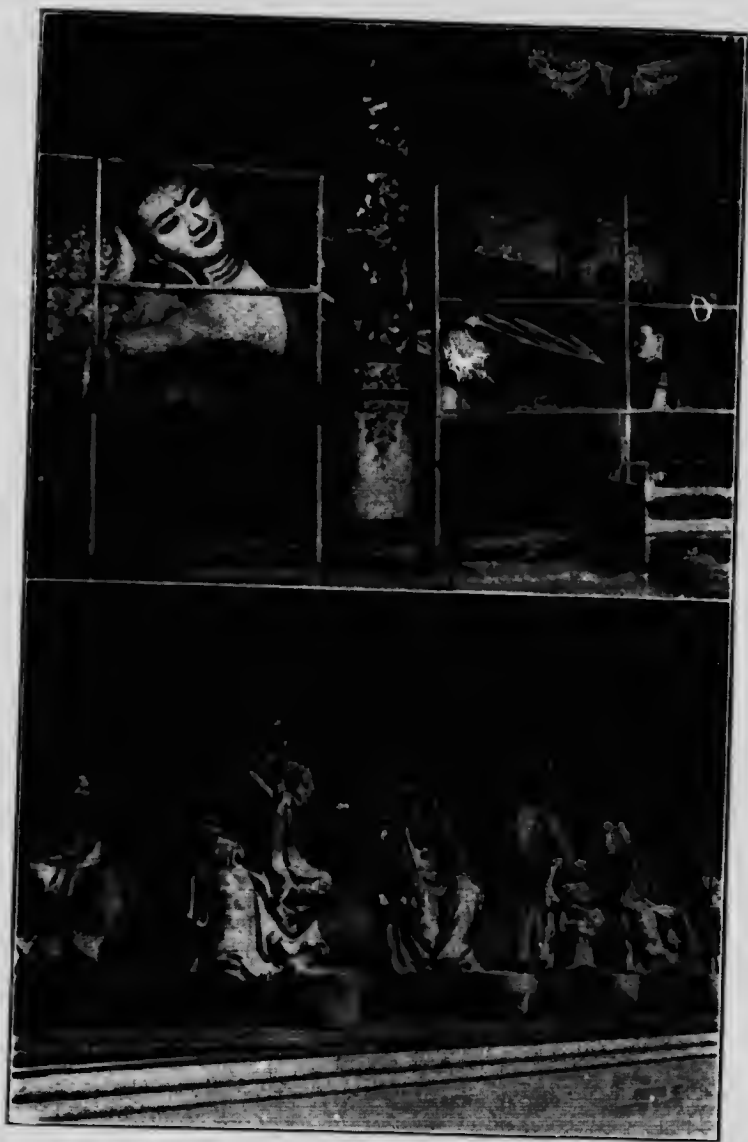
Of course, these merchants have to eat, and there was a travelling female kitchen vendor, and her meals were not at all unpalatable. In the centre of a tray, was a pile of appetizing white cooked rice, around which were a number of condiments, including garlic, sliced onions, mustard and half a dozen other savory ingredients. A large handful of rice is put into a bowl, and then it is relished with a little of all the surrounding dishes. With this bowl loaded to the brim, is given another earthenware jar, with about two cups of water in it—as a sort of finger bowl. Possibly, it is the same that is passed around to everyone, as we only saw one person eating at a time, and we only saw the one wash-bowl. No forks, knives or chop sticks are used. Lifting the food to the mouth is performed with four fingers.

When we reached the main platform, we were amazed at the scene, and if we had not known it was a place of worship, we would

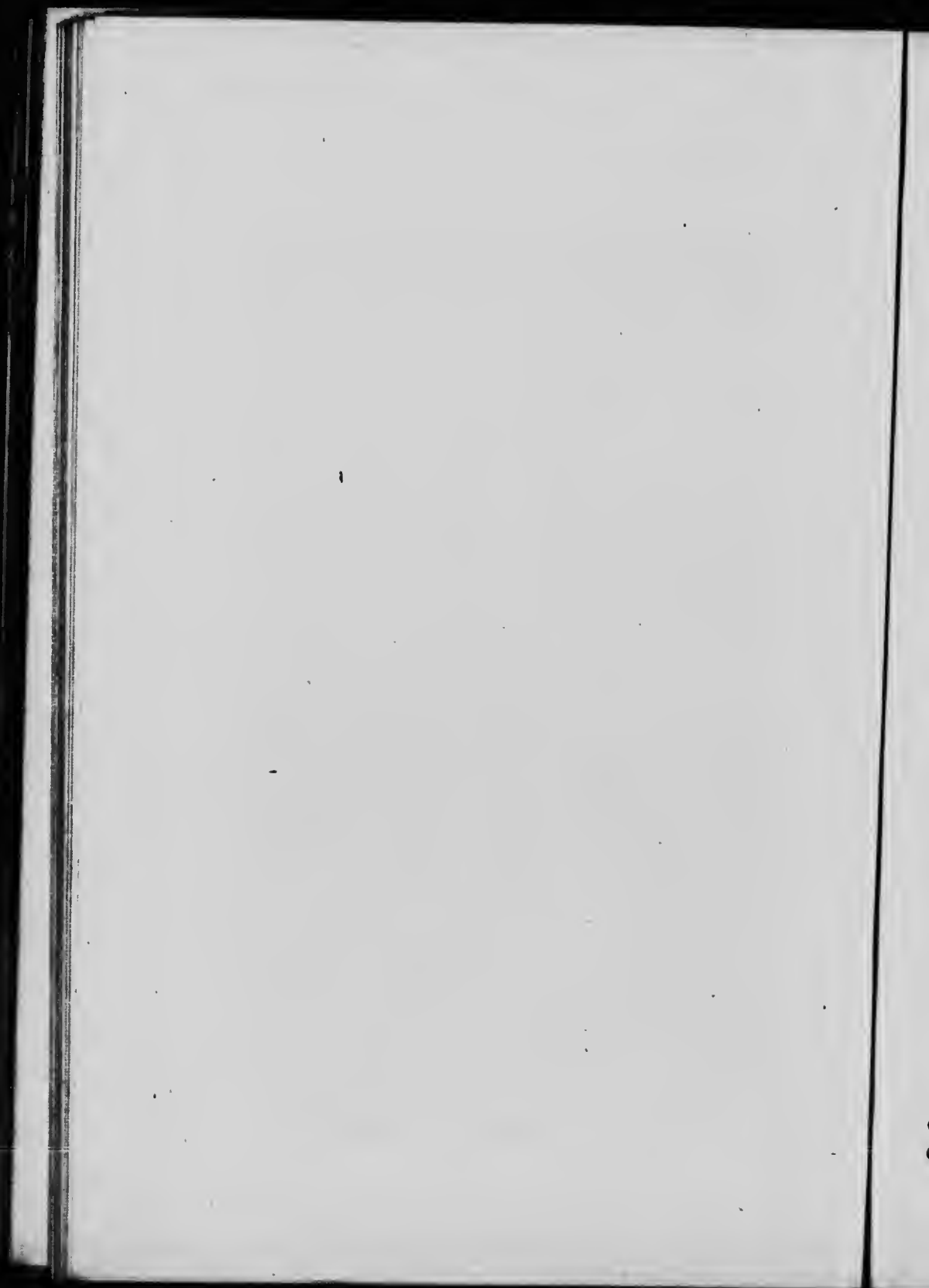
have taken it for a country circus, or one of those European travelling shows. The big golden bell pagoda or tower, rose 370 feet from the centre, and the gold on it is pure and unadulterated metal, though that on the walls inside one of the shrines, which a priest, or a fakir, was rubbing off the walls and placing particles of it on our hands, with a solicitation for a contribution to have it restored, may have been some imitation, which is a common custom of the people in these eastern places. They will imitate rubies, turquoise shells, diamonds and other valuable stones, and unless you are an expert, or have one with you, you can easily be swindled, as many of our party were. Measures of precaution should be taken everywhere in making costly purchases.

On the last day of our stay in Rangoon, we were shopping in a store near one of the bazaars, when a party arrived, and started to look over some rugs. They were on the eve of buying two or three, as Burmese rugs, made in the country by the natives, and naturally a souvenir of the place, when we remarked that we did not think they were genuine, and turning them over, there was discovered the trade mark of a Scotch manufacturer, which had never been removed. The merchant in question, a woman, never seemed to see the point, and we failed to inform her of some of our American methods of doing business.

They say the Burmese woman does almost everything worth doing. She not only keeps



(1) FAMOUS BUDDHA IDOL IN SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.
(2) A FEW OF THE 500 IDOLS IN ONE OF THE TEMPLES, RANGOON.



the house, but she generally conducts the business and there are no more shrewd housekeepers in the world than the women of the Mandalay bazaar. In the meat market, smiling women of generous proportions cut and dispose of the meat. In the vegetable market, they weigh out beans and tamarinds; the flour market is bossed by women, who deal out dal and rice, flour, red chili and saffron powder; and in the plantain market laughing women decorate the entire streets with the banana like fruit.

On the raised terrace, of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, were hundreds of shrines, images Buddhas, large and small, grotesque and pleasant looking, in marble and wood, in open and in caged-up places, all more or less showing signs of a terrible waste of candle grease in front of them, the general offering of the pilgrims. There were hundreds of people on this walkway, which was gaudily painted and gilded with frescos, depicting hell as described by the Buddhist, in all its horrors. In estimating the enormous cost of this pagoda, it may be said that the "ti" or small umbrella, which surmounts it, was presented by the King of Burmah, at a cost of \$250,000. It is filled with gold and gems. The scene was not without music; two orchestras were playing in opposite corners the members of which were blind. The music was not good but superior to the efforts of the Japanese and Chinese. One of the orchestras consisted in part of two violinists,

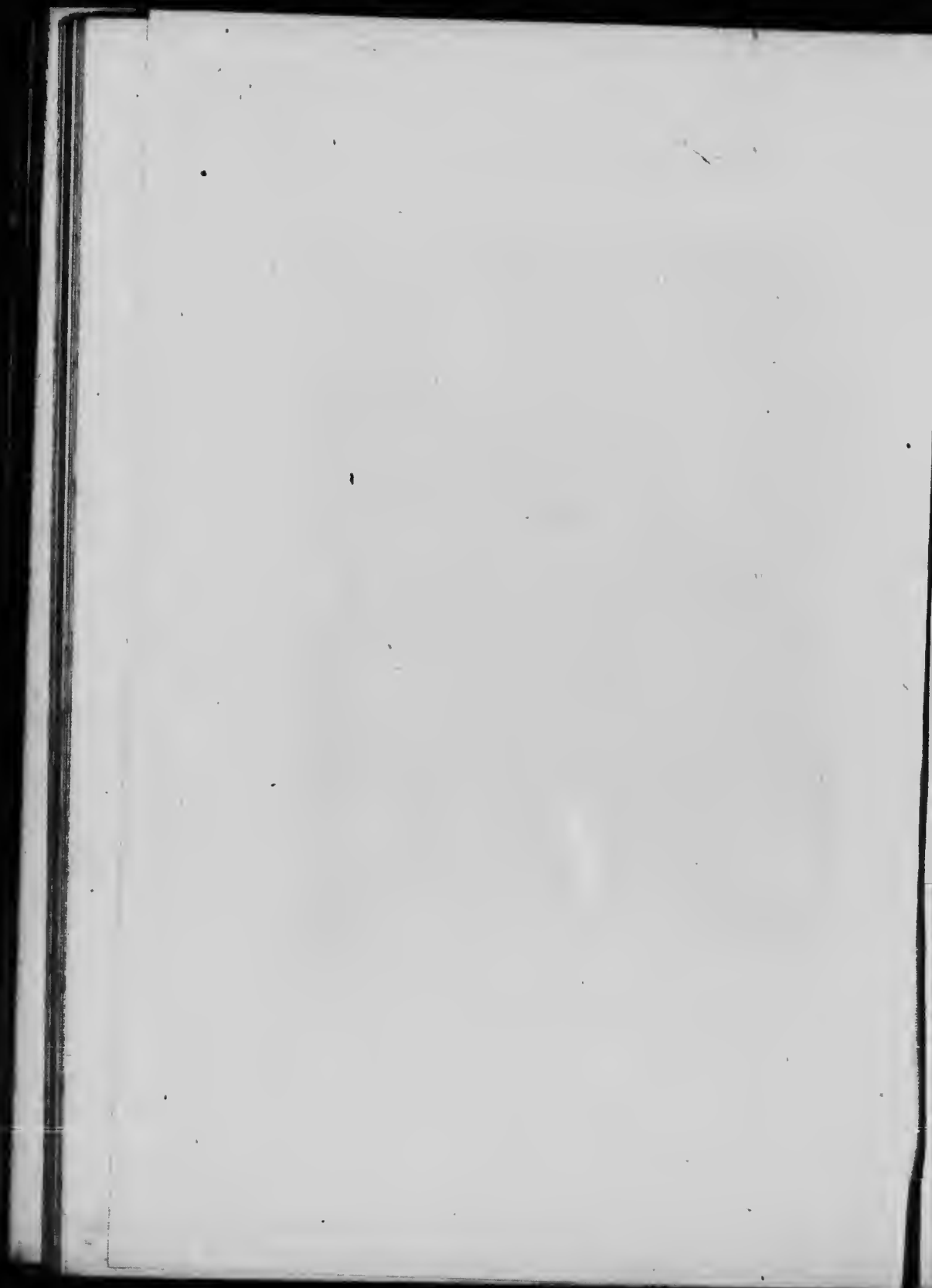
with elaborately carved instruments, looking as old as the pagoda itself, which is said to have dated back six hundred years before Christ, though we think this is one of the legends connected with it. There was also a bamboo flute, and an artist who played two flutes at the same time, sometimes from either corner of the mouth, and at other times with his nostrils, while he made use of his toes to play two sets of cymbals. A good drum beater vociferously pounding a melon shaped barrel, gutted at both ends, completed the orchestra.

This greatest and most beautiful of all pagodas in the world, is largely built of teak wood, plaster, and red and gold lacquer, while the shrines are all colored mosaic, with images of wood, brass and marble, the whole being a monument of the devotion of the poorer classes of the Buddhist faith. In one of the enclosures on the platform, hangs a 40 ton bell, which history says the English endeavored to carry to Gibraltar during the second Burmese war, but in the course of transportation it sank in the Rangoon river, whence the most scientific and practical engineers failed to raise it. After a number of years, the Burmese obtained permission to rescue it, and by building a bamboo raft around it, were successful, and now it is to be seen in this pagoda, the third largest bell in the world.

A short distance away was one of the finest men we saw in Burmah. Possibly he was



BLIND ORCHESTRA AT SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.



a Hindu of high caste. In any case, he looked the character of a learned gentleman, and he sat crossed legged on a large rug in one of the shrines, with a little desk in front of him, on which was some paper and a pencil. He was making drawings which looked like an algebraical problem. In front of him sat three Burmese beauties, showing the greatest interest in the gentleman's work and his conversation. We thought he was teaching the Koran, but this was a Buddhist place of worship, and of course that was out of order, but he turned out to be a fortune teller, one of many to be seen thereabouts. It is said that he told some things for one rupee, more for two, and still more for three.

We lunched in the Minto Mansions, one of Rangoon's modern hotels, in the courtyard of which, one of the local regimental bands was discoursing excellent music, and a tribe of about thirty native maidens were going through a series of Burmese national dances, with singing and music, which was greatly admired by our party. These girls wore gaudy costumes, with very tight fitting skirts, down to the feet.

The orchestra possessed two novel musical instruments in the shape of large round tubs about five feet in diameter, in the middle of which sat the player. Around the inside of one of the tubs, was a number of small differently sounding drums, while the other contained brass tempered discs, upon which the performers played as on a xylophone.

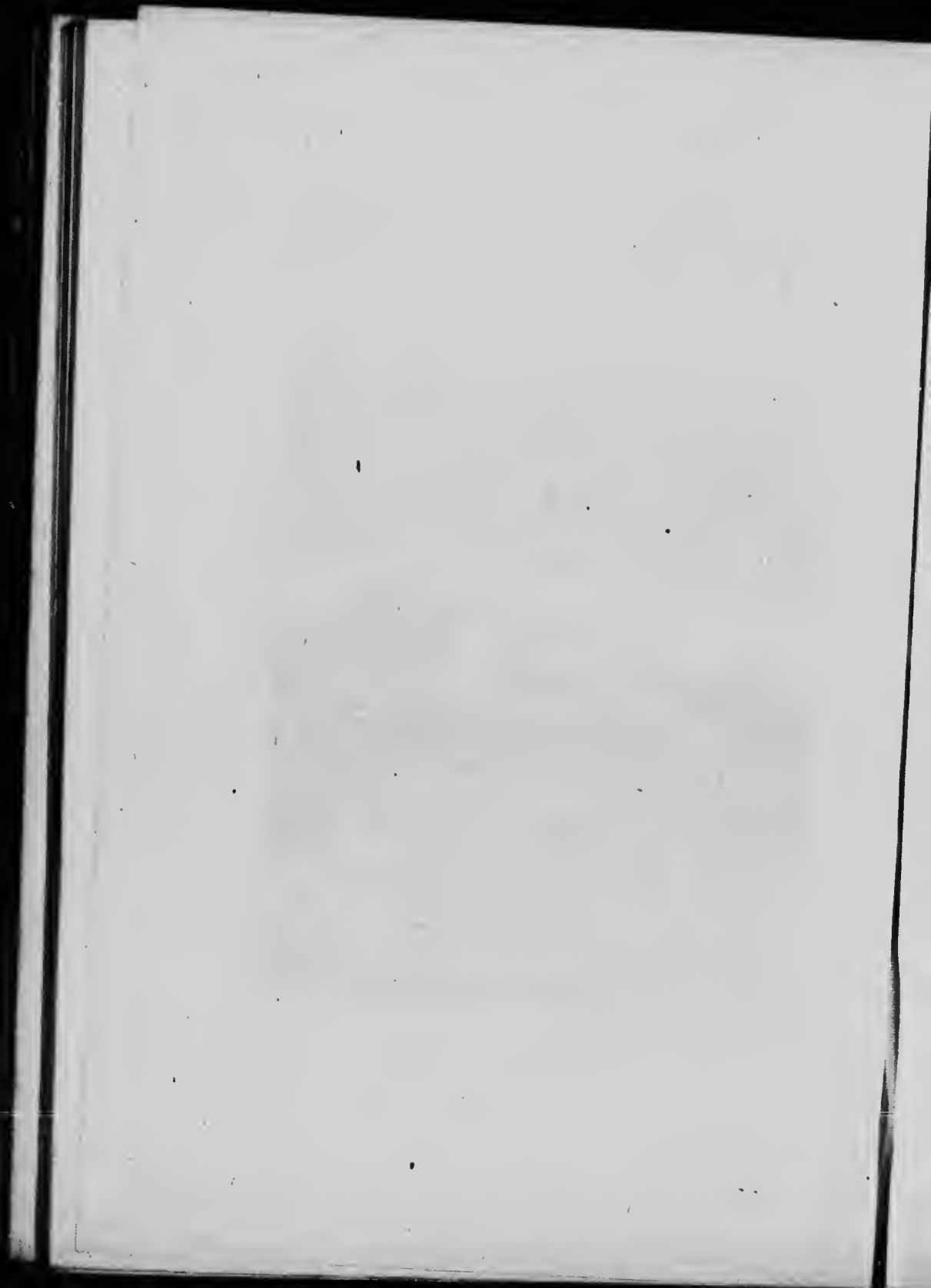
This music was quite sweet, and seemed in accord with the dancers.

The fanning system in this hotel was not run by manual labor, two men working about twenty or thirty fans in the dining room and rotundas. We also saw the same system in force in some of the stores, and were told that coolies were employed in this work, receiving four dollars per month, no board or lodging included, either.

Rangoon has not many great sights, but the few we saw proved sufficient to pass away two days very enjoyably. We visited a large lumber yard, and as we have said before, Burmah does a large lumbering business in teak, timber and the various yards are filled with heavy square pieces, which have to be moved from time to time as they are required. This work, in several of the plants, is still performed by elephants, though machinery is fast taking their place, but from what we saw, it is difficult to believe that the latter process can ever accomplish the same results. It was the first time we had seen an elephant do anything but tricks in a circus, but here were two of these monster animals, not only carrying these enormous square logs in their tusks, but pushing others along at the same time, with their fore paws. We also saw one of them hauling a large log with the aid of chains, and pushing two ahead of him, so that he was moving three as he went along, not one of which was less than twenty feet long by about eight feet square.



(1) ELEPHANTS AT WORK ON LUMBER YARDS.
2) PRIVATE RESIDENCE, RANGOON.



The control over these animals, shown by the manner in which they did exactly what the driver on their backs wanted them to do, was marvelous.

The Royal Lakes in the Zoological Gardens, were certainly the beauty spots of Rangoon, which is built on low lands, with no mountains in sight, so different to all the other ports of call we had stopped at. By the side of the lakes were several club houses, one of which was devoted to water sports, judging from the number of sculls and shells which were housed near it. Wherever you find Englishmen, you will find the very best clubs, and the buildings occupied as such were among the prettiest and cosiest in the city.

Burmah is a very rich country in minerals, timber and oils, including petroleum and kerosene. It is said to be the only country in the world which has been able to successfully oppose the U. S. Oil trust. Among the minerals are gold, silver and tungsten. Just now there is a big mining boom on, and many are expecting to make vast fortunes. Tungsten is controlled by the Germans to some extent, as it has to be shipped to that country to be refined, before being put to practical use in England or elsewhere. This metal is harder than steel, and is largely used in the building of warships. It is sold in its raw state for \$100 per ton, and when refined for \$500, so that there is a big profit in it.

England had three fierce battles to win

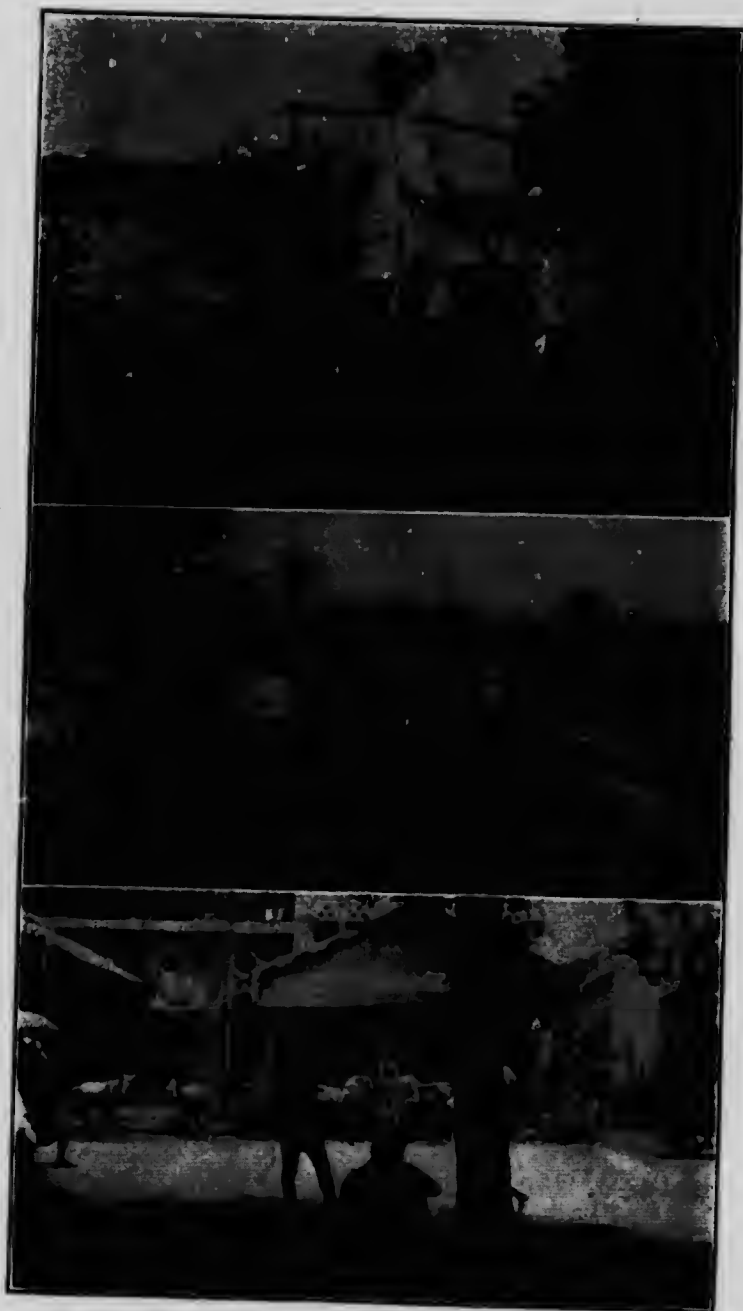
Burmah, and she is now deriving a very large benefit from holding it. It is said that her revenue from this country amounts to over ten millions of dollars per annum.

As in India, living is not expensive, and much less than we expected, if reports be true. A bachelor keeping house can obtain a man to prepare and supply his five meals a day, for forty cents, consisting of early breakfast, late breakfast, lunch, which he carries to his office, afternoon tea, and dinner at 8 p.m. There is always sufficient prepared for an extra guest, but not enough for more, so that orders have to be given a day in advance, if one is to have more than one guest, and if the number should run up to four or five, about twenty cents extra is paid the cook and general purveyor of provisions. This also includes wages. Bananas sell at about ten cents per bunch, and pineapples at one cent apiece. The Burmese traders are being crowded out of Rangoon; no doubt due to their self-indulgence and easy going ways. The Mohammedans are making great headway among the Buddhists, and now number some 40,000 in Rangoon. There are about 9,000 Christians in this city, and over 1,000,000 in Burma, half of whom are Baptists. This sect have been more than busy in missionary work in Burmah.

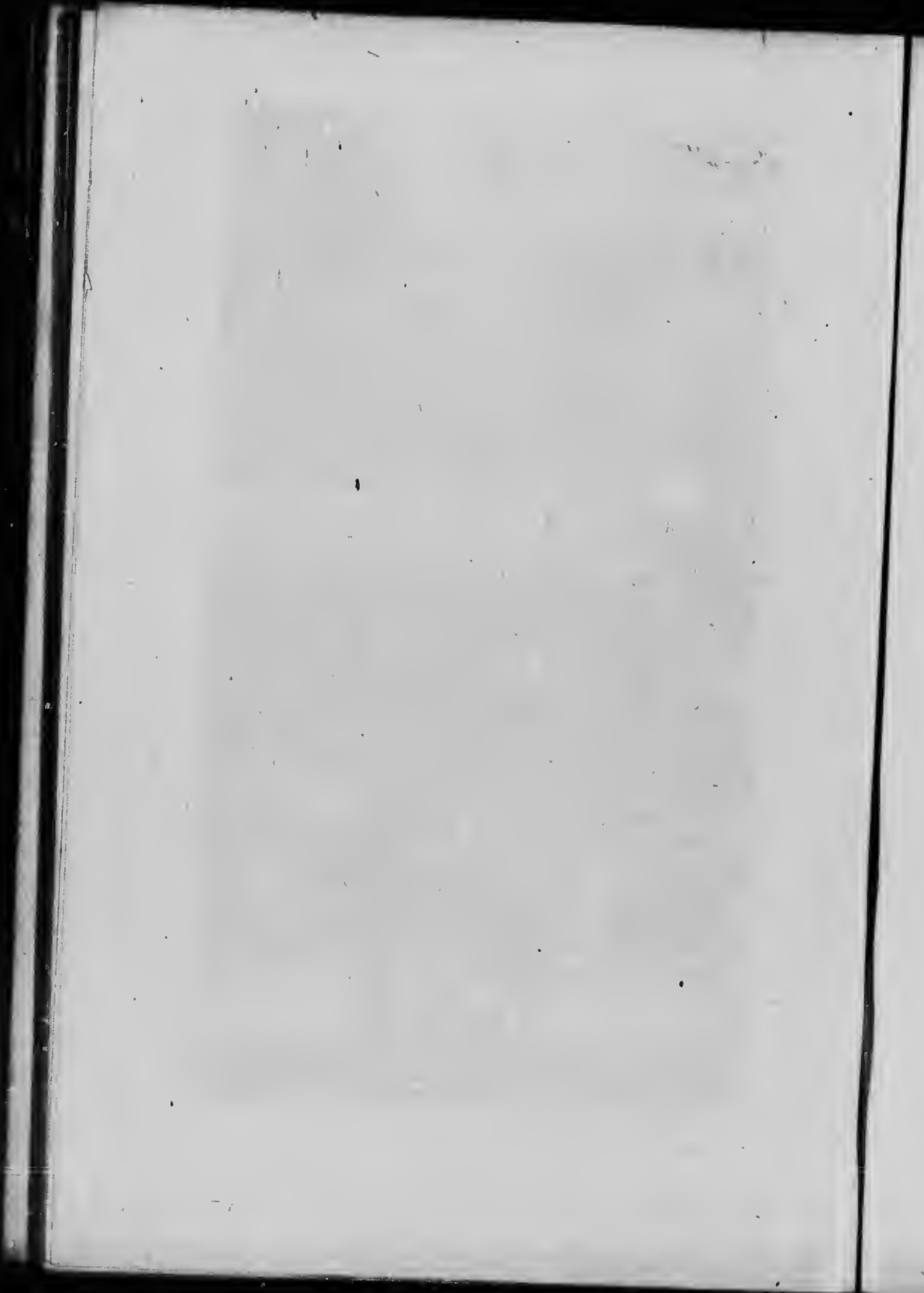
The Burmese are very fond of festivals and gay meetings, even in religion, and turn their pagodas at times into centres of the greatest kind of amusement, dancing, etc.,



(1) MAKING HIDEOUS WOODEN IDOLS.
(2) A COMMON BATHING TANK OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



- (1) **STREET SPRINKLERS, RANGOON.**
- (2) **THE ZAT PWE DANCE, RANGOON.**
- (3) **GROWN-UPS SEARCHING FOR PARASITES, RANGOON, BURMA.**

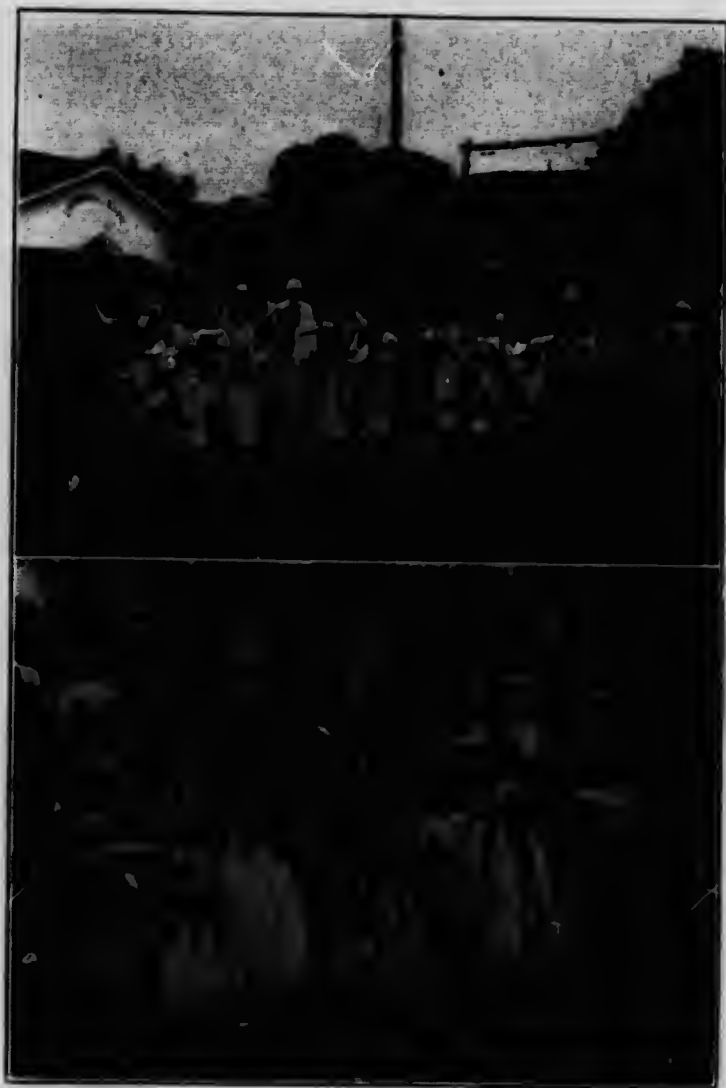


keeping it up for two or three days at a time. Even their funerals are joyful events, and when we were in Rangoon, a Buddhist priest was being cremated with the greatest pomp and clown buffoonery. He had died five years previously, and his body had been preserved for all this time, and according to the Buddhist rites, was ripe for cremation. This required a three days' feast—night and day. We saw the procession going through one of the narrow side streets. There were several bands and a number of grotesque characters, dancing and jumping around in the most ludicrous manner. The corpse was carried on a papier-mache elephant stationed on a heavy waggon drawn by two water buffalo. Everything looked just as gay as the Nice carnival parades. The feast is carried on within a palisade, rigged up like a fence around a travelling circus, and that is just what a stranger would imagine it to be.

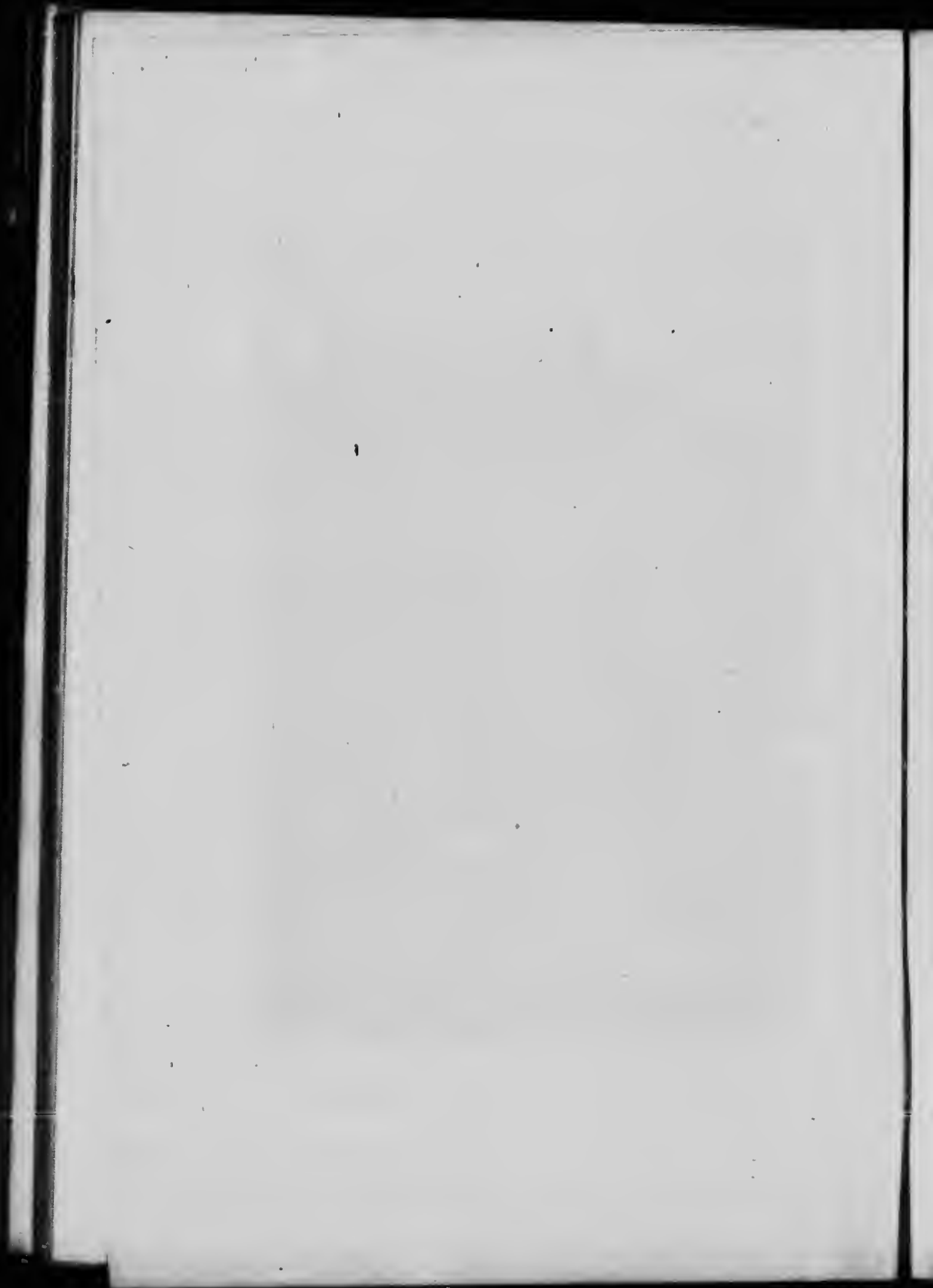
Rangoon, like almost every other foreign city, was well supplied with souvenir postal cards, large numbers of which were bought by our party, but we were greatly amused in one of the stores by seeing a large collection of these cards depicting acrobatic female actors, all dressed in colored tights, entitled: "American Young Ladies." There were about fifteen pictures of different groups and poses, but they were all labeled in the same manner.

When we left Rangoon, at noon, on March 5th, the thermometer registered over 90

degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade, under the awning of our ship, so that everybody was more than satisfied to feel the throbbing of the engines and the working of the screws and rudder, as we swung around and headed out for sea, leaving the muddy and calm waters of the Rangoon River in our wake, and a number of the people who had come out to bid some of our friends good bye. They stood on a launch, showing their regret and sorrow at our departure, by throwing their helmets, chairs, coats and handkerchiefs into the river, whose swift current quickly carried them out to sea with us.



- (1) **DANCING GIRLS, RANGOON.**
- (2) **THE ZAT PWE, ONE OF THE NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS, RANGOON.**



CHAPTER IX

HISTORY OF INDIA.

INDIA is an independency of Great Britain. Its total area is 1,560,253 square miles.

The population is over 300,000,000. The climate is tropical, with a rainy and dry season. Agriculture is the principal occupation. Among the chief crops are rice, wheat, rye, cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, tea, oil seed, opium, jute, indigo, etc.

The wild animals embrace the leopard, hyena, jackall, tiger, deer, wild ass, bison, a large variety of snakes and reptiles, and many species of birds common to tropical and temperate climates.

The total railway lines reach over 35,000 miles. Telegraph and telephone lines are to be found in all the principal centres.

Hindu is spoken by 85% of the population, but are also about 75 other languages. The Mohammedans number 60,000,000, while the Hindus proper and Brahmans reach over 200,000,000. The army numbers over 200,000, almost all officered by Europeans. The first historical facts of India date from 2,000 B. C., the period of Sanskrit literature.

CASTLE OF INDIA.

Many different theories are advanced for the origin of caste, but the most natural to believe credits it to color.

When the first Aryans arrived, they considered themselves a better class or caste than the black natives. In the space of time, the skin of these new arrivals began to bronze, and when the next incursion of Aryans took place, there was another caste, and so it went on until today we have innumerable castes,—a veritable obstacle to the progress of the country. There are such vagaries in eating, living and marriage habits and customs among them, that much unnecessary inconvenience and expense has to be borne by the ignorant and superstitious people. The disrespect of the rules which govern caste is oftentimes responsible for some very severe punishment and ostracism.

RELIGIOUS OF INDIA.

Thousands of years before Christ, the Ayrian race drifted into India, and flourished on the rich soil of the Ganges, the Indus and the Jumma.

On the banks of these rivers philosophers evolved more religions than existed in any other part of the world. It was here that the Vedas, the sacred scriptures of the Brahmans, comprising the earliest system of philosophy

which we boast, were written about 1600 to 1400 B. C.

As years rolled on, this race and its followers spread throughout the great penninsula. Battles were waged at times for supremacy of power and more frequently for conquest of spoils, than for conversion or prosletysm.

Religion in those days, as it sometimes does at present, created hatred for one another more than anything else.

Sanscrit, the Indian sacred language, was written by the learned Hindus. Through the many years that followed, India has been the hot bed of idol and nature worship. Today, throughout the North, we find the many millions of its vast population divided into many forms of faith, the most popular of which are:—Brahmanism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sykhism, Arya Somaj, Ba Barahmo Somaj, Christianity, Islamism and Zoroastrism. With the exception of the three latter which were introduced from Turkistan, Persia and Europe, they are all indigenous.

Religion seems to be one of the uppermost objects in life in India. Everyone must profess some faith, and with that comes many functions and sacrifices. And yet, were a man to rise up and renounce one of the many religions and promulgate a new faith, it is surprising what a large following he would have in a short time.

The founder of one of the lesser religions was a high caste Brahman of great Sanscrit learning. He became disgusted with the idol

worship of the Hindus and the profligate actions of the priests, and substituted a teaching, which he claimed to have found in the Vedas. It was not long before he had a following. He did not only oppose idol worship, but Christianity and Mohammedanism as well.

Mohammedanism has had the greatest success of the religions which have been introduced and has converted about a fifth of the population.

The Sikhs, who are so friendly with Great Britain, were driven from Islamism through stern intolerance, and number nearly two millions. They are never allowed to use razors or scissors to their hair. They tie their long hair in a knot at the back of their head. It is said that fine fighting qualities and physique is the reason for allowing their hair to grow on their face and head. They abhor idol worship, so make their holy book, the "Granth", the feature of their temples. Amritsar is their Mecca. Amritsar means, "The Fountain of Life."

The Sikhs, the policemen and soldiers of India, are another important factor of assistance and aid to the British occupation of this country. Their precepts are moral and honorable, propagating a brotherly love among all fellow men, with the highest attainments of character and manliness worthy of emulation. Their houses of worship are open to all visitors. Their service consists of the singing of hymns and reciting of a ritual,

taught from a bible, made up of sermons from their founder, Nanak, who died in the year 1530.

Hinduism and Islamism are the two principal religions. They are opposite to one another in every respect.

The Parsees temples are very plain and simple. Only their followers are admitted. A small fire, representing the spiritual life, is kept burning all the time, being attended to by the priests. They change watches every two hours, so that the fire is never left alone. In all the burial ceremony, nothing is done alone. The mourners are tied together, the significance of which is, that in everything in this world, we must help one another?

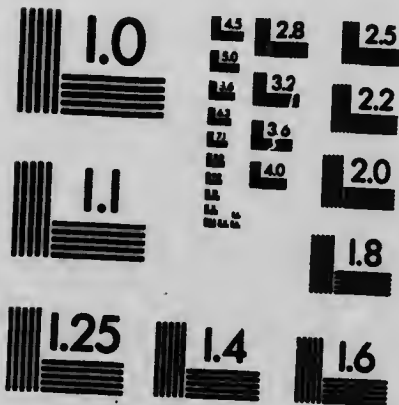
INDIA.

We took twenty-four hours to run up the Hoogli river and drop anchor and then we were forty-five miles away from Calcutta, but this old river is about as treacherous as it can be, and with an ever-changing channel, due to the strong currents and soft muddy bottom, our heavy ship, with its deep draught, had to be navigated with skill and caused considerable anxiety on the part of the pilot and captain. She was one of the largest vessels that had ever sailed up this inland water, and probably carried the largest number of sightseers Calcutta had ever entertained. The river was seven to eight miles wide at our anchorage, and sufficiently deep



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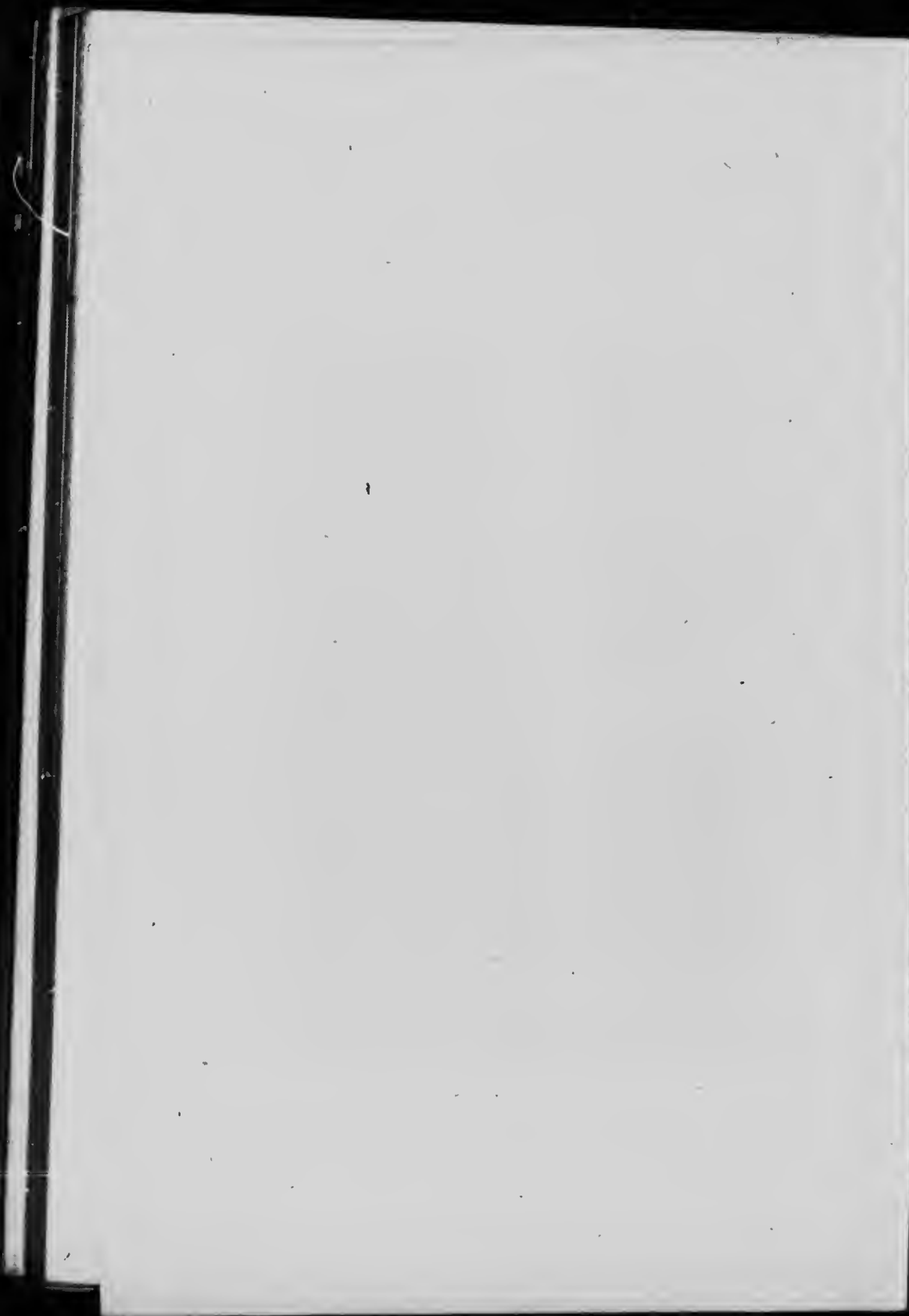
for the ship to lay close to one of the banks. Before we had settled the question of anchorage, a large-sized flat-bottomed two-wheel steamer came alongside, with a number of customs' officers, etc., and from them we learned that the temperature in the big city, of over a million population, that day, was 110 in the shade, and very humid. The first news, was not very pleasing, but within a few minutes a terrific lightning and thunderstorm swept over us, and cooled the atmosphere to such an extent, that it was too chilly to sit on deck without wraps. Such is the changable character of the weather encountered in tropical climes.

No one left the ship that evening, but on the morrow there was an early rising, for our first glimpse of India from the ship's decks had only raised the already great expectations of all on board, increased to the highest pitch by a mass of literature on India, which we had digested during our four days' sail from Rangoon.

We thought we were on the famous Ganges River, but by a reference to the maps and guide books, we discovered it to be the Hoogli, spelt Hugli in the reading matter, which recalled a fact noted in India, by a recent author, who referred to the difficulty of spelling the names of places, streets and towns, each of which may have half a dozen different ways, and all meaning the same thing. We found two for this river in the same book.



(1) A LONG PROCESSION OF OXEN TEAMS.
(2) BATHING IN THE HOOGLI RIVER, CALCUTTA.



Next day at 8 a.m., a large number of our party disembarked, ourselves among them. Some were leaving the ship for two or three days, others to cross India and join the ship at Bombay, which, in the meantime, was to take the remainder of the party to Ceylon. We were with the "Cross India" excursionists, We had a strange impression as we set foot on Indian soil for the first time, and we imagine everybody else had something of the same sensation. There were the coolies, the real Hindoo coolies, of what castes we knew not. They all seemed to be dressed alike, some of them very near the garb of Adam but for a head and loin cloth covering. They carried our baggage from the steamer to the railway train, some distance away; for though our landing place was called Diamond Harbor, 45 miles from Calcutta, it was difficult to see anything like a harbor around the barren shore upon which we set foot.

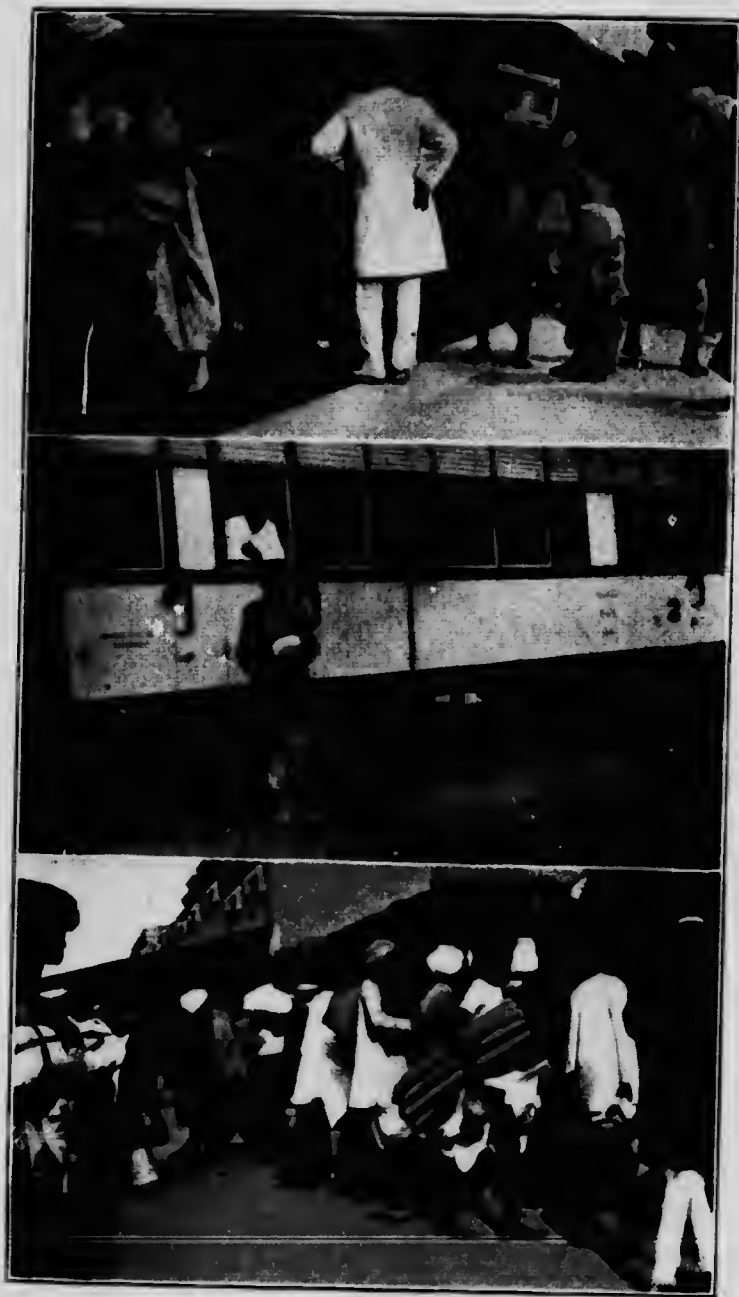
TOMMY ATKINS.

A few Tommy Atkins were about, with several dogs and a monkey which rode on the back of one of the dogs. The soldiers were fine specimens of Englishmen, about as large as they are made on the British Isles. They wore khaki knee breeches, a light undershirt, and a pair of heavy boots. They were almost as meagrely dressed as the natives.

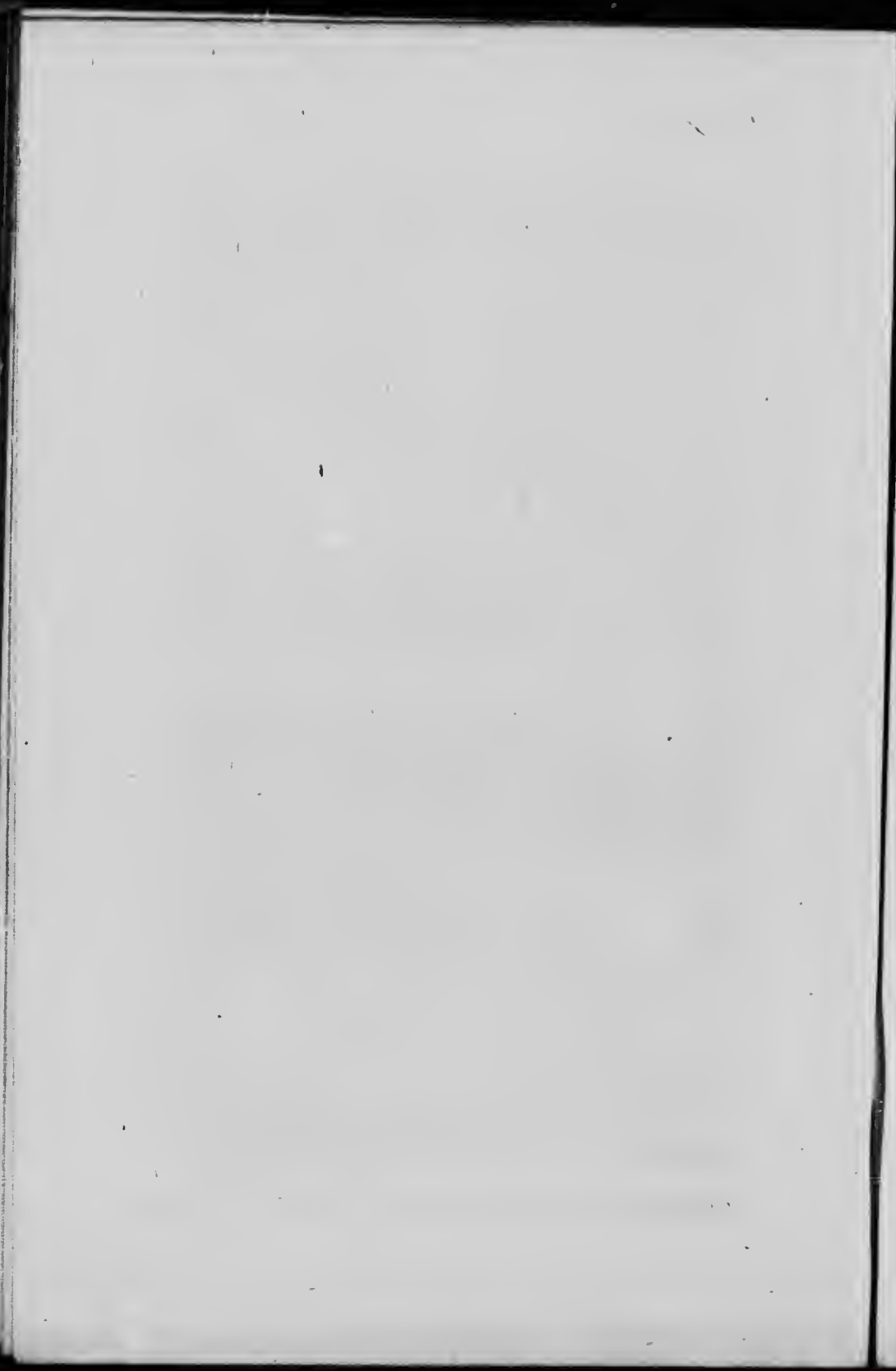
Our train was standing on the main track, and when we had boarded it, Tommy Atkins

provided some amusement for us with his dog and monkey. The latter was so attached to the dog that he would cry like a baby if taken off his back. The soldier removed him at times, to throw a stick away some distance for the dog to follow, and when he was in pursuit, the monkey was let down on the ground. The little fellow would go after the dog at a mad pace, piteously yelling all the way until he finally landed upon his friend's back. He did this so quickly during the race for the stick that it proved a really wonderful acrobatic feat.

Then we started for Calcutta, with all eyes turned upon our novel surroundings, the mud huts, isolated and clustered into villages, stacks of rice and rice straw, the former in bags at stations, the indigenous farming population, ploughing with a root of a tree, as their forefathers had ploughed for centuries past, sitting by pools of water washing or bathing themselves, or moving among the cattle in the fields. We saw quite a number of cows and oxen grazing, or making a good attempt at it, for there seemed to be nothing to eat on the ground, it was so parched and dry, though the palm and coconut trees presented quite a different appearance. At several stations, natives were busily piling bags of rice into cars, for shipment to other parts of the country, so we knew that the district must be a prosperous one at the proper season of crop raising, which is December. One station platform was crowded



TYPICAL RAILWAY STATION SCENES, INDIA.



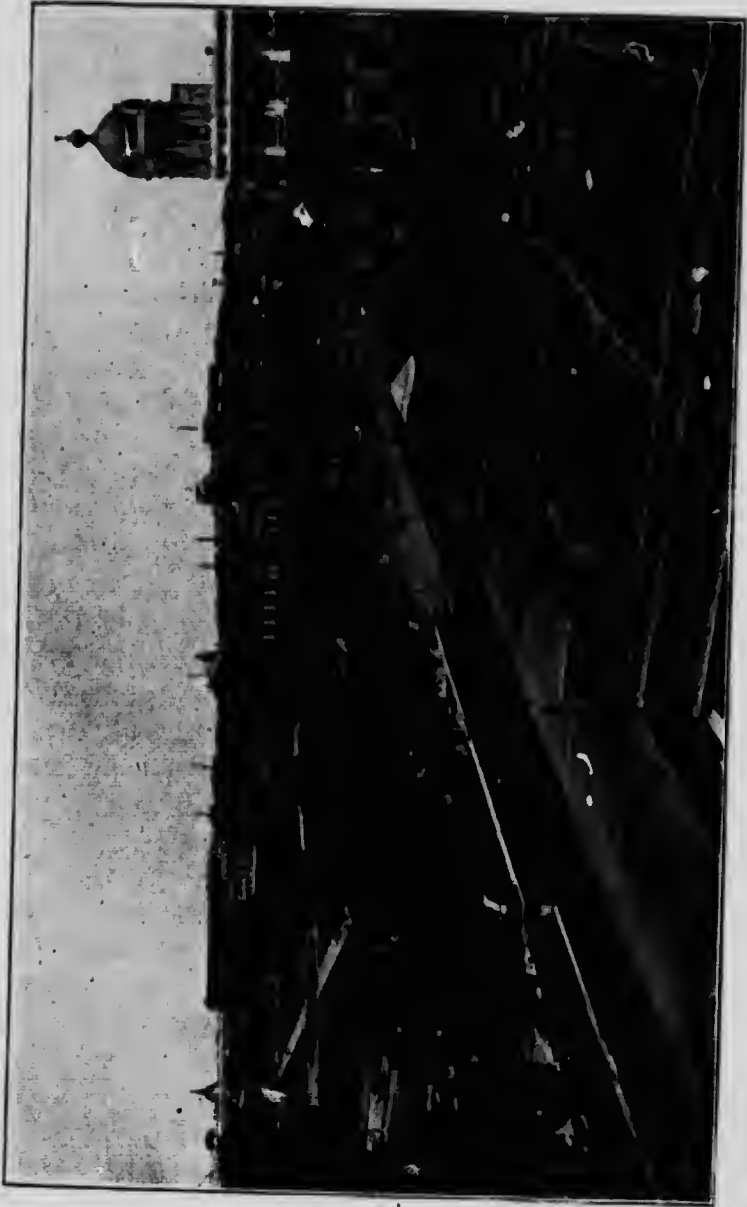
with fine specimens of natives, all dressed in the same way, with their legs covered by a white cloth wrapped around in folds, and tucked in the front, and the upper part of the body with coats of divers colors and the usual turban. A large majority carried European umbrellas, to protect them from the sun, all excepting one man, in whom we became quite interested. He was dressed in white, with a long coat almost covering his entire body, felt hat, heavy boots and carried a tiny grip. We discovered while our train was side-tracked waiting for another to pass, that he was a Belgian missionary, who had been working in India for twenty-two years. His mission was three miles away, and he said he was doing very well, though he admitted that the large crowd we saw on the platform were Mohammedans, and that the district was largely of that faith. They were waiting for the train to take them to a station beyond, where the court was in session. The missionary expressed regret that we were visiting India at one of the worst seasons of the year, but we told him that we were travelling around the world, and could not make the proper seasons fit in at all places, so had to be philosophical, in accepting the condition of things as they were.

Although the sun was shining another storm was approaching, similar to that of the previous day, with wind, thunder and lightning. The sky clouded over the wind howled and our train slowed up, as it turned almost dark. The

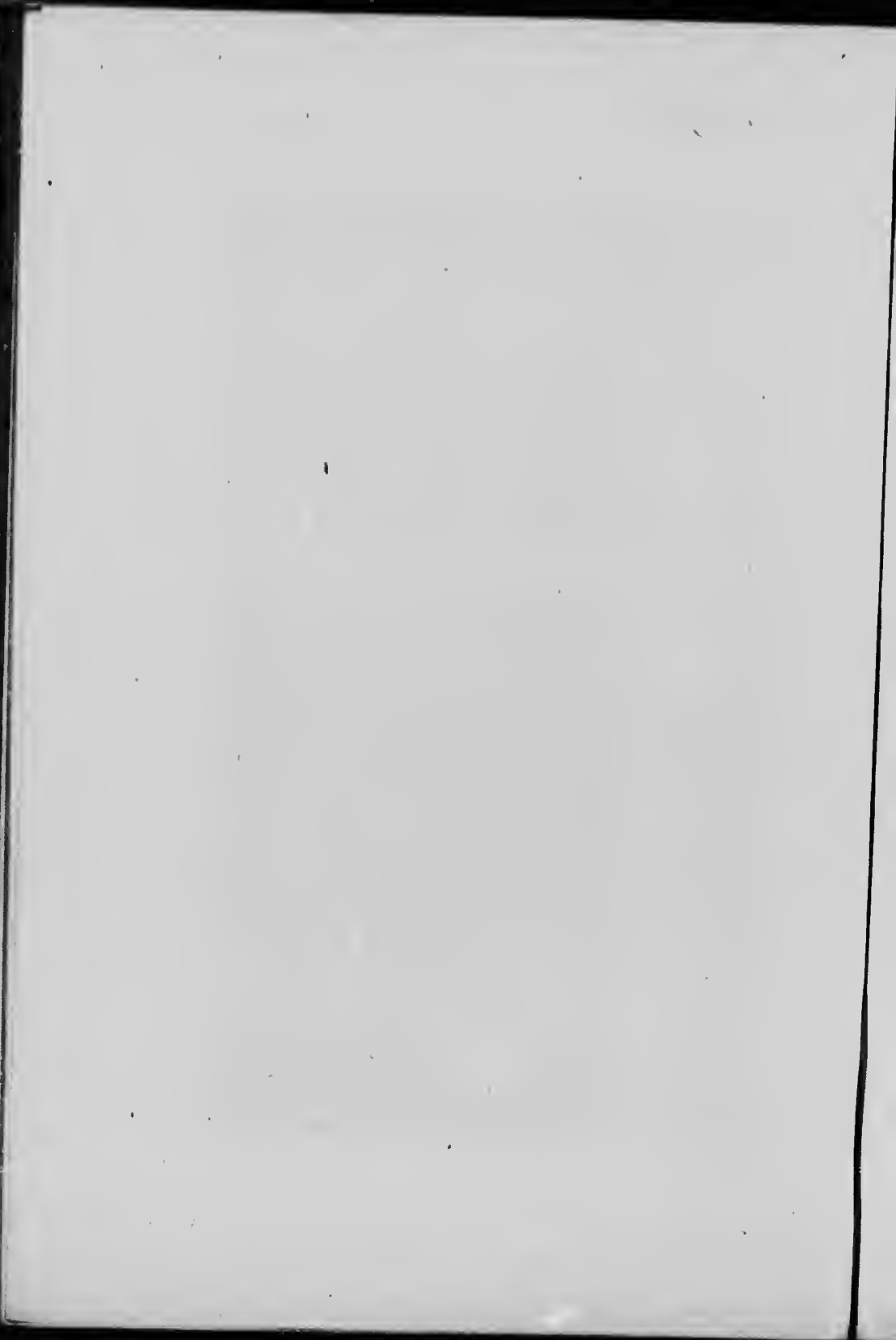
usual speed was considered dangerous in such a storm. Trees were uplifted from their roots, huts were overturned, others lost their roofs, cocoanuts came tumbling down by the thousands, and for half an hour, things outside the train were in a seething turmoil. The rain came in sheets, and slashed against the window panes, as though it would eventually break them. Before anything of this kind occurred, the storm passed off, and left the air so cool, that our thoughts of 110 in the shade had changed into a disappointment of another kind. It was even disagreeably chilly.

CALCUTTA.

The ex-capital city of India was reached about 11 o'clock, and our arrival was as quiet and orderly as the demeanour of the leisurely manners of the natives themselves. There was no jostling or bustling. We simply entered carriages, and they rolled out of the station yard into the town streets. The vehicles were entirely different from those of any place in India. Here they were double team victorias, with a large comfortable rear seat, and a footman standing behind, for what purpose, excepting opening and shutting the door, we could not say, excepting perhaps, to brush the flies away, or fan you when it was warm, but the storm had things fixed in such a manner that it remained cool all day, and in the evening, overcoats had to be worn by those dressed for 110 in the shade.



CALCUTTA.



The Governor and suite had left Calcutta the day before our arrival for their summer residence in Darjeeling, away up north near the Himalayas, preparatory to leaving Calcutta for Delhi, to which place the capital of India had been removed.

We were alone in our carriage, as we were to be independent on our tour across India. We left the big party of sight-seers for seventeen days. We hardly know who obtained the most joy out of it, those left behind, or ourselves. We found two hotels so crowded, that their accommodation would not suit us, so we entered into a chase for a room, and while doing this managed to learn many things. We found that it was necessary to have a lot of small coin for tipping, and that the moment you tipped one of the many guides, porters or hotel attendants at the entrance to an hotel, presto! chango! he disappears. This is one of the mysteries of India. We had read about their psychic powers, and we had it forcibly demonstrated to us within an hour after our arrival in the city, and a few hours after setting foot on the banks of the old Hoogli. Our driver and footman (syca) were as dumb as oysters when we wanted some information, and showed no signs of animation the whole day they drove us around, except on one occasion when the driver showed his teeth because we defiantly ordered him to go somewhere, when he thought he should be on his way home for supper. He wanted to do as

little as possible. He and the footman wished us to use as many people as possible. We had always to appeal to someone else when we wanted anything or to be directed where to go, and this someone generally took a seat with the driver, and that meant another tip. The third time it happened, a well dressed Moham-medan mounted on the box and remained there; and although full of indignation and determination to throw him off to teach him a lesson, once and for all time, by absolutely refusing to give him anything, we finally wound up by taking him into our service as our guide for the munificent sum of fifty cents per day, with the night thrown in if we so desired.

OUR SERVANT MAN.

Sheik Noor Mohammed was his name, and he promised to save us ten times his wages. He would not ask us where we wanted to go, but simply made up the programme, and we followed.

"To-morrow," he said, "you will be served with tea at eight o'clock, ready at nine, and we will go to the botanical gardens. I will engage the carriage for the trip, which will be five rupees (\$1.65) and I will make it six to have the driver take us to the Burning Ghat, and you will be back in time for lunch."

"All right Noor, we will be on hand."

Then he had a wonderful faculty for finding anything we wanted. Arriving near

the hotel one day for lunch, we said, "Noor, how cheap can we buy a watch?" "Well," he said, "if we go to the bazaars, (he was great on getting to the bazaars, where he had a host of friends,) we can get one for five rupees (\$1.65). "That is just what we want to pay," we replied. A few minutes later we left him at the door of the hotel, to take lunch, but before we got to our room, he intercepted us with a man with a watch and leather wristband, all for \$1.65.

We thought it would at least keep time sufficiently correctly while we were in India, but it has run ever since, and we would not part with it for its weight in gold, as it will always remind us of Noor. We hardly ever expressed a desire for anything that Noor did not obtain for us. On one occasion he saw us look at some umbrellas in a store, and turn away saying to the merchant, "Oh, we guess we don't want an umbrella now, as we have just bought a raincoat." A few minutes after this conversation, which would have been enough for any ordinary man of less intelligence than Noor, he said: "Much you want to give for umbrella?"

"Well, Noor," we said, "we would give three rupees (ninety-nine cents) for a light silk umbrella."

Next morning he walked in with the desired article, and two suits of silk pyjamas, for which we had offered fifteen rupees the day before, but the offer was refused by the merchant, who said they cost him more than

that. Noor, had probably gone around to the merchant, and informed him of the immense business he was steering his way, in his important office of guide, dragoman, servant man, and with his seductive ways, he had no doubt thrown a spell over the merchant, and obtained the pyjamas at our price. As we had only made the offer as an excuse to get out of the store, Noor had again loaded us with undesired clothing, and we realized that if we kept his company very long we should have to be very guarded in our speech and actions, or he would financially ruin us, as he very nearly did in our two days stay in Calcutta.

We were greatly impressed with Calcutta. It is a beautiful old city, with fine modern hotels and buildings, and an apparently well-to-do population. We were shown a large room off the roof garden in the East Hotel, about as airy and cool a place to live in as there is in Calcutta. It contained all conveniences, and looked so clean and neat, with its thick walls and marble floors, that we immediately accepted it, and moved in our luggage. There were three marble topped tables, half a dozen chairs, two bureaus, etc., and two entrances, with airy blinds and a large dome skylight.

"Seven rupees (\$2.21) per day," said the manager, "with fan, bath, light, etc., included. Now, the "et cetera" included five meals three of which were equal to those served in the best hotels in Canada. The other two



- (1) GRAND HOTEL, CALCUTTA, WITH OUR SERVANT MAN SHEIK MOOR MOHAMMED STANDING IN FOREGROUND.
- (2) CHOWINGHEE STREET, CALCUTTA.
- (3) BUSINESS CENTRE, CALCUTTA.



were tea and rolls before we were out of bed, and tea in the afternoon. Dinner was at eight in the evening, fitting in with the theatres, which started at nine. Calcutta is in the fashion in this respect, and nearly everybody dresses for dinner. We sat with a man, to whom we remarked that we did not see how an hotel could afford to give such good board and lodgings at such a low rate, but he went one better, and said he obtained the same as we did, for five rupees (\$1.65) per day, but it was by the month. But we were somewhat disturbed by hearing him coolly remark, that we had "about the poorest room in the building."

The hotel and service were so totally different to our own in America, that everything was interesting. Our room was, as we have said before, on the roof, the centre of which was covered with pots of flowers and palms. The rooms opened off this garden. Outside of most of the occupied rooms, sitting, stretched at full length, fast asleep or standing awake, awaiting orders, were a miscellaneous lot of natives, in all sorts of costumes, but on the whole very clean. These were the boy servants, as they were called. "Get your boy to do this and that," is a very common expression in India, and the boy in this case, means your native servant, whom you take with you when travelling. He costs very little. If you pay him by the month, it is about four or five dollars, and he supplies his own lodging

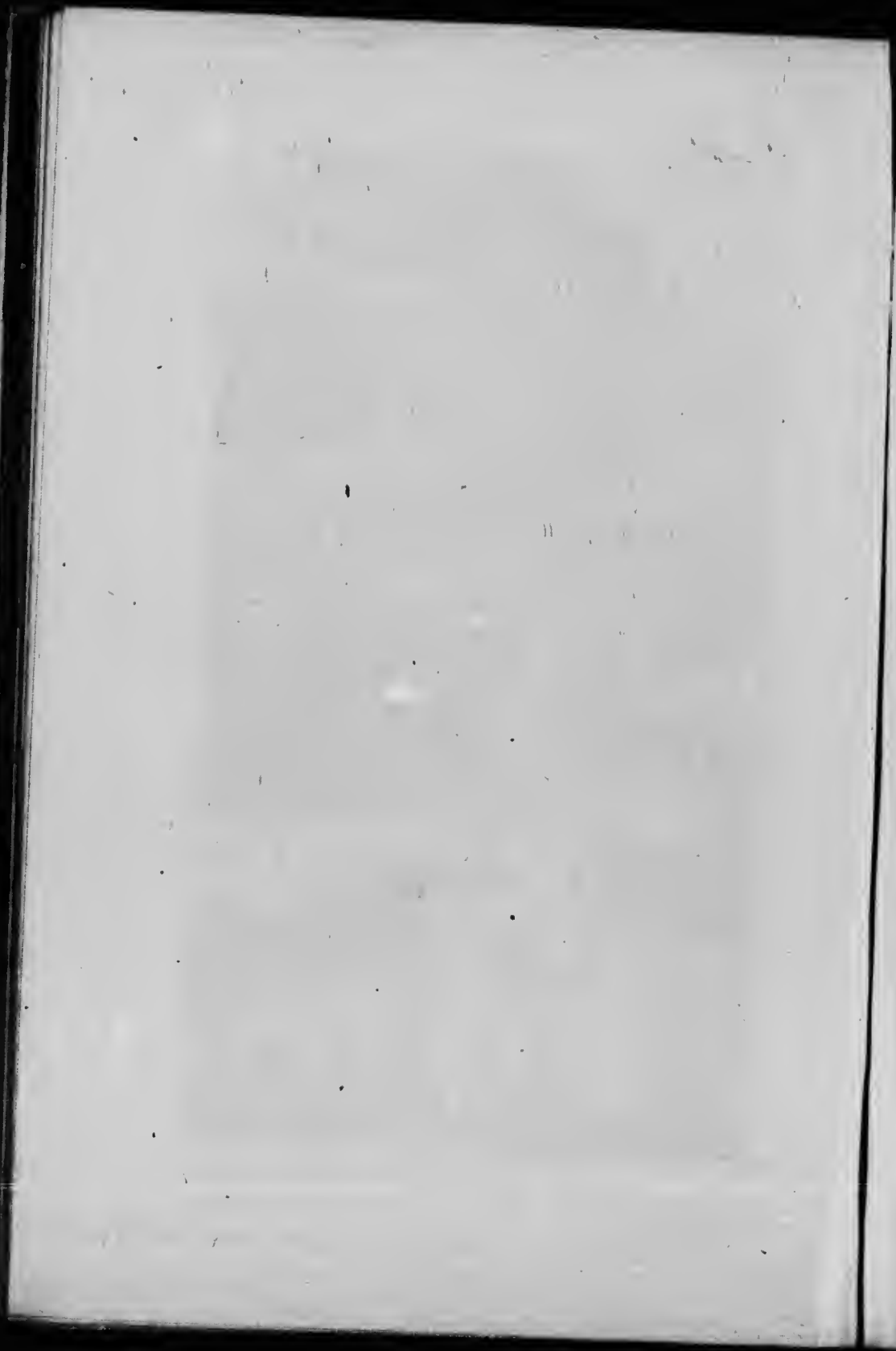
and board, laundry and everything else required. When travelling you may be generous, and give him fifty cents a week more. These boys do about everything around the room such as brushing and arranging your clothes, going messages, hiring cabs and checking your baggage, though they do not carry it. This has to be done by coolies whom they procure. They save you a lot of trouble and money by settling your tips, though it may cost them a five or ten minutes exciting conference, but as time is no object in India, one does not mind waiting until such conflicts are over. Such servants are jewels on a hot day, and they have a few in India. The ordinary traveller, or tourist, does not know just how to use his boys, and is apt to spoil them, but the Europeans residing there, have not that failing, and control them with a strict discipline, which is the best way of keeping them in order.

F. Marion Crawford, in "A Tale of Modern India," says:

The Hindu servant hates the cold. He fears it as he fears cobras, fever, and free-masons. His ideal life is nothing to do, nothing to wear, and plenty to eat, with the thermometer at 135 degrees on the verandah, and 110 inside. Then he is happy. His body swells with much good rice and dal, and his heart with pride; he will wear as little as you will let him, and whether you will let him or not, he will do less work in a given time than any living description of servant.



- (1) A FULL LOAD OF STRAW.
- (2) ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN KEPT IN ORDER BY WOMEN, CALCUTTA.
- (3) A PICTURESQUE GROUP AROUND THE HYDRANT, CALCUTTA.



"It has always been a mystery to me how native servants manage always to turn up at the right moment. You say to your man, "Go there and wait for me," and you arrive and find him waiting; though how he transferred himself thither, with his queer looking bundle, and cooking utensils, and your best teapot wrapped up in a newspaper and ready for use, and with all the other hundred and one things that a native servant contrives to carry about without breaking or losing one of them, is an unsolved puzzle. Yet there he is clean and grinning as ever, and if he were not clean and grinning, and provided with tea and cheroots, you would not keep him in your service a day, though you would be incapable of looking half so spotless and pleased under the same circumstances yourself."

In the dining room of our hotel some of the waiters looked as old as Methuesaleh, and in their long white flowing robes some of them, with lengthy gray beards, looked like the patriarchs of olden times. They moved silently along the stone slab floors in their bare feet. The head waiter was a handsome young man from Ceylon, speaking seven languages, and a world trotter. He had been to Quebec several times, also to New York and Boston, but preferred his present position to any he had previously held, finding it more remunerative and congenial.

The hotels are not as good as in Japan.

There is no female help around, and the numerous men servants are very slow. A good Canadian servant could probably do as much work as four or five female natives, though the enervating climate has a great deal to do with their laziness. The table is well supplied with vegetables, chickens and mutton, but meat is scarce, owing to the veneration of the cow. From what we could see, the hotel business in India was not profitable, many of them being closed, or financially embarrassed.

As we stepped out of our cab at the hotel entrance the very first request which greeted us was from an old man who politely asked if we wanted our fortune told. We replied that he might tell us something unpleasant and that would make us unhappy. But he was equal to the occasion, and replied, "I will only tell you good things."

Almost all business offices and residences throughout India are supplied with punkas (fans). They are the most popular household or office furniture in the land.

In the centre of one of the finest buildings of Calcutta, is a large slab on the ground, covering the Black Hole. It represents the darkest tragedy of the city.

The site of Calcutta was formerly occupied by Fort William, one of the possessions of the East India Company, a trading company similar to the Hudson Bay in Canada. In June, 1756, an uprising of the natives took place, resulting in the complete defeat of



HINDU WOMEN.

the garrison, and the capture of 156 persons, consisting of men, women and children and infants. These unfortunates were thrown into a vault of the fort used as a prison cell, and measuring about eighteen feet square, by 14 feet high, where they were allowed to remain for the night. In the morning 33 were taken out alive, with 123 bodies, representing those who had been trampled to death, or died of suffocation. The dead bodies were thrown over the wall, and allowed to rot in a heap, while the living were made the victims of many tortues.

THE BURNING GHAT.

From this memorial of a terrible tragedy in the history of Calcutta, we drove to the Burning Ghat, a gruesome place, but one of the sights of the large cities of India. Here the bodies of the Hindus are burned, instead of being buried. At almost any hour of the day, you will see two, three and four bodies burning on piles of logs, known as funeral pyres, in an enclosure alongside the Hoogli River.

Burning ghats are private enterprises, or conducted by corporations similar to our cemeteries. Poor people buy a fire for about 75 cents, but the rich order sandal or scented wood, which makes it very expensive. Bodies are kept only a few hours after death. Immediately a Hindu dies, a relative leaves the body to professional undertakers.

The bodies are carried through the streets on stretchers, resting on the shoulders of four or six bearers, chanting a funeral requiem, and generally followed by a few of the relatives who remain and see the corpse burn to a cinder. The body is first dipped in the river, which is supposed to purify the soul of the departed before entering another world. It is then doubled up, with the legs turned inward under the body, and placed upon a number of logs five feet long. Another layer of sticks is spread over the body, and after a few words of prayer with another baptism of water from a bowl, fire is set to the pile, and in an hour or so, the whole is reduced to a few ashes.

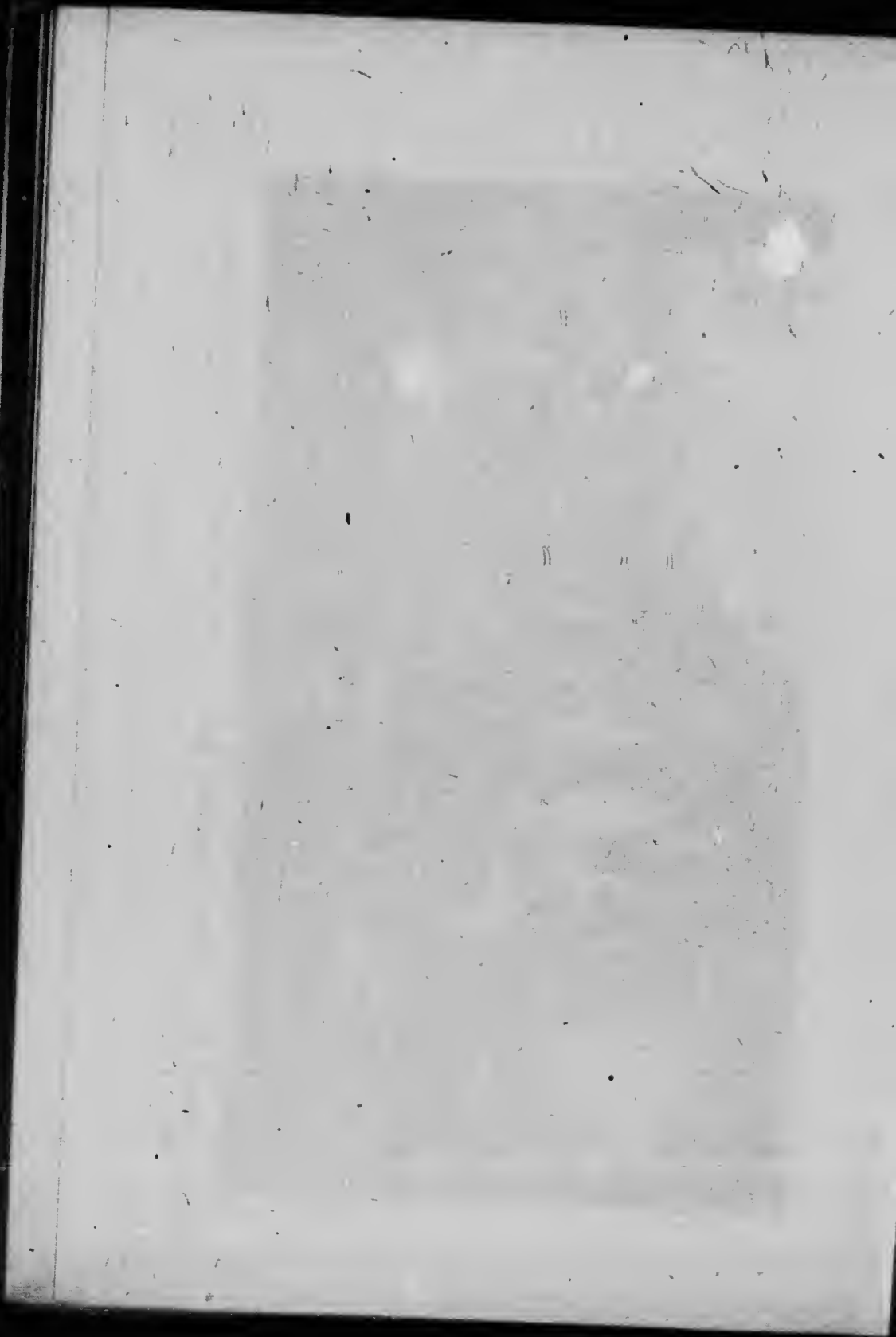
This mode of burial is oftentimes used as a cover for crime. A murder is committed, and two small marks are made on the skin resembling snake bites. The native policeman is called in to see the body, and told that the victim was bitten by a snake; a few hours afterwards the remains are burned, and the murderers escape.

While in Calcutta we read the following in the Englishman, one of the local publications:

"On Tuesday morning, an alleged information reached the Alipore District, from the Bistoopur Thannah, that a murder had been committed at Dhowli, a village in the Bistoopur Thana. It was reported to the local police that a young Hindu widow, named Basanta Dassi, aged about twenty years, had



THE BURNING GHAT, CALCUTTA.—ONE BODY ABOUT TO BE CONSUMED BY FIRE—ANOTHER WAITING ON THE STRETCHER.



died the evening previous of cholera, and the dead body was carried to the Keoratalla Burning Ghat at Kalighat, for cremation. The local police allege that they have come to learn that the woman had been murdered by her relatives, who are alleged to have circulated the rumour that she died a natural death. On this the Bistoopur Police reported the matter to the District Police to stop the cremation. Thereupon the Divisional Inspector, Mr. Ferdinands, hastened to the burning ghat, removed the dead body from off the pile to which they were just going to set fire, and found several marks of violence on the person of the deceased. He then sent the dead body to the morgue for post mortem examination, and took into custody, the party who carried the dead body to the ghat."

Notwithstanding the hard lives of the Hindus, their extreme poverty, their persistent and fanatical religious persuasions, with a climate producing indolence and inertia, their record of crime is said to be not as large in proportion to their population as that of England or America, and on the whole, they are law-abiding and honest.

On the way to the burning ghat, we passed along a very busy thoroughfare following the bank of the river, where there was a bustling street traffic of oxen teams hauling all descriptions of freight, and where we saw thousands of the natives bathing in the river and sleeping in the shaded spots. The Hindu is certainly fond of his bath, whether it

is in the river or in a pool alongside of his house. They say, that in olden times, a man dug a pool before he erected his home, and every evidence of this was to be seen, as we drove through the outskirts of the city limits. Cleanliness of the body is one of their religious tenets. It is said that a Mohammedan does not bathe, but wears clean clothes, and a Hindu washes his body, but puts on soiled clothes.

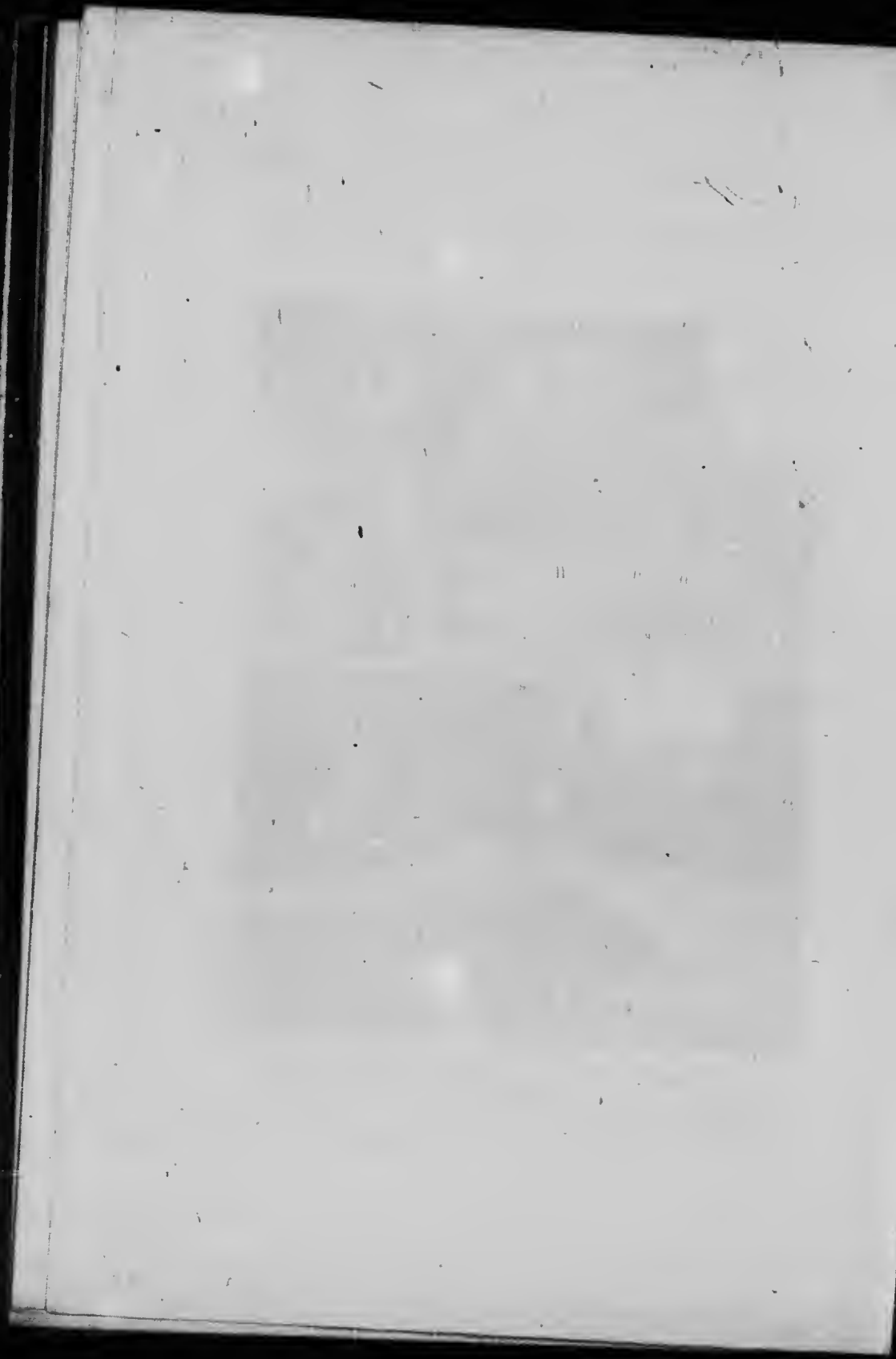
In the city proper, there are public hydrants in every direction. Around them you constantly see groups washing themselves or filling brass jars to carry the water to their homes, where they perform their ablutions. Every day in India brings its quota of new sights, and you marvel at the different customs and habits of the people. There are so many sects and castes that they are bewildering, and impossible to understand on a short visit.

One afternoon we took a drive of several miles, to the botanical gardens, passing through one of the native wards, and we had every opportunity of seeing the mode of living of the native inhabitants. Even here, within the city, were thatched huts, of one story adjoining two and three story brick houses.

One interesting sight in this garden is the banyan tree, the largest in the world, and certainly worth going five or six miles to see. The tree is 135 years old. The circumference of its main trunk, five and



(1) ANOINTING BODY WITH EXPOSED LIMBS, WITH WATER
FROM THE SACRED GANGES, CALCUTTA.
(2) THE BURNING PYRE.



a half feet from the ground, is 51 feet. It has 464 areal roots, as the branches which run down to the ground are called, and the entire tree is 938 feet in circumference.

There are several other remarkable specimens in this garden, one of which is called the "Crazy Tree." It has 35 different varieties of trees grafted into its trunk, and, as a consequence, it bears that number of different leaves. This is why it has been christened the crazy tree.

The shops were smaller than those in the bazaars, and nothing more than an open stall, about fifteen feet square, the shopkeeper sitting in the middle, with his goods all around him. It was near midday and a large number of merchants were fast asleep, no doubt with one eye open. Some of them, particularly in the grain trade, had other thieves than human ones to guard against. There is a black bird around Calcutta, about the size of a crow but otherwise resembling our jackdaw who was about as cunning and successful a shoplifter as any mortal living. We saw these birds of prey sweep down upon the stock of one of these sleeping merchants, and help themselves to an excellent meal of the best grain in the five or six large basins exposed to public view. We watched them on another occasion, when they were considering the advisability of entering an apartment house through an open window. Evidently they had been there before. After a debate, and two or

three quick flights past the window to see if anyone was inside, one of the most daring entered and soon returned with something in its beak. After this success, the remainder, about four or five, entered, and all came out with more spoil.

The street groups in these native wards are very interesting. Every woman is weighted down with ornaments hanging from her ears, nose or neck, and an assortment of bracelets under and above the elbow. They are on the whole very pretty, with well-curved arms, and walk with graceful pose, shoulders erect. The men are as fine in appearance and physique, and there are few who look unhealthy.

POVERTY AND STARVATION.

We hear a great deal about poverty in India, and particularly of starvation. The latter is usually due to failure in the crops in certain sections of the country, but the British Government is doing its utmost to offset this contingency by the building of new railways through the affected parts, as well as by carrying on a gigantic system of irrigation, as a means of minimizing the yearly mortality from this cause.

The independence of three Hindu school boys, whom we met in the park, and who spoke a few words of English, did not suggest any idea of poverty among the class to which they belonged. Remembering the time when

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(1) SHAVING ON THE STREET CALCUTTA.
(2) A SIDE STREET, CALCUTTA.
(3) A CORNER NATIVE STORE, CALCUTTA.



we were about their age, and how a cent or two gave us great joy, we told our servant, Sheik Noor Mohammed, whom we had appointed cashier that morning, by depositing half a rupee (about 17 cents) with him for general expenses to give them a cent each, but we noticed that the boys refused the offering. We asked Noor what was the matter. He replied that the boys wanted two cents each. Such independence was deserving of a good chastisement, which we trust they received from another source, as Noor said he thought they were truants from school.

The policemen, or parawallahs, as they are called in Calcutta, are dressed in white, with short pants, puttees and boots, and carry umbrellas to shield themselves from rain and sun. Even the cabman sports this luxury. There are many fine private equipages, with their drivers and syca (footmen),

RAILWAYS AND CABS.

There are three classes of cabs—first, second and third, generally denoted by large Roman figures on the doors. The rattle-traps belong to the latter class, and the fare is very much lower for these than for the others, possibly fifty per cent. There are also the first and second class taxi-cabs, worked on the same principal, and this applies to the railway trains, stations, restaurants, etc. The Eurasians have the same privileges as the Europeans. Railway travel is very

reasonable in India. We bought a first class ticket from Calcutta to Darjeeling and return, and then to Bombay, via Agra, Delhi, Jaipur, etc., stopping off where we desired, but sleeping on the cars about six nights. We travelled first class, in compartments, with shower baths, etc., The distance covered was over three thousand miles, and we only paid a little over sixty dollars, and fifteen dollars for our man servant, which included his fare all the way back from Bombay to Calcutta. Most of the compartments in the carriages had one or two electric fans, while some of them had as many as four, with an excellent system of electric lighting.

It seems to us that America could greatly improve her railway travelling in summer time by installing these fans in greater numbers than is done at present. Tea and refreshments are served at almost any time, night or day, on the trains, while numerous stops are made at stations where very fair restaurants are found. Travelling in India, even in hot weather, is not uncomfortable, as there is no objection to one remaining in his pyjama suit, and for the ladies to appear in their kimonas.

The European merchants of Calcutta close their stores early during the week, Saturday afternoons especially early, and should the weather be pleasant, the vast area known as the esplanade, near the two-mile track, one of the finest in the world, is as animated

a scene as one will find in any part of the globe. We passed through it one afternoon, when there must have been over ten thousand people engaged in tennis, hockey, football and polo, while hundreds of young men were riding around the track for exercise. All the foreigners and the better class of natives, go in for some kind of exercise in Calcutta, and most of the Europeans, being Englishmen, and naturally born sportsmen, there are many clubs of every description, social and otherwise. In the early morning the men may be seen riding or playing golf, while in the afternoon they indulge in tennis. The evenings are always cool and pleasant, and after a day's work, and several hours' exercise, it is no wonder that the Calcuttians can eat a good dinner at eight o'clock.

Amusement is afforded in the public parks for children and adults by jugglers, slight-of-hand performers, or snake charmers. We saw a Chinese trio doing better juggling feats than we ever witnessed on the American stage. We saw the youngest, a boy of about ten years of age, stand on one leg on a table, and slowly twist his other leg behind him until it rose up perpendicularly behind his head, and upon the sole of this uplifted foot his associate placed a jar of water. He did the trick equally well with both legs reversed.

We did not visit many temples, pagodas or mosques, nor did we see many of them around Calcutta. One Jain Temple impressed

us. It was more like a theatre than a place of worship, and stood in a beautiful garden surrounded by a high enclosure. The temple proper, built of glass, was at one end, while at the other was a bathing tank, or pool, with a stairway leading down to the water, as is seen at many such pools in India. The main entrance was blocked by a heavy iron box, with a grating on top, through which we could see tens of thousands of copper pieces, which, in India, are worth about half a cent. Two heavy chains anchored the box to the floor, to prevent its being carried away, notwithstanding the fact that it must have weighed nearly a ton. This temple garden and bathing tank were built by a rich Jain merchant, a jeweller, who erected on one side a house and entertainment hall, which we were shown, as well as his living quarters, outside of which he was sitting on the ground, playing with two of his children.

The Jains are the Quakers of India. The attributes of their religion are love, charity and kindness. They are the best human friends to the animals, from the minutest insect up to the largest and most ferocious beast. They do everything possible to avoid even a chance of killing insects, by taking care to brush the place where they will sit, lest any living creature be crushed.



THE JAIN TEMPLE AND GROUND, CALCUTTA.

THE KALI TEMPLE.

Calcutta grew from a small village of the same name, which was famous for a temple erected in honor of Kali, the infamous better-half of the god Siva, the most cruel, vindictive and relentless in this realm of heathen deities. This temple is still to be seen, though over four hundred years old, with Kali sitting on her throne, in all her hideousness, and wearing a necklace of human skulls. A common belief among many is that she brings pestilence and famine, wars and sorrows, and suffering of all kinds, and can only be conciliated by the sacrifice of human life. It is said that tens of thousands of victims have been slain before her image in this temple. Human offerings were prohibited by the English about fifty years ago, but it is believed that they still take place in remote parts of India, during famine or pestilence.

The temple to-day is a ghastly, filthy and repulsive place. We do not think that we saw anything during our tour over India that was so horrible. With our guide, we arrived at the entrance to a narrow alleyway, leading from a street passing through a native ward. We had no sooner entered the alleyway than we were besieged by a number of unkempt-looking natives, who claimed they were guides, and pestered us until we reached a small yard surrounding the temple. In this enclosure were the remains

of a lamb that had been slaughtered in the morning, and around the carcass was a motley group of women and children, endeavoring to extract a bone, or a piece of meat, that might have been left by those who had been working on it earlier in the day. This, our guide said, was the daily sacrifice in the temple, instead of a human being as heretofore.

The yard was like a slaughter-house, only not one-hundredth part as clean. Scraggy dogs were mixed up with the group of meat and bone mendicants. The stench from the place was horrible, and we were thinking of retreating to the street, when a fight arose between several men who called themselves priests of the temple, and who thought that we had engaged the pestering procession of guides which followed us into the yard. For a few seconds it seemed as if we would witness a revival of the human sacrifice, if things grew any hotter. The combat, however, was brought to an end by a retreat of the guides to the street. Then we were besieged by the priests, a very dirty lot. Though we saw as much bathing in India as we have ever seen in any country, we do not think that these priests took advantage of the practice. We told our guide that we only wanted to remain there for a few minutes, and to show us everything in a hurry, informing him that we did not care to enter the temple, as we had seen enough on the outside.

In the slaughter-house in rear of the



THE JAIN TEMPLE, CALCUTTA.

building, which was not a very large one, sat a group of about twenty-five "holy men." It was the most grotesque collection we had ever seen, whether in illustration or in reality. They sat on the steps of the temple like marble statues, powdered, painted, and marked with many different facial designs, but when we attempted to take a photograph of them, which we would have prized above anything, they did a disappearing act around the corner of the temple. It caused the greatest stir, and the quickest scamper that any body of "holy men" ever executed. It even frightened the priests, who in holy horror and a rapid firing of Hindostan ejaculations, rained all the curses of Kali, and the other gods in the temple, down upon us for creating such a disturbance among the saintly men. At first sight there might appear to be some reason for believing in the absolute faith of the self-sacrifices of these asectics, but with the very large majority, closer inspection revealed every appearance of fake and humbug. But they are not troublesome to strangers, as they seldom pester them for alms. They live entirely upon the benevolence of the passer-by. They believe in the theory that by remaining in abject silence, with mind and thought in a trance, their souls commune with psychic forces, and that they become imbued with the knowledge of all things. They believe that their self-abnegation makes them men of knowledge and superior to the ordinary human being.

We left the Kali temple with an impression that there was no place better fitted for the worship of the relentless and cruel god Kali than that surrounding the temple we had visited. If human beings were sacrificed in it years ago there is not the least doubt that the victims were better off with a quick slaughter than the adherents of this temple to-day, who must be dying a slow death from the pestilence and disease lurking in every corner and crevice.

Calcutta is very gay in winter and numerous engagements, as in all garrison towns, occupy the greater part of the time of the residents. It is a popular city for all kinds of social functions, owing to the large number of bachelor officers in the garrison.

INDIA'S FINEST MUSEUM.

The Imperial museum on Chowringhee street is one of the best in India. While going through it one afternoon, we were surprised to see so many Hindus and their families, all well dressed, inspecting the collection of antiquities. It happened to be a free afternoon, and we were the only foreigners present, much to our regret, and our democratic ideas were considerably perturbed by one of the guards following us around, and ruthlessly shoving every Hindu out of our way, as though we were the Governor-General. He was a native himself, but it seemed to make no difference, and we came to the conclusion

that he was of a higher caste than those he was hounding about. We remonstrated with him, stating that we were not being crowded or molested, on the contrary we were entertained by the facial expressions and costumes of our fellow spectators. A few annas were more effective than our words in inducing him to accede to our wishes.

The streets of Calcutta are mostly wide, and fairly well kept, being watered partly by the street railway system, about twenty-five miles in length, and partly by natives with pig and goat skins filled with water, with which they sprinkle the thoroughfares, through one of the legs of the skins, by an adroit twist of the wrist.

The women of India do a very large proportion of the industrial work. They repair the roads, carry the mortar and stones for use in new buildings, lay the stones of the street pavements, freight, lumber, and all such work, even though they may have their babies on their backs.

The English have perfected the mail system of Calcutta, and it is much beyond the standard of other things. There are parts of Calcutta so modern in architecture that you would not realize you were in India, but might imagine yourself in London.

The city is very festive in holiday time, but the great event is the races, with purses as high as \$10,000. It is said that some of the finest steeplechasing in the world takes place on the two-mile turf course.

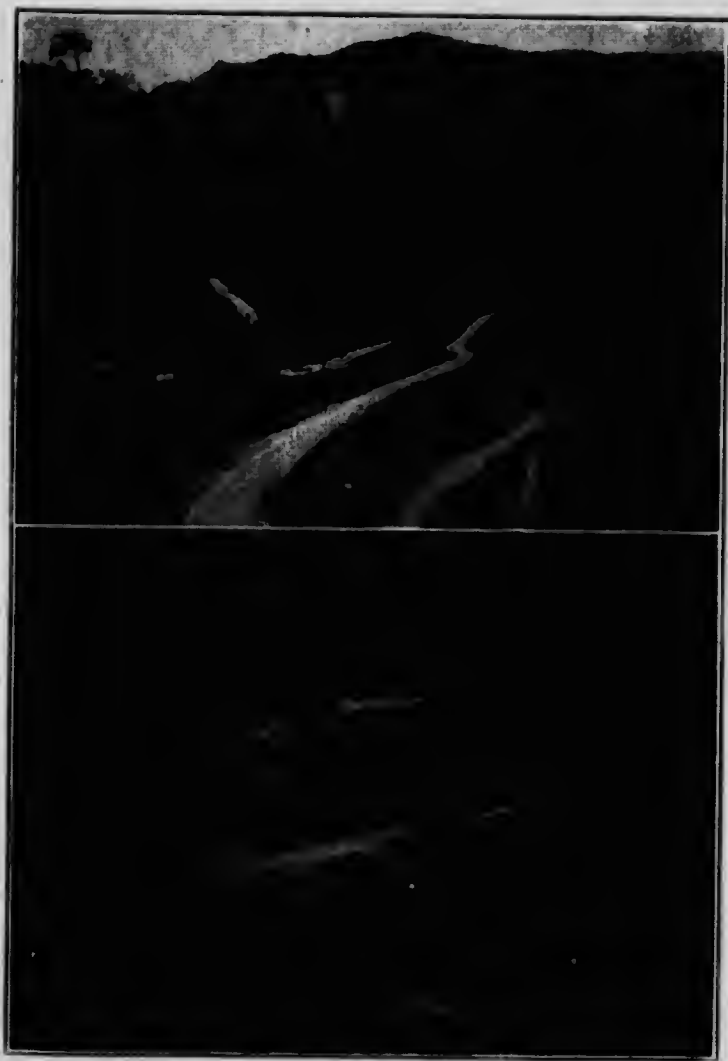
The levees, at-homes, and receptions given in this city at the Governor-General's Palace are said to have been scenes of the greatest splendour, pomp and wealth. Native princes and their retinues, attended in the most lavish dress, and wearing a collection of precious stones such as are not seen at any great gathering in Europe. The collection of jewellery owned by the Maharaja of Baroda is valued at \$10,000,000 to \$30,000,000. It includes a necklace containing 130 diamonds valued at \$1,200,000 a pearl neck ornament worth \$850,000, a carpet worked in diamonds and pearls that could not be duplicated for \$250,000.

CALCUTTA TO DARJELLING.

Late in afternoon of a very hot day we drove to the railway station, on our way to Darjeeling, high up in the Himalaya Mountains, to the north of the ex-capital city.

As we entered our railway carriage we found a luxuriously appointed compartment, with easy lounging chairs, electric fans, excellent electric lights, altogether the most up-to-date travelling conveyance we had been in since leaving our American overland train at Los Angeles.

But it must be remembered that we were going to the mountains, at the season of the year when all who can leave Calcutta for the favorite mountain retreat of Darjeeling.



**DARJEELING HIMALAYAN RAILWAY CLIMBING THE STEEP
MOUNTAIN FROM CALCUTTA TO DARJEELING.**



The Governor and his staff had only preceded us the day before, so we considered we were in the swim of fashion in taking this side trip. When we started we realized we were among many officers and a mixed collection of pet dogs.

By night time we reached the sacred Ganges River, with no incident of unusual importance to recount. The country traversed was flat and uninteresting, but when we arrived at the river's edge we were transferred to a palatial flat-bottomed side wheeler, with all the comforts of any modern river-boat. The Ganges at this point is not very wide, but varies on the stretch at about ten miles, over which we steamed, from a half mile to a mile or two, but at no place attaining any great depth. Our course was zig-zag. Two natives took soundings on either side of the bow, and kept up a continuous sing-song announcing the depth to men overhead on the upper deck, who passed the same on to the pilot. Search-lights penetrated into the darkness ahead, and showed us the passing banks and landmarks. There were quite a number of small craft around, some of them moored to temporary wharves. There are no stationary wharves on the river, owing to the fact of its rising and falling so rapidly and to its shifting course. The railway company was building an enormous structure in the vicinity of their railway termini which they hope will withstand any onslaught of the river throughout all

the seasons. There is also a ten million dollar bridge under construction. It is said that the course of the river changes every day, and the pilots have an arduous task keeping the boat from grounding. As it was, our steamer stuck twice on a sand-bar, but the vessel succeeded in floating off under her own steam, without any mishap.

Dinner was served in the open, on the upper deck by a Parsee caterer, who is said to be a very wealthy man, and who sat at a table and personally took care of all the rupees that flowed into the coffers for the meal and refreshments.

On arriving on the opposite shore we boarded a waiting train on the wharf, and started for the foothills, on a narrow guage railway about two and a half feet wide. Our accommodation was somewhat crude after what we had experienced in the afternoon. It was our first experience of sleeping on an Indian train. We were in a compartment with three other companions. Our berth consisted of a board seat dropped down from the side of the car, with a leather stuffed mattress, hard and slippery. On this we spread our blanket, sheet and quilt, which task occupied but a few minutes. The road bed was rough, but as the speed was slow, it was not altogether uncomfortable, and we succeeded in obtaining a few snatches of sleep before the dawn, when we enjoyed viewing the wild and rugged landscape, with an occasional habitation.



TEA PLANTATION IN THE MOUNTAINS, DARJEELING.



Here and there we saw a number of wild elephants the first we had ever seen roaming about without attendants or attached to a circus. The conductor told us that they were wild elephants, and that the district through which we were passing was one of the favorite elephant hunting grounds, but that the forest was so thick, and the ground so swampy, that it was almost worth one's life to indulge in the sport, and yet many ambitious sportsmen took the risk. Only a short time previously two well-known Darjeeling officers had succumbed to fever contracted in these parts.

Early next morning we made another change of cars and railway, this time boarding the most novel railway in the world. The track was two feet gauge, and the cars so miniature that only eight persons could sit in each of them. They were open on the sides, which permitted all to have an excellent view all the way up the mountains, some seven thousand feet, to Darjeeling.

The many turns, twists and loops made by the little steam train climbing the steep ascent made a rapidly changing panorama of landscape. At one place two loops are made, one above the other, on a pinnacle of rock projecting from the mountain side. At several other places there is no room for a loop and the train backs up a siding, then goes ahead, where it is too steep to make a gradual descent. Small villages on the way are passed, one of which formed the base of the English movement against Lhasa and another which

possessed a restaurant, where we indulged in chotaz hazri (late breakfast).

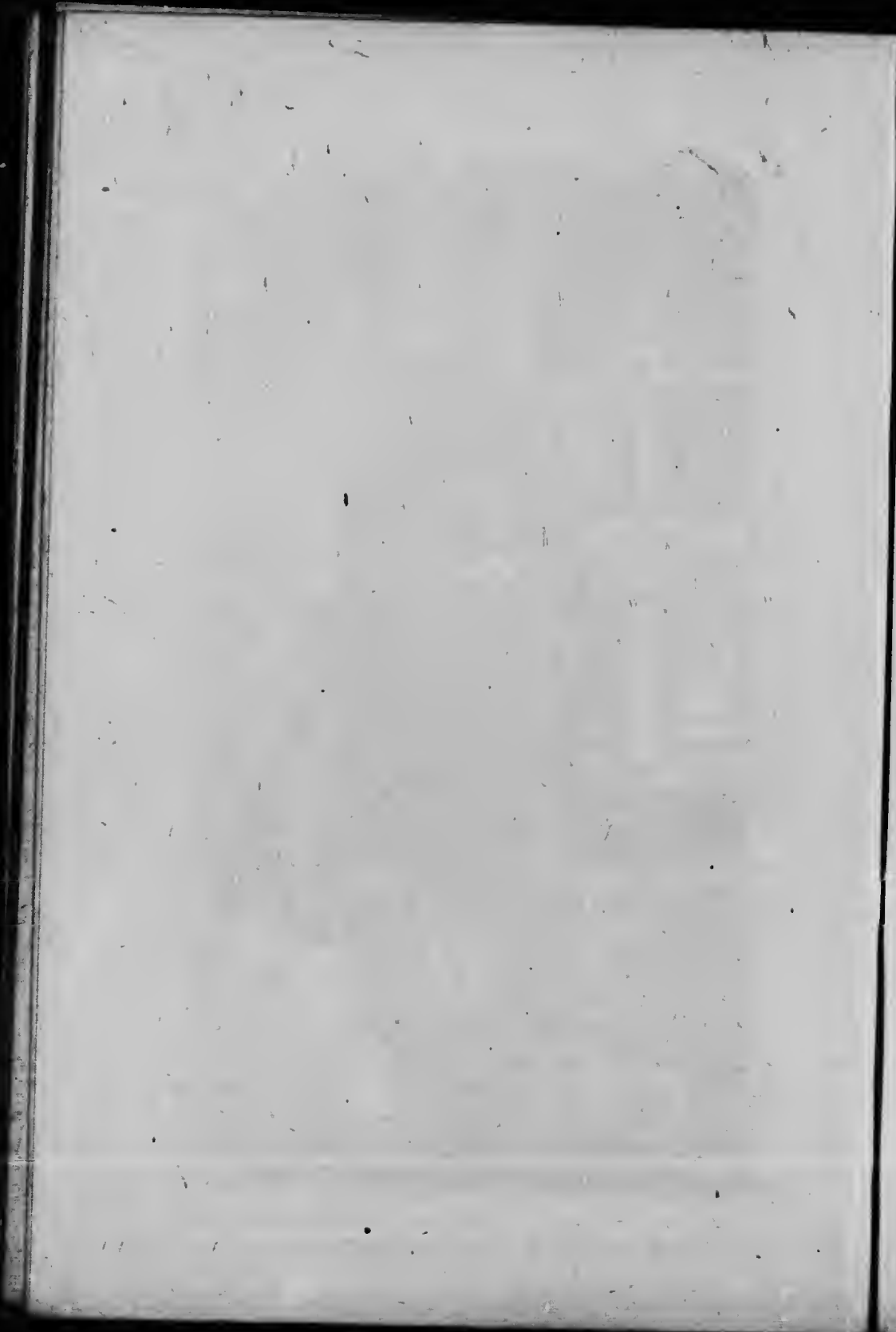
Here we met the superintendent, who fills many official positions besides that of supervising this miniature railway of about fifty miles in length. He does not travel in a private car of any elegance or luxury. His conveyance is merely a hand car fitted up with a few bench seats. It requires no power to descend, and is generally hauled up behind the train on the return. His experiences are very varied and exciting, that is, they would be for us. The last time he passed over the line, a week previously, a huge tiger preceded him for miles. He had no gun, so was compelled to slow down, rather than disturb the equanimity of the tiger in his perambulations on the track. It was a common thing to see wild elephants. This is evidenced by the fact that over two hundred were captured in one year. We must say that we preferred our own mode of traveling to the superintendent's private car, and perhaps this was the first time in our railway travels that we would not have appreciated an official car.

DARJEELING.

Darjeeling, which was reached at 2.30 p.m., is probably better known the world over, for its famous tea than for anything else. The tea gardens are to be seen in every direction on the way up and from the



**ONE OF THE THIBETAN WOMEN WHO CARRIED OUR BAGGAGE
FROM STATION TO HOTEL, DARJEELING.**



city itself. Over fifty million pounds are annually exported from this district. Yet the first advertising sign, a very large one, read, "Lipton's Teas." Perhaps this is where Sir Thomas made his vast fortune, which has enabled him to compete for the world's great yachting prize.

Everything was interesting in Darjeeling—the people, the varied costumes, the odd vehicles, the stores, and the buildings. The city is beautifully situated in the midst of the Himalayas, on a plateau that commands a view of the highest mountains in the world, including Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high, some 140 miles away, though the height of this mountain is so great the distance would make one believe this an exaggeration.

Kinchinjanga, 45 miles distance, and five miles high, seems so near, that it almost overshadows the town.

Our baggage was carried to the hotel on the backs of two women porters. They were the hardest looking women workers we had ever seen. In climbing the steep ascent to the hotel they left us far behind. They were Thibetians, a strong mountainous race, who, with the men of a similar stature, six feet tall and gaunt, with large broad shoulders and peculiar dress, lead the typical lives of the inhabitants of the borders of Northern India.

The women porters wore fantastic garbs, with faces smeared with pig's blood, and wrists and arms smothered in cheap bracelets,

with heavy pendants on their ears, and a gorgeous array of rings on their fingers. Forbes, describing them said:—

“Many of the women look exactly like some Kiowa Indians that I happen to remember, but they are a good-natured bunch. Here comes one with a bunch of ten-cent rings which she expects to sell to the traveller for two rupees apiece. A much-soiled man, whom I should meet in the dark only with great reluctance, holds out a Thibetan prayer-wheel. A fantastic girl or a nearly naked boy sounds out India’s national hymn—Salaam, Sahib, backsheesh!—pronouncing it in words of one syllable: “Slom, sob, b’ksheesh!”

Notwithstanding the pretty bunaglows and villas of the Europeans, and the palatial residence of the Governor, the hotels were very primitive and uncomfortable. The two leading ones were owned by a wealthy lady, who donated all the profits to charity, but it would have been more benevolent on her part if she had donated some of her surplus to improving the buildings and the service. We occupied about the gloomiest room to be found in India. It was more like a prison cell than a \$3.00 a day fashionable hotel room.

The Himalayas have been a great asset to India. They form a huge, almost unsurpassable barrier to the North of India, protecting it from attacks or invasions of the war-like nations to the north, Their



NEPALESE AND THIBETAN, DARJEELING.

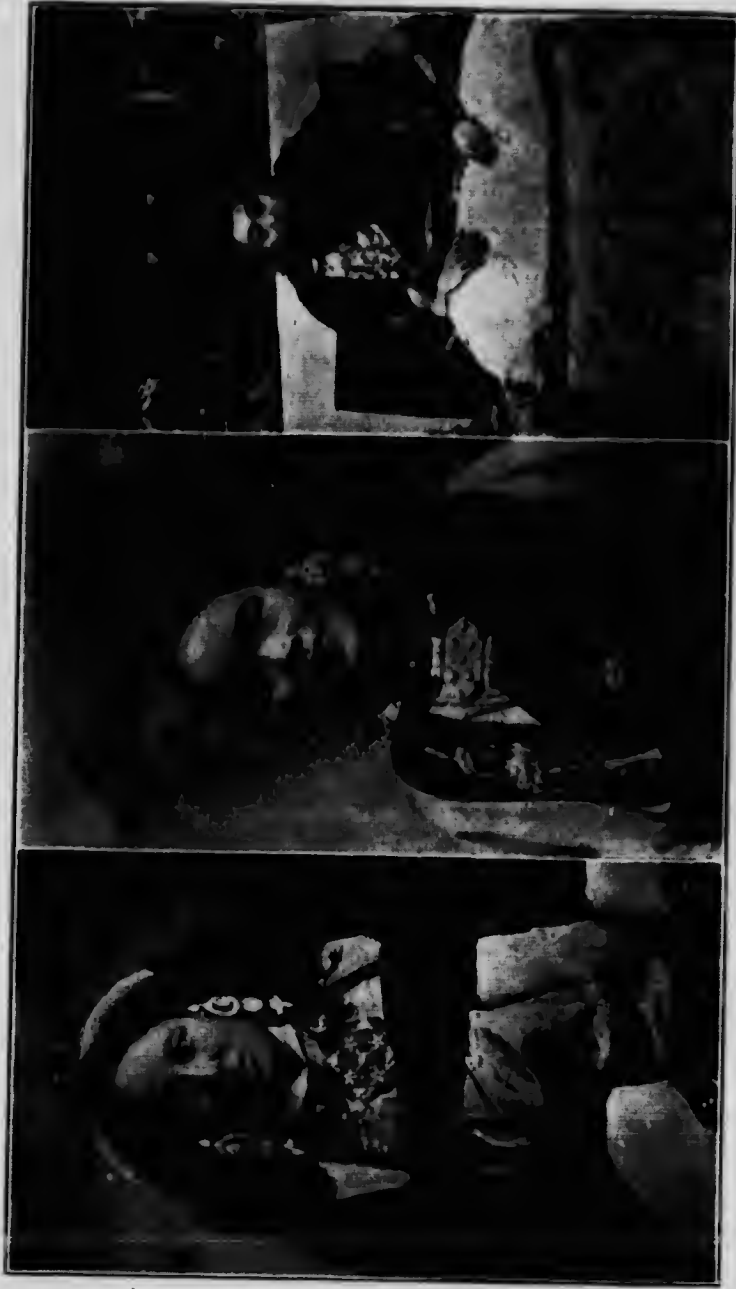
glaciers feed the low-lands with mighty rivers and streams, enriching the soil, and making it fruitful to the teeming millions of inhabitants. To-day the Government is assisting Nature, and through some of the most gigantic engineering schemes, these waters from the North are being stored and used for irrigation, reclaiming the millions of acres of arid land for agriculture.

The Cantonment, or military quarters, and hospital for fever stricken soldiers are situated a few miles above the town.

No one visits Darjeeling without making an ascent of Tiger Hill, six miles further up the mountain slope, to an elevation of about eight thousand feet, to see Mount Everest, and all the other high peaks among the Himalayas, in all their glory and scintillating hues under the rising or setting sun.

Our experience was a never-to-be-forgotten one. We were more fortunate than many who make the effort in experiencing a clear morning, but there are numerous disappointments, owing to the clouds and early mists rising from the icy rivers, which have their source in the enormous glacier fields. We left the hotel a little after midnight, with a picturesque looking group of Thibetian guides. The start was made under rather unpleasant conditions. We were very cold, notwithstanding the donning of heavy wraps, and rode on a small sized horse, while other members of the midnight excursion sat in coffin shaped boxes (Dandi-wallah) carried upon the

shoulders of four guides. They were a tough looking lot of men, but they seemed to have the strength of giants. It was an exhilarating ride, around winding paths and over rugged roads, until at the first signs of approaching dawn we arrived at the crest of Tiger Hill. There we built a small fire and made a cup of tea, which was a most welcome stimulant, though the view of unrivalled mountain scenery would have soon enlivened our feelings to the very highest point. It was all too grand to describe. It was beyond the human pen or brush to depict. We stood and looked away off into the distance, 145 mile away, and there as the dawn broke over the darkness of the night the scene gradually revealed huge mountains, so high and so perpendicular at the pinnacles, that even the white snow could not cling to them, so they were left bare and rugged. There were several in our party, but no one wanted to speak. The silence was thrilling, and a spirit of wonder and awe coursed through each and every one of us, holding us spellbound. It would have been sacrilegious to have disturbed the serene quiet grandeur of Nature, with all the heavenly forces working in such graceful harmony, to make an everlasting picture of perfection. It was the work of God, not man, "for God made the heavens and earth, and all that is within them." We must have stood there for half an hour or more. We forgot the guides, but even they were trance-like



(1) THIBETAN LADY - SCARF AROUND SHOULDERS DENOTES THAT SHE IS UNMARRIED.
(2) ANOTHER CLASS WHO WEAR MUCH JEWELLERY.
(3) THE DELAI LLAMA, DARJEELING.

in appearance. They were just as we were—standing, staring, wondering, and awe-stricken.

The light grew stronger, the scene of beauty changed, but never lessened, the outlines of the stupendous peaks appearing plainer and nearer, the snow-clad slopes bristling in the rays of the rising sun through the gorges, which did not permit them to reach us. Then all of a sudden the first flash of the bright orb shone over Mount Everest, and the whole scene in between, in that stretch of 145 miles, was ablaze, and all changed again. The sombre and grey outlines had disappeared and, the earth now resplendent with daylight, the world had awakened. The birds no doubt were singing, though we were too far away to hear them. The leaves of the trees, and the flowers, were throwing off their dew of night, filled with vigour, strength and perfume, all earth below us was once more responding to Nature's greatest gift of life.

There are no words for such a picture, it was an inspiration of the mighty works of the Creator, and his wonderful conception of the fitness of things above and below.

Our return journey down the mountain, in broad daylight, was not the least interesting experience in Darjeeling. The mountain foliage and wild flowers were a revelation. They were in great profusion and of the brightest colors.

Magnolias and rhodadendrons vied with

one another in brilliant array with the Cobra plant, and pines running up the stately hills.

The day on which we left Darjeeling, we had an amusing experience with our two women porters, whom we had promised the job of portaging our baggage down to the station. Five hours before the appointed time for departure they arrived, but were informed it was too early. Then we did not want to pay them for such a lengthy engagement, so we instructed them to come back in about four hours. But they were back in a quarter of that time, and sat at our door, showing some anxiety lest we might employ some one else. When we perceived this we took compassion and handed them our several pieces, which they strung on their backs, and with their loads, as though they were of no weight, loitered around the yard of the hotel for over three hours, until we were ready to leave. The women were almost covered in brass and lead jewellery. They wore about thirty pairs of bracelets each, and with ever so many chains and necklaces hanging loosely down their dresses. The Thibetians are said to spend every cent they make in ornamenting themselves with jewellery.

Before leaving, we visited a Thibetian temple, the most idolatrous ramshackle building in the place, below the pale of the town. It was difficult to imagine it being a place of worship. Half a dozen motley priests were making all manner of noises—



- (1) PROMINENT STREET, DARJEELING.
- (2) AUTHOR ON HORSEBACK IN THE MIDST OF HOTEL STAFF AND THIBETAN COOLIES, DARJEELING.
- (3) THE LOCAL CABMEN, DARJEELING.

one was ringing a bell, another turning a prayer wheel, another beating a drum, or something like it, but all begging and pestering us for alms. There was not a sign of anything suggesting prayer. We were endeavoring, out of ordinary Christian respect, to refrain from laughing at the actions of the priests, but one of them made a remark at which all started to laugh. It was one joke lost to us.

DEPARTURE FROM CALCUTTA.

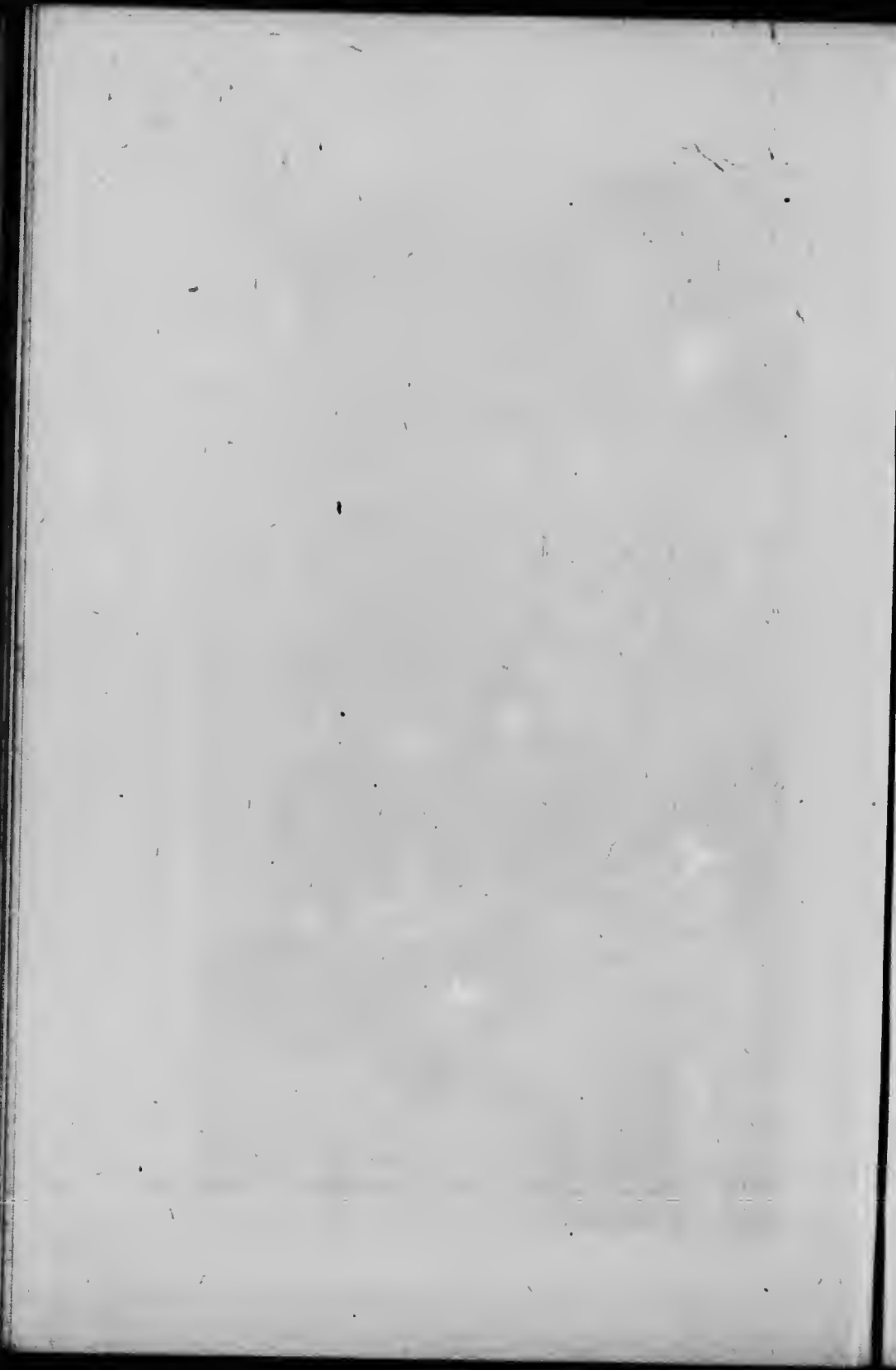
Noor Mohammed, our man servant, showed undue haste at our departure from Calcutta, whither we returned after our visit to Darjeeling. Our objective point was Benares. The train left at eight o'clock in the evening, and if we had followed Noor we would have waited in a station for over an hour. As it was, our horse raced through the streets like mad, with Noor on the box seat, encouraging the driver, which made us believe we were really late. At the mad pace at which we were driven we were exposed to the danger of being pitched out. However, we subsequently discovered that it was only one of the common habits of the travelling public of India in order to have the section of the best available cars, or compartments, as the train accommodation is much the same as that of England. We had our reservation, so it made no difference to us, but out of force of habit, and in the delight of a cross-

continent journey, Noor did not mean to take any chances of missing the train. The station was a spacious structure, with large dining rooms and all other conveniences.

Our train was made up of some forty or fifty cars, and ours was in the rear. It was the most antiquated in the whole lot. It had a couple of fans, four berths, and a dull spirit lamp in the ceiling. We were the sole occupants, and as we had recently read of several murders in the trains of India, the victim of one being a young girl returning home from school in England, we took a survey of things, in order to be prepared against a night assault at one of the lonely by-stations. There were no locks of any use to the two doors of the compartment, and, if the locks had been solid and strong, the windows were too frail to be a barrier to any midnight intrusions. There was, however, a danger signal. It consisted of a handle attached to a wire, or chain, which led up to the ceiling of the car. Underneath was a notice which declared that a heavy penalty would be levied should the signal be used for no good reason. If any one had attempted to frighten us, and we had pulled the handle, which was directly above our berth, we most likely would have had to pay one or two pounds to the railway company. The conductor's van was somewhere in the middle of the long procession of cars, and this handle and chain were connected with a bell in it, which would ring and notify



THIBETAN WOMEN WHO CARRY MEN'S BURDENS, DARJEELING.



the guard that something had happened on the train, but in which compartment he would not be able to tell until he had made an inspection of all. This was not a pleasant thought in the event of someone entering our compartment and holding us up. We had no means of self-defence, but were not kept awake by the dread of violence as much as by the terrible shaking and creaking of the whole car, which at the end of the train was far worse than if it had been anchored down between two other cars. But nothing of any note happened during the night. The bed was hard and slippery, and we spent most of the time trying to avoid being rolled or pitched out on to the floor. During the early morn an arid waste on all sides met our gaze from the car windows. An occasional habitation was seen, but many miles of unused land separated them.

BENARES.

Under a fiercely flaming sun we left our train at Benares in the early hours of a well-advanced day. It was our first experience of hot dry weather. Our hotel was more like a private home, with a charming English woman, many years a resident of the sacred city, as hostess. She was most painstaking over our comfort, and administered a warning to refrain from any undue exercise or exertion until late in the afternoon; so we lounged on the verandah, and slumbered throughout the

midday. There was not even a soft balmy breeze. Everything was at a standstill. We placed our thermometer in the sun, but in a few minutes the mercury sizzled up to the top notch, or as high as it could go. Under the shade of the wide verandah it rose to 100 degrees, and yet it was not uncomfortable. At noon we were served with an excellent dinner in the centre room of the building, with a huge punka swinging over our heads. The heat did not lessen our appetites, for we ate a hearty meal, enjoying all the dishes, which were characteristic of the country, the principal ingredients of which seemed to be rice, mustard and red pepper. The hotter the climate, the hotter the eatables, is a general rule.

In the cool of the afternoon we ventured out in carriages, for a drive around one of the oldest religious cities of India. The quietude of everything was noticeable. There seemed to be no stir in beast, twig or herb. It appeared as though the earth had come to an absolute stop. The feeling, or sensation, was not unpleasant. As we penned these letters in our room, with the doors and windows wide open, we seemed to be alone in the world.

About four o'clock our man noiselessly entered. We were so absorbed that we never heard him, though we had a feeling that some one was there. We looked up and there was Noor quite near us. "Want some tea?" he laconically asked. "Yes," we replied, and he disappeared. A few minutes later he arrived

with the tea, which was so refreshing that we began to appreciate the English tea-drinking habit.

Our hotel was not the largest in Benares; that was closed for the season. It was on the outskirts of the city, and as we drove into town we saw the first signs of life, an ox team with a couple of men endeavoring to water the streets. It was only an attempt, for laying the dust, several inches thick, would have taken more than one team, though this was all we saw in the city that afternoon.

We made a call at the tomb of a holy man. From the age of seven he had practiced self abnegation. He refrained from eating meats or solids. He was not even a vegetarian. He simply lived on milk, and survived to the ripe old age of nearly five score years. The tomb was more like that of a king or queen, and in America would have cost over a quarter of a million dollars. Such is the devotion of the pilgrims of Benares, who immortalized the remains of this good man with a magnificent monument.

Benares is the Mecca of Hinduism. To reside in the city insures salvation; to die in it leaves no doubt. It may be said to be a city of temples, idols, palaces, and pilgrims, with a population of over two hundred thousand. The wealthy Hindu princes and merchants have erected palatial buildings along the Ganges River, where they make annual pilgrimages with their families and retinues of servants. Their entry to the city upon

caparisoned elephants, heavily laden with jewels, constitutes the most gorgeous parades. These processions, after circling the sacred land around the city, visit a large number of the temples and shrines, making offerings at each one. The length of the tour is over forty-five miles.

Like many of the other leading cities of India, Benares has seen some bloody battles with the British, and many heroic acts of the past are recalled by tablets and monuments.

During the mutiny of 1857, over two thousand Sepoys mutinied against about one hundred and fifty British officers and men, but were defeated and put to flight through the undaunted courage of the English.

There are hundreds of thousands of gods, or idols, in Benares, but Ganesha is the favorite. He is also the most hideous, but it seems to us that the most hideous and most repulsive looking gods are the most popular in India. Ganesha may be seen on the thrones in shrines along many of the high-ways. Those who are unable to visit the temple, and are too poor to make any monetary offerings, generally drop a stone at this shrine, with the result that one sees piles of stones around them. Ganesha's head is shaped like that of an elephant, and the story of how it all happened is as follows:

He is supposed to be the son of Shiva. One day an evil spirit looked at him and burned his head off. His mother was terribly grieved about the incident, but was consoled by one



TOMB OF A GOOD MAN WHO LIVED TO THE AGE OF 107 ON MILK, BENARES.

of the greater gods, who promised that her son would have the head of the first thing she met. This happened to be the very same evil spirit, and as he had an elephant's head, it was transferred to Ganesha, which makes him so repulsive looking. Such are some of the tales relating to the thousands of gods in India. The people are fanatically idolatrous, and quite credulous of the idol-lore of the priests or holy men.

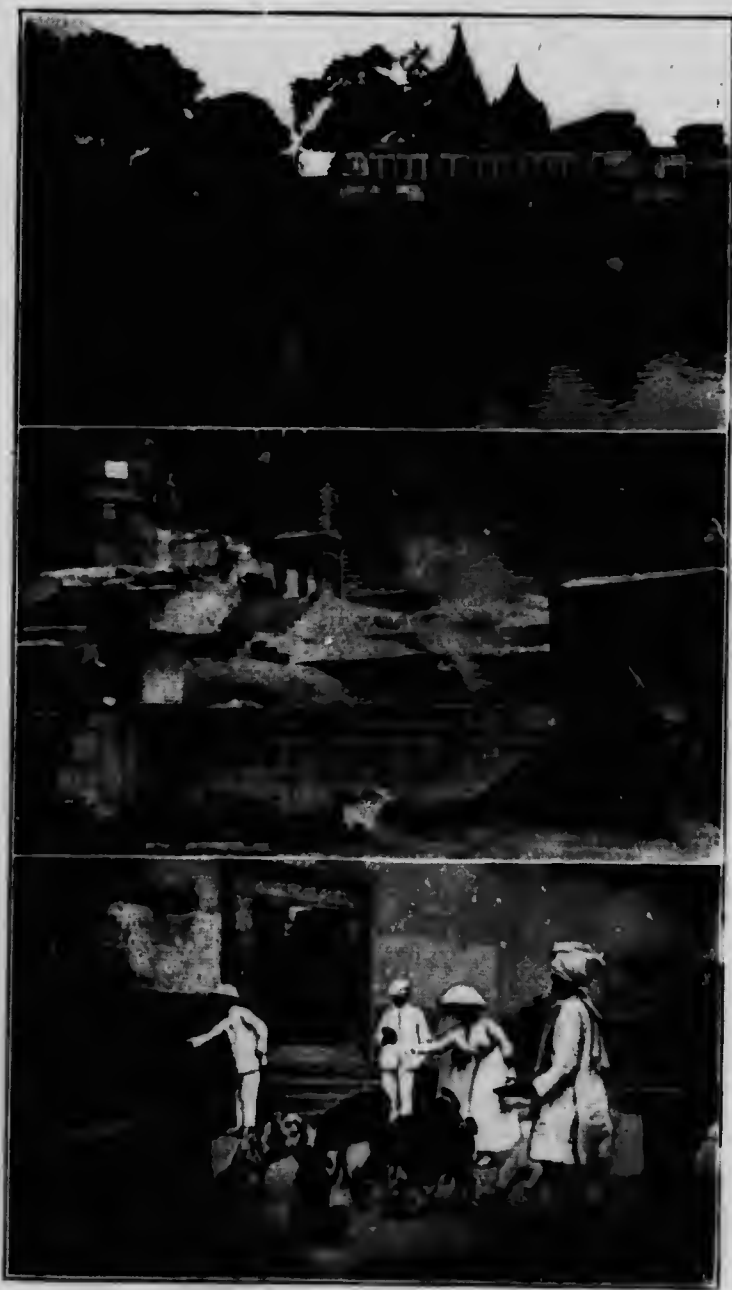
Images are treated like human beings. They are daily supplied with eatables and sweetmeats, or presented with flowers, principally the sacred tulsi plant, and fanned and covered to keep the mosquitoes away. Priests take them to bed, awaken them, give them water to wash their faces, a tooth brush, and tell them the time of day. In hot weather water is poured upon them, and a light is hanging by them at night. Incense is also burned, beads counted, mass repeated, and gongs and bells are sounded. The gods are said to like noise.

The Hindu thinks that every misfortune of life, even death, is brought about by the evil spirits, and many of their misguided religious habits are practised to keep the evil spirits away. The gods have their different powers and vocations in this special direction. Their belief of the Hindu is a sort of protective one. They pray to be delivered from the evil spirits. Their lives must be lives of fear, and it is only when they are sitting by the holy men, giving their alms, bathing in the

sacred rivers, or in front of some of the hundreds of thousands of gods that their minds are at rest.

The Monkey Temple afforded much amusement. Alongside is a huge tank, several hundred yards long, from the opposite side of which one obtains a splendid view of this strange temple. The monkeys comprising all sizes and as brazen as the priests were there to greet us. We fed the former with grain, and the latter with annas. There were also a number of sheep straying around with the monkeys. Here also they make sacrifices of goats instead of the old time custom of human beings, which might have proved more interesting to the worshippers. Goats must be quite tame as a substitute for a human being. They are tied up by the hind legs, while the butcher priest delivers a blow with a round shaped broad sword, severing their heads at one stroke.

We were alone in this temple, that is, there were no worshippers present, but we are told that they actually do obeisance to the rascally monkeys, who are considered sacred. Imagine a number of people sitting down and devotedly praying in front of a live monkey ! Now the monkey of India is no organ-grinder sized monkey. He is three or four times the proportions of the little fellows you see in America, chained to the wrist of an Italian, and who climb up a spout for a piece of sugar, or a coin. We nevertheless, enjoyed feeding and playing with them.



- (1) MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.
- (2) THE BURNING GHATS, BENARES.
- (3) ENTRANCE, MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

In India the most sacred animals are the cow, serpent and the monkey. The eagle, the bull, the tiger, the cat, the peacock, the parrot, are all attendants of the different gods.

Late in the afternoon we visited the Golden Temple, located in a congested district. It was crowded with a motley crowd of devotees, mostly pilgrims, who may have walked hundreds of miles, to pay their tribute to Shiva, the Poison God, to whom the temple is dedicated. The entrance was through a narrow lane, with flower, and other stalls containing the offerings of the faithful. We walked along with the dirty, unkempt throng. There was hardly breathing space, very little air, and no hope of retreat. We had to go on and face the worst. At several points we were hedged in with no possible alternative but to wait until some of those ahead of us made way. We were taken into a side building and up a narrow stairway to rooms with a verandah overlooking the golden dome of the temple, and the surging, oppressive crowd below.

The priests who admitted us held us up for alms before they would let us down again. Even then we were not free from their pestering solicitations. We rejoined the sweltering procession, and continued around the temple, passing a peep hole, which was a great privilege to peer into. We did so, and saw the image of Shiva surrounded with lighted candles, which must have been placed

there by pilgrims on the other side of the wall. It was an enclosure, and the air coming through the small aperture was putrid. Then we passed by the sacred cow. The worshippers were throwing grain and herbs at the animal's feet. It seemed to be perfectly happy and contented with the offerings despite its uncomfortable surroundings. Then we turned out of the enclosed passageway, making our exit by another alleyway. It was a great relief to find ourselves away from the odour of the temple. It was fortunate that the crowd did not have to retrace their footsteps, as revisiting this temple would have been impossible.

The Brahmins, who number over two hundred millions in India, visit Benares at the rate of ten thousand per month, but the annual influx of pilgrims reaches over the million mark.

THE HOLY MEN.

There are thousands of "holy men" there at all times. Forbes says: "There are five millions of these holy beggars, who rove over India, and are venerated instead of being kicked." Forbes has made a very close and careful observation.

Though we have already dilated sufficiently on the holy men, we cannot refrain from giving one of the worst arraignments we have read of them, made by a missionary. He said: "They always beg, they sometimes steal, they

are rarely sober. They are lunatics, they smell like sewers, they live like swine."

India, according to the last census, has over five million of these exalted "holy men," few being really holy or sincere. Any Hindu can become an ascetic. This profession is not confined to any one caste. All kinds of reasons may be ascribed for entering the Order. Some do so to obtain salvation, to conquer the flesh, surmount pain, cover up crime, even murder, and fear of starvation. Many of them torture their bodies. One man in Benares kept his hand raised above his head so long that it remained that way forever, he eventually having lost all use of it. Another devours filth, another corpses, some sit between two or four fires with the blazing sun pouring down upon them, while others suspend themselves from trees, hanging downward, or load themselves down with chains, weights, etc.

F. Marion Crawford, in "Mr. Isaacs," a Tale of Modern India, says:—

"That if you can obtain it, you immediately possess the knowledge of everything—the pass-key that shall unlock every door. That is the reason of the prolonged fasting and solitary meditation of the ascetics. They believe that by attenuating the bond between soul and body the soul can be liberated and can temporarily identify itself with other objects, animate and inanimate, besides the especial body to which it belongs, acquiring thus a direct knowledge of those objects, and

they believe that this direct knowledge remains."

"He believes he will have a vision, and that everything will be revealed to him. His devotion to his object is admirable, when he is a genuine ascetic, and now, as is generally the case, a good-for-nothing who makes his piety pay for his subsistence; but it is devotion of a very low intellectual order."

In "Things Seen in Northern India," the author, T. L. Pennell, describes the "holy men" as follows :

"Some of them lie on boards covered with spikes; others make their beds on rough stones where the bones of an ordinary individual would ache if he reclined for a few moments. Some light four fires and then sit between them, with no protection from the sun all through a scorching summer day, when everyone is seeking protection indoors, or under the shade of the trees; others bury their heads in the earth, and remain in this inserted position, with their bodies exposed to the elements. Some hold up one or both arms till they wither and the sinews contract and the joints stiffen, and they become unable to use them again; others load themselves with heavy chains, mutilate their bodies, keep their faces raised to the sky, till the burning sun withers the eyes in their sockets—in short, there is no extravagance of torture which these men have not inflicted on themselves in the desire to gain merit with God and applause with men."

As these men are non-producers, it has been calculated that it costs India six millions of dollars to sustain them.

"It is one of the anomalies of India," says an author, "that her people love their religion with a passionate love, though the two greatest of those religions—Islam and Hinduism—are at opposite poles in thought, in practice and in character, and you would imagine that they never could appeal with equal force to people who are one in life, in nationality, and in temperament."

A NATIVE CONJURER AND LIAR.

We had sufficient of India's most religious city for one afternoon, so repaired to our homelike hotel, where the surroundings were more congenial, and where a sumptuous dinner awaited us. That evening, on the wide verandah of the hotel, we made the acquaintance of one of the greatest liars in India. He was a sleight-of-hand performer, one of those supposedly marvellous Indian conjurers, whom we had read of and heard so much about. We really think he received his education in America, but, then, as we have said before, he was an unmitigated prevaricator, and he told us everything that came to his fertile mind with the greatest equanimity. As a sample of his repertoire, he informed us that he worked for one of New York's leading theatrical firms, on a two years' engagement, for three thousand dollars per week. Then he offered to give

us a ten minute performance for twenty-five dollars. When he, however, finally effected an engagement with us, the sum total of the half hour's entertainment, amounted to fifty cents. He performed a number of tricks, none of them anything extraordinary. He made a tree grow out of the ground, but we saw how it was done. He amused us, however, with his English; and also with his description of the different cities in America, all of which proved conclusively that he had never seen them.

SNAKES.

We returned to our room about 10.30 p.m. It was in an out-building. It always seemed to be in another building from the main part of the hotel. The door of our room opened out on to a verandah, similar to all the rooms at the various hotels we stopped at, but on this particular night we were all alone in this annex, and as we walked along the pathway leading to it a snake, about three feet long, wriggled across the verandah opposite our open doorway, and disappeared in the darkness of the night. We awoke our man, Noor, and made a search through the room to see if the reptile had left any companions, but outside of a few large insects, quite harmless we were told, we made no further discoveries, and we slept with the door and windows open, Noor convincing us that the unexpected visitor was quite an

accident. The natives have very little fear of snakes. In fact, like all animals, including the rats, which spread the bubonic plague, they consider them sacred and will not destroy them under any circumstances. We must say that outside of this one incident, we were never bothered with snakes throughout our entire tour in India, notwithstanding the fact that we knew there were over two hundred different species of reptiles, thirty-three of which were poisonous. We were told, though we never practised it, that foreigners generally shake out their boots in the morning before putting them on, in case one or two of these unpleasant visitors might be coiled up inside.

While in Calcutta, Dr. Frederick Fox, an Australian scientist, who had devoted his life to the treatment of snake bites, died as the result of an attack from a deadly Krait snake which he was using for experimental purposes. He had just finished treatment of a goat, which had been bitten by the same snake, having succeeded in saving its life. Dr. Fox was bitten five times and delayed too long in administering an antidote.

ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

Bright and early next morning we partook of tea and toast, for in India tea is really a necessity, one has to get up so early, long before the sun sometimes. This was one of our very early risings. With everything



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.45

1.30

1.16

1.03

0.91

0.80

0.71

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in readiness, we were soon on the banks of the Ganges, the most sacred river in the world, in the midst of the ghats. Now, a ghat is a stone stairway, leading down to the river's edge, generally long, as the waters of the Ganges have a very high and low level. The ghats stretch for several miles along the principal part of the city, which is built on one side of the Ganges, so that on the opposite shore, about half a mile away, there is nothing but a barren waste. This is due to the belief of the Hindus that only the Benares shore is sanctified. All the souls of those who die on the opposite bank go into the bodies of donkeys.

The Ganges is consecrated throughout its entire course from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal, and is said to be so holy that it runs out to sea for over one hundred miles before it condescends to mix with other waters.

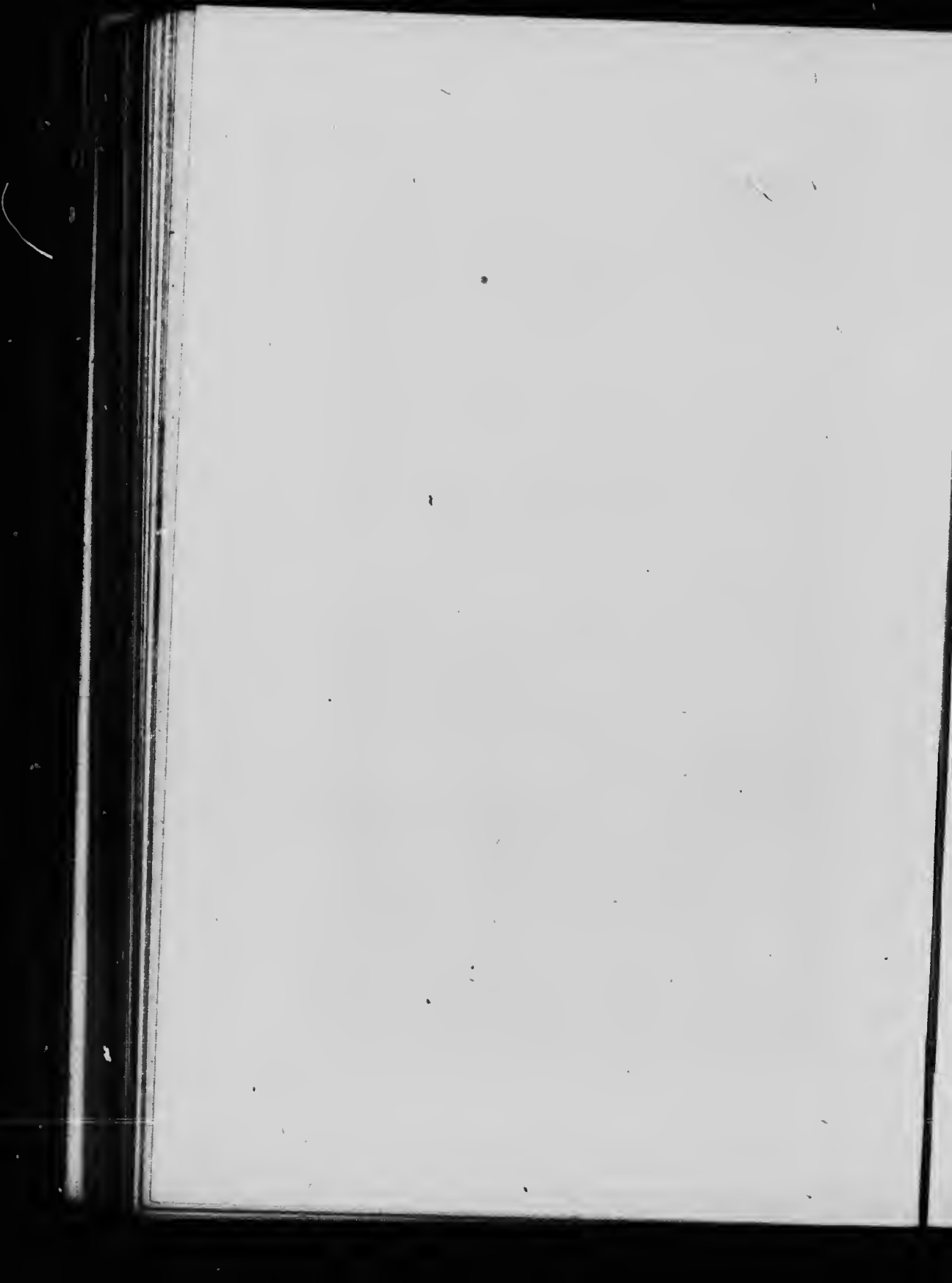
Here is seen one of the unique human spectacles in the world. There is no equal to it anywhere. The Hindus, and they include the Brahmins and other sects, have such faith in the divine qualities of this river that they gather on its banks in hundreds of thousands, to be healed of all manner of diseases. To die by its side, and have their ashes thrown into its running waters, is eternal life for the pilgrim.

A Hindu writer, describing the romance of Hindu pilgrimages, says:

"Often and often a pilgrim clad only in



- (1) STREET SCENE, BENARES.
- (2) BUILDINGS SLIDING INTO THE SACRED GANGES AT BENARES.
- (3) HOLY ABLUTIONS ON THE BORDER OF INDIA'S SACRED RIVER, BENARES.



breech-clout, with a rag tied around his forehead and a brass vessel hanging from a stick slung over his shoulder, approaches the Ganges. He may have come from some extreme point of the peninsula, and have footed it a thousand miles or more, taking probably a year to reach his destination, where he arrives with no more capital than the rag around his head, the cloth about his loins, and the staff and brass vessel with which he left home. He may have undertaken this mission for a penance, to humiliate the flesh, or to fulfil a vow made in time of sickness or disaster, or he may have come to gain the knowledge which can be obtained only on the banks of Mother Ganges."

"Time was—and not so very long ago—when a man set out on a pilgrimage, all his relatives called to take final leave of him, just as if he were setting out for that bourne from which no traveller returns. The women of the clan gather about him and wail just as they do over the bier of a loved one. They had a good cause for lamentation, for a large percentage of the pilgrims never returned from their pious peregrinations."

We descended the stone steps to a square-shaped boat or scow, with a house cabin on top, on which we sat on stools. Here we viewed that immensely interesting scene as our house-boat was slowly rowed up the river, with the aid of two ponderous oars.

Thousands of natives were bathing, drinking and washing themselves in the river.

Some were even cleaning their teeth and laundering their clothes, which, in most cases, consisted of a little more than aloin cloth. It was the happiest moment of their lives. Those on the steps were intently listening to prayers from the "holy men," or the Brahmin priests, who sat on bamboo platforms under the shelter of large umbrellas. Others were in quiet communion, or reading their Sanksrit books. Here and there oxen were in the water, mixed up with the women and children. We passed the Burning Ghat, where numerous bodies were burning on the pyres, with groups of mourning relatives and friends looking on from an elevation. Mendicants and dogs were prowling through the ashes of the pyres, the former searching for rings or bracelets, which some of the bodies carry to the flames, and the latter for bones. It was all horrible! Vultures hovered overhead for carcasses of sacred animals, which share the sanctity of this watery grave. Holy men are not burned, but dropped into the river, wrapped in white garments and a heavy stone tied to their feet. Sometimes the bodies break away from the anchors, and rise to the surface, to make carnival for the vultures. Priests are also buried in this manner. Wood merchants are found in the vicinity of the Burning Ghats, selling wood to the dead man's relatives or friends. After a solution of clarified butter is poured over the remains, the nearest relative sets a match to it. The calcined



HOW WE VIEWED BENARES FROM THE SACRED GANGES.

bones are afterwards thrown into the river. If the deceased is poor, and his friends unable to buy sufficient wood, the job is poorly done, and the remains are thrown in only about half burnt, to be eaten by the crocodiles lower down the river.

While we moved up the river, only a short distance from the shore we saw several of these water burials. The only ceremony we could hear or see on the occasion of submersion was the ringing of a bell, then a huge splash, as the corpse was shoved into the water and rapidly disappeared from view.

We met a similar house-boat to our own, crowded with Parsees. This very religious sect wore handkerchiefs tied around their noses, so that they would not be infected or desecrated with the nauseating odour of burning flesh from the ghats.

Among the thousands of bathers were many suffering from skin and other dread diseases, but it makes no difference, the faith of these people is so great in the efficacious merits of the water that they believe there is nothing to fear from drinking it, even though standing next to a leper, or in the vicinity of the sewer pipes of the city. Anything more disgusting would be difficult to imagine.

The late Mark Twain once said that there was no danger from germs in the sacred waters of the Ganges, because it is so filthy that no decent microbe will live in it.

It is even said to be a scientific fact that

the Ganges water has antiseptic qualities. Cholera germs will not exist in it.

There is a well nearby (Manikarnika), which is considered the holiest of wells. He who bathes in its fetid waters is made pure and holy. There is no limit to the sins, even that of murder, that it will not efface. "No wonder, therefore," says C. P. Cape, a missionary, "that conscience-stricken sinners should rush to this well from all ignorance, and deluding themselves by its reputed sanctity, should by the easy process of washing in its foulness seek to atone in one minute for the crimes of a lifetime."

The holy well, or tank, is thirty-five feet square and filled with offerings of the believers, flowers, sandal-wood, milk, sweet-meats etc., which is the cause of the putrid smell which it emits. The fact of this very unsanitary part of this religion not being responsible for more sickness and disease in India is incomprehensible, excepting that it is defied by the open air existence of the people, and the bacilli-killing rays of the sun, which must oftentimes smother the plagues and diseases that frequently, under other conditions, devastate whole villages and towns.

There is no doubt that worship and a creed of some kind have to exist wherever mankind is found, and that among the ignorant they sometimes assume the most hideous forms. Especially is this noticeable in India, where the lure of gold has not

predominated all the good instincts in human nature, as it to a great degree, intervenes between man and God in our more enlightened countries. Nothing beyond mere existence and the avoidance of absolute starvation seems to trouble the average individual in India. Affluence and riches, outside of those existing with the princes and highest officials under them, do not seem to worry the population. No affliction perturbs them as much as if anything happens to the objects of their worship. Their faith in their respective beliefs is as sincere and as sacred as it is possible to find in an uneducated mind. It is difficult to believe that the morals of these people can be so very bad, as the idolatrous nature of their religion is. Nothing as far as we can see, in their respective devotions, tends to degeneration. There is no uplifting; that is all. There is no great improvement going on. They are living to-day, as they did hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in the faith of Hinduism. Mohammedanism is a later day innovation, but it represents many of the tenets of Hinduism. Brahminism is only a little different from Hinduism. Most of the Brahmins are priests. Therefore it may be considered that they are of a little higher order than the Hindus. So faithful to their own religion are the people of India that the missionaries find it most difficult to bring them to a belief in Bible truths. They are respectful and orderly, and even listen to the mission-

aries, but that is all. There possibly will come a day, when the enlightened and educated Hindus will grasp Divine truths themselves and in turn shed light upon the lower orders of the people, then possibly Christianity will be able to get a stronger foot-hold. When it does, India will become a wonderful country.

To return to the Ganges, Mother Ganges, as it is called, and to see thousands of pilgrims, filled with the deepest faith in its silent healing powers, assuring all who bathe in its waters an everlasting salvation, and then to observe how the same waters are undermining the beautiful palaces, temples and ghats along its borders, until some of the former have assumed the slanting pose of the leaning tower of Pisa, one is constrained to pity the unthinking faith which believes that the water will do everything on earth for soul and body by submersion in it, and yet at the same time observing it gradually dismantling the graceful buildings on its shores.

One of the striking buildings is the mosque of Aurrangzeb. It has two high minarets, commanding excellent views of the whole city and outlying country. We climbed up one of them and thoroughly enjoyed the site of Ancient Benares and the birth-place of Buddhism.

Kipling calls Benares the oldest of earth's cities. Forbes said Damascus, Athens and Bagdad may dispute the claim. Nobody

knows; the birth certificates have all been lost.

Near the mosque we saw a curious spectacle. It was a "holy man" lying upon a bed of spikes, about five inches long. We had seen the "holy men" doing almost everything else, in their efforts to obtain emancipation and *bacsheesh*, but this was the first case of this particular kind of self-indulgence. The object of our curiosity was surrounded by a group of friends, admirers or worshipers, we did not know which, and we were somewhat dubious as to whether they would let us take a photo of their human idol. However, no objection was offered, so that we shall be able to exhibit the fine looking gentleman on his sharp pointed bed.

The early and late morning passed away very quickly and we were compelled to make a hasty retreat from the sacred river, in order to catch our train for Lucknow, which was leaving about noon. As we climbed up the steps of the ghat we passed two men with a number of large snakes, ten to twenty feet long, coiled up around them. We stopped to look at them for a moment, but never knew just what they were there for. We presume they were some sort of an exhibition.

We also met a wedding party, which was travelling in two ox carts. Further on in the main street was a missionary with a bible in his hand, preaching from a box. By this time the business of the city was being transacted, and the religious observ-

ances of the people were changed from the time we had passed through it in the early morning. Few seemed to pay any attention to the missionary. He was talking in the language of the natives.

One quarter of the population of Benares is Moslem. They live peacefully with the Hindus, seldom clashing, except when their feasts come together. Their creed teaches them to be generous to the poor, to observe their feast days, to offer up five prayers a day, and to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, or touch someone who has already done so. Allah is God and Mohammed is his prophet. The Mohammedan is not easily Christianized.

Here is an example in Benares, recorded by Dr. R. F. Horton, in the *Christian World*, London: A Mohammedan girl in the women's hospital has been converted. She has accepted Christ, and trusts Him fully. Her relatives tried to dissuade her; failing, they brought an action in Allahabad to recover her. They failed in their action, and the distinguished counsel employed expressed his conviction that they would get hold of her and make away with her. They have tried to do so. An uncle tried to abduct her from a carriage in the street, but was beaten off by her companion. Later he tried to seize her when she was alone in the compound, and she fled, leaving her garment in his hand. She is now sure that God, having saved her twice, will save her right through. At her Baptism she took as her text those



HOLY MAN SITTING ON A BED OF SPIKES, BENARES.

words in Jeremiah xv., 19-21. Will the reader look them up and see the heroic courage and faith of this young girl of seventeen? Her persecutors follow her, bent on destruction. Hindus and Mohammedans just now in India, to save their faces, will use law or lawlessness, bribery or threats, violence, and even the extreme measure of assassination, to prevent a convert from confessing Christ. If this were better understood there would be no complaint of the paucity of converts from the castes and from Islam. And our eyes would be opened to the fact that not only the best, but the only possible, means are being systematically and heroically employed to save India from the degradation of Hinduism and the stagnation of Islam.

We have spoken of the Golden Temple with one or two sacred bulls under its protection. But we visited another where there was almost a herd of them. Our guide told us that at one time the Hindus killed the animals in question, in commemoration of a distinguished guest, but now they venerate them and it would be sacrilege to terminate their lives in any but a natural way. Many things are believed to be obtained through them. For instance, a dying criminal, if he can only get hold of a cow's tail and give it a good pull, is likely to have all his sins washed away. It is not often convenient to find a bull or a cow around when you are dying, particularly if the death is a sudden

one, but if some kind friend can only induce one of these knowing animals to follow him to his friend's death bed, so that his tail can be pulled, there is something coming to him in the hereafter. But the bulls have all their own way. They can enter any man's garden or field of wheat or grain, and help themselves to their heart's content, and no one dare put them out. Like the dogs in Damascus, you can kick and bruise them, but never kill them. Though sacred in theory, the Hindu ox is perhaps the most ill-used and over-worked beast of burden in the world. Of course the danger of accidentally killing them while brutally kicking them is so great that few take chances of injuring them, and so they roam about more freely than any animals in the world.

Mosquitoes, fleas and flies are legion, but we had little inconvenience from them. They are evidently barred from the hotels. Even the rats which spread so much disease and plague in India are protected by these extraordinary beliefs, and the British have had a difficult time in their efforts to fight the famine and pestilence of the country by the adoption of sanitary measures, not at all in accord with the ethics of the people, and to secure the destruction of the rodents.

In the Ganges, in the early morning, among the thousands of bathers, a number were cleansing their teeth. The ordinary tooth-brush which we use was not in evidence but a twig of the Nim tree instead. This tree

has a number of untold healing powers. To sleep under its shade is a preventative of fever. A small-pox patient, or those suffering from snake bites, can be cured by being fanned with its leaves, but the richest benefit of the tree in question is the fact that no one can tell you an untruth, while standing under its limbs. Once, so an author relates, a magistrate contemplated planting some of these trees in the square of a market place in his town, to protect the citizens from the heat, but this was strenuously opposed by the merchants of the place, who insisted that if this were done, no trade could be effected under the circumstances.

Betrothals are made when children are about seven or eight years of age, or even younger, but the principals are really not joined in wedlock until they are twelve or fourteen years of age.

The English installed a modern aqueduct in Benares, but for a time the people refused to drink the water that flowed through pipes which had been made by unclean hands of Europeans or Moslems. It was only when a ruse was played, making the Hindus believe that the Ganges was so sacred that in flowing through the pipes it purified everything that they could be induced to use the water.

About a hundred years ago widows were burned alive with their husband's corpse. This has been stopped by the British, but not without arousing the anger of the Hindus, who

asked to be allowed, as a compromise, to roast their widowed mothers alive. Strange that the men never suggested being burned with their wife's corpse! Evidently the suffragettes of the present day have in mind the old adage, that "history repeats itself," and if the Hindus ever revive this unchivalrous habit of forcing their wives to accompany them to the other world, they will fight for equal rights, which is, to say the least, quite fair.

The Hindu has a belief that there is a system of book-keeping in the next world and therefore endeavors through meritorious acts on earth to have a good sized balance in his favor.

We left Benares at noon. The sun was at its hottest, and the thermometer registered 108 degrees Fahrenheit in our railway compartment. Water trickled down our blinds and four electric fans helped to make a current of air. We ran at a speed of thirty to forty miles an hour, passing many trains overcrowded with natives. One has to see these trains to realize what we mean by the term "over-crowded." The cars are open on the sides, with four rows of benches running downward or oblong, it makes no difference. If the bench was made to hold four persons, there were probably six to ten sitting on it, and as many more standing up. They travel from ten to thirty hours, if they are pilgrims, in this congested manner, without a murmur or sigh of complaint. At some stations there



BUDDHA TEMPLE, BENARES, INDIA.

is such a scramble to get on board that oftentimes many are crushed to death.

A Hindu widow is held responsible for the death of her husband, and in order to expiate this sin she has to live the rest of her life as a slave to the remainder of her husband's family, being deprived of all pleasures and comforts. In 1856, Lord Canning legalized a widow's re-marriage, which was another cause of the mutiny of 1857.

A widow is considered unlucky. A man starting out on a journey will postpone it if he catches sight of a widow. As in other countries, widows in India try to find solace in religion, in which event they become the servants and mistresses of priests, and strange to say, the social and religious customs of India tend to debase women, and yet it is the women who are the mainstay of religion, as they are everywhere.

LUCKNOW.

Our first glimpse of Lucknow was in the evening, when we drove through her wide streets skirted with pretty bungalows, lending it an English atmosphere. This, of course, was the foreign colony, outside which the city has a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand, three-fifths of which are Hindus. Ours was the only one of three or four large sized hotels that was open, the others being closed for the hot season. It was the end of the tourist travel months, and

the greater number of the foreign residents had gone up into the mountains. Storekeepers were packing up their stock and moving it northward to Naini Tal and Missouri, about three or four hundred miles away from Lucknow, where the Europeans flock from April to January. The principal stores close during their absence.

Lucknow is one of the busiest towns of India, and next to Bombay is said to have more rich natives than any other city. It is the home of the Mohammedan aristocracy, and is the fifth largest city of this British possession, being the capital of Oudh, one of the most fertile and populous provinces since 1775. It is probably better known through the terrible seige of eighty-seven days which it underwent in 1857, when over two thousand out of the three thousand Europeans, principally English soldiers and their families, died or were killed or massacred. There were many brave deeds enacted in the city during the siege, which made it historic in the annals of English heroism. Among those who gave up their lives were Sir Henry Lawrence and General Sir Henry Havelock.

"The Campbells are Coming" was written in commemoration of the relief of Lucknow by Colin Campbell. Jessie McLaughlin, the Scotch wife of a corporal, dreamed that Sir Colin Campbell was coming to their relief, and persuaded five hundred engineers and four hundred native soldiers, who were almost discouraged and in a desperate condition,

almost worn out with daily waiting, to hold on. They did so, and the dream came true, which caused the song to be written.

Our first visit was to the Residency, once the Palace of the Kings, but since the siege, occupied by the English, who have now made it more of a monument to the past than one of any great use to the garrison. It is an impressive place, occupying the highest spot in the city. It was built in 1800 for the British Resident, at the court of one of the Oudh kings. It is historic because it was the only spot occupied by the British at one time during the siege of 1857.

The body of Sir Henry Lawrence lies buried in the church-yard within the enclosure of the Residency. It was due to his wise forethought that the garrison was providentially provisioned for the long siege, with food and ammunition, which act of precaution resulted in the final down-fall of the rebellious Sepoys, and the relief of the small garrison, which stood the incessant fire and bombardment of many thousands of fanatical natives for over three months.

A marble slab marks the last resting place of Sir Henry Lawrence, with the immortal inscription: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty; May the Lord have mercy on his Soul." Many stand before this plain white marble slab, and recall the heroic stand, and the beautiful undying testimony of his loyalty to his country.

During the seige the women were pro-

ted in the Mohammedan ruler's harem, in the basement of the Residency. Only one was killed, but many died of disease and sickness.

The European population numbers about three thousand, while the city has a garrison of over seven thousand soldiers. There are many interesting buildings to be seen here, including the Cathedral Mosque, said to be one of the finest in the country. It has the largest room of any building in the world, without columns, being 162 feet long by 54 feet wide and 53 feet high. It is one solid mass of concrete and was built in 1784, to give labor to the starving people during the famine. The building was cast in a mould of timber and brick, and left to dry for over a year. Though over 125 years old, it shows no signs of decay.

The country people in and around Lucknow are very superstitious, and those supposed to have the evil eye have difficulty in avoiding being murdered or maltreated. All kinds of strange devices are practiced to keep the evil eye out of the house when a new-born babe arrives. Fires are placed at the entrance to accomplish this object.

It was here that we came in contact with two snake charmers, who had a number of vicious looking cobras and other smaller snakes of a venomous nature. For a small sum they gave us an exhibition of a fight between a cobra and a mongoose, the only animal which is quicker than a snake. He



THE RESIDENCY AND MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN NICHOLSON, LUCKNOW.

waits until the former strikes, then dodges, and catches him by the throat. We paid two rupees to see the fight between the two, but as the fangs and teeth were extracted, no great injury was done, we could have seen a royal battle to a finish for one more rupee, but we declined.

Fifty thousand people are killed every year by snakes and tigers. The Government offered a bounty for killing snakes, which amounted to over \$35,000 per annum, when it was discovered that the natives were breeding them for the purpose of getting the rewards. Now the Government demand proof of the killing, as well as the skins of the snakes.

The Hindus, while not exactly welcoming a snake bite, will do little to save themselves from its fatal poisonous effects, as it is considered an act of God. Those who die from such bites are believed to be favored in the next world, and probably have a shrine erected to their memory on earth, by their relatives and friends, and in this manner they increase the number of gods to be worshipped. Some believe that the use of an antidote would raise the wrath of the gods against them. Snake charmers are to be seen in all parts of India.

At the hotel we had a mother and three sons attending to our punka. They slept at the door of our room throughout our stay. They would sleep while we were absent from the room, and at night time would keep the

punka going over our bed until the morning, doing it by relays. Our neighbor had two old men about sixty years of age.

LUCKNOW TO AGRA.

We left Lucknow early in the afternoon. Each day the weather seemed to be making record registrations on the thermometer, and this day was no exception. It was about 108 in the carriage compartment, even though we had four fans going, and was over 150 in the sun.

Our explicit instructions to the local photographer was to have all our negatives and prints at the hotel for 12.30 p.m. An hour afterwards they were not there, and as they were too valuable to leave behind, we raced to the shop in question in the hot sun, and after a scrimmage in the developing room managed to gather most of our films and made for the station, arriving there just in time to catch the train for Agra.

The journey was certainly a scorching one, though we have to admit that with the sun shining so brightly we could stand the heat much better than on a dark and cloudy day at home with the atmosphere charged with humidity. Most of the people we met expressed surprise that we were going through this country during such a season of the year. The same old explanation was made, that we could not have the favorable seasons fit in everywhere with our journey around the

world in four months, so we accepted the inevitable, and would have to draw on our imagination on the weather question, in so far as the other seasons were concerned.

On our train was a dog compartment. This was something new, but it was not to be altogether unexpected in a country where the Europeans have so many dogs. We also noticed on the East Indian Railway that there were stations with waiting rooms for first and second class Europeans, and the same for Hindus, as well as different restaurants, these conditions being apparently necessary with such a mixed travelling public.

We had the pleasure of meeting the General Traffic Manager of the East India Railway and riding in his private car. It was not so palatial as those allotted to some railway officials in our country, but this gentleman was on a mission to a small town, near Delhi, where his company had to look after the discharge of some 30,000 pilgrims on the morrow, who would gather at that point to bathe in a sacred tank during the eclipse, which was to take place in the evening. He said that they had to take the greatest precautions in the handling of these crowds. The natives might look as peaceful as any well regulated travelling crowd outside the station, when waiting for the doors to open to admit them to their trains, but when the doors opened, there was generally a rush that presented a spectacle of a maddened herd of cattle crowding into a small space. The

railway officials and guards stand along the gang-plank with heavy batons, which they have to use very freely at times, when one of the pilgrims happens to stumble and fall. In any case, it means instant death, unless the guards can beat off the oncoming stream. We also learned that railway trains in India were run on a system that required no train despatcher. It was all done on an automatic lock patent, whereby the engineer received a ball from a machine in one station, which only unlocks when it is deposited in the same machine at the next stop. When fast trains pass stations without stopping the engineers take up and drop the balls, fastened to large rings, when going by. Double tracks are to be found on almost all the principle lines, and native travelling is one of the surprising features of India. You pass train after train of cars crowded with the various castes, and all their different customs of living and eating are catered to at the stations. Every Hindoo has his brass pot. It is the most coveted, and perhaps the most popular of all his earthly possessions. It is constantly in use, either in carrying drinking water, or water to wash with. In the early morning, and many times during the day, he may be seen polishing it, and he seems to take a pride in keeping it as bright and clean as continuous scrubbing will make it. It would be sacrilegious if any but themselves drank out of it, so that you see them frequently pour water into the

hands of friends when they want to give them a drink, the thirsty one being an adept in holding his hands so tightly clasped that he never loses a drop.

AGRA.

We arrived at Agra about 11 p.m., and shall never forget the drive through a few streets of the old town. It was a hot day, and a hot evening followed. The principal street we passed through was lined with bazaars, and dimly lighted with a few odd oil lamps, with most of the stores closed. Lying outside the mercantile stalls were prostrate forms enveloped in sheiks, or shawls, some on corded couches, a foot from the ground. It did not seem to make much difference where they slept, they were all over the street, except in the very middle, where only sufficient space was left for a vehicle to pass. We could not help thinking that most of those unconscious human forms were asleep with all worldly possessions, amounting to less than one dollar. They had nothing to be robbed of nothing to worry about, they were existing for the day without a thought for the morrow, and their religion, whether Mohammedan or Hindu, Budhism or Brahmim, taught them to be contented in whatever caste or sphere of life they might be, even though they oftentimes went days without food. Many starving forms, as our photographs will show, were taken at random on station platforms,

or on the streets, as we wended our way from place to place.

Suddenly, we emerged from the bad smelling and closely congested native quarters, and after being in the open for a few minutes, drove up an avenue, lined with trees, and fragrant with India's spring blossoms, to our hotel.

In India the hotels generally form three sides of a square, the side left open being that facing the roadway and the intervening space being filled by plots of flowers or a lawn. An arched portico runs around the whole of the lower floor, and, as a rule, there is only one story to the hotel. The walls are brick, twenty to twenty-five feet high, with a bath attached to each room. The bathroom needs description. It is about ten feet square, as high and airy as the bedroom. The floor is stone, marble or cement, with one corner partitioned off with a raised ridge about eight inches high, having an outlet through the wall. In this enclosed space is a tin bath with a faucet overhead. This is filled, and after use is simply upset and the water runs through the outlet.

Every room opens to the portico, with a rear exit from the bathroom. This portico is used by the hotel help, who seem to know each time you have used the bathroom, and turn up to put it in order.

In summer time, or the season we were in India, the punka coolie is a very important acquisition to the hotel. He or she, as

the case may be, sits outside your window and pulls a cord which is attached to a swinging bar dropped from the ceiling, and from which hangs about a foot of heavy cloth. the coolie sits day and night opposite your window, pulling the string and moving the parachute fan to keep you cool, and the flies at a distance. They work in relays of two and three hours, all for the munificent sum of eight cents each for twenty-four hours.

The hotel register is sometimes a huge blackboard hung up at the entrance with your name and title, room number and date of arrival.

There was much to see in Agra, one of the strategic points in the many wars during the Mogul Dynasty, which covered a period from about 1500 to 1800 A.D. Previous to this, India was divided into many states, and rulers who fought one another. Power was might, and where state fought state no mercy was shown the vanquished, and the weakened rulers and their followers were driven into slavery by their superiors.

Proselytism in religion in the olden days took the form of war. Several religious beliefs appear to have been introduced into this vast empire at various times. Among them was Mohammedanism.

These worshippers of but one god, the heavens and earth, and their great prophet, Mohammed, "the Son of God," came from Persia and other parts of Asia to the northwest. They spread downwards over the plains of the

Ganges and the Indus, to Central India, garnering in millions of converts from Buddhism, Brahmanism, Jainism and Hinduism, to the fold, leaving in their train awful havoc of villages and towns. But their work seems to have been well accomplished. They converted about one-fifth of the total population of India, who have remained loyal and faithful to the creed and laws of Mohammed and the Koran. Nowhere will you see more patient sufferers from pestilence, disease and starvation than in India, and probably under no other eastern religion could such a vast, and ignorant population be kept in order. Certainly not under some of the more advanced religions of the world. It has been more powerful than the Christian faith in being able to bring about the conversion of so many of the Hindus from their idolatrous belief.

A Christian may find much to commend in the precepts of the Mohammedan faith; it is vastly superior to the idolatrous faith of some of the Hindu sects. To see men and women praying in front of a road shrine, or in a temple before the most grotesque idols imaginable, and believing in their power to grant them favors, is pitiable indeed.

The Mohammedans entered India about the year 1,000, and for 500 years, the greater part of the country was ruled by them, but never in anything like an united body. It was a country divided against itself, with many kings and princes of states, but no chief



- (1) A COUNTRY WITH FEW HORSES.
(2) CONVEYING BODY TO BURNING GHAT, AGRA.
(3) MOUNTING GUARD, AGRA.

ruler to keep them all in order. This constant turmoil was kept up for five centuries, until Babar, the Mogul, arrived on the scene.

He was a great success! He won from the start. He had courage, daring and pertinacity to back him up. He soon had control of the greater portion of India, and he became the Father of the Mogul Empire and of a dynasty which ruled India up to the time the English took it away from them, about 1800.

It was during these several hundred years or so, that most of the wonderful tombs, palaces and forts were constructed, which are to be seen to day, some in repaired condition, others in ruin, but none so completely destroyed that their one time magnificence cannot be imagined. Of the Mogul rule, Sir Frederick Treves says:—"It was a dynasty which rose to majestic heights which reached the extreme pinnacle of relentless power by arrogance and by splendour, and which at this minute could claim to be the most magnificent court in the whole world."

Babar, known as the Lion, lived a stirring life, but gave it up in a most noble manner, for his son. The latter was ill with a fever, and not expected to live. The father was so affected that he went to one of the temples and prayed to the gods to take him instead of his son. Strange to say, the son grew better and the father grew worse, finally succumbing to the decree of the gods. There is not the least doubt that this death was produced to a great extent by the suggestion on

the part of the father, and accidental on the part of the son's recovery. He died in Agra, leaving a son, Humayun, to take his place. This young man was not very strong and ruled feebly for twenty-six years after the death of his father. It was in this monarch's rule, that the famous Koh-i-noor was captured from the last member of the Afghan Dynasty, who was slain with five or six thousand of his followers, almost all of whom were massacred in a small enclosure, their bodies being piled up in the shape of a mound. Humayun died from the effects of a fall down a stairway and was succeeded by Akbar the Great, born of a Persian lady, who was the noblest of the Mogul rulers. He came to the throne in 1556, and from that day on for several hundred years, the Mogul kings built beautiful palaces, forts and temples at Agra, Delhi, and other cities in Central India.

This young heir proved to be the Alexander the Great of India, and under his administration wonderful things were accomplished. He was a king, a gentleman and a diplomat, and it was not long before he had fused all the Mohammedan and Hindu conflicting elements into one contented family. What he could not do by persuasion he did by force. He made Agra the capital of the dynasty, and until the overthrow of the Moguls this city, or the many cities known as Agra, was the capital. We say many cities, because it was the custom in those days, after wrecking a town, or village, to build a new one adjoining

or a few miles away from the old one, rather than reconstruct, so as you journey through India you will see many deserted towns.

Some of the buildings are intact, excepting that they have been looted of everything valuable in the way of precious stones, marble, silver or gold, and almost all the important buildings in those periods were decorated with jewels and valuable stones. But they left the beautiful carved minarets, cupolas, domes, marble tracery and carvings, and, as artillery was not as destructive then as it is to-day, few of the walls were rent with shot and shell. To us it appeared a wonder and surprise that these cities were deserted, and we believe that there must have been other reasons. Possibly the victors did not want the glory of a vanquished foe to go down to posterity with them, therefore disdained from occupying any of their palaces or forts in preference to those of their own particular architecture. They may also have been filled with some conceit, and have imagined that they could go one better than their enemies, and build a greater town with more magnificent buildings. No matter what was the reason, there are the ruins of Agra, Delhi, Jaipur and other towns, a few miles away alongside the present new cities, and when you drive out to these old ruins you will see them in all directions as far as the eye can reach,

Akbar was a man of action, and very tactful. What more tactful act than that of

marrying three women of three different religious persuasions—a Mohammedan, a Hindu and a Christian, the latter named Miriam. There is a house in the old town called after her, and this and her tomb the Indian guide delights to point out to an Englishman.

Following the reign of Akbar came Jahangir, his son, known as the second of the great Mogul emperors, and with his life there came a romance. While a prince he fell in love with the daughter of Khwapa Ayas, who came originally from Western Tartary, a poor man, travelling with his family and worldly possessions in a bullock cart. This girl, destined to rule an empire, was born on the way. Like all children in India, she was betrothed when quite young, to a Turkoman nobleman, whom she eventually married. The prince never forgot her, and when he became king one of the very first things he did was to murder the Turk and marry the wife, which incident forms the subject of Moore's poem, "The Light of the Harem." At first the sorrowing widow was recalcitrant, but after a while, she took a deeper interest in all her husband's affairs, and became as astute, as cunning and as murderous as he was in the ruling of the court. Her father, was raised to the rank of Itmadud-Daulah, or Prime Treasurer, and then Prime Minister, while her relations flocked to the court, and were well provided for.

She never had any children by Jahangir, but she had a daughter by her first husband,

and she married her to the youngest son of the Emperor, and then prepared to clear the road for his taking the throne on the death of his father. She exercised such influence over the king, that he followed her suggestion, and blinded his eldest son, which was a favorite way of driving out competitors for a throne. She also invited her husband's mother to visit her and took her for a walk on the beautiful balcony overlooking the Juma River, She drew her attention to the bottom of a well several hundred feet deep, and while the mother-in-law was in the act of peering into the darkened cavern she received a gentle push which sent her headlong to the bottom.

But the poor blind boy had another competitor in his brother, the second son—Shah Jahan. He invited him to go south and reside with him, where he would be taken care of for the rest of his days. The invitation was accepted, and Shah succeeded in his intrigue. He strangled his brother.

Shah and his step-mother, who was espousing the claims of the youngest brother, then aspired to the throne, though we presume from all accounts that she was unaware of Shah's ambition, or she would have been a bitter enemy to overcome, as she had governed the empire, led the Imperial troops in battle, and had even caused her name to be struck on the coin of the royal mint, a solitary instance of that honor being awarded to a woman in India. Powerful as she was and determined to place her

young step-son upon the throne, Shah won and became king after the death of his father, and made a kind of compromise with his step-mother by marrying her niece, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, over whose body after her death he built the greatest tomb the world has ever seen, and in order not to have any further trouble with his step-mother, he imprisoned her and blinded her protégé for the throne, as his father had done before him, and then had a great family reunion in his beautiful palace, of all his relations, and after giving them a sumptuous banquet strangled them, so that he would have no further family feuds. Things prospered under his rule, and that of his good and dearly loved wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, who exerted a great influence over her husband.

The three above-mentioned rulers were the greatest of the Mogul Dynasty, which went to pieces shortly after the death of Shah Jahan, but during the one to two hundred years during which they ruled over the empire prosperity reigned, the English and foreign traders entered the country, and under treaties commenced a commercial exchange of products. It was during Jahangir's reign in 1611 and 1615, that the English obtained very valuable trading concessions, and took possession of the northern provinces of India and have steadily gained control of the southern portions of the great peninsula, including Burmah and Ceylon as well, and now may be said to

be in absolute power over one of the richest portions of the Eastern hemisphere.

THE TAG MAHAL.

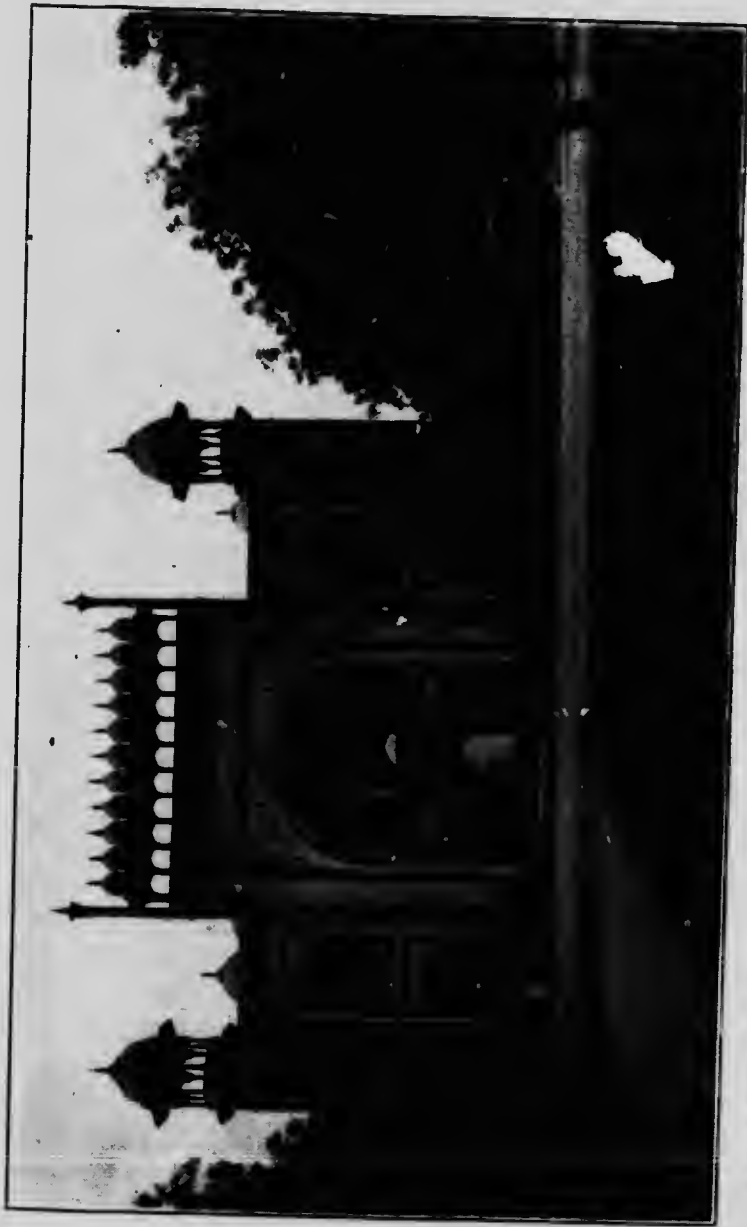
It was necessary to relate the foregoing facts in order to introduce the reader to the Taj Mahal, which we were all extremely anxious to see and it was our one thought as we fell asleep under our swaying punkas to be awakened at 5 a.m., for tea and toast. The early mornings are delightful in India. There is a dryness in the air that makes it balmy and invigorating, and after the early tea one feels in excellent form for sight-seeing. We left the hotel and rode through the city, then a park, passing the great fort and palace, while the white mass of marble, with its solitary dome and its minarets seemed to increase in size and grandeur as we approached. All the time we were driving towards it thoughts of the past history of India, and the vast architectural works of these Mogul rulers were fleeting through our minds in quick succession, until they finally fastened upon those of Shah Jahan, the greatest of which was gradually opening up before us in all its splendor and magnificence in the varying shades cast by the rays of a rising sun. Taj Mahal is not only the tomb of a woman, a queen, a beautiful wife, but also the monument and testimony of the undying devotion of a broken-hearted monarch who loved his wife in death as dearly as he loved her in life, as

well as the greatest, the most beautiful and the richest building in the world—with a perfect privilege of being the grand pearl of the seven wonders of the universe.

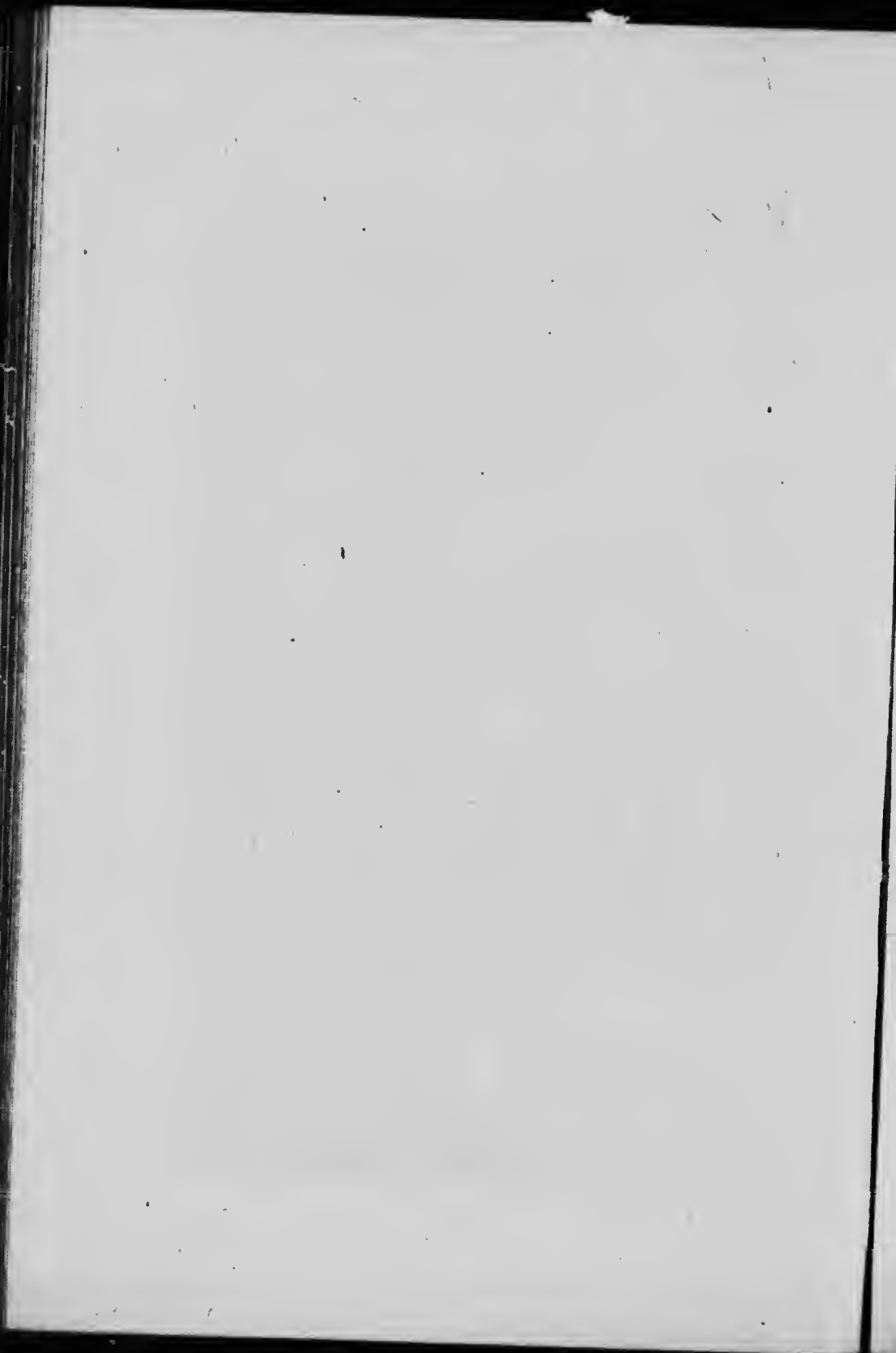
It marks the resting place of the wife of Shah Jahan, who died while accompanying her husband to battle.

As we drew nearer we saw that it was in an enclosure of red sandstone, in order to pass through which we had to enter by a heavy gateway, which in itself was a structure to be admired. It rose up like a castle with its battlement turrets, its elaborate carvings inscribed with sentences from the Koran, and its windows, which might serve as loop-holes. Deep caverns, recesses, and even a museum were among the spacious halls surrounding the wide open space through which we passed.

Here, in this wide arched roadway, is one brought face to face with the most wonderful tomb in the world, and then as you glance around the garden scene, the beautiful gates, and the Taj, with the long waterway in the centre leading up to it, lined with tall cypresses, and the tall red sandstone palings on the right and left, the green foliage, the reflection in the water ponds, and the music of the thousands of singing birds, you are impressed with the thought of how beautifully everything harmonizes with that perfect white marble tomb at the far end of the garden, silhouetted against the blue sky touched with the crimson rays of the rising sun. The architect, over whose identify there is some doubt, must have



ENTRANCE TO TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.



studied every detail of these surroundings for the erection of this last resting place of two great characters in the history of India, the remains of Shah Jahan having been laid by those of his wife underneath the huge dome, is the crowning piece of architectural beauty to this magnificent structure.

We visited the Taj at early morning and late at night, and prefer the glories of sunset to those of sunrise, though at all times you are inspired and moved, with the wonder of it all. History tells us that it took 20,000 men in relays twenty-two years to construct the Taj, and the cost was twenty million dollars.

It was erected by forced labor with no pay. Thousands died of starvation and disease. Twenty-eight different varieties of stone, many of them unknown to modern times, are inlaid in the walls of marble. Over the archway of the entrance, is inscribed in Persian characters: — "Only the Pure In Heart Can Enter the Garden of God." There are no nails, screws or wood used in its construction, only marble and cement. On Shah Jahan's centotaph, in Arabic, is inscribed the following:—"His Majesty, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Shadow of Allah, whose court is now in Heaven; Saith Jesus, to whom be Praise, this World is a Bridge; Pass Thou Over it; Build not upon it! It lasteth but an hour, devote its minutes to devout Prayers, for the rest is Unseen and Unknown."

There is a restful air hovering over it and while standing in its presence you feel impelled to sympathize with the sorrow and the love that dictated its erection as a beautiful tribute to the memory of one who had been loved and lost.

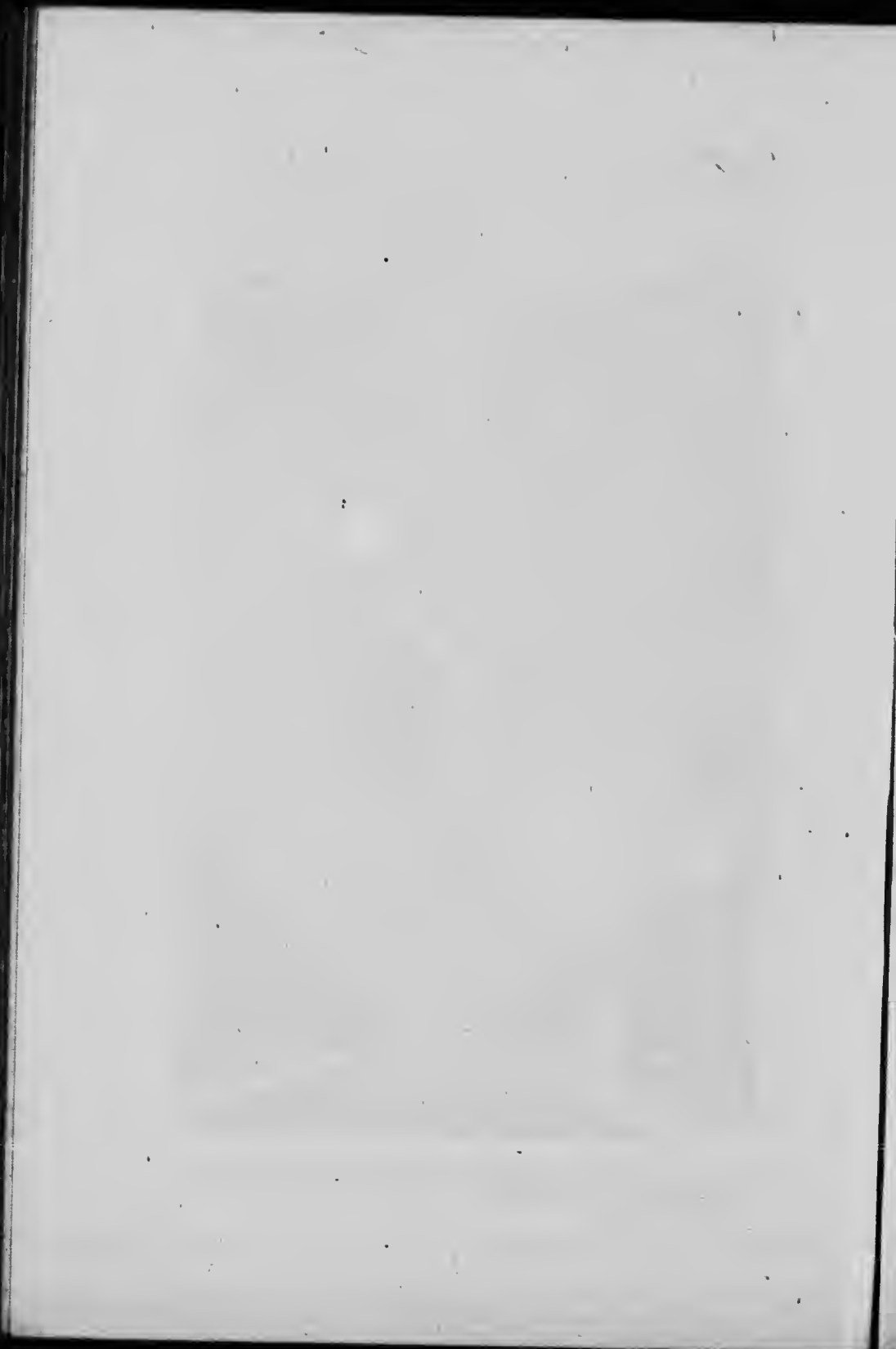
Some have claimed that Shah Jahan built the tomb as a monument of his own greatness and for his own remains, but this statement is not borne out by the fact that he contemplated erecting another tomb similar to the Taj, but of black marble, on the other side of the Jumma, alongside which the Taj is erected, and connecting the two with a silver bridge. But his son feared that his father would ruin the empire and took the reins of government in his own hands and imprisoned his father in his Agra palace, in a room looking out across the Jumma River upon the Taj, where he died after eight years' confinement, with his eyes and thoughts upon the tomb of his favorite and loving wife.

Through the arched entrance, sloping downwards, and beautifully carved, are inlaid chapters of the Koran, as well as in the arches over the windows and around the cornices of the inner and outer walls and domes, on the walls or passage ways, the letters being exquisitely formed of black marble.

We entered an inner hall or temple, but dimly lighted by screens of marble jasper, and ornamented with a wain-scotting of sculptured tablets, representing flowers, with a central dome for a canopy, seventy feet in



- (1) THE TAJ MAHAL, THE MARBLE TOMB OF SHAH JAHAN, AGRA.
- (2) THE MAIN ENTRANCE.
- (3) THE AUTHOR.



diameter and one hundred and twenty feet high. In the centre of this grand hall is the marble monument to Queen Jahan, but it does not contain her remains; these are to be seen afterwards. There is a wonderful echo in this chamber, which is equal to that of the Baptistery of Pisa, but not greater than that of the quarry recesses of old Syracuse in Sicily. Here in the presence of the monument, and standing over the royal cenotaph of the dead queen, the sighing of the winds and the singing of the birds everlastingly chant a sweet requiem over the remains. Such illustrations of artistic workmanship and thought could never have been produced with a Hindu faith. Only the Mohammedans in their simple and graceful taste for architecture could have wrought such pleasing effects with marble and precious stones. There were many precious stones inlaid in the sarcophagus, which we found in a vault beneath the upper chamber, to reach which we had to pass down a long sloping passageway, worn smooth in the marble by the constant footsteps of visitors and mourners, for this tomb has been visited by hundreds of thousands of religious devotees of the Moslem faith, as well as other visitors from all parts of the world. There is no light in this dark vault, except that which enters from the door, and it falls upon the tomb of the queen in the centre, the remains of her husband, Shah Jahan, being interred by her side. The tombs were of the purest marble, inlaid with

bloodstone, agate, cornelian lapis-lazuh and other precious stones, and surrounded with an octagonal screen six feet in height, in the open tracery of which lilies, irises and other flowers are wrought in the most intricate and delicate designs.

An Italian architect has been mentioned in connection with the Taj, but this report is refuted by some authorities, who say that the work is unmistakably that of a Moslem. But whether he was Moslem or Italian, report has it that his right hand was cut off, and his eyes put out, so that he could not build another like it.

We will conclude with the words of Sir Frederick Treves, who, in his interesting book, "The Other Side of the Lantern," says:

"To many the Taj Mahal will ever be the most beautiful building in the world, while there must be few who will not acknowledge that it is the most lovable monument that has ever been erected over the dead."

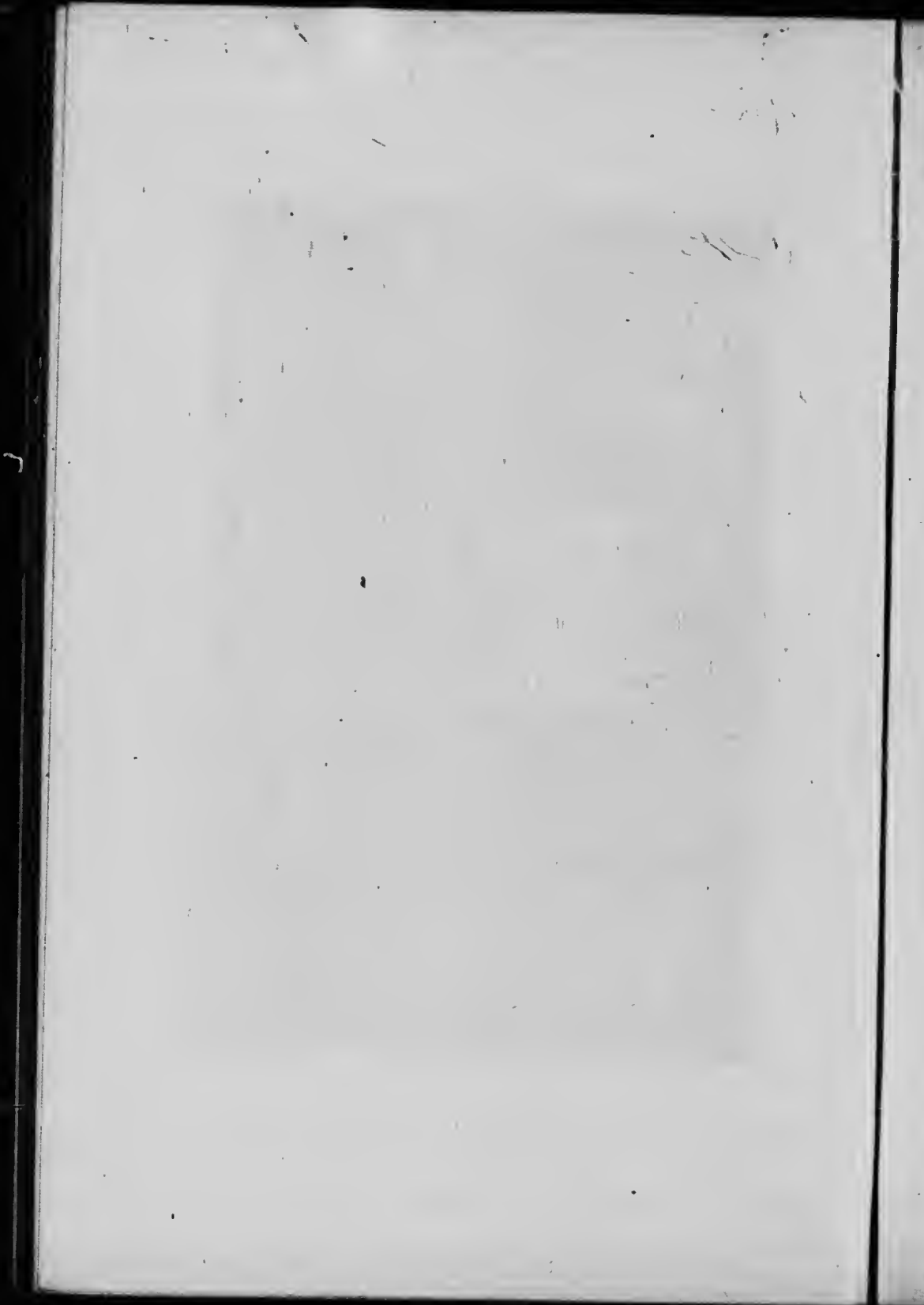
Another author has said, "Stern, unimaginative persons have been known to burst suddenly into tears on entering it, and whoever can behold the Taj without feeling a thrill that sends a moisture to his eyes has no sense of beauty in his soul."

AGRA FORT.

Early next morning we started for the fort, inside of which is to be found an aggregation



MARBLE SCREEN IN TAJ MAHAL SANCTUARY, AGRA.



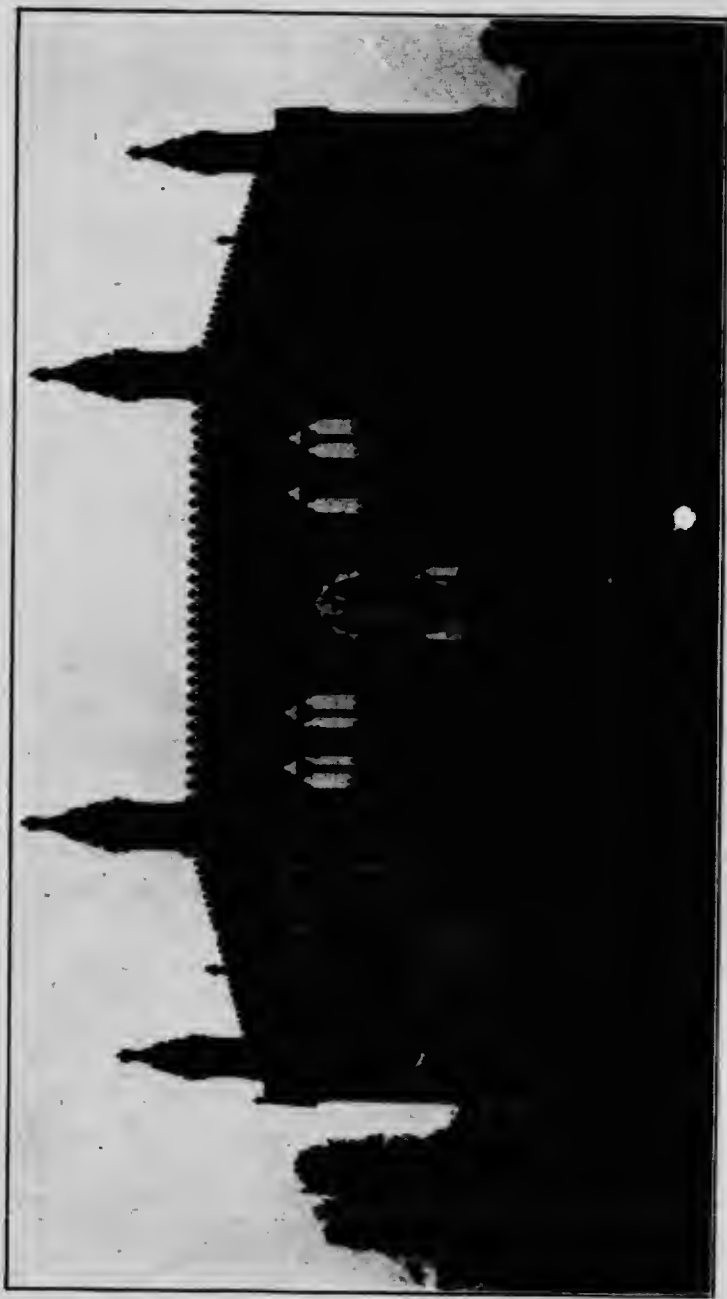
of palaces and one of the most beautiful mosques in the world. Both at Agra and Delhi, the emperors erected fortification works of great strength, and within them palatial palaces and mosques. Even to this day they are to be seen in excellent condition of preservation notwithstanding that they have undergone siege after siege so that it must have been next to impossible to capture them. The Moguls not only knew how to fight but also were adepts at building forts, as well as mosques, palaces and tombs, and the one at Agra was no exception. Its machicolated walls of red sandstone, sixty feet thick, measured a mile and a half in circumference, which allowed ample space for one to move around inside. This wall is protected in addition, by an outer ditch and rampart, and an inner moat, thirty feet deep, and paved with stone. Akbar the Great built the fort, his successor, Jahangir, one of the palaces and it was left for Shah Jahan to crown the mass of buildings inside the fort with a marble palace and a mosque, known as the Pearl Mosque, and considered the most handsome and beautiful of all mosques in India.

As we entered the fort in the early morning, first going through the outer one and then the inner, known as the Delhi gate, either one of which is large and heavy enough to barricade any good sized army, at the present day, we found ourselves in an open square which contained a very large well, over one

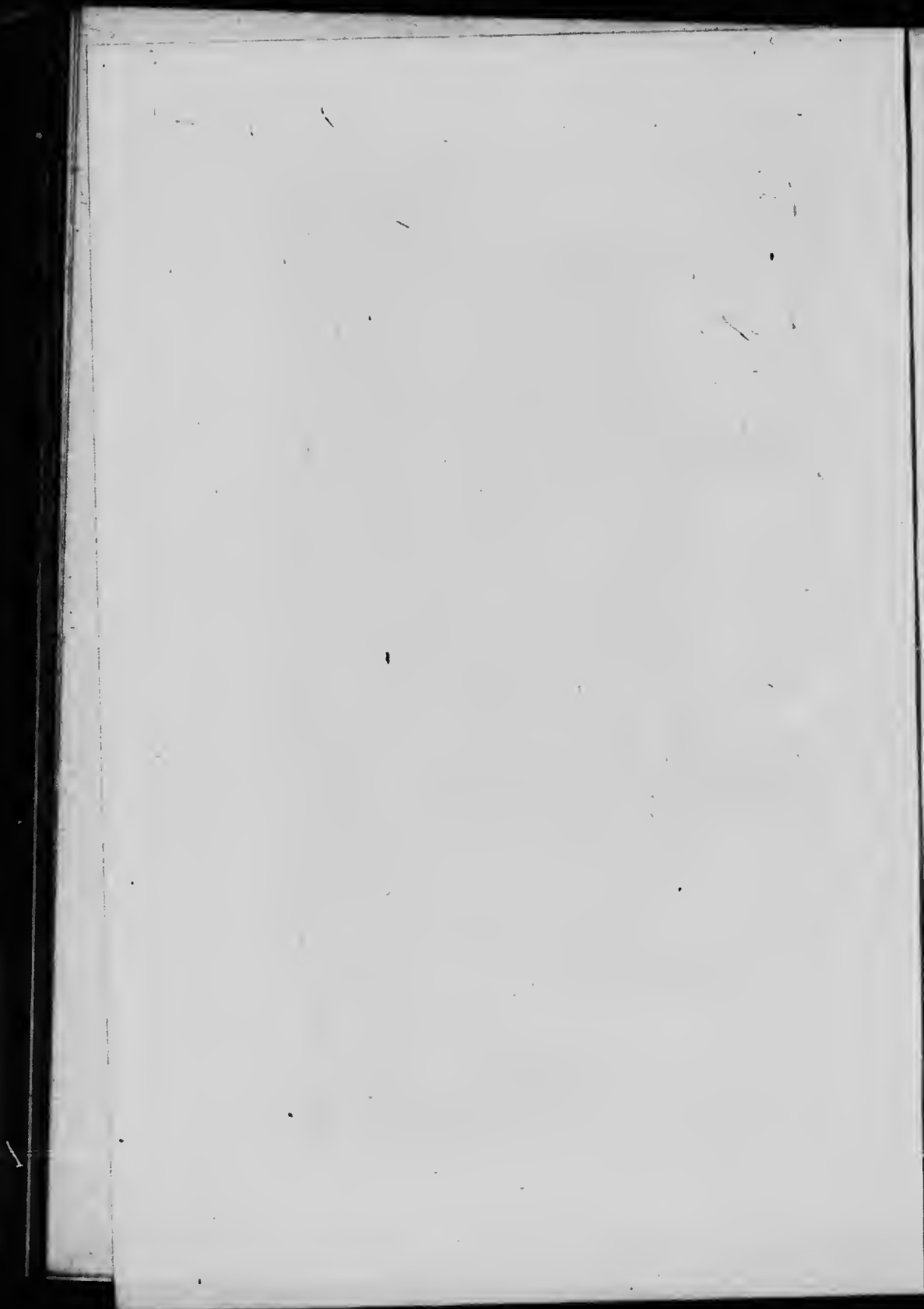
hundred feet deep, by twenty-five wide. It was the characteristic well of India, just such a one into which the women and children at Cawnpore were thrown during the Indian mutiny. These wells were sometimes sunk as deep as two hundred feet, in order to strike water, as the forts were generally built on high elevations.

We passed through the audience hall, where Akbar pronounced judgment, then we walked over the minaretted walls, still in a tolerable state of preservation, and showing little signs of the many sieges which they have stood. The buildings were all red sandstone and white marble, inlaid with precious stones, and your guide shows you the walls which have been picked of all their valuable fillings (by the English), and refilled with imitation materials. The English Government, which is spending large sums of money in keeping these old forts, palaces and mosques in a good state of repair, are now restoring them to their former state of magnificence, and it is interesting to compare the old with the new.

The substructures of the palaces are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of the corridors, chambers and pavillions are of white marble, wrought with an exquisite elaboration of ormanent. The pavillions overlooking the river, which were used as the living apartments of the wives of the emperor and the emperor himself, are inlaid within and without in a rich style of Florentine



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.



mosaic. An American writer, Bayard Taylor, says of them: "They are precious caskets of marble, glittering with jasper, agate, etc. Balustrades of marble, wrought in open patterns of such rich design that they resemble fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements.

"The most curious part of the palace is the Palace of Glass, which is an oriental bath, the chambers and passages whereof are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs. The water falls in a broad sheet into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted from within. Mimic cascades tumble from the walls over slabs of veined marble into basins so curiously carved that the motion of the water produces the appearance of fish. The bath must once have realized all the fabled splendours of Arabian stories. The chambers of the sultanas and the open courts connecting them are filled with fountains.

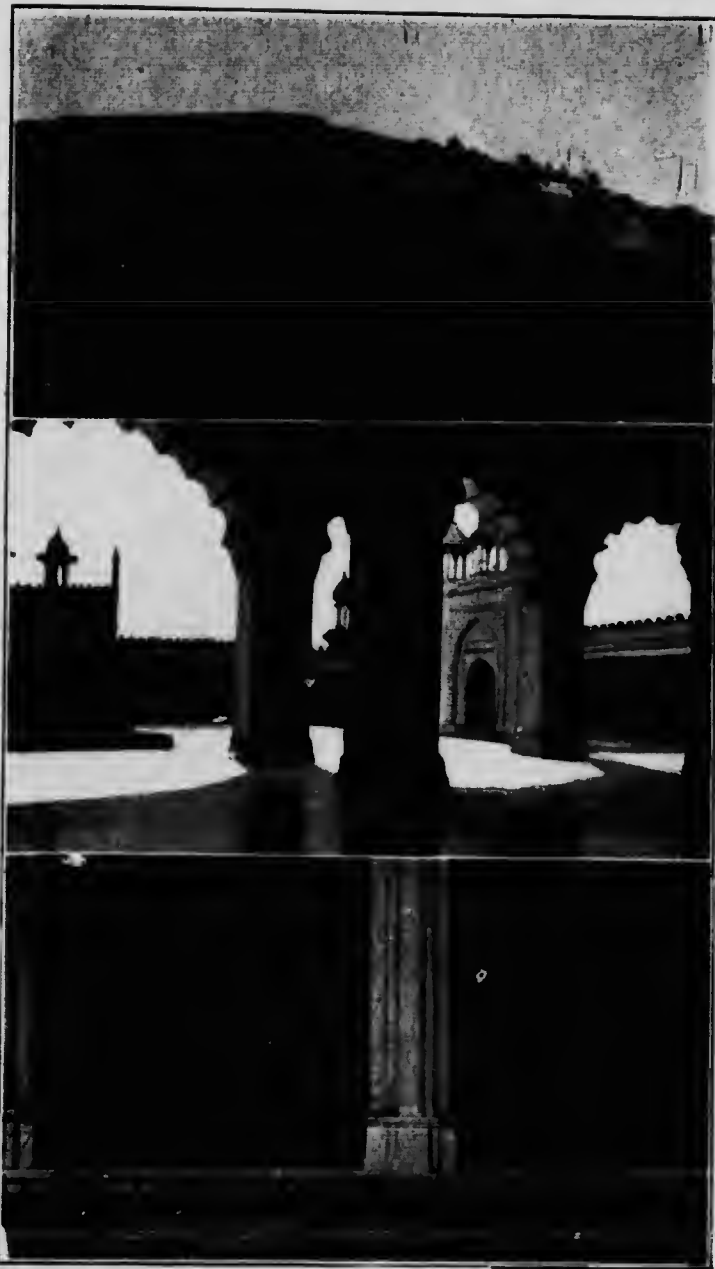
"Though the building is an incrustation of gold, marble and precious stones, water is still its most beautiful ornament. Within these fairy precincts lies the garden, still overrun with roses and jasmine vines, in the midst of which fountains are playing. There is also a court paved with squares of black and white marble, so as to form a pachisi board. The game resembles backgammon, but instead of ivory pieces being used, it was played on the colossal board

by Akbar and his wives, or eunuchs, with girls who trotted from square to square as the moves were made."

"On an open terrace in front of the Diwan-i-Khas, where Akbar sat on great occasions, is his throne, a slab of black marble about six feet square. It is cracked entirely through, which my old guide accounted for by saying that when Mahrattas took Agra, the Raja of Bhartpore seated himself on the throne, whereupon it not only cracked from side to side, but blood gushed out of its top in two places. When Lord Ellenborough was Governor-General of India, he also sat there causing it to shed blood a second time. There are two red stains on its surface, which sufficiently attest these miracles to all good Mussulmans. Opposite the throne is a smaller one of white marble, where, if tradition may be relied on, the Emperor's fool or jester took his place and burlesqued his master."

There are really two palaces within this fort. One, heavy and dull, was built by Jahangir, while the other, built by his son, Shah Jahan, is of exquisite tenderness and artistic beauty.

Within its precincts are pleasure gardens, fountains, squares, mosques, a ladies' market place, baths shimmering with glass, throne rooms for the court, and turrets to sleep in when the nights are hot. There are, moreover, secret passages which lead to hidden towers, and secret stairs, which mount to the unexpected roofs . . .



- (1) THE FORT, AGRA.
- (2) THE PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA.
- (3) WINDOWS OF TOP STOREY, AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA.

Sir Frederick Treves paints an interesting picture of this palace. He says:

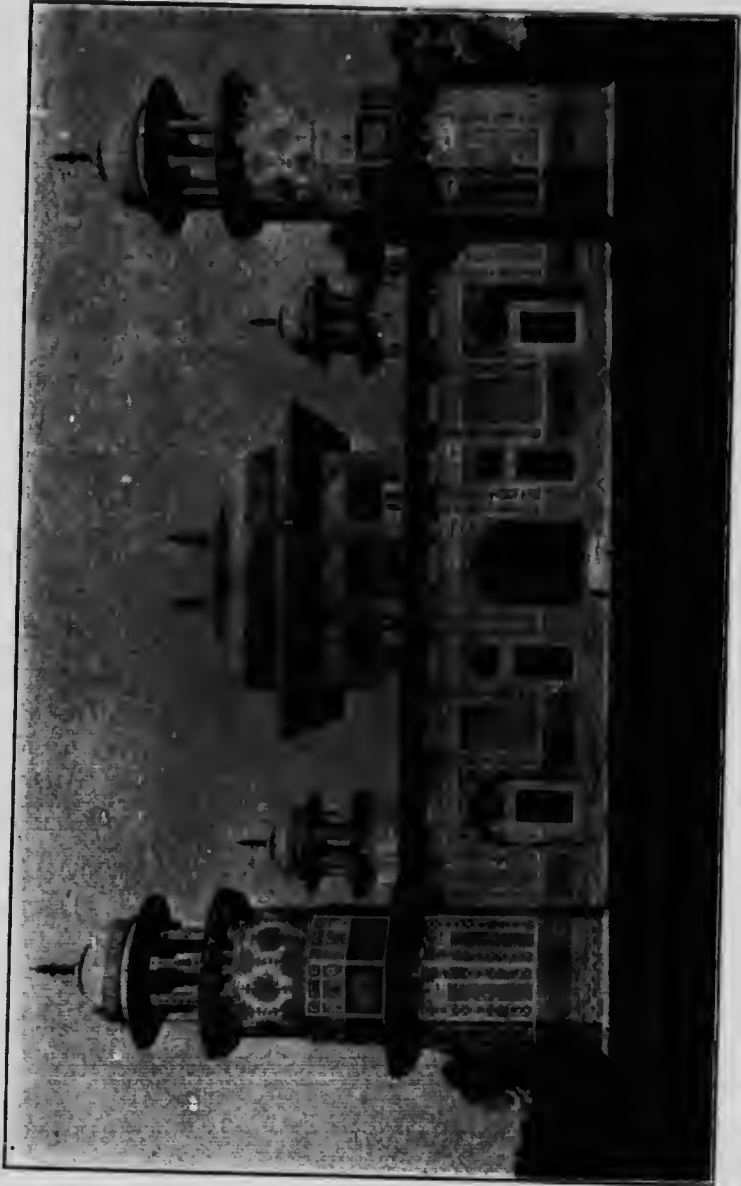
“Go back a few centuries, and here is the great armoury square filled with a thousand men-at-arms, their horses in gay trappings, their elephants covered with cloths of crimson and tassels of gold. The courtyard is alive with color, is dazzling with the gleam of spears, and hot with the noise and dust of impatient feet and clattering hoofs. In the hall of audience are the hushed people—a rustling, eager crowd of all degrees—the courtiers, radiant as peacocks, the inquisitive boy, the sullen chief whose estate is gone, the pallid youth, whose gaze is ever on the gulls on the wall, the store merchant, and the man of law.

“In the alcove sits the great king in a jewelled robe, effulgent beyond common speech, most valiant to gaze upon, but yet filled with awe, worshipped as all-powerful, but scared with one hundred fears. In the wall behind the emperor’s throne is a small door which must have been watched with awful expectancy on the audience day.”

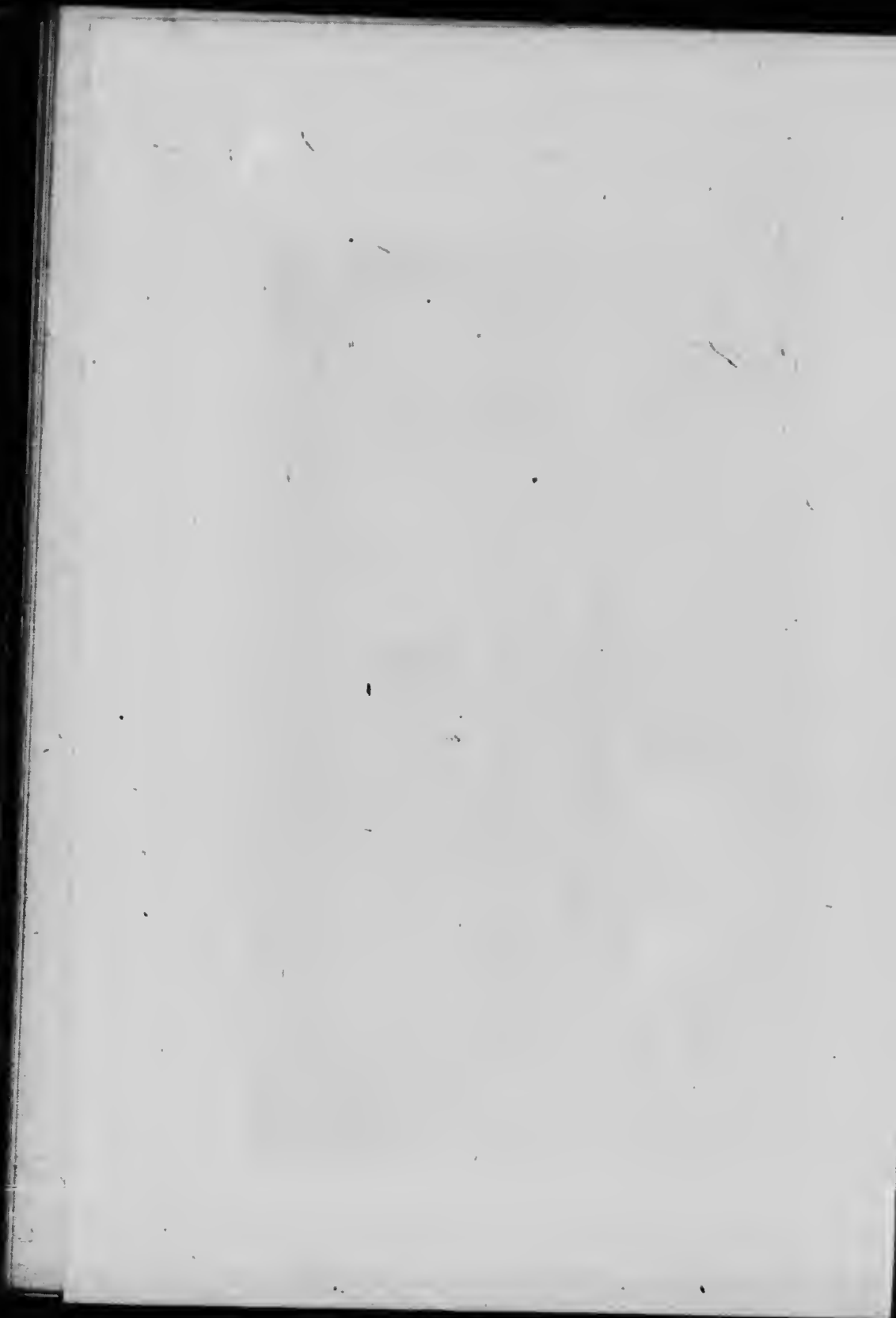
We next visited the Mausoleum of Itimad-Daulah, the grandfather of the lady of the Taj, on the opposite side of the Jumma River, over which we passed on a fine iron bridge, about dusk and during the eclipse of the sun. The scene of the river from the bridge was exceptionally interesting, from the fact that the Hindus have a secret veneration for eclipses, and go in large pilgrimages to

sacred rivers and tanks, and perform ablutions while it takes place. To the many thousands who cannot afford the time or money to visit the sacred waters, this is the next best thing, and as we stood on this bridge we saw about ten thousand people rushing from all avenues leading from the city on both banks of the river, over its dried-up bed, until they reached the water, about several hundred feet wide, and then they plunged into the running stream with the greatest satisfaction. Many of them brought bullocks with them, and they, like their masters, seemed to enjoy the submersion. The bathers crossed and recrossed the river, built small fires on the banks, around which vendors sold victuals to the faithful, who sleep and eat wherever it happens to be most convenient for them.

The tomb of Itim-ad-Daulah and his wife, stands in a beautiful garden, and has full decoration with two cenotaphs on the terrace story over the tomb, in yellow marble, beneath which are the remains of this couple, who came from Persia, and whose descendants were so linked with the great Mogul rulers. It seems strange that all the great tombs we visited were built on the same plan, with a false tomb above and the real one below. The inlaid work in this one is said to be the earliest known in India.



TOMB OF ITIM-AD-DAULAH, AGRA.



AKBAR'S TOMB.

Akbar's tomb, about five miles distant from the city, along a well shaded avenue of tall trees, which leads towards the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, was next visited, and here again we revelled in the magnificence of a past art of building monumental tombs. Here, standing over all that remained of Akbar, the greatest of the dynasty of the Mogul emperors, was a pyramid built seventy-four feet high, of four stories, three of which are of red sandstone, the fourth enclosing the cenotaph, being of white marble lattice work in several hundred squares of two feet each, every square of a different pattern. On the monolith cenotaph is engraved the ninety-nine glorious names of the Deity. On the north side is inscribed "God is Greatest," and on the south side, "May His Glory Shine." Nearby is a handsome white marble pillar, two and a half feet high, which, according to tradition, was once covered with gold, and contained the Koh-i-noor, now among the jewels of England.

FATTEHPUR-SIKRI.

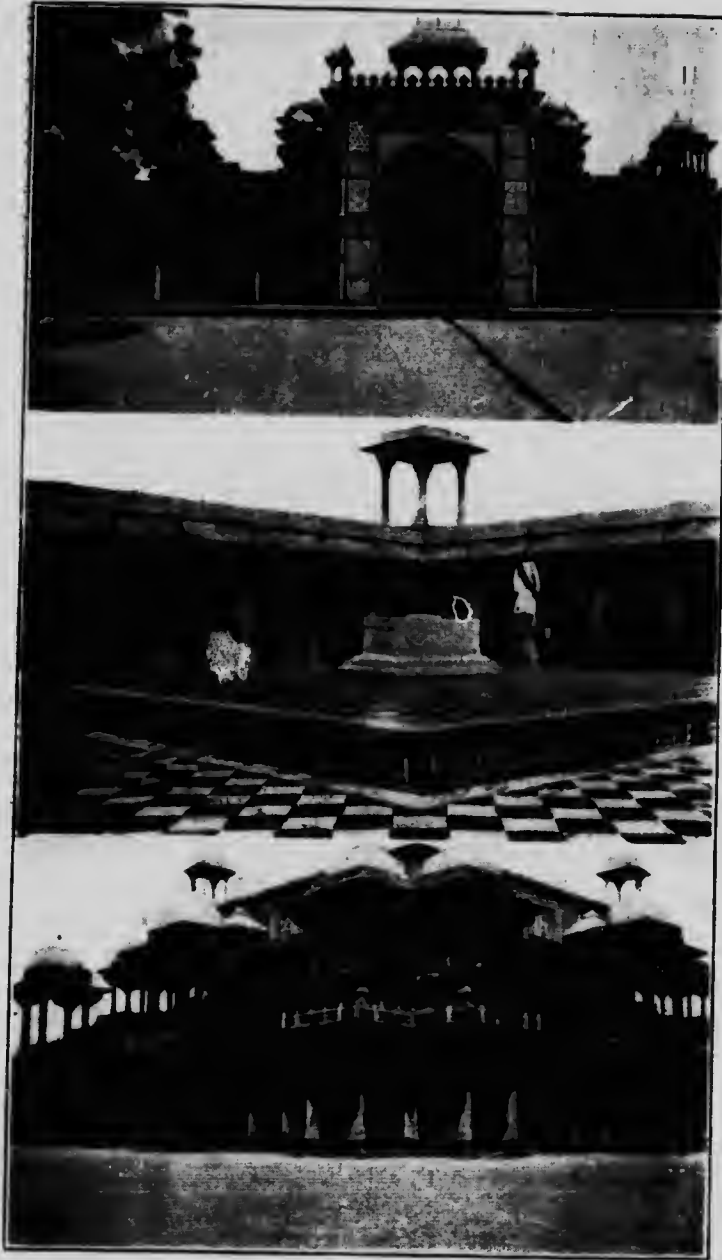
Fattehpur-Sikri (the City of Victory), is twenty-two miles from Agra, on the Delhi road. Akbar built up this place for a summer residence. After he had had erected magnificent palaces and residences; rich nobles

followed his example, and soon a good sized city grew up.

It is said that Akbar selected this spot through the intercession of a hermit, in giving him an heir to his throne, and that it took one hundred thousand men, and all the best architects and contractors in India, nearly forty years to build the glorious city of palaces and temples which compose this summer resort. It was here that the hookah, the big tobacco pipe with bowl of perfumed water for the smoke to pass through, was invented by an engineer, and where the first rupees were coined.

The gateway to the mosque is one of the most magnificent gateways in the world. In the courtyard is the tomb of Chishti, the saint who gave Akbar his heir, and at whose shrine thousands of women still pray for heirs. The tomb is a monument of architectural beauty, with which this sleeping city was designed, and nearby is the tomb of a six months' old babe, son of the hermit saint, who was sacrificed in order to give Akbar his most desired offspring. Curtis refers to this incident in his "Modern India" as follows:—

"The holy man on the hill at Fattehpur was believed to have tremendous influence with those deities who control the coming of babies into this great world; hence the emperor and his sultana visited Shekh Selim in his rock retreat to solicit his intercession for the birth of a son. Now, the hermit had a son only six months' old, who, the evening



- (1) ENTRANCE, AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA.
- (2) AKBAR'S SARCOFAGUS, ON FOURTH STOREY, AGRA.
- (3) UPPER STORIES AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA.

after the visit of the emperor, noticed that his father's face wore a dejected expression. Having never learned the use of his tongue, being but a few months old, this precocious child naturally caused great astonishment when, by a miracle, he sat up in his cradle and, in language that an adult would use, inquired the cause of anxiety. The old man answered:

"It is written in the stars, oh, my son, that the emperor will never have an heir unless some other man will sacrifice for him the life of his own heir, and surely in this wicked and selfish world no one is capable of such generosity and patriotism."

"If you will permit me, oh, my father," answered the baby, "I will die in order that his majesty may be consoled."

"The hermit explained that for such an act he could acquire unlimited merit among the gods, whereupon the obliging infant straightened its tiny limbs and expired. Some months after the sultana gave birth to a boy, who afterward became the Emperor Jehanghir.

"Akbar, of course, was gratified, and to show his appreciation of the services of the hermit decided to make the rocky ridge his summer capital. He summoned to his aid all the architects and artists and contractors in India, and a hundred thousand mechanics, stone cutters, masons and decorators were kept busy for two scores of years erecting the palaces, tombs and temples that now testify to the genius of the architects and

builders of these days. It is shown by the records that this enterprise cost the taxpayers of India a hundred millions of dollars, and that did not include the wages of the workmen, because most of them were paid nothing. In those days almost everything in the way of government public works was carried on by forced labor. The king paid no wages. The material was expensive. Very little wood was used. The buildings are almost entirely of pure white marble and red sandstone. They had neither doors nor windows, but only open arches which were hung with curtains to secure privacy, and light was admitted to the interior through screens or marble, perforated in beautiful designs. The entrance to the citadel is gained through a gigantic gateway, one of the noblest portals ever erected. It was intended as a triumphal arch to celebrate the victory of Akbar over the Afghans, and to commemorate the conquest of Khandesh, and this is recorded in exquisite Persian characters upon its frontal and sides."

Mohammedans hold over ninety per cent of the Government positions, which was not complimentary to the Hindus. Nevertheless, it is quite proper, as the Mohammedans in holding offices of responsibility can be depended upon. One of our informants was in the employ of a Hindu, who agreed to give him a commission on all business. Recently, he found out that he had been cheated out of his commission. This a Mohammedan would never do. Like the

Chinaman, once he gives his word, you can generally rely on it.

In almost all the leading cities there are banking institutions, capitalized and managed by Englishmen, with staffs of native clerks, who are expert at figures. After serving twenty-two years in India, an English bank official retires on a handsome pension—much larger than that of the army. In the latter, the officers must learn two or three of the Hindu dialects, or languages, within the first two years of their stay in India, failing in which they have to resign their commissions without the privilege of rejoining their home regiment. This seems somewhat severe, but as there appears to be no difficulty in filling India's standing army, both rank and file, the rule is evidently not obnoxious.

The markets in the cities are inspected under the surveillance of the British, and are generally clean and sanitary. Like the bazaars, they are classified into sections. The hay market resembles a lot of people trying to sell mattresses filled with straw. The peasants carry the hay to the city in bundles, wrapped up with large sheets tied at the four corners. If they have a donkey or ox they tie two or four bundles together and throw them over the saddle of their animals, invariably carrying an extra one on their own heads.

DELHI.

Delhi (pronounced Delhee) is one of the oldest and most historic cities in all India. Its geographical position has made it so in the past, and the recent change of the capital from Calcutta will continue its importance politically, as well as socially, for some time to come. There is no other place which will impress you so much with the ancient history of India. It is bewildering in the extreme to see so many ruins of buildings which must have been works of art in architecture and golden storehouses of jewels and precious stones. Where did all the money come from to spend in raising such monuments of industry and beauty, requiring thousands of laborers and years of time to construct? This question must be ever foremost in one's mind, as he gazes upon the vast stretches of land on both sides of what is known as the great trunk road, which, like the Appian way, has been the trading thoroughfare between an ancient civilization and the outside world for so many centuries. This road is even to-day the direct connection between Northwestern India and Afghanistan, through which its laden camel caravans must pass, bearing the commerce exchanged between the West and the East.

There is great wealth, it is true, among some of the princes and merchants in India to-day, but much of this wealth in the hands of the latter has been made in recent years

in dealing with the English. Otherwise, the teeming millions are very poor, but as long as they can feed and clothe themselves, the Hindus have no desire for riches.

Nadir Shah, a Persian ruler and warrior, who ravaged the city about 1736, carried away a throne, known as the Peacock throne, valued at over five millions of dollars, and about three hundred millions dollars worth of booty besides. In fact, he took away so much that when he returned to Persia he had sufficient to pay the expenses of the Government without exacting any taxes from the people for three years. Those were the days when there was something besides glory in fighting, and when India found to its cost some of the evils of Western invasion. Those were also the times when many slaves and marauders suddenly became powerful. Delhi, of all places, seems to have been the coveted city in all the great conflicts and wars of India. It is known to have changed its site over twenty times, and even to-day, undaunted by the past, the English have reinstated it as the capital city, a position which it occupied in the time of the great Mogul Dynasty, and frequently before that time. This is why its plain, stretching to the south for over twenty miles, is laid waste with ruins. Only for the solidity and monumental grandeur of its architecture, the trail of these many cities would be covered up and removed from view, but it will be many centuries before this takes place, and now that the English are protecting a number

of these venerated buildings, it is likely they will be preserved for many ages to come.

Shah Jahan, of whom we have spoken in connection with the Taj Mahal, and the fort, palace and mosque of Agra, was not only the father of the city, but the leading spirit in erecting similar monuments in Delhi. Here he built a fort, as impregnable as that of Agra, also a palace within its walls, not so beautiful as that of Agra, but certainly as rich and extravagantly decorated with precious stones. These were carried away by the Persian victor and dispoiler, Nadir Shah, a mishap for the English, for they came next, and took what was left, much of which is now to be seen in the British Museum. Though the English have been criticized for many such acts of vandalism, and for disfiguring and destroying the appearance of the palace within the fort, by the erection of ugly barracks and the destruction of some of the buildings and courtyards, Lord Curzon, and other viceroys, have of late been showing a deeper interest in them and expending large sums of money in restoring these remains, as much as possible, to their original state. We saw walls that were once filled with amethysts, sapphires, pearls, etc., now desolate looking with holes where these valuable stones had been roughly dug out. In their place a composition is being used to represent the stones of old, which helps to make the remains assume their former rich appearance. The battlemented thick, red sandstone walls and heavily-built

gates of the fort are in an excellent state of preservation, and while they would not to-day be much of a defence in time of war, they form a good palisade between the English soldiers and the towns-people. It is to be hoped that these military buildings will be removed some day, and that the entire fort and old palaces with their courts and mosques, audience halls and chambers, will be left undisfigured by the modern military encampment which is to be seen within its walls to-day.

In the afternoon we visited the fort in question and were shown around by a young soldier, who seemed to be more interested in the loss of the Titanic than in his duty of guide. The latter was new to him, and he explained that the old man, who was so long in charge of the place and who will probably be remembered by many who have visited this city for the past 25 or 30 years, had recently died of pneumonia and old age. As we left the famous palace, within whose walls everything must have once run riot with the carousals of the emperors and their suites, and where murder, rapine and crime must have reigned along with such pomp and luxury, we came upon a green, where a native band was playing in the midst of a group of Europeans from the city, dressed in their best and indulging in tea. The scene was a pleasant one, but it did not altogether blend with the atmosphere of the place or with the thoughts of a visitor, with his head full of the

stirring times of the past, and the history of Delhi in particular; and so notwithstanding the lively music discoursed and the gay scene around it, with the bright scarlet, gilt and khaki uniforms, we could but recall that it was just such a crowd of brave hearts who had perished almost on that very same ground in the mutiny of 1857, when almost every European man, woman and child, and Christian native living within the city, suffered butchery at the hands of a fanatical mob, led by native soldiers who had been trained by the British.

The fort, or citadel, has a wall forty feet high, extending along the river for about a mile. The ladies' apartments of the palace are sumptuous in their adornment and opportunities for extravagant entertainment, bathing, etc. One of our recent writers said:

"There are in this imperial pleasure house two writings on the wall which serve to tell some part of the story of the place. On the arches, of the Diwan-i-Khas there is written in Persian letters the districh—

"If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this."

Such was the expression of belief of him who built the palace; it was the outcome of his hope, the object of his dearest endeavor. But beyond the Eden of bliss there were the shouts of war, the smouldering revolt, the muffled room filled with conspirators, and

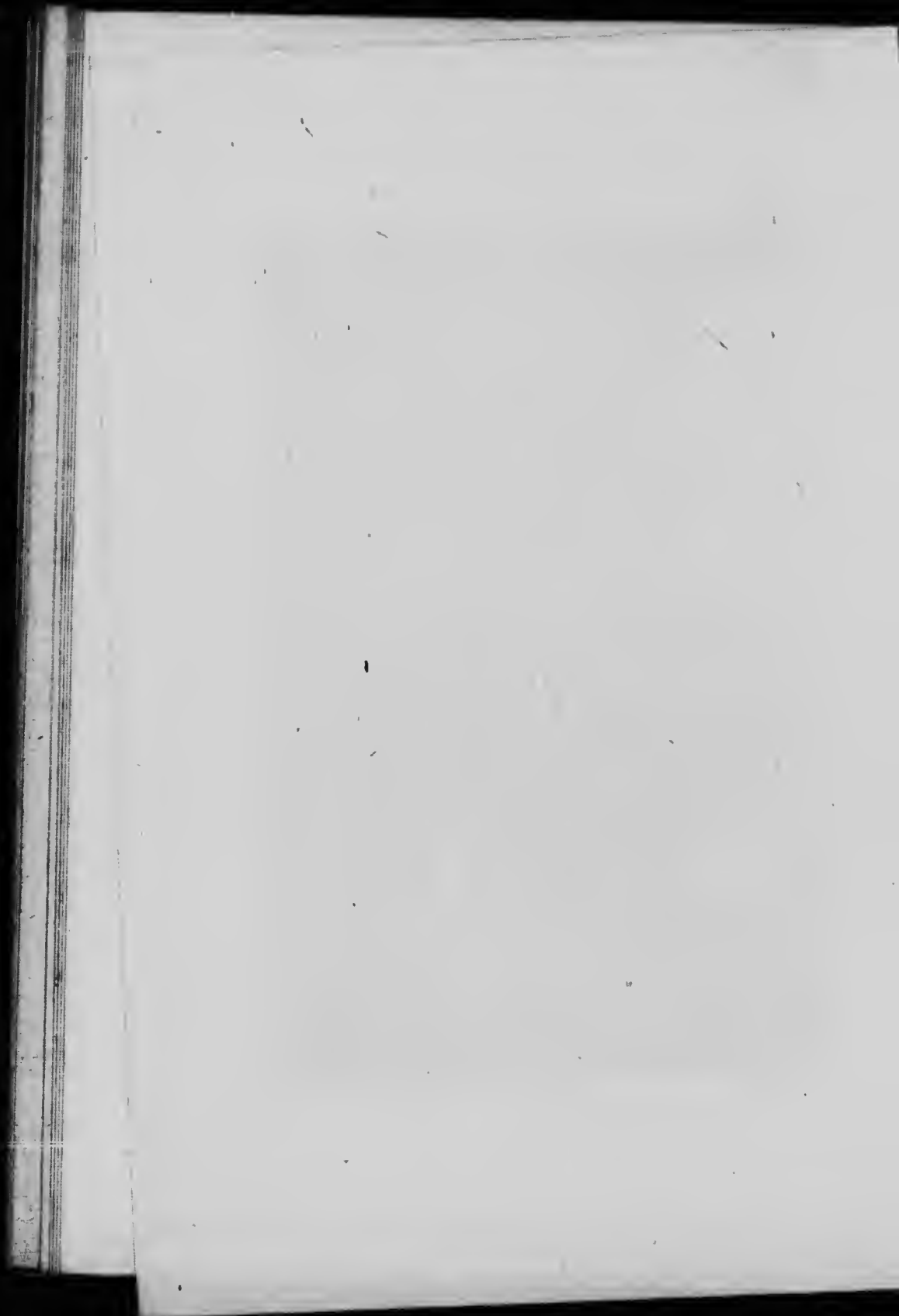
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OLD FORT, DELHI.



the assassin ready with his knife. If the Emperor looked over the wall of the palace at night it was not to see how the moon fell upon his Eden; it was to search for the stealthy creeping figure he had seen in his dreams." William Eleroy Curtis, in his "Modern India," says: "The imposing grandeur of the Moguls' style of living was probably more splendid than that of any monarch, even before or since their time. Their extravagance was unbounded."

Delhi is divided by a wide commercial street, with a row of trees in the centre, and a primitive electric car line. Here on this thoroughfare, known as Chandni Chauk, are to be found the retail traders of the city, and in the numerous stalls were large and valuable varieties of silver and gold ware, embroidery, rugs, enamel, shawls, leather ware, carved ivory and clay, to tempt the sordid avaricious mind of India souvenir hunters, though we found the merchants very independent, and desiring to do business on the one price only system, which price was usually beyond all reason. The season was following the Durbar of King George, and it was said that the merchants had made so much money, and become so rich and self-satisfied, that Delhi's reputation as a good place for shopping, had degenerated. We found some of the finest hand-carved ivory pieces selling as high as three to five thousand dollars each. They represented the life work of one man, and they were so small that only one man

could work on them at a time. We readily believed the merchant when he told us of this, but we did not find that the smaller pieces could compare with what we had seen in Japan, either in workmanship or price. The merchants on this famous street of Delhi made the rich robes worn by Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal families during the Durbar, and even filled more recent orders from many of the crowned heads of Europe.

HOME OF THE CASHMERE SHAWLS.

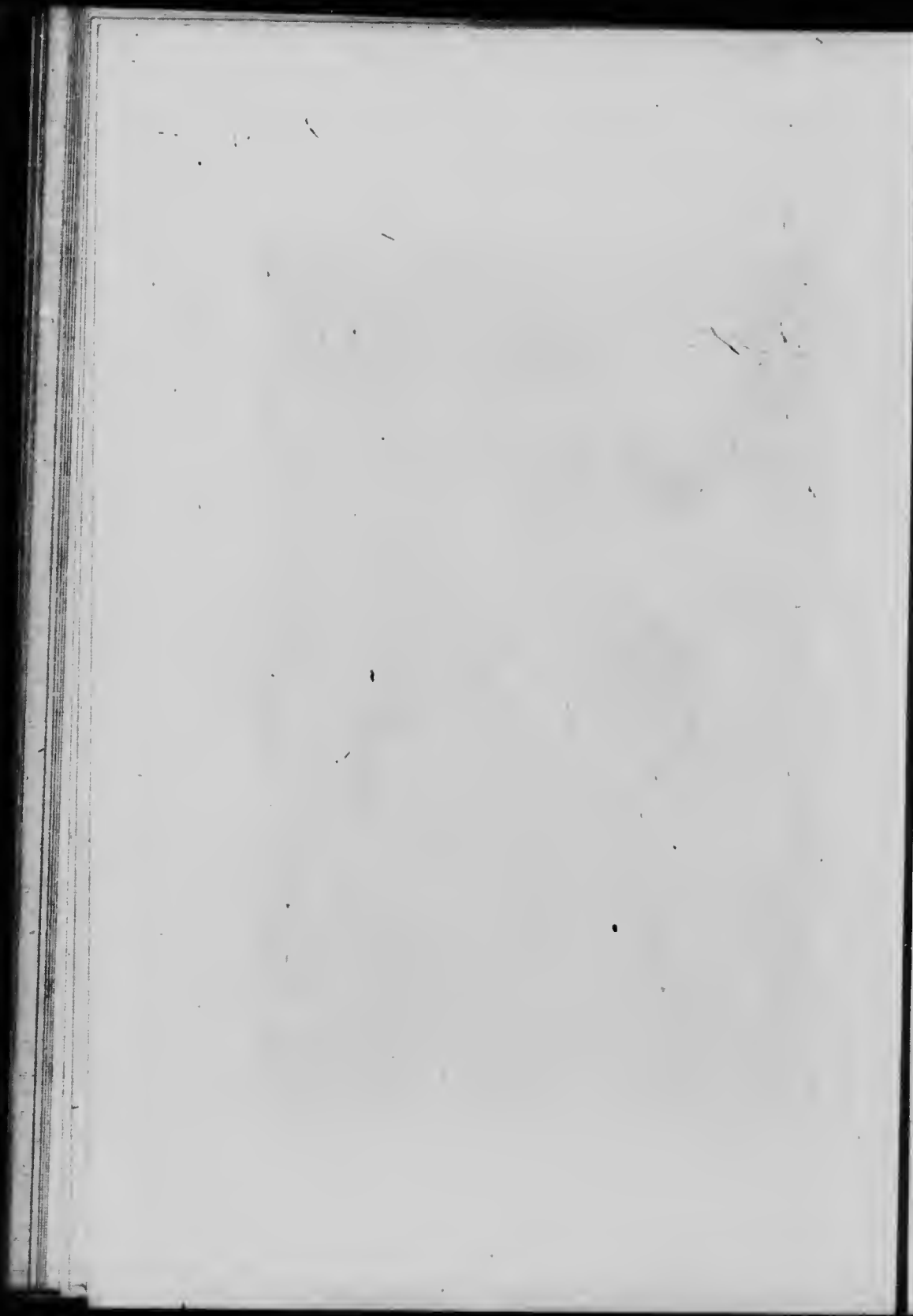
Akbar the Great is said to have had considerable business acumen, and in the latter half of the sixteenth century encouraged his people in the art of spinning, weaving and embroidery, and not only set up schools for their education, but offered prizes for the best school and workmanship in these and other trades, and from this spirit of enterprise has developed the fine artistic work that is to be seen in Delhi to-day. Queen Victoria, who took such great interest in her Indian subjects, encouraged the manufacture of the cashmere shawls in the district by purchasing a large number of them every year from the weavers who reside in the northern province of Cashmere. After these shawls went out of fashion among the Europeans it was keenly felt here among the poor weavers, but the late Queen of England continued to buy them in order to assist

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ELEPHANT GATE, DELHI.



the manufacture and made presents of them to her friends. Among some of the rich Americans who have traded on this street may be mentioned the name of Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, who left a \$60,000 order with one of the Indian embroidery merchants, for samples of the very best workmanship, for the museum of the university which she and her husband so liberally endowed.

These cashmere shawls are made out of the hair of camels, goats and sheep, and can be purchased for very low prices, owing to their having dropped out of fashion. In India they are still popular among the Hindu women, who will spend their last cent, or run into debt for years, in order to purchase a shawl, should they not have been lucky enough to have one handed down to them from their grandmothers. The shawls are entirely of hand work, and so fine that they can be squeezed into the very smallest space possible, and oftentimes carried in one's pocket. This work, as well as embroidery of the very finest style, is all done by men and boys, at from eight to forty cents per day. The latter is the wage of an expert, and few obtain it.

MUTINY OF 1857.

During the mutiny of 1857 the Sepoys became fanatically frenzied over the ammunition served out to them, this having been dipped in fat, or grease, from the sacred animals which their religion taught them to re-

vere, and revolted against the British, and massacred the Europeans, wherever they could be found in the cities of Lucknow, Cawnpur, Agra, Delhi, and other centres where English troops were stationed. The scenes around Delhi were revolting in their awfulness, and the suffering of the men, women and children is a dreadful page in the history of India.

Eight Europeans fought within the walls of the powder magazine, under Captain Willoughby, holding the enemy at bay until all hope of relief coming to their aid was abandoned, and then set fire to the magazine, blowing it up at the sacrifice of their lives, and the destruction of hundreds of rebels.

For four long months, and during the very hottest period in India, Sir John Nicholson and his loyal and courageous troops, numbering about ten thousand men, stood in the blazing sun, besieging the strongly defended and fortified city, with a fort and high thick stone wall protecting it for several miles in circumference and with ditches and moats besides. The opposing entrenched force numbered over forty thousand well trained men, with more than one hundred guns and plenty of ammunition. The odds against the English were almost insurmountable, but the later were a determined force.

They had come from the capital, Meerut, forty miles away, where the mutiny had started on a Sunday night, when the soldiers were going to church, and during a



A BECCAR ON THE STREETS OF DELHI.

few weeks the mutineers and insurgents had committed the most revolting crimes and murders, with a wholesale butchery of women and children.

These British soldiers were before Delhi to lay down their lives in the defence of the honor of their country, their flag and the most loved of all, their wives, sisters and children. Delhi must be taken at all costs or hazards, and not a man was going to leave until it was accomplished. At their head was a hero, in the person of General Nicholson, who faced powder and shell as fearlessly as any one in the line of fighting, finally giving up his life after victory had crowned his efforts. He must have been a wonderful field marshal, for all his movements and vantage points were not only bravely won, but sagaciously and tenaciously held during the twenty-four battles that were fought during this siege, in which over 3,500 officers and men, or about one third of the English, were killed, wounded or died during that time. But Delhi, the capital, the stronghold, the citadel of the mutiny, was won, and the British flag was unfurled and floated over the battered fortification. as it does to-day. Many heroic acts and sacrifices of life were performed in this great victory, and the ridge, and high elevation beyond the walls, which commands a fine view of the plain and city, is where the British planted themselves and their armament throughout that fire of shell and shot for four long months, until the

final coup, the breach in the wall, and the flight of the besieged mutineers. Here then is one of the many spots in this world where an Englishman may stand with bowed and bared head in deep reverence for the valour and courage of every man in Nicholson's noble army. We have stood upon the field of Waterloo, where that terribly tragic battle took place, and upon the Plains of Abraham, where the destinies of Canada were decided and in which two great generals, lost their lives, but we do not think that either of these two historic fields of battle so impressed us as standing upon the Ridge of Delhi, and trying to live over those four months. The flag-staff tower, in which the women and children took refuge, and from which they had to flee, is still to be seen standing sentinel over the deserted space. It was but a short distance from this point where the late Durbar was held, many of the grand-stands and other platforms erected for the accommodation of the hundreds of thousands of people who gathered there for the event, were still to be seen—a happy closing scene to the former picture of strife and suffering.

KASHMIRE GATE.

Kashmire Gate has an historical interest for all visitors to Delhi. It was here that the British made a breach in the wall and entered the city (already described), and where the intrepid leader of the assault, General

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(1) PAIR OF OXEN, DELHI.
(2) KASHMIRE GATE, DELHI.

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Nicholson, was found by the late Lord Roberts, who, in his "Forty-One Years in India," says:—

"While riding through the Kashmir Gate, I observed by the side of the road a "dhooli" without bearers, and with evidently a wounded man inside.

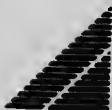
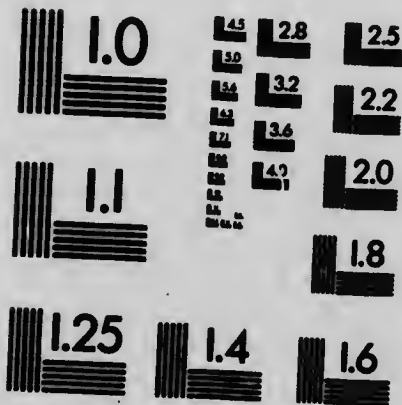
"I dismounted to see if I could be of any use to the occupant, when I found, to my grief and consternation, that it was John Nicholson, with death written on his face. He told me that the bearers put the 'dhooli' down and had gone off to plunder, that he was in great pain, and wished to be taken to the hospital. He was lying on his back; no wound was visible, and but for the pallor of his face, always colorless, there was no sign of the agony he must have been enduring. On my expressing the hope that he was not seriously wounded, he said: 'I am dying; there is no chance for me.'" I searched about for the 'dhooli' bearers, who, in common with other camp followers, were busy ransacking houses and shops in the neighborhood, and carrying off everything of the slightest value they could lay their hands on. Having with difficulty collected four men and put them in charge of a sergeant of the 61st Foot, I told him who the wounded man was, and ordered him to go direct to the Field Hospital. This was the last I saw of Nicholson."

The grave of this brave soldier is to be seen in a little English cemetery near the Kashmire



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Gate, and in the gardens nearby is a very fine statue of him facing the scene of his last great exploit, and in the position of leading his men on to victory.

Chandni Chauk is the main street of Delhi. It is known as the Silver Street, being lined with a large number of silversmiths—in fact, smiths of all trades. It can even boast of a primitive electric railway and a handsome clock tower opposite a good looking City Hall.

The buildings are tottering, the merchants are cheeky and indolent—oftentimes asleep on their goods, and turning into human vultures when any visitors are around. Donkeys and goats make themselves as much a nuisance nosing around, as the merchants. There is no great distinction between the rights of man and beast on the main street in Delhi.

We had to do some banking in an English institution, which was located on the second story premises of a motley collection of buildings. Here we saw more gold being moved about than we have ever seen in any other bank before. They seemed to hand it out by the pound, and in bags, making the scene, commercially speaking, a very busy one. When we emerged from the bank we found two ladies whom we had left in the cab, in a dispute with a local merchant, who was about 45 years of age, and seemed to be the owner of a store nearby. The ladies had asked, or made signs, that they wanted their shoes

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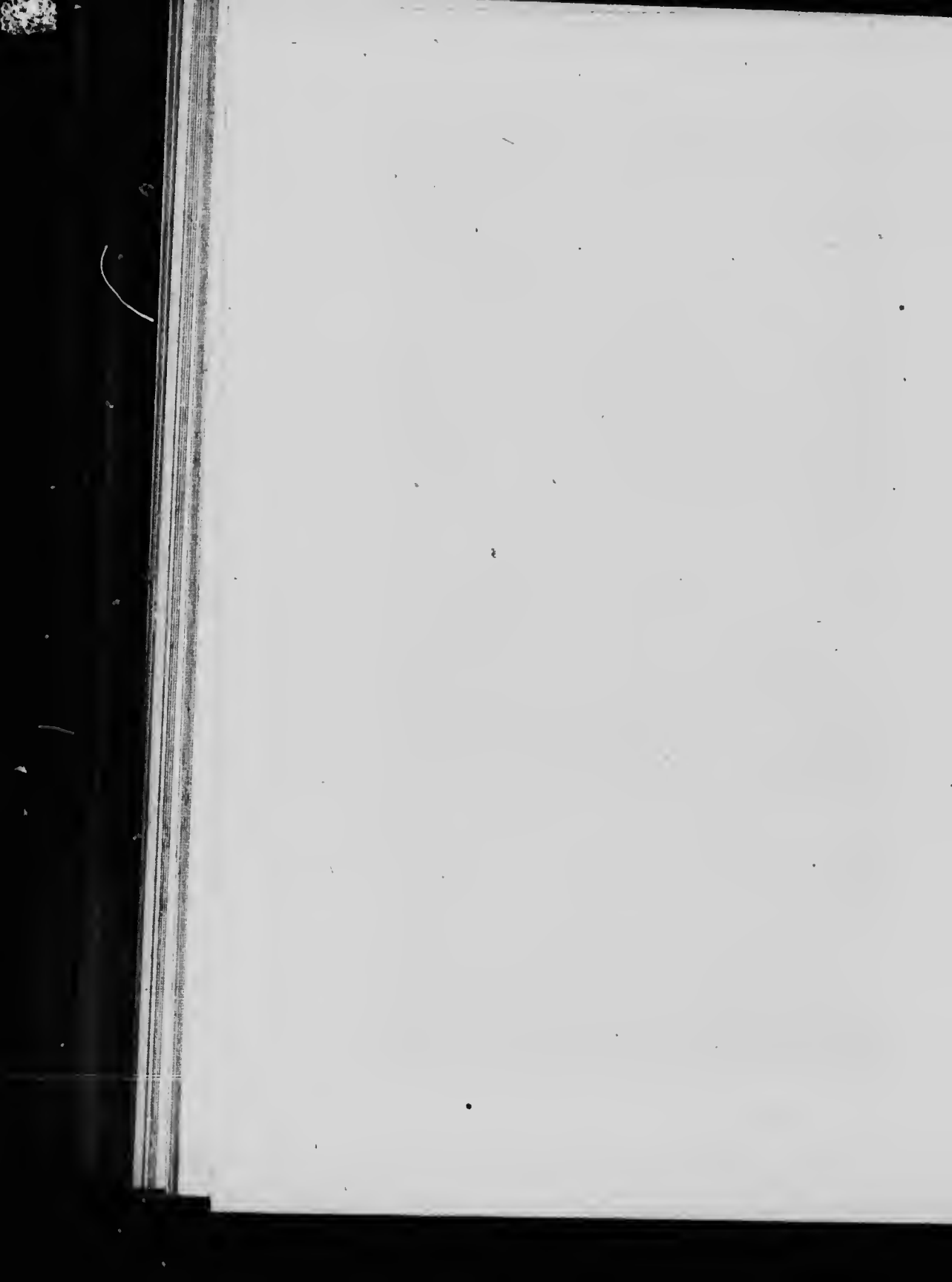
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**STREET MENDICANT WHO HAD TO BE SUPPORTED BY OUR
GUIDE AND CABMAN.**



polished, and no doubt were trying to make inquiries to find out if there were any shoe-blacks about. The obliging storekeeper did the job. to whom they handed a two rupee piece, and the man promptly put it in his pocket, and with considerable salaam went off. We just arrived in time to catch him and make him give up about half the amount. We warned the ladies against ever handing out so much money, or more than was required, to strangers, as they were likely to be subjected to the same treatment. There is so much baksheesh in India, that there is no doubt the merchant considered that the ladies had given him the two rupees.

We have always remembered throughout life seeing pictures of starving natives of India reduced to skeletons, but it remained for Delhi to exhibit the very worst case of the kind we had ever imagined to see. One poor fellow, whom we had to raise from the ground, and have him held up by our guide and driver, must have measured over 6 feet 6 inches, and we do not suppose that he weighed more than 75 pounds, as will be seen by the photograph we took of him. This was near the entrance to the Jama Masjid, one of the most beautiful and the largest mosques in all India. The courtyard is 450 feet square, surrounded with cloisters and colossal gateways, the whole being built in granite and marble, and the site on an elevation commands a splendid view of the city. Of course it was built by the famous

Shah Jahan, and like everything else he did was of the best.

It was our good fortune to be present at a Friday noon session, when over ten thousand of the devout Moslems were at worship. They came in from all parts of the city. Through one gate you could observe the people were of a better class than through the other, but this was only accidental, for the poorer class came through the gate leading from the native section of the town, but they were all well dressed. Their bright colored flowing garments were immaculate, and under the rays of the mid-day sun, they showed up to advantage.

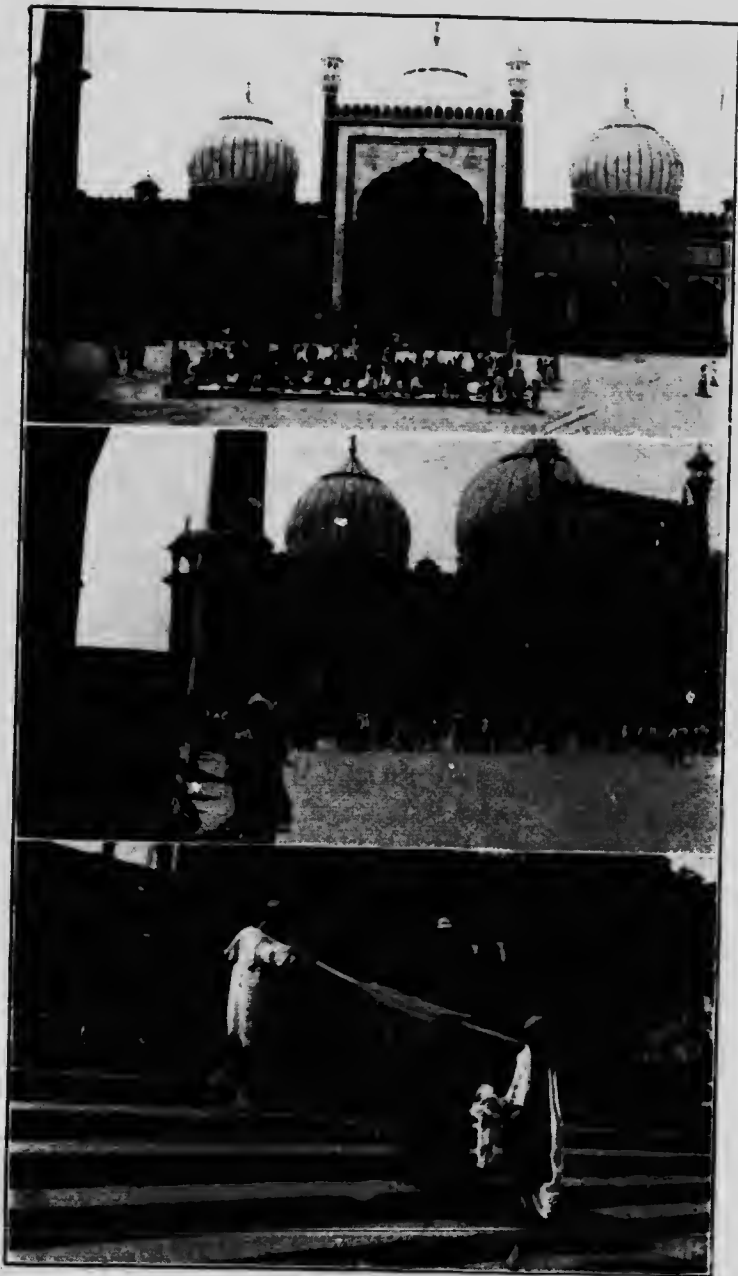
Before doing homage to Allah, hands, feet and face were washed in the water tank in the centre, and each man, for there were no women present, seemed to have his place marked out for him, as on a checker-board upon the vast floor of granite inlaid with marble, and covered in on four sides. There was no crowding or jostling, and everyone seemed to find his allotted space, and it was sufficiently large for him to kneel on the ground and bow with his face towards Mecca. It was a unique sight, the only one of the kind that we saw in India.

We came down from one of the galleries, where we had been witnessing the ceremony with Noor, to take a photo of the throng moving towards the exits, in almost regular military formation. Everything was quiet and reverential, and, knowing the quick

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JUMA MASJID MOSQUE, DELHI.

frenzy of the Moslems, we did not spring the shutter of our kodak with any great comfort as we were the only Christians in that vast assemblage, but the demeanor of the people was exceedingly peaceful, and devotional.

As we left the great Mosque, we met several Mohammedan women in the gateway, and one was being carried down the steep stairway leading from the place of worship, completely canopied from sacreligious eyes, on two poles resting upon the shoulders of bearers. She must have been one of the wives of a distinguished Mohammedan, and had probably accompanied her husband to the Mosque to see him going through his devotional exercises.

We met some English officers at Delhi, who were on an inspection tour. They told us many stories of life in India. Among them was an odd experience which they related in connection with the natives.

A native soldier applied to one of the officers of a regiment, for the position of sergeant. He was told that there was no vacancy, therefore his desire could not be gratified. The next day he appeared before the same officer, again requesting the position, at the same time stating that there was now a vacancy, as he had killed one of the sergeants during the night.

While driving into the country to view some of the old ruins of the many other Delhis of the past, we encountered a novel experience with a funeral procession of natives carrying a body to the Burning Ghat. Several

of the bearers were jogging along at a slow trot, with the body on a stretcher, and a half dozen mourners singing a mournful dirge following along behind.

We took a snap-shot of the moving procession, but the mourners were impressed with the idea that they had to stop for us to take a picture, so they came to a sudden halt. This time we had to make a feint at taking another picture, not to injure their feelings, when to our surprise, they rested the corpse, which was tied to the stretcher, up against a tree and sat down on the ground to have a rest. We had not another film at the time to take this odd spectacle.

Caste was well displayed to us in Delhi. One day we wanted to take a picture of our carriage, a very swell looking turn-out, with a driver on a box seat in front, a syce standing, or crowded up on a small step behind, and our faithful Noor with his variegated colored costume, sitting with the driver on the box seat. We never had such a gorgeous retinue for so little money in all our lives, so attempted a photograph. We thought to place Noor holding open the door of the carriage, but he stoutly refused to take this position, resenting the suggestion in a very pronounced manner. This is the caste spell over India. Noor's position was a guide, a very much higher caste than that of driver, or the syce, whose duty it was to open and shut the door.

JAIPUR.

Of all the places we visited, Jaipur impressed us as being more Indian than any other. It also afforded more novel experiences.

We left Delhi at night and arrived in Jaipur about three or four a.m. We were not awakened when we should have been, and in consequence gave a dressing exhibition on the platform of the railway station with several other passengers. It was the speediest exit from a train that we ever made. Our drive to the hotel was through clouds of dust raised by women sweepers, who must have been at their work long before we arrived.

The hotel was just a small ordinary house, only large enough to accommodate a few guests at a time. It seems that Jaipur is off the map of India, out of the rut of travel, but we found it most alluring and very interesting outside of the hotel accommodation.

It is different from any other city. It is a sort of one man Maharaja town. The distinguished nobleman who bears the title, is evidently very rich, and a faithful adherent of the Hindu faith. He must also be benevolent, progressive and intelligent. This could be seen by the prosperous condition of the city, which has very wide streets, splendidly paved, the two principal of which run at right angles across the city. These thoroughfares are 111 feet wide, while the side streets are 55 feet. The houses are well built and painted red. Of course the town

is enclosed within a wall, some 20 feet high and 9 feet wide, with heavy gates, though our temporary abode was on the outside.

A very pretty park, zoological garden and museum, surpassing almost anything similar in the larger towns of America, are not the least of the many attractive sights. The museum deserves special mention, as it is not only devoted to the relics of the past history of India, and Jaipur in particular, but has a large portion of its space devoted to the industries of this section of the country. There is also a large college, Woman's School, with 800 scholars, and library nearby. The former has an attendance of over 1,000 students and many English teachers.

Sambhar Lake nearby supplies salt to a great part of India. The lake in the rainy season is over twenty miles long and five miles wide. During the winter it dries up, and leaves the mineral on the bed, from where it is gathered and refined. Some three to four hundred thousand tons are annually shipped away.

Here in Jaipur is to be seen the building of world-wide reputation known as the Hall of the Winds, wherein are said to be housed the many wives of the Prince. The number, we think, is somewhat exaggerated, though the building is no doubt the home of whatever number of wives the Maharaja of Jaipur has annexed. The building stands about six stories high, with latticed windows and oval shaped pinnacled roof. In the rear of this

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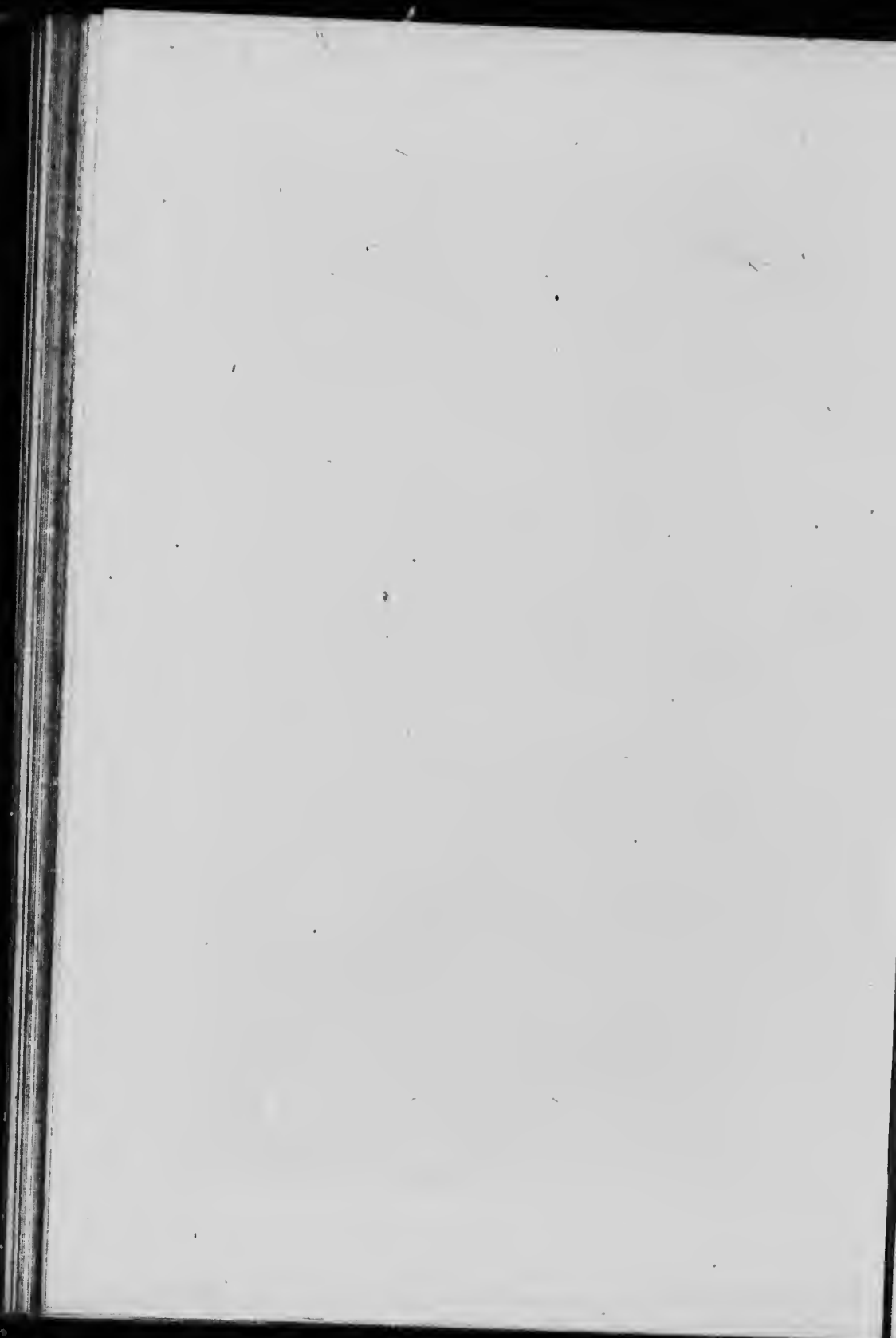
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BEAUTIFUL BROAD THOROUGHFARE IN JAIPUR, ONE OF INDIA'S MOST INTERESTING CITIES.



building is a beautiful garden and a lake swarming with alligators. The water was low, and we followed the military escort of the place to within a few feet of the huge animals, which were teased by a piece of fish tied to a string, held by native boys on shore. The alligators would leave the water and follow the fish bait to a certain distance quite close to us, where they would be rewarded by the morsel of food. At one time we thought one of the boys would be swallowed up by the savage animals. It is said that the Maharaja, in olden times, fed these alligators with his rebellious, or incorrigible wives.

The garden is a wonderful place. In the centre is a large resting house, embowered in vines and flowers of all descriptions. One can sit in this quiet nook, completely enveloped in hundreds of streams of water, turned on to cool the air. The idea is quite ingenious. There are also a number of fountains scattered throughout the garden, at one end of which there is a temple with a lonely man sitting on the ground pulling a punka hanging over the gods. This was to cool the idols and keep the flies away. This punka never stops, day or night, throughout the year. The palace and garden occupy one-seventh of the area of the city.

When the Maharaja of Jaipur visited England for the Coronation of King Edward, with his retinue and their food supplies, for they brought everything to eat with them, even to the water they drank, which came

from the Ganges, a large steamship was chartered to take the party and their belongings from Bombay to London. This was the one condition upon which the Maharaja consented to attend the function, as a representative of the Indian Princes, and there is no doubt he did so in noticeable state. It is said that he not only brought every luxury of Hindu living and eating, but a temple with gods and priests, in order that he could carry on his Hindu worship on English soil.

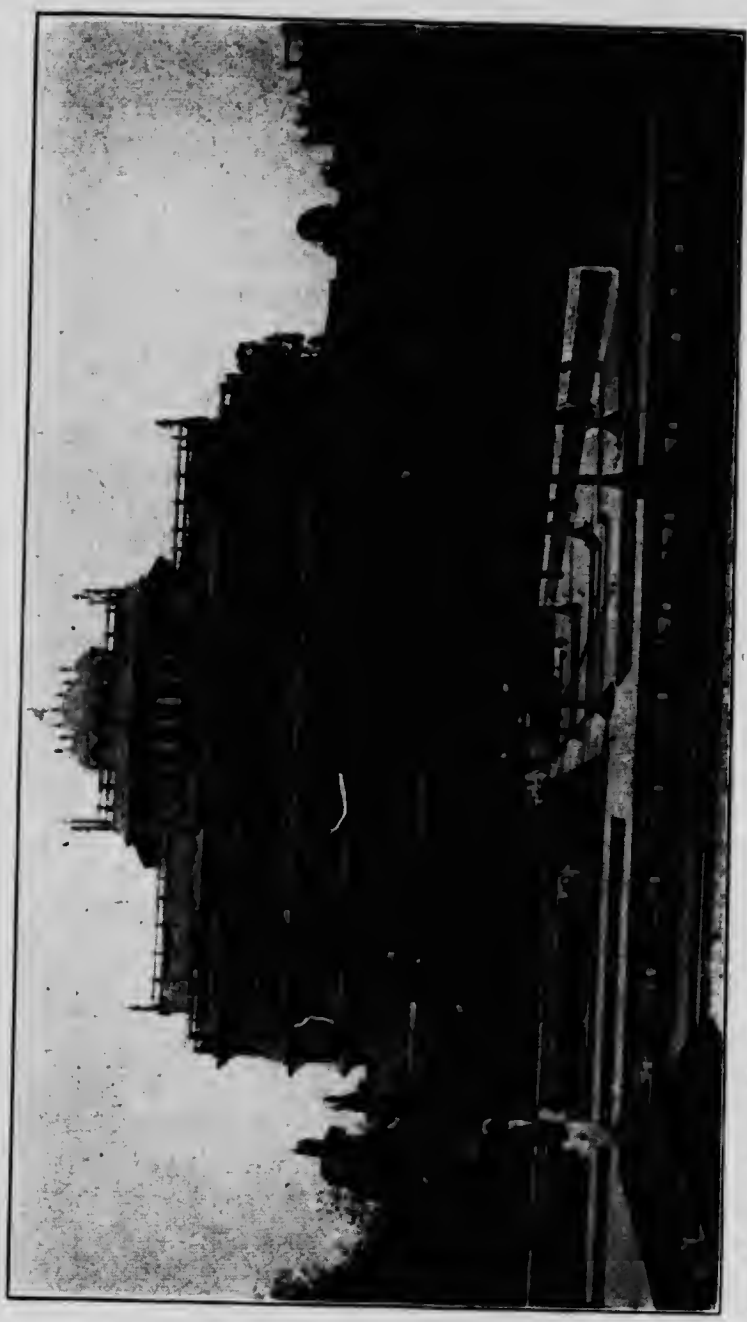
Siwai Madhao Singh Maharaja of Jaipur represents the 123rd of his family, who are descendents of the hero of a great sandscript epic, consisting of twenty-four thousand stanzas, and fills seven books. Naturally, the man is proud of his ancestors and traditions of race and for that reason he steadfastly adheres to the ancient customs and strong conservative religious belief of his forefathers, which makes him sometimes appear rather conspicuous in the events of modern days.

We saw elephants galore; wedding parties that outshone anything of a like nature; picturesque people with odd head-gear, different to that of any other place, of all the colors of the rainbow, soldiers with red and khaki coats; children in Nature's garb, and women with gay colored dresses, any amount of jewellery and stomachs bare. Every trade presented a different toque, as a matter of distinction. Some even wore pigtails. Thousands of pigeons, cats, monkeys, and coyotes have the

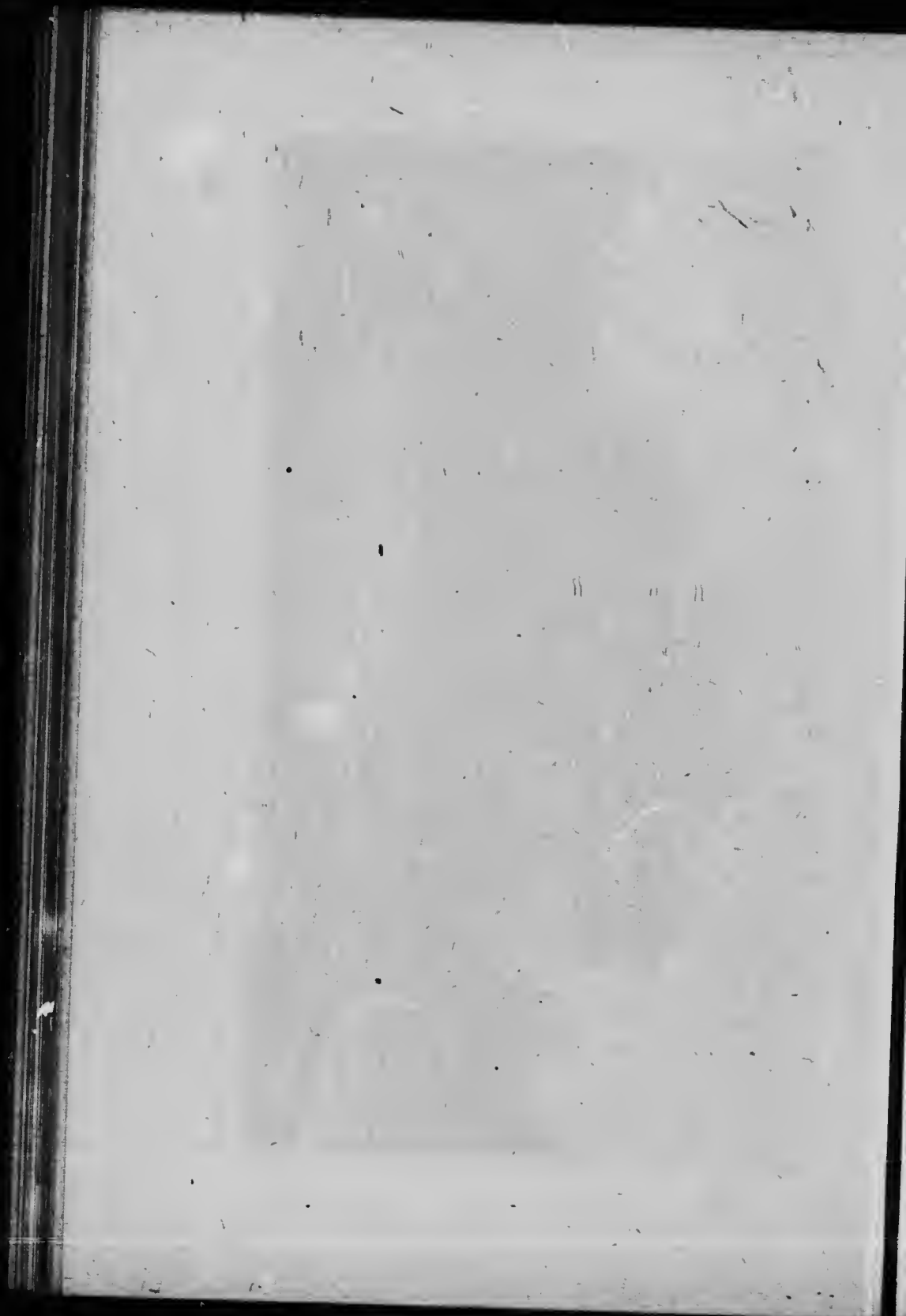
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MAHARAJAH'S CITY PALACE AND GARDEN, JAIPUR.



freedom of the town. The latter keep out of sight in the daytime, but are to be seen in all directions at night. The Maharaja feeds the pigeons, while the monkeys have to scamper for their own existence, but this they obtain and with ease on the outskirts of the city. They are very tame, and quite amusing, especially when you see them in vast numbers. They are of a very large size, in fact, more like baboons. Sometimes there may be as many as thirty or forty on a tree, looking down as you pass by. Occasionally one will give another a push, with the object of landing him on the ground. It is as human an act as one might see among school-boys.

The camel and elephant stables of the great Indian Prince who holds sway here were inspected, as well as the palace, and outside the latter we photographed a bride of seven years and a bridegroom of twenty-seven—just married. We were fortunate in obtaining this picture. We even got the mother-in-law in the group, but when we snapped the shutter, she had covered her face. The bridegroom was dressed in some sort of a military uniform with a sword, while the infant bride had a long flowing veil, which we had to remove to get a view of her face. We shall never forget the experience which followed this event.

SEASON OF MARRIAGES.

The time of the year was one of the months for celebrating marriages, and a number

were in progress, all pomp, ceremony and noise, with the result that the streets seemed to be suddenly transformed into a huge carnival. From all ends of the wide thoroughfares came sounds of music and song, while in all directions were parades of the most gorgeous order. Caparisoned and painted elephants, with the bridegroom and his family on top, and the drivers sitting on the heads of the big animals, all dressed alike, having heavy black beards, made an imposing scene. The drivers looked as proud as the elephants. The bride sat in a chair, attached to poles, on the shoulders of two bearers.

The whole town of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, must have been taking part in the show. At the home of a bride a third of the street would be fenced off by canvas and probably a thousand guests sitting down on the wide sidewalk, awaiting the arrival of somebody, or eating sweetmeats. We were dazzled by the glamour of the bright scene. Everyone was well natured and in the highest of spirits and good humor. We were the only Europeans anywhere in this vast throng, and yet we were the recipients of invitations from everyone to join with them. We did finally leave our carriage and walk in one of the processions, at the request of three or four patriarchal gentlemen. We were even placed in a post of honor, for the band played ahead, followed by a guard of soldiers, then came an orchestra, such as it was, a group of three or four dancing girls, and then our-

selves, and the elephant with the bridegroom. Ahead of those we have already mentioned were a number of very fine horses, caparisoned in gold and silver trappings, while their legs were bedecked with bracelets from the hoof up to the knee. They were really the best part of the parade, after the elephants.

We marched along with the cavalcade of honeymooners, not knowing where we were destined for but feeling sure that whatever followed would be of interest.

Every few hundred yards a halt was made, and the girls sang and danced. These dances are supposed to represent stanzas of a poem, expressed in the waving of the arms and poses. At last we arrived at a temple which was at the head of a long flight of stairs. There being no objections, we entered with the throng of about three hundred guests. The bridegroom sat on the floor with his guests doing likewise, but stretched out in V-shaped rows, from where he sat, with a space in the middle, at the end of which the dancers and musicians performed for over half an hour. Several persons arrived and threw bottles of sweet scented perfume over the audience. We think the bride went to her home, as we failed to see her in the temple.

By this time we had taken a seat upon a table on the altar, where we could obtain a good view of all that was passing, when there was a general commotion among the guests, and we thought the main part of the entertainment was to be enacted, but instead,

discovered all eyes turned on us. Then we knew our time for disappearing had arrived, and we would probably be thrown out of the temple as an intruder, or an infidel, who did not believe in praying to wooden gods, and carrying out other unchristianlike antics to keep the evil spirits away. But the whole trouble rested with our boots. We had omitted, in the rush entering the temple, to take them off and don a pair of sandals. Their removal, however, was only a matter of a minute or two, and the ceremony continued without further interruption. There did not seem to be much going on, except that the bridegroom was receiving donations of all kinds of eatables, given by the bride's parents and friends, which were left, we understand, in the temple for the benefit of the priests. More singing and dancing, and then the ceremony was over, but before the exodus we were solicited by everyone who had done anything for us, for baksheesh. We started out with a donation to the dancers, the members of the orchestra, the old patriarchs, some of the soldiers who had protected us from the surging crowds, and last but not least, the old woman who was responsible for discovering we had our boots on and bringing us a pair of slippers. We left, wondering why the bridegroom had not come up for something as well, but the sum total of our disbursements did not amount to much, nor was it in any way commensurate with our having had the

honor of being present at a native Indian wedding.

Our hotel proprietor told us that marriages in this town cost as much as \$1,200, which was the amount he paid out for his sister's nuptials. Our host was a very clever young man of twenty-three years. He spoke five languages, and in addition was learning French. He was married at thirteen to a girl of eleven years.

We were in the habit of sleeping out of doors whenever the opportunity offered, and as our hotel was in a large field several acres in dimension we had our bed curtained, to keep the mosquitoes at a distance, and placed on the dried-up lawn in front of the hotel. Everybody had apparently retired, and with the thoughts of the wonderful day we had spent we tried to sleep, but our rest was suddenly disturbed by what we thought were a number of dogs madly racing under and all around our bed. We had forgotten the coyotes, and with something of a scare at the impudence of the dark objects, flashing their luminous orbs at us from all directions, we awoke our guide and had our bed carried up to the flat roof, where we spent the remainder of the night, listening to the most piteous moaning and yelling of several holy men on the roadway nearby and the wearied howling of the coyotes.

UNINHABITED AMBER INFESTED BY MONKEYS.

Bright and early next morning we started for Amber, six miles away, upon an elephant, with an ox team, and a rather large retinue of guides and retainers. Sambo was in charge. We christened him this name to obviate the difficulty of calling him by his proper name, which was unpronounceable. The excursion was full of interest. The roadway was lined with trees crowded with playful monkeys, beyond which were ancient ruins and shrines. The old town of Amber was uninhabited but for these animals, who infest every corner of it, and race and play over the temples and buildings which are still in a good state of preservation. Herein some years ago resided the Maharaja of Jaipur, in all his splendour and luxury, but owing to the impurity of the water a change was deemed advisable, and he left the town with all his belongings and the inhabitants, about 50,000 in all, and set up the present city of Jaipur. The location of Amber is an exceedingly pretty one. The palace and houses of the old city are set upon a small hill, in a valley surrounded by mountains. The palace, which is still in a very good state of preservation, is approached by a long winding cobblestone roadway.

On this special excursion to Amber, we left Sambo to pay the necessary tips, and the

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AN ELEPHANT RIDING PARTY.

following is a copy of his amusing bill, fully itemized, which he presented for settlement:

Jaipur, 21st April, 1912.

	Rupees. Annas.		
Meat for alligators	0	8	0
Meat man tip.....	0	4	0
Tip at city palace.....	1	0	0
Horse stable for tip.....	0	4	0
Tip at Amber palace.....	1	0	0
Water man.....	0	4	0
Temple	0	4	0
Monkey man.....	0	6	0
Elephant man.....	1	0	0
Soda water cook.....	1	8	0
Maharaja's soldier.....	0	12	0
Bullock cart man.....	0	4	0
Coachman for grass	0	4	0
	—	—	—
	6	10	0

The Jaipur enamel artists are said to be the best in the world, and are famed for the purity and brilliance of their colors. They are particularly renowned for a fiery red, which is original, and which is responsible for the wholesale coloring of their houses, and in fact of the whole city.

There is a story told about the grandfather of the present Maharaja.

His Prime Minister did not like him, because he was in love with his daughter, and his

offer of marriage had been spurned by both the Prime Minister and the girl. The Maharaja could have insisted on the disposition of the Prime Minister, and the taking of his daughter, but he worked another plot with more diplomacy and tact. He built a huge tower, from where he could see the girl he had fallen in love with. This caused the Prime Minister to write to the Maharaja's eldest brother and induce him to come and take Jaipur, no doubt offering him every assistance to do so. The brother arrived with an army and captured the town without even a fight, as the reigning Prince poisoned himself on receiving news of the approach of his brother. The victor was enthroned and the very first thing he did was to do away with the Prime Minister, in case he would play a second trick of the kind in the family, and it is said he buried him half in and half over the ground, to keep the spirits away.

The souvenir vendors around our hotel were very persistent, but it was entertaining to barter with them. We bought four necklaces and several pounds of lapis lazuli, cornelia, blood, agate, etc., for which the vendors were asking \$25.00, for ten rupees (\$3.35), and a crude, decorated sheath knife, for which the owner asked £10, for fifty cents. The vendor of the latter, a very old looking man, followed behind our carriage, on our way to the station, in vain efforts to extract a larger sum, but we held out for fifty cents, for the simple reason we did not

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CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, BOMBAY.



want it. After running almost a mile he finally threw the knife into the carriage and we threw him a half dollar.

TIPPING EVERYBODY.

We tipped everybody at the hotel whom we conscientiously thought should be tipped, which included the waterman, the bed man, the sweeper, the coolie who carried our baggage, and the coolie who worked the fans, and one of the waiters, instructing the latter to divide the tip among the other waiters who had done anything for us. Notwithstanding this, before we had left the railway station two waiters came rushing up to us and asked for something. This is done by a little jerky bow, drawing one foot behind the other, and putting the hand to the forehead, while bending low. We told them, as gently and politely as possible, of what we had done, but they replied that the one who received the money to divide among them would keep it for himself. Then we gave vent to our feelings, by telling them that if there was a hotter place than India we would consign them to it, but as there was not, we hoped they would go and offer themselves up as a sacrifice to Kali, the Goddess who lives on human sacrifices, for telling a bare-faced lie.

AHMEDABAD.

Travelling in India is by no means uncomfortable, nor is it nowadays attended by many hardships to those who are good travellers.

The air was sizzling when we left Jaipur for Ahmedabad, a night and a day's ride, and some of our train companions were anything but comfortable or agreeable. Their imagination made them grouchy. The fact that the thermometer registered 108 degrees within the railway compartment was no reason for anybody to faint. The air was so dry that we rather enjoyed it.

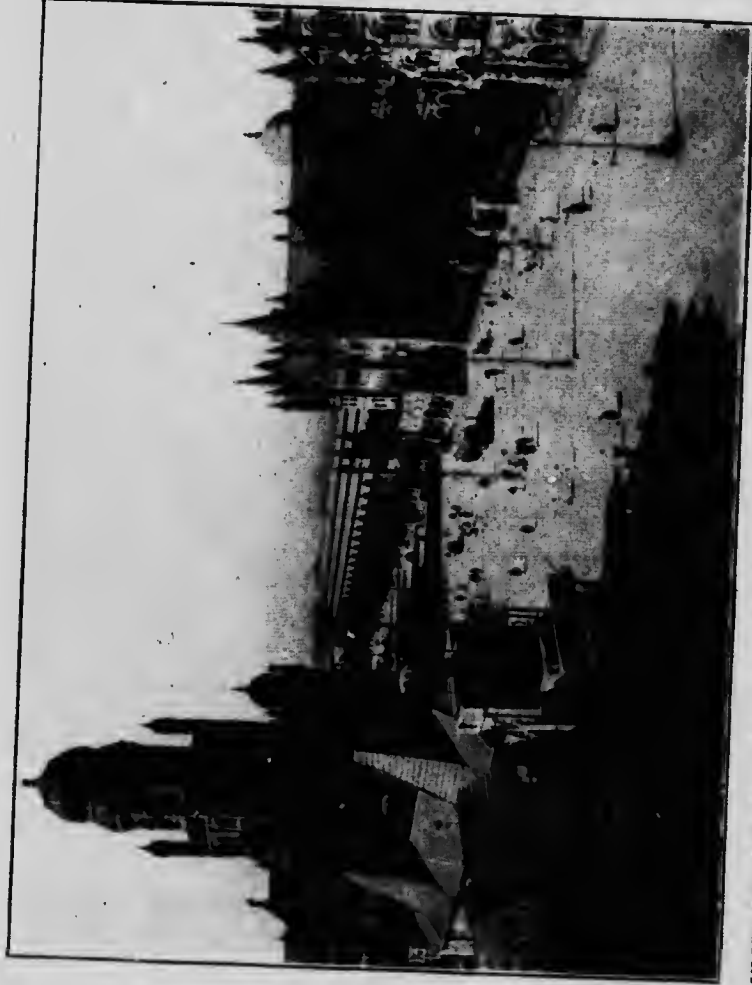
This city was formerly the greatest and most handsome town in Hindustan. Some authors have gone so far as to say, "in the world." But it was not on the day, or at least in the afternoon, upon which we saw it. It had fallen off very considerably since it enjoyed such a reputation, which was between 1573 and 1600. It certainly has population, reaching over the 200,000 mark. It is a great mill town, with some 25,000 natives employed in this industry alone. Its architecture is a mixture of Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

The city has numerous mosques and its environs are strewn with temples and other buildings of past ages. We had not time to take them all in, but paid a cursory visit to the Jama Masjid Mosque, supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the East. The roof was supported by 260 columns. On the threshold of one of the arches is a Jain idol turned upside down, for the faithful to tread on, a good way of getting even with your neighbors, whose belief you do not share. A number of Koran inscriptions were on the walls. One read as follows: "This high and

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VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, BOMBAY.



far-stretching mosque was raised by the slaves, who trust in the mercy of God, the compassionate, the alone-to-be-worshipped."

Ahmedabad contains some splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture, giving it second place to that of Agra and Delhi. It became one of the greatest seats of learning in arts and industry during the Mogul Dynasty, and particularly under the rule of Sidh Rajah, "The Magnificent." He is said to "have lived in a style of magnificence that has never been surpassed by any of the native princes since his time. His jewels were the wonder of the world, and one of the legends says that he inherited them from gods."

Pigeons are found here as in Venice, but are in larger numbers, as they receive more attention and are provided with free housing accommodation. Monkeys, the large kind, are also given free board. It seems that Ahmedabad is still largely inhabited by Jains, who consider it a sin to kill even a small insect, and they provide food for the pigeons and monkeys, and an hospital for sick and maimed animals. It was late in the afternoon when we visited the latter place, and we found it about the worst picture of cattle filth and disease we had seen. We could hardly credit it to the Jains, who are the rich business men of almost any city in which they are to be found. The hospital was like a cattle-yard, only a very congested one, and from appearances there was not a ghost of a chance for any animal ever coming out of the pens alive,

even though they may have only a slight ailment when brought there. They would surely contract a fatal disease before ever finding a cure. The Jains believe in amiability, benevolence and compassion, and certainly show it towards the dumb animals, though the condition of this hospital was not calculated to establish the fact.

The city is famed for the finest archaic jewellery in India. Almost all the gold and silver tin foil used in India is made here. The skill of the workmen is so great that they will reel off one thousand yards of thread from a silver dollar.

A WEDDING AMONG THE POOR.

Before we left Ahmedabad we attended the wedding of a couple who were evidently in very poor circumstances. This was our second experience of this kind in India. It was almost dark, and the bride, a girl of about eight years of age, and the groom about eighteen, were standing in front on a little hut in an alleyway, the home of the bride. The groom had brought his wife back to her home, to remain there until she was a few years older, though she would probably see her husband every day until she finally joined him for good, to look after his household affairs. The principals and their friends were of a very low caste, nevertheless the ceremony was the same as it would have been for those of the highest rank. The bridegroom stood

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A HINDU GROUP.



in front of the little hut in a back yard, tied to his wife with a string, as she was to him, which is one of the customs of marriage among these people. The poor fellow looked the most uncomfortable and forlorn individual in the world. This might have been caused by our presence. A musician sitting on the ground was playing weird music, while half a dozen neighbors were standing around, looking on in the gloomiest sort of way. We tried to put a little life in the party by presenting the bride with Canadian gold, but our guide said they might not like it so we distributed it among the guests, not forgetting the musician. This produced what we wanted—namely, a smiling and happy looking group of wedding guests, even though the occasion was not attended by the riches and grandeur of the higher castes.

Youthful marriages in India, are not so bad as they may appear to the Western reader. Though the bride in the foregoing story, was only about eight years of age, she would probably be taken to the bridegroom's parents where she would be protected until of age to take up her househo'd duties with her husband.

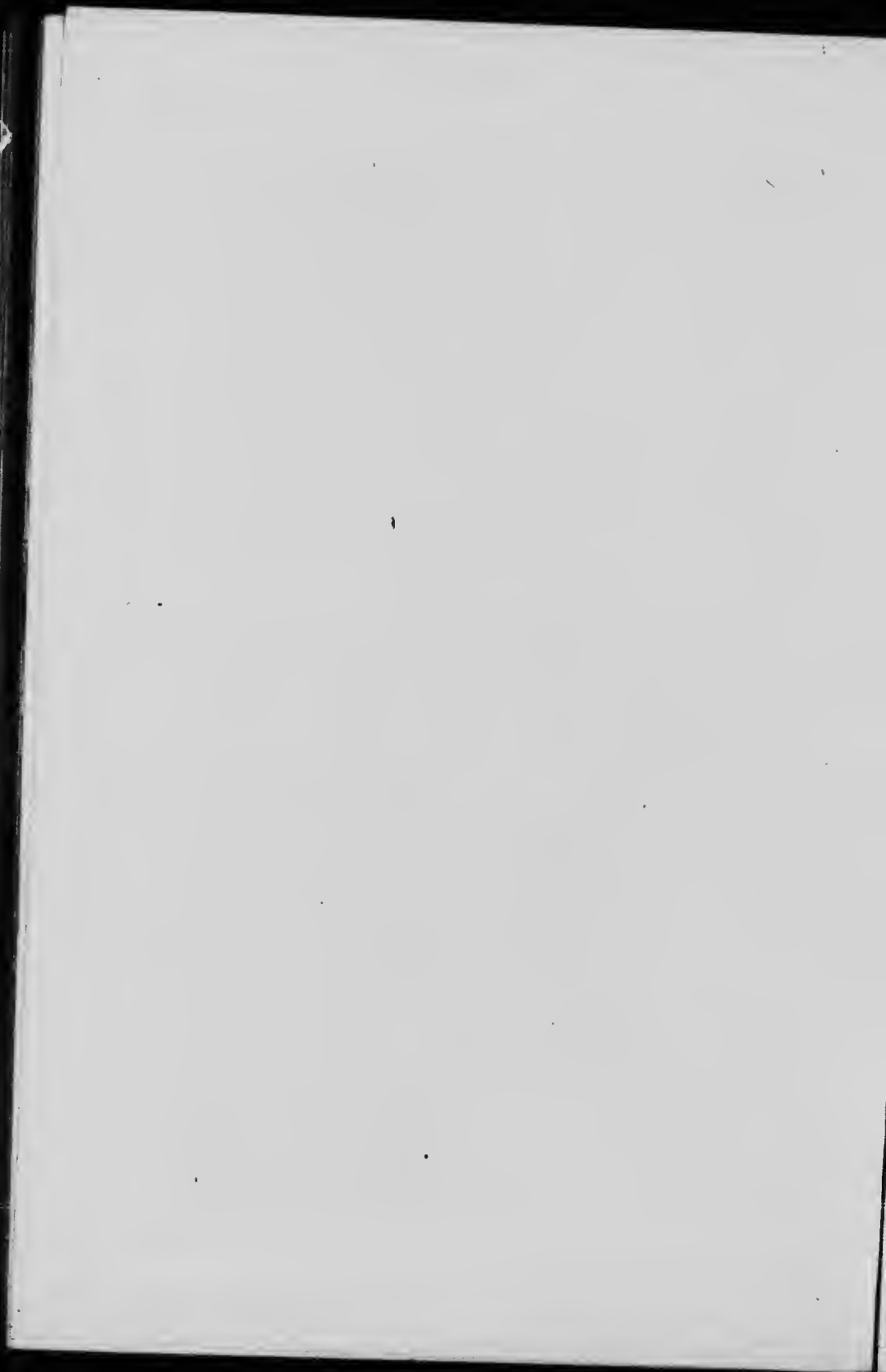
BARODA.

Between Ahmedabad and Bombay lies Baroda, one of the most talked of native states, and sometimes called the Garden of India. At the present time, and since 1874,

it has been under the rule of a prince called The Gaekwar (Cowherd) of Baroda. His appointment to the position of ruler of the state was of such importance in India that this lord and master is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns whenever he appears at any royal function, a distinguished honor only conferred upon two other states in the Empire. His appointment was brought about by the extravagant and licentiousness of his predecessor, who put not only all the other spendthrift princes in the background, but put into insignificance such men as Nero and Alexander. Million dollar gifts to ladies of his fancy were among his eccentricities. In celebrating the mating of a favorite pigeon he wasted half a million dollars, but the most extraordinary incident of his extravagant fantasies was a rug measuring ten by five feet, which cost several millions of dollars. It was surmounted with diamonds and all kinds of precious stones. His insane or lavish way of living attracted the attention of the English Government, who placed him under arrest and appointed a commission to look into his conduct. This was the finish. Sufficient evidence was produced to hang him a hundred times, but the British Government saved themselves that trouble, and sentenced him to a life term in prison. Among the testimony adduced at the inquiry it was learned that the state was nearly bankrupt; he had poisoned his brother, usurped the throne, murdered and tortured his citizens



GENERAL POST OFFICE, BOMBAY.



n the cruellest manner, sold public offices to the highest bidders, and even went so far as to attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, the British resident. If the latter had not discovered the plot, his reign might have continued for some years longer, though many of his peons were on the verge of rebellion. Having no children, the British Government left the appointment of a new ruler to the widow of the dethroned prince, whose husband he had poisoned with ground diamonds. She selected a shepherd boy, a distant relative, whom the English sent to England to receive a classical education. Taking the title of Gaekwar, which means "Cowherd," he proved to be a wise and broad-minded administrator, and the State soon recovered from its financial embarrassment, and due to its fertile soil, became prosperous and rich.

The present ruler spends millions of dollars in education, and has made it compulsory among his two million population. He is also generous at heart, and during one of the famines melted up some of the extravagant gold statues, the result of his predecessor's excesses, to provide food, nourishment and medicine for the sufferers.

The State still possesses many of the extraordinary possessions of its predecessor, among which is the three million dollar rug, already referred to. Even the regalia of the present prince is valued at fifteen millions of dollars. He wore it at the Durbar at Delhi, and it created so much attention and gossip, that the

prince was thrown into the limelight of that wonderful ceremony.

The city of Baroda, the capital of the state of Baroda, has a population of nearly 150,000.

BOMBAY.

After a night's ride on the cars, our tenth night in sleepers, we arrived at Bombay, the great commercial city of India, early in the morning.

The land through which we had passed displayed soil almost the whole way. Few people or cattle or signs of vegetation were seen anywhere, and all was desolate.

The station houses were many miles apart. They were the only buildings seen for miles, and were built like mosques. This was one of the concessions the railway companies made to the Mohammedans.

When we left the train at Bombay, our man servant, Noor, handed us his ticket and explained that it read over another line of railway, and he wanted us to keep it until he passed through the turnstile. We got wise! He would inform the guard, if questioned for his ticket, that his master had it, whereas we only gave up our own ticket with no further questions. Thus Noor had travelled across India, without our knowledge, on the railway minus a ticket. He informed us afterwards that this did not make much difference, as our tickets were alright.

It seemed good to drive through a city



A STREET IN BOMBAY.

with a modern homelike atmosphere, fine wide streets, electric tramways, handsome buildings, and a stir and bustle on the thoroughfares that were progressive—though Oriental.

We housed at the Taj Mahal Hotel, a very modern and up-to-date hostelry with about four or five hundred rooms. The service was slow, like everything else in India, but the house was clean and comfortable.

Our ship was anchored in the harbor, and it was like home to us to see her once more. She had made the detour of the continent by water, stopping at Ceylon, which we had missed by our overland tour.

Bombay is situated on an island, with a number of palm-studded islands in close proximity, one of which is known as Elephanta Island, and is famous for its caves, which make it one of the sights of the city.

The population is over the million mark, half of which are Hindus; Mohammedans coming next with 150,000 though the Parsees with only 50,000 are the financiers and millionaires of the city. The latter are most progressive and generous in their charitable donations, and are responsible, in a great measure, for the splendid educational institutions to be seen. The Parsees are the Scotch of India. They are industrious, and thrifty.

During the past twenty-five years they are said to have given five millions for public edifices. They set an example to be emulated in our own country. There are few cities that

can compare with Bombay for its magnificent buildings, not the least of which is the Victoria Station, which for years was known as the largest and most beautiful, from an architectural standpoint, of any railway station in the world, costing over two and a half million of dollars.

The architecture is said to be a mixture of Hindu, Gothic and Sarasenic harmoniously blended together. We passed the stately tower clock rising in their midst, from the top of which two young Christian maidens were thrown by two fanatical Hindus some years ago. This story is not vouched for in any book, but was one of the tales of our guide.

The streets of Bombay are Oriental though cosmopolitan. The costumes and head dress of the people are a conglomeration of color and styles. Some of the costumes are gorgeous, others plain, but immaculately clean. The Parsees are recognized by their headgear, which consists of a tall, stiff black hat, shaped like a stove-pipe. This was worn by their ancestors in Persia, and is said to have been in use in the time of the Ancient Assyrian sculptors. The rest of their dress is very quiet and rather western in appearance.

The Parsee ladies, who are very becomingly gowned in their scaris, as their dress is called, are to be seen on the streets at all times. They are the literary women of India, and not at all like their sisters of the Mohammedan faith, who are envelopped in a dress re-



TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, BOMBAY.



sembling a white sheet wrapped around them, with their faces covered, excepting the eyes. The Mohammedan women are not allowed to talk to any men but their husbands, brothers, fathers and sons, and are mostly confined to their zenanas, for the greater part of their lives.

The Hindu women, like the vehicles and turbans, differ in style and color in every city you visit.

Bombay has a foreign and a native residential district. The former has beautiful parks, drive and walk-ways, and a boulevard skirting the narrow part of the island. Along the front is the popular rendezvous for the wealthy inhabitants during the afternoons and evenings. Here may be seen hundreds of carriages, private and public, filled with the well-to-do families enjoying the light, cool, refreshing breezes from either side of the neck of land, which is covered with palatial houses and palaces, nestling in the midst of magnificent flowers and shrubbery.

We drove for miles through this part of the city, and returned through a grove of tall trees, principally cocoanut and cypress, shading the avenues through which we were passing, and making the drive one of the most pleasant of our Indian tour. When we returned to the midst of the foreign quarter the band was playing in the park, delighting the immense gathering of from fifteen to twenty thousand people.

About ten o'clock in the evening we drove

through the native quarter. Here we saw tens of thousands of natives sleeping in the streets. Our horses had to walk for fear of running over some of the sleeping forms. It was a sad sight. For over two miles on one thoroughfare we did not see a vacant space outside of that allowed for vehicle traffic that was not covered with a prostrate form.

THOUSANDS SLEEP IN THE STREETS.

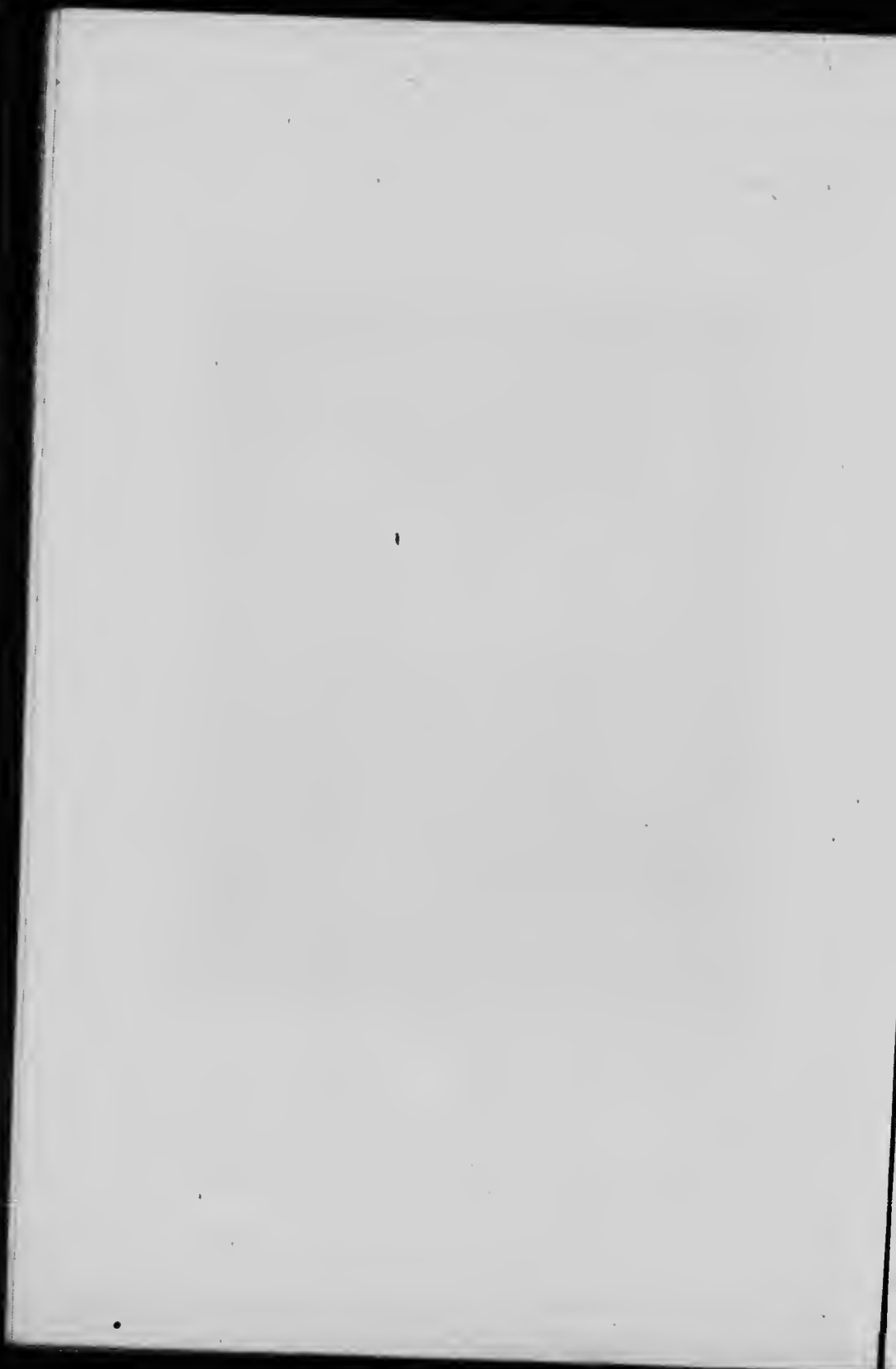
One of the officers of the English regiment stationed in Bombay, informed us that there were thousands of inhabitants who had no place of abode, and nightly slept upon the streets. In taking the census of the city everyone was notified to report the particular spot where they slept, and each night the inspectors would go around and verify their statements. A heavy penalty was enacted if they were not found in the place designated.

Bombay is a wonderful port and a great commercial city. There are said to be over six thousand dealers in jewellery alone, and as millions of dollars have been spent in docks, not alone for the present shipping trade, but with regard to the future as well, the result is that the port is equipped for increased trade for the next quarter of a century. Herein is another sign of progress well worth adopting in Canada, where the national ports are not even sufficiently equipped to-day to take care of the present export trade.

That Kipling has been aptly called "the



- (1) A HINDU MAY GO TO SLEEP ANYWHERE.
- (2) ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ROADSIDE SHRINES.



man from nowhere," is illustrated by the following amusing description of the efforts of a well known American writer, Mr. Edward Allan Forbes, to locate the house in which the author of the famous Indian ballads was born.

Mr. Forbes accompanied us around the world, and was in Bombay the same time as ourselves. He writes of his experience as follows:

"On my first visit to Bombay, having duly seen all that is written in the Book of the Stranger, and some things that are not, I approached the manager of the Taj Mahal Palace, and asked to be directed to Mr. Kipling's birthplace.

"But so far as he and the other educated Orientals in the hotel were concerned, I might as well have enquired for the Islands of the Blest. It was from a genial gentleman connected with the Standard Oil Company that I finally got the clue. He happened to have been investigating the subject and had learned that it was an humble cottage near the Marine Lines station.

"In half an hour I was at the Marine Lines, but I saw more than one modest building opposite. So I went to the Babu in charge of the ticket-office.

"Can you tell me in which of these houses Mr. Kipling was born?" I asked.

"He tried to repeat the name, but floundered. Knowing something of the mental processes of the East, I explained that Mr.

Kipling was an English sahib who had written books about India.

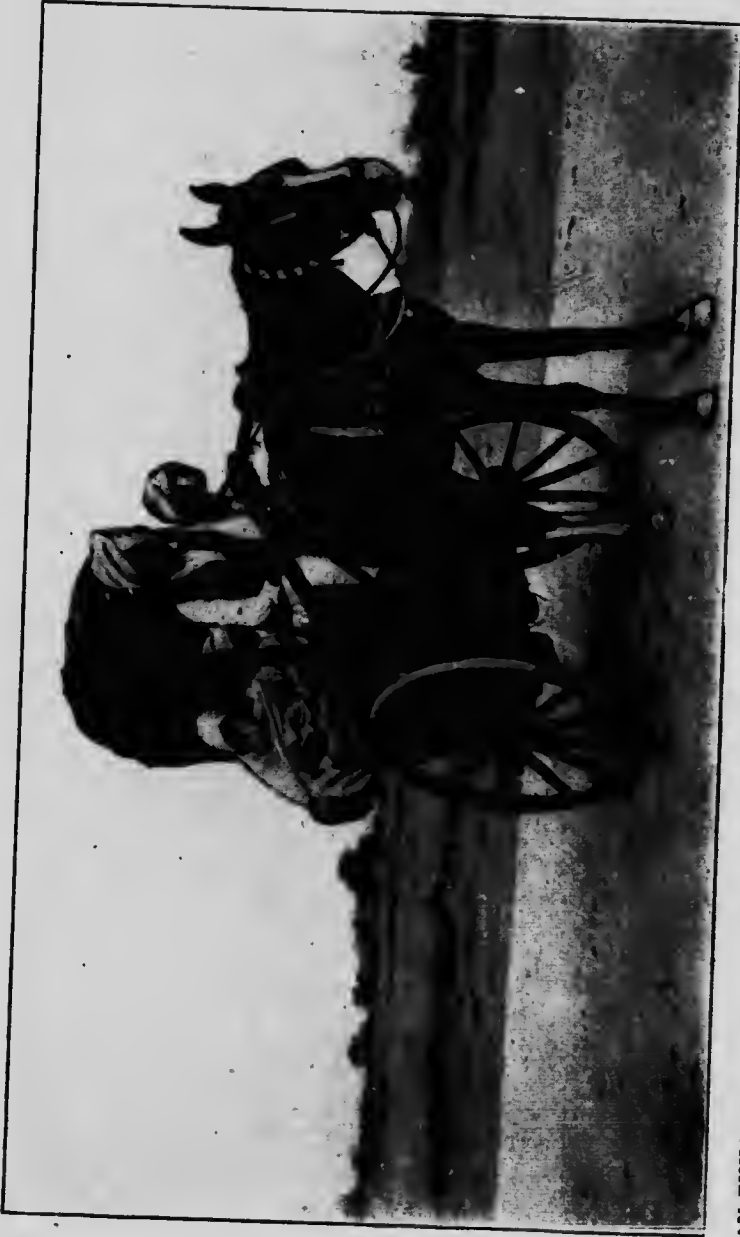
"The request and the explanation were passed along in Hindustanee to an older and, if possible, graver Babu, by whom they were duly and reflectively considered. The response came in relays by the same circuitous route: "We not knowing where the gentleman lives!"

"Oh, I know where he lives. But in which of these houses was he born?" All traces of intelligence vanished from both faces.

"I tried all sorts of English-speaking people as they came along the road, but not one could free me from the Wheel of Things. Finally the sympathetic cab-driver piloted me to a milk-supply depot across the street. Here I found a group of upper-class Hindus and Parsees, all anxious to be obliging. To them I put the momentous question.

"They looked at me in silence, as though I spoke in an unknown tongue. Once again I explained, in the simplest language, that a man named Kipling, an English sahib, a poet and writer of books, especially of books about India, who was now living in England, had been born in one of the houses near their office—and would they kindly point it out to me?

"They resolved themselves into a committee of the Whole and discussed the matter in all its bearings. Then one of them, acting as spokesman, announced the result with the



AN EKKA.



deliberation of a foreman reading the verdict of a jury in a murder case: ”

“That is not in our line!”

“In silence, I allowed my driver to lead me to the club house of a native gymkhana nearby. Here were a group of fine-looking Eurasians—men with the education, dress, and manners of sahibs. Here, at last, were men to whom the word Kipling might be addressed without the long explanation.

“‘Mr. Kipling was not born in Bombay,’ instantly spoke up one. ‘He is from Lahore.’

“‘But I am told that he was born in one of these houses over there.’

“‘Oh, no, Mr. Kipling never lived in Bombay at all. He was born at Lahore and resided there.’ And the echo of the others was Lahore.’

“I was calm, as becomes a man when he is conversing with the East. ‘All I know about it,’ I replied, ‘Is that Mr. Kipling says that he was born here. He has dedicated ‘The Seven Seas’ to Bombay, and says:’

“‘Mother of Cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.’

“This was a knockout, for there were the palms on the one hand, and on the other the smoke of the steamers.

"It may be that he was born here while his people were en route to England," suggested one, after they had puzzled over the matter.

"Much chastened in spirit, I drove away, content that I had discovered, in the city of Kipling's birth, one group of men who had heard the name before—and that loomed up before me as a real discovery.

"On my second visit to Bombay I sought my Standard Oil friend, who had been requested to go deeper into the search. He had the information. The house was on a side street that turns off near the Marine Lines, at the Goanese Church. His description was so minute that I picked out the house from the head of the street. There remained nothing but to look, photograph, and go in peace.

"Then I decided that it would be appropriate to make a pilgrimage to the Art School where the elder Kipling had taught, and also to see the friezes on the Crawford Market and the Victoria Terminus that had come from the sculptor's hands.

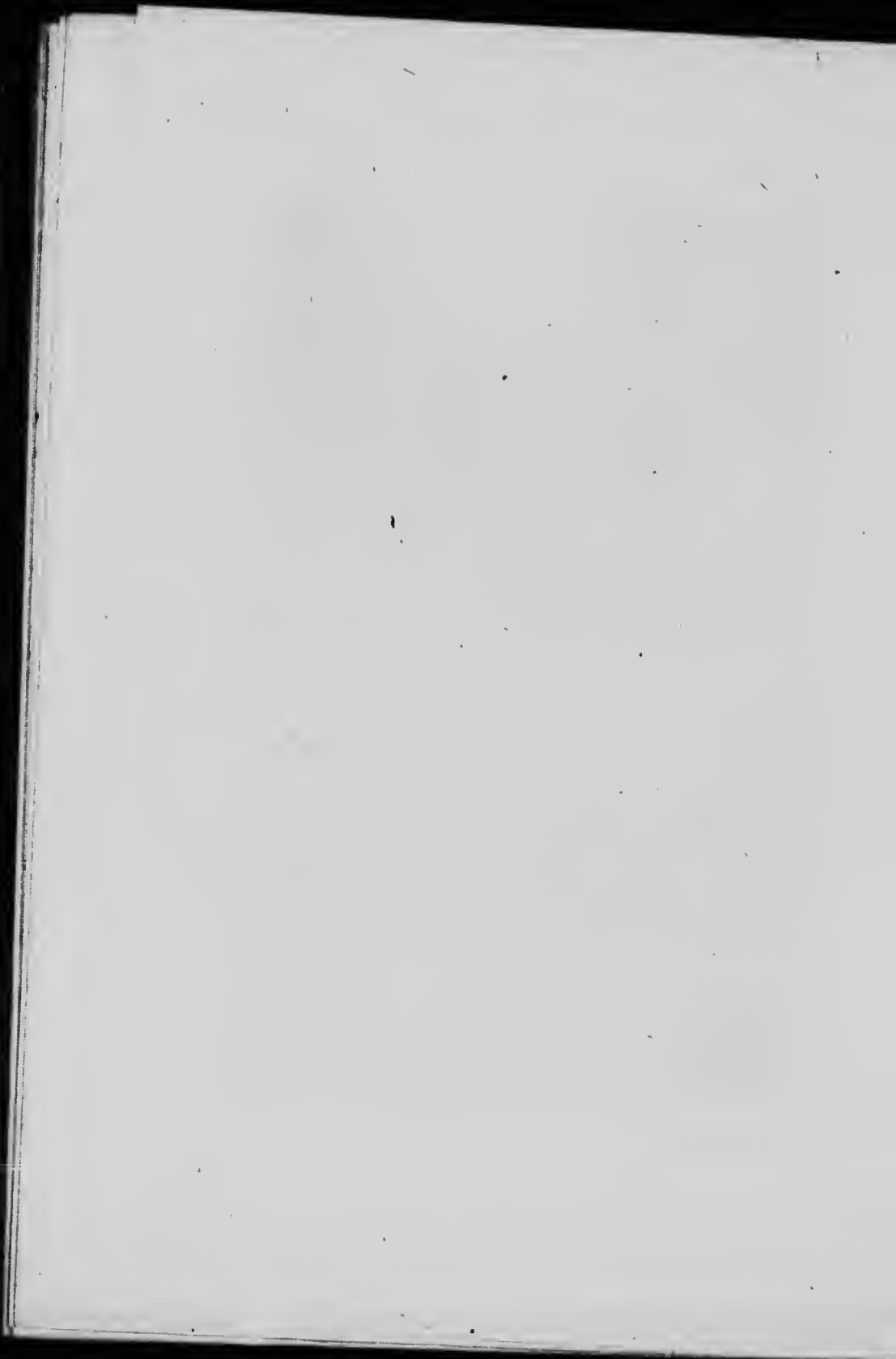
"At the School of Art I was fortunate to find Mr. Cecil Burns, the Principal, who obligingly showed me the plant.

"By the way,' I said at the door of his bungalow, 'can you tell me exactly where Mr. Rudyard Kipling was born?'

"Not the house, for it has been torn down,' he replied. 'But I can show you where it stood.'



TYPICAL ROAD SCENES, INDIA.



"He led me about fifty yards distant, and pointed it out—near a one-story workshop which dates from the Kipling regime.

"This is it,' he said.

"I kept my own counsel and photographed this spot also. Then he gave me the school catalogue, and therein I found this sentence:

"'While Mr. Lockwood Kipling held the post of Modelling Professor in Bombay, his son, Rudyard Kipling, the well-known writer was born in a small house in the compound in which the school now stands.'

"Surely this India is a strange land—a land of 'the Twice Born!' On the same day you may make photographs of two birthplaces of the same man in the same city!"

Two things have made Bombay more widely known throughout the world than anything else. They are the railway station and the Silent Towers of the Parsees. On the afternoon during which we visited the latter, an interment was taking place. The towers are well situated on an elevation, which commands a beautiful view of the city and surrounding waters.

We had reached the inner gate when the funeral cortege went by; for there are two walls surrounding the grounds, in which the Towers are located. The bier was carried up some eighty steps to this gate by four "carriers of the dead." Following these bearers were two bearded men, and a large number of Parsi mourners, in white robes. The bearded men are the only ones who enter

the Towers. On the right of the gate was a stone house, where we found the mourners discarding their white mantles, and where a ceremony of some kind was being performed. After it was over we were very courteously received by one of the attendants, who showed us a model of the Towers, which was exhibited to the Prince of Wales. It gave us a very good idea of the manner in which the bodies are disposed of by the bearded men. We were also presented with a book fully describing these odd burial rites.

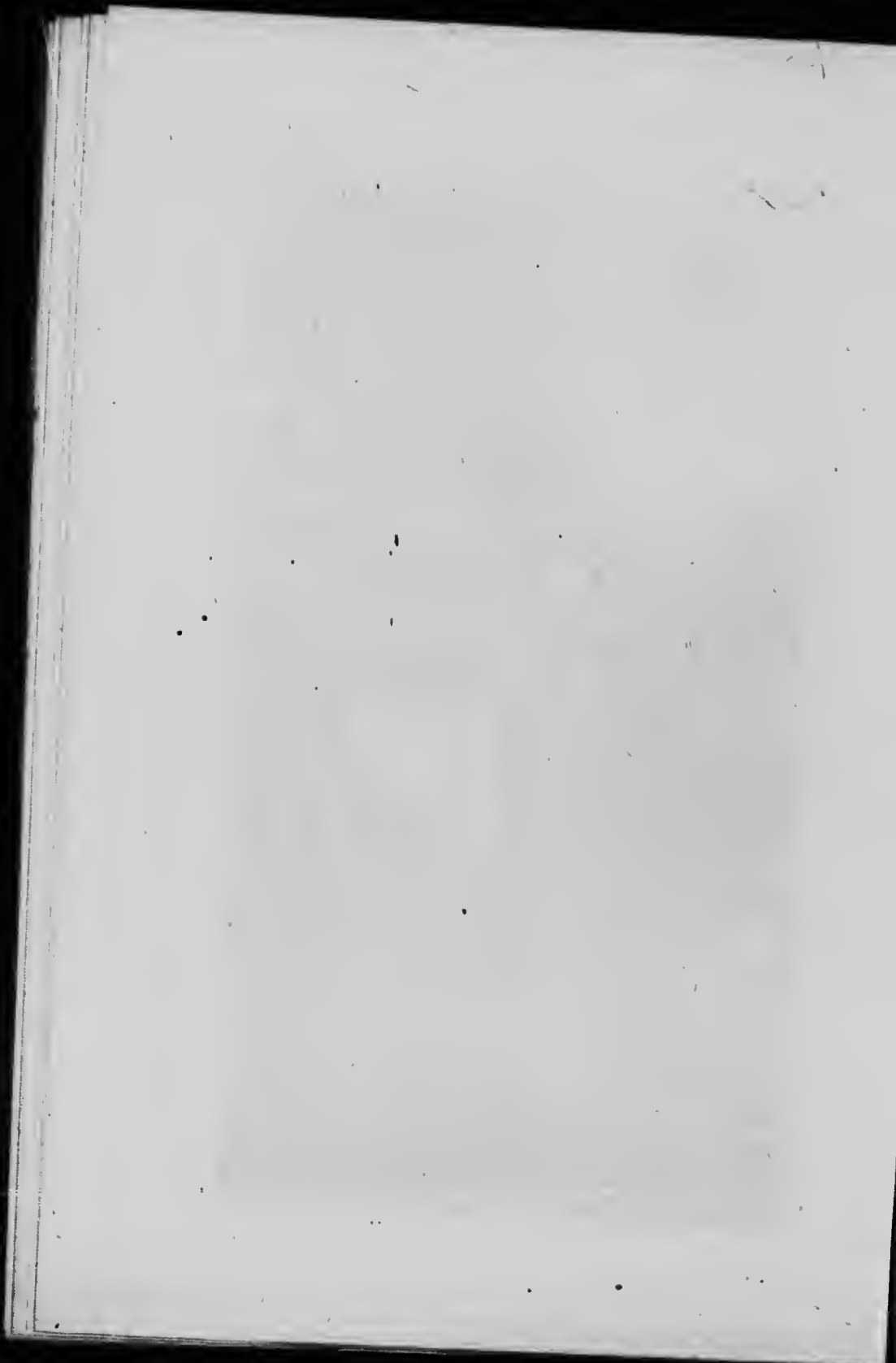
There are five towers. The largest is 276 feet round, 25 feet high, and cost \$150,000. There is an opening into it about eight feet from the ground, through which the bearers carry the dead. Inside is a circular floor grating, gradually slanting towards the centre, where there is a well five feet in diameter. Inside the main wall, are two other walls, with a passage-way between, and spaces divided into compartments. Adult males are laid in the outer series, the women in the middle and the children in the centre. The naked bodies are placed in these grooves, and within half an hour every particle of flesh is eaten away by the hundreds of vultures, who begin to hover over the towers as soon as they see a procession coming up the hill. The skeleton is left in the sun and wind until it dries up. Then the "carriers of the dead," gloved and with tongs, remove the bones, and throw them into the well, where they disintegrate into dust.

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ENTRANCE TO THE TOWERS OF SILENCE—PROFESSIONAL PALL BEARERS CARRYING A BODY TO BE DEVOURD BY
THE VULTURES, BOMBAY



This mode of interment is due to the veneration the Parsees pay to the elements—fire, water and earth. The bodies are given up to none of the three. There is also a story that they believe in the poor and the rich meeting together after death, and this is accomplished in the well, where the remains of all turn to dust.

The Towers and the mourners' house are in the midst of a beautiful flower garden, where the relatives and friends of the departed, are supposed to sit in meditation during the time that the body is being disposed of in the tower. The whole ceremony is a most impressive one.

Bombay is more of a commercial city than an attraction for sightseers, but it proved to be our last sight of India, after our brief but interesting sojourn in the land of prejudice and superstition.

We sailed away on a hot afternoon, over a mirrored ocean, with many sympathetic thoughts for the future welfare of the teeming millions we had left behind. We had encountered no unpleasantness in our associations with the Hindus. They were quiet and easy-going in their ways, religious and fanatical no doubt, but we had no occasion to bear witness to any such outbreaks, as we had heard and read of. We found the English and other foreigners living side by side with the natives, in peace and harmony. Legislative and council-administration were carried on in perfect accord, by all the various religious sects. Long may it continue!

CHAPTER X

EGYPT

AFTER ten days' sail through the Arabian Sea and the Gulf of Aden, we entered the Red Sea, and anchored at Suez. All our dread of a scorching time on this famous body of water, through which passes half the mercantile fleet of the world, was dismissed by pleasant weather and a clear calm sea.

We passed the fortified posts of Great Britain, acting as sentinels to the Red Sea and the famous Canal, landing in small boats at Suez, on a bright morning, all dressed in light attire.

We do not know of any place on our tour that gave us such an impression of loneliness, as the dreary coast lines of the Red Sea. Sympathy went out to the English soldiers, who, like those in India and other British possessions, looked so neat and full of life, in contrast to the natives of this waste barren land, and our feelings were sharpened by the knowledge that we were in the land of the Pharaohs and deserts of biblical times.

In the Port of Suez we found a number of English, French, and German ships which were refreshing to look at, even though we were told that it rarely rained, and the small town, rather European in architecture, had every appearance of the fact. Suez was built

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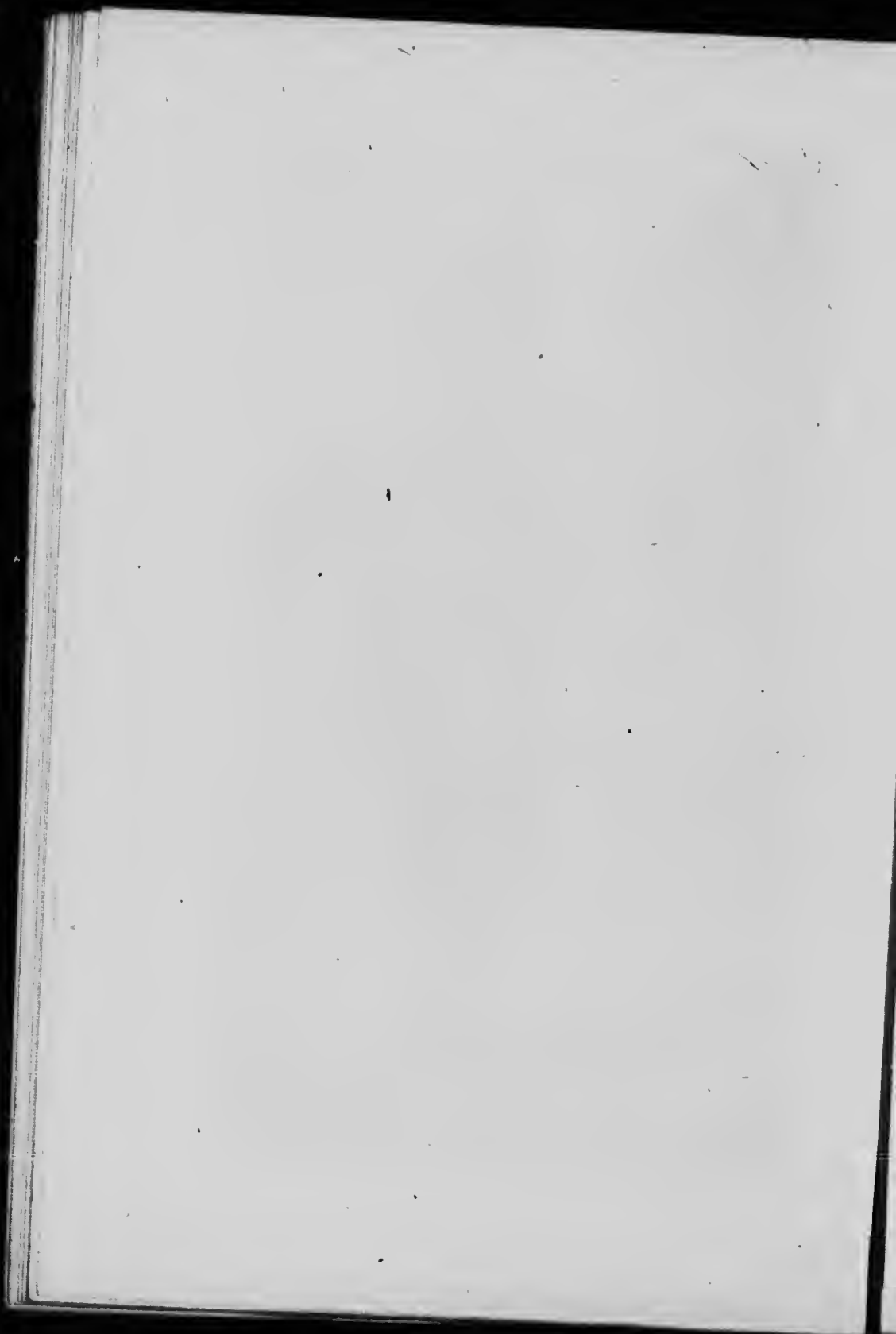
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A WATER GIRL.



by the French and the English and is a sort of a restaurant port for passing ships.

We were driven to the railway station in small box cabs in a long procession that resembled a circus parade of caged animals.

SUEZ TO CAIRO

The railway ride of five hours was so full of interest that no one was tired. Everything was so diametrically different from anything in America, that even the most disgruntled traveller could not refrain from being interested. First of all, the natives at the station, black, jet black and ink black, dressed in Oriental garb, which consists of about twenty yards of white cloth tied loosely around their thighs as far down as the knees. Only the Arabs found they had too much cloth, and it never struck them to economize on the material, so they let the surplus droop in the rear, covering the whole clumsy looking garment with a rough loose shawl which they encircled two or three times around their bodies to complete the outfit. It was spring in Egypt, though the weather was a rear approach to our summer temperature, and the larger number of the population carried a black shawl over their shoulders, which they use to roll themselves up in when they want to sleep, and they do this on the inclination of the moment, night or day, the barren soil, the mountain side or the sands of the desert, forming their bed.

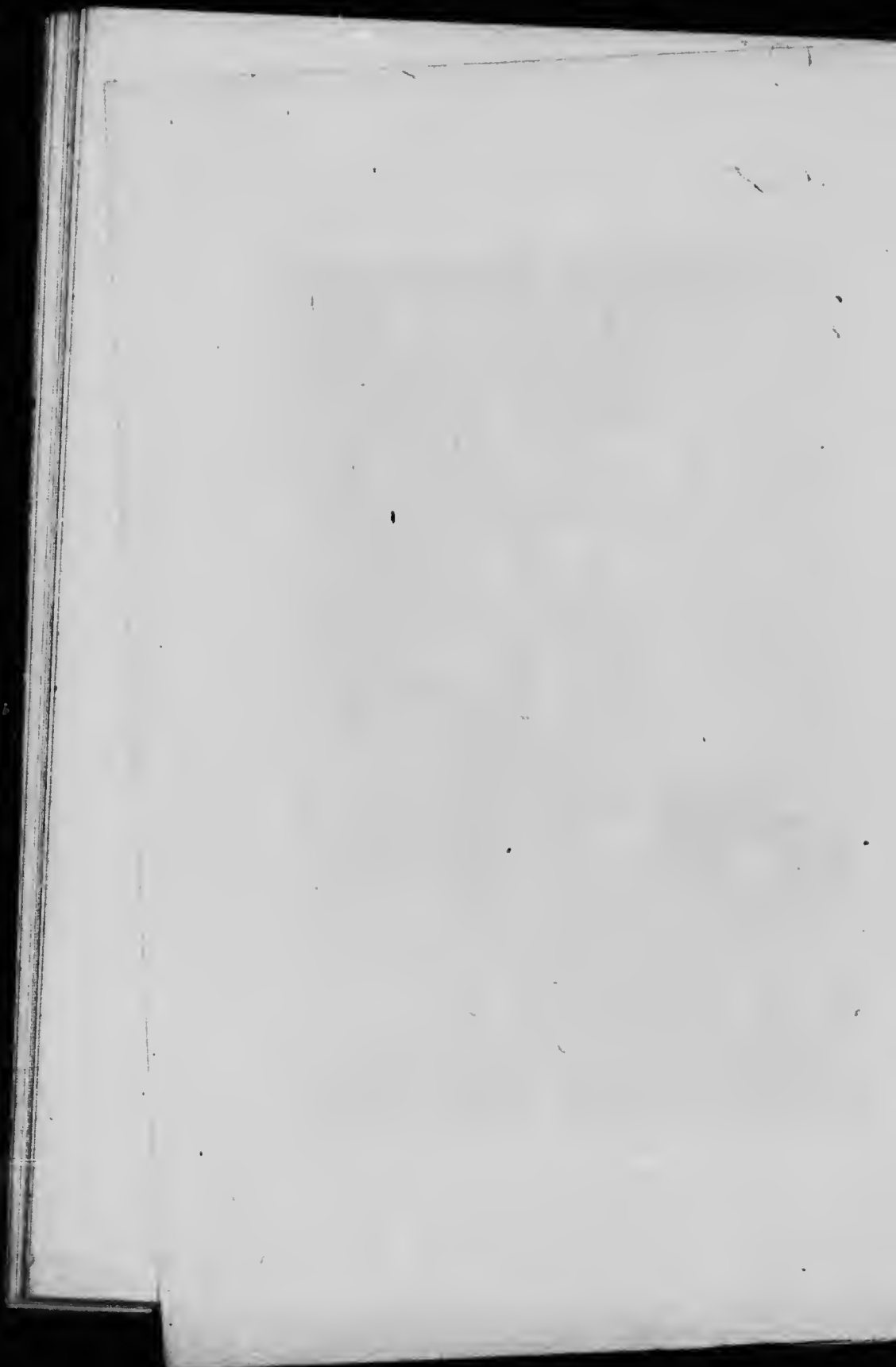
From the car windows, we saw large numbers stretched out in every direction, and many sleeping forms on the station platforms. For several miles after we left Suez we passed through the desert along the Suez canal. We saw many ships in the canal on one side of us and caravans and sleeping Arabs on the other, and here and there fertile patches of land, rich in vegetation, generally supporting a small village nearby. These patches represented the desert land reclaimed by the most primitive methods of irrigation. The water was raised from wells or a canal by buckets, or carved out logs, so ingeniously made that by filling a compartment at the bottom and rolling the log the water came to the top.

Camels, donkeys, water buffalos and oxen were used in some places to do the work, as well as men and boys. The women were scarce, but those we saw were working in the fields, or carrying water—when not sleeping. It was a most ordinary thing to see these toilers of the soil asleep beside their herd of cattle. Everyone who was awake looked over at our long train, but few showed the least interest in it. Curiosity is not a trait of the Arabs.

Along the railway line there were few villages or houses. They were in most cases huts or hovels piled together in any old way, with and without roofs and made of mud and bulrushes, or material which looked like it. Even the cemeteries contained



A POST OFFICE CAMEL VAN.



tombs of the same composition. Ploughing was the only agricultural pursuit, in which an implement was used that consisted of an old stump of a tree, with a handle. It was the same kind of plough that was used thousands of years ago. Everything else is done by hand. We saw beautiful large fields of alfalfa clover and corn, and flat level stretches as far as the eye could reach, and we wondered why modern machinery was not in use. We know that if it is not, there must be a very good excuse, as the Mohammedan has a most plausible reason for everything. What would Egypt be without the guides and the population of peddlars? Simply dull and uninteresting! We would not miss that homogenous gathering of professional liars, robbers, slight-of-hand desperadoes, and anything else you wish to call them, for all the money we possessed—when we left Egypt. They will sell you something original a hundred times a day, for a farthing, but what of it? They have given us many a laugh, and their cunning is unsurpassed.

We were rapidly driven to our respective hotels, through streets alive with Oriental life, camels, donkeys, electric street cars, dogs, and every conceivable vehicle with coachmen and footmen sitting on boxes in front and behind, while our cabman yelled vile epithets at everybody he almost ran over and cracked his whip as a note of warning to clear the way. This did seem a difficult task, notwithstanding the streets were broad and very modern, but

they were conjected with the greatest mob of Oriental and European life to be seen in any city in the Levant. Along the entire route from the station to the hotel, the street scenes were the same with numerous outside cafes, having every conceivable name to attract trade, over the doors. They looked very French and no doubt they were as one finds many things in Cairo, due to the fact that the French were the first to patronize the city. They taught the natives many of their customs and habits, as well as their language, though, one of our newly made acquaintances, a rich Copt from up the Nile, who had spent three years at Oxford and spoke beautiful English, said that he was of the opinion that English would be the prevailing language of Egypt in time, as every Egyptian of learning and culture was not only learning it, but inclined to speak it among themselves.

CAIRO

Cairo covers about twelve square miles and is divided into separate parts. Each quarter is named after their respective inhabitants.

The first day, we visited the Mahommedan cemetery, and the Koran University. We returned to our hotel earlier than usual, and sat on the magnificent verandah, and took in the scene before us. In front was a wide asphalt paved street opposite and on the other side are the magnificent gardens, luxuriant in flowers and foliage. To the right is a large

square with a monument in the centre, while the public thoroughfare was thronged with the heterogeneous street traffic. Arabs, Moors, Bedouins and Europeans of every nationality were passing by. Sitting with us were a number of rather good-looking men. They might have been Turks, Arabs or Copts. They were dressed in European garb, though wearing the native fez, but on the street and particularly on the sidewalk in front of our hotel, there was every kind of Oriental dress, with blue, black, white and red fezes, most of the local fry were selling every conceivable thing that a tourist might possibly want. They walk up and down in front of the hotel and no doubt every other hotel in town, and there are quite a number doing the same thing, offering their goods through the fence gratings. We listened to a good-looking black-faced boy, endeavouring to attract a staid old couple into buying something. There the boy stood, waiting beyond the iron railing of the garden, with a collection of view books, stamps and postal cards, offering them to you with, "gentleman very pretty, very cheap, only four shillings". You give him a stony stare for a time, apparently paying no attention, then he flashes several fly brushes, with very pretty beaded handles, and loose shell pendants, for which he wants two shillings each. You offer him five cents, he pleads for one shilling. you stick to your offer, making it over and over again. As time goes by he keeps going down in his figure and in the end you

are surprised to find the article in question in your lap, and you are forced to hand out the five cents. With such patience you might buy cheaply in Cairo, but without it you may get stung. We bought a cane, a beautiful one made out of hippopotamus leather—the first price of which was \$7.00, for \$1.00. We also bought a riding stock made out of some other big animal and which we could not break in bending, for twenty-five cents, the first price of which was \$2.50. We also bought a book of views, the original price of which was six shillings, for one and six pence ($37\frac{1}{2}$ c.)

In bartering for a view book, a peddler finally terminated the discussion by saying, "Alright mister, you can take it." Caution caused me to look inside the envelope and there was an inferior book. Finally we received the right one, paid for it, and christened the peddler the Royal King Liar and Chief of the Street.

The cemetery of the Mamelukes, which we visited, looks more like an ordinary town than a cemetery. In fact, we drove through a large portion of it before anyone realized where we were and then they would not have known if our guides had not informed us of our gruesome surroundings. We drove through streets of houses, at the corners of which were the names of the streets, and here and there in wide open spaces we saw a number of tomb stones—two for every grave, top and bottom, and for a while we thought these various yards were the cemetery in a sort of an instalment

plan, but that was not the case at all. The houses of one to two storeys in height were the tombs. Our guide explained that the rich men possessed houses and the lower classes tomb stones. This accounted for the deserted town we were in. The wealthy Mameluke buys a house, many of them of good size, in which he buries the members of his family. They do this because they want their wives to mourn over the dead and probably their own bodies, and yet not be seen by the Christian dogs, or even their own male friends. Around Christmas time, the whole family, or what remains of it, spend several days in praying and weeping over their departed in the privacy of their gloomy sepulchral homes. They also pay frequent visits to them during the year, but more particularly on Fridays, their sabbath day. The houses are built of stone and cost from one thousand dollars and upwards, some of them reaching as high as ten thousand dollars, but there is a very rich population in Egypt, particularly among the Copts, who number many multi-millionaires, and they can afford very luxurious cemetery homes. In the midst of this cemetery is a mosque and the tomb of a very good man, who was most philanthropic in the distribution of his wealth after his death. He endowed several museums at Mecca, whither forty thousand Mahommedans from Egypt wend their weary way each year to do homage to their high priest and receive all the blessings that can be bestowed

upon them for making the great sacrifice. It is known as the Mahommedan pilgrimage.

It was interesting from first to last and we would have enjoyed it more than we did but for a sandstorm which filled our eyes with sand and street dust, in the earlier part of the morning. We afterwards wore the colored glasses which are necessary in Egypt. Our next visit was to the Koran University, where nothing but the Koran is taught and this to about five thousand students. Our guide said "eight thousand," but we failed to see how we could prove his estimate and we would rather bank on what we saw than on what he said. We entered the institution through the "barbers" gate, said to have been christened thus because the students were in the habit of meeting their barbers there. We were compelled to don the Arabic slippers before entering the buildings, the first of which was the library, where we saw some very old books, beautifully illuminated and all treating on the biography of ancient Kings, Caliphs and Khedives, with a diary of their doings during their regimes. Some of the books were thousands of years old, yet in a perfect state of preservation. We afterwards visited what might be called an inner court with stone flooring, and upon this were congregated over a thousand students, lying or sitting cross-legged upon the floor, with the exception of those who were asleep, and here as well as throughout the university, if any of the students were inclined to fall asleep,

they coiled up in their black shawls and entered the land of Morpheus, without the least concern for the duties of the hour or the staid old professors. It was an interesting sight, and so were many of the other large halls which we entered and walked among the hundreds of groups of students, Nubians, Tunisians and Assyrians, being taught by about two hundred professors (Sahiks), who sat with crossed legs on slightly raised stools and read from books placed on low desks before them, seemingly explaining each sentence as they proceeded. The students sat around them in a circle listening attentively.

This vast assembly of students spend from three to five years studying the Koran. They come from all parts of Egypt, many are the sons of wealthy parents who can afford to send their sons to the university, but the greater majority were sent there from distant villages at the expense of public subscriptions with the understanding that when they returned they were expected to impart their learning to their benefactors, thus the faith of Mahommed is being spread throughout Egypt. The students live in the university in a very frugal manner. They all have lockers which surround the various halls or rooms, where they receive their instruction, and in them they generally keep a week's supply of rations. We saw many of them having lunch, consisting of a plain piece of bread and a bowl of water. Groups of four or five sit around a small table and dip their bread into a bowl of

water in the centre, and this is all we saw them eating, but our guide told us that they drink coffee in the morning and afternoon, though they had to go out to the coffee shops to get it. Writing was also being taught to the very young boys and this course of instruction was most primitive. They study their lessons sitting on the ground with their boots or sandals piled up in a box nearby, with a piece of tin for a slate, upon which they perform their exercises with a small brush and a pot of ink. They sleep in dormitories on the first floor of the building, surrounding large open courts.

A DAY AT SAKKARAH

There are many day excursions out of Cairo, but none so full of interest and variety as that to Sakkarah. We left our hotel at 9 a.m., driving a mile or so to the Nile, where we embarked on board a comfortable steamer and started down passing under one of the beautiful substantially built bridges crossing the river. The Nile is at no place so very wide that we could not plainly see what was going on on either side and while there was nothing much in the way of buildings, or villages, the inhabitants riding on camels, donkeys, etc., and the old river craft were sufficient to hold our attention until about noon, when we reached a spot near to the village of Mont Rahinch. It did not require any wharf for our accommodation, the pilot who

was also Captain, first officer and all the other members of an officers' boat staff, yelled out two or three orders in Arabic and we turned and made for the bank, threw out a gang-plank and off we went ashore.

Here we were met by an advance guard of donkey owners, which we saw at once would not be sufficient for our party and which were very speedily engaged, but we had not gone far before we came across a band of about two hundred more with their boy and adult owners, better known as tail twisters. Our procession of sight-seeing then began. We followed an irrigation canal, evidently the work of the British Government, and then through an interesting old village with a population of natives living in mud huts and hovels, with the appearance of abject poverty and filth.

But what appeared to agitate our tail twisters and donkey beaters in drawing our attention to the most significant thing in the place was a brass plate at the door of the doctor of the village. Evidently, next to Mahommed, the medical practitioner must be held in some great respect. The doctor was evidently one of the Government appointees for eradicating the prevalent eye disease, which is responsible for so many blind people in Cairo and all over Egypt. It is almost impossible for any but the better class to escape at some time or other in their lives, the prevalent disease of sore eyes. In some cases the victims were sickening to behold. "Mahommed," they say, "did not tell us to wash our

eyes, and why should we," and thus they faithfully follow the Koran and allow their children to grow up, without even the application of water to their eyes, which in time, with the flying sand dust become inflamed, which results in whole or partial loss of sight.

But we can never forget that ride through the tall date trees growing over the ruins of Memphis. The ruins were in a splendidly preserved state, notwithstanding the many centuries that have passed since they represented the first city of Egypt. Of course a great part of the old city lies many feet below the ground, over which we walked, but in places, no doubt uncovered by present day explorers, one could obtain an excellent idea of the houses and streets of the great city and it made us think as we rode our donkeys, of the changes that have been wrought in this world in the course of the centuries of its existence. Here was a city, the greatest and most prosperous in its day several thousands of years ago, with ruins in excellent preservation eight hundred years ago, and only through the admiration of the people of that time, has a record of this city itself been given to the present day historians. Then we came to the colossal statue of Rameses the Second, which once marked the entrance to the temple of Memphis.

In the old Egyptian period, several thousands of years ago, it was customary for the Kings, Caliphs, or rulers of the country to

start the building of their tombs and monuments, while living, in order to leave some lasting memorial.

The colossal marble statue of old Rameses II. lying oblong on the bare ground is a wonderful piece of work, ugly in facial expression, but otherwise quite properly proportioned. His statue was not as bad as many of the other rulers of pre-historic times, who invariably built their monuments with the heads of various gods, or the god of their dynasty which was in the shape of an animal, invariably ugly and sometimes very hideous. This is why you see so many grotesque statues in the various European museums. Another popular custom in vogue in the burial of these old monarchs in their huge sealed tombs of stone or marble, was to place a large quantity of articles which might be required in the next world, such as gold and silver trumpets and other valuables, as well as eatables, and thousands of small figures, supposed to represent soldiers, which the deceased would certainly want to fight his battles in which ever place he was destined to. These small statues, ranging in size from half an inch to several inches, are offered for sale in the bazaars and other tourist stores, but there is considerable deception in this trade, as in many others in Cairo, and one has to be careful in purchasing anything there. The best place to buy this class of souvenirs is at the museums, which are controlled by the Government and where the original statues

may be obtained in enormous quantities and at reasonable prices. It was not uncommon for one of these rulers to bury several thousands of these small figures in his tomb.

We left the old ruins of Memphis and its surroundings, including a pretty group of date trees which are said to have grown there through the dealers of dates camping on a square in Memphis, while disposing of their stocks of fruit. We saw a number of caravans encamped under the trees. After leaving the date trees we rode for five or six miles further into the desert. The wind had risen to a terrible gale and the sand was so blinding that those of us who had failed to bring glasses or eye shields, had to shade our eyes and allow the donkeys to lead us. It was an excellent specimen of a sandstorm in the desert, and served its purpose to a degree of satisfying many of us looking for an experience. We climbed a dune in the desert, many of our hats being blown off as we reached the top, disappearing into the distance, with the tail-twisters after them. If they were quick enough they got them, but several were lost forever, suffering a burial in the lonely desert.

We stopped at a small one-storey stone building, the only one we could see for miles around us. It was the desert police station, with two policemen who rode on camels under command of an officer. The whole force was out and followed us around the desert until we returned to a safe zone of Egyptian civilisation. Several miles out in the desert we dis-

mounted and walked some distance to a roadway leading down into the bowels of the earth. The drifting of the sand was at this time at its height. It filled every crevice and nook in our dress and only by covering our eyes could we escape having them filled up as well. We entered this dungeon below the plain and found it to be the tombs of the sacred bulls, twenty-four of which were buried here.

On the way to and from these interesting sights, we passed around the pyramids of steps, built differently to the pyramids of Gizeh, which are smooth in their cone-like construction. These pyramids were built in the time when Memphis was a flourishing city and Cheops, the ruler, resided there, and these pyramids were his tomb stone and a fine advertisement for they have advertised him ever since.

They are considered wonderful works of architecture by scientists and architects of the present day. How they were erected is somewhat of a mystery to Egyptologists, as many other things of those past ages are, but there is no doubt that they were built upon the most scientific order and by very clever and expert contractors. Inside of these pyramids were sealed tombs of rulers, who erected them in the same manner that Roman Emperors vied with one another in leaving monuments of some kind, generally in the shape of enormous buildings or forums to immortalize their lives. The manner in which the tombs were discovered is interesting. The pyramids showed no

signs of having any entrances to their interiors, and yet a few learned men in the East believed that there were, and that the remains of the ancient great men were there, so they set to work to find out and this is how they did it. They thought the entrance would be on the west side, so that those who entered including the dead monarchs, could face the East in order that they might worship their Mecca, and true enough, their reasoning was right and the tombs were found, but it was only a short time before they were all robbed of their valuable treasures, many of which are now to be seen in our museums.

We hastened home, as it was getting dark and we finally reached the Nile again and boarded our ship, quite fatigued but a well pleased party. Many were the experiences that we had with our tail twisters. Ours was a youngster, dressed like the rest of them, with two light cloth robes, resembling night dresses, one over the other. They ran behind the donkeys and hustled them along, first at an even walk, and then at a trot or canter. They kept this up until their wind power gave out, then they would allow us to walk at leisure for a time. All had a smattering of English, though some more than others. They were more attentive to the ladies than to the men.

"You American woman, my name George Washington," said one of them.

"No," replied the lady, "I am a German."

"Oh, very good, lady: mv donkey, Kaiser William."

Thus he was clever enough to meet all situations and nationalities, but it would be interesting to know which country should claim the honor.

My tail twister and stick prodder endeavored to inform me that his name was "Yankee Doodle," and that of the Donkey "Telephone."

Evidently some American on a previous expedition had instructed some of the natives on christening themselves and their sure footed animals. When we returned to the boat there was the usual rumpus over settling accounts, and sometimes by threats and otherwise the donkey men had excellent success.

Our departure from Cairo afforded some very amusing incidents. We were to leave at eight o'clock. We had given orders to be called at seven. We were called twice, a very considerate act on the part of the night clerk, as we had retired very late or early in the morning.

The first caller was the porter, who took our baggage, for which we tipped him. The second visitor was our Arab male servant, the one who looked after our room, whom we tipped more than judiciously, as we liked him, but when he brought in another Arab, who he stated also looked after our room, we said that we thought he had a very nice looking brother and suggested that he divide his tip with him. This ended any further visits from this family, but when we got downstairs to breakfast, two porters came up and told us they had carried our baggage and hand grip downstairs, and

hoped we would receive it alright at the station. We told the first one that we had already tipped one man for doing this duty, but this brought out the fact that the other man was "a liar and a cheat," but as this was the same argument used by the third man we came to the conclusion that the porters belonged to another ambitious family. The last robber we had business with, was the man who came along with the surprising information that he had called us twice that morning. "Well," we said, "you have every reason to feel proud of your success, as we were up and almost fully dressed the second time you called us, but we fail to see how it was possible to sleep while the hotel had so many porters looking after our baggage."

Railway travel from Cairo to Port Said is travelling de luxe and shortly after noon we boarded our ship, climbing up the gangway decorated with all kinds of flags and a big sign at the top marked "Welcome Home," mid the strains of our band. The music was inspiring, and our cabins, small as they were, seemed fresh and homelike, while no lunch tasted just as good as that we had after arriving on board.

At 4 p.m. we steamed out of Port Said, with the whole town standing on the long breakwater to see us off. This sort of public send off was now becoming very popular and we were beginning to think we certainly were travelling in state, but probably the large



GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, PORT SAID, EGYPT.

dimensions of our ship and our band of musicians were the drawing cards.

From Port Said we sailed the Mediterranean, stopping at Naples and thence to Portsmouth, dropping off a number of our passengers at both places, and then crossed the Atlantic to New York, from whence we returned home to Quebec, completing A Cruise Round The World.



