



# AROUND THE WORLD IN A YEAR

George L. Carlisle



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# AROUND THE WORLD IN A YEAR

BY

GEORGE L. CARLISLE

OF THE NEW YORK BAR



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## PREFATORY

IF through a few introductory lines the reader can catch the author's point of view, there will be mutual understanding which may possibly add interest to the perusal of the pages following.

Twenty-five years at the New York bar, with its drudgery, responsibilities and excitement, had made me tired. The pace was too swift. It seemed to be a question of breaking down or breaking away. I chose the latter and determined to indulge to the full an inordinate desire for travel which had been only whetted by half a dozen hurried tours in Europe, snatched from meagre opportunity. Time always pressed and professional cares were only half laid down. This time, with a light heart I practically threw up my hands, cut loose and prepared to take the consequences. *nato*

Suddenly quitting the busy life of a New York lawyer for that of a mere idler and sightseer and running completely away from the long mental strain of making briefs and arguments for the benefit of distressed clients had to be bridged or ameliorated, and the writing of this book became both a pastime and relief during those moments when even leisure and sightseeing would, I am sure, have palled. The demon of monotony, no matter of what, should be appeased.

This is in no sense a guide-book; it is the tale of a journey. Nor yet is it a diary, but rather a record of impressions. It is essentially and necessarily a sketch-book with a succession of short stories of happenings

which occurred just as told. All that is promised in way of statistics is a statement here and there, carefully verified, relating to some of the places visited and things seen—sufficient only to illumine the situations and put you on speaking terms, as it were, with them. It is a perfectly accurate narrative of such of our haps, mishaps and impressions as seem to be of some general interest. Of course all parts of the journey will not be of equal interest. Some of our experiences were pitched in the minor key.

If the reader detects any irreverence or undue levity anywhere in the narrative, let him lay it to the holiday spirit which the enjoyment of so much new-found liberty engendered. The effort has been to speak of things as we found them without fear, favor or prejudice; and, if possible, to convey just the impression we ourselves received. The book must depend upon such intrinsic interest as attaches to the things seen and situations encountered; for a lawyer's work is not conducive to literary style, though it should give him a certain facility in the classification and use of facts. The thought is indulged that perhaps the tour yielded sufficient variety to make this record of it kaleidoscopic, as it were, and in some degree entertaining.

Now then poke up the fire, get into an easy chair and your very best humor, and you shall go all around the world with us without the trouble of packing a trunk or consulting a time-card.

THE AUTHOR.



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## THE START

It was Friday, the twenty-sixth of January, 1906, when, with wife and daughter, I sailed away from New York on the White Star "Republic," bound for the Mediterranean and round the world. Waving handkerchiefs, high spirits and fine weather made what seemed a most propitious start, and the saloon bedecked with flowers from kind friends gave it color. But perhaps the reader who has given heed to the Friday and the twenty-six—a sort of double thirteen—in it, is becoming curious to know how things turned out. I may as well confess that I am unusually loaded with suspicions of and concerning ladders, cats that are black, thirteens and Fridays. For the sake of argument it is admitted this may all be very foolish, but invitation is extended to those who think so to prove it if they can. Though some sailors will now heave anchor on a Friday I would not, and on this occasion, for all intents and purposes, think we did not. The hoodoo, it was hoped, was extracted from this particular Friday the twenty-sixth for us as, with that end in view, we and our luggage were moved from home the day before, although convenience dictated waiting till the fateful Friday. Be it understood therefore that we made our start on the Thursday just previous, which is different. What is the use of taking unnecessary chances? Now watch the results and conclude as you see fit.

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

A PRELIMINARY look around showed there were about twice as many women passengers as men—telling the story how men must work that women may travel.

Our first stop was at Ponta Delgada in the Azores. To reach there we passed over a lot of rough wintry sea, the kind that sends trunks scudding across the cabin floor, as I can testify. Wife and daughter again proved their superiority as sailors, as for two of the days I was in the throes—if not the throws—of sea-sickness. I once heard a poor sea-sickened fellow returning from Europe say, "Not for all England would I go back," and it was evident he meant it. A storm at sea puts some people into the lowest depths of misery. I believe I have sounded those depths. But, notwithstanding what our English fellow-passengers termed the "narsty" weather, we enjoyed the voyage across the Atlantic, always so bracing to tired nerves. On the fifth morning the isle of Pico in the Azorean group rose majestically out of the ocean until it scored its whole seven thousand six hundred feet. With that altitude its sabre top can, of course, be seen many miles over the waste. Fayal followed soon. We were to go ashore at Ponta Delgada when St. Michael, the island farthest east, was reached, and were all very happy. My party enjoyed the chance to revisit the Azores. It breaks the long voyage just when threatened with monotony. They must always be a delight to the sea-tired traveler. Their cloud-capped peaks, precipitous sides,

sunny plateaus clothed in richest green and ravines dotted with prosperous Portuguese-looking villages furnished a day's panorama not soon to be forgotten.

No attempt will be made to solve that moss-grown problem as to whether these Azores and the Atlantis of the Greeks are identical. I am not looking for trouble; but, in passing, will venture the remark that I do not understand that the Greeks owe their fame to their geographers.

We sailed very close to Fayal, that dreamy old town dear to all sailors and which so often figures in their yarns. Then we skirted high Pico, close to those smoking fissures in its side which at first we mistook for smoldering bog-fires, but learned were incipient volcanoes. Ocular demonstration this of inward fire not far away and a queer sight for those of us used to little else than Sandy Hook or Cape Cod.

With apologies to the guide-book makers and on the authority of a native Azorean, an engineer, who took passage with us from Ponta Delgada on his way to Lisbon and with whom I fell into conversation, let it be known that these Azores are nine volcanic islands, St. Michael, Pico and Fayal being the largest and most important. Flores and St. Michael, the most widely separated, are two hundred and fifty miles apart—showing how spread out over grim mid-ocean they are. When discovered in 1427 they were wholly uninhabited—a curious fact—but now support a population of three hundred thousand. They are divided, politically, into three groups; each furnished with a Governor supplied from Lisbon. St. Michael, the largest and most populous, has one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants with scarcely any foreign admixture—that

is to say, just a sprinkling of Spaniards, not a single negro and only about twenty of the ubiquitous English. It is as single-blooded a population as can be found anywhere outside of China. My engineer informant also told of a number of steam-holes and hot springs on St. Michael which, like the smoking fissures of Pico, are evidences of volcanic activity. The principal products of St. Michael are pineapples, alcohol, wine and tea, and in the order given. A six hundred ton shipload of pineapples goes to London weekly during the season and the value of the alcohol exported yearly, made from native sweet potatoes, mounts into the millions—which removes it from sight, or at least feeling. If further statistics are required hunt up that engineer or buy a good guide-book.

We anchored in the road off Ponta Delgada at midnight and at daybreak the view of the mole and city was very beautiful, almost imposing. The landing being by small boats and the sea rough, some of the ship's company were given interior reminders of what in the log were called "fresh gales" which had visited us the second and third days out. Our look in at this chief city of the Azores was very enjoyable. The Portuguese are naturally a polite people and racial characteristics are always accentuated among islanders. While driving through the well-kept streets we were greeted with smiles and bows from upper windows and from behind lattice, and we shook the outstretched hand of the beautiful little beggar-boy without causing more than wide-eyed surprise. We noticed also many of the outlandish hooded costumes peculiar to the Azores and we visited the extensive pineries, the market, the cathedral and a number of gardens lawned in

finest spring green and rich with bloom—February the second to the contrary notwithstanding. The showiest of the gardens, or rather parks,—that which surrounds the palace on the hill,—is the home of the Marquis of something or other, who, though only nineteen, is an attaché to the Portuguese embassy in London. Which would seem to show that he exercised very good judgment in the selection of his parents.

On the ride through the town we were seized with a want for coppers of the country to dole to the beggars, and, waiving all suspicion, asked a swarthy cabman for change of an English shilling. A little later I was made aware that but sevenpence worth of the Portuguese coin had been vouchsafed. Here was money-changing with a sting and it involved the question who was robbed, we or the beggars? Verily the genus cabby is the same the world over. Accounts in the Azores are figured in reis, which brought confusion to one of the passengers while ashore there. With his wife he ventured into a restaurant and had dinner and wine. He was handed a bill for three thousand reis and promptly wilted, and continued to wilt until it was explained that three thousand reis in the Azores equal only a dollar and a half. For the first few minutes, though, he felt quite lonely and like trying for a compromise. I believe one of Mark Twain's "Innocents" met with a somewhat similar adventure when "abroad" here. The coincidence tends to verify for me the veraciousness of that most interesting work.

As we hoisted anchor and made for Gibraltar—nine hundred and ninety miles away—we mentally voted Ponta Delgada and the entire Azores group quite the right thing in the right place.

By this time the passengers had acquired their sea-legs and further "fresh gales" lost some of their terrors. Being seated at the captain's table we were favored with ship news at first hand and entertained with that flow of sense and humor which characterizes Captain McCawley of the great ship "Republic," fifteen thousand tons—as rugged a sailor as ever passenger tied to. At least one of his short dinner-table stories shall find a place here. He said he was once visiting outlying docks near Liverpool to inspect a vessel which a friend thought of buying and was accosted by a stranger laboring-man who asked him to have some beer. Not to appear proud and being thirsty, he accepted and they turned into the nearest public house. While waiting to be served a friend of the laborer joined them. He was over six feet, weighed more than three hundred and had a face as red as a boiled lobster—a regular soaker. The newcomer was asked what he would have, and in a beer-broken guttural he drawled, "Gimme er pint, and say—if I don't drink it—make me." As captains' stories go, was not that a good one?

There was quite the usual amount of gambling, or should I say guessing, upon the daily run. Between hat pools, auction pools and side bets the wheel of fortune was kept spinning merrily and just a tinge of business given to pleasure. I was made to feel how very wicked it all is when you do not win once, even though you go into everything.

At noon on the third or fourth day I was chatting in the smoking-room with an up-to-date young man from Texas when the run for the previous twenty-four hours was announced. In less time than it takes to tell it—without even breaking the thread of the conversa-



tion and apparently without a qualm—the Texan produced his roll and handed out three crisp hundred-dollar bills to another of the passengers who had sauntered in. The bet, I learned, was whether the miles run would be above or below a certain number—a line which proved to be only seven out of true. Such things may be considered mere pastime in Texas, but further east they would be sure it was pure gambling and something akin to betting on the turn of a card. The young Texan showed the true sporting temper; and the winner, a returning Klondiker, of whom it was said he had “struck it rich,” simply wrapped the stuff round his own pile—not even saying, Thank you! In Texas and the Klondike they know just how to do such things.

I believe the rule is that a man may tell a story about himself if it be at his own expense and is not done often. One other happening around our captain’s board comes under that head. Waiting till I had the ear of the table, as it were, I on an occasion ventured the remark: “I have been thinking what I would do if suddenly put in charge of a big passenger ship nearing land on a dark night, and have concluded I would drop the anchor, turn on the searchlight and holler”—sitting back with the temporary satisfaction that I had made myself quite solid with the captain. I reckoned though without my host, for in his best basso came: “The proper place for a man in such a panic is a sanitarium, not the bridge.” Was not my serio-comic treated rather harshly? But when you come to think of it, how well in that answer the captain sustained his deep-sea dignity. It was a perfectly crushing blow at the speaker, but his own fearlessness was most artlessly brought into the limelight, so to speak. I for-

gave him quickly, had paid for my tuition and tried to join in the laughter.

Let me, without embellishment, recount another happening on this voyage—a trifle also, but to us looking for divertisement an incident somewhat amusing. On the second day out a young Syrian, a low-bred pushing fellow, garbed as an Italian peasant, attracted general attention as he paced the saloon deck without any coat, wearing instead a tight-fitting and fearfully-striped sweater. Our attention was first called when, striking an attitude and beating his breast, he made fierce answer to something said by the purser, “No; me no Italiano! Me eat Italianos!”—making his status as respected Italy quite clear. It seems he was a peddler, in good standing as such, who shipped in the steerage; but, becoming more satisfied with his quality as a merchant than with the treatment accorded the steerage, paid the difference and on this second day had moved to the first cabin. Of course he was devoid of that which passes as politeness, and he carried himself during his first day on the upper deck in very assertive fashion. To play the game he probably thought it necessary. At his first meal in the saloon—a dinner—he was shown to a seat at a table where were seated a particularly stiff-necked lot. He started in by gorging himself as if at a trough, asking for about everything on the card—including all the varieties of potatoes and bread. Glancing to the right he espied his neighbor’s uncorked bottle of wine and thought he scented a perquisite of the cabin passenger—that the company were serving wine *ad lib.* He clutched the bottle and filled and drank successive bumpers until, actually, the bottle was drained—to the amazement of the owner and

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the amusement of all at the table, as well as the attending stewards. After finishing the bottle, his conversational powers being awakened, he turned on the owner, saying, "Me finds the wine very bad. The company can afford to give better," and wound up by advising him to order some other kind, saying something about champagne. The well-bred proprietor of the wine thus consumed, appearing quite to acquiesce, simply said "All right!" while the others at the table could, of course, hardly restrain their laughter.

His was simply another case of vaulting ambition coming to grief. I watched him during the voyage, by degrees becoming quite tamed and finding company only with stewards. I was sorry for him, and really believe he would have been happier in the steerage. Social lines as deeply dented as these are impassable, even at sea. Cleanliness, good manners and education are very selfish commodities.

## GIBRALTAR

WE steamed through the straits in the early morning. The stormy Atlantic was passed and, to me, the "Rock" loomed grander than ever. A stop of four hours was made. Most of the passengers landed and roamed or drove over the place. Having spent two weeks there only three years before, the mole, the Moorish castle, barracks, galleries and guns did not appeal to me as much as the renewal of some exceedingly pleasant acquaintances. The narrow and crooked main street swarmed, as I believe it always does, with peddlers, fakers and the motley crowd of Spaniards—variegated with Moors and their Arab dress.

Thousands of Spaniards were at work on the new mole and fortifications. They are driven out at gun-fire in the early evening and the gates are barred behind them—to return to their toil by the same sign in the morning. The conquerors do not propose to be taken unawares or to harbor overnight a host of Spaniards concerned in recovering their own; who by concerted action might try to rush the place. The few Spaniards allowed to live in Gibraltar, a very inferior lot, are opprobriously called "Scorpions." They cling to the rock. No wonder the British are proud of their Pillar of Hercules, this impregnable outpost of empire. Its very conformation indicates the great uses to which it is put. It frowns down upon Spain from which it was wrenched, facing her and the "Neutral Ground" with near fifteen hundred feet of beetling sheer, and bows

and dips to the Mediterranean, of which its rulers are the masters. That peculiar cloud called, locally, the "Levanter," which usually envelops its top or hovers overhead even when the sky is otherwise cloudless, is a sort of silent attornment to greatness. From the piazzas of the beautiful hotel "Reina Christina," at Algeciras, just across the bay, I have often contemplated this strange halo and been confirmed in my belief in the fitness of things. Such a grand rock, rising at the meeting-place of oceans, embalmed with such historic interest, upon which so much that is momentous has hinged and is hinging, is fittingly displayed by this cloud. A jingo in any sort of condition would be sure it was heaven's visa upon earth's greatest mark—and would reserve all music rights.

Enough of star-gazing sentimentality. Let us come to earth, attend to our journey and look Gibraltar in the face from much lower levels. Is it not a rather curious fact that the only monkeys in the wild state in Europe to-day are denizens here of these more or less inaccessible heights? They are apes of the same species as those in Barbary. A story told me by a British soldier on our former visit to Gibraltar about these queerly disposed simians may be worth while. I had strolled by the Gardens and reached bare Point Europa, which juts into the sea at the south end. He was doing guard duty, and, while standing at his turning-point, I chatted on and off with him as he went his rounds. The monkeys, he said, when seen at all, were generally at the Point—seldom anywhere else and only at night. They made him a little nervous because of their stealthy and uncertain approach. His first acquaintance with them was made on a certain

very dark night while standing at complete rest near the signal-frame against which I was then leaning; when, without his being aware of its presence and without a sound, one of them jumped from the frame where it had been roosting to his shoulder. He said it was so sudden it nearly dropped him. No one can wonder at that, for in the dead of a dark night Point Europa must be one of the loneliest places on earth. How near are the heroics to the ridiculous! Here, the great fortress, proved impregnable even to combined attack; there, the British soldier, representative of a mighty empire and defender of the fortress, thinking now, however, only of distant home; when suddenly from somewhere out of the pitchy dark a something, seemingly all legs and wings, alights on the shoulder of this man of war and—he promptly collapses. For the instant were not the very bulwarks of empire threatened and breach made in a giant scheme of defense, or words to that effect? At any rate, those wild monkeys of Gibraltar are a curious survival.

We did not find time, as we would have liked, to cross the bay to that dreamy village of Algeciras, where delegates were gathering for the international congress on the affairs of Morocco. Recollections of our stay there were still fresh and very pleasant.

The “Republic” did the four hundred and nine miles from Gibraltar to Algiers in twenty-eight hours, most of the while through a thick mist and in generally disagreeable weather; but, for my party, I can report that all were well and happy.

## ALGIERS

THE sea was very rough; it was cold as March is at home and it was raining when the Franco-African city of Algiers was introduced. The great breakwater there was having the time of its life, as we afterwards heard. It looked like a great dam that was doomed every time the angry sea made its rush, completely overwhelming it. It held, however, and a few days afterwards we might have been seen strolling upon it, twenty feet above any danger. No pilot came out to meet us. I am not sure he could have boarded us if one had done so, it was so tempestuous. Our captain, though, was equal to the occasion. To moor a vessel of fifteen thousand tons in a crowded mole in such wind and sea must surely be a job calling loudly for experience. Things went well until the first great stern-hawser snapped in reply to the unusual strain, and before a second, which was being warped, could come to its support. Swinging then stern-loose to leeward on bow anchors we came within a very little of striking a Russian cruiser; but serious accident was averted by skilful maneuvering, and the "Republic" was soon securely tethered to the mole of Algiers.

It was very dark and still rough when we dropped into a small boat and landed. I saw a fat lady within an ace of becoming food for fish. Only a few, except those who were to stay, ventured ashore. There was utter lack of attention on the part of the White Star Company. No facilities were furnished or heed given

to those of us who made this landing. The company, having advertised the stop at this important point, should, it seems to me, have had a tender in waiting or at least some person at the landing-stage to receive and protect its patrons from the howling Arabs, bent only on fleecing them. It was the subject of general complaint very loudly voiced then, and thereafter. However, we got ashore safely, though wet and disgruntled—a record two passengers from the Marseilles liner, which came in only an hour before, did not reach, for both went in. One clung on, but the other had to swim for it. It was rough.

Under the circumstances, how could first impressions of Algiers be other than disappointing? We recognized at once, though, that here the French are attempting another Paris. But where were “Afric’s sunny fountains”? It was positively cold. At every step we were reminded of the beautiful city on the Seine. No city in France looks so like Paris as Algiers. Of course that may be without there being any great similarity. There are no Champs Elysées, Notre Dame, Place de la Concorde, Grand Opera House, Catacombs and Louvre. But there is a mile or more of fine boulevard lined with arcaded walkways quite like the Rivoli or Rue Castiglione, and the cafés are unmistakably Parisian. In some things old Paris is outdone, for here is the blue Mediterranean, here the snow-capped Atlas Mountains and here the Arab.

We were just a week in Algiers; and, for us, the most interesting sights were in the old part or Arab-town. It is a labyrinth of steep, dark, tortuous alleys lined with overhanging houses, with windows that are only little barred loopholes or niches. Some of the alleys





*Scene in Arab-town, Algiers.*



are so narrow that people cannot pass without sidling. Arab-town is being crowded and gradually surrounded. This has been going on ever since the French occupation in 1830, and seventy-five years of contiguity have wrought great change. I have been in Morocco, where civilization is almost unknown, and studied the-native tribes there. From careful comparison I feel that there is no risk in stating the opinion that the fanaticism and ferocity, and much of the picturesqueness, in the Moroccan type are wanting among the Algerians. In Morocco the Arab has always been dominant. Everything is just as it always was, and for a white to attempt to travel in the interior without an armed force and safe passport from the Sultan, would be madness. And if the Sultan's passport were viséd by Raisuli, the rebel chieftain, much would be added to its value. Here in Algiers, while the Arab maintains to a remarkable degree his native dignity of mien—which, it seems, no amount of dirt or poverty can deflect—it is a dignity chastened by overmuch contact with a more resourceful race. In Morocco a Christian would be in mortal danger were he to attempt to enter a mosque; and human heads are still hung in the market-place—I saw one in Tangier three years ago—where entrails are sold for food and fetich doctors ply their trade. Here in Algiers you may enter any mosque, and while in some the prayer-rugs must not be defiled by Caucasian feet, in others the stranger can roam at will if he but rents their slippers.

We were fortunate in our selection of a guide in Algiers. He was a Swiss gentleman, for forty years a resident. From him and others we learned how completely the country is under French control; that the

Dey of Algiers is an office now obsolete, the last Dey having been packed off to Italy to enjoy his pension; and that there is now no Arab Governor, but only the semblance of one, a sort of chief or bashaw who receives his appointment from the French. Even the mosques are maintained by the French, and some of them have been appropriated for new and quite different uses. For instance, the Roman Catholic cathedral was originally a mosque, and the Governor's winter palace and the archbishop's residence were once both parts of the same. France has always governed Algeria with an iron hand. She is an unpopular mistress here, and needs all of her sixty thousand soldiers to keep things quiet. The country fell into her hands without many preliminaries. The wish to take was of course soon fortified by opportunity, or rather excuse. The Algerians were in default to French creditors for a comparatively small sum; the French consul pressed sufficiently hard and in such a manner for payment that the Sultan struck him with his fan. The consul appeared angry and disappeared, and the waiting French military forces were not long in coming. Since then the native has been jostled and tamed so that he is but a shadow of his former estate. The Algerian gentleman of authentic and comparatively recent history, he of the black flag, brandishing a knife in each hand with a third between his teeth, who for centuries levied toll on all passing vessels—the terrible Barbary pirate—has gone. His posterity seemed spiritless and mean in comparison with the men of Morocco. The French have already taught them to sit around cafés and, disregarding their Koran, to drink absinthe. In time they may follow further—perhaps

use perfume and battle with confetti. Lo, the poor Algerian!

The deposed Queen of Madagascar has been an unwilling resident of Algiers for several years. She was deported thither by the French, who took from her her island kingdom in the Indian Ocean. I never knew the reason or excuse for this, but then Great Powers are their own sufficient excuse. She is not allowed to leave Algiers. Early in her exile she was permitted to visit Paris, which it seems she prefers to Algiers, but the government cut her stay there short when it was noticed that much was made of her by the Orleanists. It feared that the monarchical sentiment was being fostered. At the outset the government furnished her with a villa in Algiers, a brougham and sixty thousand francs a year spending money. Not an illiberal arrangement upon its face, surely. The spending-money, however, was summarily cut in two when one morning she was caught attempting an unannounced and disguised *hegira*. Being apprehended, the subsidy was not only reduced to thirty thousand francs, but a charming though vigilant French lady was added to her *entourage*, whose duty it is not only to make her stay in Algiers pleasant, but—to make her stay.

The Queen is much liked in Algiers, and no important social function is complete unless she condescends to lend her presence, which, I understand, she frequently and very graciously does. We were glad to find our letters to Algiers sufficient to procure an audience with the ex-Queen by her special appointment. As her villa grounds adjoin those of the Mustapha Palace Hotel, where we lived, state carriages were dispensed with. Being ushered into the audience-chamber, her majesty

soon appeared and we were formally announced. After our credentials had been read aloud we were presented to her sister, the Princess, and then bidden to be seated. She was most gracious throughout. My wife and daughter were charmed with her. She looks thirty-five, is dark nearly to black, dignified, and spoke in French. Her countenance and conversation both indicate quick intelligence. She flattered our conceit by stating that she recalled but one other American who had been received in this personal way. The Queen spoke of having recently been to the ball given on Admiral Sigsbee's flagship, and inquired after a certain American lady who had taken much interest in the temperance cause in Madagascar. Such reference as may have been made to affairs of state must, of course, be kept secret. Suffice it to say the very friendly relations which have always existed between the United States and Madagascar were distinctly strengthened. We went with some curiosity in our craniums. We certainly came away with much respect for the deposed Queen of all the Madagascars.

Algiers is becoming a sort of House of Detention for captive sovereigns. The Prince of Annam is there also. His long stay has been made so agreeable for him that it is believed he has ceased to pine for his Asiatic principality, its sacred white elephants and all. He is a dark, smooth-faced gentleman about forty-five; is reputed to be rich, plays tennis, recently married a French lady and dresses in English fashion—except for a Mongolian queue wound about his back-head.

We deserted the "Republic" and her rugged commander here in Algiers and left her to continue the voyage to Genoa and Naples as best she could without us.

Perhaps this is as good a time as any to consult the record made during the voyage and to compile the vital and other statistics of a sailing begun on that Friday the twenty-sixth. Here it is: unusually bad weather on the Atlantic; the most violent storm for years on the Mediterranean; delay at Genoa because of a strike; one of her sailors fell down a hatch and badly hurt; and a passenger, though a multi-millionaire, buried at sea. There was trouble and a Friday seen in conjunction again, and the double thirteen in the twenty-six did not help matters either, you may be sure. Does it not show to an absolute certainty how a good ship can go wrong when the fates are defied?

We much enjoyed our week in Algiers and some new friends we left there, notwithstanding it either rained or threatened to rain about all the time. After doing the town we took the drives along the shore, up the heights and out to the deserted monastery. We also stored away a lot of real rest in the quiet of the hotel gardens, and at sunset a stroll in the woods nearby was delightfully soothing. The villa district of Algiers we think more beautiful than any in the Riviera or even at much-sung Florence. The country is more diversified, the views even lovelier. Picture, if you will, a single scene from the aërial gardens of our hotel in the heart of this villa district, near to the sea, yet five hundred feet above it. In the distance the blue expanse of the Mediterranean; at our feet the Bay of Algiers; to the left the mole and shipping, with a Russian cruiser making out, bound home to unhappy Russia; the city rising tier on tier to the hill-top crowned by the ancient Moorish citadel and the modern fortifications, from which come sounds of martial music; to the left again,

the well-marked, multi-colored, congested and mysterious Arab quarter sheltering near a hundred thousand offspring of the desert. Below is the Governor-General's summer palace and park; and the villa-prison of the Madagascan Queen is right next us on the left. In front and just under the cliff is the "Champs des Manœuvres," an extensive plain like unto the Champs de Mars, at the moment alive with Chasseurs d'Afrique, the most famous cavalry regiment of France, at drill, and who are now deploying and charging as if to recover Alsace and Lorraine. Notice also the many beautiful villas to the right, the left and below,—shining white amid richest verdure,—and scent, if you will, the orange trees hanging heavy with ripe fruit. Then but turn on your heels and see the snow-capped Atlas Mountains, quite near. Over all these things fancy balmy and unclouded sunlight bringing everything into clearest outline, and you have a scene such as we enjoyed in Algiers, and which, after many journeyings in many lands, for innate beauty and interest, is in my opinion unsurpassed.



## ALGIERS TO GENOA

WE regretted leaving Algiers without a visit to Biskra and Tunis. Indeed, we pined for Biskra, which lies beyond the Atlas Mountains and is on the edge of the desert, between one and two days' journey away. A flying trip there was attempted, but snow blocked the passes—a snow blockade in Africa!—and landslides made the road impassable. To wait for matters to mend was out of the question, because we were booked to leave Brindisi for Port Said and Cairo on February 18th. If we were to see Cairo in season or go up the Nile this year, that Brindisi engagement had to be kept. So after a week thus pleasantly spent at Algiers, we left by the White Star "Romanic" for Naples. The ship was scheduled to stop at Genoa for a day, to give her company a look in, and to make Naples on the afternoon of the 17th. Life for us was flowing very smoothly, but we might have confessed to some uneasiness, for the ship had to make her schedule into Naples to the hour, or our important Brindisi engagement would be an impossibility.

The five hundred and twenty-seven miles between Algiers and Genoa were done in fine weather, over a considerate sea and on time. We expected to renew an acquaintance with Sardinia on the way, but did not, owing to the fact that rather more north than is usual was put into the course. Instead, the land first sighted was the snow-topped Maritime Alps, which descend boldly and majestically to the shore all the way from

Genoa nearly to Nice. The approach by sea to Genoa was new to us and quite interesting. It is Italy's greatest port, and the many vessels in harbor made me think it compares with New York in amount of shipping. I never before fully appreciated its maritime importance.

The day at Genoa was passed quietly. Of course we went again to the Campo Santo, that greatest of modern sculpture galleries. The fact that it is a burial-place is quite incidental and but furnishes the theme. Travelers from all countries do not flock there because of those buried there, but because of the wealth of sculpture that marks the places of their burial. Much of it is exceedingly fine and some wonderfully so. The two standing figures showing the beautiful but horrified girl in the clutches of death she is resisting, is truly a masterpiece, gruesome but very grand; and the figure of the Capucin at his devotions is another monument which we thought very realistic and of surpassing merit.

The four sculptors considered to have done the greatest work were named to us, and we found their insignia on those monuments which most attracted attention. Just before finishing our walk an old man in a long cloak came sauntering along. It was Sacramana of Florence, one of that very four, probably contemplating his own work and studying that of his colleagues. Instinctively we stopped and made respectful salutation. In a moment enough was said and done in two languages to make it clear we recognized him and were thanking him for the satisfaction his masterpieces had given us. He halted and doffed his hat, his eyes beaming with pleasure and his face reddening with



*The Campo Santo, Genoa.*



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modesty. It was all so unstudied, this stranger homage to genius, its own sufficient introduction. The old man had long hair, a classic face and noble mien. Truly, he looked the rôle and acted the part.

On the way back to the ship we tried for another sight of the house in which Columbus was born. Having visited it on a former occasion, we knew the location in a general way. But, do you believe, we failed to find it, though inquiry was made of at least half a dozen shopkeepers and others, and we had to give it up or risk missing the ship. Such is fame. A man may discover a hemisphere and yet his birthplace be unknown to those living in its immediate neighborhood.

## GENOA TO NAPLES

A FINE day and a smooth sea cheered us on these three hundred and forty-six miles of the way. During the night we passed the little island of Elba where was first penned and from which burst that human cyclone to work out the climax of his career in the hundred days ending in Waterloo. I should have liked to see it.

The run down along the peninsula was full of interest. The mouth of "Old Father Tiber" and the yellowing of the sea thereat was a sight calculated to make a thoughtful man think. Then followed the Capitoline Hill, just behind which we knew Rome lay. The Campagna and, lower down, the pestilential Pontine marshes were pointed out. All passed in near review, adding their full quota to our reveries. Then came the Bay of Naples, looking beautiful, of course; but there was a haze, and we must admit our recollection of its striking beauty was somewhat dimmed. There, though, was Ischia; there belching Vesuvius; there the cliffs of Sorrento and there also romantic Capri. Naples, with its rich colorings, Roman ruins and fine public buildings, adds its quota of beauty to that scene, but as a truthful chronicler I must say closer acquaintance with its water-front discloses a degree of dilapidation quite repulsive, which but few other cities can equal.

We had not anchored before we were surrounded by a lot of small boats, and while waiting for the tender they furnished a plenty of entertainment. Some carried vendors of coral and fruit and others musicians

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and singing girls, all with uplifted faces and eyes wistful and a trifle watery. A big fellow clad in a breechcloth jumped from one of the boats and gave a fine exhibition of diving. We had seen him there before. His general invitation to toss pennies into the bay was quite freely accepted. He followed fast, and in a radius of seventy-five feet never, as far as I saw, scored a miss. The clear water of the bay allowed us to keep him in sight while sounding deep after the rapidly descending coin. He had no pockets, but before the tender reached us and broke up the show he had filled first his cheeks and then his toes with the coins. All this entertainment for a measure of pennies. The dollar in America is said to be almighty. In Italy coppers show considerable strength.

## NAPLES TO BRINDISI

NAPLES, this time, was little more than a name on our line of travel, for we took the first train out of it to Brindisi, with just time for a drive about the city collecting tickets and letters—and then for dinner at the hotel and sleep. The city looked very crowded and the common people very dirty. Notwithstanding the many shiploads who have emigrated, the population of Naples is still badly congested. It may not be generally known that Naples was once a Roman penal colony, and that to this day the Italian of Rome, Florence or Milan looks with a certain condescension upon him from Naples or Sicily.

The all-day railroad journey from Naples to Brindisi was tiresome and uninteresting. The hotel was left so early and hurriedly that there was not time for breakfast. We hoped to be able to forage on the country while *en route*; but the dried fish and peasant bread to be had at the dirty little stations were too many for our dainty daughter; and, consequently, even with the aid of oranges and chocolate, we brought her into Brindisi that night about ready to faint.

The way there includes a slow climb of several thousand feet up the Apennines. At the outset it runs close under the plateau at the foot of Vesuvius where, they say, are the once buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. We had to take their word for it, as, although this was our second visit to Naples, we had



never seen either. It is well to have something left for which to live.

On the way to Brindisi we learned, if never before, of the extreme poverty of the people of southern Italy. No wonder two dollars a day in the States attracts. On the other hand, while they will probably handle much more money in America and eat oftener of meat, they will find that house-rent is much dearer, meat costs money and that their work in the ditches is hard and unhealthy. I fancy that many of them in America often pine for the sunny slopes of their own fair land.

The train reached Brindisi soon after dark, and while talking with a courier on the platform a motley group of depot loiterers gathered close. When we emerged and were confronted at the gate by the ticket-taker, I felt for the three railroad tickets from Naples which, for readiness, had just been placed in an outside pocket, and they were gone. A clear case of Brindisi pick-pocket. The situation was made known to the gentleman at the gate, but he held firm—was very sorry, as we must have tickets. Under their rules all tickets are taken up at the gate on arrival, under penalty of further purchase or an *impasse*. It looked as if we were out and injured about twenty-four dollars' worth. But, as ever, the occasion produces the man. So now, while returning to the gate after a fruitless search of the compartment just vacated, a hotel runner edged up and made things plain, whispering the suggestion that ten lire (two dollars) to the gatekeeper would square things. Willingness being displayed, he told me to pass right along, give no attention to the gateman and pay up when outside. The scheme worked like a charm. Somehow the man at the gate had seen a light. The

bars were up. After getting my party and baggage safely away I was ready to carry out my part, and looked around for a collector. Sure enough, in the half-light out he came furtive and catlike, uniform and all. A note of the realm for ten lire was covertly placed in an itching palm and the skulduglery was complete. The company was not out in the transaction, for it got its money. The gateman, though, held us up on the plea of enforcing a regulation—until he got his price. He himself is now held up as a grafter who traded on a passenger's misfortune. And that Brindisi pickpocket, where did he land? He took all there was in the pocket, and probably would have been better pleased if it had been my entire birthright; but, unless he too was in collusion with the gatekeeper, he got nothing but the ashes of hope—namely, disappointment.

## BRINDISI TO PORT SAID

IT was after dark and raining when we boarded the P. & O. mail-boat "Isis" at Brindisi for Port Said. She looked to us like a private yacht, so sharp and trim was she, and little withal. In the course of the voyage Captain Watkins told me she and a sister ship are the fastest long-distance craft on the Mediterranean; that when behind time she reels off twenty-seven knots, and that while some of the torpedo boats equal it for short distances, none of them could do the nine hundred and twenty miles to Port Said at the rate of speed required to keep her contract as the King's mail carrier. The business of governing vast colonies at great distance calls for high speed in mail transmission.

She did her twenty-one knots, which is twenty-three miles, during nearly every hour of the two days and part of the three nights we were aboard. I never traveled so fast at sea. A regular sea-racer, her twin screws drove her nearly as fast as any horse can trot. What would have happened if we had veered from the course and banged with such speed against any of those little rocky islets that rose so abruptly in our path, beggars the imagination. This nightmare of a thought was emphasized in me on the second night out. It was pitchy dark, without either moon or stars; and, alone on the deck, I saw we were approaching some object even blacker than the night. Nothing else indicated it. We rushed past quite close to the spectre and—well, breathing became easier. The captain afterwards

told me it was the island of Ova, one of the smallest of the Ionian group. The importance of this India mail service requires the carriers to take the very shortest route; and, be the night bright or black, it must be kept or schedule time will not. When crossing the Atlantic I recall reaching the deliberate conclusion that the captain on the bridge of a great passenger ship nearing land in the dead hours of a dark night, or in fog or violent storm, occupies a place which should command more respect than that of the judge of a high court—and no one will accuse me of belittling a high court. Judges and courts frequently disagree and overrule each other; and courts of last resort are held by several judges acting by a majority—because often divided. Mistakes are corrected and the responsibility distributed. But the lone captain's mistake admits of no correction, nor can he divide his responsibility with any one. No wonder captains become grizzled and gruff.

There were less than a dozen passengers on the "Isis" when she left Brindisi at midnight on arrival of the fast London express which had hurried twenty tons of mail-matter to her, a freight, no doubt, of vastly more importance than her few passengers. At dawn we were in the Ionian Sea abreast of Corfu, the reputed birthplace of Ulysses of the Odyssey, with the snow-capped Albanian mountains beyond, where the men, as warlike and turbulent a race as can be found, dress in short skirts and look like ballet-dancers. Mounts Ossa, Pelion and Parnassus were in the neighborhood. There are a lot of old-timers for you. I was first on deck, and much enjoyed an early morning walk amid those classic scenes, notwithstanding the sea was a bit trying to the

nerves. The beautiful island of Ithaca was skirted close, with Cephalonia and Zante on the side and not far off. I should suppose from their appearance that all are of volcanic origin. They are very precipitous. I wonder at the amount of history which clings to their steep sides. They look as if a Harlem goat could hardly hang on; and that, though successful, even its living would not be assured. From the sea they make a peculiarly beautiful picture, and for luxuriance perhaps depend upon their other or reverse sides.

On the morning of the second day we awoke to find that we were passing to the south of Crete. We were not near enough to discern much, but there it was, the valorous little land which held out against the Turk for thirty years and, in 1897, when Greece came to her aid, conquered an independence under the protection and soldiery of the Powers. I believe Turkey does not recognize the independence; but, as with Egypt, that seems to make little difference. After watching Crete drop back into the sea we were once again out of sight of land, to remain so till the morrow morning, when, we were advised, Port Said would be reached. We enjoyed the speed and the beautiful weather as much as we could, but, speaking for myself, I must confess that the vibration of the mighty engines and a cross sea gave many a qualm.

Early the third morning we were waked by what may be termed a violent shock of perfect quiet, which followed the quitting of the great engines of our little mail-boat—the nine hundred and twenty miles had been covered right on time and Port Said showed through the port-hole. Very soon the clatter and splash of the Egyptian boatmen coming for us were heard.

## PORT SAID TO CAIRO

AT Port Said we got our first sight of the Suez Canal, and, of course being truly thankful, gasped our profound respects. We saw the British guardship on its station at the mouth of the canal and a Russian ship-of-war close by. We marveled at this prevalence of Russian ships of the line in the Mediterranean, considering the very dreadful weather they encountered so recently in the Sea of Japan.

Bathed in the pure morning light Port Said looked proper enough; but we had Kipling's word for it that here "there ain't no ten commandments," and our suspicions rested upon everything and everybody, especially the latter. After the twenty tons of mail had been entrusted to the big waiting "P. & O." which hurried it to Bombay, we were landed. The merely academic question Kipling's reflection raises could not be investigated, for we were made out of breath by a rumor that we could not catch the Cairo train. We did though, the horses being good enough.

The railroad to Cairo skirts the Suez Canal for several hours, passing through Tel-el-Kebir, where, in 1882, Wolseley rushed the Egyptians; giving them their first taste of the latest of their long line of conquerors. Thence to Ismailia, which owes its creation to the canal and its name to the spendthrift Khedive who did so much to promote the digging of it. Here, we were told, the engineers and managers of the canal find convenient residence—it being half-way between

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Port Said and Suez, where the canal begins and ends. At Ismailia the canal is abruptly left and the way to Cairo is through the delta district, as well-favored and fertile a country as can be found anywhere. Every yard was heavy with the growing crop, or being prepared for another. For hours we watched the natives scurrying about on donkeys and camels, driving their sheep and goats or plowing the rich delta with wooden plows hitched to nondescript and ridiculous teams—as often as not a camel and donkey or else a buffalo and donkey. The outlook from the car window was most prosperous-seeming and picturesque. During all recorded time the flat Nile delta has been the granary and dependence of desert-lined Egypt. Late in the afternoon the ancient citadel of Cairo came into view, and we were soon on the way to Shepherd's Hotel.

## CAIRO

As viewed through our spectacles Cairo is essentially Oriental, and yet thoroughly up-to-date. Its geographical situation gives to it a character all its own. It is at the corner of three continents; upon the Nile, which penetrates forty-two hundred miles into the darkest of them; near to the Suez Canal, the highway to the ends of the world; and with the two great mysterious deserts at its door. It is therefore removed far from the commonplace. And the heart of Cairo is Shepherd's Hotel. No hotel in the world is more famous, and it has been famous for fifty years. To go to Cairo and not stay at Shepherd's, at least once, would be breaching the rule and taking chances. Those making subsequent visits may select a quieter place, and many do; but for those making their initial visit, for those looking for things they can't wait for, Shepherd's naturally and justly has unrivaled claims. If you want to see the madding crowd at its maddest,—a crowd full of color and surprises,—if you want to see that crowd with ease and comfort, just settle yourself on the veranda, or "terrace" as it is called, at Shepherd's any day during the season, and look down upon it as it surges at your feet. Whether a mint julep would help matters I do not know, but should think any one who there required stimulant to key him up would go fast asleep during any last act. On the whole, I suggest that a wet towel would be better than the julep.



From your comfortable perch you can always count upon seeing a most motley and interesting throng. Ranging from the Khedival equipage, preceded by outrunners and surrounded by clanging troopers, or some other such high-class show, down to money-changers, water-sellers and snake-charmers; while Copts, Jews, Soudanese, Hindus and Arabs in their distinctive dress and complexions are mingled with veiled women, Dervishes, beggars and (in the season) the élite of our own civilization and well-dressed tourists. We were astonished at the number of native processions; mostly marriage processions, funeral caravans or circumcision parties. In their marriage processions they escort the bride with much ceremony to the home of her prospective husband, whom she then usually casts eyes upon for the first time; the marriage broker and her parents having theretofore had sole charge. While on the way the girl, usually from ten to fourteen years of age, is supposed to be entirely screened from public view, immured in a glass-bodied hearse-like delivery cart with the curtains all drawn. I saw one little bride, though, pushing a curtain an inch or two aside and peeping out, intense trepidation and curiosity equally apparent, as she and her procession of relatives, girl friends and musicians were passing Shepheard's. Poor thing! childhood was over and what was virtually a life-imprisonment awaited her.

Circumcision parties frequently accompany these marriage processions. I saw some. The officiating barber rode in front with the mystic emblems of his office held aloft; while the innocent subject of it all, dressed in girl's clothes, in order to deceive and thwart the evil-eye, followed after; with parents and friends

riding or walking, as their circumstances dictated. Speaking of hotels leads me, after years of dependence upon them and many tours about the world, and finally one all round the world, to say that the definition of a first-class hotel is: a place where the rich traveler finds fewest fleas and is overfed; where at least three times a day he distends his veins and stomach overmuch, and where he gets red, then purple, and sometimes blue in his surrender to the French chef paid to tempt his appetite—no matter though nervous dyspepsia, disordered liver or apoplexy lurks. Luxury and overfeeding have probably had many more victims than poverty, even when it was backed by famine. If you have any doubt about this, carefully survey conditions during the serving of the last courses of a dinner at any first-class hotel on the Continent, or in the East.

About the first thing we did after reaching Cairo and catching our breath, was to select a dragoman. Abbas Ali, who lives nigh unto the Pyramids—a tall, graceful Bedouin, twenty-six and speaking English—filled the place admirably. He became our interpreter, guide and friend while we were in or about Cairo. The cabmen did not have us quite to themselves; fakers were driven off and we learned where best to make purchases. He had a number of chances to plunder us, but disarmed even suspicion. I know this is a deal to say of any dragoman, for they are thought to be a very uncertain people; but this man is a Bedouin and you must let me speak of him as we found him. If the mention does Abbas any good, he is entitled to it.

In a few days, with the aid of Abbas, we were on terms with the Museum, the palaces of Ismail, the

mosques, the tombs of the Khalifs and of the Mamelukes, with Old Cairo or the native quarter, its Muski and bazaar, the race-course, the citadel, and much else.

We drove out to the Pyramids, which are about eight miles from Cairo. They are reached by a fine broad road shaded with tall mimosas and bordered with fields of waving wheat, a few fine residences and one of the huge palaces built by Ismail the Magnificent when squandering the country's substance and raising the debt which has since fettered Egypt and delivered her to the English. It is truly a beautiful driveway and the land immediately bordering it has, within only two years, been taken out of a category of values averaging one hundred pounds an acre and put in the hotel and villa class at three thousand pounds an acre. Considerable has been taken up already at the latter price, the prospect being that within the next ten years the whole eight miles from Cairo to the Pyramids will be lined with fine hotels and palatial residences. Such an awakening is Egypt undergoing. But I am digressing. From the Mena House, which is at the end of the broad road, we were taken by donkeys up the hill by the newer road as far as the Rest House at the foot of the Great Pyramid. The house (now closed except to the Khedive) and the road were both built by the same spendthrift Ismail for Empress Eugenie when she was his guest of honor at the opening of the canal. They represent a part of the four million pounds sterling which was expended by him in those opening ceremonies. Desert sand must not get into her dainty shoe, nor was she to view the great deeds of the Pharaohs without some idea of his own proportions. I think it highly probable that the zenith of Eugenie's brilliant reign was reached

when she pressed the button, or whatever it was she did when the Suez Canal was declared by her open to the commerce of the world. How that world has turned against her since! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Now about those pyramids, the Great Pyramid first. Every inventory of the world's wonders ever made gave it a place; and, after gazing upon it, we have to admit the spell it casts. There are nine pyramids at Gizeh, all close together; at least three are truly great, and though the two greatest of them each dwarfs the third, they cannot disturb its right to that title also. In color and size they are unearthly; and some one has aptly said they suggest death and destiny. Let us settle the age of them as well as we can. Egyptologists claim to know to a certainty that the Great Pyramid was erected by King Cheops, after whom it is named, and that the second and third were erected by the kings who were his immediate successors in that fourth dynasty; but, as matter of fact, they can only guess at the dates of those reigns. Mariette, the discoverer, who was at one time director of the Egyptian Museum, calculated Cheops as 4202 B.C. Maspéro, his successor, places it in 4075 B.C. Doctor Steindorff, of Leipsic, director of the extensive excavations near the Pyramids being made by German societies, believes it to be 3900 B.C.; and Doctor Budge, keeper of Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum, reckoned it at 3733 B.C. All of them in their writings show they have gone deep into the study of the various formulæ which have been developed for the calculation, as well as such records and indications as there are, all of them admitted to be unsatisfactory—working out in centuries of discrepancy. By the way, vanity and candor constrain me to add that it was my

good fortune to become pleasantly acquainted with M. Maspéro while in Cairo and with Herr Steindorff while we were tenting near the Pyramids, and also with Doctor Budge when in London. They are conceded to be the three greatest living Egyptologists, and I am pleased to acknowledge receiving important assistance from each of them, most courteously bestowed. So that—returning to our topic—we laymen may be sure that the Pyramids of Gizeh are at least five thousand five hundred, and probably over six thousand years old. If we have the least bit of the antiquarian or the faintest trace of veneration in our make-up, surely here are monuments to give us pause.

The reader may like a few more facts and figures. Let him recall that the Great Pyramid covers thirteen acres; that it is still four hundred and fifty-one feet high; that the four sides—they face the cardinal points exactly—are each seven hundred and fifty feet at the base; that the angle of elevation is fifty-one degrees and that it contains three million cubic yards of masonry. When you consider the height and angle, do you wonder at my increased respect for wife and daughter when I tell you they climbed to the top? I started after them and, notwithstanding the united efforts of three accredited Arab guides, two who pulled and one who pushed, after going about one-eighth of the way I found the fates were unpropitious and the angle that morning too steep, or else—and I may as well make a clean breast of it—I was dizzy and afraid. At any rate, I threw up the job, and compromised by having a picture taken safely seated on camel-back with the Sphinx and the Pyramids as mere background. When securely grounded and, of course, somewhat

ashamed of myself, the guides comforted me by telling of a big fellow who only shortly before had reached the top, but was seized with fright on the way down, completely collapsed, and had to be blindfolded and carried like a child. By way of that story and others like it which the guides gave me, and of a good tip which I gave them, spirits were revived and we managed to part on good terms—but I never can feel quite happy over that failure to follow the women of my party to the capstone of the Great Pyramid. If you cannot scale the summit and reach the reputation and grand view which there await you, the next best thing is to follow me and crawl into its interior—part of the way on all-fours—and there explore the narrow passages and inclines; the Queen's Chamber, and the King's Chamber, one hundred and fifty feet above the base. In the King's Chamber is the empty granite sarcophagus of Cheops in which, as the story goes, his body lay for more than three thousand years, until the coming of the vandal Persians under Cambyses, when, to save it, the mummy was removed to some secret chamber, the situation of which was so deftly concealed that it still baffles discovery. In the King's Chamber I saw those great polished granite blocks which form the walls, each seventeen feet in length and four feet wide and high, fashioned and laid so marvelously true that you have to look hard for the line of joint, and then, though no cement was used, find you are unable to insert your knife-blade in the seam as much as a quarter of an inch anywhere. Done six thousand years ago.

Do not get the impression that the second pyramid, which looms so near, is negligible, for it isn't; being very nearly as high and large as the so-called first or



*The Author's Party.*





Great Pyramid. It looked to me quite as high, but that was because it stands on ground slightly more elevated. The third is over two hundred feet high, considerably less than half the height of the others, but in some respects it is the most interesting. It is practically unscalable to any but a certain few of the catlike Arab guides, born to the work. The apex and base are so smooth with the original casing that it looks impossible. A young woman, a member of the Alpine Club with a number of very difficult mountains to her credit, was picked up at the base of this pyramid dreadfully broken and carried to the Mena House, where she lay unconscious, between life and death, while we were in camp near there—which you shall hear about. She had ventured alone; and even her nerve and skill proved insufficient. When I learned of that accident I was glad I refused the offer of a guide to show me for three shillings that that third pyramid could be conquered. The responsibility was too great. I did not want the handling of blood-money. We afterwards saw the bones of the builder of that third great pyramid in the British Museum; they were discovered in its recesses and taken to London in recent times. He rested undisturbed about six thousand years within his own mighty self-made sarcophagus. He is likely to rest quite a while longer in the British Museum—say, until Macaulay's New Zealander does his turn on London Bridge, the date for which is still unannounced.

We found the Sphinx much the worse for its four thousand long years of ceaseless vigil. It was buried to the shoulders in the sand until a few years ago, and excavations have proceeded far enough to show that it is the gigantic figure of a recumbent lion with a

human head—more than likely the portrait of some Pharaoh. The books say it is sixty-six feet high, and it seems to be, with ears that are each four and a half feet long, a nose nearly six feet long, a mouth nearly eight feet wide and a face nearly fourteen feet in breadth. This colossus was cut from the surrounding living rock, and was restored by the Romans, who built a supporting wall around it, which, from age and rough treatment during the Arab and Mameluke conquests, is itself a ruin. It seems probable that the head was originally quite fine and the countenance good to look upon, but after being a target for rude invaders it has lost nearly all its nose, and eyes and mouth are much damaged, leaving it looking no better than you might expect.



*Bedouin Camel Boy, Egypt.*

## UP THE NILE

It was February 26th, just one month from our start, when we bade adieu for a while to Cairo. The little side-wheeler "Cleopatra" bound up the Nile to the First Cataract, which is at Assuan, became our home for most of the next three weeks. The channel was tortuous, for the Nile was low, and in a month it should be at its lowest. Would not a fall of twenty-five feet make the channel of any river tortuous? We worked our way over the many shallows with two Arabs, one on either bow, trying the depth with their poles and singing in Arabic the results of their investigations back to the native pilot. I understand there is no chart of the Nile, for the reason that the bottom being light its bars and shoals change continually with the season and the volume of water. When a shallow became perplexing a sailor was sent overboard, and by swimming and treading around he showed depths and the way out. The distance between Cairo and Assuan is six hundred miles, but, considering the many crooks and turns in the river itself and the amount of crossing, recrossing, looping and backing indulged in to keep afloat, the distance traveled must have been at least one thousand miles.

Before taking you with us up the Nile suppose we briefly confer together as to the river itself. The Nile is over forty-one hundred miles in length—one of the longest rivers on the globe—and ranges from two hundred and fifty feet to five miles in width, depending on

locality and season. I don't think we saw it anywhere much over half a mile broad. Its main sources are the Nyanzas and the mountains of Abyssinia, lakes Victoria and Albert being responsible for the White Nile and the mountains for the Blue Nile. The White Nile and the Blue Nile come together at Khartum, the cap-



*Laden with Water Jars, on the Nile.*

ital of the Soudan, and the nineteen hundred miles from there to the Mediterranean is done by joint effort. For three-fourths of its long way the Nile divides the two great deserts, the Libyan and the Arabian,—two of the hottest, most parched and unquenchable tracts known. For over five hundred miles of its course it is practically rainless, and for about five hundred other miles it scarcely ever rains. No other river in the world is so robbed and side-tracked for irrigation; and for the last fourteen hundred miles—all the way from Ber-

ber—it stalks on alone without the help of a single feeder. I don't speak by the card, but believe no fourteen hundred miles of river anywhere else is left so alone. I have wondered why it does not lose itself completely in so long a journey between the deserts, and with this ceaseless drain. What saves it from being swallowed up? How can it find so very much to green and make fertile the extensive delta district below Cairo, the last hundred and fifty miles of its course, and deliver such volume to the Mediterranean? I understand that the answer is found in the torrential regions of Upper Egypt and the long rainy season about those great African lakes which are right under the equator. A river that rises twenty-five feet for four thousand miles and meets such tremendous losses from soakage, radiation and irrigation, certifies to the necessity for mackintosh and overshoes somewhere.

All land in Egypt not reached by the annual inundation, or which is not flooded in some way by water hoisted from the Nile, is desert waste. This makes habitable Egypt a queer shoestring-shaped country unlike any other, its length being—say, three hundred times its breadth, which ranges between high-water mark on either side. All the rest is sand and Sahara, with only a theoretical sphere of influence, and no present possibility of occupancy, upon which to base rights of sovereignty. The Nile is Egypt's all in all, and the height to which it rises year by year is matter of the utmost concern to all Egypt, which has little else but agriculture upon which to depend. A rise of only twenty-four feet over average low water spells famine; if of twenty-five feet, it means a poor crop; if of twenty-six feet, a good crop; and if it be twenty-eight feet, a big

crop—for the reason that a foot or two makes a difference of many square miles in the amount of territory inundated. The Egyptians have suffered much from famine and have had many lean years in their long history, but, by way of the great dam at Assuan, enough water is now stored and controlled to insure almost an average rise below that point, and a failure of crops is now scarcely a subject of any fear. The Nile begins to rise in April and continues to rise till the middle of September. All the land reached by a mean rise is so rich with the accumulated deposits of centuries—every recurring flood adding a new film—that its fertility is beyond any comparison. Three crops are sown and gathered annually on very much of it; the number depending only upon the grade-level, which, of course, determines the length of time it is left uncovered by the waters and, therefore, the amount of farming possible. This annual enrichment is at the expense of that equatorial jungle and those Abyssinian mountains. A leveling process must be going on in those regions; and the question arises, how long can they stand it? But if the answer involves those millions again let us give it up. The thirty feet of richest alluvium which has been left by Father Nile all along his course may yet be drawn upon to replenish the played-out farms of New England.

Their system of irrigation seems to meet every requirement, and the whole crop looked equally well nourished. It consists of interlaced canals and ditches dug beyond the reach of the annual inundations, through what would otherwise be desert waste. The present system was established away back in the days of Moses; and many of the ditches now in use were dug in those

old days. It is all under government control. Every acre has its due share of water and contributes its proportion to the maintenance fund. Before Lord Cromer's time the irrigation system was kept up by forced labor, but now by labor hired as for anything else. The ditches are flooded from the river or canal edge by way of shadufs worked by hand, or by the sakiyeh, which are rude water-wheels with endless thongs fitted with earthen buckets or jars and turned by mules, oxen, camel or buffalo.

We saw thousands of the brawny blacks in gangs of three or six at work in the shadufs, all nearly naked and some quite so, raising the precious water of Old Nile to the top of the banks and the waiting crops. Every few hundred feet of the way—wherever the banks were steep—we could expect to see them, and never tired of watching them. Working the shadufs means lifting the water from a hole dug at the river edge, and from there again into successive short ditches, each higher than the last—the river edge and each ditch being manned by either one or two workers. It was the way of their fathers for thousands of years, as shown by hieroglyphics and recorded by the ancient historians. They use the same kind of skin dippers attached to levers which are weighted at the other end with dried mud, and supported between mud pillars reinforced with sugar-cane. When the mud weights are released they fall, carrying the full dipper at the other end to the higher level. Because of the weighted end the work is changed from lifting into a downward pull, economizing effort greatly. As effective as it is simple. I never saw anything harder to describe, but the water gets there just the same, and the river traveler is fur-

nished a minor spectacle peculiar to the Nile, and really fascinating.

The narrow Nile valley is producing all that is now possible, but with increased irrigation the area of cultivation can be enlarged almost indefinitely. The whole Sahara is a possible granary, needing but moisture to produce bountifully. In fact, farming in Egypt consists for the most part in getting water. Methods are exceedingly primitive. The wooden plow, the mattock, and the sickle are still about all the tools of which they make use. So far as we saw, all the grass and grain grown there is cut and gathered by hand. If there is a reaper or harvester there we did not see it; while, throughout the length of the land (there is but little width), we saw thousands in the fields, bent double or on all-fours, cutting with the sickle. One of the signs of Egypt's present prosperity is that land holdings average very small and peasant proprietorship is on the increase. I understand that a large part of the crop is wholly grown and cut and gathered by the individual proprietors, each doing all. It is very primitive, but then they are prospering. I may not be able to fathom so abstruse a proposition in economics, but it seems to me that this people get the most possible employment and profit from their ancient methods; and that to fill old Egypt with agricultural machinery would leave a lot of people there idle, and serve only the reaper and other trusts—already overrich. Cotton, sugar and grain are the principal products. The delta district is ninety miles wide and is a great cotton field. Egypt's cotton crop averages one million two hundred thousand bales—about one-tenth of the world's production. In a speculation in that commodity I learned



this—before learning to leave it alone. The delta-grown cotton is a superior article; has long fibre, and brings about two cents a pound over Texas cotton.

The river scenery is varied, but mostly soft, green to the edge of the deserts with the crops, and stretching away yellow and parched beyond. We got to know that any clump of palm trees indicated a village somewhere within its shade; but, unless it was on the bank or the horizon, we were obliged to look hard to make it out—especially in some lights. Their low-lying mud-houses, if such they can be called, blended into the surroundings as if they grew there. The river banks averaged ten feet and seldom exceeded thirty feet in height. A range of hills, steep, bare and volcanic, follow the river for much of the way, first on one side and then the other, usually at some little distance.

Those days and nights on the Nile were full of tranquillity. It was delicious, sitting in the shade in the bow of the boat—mind and body at rest, the world a dream and nothing whatever the matter—lazily listening to the singing of the natives on the deck below, or watching them at their labors or their prayers as we worked our way up-stream, making two or three landings daily. I will not trouble you with the names of those landing-places. Most of them I could neither spell nor pronounce. They were centres of great interest to us. The natives were always gathered there in force, and many phases of Egyptian life could be seen and studied. The differences of race and type, as of color and costume, were made clear. The further up we went the hotter it grew and the darker the skin, until, in Nubia and towards Assuan, the Egyptian stock



*A Landing on the Nile—Our Gangplank in Foreground.*

almost ran out and the blacks, a more rugged and war-like race, largely predominated.

We frequently went aground, and the channel at times was so near the shore that we could have jumped there. In fact, several natives were landed in that way. We saw them towing their lark-winged Nile boats up-stream when the wind failed; and some of them swimming across with their only garment held dry, twisted about their heads. We saw them in early morning performing their ablutions at the edge; and about the commonest sight was the barefooted peasant women filling their water-jars or balancing them on their heads and wending their way between river and village, or village and river. They were usually in bands of two to twenty, looking just alike, all dressed in loose black—enveloped excepting the eyes—just as the carvings on the tombs show was the custom thousands

of years ago. I cannot say it was a cheering sight. The low-caste women of Egypt evidently do nearly all the water carrying, and the men all the lifting of water for irrigation.

By the time we reached as far south as Assiut, the flies began to bother and the fancy fly-flappers we bought in Cairo, as souvenirs, were put into commission. We noticed that the flies seemed to select the native babies and very young children for their combined attacks. It was a common sight, and a disgusting one, to see their little brown faces, sticky with sugar-cane, each made the field of operation of dozens of them all sapping and mining at once—principally in the corners of their eyes—the little hand raised in protest the while, but the natives though close by—even the mother—paying no attention whatever. Upon inquiry I learned that these poor ignorant Fellah mothers purposely do nothing to relieve their offspring from this torture, under the belief that flies covering the face are a means of averting the evil eye, to which baleful influence they believe the young are peculiarly susceptible. They therefore seldom, if ever, wash their babies' faces, and the sugar-cane they live on and the dirt they live in do the rest. Egyptian darkness now took on a new meaning. We saw many little ones with their chubby faces almost covered with the pests, and very often with sores in the corners of their eyes, nose and mouth where the flies stuck and could not be dislodged by the little things. No wonder that there are so many wholly or partially blind, and so many sore eyes in Egypt. Egyptian ophthalmia is accounted for. The great work begun by Lord Cromer will not be finished until the emancipation of the poor

Fellah mothers from this cruel superstition. When I called his attention to it he told me of much that had been and was being done to improve conditions in this respect; and pointed to statistics showing a great reduction in the number suffering from ophthalmia and blindness. Visions of the fly-blown babies of Upper Egypt will last long with me. O Religion, what crimes are committed in thy name! O Superstition!—Now hold on, gentle reader. Please do not remind us of the trouble and expense we ourselves went to to avert the evil eye at the outset of these journeyings by refusing to make the start on a Friday. Let us change the subject.

Near to Beni-Chekeir, which is about two hundred and twenty miles up from Cairo, we passed the dahabiyeh “Thames” with his ecclesiastical highness the Right Reverend Bishop Potter and family aboard. They had been, as we have read, spending the winter in Upper Egypt. I cannot think of any one more likely to appreciate the poetry and teachings of this mysterious land than the scholarly and progressive bishop of the diocese of New York.

The third day happened to be the author’s birthday, and passengers and officers were gracious enough to conspire together to celebrate. You of course know what a silly season a voyage is. I took my first alarm on finding the doors and walls of the dining-room festooned with palm branches, with oranges hanging here and there and the boat’s colors and signal-flags doing duty behind my chair. It was all very pretty; but when about an hour before dinner I was notified what it was all about and who was expected to respond, I realized the seriousness of the situation. It was so

sudden—as it were. If there ever was a time and place when running away could not be thought of surely it was right then and there. After the birthday cake, which was specially prepared by the stewards, was cut, the fun began, and there was a lot of it. A distinguished member of the Chicago bar acted as toast-master. It was all so spontaneous and cheering. If a man lives long enough he must some time or other reach his—well, no matter, exactitude is sometimes quite out of place, even embarrassing. I am risin' thirty-four, and I can think of no better place or way to celebrate a birthday than with wife and daughter and a company of new friends—and good ones—journeying up Old Nile on the way round the world. Here's to you!

I suppose the principal attraction for most travelers in Egypt is its ruins, but for me a study of the native races—the Fellahs, Nubians, Copts, Bedouins and Soudanese—was even of greater interest. Though veneration may not be our long suit, no student of history, no one with any poetry at all in his soul, can be a month on the Nile and not be impressed in some degree by the stupendous relics of Egypt's past. We gazed with wonder upon the rock tombs of Beni-Hasan—beautiful columns and chambers carved out of the mountain-side—hewn from the living rock. Nothing put there, nothing joined; only excavation and carving. It is a little strange that our multi-millionaires, instead of building their mausoleums in pieces, as it were, in the loose earth or above ground by piling block upon block, do not copy these rock tombs of the ancient Egyptians and arrange to leave their precious bodies in time-despising rock chambers embedded in

earth's crust—floored, walled, ceiled and pillared in the unmoved living rock, where joint does not exist and cement finds no place. It might be costly, but that to them would be a recommendation.

Assiut, which is about two hundred and fifty miles south of Cairo and the most populous town in Upper Egypt, is the starting-point of an important caravan route to the far interior. We jackassed it through the bazaar and market-place there to the ancient rock tombs away up on the bare mountain-side, from which is an extended view. It was a hot ride, and we began to realize that we had left the latitude of Cairo, but in the dry air of this rainless country we can stand a lot of heat and the nights are pleasantly cool.

At the landing and in the bazaar the din of the fellows trying to sell us native-made tinsel lace shawls, rhinoceros whips, and other things was at times distracting. We found that they never asked less than two or three times what they eventually were glad to receive. Their figure always being refused, the wrangle at once began with "How much you give?"—about the extent of their English—and it often put us pilgrims and entire strangers to a severe test. Bargaining with Orientals is both demeaning and demoralizing, and—how this world is given to lying; or is it only change of mind which makes it seem so—in these jarring efforts to sell high and buy low?

In due course we reached Luxor, four hundred and fifty miles up from Cairo, the site of ancient Thebes, chief city of the Pharaohs, where are several of the most important ruins to be seen anywhere. We tarried there four days. By way of donkeys, urged on by donkey-boys, and a guide, we were enabled to scour

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around the ruins of the great Temple of Luxor which was the palace of great Rameses; to view the Ramesseum, another of his palaces, with the famous Colossi; to enter the new-found Tombs of the Kings—from which the bodies of the Rameses and other Pharaohs now at Cairo were extracted; and, last and greatest of all, to gaze upon and study the temples at Karnak. Here then at Luxor, a modern Egyptian town occupying, as was said, the site of ancient Thebes, are ruins in galaxy—enough to satisfy any one. But where is Thebes of a million population, the most luxurious and important of the cities of early ancient times? It lies buried low in desert sand, with these grandest of ruins now dug away therefrom, marking the place. The ruins of the temple and palace of Luxor adjoined the gardens of our hotel, but neither contiguity nor such familiarity as we acquired bred any contempt for them or for those seventy-two stately portico columns, each fifty-one feet in height and eleven feet in diameter. And we secretly protested against the obliteration of many hieroglyphics by the Romans, and against their blocking up great doorways, and also against the smearing by the same Romans of walls and ceilings with soot from the oil-lamps of their soldiery, who used the place as a barracks. It has served as a centre for all sorts of worship. Sacrifices have been offered here to sacred bulls and hawks, to the sun and to Rameses II. Parts of it, for an extended period, served as a Coptic church, and during the last part of the long period of its burial and obliteration a mosque was built almost over it, which is still in use by the followers of the Prophet. That obelisk which rears its head in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, marking the

place where the guillotine was set up during the Reign of Terror, came from this temple of Luxor—given to the city of Paris by Khedive Ismail when he was currying the favor of France.

The Temple of Luxor was only recently excavated. For centuries it lay deep as Herculaneum. An Arab village occupied the site and the exhumed temple is still surrounded by it, high up on two sides. How very strange it seems that only twenty years ago the then British consular building was, quite unawares, located right over the tallest and grandest of the pillars of this temple—all standing and only since then found. The world owes the discovery of this magnificent ruin, as well as of most of the others in Egypt, to the British occupation and the enterprise of antiquarian societies.

Two miles to the north of Luxor are the ruins of the temples of Karnak, said to be the very greatest of all ancient monuments, not excepting any—no, not one. We went out twice to see them. They are the ruins of a series of connected temples, erected, enlarged or adorned by a succession of kings—despots who had but to will, who considered naught of blood and treasure; but even they took full two thousand years—so history tells us—to bring the wonders of Karnak to such a state of completion as was reached. To me it is as fifty-six acres of darkness and desolation; and, looked upon simply as ruins, less picturesque and satisfying than the smaller temples at Denderah, Edfu or Luxor. I don't know why, unless it be that, as a whole, they are not so well preserved. Or, is it that their vastness palls? At Karnak much is still buried in rubbish. From the time of the Roman occupation down to the last few years it was allowed to fall into





*A Gateway at Karnak.*



ruins, which accounts for its present dilapidation. But what is left standing or in sight proves its right to be also figured among the wonders of the world. The famous Hypostyle Hall is truly magnificent; with its one hundred and twenty-two giant columns, each nearly seven feet in diameter, and the twelve others—those of the centre aisle—nearly twelve feet in diameter and sixty-nine feet in height—all standing. Could anything in the temple column line be more huge? If any single one of the biggest of them could be placed in the centre of the greatest square of some great city, it would only be fair setting—and there are here on the edge of the desert a dozen of them, with one hundred and twenty-two others approximately like unto them. These columns supported a roof at least five feet in thickness made of double layers of great blocks, fitting perfectly, some of which are still in place. Everything about Karnak—its pylons, courts, sanctuaries, treasure-houses, birth-houses, colonnades, monoliths and avenue of sphinxes—is on a gigantic scale. What a waste of material it does seem! With all the machinery and resources of modern times it would be lunacy to imagine any nation, no matter how rich, attempting to erect public buildings like these—if it be now at all possible to quarry, carry and set up such huge blocks and monoliths. The columns seem much too heavy and numerous for even the work they do or did, notwithstanding that spread of rock roof five feet thick. Beauty was sacrificed, I thought, by the over-massing of material which monopolizes space. A very learned doctor well expressed my opinion when he told me that Karnak reminded him of Mother Goose and the boy who “pulled out a plum and said what a big boy

am I." Each king tried to outdo his predecessor in the costliness and size of his contribution to the great temple. Rameses II. won. It is a monument to reckless egotism. The tallest obelisk left in Egypt still stands guard at one of the entrances of the Temple of Ammon—the principal temple in that aggregation of temples at Karnak. It is ninety-seven feet in height. Its mate has bitten the sand long centuries since.

It was another long hot ride—donkey ride of course—from Luxor to the Tombs of the Kings, which were discovered only about nine years ago, and from which the bodies of about a dozen of the Pharaohs have since been taken from as many magnificent rock tombs scattered over the district—most of them with long corridors and centre and side chambers, all cut into the bed rock. They represent what must have been an immense expenditure of labor. But those Pharaohs, when it came to building temples to appease their gods or as tombs for themselves, seem to have been utterly regardless of the cost—to others. The pyramids at Gizeh and Sakkara are known to be simply individual tombs of the earliest kings. But the pyramid kings and those others whose bodies were found here in these Tombs of the Kings account for only a few of them. Where are the others, and what character of tombs built they? This is a question future explorers may yet definitely answer. The royal tombs were discovered through the bungling efforts of an Arab, who got to know of and rifled some of them, and then offered his loot for sale in Cairo, with the result that suspicion was aroused and searching investigation followed. I should say they constitute the most important addition to Egypt's antiquities since the finding of the Rosetta

stone. They bring to light not only more of the great works of the long past, but give actual possession of the bodies of the chieftains of the ancient world, as well. These now lie in the Cairo Museum, bones, skin, hair and, as I imagined, the living expression also—so wonderfully preserved are they, considering the lapse of the sixty centuries.

Those Tombs of the Kings are a long way from habitation and in the most God-forsaken district I ever visited—inaccessible except for a winding donkey road between the bare volcanic steps. There, in a natural amphitheatre, no moisture or green thing anywhere, with the sun beating down upon us most unmercifully, we came upon them. Everything thereabouts looks as if it had passed through the fiery furnace—dead and done to a cinder. It is death's valley, indeed, where those old despots so luxuriously prepared to lay themselves down.

After four days spent thus interestingly, we whistled off at Luxor on the way further south.

During the three hours' stop at Edfu we viewed with much interest the ancient temple there, which is, including the massive roof, in wonderful preservation—probably owing to the fact that it was completely buried for centuries, and until only thirty-five years ago, when it was unearthed by the discoverer, Mariette. The temple is about a mile from the landing and we decided to try walking there. It was not an unqualified success; for as soon as we put foot ashore we were surrounded by a crowd of guides, donkey-boys and nondescripts, all pressing their attentions and impeding our way. We managed at last to extricate ourselves and to shoo all of them to a respectful

distance at least; except one barefooted little fellow, about thirteen, who persisted in the most crafty and masterful, but polite way, to keep in our company. Nothing fazed him, and we tried everything on him but a club—which I am sure would not have been a safe proceeding in that neighborhood. He was a handsome little fellow, spoke English, and when, in mock earnestness, I asked if he was a dragoman he calmly said "Yes." That boy was an artist. He could open a jackpot with a pair of sixes and get away with it, somehow. We could not shake him. He marched at our side, drove off everybody of his size and weight or near to it—had a regular set-to with several—and in every way played the dragoman, though, of course, we knew he could only be a donkey-boy. We paid no attention to him except to discourage him; our efforts being to see if it were possible to visit a place in Upper Egypt without taking either donkey, camel or guide. Nothing daunted, he pointed out everything, including the shortest way, just as if he was under pay. When we passed into the temple gate, without doing a thing but make a final effort to drive him off, we thought we had him lost or at least discouraged, but no, for when we emerged an hour after there he was lying in wait. Just here, though, the Egyptian soldiery got in its fine work. The natives are very mindful of them, for they use their sticks with their authority. We rarely came across them, but here was one. He made a pass for two fellows, our little dragoman included, and they scampered off out of sight. The soldier convoyed us back to the boat-landing, and we were glad of his assistance. A moment later, when viewing the country from the deck, there at the landing we saw our brave

little dragoman, his feathers now all down and much crestfallen, but his eye still on us and, in the crowd, looking just like the other natives—like the lot he had beaten off. We had succeeded in a way, but with no wish to try it again. Whether he got the coppers we threw at him as our boat sheered off, is hard to say. He was in the scuffle for them. If it is possible for a donkey-boy to become a dragoman, that boy will be one yet; but I recall that Abbas told me none of them could ever become a real dragoman—giving me clearly to understand that running on behind and licking donkeys for white riders is no school for such masters of detail.

Of all minor sights given us to see on our voyage up the Nile, perhaps that which will linger longest in memory and pleased most, was of some camel and his tall, muffled Arab rider striding alone along the crest of the western bank at the close of day. A few stately palms properly distributed—and they always seemed to be properly distributed,—camel, rider and palms sharply pictured against the sky-line, an African sunset for the burnished background and fast-approaching Egyptian night for the frame. It was a picture I always looked for after once seeing it, and was frequently rewarded. It filled not only the eye but the imagination as well. It was such a beautiful admixture of the dignified, the mysterious and the ferocious—such a vivid reminder of both the Old and New Testaments.

Assuan, six hundred miles up from Cairo, is as far south as we went. At the Cataract House on the heights there, opposite to Elephantine Island, where is the famous Nileometre, we stayed through several very

interesting days. The grand berage or great dam at Assuan, built across the river just above the First Cataract, makes a magnificent reservoir, one hundred and thirty square miles in area. It is said to be one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, and marks one of the principal benefits conferred upon Egypt by British occupation. By it the water not required at the annual inundation is stored and released as needed. It is considerably over a mile in length and is one hundred feet high, with one hundred and eighty sluices and one lock. There is talk of raising it still higher. But we did not go to Egypt to study modern masonry, no matter how long or high, and I do not suppose that the reader will ask me to dwell at length on this dam. It is too utilitarian and incongruous to suit the temper of a sojourner in Egypt, and comes as a surprise in a region where the natives are semi-savages, so black that soot would not make a mark upon them, and where the women wear rings in their noses as well as on their ankles. Those rings in the noses of the Nubian women are worn as ornaments and may tickle their vanity, but it is another custom which, like their hoods and harems, proclaims the servitude of their sex. One bad result of the dam is the submerging of the island of Philæ and the flooding of the very important ruins of the Temple of Philæ, completed by Hadrian about 100 B.C., which are probably doomed unless the plan to take them down and re-erect them on a higher and drier level succeeds.

On our way back from the dam our natives steered us through the rapids—excepting the worst of them, where we made a carry. And there, where it was too much for us, a venturesome black plunged in and swam





*Water Carriers Replenishing, on the Nile.*



through; but, poor fellow, he came out running with blood from a deep gash cut in his thigh by the cruel rock. It is astounding what chances these poor men will take in the expectation that white men will respond with a few coppers. We could not prevent one of our black boys from jumping the seventy-five feet into the lock there. When our disregarded mandate was, after the act, tempered with a half-piaster—two and a half cents—he was well pleased and ready to do it again.

It was at an Assuan hotel where I saw the tip business played by both sides for all it was worth. A guest, carrying a small handbag, was leaving—his trunks were probably at the station. Six heads of departments were lined up as usual right at the entrance, hands in readiness and countenances fixed at “most beseeching.” It looked as if fleeing was on and escape impossible—but it wasn’t. The guest sized up the surroundings and showed himself a man of daring, equal to the emergency; for with one of those rushes which are over about as soon as begun, he had—without even losing step—shaken the eager hands of all of them, seriatim, in the most friendly way, and, before they realized it, had broken through and was off with a smile which said: “I have paid my bill, let your employer do the rest.” A more surprised lot you never saw. When they came to, the whole array broke into laughing and the incident was closed. It was so well done it seemed to leave no sting. If, though, he ever has occasion to return to that hotel, methinks he will find a distinction and a difference between the treatment accorded a guest who tips every servant who officiously, and often unnecessarily, opens a door for

him or hands him his hat, and one who does not—and this, though he be assured at the outset that the very stiff tariff is “inclusive and without extras.” Although as guilty of practicing it as most travelers, I think the tipping system is wrong and that it defeats itself. Landlords know the chances for backsheesh which go with each place, and take it out of the servant who fills it—paying him just so much less, and often nothing at all beyond his keep. I have been repeatedly and reliably informed that in many popular first-class hotels in Europe the waiters and porters depend wholly on tips, and pay the landlord for their places. What a farce is thus made of generosity! On the whole, I think that Assuan party was a born reformer.

There is more of that which makes for scenery at Assuan than elsewhere to the north; the river there makes sharp bends and is divided by rocky islands. Under the moonlight the scene, from our windows, of the river, the islands and the bare rock cliffs that line the opposite bank, was dazzling and of strange beauty. In the strong light everything was either in deep shadow or glistening yellow. Yellow is the prevailing color in Africa. The sky, sand and mountains all partake of the singed and scorched and look as if from the same fiery furnace—which, indeed, a midsummer in Upper Egypt must resemble. We went out to the camp of the Bisharin, a wild tribe of Bedouins who come from the desert near the confines of Abyssinia, and who wear their hair in long thin twists, greased and matted, reminding us of the head of Medusa. We also went to the famous ancient granite quarry whence the casings of the pyramids and the material for all the

obelisks and colossi in the temples came—the only granite quarry in Egypt. We saw there the giant obelisk, three-fourths finished, though not yet detached from the living rock—left, just as we saw it, since the dead past. But how was it to have been raised and transported to the river, there to be rafted to and raised in Thebes or Memphis? That is a question the records do not answer; and, as those ancient engineers were without the aid of steam and electricity, we cannot account for, but only marvel at their patience and dependence upon brute strength. It was very hot at Assuan when we turned our faces to the north. We had trodden upon the fringe of Central Africa, but circumstances prevented our pressing on in that direction. We had the Olympic Games at Athens in view, so “stuck to the ship,” and—the current being now with us—we steamed and drifted back to Cairo in four days, stopping at several places, duplicating and prolonging the pleasures of the journey south. The voyage on the Nile was most interesting—it was delightful.

## TENTING ON THE DESERT

AFTER our return to Cairo we were induced by Abbas to try living out on the desert. Being a true Bedouin and thorough dragoman, he had his own camping outfit and soon mustered the necessary staff. He only wanted to know where we wished to locate; and I have no doubt he would have taken us into the lion country to hunt, as he had others, if we had said the word and syndicated the job. We chose to be as near as practicable to the Pyramids of Gizeh so that we might revisit and enjoy that very interesting district, and, at the same time, be close enough to the Mena House, where, in an emergency, first-class accommodations could be drawn upon at reasonably short notice. It should be known that the Mena House, which was thus to constitute our second line of defence, as it were, or retreat perhaps, is a luxurious hotel on the very edge of the desert about half a mile from the Great Pyramid, and, excepting for the huts of a few excavators, the only white man's habitation there short of Cairo, eight miles away. Egypt, though rifled for centuries, is still the richest storehouse of antiquities in the world. They are now jealously guarded. Every monument has its Arab keepers, and no traveler is admitted to any ancient enclosure or interior without showing a card issued to him personally by the Museum authorities, which costs something and is good for a year all over the country. The point of this is that no one is allowed to settle within lines drawn about

the Pyramids—averaging a mile—except the representatives of those few universities and societies which hold concessions to excavate, granted them by the government under many limitations relating to locality and discoveries. As we wanted to pitch our tents within that precious domain, a special dispensation was necessary; and only after a marshaling of influence and interviews with the Chief of Police, Director of the Museum and Minister of the Interior, was permission issued, allowing us to settle just within the lines at a place well beyond the Sphinx, nearly a mile from the Great Pyramid and about two miles from the Mena House. There, right out on the yellow Libyan Desert, we abode five days. It was a new and interesting experience. We had three big tents and five servants; including cook, waiter, water-carrier, and a night watchman. The watchman was imposed upon us by the Sheik of the nearest village. We felt safe enough with our own men, but Abbas said that there were many bad fellows about and that it would be insisted upon as a right by the Sheik, who visited us, because he felt responsible for our safety; and, further, that to refuse might mean mischief anyway. Of course we fell into line without a whimper, but I believe it was graft, pure and simple. We used to see our swarthy watchman with his old gun at sunset and during the early evening, but in the dead of the night, when I sometimes looked out and listened for him, he was nowhere either seen or heard. Only the whirring of the heavy desert beetle, or the distant barking of native dogs in the little mud village a mile off, broke the stillness.

Our helpers were all Egyptians—faithful and efficient

fellows,—who in their rude way did all they could for our enjoyment, but were unable to speak a word of English. Everything moved comfortably under the watchful eye of our dragoman, except that on the very first night sand-fleas—or was it only a sand-flea?—so annoyed my highly civilized daughter that she up and mutinied, did her sleeping at the Mena House the rest of the time and had to be convoyed there in force every evening. I shall not soon forget those night tramps in the desert to the hotel. Everything was sunk in darkness. Never were nights darker than those—it so happened. The lantern swung by our Arab guide was the only light, and it was absolutely necessary. Passing first the peering and apparently moving Sphinx and the excavations in that vicinity; and then the silent Pyramids; meeting no one in all the two miles, except somewhere the native watchman, whom we never saw, but who in a whispered voice, as from the ground, always confronted us with the demand to know who we were, as we passed—challenge and answer both in language we did not understand—all was indeed very weird. But the voices of the solitary watchman and of our dragoman were not all the voices of those nights, for the ear became attuned to the murmur of something deeper and more profound; to a ghostly hum as from the myriad workers—an invisible host—who in the hoary past were there and did those mighty things. A sort of desert diapason whirring with life amidst the hush. Those black nights under the Pyramids waked all the poetry in our natures. Many have seen the Pyramids in broad daylight, but to observe them as we did for five evenings as their lengthening shadows blended into the darkness,



and then to wander among them in blackest night when you feel their huge presence much better than you can see them—that is a sensation given to those only who have camped there.

Our days on the desert were full of nothing. Nothing but reading, eating and sleeping; with just enough donkey-riding and strolling to keep the blood in circulation. It was solid comfort to stretch out in a steamer-chair in the shade of the tent, blue sky overhead and the wide, wide world all around, but at just the distance which lends most enchantment. What a delightful change from the drive and struggle of Wall Street so completely left behind—so far away.

I enjoyed several earnest chats with Abbas as we sat in the open after dinner in the quiet of our camp, and recall how I once drew him out as to sun, moon, earth and stars. Such ideas as he had on the subject were most interesting. Like many millions of Musselmans his book-learning consisted simply of ability to repeat passages from the Koran, learned by rote, and, of course, he knew as much about the solar system as a camel. Poor fellow, it was cruel, but he will never know how sensational were some of his ideas. In those post-prandial soirées I did not always lead him so far afield. Being curious to learn the extent of polygamy in Egypt, I asked Abbas how many men in his village—Gizeh, a mud-house settlement of, say, three hundred people, a mile from us—were living with more than one wife; and he said he thought there were forty. He said the Koran permitted a man to have four wives, depending only upon his ability to keep them, or—as he explained it—give them necessary food, clothing and shelter; and he said, further, that

a man could divorce any of them in a word, but if she be without fault he must continue to supply her somewhere with those bare necessaries. If you knew in how few days one of these people can pile sun-dried Nile mud into the semblance of a house; and how little it takes to maintain existence in this climate—three cents' worth of sugar-cane and an onion being food for a strong man for a whole day,—and if you could judge how scant are their women's clothes, with never a hat or, in the country districts, sandals either, you would understand the risk every wife of an Egyptian with any property at all runs of being supplanted or divorced, and be ready to credit the men of Gizeh with moderation. When I questioned him closer he said he was himself recently married, loved his wife very much, but she often expressed fear that he would bring home a second, which he sometimes chaffingly told her he might. I hope I have not betrayed Abbas' confidence. If I understand him and his people, I have divulged nothing he would mind. Inquiry and observation made it clear to us that the women of Egypt are practically slaves; set apart, hooded and guarded by their owners, who consider them unfit for education, even of the Egyptian kind; as quite outside the pale of religion and as having no hereafter—soulless chattels. Poor creatures, no wonder your big liquid eyes, though haunting, are so vacuous!

Extensive excavations were being carried on within a radius of a mile of the Pyramids. Many temples and innumerable tombs—it is a veritable Golgotha—have been found, and more or less unearthed. It is a centre of activity for the antiquarian societies. Many important discoveries have recently been made and many

more may be expected. I should say that the Roman Forum does not contain as many temples, and that for their size, and perhaps interest as well, its ruins do not compare with the Pyramids of Gizeh and their immediate surroundings. We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Covington, of Kentucky, who has devoted all his means and most of the last five years to exploring and excavating in the district, and has been quite successful. Among other finds to his credit is an extensive temple, dating from earliest time. He had pitched his tent near to the Great Pyramid, and was spending his American energy in an effort to locate certain little air-shafts to the centre of it, the existence of which has been suspected for centuries. Those air-shafts, when found and understood, are expected to tell very much of the builders' plan; and, when opened, to reduce the temperature within, which stands at seventy-nine degrees the year round. It was a privilege to sit with him in his tent, where he lives alone, and be allowed to ply him with questions. He was at work most of the time in the very bowels of the wonder—all alone—and often till after midnight. A lonelier or more ghostly situation cannot be imagined.

My daughter wished to see some excavating, and we wandered off one morning looking for it. We managed to see a band of natives, mostly boys, filling and carrying shallow baskets of the sand from about half-buried masonry, repeating something in unison in a loud singing voice the while. We tried to get near, but were confronted by a black, who handed out a writing with a notice, repeated in several languages, that we were not welcome. After parleying for the purpose of prolong-

ing the watching as long as it seemed safe, we left with the sound of the Arab chaunt in our ears—the cheer in which seemed to keep them filling and carrying as for dear life. They appeared to be as happy as larks and were, for they were not carrying the white man's burden of civilization and its cares. Instead they were making two and one-half to three and one-third piasters a day of full ten hours—that is to say,



*Dunes on the Desert, Egypt.*

twelve to seventeen cents,—and, being a simple sober people, they live happily in that climate and save money. The diggings from which we were driven were, as we afterwards learned, being worked under a concession to the University of California. It looked as though they were uncovering a temple with tombs. Such desolation! But then the rude singing of those chubby white-teethed native boys left pleasant impress on our efforts to see some Egyptian excavation—though driven off.

After five days of this idyllic and *al fresco* existence, it came to pass that we went back to civilization; which, being interpreted, means we broke camp and rallied

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upon the preserves at the Mena House, stopping there several days until—having got the sand out of our shoes—we made our final salaam to the Pyramids and returned once more to Cairo. There we stayed a week, this time at the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, until our departure for Alexandria and the refreshing north. This hotel is worthy of a line. It and the inevitable harem, a big building near by, were built by Khedive Ismail, and occupied by him as one of his summer palaces. That exceedingly luxurious monarch took the precaution to coop up in this harem several hundred good-looking young women simultaneously and, more or less, permanently attached to his interests. This palace-hotel, patronized almost entirely by English, is right on the Nile opposite to other princely residences and Lord Cromer's great house; is quite extensive, and is situated in an exquisitely lovely park and flower garden. Taken altogether, it is one of the principal show-places in Cairo, and, considered as a hotel, the most magnificent we have seen anywhere—Ponce de Leon, Algeciras, and Mustapha Palace hotels to the contrary notwithstanding. The palace was confiscated by the Anglo-Egyptian government to help pay the enormous debt this same luxurious Ismail had incurred.

## CAIRO REVISITED

WE looked again through the Cairo Museum, a magnificent new building which cost a million. The royal mummies taken from the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, which we had visited, were to us the chief attraction. What is left of a number of the Pharaohs is there. Whether he who so harried the Israelites, and whose army was doused in the Red Sea for it, is among the number, I do not know and no one seems certain. But Rameses II., the greatest of them all, is there, and I believe he is under suspicion. Right here it may be of interest to relate that in conversation with an eminent Egyptologist (his name shall not be given, as permission was not asked) I was informed that there is some ground for believing that Rameses II. started the building of a military wall from a point near Port Said to Memphis, where Cairo now is, so as to fence off the fierce Arabians,—that remains of such a wall have been discovered. He continued by asserting his belief that the Israelites were told off—probably with many thousands of others—to do the work; that they rebelled—were found unwilling or incompetent—and were persecuted in consequence. I was asked to notice the innate probability of the hypothesis; that history and their present status show how hard and unlikely it would be for Jews to submit for years to be workers in bricks and mortar. The story, apart from biblical narrative, does seem plausible, to say the least. Let us return to the body

of Rameses at the Museum. Of course he is considerably shriveled from his entombment of over three thousand years, but the skin and bones are there. To gaze upon the form and into the face of the man who in his lifetime was worshipped as a god, and whose mighty works we had so recently seen, was intensely interesting. There he lay looking dreadfully tired, with his hands crossed not upon but above his breast—for his breastworks have shrunk away from the hands, which now appear raised above the body. What changes have come to the world since the great days of his rule, the golden era of the nineteenth dynasty; or even since the great epoch of the Roman sway in Egypt, which was many centuries thereafter—an era and an epoch followed by dark centuries of succeeding time when Egypt seems to have slept. And now, at this age of the world, that this same Rameses should be dragged from his mummy-cloth and exposed to the view of the profane and furnish the star exhibit in a museum controlled by the English, whose race and country—old though they now are—were unknown for a thousand years after his work was completed, is a sight almost appalling to the thoughtful mind. Most people are types, but there is no duplicating a Rameses II. or a Nero.

All intending to pass a week or more in any foreign city should, if possible, carry letters. That the mutual friend is indeed a great institution can in no other way be better proved. We were fortunate in this regard in Cairo, and by way of introductions were enabled, in some measure, to get into the life of the place. When so far from home, loneliness is always in hailing distance and a little social attention is most grateful.

After being invited out and put up at the Turf Club, our Cairo took on a new and even more interesting tinge. Society in the season there is not only gay, but it is exceptionally polyglot and distinguished.

From the terrace at Shepheard's we witnessed the state entry of the Prince and Princess of Wales into Cairo, on their way to England from India. Much political significance and elaborate ceremony attached to this royal visit. France, for some valuable consideration, had recently relinquished all claims upon the country, claims that had become technical only and highly attenuated by her refusals to join in putting down the Arabi rebellion; or, later, in "smashing the Mahdi," when he was prancing about the Soudan—each of which enterprises cost England much. Now, with France clean out, English soldiers in all the citadels, Turkish suzerainty a negligible quantity and the Khedive become a British Viceroy, this visit of England's future King and Queen was, in a sense, a taking of undisputed possession. As the Oriental mind always associates personality with government, and as their rulers have always been masters of force and show, this visit, with its accompanying ceremonial and luxurious entertainments, was well timed and planned.

The freshly sanded roadway from the station to the Abdin Palace was lined the whole way with soldiers, principally red-coats well spread out—that "thin red line" again,—and must have engaged nearly the whole of the little army of occupation, so called, which was less than four thousand. We saw the Khedive, with his ministers, body-guard, four out-runners and his postillions, as he drove to the station to greet the Prince; and again on his return with the Prince at his right





*Rameses II.—Thirty-three Hundred Years After.*



hand. He looked worried, ill at ease; and no wonder, for was he not eating crow? Going through lines of infidel soldiers not subject to his command to greet an infidel Prince of the house of his new-fledged master, while thousands of the faithful looked sullenly on. Shades of those great Khedives who successfully defied even the Sultan! It was formal abdication. The Prince looked calm, apparently paid no attention to the Khedive or the crowd, and stiffly returned the salute of the British officers and bands as he passed along. The Princess of Wales, with Lady Cromer, was in another carriage, and Lord Cromer—most important of all—the master mind in present-day Egypt, rode alone next behind the royal carriages. There was little or no cheering. It was business—world's politics—only that and nothing more.

These heroics were well sustained in the entertainment Cairo devised for the royal visitors. The "Bedouin Fantasia and Burgass" at the race-course was the crowning event. It was a memorable spectacle, and a crush. Cairo's only bridge—the Kasr-el-Nil—was overwhelmed, and ten thousand were entitled to seats on the grand-stand which could only accommodate the half of them. It was like a great garden-party. The toilettes were those of an Oxford-Cambridge cricket match, or as seen at Longchamps—a field-day for the milliners and court dressmakers, as well as for the Bedouins. There was a somewhat tragic prelude. It was during the first race when a carriage, which was allowed to enter through a private gate, crossed the track directly in front of the racers and broadsided one unfortunate horse and his rider who were going full tilt. Death for both seemed certain. The horse

plunged into the heavy carriage and fell in a heap, while the rider was shot clean over it and far beyond. But let the Fantasia proceed. Do you know the Bedouins? They are the kingliest of men. The type is tall and straight, with brow of steel, a profile perfect, features any gentleman might envy—though he would probably draw the line at the complexion—countenance ferocious and saturnine and eye keen but quiet—a party no one would dare to treat lightly. And here were hundreds of them and their chiefs and headmen, in the gala dress of their respective tribes; gathered from all over Egypt and beyond the deserts to make a holiday for British royalty. They set up their tents in the middle of the course, around a sumptuous marquee provided for the chiefs, which was all aflutter with the tribal flags and resounding with the music, if such it can be called, from native fifes, arghools and tom-toms. They were beautifully resplendent in color, and with their finest racing horses and racing camels in gaudy trappings. The march past of this host was a fine sight, and, when they were cut loose and their fierce racing and charging was on, it was the most spirited scene I ever beheld. Schreyer's pictures were confirmed. The bareback races; the four-mile camel race and the furious war charge with swinging naked cimeters; their magnificent horsemanship and rough riding—it was blood-stirring. Rich and running over with material for a Fred Remington masterpiece. The show wound up with the "Burgass," trick-riding, done before the royal enclosure. Camels were put to top gait, their swarthy riders standing erect on their backs holding and guiding with a single rein; and some of those Arabian horses did about everything but talk.

Over all this glitter and glory there came to me the thought—and it was rather a sad one—that here were the proudest of the desert tribes of story, playing perhaps all unwittingly into England's hands—making a show for their new masters who hold the citadel, built by their great Sultan Hassan, and all the hill-tops; that this was the dying of a glorious race—the passing of the most warlike and picturesque of uncivilized peoples. Think of it, emerging from Arabia thirteen hundred years ago, overrunning the Balkans and Hungary, all northern Africa and Spain; and, if they had not been hurled back on that decisive day at Tours, probable conquerors of the whole western world. How well the English know how to manage their dusky subjects. If this was to be truly a Bedouin Fantasia, why not let them run it themselves? No, England is playing those world politics every day in the year, and, while her Prince of Wales watched those fierce Arab chiefs and warriors, they were never once allowed to get away from English control. The procession was headed by an Englishman, and all the racers were led to the starting-post by him, quite unnecessarily; and were followed up or, as it seemed, driven there by another—both making obeisance to their Prince and looking fresh from Pall Mall. Not even in their games were the natives allowed to even appear to get out of hand. It was indeed a great spectacle, that Bedouin Fantasia.

The Moslem is a religious fanatic, and, because of the fatalism in his religious outfit, he faces death with a smile. It sent him charging in the open against Maxims and the "British square" at Tel-el-Kebir and at Omdurman—to be mowed down like grass. He is a pessimist and takes his religion very seriously. My

attention was once called to a man, alone in the middle of a big garden-patch—evidently in the midst of work to be done there,—who was bobbing up and down, and I stopped and studied his actions. He would stand erect with eyes fixed afar, then drop to his knees and swing his head to the ground two or three times, his forehead touching. He would then straighten up and do it all over again, and again. That fellow had temporarily stopped work and was absorbed in his prayers, and utterly unmindful of his conspicuity or of my presence. His slippers were carefully laid aside and he was facing towards Mecca, repeating the Koran and abasing himself. We saw this all over Egypt; at the river's edge, in the market-place, and on the lower deck of our tiny steamboat. Yes, their religion is very real to them. When the little vessel was aground, the natives would pole her off, vociferously singing a chant the while with frequent repetitions of a line ending with "Allah, la, la, lah!" I once asked the white engineer, who had been on the river a long time, what they were saying, and was told they were calling on God—in so many words—to help them off the shoal. Such religion calls for respect, at least. The Koran is the sum-total of book-learning for most of them. On passing any building in the native quarter of Tangier, Algiers or Cairo, you are likely to hear the noise of monotonous repetition from within, like an infant class answering in concert. If curious, you will probably find it is a native school and that the children are learning the Koran by rote. It is six thousand years since the Pyramids were built. What have over half this world's people to show for that tremendous interval of opportunity?

## LORD CROMER

BECOMING somewhat informed on the wonderful progress this land of Egypt has made since the British occupation in 1882, and having seen so many evidences of its present sweeping prosperity, I had a desire to meet Lord Cromer, whose name was frequently coupled with it and who was held in very high esteem by all classes. Since the occupation he had been Britain's representative, with the title of "His Majesty's Agent and Consul-General." In reality he had all along been and was then the ruler of Egypt, although everything was done in the name of "The Egyptian Government," which, except as it referred to him and his assistants, was a sort of abstraction—every portfolio and department of the government having an English deputy chief, appointed by Cromer—who met with him as a cabinet, daily. It was conceded that to his efforts, more than to all else, should be credited the emancipation of the Fellaheen millions from their former wretched state, which was but little removed from slavery—from enforced labor, the frequent lash of tax-gatherers, the clutch of the usurers and from abject ignorance. Nothing could be more rotten than the former Turco-Egyptian rule. But by the exercise of pure purpose, an iron will and most consummate tact this strong man had gradually changed things, so that there are justice and honesty in the government and order and contentment among the people.

In common, I suppose, with many others, the principal citizen of anywhere always had for me unusual interest, whether he be President of a great republic or only an Arab village Sheik. By virtue of his leadership he becomes a character study and a problem in sociology. In Lord Cromer I recognized one of the few great civilians left in English public life. Gladstone gone; Cecil Rhodes gone; Dufferin gone. Who, by his achievements, has the right to be considered in the class with Cromer, except it be Chamberlain, Morley, Milner or Curzon? The greatest of them all, in my humble opinion, is this constructive statesman, whose resolute and sympathetic rule has brought peace and prosperity to Egypt and given Britain so many moral claims upon that country that her ill-considered promise to quit is by almost general consent of those most concerned released and reversed. His task was one of immense difficulty—necessarily so because of the whimsical Turkish sovereignty and the Franco-English partnership which confronted him. In addition to his great work for the uplifting of the native masses he has, without friction, shouldered Turkey out of the way, strengthened and guided the Khedive and done much to bring in the recent relinquishment of France. I think no one acquainted with Egypt's past and present will deny this statement of the case or begrudge high praise to Lord Cromer.

I was pleased to receive an appointment to meet Lord Cromer in private audience, and much enjoyed the meeting. To be accorded a few moments from so busy and useful a life was a favor to which a mere idler like myself could never entitle himself. His conversation disclosed the straightforward and forceful, though



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just and kindly man that he is; and like most all the men of mark I ever met, he looks the part. He seems full-stocked with energy, but his hair is becoming white. What a pity it is such men must grow old!

## ALEXANDRIA TO ATHENS

THE season in Egypt had been unusually gay, but was now waning; and as it was getting hot in Cairo we bethought ourselves of the unsettled claims of the rest of the world upon us. We had never been to Greece; and the Olympic games, which promised to be of special interest this time, were to begin in about two weeks. We, therefore, bid good-bye to the land of the Pharaohs and proposed to spend a leisurely three or four weeks in Greece. It was glorious to have time enough to live awhile in such interesting places rather than hurry along as on our former tours abroad.

The crossing from Alexandria to Piræus, the port of Athens, was made in one of the Russian boats, which did the six hundred and twenty miles in just two days. Many were leaving Egypt and berths on all lines had been engaged for weeks. We booked ten days ahead and were considered lucky to have found any foothold. The ship was not only slow, but dirty and overcrowded. It was an uncomfortable passage. First-class passengers slept in the dining-room, passages and on deck. In theory, at least, my people divided a room with a Greek lady who had six children and two nurses. She and two of the children occupied two and frequently three of the four berths, and the rest of the family were always there or thereabouts. To add to the discomfort, the lady, though badly seasick, objected to the port-hole being open. Of course no one with ordinary sense of smell could stay there. In

consequence, she was left in sole possession. The first night we tried for sleep on deck until driven by cold into the smoking-room, which became our bedroom both nights. I did attempt my berth for a few hours, but was sent away by the fleas.

Notwithstanding this discomfort, the journey was made very pleasant indeed for us. The bright com-



*Temple of Victory on the Acropolis, Athens.*

pany of four English fellow-sufferers was the "saving clause," as lawyers call it. A dashing young Captain of Engineers going home from India, and an Oxford graduate, recently made a barrister, were of the number. Mr. Sidney J. Hall, the eminent artist, who several times has had the honor of being selected to paint royal marriage scenes and who was then on his way to Athens to illustrate the games for the *Graphic*, was also of the number. They made as jolly a party as I

ever joined, and redeemed an otherwise wretched situation. One of the greatest delights of travel is the chance meeting with such choice spirits.

At Piræus we took carriage for Athens, about eight miles distant, along the new Marine Boulevard. On the way we noticed certain picturesque ruins on hill-tops and elsewhere looking wonderfully like the pictures in our schoolday History of Greece; passed the great marble Stadium where the games were to be held; and landed safe and sound at the Hotel Grande Bretagne opposite the royal palace in Athens—to see Greece before we die, sure enough. We were six weeks in Greece.

## ATHENS

THOUGH it was Sunday when we reached Greece, a general election for deputies was in full blast. Excited crowds about polling-places, cabs hurrying voters there, and the many poster portraits of candidates made up a familiar scene. There were also things unfamiliar. Bicyclists, with their caps and wheels decorated with the portrait of their candidate, were rushing through the streets shouting his name in an explosive staccato. The supporters on the walks, catching up the refrain and following suit with vim, caused a singular rattle of noise and name like that from a Maxim gun, as the cyclers went. Our campaign committees might well take note of this fire-cracker chorus. We also observed many soldiers doing active duty about the polls. That, though, is a difference which goes without recommendation here.

We learned of hot party strife in Greece. In name it is between the ministerialists and the opposition; but, practically speaking, the struggle is between the "ins" and the "outs." Their elections are generally accompanied with bloodshed, and this one was no exception. The night before our arrival in Athens, while the ministerialists were holding a meeting in Constitution Square in front of the hotel, the opposition gathered and made a rush to break it up. Shooting began, and, before the cavalry charged into the fighting crowd and cleared the Square, there were one killed and fifteen wounded. What do you think of this modern Greek



way of trying to carry an election? Such carnage should not be mentioned lightly; but how much better, or, I should say, how very differently are results obtained in America, where the "barrel" is not the revolver's; and where more votes are bought and paid for at every polling-place in the great cities than there were killed and wounded in Athens. With such an easy illustration of the peaceful running of popular government, where, it may be asked by the thoughtless, was the necessity for such carnage?

King George holds himself aloof from the party politics of his realm. He had betaken himself to Corfu just before this election, to prevent, I suppose, the impression that palace influence was being exerted.

We have come now to a country where the mustache becomes *mustaschio*—though you try to spell it in English—it is so fierce; where milk is sold direct from the goat at your door; and where grown men salute each other in public with the kiss. And also where the gentleman soothes his nerves with a circlet of beads hanging from his left hand, which he involuntarily fingers. At first I thought it some religious contrivance, a sort of rosary as in the Roman Catholic Church, or a Koran-reminder as among Mohammedans; but after seeing them in use in gay assemblies I was "put upon inquiry," as those lawyers say. I am convinced this Grecian custom of fumbling beads as a soporific accomplishes the purpose and is eminently sensible. Like swinging a cane or puffing a cigar, it gives something to do that requires no thought in the doing. Besides, that vexed question of what to do with the hands is answered at last. Let all amateur actors take note.

There are, perhaps, more local customs pertaining



to funerals than to anything else. In Algiers we saw the native father carrying the corpse of his little child through the crowd up the hill of Arab-town to the cemetery. The wee body was on a board covered with a bit of colored cloth and held high in both hands. No particular notice was taken, for it was the Arab custom there. Here in Athens the usage, an ancient one, is to partly expose the corpse to public gaze while on its way to burial. The shallow coffin is left uncovered, showing at least one-half the dear departed. A man carrying the coffin-lid bolt-upright, always heads the procession—and a most inelegant and awkward lead it is. He is followed by one or more chanting choristers, and then by priests in their inverted top-hats, virginal beards and long gowns. After which come four bearers carrying the open coffin and exposed body. An empty gilded hearse—if there be means sufficient—is next in line, and then the relatives and friends; all at a slow walk. After leaving the church, the still exposed body is placed in the glass-sided hearse—if there be any. In that way it makes the last journey. The men on the walks respectfully lift their hats and cross themselves as it passes.

When I first saw a Grecian funeral procession it was of a man fully one-half exposed and lying there so still and lifelike, it was really startling. I was told by an old resident, with me at the time, that the appearance of the central figure in these processions is often very horrifying. Were I to repeat a German lady's story of her impressions on seeing a pair of white kid shoes, toes up, coming toward her in what proved to be one of these funeral processions, I should be laying myself open to the charge of undue levity.

Much depends on the point of view, and hers, it will be admitted, was not provocative of solemnity.

Good Friday processions in Greece and their Easter festivals furnish such sights as most travelers go traveling for to see—and to see both was our good fortune. The one from our window in the early evening, the other at midnight outside the Metropolitan Church—their principal church, over which the Metropolitan or Archbishop presides. The great squares were festooned in light, hotels were illuminated, and the streets beflagged and fluttering with color. In and out the densely crowded streets and squares the Good Friday processions wound their way—each congregation forming a separate procession—with their sacred icons, banners and relics, and long-haired priests in vestments in the lead. All who marched and all who looked on, except the strangers, carried lighted tapers, adding to the glare. These things and the dirge music, chanting of the priests and slow winding of the processions through the stilled crowds which, in fullest sympathy, stood bareheaded and crossing themselves, gave that dignity and solemnity so appropriate to the occasion.

Their Easter festival was grander, with a tinge of gayety; but gayety that never was frivolity. It was a repetition in respect to the illuminations, the lighted tapers and the crowds, but there was no procession except a very short one, just before midnight, from the great church to a platform in the square in front. The platform was festooned with lights and supported an altar. One side of the platform was crowded with the *élite* of Athens—something of a beauty show—and certainly a most successful toilette display. On the other side were the military chiefs in gayest uniforms,



dignitaries of the state, and the Crown Prince and his brother—both done in much gold. The Princes, with their showy body-guards clanking before and behind, had made a state entry. At the open-air altar were high-priests in their richest robes. A very notable and beautiful scene indeed. At the stroke of midnight the Metropolitan, who has a grand presence and a seraphic countenance, impressively declared "He Is Risen," at which guns were fired, bells clanged, tension was relaxed and the ceremonies were at end. We were fortunate in getting good places, and thought the Athenian Easter ushered in most beautifully.

Careful inquiry of those in position to know leads me to believe that while King George is personally very popular, and deservedly so, both he and his Russian-born Queen are looked upon by the Greeks with a certain distrust. Nationality is very highly prized by them—their glorious ancient history would compel this,—and, though their sovereign was elected, they feel that he was picked out for them by the Great Powers who meddled in their affairs, and that in the last analysis he represents and depends upon them rather than upon the Greek people. I sympathize with the Greeks in this.

We made no mistake in coming to Greece at this time. The entry of King Edward and Queen Alexandra into Athens to attend the Olympic games furnished us another brilliant show. They came attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and by some other royalties and their retinues. Weather conditions were perfect—as fine a spring afternoon as was ever enjoyed. The streets and squares and buildings were decorated. Nothing in the way of street decoration

I had ever seen approached it. The royal yacht was convoyed by a British squadron to Piræus, and the gun announcing its arrival there was heard in Athens about three o'clock, and, though they were an hour away, the streets about the palace and line of route were even then packed with people. Athens was indeed very full. Hotels were charging double rates, and it was easy to see where the people were coming from to fill the seats in the great Stadium the next week. The entry was a grand affair. Continental people manage pageants more successfully than we. They have much more gold lace and showy material to work with. Kings George and Edward were in one carriage and Queens Olga and Alexandra in the next. Then came the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other notables—a most illustrious and puissant group, you will agree. And Athens' welcome was unmistakably hearty. When the English King and Queen appeared on the balcony of the palace the great crowd cheered often and long. The King and his ever-graceful consort both appeared to fine advantage, and were kept busy making their acknowledgments. World politics may have to do with this popularity of the English sovereign. Perhaps the Greeks think they see in England a future protector of such independence as is left to them.

Coming ashore in a foreign land between lines of his warships which had gone out to meet him; then postillioned between regiments at "present arms" to the palace where a great crowd awaits with its cheers, would seem to be an every-day occurrence with genial King Edward, so comfortably and at ease did he seem and so well did he fit the occasion. Personality as well as those world politics may have had to do with it, but

it is the imagination that is stirred. It is what he stands for and the history that clings to his ancestry that draws the crowd.

While witnessing the glorious reception the foreign sovereign got from Athens, I could not help thinking it was this same Athens which imprisoned its own great Socrates on the lonely hillside—in that tomb-like hole in the rock—visited by me earlier the same day. The foreign King as its guest will dine sumptuously to-night. But he of the giant intellect and the purest philosophy—for daring to speak lightly of heathen temples and deities—was by his own countrymen made to drink the fatal hemlock. What freakish creatures we are. How times have changed.

Right here I venture to express the opinion, though of course it is none of my business, that the King and Prince of Wales should not be absent from their coun-



*Prison of Socrates, Athens.*

try at the same time; or together attending the same great gatherings. If, as I believe, serious duty forms part of the king-business and that an adult can perform that duty best, surely it is unwise for King and Crown Prince to be at the joint risk of a possible catastrophe which could cast the titular headship of a great nation upon a stripling grandson. Putting all the eggs in the same basket has often proved bad management, and perhaps there is need of amendment to the British constitution. I can doubt the correctness of this opinion only because I never heard it advanced.

The little kingdom of Greece, no bigger than West Virginia and with a population no greater than the state of Georgia, burdens itself with a standing army of twenty-eight thousand, though its autonomy, frontiers and future are practically guaranteed by the Great Powers—are certainly in their keeping. If in like proportion, the peace footing of the regular army of the United States would aggregate more than a million men. It is a constitutional monarchy, but militarism is just now rampant. I know the wicked Turk is always at her door, but still it does seem overdone. I hear there are eighteen hundred commissioned officers in active service with the Grecian army, and quite believe it. Nearly all of them must be stationed in Athens. They are in evidence there at every turn, especially at the cafés. They are a fine-looking, well-groomed class, and carry themselves like fine gentlemen, which no doubt, as a rule, they are. But an officer to every sixteen men keeps the men pretty busy saluting. I was amused watching the frequency with which a private soldier, strolling through the streets,—and there are always many such,—is required to salute his

military superiors. Going by the open-air cafés gave him plenty of exercise, which was languidly and unhappily performed. Of course the officers return every one of these salutes and salute each other. Thus among the soldiery in this compact little city of Athens, where people cannot get very far from each other, the everlasting military salute becomes a vexation of spirit; and, as nearly as possible, mechanical and meaningless.

The subject of standing armies shall not be discussed here at any length. As a general proposition, though, without reference to any particular country—certainly not Greece,—is it not true that when the police of a civilized country and its citizen militia cannot preserve order, the reason must be deep-seated and there is need of a change in the government of that country which should not be prevented by a standing army under the pay of that government? Standing armies are a continual menace to the peace of the world and the liberties of the people, besides making tremendous draft upon young life and material resources. All that is wanted, it seems to me, is an agreement upon the *status quo*, and good faith between nations—a formula respectfully submitted to the next Peace Congress. A soldier trained in the art of killing and furnished with weapons to disable and give pain is a horrible anomaly, a lingering relic of a darker age. I well know that this subject is controversial and that these propositions border on the Utopian and take no account of defence against a wicked and marauding neighbor. But then if the wicked neighbor has no standing army his wickedness need cause no fear. At any rate, let us keep our ideals well shined.

With due apology to the more scholastic reader and

with a salaam to his superior outlook, I will confess that to see the Olympic games had been to me the principal reason for this visit to Greece. Notwithstanding that birthday on the Nile, we were still young, and glad of it. Had it not been for the games, a slightly belated run across India would have been made—that is to say, a crossing after April 1st, which the guide-books tell tourists is so torrid a job it must never be attempted. We had the wish to complete the tour inside a year, and had been made a little bold on the subject of India in May, or June, or even July, by a certain colonel in the Indian Army whom we met at Assuan. He had lived in India thirty-eight years, and told us those months were indeed preferable, as travelers are few—because of the guide-books—and best places at hotels and best prices at the bazaars could then be had; and that any one who had lived in London could easily manage the rains. We were almost persuaded to defy the guide-books and, when finished with Egypt, to head for the canal and far East; but so many others gave us the opposite view—and then those Olympic games so attracted us—we were dissuaded. One of our advisers suggested that thirty-eight years in India had so incinerated the colonel that he was no longer safe authority for the novice. Another called him the “Terra-Cotta Colonel,” and by that title he has since been known to us. If I had been alone, I am sure I would have gone through on his advice. India, by this decision of ours, being closed to us till about November next, we had the very pleasant necessity of employing our time until then somewhere (or wheres) in Europe. That was the situation when in Alexandria we pointed for Greece.

But about those Olympic games. My reader must know that they were renewed only ten years ago after an interval of over fifteen hundred years. How is that for an interval? All but the last seventy-five years were, for Greece, her long dark ages. From earliest Greek days and for centuries these games were regularly held every fourth year at Olympia. Each of the four years was called an Olympiad, and the games were in such high and almost sacred repute in Greece that their recurrences were numbered and served to mark the flight of time and indicate the year, for all purposes. Ten years ago the Stadium at Athens became the new home of the Olympian games; and, in all probability, will so remain for all hereafter. It is a truly magnificent amphitheatre, a horse-shoe structure, built all of white marble into a ravine on the site of the ancient Stadium, where athletic meetings were held annually in the years between the Olympiads. Its great size is indicated when it is known it has a seating capacity of sixty thousand; and, on terraces and in aisles, standing-room for ten thousand more. In olden time only the sons of Hellas could compete, but now all nations are invited, the only restriction being that every competitor must be an amateur to the core. This year, partly owing, I suppose, to the presence of the King and Queen of England and the other eminences, and also to the extraordinary preparations, the interest was enhanced, and it is said to have brought about the greatest athletic tournament the world has ever seen. As they furnished us sights and sensations not a few, let some recollections of the Olympian games be recounted.

The Stadium was used by the athletes for their prac-

tice during several afternoons before the games, and when it became known that for a small toll entrance was allowed, among many others, I took advantage of the opportunity. Thousands saw the champions of the nations putting the finishing touches to their preparations. It may have taken the edge off the games for some who looked in at the rehearsals and, among poor Greeks, have hurt the sale of tickets. I saw one unfortunate runner with a badly sprained ankle hobbling back from his practice with a countenance most forlorn. Poor fellow, his chances for distinction were blasted at the threshold!

It rained quite briskly on the first day while the great audience was getting seated, bringing out a sea of umbrellas. For a while things looked black for new Olympia, and I expect many a gown was spoiled. The elements had not been appeased. Modern thought may have put the rest of the gods out of business, but old Jupiter Pluvius was attending to his at the same old stand. Fortunately it did not last long, and thereafter, to the last day, the games were favored with perfect weather.

The formal opening consisted of a walk past, as it were, executed by the Kings, Queens, Princes, and Powers. They went slowly up centre to the music of seven bands, each in turn playing either "God Save the King" or Greece's own beautiful anthem as the august procession passed. The people cheered; but it might be said they did not overdo it. There was plenty of first-class curiosity in the air which was being well sated, but, somehow or other, at the opening number enthusiasm was not plenteously stirred. When the King of England and the Queen of Greece settled into



the two purple covered marble thrones, they probably looked upon a scene and faced an audience such as were not duplicated even in their experiences. Theme, place, and audience being considered, the occasion was indeed unique.

King Edward, who is credited with keeping all the nine commandments,—more than can be said to have been kept by many of his predecessors,—looked big and happy. For me he personifies “Merrie England of ye-olden-tyme,” and synchronizes less with the more prosy England of the now; and I am glad of that, also. He is a skilled hand in what might be called dynastic diplomacy, and most successful in the use of silence and show. He knows as well when to review his fleets or visit a foreign court as when to keep quiet or send a telegram. I suspect the world owes even more than it thinks to kindly old Edward VII. who then faced the Olympian audience. By the way, to be made the subject of the simultaneous thought of such a throng and the focus at such short range of its fifty thousand pairs of eyes, must be penetrating; and involve several propositions in animal magnetism or telepathy, the solution of which is gladly left to others; except that if, under such conditions, there be no transference, there cannot, in my opinion, be anything in either.

When the games were thus by sovereign will declared open, the seven hundred athletes were put in evidence, grouped in nations, and marched around. The Crown Prince of Greece, tall and manly, showing his Danish origin, then stepped into the arena, and, backed by the International Committee of Arrangements of which he was the honorary head, and by the athletes, and facing the thrones, delivered a short opening address—done,

of course, in Greek. Very brief as it was, in the course of it he ducked a dozen times into a paper he held, depending slavishly upon his notes. Why did he not commit it to memory? Any schoolboy could have done it in two hours. I don't like to find fault, but this is a chronicle of impressions and I will be honest with my readers. The athletes who followed him had rehearsed for months; their memories as well as muscles were taxed. Look at this brilliant audience. Sixty thousand in such a place, and the proceedings opened in this half-baked fashion. The Prince missed a grand chance of serving the cause of royalty wherein it most needs service. At the Olympian games of old, poets recited their best verses and artists exhibited their masterpieces; but here, with everything ripe for a new Demosthenes, if that were possible, they turn out a handsome Prince slavishly reading his few lines from notes. And of course but little attention was given.

The fifty or more athletes from the United States were much feared by all the others. The fear proved well grounded; for, though in number of points scored they came away second to France, they forged ahead of all other countries. In fairness, and without disparagement of the doughty athletes from France, it should be said that the Americans won a greater proportion of "contests entered," and more of those which were decided in the Stadium, than the champions of any other country. Their flag was hoisted oftenest. The French entered more contests than they, and their lead came from successes in the lighter kind of encounters, such as fencing, tennis, and with the duelling pistols, played off outside the arena—in none of which was any American entered. America won the hun-

dred yards and the mile run and also the mile walk. They won all the jumps, except with the pole; and even the free-hand throwing of the discus, which the Greeks, next to the Marathon, set their hearts upon and considered theirs by historical right, fell to them. We saw Daniels beat all comers in the hundred yards swim, and heard enough to know the other countries were glad he did not start for the mile.

The second Sunday afternoon Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was given at the Stadium by actors from the Royal Theatre Company on a stage erected in the arena. I understand there was a goodly ten thousand in the audience. Wife and daughter were there, and claimed to have been much edified. The greatest of Greek tragedies, rendered in old Greek under such auspices, must have been a rich treat to the foreign professors of Greek who were quite numerous in Athens just then. I chose, instead, a twelve-mile walk on the old Marathon road. While they were playing at killing Laius, King of Thebes, I was taking a breather and nursing thoughts of the long ago when the first Marathon run was made to such purpose; and of him who would be the modern imitator and speed first along that same twenty-five miles the next Tuesday. The first brought Athens news of the defeat of the Persian hosts and then dropped dead; the last would tell of defeat of all his rivals and, I hoped, would live long to wear the laurel that awaited him and to enjoy echoes of the plaudits which would greet him. Besides this play of pleasant reverie and the breather, which the walk on the road to Marathon furnished, I came upon a regular Grecian peasant dance in full swing, one of the very things to see and for which I had been looking.

Taking the walk by and large I believe it amply recompensed for missing the play, rendered in old Greek.

But what happened to the Marathon race, left to the last, to which all the other contests were subordinate? At the previous games, ten years before, Greece won it, and she wanted it now—especially as her victories in the games were thus far extremely meagre. I think most of the strangers wished Greece to win. The amount of pent-up cheers, awaiting any Greek who should break first into the Stadium, from, say sixty thousand Greeks, one-half impatiently seated there, the others on “Dead Head Hill” overlooking; and they, aided and abetted by about thirty more thousands of strangers, would have been worth coming miles to hear. An inkling of it was given whenever a Greek got a place or acted as if he might win at something. I was told by Greeks in semi-confidence that the road was quite too hard, long, and hot for any but a Greek mountaineer inured to it. I also had private advices to the contrary, notwithstanding, regarding a certain English runner and also about a certain American runner, and began to realize blood was up and how keen a struggle it would be. Well, Greece did not win it, nor was she better than fifth. Canada won it magnificently, with Sweden second, seven minutes away, and the United States of America a great third—only three minutes behind that. It was truly a grand sight to see the world’s champion—as fine a specimen of vigorous manhood as you could wish—looking fresh and happy and wearing his colors, dash into the Stadium and speed up the long arena to be greeted and crowned by the King; flanked all the way by the Crown Prince and Prince George, his brother, who both kept

pace with him—the people cheering mightily. The generosity of Greece was being bitterly tested, and shown to be intact. And was that not a beautiful compliment from the Princes? It left with me the impression that perhaps they understood their business after all; and also, that they were badly winded by those seven hundred feet, only, put in with the runner who had just reeled the twenty-five toilsome miles behind him.

The herculean struggle lasted through eight days, the great audience following them to the end with undiminished numbers and interest. About every kind of athletics was seen, including hurling the javelin, throwing the discus, tug of war, rope climbing, and Greco-Roman wrestling. The British sovereigns were in attendance but twice. It would not be compatible with their elevation to let sixty thousand people tire of looking at them do nothing. They were probably there not so much to satisfy their desire to see as to testify their interest in Greece and be seen. I think their coming and going were both well timed.

My observation leads me to believe that athletics in moderation, as exercise in physical culture, is healthy; but that competitive athletics, which calls out that last ounce, is hurtful. A medical examiner of long experience for a life insurance company once told me that, with but two exceptions, he never examined an applicant who was or had been an athlete, commonly so called, that he did not find heart disease or traces of it. The collapsing of five out of Harvard's "eight" as she crossed the line second in that four-mile race at Poughkeepsie a few years ago, which I saw, was an object lesson and an instance which could be multiplied;

and that without recourse to the fearful list of casualties in football. This Marathon racing was no exception. Conditions did not favor the runners. The afternoon was unusually hot, the road is without shade, very dusty,—the sun was in their faces all the way and they had at least two long hills to climb. It was an ugly job. Out of the fifty-five starters only eleven finished. The winner, as was said, came in in apparently good condition, and one or two of the others seemed quite able to take care of themselves, but most of those who reached the Stadium were in very evident distress. One poor fellow who finished had a hemorrhage near to the close, and one other seemed to me to be in hysterics. He was so helpless that, though support was attempted on each side, he fell flat on the ground just after entering the enclosure. The gate to that enclosure was then closed, and the cheering people were left to their cheers, and he and the others to the attending doctor.

So much for those who went the distance. I don't know what happened to the forty-four who did not make it. Perhaps some of them, finding their chances hopeless, had the sense to drop out in time to avoid injury—but they had reputations to save, and to be among the first three in such a race spelled fame to them. Grit and good sense are not exactly synonymous. Is it not fair to suppose that most of them sped on through the heat and dust, wrenching themselves, reckless of that last ounce, until the machines broke down,—punishing their hearts and lungs for just another mile, as if they were of little account or their worst enemies rather than their life's mainstays? What a waste of best material, and certainty of per-

manent injury. But muscular prowess will continue to claim its many worshippers, and excesses of all kinds their victims.

The crowning item of the festivities was the illumination of the Acropolis. The battlements were outlined in light; and searchlights from the warships—placed right at its feet—were focussed against the Parthenon, which shone like a fairy palace floating high in space and the surrounding darkness. The effect was ineffably lovely.

Though our zest for archæology had been severely strained in Egypt, we were compelled in Greece to take fresh interest in ruins. The Acropolis, the most famous of the hills surrounding Athens, came to be a place of absorbing interest to us. On its top and sides are about half the ruins of the ancient city. Remains of temples, theatres, fortifications, gates, grottoes, tombs and arches crowd this hill which was the centre of Greek life in the heroic age. The Parthenon is its crowning glory. After it the Theatre of Dionysus and the Odeon of Atticus, which enrich its sides, filled us with most wonderment and pleasure. I must bear in mind, in thus briefly sketching the Acropolis, that the well-informed reader may consider it presumptuous, and wish to tell me my coal is coming to Newcastle.

Both the theatre and Odeon were homes of the drama, and were in the zenith of their use when Greece was a Roman province. The Odeon was erected during that period, and in color and construction suggested to us the Roman Colosseum. Their amphitheatres were excavated out of the rocky hillside. Fifteen thousand found massive stone seats in the theatre, and nearly half that number could rest in the marble



*Frieze and Part of Stage, Theatre of Bacchus, Athens.*

seats of the Odeon. There is no doubt about this, for you can count the seats in the one and easily trace them in the other. Such were the great theatres to which the ancient Greeks repaired to see the plays of their Sophocles and Euripides and their other dramatists. Yet they claim that they can prove the world has advanced far during these two thousand years.

The Parthenon, erected to the worship of Athena, is called "the most perfect monument of ancient art." It is certainly a delight to the eye. No picture I ever saw does it justice. We spent hours admiring its mellow beauties and perfect proportions; and pondering upon its condition before those fifteen hundred long years, the last of them not so long since, through which it has passed, when Greece was almost an unknown land and it was always night with



her. The story of the Parthenon is replete with vicissitude and charm. It is more than twenty-three hundred years old. For six hundred of them it remained the sanctuary of Athens' patron goddess, and then became a Christian church. Following that, and for several hundred years, it was a Turkish



*Odeon of Atticus Herodes, Athens.*

mosque; and, when in 1687 the Venetians vanquished the Turks, the latter made their last stand against them here on the Acropolis, and the powder which they stored in the Parthenon exploded and the magnificent building suffered tremendously.

A visit to the Acropolis does a person real good. It drives away all thought of mean things and gives an exalted idea of the innate nobility of man and his achievements. The proposition that man is derived

from the monkey receives a severe jar. What though these temples and altars were erected to a heathen goddess long since discarded, it was a reaching after heaven; and the enormous sacrifices necessarily made in their construction and the lines of beauty they established for all later periods, evince monumental patience and an aim that was ideal.

No one is received into the Greek Church except he be given the name of some saint—who then becomes his patron saint. Birthdays as we celebrate them are unknown. Instead there is the annual celebration of the patron saint's day at the church named after the saint to which all, from far and near, who have been given the name religiously repair. I learn that there are hundreds of churches in Greece open only this once a year, except for a few of the high festivals; regular worship being attended by the people at other and what might be termed parish churches. This custom was reason for one other of the sights accorded us while in Athens. On St. George's Day, King George and his family, accompanied by the foreign diplomats, went in state to church. On inquiry we were told it was the King's birthday and being celebrated as usual. It was the festival day of his patron saint, which fixed the date of King George's birthday for Greece—his august mother to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We visited the ruins of the ancient burying-ground where monuments to Pythagoras and others of his time are seen, as also that celebrated sculptured bull, so often copied. But it was at the modern cemetery, out of town, that I first saw grave-lights—little lanterns hung low from the headstones and lighted on those days set apart to the saint for whom the respective de-

parted had been named,—another funeral custom, quite generally observed in both the Greek and Russian churches. When I first saw them it was in the gloaming, and I was the only live person in the cemetery. That I came near to being locked in for the night is of importance to the story, only because the little lights shining at me—will-o'-the-wisp like—through the trees and bushes recalled something I had read years before, stating, as a curious fact, that a phosphorescent light is sometimes seen at night in fat churchyards and crowded cemeteries moving over the place or hovering over the graves. And because new lights were springing into sight and others mysteriously vanishing while I strolled among the bushes and graves until I began to feel creepy—as if found out and being followed. Nothing like a mixture of death, darkness and nerves to produce that peculiar effect upon the hair. I was glad to find the gate. Was out just as the key was being turned and the cemetery locked for the night. Thanks. Of course if those scientists could prove the moving lights are indeed phosphorescent and are not unquiet spirits taking a preliminary look about prior to Judgment Day, there would have been no sense in hurrying to find the gate.

Prince George, the King of Greece's second son, big and breezy, figured prominently in the management of the arena during the games. He was then the Governor of Crete. He it was who when traveling in Japan with the present Czar, then Czarowitz, courageously saved the life of the Czar by disarming the ruffian who made a murderous attack upon him. By the way, later during these journeyings we were at the hotel in Kyoto, Japan, which Prince George had left a few days be-

fore. He must like Japan. In the games the Prince-Governor again proved himself a man of action. Those two unfair walkers whom he intercepted one after the other and put off the course and out of the race, although they were leading, will not require proof of this. As royal families go, I should say Greece has reason to be proud of hers. The Cretans are a turbulent race. Fighting is their normal condition, fighting and beating the Turks their long suit. Even then, under Prince George, who probably was as popular as any ruler could be there, they exhibited much unrest. The Cretans are a taller and handsomer people than the Greeks. In their national costume of top-boots, baggy trousers, Eton jackets, turbans, and knives, they divide with the kilted Albanians in making the streets of Athens gay. They are quarrelsome. The other day four Greeks were stabbed to death just back of the National Theatre in Athens. It did not cause any particular excitement, because such things are more or less frequent. I first heard of it three days thereafter, from one in authority who said it was the work of Cretans. Centuries of Turkish misrule have demoralized this fine people. It will take time before they can gracefully accept any government.

We thoroughly enjoyed Athens. Tea and toast on the terrace of the Akteon at New Phaleron by the sea is quite the thing to do, and it was done. Tea and toast when I was there last was a travesty upon the warlike panorama presented. At anchor in the placid little Bay of Phaleron, directly in front of the hotel, with steam up, were ten monster warships with a full complement of destroyers on the side and Lord Beresford in command—moved up from Malta towards Smyrna

and Constantinople. A naval demonstration against Turkey, which was twisting the lion's tail somewhere in the Sinai Peninsula. An insignificant Arab village just inside the line claimed by Egypt had been occupied by the Turk. It did not cost him much to do it. Up to a certain point he could do it quite safely, but from the looks of things at Phaleron then it was up to him to watch out. The air was sulphurous. The lion was getting into position, and Turkey was nearly due to back down again. It looked as though there was to be a dire sequel to this magnificent accessory to our afternoon tea and toast at the Akteon.

Two visits were made to Parliament House while the deputies were in session. That which impressed me most was the soldiers doing guard duty at the entrance, and the others stationed in the gallery. According to our way of looking at it, they have something yet to learn on the subject of freedom of speech. Their deliberations may some day be suddenly disturbed by a bad copy of Cromwell, appreciative of the power in the military arm.

We made several detours into the country. One, across the Gulf of Salamis and through the Canal of Corinth to Itea and then through miles of olive groves to Delphi, which is at the foot of Mount Parnassus. At Delphi we dipped from the Castalian Spring which furnished purification for the pagan worshippers at the Temple of Apollo. The oracle has been silenced for fifteen hundred years, so that we had deferred our visit too long to secure a line on or rather prediction as to—well, several things we would have liked to know. What a gigantic fraud that Delphic oracle was.

Other little journeys took us to the Convent of

Daphne and to Eleuses; to Nauplia and to prehistoric Mycenæ. If we should attempt to give you the details of all that tasked our imaginations in Greece this sketch-book would grow beyond its plan.

We were invited to a number of receptions, public and private; and, at one of the latter, had pleasant converse with the Crown Prince; all of which added to the social charm and interest of our stay in Greece. Do we need to offer any further proof that the six weeks there were to us most delightful? I think, though, nothing so enchanted me as listening to the nightingales at sunset in the King's gardens, unless it be that illumination of the Parthenon.

## ATHENS TO CONSTANTINOPLE

WE bid good-bye to Greece aboard a Khedival liner as the vessel rounded Point Sunion on the way to Smyrna and Constantinople. I shall not soon forget the unfolding of the peculiar beauty of the island of Chios as I walked the deck at five o'clock the morning following, a few hours before reaching Smyrna, the first man up.

I have taken part in many landings, but nowhere until here at Smyrna did I see the small boatmen nuisance so minimized. Usually it is a free-for-all of them to follow the ship to her anchorage and keep up their clashing and importunities for an hour before any passenger has need of them. At Smyrna the port-warden is a wonder. The waterside gentry there were held at the customs dock as in a leash, not only till the ship anchored, but until after the health authorities had passed her. A whistle was then blown, and instantly as pretty a half-mile race was begun as ever was seen. At least forty boatmen were entered, all struggling to reach the gangway first. I was looking at the city through the port-hole when the curious lull was on and when the strange performance came off; and it took the captain's explanation to set me right about it.

Each of the four natives who rowed us ashore bristled with a sheathed stiletto. The guide told us poignards are very generally carried by the Turkish lower classes in Asia Minor, and it is allowed by law;

but that it is expressly unlawful for any one not a Turk to bear any weapon. I am sorry I did not carry the inquiry further and learn if the injunction applied to Armenians as well as Europeans, and, if so, whether that did not explain their apparently defenceless condition and slaughter at-will ten years ago. Well, we got ashore all right—we paid what they asked.

The Turkish city of Smyrna on the coast of Asia Minor is an exceedingly dirty place, and we heard there that Constantinople was even more so; the correctness of which statement we afterwards verified. A drive about the city for several hours was in order, much of the way through narrow streets lined with miserable dwellings, each and every with its own private sewer system focussing upon an open drain in the middle of the roadway. The effect cannot be politely explained, but it did not heighten our relish for Smyrna raisins or Smyrna anything else. There is not much to interest a traveler here that we heard of except the tomb of the martyr Polycarp, its first Christian bishop, the ancient citadel, and the extensive Roman aqueducts—double arched,—all of which were duly noted. The voyage to Constantinople being resumed, late that night we stopped at the important island of Mitylene, recently made famous by a visiting French fleet as means of compelling Turkey to pay up.

Safe passage was made through the straits of the Dardanelles, which the Greeks significantly called the Hellespont. We took notice of the three or four Turkish warships at the entrance; which, as a fiction of speech, guard it and bar the world's navies. When we left Athens, England's ultimatum had been given, the Turks' time was to expire the day following, and



it looked as if there would be pyrotechnics. There is much of the Quaker in our ideas on war, but it should be confessed that if war still must be, we would have considered ourselves, in the Dardanelles just at this time, as well placed, in the prospect of seeing what war looks like and how it sounds. After viewing the ten monsters with steam up and decks cleared at Piræus, which were to be joined that evening by nine others just then dropping down from Malta—all booked for Turkish territory on business,—and then seeing these three or four Turkish warships at the mouth of the straits and the three others in the Golden Horn, dismantled and only partly paid for—well, it would have been a shame. 'Tis all over—for the present. The Turk is said to have made an outrageous move, but backed down at the very last moment, as usual. If he was not compelled to pay the expense of the demonstration, it will be repeated, of course.

We marked well the place where Byron made his record swim, and could almost see him eagerly breasting the waves and shaking free his curly mane, as if the Maid of Athens beckoned. I concluded, though, that his reputation depends much more upon his verse than upon any very great difficulty there is in swimming that mile and a quarter. Indeed, if it can be told without her knowing it, I saw the younger lady in my own party do as daring a swim in less storied waters on an occasion.

There were about a dozen veiled and hooded Eastern ladies aboard, traveling as a party and unattended, except by four or five very black fellows. All were in the first cabin, so-called, including the blacks. And that was hardly good enough, for part of the upper

deck was screened off for their use so they could sit there unseen. These things and the swagger of the blacks—like cake-walkers off duty—and their good European clothes, made me curious. There is really nothing like a sea voyage for trifling. I asked the chief officer, and was told that the ladies were from the harems of a Turkish Imperial Commissioner stationed in Egypt and of some other Pasha, and that the blacks were eunuchs in attendance. Here was a look-in at a strange phase of life. Wishing to know why servants, who were practically slaves, came to carry first-class tickets and to be expensively dressed, I was told that a eunuch's place is with the women, and that it is customary for rich Turks to dress them well "for the honor of the family." I learned that they are generally taken from the Upper Nile country,—caught young, as it were,—and are considered as slaves, being secretly bought and sold as such. They are useful principally as chaperons and indispensable, for, without one or more, it is not thought respectable or even possible for a woman of a harem to travel. Such responsibility breeds swagger in them. A head eunuch usually puts on more airs and is, for that matter, a more important party than a head waiter—and head eunuchs of some of the Sultans, history affirms, have had more influence than their Grand Viziers. Somehow or other I did not like those fellows. I was aware that one of them sat at the table near us, but I avoided looking at it. Of course we could not say which of the women were the wives, which their female servants, or whether all were simply females, and I say *honi soit qui mal y pense*—or words to that effect. In the course of the conversation the officer told me of some of his

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observations while transporting harems, which included carrying the body of a certain Khedive to Constantinople accompanied by forty-five of the ladies of his immediate family. The annals of that voyage will probably never get into print.

The harems that traveled with us and their dusky keepers were taken off in beautiful steam yachts, which came alongside when we anchored off Constantinople—indicating their financial standing, at least. Thus the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, with their Byron, warships, harems and all, were traversed; and now the domes and minarets of Constantinople are in the foreground.

## CONSTANTINOPLE

As we were but five days in Constantinople, we will not claim overmuch value for our opinions of the place. This, although we kept our eyes open and associated with and took counsel of the wise.

It will be remembered that Constantinople, originally called Byzantium, was founded by the Greeks six centuries before the Christian era. It owes its place in early history more than all else to the fact that the great Christian Emperor Constantine, tiring of Rome, attempted to make of it the capital of the Roman Empire. His successor built a wall about the city, much of which is still standing, and all within its limits is Stambul, sometimes called Istambul. Here are Seraglio Point, the principal mosques, the tombs of the Sultans, the Great Bazaar and the public buildings. Stambul is, in fact, Constantinople proper, and all the rest is suburbs. I believe there are quarters where Greeks and Armenians are allowed to reside, but practically and overwhelmingly it is of the Turks Turkish. Stambul is the heart of Turkey, and, though not proclaimed sacred, as are Mecca and Medina, it is the headquarters of all Islam and, withal, the dirtiest city I ever saw—until I saw Canton.

The Turkish language is a distinctive tongue, but a Turkish literature has yet to be born. In Constantinople the principal languages confronting a traveler are the Turkish, Greek and French. English is rarely

heard, and, if my observation was not misleading, there are few English and even fewer Americans there. Most of the Europeans live in Pera, the other side of the Golden Horn on the Bosphorus.

In no place in the world, except Thibet, is a foreigner made more to feel that he is *l'étranger* than in Turkey. His passport must bear the visé of a Turkish consul, and is demanded at the threshold. To be found without one means deportation or trouble and backsheesh in plenty, as an acquaintance of mine was made to know.

It is now most difficult for a foreigner, unless he is a German, to get even a glimpse of the Sultan; and if he is either English or American the difficulty is multiplied. The Sultan is no more likely to be seen outside the Yildiz Palace grounds than is the Pope outside the Vatican. Since the last attempt upon his life the Sultan, it is said, has not left the boundaries of his palace except on a certain day in Ramazan—the greatest festival in the Mohammedan calendar—when religious custom makes a visit by him to one of the great mosques obligatory. How dominant is their religion. To nothing else, so far as I could learn, is the Sultan beholden. He is the most absolute monarch on earth. There is no parliament, national assembly, or representative body, nor anything approaching one. Consequently there is no such thing in Turkey as public opinion. He accounts to no one. His word is the highest law. Everything and everybody in Turkey are at his disposal, and a naval demonstration or concert of the Great Powers—not an easy thing to obtain—are the only possible checks. What a cinch! He is said to own the Bosphorus steamboats and to be principal

owner of the Galata bridge and to enjoy the lion's share of the tolls paid by the swarms who use that tumble-down affair. On the best authority I learned that the Sultan went to the rescue of the country's empty treasury at the commencement of the last Turco-Greek war and, from his own funds, paid the cost of mobilizing the army. Other potentates may wait on parliaments and they in turn upon the Rothschilds before declaring war, but the Sultan is not so hampered. He is his own parliament and war-chest besides.

Of course we wanted to see the Sultan; but after consultation, using some influence and careful study to that end, we gave it up. We learned that until very recent times he had been in the habit of making state visits to some city mosque every Friday—the Moham-medan Sunday,—but since a native priest, on one of those occasions, tried to murder him while entering the great mosque of Valideh, he has not—except at Ramazan—risked any promiscuous meeting with his people. Instead, he has had a private mosque erected within the palace grounds to which, in order, it is said, to show he is yet alive, as well as to pray, he goes in great state every Friday. This weekly procession from palace to private mosque, called the Selamlik, furnishes now the only opportunity for a foreigner to see the Sultan. And this is no easy matter, for only they can approach the palace gates for whom cards have been issued by the Foreign Minister, upon application made two days in advance by an ambassador, who not only must vouch for but accompany him—unless his first secretary does. All this to obtain the privilege of simply glancing at the Sultan as he rides



*Singing Girl, Constantinople.*





by. In almost any other country such influence would be sufficient to gain a private audience with the monarch.

Not quite daunted, we tried for an admission to a Selamlik. At the American legation we were told it was practically impossible; that, although a number of applications had been made for Americans, but one only had been granted in over a year, and that was in behalf of a certain ex-ambassador at another capital who held strong German influence. It seems that the rule is much relaxed in favor of the German embassy; the Sultan, with some reason, considering the Kaiser his only friend in Europe. Methinks there will be a rude awakening and come a time when the Sultan will be called on to coin this whilom friendship for the wily Kaiser into benefits—and perhaps territory. Of course this difficulty of seeing the Sultan comes from his several narrow escapes and fear of assassination. So, though with most pacific intent and though duly certified as safe and even respectable, we had to forego the satisfaction which a sight of the Sultan would have been to us vagrants. We heard that soon after our leaving Constantinople William Jennings Bryan was accorded admission to a Selamlik. But what of that? A candidate for the greatest place on earth—though, up to this writing, a defeated candidate—is of course granted privileges barred to ordinary mortals, for to let him in was a possible anchor to windward. From a friend living in Constantinople who recently saw the Sultan, we learned that he is thin and wizened, and has a nervous, hunted look. How could he be otherwise, weighted with the responsibilities of his large and interesting family, as well as the everlasting

struggle to be let alone—to keep ahead of his pursuers and live?

The Sultan lives in an atmosphere surcharged with intrigue and suspicion. No one is thoroughly trusted. The breech-blocks are removed from the cannon and the ammunition from the holds of the three warships at anchor in the Golden Horn, because they are within gunshot of the palace. While no voucher goes with this statement, our authority leaves us at least with no right to doubt. One of those ships was built in Italy, and, though delivery was made several years ago, payment is still withheld. The character of the claim is unknown to us, but we were told at our hotel that agents of the constructors had recently camped there for four months while making fruitless efforts to get the pay. But the fact that these new vessels are, for such apparently dismal reason, rendered useless and that the bill for one is yet unpaid, did not prevent their being beautifully and expensively illuminated on the anniversary of the coronation, a picture of which we saw.

There are no public telephones in Constantinople—a city of eight hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants,—and it is against the law to bring in any book or newspaper without first submitting it to official inspection. This gives the government a most effective weapon against hostile foreign opinion, and furnishes also a wide-open opportunity to the customs inspectors to graft upon travelers. Judging from my own experience, it is necessary to pay something on the side to avoid the delay attending the holding of baggage while a thorough inspection of guide-book and papers is made, which is their right and duty, in

a hunt for printed mention of anything against the Sultan or against Turkey and (such as it is) the peace and quiet thereof. So far as I learned, everybody, as matter of course, when either going into or coming away from Turkey contributes to this conscience fund. I did not hear what happens to newspapers mailed in a foreign country for delivery there, but noticed that each of the principal countries has its own post-office for the use of its subjects in the sending of their mail-matter from Constantinople. So far as I know, this arrangement is unique in Europe. In some of the Chinese treaty ports, I believe, I also saw it. There must be an interesting item or two hinging upon the establishment of those foreign post-offices in Constantinople, of which I am sorry to be ignorant.

We spent an afternoon at Scutari, a suburb on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and there saw the howling dervishes swaying and kissing hands—and heard them howl. They used themselves up, as also us fools who paid. I could not make up my mind whether it was all the bad effects of the coin or, partly, a genuine religious exaltation. They impressed me unpleasantly, as did their whirling brethren of Cairo. But Scutari had some welcome things for us, for we saw the hospital where white-winged Florence Nightingale won her undying fame tending the sick and wounded of the Crimean War. Taking charge when the place, from shameful inefficiency, had become a charnel-house—a mere gateway to the burial trenches in the field adjoining,—she and the large company of patriotic and devoted women whom she led, purified the place and nursed many of the wounded and fever-stricken English and French back to health, who otherwise were

doomed. The record of their achievements and self-sacrifice makes up one of the brightest pages in history. It is now a Turkish military hospital; and the field that adjoined, where so conveniently were the burial trenches, is now the British cemetery, one of the best kept plots in or about Constantinople.

There are thousands of homeless dogs on the streets of Constantinople. It has been so for centuries. They are everywhere. I have counted thirty, seen at a glance, and believe a careful look around from any point at any time would disclose at least a dozen. You are continually stumbling over or stepping over or going around them, for they seldom pay sufficient attention to you to get out of the way. They let you alone; are not vicious. That is the best that can be said of them, except that they stand for the almost complete lack of sewers and do at least half of the city scavenging. Muck and garbage are their delight, and what they do not eat I could not find out. The dogs of Constantinople are therefore an institution. No one thinks of molesting them. They have the right of way; and one of the commonest street sights is two to five of those disgusting creatures stretched in sleep together against the houses or in the middle of the very narrow walkways—busy corners preferred.

A curious fact about the Constantinople dog—and it is common information there—is that it never wanders from the immediate neighborhood in which it was raised. They live their whole lives in families or bands of, say thirty, in their own particular districts—the utmost bounds of which would be about three hundred feet of roadway. It is when a dog strays to the edge of his beat, or off it, that the scrimmages which fill the



*Street Merchant and the Dogs, Constantinople.*



nights with yelping occur. It seems to be usual for householders to throw their refuse into the streets after dark—making of night the dogs' busy season. This not only accounts for the nocturnal barking, but also for the sleeping-sickness which seems to affect them during the day, when they are generally either asleep or lying down, or acting as if just going to do the one or the other. The fact that generations of them have lived whole lives in such narrow districts and fed so vilely has taken about all the joyous life and ranging qualities out of them. Constantinople dogs look remarkably alike—like no particular kind of dog because, naturally enough, they look like every dog—a composite. Mangy, sad, and degenerate mongrels. I believe that were a man to stay a season in Constantinople it would be a long while before he could possibly recover his old-time love for a well-bred dog.

A Friday afternoon in spring or fall on the Sweet Waters of Europe is always a sight—like unto the Thames at Richmond on a holiday. We enjoyed one such. Sweet Waters of Europe is the florid name given a dainty little river which winds into the Golden Horn, about four miles from Seraglio Point. We were rowed there in a caique, and we had with us a perfectly delightful little native Hebrew girl as guide. For several miles it was alive with boating parties, and both banks were also more or less crowded with holiday-makers. Many Turkish women were there, and the best possible opportunity was given us strangers to see and judge them. They kept entirely apart from the men. Neither seemed to have the faintest idea of the presence of the others. The veil was worn by the high caste, but carelessly, and some of them looked

on from the recesses of their close carriages; but the display of female features was greater than we had yet seen in any of the Oriental countries. Even in Turkey, where I believe the rule is less rigid than elsewhere, a woman of caste is seldom seen on the streets, and then only when closely veiled. But on the Sweet Waters the custom is relaxed, with the result that we took a respectful part in the discovery of a number of pretty faces.

There are very many mosques in Constantinople, and at least half a dozen of them are really prodigious. Our guide showed us through several. The Mosque of St. Sophia, it will be recalled, is inventoried by many old writers with the "wonders of the world." It is certainly wonderful in its size, but, apart from the Emperor's door and its many and varied columns—some of which were piously purloined by the early Christian builders from the heathen temples at Delphi, Ephesus and Baalbek,—it seemed to us pretty full of emptiness. The whole thing inside and out looks as if in need of a grand wash, and the neighborhood as well. We were not greatly impressed with St. Sophia. Perhaps it was too well heralded. I hope we have not become *blasé*. We read that the original structure was built by Constantine about 326 A.D.; that it was burned out twice and once rebuilt before Justinian, who again rebuilt and greatly enlarged it; that for more than a thousand years it was a Christian church, and much gold and many precious stones embellished the interior, which we may suppose was truly gorgeous; that in 1459 A.D. the city was taken by the Turks, who added the minarets to the church and have ever since used it as a mosque. The Turkish minaret



is a distinctively thin, tall tower, and from one to four of them are attached to every mosque. They have landings, like those on the battle-masts of warships, from which, at stated times every day, the priests call the faithful below to prayer. This struck me as a rather beautiful custom, and one calculated to be effective. How would it do for our clergymen to get up into their towers and in sonorous voice make announcement, more or less personal, to all passing that now is the accepted time and that a few more seats are left—if there were any left? It would supplement the ringing of the church bell and be right in line with the scriptural injunction to “go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.” Why not?

The teachings of the Koran are the Turks' *vade mecum*. Their laws are all founded upon it, and also most of their customs. It counsels them to be at home after dark, therefore—think of it—there are no street lamps in Stambul except at a very few places, for police purposes only. And, ostensibly for the same reason and by edict of the Sultan as well, a Turk is not allowed on the Bosphorus at night, and would be warned or arrested if then found there. So in the name of religion, forsooth, the most populous and important of the three cities which make up Constantinople is at night left in outer darkness, and the half-million Turks there are left to grope in gloom; and, for the same reason, there can be no boating after sundown for any of them. From the windows of the hotel at Pera, which overlooked congested Stambul across the Golden Horn, I noticed the nightly obscuration, and wondered at it before I became aware of the reason. I think that that

Koranic precept is overworked. It may have been useful in the patriarchal days of the Prophet, and may still tend towards order and sobriety, but it sounds archaic to our western ears. I take the liberty of suspecting that the precept is enforced in these days more for political than religious reasons; for the practical effect is to prevent assembly and, therefore, possible uprisings and nasty surprises. Autocracy must go to such extremes to exist.

From a Turkish ex-official, one who though not a Turk was for ten years high in the Sultan's service, I learned that government spies are everywhere; and of the edict which forbids two Turks to converse together in any street, café or public place, except in the hearing of at least one other. The idea being to kill conspiracy in the hatching, and the theory that, if there be a third, one at least would be suspected of spying and thus restrain the other two. Between the dark streets, the forbidden Bosphorus and this crushing blow at freedom of speech, we can see how the Turks are terrorized into a semblance of loyalty.

The four hours of steamboating on the Bosphorus which we did was thoroughly enjoyed. You, of course, know it is the strait beginning at Constantinople, eighteen miles long and half to one and one-half miles wide, which connects the Marmora and Black seas and divides Europe from Asia. I think it the most beautiful and interesting stretch of waterway of its size I ever saw; more so than lower Long Island Sound or even than the Iron Gates of the Danube—though not as grand as the latter. The scenery presented by both its shores is diversified, soft, and lovely. In some parts they are lined and at others dotted with the pal-

aces and parks of the Sultan and his relatives, the Egyptian Princes and the Pashas; and with the gardens and summer residences of the ambassadors and the rich. These, with two or three fine hotels, several mosques, kiosks and ruined castles, make of the Bosphorus a succession of pictures. The Sultan's magnifi-



*Dolma Bagtche, Palace of Sultan on Bosphorus.*

cent marble palace at the water's edge, which for some reason or other—ghosts, gun-range or something else—is seldom occupied, quite filled my eye. The fine lattice screening the windows for about three hundred feet indicates the royal harem—and the size of it. In front the imperial yachts find anchorage.

About midway of the Bosphorus, and on both sides, are ruins of ancient Turkish castles where many gallant Sons of the Cross were immured in the Crusader

days. And nearby, is where authentic history records the crossing of the devastating hosts of Darius into Europe. The Bosphorus is full of charm and story. Indeed, after seeing it, Constantinople went up several points. Considered with the Bosphorus it takes on a different tone. I heard of some other pretty suburbs across the harbor at Brusa, where Europeans also have homes. But taken altogether—dogs, dirt, smells, darkness, and all—I think Constantinople the slum of Europe. If it were not for the steep hillsides and consequent natural drainage, the dogs would not save it—plagues would wipe it out.

## CONSTANTINOPLE TO CONSTANZA AND ORSOVA

ALTHOUGH we carried no contraband goods and only good intentions, it was necessary, as was said, to bribe our way through the Turkish custom houses; not only when we came to Constantinople, but also when we left the place. There came a sense of relief when cleared and away from Turkish rule.

Our way through the Bosphorus and Black Sea to Constanza, the Roumanian seaport, a matter of eighteen hours, was made most comfortably on the "Roumania," a fine new ship fitted with wireless telegraphy, electric fans and every convenience. We were fortunate also in meeting the American minister to Roumania aboard, and in having him to dinner. The way was made clearer and the points of interest *en route* more interesting to us with his help. A perfect spring day for the voyage and every minute of it enjoyed.

We could not stay long in Roumania. One day only at Bucharest, the capital, had to satisfy. It is a well-planned modern city of about three hundred thousand, much spread out, and very heavily fortified—but without any important monuments. All the best hotels were full on account of a week's jubilee, just beginning, commemorative of King Charles' forty years reign. The accommodations obtainable were so unsatisfactory that we decided to move on. A drive through the city out to the people's pleasure grounds and also to the race-

track, was on the programme. At the first we saw crowds of the country folk in their fanciest peasant costumes—many of them works of art that made us envious. At the races the so-called better classes were seen, but they did not furnish so much action or color. It was they who appeared commonplace.

In the afternoon while sitting in the park chatting with a native lady, we had the pleasure of seeing Carmen Sylva, the beautiful and highly-accomplished Queen of Roumania who lives so in the hearts of her people. She was on her way to the Opera House, where there was to be a gala performance. She is poet, musician, artist, and philanthropist; and has not only elaborately decorated the Evangelical church at Bucharest with her own hands, but her cleverness and saintly character have (this case calls for some soaring) ornamented her sex and decorated her time. That she is Queen by divine right no one in Roumania will question.

In the early evening we were ready to continue our journeying, and would have done so if it had not been for the trickery of the head porter at the station, who told us our luggage had not followed from Constanza. We were made sure later by a dozen indications that it had—our trunks, which in fact arrived by the train ahead of us, being kept out of sight in order that he might make a play at sending telegrams and procuring a special late-at-night customs examination with a phantom carriage to the inspector and much obligation all around. At first we were anxious, and finally incensed. But with the trunks out of sight somewhere and ourselves entirely in the hands of the grafter, there was nothing for us to do but agree; wait while

the play proceeded, and then go down into our clothes and pay up. We were allowed to regain our property about midnight, and were off by the last train. We were not the only victims, for a French lady and her goods were treated in precisely the same fashion, and they had to listen to some incisive comments from her. She lost her temper as well. The delay caused us to be a day late at Orsova, and to be compelled to wait at that little Hungarian town two days for the next boat up the Danube.

Our acquaintance with Roumania was not much more than a car-window acquaintance, but we went the whole length of the country by daylight, and kept it in sight all the way. Roumania, we read, has a language and literature of its own, and its people are said to be descendants of a Roman colony. Hence the name. They are evidently a Latin race, not at all Oriental, though very dark. The men dress like Russians, which many very likely are, especially among those living near the Black Sea. Great wheat fields stretched away for miles to the horizon, and there are magnificent meadows with many great herds of horses and cattle. My people, who had looked askance at the milk and the fresh butter of Egypt and Greece, where cows are so few and goats so numerous, could now enjoy a glass of milk and feel pretty sure of what they were getting. Roumania's soil is evidently very rich, and, so far as we saw, either grass, grain or wood is there everywhere with scarcely an acre that is not yielding. The chief exports are grain and wood—a pastoral country, which we are taught in some schools of economics makes for poverty. The country people did seem to us very sad-eyed and poor. Many live in queer turf-

topped hovels half buried in the landscape, the floors several feet below the surface; and about as many women as men are seen in the fields swinging the heavy mattocks and breaking the heavy sod. The country traversed by the railroad, except for the last fifty miles, is almost absolutely flat—more nearly so than any I ever saw,—and the absence of fences and the immense stretches of wheat and pasture are reasons for the many archaic-looking herdsmen; and indicated, as we thought, that the land is held by the few.

Roumania has recently been found to be rich in oil, and bids fair to become one of the richest oil-fields in the world. The wells and refineries belong to the government, which is building a pipe-line from the Carpathians to Constanza on the Black Sea. The industry is as yet in its infancy. The Standard Oil Company has been trying to buy the land and pipe-line from the government, and one of its magnates, stopping at the same hotel in Bucharest where we went, had been engaged in the effort for several months. The question whether the country shall grant a monopoly to the Standard, or not, has got into politics and been the cause of fierce party warfare, for—somehow or other—a quasi-political party has been formed whose shibboleth may be said to be “Let the Standard In.” How very strange! Up to the present writing the company’s negotiations have failed and the matter would seem to be dropped, but those who know the Standard Oil Company have no doubt it is still at it. I learned most of these facts from a high Roumanian official, whose good company we enjoyed for several days, later in our travels. As the matter seems to have resolved itself into a trial of strength between the Roumanian gov-



ernment and the Standard Oil Company, the Roumanian government might better watch out.

At the little town of Orsova on the Danube—in the corner formed by Servia, Roumania and Hungary—we rested for two days waiting for the boat which took us to Belgrade and Budapest. It is a place where English, and even French, is seldom heard. We depended principally on sign language and had trouble enough—often retreating in confusion. All the way from Constantinople to Budapest this dearth of English was constantly exhibited. The notices to passengers on ship, river and rail, and other public notices, were repeated in three or four or even five languages, but none that we saw were either in English or French. Since leaving Athens we have been off the tourists' beaten track. There are few places where English is so seldom heard as in the Levant and the Balkans.

## ON THE DANUBE

THE "Beautiful Blue Danube" is all very well in song and waltz, and the Black Sea has probably been the scene of many dark deeds, but as studies in color both have been misnamed. When we were on them the Danube was turgid as the Nile, and the Black Sea was blue enough to pass unnoticed.

We spent three happy days in our little steamboat on the Danube, making the passage from Orsova to Budapest and stopping at Belgrade, the capital of Servia. There is every variety of scenery, and the first seventy miles are wonderfully beautiful. It is there where are the famed Iron Gates, and you have our word for it they are a sight to see. The Danube narrows and its course simply marks the passes between high and very steep mountains, somewhat like the Hudson at West Point, only in every way emphasized, and much more of it. The turns in the Danube there are so many and sudden we kept wondering the way out; our tiny steamboat most of the time being as if in some little lake with the sheer and steps on every hand—a reminder also of the Lake of the Three Cantons. To complete the picture in every way there came up two of their celebrated thunderstorms in succession, both particularly violent, but soon over. It did our souls good to listen to the reverberation among those mountains, sounding at times like whisperings of the gods and at others like the crack of doom. By

all means speak for a thunderstorm when passing the Iron Gates.

Nature has been lavish there, but she does not supply all the interesting sights seen on the Danube. We watched the many curious little grist-mills floating in mid-river, their undershot wheels turning with the current, and considered how cheap and sure is their power supply, and what oceans of it go to waste where tides rise or currents flow—with steam coal at four dollars the ton. We saw the mouths of a few coal-mines, and listened the while to a fellow-passenger, a promoter, tell of enormous mineral fields yet undeveloped in this part of the world. We saw also the old Roman military road which was finished by the Huns and is still in good condition, much of it cut through solid rock—parts of it hanging to the steeps in almost impossible fashion,—as also the picturesque ruins of several great Roman towers and citadels.

We had Servia on the left bank and Hungary on the right all the way to Belgrade, for the Danube divides those countries. Much of the territory we traversed is very thinly populated, wild and heavily wooded. I heard of the many bears and wolves in those thickets and dark ravines, and that much damage is done by them, and that every year numbers of herdsmen and others lose their lives to them, especially during hard winters. We were much pleased with our three days on the Danube. The captain and officers became our pupils in elementary English, and at least one acquaintance made will, we hope, be lasting.

## BUDAPEST

WE left the staunch little steamboat between the bridges at Budapest, and, even at the landing-stage, realized that we had arrived at a singularly beautiful city; for there were the ancient citadel and magnificent royal palace on the heights of Buda, on the one side, and the great Parliament House—so much like that in London—and a broad esplanade backed by fine hotels, on the other. We tried to recall everything we ever knew or read about Hungary from gypsies to goulash, and found it was very little; so, with the zest coming from the three days of complete rest on the boat, we set about looking up Budapest, its capital city.

There is no greater contrast among the capitals of Europe than that between Budapest and Constantinople; and to come to Budapest so soon after leaving Constantinople heightened that contrast for us. The one is as clean as the other is dirty. A drive of several hours convinced us here was the most beautiful city we had ever seen, and our stay for a week only strengthened the opinion. Budapest is essentially a modern city, and all the public buildings and many of the private buildings are rich in architecture and decoration. If there is any criticism any one could make (we do not), it is that decoration is laid on too thickly and architecture has run wild. But all will agree that the decoration and architecture employed are generally superb examples.

The ancient citadel, high on the hill at Buda, easily



*Royal Palace on the Danube, Budapest.*

commands the city, and its capture by the Austrians, in 1848, led at once to the capitulation of the city; and, eventually, to the subjugation of all Hungary. With the exception of it and a few minor antiquities, the city is distinctly new. Many of the streets are broad, and some magnificently so. The royal castle is its shining glory. It is beautiful in the extreme, and, like that at Edinburgh, rests on a height and sheds its beauty upon the whole city. It is an immense pile, said to have nearly nine hundred rooms and to have cost ten million dollars. They probably have their money's worth, for it reflects dignity and character on their city; and common honesty in office seems to be the rule in Europe, outside of Russia. The State House at Albany, where I once served a term as a legislator, was built by politicians and, though neither in beauty nor size is it at all comparable with the castle at Buda, its cost was two and a half times as much. The com-

paratively insignificant County Court House, in New York City, built by the notorious Tweed, cost that city considerably more than did this great castle—and rate of wages does not account for the enormous disparity.

The streets of Budapest are surprisingly clean, and Vienna in the same respect is entitled to almost equal credit. The secret, if I fathomed it, is good pavement and then plenty of water. Colonel Waring taught us a lot about street-cleaning, but there must be much else to learn of it, for New York City, even in his time, never could be compared with Budapest of to-day. Once every day the asphalt there is flushed and then scraped with rubber-shod "squeegees," just as show-windows are with us. And all during the day cleaners with birch brooms are on the alert. Those birch brooms of theirs do far better and quicker work than the big push-shovels used in America. Paper is not carelessly scattered about as with us—it must be against their law. Nothing litters like paper. In all the parks and the main streets of the Austrian and Hungarian cities visited by us, were imitation tree trunks about four feet high, of sheet iron and painted so as to be hardly distinguishable among the trees or bushes, which are receptacles for litter and continual reminders of orderliness. As a consequence of all this care, they rejoice in those remarkably clean streets. It is a matter of fact that in Budapest I twiddled a piece of paper the size of a car ticket for quite a while before disposing of it satisfactorily, and I am not credited with being particular. I heard some one say she could not eat cherries in Budapest without a conscientious quahn coming over her every time she threw away a pit. Go there, and say then if this be ridiculous.

I do not like to use superlatives, but how else is Margareten Island to be mentioned at all? It is in the Danube, between Buda and Pesth, of size, shape and situation very like Blackwell's Island in the East River, at New York. But oh! how lovely it is. New Yorkers know Glen Island, and it is said comparisons are generally out of order, but I am sure that those who have seen both will not differ with me when I say that Margareten Island in the Danube is beautiful beyond compare. Its soft stretches of finished landscape, as good as the best in England; its vistas of great forest trees; its natural beauty of outline and diversity of view; the two bands of music; the flowers and birds; the famous sulphur spring flowing over the precipice; and then on both sides the swift Danube with its steep green slopes, furnish just the right setting. These things in conjunction give beauty and interest in plenty to the view, wherever you turn. To be there almost alone in early morning in spring is to be in a garden of dainty delight—a garden of Eden. I know that here I shall be charged with lack of moderation in statement, which I prize, but not by those who have been to Margareten Island. It is the private property of a Prince, and has been developed and is maintained by him at great cost. He has turned it over, as it were, to the people of Budapest, who can visit it for a shilling. It is the result of individual ownership, means unlimited, a wish to surpass and superb taste. I wish all the people of New York could see it. How quickly would they raze those prisons and pest-houses of Blackwell's Island and follow suit.

The population of Hungary is over twenty millions. The relations between it and Austria are very strained.

A few months ago they appeared to be nearing the breaking point; and, while good old Emperor-King Francis Joseph by his concessions and popularity has avoided the worst, there did not seem much doubt in the minds of those I heard express themselves there that the evil day is only postponed, not averted. The Magyars—true descendants of the Huns—are a fiery, sturdy race, distinct in language, art, music, and literature as they are in origin; and there are ten millions of them there. The fortunes of 1849 yoked them with Austria. Francis Joseph compels their respect, and many are the special privileges they enjoy—but the Magyars yearn for complete independence. I have an idea that about all Austria gets from the Triple Alliance is the strong moral support it gives to the Hungarian *status quo*. In other words, Hungary cannot expect to force complete independence while facing Austria's armaments and Germany's and Italy's frowns—or worse—as well. The European equilibrium is the bundle of eels which every Power fears to disturb, excepting only when it feels strong enough to do so for itself. But we may remember the carving of the map which followed the Russo-Turkish War, and history does sometimes repeat itself. The present Hungarian ministry is a coalition ministry, in itself a pregnant fact, for the Independent party has never before been recognized by the King in the formation of ministries. He has found that the business of the country cannot be carried on without its co-operation.

While we were in Budapest there was hot contention between the two countries over tariffs, and also about the question whether the German or Hungarian language be employed for words of command in the Hun-



garian regiments. Another burning question, and one other of Hungary's grievances, is that the King so very seldom resides among them. When we were there he had not occupied the great castle at Budapest,—or been in that city at all,—but once in the previous eighteen months, and then for three days only, when he was there to open the Hungarian Parliament, the week before we arrived. The impression was given me he was afraid of venturing while politics were so acute. What if he should be detained there pending results of an uprising? The Hungarians object to being ruled at all from a distance or treated longer as a conquered province. It is an unhappy situation.

When we were there the King had just left Budapest with the Austrian Premier after opening the Hungarian parliament (as was said), and on the heels of several highly-important conferences with Doctor



*Parliament House, Budapest.*

Weckerle, the Hungarian Premier. They were, it seems, unable to reach an accommodation; clashed, and the Austrian Premier had resigned. On the day following this crisis, from the diplomatic gallery in the Parliament House and with highly-competent company at our elbows, we listened to a speech by Doctor Weckerle—his statement of the situation and the ministry's attitude. It was delivered before a full house, about every deputy being in his seat, and with galleries packed. Many fine ladies were present. He sounded and acted as if making a great speech, and the intense interest and frequent cheers went to prove it. He is an orator. An official, in whose company we were, told me it was in purest and loftiest Hungarian; but it might just as well have been in purest Choctaw—so little were our understandings pierced. The statement seemed to be eminently satisfactory to most of his hearers; but I noticed that Kossuth—son of the Agitator and leader of the Independence party—remained passive. Although in the ministry himself, it was expected he would answer the Premier the next day and declare for a more radical programme. Count Apponji, another Independent in the ministry and accounted Hungary's greatest statesman and orator, the most popular man in public life there, was taking notes, and was also expected to be heard in reply. This open discordance in the ministry, alone, showed how very acute was the situation. The internal political troubles of the dual monarchy are certainly waxing warm. Two weeks later, at a monster mass-meeting before the City Hall in Vienna, where at least twenty thousand were gathered, I saw that same Kossuth hung in effigy with many approving cheers. The meeting was called to

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protest against Hungary's stand and against further concessions. Is it to be another "irrepressible conflict"? We were very much pleased to see and hear the Premier on that interesting occasion. But does not oratory get much more than its due? I am willing to wager that it was his powers in that department, coupled with some sterling qualities, that made him Premier. I am almost ready to accept a friend's estimation of eloquence. He was a hard-headed scientist. Being asked if he had heard Talmage, he replied he had not; that as a matter of self-defence he never went to hear men noted for their eloquence, because, it seemed to him, their effort was to take an unfair advantage of him. He had some foundation for his attitude. Every lawyer knows that eloquence, even in the statement of facts, often perplexes courts and very often sways juries. If eloquence were possible only in a good cause it would be an art divine; but it lends itself to any cause and is, therefore, as dangerous as it is rare.

## VIENNA

WE went from Budapest to Vienna, and stopped there nearly a month. It is not the present purpose to try the reader's patience with lengthy descriptions of a place so well known. But do not get restless or hurry the expedition. We will get to India and on the Pacific before very long. You know we are marking time just here—waiting for the season when India can be crossed by white man. This European digression was a matter of necessity with us, and the reader can take it as thrown in for good measure. He was promised a journey around the world, and not all over the world.

I once heard a witty fellow, seeing the words *tempus fugit* painted across the face of a church clock, express his entire satisfaction thereat, saying, "Let her fuge." I don't say so. The flight of years is to me a chastening and rather melancholy procession.

Some happenings in and impressions of Vienna, and a few general statements, may be acceptable.

Vienna is the seventh largest city of the world, and another very beautiful one—an imperial city of one million eight hundred thousand. The dominant tone is that of completion. Things seem to be done, and the feeling comes over you that they have been well done. Neighborhoods are settled and harmonious, and there are hardly any public works under way. A sort of municipal repose. So much is broad, clean, quiet, and magnificent. The razing of the fortifications, which

were all around the old city,—done about fifty years ago,—gave to Vienna a splendid opportunity, which it seized. It furnished space just where it was wanted; and a broad road or parkway called the Ringstrasse, as fine as anything of the kind, has been built there; and the Opera House, Royal Theatre, Parliament House, City Hall, Palace of Justice, University, Museums and other great new buildings have been massed there. Before those fortifications were demolished, I can suppose Vienna was uninteresting as a spectacle, but now it compares with Paris, and I think surpasses it. We liked the Viennese as a people. All agreed that they were the best-looking, happiest-seeming people we knew of, and there is much elegance of dress and manner among them.

We saw Emperor Francis Joseph several times. He is about the highest-priced and best-housed monarch in the world, and his popularity with his people is firmly established. He is credited with unusual political sagacity, and the value of his personal and patriarchal influence with the leaders of the warring factions of Austria and Hungary cannot be overestimated. My people saw the Emperor when he rode with Kaiser William, of Germany, into the palace ground at Schönbrunn on the latter's visit there at the time of the now famous "Triple Alliance Telegrams" exchanged with the King of Italy. They were surprised at the entire absence of cheers from the two hundred and fifty there assembled. It was at Schönbrunn where Napoleon spent much time and where his son, the King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt, died. We thought the trimming and training of the forest trees in the park there, to accommodate and set off the statuary and to

form walks, angles and archways, was a curious and interesting study in arboriculture.

The annual review of the Vienna garrison is always an imposing spectacle. We received cards to the enclosure, and saw the Emperor ride down the long lines, as he probably had many times before. He rode alone, the cynosure of all eyes, far in advance of the most brilliant body-guard and escort of foreign military attachés imaginable—who clanked along at a most respectful distance behind. It does seem to me that everything possible is done in these monarchical countries to set off the sovereign. In the feudal days, and in the long ago, with such human cyclones as Darius, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, or, later, with Napoleon, there was unreasoning ground for it. But with these immensely paid sons of kingly sires born to the purple—whether or no—it is, to a serious mind, too forced and artificial to pass unnoticed. It is overdone. A monarch must now prove himself like any other mortal, and it can be said that some of them in actual services rendered do size up to their exalted station. The Austrian Emperor has earned a most enviable reputation, but so did Peter Cooper and George Peabody, and so also has Thomas Edison. The Emperor is not known to be a great general, and for him, dressed as a field-marshal, to ride down a long line of drilled and accomplished soldiers in such magnificent isolation, as if their creator, is hollow and well-nigh ridiculous.

The monarchical system would make of the accidental sovereign a kind of demigod upon such occasions—probably very thrilling to tuft-hunters and children.

That body-guard and those foreign military attachés were the showiest ever brought together. Every civ-

ilized nation was represented, and for variety and costliness of attire they were the limit. Their color, lace and gorgeous millinery made your eyes swim—as was intended. If any body of women were ever as gorgeously clothed upon as they, I never saw them. Let nothing more be said about women as the vainer or weaker sex—clothes, more clothes, Sartor Resartus.

In Vienna we were indebted to the American Ambassador for courtesies very graciously extended. Of course the Volksgarten band concerts claimed us. We were at the Opera House twice—that is to say, an evening of ballet, said to be the best in Europe, and listened again to “Carmen.” The young lady who played the title-rôle had had, I figured, at least half a bottle too many; but perhaps the continental “Carmen” requires more. Her performance was certainly more spirited than spiritual; and her costume, to be quite polite, was also highly emotional.

I attended two monster mass-meetings in front of the City Hall. At one they hung Kossuth in effigy (as was said), and then, fired by the vehemence of the speakers, went a distance and smashed the windows of a building where a high Hungarian delegation to the Austrian ministry was in session. The other was a meeting of Socialists demanding freer suffrage. They carried red flags without any police interference. It will be seen there is political unrest in Austria.

It is an old saying that “a shoemaker always goes back to his last.” So is it natural for a lawyer, no matter where he is, to haunt the court-houses. I witnessed a trial in the Palace of Justice, at Vienna, and was impressed with the evident learning and ability of the court. Their judges wear caps as well as gowns, a sort

of skull-cap. I liked it better than the cumbrous English wig, but, according to my idea, dignity is not enhanced by either, and the "dome of thought," whether bald or well thatched, might better be left exposed. Lawyers in Austria are called doctors in familiar conversation, and are so addressed formally or informally.

We were dazzled by a sight of the Austrian crown jewels at the treasury of the palace. The diamonds and other precious stones there make up a great display of concentrated wealth. The gorgeous imperial regalia was there also. I was surprised, though, how few are the relics of Charlemagne. In fact, there is hardly any about which there is not doubt. With the crown jewels, but in a separate case, are shown—so say the labels—a nail from the Cross and also a piece of the Cross. Not only credulity receives a severe strain, but the sense of propriety also. It seemed rank sacrilege that such things, if genuine, should be shown with crown jewels and other offerings to vanity as part of a private collection. If genuine, they could well become the central motive around which should be raised the greatest temple of the Christian world. But they are not authenticated, and their value, if they ever had any, is utterly destroyed, the impropriety alone remaining. A tooth alleged to have come from out the jaw of John the Baptist is also there. It is mentioned here without comment. Not even "Suppose it did?" shall be asked.

I was in Vienna during the Corpus Christi festival, a day made very much of there. At early seven o'clock the Emperor and royal family were expected to walk from the palace to St. Stephen's, where religious ceremonies peculiar to the day were to be held; and a procession of prelates and soldiery was to accompany



them on their way back. In some respects it corresponds with the annual Ramazan procession at Constantinople, when the Sultan goes in state to say his prayers at St. Sophia, or some other Stambul mosque, except that the Sultan drives there. Royalty on horseback or drawn by six horses is the thing, but royalty afoot is an unusual sight—is so human—and of course Corpus Christi in Vienna always draws a big crowd. In company with a German friend I was out early, and might have been seen craning my neck trying to look through or over the many who had come even earlier, watching for the imperial exit at the palace gates. The whole route was packed with people held back by regiments of soldiers; the windows were full, as were also the stands erected for the purpose. All were intent upon seeing the Emperor, afoot. That, so far as I heard, was the central thought, and I certainly would not intentionally belittle the religious significance of the day. As a show it proved a complete failure. There was no procession and the Emperor did not go afoot; but, instead, drove rapidly to the church and about an hour afterwards back again, both times in a solid-front close carriage. Before the waiting crowd knew it he had flashed by, and, as he was so hidden in the recesses and shadow, they could do little more than guess who it was. It was a great disappointment to the many who had stood for hours packed like sardines, struggling to keep their places; and numerous murmurs were heard. It seems the Emperor called the procession off at four o'clock that morning, as, at that hour, rain threatened. But the fact is, it did not rain a drop until after the return to the palace. It may have been good judgment to call the procession off, but

what about the hurrying by in the solid-front close carriage? What a way to treat loyal subjects crowding to see their sovereign! Why, at the very least, was not an open carriage chosen? In some quarters there is such a thing as *lèse majesté*, but this looked to me much like *lèse populace*.

## CARLSBAD

AFTER Vienna it was Carlsbad, which is an exceedingly interesting place. A charming little German town nestling in a deep ravine in the mountains of Bohemia about mineral springs to which sixty thousand people annually resort. Most of them are ill, in need of repairs, and look to the waters for relief; and from all accounts frequently find it. They say when a family physician anywhere in Europe finds his patient with kidney or liver trouble getting out of hand, that is to say, dissatisfied with the results of his medical treatment, he sends him to one of the watering-places, usually Carlsbad, if he (the patient, of course) has the price. It is the most famous health resort in the world. Water, heat and fresh air are Nature's simple remedies.

The average tourist or quick-tripper does not make Carlsbad. It is not a capital equipped with a royal family always astir; and the kind of monuments and shows he looks for are not found there. But we had the time to spare, and no place in early summer is lovelier than Carlsbad, nor is there anywhere a better field for the study of human nature. To sit in one of its beautiful spring-houses and watch the crowd is a privilege. I was struck with the number of fat people to be seen there. At least three-fourths were easily overweight, many were very fat and some were waddling triple-chinners who looked like the barrels they

had drained. Really, Carlsbad is headquarters for the flabby. They have graduated from the beer halls of Munich and *table d'hôtes* of the "grand" hotels. And the beefsteak clubs did them no good. At what terrible disadvantage they would be on a crowded beach in bathing-suits and a high wind. Perish the thought! There was also a good sprinkling of the less bulky brotherhood with blotched faces and noses, telling how steeped in alcohol were they; regular two-bottle-men, rubicund old rounders. The triple-chinners and the rounders—poor fellows—had had their good times and now, as sinners doing penance, they were meekly taking the cure—a six weeks' job—including the "Carlsbad diet" (which is pretty short commons) and their physicians' advice as to the particular spring, number of baths and glasses, and "when." Weighing, measuring and testing themselves will occupy them meanwhile, as matter of course. Yes, thin people were there also. Stiff with gout and the other such ailments which do not run to waist measure; but the sylphs in Carlsbad are in a hopeless minority. I dare say, many *bon vivants* are among them and that many of them are well worth saving.

At the hotel I found myself rooming between a lady who "in the stilly night" (but not "oft") broke into sighs and groans as if in much pain of body or mind. Her room was on one side of me. On the other was quartered a big party, weighing close to three hundred, who talked to himself. I thought this more of Carlsbad's high society than my ticket called for, so I changed my room.

While strolling about among the heavy-weights at Carlsbad I once caught myself thinking—thinking on

whether or not obesity was catching. My conclusions, such as they were, need not be stated, for the doctors would not all agree with them anyway; and they might serve only to still further divide them. Seriously, though, would you in these germ-hunting days be floored with surprise should you read that that very question had been discussed by some medical society and answered most sensationally? Even at the present stage of accepted theories upon kindred topics, can any one be absolutely sure that obesity is not catching?

I thought Carlsbad, in many respects, about the most thoroughly comfortable place I ever visited. The whole tone and layout makes for comfort. You are as in a hammock swayed by summer breezes, without even the trouble of swinging. The climate was perfect, as were the well-shaded roads. The walks, too, a feature of the place, are delicious. Mile on mile of well-kept paths lead by purling stream through cool forest glades or to eminences where are fine views; with seats inviting to rest just where wanted and often in unexpected places. It is said you can walk for days on these paths without crossing your track, which I quite believe. The hills about Carlsbad, like the springs, are owned by the municipality, and much walking is prescribed to those who are able, as part of the cure. The parks, cafés and band concerts are among the very best, with never a tram-car. If there is suffering there it has been brought. The spirit of peace hovers close over the place. No one can be there long without feeling a lulling *dolce far niente* stealing over him, and I have the idea 'tis to this peacefulness, which takes possession more or less of the mind of the visitor to Carlsbad,

that it owes much of its healing qualities. I enjoyed the walks exceedingly. When far enough away, sitting in those woodlands listening to the rustle of leaves and to the songbirds—it was solitude peculiarly delightful.

It is an expensive place. Others may be there for their health, but the hotel proprietors of Carlsbad are not. Lovely as it is in itself, Carlsbad, for the well and strong, has drawbacks which its particular use brings in its train. To meet sick people at every turn—so many who look to have suddenly shrunk away from the collars and clothes they wear, and so many others whose clothes seem to be bursting—to have to notice the many sad eyes and unhealthy complexions, and to have a perfect right to suppose that the very bed given you to sleep upon has been a bed of suffering to many of your predecessors—these are things which are not inspiring.

The scenes about the springs in the early morning, from five to seven o'clock, when the band concerts are on and nearly every one you meet is out for the cure—the well and strong being yet abed,—reminds me, notwithstanding the fine music, of the garden of that largest hospital in the world which I visited at Vienna, where hundreds of convalescents were taking the air. It is Carlsbad's busy time. I doubt whether so many sick people are congregated anywhere else. Perhaps twenty-five hundred are carrying glasses, all of them out for the precious waters; and I am compelled to say they make up poorly and are a very unhandsome crowd. I counted one morning over three hundred and fifty in solid double lines, glasses in hand, and all following slowly in a sort of lock-step to the Mülbrunn spring,

where nine dipper girls were getting backache filling and passing. Hundreds of others had been served, and were sipping while sitting or standing around the same spring. And there are fourteen springs in operation; at least one other—the Sprudel—quite as well patronized. *Sic est vita*; at least, such is life at Carlsbad.

Curiosity, a first cousin to ambition and like it the moving cause for a deal of crime, led me to try a Carlsbad mud-bath. In my simplicity I reasoned that what cures sick people will not kill well ones. So, without the usual doctor's prescription, but possessed simply with a wish to find out, I stepped into that tub half-full of hot black mud, and—submerged to the chin—floated free in it for twenty minutes. While thus stuck in the mud, as it were, I imagined things; wondered on how many other fellows that same mud had done duty; imagined it had been scooped from some old marsh, and became alert for stray eels and leeches in hiding. I did not know Carlsbad mud was sifted and certified and never used but the once; that it is made of a particular soil, said to be impregnated with healing qualities; dug at a place four miles away which is owned by the municipality, and mixed at the bath with water piped from the famous Sprudel, and, further, that everything connected with the waters and the cure is under jealous guard of the city. I ought to have learned of these things before. It would have allayed fears that disturbed the calm which should accompany the bath. However, after floating the required time in the hot oozy stuff—which had the consistency of jam and was nearly as sticky,—an attendant helped me to emerge and poured water till what re-

mained reappeared—a renaissance, I hoped. It had been a sweat bath, I knew. What else a mud bath does to you is too many for me; but so much decomposed vegetable and other matter at work at every pore opened with the heat, must, I should think, do a whole lot of things—draw like unto a poultice perhaps. If you must know, try to find out by asking the doctors—but, come to think of it, don't ask more than one, for it might lead to confusion. If a little additional persiflage will not be resented, I will venture to suggest that if it be true, as is alleged, that “like cures like,” then you must agree, after a moment's thought, that whether you should take a mud-bath or not becomes a moral question. And surely no one nursing a good reputation, and yet thinking of running for office in America, ought to fail to take one in advance.

The number of visitors to Carlsbad has increased every year for many years, and now is greater than ever. The amount of the water dished up at the springs and drank down on the spot, keeps about a hundred girls hard at work; and the amount bottled and sent away all over the world mounts into those inexplicable millions. I watched the bottling business with interest, from the filling at the springs to the strapping of the cases at the warehouse. Carlsbad is evidently prospering. To my mind there are but two things threatening its future. One is the possible petering out of the springs themselves. Of course there is an end to all things, and that there is an end to such things has been shown in the Pennsylvania oil-fields—and the fact that these springs are yielding as much as ever proves nothing. The Carlsbad authorities for many years have been very tender upon this





*The Sprudel Hot Spring, Carlsbad.*



point, and many and rigid are the regulations about digging in the district. The rich coal deposits known to be near cannot be worked, nor is any mining operation allowed—the aim being to restrict the springs to the present number and keep them going forever. An old resident told me that anywhere within a certain large territory hot water can be found by puncturing the surface three feet. The Sprudel, its principal spring, throws a stream as big around as your arm thirteen feet, with temperature of one hundred and sixty-seven degrees. Do not these things point to a warm place not far away? What a ready-made text it furnishes the Calvinistic pulpits in the back counties. But this is a digression, and by some may be thought trifling, so let us pass at once to the second danger. What ho! Without there! Suppose Christian Science, which is making such wonderful strides with its theories of the unreality of disease and miracle-working thought, should become universally accepted. Would the mineral springs of Carlsbad be of any value then except as mementoes? Perhaps I have not accurately stated the Christian Science theory, for I am aware that there are many things which cannot be explained in a line, and a partial statement is sometimes as bad as a misstatement. That the swelling of the ranks of Christian Science with its promises for the purifying and healing of the people without medicine or mineral water is, indeed, like the possible petering out, a menace to Carlsbad's business, will not be denied. But the living present is very good to the place.

At home we hear about what is called "Continental politeness," and no one can tour Europe without realizing in some measure its meaning. It holds good

in all classes. The gentleman kisses the lady's hand, when offered, whether in her drawing-room or on the street. It is a mark of high respect, and I think a beautiful custom. The gentleman who comes to sit at the other end of the settee in a public park will first lift his hat to you. Not by any means as prelude to conversation, but in mitigation for an apparent intrusion. As one other instance, and they could be multiplied, I will refer to the tram-car conductors of central Europe, and more particularly to omnibus conductors here at Carlsbad. There are no trams here. He of Carlsbad always receives you into his 'bus with a "*Guten Tag,*" and carefully sets you down with an "*Adieu.*" It has the effect of making you look more kindly on the world and feel as if being entertained. To be sure, he is quite in readiness for and frequently gets a two-heller piece—equaling a third of a cent over the fare,—for which he touches his hat and makes you his heartfelt thanks. The fares on all trams and 'buses in Europe are graded to distance, averaging much less than with us, and the two-hellers are often productive, for, as I have found, the conductor looks for opportunity to help you on your way or to find it. There is such a thing as "Continental politeness," and it is not all veneer and selfishness either.

I was not long enough in Carlsbad to make the cure, but while there did the best I could in that direction. I did not consult a doctor, being so constituted that if told anything serious was the matter it would have been a bad surprise. But I drank regularly from a number of the springs; as an anchor to windward, or, as the lawyers express it, "for what it might be worth." As to the effect—well, I fancied there were fireworks

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in some and fidgets in others though tasting very much alike; at any rate, I left Carlsbad after a week's sojourn feeling quite well excepting for my old fiend insomnia, which followed even to this duly certified and very delightful health resort.

## THE SUMMER

OUR wanderings during the next three months while waiting for India to cool off, though very enjoyable to us, being principally in the two most highly-traveled countries in the world—dear old Switzerland and in England—I think it would be trying the temper of the reader overmuch did they receive more than mere passing mention. Suffice it to say that during the hot months the Austrian Tyrol and the Engardine, including St. Moritz and other delightful points there and in the Haute Alpine country, were visited. There was a week in bewildering London and a month at Eastbourne on the English south-coast. If you have ever been to Eastbourne you will envy us such a long stay. There were also several delightful visits at English country houses and a run-in with a sure enough country-house ghost—not a disordered imagination, but the real thing. Yes! In the strictest confidence, and in a voice sunk to a whisper, I tell you this. Perhaps some of our readers could easily stand the details—but let that pass; we had better stick to the plan. It would furnish matter—or rather spirit—enough for a perfectly thrilling ghost story from the pen of a Wilkie Collins, and may yet be of use to that Hyslop ghost-hunting society. You know rural England is the forcing house for ghosts, and their favorite haunt.

In London, I regret to say, my party divided. Daughter had been taken ill in Switzerland and it was concluded she was unfit to cross India and stand the stress

of more hard travel. As that conclusion necessarily involved her mother, I was left alone. They recruited health and improved their French conversation at Paris during the winter and then crossed to New York and awaited my arrival there.

As those three months are to be left out of this narrative let us join forces again at Marseilles on the way to the East. But just a moment. Now that wife and daughter have deserted, I wish you would say how this record may proceed without unpleasant resort to the first person singular. Here is an idea. I was once in court while the great Roscoe Conkling was addressing a jury. They sought to involve his client because some one had used the pronoun "we" in a promise. To limit its meaning, Conkling argued that it referred to the writer only; that it was therefore an unwarranted use of the word as but three classes of persons, he said, were entitled to use the word "we" in the singular sense: namely, sovereign rulers, newspaper editors, and a man and his tapeworm. If it were not for his great reputation for elegance of diction as well as for force of diction I would be doubtful of the propriety of this story. Under the circumstances I must ask for a slight extension of that Conkling rule so that hereafter I be allowed to assume the airs of an editor; or, being seldom without traveling companions, the plural may, if you please, be taken to refer to them and me.

## MARSEILLES TO BOMBAY

WE left the beautiful harbor of Marseilles on the steamship "Marmora" ticketed for Bombay; and the fifteen hundred miles which lie between Marseilles and Port Said, which was the first stop, were put to the rear after four days. Our course took us through the Straits of Corsica the first night and through the Straits of Messina on the second. Three hours before reaching the latter the little rocky isle of Stromboli was passed, with its peculiar exploding as well as erupting volcano. The night was dark and, approaching at a distance, it seemed like a great revolving coast light, for it flashes, booms and vanishes every twenty seconds with most remarkable regularity. In this it differs from Vesuvius, which is a continuous performance. A considerable number of people live on Stromboli willing to take chances because vineyards there yield three crops every year, forced by the unusual heat of the soil.

A day beyond there we were again skirting Crete, and then it was sky and water till Damietta came in view and Port Said was nigh. The "Marmora," one of the P. & O.'s biggest, was crowded, for it was making the most favored outward voyage of the year. To reach India about the middle of October, as we did, is to miss the rains and the worst of the heat. Hence this flocking from "home" back to duty of so many of India's civil, political and military administrators. The passenger list disclosed a Resident—who is practically the Governor of a native state—three judges of the



High Court and a major-general; with colonels, majors and captains until we were ashamed of our own privacy. To have said "Colonel, have another!" out loud in any part of the ship would have been hazardous. There was also a big sprinkling of brides, titled folk and Parsee merchants aboard. It was an unusually interesting shipload.

At Port Said we took to the Suez Canal, which shortens the journey from London to the East by four thousand miles. It being my first appearance on the Suez Canal I took a hard and long look. It is nothing but a ditch through the desert. Perhaps the reader can stand just a few statistics. The channel is seventy-two feet wide and twenty-eight feet deep. It was commenced in 1859, opened ten years later and, though only a soft sand affair, its cost mounted into over one hundred millions of dollars—and subsequent enlargement has added twenty more. The canal tolls I took the liberty of thinking exorbitant. Ten francs for every passenger carried through seems reasonable enough, though it would amount to a heap against an emigrant-ship or a troop-ship; but close to seven francs per ton on the vessel, in addition—whether loaded full or only a quarter full, or even empty—is where the grumbling is centred. The tonnage standard adopted by the company is the so-called "Danube ton," which is somewhere between the gross and net. Our big crowded "Marmora" paid the canal company over ten thousand dollars for the passage. The canal is a great success, since the gross earnings are twenty million dollars a year. When Disraeli in 1875, for the British Government, snapped up the one hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and two shares held by the

Khedive, he paid nearly twenty million dollars for them. They are intrinsically worth six times that today, as they pay twenty-six per cent., which to the British Government means nearly four million dollars in yearly dividends. That sufficiently indicates their business value; but how about the indirect and political value which their control gives to England, with its immense outlying Eastern possessions and its twelve million tons of commercial marine—equaling that of the rest of the world? It cannot be estimated in figures. Disraeli's move not only strengthened mightily his country's hold on India but went a long way towards making Egypt a British province as well. I am aware that that purchase lacks about twenty-five thousand shares of being a majority-holding, but no one doubts that the British Government has pooled that quantity of other stock for its use on all political questions. By compact—a Hague edict, I believe—all vessels, whether warships or commercial marine, may at all times freely pass through during either peace or war. No question can therefore arise with France—the creator of the company—over her duties as a neutral, should England while at war with some other Power send her warships through the canal.

We crawled through the canal's eighty-four miles of way to Suez—sixty-four of them in the canal proper and twenty on the intervening lakes—in twenty-four hours. If our ten thousand tonner had cut loose and gone through at high speed she would have taken the banks with her and done incalculable injury. Except while in the lakes, vessels are not allowed a speed exceeding six miles an hour, and they may pass each

other only when one is tied up. The churning of the same water by two vessels is thus avoided.

The Red Sea was tackled next. It is another misnomer, for it is not red, nor is there anything red about it except the mountains which skirt its shores—Mount Sinai among them;—these, with a little help from the imagination, do look singed and fiery; and except also that it was red-hot there, which I understand is its all-year-round condition. It must sizzle in midsummer—lying between the two great deserts. What surprised me most was its size. When thinking of it before at all it was as a rather unimportant link in the new way to the East, and I was quite unprepared to find it a great sea two hundred miles wide and thirteen hundred long; claiming us more than three days and nights. Most of the time it was glassy and glistening like oil. The punkas were started and sleeping out on the open deck became the correct thing. The course on the Red Sea is almost due south and by the time we reached Aden at the far end we were but eight degrees from the line.

Somewhere in this traverse of the Red Sea we must have crossed the track of the fleeing children of Israel, where the waters divided and they passed over dry-shod; and faith in that Old Testament story was put to a new strain. One part of the story was distinctly strengthened, however, for it became to us highly probable that if Pharaoh's host, his horses and chariots, also tried for anything of the sort they, at least, were swallowed up to the last man-jack of them. What a pity the children did not raise an obelisk or something, properly inscribed, to mark the spot and memorialize their deliverance; for, with the waters of this great Red

Sea walled up on both sides of them—towering and divided for them,—it must have looked to them like a very tight squeak. Forgive any apparent irreverence. A year of travel breeds high spirits.

A few hours before passing out of the Red Sea and anchoring at Aden we went close to the island of Perim, which is in the narrowest part of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb that connect the sea with the Indian Ocean. It is about a mile from the Arabian coast and nine from the opposite African shore, with a good harbor and a channel-way on both sides. A couple of modern cannon mounted there would easily command the straits. It is one more of the vantage points along trade routes held by England. The story of its acquisition was told me by one who had been stationed there, and it is not without interest. It seems it had been occupied by the old East India Company but was abandoned and uninhabited when retaken by strategy about 1860. A French cruiser put in to Aden secretly on her way to Perim to hoist the French tricolor. Her officers were entertained that evening at the English club. One of them, in his mellow after-dinner confidences, disclosed the object of the expedition. Enough. That night some English officers slipped out and took possession, and when the Frenchmen came along they found the "meteor flag" already installed. I leave my readers to solve any question of ethics which may or may not be involved in this story, for it is probably controversial. The island is under the jurisdiction of the Indian Government, which furnishes the small garrison of Sepoys. For the present it is little more than a coal-ing-station. Turkey owns the nearest mainland, which, if fortified, would itself command Perim, and she will

not cede it to England; who, in turn, will not allow her to fortify. Another Eastern Question hovers here which may possibly pester posterity.

During the voyage we had opportunity of noticing what a lot of feeding and watering the English can stand. Provisions were regularly dished up seven times every day. There was early breakfast abed at six; regular breakfast at eight-thirty; beef tea and biscuit on deck at eleven and then luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner in succession, with a cold collation at ten on the side. Before our English tucked themselves away for the night the stewards had had a plenty to do and digestion was required to wait on appetite an average of seven times. The British officer, so numerous with us, is usually a gallant gentleman quite equal to leading a frontal attack—as history, both ancient and modern, attests—but when off duty he is a luxurious creature wanting a deal of hot water, gruel and nursing.

Wives and daughters were in profusion; every dinner was a dress affair and there was dancing on deck or a concert nearly every evening. The fancy dance given between Suez and Aden was known as the “Red Sea Dance,” and if you could know how steaming hot it was right there that night you would wonder at such exertion.

The two weeks aboard the “Marmora” slid by very pleasantly, with never a cyclone or typhoon to make us afraid. It was three o’clock in the morning when great Malabar Light, which lights the way to the harbor of Bombay, came up out of the Indian Ocean—and I saw it come. Not because I wanted to study navigation at that ghostly hour but because the heat of the

cabin was stifling and sleep for me impossible. Malabar Light has been called "The Light of Asia." It stands at the threshold of that India which we have come so far to see—where three hundred millions swarm and struggle. May it be the light that will show the way to many who shall contribute to their uplifting.

## INDIA

BEFORE starting to cross India we should pause and take at least a glance at a few of its physical and social features. It will refresh recollection and aid the understanding of what follows.

India is a great empire in itself—larger than all Europe, with Russia left out. About two-thirds of this vast area is in the several British Provinces and one-third in the native states, so called. The native states remain under their hereditary native rulers, but each is carefully furnished with a British Resident, always at the elbow of the Nizam or the Maharajah. He represents the Viceroy and must be accorded a hearing. Since the memorable mutiny of 1857 it has not been the policy of the government to formally annex more native states; although, since then, several Maharajahs have been deposed—some even imprisoned—and several lines of succession to the thrones arbitrarily changed. This, though, it is conceded, has always been for good cause—usually the insane squandering of taxes, disloyalty or evident mental disability.

In India several entirely separate and distinct languages and many dialects are spoken—each of them by millions. Hindustani, the dialect of Hindi, has become the literary language and the *lingua franca*. Every kind of climate is met with. The Punjab, during the four months preceding the rains, is about the hottest place on earth; and Bombay and Calcutta are not far behind. On the hills and southern plateau it

is more equable; while the Himalayas, the highest mountains in the world, whose dizzy crests bound and defend India, are of course in the region of eternal snow. It rains one hundred and twenty inches in Darjeeling and only four inches over much of the great plains. Of the three hundred millions of people in India—about one-fifth the whole human family—two hundred and ten millions are Brahmanic Hindus; sixty-five millions are Mohammedans and nearly three millions (say one per cent.) are nominally Christians—nearly all of the latter are of the peasant class. Buddhism has been driven out of India proper; Burmah and Ceylon being now its strongholds, and there over ninety per cent. of the people are devout Buddhists.

The government of this vast horde and this enormous territory, with its diverse climates, customs, castes, religions, languages and nations, is unquestionably the most stupendous job in government yet undertaken by civilized man. Eleven hundred alien British—less than four to every million—as Governors, Residents, Commissioners, Magistrates, Collectors, Judges and their deputies, have undertaken it; and with the result that there is peace, economical expenditure of public moneys and a just administration of the law—a present solution, at least, of the greatest governmental problem of the age.

With these few facts in mind, let us glance at Bombay and then proceed to cross.

## BOMBAY

On shipboard I roomed with a Colonel in the Indian Army and met those who were expert in Indian travel



—so, stood to learn the best way to make the crossing. It seems that the thing for Europeans to do on landing is to engage a “boy”—a native servant or bearer, accustomed to the localities and who talks some English. With the aid of a fellow-passenger, who entertained us at his bungalow in Bombay, a certain Mohammedan was selected who saw me through to Calcutta. He was very helpful; cared for the luggage, had all to do with the coolies and cabmen, made up my bed in hotel and sleeping-car, accompanied me to the bazaars, beat off the beggars when too numerous, carried my messages, and slept just outside my room door. In the dead of night at out-of-the-way places while the lizards were dropping from the walls or bats were skimming about the room, which was practically wide open, it was something of a comfort to know that a certified native, devoted to my service, was sleeping on the threshold. Of course I had to notice his concern as to where my purchases were made and, sometimes, as to the selection of hotels and have no doubt he peeled a commission off from most of my expenditures. But 'tis the way of the “boy” in the East, and I dare say that, on the whole, he saved me money as well as anxiety.

Four fine American cruisers, each and every of them a four-piper, were at anchor when we arrived. They were bound for the Philippines. An English naval man told me it was the heaviest armament ever floated in Bombay harbor. I saw much of the American jackies ashore. They wore their regulation blue flannels and looked hot. In that climate all other men-of-war's men were in cottons; and the native sailors wear next to nothing. It was a mistake. The day

before had been pay-day; and the three or four which followed were spending-days. It looked as if the hawkers and cabmen all over the place were quite enjoying life. In the early morning I saw one of our sailor boys—evidently sobering up—wearing a fez and vacantly watching a native manicuring him on the street, with a crowd of natives looking on. He appeared very comical in his heavy blue flannels topped by the fez, thus engaged. I asked what happened to his cap. He said he lost it and bought the first thing that would do. What occurred to the fellow who took his cap; and what was said to the sailor by his mess-mates when he swung aboard—*à la Turc*—after a night of it, might furnish an interesting line were the particulars at hand.

All classes and races in India, except perhaps the native Princes, have been directly benefited by British rule—and no race more so than the Parsees. This people came out of Persia many centuries ago, and by some historians are thought to be one of the Lost Tribes. Some things support the theory. They have the hook-nose and are thrifty, clannish and peaceable.

Before the English control they were subject to bitter persecution—ground between the upper and nether millstones of Hinduism and Moslemism. All they need is to be let alone. The peace and order of these latter days in India—the *pax britannica*—is solid opportunity for the Parsees, who have waxed rich. Bombay has about a million in all, and it is called “The Parsee City” (though only about one-tenth are of that faith), very much of the business and wealth of the city being in their hands, far out of proportion to their numbers.

The Parsees are called fire-worshippers, which they are; but, to be more definite, it should be said that they worship the elements, earth and water as well as fire. That none of these may be polluted by disposal of the body after death they refuse to give it to the worms, as do Christians and Moslems, or to the burning or the Ganges, as do the Hindus. Instead, they procure it to be devoured by the ready vultures. It is a custom that has been in full force as long as their history runs, and is still invariably followed.

A Parsee funeral in Bombay consists of taking the corpse to their "Towers of Silence," so called, and there depositing it nude on one of the gridirons which cap them, letting the vultures do the rest; the sorrowing family and friends being engaged meanwhile in prayer and meditation in the little fire temple close by. The towers are about twenty-five feet in height and somewhat more in diameter, with a well-hole into which the skeleton falls after being picked by the birds and dried and shrunken by the Indian sun. There the lime liquefies in the rains, to which it is exposed during the wet season; and, running through charcoal, passes purified into the ground, and oblivion.

I procured the necessary pass and drove out to the towers. They are in the midst of a beautiful flower garden on Malabar Hill, shaded by the lofty trees inhabited by the birds, and a high wall all about. On an average there are four or five funerals there daily, but the hours for visitors and for funerals are so fixed and separated that the gruesome curiosity of the sight-seer is seldom quite satisfied. It was early morning and there had been a funeral, or should I say an exposure, late the evening before. I will not go into

particulars, except to repeat what I was told by the attendant, that the fifty or sixty vultures know their business so well that they congregate daily at certain hours—those times when, according to the rules, a funeral may be expected; and that as soon as a body is deposited they swoop from the trees and in two hours nothing is left but a bleaching skeleton, ready, when shrunken sufficiently, for the well below. It is certainly economical, sanitary and expeditious; but oh! how all sentiment is outraged.

On the way to the Towers of Silence we passed the great Hindu Burning-Ground where the Hindu dead are burned and the ashes preserved for the first opportunity to be thrown into the Ganges. I was rather fiercely driven from one of the gates of the Burning-Ground, but, acting under a suggestion from my servant, I tried another—and some coin. I saw the machinery for the work and a number of little bags of ashes hanging to a tree awaiting the Ganges, but there was no burning going on. The feelings of my sensitive reader will therefore be spared—spared until he reaches the chapter on Benares, at least. All Europeans who go out to Bombay are due to go once to the Parsee “Towers of Silence.” It is an unpleasant topic, but one which claims attention.

The Hindu religion inculcates the belief that it is a sin to kill any dumb animal. From what I heard I do not think you could get a Hindu to go out and help kill a man-eating tiger. But there is no law against hoping and expecting the government to do it. Nor do they eat any flesh—they are vegetarians. Their belief in the transmigration of the souls of the wicked into animals is probably responsible for this, causing them

to look upon animals somewhat as we do upon unfortunate relations.

One of the most curious and interesting sights I saw during these journeyings was the Hindu hospital, or rest-house, for sick and homeless animals in Bombay. It covers several acres and there, in comfortable though crowded quarters, are caged or tethered hundreds of many sorts of animals, from buffalo to kittens—and I am told that there are many such places in India. If a Hindu has a badly crippled donkey, cow, goat, or dog or any animal too old for work, he does not take it out and shoot it as we would—for two reasons: first, because the government does not allow him to have firearms; and second, and principally, because he would think it very sinful. No, he either keeps it until it drops dead, or, if too poor to do that, he takes it to the nearest Hindu hospital for useless animals. There it will be fed and watered and exercised and doctored, as carefully and tenderly as though in its prime. All at the expense of the Hindu community, and from contributions of the better-to-do of them. I saw there a three-legged ox, and many maimed animals, and numerous others in all stages of sickness and decline. My native servant drifted me there. No other European was about. Perhaps it was not a healthy place to visit; but it was certainly a sight full of instruction, and worth the taking of some chances. These rest-houses for animals go to show how gentle and also how religious is the Hindu.

If I had never seen Algiers or Cairo, the Orientalism and native life of Bombay would have been most impressive. It is a great modern city with exceedingly fine public buildings, and broad roads that are perfect.

I liked to watch the thronging of the natives and to study the different races, their costumes and customs. The market house and bazaar are always centres of special interest. The census says Bombay is a city of one million. If that be so, then during the week I was there I must have seen about all of them, for I am sure I never saw such crowds as in the native quarter, except at the Mansion House.

In the European quarter many of the bungalows of the English and Parsees would be conspicuous for their beauty even if in Newport or Scarborough; and where they are—set in their tropical gardens, which those Northern places could not imitate—they fit and adorn the landscape as if grown there. I found them wherever the English make their homes in the tropical East. Their national sports and open-air life are there transplanted—and I think accentuated—for wherever a dozen or more of them live you will see a good cricket-ground, fine tennis-courts, much pleasure riding in the early morning and late afternoon; and, in the larger settlements, a polo-field—and in some places a race-course as well—often with a smartness and go which would remind of Hurlingham and Hyde Park. The English in the East have imported the flavor and home-life of old England, but they have many more servants and put much more color in their livery.

#### AHMEDABAD

On the way to Ahmedabad, which is three hundred and ten miles from Bombay, my carriage companion was a young Englishman—a deputy collector or dis-

trict magistrate—who was going to the Baroda district to hear and settle some disputes which had arisen among the natives there. A lot of interesting information was the proceeds of a little judicious questioning, ranging from tiger hunting all the way to the Indian civil service. In exchange he wanted my ideas on the Monroe Doctrine, for which I find European politicians have an absorbing concern. I hope no harm was done.

At Ahmedabad we lived at the government rest-house—there being no hotel—and found it clean and comfortable. I will not tire you as I did myself over the architectural remains of other times which are there. We have been through Egypt. We saw another of those Hindu asylums for animals. It was crowded, and included a room where insects are fed. I think there was such a room in the establishment at Bombay, also.

At the river side we saw scores of natives washing clothes—Indian fashion of course; that is to say, slamming them when wet with a full arm swing against some more or less flat stone and keeping at it—wetting and slamming. I hear that it is very destructive and had occasions enough to know it, later. It is the way clothes are washed all over India except in a few places where, you are told at least, it is done properly. Fancy having to give up your dress shirt or your pet Piccadilly piqué suit to such rough and tumble. It is the way their own turbans and loin cloths have always been served and they seem to have no conception of a better.

It was ninety-six in the shade at Ahmedabad by official record when we left there for Ajmeer. I am glad I did not attempt the crossing in hot weather.

## AJMEER

Leaving Ahmedabad, another three hundred miles' journey brought us to Ajmeer. On the way hundreds of wild monkeys were seen in the trees or on the ground, most of them big and some very big—quite as large as grown setter dogs. It was a queer sight to see them jumping from bough to bough, weighing them down near to the breaking point, and this often within a stone's throw of the car window. I hear that the natives frequently have to defend themselves from them and that their womenkind have reasons to be particularly afraid. The Hindus regard monkeys as sacred. I kept hearing of the monkey god and saw the out-sides of several monkey god temples, so called—the pariah Christian is not allowed inside.

Ajmeer is a walled city of considerable antiquity, the capital of a little British province, cut—for some reason or other—from the middle of the great native state of Rajputana. A glance at the map shows that it is of much political importance, since in strong hands it commands the surrounding native states.

We liked the beautiful artificial lake and visited the old palace and mosques; but what most interested was Mayo College, where only Rajput Princes and the sons of native chiefs are educated. The white marble main building and the beautiful detached dormitories for the princelings, erected by the several native states—each for its own—were pointed out. This college and two others like it in other places in India are perhaps the most aristocratic and exclusive seats of learning in the world—native princely blood and quality alone



determining. England knows well the importance of making friends with the next generation of Maharaajahs and headmen among her three hundred millions of Indian subjects.

There were many beautiful birds of gaudy plumage on the edge of the jungle hereabout—herons, storks, parrots and others less familiar. The monkey and parrot were again together—but not locked up together as those in the story. These things are further indications we are a long way from Wall Street.

It was at Ajmeer I first saw a leper—and there I saw two. One, a man nearly white, who was cooking and dealing out foodstuff in the very thickest of the crowded bazaar; and the other, a girl, in the earlier stages of the dread disease. My servant called my attention to them. He said he understood all lepers were watched and treated regularly, but taken to hospitals only when in the very last stages. It was not an appetizing sight. I should not like to be sentenced to eat food handled by that poor man.

### JEYPORE

About one hundred miles beyond Ajmeer is Jeypore, our next stop. We found it exceedingly interesting. It is the capital of a small native state in central India of the same name; one of a number of such states whose boundaries abut, and—taken together—are known as Rajputana. The rulers of the native states have the fullest liberty of action, as has been intimated,—even their own soldiery,—the government providing only against outrageous action such as barbarous punishment, senseless squandering of taxes or treasonable

conspiracy. The British Residents accredited to the native courts live at the capitals, and it is their duty, I believe, to keep informed, advise and report.

Jeypore has only sixteen hundred square miles, yet the population is nearly three millions. During my stay there the Maharajah was away, so I was deprived of the pleasure of meeting him, which certain letters, of which more anon, and the aid of the Resident would probably have accomplished. His prime minister, a scholarly and engaging Hindu gentleman, perfectly devoted to his master, honored me with a call. Major Showers, the Resident, was also most polite. Through him the privilege of hunting the Maharajah's black buck or sticking his wild pigs (his, because everything in the country that is raised there belongs to him) was accorded. In his company, I enjoyed some deer stalking in the jungle, two miles off.

It was glorious—during the hour it lasted. I wished it were longer, but breakfast at the Residency, being by appointment of Mrs. Showers, could not be neglected. We separated, going in opposite directions. The Major bagged a beauty, and I wounded another, which went into the air and dropped as if dead, but managed to get up and hobble off under cover on three legs, poor thing. I motioned my native attendants to run him down—and they could have done so easily—but they pretended not to understand. I suspect they located the beast as venison for themselves. It was a long range head-on shot from a borrowed rifle, and the direction which went with it, to “take a fine sight,” was too closely followed. Excuses are generally out of order, but really the missing of a Maharajah's black buck by one who has won prizes for rifle shooting must

be accounted for. I stalked afoot for half an hour through the scrub and tall grass after others, but the gunfire had alarmed them and, as Mrs. Showers' breakfast gong seemed to be sounding, I had to give up the chase practically beaten. I met the Resident at the appointed place and the ride out of the jungle in our bullock-carts—one loaded with the dangling trophy and the other with that inglorious excuse—was humiliating, to one of us. How I wanted to forego the breakfast and take time enough to wipe out the burning disgrace can be guessed.

At Jeypore I saw the Maharajah's cages of wild animals—captured in his territories—and was particularly impressed by the way his big, fresh-caught tiger sprang at the bars when the curtain was raised. He came at it like an avalanche. I had been nursing a wish for a tiger hunt ever since reaching India, but must confess that fellow's actions beveled off some of its edge. Then again, while waiting for the train to Delhi, the station-master at Jeypore told me that the Prince of Wales got his big tiger the previous November only six miles from there; and that Lord Kitchener wounded his but ten miles away. (It was afterwards partially grilled and its coat was badly damaged when they burned it out of its lair.) These particulars were unknown to me when stalking the buck afoot—practically alone—in that same jungle. If they had been known there would have been an additional lookout—behind, as well as before—even more interest in that breakfast, and some trepidation, I am sure. It may be that I was nearer a "yellow streak" than was insurable and that—*horresco referens*—it was a case of the stalker being stalked.

The Maharajah of Jeypore in his own country owns everything, taxes everybody and spends the funds as he pleases—an absolute despot, excepting only as his actions may at times be modified by the Resident. The three millions he rules are not only his subjects, they



*Maharajah of Jeypore.*

are his servants. His is a feudal state pure and simple, where the headmen pay him regular tribute in money or service or soldiers. I saw a lot of them turning in their taxes in sizeable bags of silver at the treasury of the palace. His Hinduism is most orthodox. For a Hindu to go to Europe is generally to return in European dress and to lose caste. It seems there was much heart-burning among his people when the Maharajah was invited to the coronation in London. To live

in London, eat and drink with outcasts and from vessels handled by them—such contact for their Maharajah was too awful to contemplate and the matter was for a time taken under most serious consideration with his priests and courtiers. Prestige with the English gained and caste with his own people lost, was the dismal outlook. For a while the disposition was to refuse, but a saving programme was hit upon. His Highness went as a Hindu and came back to his people the same—uncontaminated, as it were. He went

to the coronation in a ship he specially chartered, with over a hundred of his courtiers, priests and cooks. He even took his gods with him; and, as may be expected, some of his goddesses as well. He goes in for goddesses—has six wives and between three and four hundred others. If he did not buy some of them, he must be a veritable Prince Charming. His great Palace of Wind in the city faces Holy Street with its temples and bazaars; is seven stories high and is latticed and pigeon-holed from ground to roof, so that the females of his family may look out on the city and its life without being seen. None of them ever go outside the palace except in strictest purdah—hooded to the eyes and in a closed palanquin, entirely screened from view. They live and die completely isolated. It is said they die there without even their own people being notified or made aware. Palace secrets must not be taken into the outer world. It is needless to add that these particulars did not come from the Honorable Resident. I did, though, learn from him, and also from others, that the Maharajah of Jeypore is one of the best of the native rulers—beloved by his people and respected and trusted by the English.

## DELHI

On the railroad through this north-central part of India amusement enough was furnished watching those monkeys in the trees and looking for horns and heads of deer above the brush. An occasional camel—our very good friend of the Nile—was also observed. The country hereabout is more than half jungle. From my

comfortable perch in the compartment I watched with sympathy the sun-baked children of the soil at work in the fields in mid-afternoon, when the sun must have measured one hundred and thirty degrees, plus. The Indian sun at that height would be fatal to Europeans if unprotected, as are these people. They looked black as charcoal and dried to a crisp; and their farming seemed hard and bad—irregular, patchy and meagre.



*Grass Cutting in India.*

The grass and grain are all cut and gathered by hand with never a machine—not even a scythe. A good American farmer would probably approve of little that was done, or the way. The science of farming is at a low ebb here, and irrigation, so far as my observation went, was not often in evidence nor to be compared with that in Egypt. There the problem is the carrying of the

water of a great river a little to the right and left. Here in India it is the watering of great wide plains.

We stayed three or four days at Delhi. It is an overgrown, walled city—the old Moghul capital on the Jumma—the centre of much magnificence during the Mohammedan rule. In comparatively recent times it has been captured successively by the Persians, by the Afghans, by the Mahrattas, and lastly, in 1803, by the English. It was at Delhi where were most of the important happenings of the great mutiny of 1857. Naturally I took renewed interest in the history of that revolt while visiting the famous ridge which the English and their faithful Gourka levies occupied after being driven out of the city by the mutinous Sepoys, who murdered their English officers and turned their English rifles and cannon upon them. The Round Tower, and the Metcalf House, and the ruined Kashmir Gate were also objects of prime interest. It must have been a ghastly situation for them on the ridge, in the heart of a hostile continent, facing the forty thousand fanatics—trained native soldiery—hungry for their blood. Not only their own fate but the fate of British rule in India was in the balance during all those four months. The names of brave General Nicholson who led them and of the two lieutenants who sacrificed themselves in the blowing up of the Kashmir Gate, where the hardest fighting was done and which led to the recapture of the city, will last in history. Much is pointed out showing the conditions during those anxious and bloody months. One of the things which surprised me was the nearness of besieged to besiegers. War in 1857 was close work. The cannon

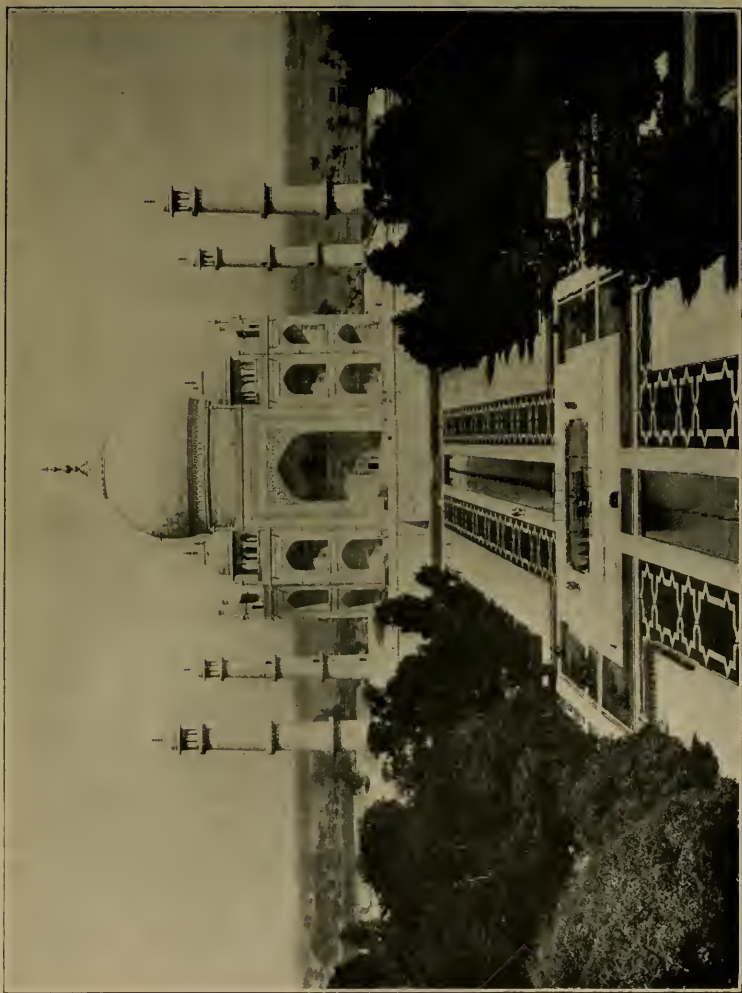
were only six hundred feet from the walls and the bayonet was then a means to an end.

### AGRA

Before setting out on this journey I had little, if any, idea of the Taj Mahal at Agra and perhaps some of my readers share that ignorance; but as we met one after another of those fresh from India we were warned that it was the most beautiful building in all the world, and now after seeing it I am sure that I echo the sentiment. Of course, any such statement is rash, for after all it is the angle of vision and individual experience which determines.

The Taj Mahal was erected about two hundred and seventy-five years ago by one of the great Moghul Emperors as the tomb of a favorite wife, and his own body was also laid there. It is wholly of white marble, plenteously and exquisitely inlaid—outside as well as inside—with semi-precious stones. I approach any description of it with misgivings, as my lines have been cast among dry facts, premises and deductions, and this is a masterpiece of the most poetic of arts. But there it looms, unique, graceful and engrossing, in the line of our route, demanding mention. I went out to look upon it three times—once at sunset. It is on the Jumma, a mile or two from the city, in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a wall that nowhere offends the eye and which is pierced by several truly noble gateways. The setting was probably always very fine and now that the government has parked the outer precincts, its beauty is enhanced. His aim being to produce a monument to vanished beauty, the designer allowed his



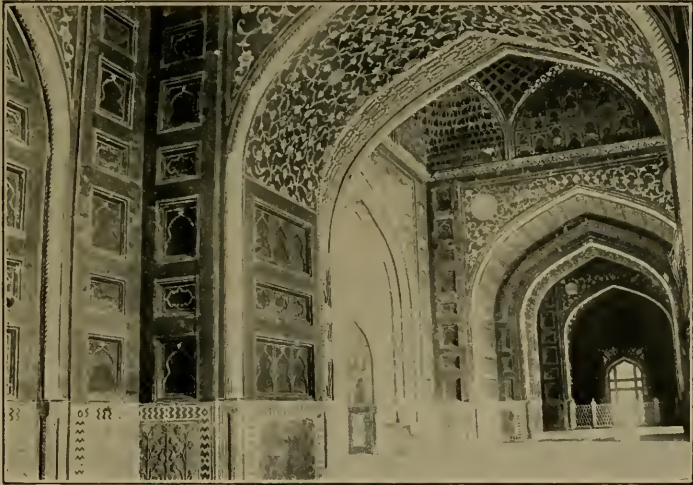


*The Taj Mahal, Agra.*



fancy to soar free, paying no tribute to utility, and the result is a picture in marble so full of warmth, of grace, and of calm that no words, certainly none of mine, can adequately describe it.

At Agra we saw great preparations being made for the Viceroy's Durbar, held a month after our departure and to which the subsidized Amir of Afghanistan came



*Some Idea of the Interior, Taj Mahal, Agra.*

in state. The Indian Durbars are scenes of great magnificence. The yellow Orient then makes its effort, and as a show of barbaric splendor it is probably incomparable. We were sorry to be unable to witness this one.

## LUCKNOW

A stop of a couple of days here was amply repaid. The story of its siege and relief during the mutiny is a

household classic. To go over the famous Residency around which for those four months the fires of the great revolt raged; to go into its cellars where the hundreds of terrorized women and children, many of whom were killed, were huddled while the European troops and the few faithful Sikhs were fighting incessantly for their lives, making forts of the outbuildings and beating back the oft-repeated onslaughts of the horde which hemmed them in so closely on all sides, was of course absorbing.

We were conducted about the place by an old soldier who took part in the defence, evidently proud of the medals he wore. He told us the tale of those bloody days. I had to remark again upon the nearness of the contending forces. The enemy were not over five hundred feet from the Residency on any side. No wonder it is such a ruin. You may remember that the place was twice relieved—partially by Havelock with a small force and great loss of life, and then—the tables being quickly turned on him and they being again beset—came Colin Campbell with his Highlanders and more of the loyal Sikhs, who fought their way through the thirty thousand well-armed and well-trained mutineers and brought the final relief. Deeds of great daring were done and a number of Victoria Crosses were well earned.

That blowing of the two red-handed Sepoys from the guns at Cawnpore, which followed, has come in for much censure. While I join in the opinion that it was brutal and unnecessary, yet, those few hundred, penned there in Central India among three hundred millions on the edge of revolt; fiercely attacked by native troops who had murdered their officers and followed it up by

slaughtering defenceless women and children, should not be harshly judged. We hear of the "water cure" being—upon rare occasions—employed by American soldiers to punish fiendish Filipinos, or to make them confess. As explained to me by an officer fresh from the islands, with whom I traveled, the "water cure"—never sanctioned and but rarely resorted to—consists of pouring water through a funnel into the gullet until distention and pain make the subject pliable. Some died under the operation and loud outcry was made against that also. But we should know that they were dealing with those guilty of most horrible atrocities; as, for instance, mutilating the wounded; feigning distress and knifing American surgeons who went to their relief, and burying American soldiers—alive—in red ant hills, with hands tied and sugar-cane on their heads, to draw the ants—all of which my officer-informant stated were facts; and I am otherwise credibly informed it is common knowledge there. War is not a lady's game, and summary dealing with such fiends by the comrades of those who suffer from such savagery is not likely to be conventional, or always strictly within the articles of war. Neither the blowing from the guns nor the "water cure" can be wholly excused, but, being a lawyer, I am particular that both sides should be heard.

## BENARES

As we are rapidly approaching the holy city of Benares—our next stop—we should now take at least a glance at the Hindu religion. The Hindu is a highly religious creature. Perhaps nowhere on earth does

religion require so much of its devotees as of him. Benares to us was the most interesting place in India. There are more than two thousand temples there—think of it—each fitted with a graven image of some one of the many gods to which the Hindus bow down. They range from the big golden-topped temple, well worth a visit, despite its stenchy neighborhood, to the way-side shrines no bigger than a barrel, and most of them are of the latter order. The temple with the golden top has two towers and a dome, said to be thickly covered with pure gold—but it is out of reach. The enormous expense of it was borne by the Maharajah of somewhere or other. No other idol-worshipper in this year of our Lord could and would undertake such a job.

I do not pretend to have mastered an understanding of the Hindu religion. Englishmen with a record of years in India have told me it is past finding out; and I hear that even the statements and the dreamy philosophy of pure-souled Annie Besant—the alien apostle of Hinduism, who lives in Benares—are disputed by the Pundits and more learned Brahmans. To hear these things was of course very discouraging to the novice, but I persevered; listened to an explanation of some features of the religion by a Hindu of high caste and deep learning, who journeyed with me a distance; and had a long talk with a graduate of the Central Hindu College, which is also at Benares. The graduate was a highly intelligent and gentlemanly Hindu with a fund of English not only good but elegant. His explanations were most deft. I wish some of them could be transmitted *verbatim et literatim*—inflection, gesture and all. They would probably interest the reader as they did me. The educated Hindu mind is an in-

strument of exceeding subtlety and nimbleness—the utmost refinements of metaphysics are a pastime for it.

My investigations have left the belief that the religion of the Hindu millions is a complication of image worship, sacrifice, demonology and magic. The goal of their religious effort is to reach Nirvana—freedom from the bondage of matter—a truly beautiful thought. Fear dominates them, for the winning of Nirvana means escape from reincarnation; which, being interpreted by them, is the transmigration of the soul after death into the lower animals, from one to another, through thousands of years, until in due course it shall return to the human body and have a fresh start—reincarnation, coming as punishment for unexpiated sin done in the body. Such a hell, or rather purgatory, to us is, not only fanciful, but, as the young lady put it, “quite too awful for words.” It became interesting to try to find out what they understood by sin. And from all I could gather, the principal or cardinal sins, recognized by the uneducated multitude, are inattention to temple duties, killing of or cruelty to animals, disrespect to the priesthood or failure to assist in their support, and contact with the prescribed outcasts or pariahs. Any of these things—if not extirpated by penance and sacrifice, as by washing in and worshipping the Ganges, according to formula; or by dying on its sacred banks or in some other way—would be sure to bring the sinner down with a bad case of that horrible reincarnation. It is to his theory of reincarnation that the Hindu probably owes his extreme kindness to animals—and also his vegetarianism.

The Hindus have three principal gods, Siva the destroyer, Vishnu the preserver and Brahma the creator,

with many other lesser but usually terrible deities in addition. Each of the three great gods has adopted a private mark by which his suppliants are distinguished. These "god-marks," as they are called, are painted by the priests in red or white on the black foreheads of the devotees—yes, even foreheads are given up to such use—and sometimes on their chests as well; so that you can know to which great god each for the while is confining his attentions. The destroyer's mark is always much in evidence, showing, as has been said, that fear dominates the Hindu heart. Town and country taken together, it seemed to me that at least half of the Hindu foreheads were painted with one or other of the three god-marks. Until you get used to it the effect is almost grotesque.

We were two days at Benares. It is a dirty place. They say over a million make pilgrimage there every year from all parts of India—many ill or disabled. As the cure requires six days it can be figured that the place must be crowded all the time. Every pilgrim on completion of the cure receives a certificate. We were rowed on the Ganges in the early morning when the worship of the river is at its height. It is lined for a mile with monasteries, temples, shrines, sacred wells, sacred bathing ghats, burning-grounds and the palaces of Maharajahs—rest-houses for their own use and for the pilgrims from their respective countries. He of Jeypore has a particularly fine one there. We saw thousands of pilgrims standing in the river, either bathing in it, drinking it or absorbed in prayer to it. Some would hold themselves under until nearly drowned and many were casting flowers upon it; others were purifying their utensils or preparing to carry away some of



the water of the sacred river to distant homes; while others were burning the dead at its edge. To come somewhat suddenly upon all this rush and medley of worship of the Ganges made us rub our eyes, wondering if it was not all a dream.

It was the burning-ground, though, that chained my attention. This is the place on the margin of the sacred river where for centuries unnumbered the bodies of those Hindus whose family or estate permitted the cost of transportation have been burned. Several corpses were being prepared and several others were going up in flame and smoke. I believe in cremation, thoroughly, but what held me were the attending yellow-robed priests; the burners, who were born to their gruesome work, it being their caste; the resting of the bodies so that the feet were immersed in the river; the incantations while walking around the pyre a certain number of times before the torch was applied; then the awkward show of charred arms and legs, and lastly, the casting of what little remained into the river.

The Sati stones at one side of the burning-ground were pointed out. They are the stones upon which (until the British Government, only a few years ago, considered itself strong enough to prohibit it) many a Hindu widow was burned alive with her husband's corpse. My Central India college-student guide told me that the people have not ceased to resent the government's action, and that many—including many women—would pursue the practice if allowed. Can ties of religion be tautened beyond that?

Leaving Benares with heads buzzing with its sights, and with a lot of its brass under our arms, as it were, we moved on to Calcutta—completing without accident

the crossing of India. It had been hot and dusty and the night travel most uncomfortable, but let that pass. Thence after a few days we went on to Darjeeling, which, for the sake of rhythm, we will discuss first.

### DARJEELING

Calcutta to Darjeeling in the Himalayas means a journey of twenty-one hours—traversing the length of one railroad, crossing the Ganges by steamboat and then going the lengths of two more railroads. The sacred river is crossed a long way below Benares, but any unclassified floating stuff you see there you have the right to suppose is human remains from the burning-grounds. I carefully refrained from fish that morning. At Silligure the narrow-gauge Himalayan railroad receives you. This place is on the edge of the plains but backed by the foot-hills and a dense jungle, famed over all India alike for its unhealthiness and its richness in tigers, elephants and other big game. Silligure was the base of operations of that recent military expedition into Thibet which laid its leveling hands on hitherto inaccessible and prohibited Lhasa. After seeing something of the country thereabout it was possible to appreciate the prodigious difficulties of such an expedition; which had not only to pass the Himalayas, but to traverse for a long distance that highest of plateaus called the “Roof of the World”—much of it with fourteen to sixteen thousand feet of elevation.

After an eight-hour climb up eight thousand feet from Silligure on the mountain railway, we were put

down at Darjeeling and were, at once, repaid for the journey. Like Simla it is one of the hill stations or sanitariums to which fever-smitten or heat-tired Europeans go to mend. Its situation is grand, being almost surrounded by the tallest mountains in the world. It is in the corner made by the joining of Assam, Nepal,



*Four Distinct Races. Darjeeling.*

Thibet, Bhoutan and India; and to see the strange mixture of races there is, alone, worth the journey. But what of those mountains? The peak of Everest cleaves the sky at twenty-nine thousand and two feet one hundred and forty miles away, and is visible from Tiger Hill just back of Darjeeling. It was a four o'clock in the morning undertaking, so I consoled myself with Kunchainjunga, the second highest, twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet, and the several others of nearly equal elevation which rise grandly and

in plain view; looking even higher than Everest because but forty-five miles away—and seeming very much nearer. Mont Blanc, the highest of the Swiss Alps, is fifteen thousand seven hundred feet. Comparisons are odious, but nevertheless there are forty-five peaks in the Himalayas each known to exceed twenty-three thousand feet. I witnessed a sunrise there when the peaks were cloudless—something rare—and the bur-nishing of those dizzy tops, while villages and ra-vines were still in dense darkness, was unspeakably impressive.

From the Woodlands Hotel at Darjeeling I looked right into a ravine four thousand feet deep, over which great eagles were continually soaring. Not the least interesting sight was watching them as, with striding wing, they swooped from poise to poise; now casting a shadow on the sunlit green and then limned against



*The Himalayas, from Darjeeling.*

the snowy heights—falling, hovering and rising without losing speed or flapping a wing. If they did flap I didn't catch them at it. I wondered at it, and am still wondering.

### CALCUTTA

Calcutta did not chain my attention. In general, it seemed to be a replica of Bombay except that here was the Vice-regal Palace, and that the Bengali are a sturdier race. An afternoon drive on the concourse discloses evidence of much wealth, not only among Europeans but also among the natives. I hear that some of them thrive enormously. Many unusually showy liveries are seen. Two stalwart Sikh coachmen and two stalwart Sikh outriders attached to the same equipage—all four in strikingly beautiful turbans and native clothes—is a common sight. I attended the English service at St. Paul's Cathedral in Calcutta. Set in its spacious, well-kept and leafy green, with its many memorial tablets, a great window by Burne-Jones and its chimes, it is a bit of rural England, although the numerous Eurasians in the choir and congregation do rather damage the illusion. A fine statue has been erected to Lord Roberts—an unusual honor done a man still in the harness. His Kandahar campaign and great work on the northwest frontier certainly entitled him to it; but I wondered at the absence throughout India of any statue to Lord Clive, although to his genius, as much if not more than to that of any other, Britain owes the winning of her Eastern empire. I never heard the reason for this strange omission, and, as a reader of Macaulay, I entered a silent protest.

I left London with letters from Mr. Morley, the Right Honorable Secretary of State for India, accrediting me to the Governors of the provinces of Bombay and Madras, and also to the Viceroy. That I shamefully mismanaged them is now perfectly clear. The Governor of Bombay was away on a tour during the time I was there, and that letter went to waste. The letter to the Viceroy I carried all across India without the slightest use being made of it, although I kept reading that His Excellency was in far-away Kashmir making stately progress with a large party—hunting bear, and having what can properly be called a royal time. I waked up to the mistake when the hotel proprietor at Calcutta, on the night before my leaving for Burmah, hearing of the unused Morley letter to the Viceroy, just gasped at my foolishness and berated me for wasting such an opportunity. He reminded me that the Secretary of State for India “ran the whole show” and that letters from him to travelers were scarce, and said that if I had sent the letters forward as soon as Bombay was reached I would have stood a more than good chance of an invitation to join the shooting party; and that the last traveler at his hotel who carried a letter from the Secretary of State was sent for by the Viceroy to live at Government House. But what was the use of his harrowing up my feelings with such a *post-mortem*? For me it was light which came too late, for I was booked to start for Burmah the next day and went—but not before sending forward the last of the letters, that to Sir Arthur Lawley, the Governor of the province of Madras, where I hoped to go when done with Burmah. If all I lost was place at social functions it causes little regret, but the chance to meet

the men who rule hundreds of millions and who occupy the showiest places in the East, with possibilities of bear hunting and beaters, on the side, was, as you see, frittered away.

Now that we are about to leave India, for a while, suppose we pause before passing to other countries and collate a few topics which may interest, as they did us.

In India all who are not wholly white, the Europeans call "natives"—a generic term embracing not only the Hindus, Burmese, Thibetans and Ceylonese, but the Eurasians also. They are the half-breeds; significantly called Eurasians because in them runs the blood of Europe and of Asia. You will notice that it is a word definitively perfect. The Eurasians are of lighter skin—frequently with only the faintest trace of color—but usually of a sickly, bilious hue. Physically and mentally below par, they are generally possessed of some education—often seen in clerical employ at the post offices, railroad stations and stores and affecting the European dress. Theirs is not a happy lot. They are compelled to keep much to themselves, being detested by the true natives and always looked askance at by the Europeans. A few get on the fringe of society, but only those who have risen to high place in business. The Eurasian in India is to be pitied. Wherever the fault, it was not his.

I gained the impression that the English in India are held more in fear than affection—certainly by the serving classes. I had to notice the arrogance with which the horde of native servants is treated, and that horde's abject servility. I seldom heard a word addressed to them by any European which was not full of command. To call an Indian servant, it is "Boy!"—and that with

a bark. The idea seemed to be, for them to be allowed to wait upon you was a favor conferred, and to make clear what was wanted a bore. When I spoke of this seeming severity I was told it was necessary; that it is either implicit obedience through fear or else lack of respect and confusion; that any show of kindness is lost on the Oriental—that it is the only way. Even with the educated classes, including the Parsees and Babus, the English allow little in common, socially. While the races go along remarkably well together they do not mix well; and it is the English who hold aloof. The natives of all classes respect them, for they have learned that they alone can be trusted—that the government's aims make for their general good and that a British promise is pretty certain to be followed by performance.

There may be some similarity between conditions there and those which obtained in France before the Revolution. History makes it clear that it was not alone the extravagance of the nobles which brought it on, but the hauteur and contumely which they meted out to the populace, as well. The English in India ride, play hockey, cricket, tennis and polo, and race, hunt, dine and wine; but they do it only among themselves and with their kind. As for the native—well, they work hard and efficiently for him, in the mass—deal out good government to him. Despots they, who happen to be efficient and benevolent. Lust of dominion drew them there and keeps them there, but the residuum is mercy and justice.

The internal history of India for the past hundred and fifty years, excepting for the great revolt of 1857-8 and the struggles on the northwest frontier, is of one long



period of peace almost profound. Recent revolutionary demonstrations in the Punjab are probably more or less local in character and the result of the propaganda preached there by Babu agitators. The governments good or bad of nearly all countries are continually subject to attempts at overthrow. It is claimed that native industries are not fostered by the government, that they are offered up as a sacrifice upon the altar of British trade. I don't quite see how that can possibly be wholly true for almost everything but arms can be brought into the country, and Germany and the United States and every trading nation find there an open door and a great market. Before espousing the cause of those whose cry is "India for the Indians" it would be well to inquire if conditions as respects health, happiness and native industries are any better or even as good in the great Native States there where the native Princes gather and spend the taxes and, while loyal to the government, are practically let alone by it. We all sympathize with the yearnings of the educated class for perfect freedom, but my observation leads me unhesitatingly to the opinion that the Indian masses are very far from ready for representative government. If Great Britain should tire of her burden and quit, or if she was driven out; what then? The ferocity of the Afghans and hill tribes would be unchecked and they would quickly descend upon and conquer the less warlike plainmen, divided as they are into hostile races and religions. Such change bodes political chaos and retrogression, ending inevitably in simply a change of masters. From the alien British to the alien Russian or German, or—what is even more likely—to the alien Japanese, as the strongest probability.

### SACRED BULLS

In many places in northern and central India, and usually near to temples, I saw sleek bulls wandering solitarily and at will, without keepers; and on inquiry learned that they were sacred bulls, dedicated as yearlings with ceremony to some of the gods, as salve for sin committed or sop for some special favor hoped for; as, for instance, recovery from sickness. In a country where every farm-animal has its attendant pretty constantly on watch—even to the boniest goat—it struck me as strange to see bulls treading crowded bazaars and narrow alleys with no one to limit their operations. Like the beggar castes, they live off the Hindus as a right. A Mohammedan would drive it away from his vegetable basket, but a Hindu, appreciating its sacred quality, while he might try to keep his green goods out of the bull's sight, would never drive him off. Browsing thus practically at will, doing no work and treated tenderly, they grow exceeding tame; but, nevertheless, it may be supposed that if a sacred bull got into a profane crockery shop he would mix things just as did that other bull.

### THE CLIMATE

Some one has said of India that it is "four months hot and eight months hotter," and you can't use me to disturb that statement. The climate on the seacoast and great plains of India and Burmah is decidedly unhealthy. I was there in November and December—their cold weather—but it seemed dangerously hot

every day and, certainly, it was horribly hot at night. What their hot weather is like I can only imagine. It was as hot in Bombay, Calcutta and Rangoon while I was there, as in New York City when at its hottest. A steamy heat at that. No European thinks of getting into the sun's rays—even to cross a road—without the protection of his big cork hat—his solar topee. There is a striking force in the Indian sun, dreaded by travelers, due to its peculiar actinic qualities, quite out of proportion to the temperature; and that requires no apologies, for the thermometer made daily incursions for us into the nineties.

If you dress in a few unstarched cottons, do not exert yourself, stay in the shade and within the sphere of a punkah, even midday during their cold weather can be endured with composure. But you cannot comfortably ignore any of the ingredients in that formula. No wonder that the ruddy glow of Englishmen and the pink and white of the Englishwomen disappear and most of them look so sun-dried and sallow. Five years usually weakens the liver and furnishes several bouts with fever. From the frightful bubonic plague and deadly cholera of India the Europeans generally prove immune, but not always. The wife of the recently retired United States Consul at Bombay was attacked by the plague just before I reached there, and his little daughter died from it.

Official report shows that over thirty thousand were killed in India last year by wild animals, principally by the snakes—which goes to show the amount and kind of jungle there. I saw hundreds who were swollen with elephantiasis—horrible sights—and I understand lepers are numerous. There were twenty-five deaths in

Calcutta, alone, from tetanus the week I was there, according to official report. I know no reason why it would not be correct to assume that that was not more than Calcutta's quota of such cases, multiplied throughout the country. The people of India are a barefooted people, and of course lockjaw does its work. Plague and famine are fought hard by the government, and both are held much in check, but their periodical recurrence has come to be looked upon by many as normal, and the massing of population and failure of crops as natural phenomena—susceptible to amelioration but hardly capable of management. By others, no less thoughtful, plague and famine are deemed providential shields against over-population. The fact is, there was but one and a half per cent. increase in the population of India during the previous decade, according to the census of 1901.

As viewed by me India is not a white man's country. Luxury there is much of, real comfort but little. The white men who have suffered and struggled there and wrought such wonderful benefit to its teeming millions, have either laid their bones there or, after long service, gone "home" to enjoy their pensions with such health and vim as the very trying climate had left them. India was their workshop but never their home.

### THE WOMEN OF INDIA

Women in India, like their sisters in Egypt, are considered as inferior beings. The best of them are seldom seen, being practically prisoners in their husbands' homes. Education is thought to be beyond them

or too good for them, and the census shows an average of but one in every hundred and forty women in India who can read and write their own language. That any of them can read and write is probably owing almost entirely to the work of the foreign mission schools. Senseless custom makes a daughter's marriage expensive. The festivities and the necessary dot, if they be very poor—and a thousand to one they are—are a heavy drain upon resources meagre to attenuation. And this though the dot be only a cocoanut tree and a goat. We can suppose the baby daughter gets scant welcome in India. The last census shows that there are five millions fewer females than males. From these facts the conclusion must follow that female infanticide—so generally suspected—is proved beyond any reasonable doubt.

Unless the native girl is married very young—as soon as grown—her family is considered disgraced. A native judge of the High Court told me that the average age of marriage among Hindu girls is between eight and nine, and that as soon as the child is grown she passes to the husband. It is all infancy and womanhood with her—no intervening girlhood. I plainly understood from the judge's talk that the custom is based upon suspicion. When she passes to her husband there is a second ceremony; with music and feeding in which his relatives take a leading part, the particulars of which cannot be given here.

Upon the subject of Hindu polygamy the learned native judge was not communicative. Perhaps for personal reasons. But he did say that under the Indian law, when a wife presents her husband with an unbroken succession of daughters; say three, that in it-

self is one of the reasons why, with the permission of his temple authorities, he may add to his household and take to himself another wife. From what he and others told me I concluded that polygamy is wide open to those Hindus who, having the little sufficiency of means, are also solid with their temple brethren.

The British Government is encouraging a movement, started among the educated native class, to do away with infant marriage, which is on the increase; but the native judge told me that it was receiving only newspaper support, and he thought it would not and should not succeed. The stamping out of the very ancient and revolting custom of burning the widow upon the husband's pyre is a part of the price they pay for British government. Infant marriage, though, admits of a difference of opinion, is a mandate in the social order founded on parental dominion, and is the immemorial custom of a people who are as the sands of the sea. But the effort is being made, and with all the force which the case permits; and some fine day, possibly centuries hence, infant marriage among the Hindus will be abolished and the little Hindu girl will wax strong in girlhood before she takes the man who, in some degree at least, will then for the first time in their history be of her own choosing.

### THE TYPE

The Hindu villagers and the mass of the common people of the plains look remarkably alike. The type is nearly black; thin almost to emaciation, soft featured and with a mild and kindly expression. He wears

plenty of turban but only a single body cloth—chest, back, legs and feet are bare; for

“The poor benighted Hindu  
He does the best he kindo.  
He sticks to his caste  
From first to last,  
And for pants—he makes his skindo.”

But he has his revenge. His shapely tapering waist and “straight front” are a rebuke to nearly every European of either sex, over thirty, whom he sees. The necessary lines of physical beauty are not likely to be lost to him by indolence or overfeeding. He does not become big-bodied and paunchy—distended with course meals, three times every day. The coolies, villagers and jungles all over India have a way of resting which struck me as somewhat curious, though I never heard it referred to by others. At any railroad station or bazaar or cross-roads, wherever they congregate, many will be seen doubled up like jack-knives sitting on the points of their haunches—knees and chin together—monkey fashion. They will sit in that way almost motionless for hours—each of them a study in brown in a brown study, as it were. Cabmen waiting for a fare, instead of using their comfortable box-seats, will be seen perched squatting thus on the top of them. There may be a faint suggestion here for any in quest of the missing link. Perhaps in this way prehistoric man wore his tail off.

### THE INDIAN RAILWAYS

Some features of the Indian government’s control of railroads should, I think, be especially instructive to

us in America, where railroad corporations have grown so tremendously that the curbing of their power has become a popular demand and the most important plank in the platform of a great party. From a high Anglo-Indian railroad official with whom I traveled from Benares, I learned much of the railroad situation in India, which was confirmed by others and by investigation. The policy of the government of India is to own all the railroads. All charters granted to private companies for building railroads there have been, and are, subject to a provision that the government may purchase at the end of a stated period—generally twenty-five years—at a price equal to the then value of its capital stock and bonds, as shown by the average of quotations for them in the open market during the previous five years. It seems to me that the insertion of that option greatly simplifies the way to state ownership, when wanted. The securities are thus stamped, as it were, with the government's right; and value and proper price are quickly and equitably obtained.

So far the Indian government has always exercised its option, and the roads so acquired, with the few others of strategic or military value which it has itself constructed, amount to over eighty-five per cent. of the entire railway mileage, approximating thirty thousand miles. It should also be known that the British-Indian charters are for one hundred years only; at the expiration of which the roads fall in and, *ipso facto*, become public property—not granted in perpetuity, as with us. This I consider another very valuable feature. In the option to purchase at a price practically fixed and these limited-period charters the way, I think, is pointed to the solution in America of many of the puz-



zling and dangerous questions of state ownership of public business—at least so far as relates to charters hereafter granted. An enabling amendment to the federal and, perhaps, to the state constitutions might be required, and they could easily be obtained in the present temper of the people unless, forsooth, defeated by railroad strategy.

Government ownership of railroads works well in India. All the roads are on a good paying basis except the military roads; and, taken as a whole—politically, financially and prospectively—government ownership bids fair to be of immense advantage to the people of India. No claim has yet been raised that either politics, corruption or extravagance has entered into the government's management; the only unfavorable criticism being as to the necessity for extensions, of which about three thousand miles are under construction or projected. All the railroads cater to three classes of passengers, and several important ones to as many as four classes; that is to say, a first, a second, an intermediate—so-called—and a third class. The peasant millions travel third class, and do so at the remarkably low rate of one-third of a cent (American money) per mile. And foodstuffs, coal and other staples are carried at an average of a farthing only per ton per mile. "And the average rate for all descriptions of goods carried per ton per mile was five and one-quarter pies, or just under a halfpenny" (Adm. Report on Railways in India, 1905). Where in America is the public so well served by the railroad corporations and such a tariff approached? To be sure, the British-Indian military forces contribute. Officers of the Royal Engineers regiments are told off from time to

time to act as chief or consulting or assistant engineers and for special service to the several railroads. But so could some of the highly educated engineers in the American army—and experience thus gained would add strength to the country's military forces.

The average pay of the common laborer on the Indian railroads, according to my expert informants, is from two and a half to three and a half annas a day—equivalent to from five to seven cents in American money—of itself a startling proof of the poverty of the people and the pressure of its population. That pittance—the ruling rate of wages for unskilled labor there—does not account for the astonishing disparity between the cost of transportation to the people and for their necessities in a comparison between those government-owned railroads of India and the private corporation-owned roads in America.

### THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

The government of India, as was said, is administered by less than twelve hundred British, who occupy the executive and responsible offices—from Governors of provinces and High Court judges to deputy collectors. Only a few of the higher offices are held by natives; but nearly all the very many minor offices and clerkships in post offices, railways and other public business are filled by the Eurasians and natives. Native judges preside over all the lower courts; but appeals therefrom are all heard by English judges. Appointments to those higher administrative offices (Lieutenant-Governorship of a province being the summit) are made

through the Indian Civil Service; and, though wide open to the natives who can fit themselves and lead in the competition, only a few enter, and fewer succeed. They are under no impediment or discrimination of any kind except that, as the examinations for a foothold upon the ladder leading to those higher offices are always held in London, they would be required to do that much more traveling.

This higher branch of the Indian Civil Service is a very stiff institution, requiring youth, health and hard training. No one is eligible for its appointment who is not already proficient in the ruling language of the particular district in which he seeks employment, and learned also in its history, laws and customs; and who has not led against all comers in the examinations. Then when there is a vacancy in the department of work he is educated for he is sent out on probation, to start from the lowest rung of that ladder.

Seventy-five per cent. of Indian civil servants are university men; and for character and efficiency it is very probably a governing force unequalled in any country in the world.

You may think this record is about to lapse into black seriousness and a tangle of statistics, but have no fear—spirits are still high, the world out here looks very beautiful and we are as if skipping on our way.

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## BURMAH

We reeled off the eight hundred and fifty miles in the voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon, down the treacherous

Hooghly and across the Bay of Bengal, under conditions that were ideal. We saw Rangoon at its best: that is to say, in the winter. It was very hot there during the day but sufficiently cool at night. It has long been in British hands and is really a fine city, with broad



*Buddhist Priests Collecting Alms, Burmah.*

roads and good ones. In the European quarter there are many beautiful bungalows, a race-course and fine recreation grounds. A drive in the early morning around the Royal Lake and home through Dalhousie Park was very enjoyable. The park, freshened by the night damp and dripping yet with its dew, was a picture of tropical beauty. Some of the views there are as lovely as can be imagined. Nothing in London or New York compares with them. For a companion piece we must revert to beautiful Margareten Island in the Danube.

The Shwe Dagon pagoda at Rangoon is really most imposing. A Buddhist pagoda, or temple, is a construction like nothing else on earth. This one starts from high ground and—all gilded—tapers and towers three hundred and seventy feet; which is said to be higher than the cross over St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the St. Peter's of the Buddhists, and millions have made pilgrimage to it from all over Burmah and Ceylon. It is surrounded by monasteries and shrines, at which latter many worshippers were seen. They say it was built prior to 500 B.C., but the thought is general that the original pagoda was very much smaller and has become the core, as it were, from being built upon, and over, many times. This enormous structure is solid, except for a single secret relic-chamber, which we were not allowed to enter, said to be underneath and to contain relics of the Buddha. The umbrella-top is heavy with costly jeweled bells, presented by some king. I was much struck with the Shwe Dagon pagoda. In its antiquity, strange formation, religious value and size it ranks among the world's great monuments.

One fine morning—only two years ago—a tiger was discovered perched high on a projection of the great pagoda. It had evidently strayed there overnight from the neighboring jungle. It was an awkward situation for all hands. The Buddhists protested against any violence in the sacred precincts; but after a lot of parleying some one of another religion, or of no religion, with a well-aimed bullet tumbled the animal dead on the pavement. To have reached the place where discovered he must have traversed some thickly populated sections. Daylight disclosed to him the gathering crowds, and that he was in their midst. He showed

excellent judgment in climbing to the niche, so high up and almost out of sight. It was his one chance of escaping detection; and if, when detected, he had understood something of the psychology of a crowd and dashed through the streets, uttering a few of his best roars on the way, I dare say room would have been given him in plenty.

If you want to see elephants at work in the lumber yards of Burmah you should move quickly, as they are vanishing. Until recently they were quite generally used, but the portable engine has at last about succeeded in putting the lumber-yard elephant out of business. We watched one of the survivors. The superintendent said he was eighty years old—had been caught in the jungle of Upper Burmah and been at work for twenty-five years. He pulled, pushed and placed great timbers with what seemed human intelligence, and three tons did not faze him.

We received a very favorable impression of the Burmese. They are a sturdier race than the Hindus, and more advanced. They are short in stature, and in their physiognomy disclose their Mongolian extraction. Their women are treated as equals, and go about looking the world in the face. The few hotels to be found there are generally execrable, worse than those in India; but what of that to those who can rough it, and who make only a short stay!

I fully enjoyed the four days' boat journey up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay. It recalled our Nile experiences, and added some new ones. There were but three other saloon passengers; an English magistrate returning to his district with his wife, and a young government geologist with tents and a retinue of native



*Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon.*





bearers, going to spend several months in the wilds, mapping the country and sounding for oil. I enjoyed the conversation of both men. Their lines of duty seemed to me nearly picturesque. They dropped off at points below Mandalay and left me the sole occupant of the saloon, and the only white passenger. But it was not lonely. When I wanted a spectacle I had but to stroll around the deck where brown people of many different tribes were cooking, eating or sleeping. The captain, a big whole-souled man, and I became great chums. I used to like to be at his side while he was threading his way at night over the shoals, with many a sharp turn—trying for the ever-changing channel; and while handling his searchlight, which made boats, points of land and everything it rested upon look weird and white. I found it all very restful and managed to lay in a lot of sleep while

“On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin’ fishes play,  
An’ the dawn comes up like thunder  
Outer China ’erost the Bay!”

That is all very pretty. Kipling is a master of sound. But the road I took to Mandalay, the only one I know of, did not meet those requirements. I saw no flying-fish on the Irrawaddy; and China was not then across any bay. I fear this is a bit captious. The poet was not under cross-examination, nor making a statement before a court of law. He was working under his license. I heard the point discussed several times, and the conclusion always was that the references must have been to a voyage from Calcutta, or Madras, to

Rangoon, across the Bay of Bengal, which always turns up many flying fish, and China then is “ ’crost the bay.”

The captain told me the channel in the Irrawaddy is very treacherous and continually changing; and that every voyage yields fresh instruction for the next. Unlike the Nile, where the bottom is desert sand and where we frequently grounded, here on the Irrawaddy the channel is usually much deeper but often rocky; and several of the company’s boats have been wrecked. In consequence, soundings went on the whole way up; and the sing-songing of the native leadsman was so continuous, so evenly timed and monotonous, that it got on my nerves. I tried to get away from it—even stuffed my ears—but it was no use, and for a time I was in the fix described by Carlyle when his rest was broken by the barnyard cock in the early mornings. You may remember that he said something to the effect that it was not the crowing he complained of, but it was the waiting for the beast to begin again that disturbed him—my situation exactly as respected those continuous soundings until accustomed to it.

About half the way up the river, we passed the old fort on the boundary between Upper Burmah and Lower Burmah—quite a formidable looking affair—by which Thebaw and his predecessors proposed to keep the English who held Lower Burmah out of Upper Burmah. But it was fortified only on the river front—the back being unprotected. To their surprise the inconsiderate English rushed it from the unprotected side, and it fell to them like a house of cards.

Thebaw, the last king of Burmah, will be remembered by many as a turbulent Oriental potentate, and one of the picturesque figures of the eighties. He

played unfair with England, and was guilty of being found out while toying with France and Italy—bidding for an alliance. He then made open war on Eng-



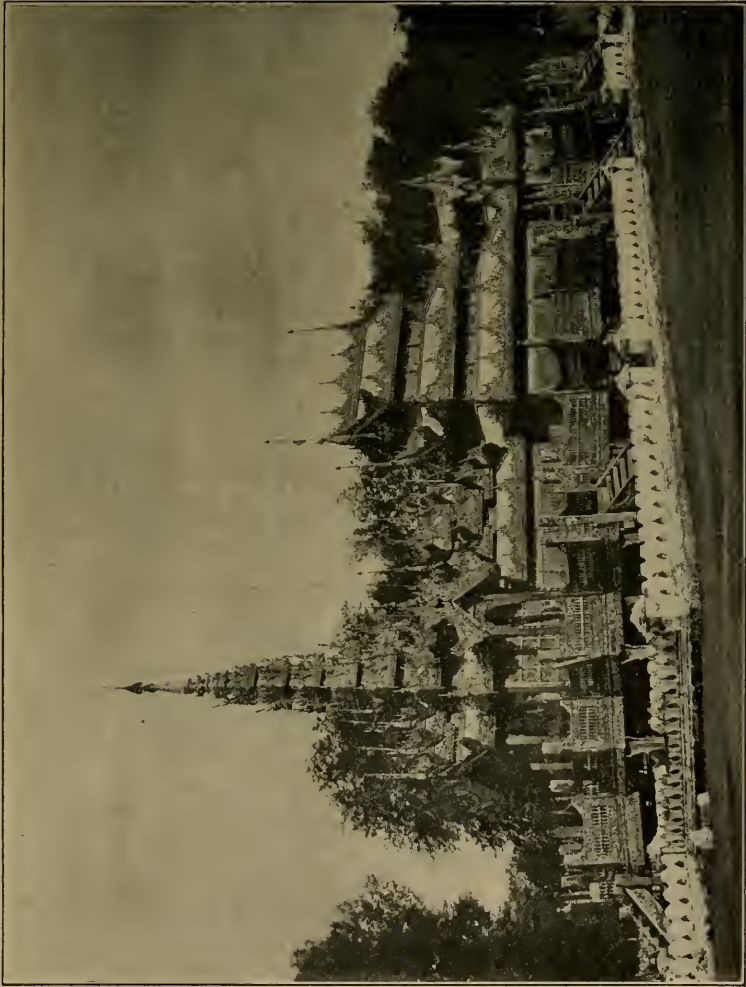
*High-Class Family and Carriage, Mandalay.*

land with the result, of course, that his country became a British province. Since 1886 he has been a prisoner of state near Bombay. An officer, whose duty required him to know, told me that he is allowed four hundred rupees a month; that he took two of his wives with him into exile, and that he recently petitioned the government for two more, which was refused. The resources of the Oriental mind were not exhausted, however, for he then petitioned that the two he had be exchanged for new ones; and, would you believe it, that was refused also. The limit of concession in such delicate matters had been reached. The thirty-nine articles and the nonconformist conscience had raised no outcry

against the original two, but stood firm against any such wicked substitution.

Those Morley letters gave out a reflex action in Mandalay, though not addressed there. The native gentleman told off by the Governor of Burmah to take me over that place was no ordinary guide. He had once held some ceremonial office at the court of King Thebaw, and is now the highest of the native officials in the Mandalay district. He gave me not only two days of his time but the use of his carriage and coachman as well. These things are mentioned only to show how valuable good letters may be to a traveler; and also the probable accuracy of the information received.

Space will not permit more than the merest mention of Thebaw's palace, the most fantastic of all the royal palaces I ever saw—a mixture of the cheap and the enormous—shabby magnificence; nor of much else my guide showed me and told me. But we must line up in front of that giant image of Buddha in the great Arakan pagoda here at Mandalay. When my new friend and guide confided to me that it was really the most sacred image in Burmah—believed to have been moulded by Buddha himself—the statement made no perceptible effect upon the pulse; but when I asked him why it looked so swollen and badly out of proportion in some of its parts his explanation greatly interested me. The giant image is covered all over with real gold several inches thick, but, put on so at random, it is in places even much thicker. He told me that an average of at least three hundred rupees' (one hundred dollars) worth of gold-leaf, representing the votive offering of hundreds of Burmese from all over the country, was added to the image every day; and put on



*The Queen's Golden Monastery, Mandalay.*



usually by the givers themselves; and that they placed it on any part of the image they saw fit or which was most convenient to them, except the face. He also informed me that the richer natives sometimes donate and place many packages of the gold-leaf in their effort to wash away sins. The result of this haphazard gilding is that while the face retains that approved expressionless countenance usual to Buddhas, the shoulders, body, arms and hands are, in spots and places, bulged or swollen by the gold out of all proportion. Of the thousands of Buddhas I saw in Burmah this was the only one thus treated.

I saw two native devotees, as serious looking as deacons, who had climbed on the image and were sticking the gold-leaf wherever most handy; and observed others buying the packages of gold-leaf, costing them two and one-half rupees—eighty cents—each, and patiently waiting their turn to climb and dispose of them in like manner. The impression I was left with was akin to that given by the worship of the Ganges. Here was sacrifice not in the least cruel but frightfully costly—sacrifice that was monumental when the poverty of this people is considered. It represented a light and leading past my comprehension.

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### MADRAS

From Rangoon to Madras was a three and a half days' voyage, done in fine weather and high spirits. On arrival I was greeted with a letter from the Governor's secretary inviting me to a reception to the Maharajah of a nearby state that evening at the Gov-

ernment House, and with offers of other civilities. Government House is the name given the palace of the Governor of a province in the East. It is usually situated in a beautiful park, surrounded with high walls—with soldiers at the gates and magnificence in all things. The Oriental always associates pomp and splendor with his rulers. The Moghul Kings and Emperors were conspicuous exponents of the idea, and the British who displaced them as rulers of those three hundred millions, not to be surpassed by their subjects—the Maharajahs, Nizams, and other native princes—have fairly wrapped themselves in ceremony and the show of power. With the Maharajahs it is gorgeous, with the British it is gorgeous and stately. The Governor of a province in India seldom rides out without outrunners and a showy body-guard of lancers—the streets being cleared and probably freshly sanded. He



*Madras Villagers.*



is used to being conducted to some daïs with a fanfare, there to be presented with memorials in silver cases on bended knee. And every move of the Governor-General, or Viceroy, is matter of circumstance. With him pomp is pressed to the limit. It is undoubtedly one of the ingredients of British success in governing Asiatics.

The reception to the Maharajah was, of course, a grand affair. His Highness was resplendent—decked, as befits an Eastern Prince of the first rank, with much gold and many precious stones. The gold-embroidered confection which answered for his coat sparkled with diamond buttons, and his earrings were also diamonds. A number of rajahs and other very high-class natives were there richly and beautifully arrayed; but never a native woman—they were safely locked in their zenanas. I studied the Maharajah as closely as politeness would permit and was struck, among other things, with his apparently contemptuous treatment of the natives who went up and made their best salaams to him. That he knew they were there at all was evinced only by the fact that he perfunctorily extended a limp hand, while not a word and seldom a glance was condescended. An Indian Maharajah among the natives is indeed the whole thing. I observed also that somewhat similar treatment was, in turn, meted out to him by the English. Many of them, after paying their profound respects to the Governor and his charming lady, passed on, taking no notice of his Asiatic Magnificence whenever he was engaged and they could, without affront, do so. The point of cleavage seemed to be the standing in line for him, which they would not, at least did not do. Maharajahs are good enough show-pieces for a

Durbar or a King's drawing-room, but seemingly of no great social consequence. They can ride their painted-faced elephants and will be saluted with eighteen guns, but socially the stiff-necked English of the *haut monde* and they have little in common. There is probably no lack whatever of mutual respect. Rather that the two civilizations in their ideals and standards are very wide apart.

The following evening I had the honor to dine at the Government House. It being a private function nothing more will be said about it except that a full regimental band sounded from the gallery and that it was a truly delightful occasion. When I left Madras his Excellency passed me over to the Governor of the Straits Settlements with a personal letter, the only item of possible general interest in which was his asking that some tiger shooting be furnished—about which more anon. A luncheon at the home of the Inspector-General of Indian Railways, and a call from the only native judge of the High Court, were both enjoyed. The native judge imparted much interesting information on the state of the law there and of native feeling. He was Hindu to the core, and a very learned man. All these attentions of Governors, Resident, Prime Minister and native judge of which we were the recipient, resulted as may be guessed from the visé of the Secretary of State for India—although only one of the letters, I regret to say, was used.

“Might have been,” that most unprofitable combination of words, may sometimes cover a situation worth mentioning. Ever since reaching India I had had a burning desire to go on a tiger hunt. Not that hunting big game had come my way often, nor that I was per-

fectly sure I could furnish the courage to underwrite such a job; but the wish to tread the skin of a tiger fallen to my own bullet possessed me. I had been through the Jeypore district where tigers are more or less common; through the Himalayan foothills where there are plenty, and to Upper Burmah where they are also found; but opportunity never waited on wish. Here at Madras in southern India, within ten hours of the Mysore jungle—but compelled soon to leave for Ceylon—it was then or never. At the hotel in Madras, through a young Englishman with whom I made the voyage from Rangoon, I met two gentlemen who were, both of them, high in tiger-hunting society. We gave a dinner to them and, fanned by my interest, they told a string of tiger-killing experiences which for thrills surpassed any hunting stories I ever heard. I enjoyed myself. Both were from the Mysore district and both had killed dozens. One of them was going out with a party, which could not then be increased, the day following. Both in their respective territories kept shikaris—professional native hunters—always on the watch locating tigers, panther and buffalo. They were the nerviest pair I ever fell in with. Finding I was so warm—that the “call of the wild” had such fascination—each agreed to “tie up,” as it is called, for my benefit and then and there telegraphed their shikaris to do so. To “tie up,” you may know, is to tether a cow at some likely spot as a lure to the tiger or panther which happens that way; and which he kills with a blow of his paw, breaking the neck; sucks the blood and retires till the next night or two when he calls around again for his regular feed—the flesh then being to his liking. The arrangement was that

they were to telegraph me if a "kill" followed and I was then to go on at once. Well, I waited two days in Madras without getting the word and then proceeded by rail and ship to Colombo in Ceylon. And, would you believe it, about the first things which greeted my arrival there were two cables from the hotel pro-



*A Madras Hunt.*

prietor at Madras, repeating two telegrams received by him just after I had left; one announcing "Kill—panther sure—tiger probable—come at once." The other "Kill—tiger—come." And there I was three days' hard traveling away from those two tigers which had thus been so carefully marked for me, as it were. Would not that jostle you? It was too late; "it might have been" that I could tread on the tail of a tiger-skin—of my own capture—came close—but it was not to be.

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Without further repining let us turn our flashlights on Ceylon, which tropic island is now ours to look over for a while. To get there we railed the four hundred and forty-three miles to Tuticorin and in the evening boarded a "B. I." to Colombo, which was reached early the following morning. On the way from Madras to Tuticorin we passed through the Madura district and a number of other points especially rich in ancient Hindu temples and art. Personally I would rather recount the mental exhilaration of a midnight tree-top shot at a Mysore tiger stealthily circling around his "kill" in the jungle below, than of any towers, arcades, corridors, pillars, and all else relating to any ruins—unless they have romantic histories as well—and the general reader will, I think, find excuse and perhaps relief, if this sketch-book is not burdened with much more of archæology.

## CEYLON

COLOMBO on the island of Ceylon, the most important of the British East Indies, is at the parting of the ways for about all the distance travel in the Eastern Hemi-



*Who Said Coconuts? Ceylon.*

sphere. It corners to so many trade routes that nearly all lines call there going or coming from China, Japan or Australia. It is close to the equator, but under our solar topees and through our lorgnettes it seemed ever-smiling. We were two weeks on the island. I like to speak in moderation, but, just the same, it is one of the very lovely places of earth. Mother Nature is lav-

ish, and if I had not seen Java I should say she had here reached her limit. I was credibly informed that a single acre sown to Guinea grass there can yield a hundred tons in the course of a year, and frequently does. That would of course require successive cuttings; but think of it—one hundred tons. Some of the jungle I saw was so matted and dense that an elephant would be lost to sight though within fifty feet of you.



*Jungles—Aborigines of Ceylon.*





Parts of the island have a very rich fauna—elephants, buffalo, leopards, pythons, and also that other snake which, though unmolested, will jump at you—the only snake that will.

The natives are good-looking, peaceful and pictur-



*Surf Boat, Ceylon.*

esque. It was the Cingalese men, this time, who caught my eye. They are distinguished from the Malays and Tamils there, among other things, by the peculiar way they wear their hair. They wear it long, combed straight back and caught up in a knot at the back-head, like a woman's. And it is topped by a rounded tortoise-shell comb standing straight up, tiara fashion, and with hornlike points—giving a Mephisto look.

Civilization has this people well in hand. I hear, though, that in a more or less inaccessible part of the

island—in the jungle there—there is a remnant of an aboriginal tribe who still live by the bow and arrow; and, because of their wild environs, are able to maintain almost complete isolation.

The Ceylon shore-line has so few indentations that the water's edge there generally means the broad ex-



*A Village Scene, Ceylon.*

pense. I consider the Gall Face Hotel at Colombo better placed and kept than any in India that I know of. It is on a bluff and within one hundred feet of the curling surf and deep water; and yet its sea-view is through waving and intervening cocoanut-palms which grow to the edge.

We went up in the mountains to Kandy, the ancient capital now a hill station and hot-weather resort, and for several days enjoyed its cool air and highland



*A Scene in Ceylon.*



beauty. The views across and around the little lake are indeed enchanting, and the mixture of the old and the new is of considerable interest. The kings of Kandy gave up the struggle in 1815. Till then, in their upper fastnesses they held out against the Dutch, who at that time occupied only the seacoast. Since then the kings of Kandy have stood for the regal-ridiculous—favorite characters in opera bouffe, to be laughed at.

Ceylon, like Burmah, is a stronghold of Buddhism. There is little or nothing to say of the "Pagoda of the Tooth" at Kandy, where it is claimed a certain dental item, once a useful part of the philosopher's anatomy, is held; and where his footprint, deep set into the hard stone, is shown; for you know I am assuming the reader is growing tired of pagan temples, as is the author. It was at Kandy we were entertained nearly a whole evening by a company of "Devil-Dancers" from the temple, in most elaborate costumes and masks. The devil got a bad hour and a half, and the tom-tom must have been near to the breaking-point, also. It is an ancient and semi-religious dance which is given on high festivals at the temple.

The Botanical Gardens at Kandy have a wide reputation and, among tropic gardens, I believe stand next in importance to those at Buitenzorg in Java. Our visit to the Kandy gardens was made with a friend of the curator, whom we also met. It was a treat to listen to him. Ceylon, you remember, is a spice-growing island. While on that head, let me add that a lady well reputed for veracity told me that she distinctly scented the cinnamon at sea—though twenty miles to leeward. Some noses are better than others; and, as some

noses go, that does not seem to me to be at all unlikely.

Good-bye! beautiful Ceylon, with your pearl fishery, your precious stones and your peacefulness. Few places we have visited are as responsive and delighting. We would have gladly stopped longer.

## COLOMBO TO PENANG AND SINGAPORE

THE world has been made for those who are willing to take chances, but you can't fool with a "P. & O." when she is ready to start. That proposition was learned to the quick by two first-class passengers whom we left behind at Colombo through their own carelessness, they having taken a small boat and gone ashore shortly before sailing-time. We can imagine their feelings when they saw us rounding the jetty; carrying far away from them their luggage and perhaps all their money. If there was any profanity in their make-up they surely must have sworn for, say fifteen minutes, without repeating themselves.

The voyage from Colombo to Penang and then on to Singapore, across the Indian Ocean and down the Straits of Malacca, afforded another period of complete rest lasting about a week. In the Straits we passed near to the northern coast of Sumatra, where the Dutch are waging a warfare that has lasted continuously for thirty years against a tribe of mountaineers which, thus far, they have failed to subjugate. It is hinted that there is no particular anxiety to wind up the affair; since how then could the Dutch army and navy be employed—and how about promotions?

At Penang the heat was very trying. One of the passengers had a sun-seizure and the doctor said that for a time he did not expect him to recover. We stopped there only three hours—time enough to take a carriage and guide and have a hurried look. The

population is principally Malay, but most of the property is held by Chinese, the superior race. The European quarter looked familiar—ample, clean and beautiful. Situations vary and so do the dress, color and type of native, but European quarters are much alike.

At Penang we were half-way around the world. Longitudinally New York and Penang are antipodean. We were standing feet to feet, as it were, with our friends at home. We could insist they were underneath and they could reasonably make the same assertion of us. One or other of us would seem to be dangling by the heels and entitled to a bad headache—but the Creator has looked out for that.

In Singapore an answering cable was received from Paris which relieved my anxiety. Family letters had been delayed for weeks—become gorged somewhere on the lengthening line of communication. Singapore, the chief of the Straits Settlements, is within sixty miles of the line, and pretty full of Chinese. I am beginning to recast my ideas as to them. Those we see in America are far below the average. Most of them here in the East are open-faced, sturdy, active people; and I hear it continually said that they are industrious and faithful and that there are many successful business men among them.

I watched a lot of barefooted Malay boys playing football and wondered how their big toes were hinged. Just fancy the stubbing your toe would get, if unprotected like theirs, in sending a full-sized football. It makes me think of the funny-bone, crick in the neck and such fitful things. I have seen that barefooted game played before, in Burmah and India.

We tarried in Singapore a few days. While there I



had the honor of dining with Sir John Anderson, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, and received some encouragement for that fervently wished-for tiger hunt. But the prospect is not distinctly roseate, for the tigers hereabouts are mostly in the Johore jungles, and the Sultan of Johore, as I learned after reaching Singapore, insists upon his tigers getting an even chance—the hunter must go after him on the level and cannot wait for him in a tree, as in India. In consequence, my zest for that skin was measurably reduced; but the Governor very kindly agreed to try to arrange for a hunt on my return from Java—whence I go from here—and I agreed with myself to muster sufficient courage for a hunt, Johore fashion, by that time—if possible.

We spent a day at Johore, which is the native state to the north of Singapore, reached by taking first the rail and then a boat. I did not attempt to deliver a letter I carried to the Sultan of Johore, for after learning of the equal rights accorded his tigers my personal interest in him weakened. I preferred that the matter should be held in abeyance, awaiting the Governor's efforts—and to learn what sort of bomb-proofs or claw-shields went with his outfit. The palace and the open-air Chinese theatre at Johore were in a measure attractive, but neither of them was as alluring to me as the "Gambling Farm," so called, where I found the life of the place was centred. The Chinese are most inveterate gamblers. It is one of the strongest of their national traits. Driven out of Singapore, as they are, the gamblers congregate at the tables at Johore—and it is said the Sultan maintains his palace and state mainly from the proceeds of these tables. I believe the name

comes from the fact that the right to keep a gambling-place there is let or farmed out to the highest bidder. The farm was crowded with Chinese, men and women, who were wrestling with chance. To watch them was an interesting study in physiognomy and in play of features. Ah Sin was there—not a poetic fancy, but a type. The perfect poker-face was seen on all sides. Whether I played there or stood aloof is a matter either of conscience or coin, and therefore of no general interest. The world is not much concerned in private griefs, anyway. -

Singapore is but a degree north of the line, as was intimated, and in going south from there to Java, as we did, of course it was crossed. I had to recall the story of some one who in that neighborhood asked the captain why the engines had been stopped, and was told that they were crossing the line and did not want to bump it. Captains are very top-lofty on occasion, as we ourselves have seen.

## JAVA

I WAS landed in Java in bad order, weak and dizzy from a three days' struggle with rough seas, and with what was thought to be a bad case of heat-rash—and it was raining hard. The cockle-shell of a cargo boat which carried me from Singapore had been a plaything for the swells from the China Sea, and each and every of its three passengers was dreadfully knocked out, as also were some of the crew. The Malay boy who served me on deck had once to hurry to the rail on his own account, between courses. It was not appetizing. The rain was also easily accounted for, it being Java's rainy season. Matters and things were at a really low ebb with our expedition, and I am sure my opinion at the time on travel in general was of little worth. Reaction did not set in until about the third day, when I left Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies and our port of entry, for a look at the interior. Then it was that interest was revived, for the exceeding beauty of Java was forced upon me.

The East and the West have been together in Java for nearly three hundred years. The island supports an enormous population—the densest on earth—six hundred to the acre. Its thirty millions are a living and unanswerable proof of its extreme fertility. The tropics are not only warming, but filling. My observation leads me to say that there is scarcely any poverty in the tropics, as we understand it; for with us poverty means hunger and suffering. The hopeless, gaunt and

anæmic face such as the London Eastender's is not often seen in the Orient.

We went for about ten days into the interior; first to Buitenzorg, where is the great botanical garden, and then as far as Garoet, a day's journey beyond Buitenzorg, through lovely landscapes. I should suppose an artist would revel at every turn there. At Garoet we turned and debouched into the back country districts, going to the hot springs at Tjpanas and to the lake of Siteo Bagendot. While rickshawing through the rice swamps many of the country people took off their hats and some, in a fawning obeisance, crouched nearly to their haunches on the side of the road as we passed. I had heard of that custom, but had not seen it before except in Upper Burmah. It affected me unpleasantly. I went out on the beautiful and extensive lake, seated comfortably on a bamboo platform



*A Scene in Buitenzorg, Java.*

which rested upon and connected two dugouts that were manned by three women and a man. He was there to keep order. On the lake people were fishing with queer long-handled traps like inverted umbrellas. They would drop overboard to the bottom, remaining under long enough to fasten the trap whenever, to their fine touch, it acted as if performing its mission. Limited descriptive powers balk at those Javanese fish-traps.

A strange thing happened only a short time before we reached Java, at Boli, a good-sized island, the one next east of Java. It had been treated as a native state, with native rulers of the ancient line, but under Dutch supremacy. The Sultan of Boli rebelled, being foolish enough to suppose he could throw off the Dutch yoke. About six months ago the punitive expedition reached there and the fighting forces of the islanders fell back on their ancient capital, a walled city, with walls nine feet thick. The Dutch followed leisurely, preferring to await events rather than hurry them—considering the thickness of the walls. Just as they were ready to strike they were amazed to see one of the gates open and the Sultan emerge, sitting in his golden chair and followed by his wives and his children and a goodly number of relatives, headmen and retainers, with their wives and children; and all advance towards them. As their make-up, numbers and actions denoted surrender, they were allowed to advance. When they had drawn close—within speaking distance—each and every one of them, from the Sultan to the youngest woman and child among them, stabbed himself or herself to death. The bloody sight is said to have been too much for Dutch stomachs, and many

sickened at it. At least two hundred and fifty committed this concerted suicide, and, before their conquerors realized their intention, were stretched dead upon the ground. This is not yellow fiction. These tragical details were told me by one of the very few American residents in Java, and also by a Dutch naval



*Batik Working—Patterning with Wax, Java.*

officer with whom I traveled; and furthermore they are matters of common information there. We may call it savagery, fanaticism or what we like, but such wholesale self-immolation shows that even under the equator the human animal is capable of resolution which makes him prefer death to defeat. The golden chair is now in the Java museum; and the Sultanate of Boli—I don't know what its status has become, but suspect it has been taken over—assimilated.

We found living was cheap in Java. The only reason for this is that tourists have not yet spoiled it. It was the rainy season certain enough, for it poured hard and long every day—producing a rusty, sappy condition of everything. The big hats—like inverted basins—worn by the Chinese serve well their double purpose of protection from both sun and rain, as the case required.

The piazzas of the hotel at Buitenzorg overlooked a beautiful mountain stream, swift and deep, which bends a few rods away and a hundred feet below. It seemed to be a favorite bathing-place for women, and oftener than not they might have been seen there at their bath by any one who did not take unusual pains to avoid the view. A distinguished gentleman occupied the adjoining piazza. We were the only guests. At first it was a shock, but we were within our rights and of course we could not move the hotel back.

We learned it was a custom of the country; showing the simplicity rather than the ignorance of this semi-civilized people. The celerity with which, while standing in the water, they divested themselves of their only garment without wetting it, sending it overhead and on the bank in one time and two motions, as the military man would say, dropping into deeper water the while, would make you blink. It probably measured with exactness the quantity of civilization which these children of nature have thus far imbibed.

In wandering over Java I became acquainted with the brother of the Governor of Hong Kong, who at the time was also there. It was a chance acquaintance, but an exceedingly pleasant and, as it turned out, valuable one. The name of the Governor's brother, or

his titles to honor, need not be mentioned; he only comes into the narrative because, through his good offices, two weeks of our fast-shortening vacation were saved. The way of it was this. Hong Kong was our objective. The ship from Java back to Singapore which we were compelled to take was not due to arrive there until the day after the advertised sailing of the next "P. & O." from Singapore to Hong Kong, on which I was booked. It looked as if I should soon have to choose between waiting two weeks in Singapore for the next and the loss of the passage-money—with a wait of three days for a ship of another line. There was the predicament. How did it eventuate? Why, the Governor of Hong Kong and his party were our fellow-passengers on the ship from Java, and they were in a hurry. To accommodate them the Java boat was speeded and the "P. & O." was delayed, they connected, and there you are. Simple enough. Being introduced to the Governor by my new friend, his brother, who made certain requests, I was allowed to go in the Governor's party on the admiral's launch, which met the Java boat while still on her course and transferred them and me, at once, to the waiting "P. & O." that had intercepted us. Here was proof of how highly favored are the great of the earth; and, incidentally, of the value of basking in reflected light. Greatness in a hurry, did it. Long before the, shall I say ordinary, passengers from Java were landed at Singapore, our ship to Hong Kong was well on her way there.

Of course a wait in Singapore might have been much enlivened by one of those level, or rather, dead-level sort of hunts in Johore—which by that time may have



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been arranged for me. But, to be quite frank, that amount of concentrated dissipation had lost its savor—so to speak.

Our way to Hong Kong was through the Straits of Formosa. We had there the island of Formosa on one side and the mountains of that almost unknown part of the Chinese mainland on the other.

## HONG KONG

HONG KONG was ceded to Great Britain in 1842 and is now a crown colony and naval station. It is on an island of the same name, is essentially European and is the furthest east of that great chain of outlying British ports which begin with Gibraltar—and therefore, for some reasons, the most important. Its fine harbor is comparable with the Golden Gate, or rather, with that of San Francisco. The Governor of Hong Kong told me that, tonnage of ships considered, it is the greatest port in the world. That, though, is only because it is the terminus of a number of important lines, the “Pacific Mail,” the “P. & O.” and others—which call also at other ports and depend mainly upon them. Of course it is not size of ships but rather size of freights handled which indicates the business of a port.

Its chief import is India grown opium. That of itself indicates the size of the opium trade there finding a distributing point. Much opprobrium has been heaped upon the Indian government because of the trade in opium with China; and it and the Chinese imperial authorities have recently conferred together with the view, ostensibly, of stopping the trade. There is a fresh-made Chinese edict out against it which, if effectual, will reduce the trade at once and extinguish it after ten years. This is not the first time China has been moved to take such action, and radical results are not anticipated. It is a question not wholly free from difficulty. On the one side calamitous physical and

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moral effects of its use are urged; on the other that it is an ancient industry and therefore, like ancient custom, should not be officially disturbed. And further, that its bad effects are exaggerated and not to be compared with that of alcoholic drink—trade in which is perfectly legitimate nearly all over the civilized world.

The “Devanha,” which carried us to Hong Kong, went on to Japan to convey the Mikado’s nephew to London, where he goes to visit King Edward and also, I opine, to punctuate that Anglo-Japanese alliance.

## CANTON

It is only one night's run up the Canton River from Hong-Kong to Canton, and the traveler in Hong Kong who does not take it makes a mistake.

The first thing that strikes the "foreign devil" in Canton is its smells; and, while they may change or intensify in neighborhoods, they never desert him during any part of his stay in the place. I am not going to give up space to the smells of Canton, for we have the execution grounds, another unpleasant topic, to assimilate; but must say that for smells that offend, for variegated stench, the *arome de Canton* is easily first—Smyrna and Constantinople to the contrary notwithstanding. We regarded Canton as the most interesting city we had visited and our sketch-book must be stretched for it a bit. It is the capital of a great province and the abiding-place of two millions of the children of men. Though only about a hundred miles inland from Hong Kong there is no railroad connection and it is said to be a genuine piece of old China—China of the Chinese. It surely must be, for while we were searching it from centre to circumference and our palanquin bearers were threading their way for hours through its apparently endless alleys we saw none but Chinese—not a white man, nor even our exceedingly numerous friend, the Hindu. There may be some white people there, some missionaries perhaps, but among the scores of thousands whom we saw all were yellow and moon-eyed. It is one of the cheapest labor markets in

the world, and besides, foreigners are not welcomed there—two reasons why the population is so unmixed. We were treated to evidences of that lack of welcome. Several hisses were hurled at us and at least one hostile gesture—this, though we were very careful to mind our own business. It was at the time when the boycott on American goods was at its height. If we had not been in company of a well-known native guide I am sure there would have been trouble.

After the smells, the next thing that struck us in Canton was its thronging multitudes. Unlike London or New York, where great crowds are seen only in certain parts, with neighborhoods relatively quiet, the whole city is one vast huddle.

Seeing so many women in Canton hobbling about on their ridiculously small feet—the bound feet—I went to some trouble to find out what proportion of the women of China is subject to that cruel custom; and have authority for believing that it is over a half—the majority of them. It is a badge of respectability, and it seems that nearly all the women of fashion or of good class—except those in the seaport cities—have bound feet, and are thus disfigured. Two years ago the Empress issued some sort of ukase against it; but, so far, and naturally enough, it has had little apparent result. But such high condemnation is quite likely to conduce to the benefit of the rising generation and of those yet to be, and with brother Jasper we must agree “the sun do move.” But a ukase against a nation of cripples dispenses no cure to the cripples themselves—withered feet can make no response.

I believe this torturing practice is but one more proof that in most parts of the East woman is still re-

garded as a chattel, as she always has been. Fashion and vanity may now bolster up the custom, as with the nose rings of the Soudan and Tamil women, but the thought accountable for the bound foot was originally, in all likelihood, to disable her—to so hobble her that she could not run away. What can the poor thing do towards getting about, with a tread of less than five inches and feet singularly like a sheep's?

Of all the strange sights and things seen by us in Canton that which impressed me most was the place of execution. A little clearing in the vast huddle, opening out of a back alley and, as I recall it, less than an acre in size—remarkable, when not in action, for nothing except a number of gibbets and crosses which are strewn about. Yet right there probably more human blood has been shed than on any place of its size in the world. Tower Hill, Tyburn, Smithfield and the place of the guillotine all sink into insignificance in the gruesome comparison and few, if any, battlefields have carried such carnage. As long as Canton has been known it has been the place for the infliction of capital punishment. About three hundred heads are there struck off every year; piracy or politics being, for most of them, the moving cause of their undoing. About twenty murderers go to their death there every year, and their punishment is even more dreadful, for they are crucified—hacked to death while transfixed to a cross. While we in America choose the most humane and instant of deaths for the murderer who has sifted through our jury system and appellate courts—calling on the lightnings to do the work—they in China adopt that cruelest of deaths. But to return to the execution ground. They say, and it seems to be well founded, that when Li

Hung Chang was Governor of the Canton province ten thousand were decapitated right there during the first eight months of his holding the office. His great reputation as an administrator was made there; for it rested upon the fact that in this way he rid the country of most of the pirates with which it had been infested, and brought about peace and quiet. In a measure it was the quiet of the grave. A mandarin of the Peacock Feather is certainly no mere figure of speech.

We were treated to a sight of the principal executioner; a powerful brutish fellow, who at the beck of our guide, and for some promised coin, came out of his home—a nearby hovel—and showed us how he does the bloody work. An imaginary kneeling figure with pinioned arms and outstretched head was enacted, and his head taken off with a single swish of the cleaver. In answer to an inquiry through our interpreter, we were instructed that sometimes a second or even a third swing is required. The ground was badly stained with the blood from the execution of the day before. I trust my squeamish readers will pardon these particulars. If they would know China they must take the execution ground at Canton into the view. The sights with which you are confronted in a journey round the world are not all of the madonna of the wild-flower order.

Canton is semi-tropical, and a temperature approaching frost is almost unknown. Our guide told us of a sleet and hail storm, lasting only a few minutes, which visited the place fourteen years ago and which so surprised the people that many rushed out with pails and buckets and picked up the hail-stones—thinking to preserve them as curiosities. How they would crowd the plate of American ice cream that should

happen among them. But that sleet and hail storm was not wholly a joke, for, the story continues, a number of beggars were found frozen to death from the effects of it. The south softens and makes tender.

Another thing which excited our curiosity while in Canton was the entire absence of carts and carriages. Not a single wheeled vehicle was seen there anywhere. Not even a rickshaw. Nor was there a beast of burden of any kind except a single saddle horse, though much lifting and carrying was going on. This peculiarity has been forced upon our notice all over the East, but nowhere else has the entire absence of wheeled vehicles been observed. Everything in Canton is carried from the shoulder. Each of us was swung in a palanquin on the shoulders of four big, half-naked coolies. Labor there is cheap and clamorous. In India and in Egypt the weight is almost invariably carried on the head; in China almost invariably from the shoulder. The past has had something like a strangle hold on these people, and the dead hand is still very potent with them. But "bound feet" are going out and wheeled vehicles and machinery sooner or later must be accepted. What an awakening and an advancement confronts China and its four hundred millions! No wonder the commercial nations are so nervously sparring for the opening.

The river sights at Canton also made us stare. Thousands there make their homes on the sampans—are born, raised and live their whole lives upon them. A sampan, you may know, is the Chinese small-boat, usually covered and without sail. Nearly every sampan is a workshop and home for some poor family, with the women and children as often as not at the oars or the



scull. It is a home and a means for sustaining it—fishing and carrying being the main prospect, and ground rent unknown. It is no exaggeration to say that the Canton River swarms with them, and that the stretches where they make rendezvous are lined twenty or more deep with them. This sampan life is a peculiarity of Canton, as I hear it is of the other Chinese river centres—though we have noticed much of it in the treaty ports and the East Indies. They keep together at night in such numbers for safety, on account of the many pirates who even now move over the face of those waters. Chinese war junks patrol the river for the avowed purpose of putting down piracy; but I will not say what I was given to understand about those war junks as pirate catchers, for no certificate went with it. The fact is, though, the sampan family which is caught off its base at night or is segregated at all is in danger. I heard it explained that it is almost impossible to stamp out the Chinese variety of river piracy, as it defies detection; that dead men, or those put by the pirates in fear of death, tell few tales; and further, that the whole sampan community is under some degree of suspicion, as the least likely may only be waiting an opportunity—that many a pirate is nursed among those who nestle closest.

Those Chinese junks are queer-looking craft, with their square sails made of matting and ribbed with bamboo, and their low-lying bows and elevated sterns which make them look as if always going backwards. I saw many of them before I could know whether they were coming or going. Shipbuilding has not advanced with them beyond the other arts.

At the food-sellers' bits and dabs were seen which de-

fied recognition. I have no doubt some of our readers would be disgusted enough if we knew, and told. Most of it was almost dirt cheap and to be had in quantity for a single copper, but I should expect a well-bred dog to gag at it. The fish was among the few things familiar to us, and that was being sold either in a dried and more or less decayed state, or else alive and right from the shallow basins in which it was swimming—often-times limp and evidently near to the final wiggle. No, you would find but little appetite or material to appease it in Canton and its smells. But in the bazaars you would see ivory carvings, and mandarin coats, and silks, and rice pictures, and fans, and curios until you would have to stop and balance your cash to avoid stranding, and then go on again considering afresh whether a reasonable amount of smuggling—which was not found out—against the American high tariff was, indeed, any crime.

What impressed me most of all was the life of Canton—the wriggling, swirling masses of people, and the activities of the people. Its lack of open spaces or quiet neighborhoods makes of the city one great bazaar where every stall is both workshop and home. Two millions count more when all live in small quarters on the edge of the narrow alleys they crowd. Canton is all city; it has no suburbs. How they all get three meals a day is what bothers me—as it probably does very many of them. One thing at least was apparent: they are an industrious people. Everybody was either fighting or on guard. You can get out of the noise and the crowds of London or New York, often by turning a corner; but Canton is incessant—at once the most interesting and tiring place we visited.

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I tried for some insight into the basic character of this people, who comprise over a fourth of the whole human family; and was glad to get the views of a certain level-headed man of affairs who has lived thirty-three years in China—views expressed by others and coinciding with my own observation. He told me that as a people their dominant characteristic was cheerfulness; that they were industrious and honest, but affection has no place with them; that though faithful while in employ they would leave a good master on a moment's notice, regardless of his convenience; and that if treated with more than ordinary kindness they will take advantage of it, as they have no heart affection. And further, that they hold foreigners generally in what approaches a lofty contempt. But he liked them, for all that.

Who will say that our visit to Canton was not fruitful of interest?

## MACAO

WE went for a day only to Macao, which is on an island not far from Hong Kong; a place that is naturally picturesque and which has a population of seventy thousand. It has been under the control of



*A Three-Handed Freezeout, Macao.*

Portugal for three hundred and fifty years and is richly situated, but does not grow. Apart from the fishing its principal industry is, probably, gambling. The Hong Kong gamblers, both Chinese and European, find there an open door. Macao is exploited for the benefit of the home government. If Portugal, which takes to itself the revenues and taxes, including the receipts

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from the opium-joints and gambling farms—the latter alone amounted last year to three hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars (Mex.)—would expend it upon the harbor and streets the place would be less stagnant and unkempt. Macao is an object lesson. The Portuguese, greatest of discoverers, are certainly poor colonizers—if their Macao is a fair example.

## SHANGHAI

ALL is going well with the expedition, but "Move on!" is the order. The eight hundred and eighteen miles' run from Hong Kong to Shanghai is almost due north, and by the time we reached there we were confirmed three-blanket-men. It was their midwinter, and on the way we doffed our solar topees and white cottons and prepared to face the bleak and steely north. We find that it is these sea voyages wherein the health-seeker gets most benefit, and where the lasting acquaintances are made. To have leaned over the same rail together, weathered the same storms and faced the same dangers, is one of the surest foundations for pleasant acquaintance.

Shanghai is said to have been on the sea, but it is now fifteen miles inland—the low, sandy shore lines thereabout having shifted to that remarkable extent. Our twenty-six thousand tons, the "Mongolia," was at a disadvantage, and had to anchor outside while those fifteen miles were entrusted to a tender. Shanghai is a treaty port, ruled by international agreement. The consuls of the Powers there are supreme until they disagree, and then the ministers of the same Powers at Peking are invoked. At first thought this may seem somewhat complicated, but considering that the territory is a cutting from China, and the jealousy of the Powers—all wanting as soon as any gets—perhaps it is the best that is possible. The governing nations have their own concessions, all of which adjoin and make up

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the extensive European quarter. Apart from the Europeans—all of them exotics, looking for fortune and “home”—Shanghai is all Chinese. The Hindus and Malaysians, our very constant companions for a long time, are now clean gone from the scene—left behind. Chinese cheap labor, dreaded by richer nations, is its own sufficient protection.

Shanghai has become a refuge for rich Chinamen from the interior. Many of them have gone there to live to escape that risk of pillage, and even torture, by the mandarins which faces all who are under their sway having property, and who are not sufficiently pliable.

I was astonished at the evidences of Japan's growing foreign trade. Three big ships flying her flag were making out of the Shanghai River while we were running up. Japan has certainly learned how.

## JAPAN

WE left Shanghai for Japan with bags and carryalls bulging with curios that had been gathered at the different bazaars, and there were several shipments to follow—having distributed of our limited means as if there were no such things as custom-houses or a hereafter. In going the four hundred and fifty-one miles to Nagasaki we crossed the track of the ill-fated Russian fleet, and went to within fifty miles of the scene of the great sea fight—perhaps the most momentous and decisive in history. And just where the Japanese fleet lay in wait—couchant and ready to spring—during those months when even its whereabouts were so profoundly secret, was pointed out to us and duly considered. Peaceful waters, island-studded and washing a lovely landscape; exemplifying the place “where every prospect pleases,” but where man is correspondingly wicked.

Now for that glimpse of Japan which we got. We were surprised at the cold and cheerless interiors of Japanese houses, even the tea-houses. The snow lay on the ground and it was bleak as December, yet, speaking generally, their homes were all unheated, with never a stove or open fireplace. Their nearest approach to a heater is the kotatsu, a petty receptacle for a few embers or pieces of charcoal—all told, about big enough to heat a lady’s curling iron. With it they manage to keep their fingers warm and limber while at their work—which is usually of a kind that tries not only their sight but their dexterity of hand. The interiors were



cheerless, for excepting the usual cocoa matting upon the floor, an occasional screen, some little floor cushions and the (to us) ridiculously inadequate kotatsu, they are unfurnished—without chairs or tables, other than little stools which serve as tables when placed before the family or friends wherever they happen to be squatting on the floor. Windows and doors are curtainless, and beds, as we understand them, are very rare. A quilt laid upon the matting serves as bed and bedding. And, adding to the cheerlessness, there is no view to be had through windows; since, in lieu of glass, the sashes are set with a peculiar opaque paper which lets in and softens the light, preserves privacy and I suppose “keeps out the coarsest of the cold”—as Artemus Ward once said of a glassless sash. That Japanese hospitality which we must believe in, so often do we hear of it, certainly has a most uncomfortable setting. Notwithstanding the emptiness with which the Japanese homes are filled you must always remove your shoes and put on their cotton slippers before stepping from the threshold to the matting, which is kept scrupulously clean. The rule as to slippers we found applied also to their temples.

One thing any one who has traveled in Japan can say without fear of contradiction is that its chief glory is its women—I don't mean the Geishas only, but its women. Japanese men, usually mentally and physically sturdy, facially are unhandsome and harsh; but Japanese women, sturdy enough, are evidently the embodiment of amiability and cheerfulness; qualities which are reflected in their honest, cherubic faces. Their complexions are unsurpassed and they have a luxuriance of coal-black hair most carefully and aston-

ishly arranged. It is wonderful how much alike in their appearance are the women of Japan, until you recall that up to only seventy years ago theirs was a hermit-country with scarcely any foreign population, and that of course the race remained almost unmixed—and, like the Chinese, acquired a degree of fixity of appearance, figure and mien. The men also look very much alike, but no other race we have studied shows so marked a difference in the physiognomy and facial expression between its men and its women. I imagine the Japanese woman has acquired her happy countenance as a result of centuries of kind treatment. While not granted the same marked or ceremonious distinction as in Europe, she is treated in a way as an equal, the equality that exists between a parent and child—coupled with obedience. With her children, her marketing, her gossiping and her devotions she appears to be let alone. That fact brings to mind what to us Westerns is a curious phenomenon; namely, that in all Eastern countries the sexes, as such, outwardly appear to pay little or no attention to each other. In Egypt and India a woman of the upper class is seldom seen and always closely hooded; and the man regards himself as a vastly superior being and her as a soulless chattel, unfitted for any kind of education. But in Burmah and Japan—the great centres of Buddhism—they are not afraid to have their women looked at and in that parental fashion they treat them as equals. Under both systems though, and in all those countries, each sex, as such, outwardly appears to take little or no heed of the presence of the other; and courting or any coquetry among the natives is very seldom seen. Those myriad couples—hand in hand, absorbed in each other and unmindful of the

public gaze—in evidence everywhere in the Occident are rarities in the East. It would seem to be an accomplishment, or rather accompaniment, of our kind of civilization.

As show-pieces and living pictures the children of Japan are next only to its women—bareheaded little



*In Transitu, Japan.*

Oriental looking as if they came out of those rice-paper drawings which at home we had considered only caricatures. We liked to watch them in their military drill, performed with much vim and precision and which is an important part of their daily work at all the schools. Husky little men, clattering around in their impossible stilted wooden sandals—it is easy to imagine them continuing the traditions of their soldier sires.

We went to Kyoto, in the interior, which for centuries was the capital city of Japan, and the place of residence of the Mikado. Of its population of three hundred and fifty thousand only thirty-five are Europeans, and the most of them are missionaries. With three others I was the only European or American at the hotel, and, although I spent most of the four days there rickshawing in all directions, I only met two Europeans on the way. It was winter in Japan.

If the Mikado is a student of history or has a good memory he must have an abiding affection for the United States, for it was the coming of Commodore Perry in 1852 that opened the country to American commerce, and, incidentally, broke up the Shogun despotism and released the Mikado. For a very long period the Shogun succession, with the dependent damios, had ruled the country from Yedo; and the Mikado was reduced to the level of a sacred image and, practically, imprisoned in the palace at Kyoto. His face was never seen by the people; as it was the popular idea that he who looked upon his face would be blinded by its effulgence and his own effrontery. The Mikado never rode out showing more than the lower half of his body, and at its approach all abased themselves. That was the situation in Japan until the latter half of the nineteenth century when she sprang into the light and began her great advance.

We looked at the outside of the palace at Kyoto without feeling any need of smoked glasses, but, as we were not then supplied with the necessary pasteboard from the ambassador, we were not allowed to gaze at the inside. We consoled ourselves with a sight of the Mikado's palanquin and the royal audience-seat of those days,

built on the effulgence plan, both of which are now in the museum there—so far removed are those very recent times from the Japan of to-day.

If salary and rate of wages measured the health and happiness or the efficiency of a people, then would Japan be very far behind in those most important respects. Excepting the Prime Minister, no officeholder in Japan receives a salary higher than three thousand dollars a year. The Admiral of the Navy—Togo by name and fame—is allowed that much; the Commanding General of the Army receives the munificent salary of just fifteen hundred dollars, and the pay of a professor at the Imperial University at Tokyo is only eight hundred dollars a year. But the force of these figures cannot be seen until the wages of the laboring masses are considered. They have been going up, and now are not so low as in India. But, withal, a



*Pounding Rice, Japan.*

Japanese policeman receives only three dollars a month—say, ten cents a day—for all he can do; and he belongs to a force which is centralized in Tokyo and of which the nation may well be proud. His pay is an indication of what labor in the rough is worth in that country. No! rate of wages does not measure a people's health or happiness, else would wage-earners in America be at least thirty times as healthy and happy as those in Japan; and, man for man, the intelligent traveler must admit that they do not look to be even their equals in either particular. The American wage-earner must pay at least thirty times as much for his lodgings and at least twenty times as much for his subsistence. To be sure, the residuum would represent more book-learning, more ribbons, more beer; and perhaps more room and recreation. Western civilization corrects some abuses and develops others; it also complicates life and brings envy and unrest. If healthy and happy countenances are good indications of what men get out of life, then you have my word for it that the coolies of India, China and Japan win; and those of Burmah, Ceylon and Java are away ahead. This is not the language of a pessimist. My readers will not say that. It is an opinion gained from close observation during our stay in those countries.

Of the Japanese cities visited, Kyoto was the most interesting. Its landscape gardens, its temple where the Russian officers were imprisoned; that other temple with the thousand and one life-size gilded Buddhas, and the palace and the workshops waked even our jaded sensibilities. But what made the place most interesting was the crowding Japanese life—with scarcely an incongruous European except ourselves.

Some mention of the Heigashi Hongwanji at Kyoto may not be amiss in this sketch-book. It is the largest of the Japanese temples and was completed a dozen years ago upon an ancient foundation, its predecessor having been burned thirty years previously. Like most of their temples, it is constructed almost entirely of wood. The rebuilding seems to have been truly a national effort, every province contributing its quota of material and money, which it is estimated equaled five million yen. The main building covers considerably more than an acre, is one hundred and twenty-six feet high, and it is a curious fact that its pillars and beams were lifted into place by cables made entirely of human hair. So great and widespread was the enthusiasm which swept that people in the rebuilding of this their most sacred fane that the women of each province contributed a hawser made of their own hair—thirteen inches in circumference; in all, two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and seeming to weigh a ton. I saw and examined it and there is no doubting either its material, its size or its weight. When we remember that the Japanese people are a hatless people—nothing standing for a hat being part of the national costume—and then recall the just pride and evident attention constantly bestowed by their women upon their hair, what shall be thought of the sacrifice that that two hundred and twenty-eight feet of cable represents? The thousands of women who gave up their raven tresses, and for years afterwards went forth shorn of them, is pathetic proof that Buddhism also has a very strong hold upon its devotees.

I watched a funeral procession in Kyoto wending its way to the furnace, which is two miles out of the city.

The body was carried in a palanquin and the only unusual thing was its sitting posture, which it seems is customary. Cremation as a funeral rite has been practiced in Japan for centuries and, if it be a reform, the Japanese still lead the so-called civilized countries, for much the greater number of their dead are disposed of in that way.

Their religion is a compound of Buddhism and Shintoism, principally the former. As with the Chinese, ancestor worship is a marked feature of their devotions. My effort to understand ancestor worship leads me to believe it is chiefly a yearning, by way of prayer and sacrifice, for intercession by the ancestor with Buddha for success to the suppliant in his worldly affairs. And that it is founded on a belief, or fear, that the ancestor still has authority over him. It is the dead hand on the latch. Ancestors are worshipped, as such, quite apart from their particular earthly records. It is therefore an indiscriminate worship and, if you will stop to think about it, the very next thing to the worship of self. As ancestors go, of course much of this worship may be wasted, for many an ancestor—if this line of speculation can be pursued—may be as much a subject of solicitude and as much in need of intercession as the suppliant; and relief or reprieve, for themselves, a consummation most desirable. It is the indiscriminate worship of ancestors which I am noticing. The beauty there is in it, and also the possible comfort that there may be for those who practice the rite, are not lost sight of.

The origin of the great little brown people of Japan is sunk in mystery. Their language is said to be utterly distinct from the Chinese, and those who claim any





*Summer in Japan.*



knowledge on the subject say that there is no blood connection with the Chinese whatever—that, anatomically, they most resemble the Koreans. In such a case I suppose everybody has the right to an opinion, and mine, reasoning geographically, physiologically and from slight observation, is that the Koreans are the offspring of China and Manchuria; and that Japan was peopled from Korea, with a generous admixture of some more northerly and hardier race, most probably the Siberians. The faintest trace of the Eskimo, with his broad, flat face, high cheek-bones and slits for eyes, is usually unmistakable. It is seen in the Finlander and I thought it recognizable also in the Japanese. Of course, being islanders they have grafted on some peculiarities of their own. The author is mindful that this is an incursion into the ethnic mysteries and a bold deduction from very uncertain premises. Whatever their chemistry the Japanese people are now certainly showing to advantage.

Japan to me, as a show place, was somewhat disappointing. I expected to be put under the spell of that particular charm and witchery claimed for it by all the writers, but the spell missed me. To be sure, I was not there long enough to learn the language and it was between seasons—neither chrysanthemum nor cherry blossom time—bleak, ulster weather. But I made excursions into the country districts and visited the large cities, and was there long enough to see that the people are very poor, in the sense in which lack of possessions and low wages make poor; that their dwellings are, very generally, small and unpainted, rude and rusty looking; that their roads are bad and their monuments few and unimportant, in comparison with other

countries we have visited. Indeed, I left Japan with the feeling that it has been overwritten.

But I will be frank. The fault may have been merely personal—a temporary suspension of the power of appreciation—for those fleas of Colombo and that prickly-heat of Java turned out to be a bad case of the itch, which was most troublesome during my stay in Japan. It is a species of penalty often imposed upon travel in the East. Searching the bazaars, mingling with the crowds at the temples and being followed by the beggars was part of the game—and this the price, the only ill effects. The *dhoby* man, the slamming native washman of India, of course rests under some suspicion. At any rate, I was laid up for a while in a private hospital in Yokohama, where scratching was not resented and a course of strong, almost blistering, sulphur baths could be had. It seems there are ninety-eight varieties of the itch, and a returning judge from the Philippines told me he thought he had heard of hundreds of cases among his acquaintance in the islands. Apart from this, unfailing good health had followed me. The fevers which attack so many Europeans had been avoided, but the itch was not, and it may have colored my impressions of Japan—though I do not think it did. I must still insist that Japan has been overwritten, as a field for the traveler.

## HAWAII

THE thirty-four hundred miles from Yokohama to Bird Island, near Honolulu, was across the loneliest sea I ever traveled. Not a sail was sighted, nor was there ever a single wisp of smoke on the horizon—nothing but the great brown gulls kept us company.

On this voyage we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and there picked up a new day. We crossed it on Friday the 22d day of February—Washington's birthday—and were provided with another, right off. With us and on our log we had two Fridays in the same week and yet we matched up all right with San Francisco when we got there, although they had but one of the Fridays. Funny, is it not, and, for us laymen—in spite of the labored explanations of the navigators—is it not a little spooky, also? It was disagreeably rough on both days—the regular Friday and the phantom Friday. Nobody begrudges Washington all the birthdays that can be collected in his honor, but to suffer with seasickness for forty-eight hours on a stretch, as we did, and have them call it a day only, there's the rub.

Our ship carried at least five hundred Japanese and about fifty Filipinos to Honolulu, all of them laborers. Several fellow-passengers who were returning from long sojourns in the Philippines—officials among them—told me that the fifty were a very fair average of the Filipino masses. During the eight days they were with us we had constant opportunity to study and

compare the two races. Each kept entirely aloof from the other. They were all young men, but the differences between them which close observation revealed marked the superiority of the Japanese in every other respect.



*A Symphony in Palms, Hawaii.*

The Japanese were neat and sturdy; had broad foreheads, determined chins and a cheerful air. The Filipinos, on the contrary, were distinctly untidy, physically ill-favored; weak and wicked-looking. It seemed to me that the countenance of every one of them was stamped with moral obliquity, and with some verifica-

tion of those horrible stories of mutilation of the wounded, and of the living burials of American soldiers, which have come from the Philippines. And, when one of the returning officials stated that in his opinion the Filipinos were a played-out race and not the stuff upon which it is possible to found a commonwealth, it did seem as if the proof was with us.

From all I have seen and learned of the different tribes and races in the East the impression is left that Uncle Sam has a more difficult proposition in his attempt to govern and elevate the Filipinos than has any civilized nation with dependencies there. The Hindus, the Ceylonese and the Javanese are amenable to kindness, and appreciate justice and peace; but the moral qualities of gratitude and compassion, it would seem, are sadly wanting in the Filipinos. There can be no doubt, though, that they are fortunate in their recent change of masters, and that their prospects are as good as is possible. I am humbly aware that some of our opinions are based upon rather slight foundation, and that especially is this so of the Philippines. Our rendition of Japan is also open to some of the same criticism. The reader is asked to accept the opinions in our Japan not as conclusions but rather as so many impressions, very real to us but which perhaps further acquaintance or a longer stay would have cleared up. First sights and initial impressions are, though, sometimes the truest. They usually are the fullest and most informing. A traveler gets his chief joy from his first sights; and local color is never so distinguishable or accentuated as when it first comes into view.

The population of the nine Hawaiian Islands is about

one hundred and sixty thousand, of which upwards of seventy thousand are Japanese; and now that the exclusion act has gone into effect against them in the States they are expected to crowd into the islands in still greater numbers. I learned that the Japanese are unpopular—that the most satisfactory laborers on the plantations are Portuguese, but not nearly enough of them can be got although strenuous efforts to that end have been made. The week before we reached there a ship loaded with fifteen hundred of them had arrived from Portugal. Next after the Portuguese the Chinese are preferred as laborers. But as they are excluded from the islands as well as from the States, the supply cannot be increased. This discrimination against the Chinese is working poorly in Hawaii.

The native Hawaiians are a fast dying race. Only about twelve thousand remain. We were credibly informed that their language and customs indicate that they came, originally, from Samoa, as did the Maoris of New Zealand and nearly all the Polynesians—that they are true South Sea Islanders. To watch them in their outrigger canoes and on their surf-boards riding the rollers is a fine sight.

Of course we had visions of great Captain Cook, their discoverer, who named them the Sandwich Islands and was killed by the natives for ill-treating them. So far as I know the captain did not get his name—nor the islands theirs—from anything the natives did to the captain. Missionaries were more to their liking. We had visions also of the hardy New England whale fishers who, later, so often made Honolulu a port of call—it rating with them as did Fayal in the Atlantic.

Honolulu is situated on the south coast—which is





*Fisherman Throwing the Net, Hawaii.*



fortunate—for it is a curious fact that on that side of the island the rainfall is but seventeen inches, while on the other—just across the mountain and only a very short distance away—it is over one hundred inches. The constant northeast trade winds send the clouds against that other side of the mountain, there to be dissipated—furnishing the reason why one side is so often drenched and the other so generally dry.

Their last sovereign, the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, still resides there. If she had had England or France to deal with she would have been deported, as were the Queen of Madagascar and King Thebaw. America seems able to take such chances. She receives fifteen thousand dollars a year from the government and, apart from the pension, is considered to be rich.

The missionaries have long taken an important part in the affairs of the Hawaiians. Perhaps nowhere else have they been so nearly in command. A scholarly fellow-passenger explained it by informing me of the situation found by the missionaries first to arrive at the islands, as shown, she said, by the records. It seems that the island gods had multiplied until they interfered, and so very many things were taboo that life had become a burden; when a native woman, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, dared the great volcano god and lived—though she climbed to the rim and looked in. Coming back, she proclaimed a general amnesty from the gods and from taboo, with such effect that the islanders dismissed them all. At that opportune period, when they were a people without religion, the missionaries came and quickly made many converts.

We would have liked to be able to make the excursion between the islands, which lasts a week, and

includes a visit to the great Mauna Loa volcano. Several extinct volcanoes are in plain sight from the city. In fact, Honolulu is built on the side of one, and very close to it. The Punchbowl, which is its name, is as well defined and conventional a crater as you could wish. If it ever opens fire Honolulu will not be worth a half-hour's purchase. They say the Hawaiian Islands afford the best possible study of volcanic action; and there is an idea that a bird's-eye view of their surface discloses a very close resemblance to the surface of the moon as seen through powerful telescopes. A scientist has recently written a book around the idea, and the comparative photographs are certainly singularly alike. The many cones, deep-set craters and canyons of the islands heighten the likeness—reproducing even those cavernous lunar spots. Just what it is thought to prove as to the moon's condition, I am unaware.

Pearl Harbor, which has been selected by the Government for development, with the view of making it the principal port and a naval station, may be the best that offers, strategically, but the outlook there indicates that it will be costly. A U. S. naval commander, a fellow-passenger, told me he thought that Japan could take the Hawaiian Islands in a dash, any time she determined upon it; but that she could not hope to hold them longer than three months. I trust no state secrets have been divulged, but will venture to add that the sixteen battleships, and the Panama Canal (when completed), will probably support the commander's theory—at least as to those three months.

Sugar is their principal product, and it now reaches twenty-five million dollars annually. No other soil is

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so productive of sugar. As many thousands of acres in the Hawaiis average ten tons of refined sugar to the acre, and some as high as fourteen tons, if you will figure a single acre of it into candy you will wonder at the high price of the candy.

He may perhaps be in a state of mind over the Philippines, but Uncle Samuel should, I think, be proud of his sunny Hawaiis. Like their climate, they are soft and alluring. But we must away, face the last of our sea voyages and get to San Francisco and home.

## HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO AND HOME

WE had not gone far on our way from Honolulu to San Francisco before the sea became rough, and the last four days were very trying. Ocean's white horses were foaming and furious. The big seas almost staggered the ship, shivered her, and we had to lay-to twice.

“Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?”

What is this seasickness, anyway? Is it oscillation of the brain, as some doctors say it is, or is it misplaced stomach as it seems? The captain said he had been on the course seven years, but never before experienced such seas and wind, and the newspaper accounts of the voyage echoed that sentiment. The best or worst of anything generally has an attraction of its own, but a record storm at sea is to be feared. The commander in the U. S. Navy told me, at the time, that the seas were at least forty feet high. It seemed as if the ship would jump her boilers through the bottom. We came up to the Golden Gate all battened down and two days behind our schedule, with passengers sick and sore and the officers and crew tired out. And this was the Pacific Ocean, so-called. If my opinion had then been asked of “a life on the ocean wave” I would have said

that it was a dog's life, and been prepared to prove it. However, this was the last of the sea voyages for us, and though the Atlantic and Mediterranean had been unruly, the Indian Ocean and even the China Sea had been kind and smiling. We could not expect to traverse thirty thousand miles of sea without a shudder somewhere.

We were only long enough in fire-swept San Francisco to get rested and then, after dropping down to Los Angeles, Catalina and several of the southern California resorts, we crossed the continent, stopping for several days at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was our first visit there. This pen finches at any description of it. There is nothing greater on earth that we know of. The Himalayas at sun-break or the Pacific stirred by a hurricane, in impressiveness, may be comparable; but nothing else in nature that we have looked upon. The scene from the edge, across the great chasm and six thousand feet down, is appalling. It is titanic chaos and worth going a thousand miles to see. We succeeded in getting to the river, most of the way on mule back by the famous trail. Part of the way it is so steep that even the mules were dispensed with, and left to clamber alone. It is seven miles from rim to river by the trail,—at least half of the way with frowning cliffs on the one side and within eighteen inches of deep destruction on the other. Some of the corners of the zigzags which we turned were heart-breaking. It was a precipice ride and no mistake; with the mules—specially trained to the trail—in entire charge, and I say good! for the sure-footed little beasts. It appeared to be the sentiment of all who reached the river that they would not take a thousand dollars for the

record, but that they would not repeat it for that sum.

The arrival at the Grand Central Station in New York brought me back to the starting-point and completed the journey around the world—filling a cherished ambition and laying, for a while at least, that fiend of travel which had always possessed me. In schooldays I never saw a train or a ship start, for anywhere, without wishing to get aboard and stay till it stopped. Although favored since with a number of tours in Europe and considerable travel elsewhere, my fiend was never before satisfied.

We have not been to Mars or the moon, but we have had at least a glimpse of four continents. We know better than ever before that the world is full of beauty and interest; and bring back pleasant memories enough for a lifetime. We have been through much heat and dust, and some discomfort; we have had to live, as it were, in our trunk and be sure to drink mineral water, but thanks to kind Providence we have thoroughly enjoyed our long season of vagabondage and return without an ache or pain to pick up the threads of life as and where we left them.

Other scenes and other climes may allure for a while, but the dearest spot on earth is Home,—Sweet Home.

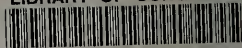




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