FITCH GEORGE HAMLIN

THE CRITIC IN THE ORIENT

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Содержание

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Introduction

This book of impressions of the Far East is called "The Critic in the Orient," because the writer for over thirty years has been a professional critic of new books – one trained to get at the best in all literary works and reveal it to the reader. This critical work – a combination of rapid reading and equally rapid written estimate of new publications – would have been deadly, save for a love of books, so deep and enduring that it has turned drudgery into pastime and an enthusiasm for discovering good things in every new book which no amount of literary trash was ever able to smother.

After years of such strenuous critical work, the mind becomes molded in a certain cast. It is as impossible for me to put aside the habit of the literary critic as it would be for a hunter who had spent his whole life in the woods to be content in a great city. So when I started out on this trip around the world the critical apparatus which I had used in getting at the heart of books was applied to the people and the places along this great girdle about the globe.

Much of the benefit of foreign travel depends upon the reading that one has done. For years my eager curiosity about places

had led me to read everything printed about the Orient and the South Seas. Add to this the stories which were brought into a newspaper office by globe trotters and adventurers, and you have an equipment which made me at times seem to be merely revising impressions made on an earlier journey. When you talk with a man who has spent ten or twenty years in Japan or China or the Straits Settlements, you cannot fail to get something of the color of life in those strange lands, especially if you have the newspaper training which impels you to ask questions and to drag out of your informant everything of human interest that the reader will care to know.

This newspaper instinct, which is developed by training but which one must possess in large measure before he can be successful in journalism, seizes upon everything and transmutes it into "copy" for the printer. To have taken this journey without setting down every day my impressions of places and people would have been a tiresome experience. What seemed labor to others who had not had my special training was as the breath in my nostrils. Even in the debilitating heat of the tropics it was always a pastime, never a task, to put into words my ideas of the historic places which I knew so well from years of reading and which I had just seen. And the richer the background of history, the greater was my enjoyment in painting with words full of color a picture of my impressions, for the benefit of those who were not able to share my pleasure in the actual sight of these famous places of the Far East.

From the mass of newspaper letters written while every

impression was sharp and clear, I have selected what seemed to me most significant and illustrative. It is only when the traveler looks back over a journey that he gets the true perspective. Then only is he able to see what is of general and permanent interest. Most of the vexations of travel I have eliminated, as these lose their force once they have gone over into yesterday. What remains is the beauty of scenery, the grandeur of architecture, the spiritual quality of famous paintings and statues, the appealing traits of various peoples.

The Best Results of Travel in the Orient

This volume includes impressions of the first half of a trip around the world. The remainder of the journey will fill a companion volume, which will comprise two chapters devoted to New York and the effect it produced on me after seeing the great cities of the world. As I have said in the preface, these are necessarily first impressions, jotted down when fresh and clear; but it is doubtful whether a month spent in any of these places would have forced a revision of these first glimpses, set in the mordant of curiosity and enthusiasm. When the mind is saturated with the literature of a place, it is quick to seize on what appeals to the imagination, and this appeal is the one which must be considered in every case where there is an historical or legendary background to give salient relief to palace or temple, statue or painting. Without this background the noblest work seems dull and lifeless. With it the palace stamps itself upon the imagination, the temple stirs the emotions, the statue speaks, the painting has a direct spiritual message.

Certain parts of the Orient are not rich in this imaginative material which appeals to one fond of history or art; but this defect is compensated for by an extraordinary picturesqueness of life and a wonderful luxuriance of nature. The Oriental trip also

makes less demand on one's reading than even a hasty journey through Europe. There are few pictures, few statues. Only India and Egypt appeal to the sense of the historical, Japan stands alone, alien to all our ways of life and thought, but so intensely artistic, so saturated with the intellectual spirit that it seems to belong to another world than this material, commercial existence that stamps all European and American life. The new China furnishes an attractive field of study, but unfortunately when I visited the country it was in the throes of revolution and travel was dangerous anywhere outside the great treaty ports.

One of the best results of foreign travel is that it makes one revise his estimate of alien races. When I started out it was with a strong prejudice against the Japanese, probably due to my observation of some rather unlovely specimens whom I had encountered in San Francisco. A short stay in Japan served to give me a new point of view in regard to both the people and the country of the Mikado. It was impossible to escape from the fact that here is a race which places loyalty to country and personal honor higher than life, and this sentiment was not confined to the educated and wealthy classes but was general throughout the nation. Here also is a people so devoted to the culture of beauty that they travel hundreds of miles to see the annual chrysanthemum and other flower festivals. And here is a people so devoted to art for art's sake that even the poor and uneducated have little gardens in their back yards and houses which reveal a refined taste in architecture and decoration. The

poorest artisans are genuine artists and their work shows a beauty and a finish only to be found in the work of the highest designers in our country.

In one chapter of the section on Japan, I have dwelt on the ingenious theory that it is their devotion to the garden that has kept the Japanese from being spoiled by the great strides they have made in the last twenty years in commerce and conquest. To take foremost place among the powers of the world without any preliminary struggle is an achievement which well might turn the heads of any people; yet this exploit has simply confirmed the Japanese in the opinion that their national training has resulted in this success that other nations have won only by the expenditure of years of labor and study. When you see the reverence which every one in Japan shows at the tombs of the Forty-seven Ronins, you feel that here is a spiritual force which is lacking in every European country; here is something, whether you call it loyalty or patriotism or fanaticism, which makes even the women and children of Japan eager to sacrifice all that they hold most dear on the altar of their country. No less striking than their loyalty is the courtesy of the Japanese which makes travel in their country a pleasure. Even the poor and ignorant country people show in their mutual relations a politeness that would do credit to the most civilized race, while all exhibit toward foreigners a courtesy and consideration that is often repaid by boorishness and insult on the part of tourists and foreign residents of Japan. Another feature of Japanese life that cannot fail to impress the stranger is the small

weight that is given to wealth. In their relations with foreigners the governing class and the wealthy people are sticklers for all the conventional forms; but among themselves the simplicity of their social life is very attractive. Elaborate functions are unknown and changes of costume, which make women's dress so large an item of family expense in any European country, are unnecessary. Some of the rich Japanese are now lavishing money on their homes, which are partly modeled on European plans; but in the main the residences, even of rich people, are very simple and unpretentious. These homes are filled with priceless porcelains, jades, paintings and prints, but there is no display merely for the sake of exhibiting art treasures.

In Manila the American tourist has a good opportunity to contrast what has been done by his countrymen with what the British have accomplished in ports like Hongkong and Singapore. Doubtless the English plan will show the larger financial returns, but it is carried out with a selfish disregard of the interests of the natives which stirs the gorge of an American. The Englishman believes in keeping a wide gulf between the dominant and the humble classes. He does not believe in educating the native to think that he can rise from the class in which he is born. The American scheme in the Philippines has been to encourage the development of character and efficiency, wherever found; and the result is that many public positions are open to men who were head-hunting savages ten years ago. Above all other things in the Philippines we have proved, as we have shown at Panama, that a tropical climate

need not be an unhealthful one. We have banished from Manila cholera, yellow fever and bubonic plague – three pests that once made it dreaded in the Orient. This, with an ample water supply, is an achievement worthy of pride, when one contrasts it with the unsanitary sewerage system of Hongkong and Singapore.

The small part of the great Chinese Empire which I was able to see gave me a vivid impression of the activity and enthusiasm of the people in spreading the new Republican doctrines. The way old things have been put aside and the new customs adopted seems almost like a miracle. Fancy a whole people discarding their time-honored methods of examination for the civil service, along with their queues, their caps and their shoes. All the authorities have predicted that China would be centuries in showing the same changes which the Japanese have made in a single generation; but recent events go far to prove that Japan will be outstripped in the race for progress by its slow-going neighbor. What profoundly impresses any visitor to China is the stamina and the working capacity of the common people. Tireless laborers these Chinese are, whether they work for themselves or the European. What they will be able to accomplish with labor-saving machinery no one can predict. Certainly should they accept modern methods of work, with the same enthusiasm that they have adopted new methods of government, the markets of the world will be upset by the product of these four hundred million. China is to-day in transformation – fluctuant, far-reaching, limited only by the capacity of a singularly excitable people to absorb new ideas.

In India great is the contrast to China and Japan. Here is an old civilization, founded on caste: here are many peoples but all joined to the worship of a system that says the son must follow in the footsteps of the father; that one cannot break bread with a stranger of another caste lest he and his tribe be defiled. Nothing more hideous was ever conceived than this Indian caste system, yet it has held its own against the force of foreign learning and probably will continue to fetter the development of the natives of India for centuries to come. Some simple reforms the English have secured, like the abolition of suttee and the improved condition of the child widows; but their influence on the great mass of the people has been pitiably small. India bears the same relation to the Orient that Italy does to Europe. It is the home of temples, palaces and monuments; it is the land of beautiful art work in many materials. Most of its cities have a splendid historical past that is seen in richly ornamented temples and shrines, in the tombs of its illustrious dead and in palaces that surpass in beauty of decoration anything which Europe can boast.

In considering India it must always be borne in mind that here was the original seat of the Aryan civilization and that, though the Hindoo is as dark as many of the American negroes, he is of Aryan stock like ourselves. In comparison with the men who carried Aryan civilization throughout the world, the Hindoo of to-day is as far removed as is the modern Greek from the Greek of the time of Pericles and Phidias. Yet he shows all the signs of race in clear-cut features and in small hands and feet.

The journey throughout India is one which calls for some philosophy, as the train arrangements are never good and, unless one has the luck to secure a competent guide, he will be annoyed by the excessive greed of every one with whom he comes in contact. But aside from such troubles the trip is one which richly repays the traveler. If one has time it is admirable to go off the beaten track to some of the minor places which have fine historical remains; but a good idea of India may be obtained by taking the regular route from Calcutta to Bombay, by way of Delhi.

In Benares the tourist first meets the swarms of beggars that make life a burden. Aged men, with loathsome sores, stand whining at corners beseeching the favor of a two-anna piece; blind men, led by small, skinny children, set up a mournful wail and then curse you fluently when you pass them by, and scores of children rise up out of hovels at the roadside and pursue your carriage with shrill screams. All are filthy, clamorous, greedy, inexpressibly offensive. If you are soft hearted and give to one, then your day is made hideous by a swarm of mendicants, tireless in pursuit and only kept from actual invasion of the carriage by fear of the driver's whip.

The feature which makes travel on Indian railways a weariness of the flesh is the roughness of the cars. Each truck on the passenger cars is provided with two large wheels, exactly like those on freight cars, and these wheels have wooden felloes and spokes. With poor springs the result is that though the road-bed is perfect the cars are as rough as our freight cars. When the speed is over

twenty-five miles an hour or the road is crooked, the motion of the cars is well nigh intolerable. Ordinarily the motion is so great that reading is difficult and writing out of the question. At night the jar of the car is so severe that one must be very tired or very phlegmatic to get any refreshing sleep. When one travels all day and all night at a stretch – as in the journey from Jeypore to Bombay – the fatigue is out of all proportion to the distance covered. In fact Americans have been spoiled by the comforts of Pullman sleeping-cars, in which foreign critics find so many flaws. Probably the chief annoyance to our party of Americans, aside from the jar of the cars, was the dust and soot which poured in day and night. The engines burn soft coal and the dust on the road-beds is excessive. A system of double windows and well-fitting screens would remove this nuisance, but apparently the British in India think dust and grime necessary features of railway travel, for no effort is made to eliminate them.

No Oriental trip would be complete without a visit to Egypt, and especially a ride on the Nile. It is more difficult to make anyone realize the charm of Egypt than of any other country of the Orient. The people are dirty, ignorant, brutish: their faces contain no appeal because they are the faces of Millet's "The Man With the Hoe." Centuries of subjection have killed the pride which still lingers in the face and bearing of the poorest Arab; the Egyptian peasant does not wear the collar of Gurth, but he is a slave of the soil whose day of freedom is afar off. Yet these degenerate people are seen against a background of the most imposing ruins

in the world. Luxor and Karnak and the tombs of the kings near old Thebes contain enough remains of the splendor of ancient Egyptian life to permit study for years. The mind is appalled by this mass of temples, monuments, obelisks and colossal statues. It is difficult to realize that the same people who are seen toiling in the fields to-day raised these huge monuments to perpetuate the names of their rulers. A climate as dry as that of the Colorado desert has preserved these remains, so that in the rock tombs one may gaze upon brightly painted hieroglyphs of the time of Moses that look as though they were carved yesterday.

In this Oriental tour the stamp of strange religions is over all the lands. The temple is the keynote of each race. And religion with the Oriental is not a matter of one day's worship in seven: it is a vital, daily function into which he puts all the dreamy mysticism of his race. The first sight of several Mohammedans bowed in the dust by the roadside, with their faces set toward Mecca, gives one a strange thrill, but this spectacle soon loses its novelty. Everywhere in the Far East religion is a matter of form and ceremony: it includes regular visits to the temple and regular prayers and offerings to the deities enshrined in these houses of worship. But it also includes a daily ritual that must be observed at certain fixed hours, even though the believer may be in the midst of the crowded market place. The spiritual isolation of an Oriental at his prayers in any big city of the Far East is the most significant feature of this life – so alien to all the mental, moral, and religious training of the Occident. Vain is it for one of Anglo-Saxon strain to attempt to

bridge this abyss that lies between his mind and that of the Burman or the Parsee. Each lives in a spiritual world of his own and each would be homesick for heaven were he transferred to the ideal paradise of the other. So the traveler in the Orient should give heed to the temples, for in them is voiced the spiritual aspirations of the people, who have little of comfort or hope to cheer them in this world.

JAPAN, THE PICTURE COUNTRY OF THE ORIENT

First Impressions of Japan and The Life of The Japanese

Yokohama looks very beautiful to the traveler who has spent over two weeks on the long sea voyage from Seattle; but it has little to commend it to the tourist, for most of its native traits have been Europeanized. It is noteworthy, however, as the best place except Hongkong for the traveler to purchase an oriental outfit and it is probably the cheapest place in the world for trunks and bags and all leather goods. Its bund, or water-front, is spacious and its leading hotels are very comfortable.

Of Japan and the Japanese, all that can be given are a few general impressions of the result of two weeks of constant travel over the empire and of talks with many people.

Of the country itself, the prevailing impression of the tourist, who crosses it on the railroad or who takes rides through the paddy fields in a rickshaw, is of a perennial greenness. Instead of the tawny yellow of California in October, one sees here miles on miles of rice fields, some of vivid green, others of green turning to gold. The foothills of the mountains remind one of the foothills

of the Sierra Nevada, as they all bear evidences of the rounding and smoothing of glacial action.

At a distance the rice fields look like grain fields, but seen near at hand they are found to be great swamps of water, with row on row of rice, the dead furrows either serving as ditches or as raised paths across the fields. Every bit of hillside is terraced and planted to rice or vegetables or fruit.

Often these little, terraced fields, which look like the natural mesa of southern California, will not be over fifty feet long by ten or fifteen feet wide. Between the rows of fruit trees are vegetables or corn or sorghum. The farmers live in little villages and apparently go home every night after tilling their fields. There are none of the scattered farmhouses, with trees around them, which are so characteristic a feature of any American rural scene.

The towns as well as the cities show a uniformity of architecture, as most of the shops are one story or a story and one-half, while the residences seem to be built on a uniform plan, with great variety in gateways and decoration of grounds. Most of the roofs are made of a black clay, corrugated so that it looks like the Spanish-American tile, and many of the walls that surround residences and temples are of adobe, with a tiled covering, precisely as one sees to-day the remains of adobe walls in old Spanish-Californian towns.

The general impression of any Japanese city when seen from a height is that of a great expanse of low buildings with a liberal

sprinkling of trees and a few pagodas or roofs of Buddhist temples.

The strongest impression that the unprejudiced observer receives in Japan is of the small value set upon labor as well as upon time by the great mass of the people. In Yokohama and in Kobe, which show the most signs of foreign influence, the same traits prevail.

It is one of the astonishing spectacles of the world, this accomplishment of the business of a great nation by man power alone. Only in one city, Osaka, the Chicago of Japan, is there any general evidence of the adoption of up-to-date methods in manufacturing. Everywhere one sees all the small industries of the country carried on in the same way that they were conducted in Palestine in the time of Christ.

Everywhere men, harnessed to heavy push carts, are seen straining to haul loads that are enough for a horse. The few horses in the cities are used for heavy trucks, in common with bulls, for the Japanese bull is a beast of burden and not one of the lords of creation as in our own country.

The bull is harnessed with a short neckyoke and a saddle on his back, which bears a close resemblance to the riding saddle of the Cossack. Some rope traces are hitched to crude, home-made whiffletrees. The bull, as well as the horse, is guided by a rope line. The carts are remarkably heavy, with wheels of great weight, yet many of these carts are pulled by two men.

In the big cities may be seen a few victorias, or other carriages,

and an occasional motor car, but both these means of conveyance can be used with safety only on the broadest avenues. In the narrow streets of the native quarter, which seldom exceed ten feet in width and which have no sidewalks, the jinrikisha is the only carriage. This is a light, two-wheeled gig, drawn by one man and frequently on the steep grades pushed from the back by a second man. The rickshaw man has a bell gong on one shaft, which he rings when approaching a sharp turn in the street or when he sees several trucks or other rickshaws approaching. The bell also serves to warn old people or children who may be careless, for the rickshaw has the right of way and the pedestrian must turn to either side to give it the road. Americans, who are far more considerate of the feelings of the Japanese than other foreigners, frequently may be seen walking up the steep grades in such hilly cities as Nikko, Nara and Kobe, but long residence in Japan is said to make everyone callous of the straining and the sweating of the rickshaw man.

Purposely my itinerary included a number of little towns, which practically have been uninfluenced by foreign customs. In these places may be seen the primitive Japanese life, unchanged for hundreds of years. Yet everywhere one cannot fail to be impressed by the tireless industry of the people, and by their general good nature and courtesy.

In any other country in the world, a party of Americans with their foreign dress would have provoked some insulting remarks, some gestures that could not be mistaken; but here in rural Japan

was seen the same perfect courtesy shown in the Europeanized sections of the big cities. The people, to be sure, made no change in their way of life. Mothers suckled their infants in front of their little shops, and children stood naked and unashamed, lost in wonder over the strange spectacle of the party of foreign people that dashed by in rickshaws.

Naked men, with only a G-string to distinguish them from the costume of Adam before the expulsion from Eden, labored at many tasks, and frequently our little cavalcade swept by the great Government schools where hundreds of little Japanese are being educated to help out the manifest destiny of the empire.

This courtesy and good nature among the poorest class of the Japanese people is not confined to their treatment of foreigners; it extends to all their daily relations with one another. A nearly naked coolie pulling a heavy cart begs a light for his cigarette with a bow that would do honor to a Chesterfield.

A street blockade that in New York or San Francisco would not be untangled without much profanity and some police interference is cleared here in a moment because everyone is willing to yield and to recognize that the most heavily burdened has the right of way.

In all my wanderings by day or night in the large Japanese cities I never except once saw a policeman lift his, hand to exercise his authority. This exception was in Tokio, where a band of mischievous schoolboys was following a party of gayly dressed ladies in rickshaws and laughing and chattering. The guardian of

the peace admonished them with a few short, crisp words, and they scuttled into the nearest alleys.

The industry of the people, whether in city or country, is as amazing as their courtesy. The Japanese work seven days in the week, and the year is broken only by a few festivals that are generally observed by the complete cessation of labor. In the large cities work goes on in most of the shops until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and it is resumed at six o'clock the next morning.

The most impressive spectacle during several night rides through miles of Tokio streets was the number of young lads from twelve to sixteen years of age who had fallen asleep at their tasks. With head pillowed on arm they slumbered on the hard benches, where they had been working since early morning, while the older men labored alongside at their tasks.

From the train one saw the rice farmer and his wife and children working in the paddy fields as long as they could see. These people do not work with the fierce energy of the American mechanic, but their workday is from twelve to fourteen hours and, considering these long hours, they show great industry and conscientiousness.

In some places women were employed at the hardest work, such as coaling ships by hand and digging and carrying earth from canals and ditches.

Scarcely less impressive than the tireless industry of the people is the enormous number of children that may be seen both in city and country. It was impossible to get statistics of births,

but any American traveling through Japan must be struck with the fact that this is a land not threatened by race suicide.

Women who looked far beyond the time of motherhood were suckling infants, while all the young women seemed well provided with children. Girls of five or six were playing games with sleeping infants strapped to their backs, and even boys were impressed into this nursery work. The younger children are clothed only in kimonos, so that the passer-by witnesses many strange sights of naked Japanese cherubs.

In all quarters of Tokio the children were as numerous as in tenement streets of American cities on a Sunday afternoon, and in small country towns the number of children seemed even greater than in the big cities.

Another feature of Japanese life that made a profound impression on me was the pilgrimage of school children to the various sacred shrines throughout the empire. At Nikko and at Nara, two of the great seats of Buddhist and Shinto shrines, these child pilgrims were conspicuous. They were seen in bands of fifty or seventy-five, attended by tutors. The boys were dressed in blue or black jackets, white or blue trousers and white leggings. Each carried his few belongings in a small box or a handkerchief and each had an umbrella to protect him from the frequent showers.

The girls had dark red merino skirts, with kimono waists of some dark stuff. Many were without stockings, but all wore straw sandals or those with wooden sole and heavy wooden clogs. School children are admitted to temples and shrines at half rates

and in every place the guides pay special attention to these young visitors.

Pilgrimages of soldiers and others are also very common. Whenever a party of one hundred is formed it receives the benefit of the half-rate admission. No observant tourist can fail to see that in the pilgrimages of these school children and these soldiers the authorities of new Japan find the best means of stimulating patriotism. Church and State are so closely welded that the Mikado is regarded as a god. Passionate devotion to country is the great ruling power which separates Japan from all other modern nations.

The number of young men who leave their country to escape the three years' conscription is very small. The schoolboy in his most impressionable years is brought to these sacred shrines; he listens to the story of the Forty-seven Ronins and other tales of Japanese chivalry; his soul is fired to imitate their self-sacrificing patriotism. The bloody slopes of Port Arthur witnessed the effect of such training as this.

The Japanese Capital and Its Parks and Temples

Tokio, the capital of Japan, is a picturesque city of enormous extent and the tourist who sees it in two or three days must expect to do strenuous work. The city, which actually covers one hundred square miles, is built on the low shore of Tokio bay and is intersected by the Sumi river and a network of narrow canals. The river and these canals are crossed by frequent bridges. At night the tourist may mark his approach to one of these canals by the evil odors that poison the air. Even in October the air is sultry in Tokio during the day and far into the night, but toward morning a penetrating damp wind arises.

Although Tokio's main streets have been widened to imposing avenues that run through a series of great parks, the native life may be studied on every hand – for a block from the big streets, with their clanging electric cars, one comes upon narrow alleys lined with shops and teeming with life. Here, for the first time, the tourist sees Japanese city life, only slightly influenced by foreign customs. The streets are not more than twelve or fifteen feet wide, curbed on each side by flat blocks of granite, seldom more than a foot or eighteen inches wide. These furnish the only substitute for a sidewalk in rainy weather, as most of the streets are macadamized. A slight rainfall wets the surface and makes walking for the foreigner very disagreeable. The Japanese use in

rainy weather the wooden sandal with two transverse clogs about two inches high, which lifts him out of the mud. All Japanese dignitaries and nearly all foreigners use the jinrikisha, which has the right of way in the narrow streets. The most common sound in the streets is the bell of the rickshaw man or his warning shout of "Hi! Hi!"

My first day's excursion included a ride through Shiba and Hibiya parks to Uyeno Park, the resting place of many of the shoguns. This makes a trip which will consume the entire day. Shiba Park is noteworthy for its temples (which contain some of the most remarkable specimens of Japanese art) and for the tombs of seven of the fifteen shoguns or native rulers who preceded the Mikado in the government of Japan. The first and third shoguns are buried at Nikko, while the fourth, fifth, eighth, ninth, eleventh and thirteenth lie in Uyeno Park, Tokio. These mortuary chapels in Shiba Park are all similar in general design, the only differences being in the lavishness of the decoration. Out of regard for the foreign visitor it is not necessary to remove one's shoes in entering these temples, as cloth covers are provided. Each temple is divided into three parts – the outer oratory, a corridor and the inner sanctum, where the shogun alone was privileged to worship. The daimyos or nobles were lined up in the corridor, while the smaller nobles and chiefs filled the oratory. It would be tedious to describe these temples, but one will serve as a specimen of all. This is the temple of the second shogun, which is noteworthy for the beauty of the decoration of the sanctum

and the tomb.

Two enormous gilded pillars support the vaulted roof of the sanctum, which is formed of beams in a very curious pattern. A frieze of medallions of birds, gilded and painted, runs around the top of the wall. The shrine dates back for two and one-half centuries and is of rich gold lacquer. The bronze incense burner, in the form of a lion, bears the date of 1635. The great war drum of Ieyasu, the first of the Tokugawa shoguns, lies upon a richly decorated stand. Back of the temple is the octagonal hall, which houses the tomb of the second shogun. This tomb is the largest example of gold lacquer in the world, and parts of it are inlaid with enamel and crystal. Scenes from Liao-Ling, China, and Lake Biwa, Japan, adorn the upper half, while the lower half bears elaborate decoration of the lion and the peony. The base of the tomb is a solid block of stone in the shape of the lotus. The hall is supported by eight pillars covered with gilded copper, and the walls are covered with gilded lacquer. The enormous amount of money expended on these shrines will amaze any foreign visitor, as well as the profound reverence shown by the Japanese for these resting places of the shoguns.

Passing along a wide avenue traversed by electric cars one soon reaches Hibiya Park, one of the show places of Tokio. To the European tourist or the visitor from our Eastern States the beauty of the vegetation is a source of marvel, but San Francisco's Golden Gate Park can equal everything that grows here in the way of ornamental shrubs, trees and flowers. On

the south side of the park are the Parliament buildings, and near by the fine, new brick buildings of the Naval and Judicial Departments and the courts. Near by are grouped many of the foreign legations, the palaces of princes and the mansions of the Japanese officials and foreign embassadors. Here also is the Museum of Arms, which is very interesting because of the many specimens of ancient Japanese weapons and the trophies of the wars with China and Russia. In this museum one may see the profound interest which the Japanese pilgrims from all parts of the empire take in these memorials of conquest. To them they rank with the sacred shrines as objects of veneration.

Not far away is the moat which surrounds the massive walls of the imperial palace, open only to those who have the honor of an imperial audience. These walls are of granite laid up without mortar, the corner stones being of unusual size. The visitor may see the handsome roofs of the imperial palaces. Those who have been admitted declare that the decorations and the furniture are in the highest style of Japanese art, although the simplicity and the neutral colors that mark the Shinto temples prevail in the private chambers of the Emperor. In the throne chamber and the banquet hall, on the other hand, gold and brilliant hues make a blaze of color. Near the palace grounds are the Government printing office and a number of schools.

Turning down into Yoken street, one of the great avenues of traffic, you soon reach Uyeno Park – the most popular pleasure ground of the capital, and famous in the spring for its long

lines of cherry trees in full blossom. In the autumn it impressed me, as did all the other Japanese parks, as rather damp and unwholesome. The ground was saturated from recent rain; all the stonework was covered with moss and lichen; the trees dripped moisture, and the little lakes scattered here and there were like those gloomy tarns that Poe loved to paint in his poems. Near the entrance to this park is a shallow lake covered with lotus plants, and a short distance beyond from a little hill one may get a good view of the buildings of the imperial university. Here is a good foreign restaurant where one may enjoy a palatable lunch. Near by on a slight eminence stands a huge bronze image of Buddha, twenty-one and one-half feet high, called the Daibutsu. It is one of several such figures scattered over the empire. Passing through a massive granite torii, or gate, one reaches an avenue of stately cryptomeria, or cedar trees that leads to a row of stone lanterns presented in 1651 by daimyos as a memorial to the first shogun. The temple beyond is famous for its beautiful lacquer.

Near at hand are the temples and tombs of the six shoguns of the Tokugawa family, buried in Uyeno Park. These temples are regarded as among the finest remains of old Japanese art. The mortuary temples bear a close resemblance to those in Shiba Park. The second temple is the finer and is celebrated for the gilding of the interior walls, the gorgeous decoration of the shrines and the memorial tablets in gold lacquer. Here, also, are eight tablets erected to the memory of eight mothers of shoguns, all of whom were concubines.

A short distance from Uyeno Park is the great Buddhist temple known as Asakusa Kwannon, dedicated to Kwannon, the goddess of mercy. The approaches to this temple on any pleasant day look like a country fair. The crowd is so dense that jinrikishas can not approach within one hundred yards. The shrine dates back to the sixth century and the temple is the most popular resort of its kind in Tokio. On each side of the entrance lane are shops, where all kinds of curios, toys, cakes, et cetera, are sold. The temple itself is crowded with votaries who offer coins to the various idols, while below (near the stairs that give entrance to the temple) are various side booths that are patronized by worshipers. Some of these gods promise long life; others give happiness, and several insure big families to women who offer money and say prayers.

One of the remarkable jinrikisha rides in Japan is that from Uyeno to Shimbashi station through the heart of Tokio by night. This takes about a half hour and it gives a series of pictures of the great Japanese city that can be gained in no other way. Here may be seen miles of little shops lining alleys not over ten or twelve feet wide, in most of which work is going on busily as late as eleven o'clock. In places the sleepy proprietors are putting up their shutters, preparatory to going to bed, but in others the work of artisan or baker or weaver goes on as though the day had only fairly begun. Most of these shops are lighted by electricity, but this light is the only modern thing about them. The weaver sits at the loom precisely as he sat two thousand years ago, and the baker kneads his dough and bakes his cakes

precisely as he did before the days of the first shogun. This ride gives a panorama of oriental life which can be equaled in few cities in the world. Occasionally the jinrikisha dashes up a little bank and across a bridge that spans a canal and one catches a glimpse of long lines of house boats, with dim lights, nestling under overhanging balconies. Overall is that penetrating odor of the Far East, mingled with the smell of bilge water and the reek of thousands of sweating human beings. These smells are of the earth earthy and they led one to dream that night of weird and terrible creatures such as De Quincey paints in his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.

The Most Famous City of Temples in All Japan

The most magnificent temples in Japan are at Nikko, in the mountains, five hours' ride by train from Tokio. What makes this trip the more enjoyable to the American tourist is that the country reminds him of the Catskills, and that he gets some glimpses of primitive Japanese life. The Japanese have a proverb: "Do not use the word 'magnificent' until you have seen Nikko." And anyone who goes through the three splendid temples that serve as memorials of the early shoguns will agree that the proverb is true.

The railroad ride to Nikko is tedious, although it furnishes greater variety than most of the other trips by rail through the Mikado's empire. But as soon as one is landed at the little station he recognizes that here is a place unlike any that he has seen. The road runs up a steep hill to the Kanaya Hotel, which is perched on a high bank overlooking the Daiyagawa river. Tall cedar trees clothe the banks, and across the river rise mountains, with the roofs of temples showing through the foliage at their base. This hotel is gratefully remembered by all tourists because of the artistic decoration of the rooms in Japanese style and the beneficent care of the proprietor, which includes a pretty kimono to wear to the morning bath, with straw sandals for the feet, and charming waitresses in picturesque costumes.

The first Buddhist temple at Nikko dates back to the eighth

century, but it was not until the seventeenth century that the place was made a national shrine by building here the mausoleum of the first shogun, Ieyasu, and of his grandson, Iemitsu. Hardly less noteworthy than these shrines and temples is the great avenue of giant cryptomeria trees, which stretches across the country for twenty miles, from Nikko to Utsunomiya.

One of the chief objects of interest in Nikko is the Sacred Red Bridge which spans a swift stream about forty feet wide. This is a new bridge, as the old one was carried away by a great flood nine years ago. Originally built in 1638, it served to commemorate the legendary and miraculous bridging of the stream by Shodo Shonin, a saint. He arrived at the river one day while on a pilgrimage and called aloud for aid to cross. On the opposite bank appeared a being of gigantic size, who promised to help him, and at once flung across the stream two green and blue dragons which formed a bridge. When the saint was safely over the bridge, it vanished with the mysterious being. Shodo at once built a hut on the banks of the stream. For fourteen years he dwelt there and gathered many disciples. Then he established a monastery and a shrine at Lake Chuzinji, about nine miles from Nikko. Nine hundred years later the second shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty sent two officials to Nikko to select a site for the mausoleum of his father. They chose a site near Nikko, on a hill called Hotoke-iwa, and in the spring of 1617 the tomb was completed and the coffin was deposited under it with appropriate Buddhist ceremonies.

The road to the mausoleum winds around the river. The first object on the way is a pillar erected in 1643 to ward off evil influences. It is a cylindrical copper column forty-two feet high, supported by short horizontal bars of the same material, resting on four short columns. Small bells hung from lotus-shaped cups crown the summit of the column. Just beyond this column is a massive granite torii, twenty-seven and one-half feet high, the gift of the Daimiyo of Chikuzen. To the left is a five-story pagoda, one hundred and four feet in height, which is especially graceful. Inside a red wooden wall are arranged a series of lacquered storehouses, a holy water cistern cut out of a solid block of granite, a finely decorated building in which rest a collection of Buddhist writings. A second court is reached by a flight of stairs. Here are gifts presented by the kings of Luchu, Holland and Korea, these three countries being regarded as vassal states of Japan. On the left is the Temple of Yahushi, beautifully decorated in red and gold lacquer, and just beyond is a fine gate, called Yomei-mon, decorated with medallions of birds. Passing through this gate, one reaches a court bordered by several small buildings, one of which contains the palanquins that are carried in the annual procession on June 1st, when the deified spirits of the first shogun, Hideyoshi (the great conqueror), and Yoritomo occupy them. Seventy-five men carry each of these palanquins.

The main shrines are reached through the Chinese gate. The three chambers are magnificent specimens of the finest work in

lacquer, gold and metal. The tomb of Ieyasu, the first shogun, is reached by ascending two hundred stone steps. The tomb is in the form of a small pagoda of bronze of an unusually light color caused by the mixture of gold. The body of the shogun is buried twenty feet deep in a bed of charcoal. Beyond is the mausoleum of Iemitsu, the third shogun. The oratory and chapel are richly decorated, but they do not compare with those of the first shogun's tomb. Back of these tombs, among the huge cedar trees that clothe the sides of the mountain, is a small red shrine where women offer little pieces of wood that they may pass safely through the dangers of childbirth. Near by is the tomb of Shodo, the saint, and three of his disciples.

These mortuary temples and tombs are genuinely impressive. They bear many signs of age and it is evident that they are held in great veneration by the Japanese, who make pilgrimages at all seasons to offer up prayers at these sacred shrines. More impressive than the tombs themselves are the pilgrims. On the day that I visited this sacred shrine several large bands of pilgrims were entertained. One party was composed of over a hundred boys from one of the big government military schools. These lads were in uniform and each carried an umbrella and a lunch tied up in a handkerchief. The priests paid special attention to these young pilgrims and described for their benefit the marvels of carving and lacquer work. Services were held before the shrines and the glorious conquest of the shoguns and of Hideyoshi (popularly known as the Napoleon of Japan) were described in

glowing words. The Russian cannon captured at Port Arthur, which stands near the entrance to the tombs, was not forgotten by these priests, who never fail to do their part in stimulating the patriotism of the young pilgrims.

These boys were followed by an equal number of public school girls, all dressed in dark red merino skirts and kimonos of various colors. Some were without stockings and none wore any head covering, although each girl carried her lunch and the inevitable umbrella.

After these children came several parties of mature pilgrims, some finely dressed and bearing every evidence of wealth and position, while others were clothed in poor garments and showed great deference to the priests and guides. All revealed genuine veneration for the sacred relics and all contributed according to their means to the various shrines. Some idea of the revenue drawn by the priests from tourists and pilgrims may be gained when it is said that admission is seventy sen (or thirty-five cents in American money) for each person, with half-rates to priests, teachers and school children, and to members of parties numbering one hundred.

The shops at Nikko will be found well worth a visit, as this city is the market for many kinds of furs that are scarce in America. Many fine specimens of wood carving may also be seen in the shops. The main street of the town runs from the Kanaya Hotel to the railroad depot, a distance of a mile and one-half, and it is lined for nearly the whole distance with small shops.

On his return to the railroad the tourist would do well to take a jinrikisha ride of five miles down through the great avenue of old cryptomeria trees to the little station of Imaichi. This is one of the most beautiful rides in the world. The road is bordered on each side by huge cedar trees which are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height. In many cases the roots of these old trees have formed a natural embankment and the road is thus forced below the level of the surrounding rice fields. These trees were planted nearly three hundred years ago and they are certainly in a remarkable state of preservation. A few gaps there are, due to the vandalism of the country people, but mile after mile is passed with only an occasional break in these stately columns, crowned by the deep green masses of foliage. Another cryptomeria avenue intersects this and runs for twenty-five miles across the country. The two avenues were planted in order that they might be used by the shogun's messengers when they bore important letters to him during his summer residence in Nara.

In Kyoto, The Ancient Capital of Japan

Next to Nikko, one of the most interesting cities in Japan is Kyoto, the old capital under the shoguns, the seat of several fine palaces and many beautiful temples, and the center of large manufacturing works of satsuma and cloissone ware, damascene work and art work on silk and velvet. Kyoto may be reached by a short ride from Kobe, but from Tokio it is an all-day trip of twelve hours by express train. This ride, which would be comfortable in well appointed cars, is made tedious by the Japanese preference for cars with seats arranged along the side, like the new American pay-as-you-enter street cars. For a short ride the side seat may be endured, but for hours of travel (especially when one is a tourist and wishes to see the scenery on both sides of the road) the cars are extremely tiresome.

By selecting the express train and buying first-class tickets it was hoped to avoid any crowd but, unfortunately, the day chosen saw many other tourists on their way across Japan. The result was that the first-class car was packed and many who had paid first-class fares were forced to ride in the second-class cars. In my car one side was occupied almost wholly by Japanese. Two were in American dress, one was an army officer in uniform, another a clerk with many packages, and the remaining two were an old couple, richly dressed. The Japanese, in traveling first-class, generally brings a rug or fur, which he spreads over the seat.

On this he sits with his feet drawn up under him in the national style. Smoking is not prohibited even in the first-class cars, so that the American ladies in the cars had to endure the smell of various kinds of Japanese tobacco, in addition to the heat, which was rendered more disagreeable by the frequent closing of the windows as the train dashed through many tunnels. The old couple carried lunch in several hampers and they indulged in a very elaborate luncheon, helped out by tea purchased in little pots from a dealer at a station. The army officer bought one of the small wooden lunch boxes sold along all Japanese railways, which contain boiled rice, fried fish and some boiled sweet potatoes. This, with a pot of tea, made a good lunch. The Japanese in European costume patronized the dining-car, where an excellent lunch was served for one yen, or fifty cents in American money.

The scenery along the line of the railway varied. The road skirts the coast for many miles, then cuts across several mountain ranges to Nagoya, then along the shores of Owari bay (an arm of the ocean), thence across the country to the lower end of Lake Biwa, near which Kyoto is situated. In the old days this journey consumed twelve days, and the road twice every year furnished a picturesque procession of the retinues of great nobles or daimiyos traveling from Kyoto to Tokio to present their respects to the shogun. The road was skirted by great cryptomeria, and avenues of these fine trees may still be seen near Nikko.

Kyoto was a great city in medieval days, when it was the residence of the Mikado. From 793 until 1868, when the court

removed to Tokio, Kyoto remained the capital. Its importance, however, began to decline with the founding of Yedo, or Tokio, in 1590, and to-day many miles of its former streets are devoted to the growing of rice. In this way several of the finest temples, which were once in the heart of the old city, are now relegated to the suburbs. Besides the Mikado's palace and Nijo castle, which may be visited only by special permit, Kyoto boasts of an unusual number of richly decorated temples, among which the most noteworthy are the Shinto temple of Inari; the temple of the one thousand images of Kwannon, the Deity of Mercy; the great Buddhist temple of Nishi-Honguanji, celebrated for its art work in paintings and decorated woods; the great bronze Buddha, fifty-eight feet high; the big bell near by, nearly fourteen feet high, and the other in the Cheon-in temple here – these being two of the four largest bells in all Japan. To describe the treasures in art and decoration, in gold and lacquer, in these palaces, would be tiresome. Unless one is a student of Japanese art the visiting of temples soon becomes a great bore, for one temple or one palace is a repetition of others already seen, with merely minor differences in architecture and decoration, which appeal only to the specialist.

Kyoto, however, is of great interest for its many art shops – since applied art, as seen in satsuma and cloissone ware and in damascene, have almost reached the level of pure art. A visit to one of the satsuma factories is an interesting experience, as it shows how little the art of Japan has been influenced by the

foreigner. Here one sees the potter at his wheel, precisely as in the days of the Bible. He does not avail himself of electric power but whirls his wheel by hand and foot, exactly as in the time of Christ. Passing from the pottery to the art rooms, one finds a number of Japanese men and girls painting elaborate designs on bowls and vases and other articles. These artists grind and mix their own oil colors, which they proceed to lay on slowly upon the article they are decorating. The patience of these artists is indescribable. Infinite pains is taken with a single flower or tree or figure of man or bird. One vase exhibited here is covered with butterflies which range from natural size down to figures so small that they can be discerned only under a magnifying glass. Yet, this vase, which represents such an enormous outlay of labor and time, is sold at thirty dollars in American money.

At the damascene works both men and women are also employed, although the finest work is done by the men. The art consists in beating into bronze small particles of gold leaf until they have become an actual part of the baser metal. This gold is arranged in a great variety of design and, after being beaten in, the article is subjected to powerful heat, which oxidizes the metal and thus prevents any change due to the weather. At this Kyoto factory were turned out the most artistic jewelry, boxes, cigarette cases and a great variety of small articles, many of which sold at absurdly low prices, considering the amount of labor and time expended on them.

Kyoto will be found one of the best cities in Japan for the

purchase of the art work just described, as well as embroidery, silks and other stuffs. In many of these shops the work is done on the premises and hence the prices are cheaper than in any other city except Yokohama. It is worth while to visit the shops that exhibit bronze work, silks, velvets and carvings in ivory and wood, as well as curios of many kinds. Most of these shopkeepers demand more than they expect to receive, but in a few shops the goods are plainly marked and no reduction in price can be secured. At Kyoto the tourist will find many traces of primitive Japanese life, especially in the unfrequented streets and in the suburbs. Here in the bed of the river, a portion of which was being walled up for a canal, were employed a dozen women digging up gravel and carrying it in baskets to carts near by. They had their skirts tied up and they were working in mud and water which reached to their knees. It was not a pleasant spectacle, but it excited no comment in this country, where women labor in the rice fields by the side of men.

A short ride from Kyoto brings the visitor to Nara, the seat of the oldest temples in Japan, and famous for the tame deer in the park. A long avenue of stone lanterns leads to the principal temples, in an ancient cedar grove. The main temple gives an impression of great age by its heavy thatched roof.

Next looms up the gigantic wooden structure, which houses Daibutsa, the great bronze image of Buddha. This statue, which dates back to the eighth century, is fifty-three and one-quarter feet high; the face is sixteen feet long and nine and one-quarter

feet wide. The god is in a sitting position, with the legs crossed. The head, which is darker than the remainder of the image, replaced in the sixteenth century the original head destroyed by fire. The expression of this Buddha is not benignant, and the image is impressive only because of its size. It has two images eighteen feet in height on either hand, but these seemed dwarfed by the huge central figure.

The park at Nara is very interesting, because of the tame deer which have no fear of the stranger in European dress, but will eat cakes from his hand. One of the sources of revenue is to sell these cakes to the tourist.

A visit was paid to an old temple at Horyuji, about eight miles from Nara, which is famous as the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan. It contains a valuable collection of ancient Japanese works of art. The rickshaw ride to this place is of great interest, as the road passes through a rich farming country and two small towns which seem to have been little affected by European influence. In the fertile valley below Nara rice is grown on an extensive scale, these paddy fields being veritable swamps which can be crossed only by high paths running through them, at distances of thirty or forty feet. Here also may be seen the curious method of trellising orchards of pear trees with bamboo poles. The trellis supports the upper branches and this prevents them from breaking down under the weight of fruit, while it also makes easy the picking of fruit. Agriculture at its best is seen in this fertile Japanese valley. One peculiarity of this country, as of other parts of rural Japan,

is that one sees none of the scattered farmhouses which dot every American farming section. Instead of building on his own land the farmer lives in a village to which he returns at night after his day's work.

Kobe, Osaka, The Inland Sea and Nagasaki

Kobe is regarded as a base for the tourist who wishes to make short excursions to Kyoto, Osaka and other cities. It was established as a foreign settlement in 1868, and has grown so remarkably during the last ten years that now it exceeds in imports and exports any other city in Japan. Kobe is one of the most attractive cities in the empire, being built on a pretty harbor, with the land rising like an amphitheater. Scores of handsome residences are scattered over the foothills near the sea. Those on the lower side of the streets that run parallel to the harbor have gardens walled up on the rear, while the houses on the upper side of the streets have massive retaining walls. These give opportunity for many ornamental gateways.

Kobe has many large government schools, but the institutions which I found of greatest interest were Kobe College for Women, conducted by Miss Searle, and the Glory Kindergarten, under the management of Miss Howe. Kobe College, which was founded over thirty years ago, is maintained by the Women's Board of Missions of Chicago. It has two hundred and twenty-five pupils, of whom all except about fifty are lodged and boarded on the premises. I heard several of the classes reciting in English. The primary class in English read simple sentences from a blackboard and answered questions put by the teacher. A few spoke good

English, but the great majority failed to open their mouths, and the result was the indistinct enunciation that is so trying to understand. Another class was reading *Hamlet*, but the pupils made sad work of Shakespeare's verse. The Japanese reading of English is always monotonous, because their own language admits of no emphasis; so their use of English is no more strange than our attempts at Japanese, in which we employ emphasis that excites the ridicule of the Mikado's subjects.

Not far from this college is the kintergarten, which Miss Howe has carried on for twenty-four years. She takes little tots of three or four years of age and trains them in Froebel's methods. So successful has she been in her work among these children of the best Japanese families of Kobe that she has a large waiting list. She has also trained many Japanese girls in kintergarten work. All the children at this school looked unusually bright, as they are drawn from the educated classes. It sounded very strange to hear American and English lullabies being chanted by these tots in the unfamiliar Japanese words.

Osaka, the chief manufacturing city of Japan, is only about three-quarters of an hour's ride from Kobe. It spreads over nine miles square and lies on both sides of the Yodogawa river. The most interesting thing in Osaka is the castle built by Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan, in 1583. The strong wall was once surrounded by a deep moat and an outer wall, which made it practically impregnable. What will surprise anyone is the massive character of the inner walls which remain. Here are blocks of

solid granite, many of them measuring forty feet in length by ten feet in height. It must have required a small army of men to place these stones in position, but so well was this work done (without the aid of any mortar) that the stones have remained in place during all these years. From the summit of the upper wall a superb view may be gained of the surrounding country.

From Kobe the tourist makes the trip through the Inland Sea by steamer. Its length is about two hundred and forty miles and its greatest width is forty miles. The trip through this sea, which in some places narrows to a few hundred feet, is deeply interesting. The hills remind a Californian strongly of the Marin hills opposite San Francisco, but here they are terraced nearly to their summits and are green with rice and other crops. Many of the hills are covered with a growth of small cedar trees, and these trees lend rare beauty to the various points of land that project into the sea. At two places in the sea the steamer seems as though she would surely go on the rocks in the narrow channel, but the pilot swings her almost within her own length and she turns again into a wider arm of the sea. In these narrow channels the tide runs like a mill race, and without a pilot (who knows every current) any vessel would be in extreme danger. The steamer leaves Kobe about ten o'clock at night and reaches Nagasaki, the most western of Japanese cities, about seven o'clock the following morning.

Nagasaki in some ways reminds one of Kobe, but the hills are steeper and the most striking feature of the town is the massive stone walls that support the streets winding around the hills, and

the elaborate paving of many of these side-hill streets with great blocks of granite. The rainfall is heavy at Nagasaki, so we find here a good system of gutters to carry off the water. The harbor is pretty and on the opposite shore are large engine works, three large docks and a big ship-building plant, all belonging to the Mitsu Bishi Company. Here some five thousand workmen are constantly employed.

One of the great industries of Nagasaki is the coaling of Japanese and foreign steamships. A very fair kind of steam coal is sold here at three dollars a ton, which is less by one dollar and one-half than a poorer grade of coal can be bought for in Seattle; hence the steamer Minnesota coaled here. The coaling of this huge ship proved to be one of the most picturesque sights of her voyage. Early on the morning of her arrival lighters containing about a railway carload of coal began to arrive. These were arranged in regular rows on both sides of the ship. Then came out in big sampans an army of Japanese numbering two thousand in all. The leaders arranged ladders against the sides of the ship, and up these swarmed this army of workers, three-quarters of whom were young girls between fourteen and eighteen years old. They were dressed in all colors, but most of them wore a native bonnet tied about the ears. They formed in line on the stairs and then the coal was passed along from hand to hand until it reached the bunkers. These baskets held a little over a peck of coal, and the rapidity with which they moved along this living line was startling.

Every few minutes the line was given a breathing space, but the work went on with a deadly regularity that made the observer tired to watch it. Occasionally one of the young girls would flag in her work and, after she dropped a few basketfuls, she would be relieved and put at the lighter work of throwing the empty baskets back into the lighters. Most of these girls, however, remained ten hours at this laborious work, and a few worked through from seven o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight, when the last basket of coal was put on board. At work like this no such force of Europeans would have shown the same self-control and constant courtesy which these Japanese exhibited. Wranglings would have been inevitable, and the strong workers would have shown little regard for their weaker companions.

Another feature of this Japanese work was the elimination of any strain or overexertion. If a girl failed to catch a basket as it whirled along the line she dropped it instantly. Never did I see anyone reach over or strain to do her work.

The rest for lunch occupied only about fifteen minutes, the begrimed workers sitting down on the steps of the ladders and eating their simple food with keen relish. At night when strong electric lights cast their glare over these constantly moving lines of figures the effect was almost grotesque, reminding one of Gustave Doré's terrible pictures of the lost souls in torment, or of the scramble to escape when the deluge came. The skill that comes of long practice marked the movements of all these workers, and it was rare that any basket was dropped by an

awkward or tired coal-passer.

In seventeen hours four thousand five hundred tons of coal were loaded on the steamer. About fifteen hundred people were working on the various ladders, while another five hundred were employed in trimming the coal in the hold and in managing the various boats. The result was an exhibit of what can be done by primitive methods when perfect co-operation is secured.

Nagasaki itself has little that will interest the tourist but a ride or walk to Mogi, on an arm of the ocean, five miles away, may be taken with profit. The road passes over a high divide and, as it runs through a farming country, one is able to see here (more perfectly than in any other part of Japan) how carefully every acre of tillable land is cultivated. On both sides of this road from Nagasaki to the fishing village of Mogi were fields enclosed by permanent walls of stone, such as would be built in America only to sustain a house. In many cases the ground protected by this wall was not over half an acre in extent, and in some cases the fields were of smaller size. Tier after tier of these walls extended up the sides of the steep hills. The effect at a little distance was startling, as the whole landscape seemed artificial. The result of this series of walls was to make a succession of little mesas or benches such as may be seen in southern California.

Development of the Japanese Sense of Beauty

After a trip through Japan the question that confronts the observant tourist is: What has preserved the fine artistic sense of the Japanese people of all classes, in the face of the materialist influences that have come into their life with the introduction of Western methods of thought and of business? The most careless traveler has it thrust upon him that here is a people artistic to the tips of their fingers, and with childlike power of idealization, although they have been forced to engage in the fierce warfare of modern business competition. What is it that has kept them unspotted from the world of business? What secret source of spiritual force have they been able to draw upon to keep fresh and dewy this eager, artistic sense that must be developed with so much labor among any Western people?

The answer to these questions is found, by several shrewd observers, in the Japanese devotion to their gardens. Every Japanese, no matter how small and poor his house, has a garden to which he may retire and "invite his soul." These Japanese gardens are unique and are found in no other land. China has the nearest approach to them, but the poor Chinese never dreams of spending time and money in the development of a garden, such as the Japanese in similar circumstances regards as a necessity. And these Japanese gardens are always made to conform to the house

and its architecture. The two never fail to fit and harmonize. A poor man may have only a square of ground no larger than a few feet, but he will so arrange it as to give it an appearance of spaciousness, while the more elaborate gardens are laid out so as to give the impression of unlimited extent. The end of the garden appears to melt into the horizon, and the owner has a background that extends for miles into the country. By the artistic use of stones and dwarf plants, a few square feet of ground are made to give the effect of liberal space and, with bridges, moss-covered stones, ponds, gold fish and other features, a perfect illusion of the country may be produced.

Into this garden the master of the house retires after the work of the day. There he takes none of his business or professional cares. He gives himself wholly to the contemplation of Nature. He becomes for the time as a little child, and his soul is pleased with childish things. For him this garden, with its pretty outlook on a larger world, serves as the boundary of the universe. Here he may dream of the legends of the Samurai, before Japan fell under the evil influence of the new God of Gain. Here he may indulge in the day-dreams that have always been a part of the national consciousness. Here, in fine, he may get closer to the real heart of Nature than any Occidental can ever hope to reach.

It is this capacity to get close to Nature that the Japanese possess beyond any other Oriental people – and this capacity is not limited to those of means or leisure or education. The poor man, who has a daily struggle to get enough rice to satisfy his

moderate wants, is as open to these influences as the rich man who is not worried by any material wants. There is no distinction of classes in this universal worship of beauty – this passion for all that is lovely in nature. It was not my good fortune to be in Japan at the time of the cherry-blossom festival – but these fêtes merely serve to bring out this national passion for beauty and color, which finds expression not only in the gardens throughout the empire but in painting, drawing and in working on silks and other fabrics. The same instinctive art sense is seen in the work of the cabinet-maker and even in the designs of gateways and the doors of houses. The eye and the hand of the common worker in wood and metal is as sure as the hand of the great artist. Such is the influence of this constant study of beauty in nature and art.

When you watch a busy Japanese artisan you get a good idea of the spirit that animates his work. He regards himself as an artist, and he shows the same sureness of hand and the same sense of form and color as the designer in colors or the painter of portraits or landscapes. All the beautiful gateways or torii, as they are called, are works of art. They have one stereotyped form, but the artists embellish these in many ways and the result is that every entrance to a large estate or a public ground is pleasing to the eye. As these gateways are generally lacquered in black or red or gold, they add much to the beauty and color of each scene. The ornamental lattice over nearly every door also adds enormously to the effectiveness of even a simple interior.

Watch a worker on cloissone enamel and you will be amazed

at the rapidity and the accuracy with which he paints designs on this beautiful ware. Without any pattern he proceeds to sketch with his brush an intricate design of flowers, birds or insects, and he develops this with an unerring touch that is little short of marvelous, when one considers that he has never had any regular training in drawing but has grown up in the shop and has gained all his skill from watching and imitating the work of his master on the bench at his side. One day in Kyoto I watched a mere boy gradually develop a beautiful design of several hundred butterflies gradually becoming smaller and smaller until they vanished at the top of the vase. What he proposed to make of this was shown in a finished design that was exquisite in the gradation of form and color. The same skill of hand and eye was seen in the shops of Kyoto where damascene ware is made. Gold and silver is hammered into steel and other metals, so that the intricate designs actually seem to become a part of the metal. In carving in wood the Japanese excel, and in such places as Nikko and Nara the tourist may pick up the most elaborate carvings at absurdly low prices.

Conclusions on Japanese Life and Character

In summing up one's observations of Japanese life and character, after a brief trip across the empire, it is necessary to exercise much care and not to take the accidental for the ordinary incidents of life. Generalizations from such observations on a hurried journey are especially deadly. To guard against such error I talked with many people, and the conclusions given here are drawn from the radically different views of missionaries, merchants, steamship agents, bankers and others. Generous allowance must be made for the prejudices of each class, but even then the forming of any conclusions is difficult. This is due largely to the fact that the Japanese a half-century ago were mediæval in life and thought, and that the remarkable advances which they have made in material and intellectual affairs have been crowded into a little more than the life of two generations.

The most common charge made against the Japanese as a race is that their standard of commercial morality is low as compared with that of the Chinese. The favorite instance, which is generally cited by those who do not like the Japanese, is that all the big banks in Japan employ Chinese shroffs or cashiers, who handle all the money, as Japanese cashiers cannot be trusted. This ancient fiction should have died a natural death, but it seems as though it bears a charmed life, although its untruth has been

repeatedly exposed by the best authorities on Japan.

The big foreign banks in all the large Japanese cities do employ Chinese shroffs, because these men are most expert in handling foreign money and because they usually have a large acquaintance all along the Chinese coast among the clients of the banks. The large Japanese banks, on the other hand, employ Japanese in all positions of trust and authority, as do all the smaller banks throughout the empire. Many of the cashiers of these smaller banks understand English, particularly those that have dealings with foreigners. At a native bank in Kobe, which was Cook's correspondent in that city, I cashed several money orders, and the work was done as speedily as it would have been done in any American bank. The fittings of the bank were very cheap; the office force was small, but the cashier spoke excellent English and he transacted business accurately and speedily.

In making any generalizations on the lack of rigid commercial honesty among Japanese merchants it may be well for me to quote the opinion of an eminent American educator who has spent over forty years in Japan. He said, in discussing this subject: "We must always consider the training of the Japanese before their country was thrown open to foreign trade. For years the nation had been ruled by men of the Samurai or military class, with a rigid code of honor, but with a great contempt for trade and tradesmen. Naturally business fell into the hands of the lower classes who did not share the keen sense of honor so general among their rulers. Hence, there grew up lax ideas of

commercial morality, which were fostered by the carelessness in money matters among the nobility and aristocracy. Much of the prevalent Japanese inability to refrain from overcharging, or delivering an inferior article to that shown to the customer, dates back to these days of feudal life. The years of contact with the foreigners have been too few to change the habits of centuries. Another thing which must always be considered is the relation of master and vassal under feudal life. That relation led to peculiar customs. Thus, if an artisan engaged to build a house for his overlord he would give a general estimate, but if the cost exceeded the sum he named, he expected his master to make up the deficit. This custom has been carried over into the new régime, so that the Japanese merchant or mechanic of to-day, although he may make a formal contract, does not expect to be bound by it, or to lose money should the price of raw material advance, or should he find that any building operations have cost more than his original estimate. In such case the man who orders manufactured goods or signs a contract for any building operations seems to recognize that equity requires him to pay more than was stipulated in the bond. When Japanese deal with Japanese this custom is generally observed. It is only the foreigner who expects the Japanese to fulfill his contract to the letter, and it is the attempt to enforce such contracts which gives the foreign merchant his poor opinion of Japanese commercial honesty. In time, when the Japanese have learned that they must abide by written contracts, these complaints will be heard no

longer. The present slipshod methods are due to faulty business customs, the outgrowth of the old Samurai contempt for trade in any form."

In dealing with small Japanese merchants in various cities, it was my experience that they are as honest as similar dealers in other countries. Usually they demanded about one-half more than they expected to receive. Then they made reductions and finally a basis of value was agreed upon. This chaffering seems to be a part of their system; but the merchants and manufacturers who are brought most often into contact with Europeans are coming to have a fixed price for all their goods, on which they will give from ten to twenty per cent. reduction, according to the amount of purchases. One manufacturer in Kyoto who sold his own goods would make no reduction, except in the case of some samples that he was eager to sell. His goods were all plainly marked and he calmly allowed tourists to leave his store rather than make any cut in his prices. The pains and care which the Japanese dealer will take to please his customer is something which might be imitated with profit by foreign dealers.

A question that is very frequently put is, "What has been the influence of Christianity upon Japanese life and thought?" This is extremely difficult to answer, because even those who are engaged in missionary work are not always in accord in their views. One missionary of thirty years' experience said: "The most noteworthy feature of religious work in Japan is the number of prominent Japanese who have become converts to

Christianity. The new Premier, who is very familiar with life in the United States, may be cited as one of these converts. Such a man in his position of power will be able to do much to help the missionaries. The usual charge that Japanese embrace Christianity in order to learn English without expense falls to the ground before actual personal experience. The converts always seemed to me to be as sincere as converts in China or Corea, but it must be admitted that the strong materialist bent of modern Japanese education and thought is making it more difficult to appeal to the present generation."

An educator who has had much experience with Japanese said: "It looks to me as though Japan would soon reach a grave crisis in national life. Hitherto Buddhism and Shintoism have been the two forces that have preserved the religious faith of the people and kept their patriotism at white heat. Now the influences in the public schools are all antagonistic to any religious belief. The young men and women are growing up (both in the public schools and the government colleges) to have a contempt for all the old religious beliefs. They cannot accept the Shinto creed that the Emperor is the son of God and should be worshiped as a deity by all loyal Japanese. They cannot accept the doctrines of Buddha, as they see the New Japan giving the lie to these doctrines every day in its home and international dealings. Nothing is left but atheism, and the experience of the world proves that there is nothing more dangerous to a nation than the loss of its religious faith. The women of Japan are

slower to accept these new materialist views than the men, but the general breaking down of the old faith is something which no foreign resident of Japan can fail to see. On the other side patriotism is kept alive by the pilgrimages of school children to the national shrines, but one is confronted with the questions? Will the boys and girls of a few years hence regard these shrines with any devotion when they know that Buddhism and Shintoism are founded on a faith that science declares has no foundation? Will they offer up money and homage to wooden images which their cultivated reason tells them are no more worthy of worship than the telegraph poles along the lines of the railway?'"

The Japanese way of doing things is the exact reverse of the American way generally, but if one studies the methods of this Oriental race it will be found that their way is frequently most effective. Thus, in addressing letters they always put the city first, then the street address and finally the number, while they never fail to put the writer's name and address on the reverse of the envelope, which saves the postoffice employés much trouble and practically eliminates the dead-letter office.

The Japanese sampan, as well as other boats, is never painted, but it is always scrubbed clean. The sampan has a sharp bow and a wide, square stern, and navigators say it will live in a sea which would swamp the ordinary Whitehall boat of our water-front. The Japanese oar is long and looks unwieldy, being spliced together in the middle. It is balanced on a short wooden peg on the gunwale and the oarsman works it like a sweep, standing up

and bending over it at each stroke. The result is a sculling motion, which carries the boat forward very rapidly. In no Japanese harbor do the big steamships come up to the wharf. They drop anchor in the harbor, and they are always surrounded by small sampans, the owners of which are eager to take passengers ashore for about twenty-five cents each. All cargo is taken aboard by lighters or unloaded in the same way. These lighters hold as much as a railroad freight car.

The fishing boats of Japan add much to the picturesqueness of all the harbors, as they have sails arranged in narrow strips laced to bamboo poles, and they may be drawn up and lowered like the curtains in an American shop window. Whether square or triangular, these sails have a graceful appearance and they are handled far more easily than ours.

The Japanese carpenter, who draws his plane as well as his saw toward himself, appears to work in an awkward and ungainly way, but he does as fine work as the American cabinet-maker. The beauty of the interior woodwork of even the houses of the poorer classes is a constant marvel to the tourist. Nothing is ever painted about the Japanese house, so the fineness of the grain of the wood is revealed as well as the exquisite polish. A specialty of the Japanese carpenter is lattice-work for the windows and grill-work for doors. These add very much to the beauty of unpretentious houses.

In conclusion it may be said that Japan offers the lover of the beautiful an unlimited opportunity to gratify his æsthetic senses.

In city or country he cannot fail to find on every hand artistic things that appeal powerfully to his sense of beauty. Whether in an ancient temple or a new home for a poor village artisan, he will see the results of the same instinctive sense of the beautiful and the harmonious. The lines are always lines of grace, and the colors are always those which blend and gratify the eye.

Will the Japanese Retain Their Good Traits?

Any thoughtful visitor to Japan must be impressed with the problems that confront Japan to-day, owing to the influence of foreign thought and customs. This influence is the more to be dreaded because the Japanese are so impressionable and so prone to accept anything which they are convinced is superior to their own. They have very little of the Chinese passion for what has been made sacred by long usage. They have high regard for their ancestors, but very little reverence for their customs and opinions. This lack of veneration is shown in striking fashion by those Japanese students who come to this country to gain an education. These young men are as eager as the ancient Athenians for any new thing, and when they return to their old homes each is a center of Occidental influence. This is frequently not for the best interests of their countrymen, who have not had their own opportunities of observation and comparison.

The qualities in which the Japanese excel are the very qualities in which so many Americans are deficient. Personal courage and loyalty are the traits which Professor Scherer, a distinguished expert, regards as the fundamental traits of the Japanese character. That these qualities have not been weakened materially was shown in the recent war with Russia. In that tremendous struggle was demonstrated the power of a small

nation, in which everyone – men, women and children – were united in a passionate devotion to their country. No similar spectacle was ever shown in modern history. The men who went cheerfully to certain death before Port Arthur revealed no higher loyalty than the wives at home who committed suicide that their husbands might not be called upon to choose between personal devotion to their family and absolute loyalty to the nation. The foreign correspondents, who were on two-hundred-and-three-metre hill before Port Arthur, have told of the Japanese soldiers in the ranks who tied ropes to their feet in order that their comrades might pull their bodies back into the trenches. All those who were drafted to make the assaults on the Russian works in that awful series of encounters (which make the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava seem cheap and theatrical) knew they were going to certain death. Yet these foreign observers have left on record that the only sentiment among those who remained in the trenches was envy that they had not been so fortunate as to be selected to show this supreme loyalty to their country. General Nogi, who recently committed suicide with his wife on the day of the funeral of the late Emperor, had two sons dash to this certain death on the bloodstained hill before Port Arthur. As commander, he could have assigned them to less dangerous positions, but it probably never entered his head to shield his own flesh and blood. And the same loyalty that is shown to country is also proved in the relation of servant to master. The story of the Forty-seven Ronins is too well known

to need repetition, but the loyalty of these retainers (who slew the man that caused their lord's death, although they knew that this deed called for their immediate end by their own hands) impresses one with new force when he stands before the tombs of these men in the Japanese capital and sees the profound reverence in which they are still held by the people of Japan.

What puzzles the foreign observer is: Will this passionate loyalty of servant to master survive the spectacle of the ingratitude and self-interest which the Japanese see in the relation of master and servant in most Christian countries? The whole tendency of life in other countries than his own is against this loyalty, which has been bred in his very marrow. How long, without the mainstay of religion, will the Japanese cling to this outworn but beautiful relic of his old life? And it must be confessed that religion is rapidly losing its hold on the men of Japan. Those who have been abroad are apt to return home freethinkers, because the spectacle of the practical working of Christianity is not conducive to faith among so shrewd a people as the Japanese. Even the example of the foreigners in Japan is an influence that the missionaries regard as prejudicial to Christianity.

Another trait of the Japanese which will not be improved by contact with foreigners, and especially with Americans, is thoroughness. This trait is seen on every hand in Japan. Nothing is built in a slovenly way, whether for private use or for the government. The artisan never scamps his work. He seems to

have retained the old mechanic's pride in doing everything well which he sets his hand to do. This is seen in the carving of many works of art, as well as in the building of the ornamental gateways throughout the empire, that stand as monuments to the æsthetic sense of the people. Yet the whole influence of foreign teaching and example is against this thoroughness that is ingrained in the Japanese character. The young people cannot fail to see that it does not pay their elders to expend so much time and effort to gain perfection, when their foreign rivals secure apparently equal if not superior results by quick and careless work. It is upon these Japanese children that the future of the empire depends. They are sure to be infected by these object lessons in the gospel of selfish and careless work, which the labor union leaders in our country have preached until it has been accepted by the great mass of mechanics.

Another racial quality of the Japanese, which is likely to suffer from contact with foreigners, is his politeness. This is innate and not acquired; it does not owe any of its force to selfish considerations. The traveler in Japan is amazed to see this politeness among all classes, just as he sees the artistic impulse flowering among the children of rough toilers in the fields. And again the question arises: Will the Japanese retain this attractive trait when they come into more intimate contact with the foreigner, who believes in courtesy mainly as a business asset rather than as a social virtue?

So, in summing up one's impressions of Japan, there comes

this inevitable doubt of the permanence of the fine qualities which make the Japanese nation to-day so distinct from any other. The Japanese may differ from all other races in their power of resisting the corrupting influences of foreign association, but it is to be feared that the visitor to the Mikado's land fifty years from now may not only find no Mikado, but none of the peculiarly gracious qualities in the Japanese people which to-day set them apart from all other nations.

MANILA, TRANSFORMED BY THE AMERICANS

First Impressions of Manila and Its Picturesque People

The bay of Manila is so extensive that the steamer appears to be entering a great inland sea. The shores are low-lying and it takes about an hour before the steamer nears the city, so that one can make out the landmarks. To the right, as one approaches the city, is Cavite, which Dewey took on that historic May day in 1898. The spires of many churches are the most conspicuous landmarks in Manila, but as the distance lessens a huge mass of concrete, the new Manila hotel, looms up near the docks. The bay is full of ships and alongside the docks are a number of passenger and freight steamers.

Just as we are able to make out these things, our ears catch the strains of a fine band of music and we see two launches rapidly nearing the ship. In one is a portion of the splendid Constabulary Band, the finest in the Orient. In the other launch was the special committee of the Manila Merchants' Association. The band played several stirring airs, everybody cheered and waved handkerchiefs and for a few minutes it looked as though

an impromptu Fourth of July celebration had begun. It is difficult to describe an American's emotions when he sees the Stars and Stripes for the first time in five weeks. The most phlegmatic man on the ship danced a war dance, women wept, and when the reception committee boarded the ship and met the passengers in the dining saloon there was great enthusiasm. Plans were arranged for crowding into the two days' stay all the sightseeing and entertainment possible and these plans were carried out, giving a fine proof of Manila hospitality.

Manila differs from most of the Oriental cities in the fact that American enterprise has constructed great docks and dredged out the harbor so that the largest steamers may anchor alongside the docks. In Yokohama, Kobe, Hongkong and other ports ships anchor in the bay and passengers and freight must be transferred to the shore by launches and lighters. Reinforced concrete is now the favorite building material of the new Manila. Not only are the piles and docks made of this material, but all the new warehouses and business buildings as well as most of the American and foreign residences are of concrete. It is substantial, clean, cool and enduring, meeting every requirement of this tropical climate. The white ant, which is so destructive to the ordinary wooden pile, does not attack it.

The Pasig river divides Manila into two sections. On the south side of the old walled city are the large districts of Malate, Ermito and Paco. On the north side is the principal retail business street, the Escolta and the other business thoroughfares lined with small

shops, and six large native districts. The Escolta is only four blocks long, very narrow, with sidewalks barely three feet wide; yet here is done most of the foreign retail trade. In a short time a new Escolta will be built in the filled district, as it would cost too much to widen the old street. As a car line runs through the Escolta, there is a bad congestion of traffic at all times except in the early morning hours. The Bridge of Spain is one of the impressive sights of Manila. With its massive arches of gray stone, it looks as though it would be able to endure for many more centuries. One of the oldest structures in the city, it was built originally on pontoons, and it was provided with the present arches in 1630. Only one earthquake, that of 1863, damaged it. Then two of the middle arches gave way, and these were not restored for twelve years. The roadway is wide, but it is crowded all day with as picturesque a procession as may be seen in any part of the world. The carromata, a light, two-wheeled cart, with hooded cover, pulled by a native pony, is the favorite conveyance of the foreigners and the better class of the Filipinos. The driver sits in front, while two may ride very comfortably on the back seat. It is a great improvement on the Japanese jinrikisha because one may compare impressions with a companion. The country cart is built something like the carromata and will accommodate four people. Hundreds of these carts come into Manila every day with small stocks of vegetables and fruit for sale at the markets. A few victorias may be seen on the bridge, but what causes most of the congestion is the carabao cart, hauling the heavy freight.

The carabao (pronounced carabough, with the accent on the last syllable), is the water buffalo of the Philippines, a slow, ungainly beast of burden that proves patient and tractable so long as he can enjoy a daily swim. If cut off from water the beast becomes irritable, soon gets "loco" and is then dangerous, as it will attack men or animals and gore them with its sharp horns. The carabao has little hair and its nose bears a strong resemblance to that of the hippopotamus. Its harness consists of a neckyoke of wood fastened to the thills of the two-wheeled cart. On this cart is frequently piled two tons, which the carabao pulls easily.

Another bridge which has historic interest for the American is the San Juan bridge. It is reached by the Santa Mesa car line. Here at either end were encamped the American and Filipino armed forces, and the insurrection was started by a shot at night from the native trenches. The bridge was the scene of fierce fighting, which proved disastrous to the Filipinos.

Aside from the bridges and the life along the Pasig river, the most interesting part of Manila lies within the old walled city. This section is known locally as "IntraMuros." It is still surrounded by the massive stone wall, which was begun in 1591 but not actually completed until 1872. The wall was built to protect the city from free-booters, as Manila, like old Panama, offered a tempting prize to pirates. Into the wall was built old Fort Santiago, which still stands. The wall varies in thickness from three to forty feet, and in it were built many chambers used as places of confinement and torture. Until six years ago

a wide moat surrounded the wall, but the stagnant water bred disease and the moat was filled with the silt dredged up from the bay. Fort Santiago forms the northwest corner of the wall. Its predecessor was a palisade of bags, built in 1571, behind which the Spaniards defended themselves against the warlike native chiefs. In 1590 the stone fort was begun. Within it was the court of the military government. Seven gates were used as entrances to the walled city in old Spanish days, the most picturesque being the Real gate, bearing the date of 1780, and the Santa Lucia gate, with the inscription of 1781. These gates were closed every night, and some of the massive machinery used for this purpose may be seen lying near by – a reminder of those good old days when the belated traveler camped outside.

In the old walled city are some of the famous churches of Manila. The oldest is San Augustin, first dedicated in 1571. The present structure was built two years later, the first having been completely destroyed by fire. The enormously thick walls were laid so well that they have withstood the severe earthquakes which proved so destructive to many other churches. In this church are buried Legaspi and Salcedo, the explorers, who spread Spanish dominion over the Philippines.

The Church of St. Ignatius is famous for the beautifully carved woodwork of the pulpit and the interior decorations; that of Santo Domingo is celebrated for its finely carved doors. The greatest shrine in the Phillippines is the Cathedral, which fronts on Plaza McKinley. This is the fifth building erected on the same

site, fire having destroyed the other four. The architecture is Byzantine, and the interior gives a wonderful impression of grace and spaciousness. Some of the old doors and iron grill-work of the ancient cathedrals have been retained.

American Work in the Philippine Islands

It will surprise any American visitor to the Philippine Islands to find how much has been accomplished since 1898 to make life better worth living for the Filipino as well as for the European or the American. Civil government through the Philippine Commission has been in active operation for ten years. During this decade what Americans have achieved in solving difficult problems of colonial government is matter for national pride. The American method in the Philippines looks to giving the native the largest measure of self-government of which he is capable. It has not satisfied the Filipino, because he imagines that he is all ready for self-government, but it has done much to lift him out of the dead level of peonage in which the Spaniard kept him and to open the doors of opportunity to young Filipinos with ability and energy. I talked with many men in various professions and in many kinds of business and all agreed that the American system worked wonders in advancing the natives of real ability.

Rev. Dr. George W. Wright of Manila, who has charge of a large Presbyterian seminary for training young Filipinos for the ministry, and who has had much experience in teaching, said: "In the old days only the sons of the illustrados, or prominent men of the noble class, had any chance to secure an education and this education was given in the Catholic private schools. With the advent of the Americans any boy possessing the faculty of

learning quickly may get a good education, provided he will work for it. I know of one case of a boy who did not even know who his parents were. He gained a living by blacking shoes and selling papers. He came to me for aid in entering a night school. He learned more rapidly than anyone I ever knew. Soon he came to me and wanted a job that would occupy him half a day so that he could go to school the other half of the day. I got him the job and in a few months he was not only perfecting himself in English, but reading law. Nothing can keep this boy down; in a few years he will be a leader among his people. Under the old Spanish system he never would have been permitted to rise from the low caste in which fortune first placed him."

More than a thousand American teachers are scattered over the Philippine Islands, and for ten years these men and women have been training the young of both sexes. Some have proved incompetent, a few have set a very bad example, but the great majority have done work of which any nation might be proud. They have not only been teachers of the young, but they have been counselors and friends of the parents of their pupils.

The work done in a material way in the Philippines is even more remarkable. Of the first importance is the offer of a homestead to every citizen from the public lands. So much was paid for the friar lands that these are far beyond the reach of anyone of ordinary means, but the government has large reserves of public land, which only need cultivation to make them valuable. Sanitary conditions have been enormously improved

both in Manila and throughout the islands. In the old days Manila was notorious for many deaths from cholera, bubonic plague and smallpox. No sanitary regulations were enforced and the absence of any provisions for sewage led to fearful pestilences. Now not only has Manila an admirable sewerage system, but the people have been taught to observe sanitary regulations, with the result that in the suburbs of such a city as Manila the homes of common people reveal much better conditions than the homes of similar classes in Japan. The sewage of Manila is pumped three times into large sumps before it is finally dumped into the bay a mile from the city.

The island military police, known as the Constabulary Guard, has done more to improve conditions throughout the islands than any other agency. The higher officers are drawn from the United States regular army, but the captains and lieutenants are from civil life, and they are mainly made up of young college graduates. These men get their positions through the civil service and, though some fail to make good, the great majority succeed. Their positions demand unusual ability, for they not only have charge of companies of native police that resemble the Mexican rurales or the Canadian mounted police, but they serve as counselor and friend to all the Filipinos in their district. In this way their influence is frequently greater than that of the school teachers.

All this work and much more has been accomplished by the insular government without calling upon the United States for

any material help. It does not seem to be generally known that the Philippine Islands are now self-supporting, and that the only expense entailed on the general government is a slight increase for maintaining regiments assigned to the island service and the cost of Corregidor fortifications and other harbor defenses. This has been accomplished without excessive taxation. Personal property is exempt, while the rate on real estate in Manila is only one and one-half per cent. on the assessed valuation, and only seven-eights of one per cent. in the provinces. The fiscal system has been put on a gold basis, thus removing the old fluctuating silver currency which was a great hardship to trade.

Scenes in the City of Manila and Suburbs

Every visitor to Manila in the old days exhausted his vocabulary in praise of the Luneta, the old Spanish city's pleasure ground, which overlooked the bay and Corregidor Island. It was an oval drive, with a bandstand at each end, inclosing a pretty grass plot. Here, as evening came on, all Manila congregated to hear the band play and to meet friends. The Manilan does not walk, so the broad drive was filled with several rows of carriages passing slowly around the oval. To-day the Luneta remains as it was in the old Spanish days, but its chief charm, the seaward view, is gone. This is due to the filling in of the harbor front, which has left the Luneta a quarter of a mile from the water-front. However, a new Luneta has been made below the old one, and the broad avenues opened up near by give far more space for carriages than before. Every evening except Monday the Constabulary Band plays on the Luneta, and the scene is almost as brilliant as in the old days, as the American Government officials make it a point to turn out in uniform. Nothing can be imagined more perfect than the evenings in Manila after the heat of the day. The air is deliciously soft and a gentle breeze from the ocean tempers the heat.

The best way to see the native life of Manila is to take a street-car ride through the Tondo and Caloocan districts, or a launch ride up the Pasig river. On the cars one passes through

the heart of the business district, the great Tondo market, filled with supplies from the surrounding country as well as many small articles of native or foreign manufacture. This car line also passes the Maypajo, the largest cockpit in the world, where at regular intervals the best fighting cocks are pitted against each other and the betting is as spirited as on American race tracks in the old days. On the return trip by these cars one passes by the San Juan bridge, which marked the opening of the insurrection; the old Malacanan Palace, now the residence of Governor-General Forbes, and the Paco Cemetery, where several thousand bodies are buried in the great circular wall which surrounds the church. These niches in the wall are rented for a certain yearly sum, and in the old Spanish days, when this rental was not promptly paid by relatives, the corpse was removed and thrown with others into a great pit. Recently this ghastly practice has been frowned on by the authorities.

The average Manila resident does not pay more than fifty dollars in our money for his nipa house. The framework is of bamboo, bound together by rattan; the roof timbers are of bamboo, while the sides of the house and the thatch are made from the nipa tree. The sides look like mats. The windows are of translucent shell, while the door is of nipa or wood. These houses are usually about fifteen feet square, with one large room, and are raised about six feet from the ground. Under the house is kept the live stock. When the family has a horse or cow or carabao the house is ten feet from the ground, and these animals are stabled

underneath. In nearly every house or yard may be found a game cock tied by the leg to prevent him from roaming and fighting.

In most of the houses that the cars passed in the big native quarter of Tondo, furniture was scanty. Usually the family has a large dresser, which is ornamented with cheap pictures, and the walls are frequently covered with prints in colors. There is no furniture, as the Filipino's favorite position is to squat on his haunches. In many of the poorest houses, however, were gramophones, which are paid for in monthly installments of a dollar or two. The Filipinos are very fond of music, and the cheap gramophones appeal to them strongly. Nearly every Filipino plays some instrument by ear, and many boys from the country are expert players on the guitar or mandolin. On large plantations the hands are fond of forming bands and orchestras, and often their playing would do credit to professional musicians. The Constabulary Band, recognized as the finest in the Orient, has been drilled by an American negro named Loring.

In the Santa Mesa district are the houses of wealthy Filipinos. These are usually of two stories, with the upper story projecting far over the lower, and with many ornamental dormer windows, with casement sashes of small pieces of translucent shell. In Manila the window is provided to keep out the midday heat and glare of the sun. At other times the windows are slid into the walls, and thus nearly the whole side of the house is open to the cool night air. Many of these houses are finished in the finest hardwoods, and not a few have polished mahogany

floors. Bamboo and rattan furniture may be seen in some of these houses, while in others are dressers and wardrobes in the rich native woods. These houses are embowered in trees, among which the magnolia, acacia and palm are the favorites, with banana and pomelo trees heavy with fruit.

HONGKONG, CANTON, SINGAPORE AND RANGOON

Hongkong, the Greatest British Port in the Orient

The entrance to the harbor of Hongkong is one of the most impressive in the world. The steamer runs along by the mainland for several miles. Then a great island is descried, covered with smelting works, huge dockyards, great warehouses and other evidences of commercial activity. This is the lower end of the island of Victoria, on which the city of Hongkong has been built. The island was ceded by China to Great Britain in 1842, after the conclusion of the opium war. It is separated from the mainland of China by an arm of the sea, varying from one mile to five miles in width. This forms the harbor of Hongkong, one of the most spacious and picturesque in the world. It is crowded with steamers, ferryboats, Chinese junks with queer-shaped sails of yellow matting, sampans, trim steam launches and various other craft. As the vessel passes beyond the smelting works and the dry docks it rounds a point and the beauty of Hongkong is revealed.

The city is built at the foot of a steep hill nearly two thousand feet in height. Along the crescent harbor front are ranged massive

business buildings with colonaded fronts and rows of windows. Behind the business section the hills rise so abruptly that many of the streets are seen to be merely rows of granite stairs. Still farther back are the homes of Hongkong residents, beautiful stone or brick structures, which look out upon the busy harbor. With a glass one can make out the cable railroad which climbs straight up the mountainside for over one thousand feet and then turns sharply to the right until the station is reached, about thirteen hundred feet above sea level.

Hongkong differs radically from Yokohama, Tokio, Kobe, Nagasaki or Manila, because of the blocks of solid, granite-faced buildings that line its water front, each with its rows of Venetian windows, recessed in balconies. This is the prevailing architecture for hotels, business buildings and residences, while dignity is lent to every structure by the enormous height between stories, the average being from fifteen to eighteen feet. This impression of loftiness is increased by the use of the French window, which extends from the floor almost to the ceiling, all the windows being provided with large transoms.

The feature of Hongkong which impresses the stranger the most vividly is the great mixture of races in the streets. Here for the first time one finds the sedan chair, with two or four bearers. It is used largely in Hongkong for climbing the steep streets which are impossible for the jinrikisha. The bearers are low-class coolies from the country, whose rough gait makes riding in a chair the nearest approach to horseback exercise. The jinrikisha

is also largely in evidence, but the bearers are a great contrast in their rapacious manners to the courteous and smiling Japanese in all the cities of the Mikado's land.

Queen's road, the main business street of Hongkong, furnishes an extraordinary spectacle at any hour of the day. The roadway is lined with shops, while the sidewalks, covered by the verandas of the second stories of the buildings, form a virtual arcade, protected from the fierce rays of the sun. These shops are mainly designed to catch the eye of the foreigner, and they are filled with a remarkable collection of silks, linens, ivories, carvings and other articles that appeal to the American because of the skilled labor that has been expended upon them. Carvings and embroidery that represent the work of months are sold at such low prices as to make one marvel how anyone can afford to produce them even in this land of cheap living.

The crowd that streams past these shops is even more curious than the goods offered for sale. Here East and West meet in daily association. The Englishman is easily recognized by his air of proprietorship, although his usual high color is somewhat reduced by the climate. He has stamped his personality on Hongkong and he has builded here for generations to come. The German is liberally represented, and old Hongkong residents bewail the fact that every year sees a larger number of Emperor William's subjects intent on wresting trade from the British. Frenchmen and other Europeans pass along this Queen's road, and the American tourist is in evidence, intent on seeing all the

sights as well as securing the best bargains from the shopkeepers. All these foreigners have modified their garb to suit the climate. They wear suits of white linen or pongee with soft shirts, and the solar topi, or pith helmet, which is a necessity in summer and a great comfort at other seasons. The helmet keeps the head cool and shelters the nape of the neck, which cannot be exposed safely to the sun's rays. Instead of giving health as the California sun does, this Hongkong sunshine brings heat apoplexy and fever. All the Orient is represented by interesting types. Here are rich Chinese merchants going by in private chairs, with bearers in handsome silk livery; Parsees from Bombay, with skins almost as black as those of the American negro; natives of other parts of India in their characteristic dress and their varying turbans; Sikh policemen, tall, powerful men, who have a lordly walk and who beat and kick the Chinese chair coolies and rickshaw men when they prove too insistent or rapacious; Chinese of all classes, from the prosperous merchant to the wretched coolie whose prominent ribs show how near he lives to actual starvation in this overcrowded land; workmen of all kinds, many bearing their tools, and swarms of peddlers and vendors of food, crying their wares, with scores of children, many of whom lead blind beggars. Everywhere is the noise of many people shouting lustily, the cries of chair coolies warning the passersby to clear the way for their illustrious patrons.

The Chinese seem unable to do anything without an enormous expenditure of talk and noise. Ordinary bargaining looks like

the beginning of a fierce fight. Any trifling accident attracts a great crowd, which becomes excited at the slightest provocation. It is easy to see from an ordinary walk in this Hongkong street how panic or rage may convert the stolid Chinese into a deadly maniac, who will stop at no outburst of violence, no atrocity, that will serve to wreak his hatred of the foreigner.

Although Hongkong has been Europeanized in its main streets, there are quarters of the city only a few blocks away from the big hotels and banks which give one glimpses of genuine native life. Some of these streets are reached by scores of granite steps that climb the steep mountainside. These streets are not over twelve or fifteen feet wide, and the shops are mere holes in the wall, with a frontage of eight or ten feet. Yet many of these dingy shops contain thousands of dollars' worth of decorated silks and linens, artistic carvings, laces, curios and many other articles of Chinese manufacture. Unlike the Japanese, who will follow the tourist to the sidewalk and urge him to buy, these Chinese storekeepers show no eagerness to make sales. They must be urged to display their fine goods, and they cannot be hurried. The best time to see these native streets is at night. Take a chair if the climate overpowers you, but walk if you can. Then a night stroll through this teeming quarter will always remain in the memory. Every one is working hard, as in Japan, for the Chinese workday seems endless. All kinds of manufacture are being carried on here in these narrow little shops; the workers are generally stripped to the waist, wearing only loose short trousers

of cheap blue or brown cotton, the lamplight gleaming on their sweating bodies. Here are goldsmiths beating out the jewelry for which Hongkong is famous; next are scores of shops in all of which shoes are being made; then follow workers in willow-ware and rattan, makers of hats, furniture and hundreds of other articles. In every block is an eating-house, with rows of natives squatted on benches, and with large kettles full of evil-smelling messes. The crowds in the streets vie with the crowds in the stores in the noise that they make; the air reeks with the odors of sweating men, the smell of unsavory food, the stench of open gutters. This panorama of naked bodies, of wild-eyed yellow faces drawn with fatigue and heat passes before ones' eyes for an hour. Then the senses begin to reel and it is time to leave this scene of Oriental life that is far lower and more repulsive than the most crowded streets in the terrible East Side tenement quarter of New York on a midsummer night.

Hongkong, both in the European and native quarters, is built to endure for centuries. Most of the houses are of granite or plastered brick. The streets are paved with granite slabs. Even the private residences have massive walls and heavy roofs of red or black tile; the gardens are screened from the street by high walls, with broken glass worked into the mortar that forms the coping and with tall iron entrance gates. These residences dot the side hill above the town. They are built upon terraces, which include the family tennis court. The roads wind around the mountainside, many of them quarried out of solid rock. All the

building material of these houses had to be carried up the steep mountainside by coolies and, until the cable railway was finished, the dwellers were borne to their homes at night by chair coolies.

This cable railway carries one nearly to the top of the peak back of Hongkong, and from the station a short walk brings one to the summit, where a wireless station is used to flash arrivals of vessels to the city below. The view from this summit, and from the splendid winding road which leads to the Peak Hospital, not far away, is one of the finest in the world. The harbor, dotted with many ships and small boats, the indented coast for a score of miles, the bare and forbidding Chinese territory across the bay, the big city at the foot of the hill; all these are spread out below like a great panorama.

The British are firmly entrenched at Hongkong. Not only have they actual ownership of Victoria Island, on which Hongkong is built, but they have a perpetual lease of a strip of the mainland across from the island, extending back for over one hundred miles. The native city across the bay is Kowloon, and is reached by a short ride on the new railroad which will eventually connect Hankow with Paris. On the barren shore, about a mile from Hongkong, has been founded the European settlement of Kowloon City. It comprises a row of large warehouses, or godowns, a big naval victualling station and coaling depot, large barracks for two regiments of Indian infantry and several companies of Indian artillery, with many fine quarters for European officers. The city in recent years has become a favorite

residence place for Hongkong business men, as it is reached in a few minutes by a good ferry. Near by are the great naval docks at Hunghom, extensive cement works and the deepest railway cut in the world, the material being used to fill in the bay of Hunghom.

A Visit to Canton in Days of Wild Panic

Every traveler who has seen the Orient will tell you not to miss Canton, the greatest business center of China, the most remarkable city of the empire, and among the most interesting cities of the world. It is only a little over eighty miles from Hongkong, and if one wishes to save time it may be reached by a night boat.

While in Manila I heard very disturbing reports of rioting in Canton and possible bloodshed in the contest between the Manchus in control of the army and the revolutionists. This rioting followed the assassination of the Tartar general, who was blown up, with a score of his bodyguard, as he was formally entering the city by the main south gate. When Hongkong was reached these rumors of trouble became more persistent, and they were given point by the arrival every day by boat and train of thousands of refugees from Canton. Every day the bulletin boards in the Chinese quarter contained dispatches from Canton, around which a swarm of excited coolies gathered and discussed the news. One night came the news that the Viceroy had acknowledged the revolutionists and had agreed to surrender on the following day. This report was received with great enthusiasm, and hundreds of dollars' worth of firecrackers were burned to celebrate the success of the new national movement.

That night I left Hongkong on the Quong Si, one of the

Chinese boats that ply between Hongkong and Canton, under the British flag. A half-dozen American tourists were also on the boat, including several ladies.

The trip up the estuary of the Pearl river that leads to Canton was made without incident, and the boat anchored in the river opposite the Shameen or foreign concession early in the morning, but the passengers remained on board until about eight-thirty o'clock. The reports that came from the shore were not reassuring. Guides who came out in sampans said that there was only a forlorn hope of getting into the walled city, as nearly all the gates had been closed for two days. They also brought the alarming news that the Viceroy had reconsidered his decision of the previous night and had sent word that he proposed to resist by force any effort of the revolutionists to capture the city. The flag of the revolution had also been hauled down and the old familiar yellow dragon-flag hoisted in its place.

While waiting for the guide to arrange for chairs to take the party through the city, we had a good opportunity to study the river life which makes Canton unique among Chinese cities. Out of the total population of over two millions, at least a quarter of a million live in boats from birth to death and know no other home. Many of these boats are large cargo junks which ply up and down the river and bring produce to the great city market, but the majority are small sampans that house one Chinese family and that find constant service in transferring passengers and freight from one side of the river to the other, as well as to and from the

hundreds of steamers that call at the port. They have a covered cabin into which the family retires at night.

These sampans are mainly rowed by women, who handle the boats with great skill. A young girl usually plies the short oar on the bow, while her mother, assisted by the younger children, works the large oar or sweep in the stern. The middle of the sampan is covered by a bamboo house, and in the forward part of this house the family has its kitchen fire and all its arrangements for food. The passenger sits on the after seat near the stern of the boat. These boats are scrubbed so that the woodwork shines, and the backs of the seats are covered with fresh matting.

Looking out from the steamer one saw at least two miles of these small sampans and larger craft massed along both shores of the river, which is here about a half-mile wide. The foreign concession or Shameen is free from these boats. It is really a sand spit, surrounded by water, which was made over to the foreigners after the opium war.

North of the Shameen is the new western suburb of Canton, which has recently been completed on European lines. It has a handsome bund, finely paved, with substantial buildings facing the river. Close up against this bund, and extending down the river bank for at least two miles are ranged row on row of houseboats. Every few minutes a boat darts out from the mass and is pulled to one of the ships in the stream.

Across the river and massed against the shore of Honam, the suburb opposite Canton, is another tangle of sampans, with

thousands of active river folk, all shouting and screaming. These yellow thousands toiling from break of day to late at night do not seem human; yet each boat has its family life. The younger children are tied so that they cannot fall overboard, and the older ones wear ingenious floats which will buoy them up should they tumble into the water. Boys and girls four or five years old assist in the working of the boat, while girls of twelve or fourteen are experts in handling the oar and in using the long bamboo boat hook that serves to carry the small craft out of the tangle of river activity.

A type of river steamer which will amaze the American is an old stern-wheeler run by man power. It is provided with a treadmill just forward of the big stern wheel. Two or three tiers of naked, perspiring coolies are working this treadmill, all moving with the accuracy and precision of machinery. The irreverent foreigner calls these the "hotfoot" boats, and in the land where a coolie may be hired all day for forty cents Mexican or twenty cents in our coin this human power is far cheaper than soft coal at five dollars a ton. These boats carry freight and passengers and they move along at a lively pace.

After an hour spent in study of this strange river life I was fortunate enough to go ashore with an American missionary whose husband was connected with a large college across the river from Canton. She came aboard in a sampan to take ashore two ladies from Los Angeles. She invited me to accompany the party, and as she spoke Chinese fluently I was glad to accept

her offer. We went ashore in a sampan and at once proceeded to visit the western suburb. This part of Canton has been built in recent years and is somewhat cleaner than the old town. It is separated from the Shameen by bridges which may be drawn up like an ancient portcullis. Here we at once plunged into the thick of native life. The streets, not over ten feet wide, were crowded with people.

We passed through streets devoted wholly to markets and restaurants, and the spectacle was enough to keep one from ever indulging hereafter in chop-suey. Here were tables spread with the intestines of various animals, pork in every form, chickens and ducks, roasted and covered with some preparation that made them look as though just varnished. Here were many strange vegetables and fruits, and here, hung against the wall, were row on row of dried rats. At a neighboring stall were several small, flat tubs, in which live fish swam about, waiting for a customer to order them knocked on the head. Then we passed into a street of curio shops, but the grill work in front was closed and behind could be seen the timid proprietors, who evidently did not mean to take any chances of having their stores looted by robbers. For three or four days the most valuable goods in all the Canton stores had been removed as rapidly as possible. Thousands of bales of silk and tons of rare curios were already safe in the foreign warehouses at the Shameen or had been carried down the river to Hongkong. Often we had to flatten ourselves against the sides of the street to give passage to chairs containing high-class Chinese

and their families, followed by coolies bearing the most valuable of their possessions packed in cedar chests.

At an American hospital we were met by several young Englishmen connected with medical and Young Men's Christian Association work. They proposed a trip through the old walled city, but they refused to take the two ladies, as they said it would be dangerous in the excited condition of the people. So we set out, five in number. After a short walk we reached one of the gates of the walled city, only to find it closed and locked. A short walk brought us to a second gate, which was opened readily by the Chinese guards, armed with a new type of German army rifle. The walls of the old city were fully ten feet thick where we entered, and about twenty feet high, made of large slabs of granite.

Once inside the city walls a great surprise awaited us. Instead of crowded streets and the hum of trade were deserted streets, closed shops and absolute desolation. For blocks the only persons seen were soldiers and refugees making their way to the gates. In one fine residence quarter an occasional woman peered through the front gates; in other sections all the houses were closed and barred. Soon we reached the Buddhist temple, known as the Temple of Horrors. Around the central courtyard are grouped a series of booths, in each of which are wooden figures representing the torture of those who commit deadly sins. In one booth a victim is being sawed in two; in others poor wretches are being garroted, boiled in oil, broken on the wheel and subjected

to many other ingenious tortures. At one end is an elaborate joss-house, with a great bronze bell near by. In normal conditions this temple is crowded, and true believers buy slips of prayers, which they throw into the booths to ward off ill luck.

The rush of refugees grew greater as we penetrated toward the heart of the city. On the main curio street the huge gilded signs hung as if in mockery above shops which had been stripped of all their treasures. Occasionally a restaurant remained open and these were crowded with chair coolies, who were waiting to be engaged by some merchant eager to escape from the city. Gone was all the life and bustle that my companions said made this the most remarkable street in Canton. It was like walking through a city of the dead, and it bore a striking resemblance to San Francisco's business district on the day of the great fire. At intervals we passed the yamens of magistrates, but the guards and attaches were enjoying a vacation, as no court proceedings were held. Progress became more and more difficult as the rush of refugees increased and returning chair coolies clamored for passageway. The latter had taken parties to the river boats and were coming back for more passengers. As it became evident that we could not see the normal life of the city, my companions finally urged that we return, as they feared the gates might be closed against us, so we retraced our way, this time taking the main street which led to the great south gate.

Not far from the gate we came on the scene of the blowing up of the Tartar general. Seven shops on both sides of the

street were wrecked by the explosion. The heavy fronts were partly intact, but the interiors were a mass of brick and charred timbers, for fire followed the explosion. The general had waited several months to allow the political excitement that followed his appointment to subside. He felt safe in entering the city with a strong bodyguard, but not over one hundred yards from the gate a bomb was thrown which killed the general instantly, mangled a score of his retainers and killed over a dozen Chinese bystanders. The revolutionists tried to clear the street so that none of their own people should suffer, but they failed because of the curiosity of the crowd.

Near by this place is the old Buddhist water clock, which for five hundred years has marked the time by the drip of water from a hidden spring. The masonry of this water-clock building looks very ancient, and the clock is reached by several long flights of granite stairs.

After viewing the clock we reached the wall and passed through the big south gates, which are fully six inches thick, of massive iron, studded with large nails. Outside on the bund were drawn up several rapid-fire guns belonging to Admiral Li, the efficient head of the Chinese navy at Canton, who also had a score of trim little gunboats patrolling the river. These boats had rapid-fire guns at bow and stern.

So we came back to the Canton hospital, where we had luncheon. After this I made my way back to the steamer, to find her crowded with over one thousand refugees from the old city,

with their belongings. The decks and even the dining saloon were choked with these people, and during the two hours before the boat sailed at least three hundred more passengers were taken on board. We sailed in the late afternoon and were followed by four other river steamers, carrying in all over six thousand refugees.

Singapore The Meeting Place of Many Races

Of all the places in the Orient, the most cosmopolitan is Singapore, the gateway to the Far East; the one city which everyone encircling the globe is forced to visit, at least for a day. Hongkong streets may have seemed to present an unparalleled mixture of races; Canton's narrow alleys may have appeared strange and exotic; but Singapore surpasses Honkong in the number and picturesqueness of the races represented in its streets, as it easily surpasses Canton in strange sights and in swarming toilers from many lands that fill the boats on its canals and the narrow, crooked streets that at night glow with light and resound with the clamor of alien tongues.

Singapore is built on an island which adjoins the extreme end of the Malay Peninsula. It is about sixty miles from the equator, and it has a climate that varies only a few degrees from seventy during the entire year. This heat would not be debilitating were it not for the extreme humidity of the atmosphere. To a stranger, especially if he comes from the Pacific Coast, the place seems like a Turkish bath. The slightest physical exertion makes the perspiration stand out in beads on the face.

Singapore has a population of over three hundred thousand people; it has a great commercial business, which is growing every year; it already has the largest dry dock in the world.

Its bund is not so imposing as that of Hongkong, but it has more public squares and its government buildings are far more handsome. As Hongkong owes much of its splendid architecture and its air of stability to Sir Paul Chator, so Singapore owes its spacious avenues, its fine buildings, its many parks, its interesting museum and its famous botanical gardens to Sir Stamford Raffles, one of the British empire-builders who have left indelibly impressed on the Orient their genius for founding cities and constructing great public enterprises. Yet, Singapore, with far more business than Manila, is destitute of a proper sewer system, and the streets in its native quarters reek with foul odors.

The feature of Singapore that first impresses the stranger is the variety of races seen in any of the streets, and this continues to impress him so long as he remains in the city. My stay in Singapore was four days, due to the fact that it was necessary to wait here for the departure of the British West India Company's steamer for Rangoon and Calcutta. In jinrikishas and pony carts I saw all quarters of the town, and my wonder grew every day at the remarkable show of costumes presented by the different races. One day, late in the afternoon, I sat down on a coping of the wall that surrounds a pretty park on Orchard road, and in the space of a half hour watched the moving show that passed by. At this hour all Singapore takes its outing to the Botanical Gardens, and one may study the people who have leisure and money.

The favorite rig is still the victoria drawn by high-stepping horses, with coachman and postilion, but the automobile is

evidently making rapid strides in popular favor, despite the fact that the heavy, humid air makes the odor of gasoline cling to the roadway. A high-class Arab, with his keen, intellectual face, rides by with a bright Malay driving the machine. Then comes a fat and prosperous-looking Parsee in his carriage, followed by a rich Chinese merchant arrayed in spotless white, seated in a motor car, his family about him, and some relative or servant at the wheel. Along moves a rickshaw with an East Indian woman, the sun flashing on the heavy gold rings in her ears, while a carriage follows with a pretty blonde girl with golden hair, seated beside her Chinese ayah, or nurse. A score of young Britons come next in rickshaws, some carrying tennis racquets, and others reading books or the afternoon paper. The rickshaws here, unlike those of Japan or China, carry two people. They are pulled by husky Chinese coolies, who have as remarkable development of the leg muscles as their Japanese brothers, with far better chests. In fact, the average Chinese rickshaw coolie of Singapore is a fine physical type, and he will draw for hours with little show of suffering a rickshaw containing two people. The pony cart of Singapore is another unique institution. It is a four-wheeled cart, seating four people, drawn by a pony no larger than the average Shetland. The driver sits on a little box in front, and at the end of the wagon is a basket in which rests the pony's allowance of green grass for the day. The pony cart is popular with parties of three or four and, as most of Singapore's streets are level, the burden on the animal is not severe.

This moving procession of the races goes on until eleven-thirty o'clock, the popular dinner hour all along the Chinese coast. It is varied by the occasional appearance of a bullock cart, which has probably changed very little in hundreds of years. The bullocks have a pronounced hump at the shoulders, and are of the color and size of a Jersey cow. The neckyoke is a mere bar of wood fastened to the pole, and the cart is heavy and ungainly. Nowhere in Singapore does one find coolies straining at huge loads as in China and Japan, as this labor is given over to bullocks. Here, however, both men and women carry heavy burdens on their heads, while the Chinese use the pole and baskets, so familiar to all Californians.

The Malays and East Indians furnish the most picturesque feature of all street crowds. The Malays, dark of skin, with keen faces, wear the sarong, a skirt of bright-colored silk or cotton wrapped about the loins and falling almost to the shoe. The sarong is scant and reminds one strongly of the hobble-skirt, as no Malay is able to take a full stride in it. The skirt and jacket of the Malay may vary, but the sarong is always of the same style, and the brighter the color the more it seems to please the wearer. The East Indians are of many kinds. The Sikhs, who are the police of Hongkong, here share such duty with Tamils from southern India and some Chinese.

No Malay is ever seen in any low, menial employment. The Malay is well represented on the electric cars, where he serves usually as conductor and sometimes as motorman. He is also an

expert boatman and fisherman. He is very proud and is said to be extremely loyal to foreigners who treat him with justice and consideration. The Malay, however, can not be depended on for labor on the rubber or cocoanut plantations, as he will not work unless he can make considerable money. Ordinary wages do not appeal to a man in a country where eight cents is the cost of maintenance on rice and fish, with plenty of tea. The Malay is a gentleman, even when in reduced circumstances, and he must be treated with consideration that would be lost or wasted on the ordinary Chinese.

The Chinese occupy a peculiar position in Singapore. It is the only British crown colony in which the Chinese is accorded any equality with white men. Here in the early days the Chinese were welcomed not only for their ability to do rough pioneer work, but because of their commercial ability. From the outset they have controlled the trade with their countrymen in the Malayan States, while at the same time they have handled all the produce raised by Chinese. They have never done much in the export trade, nor have they proved successful in carrying on the steamship business, because they can not be taught the value of keeping vessels in fine condition and of catering to the tastes of the foreign traveling public. On the other hand, the great Chinese merchants of Singapore have amassed large fortunes and have built homes which surpass those of rich Europeans. On Orchard road, which leads to the Botanical Gardens, are several Chinese residences which excite the traveler's wonder, because

of the beauty of the buildings and grounds and the lavishness of ornament and decorations. These merchants, whose names are known throughout the Malay States and as far as Hongkong and Manila, represent the Chinese at his best, freed from all restrictions and permitted to give his commercial genius full play.

Strange Night Scenes in the City of Singapore

The Chinese element in Singapore is so overwhelming that it arrests the attention of the most careless tourist, but no one appreciates the enormous number of the Mongolians in Singapore until he visits the Chinese and Malay districts at night. With a friend I started out one night about eight o'clock. It was the first night in Singapore that one could walk with any comfort. We went down North Bridge road, one of the main avenues on which an electric car line runs. After walking a half-mile we struck off to the right where the lights were bright. Just as soon as we left the main avenue we began to see life as it is in Singapore after dark. The first native street was devoted to small hawkers, who lined both sides of the narrow thoroughfare. Each had about six feet of space, and each had his name and his number as a licensed vender. The goods were of every description and of the cheapest quality. They had been brought in small boxes, and on these sat the Chinese merchant and frequently his wife and children. A flare or two from cheap nut oil illuminated the scene.

Passing in front of these stands was a constantly moving crowd of Chinese, Malays and East Indians of many races, all chaffering and talking at the top of their voices. At frequent intervals were street tea counters, where food was sold, evidently at very low prices. Ranged along on benches were men eating

rice and various stews that were taken piping hot from kettles resting on charcoal stoves. One old Chinese woman had a very condensed cooking apparatus. Over two small braziers she had two copper pots, each divided into four compartments and in each of these different food was cooking.

Back of the street peddlers were the regular stores, all of which were open and apparently doing a good business. As in Hongkong, the Chinese workmen labor until ten or eleven o'clock at night, even carpenters and basket-makers working a full force by the light of gas or electricity. The recent events in China had their reflex here. All the makers of shirts and clothing were feverishly busy cutting up and sewing the new flag of the revolution. Long lines of red and blue bunting ran up and down these rooms, and each workman was driving his machine like mad, turning out a flag every few minutes. The fronts of most of these stores were decorated with flags of the revolution.

The most conspicuous places of business on these streets were the large restaurants, where hundreds of Chinese were eating their chow at small tables. The din was terrific, and the lights flashing on the naked yellow skins, wet with perspiration, made a strange spectacle. Next to these eating houses in number were handsomely decorated places in which Chinese women plied the most ancient trade known to history. Some of these women were very comely, but few were finely dressed, as in this quarter cheapness seemed to be the rule in everything. Around some of these places crowds of Chinese gathered and exchanged

comment apparently on attractive new arrivals in these resorts of vice. Many of the inmates were young girls, fourteen or sixteen years old.

Less numerous than these houses were the opium dens, scattered throughout all these streets. These haunts of the drug that enslaves were long and narrow rooms, with a central passage and a long, low platform on each side. This platform was made of fine hardwood, and by constant use shone like old mahogany. Ranged along on these platforms wide enough for two men, facing each other and using a common lamp, were scores of opium smokers. As many as fifty men could be accommodated in each of these large establishments. The opium was served as a sticky mass, and each man rolled some of it on a metal pin and cooked it over the lamp. When cooked, the ball of opium was thrust into a small hole in the bamboo opium pipe. Then the smoker, lying on his side, drew the flame of the lamp against this opium and the smoke came up through the bamboo tube of the pipe and was inhaled. One cooking of opium makes never more than three whiffs of the pipe, sometimes only two. The effect on the novice is very exhilarating, but the seasoned smoker is forced to consume more and more of the drug to secure the desired effect. In one of these dens we watched a large Chinese prepare his opium. He took only two whiffs, but the second one was so deep that the smoke made the tears run out of his eyes. His companion was so far under the influence of the drug that his eyes were glazed and he was staring at some vision called up

by the powerful narcotic. One old Chinese, seeing our interest in the spectacle, shook his head and said: "Opium very bad for Chinaman; make him poor; make him weak." Further along in this quarter we came upon several huge Chinese restaurants, ablaze with light and noisy with music. We were told that dinners were being given in honor of revolutionist victories.

In all our night ramble through the Chinese and Malay quarters of Singapore we saw not a single European, yet we met only courteous treatment everywhere, and our curiosity was taken as a compliment. Singapore is well policed by various races, among which the Sikhs and Bengali predominate. An occasional Malay is met acting as a police officer, but it is evident that such work does not appeal to the native of the Straits Settlements.

On our return to the hotel we crossed a large estuary which is spanned by several bridges. Here were hundreds of small boats moored to the shore, the homes of thousands of river people. This business of transportation on the water is in the hands of the Malays, who are most expert boatmen. It is a pleasure to watch one of these men handle a huge cargo boat. With his large oar he will scull rapidly, while his assistant uses a long pole.

One of the sights of Singapore is the Botanical Gardens, about three and one-half miles from town. The route is along Orchard road and Tanglin road, two beautiful avenues that are lined with comfortable bungalows of Europeans, and magnificent mansions of Chinese millionaires. The gardens occupy a commanding

position overlooking the surrounding country, and they have been laid out with much skill. The drives are bordered with ornamental trees from all lands. The most beautiful of all the palms is the Traveler's tree from Madagascar. It is a palm the fronds of which grow up like a regular fan. At a little distance it looks like a peacock's tail spread to the full extent. It is so light, graceful and feathery that it satisfies the eye as no other palm does. Of other palms there are legion, from the Mountain Cabbage palm of the West Indies to endless varieties from Malay, Madagascar and western Africa.

Characteristic Sights in Burma's Largest City

One of the characteristic sights of Rangoon is that of the big Siamese elephants piling teak in the lumber yards along Rangoon river. It is the same sight that Kipling pictured in the lines in his perfect ballad, *Mandalay*, which an Englishman who knows his Burma well says is "the finest ballad in the world, with all the local color wrong."

These lumber yards are strung along the river, but are easily reached by an electric car. Several are conducted by Chinese, but the finest yard is in charge of the government. At the first Chinese yard was the largest elephant in the city, a huge animal fifty-five years old, with great tusks admirably fitted for lifting large logs. A dozen tourists were grouped about the yard in the early morning, for these elephants are only worked in the morning and evening hours, when it is cool. An East Indian coolie was mounted on his back, or rather just back of his ears, with his legs dangling loose. With his naked feet he indicated whether the elephant was to go to the right or left, and when he wished to emphasize an order he hit the beast a blow upon the head with a heavy steel rod.

Much of the work which this elephant did was spectacular, as it showed the enormous strength of the animal as well as his great intelligence. He took up on his tusks a log of teak, the native

wood of this country, as hard as hickory and much heavier, and, with the aid of his trunk, stood with it at attention until every camera fiend had taken his picture. Then his driver made the huge beast move a large log of teak from a muddy hole by sheer force of the head and neck. The animal dropped almost to his knees, and then putting forth all his strength he actually pushed the log, which weighed about a ton and one-half, through the mud up to the gangplank of the saw. Then he piled several huge logs one upon the other, to show his skill in this work.

Leaving this yard the party walked about a half-mile through trails, with marshy land on each side, to the big government timber yard. Here were thousands of logs which had been cut far up in the teak forests of the interior, dragged through the swamps of the Irrawaddy by elephants, then floated down the great river to Rangoon. All the logs in this yard were marked with a red cross to signify that they belonged to the government. Down by the river shore, where the ground was so soft that their feet sank deep into the slimy mud, were five elephants engaged in hauling logs up from the river to the dry ground near the shore.

The chief object of interest in Rangoon is the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, which dominates the whole city. Its golden summit may be seen for many miles gleaming above dull green masses of foliage. This pagoda is the center of the Buddhist faith, as it is said to contain veritable relics of Gautama as well as of the three Buddhas who came before him. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Burmah, Siam, Cochin-China, Korea, Ceylon

and other Oriental countries visit the pagoda every year and their offerings at the various shrines amount to millions of dollars. The pagoda differs absolutely from the temples of Japan and China in form, material and the arrangement of lesser shrines; but its impressiveness is greatly injured by the presence of hundreds of hucksters, who sell not only curios and souvenirs of the pagoda, but food and drink.

The pagoda, which is about two miles from the business center of Rangoon, is built upon a mound. The circumference is thirteen hundred and fifty-five feet and the total height from the base is three hundred and seventy feet. It is constructed in circular style, its concentric rings gradually lessening in size until the top is reached. This is surmounted by a gilt iron work or "ti" on which little bells are hung. This "ti" was a gift from the late king of Burmah, who spent a quarter of a million dollars on its decoration with gold and precious stones. The mound on which the pagoda stands is divided into two rectangular terraces. The upper terrace, nine hundred feet by six hundred and eighty-five, is one hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the ground. The ascent is by three flights of brick stairs, the fourth flight at the back being closed to permit of the building of fortifications by which the English may defend the pagoda in any emergency. The southern or main entrance is made conspicuous by two enormous leogryphs, which are of plastered brick.

Up these steep stairs the visitor climbs, pestered by loathsome beggars and importuned on every hand to buy relics, flowers and

articles of gold and silver. One would fancy he was in a great bazar rather than in the entrance hall of the finest monument in the world erected in honor of Buddha. The four chapels ranged around the rectangular terrace are ornamented by figures of the sitting Buddha. Then one visits a score of magnificently decorated shrines, in which are Buddhas in every variety of position. In one is the reclining Gautama in alabaster, in whose honor the pagoda was built. In others are Gautamas of brass, ivory, glass, clay and wood. Before many of these shrines candles are burning and devotees are seated or are praying with their faces bowed to the stone pavement. On one side of the platform is a row of miniature pagodas, all encrusted with decoration of gold and precious stones, the gifts of thousands of pious devotees. Among these shrines are many small bells which are rung by worshippers when they deposit their offerings, and one great bell (the third largest in the world, weighing forty-two and one-fourth tons), given by King Tharrawaddy.

The eyes of the visitor are wearied with the splendid decoration of the chapels, the gilding, the carving, the inlaid glass work. It seems as though there was no end to the rows on rows of Buddhas in every conceivable position. Interspersed among them are tall poles from which float long streamers of bamboo bearing painted historical pictures, including those of the capture of the pagoda by the British. Thousands crowd these platforms. Some offer gifts to various shrines, others say prayer after prayer, still others strike bells to give warning to evil spirits that they have

offered up their petitions to Buddha, others hang eagerly on the words of fortune tellers. All buy food and drink and the whole place suggests in its good cheer a country picnic rather than a pilgrimage to the greatest Buddhist shrine in the world.

When one has left the pagoda he bears the memory of magnificent decorations, of vast crowds, but of little real reverence. The great golden pagoda itself is the dominating feature in every view of Rangoon, just as the Washington monument dominates all other structures in Washington.

INDIA, THE LAND OF TEMPLES, PALACES AND MONUMENTS

Calcutta, The Most Beautiful of Oriental Cities

Calcutta, the great commercial port of northern India and the former capital of the Empire, is the most beautiful Oriental city, not even excepting Hongkong. Its main claim to this distinction is the possession of the famous Maidan or Esplanade, which runs along the Hoogly river for nearly two miles and which far surpasses the Luneta of Manila in picturesqueness. The Maidan is three-quarters of a mile wide at its beginning and it broadens out to one and one-quarter miles in width at its lower end. Government House, the residence of the Viceroy, is opposite the northern end of the Maidan, while at the southern end is Belvedere, the headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. With historic Fort William on one side and most of the large hotels, the big clubs and the Imperial Museum on the other, the Maidan is really the center of all civic life. At the southeast end is the race course; not far away is the fine cathedral. Near by are the beautiful Eden Gardens (the gift of the sisters of the great Lord Auckland), which are noteworthy for the Burmese

pagoda, transported from Prome and set up here on the water's edge. It is seldom that a city is laid out on such magnificent lines as is Calcutta. It reminds one of Washington in its picturesque boulevards and avenues, all finely shaded with noble mango trees. And it also has the distinction of green turf even in the heat of summer, owing to the heavy dews that refresh the grass like showers.

Calcutta is associated in the minds of most readers with the infamous Black Hole into which one hundred and forty-six wretched white people were crowded on a hot night of June in 1750 and out of which only twenty-three emerged alive on the following morning. The Black Hole was the regimental jail of old Fort William and its site is now marked by a pavement of black marble and a tablet adjoining the fine postoffice building, while across the street is an imposing monument to the memory of the victims, whose names are all enumerated. The hole was twenty-two by fourteen feet, while it was only eighteen feet in height. These prisoners who were flung into this little jail were residents of Calcutta who fell into the hands of the Nawab of Murshedabad. Calcutta is also famous as the birthplace of Thackeray, a bust of whom ornaments the art gallery of the Imperial Museum. Scattered about the Maidan are statues of a dozen men whose deeds have shed luster on English arms or diplomacy.

Calcutta, as the first city of India that I had seen, impressed me very strongly, although the native life has been colored

somewhat by contact with British and other Europeans. Here, for the first time, one sees ninety-nine out of one hundred people in the streets wearing turbans. Here also the women mingle freely in the streets, wearing long robes which they wind dexterously about their bodies, leaving the lower legs and the right arm bare. A few cover the face, but the great majority leave it exposed. Many are hideously disfigured by large nose rings, while others have small rings or jewels set in one nostril. Nearly every woman wears bracelets on arms and wrists, heavy anklets and, in many cases, massive gold or silver rings on the big toes. In some cases what look like heavy necklaces are wound several times around the ankles. It is the custom of the lower and middle classes not to put their savings in a bank, but to melt down the coin and make it into bracelets or other ornaments, which are worn by their women. Here in Calcutta also one sees for the first time hundreds of men and women wearing the marks of their caste on their foreheads, either painted in red or marked in white with the ash of cow dung.

Although the main streets of Calcutta are distinctly European, a walk of a few blocks in any direction from the main business section will bring you into the native or the Chinese quarter, where the streets are narrow, the houses low between stories and the shops mere holes in the wall, with only a door for ventilation. In one quarter every store is kept by a Chinese and here a large amount of manufacturing is done. In other quarters natives are carrying on all kinds of manufacture, in the same primitive way

that they worked two thousand years ago. The carpenter uses tools that are very much like those in an American boy's box of toy tools; the shoemaker does all the work of turning out a finished shoe from the hide of leather on his wall. Outside these stores in the street the most common beast of burden is a small bullock of the size and color of a Jersey cow; These little animals pull enormous loads, and they are so clever that when they see an electric car approaching they will start on the run and clear the track.

Many of the houses in the native quarter of Calcutta are built of adobe, with earthen tiles, which make them bear a strong resemblance to the adobe dwellings of the Spanish-Californians before the American occupation. In many cases very little straw is used in this adobe, for the walls have frequently crumbled away under the heavy rains of winter. Other houses are built of brick, faced with plaster, which is either painted or whitewashed.

What impresses any visitor is the squalor and the wretchedness of these homes of India's poor. The clothing of a whole family is not worth one American dollar, while about ten cents in our money will feed a family of four. The houses have no furniture, except a bed of the most primitive pattern, made of latticed reeds; the smoke from the cooking fire goes up through the roof or else finds its way out the open door; seldom are there any windows, all the air coming in at the open door; the floor of the house is of dirt and on this squat father and mother and the children, with the family goat. In the small shops work is carried

on seven days in the week until nine or ten o'clock at night, with an hour for lunch and siesta at midday. The hopelessness of the lot of the Hindoo (who is bound by rigid caste rules to follow in the footsteps of his father) can never be appreciated until one has seen him here in his native land.

For two hours I watched scores of natives taking a wash at the large, free bathing ghat near the pontoon bridge. On the river front is a restaurant, and back of this steps lead down to a spacious platform on the level of the river. A score of men and boys and one woman were taking a bath in the dirty water, which was thick with mud washed up by passing steamers. A few of these bathers had rented towels from an office on the stairs, but the great majority simply rubbed themselves with their hands and then dried in the sun. All washed their faces in the dirty water and rinsed their mouths with it. The men took off their loin clothes and washed these out, then wrapped them about their bodies and came out dripping water. The lone woman was very fat. She waded into the water and when she came out her thin robe clung to her massive form revealing all its curves. She calmly took a seat on the stairs and proceeded to massage her head.

The most interesting place near Calcutta is the Royal Botanical Gardens, situated on the opposite side of the river and about six miles from town. These gardens were laid out in 1786 and they vie with the botanic gardens at Singapore in the variety of trees and shrubs from all parts of the tropics. Here is the great banyan tree which covers one thousand square feet and is one

hundred and forty-two years old. At a height of five and one-half feet from the ground the circumference of the main trunk is fifty-one feet; the height is eighty-five feet, while it has five hundred and seventy aerial roots, which have actually taken root in the ground. The tree at a little distance looks like a small grove.

The Imperial Museum at Calcutta is well worth a couple of hours, for it contains one of the finest collections of antiquities in the Orient. The museum is housed in an enormous building facing the Maidan, which has a frontage of three hundred feet and a depth of two hundred and seventy feet. In the ethnological gallery are arranged figures of all the native races of India with their costumes; agricultural implements, fishing and hunting appliances, models of Indian village life, specimens of ancient and modern weapons and many other exhibits. Another room that will repay study is a gallery containing old steel and wood engravings of the great characters in the mutiny, with busts of Clive, Havelock, Outram and Nicholson, and with a life-size bust of Thackeray.

Bathing and Burning the Dead at Benares

It is estimated that one million pilgrims visit the sacred city of Benares every year, and it is these pilgrims that furnish the largest income which the city receives from any source. Here are the most holy shrines of Buddhism; here Vishnu and Siva have their strongholds, and here must come Hindoos from all parts of India to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges and to offer up prayers at the many holy shrines in the city's temples.

Benares is sacred because here Buddha first made his residence. The place that he selected was ancient Sarnath, six miles from Benares, which is now a heap of ruins, in which British government experts are delving for remains of the great city that was founded six centuries before the Christian era. At Sarnath Buddha built a great temple and founded a school from which his disciples spread to all parts of India. But after 750 A.D. Buddhism disappeared gradually from India, and Hindooism took its place. The fine temples that now line the Ganges for three miles were built by Maratha princes in the seventeenth century. They also built the scores of bathing ghats that now furnish one of the most picturesque spectacles that the world affords. A ghat in Hindustani is a stone stairway that leads down to the water, and Benares has a succession of these magnificent stairways leading down to the Ganges, overlooked by palaces of many Maharajas and temples built by rulers and priests. No

sight more splendid could be conceived than that of these domes and minarets flashing in the rays of the early morning sun while thousands of devout believers crowd the bathing ghats and offer prayers to Vishnu, after they have bathed in the waters of the Ganges; and mourning relatives burn the bodies of their dead after these have had the sacred water poured over their faces.

The visitor who wishes to see the pious Hindoos bathe in the Ganges goes to the river in the early morning soon after the sun has risen. He descends one of the large ghats and takes a boat, in which he may be rowed down the river past the bathing ghats and the one ghat where the dead are burned. The scene is one that will never be forgotten. Against the clear sky is outlined a succession of domes and spires that mark the position of a score of sacred shrines, with two slender minarets that rise from the mosque built by the great Moslem Emperor, Aurunzeb. The sunlight flashes on these domes and spires and it lights up thousands of bathing floats and stands that line the muddy banks of the river. The floats are dotted with hundreds of bathers and the number of these increases every few minutes. They come by hundreds down the great stone stairways to their favorite bathing places, where, after a thorough bath, they may be shaved or massaged or may listen to the expounding of the Hindoo sacred books by a learned Brahmin sitting in the shade of a huge umbrella. A characteristic feature of this hillside is the number of these large umbrellas, each of which marks the place of a priest or a holy man who has done some marvels of penance that give him a strong hold on the

superstitious natives and induce them to pay him well for prayers or a sacred talisman.

With my boat moored near the bank and directly opposite the Manikarnika ghat, the favorite place on the river, I watched the stream of bathers for nearly an hour. The fanatical devotion that will induce a reasonable human being to bathe in the waters of the Ganges seems incredible to anyone from the Western World. The water of the sacred river is here of the consistency of pea soup. The city's sewer pipes empty into the Ganges just above the bathing ghats, and the current carries this filth directly to the place which the Hindoos have selected for their rites. The water is not only muddy and unclean, but it offends the nose. Yet Hindoos of good family bathe here side by side with the poverty stricken. They use the mud of the Ganges in lieu of soap; they scrub their bodies thoroughly, and then they actually take this foul-smelling water in their mouths and clean their teeth with it. This creed of Buddha is a pure democracy, for there is no distinction of class in bathing. Women bathe by the side of men, although they remain covered with the gauze-like garments that are a sop to modesty.

The Manikarnika ghat is the most picturesque of all these bathing places along the Ganges, as the long flight of stone steps is in good preservation and the background of temples and palaces satisfies the eye. The river front for thirty feet is densely crowded with bathers who stand on small floats or go into the shallow water. With a Western crowd so dense as this there would be infringments of individual rights that would lead to quarrels

and fights, but the Hindoo is slow to anger, and, like the Japanese, he has great courtesy for his fellows. Hundreds bathed at the ghat while I watched them and no trouble ensued. Nothing could be more striking, nothing more Oriental than the picture of scores of bathers, in bright-hued garments, moving up and down these long flights of massive steps. In the background were a half-dozen temples, the most noteworthy of which is the red-domed temple of the Rajah of Amethi, whose beautiful palace overlooks this scene. Near the water is a curious leaning temple, whose foundations were evidently unsettled by the severe earthquake which destroyed several temples farther down the river.

The busiest men on these bathing ghats are the Hindoo priests, who reap a harvest from the hundreds of pilgrims who visit the ghats during the day. These priests cannot be escaped by the poorest Hindoo. They levy toll from every one who descends these long flights of stairs. One fellow I watched as he sat under his great umbrella. He had his sacred books spread before him, but he was given no leisure for reading them, as a constant stream of clients passed before him. Some of these were regular daily visitors from Benares, who pay a certain rate every week or every month, according to their financial standing. Others were pilgrims who, in their enthusiasm over the sacred Ganges (which they had traveled hundreds of miles to bathe in), were not careful in regard to their fees. Others were mourning relatives who applied for prayers for the corpse which they had brought to the waterside, and still others demanded hurried prayers for

the dying, whose last breath would be drawn by the bank of the sacred river. Incidentally the priests sold charms and amulets guaranteed to bring good fortune. Most of the payments were in copper pice, four of which make one of our cents, but many of these priests had great heaps of this coin in front of them, showing that though India may be suffering from a bad harvest the faker may always feed on the fat of the land.

The spectacle, however, which stamps Benares upon the memory is the burning of the dead at a ghat by the Ganges. This ghat is reserved exclusively for the cremation of Hindoo dead. No Mussulman can use it. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when my boat reached this burning ghat. Already one body had been placed on a funeral pyre of wood. The guide said this body was that of a poor man who had no relatives or friends, as the place where the relatives sit until the cremation is complete was empty. Soon, however, two men came rushing down the stone steps with a corpse strapped to a bamboo stretcher. The body was that of a woman, dressed in red garments, which signified that she was a married woman. Unmarried women are arrayed in yellow and other colors, while men must be content with white. The stretcher-bearers placed their burden with its feet in the Ganges and then went in search of wood which is purchased from a dealer. Soon they had a supply, which they piled up in the form of a bier, and on this they placed the woman's corpse. Then one of the men, who, the guide said, was the dead woman's husband, with tears streaming from his eyes, bore some of the water of

the Ganges to the bier, exposed the face of the dead and poured the sacred water upon her mouth and her eyes. Then while his companion piled wood above the body the husband sought the low-caste Hindoos who sell fire for burning the body. He soon returned with several large bundles of coarse straw, one of which was smoking. Seven times the husband passed around the bier with the smoking straw before he applied the flame to the wood. The fire licked greedily at the wood, and soon the flames had reached the body. Then the husband and his friend repaired to a stand near by, from which they watched the cremation.

Meanwhile two other bodies had been rushed down to the water's edge. One was evidently that of a wealthy woman, dressed in yellow silk and borne by two richly garbed attendants. The other was that of an old man, attended by his son. The latter was very speedy in securing wood and in building a funeral pyre. Soon the old man's corpse was stretched on the bier and the son was applying the torch. He was a good-looking young fellow, dressed in the clean, white garments of mourning and freshly shaved for the funeral ceremonies. While he was burning the body of his father another corpse of a man was rushed down to the river's edge and placed upon a bier. This body was fearfully emaciated, and when the two attendants raised it in its white shroud, one arm that hung down limp was not larger than that of a healthy five-year-old boy, while the legs were mere skin and bones. It was an ugly sight to see the Ganges water poured over the face of this corpse, which was set in a ghastly grin with

wide-open eyes. The man had evidently died while he was being hurried to the burning ghat, as the Hindoos believe that it is evil for one to die in the house. Hence most of the corpses have staring eyes, as they breathed their last on the way to the river.

No solemnity marks this cremation by the river's edge. The relatives who bring down the body haggle over the price of the wood and try to cheapen the sum demanded by the low-caste man for fire for the burning. The greed of the priest who performs the last rite and who prepares the relatives for the cremation is an unlovely sight. All about the burning ghat where the poor dead are being reduced to ashes hundreds are bathing or washing their clothes. The spectacle that so profoundly impresses a stranger is to them so common as to excite no interest.

Lucknow and Cawnpore, Cities of The Mutiny

Lucknow and Cawnpore are the two cities of India that are most closely associated in the minds of most readers with the great mutiny. The one recalls the most heroic defense in the history of any country; the other recalls the most piteous tragedy in the long record of suffering and death scored against the Sepoys. The British government in both of these cities has raised memorials to the men who gave their lives in defending them and, though the art is inferior in both, the story is so full of genuine courage, loyalty, devotion and self-sacrifice that it will always find eager readers. So the pilgrims to these shrines of the mutiny cannot fail to be touched by the relics of the men and women who showed heroism of the highest order. When one goes through the rooms in the ruined Residency at Lucknow he feels again the thrill with which he first read of the splendid defense made by Sir Henry Lawrence and of the Scotch girl who declared she heard the pipes of the Campbells a day before they actually broke on the ears of the beleaguered garrison. And when one stands in front of the site of the old well at Cawnpore, into which the bleeding bodies of the butchered women and children of the garrison were thrown, the tears come to his eyes over the terrible fate of these poor victims of the cruelty of Nana Sahib. The sight of these Indian cities also makes one appreciate more fully the

tremendous odds against which this mere handful of English men and women contended.

Lucknow is the fifth city in size in the Indian Empire. It is reached by a six hours' ride from Benares which is interesting, as the railroad runs through a good farming country, in which many of the original trees have been left. Lucknow at the outbreak of the mutiny was fortunate in the possession of one of the ablest army commanders in the Indian service. Sir Henry Lawrence, when he saw that mutiny was imminent, gathered a large supply of stores and ammunition in the Residency at Lucknow. When the siege began Lawrence found himself in a well-fortified place, with large supplies. About one thousand refugees were in the Residency and the safety of these people was due largely to the massive walls of the building and to the skill and courage with which the defense was handled. In reading the story of this siege of five months, from June to November, it seems incredible that a small garrison could withstand so constant a bombardment of heavy guns and so harassing a fire of small arms; but when you go through the Residency the reason is obvious. Here are the ruins of a building erected by an old Arab chief during the Mohammedan rule in Lucknow. The walls are from three to five feet in thickness, of a kind of flat, red brick like the modern tile. When laid up well in good mortar such walls are as solid as though built of stone. What added to the safety of the building was the great underground apartments, built originally for summer quarters for the old Moslem's harem, but used

during the siege as a retreat for the women and children. So well protected were these rooms that only one shell ever penetrated them and this shot did no damage. The building reveals traces of the heavy fire to which it was subjected, but in no case were the walls broken down.

The story of the siege of Lucknow has been told by poets and prose writers for over a half century, but the theme is still full of interest. Tennyson dealt with it in a ballad that is full of fire, each verse ending with the spirited refrain:

> And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew.

All that it is necessary to do here is to refresh the reader's memory with the salient events. The besieged were admirably handled by competent officers and they beat off repeated attacks by the mutineers (who outnumbered them more than one hundred to one). Lawrence was fatally wounded on July the second and died two days later. In September General Havelock, after desperate fighting, made his way into Lucknow, but his force was so small that only fifteen hundred men were added to the garrison. It was not until November the seventeenth that the garrison was finally relieved by the union of forces under Havelock and Outram and Sir Colin Campbell. Never in the history of warfare has a garrison had to endure greater hardships than that of Lucknow. Incessant attacks by night and day kept the small force worn out by constant guard duty and, to add to their miseries, intense heat was made more merciless by swarms of

flies. When one bears in mind that the Indian summer brings heat of from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty degrees it may be seen how great was the courage of the garrison that could fight bravely and cheerfully under such heavy odds. The memorial tablets at Lucknow, Delhi, Cawnpore and other places bear witness to this heroism of the British soldier during the mutiny, but you do not fully appreciate this splendid courage until you see the country and feel the power of its sun.

Cawnpore, which is only three hours' ride from Lucknow, is another city of India that recalls the saddest tragedy of the mutiny. Here it was that bad judgment of the general in charge led to great suffering and the final butchery of all except a few of the residents. Sir Hugh Wheeler, a veteran officer, wisely doubted the fidelity of the Sepoys and decided to establish a place where he could store supplies and assure a safe asylum for the women and children; but, instead of selecting the magazine, which was on the river and had strong walls, he actually went down two miles in a level plain and threw up earth entrenchments. This he did because he said he feared to excite the suspicion of the Sepoys and thus incite them to revolt. The result was disastrous, for the earth walls that he raised furnished poor protection and the place was raked by the native artillery and small arms from every point of the compass. A worse place to defend could not have been chosen, but the twenty officers and two hundred men held it against a horde of mutinous natives for twenty days of blazing heat. The only water for the little garrison

was obtained under severe fire of the enemy from a well sixty feet deep.

Finally, when the supply of provisions was nearly exhausted, General Wheeler agreed to surrender to the Nana Sahib, provided the men were allowed to carry arms and ammunition and boats were furnished for safe conduct down the river. Of course, the Nana accepted these terms, but it seems incredible that a veteran army officer should have trusted the lives of women and children to Sepoys who were as cruel as our own Apaches. The little garrison, with the wounded, the women and the children, was escorted down to the river and placed on barges. But when the order was given to push off, the treacherous Sepoys grounded the boats in the mud and the gunners of Nana Sahib opened fire on the barges. The grape shot set fire to the matting of the barges and many of the wounded were smothered. One boat escaped down the river, but the survivors were captured after several days of hardship, the men murdered and the women and children brought back to Cawnpore. The men in the other boats who survived were shot, but one hundred and twenty-five women and children were returned to Cawnpore as prisoners. They spent seven anxious days and then when Nana Sahib saw he could not hold Cawnpore any longer he ordered the Sepoys to shoot the English women and children. To the credit of these mutineers they refused to obey orders and fired into the ceiling of the wretched rooms where the prisoners were lodged. Then Nana Sahib sent for five butchers and these men, with their

long knives, murdered the helpless victims of this monster of cruelty. On the following morning the bodies of dead and dying were cast into the well at Cawnpore. On the site of this well has been raised a costly memorial surmounted by a marble angel of the resurrection. The design is not impressive, but no one can see it without pity for the unfortunates who were delivered into the hands of the most atrocious character of modern times. The Memorial Church at Cawnpore, which cost one hundred thousand dollars, contains a series of tablets to those who fell in the mutiny.

The Taj Mahal, The World's Loveliest Building

Agra is chiefly noteworthy for the Taj Mahal, which is acknowledged to be the most beautiful building in the world; though the city would be worthy of a visit because of the many splendid mosques and palaces built by the great Mogul emperors and others. In fact, Agra was the capital of the Mohammedan empire in north India until Aurungzeb moved it permanently to Delhi; hence the city is rich in specimens of the best Moslem work in forts, palaces, mosques and tombs.

Agra has about two hundred thousand population. It is on the Jumna river and is almost equally distant from Calcutta and Bombay, eight hundred and forty-two miles from the former and eight hundred and forty-nine miles from the latter. It will impress any traveler by its cleanliness when compared with Calcutta, Benares or Lucknow. The land seems to be more fertile than that around any of these three cities and the standard of living higher. The shops are clean and bright and a specialty is made of gold and silver embroidery and imitation of the old Mohammedan inlay work in marble. Most of the fine Moslem architecture is found inside the ancient fort, which, with its massive wall, is in a good state of preservation.

The Taj Mahal may be seen many times without losing any of its charm. It is reached by a short drive from the city and

its beautiful dome and minarets may be seen from many parts of Agra and its suburbs. This tomb, built of white marble, was erected by Shah Jehan, the chief builder among the Mogul Emperors of India, in memory of his favorite wife, Arjmand Banu. She married Shah Jehan in 1615 and died fourteen years after, as she was giving birth to her eighth child. Shah Jehan, who had already built many fine palaces and mosques, determined to perpetuate her memory for all time by erecting the finest tomb in the world. So he planned the Taj, which required twenty-two years and twenty million dollars to build; but so well was the work done that nearly three hundred years have left little trace on its walls or its splendid decorations.

This Mogul despot, who knew many women, spent an imperial fortune in fashioning this noblest memorial to love ever built by the hand of man. Incidentally he probably sacrificed twenty thousand coolies, for he built the Taj by forced labor, the same kind that reared the pyramids and carved the sphinx. All the material was brought from great distances. The white marble came from Jeypore and was hauled in bullock carts or carried by elephants; the jasper came from the Punjab, the jade from China and the precious stones from many parts of Central Asia, from Thibet to Arabia.

The Emperor summoned the best architects and workers in precious stones of his time and asked them for designs. It is evident that many hands united in the plans of the building, but history gives the credit for the main design to a Persian. An

Italian architect lent aid in the ornamentation and three inlaid flowers are shown to-day as specimens of his work. The building itself is only a shadow of its former magnificence – for the many alien conquerors of India have despoiled in it in succession, taking away the solid silver gates, the diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones from the flower decorations, and even the gold and silver from the mosaic work. All the precious stones looted by vandal hands have been restored by imitations, which closely resemble the priceless originals. Restorations have also been made where the marble has been defaced or broken.

The Taj stands in the midst of a great garden, laid out with so much skill that from any part of its many beautiful walks fine views may be had of the dome and the minarets. This garden is planted to many tropical trees and flowering shrubs whose foliage brings out in high relief the beauty of the flawless marble tomb. The main gateway of the garden, built of red sandstone, would be regarded as a splendid work of art were it not for the superior beauty of the tomb itself. The gate is inlaid in white marble with inscriptions from the Koran, and it is surmounted by twenty little marble cupolas.

Once inside the gate the beauty and the majesty of the Taj strike one like a physical blow. Simple as is the design, so perfectly has it been wrought out that the building gives the impression of the last word in delicate and unique ornamentation. The white marble base on which the building rests is three hundred and thirteen feet square and rises eighteen feet from

the ground. The tomb itself is one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with a dome that rises two hundred and twenty feet above the base. At each corner of the base is a graceful minaret of white marble one hundred and thirty-seven feet high. Although no color is used on the exterior, the decoration is so rich as to prevent all monotony.

In every detail the Taj satisfies the eye, with the single exception of the work on the minarets. The squares of marble that cover these minarets are laid in dark-colored mortar which brings out strongly each stone. It would have lent more softness to these minarets had the individual stones not been revealed, an effect that could have been secured by using white mortar. When the shades of evening fall these minarets are far more beautiful than by day, as they are softened by the wiping out of the lines about the stones. Under the strong light of the noonday sun the marble that covers the dome shows various shades ranging from light gray to pearly white, but by the soft evening light all these colors are merged and the dome looks like a huge soap bubble resting light as foam on the body of the tomb.

A front photograph of the Taj gives a good idea of its effect. Standing at the portal of the main entrance one gets the superb effect of the marble pathway that borders the two canals in which the building is mirrored. Midway across this pathway is a broad, raised marble platform, with a central fountain, from which the best view of the building may be secured. The path on each side from this platform to the main stairway is bordered by a row of

cypress and back of these are great mango trees at least twenty feet high. These should be removed and smaller trees substituted, as they interfere seriously with a perfect view of the tomb.

From this platform the eye rests on the Taj with a sense of perfect satisfaction that is given by no other building I have ever seen. The very simplicity of the design aids in this effect. It seems well nigh impossible that a mere tomb of white marble should convey so vivid an impression of completeness and majesty, yet at the same time that every detail should suggest lightness and delicacy. The little cupolas below the dome as well as the pinnacles of the minarets add to this effect of airy grace.

When one ascends the steps to the main door he begins to perceive the secret of this effect on the senses. Everything is planned for harmony and proportion. The pointed arch, of which all Moslem architects were enamored, is shown in the main doorway and in the principal windows of the front. This doorway rises almost to the full height of the tomb and on each side are recessed windows, with beautifully pointed tops.

All the angles and spandrels of the building are inlaid with precious stones as well as with texts from the Koran. In the center of the building is an octagonal chamber, twenty-four feet on each side, with various rooms around it devoted to the imperial tombs. A dome, fifty-eight feet in diameter, rises to a height of eighty feet, beneath which, inclosed by a trellis-work screen of white marble, are the tombs of the Favorite of the Palace and of the great Emperor. The Emperor, with a touch of the Oriental

despot, has made his tomb a little larger than that of the woman whom he honored in this unique fashion. The delicate tracery in marble, so characteristic of Mogul work of the sixteenth century, is seen here at its best, as well as the inlays of the lotus and other flowers in sapphire, turquoise and other stones. The effect is highly decorative and at the same time chaste and subdued. A feature which impresses every visitor is the remarkable trellis work in marble. A solid slab of marble, about six feet by four and about two inches in thickness, is used as a panel. This is cut out into many designs that remind one of fine old lace. These panels abound in every important room of the Taj.

The Taj has suffered little serious damage from the conquerors who successively despoiled it of its wealth of precious stones. The places of these jewels have been supplied with imitations which are almost as effective as the originals. In a few instances the marble has been chipped or broken, but, through the generosity of Lord Curzon, these blemishes have been removed, and the whole structure exists to-day almost as it did three hundred years ago when Akbar's grandson completed it and found it good.

The Taj should be seen by day and again at nightfall. In the full glare of the brilliant Indian sun the dome and the minarets stand out with extraordinary clearness, yet the lightness and buoyancy of the dome is not injured by the fierce light. Seen at sundown the Taj is at its best. All the lines are softened; the minarets and the perfect dome give an appearance of lightness and grace not of this world; they suggest the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous

palaces of the poet's vision. As the afterglow fades, the Taj takes on an air of mystery and aloofness; the perfect lines melt into one another and the whole structure is blurred as though it were seen in a dream. Then one bids adieu to the world's perfect building, thankful that he has been given the opportunity to enjoy the greatest marvel of architecture, which leaves on the mind the same impression left by splendid music or the notes of a great singer. Words are poor to describe things like the Taj, which become our cherished possessions and may be recalled to cheer hours of despondency or grief.

Delhi and Its Ancient Mohammedan Ruins

Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital of India, is an interesting city, not only because of its present-day life but because it contains so many memorials of the Mohammedan conquest of the country. The ancient Moslem emperors were men who did things. Above all else they were builders, who constructed tombs, palaces and mosques that have survived for nearly four hundred years. They builded for all time, rearing massive walls of masonry that the most powerful British guns during the mutiny were unable to batter down. They built their own tombs in such enduring fashion that we may look upon them to-day as they were when these despots completed them. Akbar, Shah Jehan, Humayan and Aurungzeb each erected scores of buildings that have survived the ravages of time and the more destructive work of greedy mercenaries in time of war. In and around Delhi are scores of these tombs in various stages of decay. Those which have been cared for are splendid specimens of the best architecture of the sixteenth century.

Indian brick is the cheapest building material in the world. The Indian brick of to-day looks very much like the cheapest brick used in American cities to fill in the inside of walls; but the brick made in the time of Shah Jehan and Humayan and used by them was a flat tile brick, hard as stone, set in mortar that

has resisted the elements for over three hundred years. When the roofs of these Moslem tombs and palaces fell in, then the work of disintegration followed rapidly. The plaster scaled off the front and sides, and the rows on rows of brick were exposed; but it is astonishing that these massive walls have not crumbled to dust in all these years. In most cases the imposing arched doorways of red sandstone have survived. These doorways, beautifully arched, may be seen on both sides of the road leading out of Delhi to the old city, eleven miles distant, which was the capital of the Mogul emperors until Aurungzeb moved it to Delhi. In a radius of fifteen miles from Delhi tombs and palaces that cost hundreds of millions of rupees were built by these Moslem despots and their viceroys. Most of them are now in ruins, but from the top of the Kutab Minar one may count a score of tombs with their domes and cupolas still intact. Into these tombs was poured much of the treasure wrung from the poverty-stricken Hindoo tillers of the soil.

Few sights in this world are more impressive than this birdseye view of the remains of the Mogul emperors who ruled northern India for over three centuries. In one of the poorest and the most densely populated countries of the world these despots reared marvels of architecture which have amazed modern experts. They accomplished these wonders in stone mainly because, with power of life and death, they were able to impress thousands of coolies and force them to rear the walls of their palaces and tombs. Building materials were very

cheap, so that most of the treasure expended by these rulers went into the elaborate ornamentation of walls and ceilings with precious stones and carved ivory and marble. No description that I have ever read gives any adequate idea of the number and the massiveness of these remains of bygone imperial splendor, and this magnificence is made more impressive by contrast with the squalid poverty of the common people – the tillers of the soil, the drawers of water, who live in wretched huts, with earthen floors, no windows and no comforts. These dwellings are crowded together in small villages; the family cow or goat occupies a part of the dwelling, a small fire gives warmth only to one standing directly over it, and the smoke pours out the open door or filters through holes in the thatched roof.

As the native lived three hundred years ago so does he live to-day. He uses kerosene instead of the old nut or fish oil, but that is almost the only change. In the cultivation of the soil and in all kinds of manufacture the same methods are in use now as when Akbar wrested North India from its Hindoo rulers. The same crude bullock carts carry produce to Delhi, with wheels that have felloes a foot thick and only four spokes. Many of these wheels have no tires. In some cases camels supply the place of bullocks as beasts of burden, especially in the dry country north of Delhi. The coolie draws water from the wells for irrigation just as his ancestors did three centuries ago. He uses bullocks on an arastra that turns over a big wheel with a chain of buckets. On small farms this work is done by men. All the processes of irrigation

are ancient and cumbersome and would not be tolerated for a day in any land where labor is valuable.

Delhi is very rich in memorials of the Mogul conquerors. Near the Lahore gate is the palace, one of the noblest remains of the Mohammedan period. A vaulted arcade leads to the outer court, at one end of which is a splendid band gallery, with a dado of red sandstone, finely carved. On the farther side is the Dwan-i-'Am or Hall of Public Audience, with noble arches and columns, at the back of which, in a raised recess, the emperor sat on his peacock throne, formed of two peacocks, with bodies and wings of solid gold inlaid with rubies, diamonds and emeralds. Over it was a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly ornamented. This magnificent work was taken away by Nadir Pasha. The palace contains many other beautiful rooms, among which may be mentioned the royal apartments, with a marble channel in the floor, through which rosewater flowed to the queen's dressing-room and bath.

The most notable mosque in Delhi is the Jama Mashid, built of red sandstone and white marble. It has a noble entrance and a great quadrangle, three hundred and twenty-five feet square, with a fountain in the center. In a pavilion in one corner are relics of Mohammed, shown with great apparent reverence to the skeptical tourist. Near by is the Kalar Masjid or Black Mosque, built in the style of the early Arabian architecture.

Eleven miles from Delhi are many tombs of the Mogul emperors, including the Kutab Minar or great column of red

sandstone, with a fine mosque near at hand. Kutab was a viceroy when he began this splendid column, two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, with a base diameter of forty-seven feet three inches. The first three stories are of red sandstone and the two upper stories are faced with white marble. The summit, which is reached by three hundred and seventy-nine steps, gives a superb view of the surrounding country, with its many fine Moslem tombs.

On the way to the Kutab Minar a number of fine Mohammedan tombs are passed, chief of which is the tomb of Emperor Humayan, one of the greatest of the Moslem builders. Of all the buildings that I saw in India this approaches most closely in beauty the incomparable Taj Mahal. Of red sandstone, with white marble in relief, its windows are recessed and the lower doors filled in with stone and marble lattice work of great beauty. The tomb is an octagon and in the central chamber is the great emperor's cenotaph of plain white marble. Not far away are the shrines and tombs of many Mohammedan emperors and saints.

Delhi saw some of the fiercest fighting during the mutiny. The rebellious natives drove the Europeans out of the city, slaughtering those who were unable to escape. Thousands of mutineers also flocked to Delhi from Lucknow, Cawnpore and other places. General Bernard, in command of the English troops that came from Simla, attacked the mutineers on June sixth and gained an important victory, as it gave the British possession

of "The Ridge," a lofty outcropping of ancient rock, which was admirably designed for defense and for operations against the city. Troops were posted all along the Ridge and in Hindoo Rao's house, a massive building belonging to a loyal native. This building was the center of many fierce engagements, but it was not until September that enough troops were collected to make it safe to assault Delhi. Brigadier-General John Nicholson had arrived from the Punjab and urged immediate attack on the city. Nicholson was the greatest man the mutiny produced. Tall, magnetic, dominating, he enforced his will upon every one. Even Lord Roberts, who was then a young subaltern and not easily impressed by rank or achievement, records that he never spoke to Nicholson without feeling the man's enormous will power and energy. Finally, on September thirteenth, the British guns having made breaches in the city walls, two forces (one under Nicholson, the other under Colonel Herbert) stormed the place. The Kabul gate was soon taken, but the defense of the Lahore gate proved more stubborn. The soldiers wavered under the deadly fire, when Nicholson rushed forward to lead them. His great height made him a target and he fell, shot through the body. A whole week of severe fighting followed before every portion of Delhi was captured. Nicholson died three days after the British secured complete control of the city. His death was mourned as greatly as the death of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow.

The Kashmir, Kabul and Lahore gates at Delhi are interesting because they were the scenes of many acts of heroism during

the mutiny. On the Ridge a massive but ugly stone memorial has been erected to those who fell in the mutiny. The position is fine but the monument, like all the other memorials of the mutiny, is not impressive because of its poor design. Other interesting objects which recall incidents in this great struggle against the Sepoys are suitably inscribed.

Scenes in Bombay When the King Arrived

The ancient city of Bombay, the gateway of India and the largest commercial metropolis of the empire, was in festival garb because of the visit of the King and Queen of England. Fully four hundred thousand people came in from the surrounding country to see their rulers from over the sea and to enjoy the novel spectacle of illuminated buildings, decorative arches, military processions and fireworks. Hence Bombay was seen at its best in its strange mixture of races and costumes. In this respect it is more Oriental and more picturesque than Singapore.

The first thing that impresses a stranger is the number, size and beauty of the public buildings. The Town Hall looks not unlike many American city structures – as it is classic, with Doric pillars and an imposing flight of steps; but nearly all the other buildings are of Indian architecture, with cupolas and domes, recessed windows and massive, pointed gateways. They are built of a dark stone, and the walls (three and four feet in thickness) seem destined to last forever. The rooms are from sixteen to twenty feet in height; above the tall doors and windows are transoms; the floors are of mosaic or stone; everything about the buildings appears designed to endure. The streets are very wide and the sidewalks are arranged under colonnades in front of the buildings, so that one may walk an entire block without coming

out into the fierce Indian sunshine.

All the main streets converge into the Apollo Bunder, a splendid driveway like the Maidan in Calcutta. It sweeps around the sea wall and if any breeze is stirring in Bombay one may get it here at nightfall. From six o'clock to eight thirty or nine o'clock all Bombay turns out for a drive on the Apollo Bunder. The line of fine carriages and motor cars is continuous for miles, going out the Esplanade to Queen's road, which runs for five miles to Malabar head, the favorite residence place of the wealthy foreign colony. What will astonish any one accustomed to Calcutta and other East Indian cities is the large representation of Parsee families in this evening dress parade. Two-thirds of the finest equipages belong to the Parsees, who are very richly dressed in silks and adorned with fortunes in diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. Here and there may be distinguished rich Hindoos or Mohammedans out for an airing. The women of the latter sect are concealed behind the carriage covers, but the Hindoo and Parsee women show their faces, their jewelry and their beautiful costumes with evident pleasure. Nearly all these women wear fortunes in diamonds in their ears or in bracelets on their arms. In no dress parade in any other city have I noted so many large diamonds, rubies and emeralds as in this procession of carriages in Bombay.

Another thing that impresses the stranger in Bombay is the sympathy and the good feeling that seems to exist between the leading Europeans of the city and the prominent natives. This

is in great contrast to the exclusiveness that marks the Briton in other East Indian cities. Here the President and a majority of the members of the Municipal Council are Parsees; while a number of Hindoos and Mohammedans are represented. When the King and Queen of England were received, the address of welcome was read by the Parsee President of the Council, while a bouquet was presented to the Queen by the President's wife, dressed in her graceful sari or robe of ecru silk, edged with a black border, heavy with ornamental gold work. This mingling of the races in civic life is due to the domination of the Parsee element, which came over to Bombay from Persia three hundred years ago, when driven from their old homes by Moslem intolerance. Here these people, who strongly resemble the Jews in their fondness for trade and their skill in finance, have amassed imperial fortunes. The richest of these Parsee bankers and merchants, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, left much of his great fortune to charity. He founded a university, schools and hospitals and his name figures on a dozen fine buildings. Other prominent Parsee families are the Sassoons and Jehangirs. Yet, despite their wealth and their association with Europeans, the Parsees have kept themselves unspotted from the world. They do not recognize any mingling of their blood with the foreigner. A Parsee who marries a European woman must accept virtual expatriation, while the wife (although she may bear him children) is never allowed any of the privileges of a native woman in this life and when she dies her body cannot be consigned to the Parsee

burial place. She is always an alien and nothing that she can do is able to break down this racial wall that separates her from her husband's people. The marriage of Parsee women to foreigners is practically unknown. The Parsee wears a distinctive costume. The men dress in white linen or pongee trousers, with coat of dark woolen or alpaca; they like foreign shirts and collars, but their headgear is the same as that used by the refugees from Persia over three hundred years ago. One cap is of lacquered papier-mache in the form of a cow's hoof inverted. Another is a round cap of gray cloth, finely made, worn over a skull cap of velvet or embroidered cloth, which is worn indoors. The women wear the sari or robe, which consists of one piece of silk or brocade, with an embroidered band. This garment is draped around the body and brought up over the head, covering the right ear. They all wear shoes and stockings.

The Parsees are all well educated and most of them possess unusual refinement. So strong is the pride of race among them that they do not tolerate any mendicancy among their own people. Their charitable associations care for the few Parsees who are unable to make a living, so that their paupers never make any claim upon the municipal government for aid. They also boast that none of their women may be found among the denizens of the red-light district. Most of the educated Parsees speak English, French and German, besides Gugerati (the native dialect) and most of them read and write English, Gugerati and Urdu, which is the written form of Hindustani. Yet the Parsees

are genuine Orientals. They sit on chairs, but most of their houses are scantily furnished. They are remarkably fond of sweets, fruits and nuts. They seem insensible to the surroundings of their homes, many living in crowded streets and up many flights of stairs. In their homes all their treasures are kept in the family safe. If you are fortunate enough to be received in one of these Parsee homes you will be amazed at the wealth in jewelry and personal ornaments which are possessed even by families of modest fortune. A Parsee woman of this class will have invested five thousand dollars in jewelry, much of which she will wear on festive occasions.

Many of the big shipping and cotton merchants of Bombay are Parsees and they also control much of the banking of the city. It was due largely to the liberality of the Parsees that the city of Bombay was able to present to the King a memorial in gold and silver that cost seventeen thousand rupees, or over five thousand five hundred dollars in American money. This reception to the King and Queen when they landed at Bombay on their way to Delhi Durbar was very typical of the life of the city. Remarkable preparations had been made; a series of arches spanned the principal streets, all designed in native style. At the end of the Apollo Bunder was erected a pretty, white pavilion that looked like a miniature Taj, while a splendid avenue, lined with pillars, led up to the great amphitheater, in front of which, under an ornate pavilion, were the golden thrones of the King and Queen. This amphitheater was reserved for all the European

and native notables, as well as the Maharajahs and chiefs from the neighboring States.

After the reception to the royal party came a parade through the principal streets and when this was concluded all restrictions were relaxed and the populace and the visitors from surrounding towns gave themselves up to an evening of enjoyment. The buildings were illuminated, some with white and others with red electric lights, while many large structures were lighted by little oil lamps, in a cup or glass. The main streets were filled with long lines of carriages, crowded with richly dressed natives and Europeans, although the natives outnumbered the foreigners by one hundred to one. Never in my life have I seen so many valuable jewels as on this night, when I roamed about the streets for two hours, enjoying this Oriental holiday. At times I would stop and sit on one of the stands and watch the crowd flow by in a steady stream. Walking by the side of a Parsee millionaire and his richly dressed family would pass a Hindoo woman of low caste, one of the street sweepers, in dirty rags, but loaded down on ankles and arms by heavy silver bangles and painted in the center of the forehead with her caste mark. She was followed by a poverty-stricken Mohammedan leading a little boy, stark naked, while a girl with brilliant cap held the boy's hand. A naked Tamil, with only a dirty loin cloth, brushed elbows with three Parsee girls, beautifully dressed. And so this purely democratic human tide flowed on for hours, rich and poor showing a childlike pleasure in the street decorations and the variegated crowd. And

in the midst of all this turmoil native parties from out of town squatted on the deserted tiers of seats, ate their suppers with relish and then calmly composed themselves to sleep, wrapped in their robes, as though they were in the privacy of their own homes. It was a spectacle such as could be seen only in an Oriental city with a people who live in public with the placid unconsciousness of animals.

Religion and Customs of the Bombay Parsees

The Parsees of Bombay – a mere handful of exiles among millions of aliens – have so exerted their power as to change the life of a great city. Proscribed and persecuted, they have developed so powerfully their aptitude for commercial life that they represent the wealth of Bombay. Living up to the tenets of their creed, they have given far more liberally to charity and education than any other race. Some idea of the respect in which the Parsee is held may be gained from the fact that customs officers never search the baggage of one of these people; they take the Parsee's word that he has no dutiable goods. The commercial success and the high level of private life among the Parsees is due directly to their religion, which was founded by Zoroaster in ancient Persia three thousand years ago. As Max-Muller has well said, if Darius had overthrown Alexander of Greece, the modern world would probably have inherited the faith of Zoroaster, which does not differ in most of its essentials from the creed of Christ.

The popular idea of a Parsee is that he worships the sun. This is a misconception, due probably to the fact that the Parsee when saying his prayers always faces the sun or, in default of this, prays before a sacred fire in his temples; but he does not worship the sun, nor any gods or idols. His temples are bare, only the sacred

fire of sandalwood burning in one corner. The Parsee recognizes an overruling god, Ahura-Mazda, the creator of the universe; he believes that Nature with its remarkable laws could not have come into being without a great first cause. But he believes that the universe created by Ahura-Mazda was invaded by a spirit of evil, Angra-Mainyush, which invites men to wicked deeds, falsehood and ignorance. Over against this evil spirit is the good spirit, Spenta-Mainyush, which represents God and stands for truth, goodness and knowledge. The incarnation of the evil spirit is known as Aherman, who corresponds to the Christian devil.

The whole Parsee creed is summed up in three words, which correspond to good thoughts, good words and good deeds. If one carries out in his life this creed, then his good thoughts, good words and good deeds will be his intercessors on the great bridge that leads the spirit from death to the gates of paradise. If his evil deeds and thoughts and words overbalance the good, then he goes straight down to the place of darkness and torment. If his good and evil deeds and thoughts exactly balance, then he passes into a kind of purgatory.

Fire, water and earth are all sacred to the Parsee; but fire represents the principle of creation and hence is most sacred. To him fire is the most perfect symbol of deity because of its purity, brightness and incorruptibility. The sacred fire that burns constantly in the Parsee temples is fed with chips of sandalwood. Prayer with the Parsee is obligatory, but it need not be said in the fire temple; the Parsee may pray to the sun or moon,

the mountains or the sea. His prayer is first repentance for any evil thoughts or deeds and then for strength to lead a life of righteousness, charity and good deeds.

The most remarkable result of the Parsee religion is seen in the education of children. This is made a religious duty, and neglect of it entails terrible penalties – for the parents are responsible for the offenses of the badly-educated child, just as they share in the merit for good deeds performed by their children. It is the duty of a good Parsee not only to educate his own children but to do all in his power to help in general education. Hence the large benefactions that rich Parsees have made to found institutions for the education of the poor. Disobedience of children is one of the worst sins. The Parsees are also taught to observe sanitary laws, to bathe frequently, to take all measures to prevent the spread of contagion. Cleanliness is one of the chief virtues. To keep the earth pure the Parsee is enjoined to cultivate it. He is also admonished to drink sparingly of wine and not to sell it to any one who uses liquor to excess.

The Parsee creed urges the believer to help the community in which he lives and to give freely to charity. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the richest Parsee Bombay has known, set aside a fund of four million seven hundred and forty-three thousand rupees for charity and benevolence among all the people of his city, regardless of race or creed. The Parsee gives liberally to charity on the occasion of weddings or of deaths. The charity includes relieving the poor, helping a man to marry and aiding

poor children to secure an education. The influence of the Parsee religion upon the literature and life of the people is very marked. There is no room for atheism, agnosticism or materialism. Faith in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul is the corner-stone of the creed, but the Parsee spends no money and no effort in proselyting others.

Marriage is encouraged by the Parsee religion, because it encourages a virtuous and religious life. The marriage ceremony is peculiar. It is always performed in a large pavilion, whatever the wealth of the couple. In the case of the rich many invitations are issued and a fine wedding feast is spread. On the day set for the wedding, the bride and groom and the invited guests assemble in the pavilion. The bride as well as the groom is dressed in white. When the time comes for the ceremony the couple sit in chairs facing each other and a sheet is held up between them by friends, so that they cannot see each other. Then two priests begin intoning the marriage service. After several prayers a cord is wound around the two chairs seven times and the chairs are also bound together with a strip of cloth. More prayers and exhortations follow, both priests showering rice upon the couple. Finally the sheet is withdrawn, they and their chairs are placed side by side, each is given a cocoanut to hold that is bound to the other by a string, emblematic of the plenty that may bless the new home, and they are declared man and wife. Then they sign a document certifying that they have been united according to the Parsee ritual and witnesses sign their names.

Far stranger than the wedding customs of the Parsees are their burial rites. They believe that neither fire, earth nor water must be polluted by contact with a dead body, so neither burial nor cremation is permitted. Instead, they expose their dead to vultures which strip the flesh from the bones within an hour. This occurs in conical places, called towers of silence, which are shut off from human gaze. The Bombay towers of silence are on Malabar head, a beautiful residence district overlooking the city. Here, in a fine garden planted to many varieties of trees and shrubs, are five circular towers, each about twenty feet high, made of brick, covered with plaster.

While you are admiring the flowers and trees a funeral enters the gates. The body is carried by four professional bearers and is followed by two priests and the relatives and friends. All the mourners are clothed in white. They walk two by two, no matter how distant may be the house of death, each couple holding a handkerchief as a symbol of their union in sorrow. When the procession reaches the top of the hill the mourners diverge and take seats in the house of prayer, where the sacred fire is burning, or they seat themselves in the beautiful garden for meditation and prayer. The priests deliver the body to the two corpse bearers, who throw open the great iron door and enter with the body. The floor of the tower is of iron grating, arranged in three circles – the outer for men, the next for women and the inner for children. As the bearers lay the body down, they strip off the shroud. Then the iron door closes with a clang. This is the signal for a score

of vultures to swoop down upon the body. No human eye can see this spectacle, but the imagination of the visitor pictures it in all its horror. Within a few minutes the gorged vultures begin flapping their way to the top of the tower, where they roost on the outer rim.

The bones of the corpse are allowed to remain for several days exposed to the fierce sun. Then they are thrown into a great central well, where the climate soon converts them into dust. This is washed by the rains into underground wells. Charcoal in these wells serves to filter the rain water before it enters the ground. Thus do the Parsees preserve even the earth from contamination by the ashes of the dead. No expense is spared by the Parsees in the construction of these towers of silence, which are always placed on the tops of hills. According to the testimony of some of the ablest medical men of England and America, who have examined these burial grounds, the Parsee method of disposing of the dead is the most sanitary that has ever been devised. It avoids even the fumes that are given off in cremation of the dead. It is also cheap and absolutely democratic, as the bones of the rich and poor mingle at last in the well of the tower of silence.

There is nothing offensive to European taste in the towers of silence except the vultures. These disgusting birds, like the Indian crow, are protected because they are admirable scavengers. The Parsees see nothing offensive in exposing their dead to these birds nor apparently does it shock them that alien hands should bare the bodies of their beloved dead; but to a foreigner both

these aspects of Parsee burial are repellant and no argument has any weight to counteract this sentiment.

Many sensational accounts of these Parsee burial rites have been printed. Nearly every writer lays stress on the fact that pieces of the dead bodies are dropped by the vultures within the grounds or in the streets outside. This is an absurdity, as the vulture never rises on the wing with any carrion – he eats it on the spot and he will not leave until he is gorged to repletion. An effort was made several years ago to remove these towers of silence on Malabar hill because of complaints that fragments of corpses were found in the neighborhood. When two competent medical experts investigated the matter they reported that there was no foundation for the complaints. So the towers have remained and thousands of Parsees have been borne to them for the last rites of their creed.

EGYPT, THE HOME OF HIEROGLYPHS, TOMBS AND MUMMIES

Picturesque Oriental Life as Seen in Cairo

The first impression of Cairo is bewildering. None of the Oriental cities east of Port Said is at all like it in appearance or in street life. The color, the life, the picturesqueness, the noises, all these are distinctive. Kyoto, Manila, Hongkong, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bombay and Colombo – each has marked traits that differentiate it from all other cities, but several have marked likenesses. Cairo differs from all these in having no traits in common with any of them. It stands alone as the most kaleidoscopic of cities, the most bizarre in its mingling of the Orient and the Occident.

Ismail Pasha, who loved to ape the customs of the foreigner, made a deliberate attempt to convert Cairo into a second Paris, by cutting great avenues through the narrow, squalid streets of the old city, but Ismail simply transformed a certain quarter of the place and spoiled its native character. What he could not do,

fortunately, was to rob the Egyptian of his picturesqueness or make the chief city of Egypt other than a great collection of Oriental bazars and outdoor coffee shops, as full of the spirit of the East as the camel or the Bedouin of the desert.

The ride from Port Said to Cairo on the train, which consumes four hours, is interesting mainly as a revelation of what the Nile means to these people, who without its life-giving water would be unable to grow enough to live on. With abundant irrigation this Nile delta is one of the garden spots of the earth.

The villages that we pass remind one somewhat of old Indian villages on the fringe of the desert in California and Arizona – the same walls of sun-baked adobe; the roofs of any refuse from tree pruning; the goats and chickens on terms of intimacy with the single living-room. But the people are not of the Western world. Dressed in voluminous black or blue cotton robes, which are pulled up over their heads to protect them from the keen wind of winter, they belong to the land as absolutely as the tawny, dust-colored camel. The dress of the women appears to differ very little from that of the men, but always the women gather a loose fold of their dress and bring it over the head, thus partially concealing the face. Men, women and children, all in bare feet, squat in the sand or sit hunched up against the sunny side of their houses. Beyond any other Orientals I have seen, these Egyptians have the capacity for unlimited loafing under circumstances that would drive an American insane in a few hours. Flies swarm over them; passing donkeys or camels powder them with dust;

the fierce sun beats down on their heads; but all these things they accept philosophically as an inevitable part of life, as something decreed by fate which it would be useless and senseless to change.

The first walk down the Street of the Camel in Cairo is one not soon forgotten. Before you are clear of the hotel steps an Arab in a sweater and loose skirt, something like the Malay sarong, rushes up and shouts: "The latest New York Herald; just came this morning!" Although you tell him "no" and shake your head, he follows you for half a block. Meanwhile you are badgered by dealers in scarabs, beads, stamps, postal cards, silver shawls and various curios, who dog your heels, and, when you finally lose your temper, retaliate by shouting: "Yankee!" through their noses. These street peddlers are wonderfully keen judges of nationality and they manage to make life a burden to the American tourist by their unwearied and smiling persistence. This is due in great part to the foolish liberality of American travelers, who are inclined to accept the first price offered, although with an Egyptian or an Arab this is usually twice or three times what he finally agrees to take.

Custom and habit probably blunt one's sensibilities in time, but this constant annoyance by peddlers detracts much from the pleasure of any stroll through Cairo streets. To the new arrival everything is novel and attractive. The main avenues are wide, well paved and lined with spacious sidewalks, but here the European touch ends. After passing some fine shops, their windows filled with costly goods from all parts of Egypt and

the Soudan, one comes upon one of the great cafes that form a distinctive feature of Cairo street life. Here the sidewalk is half filled with small tables, about which are grouped Egyptians and foreigners drinking the sweet Turkish coffee that is served here at all hours of the day.

Many of these Egyptians are in European dress, their swarthy faces and the red fez alone showing their nationality. The young men are remarkably handsome, with fine, regular features, large, brilliant black eyes and straight, heavy eyebrows that frequently meet over the nose. Their faces beam with good nature and they evidently regard the frequent enjoyment of coffee and cigarettes as among the real pleasures of life. But the older men all show traces of this life of ease and self-indulgence. It is seldom that one sees a man beyond fifty with a strong face. The Egyptian over forty loses his fine figure, he lays on abundant flesh, his jowl is heavy and his whole face suggests satiety and the loss of that pleasure in mere existence that makes the youth so attractive.

Walking down this main artery of Cairo life one sees on the left a large park surrounded by a high iron fence. This is the Esbekiyeh Gardens, which cover twenty acres, and are planted to many choice trees and shrubs. They contain cafes, a restaurant and a theater, and on several evenings in the week military and Egyptian bands alternate in playing foreign music. Beyond the gardens is an imposing opera house, with a small square in front, ornamented with an impressive equestrian statue of old Ibrahim Pasha, one of the few good fighters that Egypt has produced.

From the opera house radiate many streets, some leading to the new Europeanized quarters, with noble residences and great apartment houses; others taking one directly to the bazars and narrow streets that give a good idea of Cairo as it existed before the foreigner came to change its life.

Although the modern tram car clangs its way through these native streets, it is about the only foreign touch that can be seen. Everything else is distinctively Oriental. It is difficult to give any adequate idea of the narrowness of these streets or of the amount of life that is crowded into them. As in many cities of India, all the work of the shops goes on in plain view from the street. The shops themselves are mere cubicles, from eight to ten feet wide and seldom more than from six to eight feet deep. In certain streets the makers of shoes and slippers are massed in solid rows; then come the workers in brass and metals; then the jewelers, and following these may be dealers in shawls and in curios of various kinds. The native shopkeeper sits cross-legged amid his stock and, although he shows great keenness in getting you to examine his wares, he never reveals any haste in closing a bargain.

Shopping in this native quarter and in the great Muski bazar that adjoins it is a constant source of amusement to the foreign woman who has a fondness for bargaining. These Arabs and Egyptians never expect one to give more than half what is demanded, except in the case of a few large shops in which the price is marked. If one of the silver shawls made at Assiut attracts a lady's attention and the polite shopkeeper demands

five pounds sterling, she may safely offer him two pounds, and then, after haggling for a half hour, she will probably become the possessor of the shawl for two pounds ten shillings. Of one thing the traveler may be sure: he will never get any article from an Egyptian on which the shopkeeper cannot make a small profit.

The Muski bazar is about a mile long and, although many European shops line it, the street still retains its Oriental attractiveness. Branching off from it are many narrow streets crowded with shops on both sides. Here may be seen the real life of Old Cairo, unhampered by any foreign innovations. The street is not more than twelve feet wide and above the first floor of the houses projecting latticed windows and open balconies reduce this width to three or four feet. Looking up one sees only a narrow slit of blue sky, against which are outlined several tiers of latticed windows. From these the harem women look down upon the street life in which they can have no real part. Peeping over the balconies may be seen black eyes that gleam above the yashmak or Oriental veil worn by the poorer classes. This veil covers the face almost to the eyes and it is held in place by a curious bit of bamboo that comes down over the forehead to the nose. The women of the better class do not wear this ugly yashmak, but content themselves with a white silk veil that is stretched across the lower part of the face, leaving the eyes and a part of the nose uncovered.

No visit to Cairo is complete without a sight of Old Cairo, with its bazars. This is a quarter of the city that remains as it

was in the days of the Caliphs. It is inhabited mainly by Copts and among the mean houses, built of sun-dried bricks, may be traced part of the old Roman wall that encircled this suburb, then known as Babylon. The houses are mainly of two or three stories, but the streets are so narrow that two people on opposite sides may easily join hands by leaning out of their windows. Many or the antique doors of oak, studded with great wrought-iron nails, still remain. Here is the old church of St. Sergius, which is said to antedate the Moslem conquest. In the ancient crypt the Virgin Mary and the Child are said to have sought shelter after their flight into Egypt.

Near by is the island of Roda, which is noteworthy for the legend that here the infant Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. The visitor crosses a narrow arm of the Nile by a crude ferry and then walks through a quaint old garden to a wall that overlooks the Nile and the Pyramids. This wall marks the spot, according to local tradition, where Moses was taken from the bulrushes. The bulrushes are no more because they have been dredged out, but the place has the look of extreme age and the garden contains many curious trees.

Among the Ruins of Luxor and Karnak

Luxor, the ancient city of Upper Egypt, which may be reached by a night train ride from Cairo, is the center of the most interesting ruins on the Nile. The city itself has been built around the splendid temple of Luxor, founded by Amenophis III, but altered and extensively rebuilt by Rameses II. From the Nile the colonnade of this temple is a beautiful spectacle, as the huge columns are in perfect preservation. Big tourist hotels make up most of the other buildings. The town boasts a good water front, which is generally lined in the winter season with tourist steamers. The view across the Nile is fine, as it includes the lofty Libyan range of mountains, in whose flanks were cut the tombs of the Pharaohs. Here, in two or three days, one may study the ruins of Luxor, Karnak and Thebes – names that the historian still conjures with.

All the Egyptian temples were built on one general plan, like the mosques of North India, and Luxor does not differ from the others, except that it surpasses them all in the beauty of its colonnaded pillars. Seven double columns, about fifty-two feet high, with lotus capitals, support a massive architrave, while beyond them are double columns on three sides of a great court. This temple of Luxor was originally built by Amenophis III of the eighteenth dynasty in honor of Ammon, the greatest of Egyptian gods, his wife and their son, the moon-god Khons.

The successor of this monarch erased the name of Ammon and made other changes, but Seti I restored Ammon's name, and then came Rameses II, the builder who never wearied in rearing huge temples and in carving colossal figures of himself.

Rameses added a colonnaded court in front of the temple, built an enormous pylon, with obelisks and colossal statues that celebrate his own greatness, and erased the cartouches of the original builder, substituting his own and thus claiming credit for the erection of the whole temple. Were the spirit of the great Rameses allowed to return to earth and reanimate the mummy that now forms the most interesting exhibit in the Cairo Museum, how great would be his humiliation to know that his ingenious devices to appropriate the credit of other men's work have been exposed? In nearly all the remains of Upper Egypt, Rameses figures as the sole builder, but the cunning of modern archaeologists has stripped him of this credit and has revealed him as the greatest of royal charlatans.

The general plan of the Luxor temple is repeated at Karnak and all other places in Egypt. The pylon, two towers of massive masonry, formed the entrance to the temple, the door being in the middle. The towers of the pylon resemble truncated pyramids and, as they were formed of large stones, they frequently survived when all other parts of the temple fell into ruins. The surfaces of the pylon afforded space for reliefs and inscriptions, telling of the glories of the king who reared the temple. In most cases obelisks and colossal statues of the royal builder were placed in

front of the pylon. From the pylon one enters the great open court, with covered colonnades at right and left. This court was the gathering place of the people on all big festivals, and in the center stood the great altar. Back of this court, on a terrace a few feet higher, was the vestibule of the temple upheld by columns, the front row of which was balustraded. Behind this was the great hypostyle hall, extending the whole width of the building, with five aisles, the two outer ones being lower than the others. The roof of the central aisle is upheld by papyrus columns with calyx capitals, while that of the other aisles is supported by papyrus columns with bud capitals. Behind this hall is the inner sanctuary, containing the image of the god in a sacred boat. Around the sanctuary were grouped various chambers for the storage of the priests' vestments and for the use of watchmen and other attendants.

In the Luxor temple the surface of the pylon is devoted to a record of the achievements in war of Rameses II, the monarch who finally revised the temple and put his seal on it. Behind the pylon is the great court of Rameses, entirely surrounded by two rows of seventy-four columns, with papyrus bud capitals and smooth shafts. Then comes a colonnade of seven double columns, fifty-two feet high, with calyx capitals; a second court, that of Amenophis III, with double rows of columns on three sides; the vestibule of the temple, two chapels, the birth-room of Amenophis and several other chambers.

Each monarch who reared a temple to his chosen deity

devoted much space to statues of himself, with grandiloquent accounts in hieroglyphs of his exploits in war and peace and of the many peoples who paid him tribute. Rameses appears to have had most of the evil traits of the arbitrary despot. With unlimited men and material he was engaged during the greater part of his long reign in erecting colossal structures which were designed to perpetuate in enduring stone the record of his achievements. But Time has dealt Rameses some staggering blows. His tomb at Thebes, which was planned to preserve his mummy throughout the ages, fell in and is the only one of the tombs of the kings that cannot be shown. The mummy of this ablest and proudest of the Pharaohs is now on exhibition at the Cairo Museum with a score of others and excites the ribald comment of the Cook's tourist, who drops his "h's" and knows nothing of Egyptology. Yet the mummy of Rameses is by far the most interesting of those shown at the museum because the head and face are so essentially modern. The other rulers of Egypt were plainly Orientals, but this man, with the high-bridged, sensitive nose, the long upper lip, the strong chin and the powerful forehead, might have stepped out of the political life of any of the great European nations during the last century.

The impressiveness of the temple of Luxor depends mainly upon the rows of columns, nearly sixty feet in height, which give one a vivid idea of the majesty of Egyptian architecture in its best estate. These columns show few traces of the destroying hand of time, although they were carved from soft limestone.

Probably the escape of this temple from the ruin that befell Karnak and Thebes was due mainly to its sheltered position and also to the fact that a Coptic church and the houses of peasants were built among the columns. The refuse that aided to preserve these remains of Ancient Egyptian architecture was fully twenty feet deep when the work of excavation was begun. Hence Luxor satisfies the eye in the perfect arrangement of the columns and in the massiveness of the work. Here also on the pylon and the walls of the court may be seen some beautiful reliefs and inscriptions which depict scenes in the campaigns of Rameses II against the Hittites, sacrificial processions and hymns to the gods.

From ancient Luxor to Karnak, a distance of a mile and one-half, the way was marked in the time of the Pharaohs by a double row of small sphinxes, many of which still remain in a half-ruined condition. This avenue leads to the small temple of Khons, the moon-god, made noteworthy by a beautiful pylon. This pylon is one hundred and four feet long, thirty-three feet wide and sixty feet high and is covered with inscriptions and reliefs. This small temple serves as an introduction to the great temple of Ammon, the chief glory of Karnak, to which most of the Pharaohs contributed. This temple is difficult to describe, as it covers several acres and is a mass of gigantic masonry, full of majesty even in its ruin. What it was in the days of its builders, with its vast courts lined with beautiful designs in brilliant colors, the imagination fails to conceive. Its greatest features are the main pylon (three hundred and seventy feet wide

and one hundred and forty-two and one-half feet high), the great hypostyle hall of Seti I and Rameses II, the festival temple of Thotmes III and the obelisk of Queen Hatasu. From the pylon a superb view may be gained of the ruins of Karnak.

The hypostyle hall is justly ranked among the wonders of the world, as it is no less than three hundred and thirty-eight feet in breadth by one hundred and seventy feet in depth and it is estimated that the great church of Notre Dame in Paris could be set down in this hall. Sixteen rows of columns – one hundred and thirty-four in all – support the roof. Looking down the two central rows of columns toward the sanctuary, one gets some idea of the effect of this colossal architecture when the pillars were all perfect and the fierce sunshine of ancient Egypt brought out their barbaric wealth of gold and brilliant colors.

The walls of this immense hall are covered with pictures in relief depicting the victories of Seti and Rameses over the Libyans and the people of Palestine. These designs represent the two monarchs as performing prodigies of valor on the field of battle and then bringing the trophies of war as an offering to the gods. The festal hall of Thotmes III is made noteworthy by twenty unique columns arranged in two rows. The Temple of Karnak was made beautiful by two fine obelisks of pink granite from Assuan, erected by Queen Hatasu. One is in fragments, but the other rises one hundred and one-half feet from amid a ruined colonnade. It is the loftiest obelisk known with the single exception of that in front of the Lateran in Rome, which is taller

by only three and one-half feet. The inscription records that it was made in seven months.

The impression left by the ruins of Karnak is bewildering. The modern mind has great difficulty in conceiving how any monarch, no matter how great his resources, could spend years in erecting these huge structures in honor of his gods. Here are scores of colossal statues of Rameses, Seti and Amenophis, each of which required six months to carve from a single slab of red or black granite. Here are hundreds of columns of from forty to sixty feet high, covered from capital to base with richly carved hieroglyphs. Here are splendid halls, larger than anything known in our day, which were picture galleries in stone, blazing with gold, red, purple and other colors. And here are obelisks that have preserved through all these centuries the story of their dedication.

The mind is staggered by so great a mass of work, representing untold misery of thousands of wretched slaves brought from all parts of the then known world. These slaves were made to work under the terrible Egyptian sun; if they were overcome by the heat and stopped for a moment's rest their bare backs felt the cruel lash of the overseer; if they fell under the heat and the burden they were dragged out and their bodies thrown to the vultures and the jackals. So, while we stand in amazement before these relics of the enormous activity of a people who have passed away, we cannot fail to note that these huge stones were cemented with the blood and tears of the bond slave, and that if they could

find a voice they would tell of unthinkable atrocities which they witnessed in those old days, before brotherly love came into the world.

Tombs of The Kings at Ancient Thebes

The Greeks and Romans who went up the Nile as far as the "hundred-gated" city of Thebes declared that the Tombs of the Kings, cut in the limestone sides of the Libyan range of mountains, were among the wonders of the world. The tourist of to-day will confirm this early impression, for in Egypt nothing gives one a more vivid idea of the enormous pains taken by the Pharaohs to preserve their dead from desecration than do these tombs. Here for several miles in the flanks of these mountains – sterile, desolate beyond any region that I have ever seen – are scattered the rock-hewn tombs of the monarchs who carried the arms of Egypt to all parts of the known world of their day. Like their temples, the Egyptians built their tombs after a uniform plan – the only variation was in the arrangement of the minor chambers and in the inscriptions which told of the history of the king whose mummy reposed in the vault.

Seven miles across the river the Pharaohs chose the site of their tombs. Imagination could not conceive a greater abomination of desolation than the rocky mountainside in which these tombs are carved; but fortunes were lavished on the construction of these resting places of the dead. Historians and travelers have told of the great city which grew up about the tombs of the Egyptian kings – the temples, the homes of priests and the huge settlements of thousands of workmen who spent

years in the laborious carving and decoration of these burial places. But to-day nothing remains of these cities, and of the temples only a few columns, pillars and broken statues bear witness to their former grandeur. Yet the tombs have resisted the destroying hand of the centuries, and the walls of several of them actually retain the brilliant colors laid on by the painters over four thousand years ago. When you go down the roughly-hewn steps into the mortuary chambers, carved out of the solid rock, it is borne in upon you that here time has stood still; that during all the ages that have seen the rise of Christianity and the growth of empires greater than Thebes ever dreamed of, the mummies of these Pharaohs reposed here undisturbed. Now by the aid of skilfully arranged electric lights you may descend into most of these tombs, marvel at the beauty of the decorative inscriptions on the walls, gaze upon the massive granite sarcophagi in which the mummies were placed, and get a genuine taste of the antiquity that you have read about but never fully realized before. This is the service of the tombs of the kings – the actual turning back of the centuries so that one feels the touch of the ancient days as vividly as he feels the hot, dust-laden, oppressive air of the mausoleum.

The excursion from Luxor to the tombs of the kings and the Colossi of Memnon, not far away, is a hard day's trip. The tourist crosses the Nile in a small boat and takes a donkey or a carriage. The road leads along a large canal, passing the remains of the great temple of Seti I at Kurna, and thence winds around

through two desert valleys into a gorge lined on both sides with naked, sun-baked rocks that give back the heat like the open doors of a furnace. Bare of any scrap of verdure, desolate beyond expression, these rocky walls that shut in this gorge form a fitting introduction to the tombs of the kings. The road finally turns to the left and enters a small valley, encircled by huge rocks, cut by ravines. Here one may see in the sides of the mountain wall the first of the rock-hewn tombs, which happens to be that of Rameses IV. One enters the large gateway and passes down an ancient staircase cut in the solid rock, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Three corridors and an ante-room, all carved out of rock, lead to the main chamber, which contains the mammoth granite sarcophagus of the king (ten feet long, eight feet high and seven feet wide), beautifully decorated with inscriptions. Four other rooms follow, the walls of each being covered with inscriptions. Recesses are found in the main hall for the storage of the furniture of the dead and in several of the other rooms.

The theory of the Egyptians in the arrangement of these tombs was that the dead king, guided by the great sun-god, voyaged through the underworld every night in a boat. Hence he must have careful guidance in regard to his route. This was furnished by elaborate extracts from two sacred books of the Egyptians. One was entitled *The Book of Him Who Is in the Underworld* and the other was the *Book of the Portals*.

The walls of these tombs reveal extracts from the sacred books in great variety, but all designed to serve as a guide to the dead

kings. The best tombs are those of Amenophis II, Rameses III, Seti I and Thotmes III. They are all of similar design but the tomb of Seti I (discovered by the Italian savant, Belzoni) is finer than any of the others. It includes fourteen rooms, most of which are richly adorned with inscriptions and designs from the sacred books. The sculptures on the walls are executed with great skill and the decorations of the ceilings show much artistic taste. In the tenth room are many curious decorations, the ceiling, which is finely vaulted, being covered with astronomical figures and lists of stars and constellations. From this room an incline leads to the mummy shaft. The mummy of Seti I is in the Cairo Museum, while the fine alabaster sarcophagus is in the Soane Museum in London. The tomb of Amenophis II is noteworthy as the only one which contains the royal mummy. In a crypt with blue ceiling, spangled with yellow stars and with yellow walls to represent papyrus, is the great sandstone sarcophagus of the king. Under a strong electric light is shown the mummy-shaped coffin with the body of the king, its arms crossed and the funeral garlands still resting in the case. The effectiveness of this mummy makes one regret that the others have been removed to the Cairo Museum, instead of being restored to their original places in these tombs. Most of these royal mummies were removed to a shaft at Deir-el-Bahri to save them from desecration by the invading Persians, but when the mummies were found it would have been wise to replace them in these tombs rather than to group them, as was done, in the Cairo Museum. One or two mummies in that

museum would have been as effective as two dozen.

Not far from these tombs is the fine temple of Queen Hatasu at Deir-el-Bahri. This queen was the sister and wife of King Thotmes III, and for a part of his reign was co-regent. The temple, which was left unfinished, was completed by Rameses II. A short ride from this temple brings one to the Ramessium, the large temple (which is badly preserved) erected by Rameses II and dedicated to the god Ammon. The pylon is ruined, but one can still decipher some of the inscriptions that tell of Rameses' campaign against the Hittites. The first court is a mass of ruined masonry, but it contains fragments of a colossal statue of Rameses, the largest ever found in Egypt. It probably measured fifty-seven and one-third feet in height, as the various parts show that it was twenty-two and one-half feet from shoulder to shoulder. The colossal head of another statue of Rameses was found near by. The great hall had many fine columns, of which eighteen are still standing. These columns are very impressive and give one some idea of the majesty of the temple when it was complete. Not far away are the tombs of the queens, including the fine mausoleum of the consort of Rameses II, part of whose name was Mi-an-Mut.

A half mile from the Ramessium brings one to the Colossi of Memnon, the two huge seated figures of stone, which were long included among the seven wonders of the world. These figures were statues of King Amenophis III and were placed in front of a great temple that he built at this place; but time has dealt hardly

with the temple, as scarcely a trace of it remains. The figures with the pedestals are about sixty-five feet high and, as they are on the level plain near the banks of the Nile, they can be seen from a great distance. Though carved from hard sandstone these figures have suffered severely from the elements, so that the faces bear little trace of human features; still they are impressive from their mere size and from the fact that they have come down to us across the centuries with so little change.

The southern statue is in the best preservation, but the northern one is of greatest interest because for ages it was believed to give forth musical notes when the first rays of the rising sun fell on its lips. The Greeks called it the Statue of Memnon, and invented the fable that Memnon, who was slain at Troy by Achilles, appeared on the Nile as a stone image and every morning greeted his mother (Eos) with a song. So many good observers vouched for these musical notes at sunrise that the phenomenon must be accepted as an historical fact. The Romans invented the legend that when these sounds occurred the god was angry. Hence the emperor, Septimius Severus, apparently to propitiate the god, made some restorations in the upper portion of the statue, whereupon the mysterious musical sounds ceased. Some modern experts in physics have deduced the theory that this statue, carved from hard, resonant stone, really gave forth sounds when warmed up by the early sun after the heavy dews of night. Similar sounds have been observed elsewhere, due to the splitting off of very small particles of stone by sudden expansion.

Whatever the cause of these mysterious sounds, the speaking statue has served as an inspiration to many poets.

Sailing Down The Nile on a Small Steamer

Few pleasure trips are more enjoyable than a steamer ride down the Nile from Luxor to Cairo. My plans did not permit an extensive Nile trip, so I went up the Nile by rail and came down by the Amenartas, one of Cook's small boats. For one who has the leisure the best scheme is to take one of Cook's express boats and make the round trip to Assouan from Cairo. The Egypt and the Arabia are two luxurious steamers specially arranged for the comfort of tourists.

The Nile at Luxor is about a half-mile wide at extreme low water in December, although the marks on the bank show that it spreads over several miles of flat land when the heavy rains come in June and July. It is as muddy as the Missouri or the San Joaquin, but the natives drink this water, refusing to have it filtered. They claim, and probably with reason, that this Nile water is very nutritious. The Egyptian fellah or peasant seldom enjoys a hot meal. He chews parched Indian corn and sugar cane, and eats a curious bread made of coarse flour and water. Despite this monotonous diet the native is a model of physical vigor, with teeth which are as white and perfect as those of a Pueblo Indian.

All around Luxor are evidences of the tremendous force of the Nile waters when in flood. At various headlands near the city the banks of the Nile have been stoned up with solid walls, so that

these may receive the full sweep of the flood waters. The great dam at Assouan, perhaps the finest bit of engineering work in the world, holds up the main current of the Nile and prevents the destructive floods which in the old days frequently swept away all the soil of the fellah's little farm. This dam has now been increased twelve feet in height, so that no water pours over the top.

The farmers in Egypt irrigate in the same way as the ryots of India. They lay off a field into small rectangular patches, with a ridge around each to keep the irrigation water in it. These rectangles make the fields look like huge checker-boards. Plowing is done exactly as in the time of Cleopatra. A forked stick, often not shod with iron, serves as a plow, to which are frequently harnessed a camel and a bullock by a heavy, unwieldy yoke. When these two unequally yoked animals move across the field, agriculture in the Orient is seen at its best. Unlike the Japanese, the Egyptian women do not work in the fields. Their labors seem to be limited to carrying water in large jars on their heads and to washing clothes in the dirty Nile water. The most common sight along the river is that of two women, with their single cotton garment gathered up above their knees, filling the water jars or rinsing out clothes in water that is thick and yellow with dirt.

The steamer Amenartas started down the river at two in the afternoon. The current was strong and the little steamer easily made fifteen miles an hour. Now began a series of exquisite

views of river life, which changed every minute and saved the voyage from monotony. The first thing that impresses the stranger who is new to Egypt is the number and variety of the shadoufs for bringing the Nile water to the fields. These consist of three platforms, each equipped with two upright posts of date palm trunks, with a crossbar. From this crossbar depends a well sweep, with a heavy weight at one end and a tin or wooden bucket at the other. One man at the level of the river scoops up a bucket of water and lifts it to the height or his head, pouring it into a small basin of earth. The second man fills his bucket from this basin and in turn delivers it to the third man, who is about six feet above him. The third man raises the water to the height of his head and pours it into a ditch which carries it upon the land. The heavy weights on the shadouf help to raise the water, but the labor of lifting this water all day is strenuous. The shadouf men work with only small loin cloths, and occasionally one of these fellows in a sheltered hole toils stark naked.

Despite the fact that their work is as heavy as any done in Egypt, they receive the wretched pittance of two piasters or ten cents a day, out of which they must spend two and one-half cents a day for food. The shadouf is as old as history, and the methods in use for raising this Nile water are the same to-day that they were in the earliest dawn of recorded history.

As in India, there is a great dearth of farmhouses in these rich lands. The peasants are herded in squalid villages, the mud huts jammed close together, and the whole place overrun with goats,

donkeys, pigs, chickens and pigeons. The houses are the crudest huts, with no window and no roof.

Life in these villages along the Nile is as primitive as it is among the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. Although their religion admonishes them to wash before prayers, these peasants appear to pay little heed to such rites. Men, women and children are extremely dirty, and it is unusual to find anyone with good eyes. Inflammation of the eyelids is the most common complaint and this disease is aggravated by the fact that the natives make no effort to drive away the flies that fasten upon the sore eyes of their little children. This is due to the common superstition that it brings ill luck to brush off flies. At every small station where the steamer stopped to land native passengers and freight a score of villagers would be lined up, each afflicted with some eye complaint, and all swarming with small black flies.

At only a few towns along the Nile from Luxor to Cairo were there any houses which looked like comfortable homes. The great majority of the houses were of sun-dried brick, and these were often in a ruinous condition. Yet with their framework of graceful date palms, these squalid villages would delight the eye of an artist. For nearly the whole distance the west side of the Nile is marked off from the desert by the high Libyan mountains, gleaming white and yellow in the brilliant sunshine. These limestone cliffs were chosen for the tombs of the kings at Thebes, and all along the river one could make out with a glass frequent tombs carved in the steep sides of these hills. The other

side of the river was flat, with low ranges of hills. At sunrise and at sunset the most exquisite colors transformed the country into a veritable fairyland. The sun sank behind bands of purple and amethyst, and his last rays brought out in sharp silhouette the statuesque forms of women water-carriers and long lines of laden camels moving in ghostly silence along the river bank. Very beautiful also were the pictures made by the dahabiehs and other native boats, with their big lateen sails and with the motley gathering of natives in the stern. All these boats have enormous rudders which rise high out of the water and add greatly to the effectiveness of the picture as seen against the sunset glow.

The atmosphere along the Nile is wonderfully clear, the sky is as blue and lustrous as fine silk, and the wind blows up clouds in fantastic shapes, which add greatly to the beauty of the scenery. All day the little steamer passes half-ruined villages, embowered in feathery palms, with camels in the background and an occasional bullock straining at the wheel which lifts the Nile water on the shadouf. All day natives passed along the sky line, some on donkeys, others on camels, still others driving in front laden animals, whose forms could scarcely be distinguished amid the thick clouds of dust raised by their heavy feet. The creak of the shadoufs could be heard before we came abreast of the tireless workers.

Seen from the steamer the glamour of the Orient was over all this poverty-stricken land, but seen near at hand were revealed all the ugly features of dirt, disease, hopeless poverty, unending

work that yields only the coarsest and scantiest food. We passed miles on miles of waving fields of sugar cane, with great factories where this cane was worked up into sugar. We passed broad fields of cotton, with factories near at hand for converting the product into cloth. Principalities of wheat – great seas of emerald green that stood out against a background of sandy desert – lined the banks at frequent intervals. But all these evidences of the new wealth that scientific irrigation has brought to this ancient valley of the Nile means nothing to the Egyptian peasant. These great industries are in the hands of native or foreign millionaires, who see to it that the wages of the native workers are kept down to the lowest level.

Before the Pyramids and the Sphinx

Wintry winds in Cairo, which raised clouds of dust and sand, prevented me from seeing the pyramids until after my return from Luxor. Then one still, warm day it was my good fortune to see at their best these oldest monuments of man's work on this earth. Yet impressive as are these great masses of stone rising from barren wastes of sand, they did not affect me so powerfully as the ruins of Karnak and the tombs of the Kings of Thebes. Three pyramids were constructed at Gizeh and four other groups at Sakkara, the site of the ancient city of Memphis. That these pyramids were built for the tombs of kings has now been demonstrated beyond question, so that the many elaborate theories of the religious significance of these monuments may be dismissed. The ancient city of Memphis was for centuries the seat of the government of Egypt, and the tombs that may be seen to-day at Sakkara preceded the rock-hewn tombs at Thebes in Upper Egypt. The great antiquity of the tombs at Sakkara makes these of importance, although much of the work is inferior to that at Thebes.

The pictures of the pyramids are misleading. They give the impression that these great masses of stone rise near palm groves and that the Sphinx is almost as huge as the pyramid of Cheops which overshadows it. In reality, the pyramids are set on a sandy plateau, about fifteen feet high, while the Sphinx is practically

buried in a hollow to the west of the great pyramid and can only be seen from one direction. When you stand in front of the big pyramid you can form no idea of its size, but you know from the guide book that it is seven hundred and fifty feet long and four hundred and fifty-one feet high. The height of each side is five hundred and sixty-eight feet, while the angle of the sides is fifty-one degrees fifty minutes. These statistics do not make much impression on the mind but, when it is said that this huge pyramid actually covers thirteen acres, the mind begins to grasp the stupendous size of this great mass of masonry. This pyramid to-day is of dirty brown color, but when finished it was covered with blocks of white limestone.

These were removed by various builders and have served to erect mosques and temples. Had this covering remained intact it would be impossible to climb the pyramid of Cheops. From Cairo and the Nile, as well as from the desert, the pyramids are an impressive sight. Unique in shape and massive as the Libyan hills beyond them, they can never be forgotten, for they represent more perfectly than any other remains in Egypt the control by the early kings of unlimited labor and materials.

It used to be the fashion to sneer at the stories told by Herodotus, but the excavations in Egypt during the last thirty years have demonstrated that this old Greek traveler was an accurate observer and that what he saw may be accepted as fact. He was the first to give any detailed description of the pyramids and of the enormous work of building them. Herodotus visited

Egypt about 450 B. C., and he related that one hundred thousand men were employed for three months at one time in building the great pyramid of Cheops. The stone was quarried near the site of the citadel in Cairo, and ten years were consumed in constructing a great road across the desert to Gizeh by which the stone was transported. The remains of this road, formed of massive stone blocks, may now be seen near the Sphinx. The construction of the big pyramid alone required twenty years. The story of Herodotus that one hundred thousand men were once employed on this pyramid is plausible, according to Flinders-Petrie, as these months came during the inundation of the Nile, when there was no field work to occupy their time.

The ascent of the pyramid is an easy task for any one in good physical condition and accustomed to gymnastic work. Two Bedouins assist you from the front while an ancient Sheik is supposed to help push you from the rear. In my case the Bedouins had a very easy job, while the Sheik enjoyed a sinecure. The stones are about a yard high, and the only difficulty of the ascent lies in the straddle which must be made to cover these stones. The ascent is made on the northeast corner of the pyramid, and much help is gained by inequalities in the great slabs of limestone which enable one to get a foothold. Two rests were made on the upward climb, but we came down without any rest, covering the whole trip in about fifteen minutes.

The view from the summit is superb. On two sides, the south and west, sketches the sandy desert, broken only by the groups

of pyramids at Abusir, Sakkara and Dashhur, which mark the bounds of the ancient city of Memphis.

The average tourist has more curiosity about the Sphinx than about the pyramids, and here the reality is not disappointing. An impressive figure is this of a recumbent stone lion one hundred and eighty-seven feet long and sixty-six feet high, with a man's head that is full of power and pride. The nose is gone and the face is badly scarred, but here is the typical Egyptian face, with the fine setting of the eyes and the graceful head.

The journey to the rock tombs of Sakkara and the site of ancient Memphis is tedious, as it includes a ride across the sandy desert of eighty miles. A stop is made at the old house of Mariette, the famous French Egyptologist, who uncovered many of the finest remains in Memphis. Near by is the Step pyramid, the tomb of a king of the fifth dynasty and one of the oldest monuments in Egypt.

Near by are several pyramids and tombs that will repay a visit, as each gives some new idea of the extraordinary care taken by the ancient Egyptians to preserve their dead and to assure them proper guidance in the land beyond the tomb.

In one chapel are exquisitely carved mural reliefs, many of which still retain their original colors. In these chambers the hot, dry air is like that of the desert. A hundred years seem like a day in this atmosphere, where nothing changes with the changing seasons. Under one's feet is the soft, dry dust stirred up by the feet of many tourists, but rain and sunshine never penetrate

this home of the dead, and a century passes without leaving a mark on these inscriptions which were chiseled long before the children of Israel made their escape from bondage in Egypt. It seems incredible that so many momentous things should have occurred while in these still, warm tombs day followed day without change.

APPENDIX
Hints for Travelers

Some Suggestions That May Save the Tourist Time and Money

For a round-the-world trip the best plan is to buy a Cook's ticket for six hundred and thirty-nine dollars and ten cents. This provides transportation from any place in the United States around the world to the starting point. The advantage of a Cook's ticket over the tickets of other companies is that this firm has the best organized force, with large offices in the big cities and with banks as agencies in hundreds of places where you may cash its money orders. This is a great convenience as it saves the risk of carrying considerable sums of money in lands where thievery is a fine art. Cook's agents may be found on arrival by boat or train in all the principal cities of a world-tour. These men invariably speak English well, and thus they are a god-send when the tourist knows nothing of the language or the customs of a strange country. At the offices of Cook and Son in all the large Oriental cities one may get accurate information about boats and trains and may purchase tickets for side excursions. Some of the Oriental offices I found careless

in the handling of mail because of the employment of native clerks, but this was not general. Cook will furnish guides for the leading Oriental tours and in India and Egypt these are absolutely necessary, as without them life is made a burden by the demands of carriage drivers, hotel servants and beggars. Cook will furnish good guides for Japan, but it is unsafe to select natives unless you have a guarantee that they know the places usually visited and that they speak intelligible English. The pronunciation of Japanese differs so vitally from that of English that many Japanese who understand and write English well make a hopeless jumble of words when they attempt to speak it. Their failure to open their mouths or to give emphasis to words renders it extremely difficult to understand them. Good foreign hotels may be found in all the Japanese cities and even those managed by Japanese are conducted in European style. It is a pity that the hotels are not modeled on the Japanese style, like the Kanaya Hotel at Nikko, where the furniture and the decorations of the rooms are essentially Japanese and very artistic. The average charge for room and board in Japanese hotels of the first class is four dollars, but some of the more pretentious places demand from five to six dollars a day.

The cost of travel in India is not heavy because of the moderate scale of prices. Hotels usually charge ten rupees a day for board and lodging or about three dollars a day. Carriage hire is cheap, especially if you have a party of four to fill one carriage. A Victoria, holding four people, may be had morning and

afternoon for twenty rupees, or an average of about one dollar and seventy-five cents a day each. Railway travel is absurdly cheap. Our party traveled second-class from Calcutta to Delhi, thence to Bombay, Madras and Tuticorin, a distance of about thirty-five hundred miles – farther than from New York to San Francisco – for one hundred and forty rupees or about forty-five dollars in American money. The first-class fare was nearly twice this amount, but no additional comfort would have been secured. We made the trip at low cost because a bargain was always made with hotelkeepers and carriage drivers. Always make a definite bargain or you will be overcharged. A native guide is necessary not only to show you the places of interest but to arrange for carriages and to pay tips to servants. Secure a Mohammedan guide and you may rest content that you will not be cheated. His antipathy to the Hindoo will prevent any collusion with servants. A good guide may be had for two rupees a day or about sixty-five cents, and he will board himself.

Murray's Guide books for Japan, China, the Straits Settlements and India are the most useful. These give the best routes and describe all the principal objects of interest. Without such a guide-book, one is helpless, as the professional guides frequently omit important things which should be seen. It is needless to look for conscientiousness or honesty in the Orient. You will not find them.

To avoid trouble when hiring carriage or jinrikisha, make a definite bargain by the hour or by the trip. This you may do

through the hotel porter. Then, on your return, if the driver or the rickshaw-man demands more, refer the matter to the porter, and refuse to pay more than your bargain. If you do not take these precautions you will be involved in constant trouble and will be persistently charged twice what you should pay. Even with these precautions, you cannot escape trouble in Singapore, which is cursed with the greediest carriage drivers in the world.

Many travelers purchase Cook's hotel coupons which provide for lodging and meals at certain hotels in every large city of the Orient. My experience is that it is a mistake to buy these coupons, as all the hotel managers speak English or have hall porters who understand the language. You gain little by the arrangement, and you lose the choice of good rooms, as hotel managers are not partial to tourists who carry coupons, since the profit on these is small.

In Egypt, Cook's tours, which are arranged to suit all tastes, are the most convenient. The best plan is to go up the Nile by train and to come down by boat. Do not neglect the ride down the river. It consumes more time but it is the only way in which you can get an idea of the charm of the scenery, the primitive life of the people, and the beauty of sunrise and sunset over the desert.

Above all things, arrange your itinerary carefully before you start. Here is where Cook's agent can help you materially, but you must not rely upon his advice in regard to steamship lines. He will recommend the P. & O. boats, as they are British, but practically every tourist who has made the trip will say that the

North German Lloyd steamers give the best service. Engage your state-room several months in advance and pay a deposit, so as to get a receipt for the best berth in a certain room. Unless you do this, you will have trouble and will probably be forced to sleep in an inside room on hot tropical nights. Get a room on star-board or port-side, according to the prevailing wind. To be on the windward side means comfort and coolness at night. As soon as possible after boarding a vessel see the bath steward and select an hour for your morning bath. Should you neglect this, you will be forced to rise very early or to bathe at night. If you wish certain table companions see the head steward promptly. If you travel on a P. & O. boat, engage an electric fan at the Company's office, as there is a rule that you can't hire a fan after you are on board. The North German Lloyd furnishes fans, which are a necessity in the tropics.

There is a regular tariff for tips on most of the Oriental steamship lines, graded according to the length of the voyage. You can always ascertain what to give to your waiter, room steward, bath steward, boot black and deck steward. These tips are always given on the last day of the voyage. American tourists are criminally lavish in giving tips, with the result that one who adheres to the rules of old travelers, is apt to be regarded as niggardly. It is to be noted that the richest travelers always conform to the regular schedule of tips.

In all parts of the Orient it is unsafe to drink the water of the country. If you do not relish bottled waters, demand tea; at

any rate make sure that the water you drink has been boiled. I found hot tea an excellent drink even in the tropics and I was never troubled with the complaints that follow drinking unboiled water. It is well to make liberal use of the curries and rice which are excellent everywhere. These, with fish, eggs and fruit, formed the staple of my diet. Never eat melons nor salads made of green vegetables; the native methods of fertilizing the soil are fatal to the wholesomeness of such things.

Bibliography
Books Which Help One to Understand the Orient and Its People

In this bibliography no attempt has been made to cover the field of books about the leading countries of the Orient. The aim has been to mention the books which the tourist will find most helpful. Guide books are indispensable, but they give the imagination no stimulus. It is a positive help to read one or two good descriptive accounts of any country before visiting it; in this way one gets an idea of comparative values. In these notes I have mentioned only the books that are familiar to me and which I have found suggestive.

JAPAN

Of all foreigners who have written about Japan, Lafcadio Hearn gives one the best idea of the Japanese character and of the literature that is its expression. Hearn married a Japanese lady, became Professor of English Literature at the Imperial University of Tokio, renounced his American citizenship, and professed belief in Buddhism. He never mastered the Japanese language but he surpassed every other foreign student in his

ability to make real the singular faith of the Japanese in the presence of good and evil spirits and the national worship of beauty in nature and art. Hearn's father was Greek and his mother Irish. In mind he was a strange mixture of a Florentine of the Renaissance and a pagan of the age of Pericles. In *The West Indies* he has given the best estimate of the influence of the tropics on the white man, and in *Japan: An Interpretation*, *In Ghostly Japan*, *Exotics and Retrospections*, and others, he has recorded in exquisite literary style his conception of Japanese character, myths and folk-legends. His work in this department is so fine that no one else ranks with him. He seems to have been able to put himself in the place of the cultivated Japanese and to interpret the curious national beliefs in good and evil spirits and ghosts. He has also made more real than any other foreign writer the peculiar position of the Japanese wife. Hearn was a conservative, despite his lawless life, and he looked with regret upon the transformation of old Japan, wrought by the new desire to Europeanize the country. He paints with great art the idyllic life of the old Samauri and the loyalty of the retainers to their chief.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who in his old age married a Japanese lady, has given excellent pictures of life in Japan in *Seas and Lands* and *Japonica*. *Religions of Japan* by W. E. Griffis gives a good idea of the various creeds. Mr. Griffis in *The Mikado's Empire* also furnishes a good description of Japan and the Japanese.

In *Fifty Tears of New Japan*, Count Okuma has compiled a

work that gives a complete survey of Japanese progress during the last half century. Among the contributors are many of the leading statesmen and publicists of Japan.

Of fiction, the scene of which is laid in Japan, one of the most famous stories is *Madame Chrysantheme* by Pierre Loti, a cynical sketch of the Japanese geisha, or professional entertainer. Another good story which lays bare the ugly fate that often befalls the geisha, is *The Lady and Sada San* by Frances Little, the author of that popular book, *The Lady of the Decoration*.

Other books that will be found valuable are Norman, *The New Japan*; Chamberlain, *Things Japanese*; Treves, *The Other Side of the Lantern*; Murray, *Handbook of Japan*; Clement, *Handbook of Modern Japan*; D'Autremer, *The Japanese Empire*; Hartshorne, *Japan and Her People*; Fraser, *A Diplomatist's Wife In Japan*; Lloyd, *Everyday Japan*; Scidmore, *Jinrikisha Days In Japan*; Knox, *Japanese Life In Town and Country*; Singleton, *Japan, As Described By Great Writers*; Inouye, *Home Life In Tokio*.

MANILA

The acqusition of the Philippine Islands by the United States has led to a great increase of the literature on the islands, especially in regard to educational and industrial progress. Among the old books that have good sketches of Manila are *A Visit to the Philippine Islands* by Sir John Browning.

For sketches of the city since the American occupation see

Worcester, *The Philippine Islands and Their People*; Landor, *The Gems of the East*; Dennis, *An Observer in the Philippines*; Potter, *The East To-day and Tomorrow*; Moses, *Unofficial Letters of An Official's Wife*; Hamm, *Manila and the Philippines*; Younghusband, *The Philippines and Round About*; Stevens, *Yesterdays in the Philippines*; Arnold, The Philippines, *the Land of Palm and Pine*; and LeRoy, *Philippine Life in Town and Country*.

HONGKONG

Good descriptive sketches of Hongkong may be found in Norman, *The Peoples and Politics of the Far East*; Des Veux, *A Handbook of Hongkong*; Colquhoun, *China in Transformation*; Penfield, *East of Suez*; Treves, *The Other Side of the Lantern*; Ball, *Things Chinese*; Thomson, *The Changing Chinese*; Singleton, *China As Described by Great Writers*; and Liddell, China, *Its Marvel and Mystery*.

SINGAPORE

Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore, was one of the British Empire builders who was very shabbily treated by the English government. Unaided, he prevented the Dutch from obtaining exclusive control over all the waters about Singapore

and he was also instrumental in retaining Malacca, after the East India Company had decided to abandon it. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Java after the English wrested the island from the Dutch in 1810. His ambition was to make Java "the center of an Eastern Insular Empire," but this project was thwarted by the restoration of Java to Holland. The Raffles Museum in Singapore, one of the most interesting in the Orient, was his gift.

Sketches of Singapore may be found in Sir Frank Swettenham's *British Malaya*, *Malay Sketches* and *The Real Malay*; Wright and Reed, *The Malay Peninsula*; Belfield, *Handbook of the Federated Malay States*; Harrison, *Illustrated Guide to the Federated Malay States*; Ireland, *The Far Eastern Tropics*; Boulger, *Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*; Buckley, *Records of Singapore*.

RANGOON

There is a large literature on Burma, which seems to have appealed to British travelers. Among the books that have chapters devoted to Rangoon are Cuming, *In the Shadow of the Pagoda*; Bird, *Wanderings in Burma*; Hart, *Picturesque Burma*; Kelly, *The Silken East*; MacMahon, *Far Cathay and Farther India*; Vincent, *The Land of the White Elephant*; Nisbet, *Burma Under British Rule and Before*; Hall, *The Soul of a People* and *A People at School*.

INDIA

The literature about India is very extensive, so that only a few of the best books may be mentioned here. To the tourist the one indispensable book is Murray's *Handbook for Travelers in India, Ceylon and Burma*, which is well provided with maps and plans of cities. For general description, among the best works are Malcolm, *Indian Pictures and Problems*; Scidmore, *Winter India*; Forrest, *Cities of India*; Kipling, *From Sea to Sea*; Stevens, *In India*; Arnold, *India Revisited*; Low, *A Vision of India* (describing the journey of the Prince of Wales in 1905-6); Caine, *Picturesque India*; *Things Seen in India*.

For the history of India, some of the best books are Lane-Poole, *Mediæval India* and *The Mogul Emperors*; Fanshawe, *Delhi, Past and Present*; McCrindle, *Ancient India*; Rhys-Davids, *British India*; Roberts, *Forty-one Tears in India*; Holmes, *History of the Indian Mutiny*; Innes, *The Sepoy Revolt*; Curzon, *Russia in Central Asia*; Colquhoun, *Russia Against India*.

On the religions of India: Rhys-Davids, *Buddhism*; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*; Clarke, *Ten Great Religions*; Hopkins, *Religions of India*; Arnold, *The Light of Asia*.

EGYPT

Egypt has changed so much during the last twenty years that books written before that time are practically obsolete. The dahabiyeh is no longer used for Nile travel, except by tourists of means and large leisure, since the tourist steamers make the trip up and down the Nile in one quarter the time consumed by the old sailing vessels. Cairo has been transformed into a European city and even Luxor is modernized, with its immense hotels and its big foreign winter colony.

Bædeker's Egypt is the best guide book, but be sure that you get the latest edition, as the work is revised every two or three years. The introductory essays in this volume on Egyptian history, religion, art and Egyptology are well worth careful reading. The descriptions of the ruins and the significance of many of the hieroglyphs are helpful. Of general descriptive works on Egypt, some of the best are Penfield, *Present Day Egypt* (1899); Jeremiah Lynch, *Egyptian Sketches*, a book by a San Franciscan which gives a series of readable pictures of Cairo and the voyage up the Nile; Holland, *Things Seen in Egypt*.

Of Egypt, before it was transformed by the British, standard works are Lane, *Cairo Fifty Tears Ago*; Lady Duff-Gordon, *Letters From Egypt* (covering the period from 1862 to 1869). Good historical works are Lane-Poole, *Egypt, and the Story of Cairo*; Ebers, *Egypt, Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque*.

Of the administration of England in Egypt, the best book is Lord Cromer's *Modern Egypt*. Other works are Milner, *England in Egypt*; Colvin, *The Making of Modern Egypt*. The story of Gordon's death at Khartoum is well told in Stevens, *With Kitchener to Khartoum* and Churchill, *The River War*.

Several valuable works on Egyptian archeology have been written by Maspero and Flinders-Petrie. Maspero's *Art in Egypt*, which is lavishly illustrated, will be valuable as a guide book. Flinders-Petrie's *Egyptian Decorative Art* is worth reading.