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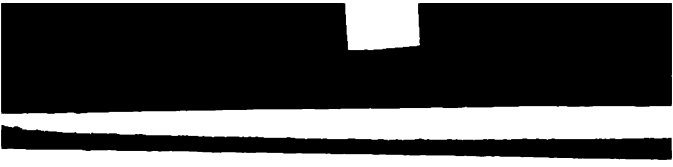
(nee Harriet-White Fisher)

Jan 22^d/9/13



**A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR
IN A MOTOR**







H. H., THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

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A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

By
HARRIET WHITE FISHER

WITH 70 ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
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To My Friend

MRS. ISAAC DUDLEY FLETCHER

**I DEDICATE THIS ACCOUNT OF MY TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD IN AN AUTOMO-
BILE, IN MEMORY OF THE PLEASANT
JOURNEYS WE HAVE HAD TOGETHER**



UNDER ORIENT SKIES

PREFACE

IN presenting this book, I make a direct appeal to my readers. Many and elaborate works of travel are already at the disposal of the reading public; but it may be that I have a story to tell which will engage the interest of folk who care for the unusual, the romantic, the practical and the adventurous. I expect no favors from flippant reviewers of the sort whose aim is to appear smart—often at the expense of truthfulness, and always at the expense of gentleness. From readers generally, I crave the same consideration which I shall give to them in the following pages. If I tell my story fairly, accurately, without exaggeration, and win the attention of readers whose humanity and interest in all things human I count one with my own, I shall be happy.

It is perfectly true that I run an anvil and vise factory in Trenton, New Jersey. Except for the yearly vacation customarily spent in my villa at

PREFACE

Lake Como, Italy, nothing else so consistently engages my time and energy. In the book which I now offer to the public I have only the plain unvarnished tale to tell of my trip around the world in a motor-car; the trip of a woman who had grown a little weary of the details of a useful but somewhat heavy business, and sought recreation under India's burning sun, in Ceylon, China, Japan, in many places where no motor-car had ever taken man or woman before.

Never have I cared inordinately for a display of frills. In a recent journey to the western part of these United States, which, unfortunately, I was obliged to make by train instead of motor, I encountered at a number of hotels a peculiar sort of diminutive apron—a cross between a dress-shield and a chrysanthemum, in appearance. It was affixed to all waitresses in the hotel dining-room, and was a truly frilly article. After many days I confessed my curiosity to a head waitress.

“Them? Oh, them! Why, cer'nly, ma'am; them is th' apron that's the' o-fficial badge of th' Waitresses' Union! We all wears 'em.”

I fear I have no membership in the Authors' Union. I cannot flaunt the Literary Frill. I can only try unpretentiously to give you a true account of the things which seemed to me remarkable in the course of thirteen months' motoring which I enjoyed with my loyal little party—including my Devoted Dog.

PREFACE

More than six hundred letters, received from all parts of the world since the completion of my trip, have led me to believe that these enthusiastic inquirers would like to see their questions answered at length. Motorists, generally, will perhaps also be interested.

A number of letters were from people who wanted to know the total cost of the trip; how I had crated my car; how many different parts I had carried to make necessary repairs; the condition of the roads; where and how to obtain gasoline; how we did our cooking—all of which are answered in the book, except the cost. That, of course, depends entirely upon how one travels, and what one wishes to spend.

A wealthy woman in California wrote, asking if there had been published any account of the cooking utensils, sleeping accommodations, etc., carried on my car; if the people were courteous; if I had met with any disagreeable adventures in the way of impertinence from people who disliked motor-cars. She said that it was her ideal way of travelling, but that she had not dared think of it until she had read an account of my trip in the papers.

I feel that I shall be justified in contributing what I can to the sum total of knowledge as to the possibilities of the modern motor-car. I shall be as practical and as plain as possible.

When one from the Western world visits the strange scenes of the Far East, there is very much

PREFACE

more to be noted than mere guide-book details. There is indeed much more to be felt. The mind, as well as the eye, is entranced. The mystic quality of India—that wonderful magic of atmosphere and antiquity—is impressive. It is none the less impressive with a motor-car as means of transportation.

The strangely mingled beauties and horrors of the land, the pathos of human life and suffering, the oddities of custom, and the marvels of Oriental grandeur—these may not be described adequately by pen, much less by mine. But I have much to tell you of adventure, and not a little about the human beings, high and low, who made my world tour a memorable experience.

HARRIET WHITE FISHER.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, May 1, 1911

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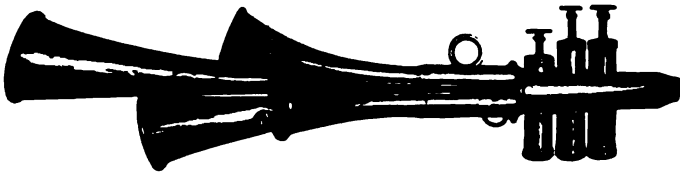
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THE HORN

I

THE START AND THE CAR

ALL our lives are made up of the adventures, great and small, which mark the years and leave memories. The humdrum of life is not necessarily its dross, and should not be. It is the uniform, even tenor of our ordinary days, which far outnumber the extraordinary ones, that gives appetite and zest for adventure and pleasure, and makes the greater delights possible. I shall not forget the happiness of anticipation, nor the joy of preparing for the long trip I had determined to take—a trip almost literally around the world in a motor-car. I was to use a forty-horse-power Locomobile stock roadster, the only extras being a large gasoline-tank under the rear seat, and a larger oil-tank than ordinarily used. A few duplicate parts were added, and on April 29, 1909, I started out for a trial trip, going as far as Cleveland, Ohio, by way of Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg and Youngstown, returning by way of Erie, Buffalo, and the Catskills, to New York.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

The chief excitement of this trip was the crossing of the Susquehanna River from Perryville to Havre de Grace. This was accomplished by means of a little ferry-boat propelled by a small gasoline engine. There was a gale blowing, and it was only by constant coaxing that the engine was induced to take us sufficiently near the shore to enable the boatman to throw a line to the crowd which had gathered on the bank, attracted, no doubt, by the antics of the ferry-boat in midstream. We thought this quite an experience at the time, but we were to meet far more exciting and hair-raising adventures, and far greater perils, in our trip around the world.

I felt grieved to see the magnificent forests of the Alleghany and Laurel Hill mountains disappearing. You can mark the path of the portable saw-mills, stretching in every direction, and leaving the mountains as bare of timber as I afterward found the rocks and hills in India. Here and there were great piles of sawdust, showing where the monarchs of the forest had been offered up for commercial purposes. Forest fires have also destroyed much of the timber. We were able to find now and then on the mountain-side a bubbling spring, where we could rest and make our tea. The water, at least, had not yet been confiscated by man.

This trial trip was a success, and proved that my car was satisfactory; so I began to arrange for the shipping of it, and attend to the many details necessary for a long absence from home.

THE START AND THE CAR

Friends gave a luncheon for me at the Automobile Club in New York City, and wished me *bon voyage*.

I had decided to ship my car by express, and to take only three triptyques, one for France, one for Switzerland, and one for Italy. Making this outlay for triptyques means tying up a large sum



READY FOR THE START, TRENTON

of money, and this is not at all necessary, for by applying for your triptyque before entering a country, and getting it cashed upon leaving the frontier, there is a great saving.

After all preparation possible to secure the safety of my car in transportation, it was run from Trenton, New Jersey, to New York, and finally packed into a large crate, like an immense drygoods

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

box, and shipped to Paris by express to await my arrival.

I sailed on the *New York* on Saturday, July 17, 1909, bound for Cherbourg. My party for this world tour consisted of Mr. Harold Fisher Brooks, who acted as my chauffeur; Albert, an English servant who can cook a good dinner or write a business letter; and Maria, my Italian maid, typical of her country, always bright, cheerful, and sunny.

Arriving in Paris, we found that our car had arrived and would be unpacked as soon as the customs officers had checked it off. When this was done, we were notified that the car would have to be taken before the Engineer of Mines for examination, and that Mr. Brooks would have to present a photograph of himself and one of the car. A photograph of the car and one of its driver must always be attached to the triptyques, one for each country you intend to visit.

Three days after our arrival, we received notice from the department of police, making an appointment for eleven o'clock that morning, for Mr. Brooks to take the car and give a sample of his driving.

Imagine what excitement I felt in finding myself seated in my own car, rolling through the streets of Paris, that same old Paris that I had visited so many times in previous years in the ordinary way, depending upon that very necessary evil, the cabby, as a means of locomotion, with his never-



THE START AND THE CAR

failing squabble over the amount of his *pourboire* at the end of the journey.

However, my pleasure was brought to a sudden end by a policeman coming up and shaking his fist at us. None of us understood French very well, and especially French spoken in such violent tones, so we were at a loss to comprehend what the trouble was about, until by his gesticulations we discovered that he was pointing to the smoke coming from the exhaust. The car having been many days exposed to the salt air, Mr. Brooks had put in an extra quantity of oil, and this we had no chance of burning off before we started. The hour of our engagement with the Engineer of Mines was at hand, and we still had some distance to go; but that policeman would neither let us go on nor stand still and burn off the oil. A crowd having gathered around, however, he became occupied with them, and we turned a sharp corner and were lost to his view in our own smoke. We reached our destination in time to keep our appointment, and when in front of the office of the Engineer, we let the engine out and burned off oil until things looked clearer.

A serious-looking man in uniform examined our car. The numbers were compared, he looked at the engine closely, nodded with a look of approval, and then intimated in broken English that he would take a drive. So we started off, he directing us through the most crowded parts and thoroughfares of Paris, across the Seine and around the Bon

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

Marché, turning in and out among the traffic and around corners, in fact, taking quite a nice little drive, then directing us back again to the office. Upon our return, he expressed his approbation and admiration of our machine, at the same time giving us our numbers, and saying that in two or three days we would get our permit.

We started off rejoicing, feeling that we had done our duty, when lo and behold, we found ourselves on the same corner with our old friend the policeman, who still discovered a small trail of his specialty coming from the exhaust. He appeared more violent than ever, although we tried to explain that we had been all around the city and no one had stopped us; but it had no effect upon him, and, seeing that matters were getting desperate, I pointed to the American flag that was floating from our dashboard, and shook my fist at him. At this he shrugged his shoulders and turned his back, and we went on our way.

We were to have another shock before long. Thinking to take a drive around the Bois de Boulogne, we passed through some gates, and two men came rushing after us. Then I remembered that we were outside the city, and had passed an octroi without stopping to get our gasoline measured and receive a receipt. Outside of Paris you can buy gasoline, or petrol, as it is called in France, for a few centimes less than you can inside the gates, so you must have the petrol measured both going out

THE START AND THE CAR

and returning, and on your return you must have a little less than when you went out—it does not seem to make any difference how little, but it must be less than you took with you. Otherwise, you are obliged to pay a tax and a fine, and may possibly be delayed two or three hours.

That day we started on a shopping expedition for a camping outfit suitable for our future needs. We found Vuitton, of the Rue Scribe, helpful with suggestions, and ready to carry out my idea for the tent, which was to combine capacity with lightness and strength, and at the same time be rain-proof. He also directed us to an army supply house, where we found pneumatic sleeping-bags, lined with flannel. These folded into a very small space. Water canteens were procured, and the indispensable thermos bottle, without which we should have fared badly.

When we had been in Paris five days, I had learned more about the city, its streets, and its many interesting suburbs, than I had known in previous years after visits of weeks at a time. To be in Paris is always a pleasure; but it is bliss indeed to glide along the beautiful streets, to be able to visit Fontainebleau and the many places of interest about Paris, in your own car, at your own time and pleasure—not feeling that you must hurry or you will be left, or that you must be crowded into trolley-cars and pushed and jostled.

Before leaving Paris, I wished to see my tent

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

put up. This would mean a loss of several hours if we had to go out into the country, so, gaining the consent of a policeman on the corner of the Place Vendôme, my tent was erected there. It was evidently the first time anything of this kind had been seen in this wonderful old place that had witnessed such frightful scenes during the Revolution,



THE TRIAL OF THE TENT IN PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS

for this little experiment attracted multitudes of people, nearly frightening me out of my desire to see my tent erected anywhere except in a wilderness.

When we finally loaded up the car, our equipment consisted of two small steamer trunks, a hat-box which was fastened in our front extra tire, an extra tool box which could also be used as a seat



THE START AND THE CAR

for a guide or any extra person, a canvas bag fitted up with a lock and key, a laundry bag, a waterproof sack for our beds, and an extension cot which was folded up and put on our bumper in front to give all the room possible. We also took our rope, which we hoped never to have to use, but which we were very glad to have later on. This we wound around the front of the bumper, fastening the cot to that, and making it look like a large umbrella-case. This also helped distribute the weight of the car. Inside we carried rugs suitable for the time of year, toilet articles, two suit-cases, one for each of the men of our party, another waterproof bag for sheets, pillow-cases, and my two pillows, which are small, but without which I never travel, and have always found a great comfort.

There was little room left in the car after we had taken our seats. Honk-Honk, a Boston bull-terrier, which had been presented to me as a mascot before leaving America, was an important passenger. I had been told that his existence would be cut very short, for no dog had ever been around the world in an automobile before. Indeed, we were warned that we would have difficulty in getting him into the different countries. I decided to take the risk, however, and Honk-Honk as well.



OUR FIRST HOLD-UP

II

GOOD-BY TO PARIS

WHEN once we were on our way to Con-trexeville, it was like a continuous trip through a beautiful park. The trees line both sides of the road, and for miles and miles ahead you can see a clear road before you, with the exception of now and then a cart, or a few peasants. One thing that interested me greatly was the way the roads were kept in constant repair. On each side of the road was a pile of stones, piled up evenly and neatly, and you would see old men, boys, and even women in some cases, breaking them. These stones are brought there in their natural shape by employees of the road commissioner, and these people break them



GOOD-BY TO PARIS

into small pieces. In many instances the workers would otherwise be objects of charity; but having this to do in their own time, they earn enough to keep them in comfort, while the traveller gets the benefit of having good, smooth roadways. By each pile of stones is a pile of sand, and this also is piled up very neatly, so it does not disfigure the roadway or interfere with traffic. Every few miles you will meet an old man with a two-wheeled cart and horse, who will take a shovelful of the stones and a little of the sand, and from his water bucket in the cart he will mix the two materials and fill up any holes in the roadway. To all appearances this acts the same as a cement, making a solid concrete road.

At every corner are sign-posts, so that one is always able to tell in what direction to go, and every two miles you will find a milestone giving the number of miles between villages. In fact, a guide-book is hardly necessary if you know the names of the places you desire to reach. Always, in the smallest villages, you will be able to obtain a decent lunch or dinner. As for sleeping, that is a different matter, and it is always wise to select a city or a good-sized village in which to spend the night, in order to find comfortable sleeping quarters.

It is a pleasure to roll along these beautiful roads, turning in and out of the narrow, crooked streets, in and through the little French villages, where you never fail to see from one to a dozen girls and old women with their cushions in front of them.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

making lace or knitting. After four o'clock you will find in these same little villages, sheep or cattle huddled together in front of their owner's door, sharing, in fact, the same quarters with their masters and mistresses. I asked if they did not consider this unhealthful, and they smilingly answered, "You see grandmama over there? She has lived here all her life in this way, and she is now over eighty." And a more bonny, sunny, healthy-looking old face one would never wish to see.

One of their reasons for having the animals so close to them is that they cannot then be stolen, and another is that the warmth from their bodies helps to keep warm the rooms of the human inhabitants.

Our first stop was at Troyes, where we spent the night. The hotel bill there was forty-one francs, which included dinner, lodging, and breakfast for four people, and accommodations for my motor.

We arrived in Contrexeville on August 5th, passing through Rouen and Chaumont. Even at this time of the year the air was so cool that I was obliged to put on two coats and a shawl, and felt none too warm. I remained at the Grand Hôtel d'Établissement for nearly three weeks, taking the cure there.

From Contrexeville we made several trips, visiting different places of interest, among them the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. One of our trips was especially interesting; from Contrexeville to Vittel, five kilometres; from Vittel to Mirecourt,



MRS. FISHER'S CAR IN FRANCE RECEIVING PRIZE



GOOD-BY TO PARIS

twenty-three kilometres; from Mirecourt to Nancy, forty-seven kilometres, making seventy-five kilometres in all.

The second week we were in Contrexeville they gave a fête called a Gymkana. I was invited to take part with my motor-car, which invitation I accepted, my car being the only American representative among about forty cars of foreign make. I was indeed proud when my car took the first prize for artistic decoration and graceful manœuvres in this floral fête. One of the tests to which we were put was balancing the car on two long planks placed upon a raised centre; the one able to balance the car the longest received the first premium. Another test was for smooth driving. A lady in each car carried a glass filled with water. The cars were driven over a very rough course, and the one bringing in the glass containing the most water at the end of the drive received the first prize. This premium also I had the pleasure of winning.

On August 26th we had to say farewell to Contrexeville, and after our different pieces of baggage, the tent, etc., were packed on the motor, we started for Basle, bearing bunches of roses from our friends. We had not proceeded very far on our road when we met with our first hold-up. As we were passing one of the farm-houses where we had enjoyed many pleasant *déjeûners*, we were suddenly stopped by a line of men and women extending across the road. Their faces, however, ex-

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

pressed only merriment and not danger, and we soon found ourselves seated at a table spread under an apricot tree, with a bountiful lunch before us. This surprise had been prepared for us by these friends in memory of the many pleasant occasions of the same kind that we had before experienced. Speeches were made, and *bon voyage* was drunk in the good old wine of the country; and I found a large basket had been packed for us containing chicken, bread and butter, a plum tart, and good French cake.

At every hotel at which we stopped on the way, we were warned about the mischievous children, and were told to be sure and carry a long whip with us, so as to keep order in the small towns and villages through which we were to pass. We did not arm ourselves with this whip, however, and I am happy to say we met with no accidents. Neither did we cause any. On the contrary, I would greet the people with "Gutentag" as we passed them, and the peasants would doff their hats, while the children threw little bunches of wild flowers into the car.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

III

THE CAUTION OF THE SWISS

ON arriving at Luzerne, bound for Bruennen, we learned that there were only certain hours in which motorists could take the drive winding about the lake of Luzerne to Bruennen. These strict rules were made because motorists used to frighten horses and pedestrians, and so made it unsafe for them to use the road. The pedestrians and teamsters now take the risk themselves if they venture out on this road between five and ten o'clock in the morning, as these hours are given over to the motor-cars.

I would suggest to motorists that instead of going directly through to Goschenen, they stop and have *déjeuner* at any of the beautiful little spots on the shores of Lake Luzerne between Bruennen and Goschenen, and then go on later in the afternoon.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

reaching Goschenen in time to go through the pass up St. Gothard, as here again the motors are held up, and are permitted to go through the gates only between the hours of five and seven in the afternoon. Only one car at a time is permitted to pass through the gate at this station, having to follow on behind coaches, baggage-wagons, or any teams that choose to go ahead. On account of the narrow and dangerous road, a motor-car is never allowed to pass any of these teams.

I suspect the thrifty Swiss have more than one idea in making these rules, for we were informed that we could go up at any time by having horses pull our car up the mountain, and that we could engage the horses necessary to do this for about fifty marks, or ten dollars. This price in itself does not seem much for the use of four horses; but it is a strain on the car, and it also takes away a bit of the pride of the motorist to see horses doing what he knows he can accomplish with his own engine.

After every coach and cart has started up the mountain, giving them fifteen minutes' start, a guard makes his appearance, and, after paying fifty cents toll, you receive a ticket. On this ticket is marked the time you leave the foot of the mountain, and when you pass through the gate at the top the time is again punched on the ticket, so there is no chance of escape. Three-quarters of an hour is allowed each motor-car to make the trip up through the pass, over the Devil's Bridge, to very nearly the



THE CAUTION OF THE SWISS

top of the mountain. If you arrive at the top five minutes ahead of this time, you are fined for travelling too fast; if you arrive five minutes behind, you are also fined. These rules seem to me rather ridiculous, but I presume the Swiss know their business, and it is wiser to be over-careful than to be reckless.

Having made the trip direct through Luzerne and on to Goschenen, we here had dinner, then walked around admiring the snow-capped mountains, and the water dashing through the ravine and over the rocks. We picked a number of wild flowers, and then cranked up our machine and started around to get in line and be the first to go through the pass. As we drew up in front of the gate at the foot of the pass, however, a fine-looking Swiss guard came out and said in German: "Why are you here so early? Don't you know you can only leave here at five o'clock, and it is now fifteen minutes to five?" I replied: "Well, yes, I know we are early; but I heard there was a handsome-looking officer up here, and I thought I would prefer to sit and look at him for awhile rather than wait at the hotel."

This I said in German, and he smiled, braced back his shoulders, and pulled down his uniform coat; and he certainly was a good-looking man! I then began a conversation as to why these rules were made, and asked if it would not be better to let the motor-cars go ahead of the carts, and let them take

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

as much time as they desired. He shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "Well, I do not make the laws. I am simply here as a paid servant to see that they are obeyed, and there would not be much misunderstanding with the carts and the motors if people only understood the language. But I am not paid enough to learn all the languages of the motorists that go along here. We have French, English, and Americans. If the Americans would only speak English, and not attempt German, it would not be so hard; but they do not understand me, and I do not understand them, and consequently, we both get as mad as the devil!"

He was very much interested in my car, seeing it so heavily loaded. I explained to him that this was the beginning of a trip around the world, and he opened his eyes wide. This intelligent-looking man had never been outside of his own country, and to think of a woman making a trip around the world was something beyond his comprehension. He remarked that he would like to go with us, but did not understand these machines. He admitted that he was afraid of them, and had never even had a ride in one. I immediately suggested that if he had the time, he should jump in the car and take a ride up to the top of the pass. He looked at me and said, "Do you mean it? Will that car take me, too?" I replied that I did mean it, and that the car would surely carry him as well as the rest of the load.



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When I explained to Mr. Brooks what I had offered to do, he looked very black and asked what I thought the car could do; but I insisted that if the car could not do all I wanted of it, I would leave it; so there was nothing for him to do but to give the engine more oil, and you never saw a slow-moving person get such life and motion in a short time as did this officer at the thought of having a trip on a motor-car up the St. Gothard pass. He immediately closed up business—one other car arriving just in time to get through. He was so excited that he did not even give me a ticket, and he told every one in the neighborhood where he was going. We started out, and he called out to the coaches that had preceded us: “Get out of the way. Here’s a lady of great consequence. Make way there!” And when they saw the Chief of Police (for such he proved to be) on my car, they did make way, and the drivers doffed their hats. One unfortunate man, not recognizing the tone of command from this great man, did not pay attention as soon as the Chief thought he should; and he called out to him, and wrote his name down, and I fear the poor man had to pay a fine when he reached the gate, for he was reported with great dignity as having dared disobey the commands to get out of the way.

The Chief was greatly interested in the drive, and gave us directions in regard to the sharp turns, so as to give us plenty of room. As we passed the mountain falls, going over the Devil’s Bridge, the

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roar of the water made such a noise one could scarcely hear one's own voice. The scenery on every hand was striking as the car climbed upward, puffing a little, it is true, but doing the work finely. I shall never forget our view of the setting sun over this mass of white-capped mountains. The black rocks standing out seemed to say, "Who dares trespass here?"

The peasants were surprised to see their chief officer, and he informed me that once every six months he went up this mountain to get reports, but that he did it on foot. Our Swiss friend not only guided us up the mountain safely, but escorted us to a friendly Swiss hotel, where, he told us, they had not yet learned the charges to which Americans usually are subjected. I found this hotel was kept by a German widow, and she immediately proceeded to make us comfortable, the buxom Swiss maids coming out and tackling our trunks as though they were baskets of cabbages.

Upon entering my room, a crackling fire greeted me, which was welcome, for at this height the thickest fur coat is none too warm. A cover for the motor was also found, and we were soon seated at table, enjoying roast chicken with all accessories, and with a delicious omelet for dessert. Our Swiss guide had informed me that the prices at this hotel would be far less than at some of the other places, and I was astonished at the bill. I inquired why it was that they charged four dollars for one chicken,

THE CAUTION OF THE SWISS

and the head waiter replied, "Madame, these chickens all come from Paris, and they have to be hauled up the mountain by horses."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not raise chickens up here, with all this lovely green grass?" I inquired. We were soon informed that the seasons were very short up there, and that chickens would not live; that only dead chickens were carried up there. I must add that I did not see a live chicken while on the top of the mountain. We went up so high that all vegetation ceased, with the exception of gray moss and Alpine roses. Nothing but black rocks met our view.

In this hotel we found many guests, some of whom said they had walked all the way from Luzerne. The road leading up from Luzerne to St. Gothard is decidedly narrow, but for many hundred years the German tourist, the English, and in fact all nationalities have been in the habit of taking this walk. Lovers of nature and adventure will find a grand opportunity here to test their walking and climbing abilities; and it is an outrage for a motor-car to pass these people without showing any regard for their comfort or safety. Timid women will cling to the sides of the rocks, or will rush madly into dangerous spots, not realizing that these snorting, monstrous-looking things can be stopped within a foot of them if necessary. I shall not soon forget some of the smiling acknowledgments we received as we stopped our car or turned

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out in order to save a young lady's pretty gown from being spattered with mud or covered with dust.

After a refreshing night's sleep under a tremendous feather-bed—which felt mighty good in the early morning hours—we were up, had our coffee, and started through the Swiss mountains, passing through Flüelen, down to Lake Maggiore, then around to Lago Lugano, and on to Como.

Going down the mountain was even finer than going up. However, there are many sharp turns to be made, and one wants to feel absolutely sure of the brakes. There was a pouring rain when we started down, and the sun came out only once or twice, but we kept dry and comfortable.



VILLA RAIMONDI

IV BEAUTIFUL COMO

AS we came near the Italian border, we gave up our Swiss triptyque and presented our Italian one. We had no trouble whatever here, as we were able to speak the language. Upon being informed that this was the beginning of a trip around the world, the whole custom-house force, consisting of about ten men, came out to take a look at the car.

In less than an hour after passing the border, I was blowing my automobile horn on one of the most delightful roads in the whole world, winding around the foot of the mountains at Lake Como, with the sun shining, and the lake welcoming us with rippling smiles. This road has been under construction for over twenty years, and motorists will be

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glad to know that one can drive now from Como direct to Cadenabbia on one of the most beautiful drives possible, winding in and out, through Cernobbio and Argegno, and getting fine views of Isola Comacina.

Arriving at my Villa Carlotta, where the servants welcomed me in approved Italian fashion, I



VILLA CARLOTTA

found my rooms all in order for my reception, and in less than ten minutes after our arrival a delicious breakfast was served in a little arbor of green magnolias, my birds singing, and Honk-Honk at once assuming proprietorship, and investigating every nook and corner. A look of horror mantled the



BEAUTIFUL COMO

face of Gulio, the gardener, as he saw my American dog tearing about with no respect for borders or delicate leaves of begonias. It became necessary to chastise Honk-Honk with a small riding whip. In our gardens in Italy, the gravel walks are swept and the grass combed daily. It is not the kind of grass we see in America, but a very velvety green grass with long thin blades, called Japanese.

Friends were much interested in the car and in the anticipated trip around the world; however, they all shook their heads and said that I did not know what was before me—which I freely acknowledged. I settled down for a while to the enjoyment of my villa and the numerous trips about Lake Como. One of these trips was to Geregazza, Villa Reina.

It is a pleasure to know the intimate Italian home life, as it exists in villa and palace. I have heard many people complain of the high walls which prevented their seeing the interior of the grounds and the homes as they motored along the road, and for that reason I appreciate the privilege of having been behind those walls, and I should like to say something about that home life.

Every one of these old places, palaces and villas, has a history. Chief among interesting friends are the Marquese and Marquesa Trotti, who have not only one, but three or four beautiful homes, one of them being the historical Villa Pliniana, where the mother of the Marquesa, the Princess Christina

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Belgiojoso, lived during the middle of the nineteenth century, and proved herself one of the most devoted partisans for Italian unity. All through those dark days of desperate effort, and hope deferred, she showed her sympathy with the aspirations of her countrymen. She was undaunted and fearless in resisting any enemies to Italy. The Marchese and Marchesa Trotti have both passed the



OUR FRIENDS AT VILLA TROTTI

three-score and ten milestone, but their hospitality, and the air of "at homeness" with which they surround their guests, is simple and charming. They are lovers of nature, and to wander about with them in their beautiful home, the Villa Trotti, on Lago di Como, and hear them describe how they had planted this tree on their wedding day, how together they had laid out and planned the beautiful gardens, is a privilege.

BEAUTIFUL COMO

Nearly always one will find one or two daughters and several granddaughters on their annual visits, taking turns, so as not to overcrowd the beautiful old villa, although it contains more than fifty rooms. This villa was built in the seventeenth



THE GARDENS AT VILLA TROTTI

century. It is a charming sight to see the Marchesa knitting and crocheting little garments to be worn by the smaller members of her large peasant family, for she looks on the peasants on her estate as part of her family cares. I have never heard in that

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house an unkind criticism, or a remark that could wound the most sensitive. Their admiration of America and the Americans is marked.

Then, too, in their country place, Guelo, high up in the mountains, the Marchesa's landscape gardening shows to the very best advantage. Long vistas of green, with magnificent trees grouped here and there, give a restful view to the eye, and the effect is most picturesque. There during the summer months their daughter, the Countess Sala, remains and entertains.

I visited, too, the Countess Zucchini Solimey in her father's old palace, La Gazzada, and the Villa Cagnola, where we drank tea and looked out over the delightful landscape spread before us. Here and there one can obtain a glimpse of the lake, looking like a bit of turquoise set in living green. The softness of the air, and the always kindly hospitality in that beautiful home, makes one feel that life is worth living.

Another most interesting villa in which to spend an afternoon is the Villa Melzi. The Duchess represents one of the old type of *grandes dames*. Her lively interest in all that is new and progressive is refreshing. I was much interested in her account of her annual trips to her vineyards near Venice, where, she informed me, she lives among the peasants and assumes their costume; and she assured me that this was one of the pleasantest parts of her whole summer.

BEAUTIFUL COMO

Among those who have beautiful homes must be mentioned the Count and Countess Taverna, whose palace in Rome is considered one of the finest. To have the *entrée* to the Countess's "at homes" is almost equal to having admission to visit the Queen. The Countess Taverna has turned one of her old palaces into a school for teaching young girls lace-making, and she herself travels and visits all the exhibitions where there is a possibility of getting new ideas on this subject. The Countess has also engaged some of the best artists to copy designs of old laces in Rome, and these designs are copied by the children. At the same time a very careful teacher is on hand to read to them and to help them improve their minds while their fingers are busy. They are given work for which they obtain money, and some of their work is certainly dainty and tempting.

I should like to trespass a little further and speak of the beautiful home of the Marquessa d'Adda, the Villa d'Adda, Arcore. The approach to this charming home is through a park, and the drive winds in and out of clumps of copper beeches, maples, and fir trees. At each turn one gets a view of the beautiful house situated on the heights above. A more charming hostess or a more beautiful woman, one seldom sees, even in Italy.

Mention is also due the Villa Raimondi, or rather Villas, for at one time the Marchesa owned seven of the most beautiful on and about Lake

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Como. It is a pleasure to take luncheon with this hostess, to wander with her through her old palace and hear her accounts of the history connected with each of the rooms. At one time they had a Pope in the family, and, judging by his surroundings, he must have been a very broad one, and fond of worldly pleasures. One of the bedrooms, particularly, is worthy of description. The walls are hung with red silk. The four-posted bedstead is carved in gold, with two immense angels holding the canopy, and on each side of the bed are prayer-stands of the same design. There is a magnificent chair, looking more like a throne than a chair. Paintings, more than five hundred years old, hang on the walls, and there are inlaid tables and chests of drawers. Over the doors and around the ceiling are beautiful wood carvings.

While at Lake Como, in September, we made up a party and motored down to Brescia, where we saw Curtiss's prize-winning flight. The weather was very fine and promising for the sport, so we decided on going through to Brescia instead of stopping the night at Bergamo, as had first been our intention. The drive from Lake Como to Bergamo is one of the most picturesque imaginable, hills and lakes alternating. The roads were good, although very dusty between Bergamo and Brescia.

The field for the aeroplane exhibition was situated in the vast plain of Monteclairi, twelve and a half kilometres distant from the town, and the road

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leading to it was covered with vehicles of every kind—trolleys, carts, wagons, private carriages, bicycles, and motor-cars. Red flags in Brescia and at the entrance to the field gave the welcome news that there would be flights. After waiting patiently in the sun and dust, the spectators were rewarded by the sight of Bleriot, who had crossed the English channel on July 26th, making two very fine flights



THE SISTER-IN-LAW OF BISMARCK IN HER CAR

of two and three kilometres each in his monoplane, which looks exactly like a huge dragon-fly. At last when all hope of another flight had been given up, there was a general stir, and at 5.43 P. M. Mr. Curtiss's biplane rose lightly and swiftly to a height of about thirty metres, which was sustained during the whole flight. The suspense of the thousands assembled around the field was intense. Until then nothing in the way of long flights had been at-

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tempted, much less attained; and the news that Mr. Curtiss was trying for the Great Prize of Brescia (thirty thousand lire) spread like wild-fire, when, after having made three times the ten-kilometre circuit of the field, Mr. Curtiss went on a fourth and fifth round. As a finishing touch, Mr. Curtiss made a very short sixth round, and came down as lightly as he had ascended. The whole performance had taken forty-nine minutes and twenty-four seconds.

After seeing this splendid feat of our compatriot, we returned to Brescia to secure lodgings for the night, and so missed the flight of Rougier, who won the record by going up to a height of one hundred and sixteen metres.

The next morning our party set out early, and secured good seats on the tribunes, meeting Mr. Curtiss and talking with him. We found him very quiet and modest amid all the honor and attention that were being given him. His machine was the smallest and lightest of all, reminding one of a sea-gull, which, by the way, he said was exactly what he was aiming at. In the forenoon of the 12th not much flying went on, an attempt of Calderara's not succeeding. Toward two o'clock spectators, who in the morning had been scarce, began to arrive in great numbers; and the place reserved for automobiles filled rapidly until about one thousand were drawn up.

At three o'clock Rougier tried for the Great Brescia Prize, not succeeding, however, in beating

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Mr. Curtiss's record for speed, since his flight occupied one hour, nine minutes, and forty-two seconds.

Since we wished to go back to Lake Como on Sunday night, we did not wait to see Mr. Curtiss's second very successful flight, but departed at five o'clock, arriving, after a short stop in Bergamo, at my villa on Lake Como about midnight.

During the next few days I enjoyed little excursions on my yacht, the *Carlotta*, which is American built, and we sailed in and out and about Lake Como, where I may go as fast as I please without seeing a gendarme holding up his finger and saying, "A little too fast, madame." At the *fiesta di fiori* at Cadenabbia on September 22d, my yacht was honored with the first prize for motor-boats, consisting of a silver cup given by the Marchesa Trotti, and a hand-painted banner.

Finally the time arrived for continuing my trip, and I accepted an invitation to spend the week-end with Madame Brocca Rospini, in Magenta, where many mutual friends were invited to meet me and to wish me *bon voyage*.

From Magenta we motored to Genoa, and from Genoa to Marseilles, down the Riviera. The carnation beds on one side of the road, and the blue sea on the other, give the traveller in a motor-car a much more vivid appreciation of the beauty of this place than one could ever obtain from riding in a railroad train.

Honk-Honk must not be forgotten. It was all

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right for the rest of my party to sail on the P. & O. Line, but after writing, begging, and doing everything possible to obtain permission, Honk-Honk was not permitted to accompany his mistress. I found I could send him by express by a slower boat going from Genoa to Bombay, and it was decided



CASA BROUCA, MAGENTA

that Honk-Honk must travel alone. Providing him with his outfit meant a box, a cover to sleep on, a drinking cup, brush and comb, a box of dog biscuit, and a pair of his mistress's slippers. To insure the attention of his care-takers, the following note was enclosed in a small waterproof envelope and attached to his collar:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

My name is Honk-Honk, and I was given to my mistress as a mascot for her motor trip around the world; but as dogs are not permitted on the steamer that My Mistress sailed on, I, a Boston Bull

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Terrier, am obliged to be sent by another line. I don't bite, only love to play; and if there is nothing else, will some kind-hearted person give me My Mistress's slipper to play with, then I won't cry.

I don't eat meat at all, only bread and soup, with plenty of fresh water, and occasionally a big bone, which will amuse me for hours; also if I may be permitted to play on deck, I'll be very good and not give any one any trouble. When I arrive safe those in charge of me will receive the gratitude of Mrs. Clark Fisher, at Bombay; also the gratitude of Honk-Honk.

As to the crating of my car: after taking possession of my car in Paris, the crate was left with the Express Company in storage, to be sent to whatever port I might afterward decide to sail from. I sent this notice, as agreed upon, and the crate was sent to Genoa. My car was then packed and sent from Genoa to Bombay by way of another steamer, the Express Company attending to this. I afterward learned this was unnecessary, and I could have attended to it myself without paying ten dollars a day for a man's time to make inquiries; but the Express Company having told me that they had agencies all the way around the world, I thought perhaps it would be wiser to let them handle the car. I learned afterward that they had not agencies as represented, and I was obliged to take charge of the car, Mr. Brooks going himself to the Custom House and seeing that it was properly taken out of the crate and re-crated. This was not properly done in Italy, where we trusted to others. A more stupid lot of workmen one could not have found. There were always too many bosses, and the men were only too willing to disobey one man while listening to the orders of another.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

V

TOWARD THE FAR EAST

WE left Marseilles on the *Mantua*, sailing December 10, 1909, for Port Said, and arriving December 14th, about ten o'clock in the morning.

All the passengers were put into lighters and taken ashore, where, for the first time, I saw the different nationalities of the Eastern countries. Such excitement! Such calling out directions in a language that I had never heard before! For a moment my heart failed me, for all my previous experiences in travelling seemed to have been of no avail. After careful consideration and much correspondence, I had decided not to travel with a Cook or any other tourist ticket, so I felt absolutely help-

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less. However, I soon found a man who spoke English, and I told him we were going to Cairo and that my baggage was on one of those lighters, and asked him what I had to do about it. He informed me that it would all be looked after; that I needed only to identify my baggage after its arrival, out of an immense quantity that was piled here and there on the sand. This I did, and we were then taken to the station, where I purchased our tickets for Cairo. I had to take my baggage to another department, where it was weighed, and where I paid for its weight. I believe there was some allowance on my tickets.

Then for the ride! And, by the way, this was the first time I had been on a railroad train for many months—yes, years; but there was no help for it this time, and that ride made me appreciate tenfold the pleasure of riding in the fresh air in my motor-car.

The railroad runs along the Suez Canal, and as the train started, we rushed from side to side of the car to catch glimpses of that wonderful piece of engineering that cost so many lives and so much money. We were also interested to see the bands of pilgrims wending their way toward Cairo, to spend Christmas night with their dead; the long trains of camels walking on the narrow bank along the canal, where it was barely possible for two to pass. We caught glimpses of the little mud houses gathered together in the small villages everywhere

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on either side of the bank, great quantities of sheep, the little donkeys, the palm trees, and great deserts of sand spread out in the distance. Even the sky with its glorious coloring impressed one with the thought that we were in the old Eastern land. I shall never forget the first sunset I saw, lighting up everything with its golden glow, with streaks of yellow, blue, and green, in fact, every color known, starting out of the west.

It was hot and dusty, and when we arrived in Cairo the whole party showed more fatigue and dust than we would have suffered in a five hundred mile motor trip. We were at once beset with guides, each having his voluminous pockets filled with endless letters written by tourists, recommending their special guide to your attention. Many informed us that they had been in America; others informed us they had never served any but royalty. We soon selected a guide from the hotel, and told him we wanted to go to Shepheard's, as to visit Cairo without going to Shepheard's would not seem like Cairo at all, although I understand there are far better hotels there, with more modern conveniences and at a lower price. We were put into an already overcrowded 'bus and driven toward the hotel. The air was delightful; one did not feel too hot or too cool. Reaching the hotel, we were met by the manager, whom one might have taken for a dancing-master, so exquisitely dressed was he. He wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole, and bowed and sa-

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laamed effusively. He informed us that they were very crowded, but he would make an effort to accommodate us, and, after I had selected the rooms that suited me best for my little party, our baggage was brought up by brown, bare-legged Egyptians, each wearing about his head nine yards of cheese-capping which I was afterward told was used for their shrouds when they are dead. Always in life they carry that muslin with them.

COPIED FROM MY DIARY

Friday, Dec. 10. Sailed from Marseilles on the P. & O. *Mantua* for Port Said. Weather fair.

Saturday, 11. Weather fair. All well.

Sunday, 12. Heavy rain and hail storm. Sea rough. I wish I was on land.

Monday, 13. Fair weather. All well.

Tuesday, 14. Arrived at Port Said about ten A. M. Landed and took train to Cairo, arriving there about 5:30 P. M.

Wednesday, 15. Visited Bazaar in the morning.

Thursday, 16. Made excursion to pyramids by carriage and camels. On return visited Zoölogical Gardens and Gerrah Palace. Lunched at Sphinx Hotel.

Friday, 17. Drove to Citadel in the afternoon and saw the Mosque. Drove from there across the Nile to see the sunset.

Saturday, 18. Excursion to Sakharali. Took train to Helanam, then donkeys and sand-cart to the tombs and pyramids at Gherah across the desert. Tram home to hotel.

Among the amusing incidents of this day was Mr. Brooks's first experience in riding a donkey. He had just remarked to me that he had never real-

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ized before how nice it was to ride, and that upon his return to America he thought he would purchase a horse, when I had a view of him making a double somersault over the head of the donkey. When he arose from the ground, there was hostility and a lot of white showing in his eye, and in the donkey's as well; and I have heard nothing further about horse-back riding. Albert also tried his hand at doing a single somersault, and afterward preferred riding in the sand-cart, even if it was a little rough.

Sunday, 19. A very impressive procession passed the hotel this morning, the funeral of a Turkish General. In the afternoon all went to the Museum of Antiquities. Very interesting exhibition of mummies.

Monday, 20. A long ride. We were told not to land our motor-car here, as there were only a few roads, the longest being ten miles, which was built in eleven days by Napoleon's soldiers. The sand and desert are impassable for motor-cars at this time, but I think it will be only a short time before they will have lovely rides all around Cairo.

Tuesday, 21. A long donkey ride to the Petrified Woods, and to visit Moses' Well, where the water gushed from the rock at his command.

Wednesday, 22. Visited the Island and the Villa Rhoda, also the place where Moses was supposed to have been found in the bulrushes.

Thursday, 23. To-day every one is talking in the bazaars. The streets are crowded with people, and the fatted lamb or goat is in front of nearly every man's door. One really feels heartfelt sympathy for these poor animals that are pulled and punched, but sometimes coaxed along by a little lad walking ahead with a handful of grass to persuade the lamb or sheep that he can get a bite, but the bite is always held too high, and

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he can only make the trial over and over again. The sunsets are beautiful, and we have had delightful weather ever since we arrived.

In Cairo the children are half naked, and one sees very few women, those of the better class having their faces covered, and driving in carriages with outrunners, to keep the people from seeing them. Before the shops one can see men working with their hands and feet in the same time, grinding knives with one foot turning the handle, the knives in their hands. Wood-turners are to be seen using the most primitive tools one can imagine. Men carry water in calf-skins that look dirty, and are dirty. These skins are hung around the neck of the water-carrier with a string, and to hold the water in they close the neck of the skin with their hands. This water is sold to any one along the streets, and the skins are filled at the pumps.

The Mosques are interesting. The students sit on the floor and keep up a constant rocking motion while studying, all swaying in the same direction, and this seems to be a part of their duty. It makes one feel seasick, almost, to watch them. They wash, eat, and sleep in these so-called colleges.

One sees many blind people here, and nearly every other person one meets has sore eyes. Upon making inquiries as to the cause of this, we were told that the mothers were partly responsible, for in many cases when a son is born, the mother, not wanting the boy to have to go out as a soldier, would

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drop a drop of a poisonous herb and goat's milk into the eyes of the child, thus causing the sore eyes and total blindness, the mother believing that in this way she is saving her child from battle.

On the 24th we decided that we would go up into the tombs with the many caravans of people we could see passing along every day. They are a solemn-looking people, minding their own business,



RETURNING FROM THE "FEAST OF THE DEAD," CAIRO

except in some of the more dilapidated houses along the old bazaars, where one will find children quarrelling and fighting like little wildcats, and women pulling one another's hair.

One of the most disgusting and pitiful sights was to see the little helpless children, and the sick, with the ever-present flies crawling over their faces, in their eyes, ears, and mouth, and thus carrying infection to others. There is nothing to do but

TOWARD THE FAR EAST

carry a small bamboo lash with one always, with which to keep the flies away. The parents carry their children astride their shoulders; and it is not an unusual sight to see the little children sleeping soundly with their little heads resting on the shoulders of the one carrying them, as contentedly as though resting in a cradle.

One certainly feels the spirit of Christmastide in the air as with thousands of others we join the procession and go up into the tombs, not to sleep, but to watch the little impromptu outdoor plays, the dancing and other amusements of this Christmas fête. At four o'clock Christmas morning there is a solemn moment when all kneel, and each person there is praying to Allah.

At this time both men and women are given as much meat as they can eat, for twice a year they have this general slaughter, and each must give to his neighbor, so that all are supplied. Although for six months before they had hardly touched meat, and would probably not have much for six months to come, they gorge themselves at this time until they are really stuffed.

As the sun rises, one can think of nothing but an immense eye overlooking all, and one cannot resist again kneeling with this mixed multitude and thanking one's own Allah for His many mercies, and asking for His protection on the rest of one's journey.

No more fitting time than Christmas Day could

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be found for visiting the second hiding-place of Mary and the infant Christ, when fleeing from Herod. This has been so often described by travellers, that I simply mention it.

The pyramids, too, are wonderful pieces of architecture, but these also, with the Sphinx always on guard, have been so well described that I give no detailed account. On a moonlight trip to these wonders one sees them under the best conditions, especially the Sphinx.

On Monday, December 27th, we left Cairo at 6.15 P. M. for Aden and Port Said, where we were to take the P. & O. steamer for India. Upon our arrival in Port Said, we found that the *China*, on which we expected to sail, had been badly damaged in a storm, and the *Persia* would not arrive before Friday, so we had to wait from Monday until Friday, and sail on that day on the steamer *Persia* for Bombay.



THE CAR ARRIVING AT BOMBAY

VI

BOMBAY AND HONK-HONK

LEAVING Port Said on Friday, December 31st, at five P. M., we arrived in Bombay on January 9, 1910, after an uneventful voyage. We went to the Taj Mahal Hotel, and I at once started out to look for Honk-Honk, and was delighted to find him well, and so happy to see me again that he hardly knew how to express his joy. The weather was very hot, but Mr. Brooks went out to look for the motor-car.

The first thing I did was to visit the army and navy store, to get supplies for our future motor trip. I bought a lantern, a hatchet, and two guns; and was delighted to find I could get all my cooking utensils of aluminum, so procured a coffee-pot, a tea-kettle, a nest of stewing dishes, frying pans, a

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soup-pot, and an excellent alcohol lamp. With the tea-basket which I brought from America, and which holds just enough for four people, my house-keeping outfit was complete.

It will interest the reader to know the quantity of provisions with which we started out. I purchased a tin can holding seven pounds of flour, five pounds of coffee, three pounds of cut loaf sugar and one pound of granulated sugar, a can of baking powder, three small jars of Liebig's extracts, three boxes of soda crackers, six jars of condensed milk, six cans of condensed cream, a jar of curry, three cans of Australian sausage (which, by the way, is delicious), a jar of canned bacon, two jars of potted chicken, two of boned partridge, and a quart of onions, as I was told these were very hard to obtain except in the large bazaars. These were all packed into light Indian wicker baskets, just fitting in between the two passengers on the rear seat. I also purchased two Indian water-buckets.

We found our car had stood the passage well, and we made several excursions around and about Bombay. One of these was a sort of trial trip, to prove whether or not our car was going to be able to climb the hills. This was to Poona, a distance of one hundred and thirteen miles from Bombay, over a mountain that no motor-car had been able to climb without the water boiling over in the engine, and then only with great difficulty, as I was informed by some English people in Bombay. I

BOMBAY AND HONK-HONK

invited to go with me on this trip Mr. and Mrs. Cassie, with whom we had become acquainted on shipboard.

We left Bombay on Saturday, and had our first experience going in and through the narrow, crowded streets, and playing "hide and seek" with the bullock carts. These are the most dangerous things a motorist can have to deal with. The drivers very seriously keep to the left in English fashion, but when you are just about opposite Mr. Bullock, although he has apparently paid no attention to you as you came up, suddenly, quicker than a flash, he turns to one side, and you have to be mighty sharp at the wheel to prevent being hit with the long bamboo poles with which these two-wheeled carts are oftentimes loaded. In spite of his master's punching him and pulling on the rope which is tied through the animal's nose, a more wise bullock would often leave the road entirely to you, while he would take to the gutter, or a hill, or anything to get out of the way. We were amused sometimes at some of the ridiculous spills caused by these sudden flights from the road. The carts have only two wheels, which are very high, and the carts have no sides, being composed of only three or four flat boards, and on these boards as many as eight or ten people sometimes ride, so you can imagine the scramble and spill that takes place when the bullock turns and runs over a knoll up a hill. The people usually took this good-naturedly, however, and,

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after picking themselves up out of the dust, would salaam in the most friendly manner and smile at their own ridiculous position.

There are a great number of toll-gates near and around Bombay, especially on the road to Poona, which is one of the English fort towns. About every four miles one passes a toll-gate. The roads, however, are in excellent condition.



HELD UP FOR TOLL

We left the Taj Mahal Hotel about eleven o'clock, taking our tea-basket with us, and reached Poona about five o'clock that afternoon. My car was the first large car to ascend the Bhore Ghat, so it attracted a good deal of attention and created some excitement. We felt rather anxious, fearing we might have some trouble; but as Mr. Cassie was able to speak Hindustanee, he was of great assistance. It was a beautiful trip, and well worth the trouble.

BOMBAY AND HONK-HONK

One of the amusing and unusual sights to my Western eyes was the making use of men for nursemaids. Some of the wives of the English officers told me that they much preferred them to women, that they were very fond of the children, and became very devoted to them. They had one trouble with them, and that was they would treat a fifteen or sixteen year old boy as though he were a child of five or six years of age. These men did not seem to realize that they were occupying a peculiar position, but were very proud of their little charges.

Motoring is fairly under way in Bombay. They have a Motor Club and are very enthusiastic about it, although the English cling to their horses, especially for early morning riding.

In passing through the villages, going over bridges, and travelling over the ghats, the drivers must drive slowly and carefully; although the police are very obliging in the cities, and, if they know what you want, will try to help you. One should be very careful, too, in turning through the villages, as there are many dangerous places, short curves and bends in the road, and if the driver is not constantly on the alert, he will suddenly find himself ditched.

Our car behaved beautifully going up Bhor Ghat, not seeming even to notice that it was going up a hill; and our friends were enthusiastic over it.

We passed through the English barracks, and on our return, the following day, we visited the Caves of Karli. These caves are so far from any

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railway, that to visit them it is necessary to have a motor-car or a horse. They are perhaps the most wonderful caves in all India, having been cut out of the rocks, leaving solid pillars which uphold the roof. They are far up the mountains, and I was obliged to be carried up in a dandie by four strong men, who were only too willing to do this for



IN THE CAVES OF KARLI

twenty-five cents. The rest of the party went up on foot. Scientific men are almost the only ones who attempt to visit these caves. From the road winding far below around the foot of the mountain, one would never suspect that such works of art were near. It is claimed that these caves were used thousands of years ago as a hiding-place for soldiers; being occupied at times by the Hindus and at other

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times by the Mohammedans. The priest now in charge points out the damage done to the carvings by the Mohammedans.

After having enjoyed a delightful motor trip, we returned to Bombay. The natives gazed upon us with great interest, but we returned the compliment, for to our Western eyes the sight of so many people with so little on in the way of clothing was, after the first shock, a rather unique form of entertainment.

While in Bombay we were entertained by Captain Radice at the Royal Yacht Club, with an afternoon tea and dinner.

The island of Bombay is one of twelve which were at one time separated from the mainland and from one another by very narrow channels, some of which have now been filled up. The principal islands are Bassein, Dravi, Salsette, Trombay (in which the hill called the Neat's Tongue, one thousand feet high, is a conspicuous sight), Bombay and Elephanta. The average temperature of Bombay is 79.2° F. It is neither so hot in summer nor so cold in winter as many places in the interior. The coolest months are from November until March. The southwest monsoon begins about the second week in June, and the rains continue until the end of September, the average rainfall being 70.30 inches.

As the harbor is approached and entered, the scene is thoroughly picturesque. To the west, the

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shore is crowded with buildings, some of them, as for example the Colaba Church, the Tower of the University, and that of the Municipal Buildings, lofty and well proportioned. To the north and east are numerous islands, and, on the mainland, hills rising to an altitude of from one thousand to two thousand feet. Noteworthy among these is the remarkable hill of Bawa Malang, otherwise called Mallangarh, on the top of which is an enormous mass of rock with perpendicular sides, crowned with a fort, now in ruins.

Travellers who have not been in the East before, will be struck with the picturesqueness of the scene on landing in Bombay. The quaint native craft at the quay; the crowds of people dressed in the most brilliant and varied costumes; the Hindus of different castes; the Mohammedans, Jews, and Parsis, with a sprinkling from other nationalities; the gaily-painted bullock-carts; and other sights of equal novelty, combine to make a lasting impression on the mind of the stranger. The road from the Ballard Pier enters the circuit of the old fort of Bombay just above the ancient castle. From this point Bazar Gate Street leads north to the Victoria Station and onward to the main part of the city, and here, after three o'clock in the afternoon, you will find carriages drawn up and all classes and all sorts of people sitting and lying around. Here and there are small groups of people watching the snake-charmers, with at least a dozen snakes, a few scor-

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pions, and a mongoose. They give exhibitions of their wonderful control over these creatures, and if you will pay them a rupee they will let the mongoose out and have a snake killed. These snake-charmers are a part of the real life of Bombay; for one cannot walk a block without being accosted by them with smiles and gestures, indicating that they want to show you what they can do.

The heat in the middle of the day is dangerous, and the first thing a tourist does is to provide himself with a topee and a thin pongee silk suit or gown. Also, it is advisable to carry a small bamboo stick with which to whip the bare legs of the natives who are too persistent in coming close up to one in begging, or selling their wares. In this close contact there is danger of catching the plague or some other disease.

The Queens Road leads to Malabar Hill, which bends around the northwest side of the bay, and is continued to the north by Khamballa Hill. From both of these beautiful views of the Back Bay and of the sea are obtained.

A little further on, your attention is called to the many buzzards sitting on the wall, and if you listen very carefully, you will hear them calling or chattering. If you look around to the right, you will probably find the last remains of a father, brother, or mother being carried on the shoulders of coolies to the rocks above, where, in a short time, these birds tear the flesh from the bones. They told

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me that at night the jackals come and finish what is left of these human forms.

Before starting across India, I engaged a boy who spoke fairly good English, to accompany me to Calcutta. He came into my service three or four days before I left Bombay, sleeping outside of my door at the Taj Mahal Hotel, on a sort of quilted mat about ten inches thick. He also had a small tin kettle and a little box in which he was to carry his provisions on our trip. His fees were to be fifteen dollars a month, he supplying himself with his own provisions, and sleeping outside the door of my tent wherever we might stop.



A BULLOCK CART

VII

ACROSS INDIA IN A MOTOR-CAR

ON January 17th we started from Bombay. It was not a very promising outlook. Dirty, ragged-looking people lined the way, and every few moments a corpse was carried along the street with scarcely any covering. Every one was talking about the plague and the smallpox, and at this time of the year the Hindus and the Mohammedans are very restless—but all of this sounds more dreadful than it really was.

The dirty people are there, yes; that is, on the outside, but I believe the Hindus are very cleanly, for they are always washing, unfortunately, on the very edge of the different wells, where the water runs back into the wells, and they, and you also, have to partake of this same water, but “well cooked before taking.”

We made arrangements with the only garage in Bombay to send us petrol en route to the differ-

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ent stations, and paid our hotel bill, then two brown, bare-legged Hindus, with the assistance of my boy, Antonio, began carrying down the different pieces of luggage we were to take with us. As the different parcels were packed, and we began to stow them away on the motor-car, a small crowd of people, guests of the hotel, gathered around. The manager became so interested that he asked me politely, but pointedly, "Madam, do you expect to take all that stuff with you on your motor-car?"

"Yes."

"But, madam, you will never get twenty miles out of Bombay with it."

I smilingly answered, "No? Why not?"

"Why, you will break down, and you are liable to be robbed. What all have you got there?"

"Simply a camping outfit, with provisions for four or five days."

The manager put both hands in his pockets, shrugged his shoulders, and walked away to the group of gentlemen at the other end of the piazza. I heard them in excited conversation, and again the manager returned and said: "Mrs. Fisher, those gentlemen over there are motorists, and they are making a wager that you are undertaking an impossibility in trying to cross India. Why, there is not an English officer would trust his wife fifty feet outside camp here in this country."

Again I answered: "No? Well, I am going to trust myself, and I shall be very pleased to send



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you a card from Calcutta, informing you of our safe arrival.”

He at once gave me his card and a deadhead frank on which to send the message. He asked permission to present two of the gentlemen, and they questioned me about my proposed journey. “ How do you expect to get petrol as you go along? ”

I told them that I carried nearly four hundred miles of petrol along with me, in the front tank eighteen gallons, and in the rear tank twenty-two gallons, and also four gallons of oil for the machine; that I had arranged to have the petrol delivered at the different stations located from a map that I had been able to obtain, and that I felt pretty sure of reaching those stations before the petrol that I carried with me had given out; and that the dak bungalows and my tent must be my home until we reached Calcutta.

You are allowed to have only twelve gallons of petrol, or three four-gallon drums, sent to one person, so when we needed more than that amount, we had it sent in the name of one of the other members of our party to the station designated, and in that way were able to obtain a sufficient supply.

We were to have left Bombay about eight o'clock that morning, but it took so long to stow away all the necessary articles that it was nearly eleven before we got away.

We took the Queens Road on the way to Igapuri, going through Thana to Bhewndi, which is

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distant from Thana nine miles. Here there is a creek, over which we were obliged to ferry, and which must be taken at high tide. From Bhewndi to Shahpura is seventeen miles, and there are very good roads here, but they are intersected by about thirty Irish bridges, which are known to Americans as "water ways." These must be taken very carefully, or broken axles or springs will result. Many of them cannot be seen until one is almost on them. From Shahpura to Tagpturi is thirty-two miles. This is about two thousand feet above sea level, and the way up the ghats is steep, but the scenery is beautiful. We arrived in Khardi about five o'clock in the evening, where we made our first camp. We had made only about ninety miles that first afternoon. At Khardi there were no sleeping quarters, so we were obliged to set up our tent, and, having cooked our own supper, to sleep in the open.

We all felt very hot and thirsty, and Albert was obliged to keep the kettle boiling for three hours to supply us with boiled water to satisfy our thirst. We had no ice, and the only way to cool the water was by putting it in a "chattie" and tying the bottle on the limb of a tree. I was put to work swinging the bottle to cool the water.

It is impossible to picture adequately the views that presented themselves to us, north, south, east, and west; the barren mountains, with here and there a group of trees; the little mud huts that looked like mounds covered with straw. There, far away

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from the sound of horses' feet, we set up our tent and courted sleep—in vain. Honk-Honk was chained to the front of the car, and not being accustomed to this life, and hearing the tom-toms from the neighboring village, he kept up a lively racket all night.



CHATTIE BOTTLE AND BOWL

The sensations that come when one realizes that one is really in a foreign land and that there are none but black people around, are decidedly peculiar. There were plenty of the natives, who delighted their souls by gazing at us, but they were extremely polite, never coming within fifty feet of our camp unless we desired them to do so. They were willing to serve us by bringing water or wood, or by doing anything that was required of them by the "white lady."

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On account of a great religious festival that was going on, our second day's run was from Igatpuri to Dhulia, eighty miles. From Igatpuri to Nansik is about twenty-five miles of tolerably level road. Near Nansik is the Godavery or Ganga River, which is considered sacred by the natives. Thousands of pilgrims come there every twelve years to bathe in this river. Here one sees orange, red, and white turbans, and mothers carrying their infants on their hip. The salaam is given here by touching the head with the right hand and then passing it to the heart, with a very graceful motion.

The bank of the river Godavery is thickly lined with temples. The chief temple is to be found on the lower bank, and this is dedicated to Kala Rama, or "Black Rama." The Buddhist Caves, varying in age from the first century, B.C., to the second century, A.D., lie about five miles to the southwest of Nansik. Trimbak, about twenty miles off, is venerated as the sacred source of the river, where the "water trickles drop by drop from the lips of a carven image shrouded by a canopy of stone" into a tank below. This is the sacred bathing place of the many pilgrims. The road is fair, and the journey there and back can be made in one day. Nansik is also the headquarters of the Royal Western India Golf Club, and the links there are good.

From Nansik to Munar one is advised to take a train or to ferry across the river, but we found a fine new bridge and a very good road. From

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Munar to Malegaon is twenty miles of good level road; from Malegaon to Dhulia is thirty-six miles of good roads, and some Irish bridges. Here we stopped at the dak bungalow, and at Dhulia we got our first supply of petrol.

Whenever we came near a railroad station we found a great difference in the manners of the



THROUGH THE SAND AT TAPTI RIVER

natives, for there they were on the lookout for tips, and were inclined to be impertinent.

We were entertained during the evening at the English garrison with native dances and games by the different braves. The Chief of Police here was much interested in our trip, and gave orders to have us met at the Tapti River with sixteen bullocks to pull our car, and two carts to take our baggage, so as to avoid any delay.

From Dhulia to the Tapti River is about thirty

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miles. The crossing of the river is tiresome, as there is several hundred yards of deep sand on both banks, through which the car must be pulled by the bullocks. A rope was tied to the front of the motor, but the sand was so deep and soft that the rope broke, and here I was glad that I had my own good manila rope, which was for the first time required for this purpose. Here, again, we saw thousands of pilgrims bathing in the river. These pilgrims do not seem to mind walking forty or fifty miles to accomplish their religious ceremonies. We met one queer-looking procession carrying a paper temple erected on two poles, which they were going to throw into the Tapti River as a sacrifice.

From Dhulia to the Khal Ghat is about one hundred and ten miles. From the Tapti River to the Khal Ghat is about eighty miles of good government roads for about five miles south of Sendwa, after which, through Holkar's territory, the surface of the road is very rough, with many steep and bad causeways. Very careful driving is required.

Unless there is plenty of time and light, it is wise to stop at the Khal Ghat dak bungalow, as the crossing of the Nerbudda River takes considerable time. There are plenty of natives to assist one in crossing the ferry. In the cold weather, when the water is low, there is an indifferent stone causeway across the river, but the island near the centre of this causeway is very sandy, and the going heavy.

Among the objects of interest to visit on the

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way from Dhulia to the Khal Ghat are the Caves of Agante. They are about eighty miles from Dhulia—a very fair road—and there is a Rest House at Fardapur, which is the nearest one to these caves. The caves number about twenty-nine, and they are among the best specimens of cave architecture in India. Here one will see the celebrated paintings supposed to be fourteen hundred years old, admirably illustrating the religious and social life of the people of India at that epoch.

From the Khal Ghat to Maksi is ninety-six miles, and from the Khal Ghat to Mhow is thirty-seven miles. At Mhow we drove to the station and got our second supply of petrol for about eight rupees. Here we found a very dirty bungalow, and met a little English woman who was in tears, because her husband had just been ordered here from another station. She said her two little girls were almost eaten up with “crimson rambles”—known in America as bedbugs! We decided to move on to Indore, about thirteen miles from Mhow, where we found a clean bungalow and an old robber. However, by this time we were learning the prices we should pay. We refused to take meals there, but we made use of the bungalow, and Albert gave us a good dinner of baked beans, tomato salad, boiled potatoes, and fried eggs. We were glad of our crackers, for here we found no bread. We met a Mr. Ross here, who came in and shared our dinner of baked beans, and said he had

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never enjoyed a dinner more since he had been in India.

During the night Honkie was left outside, fastened to the motor-car, when the jackals attacked him. A more frightened dog was never seen. I heard the noise of the howling, and went to the rescue with an iron bar which I took from the window. I soon frightened off the jackals, but a few minutes' delay would have seen the end of poor little Honk-Honk, as he was so chained that he could not well defend himself.

It was at this place that we had our first tire trouble—two punctures and a blow-out.

From Indore one can visit the Mandu ruins, which are about sixty-five miles from Indore, over a good road. No food is obtainable at the ruins, and if the motorist is obliged to stay overnight, the best place to sleep is in the gateway of Jama Masjid. Paths have been cut through the jungle to all the ruins of interest here, but the chief one is Jama Masjid, supposed to have been built about 1431-1454 A.D. This is less injured than any of the others, and is said to be the largest and finest specimen of Afghan architecture in India. These are massive and striking ruins of palaces and courts, and crumbling mosques and tombs. From the Water Palace, which has a fine tank on either side of it, a splendid view of the whole city can be obtained. Mandu occupies about eight miles of ground extending along the crest of Vindhya.

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From Mhow station to these ruins is about fifty miles.

We left Indore about eleven o'clock, and arrived in Sarangpore at six o'clock in the evening. From Indore to Maksi is forty-seven miles of good road, and from Maksi to Goona is one hundred and twenty-eight miles. Sarangpore is about sixty miles from Maksi.

Sarangpore is a charming spot at which to remain. We had a good night's sleep here, but Honkie insisted on remaining in the tent that night. Here we found a quiet, lovely place, and the native women brought us cakes. We were obliged to get water from a pond on the banks of which dead animals were lying.

We found two policemen had been sent there to take extra care of the dak bungalow while we were there.

We stayed here one day to rest, and to enable Maria to do our washing. This means that the washing was done in a tin bath-tub, the water being carried three-quarters of a mile in a goat skin, while the bushes answered for a clothes line. The thermometer was 65° in the shade.

Mr. Brooks went out gunning, for we had run out of chickens and had only two eggs in our stores. We had to depend entirely on biscuits, for our canned goods had been consumed. We therefore relied entirely on what game Mr. Brooks could bring down with his gun. He brought in some fine

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

pigeons, but was grieved because he had accidentally shot a parrot. I must speak of some of the birds we saw on this trip—the minias, the green parrots, and the swarms of peacocks, that made noises like human beings. We were warned never to shoot these birds, as they were considered sacred by the natives, and were we to be found with the feathers in our possession, it would be a good reason for our immediate slaughter. The Hindus believe that the spirits of their ancestors, if they have lived good lives on earth, assume the shapes of these different birds. It is unnecessary to say that we simply admired the peacocks.

Antonio also started out on a foraging expedition, and returned with two chickens, so Albert gave us a treat of curried chicken. We were always able to get plenty of good rice. We would often find, far away from any city, a peasant sitting out in the sun with a flat basket or cloth heaped up with rice which he sold to the passer-by, not thinking it necessary for him to go to any bazaar or larger place to dispose of his wares. In fact, all along the way there was plenty of company, each man or woman bearing a round brass basin on their heads, in which they carried water, and all going apparently in one direction. Oftentimes you would see a frail-looking little woman carrying a brass basin of water on her head, weighing anywhere from five to six pounds, a good-sized child on her hip, and a bundle of bedding wrapped around her neck, while in her right hand she would carry her staff.

ACROSS INDIA IN A MOTOR-CAR

At one point in our journey, the roadway ahead of us and the fields seemed alive with bullocks. These bullocks are wonderfully clever little animals, with very small feet, bright eyes, perfectly shaped horns, and a hump just between the shoulder blades. They are driven by means of a twisted cord which is fastened through the end of the nose, the driver carrying a stick with a sharp spear on the end.

As we were driving along, four or five of these bullocks suddenly stood still, lowered their heads, and gave a tremendous bellow, switching their tails and looking as though they meant business—which they did, for two of them attacked the side of the car, and some of them the front, while the others waited evidently to see what would happen, and ready to help if necessary. My boy, Antonio, called out, "Give me stick, quick," and he drove off the most ferocious ones, while Mr. Brooks made a flying leap over the front of the car with a piece of rubber hose in his hand, and belabored the animals in front. The coolies then came to our rescue, shouting and making a great noise, and beating the bullocks with sticks. We were soon on our way again; but one or two of the bullocks, not being satisfied, turned and chased us. Knowing he could put on full speed and escape them at any time, Mr. Brooks ran the car just fast enough to keep out of their way, but to tempt them on, while he filled their eyes and ears with dust, of which there is always more than enough in India, as they have not yet become modernized enough to put tar on the roads.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

We met bullock carts, loaded with cotton, on the way from Mhow, and passed through miles and miles of cotton fields.

It requires the greatest care in motoring in India, or a bad accident may occur at any moment. The first question I was asked by the different Indian princes I met was, "How did you manage with the bullock carts?"

It was simply by being constantly on the watch. For instance, we were driving along at about twenty miles an hour one morning when we suddenly overtook a bullock cart in which there were two women, two young Indian boys, and an elderly man driving. Just as we turned out to pass the cart, the elder of the two women jumped from the rear of the cart directly in front of our car. Fortunately the road was wide enough here to enable Mr. Brooks to turn quickly and avoid hitting her; but it took several hours for my heart to settle down to its normal condition.

We were now approaching the Gwalior estate, owned by the Maharaja of Gwalior, on the road from Sarangpore. We arrived at Goona, which is a part of the estate, about eleven o'clock at night, all very tired. The man who keeps the Rest House is an Eurasian, having had an English father and a native mother. He seemed to be well informed and was very enthusiastic about the comet which was just then making its appearance. He was a firm believer in different herbs and recipes which



ACROSS INDIA IN A MOTOR-CAR

the Indians use as medicine for different diseases, and claimed that he had a sure cure for consumption. He asked me to observe as I went along, if I met any one that appeared to be afflicted with tuberculosis. This I must say I did not, although it is very prevalent in Bombay. He declared that the Indians were wonderful doctors, and said that he personally knew a man who was over one hundred and forty years old. He was very mysterious, and pointed out to me in the sky a star which he said would watch me on my journey and prevent any serious accident. The poor man was in great grief at this time, having lost his wife only three days before. His housekeeper apparently did nothing but gaze. In fact all the natives were very curious when they saw the motor-car.

We paid seven rupees apiece here for two rooms and a little kitchen; this was for the night only, and included all the water, and two bedsteads with cotton straps across, but no mattresses. No extra charge was made for the dirt, of which there was a plenty. We cooked our own meals, depending entirely on canned goods which we bought from the keeper of the Rest House, and some pigeons which Mr. Brooks shot.

It was the most magnificent night one could imagine. The balmy air was perfect, and the different odors from the flowers, which during the day do not emit any odor, but with the falling dew at night fill the air with their spicy breath, were rare

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

indeed. In the sky to the west, we had our first view of Halley's comet on January 27th.

At Goona we received our next supply of petrol, which was in charge of the station-master, and found we had two cans too much. These two cans we forwarded on to Agra, to have ready for extra work there.

The roads through the Gwalior estate are magnificent, the natives working on them all day long. Even a little pebble, the size of one of our hickory-nuts, is not allowed to remain on one of these beautifully graded roads. Inspectors are appointed for every fifty miles, and they are responsible to His Highness for the condition of the roads. Here you may travel as fast as you like. The peasant getting in your way or stopping you apologizes, because if it were His Highness passing through, they would simply be marked and flogged. We arrived in Gwalior, having made one hundred and thirty miles, at about four o'clock. We were surprised to learn that the Maharaja himself owned thirty-two automobiles. His secretary, an Englishman, was very courteous to us, and invited us to be guests at a banquet given in the palace.



FERRYING THE CAR AT GHAMBAL RIVER

VIII

BANQUET AT GWALIOR—ON TO AGRA

HER HIGHNESS of Gwalior receives only ladies in her private rooms, and her first remark is: "Are you fond of bridge? I am very fond of it. I do not know what I should do with my many long hours if I could not play bridge. I always feel like giving a vote of thanks to the man who invented bridge."

Not realizing that America was farther away than England, Her Highness thought that any one speaking English must be from London.

I understand His Highness has no children. He is advanced in all his ideas, and is considered a loyal subject of England. Many English diplomats are in his employ, and he has done a great deal for the opening up of Central India, by building railroads,

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furnishing all the money himself, buying the engines and materials, and using his own subjects to do the work.

He has many ways of entertaining his guests, according to their individual tastes. Some he sends out on long rides on elephants through his own jungles. He also has camels and lions. He entertains very lavishly, and every English tourist of consequence brings letters to His Highness, anticipating this entertainment. He has several palaces, and travels back and forth as the seasons require the change. They are all grand in appearance, but are simply furnished, looking cool and inviting in the extreme heat.

The dining-room in which we were entertained at the banquet was decorated in white and yellow, with a bit of green here and there, and many plants surrounding the windows inside. There were many American inventions in the way of electrical appliances. One was a violin under a glass case, which was played by electricity.

The table was in the shape of an elongated horse-shoe, and in the centre was an electrical track on which miniature silver cars run up and down the table. On these cars were placed liquors, cigars, cigarettes, sweets, and small cakes. As the little train went along, should you desire any of its load, you would lift the bottle or car of sweets, and the whole train would stop until the bottle or car was replaced, when it would start again on its journey.

BANQUET AT GWALIOR—ON TO AGRA

In the balcony, which was also shaped like a horse-shoe, native musicians were stationed. The music never stopped, new musicians replacing those who were fatigued, so there was a continuous supply of the Oriental music.

We found it difficult to get our supply of crackers replenished, but before leaving Gwalior we bought all the bread we could, for which we paid fifteen cents a loaf.

The Rest House at Gwalior is one of the worst we found in India, and the contrast between the Rest House and the palace was all in favor of the palace.

We found the weather hot, and as there had been no rain for several weeks, it was very dusty. My Indian boy, who had been painted white, looked like a tremendously serious clown, who had troubles of his own: being now a dark copper color from the dust, his eyelids and hair simply pasted with red dust. The dust also turned the rest of the party into veritable Indians in color.

We left Gwalior for Agra, a distance of about seventy-three miles. This is a good road, but the ferry across the Ghambal River is awkward. In cold weather there is an indifferent boat or pontoon bridge here. We found five or six old, rotten boats, eaten up by exposure to the sun, and piled at least two feet high with sugar-cane and prairie grass. As the car went over, it swayed up and down, and

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I thought each time the car and all its contents would go down to the bottom of the river.

We decided to stop at an Inspection Bungalow about twenty miles this side of Agra. We had managed to buy some carrots and some delicious green peas, and we also had a little flour in the commissary department. Mr. Brooks was lucky enough to kill four pigeons, so Albert made a pot-pie, and we had a fine supper. Just after sunset Mr. Brooks killed two partridges, which occasioned an animated conference as to how they should be cooked. Everybody unfeignedly rejoiced in the change from pigeons to another bird.

As we rolled along through these interesting places, there were flocks of quail and grouse running across the road, not seeming to fear or pay any attention to us. The peasants apparently would hear us miles away, and would come chasing along with eyes starting out of their heads, and with a breathless salaam would stop only a few feet away from our passing car.

We took the advice of our Indian boy, and packed away as many limes as we could possibly carry in a small net sack on the side of the car. These helped to quench our thirst, and with a little sugar and boiled water, made a very acceptable lemonade. We liked the Inspection Bungalow so well that we decided to rest here until noon before attempting to go on to Agra. Mr. Brooks here had his first experience in putting a tire on a demount-

BANQUET AT GWALIOR—ON TO AGRA

able rim in the hot sun. One should never venture out in the treacherous Indian sun without a topee hat. It is said that the cause of the death of so many English soldiers when they first come to India is sunstroke from leaving off the head covering. One never sees the natives with head uncovered during the heat of the day. They wind yards and yards of fine material, either cheese-capping or silk, around their heads, in the most artistic manner.

We reached Agra about four o'clock in the afternoon. Objects of interest in Agra are the Taj Mahal Mausoleum, the Fort with Akbar's Palace, and the Pearl Mosque. The beautiful ruined city of Fatehpur Sikri is twenty-two miles from Agra, and is reached by an excellent road. It was built and then deserted by Akbar.

In Agra was found a fairly good hotel—Lauries' Great Northern Hotel. The hotels in Agra are one-story buildings, built in the shape of a hollow square, with a court in the centre, and nearly always a fountain, but no water; and very indifferent plants, as everything here has to be irrigated to make it grow. Even the most ordinary tree or weed is allowed to grow—anything that is green.

At these hotels the meals are fairly good. Your boy is supposed to bring you your tea in the morning at seven o'clock, also to bring you your lamp at night, and he likes to go shopping with you, as he receives a pourboire on everything you purchase. This sort of robbery seems to be tolerated, espe-

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cially by the English and Americans. The native Indians never permit it, but always try to get the very lowest prices themselves. I have been shopping with them, and so can speak from personal experience.

The bedrooms are usually furnished with a dusty piece of matting covering the stone floors, and at the rear of the bedroom is a small room containing a tin tub and a commode, as there are no modern toilet conveniences. Twice a day a sweeper comes, bringing fresh water. One should never use unboiled water even for brushing the teeth, as it is brought from dirty wells. Many people who travel by trains and are not warned are taken ill from this very source. The beds have no mattresses or pillows, but, by insisting upon it, you can get a mosquito net. This is desirable, for the bites of the mosquitoes are poisonous.

It is absolutely necessary to have your own bedding, pillows, linen, and towels. It is an amusing sight to see a party arrive in an old-fashioned carriage drawn by old horses, and on top of the carriage bundles of steamer rugs and bedding, and boxes or trunks as we call them. Inside of this equipage are two or three tired-looking women, and one or more disgusted-looking men are presently to be seen making for the office of the hotel, where it is not unusual to hear a spirited conversation going on in regard to the prices of the rooms. As a rule, the landlord receives a severe verbal drubbing for



THE PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA

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not being up to modern houses. The landlord is usually a patient man—he can afford to be, knowing there are no other places for his guests to sleep, and that he can have ample revenge when they come to pay the bills—so he bottles up his wrath, saves his feelings, and rewards in his own fashion the people who have been foolish enough to go so far from home.

Many English people reside here during the winter months, and it is not an unusual sight at five o'clock in the morning to see ladies and gentlemen horseback riding, taking their morning exercise. Then they come in and, as they say, take a tub (the English speak of their bath as we would speak of our dinner), and be ready for business at ten o'clock, or any time before noon. This particularly applies to bank clerks, government officials, and so on.

There was always evident interest when my car arrived over the well-swept road, and drove up to the door of the hotel, and the proprietor and all his staff came out to meet us. Among them there is always the old Baba, who takes entire charge of the books and accounts, a venerable-looking man, with a long white beard and a smiling face, his pleasant countenance showing patience personified. All are out to see what has arrived, and to welcome the American motor-car and the mem sahib. I was not even asked to descend and write my name in the book, as were the other

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passengers who had arrived by train, but was told that my rooms were all ready for me, and that they had been expecting me for three days—I suppose, the three days I was having a lovely time in the dak bungalow. But amid all this attention, the question came up, what was I to do with my car? It was decided that it had better be drawn up at the rear of our rooms, where some one could watch it, as the proprietor refused to take any responsibility for the safety of the car or any of its belongings, outside of the occupants. I have never yet quite understood who it was that notified them we were coming, but suspect my Indian boy had telegraphed them that a personage was on the way, and that therefore they must have rooms ready.

Here we settled down for a week's sightseeing. Mr. Brooks took one day to look over the motor thoroughly, and reported to me that everything was all right. During this time I visited the bazaars, leaving the Taj Mahal for a day when I should feel quite fresh. The second day after our arrival, having met a Mr. and Mrs. Segraves from Ireland, I invited them to accompany us on a motor trip to Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-two miles distant from Agra. There are one or two motor-cars in Agra that are rented to parties who feel rich enough to pay fifty dollars for this trip out and back, and as many extras as can possibly be made out of them. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Segraves, seemed delighted to have a trip in an American built motor-

BANQUET AT GWALIOR—ON TO AGRA

car. We visited the mausoleum, a beautiful building covered with mother of pearl. We took Albert along with the tea-basket, and high up on the steps, where we had a fine view of the roads and the little mud hut villages collected here and there in the distance, we had our tea, with some little cakes Antonio had been able to procure for us.

Another day we visited the shops and watched the men embroidering the beautiful robes, which, by the way, are most tempting to a woman. Even men acknowledge that the work is beautiful. One is tempted to buy all manner of things, as here one finds the most beautiful bronzes, and Agra is celebrated also for emeralds, pearls, and exquisite embroideries of all kinds, as well as Indian shawls. During the middle of the day, almost every one is under cover, and you will see no one around except the natives.

One whole day we devoted to seeing the Taj Mahal, going out there in the motor and taking with us our tea-basket. We found a beautiful marble corner where we were permitted to have our supper and wait for the moon to rise—and the building is a beautiful sight in the moonlight. It is an experience never to be forgotten, to wander around that beautiful white marble mausoleum, built and dedicated to a woman's memory. The sides look like beautiful pieces of lace, and inside in many places it is inlaid with mother of pearl and different colored stones. Italian art is decidedly in evidence.

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As we think of the many years this monument has stood there, we wonder if in these modern days anything as beautiful and lasting will ever be accomplished. Will any man in this present age remember his wife with so beautiful a memorial?

Inside of the tomb is a magnificent silver lamp presented by Lord Curzon; and in many places we found he had left memorials of his thoughtfulness. He is to be thanked for preserving in good condition these wonderful old works of art that would otherwise have crumbled away or would have been carried piecemeal away by the souvenir-hunting tourist.



THE MONUMENT AT CAWNSPORE

IX HISTORIC DELHI

ON February 4th we filled our tanks with petrol and oil, said farewell to our friends in Agra, and about half after ten o'clock started for Delhi, which is one hundred and thirty-three miles from Agra. From Agra to Aligarh is about fifty-five miles of very good road. At Aligarh we stopped under some beautiful spreading trees, where the odor of the straw in the rice-fields reminded us of our harvest days in America, and here we had our lunch. There is a good bungalow at Aligarh also.

Aligarh is an ancient town, with an old fort originally built in 1524, and reconstructed by the French in the eighteenth century. There is a fine

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mosque in the adjacent town of Koil, and an Oriental College for the education of the upper class Moslems.

After having had lunch, about two o'clock we went on to Delhi, and just outside of the town we were informed we should have to be ferried over the river; but to our relief, we found a new bridge had been erected. Teams could only go one way at a time, however, so we expected to have to wait our turn. While waiting there, we saw a man on horseback come tearing across the bridge. He apparently wished to make a particularly dignified salaam, but his horse had other ideas about this big two-eyed monster that stood there with the hot sun shining on it, and before we could understand what the man wanted to say, we had considerable doubt as to how long he would be able to keep his seat. Finally, after much coaxing and some discipline, the horse decided to let his rider come forward, and we were informed that we were to go on over the bridge, that it had been arranged that we should have the right of way. Immediately all traffic was stopped ahead of us, and we were permitted to enter Delhi with all comfort and speed. Here one meets queer-looking objects of moving sugar-cane and long grass, only to find that underneath the load are two brown legs and two brown bare feet pattering along. It would be a load for any ordinary horse to carry; but these slight men do not seem to mind it in the least. Where they were going, or

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what they were going to do with the load, I did not have time to inquire, but it added to the strangeness and the picturesqueness of the scene.

At Delhi the most noteworthy features are the sights outside of the city in connection with the mutiny and siege: the fort and palace, the great *Jama Masjid* Mosque, the famous *Kutab Minar* monument and the Jain Mosque, the Chaodni Chauk, the great native business street, and the magnificent ruins of the walls around the city.

About eleven miles out from Delhi, on the Najafgarh road, there is a tower somewhat resembling the *Kutab Minar*, but it is only two stories high. It is said that when the builder of the *Kutab* heard of the execution of what he apparently considered a rival tower, he promptly raided the place and cut off the hands of every man he found in the neighborhood. In the vicinity there is a diving well, at which the divers are much more clever than those at the well near Nizamuddin's tomb. Every inch of the ground about here is historical.

Four miles farther on is the ruined city of Tughlukabad, but to visit this arrangements must be made before leaving Delhi for a relay of horses, and visitors are earnestly requested not to insist on doing this trip with one pair of horses. Several times the horses have been unable to complete the journey back to Delhi after going to Tughlukabad, to the great discomfort of visitors. This we avoided

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by having our motor-car for these trips; we travelled with safety and comfort.

In the neighborhood of Delhi there is plenty of game. A list of the best places is here given:

Buddapore—twelve miles. Police Rest Bungalow. Black buck, hare, and feathered game.

Bulswar—six miles. Police Rest Bungalow. Black buck, hare and feathered game.

Sahpla—from Delhi via S. P. Ry. thirty miles. Chikara, deer, hare, duck, especially plentiful, and other feathered game.

Juan—via Sonapat by D. U. K. Railway. Splendid snipe and grouse shooting.

Tilauri—via Bulabgarh, twenty-four miles. Police Bungalow at Bulabgarh. Buck and feathered game. District Board Rest House at Tilauri.

Okla—eight miles for alligator (Muggar) shooting. Canal Rest House.

Wazirabad—four miles for alligator shooting; no Bungalow; bad road; but alligators plentiful.

At Delhi we found a good hotel, but as to bedding the same conditions exist that I have heretofore described.

I am going to say only a word of the very beautiful palace, or the ruins of what was once a beautiful palace. The magnificent structure is half a mile long. Through the centre there is a running stream of water, which is fed from an artificial lake several miles outside of the city, to keep the air always cool here. At each end there are magnifi-



THE PALACE, DELHI

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cent swimming or bathing pools, and on either side a little square room with every convenience for shaving and shampooing the heads of the Maharajas. At the sides are marble benches, which one must picture as being covered with beautiful cloths embroidered like jewels. That is, in fact, the famous jewel embroidery of Delhi. Beautiful women, the wives of the reigning monarch, reclined on the divans.

The proprietor of the hotel, the Maidens Metropolitan, was an Englishman, and he was very polite, making us as comfortable as possible, and charging reasonable prices for the accommodations. Here, as before, we were obliged to keep the motor-car outside my window. This, however, enabled Mr. Brooks and Albert to go over it and clean it, and do all the necessary oiling required after a hard day's run. As we used the car not only for travelling, but also for sight-seeing, it was convenient to have it right at the door.

We visited the Mosque, and saw the thousands of people at prayer on the bare stones, all looking toward the sun and praising Allah. The chanting was most impressive, and the sound of it remained in one's memory for many hours. Immediately after this prayerful throng disappears, you will find, as though sprung out of the very steps themselves, the people selling their wares—embroideries, laces, and all varieties of birds, apparently perfectly tame. I could not resist buying several of these little birds

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from a small boy, who showed me how to attach a string to their tails, and in this way I carried them to the hotel. Then began a search for a proper cage in which to keep them.

Honk-Honk was always considerably received in every hotel at which we stopped. At times he was a vicious hunter after the thousands of little chipmunks, or small black and red squirrels which helped to amuse us when riding along the roads. Although there were often ten or fifteen of them sitting in the road ahead of us, picking over the dirt, and peeping at us with their little bright eyes, their movements were so quick that by the time the car got up to them there would not be one in sight. In some parts of India, there are rows of beautiful trees on both sides of the road for many miles, the leaves on some of them being twelve inches broad.

Our motor-car excited much admiration as we climbed the different hills to visit the memorials of the mutiny—places which were very difficult for an ordinary horse attached to the little Victoria used there to ascend. Of particular interest is the old Cashmere Gate in Delhi. In fact, the effects of the mutiny of 1857 are impressed upon one's mind here with great vividness. The guide-books inform one that two days are sufficient to spend here, but we spent three. I should have liked to stay here a month, and doubt if in that time I could have exhausted the many interesting sights. After getting our supply of petrol and oil, we left Delhi for

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Umballa, a distance of two hundred and nineteen miles.

On this road we climbed many ghats with heavy, deep sand; and on one or two occasions it was about all that our car could do to get to the top of the hills. Sometimes it seemed as if the car fairly held her breath, and then as the throttle was thrown open, she would gain fresh courage and with an almost human sigh continue onward toward the top.

At almost any time during this trip we could satisfy our curiosity in regard to the monkeys, for they were on both sides of the road, talking away in their monkey jargon, and giving forth weird screeches. Our Indian boy told us a little story which showed the affection and ingenuity of these wonderful little creatures.

He said that some soldiers were camping along a river where there were a great many alligators. One morning, frisking around in the trees were two or three baby monkeys. Every now and then the mothers would give a cry of warning, but, venturesome like all youth, one of them insisted on jumping a little farther along the boughs, and peering down at the immense alligators lying on the banks below, apparently sleeping, but never with the eyes quite closed, as they were always on the lookout for fresh morsels of food. Suddenly this venturesome monkey lost his balance and fell down in the midst of these ferocious animals. The cries of the mother brought monkeys from all directions, and in an

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instant's time the mother monkey had stretched out her paw to another, and a line was formed with the mother monkey swinging down to grasp her baby; but each attempt failed to reach the little one, and she seemed to fear to attract the attention of the alligators below. Another squad of monkeys came to the rescue, and began throwing cocoanuts down at the alligators to prevent them from grasping the little one. At last the line was sufficiently long for the mother monkey to catch hold of her baby, and with a howl of joy she sprang into the tree, and the rescue squad, taking a farewell fusillade at the alligators, were soon lost to sight.

We got off the level road, and found ourselves on the road to Cawnpore, where we were surprised to find a very good hotel, the Empress Victoria, the only one in the place. There are several banks here, and the Cawnpore Club. Here I wrote letters, and took a drive through the bazaars, but we were warned not to visit any of the bazaars as the plague was prevalent. The number of bodies we saw carried to their burning ghats convinced us that this was no place in which to linger. I was determined to see all the most interesting places; but gave up going to Lucknow, as they had not only a visitation of the plague there, but the smallpox as well.

No doubt it would be of interest to my readers to get a glimpse through my American eyes of one of the English soldiers we saw on guard at this place. His trousers were Scotch plaid, his coat and

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hat the regular English uniform, and his feet were bare. Noticing his uncovered feet, I asked him if he were not afraid of the plague or of scorpions. He answered me with a strong burr, " Well, ma'am, I have thought of that; but my boots hurt my corns, and I tread over this road so often that no animal could cross without my seeing it. I do not let anybody else come here, and never a native dares put his foot inside that enclosure there. When I leave my duty, I put on my boots."

The effects of the mutiny are here apparent, and raises sympathy for those brave men and women who were so foully murdered at that time. One may readily understand why none of the natives are permitted to carry arms of any kind, not even a good-sized jack-knife; but for protection against snakes and wild animals each man and woman is permitted to carry a long staff of bamboo, usually twice their own height in length.

In regard to the customs of the natives as affecting the people they are serving, the sweepers are never permitted to go inside of your sleeping apartment under any circumstances, nor are they permitted to wear their foot-covering. They wear their shoes to the very entrance of your apartment, then they take them off; but the head must be covered, and they must wear a sash tied around the thin piece of covering, which does not always reach to the knees. The care-taker who serves you never enters your apartment without uncovering his head,

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but he keeps on his loose sandals, which he never wears outside, always going barefooted and carrying his sandals in his loose belt. As this is one of the means of carrying the plague, every traveller is warned never to put his bare feet on the floor. Any of these customs disregarded is a cause for immediate punishment, and the English officer or the travelling public is permitted to chastise these people with the little cane already described.

By getting off the road at Umballa we found we had saved ourselves a very disagreeable ferry-crossing at that place, where there are bad dry gullies with deep sand through which your car must be pulled across the Tangri by the natives. There is nothing at Umballia excepting a military cantonment.

We left Cawnpore, deciding to go to Allahabad, which is one hundred and twenty-four miles by fine level roads.



JUDGE NEHRU'S HOME AT ALLAHABAD

X

THE GRANDEUR OF AN ORIENTAL HOME

WE reached Allahabad about nine o'clock at night, and stopped at the dak bungalow.

For some reason which we did not understand at that time, the proprietor of the hotel did not seem particularly anxious to show us rooms. The place was thickly settled, and there is only one hotel, and that a miserable excuse for one; and as this was the season for the religious ceremonies, the tom-toms were going all night long, filling the air with a din that was almost maddening. We were therefore glad to seek any shelter for the night.

We came to Allahabad with a great deal of pleasure, for here we were expecting to meet our steamer acquaintance, Judge Nehru, who had promised me a ride on an elephant; so we accepted the quarters given us, and partook of a simple and

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

badly cooked meal which was served by barefooted and barelegged Indian waiters dressed in picturesque white turbans and scarfs.

At about seven o'clock the next morning, I heard a great commotion in the square, where my motor-car had been left, outside my window as usual. I looked out and saw two servants in livery, who were gesticulating and talking with my Indian boy, and salaaming at a great rate. I opened the door and inquired the cause of all the commotion. I was informed in broken English that friends were in the drawing-room, waiting to see me at once. I immediately followed one of the salaaming servants, and there found Miss Hooper and Judge Nehru's little daughter, awaiting me with looks of consternation on their faces. They said that we had been expected at the house last night, and that Judge Nehru had the only two entrances known to him watched until midnight for us, and had just heard that we had come in by another route. They had traced us to this hotel, and were very much provoked at the proprietor, who had not told them when they telephoned that we were there last night; probably because he had an eye to business.

Outside the door I found a fine Fiat automobile with the tonneau beautifully lined with red satin. I was invited to go on with them, and have my car follow with Mr. Brooks, the rest of my party, and the baggage. I tried to explain that this was too much to expect from a perfect stranger, and that I

THE GRANDEUR OF AN ORIENTAL HOME

had never met Mrs. Nehru; but Miss Hooper with her very sweet English voice soon convinced me that this was of no consequence in India; that I had been invited by the head of the house, and everything was at my disposal. Here the man certainly rules. I must confess I was not at all sorry to leave the Great Northern Hotel, for the rooms were very dirty, and, Maria informed me, were inhabited by any number of "crimson ramblers."

We were soon rolling through a magnificent park, with miniature lakes on each side. I was informed that this was a part of the park belonging to Judge Nehru, and we gradually wound around a beautiful drive toward a magnificent white marble building, surrounded with flowers in pots, rose-bushes, cocoanut trees, date palms, and all the tropical plants one could imagine. As we drew near the grand entrance my heart began to beat, as I saw about seventy-five servants drawn up in line. At one side were two magnificent elephants, one of which was the largest I have ever seen—not even Jumbo of Barnum's Circus compared with him—kneeling down to welcome me. I was afterward informed that the trapping for these elephants, the magnificent gold and silver hand-embroidered howdahs, cost over twenty thousand dollars.

The two nieces, wives of nephews of Judge Nehru, dressed in sarais and with beautiful gems, were at the entrance to receive me. I noticed they were a little bit frightened, and so was I; but this

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soon wore off under their cordial greeting, and had I not known I was in India, I might have thought myself in the drawing-room of some smart English lady. During my visit in this charming home, at the door leading out from the court into my room, and the one leading into the garden, two servants were in constant attendance, but after the second day, after the novelty wore off, I found them nearly always sleeping. After they had expressed their regret that I had arrived last evening without their knowledge, and chided me for not having telegraphed Judge Nehru what time they could expect me, I was escorted to my rooms. Everything the heart, eye, or personal comfort could desire was spread before me. Magnificent rugs covered the floor; beautiful pieces of statuary were there, and Benares bronzes; nothing stuffy, but everything speaking of good taste. I hardly dared ask where my servants were, or what had become of Mr. Brooks and the baggage, but Maria and Albert soon appeared, with my native boy, walking in a little more dignified fashion than usual and salaaming with great gravity. Servants followed, carrying my baggage. Maria looked frightened because she had dared to let out of her hands for the first time a small leather bag in which I carried my jewelry and letters of credit, and which I entrusted only to her keeping. She informed me that she had had quite a tussle over them, but that two servants had been too much for her. They had a hard time con-

THE GRANDEUR OF AN ORIENTAL HOME

vincing her that they were not going to rob her. She insisted on their walking ahead, and they insisted on following a little behind, and they finally reached my apartment in this order, Maria a little in advance.

I was told that my servants would sleep in a tent about one hundred feet away, and here also Honkie and my cage of birds were placed. Mr. Brooks would be obliged to sleep in a tent about one hundred and fifty feet away, as it was against their custom to permit a white man to sleep under the same roof with them. They said to me, "Madam, you are the first white lady that we have had the honor to entertain in our home, and it gives us great pleasure to welcome you to our poor India."

The two ladies remained in my room, and I suggested their taking seats, which they promptly did, and I then understood that they considered this apartment the same as my own. They asked if I found everything I wanted, and I replied that it looked as though there was more than I could possibly need to make me comfortable.

Imagine, if possible, what it meant to one thousands of miles away from home, in a strange land, where a strange language was spoken, suddenly to find oneself transported into such a magnificent home, with all one's dreams and fancies of oriental grandeur realized!

As Maria is inclined to be business-like, she took possession of the apartment, but was decidedly

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handicapped by the two servants, who insisted upon handling everything first. Upon my explaining to her that it was all right, she consented, though with an eye of suspicion.

In some way that I never understood, Albert and my native servant were told that their presence was not needed in the house. I was informed that the family breakfasted at nine o'clock, and that Judge Nehru would then be in. I asked for Mrs. Nehru, but was told that she had been quite ill, and would see me in the afternoon at tea. I was told where the tents of my servants would be placed, and that any time I wanted one of them I needed only to clap my hands three times, and a native servant outside my door would immediately bring Maria. In this country, white men or women are never allowed to do any manual work, or they would lose caste.

At breakfast-time I was escorted into a perfectly arranged English dining-room, where my host greeted me as if I was an old friend, telling me that his little wife had not been well, and that she regretted very much not being able to receive me, but that he hoped his nieces had done all that was necessary for my comfort. He asked about my trip from Bombay, and was glad that I had come through safely so far; he had feared that we would experience some difficulty. The Judge had already looked over my car and considered it a perfect wonder. He had owned a motor-car for two years.

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but had never dared venture to Delhi in it, as he feared the roads and the travelling would be impossible. We sat down to breakfast, and a delicious breakfast it was. He told me that the next day the elephant would be at my service, and that I could spend as much time as I pleased on its back, or make short excursions, returning to the house whenever I felt tired. After breakfast he left me with the ladies, and we began to get acquainted with each other in short order. They confessed that while they kept up this English way of living, they much preferred their native way, and they asked whether I preferred living in the English or the Hindu manner while there. I confessed to wanting to live in the Hindu manner, so was escorted into a beautiful room with velvet cushions spread about, and we reclined in Hindu fashion.

One of the first things I noticed at Allahabad was the use of the betel nut and leaf, which they all seemed to enjoy. This seems to be composed of the nut chopped up and mixed with some sort of paste inside the leaf. I tried it, and it tasted a little like quinine, but it had no particular effect on me that I could notice, although it stains the lips a bright red. Children sell this betel leaf on the streets in India, just as the children in our country sell newspapers. They use it as American children use chewing-gum.

The children of the wealthy class are never in evidence, but are kept in the nurseries with the

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proper nurses. The mother visits them there and spends hours with them, seeing that they are receiving the proper care and instruction. More polite and good-tempered children I have never met.

My little birds were all left in their native land, for Maria, wishing to change the water inside the cage, forgot to close the door, and when she returned they had all flown out into the trees. I am glad now that they have their freedom, and were left in their native country.

At the table the gentlemen all sat on one side and the ladies on the other, as they do not believe in mixing the sexes in India. At the far end of the table I noticed a Hindu gentleman dressed in the native costume. In front of him was a small silver tray standing on four little legs about four inches high, and on this tray were a number of little china dishes containing only vegetables. I was informed that he was a brother-in-law of Judge Nehru, and a very strict Hindu. The nephews, of whom there were five or six, were the same as sons to the Judge, as their father had died and left them to his guardianship. He had sent them all at different times to Oxford and Cambridge for a thorough English education at his own expense. Five of them had married when young, and their wives were all living in the house with Judge Nehru. As the family increased, or one married, they thought nothing of building an addition around the court, or starting a new house with a new court in the centre.

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How restful, peaceful, and beautiful the court was, as we wandered out after our meals! The court was all white marble, with palms arranged tastefully about, the fountain playing, and cushions lying here and there, all inviting to rest and repose.

After breakfast we retired to the boudoir of one of the nieces, and there sat and visited. They told me of their lives in Allahabad. One informed me that she had just started a Woman's Club, but laughingly remarked that they had but five members, and that these were very indifferent, except that it gave them an excuse to get out. "You know we Hindu ladies never go about or visit except with our husbands," she explained, "but, having been educated in the West, we feel ourselves very far behind the times. I am a Christian, you see"—drawing up her sleeve and showing me a tattooed mark on her arm. She also explained to me that the different marks on the foreheads of the people showed to what caste they belonged. She told me that she, with her uncle, was trying to prevent the early marrying custom, as they considered that India was losing by such unnatural relations as marrying a girl seven years old to a boy of nine. The parents made the marriage arrangements entirely, the children not even seeing each other until the marriage day; and it was easy to understand that there could be no sympathy or love such as we know. They all laughed at the idea of any sentiment between two people as man and wife, outside

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of their children. As soon as the marriage arrangements are settled, the bride-elect goes to live with her mother-in-law, and there she is taught everything that the mother considers proper for her son's happiness and comfort. They seemed to think that education lessened the desire of a man to possess more than one wife at a time, as he did not care to assume the responsibility.

They were also in sympathy with the fact that the English government had forbidden burning the widow on the bier with her husband's body, a custom that still exists in some places. When a man dies all jewelry and everything that represents worldly pleasures are taken from the widow, her hair is closely cropped, and she is bound and put on the funeral pyre with her husband's body and burned, the dead and the living together. These women feel that their lives are ended when their "god," as they look upon their husbands, is taken from them; and they think that possibly they have committed some terrible sin, and that this is their punishment. They feel that they have no business to live after all their sunlight and joy is gone.

One of the ladies turned to me and said: "You loved your husband?"

"Yes."

"You are a widow?"

"Yes."

"Was life the same to you after his death?"

And I frankly answered: "No, it was not and

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it never will be; but we consider that widows have work to accomplish in the world after the husband's death, just the same as during his lifetime."

I found that my little friends were fully informed as to the value placed upon widows, not only in America, but in England also; and they knew that widows stood a better chance of marrying than spinsters. They had evidently read about the conditions existing in the western countries in this respect, and they were very curious to know more about it. Divorce is rarely, if ever, known in India, and marriage is looked upon in a very business-like manner. It is considered absolutely necessary, as a woman who is unsuccessful in getting a husband is looked upon as being under a curse, and as having no use in life. Their one idea is the propagation of the human race, and both parents have the greatest pride in raising boys, because they make soldiers. I understood that where two girls have been born in a family, and there are many boys, the birth of a third daughter would mean that her life would end with her birth, the mother not even seeing the little one. This is looked upon as perfectly legitimate.

They also told me that it was considered a sin for a Hindu to travel very far away from his home, except to make pilgrimages to the sacred river each year, or once in twelve years. If a Hindu anticipates leaving home, he must fast for a number of days before, and must feast his friends both before going away and upon his return. He is compelled

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to sit at his own liberally supplied board and touch nothing, but must continually pray. He must also pay a penalty in pearls or in gold for the benefit of some priest who, during his absence, will pray for his safe return, or he will lose caste.

None of the Hindus eat meat of any description, being vegetarians in the fullest sense of the word. They do not eat much butter either, but a great deal of sugar and sweets. One of the desserts given me at the farewell dinner here was a pudding that tasted like our rice pudding, but the top of it was covered with pure gold leaf which we ate with the pudding. They also served one covered with silver.

After luncheon we strolled around the park, and I wish I could take all my friends there with me, for there were surprises for the American at almost every step. As we wandered out through a beautiful walk, on each side a hedge of beautiful fragrant roses filling the air with their sweet odor, we suddenly came to a temple, and I was invited to enter and sit on a cushion. I did so, and immediately heard a sound like falling rain on the roof. It was explained to me that Judge Nehru had brought from the Ganges water which was forced upward above the roof, where numerous pipes with small holes in them had been placed, and the water played through these pipes on the roof, giving the effect of rain, as for seven and sometimes eight months they never see a drop of rain in India. When it does

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rain, during the monsoon season, it comes in torrents.

They were delighted to show me their newest inventions in the way of electric lights, as they had run the wires through the hedge and up into this temple. The vari-colored electric light bulbs turned the place into a veritable fairyland.

We wandered on through the gardens, Judge Nehru's little daughter picking blue and white violets which she presented to me. When they learned that they were my favorite flowers, and my birthday flower, I found a large bunch of these violets placed on my tray with coffee each morning. It was hard to believe that I was walking in what a missionary would describe as a "heathen land."

One of the gentlemen who had accompanied us suddenly left; and Judge Nehru, stopping in front of a cave which was literally covered with different colored flowers, exclaimed: "And Great Allah said, Let there be water; and there was water from the Ganges." And immediately from the nose, mouth, and eyes of a most ferocious-looking image in the cave water came pouring forth. This image is called "The God of the Ganges." I was surprised, and, noticing they were all watching my face, I asked, "What wonderful mystery is this?" and looked around to see if I could find a button or something that Judge Nehru might have pressed with his foot. Suddenly from the rear of the cave appeared a laughing face with merry eyes, and a voice said,

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“What do you think of that, Mrs. Fisher?” It was explained to me that the gentleman who had left us so suddenly had turned the water on from the rear of the cave. It was all so mysterious and beautiful that I was sorry to have my mind disillusioned.

We returned to the afternoon tea-room, and for the first time in my life I had a cup of real tea! It was delicious, and I cannot remember how many times I permitted my cup to be filled. During the tea-drinking a man appeared whose costume consisted of a piece of cheese-capping or soft white muslin tied around his waist, and over this an English shirt, fastened at the collar band with a beautiful pearl stud or button, and more pearl buttons down the front of the bosom. The shirt flowed loosely, not being tucked in, and it gave the impression of the man having been suddenly called out before his toilet was completed, as his brown bare legs appeared below this shirt. The usual Hindu toilet is a close-fitting white coat, buttoned down to the waist.

Judge Nehru said something to this gentleman in Hindustanee which I did not understand, but I saw a look of pain and confusion come across the poor man's face and a tinge of red appeared on his cheek as he hurriedly departed from the room. Then Judge Nehru said, “Mrs. Fisher, I hope you will not be shocked, but I did not intend you to see my friend in this costume, but he really knew no

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better, and I told him he might shock you by appearing in the drawing-room with nothing on but his chemise!" This suggested to me the well-known story of the Irishwoman's retort to the Chinaman who complained of feeling cold, which story I told them, to their great amusement. I found here an opportunity to unload every old joke and story I had ever heard, for it was very pleasing to note the appreciation and pleasure with which they listened. I had always understood from the English that the Hindus were a serious people, and I could hardly believe my own eyes and ears, for a more cheerful and merry family party I have never seen in any country.

To my satisfaction Honk-Honk was well received and petted, and was fed with so many cakes and sweets that I feared for his health.

After tea, Miss Hooper, the English companion, informed me that Mrs. Nehru would see me, and I was escorted through the court to another part of the house, where two servants, one standing at each side of the door, threw it open. For a moment I stood almost wanting to rub my eyes, for I could see nothing but a beautiful mass of color. Then, sitting on one side of a raised platform, covered with beautiful Turkish rugs, I saw Mrs. Nehru, a tiny little woman with great brown eyes and a face of great loveliness.

I approached her and made a courtesy, and she reached out both her hands and looked into my face,

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and presented her cheek for me to kiss. Miss Hooper afterward told me this was the sincerest welcome ever given in a Hindu home. Since Mrs. Nehru spoke no English, Miss Hooper acted as interpreter between us. I told her how I appreciated Judge Nehru's hospitality, and how thoroughly I was enjoying it, and she asked through our interpreter if I really liked her Hindu home? And was it not strange to me? And was I made quite comfortable? I informed her that nothing more could possibly be done to make me more comfortable, and that I found an "at home" feeling there that I had not experienced since I left my own home. Fearing to trespass too long on her strength, as I could see she was far from well, I made my farewell salaam by putting both palms together and giving the Hindu salute which I had learned from observing the Hindu ladies.

I was then left to write letters, read, and rest until dinner-time.

The dinner was served in the English fashion in the English dining-room, and a most delicious dinner it was. Mr. Brooks, Judge Nehru, and I were the only ones who partook of meat. The Hindu servants will not even cook meat, and they are compelled to have a Mohammedan chef for that purpose.

While we were sitting at the table, I heard from an adjoining court the most weird, thrilling, and charming music I had ever heard, not loud to drown

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the voices at the table, but just a pleasant accompaniment to the conversation.

After dinner we retired to the drawing-room, and here, seated on cushions in a semicircle, were five musicians, dressed in the most gorgeous costumes, with Oriental embroideries that were worth their weight in gold, and with turbans of gorgeous cloth woven by hand in colors that are fascinating. As we entered the room, they all saluted me, saying something which Judge Nehru interpreted by saying, "They are calling you the Princess from the Land of Promise."



WE RIDE THE ELEPHANT TO THE GANGES

XI THE SACRED GANGES

IT is not possible to describe that music. It was strikingly different from any I had ever heard. They used instruments I have never seen outside of a museum, and some of them not even there. After the music, they began to recite; and then appeared a priest dressed in a still more gorgeous costume, who, after salaaming, seated himself on a velvet cushion and told us stories.

We were up early the following morning, as the elephants were to be ready and waiting by eight o'clock. Later the sun would be so hot we might not be able to stand it; therefore, it would be better to get an early start to visit the banks of the Ganges, where millions of people had arrived for their bath in the sacred river.

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A gorgeous sight met our eyes as we beheld the elephants dressed in their holiday garb, gold covers, hand-worked, the howdahs on their backs looking like golden chariots covered with hammered gold and silver. The driver, a man sitting over the head of the elephant with a long stick and a short spear, was dressed in a gorgeous red and yellow uniform. Perhaps P. T. Barnum visited the East to get his ideas of a circus parade.

I was to have the seat of honor, the two nieces next, and Maria was invited to go along, to show, I supposed, that I had a "lady in waiting." Mr. Brooks looked as though an automobile was more to his taste, but we all climbed the ladders and took our seats in the howdahs. Getting into the seats was easy enough, as the elephants were made to kneel, while four men with spears held them in check. When it came to getting on their feet the trouble began, as we were all thrown suddenly backward, then forward, and then both ways. When the elephant finally gets on his feet, you feel high up in the air. I was told that my elephant was fifty years old. The one on which Mr. Brooks rode was only twenty years old, a female, and decidedly mischievous. It requires more men to keep her in order.

Then began a swinging seesaw motion for the banks of the Ganges. We had a perfect view from the elephant's back, and Judge Nehru was quite right in saying there was no better way to see this grand throng. I learned that the Judge had to get

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permission from the government to have the elephants appear in the streets at this time of day, as, on account of the English officers' horses being frightened by the elephants, there had been a law passed forbidding them to appear in the streets except at certain hours, for special reasons, and by special permission.

We passed groups of naked men sitting on hot ashes, and I know they were really hot, for I insisted on descending and putting my finger in the ashes, thinking they merely had the appearance of being hot from reflection in some way, but I blistered my finger, and proved that I did not belong to a sacred tribe!

Every few minutes a litter or dandee would pass us, carried on the shoulders of four men, and a pair of black eyes would peep out at us from between the curtains. These litters contained Hindu ladies, possibly of great position, being carried down to their bath in the sacred river, as every one is supposed to wash away his or her sins in this manner. It was all very pitiful, but they believe that in this way they will be saved, and that should they die on the morrow, they would become beautiful animals. No one is permitted to look upon the faces of these ladies, but the Judge's family showed their independence by appearing with me with their faces uncovered. I understood afterward that this was the first time they had ever done so.

One could but respect the faith of these people, as we saw some poor old man with death stamped

ONE OF THE SIGHTS AT THE GANGES



THE SACRED GANGES

on his features, being carried along by faithful sons or friends on a couch to the sacred river, to have his farewell bath; and you knew the couch would soon be his bier.



A FANATIC AT THE GANGES

Almost any river in America, even our muddy Delaware, is more picturesque than the sacred Ganges; except where the hands of man have built temples and beautiful shrines in acknowledgment of their belief in the holiness and purity of this far-famed river.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

Some of the people were merry-making; children were playing all sorts of games, and here and there beggars were asking for bread. When they ask for bread, they mean just that. All along my journey through India I often met people asking for bread, and when I offered them money, they placed their hands behind them and refused to take it, then pointed to their mouths and put their hands on their stomach, signifying that they wanted something to eat. We often shared our last loaf with these poor people.

Apropos of the hunger of the people, I quote a letter I received while in Allahabad:

“ Madam,

“ My most humble and respectful submission on behalf of some of my poor country brethren is that at least one out of lakhs and krores of distressed conditions of India should be brought to your most kind notice here. Madam, you know very well that present India is nothing but a picture of extreme poverty personified. A few towns with a few palacial buildings and occupiers therein are just like a few twinkling stars when dense pieces of clouds have appeared and are spreading their way rapidly on; sunken faces, worn out naked bodies and hungry mouths are the real sceneries of present India. And any kind tourist losing an opportunity to detect these things is sure to court failure of his or her object with a false idea that anything that glitters is gold.—India is happy. So you are humbly requested to have a visit to Allahabad Orphanage amongst your other noble engagements. Real sceneries of course are in the villages, but any how this is a particle of them.

“ With humble respects,

“ Yours obediently.”

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I was unable to find time to visit this Orphanage, as requested. I had been told not to give a gold piece to any of these poor people, as they would rather starve than use it in any way, except to make necklaces or ornaments of some kind. In this way the gold is withdrawn from circulation.

After spending several hours at the Ganges, on the backs of the elephants, we decided to return. It was most interesting to watch these immense beasts treading along through the crowds of people. Here and there were snake-charmers trying to earn a few pennies with their exhibitions; and people selling small wares or rice or potatoes, all on the ground. The elephants moved on among them, feeling the way with their trunks, lifting their feet with great care and refusing to take a step forward until they knew they were doing no damage.

After luncheon we invited our hosts to take a drive with us in our motor-car, and we travelled in and out and around this most interesting city. Allahabad is the ancient Pray Aga, which was built by the Hindus and held sacred by them. It is about three miles from the conjunction of the Ganges and the Jumma, of which a most excellent view is obtained from the Fort. This Fort was built by Akbar, and was named by him Allahabad, meaning, "The City of God." There is an interesting arsenal here, and the native quarter is quite distinct from the European part, which has been built since the mutiny, and is called Cannington.

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Judge Nehru told us he had an American engine in a small motor-boat lying at the head of the Ganges, but that he had had only one ride in the boat, as his engineer did not understand the American engine; so at my suggestion we drove out to where the little boat was lying, and Mr. Brooks investigated it. The engine was one of a kind with which he was acquainted, and he soon found and remedied the difficulty. In less than half an hour our party was gliding over the Ganges, getting a different view of the crowds of people. At this time they were boiling their kettles of water and cooking their simple meals. As we returned after sundown—for night approaches very quickly in India—the thousands of lighted fires along the river-bank made a mystic scene which was not less than awe-inspiring.

My curiosity being aroused as to how one would feel in a native Hindu dress, I expressed a desire to possess a sardee, and my charming little hostesses immediately proposed dressing me as a Hindu before dinner. Such an array of beautiful gowns as they brought into my dressing-room! Two of my friends selected a costume which they thought would be appropriate. As I had been married and was a widow, I had to have a certain costume, and, to their delight, they found among my jewels a rope of pearls, with pearl tassels, which had belonged to my mother. I could not imagine why they should exclaim so over those pearls, but it seems

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that this was a sign that I was married, as all married women wear the ropes of pearl with the tassels, but they had to be tied about my head with the tassels hanging over my left ear. I submitted to their dressing and decorations, and was most agreeably surprised to find how comfortable I felt. When I looked in the mirror, I hardly recognized



MRS. FISHER AND JUDGE NEHRU'S DAUGHTERS IN HINDU DRESS

the figure that stood there. The costume was becoming, and the comfort is not to be described. No pins, no buttons, simply ten yards of straight goods cut the length of the skirt, pleated in front and back, and tied in the indescribable knot that only a Hindu knows how to tie; then about two yards left to be looped up over your head and droop gracefully over the left shoulder. It is thought very

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immodest for a lady to expose her head, and Hindu ladies consider décolletée gowns immodest.

The gentlemen complimented me when we entered the drawing-room before dinner, and I made a salaam with my hands in the Hindu manner. After dinner we were entertained by native dancers. When I asked if the Hindu ladies danced, they smilingly answered, as they took sly peeps at their husbands, that they thought dancing made people look like monkeys, and that they saw no grace nor pleasure in it. Only people who had to earn their living and had not other way of doing it descended to dancing.

The time came all too soon when I felt that I must leave this enchanted spot. On the morning of my departure, I was shown the Hindu dining-room, where I found the little low tables and cushions on the floor; but I noticed that wherever I walked, a servant followed me and, in spite of the expostulations of my host, carefully wiped the floor whereon I had stood, as he considered me not sacred enough to stand in this most highly honored room.

It was much easier to think of leaving than to accomplish it, as we were pressed to remain. I had expected to leave early in the morning of February 11th, but finally consented to stay until after luncheon, when, with tears of regret in our eyes, and promises on both sides to meet some time in the future, we said farewell.



IN THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES' DANDIE

XII

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

LEAVING Allahabad about half past one, we reached the banks of the Ganges, which we were obliged to cross on pontoon bridges. The crossing is a zigzag one, about five miles in all from the left bank to the right. Here we found a number of bullock carts, with all sorts of commodities. Two bare-legged outrunners ran ahead to see that everything was clear for our passage, and after we had got across, these two men, in the uniform of Judge Nehru's house, salaamed to us, and we then discovered that all the rest of these people had been kept waiting for us. Our delayed farewells had caused them a long wait; but we saw no impatient looks, only smiles and salaams greeting us on every side. I felt like offering an apology for keeping them waiting so

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long, for these poor men probably had miles to travel before reaching their journey's end, and night would overtake them while still on the road.

Among other courtesies for which I was grateful to Judge Nehru, were the introductions which he seemed to have a way of presenting before I reached a place. Among the people he wished me



THE PRINCESS INDRARAJA OF BARODA, INDIA

to meet was His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda, and Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda. The latter is a woman of great charm and poise. With the retiring dignity and modesty of the East, she preserves the strict *purdah* of her rank and caste while in India, but travels abroad with her husband in the European fashion, although without discarding the graceful folds of her sari. Their Highnesses have a daughter and three sons.



BENARES

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

Her Highness treated me with every courtesy, and we met afterward at Colombo, and later spent three months together, His Highness having become so interested in our tour that he took his thirty-horse-power Fiat and joined us in our motor-ing trip in Japan.

From Allahabad to Benares is seventy-six miles, and about fifty miles of this road is in good condition. We stopped at a dak bungalow for the night, cooking our own meals, as usual. We were up bright and early the following morning, and after partaking of a good cup of coffee and fresh eggs, we started for Benares, arriving there about eleven o'clock in the morning of February 12th.

In the city itself the roads are very narrow, and as there is a large native population and heavy traffic, one must take extra care in driving. There are few automobiles here.

Benares is the sacred city of the Hindus. The temples and shrines number over five thousand. The Golden Temple, the Monkey Temple, and the Museum of Aurugzeb are among the most important sights. The Buddhist remains at Sarnath, four miles from the city, are well worth a visit. The Burning Ghats also are interesting. To see these, one hires a boat for a few rupees.

We stopped at the first hotel in sight, engaged rooms, and prepared to unload our motor, when my attention was attracted to a fine-looking man in Indian costume. He presented his card to the

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

manager of the hotel, who had rushed away from me in the midst of our conversation, at the sight of this stranger. The manager returned to me shortly with this same man, and with deep salaams presented me with a card which bore the name of " Sen Roy, Private Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja of Benares."

After saluting him, I awaited his commands, and in good English he presented to me the Maharaja's compliments, offering the hospitality of the Rest House, which belongs to His Highness, and is where he entertains visitors of note, among them having been the Prince of Walés. Sen Roy said His Highness would be greatly grieved if Madam did not accept his hospitality in the same spirit in which it was offered, and that he, the private secretary, was at my command from nine o'clock in the morning to any hour at night during my visit, which he trusted would be of long duration, in the sacred city of Benares. At first I hesitated, and turned to the proprietor of the hotel, for I had made arrangements with him for rooms. I thought he looked a little wistful that such rare birds should escape his net, but he said, " Madam, there is no alternative. I am at your commands always."

The only person I had trouble in convincing that we were not going to be robbed or led astray was Mr. Brooks. He suggested all sorts of things that might happen if we went to a strange house where no one else was living; but my orders were

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

carried out, and we again took our seats in the motor-car, Sen Roy leading the way in an open carriage, with two footmen and a driver.

The Rest House now owned by His Highness of Benares is the house that Mr. Davies defended in the trying times of the mutiny. After our ablutions, and a dainty luncheon served by bare-legged slaves, we were ready for sightseeing with Sen Roy. We visited all the mosques and mausoleums we could, putting in a hard morning's work, and returning at two o'clock quite fatigued. About three o'clock His Highness sent his private carriage with two footmen, two coachmen, and two outrunners, and we drove outside the city for two hours, returning for tea.

On the following day, the 13th of February, we were invited to pay our respects to His Highness the Maharaja of Benares, at the palace at Ramnagar, at eleven o'clock. Sen Roy arriving with the carriage, we drove to the river Ganges, beside Ramnagar, and there found four bare-legged men dressed in red and yellow uniforms, with a so-called dandie, or chair. Mr. Brooks and Sen Roy following on foot, with Albert bringing up the rear, we proceeded to the river's edge, where at the foot of the bank we found a floating palace boat, arranged with gorgeous red and yellow cushions, on which I reclined, while ten strong men rowed us across the Ganges to the landing at Ramnagar. Here were servants waiting to assist me

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

into another dandie, and I was carried up the red velvet carpeted steps, covered thus in honor of my arrival, as I was afterward informed by Sen Roy. We were received in a small antechamber by a venerable old gentleman with a long beard, who wore a gorgeous turban, and had decorations almost covering his left breast.



AT THE RESIDENCE OF HIS HIGHNESS OF BENARES

Two more servants, dressed in the yellow and red uniforms, drew aside curtains with a silver cord, and we found ourselves in the grand reception room. Through beautiful hangings at the side appeared His Highness of Benares, dressed in a magnificent costume, a rope of pearls about his neck, and his turban literally shining with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires. I confess that for a moment I felt diffident at the thought of speaking to this royal and gorgeous-looking personage. Seeing my embarrassment, he came forward and welcomed me to Benares, expressing the hope that

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

I had received every attention and courtesy, and asking if I was pleased with his home city. I was delighted to find that he could speak such perfect English. Soon I was chatting away with him as though with an old friend.

He delighted in asking questions as to how I had found the roads with my car; if I liked the country; if I had met with any difficulties; and if the natives were courteous and attentive, not giving me any annoyance (something he seemed to be anxious to know). I answered all his questions satisfactorily. He asked if there was anything he could do for my amusement, and if I cared to see native dancing. I told him that I had already witnessed the native dancing in Allahabad, but that I was very anxious to visit the famous workshops in Benares, and to see the Burning Ghats. He promised that I should see all I desired, and placed his yacht at my disposal.

He had heard of my being in the iron business, and began to quiz me about it. I explained it to him briefly. He blushed like a boy when he informed me that he had invented a pig-sticker, and asked if I would like to look at it, and visit his Museum. I thanked him, and after a few minutes more of chat, and just before I was leaving, a servant brought on a velvet cushion two chains, one of gold and yellow spun gold, the other of silver. The gold and yellow was put around my neck, these colors showing I had been married, while the silver

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

chain, which represented the state of single blessedness, was thrown around the neck of Mr. Brooks. We were informed that these would show to all that we were the honored guests of His Highness. He gave me his photograph, and asked if I would like to have his autograph.

I had been cautioned not to ask for Her Highness, as His Highness has two wives, and they are very strict here, the ladies never being permitted to see any foreigners, keeping *pardah* strictly. However, I did get a glimpse of them later on.

I invited His Highness to take a drive in my motor-car, but he raised his hands, saying, "Not just yet. I am thinking of it, but it is a little too rapid for this old world, according to my ideas. It must be splendid, however, to travel in your own car and go when and where you please, and I cannot yet understand how you had the courage to enter into our great land, India. Were you not afraid?"

I replied, "Do I look frightened?" and a smiling shake of the head was his answer.

Saying farewell, we returned in the same comfortable manner in which we had arrived. Upon reaching the Rest House, I was surprised to learn that a fleet-footed servant had arrived before us, who breathlessly presented me with one of the pigstickers invented by His Highness, and given by him to "the first lady he had ever met who knew anything about iron."

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES

Sen Roy accepted an invitation to drive in our car, and we took him out for a fifty-mile drive, visiting some old ruins, and seeing interesting parts of Benares and the surrounding country, that I believe strangers seldom see. I was taken all through the private park of His Highness, and visited the private Mausoleum. I was also shown some magnificent specimens of lions which had been captured by some of His Highness's people, and was asked if I would enjoy shooting some of these animals.



PIG-STICKER INVENTED BY HIS HIGHNESS OF BENARES

Upon my showing a little hesitancy about taking this risk so far away from home, I was assured there was no danger to those doing the shooting, but that it would take several days' time, as it was necessary to send hundreds of slaves out to beat the brush and find the lion, and then drive him into an enclosure where the guests and the shooters sit high aloft in a temporary hammock built among the trees. They live in tents during these hunts, and enjoy luxuries that even Sherry or Delmonico could hardly imitate. I declined to

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participate in this novel and exciting experience, however, as my time in India was limited.

On the morning of the 14th, we were called at five o'clock, and, after a light breakfast, found the same carriage and servants awaiting to drive us to the river bank. There we were met by Sen Roy in His Highness's boat, propelled by eight men standing on the paddle-wheel in the middle of the boat, and were taken down the Ganges. A few yellow marigolds were on the boat, this being the first day of spring, when every woman and child is supposed to wear some of these yellow flowers, and to decorate all the idols, the bulls, and the calves with a wreath, as a sign of the spring of the year.



GETTING READY TO CROSS THE SONE RIVER

XIII

UNDER INDIA'S BURNING SUN

AS we travelled on in the boat, grewsome sights met our eyes. At the Burning Ghats we saw people carrying a corpse on their shoulders down to the river, where they gave the body its farewell bath with the shroud wrapped about it. Then it was allowed to dry in the sun, and as soon as it was dry enough—and it did not take long—the corpse was put on a pile of wood and burned. As soon as the body was completely consumed, they took a long-handled broom and swept the bones into the Ganges, first taking some of the ashes in the right hand and throwing them to the winds, while they repeated a prayer. Afterward, the poor of the city, widows with only rags wrapped around them, came down and gathered up the pieces of charcoal and bits of wood that were left, and carried them away to sell.

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While this was going on, I saw a young calf brought down and given a bath in the river. It did not seem to like it any too well, either, but the priest rubbed and dried it. While we were watching, a father came down to the river with a little child, possibly two or three years old, and paid the priest something to have his child touched with the sacred calf. The tail of the calf was put in the child's hand, but the calf, apparently not realizing what the bath meant, did not seem to be lively enough to please the father. Liveliness on the part of the calf at this time would indicate that the gods were pleased with the child and that he would be fortunate; otherwise, the child was doomed to misfortune.

Here we saw also the sun-worshippers. How those fanatics are able to sit for hours, with their wide-open eyes gazing into the sun, and with a teapot in their hands filled with water from the Ganges, which, as it flows out drop by drop, is accompanied by a prayer, is beyond my comprehension.

The faith, the absolute belief, of these people in the sacredness of this river is astonishing. The Westerner cannot conceive it.

We spent one day visiting the shops and the brass works, and watching the silversmiths hammering the silver and gold, and the men embroidering those beautiful serais. I managed to resist the temptation to buy at this time, lulling my desire



THE BURNING GHATS, BENARES, INDIA

UNDER INDIA'S BURNING SUN

by saying to myself that I might come again to this interesting land.

Finally we had to say farewell to Benares, and, after bidding our friends adieu, we took our seats once more in the motor-car, and started toward Calcutta.

The first day we made only a short run, from Benares to Dehri-on-Sone, which is about eighty miles. The road was level, but the surface was light and sandy, and there is only the one road. Here we were obliged to stop and make arrangements for crossing the river. These arrangements were made with the English chief engineer who was there in charge of the extensive stone works, as they were building a solid stone bridge across this river. This bridge they expect to have ready in 1914, and it will undoubtedly be a good, solid structure, as the English never do things by halves.

The dak bungalow at which we were obliged to stop was old and dirty, with an old man in attendance, and a moth-eaten looking dog; but the devotion of the dirty old man to the dirty old dog was pathetic. Honk-Honk was curiously inclined, but I kept him closely watched, and did not allow him off the leash for a moment while we were in the neighborhood of that animal.

Early the following morning we began to make preparations to cross the river.

After enjoying a good cup of coffee, and filling our thermos bottles and canteens with the day's

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

supply of boiled water, we arrived at the banks of the river just as the sun was rising and covering everything with its rosy glow. We found two long planks, only a little over a foot in width, reaching from the top of the steep bank down to the iron lighter on which we were to cross. Maria, Albert, and I decided that we would walk down, and Mr. Brooks took the risk of running the car on to the lighter. Ropes were fastened both front and rear, so that in case the car should slip, the men could pull it up. I think I can safely say that this feat was witnessed by a thousand people, for everybody for miles around seemed to have heard of the lady with a motor-car. For this crossing we paid fifty rupees. The river here is three miles across, and it took twenty-four men three hours to propel the iron lighter with its load, using the usual bamboo sticks for that purpose.

After the sun had fairly risen, we felt its piercing rays, as the iron apparently attracted the heat. It was the hottest trip I ever experienced.

There were many wild geese and ducks, so Mr. Brooks and Albert, always on the lookout to keep the culinary department supplied, loaded their guns and prepared for action. Mr. Brooks was fairly successful, but Albert made the prize shot of the day, bringing down a wild duck that was fully three hundred feet away. One of the coolies jumped into the river, swam out to the rocks, and then waded and retrieved the game, returning to the boat in



THE BATHING GHATS, BENARES, INDIA

UNDER INDIA'S BURNING SUN

the same manner. They were beautiful birds, with golden-brown and green coloring, the tail feathers tipped with white, and the heads a yellow that shone in the sun like gold. They are known in India as Golden Head Ducks, and are considered very hard to shoot. It seemed almost wicked to kill anything so beautiful to satisfy human appetites.

The curiosity and admiration of the coolies were amusing to behold. They fondled the guns as though they were the greatest treasures on earth, and fought fiercely among themselves for the blank cartridges, which they wished to hoard as souvenirs.

For three hours we floated along, watching the well-developed muscles of our crew, and getting glimpses here and there of the landscape. At last we arrived at the opposite bank.

The wind had suddenly sprung up, and there was quite a strong current, but six of our crew, with a rope between their teeth, sprang over the side of the lighter and swam toward what appeared, from where we were, a bank too steep for us to ascend. I exclaimed, "Are we to go up that bank? How shall we ever get our car up there?"

We had been thoughtful enough to bring our planks with us, and, after a few moments' consultation, decided that if they would almost ground the lighter, we could possibly get up the bank; but I trembled over the prospect. What if the car should slip and fall off that narrow track into the soft mud! How could we ever rescue it, and if we did,

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

in what condition would it be to resume our trip! But with brave hearts and trembling hands, we at last succeeded in landing the lighter on the nearest terra firma, and then the brave little coolies took up huge rocks from the sides of the bank with their bare hands, brought long bamboo poles which they put on the rocks, and so built up a temporary buttress for the planks to rest on. There were several small boats pulled up on the bank out of the water—flat boats in which the passengers sit down in the boat while the men propel it with poles of bamboo. They have no oars, nor have they any wood with which to make them.

And this was one thing that grieved me all through India, reminding me of the selfish acts of the men who are robbing our own prosperous land of its trees also, and not providing for future generations by planting at least one tree for every four cut down now. India is now suffering for the want of timber, and if it were not for the luxuriant growth of bamboo, and the fact that coal has been discovered in some parts, the poor people would be in a bad way.

We made the landing in the midst of hundreds of people who were on the banks looking on, all aiding in every way possible to push and pull the heavy boats aside, and take out the big rocks, so that we could manage to run the car over the rough field and across the places where trees had been at one time, but now only stumps remained. Here

UNDER INDIA'S BURNING SUN

we were glad that we had been thoughtful enough to have our car raised up so as to permit us to go over these stumps without doing any damage to the bottom of the car. It would have been impossible to do this had we not taken the precaution before we started on our trip.

From Dehri-on-Sone we made a run of about twenty miles, and were agreeably surprised to find a bungalow on a high and dry knoll, surrounded with the jungle, but with roses and azaleas in full bloom—a sight I had never before witnessed at this time of the year. Here we decided to stop and rest, and give Maria a chance to do washing and ironing. I do not know that I have before mentioned the little alcohol iron we carried with us, which enabled Maria to iron my blouses, and shirts for the men (for we were always able to obtain alcohol), and thus make us fairly presentable when we entered a place where we were obliged to meet the always freshly and carefully groomed Englishmen.

The care-taker of the dak bungalow was so impressed at the arrival of our party that he immediately spread down a new carpet in the room which I was to occupy. We of course furnished our own sleeping outfit, as usual. Mr. Brooks wandered out with his gun and shot some quail, and with our duck we had a delicious dinner—curried duck with rice, boiled potatoes, and some Indian mangoes which Antonio had discovered at one of the bazaars en route. We were not able to get bread, so we baked

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some muffins, using our flour and baking powder and cooking them on a flat pan over an open fire. In my childhood I had learned to make a fire in a sugar camp in Ohio, and this experience enabled me to show Albert how to build a fire in the jungle.

Honk-Honk was allowed to roam at his own sweet will, and enjoyed the excitement; for we were simply surrounded with game of all sorts. Drove of deer would come to the very edge of the jungle and peep at us, then quickly disappear, leaping fully twenty yards at a bound, almost flying, and getting far away as fast as possible. They evidently did not like our appearance.

Just as we were settling down for the evening, we were surprised at the sound of a motor-car, and we all rushed to the piazza to see if we were awake or dreaming. We saw a small motor-car containing two Indian men headed for the dak bungalow, and I must say I felt a great deal of curiosity and pleasure, thinking we were to have neighbors for the night. One of the men jumped out and came toward me saying, "This is Mrs. Fisher, I believe, who is making a tour of the world in a motor-car?"

I replied that he was correct, and he said, "We heard in a small village about forty miles away from here that you were on the way, and His Highness, the Raja, who is the owner of all this land, wishes to offer you the hospitality of his Rest House, he now being in camp about thirty miles from here, on a tiger hunt. He has about two

UNDER INDIA'S BURNING SUN

thousand coolies out whipping up the jungle for a couple of tigers, reported to be the greatest beauties that have been seen for years."

The temptation to accept this invitation was great, but I answered that it was late, and that we were settled for the night.

Mr. Brooks remarked, "Well, I think to-morrow would be better. We are tired, and I have some work I want to do on the car." However, our oil was getting low, and we were still seventy miles from Gya, and this had worried Mr. Brooks not a little. Seeing another car, his first idea was to forage for fuel for the motor. He said, "I wonder if His Highness could spare me any oil. We have not seen a place for six hundred miles where we could get anything, and have been getting along on the supplies we received at the last station."

The chauffeur, who had followed the first speaker, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, we can give you anything you want for your car. We have petrol by the barrel, oils, and everything." We therefore were moved to accept the invitation, and told them they could expect us by noon the following day.

We had planned to remain at this bungalow for two or three days, as it looked inviting, and we realized that in a few more days we would reach Calcutta. It was then the middle of February, and, judging from our past experiences of entertainment by Rajas, I must say I rather enjoyed the prospect of again being the guest of one. The two

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men said farewell, after looking our car over and admiring its strength.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we started out for a ramble to see some of the beautiful sights that presented themselves to us from this elevation of the knoll in the dense jungle. Mr. Brooks carried his gun, and Albert a good strong stick. Honk-Honk also accompanied us. Our jaunt was cut short when we heard a rustling in the bushes, and a sound with which I was not at all familiar. Antonio exclaimed, "Cobras!" Our trip back to the bungalow was accomplished in short order.

Our long journey, and the excitement of the previous day, made us all enjoy the night's rest, and it did not seem long before the morning sun awakened us with its terrible brightness.

Our thinnest clothes, and as few of them as possible, were brought into use for the anticipated visit to the Rest House, where we expected to take lunch with the Raja. I envied the native his freedom from the Western dress. Packing up again, we prepared to move on, much to the regret of all the party; for we had found an ideal spot, and the previous night's experience made us all the more eager to remain, as we felt certain that all our desires in regard to risks and adventures would be gratified. We were to experience other adventures, however, of a sort we little anticipated.



AN EAST INDIAN ROAD

XIV

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS

FOLLOWING the directions given us by the two men, we started away about nine o'clock, expecting to arrive at the Rest House in a couple of hours, or at least in time for lunch. I remember taking a look at myself in the mirror before starting, to make sure that I was presentable. We had been several days now without seeing or speaking to any one, and I was beginning to long for companionship. Giving a lingering farewell look at our comfortable dak bungalow, we rolled away, watching out for the road, or rather path, in the jungle described by the man who called himself the "Royal Chauffeur." We met a number of people on the road, and from them Antonio inquired the way in Hindustanee.

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After considerable delay, we found ourselves following a rough path into the jungle, through which several elephants evidently had passed; and as the men had told us His Highness used elephants in the hunt, and as we also saw traces of the motor-car, which left grease tracks in the higher centre grass, we decided that we were on the right path. In some places we were obliged to stop and cut away the overhanging limbs after we had left the main road, for it was necessary to keep the top up on our machine on account of the hot sun. I had noticed the machine in which the men had visited us the night before had no top, so it could easily have preceded us.

At last, about two o'clock, all tired and hungry, and inclined to be a little disagreeable, we saw ahead of us signs of habitation, and as we wished to make ourselves heard we tooted our horn. Suddenly Antonio, who knew the country fairly well, held up his hand and cautioned us to go slow, saying, "Me no like look of town. No Raja here. Me go ahead and find out, and Mem Sahib stop here."

By this time Mr. Brooks had caught sight of a little tent with the side curtain turned up, and underneath it the little car we had seen the night before; so, paying no attention to our guide's cautions, he put on more power to show them how quickly our car could get to a place when we knew the way. To our consternation, about half a dozen naked men appeared, not giving us the welcome we

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS

had anticipated, but looking at us with a vicious smile, as a cat looks at a mouse when it knows the poor creature cannot escape.

Antonio did not leave the car, but called out, asking for the head man. Then from a tent a little farther on appeared the two men who had visited us the night previous, and I smiled and began to take notice. But somehow their faces did not wear the same expression as when they called on us at the dak bungalow, and I felt a great leap of the heart as I suddenly realized how helpless we were should these men prove unfriendly.

Remembering their description of the beautiful Rest House, so much more comfortable than our dak bungalow, I glanced around, but could see nothing but what appeared to be an old stone ruin a little farther on. It looked anything but inviting, and was extremely odorous. I felt that we had been too hasty in accepting the invitation of strangers. I told Mr. Brooks to keep the car running and not to stop, speaking in Italian, so as not to be understood by the men. I had hardly said that when Antonio exclaimed, "Turn around quick!" but Mr. Brooks, not wishing to show any suspicion, kept on, and we were farther inside the circle of wild-looking heads, more men appearing from the tents, until I lost count of them. I spoke to the men we had met previously, saying, as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances, "Good morn-

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ing. I am sorry we are so late, but we lost our way. Where shall we find the Rest House?"

The chauffeur pointed to the ruins on the hill and said, "There is where you will stay with your maid. We will take care of the men."

Without hesitation, Mr. Brooks drove on over the rough stubble toward the stone ruins, where I found that orders were being given and a lot of cows were being removed from these ruins, while men were scraping the floors where the animals had been standing. This was the beautiful Rest House I was to occupy!

I turned to the men, and, not wishing to let them see how I felt about it, exclaimed, "Oh, this is very nice; but where is the Raja?"

He explained that the Raja had started off early that morning on elephants, the report having been received that the tigers had been seen. He was sorry not to be there to welcome me, but he would return in the evening, and I could make myself quite comfortable in these quarters, which they would soon have cleaned out for me.

I asked if there were any women in the tents, thinking that possibly they were modest and timid and had not appeared; but to this question I received no reply—only a sardonic smile at the thought of women being in this place.

Upon closer examination, I found that these old ruins were in reality a veritable prison, the windows being fastened with stones, leaving only little peep-holes through which the light and air could pene-

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS

trate. There was a big door, with straps riveted on with iron, and hinges that must have required the strength of a giant to put on with crude tools. Half a dozen or more men ran to the side of our car and began to unstrap our baggage; but Mr. Brooks suddenly realized our position and called out to them not to touch anything, that we were not going to stop. Turning to the chauffeur, he asked, "Where can I get some of that oil?" for he knew we had used nearly all the oil we had in trying to find this place, and we did not know where we would be able to get a fresh supply. To this he received no answer, and for a moment our hearts failed us.

Mr. Brooks carefully turned the car around, and pointed its nose at the same hole in the jungle through which we had entered, gradually moving on, but not fast enough to arouse suspicion that we intended to leave this inhospitable reception.

The chauffeur and the other man with whom we had talked insisted upon our getting out and looking at the rooms, saying that in a few minutes the coolies would have them cleaned out. I told them I preferred the fresh air, and that we really could not stay; that we had intended only to take lunch, as our friends were expecting us at Gya.

They ignored my reference to lunch, but said, "Oh, you have friends at Gya?"

"Yes," I replied; "we have friends there, and we are already two days late. I expect we shall meet our escort on the way."

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I realized I had touched the right key to unlock the door of the mob of men standing in front of us, and Antonio took the cue immediately and began to tell how he had received a telegram at Dehri-on-Sone that I was to have a big reception at Gya, and as we had many miles to travel, and it was getting late, we had better say farewell at once.

They began to chatter together like a lot of parrots, some of them seeming disinclined to believe the story; but the two men who seemed to be at the head of this mob were obeyed, and the line broke apart, the men having anything but an engaging expression on their faces as they allowed us to pass.

Smiling as though we had been among dear friends, in whom we had full confidence, we rolled on, wishing our car could go at the rate of ninety miles an hour instead of fifty.

For many nights afterward that scene haunted me. I regret very much that we had no time to take photographs of this company. I would rather have their pictures than their comradeship.

We reached the main road once more, and turned to the right at as lively a gait as our car could make, realizing that every minute our oil was getting lower, and not knowing what lay before us in case it should give out entirely. If it did, we should be left on the lonely road, seventy miles from any Rest House or possible chance of rescue. None of us were hungry, or, if we were, nobody sug-

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS

gested stopping for lunch. Our thermos bottles filled with hot coffee sufficed us.

The roads being in good condition and fairly level, we reached Gya about seven o'clock in the evening; and then Antonio explained to me that we had been in a den of brigands. He suspected it as soon as he saw the men, from the style in which they wore their hair, which looked like long twisted wool done up with little pieces of red cotton cloth, each of the men having a streak of red across the forehead from temple to temple, and blue spots over the temples.

They were an evil-looking lot of cut-throats. In all my experiences I had never seen anything like them, and hope never to meet with their kind again. It was here for the first time I appreciated the caution and anxiety of my friends in regard to my going through India.

The brigands had evidently planned to imprison me and my maid, and it is left to the imagination to supply what might have happened to my three faithful men. We congratulated one another on having escaped with whole skins.

As if by a miracle, our oil lasted until we reached Gya, and we found at the station there our supply of petrol and oil awaiting us. Antonio and Mr. Brooks went afoot about three miles, and, getting coolies to assist them, brought the oil and petrol back with them.

At Gya we found a fairly good dak bungalow,

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and with our remaining provisions, eggs, and a few potatoes which Antonio had been able to get, we enjoyed our dinner. If it had been hard-tack and water, it would have tasted good, for we were all frightfully hungry and tired after the day's excitement.

The next morning we witnessed the first rain we had seen in India. It came down in torrents, like water-spouts, making it impossible for us even to put our baggage on the car; so we decided to remain over and make the best of it. We put our wash-bowls and buckets out to catch the rain water, for we now had a chance to get all the water we wanted, and for once in India it would be clean. Mr. Brooks rigged up a temporary spout with the piece of hose we carried, and delighted the natives by showing them how an American would catch water.

While we were thus engaged, we saw a queer-looking affair approaching, a narrow two-wheeled cart covered with a muslin top, and with seven bare-legged men pushing and pulling it. When it arrived at the piazza, the cover was lifted, and out stepped a white man in Indian dress, smoking a cigar, and followed by a yellow, half-grown boy carrying what proved to be a couple of American telescope bags. You may imagine we were glad to see anybody that had a white skin, and the man who alighted from this queer-looking affair showed the same pleasure at meeting us. After exchanging greetings, he said, "Americans?"

I answered, "Yes."



MAJOR AGABEG IN HIS 15 H. P. HUMBER

XV

MISSIONARIES, GOATS, AND OPIUM

OUR new acquaintance proved to be a missionary. He was on his way to his mission, some ninety miles farther on, but was obliged to stop at the dak bungalow for the night. He asked if he could share our rooms with us. This is one of the customs in India. No matter how many guests arrive at these dak bungalows, the first occupants have the right to the bedsteads, and the next comers take the floor, but all sleep in the same apartment, men and women.

I asked how far he had travelled, and he said he had come about two hundred and seventy-nine miles, with coolies pushing and pulling him, but that he had been only four days on the road, and that the time would have been shorter save for the lazy vagabonds whom he had been obliged to whip

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into obedience. He showed me a whip with a short handle and a long lash which he used for this purpose. Two of his men had become so bruised that it was impossible for them to limp along, and he had to take new ones to replace them.

He was smoking hard, and said he had been to a place where he could get a supply of tobacco, which he could not exist without in this horrible country. Like other missionaries of whom I have heard, he was ready for a donation immediately. He told me that the amounts received in India were not as large as they used to be; that the American people were not so generous, and that the churches did not begin to contribute the same amount of money as formerly. It was getting pretty hard for the missionaries, he said, as they had to live, and had to live pretty comfortably to enable them to stand the country. He said there was no way of converting the Hindus and Mohammedans except after a famine, as they were then starved into religion, and there was some hope of adding a large flock of adherents to his church. He neglected to state of what particular use they would be as adherents.

I found him interesting in his accounts of the life there. He informed me he had been there twenty-two years, and he had no desire to return to America. He did not believe he could live in America, as he had become accustomed to so many comforts in India.

MISSIONARIES, GOATS, AND OPIUM

This was not surprising to me, for all through India I had heard the same accounts. Here and there, of course, the missionaries are doing good work in teaching the natives English, which makes them more independent when they go to the large cities, and enables them to get employment as domestic servants, both in private families and in the hotels, at higher wages than they would otherwise receive.

This man was anxious to hear about America, and he greedily took possession of every newspaper we possessed, carrying them off with him the next morning when he left, at about five o'clock.

Maria was up early, and had her washing done and hung up in every conceivable place in the room to dry. We had an open fireplace, and by paying the care-taker a good round sum, he supplied us with wood with which we kept a roaring fire going to dry the clothes, and also to take the chill off the air, for in spite of the heat of the previous day, and the warm rain outside, the interior of the dak bungalow was chilly.

The beautiful black sheep and goats which are herded along the roads are often ferocious. They have magnificent long silky hair, and we were told that these goats supplied the skins for many of the coats worn by English ladies. Honk-Honk had his own troubles with the goats, for upon his becoming too familiar, one of them disciplined him in short order. Honkie took no more liberties.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

We remained here another night, then, the rain having stopped, we decided to start on our last lap to Calcutta, which on the Grand Trunk road is about three hundred miles. From Gya to Burhi is about sixty miles, over a winding road with a bad surface. Here we had a puncture and a blowout, and we used the last extra tires we had.

We met many old people who seemed half starved. The crumbs from our table were eagerly seized. Even the water in which our potatoes were boiled was watched with greedy eyes by the caretaker at the bungalow, who begged Albert not to throw it away. He put some herbs in it and made a sort of soup, which he drank, declaring it was good for his stomach.

We were now in the Bengal District, and passed through miles and miles of poppy fields, where they raise opium. Here, too, we saw more often the little mud huts and small villages, and we noticed signs written in English over the huts, "Opium Inspector," and more writing in Hindustanee which we did not understand. For the first time we met men staggering along under the influence of this drug, apparently not even seeing where they were going. Many times we narrowly escaped running over them.

One morning, as we were going along at about twenty miles an hour, we noticed two men coming toward us, the younger one trying to control the elder and coax him along. As our car approached,

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we slowed down, fortunately; for just as we were about to pass them, the elder man suddenly broke away and tried to fling himself in front of the car, evidently with the intention of committing suicide. The other quickly threw his whole weight against him, and together they rolled in the dust. We passed within three inches of their feet.

The roads here are very narrow, and there are bad washouts on each side of the road, built to carry away the surplus water during the rainy season and keep the roads as dry as possible. This makes it impossible to do very much turning out, and we felt grateful that the roads in India were not as thickly covered with motor-cars as some of our roads in America, or we should have suffered disaster.

We met several of the strange conveyances on the road that I have before described, some of them having as many as fourteen coolies pushing and pulling them. We were told that they must contain people of high rank, or missionaries, because the more coolies they have, the more power and wealth they must possess, since the coolies are to be paid for the work they do.

On arriving at Burhi, we decided to stop for the night. We were able to obtain chicken, eggs, and potatoes, and good sweet bread from the commissary department of one of the English barracks. We could always get bread if near the English barracks, as they were willing to sell as many loaves as we required. Otherwise we had to depend on our

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own supply of flour. A common sight in passing through India is an old woman grinding wheat between two round stones. This reminds one of the description in the Bible of the "two women grinding at the mill." We were now within about two hundred and twenty-four miles of Calcutta. From Burhi to Asensol is about one hundred and twenty miles of level, straight road, but the surface is poor as far as Katrasgarh. From there the road is excellent.

We reached Asensol about six o'clock, and as this is a great railroad centre, and one of the stations where we were to get a supply of oil and petrol, we were under the impression that we should be able to find a hotel or a dak bungalow. We wandered around for nearly an hour, but found no place where they would take us in. We even went to the Court House, or Police Station, for here we saw for the first time in India what looked like small jails, or prisons. They are distributed all through the Bengal District, these being the most vicious people the English have to deal with. No doubt this is due to the effects of the opium, rather than to the natural disposition of the natives.

They discovered coal in Asensol about four years ago, and English investors have put money in the mines and are working them. It is amusing to see the effect of this coal on the natives, who have a dark skin naturally, but here appear unnaturally black. Having been accustomed to burn clean

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wood and handle their pots and pans, they do not understand the effects of the soft coal (of which they mine more than the hard), and when they stand over the open fires everything gets black, even themselves. The white of the eyes showing from their smutty faces makes them an amusing sight, reminding one of the "end men" in the minstrel shows at home. Here, as well as all through India, water is scarce, and they sometimes have to carry it miles for cooking purposes. Naturally, washing is limited, though not prohibited.

Here in this uninviting little railroad centre, with the engines shoving the trains back and forth, and helping to blacken the air with their smoke, we looked for a place to sleep, not wishing to put up our tent, as the ground itself was black and dusty, not a tempting place even for walking. Pittsburg is clean in comparison.

We found a Club House belonging to the English engineers connected with the mines, and we bravely walked up and asked if they would take us in; but the care-taker shook his head and said the gentlemen could stay there, but not the ladies.

The matter was getting to be serious. We had passed several fine places on the way, or had glimpses of them set back in the parks with high fences surrounding them, and we felt there ought to be somebody who would at least give us a clean spot on which to pitch our tent. Hearing a sound like a motor-car, we discovered one coming toward

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us. But it crossed the road and turned; and fearing it would escape us, Mr. Brooks hastened after it, and stopped the motor by calling and waving his hat. The occupants were Major F. S. Agabeg, an English gentleman, and his charming wife. Major Agabeg was the Vice-President of the Club, and, upon hearing Mr. Brooks's story of our condition, he immediately returned to the Club House and ordered the coolies to take off our baggage, and told us the place was at our disposal.

The Major and his wife afterward told us that they had seen or heard of a motor-car having passed along, but it was so loaded no one could tell its contents. They wondered what place we were making for, and where we would stop; for it was a rare occurrence for a stranger to appear in this place, and it naturally created a great deal of curiosity. They insisted on our returning with them to their own home, one of the beautiful places we had passed. We declined for that night, but accepted an invitation for luncheon the following day. We preferred to remain at the Club until we should have rid ourselves of the accumulation of dust and dirt.

Here we found a fairly good Indian cook, and with the remainder of our provisions, mostly canned goods, had a satisfactory supper. The Major had posted up a notice to members asking them to remember there were two ladies in the house, and to omit any amusement that might annoy them. Only



A PORTION OF MAJOR AGABEG'S GROUNDS

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one or two of the members appeared that night, and as we were all very tired after our long journey, we were glad to retire early.

The next day Mr. Brooks laid in a fresh supply of petrol and oil, and I got out a clean gown, and when Major Agabeg arrived we accepted his invitation to accompany him home in his own little car. We were received by Mrs. Agabeg in a fresh white gown. She welcomed us as if we were old friends, and it was pleasant indeed once more to sit down to a delicious luncheon in civilized surroundings.

We spent a pleasant evening, playing billiards, walking around the interesting grounds, and listening to Major Agabeg's account of his life there. He had been sent over by an uncle who had put a great deal of money in the mines, and spent a large amount on machinery for mining the coal. He told me that it was hard to sell the coal, as most of the natives had no money with which to buy it, and the Maharaja would not use it on account of the dirt and smoke. So they had to depend chiefly on shipments to Calcutta, for use on the steamers and the railroads. He thought it would be only a short time, however, before the natives would have to use coal, as no one had been thoughtful enough to plant trees where they had been cut down. Since the mutiny of 1857 the supply has gradually decreased, and India will soon become a vast desert.

Major Agabeg and his wife were so hospitable that we remained for a couple of days to get rested before starting on.

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From Asensol to Burdwan is sixty-six miles. The first twenty miles is hilly and the surface of the roads fair; after that there is an excellent straight road. When we reached Burdwan we discovered that Maria had locked all the boxes and left the keys at Asensol at the Club House. We were in a dak bungalow, with beds but no coverings, nor could we get anything out of our dressing-bags. I telegraphed to Major Agabeg that I was sending Antonio back by train that night for the keys. About four o'clock in the morning he returned with them, and we then took out what was necessary and bundled ourselves up and went to sleep quite like the natives.

We were now about sixty-six miles from Calcutta. As we neared the city, we found the traffic extremely heavy; and the numerous little villages one has to pass through make careful driving necessary. Calcutta, the capital of India, is the second largest city in the British empire.



FIGURINES OF EAST INDIAN CASTES

XVI

CALCUTTA'S HOSPITABLE RECEPTION

WE reached Calcutta about three o'clock. The night spent at the dak bungalow, the excitement about the mislaid keys, and the proximity of street and railroad made rest impossible. The curiosity we excited in Calcutta, and the interest displayed in us and in our car, soon brought me to an almost regretful realization of the fact that we were nearing our journey's end through India.

We went to the Grand Hotel, and when I stepped up to register and inquire about rooms, the clerk gazed at me with no little curiosity. Half a dozen guides had followed us in, and explained to the clerk, with excited gesticulations, that we had arrived in a motor-car. The clerk said, "Why, Madam, where did you come from?"

"Bombay."

"Yes, but how?"

"In a motor-car."

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“ Do I understand you to say you came all the way from Bombay in a motor-car? ”

I replied that that was what we had done.

He said, “ Well, you have trained your car, and only made short trips ”—this being the English expression for having put your car on a train.

I told him that we had driven every inch of the way. I also remarked that I had my little dog with me, and hoped there would be no objection to taking him in. I asked if there was a garage where I could put my car, and the clerk said there was a court inside which could be reached by going around the block, and that he would give us rooms there, but that we must watch our car and be responsible for it.

Never once during my trip across India, a distance of twenty-three hundred miles, was my car or anything in it molested in any way, although we were often obliged to leave some of our baggage outside in the car, as well as the extra tires and the tools that we carried. While the natives showed great curiosity and looked at everything, their manners were perfect, and they never put their fingers on the car. Motorists will appreciate this. In our own country, one no sooner stops than a lot of dirty boys gather around, who seem to delight in fingering everything with their soiled hands.

We were shown rooms inside the court, and I engaged a pleasant little suite. Mr. Brooks brought the car around, and once more we unloaded our

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baggage, which, like ourselves, was covered with dust. The terrific heat of the sun poured down on a very fatigued and dirty-looking party. After the baggage was taken off and carried to our rooms, and we were comfortably settled, Antonio brought a tray with delicious tea, bread and butter, and orange marmalade.

I settled down to read and answer some of the letters that had been forwarded to me here, and sent Albert to the office of the P. & O. Steamship Company, to see if the accommodations had been reserved for us on the steamer sailing in about two weeks, for which I had previously written. He returned with the news that everything had been taken up; that we could not leave Calcutta for a month, as the steamers sail only every two weeks.

I immediately put on my topee, and with a fan and umbrella started for the office of the steamship company, where I was met by a clerk with a round face, looking like a puffed up raisin, with two eyes bulging, and a little round mouth. He informed me that he had received my letter, but that everything had been taken up a month before my letter was received, and that there was no possible way of getting staterooms on that steamer. I inquired for the superintendent, Mr. Jenkins, and, after some delay, he received me. I explained my position to him, and the necessity for my not missing the next steamer, as I was due in Colombo.

He was a gentleman of the old school, and ap-

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preciated a lady's dilemma. He disappeared for a moment, and on his return asked if I would mind occupying one room with my maid, or the hospital room, on board the ship, as on these P. & O. boats they always have a room reserved for a hospital room. I told him we were willing to sleep almost anywhere, providing we could sail at the time appointed. He promised that this should be arranged, and said that I could rest perfectly contented, as he would see that we sailed on that steamer.



OUR CALCUTTA FRIENDS—MR. JENKINS IN CENTRE

This incident brought about a very pleasant acquaintance, Mr. Jenkins giving me a charming luncheon and dinner at his home, where I met his sister-in-law, who was keeping house for him during the absence of his wife in England. During my stay in Calcutta, I received invitations for dinners and luncheons which would have occupied all of my

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time. I could not possibly accept half the invitations, much to my regret.

I made inquiries about Honk-Honk, and found he must again be separated from his mistress and sent to Kobe, if I wished him to arrive there at the time I was due. Mr. Jenkins kindly arranged with the Japanese consul to permit Honk-Honk to land on the sacred ground of Japan.

Our sojourn in Calcutta was spent in motor trips, sometimes taking Mr. Jenkins and his family, or some of his friends. We spent Sunday at the Club, where we were presented to people of note. We also went in the early morning to the Riding Club and saw some fine exhibitions of riding over roughly ploughed ground, and some good jumping, with English horses.

We decided to make a trip to Darjeeling with our motor-car, and started early one morning, leaving the hotel about 5:30. We inquired our way out of Calcutta, that we might get started on the right road, for while there is only one, very few people seemed to know just where that began. After having travelled for about three hours, we happily ascertained that we were really on the right path.

At the foot of the mountain, we were obliged to get permission to ascend, as no motor-car had been up there, and they seemed to be afraid that we would be killed, or would cause an accident to the train, which is a regular switchback, winding in and out

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of the Sonada forest. This train proceeds on a track at the side of the same road we had to use, a winding road with fairly steep grades, but in perfect condition, crossing and recrossing the railroad track every few miles. In some places we had to run right on the tracks.

We were merry over this feat, for the climb up that mountain was a dream in comparison with a drive down Broadway or on Fifth Avenue, New York. Of course we had to keep a lookout for the little train, but when you know there are only four trips a day made by these trains, two up and two down, you find it easy to avoid any difficulty in this respect. The engines pulling these trains whistle and toot at every crossing, fearing to run over some pedestrian, so that one would have to be careless indeed to get into trouble.

At last I found my dreams of India realized: I was in the Himalaya Mountains, enjoying the climb to the fullest extent, for we were blest with as beautiful a day as one could imagine, with the orioles singing, making one think of spring, not winter.

As we mounted higher and higher, circling around the mountain-sides, we passed tea-fields full of tea pickers, and the views spread out in grand panorama before us were superb. One could really spend a week in this mountain climbing, for the Himalayas are the most beautiful mountains in the world. This mountain has been conquered by the hand of man, and you admire the achievement



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DARJEELING, INDIA

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of the engineer, which enables trains to climb, so that people may escape the heat of the plains below. You cannot possibly keep on your way when in a motor-car without stopping often to admire the beautiful scenes spread before you.

Here we passed natives, but they were all walking. We did not see any bullock carts all the way up the mountain—only the little train. Although we travelled faster than it, we stopped often to enjoy the views, and so became quite familiar with the passengers, with whom we exchanged salutes. We often travelled alongside the train on the road, at the same rate of speed, so as to enjoy the sight of the smiling faces.

The natives rushed to the side of the road and looked with frightened eyes at this monster climbing the hills. They were too surprised even to salaam. Our downward trip was quite different in that respect, as we received smiles and salaams all the way.

As we climbed higher and higher my heart began to be affected by the change in altitude, and for a few moments I felt anxious, not knowing just how high an altitude I could stand. At last, when we reached the Hotel Darjeeling, I was told that we were fifteen thousand feet above sea level.

Here I gazed at the panorama spread before us. The hotel manager remarked, " You can go on up to twenty-five thousand feet, but I think you would have to do that on foot or on mule-back, for there

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is nothing but a very narrow path going around the mountain."

On our way we had passed many small schools where the English officers send their children, their wives occupying the small villas during the hot season, from March until November.

We found the hotel here well-kept, and as we entered a crackling fire gave cheery welcome. Upon retiring to my room I experienced a smothered feeling, and my maid exclaimed, "Signora is ill!" I had to confess that I did feel a little queer, for it seemed impossible for me to breathe. Mr. Brooks immediately sent for the doctor who was connected with a regiment up there, and he exclaimed, "Oh, Madam has a weak heart."

Nothing else being available, the woolen sheets from the bed were torn into strips and dipped into hot water, and I was bound up in them until I felt relieved. I also took some medicine the doctor gave me. This attack lasted only about two hours; then, hearing that the Dalai Lama, who had escaped from Tibet to save his life, was expected at the hotel at any moment, I got up and dressed, putting on a heavy fur coat, and was wheeled out on the terrace in a roller-chair to witness the arrival. And what a pitiful sight it was! The Lama was carried in a dandie on the shoulders of four of his faithful followers. He was dusty and tired, but was dressed in a magnificent red robe, with jeweled chains about his neck, and he had on a hat which I can only

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describe as being like a small sailor hat, with narrow rim and small crown, and with a little black band around the crown, the edges crossed and hanging over the side. Because of the jolting of the climb up the steep mountain-sides, up which he had been carried, this hat was cocked over his left ear, and it was enough to incite merriment, until one thought of his sad plight. This was the head covering of the great Dalai Lama, who was escaping from his people because he had dared to live too long, and they wanted a new Pope. His friends had warned him that unless he left Tibet his life would not be spared, and they assisted him to escape, many of them following him. A tired, dust-covered lot of gypsies they were! The Lama and our motor-car, arriving at about the same time, divided the honors on this occasion. His poor tired little pony was being led, and the Darjeeling Indians cast themselves upon the ground and caressed the mane and tail of the faithful little beast.

That afternoon we were entertained by the tomtom beaters and the silver dancers, who were dressed in the most fantastic style, and decorated with enough turquoises, sapphires, and rubies to make a prince's fortune.

The second day we spent in being carried around in 'rickshaws down the narrow paths and over the miniature bridges, which are narrow but very strong.

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One misses the greatest pleasure of the whole trip if one fails to witness the wonderful sunrise in these mountains. At five o'clock in the morning I stood on my balcony, thousands of feet high, and looked upward where the snow- and ice-covered mountains were shining in iridescent colors, like scintillant jewels. The cloud effects, as they changed every minute, with the shadows resting on the fir trees, were beyond description.

I must confess that the high altitude did not agree with me. The rest of the party stood it, but it was a dangerous place for anybody with a weak heart. Scarcely a day passes that some one does not pay the penalty with his life for his adventurous spirit in climbing to this high altitude.

The Darjeeling Indians reminded me of the type of Indians with which I was familiar in America—the same broad faces and high cheek-bones. Here, too, the babies, or papooses, were strapped in hand-woven baskets wrapped around and around with hand-woven silk rags, and carried on the backs of the mothers. It was not an uncommon sight to see women cutting and sawing wood, with their babies sleeping quietly, fastened to their backs. Even little boys not over ten years old were picking up sticks or carrying baskets in their hands, with little baby brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. When the baby became restless or cried, the little brother would stand and shake his whole body, and so quiet his small burden.

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The women wear rings in their ears and nose. Some of them have such immense rings in their noses, fastened in by their husbands, that when they want to eat they have to pull a lock of hair from their forehead to fasten up the nose ring, so as to gain access to their mouths. This gives a most amusing expression to their faces.

The women here practise polyandry, so I was told, being permitted to have as many husbands as they desire. The way one husband would know his presence was not desired in the home of his wife was when he saw another pair of shoes on the doorstep. That was a signal that she was not to be disturbed or molested until those shoes disappeared. So I found in these mountains one place where women were permitted to enjoy legally the same privileges that men who are sometimes called gentlemen enjoy illegally.

The women here are evidently the strongest characters, as they keep the roads in perfect condition, doing all the heavy work, and carrying immense loads on their heads. They go up into the mountain and bring down the wood that is used by the residents of Darjeeling, and they carry up provisions from the foot of the mountain, each making her husband do a certain amount of the work.

All through this country are little shrines, and the natives tie small rags on a stick for a prayer, expecting it to be granted through this method.

Some of the curious and interesting little ani-

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imals one sees all about Darjeeling are the broad-tailed sheep.

At last we had to leave all this wonderful scenery, and descend to the hot plains below. Cheery farewells were waved to us by the guests and residents of Darjeeling.

We went down the mountain in a little less than two hours, coasting nearly all the way. It had taken about five hours to make the ascent, although, of course, we made many stops going up. We had no trouble in finding our way back to Calcutta, although both in going and in returning one must cross several ferries and travel over a number of sandy places. When we reached Calcutta we were received as though we were old residents of the place, and found our rooms all cleaned and prepared for our reception, with bouquets of flowers to welcome me back.

While in Calcutta we were entertained at the Government House, Lord and Lady Minto becoming as much interested in our trip as any one we met. Lord Minto remarked that my motor trip was the most normal he had heard of, and that I had received health and pleasure in the most ideal way.

At the invitation of Major Stevenson, I visited the hospitals to study the plague cases. I found every modern convenience in these hospitals—rolling-tables, surgical instruments. The surgical ward was in perfect condition, the nurses being



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native men and women who had been trained for this purpose. I saw an interesting exhibition of X-ray work, visited the smallpox wards, and witnessed an operation where the surgeon removed a part of the upper jaw-bone, which was decayed, and inserted an artificial bone. I was told that later on, when the wound had become sufficiently healed and the gum had grown on the artificial bone, they would insert teeth, and the man would never realize that his upper jaw-bone was artificial.

These hospitals are established and kept up by the English almost entirely, and they deserve the greatest credit for the noble work that is here accomplished. The hospitals cover blocks of ground in Calcutta, but, like our hospitals at home, they have not accomplished all they desire, and are ever hoping for large donations to carry on the work.

One of the invitations I accepted while in Calcutta was to a dinner given by the two brothers of Mrs. Cassie, who had taken the trip to Poona with us. It was a most delightful and original bachelors' dinner. Around my plate were little figures representing the different castes in India, which were presented to me as souvenirs of my trip.

Among the many charming and hospitable people I met in Calcutta were Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Gregory. Mr. Gregory sent his fine new motor-car to bring Mr. Brooks and me to their house for a

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dinner he gave, where we met about twenty interesting residents of Calcutta.

We were also invited to Barrachpore, which is a lovely motor trip of about an hour's run, where we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Graves. In our honor Dr. Graves had about a thousand of the native troops in line, and they gave us an hour's pleasure in reviewing them and watching their manœuvres. They were a fine-looking lot of men. We visited their temple, and they presented me with a little hand-made hatchet, knife, and spear, and also some funny-looking little hand-made woolen pieces which they use for cuff-buttons, and which they said would bring me good luck.

The editor of *The Empress* and representatives of other papers in Calcutta interviewed me in regard to my trip. They asked what medicine I had brought to ward off diseases. I explained that all we had needed was quinine, which I had administered whenever I thought any of our little party needed it. We almost always took a dose of it after a long dusty ride, or when we had been unusually exposed to the dust and heat.

The Empress for March published the following rather superlative article:

To our list of distinguished visitors this season, we have now to add Mrs. Clark Fisher, who in the course of her journey around the world in her motor-car arrived in Calcutta last week, and left a few days ago for Colombo. This most remarkable lady is the widow of Lieutenant Clark Fisher, of the

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U. S. Navy. Her love for outdoor life and adventure has been fully realized in her trip across India. She is the first lady to accomplish this feat, which makes her of great interest to the people here in Calcutta. She has met most of the prominent people in Europe as well as in her own country. In 1900 she was presented to her late majesty, Queen Victoria, at Windsor, and she has met various members of the royal houses of Europe.

Her entourage consists of a young American engineer, Mr. Harold Fisher Brooks, a metropolitan valet, an Italian maid, and an Indian servant.

On the way from Bombay the party has frequently camped out on the road, and they seem to have enjoyed it. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Fisher expressed her delight at her reception, both by the Europeans and the Indians throughout the country.

She mentioned particularly her reception by His Highness the Maharaja of Benares, His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda and Mr. Nehru of Allahabad.

Another of the daily papers, under the caption "Around the World in a Motor-Car," stated that "Mrs. Fisher seemed much pleased with the sardee and wore one while in India; and said she never felt so comfortably dressed as she did in that lovely light silk gown; and hoped to persuade the American ladies to adopt that style for house wear during the summer months, since they are cool, easily put on, require no buttons or sewing, and are easily laundered." Continuing, the article said:

She was very anxious to see an elephant, and to her great satisfaction she had her desires gratified in having been enabled to ride on them and see them in all their practical workings, trimming trees and carrying heavy logs in the jungle. She

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was very much interested in her trip to Benares, which she visited just at the time of the great religious festival or annual bath-taking in the Ganges. The experiences they have met with in ferrying across rivers, foraging for game, etc., seems to have agreed with the whole party, for they all looked rosy and well, and as though enjoying their gypsy life immensely. The motorists in Calcutta were very much interested in this trip, and we hope it will not be long before there will be more people attempting this original and delightful way of making little excursions farther into the country, now that this American woman has set the example and shown the way. The tying of the turbans interested Mrs. Fisher very much, and we think if she only had the time she would soon learn all the different curves and creases given to that head-gear so well known in India. We are sorry more people of this sort are not tempted to visit India, for it is quite a new type of woman coming from over the sea.

Since her arrival in Calcutta, Mrs. Fisher has visited some of the chief engineering firms in the city, including the Russa Works of Bhowanipore. She is, of course, collecting curios, and one of these consists of a new pig-sticking spear invented by H. H. the Maharaja of Benares. Made of the finest steel, it consists of a formidable horse pistol at the base of a lance-head nearly half a yard in length, with a cross bar. When the spear has penetrated the pig, the cross bar is pressed backward and the trigger released, and the pistol goes off; and "when the Maharaja is finished with that pig, I reckon it is not much use for sausage," said Mrs. Fisher. Everyone seems to regret that this little woman is making such a short stay in Calcutta.

I noticed that in travelling through India one rarely sees a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age. We saw them up to eight or nine years, or very old women. I remarked at this, and it was explained



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to me that after a girl reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen she is kept in seclusion, only very young girls and old women being permitted to be gazed upon by the public.

Two weeks of the hotel life and cooking nearly finished me, for everything one eats is filled with curry and chili, and my throat felt scorched for several days after I left Calcutta. They informed me that one of the reasons for using this "hot stuff" was to ward off stomach troubles and diseases; but in my opinion, it would be more likely to cause the very thing they desire to avoid. It may kill germs, but I think it is responsible for the death of many humans as well.

In Calcutta Honk-Honk was petted and admired, and was allowed the special privilege of playing in the Park in front of the Grand Hotel, where he enjoyed himself in independent American fashion; but he soon had to be prepared for his long journey on a sailing vessel to Japan.



BATHING THE ELEPHANTS, CEYLON

XVII

WONDERFUL LITTLE CEYLON

THE time was drawing near when I must say farewell to India, and we made arrangements to ship the car on the same steamer on which we were to sail. To any one following the same route, I would offer the advice that they give the steamship company as much time as possible in which to make arrangements for the shipping of the motor-car, as they carry an immense amount of freight. It is also well to have one's car insured.

From about the tenth of March on, it is extremely warm in the middle of the day in India, making it necessary to close the blinds of your windows and have the punkas going constantly. These fans are movable frames, covered with canvas and suspended from the ceiling. In many

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cases there are also water mattresses, which are made of grass or roots and kept wet, and when fanned by these punkas they help cool the air. The fans are kept in motion by native boys, one boy sometimes keeping five or six in a row going at the same time. The boy is dressed in white and wears a red sash, and as he keeps up this monotonous motion he seems to turn into a veritable machine, resting from time to time first on one foot and then on the other. I was told that they keep this up for hours at a stretch without any rest. I regretted leaving everything in India except the heat, and the monotonous motion of these fans.

We sailed on March 10th. On board the steamer I found myself and my maid installed in very comfortable quarters. Mr. Brooks and Albert had comfortable rooms a little further aft. The hospital room was not brought into requisition for us. The ship was very crowded, so much so that husbands and wives were parted, occupying separate rooms; as at this time of the year many of the English officers and their wives are returning to England for their vacation.

In the Far East one sees humanity under different aspects from those we observe at home: mothers and fathers parting with their children, husbands parting with their wives, oftentimes forever; here, too, the traveller feels the pang of parting with friends with whom one is beginning to wish for a closer friendship. But the parting hour

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

seems to come to all, and so, "like ships that pass in the night," we move on, and at last arrive at Colombo in the Island of Ceylon.

A small lighter comes out to meet the passengers, and we are taken on board, and, after landing, walk a few steps to the Oriental Hotel. It is hardly necessary for me to say that Colombo is the stopping point for all steamers coming and going to the different ports in the East, and therefore one sees nearly every nationality represented there.

After a hasty luncheon, we went to the Custom House, where we presented our papers, and got receipts to clear our car, after which I returned to the hotel. Mr. Brooks went to the Custom House Wharf, and in a couple of hours informed me that the car was at my door.

The guide-books say to avoid the months of June, July, October, and November in visiting Ceylon, as well as for travelling in the interior. February to May can safely be recommended to the visitor, and Nuwara Eliya especially is climatically delightful during what is "the season" for the sanitarium in these four months, while it is often enjoyable in August, September, December, and January. They claim never to have had a case of plague on the island.

As soon as you arrive, you pass a doctor's inspection and receive a certificate; and for three days after your arrival you are obliged to visit the doctor and have your pulse felt and your tongue

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examined. If the slightest symptoms of fever present themselves, you are immediately quarantined and sent off to the hospital. This is absolutely unavoidable. All the inhabitants of the Island of Ceylon are as carefully watched as the members of a large family, to prevent contagious diseases.

The area of the Island of Ceylon is 25,481 square miles, and the total population (including coolies) for 1907 was 3,988,064, of whom 6559 are Europeans. The rest of the population is made up of Sinhales, Burghers, Tamils, Moors, Malays, and others. In Ceylon you find cardamom, cinnamon, plumbago, cocoa, cocoanut oil. The total quantity of Ceylon rubber exported in 1908 was 712,125 pounds. The value of the exports during 1908 was Rs. 128,962,156.00; that of the imports, Rs. 122,420,393.51. The public debt amounts to 4,638,334 pounds. It has been incurred for the construction of harbor works, railways, and irrigation projects. The revenue in round figures is Rs. 35,000,000. The currency of the island is rupees, divided, not into annas as in India, but into cents. The sovereign is now legal tender, L. 1, Rs. 15. The rupee is therefore equal to 1s. 4d.

Ceylon has been continuously, but not entirely, ruled by European races since 1507, when the Portuguese settled on the west and south coasts. The Dutch dispossessed the Portuguese in 1656, but gave way in turn to the English, who have held the Maritime Provinces since 1796, and the whole isl-

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and, including the interior and Kandyan Kingdom, which neither the Portuguese nor the Dutch ever occupied, since 1815. Ceylon belongs to the class of what are known as "Crown Colonies." It is administered direct from the Crown by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, with whom, at the Colonial Office in Downing Street, the Governor communicates on all matters of State. Locally, the executive and administrative power is in the hands of the Governor, who is assisted by an Ex-



A CROSSING IN CEYLON

ecutive Council of five official members, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary, the officer commanding the troops, the Attorney-General, the Auditor-General, and the Treasurer.

Travelling in Ceylon is for the most part comparatively easy either by railway or, preferably,

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by motor-car. The roads in most places are excellent, and the Rest Houses are far more comfortable than the corresponding institutions in India. In the larger towns, such as Badulla, Ratnapura, Matara, and at some of the stations on the Great North Road, they are, in all but name, hotels. The traveller is not allowed to remain in them more than three days without permission, which, however, is easily procured. On all the principal roads they are usually provided with bed and table linen, baths, tea and dinner service, etc. This is not the case, however, on the less frequented roads, where the Rest Houses often furnish little more than shelter.

The motor-car is now being quite commonly used, and affords the most perfect means of touring the island. The cost for hiring these motor-cars is about fifty dollars a day for the car and driver. You have, naturally, tips and other expenses in addition, and I understand from people who have hired cars there that it runs up to about seventy-five dollars a day. As you can do the whole island in a week or ten days, it is for the person touring to decide whether he will take this means or be crowded into ill-smelling and overcrowded cars. Of course if you take your own motor-car, the travelling is ideal.

To the traveller who intends to stop more than a day or two in Colombo, I should recommend going a little over a mile to the Galle Face Hotel.

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You will pass by the Government offices, looking out on the Gordon Gardens, and proceeding between Queens House on the right (the Governor's residence, a large but ugly mass of buildings,) and the new General Post Office on the left. After passing the Clock Tower and the Barracks, consisting of several blocks built *en echelon* at a great cost to the Colony, you will find yourself in the open space called the Galle Face, intersected by the direct road to Galle. Nearly in the centre of the Galle Face Esplanade is a small fort, and a little further to the south is the Colombo Club, a fine oval building looking on the sea. In about the middle of the promenade, near the sea, is a stone like a milestone, with an inscription in which Sir Henry Ward, who had it erected, recommends the walk to the care of his successors, for the use of ladies and children.

Colombo and its neighborhood affords opportunity for a multitude of charming and picturesque drives. Two, especially, may be mentioned, one of which might be taken in the morning and the other in the evening of the same day. The first is recommended to those who have not yet seen anything of the East, and to whom the native town of Colombo will afford a pleasing introduction to the distinguishing characteristics of Oriental life and scenery; but except the latter part of it, which is pretty, there is little in this drive to interest one already familiar with India.



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(1) Commence at the Galle Face Hotel and take the road along the sea past the Barracks until the statue of Sir E. Barnes is reached. He was Governor between 1824 and 1831. Then turn to the right into the Pettah, or Native Town, past an Old Dutch Belfry, beyond which are the Market Place and the Town Hall. Here two streets diverge, the one to the left being Sea Street, where dwell the dealers in rice and cotton, and where are two Hindu Temples, quaint and picturesque, but of no great size or importance. The other, Wolfendahl Street, to the right, conducts to Wolfendahl Church, a massive cruciform building on high ground, built by the Dutch in 1749 on the site of an old Portuguese Church called Aqua de Lupo, and commanding a fine view of the city and harbor. Here are monuments and hatchments recording the decease of Dutch officials. It is the most interesting as well as the most complete of the relics of the Dutch occupation now remaining. Thence the drive may be continued through the suburb of Mutwal, over the Victoria Bridge crossing the Kelani River to Maradana, back to Galle Face.

(2) The second drive commences by crossing the bridge from Galle Face almost immediately behind the hotel, to Slave Island, and then driving along the edge of a beautiful fresh water lake, past the pretty residence of the General commanding the troops in Ceylon, to Victoria Park. The traveller should not omit to notice the pretty little

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Buddhist Temple on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite the General's house. The Park occupies the old Cinnamon Gardens, and is well laid out with ornamental grounds, in the midst of which is a Museum, which was built in 1877, and is exclusively devoted to the exhibition of Ceylon products, antiquities, natural history, etc.

After spending two or three days trying to find out what the rules were for motor driving, we started off, as we supposed, in perfect security, for a two weeks' motor trip through Ceylon. At the garage where we were able to obtain supplies, they told us we would be permitted to travel ten days without a license, and that the tax for a year for driving a car in Ceylon was forty rupees. This seemed to us to be rather high for ten days. We packed our luggage, said farewell to our friends at the hotel, and, with numerous admirers gazing at our heavily loaded car, started to the west, intending to make the entire trip around the island.

The roads were magnificent, being lined with cocoanut palms on both sides. The natives were gathering these cocoanuts, and when we felt thirsty we would stop the car and call to them, whereupon they would bring a large knife, cut the top off a green cocoanut, and give us the real cocoanut water to drink. It was delicious and refreshing. I think it is a sure cure for indigestion.

I ought to give credit to the Custom House officer who had been so obliging in passing our



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baggage, and had offered to store any extra pieces we might have, during our absence. He gave us maps and directions, so that we could see and enjoy the most beautiful parts of Ceylon.

For this trip we took a fresh supply of canned goods—milk, cream, and meats. To our delight, we found plenty of game, with apparently no law to prevent our shooting all we might need for food.

About ten miles from Colombo, we noticed a motor-car going ahead of us at pretty good rate of speed, but as it was not making as good time as we wanted to, and the road was narrow, we were obliged to insist upon having at least room enough to pass. After a tooting of horns, this was granted. We noticed the car contained two men and the chauffeur, with two ladies on the rear seat. The passing glance we had was not enough to enable us to identify them in the future. We were now waving our fourth little American flag, also a flag of the American Automobile Club. The others had been worn out through exposure to wind and weather, but they were all carefully preserved.

Shortly, we reached a most inviting-looking spot in the cool jungle, and as it was very hot in the middle of the day, we decided to camp here and eat our luncheon. This little camping party on the ground led us to be very cautious thereafter, for, much to our annoyance, we found little wood-ticks so plentiful that we were literally covered

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with them. We remembered the experience for many days.

After lunching and resting, we started on, and obtained magnificent views of bits of the sea at every turn in the road. We passed lakes, and growing sugar-cane on all sides, and the sugar-cane lodges. We noticed a difference in the class of people we met. The Sinhalese dress in white, and wear nothing on their heads except a round comb in the hair, such as little girls at home used to wear. The hair is done up in a knot at the base of the head, making the men look like women to us. Women were rarely seen, as they would disappear like frightened deer when they saw a stranger approaching, but we noticed they wore their hair hanging down their backs.

We arrived at a small Rest House at Puttalam, about seventy-five miles this side of Anuradhapura. This Rest House was very dirty, and we congratulated ourselves on having our own bedding. We here met two road inspectors, who greatly admired our car. The Chief declared that he was going to copy our outfit complete, as it was the only way to travel as they were obliged to on this island, and live in comfort.

Early the next morning we started on our way to Anuradhapura, and on this road we met some of the people called "Rock Veddahs," who are absolute savages, wearing no clothing whatever. Upon seeing our car approaching, they would run

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and conceal themselves in the dense forest. We were told that these people were rarely seen by travellers, but the strangeness of our outfit must have attracted their curiosity, for we saw as many of them as we cared to, and felt a good deal safer when we were beyond their retreat. Their skill in handling the bow and arrow, of which they still habitually make use, is said to be remarkable.

The following day, at three o'clock, we again stopped in the jungle for luncheon. Mr. Brooks killed what they call "jungle fowl," and my heart sank when I saw the beautiful plumage of these birds. The cock has the finest plumage, having one long curved tail feather nearly a yard in length, of the most beautiful shades of brown, green, and yellow. The hens were not worth much for their feathers, but they are very good to eat, tasting something like guinea fowl. Albert made us an old-fashioned pot-pie with dumplings—a very savory and tempting dish.

At Anuradhapura we visited the government doctor and gave up our papers, and were given a free passport for good health.

We visited here the old temples, and the ruins of what are said to be the oldest pyramids, or the remains of pyramids, in the world, no one being able to tell how old they really are.

In the dining-room of the hotel, we met some of Mr. James Gordon Bennett's party—a gentleman who had charge of the financial reports of the Euro-

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pean edition of Mr. Bennett's paper, and his wife, who had been guests of mine on Lake Como a couple of years previously. It was particularly pleasant to meet old friends here. This is a favorite place of Mr. James Gordon Bennett for a winter trip, and nearly every year he brings a party over on his yacht. He also brings a couple of motor-cars with which to tour the island.

My friends said they were stopping at Kandy, and they gave us some information about the roads. We decided to take the one the least known, and, after visiting Anuradhapura, we left for Trincomalee and Dambool on the way to Kandy, which latter place we reached about three o'clock, and took rooms at the Queen Hotel. Twenty dollars a day was charged for rooms here. Mr. Bennett's party arriving later on, we met again after dinner.

The first mention of Kandy as a city is at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when a temple was built there to contain Buddha's tooth and other relics. From possessing these, it became an important seat of the Buddhist hierarchy, and eventually the residence of branches of the royal family; but it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that it was adopted as the capital of the island, after the destruction of Kotta, and the defeat of Rajah Singha II, by Wimala Dharma in 1592. During the wars with the Portuguese and the Dutch, Kandy was burned so often that scarcely any of the ancient buildings, except the temples

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and the royal residences, remained when the English took it in 1815.

Kandy is picturesquely situated on the banks of a small artificial lake, overhung on all sides by hills. A road called "Lady Horton's Walk" winds around one of these hills, and on the east side, which is almost precipitous, looks down on the valley of Dumbera, through which the Mahaweli-ganga rolls over a channel of rocks, "presenting a scene that in majestic beauty can scarcely be surpassed." In a park at the foot of this acclivity is the Pavilion of the Governor.

Serpents are numerous here, especially the cobra and the carawilla. The large black scorpion, as big as a crayfish, is also found here.

No one should leave Kandy without visiting the Peredeniya Gardens, about four miles from Kandy, where we drove the second day. Here I was allowed to pick nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon.

Upon our return to the hotel, a fine-looking man stepped up to me and said very politely, "Is this Mrs. Fisher?" Upon my replying in the affirmative, he said, "I am very sorry, but must tell you that you are going to be arrested for having driven away from Colombo without the proper license for your car, and neither did you obtain a license for the privilege of driving your car." I explained to him that I had made every effort to obtain these licenses, but had been informed that as we were staying only for a few days the licenses

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would not be required, and so we had driven off without them. This gentleman informed me that he was the President of the Automobile Club, which was yet in its infancy, not being fully developed; but having heard of me through the newspapers, he was deeply interested in my trip and regretted extremely that I should be put to any inconvenience. He said that if I would make oath to the facts above stated, he would at once telephone to Colombo and see what could be done. This I did, and evidently his telephoning had some effect, for I heard nothing more about this matter.

Every six or eight miles you will find a toll-gate in Ceylon, where you are obliged to pay from half a rupee to a rupee going one way. Save for hotel bills, this was the only form of graft to which we were especially subjected, and by comparison modest indeed.

There was a good deal of interest displayed in rubber trees. We found many coolies at work along the roads, digging out tea plants and replacing them with rubber trees. As it takes at least three years before they can be tapped for the rubber without danger of killing the trees, there must be a large amount of money tied up in this business.

While we were in Kandy we were invited to see an elephant kraal. This is about the most interesting sight one can see in this wonderful little island, unless one excepts the great pearl fisheries. However, one can see the actual fishing going on

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only once in every few years. We visited the fisheries, and viewed the remains of the oysters decaying in the sun.

In 1905 the enormous number of fifty millions of oysters were fished, and the government netted the sum of Rs. 2,626,175—a record. The record revenue during the earlier years of the fishery under British rule was 105,187 pounds, in 1814. The banks lie mostly in the Gulf of Manaar, and are in two divisions, northern and southern, the former being some twenty miles square in area, at a depth of about seven fathoms. The Pearl Banks of Ceylon have excited the cupidity of the nations of all ages, from the Phœnicians onward. The Pearl Banks have now been leased by the government to a London Company for twenty years at a rental of Rs. 310,000 per annum, but there will be no pearls taken out for two years.

From Kandy we made several little excursions, crossing reed bridges or ferries. We invited several different acquaintances that we had made on the trip, to join us; but this did not meet with the approval of the hotel people, who had motor-cars and carriages for rent.

Here on this beautiful little island, we found the highest civilization and also the most extreme degradation; and between these two extremes one could find almost everything the heart could desire.

We were fifteen thousand feet above sea level, and I again found my heart affected by the high

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altitude; so we decided to leave Kandy, winding our way around the island to the other side, to Colombo, making about seventy-five or eighty miles a day. The roads are well built but narrow and have sharp turns and curves, and we had to keep our horns going almost constantly, for we were never sure when we would have to pass a motor car or a bullock cart going up or down. In different parts of the island one gets magnificent views of Adams Peak, the most celebrated, though not the highest, mountain in Ceylon.

We decided to stop half way down and visit the sapphire and ruby mines and see them getting the stones out of the earth. We were obliged to leave the car, but we left Albert in charge, while Mr. Brooks, Maria, and I started for a long tramp into the mines. We found it very interesting, and saw so many precious stones that we looked at them finally with only about the same curiosity and interest one would look at a rare pebble, losing any desire to possess them. Here also moonstones are found in large quantities.



"BILLIKINS," THE MONKEY

XVIII

FROM COLOMBO TO SHANGHAI

AS we were travelling leisurely along toward Colombo, I noticed a baby monkey darting in and out of the tea-bushes. We stopped the car, and I climbed out and followed this little monkey to a hut. We were told it was a part of Sir Thomas Lipton's tea plantation, and that the man living there with his family was the care-taker. I tried by signs to make them understand that I desired to possess this baby monkey, and after manœuvres and coaxing, the little fellow jumped on my hand, and I soon had him in a firm grasp. After much bargaining with the owner, I received permission to carry him away, much to the disgust of the rest of my party, who anticipated all sorts of trouble for me and my new pet; but to my delight and their surprise, he curled up in my

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arms and seemed to enjoy the motoring, as though he had been used to it all his life.

We presently stopped at a charming little Rest House, where they had a good cook, and with the provisions we had left in our hampers, we lived there very well. Mr. Brooks would go out early in the morning for game, and Albert would prepare the different dishes that our Sinhalese friend could not. Finding here a lovely river with beautiful rocks, Maria decided to take this opportunity to do our washing, which had accumulated, and as I had my new pet with which to amuse myself, we were a happy family party for three days. We had the blue sea on one side, and the river dashing down the rocks and then quietly resting in pools before it finally emptied itself into the sea.

We arrived at the Galle Face Hotel after a pleasant trip. The little monkey was well received, and I christened him "Billikins," for I expected him to bring me good luck. From the Galle Face we made many delightful excursions, returning at night to the comforts of the hotel. Here we had our second storm—thunder and lightning with the rain, which came down in torrents, soaking everything, even to the rooms in the hotel.

After dinner one evening, the American consul, Mr. Davis, came up and asked permission to present to me Sir Thomas Lipton and two ladies who accompanied him. After the introduction, Sir Thomas laughingly shook his finger at me and said,

FROM COLOMBO TO SHANGHAI

“ Do you remember passing a motor-car about two weeks ago leaving Colombo?” I did remember that incident, and he continued, “ We were surprised to find here a car larger than mine, as I flattered myself I owned the largest car on the Island of Ceylon. After you passed us I saw that little American flag flaunted in my face, and upon inquiring at the hotel on my return, I found the car belonged to Mrs. Clark Fisher, who was making a trip around the world in it.”

After introducing me to the ladies, Sir Thomas invited me to turn back and accompany their party to England, that I might enjoy the races with them. I regretted indeed that I could not accept.

The day arrived when we were to sail on the *Delta* from Colombo. Mr. Brooks again packed the motor in its case, the money deposited with the Custom House was returned to me in check, and we were all ready to start for China. The motor was to go on to Japan, where we were to meet it later. There, too, we were to find Honk-Honk, who had preceded us.

We were joined by His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda and his party, consisting of Her Highness the Maharani, the Princess, and their suite; and a jollier party never left any port. From Colombo we sailed to Penang, arriving there on April 7th. From Penang we steamed to Singapore, where we landed. The government officials met His Highness, and we all accepted an invita-

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tion to drive around Singapore and have dinner at the hotel. There were about seventeen of us altogether, and we were divided up into small parties, and after dinner were driven around the narrow streets. This place is like most shipping ports, and I felt no desire to remain, but was quite ready to sail on the following morning to Hongkong, where we went ashore and took a peep at the city. From there we went on to Shanghai, arriving there April 14th.

On the way to China it was an amusing thing to us to see the Englishmen darting around the boat in their pajamas in the morning, with the same confidence they display when dressed for the Strand. I understand that during the extremely hot weather the ladies go around in their dressing gowns.

When you start on an Eastern trip, you must provide yourself with your own steamer chair; and in consequence you see all sorts and conditions of chairs brought into requisition on board these steamers, making the decks look very queer. Some of the chairs are veritable couches, and they are used as such on deck during the awful heat.

The same system that is used on the Atlantic steamers would be convenient, for without a steamer chair one feels absolutely helpless; and a chair costs one about ten times the original price by the time you carry it around with you and land it at the end of your voyage.

At Shanghai the ships land you almost right in

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the city, at low wharves made of solid stone. It is almost like walking off a ferry-boat to land there.

Our hearts were gladdened as we noticed a trim rowboat flying the flag of our country. A score of brawny arms worked the oars with clock-like precision, causing a swift, steady motion of the boat, and furnishing a contrast to the sluggish motion of the native craft. The grotesque appearance of the latter is accentuated by eyes painted on both sides of the bow, for "No can see, how fashion can savee?" The square, ruffled, bat-wing sails of the Chinese boats, originally white, are stained a deep brown wherever the primal material has survived, and patches of blue in all its shades give them the appearance of crazy-quilts. We witnessed the spectacle described by old travellers, of men and women propelling the sculls of a small craft, slowly dragging a junk a hundred times the size of the man-power tug. On some of the fishing boats, we saw women and children engaged in making baskets; while their scanty fare simmers on the tiny stove, and the nets are suspended from the sides of the boats.

For four miles from Shanghai the water-front is lined with cotton mills, paper factories, ship-yards, wharves, docks, godowns, shipping offices, and workshops. To the right is Hongkew, formerly called the American settlement, divided from the old English settlement by the Woosung River, called by residents Soochow Creek. The Woosung

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River was once over three miles broad, whereas now it measures hardly three hundred feet across. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the breadth of the Whangpoo River, formerly a narrow canal, decreased from eighteen hundred feet to eleven hundred feet. At the Potung Point, opposite which the Woosung and Whangpoo join waters, we round a right angle bend. We have now before us the heart of the Model Settlement, and we cannot fail to be impressed with the solidity of the buildings, which appear to spell the motto of the Champion Colonists: "We have come to stay." But we have barely time to admire the general appearance, having arrived at the landing stage, usually crowded with Shanghai residents to welcome their friends. Tourists and officers of the army and navy are certain to be overwhelmed with invitations to social parties of a variety such as only the "Paris of the East" can offer.

We are not harassed by officious customs inspectors as is the case in Manila, New York, San Francisco, and in Continental Europe. The examination is a mere formality, lasting only a few moments, and enabling us to reach our hotel shortly after our arrival; but heavy baggage is detained for thorough examination in the Custom House shed.

Shanghai's far-famed Bund commences at the Garden Bridge which spans the Soochow Creek, the dividing line between the old English and Amer-



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ican Settlements. The Public Gardens are close to the bridge, and are for the exclusive use of foreign residents, visitors, and Ahmas in charge of foreign children. The Band Stand, where the town band diffuses choice music, is surrounded by a spacious lawn. Gravel paths, shaded by stately trees and bordered by flower beds and shrubs, lead to rustic summer-houses, kiosks, grottos, and fountains. The plot on which the Gardens are located was formerly the anchorage for large vessels. After the sinking of a boat, sand accumulated, and this part of the river front was dubbed, "The Consular Mudflat."

Crossing the street, one may enter the Conservatories, which contain rare plants and shrubs from many climes.

The queer thing to me about these Public Gardens is that not one Chinaman is permitted to enter them—only the English and American residents, and the Ahmas, or nurses, who accompanied the children. The Chinese, however, pay the cost of keeping up these Parks. The little Chinese tots, with shaven heads except for a little round spot on the top, their little kimonos quite short, are an interesting sight as they stand by the hour peeping through the rails with a wistful expression on their small faces, wishing that they too might be allowed to scramble on the grass and enjoy some of the privileges of the white children.

Two trained nurses who had been sent over by

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the English government to Shanghai notified the head doctor of the hospital that neither of them expected to stay any longer than to prepare their wedding outfit, as both had become engaged to be married while on board the ship. The men to whom they were engaged, however, had to pay to the hospital three months of the salary the girls would have received. I was told also that in some of the larger shops they had great difficulty in securing the services of English girls, as nearly every woman or girl with any pretensions to looks at all gets married either before or as soon as she reaches there. These girls are required to make a contract with the shops to stay for six months or forfeit that amount of their salary. I heard that some of the shopkeepers have on each steamer a party going out, expecting to make a profit on their time, and feeling quite sure that they will meet some man who will prefer companionship in the Far East to living there alone.

We rested at our hotel, and after the curiosity of the Chinese had been satisfied by shaking hands with Billikins, we started out for a little trip around Shanghai, taking in the Gardens. On returning to the hotel, we were delighted again to meet our friends of Mr. Atkins's party, from Philadelphia, who arrived the day after we did, on another steamer.

There is a fairly good theatre in Shanghai, and of course Parks and Monuments to visit.

FROM COLOMBO TO SHANGHAI

One day we devoted to seeing Old Shanghai, the native quarter, where the famous Willow Pattern Bungalow stands, but which is now surrounded with a dirty pond filled with all sorts of filth. This is about the only trip where it is necessary to take with you a private detective or guide from the hotel. We were informed that we would not be allowed to enter this place without a guide, although we felt



THE WILLOW PATTERN BUNGALOW, SHANGHAI

no fear; but they told us that many Western visitors who had gone in there were never heard of afterward. It gives the government a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

Our guide advised us to buy five hundred coins to throw out to the people and prevent them from touching us. We were also advised to wear rain-coats or provide ourselves with a covering of some kind, and to wear short skirts, as otherwise we

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

might carry back some disease; but we were out for sightseeing, and after passing through so many experiences, this seemed a trivial affair to us. When I tell you that the five hundred coins amount to only about one dollar of our money, you may know how much they represent. As you walk along, you simply throw these coins, as you see the figures of the Chinamen approaching you. The cunning faces of these coolies do not make you feel any too secure.

Some of the most awful sights I have ever witnessed were the figures seated around the entrance to Old Shanghai. Some of the faces were horribly mutilated, some having one side of the face entirely eaten away, showing the teeth to the roots. Here again, we come in contact with the flies, but the Chinese, like the Egyptians, do not seem to mind them. Undoubtedly they carry the germs of these horrible diseases.

Here too we found hundreds of men working in silver and gold, and cutting stones. Many of the turquoises cut here came originally from America, sent here by the boxful to be cut, and sold again to the Americans as Chinese stones. Lamps and candlesticks, incense burners and bamboo pipes, are manufactured here, and there are a number of silk factories. I also found here a small man painting scrolls, that were very beautiful and very representative of the Chinese.

At last we reached the Willow Pattern Bungalow, after crowding our way over a small bridge.



FROM COLOMBO TO SHANGHAI

This bridge is always filled with people, so that one must push and crowd and become almost vicious in making one's way. In mingling with this crowd you always have the feeling that possibly you are taking something unpleasant with you.

At this Bungalow we were offered tea, which our guide advised us to buy but not to drink. Whether or not this was his extra tip, I do not know, but I fancied he got one-half the money, as he stayed behind for a while after we had started in another direction.

Here we found the people worshipping and praying to idols and golden images. Their gods were covered with dirty old rags, tied to every available place in the temples. The fortune-tellers also seem to make a great deal of money here, for the Chinese are very superstitious, and do nothing without first consulting with one of these mysterious men. They shake up a lot of sticks in a long thin tube, and you pay a small price and pull out one of the sticks. On this stick there is a number, and this number signifies whether or not you will be lucky; or, if you wish to gamble, it will tell you what numbers to play to be certain of winning. Men bring singing birds and put them on the table while they gamble. I often wondered whether they won anything, and, if so, what they did with the money. But I presume if one should be lucky, he would go back and spend it again, trying to win more money.

The effects of opium here are very apparent.

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The opium fiends seem to be harmless, stupefied individuals, lying around on stone benches, with thickly wadded kimonos wrapped around them, and their queues tied up around their heads as a German maiden braids and winds her hair. Each of these Chinamen wears a small, American-looking sailor hat stuck on the back of his head. They told me they would sleep for hours like this, and that during this sleep they would have the most beautiful dreams. After a while this wears away, and they become veritable fiends.

Another day we were invited to visit a police court, and here I was told by the English judge, what sat on the bench with a Chinese official, that nearly all the cases were those of men brought before him on the charge of kidnapping, as the Chinese will seize young boys or girls and take them off and sell them, or else make them work for them. The way they brought two criminals into court was very amusing, as they had tied the queues of these prisoners together. These the constable or policeman held in his left hand, while in his right he carried his short sword. In this manner they were led up to the criminal bar. If the child kidnapped was a girl, and the evidence was strong enough to convict the prisoner, he lost his head.

The immorality of the Chinese women is deplorable, women not hesitating to sell their own daughters at the age of nine or ten years to any purchaser having the desired amount of money.



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Any night you can meet these old hags walking the street with a young girl looking fatigued and wistful, and it only needs a purchaser to send this old hag indoors. There seems to be no feeling of shame or degradation about these people.

The Chinese merchant strikes us as a queer sort of business man compared to other Eastern merchants. You will find that bargaining here is out of the question. The Chinaman tells you the price of the article, and if you do not accept it he turns his back. Nothing will induce him to yield a half cent. He looks with disgust at any person who attempts to bargain with him.

The silks in the shops are beautiful, and one is certainly tempted to purchase. All the pastel shades that can be imagined are here spread out to view, and at such low prices that it is almost impossible to resist.

The only disappointment I had in my whole trip was in not being able again to see my good friend, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who arrived in Peking just about the time I was leaving for Japan. The trip to Peking is a tiresome one by train, and unless one is going to make a long stay in China, and can stand the awful stench which is continually assailing the olfactory organs, I should advise the traveller to cut this out of the trip. It is intensely disagreeable on account of the odors; and one soon forgets that one has been there. The temples, and the scenes of the Boxer uprising, are interesting;

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but unless you know some of the government officials, you will be pretty sure to be glad to get back to the civilization of Shanghai.

While writing this account of my trip to China, I am not surprised to read in the daily papers of the awful ravages made by the plague and the smallpox in that country, especially when I recall the native quarter and the bridge in Shanghai. The shores of this water were literally lined with filth and dead animals, and the stench of the place as the hot sun beat down upon it was almost unbearable.

The Chinese people, especially the coolies, have no idea of order or cleanliness, and are good subjects for disease of all kinds; but when one comes in contact with the educated and travelled Chinaman, one finds he enjoys all that is best in life. He sees and understands the condition of his people, and I think he is trying, with the rest of the Eastern world, to become more Westernized in his ideas of civilization.

They almost all know or have heard something of America, especially in the ports; and it was not an unusual thing to find your 'rickshaw man saying to you, "Me know New York; me know Philadelphia. Nice place; much money. No money China, but wife and children here. Me go back to America some time." And there his conversational powers in the English language would seem to end.

They are all very greedy to get as much out of the traveller as possible, and when you settle with



FROM COLOMBO TO SHANGHAI

your 'rickshaw man you will generally find a policeman carefully watching the operation to see that no advantage is taken of you. These policemen are usually Sikhs or Indians, sent to China by the English government.

A common sight in the street is a long, narrow, one-wheeled cart, loaded with from eight to ten people. This is the public street car, and it requires expert manipulation to keep the cart from tipping over with its load.

In Shanghai they now have trolley-cars encircling the city, and the clang-clang of the gongs makes one feel at home; but it will be many years before they will be able to pull down enough buildings to make room for trolley-cars in the interior of the city. They are acquainted with the telegraph and the telephone, and seem fully awake to the necessity for all modern improvements. What it must have been only twenty years ago, one can only imagine. I felt that I was here none too soon to see a little of what had been in the past. Even while writing this account of the usefulness of the Chinese queue when the culprit is being haled to jail, the queue is becoming a thing of the past, for the edict has gone forth that all queues shall disappear among the higher classes, and it will be only a short time before all Chinamen will be queueless! I am wondering what the police in Shanghai and Peking will do with their prisoners now. Mere handcuffs are so unpicturesque!



THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN

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WE decided to try the German line from China to Japan, as we had made some pretty long trips on the English lines and wished to see the difference. We sailed on the *Buelow*, and it was a decided change suddenly to find ourselves where we heard the German tongue from the stewards to the passengers. Nearly all spoke either German or French.

Comfortable staterooms were given to us, and we took our first luncheon on board the ship. It was as good as a play to watch the different expressions on the faces of our party, as here we had what we Americans call regular "Dutch" cooking—this



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designation so often being erroneously used when one wishes to express a dislike for anything German.

On the morning of the 26th of April, we arrived at Nagasaki, and went ashore. We were met by the Governor General of Nagasaki, and the same courtesy was shown to His Highness of Baroda and his party as we had before received. We travelled in 'rickshaws, as the streets are very narrow, having been dug out along the side of the mountains. One sees no horses here, only these narrow 'rickshaws. In this manner we obtained our first view of Japan, and here we witnessed a Cherry Dance.

As word had been sent of our arrival, we were supposed to receive special privileges; and on arriving at a little bungalow, a house made of thin wood, with windows of rice paper, we went up a decidedly shaky stairway, after first removing our shoes, to the rooms above. Shoes are not permitted to be worn in the houses in Japan.

We found ourselves in a double room, with a clean matting on the floor, and outside of each room a little balcony that would accommodate five or six of these little Japanese people. Square cushions covered with silk were placed in a semicircle around the room, and we all took seats, His Highness of Baroda, Her Highness, myself, the Princess, Mr. Brooks, and so on. We were immediately served with tea brought in tiny cups on diminutive trays,

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and also with sweets and Japanese rice-cakes, a flaky little biscuit that crackles and crumbles at the slightest touch.

Presently the proprietor of the bungalow entered, dressed in an artistic kimono, and with a smiling face he dropped on his knees with his two palms outward, touching the floor with his forehead three times before each of the guests, until I thought the poor man would get dizzy. Then five little girls came in, none of them apparently over twelve years of age, the youngest about nine years. They were dressed in bright-colored kimonos, embroidered with wistaria and cherry blossoms, and their hair was arranged perfectly, not a hair out of place. They paid a like courtesy to our party, and we in turn acknowledged it. Then four Geisha dancers came in with musical instruments on which they began to twang and bang. I am quite sure some of our American boys would get more music out of an old tin can; however, everything is done in such a dignified way that one hardly dares suggest that it is anything but music. The five little girls began to flirt their fans in time to this music, bringing them up and just covering the lower part of their faces, and peeping over the tops of the fans in an engaging manner. Then they joined in a chant, singing out a long O-O-O-o-o and stamping with one foot, turning on the other foot while they made this noise, which finished the first part of the performance. Next they came out with artificial flow-



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ers representing cherry blossoms, and did more of this dancing, and we were told they were giving us the "Dance of the Four Seasons."

After this they came out with masks, perfectly hideous to behold, and made of a sort of plaster and held up in front of their faces on sticks; they did not pretend to put them on, as we do. As you saw these grotesque-looking faces, with a child's pretty face peeping out at one side, it was odd and amusing.

This lasted an hour, and then the little maidens came and squatted before us, examining with childish curiosity our jewelry and our clothes, and lifting up the edges of our dresses to examine the material. They seemed as pleased and delighted as any children would be with a novelty.

Again tea was brought in, which I understood afterward was arranged for by their Highnesses; also some fruit was served, and a drink called sake, which is very dangerous if partaken of freely. They say the effects felt the next day are worse than if one had imbibed half a case of champagne. This sake, by the way, none of our party touched. The Hindus are very temperate, not using liquor or tobacco in any form. Neither did I find any of the Indians in their own country using liquor or tobacco, except those who had come in contact with the Westerner through living in large cities, or who had been on board ships.

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After salaaming and presenting each of the little maidens with a coin, we were escorted out to our rickshaws. We visited temples, and drove to the cemetery, in which they take great pride. It was a veritable bower of flowers, and one could not but admire the artistic taste displayed in the arrangement. It seemed as if we were visiting the living, and not the city of the dead, for the flowers in their brilliant colorings and gay dress turned every thought toward life.

Nagasaki is celebrated for its work in tortoise-shell. They make almost everything imaginable of this material, and this is their main means of support. The place is well worth a visit, but I could not imagine any one wanting to stay there for any length of time. We went to the hotel, where we had a good dinner, and about three o'clock returned to our steamer and started for Kobe.

On reaching Kobe, we said farewell to the party of His Highness of Baroda, as they were going direct to Tokyo by train, their motor-car not yet having arrived.

My first commission was to look up Honk-Honk, who had been shipped direct from Calcutta to Kobe. We went to the office of Brown's Shipping Company and asked for Mr. C. M. Birnie. A polite clerk told us that Mr. Birnie was at home that day, and gave us his home address. We told him our errand, and he smilingly said, "Oh, yes!

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Honk-Honk is well known in Kobe. And so you are his mistress?"

I answered, yes, and asked if Honkie was well, and he replied that he was, and was beloved by everybody, and that it would be very hard for the Birnie family to part with the little dog. We engaged two 'rickshaws, and Mr. Brooks and I drove to the bungalow built on the side of the mountain, reminding me very much of the scene in "Madame Butterfly," which is a perfect copy of this place. Just as we reached the gate a gentleman appeared and said, "I presume you are Mrs. Fisher, the owner of Honk-Honk?"

I replied that I was, and he explained that he was Mr. Birnie. He had been about to start for the office, but would go back with us to the house, as Mrs. Birnie was not at home just then. He said he wanted to see if Honk-Honk recognized his mistress. "If he does not," said Mr. Birnie, "I will tell you right now I am going to claim him, for my children are in love with him, and we have all been dreading your arrival."

I said we would see what would happen, and that if Honk-Honk did not recognize his mistress, they might keep him. Mr. Birnie opened the gate with his key, and as he did so he called to his children and said, "Where is Honkie?" I called out, "Honk-Honk, where are you?" The words had hardly escaped me when Honk-Honk recognized me. He was on top of me and over me, barking

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and turning in circles, and then making dives at me, until my gown and gloves were in a deplorable condition. Much to the regret of Mr. Birnie's little son and daughter, Honkie apparently did not know them any more; he would not allow me out of his sight. The children came and sat down by my side, almost in tears, each taking turns putting their arms around the little dog, and saying, "Are you really going to take Honkie away with you? He has been so nice. He is the best hunter of cats you ever saw. He has lamed one or two of our ducks, too; but we did not care, if the old ducks did not know enough to keep out of his way. It is great fun to see him go after the ducks."

Mr. Birnie said that the captain of the ship and the whole crew held a funeral march when they brought Honkie away. As we knew the consul, there was no trouble about getting a permit for the dog to land. Mr. Birnie showed me a cocoanut shell on which some sailor had carved his initials and Honk-Honk's, and this had been his ball on board ship. My slippers and the letter sent with Honk-Honk are still preserved in the Captain's cabin of the *Catherine Apgar*, and the Captain informed Mr. Birnie that he intended to keep them as souvenirs.

We were about to depart when Mrs. Birnie arrived. A charming little English lady she proved to be. Seeing the tears in the eyes of the children as they were saying farewell to Honkie, she asked

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if we would not come up again and bring him to call before we left. Upon telling Mr. Birnie that we intended to motor from Kobe to Yokohama, he said, "I fear, Mrs. Fisher, you do not know what you are up against. Japan is an old country, but has been slow in adopting new ideas, and the roads are narrow—in fact, nothing but paths in some places. Some of the rivers are very dangerous, too, and the bridges are not strong enough to carry the weight of anything more than the 'rickshaws."

To all of which I replied that I would take my chances, and would let him know how we made out.

We returned to the hotel with Honk-Honk, where we were met by newspaper men, each clamoring to be the first to interview us on our intended motor trip. Mr. Yoshihiro Yamakawa introduced himself as representing the *Osaka Daily News*. He was extremely anxious to accompany us on our trip to Osaka, saying it was the first large car that had ever been there. If we could possibly get through, he would like to be with us, and in case we met with any difficulty, he could speak the language. He explained to us with a great deal of dignity that the Japanese common people were terribly afraid of newspaper criticism—as who is not.

I told Mr. Yamakawa that Mr. Brooks was just going to the Custom House to get our car. We were told that the Japanese people had read in some newspaper about our intended visit, and were much

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pleased that an American woman had so much confidence in the people and the country as to make this trip.

This was all quite different from what I had been led to expect, and because of the kindness of the people to my little dog, as well as to our whole party, I was in a happy frame of mind. The introduction of Honk-Honk to his new brother, Billikins, required some tact, and it was not accomplished without a palpitation of the heart. As Honkie had chased monkeys in the jungle, and was decidedly ferocious toward anything possessing fur and a tail, we anticipated that there might be a funeral shortly after these two had been introduced; but, as I have before remarked, Honk-Honk seems to have a superior mind, open to reason. I took him alone in a room, and, having covered up Billikins under my arm, I produced just his head, which considerably excited Honk-Honk; but I talked to him, and allowed him to smell of the little monkey, and at any attempt at too much familiarity I boxed his ears; so he soon wisely decided that he and Billikins would be good friends, and they are the best of friends to this day. Honkie allows Billikins to pull his ears or turn somersaults on his back. With my Japanese Cheen dog, which I afterward acquired, they form a happy family group.

About four o'clock I heard a familiar sound, and on looking out of my window saw Mr. Brooks

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and Albert with my motor-car, both looking triumphant. Mr. Brooks told me that the Custom House authorities had passed the car without requiring any deposit, and had given us the courtesy of the port during our stay in Japan. For the



BILLIKINS AT HOME

benefit of other motorists going to Japan, I would say that the regular rate of Custom House duties is very high; as much, I believe, as forty cents on the dollar.

In arranging for my motor trip through Japan to Yokohama, it was particularly pleasing everywhere to meet cordial and friendly people. I felt

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as if I had known these people for years, and forgot their quaint dress and their wooden shoes, because of their constant effort to make me welcome.

Billikins attracted the attention and admiration of every one with whom he came in contact, with his friendly, knowing look, and his little hand always stretched out to return friendly greetings. There was no longer any sense of strangeness to me in this far-away land; in fact, not so much as I felt the other day upon arriving in New York City, not taking a ferry-boat, but going through a tunnel and arriving in that immense white marble and stone building representing American energy and enterprise.

The *Kobe Herald* of Friday, April 29, 1910, published the following, in English print, on the day after my arrival there:

ROUND THE WORLD MOTOR-CAR RIDE

AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY IN KOBE

By the *Buelow* last night there arrived here an American lady, Mrs. Clark Fisher, who has had already a remarkable career, and who seems intent upon rounding it off in a still more remarkable manner. . . . Mrs. Fisher is staying at the Mikado Hotel, with her Italian maid, and a young American engineer, Mr. Harold Fisher Brooks, who acts as chauffeur, photographer, etc. Mrs. Fisher is enthusiastic about her trip, and takes more pleasure in chatting about the experiences she and her companions have had on the trip than the average lady does in discussing social problems, engagements, and triumphs. They have already motored through France,

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Italy and Switzerland, India and Ceylon. Throughout their entire journey not a stone has been thrown at the car, nor has the slightest evidence of ill-feeling been shown. This, we imagine, is due in some measure to the fact that Mrs. Clark Fisher, we are glad to say, has no sympathy with the mad and inconsiderate motor enthusiasts who go tearing through the country regardless of the rights other people and other vehicles have to the high road. The party landed at Bombay and then motored to Gwalior, Agra, Delhi, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, Asensol, and thence to Calcutta, covering a total distance of about two thousand miles. The journey occupied about thirty-one days. Of the trip all through this country Mrs. Fisher retains only the kindest thoughts, and has words of praise for the reception she met with, and the hospitality shown her. At Benares Mrs. Fisher was the guest of H. H. the Maharaja, and at Allahabad of Mr. Nehru, of the hospitalities of whose families she has the most delightful recollections.

Mrs. Clark Fisher is looking forward with the keenest interest to her trip through Japan. As she naïvely puts it, she wants to catch a glimpse of this interesting country before all the picturesque features of its old history are lost in the dust of twentieth century civilization. Her husband, who held the rank of Lieutenant-Commander of the United States Navy at the time of his death, was out here about forty years ago. Mrs. Clark Fisher says "she comes not to criticise, but to learn." The party will remain here a few days to stock up in canned goods and provisions for their trip, and Mrs. Fisher is delighted to find here American goods, showing reciprocity.

The car is a forty horse-power Locomobile, manufactured at Bridgeport, Conn., and during the twelve months it has been in service not twenty-five cents have been spent for repairs. It is an ordinary car, with this exception: it is fitted with a thirty-two-gallon tank, to enable Mrs. Fisher to travel four hundred miles on one filling. It carries several trunks, tents,

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etc.—enough gear, in fact, to enable the party to camp out when and if necessary.

Mrs. Fisher can claim the distinction of being the only woman member of the National Association of Manufacturers, and shortly before leaving America she was royally entertained in New York by the Automobile Club of America, which was another distinction, as up to that time, at least, she was the only woman who had ever been entertained by the Automobile Club.

We have said enough to show that we have in our midst just at the moment a lady of strikingly powerful personality, one versed in most of life's spheres, and who nevertheless retains the warm-hearted, sympathetic outlook on life that belongs pre-eminently to woman, and that charm of manner which is one of her truest gifts. We shall look forward with interest to the messages Mrs. Clark Fisher will have to deliver on her return to the States.

A note from Mrs. Birnie informed that her husband was ill, and asked if I would not come up and see her, which I did, and found her very anxious. We soon discovered that Mr. Birnie was down with typhoid fever, which was prevalent. We had been warned not to eat any salad or green vegetables, as the Japanese are sometimes careless in washing them, and the germ of typhoid lurks in these foods. I offered my assistance, and made myself at home helping Mrs. Birnie in nursing her husband, until she was able to get outside assistance. An English nurse was an impossibility to obtain at any price.

Among the interesting and amusing things I witnessed on my journeys back and forth from



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Mrs. Birnie's house to the hotel, were the house-cleaning operations, which took place in the open, the whole street for blocks being piled with the scanty furnishings. Men and women scrubbed and cleaned all day long, after which the few modest pieces of furniture and wearing apparel were again put in place. At first, I thought there had been a fire, or that there was a general auction going on. A newspaper man who accompanied me in order to get for his beloved paper my first impressions of his dearly beloved country, explained to me that this was a weekly operation.

Of course the Japanese always eat on the floor, leaving their shoes outside the door. They sleep on padded quilts on the floor, never owning more than two or three kimonos, and they are just beginning to adopt a stocking with the big toe separated from the others—so one can appreciate the simplicity in which these quaint little people live. Their diet is confined mostly to rice, sugar-cane, and tea, or what we would call hot water, for the tea is almost imperceptible to our Western taste.

Everywhere we went, into shops or pagodas, the people seemed to know us and welcomed us with great cordiality and friendliness.

The proprietor of the Mikado Hotel obtained for me a Japanese boy who had been in America and spoke fairly good English. He said he had "biked" through to Osaka and Kyote. We called him Frank for short, and for the first time since I

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had landed in Japan I noticed in him what might be termed a little undue familiarity. Having been in America, in what capacity I do not know, he was inclined to think that Americans should be treated familiarly to make them feel at home. For his services I was to pay three yen (a little over a dollar) a day, he to take care of himself and find his own sleeping accommodations. I engaged him only by the day, so that in case I did not find him satisfactory, I would get into no trouble by sending him off at once, and I took the precaution to have a written agreement to that effect.

Our first trial trip with the motor-car was to Osaka, as we wanted to see if our car was too wide for the narrow roads, and we wanted also to try to get maps of Japan, giving us routes through the interior, or via any roads that might be passable for our car. There are only two cities where maps can be obtained in Japan, and these are military maps and printed in Japanese. These we finally obtained, through the courtesy of a Japanese official. Although they were in a language we could not read, my native boy was able to study them out, and they proved of great assistance to us, enabling us at least to know we were going in the right direction.



AT NAGOYA

XX

THE MIKADO'S PALACE

WE started out for Osaka with hundreds of curious people watching us, and we did not return that night until after midnight. From Kobe to Osaka is one continuous line of paddy or rice fields. The river running in between trenches supplies the irrigation. In some of the little villages, the streets through which we passed were so narrow that by putting out my hand I could touch the roofs of the houses. In turning one sharp curve, where, in their energetic desire to modernize, they had planted a big telephone pole, we were obliged to get permission of the occupant of the little corner house to take down the side of the house and remove the shutters. Otherwise we should probably have been

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there until now, as there was no other way of getting out of our awkward position. We were obliged to cross many narrow, slippery bridges, and literally travelled through people's dwellings. Long before we would reach a turn in the road, it would be black with human beings, who had heard the tooting of our horns and the blowing of our whistle; and only by



A JAPANESE CROWD

having our boy go ahead and plead with them to get out of the way, was it possible to pass through. These people had never seen a motor-car before, and many of them had never before seen a white lady. Their curiosity was nearly startling. The little Japanese boys took to following our car, and we could hear the wooden shoes clack-clacking on the stones. It took all our powers of persuasion to keep them from hanging on the car, as they

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thought it great sport to get a ride on this wonderful machine.

In one place we met a Japanese peasant with his horse and narrow two-wheeled cart. On seeing us coming around the corner, he was so frightened that he dropped his ropes and left his horse and cart standing in the middle of the road, while he fled through the paddy fields like one possessed, up to his knees in mud. Getting out of the motor, I went ahead and talked to the horse and led him past the car, each giving the other as much room as possible. The enthusiasm of our newspaper man knew no bounds. The idea of a lady taking the horse of an old coolie and leading him about delighted him; and he called out in great disdain to the coolie, telling him what an idiot he was. I could only gather from the expression of his face what he was saying, but I knew without an interpreter.

The Japanese language is pleasing to the ear and easily learned, and I felt grateful for the little I knew of it, as it enabled me to make friends wherever I went.

It was almost one o'clock when we reached our hotel in Kobe on our return. Without ordering on our part, or any certainty of our return at this time of night, we were served with a nice steak, a pot of delicious tea, toast, and potatoes, that the proprietor had awaiting our arrival. We had demonstrated that we could at least get through to Osaka.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

Here in Japan we met with our third rain-storm, and again it poured in torrents. This was a bad outlook for our next trip, as it was necessary to go over the same route to reach Kioto, and the rain made it all the more dangerous on account of the slippery mud and the narrow turns, besides increasing the volume of water in the streams over which we had to pass. I felt considerable anxiety about the trip, as we were to lead the way, and the chauffeur of His Highness of Baroda was to follow us with his automobile, the chauffeur having arrived there with the car. He was to join His Highness and the rest of his party at Kioto. The question came up about the possibility of getting across Japan with my motor-car, as I wished to go to Kioto, Nagoya, Shidgonka, Atami, Odowara, and Yokohama, thence to Tokyo, and from there to old Nikko on the well-known old road. We decided that if we could get through to Osaka, as we had done the day previously, we could make this trip as well. We learned that from Osaka to Kioto was a fairly wide road, this having been used in the past for the parades of floats during the festivals.

Mr. Brooks, Albert, and my new Japanese boy spent a day on the car, polishing the brass and oiling up for our trip.

An amusing incident occurred when we invited the father of the hotel proprietor to accompany us on a short trip for sightseeing. He was an old man, and evidently desirous of being able to say he

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had had a ride in a motor-car; but he remained with us for only about seven miles, when he suddenly decided he had a brother he wanted very much to see, so he got out, and we saw the poor old man paddling off by himself. He had had all the motor ride he cared for, as he imagined everybody we met was going to be ground under our wheels, and he became much excited, flourishing his stick at people and calling them all sorts of stupid things for not keeping out of the way. The paths were narrow, and it was almost impossible to avoid hitting anything we had to pass, our hubs sometimes rubbing the sides of the posts of the bridges over which we crossed.

Another thing we had to make arrangements for was a supply of gasoline. There was only one motor-car in Kobe, and that a small one, but several factories used gasoline engines, so we were able to obtain the necessary supply.

Kobe is rather an interesting place, but one should remain there two or three days if possible in order to obtain a clear idea of it. By taking a 'rickshaw and climbing the mountains that surround Kobe, you will obtain the best possible views. Camellias bloom in January, the plum blossoms in April. The iris and the wistaria are then at their best, and this was the time we were in Japan. The people build trellises with lattice-work across the top, about a foot apart, and they keep the wistaria trained so that the blossom always hangs down-

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ward, making a beautiful sight when in bloom. When the blossoms are gone, the green leaves make a shady arbor to shield the residents of these little bungalows from the heat of the sun. The love of the Japanese for flowers is well known, and their patience in cultivation is a revelation to one who enters into that part of their lives.

I had resisted the temptation to shop in many places we had visited, but in Kobe it was too much for me and I yielded, sending to my villa on Lake Como a hand-carved cabinet and writing-desk, made by one of their most famous wood-carvers; a bronze lantern guaranteed to be over three hundred years old, with an owl sitting on the top looking wise enough to be very ancient; and a magnificent hand-hammered bronze gong, which had been used in the temples, and with which I expect to summon my guests to luncheon and dinner. When struck, this gong vibrates for over a minute, with the sweetest tone I have ever heard.

I have been notified that these articles have all arrived safely at my villa, and I look forward to the pleasure I still have in store for me in viewing and using these beautiful mementos of my trip to Japan. I purchased also a bronze figure of a Japanese girl—a wood-gatherer with her bundle of sticks on her back, and a long pole in her hand, just as she is going down the mountain. She has a magnificent figure, so far as can be judged. Her



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kimono covers what most artists generally leave exposed.

This figure was intended for the Japanese exhibition in England, but the artist failed to have it finished in time, and he was heart-broken at the thought that he had possibly missed the one opportunity to exhibit and sell it. He feared he would have a long wait for a purchaser; but this purchaser he found in me, and the congratulations are mutual, I feeling happy in the possession of such a work of art, and he happy in having created it.

At last the time had arrived when we must say good-by to Kobe. Our baggage was again packed on the car. Our Japanese boy, Frank, was beside himself with excitement and importance, this being a great day in his life. No other guides could boast of having taken such a trip as he had before him on the motor-car. One friend had loaned him a pair of leggings, thinking that the proper thing to make him look like a chauffeur; another produced a cap, as he had found in the few short trips we had made that there was danger of losing his soft hat in the wind, and with his little bundle tied on to the running board, he was ready for this great trip.

The chauffeur of His Highness, with their thirty-horse-power Fiat, was also in a great state of excitement. Fearing he would get lost or be murdered, he took two men with him in the car, but we lost sight of these two men long before we

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reached Kioto. I imagine they decided that auto-mobiling was not all it was said to be.

Noticing my little American flag flying from my car, the Japanese gave a Japanese flag and asked if I would not do them the honor of flying it also, which I was happy to do. We started about nine o'clock in the morning, through the crowded bazaar streets, every one waving at us as we passed, crowds of children, and even men and boys, running after the cars. When I inquired why they were so curious, Frank said, "Why, Madam, you are a great hero to our minds, and they are only showing their admiration for your enterprise."

We felt that we were in for greater adventures than we had yet encountered on our trip. We took the same route we had experimented on a few days previously, and managed to get along very well until we came to a bad turn in the road, where soft mud made the turning almost impossible. Our car, with its heavy load, sank into the mud nearly up to the hubs. The car following in our rear had the advantage of not being heavily laden, and by taking the turn very slowly they escaped this calamity.

We managed to get out of it at last, however, and on we went, over hills and through valleys; through the paddy fields, with miles and miles of little huts lining either side of the road; over narrow slippery stone bridges, where it required great patience, a clear head, and a steady hand to guide



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the car in safety; up over canal banks, where it would seem an impossibility to drive; but we were told this was the way we would have to go. This was the way the pedestrians travelled, so of course there was no other way. On we went, hoping and praying we would meet nothing coming toward us, as one or the other vehicle would certainly have to turn back or meet with disaster. But luck was with us, and we finally reached the long bridge crossing the river to Osaka. Rolling through the bridge, we found the newspaper men had already heard of our arrival, and snap, snap, went the kodaks as our two cars, an unusual sight in old Japan, rolled along the streets. The people waved hands and shouted a welcome to us. We passed directly through the city of Osaka, through a square where a few modern buildings have recently been erected, and, turning sharply to the left, found ourselves on a fairly good road to Kioto.

We glided along what we thought was the right path, and suddenly found ourselves on what turned out to be the bed of a railroad. We had got off the right road, and no one seemed able to tell us which way to go; so we were obliged to reverse the car and go back. An old man was seated with his feet hanging over a derrick platform, and when we passed he drew his feet up out of the way. But he must have immediately resumed his former position, for when Mr. Brooks started to back the car, never thinking of danger, we heard a cry from the

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old man and found the father had scratched one of his bare feet, missing a nail. I got out and examined it, but found it was simply a scratch and that no harm had been done, but he was very much frightened and was either too old or too stupid to know that he had contributed to the accident by getting his feet in the way of the car. I gave him ten yen, and told one or two of the boys there to assist him to his home, and the way he got down from the platform, and imbibed off smiling and clasping his ten yen, showed that he was amply repaid for his fright. This little incident, however, made me feel as if I was likely to suffer for my tenacity in going over a road untravelled by automobiles or any other vehicle. It was here that the two men who had accompanied His Highness's motor-car disappeared from our view.

After inquiries, we found we were not far off the main road, and we soon rolled into Kyoto, going to the Kyoto Hotel, which we reached at five o'clock in the afternoon. Here we received the congratulations of everybody, and again met the party of His Highness, all of whom were glad to see us; and we were plied with questions as to how we had found the road. As we had got through all right, we forgot all past difficulties, and enjoyed meeting our friends again. I began to feel that I was really a member of His Highness's party.

The following day we left for Nara, to visit the temples, and here also we met with a cordial recep-



NARA

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tion. His Highness rode in my car, leading the way, with Mr. Brooks, Frank, Albert, and the Secretary of His Highness; while I travelled with Her Highness and the Princess Indraraja in their car. The rest of the suite went by rail. We visited the Daibutsu Buddha, at Nara, which is fifty-three feet high, and also other temples. Here I again met the members of Mr. Atkins's party, and Mrs. Cummings was delighted to see us, and to be presented to Her Highness of Baroda. And she gave Billikins a little gold elephant to wear around his neck.

We were received by the High Priest, who had a special dance performed for us by what he called the "Holy Girls," or what would be known here as nuns, who dance only for royalty. This dance was like a mythological play. It became monotonous after we had squatted for an hour in a circle around the dancers; but we were delighted with the magnificent embroideries on the kimonos worn by them. At night they lighted the sacred walk leading to the temple, which is about two and a half miles long, and we were informed that this was done only on feast days or on some grand occasion. We were also accorded the special privilege of going through the deer park, where we saw hundreds of the sacred deer, as gentle as kittens. These deer will come up and eat out of your hand, and one would never think they could be the same as the little, frightened creatures we had seen in the jungles and in the wilds. In Japan, there are no wilds, however, prac-

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tically the whole land being under cultivation. Everybody has to do something with his land in order to raise food, as there is so little land and so much water, and so many thousands of people to be fed. We travelled around here the following day, having police and detectives in attendance. We discovered that, knowing we were to take this trip, the authorities had sent out coolies the night before to prepare the roadways, build up places where they thought there might be danger, and see that everything was done to make us welcome. For all this attention, I take to myself no credit; it was due to the fact that we were with His Highness of Baroda, who was looked upon as the King of India by these simple-minded people.

The next day Her Highness and the Princess rode with me in my car, while His Highness, the Secretary, and the rest of the party rode back to Kioto in his car. After tea we went to a Japanese dinner and tried to eat with chop-sticks; I say tried, as I fear I should have gone hungry if I had depended on them. I could manage to hold them, but somehow there was difficulty in reaching my mouth. These Japanese dinners are interesting, and some of the things they serve taste very well, even if they do not always look inviting; but I was there to see and learn and satisfy my curiosity, so I tried almost everything. Some things were palatable, but there were some that were not; for instance, I drew the line at eating raw fish!



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We had planned to visit the Mikado's Palace, and as the Fiat was out of commission after the two days' trip, I offered the use of my motor-car. We drove up to the palace gates, and, much to my surprise, were allowed to go inside. We were told this was the first time a vehicle had been permitted to enter the gates of the Mikado's palace. Wherever we went, the police were busy keeping the streets cleared, for the people would wait for hours if they found out in which direction we intended to go, that they might see us.

The Mikado's Palace is an immense building and scrupulously clean. Some of the most exquisite lacquer work that I have ever seen is there. There are sliding doors between the rooms, and these were thrown open, and as we walked through in our stocking feet the guide would tell us in very good English that "this is the Gold Room; this is the Yellow Room; this is the Blue Room"; and so on, but none of them looked like living-rooms to our eyes.

There were no seats or chairs, except in one room where we were served with tea. There they managed to get together four chairs, which they placed around a small table, but the rest of the party had to sit on the floor. Here and there we would see a little alcove of beautiful wood, and were informed that this had been a sleeping place of the Mikado or of Her Highness. Some of the rooms are decorated with beautiful scrolls, the best work of that

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age; and the peacock plays a prominent part in the decoration, that bird being held sacred here, as in India. We finally reached the Chrysanthemum Room, which was the most beautiful of all, and, to my way of thinking, the only one possible to be occupied in comfort.

As we came to the end of these rooms, the doors were opened on to the most delightful little garden I have ever beheld. It looked like a Japanese hand-painted picture, and one felt as if one must go up and touch the petals of the azaleas, and put one's hands in the water, to see if it was real.

There were miniature lakes, with small islands planted with tiny trees. We were told that one tree, standing about two feet high, and branching out about one and a half yards, was over a thousand years old. This seemed hard to realize, but perhaps it was true. I believe a few strangers, who have come there on the recommendation of their governments, have been admitted to this palace, but special permission is required from the magistrate, and even then they have access to only a few of the rooms. So we considered ourselves very highly honored.

We had a particularly pleasant time in Kioto, and upon leaving I found my hotel bill receipted, which surprised me as well as the rest of the party. Yet I had been entertained so royally for so many months, that I began to take everything for granted.

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On the 12th of May we started for Nagoya. This place is noted for its cloisonné and china manufacturing, and an exhibition was being held there of Japanese manufactures.

On the way to Nagoya we had an exciting experience. When we were driving through the paddy fields, our heavily loaded car began to sink,



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF BARODA

and we discovered that the road had separated. His Highness's party being with us at the time, we tied two ropes to the rear of our car and the front of their car, and they were able to back and pull us out after tedious work in jacking up the car. Our mid-day luncheon was taken on the way, Her Highness making the sandwiches, and we had a very jolly picnic party.

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When we arrived at Nagoya we were met and escorted to the Nagoya Hotel by a number of mounted police. This hotel is one of the worst I have ever seen. No attention was paid to us, the place was inconceivably dirty, and the meals were almost impossible. Here Albert's tea-basket and our provisions came into play.

We attended the theatre, where we had private boxes, and were treated in royal fashion, being permitted to enter and leave before any of the audience. For our benefit they had chairs in the box used by our party, though the rest of the people sat on the floor. There is a raised platform going down from what we would call the dress circle, and all around on this platform the people sit and listen to the play.

We also visited the old palace here, the oldest in Japan. This is almost in ruins, and great care is taken to prevent fire, the wood being solid oak, black with age, and decidedly dry. Some of the people told us that we were having privileges that they never expected to possess. They would touch the floor of the old palace and kiss their fingers, as though it was sacred ground. This was not an unusual sight, and I thought I detected in the eyes of some of these people a desire to accompany our party and walk with us through these sacred rooms.

When in this palace, the guide pointed out to us the overhanging room, and triumphantly told us how some few hundred years ago, when the enemies

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of Japan were about to capture this palace, and the Mikado's men were without weapons of any kind, they heated water to the boiling point and poured it in the eyes and faces of the enemy as they scaled the walls. He also said that they allowed the wild boars to come in and devour the bodies of their enemies who were killed.

In Nagoya their Highnesses devoted many hours to shopping, buying considerable cloisonné and vases in lacquer ware. Although we had expected to start the next day, they asked me to stop over as they wanted to do some more shopping.

There is only the one hotel in Nagoya, and although I have given a bad report of it, any one going there will have to stop there. I presume that is why the proprietor is so independent.

The thought often occurred to me in Japan, why do we Americans use so much and see so much Japanese bric-à-brac, while in Japan, where I visited not only the palaces, but also some private homes, hardly a piece of bric-à-brac is to be seen?

I remarked to one Japanese, "I think I know where all your bric-à-brac goes; it is in America." The little cups we sometimes use for cigar ashes are used for tea-cups in Japan, and they always have the kettle ready to make tea. It was an amusing sight in the tea-gardens to see the musicians stop in the pauses of the music and take a drink right out of the tea-pot, using no sugar or milk. In fact, I saw nothing but the condensed milk in Japan.

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We remained two days in Nagoya, and in the evening witnessed a Geisha dance. The second day of our visit, we went to the Exhibition. Here the wonderful ingenuity of these little people was to be seen; also their imitative faculty. We found nearly every machine or small article used in America is copied right here. The cash register, and many of our latest designs in other things, were copied so neatly that had we not known they were copies, we should have thought they came direct from America. One would have thought it was a small Exhibition in America, as it was all planned and carried out after the American fashion, except for the Japanese forms in kimonos that followed us everywhere we went. We seemed to be more curious to the Japanese than anything they had on exhibition under glass cases.

In Nagoya the streets are quite wide, which shows that they are on the right road to civilization. I was told that wherever a house is torn down or destroyed, the law requires that they build farther back from the street.

On the third day, May 13th, we decided to start for Yokohama. His Highness had made arrangements to go with us, but as it was raining hard, and he feared his car would skid, he decided to ship his car and his party by train. They had no chains with them, as we had. We found them very useful.



THE LANDING, FUGI RIVER

XXI

AN EXCITING TIME IN THE FUGI RAPIDS

SAYING farewell to the rest of the party, and making a rendezvous for Tokio, we left our friends and started for Yokohama. I felt grateful many times afterward that they did not accompany us on this trip, as there might have been some serious accident, and I had all the responsibility I wished with my own party.

At first the road out of Nagoya was fairly good, as we were on the old Tokaido road, which we had struck several times on our trip from Kobe. It ran along well for a distance, and then suddenly disappeared. Why, I am at a loss to understand, but it was disappointing, as it is a good road, with beautiful trees on both sides.

The Japanese follow the old custom of giving everybody of wealth or position the right of way,

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and all coolies or workingmen rushed to one side of the road to make room for us, sometimes almost upsetting their heavily loaded carts in order to be polite; but when we approached Yokohama we found there was a great difference in the manners of the people in this respect.

Travelling along, we suddenly found ourselves running along narrow paths, around sharp curves, and over narrow bridges, where we were obliged to get out and with our hatchet chop pieces off the bamboo poles or posts to permit the hubs of the machine to pass without being jammed. Some of these bridges swayed back and forth with the weight of the car, and my heart was in my throat a good deal of the time, as I expected every minute to see the car dashed to the bottom of a fast-running stream or into a mud-hole.

About noon the sun came out, and soon the roads were dry and no trace of rain could be seen. We found a nice shady place on the roadside where we had our lunch, of cold chicken and cold roast beef, with tea prepared in our thermos bottle.

Again we travelled on, over high little narrow bridges, many of them long ones, where we were obliged to get out and take all the baggage off and hire coolies to carry it across on their backs after the car had gone ahead. One of these narrow bridges I shall never forget, the spans being anywhere from fifty to seventy-five feet, with only poles standing on end, the planks laid on frames,



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with anywhere from one to two inches of space between them. Mr. Brooks said afterward that he thought each moment that the car would surely go to the bottom. I doubt if any other car will ever go over some of these streams until the present bridges have been replaced with new ones. The bamboo itself seems to be strong, but when it has been standing there for many years the bridge begins to sag to one side, and one hardly feels like encouraging friends to repeat such an experiment. If I had been compelled to return over these same bridges or go by train, the train would have satisfied me. I doubt if motoring will be popular on this road for at least ten years to come, as it will take millions of dollars to build substantial bridges over these many streams. At each bridge over which we had to pass, I silently thanked the rain-storm that had prevented His Highness and his party from accompanying us.

Up over mountains we journeyed, and through narrow valleys where only two-wheeled carts drawn and pushed by coolies were met. On many occasions we had to back our car and thus lose a great deal of time to make room for these carts to pass. We finally reached Shidzwoka about eleven o'clock at night, after the weirdest ride I have ever experienced. My nerves had been on a tension during the whole time. At last we saw the Japanese lanterns flashing, and heard cries, and Frank exclaimed, "They are out looking for us!" Sure

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enough, there were many men and boys, headed by the police, looking for us, believing that we had been lost in the mountains. They escorted us with their picturesque but feeble lights, for we had our own acetylene lights burning on the car, which made futile their attempts to light us along the streets. In all cities of Japan, the streets are lighted at night with Japanese lanterns of the sort used by us for decorations.

We went to the Daitokwan Hotel, where in a few moments we were served with fried eggs, rice cakes, fried potatoes, and a pot of hot tea. Before we retired for the night, a couple of officers in uniform interviewed me, asking if there was anything they could do for me, and if I would like to have the hotel guarded while I was there. I said, "No; why? I am not a bit afraid;" and I expressed through my interpreter my thanks for their courtesy and thoughtfulness. They smiled when I told Frank to tell them I felt as safe there as I would at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. There are times when the Japanese smile is hardly less than gorgeous.

The next morning photographers, police, and representatives of the press were busy sending up pieces of pasteboard and asking for an interview. I then learned for the first time that it was reported that an American lady was racing her car with the King of India through Japan, and that the American lady had won. They were all anxious to know



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what had become of the Indian Prince. I informed them that this tale was not true; that we had started out simply a friendly party, but that His Highness had decided it would take too long on account of the rain making the roads too hard to travel, so he had put his car on the train for Tokio, while we decided to stick to the roads. Judging by the expression on their faces, and from what my guide told me, they thought this would be the end of my motor trip also, and that we would be obliged to take the train; but I dared to remark that if any one else had ever been over the road, on foot or on horseback, I was going. At this they nodded their heads and sang out something which sounded like "*Ohio*." Afterward I decided that "*ohio*" was a significant word.

We were here given the opportunity of visiting the public baths, and were amused to learn that the men and women bathe together indiscriminately. It is one of the people's amusements to visit these bathing places at night, the same as our people visit the skating rinks. I believe they do not now permit the Westerners to look upon this sight, as they are beginning to feel a little sensitive about it.

I shall not forget the courtesy of one of the newspaper men here, when I told him I should like to see his home, and see how he lived. He told me that he was married, and said, "I fear Madam will find little to interest her, as we Japanese are poor; but if Madam would like to see my home, I shall

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take pleasure in showing it to her." We started off on foot, and came to a little bamboo house, with an artistic roof, and, after removing our shoes, we stepped on a raised platform. We had to bow our heads to get inside the door, where I found what I would call a "Dolls' Playhouse." A sweet little Japanese woman, evidently not more than fourteen years old, greeted us with a queer little courtesy, made by running her hands down her body to her knees and then clasping them together. In one corner of the room an elderly woman and two half-grown girls were performing the same salaam, and I was told the first one was the wife, the others the mother and sisters, all living here together. The kitchen was fit only for a toy house. It had one little charcoal stove, where they could cook only one thing at a time, and it did not seem that they could cook enough there to sustain life. As a matter of fact, I saw very few, if any, stout Japanese people. The little wife showed me her closets, made of beautiful bamboo and lacquer, everything in its place and as neat as possible. Nearly always you will find in these humble homes some plant in flower, a geranium or flowering shrub arranged in an artistic manner. Everything is scrupulously clean.

We sat down on the matting, the man of the house apologizing for not having a chair to offer, evidently thinking that I would consider it a sin to sit on the floor. Some tiny tea-cups were handed



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around, and we had our drop of tea, for that is about all the cups hold. The petite wife chuckled and laughed, hiding her face now and then behind her husband's coat sleeve, as though one of the funniest sights she ever had seen was Mr. Brooks and I sitting on the floor.

We spent the day visiting the fort, and driving around the interesting old town, and early the next morning we were ready to start for Yokohama.

It seems that the small pass we had gone through on our way here was considered dangerous, and they had not thought it possible for a motor-car to get through. Indeed, they had planned to send a rescue party to meet us. I am inclined to think this motor trip of mine gave these people a great deal of excitement, and kept them stirred up for days, as we proceeded to get into further trouble.

The reader will understand that I made this trip in the face of cautions and warnings in the guide-books and other travellers' warnings never to travel at night, and that our lives would not be safe in the interior of Japan.

I tried my best to get some information as to what lay before us, but all I could find out was that we would have to ferry the rapids at the Fugikawa River before we could reach Atami. We started at five o'clock in the morning. Now and then the sun shone and encouraged us a little. Here I used the maps which I had obtained in Osaka, and which

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I was under oath to return to the official who loaned them to me. After travelling about three hours, we reached the rapids. And what a road it was over which we travelled! Mud, washouts, sharp turns—a repetition of the day previous. We made only a few miles in many hours, but by noon we reached Fugikawa, where we again found police protection.

Here we were to cross the rapids, and two sampans were lashed together, with planks laid across the boats to make a solid platform, on which the car was fastened. From the side of the bank Mr. Brooks ran the car down on the planks that had been previously placed from the bank to the boats. After having made fast the ropes, two row-boats started ahead to help pull, and to steady the boats as we crossed. To add to our discomfort, it was raining, and we were obliged to stand out with only a small umbrella to protect us, and that was of little use as it was blown about by the gusts of wind. But, though we did not know what lay before us, we were of course obliged to cross; and had no thought of returning.

After the car was safely on board, we ranged up alongside it and began our trip across the river with hundreds of people on the bank watching us. When about midstream, the ropes that were attached to the boats pulling us parted with a snap like a pistol shot, and left us to the mercy of the rapids, except for the men who were trying to row us. Our boat



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whirled around like a chip in a whirlpool, and for a few moments none of us could speak. We saw that we were drawing near the railroad bridge, and heard a cry of horror from the people on the bank.

The car was swaying from side to side, and there was only a few inches of room to spare, but, fortunately, Mr. Brooks had taken the precaution to lash the front and rear wheels securely to the planks on which the car was standing. I looked into the faces of those about me, and saw only expressions of fright and anxiety. The coolies at the sides of the boat were laboring hard, and their bamboo poles were bent almost double as they tried to keep the boat off the rocks in the middle of the stream. The policemen in their boat were having all they could attend to, for it was turning in circles, and their coolies were rowing with all their might and main to get to a place of safety.

Suddenly we felt a tremor, and our exhausted coolies gave a yell as they discovered that we had grounded safe and sound on a big flat rock. We had struck it with such force that the boat had been lifted right up on it. There we were anchored, about fifty feet from shore, and about five hundred feet below where we had intended to land.

Had we gone two hundred feet more, we should have crashed into the buttresses of the railroad bridge, the only bridge that crosses the Fugi at this place. Mr. Brooks simply reached out and shook

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my hand in silent congratulation, although we were all drenched to the skin with the pouring rain.

Motoring is all right on dry land, or where you can count on at least some kind of a bridge across the rivers and streams; but this was going a little too far!

Coolies came out to the rock from the bank, and Frank told me that I would have to go ashore on the back of one of these men. With Billikins tightly clasped in my arms, I was carried ashore. Here again what appeared to be almost insurmountable difficulties arose; for it was nothing but a rock river-bottom, and we should have to travel back at least half a mile over this to get near the road, where it was necessary again to ford a small arm of this stream and get up on the bank. Yet no thought of turning back entered my mind. I was determined to push onward and overcome whatever difficulties might lie before me between here and Yokohama.

I showed the crowd that had gathered around that I wanted them to pick out the largest boulders and roll them one side, so as to clear a road for the car to run over. Never was a road built with more agility and more willing hands. I could speak only a few words of their language, and Frank had stayed with the car to help Mr. Brooks; but I could point and show what I wanted done, and they seemed to understand, and went at it with a will. While directing this work, I glanced around and



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saw a line of men, about a quarter of a mile long, carrying planks and bamboo sticks. They appeared to realize at once what would be necessary to get the car off the sampans. Going ahead, I traced out a road that I thought the car could make, and by the time they got the car off the boat, I had my road built. But then came the worst part of the business, for the side next the bank was covered with slippery boulders, and my car might skid and turn turtle. I did not let this frighten me, however, but began building up, on the lower side of the rocky bank, a sort of wall about two feet high, taking the largest boulders to help make the wall, and selecting the spot where there would be the least slant.

After four hours of tedious driving in a pouring rain, stopping every few feet to take a boulder out of the way, and carefully guiding the car, Mr. Brooks finally brought it in safety to the other side of the bank, and then for the first time I sank down almost exhausted. The people shouted with delight that we had succeeded in crossing and had arrived so far, at least, in safety.

We found the shelter of a small hut, and refreshed ourselves with tea from our thermos bottle and some sandwiches. To our delight, we found that the two policemen were to accompany us, as we had to travel through some muddy places, where the road was under water part of the way. Not knowing just where the road was, and not being accus-

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toned to it, they went ahead in a little flat boat, with coolies pulling them, and we followed with the car, not knowing what minute we might sink till the mud was clear over the car. But they led us so carefully that we landed in safety in a flat paddy field, just at dusk. The people stared at us as if we had arisen from the interior of the earth—which we had.

My boy Frank pointed ahead to the Fugi Mountain, which rises in magnificent beauty, capped with snow. He told me that we would have to make the Hakone Pass this side of the Fugi Mountain before we could camp for the night.

On Tuesday, May 17th, we started to go through the Hakone Range Pass. Every now and then the clouds would seem to open and let down rain by the bucketful, which made the going very slippery, and we were obliged to put on our two rear Victor chains. We made hardly more than six or eight miles an hour. The excitement, and the views we obtained once in a while, as the sun occasionally appeared, kept us all on a nervous strain, as we realized that each moment we were plunging into unknown dangers, with no way of knowing what the end would be. I have made "Never turn back" a motto of my life, and although at times it seemed impossible to travel over these roads, we still kept on, occasionally referring to the maps, and trying to reckon the distance between us and civilization.



AN EXCITING TIME IN THE FUGI RAPIDS

Here in this range we found about a mile of good road, and then we suddenly emerged on nothing but a path. The reason for this difference was explained to me in this way: that wherever the government fixed the roads, it was done well and thoroughly; but where the farmers or owners of the land made the road, it was done in the cheapest and easiest way possible. In some places it was simply like steps dug out of the side of the mountain, with little rises to the ground, something like waterways, and we had to travel over and up, over and up, until we found ourselves on a square corner that required the most careful and patient driving to get around without plunging the car over the side of the precipice.



CAMP "DEATH"

XXII

CAMPING CLOSE TO DEATH

THE road grew more difficult every moment, until at last, just as night was approaching, we discovered we had reached a narrow foot-bridge over a precipice from two to three hundred feet deep, with immense mountains rising on both sides, and not a vestige of vegetation in sight—nothing but black, gigantic rocks. Mr. Brooks was nearly exhausted with the strain of this drive as I called out to him to stop. At the same moment he noticed what I had seen, that the bridge was only about half wide enough to permit the car to pass. We got out and looked over the sides of the mountain, and shuddered as we thought what might have been our fate had the car gone a couple of feet farther.



CAMPING CLOSE TO DEATH

I recalled having seen a few huts huddled together on the side of the mountain three miles back, and I sent Frank back to get help of some kind, and, if possible, to telegraph or telephone on ahead to Atami for assistance. He was also told to bring up some brush for firewood.

We unpacked our tent, and prepared to camp for the night. In spite of careful searching for a better place, we found that we would have to erect the tent right over a small mountain stream, with the water running through the tent, for the pass was so narrow, there was no other place. However, there was room enough for a cot, and to keep our baggage dry. We left the car standing where it was on the brink of this awful precipice, while we rejoiced at the thought of what we had escaped, not fully realizing the dangers of our present position.

When we started to prepare something to eat, we found we had no bread and no baking powder; but I had brought a bottle of fruit salts with me, and decided there must be some "rising" properties in them, and that we would try it on the bread. Having lighted our alcohol stove, I took a quart of flour, a can of condensed cream, and two teaspoonfuls of the fruit salts, and mixed them in a pan. This mixture I dipped out with a spoon on a hot plate, letting it brown on one side and then turning it over. To our delight, it raised up into the best biscuit I ever tasted, not unlike muffins, and we ate them to the last crumb. I also gave each of my

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party a good dose of quinine, and we took some stimulants.

Just as we were finishing our meal, Honkie began to bark furiously, announcing strangers, and Frank arrived on the scene, bringing with him ten or twelve coolies, a bag of charcoal, bundles of brush for the fire, and some fresh eggs.

Six of the men carried planks and bamboo poles. Frank announced in great excitement that they were looking for us at the foot of the pass, and that the next morning, or possibly that night, a gang of engineers were to leave Atami, and we would meet them somewhere on the pass. The road was very bad on the other side of the bridge, and they doubted if we could get through. In fact, they were surprised at our having got this far. The moment I heard that engineers were coming to meet us, I said, "You will see whether we get through or not. We will do it if we have to build a road all around the mountain." And this was really about what happened.

I insisted that Mr. Brooks should take the most comfortable bed for the night, while Maria and I sat in the car and took turns keeping charcoal and wood on the fire. The coolies disappeared among the rocks, covered with their woven bamboo coverings that make them look like huge porcupines, but which apparently shed the rain perfectly. Bilikins made a terrible row whenever these men came in sight, proving himself almost as good a watch-



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dog as Honkie. The Japanese particularly dislike being out in the rain and getting wet, and I was informed that one reason was that their houses are so small, and they have no way of drying their clothes, so they make the whole house damp and expose their wives and children to colds and fevers, which are only too prevalent here, any way.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of sunrise the next morning, or rather the reflection I got of it, for we were so far up in the mountains, and the different peaks towered around us and above us so, that we could catch only a reflection of the sun's rays, but even that was a magnificent sight. We gazed over the precipice by daylight; and tried to figure out how we could build a bridge that would carry the car over. I suggested to Mr. Brooks that he and Frank walk over the bridge and go ahead for a little way, so as to find out what we should have before us after we got over the bridge. I wanted to know if the roads were really going to be worse, or if we might possibly find them a little better on the other side.

After they left us, I rather regretted having sent them, leaving us alone among these wild-looking men of the mountains. Albert kept pretty close to his rifle while he worked, arranging things after our morning meal; but outside of a few curious looks and motions, we were left entirely to ourselves.

After a couple of hours' tramping, Mr. Brooks

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and Frank returned, and said the road was not much better, but they thought we would get through. It would certainly be better than turning back. The main thing was to get across this chasm. The Japanese went to work with a will building another bridge. We were told that the one formerly there had burned down, and they had thrown up this temporary foot bridge, never dreaming that any one would attempt to go over it with a motor-car or even with a horse.

It was nearly noon before the bridge was ready for us to cross. We took our baggage off to make the car as light as possible, and while we offered up a prayer for Mr. Brooks's safety, he started to drive across, having less than three inches to spare on each side. But he made sure that the car was straight in getting up on the bridge, and by moving very cautiously he landed the car on the other side. We were much relieved.

The coolies insisted that it would not be wise to put our baggage on the car again, and as they had brought with them a small cart and some bamboo poles, we permitted them to take our baggage on the cart and follow our car, I agreeing to pay them twenty yen when we reached the foot of the pass. What these poor fellows had to eat, or how they lived, was a mystery to me, for they are very shy about their eating, and never like any one to look at them. They have the same delicacy about watching others, and while we were eating they would



CAMPING CLOSE TO DEATH

turn their backs and smoke their little pipes, which would only last for about a minute.

I will not weary the reader by telling how many times we were obliged to tie ropes on the rear of the car going around corners, while the men would all hold on with all their strength to keep the car from rolling down the side of the mountain.

In other places, they would tear out a corner of the mountain-side with pickaxes, taking rocks and building up a space on the outside of the turn, and covering it with dirt, so that the car could get around the corner. To make the road wider, so that the car could pass, they would fill up with dirt and stones a stone gutter that had been built to carry off the surplus rain-water. I fear it took several days after we passed to put the road back into its normal condition.

As we reached the top of the Hakone Range Pass, we saw in the distance what looked like a black speck moving along, and Frank said it was the engineers coming to help us. They arrived just in time, for we found directly in our path a boulder fully five feet high and eight feet wide, obstructing our road like an elephant. Indeed, an elephant would not have been so much in our way, for we could have made him move. It seemed an impossibility to surmount this obstacle, and I threw up my hands in despair, and thought, "Oh, why did I ever undertake this trip!" A few moments later a card was presented to me, and I received the con-

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gratulations of an engineer and a police officer, who explained to me, through Frank, that they had feared we had all gone down the mountain-side, and that the people were much excited. My boy translated to me that they had called me the "Female Napoleon," and that the newspaper men were awaiting our arrival in Atami, and could hardly believe that we were really alive.

I pointed to the boulder across our path, and made signs with my hands and eyes. They told Frank that we must back the car a little, which we did; then those little coolies attacked that immense stone under the direction of these officers, pushing it an inch at a time and moving it little by little, until they finally got it to the very brink of the precipice. One more push, and it went crashing over and down the side of the mountain, making a noise like thunder. I afterward wondered if any little huts built on the side of that mountain were carried down by this rock, and if I would have to be responsible for several lives. We stood watching the boulder taking trees and rocks down with it, as it gained in momentum every moment of its descent.

Again the ropes were attached to the rear of the car, and the men held on to them to keep from going too fast as we descended the mountain. Some of the grades were almost straight up and down; and if the brakes had given way, we should have plunged hopelessly down to death.



HONKIE TO THE FORE

XXIII

HOSPITALITY OF THE PRINCESS ITO

AT last, about six o'clock in the evening, we came to a viewpoint that passes all description. The blue sea smiled at us in the distance, and I saw an immense fountain of water spring suddenly up into the air, which, I was told, was a spring of hot water that came forth every day between five and six o'clock, shooting up seventy or eighty feet. It keeps this up for half an hour. This occurred just in time to greet us as we reached this haven of rest, weary and worn, our shoes nearly off our feet, but we were relieved that we were safe, and that a night's rest was near.

When we reached the Heguchi Hotel, Atami, the only way we could get into the yard was by backing the car down the side of the mountain, as there was not enough level ground even here for the car to stand on. We were told that ours was the


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only four-wheeled vehicle that ever had entered Atami over this pass. Nothing but 'rickshaws and two-wheeled carts ever had gone through before.

We were served with a refreshing meal, and they offered the interesting information that we could have a natural hot sulphur bath. We availed ourselves of this, and had a comfortable night's sleep. The next morning we found our clothing still too damp to wear; so I put on a kimono, and in a comfortable chair sat on the piazza with Billikins and Honkie and rested and wrote letters while my clothes were drying. We were all completely worn out, and very much needed a rest. Frank disappeared for the day, Albert had strained his knee in helping pull the car, and Mr. Brooks had blistered his foot in putting in and out the clutch. I looked back upon the past two or three days as though I had been suffering a nightmare!

From Atami I immediately sent telegrams to His Highness at Tokio, informing them of our safe arrival, as I feared they might feel anxious about us. We had expected to make this trip in a couple of days, and we might have done so as far as the distance was concerned, had it not been for the awful rivers we had to ferry across, and this pass.

I was here introduced for the first time to one of the good works accomplished by the Japanese. In going through the streets of the cities, I had often noticed men in white muslin skirts, playing plaintive little airs on a flute. When we sounded



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our horn as a warning of our approach, they would become excited and act as if they had lost their heads and did not know where to find them. I asked Frank why they acted in this way, and he gravely replied that they were blind, and that whenever I heard the sound of that little flute I would know that it was a blind man announcing the fact in this way, and also that he was a masseur. All one had to do was to call him if one needed his services. This is a fad of the Japanese; they believe in the efficacy of massage, seeming to think that every ill under the sun can be rubbed away. I was told that for hundreds of years they have maintained schools where the blind are taught this massage. I sent for one of the blind women and had her massage me, and I must say that I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. She seemed to know every muscle and nerve in my body, from my toes to the crown of my head. She had a plaintive, solemn little face, never uttering a word, but working over me until the perspiration streamed from her face. Presently I fell into a most refreshing slumber. I only felt sorry that I could not stay at this delightful resort for a month and rest in this way.

When I awakened in the morning of the following day, the odor of orange and lemon blossoms came through the window. I had been told never to leave my windows unlocked in Japan, as we were likely to be robbed, but I generally left my windows

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open, of course having some one in the room with me, and I never lost any valuables.

Looking out, I could see the blue sea dancing in the sunlight, and hear the sound of happy children's voices singing in the streets. It was wonderfully peaceful and refreshing after the strain and excitement through which we had passed.

Atami is known as "The Riviera of Japan," and is far more beautiful than anything I have ever seen on the French coast. Now and then a little ferry-boat would dart into sight, crossing from one point to another, and, upon raising one's eyes and looking out to sea, one would almost always see a small boat sailing along, making for some port along this attractive little coast, so beautiful, peaceful, and quiet.

I inquired as to the class of people visiting this place, and learned that a few English people had discovered it and come here for the baths and rest cure. The hotel was comfortable, and the beds fairly good; but of course, as in other places, one must furnish one's own bedding. The meals furnished were palatable, and the happy little Japanese girls waited on you as if the one thing for which they lived was to smile and run around in their little wooden shoes, doing whatever you desired.

Billikins gave no end of entertainment and amusement to the crowds who came to see him. The Japanese are especially fond of animals, and Honk-



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Honk had a good time here, being permitted to tear around and go wherever he pleased.

It was with real regret that on May 20th we said farewell to Atami and again started on the way to Yokohama. We received word from the President of the narrow gauge railway that runs from Yokohama to Atami that if we would start exactly at nine o'clock, they would hold their car back, giving us the lead, as we should be obliged to travel a good many times on their track. This railroad has been built exactly on the main road, in fact, the only road leading from Atami to Yokohama, so it was the only way we had of reaching there.

As on previous days, we often found a stretch of pretty fair road, and then came to something narrow and poor. As they were rebuilding the road, and had laid new tracks, it made it poor and very dangerous in many places, and we had to run on the railroad track. Many times we were obliged to get out and widen the road, but we had learned wisdom, and carried pickaxes with us, as we found they were of more use to us than shovels in this country. While we made only a few miles, it took considerable time.


About one o'clock, we were rolling along a comparatively wide road, when, suddenly, "bang" went one of our tires. Frank, our Japanese boy, was almost paralyzed with fear, as this was the first time this had happened since he had been with us, and he called out in agonized tones, "Shot! Shot!

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Prince Ito!" I got him by the collar and fairly shook him, when he explained to me that we were right in front of Prince Ito's house, and that he had been shot, and he thought somebody had fired at us. I explained to him that one of the tires had burst, and told him to get off the seat and take off his coat and he would find out how much damage had been done. He could hardly believe that one of our own tires had made this awful explosion. As you cannot stop anywhere in Japan without a crowd gathering around, we were soon surrounded.

Frank told me that one of the men who talked to him was the head gardener of Prince Ito's house. Not wishing to waste any time, we began in a business-like way to prepare to eat our lunch while the tire was being adjusted. The gardener said that it would be much pleasanter if we would come inside, and that the Princess Ito would be delighted if we would accept her hospitality. We accepted the invitation, and rolled through the opened gates into a magnificent courtyard. Here again we began to make preparations to eat our picnic lunch in the car, when we were told it would be much more comfortable on the piazza, so, although we did not quite understand this hospitality, we permitted the two men to carry our tea-basket, while we walked on ahead and arrived at the Princess Ito's country house.

Here we found an open piazza overlooking the



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sea, and on it was a small table, set with a beautiful cut-glass dish of immense strawberries, dainty little sandwiches, sweets, and tea. Three little Japanese men busily provided us with everything necessary for our luncheon. There was a most fascinating little flower garden spread out at our feet, and the little Japanese house was marvellously attractive. Although it seemed small to us compared to some of the palatial residences in our country, it covered a good deal of ground, and everything was kept scrupulously neat and clean. Here we were left with our own party to lunch at leisure.

We congratulated ourselves on our good luck. We were told that very few people ever received this hospitality, but that the Princess Ito had heard of me and of my trip, and was interested, so she had sent down and invited us into the gardens. After finishing our lunch, we were invited to go through the gardens and the home of the Princess. Upon entering the house, the first thing that struck my eye was a photograph of William Jennings Bryan, with his signature, doubtless presented to Prince Ito while on a visit to Japan.


We strolled through the beautiful gardens, and I was surprised to find here the old-fashioned pinks I knew so well in my grandmother's garden. Perfect hedges of them bordered the walks, with old-fashioned snow-balls and the iris, while the bees were humming around us, and the birds twittering in the trees, making it a veritable bit of paradise.

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We were escorted into a little wooden pagoda, where we saw four photographs done in India ink, one of Prince Ito and the other three of Japanese who had paid their lives for daring to open up Japan to the Western world, but who are now looked upon as saints and martyrs.

In a small box, shaped something like our caskets, reposed the mirror Prince Ito had always used. These people have a great superstition about the mirror, never permitting any one to look into it after its owner has departed, and usually burying it with its owner. This mirror was carefully put into this casket, and on each side of it stood a huge bunch of old-fashioned flowers, the favorite flowers of Prince Ito. They place fresh flowers there each day.

When we were preparing to leave, I thought a tip would be appreciated by the gardener, and consulted Frank about it. After a little hesitation, he consented; so I offered it, but the gardener put his hands behind him, shook his head, and, bowing very low, said, "Madam, this is Prince Ito's house, and no one in Prince Ito's service can accept a tip." As I did not wish to leave without his having some little souvenir of our visit, I found a couple of post-cards with photographs of my villa on Lake Como, and of my car, which he appeared delighted to receive. He insisted on my inscribing my name on them, and also brought out a large book in which we were asked to write our names as guests of the



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Princess Ito. After cordial farewells, we parted. Upon entering my car, I found lying on my seat a huge bunch of old-fashioned roses from the garden of Prince Ito, to cheer me on my way.

While we were rolling along, congratulating ourselves on the good things that were happening to us, we suddenly came to the end of this beautiful wide road, and struck into a narrow one. We were making about ten miles an hour, when I saw a little child peep out from the side of a building and start to run forward and then back. Just as we were passing, the child ran right in front of the car, and, catching its little wooden shoes on a stone, tripped and fell. How Mr. Brooks ever did it, I do not know; but he turned the car into a fence so quickly that it saved the life of the child. I expected to see the little one crushed under our wheels, but Frank jumped off and picked it up from the opposite side. The body of the car had evidently passed directly over it, but the wheels had not touched the child. There was just a little bump on its forehead, where it had probably struck a stone in falling. I took the child in my arms to see if any bones were broken, and, upon realizing it was in the arms of a stranger, it let out a yell that convinced me no great harm had been done. When a woman came out and took the child, I told her to take it to the well and wash the dust off its face so that we could examine it better. Several people had seen the child run in front of the car, and expected to see it

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killed. How the car was stopped and the life of the child saved was always a mystery to me, but it was done at the risk of the lives of the whole party, for we had knocked down the fence and the nose of the car was buried deep in it. Had the fence been anything but bamboo, we should all have been crushed to death.

I had heard about motorists being mobbed, so as the crowd approached, I told Frank to explain how the accident had occurred. We got back into the car and moved on, leaving the man to whom the fence belonged extremely angry.

We finally rolled into Yokohama, and stopped at the Oriental Palace Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for us. Here we were beset with newspaper men and photographers from all sides. The next day a policeman called in regard to the child, and I told him the whole story, and that ended it.

The following day we arranged to start for Tokio. Wishing to show one of the newspaper men how difficult it was to drive through the narrow, crowded streets, one of them agreed to sit on the box and go with us, and I sent Frank ahead by train to Tokio to arrange for our coming.

At Tokio we were received by Her Highness and His Highness of Baroda, who were delighted to see us. His Highness regretted that he had not been with us, saying he would have enjoyed just such adventures that we had passed through. We rested here one or two days, and Her Highness

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invited me to accompany her to Yokohama in a special car provided by the Mikado, to do some shopping and sight-seeing, which invitation I accepted. While I was lunching with her in Yoko-



WITH A LITERARY MAN OF JAPAN

hama, word was received that I was to go to the police station in regard to something that had occurred on the road from Prince Ito's house to Yokohama. I found there the man whose fence


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we had run into and broken down, and he insisted on a payment of sixty yen, which I gave him, whereupon we all shook hands.

The Mikado, having heard of my trip, sent one of his engineers to look at my car, and also to offer me the courtesy of Tokio, and I am indebted to the Mikado for many drives and visits during my stay. Here we spent a very pleasant time. The newspaper men were hospitable, inviting us to the theatres, and always sending with us some one who could speak English and thus interpret the play to us.

One night we visited some of the sights of Tokio, one of them being where the "painted dolls" are on exhibition behind the bars, and where the Japanese buy their wives when they want an especially pretty one. It reminded me of the side-show of a circus, more than anything I had seen, as the owners of these girls sit outside in a little booth like our "barkers," telling of their attractions. You can buy your wife by number, photograph, or really see her; each one has her price. The little women sit there apparently perfectly indifferent to every one, putting on their paint and powder and making their toilet as if in their private dressing-room, and not paying the slightest attention to the passer-by. This market has been in existence for thousands of years, and we wonder if the light of the Western world will in time change all this. It is a sad sight.

Speaking of the Japanese women, the girls are



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generally modest, gentle, and pleasing-looking, but I saw nothing like even passable good looks. Their noses are flat, the lips thick, the eyes of that slanting Mongolian type. The common custom of shaving the eyebrows and blackening the teeth of the married women (although this is less common in Tokio than formerly), together with an obvious lack of soul, gives nearly all the faces an inane, vacant expression.

The narrow, scanty dress enables one to judge of their physique, and they look badly nourished, as if the race was wearing out. Their shoulders are round, their chests hollow, and their hips narrow. Their hands and feet are very small, and their stature generally about four feet eight inches, to five feet one inch. They look as if the girls passed from girlhood to middle age almost at once when wedded.

We had a pleasant call on Mr. O'Brien, the American Ambassador in Tokio, and his wife. He remarked, "Why, you seem to be the talk of Tokio!"

At the American Ambassador's I met an interesting Japanese lady who was at the head of the Girls' School in Tokio. She was anxious to have me make an address to the girls at the school, but lack of time obliged me to decline.

When in Tokio, as well as all along the roads, we saw any number of imitations of the American baby coach. It is a mystery where all the children

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come from in Japan. The streets and bungalows are literally crowded with them, while one rarely sees an old woman.

We now and then saw a motor-car in Tokio, but there were only a few there. We saw three or four in Yokohama also, and here for the first time in Japan my car was under shelter, as they have a small garage there. In going from Yokohama to Tokio we received the first impertinent looks from people on the streets, none of them seeming any too friendly toward the motor-car.

On May 27th we were dined as the Mikado's guests, and he presented strawberries from the Imperial Gardens. The next day we were to start for old Nikko. We were told that we should again have some ferrying to do, but that was about all the information I could obtain as to what was in store for us.



THE CRATED CAR AT YOKOHAMA

XXIV

YOKOHAMA TO HONOLULU

NIKKO is a little over a hundred miles from Tokio. We left the latter city at about nine o'clock in the morning, and reached Nikko at 3:30 in the afternoon, travelling most of the way over the most beautiful road I have ever seen. Unfortunately, the Japanese have permitted telegraph poles to be erected close together, which makes it sometimes almost impossible to pass. Two motor-cars could not pass in some places. For fifty miles we travelled over that beautiful avenue of Red Cedars (*Cryptomeria* Road), a distance which seems all too short in a motor-car, though doubtless it would seem an endless way to pedestrians, or to people in 'rickshaws or on ponies. The tops of the trees meet overhead, forming a com-

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plete canopy, with occasional glimpses of blue sky. The views one gets at intervals make the drive well worth while. This is called the "Cryptomeria Road."

Arriving at Nikko, we astonished the natives by climbing a steep hill, on the top of which our stopping place, the Kanaya Hotel, is situated. We visited the temples, going over the Sacred Bridge. After a couple of days here, we returned to Yokohama, where we began to make preparations for our homeward voyage.

I have spoken elsewhere of the love of the Japanese for flowers. In Japan the badges of the most celebrated houses or families are floral. The Imperial or public badge of the Mikado is an open Chrysanthemum with sixteen petals; his private badge represents the blossoms and leaves of the Paulownia Imperialis. The celebrated badge of the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty is three leaves of a species of Mallow, united at their tops. No matter how simple the table arrangements in Japan, there was always a small spray of flowers, or sometimes only one flower arranged in a beautiful vase, giving an artistic air to the whole room, however plainly furnished it might be in other respects.

The Japanese are energetic little folk, desirous of education, and they have good schools in Tokio. They always greeted us with a pleasant smile, and would respond pleasantly to our greeting when we



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called out, "Ohio" ("Good-morning") or "Ari-goto" ("Thank you").

The Japanese have great faith in the Shinto religion, Nature worship, and Ancestor worship, and they have quantities of gods and goddesses. They have gods for wind, the ocean, fire, food, pestilence, mountains, rivers, and for certain special mountains and rivers, certain trees, temples, etc. Chief of these is Ama-Terasu, the radiant goddess of the sun, born from the left eye of Izamage, the Guardian of Japan. From his right eye was produced the God of the Moon; from his nose the violent god, Susa Moo, who subjected his sister to various indignities, and was chastised accordingly.

The sun goddess was the ancestress of the heaven-descended Mikados, who have reigned in unbroken succession from the beginning of the world, and they are accordingly looked upon as gods upon the earth. To the fact that the Mikado was interested in my motor trip, we believe, was due the protection we received from his people. I am pleased to tell of this experience, as most of the guide-books will tell you quite the contrary in regard to the interior of Japan and the treatment you will receive there.

With moral teaching, Shintoism does not profess to concern itself. "Follow your natural impulses, and obey the Mikado's decrees"—such is the sum of its theory of human duty. Preaching forms no part of its instruction, nor are the rewards

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

and punishments of a future life used as an incentive to right conduct. The continued existence of the dead is believed in, but whether in a condition of joy or pain is nowhere declared.

At Yokohama we crated our car and shipped it through to San Francisco on the same steamer on which we were to sail, the Pacific Mail Steamship *Siberia*, and, with the Gaekwar of Baroda and his suite, we sailed June 1st.

When we left Yokohama, the newspaper men gathered at the pier to take farewell photographs of our party, and I was presented with a little Japanese "Cheen" dog. I named him "Jappy" on the spot, and, with Honk-Honk and Billikins, my family of pets was complete. On board the steamer I found many bouquets sent by friends as a farewell token from Japan. On one card the donors "thanked Mrs. Clark Fisher for opening up Japan to the motoring world." This was the largest bouquet of flowers I have ever seen, and was arranged most beautifully.

Sailing toward Honolulu, on June 8th we celebrated "Antipodes Day," as we have two days of the same date, two Tuesdays and two 8ths of June, because of crossing the 180th degree. This reminded me of the story of Jules Verne, winning the wager in travelling around the world in eighty days, on account of this extra day.

We arrived in Honolulu on June 10th, and here again we were met by representatives of the press,



YOKOHAMA TO HONOLULU

and the Maharaja got his share of newspaper notoriety. The Maharaja had cabled ahead and secured motor-cars for us, and I accepted his invitation to motor around Honolulu. We returned to the Moana Hotel for supper, and went aboard the steamer the same night. In Honolulu I also saw the house of the former Queen.

In the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Honolulu, June 11th, was a long account relative to the Maharaja, from which I quote only the following:

No other man in the world is the possessor of so many jewels as this Indian Raja, and he is the owner of the only gold and silver artillery in the world. Posted to defend his gorgeous palace are four guns fashioned from gold and silver. They are the products of a native artisan, who worked five years in fashioning them. Each of the cannon weighs four hundred pounds, and two are of solid gold and two are of solid silver, save for the inner barrel, which is of steel.

Dazzling and magnificent is the apparel of the bullocks that haul this royal artillery. Forty-five thousand dollars is said to be the cost of the trappings. On the horns of the animals are golden caps, and on their legs are anklets of gold and silver. Ornaments of gold adorn their heads, and when the royal artillery is in motion the splendor of it dazzles the eyes. The guns are guarded day and night by picked men from the royal bodyguard.

The most famous diamond necklace of the world is the property of the maharaja. It is composed of two hundred beautiful brilliants of marvellous purity, each as large as a hazelnut. This necklace is valued at \$12,000,000. Then he has a famous collarette, made of five hundred diamonds. Hanging from this circle of light is the fifth largest diamond

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

in the world, the Star of the South. Emeralds are strung between the diamonds.

In one room of the palace is a rug with a surface of four square yards, made entirely of beautiful diamonds, pearls, and rubies. The gems have been woven into a regular carpet, with designs and margins clearly defined.

His household expenses are borne by the people, so that he is enabled to invest his enormous income in gems, rare carvings, paintings, and rugs.

The princess yesterday on landing wore two magnificent bracelets set with emeralds and diamonds, which drew all eyes as the beautiful young woman walked to the waiting automobile.

Travelling with the party is Mrs. Clark Fisher of New Jersey, a woman of wealth and social position, who is a close friend of the Gaekwar's family. On arrival in San Francisco, Mrs. Fisher will travel across the mainland by motor. Her machine is aboard the *Siberia*.

Referring to this jewelry, I wish to say that while this magnificent jewelry is worn by the Princess Indraraja and Her Highness, it really belongs to the estate of Baroda, and they are responsible for every jewel carried away. If lost, they would have to be paid for out of His Highness's private income. The servants who have the jewel caskets in charge keep a strict record of every jewel taken out, and when returned. Should one be lost through their negligence, they must work and pay it back to the estate.



AFTER THE FAREWELL LUNCHEON WITH THE PRINCESS OF BARODA

XXV

AMERICAN SOIL AGAIN

WE arrived at San Francisco on June 17th, about five o'clock in the morning, and pride possessed us as we entered and passed through the wonderful "Golden Gate." As we shook hands with our steamer acquaintances, the words passed around the ship, "Is it not good to be at home again!" This was my first visit to this western coast of America, and I felt the least bit homesick; but hardly had this thought passed through my mind when I was greeted by a gentleman with the words, "Is this Mrs. Fisher? I am Mr. Williams, of the Locomobile Company. They wished to congratulate you on your safe arrival, and to place an automobile at your disposal in San Francisco."

So with Billikins under one arm and Jappy

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

under the other, I stepped proudly forth, when I was stopped by an official at the end of the gang-plank, who said firmly, "Madam, you cannot land with those animals."

"Why not?"

"Because you have no permit, and no animals are allowed to land on the Pacific Coast without a doctor's certificate."

There was no use arguing with the man, as he was only carrying out his orders, so I was obliged to return to the boat, which I did in rather a crestfallen manner, and called to Albert to take charge of the dogs and the monkey and remain on board until I could find out what must be done. No one had told me of this law before I left Yokohama, and now for the first time I learned that I should have obtained a certificate from the American Consul at Yokohama, and should also have got a doctor's certificate that my animals were in perfect health and condition when they went on board ship, and that they had not been to Manila. However, it was rather late in the day to learn this now. As the animals had been kept in my bath-room all the way over, and were in perfect health and condition, I finally obtained permission to land them, though only after considerable trouble. By four o'clock we were safely housed in the Palace Hotel.

The account published in the *San Francisco Call* was rather amusing. I quote part of it as follows:

AMERICAN SOIL AGAIN

WOMAN MAKES ROUND THE WORLD TOUR WITH PETS IN AUTOMOBILE

Except where there were oceans to cross, Mrs. Clark Fisher, who arrived here yesterday on the liner *Siberia*, has made the journey from her summer home on Lake Como, Italy, in a big Locomobile touring-car, Mr. H. F. Brooks running the car. Accompanying her was her maid, a man servant, and Honk-Honk, a Boston bull terrier. In India a monkey was added to the entourage, and in Japan a Cheen dog. The journey has occupied eleven months so far. The only hitch in her whole journey occurred yesterday, when Chief Officer Stevens refused to allow the dogs and the monkey to land, because Mrs. Fisher had neglected to acquire a health certificate for them before leaving Yokohama. Mrs. Fisher stormed and even threatened, and refused to be separated from her pets. Honk-Honk was a native born pup, the monkey her closest companion, and the Japanese dog too cute for anything. Stevens remained obdurate to her pleadings and only smiled when she told him she would report the matter to Washington. "All right," she said; "I will go back on board the ship with my pets, and will never, never, never leave unless they go ashore with me." The Pacific Mail Company, however, was spared the burden of maintaining a permanent boarder and a menagerie, by the intervention of Chief Officer Trotter, who said he had no objection to the pets being landed.

It transpired later that Mrs. Fisher had brought all her trouble upon herself. She smuggled the pets on board with her at Yokohama, and kept their presence in her stateroom a secret for two days. "If she had taken them on board openly," said the inspector, "she would have been given a certificate which would have insured their landing here without difficulty."

Mrs. Fisher's home is in Trenton, New Jersey, and she said she valued her bull terrier more for his watchfulness than as a pet. "Honk-Honk stood guard at night," declared Mrs. Fisher, "and a native would have been extraordinarily clever

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to have got within ten feet of our bungalow or tent without Honk-Honk knowing it and giving the alarm. He rather disgraced himself in some of the native villages by chasing chickens, but he took such good care of us that we could not deny him a little diversion once in a while."

In San Francisco many of my old acquaintances called on me, some being people that I had not heard from or seen in years. Among them was the wife of one of the officers stationed there, and together we visited the government reservation and had tea in the officers' quarters.

One day we spent in driving through the Park, and we also had a farewell luncheon with the Princess Indraraja at the Cliff House, for here we had to say farewell to His Highness of Baroda and party, as they were en route for Canada and so on to New York.

Mr. Brooks examined every part of the car to find out how the engine had stood the strain after the thousands of miles we had covered by land and sea, and reported that some of the main bearings were loose, and that it was only necessary to take them up a little. He also took down the cooler and saw that everything was thoroughly oiled before putting it back, and changed a few washers on the different parts of the machine. That was about all that was needed: he did not have to renew any part of my car.

Here we added a small air-pump on the side of the car for the gasoline tank, as in going up the

AMERICAN SOIL AGAIN

high grades we had found that this would be necessary. Otherwise, the gas would have to be forced up or the engine would now and then stop. This forcing was done by Albert putting his mouth to the gasoline tank and blowing. This was the first time Mr. Brooks had ground any valves or cleaned out carbon since we had left India.

On June 22d the Locomobile people gave me a banquet, there being about seventy-five guests present. I was called upon for a speech, and answered many questions about our trip through India and Japan.

Here also the Michelin people, whose tires we had used, bestowed attention upon us.

In San Francisco the spirit of entertaining seemed to follow us, and each day we were entertained at a luncheon or a dinner, so that here again, where I had expected to be among strangers, I was at once made to feel at home.

On June 26th we packed our baggage on the car and were ready to start on our long journey across the continent to New York. The first part of this trip we were accompanied by eight or ten automobiles containing San Francisco friends, who rode with us for about thirty miles, when we were served with a buffet lunch and wished *bon voyage*.

We ran from San Francisco to San Jose, to Sacramento, to Niles, to Livermore, and to Stockton, a long hard run, with several stretches of sand,

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and in some places very rough roads. The weather was extremely warm.

Billikins and the two little dogs always received their full share of attention at the hotels and en route, Billikins winning friends by his sad visage, and his friendly little hand outstretched in greeting. During all this time he had behaved very well, giving his mistress no trouble whatever, and the three little animals were good comrades. Whenever we stopped to rest by the wayside, they enjoyed grand romps, never losing their tempers or hurting one another.



HOT CREEK RANCH

XXVI

ROUGH ROADS AND TOUGH HOTELS

WE stopped at Placerville for luncheon. We shall never do so again. The meat was tough, the milk sour, the tea cold, and the waitress impertinent. She was grievously insulted because we asked for a second cup of tea. "We only furnish one cup of tea for forty cents!" she said, tossing her head. After inquiring the price of a second cup, and assuring her of our ability to pay for it, we succeeded in getting it.

From here we went to Sugar Loaf, where we found a small mountain house. The proprietress, a German by birth, and her two daughters, were polite and friendly, and made us feel quite at home. They told us that the streams in the vicinity were full of trout, and that the few people who came

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there were mostly school-teachers from San Francisco, who spent their vacations in this peaceful spot. The water was clear and cold, and the odor of the pines and the good fresh air made it a delightful spot in which to linger, and we remained here for two days.

On June 30th, at 9:30 A. M., we left Sugar Loaf and arrived at Lake Tahoe at noon. Going to the summit of the mountain, our engine got hot and the water boiled over. This Mr. Brooks remedied by opening the sides of the hood, allowing the air, which in the middle of the day was hot, to play around the cylinders. He also discovered that it was necessary to use heavier oil in this altitude.

Lake Tahoe is a beautiful sheet of water, and the mountain air is invigorating. The cottages are built in a circle in the woods, all having a view of the lake.

Here we engaged a cottage containing three rooms and a bath, and, drawing up our motor alongside, made ourselves quite at home. My little animal family enjoyed the freedom from restraint, and romped merrily.

I became very ill, having contracted ptomaine poisoning, from which I had suffered more or less ever since we had landed in San Francisco. Doctor Kelsey, who was taking his vacation and staying in the neighboring cottage with his wife and children, saw me safely through this illness.

We remained here two days longer than I had



ROUGH ROADS AND TOUGH HOTELS

expected, in order to recuperate and enjoy the delightful air and the fresh lake trout. We wished to avoid the crowds of people who were pushing, riding, crawling—any way to get to Reno, to see the Johnson-Jeffries fight, this place being on the direct road to Reno. We decided we would go at least one hundred miles out of the way, if necessary, in order to avoid this exhibition of a white man standing up to be pummelled by a black one.

We were amused here at the sight of an old automobile coach which was used in place of the stage-coach of earlier days. This automobile made two trips a day, carrying the mail and passengers, between Placerville and Lake Tahoe. The auto was much battered, and dirty and greasy-looking, but the passengers sat up proudly and looked as if they enjoyed it as much as if it was the finest-looking car ever put on the road.

Another car that attracted our attention was one containing a party of men who had started from San Francisco in high spirits, and doubtless livelier spirits inside. In coming over the same route we had travelled, they had run into a car ahead of them, breaking their water cooler. But in this case mind overcame matter, and they had purchased an old milk-can, which they were utilizing as a water cooler by running the pipes in some way or other, and off they started the next morning with the old milk-can standing on the running board of the car, and evidently answering every purpose.

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While we were here some cowboys came in with cattle, and to entertain me they gave an exhibition of the way they lasso them, in front of my cottage.

We found that the engine lost a little power from the high altitude, but otherwise everything was all right; so, making an early start, we resumed our journey.



A MID-DAY REST IN CALIFORNIA

On the road from Lake Tahoe to Kingsbury, Nevada, the roads were narrow and the grades steep and long, one of them being eight miles in length, with short, sharp turns before reaching Wally Springs. We cut across the fields to Grangerville, and from there went by way of Mount House to Wellington. From Wellington we trav-

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elled to Hawthorne, a distance of seventy-three miles over a rough road, hot and dusty. Passing through the most desolate, barren country, the earth parched and brown, through sagebrush and over rocks, we came upon Lucky Boy Camp, and finally reached Hawthorne, a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles from Tahoe. Here we stopped for the night.

Here we secured a supply of gasoline and engine oil, and then ran from Hawthorne to Mina, where we had lunch. I am certain there were two thousand whiskey bottles lining the road through which we passed. We met one stage-coach drawn by four poor-looking horses whose ribs could be counted. We passed the carcasses of horses, cows, and sheep, which had been overcome by thirst in this desert country and had dropped down to die. We also saw plenty of coyotes and rabbits, the coyotes not coming very near our car, however. Here Billikins's little cry of warning would inform us of their proximity long before we saw any signs of them. We filled our water bottles whenever possible, for we were thirsty, and with the hot sun beating into our faces, and the heat of the desert, it was not a pleasant ride. On this road we passed two automobiles that had been stranded and left there, the owners having either been taken on by other cars, or tramping all the way to Mina.

From Mina we ran to Miller's Siding, and from Miller's Siding on to Tonopah. On the way to the

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

latter place, at a turn in the road, we saw a water trough, and stopped to fill our water bottles. While doing this, two or three men approached us, one carrying a gun. At first we thought we might be in for a real hold-up, but they entered into friendly conversation, asking for the latest news from Reno, as they had heard that Jeffries had been knocked out in the fifth round. We said we did not care if they knocked each other's heads off.

They replied, "Well, it is easy to see you are not from the West. Which way are you going?"

We told them we were on our way to Tonopah, and they said that the coach had just gone through, and that the driver, who had been drinking a little too much, had dropped the mail-bag off the coach about two miles down the road, but would not take time to go back for it; so we might pick it up and leave it at the first camp we came to.

We found the mail-bag just as they had said; but the first camp we reached was twenty miles farther on. We asked for the proprietor, to whom we handed over the mail-bag, and he seemed much amused, remarking, "I thought Bill would drop something before reaching his destination." It seemed to me that this was a place where a little government oversight would not be misplaced.

For about three miles outside of Tonopah one has to travel over a road filled with empty tin cans, bottles, glass, etc. One can see the smokestacks of the mines, pouring out black smoke. Not a garden,



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or even an attempt at one, did we see in this place; everybody here lives on canned goods. We also passed many holes prospectors had dug into the ground, expecting to find a fortune. Outside of these deserted holes, one would generally see a couple of hammers, a pickaxe, and a shovel, left to rust in the sun. The tin cans and bottles were disastrous to our tires, and we found we would have to lay in an extra supply.

We reached Tonopah when they were celebrating the Fourth of July in regular mining-town style. One of the entertainments was a water fight, which took place on opposite sides of the street. The men taking part were dressed in rubber suits and divided into two parties, each armed with a big fire hose, with which they played water on the opposite party. The side that caused the other to retreat around the corner won the prize!

At Tonopah we had no trouble in obtaining plenty of gasoline, and we here supplied ourselves with a pocket compass and two two-and-one-half gallon water skins extra; also a long-handled shovel and an extra five-gallon can of gasoline, which we placed on the running board of our car. In the hotel here we found everything clean but expensive.

From Tonopah we rolled on through the desert, seeing rabbits, and here and there springs of water bubbling out of the ground. About four o'clock in the afternoon, to our great astonishment in this barren country, we came to a house that looked as

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

if it had slipped out of some country suburb, with a well-kept yard and everything clean and comfortable. We stopped here and asked for a drink of cold water, and learned that the place was called "Hot Creek Ranch." A sweet-faced woman, whom we afterward learned was Mrs. Williams, came to the door, and said, "Oh, you don't want water, do you? Wouldn't you prefer a glass of milk?"

Presently a little girl came out with four glasses and a large glass pitcher filled with delicious sweet milk. We were asked where we were going and where we came from, and after we had given an account of ourselves, our good friend insisted on our getting out and spending the night, saying she so seldom saw anybody, she would be delighted to have us. We decided to accept her hospitality, and get an early start in the morning; so, seated on the pleasant piazza, I listened to the account of how her husband had settled there many years ago. She introduced me to her two daughters, who had married lawyers and left home, one living in Chicago and the other in New York, but who were spending the summer months with her.

This home way off in this desolate country is as refined and comfortable as one could desire. The hostess said that sometimes for six weeks at a time they would not see a person outside of their own family. Only once a week were they able to send off or receive mail. They were looking forward

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to the building of a new railroad through there. They claimed there was plenty of copper and lead there, but it cost too much to haul it with mules to Tonopah, the nearest shipping station.

The next morning we travelled from Hot Creek to Ely, over a rough, hard road, and in some places through desolate fields. Here and there we would find a ranch fence, and be obliged to travel four or five miles around over rough stubble and sagebrush before we could again reach the road. These fenced-in places generally contained a notice that any one caught trespassing would be shot without further notice, so we were careful to hunt up a road, if there was none in sight, and we never attempted to disregard that warning.

We took the advice of some ranchmen to take a short cut from Ely to Current Creek, but I would not advise any other motorists to follow this short cut, as this is one of the instances where the "Farthest way around is the shortest way" to the place you desire to reach. We passed an extinct volcano on this road, and here our right rear tire blew out. As we always carried three extra ones, we were inconvenienced by only a short delay, but it was a hot, desolate place in which to stop.

While Mr. Brooks and Albert were working on the tire, Maria and I took the dogs for a little exercise, and came across a little spring bubbling up from the ground on the side of a hill. Not knowing whether or not it was one of the arsenic springs that

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abound in that part of the country, we did not dare drink, only taking water for our motor.

Snakes abound in this part of the country also, but they are mostly of the harmless variety. We ran over several of them in our journey. We saw one or two black snakes on the road, but the most curious-looking ones we saw were called "Blow



ON THE AMERICAN DESERT

Snakes." These would lie right across the roadway, and would puff themselves up something like adders, only we were told these were harmless. I suggested that in their inflated condition they would not make bad inner tubes.

We ran on to Cherry Creek, where we stopped for the night. Here we met a miner who came to look at the car, upon hearing of our arrival, and the next morning at five o'clock he was there again and presented to me some pieces of rock which looked

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like hard stones, but which I have since had cut and polished and they form beautiful turquoises, with ninety per cent. gold running through the stones.

From Cherry Creek we ran on to Cobra, then to Montello, and soon to Lucin, where we stopped for the night. The only place to stay was a little dugout. For two rooms, with the privilege of a cot in my room; supper and breakfast for four, and one quart of coffee, they charged us a total of \$6.15. This was a stopping place for nearly all the motorists who had been through up to this time, but they told us that almost always they would send their motors on by rail to the nearest repair shop from here after making this trip.

Early the next morning, we started on our journey toward Ogden. This was one of the worst trips we had made since we started out. At Terrace, Utah, we tried running on the railroad ties, but found this not only uncomfortable, but hard on the tires, so we went down the bank and struck what we thought was the road, but found it was nothing but a sheep trail, on which we lost our way. We had no directions except what the guide-book told us, which was to follow the old Union Pacific railroad. We took it for granted this meant the tracks, so we tried that and stuck to the tracks all right; but, reaching a place that was almost impossible to get through, and seeing what we all thought was a fairly good road on the other side of the track,

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we decided after a good deal of parleying to go over. We were hot, dusty, and tired.

We started to cross the track, but the cinders and dust being very light, and the front wheels not striking the ties but going down between them, we stuck there. I suddenly noticed oil pouring from underneath the car, found the petcock broken, and then began the liveliest work our little party had performed since we had left comfortable quarters in America on the 16th of the previous July.

We did not know what time a train might be due on this road, and had nothing to work with in the way of lumber except a few old railroad ties which we found lying at some distance. These we carried to the car, also some rocks which we found, and with them we tried to jack up the car and get it over the tracks. The hot sun poured down on our heads, the perspiration streamed from our faces, but we worked like beavers and at last managed to jack up the rear. I took my station some distance away so as to warn any approaching train, while the rest of the party worked. It was a relief indeed when at last the motor-car was safely off the track and on the other side, and we sank down nearly exhausted, but still looking for that train that did not come. We learned afterward, upon arriving at Kelton, that only about once a week a freight train ran over this track!

Then we had to study how to mend that petcock, for our oil was getting lower all this time. Mr.

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Brooks found some canvas patches in his repair kit, which I named "porous plasters," and these were put over the hole and fastened securely with twine which we always carried with us, some one in the meantime holding a hand over the broken part, to keep the oil from pouring out until the plaster was completed. We worked there for nearly three hours, in the heat of the day, and we did not even think of lunch, simply taking a swallow of water every little while, as our mouths and throats were parched with the alkali dust.

I noticed Mr. Brooks and Albert in consultation, and did not like the expression of their faces, as I anticipated what was coming. They thought I was too rash in keeping on, as the road seemed to grow worse instead of better, with deep washouts every fifty to seventy-five feet. Each time we would go through one of these, it seemed as if something must break or give way on the car. I was determined we should keep on, however, as we knew we were headed in the right direction, any way; so to prevent any mutiny, I took all the attractions, the two dogs, the monkey, and Maria, and we started walking on ahead. They were obliged to follow with the car, as they feared to lose sight of us in this desert place.

They found a ravine which led under the railroad track, so decided to go down the embankment and under the tracks instead of trying again to go over them, but this was such a strain on the car that

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

the driving chain slipped off the right wheel. After some little delay, Mr. Brooks was able to replace the chain, and they climbed up rather a slippery bank and followed us, when I discovered the foot-prints of our own kind in the shape of an empty gasoline can, and part of an inner tube. I picked up this tube and swung it around my head in delight, for I knew that in this case, what man had done woman could do. Evidently a car had been through here before us; so when my car caught up with us, Mr. Brooks said, "I did think we ought to turn back, but now we have got into the road." And sure enough, about half a mile farther on we struck the main road which we had lost at Terrace.

We reached Kelton about five o'clock in the evening, July 10th. Here we found a place to lodge, with one mirror in four rooms, one wash-bowl, a broken pitcher, and a piece of tea-towelling cut up into foot squares and called towels. Here was served to us a Sunday-night supper consisting of tough beef, greasy fried potatoes, sour canned peaches, and hot water which they called tea.

From Kelton we started early Monday morning for Ogden, passing through Ogden to Salt Lake City. About ten miles outside of the city we were met by Mr. Karr, and escorted by him to Salt Lake. We stayed two days here, stopping at the Knutsford Hotel, where they charged twelve dollars for miserable rooms. The meals were also expensive. It was about 120° in the sun that day, the ther-



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY

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ometer seeming to soar with the prices. We stayed here longer than we intended, so as to have a proper patch put on the crank case. We also discovered that the bearings on one of the rear wheels were getting worn, so we fitted up the wheel with new ones.

While in Salt Lake City, I was anxious to see a real Mormon, and several were pointed out to me, but I could find no marks of identification that made them any different from other men in the East.

We left Salt Lake City on July 14th. The road back from Salt Lake City to Ogden was bad. They were building a new one and had torn it up for miles, leaving the soft dirt. As our engine pulled us through, we passed four cars standing there, waiting for teams to come and haul them out of this dirt.

We managed to reach Evanston, Wyoming, the night of the 14th, where Mr. Spaulding gave us directions which were of great assistance to us in reaching Cheyenne. He had motored over the road, and told us that about thirty miles from Evanston we would find a beautiful spring, where we could camp. We started from Evanston in a pouring rain on the 15th, not knowing that the roads were clay and very slippery, but our Victor chains again saved the day for us, and we rolled on, much to the chagrin of some farmers who stood watching us and making remarks on the possibility of our having to give up.



IN MEDICINE BOW

XXVII

THE IRRESPONSIBLE MR. McBLUFF

IN Evanston, among others, there is a more or less wonderful hotel. At least, they call it a hotel. I insisted on my maid sleeping in the folding-bed that was in my room, while I occupied a sort of sofa that was supposed to be attached to the wall. It looked, if possible, more inviting than the bed, but as we were tired after a hard day's run, I did not examine it with care. An hour after I had retired, with both dogs asleep on the foot of my couch, I dreamed that I had gone to bed on the back of a bucking bronco. I found myself and the dogs in a heap on the floor. In turning over, I had got on the wrong side of this bed, and it had doubled up, throwing us all out, mercifully, instead of shutting us all in.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE MR. McBLUFF

From Evanston we went to Grangers, fording the river here. Passing through Green River, we stopped at Rock Springs for the night. It took us all day to get from Grangers to Rock Springs, and we found long stretches of deep sand with high centres. On turning to the left we came to Rock Springs, consisting mainly of a railroad station, a hotel and pool-room, the restaurant containing three rooms, kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room.

Sitting on a home-made bench outside the restaurant were an Irishman and an Italian.

A little to the right of the hotel and pool-room, in an enclosure, were a couple of mules, and we were informed that the men made their living by waiting here to pull the heavy caravans and automobiles through the sand with these mules, as the horses alone were not able to pull the heavy caravans through the heavy roads. They were disappointed when they learned that we would not require their services.

We passed on through Point of Rocks, and near Bitter Creek had a very disagreeable time, having to fill in washouts in the road with sagebrush, every few miles. We crept carefully along through the soft mud, with not a vestige of life in sight—only miles of desert meeting our view. This place, I believe, is known as “The Red Desert.”

From Bitter Creek we went on to Rawlins. Here we got off the road, and went around the country about twenty miles to get to Hanna. The

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

road was sandy, with high centres, and the ground squirrels had burrowed into the ground, making it dangerous travelling for motorists. Every now and then we would find ourselves taking a sudden jump as the rear wheels would be buried in these holes.

From Hanna, after a great deal of hard pulling, we managed to reach Medicine Bow. All this time we were obliged to keep our chains on. Drawing up to the hotel, we were told that it was full, but that a Mr. McBluff, who lived around the corner, sometimes would let people have rooms in his house. As we had found no inviting place in which to put up our tent and camp for the night, we decided to try Mr. McBluff's.

A man in his shirt sleeves, dressed in his best Sunday clothes evidently, appeared and in answer to our inquiries said, " Yes, yez can have rooms, but me wife is sick."

As there was nothing better in sight, we concluded to risk even the indisposition of Mr. McBluff's wife.

From Mr. McBluff's wobbly walk and loose tongue, I judged he had been indulging in intoxicants; but we took the rooms, and, after washing, went over to the restaurant to get something to eat. Mr. Brooks and Albert called on the saloon-keeper, Mr. Gus Grimm, asking for directions to get from Medicine Bow to Cheyenne. We afterward found the name " Gus Grimm " on many sheep trails and

THE IRRESPONSIBLE MR. McBLUFF

roads giving directions, but the hand always pointed toward Gus Grimm's place of business, telling the traveller where he could get fine whiskey.

Maria and I were returning to Mr. McBluff when we were startled by a woman's voice crying out, "Murder! Help!" Two little girls came running from the house with the interesting information that "father" was killing "mother." I rushed into the house, and found Mr. McBluff clinching and wrestling with a young man, while a woman in her night-clothes and her hair streaming down her back was trying to hold her husband and was screaming for help. I asked wherefore, and was told the young man was a son of Mr. McBluff, and when the father threatened to strike his wife, the boy had clinched with him, and would not permit the blow, thus bringing the wrath of the father on the son.

My appearance on the scene quieted them somewhat; I took Mr. McBluff by the arm and led him from the room, asking what the trouble was about. He said he had been in Denver for three days, and had spent three hundred dollars, saying, "One hundred dollars a day is not bad for a blacksmith, is it?" I replied that I thought it was pretty good under the circumstances, and he went on to say that he had earned the money himself, and he thought he had a right to spend it as he pleased, and that his wife could not dictate to him how he should spend his money.

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After a few moments' further conversation he turned to me and said, "Are you a Salvation Army girl?" Upon telling him that I was not, he wanted to know what I was doing travelling around with that caravan out there. "Do yez need any repairs?" he asked. Upon my replying in the negative, he remarked that we were the first auto-ists that had been through there, and he had seen several hundred, that did not come to him for repairs to the machines. So I gradually drew his attention from his wife to himself, and he told me the sad story of his life. Here was a man who would work for months and then take his hard-earned money and spend it in Denver in a few days, as though all he had to do was to sign a check to get more. If gentlemen of Mr. McBluff's ilk worked harder and earned less they would not throw it away so carelessly.

We left Medicine Bow on July 20th and lunched at Laramie; the road ran over the prairie and was pretty well cut up and filled with the holes made by the prairie dogs. Nearly all the way we followed Gus Grimm's signs, going, however, in the opposite direction to which the hand pointed; we were grateful for even this guidance, for the mirage we encountered here would often lead us to think we were coming to a mountain or a cliff, when we would find ourselves simply rolling along the road. We passed many alkali lakes which looked as if

THE IRRESPONSIBLE MR. McBLUFF

filled with water, but, upon reaching the supposed lakes, we would find nothing but sand. About fifty-four miles from Laramie we found a fine spring of water, and here we camped for the night, starting off early the next day and reaching Cheyenne in time for dinner.

Cheyenne is not unbearably interesting. We laid in a new supply of tires, and hurried on.

Travelling through the country, we saw the alleged crops. The wheat and oats yields in Wyoming and Nevada were what I should call poor. The farmers cut their oats, and make no attempt to thresh them.

The odor from the wheat-fields and the corn was delicious, and contrasted strongly with the odors of flowers that had filled the air of most of the other countries through which we had passed. I was interested, too, in noting the condition of the ground through Wyoming and on until we reached Colorado.

The farmers seem to have used the ground until it is almost worn out, evidently never returning any of the crops, or any part of them, for fertilizing purposes, and on many occasions I noticed bad places in the roads had been filled in with good fertilizer, evidently the easiest way of getting rid of it. When I saw the poor crops, I could not help wondering why that fertilizer had not been put in the fields instead of the roads! The drouth had

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR

affected the corn-fields so that I was in doubt whether they would ever amount to anything; but as we rolled on toward Nebraska, and within the upper part of Colorado, all doubts as to crops ceased.

Here we could look for miles and miles around the country, and see nothing but beautiful corn and wheat fields. An interesting sight through this country was the tremendous threshing machines at work, threshing the grain and stacking the straw with the binders and piling it up for shipment. These machines seem almost human in what they can accomplish.

At one time I thought Billikins would be left to the tender mercies of the Nebraska farmers. Had this happened, I feel quite sure there would have been no plague of grasshoppers in that part of the country, for they were a tender morsel for Billikins, and whenever we stopped along the way, and he had the opportunity, he was busily at work devouring these little pests.

Stopping under an inviting-looking apple tree, to get a few for our own use, as the branches were hanging over the roadside, we forgot Billikins's chain for a moment, and we all exclaimed in one breath, "Oh, see Billikins!" and in as short a time as it takes to tell this, little Billikins was in the top of the tree having a most delightful time, picking the apples and mischievously dropping them.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE MR. McBLUFF

No amount of persuasion could entice him from his exalted position, so I decided that one of the men must climb the tree and secure him. This caused a hot argument, as neither of them claimed any expert ability in this capacity.

We finally started the car, and upon my getting out and calling Billikins, to our surprise he came down from the tree and hopped into my arms, evidently satisfied with his pleasure, and fearing he would be left behind.



AT SANDUSKY

XXVIII

MR. KETCHUM, OF SANDUSKY, OHIO

AS we approached Denver, we saw many beautiful homes. Only a few years ago log huts graced the site.

Here were magnificent roads. After all the hardships we had encountered in passing through the desert, the old car seemed to shake off her laboring, and darted along at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, as if she had never done anything in her existence except roll through a park with smooth roads.

We arrived in Denver, Colorado, the night of the 21st. We put up the car with the Sanford Motor Company, and Mr. Sanford entertained us. We spent the evening at the White City, a most interesting resort, and afterward had supper at one of the clubs outside of Denver.

MR. KETCHUM, OF SANDUSKY, OHIO

On the 24th of July we left Denver; we reached Sterling, Colorado, that evening at 7:30, having made one hundred and fifty miles in the day's run.

On July 25th we left Sterling, after filling up with gasoline and oil. Roads were fairly good from Sterling to North Platte, Nebraska, with a good many stretches of sand in between Ogallala and North Platte. From North Platte we ran to Grand Island, Nebraska, where a Democratic State Convention was being held. It was impossible to get a room in the hotels, but a man on the street told us we could get rooms over the garage. As we were hot and tired, we were glad to get rooms almost anywhere. We had looked at the places outside of Grand Island for twenty miles around, but could find no place to camp, as there was no water or firewood to be found, and nothing but ugly wire fences; so we applied to the house referred to. The woman who met us desired twenty dollars for two miserable rooms in the rear of the house over the garage; and of all the forlorn and generally dilapidated outlooks I ever witnessed, the one we could view from our window was the most perfect of its kind. Old baskets, bottles, rags, and garbage of every description seemed to have been thrown out in the rear of this expensive place. I refused to pay twenty dollars for these accommodations, and we finally settled on ten dollars. It was a noble price.

Outside of Grand Island we passed the point

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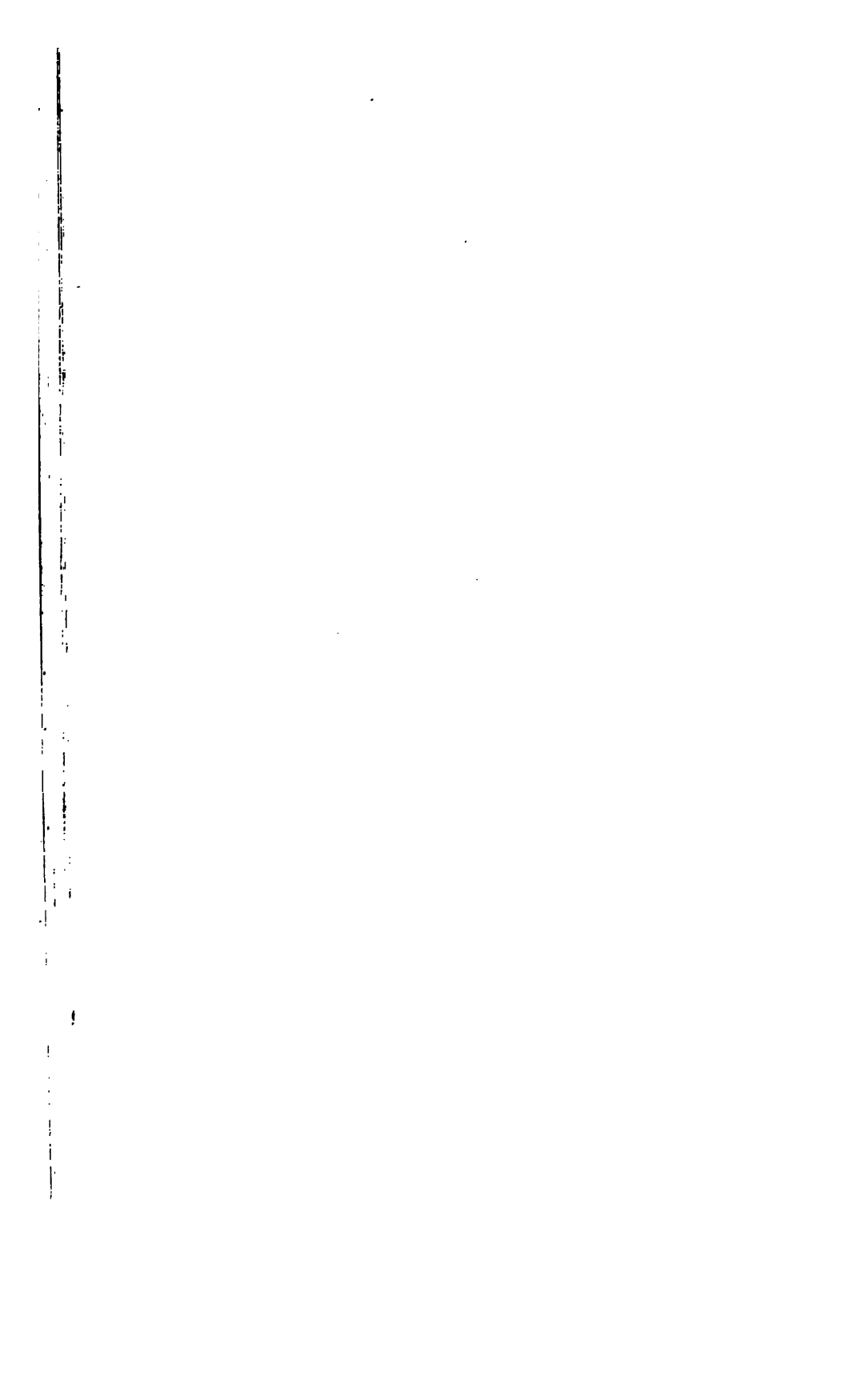
midway between the Coasts, just half way between Boston and San Francisco. We left Grand Island on the 27th, about nine o'clock, and found bad roads until within about twenty-five miles of Omaha; from there the roads were in fine condition. In Omaha we stopped at the Henshaw Hotel. Here I learned that Mr. Curtiss had been giving an exhibition that day of his ability to fly in his airship. At nine o'clock in the evening he sent up his card, and we had a pleasant little chat, he telling me that he was sure we would meet somewhere again on the globe in my "around the world" tour. The last time I had met him was in Brescia.

After a day, we left Omaha for Chicago, via Des Moines, and reached Des Moines about noon of July 30th, where we were met and entertained at a luncheon given by the manager of the Iowa Auto Supply Company. The President of the Motor Club presented me with a little gold badge. From Des Moines, we ran to Newton, where we had a tire blow-out. We spent the night at Newton, and left on the 31st about seven o'clock. We had an excellent road and good guide-posts on the River to River road, arriving in Davenport about eight o'clock in the evening. We put our car in Peterson's garage in Davenport.

From here the roads began to get a little rough. When we got to within about thirty miles of Chicago, Mr. Banta sent two gentlemen to meet us and escort us into the city of Chicago. Here we were



AT LA SALLE HOTEL, CHICAGO



MR. KETCHUM, OF SANDUSKY, OHIO

obliged to put two new leaves in our front spring, which began to show signs of the hard work it had endured, the roads over which we had passed being so rough and the car so heavily loaded. In Chicago, Mr. Banta gave a banquet at which he introduced me to many of the citizens, and he also presented to me a set of automobile Blue Books handsomely bound, with photographs of myself and party en route. Speeches were made, and I received many congratulations.

On August 14th we left Chicago, with the American Beauty roses which had been presented to me tied on the side of the car. At Valparaiso, we struck an awful washout, and again broke a leaf in the right spring, but we managed to go on slowly until we reached La Porte. The next day we travelled to Waterloo, Indiana.

Here we remained two days, resting, and I enjoyed the good home cooking they served to us at the Waterloo Hotel, a small place but very comfortable. There I enjoyed my first taste of green corn since I had left America.

We arrived in Toledo, Ohio, the 8th of August, and spent the night there, going on the following day. On August 10th we reached Sandusky, Ohio, about 3:30 o'clock. While we were rolling along the streets, looking for the corner at which we were to turn according to directions we had received, and not going over twelve miles an hour, a man on a motor-cycle pulled up alongside of us and told us

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we were under arrest for speeding. Asking him what the limit was, he told us eighteen miles, and I pointed to our speedometer, showing that we were only going at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

He hinted that a slight remuneration might permit us to go on unmolested, but I declined to remunerate, and was informed that I would have to go back with him to an official's office. So we turned our heavily loaded motor-car around, and as we were returning, people hailed us from private residences, asking if that man had arrested us. Upon my answering that he had, they said it was an outrage, and that they would come to my assistance, and asked what I intended to do. I said I would see the official, and upon my explaining to him how slowly we were travelling, and telling him who I was, I thought we could settle the matter. In this I was disappointed, for the man Ketchum went ahead and saw the official first. When we reached the official's office, I saw a man sitting tilted back in his chair, his feet on the desk, and a cigar in his mouth, and a not over-pleasant expression on his face.

I asked if this was the official I was to see, and he grunted out "yes." I told him that we had been stopped at the railroad crossing for speeding, and that this was not right; that there must be something wrong with the man's speedometer, as I knew mine was absolutely correct, and that the man had



MR. KETCHUM, OF SANDUSKY, OHIO

informed me if I would come back and explain the matter to the proper official, he would let us go. Upon this the official turned to me and said, "You will put up a hundred-dollar check before you go."

I said, "What does this treatment mean?" He said, "It means just that you will put up a check for a hundred dollars or the cash, or we will take your car."

I refused to put up the check or money, and he gave orders to have the car seized. Albert told me afterward that Ketchum and a policeman undertook to start the car, but could not do it; so I think the car would have been standing there yet, or been hauled off with a horse; but upon second thought, I decided to give my check for one hundred dollars to appear the next morning, remembering that I had been accosted by respectable citizens who had told me they would come to my assistance if necessary. I had never submitted to an outrage of this kind, and I did not propose to do it then. In the meantime the citizens came to me, offering assistance. The next morning at ten o'clock I appeared at the office, a little early, as I wished to be on hand in good time. The office was crowded with people who had heard of the affair, among them being two ladies whose kindness I shall never forget. They had been sitting on their piazza and had seen us pass, and remarked, "There goes a motor-car in which the people look as though they were having a good time; and they treat us with proper respect

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too, not tearing through the town," and they informed the official to this effect. I was then informed that the hearing was postponed for two weeks, when I could appear, or could pay a fine of \$13.60.

A gentleman present offered to go on my bond for one hundred dollars, the official evidently not liking to give up my check, but I demanded the check, and, upon consultation with some of the men there, and finding there was no redress, I paid the fine. After doing this, I turned to Mr. Ketchum and remarked, "For swearing to a lie and giving false evidence, I hope some day you will have a tumble from your motor-cycle and will be laid up long enough to give you time to consider what an outrage you have done to me." Amid the congratulations of the people that I had not left my check with the official, I left the office.

As a curious coincidence, I wish to say that Ketchum was discharged about two weeks after this occurrence; and shortly after he fell from his motor-cycle and broke his leg, and I understand will have to lose a foot. I very much regret having wished anything so severe, although the annoyance at the time provoked it. I was afterward told that one of the reasons he was so anxious to arrest strangers was that he got a percentage on the amount of the fines.

This was the first time we had been held up in this way on our whole trip, and the first time I had



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been compelled to pay a fine, or been subjected to any annoyance; and it hurt the more after having been treated in foreign countries with all courtesy.

We left Sandusky about noon on the 12th of August, and arrived in Cleveland at 3:30, where we remained all night. We called on old friends in Cleveland, who had a breakfast prepared for our party.



THE TRIUMPHANT CAR

XXIX

A ROYAL WELCOME HOME

WHEN we reached Cleveland, our trip around the world was really finished, as the reader will remember my trial trip was to Cleveland and return; so every mile from there to New York was an extra lap.

The following morning we were escorted by several motor-cars from Cleveland to Painesville, Ohio. This was a charming ride, with the lake on our left, and beautiful homes all along the way. And here the odor of the vineyards greeted us, while the air felt dry and fresh.

We went on from Painesville, stopping at Madison, Ohio, for lunch, and then on to Erie, Pennsylvania, where we stopped at the Reed House. On the 14th we left Erie, stopping for a

A ROYAL WELCOME HOME

short time at Buffalo, New York, and arriving in Rochester about 6:30 that evening.

In all the States through which we passed from San Francisco to New York, we found our New Jersey license was all that was necessary. This was true of California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York; but since then I believe Pennsylvania has passed a law giving an exemption for ten days if one's home State reciprocates; and we had a New York license with us.

The Rochester *Herald* published the following under date of August 14, 1910:

WOMAN IN WORLD MOTOR TRIP HERE

ARRIVES IN ROCHESTER, ENDING REMARKABLE JOURNEY—
20,000 MILES IN HER TOURING CAR

*Intrepid New Jersey Woman, Factory Owner and Operator,
Visits Europe, India, Asia, and Japan.*

There arrived in Rochester last night, quietly and unannounced, a woman who has just finished accomplishing a feat that for a man would deserve universal applause, and for a member of the gentler sex almost staggers belief. This woman was Mrs. Clark Fisher of Trenton, N. J., and the feat a tour around the world, traversing more than twenty thousand miles of actual travel by motor through Europe, Asia, India, Japan, and the United States.

Mrs. Fisher is a woman of wealth and of unusual enterprise. For ten years, since the death of her husband, Clark Fisher, she has by her intrepid work and executive ability personally carried on a manufacturing plant, making anvils, vises, and rail-joints. She employs more than three hundred

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men and boys who belong to no union, many of whom have been in the service of the company for years. Since the business has been in her hands, she has increased its capacity about four times.

So it is little wonder that when she started on a tour around the world a year ago it was one that had to be carried through. And it has been carried through, all but the few remaining miles that lie between Rochester and New York City.

Mrs. Fisher sailed for France with a "Locomobile" forty horse-power machine among her baggage, on July 19th last. Accompanying her were Harold Fisher Brooks, who is an expert engineer and has had in charge the driving of the machine since the start; Albert Bacheller, her secretary, and a maid. All the members of the party have made the long journey without mishap, and are with Mrs. Fisher at the present time.

To this party one other member, Honk-Honk, a beautiful Boston terrier, needs to be added. Honk-Honk has the distinction of being the only dog of which history knows, who has circled the globe. Billikins, a red, man-faced monkey secured in India, and Jappy, a Japanese Cheen dog presented to Mrs. Fisher by the Japanese press, are companions which have been added to the party, to the delight of Honk-Honk, and all of them were to be seen at the Hotel Rochester last night.

Mrs. Fisher, with her companions, has practically lived in the automobile since leaving this country. Only once has she had recourse to a railroad train, and the mere mention of one causes her to throw up her hands. "Don't mention the stuffy things," she said last night. "Of course, I know that they are necessary, but the thought of them stifles me after travel by motor in the open air."

On arrival in France, Mrs. Fisher motored the country in her big machine. From France she toured Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, stopping for a two months' rest at Lake Como, where she owns a beautiful villa. From Lake Como, Mrs. Fisher again took up her travel, motoring to Genoa and Mar-

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seilles and thence to Egypt. She spent her Christmas holidays with the Egyptians, visiting the places of interest for about three weeks.

From thence the party sailed to India and motored from Bombay to Calcutta, hundreds of miles through the jungle. In reality, this was the most remarkable strip of the journey. The thought of a woman rolling over the sands of India and skirting the terrors of the jungle in an automobile is enough to catch the breath. Yet this is what this daring New Jersey woman did, and she now owns the distinction of being the only person who has attempted this feat. The Indians were so astonished when they saw this intrepid American woman buzzing along in a "devil wagon," they fell prone to the earth as the party passed, and salaamed her as a magic princess from the land of marvels. When she reached Calcutta, it was with difficulty that she made them understand that she had really come from Bombay.

From India the party sailed for Japan, and here once more took up the journey to the throbbing music of the motor-car. Here it was that the most untraversable roads were found. The Emperor of Japan, who learned that an American woman was touring his dominions in an auto, sent his chief engineer to escort the party over the perilous mountain trails, but they had been passed before the engineer met the party.

Having covered Japan, the motor was once more resigned to the mercy of the waves to San Francisco, from where the trip has continued thus far.

Mrs. Fisher comes back from her trip filled with enthusiasm for the things she has seen and heard from her car on the remarkable journey, and she describes them with a picturesque charm. She has taken the time to study the people, both high and low, whom she has met, and her description of them is human and sympathetic. She has the greatest praise for her usage at the hands of the great wide world.

"Everywhere I went," she said, "I was met with the utmost courtesy and consideration. I did not ask it. It came to me to

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such a surprising extent that sometimes my breath was almost taken away by it.

“ But I am glad to get back home again. I am growing a little excited as I near friends and relatives again. More than a year on wheels, dependent on the graces of strangers, however kind, stirs up in one an appetite for home.”

Mrs. Fisher will leave Rochester this morning for New York City, by way of Syracuse, Utica, and Albany, after which she will go immediately to Trenton, as she is eager to take her place again in the factory which she operates with such success.

On the 15th we left Rochester for Utica, where we had lunch, and arrived in Poughkeepsie about six o'clock. Here we were met by friends, who afterward escorted us on to New York. After a pleasant dinner and a good night's rest, we left Poughkeepsie about eight o'clock in the morning.

For the benefit of motorists, I would say that the roads were fine all the way from Buffalo, but in many places there had been fresh oil used on the roads, which spattered over everything, and this oil also eats the tires, and, when dry, must make a very disagreeable dust for the traveller to inhale. It seems that the one idea of the men who have charge of oiling these roads is to spread it over in a thick paste, about three inches deep.

At Tarrytown there was a lunch prepared for us, and here we were met by eight or ten motor-cars, the occupants welcoming us back, and joining in the escort to New York City. Here, too, speeches were made, and we received a hearty welcome home.

A ROYAL WELCOME HOME

If all these kind friends could only know how much happiness it brought me, they would feel repaid for the long dusty trip; for, the cars following so closely one after the other on the way back to New York, we were hardly recognizable to each other when we reached Seventy-second Street and Broadway, where again many motor enthusiasts and reporters greeted us.

At the banquet given me in San Francisco, a silver plate was presented to me by the Locomobile Company of San Francisco in commemoration of my trip; and upon my arrival in New York, I was presented by the Locomobile Company of New York with another silver plate as a souvenir of the trip, and my safe arrival home.

Then on for a merry run to Trenton, New Jersey, where I found my home, that had been closed for over a year, opened by my faithful employees. Everything being in readiness, Albert soon prepared a nice home supper for us, and here I must say good-by to my readers until we meet again on new roads.

The Trenton *Daily Gazette*, under date of August 17, 1910, published the following:

WORLD TOUR IN AUTO COMPLETED BY MRS. FISHER

DISTINGUISHED WOMAN HOME FROM REMARKABLE JOURNEY
AHEAD OF SCHEDULE TIME. RECEIVES OFFICIAL GREETING

With the distinction of being the first woman who has ever made a trip around the world, depending on an automobile for

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land travelling, Mrs. Clark Fisher at seven o'clock last evening reached her home at 125 East Hanover Street.

The famous woman was escorted from New York by representatives of the Automobile Club of America, and the car in which she made the long journey kept the others going at a lively pace all the way over.

Common Council last evening paid Mrs. Fisher a well-deserved compliment by adopting, on motion of Edward C. Bullock, of the First Ward, the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the congratulations of this body be extended to Mrs. Clark Fisher, who to-night arrived home after having completed in her automobile a tour of the world, during which the distinguished woman spread the name of Trenton products in many foreign climes.”

All the employees of Fisher & Norris anvil works, owned by Mrs. Fisher, were at her home when she reached it, and gave her a most cordial reception. Great bunches of American Beauty roses from prominent business concerns stood in the parlors, and many small clusters of garden flowers brought by the workmen were there. Mrs. Fisher was received by Austin B. Snider, formerly cashier of the Trenton Banking Company, who is now her financial adviser, and Franklin Hendrickson, the manager of her manufacturing plant.

After greetings had been exchanged, the men of the anvil plant departed, and an hour later Mrs. Fisher was enjoying her supper, with her feet under her own table, for the first time since July 17th last, when she started on her remarkable tour.

When asked if she was glad to be home, she said: “Yes, I am; for after all there is no place like America, and I love it, and I shall enjoy settling down to work once more, and am prepared to start in just as soon as I get my baggage unpacked.”

APPENDIX

FOREIGN TOURING

IT has been suggested in the interest of the increasingly large number of Americans touring abroad every year, that a few practical hints might prove invaluable to those who contemplate such a trip for the first time.

Plan Your Tour in Advance.—With the countries you desire to traverse as a basis, lay out an itinerary of the cities and places of interest which it is desired to include in your visit. It will be of material assistance to have at hand for this purpose a selection of some of the many fine publications on foreign touring. A complete catalogue can be secured through booksellers.

Among the best of the maps may be mentioned the Bartholomew strip maps of England, the Routes Taride for Paris and vicinity (published also for Italy and Switzerland), the Carte Routiere Dion-Bouton as a good general road map of France and Mittelbach's road maps of Germany and Austria. Good hand-books are published by several of the tire manufacturers and are easily obtainable. Le Guide Taride is a guide book that is regarded as excellent for touring in France.

The automobile clubs of France, Italy and Switzerland publish excellent guide books, and member-

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ship in these clubs will enable the tourist to secure copies of their books. Membership in the Touring Club of France costs six francs and can be secured by presenting certificate of membership in the A. C. A., or a letter from the A. A. A., certifying membership therein. The Touring Club of France arranges for a deposit to cover customs, duties, etc., by a "Triptyque." Deposit is returned at the end of the tour. Thus all duties are paid in advance, eliminating delays and trouble.

The Association Generale of France also offers service to the tourist. Membership is ten francs a year. Application blanks may be secured from the A. C. A. or the A. A. A. This Association can furnish chauffeurs and has the power to issue licenses. The matter of license is very important in France.

The A. A. A. maintains reciprocal arrangements with the Automobile Association of London, and the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, whereby these bodies extend certain courtesies and certain information upon presentation of A. A. A. membership cards. Members of the A. C. A. are able to secure cards of introduction to the Royal Automobile Club in order to secure information in planning trips in Europe.

Before starting, obtain a letter from the manufacturer of the car, giving the name of the maker, model (year), style of car, car number, color of body and chassis, make of tires, number of seats

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(places), weight, value, number of motor, number of cylinders, motive power, horse power, and the owner's name and address.

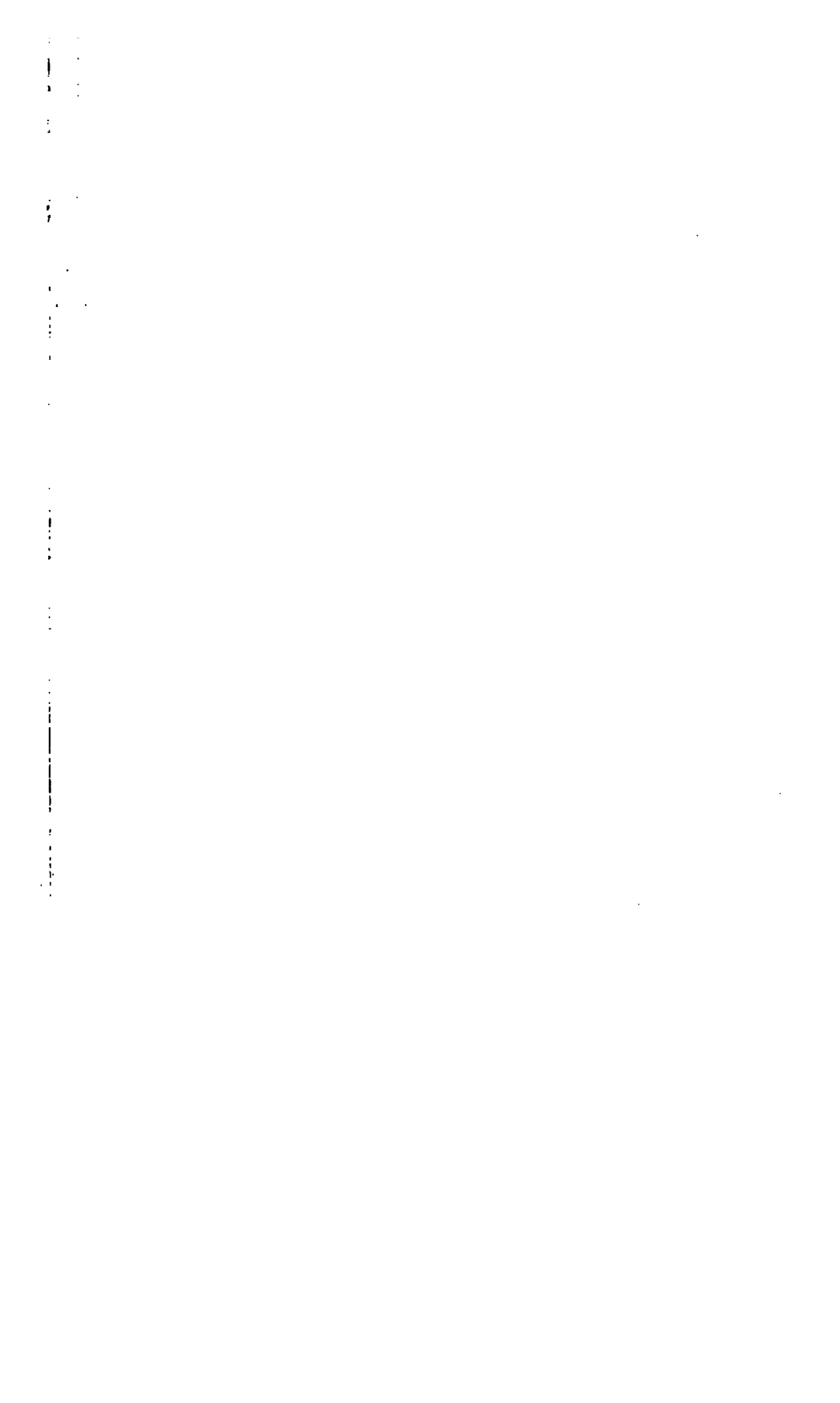
Shipment of the car may be placed in the hands of some reliable custom-house broker in New York, or wherever the point of departure may be. He can take care of many details including the crate, which should be of the "knock down" variety, and ordinarily costing from \$40 to \$65. He can also pay the ocean freight and other charges, all for a lump sum. The rates for ocean freight are cheap from Boston and Philadelphia. All charges, including freight (ocean), boxing, dock charges, and customs charges, from New York to Liverpool, amount to about \$108.

The owner's car must be registered at the Custom House in New York, or other point of departure, to obtain outward bound clearance. Before returning to America the owner must obtain from the American Consul at the point of departure, an inward bound clearance, and make a declaration before him that the car was exported from America. Shipping the car through a customs broker, however, obviates this trouble.

Pamphlets explaining methods of shipment can be obtained from the express companies.

It is well to carry one or more of the various forms of automobile insurance.

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