LETTERS OF A GIRDLER TO HIS SON

RALPH W. BRECKENRIDGE

F. R. White Esq
with the Compliments of
Ralph W. Breckenridge Jr.

THE GIRDLER

LETTERS OF A GIRDLER
TO HIS SON

Containing the observations on a trip around the world

By
Ralph W. Breckenridge

CONTENTS

Introduction 1

CHAPTER ONE

Starting around the world—A girdler's first experience on the Atlantic—London—St. Paul's—The Temple Church—Seeing London "from the top of an omnibus"—The Tower and Westminster Abbey 3

CHAPTER TWO

Paris—A hotel associated with Lafayette—The destruction of infamous landmarks in French history—A visit to Malmaison and the tomb of Josephine—Versailles—Napoleon's' tomb—Marseilles—The Riviera—Nice—Monte Carlo—Villefranche—Arrival of the Cleveland 7

CHAPTER THREE

On the Mediterranean—Homes on the brink of hell—Egypt—Port Said and the Suez Canal—Cairo—The Pyramids and the Sphinx—The Nile—Beggars an institution in Egypt—The cause of Pharaoh's death—Visits to the Mosques—Egypt is an anomaly judged by modern standards, and her fascination lies in her antiquity—Punishment of an architect—Railroading in Egypt—Agricultural operations in the desert—Off for Bombay 12

CHAPTER FOUR

A long sail through the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean—Strange sights before landing at Bombay—First impressions of India—The Parsees—Their Towers of Silence—A Hindu cremation—Child marriages—The country from Bombay to Agra—The Caste system—The people—Arrival at Agra—The old Fort a reminder of the Arabian Nights—The Taj Mahal—Its romantic history—The tragic fate of Shah Jehan—Tomb of Ethmah Doulah—Back in Bombay—A ride through a cocoa palm forest 16

CHAPTER FIVE

Ceylon—Colombo—A wonderful railway journey to Kandy—An elephant's union—The handsome natives of Ceylon—"Kandy Kids" and their mothers—The Temple of the Sacred Tooth—The magnificent harbor of Colombo—A glorious Sunset..... 24

CHAPTER SIX

Calcutta a huge dirty place—The resources and dense population of Bengal—Some startling comparisons—Rice and tea plantations—The Ganges—Darjeeling and the Himalayas—The Snowy Range, Kinchenjunga, and Mount Everest from Tiger Hill—A great assortment of native types at the Darjeelling market..... 27

CHAPTER SEVEN

Burma—The Petroleum industry of Rangoon—Hotel rates trebeled—The Pwe dance—The Shwe Dagon pagoda—Its glistening, gold-encrusted spire—Countless shrines to Buddha—Evident devotion of the worshippers..... 31

CHAPTER EIGHT

Plain talk about the things lacking in English rule in India, in a paper read by the Author, before the Girdler's Club on board the S. S. Cleveland..... 34

CHAPTER NINE

Singapore—Its great natural charm—The approach to the harbor—Malay villages on piles—Johore and its Sultan—The luxuriant vegetation of Singapore—Beautiful residences—The population—Favorable impressions of the Chinese—Immense importance of the port—Dramatic incident leaving Singapore—The Cleveland salutes the American flag—A tragedy on ship—Great excitement—Brave act of Marcus Jordan..... 38

CHAPTER TEN

Java—Batavia—Weltrevreden—Buitenzorg—A bit of Holland below the Equator—A visit to a Methodist mission school 41

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Philippines—Enthusiasm and emotion evoked by Old Glory—Nebraska in evidence—Manila and her marvelous rejuvenation—Entertainment by old friends and new ones—The educational work in progress in the Archipelago—Drives around Manila—The old church of Las Pinas and the Bamboo Organ—The advanced status of Filipino women—The fortification at Corregidor island—Attitude of Filipinos towards the United States..... 44

CHAPTER TWELVE

China—Hong Kong a British possession—Enterprise of J. Bull —A picturesque situation—Industry of the Chinese—Their wonderful artizanship—The Revolution—Trip up the river to Canton—The incidents of that day—Life on the Sampans —A street called Heavenly Peace—Elaborate reception by Board of Industry—Assurances of friendly sentiments towards Americans—Chinese character and customs—Beginning of a new Republic—The Chinese ought to be made welcome to America..... 48

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Japan—Arrival at Nagasaki—New Year's celebration not interfered with by rain—The fascination of Japan and her people —Happy children—The little fishing village of Mogi—Coaling the ship—The Inland Sea—Kobe—the difficulty of attempting a brief description of the greatest incongruity in the world—Railroading in Japan—The welcome to Americans —Nara—Kyoto—Their beautiful temples and pagodas— A good hotel at Kyoto..... 55

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Japan continued: Yokohama—Fujiyami—Tokyo and the odd mixture there—A visit to a grade school—A pleasant meeting with Ambassador Bryan—Nikko, the beauty spot of Japan —Magnificent shrines, pagodas and temples—The students at Utsonomiya—Bishop Harris and his optimism—Anxiety of Japanese to remove unfavorable impressions—A wonderful nation..... 58

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A slow sail from Yokohama to Honolulu—What happened when the port hole was left open—A day gained—Honolulu— Decorated with Leis—Patriotism aroused by sight of four of our armored cruisers—Hospitality of our countrymen at Honolulu—Visit to a sugar plantation and mill—Pearl harbor— Comparison of Honolulu with the Riviera—The Pali—The riot of color—The integrity of the Americanized Chinese and Japanese in Honolulu—The immigration problem easily solved No country like ours..... 72

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece - - - - - - - - - - - The Girdler

Opposite page 22 - - - - - - Our party at the Taj Mahal

Opposite page 68 - - - - Ready for sight seeing in Yokohama
(Mrs. Breckenridge on the left, Miss Breckenridge in the center,
Mr. Breckenridge on the right.)

INTRODUCTION

These letters were intended to give my son, and other relatives, a picture of the impressions received on a trip around the world. They were written, for the most part, at sea, generally without access to books, and the historical statements they contain are based almost entirely on my recollection of what I had previously read.

At the request of a number of my fellow travelers and others, who knew I had written this series of letters, I have published this volume.

It is proper to say, to those who were not with me on the trip, that my wife, daughter and I, prefaced the Cleveland cruise with a short visit to London, Paris and the Riviera, which, though intensely interesting, was altogether too hurried.

We landed in San Francisco February 1, 1912, where we were entertained in royal fashion by the hustling citizens of that marvelous city, who are making preparations for an exposition in 1915, to celebrate the completion of the Panama canal, by what is asserted will be the greatest spectacle ever witnessed on earth.

Omaha, July 1, 1912.

RALPH W. BRECKENRIDGE.

CHAPTER ONE

Starting around the world—A girdler's first experience on the Atlantic—London—St. Paul's—The Temple Church—Seeing London "from the top of an omnibus"—The Tower and Westminster Abbey.

Saturday, October 14, 1911:

We left New York on the Amerika, of the Hamburg-American line, a veritable leviathan, but having all the conveniences and luxury of a first-class hotel. Not a large passenger list. As a matter of fact, the total number of passengers of all classes is but 700, with a crew of 600.

October 15:

Smooth sea. Meeting agreeable people. H. is, I think, disappointed that she has not yet been seasick; but her time may come.

October 16:

A perfectly gorgeous day. I shall probably find more interesting things to comment on than the weather after we all learn how we are going to stand the life on shipboard. And the sea—vast, boundless as the sky, and smooth as a millpond.

October 19:

But not always! However, none of us have been seasick, though we—that is, H. and I—have been exceedingly cautious. M. and C. are insultingly young and can stand anything.

There are a lot of fool ship-trotters—and I am one of them—who make a business of walking the Kaiser deck, where our steamer chairs are, a minimum of twenty times daily. Seven times around is a mile. Then there is a very good gymnasium with a lot of infernal looking machines in it, which is really a most excellent place to visit. I go twice daily, before breakfast and again before dinner. If my friend G. had the courage to tackle an institution like that, he would soon have fewer pounds avoirdupois to tote around.

We have had an exciting morning. Three ships in sight! And gulls! We are at least 1,000 miles from land, and every now and then these tramps of the air show up.

October 21:

The Gulf Stream is a good thing to keep Ireland warm, but a deuced uncomfortable creek to sail on. This boat wobbles around to the discomfort of many of us; but the trip has been very enjoyable. It is more than seven days since we saw land, and now we are getting close to the English coast. Boats of different sorts are very numerous, and this being Saturday we have passed several west bound steamers. We land at Plymouth just in time to go to bed on the cars, and wake up in London.

October 22:

About ten p. m. last night the Amerika stopped near Plymouth. Heavy sea running; it was really a trick for the pilot's boat to reach us. The tender came alongside so that we were unloaded at about eleven, and got into the station an hour later in the rain. The scramble through the customs was funny; and then we took the Ocean Special for London, arriving at Paddington station early in the morning, and started for our hotel in a pouring rain. We had five trunks and three suit cases on top of the four wheeler and the four of us were inside. It is a wonder the thing did not tip over. And the fare, including what was said to be a liberal tip, was a crown or about $1.25. Cab fare and taxi charges are absurdly cheap and the motor bus and tram car fares are from a penny (two cents) up, according to distance. Our American street car lines might profit by the example set here.

Naturally one's first "look in" at London tells something of the interests previously worked up. This is Sunday, and London is as quiet to the casual observer, on Sunday, as Council Bluffs. We went to St. Paul's in the morning. The greatest church in London from the architectural standpoint. It is beautiful, but the echo is so strong as to make it impossible for one not used to the English accent to understand what is said. The music was good, but disappointing because the echo blended the antiphonal singing. Then we looked around the outside of the stupendous pile, and before we knew it we were looking at the Thames from Blackfriars' bridge. A tram car

took us along the embankment past a number of bridges, and Cleopatra's Needle (mate to the one in Central Park, New York) to Westminster bridge, directly in front of the Parliament Houses. These buildings are imposing, not from their height, but because they cover so much ground; the finish is ornate and the towers are magnificent. Westminster Abbey near by has a strong lure for me. At the end of the bridge is a bronze statue memorializing Queen Boadicea, who is supposed to have lost her life defending Britain from the Roman invader in A. D. 61. Poor girl!

In the afternoon we went to the famous old Temple church, and enjoyed a great musical treat. In this house of worship the men and women do not sit together, and as I wanted to be where I could see and hear, I said I was an American lawyer, and had a good seat, though my girls were seated somewhere else. The audience was large, crowding the church, and the atmosphere distinctly reverent. How some of those boys did sing.

October 23:

Gladstone is often quoted as saying that the best way to see London is from the top of an omnibus; and that is what we did today through the medium of one of Cook's "rubber neck" or "seeing London" outfits, with a very courteous and well-posted guide. A gentlemen informed me that the familiar horse omnibus is to be taken off the streets soon, and only motor buses will remain. The congestion of the narrow and crooked streets is so tremendous that the old loitering bus must give way. The double-decked motors and trams furnish a wonderfully good service above the surface, and the tubes underground, make possible the movement of the immense population.

I am strongly impressed with the fact that the English dominate and populate London! We have turned our American cities over to the invading foreigner, and, in the large centers, it is hard to find any evidence that Americans are taking any part in our commercial life. From one end of Broadway to the other scarcely an American name can be read, and in Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and elsewhere, foreign names fill the signs; but here the business is done by Englishmen. Even the beggars and bootblacks are English.

Probably the most interesting place we visited today is the Tower. More British history centers there than anywhere in London. The old Smithfield market place, where the martyrs were burned; the Inns of Court, St. James Palace, the Mall, Buckingham and Kensington Palaces were also interesting; the streets and the people, on the whole, are much more fascinating, however, than museums or the interiors of churches.

October 24:

I said that yesterday, but today we have seen four big things.

We took a Cook's wagon again, with some people who came over with us on the steamer, and "did" Tate's gallery, Westminster Abbey, the Wallace collection, and a few aisles of the British museum. Tate's is a gallery of paintings, and the Wallace collection of paintings, miniatures, armor, rare china, etc., is the pride of London—at least every Londoner acts and talks proud about it, and it is both interesting and beautiful; but nothing I have seen here or elsewhere came nearer flooring me than the hour and a half we spent in Westminster Abbey this forenoon.

Our Cook's guide for today was not so able nor confident as the one we had yesterday, but he had sense enough to hire one of the regular Abbey guides, who took us everywhere, it seemed to me. I have seen many tombs, but to stand at the graves of Edward the Confessor, Henry V, poor young Edward the Sixth, Elizabeth, William and Mary, and Cromwell, brought to mind all the English history I know, in rapid review.

The tomb of Cromwell was broken into after the Restoration, his body was taken out, and his head exposed on a pike. I was told by a gentleman who ought to know, that Cromwell's head was kept and occasionally exhibited, here in London, until a very recent date.

There is also a box in a quiet niche which holds the bones of the two princes whom Richard III, when Duke of Gloucester, is supposed to have murdered, in order to clear the way for his own accession to the throne. These young boys were confined in the Tower, they mysteriously disappeared, and some two hundred years after, their bones were discovered and reverently interred.

In rapid review, as we went along, nearly all the history and achievement, and literature with which I am familiar, swept across me. Handel, Wolfe, Wellington, Pitt, Addison, Dean Stanley, Livingstone, Macauley, Dickens, the Wesleys—it is a long list. What names are these to conjure with!

CHAPTER TWO

Paris—A hotel associated with Lafayette—The destruction of infamous landmarks in French history—A visit to Malmaison and the tomb of Josephine—Versailles—Napoleon's tomb—Marseilles—The Riviera—Nice—Monte Carlo—Villefranche—Arrival of the Cleveland.

October 30.

Nothing I have been told and no descriptions I have read, do justice to Paris.

We arrived in a pouring rain and went to the Hotels St. James and d'Albany, which extend from the Rue St. Honore through to the Rue Rivoli. The house is an old ducal palace once owned by Lafayette's father-in-law, and in which the marquis was married.

We are right in the center of things, and the Louvre, at least the outside of it, the Jardin des Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde have became very familiar to us. A lot of history was made within ten minutes' walk in any direction from where I sit as I write.

Paris is an out of doors city; that is, the people sit, drink their wine and beer, and flirt on the street. How all the little shops that front on the walks can be supported, is almost incomprehensible; and yet they all seem flourishing, and the big stores are jammed.

The French have done much smashing; they have destroyed a great many things that should not exist and they have been utterly wanton in their attacks upon many wonderful buildings and works of art. So much remains, however, as to tire the eyes and the feet in a short time.

The Place de la Concorde is now quiet enough, but at a spot located between two fountains and near where an obelisk from Luxor stands, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and nearly 3,000 more were guillotined. The Bastile has been replaced by

a handsome column, and there is nothing around the locality to indicate that once, the most infamous prison of all time stood there.

The museum of the Louvre has a marvelous collection of paintings and statuary. We saw many famous objects, of which the Venus de Milo is perhaps the most noted. But it is hard work to see pictures and sculpture, and I have been more attracted by some other things.

The buildings, the streets, the people, of Paris, make this city unlike any other; and their point of view is so different from ours as to make them exceedingly interesting. With some gentlemen I have met while traveling, I saw Paris by night; and all I saw does not go on paper. When I reached our room, your mother was sitting up in bed looking at the clock and beginning to talk about it!

When all is said, it strikes me that the places of enduring interest are the tombs of a few great Frenchmen and the houses they lived in.

We had a wonderful trip to Versailles, going via Reuil, where we visited Malmaison the home of Josephine, and where Napoleon said he had spent his happiest hours with her. The beautiful little church of Peter and Paul where she and Hortense are both buried, is also in Reuil.

At Versailles we saw Le Petite Trianon and Le Grande Trianon, both exquisite chateaus, where many of the wits and beaus of France of the long ago, made the life there so gorgeous, so loose, so mean, as to pass our understanding. The great palace and park at Versailles are interesting beyond comparison. The monarchs of France lived there for centuries; Louis XIV and Louis XV and their numerous mistresses seemed to have vibrated between there and Fontainbleau.

The country between the bounds of Paris and Versailles is very pretty, and the towns are quaint and old-fashioned. But the surpassing interest of Paris and its environs is created by the spirit of Napoleon which permeates everywhere. At Notre Dame we were shown his coronation robes; at Malmaison, Versailles, (the two Trianons), his carriages, his clothes, his furniture; and, finally, his tomb is the most imposing, dignified and beautiful thing of the sort I ever expect to see save only the

Taj Mahal. That a people who permitted the expulsion of Napoleon should do such honor to his ashes within so short a time afterwards is the greatest tribute paid any person in the world's history, except to the Christ.

November 1:

The ride from Paris to Marseilles is a very attractive one; although the train we took leaves Paris about nine o'clock in the morning and reaches Marseilles at eleven at night, thus passing through many places of historic interest after dark.

I was surprised to learn that Lyons is a city of 800,000 people, and Marseilles has a population of probably 400,000.

We found a very comfortable room in the depot hotel, and after breakfast took a short ride through this famous town. Dirty! I dare say there is more cholera in Marseilles than in any place in Europe except, perhaps, Naples. And the place is unique. The old French buildings have been adapted to the hill sides, and the curves and angles of the streets remind one of Boston. The Chateau d' If is a reminder of the romantic career of Monte Cristo.

From Marseilles to Nice the railroad ride is most interesting, and it is said to be the finest in Europe. The track runs for much of the way close to the Mediterranean and the mountains which rise immediately from the sea, though not very high, are nevertheless imposing. Every few miles, on some eminence is seen either a monastery or convent, numbers of them in very dilapidated condition. And vineyards, olive groves and other vegetation occupy every tillable foot of soil.

Toulon, San Raphael and Cannes—particularly the latter—are exceedingly picturesque. The hotels and villas in the neighborhood of Cannes are, many of them, very beautiful.

But Nice! Without exception it is the loveliest spot I have yet seen. In our room at the Hotel Beau Rivage, I hear the swish of the sea which is not a hundred yards away. The city itself climbs the mountain side, and the coloring of the sky, sea and buildings is superb;and the palm trees and flowers give assurance that we have reached a climate where cold is an alien. People are not afraid of radical colors here, and we counted four or five different colors in the window blinds on as many buildings which join each other.

I but now stepped out on a balcony from our room, and the moon only partially visible, and the stars and clouds and the sea, make, in combination, a vision of wonderful beauty.

I want to say a word about railway travel in France. The coaches are of course not as comfortable as are those of the railways of America, and there seems to be a lot of excited misunderstandings between all the railroad employes before a train begins its journey, and at every stop; but the tracks from Calais to Nice are first-class; the engines good and well handled, so that there is no bumping and jerking around, and the dining car service is excellent. The meals are table d' hote, and they are served in an unusual manner. At each place is a stack of plates, and when the courses are brought on and eaten, the plates are taken away one at a time.

We have been at three different hotels in France, and have had uniform courtesy and good service at much lower rates than is charged in America. For instance, we are en pension at this hotel, and for rooms altogether unusual in their location and appointments, with three meals, good food, well cooked, we are paying about one half what we would pay in the United States for the same accommodations. Our experience thus far, save for one or two encounters with cabmen who tried to overcharge us, has not sustained the common claim that every one in Europe is ready to rob the American tourist. Of course the shopkeepers of Paris will all take less than their asking price; but we shall leave France with the feeling that we have been well used.

November 2:

Ah! Oh! Oh! What a wonderful day we have had! In company with a gentleman and his wife who also join the Cleveland tomorrow, and through those universal interpreters and travelers' assistants, Thos. Cook & Son, we had an auto ride from Nice to Menton and return, going one way and back another. Going, we took the famous Route de la Grande Corniche, constructed in the time of Napoleon I. We have no roads that I know of to compare with this, and there is no other such drive in Europe or anywhere else in the world; so travelers tell me. We must have been close to 3,000 feet higher than the sea, and looking straight down upon it, in a number of places; and the sky, the clouds, the gleaming waters of the Mediterran-

ean, the mountains, the beautiful villas, the groves, the vineyards, the unusual coloring everywhere, made the route from Nice to Menton just like a glimpse of fairyland. We went through an old Roman village called La Turbie, perched away up on a cliff where the peace and quiet of two thousand years prevail. We woke up one youth taking a nap in front of the only hotel in the village. Grapes and babies seem to be the principal products of all the villages we have seen. Just before reaching Menton we drove through another picturesque town named Roquebourne, and lunched at Menton in an old hotel the dining room of which is not more than thirty feet from the water's edge.

Returning we took the lower Corniche road, which for the most part skirts the sea and goes through Monte Carlo, Monaco and Villefranche.

At Monte Carlo we went into the Casino where even at two o'clock in the afternoon were several hundred people playing rouge et noir, faro, and other gambling games. In the few moments that I watched the tables, one man won ten thousand francs, and inside of fifteen minutes he had lost forty thousand francs. Gold and silver was piled up like hay. I do not understand French very well and know nothing of the games, and though I confess I was tempted to hazard a small coin or two, I did not.

Monte Carlo and Monaco are surely marvels of art in a setting of almost unequalled natural beauty. But this wonderful Riviera is all so beautiful.

We drove down through the crooked streets of the quaint little village of Villefranche to the Hamburg-American office, where we found letters from you which made us feel that we have an interest on the other side of the world.

The Cleveland has arrived, and we go aboard tomorrow morning early, and thence to Egypt.

CHAPTER THREE

On the Mediterranean—Homes on the brink of hell—Egypt—Port Said and the Suez Canal—Cairo—The Pyramids and the Sphinx—The Nile—Beggars an institution in Egypt—The cause of Pharaoh's death—Visits to the Mosques—Egypt is an anomaly judged by modern standards and her fascination lies in her antiquity—Punishment of an architect—Railroading in Egypt—Agricultural operations in the desert—Off for Bombay.

November 5:

Sunday on the Mediterranean. We attended divine service this morning and the preacher, who is also one of the lecturers on board, said we are just about where St. Paul was shipwrecked. We are practically midway between Greece and Tripoli, but the only indication of war that any of us have even heard of, is the reported use made in Italy of the railroads for the transportation of great masses of raw recruits for her army.

The voyage from Villefranche was enjoyable, and as the Maritime Alps and the gorgeous cities at their feet, receded from our view, my previous impression of the Riviera was emphasized. At about dusk the mountainous coast of Corsica showed up on our right and a little later in the moonlight we saw the outlines of Elba to the left. The moon is nearly full and the nights are glorious.

Yesterday afternoon we passed the Aeolian archipelago, and about five o'clock we were close to Stromboli, one of the few active volcanoes. The mountain is about 3,300 feet high, and was capped by a huge white cloud; from the open crater a mass of steam was pouring, and way down the mountain, and strung along the coast are about a hundred houses; but what anyone wants to live there for is beyond me. It seems like trying to make a home on the brink of hell! Just after dark we reached the straits of Messina, which separate the big toe of Italy from Sicily. The city of Messina was nearly destroyed by an earthquake only three years ago, but still has a population of about 40,000, and was brilliantly lit up last night. On the Italian side and not far apart were four quite large towns; all lighted up. We could see in the dusk the looming mountains back of the towns, and the entire effect was beautiful, though weird.

November 7:

Egypt! Port Said was reached about ten o'clock a. m. We have had a lot of fussing with the inspection, the customs, etc. What God made is highly interesting, however, and the Suez canal is the most obvious work of man I ever saw; it seems rather remarkable that the ancients with all their skill in other directions should have overlooked the great advantages of this undertaking and builded such monstrous tombs instead. There are indeed, fugitive references by writers of ancient history, to a canal that preceded the de Lesseps project by several thousand years; and while the existence of the earlier canal is not authentic, if it did exist, it was probably so narrow and shallow that the desert sands could easily have destroyed all traces of it, after Carthage fell, and the Phoenicians lost their power.

Port Said is a new town; but it is alive with swarming Arabs and Egyptians whose costumes have not changed in style for thousands of years. And what a dirty lot!

At last we are off for Cairo, and as I write we are running alongside the canal over the Egyptian State Railway, which is a surprisingly good one.

We are in Egypt sure enough. On the opposite side of the canal, some dredging is being done, and camels are the beasts of burden. As we whirl by the little stations, we see many natives who are characteristically dirty and fascinating. The women all have their faces covered, and the men—even the laborers, wear skirts, generally blue, and are barefooted and barelegged. The extent of the agricultural operations is unexpected.

Cairo: Our entrance to the city was disappointing. Cairo is the poorest lighted city for its size (600,000) I know, and the dirtiest; but when we got to Shepheard's Hotel, to which we were assigned (and which, by the way, is one of the famous hotels of the world), the scene changed. I thought the French were vociferous, but the Egyptians, the Turks and the Arabs are the most boisterous people we have met. And the lights of the hotels and the shops and the unusual dress of the natives, made altogether, a very charming sight. Beggars swarm like flies. I noticed one fellow at the station who said "good bye," as we climbed into a carriage—he did absolutely nothing for us, but as we drove off he ran after us crying "Backsheesh, backsheesh, for the goodabye."

After dinner we strolled about for an hour or so and were fairly dogged at every step, by junk dealers of all sorts. When you tell one of them that you do not want to buy, the invariable response is, "how much you give?" And if you offer half what he asked, you have bought something, and like as not have paid twice as much as the next buyer who offers half what you pay.

November 8:

The Pyramids! How they could have been built five thousand years ago is a mystery; and the riddle of the Sphinx remains unsolved. The old girl has had her nose badly smashed, and yet the mutilated features are dignified though utterly inscrutable.

The multitude of beggars, fakirs, camel and donkey drivers is a nuisance; but they have become an institution.

All in all, I am disposed to think the Sphinx made more impression on me than I anticipated, and the Pyramids rather less.

The Nile is, in appearance, much like the Missouri, but indulges in no such vagaries. The overflow stretches for a surprising distance beyond the banks, and our guide told us that one quite extensive sheet of water would be dried up so the owner of the ground could plant corn in about a week.

This afternoon we visited the great Cairo museum. We saw statues of Rameses, Seti and a lot of other Egyptian rulers, and the mummies of Rameses II, Seti and the Pharoah who disagreed with Moses. I asked our guide as innocently as I could, if Pharoah was dead, and he said quite wittily: "Yes, he died from eating too many bullrushes."

November 10:

I cannot leave unsaid, to those who may be interested in reading the record I am making of my impressions, something more about Egypt. Viewed from the standpoint of the casual observer who compares what he sees with what he has been used to, Egypt is an anomaly. Cairo is dirty, and, as I have already suggested, full of persistent noisy beggars. Singularly however, they are regarded as honest. We never locked our rooms at Shepheard's; and the Arabs who do the work of bellhops and porters, have unrestricted access to every room as-

signed to them. Women are completely in the background—as much so now as ever probably—they go about with their faces veiled and do not even worship in the mosques with the men, because as our guide Ibrahim, said: "The woman must be face to face with God when she worship; so she stay in house where she take she veil off and face God; if she do that in mosque by side some mans, he get talking to her maybe, and disturb worship." The Egyptian mode of life is very primitive, and the Bedouins, who still live on the outskirts of the larger towns are essentially nomadic.

But considered from the point of view that Egypt is the cradle of civilization; that her monuments and tombs, many of them, were two thousand years old and more at the beginning of the Christian era; and that much which is seen of her people, their buildings, their agricultural employment, the tools they use and they way they dress, is old, old, old, primitive, unchanged by time, and scarcely affected by modern conditions: a visit to Cairo is most fascinating.

We saw yesterday the mosque of one of the Khedives, who ordered his best architect to build the finest mosque he could create; and when he had finished the work the cruel old cuss ordered his executioner to cut off both hands of the unfortunate architect so he could not draw plans for another. That was pretty tough, but not wholly undeserved, for it is an ugly structure, and some sort of punishment might well be meted out to many latter day architects who are responsible for unsafe and ugly modern buildings. Mohammed Ali's mosque and tomb is very picturesque and one part of it exceedingly beautiful: finished in alabaster. We were shown the enclosure where Ali murdered eight hundred of the Mamelukes in a single day. But he was a contemporary of Napoleon and that was a period of bloodshed.

The ride from Cairo to Suez was not particularly pleasant. The railroad has a custom, which ensures a greater degree of safety than is known on certain American railroads, of leaving the tracks between stations open: so that our special had to wait at one place where a regular express train pulled out ahead of us, until that train reached the next station: and the wait was exasperating of course. The soil is highly cultivated where it is cultivated at all. But the mixture of men, women and children, camels, dogs, donkeys, cattle and goats

in the fields is very amusing. It is a common thing to see a cow and a bull yoked together, and a camel and a cow! I suppose we have seen over a thousand camels in two days. Our dusty and disagreeable ride through the novel sandy stretch between Cairo and Suez, came to an end soon after noon, and a hungry tired lot of tourists are glad to be back on our boat.

We are now fairly started on our sail to Bombay through the Red Sea, and as I write, are passing about where it is supposed Moses made his famous ford. On the Arabian side and not very far distant, are the well known mountains and plains inseparably connected with the forty year journey of the children of Israel, and near here is Mount Sinai.

CHAPTER FOUR

A long sail through the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean—Strange sights before landing at Bombay—First impressions of India—The Parsees—Their Towers of Silence—A Hindu cremation—Child marriages—The country from Bombay to Agra—The Caste system—The people—Arrival at Agra—The old Fort a reminder of the Arabian Nights—The Taj Mahal—Its romantic history—The tragic fate of Shah Jehan—Tomb of Ethmah Doulah—Back in Bombay—A ride through a cocoa palm forest.

November 14:

An uneventful smooth sail through the Red Sea: we have frequently overtaken and met ships, all smaller than ours, going about their business. The lower end of the sea contains many islands that are barren and forbidding, but are nevertheless picturesque. The prophesy of great heat did not come true, although we have had one hot night. The captain, who has made thirty-three trips (including this) through the Red Sea, says the temperature is fifteen degrees cooler than ever before in his experience. This is a breezy warm pleasant summer morning, like our glorious June days. We are now in the Gulf of Aden which opens into the Arabian Sea, and which is only another name for the northern part of the Indian Ocean. To our left is the Arabian coast with a very respectable mountain range for a fringe. And a short sail to our right is the eastermost point of Africa. We are heading for Bombay straight as an arrow. These waters are as blue as indigo—much bluer than the sky—and as smooth as one could wish. There is a very good band on the ship, and the music has been well chosen. The more we see of the party on board, the better we like some of the people.

Really, the crowd is much above the average in character. This is our longest sail—nine days—except from Yokohama to Honolulu, and is now nearly half accomplished. Everybody is well so far as we know, and the days slip lazily by.

November 19:

Bombay is in sight! It is a long run from Suez here, and could have been made in two days less, just as easily as not. The weather has been surprisingly comfortable except for a couple of hot nights. We ran alongside of a school of whales this morning and saw them spouting away like so many geysers. The water has lost its indigo color and is about like Lake Erie, and as we get closer to land we begin to see all manner of strange craft. Not one hundred yards from the ship is a native boat propelled by paddles that look like long handled shovels. Bombay is built on an island and we are approaching by a roundabout way. The ways of ship management, especially in entering harbors, seem very odd. Just now we are killing time. Our schedule has been made to meet any emergency, and we are going slower than the average man walks. I do not think this harbor compares with that at Havana, but it is India!

I am writing as we slowly pull towards the anchorage. We have just passed another native boat with part of the natives nearly—or quite—naked, their black hides glistening in the sun, and two or three other persons, men or women (which sex is not ascertainable) are apparently heavily clothed. The shore line is really very interesting, the buildings are imposing, and, though modern looking, have a style to which the American is unaccustomed. There are several warships in the harbor, but no movement of the smaller vessels like that we see in New York or the other American harbors. There are four or five small islands on which are the fortifications of Bombay: we do not see the guns, but they are there. The pilot and medical inspector are coming on board and we are at anchor.

November 20:

Morning! A drive for three hours in Bombay yesterday, starting from the Apollo Bunder (wharf) demonstrated several facts: first, the city is mostly modern; second, it is very beautiful; third, dirty; and fourth, much alive. Our driver was a Mohammedan, evidently about twenty years old, wearing his night gown, fez and a lovely young set of chin whiskers—and

bare-footed of course. He prided himself on a few words of English, and, with a smile that never came off, he answered "Yes" to everything we said to him. In the newer section of Bombay, the buildings, whether business blocks or residences, are exceedingly attractive. The former have been strongly influenced by Oriental ideas, and so the finish is ornate; the front of the Victoria Terminus (depot), for instance, being of marble and exquisitely carved. The most striking things about the business buildings are the arched covered sidewalks, and the balconies. As we drove past some of these, we saw them packed with naked natives, or with simpering girls, as curious about us as we were about them. The residences of the Parsees are uniformly fine, and their grounds, full of tropical plants, flowers and flowering trees are as beautiful as can be found anywhere. But the Hindu quarters, though fascinating are squalid and mean. We were taken to a Hindu cemetery, where we saw two cremations going on: one was of a young child, the other of a man. The burning ghats are of iron and hold fifteen or twenty sticks of wood, in about the middle of which the dead body is placed, and the fire is usually started by a near relative of the deceased. There was nothing particularly gruesome about the performance, though I saw the head of the corpse, and H. who was there a few moments earlier with Mr. W., saw his burning foot. The Parsees, who worship fire, occupy the most sightly portion of Bombay—Malabar hill. I have already mentioned their homes, and they may themselves be described very shortly as the highest grade of people (beside the English) who live in Bombay. They conduct the business, most of it, and live the most civilized lives. The men are fine looking and prosperous, and the women are to all appearances as happy as American wives and mothers. The Indian girls all wear nose ornaments and some of them wear them hanging from their lips, but the Parsee ladies are as good looking as the men and are not in any way disfigured, or badly dressed. The interesting thing about the Parsees however, is the way they dispose of their dead. On the very top of Malabar hill, in the center of a beautiful garden are the Towers of Silence, where every dead Parsee is brought. Our guide through the Tower grounds was an intelligent old chap who spoke excellent English. He told us that forty-five thousand Parsees live in Bombay and all on or near Malabar hill. If one dies in the evening, his body is taken to the Towers the next morning; if he dies early in the day he is carried there at five in the afternoon. After a religious

service of some sort, white robed priests take the body up the stairway into one of the Towers, which are circular in shape and open at the top. They contain groove-like places in a slanting platform, in the middle of which is a well, thirty or forty feet deep. On the outer rim of this platform are the grooves for the men, next for the women and then, in the center, places for the children. The naked bodies are placed there and left; inside of two hours the vultures roosting by the score on the edge of the wall, strip the carcasses to the bones which are left to bleach in the hot sun for a few days, and then they are swept into the center pit or well, where they soon become chalk and lime and are totally dissolved by chemicals. We have this morning, on our way to Agra, seen hundreds of graves if such they can be called, consisting of thatch or bamboo stretched on poles raised eight or ten feet from the ground, where the bodies are placed to be stripped by carrion birds. Some such modes of disposing of the dead seems necessary in the tropics.

The native Indian (Hindu) is picturesque. I do not know enough about the castes of India to more than mention the fearful social anomaly they have created. But none of its effects were noticeable to us, as we surveyed the city. There were half naked men and women by the thousands and stark naked babies everywhere. The beggars are not as numerous, nor as persistent as in Egypt and the whip of our driver protected us fairly well. One of the most singular and awful customs of India is child marriage. Girls reach physical maturity at ten or twelve years of age, they marry, or are married, for they have nothing to do with the arrangement, and many of them are mothers at twelve! We must have seen a hundred such in three hours! All in all, Bombay is a most interesting place—more so than I anticipated. We shall have more time there on our return from Agra. It seems a long way from home though.

We had a letter from you before landing—brought with other mail by the company's agent—that was mailed October 24th.

Mr. W. is a most enjoyable traveling companion. His geniality bubbles like a spring and he is easily the best liked man on the ship.

November 22:

We have had a wonderful, wonderful trip to Agra and are returning to Bombay. When we reached the Victoria Terminus at Bombay, Sunday night, we found two special trains of sleeping (?) cars provided for our party. We were in the first train. The cars are something like our Pullmans, but the difference is the difference between comfort and discomfort, between the conveniences furnished on American railroads, and the shortage experienced elsewhere. There is a wide aisle or passage-way lengthwise of the car, and the seats are placed against the side of the car so that you have to turn half way to look out of the window, unless you stick your feet on the seat; and the beds are like so many planks; and yet we have all slept fairly well since the first night. The country that we went through was disappointing until we got pretty well away from the coast, and from thence it was more scenic and fertile too. The natives also seemed more prosperous, if that description can be applied to a people, who, living in a country of nabobs, gold, silver and wealth of every kind, are yet the poorest on earth. My observation, and the inquiries I have made, confirm what I have read, that the abominable institution of caste is largely responsible for the poverty we see and the entire absence of anything resembling prosperity as it exhibits itself in America, and the lack of initiative. Once a farmer always a farmer; once a craftsman of any sort, there is no promotion, nor any change for the better, possible. The people have the sign marks of their particular castes painted on their foreheads, and no man with a red splotch between his eyes can have anything to do with a man who has a yellow stripe on his forehead. English law might abolish the system of caste; but if that system were done away with, the problem of governing India would be much more difficult.

The railroad stations are of stone and have been built to last a thousand years. The depot grounds are, with few exceptions, tasty, and creeping vines and flowers are much in evidence. And the people: head gear of red, yellow, blue and white; red blankets, dirty white gowns, and breech clouts, comprise the apparel of millions of them. The women, of course, wear no turbans, but their legs are as naked and scrawny as the men's, and both men and women are mostly bare-footed. Everything is strange; true some parts of the landscape look like western Nebraska or Colorado or Wyoming—or would, ex-

cept for the palm trees. The country is quite like southern California; but the India cattle, with their hairless hides and long horns like rams, and humps; the dots of moving red and white in the fields, make one rub his eyes, and pinch himself to be sure he is awake.

Our porters in the cars and waiters in the dining car, are white turbaned, white robed and barefooted.

From the car windows, troops of monkeys are occasionally seen, and beautiful birds of brilliant plumage.

Our route took us past many native villages, made of mud and thatch, with cattle, goats, men, women and children mixed and shuffled in true Oriental fashion. Everywhere are Hindu temples and shrines, and the crumbling walls of forts that now are useless except to give variety to the scenery.

We arrived at Agra Tuesday morning. When we fully realized the fact that we were to have two nights on an Indian sleeper and a day, going to Agra, and would be as long returning, there were many murmurs of discontent at the prospect. But I am sure everyone of our party feels that what he saw and experienced at Agra was worth the hardships of the trip. We were driven to the old fort, which for a fortification built three hundred years ago is a wonder. It is used now only as a museum and is policed by the English. The walls are seventy feet high and the circumference two and a half miles. Inside the walls, the famous Shah Jehan (who built the Taj), lived, held court, was imprisoned and died. He and his family were typical despots, but they had other qualities to give them immortality—for as long as masonry stands, and until marble crumbles, the monuments they left will call out ecstatic admiration.

Inside the fort is the beautiful and famous Pearl mosque, so called because it is built of white marble and alabaster. Words cannot describe its beauty and pictures do scant justice to it. Its arches and columns and colonnades are magnificent. I must not exhaust my vocabulary yet, however.

The halls of public and private audience, the women's quarters, now a garden, the baths, the arena, where elephants and tigers fought to amuse the court, transported me out of my twentieth century self into the midst of the scenes of the Arabian Nights.

The fort stands on the banks of the Jumna river, and from the rampart overlooking the river we had our first view of the Taj Mahal. It looked from that distance—perhaps two miles —much as I expected. The drive took us through a part of the town, that is the most characteristically Oriental place we have found; the cattle, donkeys, camels and people jumbled together in dirt indescribable. But the Taj! A tomb for two persons and a monument to one, it nevertheless is the most imposing in its dignity, and striking in its beauty, of any building I have ever seen. I am much impressed by the fact, that the supremely interesting places we have visited, are monuments to the dead: the Abbey, Napoleon's tomb, the Pyramids, the Taj, and the tomb of Ethmah Doulah, also at Agra. The Taj is also on the banks of the Jumma, outside of the city. Shah Jehan built it as a tomb and monument to his favorite wife. It is a noteworthy fact that there are nowhere in the world more than a half dozen memorials to women, exclusive of the statues to Victoria, found in British possessions. I know of not more than two in the United States. And that this, the most beautiful and artistic architectural creation in all the world should have been built in India by a Mohammedan, is rather startling when you think of it. The building is of white marble, is square, with a dome in the center, and has four minarets, one at each corner. It is a vision, a dream; it looks as ethereal as the clouds, but it has stood there since 1648 and shows no mark of the tooth of time, though most of the jewels used in the floral mosaics were taken away by a later robber ruler, and the mosaics have been restored in colored stone. Inside, the screens around the false tombs look, at a little distance, like lace; but they are of marble, carved with infinite skill and beauty; the actual tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife are in a crypt immediately under the false tombs just mentioned, and are guarded by venerable white bearded priests, who are said to pass their spare time reading the Koran but who, when we saw them, were salaaming like trees bending in the wind, to the amusement of the party, and intimating that "backsheesh" would not offend: The romance of Shah Jehan's devotion to his wife is dulled somewhat by the fact that he impoverished his people to pay for the labor in the construction of the Taj, and never did pay for the material. It is said to have cost nine hundred lacs of rupees or $30,000,000—roughly estimated. The other three most expensive buildings in the world are, I think, St. Peter's in Rome, the Louis XIV palace at Versailles, and the Escorial of Philip II of Spain. The sale of Papal indulgences to

OUR PARTY AT THE TAJ MAHAL

get the money to build St. Peter's brought on the Protestant Reformation; the extravagance of the French monarchy at Versailles caused the French Revolution. Philip robbed the Netherlands and Mexico to build the Escorial and Jehan was a mad spendthrift who lost his throne as the direct result of his extravagant tyranny. We were shown a small iron-bound cell in the fort where his son, who usurped the throne, confined him as a madman; and we were also shown the room or gallery where he was taken when about to die, where he could see the dome and minarets of the Taj he built for the wife he had loved so well. He may have been mad, and cruel and dishonest; but every man who loves a woman and all men and women who love beauty are in debt to Shah Jehan. The tomb of Ethmah Doulah and his wife, has much of the delicate lacelike carving that is so noticeable in the Taj. These two royal pairs have the most exquisitely beautiful tombs on this planet.

The shops at Agra are numerous and the merchants are persistent and successful, as everyone in our party learned.

We have several other places in India to visit and shall see more of the superstitious, curious people.

November 24:

We took an auto ride in Bombay yesterday morning, going through the section we did not see Sunday. The road was made through a dense cocoa palm forest, where none but natives live, and where European influence is wholly wanting, except that the road is good and there is plenty of water. Their open-work, thatched roof houses may be comfortable for this tropical region, but they do not look much like homes—rather more like dog kennels or pig stys. The palms are perhaps seventy-five feet high many of them, with bunches of cocoa-nuts at the top. Naked natives climb the trees, tap the nuts for the milk, and when it ferments it produces their favorite intoxicating drink.

We are headed for Ceylon, and are in the Indian Ocean, in sight of land, however, on the west coast of the Hindustan peninsula.

CHAPTER FIVE

Ceylon—Colombo—A wonderful railway journey to Kandy—An elephant's union—The handsome natives of Ceylon—"Kandy Kids" and their mothers—The Temple of the Sacred Tooth—The magnificent harbor of Colombo—A glorious sunset.

November 28:

We landed at Colombo Sunday morning, the 26th. We are about 400 miles from the equator, and do not need any assurances that outdoor skating is unknown. A few figures will probably cause some surprise. Ceylon is the spicy breeze-swept isle of which some one of our hymn writers says "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Half of that statement is true, the second half is false. Ceylon is about 800 miles long, north and south, and half as wide, being nearly oval. It has a population of about four and one half millions, of which about one-fourth live in and immediately adjoining Colombo. Kandy, the ancient capital of the Singhaleese, and about 75 miles from the coast, in the heart of a mountain range, can boast of half a million. The original white settlements were by the Portuguese and Dutch, but after the English acquired India they traded Java to the Dutch for Ceylon, and the island is known as a crown colony. I do not understand that England actually takes money in the shape of taxes from the people of Ceylon, but in some way the colony is not so independent as Canada. The government (of Ceylon) owns the railway system of the island, which is said to have cost the most per mile of any railway in the world and to be the best paying of any in the world. From Colombo to Kandy we were fortunate enough to travel in both directions in the same compartment with the railway company's inspector, Mr. Van Buren, who gave us considerable very interesting information. He told us that it is estimated that every sleeper (tie) in that railway cost a black man's life. From Colombo the road is built through the jungle which in many places is mere swamp.

We saw hundreds of water buffaloes, up to their necks in the water. Once I saw a lizard not less than three feet in length leisurely crawling along: I found upon inquiry that it is sort of a dwarf crocodile, lives on the land, and feeds on snakes or chickens; it is not poisonous, and is not hostile to man.

The ride from Colombo to Kandy is very fascinating. For part of the way, the scenery is like that of the Colorado and

Wyoming mountains, except that the trees and flowers are those found only in the tropics. Bamboo, banyan and cocoa palm trees are seen on every hand, and strange varieties of brilliant flowers and foliage plants grow in wild profusion. I never had a more entertaining railroad ride. At one point, away up on top of a rock on the opposite side of the range we could barely make out a Hindu temple, where one priest stays alone, year in and year out. Just what use he is to anyone is difficult to imagine. The sides of the mountains are cultivated as closely as the hills of France. Only, instead of building walls to support grape vines, the Singhaleese throw up trenches in tiers, to enclose the rice which has to be flooded. Rice is the great staple food of the masses, and is therefore the principal product; three, and under favorable conditions, four crops being grown annually. The cocoa palm is also extensively cultivated.

Leaving Kandy we saw several elephants taking their daily bath in a river. Our encyclopaedic friend Van Buren told us that these animals, which are owned on some nearby estates, will not work unless they are taken to the river daily, where, in great ecstacy, they wash and cool themselves. He also said the elephants will not work on Sunday! That is, they seem to know that the men do not work in the fields every day, and, unless some holiday has thrown Mr. Pachyderm off his count, no amount of blows can make him lose his day of rest. A sort of elephant's union this! I think we (and I include the entire passenger list) all are in love with Ceylon and the Singhaleese. (I have very carefully investigated the spelling, and though the letter c is sometimes used to begin the word, the railroad company's spelling is Singhaleese.)

The island is very beautiful: the shore line is fine; the cities of Colombo and Kandy, and especially the latter, are clean, and the people are far and away ahead of the Indians of Hindustan and the Egyptians and Arabs we saw at Port Said and Cairo. They do not wear, and do not need, much clothing. A rupee (thirty-three cents) ought to buy a coolie all the cloth he can use for breech clouts in a year, and he needs nothing else. I was told that labor commands from sixteen to forty cents (our money) per day; that two and a half dollars per month will support a family of five; that house servants can be had for ten rupees a month, and they board themselves! This seems incredible, and yet with the exception of the lame, blind and professional beggars, we did not see a single man, woman or

child in Ceylon who lacked the necessaries of life, so far as we could tell. The men, women and children are well formed, uniformly plump and look like animate bronze. They are also uniformly courteous and friendly.

We had a long drive through Kandy and the entire native population on the route we took, turned out to see us as we passed in landaus and jinrickshas. Thousands of little, naked, brown and black "Kandy kids," with bright, snappy black eyes and smiling faces, waved their hands at us and shouted their welcome as we passed, and shyly peeping around the corners or out of windows, and on the streets with the children, were the mothers of many of them. The Sunday we arrived we drove through the native quarter of Colombo, and must have seen a hundred native barbers squatting like frogs, shaving or cutting the hair of their customers.

The one place I have seen since we left Europe that has pleased me so well that I should like to see it again, is Kandy. The city is a huge park in the mountains, surrounded by Lipton's tea plantations: an artificial lake covering several hundred acres is bordered by a perfectly wonderful drive and the hills above the road are built up with bungalows, almost any one of which looked good enough for any of us.

The Buddhist Temple of the Sacred Tooth (you do not see the tooth—said to be Buddha's) is very curious.

Evidently the entire mendicant population of Kandy knew that a multitude of rich (?) Americans were in town, and they lined up in noisy and aggressive array at the temple entrance. But though some of them whined and told their several tales of woe in rather startling fashion, neither impudence nor discourtesy of any sort followed refusal.

We passed many native villages en route to Kandy, and every now and again we saw the native schools, which seemed well attended.

The harbor of Colombo is splendid, and we all were surprised at the number of ships at anchor there. From Sunday morning until Tuesday noon, when we sailed, there must have been not less than thirty ocean liners in and out; and we left not less than fifteen at anchor. But not one flies the stars and stripes! We have not seen the American flag on a ship since we left New York, except on a small launch at Bombay that evi-

dently belonged to the American consulate there. No one would know that there is any American flag, by what he can see on the high seas.

November 29:

We had a wonderful sunset yesterday. Our ship had reached the southernmost coast of Ceylon and the shore was in plain sight to the north of us; to the south, infinity; to the west, two thousand miles away, was Africa, and to the east the Malay peninsula. My attention was first challenged to the glory we were about to behold, by a prism that suddenly sprang out of the sea to the east, and to the glory of the sky overhead down to the very horizon. The starboard rail was crowded with passengers looking at a blazing ball sinking, apparently, in the waters towards Africa. As he dropped majestically out of view, old Sol shot his rays over one-third of the dome, and bathed the entire western horizon in brilliance indescribable. The drifting clouds which a moment before were fleecy white, were now red, purple and golden, and on the deep blue Indian ocean was piled bank on bank of gorgeous beauty. I went away for half an hour, thinking I had seen the best of it; when I came back it was dark in the east, but His Majesty was seemingly loath to say good night, for the very evening shadows were still golden. And the mirage! We saw a great rising plain, dotted with lakes—some of fire, others of water as blue as the sea; in the distance was a high mountain range, snow capped, and flowing from the snow were the streams that fed the lakes. It was a shifting vision of fantastic beauty; there were temples, minarets, crouching lions, elephants, camels, bears, and Heathen Gods! One image had eyes of glowing fire, and this particular one lasted so long that one could scarcely accept its unreality; but, as we looked, the shadows deepened, the red and gold turned to gray, the sky grew dark, and the night came.

CHAPTER SIX

Calcutta a huge dirty place—The resources and dense population of Bengal—Some startling comparisons—Rice and tea plantations—The Ganges—Darjeeling and the Himalayas—The Snowy Range Kinchenjunga, and Mount Everest from Tiger Hill—A great assortment of native types at the Darjeeling market.

December 6:

The week that has passed since we left Colombo has been an eventful one. It might be supposed that a city of 1,200,000 inhabitants on a navigable river could be easily entered. Not

so Calcutta! The Hooghly river, which is really a division of the Ganges, is full of sand bars and is very treacherous. There are two shoals which obstruct the mouth of the river, that the Cleveland could not cross except at high tide; so we had to take the first one and anchor for twelve hours and passed the second at the succeeding flood tide, and were then landed at a temporary wharf 42 miles from Calcutta, where we took trains for our respective destinations, Darjeeling and Benares. We went direct to Darjeeling. It was a hard trip, but the hardships will soon be forgotten, and the stupendous sights that were ours to behold will remain with us as long as we live.

I want to speak of the country and the people, before telling of the scenery we have enjoyed. Calcutta is a huge, dirty place of more than a million inhabitants—I was about to say souls—and perhaps they all have souls, but even so, their cattle and goats exhibit the most intelligence. This observation applies to the coolie class. The natives we saw at work in the rice fields were surely hard at it, and have the most primitive implements to work with. The villages are nothing but mud huts built close together, and provide for only a few families in each collection of huts, and are therefore very numerous. As compared with western India—between Bombay and Agra—the natives of Bengal are farmers, and the others chiefly nomads, though of course there is an immense agricultural population to the west. But Bengal is a country of great resources—excellent soil, plenty of water, and trees in abundance. Perhaps nowhere else in the world outside of cities are people as thickly placed. Over 80,000,000 human beings live on about 150,000 square miles—four persons to each five acres. These figures are rather impressive when we look at a map and see that Iowa and Nebraska together comprise a block of land approximately 800 miles long from the Mississippi river to the Wyoming line and 200 miles from north to south, or 160,000 square miles! And these two states have a population of a trifle more than 3,000,000. A book I have been reading today also gives some additional facts that are worth remembering in this connection: throughout the entire United States there are on the average twenty-eight persons to the square mile; and in our most densely populated state—Rhode Island, including her numerous manufacturing cities—the population is four hundred and seven to the square mile; as against five hundred and thirty to the square mile in Bengal.

On the plains, rice is the great staple product; in the hills, tea is cultivated up the sides of the mountains to an altitude of over 7,000 feet. One of these tea plantations, covering all sides of a mountain, looks at a little distance like a huge potato field had been spread over an immense umbrella. And every foot of space is utilized, even at the incredible angle of sixty degrees!

Our route from the ship took us through Calcutta, but we were not permitted to stop en route, and saw the worst of it, if there is any worst.

We reached the Ganges about dark and had our dinner on a river steamer which we left at Sara Ghat, to take sleeping cars (God save the mark), as far as Siliguri, where we transferred to the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway for Darjeeling, climbing 7,500 feet in 50 miles. The railroad has a two foot gauge, and the engine and cars squat down on the rails. Everybody and everything squats in India, save only the Himalayas. This particular bit of railway scenery is absolutely beyond description and beside the things which make it distinctively Oriental, and therefore especially interesting, the majesty of the mountains, and the cloud effects, are without a rival. I recall the wonders of other mountain railways: but we started from Siliguri at about sea level, and rode along the edge of many canons and precipices from 2,500 to 4,000 feet deep. And the Himalayas! When we got near Darjeeling and had our first view of the Snowy Range with old Kinchenjunga towering above us, 28,000 feet high, we were well nigh overpowered with a sense of the vastness of this marvel. We were less than twenty-four hours away from the tropics, where the natives are dressed chiefly in a rag about the loins; and only 45 miles distant was perpetual snow piled up two miles high!

Darjeeling is the summer resort of India. It stretches over the side of a mountain, and the streets are like so many stairs. No street cars in Darjeeling! Rickshaws, or one seated two wheeled carts, with two coolies to pull and one to push, are the most comfortable conveyances to be had; there are also "dandies," shaped something like coffins, carried by either four or six men. The views from almost anywhere in Darjeeling are very fine, and from the rear window of the rooms we had in a hotel which rejoices in the euphonious name of The Drum Druid, we had a glorious out-

look over the valley below and the range in the distance. This town is one of the outposts of India and is full of queer folk: Tibetans, Botaniers, Nepalese, and Sikkimms. Tibet is beyond the Kinchenjunga range, and Nepal and Botan are near by. Darjeeling itself is in British Sikkimm.

There are Rajahs, and Princelings and the Lama of Tibet in Darjeeling, and the racial types seen there are not found elsewhere in India. We arrived on Sunday and found the weekly market in full swing. Coolies from the tea plantations for miles around, were there to make their purchases of food and such scanty clothing as they require; and the presence of a lot of American tourists brought out an army of junk vendors, who wanted to sell anything from toe rings to idols. The Tibetans predominate, however, and, without doubt, are partly Chinese, though they are larger and stronger looking than most of the Chinese coolies we see in America. They all—men, women and children—look like Siwash Indians. It is quite cold there and we were obliged to wear our heavy wraps and had a fire in our room. On the way to Tiger Hill, M. and I got very cold—my feet were as cold as they ever get in the winter at home.

The big thing to do in Darjeeling, is to get up early and go by rickshaws, dandies or ponies, to Tiger Hill, seven miles away, 8,500 feet high, to see Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,000 feet high. And we did it, starting in time to see the sun rise on the Snowy Range. Mount Everest is more than 100 miles distant, and only the tip of the peak is visible; but we were fortunate enough to have a clear morning and we saw the "roof of the world." Stretched out in front of us was a panorama, not less, I was told, than 500 miles in extent, from the point where the sun rose to the western horizon. At first the peaks were white as chalk, but soon the sun bathed them in purple, which quickly changed to pink and gold. Away down on the sides of the lowest of the snowy range were banks of clouds that took the outlines of a winding river. Altogether the vision we had of the everlasting snows was the sublimest sight I ever set eyes upon.

The return trip was uneventful, except for a short daylight ride on the Ganges. I had no idea the Ganges is a great river.

We found several large steamers all heavily loaded with natives squatting on the decks like so many frogs. The river is about like the Mississippi at St. Louis, and is full of mud and crocodiles.

We did not see much of Calcutta, and there is not much there of special interest that differs from what we saw at Bombay and Agra and elsewhere in India. There are bathing and burning ghats, temples without number, naked men, women with huge earrings and anklets, and stinks and dirt without limit. The famous Black Hole is marked by a slab, and there are some attractive drives and parks, but on the whole the city has nothing to attract this tourist to return to it.

We are again on the broad sea, heading for Rangoon.

The temperature at noon today was 75 degrees F. in the shade.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Burma—The petroleum industry of Rangoon—Hotel rates trebeled—The Pwe dance—The Shwe Dagon pagoda—its glistening, gold-encrusted spire—Countless shrines to Buddha—Evident devotion of the worshippers.

December 13:

Rangoon, the chief city of Burma, was a surprise in more ways than one. We anchored about four miles from the jetty or wharf. Just why we anchored so far out no one told us; but trips by tender to and from the boat gave an excellent opportunity to see the industries of Rangoon, which are quite unexpected. There appears to be considerable petroleum in this section, and refineries and large steel tanks are much in evidence. The streets of Rangoon are for the most part well paved, and in the residential section are many beautiful homes. Here as elsewhere our coming had been so well advertised as to make it almost impossible to buy anything at a decent price, and the leading hotel trebled the regular posted rates. I tried to get accommodations, but they wanted sixty rupees (about twenty dollars) for rooms for the three of us for one night, so we returned to the steamship. One gentleman protested against the rates when he asked for his bill. He was told that he must pay the increased charge, and he said: "Very well, give me my bill and I will send it to the American consul here, and find out if an American can be obliged to pay three times your posted rate." When his bill was handed to him, it was one-third what he had been told he must pay! These Indian robbers do not relish investigation any better than other rascals.

There are very few autos in Rangoon, some victorias, and countless ghurries, or four wheeled cabs which look like large boxes on wheels, and are hauled by small ponies and driven by stupid Hindus, who stop their ponies by the clucking sound we use to start our horses. A Pwe dance, was provided for our entertainment in the hotel gardens: it was interesting as an exhibition of Burmese art, but not equal to an American or English vaudeville.

Some of our party went out to a teak wood yard a few miles distant where elephants do the heavy lifting; but the one stupendous sight in Rangoon is the Shwe Dagon pagoda. It is 2,500 years old, and has a central tower or spire higher than the dome of St. Paul's cathedral in London. The main structure is not unlike a huge bell, covering several acres; and the handle or spire stretches up so high that it can be seen for miles around. Indeed the upper part of the spire is covered with gold, and glistens in the sun like one of the Heavenly towers described by St. John. All about the central portion are hundreds and perhaps thousands of shrines and altars to Buddha, with countless images of him. Some of these represent him in a reclining posture, resting his head on one hand; but in most of them he is sitting with his legs crossed and arms folded. In all, the cruel, sensuous mouth has been reproduced. Many of these smaller temples or shrines are really very beautiful. The color scheme in them all is of course exaggerated, to the Occidental eye, but is nevertheless strangely attractive and their ornamentation is a perfect riot in filagree. We have nowhere on the trip seen a structure more imposing in a grandeur both artistic and barbaric. Other Hindu temples by comparison are nothing but stables and bird cages.

This is the only place in India I visited twice. Of course I looked, and looked again at the Taj Mahal; I saw the Himalayas from every available point of view, and I would rather have missed everything else in India than their glorious beauty; but this pagoda is the biggest thing in the way of a temple of worship I have ever seen. I do not compare the emotions that I felt as I looked at it and the multitudes of devout worshippers there, with those that overcame me in Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame; but I had a wonderful look at the other fellow's point of view in this pagan temple! The shrines are many of them gaudy and garish to my sense, notwithstanding their

strange beauty; millions of candles are burned in front of Buddha's images; and countless offerings of flowers are made by his devotees.

There is an immense bazaar by the side of the long flight of steps leading to the pagoda platform, where all sorts of cheap European wares are offered for sale; and the staircase is lined with stalls where brass gongs, Burmese cheroots, flowers, toys and picture cards are to be purchased from Burmese women in all stages of physical decay, and all smoking their huge cheroots! The young Burmese girls and matrons are quite pretty, but when they begin to lose their teeth, they are as ugly as any other hags.

On the pavement are found scores of beggars; some of them are the Hindu visiting sisters, and some are blind musicians (?) who play and sing the most unearthly and outlandish music imaginable. A cat concert is classic in comparison. I gave one old chap a few copper coins and when he found out the unusual liberality shown him, the expression of pleasure that came on his horrid face was worth many times what it cost. These people know how to worship! They do not know what or whom to worship; but they are as sincere in their devotions as anybody, and more so than most Christians, I think.

Our second visit was in the early morning—Sunday—and we were ahead of the crowd. Two groups of women attracted my notice. Those in one group were middle aged. They were no more conscious of the presence of our party than as though we were not there, and their lips were moving in prayer to the image in front of them, or the principle it represented to them.

Another group was of young married women; the crimson mark between their eyes showed that—the Burmese women do not part their hair, but brush it back from their foreheads—and one of the women had a toddling baby perhaps two years old. They were kneeling, praying silently, their lips were moving, their hands were devoutly clasped, and each held a flower towards the image a few feet away; even the baby had a flower.

Needless to say that any religion inspiring such devotion will not be easily displaced. In fact, I do not see how it ever can be.

The Shwe Dagon pagoda made a tremendous impression on me!

We left Rangoon Sunday, and are now in the Straits of Malacca, with the island of Sumatra to the west of us, and the Malay peninsula to the east. We reach Singapore tomorrow morning.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Plain talk about the things lacking in English rule in India, in a paper read by the Author, before the Girdler's Club on board the S. S. Cleveland.

We have had the seventeen days in India promised by the managers of the Cleveland Around the World Cruise: and now that our eyes have seen the historic and beautiful buildings of old India, her majestic mountains and her curious peoples; having smelled the rare and unpleasant odors that greet the nostrils everywhere, and eaten or tried to eat the wretched food cooked for us, it seems to me that the intelligent traveler should turn his attention to the consideration of the equally interesting spectacle of the government over one-fifth of the people of the earth, by aliens in language, customs and religion.

Americans are especially concerned in the problem of government in the Orient, for the fortunes of a war which had for its avowed object the mitigation of Spanish cruelty and the end of Spanish oppression in Cuba, gave us the Philippine Archipelago, where the American flag, so noticeably absent from foreign ports, will welcome us.

If I had any idea of attempting an analysis of the religions and social conditions of India, the lack of detailed knowledge and the want of opportunity to get it, would forbid the attempt, and I state only what appears to me; but criticisms of the things we have noted in our journeyings are practically invited by Great Britain, because she has assumed the greatest governmental task in the world; and her methods and their apparent effects are, therefore, matters of public interest.

All English speaking people are united because of their common tongue, their history, their law, commerce and sentiment; but the Englishman born under the Union Jack and the American born under the Stars and Stripes, differ radically in

certain points of social usage and political belief. These differences are, I think, chiefly responsible for British shortcomings in India.

It will be conceded by all that India is well policed; the government owns or controls the railways and every railway depot is a police station. But though there may be less disorder and more individual justice than in the days of the Moguls; in lieu of such beautiful structures as we saw at Agra and Delhi and Rangoon, we find built or under construction the stupid, squatting buildings of British design; instead of wealth enjoyed by the people who create it, the English government has made no laws, and established no system by which they who produce the riches of India can appreciate even the common comforts of life; and much less do they cultivate the arts which made India the most attractive of all lands. The English theory is that all men are not equal politically, as they are not equal intellectually, or socially, or morally; nor are they entitled to an equal degree of liberty, though they are entitled to an equal degree of justice. And as those who claim to know the Indian best, say he does not care so much for justice as for preference, it is quite evident that England has taken advantage of this trait or quality in the Indian character, and has fitted her system of government to it.

The American tourist must remember that his observations are of peoples who count time and money differently than he does; whose dress, food, and even their hours of worship are unusual to us; that these peoples do not want to adopt our customs nor our religion; that India comprises many nations, many religions, divers ethical codes, numerous languages, and a great variety of social customs.

I can bring out the point I wish to make by stating a few facts:

India had literature and astronomy 2,000 years B. C.; a system of philosophy, grammar, mathematics, medicine, a code of laws, and the art of music 2,500 years ago. No finer artisanship of the kind is found anywhere in the world, than we saw at the Shwe Dagon pagoda, which is 2,500 years old.

I have taken some of these facts from a very clever, recent book by an American writer, Price Collier, entitled The West in the East. (I make this statement because I am not stuffed

with statistics concerning India.) But history and literature demonstrate that India for 2,500 years has been held the land of mystery, romance, fabulous wealth, with rivers whose very sands were golden; and adventurers from all lands, from Alexander the Great to the founders of the British East India Company, have overrun the country, slaughtered the people and stolen their property.

The English are slow to wrath, but when the sense of justice of Englishmen was awakened, Lord Clive committed suicide and Hastings was impeached.

I quote from Mr. Collier to show the corrupt beginnings of British dominion in India:

"Even British officers threatened to resign if they were not allowed to steal. * * * Englishmen of little education, training or taste, returned from India with swiftly made fortunes. * * * Men went to India, even the servants of the East India Company went to exploit India, not to serve her, to bring back a fortune as speedily as possible for themselves, not to protect the wealth, and to increase the wealth, and to conserve the resources of India for the people of India."

The question theoretically settled in the trial of Hastings, which lasted seven years, was whether "the control of alien races by Christian rulers, permitted the use of alien methods and morals." And though no Christian nation will defend such practices, they continue to be overlooked.

The proclamation of Victoria in 1877 promised many things, among them this:

"It is our further will, that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be fully and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

And on the authority of Mr. Collier, I assert:

"The English are forever intending things for India, which when they are done are already ungratefully received as things long ago deserved; and when they are not done and compromises are substituted, the Indian sees nothing but hypocrisy and broken promises."

I address you Americans, who by the very opportunity given on this cruise, must charge your consciences with the duty to use your influence to see that no such blundering stains the relations of the United States towards our alien wards.

Admit that England has built railways and canals in India; that she has stopped the horrible burning of widows and is gradually eliminating the disgusting custom of child marriages; she has permitted the natives to be plundered without stint; she has just reached the point where in response to sharp and continued criticism she is about to inaugurate an educational system for the teeming masses; she has permitted a few—including some natives—to enrich themselves; and the millions who do the work, live on a handful of rice a day and wear a rag about the loins. In a land of marvelous fertility when irrigated, the natives are scratching the soil with sticks instead of plows; they cut their grain by hand and carry it on their heads; not one labor saving or labor conserving device in India! The natives earn from 8 to 32 cents a day. The Indian weavers and dyers of both silk and cotton fabrics have been ruined for the benefit of English manufacturers of the same sort of goods.

Though the British have built good roads, their sanitation is so vile in the larger towns and cities as to justify the charge that they care nothing for the health of the natives and not much for their own. Agra, Colombo, Kandy, Darjeeling and Rangoon furnish sickening experiences with this backwoods ignorance of that decent custom generally practiced by English speaking people to take care of their sewage. When sanitary regulations are made and enforced; when the Indian laborer is supplied with decent implements; when he is given decent wages and taught how to live decently; when the women of India are treated like equals, and not like beasts of burden; when the masses are educated, or at least taught the rudiments of knowledge; when England makes the traffic in girl children of tender years between parents and bridegrooms unlawful, and provides for her own starving, famine stricken, plague stricken subjects, she will measure up to her opportunity and responsibility; and if the United States does not do as much or even more in the less promising field of the Philippines, and very, very much more rapidly than England in India, we shall merit the censure of all civilized people.

CHAPTER NINE

Singapore—Its great natural charm—The approach to the harbor—Malay villages on piles—Johore and its Sultan—The luxuriant vegetation of Singapore—Beautiful residences—The population—Favorable impressions of the Chinese—Immense importance of the port—Dramatic incident leaving Singapore—The Cleveland salutes the American flag—A tragedy on ship—Great excitement—Brave act of Marcus Jordan.

December 16:

Singapore needs an advertising agent. This shipload of passengers will collectively and individually give Singapore the first place among all the cities on our route for its natural beauty and the use made by those who live there of the very remarkable advantages which Nature has heaped on this spot.

To begin with, the harbor is the most beautiful of any we have seen so far. The approach is through a cluster of wooded islands, whose greenness is in sharp and agreeable contrast to the volcanic rocks farther north. Singapore is on an island of the same name, detached from the Malay peninsula, much as Manhattan island is separated from the mainland. We explored this island quite thoroughly, taking a railroad ride of some fifteen miles to the ferry for Johore through tropical swamps, cocoa palms, and rubber plantations, with an almost endless variety of jungle flowers and foliage plants on all sides; and the second day we took an automobile and rode for about sixty miles through these plantations and palm groves and over the best roads I ever saw anywhere, lined most of the way with trees whose branches spread out and make an arch of green, under which we spun along for three hours. Rubber, cocoanuts and pineapples seem to be the chief products of the island, and I was informed that fishing furnishes a livelihood for thousands of Chinese and Malays, who prefer that interesting way of supporting themselves to the less inviting work on the plantations. The earth and rock used in building the roads is a deep brick red color which makes them look like arteries through the luxuriant vegetation.

Singapore quite strongly resembles Cuba in its natural characteristics, except that it is greener and the vegetation denser. It is said that there are more rainy days in Singapore than in any city in the world, and this accounts for the fresh and clean appearance of everything.

There are beautiful residences galore, with spacious grounds. It would be a pretty dumb landscape gardener who could not create beautiful grounds in Singapore, and some artists in that line have had a chance to do wonderful work. The waterworks grounds are very attractive, and the botanical gardens outclass anything in the park line we have visited. Of course I am not comparing them with great parks like that at Versailles, for that is another matter; but we have seen no other garden that can, to my way of thinking, be compared to this Singapore marvel.

I have spoken of our little trip to Johore; this is a small independent principality occupying a part of the lower end of the Malay peninsula. The Sultan is a young fellow, or was once, who takes life easy and spends most of his time and money in Paris, where the profligate social customs give him a chance to cut a wider swath than the natives who pay the bill would stand for, though they will put up with a lot.

The British own Singapore, and the section has the awkward name of the Straits Settlements. The currency is different from any we have found. The unit is the dollar, worth about sixty cents of our money, and the profile of "Edward VII, King and Emperor" is on most of the coins.

Here as elsewhere the chief interest centers in the people and the way they live. As we entered the harbor we passed a Malay village on piles in the water; the houses are connected by bridges and long piers. I am told there are about a thousand such dwellings in Singapore. Soon we were followed by a fleet of canoes, carrying native men and boys who dove after coins flung over the side of the ship. I do not think a single coin was lost.

There are probably 10,000 rickshaws in Singapore—the license numbers run higher than that. The bearers are mostly Chinese coolies, and are clean, strong and finely proportioned; the rates are about ten cents per mile, or forty-five cents per hour of their money. One soon gets over the feeling that he is not humane to let them run, and they cover the ground about as fast as a pony trots; they are exceedingly graceful in motion. The population of 250,000 is more than two-thirds Chinese; their flat covered boats fill the quays, and their industry is seen on every hand. The more I see of Oriental people the better I think of the Chinese. They are the cleanest, the most

tractable, the easiest adapted to new conditions that are forced upon them, and the most stable of all Orientals, I believe. I reserve the right to change my mind after we visit the Philippines, China and Japan, if I want to.

The port of Singapore is free. The Cleveland anchored at the dock and we stepped from the ship to it.

To refer again to the harbor, it is worth while to mention that not less than one hundred ocean liners were in port yesterday. I understand that on the average fifty ships anchor and as many more clear daily, to say nothing of the native craft that swarm the waters.

We sailed about four o'clock in the afternoon, and passed three battle ships—one Russian and two English. The Russian was not more than three hundred yards away, and as we got opposite her, our band played the Russian national hymn; all the men on board were lined up, and when we passed they gave us a lusty cheer. Next the band played God Save the King, for the English, and our ship saluted, and then the launch of the American consul came out and showed us our dear flag. The Cleveland saluted the stars and stripes (three blasts of her hoarse whistle) and the passengers shouted the pleasure we felt in seeing the second American flag we have seen on any boat since leaving New York. This salute was a recognition by our German captain, that it is the institution behind the flag and not the size of the boat that commands respect.

We crossed the equator last night about nine o'clock; we had a comfortable night, and as I write, at eleven o'clock a. m., the thermometer registers under 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

Four p. m. same day. A tragedy on ship! Extensive preparations had been made for the ceremony usually celebrated when ships cross the equator, in which Neptune and his crew take charge of the ship—and do things to certain of the passengers. The whole affair is of course a screaming farce, and the lay-out looked like the arrangements for an Ak-sar-ben initiation. The drunken sailor who is supposed to rescue the victims from the tortures inflicted on them, had made his appearance and aroused the mirth of the passengers who were crowded around the improvised throne of Neptune, and the ducking vat in front of it, when the alarming cry was heard: "Man overboard! Man overboard!" and almost immediately,

and in view of many passengers a woman was seen in the sea; the ship shot out a line of life preservers, on the farthest of which was a smoking torch to mark the spot where the unfortunate woman was supposed to have fallen, and a brave young chap, one of the passengers, named Marcus Jordan, sprang into the sea to rescue her. The ship reversed her engines, a life boat was lowered, and it was exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch of a man who had it in his hand when the first alarm was given, to time the printing of some kodak pictures he had taken, until the unfortunate woman was brought aboard. The doctors and nurses tried for two hours to resuscitate her. It was a plain case of suicide. A lady saw her go to the rail, climb up, and then step off; and the life she tried to get rid of, the doctors could not give back to her. The event is another instance of the proximity of farce and tragedy. There is much praise for the brave boy who risked his life trying to rescue the poor woman, and for the way the ship was handled.

We are due in Batavia, Java, in the morning.

CHAPTER TEN

Java—Batavia—Weltrevreden—Buitenzorg—A bit of Holland below the Equator—A visit to a Methodist mission school.

December 19:

We had two disagreeable, rainy days for our visit to Java; and the stop there was, on that account, disappointing. The sail from Singapore to Batavia is very pleasant, our course taking us between the immense island of Sumatra on our right and numerously heavily-verdured small islands on the port side of the ship.

The suicide I described in my last letter naturally created much excitement on board, which, however, quickly subsided.

Again at Batavia we anchored a mile or two from the dock.

Java, Sumatra, Borneo and a number of smaller islands, comprise the Dutch East Indies. The seat of government is at Weltevreden, which though a few miles from Batavia is really a part of it. The population of Batavia is mostly native Javanese; the foreigners in Weltevreden being Chinese, Indians and the white Dutchmen (Hollanders); the latter are, of course, the officials and the army officers. The Dutch have actually con-

structed here, under the equator, another Holland, as much like their mother country as the tropical vegetation and Oriental native population—chiefly Mohammedan Malays—have permitted. And they have succeeded wonderfully. There are canals everywhere; tram cars; commerce, and evident prosperity.

Weltevreden is a very beautiful little city, spread out over a large area, with bungalow homes of ample and inviting proportions, and, for the most part, attractive grounds. The roads are good; not quite so well kept as those we found in and around Singapore, but far better than the streets and roads in and about nearly all American cities. The vegetation is not very different from that seen in the other tropical cities in our route, except that the Dutch seem to have in this island of Java, more varieties of tropical trees, plants and flowers than are found elsewhere. It is all certainly very beautiful, and I am sure that in the years to come I shall dream about my short visit to the tropics and wonder if I have actually seen these things.

Always, wherever we go, the people are more interesting than the scenery. I make but four exceptions: the Riviera, the Pyramids, the Taj and the Himalayas. Their monuments (and the Pyramids and the Taj are of course to be classified as monuments, though the first has dignity, and the second both dignity and beauty, which make them more than monuments), their homes, their dress, their markets, are fascinating in the extreme.

We made a trip to Buitenzorg, Sunday, going through Batavia and Weltevreden to an elevation of about 600 feet above sea level, in the foothills of the mountains which reach to a height of 8,000 or 10,000 feet in many places. This town is approximately half way across the island and is the extreme southern point of our cruise around the world, 460 miles south of the equator. The ostensible purpose in going there was to see the botanical gardens, which are claimed to be the finest in existence; but it was raining, we had to walk around and I did not see as much that pleased me there, as in the gardens at Singapore; a bewildering variety of odd trees and plants and a fabulous assortment of orchids are there, but I am not botanist enough to work up much enthusiasm along that line.

What I did find in Buitenzorg was a Chinese Sunday market or bazaar that interested me intensely as long as I could stand the compounded confounded stenches. Ye Gods, what stinks! This market was, on a very much smaller scale, a replica of the one we saw at Darjeeling.

Another thing at Buitenzorg that I shall never forget was a call we made at a Methodist mission boarding and day school. We found there boys from 8 to 16 years of age from all over the Indische Nederlanden—Sumatra, Borneo and Java—who are taught the ordinary branches of knowledge and to speak a little English, a little Dutch and how to dress and sing. They are uniformly courteous and do not need to be taught manners. The young native Christian in charge, spoke excellent English and could sing very well. He called the boys together at our request, and they sang for us three good old Methodist hymns to familiar tunes, in Sundanese or Javanese. The first was "Christ the Lord is Risen Today; Alleluia," the second was "Coronation," to the tune Miles Lane, and the third, "Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing my Great Redeemer's Praise," to Azmon. They sang in time and in tune, and though some of their notes were nasal and shrill, I know a choir director in Omaha who could make a wonderful choir of that crowd of thirty boys, in a short time. When we heard these Christianized Malays singing our hymns, and their fresh young voices lifting up the songs of Zion we know, we were greatly moved. On the way back to Batavia and all around Buitenzorg, the men, women and children greeted us with friendly smiles and cheers, much as in Kandy. The Javanese, and the Singhaleese possess physical beauty and friendliness of manner at least. The Singhaleese are the happiest and most prosperous looking people of British India, and the Dutch in Java have given their subject race much to commend them to the world.

I should like to have seen something of Java under more favorable weather conditions, but am glad to have gained even the limited knowledge our short stay afforded.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Philippines—Enthusiasm and emotion evoked by Old Glory—Nebraska in evidence—Manila and her marvelous rejuvenation—Entertainment by old friends and new ones—The educational work in progress in the Archipelago—Drives around Manila—The old church of Las Pinas and the Bamboo organ—The advanced status of Filipino women—The fortification at Corregidor island—Attitude of Filipinos towards the United States.

December 25:

Christmas on the China Sea! Thermometer 87 degrees F. in the shade at noon. We left Manila yesterday afternoon after the two most enjoyable days of the entire cruise. This was the first place, too, where we were entirely independent of the ship, and the first place where the American flag was required to fly from the topmast. The committee of passengers—one from each state—chosen to meet the Manila reception committee, woke the remainder of the passengers by their cheers when Old Glory was run up.

The Americans in Manila gave us such a good time! The first man I saw when I walked down the gang plank was Major Lord, who left Omaha but a few weeks ago; and then found my old friend Isaac Adams, whose office was next to mine a long time, and who is now city attorney of Manila, and was waiting for me. Nebraska is much in evidence in the Philippines. The executive secretary is a Nebraska man and so are the Directors of Posts, Agriculture, Prisons and Education, and one of the judges of the Court of First Instance, C. S. Lobingier. Mr. F. R. White, the Director of Education for the islands, took us in his automobile and devoted himself to us both days. Of course everybody was keen to find out Dewey's location when he destroyed the Spanish fleet and shelled Manila. It was certainly one of the decisive battles of the world, and the changes wrought by the United States in the conditions Dewey found, have not been equalled in the history of the world. Manila was originally a walled city, surrounded for protection (?) by a moat. Most of the wall remains. It is useful as a stone fence, but the moat was long ago drained in the interest of sanitation. Right here let me say that Manila is the cleanest city we have visited since we left Paris and the malodorous smells which have pestered us everywhere else in the Orient are conspicuously missing. The most wonderful topographical change is the making of a strip of land a mile wide

and about two miles long in front of the old wall. I do not know just how this was done, but somehow, by dredging the bay, the shore line was extended out a mile into the bay, and from the tidal deposit was made land on which now stand some of the finest buildings in Manila, including a mammoth new hotel, nearly finished, the Elks, and Army and Navy club houses, besides the wharves and warehouses which are as substantial as any we have seen. The Luneta, which will be a park when the trees are grown, is also on this made ground. It is protected from the wash of the tides by a solid stone wall, apparently sufficient. In the center of the Luneta is a great band stand surrounded by seats enough for thousands, and by drives and winding roads.

Mr. Adams took us for a ride late Saturday afternoon, and we heard the famous Philippine Constabulary band (80 instruments) for almost an hour. This wise provision that our government makes for the amusement of the people, does not cost the city of Manila a cent, and is a liberal education for the masses in good music.

We were the guests of Major and Mrs. Lord for dinner at the Army and Navy Club, which is one of the finest club houses in all its appointments I know anything about. The white linen dress suits worn by the men here are very attractive.

On our drive Saturday morning, we visited the new and extensive general hospital. This is said to be one of the best equipped hospitals in the world and must be a great boon to the Filipinos. In one of the Catholic churches we were shown some wonderful carving in the fine native woods. One of these woods is much like mahogany and makes beautiful furniture. We also visited the legislative assembly and met several Filipino politicians, who in dress, manner, appearance and language are greatly superior to some members of some state legislatures, whom I have known.

Mr. White is an energetic and capable man. He looks some like President Burton of Smith College, (and by the way has a charming wife, a sweet little baby and a pleasant home). He is intensely interested in the educational development of the islands, and is doing an amazing work. He has about 600 American teachers and 8,000 native teachers in the schools under his charge, and an enrollment of 600,000 pupils in all grades, from primary to normal, in a total population of about 8,000,000. Manual and industrial training is an important factor

in the schools; and the people, naturally adept with their hands, are making great progress along this line. Their embroideries are said to be the finest anywhere, but I prefer not to say much about them. I was deeply touched by some dresses, waists, etc., that were shown us.

The Governor-General (W. Cameron Forbes of Boston—a member of the Dome Lake, Wyoming, Club) invited eight or ten people, including our party, to lunch at his palace. This was an agreeable experience and gave us an opportunity to meet a most charming gentleman, and to see his very interesting residence. He lives in an immense, rambling building that has housed the Governors of the Philippines for fifty or sixty years. The furnishings are simple, but adapted to the climate, and the river front gives a wonderful view of the distant mountains.

A drive Sunday morning took us a long distance in the country. The roads are good, and the government has built several hundred miles—perhaps a thousand—of as fine macadam roads as we have seen anywhere except at Singapore. The roads there were the best we have found.

The natives live in communities; and isolated houses are rarely seen. This is also true of the interior, I am told. But they are the best looking, the cleanest, the most prosperous in appearance of all the Orientals we have visited so far.

We have yet to see China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

A sure test of the civilization or the lack of it, in any country, is the status of the women. And the Filipino women, though perhaps no better looking than the Burmese, are better dressed and better treated than elsewhere in the Orient. Their situation on the whole is better, I believe, than in Japan, for they command more respect and are not used like toys. The Filipino women are said to be better financiers than the men, and they therefore conduct most of the native shops. One such woman furnishes a market for the work of a large number of embroiderers of one of the nearby villages. Mr. White took us to call on her, not only to see the fine embroideries, but the interior of a Filipino house. The house had a thatched roof and was on bamboo stilts. We went up several steps to get to the living room, which was floored with bamboo strips. There were comfortable chairs in the room and pictures on the walls. Everything was scrupulously neat, and Madame Filipino herself was attractive and neatly dressed; barefooted, to be sure, but

her shoulders were covered and her skirt was the train which is commonly worn by the Filipino women. She spoke fairly good English, and, also, alas, had fine embroideries for sale.

A little farther out we found the quaint old church of Las Pinas. (The Pines.) This church is an interesting old Spanish parish church about 125 years old, the padre said; but it contains an organ made of bamboo pipes, the only one in the world. It was made about the time the church was built, and the records of the parish tell of the great difficulty in finding bamboo to produce the scales, and to create the variety of tones required by the various stops. Major Lord told me about this organ and gave me much of its history. A typhoon some years ago tore off the roof of the church, and seriously damaged the organ. The people are, of course, too poor to pay what it would cost to restore it, and the priest in charge has not the genius for organ-building that his predecessor had. We prevailed upon him to let us hear it, however, and he played a few strains which exhibited the mellow sweetness of the wooden pipes.

On the way out last night we passed the fortified island of Corregidor, the Philippine Gibraltar, which guards the entrance to Manila Bay. No sneaking hostile warship can get by that sentinel.

I have already indicated what we are doing in the Philippines. I suppose my opportunity to learn the truth about our achievements, and the attitude of the Filipinos towards the United States, was equal to and possibly better than that of most travelers. I am satisfied we have done more for these islands in ten years than England has done for India in two hundred (of course there are more miles of railroads and good roads in India); but England found a land with a wonderful history; the Philippines had none worth telling.

I think there is some natural suppressed resentment at the compulsory revolution in industrial pursuits, sanitation, social life and education; but the most radical Filipino advocate of independence told me that he and his party want a guaranty by the United States of their independence, against interference by European or Asiatic nations. This statement of the position taken by the Independestas was confirmed by Mr. White. But the United States needs the Philippines; we must have a footing on this side of the world; and the Filipinos will not be fit for several generations to govern themselves.

CHAPTER TWELVE

China—Hong Kong a British possession—Enterprise of J. Bull—A picturesque situation—Industry of the Chinese—Their wonderful artizanship—The Revolution—Trip up the river to Canton—The incidents of that day—Life on the Sampans—A street called Heavenly Peace—Elaborate reception by Board of Industry—Assurances of friendly sentiments toward Americans—Chinese character and customs—Beginning of a new Republic—The Chinese ought to be made welcome to America.

December 29:

Letters from home at Hong Kong, plus a cablegram from K. S. B. at Manila, gave us assurances that all is well at home, and this knowledge and a greatly reduced temperature enabled us to see what our limited time in China permitted, without any discomfort save the inevitable tired feeling.

We reached Hong Kong harbor at noon of Tuesday the 26th instant. It surprised me to find that there is no city of Hong Kong and no post office of that name; but Hong Kong is an island, and the British city of Victoria is situated on it. The place, however, is best known by the original Chinese name of Hong Kong. The British habit of giving the name of Victoria to parks, hotels and towns could not succeed in Englishing this Chinese city, although the harbor, the barracks, the business blocks, the streets and the police are distinctly British. It is a singular fact, and one which shows the farsightedness of J. Bull, that from New York to San Francisco the only ports we have visited or will stop at, not British, are the French port of Villefranche, the Dutch port of Batavia in Java, the American ports of Manila and Honolulu, and the stopping places in Japan; and except the Japanese ports and Villefranche, no one of them is in the hands of the native people. This condition and the fact that Germany and Japan each need more territory to raise food for their increasing population, keeps them snarling continually at England.

Hong Kong, for so I shall call it, has the most picturesque situation of any place we have yet seen since we left the Riviera and the Maritime Alps. Of course Darjeeling is a strictly mountain town, and I do not mean to compare it with any coast city. Hong Kong island is very mountainous, and the elevation from the sea to nearly 2,000 feet is quite abrupt.

We anchored (as usual) some little distance from the pier, lived on board ship and went to and fro in tenders about when

we pleased. There is a fine hotel at Hong Kong, the best we have found since we left Europe, where we lunched one day and where I came near to adopting a Chinese boy who wanted to go home with me. At night the lights of the city, from the dock line to the top of Victoria peak, were highly attractive, and the bobbing lanterns on hundreds of sampans or house-boats in the bay, looked like so many dancing stars.

An inclined tramway makes the ascent of the peak, and the overlook on the city and the bay from the summit is fine. The approach to Hong Kong is through numerous islands, and though, so far as we could tell, they are all barren, they lend variety to the harbor entrance, and hundreds of sampans and fishing boats, made the panorama entirely different from anything seen elsewhere. An electric street car line traverses the water front and one or two parallel streets, but the chief means of transportation is by rickshaws and sedan chairs.

The population of Hong Kong is about 320,000 with only 7,000 British, of whom 4,000 are of the army; this includes the Indians, who seem to take as much pride in serving as policemen in this Chinese city, as Irishmen in New York.

The streets are clean, but, excepting one or two running parallel with the water front, are not over thirty feet wide, and no horses or bullock carts are to be seen. In this respect the difference between the two Chinese cities we visited and the other places on our route is pronounced, for we saw almost no horses or cattle in China; and in India, Burma, Java and the Philippine Islands these four-footed beasts are made to do the work which seems to be done in China by the two-footed animals. Most of the streets in the native quarters are not nearly so wide; and the many shops of all kinds, not only where merchandise is sold but where it is made, and all of which open on the streets, create a commercial atmosphere altogether unique. And the Chinese are an industrious people. Except at Canton, under the circumstances to be shortly related, we saw no idlers in China. As late as ten or eleven o'clock at night carpenters, shoemakers and workers in various crafts that do not require daylight, were at their jobs. We saw the same thing in the Chinese quarter at Singapore. They are a clean people; the women are neatly dressed in their peculiar style, and though they are perhaps not so susceptible to Anglo-Saxon influence as the Filipinos, they are a wonderful nation. The work they do

with the needle and with feathers, gold, silver, brass, copper and their ivory and wood carving, and the fabrics they create, cannot be excelled. The Japanese may be their equals but they cannot beat them. There are fewer beggars, fewer crippled and deformed among the Chinese than among any of the Orientals. From what I have read and seen, I judge the radical difference between the Chinese and the Japanese, is that John Chinaman is essentially conservative, and the Japs are essentially progressive. This may not be so true as the the world thinks, for the Chinese have actually overthrown the Imperial government, that has lasted for thousands of years (if I correctly remember the history of China), and have instituted a Republic. I talked with many people, and the belief is quite general that the change is likely to be permanent. All classes of Englishmen in Hong Kong have this idea. Just how the scheme of a republican form of government can be worked out in China will be a matter of much interest to the present and coming generations in the United States.

The revolution in China had occasioned considerable speculation as to the prudence of a visit by the Cleveland passengers, to Canton, the most distinctively Chinese city in China, and the least affected by outside influences. We were told of insults offered to travelers, and cautioned to be exceedingly circumspect or we might easily provoke assault and possibly harm. We were told that the river from Hong Kong to Canton was infested with pirates, and that robbery and murder are quite common among certain tribes or clans of the Chinese; that all the cut-throats of this part of the Celestial empire were likely to be congregated at Canton, etc., etc. All such talk made Canton, in advance, a desirable place to see, if we dared go—and we dared.

The day we went was the hardest day we have had, but was crowded with more incidents and undreamed of sights and experiences, than any other day of the cruise.

It is ninety miles from Hong Kong to Canton, and two hundred of us got up at five o'clock in the morning to take a river boat which landed us at Canton about one o'clock p. m. The ride did not show much of the country life of the Chinese and this was a disappointment, but we saw several hundred fish-

ing boats, and when we got near Canton the sampans or house-boats were numerous. A word about these sampans. They are from twelve to forty feet long and will average probably eighteen feet in length. They have a bamboo cover, shaped like the canvas tops of the prairie schooners of the west, and on these boats families live their whole lives; they are born, marry and die on them. Some of the larger ones take care of more than one generation. We saw hundreds of babies on them, the smaller ones tied by a cord around the waist to keep them from falling overboard; cats, dogs, chickens in baskets, and even pigs! Just inside the harbor limits of Canton we saw the familiar sign of the Standard Oil Company, and the representative of John D. had several American flags displayed. The river is simply swarming with all manner of boats. Uncle Sam has two small war-ships there; England has one or more. The sampans were, many of them, gorgeously painted, and as we neared the wharf we saw the most impressive sight I ever beheld: there were not less than 100,000 Chinamen there to see us; on the wharf was a band of Chinese musicians, playing familiar airs; and what was more to the point, several hundred soldiers with plenty of cartridges in their belts.

Soon we were told that arrangements had been made to send us out in parties of ten, with a guide for each party, and slowly we were loaded into sedan chairs and each hoisted on the shoulders of three or four coolies, who took us for the strangest ride I ever had. Naturally, having been warned against the Cantonese, we all felt more or less uncertain about their treatment of us; the crowds on both sides of us pressed very close, but though the faces were full of curiosity we saw no sign of hostility. Our coolies swiftly carried us into the native narrow streets; they are not more than eight feet wide; one of them has the assuring designation: "Street of Heavenly Peace;" and they are all crooked and crowded. How even our guide found his way around was a wonder to me. The shops were legion, and except that we created as much curiosity to the Cantonese as they aroused in us, there was no let up in their work. And the people were not only friendly but manifestly glad to see us, notwithstanding the frequency of guards posted on every corner. When I spoke to a man or woman or child, the response was quick and cordial. The rest of our company tell the same story.

We have nowhere found a more hospitable population. Elaborate preparations were made by the Board of Industry of Canton (corresponding to our Commercial Club), to receive and entertain us formally, and the most emphatic assurance was given of their wish to be friendly with Americans and to have American sympathy in their attempt to construct a new government.

We visited several very fascinating shops and saw the most exquisite ivory carving, more embroideries, the wonderful kingfisher feather jewelry, the medical temple, and the temple of Five Hundred Genii. The last is the greatest curiosity we have seen; it contains the laughing Buddha, the long-armed Buddha, the five-eyed Buddha and four hundred and ninety-seven others. On the outside are four huge, ugly images called the Guardians of Heaven.

When we started back, after a stay of about four hours, the crowd cheered us to the echo. It was truly a great day. No one of us would have missed it and none of us cares to repeat it, though I would like to spend a week in Canton if I could land there in an air ship.

The shops in Hong Kong are attractive and the salesmen persistent. The last thing I bought was a canary bird.

We are again on the China Sea and will have our first glimpse of Japan at Nagasaki on New Year's Day, 1912.

December 31:

The last day of an eventful year bids fair to be pleasant, and I hope our final experience with the China Sea (said to be the nastiest water in the world) will not be disagreeable.

Leaving Manila we found a tremendous swell, and yesterday the sea was rougher than we have had anywhere except our English channel crossing.

I want to set down a conviction or two regarding the Chinese, before I visit Japan, so that I may not be influenced by what I see of the Japanese in their own land.

We have seen the net result of British dominion in Egypt, India, Burma, and Ceylon, and of the Dutch in Java; we have seen the wonderful achievements of the United States in the Philippine Islands in a single decade; we have noted the caste system in India, and the devotion of the Hindus to their religion, and of the worshipers of Buddha to their faith.

Hong Kong is perhaps cleaner, morally, and has better sanitation than it would have if the Chinese owned it. Just how the English got Hong Kong is not quite clear to me. I am not informed how the scrimmage began, but the meager statement I have found, reads as though our British cousins liked the location of Hong Kong and proceeded to batter it into submission. This was in 1841; and this view is in keeping with what we know of British aggressiveness and greed for foreign soil. They have not influenced Chinese character or customs; and Canton, a city of 2,000,000 people, is, as I have already said, the most distinctively Chinese city in China. There is no state religion in China: no caste, no subjection or degradation of women. Buddhism has been a popular religion for several hundred years, but the philosophy of Confucius has been the basis of the Chinese faith, as I am informed, and that philosophy does not agree with the Buddhist doctrine that life is a curse and death the highest good. I am writing without access to books, and am open to correction if I am mistaken in my recollection of what I have read. At all events, the Chinese of all the Orientals, are the likeliest to accept the teachings of Christian missionaries. I have very serious doubts whether we are not sacrificing both men and money in the attempts to convert to the Christian faith either Mohammedans or Hindus or Indian Buddhists. And I would not speak hopefully of the possibility of missionary success among the Chinese, but for the fact that the Chinaman is essentially a philosopher and thinker, and he has begun to turn from Buddhism; and the further fact that the missionaries attach as much importance nowadays to medical service as they do to making converts.

In Canton, the principal Doctor God—I shall not try to give his name—has been discarded, and I think destroyed; though the temple with its exquisite carving has been permitted to remain, but it is shut. The temple of Five Hundred Genii was attacked only about a week before our visit and one hundred persons were killed in the riot. The day we were there a guard of soldiers was posted, to protect it—not us—from further assault. Everywhere the temples show signs of neglect, and disuse; the pagodas are all old; there is not, as in India, any indication that Buddhism has a hold on the people, and they are ready for something else.

The Japanese are not ready to acept our religion, and they are suspicious of our social customs—so I read, though they imitate us in our commercial, industrial and mechanical methods and our educational system. They propose to work out their own scheme of individual and national life, borrowing from us what they like, and that only. But the attitude of the Chinese is another matter. They are ready for a change. They have made a start towards a republican form of government, and the ablest men China has produced are leading the movement. The spirit shown by the Board of Industry of Canton towards the American visitors the other day, was as cordial as could be; and the Chinese are generally friendly to us; though they distrust England and dislike the Germans.

I saw hundreds and perhaps thousands of Chinamen without their queues or pigtails as we often call them; in fact the queue was rather the exception than the rule, and they are purchasable now as souvenirs. This indicates that the Chinaman is awake, and he is showing his allegiance to the new political doctrine just now being preached to him, by publicly violating the Imperial order to wear his hair in a braid. On numerous vacant lots, large crowds were gathered, and were being harangued by earnest, scholarly looking young Chinamen who were presenting to willing listeners, the new political creed which is almost certain to make the Revolution win and place China among the most advanced nations of the earth.

I met several young Chinamen who belong to the Y. M. C. A. at Hong Kong; they spoke good English and were well dressed.

The Californians on board, including Dr. Hough the boat's chaplain (a Methodist preacher from San Francisco) all testify to the reliability, the devotion and affection of the Chinese they have associated with on the Pacific coast. They are a moral people as a race; they reject our divorce laws as unmoral; they are cruel sometimes; they mete out horrible punishments for some crimes. I saw pictures of the torture called Lin-che, inflicted on a woman who poisoned her husband. Her breasts were cut off and she was disemboweled. But it must not be forgotten that England did equally horrible things not so very long ago, and the death penalty was imposed for more than one hundred crimes, as late as about the time Blackstone wrote his commentaries.

Why the United States should discriminate against the Chinese, I do not understand. We need the Chinese by the hundred thousand in the United States. Talk about the Yellow Peril is nonsense. China can feed her millions. Neither England, Germany nor Japan can feed theirs. We allow millions of the offscouring of southern Europe to come to our country and create conditions that menace the safety of every large community in the United States, and exclude the Chinese. What a lot of blind fools we are. The Chinese are the best of the Orientals, and more desirable immigrants by far than the unskilled laborers who swarm through our Atlantic ports.

NOTE: I find that English dominion over Hong Kong had a worse start than my letter suggests. The East India Company had extended its operations to China, and had complained to the English government of the exactions of the Chinese government, and for many years ineffectual attempts were made to negotiate terms *satisfactory to the English, who persistently introduced opium!* The Mandarins for years attempted "by every means in their power, by stopping all foreign trade, by demands for prohibition of the traffic in the drug, and by vigilant preventative measures, to put a stop to its importation". (Encyclopaedia Brittannica: title China.) A large quantity of opium was taken from English merchants and destroyed, and they were required to agree not to deal further in the drug. This was regarded by the English government as a *casus belli* and war was declared, which resulted in the acquisition of Hong Kong, and the payment by China of a large indemnity. Not a very creditable incident.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Japan—Arrival at Nagasaki—New Year's celebration not interfered with by rain—The fascination of Japan and her people—Happy children—The little fishing village of Mogi—Coaling the ship—The Inland Sea—Kobe—The difficulty of attempting a brief description of the greatest incongruity in the world—Railroading in Japan—The welcome to Americans—Nara—Kyoto—Their beautiful temples and pagodas—A good hotel at Kyoto.

January 4, 1912:

I am not intending to set down the definite conclusion I shall try to reach about Japan and the Japanese, until I have seen all that our itinerary permits; but the experiences we are having and the things we are seeing are so varied, that I want to preserve for myself my first impressions of Japan and her people.

We reached Nagasaki on the afternoon of New Year's day, in the rain, but found the Japanese New Year's celebration —which lasts three days—in progress regardless of the unfavorable conditions.

The harbor of Nagasaki is very picturesque; it contains numerous mountainous islands covered with the verdure characteristic of the country, much of which looks exactly like

the pictures one sees everywhere. Many of these islands are cultivated and the tiny houses perched on the mountain sides, and the green rice paddies, called out frequent exclamations of admiration. Nagasaki has a population of about 175,000; a very small number of Americans live there, and last Thanksgiving day the entire American population, to the number of thirty-five, took dinner together. The streets of Nagasaki are narrow, and the buildings in the business districts are never more than two stories high; the houses the people live in are one storied. The shops are something like those found everywhere in the Orient, only different. The Egyptians, the Indians, the Singhaleese conduct their business sitting; the Chinese and Japanese are on foot and active. In China we saw no women or girls selling merchandise, but in Japan they are numerous. In fact, in some of the shops we saw no men, they were either sawing wood or taking care of the children. I want to say right now that I like the Japanese women—many of them. Some are ugly, fat and uncouth, and so are some of the women found on the streets of Omaha and Chicago. But in the shops, on the streets and in the doorways there were as many dainty, bright, well dressed attractive women as I have seen anywhere. And thousands of them with babies toddling by their sides or carried on their backs. About ten per cent of the babies we saw were in charge of men. And the children out of arms were the happiest lot we have found. In other places the children have laughed and shouted at us, but nowhere in India did we see children playing games as our children do, and nowhere since we left Europe have we heard people singing and crooning to their children until we reached Japan. The Chinese take care of their children in much the same way; but the Japs are more affectionate and apparently make more of their home life than most Orientals. Their homes, seen from the streets or the road side, are not large or commodious, but exceedingly attractive even in this winter season, which is about like our late October. Flowers are still in bloom, but roses and asters are about the only kinds we saw. The trees are green and the exquisite feathery foliage of the bamboo gives life and beauty to many rocky hillsides. The people are very cordial; they had prepared a great torch light demonstration for us, a unique entertainment at the Y. M. C. A., they hung their streets full of "welcome" signs, displayed the American flag everywhere—and raised the price of everything they had to sell us from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. One interest-

ing thing about mingling with these people is, that the English language is spoken ("a leetly bit") by nearly everybody one comes in contact with; and if your jinricksha coolie does not speak English, someone near you can. It is actually easier for an American to go about and understand, and be understood, in Nagasaki, than in Paris, unless he speaks French.

The most picturesque scenery on any ride we have had, we found on the road from Nagasaki to the little fishing village of Mogi. The road is over a mountain perhaps 1,500 feet high; it is used only for jinrickshas, (one coolie pulling and one pushman), and is lined with novelties; small farms, school houses, temples, old cemeteries, rice paddies, and tea houses. The people we met were uniformly courteous and friendly. No beggars, except an occasional blind one near some temple.

Our first look at Japan gave us much to enjoy and think about.

I must not pass over our short stay in Nagasaki without mentioning our coaling operation. The ship took on 5,500 tons of coal there. It came to the vessel's side in flat scows, and soon an army of coolies, mostly women, appeared; ladders or platforms were quickly thrown against the ship's side, and the work commenced. The coal was shoveled into baskets and passed up to the bins hand over hand by the women. A basket probably went through twenty pairs of hands from the time it left the shovels until it was emptied and thrown back; and it took four seconds on the average to pass these baskets up fifty feet and empty them. It was rather revolting to see these women doing this sort of work, and for twenty-five cents a day.

We have entered the Inland Sea of Japan and are pleased to find that this Japanese Mediterranean has a beauty of its own which makes a comparison with other seas difficult. It is all so different; the very shapes of the mountains are grotesque. Typical Japanese villages are huddled together at the water's edge, and the views we are getting on all sides are so many peeks into fairyland. Our ship's course is the crookedest she has taken anywhere on the cruise, because the channel winds in and out among a thousand islands, which in many places are not more than a pistol shot apart.

Our day is fine, but cold. The summer time has gone from us for good, unless we find warm weather at Honolulu. Tomorrow we go from Kobe to the ancient cities (both capitals at different times, long ago) of Nara and Kyoto.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Japan continued: Yokohama—Fujiyami—Tokyo and the odd mixture there—A visit to a grade school—A pleasant meeting with Ambassador Bryan—Nikko, the beauty spot of Japan—Magnificent shrines, pagodas and temples—The students at Utsonomiya—Bishop Harris and his optimism—Anxiety of Japanese to remove unfavorable impressions—A wonderful nation.

January 7:

Our second stopping place in Japan was Kobe, on the northern coast of the Inland Sea, and about four hundred miles northwest of Nagasaki. It ranks second only in importance to Yokohama among the Japanese ports. It is a substantial English or French looking city of four hundred thousand people and is full of surprises to a tourist whose ideas of Japan are gained from reading guide books and Stoddard's lectures. By the way, Stoddard is out of date. The scenery of Japan, that is, the mountains, some of the old temples and an abandoned palace or two, have not changed since he wrote; but the Japan of today no more resembles the Japan of fifteen or twenty years ago than the pictures of men and women look like those they had taken in childhood. Japan is gaining and growing every year as no other nation on this earth. Here in this inland sea, hidden away in a corner of Japan which probably few who read these lines have ever heard of, is a harbor with the capacity of any we have visited, and this very day is furnishing anchorage for about twenty-five ocean going ships and all but two or three of them are Japanese. The Minnesota of Jim Hill's line is here today, and the American flag she flies is a relief from the British and German banners we have seen so much of. The Minnesota and a Pacific Mail boat at Manila or Hong Kong, are the only two ships of any size under the American flag that we have seen on the trip—excepting of course a few stragglers from our navy at Manila and Canton.

Kobe has a good, modern hotel, wide, well-paved streets, some very solid looking modern business blocks of either British or American architecture, and an electric street railway system that is equal to any in the United States. There is not a great deal of especial interest to the traveler in Kobe, except the streets and the folks that swarm in them. The city is itself new and is quite distinctly the product of modern Japan, having spread out and taken in the old native town of Hiogo.

There are the usual Buddhist and Shinto temples, but they are not to be compared to the wonderful old temples at Nara and Kyoto, which I shall try briefly to tell about shortly. There is, however, at Kobe, an immense bronze Daibutsu or sitting statue of Buddha. This is the smallest of the three big Buddhas in Japan and is forty-five feet high, and is not enclosed. Probably fifteen of us were inside the statue at one time this morning. It is a curious thing, lined with other images called Buddha's guards, and on the outside is a bronze slab on which is a bas relief of a woman, said to be Buddha's mother. Incense was burning and numbers of the faithful were saying their prayers to the bronze god, kneeling on the pavement out of doors. The statue was erected about twenty years ago by a wealthy Japanese family.

I want those for whom I am writing, to appreciate the difficulties of putting within the compass of a letter, what whole volumes could be devoted to. I want to make clear, too, that I am trying to describe the greatest incongruity in the world: a heathen, Oriental nation with a history as ancient as Rome, which remained the "hermit nation" until about forty years ago, and which is adopting the commercial and industrial and educational systems of the English speaking people and adapting our twentieth century methods to their mode of living, almost as rapidly as we ourselves.

From what I have observed in the four cities of Nagasaki, Kobe, Osaka and Kyoto, and knowing about Tokyo and Yokohama only from reading and hearing about them, I am satisfied that the present Emperor of Japan will take rank among the great rulers of all time; for during his reign the Japanese have made the most prodigious strides of any people in the history of the world in the same length of time. I do not except ourselves. We have done more for the Filipinos in ten years than for ourselves. It is an interesting fact that a New England yankee has been the private secretary of the Emperor for a generation, and has had something to do in this rejuvenation.

We went to Nara, about three hours ride from Kobe by train, and spent the afternoon there. On the way out we noticed first the train we rode in; comfortable upholstered cars (in marked contrast to the sort of railroad equipment on all the Indian roads) and as the morning was cold, heated by steam. The track is narrow gauge, but one of the guards told me that the Imperial Government intends to widen all the railways in

Japan to the American standard gauge as fast as it can be done. The stations are new and complete; the right of way is as neat as the New York·Central and the track is well ballasted and smooth. Mind, this by people who until very recently sold their girl children into slavery (some do it yet, I am told) and who worship not only the spirits of their ancestors to the remotest generation (for this is Shintoism,) but images of bronze and wood! The railway guards are well dressed and all speak English.

Everywhere we have gone, our flag has been displayed by the side of the Japanese flag, and "welcome" signs, and smiling faces have evidenced the cordiality of our reception. Men, women and children by the thousands, manifestly of the laboring class, have shouted "Ohayo" (good morning), to us, as we have driven by in our jinrickshas, and given every possible indication of a friendly feeling for the Americans. The stations were thronged with Japs to look at our special train, and all eager to exchange greetings with any of us.

We passed through the city of Osaka, the manufacturing center of this part of the empire. Nearly everything is made there, and the industries support a population of a million and a quarter. The Japs, too, are wonderful farmers. Their rice paddies are as neat as flower beds. Every bit of rice straw is picked up and stacked so that in any direction from the car windows are seen hundreds of these pagoda shaped straw stacks. The houses are good in this part of Japan, and are generally tile roofed; as a matter of fact a tile roof costs one-third the expense of building an average dwelling in Japan.

The roads are good, though the automobile has not yet been given the right of way. But I never will get to Nara.

We found a fine hotel there and enjoyed the first really good meal off the boat since we left Nice (except our splendid entertainment at Manila). Nara is said to be the art center of Japan; that is, the place where students of Japanese arts of every kind go to study. It was the capital one thousand years and more ago, and has always had a number of very splendid temples and pagodas; two of these are especially notable.

Our drive to the Kasuga shrine was through a large park containing the largest herd of deer in the world; these are as tame as sheep, and followed us around like dogs; there are said to be over five hundred in the herd. The immediate approach

to the shrine is lined with stone lanterns to the number of three thousand. These lanterns are individual memorials erected for good luck or in acknowledgment of the favor of some spirit, and many of them are said to be a thousand years old. The corridors outside the shrine itself contain many hundred bronze lanterns suspended in rows, and are memorials of the same nature as the others. On the 23rd day of October in each year they are all lighted, and the spectacle is regarded as the most beautiful of the year.

The temple and avenues leading to it are in the deer park already mentioned. There are in the park immense cryptomeria trees, which the Californians in our party insist are the redwoods with which they are familiar, which attest their own great age, and persuade one into believing almost anything he hears about the antiquity of the place. The other principal sight in Nara is the largest bronze Buddha in Japan and, I think, in the world. It is more than fifty feet high, and is really very graceful. This image was uncovered for many years—centuries, if I remember what our guide said—and a huge temple is now being built around the image. The work is slow, contributions are not very heavy, and the visitor is not allowed to get away without some gift to the building fund. This temple, like the other, is in a large park, and the entrance to the Daibutsu is guarded by a huge bell, fifteen or twenty feet high. This bell has no tongue, and cannot be rung, but is struck like a gong, by a piece of timber suspended by a strong rope that takes two men to manage.

From Nara we went to Kyoto, which, after Nara, was for a thousand years the capital of Japan. The revolution in this country was in 1868 and at that time, when the present Emperor came to the throne, the capital was removed to Tokyo. This revolution was the most unique on record. I am telling this, because Japan is already one of the great nations, and the way the Japs got their start is a fact worth knowing. I have already said she was the "hermit" nation, when our Commodore Perry secured a treaty which opened the Japanese ports to us, in 1854. Then other nations asked to come in, and Japan and her people began to understand that they must have commercial intercourse with the outside world; but there was a factor in Japanese life that stood in the way. For perhaps a thousand years the government had been dual in character. A military leader in the remote past assumed a certain amount of power about equal to that of the Mikado. This assumption of power was passed on, and the person who wielded it was known as the Shogun.

The Shogunate created a regular feudal system which supported a favored military class. To make a long story short, this class voluntarily surrendered their privileges, and secured the abolition of the Shogunate, in order to give all the power to the Mikado or Emperor. Many of these nobles have taken a prominent part in the awakening of Japan and instead of living off of the people as they formerly did, they have become among the most active of the workers. This statement is almost as crude as to say that the American civil war was fought to prevent the South from seceding, and omits much that brought about the present situation.

Kyoto has a population of four hundred thousand. It is fifty miles from the coast, but is nevertheless a live place. Quite a large river flows through the city, and canals constructed of solid masonry carry swift running clear water from the near mountains through various sections of the town. This gives perfect sewerage. The streets vary in width, and are clean. A large amount of public work is in progress, and when it is finished, Kyoto will have every modern convenience.

We were assigned to the Miyako hotel, well up on the side of a hill from which we had a wide and interesting outlook. I have been in more sumptuous hotels, but never in one where the hospitality was more marked; the table was fine and the service exquisite. The tables were served by dainty little Japanese girls from eleven to sixteen years of age, some of whom were really handsome, and all of them were attractive. To my surprise our bill of fare included oysters on the shell, broiled live lobsters and apple pie, and everything was good; the lobsters especially.

Our visit to Kyoto included more than temples; we went to factories where we saw the famous satsuma pottery in process of manufacture; the damascene ware, and bronzes, silk embroideries, etc. The Japs are artists in everything, and they produce the most beautiful things of all sorts at prices that lure. And advertisers! They can beat the world at advertising. Our ship has been circularized, and the passengers invited to tea, and to inspect, in a hundred places.

The three big show places of Kyoto are the old Niji or Shogun palace, the Chionin and Kiyomizu temples. The Shogun had a nice place to stand up in; if he wanted to sit down he sat on the floor. The walls and ceilings are decorated in the very

highest of Japanese art, but the Shoguns were evidently afraid of assassination, for in every one of their apartments are places where they had their secret guards.

The Chionin temples, for there are two of them, are the finest in their architecture and finish of any we have found so far. One of them was completed only last May, and is as gorgeous in its trappings as some of the cathedrals of London and Paris.

The Kiyomizu temple is at the top of what is called Teapot Hill; its surroundings are very picturesque.

If I ever come back to Japan I shall spend a week in Kyoto.

January 14:

I leave Japan with the certain knowledge that we have spent two weeks among the most wonderful people in this big round world.

So much has happened and we have seen so many sights since we landed in Yokohama that I scarcely know how to begin the story.

No description of Japan can omit the sacred mountain Fujiyama. This beautiful peak is perhaps sixty miles from the coast, but when the fogs and mists did not prevent, we had fine views of his snowy crown from the ship at anchor in the harbor at Yokohama, and occasionally from the car windows en route to and from Tokyo. In appearance this peak is somewhat like Mount Hood, but can be seen a greater distance. The elevation is 12,365 feet. Our schedule assigned us to what has been known during the week as "Nikko Party Number One." We had booked for the extra side trip to Nikko, and hence the designation.

We went right through Yokohama on our arrival, to the metropolis and capital, Tokyo. This is now a city of two million people, and is a queer mixture of the old and new, of the real typical Japan of the Shogun days, with none of the modern conveniences, and the most up to date buildings with every modern equipment.

The railway system, which is owned by the Imperial Government, is quite like the best of our American railways, and the manner of handling the traveling public is similar to the

methods of railroads generally in the large cities of the United States; and there is now in process of construction, either to supplement or supersede the present scattered stations, a huge steel terminal station, which, when finished, will be the equal of the railway stations in New York, Washington and St. Louis. There is a frequent and rapid street car service (electric of course) and the cars display signs when they are full. I wish the street car managers of New York, Chicago and Omaha might pattern after the Jap in this particular. There are bazaars and department stores, shops and other stalls shuffled together, so as to make what to my Occidental eyes, is a curious and interesting panorama.

Many Japanese men wearing European or American clothing, cling to the sock with the big toe pocket, and their wooden shoes. Indeed, much of the noise of the streets, aside from the cries of various vendors, is made by the clatter of these wooden shoes; automobiles and jinrickshas, Christian churches and heathen temples, and many other equally sharp contrasts, make up the odd mixture found in Tokyo. The word means eastern capital, to distinguish it from Kyoto, the former capital, which is in the western part of the empire.

Before the present Emperor moved to Tokyo the name of the place was Yedo, or Yeddo. The Imperial palace is perhaps as much of an incongruity as anything in Tokyo. It is really within and part of a strong fortress surrounded by a triple moat and a high wall; this wall and the trees completely hide the palace, and all we saw of it was the gate, and the watch tower.

We found a fine new modern hotel at Tokyo, where we were taken care of in true American fashion with just enough Japanese touches to make us realize where we were. When this hotel was completed, six months ago, the front building line came up to the spot occupied by a Shinto shrine, and as no temples are torn down in Japan to make room for modern buildings, the diplomatic owner of the Seiyoken hotel rebuilt the shrine immediately opposite the hotel entrance and placed a pair of nice, strong stone dogs there to guard it. It makes an admirable gateway. A city of two million people trying to fuse the Occidental and the Oriental into a distinct new civilization is bound to be interesting, and we found it so fascinating that we were glad to make a second visit to Tokyo.

I had a letter to a Catholic priest connected with a Jesuit college to be established there, and he took us into sections of the city that we should never have seen but for him. He lives in a quarter where only occasionally are seen the modern influences that are making a new Japan; and the old Japanese house he lives in is probably the only one of its kind we could have entered without taking off our shoes. For the Japanese are good housekeepers, and permit no mud to be tracked in on their spotless matting, which answers not only for a carpet, but, in most places, is their table and bed. Father Hillig took us into one of the native Japanese grade schools which afforded us a much desired glimpse of the way the Japs are imitating our educational system. This school is for both boys and girls, and has an enrollment of about nine hundred pupils. After entering the enclosure we were conducted to a waiting room or office, where tea was served, and hibachis (braziers) were brought in so we could warm our hands, as it was cold—below freezing. We saw all the girls drill in the court, and visited the primary, first and third grades, where the children were taught as mine were in the Omaha schools, to make things out of paper, and the three r's, "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." The boys were, many of them, very bright, and acted exactly like so many American kids of the same age. Their writing lesson was quite funny to us, for they use a sort of brush, and the letters they were making were the old Chinese characters. I wonder how long the Japs will keep their present alphabet and language! Father Hillig, who is studying it, says it is the most difficult of any. The alphabet has eighty letters, and the various combinations make up about six thousand independent characters. And he says he shall not try to learn to write in Japanese, for it would take him about six years to attain any proficiency. The educational system is compulsory for six years, and the optional middle (high) school term is five years longer. A foreign language is required in the middle course and at present English is the one required. When we indicated our purpose to leave the school, we were taken back to the office where we again sat down and had more tea and cakes—and such cakes. No more real Japanese sweet cake for me! No one is in a hurry in Japan—that is, when making calls of any sort, and custom requires the caller to accept nearly everywhere such hospitality as was shown us, and tea is the almost universal beverage.

I happened to meet Col. Charles Page Bryan, our Ambassador to Japan (whom I have known slightly for some time), who invited us to call on him. We did so, and found him just as cordial and hospitable in the American fashion, as the Japs are in their way. Mr. Bryan is a likable man and I am glad we have him to represent us in Japan.

Our trip to Nikko was delightful in spite of the chilly weather. The route took us through many small villages and farms which evidenced the thrift of the people. I have already spoken in another letter of the spick and span neatness of the Japs; this is characteristic of them, and the dirty faces of the children on the streets are therefore more repulsive than they might be in India, where filth and stench prevail.

Utsonomiya boasts of a normal school; and the entire student body, apparently, came to the depot to greet and welcome us, and ask us questions. I never saw a set of boys and young men so eager for information. They were particularly anxious to know our impressions of Japan and the people. They wanted us to make comparisons between our ways and theirs, and most of them had their names and addresses on cards which they wished to exchange for our cards.

We arrived at Nikko after dark and had a long jinricksha ride to our hotel. Nikko is said to be the beauty spot of Japan, and I agree. It has but one main street with a few short ones crossing that one. It is a mountain town with a beautiful clear stream of considerable size flowing through it, and in the flower season the place must be a veritable bower. There are thousands of fine old cryptomeria trees (redwoods) and about three hundred years ago some were planted in long double rows which have made what are today the most beautiful tree avenues in the world. Some of these avenues lead to the temples, which are the finest in Japan. Nikko itself is a summer resort, and its natural beauty and these marvelous old temples bring thousands of Japanese in the summer time, and foreign tourists any time.

We had guides who came with us from Yokohama, who explained the historical and religious significance of the various temples, but much of what was said went in one ear and out of the other, for these places have no relation to events that concern our race, like the historic associations connected with the old churches of London and Paris; but the ineradicable im-

pression the Nikko temples made on me was that their grotesque architectural beauty, the magnificance of their finish in every detail and the perfectly wonderful lacquer inside and outside of them, have no equal. Opinions may differ, but to me the finest of them is the Honden Sandaibyo. The appearance of any of these cannot be stated in words that will convey meaning. They cannot be compared with anything we have seen anywhere save in China, and the Chinese temples by comparison, though equally grotesque, are as inferior as lead is to gold.

The particular temple I mentioned is about three hundred years old, is not much higher than a one-storied warehouse, but has a steep roof and wide eaves; the inside decoration is of the choicest Japanese art in wood carving and painting. The floors are covered with thick matting which no unbeliever's foot or shoe is allowed to press, and so our shoes had to be removed at the entrance; some of us complied with this not unreasonable rule by putting thick socks over our shoes. There are bells, shrines and all manner of gew-gaws and praying devices inside—but no God. This is a Shinto temple and contains no images.

As a matter of fact there is only one Buddhist temple in Nikko, and that is the least interesting of any. The finest Buddhist temples we have seen, are the Shwe Dagon pagoda at Rangoon (Burma) and the Chionin temple at Kyoto (Japan.)

The exterior of the Honden Sandaibyo is superb. It is paneled on all sides in colored glass and black lacquer with a finer polish than a piano case. How these people could ever give a finish to wood that withstands heat, cold, rain and snow, and shines like a mirror, even with an occasional rubbing, is beyond me; the metal ornaments are damascene Shogun crests —three hollyhock leaves.

The temples, whether Shinto or Buddhist, are on high ground wherever possible, and comprise a cluster of gates and buildings reached usually by stone steps. Some of the gates are very elaborate—the Niomon and Yomeimon especially. These names may have no meaning now, but if any of us see Japan again they will have significance.

The gates are usually flanked by images of the fiercest aspect; some are variations and contortions of the human

figure, and are positively hellish, and others equally impossible are of tigers, lions and dogs. One pair of especially outlandish beasts were said to be the Heavenly dog and bitch.

One of these temples is known vulgarly as the monkey temple, because it contains the Koshinzaru, the three monkeys, one with his hands over his eyes, another covering his ears, and the third his mouth, representing the Japanese proverb or motto: "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." A very good motto for anybody.

The most beautiful pagoda in Japan is close to the entrance to another Nikko temple. It is called the Gojinto. It stands in the midst of a lovely grove just off the road and is one of the daintiest creations in wood and tile that can be imagined. It has five stories, the top and bottom representing heaven and hell respectively, and the three others the elements, fire, air and water.

The shop-keepers and artisans of Nikko had so many beautiful things and were so persuasive that we made our escape with difficulty. On the return trip, we were again stormed by the students of Utsonomiya; this time the girls were there in crowds, and such clamor! The girls were shy, though they would talk when spoken to—they were nice young girls, not geishas—but the boys were eager and vociferous, inquisitive and curious, though not the least bit impertinent. Indeed, from Nagasaki to Yokohama, we have not encountered the slightest unpoliteness or discourtesy from any one. If a shop keeper was unwilling to take what any of us offered for his wares (and we all had to bargain in most places, only a few having fixed prices) he would invariably say, "thank you, excuse me, I am sorry."

Yokohama is a city of approximately half a million people. It shows the influence of the foreigner in buildings and signs and commercial customs the most of any place in Japan. This is natural, because it was the first Japanese port to open for foreign trade and it was here that Commodore Perry made the treaty between Japan and the United States. By the way, it is an interesting and significant fact that the shore line has been moved out here as in Manila, so that at the identical spot where Perry's ship was anchored, there is now ground on which stands a Christian church.

READY FOR SIGHT-SEEING IN YOKOHAMA
(Mrs. Breckenridge on the left, Miss Breckenridge in the center, Mr. Breckenridge on the right)

Of course nothing these people have adapted is just what they found. One of their statesmen claims for them the three-fold capacity of imitation, adaptation and origination. I have talked with many people of all sorts, from jinricksha coolies to Father Hillig and the Methodist Bishop of Japan and Korea, including shop-keepers, hotel managers, newspaper reporters, railroad guards and guides, and college professors, to find out what I could about the Japanese attitude towards the United States and our people, and the extent of our influence over them; not only with respect to their business and political methods, but with respect to their social customs and their religious views. I was not surprised to learn that the "advanced" Japs are giving their women more social life than they have hitherto had. This is a radical change, and cannot be brought about in a hurry. The Japanese women themselves will be slow to emerge from the seclusion forced on them for twenty-five hundred years.

On the other hand, we can learn much from the Japs, (and this observation applies to the Chinese as well); their industry, thrift, economy, their simple life and their cheerfulness, can be copied by us to our great advantage. They have certainly learned the laws of health and digestion, and they have an abundance of wholesome, nourishing food, and the men, women and children are round faced and full bellied.

I think most of the educated Japanese are more or less agnostic; they may conform outwardly to certain Buddhist practices, but they do not take much stock in Buddhism. Shintoism is not so much a religion as a patriotic sentiment, and they are not yet prepared through education or association with the so-called Christian nations, either to receive or reject Christianity, although Christian principles are accepted and put in practice by great numbers of men in the very highest places. Prince Ito himself gave his sanction to the spread of Christianity in Japan, by building a Christian church, and the Japanese government of Korea puts in the annual expense budget, an appropriation of ten thousand yen ($5,000.00) for the Y. M. C. A.

Hotel managers, bank managers and business men, and teachers, hundreds and perhaps thousands of them, are either professed Christians or are favorably disposed towards Christianity, and the figures which state the total number of Chris-

tians in Japan to be 70,000, (the number of actual church members) no more nearly state the extent of Christian influence in Japan than a church census in the United States can be taken to indicate that the majority of our people are non-Christian.

The most interesting acquaintance I made in Japan, and one of the most charming men I have met in a long time is the Methodist missionary Bishop for Korea and Japan, M. C. Harris. When I was introduced to him, he at once said: "I have met you before, I traveled with you once when you and your boy were going fishing somewhere west of Laramie, Wyoming." I now recall the meeting, but he was not then a Bishop, and I do not remember that he said much about his work except that he was a preacher; but he is a live wire! It is nearly forty years since he first went to Japan, and he has been there most of that time. I spent an evening at the hotel in Yokohama with him, and got a lot of information from him. He was to preach the next morning in Japanese, so a number of us went to the little Japanese Methodist church. The hymns were sung to familiar tunes, and we could sing in English what these Christian Japs were singing in their native language. After the Bishop finished his short sermon, he explained in English the points he made and then introduced the American guests to the congregation and called on several of us to speak. Our talks were interpreted in Japanese and the service ended with the song "God be With You Till We Meet Again." It was really an interesting experience. Bishop Harris insists that the Japanese are great admirers of and absolutely friendly to the United States, and that the government and the ruling classes are even now practicing Christian principles. He may be optimistic, but I think he is right.

There is said to be a Christian worker in Japan for every eight hundred people, and they cannot study the literature of Europe and America, and sing our songs, and remain insensible to Christian influences. The good Bishop says the Japanese government in Japan and Korea is as favorably disposed to Christian work as we are in the United States. Another factor is bound to be felt; there are nine daily papers in the English language in Japan, and their influence must in the nature of things be considerable.

The Japanese I talked with were anxious to remove any unfavorable impression created by yellow journals in America towards Japan, and which may have been in part due to the

character and non-reliability of some of the Japanese who have been employed as servants or in subordinate positions in the United States. I have everywhere had assurance of the friendly feeling of the Japanese people, and unless and until our nation declares war with Japan, which God forbid, I shall hold the Japanese and their beautiful country in the highest regard of any people of any land except those whose history, traditions and blood are in common with ours; and they are quicker witted than the Germans, more stable than the French and Italians, more affectionate than the English, and as patriotic as any people; indeed, if you ask a Jap to tell the most striking characteristic of the Japanese, the answer will be: love for Japan and respect for the Emperor.

I have changed my views about these folks considerably. I do not know that they are yet entitled to our full confidence; for in this world we do not give that until it has been earned; and Japan, notwithstanding her twenty-five hundred years of history, has been re-incarnated—reborn, as it were, and she is now only a lusty youngster among the civilized nations of the earth, and is on trial. She has the warlike spirit—the old bushido—but she must soon realize through commercial intercourse with other nations, by the acceptance of new and radical ideas concerning political and social customs, and by the influence of Christian teaching, that there is a force more powerful than that represented by warships and armies, and that the importance of a nation is not fixed by the number of ships flying her flag. If that were so, the United States would make a poor showing. I believe the miserable truth is that a large amount of American capital is invested in foreign ships. I have heard from good authority that a New York capitalist owns or controls the Hamburg-American "Linie," which can be profitably managed because the German government subsidizes ocean going ships; and we ought to do the same. And we must never haul down our flag in the Philippines. Those people are not capable of self government; they have not the natural physical or mental vigor, or industry of the Japanese, but their geographical position is one that any nation may covet. And we have a duty to perform, beside that we have assumed to the Filipino, and that is to help keep the peace in the Orient. We have much in common with the English; so much that we are natural friends and allies, and the friendship between us is not likely to weaken but will increase as the years go by. We do not always agree

with them and their way of doing things, but they stand with us for the advancement of civilization, and they have given stability to Egypt, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and are on guard at Hong Kong.

I expect to see an alliance before long between four great nations: Great Britain and Japan—two Empires, with China and the United States—two Republics, that shall equalize their respective claims to recognition, preserve their several interests, give the Filipinos and Chinese every possible opportunity for individual and national growth and development, and keep Germany and Russia where they belong.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A slow sail from Yokohama to Honolulu—What happened when the port hole was left open—A day gained—Honolulu—Decorated with Leis—Patriotism aroused by sight of four of our armored cruisers—Hospitality of our countrymen at Honolulu—Visit to a sugar plantation and mill—Pearl Harbor—Comparison of Honolulu with the Riviera—The Pali—The riot of color—The integrity of the Americanized Chinese and Japanese in Honolulu—The immigration problem easily solved—No country like ours.

January 21:

We have had a nasty trip from Yokohama, a heavy sea all the time and a stiff gale yesterday. The waves have swept over the forward decks and sneaked into several port holes innocently left open. Among these was that of our cabin, and the partner of my joys and sorrows thereby received a much resented ducking. The usually steady Cleveland has rolled around in these non-Pacific billows like a cork in a bath tub. Result! —? x x—1. Does 2 plus 2 equal 4? It does.

There are some old seasoned sailors on ship who say that we have had no unusually rough weather; but the smoothest day we have had on this waste of waters, was rougher than any sea we had previously encountered save only our channel crossing.

Our course from Yokohama has been a peculiar one. The direction is southeast; a thousand miles or more south in a total distance of thirty-four hundred miles, and so far we have headed almost due east, with the explanation that the actual mileage to Honolulu can be reduced by going around the hill (?) instead of by going straight over it. But we shall necessarily

turn towards the south very soon. Already we feel the influence of the mid-ocean trade winds, and it is so warm on deck that we have discarded the wraps and winter clothing that were comfortable in Japan, for spring attire.

We have had two Saturdays! We had gained a day by putting our watches ahead from time to time, and when we reached the 180th meridian we equalized the matter by putting in two Saturdays. This gave one of the passengers whose birthday was January 20th two birthdays this year. Another passenger, who leaves the Cleveland at Honolulu for Australia, will cross the meridian again going west, and lose the day he has gained; that is, if his ship should reach the 180th meridian on a Tuesday, they will not count that day but will jump from Monday to Wednesday. Our crew called the extra Saturday meridian day, and a lot of county fair sports were arranged; a potato race, a three legged race, a hair dressing contest (in which a number of young men undertook to dress the hair of an equal number of young women), a pillow fight with the combatants astride a pole, a tug of war between the single and the married men, etc., and on the regular Saturday a fancy dress ball was given, which permitted the exhibition of some of the gorgeous garments purchased in India and China, and created much merriment.

January 27:

Honolulu, Aloha! We had such a good time in this Paradise of the Pacific! We were all cross because the trip from Yokohama took so much time; to many it was very monotonous and disagreeable, and the stay of two days seemed too short in anticipation. I was up early on the morning of our arrival, and watched the twinkling lights that I knew located Honolulu, and the dim outlines of the mountains of Oahu. Soon the sun rose and the city of Honolulu lay before us—the United States if you please! I was joined at this moment by a man from Portland, Maine, and slapping him on the back I asked:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land?"

And though he was from the Atlantic coast and I from the Missouri valley, we agreed that the sight of this island possession of our Uncle Sam's was highly pleasing. This was before the reception committees from the Elks and the Shriners came

on board. The first man to follow the health officers was my old friend Bob Breckons, formerly of Cheyenne, but who for ten years has been the United States Attorney for Hawaii; and while we were seated at breakfast a committee of young Hawaiian women invaded the dining rooms and decorated each passenger with floral chains, called leis, so that we looked in a few minutes like walking bouquets. The day was glorious, and as we slowly moved up to the wharf, we saw what pleased all the Americans greatly, because our national pride and patriotism were aroused, and also because some of our German friends had a much needed object lesson, for there, with our flag floating from each, were four first-class armoured cruisers: The California (the flag ship of the Pacific fleet), the Colorado, the South Dakota and the West Virginia; and between 3,000 and 3,500 marines in white uniforms at salute, with the bands of several ships playing, and the famous Hawaiian band also playing familiar national airs, (the band of the Cleveland has usually played "America" in rag time), and not less than two thousand men, women and children on the wharf and the streets to welcome us—not to Europe, Africa or Asia—but to the United States! And talk about the "glad hand!" We were annexed bodily to Honolulu. Leading business and professional men gave up the day, themselves and their autos to show us a good time. If in earlier letters I have written in ecstatic phrases about beautiful places, about mountains and skies and flowers and scenery, forget it all, for I have no vocabulary adequate for a description of Honolulu, and my stock of adjectives is all gone. Mark Twain, I think, once said something to this effect: "As to the adjective, cut it out." But that must have been after he visited this most beautiful place in all this world, and was disgusted with his attempts to fairly describe it.

Of course the unusual climate has done much to make these islands attractive, for it is perpetual summer in Hawaii, and on the hottest day in 1910 the temperature was only 85 degrees in the shade and the coldest 58. The rainfall is ample, and the trade winds blow constantly. The mountains of Oahu are green to their very tops. They are not high, though there are peaks in the archipelago 16,000 feet high. But around Honolulu the shrubs, grasses and moss, and the red soil, make a picturesque combination.

We were fortunate in having as our host of the first half day, Mr. Fred W. Smith, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

of the Oahu Railway, who proved a most delightful companion. We drove out about fourteen miles to a sugar plantation and mill and where we saw the cane in every stage from the field to the finished product. None of us had ever visited a cane sugar mill, and it was exceedingly interesting. The employes get fair wages plus a house, light and medical attendance, with the privilege of purchasing what merchandise they need at the sugar company's store at about cost to the company.

We also passed Pearl harbor, which is a land-locked bay of marvelous possibilities. It is said to be large enough to float the combined navies of the world and our government is putting it in shape to furnish anchorage and dry dock facilities for our navy. In this connection I want to say that the importance to the United States of the Hawaiian islands cannot be overestimated. Their strategic position, in spite of the long distance from the mainland, is such as to absolutely command the entire Pacific Ocean and to furnish complete protection to the coast, and it is said to be the purpose of our government to make the islands, and particularly Oahu, impregnable.

I have referred in a previous letter to the strength of our fortifications on Corregidor island at the entrance to Manila Bay; and with two such strongholds in the Pacific, it seems to me we have just what the United States requires as a world power.

The country roads around Honolulu are fine, and the drives are simply delightful. The only place I can compare with this "island paradise" is the Riviera and the Maritime Alps. The French cities are larger and that country has been cultivated since long before the commencement of the Christian era; but with all that start, I think Honolulu is now more attractive, merely as a place to look at. And after bumping up against the French, Egyptian, Indian, Dutch, Chinese and Japanese languages for several months, it was a pleasure to find a spot in midocean combining the chiefest charms of all the other places, where everybody speaks the language of our tribe.

The country club in Honolulu is a dream, and the vision from the club room veranda is one of the finest we saw. There are other things around that club house that are very satisfying. The club grounds are just off what is known as the Pali road. The Pali is the brink of a precipice fifteen hundred feet high;

the place itself and the road leading to it is historic to Hawaiians, as the ground on which was fought in 1795 the battle that ended one dynasty and installed another, for that fight gave dominion over the islands to Kamehameha and his line. The last king of the Sandwich Islands was Kalakaua whom I saw once in Omaha about thirty years ago. Queen "Lil" still lives in Honolulu, in dignified retirement.

And the Pali! The view from the brink is superb. The wind blows,—Great Scott, how the wind blows up there! But away down below, the road winds round and round like a street in Boston, and there are tiny villages close to the water's edge, and the shimmering sea, white with foam where the billows pound the rocks, green where the sea weed grows in the shallow water and blue beyond that until sky and water meet.

Honolulu is riotous in color. Immense heaps of purple bouganvilea are found everywhere. Some flowers attract insect pests, but others are immune, and these with the stately palms, and thousands of beautiful homes, give the city an almost fairylike look until the business district is reached, and there is Omaha, Los Angeles or St. Paul, and the great docks that take the place of our railway terminals. There are two first-class hotels in Honolulu, both of them better than anything we saw in all India. I mention this, for one expects to find good hotels in cities of a million people, and there is not a first-class hotel in either Bombay or Calcutta.

As is the case everywhere, the people of Honolulu are more interesting than all else. No finer lot of gentlemen run things in any other American city than the bunch that do things in Honolulu. It gave me pleasure to meet the man who had more to do with the annexation of Hawaii than perhaps any other—Sanford B. Dole. He is to Hawaiians their Chevalier Bayard, "the good knight without fear and without reproach." He was the president of the Republic of Hawaii, was the first governor of the Territory of Hawaii after annexation, and is now the senior federal judge.

There are many Chinese and some Japanese citizens of the United States in Hawaii, and they are proud of their citizenship. They do a great deal of the business of Honolulu and I had much testimony to the business integrity and sagacity of these Americanized Asiatics. And many instances have been related which place the Chinese merchants of Honolulu in particular in the class with men of the very highest character.

There is no color line in Hawaii; the swarthy complexions of the native Hawaiians do not denote African descent or relationship. Character counts for as much in these islands as anywhere, and perhaps more than in many places, and I am informed on good authority that the mixture of the races represented here is producing a strong, vigorous people, and that there is no good reason to fear any deterioration through the mixture of high-class Asiatic stock with the Anglo-Saxon. On the contrary, it has been established that the children of such marriages inherit the good qualities of both races.

It is an interesting fact that the Chinese revolution started in Honolulu. Dr. Sun Yat Sen the president (at this writing) of the revolutionary government of China, lived in Honolulu a long time and was educated there, and is well known there—in fact he is, I am told, a citizen of the United States! I wish we had more like him. About as many Chinese revolutionary flags were shown in Honolulu as American. But the spirit of the revolution in China is the same spirit that our forefathers showed when they rebelled against British tyranny, and which the French showed when they turned on the nobility of France; resentment against the abuses inherent in hereditary monarchies, and the corruption of court life. I have heard things about the conditions which existed at the Imperial court of China that I cannot write, but which justify the revolution as a mere crusade in the interest of respectability if there were no other good ground.

It means much, I think, that a Chinaman imbued with the American spirit should be at the head of a revolution in China. It means that the principles of free government as expounded in the United States are to find a footing in Asia; and I prophesy that inside of ten years there will be seen in China as radical social, industrial and commercial changes as are taking place in Japan. And our doors must swing open! Some of the evils attending the inflow through our Atlantic ports of the scum of southern Europe are correcting themselves by the increasing annual return to their native countries, of many thousand unskilled Italian and Greek laborers. They are going back because they cannot find enough of the work they are qualified for in the cities where they want to stay, and I am glad of it. But the immigration problem is not so very difficult of solution! We need not and should not invite foreigners to compete with our skilled labor. But it must be borne in mind

that our skilled laborers are mostly mechanics; the Chinese and Japs work with their hands; they are artisans and those who are not of that class are willing to do the kind of work we cannot get done by American workmen, such as orange picking in California, and the common labor of the United States, to say nothing of the higher forms of labor involved in house service. We ought to encourage a higher class of immigrants; we ought to make citizenship more difficult. Let us stop paying attention to the sand lot orator and the walking delegate; admit the Chinese and Japs who can satisfy our immigration officers that they are neither criminal, diseased, nor owned by padrones nor steamship agents, and send them back in five or ten years! But we ought also to make it as possible for a Chinese or Japanese gentleman to gain our confidence and acquire citizenship with us if he wants to, as for a Russian, a Turk, a Hun or a Greek!

But I have digressed. What we did not see of Honolulu and the environs in the morning we saw in the afternoon in company with Mr. Breckons. I believe Bob knows 16,437 Chinamen in Honolulu by their middle names, by actual count! Directly opposite his house is one of the great sights of Honolulu—a night blooming cereus hedge, which, about twenty nights in the year is a mass of white blossoms of wonderful beauty.

From the "punch bowl," the crater of an extinct volcano, immediately adjacent to the city we had a fine and comprehensive view of Honolulu and the harbor. The crater is overgrown with vegetation, chiefly immense cactus with leaves (I suppose they are called) the size of a palm leaf fan.

The greatest spectacle in Hawaii, and perhaps in the world, is the volcano Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii; but that we were not privileged to see. It is called the tame volcano, and an automobile road carries visitors as close to the crater's edge as is possible and not melt the rubber tires.

One of the most unique and charming places we saw is a Japanese club; the old boy who runs it was most affable, and he had a couple of dainty little Japanese waitresses who made the place look like a bit of the real Japan we have just left.

We are nearing San Francisco, and all are anxious to get there; many are curious to learn what the customs officers will think about some of the shopping bargains (?) they have made from Cairo to Yokohama.

This is the German Emperor's birthday and, of course, elaborate preparations are being made to suitably celebrate the event on ship, but I have seen nothing that aroused my patriotism so much as what we found at Manila and Honolulu. The United States for me!

My native country, Thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above!