

SMILING'ROUND THE WORLD



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MARSHALL P. WILDER

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SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

by

MARSHALL P. WILDER

Author

*"The Sunny Side of the Street"
and "People I've Smiled With"*



Illustrated

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

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Dedicated
To
Sophie, My Wife



INTRODUCTION

WHEN I was a small boy, the world, if I stopped to think about it, seemed not only as big as I could see from sky-line to sky-line, but it went off into still further space—stretching away and away into unfathomable distance, the thought of which made my breath come and go, and little shivers run up and down my back. Then I got scared, and concluded it was about time to go and tease the cat, or put snuff on the stove, or indulge in some other of the amenities by which boys sweeten existence for their elders.

As I got bigger, the world got smaller, but not in proper ratio. I didn't get big enough, and the world still stretched from horizon to horizon. I bridged part of the distance—at times—but always came back to the starting-point with the feeling that the job was incomplete. So, one fine day, I made up my mind that I must see what lay beyond those baffling horizons; and the only way to get 'round them both was to go in a circle. Hence this trip—of many moons and many miles. Hence this book—of many jests and many smiles; offered as something better than a mere bagatelle of humor; perhaps a solace, a compensation—who can tell?

INTRODUCTION

For there is a compensation in everything,—even to the man who was blessed with a disorderly wife. No matter how much everything was at sixes and sevens in the house, and nothing in its rightful place, he could always get up in the middle of the night and put his hand on the fly-paper, without ever having to strike a match.

Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Thanks are due to the Eastman Kodak Company for privileges granted to the author.

CONTENTS

I.	ACROSS THE CONTINENT - - -	19
	“Besting” Fate—The Undertaker and the Doctors—The Irishman’s Bird—How we Missed the Grand Cañon—Lunch-counter Ethics—The Lady from County Down—“George, have you Seen my Maid?”—How I Milked the Cow—The Gila Monster—The One Place that is Hotter than Hades—She was Afraid of Me and the Evil Eye—The “Mongolia” is There.	
II.	ON THE PACIFIC - - -	42
	A Double Send-off—Chinese Service—Saloon Boys and Their Attire—We Are Introduced to “Pidgin-English”—How to Capture a Chair—The Boatswain Playing Fan-Tan—Pretty Chinese at Her Devotions—“Sky Pilot” Brings Bad Luck—Captain Drops Sunday—My First Ocean Trip—Leper Island and Father Damien—Welcomed by the Naval Boys.	
III.	HAWAII - - -	56
	We Are Garlanded with Wreaths of Welcome—My First Experience as a Chauffeur—Luncheon Amid the Palms—We See the Sights of the Town—Stump Speakers in the Vernacular—Lovely Pali—“One-Finger Poi”—The Aquarium—Surf-Riding—Phenomenal Rice Crops—Imported Labor—Japanese Invasion—Captain Cook’s Monument—How “Bill” Swore Off—My Poetic Friend, Charley Stoddard—How I Strug-	

CONTENTS

gled with the Architecture of the Hawaiian Language—My Good Friend, Lieutenant-Governor Atkinson—The Handsome Bachelor of the Islands—Fire-Drill—Approaching the Shores of Japan.

IV. JAPAN - - - - - 79

Yeddo Bay—Sacred Fujiyama—The Fall of the Great Official—Taking Temperatures—Mountain Pilgrims—Tattooed Sampan Rowers—Grand Hotel, Yokohama—Manager Eppinger—Captain Davies' Kindness and Courtesy to Us—Riding in a 'Ricksha — Paymaster McDonald of U. S. Navy—Shrine and Tea-House—Accomplished Madam Fujita—Clean, Little Japan—The Japanese Student in London—"Please Wipe Your Feet"—Everything Small—Famous Flower Festivals—Japanese Art as a Brainstorm—Taken Seriously from the Connoisseur's Standpoint.

V. SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN - - - - - 99

Streets Overflowing with Life and Color—Children as the Sands of the Sea—Baby Nurses—Street Venders and Eating-Stands—Continual Baking and Brewing—Shops Open to the Street—Domestic Life Seen Through Open Screens—Fire-boxes—I Try to Make Some Purchases—Japanese Money of an Ancient Vintage—Inroad of American and European Ideas—Marriage in Japan—Railroad Travel—"Buffalo Bill" and the Englishman—Wail of the Lost Souls—No Outward Signs of War—Their Brass Bands—Japanese Mother and Her Three Sons—The Bounty-Jumper's Glass Eye—A Nation of Imitators—Religious Aspects Amusing as Well as Interesting—Ancient and Primitive Methods—Everything Done in the Hardest Way—Evolution of the New Japan.

CONTENTS

- VI. THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY - - 118
A Holiday for All Japan—Streets a Mass of Color—Tiny Human Butterflies—A Courteous Crowd—Eight Thousand Troops in Line—Gold-lace Diplomats—The Crown Prince is Greeted with Shouts—Emperor with Reverent Silence—His Face not His Fortune—"Ole Hats!"—Big Wigs Swap Stories—Banquet in Imperial Palace—Japanese Editorial—Ambassador Griscom and His Charming Wife—Stars and Stripes Float over Shabbiest Buildings.
- VII. VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER,
TOKYO - - - - - 128
Theater of Old Japan Now Merely Legendary—We Set Out for the Theater—Tokyo a City of Magnificent Distances—Whirled in a 'Ricksha—Street Signs—Open Shops—Shrill Horn of the Candy Seller—Paper Lanterns for Practical Use—Soft Minor Note of the Blind Masseur—Perfect Stage Setting—Takata, Great Woman Impersonator—Danjiro, Most Famous Female Impersonator—Actors' Private Curtains—Wonderful Audience—Everybody Smoking—Paddy and the Trombone—Children Everywhere—Sata, the Great Actor—No Lack of Fine Acting—Must be "Letter Perfect" in Three Days—Orchestra and Electric Lights—Fortunate in Seeing First Performance of Modern Plays.
- VIII. A GLANCE AT THE JAPANESE FIRE
AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS - - 140
The Watchman and His Clanking Sword—Primitive Fire-House Methods—Only Three Steam-Engines in Yokohama—Hitched Up After Alarm is Sent in—Fires Get Tremendous Headway—Easy Jump from Low Buildings—Whole Outfit Seems Like a Toy

CONTENTS

—I Get a Permit and Visit a Police Station
—School for *Ju-jitsu*—Fine Exhibition of Wrestling—Troupe of Traveling Amazon Wrestlers—Broadway Squad Might Benefit—Minister of Justice Gives Me a Permit to Visit Sugamo Prison, Tokyo—“I am an American, and Glad of It”—Nat Goodwin’s Dog—Watch Five Corridors at Once—Chaplain Exhorts—Well Fed, Well Taken Care of, and Certainly Contented—Imprisonment in Japan not the Worst Thing Could Befall a Man.

IX. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA - - 152

Harbor at Mouth of Yang-tse-Kiang—Ancient Junk—Fish-Net Begging—The Bund—Oriental Paris—Chinese Jaunting-Car—Porker Takes a Ride—Recruits Drill with Sand—Bronze Statues are Sikh Policemen—Three Cities in One—American Consul-General Goodnow—Mr. George Mooser and Beautiful Wife—“I’m an American, but I speak English”—Same as when Queen Bess Reigned—Ancient Walled City—I am Seized by Horrible Chinese Beggar—Make Way for the Man with the Burden—Foot-binding Practised by all Classes—Anti-Footbinding Society—Fuchau Road and Sing-Song Girls—Tiffin on the “Monadnock”—I Entertain the Jackies—Street Pageants—“Pidgin-English.”

X. A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER - 168

I Compare the Art of Two Countries—The Chinese Suffer Greatly—Stage Merely Raised Platform—Nerve-racking Orchestra—Refreshments All Round—Everybody Drinks Tea—Chinese Wife Smokes a Valuable Pipe—The Demi-Monde Get Green Cups—Actors Shriek with Falsetto Voices—Tell What They Are Going to Do Before-

CONTENTS

hand—No Scenery and Few Properties—Prances Like Horse—Wear Painted Masks—There Are No Actresses—Attempt at Vaudeville—She Entertained the Bores—Preposterous Heroes and Characters—Nothing Funnier than Chinese Theater Except Practise-Drill of Chinese Soldiers.

XI. THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA 176

Police Department Very^{*} Cosmopolitan—Mixed Court—'Ricksha Inspection—I Visit the Court and am Introduced to the Mandarin Magistrate—He Wears the Little Round Button—Police Run in Prisoners by the Cue—Sentenced to Certain Number of Strokes with the Bamboo—Wearing the Cangue—Attendants Sit on the Prisoner, While He Gets One Hundred on His Bare Legs—In the Ancient Walled City Terrible Cruelties Are Practised—The Ling Chee, or Hundred Cuts—Signs His Own Death-Warrant—Wholesale Bribery—Execution of Pirates—"My Just Make Little Squeeze!"—Not Even Above Blackmail.

XII. MANILA: THE OLD AND THE NEW - 187

Landing of Magellan—Drinking Blood Contract—Haughty Spaniards—Chinese Pirates—Era of Peace—The Silver Galleons—Greedy Dutch—Battle of Playa Honda—Japanese Ambassador—Religious Embassy—Jealous Portuguese—Spanish Friars Put to Death—British Squadron Arrives—Bombards the City—Great Losses by the British—The Peace of Paris—British Embark and Sail for India—Islands Settle Down Under Spanish Dominion—Dewey's Guns Change the Map—My Debt to an Accomplished Manilian—What the U. S. A. Has Done for Manila—Two Centuries of Dirt Removed.

CONTENTS

XIII. THE MANILA OF TO-DAY - - - 195

In Seven Years the United States Government Has Performed Herculean Tasks—Great Filtering Plant—Absolutely Pure Water—Cleanest Bill of Health in the Universe—Civil as Well as Military Government—Admirable Police Force—Dollar Has Lost Its Name—The Universal Conant—Van-Loads of New Money—I Buy a Panama Hat for Twenty Conant—“She Acknowledges to Twenty-Five”—Fine Fire Department Built on New York Lines—Trolley Line—New City Hall and Laboratory—Beautiful Luneta—Fine Harbor Works—Fiesta of the Virgin of Antipolo—Flourishing Candle Business—Popular “Mayor” Brown—His Big Heart and Hospitable Home—The Consumptive’s Dying Wish Fulfilled—I Tell the Mayor a Story of Speaker Reed—“I Don’t Want the Horse to See You!”

XIV. NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA - - - 211

Costumes Unchanged—Beautiful Textures—Woven from Pineapple Leaf—Put Cigar in Baby’s Mouth for Safe-Keeping—Men’s Shirts a Mere Thought—Chinese Marry Filipino Women and Become Good Catholics—Water in Standard Oil Cans—Cock-fighting the National Amusement—Rooster the Most Important Member of the Family—Housekeeping Hard for Americans—Incompetent Servants—Spaniards Used to Whip Them—Domestic Life Among the Planter and Merchant Classes—Charming Homes and Happy Hearts—Graceful Hospitality—Their Pleasures and Amusements—Miracle Play—Fireworks and Home to Bed—Emilio Aguinaldo—His Wings Clipt, and He Will Soar no More.

CONTENTS

XV. BILIBID PRISON . . . - 222

Tragedy Enacted in the Old Spanish Prison—Insurrection of Prisoners—Escape of Sixty at Malahi Island—Winchester Rifles from the Towers Quash Revolt—Gatling Gun also Takes a Hand—Over in Five Minutes—I Visit the Prison Shortly After—Fifteen Killed and Many Wounded—Warden Wolf and His Assistant Mr. Stewart Show Me Over the Ancient Prison and Tell Me Its History—Houses Largest Number in the World—Forty-seven Hundred, and Only One Hundred and Fifty Are White—Gangs Sent Out Daily to Work on Roads—Good Prison Fare Famous—Natives Would Like Prison Lodging if Hard Work Did Not Go Along with It—American Indifference—Present Condition of Filipinos Thousand-fold Better than in Four Centuries—Future Full of Splendid Possibilities—The True Story of a Duck.

XVI. A PARTING GLIMPSE OF CHINA - 231

Harbor of Hong Kong—A Beautiful Sight—Terraced Hillsides—Busy Wharves and Female Coolie Laborers—A Wonderful City—Handsome Residences at the Peak—Beautiful View—Grabbing Real Estate—The Boy, the Apple, the Sixpence, and the Bible—"I'll Make a Politician of Him!"—"You're a Hog, and You'll Never Get Over It!"—Americans Unwelcome—They Are Fair Game for Extortion and Robbery—We Are Invited to Dine with Mr. Wei Yuk—Are Carried Up the Peak by Coolie Bearers—A Palatial Residence and a Princely Repast—Charming and Cultivated Hosts—How a Chinese Lady of High Rank Dresses—Splendid Jewels.

CONTENTS

XVII. CANTON, AND TRIP FROM HONG KONG TO CEYLON - - - 239

Medieval City of Canton—Chinese Pagodas of A. D. 1400—Civil Service Examinations—Education the Only Patent of Nobility—General Grant Most Honored American—Actors Outcasts and Pariahs—City of the Dead—Shameen—Macao—Grotto of Camoens—Eastern Monte Carlo—Missionaries Unpopular—Americans Not—The Future Alone Can Tell!—Christmas Dinner on Board the “Prinz Eitel Friedrich”—Pooling for Presents—Brilliant and Beautiful Table Decorations—Dinner Served in Processions—The Very Swell Gravy-Bearer—Songs of All Nations—The Towering Christmas Tree and Its Presents—Christmas Day at Singapore—A Hot Old Time, if Nothing Else.

XVIII. SINGAPORE - - - 253

The White Man's Grave—Innovations and Improvements—Stigma Removed—Picturesque Crowd on Wharf—Natives of Madras Coast—Malays Dislike Work—The Sarong and Fez—We Drive Up to the Town in a Gharry—Ponies Are Like Dogs—Rubbed Down with a Rag—Shrieking for Two Dollars an Hour—Raffles Hotel and Raffles Square—Sir Stanford Raffles, Who Secured Singapore for England—An Enthusiastic Collector of Native Flora and Fauna—The Blow that Deprived Him of Wife and Children as Well as His Marvelous Collection—Botanical Garden—Chinamen Outnumber Entire Cosmopolitan Population—Fill the Offices and Become Thoroughly English—Gorgeous 'Rickshas—Paid in Rice—Opium Trade Flourishes—Secret Societies—Penang.

CONTENTS

XIX. CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA - 262

Only Gem of the Sea—Gorgeous *Ensemble* of Color—Dugout Canoes—Black Tamils—Handsome and Commodious Hotel—Mr. Hoffer, an Ideal Hotel Manager, Late of the Cecil, London—Head Waiter “Joseph”—Bathing at Mt. Lavinia—My Creole Friend of the Isle Bourbon—Native Mountain His Sepulcher—Took America *au sérieux*—“I Have Seen the Sun at Midnight!”—Giant Cat’s-eyes—Snake-Charmers—The Mongoose—Bullocks as Pets—Cow is Sacred—Familiar Crows—Variety of Native Life and Costume—Cingalese Disdain Labor—Tea-Growing: Its Profits—Buried Cities of Ceylon—We Escape the Dreaded P. and O. and Embark on the German Liner.

XX. CAIRO OF TO-DAY - - - - 282

History of the Great Ditch—“Le Grand Français” and How He Fulfilled the Oracle’s Prophecy for Egypt—Monotonous Aspects—Bible Scenes—Enormous Tolls—Port Saïd—The Great Barrage—English Prejudice—Mecca Pilgrims—Bewildering Sights and Sounds of Cairo—Funeral Mourners—Public Scribes—Shopkeepers’ Bitter Rivalry—Cairene Wedding Procession—The Whirling Dervishes—The Howling Dervishes—The Citadel—Tombs of the Califs—The Pyramids and Sphinx—Guides All Lie in Seven Different Languages—Incubators—Spot Where Moses Was Found—Obelisk of Heliopolis—Museum and Mummies—“Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant!”—Recruiting the Army—The University—Six Powers with Hand on the Cash-Box—Ismail’s Mad Legacy.

CONTENTS

XXI. NAPLES - - - - - 316

The Famous Bay—Beautiful Shore-Line to Pompeii—Herculaneum—We Walk on the Seething Crust of Solfatara—Pozzuoli—Baia and Its Famous Ruins—We Lunch at the Little Inn, and Drink the Historic Wine of Posilipo—“Spaggett!”—Agrippina’s Villa and Her Cruel Murder—The Grotto del Cane—The Neapolitan Puppy—I Tell Him a Story—“Shall I T’row Heem in?”—The American’s Unexpected Reply—The Pink Coral Grotto—How the Head Rower Tried to do Us—The Landlord’s Pathetic Appeal—I Call My Bluff—We Leave Naples with a Sense of Relief.

XXII. GIBRALTAR - - - - - 326

First View Disappointing—Adequate Armament—Everything Truly English—We Drive About and Make Some Purchases—Tommy Atkins Shows Us the Gates—Beautiful Flowers Blooming Everywhere—British Domination Apparent—Will England Ever Restore the Rock?—Her Rule in Egypt Greatly Beneficial—Possession Nine Points of the Law—Homeward Bound—We Embark for America—Passing Through the Azores—Real Paradises—We Sight Fayal—Temperature Becomes Cooler—I Put on Two Overcoats—Can Almost Smell Broadway—The Narrows—The Goddess Waves Her Torch at Us—We Sweep Up to the Dock—Smiling Faces and Outstretched Hands—Dear Old New York—Glorious America—Beloved Home!

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PICTURESQUE ADVERTISING IN COLOMBO	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HAWAII:	
GIRL WEARING LEI	
SURF-BOAT RIDING	
THE HAWAII HOTEL	56
JAPAN:	
A PUBLIC SCHOOL	
A WAYSIDE SHRINE	
A FAIR SMOKER	
SIGHTSEEING IN TOKYO	80
AT THE TEA-HOUSE OF THE 101 STEPS	
A STREET RESTAURANT	
NUNOBIKI WATERFALL	96
THREE LITTLE MAIDS	
A WATERING-CART	
WRESTLERS	
A JAPANESE MOTHER	116
THE EMPEROR'S CARRIAGE	
A MESSENGER BOY	
A SMILING RECEPTION	
THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN	144

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

CHINA:

ASLEEP IN HIS CAB	
RIVER LIFE	
PRISONERS WEARING THE CANGUE	
THE WILLOW PATTERN TEA-HOUSE	160
CHEN DONG	
A SIKH POLICEMAN	
TWO POLICE SERGEANTS	
A SHANGHAI VICTORIA	180
RESIDENCE OF A CHINESE GENTLEMAN	
CHINESE JUNKS AND A PAGODA	
ON A NATIVE BARROW	
A STREET IN CANTON	236

MANILA:

ANCIENT FIRE DEPARTMENT	
NIPA HOUSE	
MODERN FIRE DEPARTMENT	208
TWO OLD ROOSTERS	
A ROPE-WALK	
A FILIPINO MOTHER	
“MAYOR” BROWN’S RESIDENCE AND CARRIAGE	228

CEYLON:

A CINGALESE BELLE	
INDIAN WITH CASTE MARK	
THE GALLEFACE HOTEL	
A NATIVE FERRY	268

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

EGYPT:

A LOAD OF TURKEYS	
AN EGYPTIAN MOTHER	
A CAKE-SELLER	
THE TENT IN WHICH THE HOLY CARPET IS CARRIED TO MECCA	
A STREET CIRCUS	288
WATER-SELLERS	
THE SPHINX	
RAPID TRANSIT IN THE DESERT	308
PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER	
THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS	
SLEEPING IN THE STREET	312

ITALY:

SEEING POMPEII	
A POLICEMAN OF NAPLES	
EATING SPAGHETTI	324

I

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

“Besting” Fate—The Undertaker and the Doctors—The Irishman’s Bird—How we Missed the Grand Cañon—Lunch-counter Ethics—The Lady from County Down—“George, have you Seen my Maid”—How I Milked the Cow—The Gila Monster—The One Place that is Hotter than Hades—She was Afraid of Me and the Evil Eye—The “Mongolia” is There.

THERE is a morbid desire latent in the breast of nine-tenths of humanity to have it out with Fate, sooner or later, and to “best” her, if we can.

If the old lady—she must be old, for we have all heard of her since we were able to hear anything—if the old lady has been particularly hard on us, we feel that our grievance is just about the worst ever; and then we want to do something desperate. If we are in the neighborhood of eight years or thereabouts, we fly to the candy-shop and sink our all in peppermints and gumdrops. If we are at the romantic period, when love has everything else at a discount, we get real reckless, and say to our best girl, “Come to the altar! let us plunge!—Ho! there, instalment man! rag-time

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

portières and marble-top cradles for ours!" Then, when we have done the deed, we're not sorry—no, indeed! only it entails responsibility and things; and consequences—the inevitable consequences, as Kipling puts it. So let me give you a little suggestion: When the reckless fit overtakes you, start on a journey, if not 'round the world, then 'round the back yard. Never mind the expense—plunge! Remember, you're going to get even with Fate! and, besides, think of the reward. Travel is the greatest educator. Travel opens the mind and bottles of good cheer, and hospitable doors, and the arms of friendship; it sometimes closes them, too, but never mind that. Keep going,—“Keep ahead,” as the undertaker said to the doctor at the funeral, “I know my place in this procession!”

Now, that was what we thought when we started to tour the world; but, try as we would, we couldn't keep our place in the procession. We started for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona; that was to have been our first stopping-place. But we were like the Irishman who started out on a bet to shoot a certain bird; he missed the bird, but killed a frog. He picked it up, and looked at it in surprise. “Be gobs!” he said, “I knocked the feathers off it, anyway!” The Grand Cañon was our bird; we didn't hit it, but we knocked the feathers off it in the way of divers unexpected adventures, as will be shown later.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

The start was propitious, and everything went forward favorably, until Kansas City was reached. We arrived early in the morning, and were requested by the conductor to get breakfast at the eating station. Yet that man had seemed to be our friend!

As we couldn't eat the food, we turned our attention to the people. Not that we felt cannibalish—but it gave us something to do.

There was a youth at the quick-lunch counter who served coffee, and there was a maiden beside him who occasionally changed a plate or handed out a spoon when she wasn't caressing her skyscraper pompadour, or smoothing out a beruffled white apron that had perceptibly shrunk in the wash.

The young man's running fire of remarks to customers, and side compliments to her, sounded something like this:

“See here! if you've finished, get a move on and give somebody else a show! Say, Mame, there's one o' them up-town girls that think so much of themselves. Why, they ain't a marker to you! I tell you, you're worth—fifteen cents please, and the cup don't go with the coffee for a souvener. Say, Mame, was you to Nellie's last night? I bet you looked out of sight. I couldn't get away from this beanery. That's the very best butter, madam; we get it five miles out in the country. What's that?

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

No; I don't reckon it walked all the way here. Ain't she fresh?"

A stout woman hovered along the line seated by the counter, like a perturbed hen trying to find a hole in the chicken yard fence. She held a small tin pail and had evidently come from the car of excursionists attached to our train. She inquired anxiously of the Ganymede of the coffee urn:

"Say, young feller, what's yer coffee with a cup?" But Ganymede was too closely occupied to heed her. Finally she poked a beetle-browed old gentleman in the back with the dime she held, repeating,

"Say, Mister, what's coffee with a cup here?"

Turning fiercely, the man glared at her and snorted:

"Well, they charge ten cents, but it ain't *wuth* a damn!"

"Washouts on the road!" was the word when we returned to the train and we must be switched south at Newton, Kansas. We had visions of the Grand Cañon receding into the future and darker ones of spending we knew not how many days on the train. So we looked about us to see what manner of people were to be our traveling companions. They were certainly varied.

At the end of the car were a mother and daughter, the latter of uncertain age, but certainly old enough to have a cup of tea do her good. Every

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

morning during the entire trip they arrayed themselves completely, even to bonnets and gloves, and sat there demurely all day, as if they were in a trolley car, and expected to step off at the next corner.

Back of us was an old Irish woman—the pathetic sort that are peculiar to County Down. She would confide her story in a plaintive, little monotone to every one. She sidled into our seat and confided to us that she was going to “Californy”—

“To my daughter,” she explained. “God knows I want some few days of sunshine before I go intirely. I’m not strong, and I ate nothin’ at all, ye’d wonder what I live on. I’ve had nothin’ the past three days but eight bottles of kumiss, four bottles of wine an’ a box of crackers. Think of that, now—just nothin’ at all.”

She went to one of the eating houses along the way and not knowing they would charge her for a full meal, she sat at one of the tables and ordered a cup of tea and a roll. Her indignation, when charged seventy-five cents, was sublime. It took the cashier, four waitresses and the proprietor to explain that she should have gone to the counter. But of no avail. The blood of County Down was at white heat. She raved like a madwoman. Finally, the cashier offered to take sixty cents—that was allowing fifteen cents for the rest of the dinner. He was a just man, and with a due sense of

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

proportion. That's all the dinner was worth, anyhow.

When the old lady returned to the car, everybody was treated to the recital.

“What do you think of a place where they would take sixty cents from an old woman, who has none too much, for wan cup of tay and wan small bun? 'Tis fair robbery—that's what it is, and if me sons knew of it—mabie ye know me sons, they're printers in New York.” A deep dive into a pocket that must have reached to her feet brought up the card of these sons, who were printers, and of whom she was no doubt justly proud.

“No, no. Kape the card — ye may need some printin' done some time, and they're good byes.”

This was repeated almost every day till I had a neat little pile of cards on my window-sill.

Farther down the car was a would-be fashionable woman, the kind who affects an English accent and uses a lorgnette. She was traveling with her small daughter and a maid. The maid was evidently her most treasured possession, for she displayed the greatest anxiety on her account, ceaselessly asking every one the same question: Had they seen her Abigail? The small daughter was a bright, restless child, whose every action called forth a caution or a reprimand from the mother.

“Nita, darling!” in a mincing, elegant tone, and quite *piano*, “my precious sweetheart” — then

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

sforzando—crescendo fortissimo—"You little vixen—stop that, or I'll *break your neck!*"

An Australian couple who were returning home by way of San Francisco, after having come to America by way of England, had the next section. She had talented Leslie-Carter hair—deeply, darkly, beautifully red—but after all, good Jesuit hair—the roots justified the ends. She was not at all pleased with America—oh, dear, no!—and constantly aired her impressions in a strident voice, and with a strong, cockney accent. She thought America a "shocking plice"—and very much over-rated—one she never cared to see "agine." And the railroad service—"the h'idea of dragging them all over the country, and cheating them out of the Grand Cañon—why, it was downright dishonest!"

One section was curtained in all the time, and occasionally a hollow cough might be heard behind them. A poor consumptive, put on the train in almost a dying condition, was lying in the berth; going in search of health in the dry atmosphere of Arizona.

The poor fellow was in a pitiful state, unable to help himself, and entirely dependent on the good offices of the conductor and porter, and a few of the passengers. One lady took him orange juice every morning and bathed his face and hands several times a day, talked encouragingly to him

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and tried to cheer him up—as sweet an exhibition of sympathy as one could wish to see.

The consumptives are ubiquitous in overland travel, there being several on every western-bound train. It is right that they should be taken to the healing climate of Colorado and Arizona, but the fact that the Pullman Company allow them to travel in the regular coaches, where they spread contagion, and provide no other means of transportation is a criminal offense against the healthy people who are forced to expose themselves to the contagion. When so many States have made the question of guarding against this disease the subject of legislation, it would seem as if they were neglecting a very pressing duty in allowing this menace to travelers to continue.

The porter was an amusing character, and had a droll way of referring to himself in the third person. He said to me:

“That po’ feller ain’ never gwine live to see Arizona. George sees plenty—we carries fum two to five or six every trip, an’ George knows. He look mighty bad. Why, he ain’ nothin’ but jes’ a sperit’s playmate!”

George amused me very much, and I encouraged him to talk. I asked him if he was married. He said:

“No, sah; but I got a gal. Nicest little gal you ever saw, she’s pretty dark, but George likes ’em

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

that-a-way, they can't come too black fer George. I ain' got no kind o' time fer dese yer yaller ones, they simply ornery, they got all the big feelin's o' the white folks, an' the bad qualities o' the niggers!"

Just then the lady with the lorgnette came along and peering through it at George, asked: "O George, have you seen my maid?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't!" he said, adding when she passed on, "seems like she has an awful hard time keepin' up with that maid—she's so feared we won't know she's got one. George has seen big white folks down south so po' they didn't know whar they nex' meal was comin' fum, but, sah," impressively, "dey was quality jis de same. Dis yer 'ooman ain' got no mo' use fo' a maid dan a hawg's got fo' side pawkets!"

George's quaint remarks, and very often homely wisdom, were a great solace to us through the long days that dragged by as we meandered aimlessly over the southwestern portion of this great and glorious country of ours. Down through Oklahoma and Texas, from Fort Worth across to El Paso, and up through Arizona and Southern California, we took our devious way, dodging washouts which seemed to multiply with alarming rapidity.

In Oklahoma we were stalled for a day in a town called Shawnee, an excellent example of the western mushroom town. It boasted a population of

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

seventeen thousand, had schools, churches, a town hall, electric lights and trolley cars, besides several newspapers. I had the honor of being interviewed by the editor of one of them. And yet, only three years previous, where the town stands, was the home of the deer and the wild turkey. There's enterprise for you.

The supply on our "diner" gave out, and at this town we had our first experience with local restaurants. We went to the New England Home Restaurant, so-called; one of those restaurants where there is sand in the sugar, water in the milk, and money in the business. We didn't dare sit down, for fear we'd never get loose again. The sandwiches were made of bread at least two and a half inches thick with a piece of cold fried beef-steak between.

My sandwich was taken from before a burly ranchman, who had fingered it, but as long as he hadn't tasted it, the proprietor considered it as good as new. We discouraged our appetites with some horrible coffee sweetened with brown sugar.

A ranchman in picturesque attire came swinging in, and determining on something very swell, ordered a cup of coffee and "two o' them"—pointing a sheepish finger at a couple of dejected-looking cream puffs.

Picking up one, he turned it about, eyeing it doubtfully, and then opening his mouth, sank his

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

fine teeth, with a tremendous bite, into the unstable and treacherous dainty. The cream gushed out over his hand and chin, and with a howl of rage he dashed it on the counter, crying: "It's a blamed old New England swindle — 'tain't done!"

We left the premises hastily, not exactly understanding the etiquette that might be forthcoming, and not caring to "take a hand."

From now on, we were forced to get our meals anyhow, any place, as we happened to arrive at one of the God-forsaken little towns that lie out so forlornly on the prairie. Those eating stations will always be among my choice collection of nightmares. Talk about the way the other half lives—it's nothing to the way the other half eats—down there! It is said that one can get used to anything, but given my choice, I think I'd rather try hanging.

We took a chance at the real thing in hot tamales one day. A little boy was selling them at one of the stations. Well, after the first bite, mine fell out of the window. A lean and melancholy dog made a dive for it—gave a sniff, and with a disappointed look sneaked away, and I didn't blame him. He looked hungry, too.

We finally hit on a plan that was our sole salvation. We bought a tin can, and when we'd come to a town we'd hail one of the ubiquitous small

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

boys and send him for some milk. It was generally to be had close to the station, tho occasionally our boy had to sprint to catch up with the train.

At one of those little prairie towns that seem to actually leap out of space, they come so suddenly into view, we found our cow in a shed by the station. We made quite a stop here and every one got out. There were two or three adobe houses, the station and a water-tank, a few straggling yucca palms, and all about us the wide, lonesome desert. A little knot of people were standing gazing at the train and passengers. I said to one of them: "How many inhabitants are there in this town?"

Waving his hand comprehensively toward the group, he said: "Judge for yourself—they're all here!" But to return to our cow. Several of the passengers wished to follow our custom and buy some milk, and some adventurous ones even essayed the unaccustomed feat of milking the cow themselves. I was offered the chance to try but refused, having sore recollections of my first and last attempt to milk.

It was on my uncle's farm up in New York State, and I, wishing to do everything that a real farmer should, desired to enroll milking among my accomplishments. Being of tender years, and with the confidence that usually accompanies that stage of life, I entered the barn for my first lesson, with the utmost nonchalance, and gaily humming a

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

dairy tune. I don't remember how I came out, but I think it was by the elevator. When I first looked at the cow, she was all peace and contentment, but when she saw me she looked dissatisfied, and I knew there was a kick coming. She stopped chewing her cud and let it run down the loop, then after a few minutes she rang it up again, having decided upon her line of action. Later I discovered that I was on the line and very near the transmitter.

My knowledge up to this time had been confined to the facts that cows had horns and gave milk, if you knew how to ask for it properly, but assuming a knowing air I said "so boss," which I believed to be the proper remark, and taking the pail between my knees I sat down at her business end. Recalling the rather limited instructions I had received before leaving the house, I gently took hold of the faucets. That's all I remember.

I was quite willing to allow some one else to milk the cow in the shed by the railway station, and bought the milk as I had been doing.

I never drank so much milk in my life as on that trip—that is, since I can remember—and even now I have an uncomfortable feeling when I meet a cow. I actually begin to use baby talk.

At the aforementioned Shawnee we began to get some entertainment from our misfortunes. A young man from California, one of those serious

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

fellows, with a face like a deacon, but a fund of humor within, wrote out telegrams containing the most airy flights of imagination, and showed them to the anxious and perspiring passengers, who spent their time pretty equally between swearing at the management of the road and making the poor conductor's life miserable.

One of these telegrams was shown to me. It stated that the herd of elephants belonging to Ringling Brothers' Circus, that was stalled forty miles away, were to be brought over, and take the passengers on their backs across the washouts, where another train would meet them.

Looking around to discover the author of this delicious fiction, I was met by a preternaturally solemn glance and a comprehensive wink.

After that we pooled our energies, and when I think of what we made that trainful of passengers believe, not to mention the several other trains we were always meeting, for we were generally stalled seven and eight deep, I am astonished at the credulity of human nature.

We devised one telegram about a number of prairie schooners that were to come over the hills and take us by old Spanish trails far from the washouts. My serious young friend showed the message, very secretly, to an excitable little German, who evidently belonged to the Uneeda Child Company, for he had about a baker's dozen of

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

small children, and a gentle childlike faith that was truly touching.

We assured him that the conductor could let only a few in on this exceptional opportunity, as it would be impossible to take all the passengers. It would be necessary to secure tickets in order to get places, and he'd better do it now—and not let the conductor put him off—just insist.

In great excitement the little man flew to the poor, distracted conductor, and asked him mysteriously for tickets for himself and family.

“Tickets—what tickets?” demanded that long-suffering man.

“Ah, you know—you kengt fool me—I know all about it, mine frendt,” wagging a knowing finger in front of his nose.

“I know that you must be crazy. I don't know anything about any extra tickets.”

“Dot's all right. You don't want to led on, bud I haf been toldt. I wish to ged tigers for dose brairie vaggons—vat?”

“You're crazy!” bellowed the exasperated conductor, to our unholy joy. “Who'n Sam Hill told you anything about prairie wagons? You've been out in the sun too long, Dutchy; go to bed, and put ice on your head.”

The monotony of our trip was further varied by the arrival at one station of a lady of the peroxid tint of blonde, who smuggled in a small monkey,

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and a large-sized flask. The monkey was hidden beneath the berth, so she would not have to put him in the baggage-car.

That evening, after the berths were made up, we were quietly settling down, with only the last interruptions: a hollow cough from the poor consumptive, then a murmur about "H'America is such a beastly plice!"—a pause—and then "I have no appetite at all, ye'd wonder what I live on," followed by George's plaintive "No, ma'am, I ain't seen yo' maid!—Now has yo' all got what yo' needs? Cause George is goin' to bed, po' George is tired, and must get some sleep." Then quiet.

Suddenly the air is rent by the most piercing shrieks followed by cries of, "Oh, my darling child, Nita, my sweetheart, what is it? If you're fooling me, you naughty child, I'll skin you!"

The greatest excitement ensues, nightgear and lingerie (I trust I use the right word) are in great evidence. Every one is asking every one else what the trouble is, but none seems to know.

Finally the mystery is solved. The little monkey escaping from its box went on an exploring expedition along the curtain poles and dropping into "Nita darling's" berth, frightened her out of her little senses. George unearthed the little simian, piteous and shivering.

The blonde lady pleaded on her knees in very maudlin accents that the hard-hearted conductor

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

would not send her precious pet to the baggage-car. But he was obdurate, and poor Chico was banished to the accompaniment of his mistress' sobs.

At El Paso we were stalled all one Sunday—but with the expectation of leaving every moment. A bull-fight was on, over in Mexico, at Juarez, just across the river, but we dared not go for fear of being left by our train.

We all embarked in a crazy stage, through oceans of mud, to find a restaurant, and something to eat. We found the restaurant.

We risked a short drive in an ancient chariot that looked as if it might have belonged to a Spanish grandee. There were traces of upholstery that had once been white corduroy, and the sides were so high I had to stand up to see over them.

Our drive was like that problem they used to give us in school, about the frog that jumped up so many feet in the well and fell back so many. We'd drive a little way and every time we'd hear a whistle, we'd get a panic, and order the driver to turn back.

Our poor consumptive left us at El Paso. He was too ill to remain on the train, and was sent to the hospital. He was not to have stopped here, but it was his destination after all, for the next train East took him in the baggage-car.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

From El Paso we kept north across the arid table-lands, the low hills, like crumpled rusty tin, lying along the horizon. They are treasure-houses of copper, these hills, and every few miles a mine opening may be seen perched high up on a hill-side, a short spur of the railway leading to it.

At Tucson we decided to leave the train with all its motley company and varied entertainment, and take a chance at catching the "Limited" that was reported due two hours later. It was a big chance, but we took it; and at eight o'clock that evening saw the rear lights of the train that had borne us for eight days through divers viscissitudes, fading from our sight.

We did not dare to leave the station as they told us the "Limited" might come through at any time. It was very hot in the waiting-room where three Indians, two men and a woman, talked bad Spanish and smoked worse cigarets, to the accompaniment of the most searching and painstaking snore I have ever met proceeding from a fourth lying flat on a bench.

We went outside and fell into conversation with a bit of local color—one of the big, expansive fine fellows that the cow-country produces.

Some wicker stools were produced and we sat with our new friend under the spreading leaves of a magnificent yucca palm, one of a ring that encircled the depot.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT .

Talking of many things of local variety, he touched upon the subject of Gila monsters. Confessing a great and unsatisfied interest in Gila monsters, I was kindly piloted by our friend across the open square, through three inches of the lightest and most powdery dust I ever waded through, to the Paradise saloon and dance hall, where in the window were displayed a Gila monster and a tarantula, both denizens of the neighboring desert.

We were a little disappointed in the size of the monster, its name being a trifle misleading. The tarantula quite came up to our expectations, having apparently several dozen black and hairy legs, at least three inches long, growing around a body as large as an English walnut. The monster was probably eight or ten inches long, very much like a young alligator, but with the tail short and blunt, and the flattened ugly head of the rattlesnake. Its skin was a delicate shade of pink beautifully mottled with brown.

At our friend's suggestion, an amiable waiter opened a small door back of their cage, and prodded the inmates with a small rake. The tarantula hustled around at a lively rate, but the monster only turned its ugly head from side to side, darting out its snakelike tongue with lightning rapidity.

It was sufficiently shuddery and we returned to the station with the firm conviction that we should dream of Gila monsters and tarantulas all night.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Our friend informed us that the monster is far more dreaded than the rattlesnake, its bite being almost without exception fatal. It lies flat on the sand and looks so much like it as to easily escape detection. He told us of a ranchman who went out on a cattle round-up, and losing his hat, stooped from his pony to lift it from the ground. Instantly a stinging sensation in his hand followed by a sharp glance at the ground made him realize that he had been bitten by a monster.

Waiting only to shoot into atoms the reptile that had probably caused his death, the ranchman drained his flask and riding at breakneck speed joined the rest of the boys, who were near, and drank all the liquor they had among them. Holding him in the saddle they hurried for the nearest surgeon, who saved him, minus a thumb. It was the only case on record in the neighborhood of recovery from the bite of one of these dreaded creatures.

Our friend finally modestly confessed that he was the man, showing a thumbless hand as evidence. We condoned with him upon such an unpleasant experience.

"Well, there was one good thing about it," he said, philosophically, "and that was the jag. It shore was a bird, it lasted a week!"

Our train came in just then, and we left him with a gentle reminiscent smile on his face, while

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

his feet carried him perhaps unconsciously, but with unerring precision, toward the Paradise saloon and dance hall.

On the "Limited" it seemed as if we had struck a snag, for we were turned down with the most uncompromising indifference. But with visions of a hotel in Tucson, we stuck to our point, and finally met, in the person of the train conductor, a friend at court—the son of my old friend—Capt. Jack Crawford.

All now went well—berths were found and with a sigh of relief we felt ourselves once more to be on the way toward our steamer and the waters of the Pacific.

Our chances for catching it were now rather shaky, but having gained one point we calmly went to bed and slept the sleep of the just and, contrary to expectation, quite free from dreams of Gila monsters.

Crossing the desert between Tucson and Fort Yuma, we ran into a sand-storm. The fine sand sifted into every smallest opening, and made breathing well-nigh impossible. Fortunately it did not last long. We had only run into a corner of it, and were soon out.

The desert showed us several of her capricious moods, for presently we were treated to a most perfect mirage—apparently a lake or broad river in the desert, with little islets and rocks mirrored

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

in the most beautiful, cool and *wettest* looking water imaginable.

Fort Yuma claims the distinction of being the hottest place in the Union. A story is told of a soldier who lived there and died. The night after his death his spirit appeared to some of his comrades at their camp-fire. They asked him what he wanted, and he said Hades was so much colder than Yuma he had come back for his blanket.

It certainly lived up to its reputation the day we were there. We got out and walked on the platform, being nearly grilled thereby.

A number of Indians were seated by the platform displaying articles of beadwork for sale. They object strenuously to being photographed—thinking the camera has the evil eye, and while it takes their portrait will also steal away their soul. However, these scruples can be overcome at the rate of fifty cents a scruple. Who says the commercial instinct lurks not in the breast of the Indian?

One old woman, who was said to be a hundred and four years old, covered her head with her blanket, when I pointed my camera at her. For her entertainment, I did a little sleight-of-hand work, making the pass with a quarter, pretending to swallow it, then picking it off her blanket, finally rubbed it into my trouser leg and made it disappear entirely.

I only succeeded in frightening the poor old

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

creature almost to death. She clasped her hands in fear, made the sign of the cross, crooked her fingers to avert the evil eye and, pointing to me, put her fingers to her head like horns, indicating that I was a gentleman extremely well-known but of unsavory reputation.

Leaving these interesting remnants of the great race that once owned the land, we continued upon our sadly interrupted journey.

That afternoon we came into California and most grateful to our eyes were the tender green of foliage and the emerald slope of pastures, so long had we endured the arid desert lands.

The next morning we arrived in San Francisco, five days overtime, our appetites making most ravenous demands for something civilized to eat, but with one day to spare before our steamer sailed; so we breathed a sigh of thanksgiving, and were comforted.

II

ON THE PACIFIC

A Double Send-off — Chinese Service — Saloon Boys and Their Attire—We Are Introduced to “Pidgin-English” —How to Capture a Chair—The Boatswain Playing Fan-Tan — Pretty Chinese at Her Devotions — “Sky Pilot” Brings Bad Luck — Captain Drops Sunday — My First Ocean Trip—Leper Island and Father Damien — Welcomed by the Naval Boys.

NOT until we had reached the wharf and our eyes were greeted by a sight of the Pacific Mail Steamer “Mongolia” were we quite positive she was still there; so often in our frenzied imagination of the past few days had we seen her calmly and majestically sailing away, leaving us disconsolate on the pier, making frantic but unheeded signals to her departing form.

But there she lay, looming up like a giantess in comparison to her smaller sister of the Royal Japanese Mail.

To one accustomed only to Atlantic travel, the element of novelty begins at once on a Pacific steamer. Instead of smug English stewards, neat Chinamen in spotless linen gowns of blue, long cues, immaculate white stockings, and the broadest

ON THE PACIFIC

of smiles, fly nimbly about, carrying baggage or waiting on passengers with most cheerful disparity.

On the dock the usual crowd attendant upon a departing steamer was made more interesting by a devoted little group who, as the steamer slipped easily from her moorings, started up a hymn, one energetic lady beating time with two small flags—one Chinese, the other Japanese. At the same time a military band on the wharf started "The Star Spangled Banner." The discord was undeniable, but the performance was delightfully humorous, the leader with his baton, and the lady with her flags, each trying to outdo the other.

The military band was easily accounted for, as we had on board General and Mrs. H. C. Corbin, who were going to Manila; but the hymn-singers were a puzzle until we learned that they were saying, or rather singing, farewell to a band of missionaries, who were going in the steerage to Japan and China. They were going out with almost no provision from their society, expecting like Elijah to be fed by the ravens. It is to be feared that they will find the raven in China and Japan quite as rare as the dodo—the nearest approach being "crow," which some of them will undoubtedly have to eat.

The Chinese stewards interested us exceedingly, and when directly after sailing we descended to luncheon we saw them in a new way.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

We waited only long enough to take a last look at San Francisco:

“Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate.”

These lines of Bret Harte come to me as we slip away between the green and billowy islands. San Francisco may be indifferent to fate and a lot of other things, but it never struck me that she was particularly serene.

The long tables in the saloon are laid out invitingly with massive silver and piles of fruit, around which the neat boys whisk, making an attractive picture.

Here we receive our first introduction to the far-famed “pidgin-English,” which we had previously conceived to be very largely a figment of the story-teller’s brain. It was to be later impressed upon us how universal the use of it is, from San Francisco right through to Ceylon, wherever the Chinese coolie lives and moves and has his being.

In the dining-saloon the boys wore long gowns of blue linen, shiny with starch, high white cuffs over their sleeves, and each smooth and jetty cue finished at the end with a silk tassel, neatly tucked through a little strap at the side of the gown. This is to keep it from slipping over the shoulder when stooping over the tables.

When at hard or outdoor work, a Chinaman will

ON THE PACIFIC

twist his cue up like a woman, but never in the house, as it is a disrespectful act to appear before a superior with the cue bound up. Foreigners in many cases do not know this, and the Chinaman, who instinctively hates all foreigners, will often resort to this method of insulting them, taking a deal of comfort out of it, even tho the foreigner may be in blissful ignorance of the intended disrespect.

Some of the dining-saloon boys had been in the service long enough to speak and understand English very well; with others it was necessary to resort to the "pidgin" dialect, which is a ridiculous hybrid of baby talk, broken or rather mangled English and a few stray Chinese words.

It was my luck to draw a waiter who was particularly shy on straight English, and when I asked for a nice piece of rare roast beef and vegetables such as my wife had, his face remained as blank as a newly whitewashed barn-door. Seeing my perplexity a kind neighbor taught me what to say, and tho feeling rather silly, I repeated: "Boy, you ketchee me number one piecee roast beef, no too well done, and vegetables allee same lady have got." His face beamed with intelligence, and my order was executed with readiness and dispatch.

I subsequently discovered that if a chair was desired from the upper deck, an order in plain

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

English would not be understood—but say to him, “Boy, you go topside, ketchee my one-piecee chair, bring to me.” He will depart cheerfully, knowing just what you mean.

“Pidgin” is the Chinese word for “business,” and a great many years ago this motley means of communication was evolved piece by piece as a medium through which the English-speaking traders carried on business with the Chinese. Despite the fact that numbers of Chinese, especially the merchants, speak excellent English, this absurd polyglot has held its own, and it is a benighted Chinaman indeed who can not conjure up a few lame phrases. It is a means of communication, even among Chinamen, so it is said; for the different provinces of that country differ in dialect as so many countries, but with a little of the universal “pidgin” they make themselves understood.

The crews on the Pacific Mail steamers are all Chinamen. The officers told us that there is no better crew than a Chinese one and that of our steamer seemed to bear out the statement. It was presided over by a fat little Chinese boatswain of the name of Tee. He spoke very little English, entirely of the “pidgin” variety—and was painfully economical of his own language.

As he waddled about the decks, his short arms dangling like flippers, he was strongly reminiscent of a seal trying to walk upright. The officers told

ON THE PACIFIC

us that he was a master of his craft in all kinds of rigging and tackle, and to see him squinting aloft, giving a few commands in a low guttural, was to have our childhood pictures of ranting, bellowing seamen set at naught. He alone hired and discharged the men, so he had the entire crew under his thumb.

When white sailors are off duty, they smoke, spin yarns, or growl. They must sometimes dance, I suppose, or how did the sailor's hornpipe come into existence? A Chinese crew spends its leisure time in gambling.

Captains of Pacific steamers declare that if this sport were not allowed, they would have to go begging for crews, or take Japanese—an alternative almost too terrible to be mentioned to a Pacific captain.

The favorite gambling game is played with a simple outfit, consisting of a piece of matting divided into numbered squares, a small cup and saucer, and two dice. The game is in plain view, the matting spread on the steerage deck. The game resembles roulette to the extent of money being placed on the numbered squares; the cup with the dice in it, covered with the saucer, is well shaken, the dice are thrown out, and if your money is on a square corresponding with the dice, you win as much again as you have laid down.

This simple little game also resembles roulette

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

in that the banker has a great deal of money when the game ends.

The passengers amused themselves by descending to the steerage deck and engaging in the game. The Chinese banker welcomes them with a bland and childlike smile, knowing that he will eventually separate them from the majority of their coin, which he will stow away in the tin tobacco-box they all use as a bank.

There are other things of interest on the steerage deck besides the gamblers, for most of the passengers there are Orientals, and all the ways of these mystical people are odd to travelers accustomed to seeing chiefly emigrants and down-on-their-luck men in this part of the ship. The little Japanese women bring their doll-like babies on deck and lie or sit about in attitudes more to be commended for comfort than grace or elegance. That "somebody is looking" does not affect them in the least.

Two little Japanese boys would wrestle for hours at a time, wriggling all over the deck like young puppies. Wrestling is the national sport of Japan and boys go at it as soon as they are able to walk.

On the forward hatch of the steerage deck the thirty or more missionaries traveling in that class contrived a chapel, with a tarpaulin for an awning and a small melodeon, a few chairs and a supply of hymns, the last-named seemingly inexhaustible. The sustaining qualities of song seemed necessary

ON THE PACIFIC

at almost every hour of the day—in addition to the regular service held twice daily.

Tee, the taciturn boatswain, received orders to open the forward hatch when we were nearing Honolulu. He departed but presently returned saying: “No can open hatchee, too muchee sing-song, too muchee chin-chin.” Perhaps it would be as well to explain that “chin-chin” is actually the Chinese word for prayer—or the act of praying.

One morning, when we had gone on deck very early, we saw a pretty Chinese woman in full native costume sitting on a grating, devoutly repeating her prayers, while she held three burning joss-sticks in her hand. On the forward hatch the band of missionaries were holding service, and tho in their eyes she was a heathen, the kind they were going out to save by teaching them the error of their ways, it is my belief that the smoke of the joss-sticks, representing the prayers of her gentle, devout heart, rose quite as high toward heaven as the songs of the missionaries.

This charming worshiper was one of the very few Chinese passengers who ever came on deck. The majority remained in their bunks by day as well as by night; perhaps because the stercoraceous odors reminded them of the homes to which they were journeying. Similar smells, but a thousand times more pronounced, distinguish Chinese cities and towns from all others. Possibly a stronger fas-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

ination still is the opium den, which is in every Pacific liner, and quite as necessary as the kitchen.

According to the old sailor superstition that a missionary, or "sky pilot," of any kind brings bad luck and stormy weather to a ship, we should have had calamities equaling those which befell the Ancient Mariner. For there were, besides the thirty in the steerage, a goodly number of missionaries in the first cabin. It was pleasing to notice the absence of any sectarian feeling, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians each taking his turn at conducting the services.

When we arrived at the place where a day was lost, the Captain had his choice of dropping either Sunday or Monday. He decided on the former, but the missionaries wouldn't have it, and held service for three days in succession so as to be sure and hit it right.

But in spite of the many reasons for storm and stress, the sea remained calm and only breezes soft as summer zephyrs blew across our bows. In fact, during our entire trip across the Pacific we were never off an almost even keel.

It was so different from my first ocean trip, which was across the Atlantic. I'll never forget that. I hadn't been feeling well, and was told that the sea-voyage would make another man of me. Imagine making another man of me, when there was hardly enough material for one!

ON THE PACIFIC

Well, the minute the ship left the dock I felt better. I threw out my chest—and a lot of other things I didn't need and prepared to enjoy life.

By the time we got to Sandy Hook the ship was having St. Vitus' dance, and most of the passengers decided to go below to unpack. I started to find my stateroom, and I think I butted into every one there was. I was finally hurled into one just as the occupant, a lady, was climbing into the upper berth. She said, "Sir!" Then the ship went the other way, and I was never so completely sat on by a lady in my life.

At last I found my own stateroom, which was a locker with a couple of shelves in it.

The ship now seemed to stand on her nose and wag her tail in the air; I deliberated whether I should close the port-hole and go to my berth, or close my berth and go to the port-hole. On the fourth day I began to take notice of things and crawled out on deck just as the ship was doing a "buck and wing." I was shot from one end of the ship to the other, finishing with a head-on collision with a fat man's stomach. He was mad because I butted in on his breakfast. I apologized for the intrusion, and crawled into a steamer chair.

The day it was roughest the passengers asked me to get up a concert. There was a prima donna on board who was having her voice cultivated in Paris.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

I supposed she was going over to get it, for she certainly didn't have it with her. She consented to take part in the concert and chose a fitting selection for a rough night—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Just as she started in to sing, the ship side-stepped and threw her under the table. A friend of mine was accompanying her on the piano, so of course he had to follow her. I said: "For heaven's sake, is this a concert or a knockabout act?" The prima donna thought she was down for a solo, but she was down for an hour.

On the Pacific there were no such experiences for us. And it is such a great, big, lonesome ocean—only once in all the eighteen days did we see a ship, a big, full-rigged ship with all sails set—but seeming to stand perfectly still, utterly becalmed, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Our steamer, besides having an excellent crew, had what probably creates a fine crew—as fine a set of officers as any boat could have and honored by having as its chief officer the Captain Porter who saved his crew and lived with them for more than a year among friendly Eskimos far within the Arctic Circle after his ship, which was on government survey duty, was crushed in the ice. Captain Porter, besides being an efficient officer, was a most genial and pleasant gentleman, as merry and care-free as if he had always cruised on summer seas, and wasn't, when we met him, responsible for a

ON THE PACIFIC

great ship, a valuable cargo, and three thousand passengers. He was also a wily diplomat. For instance, no one but a diplomat could have met successfully, and without subsequent hard feeling, the tearful complaint of one lady that she couldn't sleep because of the jarring of the engines, and begging that they be stopped during the night.

Captain Porter was a delightful raconteur and entertained us on several occasions with stories of his sojourn in the frigid zone. His tales of Eskimo dainties, especially a duck soup, where the bird is put in for cooking not only undressed but *unplucked*, made us glad there were no Eskimo cooks on board.

A source of occasional uneasiness were the two little black Pomeranian dogs belonging to Mrs. Corbin. She had received special permission to have them on deck in the daytime, but at night they must be put below and in charge of the *butcher!* Why such choice was made, we failed to see—we considered it a tempting of Providence; tho our fears were somewhat allayed when we discovered that the butcher was not a Chinaman, but an Englishman. But even so, we always ate our breakfast with a keener appetite when, during our early morning stroll, we'd see the little Corbin dogs appear upon the deck.

Within three days of Honolulu we realized our approach to the tropics by the sensible rise in tem-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

perature, the numbers of flying-fish, and the summer costume of the passengers and officers.

The evening before our expected arrival at Honolulu, the chief topics of conversation were the principal sights of the town and the best methods of seeing them.

Every one retired with the keenest anticipations, for even six days on the water create a longing to see land, proving that man, tho he go down to the sea in ships, is beyond question a land animal.

Most of us were up betimes and were rewarded by the sight of a dark, low-lying island—on our port bow. This was Molokai, the leper island, and the scene of Father Damien's heroic life and death. This Belgian missionary priest, who started in life a simple, unlettered peasant, so lived and worked and died that his name will ever be one of those who need no Hall of Fame to make their memory immortal. His will go ringing down the Halls of Time as one that loved his fellow men.

As we looked at the bare, tragic island, we wished for that wonderful letter of Robert Louis Stevenson, that we might read again the exquisitely written story of the man who, "by one striking act of martyrdom, had directed all men's eyes on that distressful country—who, at a blow and the price of his life, had made the place illustrious and public."

Ahead, another island, with high, rocky promontory, stood out now. quite plainly. As we came

ON THE PACIFIC

nearer, we could distinguish fleets of little fishing-boats, their white sails dotting the blue water like flocks of birds. A snowy sickle of sand outlined the black and beetling cliff, and around it came the little "Alameda," rolling and plunging in a swell that did not even disturb the stately calm of our giantess.

It was noon before we really warped to the wharf, alongside of which was a United States naval training-ship whose band welcomed us, accompanied by the shouts of the white-clad boys.

III

HAWAII

We Are Garlanded with Wreaths of Welcome—My First Experience as a Chauffeur—Luncheon Amid the Palms—We See the Sights of the Town—Stump Speakers in the Vernacular—Lovely Pali—"One-Finger Poi"—The Aquarium—Surf-Riding—Phenomenal Rice Crops—Imported Labor—Japanese Invasion—Captain Cook's Monument—How "Bill" Swore Off—My Poetic Friend, Charley Stoddard—How I Struggled with the Architecture of the Hawaiian Language—My Good Friend, Lieutenant-Governor Atkinson—The Handsome Bachelor of the Islands—Fire-Drill—Approaching the Shores of Japan.

THE city of Honolulu, looking from the harbor, does not seem large, tho there is a population of fifty thousand. The houses are so embowered in luxuriant foliage, it is only occasionally that a roof may be seen peeping out.

As the ship draws slowly toward the wharf the water about her becomes alive with lithe, brown swimmers, who shout for pennies to be thrown. These balance slowly down through the clear water, the boy nearest dives quickly, and almost immediately bobs up again holding the coin triumphantly aloft in one hand—while with the other he be-



Girl Wearing Lei

Surf-Boat Riding

The Hawaii Hotel

HAWAII

seeches for more—keeping himself erect by treading water. These slim, brown, native boys swim almost before they can walk and become quite as much at home in the water as on land.

As soon as the gangplanks were out, friends came aboard. We became indebted to Mr. E. M. Boyd for much of the pleasure of our stay in Honolulu and for our exceptional opportunity for seeing things thoroughly in the shortest space of time. Mr. Boyd is an American, formerly a well-known newspaper man in California and now one of Honolulu's foremost citizens. He welcomed us with the beautiful but rather embarrassing Hawaiian custom of throwing long wreaths or leis about our necks. These are made of carnations, camelias, or jasmine with glossy, green leaves. Women who make them sit along the streets in Honolulu with baskets of flowers and completed leis beside them, their fingers busily engaged in weaving others. So universal is this custom of wearing these flowery adornments, that every native one meets has neck and hat decorated with a fresh, dewy wreath. Time was, no doubt, when these were all of their adorning, but civilization has decreed a few additions to such an airy, tho no doubt picturesque costume.

Our doubts as to the best method of seeing the sights were settled for us by our friend, Mr. Boyd, who had an automobile waiting for us on the dock.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

This was almost the only one on the island and as we started, the people gave back respectfully—some skipping aside with almost panic-stricken haste. The driver told us of his first trip in the machine through the outlying country. He came upon a Chinese coolie who had never seen anything of the kind before, and who stood rooted with horror to the road until the driver tooted the horn. Then the Chinaman fled frantically to the fence, over which he plunged, shrieking, "heap devil! heap devil!" When the driver had finished telling us of his first experience, I told him of mine—not in Honolulu, but in the good, old Empire State, U. S. A. As I remember it was a fine ride! The fine was a hundred and fifty. I said to my chauffeur (chauffeur is French for plumber), I said to my chauffeur, "Let her go!" and he let her go. We went so fast, the milestones looked like a cemetery! We simply flew thro' the air. When the car stopped short, I was still flying. I flew eighty feet thro' the air, shot thro' a church window and lit right in the middle of the congregation, just as the minister was saying: "And the angel of the Lord descended!"

I was a fine-looking angel, with a pair of goggles; a linen duster and a rubber tire 'round my head for a halo! I explained to the astonished congregation that I had just "dropped into meetin'!"

Well, after working four days, with eight-hour

HAWAII

night shifts, we got the car going; and all went well till I tried to steer. I turned out for a cow, and turned into a "dago" with a fruit-stand. There was a free delivery of fruit. It was hard to tell which was the fruit and which was the "dago." We stopped long enough to remove a banana from my eye (you have to keep your eye peeled) and went on. Nothing happened until we got in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, when the blamed thing had the blind staggers; tried to climb an electric-light pole and bit a policeman in the middle of his beat! That cost the city a copper, and me a pretty penny.

Since then I've tried pretty nearly every kind of car, with results about the same—in the end I was a nervous wreck, and the car was a total wreck. So, when a friend of mine calls me up on the phone and says he's "got the automobile fever," and "wants to know what he'd better get," I tell him to get over it.

We went up through the city to Alexander Young's new hotel, the finest hostelry in Honolulu, where an exquisite luncheon was served, tendered to us by the management, in whom we unexpectedly found old friends. Leis of red carnations surrounded every dish and glass, making the table a veritable mass of bloom. Everything was perfectly cooked and served and, that every sense might be appealed to, the table was placed near a window

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

overlooking the town. The dining-room was in the top of the building, and the outlook charming—over billowing green, feathery palms and blossoming vines. Next to the dining-room was a palm-room, set about with many small wicker tables and chairs. It was practically open and, on a moonlight night, must be a place to stir even the most prosaic to romantic meditation.

After luncheon, out through the city we went again toward the country. The city spreads over an area of ten miles and is patrolled by a body of a hundred and fifty police—those in the outskirts being mounted. There is a capable fire department with modern engines and equipment; a pretty theater, where shows are so scarce they are frequently reduced to the necessity of amateur performances. These affairs are charming social events, and draw large audiences even from the other islands, among the inhabitants of which there is a strong feeling of friendly hospitality.

The shops of the town are very like those of the States, the more picturesque element being furnished by the fish-market and the shops in Chinatown.

The fish-market is an important institution, as the products of the sea are the chief diet of these Island people. It is a novel sight to one fresh from the States to see the little Japanese women in kimono and clogs, with baby on back, its tiny, shaven

HAWAII

head bobbing helplessly. Chinese women and children are rare in these islands, but may still be seen in considerable numbers.

An interesting phase of life in this section is the political speaker, who takes the stump—sometimes several stumps in succession—at the noon hour. All Hawaiians take a keen interest in politics. The speech I heard was in the Hawaiian tongue, the only words I understood being “beef trust”; this the speaker said very plainly in English, there probably being no equivalent in Hawaiian. As he proceeded from stump to stump, his audience waned perceptibly—perhaps from a native indolence of temperament which could not cling very long to one thing. At any rate, when he reached the last stump, his audience reminded me of what Peter Dailey said of an audience in a New York theater where business was poor. When asked how large the audience was, “Pete” answered, “I could lick all three of them!”

From politics to Pali—a marvelous transition! This vision of beauty—no matter what other scenes I may look upon—will never fade from my mind while memory lasts.

This high cliff, garlanded with the softest and most luxuriant verdure, overlooks a fertile valley where is spread, like a carpet, every varying shade of green that finally melts in the distance to the exquisite turquoise and beryl tints of the sea,

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

making an enchanting panorama of transcendent loveliness.

Pali was the scene of the historic battle of the forces of Oahu, when they were driven up into the mountains by the army of King Kamehameha the Great, who had come over from Hawaii to conquer them. The Oahuans were pressed back until they were finally driven over the edge of the Pali, a living cataract of twenty-eight hundred men. To stand upon the edge of this cliff and conjure up a vision of this historic event, which took place scarcely a hundred and seven years ago, must give even the least impressionable a thrill.

We returned from the Pali, down the winding road, between thickets of guava bushes, tree-fern, koa-trees, and banana-trees, meeting many "Pakes" or foreigners, driving packhorses laden with supplies for the sugar plantations, or the pedlers of poi, two casks slung from a bamboo yoke on their shoulders.

At intervals along the road there would appear a stick, with a bit of white cloth fluttering from it. This is a signal to the poi-seller that some family who live down an almost hidden track leading from the little flag are in need of poi. This highly prized article of food among the natives is made from the root of the taro, a sort of lily ground into flour and made into a sour paste with water. When it is rather thick it is called "one-

HAWAII

finger poi” because a portion can be readily lifted with one finger. When thinner, two fingers are necessary to lift any to the mouth, so, to distinguish the consistency, which is governed entirely by individual taste, it is called “one, two, or three finger poi.”

It is entirely an acquired taste, to the novice being decidedly unpleasant, suggesting a mixture of soft soap and buttermilk. It is, however, very nutritious and healthful and the white residents claim that a course of it would put a new stomach into a wooden Indian!

A pick-me-up of exceptional value after a night when one has dined not wisely, but too well, is a poi cocktail, made of a glass of milk with chipped ice, and two tablespoonfuls of poi.

I was next taken to the Aquarium, where the collection of native fish is something beyond the power of the wildest imagination to picture, and quite baffles description. Little fishes striped in bright pink-and-white, like sticks of peppermint candy, jostle those that are of a silvery and blue brocade, others of a dark color, with spots of vivid red and bridles of golden yellow going about their heads are in the next cage to transparent fish of a delicate pink or blue—or a family of devil-fish. There are fish of a beautiful somber purple, and fish of white with black horizontal stripes, looking like a company of convicts from Sing Sing. There

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

are many, many others, those with trailing fringes, or floating wings; those with eyes on little pivots that turn easily in all directions like small conning-towers; all odd or unusual, seeming like dream-fishes, or the fantoms of a disordered brain, rather than products of nature.

In some parts of the archipelago one may go out in boats with glass bottoms and, so clear is the water, even to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, these marine birds of paradise may be plainly seen darting about among the trees of coral.

We next took a spin around Diamond Head. This, like all the peaks in the islands, is of volcanic origin, being formed of tufa or lava rock.

The native legend that accounts for all the volcanoes in the group is that the goddess Pele, the daughter of the god Kane and the Fire, when expelled from her original home, an island near the Philippines, moved to the Hawaiian group, building her houses in different portions of them. She was evidently a young person of a roving nature, for she frequently changed her habitation. On Oahu she built Puowaina, now known as Punch-bowl, Leahi, now called Diamond Head, and Koko; she left Koko Head for Mauna Loa on Molokai, and after touching at many spots, she finally settled at Kilauea on Hawaii. The fires lighted by her then in her volcano-house are still burning, for

HAWAII

this mountain is always at work, and is to-day the largest active volcano in the world.

After riding about the one-time home of this fire-goddess, we returned to the Moana Hotel at Waikiki, where we donned bathing-suits and took a surf ride.

This is the national sport and, being at all times sufficiently thrilling, must be taken in a high surf, a tremendous experience. The boats are long, deep and very narrow canoes, with an outrigger at one side to keep them from tipping.

Two natives, and they must be skilled, usually operate these canoes. Three or four passengers at a time are taken out, the natives rowing with broad paddles a quarter or half mile from the shore, where they wait for a large wave. With the nicest precision they keep ahead of it, just as it breaks, and are carried smoothly in, poised on its crest. I sat facing the stern, and the experience was something to remember, the swift bird-like swoop of the canoe, with the white, seething wall of water behind it, apparently just about to engulf us. After we were safely on shore again they told us stories of how the wave, if the rowers miscalculate, will break over the canoe, driving it to the bottom.

When we were out, the high waves were not very frequent, and the natives splashed drops of water from their paddles toward the sea to coax the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

waves in. The old Hawaiian in the stern admonished us to be patient, for, he solemnly assured us, the big waves would come in when they smelt the canoe. The native boys take their surf rides more simply, but in a more hazardous manner. They go out with long polished palm-boards and, standing balanced upon them, come riding in, apparently standing on the boiling crest of the wave. They do this for hours at a time, frequently remaining in the water all day.

The Moana Hotel is very attractively situated close to the sea where its many-changing tints of blue and green are intensified by the surrounding foliage.

The entire city of Honolulu is built among the most luxuriant vegetation, the royal palm, with tall, silvery trunk and crown of shining leaves, overtopping everything. There are few more majestic sights than an avenue of these royal trees. Banana-trees with their broad leaves are favorites in the gardens, and together with the many-colored foliage plants, hedges of scarlet hibiscus and arbors of the inevitable Bougainvillea, with its clustering purple blossoms, make a riot of color as charming as it is novel to Western eyes.

The crops are phenomenal in this favored land, three harvests of rice being gathered each year. Enormous crops of bananas are exported and sugar, the principal export, is, in its cultivation,

HAWAII

brought more nearly to a science here than in any other country where it is raised. There is an enclosure, given up to experiments for the common use of the planters, and ground is never opened until it has undergone a thorough chemical test, and the essential qualities made sure of, or added, if lacking.

When the Hawaiian Islands became a part of the United States, the Chinese Exclusion Bill of course affected them to the great detriment of labor in the sugar plantations. Chinese coolie labor was the best to be had, and, cut off from procuring it, the sugar raisers suffered proportionately.

They imported labor from Porto Rico, but it has proved to be an unsuccessful experiment, as the element introduced is not desirable, fomenting dissension and being lazy and generally shiftless. On the other hand, the Chinaman is industrious, law-abiding, sober and honest. But the native population of Hawaii, combined with that of the whites and Chinese, is only a fraction of the total of the Japanese, and more of the latter are arriving at a rapid rate, hundreds of these being veterans of the late war with Russia. They come ostensibly to follow the peaceful pursuits of agriculture or merchandise but, as the old saying goes, you never can tell!

I found a great dislike in Honolulu toward the Japanese, but a universal admiration, and affection

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

even, for the Chinese working-class. This opinion I find confirmed by all those who have had experience with both races.

Since the islands have been a territory of the United States, they have conducted their affairs with praiseworthy results, their ultimate hope being Statehood, of which they are surely more worthy—their annexation being voluntary—than are those which have been taken by force of arms.

The early Spanish navigators, somewhere in the 16th century, knew these islands, but their practical discoverer was Captain Cook, who landed upon Kauai in 1778, and during the following year skirted the entire archipelago, finally meeting his death at the hands of the natives, who, when he first landed, had worshiped him as a god.

The English have raised a monument to the explorer, and it is one of the most frequented spots on the island of Hawaii. Captain Cook named the group after his patron, Lord Sandwich, and such they were called for more than a century.

O lovely island world! Where else in the universe is there a spot made up wholly of beauty and peace? where man—and even woman—can cease worrying about stocks, franchises, new bonnets, real estate, society, insurance, politics and all the rest that go to make up the pandemonium of existence, and settle down in the shade of a palm-tree—royal, coco, wine, cabbage, screw, fan or native—he has a

HAWAII

choice of seven—unbutton his shirt-collar and smoke the pipe of forgetfulness. What a place for a dear little lamb-like jag, a one-finger poi racket—with a banana, a mango and any old kind of a jingo thrown in—that leaves no seal-brown, burnt-wood taste in the mouth and conjures up no visions of ravaging beast or devouring serpent! No need in this antibibulous Paradise to pattern after the man in Poughkeepsie—the hardest drinker in town—who was induced, after much pleading on the part of his long-suffering wife to sign the pledge; and strange to say, he kept it, for a few days, during which he met a friend who proposed a “smile.”

“Can’t; I’ve sworn off,” said Bill.

“You’re a liar!” responded his friend.

Whereupon Bill muttered, fervently, “God knows I hope you’re right!”

O happy Hawaii! that hath no poisonous reptiles, no noxious plants, no pestiferous insects—not even mosquitoes, those one-time plagues having been practically exterminated by the same methods used in the United States.

’Tis not I that can do you justice! Let my friend Charley Stoddard, with his prose-poem-paragraphs and his mellifluous periods do the job for me. When he sits down with his pen dipt in honey, and his mouth full of guava-jelly to reel off a few reams of ecstatic English in praise of his beloved islands, he makes the rest of us feel like

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

thirty cents. And when he declares that he has traveled the wide world over, but never, never has he seen a spot to equal this—why, what can we do but say, “Same here, old man!”

I spent considerable time on the architecture of the Hawaiian language, but never got much above the ground floor; but if I had stayed in the cellar, it would have been just the same, for I could make but one thing out of it and that was that the whole structure is built upon the letter K. They can't get along without that K. They must stick it into everything.

For instance, if you want to make a tour of the Islands, you take the little steamer “Kilauea”—that is to say, you could take it once upon a time; but they saw fit to tire of the name, and changed it to “Kinau”; then when they wanted something more romantic and English, they called it—not “Sea-Bird,” mind you! or “Ocean Spray,” or “Flying Scud”—but “Like-like.” Can't get along without the K! So you sail around in little old “Like-like,” and somewhere or anywhere—it don't make any difference which, for it's sure to begin with a K—you make a landing, and lo! it is called Kalahui; just as good a name as any for a port of entry, if you don't mind koming in through the kustoms in that way. It's a breezy little port, with a kourt-house and a klub—good fellows, too—and a mercantile marine, and a railway, and a

HAWAII

wreck in the harbor, and all of 'em belonging to Kalahui.

If you speak of the thriving plantations that back the harbor, they'll be sure to ask you if you've noticed the *Kalo* patches? *Kalo* may be French for kabbages or karnations—you don't give a kon-tinental either way—but you smile, and say, "Great! wouldn't mind having a korner in *Kalo* some day!"

Then, if you want to take a sea-bath, or stroll on the sands, they'll tell you that Kalepolepo is the place. To be sure, Kale is not what she "used to was." Like those patient ladies-in-waiting (old maids) she is rather ancient and out-of-date. But her sister Kalahui, she got on the inside track in the start, when she kaught on to Klaus—you know Klaus; his other name is Spreckels; he's in the sugar business, and Kalahui got herself made into a port of entry for Spreckelsville, the thrivingest home of the sugar-cane industry there is on the eight islands.

But to come back to our muttons. It was on the beach of Kalepolepo that King Kamehameha—Kamehameha the conqueror—landed with his flotilla of canoes. He crossed the nearest stream, and immediately a *Kapu* was put on it—not a bridge, nor a canoe, mind you! not even an attachment—but just a *Kapu*, a mean little word of two syllables beginning with a K, and it meant that,

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

forever after, that stream was sacred to royalty, and no other kind of a fellow must put his foot on it. As if anybody would want to!—not on a *Kapu* anyway.

Then, if you prefer still-bathing, there is the pool of Kapena; if you want to play a game of bowls, it's the Kanaka boys that set up the pins for you; if you want a cup of coffee, you must drink the native brand called Kona, that they will tell you knocks the p's and beans out of old Mocha every time.

If you want to go up a mountain, of course it must be Haleakala; it's only got one K in it, by the way, but it's got the biggest krater at the top of it you ever saw or heard of—twenty miles in circumference and two thousand feet deep. It's stone-dead—entirely gone out of business; but in my opinion that's an advantage of two-to-one on any live crater. If you want to go up another mountain try Kalauea. It's only another K and the avenue that leads out to it is a magnificent boulevard set out on either side with breadfruit-trees, mangoes, and alligator pears. Kalauea is the biggest thing in the live crater business in the world—a lake of fire 1,200 feet long and 500 wide, with a surface measure of 12 *acres*. You hold your breath and say your prayers; and, when a gust of wind carries away the blinding steam and smoke, you look down, down 500 feet into a veritable hell-fire lake,

HAWAII

whose waves of flame rise and fall in convulsive throes that shake the very heart out of your body—in other words the thing has fits to beat the band, and you wish you hadn't come! But you get all over it by the next day, and if you want to calm your mind and restore your nerves, you take a nice, quiet stroll down Kukui Place and kommune with Nature.

Finally, if you've done anything you oughtn't to and get arrested and taken to the lockup, you run up against the biggest bunch of k's in the whole business. The name of the "Jug" is Kahleamakakaparakapili.

That got me! I was kompletely kerflummuxed—down and out. As far as studying the Hawaiian language goes, I'm a kwitter!

We were indebted to my good friend Mr. John Atkinson, Lieutenant-Governor of Hawaii, for many courtesies during our stay in the Islands. The Governor being absent, the hospitalities of the occasion fell upon his lieutenant, and most agreeably were they dispensed. Mr. Atkinson is said to be the handsomest bachelor in the eight islands, and why he should be a bachelor at all is one of those things no fellow can find out. At any rate, he is in demand for any and all social functions that may arise; and the ladies are all of one mind that nothing can be quite as it should be unless graced by the presence of the amiable Lieutenant-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Governor. As a surf-rider, I am willing to back him against any Kanaka in the business. He took us out in one of the boats used for that purpose, and actually brought us back again alive. Talk about shooting the rapids! I think he could shoot anything—even the apple off the head of the William Tell kid without making him so much as wink.

The Lieutenant-Governor was born in one of the middle Western States and went to Hawaii when young and grew up there, so that what he doesn't know about that part of the country isn't worth talking about. At first American Commissioner and later Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Atkinson has made hosts of friends, and no man is better known.

The former palace of King Kalakaua—and few more gorgeous and beautiful ever housed royalty—is inhabited by the representatives of the United States; and when Mr. Atkinson—accustomed to the splendor of his official residence—made his first visit to the States and beheld the modest domicile that houses our Presidents, he could scarcely believe his eyesight. As soon as he was able to speak, he ejaculated, “Well, this is truly a republican country!”

He recommended me to visit the famous silver temple of Kinkakuji when I got to Japan, with its tea-ceremony room eighty feet square, mat measurement.

“Don't forget the name, now! Kinkakuji!”

HAWAII

“No, you don’t, Jack!” I replied, hastily.

“No, you don’t! No more kinky-k business for me! I wouldn’t get that spelling-bee in my bonnet a second time for twice your year’s salary! And what’s more, if you stay in this k-country any longer, a single man, without a wife to help you wrestle with the bunch of k’s you’re up against, year in and year out, you’ll turn out worse than young Charley Blank, who was so nervous the evening he was to be married, that he got the minister alone in the upper hall, and begged him to give him all the points that he possibly could about the ceremony.”

“Now, Mr. Bind-’em,” he quavered, “speaking as a bridegroom, you know—do tell me, is it kistomary to cuss the bride?”

We spent our last night at the islands aboard ship, as we were to sail at dawn; and our last look at their happy shores was at sunset—a golden calm, shaded by roseate clouds—which shed a benison of beauty over the tranquil scene. We smiled a last farewell at everything—the happy homes, embowered in luxuriant foliage; the clustered palms; the distant mountains looming up in shadowed majesty; the vague outline of the channel, fringed with foam; the chocolate figures of the Kanaka boys, poised on a canoe’s edge or slipping down into the waves with a shout of glee; the flashing surf; the near-by rocks, shading from browns

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

to blues and then to royal purple; the clustered shipping; the busy harbor, settling down to the calm of evening—it was a picture of beauty to linger long in the memory. Aloha! and farewell to thee, Hawaii!

From Honolulu to Yokohama is a passage almost without incident. Life on shipboard is made up of the usual routine, varied by ingenious devices to kill time. The young men enjoy the swimming-tank on the forward deck which the ship's carpenter has rigged and lashed with skill and security. The thermometer registers summer heat, and officers, passengers and crew are now habited in the lightest and coolest attire. Early rising is a fad with the majority, the sailors especially choosing the early morning hours in which to exercise their passion for cleanliness. If this doesn't arouse the sleeper, the neighboring children will. Like the blueberry crop in Nova Scotia, the crop of little ones never fails.

I had a tiny neighbor—a veritable matutinal lark—who began at 5 A. M. Did you ever notice, while traveling, that children are like dogs and roosters in the country—it needs only one to start all the others going?

Cards and games of all sorts filled the afternoons. A concert was given one evening and a mock trial another. The latter was very amusing; the culprit was arrested on the charge of being a bachelor, and

HAWAII

found guilty by a jury of ladies. The judge and attorneys wore imposing wigs cleverly made of rope by the sailors.

The Pacific is so big, in comparison to the business done on it, that there are days in succession in which not a sail is sighted, yet we had a fellow passenger who always paced the deck with a telescope which he would suddenly extend to full length and peer through it as intently as if in search of the fag-end of futurity or the phantom sails of the Flying Dutchman. Then there was the woman who asked the captain if "that was the same moon we used to see in New York?" while a more ancient member of the sex, with a face like the breaking up of a hard winter, took in everything and everybody on deck, and then at the dinner-table took in everything within reach. This old lady one day said to Captain Porter: "Captain, I don't see how you find your way across—isn't it hard?" "Oh, no," said the Captain, giving me a sly wink, "all the waves are numbered."

All Pacific Mail steamers are carefully protected by a rigid practise in fire and life-saving drill. At the tap of the bell, the crew spring to their places by boat and raft; each officer, with a pistol hung at his side, takes his station; and the precision and quickness with which it is all accomplished inspire the beholder with very comfortable feelings.

The life-drill is practised in case some one should

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

fall overboard. Certain members of the crew are assigned to this duty, ready at any moment to throw out life-lines, buoys that strike a light when they hit the water, or man the emergency life-boat that is kept in position to be lowered instantly.

But we are approaching the shores of Japan. The wide stretch of waters that we have so safely and pleasantly traversed is even now but a memory; and every heart is beating high with pleasant anticipations. The tackle for hoisting baggage is being geared, the accommodation stairways put in place; and every fresh preparation seems to tell us that our long voyage is swiftly drawing to a close.

IV

JAPAN

Yeddo Bay—Sacred Fujiyama—The Fall of the Great Official—Taking Temperatures—Mountain Pilgrims—Tattooed Sampan Rowers—Grand Hotel, Yokohama—Manager Eppinger—Captain Davies' Kindness and Courtesy to Us—Riding in a 'Ricksha—Paymaster McDonald of U. S. Navy—Shrine and Tea-House—Accomplished Madam Fujita—Clean, Little Japan—The Japanese Student in London—"Please Wipe Your Feet"—Everything Small—Famous Flower Festivals—Japanese Art as a Brainstorm—Taken Seriously from the Connoisseur's Standpoint.

THE approach to the shores of Japan is made slowly. We pass through several novel experiences before entering the breakwaters of Yokohama. The broad bay of Yeddo, with the famous sacred mountain of Fujiyama—white-capped, majestic, beautiful—outlined in the distance, fills the eye with a commanding interest whose completeness it would seem impossible to dispel. But this is achieved, however, and very thoroughly by the arrival of the health officers, who approached the steamer in a tender and imme-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

diately furnished whatever element of absurdity had been previously lacking.

Japan compels a more rigorous examination at her various ports of entry than any other country. China makes no examination whatever, perhaps on the principle that it is difficult to sweeten a bad egg.

All holders of official positions in Japan are obliged to wear European dress; and the little Japs who boarded our steamer, looked in their long, green coats, elaborately ornamented, like school-boys in their fathers' clothes. They are very important little people, you must know; but one of them came to grief in a manner as speedy as it was unexpected.

The most "chesty" of the bunch, in stepping from the tug to the little platform that formed the bottom step of the ladder leading up the ship's side, lost his balance, and was only saved from immersion in the icy water by clutching at the bunch of chains underneath the platform, where he clung, with feet drawn up to his chin, apparently conscious of the danger as well as absurdity of his position; for the water was very rough as well as cold, and the waves were banging the tender against the platform in a most unpleasant manner. I had likened the little fellows, when they first came alongside, to the immortal "Artful Dodger," but this particular Dodger was having



A Public School

A Wayside Shrine

A Fair Smoker

Sightseeing in Tokyo

JAPAN

all he could do to dodge what was coming to him until the sixth officer, perceiving the situation, tore headlong down the steps, seized him by the collar of his splendid green coat and hauled him up the ladder like a wet kitten. "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!" From the grandeur of his gold-green garments and the weight of his official dignity to this!—a cold, clammy, collapsed kitten in the clutch of a foreign ship's officer. Poor little Jappy! I wonder if he had ever written in his copy-book at school that o'er-true maxim, "Pride goeth before a fall."

Later, assembled in the dining-saloon, the entire company of the ship's passengers might have been seen, each with a thermometer sticking in his or her mouth, the while the little company of health officers took their temperature with the utmost gravity and precision. The scene was uproariously funny. Many of the passengers laughed until they cried—the male portion—but one irate female protested that the humiliation was a disgrace! the nervous strain was enough to send up the temperature of—well, of an angel from Heaven! If she had said the other place, now—but we anticipate.

To come back to the sacred Fujiyama, this mountain which dominates the landscape much as Table Rock does the eye of the traveler approaching Cape Town, South Africa, is worshiped by the Japanese people as an embodied god. It broods over the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

land and the wide harbor like a guardian spirit, rearing itself 12,365 feet in the air from a surrounding country that is almost level. An annual visit from thousands of pilgrims who climb its steep sides in the hope of gaining spiritual favor and protection is one of the most striking events in connection with this portion of the country. There's one good point about this old god, if he is one, he always keeps a cool head; he has to, for there is a perpetual snow-cap on it, half a mile thick.

From the steamer we went ashore in a tender—that is, to within a hundred feet of the landing place, where, owing to the tide being low, we were put out into a *sampan* propelled by one long oar, wielded by a decorative Japanese figure in a blue and white cotton kimono.

We were not long without an example of the hardiness of the race, for, as we turned toward the shore the breeze lifted the thin cotton kimono and showed us that our propelling power was drest underneath principally in a suit of beautiful blue tattooing. As good a garment as any—certainly a skin-tight fit, and warranted not to shrink.

We landed at the Custom House, and after some preliminaries were driven to the Grand Hotel. This hostelry—dear to the hearts of tourists—has been an institution from time immemorial, and is managed by an American with a German name,

JAPAN

who has been its proprietor for an equally remote period. Mr. Louis Eppinger has grown gray and almost blind in the service of catering to the public; and, owing to the infirmities of age and rheumatism, is carried up- and down-stairs in a chair by his two Jap boys.

I recall with pleasure the name of Captain Davies, late Commander in the English merchant marine, whose connection with the Grand Hotel made our sojourn at that house most enjoyable. Captain Davies is now manager of the Astor House at Shanghai, and a more genial and hospitable gentleman never carried out the duties of that position. His personal kindness to me, while at Yokohama, has made me his debtor for life. Not only was he most painstaking in promoting the entertainments which I gave at the Grand, but the kind thoughtfulness that pervaded all his attentions to us lingers most pleasantly in our memories.

The cuisine at the Grand reminded us most pleasantly of home and the famous hotels of America. A daily novelty at luncheon was the serving of one or two Japanese dishes, notably a tiny pudding baked in a dish, the principal ingredient being rice with chopped meat, or chicken, in the center, and peppers, or something else—it would be difficult to tell just what—with a *soy* dressing. *Soy*, which tastes rather like Worcestershire sauce, tho milder, is the Oriental groundwork for all

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

strong sauces, especially Worcestershire, there being over a million gallons exported annually for that purpose. I was told that *soy* was made chiefly of fermented bean-curd, the latter being the foundation of much of the diet of the country.

At Kobé and at Tokyo we found the hotels variously attractive, and *vice versa*. One at Kobé might have boasted with much correctness of its handsome, spacious rooms and most inviting beds; but over its cuisine it were best to draw the veil of charity. One at Tokyo was an imposing building, also with a poor cuisine, and most unequal heating arrangements. Grate fires made the rooms almost unbearable, while the halls were like unto the polar regions.

“I do not like this hotel at all!” said a lady guest. “It is run in such a cold way!” She meant the management, whose frigid aloofness and lack of interest sent the social atmosphere down to zero. In fact, it put me in mind of a Southern revival where the colored preacher, who was boasting of “the powerful outpourin’ of de spirit,” was asked if he had warned his people against stealing chickens. “Dat would nebber do, boss! Yo’ see it would trow sich a coldness on de meetin’!”

Our first outing, to view the “sights” of Yokohama, including the environs of the city, took place on a beautiful bright morning, somewhere in the neighborhood of Hallowe’en, as we should have

JAPAN

said, had we been in dear old America. One could not possibly conjure up the odor of roast apples, much less frost upon the window-panes, far from it! When I got into a *jinrikisha*—the little two-wheeled cart, drawn by a man—I had never felt so unbalanced in my life. I didn't know whether I was going to fall out onto the man, or the cart was going to fall back onto me; but as soon as he got started into a brisk jog-trot I felt better, and pretty soon decided that I never enjoyed a ride so much in my life.

The word *jin-riki-sha* means literally, according to Professor Chamberlain of Tokyo, man-power vehicle, that is, a vehicle pulled by a man. Or, as some Englishman with the flash-light wit for which his countrymen are so justly(?) celebrated, called it a "pull-man-car." I don't recall the Englishman's name, but I think he is dead; that is, I heard he was—yes, I'm quite sure he's dead. He ought to be, anyway.

The word *jin-riki-sha*, according to Professor Chamberlain, is variously pronounced and spelled. The Japanese cut off its tail, and call it *jinriki*; the English cut off its head and pronounce it universally 'ricksha. One dictionary man (English, of course) gives it *jennyrickshaw*. I'm afraid he isn't dead.

There are over 40,000 'rickshas and a third more than that number of 'ricksha-men in Tokyo alone;

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and the principal ports of China, India, and the Malay peninsula, as well as those of Japan, owe to the 'ricksha a fruitful source of income for their teeming coolie population. It is the favorite mode of travel for the well-to-do. These 'ricksha-men will run all day as fast as a pretty good horse, and earn about fifty cents. Only fifteen of this is theirs, however, as many men work for a master—"Parent," as the Japanese call it)—who owns perhaps twenty or thirty 'rickshas, and reckons with his men twice monthly. In large cities a man may earn as high as 30 *yen* a month by this humble occupation, that is, more than the salary of many a small official of several years' standing, not to speak of the excitement, amusement and independence of the occupation. No wonder, says Professor Chamberlain, that fresh batches of lads from the country pour in to replace those whom consumption and heart-disease—the result of cold and overexertion—only too swiftly remove from the busy scene.

My 'ricksha-man could speak a little English, so called, and had a pleasant, smiling countenance. He wore his number on the back of his hat, as the custom is, that the "fare" may have it always in view. I didn't ask him if his earnings were equal to his needs, or if he had a large family to support, or any other little matters of that kind, for I was afraid my Japanese or his English wouldn't

JAPAN

hold out; but I did want to tell him a little story, only I couldn't for the same reason.

It was about the Irishman who was looking for a job, and saw a sign in a bookseller's window: "Porter wanted." "That'll suit me!" he said, and entered the shop, when he was confronted by another: "Dickens' Works—all this week—for ten dollars." The Irishman read off the sign, regardless of stops or commas:

"Dickens works all this week for ten dollars, does he? Well, be gob! let him. I'm a Union man!"

But our peregrinations were not confined to the 'ricksha mode of locomotion, thanks to the courtesy of that very hospitable gentleman Mr. McDonald, Paymaster for the Eastern Division of the U. S. Navy, who sent his carriage to us every day—a victoria with a Jap coachman in blue linen livery and a mushroom hat.

Mr. McDonald was at that time stationed at Yokohama, and has the delightful ease and polish of manner so distinctive of all naval gentlemen.

The country is very beautiful. In a trip to a famous tea-house we saw little bridges of the most airy and graceful design, the architecture purely Japanese. The arbors of wistaria blossoms are a sight such as can not be found outside of Japan. The blossoms are fully five feet long. A little shrine is passed on the road enclosing a tombstone

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and small altar, where fresh tea is offered every day to the spirit of the departed.

The tea-house stands in the middle of a typical Japanese garden, and inside we may regale ourselves with pale, (not ale) but pale tea, warm sake (rice wine), and sweetmeats. The appearance of these refreshments is not inviting, and would discourage anybody but a Japanese. Sake is the national drink, and is brewed from rice; the yeast is formed from koji (husked rice) and heated and steamed to produce fermentation. The alcoholic strength is about eleven per cent., and it has a flavor of light sherry and is sipped warm or cold. Some writer has recorded that its flavor is more like weak Madeira that has been kept in a beer-bottle. However that may be, most meals and all banquets are opened with this drink.

Fruit, in Japan, offers few attractions to the foreigner. Oranges and bananas are so small as effectually to quell any longings one may have previously felt for them. In fact, most of the fruits have a wooden aspect, far from inviting. One visitor declared that the native peach is first cousin to a brickbat!

The persimmon is their largest fruit, but its sickly sweet flavor did not appeal to me. At the famous tea-house I have referred to, we were received by Madam Fujita, a most charming lady, who presides over its hospitalities, and is said to

JAPAN

be the most accomplished woman, lingually, in the world, for she can converse with every visitor in his own tongue, no matter what clime or country he may come from.

Japan is the land of cleanliness. Everything is so neat and clean; it looks as if somebody had got up before breakfast to sweep and dust the whole country. And the Japanese take a just pride in the cleanliness of their nation. Prince Haseba, in an after-dinner speech at Spokane, said, "If you should visit a Japanese house you would be obliged to remove your shoes at the doorway. Japanese floors are beautifully kept. I know of some houses where thirty or forty servants have no other duty than the polishing of the floors."

A young Japanese student, living in London, was so unfortunate as to be located in an apartment house where the janitor did not keep the hall in good condition. It offered a great contrast to his own spotless home in Japan and the young man felt it keenly. On the approach of winter the janitor put up a notice in the entrance, "Please wipe your feet." The young student, the first night he observed this notice, took out a pencil and added, "On going out."

Japan is also the land of unrealities. The whole country is a toy-shop. The houses are like those receptacles for toothpicks we used to covet in our childhood to play house with. The landscape is

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

an animated fan and the people walking dolls. Everything is small. The horses are all ponies; the chickens bantams; the dogs small and shy—with apologetic manners—they wouldn't presume to bark at your heels without first asking permission; the oysters are about as large as a quarter; clams no larger than a dime; bananas not more than four or five inches long, and oranges about the size of lady-apples. Yes, everything is small. I never felt so much at home in my life.

I have said that the Japanese people are the most polite on earth. They are also kind, cheerful, and happy, and, tho their perpetual cheerfulness has been criticized as showing lack of character, this is really due to etiquette which decrees in Japan that a smiling face must be turned to the world, no matter what their inward grief may be. They are sincerely kind, too, and one of the first lessons taught a Japanese girl is never to gossip. A favorite saying among them is, "Mother says I must neither speak, see, nor hear evil." When repeating this, they place their fingers over their eyes, with their thumbs stopping up their ears. The mouth is left uncovered, perhaps because they realize that the tongue is the "unruly member" that can not be entirely controlled.

Gentleness and courtesy are a part of every-day life; smiling faces prevail everywhere, and tho a bitter war was going on at the time of our

JAPAN

visit, and there was scarcely a home that had not known a loss, there was no sign of mourning visible. The men never swear, for there are no swear-words in the Japanese language. I don't know how they relieve their feelings when they lose a collar-button down their back or hit their thumb-nail with a hammer.

In the cherry-blossom season much enjoyment is derived by this artistic little nation from sitting beneath the trees and looking at the beautiful pink blossoms. Little booths of bamboo are erected, where the people sit on blankets and drink tea on pleasant afternoons. There is no social intercourse between the men and the women; they sit at opposite sides of the booth.

The whole population turns out several times in the year to these charming flower-festivals. The plum-blossom comes the end of January, and lasts into March; the cherry-blossom the first half of April; the wistaria early in May; the lotus early in August; the chrysanthemum the first three weeks in November; and the maple—for they include such bright leaves among the flowers—all November.

The cherry-blossom receives the highest share of consideration. The flowers vary in color from the palest pink to a warm rose. Their effect is very much like that of the almond-blossom of England and America—the double variety being ten-petaled—and, like it, bears no fruit. Some of the cherry-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

orchards are said to number exactly a thousand trees and to be 1,300 years old. The effect of this mass of blooms is indescribably beautiful. Many writers for years have devoted their most eloquent powers to praise of the Japanese spring-time and its flowering beauty. Far be it from my pen to compete with them. But I will nevertheless add my mite and also recall to my readers' memories the windows of various Japanese shops in New York and other American cities in the early part of April, where the owner, tho far from his native land, still clings to a beloved and honored custom of placing among his wares upright branches of pink paper blossoms that in some degree commemorate the famous cherry-tree festival of his native country.

Japanese art has had many admirers and many detractors. The latter have likened their china, sprawling with dragons and alive with grinning faces, to a fit of the jim-jams; their sunflowers to jellyfish and their chrysanthemums to cart-wheels.

Its admirers claim that all you have to do is to study up its symbols, and then go ahead. But it strikes me that by the time you've learned the symbols it would be time to die. For instance, when a Japanese artist draws a picture of an April evening, a dyspeptic moon, a nightingale, and a couple of plum-trees, and asks you its meaning, I'll wager that if you stood first on one foot and then on the

JAPAN

other for two mortal hours, you couldn't give the fellow an answer. It's dollars to doughnuts you couldn't tell the nightingale from a fish-hawk, and you couldn't tell what he was doing on the plum-tree, or on the moon—it don't matter which—if they gave you the whole business—the hawk, the plum-tree, the moon, and the April evening—to take home to your wife for a birthday present. For, my dear fellow man, that picture means Happiness! yes, Happiness. And, if you can't see the artist's meaning and—what's more to the point—get your wife to see it, you'd better stay right in the artist's studio, and——

But you won't! You'll go straight home with the picture under your arm, and you'll rush up to your wife and, in an insane endeavor to expatiate on the complex beauties of the thing, you'll say:

“Look, Maria! just see this! A present for your birthday—didn't forget you, did I? Here you are—great! Look at the willowy moon, and the nightingale sky, and the plum-hawk——”

And then she'll burst into tears, and cry, “I knew it! I knew it! I've seen it coming! Oh, I knew it!”

“Knew what, for heaven's sake?”

“That you'd begin to see things! Stopping off at that corner nights has done it—I knew it would—a plum-hawk! O, Archibald! that you should come to this! O, O!”

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

And there you are!—hysterics; the telephone; the doctor; and, praise the Lord! a “quick curtain,” as they say at the theater.

But all is not over. You spend what remains of the night in anathematizing, in tones not loud but deep, Japanese art in the concrete and this particular specimen in the obsolete, till the cold gray dawn steals in upon you and you feel a longing—nay, a thirst, an unhallowed thirst—for the blood of that high-art apostle Bilkins, the friend of twenty years, who lured you into that studio and introduced you to art—“symbolic” art, made up of birds, beasts and fishes, the like of which never walked on land or swam in water.

You prop the *casus belli* on your knee and thus apostrophize it:

“You call yourself a moon, do you? Why, a half-baked soda biscuit is a queen to you! And you’re a nightingale, are you? Why, you splay-footed, wry-neck, hollow-back, shark-nose nightmare! a setting-hen with the wind-cackles is a bird of paradise to you! What did that idiotic Bilkins with his infernal ‘symbols’ mean, by letting me in twenty-five dollars for this? Yes, twenty-five dollars! and what’s the result? Maria throwing fits, and the doctor’s bill another twenty-five, and nothing to show for the fifty but this dum-basted Japanese brainstorm!

“A symbol of Happiness, eh? Well, it hasn’t

JAPAN

brought much happiness to *my* home! A plum-tree! Looks more like a gooseberry bush. I'll bet the plums on it would sour a barrel of molasses!

“‘Patriotism,’ said that ass of a Bilkins, ‘is sometimes indicated by a spray of cherry-blossoms.’ Well, I’ve seen it indicated round the 17th of March by a sprig of shamrock, and more times round the 4th of July by a red-white-and-blue rosette, but nobody needed an interpreter in either case to tell what they were the ‘symbol’ of.

“Grace and quietness are indicated by the willow-tree and the swallow, eh? Very well; I admit the willow-tree. For gracefulness she’s all to the good. But the swallow for quietness! Well, I’ve seen *some* swallows that wouldn’t go in that class—not for nickels. One swallow doesn’t make a summer, but two will get away with a whisky-straight in a second and a half; and three more will make a man’s tongue go like a mill-clapper; while three more will bust up all the quietness left over from a generation of country Sabbaths.

“Now, that blue-and-green dragon twisting round the horizon! I suppose he’s a dragon, but he looks more like a hose-pipe with an attack of appendicitis. He’s the symbol for Religion, eh? Religion! Great snakes! he ought to be the symbol for the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital.

“And this little game-cock perched on a drum signifies good government? Well, that’s a stretch

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

of imagination with a vengeance! Looks more like a sparrow on a pancake-griddle. Good government, eh? I reckon they don't need any over there, or they'd get something bigger than His Drumsticks for a symbol. His Purple Nibs hardly looks equal to the job. I should say scratching up worms in the back yard was more in his line.

“Well, I've had an alcoholic sufficiency of Japanese art; my reputation for sobriety with my wife is gone to the four winds; I'm fifty out of pocket; and nothing—absolutely nothing to show for it but you!—you brain-twisted, colicky, jaundiced paraneic!

“It's the furnace fire for yours!”

On the other hand, no style of art is so fascinating to Occidental minds. The daintiness of conception, the charm of color, the spring-time freshness of atmosphere that pervades each and every effort of the Oriental workman possesses a charm wholly individual and one which it is difficult to resist.

As I have said, the scheme must be studied, the symbols learned; but to the dilettante this is ever a well-spring of pleasure, and one that will never go dry.

The system of “threes” or of “ones” once learned captivates the fancy—for things artistic are nothing if not fanciful in this Orient land—and holds the imagination in spite of oneself. The



At the Tea-House of the 101 Steps

A Street Restaurant

Nunobiki Waterfall

JAPAN

art-etiquette, so to speak, of a Japanese interior is enchanting—when one has learned it. There is only one bunch of flowers—sometimes only a single expressive blossom in a room. There is but one picture. But this oneness must be at just such a time and in just such a place. Can you not understand why? Love is not always responsive to love's demands. Solitude, at times, is sweeter and more to be desired. So the picture is hung, the flower placed.

Every flower has a meaning. Certain flowers must never be seen together. Certain others must never be seen apart. Then, again, everything goes in threes—blossoms, boughs, or sprays. Even furniture has a meaning. The details of this etiquette are endless, and, to the Occidental mind, bewildering, unless one "has an imagination"—or at least an esthetic sense to which its poetic features can appeal.

In the matter of coloring alone, Japanese art leads the world; the secret is their own. Their picture-slides, etc., notably those by Kimbei, Japan's greatest colorist, are unsurpassed by any heretofore attempted.

Tho Japan is the land of beautiful bric-à-brac, none is ever displayed. The precious vase, rich with gorgeous lacquer; the picture, beautiful with poetic symbols; the carving, that has taken years of patient cunning to create—these are never dis-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

played on wall or cabinet, but locked away in safe or storeroom to be brought out as a special honor to guest or visitor whose coming their host wishes to celebrate with the highest rites of Eastern hospitality.

“If we had our precious treasures always before our eyes,” they say, “they would then become too common, and we should tire of them; and that must never be!”

V

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

Streets Overflowing with Life and Color—Children as the Sands of the Sea—Baby Nurses—Street Venders and Eating-Stands—Continual Baking and Brewing—Shops Open to the Street—Domestic Life Seen Through Open Screens—Fire-boxes—I Try to Make Some Purchases—Japanese Money of an Ancient Vintage—Inroad of American and European Ideas—Marriage in Japan—Railroad Travel—“Buffalo Bill” and the Englishman—Wail of the Lost Souls—No Outward Signs of War—Their Brass Bands—Japanese Mother and Her Three Sons—The Bounty-Jumper’s Glass Eye—A Nation of Imitators—Religious Aspects Amusing as Well as Interesting—Ancient and Primitive Methods—Everything Done in the Hardest Way—Evolution of the New Japan.

THE streets in Japan are fascinating, overflowing as they are with life and color. The children are as the sands of the sea, and seven times out of ten a child has a smaller one strapped to his or her back. There is no distinction, boys playing nurse quite as frequently as girls. I contrasted their cheerfulness and evident pleasure in performing this duty with the outraged dignity of an American boy of ten or

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

twelve, obliged to carry a baby about for a morning or afternoon.

Little tots of five or six may be seen with babies fully a year old strapped to their backs, and minding it so little that they play hop-scotch, puss-in-the-corner, and all sorts of games, running about on high wooden clogs that would trip up an American child at the first step.

The children are put out of the houses early in the morning, when the mothers sweep, dust and polish everything to an immaculate cleanliness—and the little nomads live and play and apparently eat all their meals in the streets. Venders of every sort are always close at hand, those who carry their wares in baskets or boxes slung from a bamboo pole; those who have gaily painted carts like little houses on wheels; or those who have regular stands.

At these last-named there are a continual baking and boiling and brewing for which there seem always to be customers. Either a large proportion of the Japanese people in the cities must take their meals in this manner, or they have enormous appetites and eat constantly between meals.

The shops are open to the streets, and closed at night with wooden shutters. At the back of every shop may be seen the paper-covered sliding screen leading into the little home. This screen is almost invariably open, disclosing the entire family group.

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

The hair-dresser, building up the wonderful coiffure rolled over tiny bolsters, and greased with coco-oil to a shining blackness, affected by the Japanese women; shampooing, sewing, writing, reading—every occupation is in full view of the passer-by.

The shopkeepers crouch on their mats, and hover over a fire-box, or *hibachi*, as they call it. This is the only means of heating known in Japanese houses. These *hibachi* are of porcelain, bronze or brass, like a large jardinière, filled with clay, in the middle of which a few sticks of charcoal smolder. The Jap sits on his feet, and is drest very warmly in silk and cotton-wadded garments, so that it is only his hands that get cold; and these he toasts continually over the fire-box.

Speaking of shops and making oneself understood, I felt that after my experience in the Hawaiian tongue, I was fully justified in letting the Japanese severely alone. I never got much beyond the two words, "*O-hay-o*" (good morning) and "*Sayonara*" (good-by). The "good morning" is pronounced as near like "Ohio" as they can make it. I suppose if they wanted to bid any one "good night," they would say "Philadelphia."

But I did try to learn something about the Japanese money and its various divisions, only I had bad luck from the start. I got hold of the wrong customer or else he did.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

I started in to buy some sandals and a hat. I knew that one *yen*, at par, is worth almost exactly fifty cents American money, and that ten *rin* go to a *sen*, and one hundred *sen* to a *yen*. But the old man who waited on me either knew no more than I did or was exploiting some new and original methods of his own, for he held up the sandals in one hand and the hat in the other while he ejaculated in a low guttural, "Mon! mon!"

"Oh, yes! I gotta da mon!" I replied, pulling out my purse and spreading some Japanese coins on my palm.

But he shook his head and held up his forefinger saying, "Shy!"

"Oh, I'm shy one, am I? Well, take this!" and I threw the largest coin I had into the little basket before him. But this seemed to excite him. He wagged his forefinger at me and cried "Bunkyu!" at the top of his voice.

"Bunco me? I guess not, my friend!" I replied, "I'm from New York!"

At this he threw down the hat and sandals and, shaking his hands as tho he were trying to get rid of soap-suds, he cried, "Shi-mon! shi-mon!"

"Oh, I was shy one, and now I'm shy the whole business! Well, I don't think you and I will make a deal to-day!" and sweeping the coins into my purse I was preparing to be gone.

Suddenly he leaned forward, thrust his face

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

close to mine, and in a most indescribable manner hissed through his teeth, "Ichi-bu! ichi-bu!"

Well, say! did you ever play that idiotic game with a six or seven months' old infant, called Kitch-a-boo? The baby lies in the cradle, or on its mother's lap, as the case may be, and you, wishing to make yourself solid with the family, lean over and, assuming a ghastly grin, teeter over toward the infant, and then teeter back again, and then teeter forward, spluttering, "Kitch-a-boo! Kitch-a-boo!" until it's ten to one that the kid either goes into fits or sets up a howl that makes the mother wish that murder was not a punishable offense.

If you ever *have* indulged in that tender little pastime, then you can have some idea of my frame of mind when the old Jap performed this strange antic. Backing away from him I shook my head violently and thrust my purse into my pocket, when he plucked me by the sleeve and with a whine that would have done credit to a Hester Street old-clothes man said, "*Kanye! Kanye!*"

"No, I can't! and I'm hanged if I ever will!" and with that I turned away and the negotiation was at an end.

Now what do you think was the matter with the old fellow? Why, he was not only a little touched in the upper story, but he knew nothing of the cash system of his country later than the vintage

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

of 1868. He had been left to tend the shop for a few moments and, as usual, I fell a victim to the change of circumstances. Let it be said that, according to Delmar, the standard formerly was, as in China, the small round iron or bronze coins with the square hole in the center which were of three denominations: 1st, the *mon*; 2d, the *bunkyu*; 3d, the *shi-mon*. The *shi* was an oblong silver coin, and the *ichi-bu* another; the latter being equal to four *shi*. *Kanye* means the era of coinage, but the era of old coins does not indicate the age of the coin. For example, coins made about 1860 bear the name of the era *Kanye*.

The manufacture of all these ceased at the beginning of the present era of Meidji, that is to say, the 25th of January, 1868, which was the year that the present Emperor assumed sovereign power. The *mon* is now valued at one *rin*, and the *bunkyu* at one and one-half *rin*. The old gold coins and the oblong silver ones are only to be found in the curio shops. This according to Delmar.

In the shops are many evidences of the inroads of American and European ideas, for in almost every one, not devoted to food-products, may be seen all kinds of Yankee notions, knitted goods and underwear.

The grafting of the new ideas on to the old make a hybrid growth, showing some funny combinations. The men take up the European dress first,

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

but with very few exceptions their desire seems to go no farther than the mere possession of the clothes regardless of style or fit.

There are no old maids in Japan. Marriages are arranged; and as widows are not allowed to marry again, that helps toward having enough men to go round, since each woman has only one chance.

When her husband dies, even tho she may be young and charming, the widow's hair is cut off, and she is doomed for the rest of her life to single blessedness and a cropped head. An old-time custom, which is fortunately dying out, was to blacken a woman's teeth when she got married. So it was hard to tell which was most disfiguring—getting a husband or losing one. Every district has its own distinctive marriage ceremony, but the following is the one in general use.

No priest officiates at the marriage ceremony. An elderly couple, called the "go-betweens," conduct the courtship and assist the bride and groom to perform the rite that makes them man and wife, which consists of nine cups of wine tasted alternately by the bride and groom, who hand them to each other. This is called the "san-san-kudo," literally "three-three-nine," and means that they will share the bitter and the sweet in life's cup together.

Between them is a low whitewood table on

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

which are a few customary things: an image of a stork, and a tortoise, and a pine-bough—all symbolizing long life.

Sometimes there are the images of an old man and woman, a couple who lived happily for a hundred years; also a bough of plum-blossoms, symbol of conjugal happiness.

The bride wears white, the mourning color in Japan, to signify that her old life is ended—for marriage is too often a sort of death-in-life to the Japanese woman. She is virtually the slave of her mother-in-law, and must live only for her husband's family, who exact from her the most abject submission. She marries at sixteen and begins a life of drudgery that makes her an old woman at thirty or thirty-five, and her only gleam of hope in life lies in her having sons who will marry and place her in the envied position of mother-in-law.

The flowing veil of the Western bride is for the Japanese woman a large hood, made of white wadding, that modestly shades her features. When the ceremony—which is never witnessed by the guests—is completed, she retires and changes her costume; for the wedding kimono once doffed is never worn again.

When she is drest again, she appears at the feast to which guests are bidden. Very wealthy brides retire between each course—sometimes there are nine, sometimes seven or eleven, a regular game of

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

craps!—and reappear in more gorgeous raiment, until you begin to think there's a corner in kimonos.

When the feasting is over, the "go-between" couple conducts the bride and groom to the bridal chamber and serves them a special cup, called the "bed-wine." During the marriage ceremony the bridal pair do not *drink* the nine cups of wine, but merely touch their lips to the cup; for the well-known potency of the sake would have them paralyzed by about the fifth cup, and they'd never get married at all.

While at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, we were permitted to witness a portion of a Japanese wedding, that is, the feast and reception. Like our Hebrew friends in America, the Japs now hire the parlors of a hotel, chiefly because their little doll-houses are so small. It was very funny; the women all like embarrassed images, done up in their best kimonos and not saying a word, while the men, in stiff, badly fitting European "store-clothes," stood around in little groups and talked, looking like animated tailors' dummies.

One young man picked out, with one finger, a native air on the piano, while the children were the only ones who were at all happy, or didn't look as if they wished they hadn't come.

We were not surprised to see children there, as they go everywhere in Japan, even to the theater,

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

where they trot about between the acts, and even invade the stage. Such universal consideration is shown them I was reminded of a story which, however, does not apply to Japanese domestic life, but is worth the telling.

Says Mrs. Peace to Miss Sharp, a caller, "My husband and I never dispute before the children. When a quarrel seems imminent, we always send them out."

Miss Sharp: "Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!"

Hateful thing, wasn't she?

English is quite generally spoken, particularly among the boys. The 'ricksha-men almost all have a smattering and can tell the different points of interest, tho frequently one has to make some rather wild guesses as to what they mean. When, however, the fact has been grasped that "dewotomy" means "department," and "sea-soldare," means "sea-soldier or marine," "Horean Agation" means "Austrian Legation," these with other numberless examples make conversation fairly plain sailing.

I was brought to a standstill one day, however, by my smiling 'ricksha-man pointing to a house within the barracks and saying "Quannon." After repeating it several times with no visible impression on my understanding, he finally appealed to a passer-by who, tho his pronunciation was not

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

much better, at last made me understand that "commandant" was meant.

One sees many signs in English, but the people who make them have their own ideas as to arrangement. For instance, in Yokohama may be seen a sign over a butcher shop that reads, "Beefandhenmeat"—it looks like some strange foreign word, but after close inspection resolves itself into "Beef and hen meat."

In Tokyo a jewelry store has on the window, "The Watches Shop," and tacked on a fence at the top of a high hill I saw the following: "As danger is, should not throw the stones."

Travel on the railroads is very easy, for every sign is repeated in English below the Japanese characters, the porters who carry bags and direct passengers all speak a little English, and understand more. So do the ticket-sellers, who are all girls, but best of all the American system of checking baggage is in practise. The trains are divided into first, second and third class, the price of tickets varying accordingly.

The trains are small and slow, and seem not to think it necessary ever to be on time. Smoking is allowed in every class, even in the sleeping-cars.

For my sins I traveled one night in one of these Japanese sleeping-cars, and it will always stand out in my memory as one of the most uncomfort-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

able I ever passed. The cars are divided into compartments, two long leather seats facing each other, running across the car. The backs of these seats lift up, and propt by poles make four berths altogether. The bedding is clean and sufficient, but there are no springs in the beds, absolutely no privacy, and one tiny window for the whole compartment, public opinion being usually divided as to whether it shall be opened or closed.

This reminds me of a story of my friend Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") used to tell. He said that once upon a time an Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky Mountain cañon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them, and actually carried the Englishman clear off the wagon-seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this bloomin' country!"

My berth was over the wheels, and this, together with a roadbed of which a coal railroad in Pennsylvania would be ashamed, produced such jolts and bumps that my brain felt as tho it had been through an egg-beater. The compartment was full, one occupant being a German army officer who, besides being in full uniform, even to enormous fur-lined overcoat, sword and spurs, brought in to

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

choke the little available space a satchel, a large flat wicker hamper, and a packing-box. He had also a very industrious and far-reaching snore with him.

The third occupant being a traveling Catholic priest, and, like the soldier, a man of huge proportions, I was rather interested to know which of these was to occupy the berth over me. For it seemed a flimsy sort of affair, and I took particular pains to see that it was well propped up.

I was rather relieved to find it was to be the soldier, for I consoled myself with the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword, and decided it would be a worse calamity to have the Church down on me than the army. Even if sleep with all these considerations had been possible, the frequent stops would have completely put it to flight. For the moment a train arrives at a station, no matter what the time of night, the sellers of lunch-boxes, hot milk, tea or tobacco begin to cry their wares in tones that are like the wailings of lost souls, and for penetration and volume unequaled by anything in my experience.

The sellers of tea at the stations will give one a small teapot filled with hot tea, and a tiny cup, all for three *sen*, or a cent and a half in American money.

In all Japan there were very few outward and visible signs of war. The self-restraint taught

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

these people for centuries keeps them from any display of enthusiasm. Occasionally the barrier is broken down, and considering their training even a slight demonstration means much. All through the country victory poles were erected. These are long bamboo poles with round netting balls at the top, set up at opposite sides of the street, and leaning toward each other until their points cross. At the railroad stations one was sure to see parties of wounded soldiers returning from the front or those who were departing for the seat of war. These latter were always attended by a crowd of men and women, who waved small Japanese flags and gave a shout as the train moved away. This shout is really more of a screech than a good, round cheer, such as would be heard in America, for it seems as if there is some physical reason why the Japanese can not raise their voices without producing the most blood-curdling sounds. The street-cries are all strident and unpleasant; the commands of officers to their men tinny and rasping—while Japanese singing, to a foreigner, is conducive to nervous prostration. As for the brass bands, their music is like unto nothing under the heavens or—I will safely wager—above them. And their fondness for American airs—Sousa's marches, and the like—adds to the torture. "Marching Through Georgia" is a prime favorite with them, but I would have to study over the tune, as they produced

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

it, a long while before I would dare take my oath that I had ever heard it before.

The Girls' Industrial School, which is the pet charity-of the childless Empress, was the only place where indications that there was a war in progress could be found. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays the pupils, abandoning their paints, their embroidery and knitting, their cooking and sewing, devoted their entire day to making clothing for the soldiers.

I have spoken somewhat of the external attitude of these people. Of their interior attitude of heart and mind much more might be said, especially in regard to their late war with Russia, which was going on at the time of my visit. This was something they would not talk about. Any mention of the subject was met with an adroit change of the conversation into other channels. But intense patriotism, the most supreme confidence in their ultimate success, reigned in every heart. Examples of the most heroic self-sacrifice were not lacking. A Japanese mother had given her three sons to the war. The first was reported slain. She smiled and said, "It is well. I am happy." The second lay dead upon the field. She smiled again and said, "I am still happy." The third gave up his life and they said to her, "At last you weep!" "Yes," she said, "but it is because I have no more sons to give to my beloved country!"

Now, this is all very beautiful, but as my mis-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

sion in life is laughter instead of tears, I want to say that it reminds me of a little story of *our* country and *our* war—the war of the great Rebellion. When, in answer to the call for troops, the blood of our noble volunteers had been poured out upon Southern fields for three long years, there arose a class of men called “bounty-jumpers” who, acting as substitutes for drafted men and taking a large sum of money for the job, sometimes “jumped the bounty” and disappeared instead of going to the front to serve Uncle Sam. These men were subjected to a medical examination which, in the hands of unscrupulous physicians (who received a large fee if the man “passed”), was not always as rigorous as it should be. A doctor who was seen coming out of the examining room with a very sour face was greeted by a friend with a “Hello, Doc! What’s the matter? Didn’t you pass your man?”

“Pass nothin’!”

“Why, he looked all right!”

“All right! why he was sound as a nut, but the Colonel of the regiment suggested we stand him up on a high table and make him jump to the floor, and, by Jove! if his confounded glass eye didn’t fall out and spoil the whole business!”

The Japanese are not an original people; they are essentially a nation of imitators. For centuries they have borrowed from China their civilization, their characters for writing, and many of their cus-

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

toms and industries, notably the cultivation of silkworms, the manufacture of silk and porcelain, lacquer-ware and bronze, ivory-carving, painting and embroidery. In the transmission of many customs, however, was added a love of cleanliness that is unknown to the Chinese.

Now Japan is borrowing the customs of Europe and America, and while in many cases they prevail entirely, such as the organization of the army, the street-car lines and railways, they are more frequently seen side by side with the customs of old Japan. There are about one hundred thousand Christians in Japan, about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, many of them high officials who eagerly advocate the growth of the religion. They are a deeply logical people, and argue that the greatest nations of the world are all Christian nations; therefore it is expedient, not so much for their souls' good as for their country, that she should become a Christian nation.

The religious aspect of the Japanese people is sometimes amusing, and always interesting. Our visit to the temple at Asakusa in Tokyo was especially so. It is the local Coney Island. We saw people at the temple throwing money through slats into a box in front of the idols, and one old woman was solemnly rubbing the arm of a wooden idol, then her own. Perhaps this was a sort of charm to cure rheumatism. Finally she rubbed her hands

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

together and prayed for a long time, and then went her way.

There remains intact one ancient institution and one I hesitate to touch upon, yet feel that it almost demands mention, being, as it is, such a universal and accepted portion of Japanese life.

I speak of that section of every city known as the Yoshiwara. The fronts of the gaily lighted houses are divided from the streets by wooden bars. The poor little soiled doves who sit in these cages exposed for sale are arrayed in the most gorgeous plumage. It is a pitiful sight to see the unfortunate creatures, powdered and painted, smiling and becking, crouching over fire-boxes warming their poor little hands.

While Japanese men are more and more adopting European dress, the women assume it very slowly, the men not encouraging it, seeming to prefer their womankind in the national costume. There is reason certainly for this preference, for a Japanese woman is picturesque in her own costume, even tho she may not come up to standards of Western beauty, while in the borrowed plumes of other countries she is like the daw decked out in peacock feathers that neither became him nor made him other than he was.

The working class still clings to the ancient costume and methods. To-day ladders are made of bamboo, the rungs lashed fast with rope, as they



Three Little Maids

A Watering-Cart

Wrestlers

A Japanese Mother

SNAP SHOTS OF JAPAN

have been made for generations. The streets are watered with little carts having a row of holes at the back, and pulled by men, who fill them slowly and laboriously, one bucket at a time, while the sidewalks are watered by two perforated buckets suspended from a bamboo pole laid across the shoulders of a man, who trots in and out between the people, turning and twisting until the walk is thoroughly sprinkled.

Everything seems to be done in the most difficult way, and those who work, work very hard. The few men who have a horse-dray never sit and drive, even when the dray is empty, but always walk ahead, dragging the patient brute along. Loads are more frequently carried on hand-carts, pulled by men, women or boys. In going up a hill three or four men will pull or push, intoning a sort of droning song as they work.

In the country districts life in its most primitive and ancient aspects may be seen. In the rice-fields men and women work side by side, their ankles bleeding from contact with the stubble, wielding tools of a pattern as old as the cultivation of the grain.

The evolution of the new Japan from the chrysalis of the old is an interesting study just now. All signs point toward the springing of a new country, full-fledged, ready to spread its bright wings and fly away from the old that has wrapt it close for so many centuries. But the time is not yet.

VI

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

A Holiday for All Japan—Streets a Mass of Color—Tiny Human Butterflies—A Courteous Crowd—Eight Thousand Troops in Line—Gold-lace Diplomats—The Crown Prince is Greeted with Shouts—Emperor with Reverent Silence—His Face not His Fortune—“Ole Hats!”—Big Wigs Swap Stories—Banquet in Imperial Palace—Japanese Editorial—Ambassador Griscom and His Charming Wife—Stars and Stripes Float over Shabbiest Buildings.

THE third of November, which is the birthday of the Emperor Mutsu-Hito, and a holiday for all Japan, dawned bright and clear, and tho acceptably warmer, after severely cold weather, there was a briskness in the air that made one feel glad to be alive. The streets of Tokyo from early morning were thronged with people, all in their very best and brightest, in honor of the beloved monarch, who stands to them as a sort of deity.

In the hotel halls a gong was sounded at six o'clock to arouse the guests, as those who were going to the review of troops must not be late.

When we left the hotel at eight o'clock the streets

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

were a mass of color. The brilliant Japanese flag was displayed everywhere, together with gay paper lanterns and pictures. The 'ricksha-men were doing a lively business, flying about in every direction. The people, all merry and bubbling over with expectancy, clattered along on their wooden clogs, leading or carrying on their backs human butterflies, so gorgeous were the costumes of their children.

The road leading to the Aoyama parade-ground, along which the Emperor would pass, was lined with a solid mass of people, not alone of Tokyo, but from all the outlying districts. It was essentially a good-natured crowd—every one smiling and willing to do all that they could for the comfort of their neighbors. Certainly nowhere in the world can such gracious bows be seen when acquaintances pass on the street.

Eight thousand troops were to be reviewed, and when we reached the parade-ground they were drawn up in solid lines, where they had been standing for hours. People were packed about the edges of the field, but those to whom invitations had been issued were comparatively few. Tents and chairs were provided for their comfort, matting spread on the ground, and pits dug, in which charcoal fires smoldered.

The foreign ministers and attachés were driven up in state. We saw many of their carriages on

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

our way, two footmen standing behind, and a groom running ahead to clear the way. With few exceptions the streets in Japan have no sidewalks, and it is necessary for drivers or 'ricksha-men to shout continually in order to avoid running over people.

Civilians were requested to wear frock coats and high hats—and among the diplomats there was gold lace, buttons and plumes in sufficient quantity to captivate the heart of every woman present. Every full-dress uniform was represented, and the assembly sparkled and glittered like a jewel box. The Chinese minister and his suite added to the general color scheme, drest as they were in many-tinted brocades, and hats with scarlet fringe depending from the button on top.

There was a religious ceremony early in the morning in the Imperial Ancestral Sanctuary, at which the representatives of the Emperor and Empress and the Crown Prince and Princess were present.

About nine o'clock the Crown Prince in a carriage with one court gentleman came upon the field. As the carriage entered the gate he was greeted with shouts, a circumstance that struck with surprise every person at all familiar with Japanese customs. Such reverent respect for the ruler and his household is instilled into the Japanese people, rooted, indeed, by ages of inheritance, that anything as personal as a cheer was never attempted.

In the days of the Shogunate, when any of the

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

royal household went abroad, a retainer ran ahead of the palanquin and shouted to the people to go into their houses and close the shutters. Those who could not do so were obliged to fall upon their faces and not so much as peep for fear of instant execution.

Just before the Emperor arrived I saw a little encounter, showing the real and unofficial side of two of Japan's greatest men, Count Katsura, the Premier, and Marshal Count Yamagata, called the Bismarck of Japan, or sometimes the Grand Old Man.

These two men met very near me, and after a formal salute greeted each other cordially, and then apparently fell to exchanging stories. The Grand Old Man seemed to forget his manifold affairs, and quite doubled up with laughter. He and the Premier exchanged pleasantries and seemed to be trying to turn the laugh on each other, like two happy boys, to the great amusement of a group of officers who stood near them. I was just wishing they would let me in on the ground floor when suddenly the signal was given that the royal equipages were approaching, and instantly the laughter died out of Yamagata's kind old face, he quickly mounted, followed by the Premier, and rode off, a stiff military figure, his white hair and mustache distinguishing him from the others, as his mighty brain and ability have set him apart from his fellows.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Tho emancipated enough to break through the custom of ages and cheer the Prince, the Emperor was received in dead silence, the head of every Japanese bowed reverently and eyes lowered to the ground.

The Emperor's coach was handsome, but not particularly ornate, and drawn by but one pair of horses. In time of war, and his people in sorrow for their loved ones, this lack of display showed a becoming modesty.

All the pictures of the Emperor are excellent portraits, for his face itself might be a painted mask, so still and cold it is, and utterly expressionless. It is like the face of a Buddha—as calm and changeless.

It could never be said of His Imperial Majesty that his face was his fortune, but it *did* remind me of a little dialog I overheard at the theater concerning a well-known "leading man," as follows:

"Did you notice how wonderfully his face lights up?"

"Oh, that's because he's lantern-jawed!"

His Majesty was drest in European clothes—a riding costume, white doeskin breeches and black cutaway coat—boots and a sort of military hat. It did not need a field-glass to see how badly they fitted him. This is owing to the fact that his clothes are all made by guesswork, the royal person being too sacred for a tailor to touch. I have the same

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

feeling about being "touched" by a tailor, not on account of royalty—but because I have to give up. It reminded me of an Irish story I used to tell.

"Mike, it's a wonder to me you don't wear better clothes."

"Well, I'll tell ye—there's not a tailor in all Dublin can measure me, I'm that ticklish!"

As for the rest of us our court costume consisted principally of a plug hat. Everybody must wear that unless he is an official and possesses a uniform; and the array of "old-timers" in the way of head-gear was something truly wonderful. Heaven only knows what dust-bins or moth-closets the majority of these came from! As I was not traveling with a collection of opera-hats among my baggage, I got the best I could, but it was a good thing I had large ears or I'd have lost my head. I was sorry I didn't bring a can-opener in my vest-pocket, so that I could pry the hat off when it came time to salute the Mikado.

When he alighted from his carriage he entered the royal tent, where he received the congratulations of the foreign ministers and some high Japanese officials, after which he mounted a black horse, and from his saddle reviewed the troops. It was not a very fine animal, but the Emperor, like the majority of his subjects, is no horseman, and being timid, will ride none but one of venerable age and warranted absolutely gentle. He certainly had what

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

he wanted on this occasion, for his horse reminded me of the time I got on a Fifth Avenue stage one day and found I had nothing less than a two-dollar bill in my pocket. I gave it to the driver, and he asked me which horse I wanted.

The troops were all new recruits and when that is taken into consideration, they marched remarkably well. The "goose-step," used now only in a few countries for review, was in order, and the long lines of men, all stepping out proudly, was an impressive sight, tho to irreverent American eyes rather suggestive of the march of the Toys in "The Babes in Toyland."

The men were not in full dress, but wore service uniform, as is usual in ordinary times.

The Emperor finished his fifty-second year on the third of November, 1905, having had a reign of thirty-seven years. There is probably no monarch in the world beloved by his people with such a passion of reverent adoration. He is, to them, a miraculous personality, heaven-born, and worthy of all worship. Their lives belong to him, and it is esteemed an honor by the Japanese people to die for their Emperor; their country is a secondary consideration.

It is still believed in the country districts of Nippon, where old customs and beliefs thrive, that to look upon the face of the Emperor is to be smitten blind, so dazzling is the radiance that shines from it.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

The same idea is embodied in a lesser degree in the custom of never looking at the Emperor. His court gentlemen never raise their eyes to his face; even the high dignitary who sat opposite the Emperor in the carriage had his head bowed and his eyes cast down.

When the review was ended, the crowds of people broke across the field to the carriage of the Crown Prince, shouting "*Banzai!*" ("live ten thousand years!") and it was utterly impossible for the guards to restrain them. Such a demonstration was entirely without precedent, and was probably due to the war excitement, which, tho not apparent, was nevertheless seething at white heat beneath the crust of self-restraint that has been taught the people of Japan for generations.

After the review the usual birthday banquet in the Imperial Palace was given. The ministers of State, the high military, naval, and civil officials were invited, together with the foreign representatives. His Majesty personally attended the banquet, which was an unusual circumstance, as he seldom appears in public. He made a short speech, which was translated by Baron Sannomiya, Chief of the Board of Ceremonies. It was confidently expected that the news of the fall of Port Arthur would be announced on the Emperor's birthday.

When we returned from the parade-ground the "*gogai*," or men who sell the news extras, were

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

running about the streets with bunches of bells attached to their girdles. I bought an extra and had it translated. Contrary to expectation, it announced only that Port Arthur was in a critical condition and liable to be taken at any moment.

While I was having it translated people in the streets crowded about, eager to hear the news, but too poor to pay three *sen* for an extra. My 'ricksha-man dramatically announced the news to them, to their great delight.

The Japanese papers all had editorials extending their congratulations to the Emperor. A short quotation here will serve to give an idea of the ceremonial language of Japan and the attitude of mind toward the Emperor. The "Yomiuri" said:

"His Imperial Majesty, Japan's most illustrious and well-beloved Emperor, the great ruler of Asia's great nation, this third day of November enters upon his fifty-third year of glorious existence. And we, in common with our patriotic countrymen the world over, would celebrate this Imperial Birthday with that passion of loyalty peculiarly characteristic of this nation. We are to-day engaged in an intensely bitter struggle with Russia. Yet in spite of the disparity in the numerical strength of the two nations, our arms, whether on sea or land have, from the inception of hostilities been crowned with victory, so that the fame of our national prowess has reechoed to the farthest quarter of the globe,

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

as has the thunder of our cannon reverberated in the chilly skies of Manchuria.”

Which quotation seems to show that, notwithstanding the humble and lowly attitude of the Japanese people toward their Emperor, they evidently think very well of *themselves*.

At Tokyo we met Mr. Lloyd Griscom, the most popular ambassador our country has ever had in the Far East. Mr. Griscom is a Philadelphian, his father being one of the millionaires of that exclusive city. His wife, a charming and gracious lady, and most undeniably to the manner born, was a noted belle in New York.

We were compelled to note everywhere that the American embassies and consulates were the poorest and shabbiest; even little Switzerland and Holland beating us in that respect. This was very humiliating, especially as Uncle Sam can easily afford to house his representatives in better style. But he pays such stingy salaries, our ministers and ambassadors have to be millionaires to keep up at all.

Every American who goes abroad feels the same, and that the beautiful stars and stripes deserve the handsomest building of all to float over.

VII

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER, TOKYO

Theater of Old Japan Now Merely Legendary—We Set Out for the Theater—Tokyo a City of Magnificent Distances—Whirled in a 'Ricksha—Street Signs—Open Shops—Shrill Horn of the Candy Seller—Paper Lanterns for Practical Use—Soft Minor Note of the Blind Masseur—Perfect Stage Setting—Takata, Great Woman Impersonator—Danjiro, Most Famous Female Impersonator—Actors' Private Curtains—Wonderful Audience—Everybody Smoking—Paddy and the Trombone—Children Everywhere—Sata, the Great Actor—No Lack of Fine Acting—Must be "Letter Perfect" in Three Days—Orchestra and Electric Lights—Fortunate in Seeing First Performance of Modern Plays.

THE theater has always been a favorite form of recreation among the Japanese, and especially beloved of the Japanese woman, for it is her only amusement, and the only public place where she may accompany her husband.

The theater of old Japan, with its strutting legendary heroes, its ancient costumes, and actors who carried their own lanterns in order to light the expressions of their faces, is practically a thing of the past. While many of the old customs still survive, modern inventions and appliances have been

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

grafted upon them with the effect of producing some startling contrasts. The Japs, eager to grasp European ideas and fashions, have made use of some, but left many as they have been for generations.

For instance, in the most progressive and up-to-date theater in Tokyo they have electric lights (no footlights, however), and a European orchestra, but still make the exits and entrances along a raised platform running back through the theater above the heads of the people. This platform is called "The Flowery Way," and has been used for generations. A custom which may be as ancient as the Flowery Way, but is surely a good one for drumming up trade, is an amusing thing they do in some of the theaters that are built to run through to another street. This is slightly to lift the curtain at the back of the stage, which causes a crowd to gather, who peep under, stealing a chance to enjoy the play. Just as the interest has become breathless, the curtain will suddenly descend and the disappointed crowd, eager to know what has happened to the villain, rush around to the front and buy tickets—a sort of "continued in our next" idea, that helps business and lets a little light in as to the reason why the Japanese are called "the Yankees of the East."

Let us make a visit to this hybrid theater where the ideas of old and new Japan flourish together.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

The play begins at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts until four in the afternoon. Then another set of actors take the boards and play until eleven in the evening.

We may go at any hour; so suppose we start at five. Our 'rickshas, drawn by strapping Japs wearing white suits with short trousers, showing the wonderful development of thigh and calf muscles, are whirled through back streets for at least three miles. Tokyo is a city of magnificent distances.

On our way we are sure to see every characteristic of street life. The Japanese, in their eagerness to adopt European ways and customs, have swallowed such a large meal they are not able to digest it, and no better illustration of this can be found than their pretentious and truly wonderful street signs. As a specimen of English as she is Japped, the following, culled from a choice, and I might say startling, collection, is respectfully submitted. The spelling and punctuation are especially worth noting:

On a baker's cart: "By Cake & A Piece of Bread."

Over a ladies' tailor shop: "Draper, Millener & Ladies Outfatter. The ribbons, the laces, the veils, the feelings" (frillings?).

Over a furniture shop: "Chair. Cochon. (couch?) & Mattles" (Mantels?).

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

On a dairy window: "Pest Milk." (Rather alarming, but probably means best.)

On a druggist's: "Best Perfuming Water Anti-Flea."

At a liquor dealer's. Labels on bottles: "Fogren County (Foreign country) Wines. Little Seal. St. Julien bottled by Bordeaux."

Over a laundry: "We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under. Ladies eight shillings per hundred. Gentlemen seven shillings."

A dentist's sign: "Noties. Our tooth is a very important organ for human life and countenance as you know; therefore when it is attack by disease or injury, artificial tooth is also very useful."

Japanese substitute for coffee: "Japan insted of Coffee. More men is got dropsy of the legs who us (use?) this coffee, which is contain nourish."

Photographer's studio: "Photographer Executed."

Over a barber's shop: "Head Cutter."

Over a tailor's: "The European Monkey Jacket made for the Japanese."

I reserve the gems of the collection for the last: "Fulish. Ruttr. Craim. Milk." (Fresh Butter, Cream, Milk.)

Over an egg shop: "Extract of Fowl."

Every one lives on the street, the fronts of the houses are open, and all sorts of little domestic

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

dramas are enacted within full view of the passer-by, with the most naive unconsciousness. It is getting toward dusk, and many of the shops are closing. Those where second-hand kimonos are for sale are preparing for the night, for men are taking down the many-colored kimonos from the bamboo poles where they have swung in front of the shop all day.

A horn, shrill but sweet, is heard playing a sort of short scale of a few notes, and this means that a vender of candy is coming along. Presently we see him; a boy, pulling his gay little cart containing all sorts of confections in glass boxes. The Japanese are very fond of sweets, and these candy men may be seen in all parts of the city. A whistle, as of escaping steam, proclaims the vender of hot rice. He is much patronized by the 'ricksha-men, who are nomads from morning until night.

Our 'rickshas stop, and our men light their paper lanterns. It seems absurd to have a paper lantern for practical use, but the little candles of greenish-gray wax burn steadily and give a clear light. We meet many people carrying paper lanterns, so we see that what has always been to us a mere thing for decoration only is in this toy-box of a country an article for practical use. The lights in the houses and shops disclose interesting family groups.

An indescribably soft and sweet pipe is heard

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

blowing three minor notes. This is the call of the blind masseur, either a man or a woman, not infrequently a boy or a girl. The Japanese are great believers in massage, and employ these blind masseurs constantly. There are many blind people in Japan, and it is rather depressing at first to a foreigner to see such numbers of them groping their way about, almost invariably alone. But one comes to realize after a while that they seem happy and cheerful, and a wholesome respect for their useful busy lives takes the place of sympathy.

After seeing these characteristic sights repeated again and again on our way through the streets, we reach the theater, quite an imposing building of stone, and alighting from our 'rickshas enter the lobby. Quite likely the attendant will insist that we remove our shoes, but if we have a guide he can gain a concession for us.

When we enter, the play is in progress, and we realize at once that Europe or America can teach the Japanese very little about stage setting. It is a night scene, a crescent moon in the sky, and black hills in the distance, against which the lights of houses show brightly. A bridge in the center leads back over a river, and trees and shrubs that are not painted, but *real* and growing, are disposed naturally about the stage.

A man and a woman are on the stage, she crying, and he is trying to comfort her. Our guide explains

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

to us that she was about to commit suicide because of the financial ruin of her husband.

The part of the woman is played by Takata, one of the greatest impersonators of women in Japan. There are no actresses, all the parts being assumed by men. This particular actor is so conscientious that, in order to retain the atmosphere of his impersonations, while at home he dresses, talks, acts, and generally comports himself as a woman would.

Danjiro, another of the most famous impersonators of women in Japan, is reported to have made up so perfectly as a girl of seventeen, when he was sixty-five years old, that when he went to his own house and asked to see Danjiro, his wife did not know him, and in a fit of jealous anger berated him for a shameless girl coming there to see her husband.

Meantime, the play goes forward. The old man, who is a relative of the girl he has saved, gives her notes of the bank of Japan for three thousand yen. Her tearful gratitude and his modest depreciation of his generosity are as fine bits of acting as may be seen on any stage in the world.

Her husband approaches and the old man runs off across the "Flowery Way," begging her not to let his charity be known.

The husband is suspicious and asks her why she was talking with that man. Her promise given, she can not answer, and after a fiery scene he spurns

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

her and the curtain is drawn to the solemn banging of a drum and the high-pitched mournful song of some one in the distance.

Each principal actor has his own curtain with his name on it, usually the gift of a number of admiring friends or of some firm that wishes to gain the advertisement. This one belongs to an actor named Sata, and has been presented to him by a large tea company. Its name is printed on one side, and "Compliments to Sata" on the other in Japanese characters of course.

Danjiro owns the finest curtain in Japan, presented to him by the Geisha of Tokyo, who each gave a hundred yen. It is of silk, embroidered as only the Japanese know how, and to see it is well worth the price of admission.

When the lights go up we can see the audience, many of the women reduced to tears by the sad plight of the unhappy young wife. The theater is the only place where custom permits any public exhibition of emotion. As women are generally supposed to enjoy nothing so much as a good cry, this privilege must be a great comfort to the Japanese female sex.

The entire lower floor of the theater is divided into little boxes about four feet square, by partitions not more than four or five inches high. About five yen are paid for these boxes, and they hold four people, who kneel on matting rugs.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

The best seats are the boxes along the sides of the balcony, which also hold four people, and cost six yen. As a yen is worth fifty cents of American money, it may be seen that the prices of Japanese theaters, by comparison with those of Europe or America, are very reasonable.

Cheaper seats are to be had back of a walkway on the lower floor, and the cheapest of all are in the back part of the balcony, which compares with the gallery in an American theater.

In each box is a little stove rented from the theater. They are about six inches square and ten or twelve inches high, with a little fire of charcoal smoldering in them. These are to warm the hands by, and also for lighting pipes. Both men and women are smoking the Japanese pipe, which has a ridiculous little bowl, about as large as a fair-sized marrowfat pea, that is good for about three puffs and then has to be refilled and lighted again. Mild tobacco is used that smells and looks like burning red hair.

At this juncture our ears are assailed by the most heartrending sounds that chill the blood in our veins. It is the European orchestra! The smiling guide tells us, "European orchestra very nice—Japanese people like very much!"

It is to be hoped that their ear for European music will develop with their appreciation, for at present, with the exception of the Imperial Band,

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

and that belonging to one of the hotels in Yokohama, the orchestras and bands in Japan are things to dream about after dining on Welsh rarebit and mince pie. And even the two exceptions have many things to learn, one in particular being that rag-time coon-songs should *not* be played like funeral dirges. The native orchestras of samisen, drum and whistle are a positive relief in comparison. I watched the fellow who played the trombone, and he toiled so industriously at it, I was reminded of the Irishman who was watching a German play a trombone. Presently Dutchy laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. Dutchy returned.

“Who’s meddled mit my drombone?” he roared.

“Oi did,” said Paddy. “Here ye’ve been for two hours tryin’ to pull it apart an’ Oi did it in wan minut!”

In the audience men are hurrying about with large trays containing bowls of rice, fruit and tea. The people are eating and drinking. The children, who have unlimited privileges in Japan, are running about unrebuked, even tho some of them climb on the stage and peep under the curtain.

There are many women in the audience with babies strapped on their backs, some of them mere tiny bundles of flowered stuff enwrapping babies of not more than two or three months, and tho

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

there are numbers of these, not one is heard to cry. One wonders, are they hypnotized or drugged?

Young children are drest very gaily; the younger they are the brighter the colors, so that the babies are veritable butterflies. As they grow older the clothes become darker, until in old age they are transformed into little gray moths.

A sharp noise, made by striking two pieces of hard wood together, announces that the next act is about to begin. The intervals between acts are usually about ten minutes.

As the curtain is drawn aside, the pieces of wood tap together faster and faster, until the stage is disclosed.

This time it is a house, the front open, chrysanthemums growing about the door. At intervals the shrill note of an insect is heard.

Sata, the great actor, is seated on the floor; he is in a state of intoxication, and keeps drinking from a bottle in front of him.

His father-in-law is pleading with him to grant a divorce to his daughter, as his constant intoxication and ill treatment of her are hard to bear. The drunkard refuses, and the scene between the men is a powerful one, a knowledge of the language being unnecessary in order to appreciate their really great acting.

The revolving stage, used in all Japanese theaters, is seen in this act, as the entire stage turns,

VISIT TO A JAPANESE THEATER

bringing into view a different scene, the old man's house.

The play proceeds through several acts, to a European or American in rather a disjointed manner and without much sequence, but with no lack of fine acting.

Just before the last act the ushers bring in the sandals and clogs that have been checked, so there will be no confusion and delay when the theater is out.

But three days are allowed for rehearsal, and in that time they must be letter perfect, for a Japanese audience is a critical one.

Approbation is announced by clapping the hands, but audible comments are frequent.

When we go out our 'ricksha-men, wrapt in their rugs, hurry from the gallery where they have been enjoying the play. The orchestra and the electric lights are not the only innovations in this theater. The idea of a play of modern Japanese life is entirely new, and we were fortunate in seeing the first performance of one of the few modern plays ever enacted in Japan.

VIII

A GLANCE AT THE JAPANESE FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS

The Watchman and His Clanking Sword—Primitive Fire-House Methods—Only Three Steam-Engines in Yokohama—Hitched Up After Alarm is Sent in—Fires Get Tremendous Headway—Easy Jump from Low Buildings—Whole Outfit Seems Like a Toy—I Get a Permit and Visit a Police Station—School for *Ju-jitsu*—Fine Exhibition of Wrestling—Troupe of Traveling Amazon Wrestlers—Broadway Squad Might Benefit—Minister of Justice Gives Me a Permit to Visit Sugamo Prison, Tokyo—"I am an American, and Glad of It"—Nat Goodwin's Dog—Watch Five Corridors at Once—Chaplain Exhorts—Well Fed, Well Taken Care of, and Certainly Contented.—Imprisonment in Japan not the Worst Thing Could Befall a Man.

ONE evening while going through a street in Japanese Town, Yokohama, I heard a clanking sound at regular intervals, and found it was made by a man who as he walked along was striking a sword on the ground. At the concussion two plates of bronze or brass were driven together, making a metallic clang. I was told that he was a watchman, paid by contributions of a few sen a month from the households along the way.

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

As he clangs his sword, it is a comfortable assurance to these people that all is well.

This watchman is for fire purposes chiefly, as the houses of the Japanese town are almost all of wood, and a fire once started means wide-spread destruction before it can be got under control.

The few exceptions to wooden houses are the go-downs, or stone houses, with very thick walls of clay, roofed with heavy tiles. All houses, except those in the country that are thatched with straw, are roofed with these tiles, fluted and scalloped, giving the habitations a very picturesque appearance.

At the different fire-stations men in high towers watch for fires, and at the first indication ring the large bell that hangs in the tower.

There are about three steam fire-engines in Yokohama, which boasts one of the best fire departments in Japan. These engines are drawn by horses, which have to be hitched up after the alarm is sent in.

The firemen do not come into line at the fire-house, being always in readiness, as in the States, but are employed at other work, principally as street-cleaners. While the horses are being harnessed, the engine fired, and the firemen gathered from different portions of the district, a conflagration has ample time to get under tremendous headway. It is not surprising that when a fire once

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

starts it becomes almost without exception a destructive one. Owing to the prevalence of fires in Tokyo, where there are many every day, the entire city having been destroyed time and again, the familiar name for fires has come to be "the Flower of Yeddo."

The light wooden houses built of pine, with partitions of paper screens, are perfect tinder-boxes, and it speaks well for the fire department, inadequate as it seems, that the entire city of Yokohama is not swept again and again by devouring conflagrations.

The fire department is not a city organization, but is conducted by the fire-insurance companies, which support it jointly for their mutual protection.

The police lend their aid to the fire department, and have at every police station a hand-cart loaded with hooks and extension ladders and a canvas net with twenty loops of rope around the edge, to be held by ten men. To jump from a high building on to this piece of canvas would hurt a person as badly as striking the ground, but the Japanese buildings are never more than a story and a half or two stories in height, and the ceilings are so low that a two-story building is no higher than one story, measured by Western standards.

On this little cart are also carried two folding screens of asbestos, about five feet high, with which

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

the men protect themselves when facing the fire. To any one familiar with the New York fire department the whole outfit seems like a toy.

At the first alarm of fire, which is communicated to them by telephone, the police run to the house in which the little cart is kept and pull it out, meanwhile ringing a bell to summon the firemen, who may be working in the neighborhood.

The Japanese cry of "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi-moshi!" An excited citizen communicating the news of a fire is one of the funniest things imaginable.

The police department will bear much better comparison with those of other countries than the fire department. In fact, from what I saw of it, it impressed me as a very well-conducted service, with many points that could be imitated by the departments of other countries to considerable advantage.

When, with a permit of inspection, I visited one of the seven police stations in Yokohama, the superintendent, who had been advised of my coming, met me with profound bows, but not a word of English. I was beginning to feel rather discouraged when an interpreter was produced, and we started off to inspect the station-house.

I was told that about one hundred and twenty-five police belong to each station-house. Their names are written on little blocks of wood, in red on one side and black on the other. The men are

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

on duty in the station-house for two hours, and outside two hours, and the little blocks are turned as they come in or go out, the red or black showing the superintendent at a glance just where the men are.

The prisoners may be detained here only ten days, and the maximum fine is one yen ten sen, or fifty-five cents American money.

We were shown the cells, which were about ten feet square, fairly light, very airy, and immaculately clean. There were but five prisoners at the station-house, all detained for petty offenses—'ricksha-men overcharging, and similar arraignments. Their names were on little wooden tags hung outside the door. These were turned inside, however, and upon no consideration were to be looked at except by the proper authority. The side that is clear has only the date of incarceration and length of sentence printed on it.

This delicacy in screening the identity of the prisoner was certainly a kindly thought, unusual in such relations.

The guard opened a couple of occupied cells, showing the prisoners, comprizing one man alone in one cell, while three together were in the other. They looked very comfortable, kneeling on straw mats, which are also their beds.

While on our tour of inspection the most frightful cries came at intervals from one part of the



The Emperor's Carriage

A Smiling Reception

A Messenger Boy

The Emperor of Japan

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

main building. As they continued I began to be assailed by a nervous apprehension that I might be called upon to witness some horrible torture, for I felt sure that nothing short of that could call forth such unearthly yells.

When I was conducted into a large room, where about twenty men in very abbreviated white linen suits were squatting about, the shouts were explained. Here was the school for the famous *ju-jutsu*, which is acknowledged to be the most effective and deadly form of wrestling.

We were given seats on the edge of a platform, and two muscular Japs sprang on to the mats in the middle of the room. First they bowed, by squatting down, leaning their left hands on the floor and bowing their heads. Then standing erect, first one and then the other gave vent to one of the blood-curdling cries I had heard. This is the challenge, intended to intimidate the antagonist. Suddenly they clutched each other and straining and struggling, each strove to dislodge the other's feet from the floor.

All at once one of the men made a quick move, which it would be impossible for me to explain, and his antagonist was hurled backward over his shoulder, landing on the mats with a terrific thud.

This performance was gone through with a number of times, with infinite variety in tactics and

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

methods of bringing about the fall, the most marvelous skill and training being displayed.

In addition to the male wrestlers of Japan, there is one band—and one only—of women wrestlers—Amazons of enormous strength, who travel about giving exhibitions. Their physical beauty and development are wonderful, and they create the greatest enthusiasm and admiration wherever they appear.

In the practise of *ju-jutsu* it needs quite as much skill to fall without being hurt as it does to bring about the fall. The *ju-jutsu* is an exact science, every move having meaning, the ultimate object being to disable the opponent.

Every man on the Japanese police force is required to become proficient in the *ju-jutsu*. Every day there is practise, with the best teachers, from eight A. M. until noon. About twenty at a time take part in this practise, wrestling with the masters or each other, so that each man's turn in the school comes about once a week.

Fencing is also a part of their education, not for practical use, but merely to make them quick and supple. They practise with long bamboo swords, wearing wadded hoods and gloves.

There did not seem to be any exact skill about it, the men simply rushing at each other, striking and slashing, holding the sword in both hands, the principal object seeming to be which one could yell the loudest.

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

After the regular modern *ju-jutsu*, two young men gave an exhibition for my edification of the ancient form of the art. It was not so easy nor so finished as the modern method and was performed with such ardor that arms and elbows were cut rather badly on the sharp edges of the mats. The principal feature of their entertainment was the fiendish shouts with which they began each clutch. This was intended as a means of intimidation, and the custom still survives in the modern method, to the extent of one short but sufficiently frightful scream. These sounds, however, are as nothing compared with the unearthly screeches of the old school. They are like nothing human; the only thing I can recollect that approached them in fierceness and volume were the pleasantries exchanged by two mountain-lions that I heard once upon a time in the Adirondacks.

With all this splendid training in quickness, adroitness, and the wonderful muscular power it develops, a criminal has no chance at all with a Japanese policeman. One of my party remarked that he should like to see the Broadway squad try to do the things we were looking at. I am very much afraid a member of that august body would be like a man of straw in the hands of one of Japan's quick cat-like little policemen.

Becoming much interested in the police department, I was fortunate in securing a permit from

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

the Minister of Justice to visit the Sugamo prison at Tokyo.

The Governor was very gracious, but his languages being restricted to Japanese and German, we were at a standstill until an interpreter was brought in.

I was put through a rigid examination and asked to write down the answers to all questions. My name, nationality, age, business, my reason for visiting Japan, and the length of my stay, all had to be given. In reply to the question, "What is your nationality?" I wrote, "An American, and glad of it." This did me a lot of good, tho no one could read it but the interpreter, who smiled sympathetically.

I wanted to tell him Nat Goodwin's story about the Irishman's intelligent dog; but didn't dare just then: "That dog o' mine is that intelligent, he understands every word I say to him! I'm studyin' German now, just to throw him off!"

There were many features about the prison that to an American were unusual. The corridors of cells were arranged like the spokes of a wheel, one warden sitting on a platform that was the hub. Labor is saved in this way, for one man can watch five corridors of twenty-eight cells each, making in all 140. There are two of these wheels built in the inner court of the prison, so that 280 cells are watched by two men, who sit on revolving stools,

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

and by turning can take in at a glance the five corridors entrusted to their vigilance.

A head warden sits between the two wheels and maintains a general supervision, so that practically the entire number of prisoners are watched by only three men. There is another enclosure where there are cells for punishment. The most severe form is the dark cell, where prisoners are punished for insubordination. They can not be confined in this cell for more than eleven days at a time. The cell for the next less severe punishment has a little light; so in gradation there are several cells for varying degrees of punishment.

The prisoners all work in different shops at basket-weaving, making mats, iron utensils, and all sorts of things for which there is a ready market. They work from 6.30 A. M. until eleven, when they have their midday meal. This is principally rice, and quickly eaten. Until twelve they rest, sitting comfortably on straw mats.

Advantage is taken of this time for one of the four resident chaplains to give the prisoners a talk. The day I visited the prison was at the time of this midday rest; the men in two large work-rooms were sitting quietly, listening to the chaplain, a Buddhist priest. Standing before a small altar that looked like a reading-desk, he was placed in a passageway between the two rooms, thus enabling the men in both rooms to hear him. He was talking

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

earnestly, probably pointing out the error of their ways, and exhorting them to lead better lives in the future.

At three-thirty the work of the prisoners was finished ; so it may be seen they lead a life of comparative ease. It struck me as rather an inducement to crime, for they live better than, and do not work nearly as hard as, the average Japanese laborer.

Every man is credited with a certain amount of wages for the work he does, and the money is given to him when he is discharged, so he does not leave the prison penniless.

Every method seemed most humane ; the prisoners were treated with kindness in every way. The same consideration in regard to concealing their identity is practised here as in the police stations. Outside of each man's cell is a wooden sign with his name, age, crime and the length of his sentence printed on it. But a little extra tag comes down and hides his name.

The Japanese being kind and considerate as a nation, their treatment of prisoners is only in accordance with their natural inclinations. They are the politest people on earth, and seem to be sincere in it ; very careful about wounding any one's feelings, and adore children, who have everything their own way. These children seem to be born with the grace of God in their souls, for they are always

JAPANESE FIREMEN AND POLICE

good, and it never seems necessary to spank them. The little mites are cheerful, smiling and happy, and would be altogether lovable if they only thought it necessary to wipe their little noses.

So that, owing to this general national trait of kindness, the prisoners that I saw looked well fed and well taken care of, and certainly very contented.

After my inspection, which I found most interesting, I came away with the idea that to be sent to prison in Japan was not the worst thing by any means that could befall a man.

IX

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

Harbor at Mouth of Yang-tse-Kiang—Ancient Junk—Fish-Net Begging—The Bund—Oriental Paris—Chinese Jaunting-Car—Porker Takes a Ride—Recruits Drill with Sand—Bronze Statues are Sikh Policemen—Three Cities in One—American Consul-General Goodnow—Mr. George Mooser and Beautiful Wife—"I'm an American, but I speak English"—Same as when Queen Bess Reigned—Ancient Walled City—I am Seized by Horrible Chinese Beggar—Make Way for the Man with the Burden—Footbinding Practised by all Classes—Anti-Footbinding Society—Fuchau Road and Sing-Song Girls—Tiffin on the "Monadnock"—I Entertain the Jackies—Street Pageants—"Pidgin-English."

AFTER an encounter with one of those monsoons that seem perpetually to lurk between Nagasaki and Shanghai, the sight of the outside harbor, at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, looked most attractive. In the early morning air everything stood out with clear distinctness. A great German warship rode proudly at anchor, in extreme contrast to a junk of ancient pattern, with stern reared high out of the water, eyes painted at the bow to enable the boat to find her way in the dark, and sails spread with ribs of bamboo, looking not unlike the fins of some giant fish.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

Very soon tiny sampans, propelled by a stern oar, came crowding about the steamer, the women and children holding up to the passengers nets on long bamboo poles and begging for money to be thrown into them. The face of the water was dotted with craft of all sorts, principally the distinctive junk.

After an hour and a quarter on a launch speeding up the Whang-poo river, we were landed at the quay on the Bund. Here the life, glitter and sparkle reminded one insistently of Paris. Victorias with two Chinamen on the box, drest in long coats of divers colors and design, were pulled at a headlong pace by sturdy, tough little Chinese ponies, that ducked down their heads and forged into the crowds of 'rickshas in a way to make the newcomer hold his breath.

Hundreds of these 'rickshas went twinkling by, pulled by strapping Chinese coolies. Less in number, but numerous for all that, were the native barrows, with one large wheel, having racks built over it at either side, and pushed by a sweating, toiling man, who strained and tottered as he was striving to guide and balance the clumsy vehicle. Passengers or merchandise were carried on these, the former with their feet curled under them on the rack, or resting in a loop of rope strung near the ground for the purpose.

Great bales of cotton, towering into the air for

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

six or seven feet, were pushed along on these crazy conveyances, and one day I saw a big black pig riding along, his feet tied, but apparently content.

Tho the 'ricksha-men have the easier time, the barrow-pushers are inclined to look down on them, saying contemptuously, "We push like men while you pull allee same horses."

In drilling recruits for the Chinese army, each man is required to carry sand in his knapsack. For the first day he carries two ounces; on each succeeding day he increases this amount by two ounces, until at last he is carrying sixteen pounds. These men can run at a dog-trot for ten consecutive hours and arrive at the end of that time in a fit condition for fighting.

One of the most interesting bits of local color to be seen are the splendid Sikh policemen, standing like magnificent bronze statues at every corner, their huge turbans of red, yellow, or pink making a bright splash of color against the moving background.

Shanghai is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and in point of actual diversity of nationality, language, and government is absolutely unique. When it was made a treaty port, concessions were granted to England, France, and America, and the districts involved, altho component parts of the city, are as distinct as if separated by miles of territory. Each has its own municipal

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

government, its own post-office, and is under the jurisdiction of its own mother country.

The American post-office here is the only one in existence outside of the United States and her territories; a letter from here to the United States goes for two cents, the same as one from New York to Boston. The Consul-General is also the post-master, tho he receives no extra salary for this added responsibility.

At the time of our visit we were indebted to Mr. John Goodnow, the American Consul-General, and his charming wife for much kind attention. Mr. Goodnow's automobile, with the novel accompaniment of a Chinese chauffeur, was at our service for many delightful tours of sightseeing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Goodnow's profound knowledge of the country and sympathetic understanding of its people were a help and an illumination on these occasions. They are both lovers of Chinese art, and collectors in a way. Mrs. Goodnow's collection of ancient embroideries is one to induce breaking the tenth commandment. Mr. Goodnow devotes his time to antique brasses. They told us of a remark made by a Chinaman on an occasion when Mr. Goodnow was entertaining a number of high Chinese officials. As a means of entertainment he was showing them his collection, the pride of which was a small brass Buddha studded with uncut turquoises and garnets. As they were leaving, one of the party

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

was overheard by Dr. Barchet, the official interpreter of the Consulate, to say in Chinese:

“I heard this man Goodnow had some pretty good brasses—why, he hasn't got a piece that's more than a thousand years old!”

In such a venerable country as China real antiquity doesn't begin to be acknowledged under about four thousand years.

At the moment of landing I found an old friend in the person of Mr. George Mooser, formerly a newspaper man in New York, who met me on the Bund. He is now a prominent insurance man in Shanghai, very popular with the Chinese wealthy class. He and his lovely wife entertained us delightfully in their magnificent home on the Bubbling Well Road. Mr. Mooser was instrumental in securing opportunities for me to give three successful entertainments while in Shanghai, and in other ways, besides his delightful hospitality and devotion to my interests, I am eternally his debtor.

With all the distinct lines of separation, and the innumerable nationalities found in the several cities, it is not surprising that a young gentleman of three, when asked what his nationality was, answered, “I'm an American, but I speak English.” The several separate, but united, cities cluster around the walls of the ancient native city, whose gates are shut at sundown, and where customs prevail and life is carried on to-day just as it was in

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

this same little walled city when good Queen Bess reigned in England.

In the walled city—a place where no foreigner ought to go, only you can't help it, for it is one of the most marvelously interesting places you can ever get into—I was walking with a guide, when a horrible old beggar—a filthy, rheumy, palsied, leprous old beggar, who was lying flat in the narrow street—caught me by the ankle and hung on with the evident determination to hold fast until he got some money. My sensations I will not attempt to describe, but I remember the shivers of disgust that shook me while I gasped to the guide to give him some money. He said no; because if you gave him so much as a copper, an army of mendicants, equally loathsome, would surround us, and we would be mobbed. And he calmly kicked the beggar, not gently, but most thoroughly, until he let go his hold.

If you have never seen a Chinese beggar, then you can have no idea of the depth and breadth and height and thoroughness of his condition of filth, and his general loathsomeness.

The narrow streets, paved with stones that are slippery and slimy with filth, become dim because of the forest of swaying signs suspended overhead. These streets meander in and out, around abrupt corners, up and down steps, and through courts, in an utterly bewildering manner. There are no side-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

walks, the streets running from one open shop-front to the opposite one and are choked and crowded with a jostling, pushing mass of humanity.

Sedan-chairs, carried on the shoulders of coolies, are frequently seen, and when two meet in the narrow way much screaming, shouting and profanity in the vernacular are necessary before they manage to squeeze past each other.

Where the people, who the moment before filled the street, succeed in bestowing themselves is a mystery, but they seem to be able to scurry into the shops, flatten themselves against the walls and in a dozen different ways efface themselves, never resenting anything, but always smiling, cheerful and good-natured.

A man with two great bundles of straw or baskets, boxes, or pails slung from a bamboo pole laid across his shoulders, comes swaying along, calling out for the people to make way for him, which is cheerfully done—for it is the unwritten law of the Chinese thoroughfare that every one, even if it be the viceroy, must give way to the man with the burden.

The curio-shops, clothing-shops and shops of every description are alive with color. The silk shops are interesting, for here they sell silk by weight. Natives buy it this way, and probably get it at reasonable prices, for it is the universal wear. A foreigner could not get it in any way but by

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

the yard, and at a price no cheaper than in America or England. In America more beautiful silks of handsomer patterns and better dye may be bought cheaper than in this, the land of silk.

Dealers in jade ornaments, that stone which is prized next to the pearl, are always doing a lively trade. Women, drest in their national costume of long jackets and wide trousers, their hair beautifully coiled and perfumed and stuck full of fancy pins, crowd about the fronts of these shops, admiring, chaffering and occasionally purchasing. In many cases these women go swaying along on the absurdly deformed little lumps of feet considered so beautiful by the Chinese.

Tho knowing that the custom of footbinding prevailed in China, I am willing to confess that I had thought it confined to the higher classes, and not by any means to be seen frequently on the streets. But people of every class seem to practise it. It is a not uncommon sight to see a beggar woman in fluttering rags tottering along on feet no larger than my two middle fingers, and I have seen women on the tow-path, laboring with men to pull the river boats, whose feet were of the proper size to be admired by Chinamen.

The coolie class practise this barbarous custom quite as much as others, at least one girl child in every family having her feet bound so that she may have the requisite attraction for making a good

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

marriage and becoming a lady. Consequently women with little feet like those of goats are seen more frequently than women with pedal extremities of the normal size.

These women have suffered agonies of torture since their fourth or fifth year, when their poor little feet were ruthlessly deformed, the toes turned under, and the instep so broken and forced upward that the ball of the foot and the heel were brought together and bound in this position through years of awful pain.

Tho the process is nominally completed by the time they are sixteen or seventeen, they are obliged to wear the bandages all their lives, and are almost always suffering, for Nature is perpetually striving to free herself from the bandage.

Women with feet so beautifully little that they can not walk unassisted may be seen supported on either side by a servant, hobbling painfully along, and I was told upon good authority that there are women who are always carried in the streets, because they can not walk at all, and in their own homes are obliged to crawl about on their knees.

A society of opposition to this custom has been formed by Europeans and Americans, with branches in various parts of the Flowery Kingdom. It is known as the Anti-footbinding Society, and is, they claim, doing much good in winning the people from this ancient and barbarous custom. Many



Asleep in His Cab

River Life

Prisoners Wearing the Cangue

The Willow Pattern Tea-House

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

enlightened Chinese are members of it, and in many cases the viceroys of provinces have issued proclamations that, while they do not forbid the practise, beg the people in the name of enlightenment to discontinue it.

Court circles establish an excellent precedent, for the Empress has natural feet, and being a Manchu does not tolerate footbinding. It is a purely Chinese custom which, let us hope, with the excellent example in this one instance at least of the Empress, and the Court, will in time be abolished. Through a ludicrous freak of fate, the honorable president and treasurer of the very estimable Anti-footbinding Society are named respectively Mrs. Little and Mrs. Cornfoot.

At the Margaret Williamson Hospital in Shanghai amputations of children's feet are not uncommon—made necessary on account of gangrene as a result of footbinding.

At this hospital two American women doctors are employed, at a salary of \$600 a year, and during the year forty thousand Chinese women and children were treated. This is one of the greatest and most worthy charities in the East, for a Chinese woman would die before she would allow a male physician to attend her. The Chinese doctors are not of much use anyway, with their prescriptions composed of the bodies of dried beetles, flies, and lizards, the blood and teeth of tigers, the bodies of

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

snakes, and sundry other niceties known only to the Chinese chemist.

The streets in the Chinese city outside the walls are quite as crowded as those in the native city, tho wider. Here, especially in the Fuchau Road between the hours of five and eight P. M., crowds of sing-song girls may be seen, being carried from one tea-house or restaurant to the other, where they have engagements to sing.

They are sometimes seen in carriages or sedan-chairs, occasionally in 'rickshas, but generally sitting on the shoulder of a stalwart Chinaman, a towel flung over his head to protect the lady's gaudy satin coat from contact with his hair.

These girls, in order that they should be attractive, must have little feet, the tinier the better, so that it is next to impossible for most of them to walk at all. An amah, or maid, runs after each one, to arrange anything that may have become disordered in the journey, to see that their pearl head-dress is straight, or to add a little more rouge or powder to their already thickly painted faces, but principally to watch how much money the girls receive as presents from the rich Chinamen, who give them extravagant sums if they are pleased with their fair entertainers.

These girls are under the control of a woman who gets them in various ways, by purchase from parents, or not infrequently by kidnaping. She has

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

them taught the accomplishments of singing or playing on some musical instrument, dresses them in the most beautiful silks and satins, and head-dresses of pearls, and then rents out their services for entertainments.

The girls get a certain fixed sum, all the presents they receive going to their employer. The amah keeps watch in the interest of this woman to see that the girls faithfully turn in all that they receive. I am told that some specially popular girls receive as high as a thousand dollars a month in presents.

It must be understood that these girls are in no way *demi-mondaines*. On the contrary, they are modest and well bred, and must be treated with respect at all times by the men they entertain. Naturally, they are a class by themselves and looked down upon by Chinese ladies, merely on account of their occupation and their association with men, tho never on account of their morals.

While in Shanghai we were invited to tiffin—this meal is not the hasty “pick-up” luncheon of the West, but a substantial repast, formally and handsomely set forth; in fact, when they desire to do honor to a friend in the Far East, they invite him to tiffin—we were invited to tiffin on the “Monadnock” (over which our country’s flag was flying) at the invitation of Commander Baker. We went out in a launch to the harbor, which is the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Besides a lot of other notables, there were the American Consul-General and his wife, and the Italian commander of a war-ship in the harbor who was a prince and cousin of the King of Italy.

After tiffin the jackies were called up; they formed on the deck and I gave them a little entertainment. I can truly say that I have seldom faced a brighter or more appreciative audience. They never missed a point; and the grins that chased each other over their tanned and good-natured faces were only equaled by their hearty laughs that were sandwiched in between. Afterward they manned the yards, and gave me the Admiral's salute—thirteen guns.

The sights about Shanghai are of kaleidoscopic interest. In the Soo-chow Creek and the various canals boats crowd and shoulder one another like swarms of water-bugs.

In these tiny hulls, covered merely with a tent of mats, whole families are born, live and die, with no other habitation or environment, and apparently seem to thrive. The green scummy water looks unhealthful enough to kill them all, but as they drink only tea, for which the water is always boiled, there isn't as much harm done as one might suppose. Smallpox plagues and scarlet fever are generally rife, but no one seems to worry much about them. Lean, wolfish dogs are in every street; and chick-

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

ens seem to be a part of every household, living on terms of equality with the family.

The country around Shanghai is flat, but so fertile that it is a joy to drive through it. The farms are marvels of orderly cultivation, and remind us forcibly of Long Island truck-farms.

Great, smooth-skinned buffaloes with huge curving horns lumber up and down the fields, hitched to rude plows or, when off duty, wallow luxuriously in the little streams.

The fields, even the cultivated ones, are dotted thickly with little mounds, or small tombs, marking the graves of the dead, and along every road are stone arches erected to some charitable man or virtuous and benevolent woman.

We saw a funeral one day while waiting for a boat. Men and women were drest in white with a white cloth binding their foreheads, while the coffin was carried slung by ropes from a bamboo pole across the shoulders of two stout coolies.

The servants we came in contact with in China were marvels of ability and trustworthiness. One lady who had lived in China several years lamented that she shouldn't know what to do when she went home to America to live; here she had ten perfectly trained servants for the price she would have to pay for two incompetent ones at home.

Pidgin-English is universal and to the newcomer it sounds absurd beyond measure to hear

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

dignified English and Americans seriously talking the babyish lingo. When I first arrived it was something of a shock to hear our honorable Consul-General say to the boy when sending up-stairs for a friend to come down to my room: "Boy, go top-side, look-see can ketchee Mr. M. Sposie have got, tellee come downside." To which the boy answered as seriously "Can do," and disappeared.

A story is told here in Shanghai of a Russian diplomat who fell in love with a charming German lady. Unfortunately neither could speak the other's language and were at a standstill as to how they were going to conduct the love-making. They could both talk pidgin-English, however, and fell back on that. When any one in China makes a contract they say, "Can putee in book," so the Russian, looking unutterable love at his fair lady, cooed softly: "My likee you—spossee you likee my, can putee in book?" To which she shyly answered: "Can do," and they were married.

Chen Dong, who was head boy in the dining-room of the Astor House, and who is quite a famous character in the East, known to every one, still talks the ridiculous pidgin-dialect, tho he can speak very good English. By his ingratiating and smiling civilities he accumulated a fortune of fifteen thousand dollars, a princely sum for one of his class, and tho he denied it roundly, was said to possess eight wives.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

One thing surprised me very much, and that was the sharp line drawn between natives and white people. No matter how high a Chinaman's rank, there are certain clubs and hotels where he would not be admitted, and I was astonished and hurt to find that I would not be allowed to entertain at tiffin in my hotel a Chinese friend of mine who was of high official standing, a graduate of Yale and a charming gentleman. It seemed an unfair regulation when at the next table to mine was a party of ill-bred Japanese, who gurgled their soup and made other unpleasant noises not usually associated with polite table manners.

Tho they may not be so universally courteous, I prefer the Chinese in some ways to the Japs, for I think them more sincere. At any rate, they are a cheerful, happy, childlike lot of people that it is a pleasure to be among.

X

A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER

I Compare the Art of Two Countries—The Chinese Suffer Greatly—Stage Merely Raised Platform—Nerve-racking Orchestra—Refreshments All Round—Everybody Drinks Tea—Chinese Wife Smokes a Valuable Pipe—The Demi-Monde Get Green Cups—Actors Shriek with Falsetto Voices—Tell What They Are Going to Do Beforehand—No Scenery and Few Properties—Prances like Horse—Wear Painted Masks—There Are No Actresses—Attempt at Vaudeville—She Entertained the Bores—Preposterous Heroes and Characters—Nothing Funnier than Chinese Theater Except Practise-Drill of Chinese Soldiers.

MY interest being aroused by the very excellent acting and staging I had seen in Japanese theaters, I was anxious to compare with them a Chinese playhouse.

In Shanghai I found my opportunity and visited the best one there in that gay and festive thoroughfare Fuchau Road.

The tea-houses are frequent along this street. The shrill nasal singing of the girls and metallic twanging of stringed instruments may be heard coming from the upper rooms at all times and seasons.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER

I found that in point of advancement in the drama the Chinese could not be compared for a moment with the Japanese. In fact, there is no staging or acting at all, in the sense that we understand it.

The stage is merely a raised platform with a row of gaslights across the front, each little jet blinking forlornly at the top of a piece of pipe that sticks bravely up for four or five inches. Another row of lights extends over the stage and at the back two curtained doorways complete the entire stage arrangements.

At the back of the stage between the doorways sits the orchestra, a collection of nerve-racking instruments that shriek and wheeze and bang, especially upon the entrance of prominent actors.

The play begins at seven P. M., and shortly after that time the tables on the ground floor are fully occupied by Chinese sipping the tea that is an inevitable part of every entertainment, social call, or business meeting.

One Mexican dollar pays the entrance fee, entitles one to a place at one of the tables, a program, and tea all the evening. Extra refreshments, such as fruit, nuts, sweets, and the ubiquitous melon-seed, are charged at the rate of twenty cents a bowl.

The attendants who keep renewing the teacups do so by adding hot water, never more tea, but the cup seems miraculous, like the widow's cruse of

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

oil, for no matter how many times hot water is added, the tea is always delicious and of the same strength. The pinch of tea-leaves in the bottom of each cup seems to possess wonderful powers of endurance.

In the balcony that contains the best seats, for which extra charge is made, people sit by the railing which is broadened out into a sort of table. On this they lean and place their tea and other refreshments.

The waiters walk about on a narrow platform outside of the balcony rail, dispensing hot water and eatables, occasionally passing around napkins scalding hot with steam, that are considered very refreshing for wiping the hands and face.

Chinamen and their wives attend the theater together, the only public place where a man is seen with his wife. She is always spoken of by him as "my little stay-at-home" when he doesn't politely refer to her as "my dull thorn" or "my stupid one."

I saw one Chinese lady, richly drest and thickly painted, sitting demurely beside her imposing-looking husband. She was smoking a beautiful gold water-pipe, that my Chinese friend assured me cost no less than three hundred dollars in gold, or nearly six hundred Mexican dollars.

A strange distinction is made by serving with special cups women who are notorious. The at-

A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER

tendants are supposed to know them all and when they come in attended by their Chinese gallants, instead of receiving their tea in the flowered cups that every one else has, they are served in cups of plain green china.

The play is well under way when we enter, and painted and gorgeously robed actors are shrieking (apparently out of the top of their heads) in falsetto voices. The progress of the play is highly amusing to a foreigner, for there being no curtain, the action is never interrupted even tho the stage-hands are on the stage quite as much as the actors.

Each actor, before he assumes his actual part, makes a sort of prolog appearance and tells just what he is going to do and just why he does it.

This seems at first rather a useless performance, but after a while one realizes that if an actor didn't give some idea of who he was and what he intended to do, it would be difficult to pick him out and follow his performance amid the confusion and bustle of stage-hands arranging or removing properties and make-believe scenic effects.

Tho there is no scenery there are crude attempts at properties, for instance, a piece of muslin laid down to represent a river, a curtain hung from two bamboo poles held by coolies is a temple gate, draped chairs and tables are rocks and mountains, and a boat is made of two chairs with a bit of cloth stretched between.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

When an actor is supposed to enter on horseback he prances in curveting handsomely. The whole performance is singularly reminiscent of childish days when "let's pretend" turned everything to exciting realities.

When the actor has informed the audience what he is going to do, he retires, and then makes his proper entrance, going through all the details as he has promised them. As he climbs over the mountains or gets out of his boat, the stage-hands quickly remove them, or should he enter the temple gate, it immediately walks off, for its usefulness is over and it must give way to the next scenic representation, which will be arranged as the need for it arises.

When an actor dies or is slain in combat, he has a most impressive death-scene, wriggling all over the stage to the great delight of the audience, who do not seem to perceive any incongruity when he gets up, after he is thoroughly dead, even to the last little shiver, and calmly walks off.

The actors wear masks of painted silk or gauze, or else paint their own faces with water-colors and a brush, until all semblance of a human face is obliterated.

There are no actresses, men assuming every part. When they make up for women they wear wigs and put blocks of wood under their feet to counterfeit the proper walk of ladies swaying along on their

A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER

“Golden Lilies,” as the Chinese admiringly style the dreadful little hoof-like feet a Chinese woman spends years of torture in obtaining. Vaudeville, composed of acrobats, magicians and imitators, sometimes varies the performance. Approval is not shown by clapping the hands, but by grunts of different modulation.

There are numerous traveling theatrical companies in China, and these generally pitch their tents in the temple courts, thus affording the people opportunity to kill two birds with one stone by combining amusement with religion.

If one can endure in a Chinese theater until the end of the performance the deafening orchestra and the falsetto voices, he will find that two ushers come to the front of the stage and announce that the play is finished. Chinese plays never end in any culminating climax, indicating to the people that all is ended; so this announcement is really necessary.

The plays generally abound in preposterous heroes and characters, tho occasionally a scene of home-life is represented that gives a foreigner an insight into customs, absolutely unattainable in any other way.

But with their faces painted out of all human semblance, their exaggerated and unnatural voices, walk and manner, together with a constant jumble of properties and stage-hands, and their feeble

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

make-believes, we have a combination that produces a most amusing and absurd ensemble.

We were not altogether sorry that we had endured unto the end, tho the boredom was beyond anything I can remember. We kept our seats, mentally classing ourselves with the caller who, with a winning smile, said to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at dinner :

“I suppose, my dear, that you assist your papa by entertaining the bores?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the little girl gravely; “please be seated.”

I know of only one thing in China that is funnier, and that is a practise-drill of soldiers, which may actually be seen within two hundred miles of Shanghai. Here they use weapons of a pattern as ancient as the first crusaders, spears with triple points, and battle-axes on long poles. A row of soldiers armed with these antique curios stand behind a row squatting on their heels, and armed with rifles of the vintage of the American Civil war. In front of these a third row of men lie flat like sharpshooters, and are also armed with the same venerable firearms.

When the word of command is given they “make ready” and “take aim,” but at the word “fire!” not a trigger is pulled; each man says “boom!” with that sublime indifference to the ridiculous and

A VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATER

childlike faith in make-believe that distinguish the theaters.

When an officer was asked why such a performance was allowed, he said it kept the men busy and under discipline, and didn't waste powder.

To see a whole company of men go through this absurd performance again and again as soberly and conscientiously as if they were really shooting is the most excruciatingly funny thing to be seen in China; compared to it the theater is a poor second.

XI

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

Police Department Very Cosmopolitan—Mixed Court—'Ricksha Inspection—I Visit the Court and am Introduced to the Mandarin Magistrate—He Wears the Little Round Button—Police Run in Prisoners by the Cue—Sentenced to Certain Number of Strokes with the Bamboo—Wearing the Cangue—Attendants Sit on the Prisoner While He Gets One Hundred on His Bare Legs—In the Ancient Walled City Terrible Cruelties are Practised—The Ling Chee, or Hundred Cuts—Signs His Own Death-Warrant—Wholesale Bribery—Execution of Pirates—"My Just Make Little Squeeze!"—Not Even Above Blackmail.

THE police department of Shanghai is a cosmopolitan body, tho the organization and general supervision are principally English. The department is made up of several different nationalities drawn from the different concessions. In a drive through the city one can see English bobbies, French gendarmes, Chinese in blue uniforms, high boots, long cues, and round turned-up hats; but the most frequent are the imported Sikhs, splendid bronze giants from northern India, who wear huge red-striped turbans wound in intricate and towering folds above their keen faces, and pe-

MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

culiar rolled-under beards. Some of these Sikhs are mounted, and with their swords, leggings and gorgeous turbans make an imposing sight. They are the special dread of the Chinese malefactors, among whom they are known as "the red tops."

Shanghai has twelve precinct police stations, and one court, known as the "Mixed Court," because some representative of the several consulates sits each day with the Chinese magistrate. Visitors are welcome at this court, as they are at the police stations. When I visited one of these latter, a curious ceremony was taking place. The courtyard was filled with 'rickshas—there looked to be hundreds of them, all clean and shining. This ceremony was the monthly inspection required by the police, and the 'rickshas were being tested by pretty rough usage from a hammer and the well-developed muscles of a big Irish sergeant, while the coolies—'ricksha-men—looked anxiously on. If 'rickshas stand this very thorough test they are considered safe to go another month.

In the station were a number of prisoners, who were to be kept until the next day, when they would be sent to the Mixed Court for trial.

The cells all opened on to a sort of balcony or veranda, enclosed in heavy iron bars. The prisoners spend most of their time out here in the air and sunshine, which is pleasanter for them than a dark cell—and surely more sanitary. There are special

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

cells for beggars, which are generally occupied, for tho it is against the law, every street is infested with beggars, who get rounded up by the police, sometimes fifty at a time.

The Mixed Court opens at ten o'clock in the morning, and the day I visited it, the American assessor, Dr. Barchet, the official interpreter, was sitting with the Chinese magistrate, a mandarin of high rank.

I was introduced to the magistrate by Dr. Barchet, and found him very gracious and possessing a fair supply of English. He was drest in full mandarin dress, brown satin coat, beautifully embroidered, and a black velvet hat turned up about the edge and decorated with the button, the horse-tail and the peacock's feathers that indicate a mandarin's rank.

We went into the court-room, where every one quickly took his place and the hearings began. All prisoners when brought before the magistrate must kneel during the entire proceeding.

Tho all the prisoners were Chinese, and the cases were conducted in that language, I could follow most of them, as the English sergeants preferred their charges to Dr. Barchet, who is a proficient Chinese scholar, and he in turn translated them to the magistrate. The charges were mostly petty ones, the sentences being light—a fine, or dismissal with a reprimand.

MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

Nature has given the police a great advantage over prisoners in China, for the cue is a handy and safe mode of compelling them to obey. It is rather distressing to a foreigner to see the way in which the cues are used to pull the men about with. When a policeman brings a man before the court, he drives him by his cue, and when he takes him away, he pulls him by it, or if there are several prisoners, he knots their cues together and pulls them along in a bunch. With such persuasion a prisoner is not apt to hesitate long.

For thieving, prisoners are sentenced to a certain number of strokes with the bamboo or to wear the cangue, for so many hours a day and sometimes both together.

The cangue is a large square board that fits about the neck, and besides being very heavy and uncomfortable is considered a great disgrace, for it has the prisoner's name and crime pasted on it. In order to make the punishment more severe, the prisoner is often condemned to be taken to the place where the crime was committed and made to stand near the store or house where the nature of his crime, as well as his name, is plainly to be read by every passer-by. This is a terrible punishment, for the Chinese are very sensitive about being publicly shamed, "losing face," as they call it.

In the afternoon I went back to the Mixed Court and saw some men bamboosed. It was done in a

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

different building from that where the trials take place, being at one side of an open court, where a desk was placed, behind which sat the assistant magistrate.

The prisoners were brought out and stood at one side, waiting their turn. The magistrate called a name, Wan Hua, for instance, and a prisoner stepped out. The magistrate gabbled off a Chinese jumble of words that meant, "You, Wan Hua, are convicted of stealing a coat and three quilts from Mrs. Ho Soy, and are sentenced to two hundred strokes with the bamboo." Then he proceeded with his reading and writing and paid no further attention.

The prisoner threw himself on a piece of matting laid on the top step leading to the magistrate's desk; his trousers were pushed down, exposing his thighs, and two men in ridiculous red sugar-loaf hats trimmed with blue seated themselves on the prisoner's feet and shoulders, the latter one clutching his cue.

Two men with little bamboo rods about a yard long squatted on either side, when one delivered about twenty-five lashes, then rested, and the other took up the work, counting aloud as he beat. The prisoner howled and cried and begged, tears streaming from his eyes, for tho the work stroke does not break the skin, it is extremely painful.

The men sitting on the prisoner joked and



Chen Dong

A Sikh Policeman

Two Police Sergeants

A Shanghai Victoria

MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

laughed, the officers standing about carrying on animated conversations, and as this all took place in a courtyard, open to the street, children ran in and out, playing and laughing, mothers with babies in their arms looked stolidly on, the babies blinking solemnly, while a little crowd of curious men stood about the entrance.

The Mixed Court, being jointly under the jurisdiction of foreigners, is necessarily more merciful and lenient than an unmixed Chinese court. In the native city, inside the walls and away from outside influences, the most brutal cruelties, for which Chinese justice has long been famous, or rather infamous, prevail. Besides the cangue, a man has to carry a heavy chain about his neck as well, and prisoners before the court are obliged to kneel on chains.

A gentleman told me of witnessing a court-room scene in the interior of China where a man who refused to confess was struck on the ankle-bone with a mallet until he fainted from the hideous pain—the bone being crushed to a jelly.

Any one who has had an argument with a rocking-chair in the dark, and received even a slight blow on the ankle-bone, can appreciate what a fiendish imagination must have prompted such a torture. During this scene, a little Chinese girl in the court-room, laughing and prattling, looked on unmoved. She was the daughter of the jailer and presumably hardened to such things.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Pirates are frequently brought in from the interior, chained together by rings fastened through each man's collar-bone, and sometimes prisoners who are being carried from one place to another are hamstrung to prevent any possibility of their escaping.

The most dreadful of all executions in China is the Ling Chee, or Hundred Cuts, where the condemned man is given ninety-nine cuts on different parts of the body, contrived with such devilish cunning that death does not come until the last cut, reaching the heart, puts him out of his agony.

This execution is only administered for three crimes: attempted assassination of the Emperor or Empress, the killing of father or mother, or the killing of a husband by a wife. The killing of a wife by a husband is not so serious a matter.

Another method of execution peculiar to the Chinese is to put a man in a wicker cage that it fitted closely about his neck, his head appearing through a hole in the top. He stands on several bricks, and each day a brick is taken from under his feet, letting his weight be more and more suspended from his neck. He is given nothing to eat or drink, so besides perishing from hunger and thirst he is slowly choked to death. No man can endure this dreadful combination longer than three or four days at the outside.

In China a man must sign his own death-war-

MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

rant by inking his thumb and making the impression of it on the paper. Chinese law, when once it has a man in its clutches, is loath to give him up, whether he be innocent or guilty. So if he does not sign the warrant willingly he is tortured until he does it in sheer desperation.

Political prisoners, who are sentenced to banishment, seldom reach the place of their destination, for after such a sentence there is almost always an accident, either by the chair in which he is carried being tipped while on a bridge by one of the coolies stumbling and thrown into the river, where there is no hope of escape from the clumsy, tightly closed affair, or else the banished one is mysteriously attacked by highwaymen and murdered. All executions of any sort are free for any one—man, woman, or child—to witness.

The effect of a universal and deadly system of bribery is only too apparent, a system that saps the strength and ability of China to become a great country, for from one end of the kingdom to the other there is no disinterested desire for advancement, only a case of the big fish eating up the little ones and no man so great that he can not be bought.

If a prisoner condemned to be beheaded will pay the executioner a fat bribe, he may expect to be sent out of existence with neatness and dispatch, after having been heavily drugged with opium. But if he refuses he must suffer a clumsy execution

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

that will be attended by torture and pain before the end finally comes. Even in the simple and less painful process of bamboosing, a bribe will induce the whipper to hold the bamboo stiff, causing much less pain than if allowed to bend and spring. The captain of a British bark lying off Canton described the execution of twenty-nine pirates who had attacked a tug manned by coolies and slaughtered the greater part of them. As all executions are free to the public, there was a general request by the crew of the bark for a holiday and, permission being granted by the captain, there was a general exodus to the shore.

It appeared that only those of the criminals who could not purchase ransom were executed. Those who had fifty dollars or friends that could supply that sum were liberated on payment of the same to the mandarin of the district. The luckless twenty-nine had apparently neither friends nor money. So they were marshaled out of prison under a strong guard of soldiers and, like the prisoners in our Sing Sing who, for their last meal, are allowed the best that the prison cuisine affords, these malefactors were furnished any mode of conveyance at the disposal of the authorities to convey them to the place of execution. Most of them elected to go in state in palanquins or, what is the same, bamboo baskets borne between two soldiers, while a few walked.

MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN CHINA

The condemned were marshaled in line, and required to kneel on "all fours" before the mandarin and his suite. All knew the procedure, and there was no confusion. The headsman, armed with a keen, broad-bladed sword, stepped out. If this gentleman should fail to sever the head of his victim in three blows, his own would be forfeited. But in this instance he did his work with both certainty and celerity. Approaching the first in line he gave a swift, swinging blow on the back of the neck and a decapitated head rolled on to the ground. The bodies were gathered up and buried in a common grave.

This dreadful system of bribery and "squeezing" is the canker at the heart of China. Every one expects it from every one else; even the children are not to be trusted. A Chinese woman sends her child to a chow shop and weighs the food when it is brought home to see that her own child is not "squeezing" her.

In making change the smallest boy, as salesman, will keep back two or three "cash." Should you say, "How fashion you steal my cash? You b'long allee same as t'ief," he will indignantly answer: "My no b'long t'ief, my ketchee you watch, *then* b'long t'ief, but my just make little squeeze." No one is ashamed of it or accounts it dishonest.

It would seem as if all the horrible punishments so publicly administered would effectually prevent

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

even the most reckless and hardened from committing crime, but it doesn't seem to do so, and the courts go on flourishing on the bribes extorted and the money paid by innocent people to keep out of court, for it is openly averred that a Chinese court of justice, among other delinquencies, is not even above blackmail.

It is not surprising that among the people are current such sayings as "Tigers and snakes are kinder than judges or runners," or "In life beware of courts, in death beware of hell!"

XII

MANILA: THE OLD AND THE NEW

Landing of Magellan—Drinking Blood Contract—Haughty Spaniards—Chinese Pirates—Era of Peace—The Silver Galleons—Greedy Dutch—Battle of Playa Honda—Japanese Ambassador—Religious Embassy—Jealous Portuguese—Spanish Friars Put to Death—British Squadron Arrives—Bombards the City—Great Losses by the British—The Peace of Paris—British Embark and Sail for India—Islands Settle Down Under Spanish Dominion—Dewey's Guns Change the Map—My Debt to an Accomplished Manilian—What the U. S. A. Has Done for Manila—Two Centuries of Dirt Removed.

IT is nearly four hundred years since the green and beautiful Philippines lay smiling in the sunshine on the day that Magellan landed with his little fleet upon Mindanao, one of the largest of the island group, and formally dedicated the newly found world to God and the Church. Even the barbaric ceremony of drawing and drinking blood from each other's breast was gone through with by the Spaniard and the Mindanao chieftain that the treaty of loyal friendship might be cemented in inviolable faith.

But, alas! the brave and brilliant Magellan survived only a few months his landing; for he was

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

mortally wounded by an arrow in the hands of a native during a battle between the rival tribes of Cebu and Magtan, and perished just as both fame and fortune were about to be laid at his feet.

But a posthumous glory has not been denied him, and three splendid monuments—one on the spot where he was slain; another, an obelisk, on Cebu, recording his first discovery; and the third, on the left bank of the Pasig at Manila—testify to the regard in which his memory is held.

For successive generations the islands were harassed by wars and rumors of wars. The haughty and bigoted Spaniard gave place to the crafty and bloodthirsty Chinese—pirates and outlaws, greedy for the wealth of the islands, and determined to possess them, until finally repulsed, after innumerable sackings and slaughters, and driven forever from their shores, thus saving the Philippines to Spain and America.

One can not but listen with delight to the traditions of the period that followed, an era of peace and prosperity almost without parallel. Following the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, primitive tho they were; attending the services of the Church into which they were baptized and welcomed; observing its festivals and joining in the graceful dances and music that made up so large a part of their pleasure and pastimes; feeling, it is true, the iron yoke of Spain's intolerance and bigotry,

MANILA: THE OLD AND THE NEW

but able, at times, to throw it off with the ease and lightness of the true tropic temperament—these were the times that lulled the souls of the Filipinos to dreamy forgetfulness and repose.

Across the seas came and went the richly freighted argosies—galleons laden with silver from Mexico; ships filled with luxuries from distant Spain, until the treasury was replete to overflowing, and the homes of the officials gorgeous with the hangings and paintings, the carvings and suitings of Spain and South America.

Into this Arcadian paradise entered the Dutch—stolid, greedy, immovable, and prepared to seize the rich prizes and hold them for their own. Remorseless as fate, these freebooters, who never gave nor asked quarter, bore down upon the laden galleons and towed them away from Philippine waters, while the Spaniards stood upon the shore in helpless misery.

Millions of dollars intended for the salaries of the Governor-General, his officials and the troops were confiscated, and yet the enemy, with characteristic Dutch pertinacity, reappeared for more.

The bloody battle of Playa Honda finally drove the greedy Dutch back to their stronghold in the Moluccas, whence they sallied forth no more. The odds were too overwhelming—ships, flags, artillery were seized, and merchandise plundered to the value of over \$300,000.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Then came the Japanese, in great dignity, preceded by an ambassador, demanding surrender and acknowledgment of himself by the Spaniards as their liege lord. Diplomacy was the weapon of the wily hidalgo; and diplomacy was met by diplomacy. A treaty of commerce was suggested and made and, in time, religious embassies, anxious to convert the Japanese to the Church, set sail for Japan and were presented to the Emperor.

Here the Portuguese stepped in—traders who were jealous of Spanish favor—and poisoned the ear of the Japanese Emperor. The Embassy of Spanish friars, after suffering every ignominy, were put to death by crucifixion. Again did the blood of the martyrs become the seed of the Church; and to-day the “Saints’ days” of these martyrs are observed throughout the islands with great pomp and ceremony.

Then came the British—last, tho not least, of the train of spoilers that for centuries had ravaged the beautiful archipelago. But they came in the name of war—dignified war; for Spain had declared war against England and the latter was not slow in seizing her prerogative.

In September, 1762, a British squadron of thirteen ships (fateful number!) under command of Admiral Cornish appeared in Manila Bay, demanding instant surrender and submission. A fighting force of nearly 5,000 men—troops, sea-

MANILA: THE OLD AND THE NEW

men and sepoy—was landed and the trouble began. The previous capture of a Spanish galleon containing two millions and a half of specie inflamed the greed of the British afresh, and assault, pillage, and rapine followed in quick succession for over a twelvemonth. The sufferings of the natives were indescribable, until they fled to the fastnesses of their native forests. The bombardment continued for a month, until 20,000 cannon-balls and 5,000 shells were thrown into the city, the English, notwithstanding their ultimate victory, losing nearly 2,000 men and many gallant officers.

Nearly a year more was consumed in dickering over the indemnity of \$4,000,000 demanded by General Draper, and by the petty jealousies and intrigues against British power and authority, the priests being the chief cause of bloodshed, as they taught the people that no mercy should be shown to the infidels. The friars laid aside the cowl for the helmet, and believed their cause more than justified, as they had lost over a quarter of a million dollars, while fifteen convents had been destroyed, several valuable estates despoiled, and many of their number killed or taken prisoner and exiled to India and Europe.

The arrival of a Spanish grandee with a commission as Governor-General in his pocket, and the news of an armistice by which the Peace of Paris, February, 1763, was proclaimed, put an end to

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

further hostilities; but it was not until the spring of 1764 that the British finally embarked for India, after all claims had been satisfactorily settled, and the Islands, torn by so many centuries of rapine and bloodshed, were left to settle down, with what feelings of relief and content they could command, under the rule and dominion of Spain and its priestly hierarchy.

The booming of Dewey's guns on that memorable May day of 1898 changed in a twinkling the order of things, from the old unto the new; even the face of nature followed the universal edict, which ordains that the higher civilization must drive out the lower, and became transfigured from dirt to cleanliness, from disease to health, and from immoral ugliness to moral beauty and strength.

I am indebted to that most accomplished Manilian, Mr. Ramon Lala, for much that is interesting in fact and history concerning the early centuries of his native Islands, and I feel that he will pardon me if I have borrowed too freely from his honeyed store, when I say that nowhere else was I able to find material so faithful and exact, and none in which fact and fancy were so happily blended.

Before I went to Manila I had heard much wondering as to what the United States meant to do with the Philippines. Since I came away I have often asked myself what the United States had *not* done with the Philippines. And it is the Europeans

MANILA: THE OLD AND THE NEW

who will echo this, for the Americans do not need to; I mean the Europeans who have lived for years in the Islands and who are enjoying Manila as it is and who remember Manila as it was; they will sound the praises of America and her good work in the Far East.

These admirers of our country and its methods are neither sentimentalists nor sycophants. They are in the Philippines solely for business reasons; they knew a good thing when they see it, and in the last five years they have seen more of it than they ever believed could be possible in Manila.

Reform under the Spanish régime meant to put thieves and do-nothings out of office, so that a new set of thieves and do-nothings could take their places. Honest Spaniards were not unknown in Manila, especially in positions that had no possible chances of graft in them; but they did little but hold down their respective chairs and draw their salaries—when they could.

Meanwhile Manila ranked high in filthiness, which (Japan excepted) is the distinguishing mark of Far Eastern cities not under Anglo-Saxon rule.

As a consequence, all the plagues of Biblical Egypt had their own sweet way with natives and Spaniards alike, and were piously attributed to the will of Heaven. Now they are regarded as specters that are laid, and which—thanks to the Americans—will rise no more.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

But they were not laid in a day, for they had associated causes. The streets were cleaned under American management and compulsion—so much compulsion that the natives complained bitterly. Besides, the removal of three centuries of accumulated filth was almost like tearing the city up by the roots. And, when the plague broke out about five years ago, causing deaths at the rate of a hundred a day, some Filipinos actually rejoiced, for did not this prove that clean streets were unhealthful?

XIII

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

In Seven Years the United States Government Has Performed Herculean Tasks—Great Filtering Plant—Absolutely Pure Water—Cleanest Bill of Health in the Universe—Civil as Well as Military Government—Admirable Police Force—Dollar Has Lost Its Name—The Universal Conant—Van-Loads of New Money—I Buy a Panama Hat for Twenty Conant—“She Acknowledges to Twenty-five”—Fine Fire Department Built on New York Lines—Trolley Line—New City Hall and Laboratory—Beautiful Luneta—Fine Harbor Works—Fiesta of the Virgin of Antipolo—Flourishing Candle Business—Popular “Mayor” Brown—His Big Heart and Hospitable Home—The Consumptive’s Dying Wish Fulfilled—I Tell the Mayor a Story of Speaker Reed—“I Don’t Want the Horse to See You!”

THE Manila of to-day, when she is yet in her adolescent stage, uncouth and unfinished in many ways, gives such promise of future beauty and strength that she fascinates and compels universal interest.

It is barely seven years since the Americans took the city in hand, for tho it has been occupied by them for nine years, the Spooner Bill, advocating giving the first chance in commercial and financial

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

ways to the Filipinos, tied the Americans' hands. The Filipinos neither recognized nor appreciated their opportunities and would never have done so had the Spooner Bill given them twenty instead of two years' time.

In the seven years allowed them the Americans have performed Herculean tasks, sanitary measures being the first and greatest step toward improvement. The government has established a great filtering and sterilizing plant—every one now buys absolutely pure water for the nominal sum of four cents a gallon. The natives still use the city water, but the fear of God has been put into them, and the great majority boil the water before drinking it.

Manila shows to-day one of the cleanest bills of health of any city in the world, and for this, more than to any other reason, they are indebted to the rigid measures of the Board of Health.

The climate is still enervating to a newcomer, and always will be, but this should be offset by occasional trips to a cooler climate, or higher altitude, which may be found right in the province, or a sea-voyage may be taken, while judicious care in eating and drinking should always be maintained.

In the first days of the American occupation the government was entirely military, but now there is a civil government as well, controlling the police,

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

fire, and municipal departments. The police are a splendid body of men, recruited from the army. They dress in khaki and make a fine appearance. Their pay is \$95.00 (gold) a month, and on a two-to-one system, such as prevails there in regard to money, this is excellent wages.

The dollar has lost its name in Manila. The new silver coinage for the Philippines is called the "Conant" (emphasis on the first syllable) after the American who devised it for the government. The denominations are the same as those for the money of the United States, but they are worth only half as much. The large silver coin popular throughout the Far Eastern seaports, including until recently Manila, is almost universally called a "Mexican" after the land of its origin. Most of us can remember about twenty years ago how the United States tried to unload the "trade dollar," so called, in Japan, China, and other Eastern countries, but the time-honored "Mexican" held its own, and the trade dollars came back home to plague our tradesmen and to weigh down our pockets; they were dubbed "those plaguey cart-wheels!"—and finally were called in by the government.

In the Philippines, the Mexican has been replaced by the Conant dollar only by the aid of the law. Since January 1st, 1905, there has been a minimum penalty of \$2,000 for expressing the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

terms of any business transaction in Mexican dollars. At the time of our visit we saw several vans coming into the city loaded with the new Conant money for the Philippines. I thought the thing to do was to buy a straw hat,—that is, a Manila,—as I had heard they were cheaper (and just as serviceable) than anywhere else in the East; but the shop fellow charged me twenty dollars. I did not purchase; but the next day when some friends told me that was the price in Conant dollars, which meant only ten gold dollars, I went back and bought the hat.

At a dinner at the home of the famous “Mayor” Brown—of whom more anon—some ladies were wondering how old a certain lady (who, of course, was not present) was; and one of them remarked, “Well, she acknowledges to twenty-five.” “Gold, or Conant?” quickly asked the witty “Mayor.”

The fire department should warm the heart of any American who has a pride in the splendid equipment of American cities, for that of Manila compares favorably with any of them, being modern and complete in every way. It was planned and organized by Hugh Bonner, the famous fire chief of New York, and in all points shows evidence of the master hand.

In a city where abound so many native houses, made of mats, bamboo and thatch, fires are particularly destructive. A law has lately been passed

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

forbidding the erection within the city limits of any more nipa houses.

In the old days of Spanish rule the hand-engines were very inadequate, and being pulled by Filipinos it goes without saying that rapidity was not one of their leading characteristics. It is said that if, while an engine was being dragged to a fire, a man's cigaret went out, all the others would stop to give him a chance to light it again. Householders contributed to the support of fire companies, and when a man's house caught fire, inquiry was first made as to whether he was a contributor. If not, the firemen went away and let the house burn:

One of the most interesting departments in the civil government is the Secret Service. In a community where insurrections are hatched overnight, and battle, murder and sudden death are daily occurrences, this service must necessarily be well equipped and vigilant.

The Secret Service system of Manila is one of unusual excellence, and in its rooms may be seen a collection of mementos of great interest.

The pawn-shops in the city are conducted by the priests, and a rule of the civil government is that every day a list of the articles pawned the day before must be sent to the Secret Service. In this way stolen goods may be quickly traced, and for many reasons this law is excellent.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

The city swarms with public carriages, victorias, and carromatas. They are drawn by the little native ponies, unruly and pig-headed when they are not dejected and somnolent. This is perhaps principally due to bad driving, for here, as everywhere in the East, horses are barbarously driven, arousing the sympathy and indignation of all true horse-lovers.

The little native carts go tilting along, at an angle that must be particularly uncomfortable for the occupants. Ponies hardly larger than good-sized calves pull these covered carts, holding sometimes as many as seven or eight natives, packed in tightly. The driver sits on the dashboard and flogs the little animal at every step. It is told of these ponies that they will pull any number of natives, but will balk if two white people get in behind them.

The first of the year 1906 a fine trolley system was put in operation, and this made a great revolution in the modes of conveyance. Prices for the use of cabs dropt fifty per cent., and horseflesh will soon go a-begging.

When the trolley line was first proposed the Manila cocheros, who number several thousand, threatened deadly things, warned the promoters that the tracks would be torn up, and that the progress of the road would be so hindered in innumerable ways that it could never be completed.

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

But notwithstanding these elocutionary fireworks, the building of the road went on steadily, Uncle Sam's soldiers and the civil constabulary probably looking too formidable a proposition to tackle.

Some of the new public buildings are very attractive, notably the City Hall. About all of them the freshest and greenest of grass is kept in the most perfect condition. To be sure, this has been achieved only by dint of hard work and much water, but as the Spaniards always contended that grass could not be made to grow in Manila, the Americans are pardonably proud of the results they have achieved. The cold-storage and distilling plant is the most imposing of the new buildings, and in many ways the most important.

The government has lately completed a new laboratory, on which a great deal of money has been expended. It is in the Spanish Mission style of architecture, and will be a great ornament to the town when the grounds are laid out and finished. It is designed to be used for testing all metals, minerals, and vegetation in the islands, experimenting to find the best uses for everything, and deciding what soil is most adapted to certain products. It is intended as a special benefit to the natives, as many of them are agriculturists, and the aim of the institution is to discover and put into practical use all the resources of the islands.

It is to be regretted that the natives do not ap-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

preciate or understand the magnitude of the gift, nor the benefits to be derived from it. They are distrustful of the Americans, disliking them on general principles, as progress and hustling are opposed to their ideas of life.

The Luneta, an open plaza, with a bandstand in the center, surrounded by drives, is the meeting-place of Manilians of all classes. In the evening from six to seven hundred carriages drive about or stand by the curb, their occupants listening to some one of the many military bands.

It is a pretty sight, for the Luneta is directly on the bay, and besides the beauty of the smooth harbor dotted with shipping, there is always the added attraction of a magnificent sunset. Manila is famous for these splendid sunsets that turn to a perfect glory the whole western sky.

The walled city remains practically the same. The old wall still stands as when it was put up three or four hundred years ago for protection against Chinese and Malay pirates, that is, except along the river front, where it interfered with business enterprises. Here it is being torn down by convict laborers, and as they work, disclosing the inner portions of the wall, it may be seen how solid and substantial was the work of the Spaniards. This same solidity may be seen in the churches, convents, and portions of old walls still standing.

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

The gates from the walled city proved too narrow when traffic became heavier, lines of vehicles being congested between the double gates. So two wide breaches have been made in the wall, affording means of rapid ingress and egress. The moat is dry now and is gradually being filled in, to be turned into floral gardens lining the wall.

Everything is being done to beautify the city, to provide fine harbor works, and an elaborate system of wharves, parks, and recreation grounds. The beginning of the Zoo, which has ambitions to be a fine one some day, is a large cage of monkeys, that seem to be a never-failing source of entertainment and amusement to the crowd of natives that surround the cage at all hours.

We were fortunate in witnessing a rather important religious ceremony, the fiesta, so dear to the native heart. The occasion was the visit to Manila of the Virgin of Antipolo, a very distinguished lady in many respects. Her history is interesting and varied, and it is wonderful to see the veneration in which she is held.

Her early history is rather shrouded in mystery, and dates back between four and five hundred years. She made her first appearance in Mexico, some say by falling from heaven, and landing in the top of a tree, where she was discovered by some padres and taken into their church to become the patron of safe and pleasant voyages.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

In those days fleets of treasure-ships sailed from Mexico, bringing silver bullion and money to the Philippines. Many of these precious ships were lost, encountering storms or becoming the prey of the pirates that infested the southern seas.

Being imprest by the fame which had become wide-spread of the Virgin of safe and pleasant voyages, the admiral of the treasure-fleet conceived a bold plan. On the eve of departure for one of these perilous trips, he stole the sacred image and carried her away on his flagship. It is on record that that voyage was a perfect one, no storms or pirates being encountered, and not a single piece-of-eight being missed.

For many voyages the Virgin was carried back and forth, insuring safe passage every time, until finally she was installed with much honor in the church at Antipolo, a few miles from Manila.

Here she remained, worshiped and honored, the richest gifts being bestowed upon her, until now she is the possessor of more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, and a trunk full of the most splendid apparel.

For the first time in a hundred and fifty-six years she was brought from her church at Antipolo and visited Manila, where she was installed in the Cathedral.

It is said that about fifty years ago preparations

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

were made to receive her at Manila, arches and decorations put up and a feast-day appointed, but when they went to lift her from her pedestal she shook her head, so that they did not dare to take her down, and she remained until another feast was set.

This happened while we were in Manila, and tho the procession did not take place owing to a severe shower, something very unusual for the season, we saw the crowds, the decorations, and the Virgin. She is about four feet high, indifferently carved in wood, her complexion looking as if her many voyages on the Spanish Main had tanned her pretty badly. Her hair is long and thick and exceedingly black for a lady of such advanced age. She was drest in a flowing robe of sky-blue, thickly embroidered, and crusted with gems. A coronet of precious stones was on her head, and necklaces of pearls, gold and jewels were hung about her neck.

The church was packed with worshipers in ecstasies of devotion, the women with thin black veils thrown over their heads and faces, the proper attire for church attendance.

Outside the wide terrace about the church was an animated picture. Marketmen and women crowded the space with baskets and mats holding fruit, nuts, cakes, candies, toys and trinkets of all kinds. This open market at the church door is allowed only on special occasions, and in and out

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

among the buyers and sellers went the health officers, fumigating and disinfecting everything and everybody.

A feature of all the churches at any time are the sellers of candles, women and girls, who waylay the entering worshipers and beg them to buy a candle to burn to their patron saint. The candle business is conducted by padres, from whom the candle-sellers buy them, for they must first be blest before being offered for sale.

An irreverent young American told me that these candles are blown out as soon as service is over and being only half consumed are melted again to help make more candles for the next day. This process is repeated over and over again so that the padre's profit doubles continually.

The most striking personality in Manila, and certainly the most popular, is William Walton Brown, familiarly known to every man, woman and child in the municipality as "Mayor Brown." When military titles and honors were being scattered about lavishly, upon the occupation by the United States army, Admiral Dewey remarked jocosely at a banquet given in honor of his being promoted from Commander to Admiral, "What's the matter with our friend Brown having a title, too? I propose that he become the Mayor of Manila. Gentlemen, here's to the new Mayor!"

The name "stuck," and to this day Mr. Brown

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

is known by no other name than that of "Mayor" Brown. Physically he is a man of most generous, not to say lavish, proportions. In weight he equals Secretary Taft; in height he is something over six feet; and his "inner man"—I have special reference to his heart—must be, at least, seven feet one way and twelve the other. No one, it is safe to say, ever came to him in trouble—pecuniary or otherwise—and went away un comforted or unassisted. I could mention a dozen instances, but will specify but one:

A young man, a victim of consumption, whose days were numbered, and who desired to return to his native land to die, came to Mr. Brown and asked if he could get him accommodations on a transport that would shortly leave for America. The kind-hearted "Mayor" replied that he would do his best, but feared it would be impossible, as the troops were to be packed in like sardines. "If you can't manage it, Mayor Brown, then nobody can; but I must go home to die," said the consumptive.

Mr. Brown went to the proper authorities and, as he feared, found there were no accommodations—"not even for a fly, Mayor!" said the booking clerk. "He'll have to wait for the next transport—only a matter of a few months."

"A few months!" cried the "Mayor." "That will mean a grave for him in the Philippines.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Here!" and he dived down into his pocket and brought up the price of a first-class passage on the next steamship sailing within a fortnight and sent it to the invalid, who reached America in time to breathe his last amid family and friends, as he had longed to do.

"Mayor" Brown is a native of New York, where he has substantial interests, and went to the Orient over a decade ago, being connected with a firm in Yokohama. He was Admiral Dewey's guest on the flagship of the squadron that sailed from Hong-Kong to Manila on the famous expedition that sank the Spanish fleet and changed the face of the map for the American nation. He was on the firing line with our troops during the battle, and was one of the first Americans to enter the city. In the interests of the American Commercial Co., and in other pursuits, Mr. Brown has added to his already handsome fortune, the most of which goes to make his fellow men—especially Americans—happier and better. He attends the meetings of the Municipal Board of Manila and does not hesitate to stand up for what he considers the rights of his fellow citizens—especially Americans.

His beautiful home at Ermita is headquarters for numberless congenial spirits, and the Sunday tiffins of the Neversleep Club—oh, but they are wide-awake fellows—are functions which, like the "Mayor's" cuisine, can not be excelled. Many handsome



Ancient Fire Department

Nipa House

Modern Fire Department

THE MANILA OF TO-DAY

tokens—notably a chased silver loving-cup—have been presented to him by those who have enjoyed his hospitality.

His carriage—an open victoria, with servants in natty livery of white linen, top-boots and belts of black patent leather, high hats, with cockade on the side, and white gloves—is as well known in Manila as the face of its genial owner. This equipage was ours to command during our entire stay in Manila, and was sent to our hotel every day. We had many charming outings, especially the six o'clock drive around the beautiful Luneta, overlooking the harbor and its famous sunsets, in company with its owner, who was only too delighted to point out each and every spot of interest. We were indebted to him for our interesting visit to Bilibid Prison on the very day of the insurrection, for the doors were closed against all comers except the popular "Mayor of Manila."

I have said that Mr. Brown is a large man. The first day I had the pleasure of riding with him I told him a story of ex-Speaker Reed, another stout American. When the Speaker was in London he was about to enter a cab when the driver said "St! go in quietly, will you? I don't want the horse to see you!"

I echo the sentiment of the leading journal of Manila, which, in a graceful and commendatory article on the genial "Mayor," said: "Few people

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

in the Philippines are more popular or have stancher friends than Mr. Brown, and when the time comes that his tour of duty in these islands is completed, it will be with heavy hearts that those hosts of friends will see him off."

XIV

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

Costumes Unchanged—Beautiful Textures—Woven From Pineapple Leaf—Put Cigar in Baby's Mouth for Safe-Keeping—Men's Shirts a Mere Thought—Chinese Marry Filipino Women and Become Good Catholics—Water in Standard Oil Cans—Cock-fighting the National Amusement—Rooster the Most Important Member of the Family—Housekeeping Hard for Americans—Incompetent Servants—Spaniards Used to Whip Them—Domestic Life Among the Planter and Merchant Classes—Charming Homes and Happy Hearts—Graceful Hospitality—Their Pleasures and Amusements—Miracle Play—Fireworks and Home to Bed—Emilio Aguinaldo—His Wings Clipt and He Will Soar no More.

NATIVE life in Manila remains practically the same as at the time of the American occupation. The native costume remains unchanged, especially among the women. They still wear gay skirts, with a separate piece of dark goods folded over them like panniers, or a long, wide apron of satin, richly embroidered. They have transparent waists with loose, full sleeves of jussi (pronounced hoo-see) or piña, woven from pure pineapple-leaf fiber (an almost priceless fabric, a small piña handkerchief being worth \$50),

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

with the stiff handkerchief around their necks that makes them all look hunchbacked; and they still clatter along on heelless slippers with wooden soles, scorning stockings. Their heavy striped or satin skirts are held high, displaying an elaborately embroidered white petticoat and bare ankles. At first I thought the wide-striped skirts were worn in imitation of the American flag until told that this fashion had prevailed for many years.

The women of the poorer class go barefoot, and their skirts are abbreviated in every way, their waists generally slipping from one shoulder, and their hair untidy when it is not hanging altogether loose, in thick, black masses. The women of all classes are constantly smoking cigars or cigarets. They carry the children astride of one hip, instead of on the back as in Japan and some parts of China.

One of the funniest sights I ever saw was a scantily clothed Filipino woman carrying a boy about three years old astride of her hip. He wore a tiny green shirt, his only garment; on his head an old derby hat was jammed down to his ears; and, to complete the picture, his mother took a cigar about eight inches long from her mouth, while she chafered with a shopman, and put it in the boy's mouth for safe-keeping.

The men are taking to foreign customs more rapidly, and numbers of them wear regular shoes, and

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

put a gauze undershirt beneath their outside airy one of jussi. Some of these exquisite jussi shirts are so fine they are a mere thought, and must certainly be worn for ornament only, for they serve neither as a protection nor covering. So delicate is the thread that, in weaving, it is protected by gauze from the gentlest breeze.

The Chinese are the only industrious portion of the population and practically control the retail trade among the natives. Many of them are married to Filipino women, who make them good Catholics before they consent to marry them. A native woman who gets a Chinese husband is very lucky, for she will then be assured of a living, as he will work for her and his children, something a Filipino can not always be depended upon to do. They will also carry water for their wives to wash with, something a Filipino husband will *not* do. Therefore, the Chinese are rather in demand as husbands among the native women.

Water-carriers are constantly going about the streets, and the most of them carry water in the ubiquitous Standard Oil cans, slung from a bamboo yoke laid across the shoulders. In every part of the Orient, beginning at Honolulu, through Japan, in far Cathay, not stopping at India's coral strand, but all the way around to Egypt—the traveler will find the Standard Oil can used for every conceivable purpose. The Kanaka boys in Honolulu bail

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

out their canoes with them; they are used as water-cans everywhere; lanterns are made from them in Japan, and other utensils in China; elsewhere they are cut up for ornaments, and in Egypt they are used to pack dates in! Hundreds of thousands of these cans are sent East—filled with oil, which is truly the Light of Asia!

Filipino men incline toward the bootblack trade, there being more stands than there is seemingly any demand for. The opportunities between customers for rest in the chairs is probably the attraction that commends this trade to the ease-loving Filipinos.

Their greatest pleasure in life is cock-fighting. There is no little shack without its petted and pampered rooster, tied by the leg, and tenderly watched and cared for. If the family goes out for a little jaunt or an hour's recreation, the woman may look after the children the best she can, while the man goes along, tenderly nursing the precious fowl in his arms.

If the house catches fire, a native will first save his rooster before he even thinks of his family. On every harbor boat, where families live, the rooster, the most important member of the family, may be seen tied to the mast; at sunrise Manila is a very pandemonium of crowing cocks. Every one gets up early, for sleep is impossible.

Another pastime of the people is music. They are passionately fond of it, and their ear is mar-

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

velously true. There are a hundred and fifty native bands in Manila, not more than a half-dozen members out of the whole number being able to read a note of music. They play by ear entirely, like our negroes of the Southern States, but their instruments are always in perfect tune, and their playing is harmonious and beautiful.

We had been told such alarming things about Manila, and warned so earnestly against indulging in certain edibles, that we entered the city in fear and trembling, but we found the drinking-water delicious, the little hotel comfortable, and the table quite good, considering its limitations. At least there were good butter and excellent bread, two things that are not always found in places more pretentious.

Mosquitoes were troublesome at night, but canopies over the beds gave ample protection, while the trade-winds, constant the year around, proved the assertion of the Manilians that nowhere do people enjoy more sound or refreshing sleep.

In the houses which have sliding screens instead of windows, little lizards take up their homes, flitting along the walls and calling to each other with a peculiar chuckling cry. They are harmless little creatures and no one seems to mind them in the least.

Housekeeping is rather difficult for Americans, servants being both incompetent and lazy. Mar-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

keting has to be done by the head of the household and everything has to be taken home, for nothing is delivered. This, together with the strain of being constantly on the watch against thieving, is trying to the nerves of the newcomer.

The Spaniards used soundly to whip their Filipino servants, engendering in them, as they believed, a wholesome fear and respect. As they have no fear of corporal reproof from Americans, they are lazy, saucy and worthless to the last degree.

An American with fairly good servants, whom he had had from four to seven years, was asked how he managed matters. He said he resorted to the old custom of whipping with the result that, instead of the contempt most servants have for their indulgent American employers, he had gained their respect and affection, and nothing could drive them from his employ. Some reformers might throw up their hands and indulge in protest against this, but the Filipino mind seems to work on those lines.

Native life in the suburbs of Manila is the most unreal and fantastic I have ever seen. It looks as if everything had been arranged for an exhibition, and that nothing was real or permanent. The little nipa houses, smothered in groves of banana-trees, seem merely temporary ornaments. The women leaning from their windows, cigaret in mouth, look as if posing for pictures, and all the sights and

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

sounds are so theatrical and brilliant that it seems as if there should be a sign reading "For this occasion only!"

Mr. Ramon Lala has given some charming and interesting details of domestic life among the Manilians. The residences of the well-to-do native planters are picturesque buildings, the body of the house being raised about six feet from the ground and mounted on thick pieces of stone. This permits of a free circulation of air and prevents the entrance of snakes and insects. A wide stairway connects the house with the street and leads to a broad open piazza, called a *cahida*, which is enclosed by sliding windows composed of small, square panes of mother-of-pearl, which keep out the heat but admit rays of light. Here are assembled the family—the father, kind and considerate, the mother, sweet and sympathetic, the children, quiet and obedient. The visitor to this scene of domestic happiness is welcomed with graceful hospitality and offered sugared dainties and cigarets.

Beyond is a large room—the "living-room" of the West—with window, walls and sliding doors. Some chairs and a table—the latter covered with a beautifully embroidered cloth—are set about; upon the walls, which are covered with cloth instead of plaster, are bric-à-brac and ornaments, while engravings and family portraits hang between. A crystal chandelier, with globes of colored

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

glass, hangs from the ceiling. A small oratory stands in a corner. The broad floor-planks, scrubbed daily and polished with plantain-leaves, are smooth and clean as a mirror.

Bedrooms open from the main room. The kitchen and bathroom are in a separate building. Everywhere are cleanliness and coolness—the essentials of comfort in a tropic climate.

The roof is thatched with nipa-palm, and the outside walls of bamboo, painted white, and striped with green and blue, are covered with grotesque carvings. This, with the broad eaves and wide balconies, gives the house a most picturesque appearance.

The home of a well-to-do merchant is a more solid and substantial building, with huge stone pillars and grated gateways at the entrance, through which may be seen emerging a handsome carriage, with liveried servants on the box and flashing silver harness on the high-stepping horses. Beautiful trees of every color and blossom, together with numbers of waving, feathery palms, encompass the house on every side. White-garbed coolies go in and out, noiselessly brushing, cleaning or serving as the case may be.

The afternoon, following the appetizing tiffin of fruits and other dainty dishes, is for sleep—the *siesta* being universally observed. Then comes a five o'clock drive or a promenade on the Luneta, to

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

listen to the music of the fine regimental bands—or, as some of the male species prefer, a visit to a cockpit, where heavy gambling is going on. Then people go home for supper, which is a generous meal of roast pig, chicken, salads, and many native fruits and rice. Cigarets and coffee are passed round, the women smoking incessantly as do the men. Perhaps a hundred guests—friends and neighbors, invited and uninvited—pass in and out. All are equally welcome. Then follow singing, playing upon native instruments, and dancing by beautiful young girls and handsome youths, who portray by a thousand graceful movements the impassioned love-romances of their native isles.

Then the people go home or to the village green, where is given a moro-moro play—a sort of miracle play, in which kings and queens, soldiers and various Biblical personages contend together. It is a tumultuous tragedy, in which is sometimes gross humor, but no coarseness or suggestion of it. Then come fireworks—very brilliant and beautiful—and afterward home with the mosquito canopies, and sleep.

One of the most interesting figures of Filipino life I failed to see. I refer to Emilio Aguinaldo. This famous character has emulated Cincinnatus, beaten his sword into a plowshare, and retired to farm life at Cavite. Much criticism has been rife in the States as to Aguinaldo's treatment by the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

government. The opinion was almost universal that a man who had cost the United States so much in lives and money should have been executed, or at least punished severely.

When one sees the Filipino people and hears the opinion of wise old residents, it is apparent that the government could have done no better than it did and that it handled the matter with far-sighted diplomacy. Had they executed him, in accordance with the cry of numerous hot-headed stay-at-homes who demanded it, he would have immediately assumed the proportions of a martyr in the eyes of the people; his blood would have been like dragons' teeth, from which would have sprung arms and war, and a struggle indefinitely prolonged. An emotional, irrational people would have gone crazy with patriotic zeal, their blood fired by the heroic death of a martyr, and the consequences would have been too far-reaching to be counted.

The commonplace, humdrum farmer at Cavite does not at all appeal to the natives, for very little of a hero, according to their ideas, can be made of a man who ends his theatrical career so ingloriously. The special requisites for a hero to these people are a pair of red trousers, a sword, and much bombastic elocution. Shorn of all attraction Aguinaldo is gradually losing his admirers, if he has not already done so. The whole matter seems quietly dying out.

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

The policy of the government was most wise, and tho closely watched, there need be no fear, for Aguinaldo's wings are clipt, and he will soar no more as a hero in the eyes of the people of the Philippines.

XV

BILIBID PRISON

Tragedy Enacted in the Old Spanish Prison—Insurrection of Prisoners—Escape of Sixty at Malahi Island—Winchester Rifles from the Towers Quash Revolt—Gatling Gun also Takes a Hand—Over in Five Minutes—I Visit the Prison Shortly After—Fifteen Killed and Many Wounded—Warden Wolf and His Assistant Mr. Stewart Show Me Over the Ancient Prison and Tell Me Its History—Houses Largest Number in the World—Forty-seven Hundred, and Only One Hundred and Fifty Are White—Gangs Sent Out Daily to Work on Roads—Good Prison Fare Famous—Natives Would Like Prison Lodging if Hard Work Did Not Go Along with It—American Indifference—Present Condition of Filipinos Thousand-fold Better than in Four Centuries—Future Full of Splendid Possibilities—The True Story of a Duck.

ON the seventh of December, 1904, at the historic Bilibid prison, a tragedy was enacted such as had threatened to occur many times before. Two hundred convicts attempted to escape by "rushing" the guard and scaling the walls, but were prevented by the prompt action of the guards, and surrendered peaceably after thirteen of their number had been killed and forty-one wounded.

The attempt was probably prompted by the suc-

BILIBID PRISON

cessful escape of sixty prisoners at Malahi Island a short time before, who were working on a government contract, guarded by soldiers. One evening, when returning from their work in a launch to the mainland, at a signal the sixty prisoners sprang at the guards, overpowered them by force of numbers, and after killing them with their own muskets, threw their bodies overboard. Then by managing the launch themselves, they made for the mainland, and thence escaped to the hills. All but sixteen were captured afterward, and these have doubtless been "rounded up" long since.

In this Bilibid prison affair the men who attempted to escape had all been detention prisoners, mostly murderers, whose cases had been appealed, and who were waiting the action of the Grand Jury. All were desperate men, with nothing to lose, who faced the chances of some of their number being killed when they rushed to scale the walls.

At two o'clock, after their midday meal and at the end of the siesta, when a guard had opened the door of the detention ward to get the dinner utensils, he was struck on the head and fell senseless. Immediately two hundred prisoners rushed out of the door and across to the blacksmith shop, where they intended to arm themselves with pickaxes and sledge-hammers, and then, sheltered by the shop, climb the wall at the rear. But as they rushed to-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

ward the shop, the guard on the corner of the wall fired his rifle; the two other guards on that side of the wall did the same, and the guard from the central conning-tower was hardly a second behind them. These men were all armed with Winchester riot rifles, loaded with cartridges containing twelve buckshot that scatter over an area of fifteen feet at a distance of one hundred and twenty. The prison is further fortified against revolt by a Gatling gun perched in a tower on the main building and commanding a sweep of the entire prison enclosure.

Almost simultaneously with the first report from the riot rifles, the Gatling spoke, and the shrill "zippity-zip-zip" of its bullets sang the death-song of the Bilibid rebellion. The men were mowed down like grain before the scythe; and a flag of truce quickly raised fluttered the signal of submission. The whole affair, from the bolt out of the door to the raising of the flag of truce, consumed barely five minutes.

I arrived shortly afterward at the prison, to pay a friendly visit to the warden, and was entirely ignorant of the catastrophe. Everything was then quiet; the only evidences of the tragedy were thirteen naked Filipinos lying in a row, with arms outspread, awaiting identification. While I was there this work was being carried on by a guarded band from the detention ward. As each man was

BILIBID PRISON

identified, he was put into a pine coffin and taken away to be buried in the prison cemetery. The wounded were placed in the hospital, and assistance from outside surgeons had to be asked. The remaining one hundred and forty-six were chained and placed in close confinement.

Through the courtesy of the warden, Mr. Wolf, and the assistant, Mr. Stewart, I was shown through the prison and told something of its history. Bilibid was the prison used for the whole province in Spanish times, and under that rule was the scene of many tortures of prisoners, and of much corruption among officials. Prisoners frequently escaped by scaling the walls, but more frequently by bribing the officials. It was said that any man could escape if he had the price, no matter what his crime. Prisoners were not compelled to wear uniforms, so that escape was rendered much easier.

These non-uniformed prisoners were taken out to work on the road, where, as there was no distinguishing feature about them, they very often slipt the guard. If the guard had taken out a hundred men in the morning, he was supposed to return at night with the same number, but if any were missing he would round up some other citizens, who, after spending a night in a cell, had a chance to escape on the morrow.

When the city was captured by the Americans in August, 1898, Bilibid prison was taken over just as

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

it was, inmates and all. Many were there against whom there was no record of any crime, and a former Spanish custom is said to have been that if a man had an enemy or wished to wreak vengeance on any one, he would buy that man's entrance into Bilibid on some trumped-up charge, or on none at all.

The American government has done wonders in reorganizing and improving the prison and to-day Bilibid houses the largest number of prisoners in the world confined in one enclosure. There are about forty-seven hundred, of whom only one hundred and fifty are white.

Gangs are sent out daily to work at all sorts of labor on the streets or in grading land. So many changes and improvements are going on constantly that they have plenty of work. The midday meal is brought to them wherever they are working. They have an hour to rest. At four they are returned to the prison, and here a curious ceremony takes place. All the convicts are marched into the central enclosure, those who have been out being thoroughly searched. At the command of the bugle they form into companies and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner." All the convicts uncover and salute Old Glory as it comes down from the staff where it has fluttered all day.

Then they form in line and receive their supper, each man getting his share in a tin plate. They

BILIBID PRISON

march past stations where it is served, several stations being active at the same time, and with such regularity that the entire forty-seven hundred inmates receive their meal inside of fourteen minutes. The supper consisted of an excellent stew made from Australian frozen beef, potatoes and onions, together with a large piece of good wheat bread. They are marched into quarters to eat.

The good fare at the prison is famous among the natives, and might be an inducement to crime, if the antidote of hard work did not go with it. For hard work is something that a Filipino wishes to have nothing to do with. On the day of my visit the flag ceremony was omitted because the prison band had been almost put out of commission on account of about thirty of the members having been "among those present" in the shooting affair earlier in the day.

I had been quite imprest with the whole affair, and was surprised at the indifference with which Americans who were old residents of Manila treated it. I was speaking of it in the evening to an American lady who had lived there five years, and she asked me how many had been killed. I told her thirteen, but more might die from their wounds. "Is that all?" she exclaimed. "What a pity!"

This seemed to be the general sentiment, and when seeking an explanation I learned that Americans have become so accustomed to sudden out-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

breaks of Filipinos, to their foolishness in following any leader who sets himself up, and to their general unreliability, that they have become weary and impatient of the whole problem. To one who lives there the idea of self-government seems a hopeless chimera. Certainly their present condition is a thousandfold better than in the four centuries preceding American occupation, while their future holds out possibilities of prosperity and happiness heretofore undreamed of.

When we took the steamer from Manila to Hong Kong, we were reminded of an anecdote told by my dear friend Colonel Theodore C. Marceau, who is a famous raconteur of amusing experiences encountered during his travels in every part of the world.

Several years ago, when Colonel Marceau was in Manila, then under Spanish rule, the most popular restaurant was kept by a Malay, with manners of ingratiating and oily politeness. The restaurant was on the roof of a flat building, and a really delightful place to dine in the cool and bracing evening which follows a day of heat in Manila.

A constant attendant in this restaurant was one of the Malay's pets, a big white Peking duck, almost the size of a goose, which wandered among the tables begging for bits of food. He was a welcome guest at every table, his beseeching little "quack, quacks" being always met with donations of bread or meat.



Two Old Roosters

A Rope-Walk

A Filipino Mother

"Maycr" Brown's Residence and Carriage

BILIBID PRISON

Within a very few days after the dashing Colonel's arrival, every one noticed that the duck paid attention to no one else, but camped out permanently beside the Marceau table. This was due to surreptitious feedings of candy and champagne, which produced an affection of such fervor on the part of the duck that his Malay owner presented him to the Colonel with a grand flourish, and as a farewell token of his esteem.

The presentation was made on board the steamer immediately prior to her departure for Hong Kong, so there was nothing to do but accept the bird, and let chance decide what might be done with him later.

The Captain decided that to make a feast of him would be best, for surely a duck fattened on candy and champagne must be dainty eating. But Jim, as the bird had been christened, took possession of the deck with such sang-froid and made such good friends with all, following them about like a dog, or laying his head on their knees with soft, friendly little "quack, quacks" that there was no one on the boat who would hear of sacrificing Jim.

So throughout the trip he paced the decks like an admiral, the favorite alike of passengers and crew.

Arriving at Hong Kong, there arose the important question of what was to be done with Jim. It was finally decided to return him to Manila to his

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

former owner, where he might lead the life of a Sybarite, living on the fat of the land.

Colonel Marceau found that another steamer was sailing almost immediately for Manila, and interviewed the Captain about taking Jim with him. The Captain declared he had no license to carry live stock and the only way he could go would be as a passenger. The Colonel did not wish Jim to fall into the hands of Chinamen, who are particularly fond of smoked duck, so he booked a passage for the bird, beyond question the first time on record that a duck has traveled as a first-class passenger.

On the list he was booked as Jim Pagensis, the name being purely an airy flight of imagination on the part of the Colonel, who, as he watched the steamer carrying his former pet back to Manila, wished him "sunny skies!"

XVI

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF CHINA

Harbor of Hong Kong—A Beautiful Sight—Terraced Hillsides—Busy Wharves and Female Coolie Laborers—A Wonderful City—Handsome Residences at the Peak—Beautiful View—Grabbing Real Estate—The Boy, the Apple, the Sixpence, and the Bible—“I’ll Make a Politician of Him!”—“You’re a Hog, and You’ll Never Get Over It!”—Americans Unwelcome—They Are Fair Game for Extortion and Robbery—We Are Invited to Dine with Mr. Wei Yuk—Are Carried Up the Peak by Coolie Bearers—A Palatial Residence and a Princely Repast—Charming and Cultivated Hosts—How a Chinese Lady of High Rank Dresses—Splendid Jewels.

FROM the enervating heat of Manila to the cool and comparatively bracing climate of the hilly island of Hong Kong was a grateful change. The harbor, hemmed in by rugged hills up the sides of which are terraces with handsome buildings and residences, one above the other, is a beautiful sight. The face of the water is dotted with every imaginable craft, from the little sampan and the clumsy junk to the great English war-ship sitting grim and gray on the water like a sort of aquatic bulldog.

It is a busy scene at the landing, for ships, junks

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and river steamers are being loaded and unloaded, and hundreds of coolies are hurrying between the wharves and the go-downs on the opposite side of the street, all the work being attended by the shouting, pushing and wild excitement that seem to be inseparable from the performance of any labor in China. Many of these coolies are women, who are a class by themselves and follow the trade from mother to daughter.

At first it is difficult to distinguish them from the men, but they can be recognized generally from their broad-peaked hats and the superior neatness and completeness of their dress. The fact that many of them wear a bracelet on one arm is not much help in distinguishing the sexes, for many of the men wear the same, and earrings, too.

Hong Kong is a wonderful city, constructed as it is on a hillside, with a fine series of walks winding in and out about the hill along the sides and at the foot of which Hong Kong proper is built. When Great Britain grabs a piece of real estate she generally displays good taste. Hong Kong is as handsome a piece as could be found anywhere for the purpose of showing off a city.

In a suburban tram-car in London that I once got into, the seats were all full except one—a vacant place. A man, very drunk, hanging to a strap tried to sit down. Another man, not relishing a beery companion, spread himself all over the

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF CHINA

seat. The "jag" steadied himself, pulled himself together and asked the man to "move up." He refused. "You're drunk!" said he. "That's right!" replied the "jag," with some difficulty, "I'm—hic—drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a—hic—hog, but you'll never get over it."

The view from Hong Kong is extended and unusually beautiful, but I was glad I did not live up there and have to use the cable-tram every day, for it is a rather harrowing experience, the grade is so steep, and an unpleasant buzzing like the pressure of water is left in one's ears for a long time afterward.

The houses and buildings on the peak were all built from material that was carried up by coolies, a great number of them women. They received pitiful wages, and it was cheaper to have them carry the material up than to send it up by the tram. Being an English possession, Hong Kong is essentially an English city. Some years ago, when Great Britain and China fell to fighting over the opium trade, China got the worst of it, and the English got Hong Kong. They immediately proceeded to reconstruct it according to approved English methods. They even gave it an English name, Victoria, by which it is called and known in government circles, but the good old Chinese name is preferred by the masses, even English ship-captains who abound in the port giving the royal name the go-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

by. In methods, customs and sentiment Hong Kong is thoroughly English, altho there are enough resident Germans to support a fine club.

Americans are greatly in the minority in Hong Kong and inclined to keep to themselves for many reasons. To American people who contemplate a visit to the Far East a word of warning in regard to Hong Kong will not be amiss, for while it may not help matters, they would at least in some measure be prepared for the hold-up they will encounter there.

In the first place, no more unwelcome visitor can go to Hong Kong than an American, and he is looked upon as fair game. The hotel is, without exception, the worst in the East and charges the most exorbitant prices. The only thing lacking in the make-up of these prices is a black mask and a pistol.

The manager, recently a steward on one of the P. & O. steamers, acknowledges that the hotel was a failure with stock selling at about eight dollars a share, until about four years ago, when the opening of the Philippines gave a boom to business to the extent that there has not been a vacant room since, and the stock, if it can be bought at all, has advanced to par. Yet in spite of this, Americans are unwelcome and treated with scant courtesy.

A feature of the town are the sedan-chairs. There are no horses, with the exception of polo ponies,

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF CHINA

but they are never driven, driving being impossible up and down the dizzy slopes. It is just as much out of the question for 'rickshas, which are only used in the level part of the city along the water-front. There is also an electric trolley that runs through this part of the town. Chairs, however, reign supreme on the mountain. They are very comfortable, being for the most part like rattan armchairs, with carrying poles laid on the shoulders of two, or four, stout coolies. It is really very pleasant to go swaying along up and down steps as easily as on the sloping path.

We were so fortunate as to see something of the inner social life of the Chinese through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas McAran of Hong Kong, who introduced me to Mr. Wei Yuk, a prominent banker and one of the two Chinese members of the English Board of Governors of Hong Kong. Mr. McAran very kindly took me to call on the banker, and that evening a coolie brought a beautifully engraved invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Wei Yuk requesting the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. W.'s company at dinner the next evening.

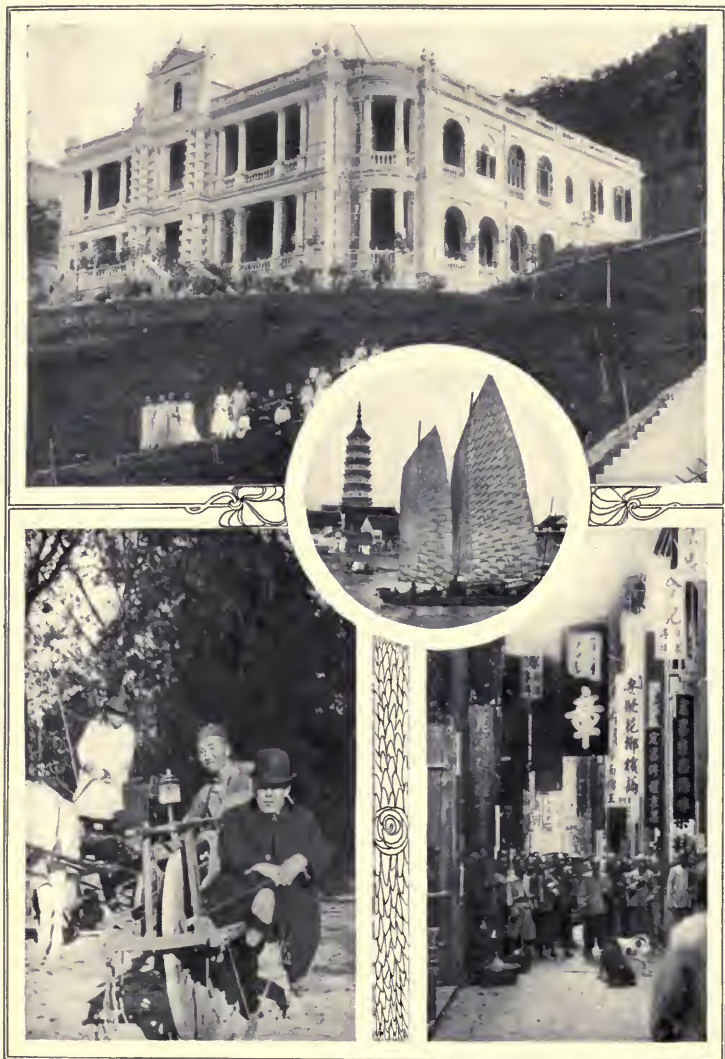
Of course we accepted, as it was a rare opportunity to see the real thing in Chinese sweldom. The occasion was a beautiful affair. I look upon it as one of the most interesting episodes I have the pleasure of remembering. Of course, we put on our best bib and tucker, and were carried up

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

the steep peak in chairs on coolies' shoulders to the fashionable residential part of the city to Mr. Wei Yuk's handsome marble residence (to say palace would be no misnomer), which is called Braeside. The explanation for this name is that Mr. Wei Yuk learned his English (which he speaks exquisitely) in Edinburgh, from whose university he was graduated, having been the first Chinese child ever sent out of China to be educated. His house is very English in its appointments, and there are apartments truly Chinese, but we saw only the drawing- and dining-room, which were very English indeed. There were present besides the host and hostess their two daughters, two sons, a niece, Mrs. Wei Yuk's brother and brother-in-law, and a few English and Americans. Mrs. Wei Yuk spoke no English, but was very gracious and charming and entirely without the reserve I had expected to find in a native Chinese.

Mr. McAran told me our hostess was an example of the highest type of Chinese lady. She was a large woman, tall and stout, and her feet, about four inches long and two wide, were encased in little satin shoes of a color that ladies would call *cerise*, and embroidered and sewed with seed-pearls. I will endeavor to make my description of the rest of her costume intelligible to my lady readers.

She wore as a principal garment a long jacket of plum-colored brocade, beautifully embroidered



Residence of a Chinese Gentleman

Chinese Junks and a Pagoda

On a Native Barrow

A Street in Canton

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF CHINA

about the edges, over wide trousers of black satin, with an embroidered blue band at the hem. Her jacket was fastened with buttons of carved pink coral that would have made an American girl jump out of her shoes to possess. Her head-dress was the usual black satin cap worn by Chinese married women of every class, Marie Stuart in shape, without a crown, just a band, curving to fit the head, her beautiful hair neatly coiled round and round. This cap is generally ornamented according to the means of the wearer with jade and pearls. Our hostess had the usual ornaments, but beautifully carved and set with whole pearls. Besides these there was pinned in front a diamond sunburst much bigger than the lady's little fist, and atop of the rising sun an enormous emerald larger than a nickel, surrounded by diamonds. Her earrings, were diamond solitaires as big as marrowfat peas, with long pendants of jade. Her hands were covered with rings—circles of pearls and diamonds. In short, the lady was what one might call an Oriental flashlight.

Her married daughter and little daughter, eleven years old, were both in pink brocade with gorgeous pearl ornaments and earrings. Her niece was in white brocade, with ornaments of diamonds and jade. Her brother-in-law is one of the few millionaires in China, and made his fortune in flour mills. Her brother, a very much Europeanized Chinaman,

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

being a graduate of Oxford, had just returned from England, where he had been living since a child. He was truly British in clothes, accent, and all, even his cue having been cut off. He carried on the conversation between us and our hostess, interpreting for the trio.

The table was beautifully decorated. Instead of a centerpiece there were two dozen or more small silver vases scattered over the table, filled with flowers. The service was certainly all that could be desired, a Chinese servant in blue linen gown standing behind each chair.

The dinner was modified Chinese and very good. With very few exceptions the dishes were most palatable to Western taste—and several, such as roast beef and fruit salad, were distinctly European. It was altogether a novel and interesting affair.

XVII

CANTON, AND TRIP FROM HONG KONG TO CEYLON

Medieval City of Canton—Chinese Pagodas of A. D. 1400—Civil Service Examinations—Education—the Only Patent of Nobility—General Grant Most Honored American—Actors Outcasts and Pariahs—City of the Dead—Shameen—Macao—Grotto of Camoens—Eastern Monte Carlo—Missionaries Unpopular—Americans Not—The Future Alone Can Tell!—Christmas Dinner on Board the “Prinz Eitel Friedrich”—Pooling for Presents—Brilliant and Beautiful Table Decorations—Dinner Served in Processions—The Very Swell Gravy-Bearer—Songs of All Nations—The Towering Christmas Tree and Its Presents—Christmas Day at Singapore—A Hot Old Time, if Nothing Else.

FROM Hong Kong a fine river steamer, with every accommodation that even the most fastidious could desire, takes you to Canton, one of the oldest and the most characteristically Chinese cities within reasonable distance of the coast. It lies about a hundred miles up the Pearl River, and the trip is most interesting. When one sees this old medieval city where every custom in dress, manners, trade, and every phase of life dates from the middle ages; where the six-foot-wide streets

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

swarm and swelter with three million inhabitants, one feels that here the heart of China beats.

Canton, in spite of its dirt, in spite of its myriad and insistent smells, is fascinating. The ordinary sights of street-life are like a kaleidoscope for change and color. A tall and stately pagoda to be seen is the "flow-ly" pagoda, as your guide will tell you. Another, known as the five-story pagoda, was built in the year 1400, and stands at the point of the citadel, the culminating point of the city wall, the ramparts of which are decorated with grotesque little cannon of a bygone age, resting in worm-eaten and rotting wooden gun-carriages.

Another sight is Examination Hall, an institution peculiarly Chinese. Here are 7,500 cells in rows, the fronts open to the air. They are only four feet by three, and their sole furniture is a couple of boards, laid crosswise, one for a seat and the other for a writing-desk. Civil Service examinations here take place for the whole province. Students who wish to compete enter a cell, where they remain for three days and nights, absolutely alone, guarded by soldiers, who see that they have no communication with each other or with any one outside.

The examination lasts nine days altogether, in groups of three, with intervals of three days in between, when the students may go outside. The experience is exceedingly arduous, for there is no opportunity for comfortable sleep, and the tests are

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

very severe. It is the ambition of every man to pass this examination if he can. Some students have been known to go there every three years for thirty years without passing. Out of perhaps six or seven thousand never more than three hundred pass, and generally a much smaller number.

A man who passes is eligible for any magisterial office in the provincial government. If he is still more ambitious, and can pass the examination at Peking, he is eligible for metropolitan offices. In China education is the only patent of nobility. In this respect it is one of the most democratic countries in the world, for a man may rise from the lowest rank to a high position.

In some little village where there is found a boy of exceptional promise, every person in the village will deny himself to contribute toward his education. Chinese villages are generally composed of people who all have the same surname, and are therefore claimed as of one family. All are devoted unselfishly, heart and soul, to the advancement of one of their members. If the boy passes the local examination, he is then prepared for the higher one in the head city of his province. Should he pass this, and then the highest one in Peking, he is endowed with the right to hold any high office—a right such as birth could never give him. He is never looked down upon for his humble birth, but rather lauded for ability to rise above it. General

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Grant is the American whom the Chinese have elected to honor and admire most, and their particular reason for commendation is the fact that he rose from the people.

Only three castes are excluded from competing in the examinations—barbers, actors and chiropodists, who are prohibited from most things, as well as their descendants, for three generations. There is thus a vast difference between the English and American actors and the Chinese Thespian, who is an outcast and pariah forever.

The civil rank, for which the examination fits a man, is the highest in China, the army and navy next, and the merchant the lowest of all. But first and foremost among them all is the farmer, for in Chinese estimation who so worthy of commendation as the man who produces food?

In Canton there is a building, or collection of buildings, known as the City of the Dead. It is a succession of courts, one leading into the other, and lined with rooms, the fronts being entirely open. The Chinese seldom bury their dead, having a preference for building little tombs over the coffins above the ground.

This building in Canton expresses the same idea on a larger scale, for each room is practically a tomb. The coffin is laid on a pair of trestles at the back of the room, and usually shaded by a curtain. In front of this is a chair, on which a tablet com-

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

memorating the dead person is placed. In front of the chair is a table with three large candlesticks, flower-vases, offerings to the spirit of the departed, consisting of flowers and fruit in little dishes, and a cup of tea which is placed there fresh every day by devoted relatives and descendants.

These rooms and their appointments vary in richness according to the rank of the dead. In one small and mean room we saw a magnificent lacquer coffin that had cost originally three thousand dollars and in which rested the wife of a former vice-roy, whose descendants had become too poor to pay the room-rent. The keepers had therefore put the coffin into a small room, in order to rent for a good price the large and ornate one it had formerly occupied, but they could not put the coffin out of the building on account of the exalted rank its occupant had once held.

On the walls of some of the rooms were long pieces of rice-paper with printed tributes to the virtues and high qualities of the occupants, hung there by admiring and sorrowing friends. In one room these testimonials were further augmented by a gorgeous testimonial painted on the wall. Here the tenant, having attained the venerable age of one hundred and four years, was worthy of every act of veneration and worship, not only from her own descendants, but from any chance passer-by. The only room that was locked was one in which with

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

the tenant was her splendid and costly wardrobe preserved in a chest under the coffin.

.. The courts within the building were beautifully clean, a notable exception in Canton, and were decorated with bright pots of growing chrysanthemums in full bloom. It was not at all a gloomy or depressing place to visit. The sun was allowed to enter, and the close and personal association seeming to exist between the dead and their relatives took away that feeling of remoteness and separation that generally accompanies death.

· The foreign quarter in Canton, known as the Shameen, is a pretty little island, separated from the native city by a thirty-foot canal, and kept as neat and bright with flowers and well-swept walks as a private park. The consulates are all here, as well as resident foreigners who have business interests in Canton.

Another interesting trip from Hong Kong is to the old Portuguese settlement of Macao. Fine boats make the trip in three hours. It is a little old-world city, with a native Chinese city at its feet. It has pretty walks along the sea, and plenty of churches and priests, for it is essentially a mission settlement. At a high point stands the imposing ruin of St. Paul's Church, which was destroyed by a typhoon in 1674, and has never since been rebuilt.

One of the principal places of interest is the garden and grotto of Camoens, the great Portuguese

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

poet, who wrote one of his poems in this little rocky grotto while on a visit to Macao.

Gambling prevails everywhere, for it is not prohibited, as in Hong Kong. One gambling-house after another is ranged along the streets with crowds of Chinamen clustered about tables where the game of fan-tan is in progress. Those who can not get near the table lean from a balcony overhead and let down their money in little baskets on the end of strings.

A lottery is also in operation at Macao, and apparently it is a lucrative enterprise. About eighty per cent. of the government revenues are derived from gambling monopolies and the lottery. These enormous returns not only support Macao, but revert in part to the home government at Lisbon. In Portugal and her colonies the Church is on the government pay-roll, so that in Macao the Church and missions are supported by the lottery and gambling-houses.

These Catholic missions from Portugal, as well as those from France and Germany, seem to be successful in converting the Chinese. It is only a short step from the Buddhist to the Catholic Church in the matter of ceremony and altar decorations, for these are about all that appeals in either Church to the average Chinese. There are many other points of similarity. For instance, both Churches have priests with gowns and shaven heads. Both have

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

candles burning on the altar and incense. In the Buddhist temple are images of Buddha and the Goddess of Mercy, corresponding to Christ and the Madonna, and Buddhists recite their prayers with rosaries.

It is hard to convert a believer in Confucius, especially if he be an educated man, for he not only knows his own religion, but very likely more about Christianity than the one who is trying to convert him. He will point out weak places and inconsistencies with an unerring finger.

Missionaries in China are not popular, as is generally known. The reason for this is not clearly understood and possibly never could be explained satisfactorily. The Chinese reasoning is many-sided and complex, but probably the heart of the difficulty lies in the fact that the Chinese are conservative, they glory in knowing that they are the oldest living nation, save Egypt, and resent innovations of any kind.

Too many of the missionaries approach the people in a way that antagonizes them, preaching doctrine rather than simple ethics, such as they can understand. Then, too, many of them take refuge under their flag, whatever it may be, and after fomenting some doctrinal war between two factions appeal to justice in the name of their country. Reparation is made in grants of land, when they are calmed and placated; but to the Chinese this

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

is only one more cause of resentment against them. Not all are guilty of enmity, but the most are not discriminating and class all missionaries together.

The Americans are probably better liked in China than any other people. It is well to know that the strongest reason for this is because they show no disposition to preempt Chinese territory, a complaint the Chinese have against almost every other nation. It was rather a blow to them when America took the Philippines, for these islands are uncomfortably near their country; but when they realized that the Americans seemed quite satisfied and not inclined to widen their possessions, moreover the Philippines being more like a foundling left on their door-step than a desired territory, they recovered their old trust and friendliness.

Another strong bond between China and America is the fact that there is a treaty to the effect that it shall be unlawful for any American to traffic in opium, for the Chinese resent the importation of the drug, tho they are powerless to prevent the English from doing so. They tried to prevent it some time ago, with the result that they lost Hong Kong and the English lion put a paw on one corner of the Flowery Kingdom.

The Chinese love their country, and tho not a warlike nation, they nevertheless resent foreign encroachments with bitterness. The American idea of staying at home and minding one's own business

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

in regard to territory appeals strongly to the Celestial.

They are perhaps the least understood people in the world, for they are very subtle, and seldom let their real thoughts and feelings be known. But they do appreciate and acknowledge the fact that America has let them alone, and has some regard for them in connection with the opium question. The friendly relations between the two nations have existed longer probably than most people know. An American consulate was established at Canton in 1798.

If the missionaries, among whom some, with more religious zeal than tact, are always fomenting difficulties, had not the privilege of appealing to "the flag" and making their little troubles international, there would be no reason for anything but the most friendly relations between America and China. But the future alone can tell what may come.

The good ship "Prinz Eitel Friedrich" bore us bravely from Hong Kong on our way to India's coral strand, and also furnished an experience the like of which we have known neither before nor since. I refer to the Christmas dinner, which we ate amid surroundings so truly novel as to seem now almost as the passing of a dream.

The "Eitel Friedrich" was not merely a good, stanch ship, she was a magnificently appointed steamer; in short, a floating palace, and the dinner

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

which we ate, each smallest component part thereof, from soup to coffee, was laid in at Bremen before the steamer sailed. The splendid tree, a big green fir, had been cut in Japan and lay strapped to the lower deck, lest some sudden cataclysm of the elements might roll it overboard and cheat us of what proved to be the most enjoyable part of our Christmas feast.

It was understood before leaving Hong Kong that the most important part of the festivities, *i. e.*, the presents, should be purchased there. So a pool was formed and the presents, selected and purchased by a person who was detailed for the purpose, were handed up the ship's side in packages on the end of sticks or dangling from strings, or in small, butterfly nets, so that a lottery effect was maintained, and no one could know what his neighbor held. This mode of procedure provoked hearty laughter and much curiosity as to the ultimate fate of the gifts, each one being securely wrapped until the eventful day should arrive.

The 24th of December dawned—not, as we should say in America, clear and cold—but muggy and hot. Clothing, even of the thinnest sort, seemed superfluous; exertion, even the mildest, sent little streams of moisture trickling down toward one's shirt-collar. But, never mind, it was Christmas—dear, old Christmas Eve, and if we were 6,000 miles, more or less, away from home, we were not going to have

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

any the less pleasure and happiness. So we donned our bravest attire and, summoned by the bugle, made our way with the rest of the passengers, also in full dress, to the dining-saloon.

Here a scene of marvelous beauty burst upon our eyes. But don't ask me to describe those tables. The whole length of the saloon was decorated and twined and blazoned with potted plants and vines, garlands and flags, the whole being set off by a most ingenious and beautiful arrangement of electric lights, that peeped out from every leaf and fold and dish, as tho some fairy wand had touched them into glittering wonder. Little Swiss *châlets*, set amid snows of cotton and spangled ice-fields, gleamed with lights in every tiny window; cascades ran down through little ice-gorges lit up with firefly gleams; the hearts of Christmas roses sent out flashes of beauty; while at the head of the table was a snow man of lifelike size and proportion, whose smile was as broad as his ample form. Truly, it was a wonderful sight.

And the dinner—well, I have eaten many dinners and many Christmas dinners, but this was absolutely unique. The *cuisine* of the German steamers is world-famed, and justly so. Another celebrated line almost starves you to death in highly genteel manner. The insular exclusiveness of this ancient line, like that of another much overrated one, has wrung the stomach and bled the pocket of

CANTON—HONG KONG TO CEYLON

the wayfarer for nearly half a century; while the chilly hauteur of its officers has sent many a passenger to his berth with a frigid heart. Rudyard Kipling says that if you want a favor of one of these magnates, you must stand on your head before the chief officer and wave your feet supplicatingly in the air.

The serving of the Christmas dinner was truly fine. The procession of waiters reached from the dining-table to the kitchen, and each course was brought in with as much pomp as tho it were a banquet to Old King Cole as we see it pictured in children's holiday books.

The oysters, soup, and fish, each had a separate procession, and the turkey—ah! that turkey! borne aloft on a platter, accompanied by all the "trimmings," each with a separate bearer; while the gravy!—here words fail me. How shall I describe the gravy-bearer! A youth with solemn brow and stately step, who bore aloft upon one hand the dish of gravy as tho it were an offering to royalty. In the matter of style, he certainly was everything to the gravy!

With the dessert and coffee, song and merriment burst forth. Every conceivable Christmas glee and carol—not omitting the good old "Tannenbaum" of the Vaterland which these German officers rolled forth with a volume that made the dishes dance—was sung. And then, the tree!

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

This gorgeous piece of work reached from the floor up into the ship's lantern, which is the nautical name for the open dome that rises far up almost out of sight. Every year the decorations are brought out from their storing-place and hung upon the tree, and most gorgeous are they to behold, glittering with electric lights and swaying to and fro with every motion of the vessel.

The distribution of presents gave a jolly ending to the evening's festivity. Some people got the very presents they had bought in contributing to the pool, but they enjoyed them just as much. One of ours was a handsome silver spoon engraved with Chinese characters similar to those on the cane which was presented to me by Mr. Wei Yuk in Hong Kong, and which mean "long life and happiness," or something to that effect.

The next day we arrived at Singapore, and it was with indescribable feelings that I stepped ashore in a glare of tropic sunlight, saying to myself, "Christmas Day! it is impossible—I can not believe it!" But it was; and I smiled as I said to a friend, "Well, we're certainly in for a hot old time, all right, if nothing else!"

XVIII

SINGAPORE

The White Man's Grave—Innovations and Improvements—Stigma Removed—Picturesque Crowd on Wharf—Natives of Madras Coast—Malays Dislike Work—The Sarong and Fez—We Drive Up to the Town in a Gharry—Ponies Are Like Dogs—Rubbed Down with a Rag—Shrieking for Two Dollars an Hour—Raffles Hotel and Raffles Square—Sir Stanford Raffles, Who Secured Singapore for England—An Enthusiastic Collector of Native Flora and Fauna—The Blow that Deprived Him of Wife and Children as Well as His Marvelous Collection—Botanical Garden—Chinamen Outnumber Entire Cosmopolitan Population—Fill the Offices and Become Thoroughly English—Gorgeous 'Rickshas—Paid in Rice—Opium Trade Flourishes—Secret Societies—Penang.

SINGAPORE has been called "the white man's grave" by conservative foreigners (especially of British extraction) who seldom, if ever, leave their native shores. But time's lapses and the constant innovations and improvements by outside encroachment have in great measure removed this stigma or caused it to be forgotten—at least by men of the present generation.

The city, as we approached it, bore no evidence of deadly climatic influences. On the contrary, a

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

picturesque crowd loomed up on the wharf, composed chiefly of tall, thin Indians, natives, for the most part, of the Madras coast, dark of skin and clothed in the most motley collection of rags to be found outside of a paper factory. These were wrapped round them as skirts, or twisted about their heads as turbans. The native Malays are there, also, but in lesser numbers, for the majority on the wharf are stevedores, and the Malay has an especial aversion to work.

The Malay is clothed in a sarong, or skirt, of flowered muslin, made in Java, and may be further distinguished from the Indians by wearing a fez or small cap in place of the turban. This is because they are all Mohammedans, and a law of their faith forbids the wearing of any head-gear that prevents their touching the ground with their foreheads.

From the wharf it is a long drive up to the town, a trip taken in a vehicle called a gharry, a square-bodied little affair, with room inside for four passengers, and enclosed with blinds and gorgeous red-and-blue glass windows.

The driver, usually an Indian in gay rags and a turban, crouches on a tiny seat, like a four-legged stool, perched somewhere between the dashboard and the whiffletree. These rattling conveyances are drawn by tiny ponies hardly larger than dogs, that are either dejected and tortoise-like, or opinionated and obstinate. On the whole, the drivers are rather

SINGAPORE

kind to them. When they stop they rub them down with bits of rag, and give them a handful of grass from a bag tied at the back of the gharry. The drivers are never satisfied with their fare and, no matter what is given them, always shriek for more. They are perfectly brazen in this, and while thrusting their list of authorized fares under your nose, that plainly calls for forty cents an hour, they will demand two dollars for an hour and three-quarters, calling on heaven to witness that they have been twenty miles, are poor, and must have two dollars.

The principal interest in landing passengers seems to center about the Raffles Hotel. We had wondered why it bore that name, and after lunch decided that it was because in going there one takes an awful chance. After this meal we fled back to the bountiful hospitality of the German steamer, feeling that in nightmares to come we should be haunted with memories of that one meal.

There is also a Raffles Square in Singapore. Seriously, the name owes its origin to an interesting man, Sir Stanford Raffles, who, after long being a resident of Penang, recognized the superior advantages of the position of Singapore, and secured it by treaty for the home government from the Sultan of Johore.

Sir Stanford Raffles was an enthusiastic collector of native flora and fauna and he arranged to take his wonderful collection, representing years of la-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

bor, back to England, and with it to found a public museum and garden. The night before sailing, when everything was aboard the vessel, including his family, the ship took fire in the harbor and burned to the water's edge. It was a frightful blow, for he lost his wife and two children, and was also deprived of the fruits of the labor of years. He eventually went to England a broken-hearted man, where after a time he became interested in founding a botanical garden in London. But nothing ever compensated or consoled him for the terrible catastrophe that had swept so much from him at one fell blow.

There is a very beautiful botanical garden in Singapore, and one very similar to it in Penang, where not only native flora are represented, but specimens from all parts of the world. In a climate where the thermometer varies scarcely five degrees the year around, standing well in the 80's—and it rains every day—anything will grow. The damp, warm climate is like a forcing-house under glass.

The residences are three miles from the business district, and each is surrounded by the most luxuriant of tropical foliage. When the business men return to their homes for dinner they seldom leave them again, save for some social function. Consequently the very comfortable club is dark after eight o'clock, and the supposition is rife that this is because it is unsafe to go out after dark in Singa-

SINGAPORE

pore. A resident of many years assured me that such was not the case, the real reason being that it is so hard to return from the residence portion, and in such a climate any extra exertion is shunned.

The population of Singapore is cosmopolitan in the extreme. All the white races are represented, and from India there are Madrasis, Sikhs, Tamils, and Cingalese, and far outnumbering all these are the ubiquitous Chinamen, who fill the streets, positions where real work is required being invariably held by them. They pour into Singapore and the Malay States at the rate of 200,000 a year, and becoming English subjects, settle down and make use of all the attendant privileges. The ones occupying the positions of clerks, and schroffs (and there is no firm in the East without them), and those who are conducting their own business, take advantage of the English schools for their children, learn the English games of cricket and lawn-tennis, and join the militia.

The Chinese government became alarmed a few years ago at the rapidly increasing exodus, and asked that those Chinamen who had gone to Singapore should be allowed to return when they had made their fortune. These propositions were met with hilarious scorn, the Chinese who had left the narrow, unprogressive ways of Mother China behind refusing to give up their position of English subjects with its freedom and privileges.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

The Chinese work in the tin mines, as carpenters, laborers, and 'ricksha coolies. They are the only race represented in this last-named employment, and even with their superior endurance and capacity for hard work last only about two years, developing pulmonary troubles that kill them very quickly.

The 'rickshas are very gorgeous in Singapore, being painted with golden birds and flowers, and having the shafts bound with silver or brass. There are first- and second-class ones, something peculiar to the place, and not to be seen elsewhere. They are very comfortable and quite large enough to hold two. The coolies go stript to the waist, and wear a pair of little trunks about ten inches long.

The Malay refuses to perform any of the tasks mentioned, his pride not permitting him to be a coolie, and his general laziness keeping him away from the other occupations. The only thing that a Malay may be seen doing is climbing coconut-trees, which he does by cutting notches ahead of him in the trunk. He cuts these with a curved knife called a *parang*; indeed he does many things with this knife—using it to slit the leaf and let out a thick liquid known as the “toddy,” from which a very strong spirit is made. This he catches in a gourd which his knife has fashioned. He cuts a way through the jungle, divides his food, cuts sugar-cane and has been known to sharpen a pencil with the same instrument. It is also a weapon of offense

SINGAPORE

and defense, the latter more necessary than might be imagined, for there are many wild animals in the jungles of this island. Every year at least three tigers that have come over from the mainland are killed.

The Malays are used as outside servants, such as gardeners, grooms and coachmen, but never as house-servants, the last-named always being Chinese.

The Chinese workingman of any sort always receives as part of his wages a certain amount of rice and opium. They take the drug steadily in small amounts, but there are no dens, and no evil results are apparent.

Opium is imported from India in great quantities, the trade being entirely controlled by Chinese, who are known as "opium farmers," and pay the government an enormous amount for the privilege. There are no customs in Singapore, and this is the only source of revenue. The income depends on the amount of opium smoked by the Chinese coolies; so it is quite certain there will never be a Chinese exclusion act here.

That other passion of the Chinese, gambling, is forbidden in Singapore. They used to be able to go across the channel to Johore, and indulge in their propensity for that sport, but lately it has been forbidden there also. Ali Baker, Sultan of Johore, is a genial, easy-going mortal, a well-known

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

figure in London, where he spends much of his time, and is known as Mr. Baker.

Another Chinese institution for some time prohibited by the government are the secret societies, that used to be very strong and have unlimited control over their members. A few are permitted still, but they are only those that are essentially mutual benefit societies. Some of the strength that once made the principal society powerful remains, however. Members are sworn to help one another. Professional bailors are provided to bail out any member who has been apprehended under the law. Any fugitive fleeing from justice may place his shoes at the door of a fellow member, when, if they are put one on top of the other, he knows it is a sign that he may take refuge there.

Their signs of recognition are governed by the numeral three. Three glasses placed at table in a certain manner will declare one member to another, or a cup of tea if passed while held in three fingers.

Penang has practically all the leading characteristics of Singapore, with perhaps the addition of a little more picturesqueness, larger groves of the stately coconut-palm, and a more vivid showing of color on the wharves, where the stevedores appear to be partial to red flannel shirts. The thought can not be resisted that possibly these gorgeous garments found their way to the backs of these heathen

SINGAPORE

from societies of excellent ladies, who seem to think that such contributions aid in the spread of religion.

The varied and seething life of these Straits Settlements is a fascinating study, and one deserving more than a passing glance, which is all I have been able to give them.

XIX

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

Only Gem of the Sea—Gorgeous *Ensemble* of Color—Dug-out Canoes—Black Tamils—Handsome and Commodious Hotel—Mr. Hoffer, an Ideal Hotel Manager, Late of the Cecil, London—Head Waiter “Joseph”—Bathing at Mt. Lavinia—My Creole Friend of the Isle Bourbon—Native Mountain His Sepulcher—Took American *au sérieux*—“I Have Seen the Sun at Midnight!”—Giant Cat’s-eyes—Snake-Charmers—The Mongoose—Bullocks as Pets—Cow is Sacred—Familiar Crows—Variety of Native Life and Costume—Cingalese Disdain Labor—Tea-Growing: Its Profits—Buried Cities of Ceylon—We Escape the Dreaded P. and O. and Embark on the German Liner.

BEAUTEOUS Ceylon! the real and only “gem of the sea”—and the tropic sea at that. Let not Ireland claim the exclusive distinction of being an emerald set in the bosom of the ocean blue. For never were such emerald greenness, such ocean blueness imagined of Ireland’s sons or daughters as adorn and encompass this beautiful isle of Ceylon. The door-sill of India! Well, if India is not proud of her threshold—the step over which one passes to her mighty and imperial domain—she ought to be.

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

The first impression one receives upon landing at Colombo is of glittering blue-and-green goldness. I can find no other expressions save these of my own coining. The broad esplanade leading to and surrounding the huge pink sandstone hotel is made up of golden sand, each speck and particle of which glistens and glitters like the virgin metal itself. The sky and ocean are both of a rich deep blue, indescribably beautiful; while the entrancing, dazzling green of the gracefully waving and bending palm-trees that fill in the background and partly surround the hotel, makes up an *ensemble* of color which I do not believe can be equaled anywhere else in the civilized world.

The harbor of Colombo is plentifully endowed with natural advantages, but outside of these the English government has constructed an enormous breakwater of tremendous strength, as needs must be, for during the season of the southwest monsoon waves break against it, dashing as high as the masts of vessels that have taken refuge behind its protecting bulwark.

Colombo does not look very imposing from the water, as it is so embowered in luxuriant foliage as to allow only an occasional building to peep out. Our attention upon entering the harbor is first attracted by the fleet of native dugout canoes that swarm about the ship, the boys and men paddling them wildly, shouting, "Have a dive, have a dive!"

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and "One dollar, one dollar!" tho if only a penny is thrown over three or four will dive headlong from their tiny crafts, their paddles left floating on the water, and in an incredibly short space of time will come again to the surface, the successful one proudly displaying the coin! They then rescue their paddles and leap lightly into their canoes without dangerously tipping them or shipping any more than the usual amount of water that floats in the bottom of each. The canoes being so small a certain amount of water is always washed over the sides.

It is amusing to see one of these natives, naked, except for a very limited loin-cloth, sitting in the bottom of his canoe, paddling with one hand, imploring money with the other, and kicking the superfluous water out of the canoe with one foot.

Upon landing we are immediately struck by the fact that the 'ricksha coolies, instead of being the ubiquitous Chinamen, such as we had seen from Shanghai to Penang, are here lean, black Tamils from India, drest in as scanty garments as possible, sometimes merely a tape around the waist, with a strip of cloth fastened to it at the back, then passed between the legs to the tape in front, the end hanging over several inches.

Our coolies who pulled us to the hotel stopt at the gate, saying they were not allowed to go inside, but we had heard of this trick and insisted upon

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

being taken into the portico. After making inquiry of the door-porter as to their proper fare, we paid them, only to be met with a storm of indignant protestations. Only when the money was thrown at their feet did they pick it up and go. This is quite the usual proceeding, no matter what is given them. It happens even if they are much overpaid. We found the hotel a very handsome building, beautifully situated directly on the Indian Ocean, and surrounded by a grove of green and stately coconut-palms.

The sea with lazy white rollers and smooth beach looks like an ideal place for bathing, but we were told that bathing was quite out of the question, for any one who attempted it would in a very short time be either cut to pieces on the sharp rocks just below the surface or he would be devoured by the sharks that inhabit these waters in great numbers.

The hotel has built for the amusement of its guests a large and comfortable swimming-tank, filled with sea-water that is always kept clean and new. The hotel has every convenience, electric lights and fans, large, airy rooms, and an excellent table, when one considers all the limitations of Colombo. Compared with the hotels of Hong Kong and Singapore, it was perfect. It is blest with a splendid manager in Mr. Hoffer, a genial and obliging man, late of the Hotel Cecil in London.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

The head waiter, Joseph, was quite a character, and tho an East-Indian, was a Christian and therefore not hindered by scruples of caste from contact with all sorts and conditions of men. The fact that he was with the Ceylon exhibit at the Chicago Exposition was the grand card with which he impressed Americans. It was rather odd to meet in his own country a picturesque Oriental, in spotless white with heavy gilt chain and a big disk, and crowned with an imposing white and gold-striped turban, speaking familiarly of Chicago and New York. On the disk that hung down on Joseph's snowy linen bosom were the letters H. W., meaning Head Waiter. My suggestion that he must be a very bad dyspeptic as he couldn't keep a thing on his stomach except that disk was a source of great amusement to him; he seemed to derive pleasure from it for several days, chuckling over it whenever we entered the dining-room.

Many castes wear their distinguishing mark painted on the forehead. One day at table I pasted a soda-water label on my forehead, saying it was my caste mark. I quite convulsed Joseph, but fear the Cingalese waiter was rather shocked.

The beach at Mount Lavinia, seven miles south of Colombo, is an enchanting place, over whose golden sands the yellow foam rushes and gurgles to the little cliff set thick with a long file of bending, swaying palms, some of whose long, slim trunks

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

bend forward to the waves at an angle of considerably more than forty-five degrees. Here bathing goes on at all hours. A dip in the Indian Ocean is a soul-satisfying experience. The water is not only warm; in some places it is actually hot. But, oh, my! to lie and float dreamily in that bluest of waters, with a dazzling greenery of palms to the right, and a panorama of sky-line flecked with snowy cloud-fleece to the left, and to breathe the gentle, lullaby air till you don't care whether you float off to the equator or sink to the bottom—yes, sharks or no sharks—that is supreme pleasure.

I was always a little “dopey” about the Indian Ocean. I once knew a young fellow; he was a French creole, born in the Isle of Bourbon, now down on the maps as the Island of Réunion. It is right in the heart of the Indian Ocean and not far from Madagascar. The way that fellow could reel off yarns in creole French and broken English about his natal isle would have made George W. Cable, late of New Orleans, turn green with envy. He was a handsome chap, and sang divinely; I first met him in Paris, where he was singing small parts at the Grand Opera. Then I ran across him in Cairo, where he was singing in the production, if I am not mistaken, of “Aïda.” Afterward he went to New York with a company that produced “Giroflé-Girofla” at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and a very good company it was. But, in what-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

ever clime I met him, his theme was the same—his beautiful isle and its beautiful ocean. He would talk for hours of the “purple fingers of the dawn stealing up the rose-vermilion sky” and the huge, snow-capped mountain that rose in the center of the island and overtopped the city—Port Philip, I think, was the name of this seaport-town where he was born.

Well, poor fellow! that same mountain was his sepulcher, for on his return to Bourbon a landslide carried away one-third of the town and buried seven hundred people in the ruins, among whom was my young creole friend whom I never saw again. Some of his habits were truly Oriental. For instance, he always performed his ablutions kneeling on the floor, with a basin of water before him; and he was always up to see the sun rise, no matter how late he may have gone to bed the night before.

He told many pretty stories of his home and of his parents, whose only child he was—the Benjamin of their old age, long hoped and prayed for. So they named him, when he did come, Desirée (longed for). He had a string of other names besides, but I've forgotten them. His desire was to see America and the Mississippi, of which he had read wonderful things by Chateaubriand, his favorite author. Fortunately, the opera troupe went as far South as New Orleans, and there his desire was gratified. He



A Cingalese Belle

Indian with Caste Mark

The Galleface Hotel

A Native Ferry

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

took everything in America *au sérieux*, and his admiration almost took the form of awe; he would as soon have thought of ridiculing the Holy Church and all the saints as of ridiculing anything American. As he was of a very happy disposition, he would often hum little operatic snatches or creole melodies while jogging along in the horse-cars; this was very delightful to me, until some would-be-wag among his New York friends told him that he must never do that on Sundays, as the Americans were very strict in their religious observances and would take it as an insult and probably resent it. Very seriously he opened his handsome Oriental eyes and in tones of great surprise ejaculated, as he had done for the hundredth time, "Wonderful people!"

A little incident, while it was very amusing, showed the romantic side of his nature. The troupe, while traveling, stopt at a hotel in a Southern city, where a young lady guest attracted much attention by her hair, which was not only very thick and heavy, but of a rich golden color. My creole friend was one of the few who had not seen her and, as it happened, no one had spoken to him of her. But as he was about to retire one evening, he stepped into the corridor to say good night to a friend and met her face to face, followed by her maid, just as the bells of a neighboring church were chiming the midnight hour. Saluting the lady with a profound bow, as was his foreign custom, he was

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

about to reenter his room when the brilliant gas-light, falling full upon the lady, disclosed the fact that her magnificent hair was hanging loose about her like a mantle and every strand glittering like a thread of gold. He stood rooted to the spot, and clasping his hands, said in tones of the most fervent admiration, "I have seen the sun at midnight!"

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" asked his friend. "I have said it!" replied the creole. "I will return to my country and I will tell them that in this wonderful America I have seen that marvelous sight—the sun at midnight!"

It appeared that the young lady's maid had been giving her mistress' hair a bath, and the two had been sitting on a rear balcony where the warm night-breeze had dried the wonderful tresses before they came in to retire. This is why I say that I loved the Indian Ocean years before I saw it. When now I did see it, it brought back these memories of my young friend, his charming and ingenuous nature, his frank and honest heart. The sage and the gray-beard may attract our maturer mind, but youth has its ever-compelling charm; therefore, I echo the poet's lines:

"O youth, sweet youth, we love ye!
There's naught on earth above ye!"

In the office of the hotel we were importuned by

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

merchants of different sorts to patronize their shops in the hotel arcade. The first was a jewel merchant, of whom there are many in Colombo. Their array was really dazzling, and it was rather startling to find this particular one, a barefooted Mohammedan, dressed as he was in a striped calico skirt and an old khaki coat, carelessly dangling in his hands an almost priceless ruby and diamond necklace, and to find that besides many beautiful jewels he was the owner of the "King" and "Queen," the two largest cat's-eyes in Ceylon, possibly in the world. He took them from a safe, where they were snugly packed in cotton in a gold casket about five by four inches in size, the casket being of native workmanship, thickly studded with cabachon rubies, sapphires and pearls. The box, in our estimation, was far more beautiful than the cat's-eyes, which, tho very large, the "King" being over an inch long, were of a dull unpleasant green, with a sullen light in the center.

The merchant dealing in Ceylon curios had an attractive display, the smallest part of which was native. His beautiful carvings, embroideries and silks had been imported from Japan, China and India.

The high temperature sends visitors quickly to the tailor to order duck suits, which can be bought, specially made and fitted, for about \$1.60.

Our attention was attracted by a shrill screeching

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

pipe, blown by an Indian fakir squatting in the drive below the veranda, while a big cobra, its hood spread, lifted its swaying head and gazed disdainfully around with dull, wicked eyes.

Another fakir was displaying the trick of making the mango-tree grow, while still another was palming coins, a small native doll that he manipulated a great deal taking the place of the white magician's wand, to distract attention. All these tricks were badly and clumsily executed, and our estimation of the famed Indian fakirs fell accordingly.

But a most interesting performance was given by an Indian with a little mongoose, the hereditary enemy of the snake. Any one who has read Kipling's delightful story of "Riki-tiki-tavi" could not fail to be interested in this little animal. The man offers to sell to a spectator one of the snakes he has in a basket and then have the mongoose kill it. A small snake is sold for ten cents, about three cents American money, while for larger ones the prices range from one to ten rupees. The rupee is worth about thirty-three cents American money.

When the snake is put on the ground the little mongoose begins to prance and rock from side to side. Its eyes turn red with the light of battle and its teeth chatter savagely. Loosened from the restraining cord, it pounces with lightning rapidity on to the snake, and catching it just back of the head with its little sharp teeth, shakes and batters

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

the squirming thing as a terrier shakes a rat, until it becomes lifeless. These performances are often very tame for the reason that the mongoose is not allowed to kill a snake completely, the half-dead and torpid thing being used several times, and thus sold over and over again.

The mongoose is treated as a great pet by its owner, being carried about in a bag, or in the front of the man's shirt, from which its knowing little head peeps out saucily. It has a cord about its neck, and when put down to the ground will follow like a dog. It looks like a very large gray squirrel, the head, particularly, being similar.

While on the veranda watching these various entertainments we saw our baggage approaching. It was piled on a heavy creaking two-wheeled cart, having a cover of palm-thatch like an old-fashioned Shaker bonnet, and pulled by big white sacred bulls, stately, slow-stepping animals, with huge straight horns, humps on their shoulders and expressions of mild intelligence.

Cattle are used extensively in Ceylon for all sorts of vehicles. The public hacks of the second and third class, patronized principally by natives, are light covered carts drawn by little trotting bullocks. These are very small, generally black or brown, their skins brocaded in a variety of patterns, having been burned when they were calves. This is the custom with all the cattle, large or small. Small

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

ones are bred for trotting and can get over the ground at a surprising pace.

Some Europeans keep them for their children, and hitched to pretty little covered carts, they take the place of the pony-and-governess cart of the Western world. Some little girls with a governess called at our hotel in a private bullock cart, the brightly clad Indian driver seated on the shaft. When the children went out after their call they caress and petted their little bull, lavishing endearments upon him, which he accepted complacently, if indifferently. Some of the natives have racing bulls of exceptional swiftness, and have exciting contests of speed, racing their animals hitched to very light two-wheeled carts. All the cattle are hitched with a yoke, and guided by ropes passed through their nostrils. The cow is sacred, and is never killed. When one dies no one disturbs her peace; she is left to lie until some protesting European has her buried by the town.

Not the least interesting of the population of Colombo in point of numbers and noises are the small black crows that flock everywhere. They adorn every lamp-post, fence, roof, flagstaff, tree and statue; every lawn is dotted with them, and their cawing is incessant from "morn till dewy eve." At first this is rather annoying, but one soon grows accustomed to it, and hardly notices it after a short

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

time. The natives are very careless in regard to refuse and crows are excellent scavengers. That is why they are tolerated and wax so bold and impudent. They seem to have no fear of man, nor of beast either, apparently; we saw two of them alight on the back and head of a small black bullock that was standing under a tree, and after preening themselves and holding a lengthy conversation, they flew away. The bullock was evidently used to such familiar proceedings, for he never noticed their arrival or departure with so much as a wink of his eyelids, but went on contentedly chewing his cud.

These crows are smaller than the American variety, and have a beautiful peacock sheen on their necks. They have a remarkable faculty in tracing out anything good to eat, no matter how small, and will squabble viciously over a tiny scrap. We saw a vender of fruit and sweetmeats put his basket down on the sidewalk while he entered a shop. Almost instantly it was surrounded by about a dozen crows. The man rushed out shouting, but instead of flying away in a panic, as any well-conducted birds should, they merely retreated with their funny galloping sidestep for about six feet, and then sat down and swore at him. Beyond question, they are demons—black demons, absolutely without manners or morals.

In a drive about Colombo we noticed in the compounds of many residences that the coconut-palms

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

were bound half-way up the trunk with dry palm-leaves, and learned that this was done to prevent thieves from climbing up and stealing the coconuts, as the crackling of the dry leaves would betray them.

During such a drive one becomes quite bewildered by the variety of native life seen, the costumes, or in many cases the lack of them, and the diversity of color, decoration and ornament, that seem to the uninformed merely the result of chance or taste, but to those who know they are distinguishing marks of caste or race, and are signs to be read and interpreted as easily as the symbols of heraldry.

Here may be seen a Buddhist priest with shaven head and flowing sulfur-yellow robes, with an acolyte following him and carrying a large fan or umbrella. A lean black Tamil, with scanty white loin-cloth, is followed by a Mohammedan in a high cap of woven colors that looks like beadwork.

I asked one of them if he would sell me his cap, and he said he would for fifty rupees. I told him I would pay that if he would sell his whiskers with it, a suggestion that at first filled him with astonishment, and then doubled him up with laughter.

The Cingalese may be readily recognized by their long petticoats, long hair done up in a neat little knot at the back of their heads, and the semicircular tortoise-shell combs worn like a diadem around

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

the back of the head. Cingalese women wear funny little short-waisted white sacks, fitted in nicely with darts, but leaving a strip of brown skin between them and the top of the skirt. They do not wear combs like the men, but heavy earrings and hair ornaments, and about their necks gold beads of beautiful workmanship, often filigree, which cover an inside bead of carnelian. Uncut matrix turquoises are also popular, and strings of tiny pearls no larger than mustard-seeds.

Tamil women are wrapt gracefully in lengths of bright calico that cover them modestly, leaving one arm and shoulder bare. They wear heavy ornaments of silver; earrings, nose-studs, necklaces, rings on fingers and toes, bracelets and anklets.

The little boys go about free from care and clothing, with a silver chain about their waists, from which dangles a silver, sometimes a jeweled, ornament, in lieu of a fig-leaf. These are the children of well-to-do parents, and the ornaments proclaim that their lack of clothing is from choice, not from poverty.

There are numberless castes among both Cingalese and Indians, the highest in Ceylon being the thief caste, which, while it does not hesitate to steal, will honorably pay its own debts and those of its relatives. The lowest and most despised caste is the shoemaker's—because he works on leather made from the skin of the sacred dead cow.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

All labor is performed by the Indians, the Cingalese disdaining any work except to be house-servants. They make fairly good ones, with a pretty fair average of honesty, and as they provide their own food and sleep on the floor, they do not give one much concern. If a person traveling in Ceylon has a servant the man will sleep outside the bedroom door, flat on the floor, without pillow or blanket, and enjoy deep and sweet repose, such as some who are couched on down would give all their wealth for. But it is rather disconcerting to go out of one's bedroom, whether early or late, and just miss stepping on a recumbent figure, whose garments of white look ghostly enough to startle even the strongest nerves.

The food of all employees and servants is separately sent to them, for they would not eat if they discovered that by the touch of other than their own caste it had been defiled. When it is brought to them they retire to some secluded corner to eat, in order to guard against the possibility of even the shadow of a white person or one of different caste falling upon it, which would make necessary their throwing it away as defiled.

The vegetation about Colombo is luxuriant in the extreme. The hot moist climate, with rain nearly every day, makes a natural forcing-house, and every sort of growth flourishes. In the high altitudes about Kandy and Newara Eliya tea is the

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

principal product. A tea plantation is an interesting place, and a busy one, for a crop is harvested every week; only the two tiny top leaves and half of the next two underneath are picked.

When the sturdy little plant first pushes out baby leaves—begins to “flush,” as the planters say, from the delicate pink tinge of these little shoots—it is fallen upon by pickers and stript, only to have the same fate befall it the next week when the plant has made another brave effort. Tea plantations usually comprize about four hundred acres, and from such an estate two hundred thousand pounds of tea may be taken in a year.

Surely this is a profitable business, for labor is cheap, coolies and women receiving about eight cents a day, and head men about thirteen cents. But a planter assured me that it was heart-breaking work, for all the planters were pitted one against another; the government gave them no concessions in the way of exporting, and hindered them in many ways.

The process of converting the tea-leaf into the marketable product has been explained so often and so intelligently that it need not be entered into here. We were told, altho we did not see it, that from some of the high plantations bags of tea-leaves were shot down into the valley on a sort of wire railway to the factory, thus reaching their destination in a few moments; formerly coolies took

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

several days in carrying them down the difficult mountain paths.

All sorts of devices are used by these planters. One told me he always signaled from a train by a heliograph to his home fifteen miles away, in order to tell his family he was coming, and he would always receive a reply by the same method.

From familiar advertisements of Ceylon tea we were quite prepared to see upon entering Colombo a continuous procession of elephants loaded with it, and bound for the steamer. But no such sight greeted us. We learned that in Ceylon Sir Thomas Lipton is the owner of only one small plantation of about two hundred acres, the principal supply of his tea coming from other planters who ship it themselves, quite regardless of spectacular effect and entirely without the aid of elephants.

The buried cities of Ceylon are naturally of great interest, Anurajahpura being the most fully reclaimed from the destroying grasp of the jungle. Here temples, monuments, water-tanks, palaces and buildings of all kinds are being unearthed, slowly bringing to light the remains of a great city, that a few centuries ago housed at least three million people. At the fairly well-restored temple, in the courtyard of which is the ever-living sacred bo-tree of Buddha, were hundreds of monkeys, kept there by priests in memory of the monkey

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

god, Hanuman, who saved Buddha in the incarnation of Rāma.

There is something forbidding and disheartening about a deserted city of any kind, even a deserted mining-camp in our own Rockies, and it is with a feeling of relief that one returns to the cheerful bustle and noise of Colombo, in time to embark on the excellent German steamer in the harbor. A fear had haunted us that we might have to go on one of those English boats, which provide the worst punishment that could befall the most hardened evil-doing traveler. Wretched food, cockroaches of nightmare proportions, and a frozen hauteur on the part of the officers, make these boats the execration of those who travel by them.

As we left the harbor, the band playing merrily, we took our last look at Colombo. The red roofs and occasional glimpses of white walls peeping from the clustering palms, and the craft-dotted harbor, showed like a mirage through a silvery sheet of tropical rain, and for many reasons we were sorry to leave this brilliant little island.

XX

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

History of the Great Ditch—"Le Grand Français" and How He Fulfilled the Oracle's Prophecy for Egypt—Monotonous Aspects—Bible Scenes—Enormous Tolls—Port Saïd—The Great Barrage—English Prejudice—Mecca Pilgrims—Bewildering Sights and Sounds of Cairo—Funeral Mourners—Public Scribes—Shopkeepers' Bitter Rivalry—Cairene Wedding Procession—The Whirling Dervishes—The Howling Dervishes—The Citadel—Tombs of the Califs—The Pyramids and Sphinx—Guides All Lie in Seven Different Languages—Incubators—Spot Where Moses Was Found—Obelisk of Heliopolis—Museum and Mummies—"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant!"—Recruiting the Army—The University—Six Powers with Hand on the Cash-Box—Ismail's Mad Legacy.

ON a fine, cool morning we reached that historic artery of water that joins the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, known as the Suez Canal. This unprepossessing "ditch," as it has so often been called, has been held responsible almost as much as the unbridled extravagance of Ismail Pasha for the financial ruin of Egypt and her present occupation by foreign powers.

Despite dire prophecy and centuries of failure—for nearly every ruler of Egypt, from Seti, father

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

of Rameses the Great, we are told, to Napoleon Bonaparte, has tried his hand at the problem of establishing water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea—despite this, the great canal has become a fixed fact in the world's history. The one-time American Consul-General at Cairo, Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield, in his charming and instructive book, "Present-Day Egypt," lets in much pleasant light upon the musty old traditions of the Ancient Land.

Strabo, now; he's the world's earliest geographer and historian, or one of 'em, and I suppose we are bound to believe him, even when he says—he must have said it, for I've never seen any of his handwriting lying around—Strabo says that, fourteen centuries before the Christian era—that's an awful long time, Strabo! but I'll not dispute the word of a gentleman—Seti cut a canal fifty-seven miles long from Bubastis, near the present town of Zigzag—I mean Zagazig—to Heroopolis, at the head of the Bitter Lakes, then forming the northern extremity of the Suez Gulf. Herodotus—another old-timer who juggles with centuries as the circus clown juggles with his old hat—says that eight hundred years later Necho, the Persian, tried a little canal-building, keeping at it till the mere trifle of a hundred and twenty thousand lives had been sacrificed in the job, and only abandoning it when the great oracle of that day (whom he consulted)

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

prophesied that the most dire results would follow the completion of the work, and the entire land of Egypt be given over to the stranger and the barbarian.

A century later, notwithstanding that the prophecy had been handed down from ruler to ruler, the Persian Darius took a hand; but, threatened by wise men with a deluge, gave up the job when near completion. Then Ptolemy Philadelphus—I'll bet he was a slow-coach—B. C. 285, joined the canal with the Heroopolite gulf by means of locks, opening them when a vessel wished to pass. Cleopatra tried, a couple of centuries later, to escape with her ships to the Red Sea, but it was too tight a squeeze even for this lady of many squeezes, the locks being rusty from want of use or from not having been greased in a century or so, and the Egyptian beauty found that her fate must run in other channels.

Then, successively, the Roman Emperors Trajan and Hadrian; the Arabian conqueror Amron; the great Napoleon, who held the hollow of the heavens in his usurping hand; Mehemet Ali, who had butchered four hundred Mamelukes before supper, but had not the daring to brave the ancient prophecy; French engineers, English engineers, Austrian engineers, each and all, tried their hand, but to no definite end. They disagreed as to the level of the two seas. Napoleon's engineers estimated that the Mediterranean was thirty feet below the level of

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

the Red Sea, calling for a scheme of sluices and locks, but Waghorn, an Englishman, declared that the level of the two waters was identical.

Meanwhile, a young Frenchman was dreaming dreams; he was eloquent; he was convincing; and he finally convinced Said Pasha that the future was lettered big with the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps, "le grand Français," and that if a concession were given to him he would make Egypt and France both immortal. He got the concession. Said cared nothing for the ancient oracle that had frightened his grandfather Mehemet, and so Fate swept on with her relentless broom and Said was gathered to his fathers; Ismail, the magnificent, the extravagant, the prince of immense fortune, succeeded his uncle, and also succeeded in plunging his unhappy country up to the neck in bonds and mortgages galore; Europe stepped in; England became the purchaser of Ismail's personal holdings (only twenty million dollars saved from the wreck of eighty-five million), which he surrendered to his creditors a short time before his dethronement and banishment to Naples.

Ismail, in his brief rule of sixteen years, not only incurred a debt of over four hundred million dollars, says Consul Penfield, but he mortgaged the souls of generations of Egyptians yet unborn. And thus did the prophecy come true! The ancient oracle spake not in vain. The land of the Pharaohs

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

and the Ptolemies, of Alexander and Cleopatra, has passed into the hands of the stranger; and the Ancient of Days, as she was in the dim, remote ages, is known to us no more.

Its varied and almost tragic history lends an added interest to the dull and monotonous aspect that it presents, the flat sandy banks melting out into the desert, unbroken save for the occasional government stations, a steamer tied to the bank waiting for ours to pass, or a collection of mud houses belonging to Arabs, whose camels and donkeys were tethered near-by.

At times small boys race along the banks, easily keeping pace with the slowly moving steamer, crying for "bakshish," to which the passengers and crew respond by tossing fruit and packages of food and money to them.

Twice we passed large numbers of workmen who were mending the banks, aided by droves of camels transporting sand and stone in pannier boxes. The men looked very picturesque in flowing burnouse and turban, but much too dignified and decorative for hard labor.

Great steam dredgers were frequently seen to be working to keep the canal passable for steamers, as sand and silt are continually filling it up. The expense of keeping the canal in order is enormous, but the toll from every vessel is so great that the government's profits are beyond the dreams of

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

avarice. Our big German boat was the largest that had ever passed the Canal, and her tolls amounted to the sum of \$17,500 for one trip. Of course she had paid the same on her trip out to Australia.

Port Saïd is a town of some importance, very much larger than Suez, but in the flying glimpse we caught of it in the course of a wild early-morning ride to catch the train for Cairo, we were impressed by its dirt and noise more than by anything else. The single point of real interest was our first sight of an Arab woman, shrouded in black, her veil held by the gilt "aroosa" that looks like a section of gilded lead pipe, from each side of which her magnificent eyes looked out, their beauty and brilliancy enhanced by the markings of kohl that shaded them.

The ride to Cairo, for many reasons, was tiresome, chiefly because of the dust and flies, and a family that shared the compartment with us and had a mountain of luggage. The changing interest of the landscape, however, made us forget the annoyances, for were not scenes from the Bible spread out before us like an open book—the shepherd with his flock, the camels either resting or marching slowly, the mud houses surrounded by palms, the women carrying water-jars on their heads, walking splendidly, and swinging lightly from their hips; a family working among the fertile fields; little girls tending goats and winding wool on a distaff

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

as they watched, or a venerable old man in floating draperies riding a diminutive donkey.

During the ride we were much edified by one of the English party with us saying as we passed a station: "There's a fine engine, a splendid engine, by Jove!" "That's an American engine," said the other man, adding, before we had lost our little glow of patriotic pride, "but we don't care for them out here; they burn such a lot of coal and are so very dirty!" To our humble suggestion that perhaps they made up for this defect by being fast, he assented condescendingly that they were fast, "but so dirty, you know!"

The great barrage, near Cairo, constructed to hold back the surplus waters and thus irrigate a larger area, was begun in 1837 from plans made by Mongel Bey, a Frenchman. The English tourist never lets slip a chance to boast of his country's superiority in the matter of the reincarnation of Egypt under British "occupation," and a good story is told by Consul Penfield of one of these globe-trotters who was inspecting with a proud air the great barrage.

"Yes, it's a great work! and these foreigners ought better to appreciate what *we* are doing for their good. This thing has put them on their feet, financially, sure enough, but I don't see that they show any gratitude for our having built it!"

"I beg your pardon," said the engineer in charge,



A Load of Turkeys

An Egyptian Mother

A Cake-Seller

The Tent in Which the Holy
Carpet is Carried to Mecca

A Street Circus



CAIRO OF TO-DAY

“but this barrage was designed and built by French engineers.”

“I didn't know that,” replied the tourist, somewhat subdued, “but anyway, they have to get an Englishman to take care of it!”

“I beg your pardon again,” said the gentleman with D. P. W. on his cap and shield, “I have the honor of being a native-born American citizen!”

The tourist walked away muttering, “Well, I'm going back to Shepherd's before some one tells me that a Frenchman built those Pyramids over there!”

At every station we saw great crowds of people and passed trains packed like sardines. Our interest was profound when we learned that they were pilgrims just starting on their long and tiresome journey to Mecca. They were bound for Port Saïd, where they would take ship for Jaffa, from there traveling to Mecca by camel and horseback, tho the greater majority go all the way across the desert on foot, thereby attaining added merit. Besides assured salvation, a trip to Mecca gives a man the right to wear a turban of green, the Prophet's own color, and the title of Hadji, and when he returns to his home he would quite naturally fresco over his shop- or house-door the history of the pilgrimage, a purple train, a red boat, a string of blue camels, and a yellow mosque before which a man in a green turban bows himself in prayer.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Beneath this highly decorative record he would henceforth sit serenely wearing his green turban, and smoking his narghile, trying to appear unconscious of the looks of respectful admiration not unmingled with envy that are cast in his direction.

Unfortunately we were just a day too late to see the procession of the Sacred Carpet in Cairo, when the pilgrims start on their journey. The carpet, that is every year taken to the Shrine at Mecca, is carried through the streets under a green canopy, accompanied by thousands of pilgrims, soldiers, horses, camels, and the general populace.

When the pilgrims return from Mecca they bring away the carpet of the previous year, which is then cut into twenty-four pieces and distributed among as many mosques, shrines, or tombs of special holiness, where the pieces are kept as sacred relics.

When we arrived at Cairo we were suddenly plunged into the sights and sounds and novelty of that fascinating city—camels, donkeys, with jingling bells, wild Bedouins from the desert riding gaily caparisoned Arab horses, men asleep on the sidewalks and wrapt head and body in their cloaks; veiled women, noise, bustle and excitement. All this held our breathless interest until we were whirled up to Shepherd's famous hostelry.

This hotel has been too often described to need any special attention now; the broad open terrace, where the guests sit and drink tea or coffee, watch-

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

ing the varied procession of Eastern life pass, is well known even to those who have not seen it. The terrace is still there, but alas! processions no longer pass the door, as the street has become of such importance that the returning or departing caravans of camels, the Bedouins, the sellers of ducks, chickens and turkeys from the country, and the flocks of sheep and goats have so blocked the traffic that the authorities have compelled the processions to take other routes, to the disappointment of visitors who anticipated sitting at their ease and seeing an endless panorama from the Arabian Nights pass before their gaze.

But magicians, street-musicians, and pedlers, a small circus composed of a donkey, a monkey, and a little black goat, snake-charmers, and all sorts of picturesque individuals may still be found on or near the terrace. One magician evolved snakes out of coins and bits of rag, to a running fire of remarks, of which the principal ones were, "Gally—gally—gally—coom leetle devil!" presumably meaning the small green snake that would be found curled in the hand of a bystander, who had been innocently holding, as he thought, a coin.

One of these strolling Arabs had a snake that crawled in a blood-curdling manner about the man's head and face. But his prize card was a scorpion that he would take out of a box, allowing it to viciously bite him several times, for the edification of

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

any who chose to look at him. An amusing feature of this man's performance was the policeman's efforts to make him move on, without getting too near the dangerous performers. The man realized this, and when the policeman came toward him the scorpion was displayed ostentatiously, and the policeman kept a respectful distance.

Besides these itinerant entertainers, a crowd of guides still swarm about the steps, soliciting one's patronage at every turn. Some are native Cai-rens in long gown and red fez, others desert Bedouins in picturesque, flowing draperies and turbans, while still others are Syrians, magnificent in full trousers and short jackets of fine cloth, elaborately braided in gold. Aside from the necessity of having a guide in Cairo, his presence is a comfort, inasmuch as it relieves one of the pestering solicitations of the others, who are really a great nuisance. They tell me that once in a while the hotel people have to shoot a few to keep them thinned out, but this smacked too much of America and the atmosphere of the plains to be quite credible.

A first drive in Cairo is a joy—the objects of interest are so unceasing and so replete with historical meaning. The first thing to stir one's memory is the opera-house, built in six weeks, so there might be a fitting home of song for the company of great French singers brought over by the royal spend-

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

thrift Ismail, to assist in the gorgeous celebration attending the opening of the Suez Canal.

Here was given the first performance of Verdi's opera "Aïda," written expressly for the occasion. The performance was further unique from the fact that Mariotte Bey, the great Egyptologist gave his attention to the production, so that every detail of scenery, costume and plot was historically correct, while the Egyptian Museum was ransacked for properties and jewels. It was probably the greatest stage production ever seen, or that ever could be given, and was only possible at a time when Ismail spent twenty-one million dollars on the celebration attending the opening of the Canal that was first and last his country's ruin.

The beautiful Empress Eugénie, since called the Mother of Sorrows, was the principal guest. She has always received homage and admiration in Egypt. But there were hundreds more, not all of whom were royal. A special hotel was built for newspaper correspondents, who appreciated the attention so much that they lived there for two years after the celebration on the bounty of the man who had entertained them with such lavish generosity, charging their private expenses to laundry and hotel bills. The hotel where they lived so long is now the Grand Continental, showing that Ismail housed his guests right royally.

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

In the Mouski, as well as other characteristically native streets on the way to the bazaars, every phase of life may be seen. Open shops, scarcely six feet across with imperturbable proprietors smoking water-pipes, a constant procession through the streets of donkeys and carts, loaded with veiled women, camels treading stealthily, one of which was seen daintily nibbling at the flowers on the Parisian bonnet of the lady in a victoria just ahead.

Flocks of geese and turkeys might be seen driven along the street by venders who guided them with a little switch, keeping them under perfect control. A funeral is sure to be met with, heralded by the most frightful sounds of lamentation. First will come a company of blind men, clinging together and leading one another, all lamenting and crying, their faces twisted into the most fearful expressions of assumed grief. Behind them walk two little boys carrying something covered with an embroidered napkin, probably the Koran; and the reader of the Koran, who with his hand beside his mouth like a huckster shouts verses of the Koran at the top of his lungs. Then comes the body, resting, without a coffin, on a bier carried high above the bearers' heads, and covered with an embroidered cloth. Directly back of it walk the hired women mourners, heavily veiled, and rivaling the blind men in the volume and penetrating quality of their lamentation. Taken altogether a Cairo

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

funeral is about as noisy an affair as one could imagine, and the whole thing reminded me irresistibly of the Irish undertaker who, in the first glory of his official dignity, announced to the assembled company the order of the procession: "Now, thin, all of yees attind to me! First, the departid, thin th' frinds of the departid; an' thin, th' pop'liss!" (populace).

Professional women mourners will sit outside a house where a person is known to be ill, waiting patiently for the time when they may be needed, for their services begin from the moment of death, their wild cries and lamentings apprizing the neighborhood of the event.

Blind men to precede the funeral procession are always to be had, for the city swarms with them. It seems as if almost every fourth or fifth person one meets is blind. They are, with very few exceptions, beggars; and this great prevalence of blind men, women and children is rather depressing. It is accounted for generally from the fact that the children grow up in a state of filth that is beyond belief. Mothers who are themselves neat and clean, and even drest with some pretensions to elegance, will allow their children to be dirty, never washing them, so that they may remain without attractions and therefore undesirable and free from the influence of the dreaded evil eye. On the belief that envy, like death, loves a shining mark, their chil-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

dren never shine from soap and water, or for any other reason. The dirt on the poor little creatures attracts swarms of flies and insects, that are never brushed away by the devoted mothers, as such an act would induce misfortune. From such conditions every sort of disease results, but most frequently blindness is the penalty of this benighted superstition. One of the most picturesque details of Cairo street-life are the water-sellers, who peddle water carried on their backs, in swelling goatskins, as it has been carried for uncounted centuries. Many of these sell the sweet waters of the Nile, much prized by the people of all classes. The Arabs have a saying: "He who has tasted the waters of the Nile longs inexpressibly for them ever after."

Public letter-carriers, readers of the Koran, and story-tellers are still facts in Cairo, not yet relegated to the realm of romance, and strangely picturesque to Western eyes is the row of scribes seated under colored umbrellas, with a small table before them on which are papers and ink and the little instrument that is so much mightier than the sword. A turbaned head leans toward some fair but illiterate Giulia or Teresita, who desires a message of greeting sent to her Paolo or Giuseppe; or a commercial missive of less sentimental importance is dispatched to some Mediterranean port or the busy Levant.

Very laughable is the rivalry between the keepers

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

of the bazaars, and bitter the denunciation that fills the ear of the foreigner as he stops to make a purchase. The strange medley of tongues and the stranger pronunciation of his own language make the buyer stare and then double up with laughter.

If he select an article from the stand of the merchant on his right, the proprietor of the stand on his left will shriek in his ear: "No buy of heem! heem verra bad man! heem tief! heem fader tief! heem mudder tief! heem granfader tief! heem granmudder tief! no buy of heem!" while the imperturbable proprietor on the right will respond in a low guttural like a bass solo following a soprano *cadenza*: "Heem big liar! heem go jail! heem got notting! Me got ebberyting! Look you! Shmakkin-kip (smoking-cap), packet-snif (pocket-knife), 'ooble-booble (hubble-bubble, or water-pipe), preera-beed" (prayer-beads, or rosary). Then, with a shout of triumph, "Shlippers all! shlippers mooch! beada shlippers! silka shlippers! golda shlippers! me got all! heem big liar! heem go jail!" and so on, *ad infinitum*.

By this my reader will perceive that shopping in Cairo is not all as if done in heaven, nor yet in the other place, and that the amenities are much subordinate to that love which is the root of all evil.

A wedding is quite likely to follow next in the wonderful street procession. First is seen a clown

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

or mountebank dancing, grimacing, rolling in the dirt and going through all sorts of antics for the amusement of the people. He is followed by men playing on a collection of shrieking and wailing musical instruments. Then comes the bride, sometimes in a closely shuttered carriage draped with tinsel-trimmed velvet or, what is much more picturesque, a curtained litter slung between two camels. After her comes the furniture for her new home, for a bride is expected to provide everything, even to the bridegroom's trousseau. This is all piled on camels, which go swaying along, sneering superciliously as if deploring the foolishness of these human customs. A camel's expression of conscious superiority must be rather trying, if one sees much of it.

It seems almost a waste of time to have so much ceremony for a relation so easily dissolved as marriage is in Cairo. A man, with or without any just cause, has only to say before witnesses, "Woman, I divorce thee!" and repeat it three times, and he is as free as before he married her. He must, however, return her house-plenishing and she must return her dowry. This dowry consists of one-third of a man's possessions, which he settles on her when he marries her. His trousseau is probably counted up to profit and loss. According to the Mohammedan faith a man may have four wives, that is, "all to onct," as they say in the West. He may

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

divorce them and remarry, still keeping to his allowance of four, as many times as he likes.

All these sights and many more may be seen during a drive to see the whirling dervishes, who dance every Friday afternoon. Friday is the Mohammedan Sunday, and in the afternoon they conduct this performance, which is a religious ceremony, but palpably worked up for the benefit of the hundreds of tourists who flock to see it.

The performance took place on an enclosed circular floor with rugs about the edge, upon which, at the beginning, the dervishes to the number of about sixteen sat wrapt in big black cloaks and wearing tall felt hats. The Sheik, in a green turban, sat on a rug of extra elegance, with the Koran on a cushion in front of him. A solo on a wailing flute opened the performance, piercing squeals and breathless trills putting our nerves and teeth on edge, until an unseen man in the balcony cut it short by beginning to intone in a high-pitched voice a long incantation about a young person of the name of Moll—at least that name was all we understood. After that the dervishes arose, cast their cloaks on the ground and stood revealed in white robes with exceedingly full skirts, from under which their bare feet peeped out.

Then they began a solemn procession about the open space, bowing to their neighbors either way, as they reached the rug of the Sheik. This was

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

done three times, the men walking and bowing, not without grace and dignity. Suddenly as the third round was completed, the first man flung out his arms and began to spin round and round, his skirts standing away stiffly from his limbs. One could not but expect to see him suddenly "duck," his skirts billowing up around him, as little girls do when they play the game called "making cheeses." Momentarily he was joined by others until the ring became filled with whirling figures, each holding his arms and head in some distinctive position, some going about sedately in one spot, while others pirouetted airily in and out among the other dancers.

One man had his arms held out in a singularly appealing manner, while his head was cuddled down on his shoulder, giving him a ridiculously coy expression. This is the last act. After about fifteen minutes of this whirling the dervishes resume their cloaks and the performance is over.

From there we were driven to see the howling dervishes, a different organization, who conduct their religious worship on different lines. The commercial instinct of this sect seems more highly developed than that of the other, for here the sum of two piasters each was charged for admittance. As we entered the door a great volume of sound greeted us and rose and fell like the sound of men's voices chanting.

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

Here was another enclosed circular space, another venerable Sheik in green turban, and about twenty dervishes seated around the rail, all chanting: "Allah il Allah!" their bodies swaying from side to side as they shouted the assertion that "God is God" over and over again.

They next stood up and swaying back and forth, convulsively, emitted gusty sighs that gradually grew into horrible noises as leader after leader sprang in front of them setting the pace faster and faster, a new leader taking the place of the exhausted one as he turned and bowed to the Sheik, signifying that he could do no more. All this time a blind Sheik chanted unceasingly in a high piccolo voice.

The bodies swayed and jerked more and more quickly, the noises grew to frenzied howls and animal-like sounds that reminded one forcibly of the Zoo at feeding time. A tall, gaunt desert-priest stepped in front of the men, bowing and swaying, his long hair alternately covering his face and being tossed back over his shoulders.

Under his leadership the dervishes became frantic; their eyes were glazed, foam flew from their lips and some fell prone from exhaustion. We stayed to see no more, it was too horrible, and hurried away, followed by a volume of inhuman cries and howls.

After leaving this nerve-racking exhibition, we

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

found ourselves near the Citadel, and immediately drove there to visit the historic stronghold. Situated on the highest point in Cairo, it overlooks the entire city and a wonderful panorama beyond. From here we caught our first view of the Nile, and further out against the sky-line the pyramids of Ghizeh showed softly blue. This first view of the historic landmarks was so fascinating we could hardly take our attention from them to the pyramids of Sakkara at the extreme left, the city, with its many graceful domes and minarets, the tombs of the Califs at the extreme right, and behind us the quarries of Mokattam, from which the great blocks of stone that made the pyramids were taken.

The interest of the Citadel is manifold. From here Saladin issued forth to do battle with the crusaders. Here St. Louis was kept a prisoner; Napoleon lived here and in one of the rooms conferred with Kléber. Grim old Mehemet Ali held it next and in the courtyard slaughtered the four hundred Mamelukes who had been bidden to a feast. Successive stronghold of Arab, Turk, Moslem, French and again Arab, it has at length become a garrison for the soldiers of England, the present *deus ex machina* of Egypt.

Tho there is an old mosque within the enclosure, built in 1366, the one holding the greatest interest now is that which contains the tomb of Mehemet Ali. The interior is in imitation of St.

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

Sophia at Constantinople; the pillars are cased with alabaster, taken, the Arabs say, from Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem, but that, of course, is nonsense, as the last great Temple was destroyed during the reign of Vespasian. It was probably looted from somewhere, however, even as was the stone of the mosque itself, which originally formed the outside layer of the great pyramid of Cheops.

The tombs of the Califs, surrounded by innumerable Arab graves, pale in interest beside the crowding attractions of the Citadel. The only tomb of special interest now is that of Tewfik Pasha, father of the present Khedive. It is a modern building, a most perfect example of Saracenic architecture. In this is the tomb of the widow of Abbas I., who was a rather remarkable old lady in many ways. Her sepulcher is of white marble of artistic design, made after the Arab pattern of a sarcophagus with a small tombstone standing up at each end. As for Tewfik, at present there is only a large wooden casing on the spot where his tomb is to be, over which is a cover of green velvet embroidered with Arabic inscriptions in gold.

At either side of the door, in little railed-off niches, are two sections of the Sacred Carpet, framed under glass and hung on the wall. From these portions it may be seen that the Sacred Carpet is made of silk, beautifully embroidered over its whole space with texts from the Koran. Every

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Friday, after his visit to the mosque, the young Khedive comes to his father's tomb, and after a short prayer and meditation, goes into the courtyard where are gathered hundreds of poor people and beggars. To each of these he distributes, in memory of his father, a plate of cooked vegetables, a loaf of bread, and one piaster.

But all other tombs sink into insignificance beside those gigantic piles of stone, the pyramids. There is an electric tramway that goes out to them now, but by far the most delightful way is to drive the ten miles out over the Nile by the beautiful Kasr-i-nil bridge and along the raised road (bordered by splendid acacia-trees) that was built by Ismail, whose extravagance, by the way, has left some worthy monuments.

For a long way before reaching the pyramids the outline of their huge bulk looms up, holding the attention and firing the imagination. Directly under their shadow is the Mena Hotel, an attractive and comfortable house. At the gates the donkey- and camel-boys wait to take sightseers around the pyramids and over the sand to the Sphinx.

The great pyramid of Cheops comes first and presents the gray hugeness of its side to the approaching visitor. The entrance is high up in the front, being a little place that looks like a rabbit-burrow. Down this passage, that is steep, slippery and suffocating, the Arabs push and pull the

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

tourist (who has the nerve to go), until the central chamber, with the broken stone sarcophagus of the great king, is reached. The generally accepted thing to do is to lie down in the now empty coffin, certainly a gruesome thing to do, and to my mind impertinent.

The other two pyramids, while wonderful in themselves, are rather overlooked in the presence of the mighty Cheops. There are the remains of two others, broken down and despoiled—the ruins of which went to build palaces and mosques in Cairo.

The attendant spirits of the pyramids are Bedouins, who take possession of the sightseer, talking, screaming, pushing, and generally conducting themselves like wild things. They offered to run up one side of the Great Pyramid and down the other in eight minutes if we would pay them two dollars.

Others sell spurious idols and scarabs, thrusting their wares on one with the greatest persistence. One Arab thrust a horrible little idol at me, and when I said, "It doesn't look a bit like you," the vender looked surprised, but the others, who understood English, raised a laugh at his expense.

I took the little idol and, with a few passes, made it disappear, and then found it in his turban. By this time there was a breathless and eager audience crowded about the carriage, and for ten minutes I

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

did tricks with coins and handkerchiefs to the ecstatic joy of my audience. It seemed to please them, and it at least relieved me of their persistent importunities.

Donkeys carried us over the loose sand to the Sphinx, and as no one's description had prepared me for the majesty, the self-contained calm of that wonderful creature, I am not going to attempt a description, where other and better men have failed.

My personal impression was a painful sense of my own insignificance, the tiny span of a little human life in this great presence, which nevertheless gives the impression of singular gentleness. Despite the marring of the countenance and the loss of the nose, there are still a depth and intensity of expression that are startling, and the eyes seem almost to follow one. The mouth remains almost perfect, just the beginning of a smile seeming to tremble at the corners. With this same expression it has been gazing out across the centuries as if hiding some secret, and seeming rather to enjoy it. The secret is probably whether the Sphinx is a lady or gentleman, a question that is still debated.

That the Sphinx was a sun-god there is no doubt, for the remains of the temple are at one side, and between the paws still may be seen the altar of black stone, at which Rameses the Great prayed and sacrificed, that the god would take away the terrible burning sands.

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

The remains of a woman's breasts seem to point toward the opposite sex. The question of sex, however, will always be a matter of conjecture. The fact that the secret has been kept so long perhaps indicates that after all the Sphinx is *not* a woman.

An interesting excursion is to go across the sand on camels to visit the pyramids of Sakkara, which, while they do not compare in size to those of Ghizeh, are rich in frescos and carvings in the surrounding tombs. On the way to Sakkara one sees a few forlorn pillars by the river, all that remains of the once splendid Memphis, oldest city of the world.

On the return drive from the pyramids of Ghizeh one sees the Ghizereh Palace, which is now a hotel that was built by Ismail, and housed the goodly number of nine hundred women whom he counted as his harem. His palaces dot the city as do those that his unbridled extravagance built and presented to other people. On the return drive one will also notice a most perfect golf-course in the low valley just below the pyramids. This and the tramway offer a contrast of the ages that is truly unique.

The villages of the Bedouins who haunt the pyramids also dot this fertile plain. They own most of the adjacent land, and our guide informed us are very well-to-do. They make a good living by acting as guides, while their families cultivate the

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

crops. Their most notable services lie in keeping the Sphinx from becoming covered by the drifting sands, which they religiously dig away. Of course, it is to their interest to do this, but one can not help feeling grateful for it.

There are guides and guides, and the chief accomplishment of them all is that they can lie in seven different languages. This applies chiefly to those in the Orient. At the Galleface Hotel, Colombo, the manager warned us that he would not be responsible for any missing luggage, mail or telegrams, or for any acts of omission or commission on the part of his servants.

“All of the tribe are rascals, thieves, and liars, and having warned you, I have done my duty!” But we did not suffer from a fulfilment of any such warning. Barring the overcharge at the gate of entrance to the hotel, they seemed pleasant fellows and both cheerful and obliging.

An Englishman, who engaged a servant in Ceylon, said: “He wasn't half-bad. To be sure, he asked me four times as much for his services as he had ever received before, but I engaged him on the porter's recommendation, who probably was a fellow conspirator. My man was willing, even if he was lazy. He got blind-drunk only once, and limited his stealings to an automatic cigar-lighter, which he very much admired, and called 'Massa's fire-box.' ”



Water-Sellers

The Sphinx

Rapid Transit in the Desert

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

Our guide at Cairo prided himself upon his English. Seeing a cow being milked on the street—the very direct method practised in Cairo—we stopt to witness the operation. “Ah! de cow!” said our guide, “dis is how dey do; always dey sell de milk *on de cow*, for fear of alteration!”

By the way, the guides have all been to Chicago—that is, they say they have. “Oh, yes! I haf been to America. I was at Chickago Exposish—oh, yes!”

But if all the guides and shopkeepers who said they had been to Chicago really had been there, the Exposition must have built several wings and a large annex, or it never could have held them.

In these villages may be seen the Egyptian incubators that have performed the maternal duties of hens for centuries. So long has natural incubation been taken away from Egyptian hens that they have quite outgrown the desire to “set” and limit their duties to only the laying of the eggs.

These incubators are simple in the extreme, being just a little pen of bricks made from Nile mud, inside of which the eggs are put on the warm sand, and being tended by a woman or an old Arab, are turned constantly until the chicks break out. Millions of eggs a year are hatched in Egypt in just this way, a fashion, it is said, that antedates the pyramids themselves.

Opposite the Ghizereh Palace is the spot where

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

Moses was found in the bulrushes, and further up, near the ruins of Memphis, is the Island of Roda, and the ancient Nilometer, whose records of the Nile's rise have been kept for a thousand years.

If it is near sunset when you return along the road to Cairo, you will be sure to meet strings of camels marching home from the day's work, as cynical and deliberate as ever, and flocks of sheep and goats followed by the shepherd in long gown and cloak, his staff in his hand, and generally carrying a lamb or a kid too young and feeble to keep up with the flock.

Both goats and cattle are milked at the purchaser's door in Cairo, such direct methods admitting of no adulteration. Generally a boy accompanies the cow with a stuffed calf under his arm. This is supposed to induce the cow to stand more quietly and to give more milk. No matter how old or worn out the calf may be, how stuffing may protrude from yawning rents, the cow is never given credit for discrimination enough to distinguish between this monstrosity and her own calf, or to be supposed to know her own offspring. It struck me that the cow was not the most deceived party, and that the Arabs who conduct this farce show the wisdom of the ostrich.

Speaking of these intelligent birds reminds me of the ostrich farm we visited at Metaryeh, on the edge of the Libyan desert. We drove first to see

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

Mary's Well and tree, under which the Holy Family rested when they were fleeing into Egypt. The tree is an ancient sycamore, only a withered branch of the original one being left. The well is singularly clear and sweet for that country, where most wells are brackish. The legend is that Mary washed Jesus' clothes in it, and since then it has been distinguished by unusual purity and coolness. The ostrich farm was rather disappointing. The only thing diverting was to see the greedy things swallow whole oranges at one gulp.

The object of greatest interest in the neighborhood is the obelisk of Heliopolis, all that remains of that magnificent City of the Sun. It is sixty-six feet tall, the smallest of the trio that formerly graced the city. Those in New York and London are the two others. Taken from Heliopolis to Alexandria by either Cæsar or Cleopatra, they remained there until taken away during the reign of Ismail, the prodigal, who was as careless of Egypt's antiquities as he was of her honor. To New York fell the distinction of possessing the finest of all these rifled monuments of Egypt, graven as it is with the pictured history of the reigns of the great Thothmes, Seti, father of Rameses the Great, and the first Rameses.

A visit to the museum is a natural consequence of having viewed all these antiquities. There one may see all that remains of men who were respon-

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

sible for them. To one who has never seen an unwrapped mummy it is rather a startling sight. They are so ghastly, and yet retain the semblance of life to such a disconcerting extent. It is hard to realize their great antiquity, when one sees the perfect features, the white teeth and the clustering hair. A strange thing about the hair is that the process of mummifying has had some chemical effect, turning it a peroxide yellow, that looks ridiculously frivolous on their venerable heads.

Having lasted, heaven knows how many centuries, these gentlemen looked as tho they were fixt for all time. They were certainly done up in good shape: no mercerized business, but the real thing. And, as I stood and looked at them, I laughed at the recollection of Mark Twain's good old story, which ought to be new to this generation, of the poor old colored woman who fell in a fit on the hot stove and was burned to death. "Literally roasted alive—our poor old Betsy," said her employer to his neighbor, the famous humorist. "And now, Mr. Clemens," continued the gentleman, "we feel that you can suggest something appropriate and touching to put on her tombstone—poor old Betsy! she served us so many years—and literally roasted alive!"

"Well," drawled Mark, "I should think a well-known line from the Scriptures would about fit the job: '*Well done, good and faithful servant!*'"



Public Letter-Writer

The Obelisk at Heliopolis

Sleeping in the Street

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

Rameses the Great has had his picture taken so often that his features were fairly familiar to us, with his high Roman nose and general air of haughty superiority. His father, Seti, who reposes in the next case, was far better-looking to our minds, tho none of the mummies would be specially remarked for beauty. But in life, Seti must have been a singularly handsome man, with a noble and commanding presence. The other Egyptian antiquities of every sort held no attractions for us in comparison with the mortal shells of these great ones of the earth.

In Cairo are many soldiers. The Egyptians number several thousand, while there is a large garrison of British soldiers. Enlistment in the Egyptian army is compulsory as in Germany. A young man has to serve five years, for which he receives one piaster a day. This method of supplying the army is very unpopular among the people, who have not the martial spirit very deeply implanted in them. They go to the greatest extremes in order to escape service. They have been known to blind themselves in one eye or maim themselves in some way, so as to be disabled.

Joining the university is the most painless and, therefore, most popular method of escaping enlistment. This university is probably the most unique in the world, and undoubtedly the largest, for there is a roll of about twelve thousand students. They

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

come from every part of Asia and Africa, or wherever Mohammedans are, for it is a school founded in the Moslem faith. The building is known as the University Mosque, and the classes are held in the great open court where students and professors sit on the floor, all talking and studying aloud.

A good many of the professors are blind, and each teacher has his particular pillar in the court, which is his regular station. As a boy is advanced from one class to another it may be literally said that he is sent "from pillar to post." Students pay no tuition fee, as it is a free school, endowed by bequests from wealthy Moslems. They are permitted to sleep on the premises if they wish, but must supply their own food.

Professors receive no money, their remuneration consisting of a food allowance, out of which they make something, for some of them are given as high as seven hundred loaves of bread a week, which they undoubtedly sell outside or to students.

Geography, philosophy, logic, a certain amount of history, and writing in the beautiful flowing Arabic characters are taught, but the principal study is the Koran, which students must learn entirely by heart. While not as large as the Christian Bible, it is a good-sized book, comprizing over a hundred chapters, hence it is quite a feat to commit it all.

Everything is taught orally; there are no books,

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

save the Koran, and paper is not used, save for writing. It is not surprising that the course takes from five to seven years. The great majority of the students become priests or teachers. There is no such thing as a commercial course or a law school.

The law is a complicated affair in Cairo, for every legation has power over the subjects of its country, and a foreign lawbreaker can be tried only by the representatives of his own country. There is a mixed court, where commissioners of the different countries sit with the Egyptian justice.

England parades her military power constantly before the eyes of the Egyptians, compelling the appointment only of those officials that are friendly to her interests.

Six powers have their hands on the cash-box, and no appropriation can be made without their permission. Turkey as suzerain gets several million dollars a year tribute. The Khedive is merely a figurehead, and the whole country, in sorrow and poverty, pays for the mad extravagance of Ismail Pasha and his legacy of a debt of five hundred million dollars.

XXI

NAPLES

The Famous Bay—Beautiful Shore-Line to Pompeii—Herculaneum—We Walk on the Seething Crust of Solfatara—Pozzuoli—Baïæ and Its Famous Ruins—We Lunch at the Little Inn and Drink the Historic Wine of Posilipo—“Spaggett!”—Agrippina’s Villa and Her Cruel Murder—The Grotto del Cane—The Neapolitan Puppy—I Tell Him a Story—“Shall I T’row Heem in?”—The American’s Unexpected Reply—The Pink Coral Grotto—How the Head Rower Tried to do Us—The Landlord’s Pathetic Appeal—I Call My Bluff—We Leave Naples with a Sense of Relief.

THE approach to Naples should never be otherwise than by the sea. To slip from the blue Mediterranean into her lovely bay, around which circle historic hill and peak, mountain, castle and vine-clad ruin, is a delight never to be forgotten.

The mountain promontory of Sorrento stretches landward, a dense purple mass; to the right, lovely Capri floats upon the water’s bosom; over Ischia towers volcanic Epomeo, reminder of the destruction of twenty years ago; the whole shore is one continuous chain of towns linked by historic association and medieval romance.

NAPLES

We spent five days at Naples, and filled every hour of it with sightseeing. The train from Naples to Pompeii follows the beautiful shore-line closely, and lovely glimpses of the sea are to be had at different turns, but the near-by prospective can not strictly be called inviting. Tumble-down houses, from the windows of which lean dirty women and children with unkempt hair, filled the foreground, while long rows of variously colored garments flapped from clothes-lines overhead.

Of course we stopt at Herculaneum; but what can I add to the tributes that have been paid to that wonder of wonders? From its three strata of towns have been exhumed the rarest and choicest treasures that adorn the Naples Museum.

We walked upon the crust of the seething volcano of Solfatara, now half extinct. In fact, it has lain torpid for seven centuries, and is now spread with a lush vegetation in the spring-time, and the walk to it, at that season, is through an enclosure like a lovely park of winding alleys and flower-edged paths. But in January we saw only the bare crust of the crater, from whose clefts came puffs of white smoke, warnings that at any moment its hidden fires might break forth. We did not, as at Hawaii, drop our visiting-cards into the clefts, only to see them burst into flame and be consumed in a few seconds, for we were not so curious about subterranean matters as when we were fresh and green

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

in globe-trotting experiences; but we ventured out in obedience to our guide, in whom a long familiarity with craters had doubtless bred contempt, to within a few feet of the center. He stamps upon it and says it is hollow. It certainly appears so. He jumps upon it and the surface quivers. You begin to feel creepy up and down your spinal column, but, led on by his urgent appeals and assertions of "no fear! not be 'fraid!" you follow him on tiptoe to the very middle of the rocking thing, hoping with all your soul that it will hold together until you are safely off it, when you come to a hole out of which curl a little vapor and a curious murmuring sound as of some giant mumbling in his sleep.

And that is the moment in which you wish you hadn't come. But you are induced to lean over and peer down into the hole, and are fascinated by the stirring and moving of boiling mud—horrid gray mud that reminds you instantly of Kipling's "great, gray, greasy Limpopo river," only this is a lake, but gray and greasy enough in all conscience, seething and boiling in the vent-hole, and rising and falling with the escaping gas that bubbles and bursts, and then collects and bursts again. A moment or two of this and I was glad to speed back to the solid earth, to thank my stars that I hadn't fallen through altogether.

From Solfatara we looked down upon Pozzuoli,

NAPLES

once a port of Rome, whose wharves resounded with the peaceful stir of commerce.

The lovely Bay of Baiæ that was once lined with the palace-villas of wealthy Romans, much as Newport's shore is to-day, held our interest for a couple of hours. We explored the ruins of a castle built by a Spanish viceroy, which stands on the site of Nero's villa; we compared it for beauty to the lonely temple of Serapis we had just left behind us near Pozzuoli, long buried beneath the sea, to be at last cast up by some mighty upheaval of unseen internal force. The beautiful curved shore, "so beautiful yet so deadly," from the wilderness of craters which abound there, fascinated us completely. We lunched at a little inn at Baiæ, where we had some of the famed wine of Posilipo and were amused by the importunities of the peasant beggars, who very successfully wheedled us out of our spare coppers by their whines and wiles galore.

In Egypt it was "bakshish!" in our ears from morning till night; throughout Europe cries of "pourboire" and "Trinkgeld" haunted one's footsteps; but ancient little Naples had a word all her own. It was "Spaghatt!" Simply that, and nothing more. No last syllable with crisp accent; but the shortened curt "Spaghatt!" was hurled at us from every corner and followed, with deafening echoes, our vanishing carriage-wheels. "Spaghatt! Spaghatt!" Methinks I hear it now, and

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

I shall certainly never eat spaghetti again without being reminded of this slogan of the Neapolitan beggar.

Beside the Lucrine Lake we stood and conjured up the spot where the villa of Agrippina, mother of Nero, probably stood; but the thought of her cruel murder at the hands of her monster of a son did not mingle pleasantly with the peaceful lapping of the waves against the reeds, so we turned away and asked to be taken to the Grotto del Cane, or Dog Grotto, that amazing sepulcher of animal hopes and fears which year by year has drawn thousands of visitors to its rocky sides.

As if in keeping with its treacherous fame, the guide who shows you the place is a full-fledged brigand who, "when work is slow," ekes out a subsistence by playing at guide. Ten to one he has a little dog at his heels and thereby hangs a tale. While you listen to the guide the puppy looks up at you with blinking eyes and a grin of confidence, the while his busy tail seems to say, "I know you'll never put *me* in that poisonous hole, will you?" And you can't keep your eyes off his silly little face, until you find yourself wondering if he's like your little dog at home, your far-away "Buster," whose friendly face and welcome bark you have missed more than you would care to say. Certainly, this idiotic little pup bears no outward resemblance to your far-away "Buster." But, inwardly

NAPLES

—how about that? 'There lies a story. Shall you tell it to the guide? . No, he's a brigand and might demand a ransom for permitting you to live; for no doubt he'd rather kill you outright than have you live to tell another story. Hurrah! now you've got it—happy thought! You'll try it on the dog. Fixing him with your eye you begin:

“The fleas bothered my dog so, I concluded I'd teach 'em a lesson I learned long ago but never put in practise. I sent and got a piece of liver and put it near the dog. The fleas all hopped on to it and stuck. Just as I was getting ready to throw it in the fire, I turned my back for a moment and the dog ate the liver, fleas and all. Now he's fleas lined.”

But about the Dog Grotto. Well, it's filled with carbonic-acid gas, and for generations guides have made money out of tourists by shoving some poor little canine into the cave and keeping him there until his legs began to totter and his head to whirl, when they would haul him out and souse him in the near-by lake until he revived; and revive he must, for was there not another tourists' carriage coming down the hill? But sometimes doggie didn't revive. Well, he was only a dog, and there had been instances where men had perished in the foul-smelling cave. But that was ages ago. There was a French king who brought a donkey to the Grotto and tried the effect of the gas on him. The

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

animal died. But why the king tried it on a donkey I don't know, unless that a fellow-feeling makes us—but no, I won't. Then there was an early Spanish viceroy who wanted to decide whether the gas was in prime condition or not; so he put two of his slaves in the cave and they were brought out dead, which spoke well for the gas, at any rate.

Nowadays the question as to the virtue of the gas is more humanely settled. The guide takes a burning torch and plunges it into the cave. Instantly it goes out. But if the act is repeated several times, the gas, impregnated with smoke, “assumes the appearance of a silver sea, flowing in rippling waves against the black wall of the cavern.” A good story is told of the guides of that region. As a matter of fact, they are wholly unreliable with their high-sounding names of this broken wall or that defaced inscription.

It is said that they keep a little dog which they offer up as a sacrifice on the altar of the tourist's curiosity. “Shall I throw him in?” they will ask the visitor; and if he be of a humane disposition, he will quickly reply, “Certainly not! what d' you think I am?” And the guide will say—making a shrewd guess—“I teenk you are American. Englees he say, ‘Yaas, bah Jove, t'row leetle beggar een!’ ”

But once there came along an American, whom the guide took to be English, and when he asked,

NAPLES

“Shall I t’row leetle beggar een?” the American replied, “If you do, I’ll throw your d——d carcass in after him!”

The thing to do while at Naples is to go to the pink coral grotto; so to the pink coral grotto we went. It lies between the Bay of Pozzuoli and that special little bay where Pliny kept his navy. We went out in a boat with four rowers, the chief of whom gave us large bunches of taffy about our country—“beeyuteeful America,” “fine New York,” etc.—he had traveled, oh, yes! he had been to Jib-later (Gibraltar) and to America—“beeyuteeful country!” etc., until it came time to return, when the fellow demanded that we pay them a franc each then and there, instead of the equivalent of ten cents each on the return to the shore. Upon refusal, he worked himself up into a hysterical sort of paroxysm and shrieked, “No! not shore! in de boat! in de boat!” But my American nerve rose to the occasion and I flatly refused, notwithstanding that the situation began to get strained.

Sulkily he gave in, and uttered the command to return to land, and slowly we were propelled—so slowly, indeed, that I had serious misgivings that we were to spend the night upon the darkening sea; while the muttered abuse of our country—“Vile country—people villains—dirty New York—America all thieves!”—made me long to knock

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

the rascal overboard and have done with him. However, as we approached the shore they became more civil, and, as we alighted—glad to be back with a whole skin!—they bowed and scraped, cap in hand, begging for a settlement at once. But no, the game was now in my hand, and marching up to the hotel I demanded of the manager how it was that he sent his guests out with a parcel of rascals and extortionists, terrifying hapless foreigners and indulging in foul abuse of their country, etc., etc. He rolled his eyes to heaven and protested that he knew nothing of such methods; they were honest fellows, and hard-working, and, by the Madonna and all the saints! he had no knowledge of such iniquities; it was incredible—impossible! etc., etc.

“Here!” said I, “here is your money, according to the agreement I made with you. I will pay no extra extortion nor be terrified into doing so. And, furthermore, for the protection of my countrymen, I will publish far and wide, I will print in every newspaper of America the name of your hotel, and the rascally doings of your employees——”

I got no further, for the fellow, with a howl of anguish, fell upon his knees and with clasped hands implored me not to “put it in de paper—not to ruin heem!—hees famlee, dey starve! do not put in de paper!”



Seeing Pompeii

A Policeman of Naples

Eating Spaghetti

NAPLES

Suppressing the laughter which his ridiculous terror evoked, I consented to relent and peace was restored. When we entered our carriage the rowers were waiting, cap in hand, quite civil and ingratiating—but I ignored them completely, and we drove off followed by a storm of curses and maledictions hurled at the American whom they found they couldn't bluff.

XXII

GIBRALTAR

First View Disappointing—Adequate Armament—Everything Truly English—We Drive About and Make Some Purchases—Tommy Atkins Shows Us the Gates—Beautiful Flowers Blooming Everywhere—British Domination Apparent—Will England Ever Restore the Rock?—Her Rule in Egypt Greatly Beneficial—Possession Nine Points of the Law—Homeward Bound—We Embark for America—Passing Through the Azores—Real Paradises—We Sight Fayal—Temperature Becomes Cooler—I Put on Two Overcoats—Can Almost Smell Broadway—The Narrows—The Goddess Waves Her Torch at Us—We Sweep Up to the Dock—Smiling Faces and Outstretched Hands—Dear Old New York—Glorious America—Beloved Home!

A FEW hours on the famous rock were all we seemed to care for. Bright sunshine lit up the smooth waters of Gibraltar Bay as we sailed into it and cast anchor. The first view of the great fortress is disappointing; one small cannot at the signal-station conveys no impression of a great fortress. A garrison of 7,000 men, however, requires a heavy armament, as we soon found was here the case, upon landing, and

GIBRALTAR

to count the number of guns in position would have been a rather tiresome task.

Everything is truly English at the rock. The British atmosphere pervades everything, and a population of 20,000 civilians makes a lively town. We drove about in a small carriage something like a gharry, going among the shops, making some purchases of Moorish curios, and inspecting the masked batteries. Of course, Tommy Atkins is everywhere in evidence. One politely showed us the Moorish and Spanish Gates, the rich carvings of which were very beautiful. We also admired the profusion of gladioli and japonicas that were blooming everywhere.

My idea of the Strait was that of a body of water of considerable size. What was my amazement to find it looking almost narrow enough to jump across. Of course, this is hyperbole; but, really and truly, it is small wonder the Moors got across and swarmed all over Spain.

British domination is apparent everywhere; and its foes can not build much hope for expecting any radical change of program in any dominion where British "occupation" has been an established fact for years.

Greatly to my surprise and, I may add, amusement, we were told that to this day there is a smoldering expectation in Spain as to when England will restore to their government the famous

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

rock; and that for over a century there has been regularly appointed from Madrid a grandee to the governorship of the big promontory that holds for the British the control of the Mediterranean. The restoration of Gibraltar to Spain is as unlikely as the departure of the English from Egypt. This is doubtless as undeniable as that other statement to the effect that England's capacity for conducting colonies and rehabilitating run-down countries amounts almost to genius. And it can not be denied that her rule in Egypt has materially benefited that people. As to Gibraltar, of course, the old saying that possession is nine points of the law holds good as to that stronghold and England's firm grasp upon it.

But our few hours were drawing to a close; and, rather reluctantly, we prepared to embark upon the good ship that was to bear us away from our last look upon European shores—for pleasant indeed had been our sojourn in the land of the stranger.

As Gibraltar vanished in our wake, the throbbing of the engines made the sweetest kind of music in our ears, for were we not homeward bound?

The usual experiences of a sea-trip were ours; life aboard ship, after one had had a six months' turn at it by intervals, becomes like a lesson learned long ago.

GIBRALTAR

In the Azores we saw heavenly-looking places, real paradises, beautifully green and picturesquely mountainous, down which long waterfalls, veiled in silver mist, plunged noiselessly. We passed so near it almost seemed that we could put out our hand and touch the lovely shores; and we were also in sight of Fayal.

Gradually the temperature cooled and it became cold, not to say icy. Sitting on deck was no longer a pleasure. After the stifling heat of Singapore and Ceylon, the summer warmth of Cairo and Naples, even the breezy balminess of Gibraltar, we seemed to be entering the arctic zone. But, never mind, it was the Atlantic; it was New York-ward; it was Home.

Leaning over the rail in a piercing February atmosphere, even tho encased in two overcoats, I felt that nothing could dampen the ardor of that home-coming. My heart thumped joyously in unison with the engines. I could almost smell Broadway.

We passed the Narrows; we neared the Liberty Goddess, and I could have sworn she waved her torch at us; we steamed up the bay—ah! talk of Naples, of Manila, of Genoa, or any of the rest of them! There are bays and bays, but this—this was our very own! We loved it, we gloried in it! No landing in a sampan, or a dugout, or any other

SMILING 'ROUND THE WORLD

kind of a throw-out; but a royal sweep up to the side of the great pier lined with smiling faces and outstretched hands.

Dear old New York! glorious America! beloved Home!

THE END

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

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In this little volume are offered recollections of the sunny side of many people. I have plucked the blossoms from the gardens of humor and pathos, which lie side by side, and in weaving them into a garland, claim only as my own the string that binds them together.

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