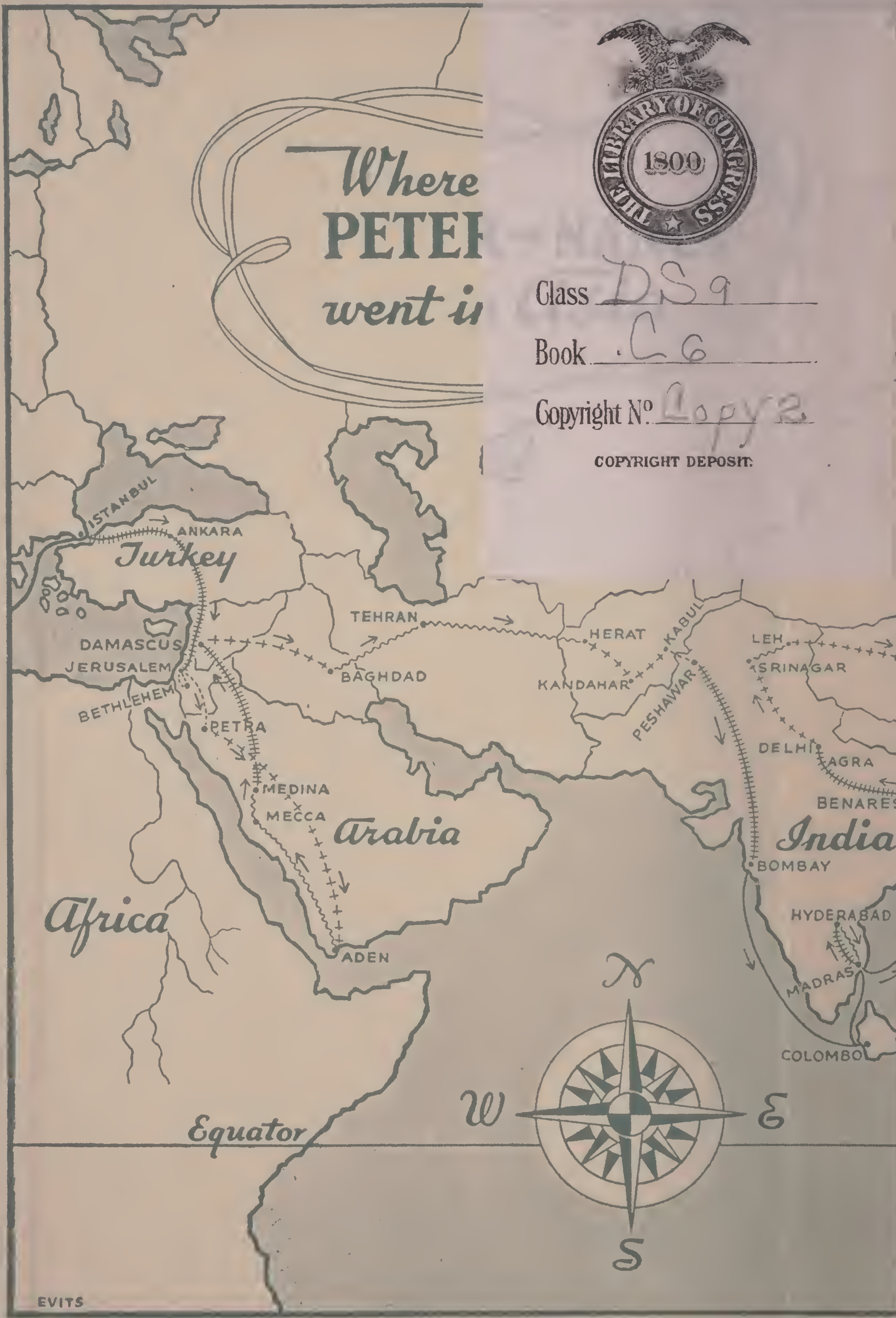
PETER AND NANCY IN ASIA

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT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How PETER and NANCY Traveled
Boat
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SINGAPORE

WHAT PETER AND NANCY SAW IN PALESTINE

PETER *and* NANCY *in* ASIA

BY

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

Author of *Peter and Nancy in Europe*
Peter and Nancy in South America
Peter and Nancy in Africa

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LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

TO ALL YOUNG GEOGRAPHERS!

PETER and Nancy hope that you have ceased to be mere students of geography. They hope you have become geographers like themselves. For a long time they have looked forward to a trip through the oldest continent on the globe. They want to see for themselves the land that gave them their religious belief. They want to meet the people of the Far East and to see them at home. From Istanbul at the western gate of Asia to Japan at the eastern gate is a long distance. From the Malay Peninsula at the southern gate to the white Siberian door at the north of Asia is another long distance. But Peter and Nancy are determined to see the interesting things that make this continent so different from their own.

If you accompany them on this journey, they hope you will thrill to desert and mountain and sea, to torrid summer jungle as well as snowy winter cold, and that you will like the yellow people and the brown just as they expect to do.

Peter says, "After you've visited Asia, you never forget the smell of it or the sound of it, I've heard. It's different; that's all."

Nancy says, "After you've visited Asia, you enjoy your sugar and spice and everything nice more than you ever did before."

Uncle Lee says, like a wise old Asiatic, "Geography is not merely topography. It's a mixture of peoples and customs, their work and their play, long ago and now. It's a very broad subject."

Peter and Nancy together declare, "Well, seeing Asia is going to be a very broad trip. Please come with us."

THE AUTHOR

PETER AND NANCY IN ASIA

AT THE WESTERN GATE OF ASIA

"THE biggest, the oldest, the most astounding continent in existence!" Uncle Lee MacLaren in his hotel suite in Istanbul, passed his hand over the map that lay on the table between him and his fellow travelers, his nephew and niece, Peter and Nancy MacLaren.

"Asia!" Peter's blue eyes in his sun-tanned face glowed with the love of adventure that had grown to be a part of his very being. He rumpled his mop of light curls as he said, "To-morrow morning we'll actually set foot in Asia."

"We're at the gate now, the western gate." Nancy's gray eyes were raised to her uncle's. She looked much more grown-up than she had the year before in Africa. "It's going to be a long, wonderful trip. To think that Asia is twice the size of North America! To think it extends so far south that the North Star can't be seen and so far north that a traveler is in the land of the Midnight Sun!"

"And so far east," Peter continued, "that it will take us a good year to get there. At least I hope it does." He sang, "'Oh, I'll climb the highest mountain,' and when I say the highest, I mean the highest. Of course I don't mean I'll really climb it, for no one has yet. In case you don't know, I'm speaking of Mt. Everest in the Himalayas."

"The highest and the lowest land in the world," Nancy put in. "Didn't you say, Uncle Lee, that the land around the Dead Sea in Palestine was lower than any other land in the world? If we go swimming in the Dead Sea, Peter, we'll bob around like corks. It's saltier than Salt Lake in Utah."

"In Asia we can indulge in superlatives to our heart's content. Parts of Siberia are colder in January than the North Pole, and I believe that the Sind Desert in India is the hottest place on earth in July. The wettest place is in the Himalayas with 500 inches of rainfall some years. You youngsters will see the most crowded places on the globe and the most forlornly deserted. . . You two go to bed, or I'll talk all night. Where's that Turkish boy? You can know by the people you've seen on the streets of Istanbul what you'll meet in Asia. There will be white, black, yellow, and brown, and they'll all have something worth while to give you. Good-night."

Less than a month before, the three MacLarens had said good-by to the Minnesota farm on which Peter and Nancy lived. The trip to New York by train, an adventure in itself, had been followed by a delightful transatlantic voyage, ending at Gibraltar. To sail the blue Mediterranean from one end to the other was vastly more thrilling—at least in prospect.

As a matter of fact, it had proved to be a rather stormy voyage, especially in the Aegean Sea. The MacLarens were glad to pass through the Dardanelles into the safety of the calm Bosporus. Now in a comfortable hotel in Istanbul they could look eastward in happy anticipation. They had come many miles, but they felt that they were only at the beginning of their journey, for they had come to see Asia. Uncle Lee was to write impressions of the countries they visited.

Next morning Peter and Nancy and Uncle Lee met in the hotel dining room to gaze off at the shores of Asia. A gentle rain was falling, and the shore line was indistinct. By noon the air was clear and brisk, and the happy trio decided to visit the Turkish quarter of the city.

"Where Europe and Asia meet!" Uncle Lee strode down through the narrow, winding, ancient street, Peter taking long steps beside him, Nancy running to keep up. Donkeys heavily-laden crowded past them. Merchants seated in their sidewalk booths bargained loudly with customers, while people in both eastern and western garb swarmed along on foot.

"When I went to school," Uncle Lee said, "they called this city Constantinople. It used to be quite a job to spell it. We learned a song about it. Istanbul is much shorter if not so simple."

The three came out on a wider, busier street. They were breathlessly eager for they had been planning a boat trip. The air was cold, whipping in from the Bosporus, but the domes and minarets of the city sparkled under the sun's rays.

"Galata Bridge," said Uncle Lee, "is Istanbul's Grand Central. You may catch a steamer seventy times a day. The mist is lifting. We're in sight of Asia right now."

"At the gateway!" Peter's blue eyes strained toward the opposite shore. "If the Bosporus froze over, I could walk to Asia in a few hours. Good old Bosporus!"

"Good old Istanbul!" Nancy kept looking back over her shoulder as Uncle Lee and Peter slowed their gait. "Just think, we're in the only country that is both in Europe and Asia, except Russia. Until after the World War Istanbul was the capital of Turkey, wasn't it, Uncle Lee? I believe you said that Angora in Asia Minor is the present capital. I'm sure it isn't nearly so glamorous."

"What's glamorous about this city?" Peter inquired. "I suppose you like those narrow, smelly little streets in the Turkish Quarter. Of course the oriental buildings with their domes and minarets are handsome, and the name for the harbor, the Golden Horn, sounds wonderful. I never saw such a bunch of ferry boats. They call them *caïques*. You have to take a ferry even to

Ewing Galloway

A NARROW, ANCIENT STREET IN ISTANBUL

Ewing Galloway

GALATA BRIDGE

reach a Turkish railway and when a railway train does come in, it has to be ferried across. Ferries in Istanbul are as important as gondolas in Venice."

Nearing the bridge the MacLarens found themselves jostled by Moslems, Hebrews, and Christians alike. Ahead the motley crowd scrambled for tickets. Some paused to buy ringtoss loaves sprinkled with sesame seed. Others purchased hazelnuts and raisins. A number bought bottles of *raki*.

"Like ginger ale?" Peter inquired, hoping Uncle Lee would make a purchase.

"Not exactly," Uncle Lee responded dryly.

He hurried Peter and Nancy aboard the *Mendicant Monk*, with its thousands or more passengers, and managed to find seats on one of the long benches. As they sat there in the winter sunshine, he began to talk whimsically as he so often had on their long pilgrimages.

"Times have changed in Turkey," he observed. "I think their clocks must have ticked along even faster than ours. When our own Commodore William Bainbridge first carried the American flag up the Bosporus to the Black Sea in 1801, he served fresh water from four continents to his Moslem guests."

Picking up a newspaper that a dark-skinned youth in European clothes had left on the bench, Uncle Lee continued.

"Here's your modern Turkish newspaper. The news formerly was done in beautiful Persian script understood only by the highly educated. Now it is put down in a modern Latin alphabet much like ours. So many words have been changed that everybody must learn the new printed language. There are changes in custom, too. The time will come when there will be no more double veils for women or fezzes for men, here in the Balkans. As a matter of fact, the law requires people to wear hats, even though touching the floor with the brim in prayer is not exactly easy."

"The Balkans!" Nancy caught at the strange word. “Are those the Balkan Mountains over there in the distance? Didn’t you tell me once, Uncle Lee, that the Balkans shut out the cold north winds and make the part of Turkey that’s in Europe warm?”

“It’s not too warm today.” Peter shivered. “But it has to be somewhat warm to grow tobacco and raise silk worms, and there must be rose gardens for the manufacture of attar of roses.”

“Right you are, Peter, and right you are, too, Nancy,” Uncle Lee put in. “This is to be our farewell to Europe here at Istanbul. If I were poetic I’d say, ‘Here West meets East,’ or vice versa.”

“Vice versa isn’t poetical,” Nancy replied. “I heard a really good way of saying it. ‘Turkey sits astride the straits.’ I can almost see a big Turk in silken pantaloons and richly embroidered jacket with his fez set squarely on his black head smiling at us all.”

“Explain yourself geographically,” Uncle Lee challenged.

“I will,” Nancy agreed. “The overland travel between Europe and southwestern Asia crosses the narrow waterway of the Bosporus, connecting the Black Sea with the Mediterranean. The Bosporus causes a break in the overland route, but it’s a pleasant break.”

The boat had glided smoothly away from the noisy pier, and soon it was fighting wind and current.

"That's the Palace of the Filled-in Garden," Uncle Lee said, pointing toward an elaborate building with long facades and countless lace-like carvings.

As the boat moved along, he pointed out other palaces on shore, some in duplicate because a Turk had to treat two wives or two daughters exactly alike. Peter was interested in the Palace of the Star where a deposed ruler once lived. Nancy was enchanted with a lovely jewel of a mosque clearly reflected in the water.

"The current's very strong here," Uncle Lee remarked. "It is said that the Bosporus is 'in flow a river and in depth a sea.' Be that as it may, our boatman is having a hard time. But it's picturesque as we go along, with these lovely little villages, old castles, ruins, and trees of many kinds."

"I once read," said Peter, "that men prayed for safety in the Black Sea, but gave thanks when once they were in the Bosporus. But it's pretty rough today."

Back in their modern hotel in Istanbul once more, the MacLarens viewed the sparkling city by night. They were never to forget that it was a stronghold of the Mohammedan religion, for the numerous mosques with tall slender towers testified that many adored Allah. A city of almost 700,000 souls, with countless boats at its front door, it was first and last a port. Snowdrifts might delay trains and trams and cabs, but

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THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMED

only Black Sea ice could interfere with the business of the city. The small boats with their passengers and their products of fine Turkish tobacco, good quality raw cotton, and beautifully woven rugs, represented the business of a progressive, modern country.

"We're on the west side of the Bosporus, aren't we?" Peter was busy with his pocket compass. "Across from us lies Asia Minor. Little Asia!"

And so it was.

"Tomorrow morning you'll see it at first hand," Uncle Lee promised. "Our train will be ferried across the Bosporus."

"We saw Turkey in Europe," Peter remarked, "but now we shall see Turkey in Asia, too."

Later, on the way to Palestine, the MacLarens looked out of the train window at the bleak, wind-swept Anatolian plateau. The children had been prepared by Uncle Lee for what they found —simple little farms, crudely managed.

It had taken eleven years of warfare to establish the republic, and the Turkish soldiers who survived the wars and went back to farms found themselves facing serious problems. There was no money for machinery and it was hard to procure farm animals and seed.

"But the Turks are a hardy race," Uncle Lee remarked. "These soldiers went back to their land with their women folks and threshed their grain in primitive fashion, rolling it out under a heavy log set with sharp stones. Even today many of these peasant women make flour by grinding the grain between heavy, flat stones. In spite of the new agricultural schools and the introduction of farm machinery, the peasants are doing most of their work by hand."

"Smyrna figs are the best known in the world markets," Nancy volunteered. "I read that in my geography."

"Rugs and mohair upholstery!" Peter indicated a flock of sheep high up near some old broken walls and a number of long-haired goats near the roadway.

"Right you are!" Uncle Lee agreed. "It is estimated that there are about 12,000,000 sheep in Turkey and nearly as many goats. The coarse wool of these sheep is used in carpet manufacture. The hair of the goats, as you have noted,

Ewing Galloway

A TURKISH BOY TENDING HIS SHEEP AND GOATS

Peter, is made into mohair. A good many of the goats are of the Angora variety."

"Angora!" Nancy caught the name, though her eyes were on a young Turk plowing with what looked like a stick. "That's the name of the new Turkish capital, isn't it? I can remember it because one just naturally associates the name Angora with goats."

"Or cats!" Peter added.

"Call the capital Ankara!" Uncle Lee begged. "That's what the Turks call it. It's the name for anchor, a strange mark to give the city's ancient coins, considering that the city was built inland. It shows how important sea trade was to them. Look at those peasants ahead, with their baggy trousers and embroidered jackets, and the pretty colorful headdresses of those women. The long embroidered gowns are probably heirlooms. You notice that these women in the country do not wear veils, although their religion is closely related to Mohammedanism. Necklaces of coins, such as that young woman wears, are common."

Two handsome peasant women and their escorts stepped out of the road. Peter and Nancy had but a glimpse of their strong, bronzed features and gleaming black eyes as the train went by.

"We'll take time to visit Ankara," Uncle Lee said as he reached for the baggage.

Between the railway station and the city lay a sports field. Uncle Lee said it had once been a malarial swamp. Now Peter and Nancy saw it filled with men and women as fashionably dressed as the men and women of Paris, or Vienna, or London. Silky, Arabian riding horses pranced in the cheery sunlight, and modern automobiles purred up to parking spaces. Not even a fez was in evidence.

Peter enjoyed watching the traffic policemen with their red helmets and arm bands. He found them a strange contrast to the native peasants. A stranger contrast still was the modern automobile and the crude peasant cart with its solid wooden wheels, drawn by sturdy, solemn water buffaloes. Many of the peasants resented the cars and gesticulated angrily.

Near the museum the MacLarens stared long at the statue of the first president of the Republic, Mustafa Kemal. He sat astride a splendid horse as he scanned the West.

The gray stone building of the Turkish National Assembly looked modern with its decorative inlays of pale and lovely rose, and its symbolic star above the entrance.

"It houses a single-chamber legislature," Uncle Lee declared. "Any young Turk over eighteen is eligible."

"Turkey *is* modern," Nancy declared. "Even the women vote, and I haven't seen a veil except in the country."

THE HOLY CITY

THE train was crowded all through Asia Minor. Winter rains splashed against the windows. It did not seem like Christmas weather, and yet the MacLarens were on their way to the Holy Land, expecting to arrive in time for Christmas.

Peter and Nancy half expected to be set down in Jerusalem by angels with beautiful white wings and to hear the soft strumming of golden harps. Instead they arrived on a very ordinary train from Ankara and heard in the station the honk of motor horns. That glamorous name they had heard ever since they could remember was printed in three languages on the station. One might take his choice: English, Arabic, or Hebrew.

"How would you like to enter Jerusalem?" Uncle Lee, busy with the bags, put the question mischievously. "Look these conveyances over. Those horse-drawn carriages out there are known as *gharries*. Or, if you wish, you may ride on one of those saddle donkeys or a camel. I would suggest an American automobile as being the most convenient. We'll ride down the Bethlehem road to the old city of Jerusalem."

"Did you ever see so many blue beads?" Nancy asked Peter. "There's a necklace of blue beads around that horse's neck. Blue beads around the donkey's neck too. Even the camel is decorated with them."

"And there are blue beads around the steering wheel," Peter exclaimed. "Why, I wonder?"

"To appease any evil spirits that may be about," Uncle Lee put in. "You'll see plenty of blue beads while in Palestine."

On their right as they drove along in the clear sunshine, the MacLarens viewed a hospital and above it the colorful flag of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem. Uncle Lee told the children how, over 800 years ago, noble knights and sometimes fair ladies came from all over Europe to take the Holy Land from the Saracens. He made the Crusades live again for Peter and Nancy. The holy wars which had been carried on by Christians to wrest the sacred land from the heathen seemed very real. It was under this flag, he explained, that the knights had fought.

"This spot has an interesting history," Uncle Lee said, "but the good deeds accomplished are not all in the past. Today the Order maintains a fine eye hospital. Treatment for eye disorders is very important in this country. . . There's your first glimpse of the walls. Look ahead. You can see that Jerusalem is a walled city, but I can tell you that it climbs the hills above the walls and spreads out of its gates along all the roads leading from the city."

Acme

EVERYTHING FROM CAMELS TO CARS

Ewing Galloway

THE GREAT JERUSALEM WALL

"I expected Jerusalem to look golden. Instead it looks gray," Nancy observed.

"Gray hills, gray walls, gray buildings! It does look gray," Peter agreed. "Even the olive trees and the junipers are gray-green."

On down the road rattled the car, with its driver keenly alert to point out matters of interest. Past the Sultan's Pool jolted the car, and then both Peter and Nancy exclaimed excitedly, for straight before them rose an imposing fortress of gray stone. The mighty blocks at the base dated from Roman times, Uncle Lee thought, but the five tall towers had been built in the fourteenth century.

Through a breach in the wall the car entered what Uncle Lee called the old city.

"A market place!" shouted Peter. "Oh, let's stop, Uncle Lee."

"All right," answered Uncle Lee, as they all clambered out of the car. Then to the chauffeur he added, "Take the bags to the hotel. We will register later."

Peter and Nancy were enchanted. Here was a picture such as they had viewed in grandmother's big family Bible. These women venders who had come in from their villages at sunrise wore gowns of dark blues and reds, and from their handsome, bronzed faces fluttered long embroidered white veils. Many a woman carried a baby upon her back, a contented plump little baby with dark skin and darker eyes.

Peter and Nancy looked solemn. The names of the Biblical towns sounded strangely in their ears when Uncle Lee mentioned them so glibly.

"Bananas from Jericho!" he cried. "Oranges over there from Jaffa, and grapes from Hebron! These apricots came from Bethlehem, and the watermelons were brought up from the coast near Cæsarea. The soil there is peculiarly suited to melons."

"Good thing we like cauliflower, Nancy," Peter said. "I never saw bigger and better ones even at our State Fair back home."

"Those cauliflowers," Uncle Lee declared, "are the finest grown in the world. They come from the Valley of Silwan. See that woman over there with the great basket of cauliflowers on her head? She's setting them down near the eggs. Makes me hungry. How'd you like a second breakfast in one of the stalls?"

Peter was fascinated as he watched the Arabs purchase small flat loaves of bread that looked more like stale waffles than anything else. An old Arab wrapped up a few olives and some cheese in a loaf, almost as though it were a piece of paper. Another used his loaf to dip up the curdled milk from a bowl he held in his hands. Peter and Nancy found the bread not unpalatable, and they enjoyed eggs that had been roasted in the embers of small fires. The bits of meat fried on skewers were delicious, and Uncle Lee, seated on a low stool, declared that his black coffee was delicious.

Leaving the stall Peter stopped to watch a public letter writer. This person is much in demand in a land where many people cannot read or write.

"The Jaffa Gate," Uncle Lee declared, "used to be closed at sunset. But I hardly think we'll pass through it. If we turn north now we'll be in the shopping district. Want your shoes shined at the gate before we go on?"

"Mine are good enough," Peter said as he kicked at the cobblestones.

"I'd like to have my shoes shined," Nancy spoke up. "Those little Arab boys over there

Ewing Galloway

A PUBLIC LETTER WRITER AT WORK ON THE STREET

look as though they would welcome customers."

A few minutes later Nancy was standing with one foot on a little box decorated with pierced brass and with paper roses. After her right shoe had been polished, a bell rang.

"That means you are to take one foot down and put the other up," Peter guessed.

Nancy took the hint laughing. She said, "When I get back home I'm going to tell everybody in school that in Jerusalem the bootblack sits and the customer stands, and that you change feet by bells."

Everybody, it seemed, walked in the middle of the street; Jewish porters with heavy loads, Moslems wearing the *tarboosh* or fez with Western clothing, Christian women in strange headdresses and intricately embroidered costumes. Then there were flocks of sheep, numberless goats, carts drawn by horses, and camels heavily laden.

There was every type of store from the old-world open stall to the modern Parisian shop. Uncle Lee said that the most famous shopping street was called the Occident and that it was outside the western wall.

Uncle Lee was much impressed with the new municipal water system, although he insisted that he would miss the picturesque sight of women waiting at the age-old wells with earthenware jars gracefully poised on shoulder or hip.

"We must drive to Damascus Gate," said Uncle Lee at lunch. "There you will find the famous grain market where wheat and barley are sold and where all bargains are made by word of mouth. Then from the top of the hill I want to show you the shepherds leading their sheep in from the pastures. This afternoon we shall enter the Walled City. You'll see the Jaffa Gate. We'll go down David Street on foot."

Peter and Nancy would not have called this thoroughfare a street. It was just one long, shallow flight of cobblestone steps after another. The steps were worn and rather slippery, and to Peter and Nancy it was like being in a street in a book except that the stones were so uneven that they had to watch their steps carefully. A Moslem woman in black, with flowered muslin over

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AN AGE-OLD WELL IN THE HOLY LAND

her face, a Hebrew woman with a kerchief tied over her head, her arms clinking with jewelry, and a native man in a tall cap with coat of velvet and long side curls, all passed close at hand within a few minutes, while small children clattered down from step to step.

Later, Peter and Nancy were to find that nearly all the shopping streets, except David and Christian Streets, were arched over. Many of the old residential streets were very narrow and the houses so old that they sagged together at the top. Some shops carried all manner of produce.

Others dealt in one particular product. There was, for example, the merchant who made it his special business to press tarbooshes, there was the merchant who worked in silver and brass, and the merchant who sold rich silken robes. At a sweet shop, Peter and Nancy bought *baklawis*, diamond-shaped pastries filled with nut meats and fig paste. Leaving the sweet shop, the children peeked into an alley where a camel was grinding sesame for the oil. But it was in the camel-fitting arcade that Peter and Nancy actually smelled the fragrance of the East. Here were spices piled high for shipment. And here, in an old coffee shop in the form of a Maltese Cross, Uncle Lee again enjoyed some coffee.

It was in the Temple area, however, that Peter and Nancy felt as though they had stepped back to the time of Christ. Here, where The Dome of the Rock now stood, many a temple had been built and demolished. Here was the site, it is believed by many, where Abraham was told to bring his son to Moriah and offer him as a burnt offering. This, also, was the rock on which David hoped to build his temple. The great courtyard surrounding the temple was as impressive as the temple itself.

On Friday afternoon Peter and Nancy, strolling with Uncle Lee, passed near the foot of the old temple where the Jews gathered to conduct their ceremonies at this famous Wailing Place. It was on Friday, also, that they beheld a Chris-

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

tian pilgrimage led by Franciscan Friars. The pilgrimage started near the Praetorium where Pontius Pilate once ruled and where Jesus was condemned. The children followed the procession along the Via Dolorosa and up to the doors of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Later they climbed to the Mount of Olives. Uncle Lee pointed out the directions of the roads since, as he said, all roads in Palestine led to Jerusalem.

"The South road," he indicated, "from Beersheba, Hebron, and Bethlehem joins the city at the Jaffa Gate. The road from Nablus, Nazareth, and Damascus ends at the Damascus Gate. There's the road from the sea over near the northwest corner; and over in the northeast corner, past the Garden of Gethsemane, a winding trail climbs the Judean Hills from Jericho and the Red Sea."

At sunset the children walked down to the town, past old olive groves and rocky shelters holding fig trees. All over the city church towers, spires, and domes rose high above other buildings. Church bells pealed out, some silvery sweet and remote, others closer and more harshly insistent. Black cypress trees stood sentinel on a sky line as they had in the days of Christ.

"A city of churches," observed Peter.

"A city of faith," Nancy said softly.

"The Holy City," Uncle Lee declared. "Holy to Christian, to Moslem, and to Jew alike. Tomorrow we start out on the south road to Bethlehem. We shall be there for Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve in Bethlehem!" said Nancy softly.

AN AGE-OLD TOWN

OVER the trail where camel caravans and laden donkeys and foot-weary travelers once trod, the MacLarens drove at what seemed a snail's pace for a high-powered car. They glanced back once at the walled city of Jerusalem. Then the car began to cross the Valley of Rephaim and to climb gradually into the hills. It was at the top of the long, gently curving hill that Peter and Nancy caught their first glimpse of Bethlehem of Judea—not of the town itself, but of the fields about it.

Bethlehem, only about a quarter of an hour's ride from Jerusalem by car, was a little town of age-old stone houses and churches standing on top of a hill looking down into valleys. It was located, Uncle Lee explained, just far enough to the north to miss the traffic on the busy roads.

"Only about 6,000 people in Bethlehem today, mostly Christians!" Uncle Lee, sitting with the driver in front, turned around to address Peter and Nancy in the back seat. "It hasn't changed much since Jesus was born there. You'll see the narrow lanes and streets, paved with cobblestones. You'll enjoy the vineyards, the olive yards, and the terraced gardens. Most of all you'll be thrilled by the Biblical costumes and customs of the town."

The driver stopped at the foot of a hill, and asked if Mr. MacLaren would like to see the Well of the Magi.

Peter and Nancy fairly tumbled out of the car. Here by the roadside they viewed a huge old cistern with two openings. The well was still being used by the shepherds of Bethlehem to water their flocks of sheep and their strings of camels. The stone trough between the cistern tops was almost hidden from view by a herd of sheep. On the stone coping sat a shepherd with a staff. In his white turban and flowing garments, he might well have stepped out of the past. As soon as he had departed with his sheep at his heels, Peter and Nancy leaned over the well's mouth. In it was reflected blue sky in which lovely white clouds floated.

"Is this really the well in which the Magi saw the star that led them to the Christ Child?" Peter inquired.

"I like to think so," Uncle Lee answered. "We can well imagine that it was here they stopped, those three weary, wise men. They were not even certain that they were near a village, for the little town of Bethlehem was hidden from them, as you see, by the hill there. But leaning over, just as you and Nancy are doing now, they saw, reflected in the clear dark water, the Star they had seen in the East. After watering their camels, they prepared to go on. Troubled because they had been ordered by Herod to let

Ewing Galloway

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

him know when they discovered the King of Kings and at the same time moved to the depths of their beings by the message of the star, they rode on into Bethlehem. And there they found Him. We three shall stand near the spot where it is believed Jesus was born. Upon this place is the Church of the Nativity, one of the oldest churches in the Christian world."

"Uncle Lee, let's not tarry," Nancy begged, using unconsciously the Biblical word.

From the top of the hill the little town became visible. The sides of the hill were cut into many terraces, and olive and fig trees found a footing in the rocky soil, while pomegranates and grapes grew plentifully.

As they rode toward the town Uncle Lee called attention to a native farmer riding homeward with his little girl. A crude wooden plow was being dragged along by the donkey on which the child rode. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy of the manner in which he had seen grain harvested here.

"It is done just as in the days of Boaz and Ruth," he said. "The wheat is gathered in small bundles by hand and then tied with straw. The poor, as in Bible days, are then permitted to glean what the workers leave. After that, sheep and cattle are driven into the stubble. Later the grain is trodden by the iron-shod hoofs of oxen to separate the wheat and barley from the chaff."

The town, with its old stone houses on narrow streets, was gay with color. Always afterward Peter and Nancy were to cherish the memory of vivid scarlet and purple whenever they thought of Christmas.

In the home of a student, to whose parents Uncle Lee had a letter of introduction, they were meted out simple hospitality by the gentle old lady and an equally gentle old man. Daily these friends took their visitors on pilgrimages about the city.

The garments of the people everywhere were

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THE CRUDE PLOW OF THE BEDOUIN FARMER

quite as gorgeous as the flowers. Many times Peter and Nancy, on their walks, saw men wearing large turbans of orange or scarlet woven with gold and silver threads. Sometimes they beheld flowing garments of striped silk and cashmere. Outer coats were often made of seamless camel-hair cloth. Young men invariably wore the high red fez, or tarboosh, with its black tassel. Once at a well Nancy saw two girls wearing embroidered dresses and high, pointed white caps.

Peter and Nancy decided to do their Christmas shopping in Bethlehem. Although many merchant princes lived there who had made fortunes in South America and other lands, most of the people did handicraft work in their own homes. Fine, independent, self-respecting people they were, sitting cross-legged in bare rooms or in the open courts, while they worked on pieces of shell shipped from the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Australia, or even from New York. The painstaking filing and boring would result in a lovely pendant, a rosary, or a crucifix. All one morning Peter watched a man under a fig tree boring holes in palm seed or "vegetable ivory." Brightly-colored seeds, called Mecca fruit, were always, he learned, used to make the beads with which the Moslems said their prayers.

Peter and Nancy soon learned that all the main streets in Bethlehem led to the market square in front of the Church of the Nativity. It was the one church that in all their travels was to mean most to them. Here Jesus was born in the land of lilies. The lilies, they discovered, were not white lilies, but were truly lilies of the field, brilliant scarlet and rich purple in color.

On the day before Christmas Uncle Lee, with Peter and Nancy, visited the Church of the Nativity. The entrance was so small that even Peter and Nancy had to bend to enter. The original entrance had been imposing, but it had since been made so small that only one person could enter at a time.

If the children had expected magnificence, they

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THE CHRISTMAS PROCESSION AT BETHLEHEM

would have been disappointed. Expecting simplicity, they were delighted. Within the church were two double rows of pinkish limestone pillars. Uncle Lee said they were supposed to have been transported from the Temple of Jerusalem. Peter and Nancy glanced up at the old wooden roof which had been a gift of Edward the Fourth and Philip of Burgundy. The wall of white plaster had been ornamented with gold and colored mosaics, one fragment showing a row of half figures supposed to represent the ancestors of Joseph. The high altar was separated from the choir by a lovely carved screen.

Below the transept they entered a little room, its walls partly a natural cave and partly masonry. Here in the flagstones of the floor was a silver star, marking the spot where it is believed Jesus was born. Across the room, where the manger was supposed to have stood, there had been erected a simple altar.

Uncle Lee spoke of the midnight services at the Church of the Nativity. Thousands always come not only from Palestine, but from all parts of the world to be in Bethlehem at this time of the year.

Christmas Eve the MacLarens walked out to the Well of the Magi. At sunset the range of Moab in the distance seemed to be lighted from within by a rose-pink light. Later it turned to violet, and by the time darkness settled upon it, the stars above had grown golden in the dark blue sky. And when the children looked down the well, one star shone there, just as a star had shone years ago. Peter and Nancy raised their eyes from the star in the well to the golden star in the night sky. Together the three MacLarens hummed softly and contentedly the song they would have sung had they been at home in the United States:

O, Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.

THE NEW AND THE OLD

UNCLE LEE drove back to Jerusalem for a day to interview a business man at one of the most luxurious hotels Peter and Nancy had ever seen, the King David Hotel. The conveniences of the West were combined with the color and glamor of the East. The Arabian gentleman Uncle Lee had come to see spoke of the changes that were even then occuring in Palestine, and Peter and Nancy lingered over their dessert to learn something of the commerce of the East.

The men were talking of modern tractors that were taking the place of the nail plow of Biblical times. The mineral oil of Iraq, they said, was being piped miles across desert and mountain to the sea. The Plain of Dothan, the scene of the Ishmaelite caravan taking Joseph into captivity in Egypt, now boasted good automobile roads. Little houses, lighted in the days of Christ by olive-oil lamps, were lighted now by power generated by the River Jordan. Even the soap-boilers of Nablus had became modern merchants. And a new port had been built at Haifa at the foot of Mount Carmel, to carry olives and oranges and glassware from Palestine to the far corners of the earth.

Nancy felt a little dismay as she heard talk of co-operative creameries and of rotation of

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THE KING DAVID HOTEL

crops. She liked to think of the women of Palestine churning their butter by hand and of the unfenced little farms where the reapers tied their golden barley by hand. To hear of new Arab societies organized to study seed, to import Angora goats and Merino sheep into ageless Palestine, and to know that citrus fruits and bananas were being planted for export, seemed sacrilegious.

"Of course we'll see plenty of airplanes and flying boats, and telephones are certainly handy," Peter teased. Then he added solemnly, "But somehow it does seem strange to be talking by telephone from Dan to Beersheba, or worse still from Jericho to New York."

Everybody laughed and Uncle Lee said, "I saw a speed boat on the Sea of Galilee the last time I visited here. Peter and Nancy will visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea in a day or two and will see similar speed boats."

Next morning the MacLarens were on their way in a little rented car. They had often heard the expression, "going up to Jerusalem." Now they realized that in leaving Jerusalem they were going down. From 2,000 feet above the sea, the drop was far below the Mediterranean sea level, 1,300 feet in fact. The fields and groves of Palestine had been left behind, and they found themselves in a valley, shut in by red sandstone cliffs. All about was a desert land fitly called the wilderness of Judea. In the bottom of that desolate valley lay the famous Dead Sea. Uncle Lee said that the maximum depth of the Dead Sea was 1,300 feet, the same distance as its surface level below the sea.

Since the lake had shrunk a great deal in the years that had passed, it had left the shoreline in odd, broken shapes. Uncle Lee said that no life could exist in the salty mineral water of the Sea.

Peter and Nancy stared out at the gently rippling water before them.

"I'd speak of 'Dead Sea fruit,' Uncle Lee," Peter said mischievously, "if I hadn't heard

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ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA

your friend say that the Dead Sea was of great commercial value."

"Yes," Nancy agreed. "He said that 40,000 tons of potash are supposed to be brought down annually by the Jordan from the hot springs of Galilee, not to mention the bromine, which can hardly be estimated. There's already a distillery plant at the northern end of this salt sea. All the workers have to do is to pump the salt water into evaporating cans, and, lo and behold! the Dead Sea gives up 100,000 tons of potash every year. Also, there will be enough bromine to supply the chemical laboratories, the dye plants, and the anti-knock gasoline companies of the world!"

"Nancy is a little business woman, isn't she?" Peter inquired and smiled at Uncle Lee.

"At least it proves I was listening," Nancy defended herself.

"I think you both need a swim. There's a fresh-water spring near that commercial plant Nancy mentioned, and there's also a bathing beach. Shall we go, Peter?" asked Uncle Lee.

Peter enjoyed the water that would not let the bathers sink, as much as did Nancy. They dared not laugh or splash because the taste of the water was so bitter. Afterward it was necessary to bathe, for a crust had formed on their skins and on their hair. Peter said his face felt so stiff that he didn't smile for fear of cracking it.

"And now," Uncle Lee announced, "we're going still farther south. It's a little out of our way, but it will be worth all the trouble. We are going to see Petra, a dead city, halfway between the Dead Sea here and the Gulf of Aqaba. It is a red-rock city with nearly a thousand temples cut into the rosy cliffs; and not one people but many must have lived there, through the ages, Arabians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans."

Petra, they learned, at one time was the richest caravan city of the world. It was the city to which valuable goods were brought for storage and shipment. Even after Rome fell and Petra was abandoned, it was still considered a sacred city, closed to the outside world for 1,000 years. Once it had required a month to reach Petra from Jerusalem, for the country round about had been infested with warlike Bedouins. Now airplanes often brought passengers to within a few miles of the deserted city.

After making arrangements with various officials in Ma‘an, Uncle Lee secured horses for the trip.

The way led up through a narrow gorge called the *Siq*. The approach was hedged in by great towering walls of rose pink and ochre stone, with here and there a hardy shrub of oleander in the crevices. In places it was only about twenty feet wide. Once the passage was paved with blocks of stone, but there was little left of them. From the top of the cliffs, Uncle Lee explained, the MacLarens would look like ants.

The trip was enchanting, with the magic walls of rock constantly opening up before the travelers. Even though Peter and Nancy had anticipated a sudden, fairylike vision, they gasped in wonder as their eyes caught the first glimpse of an exquisite temple in the opening. It was a fairy temple, a dream temple, a vision! Would it be there when they looked again? In the morning light it was a delicate pink. Under the moon it would turn to white marble and in the noonday sun it would loom rose-red. Uncle Lee said it was called *el-Hazne*, or the treasury of Pharaoh. To say that its facade revealed delicate Corinthian pillars, intricate frescoes, and that there were nine figures in the front and that a rare urn stood at the top was not to describe it at all. It was carved in sheer beauty out of the cliff where it stood, and it still seemed so unreal that Peter and Nancy wondered how ordinary human beings would dare to enter. Yet within the hour they had discovered that it had one large central room and two small side chambers, not connected by interior doors.

This temple to an unknown god was the finest monument in Petra. Although Peter and Nancy visited the cavelike dwellings, looked with awe upon the entrances to magnificent tombs, and sat upon the red steps of what must have been a giant amphitheater, they took with them for safekeeping in their book of choice memories their first vision of el-Hazne in the city of rose-colored rock.

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EL-HAZNE, BEAUTIFULLY CARVED OUT OF THE CLIFF

A TOWN BUILT UPON A ROCK

BACK in Ma'an again the MacLarens met a secretary of the American consul who was stationed at Aden in southern Arabia. Uncle Lee was easily persuaded to accept transportation for himself and his charges by airplane. The night trip seemed brief, for Peter and Nancy dozed through most of it. Whenever they awakened, they looked up at the brilliant stars in the velvety black sky. In the morning Uncle Lee roused them to look out at the extinct Aden volcano.

"We're here at last," he explained. "Aden is 1,800 feet above sea level and it is pretty much desert; for all that, it handles the business of all southern Arabia as well as that of Somaliland and Ethiopia. Aden is well worth knowing. Take a good look from up here, youngsters."

"If we hadn't just come from Petra," Nancy said, "I'd say it was the queerest town we'd ever seen. Instead of a temple built upon a rock, we see a town built upon a rock."

"Uncle Lee, can that be the town inside the crater?" Peter asked, incredulous that such a thing could be. "Or is that the town out there on the rocks near the sea? There must be two towns."

"Yes, there are. The old town actually lies within the crater," Uncle Lee explained. "You can see that the rim of the crater is broken down and that fact gives the Arabs a view out to the sea. The new town, as you can plainly see, is down on Steamer Point. The British landed there around 1830 and drove the Arabs back. Perhaps I shouldn't say *landed.* The cutter in which they rode hung onto the stone ledge with grappling irons until the officers could land. But the Arabs can thank Britain for the rebuilding and widening of the streets that you see now."

"I don't see a tree," Nancy complained, "or any grass. Maybe there's a bit of grass over there but . . ."

"Nor will you see any grass or trees," Uncle Lee interrupted. "The most valuable commodity in Aden is water. About 600 A. D. a chain of reservoirs was built behind the old town. They are called the Aden tanks. The tanks are still there. Aden may have only one or two showers every other year. Those tanks conserve the water. The tank water is sold by auction and you'll see Arabs selling it on the streets."

"I shouldn't think there would be enough water." Nancy was somewhat at a loss.

"There isn't, although there is one well in the town. Most of the white population now uses water obtained from sea water."

"Sea water to drink?" Nancy inquired.

Peter spoke up. "Sea water can be boiled and the steam condensed. That takes out the salt."

"By the way," Uncle Lee added. "Aden has made quite a business out of salt. Those windmills over there are used to pump sea water into canals where salt is deposited."

The plane came down on a sandy stretch in the midst of a tract of twenty square miles of brown rock precipice, and the MacLarens became the guests of the secretary, who owned a small bungalow.

There were no flowers about the bungalow, and there was no grass. The secretary told Nancy that Aden boasted only one flower, the Aden lily, which he said grew in rock crevices where the roots could reach deep down for moisture. During the hot noonday all the Europeans dozed, he said. Only the camel drivers and wood venders knew no hours.

The next morning an hour before dawn a long, strange chant arose somewhere in the town. It echoed and re-echoed through the rocky hills.

In a few seconds Peter and Nancy were out in the bungalow living room. Whatever was the matter, they wanted to know! Uncle Lee found them, and sent them scurrying back to their beds. It was only the voice of the muezzin, he explained, and what he was chanting was the familiar Arab creed: God the Great; there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.

After this incident not even the guns from the fort could arouse the children. Like the seasoned travelers they were, they accepted the customs of the town.

Neither Peter nor Nancy expected to enjoy Aden, but they did. The hot, rocky little town looked out upon the bluest sea they had ever seen, even bluer than the Mediterranean. Beyond the broken-down twin cone of Aden's volcano where Little Aden, a fishing village, had been built, the visitors watched the sails of Arab *dhows*, or the masts of tall merchant ships, against the gorgeous sunsets. Afterglows were common, live rose coloring behind the black crags!

Though it was winter, the temperature hovered between seventy and ninety degrees, and whenever the wind came up, it swept dust through the streets and into the houses. The consul's wife told Peter and Nancy of the Arab saying: Aden is a place where you throw your garbage out the door, only to have it flung back through your window.

There was only one park in the town, and that was a crescent-shaped plot that ran along the sea. On its edge were found the banks, the hotels, and the consulates. The modern business district was most interesting because of its crowds. It was called the Crescent, and it boasted modern shops, busses, and traffic signs. There was a statue of Queen Victoria among some scrubby plants and palms. Uncle Lee said that Aden was the first territory acquired by Great Britain in Queen Victoria's reign. Her statue shows her looking down in motherly fashion upon the passing crowds, the grimy Arab coolies,

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THE CRESCENT, THE MODERN BUSINESS DISTRICT OF ADEN

the tall Somalis in white robes, and the strolling British officers in khaki. Ringleted Arabian Jews, such as Peter and Nancy had seen in Palestine, carried bags of ostrich feathers across their backs to sell to tourists from the boats. Once Peter called Nancy's attention to a string of camels on which the riders, all but the leader, lay fast asleep. The children marveled that they did not fall off.

Beyond the town lay a wilderness of desert, but around the wells close to the town, patient souls raised a little green stuff, such as *durra*, or Indian millet, and lentils or beans.

"What is beyond this?" Peter inquired.

"Brown foothills," Nancy answered. "And beyond them?"

"Lies Arabia," Uncle Lee said whimsically. "Perhaps not so glamorous or so dangerous as we might believe. But to us westerners it will always spell romance."

TWO FAMOUS CITIES

UNCLE LEE called Peter and Nancy to look at the map spread out on the table in the living room of the bungalow.

"Let's get our bearings," he said, as if he did not know he was in Aden in southwestern Arabia. "You youngsters must realize by this time that you are in a part of Arabia known as Fortunate Arabia. Only Oman in the East has as much rainfall. You have been not only in the most fortunate part of the country, but with the most fortunate people.

"For one thing Aden is the most important camel market of the world. It's an important coffee market, too. Mocha coffee is grown in Yeman on the coast of the Red Sea, and most of this fine coffee is used right here in Arabia. As you probably know, the Arabs are great coffee drinkers. You've seen plenty of dates from Muscat, as well as quality figs and good goat's cheese. The Arabs you have met thus far have been city Arabs. Those you'll meet in the next few days will be nomads or Bedouins. We're going on a pilgrimage, and I've engaged a young sheik to escort us part way. Eventually we'll reach Mecca where all good pilgrims go."

The cavalcade which drew up at nightfall before the bungalow seemed to Peter and Nancy very imposing. There was, first of all, the young sheik himself on a fine black horse whose quivering nostrils reminded Nancy of black poppy petals. The sheik was in rich silk and there were gold threads woven in his white turban. In his train there was a string of white dromedaries and he boasted proudly that any dromedary in the lot would outlast a horse. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that it was nothing unusual for one of these white Arabian dromedaries to do seventy-five miles in a day.

Peter and Nancy had ridden camels before. They knew how to sit, like a woman on a side-saddle, with the inside of one knee gripping the frame of crossed sticks which corresponds to a pommel. There were no stirrups, though Peter wished for them. As the camels followed the black horse there was no need of pulling the nose string or pushing one's toes into the groove of the camel's neck to make him go faster.

The twenty-one mile trip over the desert from Aden to Lahej was made without incident.

After the miles of desert, the fan-shaped delta looked particularly enchanting. There were different types of buildings in this oasis, all built of stone or clay. The roofs were flat for the most part, but here and there domes arose. Everywhere palms lifted their inviting fronds. Besides the palm gardens, dates and various kinds of grain grew abundantly.

Peter and Nancy were led by the polite young

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A BEDOUIN SHEIK

sheik into one of the palaces. It was not at all what Nancy expected. True, there were priceless Oriental rugs, but they were laid on dried mud floors. The divans were likewise covered with rugs and on a low table were books, among them the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, and the famous Arabian Nights Entertainments. Big Turkish pipes lay everywhere. Cushions were plentiful, and a brass coffee pot steamed in the fireplace at one end of the room. The aroma was delicious. Against the walls were stacks of silver-mounted guns and jeweled daggers.

The horses in the court were beautifully groomed, and most of them seemed to be pets of the little children who played with them. Several women wearing white veils smiled at Nancy with their large dark eyes.

"The last real comfort we'll have for some time," Uncle Lee remarked, as his party sat about the fireplace with the sheik and his father. "We'll have to get along without luxuries."

The meal they were enjoying consisted of thin wheat cakes and meat stew. Uncle Lee said it was made of camel's meat. Fingers were used to take the meat out of the stew, using a folded cake to help manage it. There was rice as a side dish. Afterward dates and candied fruits were passed, and the men drank coffee from small cups. As a last courtesy a boy brought in an incense burner, and in the fragrance each guest

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A ROADSIDE SCENE IN ARABIA

perfumed his face, his hands, and his clothes. Peter was embarrassed by the procedure, but Nancy enjoyed it. As women did not dine with the men in Arabia, Nancy had been granted a rare privilege.

Uncle Lee had a small caravan made up at Lahej to take his little party on to Mecca. A Bedouin and his wife, who had come to trade some goatskins, were on their way to join their own tribe and they gladly consented to act as escort.

This part of the journey was not so pleasant. The desert was unbearably hot in the sunlight. For that reason Uncle Lee planned to travel as the natives did, by night.

Late one evening at a water hole the MacLarens met an encampment of Bedouins. Gratefully everyone drank of the warm, rather bitter water. The Bedouins had set up their black tents of goats' hides and had built a tiny fire over which they were stewing some rice. They were drinking strong black coffee. Their camels and cattle had been watered and were now nibbling at the sparse coarse grass.

Uncle Lee said that most of the population of Arabia were such nomads as these. Moving from place to place for food and water, these people made their living by trading wool, skins, and goat cheese for flour, dates, and coffee. Of the 8,000,000 Arabs in Arabia, a good proportion lived this frugal, nomadic existence.

The MacLarens finally arrived at Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. Since one out of every seven persons in the world is a Mohammedan, and since each Mohammedan feels it his duty to visit Mecca at least once in his lifetime, Uncle Lee was not surprised to find the city crowded. It was not an attractive city into which the small MacLaren caravan made a weary entrance. It was like an overgrown village with mud-brick houses, market place, and barren hills. In their travels Peter and Nancy had often seen Mohammedans praying with their faces toward Mecca. It seemed like a dream that they should be in Mecca. Tired as they were, they laughed at the genuine exultation they felt when they reached their strange destination.

Acme

THEY MET AN ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUINS

The streets of this sacred Mohammedan city were narrow, and dust rose in clouds. The high treeless hills and the cheerless flat-roofed houses were unimportant so far as the travelers were concerned. All life in Mecca gravitated toward the huge mosque in the center of the city. About that mosque rose the walls of the court, capable of enclosing 35,000 people. Inside the mosque, Uncle Lee explained, was the Kaaba, a small building containing the famous black stone said to have been given by Gabriel to Abraham. It was believed that as one kisses this stone, his sins pass away. An old pilgrim who spoke English told Peter that the stone originally was white, and that it had turned black with the sins of the people who kissed it.

The MacLarens found it difficult to make their way through the crowded bazaar. There were conveyances and animals of all sorts. Many of the people in the crowds wore the regulation pilgrim dress, consisting of two pieces of white cloth, one piece for a skirt and the other to cover the shoulders. These devout ones were barefoot and bareheaded.

The eyes of the pilgrims shone, though all they saw was a straggling city in a narrow valley made by barren brown hills, and in its center the huge mosque. The MacLarens followed these happy pilgrims, and they even managed to look down on the black meteorite, but they did not kiss it.

Uncle Lee hastened with his two charges on to Medina, the city in which Mohammed was buried. Here they visited the tomb which they found inside a great mosque covering three acres. The towns of Jidda and Medina reminded Peter and Nancy very much of Mecca. Most of the houses were flat-roofed, two-storied structures, and the central market place had the same sort of little stalls and desert products.

It was at Medina that Uncle Lee paid off his caravan and dismissed his keepers.

"About the only railroad in Arabia," Uncle Lee said, "is the Hejaz railroad. It runs from Medina to Damascus. I think you youngsters

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THE CAMELS OFTEN CARRIED HEAVY LOADS

have had enough of camels for a while. I have to go up to Damascus on business. Damascus, you'll find, will be quite a treat after the deserts of Arabia."

They soon left the hot desert sands behind. Palms and other forms of plant life were seen more frequently, and little villages sprang up along the way. Once they saw a group of desert people loading a camel with merchandise to be taken to another city. Peter and Nancy were coming into familiar country. They would have liked to stop off in Palestine again, but Uncle Lee

A CAMEL CARAVAN IN ARABIA

insisted they remain on the train as far as Damascus.

"There's not a single stream worthy of a name from the south coast of Arabia to Damascus," Uncle Lee remarked.

"Yet," Peter put in, "one of the pilgrims who walked to Mecca said that Damascus was a desert city with rivers from the mountains flowing by it and shade trees all about it. Funny for a desert city to be like that."

"The Arabs called it one of the Gardens of Eden," Nancy declared. "I suppose it seems like an earthly paradise when they return to it from the heat and sand of Arabia. Oh, for a drink of cold, clear water!"

"You'll have it," Uncle Lee promised. "This will probably be our only stop in Syria. As you know, there are two great cities, Beyrouth on the sea side of the mountains, and Damascus on the desert side."

The MacLarens found that although Damascus did lie on the very edge of the desert, it was surrounded by trees and that sparkling clear water was plentiful. The beauty of the town stopped there. The streets were narrow and winding. The mud houses were high with small holes in place of windows.

Unlike the gay crowds of Aden, the people of Damascus seemed ragged and shabby. Of course some were dressed in long, colorful silk gowns, and not infrequently Peter and Nancy exclaimed over the very large white turbans and the rich blue gowns. The older men traveled always on white donkeys, while the younger men rode horses. Automobiles were quite common. Street cars, run by electricity furnished by the ancient Barada River, ran swiftly through the streets.

Wood was scarce in this desert city, and the children saw camels loaded with the roots of desert briars. They were amazed to learn that such loads of wood sold for about ten cents.

"Damascus has to be seen from a distance to be appreciated," Uncle Lee declared as he drew Peter and Nancy aside to let a heavily-laden donkey pass. "The limestone hills on the west, the great desert on the east, and the miles of orchards near the city make a pretty picture."

"Orchards!" Nancy exclaimed. "Let's drive

Empire

TEN CENTS' WORTH OF WOOD

out and see them. Please rent horses for us, Uncle Lee."

The orchards were indeed lovely, with pretty apricot trees, gnarled old fig trees, and sturdy grapevines. The MacLarens were not surprised that Damascus should be called the Queen City of the Desert.

"All because of its geographical location," Peter remarked as he drew his horse up to gaze off at the mountains. "If it were not for those mountains of Lebanon sending down their streams of water, Damascus would be no more fertile than Medina or Mecca. It's a lucky city."

TWO RIVERS AND A CARAVANSARY

BOARDING a plane, the MacLarens left Damascus, on the edge of the Syrian desert. They traveled toward the Euphrates River and crossed over it. The land between this river and the Tigris appeared to be a mass of gaily-colored flowers. Peter and Nancy knew that these two rivers finally united to flow into the Persian Gulf.

"We must be right over Mesopotamia now!" Peter guessed.

"We are," Uncle Lee cried. "Mesopotamia means 'the land between the rivers.' It is now called Iraq. Nineveh and Babylon once flourished here; today they are heaps of ruins. The Garden of Eden was located here, according to tradition. Iraq has a short rainy season. You are seeing it at its best. By summer the land will be a desert."

"Didn't someone say changes were coming in Iraq?" Nancy asked.

"Yes. Discovery of Petroleum near Mosul has made this country important," Uncle Lee answered. "If we had time we would visit Mosul—the word *muslin* comes from it. The people wear much cotton, silk, and woolen cloth."

"What is Iraq noted for?" asked Peter, as he watched the landscape from the plane.

"Dates, for one thing," spoke up Nancy.

"Don't you remember seeing 'Iraq' on a package Mother used last year?"

"Yes, I do remember," Peter answered. "Part of the country is a continuous date grove."

"The land is fertile," added Uncle Lee. "If this country is ever irrigated it can be made to produce wheat, cotton, and rice in great abundance, as well as many other farm products. But look! There is Bagdad!"

"Oh, how exciting!" exclaimed Nancy, as the spires of the mosques came into view. "City of dreams," she added.

"City of modern business," answered Uncle Lee, as the plane prepared to land.

The MacLarens found Bagdad interesting but quite like other Oriental cities, with its bazaars and coffee houses. Several days were spent wandering through the streets of this famous old city. Here on the banks of the Tigris they were delighted to find a watermelon vender enjoying a lively trade. In sun-parched Iraq, these rich and juicy melons were much in demand, and were widely cultivated in irrigated fields.

Uncle Lee had arranged to make the next part of their trip by caravan, and so they set out. The early-flowering deserts of Iraq were left far behind.

One day after a long and tiresome ride, the chill wintry sun set, but there appeared no inviting flat roofs with mosques rising above them. Both children were silent and weary, but they

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SELLING WATERMELONS IN IRAQ

rode their camels without complaining. Suddenly Uncle Lee on his shadowy camel in front turned about to shout, "A caravansary ahead! We'll spend the night there."

It was amazing how quickly weariness dropped from travelers and animals alike. In no time at all it seemed the six camels had passed through the arched gateway of what looked like a mud fortification with long, protective walls.

The courtyard into which the MacLarens and their camel drivers rode was a very busy place. Other caravans had arrived earlier in the evening, and there was an imposing string of camels evidently owned by a wealthy traveler. The big camel in the lead jingled a loud cheerful bell, and the other camels jingled smaller ones. Men in baggy trousers, long coats, and black brimless hats were busying themselves unloading cargo from the animals or cooking supper over small open fires.

"Smells good," Peter hinted, and Uncle Lee, who was very hungry himself, offered to see whether he could secure some food already cooked. His three camel drivers were unpacking.

Uncle Lee returned presently with a bowl of what looked like meat stew with rice and a plate of sweets, evidently made from candied fruit. For himself he brought a small cup of very black coffee. The three MacLarens sat cross-legged on a blanket in the busy court and ate their supper.

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THE COURTYARD OF THE CARAVANSARY

It was very cold and there was no fire in the inn. Peter and Nancy were shown to their rooms, which seemed more like mud and stone closets off the court. In each guest room there was a low cot with blankets. Nothing more.

Soon after dawn the loud noises of caravans being loaded for departure brought the MacLarens out of their cheerless rooms into the dull morning sunshine. The language spoken, Peter and Nancy noticed, was different from any they had heard. The women in the court, whom they had not observed the night before, were swathed in black, even to black veils.

"I know!" Nancy cried. "We're in Persia!"

"I hate to leave the old caravan," Peter spoke up. "I suppose now we'll be riding on railroads and walking in Persian gardens and reciting poetry by Omar Khayyam. What do I see—a jitney?"

With a great squeaking a wooden door in the caravansary had been swung open, and out through the gate rattled an old Ford, piled high with bundles of merchandise.

"I suppose we'll soon be traveling like that, too," Nancy grumbled. "That's what it means to be in civilization—riding in Fords."

As soon as breakfast was over Uncle Lee said, "Your travel worry is all in vain, youngsters. We stick to camels. The railroad only runs from the northwest border of the country to Tabriz. As for automobile roads, they aren't any too

Ewing Galloway

BRITISH FORTS ON THE PERSIAN-BALUCHISTAN FRONTIER

plentiful either. There's one from the west boundary to Teheran, the capital, and then to Bushire on the Persian Gulf. We'll not trust to roads of any kind, either railroads or automobile roads. Like good pioneers, we'll follow the trails. We'll be glad to stop at the British forts. We're in a country that's none too populous, and you may be certain that there would not be big caravansaries like this if towns and villages were not so far apart. A town or village can't exist where there is no water."

"Another waterless country!" Nancy sighed. "If only Persia had a few of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes!"

"Persia doesn't look like a waterless country on the map." Peter was puzzled. "There's the

Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea on the west and south, and the Caspian Sea on the north."

"A country may be almost entirely surrounded by water and yet be waterless in the interior. Surely you know that, Peter." Uncle Lee was almost impatient. "Look at Arabia, for example. The reason Persia is waterless is that it is high, a plateau in fact, and this plateau has a rim of mountains that keeps the rain off. The only time and place the country gets any rain is in the winter and near the mountains of the northwest. The farm lands near these mountains, where there are streams, are fortunate, since they may be watered by irrigation.

"You once said," Nancy argued, "that the interior of Persia was called a basin, even though it was from 2,000 to 6,000 feet high. And a basin should contain water."

"It should," Uncle Lee laughed. "But the fact is, it doesn't. Why doesn't it? Well, mountain streams in this country of little rainfall often dry up in the summer. Streams that do reach the farming lands often disappear in the sand or end up in irrigation, which in Persia is rather difficult. Water is sometimes brought in underground tunnels from the mountain springs but, of course, at a great expense. These tunnels must be long and must have numerous branches. When the water is turned on it flows in little streams over the fields and even through the streets of the fortunate village where the rich

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NOMADS OF THE DESERT LIVE IN TENTS MADE OF GOATS' HAIR

man lives. Such a man rents land and the use of water to poorer tenants."

Peter and Nancy were amazed, as their camels traveled on, to see not a single human being. At last Peter spied out on the plains a number of black tents and a few donkeys close by.

"Nomads!" Uncle Lee decided. "We were bound to meet some sooner or later. About one-fifth of Persia's population consists of people who live in tents and move their few possessions whenever necessary, usually twice a year. Some move every few months. Right now there is a bit of grass here and there, but later in the year these same plains will be very dry, with nothing for food but camel thorns. A camel can live on the plant, but it's not a dainty food, certainly not a juicy one."

"Every day I have more respect for camels," Peter decided. "They're just as necessary in this part of the country as automobiles are at home; maybe more so. I suppose it takes just so long for the sheep and the goats and the cattle to eat the grass near the tents. Look! There are more tents farther on, over near those foot-hills."

"Of course." Uncle Lee was not at all surprised. "These nomads live, not as separate families, but as neighborhoods. They move as neighborhoods, too."

The MacLaren caravan paused for half an hour at one of the tents to consult a young Persian about a trail. Peter and Nancy noticed that the floors of the open tents were covered with rugs, that there were no beds or other furniture, and that the few dishes at hand were of metal.

At last Uncle Lee sighted a village.

"Trees!" Nancy exclaimed and could hardly wait until she saw close at hand the blooming peach and cherry trees. There were mulberry and nut trees in the village, too, and in the fields at the edge of the mud walls grew cotton and wheat. In one garden Peter and Nancy found turnips and beans and young cabbages.

The village itself was a disappointment. From

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A VILLAGE OF MUD HOUSES IN THE DESERT OF IRAQ

a distance it had looked so promising, but it was just a collection of mud and straw houses.

The MacLarens were invited to inspect one of the homes.

"Wait until you see the furnace," Uncle Lee remarked.

They guessed that he was joking, but they were not prepared for what they saw. There was no more furniture in the little mud house than there had been in the tent on the plains. In the center of the single room stood a table with a heavy rug thrown over it. Uncle Lee lifted one edge of the rug to show that beneath it a fire had been built in a bowl set in a hole in the floor.

At night the members of the family all slept beneath the rug.

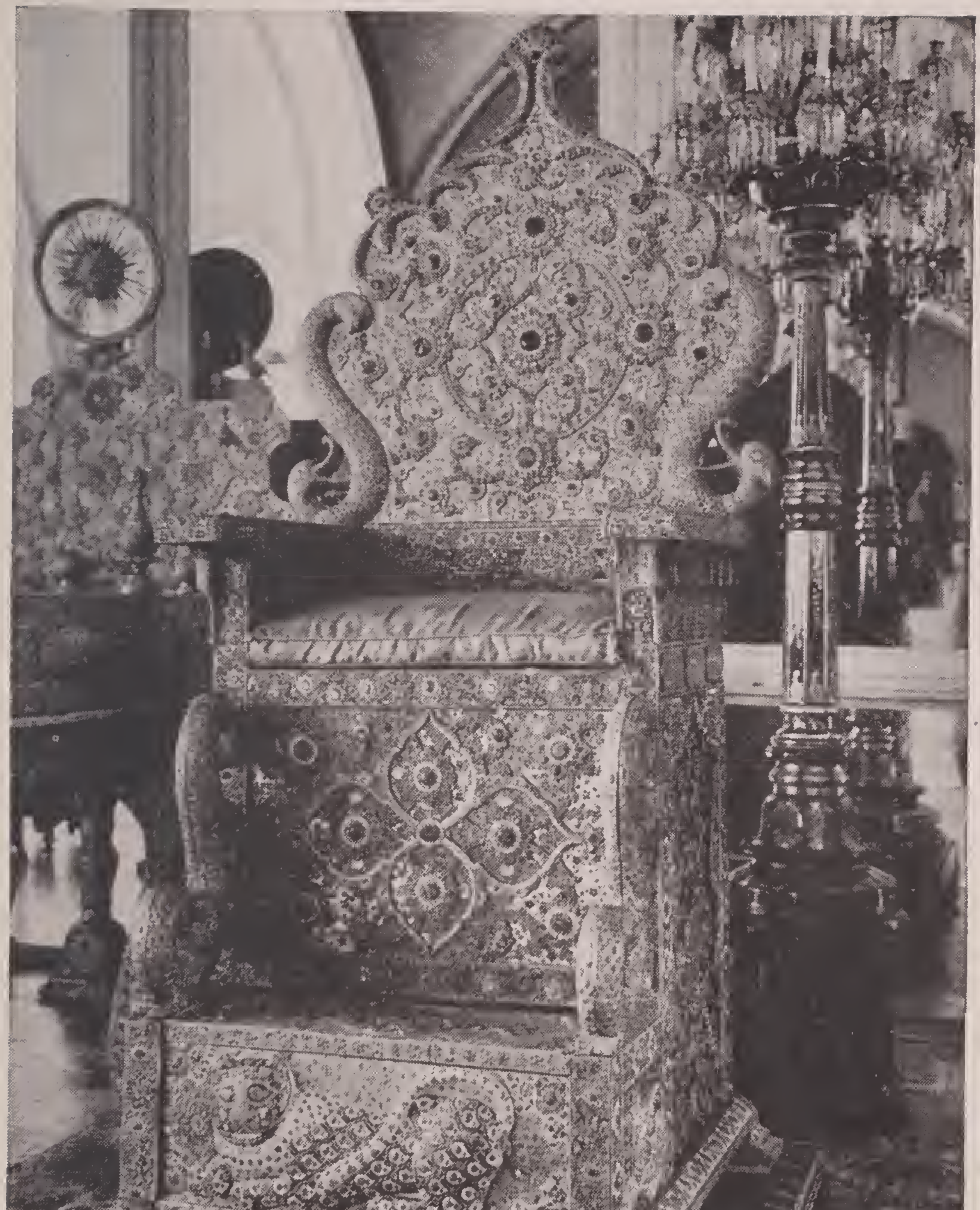
"Winter in Persia doesn't sound pleasant," Nancy exclaimed.

Many days afterward Peter and Nancy saw a different side of Persian life. Their caravan reached Teheran, the largest city of Persia and also its capital. Long before they arrived in the city they could see in the distance the cone-shaped Mount Demavend. Uncle Lee said it was 19,000 feet high, and that its white peak and dark forests made one of the loveliest sights to be seen in Persia.

And now the MacLarens were settled in a modern hotel and could indulge in hot baths. Letters from home, the first in several months, were a treat.

Teheran was a city of broad boulevards shaded by green trees, and narrow streets of homes enclosed in high walls. In the downtown section Peter and Nancy might have imagined themselves in a western city had not the women who passed by been completely veiled in black.

Almost like a new city was Teheran, with its auto busses. Here were palaces and hovels, green gardens rising behind dull walls, and great libraries. In the royal palace they saw the famous peacock throne which had been stolen from India many hundreds of years ago. The back of the throne resembled a peacock's tail. The entire throne was studded with jewels.



Ewing Galloway

THE FAMOUS PEACOCK THRONE NOW IN THE ROYAL PALACE IN TEHERAN

Ewing Galloway

THE OLD RUG MERCHANT

They visited the lively bazaar with its many little shops. They passed over small things in them to exclaim at the exquisite rugs made in Persia, the elaborately embroidered silks, and intricate silver and brass work. They passed an old rug merchant warming himself in the sun, as he waited for customers.

One afternoon Uncle Lee was invited by an American student to visit a Persian relative. Peter and Nancy were included in the invitation. They walked on silken carpets that afternoon, sat on exquisite cushions. They dined on *pilau*, a spiced rice, raisin, and meat dish. They tasted *cababs*, brown bits of meat on skewers, and ate of the most delectable sweets made from candied fruits. Afterwards in a shady garden beside a marble pool, they gazed up at the stars. It was not a conventional garden but a place of tall trees and climbing roses; and in this land of precious water it smelled unbelievably sweet.

DESERT HOSPITALITY AND A FLYING TRIP

THE camels stepped gingerly into the soft-crusted stream bed, found it firm, and continued across a plain where the sun danced and formed mirages, like snowy mountains and distant cities. This was the boundary between Persia and Afghanistan. Within a few miles the MacLarens had come to a mound on which an old ruin stood—Islamkala. It was a low, heavy-walled fortress, set in a sea of sand and scraggly brush. Its mud walls, crumbling in places, were not attractive, but the welcome the MacLarens received, both from those that tended the fort and the people who flocked up from the village, was genuine. Peter and Nancy sat on cushions in one of the bare rooms and ate flat sheets of bread and drank cardamon-flavored hot milk. Again and again their cups were filled. A polite "No, thank you" was of no avail. Uncle Lee looked on with amusement and at last came to the rescue.

"Turn your cup over on your saucers if you've had enough," he advised.

"I should think if all guests drank as much as we have," Nancy spoke up, "the average household would run low on supplies."

"In that case," Uncle Lee explained, "you would be warned by being served a half cup. You won't always be drinking flavored milk in Afghanistan, but there will always be plenty of sweet green tea."

After a long, hot journey the four great minarets of Herat came in view, and, as the little camel procession drew nearer, the mud walls of the city became plainly visible. The bazaar into which the MacLaren party rode ran from one gate of the city to the other. The men of the town wore large white turbans and smiles, so Peter declared, as big as the turbans. In spite of their seeming mildness nearly every man carried a gun and wore a great belt of cartridges.

Peter and Nancy could not take their eyes off a small boy who sold tamed birds which he carried in bead or wire cages. These birds were partridges and the boy, impressed by Nancy's interest, lifted one of the birds out and stroked its brown feathers tenderly. Then he and the bird began a game of hide and seek. He chased the bird; then the bird chased him. Once he hid behind a mud wall, but the canny bird hopped around the end and began pecking at his legs to attract his attention. Peter wanted to buy the bird, but he knew that he could not take such a pet on a long journey. He contented himself by giving the boy a coin in return for the exhibition. The boy in turn brought Nancy a lovely sprig of syringa, holding it in his hand as tenderly as he had held his pet. A few minutes later this gentle lad was pummeling a much bigger boy who had teased one of his birds.

Nancy had been conscious for some minutes of a noise high up in the sky. Now the noisy sounds became familiar. An airplane! Uncle Lee had come up behind the children, and as he squinted into the sunlit sky exclaimed, "Well, Jimmy kept his promise!"

Peter gave a war whoop, and Nancy shrieked with delight.

The plane sailed earthward just outside the walls of Herat. As soon as it landed, a motley crowd assembled to greet it. The MacLarens, wildly excited, were in the midst of that crowd.

The aviator poked his head out of the cockpit and saluted. Never before had Peter and Nancy been so glad to see Jimmy Dustin, who had piloted them over parts of South America and Africa.

The blue-eyed young flyer with the sun-tanned face swung his long legs down. His helmet had been pushed back, revealing a mop of light hair. He whirled Nancy about, gave Peter a swift bear-hug, and shook hands with Uncle Lee.

"I thought you'd need me," Jimmy grinned at Uncle Lee.

"It's been sandy and monotonous," Nancy said.

"And we've heard that most of the rivers from here on are hard to cross," Peter put in.

"Sky travel will be more comfortable," Jimmy agreed.

The MacLarens flew on in Jimmy's plane to Kandahar, to stop in a guest house over night. Such houses, Peter and Nancy were to learn, often turned out to be palaces with gardens. In this particular house there was a lovely pool and tall hollyhocks that made Nancy a bit homesick. Apricot trees had been planted in profusion. The dark-eyed children who came to visit brought their pets for Peter and Nancy to see: a tiny gazelle with large liquid eyes, a mischievous monkey, a little goat, and a baby camel.

One little girl brought flowers and offered them shyly to Jimmy, a tribute to his flying. Uncle Lee warned Peter and Nancy that foreigners were not particularly welcome in Afghanistan. He explained that the former king and queen had visited Europe and on their return had built modern schools and homes, only to displease their people.

The Afghan people had been greatly shocked because the queen appeared in European clothes with her face unveiled. They objected very much to the science taught in schools because it did not agree with the Koran.

"You see," Uncle Lee explained, "Afghanistan is shut off geographically from the rest of the world. Most of its people have never been away from home. That is why it is so hard for them to accept any custom or belief of any other people. In the north the rugged Hindu Kush Mountains act as a barrier. Other mountains shut the little country from the plains of India. In the south and east deserts are as important as mountains in keeping outsiders at bay. Afghanistan lies between the Russian lowlands in Asia and the British lands of India, and the hardy Afghan favors neither country. That is why Afghanistan is often called 'a buffer state.'"

The plane landed in the modern part of Kabul. The former king had built this new city on a beautiful site, separated from the old town by brown hills on which crumbling battlements stood. He had built palaces and beautiful modern homes, but they were vacant.

The MacLaren party went directly to a hotel in Old Kabul. On the way they saw camels slowly and peacefully making their way along the poplar-lined avenue that ran between the new city and the old. Beside the camel and donkey paths lay the highway itself and the tracks that carried a train to the beautiful oasis garden.

Peter and Nancy enjoyed the time spent in the bazaars of Old Kabul. They were greatly interested in the costumes. Turbans and gowns were most common, of course. Guns or swords were always in evidence. Hillmen appeared on the streets wearing skullcaps and loose shirts tied with sashes. Cotton trousers never reached below the calves, and the leather sandals always had curving toes. Bare feet were most common. Nancy remarked that she didn't believe the

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CARAVAN AND AUTOMOBILE TRAVEL IN THE HILLS OF AFGHANISTAN

Ewing Galloway

ONE OF THE KING'S MODERN PALACES

women of western Asia ever worried about darning socks.

As in other Mohammedan countries, the women wore voluminous costumes that hid them completely. In the hot, dusty streets of Kabul Nancy felt sorry for them. There was always so much cloth gathered about the neck and sewed to a headdress. Veils fell about the shoulders, and the women looked out only through little squares of drawn work set in a linen band. Nancy often wondered what the women looked like, but she could judge only by the little girls with their dark eyes, olive skins, and black hair which was invariably parted in the middle and braided.

One morning the MacLarens watched a parade from their hotel window. The king, riding a splendid horse, was gorgeously attired. On his head he wore a high fur cap to which was fastened a great diamond star. His scarlet coat was trimmed with gold lace. Jewels gleamed in his gold belt, and his sword shone in the sun. His white trousers and white gloves were as immaculate as a West Point officer's. He was followed by a private bodyguard and other soldiers. After the parade there was feasting even in the hotel, and Peter and Nancy enjoyed it all thoroughly.

A gentleman in the dress of a royal Afghan soldier called that afternoon at the hotel with a basket of fruit for Uncle Lee, containing the finest of peaches, apples, and grapes. Cherries and figs added to the beauty of the display, and among other fruits the MacLarens discovered sweet melons which the hotel owner called the *sarda.*

"He says," quoted Uncle Lee, "that seeds have been sent to California. The sarda will stay fresh four or five months after it ripens."

The soldier who had brought the fruit had brought also a message. Would the MacLarens accept the loan of an automobile in which to travel through the Khyber Pass? Afghanistan was proud of the automobile road and would like to know what the Americans thought of it.

Ewing Galloway

AFGHANISTAN GUARDS AT KHYBER PASS

Since the king owned at least fifty automobiles, lending one would not inconvenience him.

"Automobile riding won't be so thrilling, but it will be thrilling to ride in a royal car," Nancy decided.

"I expected to go through Khyber Pass on a prancing steed with a gun in my hand and a knife between my teeth," Peter declared. "It's some come-down. And Uncle Lee says that when we get to the end of the Pass, we'll be in the town of Peshawar. From there we take a train to Bombay."

The motor trip was made without incident, the imposing mountains ever nearer. The car, after passing guards, began to wind up through a narrow defile. The mountains were barren. When Peter and Nancy raised their eyes to the great heights they felt small and insignificant. It was an eerie place.

Travel, Uncle Lee said, was allowed only in daylight, and forts and soldiers were there to see that orders were carried out.

The MacLarens' car passed long camel and donkey caravans as well as other cars. Once they saw a small train tugging up a steep slope. Of all the highways that Peter and Nancy had traveled, the Khyber Pass seemed the busiest and most impressive. At the end of it they found they had left western Asia behind and were entering upon new experiences in eastern Asia.

A LAND OF MYSTERY

PETER and Nancy realized almost immediately that, unlike the western Asiatic countries behind them, India was a country of railroads. The time would come again, before they were through with their Asiatic travels, when they would engage a caravan train. Right now a very efficient steam train was to carry them south to Bombay. The trains were well patronized. It was fun to glance into the coaches, so crowded that one could hardly see that the benches ran lengthwise. There was more room in the freight cars.

"Those freight cars would tell us we were far from home even if we didn't realize it," Peter declared. "There's a nice little baby elephant in that car, and shut off from him in another pen are some camels."

"And of course there are plenty of monkeys as well as cats and rabbits and guinea pigs," Nancy observed. "Oh, see those peacocks! Why are their eyes covered, Uncle Lee?"

"The birds' owners bandage their eyes to keep them from flying away."

"Did you ever see so many people in railway stations as there are here?"

"Speaking of railway stations," Uncle Lee interrupted, "we'll see one of the finest in the

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PEACOCK PEDDLERS

world when we get into Bombay. Looks like an elaborate House of Parliament."

The MacLarens had a compartment in a first-class coach. There were electric lights by which to read, electric fans with which to keep cool, and at one end of the car Peter discovered a bathroom with a tub sunk in the floor. The tall dark conductor in uniform wore a turban in place of a cap and displayed the utmost politeness.

"Why so much style?" Nancy inquired of Uncle Lee. "I shouldn't mind riding second-class or even third."

"We're riding cheaper than we would at home," Uncle Lee explained, "even with all these luxuries. If our funds give out, we'll try third-class. Third-class costs less than half a cent a mile. By the way, there are sleeping cars on these railways. The passengers furnish their own bedding. Since there are no reservations, the man who lays his bedding down on the bench first has a right to that space. I'm too warm and tired to fight over space, but I'm not criticizing Indian railroads. They're well built and well managed. India has more miles of railroads than any other country in Asia. It has, I believe, about one-sixth as much mileage as we have."

Peter and Nancy were soon settled, but were too excited and restless to read.

"King George VI of England is emperor of India now, isn't he?" Peter asked. "Of course the country is ruled by a viceroy who represents the king. Where does the viceroy live, Uncle Lee?"

"During the winter months at New Delhi," Uncle Lee answered. "During the summer, he gets away from the heat by going up to Simla in the mountains. He has a beautiful estate there. As you youngsters probably know, the capital of India used to be Calcutta. It was changed to Delhi in 1912. Delhi is much nearer the center of population than Calcutta. And it's a mighty big population—nearly three times as large as ours. This great country is under the protection of one of the smallest countries on the globe. England, moreover, lies one-fourth the distance around the globe from India."

"How did England happen to become interested in India, Uncle Lee?" Nancy inquired.

"I know," Peter put in. "It's a very practical reason, sort of a business arrangement. The two countries just decided that it would be better for trade if they were on good terms. India buys goods that are manufactured in England, and England buys food that is grown in India. . . it seems to me that there was something about pepper."

"Pepper?" Nancy laughed. "Pepper isn't important. No one uses much of it."

"Pepper is right, for one item," Uncle Lee decided. "When good Queen Bess was ruler of Great Britain, a high price was set on pepper. The Dutch, who owned most of the ships trading with India, had been selling pepper at a good profit. Thinking that no one else could bring in pepper, they doubled their price. The English finally lost patience. They decided to build their own ships and to bring in the pepper themselves; also silks, spices, precious stones, and other things for which the nations of Europe traded with India."

"So they formed the East India Company!" Nancy exclaimed. "Now I remember. After that they gradually took control of the country. It wasn't so hard as it might have been, because the many races in India quarreled among themselves. That gave the British a chance. They control about two-thirds of India now, don't they?"

"That's right," Uncle Lee agreed. "The country is divided into eleven British-Indian provinces and about 600 native states. In 1935 the British Parliament in London passed on a new constitution for India which is gradually being put into effect. The two chief features of it are local self-government, and a federation of the provinces and the native states ruled by native princes. You'll be interested in these princes, or rajahs. They are usually very colorful personages."

"Do the people of India like the supervision of the British government?" asked Peter.

"Many groups do," answered Uncle Lee. "The British have stopped the warring between the different groups in Hindustan. Many of the native princes were more resplendent than just. They taxed the poor almost to starvation to buy jewels and palaces. England reduced taxes, built roads, installed telegraph and postal systems, and reformed the farming methods of the country. Before the British came, famine was common. Now England sees to it that crops are properly raised and that commerce is carried on between various communities. She has established law and order so that people can trade in safety. By the way, it may interest you two to know that the East Indians under the British Government pay the smallest taxes of any people in civilization."

"Have you noticed the telegraph poles?" asked Nancy.

Peter, at the window as the train moved swiftly through the country, remarked, "They're substantial looking, if that's what you mean."

Uncle Lee gave a short laugh.

"That's what she means," he said. "They happen to be made of iron. The white ants of Hindustan have a peculiar fondness for wood. Chewing up a telegraph pole in a single night would not be considered a remarkable feat for them."

"How big is Bombay, Uncle Lee?" Peter inquired. "I've always wanted to see it."

"Oh, it has a population of over 1,000,000 people," Uncle Lee answered. "You won't be disappointed. It's a mighty fine seaport and is built on a number of islands about the harbor. Look out the window, Nancy."

Nancy stared at what appeared to be white blooms in the fields of green.

"Cotton!" she exclaimed.

"Right!" Uncle Lee applauded. "On the outskirts of Bombay there are around eighty cotton mills, and big ones, too." A little later, he asked, "What do you think of that railway station?"

Peter and Nancy stared in amazement. Surrounded by a truly beautiful park rose an immense building of stone with numerous towers and several domes. The towers were ornate and exquisitely designed, and the arches of doors and entrances graceful enough for a cathedral.

The gorgeous railway station might be a flattering introduction to a great city, but Bombay actually lived up to its station. As Peter and Nancy rode with Uncle Lee down a wide boulevard, they saw fine shops, big modern hotels, and well-built schools.

The taxi wound through the native section of shops and bazaars, and although the shops were somewhat smaller than those on the boulevards, there was an unmistakable air of prosperity in the crowded bazaar.

"Stop! Let's stop, Uncle Lee!" shouted Peter suddenly. "Let's see that snake charmer."

An old native sat on the sidewalk with several snakes in front of him; nearby were baskets containing others. Peter could hardly be induced to leave.

"Before going into the hotel, let's look at the

Lionel Green

"LET'S STOP, UNCLE LEE!" SHOUTED PETER

harbor," said Uncle Lee. "It's a sight well worth seeing."

The sun shone on blue water and masts of tall ships, flying flags of England, France, Italy, and the United States. Uncle Lee pointed out the great dry dock which he said was large enough for the biggest steamer afloat.

It was a beautiful day, full of light and sunshine. Even the motley crowds on the streets seemed gay. Uncle Lee said that over half of the inhabitants were Hindus and that in the city itself over sixty languages and dialects were spoken.

Driving out again, after luncheon at the very modern hotel where the waiters spoke English, Nancy pointed up at the five white towers on a hill overlooking the sea. They seemed very white and remote.

"They are the famous Towers of Silence," Uncle Lee answered, in reply to Nancy's question. "Those birds flying above them are vultures."

As Nancy looked questioningly at the towers, Uncle Lee explained that those Towers of Silence really constituted a cemetery. On these towers the Parsis lay their dead for vultures to eat. Since fire and earth and water are all sacred to them, the dead can be neither burned, buried nor committed to sea or stream.

Nancy shuddered but Uncle Lee declared that the Parsis were really a remarkable people, numbering only about 100,000. They came to India from Persia long ago, he said. Their religion was founded by Zoroaster, and it was a fine belief in many respects. The Parsis were taught that there is only one God and that in each person are two spirits, a good spirit and a bad spirit, fighting for control. The teaching is much like our belief about conscience, Uncle Lee explained.

"Are the Parsis the worshipers who have a little fire in Bombay that they have kept burning for hundreds of years?" Peter inquired.

"Yes, Peter," Uncle Lee answered. "The Parsis are really fire worshipers. Fire to them is a symbol of the best in creation. If their belief seems queer and their customs strange, we must remember that they are known wherever they live for ability, honesty, and kindness."

Peter and Nancy were to learn of many religions in India. They came to realize that these people were as honest in their beliefs as they themselves were.

GREEN TEA AND WHITE ELEPHANTS

"THERE'S a perfectly good railroad that would take us directly from Bombay to Madras," Uncle Lee argued. "Why should we make a boat trip to Ceylon?"

"Because we're good sailors, for one thing," Nancy boasted. "Besides, we want to visit Ceylon. Just think, Uncle Lee, Marco Polo said of Ceylon, that it was 'for its actual size better than any other island in the world.' And Marco Polo knew better than any Asiatic explorer, before or since."

"At least he advertised what he knew," Peter remarked. "What stories he could tell, of pearls and rich clothes and spices! True stories, too."

The trip in the Arabian Sea on a crowded boat was decidedly warm and uncomfortable, but Peter and Nancy did not complain. From time to time a fresh breeze would spring up. Uncle Lee said the breeze was called a monsoon, and he added that the winter rainy season in Ceylon was just ending.

"Why does it rain in Ceylon in winter?" Nancy inquired as the MacLarens sat in their deck chairs watching the changing sea.

"In the winter the water is warmer than the land," Uncle Lee began. "The wind then blows from the land to the sea. This movement is known as the dry monsoon. The winter monsoon brings rain to Ceylon from the sea — much rain. I've been in Colombo when my clothes molded in my trunk during three-days' stay. But it makes the tea grow. I wonder if you youngsters realize that Ceylon is the second most important tea exporting place in the world."

"What comes first?" Peter inquired. "Japan, I suppose."

"No, Assam, one of the northeast provinces of India. In parts of the Himalayas the tea plant grows wild. I've seen it grown to the size of large trees. It's believed that tea plants were carried from Assam, their original natural home, to China and from China into Japan. As you doubtless know, China and Japan developed the tea industry until for a time they became the world's greatest markets. Now the British are encouraging great tea plantations in Assam, Ceylon, and some parts of the southwest coast of India. Ceylon has been considered the most promising place since it has plenty of rain, and a temperature that is much the same the year around. Formerly more tea was obtained per acre in Ceylon than Assam, because in Ceylon the leaves could be picked every day in the year."

"And now?" Nancy leaned forward eagerly, as Uncle Lee paused.

"Now," Uncle Lee answered, "the plantation owners of Ceylon pick only the best leaves. They produce less tea but they get better prices for what they grow. Our fine grades at home come from Ceylon."

"I'd like to tramp all over the island." Peter's eyes shone with enthusiasm. "I'd like to watch the pearl fishing in the north, go into the jungles where monkeys chatter, and climb the mountains to the north. I think for a change I'll ride an elephant around Ceylon."

"No objection on my part." Uncle Lee's bright blue eyes twinkled. "My only advice is that you choose a tame elephant. Ceylon has plenty of wild ones. Sometimes they stampede like wild horses, destroying cultivated crops. You won't want for elephants in Ceylon."

Nancy was studying the map spread out on her knees.

"I see," she remarked, "that Ceylon is just a trifle southeast of the peninsula of India. Palk Strait and the Gulf of Mannar separate it from the mainland. It is entirely cut off."

"Not entirely," Uncle Lee objected. " A coral reef called Adam's Bridge connects the two. Ceylon is only about as big as our state of Indiana and approximately half as wide as it is long, although it is pear-shaped. What a description! It's tropical, of course, being so close to the equator, and it is a land of flowers and jewels. It is a land of wild life, too. There are leopards and bears and wild hogs among the heavy ferns and trees. And of course there are chattering monkeys and beautiful deer."

"How about the jewels?" Peter inquired. "Are pearls the only jewels found there? Seems to me Marco Polo—"

"Mentioned rubies and sapphires?" Uncle Lee interrupted. "Yes. They're found in Ceylon. So is platinum, copper, nickel, tin—even salt. Graphite is mined, too, on the little island. It is used in the making of lead for pencils, you know."

The boat docked in Colombo which, except that it had an excellent harbor, was not after all much different from other Asiatic towns Peter and Nancy had seen. Brown men came out in oddly-shaped canoes to sell souvenirs to the tourists, and there was the usual throwing of coins overboard with native boys diving for them in the clear water.

Taxicabs were common. So were bullock carts and jinrikishas. There were fine wide streets; and above the good hotels and fine homes, rose the spires of churches and the domes of mosques. Uncle Lee said the town was an important coaling station. The railway stations seemed quite as busy as the docks, and there were trains inland to Kandy. Peter said he had always thought of Kandy as a place of "sugar and spice and everything nice."

As it was early in March everybody in the hotels, it seemed, talked of the fishing season.

"Not fish fishing," Peter explained unnecessarily to Nancy, "but pearl fishing. It lasts until

Empire

A BULLOCK CART IN CEYLON

the end of April. Begins now about the first of March. Comes between the monsoons, you know. I'd like to lease a small place in the shallow water along the Gulf of Mannar. Uncle Lee says that sometimes a single pearl is enough to make a man rich. The only trouble is that it is rather difficult to find such a pearl."

Uncle Lee secured a car and took Peter and Nancy to see the pearl fisheries. They were amazed at the sight of so many boats and so many natives. Many of the natives lived in

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MANY NATIVES LIVE IN HOUSEBOATS

houseboats near the water's edge. The boats resembled a canoe in shape, but had thatched roofs. Never before had Peter and Nancy seen such boats. Uncle Lee persuaded a boatman to take the three of them out to a place where divers were working. These fishing grounds, called *paars*, were about two miles from the shore and under water thirty to fifty feet deep.

The MacLarens stood on the deck of a small fishing schooner and watched natives dive off their boats. Not one of these native divers wore a diving helmet, but each used a device like a clothespin to hold his nostrils shut. A helper held a rope at one end of which was a stone

Ewing Galloway

NATIVE PEARL DIVERS

with a hole in it through which the rope was tied. The agile brown boy would grasp the rope, place his bare feet on the stone, and be let down into the water. Always he was gone less than a minute and a half. He signaled when he was ready to rise by jerking on the rope. He brought a number of oysters. Peter wanted to open them at once, but the boat owner said they were sold in quantities and would later be looked over for pearls.

"One of the oldest industries in the world," Uncle Lee remarked as he drove back to Colombo

Ewing Galloway

PICKING TEA IN CEYLON

with Peter and Nancy. "There was pearl fishing in Ceylon before Jesus was born in Bethlehem."

The next excursion of the MacLarens took them to a big tea plantation. They made the trip on horseback. Nancy thought her first view of tea growing was one of the prettiest sights she had ever seen. There were miles and miles of softly rounded bushes that followed each other in neat rows over one hillock after another. There was a sweetness in the air from the tea and from the roses that grew profusely near the plantation.

And quite as lovely as the dainty bushes were the little brown women who picked the tea leaves. They all wore long veiled headdresses and their full skirts were drawn in with wide sashes. Nearly everyone had a necklace of coins. Although they worked for very little, they did not seem unhappy.

Another excursion took the MacLarens into a section of the wooded interior where men and women both worked at the task of extracting latex from trees for rubber. Up on the mountain borders where the tea grew and where even the tea factories were set in attractive surroundings, often near a little mountain stream, it was cool and delightful. In these factories where the tea was carefully cured and prepared for export, Peter and Nancy spent a joyous hour. Even the two-wheeled oxcarts that carried the tea to Colombo were picturesque.

In the rubber lands it was hot and muggy. Most of the trees grew on the lower mountain slopes. In the forest Uncle Lee pointed out not only fine rubber trees but cinchona trees as well. The children had seen similar trees in South America and knew that the bitter drug quinine, so useful in fevers, came from the bark of the tree. Peter laughed at the trees called sausage trees. Their fruit actually did look like sausages. He was interested, too, in the candle tree, from which, Uncle Lee explained, an oil may be obtained. Once, long ago, this oil was used in

Lionel Green

PICKING COCONUTS

lamps, but that was before the advent of electricity.

In the lowlands near the sea the MacLarens visited a coconut palm plantation. Closer to the sea they observed rice fields. There seemed to be a good deal of rice; Peter and Nancy were surprised to learn that rice was one of the leading imports of Ceylon. They realized that the people of Ceylon must eat a great deal of rice. Uncle Lee said that most of the rice came from Burma, a country they expected to visit. A second import, just as important as rice, was cotton goods, from the mainland of India.

A SEAPORT AND A MOUNTAIN CITY

THE MacLarens, looking upon Madras from the harbor, all exclaimed, "Palm trees!" for there were palm trees everywhere. While the main part of the city was a lively center, the rest of it, the MacLarens soon learned, was actually made up of separate villages.

Uncle Lee took his charges into the railway station while he made inquiries about future transportation. He pointed out an incoming train from Bombay, a train they might have taken had they not visited Ceylon.

"Other railways run up and down the coast," Uncle Lee told them. "As you know, Madras hasn't a good harbor. Its sandy shore has to be protected by breakwaters. But it's the third largest city in India at that. Madras is in a geographical position similar to that of Bombay. Both cities are located on the sea near a valley which leads down from the plateau to a coastal plain. Here you'll see some of the finest rice fields in the world."

Peter and Nancy found in Madras many things more exciting than rice fields. The bazaars contained fascinating carved ivories and embroideries. The temples were ancient and very wonderful. The elephants they saw had trappings of silver and gold and jewels. These

Ewing Galloway

A TYPICAL RICE GROWER'S HOME

elephants of Hindustan, Peter learned, cost as much as good automobiles and their upkeep was quite as much.

"An elephant," Peter informed Nancy, "eats about twenty pounds of rice and wheat a day. Besides that he has to have a big mound of hay or grass and some sugar cane for dessert. But you can make money if you can buy an elephant, just the same. Why, here in Madras they carry most of the produce that's loaded on the trains and shipped. They carry cotton, tobacco, skins, spices, grains, and valuable cloth. Much of this stuff in the Madras markets will find its way into the United States."

The MacLarens were having lunch in an English hotel.

"Madras is governed by the British, of course," Peter remarked.

"Oh, yes." Uncle Lee looked up smiling. "One of the first governors of Madras was Elihu Yale."

"The one who founded Yale University?" Nancy asked.

"Right you are," answered Uncle Lee.

The railway stations of India seemed to have great attraction for Uncle Lee. In a few days Peter and Nancy found themselves on a train bound for Hyderabad, the capital of a province of India, having a population of 500,000 within its walls.

"Walls!" Peter exclaimed. "Do you mean that literally, Uncle Lee?"

"Wait till you see these walls," Uncle Lee replied.

Peter and Nancy were startled by the rocky, mountainous country, so much wilder than anything they had seen farther south. The walls of Hyderabad were the biggest, thickest walls the children had ever seen. They were six miles in circumference, and Uncle Lee said that there were thirteen gates, each one quite as big as the one by which the MacLarens entered the city.

"The Nizam is a Mohammedan," Uncle Lee declared, as he drove about the city with Peter and Nancy. "Most of the citizens, however, are Hindus."

"Some of them look like Arabs," Peter guessed. "And that fierce merchant over there looks like a Turk."

"Your guesses are probably accurate," Uncle Lee agreed. "Over there are some Persians and talking to them are Moors. People from all parts of India and Europe come here to trade."

Although there were many modern shops on the prosperous modern streets of Hyderabad, the MacLarens spent many hours in the native bazaars where, in tiny crowded shops, they discovered the real treasures of India. These little shops opening on the street often turned out to be factories as well. Many a time Peter stopped to watch a silversmith, cross-legged in his shop, as he worked on a filigree ornament. The merchants that fascinated Peter most were the barefoot ones who used their feet almost like an extra pair of hands.

Nancy delighted in the beautiful embroidery, often done with gold and silver thread. Again and again she went to see the Cashmere shawls which Uncle Lee said were woven of the wool of Cashmere goats. Such shawls, he explained, were made by the same families for generations. Making shawls so fine was very difficult work and had to be done slowly and carefully.

"I'll show you a ring shawl, Nancy," Uncle Lee suggested one afternoon as the three travel-

Keystone View

A SWEETMEAT VENDOR

ers left their hotel. "Peter should see this, too."

"I don't care for shawls," Peter decided. "But maybe a ring shawl is different."

Uncle Lee took the children to a small open shop. The Hindu shopkeeper was a distinguished-looking old man who wore an immense turban. His bright black eyes looked very keen above his snowy beard. He smiled at Nancy and put into her hands a shawl bigger than Grandmother's at home, fully as wide and long as a good-sized bedspread. Yet it seemed to have no weight. It felt like silky down in Nancy's hands, and even Peter was impressed by its lightness and beauty.

The patriarchal Hindu asked to borrow Nancy's little gold ring. Then slowly but easily he inserted one corner of the shawl into the ring and pulled the shawl through. He took it out and it was as lovely and smooth as ever.

In the Hindu shop Nancy saw fine muslins made of Dacca yarn, and exquisitely woven rugs. Later Uncle Lee visited workers in metals and precious stones. Nancy had never before seen such intricately fashioned pendants, such elaborate rings, such delicate brooches. Wherever ships went, these merchants affirmed, the goods of Hyderabad went with them.

"I'm glad Hyderabad has remained a native state," Peter remarked as the MacLarens left the bazaar. "The Nizam must be a remarkable person. There's a whole section of the town devoted to his palaces, and that shawl merchant told me that he owned a private army with camel soldiers and elephant troops."

"He's one of the richest rulers in India," Uncle Lee remarked. "His yearly income is several millions and he buys cars by the hundreds. Nancy would be interested in his dinner service. It's of solid gold."

"How is it that he is so rich?" Nancy inquired.

"His province takes in thousands of villages," Uncle Lee explained. "Even small revenue from each and every one would net him a fine income. Then there are large imports and exports on which he collects duties. He's a fine business man and vitally interested in his country's welfare."

From their hotel balcony Peter and Nancy looked out at the flat-roofed houses with their pretty balconies and at the gaily clad people on the streets. They saw the camels, the donkeys, and the new automobiles as signs of prosperity. And even as they looked several richly decorated elephants ridden by dark-skinned drivers wearing white turbans came up the street. Behind them sounded a clatter of horses' hoofs. The clink of jewelry, the tinkle of camel bells, and the laughter of natives mingled with the purr of a big car. Above the bustling crowds outside the city walls rose the wild crags of high mountains as if to protect them. Yes, it was a city for the Nizam to be proud of.

A DELTA CITY

BACK to Madras went the MacLarens in the camel train of a Hindu merchant who was delivering valuable shawls to a special customer. And following this high adventure, they went aboard the very merchant ship that was carrying the customer with his shawls up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta. The ship was crowded and boasted none of the cleanliness and order found on transatlantic liners. It did, however, have the spicy, warm smell of the East. A vigorous little boat, its funnels belching black smoke, followed in the wake of the merchant ship. It was from Rangoon, at the month of the Irrawaddy River in Burma, and was loaded with petroleum for Calcutta.

One morning a few days later Peter and Nancy, standing at the rail of the crowded deck, noticed the throbbing of the engines had stopped. There was no sign of land. Out over the calm waters of the Bay of Bengal came the distant put-put of a launch. A few minutes later a man in the uniform of a ship's officer climbed the rope ladder on the side of the merchant ship.

"Who is he? What's the matter?" Peter and Nancy inquired together as Uncle Lee swung along the deck toward them.

"He's the river pilot," Uncle Lee explained.

"He's going to guide us up the Hooghly River to Calcutta."

"There's no sign of a river." Peter looked down over the rail. "Remember how we could see the water of the Amazon in the Atlantic? The fresh water flowing into the salt made it all a muddy brown color. Of course Uncle Lee ought to know about this river."

"Look at your pocket map, Peter," Uncle Lee invited. "We'll sit down here in these deck chairs and get our bearings."

In spite of the chattering and scuffing all around, Uncle Lee pointed out to his charges that the Ganges River, flowing down through the sandy plains from the north, gathered a great deal of silt. The Brahmaputra River flowing from the east into the Ganges, added its burden of silt. The result, Uncle Lee said, was a big delta at the mouth of the Ganges. Through the delta many streams run, of which the Hooghly had proved the most important commercially.

"From the mouth of this river to Calcutta," Uncle Lee announced, "is a good eighty miles. We shall have to travel slowly. Any river flowing through loose sand is constantly changing its channel, and even a fine pilot must be careful of sand bars and shallow banks."

The first sign of land was a little clump of stunted palms. Soon the boat was moving between flat banks on which tall wild grasses grew. The marshy land gave way to slightly higher banks and the desolate grasses to clumps of bamboo, mango trees, and bananas. Now there appeared an occasional thatch-roofed house on a small mound with water about it. Little boats became common, small sailboats full of hay or laden with bales of jute or bags of rice. There were clumsy rowboats, too, manned by oarsmen who walked back and forth to operate the oars. On a narrow roadway Peter and Nancy watched oxen pulling heavy carts and dark brown natives clad in white carrying bundles on their heads.

"Tigers and crocodiles in those tall grasses and in the swamps," Peter guessed. "Farming can't be very pleasant. Those roads look bumpy."

"They are bumpy," Uncle Lee agreed. "During the summer the rains flood the roads and any work already done has to be done over. The villages, you'll notice, are built upon the highest land. If you wanted to build a hut here, Peter, you'd build up a mound of earth first—making your own little hill for your own little house. All you would need for a house in this warm climate would be a few reeds woven into grass mats for walls, and a thatched roof. The hole you dug to make the mound for your home would soon fill with water and thus become your private pond where you could get your water for cooking and take your regular baths."

"It wouldn't be pure water," Nancy objected.

"It never is," Uncle Lee agreed. "The bad

H. Armstrong Roberts

A TIGER IN THE SWAMPS

water accounts for epidemics that have spread over Calcutta. No sanitation to speak of! If you went inside one of those homes, you'd be shocked at the crudeness. There are two rooms, usually, one for eating and one for sleeping. In the eating room you'd find a few brass dishes. There would be no table. At mealtime a cloth would be spread out on the dirt floor. In the sleeping room you'd see a pile of sheets or blankets, but no beds. Leaning against the wall might be boat paddles or farm implements, but nowhere would you observe any attempt at beautification."

"The soil must be rich," Peter guessed. "New dirt every year and plenty of moisture."

"It's the richness of the soil and the amount of moisture that determine the crops." Uncle Lee pointed toward a little thatched hut on a hillock. "About his house the delta farmer plants his mango and banana trees. In the driest places he grows green vegetables, peas, and beans. His main crops of rice and jute require very wet soil. You've seen farmers standing in flooded fields planting rice, but I don't believe you've seen them plowing for jute. The ground must be very deeply plowed before the seeds are sown broadcast. Jute grows tall and strong. After it is cut, the ends are retted or rotted so that the stalk can be stripped of its rough fiber. Jute is used in making gunny sacks. Our word *gunny* comes from the Indian name for sack."

"The next time I see a gunny sack back home," Nancy promised, "I'll remember the delta farmer and the work he has to do to grow jute and to strip it."

"It's time for the rainy season to begin," Uncle Lee observed. "Some of the farmers have begun plowing. They use the crudest of plows, more like sharp sticks than anything else."

"We're coming to some factories," Peter spoke up. "They look modern, too."

"They're jute factories," Uncle Lee explained. "They handle about 8,000,000 bales a year. I don't know how many gunny sacks they weave. We buy more jute than any other country in the world — buy it not only to sack our potatoes and onions, but we use it in the manufacture of linoleum and jute rugs. That rough rug on your mother's back porch, Peter, is a jute rug. It will never wear out, they say."

"Seaport and railroad center," was the way Uncle Lee described Calcutta. "Ships bringing jute up the delta rivers like the Hooghly and down the Ganges. Railroads from the north bringing tea! Cargoes of oil seeds, flax, and castor beans from the northwest! Lac, too, that peculiar finish made from the skeletons of tiny bugs and known to the public as fine varnish! Trains and boats laden with cotton goods, woolen goods, iron, automobiles, and steel. Sugar from Java and machinery from the United States."

The moment the MacLarens landed at the dock, they were whisked into the business district of Calcutta with its modern buildings and paved streets. Peter and Nancy saw street cars and fine automobiles.

Ewing Galloway

CLIVE STREET IN CALCUTTA

After lunch, they drove into the residential district. The lawns and gardens and homes were not unlike those in a flourishing English or American city.

One of the handsomest palaces in the city was that of Badra Dos. The MacLarens exclaimed at the sight of the beautiful white building with its elaborate facade and statues.

It was the natives on the streets that were a constant reminder to Peter and Nancy that they were in India. The taxi driver who showed them about spoke good English, but he was a

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THE PALACE OF BADRA DAS

dark-skinned native and wore a bright turban with streamers behind. Most of the men wore white cloth garments and dark jackets. The women wore dresses made of long pieces of cloth and gracefully draped.

"There's another part of Calcutta," Uncle Lee remarked on the last morning in the big hotel. "You children must see it."

The native section of the city was very shabby and crowded. Walls of stone shut off the better homes. Peter and Nancy paused before a temple where half-starved beggars pleaded for coins

Lionel Green

NO ONE EVER SHOOED A SACRED COW AWAY

and mangy dogs whined at Peter's heels. It was a depressing experience. The children hoped the time would come when the rich land of the delta would feed all the unfortunate as well as the fortunate.

Both children had noticed cows even in the better parts of the city. No one ever shooed a cow away, and everybody walked around one. The cow, the children learned, was considered sacred in India.

"I think the poor should be considered sacred too," Peter solemnly affirmed.

THE SACRED RIVER

PETER and Nancy had hoped that Uncle Lee would consent to a boat trip from Calcutta to Delhi, but he said that the rainy season was at hand and the boat trip would be unbelievably slow. For the most part, the train trip could be made at night in sleeping cars, with side excursions in the daytime out on the Ganges plain.

The first excursion took Peter and Nancy out to a farm. Scuffing through the brown dirt behind the tall figure of Uncle Lee and a little brown man, the children thought the farm a most disheartening place. The farmhouse was merely a mud hut.

"If we had time, we'd watch the building of one of these houses," Uncle Lee told the children. "I believe you could build one, Peter. All you'd have to do would be to measure out the walls with a string and then mix dirt and water to form them. Only a foot of wall is built at a time. It is left to dry in the hot sun before more mud is added."

"How about the roof?" Peter inquired.

"Bamboo poles," Uncle Lee replied. "Bunches of rice grass for thatching."

When Uncle Lee asked the little brown man how far his farm extended, the man did not spread his arms in a wide gesture. He showed the MacLarens that he owned a tiny piece here and a smaller piece there.

"I should think," Nancy ventured, "that it would be handier to have the farm all in one piece."

"It would," Uncle Lee agreed. "But you see, it's the custom for a man in India to leave an equal amount of his farm, when he dies, to each son. Accordingly, he divides whatever he has into pieces, and such pieces are often very small."

Back on the train once more, Peter and Nancy were silent and solemn. Later they saw that not all the land was brown and sere. There were winter crops of flax and barley, and there were beautiful fields of sugar cane, which, Uncle Lee said, needed a long season for growing. Of course the sugar cane had been irrigated, but the coming rains would be the main source of moisture for this important crop.

The weather was becoming more sultry. One night, while the train traveled on, Peter and Nancy in their berths were awakened by a strange sound. It was raining—raining hard. Sighing with contentment the MacLarens went back to sleep.

Benares at last! The MacLarens refreshed themselves in a fine British hotel.

Early the following morning, Uncle Lee hired a carriage to drive to the famous water front of Benares. Although a city of 200,000 people, the population was always swelled to a much larger number by pilgrims. Driving through the streets was in itself an adventure. They had to go slowly because of the crowds on foot. Little brown children ran along with their brown-skinned fathers and mothers. The men and women, for the most part, wore long strips of white or gaily colored cloth wrapped around their bodies and pulled over their faces. There was a tinkle and clank of jewelry, for even the poorest women wore metal bracelets from wrist to elbow and anklets of gold or silver as well. Nancy was amused by the rings and bells on the toes of one little brown woman. Some women were wearing rich Cashmere shawls and sandals. There were many sick and lame and old people in the crowds, and oftentimes a maimed pilgrim. One and all were bound for the Ganges.

"We shall see pilgrims bathing in the Ganges!" Peter cried. "Why do they call it the sacred Ganges?"

"There's one reason even we should be able to understand," Uncle Lee said solemnly. "The Ganges, carrying the silt down from the mountains, is what has made life possible all over the wide Ganges plain."

Uncle Lee dismissed the driver at the upper end of the city and hired a rowboat manned by a half-dozen brown Hindus wearing white garments and white turbans.

The water front was a mass of people either bathing in the river or swarming over the sands.

Ewing Galloway

THE BATHING GHATS AT BENARES

Back of them rose the walls and towers of many temples, some of them in sad need of repair. But it was the people, not the buildings, that were most interesting. There were three miles of steps upon which half-naked men and women of all classes swarmed, most of them saying prayers, dipping up the water in vessels, or wading out into it. The water was cold, but the bathers were thinking not of their own comfort, but of the bliss that would be theirs when all their sins were thus washed away.

"Hinduism teaches that bathing in the Ganges does wash away all sin," Uncle Lee explained. "All the Ganges is sacred, but this spot in Benares is held most sacred of all. To die even within ten miles of this sacred spot is believed to insure entrance into Heaven. The men sitting so silently are holy men. That starved-looking creature in rags with his arm held up in one position—he has held it there so long that he will never be able to use it—is a penitent. Hinduism teaches that such self-torture will mean bliss in the life to come."

"Look at the cows!" Nancy exclaimed. "They wander right in among the people. Some of them have wreaths of marigolds about their necks. And see the black ashes floating in the stream. Something is burning down at that end of the steps."

"The dead," Uncle Lee declared solemnly. "That is a burning ghat, a wide step on which the Hindus, after dipping the dead in holy water of the Ganges, cremate the bodies. The ashes are then thrown into the river."

"I thought ghats were mountains." Peter, seeing that Nancy looked rather pale, tried to change the subject.

"They are," Uncle Lee answered. "The Eastern and Western Ghats are the principal mountain ranges of south India, bordering its coasts. You and Nancy had several close glimpses of them. By the way, how would you like to visit the Golden Temple and the Monkey Temple?

There are a thousand or more temples in Benares, but I think you youngsters will like these best."

"They sound interesting," Nancy affirmed hollowly.

The Golden Temple was truly gold, as Nancy said afterward. Uncle Lee declared that the plated gold spire could be seen for miles by pilgrims approaching the city and that the sight was encouraging to weary, footsore travelers. The god Siva, for whom the temple was built, was supposed to live high on one of the peaks of the Himalaya Mountains and to be waited on by many spirits. With Brahma and Vishnu, Siva formed the Hindu trinity.

In another temple, not far from the Golden Temple, were kept a hundred live sacred bulls. These animals, of white and dove gray, were used in the worship of Siva. The faces of Peter and of Nancy lighted up at the sight of the docile beasts. The bulls were odd-looking, with humps on their backs and long rabbit-like ears hanging down from their heads. They looked so gentle and so mild that Peter and Nancy joined the people who were petting them and putting garlands of flowers about their necks. It was like feeding pets on the farm back home except for the air of mystery that enveloped everything in Benares.

Uncle Lee had once remarked that there seemed to be more cattle in India than in any

Ewing Galloway

THE MONKEY TEMPLE

other country in the world. Peter and Nancy had come to realize that these cattle were not beef cattle but sacred cattle used only in work. All over the city, as Uncle Lee drove the children about they observed cattle drawing carts. Oftentimes their horns were decorated with ribbons or fresh flowers.

"And now for the Monkey Temple, Uncle Lee," Peter announced. "Surely you haven't forgotten."

The temple of Hanuman, the monkey god, was not so pretentious as the Golden Temple, but it was, as Peter put it, twice as exciting. The MacLarens entered a court and saw immediately that the big trees overhanging the wall were filled with chattering monkeys. It was frightening to Nancy, and she threw down the popcorn she had brought all at once. But Peter took his time, laughing as the drove of monkeys swooped down to fight over the corn.

There seemed always to be on the streets persons, both men and women, who hid their faces, stepping aside for others to pass.

"Who are they?" Nancy asked Uncle Lee as she strolled along between him and Peter after leaving the Monkey Temple.

"The untouchables," Uncle Lee answered.

"The untouchables!" Peter exclaimed. "Have they some contagious disease like leprosy? Or are they criminals?"

"They are probably those who have been born outside of any caste," Uncle Lee explained. "The work a man does, or his profession, determines his social position or caste. You see, there are four main castes with many subdivisions under each. There are the priestly or Brahman, the warrior, the trading, and the laboring castes. Below these are the outcasts or untouchables. They are those who have broken some rule of the caste system, such as entering the home of one in a higher caste or touching his food. The children of these unfortunates are also outcasts.

"Our belief that all men are created equal is

Keystone View

A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL IN INDIA

just the opposite of the Hindu belief. Here in India a man can never leave his caste. If his father is a priest, he must be a priest. If his father is a peasant, he must be a peasant. He remains always in the caste into which he was born. In America a man can make a good position for himself through his own ability and training. But in India a man has no chance to rise, unless a miracle happens. Once in a great while some interested Britisher takes it upon himself to educate an untouchable."

"I wish I could help a few," Nancy sighed.

"So do I," Peter agreed.

Uncle Lee said there were thousands of little villages on the Ganges plain. He took Peter and

Nancy to see one. The main street was nothing more than a rough alleyway with mud houses facing it. A few of the houses hid behind mud walls or mango trees. There were mud stables for the lean cattle, but the poor dogs, that were everywhere present, seemed to have no homes. The men, women, and children worked in the fields for the most part and returned at noon to their rice, and, in season, to their vegetables.

"How about school?" Peter inquired. "The British surely believe in education, if the Hindus don't."

"Come on. I'll show you a village school" Uncle Lee invited.

He led Peter and Nancy to a small, one-room mud schoolhouse. Outside on the ground sat the younger pupils. The tall, dark Hindu teacher, in clean white cotton trousers and white turban, was patiently showing the little ones how to count with seeds. Inside the schoolhouse, the older children squatted on the floor with their reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"It is only the rich," Uncle Lee said as they left, "who can send their children away to school."

CITIES OF THE RAJAHS

"THERE are two cities in north central India that are cities of romance," Uncle Lee declared as the three travelers left Benares in a car, "Agra and Delhi. I'm not going to tell you youngsters much about them. I'm going to let you judge for yourselves."

They started for Agra in a car. As they rolled over the drawbridge of the great, red-walled fort at Agra, Peter and Nancy felt as though a magic carpet had transported them back across the centuries. A drawbridge over a moat, just as Peter had seen it in many a book of adventure! The fort, built by a rajah several hundred years before, boasted great high rooms and a splendid courtyard. But it was empty except for soldier guards and visitors.

"This is the Jasmine Tower," Uncle Lee pointed out as they entered a lovely courtyard.

The walls of the Tower, which were of inlaid marble and set with semiprecious stones, enclosed a rich flooring in the center of which was a marble basin with a bubbling fountain. Here a famous emperor and his empress had enjoyed many a happy hour. From the window in the Jasmine Tower Peter gazed across the broad Jumna River to the opposite bank. This open, unglazed window was the one from which the dying Shah Jahan looked upon the mausoleum for which he had made poor an entire people.

"The most beautiful building in the world!" Peter exclaimed.

"The rest of the world agrees with you, Peter," said Uncle Lee. "That is the Taj Mahal. We'll visit it. Meantime we'll stroll around in the park, and I'll tell you about this famous building."

The park proved to be a delight. Palm trees Peter and Nancy expected to find, but they saw also orange trees, and flowers: exquisite roses, lilies, and smaller varieties. From the red gate in the wall that surrounded the park the MacLarens strolled up the broad paved walk. Tall rows of dark cypress trees on either side lent majesty to the approach. Ahead was the shimmering marble of the Taj Mahal. Could it be real? On one side of the walk was a canal in which were many fountains. Giant water lilies floated on the surface. The fragrance of the flowers and the sound of plashing water were more real than the building ahead. It was, as Uncle Lee said, " 'Like no work of human builders but a care of angel hands.' "

The entire structure was of dazzling white marble. About the central dome were four smaller domes; at each corner of the platform on which the tomb was built, minarets rose into the blue sky. There was not a particle of wood or metal; the entire building was of purest marble

Ewing Galloway

THE TAJ MAHAL

and mortar. Walking toward it, the children realized that the marble was inlaid with precious stones to form flowers, leaves, and branches. Every flower petal, every stem, every leaf was worked out with exquisite care. The flowers of the garden had been immortalized in marble.

Within the Taj Mahal there appeared the same lovely inlaid walls, the figures smaller than those on the outside and even more delicately wrought. Peter and Nancy stared in wonder at the two sarcophagi of white marble with their beautiful, frail-appearing flowers. The two white caskets were no more wonderful than the pure white stone screen within which they stood. No matter where they went later or what they saw, Peter and Nancy were never to forget the dazzling whiteness of the marble, the delicate beauty of the colored inlaid flowers, or the perfect architecture that had made of domes and minarets an unforgettable beauty.

"Strange that the most appealing structure in an Indian city should not have been built by an Indian," Uncle Lee mused as he strolled with Peter and Nancy along the canal.

"It was erected by Shah Jahan as a burial place for his wife, wasn't it?" Peter spoke up.

"Who was Shah Jahan?" Nancy inquired.

"He was of a race of Tartars from Turkestan who came down through Afghanistan to conquer the country," Uncle Lee explained. "Not all conquerors bring complete disaster. Shah Jahan built palaces and mosques worthy of the best. It is said that he employed the finest artists of Asia and Europe to design the Taj Mahal. He employed 20,000 workmen seventeen years and spent $20,000,000 on it. But he created something that will live, I hope, for countless ages. It has been fitly called a 'poem in stone.'"

"The Taj Mahal is on the Jumna River, and you'll see the Jumna River again in Delhi," Uncle Lee continued.

"King George V of Great Britain decided to change the capital of India from Calcutta to

Delhi when he visited here in 1911. Delhi is near the center of the Ganges Plain, and is more easily reached than Calcutta by the country as a whole. Delhi is cool and comfortable in winter, but hot in summer. The government officials then move up to Simla, a beautiful mountainous city in the Himalayas, and stay there until fall."

"Good thing there are mountains in India," Peter remarked.

"Especially for foreigners who are not used to the climate," Uncle Lee added. "Every province of India has what is known as its 'Hill Station,' a summer resort where missionaries, government officials, and tourists can be comfortable. I hardly think the British would have been so successful in India if they had not had these mountain stations. Geography is important, even in politics."

When they arrived in New Delhi, as the capital is called, the MacLarens saw a thriving city of temples, bazaars, and palaces. Against the deep blue sky rose domes of mosques and towers of minarets. Peter and Nancy visited so many ruins that they were not surprised to learn from Uncle Lee that Delhi had been a capital seven times. The most famous capital had been established by the Mogul emperors. Uncle Lee said that he hoped the British influence would last longer even than the Mogul empire.

The flame-of-the-woods, shrubs bearing showy, scarlet flowers, were in bloom in the yard of the

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A POTTERY WORKER IN THE BAZAAR AT DELHI

pension or boardinghouse where Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy. There were lilacs, too, smelling so sweet that they made the children homesick. In the crowded musty bazaars Peter and Nancy were glad to think of the refreshing lilacs.

"There's one place just outside the city we must visit," Uncle Lee announced one morning. Every tourist goes there."

"We go," Peter declared, "not as tourists; we go as geographers—even if Uncle Lee doesn't spend much time writing."

"I'm depending upon your memories," said Uncle Lee, "and on my notebook. Besides I feel lazy in this heat. When we get up into Tibet and Mongolia, I'll make up for lost time."

A seven-mile drive in a car brought the MacLarens to the famous Kartub Tower, a minaret, all that was left of what must have been a wonderful mosque. The tower was extremely tall and conical in shape. From the top of it, the ashes of all seven of the capitals that had once stood on the plain below could be seen.

"The eighth should be best," Peter declared, which showed, Uncle Lee said, that Peter was not superstitious. He would not fear to raise cities on the graves of other cities.

A fifteen-foot bronze pillar belonging to the long ago stood in the center of the mosque ruins.

"The natives say," Uncle Lee explained, "that if one stands with his back against the pillar and can make his fingers touch on the other side, he may have whatever he desires."

Nancy made the effort and knew immediately that it was no use. Peter attempted it, making desperate, wriggling attempts. Even the sober, white-turbaned guides laughed outright.

"You try, Uncle Lee," Nancy begged.

Uncle Lee had long arms. Without half trying, so he said, he succeeded in making his fingers meet — just meet.

"What did you wish, Uncle Lee?" Peter asked.

"I wished," he said, "something that I may regret. I wished Jimmy Dustin would fly us into Tibet."

THE LAMA COUNTRY

ONE day, out of a clear sky, an airplane descended, a familiar airplane piloted by Jimmy Dustin. The little party flew to Srinagar in the Vale of Kashmir intending to join a small caravan journeying to Leh, the capital of Ladakh on the upper part of the Indus River. Jimmy agreed that later he would pick the MacLarens up in Leh and take them on to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet which was forbidden to foreigners.

"The doors of Lhasa may be closed, but the sky is open," Jimmy remarked.

"Uncle Lee gets his wish," observed Peter.

Kashmir from the sky was a sea of green, its rice paddies banked by snowcapped mountains. A closer view gave a vision of dark pines and walnut trees. As it was May, the hillsides were white with pear blossoms. Poppies and roses were almost as profuse as irises. Although the days were hot, the evenings were cool, and the MacLarens were prepared to enjoy themselves in this flowery paradise. The plane descended just outside the capital city of Srinagar.

While Jimmy arranged to have his plane guarded, the MacLarens walked into the city. They felt almost as though they were in Venice. The picturesque city was divided into two parts by the River Jhelum, across which seven bridges

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SILK COCOONS DRYING IN THE SUN

had been built. The MacLarens soon found that this Venice in the Vale of Kashmir used its canals as streets and that gondolas glided between banks shaded by walnut trees. Quaint houses and lovely Hindu shrines were reflected in the still water.

The MacLarens settled down for a short stay in a hotel in Srinagar. They were surprised to learn that the production and weaving of silk was the most thriving industry in Kashmir, and spent a great deal of time observing the many interesting stages of this work.

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THE MAHARAJAH'S ACTORS

One day at sunset Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy through the Dal Lake to the gates of Shalimar, the beautiful garden built by a Mongol emperor for his queen. The lotus-covered lake was lovely indeed, but the garden of sweet flowers and plashing fountains was even lovelier.

On another day they saw the Maharajah's troupe of actors in full dress costume, mounted on the royal elephants.

And now the trip to Leh was at hand. The MacLarens followed the mountain trail, riding sturdy little Tibetan ponies and taking with them native guides who spoke imperfect English. It was one of the most inspiring though difficult of all their journeys. All about them were snowy pinnacles, and once out of the Vale of Kashmir, they rode into desolate country. In many places there was not a single tree, a blade of grass, or a flower to relieve the rocky monotony. There were beautifully streaked rock formations in brilliant colors.

As the MacLarens continued their journey they saw many ancient deserted castles in the mountains. These citadels belonged to another age. Fragments of shale were constantly sliding down into the Indus River, and the travelers were very happy when they reached Leh, and were safe from the rocky, slippery mountain paths.

In Leh there was a main street lined with poplar trees, and there was the usual bazaar with its tiny shops opening onto the street. The old stone huts were for the most part in bad repair. Close to Tibet and Russia, this city contained an odd assortment of peoples. To the MacLarens the natives proved most interesting.

In Leh, also, there was a great lama monastery. Uncle Lee said that the books in the monastery were all religious books, made of blocks of wood or cardboard. Education in northern India and Tibet, Peter and Nancy learned, was confined almost entirely to the priests or lamas who did little but study and meditate.

And now Jimmy Dustin was in Leh, helping

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THE WIFE OF A TIBETAN MILITARY OFFICER
WITH HER SERVANTS

plan the trip to Lhasa, the city that had closed its doors against all foreigners. Peter was all for making the trip by yak caravan, but Uncle Lee said it would be too dangerous. He told of one white woman who had entered Lhasa, but she had made the perilous journey in the company of a lama with her face colored brown, her hair and clothes untidy, and her feet clad in crude felt boots. She lived on brick tea, rancid butter, and barley meal, and she suffered extremely from cold and exposure.

Jimmy Dustin's plane purposely took the MacLarens across the most desolate part of Tibet, the great northern plateau or tableland. It was a part of the country Jimmy felt geographers should know, since it was the great elevated tract of land that separated Tibet from the rest of the world. The average altitude was 14,000 feet, and there were mountain ranges running across this rugged tableland. Salt lakes were not infrequent. Wild yaks and antelope were the only animals that could graze on the short bunch grass. The air was cold and dry, and the trip was not pleasant.

In this highest land in the world the MacLarens came upon their first Tibetan village where they stopped for the night. It was a small village, its huts and caves upon a cliff, with the *gompa*, or lama monastery, on the very brink of a chasm.

"Just what is a lama, Uncle Lee?" Nancy inquired. "I know a gompa is the building in which he lives."

"The lamas are priests of the Buddhist faith, Nancy," Uncle Lee explained. "They are very numerous in Tibet. One-third of the population of Lhasa, for example, is made up of priests. The Great Lama dwells in the Potala, a temple outside the city. He is often a young boy, supposed to have the spirit of Buddha within him."

Uncle Lee's explanation was interrupted by several native men in rough, gray woolen garments who came to meet the party. Their eyes had what Uncle Lee called the Mongoloid fold. Their lips were thick, their cheekbones prominent, and their hair black and wooly.

"Look at the jewelry!" Peter exclaimed.

"What turquoise!" Nancy whispered. "No matter how poor or shabby they may be they certainly wear a good deal of it."

It was true. The men wore great silver ear loops and turquoise necklaces, and even the shabbiest boasted a few bracelets.

Peter and Nancy often had seen yellow-robed priests, but they never before had seen red-robed priests. They appeared by the dozens from the monasteries. Uncle Lee and the children were made welcome at the meal spread out on a long wooden table. There was the usual brick tea served with barley meal and rancid butter. This "buttered tea," the MacLarens learned, was the staple diet of most Tibetans. Often wheat, beans, or peas were substituted for barley and mixed with tea. The natives kneaded the mush into balls and ate them with their fingers. The most common dish everywhere was tea soup, which was just a broth of brick tea, yak butter, barley meal, and water.

While Peter and Nancy rested, Uncle Lee made a tour of the monastery. He told them afterward that he had beheld the gold and bronze images of Buddha in a room decorated with horrible demons. He said that although the

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"BUTTERED TEA" IS THE DIET OF MOST TIBETANS

lamas were very poor, he saw them making offerings of oil and grain before the god.

"A young lama gave several prayer wheels a good spin," Uncle Lee continued. "That means that all the prayers contained in the wheel were wafted up to Buddha for him. Notice the little prayer flags on the houses? Buddhists believe that in this mechanical way, by the turning of a wheel or the fluttering of the wind, prayers may be sent to heaven. Enough prayers will save your soul. It does not matter so much how you live."

Uncle Lee took the children to call on the family of the innkeeper. The innkeeper's wife was an astounding person. Her matted hair was braided, and over it she wore a magnificent head-dress that came to a point down over her forehead and fell behind to her waist. It was set with turquoise and represented not only all her wealth but the inherited wealth of her ancestors. She wore dark woolen clothes, none too clean. Uncle Lee said the natives often wore their clothes until they fell off in shreds.

There was a prayer wheel at the corner of the simple house and cloth prayer flags on the roof.

"The most popular prayer is, "*Om mani padne om, Om mani padne om*," said Uncle Lee, "which means, 'O thou jewel in the heart of the heart of the lotus flower.'"

"I shouldn't call that a prayer," Nancy commented.

"In a lotus flower," Uncle Lee explained, "there is always a single drop of pure water. It is the purest thing man knows and the Tibetan feels that to call Buddha such a name should win his grace."

More and more Peter and Nancy realized that Tibet was a country dominated by religion. On the outskirts of the village was the town wall. This wall was built of stone and was at least a mile long and thirty feet broad. On top of the wall had been placed queer-shaped little prayer stones. There were hundreds and hundreds of them. Such a wall, Uncle Lee said, would, according to the Tibetan belief, keep evil spirits out of the town.

On a walk out into the desolate country the MacLarens came upon many hollow piles of stones, five to twenty feet high.

"These *chortens*," Uncle Lee explained, "are really monuments."

He reached inside one of the bigger chortens and brought out a miniature chorten no bigger than a flower pot, and looking much like one.

"This," he said in all seriousness, "is what remains of a lama."

At Nancy's horrified gaze he explained that the larger chortens are frequently used as vaults in which the bones of lamas, after being cremated, are ground and mixed with clay to make smaller chortens.

"Please put the poor lama down," Nancy begged, but Peter took it from his uncle and examined it curiously.

Late the next day the MacLarens started on in Jimmy's plane. As night came on they spied a group of black tents and the glow of a campfire. For some time now the engine had been sputtering.

"We're going to land," Uncle Lee announced.

"In forbidden country?" Nancy asked.

"Airplanes haven't any respect for forbidden country," Peter declared and added, "I'm glad of it. This is going to be one real adventure."

TIBETAN HIGHLANDS AND A HINDU PROVINCE

THE first reaction of the MacLarens as the plane grounded was one of relief, followed by apprehension. Peter ran toward a boy of his own age, using the universal sign language. The boy smiled, then stuck out his tongue at Peter. A small girl, looking at Nancy, did likewise. A man in a single rough sheepskin garment tied in the middle shouted, "*Philing! Meg kar!*"

"*Philing* means white people," Uncle Lee interpreted. "*Meg kar* means white eyes, a common epithet of abuse for foreigners. I hardly think we are welcome except, perhaps, to the children."

"Anyway," Nancy said, as she walked beside Uncle Lee, "the children have stopped sticking out their tongues at us."

"I wish the grown people would stick out their tongues at us," Uncle Lee said. "It's the Tibetan way of saying welcome."

"Why do they call us white eyes? We haven't white eyes," Nancy protested.

"Tibetans see no beauty in blue or gray eyes," Uncle Lee explained. "They call fair hair gray hair, which they consider ugly. It's unfortunate that we need their help. Usually the peasants are hospitable and kind. Tibet hasn't always

Acme

THE TIBETANS DEPEND ON THE YAK FOR MANY THINGS

been closed to foreigners, you know. By the way, Tibet is a word unknown in the Tibetan language. The natives called their country *Bod*. Wish I knew more of the language than I do. Don't like the way they're hanging back. . . . Fine herd of yaks!"

Uncle Lee went forward and conferred with two very sober-looking natives, while Peter and Nancy looked at the yaks. They are the animals without which, so Jimmy declared, the country would be naught. He said the natives depended on the yaks for transportation, skins, meat, milk, and butter.

While Jimmy walked away to look for help, Peter and Nancy watched a great yak that was grazing near by. He was not as tall as an ox, but he was as big and heavy. He had a short head and neck and short legs. Peter pronounced him a very compact animal. His horns were big and somewhat flattened. The queerest thing about him was a hump on his shoulders of great soft fur in a bunch. In addition to the fur on his hump, there was a thick coat of long, silky hair all over his body, and a long flowing tail.

Jimmy Dustin came running up with a shout.

"There's a Tibetan farmhouse not far off," he cried. "Thank the nomads for their hospitality and follow me."

As the MacLarens started toward the farmhouse, the nomads called out pleasantly, "*Kale pheb.*"

"*Kale jii,*" Uncle Lee returned.

To Peter and Nancy he explained, "Kale pheb means go slowly and kale jii means stay or sit slowly."

Jimmy declared that the Tibetan farmhouse in which they were welcomed was typical. The lower floor was a stable, and the family lived above. In the sooty kitchen the MacLarens looked about. There was a thick layer of dust everywhere. The rough floor was spotted with the grease of soup and butter. Since there were no windows, the smoke found its way out through the light hole and also through a gap between the top of the wall and the roof. All around the room were boxes and bags holding supplies, but no chairs and tables.

There was yak meat for supper, boiling in a huge caldron held by a large iron tripod. Nancy was astounded to see the hostess cut the meat on her lap. The MacLarens and Jimmy were served bountifully. Then the men got down their bowls from the shelf—it seemed each person had his own bowl—and began to eat.

To Peter and Nancy the food tasted really good. Uncle Lee had produced spoons for them from a kit Jimmy carried.

And now darkness was filling the already dim kitchen and into the brazier in the middle of the floor a woman threw some shavings of a resinous wood. The smoke was annoying only to Jimmy and the MacLarens. Uncle Lee diplomatically suggested that it was bedtime.

Nancy slept on the roof terrace with two native girls who gave her a small piece of carpet on which to lie. The carpet was short, and as it grew cold toward morning, she tried to creep under it.

At breakfast Jimmy said, "Most Tibetan farmers sleep doubled up on the floor like dogs. To stretch out is a quality-class luxury."

Water had been added to the soup of the night before, but Uncle Lee's party was served tea crushed into hot water with salt and butter and thickened with *tsamba*, or barley meal. Peter and Nancy had learned by this time to roll the tsamba into balls with their fingers and to eat it like the natives.

It was while the little party was still at the farmhouse that an anchorite or hermit came to beg. Jimmy learned that he lived in a cave high up in the Himalayas and that he practiced *thumo reskiang.*

"That means he can keep himself warm without fire or heavy clothing," Jimmy explained.

Peter and Nancy laughed until Uncle Lee added that this was no matter of religious faith but a scientific method for producing internal heat.

Jimmy had made the airplane repairs and the little party said good-by to the hospitable Tibetan farmers.

The plane pointed toward Lhasa in the very heart of Tibet. Lhasa was 11,000 feet above sea level, Jimmy said, which was much more than a mile higher than Denver, Colorado. It lay in a plain called the Plain of Milk. None of the party could see any reason for the name, since the Plain of Milk was mostly swamp.

Lhasa from the air looked like a city of palaces and hovels. Several times Peter and Nancy exclaimed at golden roofs. Uncle Lee said they really were washed with gold.

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THE PALACE OF THE GREAT LAMA

Out a short distance from the city stood the Potala where the Great Lama dwelt. It was 600 feet long and looked more like a fortification than a temple. This great building, which is one of the most picturesque of the world, housed the servants and the many priests of the Buddhist order. Uncle Lee said that many of these personages were clad in shining yellow satin, dark red cloth, and gold brocade. On most of the narrow streets below trudged pilgrims, traders, and civilians. The most common form of travel seemed to be by yak caravan, although the children did catch glimpses of motor cars.

With this brief view, the plane sped south.

Wide World Photos

THEY SAW AN EXPLORER'S CAMP FAR BELOW ON THE BARE PLAIN

Now there were more lofty, snowy peaks and the valleys were white with frost. Were those mystic anchorites who lived on the frozen summits really keeping warmth within their bodies?

The great tableland now swam in purple and orange hues, lifting up queerly-shaped caps of snow. Once they saw an explorer's camp far below, a speck on the vast, bare plain.

"Believe it or not," spoke up Uncle Lee as he looked down on all this coldness, "there are a number of hot springs all over Tibet."

The land looked like a rock and snow forest, the only signs of life the rich embroidery of lichens on the queer stone formations below.

Cold waterfalls, half-frozen lakes, and giant glaciers added to the effect of intense cold.

The plane roared on, and now dwarfed trees appeared, trees that might have reached giant stature had it not been for the rarified air.

The plane continued south, swinging lower and lower. The country was rapidly changing. It became tropical.

"Down there," Jimmy shouted, "you'll find wild orchards, singing birds, and enough fireflies to light your home."

Jimmy landed in a little village in Bhutan. A group of men and women came to greet the MacLarens as they stepped out of the plane. These people looked much like the Tibetans. They had high cheekbones, copper skins, and the men were as beardless as American Indians. The women wore their fortunes on their persons, vast amounts of coral, turquoise, and silver and gold jewelry. Several women wore earrings so heavy that the lobes of their ears had been elongated by the constant pull.

"If anything, they are darker than the Tibetans," Nancy whispered to Uncle Lee. "Not a *philing* among them—nor any *meg kar!*"

"They've assisted nature," teased Uncle Lee, "as women have done from the beginning. They paint their faces with a sort of brown varnish."

"Who owns this country of Bhutan?" Peter inquired. "From the looks of the officers coming this way, we're in a British possession."

"Good guess, Peter," said Uncle Lee. "Bhutan is an independent state, like Nepal, but under British control. The capital is Punaka, but most of the trade is carried on through Darjeeling in India. It's not far away. These hillbillies are good farmers and know how to market their produce."

"They look prosperous, if turquoise is any indication of wealth," Nancy observed. "Wonder why they prize it so."

"Because," Jimmy answered soberly, "it keeps away the evil eye. To wear it brings one good luck. I hope we have the good luck to reach Darjeeling before nightfall."

THE LAND OF TEAK AND RICE AND RUBIES

THE little hill city of Darjeeling, a mile and a half above sea level in northern India, was delightful. The snowcapped Himalayas were visible above.

"How far away is Mt. Everest?" Peter inquired, his eyes wide and shining.

"Perhaps 150 miles," Uncle Lee replied. "Across Nepal."

"Now we'll see it," Nancy spoke up. "Maybe that misty shadow away off there is Mt. Everest."

"And maybe not," Peter answered.

"Mt. Everest is the last great adventure left," said Uncle Lee. "No one has ever climbed to the top. The air is so thin that not even the strongest men can exert themselves in it, and the ice never melts.

"There would be plenty to see in Nepal, if we had time to visit it," Uncle Lee continued. "It isn't often that outsiders are allowed in that country. The people of Nepal became independent in 1923 through treaty with Great Britain. Nepal is a pretty lively kingdom."

"How big?" Peter inquired.

"How big?" Uncle Lee repeated. "It is 500 miles long and not more than 150 miles wide. Now why not ask how high?"

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ONE OF THE GREAT GLACIERS ON MT. EVEREST

"I'll ask it!" Nancy cried. "How high? You'll say as high as Mt. Everest, I know."

"You're too bright altogether," Uncle Lee scowled at Nancy, then grinned. "Everest is about 29,000 feet above sea level."

Next morning they went to Tiger Hill to watch the dawn upon the great mountain. First a faint color appeared, then the golden disk of the sun seemed to shoot up suddenly, like a great ball of fire. The sky became flooded with a brilliant color, against which the great peak was outlined. As the sun rose higher the mountain ranges slowly appeared jaggedly against the sky. Gradually the shadows were dispelled like mists, until the scene became just mountains and valleys. But the spell of the gorgeous coloring at dawn, with the mountain peaks emerging from the darkness of the night, stayed with the MacLarens as one of the most beautiful memories of all their travels.

Back in the hotel in Darjeeling they heard travelers talk of tiger and rhino hunts.

"Elephants!" Peter exulted. "Are we going to ride elephants?"

Uncle Lee looked at Nancy, a question in his bright blue eyes.

"I'd like to," Nancy insisted stoutly.

"As a matter of fact, we were invited to join in a tiger hunt. That would be the maddest adventure I've ever attempted with you youngsters."

Peter's look of disappointment made Uncle Lee smile.

"However, we'll have a ride on an elephant this afternoon," he added.

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RIDING ELEPHANTS OF INDIA

An elephant bearing a saddle! Nancy admired the beautifully embroidered silk cloth which covered the cushion and the wooden framework. She was delighted to find that the saddle had a fringed canopy which protects the riders from the hot sun.

The driver brought a ladder and the MacLarens climbed into the *howdah*, as the saddle and canopy are called. The elephant moved ponderously away, guided by the driver who sat on his neck and pulled the long ears of the animal.

Back in the hotel Uncle Lee reminded Peter and Nancy that on the southern slopes of the mountains, bordering on the basin of the Brahmaputra River, were located the great tea plantations. The region was known as Assam.

"Enjoy the coolness of Darjeeling while you may," Uncle Lee advised. "We'll soon be getting back into jungle heat. Although the rainy season is over, Burma is always warm, except up in the mountains."

Jimmy Dustin remained with the MacLarens in the pleasant hill city awaiting a British official, and it was Jimmy who saw them off on the little train that was to carry them down to sea level.

The train descended along many curves and through a succession of rapidly changing scenes. There were the great mountain trees covered with moss that made them shine like silver. There were tree ferns and colorful orchids hanging down from the luxuriant growth. Then the jungle itself was there, with twisting vines and curious plants, and at last Peter and Nancy saw, out of the car window, the tropical plains with their bamboo and banyan trees. The climate had changed, too, very rapidly. The air was muggy.

Calcutta, of course, was familiar, and Peter and Nancy drowsed in the great railway station while Uncle Lee bought tickets to travel by boat down the Bay of Bengal and along the west coast of Burma to Rangoon.

There were many Burmese on board the boat. Peter and Nancy could not take their eyes off one couple, evidently wealthy. They had yellow-brown complexions, which was to be expected, since, as Uncle Lee said, they belonged to the yellow race. Their eyes, however, did not slant a great deal. In fact, they were almost straight. But their noses were flat and their lips slightly thicker than those of white people. The woman, dressed in bright-colored silk with a white silk jacket, wore in each ear a gold plug set with rubies. The plug had been inserted in the ear through a hole in the lobe. The man wore a large turban of bright yellow, a white jacket that reached to his waist, and a skirt that Uncle Lee said was made of a strip of cloth ten yards long. Both the man and the woman had long hair, bound up in knots on the tops of their heads. Peter saw that when the man removed his turban to adjust it. The woman wore no hat.

One of the half-naked boy workers on the boat had elaborately tattooed arms and legs. Snakes, flowers, and scrolls were all symbolical, Uncle Lee said, acting as charms against bad luck. The boy proudly displayed his tattooing, which was not surprising, as he must have suffered a great deal while the figures were being made.

"Boyhood isn't so easy in Burma," Uncle Lee observed after the boy had departed along the deck on his bare feet. "The Burmese are Buddhists and you'll see a good many yellow-robed monks everywhere in Burma. Some of the yellow-clad Buddhists will seem very young to you. The parents believe that a son must become a monk before his soul can be born. Therefore he must work as a servant, or *chela*, in a monastery for a time. No matter how rich his family may be, he must beg for his living and must study the life of Buddha. He holds out a bowl to passers-by, although he may say no word of complaint concerning his lot. Many of the Burmese boys remain in the monasteries, but most of them go back to the farms, the mines, the forests, and the sea."

"They look intelligent," Nancy whispered, gazing about shyly from her deck chair at the little Burmese girls dressed like their mothers. "There seem already to be more smiles here than in other parts of India."

"Burma," Uncle Lee continued, "has just been given a constitution and is now a self-governing country. It is no longer a part of India. But Great Britain has done much for Burma. Besides the native schools, which teach mostly moral precepts, there are many British public schools, and not for boys alone either. Girls' schools are coming into fashion. You'll seldom find a Burmese who cannot read and write. Burma is a big country to educate, too. It's larger than France, and it extends from where it joins the highlands of Tibet southward to the Bay of Bengal. It has extremely rich fields, as the rivers run down from the Himalayas bringing plenty of silt."

"How many rivers are there?" Peter asked. "Of course I know about the Irrawaddy. We're getting close to it now."

"The Irrawaddy is the most important, perhaps." Uncle Lee looked thoughtful. "There is another river, however, worth remembering. It's called the Salween River, and it rises in Tibet, north of Lhasa. It comes hurtling down with many rapids to the Martaban Gulf."

A British gentleman who had been conversing with Uncle Lee brought out a billfold and took from it a tiny packet. He opened the packet to show the MacLaren children a jewel that shone like red fire.

"A pigeon's-blood ruby from Mogok in Burma," he declared. "Worth five times as much as a diamond that size. By the way, a large part of the rubies of the world come from Burma."

"Where are rubies found?" Peter asked. "In rock?"

"In gravel, below the surface dirt and clay," the British gentleman explained. "The gravel is washed and the rubies sink to the bottom. There is no lovelier gem."

"A traveler would think," Nancy observed, looking out at the numerous richly growing rice fields as the boat entered the river, "that Burma would be noted for its rice."

"It exports rice—plenty of it," the gentleman said. "I hope your uncle will take you into the forests and show you the big teak and rubber trees. The teak is a very beautiful tree, rising to a great height. It's great fun to watch the elephants load the heavy teak logs on bamboo rafts to float them. There's rosewood and ironwood in the forests, too, but teak is the most important. You'll find gold, silver, copper, and jade in the mines. Plenty of petroleum here, too. It is a very rich country."

And now the boat was sailing up the Irrawaddy River toward Rangoon. Peter stared at the muddy water, trying to imagine the river as it rose in the snowy Himalayas and wound through gorges and hills into the broad valley before flowing into the Bay of Bengal.

Uncle Lee remarked that although Rangoon had over one-third of a million people, and Mandalay, which was just a night's ride by train further up the Irrawaddy, was half as big, Burma was really a country of villages.

Nancy stared at the little houses. They were built upon stilts, a necessary precaution against high water in the rainy season.

Uncle Lee had said that Burma was a country of temples, pagodas, and monasteries; but Peter and Nancy were amazed at the number of these in Rangoon. They could hardly wait to finish their first meal at the native hotel before they started out exploring. The food was good. There were platters of rice, bowls of curry, fried fish, tea, and for dessert an assortment of mangoes, bananas, and pineapples.

"Not much of a chance to starve," Peter observed as he stuffed some of the fruit into his pockets. "For the chelas," he explained.

Ewing Galloway

A BURMESE ELEPHANT AT WORK

The life of Rangoon seemed to flow toward the docks, and it was easy to see that Rangoon was the seaport of Burma. In its harbor lay ships floating the flags of almost every land. From the docks little brown men loaded rice, lumber, and petroleum onto the ships.

Peter wanted to spend all his time in Rangoon watching the elephants in the lumberyard pile teak logs. These strong, dependable animals, each with a single rider on his back, seemed almost human in their ability to understand commands. If the log were too heavy, an elephant would wait for another to help drag it. It was only when Uncle Lee accused Peter of being a typical tourist, not a geographer at all, that he was persuaded to leave the much-advertised Rangoon elephants.

The streets of Rangoon were for the most part wide and attractive. Since Uncle Lee's visit years before, many modern buildings had been erected. Automobiles were common. The women in their pretty silks with their gay parasols still smoked cheroots, so Uncle Lee observed; and it was not uncommon to see small boys smoking openly with apparent approval of their elders.

Peter was fascinated by the boys of his own age that he met on the street, especially the boys in the yellow robes of the chela. So often did he contribute to the begging bowls they carried that Uncle Lee had to warn him that his spending money would give out.

The MacLarens spent one entire morning viewing the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon. In the bright sunlight, the giant pagoda seemed like a part of the sun's blaze. It rose from a great stone platform, in elaborate form at first, then climbing up, rung upon rung, in circular form, until it ended in a golden spire that looked as though it were trying to reach the sun itself.

"It looks like solid gold," Peter declared, amazed by the sight. "And that golden umbrella on top, studded with real jewels, is like a queen's crown."

"Is it real gold, Uncle Lee?" Nancy inquired.

"There must be a good deal of gold on it,"

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THE GOLDEN PAGODA

Uncle Lee decided. "It's been plated and gilded over time and time again. It stands on the site of a temple built 500 years before Christ was born."

"It must be considered sacred," Nancy guessed.

"All those women in their bright silks are kneeling and praying before it and offering rice and flowers on the platform! All those little boys are praying, too! All those serious men and interested monks are raising their hands up to it. So many roses have been laid on the base that the entire pagoda seemed to be perfumed."

"The Golden Pagoda, so the Burmese believe, is built above a casket containing eight hairs from the head of Buddha," said Uncle Lee.

"Well, Buddha gave them a happy religion," Peter conceded. "Lots of happy faces in Burma."

"Buddha taught them all the law of kindness," Uncle Lee said simply. "Being kind evidently makes for happiness."

A CITY OF GOLDEN SPIRES

THE MacLarens flew from Rangoon, landing on the Gulf of Siam at the mouth of the Menam River. They boarded a boat that was making the trip to Bangkok. As the three travelers settled into their deck chairs, Uncle Lee passed a letter to Nancy.

"Notice the postage stamp," he invited. "It's a Siamese air-mail stamp. The enclosed letter, by the way, assures us of accommodations at a Bangkok hotel. What do you think of the stamp?"

"The figure is queer," Nancy observed. "It's half man and half bird."

"It's the Garuda," Uncle Lee explained, "the mythical steed of Vishnu in Hindu legend. You'll find the Garuda as common in Siam as the eagle is in the United States. Why do you suppose I wanted you to study it?"

"Well," Peter put in, "I suppose wings always mean rising higher, getting somewhere, improving!"

"Peter has left nothing for me to add," Nancy complained, "except that I have a lot of admiration for anyone who will try to get ahead in this hot climate."

Then Nancy glanced up. At the river's mouth stood an island temple. Uncle Lee said it was

Empire

THE ENTRANCE TO A SIAMESE TEMPLE

typically Siamese. The walls of the temple were white, but the roofs were what made the temple distinctive. Multiple roofs, they were, made of gaily colored tiles that overlapped in a quaint, appealing manner. The gables were decorated in elaborate relief, but what delighted Peter most were the many corners of the roofs from which mythical serpents reared their heads. Behind the temple a graceful spire rose against the clear blue of the sky. Nancy caught her breath in delight.

"Twenty miles to Bangkok!" Uncle Lee announced.

"Siam looks so tiny on the map," Nancy said."

"Siam has 200,000 square miles of land," Uncle Lee answered. "It's a country of mountains and valleys with a plateau in the center. We're in the valley of the Menam River now, which runs north and south through the plateau. On the mountains you'll find forests of teak and oak and pine, and in the jungles of the valleys wild plant life and wild animal life, too—tigers, rhinos, leopards, and wild elephants."

"Siam is the country of white elephants," Peter declared. "I can hardly wait to see them."

"You needn't get excited about white elephants," Uncle Lee remarked dryly, and added, "just wait until you do see them."

Peter and Nancy already knew there were nearly 12,000,000 people in Siam, that they belonged to the yellow race, and that they were said to trace their origin back to the fifth century before Christ, that this progressive little kingdom lay between Burma and French Indo-China, but kept its independence.

The first impression of the MacLarens as they stood at the rail of the river boat was that Siam was a country of peace and ease and plenty—and nakedness. These people were stocky, with yellow skin, somewhat thick lips, shining dark eyes, flat noses and straight black hair. Invariably they wore their hair cut very short, which was decidedly convenient since they were in the water as much as they were out of it.

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A WATER BUFFALO AND HIS YOUTHFUL RIDER

Nancy thought once that she heard the wailing cry of an infant, but the sound had come from one of the gray-haired monkeys on shore. Near him bright parrots flitted from tree to tree and a crocodile slid off a log and disappeared into the swamp.

Peter stared from one side of the river to the other, delighted with the luxuriant vegetation. From small canals branching off the river many little boats darted forth. They were filled with vegetables, fruits, and sweetmeats. Fish leaped here and there. On the shores banana, coconut, and mango trees grew plentifully. The little cane huts built upon stilts looked like playhouses with their palm-leaf roofs. A native boy riding along the riverbank on the neck of a huge water buffalo interested Peter.

More and more boats appeared, mostly canoes and *sampans*, paddled oftentimes by naked little boys or scantily dressed men and women. And now any number of floating houses were seen. Many of the roofs had two ridges. Beyond the foliage golden spires rose against the clear blue sky. A graceful bridge curved upward. The town of Bangkok was coming into view.

The twenty-mile trip was almost at an end. The river homes covering a stretch of ten miles on both sides of the river represented the water front of Bangkok. It was easy to see into the houses. At first Nancy decided that she had looked into a home not yet furnished, but as the boat slowly made its way up the river to the docks she saw that the houses were all alike. There were no beds, no tables, and no chairs. Cooking was done in a box of charcoal half-filled with ashes, and the people slept on low pillows of wood when they used pillows at all.

"It is estimated," Uncle Lee said, "that about

100,000 people live here in Bangkok in houses with no foundations but water. They pay small rents for favorable places on the river, but if they choose to move, they tow their floating homes somewhere else.

"There's little incentive to work here," he continued. "The river is full of fish. There are plenty of bananas and mangoes. The soil is rich and enough rice is grown to feed the people and for export. There's a surplus of pepper, too, as well as spice, coffee, tobacco, and cotton. From the mines comes gold as well as iron and tin. There's no fuel problem, as fuel is used only in cooking. As for clothing—"

"No one needs much," Nancy put in. "Uncle Lee, why can't Peter and I wear our bathing suits?"

"I wouldn't mind wearing one myself," Uncle Lee agreed as he mopped his face. "But we're going to a staid hotel."

"Everybody goes about almost naked here," Nancy argued. "It's the style. The people wear *sarongs*, I think you call them, a strip of cloth wound under the arms and draped for a skirt. Nobody thinks of shoes."

"Oh, see that funny chair those men are carrying," exclaimed Peter.

"That is a *hamm*," said Uncle Lee. "It is often used as an ambulance when the sick are taken to mission hospitals."

The boat edged in farther and farther toward

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"OH, SEE THAT FUNNY CHAIR," EXCLAIMED PETER

dry land. Now the golden spires were closer and the roofs of modern buildings appeared. Uncle Lee said that there were 100 miles of carriage road around Bangkok and four railway stations from which visitors might set out to explore the little kingdom.

The MacLarens were soon off the boat and into a taxi bound for their hotel.

"Many of the shopkeepers look like Chinese," Peter noticed as they drove along.

"There are 1,000,000 Chinese in Siam," Uncle Lee said. "The Chinese are much more energetic than the native Siamese. Don't misunderstand me. The Siamese are progressive. Look out on the street. See the modern automobiles alongside the oxcarts and the elephants. But Siam, too, presents a mixture of East and West. The former king of Siam became ill a few years ago and came to the United States to consult American doctors, although many of his people believed he could have been cured by medicines made from rhinoceros horns, snake galls, or jungle herbs. American people met a very modern person in King Prajadhipok. He was interested in athletics, in the radio, and in motion pictures. The former queen, whom most people were accustomed to think of as shut up in a harem, played golf."

Peter and Nancy were amazed to learn that Bangkok, as a capital city, was only a little older than Washington, D. C. The high bridge, whose enormous spans rose against colorful temples and water-front shops, had been built when Bangkok was made the capital of Siam.

On that famous water front the MacLarens viewed a few of Bangkok's eighty rice mills. Fascinated, they watched coolies dump endless baskets of rice into the holds of ships. Strange ships they were, Chinese junks, lighters, and crude boats with sails made of rough matting. Near them unwieldy teak logs drifted to landings. Little boats laden with fruit came to shore.

Peter and Nancy were unfamiliar with many of the fruits. In a few days, however, they had learned to enjoy the large prickly durian, the

Siamese "king of fruits," with its nutlike flavor. Nancy liked particularly the purple mangosteen, called the "queen of fruits." It had a hard, purple outer cover, but a delicate flavor. The rambutan was a red hairy fruit, and there were delicious little areca palm nuts. Uncle Lee was partial to the large green pomelos which he called the grapefruit of Siam. Peter said, "Give me bananas, plain bananas. They're the best fruit of all."

Almost as interesting to Peter and Nancy as the yellow-robed chelas on the streets were the temples to which they went to pray. The royal temple, Wat Phra Keo, with its eight large spires, contained the most beautiful jades the MacLarens had yet seen. On a golden throne there sat a beautiful jade Buddha.

A truly magnificent temple was Wat Benjamabopitr. The multiple roofs were made of shiny yellow tiles, the walls were of white Carrara marble, and the windows and gables were beautifully gilded. The curved points of the roof ridges and the golden serpents of the gables fascinated Peter again. Quite as alluring were the grotesquely trimmed trees.

The children became used to slow-moving monks on the streets, to Chinese shopkeepers in bazaars, and to the sacred lotus flowers of rare rose-pink that bloomed in the canals.

The only disappointment in Bangkok concerned the white elephants. They were not pure

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A HARDWARE STORE IN BANGKOK

white at all, but a soiled grayish color. And when Peter learned that a white elephant was scientifically a sick elephant, he lost all interest in these animals that for centuries had been considered sacred.

When Uncle Lee asked the two children what they wished to do on their last day in Bangkok, they both voted to drive down New Road, the city's main thoroughfare.

New Road, narrow and crowded and following the direction of the river, was full of jinrikishas, trucks, oxcarts, tram cars, yellow-robed priests, silk-clad women carrying parasols, sweating coolies with loads on their backs, or carrying sedan chairs, and all manner of yellow people. But Peter breathed deeply. Nancy's eyes shone.

"Smells like the Orient," Peter declared, "the Throne Hall is Italian, the business men are Chinese, and American visitors are welcomed. Siam is the country of the free all right!"

AN EASTERN SEAPORT

THERE was a train from Bangkok to Penang, or Georgetown, and another one to Singapore, but the MacLarens decided to make the trip to Singapore by boat. Leaving Bangkok at dawn, the little steamer was soon in the Gulf of Siam, sailing steadily southward. The sea was sparkling blue, the sunny sky was bluer still. Peter and Nancy were glad that they were on a slow boat and that the 840-mile trip would take several days.

The nights were even more beautiful than the days. The moon seemed closer to the earth, and it certainly looked much bigger than the MacLarens had ever seen it. The Milky Way was milkier and the stars much brighter. Big planets like Venus and Mars cast beams over the water in paths of gold. Then one night after dinner, Peter ran ahead of Uncle Lee and Nancy on the deck, shouting, "The sea's on fire! Come and see it!"

Peter had seen a phosphorescent sea before and was not alarmed. He and Nancy were delighted with the fiery-appearing water, each wave in the wake of the boat tipped with its own particular flame. Of course the children knew the phosphorescence was due to one-celled animal life in the sea.

The Southern Cross, never seen in the North, shone in beauty each night of the trip. Then on a certain dawn, the MacLaren party beheld land again, with palm leaves swaying and birds singing. The boat was now floating into the Straits of Malacca, within a few miles of the equator. The weather was hotter than the warmest days back in Minnesota.

"Here is perpetual summer," Uncle Lee declared. "We'll soon land in Singapore. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have brought a couple of youngsters to this malaria-infected jungle. Today, I feel sure it's safe. The captain tells me that even since my last visit there have been great changes. Forbidden Hill alone is the same."

Landing at Singapore one morning, the MacLarens found themselves in a crowd of many races of people, black, yellow, brown, and white. Uncle Lee pointed out some real Malays, rather handsome, well-formed brown people, with small hands and feet. Peter and Nancy were happy to be able to recognize Siamese in sarongs with jackets and caps, Burmese in silks, and Persians in white caps and gowns. There were Parsis from Bombay, too, wearing queer black hats like inverted coal scuttles.

"Who are the men in blue cotton?" Nancy asked, and learned that they were Chinese.

"Those black men over there do not look like ordinary Negroes." Peter was puzzled. "And they're straight as ramrods."

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THE WATER FRONT AND HARBOR OF SINGAPORE

"They are Klings from India," Uncle Lee explained. "Those tall policemen with high red turbans are Sikhs from India. The fellow driving the bullock cart is an East Indian. Taxi! Taxi!"

"This is what is called a polyglot population, I suppose," Peter observed, as the taxi, driven by a Chinese boy, wove safely through the traffic of street cars, rickshas, bicycles, bullock carts, elephants, and pedestrians. In the business district hundreds of stores were jammed together along the crowded sidewalks or under the shaded arcades.

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THE STATUE OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES

The taxi passed through a modern business square where the chief point of interest was the statue of an English gentleman.

"Sir Stamford Raffles," Uncle Lee explained. "I want you to remember him as the brilliant administrator who made Singapore a part of the British Empire. He looks across the quay, as you see, toward the busy harbor, one of the most important harbors in the Far East."

The square seemed to be given over mostly to banks. Uncle Lee pointed out five English banks, five Chinese banks, two Dutch banks, one French bank, and one American bank. These banks, he explained, financed the cotton, tin, copra, silk, and rubber industries.

"Rubber particularly," Uncle Lee added.

"Where's Forbidden Hill?" Peter and Nancy asked together.

Uncle Lee spoke to the driver and in a short time the MacLarens were looking down over the roofs of Singapore. The place Uncle Lee called Forbidden Hill had once been a fort but was now a military store and signal station. A breeze floated up to it from the Straits of Malacca where the sea shone sapphire blue. The hill had seen empires rise and fall. The MacLarens got out of their taxi and strolled about. Suddenly Uncle Lee gestured toward the Straits.

"Think of it!" he cried. "The Malay Archipelago, which includes Sumatra, Java, Borneo, New Guinea, and the Philippines, divides the Indian Ocean from the China Sea. The one safe, navigable channel through the barrier is the twenty-five-mile-wide Strait of Malacca between the island of Sumatra and the Malay States. And here, where the Indian and the Pacific Oceans meet, stands Singapore!"

"Portal to the far East and the far West!" Peter recited dramatically.

The MacLarens settled down for a week's stay at a fine hotel commanding a sea view. There was a golf course and a tennis court, but the MacLaren children decided they could play games at home. There was too much to see in Singapore.

The MacLarens learned at the hotel that Great Britain had made Singapore into the world's finest naval station by clearing and draining nearly 2,000 acres of jungle. Indian coolies had carried baskets of earth on their heads, and Chinese workers had brought baskets of earth on poles, until finally the mangrove swamps had pushed back the sea. Where once the malarial jungle had been, there was now a model air and seaplane port. Peter was fascinated by the huge cannons that guarded the harbor, cannons that could cover a radius of twenty miles. While viewing the cannons Peter learned from a guard that the world's most powerful wireless station keeps Singapore in hourly contact with London.

The huge dry dock, that had taken eight ocean-going tugs three months to transport from England to the Malay States, was surely worthy of Peter's intense admiration. Close by millions of tons of oil were in reserve for the airplanes and battleships. If it had not been so intensely hot at noonday, Peter would have spent most of his time on the docks.

There was a great deal of talk about tin. It was the Chinese who had first grubbed for it in the malarial jungles where tigers lurked. Today, Uncle Lee said, the mining goes on, much of it in the old way, but much more with the help of modern machinery.

"A large amount of the world's tin comes from Malaysia," he declared, "and plenty of other products, too—sandalwood, cinnamon, copra, gums, essences, and sago. Nutmeg grows well here.

So does coffee, though many plantation owners have trouble with diseases in their coffee trees. That is why many of the coffee plantations have been done away with, and cotton and rubber trees planted in the place of coffee seedlings. Now I'm going to show you the botanical garden at the base of Forbidden Hill."

The botanical garden contained almost every jungle plant and flower in Malaysia. But the story Uncle Lee told was more entertaining than the exhibit itself.

"In 1876," he said, "Sir Francis Wickham smuggled some seeds in from Peru. From those seeds nine puny rubber trees were grown in the garden. They were the beginning of the acres of planted rubber we find today in Malaysia. And, by the way, America is the best customer for this rubber."

"I know," Peter said. "Tin for our canneries and rubber for our tires."

"Yes, $60,000,000 worth a year," Uncle Lee said dryly. "Incidentally, Singapore has done a large business in petroleum, too. Small wonder that the city has been able to replace its termite-eaten wooden wharves with concrete."

"It's a very romantic city," Nancy declared. "I like the people. And I'd like to ride in a bullock cart as well as in a jinrikisha. You were worried about taking us to Singapore, Uncle Lee, but it's about the most modern and the cleanest place we've been in."

Lionel Green

EXTRACTING LATEX TO MAKE RUBBER

"Singapore is certainly healthy," Uncle Lee admitted. "It's beautiful, too."

During their last few days in Singapore the MacLarens drove through the long rows of rubber trees on the outskirts of Singapore to visit a British friend of Uncle Lee's. While the men rode over the vast acreage, Peter and Nancy enjoyed the zoo that Reggie, the small boy of the family, had collected. There was a hooded monkey with long hair, a pair of argus pheasants with the most gorgeous tail feathers, and a tame cheetah that looked like a leopard. The honey bear resembled a small black dog. But the most delightful pet of all was a mouse deer. This gentle little animal, although fully grown, was only nine inches high. Nancy held it on her hand and noticed that each tiny hoof was no bigger than a dime.

Reggie showed his guests pictures of other Malay jungle animals, too fierce to be kept in a private zoo. There was a man-eating tiger, a black leopard, and a big rhino. The immense tapir looked as ferocious as the others but Reggie said, "If you don't bother him, he won't bother you. But a python will chase you, and some of the snakes, like the cobra, are very poisonous. A Malay jungle is no place for a picnic."

The Chinese cook at the house was preparing edible birds' nests for his own dinner. Reggie wanted to know whether Peter or Nancy would like to try the delicacy. These nests Reggie volunteered, were made by a species of swallow or swift that gathered a special seaweed to weave into the nest.

Later the entire party drove out to see some pepper vines. These vines had been trained on sticks. The MacLarens learned that pepper was the oldest trade product of Asia.

"Black pepper and white pepper," Uncle Lee said, "come from the same vines. The black pepper comes from the berries picked while they are still unripe. They turn black when they are dry. The white pepper is ripe pepper. Here are some ripe berries."

"Why, they're bright red!" Nancy exclaimed.

"The berries have to be soaked," Reggie explained. "When the red skin peels off, you have white pepper."

Peter and Nancy learned through Reggie that there were many villages in the hinterland. The huts were simple and built upon piles to make them safe from jungle animals. These natives tended their coconut groves and sometimes raised cacao and pepper. Life was neither so easy nor so glamorous as it was in Singapore.

The week in Singapore passed quickly. Uncle Lee made reservations on a steamer bound to Saïgon in French Indo-China, the country separated from Siam by the Mekong River and facing the China Sea. The MacLarens could only look longingly toward Sumatra, Borneo, and New Guinea. Their time would not permit a visit.

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

THE MacLarens were sailing the China Sea, not as buccaneers of old but as modern geographers. Uncomfortably warm geographers, it is true, but content to watch the bottle-green waves of the sea. They were skirting the southernmost shores of Indo-China, that strip of land touching India and China but belonging to neither. It was larger than France, the country that claimed it, so Uncle Lee said. The population of 17,000,000 were almost all of the yellow race, darker than the Chinese but not so strong or so intelligent.

Peter and Nancy sat with Uncle Lee on the shaded deck of the steamer with a flapping map of Indo-China on their knees. Cochin China, with its capital, Saïgon, was well-known for its rice fields, Uncle Lee informed them. Cambodia, which was also rice country, held within its jungle fastnesses, rare stone buildings of interest to archeolgists. Its capital, Pnom-Penh, was located inland on the Mekong River. Annam prided itself on the island walled city of Hué, and Tonkin was equally proud of Hanoï, the capital of French Indo-China.

"We'll stop off at Saïgon in the south and Hué and Hanoï in the north," Uncle Lee decided. "Anywhere we go in this country will be hot—

a hundred in the shade, or so it will seem. I hardly think we'll want to run about much."

Peter and Nancy smiled in spite of the heat. The heavy green breakers were changing to tawny waves, the foam at their crests like down. The rice flats of Cochin China were the first vegetation the MacLarens saw, as they watched for signs of land. Back of the seemingly endless rice fields appeared underbrush of bamboo and palmetto, lashed together with vines. Uncle Lee said that bamboo often got into rice fields like weeds in our country and that the natives found it easier to clear new space than to grub out the bamboo.

The steamer entered the mouth of the Saïgon River, which was as wide as the Mississippi River at St Louis. Uncle Lee was explaining that the city of Saïgon, with Cholon, its Chinese suburb, was the commercial center of Indo-China, when sounds of an altercation were heard. The captain objected to hiring an expensive pilot when he was capable of getting his boat up the river by himself. Nevertheless, he was forced to comply with the rules.

The country was flat, flat as a kitchen floor, and only a few feet above water. Uncle Lee said this flatness extended for fifty miles. Peter and Nancy confided to each other that the setting for the Pearl of the Orient, as Saïgon is sometimes called, was certainly not beautiful. Would the Pearl be disappointing too?

The boat came to rest just as the lights of the city began to twinkle like fireflies in a swamp. The river no longer looked muddy, and a few crocodiles, and huge pelicans with yellow sacks beneath their throats, faded into the dusk. A Chinese boat with eyes on the sides of its prow nudged closely up to the big steamer from Singapore.

A few minutes later the MacLarens were being borne swiftly along in jinrikishas toward their hotel over macadamized streets of red earth, fringed by palms and tropical trees. By the electric arc lamps, made in France, the reds and yellows of flowering trees looked strangely lovely. The houses were of pink and red and yellow and blue, with attractive red-tiled roofs.

The MacLarens were trundled through parks and along spacious boulevards and finally set down at the door of a beautiful modern hotel. Other guests, arriving by rail, came in little box-like cabs that Uncle Lee called "matchboxes." The children could hardly wait until the next day to assure themselves of the reality of Saïgon.

In the morning the MacLarens strolled out under the shade trees of the quarter where the military hospitals and barracks were located. Never had they beheld more gorgeous scarlet fire plant, which was especially beautiful against the gleaming white buildings.

Officers strolled along the streets. Women in the latest Parisian clothes brushed native women in loose black coats and flapping black trousers.

Most of the men were in white cotton with thick hats or helmets on their heads.

At noon there was nobody on the streets at all, and even Peter was glad to retire from the withering heat to the coolness of the hotel.

Toward evening the shops re-opened, and the MacLarens drove out to the Nouveau Port, where they sat in the breeze and ate peanuts with the rest of the crowd. Men, women, and children sat at little tables under awnings, sipping their drinks and listening to the orchestras.

On the second morning in Saïgon the MacLarens visited the market. Under its huge roof it offered everything from gorgeous flowers to balloons. There were crates of fish, meat, melons, cheap garments, red lacquer boxes, white radishes, and wooden clogs. Children wandered about with trays of cut watermelon, and both Peter and Nancy enjoyed huge slices. The heat seemed terrific. Whenever the Chinese merchants grew too warm, they emptied a bucket of water over themselves. Peter said they set a good example.

On Sunday the MacLarens visited the zoo. Peter and Nancy fed the black and gray monkeys in the big cage with peanuts and bananas. Tiring of this they visited the cathedral. From the cathedral they drove out to look at the native homes on the edge of town. No pretty painted houses here, but bamboo huts set up on stilts and roofed with thatched rice straw or palms. The

Ewing Galloway

THE MARKET IN SAÏGON

men who lived here were the ones who helped supply rice for the many rice mills.

It was hard to leave Saïgon, but Uncle Lee promised a much more romantic city in Hué, the capital of Annam, famous like Cambodia and Cochin China for its rice.

Another boat trip up another river, the famous River of Perfume! It helped to form the lilied moats about the town of Hué, a walled city on a square island. Three sides were bordered by the river, the fourth side by a canal. There were some modern homes, a splendid observatory, and

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THE HUÉ RIVER IS LINED WITH
SWEET-SMELLING SHRUBS

a beautiful library in the town. The most appealing buildings were the old palaces, roofed with yellow tile. There were countless simple huts with heavy, thatched roofs. Peter and Nancy had seen many strange colorful crowds in Asiatic cities, but nothing lovelier than the women of Hué with their bright silk gowns of purple and green and flowered orange.

The MacLarens visited the citadel, which really was the town. It had once been a well-armed fortress. It was now a park containing imperial buildings. Inside the citadel was the Purple Enclosure where the king had dwelt. Near by were some one-storied white houses where the mandarins had lived. The houses were in a setting of banana and papaya trees, their curved roofs decorated with dragons and other fantastic figures. The sentries wore colorful costumes like those seen in comic operas.

"This is one city," Nancy declared, "that we're going to think we dreamed of but never saw."

If rice was being loaded on their boat at Hué Peter and Nancy were too starry-eyed with the picture of the walled city and the River of Perfume to notice.

Hanoï proved to be a modern city with electric street cars and many electric lights. In its foreign quarter were many fine European homes, including the palace of its governor-general Around the fortifications where the soldiers lived there was a deep moat. The rest of the town consisted mostly of cane huts thatched with palm leaves. Up and down the Songka River were miles of villages with the same type of huts.

The people appeared businesslike, and there was none of the glamor of Hué in Hanoï. Uncle Lee said all the people near Hanoï lived by farming. They planted rice ("Who doesn't in Indo-China?" Peter had interrupted to ask), cotton, pepper, and sugar. Many of these people gathered wild rubber.

Nancy decided that it would be hard to remember the important things about Indo-China but easy to store up a picture of the Pearl of the Orient.

THE LONG COAST OF CHINA

HEADING toward the East China Sea, a wary eye painted on each side of her prow, the little steamer approached Hong Kong. The China coast stretched 2,000 miles, so Uncle Lee declared, from the Portuguese Macao in the south to Japanese Dairen in the north. Peter was especially excited because he had just learned that America's first foreign trade as a new-born republic was with China. Within six months from the date of the Boston Tea Party, Uncle Lee had said, our first merchant vessel, the newly christened *Empress of China*, had been bound for Canton to buy tea.

The steamer anchored briefly outside the harbor of Macao, but long enough to give the MacLarens a view of the little Portuguese city that looked so much like a medieval European town. A fortress, some weathered churches, and a few government offices overlooked the pink, blue, and green buildings lining the water front. This was really a Chinese outpost, won by the Portuguese in return for keeping pirates from the sea. Here the *Empress of China* had stopped to get an official Chinese permit to continue her journey.

"Macao's famous for firecrackers, opium, and gambling," Uncle Lee said.

"And fishing!" Peter added, for everywhere there appeared to be boats busy with this most ancient occupation.

The children watched the blue-green hills until they faded against the sky.

Canton was not the Canton the American sailors from the *Empress of China* had visited. Where the former muddy levee with its shabby buildings had stood, stretched the *Bund*, a well-paved thoroughfare with tall hotels, big department stores, fine commercial houses, and a modern customhouse. Uncle Lee said that when he had visited here years before, he had been carried in a sedan chair through streets so narrow that he could touch a dried duck on one side and a pile of embroidery on the other.

Now the MacLarens rode through miles of paved streets in a modern motor car. Of late years many buildings had been razed, including part of the wall around the city, to make way for great sweeping thoroughfares. Between these main business avenues, usually running parallel around the steep hillsides, there were many narrow, sloping streets, often stair-stepped. Peter and Nancy enjoyed these streets most of all. Here they saw a boy no older than Peter weaving a Chinese rug on a crude loom. Here they saw a man carving ivory to look like lace. Here they saw jade being fashioned into bracelets, and priceless porcelains being fired. Uncle Lee was most interested in the two new bridges being

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A CHINESE RUG WEAVER

built across the Pearl River, linking the city of Canton with Honan Island. Half the people lived in the city, Uncle Lee said, and the other half lived across the harbor or on junks in the river. Many people were born, lived, and died on these boats. The foreign residents lived in a separate section or concession, as is customary in many Chinese cities.

Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy in a sampan through the maze of boats on the Pearl River. Venders of vegetables, meats, and even household wares paddled alongside the houseboats where women cooked and tended babies on the

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A SILK STORE IN CANTON

open decks. There were even gaudy teahouses afloat. In midstream lay several gunboats to discourage any pirates that might attack the defenseless boat-owners.

Canton, Peter and Nancy learned, exported not only tea but raw silk and tropical produce such as rice and bamboo.

It would have been a very simple matter to board an air liner at Canton and fly up the coast. But the MacLarens had booked passage on a boat.

Hong Kong, Uncle Lee said, owed its success as a port to British enterprise. Hong Kong, he explained, was the island and Victoria the name of the city on it. The water front was a pretentious one, with large government buildings and palatial houses backed up against the hillside. There were shipbuilding docks, sugar refineries, and cement factories all going full force. Hong Kong was a free port, and Uncle Lee said that 50,000 boats did business in the harbor every year.

Although Peter and Nancy had been prepared for a busy harbor, they had not expected one so beautiful or so big.

Hong Kong, the Harbor of Fragrant Streams! Blue sky above and blue water below, with golden sunlight catching the thin mists of modern steamships and the wide sails of fishing schooners! The babble of many tongues and the mingled, spicy smells of the East! Fleets of junks from the far north, and fleets of junks from the Dutch East Indies to the south, all sailed haltingly but surely shoreward. In between were numerous small boats on which whole families lived and plied their trading. Back and forth they moved between other boats and the shore.

Peter's gaze and Nancy's, too, followed one small boat right up to a factory from which it evidently received its produce. Above the factories and warehouses fine houses climbed, one above the other, up and up the hillsides as if eager, even in their great dignity—for some were palatial—to look down upon one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.

The MacLarens waved to Chinese children on decks of small boats as their steamer wedged its way into port. Such round, smiling faces! Such bright, shining, slanting eyes! Such chubby brown babies! Such queer, gurgled greetings or staccato remarks! The babies, Nancy observed, were kept from falling into the water by having a cord tied to their ankles. Children a little older wore gourds fastened to their waists to hold them up in case they fell overboard.

The party went ashore, crowding down the gangplank.

The native section of Hong Kong, with its narrow, stair-stepped streets, its curio shops, and its markets, was colorful if odorous. Uncle Lee transported his charges by cable tramway to the Peak where they could look down on the crescent of the city and the tall masts and billowing sails in the harbor. How enchanting to live on a boat!

After a visit in Hong Kong, entirely too short, the MacLarens again took a steamer up the coast.

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CHINESE COOLIES

Men and women came aboard at Swatow to sell linen, embroidery, and laces. Swatow had once had a very black name because it sold coolies into slavery for foreign labor. Uncle Lee explained that coolies were the laboring class in China. Because they live on rice almost entirely, their cost of living is cheap. Coolies work for such very low wages that they have been in demand in many parts of the world.

The next port was Amoy, famous for its fine tea and ambitious to outshine Hong Kong. The boat did not stop here or at Foochow. Because of the popularity of black tea from Assam and

Ceylon, Foochow was wisely turning its interest to green tea. A Britisher who lived in Foochow said that lacquer ware was also gaining recognition.

"We'll soon be in Shanghai!" Uncle Lee looked eager as he paced the deck with Peter and Nancy. "But before we go farther north, I want you two to know about the two great rivers of China, the Yangtze and the Hwang Ho. The Yangtze is over 3,000 miles long, the longest river in China, and it is navigable as far as Hankow. The Hwang Ho, or Yellow River, so-called from the yellow clay in its basin, has often been named the Sorrow of China because of its floods. The bed of this stream, due to the silt constantly carried down from mountains shorn of their trees, and the embankment built to hold it, is higher than the land on either side."

"If China developed agriculture long before America was discovered," Peter spoke up, "I should think the agriculturists would have learned that trees hold water and prevent floods."

"We Americans could learn that lesson, too," Uncle Lee observed.

"Between the two great rivers are mountain ranges," he continued. "On the southern slopes the farmers grow tobacco, opium, tea, and mulberry trees for silk worms. Still lower in the valleys they produce oranges, cotton, sugar cane, and, of course, rice. Quite as important as the rivers and the mountains is the Grand Canal."

"You're thinking of Venice," Nancy declared mischievously.

"This Grand Canal is one of the longest canals in the world," Uncle Lee said smiling. "It is 500 miles long, in fact, and it connects the two great rivers of China, providing a water route between Hangchow and Peiping. It was once far more important than it is now. Railways and airplanes have lessened distances and changed modes of travel."

Shanghai, Peter and Nancy were amazed to find, was not at the mouth of the Yangtze River or even on it. It was about thirteen miles inland on the west bank of the Whangpoo River. Hankow was 600 miles up the Yangtze, and the location of both cities was in so fertile a part of the country that it was called the Garden of China. Uncle Lee said that Hankow was often called the Chicago of China because of its geographical centrality and its position as a meeting point of maritime, river, and rail transport. Peter said that if Hankow were the Chicago of China, surely Shanghai was the New York.

For the time being Peter and Nancy were delighted to remain in Shanghai. This key seaport to the rest of China had, thanks to trade, grown from a fishing village into a great modern city. Ships, airplanes, and railways were everywhere in evidence.

During the past few years, the children learned, many buildings of the skyscraper type had been

Paul's Photos

SHANGHAI AT NIGHT

constructed. In spite of poor footing in alluvial soil; architects were constructing department stores, and teahouses, and guildhalls of ten and fifteen stories.

Even in the native city Uncle Lee said there had been some changes. Open sewers running down the middle of the streets had been covered with concrete. While this change delighted Uncle Lee, he was disappointed to find that the Willow Pattern Teahouse, the original of the famous porcelain-ware design, had been changed for the worse with matting blinds, kitchen extensions, and advertisements. Through narrow, twisting alleys the MacLarens trudged, staring in at the little open-front shops and pausing to buy water chestnuts and sweetmeats. They even picked up a few firecrackers. It was refreshing to know that firecrackers did not belong to Inde-

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TRAVEL ON THE BUND

pendence Day in China, but were used in many celebrations, including christenings and funerals.

While in Shanghai the MacLarens lived at the American Settlement which was part of the International Settlement of the city. Here foreigners might live and be governed by their own laws. Uncle Lee said this cosmopolitan city contained fifty foreign nationalities, and indeed it seemed so on the streets.

Along the Bund the traffic was as varied as the people. Tramcars, busses, motor cars, and trucks vied with wheelbarrows, rickshas, bicycles, carriages drawn by horses, and coolies acting as beasts of burden. Bubbling Well Road, running westward from the Bund, seemed constantly to be packed with traffic. To the delight of Peter and Nancy there appeared many an American sailor.

Uncle Lee could not keep his charges away from the picturesque streets. They strove to guess what the Chinese idiographs on flags before the shops advertised, and they often followed a street vender as he shouted his wares. Once they visited an American Mission that was serving free soup and when they saw how grateful the poor Chinese were for the nourishing food, they resolved never thereafter to forget the pennies for missions.

One bright morning Jimmy Dustin arrived at the hotel to the surprise of the MacLarens. How glad they were to see him! Greeting old friends in places far from home was one of the nicest experiences travelers could have; and Jimmy was an old friend.

Uncle Lee had wanted Peter and Nancy to see what he called the real backbone of China, the farmers of the interior. Jimmy was on his way to Peiping, and was delighted to have the MacLaren party join him.

CHINESE FARMS AND RICE FIELDS

THE plane flew steadily south and a little west, high above the Chinese farms and rice fields.

"Farmers since the days of Noah!" Uncle Lee said. "The kindliest, the most patient farmers in the world!"

As Peter sat next to Nancy in the airplane, he began to express his ideas aloud.

"It seems very strange," he said, "that the land hasn't worn out in so old a country. It fed the people thousands of years before Christ, and it is still feeding them. Uncle Lee says that China is a vegetable country, both north and south, although there are more animals in the north than in the south. Because the rivers flow east and west there isn't much communication between the two sections. South China goes in for wet farming, raising rice; while north China does mostly dry farming, raising grain. It will be fun getting away from the cities."

"It's cold," Nancy complained. "If this keeps up, I'll have to put on my warmer coat."

"Or six inches of cotton like the northern Chinese," Peter suggested. "You'd look quite chubby."

At dawn the plane came down on an excuse for a country road just outside a rice-grower's home. According to American standards it was

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CHINESE CHILDREN IN QUILTED CLOTHES

not much of a home. It was made of mud bricks with a roof of rice-straw thatch. It seemed very small for the very large family that was already up and about. An aged grandmother, sitting outside in the pale light, held a sleeping baby on her lap. The father and his boys were already making toward their fields, but on seeing Jimmy and his guests they returned to offer a most hospitable welcome. The Americans were invited inside a house that was barren of furniture except for two benches, a table, and a boxlike stove. There was a bed platform under which ran a brick flue that connected with the kitchen and utilized the extra heat from the stove in winter time.

The children scuttled into one corner, staring and peeking out from behind one another at the guests. Soon Nancy had coaxed the smallest one into her arms, and then they all surrounded her, filling the little house with chatter and tinkling laughter. Uncle Lee was talking to the farmer and making notes in his little pocket notebook.

When he could get the attention of both Peter and Nancy he said, "Our friend here explains how it is that he can care for his fine big family on so small a farm. First of all, he says it is because of the mild climate. China is south of our country, you know. Secondly, he says the soil is peculiarly fertile and he takes pains to keep it so, using natural fertilizers. Last of all, he declares that the entire family is very economical, wasting not one blade of grass or one small handful of rice. In addition, he says he has a fair government. The tax taken by the state is very small."

Peter was not interested in taxes. He picked up a three-pronged pitchfork from a corner of the main room.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed. "It's a natural wooden fork. How did they ever find it?"

A bright-eyed boy of Peter's age attempted to explain in Chinese.

"They did not find it accidentally," Jimmy interpreted. "A tree was trained so that there would be three main branches. Then the other branches were lopped off. These pitchforks are grown. Look at that rake in the kitchen corner. It's of bamboo that has been bent and twisted and split to make teeth. The little fellows of the household use these light bamboo rakes to gather every wisp of straw or hay for winter use."

The children's clothes were all of cotton. Everybody was barefoot except the mother and the grandmother, and they wore wooden sandals.

"No woolen underwear or leather shoes!" Nancy observed.

"There's a reason," Jimmy put in. "No wool because there are no sheep. No sheep because there is no food for sheep. No leather because there are no cattle. No cattle because there is no food for them either. Come on out! The family is going to plant its fourth crop of rice for the year."

But the mother insisted on first serving her guests a meal of hot rice and tea. The man of of the house was much excited when he learned that the MacLarens were to see the Temple of Heaven.

"He says," Jimmy interpreted, "that the oldest ritual the world knows is celebrated there. Confucius was a great teacher. He taught obedience of children to parents, kindness to animals, and loyalty of family members one to another.

There is no worship of idols in a temple devoted to Confucius' teachings. A tablet is placed in a temple in honor of the great teacher's memory. There is no priesthood. The emperor represents the head of the religion. This family tries to carry out the well-known teachings. These children, for example, will do anything for their parents."

As the sun rose higher, the MacLarens with Jimmy beside them walked out to one of the rice fields. It was a small field surrounded by its own dam a foot high. The soil had already been fertilized. The seedlings were ready. On a single acre, the farmer explained, enough plants could be grown to supply ten acres for final planting. Hour after hour the patient workers bent to their task, planting the little shoots that would one day be large rice plants.

"Something like an eighth of all the land in China fit for cultivation is planted with rice," Uncle Lee spoke up. "And every year the rice plants are transplanted by hand in this way."

At noon the workers stopped for a pan of hot food. In the meantime the smaller children gathered sticks and bits of grass. The MacLarens looked about at the neighboring rice paddies. Uncle Lee pointed out the water wheels and windmills by which the water of the canals could be brought up to the level of the fields. Often canal mud, he explained, was spread over the fields as a dressing. Farmers prized it very

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PREPARING A PADDY FIELD FOR RICE PLANTING

highly because, in addition to the organic matter in this mud, there was a great deal of lime from snail shells.

Early in the afternoon Jimmy flew the MacLarens northward. The plane circled the fine pagoda homes of several wealthy Chinese farmers. Every possible inch of land was used by these farmers as carefully as by the poorer farmers.

The type of farm changed as the plane left behind the canals and the water power. Jimmy finally landed the plane in a field that had been harvested of its millet. The party walked to a farmhouse and asked for shelter. This farmhouse was larger than the one in the south and it faced on a courtyard. The tablets of the family's ancestors were set above a little shrine in the kitchen. Uncle Lee said that many Chinese families could trace their ancestry back, not a few hundred years, but a few thousand years.

The MacLarens made a tour of the fields, Uncle Lee talking of the peculiar porous soil that needed only a dressing from a lower level to make it highly productive. Peter and Nancy saw patches of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, castor bean plants, and soybeans. Nancy was amazed to learn that rhubarb had its original home in China. Melons were common, but Uncle Lee said that the Chinese as a rule did not care for berries or figs and had never encouraged their production.

They saw many fields of sorghum. The leaves of this plant made fine mattings and wrappings. After the heads of grain were cut, the stems might be used for thatch, for fences, and even for ceilings or walls when plastered with mud.

The MacLarens found the weather colder here than where they had been. Already the smallest farmhouse toddler wore two cotton suits. He was a smiling, happy baby and he gurgled with joy when he saw the patient water buffalo drawing a cart across the fields. Peter and Nancy learned that in north China people put on more clothes as winter advances. The owner of the farm said, laughingly, "You Americans live in your houses, but we live in our clothes."

As Jimmy refueled his plane at a village, he remarked to Peter and Nancy, "I wish I could show you all the farms of China. The loveliest crop is the Flower of Buddha, or lotus. The roots and seed pods are considered a luxury. In Yünnan Province I could show you paddy fields of rice on mountain sides. I could show you wonderful tea plantations, too, and mulberry trees in the silk districts, and extraordinarily fine cotton. The Chinese love their farms, and they enjoy working on them. What I can't show you is much animal life—a few pigs, perhaps, but very few sheep and no cattle to speak of."

Uncle Lee joined his party for the flight back to Shanghai.

"There are two names in my notebook that I think you'll be interested in." he said.

"What are the names?" Jimmy asked.

"The first is Shen Nung."

"Who is he—or who was he?" Jimmy inquired.

"An emperor," Uncle Lee replied, "who lived about 2700 B.C. He invented the plow and taught the Chinese how to farm."

"And the other name?" Peter inquired.

"Ch'in Shih Huang Ti!" Uncle Lee pronounced the name proudly.

"Builder of the Great Wall!" cried Peter just as proudly.

Lionel Green

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA STRETCHED OVER THE HILLS

"Yes. He built the Great Wall about 2,000 years ago to keep all foreigners out of China. The wall is about 1800 miles long, and stretches out over the hills and across the valley. And more important still, he was the maker of a great law that gave each Chinese a right to private property," Uncle Lee explained. "In 220 B. C. he did away with community property."

"I think that must be why the Chinese take such great pride in their farms," Nancy decided. "It is because they own them, just as we own our farm back in Minnesota."

FROM PEIPING NORTH

THE MacLarens would have liked to approach Peiping over the flagstones of the Imperial Highway that Marco Polo followed, flagstones rutted by the cart wheels of 1,000 years. If followed out from Peiping, that road would have taken the travelers back to Istanbul, their starting point on the Asiatic tour. They might also have approached Peiping as the Tartar conquerors did on their shaggy ponies, through Kalgan Gate in the Wall. Instead they entered by the railroad from the sea. They left Tientsin immediately upon landing and proceeded over the flat, brownish land. In every yard they saw people in blue coolie clothes working in their small gardens behind mud walls and near mud buildings. Grave mounds, some marked with tablets and shaded by trimmed trees, stood in furrows here and there. South and east lay the monotonous plains; north and west rose the hills.

At last a long gray wall appeared. Next came a shabby, dirty suburb and then a willow-bordered canal of yellow water in which women were washing clothes and white ducks were swimming. Near Peiping rose the walls of the city. The MacLarens went through a gate guarded by soldiers in gray and police in black.

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A CLOISONNÉ POTTERY WORKER IN PEIPING

"Peiping is no longer the capital of China," Uncle Lee said. "The new capital is at Nanking. Kublai Khan, in his magnificence, could never have foreseen such a change."

After getting refreshed at the hotel, there was still time before luncheon for a little sight-seeing. A walk through the busy streets proved interesting. Nancy was attracted to a pottery shop where a man was at work making a small dish. In other parts of the same shop designs were being outlined on various vessels with copper wire and these designs were later filled in with enamel. The finished pieces of cloisonné enamel ware, as it was called, were lovely to see.

In the afternoon, the MacLarens hired jinrikishas and climbed Coal Hill to look upon a city of one-story buildings and walled courtyards, with temples and pavilions rising above the drab homes. Wherever yellow tiles appeared, Uncle Lee declared, they meant imperial interests. The green or blue tiles designated government buildings. Noble evergreens, white pines, and cedars relieved the khaki-gray city with their fresh color. Looking at the walls there appeared to be three cities, one within another, and a fourth city away to the south. Peter and Nancy were most interested in the Imperial City within which lay the Forbidden City, once the residence of the Dragon Emperors. This Imperial City was enclosed within old pink walls, and its buildings were roofed with shimmering yellow tiles. Uncle Lee said that the moat in summertime was full of flowering lotus and that white cranes stepped among the rose-pink flowers.

There was time to view only a few famous buildings, one of them the great White Dagoba, built in 1652 as a compliment to the Dalai Lama of Tibet. It was located on one of the Three Seas, which really were artificial lakes. While it was impressive from a distance with its spire, its lofty ornament, and its gilded ball, it proved on closer inspection to be rather shabby, with surface plaster scaling away in patches. The

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A PROCESSION OF LAMAS LEAVING THE GREAT LAMA TEMPLE

approach, of elaborate memorial archways with sloping supports colored in jade greens and lavender, was very attractive. A procession of lamas in elaborate ceremonial robes came from the temple.

The Temple of Confucius, in the North City between the Lama Temple and the Hall of Classics, was glimpsed first through an avenue of ancient trees. The sun slanted on old red walls while the overhanging eaves glowed with turquoise blue, green, yellow, and purple. There were small golden-roofed *kiosks*, and Uncle Lee

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THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

said the sacrificial burners were of a rare bronze no longer cast. There were no statues in the temple or images of Confucius. Richly engraved tablets hung above the altar and in the incense burner lay the gray ashes of many joss sticks. It was a place of the tranquillity of spirit that Confucius had taught.

The Altar and Temple of Heaven to the south in the Chinese City, stood out in the glare of the sun, although they were really within a vast park.

The altar was a three-tiered disk of purest white marble. Uncle Lee said that on the massive topmost platform, which was called the roof of heaven, the smoke of a burnt offering rose once a year.

"What is the offering?" Peter inquired.

"A bull calf of unmixed color and without flaw!" Uncle Lee chanted.

"The old Empress believed that the center of this altar was the center of the universe. While the smoke rose upward, the Son of Heaven, the Emperor, knelt and prayed for blessings on his people."

"O Uncle Lee!" Nancy caught her breath in sheer ecstasy. "Look, Uncle Lee! Look, Peter, at the Temple of Heaven! Three blue roofs, like three pieces of sky — beautiful sky!"

"The Temple of Heaven is beautiful," Uncle Lee agreed. "It is often called by the Chinese the Temple of the Happy Year."

The MacLarens approached the building up steps which were arranged in groups of nine, the mystical number, passing between wings of white marble columns. The temple appeared higher than its ninety-nine feet. Its triple roofs, of a lovely azure tile, shone in the sunlight which caught the gilded ball at the top, turning it to pure gold.

Uncle Lee waited for Peter's exclamations of admiration to cease before he said, "That design is one of the rarest in the world. The original structure was destroyed by fire in 1889, but the temple was immediately rebuilt. At the time

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THE HOME OF A WEALTHY CHINESE MERCHANT

there was no local wood of a size that would make mighty columns. Where do you suppose the Chinese secured the trees?"

Together Peter and Nancy inquired, "Where?"

"From Oregon!" Uncle Lee replied.

"Oregon!"

"Yes, Oregon. At a great deal of trouble and expense the logs were shipped from Oregon."

"Oregon pine!" Peter exclaimed. "Oregon pine in the Temple of Heaven!"

Going back into the city along the *Ch'ien Men*, the street used by the emperors when they visited the Temple of Heaven, the MacLarens passed many homes of well-to-do Chinese merchants. Nancy longed to see some of the interiors which she had heard described in the hotel.

The days were flying by. As Nancy said, Mongolia was calling. The MacLarens were to make their entrance through the pass of the Great Wall at Nankow, on the main road from China to Mongolia. Peter and Nancy straddled tough little donkeys saddled with blankets for the trip. The stirrups were iron rings fastened by ropes. Again the MacLarens saw camel trains, some almost a mile long, carrying coal, wool, and brick tea. The bells attached to the neck of the sixth camel in the string told the Mongolian driver, as Peter put it, that the end camel was not lying down on the job.

The MacLarens followed the camel train through the dusty pass. Coming out of the pass they watched countless camels moving up and down and up and down against the blue sky. Finally, tired and dusty, the entire train reached Kalgan, the point from which caravans invariably set out for Urga, the capital of Mongolia.

It would have taken two months to reach Urga by camel train. Oxcarts would have been equally slow. Automobile travel was possible only in summer. So Uncle Lee had arranged for a plane, and while the MacLarens waited, they made a few trips out into the country on camels. It was bitterly cold, so cold, in fact, that all three MacLarens were glad to wear sheepskin

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THE MACLARENS FOLLOWED THE CAMEL TRAIN

garments with wool inside such as the Mongols wear. They also added boots to their own footgear.

"Mongolia," Uncle Lee explained, "extends from Turkestan to Manchuria and from northern China to Siberia. Most of it is a plateau known as the Gobi Desert."

"The Gobi Desert! I've heard of that! I'd like to see it," Peter cried.

The short rides the MacLarens took out on this Mongolian wasteland were uneventful, but it was thrilling to realize that this desert was thought by some scholars to be the birthplace of the human race. Uncle Lee entertained Peter and Nancy with stories he had read about the Gobi

Wide World Photos

THE MONGOLS WERE TALL, WITH COPPER-COLORED FACES AND HIGH CHEEKBONES

Expeditions of 1928 and 1931 sent out by the American Museum of Natural History. He told how they had discovered remains of gigantic prehistoric animals and strange plant life.

Peter was excited to find adventure and exploration worthy of Columbus brought down to the present and before his eyes.

"I'd like to uncover a dinosaur skeleton that was 90,000,000 years old," he said one day with such vigor and intent that Nancy looked around expectantly.

On their excursions from Kalgan, the children found that the Mongols looked somewhat like American Indians. They were tall, with copper-colored faces and high cheekbones. Being desert people, they were necessarily nomads, though their circular tents, which were called *yurts*, appeared to be substantial enough for a settled dwelling. The yurts were constructed of layers of felt over a framework, with no windows and only one small door. A hole in the roof served as a chimney.

One day the MacLarens rode some little ponies out over the plain, going farther than they had intended. As evening came on, they grew cold and tired and were apparently lost. They spied a Mongol yurt and raced for it. Dogs barked, but the father, mother, three boys, and a daughter all came running out to quiet the dogs and to make the strangers welcome.

Soon Peter and Nancy were enjoying a stew

Ewing Galloway

MONGOL YURTS NEAR KALGAN

of mutton and millet. They drank goat's milk from a wooden bowl. Nothing was clean, but it was surprising how little cleanliness mattered, when one was cold and hungry. The smell of the fuel, the odor of the goats and lambs sleeping in one corner of the tent, and the steam from the food mingled. At one side of the tent stood a chest with a Buddhist picture propped upon it. There was one bed platform, four inches high, which belonged to the man and his oldest son. The rest slept on felt slips that were laid on the floor. By means of sign language the man explained to Uncle Lee that he sold leather, saddlery, and sheep.

After the MacLarens had eaten and were

warm, their host directed them back to Kalgan by a short route. As she rode out between Peter and Uncle Lee on her sturdy little horse, Nancy took a deep breath.

"I never was so glad to get *into* a place," she declared, "and never so glad to get *out* of one."

In a few days Jimmy Dustin appeared with his plane and transported the MacLarens over the dusty brown road to Urga. Here they found a trade day festival. The streets were full of Chinese, Russians, and Mongols, and there was a constant clink of silver bridles. The numerous shops, jumbled together, seemed to be mostly Chinese. The ornate, well-built houses of the town were of Russian type. In many parts of the city the Mongols had set up their tents like permanent homes. The crowd seemed to gravitate toward one main building with a green domed roof, called the People's House, where the representatives of the people met. In the great square outside stood prayer shacks to which red-robed Buddhist monks came frequently. Here were prayer wheels, and Peter could not resist giving several of them a few spins for himself.

The MacLaren children were not surprised to see automobiles right along with the camel trains and horses, for, although there were no good roads, it was fairly easy riding over the plains.

From Urga Jimmy carried the MacLarens to Irkutsk in less than a day, a trip that would have taken a great deal longer by camel train. Ir-

Ewing Galloway

MONGOLIAN NATIVES OF IRKUTSK

kutsk, Siberia, was located on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, the longest railroad in the world and a railroad of which Russia was justly proud.

The MacLarens found a modern city with electric lights, up-to-date schools, and a library. Although it lay in the mining region, rich in coal and gold, it had not as yet been able to find much of a market for its coal. Its fur trade, however, was splendid, and Nancy wished that she might wear such furs as she saw in Irkutsk: fox and sable and ermine. The ermine was like the snow, which made her think of a Minnesota Christmas.

THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

THE MacLarens left Siberia with only a wish for a long flight that would have taken them southwest over Lake Aral to the low Ural Mountains and up to the Arctic Ocean where even the reindeer moss is buried in ice and snow. They would have liked to circle back over the tundra zone where for thousands of miles there was nothing to be seen but trees, although they knew that in this part of Siberia the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the long-haired tiger make their home. This land, rich in wheat and dairy production, in minerals, fur, and fishing, promised some day to become, so Uncle Lee prophesied, a fine market for American goods.

Actually Jimmy and his party flew directly to Vladivostok on the Sea of Japan, the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and from there to Fengtien, or Mukden. Here Jimmy left them, promising to meet them in Japan.

Mukden, like Peiping, was enclosed by high, wide, brick walls. There were eight huge gates to the city; and along the winding streets, built crooked to cause the evil spirits to get lost, were many old brick houses. There were also many modern buildings, including up-to-date schools.

Much like Peiping in some ways! But assuredly the women were different. They looked taller and stronger than other Chinese women, walking with firm, proud clumping on their stiltlike shoes. They wore fur-lined, long, silk coats with silk pantaloons showing beneath. Nancy was alarmed by their pallor at first but soon learned that these ladies painted their faces white and tinted their cheeks and eyelids red. Their headdresses were gorgeous, the hair having been wound around thin plates of gold or silver in such a way that they appeared to be wearing wings on their heads. Often there were jewels in the headdresses. Peter and Nancy found the streets fascinating, especially the long street devoted to bootmaking. Boots seemed to be an important part of every Mongolian costume.

The MacLarens made many side trips, one by automobile to see one of the largest coal pockets in the world, at Fushun; another on a crowded train to visit some of the farms where soybeans were being raised.

"Manchuria is now Manchukuo," Uncle Lee declared as the train pulled out. "We must remember that since the Japanese have controlled the country, the name has been changed. This country has often been called the Land of the Bean. In fact, the culture of soybeans, a fine food for man and cattle alike, is one of the reasons for the vast number of Chinese and Japanese colonists pouring into Manchukuo. Much the same thing happened when Englishmen swarmed into Canada for wheat lands."

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SOYBEANS READY FOR SHIPMENT

At every station sacks of soybeans were piled high. Uncle Lee said that there was a world-wide market for soybeans. The oil extracted from the beans was being used in butter substitutes as well as in paints and lubricants, while the soybean cake, made after the oil was pressed out, was in demand as fodder or fertilizer. During the shipping season it was said that Manchukuon rivers were so crowded with bean boats that noisy traffic jams were not unusual.

Uncle Lee explained that through Dairen, leased and governed by Japan, flowed the foreign trade into Manchukuo. This bustling city boasted modern docks and railway and ware-house facilities. Here was the ocean terminus of the Japanese-owned South Manchukuon Railway. The narrow zone across southern Manchukuo, through which this railway ran, was policed by the Tokyo government, Uncle Lee said. The Japanese had invested more than a billion dollars here.

From one of the busiest countries the MacLarens departed for what Uncle Lee called a "shrinking violet" country, Korea, called Chosen since Japan took over the government in 1910.

"It's the place where Nancy will want to buy many things," he prophesied. "It's been called the 'hermit nation' because it has never encouraged visitors. But it is certainly worth while."

The MacLarens entered Chosen through Chemulpho, the chief port on the Han River. The port was crowded with ships. Uncle Lee said they left cotton and woolen goods, petroleum, and lumber in exchange for rice, beans, millet, wheat, and hides.

Seoul, the capital, was some distance up the river, and it was this old city that the MacLarens longed to see.

They made the trip by rail, on a crowded but comfortable train. The officials were educated, courteous Japanese. They told Uncle Lee that the capital city was famous for its silks, its paper, the tobacco it raised, and the fans and mats it manufactured.

Later it seemed to Peter and Nancy that every

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KOREAN HOMES, ARTISTIC AND SIMPLE

other truck load on the streets consisted of matting. Matting was much in evidence on the floors of the homes the MacLarens visited.

Seoul proved to be a picturesque city, set in a bowl-shaped valley among the hills. A wall still encircled the city. There were a few broad, straight streets running from gate to gate, but between these streets there were many narrow, winding ones.

The MacLarens spent little time at dinner in the hotel where the highly seasoned, peppery food of the native Koreans was served. They strolled

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KOREAN MERCHANTS OF THE OLDER GENERATION

out on a broad thoroughfare that extended from the railway station to the ancient south gate.

There were a great many modern banks and office buildings in the city. Uncle Lee said that once bonfire signals lit up the hills. Now the city was bright with electric lights, and not far from the marble pagoda, seven centuries old, a radio station raised its tower. The land of morning calm had become a land of busy days.

The women's everyday clothes were not attractive, just full, shapeless skirts and short Eton jackets. White was the color for common wear, but on festive occasions some of them wore gorgeous, colored silks with beautiful headdresses.

The men on the streets invariably wore spotless white bloomer-like trousers tied at the ankles, and a flowing white coat-like garment that came down over their knees.

But it was the hats of some of the men which fascinated Peter and Nancy particularly. They were so unusual, and the children soon learned that each type had a special significance. Years ago no man in Korea could wear a hat unless he was married. No matter how old he was, his hair had to hang down his back in braids until he became engaged. Then he was permitted a topknot, which he might cover with a hat of straw. But it was only when he was actually married that he could have a horsehair skullcap with a raised center upon which was perched a black topper of the same material or finely split bamboo. This was tied under the chin. Still another hat seen was a very large hat of bright-colored straw. This signified that the wearer was mourning the death of his father or mother.

Many of the people on the streets and in the shops had adopted Western headgear, but there were those who clung to the old customs.

WOMEN WASHING AT A STREAM

The white clothes, Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy, were the same as they had been on his previous visit, and he explained that this was associated also with a mourning custom. White was the color for mourning in Korea, as it was in China. Years ago it was customary for all the Koreans to wear mourning clothes when a royal personage died, and for all members of an individual family to wear them when a near relative died. The people found it was more convenient to wear white all of the time. In view of this, it was not surprising to see women washing at every stream.

Clothes were not ironed, the children learned, but placed over rollers and beaten with a stick to give them a shiny, mercerized finish. Often garments were not sewed at all, but simply pasted together until wash day.

During excursions into the country, Uncle Lee said that it did not appear as brown and sere as usual. The Japanese had started reforestation to conserve Chosen's rainfall. Uncle Lee quoted one Japanese official who had said, "Give life to the mountain first, and you will give life to the nation."

Fuel was admittedly scarce. On the streets of Seoul the MacLarens saw men trundling loads of pine cones for quick-burning fuel and boys peddling small bundles of fagots and bunches of grass to be used in cooking. Often boys would be wearing a *gigi*, or frame, strapped on their shoulders. Loads were usually carried on these frames.

Uncle Lee remarked that when he had visited Chosen years before, grassy grave mounds were seen everywhere. The Japanese have established graveyards, taxing those who would not remove the remains of their ancestors from the fields. One good effect of this ruling, aside from giving more land for cultivation, resulted in placing on the market fine pieces of celadon, a sea-green porcelain that had lain in the graves. Uncle Lee said that celadon was very rare, the secret of its making having been lost.

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A KOREAN BOY WITH A GIGI

There were a good many other changes of even greater significance which had been effected by the Japanese rule. A great deal had been done to improve general conditions among the Koreans. Hospitals had been built, schools established and modern methods of sanitation introduced. The economic life of the country had also been stimulated in many ways, including the improvement of harbors and the building of railroads and other systems of communication. All in all, Uncle Lee was impressed with the rapid strides being made in this quiet little country, and Peter and Nancy decided that the Koreans were receiving returns for the loss of their freedom.

WINGS, MOUNTAINS, AND FLOWERS

"AND now for our nearest neighbor in the East," observed Uncle Lee as the MacLarens packed their luggage in preparation for the next part of the trip.

"Japan," supplied Peter as he fastened the last strap, then added, "You know I'm tired of seeing Fujiyama on everything from post cards to fans, and I'm not particularly interested in the fact that she's 12,395 feet high. I've seen them higher. What I want to find out is why everybody raves about her."

"You'd think Fujiyama was a girl," Nancy put in.

"Well, she is feminine," Uncle Lee declared. "She makes me think of a regal young queen wrapped in ermine."

Just as the MacLarens were packed for their sea voyage to the famous port of Nagasaki, Jimmy Dustin came storming in.

"At your service," he said, bowing low. "Arrangements have been made for a plane trip to the Land of the Rising Sun. What do you say?" looking inquiringly at Uncle Lee.

"It's a fine idea," answered Uncle Lee, and that is how Peter and Nancy happened to be seeing Japan first from the air.

Japan, so Uncle Lee said, was the youngest country in all Asia and was probably formed by a volcanic eruption long after China had built up her civilization. Although Japan was made up of four large islands and about 4,000 smaller ones, the MacLarens were most interested in Honshu, the one they had always thought of as Japan proper.

"Once Japan was a hermit nation," Uncle Lee told them. "In 1853 Commodore Perry visited Japan with several battleships and established trade relations for us. Since then we haven't had to worry about our supply of silk, for when the Japanese discovered that there was a world market for silk, they began to study modern methods of speeding production."

Jimmy's plane sailed out over a Japanese ship carrying the national ensign, the rising sun with sixteen radiating rays, red on a white field. The water was calm and very blue, and Uncle Lee remarked that the tides on the Pacific side and on the Sea of Japan were light, averaging scarcely two feet, one of the lowest records in the world. He mentioned the great Japan Current, a branch of the equatorial current of the Pacific, similar in many ways to the Gulf Stream, and flowing along the east coast. Peter and Nancy knew that in spite of the peaceful scene the Japanese were used to typhoons nearly every autumn and that tidal waves, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions threatened them constantly.

From the air Peter and Nancy realized more than ever that Japan was a country of mountains. Uncle Lee had said that there were at least a hundred peaks, each rising more than 8,000 feet above sea level. But looking down, the country seemed to be all mountains. There was scarcely any level land to be seen. Even the wooded and cultivated mountains looked more like terraced gardens than forests and fields. Always in view was the beautiful Fuji, translated from Japanese as No Two Such. Uncle Lee said the discovery that Mount Morrison in Formosa was taller than Fuji had troubled the Japanese at first. Then they had solved the problem of a name by calling it the New High Mountain.

The Japanese mountains were not so barren as many of the Chinese mountains. For a populous country, Uncle Lee said that Japan had more forests than many others. A wise Japanese rule, enforced by custom, required that when one tree was felled, two must be planted.

In most of the valleys yellowing rice was being harvested, and on the roads were many natives going on pilgrimages to various shrines. It did not seem possible that before the time of modern communication many whole villages had starved to death, but Uncle Lee pointed out one ashen mound overgrown with bamboo where an entire starving population had been cremated. He said there was a move on foot to do away with the drinking of *sake*, or rice beer, which would mean the saving of 1,000,000 bushels of rice a year.

The rivers, the children noticed from the air, were very swift as they flowed down the mountainsides. Such rivers were both a danger and a blessing; a danger when they flooded the carefully planted fields, a blessing when they supplied electrical power to the cities. Japan, Jimmy maintained, had few rivals when it came to electrical power.

"How about lakes?" Peter inquired. "That looks like one down there."

Jimmy pointed out Biwa, the queen lake of them all, with feudal castles and landscape gardens of rare beauty overlooking its banks.

Jimmy flew over Beppu next, a seaside resort where bathers lay on the hot lava sands. There were many such resorts, Jimmy declared, where people went for the hot sulphur-water cure.

Much of the country showed deep gorges with railways twisting along narrow ledges and crossing narrow bridges. Little villages and little fields! Great cities that, as dusk came on, sparkled with myriads of lights! The little black-haired, short, active people were not unlike their island. Uncle Lee said that there had been in Japan originally several races, but now all were blended into one with definite ambitions for the future of their country.

Jimmy's plane was not the only one in the air. Jimmy said that it was no idle boast that Japanese planes regularly covered 1,000,000 miles of commercial airways. Although the railroads

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FARM GIRLS WITH A GIGI LOAD OF DRIED GRASS

were the pride of Japan, the airways were a close second.

The party landed out in a country district, and Uncle Lee agreed with Jimmy that it would be well to pass the night at an inn near by.

As the MacLaren party walked up to the ornate gateway, the silk-clad old innkeeper came out to meet them and to bow them in. At the same moment a half-dozen *nesans*, or maids, in bright kimonos ran and knelt on either side of the doorway. Undoubtedly their words were expressions of welcome. The party passed through

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A JAPANESE INN

a small garden which contained a pool, some stone lanterns, and a few stunted pine trees.

At the door of the inn one of the little maids knelt down to remove Nancy's oxfords and to slip her feet into a pair of embroidered heelless slippers. Peter unlaced his own shoes, as did Uncle Lee. They grinned at each other as a maid, giggling, looked at Jimmy's footgear. She watched him, admiration in her gaze, as he undid his high, laced boots. She selected for him the brightest slippers she could find. Then the party shuffled down the corridor.

"Go ahead, Nancy," Uncle Lee called out. "Your nesan will show you your room."

Nancy was delighted. The inn, like a Japanese home, was finished in natural wood. The walls were made of wide, sliding paper panels. There were rice mats on the floor. At one side stood a low table and near it a *hibachi*, or little charcoal stove. But no bed! A scroll hung in a niche. In a simple vase there was a lovely spray of tiny chrysanthemums that somehow made Nancy think of a fairy glen with slanting beams of sunlight. The little maids disappeared and brought tea. Nancy sat down on one of the bright cushions and sipped a little of the tea from a tiny eggshell china cup.

The maid helped Nancy bathe in a basin of warm water. The men were bathing, too, she explained, and would follow their preliminary bath by getting into a big sunken tank of hot water.

Nancy, much refreshed, accepted the loan of a lovely flowered kimono with a brocaded sash to wear for dinner. She even attempted to put a few jeweled pins in her hair.

Uncle Lee, Peter, and Jimmy wore native dress to dinner, too, but with not quite so much ease as did Nancy. They all sat on cushions around a low serving table in a big room where there were also other guests. The tea was very fragrant, and Jimmy said that it had been mixed with dried jasmine flowers.

Soon after dinner Nancy retired to her room, to which the maid brought a *futon*, or thin mattress, and a wooden pillow. After she had departed, Nancy exchanged the wooden pillow for a cushion.

Uncle Lee and Peter stayed up until the wooden shutters of the inn closed for the night. Peter laughed when Uncle Lee insisted on six mattresses for his bed. One would have been enough for the average Japanese.

In the morning the party washed in brass basins, ate a breakfast of rice and an omelet, and departed after paying the bill, with much ceremonious bowing.

Kobe, the port of Osaka, they found was an important manufacturing city. They saw a Japanese lumberyard filled with great bundles of bamboo. Bamboo was used in making furniture, water pipes, paper, toys, mats, musical instruments, cooking utensils, and many other things.

Uncle Lee's party was invited to have tea at the home of a business acquaintance. The guests were received in the garden, a lovely garden with a fountain and a pool across which a dainty bridge curved. Nancy said the lotus flowers in the pool were lovely, but the goldfish made her a little homesick.

Uncle Lee had partly prepared Peter and Nancy for the tea ceremony. He had explained that to the Japanese tea is not simply a drink. In the old days among Buddhist monks it was

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A JAPANESE LUMBERYARD

a sacrament. In modern times, while tea-drinking has no such quaint religious significance, it does entail a certain etiquette.

When the entire party was seated before a low lacquer table facing their host and hostess, a servant brought in a fruit paste wrapped as colored bits of sweet. The sweet was preliminary to the tea.

The hostess, in a somber but beautiful kimono, with an *obi*, or sash, of gold brocade, her hair elaborately coiffured, took up the wooden dipper, lifting the pure water in it. The very finest tea

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PREPARING AND SERVING TEA

had been selected and crushed into a green powder. The hostess mixed it in a rare Satsuma bowl, using a bamboo whisk. Into each cup went a portion, and a maid took it to each guest in turn, serving it with a low bow.

The tea had been grown in Shizuoka on soil blessed by the gods. All soil on which tea was grown was blessed by the gods! Drinking the tea, so the gracious hostess declared, would give her guests long life so that they might continue their travels for many years. They would also receive another more precious gift, a spark of divinity, so that they might understand and appreciate what they saw.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

JIMMY landed the MacLarens in Yokohama, rebuilt since the earthquake of 1923. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy something of the great disaster, when many thousands of the city's inhabitants had been killed and about eighty per cent of the buildings destroyed. The children were proud to learn that the United States led the list of nations which had contributed money, food, and clothing for the relief of the homeless.

The MacLarens spent the day touring the city. To their astonishment Peter and Nancy saw only a few jinrikishas, and these were pulled by old men. Everywhere were taxis, driven by young Japanese, two to a car. The young men charged fares that made even generous Uncle Lee grumble. There were numerous bicycles, countless motor trucks, and a great many automobiles. The sight of lovely Fujiyama in the distance made the children forget everything else. It seemed beautiful, not dangerous, even though its volcanic crater was perfectly evident.

Uncle Lee said, "Japan has some two hundred dormant volcanoes, and at least fifty of them are capable of suddenly becoming unruly. Earthquakes are not uncommon and cyclonic winds are frequent. Even the rivers, because of their mountainous origin, are short and rapid."

MANY YOKOHAMA STREETS ARE WESTERN STYLE

Peter and Nancy were impressed with the large new harbor, for they learned that the earthquake had destroyed almost all of the wharves. These had been completely replaced, and there were ships of many countries being loaded with silk, manufactured goods, and tea.

Uncle Lee said that Yokohama had been the first port opened after Commodore Perry's visit, which resulted in establishing trade relations between Japan and the rest of the world in the middle of the nineteenth century. The city had been definitely Western in style even before the rebuilding. The new city was even more so, with wide streets and modern glass-fronted stores. Many of the people wore European clothes.

The main retail shopping street, Benten Dori, was very attractive, and Nancy exclaimed over the beautiful silks, embroidered kimonos, delicate carvings, and bright lacquer work on display.

Peter and Nancy found the Japanese everywhere quick in movement, courteous in manner, and living gaily in the present.

The trip to the base of the most famous mountain in Japan was made in a sleeping car. It was not restful, for the MacLarens were not used to sleeping between mattresses.

Fuji, as the Japanese themselves called her, stood in solitary grandeur. There weren't even foothills about her base.

"She *is* a queen, I believe," Nancy declared. "Her snow-white skirts are spread as evenly about her as though she had whirled and whirled. And how she glitters in the winter sun!"

Peter interrupted by saying, "I wish we could climb her. Lots of people do. There are rest houses all along the way—well, maybe not all along the way, but some places. I'd like to see the crater and get lava dust in my shoes."

In the valleys the MacLarens stared down at yellow rice fields, with bean fields upon the terraced sides of the hills above the rice. A laborer in a conical straw hat and a blue coat, followed by a couple of storks, moved slowly and care-

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MT. FUJIYAMA

fully, gathering his crop. The big birds picked up what he dropped.

It was evening when the MacLarens arrived at Nikko in the mountains. This little village had but a single street. Yellow lights shone dimly through paper windows, and figures passing to and fro reminded Peter and Nancy of a shadow show. The little shops were humble, as was the rest house where they slept, the bedrooms being separated by hastily arranged partitions.

The famous Red Lacquer Bridge across the chasm of the whirling river fascinated the chil-

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THE FAMOUS RED LACQUER BRIDGE

dren. In the morning light it looked very lovely. It was finished with red lacquer and gold, with ornaments of chiseled brass. The bridge was used only by the Emperor and the priests.

It was dedicated like the temple near by, so the MacLarens learned, to Saint Shôdô. The saint, accompanied by four miraculous clouds while looking for a place to build a temple, had knelt down by the raging Daiyagawa and prayed. The colossal being flung a pair of snakes, one red and one blue, across the canyon. The snakes obligingly intertwined to form a bridge on which the saint crossed. He then founded the Monastery of the Four Dragons. The bridge Peter and

Nancy so greatly admired had been built in commemoration of the first bridge.

There were several temples in the woods near by. To come upon a marvelous temple, built of red with gold filigree, the gates guarded by monsters with blue and green manes, seemed almost magical. The carved lacquered wood often looked as though it were jeweled. Everywhere appeared the legendary dragon.

In a little shop in Nikko, Peter and Nancy bought as souvenirs, replicas in ivory of the three Nikko monkeys, their paws expressive of the advice, "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

The Tokyo express landed the MacLarens in another city courageously rebuilt after the earthquake of 1923. Uncle Lee said that Tokyo and Yokohama, the first port of call for ships from the Western Hemisphere, had responded the most quickly of all Japanese cities to Western influence. The new Marunouchi district in Tokyo, with its central railway station in the heart of the capital, has wide boulevards and parks. Here are the home offices of a great steamship line and a marine insurance firm.

The gate of the Imperial Palace with its entrance had been enlarged and beautified, and Uncle Lee said the modern building of the Imperial Diet, or parliament, was one of the most impressive in Japan. This three-story building with a 216-foot tower had been faced with pink

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THE KABUKI THEATER IN TOKYO

and white granite taken from native quarries.

The children attended the Kabuki Theater to see a native play and the Imperial Theater to see an American film. At the Kaikan Restaurant, which specialized in foreign dishes, they ate a French dinner.

"Quite a change from rice, fish, pickled white radishes, and tea!" Peter declared. "I was just getting used to that menu as a steady diet, too."

The MacLarens were invited into a lovely Japanese home, a light, beautiful house with a garden that looked like an old Japanese print.

There were rustic bridges, a profusion of little flowers, late chrysanthemums, and colored maples rising against the blue sky. Uncle Lee said that the Japanese had studied landscape gardening for 1,500 years and that in a Japanese garden every tree, bush, stone, or little pool was carefully planned. The most unpretentious home had its garden.

On the first rainy day in Tokyo Nancy looked down from a window in an office building where she and Peter were calling with Uncle Lee. She saw what appeared to be a lot of big flat flowers bobbing about. They were the broad, gaily-colored paper umbrellas carried by the Japanese women. Among these red, blue, apple green, and lavender umbrellas were many black alpaca umbrellas carried by school girls.

The department stores delighted Peter as well as Nancy. The most famous shopping street, the *Ginza*, had been completely destroyed by fire and earthquake, and the new street was not as handsome as the old. Nancy learned that no Paris dressmaker set styles in Japan. The cut of the dress did not change from year to year, but the cut of the obi did. No matter how elaborate or expensive this sash might be, it could be worn only one season.

The style of clothes depended on one's age and sex. Nancy found that little boys were dressed in sober colors while little girls wore gay flowered kimonos. As the girls grew up, they

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AN UPPER CLASS JAPANESE WOMAN
WITH HER LITTLE GIRL

wore more subdued colors, lovely in tint and always set off by heavy brocaded silk.

In all the department stores and on the streets, the MacLarens were aware of one sound that was purely Oriental. It was the sound of thousands of *getas*, or wooden clogs, on marble floors and paved sidewalks. Peter and Nancy always afterward remembered the sounds of the getas whenever they thought of the Ginza. Nancy long remembered the shimmering silks, the gorgeous kimonos embroidered from top to bottom with sprays of wisteria and hydrangea, and the bunched obis with white and gold chrysanthemums. Blue-black hair, freshly oiled and shining like patent leather, and decorated with glittering combs and pins—this was the coiffure so often seen in the theaters and restaurants.

The MacLarens entered the old gate of red lacquer of the Imperial University before they left Tokyo. Here 8,000 students were receiving as fine an education as could be had anywhere in arts and athletics. Education seemed to be general in Japan. While nearly every home had its shrine for ancestor worship, the Christian religion was also winning converts.

Had the MacLarens visited Japan in April, they would have seen the cherry trees in bloom. However, the chrysanthemums proved quite as lovely.

"We can see Japanese cherry trees in Washington, D. C.," Peter consoled himself. "It was the mayor of Tokyo and his council that gave us the trees in 1912. So East met West."

"Yes, the twain did meet," Nancy spoke up.

"I believe you're right, youngsters," Uncle Lee agreed. "The ideas and ideals of the East and West have met, and I like to think that meeting will result in greater happiness and prosperity for both the East and the West."

FAREWELL TO ASIA

THERE were evergreen trimmings on the masts of ships in the harbor. There was holly over the doorways, not only of shops but of little paper houses. In department stores Japanese Santas displayed ingenious toys.

In many shops were gorgeous illuminated Christmas trees. Streaming across windows were signs in Japanese announcing gift sales. Counters overflowed.

As Peter and Nancy walked along with Uncle Lee among crowds of eager shoppers, they could hardly believe their eyes or trust their senses. Colored paper lanterns they might expect! Paper cherry blossoms they might expect! Sales of silks and cloisonné boxes they might expect! But evergreens and holly and Christmas trees! It was almost too good to be true.

"Less than 1,000,000 Christians in Japan," Uncle Lee remarked. "But the Nipponese like our Christmas. They feel they can accept it without accepting our religion."

"It's the nicest thing that has happened in all our Asiatic travels," Peter declared. "Look at that Tokyo Santa Claus! He should be bigger and fatter. You'd make a good Santa Claus, Uncle Lee, if you were padded out and wore a beard."

"I'll be a Santa Claus to you," Uncle Lee promised. "I'll treat you to the best dish in Japan, *sukayaki*. Hungry?"

"We're always hungry." Peter declared.

The restaurant was like a shrine with its flowers and bridges and pools. The MacLarens sat on a mat in their stocking feet and watched the food being cooked over a slow, charcoal fire. The Japanese cook made the dish with a great deal of care. She cut beef and chicken into thin squares and slices. She added tender cabbage, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, Japanese onions and herbs, and cooked them all together with soya sauce and just a little sugar. Then with a smile and a bow the sukayaki was served by a neat little Japanese maid with a bowl of the fluffiest white rice the children had ever seen. It was all delicious.

"Almost as good as turkey," Peter pronounced.

"With cranberry sauce," Nancy amended.

Back in the hotel they found Jimmy Dustin. Uncle Lee's eyes shone as he greeted the flyer.

"What news, Jimmy?" he asked. "Did you get the tickets?"

"Yes," Jimmy replied. "Yes, sir. I did."

"What tickets?" Peter inquired.

"Tickets for home," Jimmy answered as calmly as he could.

For a moment neither Peter nor Nancy could speak for joy. Then they began shouting questions, both at the same time.

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FAREWELL TO JAPAN

"What boat do we take?" "When do we sail?" "When do we arrive in the United States?" "When do we get home?"

"Just one question at a time!" Uncle Lee finally managed to put in. "I was under the impression that you two liked Asia."

"It has been a wonderful year from Christmas to Christmas," Peter admitted. "A year to see Asia isn't too long a time."

"We'll have to return some time," Nancy declared. "Asia makes me feel that as I grow older I should grow wiser. But all I can think of right now is home and Christmas. Somehow they do belong together."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY: ā as āte; ȧ as senȧte; ă as ădd; ä as ärm; â as câre; ȧ as ȧsk; ē as ēve; ė as ėvent; ĕ as ĕnd; ẽ as makẽr; ī as īce; ĭ as ĭll; ō as ōld; ȯ as ȯbey; ô as fôr; ŏ as ŏdd; o͞o as fo͞od; o͝o as fo͝ot; ou as out; oi as oil; ow as cow; ū as cūbe; ů as ůnite; û as fûr; ŭ as ŭp; ng as sing; zh as z in azure; ɴ as a nasal ng.

Aden (ä′dĕn)
Aegean (ė-jē′ăn)
Afghanistan (ăf-găn′ĭ-stăn)
Africa (ăf′rĭ-kȧ)
Agra (ä′grä)
Allah (ăl′ȧ)
Amazon (ăm′ȧ-zŏn)
Amoy (ȧ-moi′)
Angora (ăng-gō′rȧ)
Ankara (äng′kȧ-rȧ)
Annam (ă-năm′)
Anotolian (ăn′ȧ-tō′lĭ-ȧn)
Aqaba (ä′kȧ-bä)
Arabia (ȧ-rā′bĭ-ȧ)
Aral (ăr′ăl)
Arctic (ärk′tĭk)
Asia (ā′zhȧ)
Asia Minor (ā′zhȧ mī′nẽr)
Assam (ăs′săm′)
Australia (ôs-trāl′yȧ)

Babylon (băb′ĭ-lŏn)
Badro Dos (bä′drō dōs)
Bagdad (băg′dăd)
baklawis (bȧ-klä′wĭs)
Balkans (bôl′kănz)
Bangkok (băng′kŏk′)
Barada (bȧ-rä′dȧ)
Bedouin (bĕd′o͝o-ĭn)
Beersheba (bē′ẽr-shē′bȧ)
Benares (bĕ-nä′rĕz)
Bengal (bĕn-gôl′)
Benten Dori (bĕn′tĕn dō′rē)
Beppu (bĕp′po͞o)
Bethlehem (bĕth′lė-ĕm)
Beyrouth (bā′ro͞ot)

Bhutan (bo͞o-tän′)
Biwa (bē′wȧ)
Boaz (bō′ăz)
Bod (bōd)
Bombay (bŏm-bā′)
Borneo (bôr′nė-ō)
Bosporus (bŏs′pō-rŭs)
Brahma (brä′mȧ)
Brahmaputra (brä′mȧ-po͞o′trȧ)
Buddha (bo͝od′ȧ)
Bund (bŭnd)
Burgundy (bûr′gŭn-dĭ)
Burma (bûr′mȧ)
Bushire (bo͞o-shēr′)

cabob (kȧ-bŏb′)
Cæsarea (sĕs′ȧ-rē′ȧ)
caïque (kä-ēk′)
Calcutta (kăl-kŭt′ȧ)
Cambodia (kăm-bō′dĭ-ȧ)
Canton (kăn′tŏn)
Carmel, Mount (kär′mĕl)
Carrara (kär-rä′rä)
Cashmere (kăsh′mēr)
Caspian (kăs′pĭ-ăn)
Ceylon (sė-lŏn′)
chela (chā′lä)
Chemulpho (chĕ′mo͝ol-pō)
Chien Men (chyĕn mĕn)
Ch'in Shih Huang Ti (chĭn shē hwäng tē)
China (chī′nȧ)
Cholon (shō′lôɴ′)
chorten (chôr′tĕn)
Chosen (chō′sĕn′)
cloisonné (kloi′zŏ-nā′)

Cochin China (kō′chĭn chī′nȧ)
Colombo (kȯ-lŏm′bō)
Confucius (kŏn-fū′shĭ-ŭs)
Constantinople (kŏn′stăn-tĭ-nō′-p'l)

Dacca (dăk′ȧ)
Dagoba (dä′gȯ-bȧ)
Dairen (dī′rĕn′)
Daiyagawa (dī′yȧ-gä′wȧ)
Dal (dȧl)
Dalai Lama (dä-lī′ lä′mȧ)
Damascus (dȧ-măs′kŭs)
Dardanelles (där′dȧ-nĕlz′)
Darjeeling (där-jē′lĭng)
Delhi (dĕl′hī)
Demavend, Mount (dĕm′ȧ-vĕnd′)
dhow (dou)
Dothan (dō′thăn)

Eden (ē′d'n)
Egypt (ē′jĭpt)
el-Hazne (ĕl-hăz′nē̇)
Ethiopia (ē′thĭ-ō′pĭ-ȧ)
Euphrates (ū̇-frā′tēz)
Europe (ū′rŭp)
Everest, Mt., (ĕv′ẽr-ĕst)

Fengtien (fŭng′tyŭn′)
Foochow (fo͞o′chou′)
Formosa (fôr-mō′sȧ)
Franciscan (frăn-sĭs′kăn)
Fujiyama (fo͞o′jē̇-yä′mȧ)
Fushun (fo͞o′shwŭn′)
futon (fo͝o′tōn′)

Galata (gä′lä-tä)
Galilee (găl′ĭ-lē)
Ganges (găn′jēz)
Garuda (gŭr′o͝o-dȧ)
Georgetown (jôrj′toun)
geta (gĕ′tȧ)
Gethsemane (gĕth-sĕm′ȧ-nē̇)
gharries (găr′ēz)
Ghats (gôts)
Gibraltar (jĭ-brôl′tẽr)
gigi (gē′gē′)

Ginza (gĭn′zä′)
Gobi (gō′bē)
gompa (gō′mpȧ′)

Haifa (hī′fȧ)
hamm (häm)
Han (hän)
Hangchow (hăng′chou′)
Hankow (hȧn′kō′)
Hanoï (hä′noi′)
Hanuman (hŭn′o͝o-män′)
Hebron (hē′brŏn)
Hejaz (hĕ-jäz′)
Herat (hĕr-ät′)
hibachi (hĭ′bä′chĭ′)
Himalayas (hĭ-mä′lȧ-yȧs)
Hindu Kush (hĭn′do͞o ko͞osh′)
Hindustan (hĭn′do͝o-stän′)
Honan (hō′nän′)
Hong Kong (hŏng′ kŏng′)
Honshu (hŏn′sho͞o)
Hooghly (ho͞og′lĭ)
howdah (hou′dȧ)
Hué (ü′ā′)
Hwang Ho (hwäng′ hō′)
Hyderabad (hī′dẽr-ä-bäd′)

India (ĭn′dĭ-ȧ)
Indo-China (ĭn′dō-chī′nȧ)
Indus (ĭn′dŭs)
Iraq (ē̇′räk′)
Irkutsk (ēr-ko͝otsk′)
Irrawaddy (ĭr′ȧ-wŏd′ĭ)
Ishmaelite (ĭsh′mā̇-ĕl-īt)
Islamkala (ĭs′lȧm-kä′lȧ)
Istanbul (ē′stän-bo͞ol′)

Jaffa (yä′fä)
Japan (jȧ-păn′)
Jasmine (jăs′mĭn)
Java (jä′vȧ)
Jericho (jĕr′ĭ-kō)
Jerusalem (jē̇-ro͞o′sȧ-lĕm)
Jhelum (jā′lŭm)
Jidda (jĭd′dȧ)
jinrikisha (jĭn-rĭk′shä)
Jordan (jôr′dăn)

Judea (jo͞o-dē′ȧ)
Jumna (jŭm′nȧ)

Kaaba (kä′bȧ)
Kabuki (kä′bû-kē′)
Kabul (kä′bo͝ol)
Kaikan (kī′kän′)
Kale jü (kä′lā′ jĭ′ē′)
Kale pheb (kä′lā′ p′ĕb)
Kalgan (kȧl′gän′)
Kandahar (kŭn′dȧ-här′)
Kandy (kän′dē̇)
Kartub (kär′tŭb′)
Kashmir (kăsh′mẹ̄r′)
Khyber (kī′bẽr)
kiosk (kē̇-ŏsk′)
Kling (klĭng)
Kobe (kō′bĕ)
Koran (kō̇-rän′)
Korea (kō-rē′ȧ)
Kublai Khan (ko͞o′blī kän′)

Ladakh (lȧ-däk′)
Lahej (lȧ-hĕj′)
Lebanon (lĕb′ȧ-nŏn)
Leh (lā)
Lhasa (läs′ä)

Maʿan (mȧ-än′)
Macao (mȧ-kä′ō)
Madras (mȧ-drȧs′)
Magi (mā′jī)
Malacca (mȧ-lăk′ȧ)
Malay Archipelago (mȧ-lā′ är′kĭ-pĕl′ȧ-gō)
Maltese (môl′tēz′)
Manchukuo (män′jō′kwō′)
Manchuria (măn-cho͝or′ĭ-ȧ)
Mandalay (măn′dȧ-lā)
Mannar (mă-när′)
Martaban (mär′tȧ-bän′)
Marunouchi (mä′rū̇-nou′chĭ)
Mecca (mĕk′ȧ)
Medina (mā̇-dē′nä)
Mediterranean (mĕd′ĭ-tĕ-rā′nē̇-ăn)
Meg kar (mĕg kär)
Mekong (mā′kŏng′)
Menam (mā̇-näm′)
Merino (mĕ-rē′nō)
Mesopotamia (mĕs′ō̇-pō̇-tā′mĭ-ȧ)
Moab (mō′ăb)
Mocha (mō′kȧ)
Mogok (mō-gŏk′)
Mogul (mō̇-gŭl′)
Mohammedan (mō̇-hăm′ĕ-dăn)
Mongolia (mŏng-gō′lĭ-ȧ)
Moriah (mō̇-rī′ȧ)
Mosul (mō′so͞ol′)
muezzin (mū̇-ĕz′ĭn)
Mukden (mo͞ok′dĕn′)
Muscat (mŭs-kăt′)
Mustafa Kemal (mo͝os′tä-fä kĕ-mäl′)

Nablus (nä-blo͞os′)
Nagasaki (nä′gȧ-sä′kē̇)
Nanking (năn′kĭng′)
Nankow (nän′kou′)
Nazareth (năz′ȧ-rĕth)
Nepal (nĕ-pôl′)
nesan (nā′sän′)
New Guinea (nū gĭn′ĭ)
Nikko (nyĭk′kō)
Nineveh (nĭn′ĕ-vĕ)
Nipponese (nĭp′ŏ-nēz′)
Nizam (nĭ-zäm′)
nomad (nō′măd)
Nouveau Port (no͞o′vō′ pōrt′)

obi (ō′bĭ)
Om mani padne om (ōm mä′nē′ päd′nā′ ōm)
Oman (ō-män′)
Omar Khayyám (ō′mȧr kī-yäm′)
Osaka (ō′zä′kä)

paar (pär)
Palestine (păl′ĕs-tīn)
Palk (pôk)
Parsi (pär′sē)
Peiping (bā′pĭng′)
Penang (pē̇-năng′)
pension (päɴ′syôɴ′)
Persia (pûr′zhȧ)

Peshawar (pĕ-shä′wȧr)
Petra (pē′trȧ)
philing (p'ē′lĭng′)
Philippine (fĭl′ĭ-pēn)
pilau (pĭ-lô′)
Pnom-Penh (p'nŏm′ pĕn′y')
Polo, Marco (pō′lō)
Pontius Pilate (pŏn′shŭs pī′lȧt)
Portuguese (pōr′tū̱-gēz)
Potala (pō′tȧ′lä′)
Praetorium (prē̇-tō′rĭ-ŭm)
Prajadhipok (prä-yä-d'hē′pōk)
Punaka (po͞o-nŭk′ȧ)

Raffles, Sir Stamford (răf″lz)
raki (rȧ′kē′)
Rangoon (răng-go͞on′)
Rephaim (rĕf′â-ĭm)

Saïgon (sī-gōn′)
sake (sȧ′kĕ)
Salween (săl′wēn′)
sampan (săm′păn)
Saracen (săr′ȧ-sĕn)
sarda (sär′dȧ)
sarong (sȧ-rông′)
Satsuma (sä′tso͞o-mä)
Seoul (sĕ-o͞ol′)
sesame (sĕs′ȧ-mē̇)
Shah Jahan (shä jȧhän′)
Shalimar (shȧ′lĭ-mär)
Shanghai (shăng′hī′)
sheik (shēk)
Shen Nung (shĕn no͞ong)
Shizuoka (shē′zo͞o-ō′kȧ)
Shôdô (shō′dō′)
Siam (sī-ăm′)
Siberia (sī-bē̱r′ĭ-ȧ)
Sikh (sēk)
Silwan (sĭl′wän)
Simla (sĭm′lȧ)
Sind (sĭnd)
Singapore (sĭng′gȧ-pōr′)
Siq (sēk)
Siva (sē′vȧ)
Smyrna (smûr′nȧ)

Somaliland (sō̇-mä′lē̇-lănd′)
Songka (sŏng′kä′)
Srinagar (srē̇-nŭg′ȧr)
sukayaki (sû-kē-yä′kē)
Sumatra (so͞o-mä′trȧ)
Swatow (swä′tou′)
Syria (sĭr′ĭ-ȧ)

Tabriz (tȧ-brēz′)
Taj Mahal (täj mȧ-häl′)
tarboosh (tär-bo͞osh′)
Tartar (tär′tẽr)
Teheran (tĕ-h'răn′)
thumo reskiang (t'ū′mō′ rā′skē′-äng′)
Tibet (tĭ-bĕt′)
Tientsin (tĭn′tsĭn′)
Tigris (tī′grĭs)
Tokyo (tō′kyō)
Tonkin (tŏn′kĭn′)
tsamba (tsäm′bȧ)
Turkestan (tûr′kĕ-stăn′)
Turkey (tûr′kĭ)

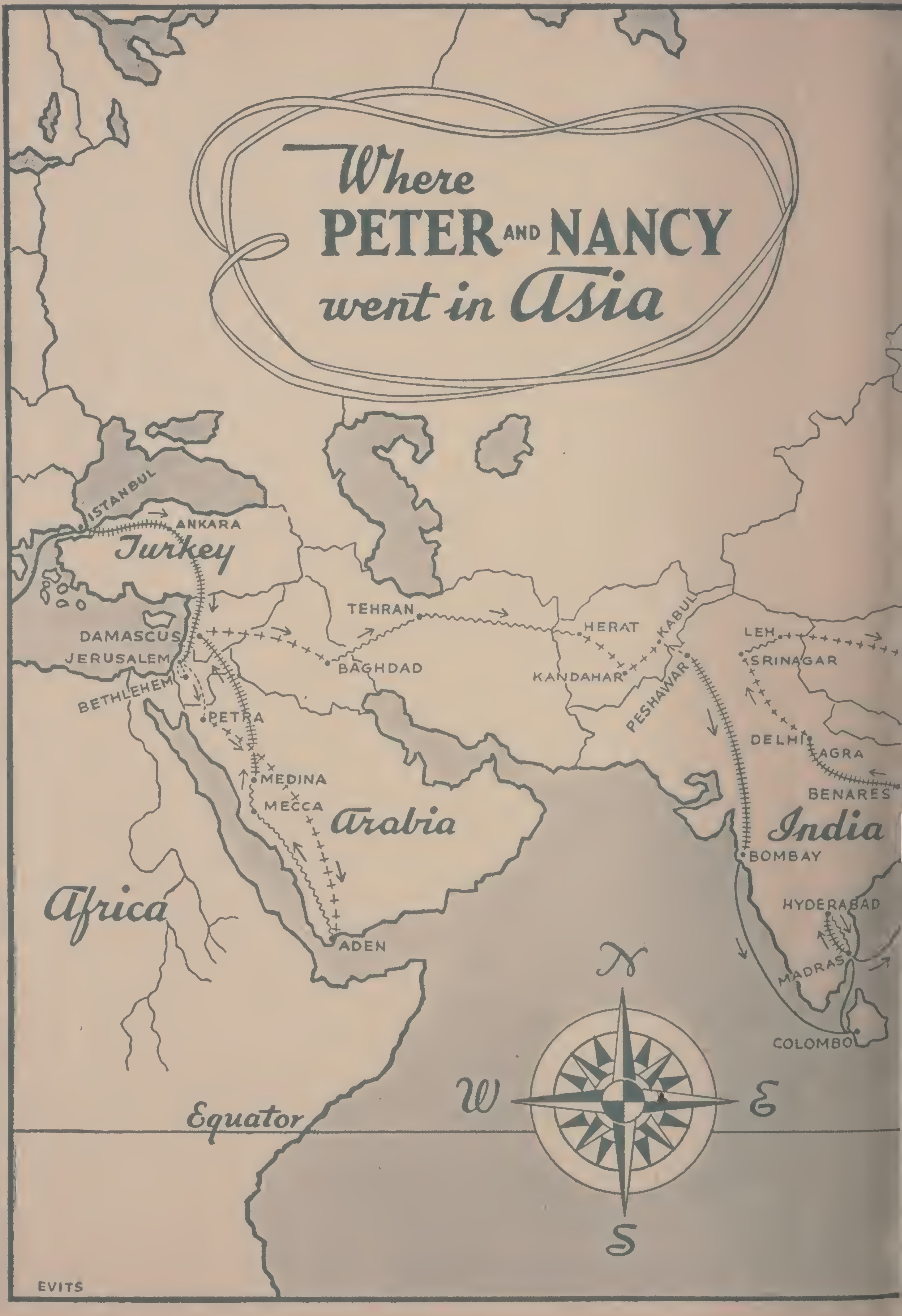
Ural (ū′răl)
Urga (o͝or′gä)

Venice (vĕn′ĭs)
Via Dolorosa (vī′ȧ dŏl′ō̇-rō′sȧ)
Victoria (vĭk-tō′rĭ-ȧ)
Vishnu (vĭsh′no͞o)
Vladivostok (vlȧ′dĭ-vŏs-tôk′)

Wat Benjamabopitr (wät bā-nyȧ-mȧ-bō′pē-t'r)
Wat Phra Keo (wät p'rä kā′ō)
Whangpoo (hwäng′po͞o′)
Wickham, Sir Francis (wĭk′ăm)

Yangtze (yäng′tsĕ′)
Yeman (yĕm′en)
Yokohama (yō′kō̇-hä′mȧ)
Yünnan (yo͞on′nän′)
yurt (yo͝ort)

Zoroaster (zō′rō̇-ăs′tẽr)


Where
PETER AND NANCY
went in Asia
ISTANBUL
ANKARA
Turkey
DAMASCUS
JERUSALEM
BETHLEHEM
PETRA
MEDINA
MECCA
Arabia
ADEN
TEHRAN
BAGHDAD
HERAT
KANDAHAR
KABUL
PESHAWAR
LEH
SRINAGAR
DELHI
AGRA
BENARES
India
BOMBAY
HYDERABAD
MADRAS
COLOMBO
Africa
Equator
N
W
E
S
EVITS

Siberia
IRKUTSK
URGA
Manchukuo
VLADIVOSTOK
MUKDEN
KALGAN
PEIPING
TIENTSIN
Chosen
SEOUL
CHEMULPHO
Japan
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
KOBE
China
LHASA
DARJEELING
CALCUTTA
SHANGHAI
CANTON
HONG KONG
HANOI
RANGOON
HUE
Siam
BANGKOK
SAIGON
Philippine Islands
Borneo
Sumatra
SINGAPORE
How PETER and NANCY Traveled
Boat
Train
Caravan
Automobile
Airplane