



ODD CORNERS
ISABEL ANDERSON





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ODD CORNERS



A CORNER IN SHANKLIN

ODD CORNERS

BY

ISABEL ANDERSON

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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DEDICATED WITH LOVE
TO
MOTHER ANDERSON

FOREWORD

“ODD CORNERS” is made up of notes taken on different trips. We have had the good fortune to travel in some out-of-the-way places, and have had a few unusual experiences and opportunities.

I am greatly indebted to my husband for letting me use his journals, and I wish to thank my friends who have been so good as to give me photographs and information, as well as those who helped me pull my notes together. It is my hope that the book may suggest some new trips for the would-be traveler, and that it will also be of interest to those who would like to know a little more about the countries so much talked of in this moment of world warfare.

With the exception of “Houseboating Down the Coast,” which was published in *Harper's Bazaar*, and a few articles taken by the *National Magazine*, *Sea Power* and *The Bookman*, these chapters are new and are given to the public for the first time.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	HOUSEBOATING DOWN THE COAST .	I
II	ROUND THE GULF	45
III	ACROSS THE ZONE	67
IV	CAMPING IN CANADA	100
V	THE FRINGE OF ALASKA	110
VI	THE GOLDEN STATE	125
VII	DAYS IN THE DRY LANDS	138
VIII	A GLIMPSE INTO MEXICO	152
IX	MADRID TO MOROCCO	174
X	EASTWARD BOUND	200
XI	SOME CITIES OF IND	220
XII	IN AND OUT OF LONDON	253
XIII	CRUISING ON THE CATANIA:	
	I South of England	268
XIV	CRUISING ON THE CATANIA:	
	II Kiel and the Edge of Den- mark	277
XV	CRUISING ON THE CATANIA:	
	III In Norwegian Waters	284
XVI	CROSSING TWO CONTINENTS	299
XVII	WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA	327

ILLUSTRATIONS

A Corner in Shanklin	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
Houseboat Roxana	20
George Hamilton Perkins	50
Parade of Momus	58
Balboa	74
Going through Culebra Cut	86
Our Tepee Tents	102
At the Foot of Mt. Assiniboine	102
Views Going West	106
Sitka	112
At the Muir	120
On the Yukon River	120
Down the Trail	128
Leaving the Canyon	134
The City in the Sky	140
Pueblo of Zuni	144
Dance of Ancestral Spirits	150
Dance of the Sword Swallowers	150
On the Viga Canal	156
Among the Mountains of Mexico	162

	FACING PAGE
A Street in Oaxaca	170
Royal Wedding Procession	180
Camel Caravan at Tangier	192
St. Peter's	202
The Gate of Jerusalem	208
Through the Suez Canal	216
Juggernaut Cars—Southern India	228
Jumma Musjid, Delhi	246
Lulworth Castle	268
At the Mouth of the Dart	274
Kiel Canal	280
Off Molde	292
An Idyl of Little Russia	310
Near Peking	330
The Summer Palace	342
The Temple of Heaven	356

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CHAPTER I

HOUSEBOATING DOWN THE COAST



SOMETHING new under the sun—houseboating in America! Few people realize that one can go practically all the way, with only one run outside—north of Charleston, South Carolina—on inland waters from New York to Key West. Of course you must choose the season carefully for fishing, shooting or gardens. You should be in Charleston the end of March or in early April to see the famous Magnolia Gardens in their perfection. Indeed, Charleston is a very good place to end a winter houseboating trip, coming north with the spring.

To start from Jacksonville or from Daytona on the Indian River in February, take in the gayeties of Palm Beach, if you like, fish on the Keys, and kill tarpon on the west coast in April or May, also makes a good cruise.

To shoot wild turkey or quail, sail up the St. Johns

or the St. Lucie; for ducks, look inside Cape Hatteras. Choose your place, find out the open season, and get your license.

Our Roxana is quite a perfect river boat—one hundred and fifteen feet over all, seventeen feet beam, steam power and two decks, and she draws but three and one-half feet. My stateroom is amidships, next to the dining-room, quite large and very comfortable, with its brass bedstead, deep closet, and bathroom; forward are four staterooms and bath, and a tiny library. The crew live both aft and forward. On the upper deck there is a sort of “den” and plenty of space for lounging. The dining-room, which will seat eight persons, contains the little piano that has traveled all over America with us—I am sure it is one of the most traveled pianos in the world, for it has been on a private car to Mexico and Canada, and all through the Southwest and California. Roxana has been our home on many inland trips since we first went on board of her—indeed, you must have several trips to take in the many delightful experiences.

One day our private signal, the black horse on a red field, was hoisted, and we boarded the houseboat at New London, sailed down the Sound, and dropped anchor off New Rochelle. Even the Captain admitted it was a “devilish” night there, with boats rocking back and forth, and bells and toots from foghorns.

HOUSEBOATING DOWN THE COAST 3

In the morning Roxana got under way, steaming by yachts and islands and a few handsome places on the shores into Hell Gate, which was calm and smiling, quite belying its name. We passed Blackwells Island, where the prisoners are kept and the work-house is located, then went down the East River, where we had a magnificent view of the enormous skyscrapers of New York reaching into the clouds like a city for giants. Small tugs were scooting about and great steamers going out to sea. The commerce of the earth is collected here!

Staten Island and Perth Amboy came next. Ship-building was going on. Many old, battered and weather-beaten vessels and barges were dropping to pieces, and masts sticking up out of the water in every direction. What tales these ghost ships could tell!

At New Brunswick we entered the "raging canal," and a terrible storm came up. From the window, for houseboats do not have portholes, the landscape looked like a fascinating, blurred Corot picture. From here Roxana followed the Delaware and Raritan Canal to the Delaware River, passing farms and pretty country places and barges full of coal, and boys in canoes. Every lock has its keeper and little house with plants in tin cans. The man gives a friendly nod and then turns the crank. The boat begins to sink; it gets darker and

darker; only the slimy green boards are to be seen; you feel as if you were going down, down, you don't know where.

Then Roxana glided on again by the towpath. The country looked mauve and apple green after the storm, our boat seemed like a dream house on runners, coasting over unreal fields. I watched a barge with mules, four in a line, pulling away on the rope fastened to the bow. The man stood at the wheel, and his watchdog barked, while a woman looked up from the cabin where she was cooking. You see many things, even on a canal, if you open your eyes. One poor mule was thrown or pulled by the rope into the water ahead of us, but with great difficulty the driver managed to get him out.

When abreast of Princeton, we went ashore and drove to the town, a few miles off. Here the University buildings were magnificent. There was also a whole street of superb clubs, like charming private dwellings, where the students lived. Before we left, the main street was gay with lights and the men were singing songs in the college grounds.

Past Trenton with its dim factories and filthy back yards we steamed. Dirty windows were pushed up, and men in undershirts and working girls looked out at us, and waved cheerfully. Then came Philadelphia with its big wharves and great steamers loaded with lumber.

HOUSEBOATING DOWN THE COAST 5

On Roxana went down the river, out of the smoke pall of the big city, by Wilmington and Newcastle, till at last she entered the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. Here we had a delightful day's sail, for you are obliged to go slowly in canals, and the locks through which we passed had pretty towns about them. This canal was one of the most attractive I have ever traveled through. At times it had lovely groves of trees overhanging it, and again the landscape opened out more like that of the midlands of England, the most perfect green rolling country broken with copses and ponds and even hedges. At one point the banks were so high that there was a bridge hanging far above us. Finally we wound through the creek that leads into the Elk River, near the mouth of the Susquehanna, and down the Chesapeake. The oystermen were out in their boats on the bay, some scooping up the oysters with a sort of rake, examining them, and throwing imperfect ones back into the water.

The next stop was at Annapolis. The fine façade of the Naval Academy set in beautiful grounds, with the cluster of the town behind and its old-fashioned steeples, made a most charming picture. We went ashore and were taken through the buildings, for which ten million dollars was appropriated not long ago. They are grand and imposing, but

perhaps a little too ornate. As a side trip we glided up the Severn River, by the ships of war at anchor—among them the historic Hartford, which was Farragut's flagship in the battle of Mobile Bay, and of which my father had command in the Pacific sometime after the Civil War. This river with its high red banks and the fields stretching away behind is one of the loveliest pieces of water I have ever sailed over. The Academy crews were practicing, coached from a little torpedo boat, and in the late afternoon Roxana followed an exciting race between them down the splendid course.

After hustling through dinner, we were taken in a new launch that was not in working order to some theatricals given by the middies, but came near being killed on the way. When the launch approached the wharf it went straight on and dashed into the dock, breaking the smokestack, so that the steam escaped. As it was a wet night and the canvas was down, I feared we should be sealed inside and scalded—caught like rats in a trap. The men soon got the boat under control, but the affair was rather exciting.

Across from Annapolis, toward Whitehall Creek, is Whitehall itself, which stands in its little park, commanding a beautiful view of the Chesapeake. Having been built for the residence of an English

governor, it is as fine as the Colonial houses on the James River. The woodwork was carved by prisoners. The mansion consists of the main house and two wings, which are of red brick with white trimmings. The old box of the original garden still remains.

On the "Eastern Sho'" of Maryland is Wye House, another of the famous Colonial residences, where the Lloyds have lived for nine generations. Unlike Whitehall, it is built of wood. It was much like the other old-time Southern houses—rare prints and antique silver, rather shabby rooms with bare floors, and a young colored girl setting the table. The orangery was covered with ivy, the box walks were overgrown and narrow, and the flowers were in bloom everywhere.

Roxana next headed straight down Chesapeake Bay, passing Drum Point, to Solomons Island, a quaint little fishing town, where a whole fleet of rakish "bug eyes" was at anchor. Finally we rounded Point Lookout (not far from which is Point Lookin) into the broad mouth of the Potomac.

Little St. Marys River wooed us to another side trip, up its pretty waters, which wind among the greenest of hills, to St. Marys Point. This "odd corner" had its monument and cemetery and church embowered in trees, and a fine old-fashioned house with pillared porticoes, which seemed to have

become a girls' school, from the number of young maidens who were about.

Another day on the lovely Potomac, leaving Mount Vernon and Alexandria behind, and the houseboat tied up at the dock in Washington.

For a trip along the southern coast we boarded Roxana one day at Norfolk, braved the Dismal Swamp Canal, had two beautiful, calm days inside Cape Hatteras, passing lighthouses and clubhouses on islands—for this is the region of ducks—and touched at Beaufort, North Carolina, where we left Roxana to await good weather for the run outside, while we went on by rail to Charleston, where we were to meet her.

As General Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame was L's granduncle, we were glad of the opportunity to visit the old fortification. It was inspiring to recall how bravely it was held. Ships sent to relieve it could not pass the Confederate batteries. Anderson had sixty men, the Southerners numbered seven thousand. Yet he held the post through two days of bombardment till the fort was in ruins about him. He marched out "with colors flying and drums beating, and saluting his flag with fifty guns."

In Charleston you get nearer than anywhere else, perhaps, to the real spirit of the old "befo'-de-wa' "

South. There are many ideally old-fashioned houses, with porticoes and gardens, and the Battery is very lovely, with its esplanade overlooking the bay.

But the greatest charm of Charleston lies in the Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley. At the end of March and in April they are a paradise of beauty. There are gorgeous tangles of azaleas and camellias and great drooping live oaks with gray trailing moss, and in the air the sweet perfume of holly and jessamine. Down vistas of arching giant shrubs in such profusion of bloom that the fallen petals carpet the paths with rich colors, you look to dark, deep pools that reflect the huge trees and brilliant flowers and mirror the splashes of sunlight. At our first visit, the azaleas were in most glorious display—some of them twice the height of a man—when we went again, the camellias were at their best, the branches so laden with the waxy blossoms that they trailed the ground.

From Magnolia Gardens, Roxana followed the windings of the Ashley River for six miles through the meadows to Middleton. We tied our boat to the tumble-down dock and went ashore, up the turf steps and through a rattletrap gate to the terrace of the garden, which was laid out in formal plan.

Although the main portion of the Middleton house was in ruins and marked only by the front steps, one wing was still standing and had been

somewhat restored. These gardens, which cover some forty acres, were a continued delightful surprise to us as we moved from one terrace to another, past two long, green, stagnant tanks, both reflecting the greener magnolias on their banks, and the pink purple Judas trees in their drapery of gray moss. But there was a serpent in this paradise—a long snake was sunning himself by hanging from one branch to another across the walk, and there were alligators in the swampy water. As the sun went down, we sat on those lonely, forlorn front steps and looked out over the terrace to the river, and across the meadows to the forests beyond, which gave a sense of distance to the view.

From Charleston southward our course wound in the most fascinating way through a region of islands and inlets. Out of the Ashley River Roxana steamed into Wappoo Creek, then through the short canal that was dug by the British General, Elliot, in a single night, in Revolutionary days—to surprise Charleston from the rear—into Stone River, twisting along the Wadelaw and the Church Flats to the broad reaches of the Edisto. On the way we passed farms of garden truck bordering the water, and picturesque shanties, and darkies in bright-colored kerchiefs and tattered clothes driving cattle to old stake plows. That night there was a new moon in the pale sky, and off over the potato

patches could be heard the chorus of negroes in camp meeting assembled.

Past St. Helena Island and up Port Royal Sound we made our way to Beaufort, South Carolina, the summer resort of the planters in days before the Civil War. It contains fine old-fashioned houses, still elegant in their decay, with their gardens in rambling profusion. There were roses romping over broken trellises, and the fruit trees were in all the tender pink, purples and greens of spring. The churchyard, with its old gravestones, and the wide, airy church, which was established by the Assembly in 1712, were full of interest.

We inspected some of the vegetable farms here, among which several men from Boston have a plantation. In one place five hundred acres were planted with lettuce, which was the main crop. Although this cannot be held over like potatoes for a rise in price, it averaged three thousand dollars to an acre. Cucumbers and cabbages were also grown, and celery was proving a success.

In June the truck gardening is finished. Then corn is planted, and later cow peas, which are plowed under. As a fertilizer, phosphate is used in large quantities, sometimes as much as four tons to the acre. On some plantations, the water supply is conducted to the land by an overhead system of piping, which cost several thousands to put up but has

proved successful. North and south of Beaufort, vegetables may be touched by frost, but owing to the nearness of the Gulf Stream, in this particular spot they are safe.

Further on, down Port Royal Sound, we stopped off at Port Royal. Here the first settlement in South Carolina was made, and off Hilton Head, at the entrance to the Sound, occurred the first naval battle of the Civil War. We especially wanted, however, to see the United States Naval Disciplinary Barracks. This was the largest detention station of its kind on the Atlantic coast; there was another on the Pacific. They had been established a few years before by Mr. Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, at the suggestion and with the help of Major Charles B. Hatch, of the Marines, who had been stationed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and there had seen the results of prison life on the sailors. Major Hatch felt that many seamen who, for getting drunk and committing military offenses, were put in prison and afterward dishonorably discharged, might be saved for the navy by the proper treatment. The constant dismissal of offenders was a most expensive form of punishment, for many of them were trained men, not criminals, who had gotten into trouble simply from carelessness.

A board composed of Captains Robert L. Rus-

sell and Henry B. Wilson, U.S.N., as well as Major Hatch, recommended that men committed by court-martial should be divided into three classes:

1. "Those convicted of a crime *not* of a purely military nature." These went to the New Hampshire State Prison at Concord, the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield and the California State Prison at San Quentin.

2. "Those convicted of military offenses, whose separation from the Service is necessary or desirable.

3. "Those convicted of purely military offenses, who may be developed into desirable members of the Service." The Port Royal Barracks contained only the third class. In other words, most, if not all, were put there for having been off on drunken sprees and then deserted, but they were young men, not confirmed drunkards, and were worth saving. Officers on shipboard have not the time to put men on probation or pay any special attention to them.

Besides the barracks, the buildings on the island included the post exchange, the store, the library and a billiard room. There was not only a guard-house but also a hospital. Prisoners who had been deserters often came to the station in an anemic condition, but they improved greatly with good food and a regular life.

At the time of our visit there were at Port Royal

about five hundred detentioners and a guard of one to two hundred marines. Major Hatch was in command. There were six officers of marines, two medical officers, and one paymaster. The guard was made up of selected men, who received extra pay.

The majority of the prisoners were young men from the Middle West. They were sent to Port Royal for different terms, varying from four months to two years, according to their offenses. They did not wear prison garb, but naval uniforms, and were allowed three dollars a month for toilet articles, paper and tobacco. As many of them were very ignorant, a school had been established at the station, where reading, writing, carpentry, mechanics and cooking were taught. A radio station with an experienced instructor was provided for them.

The detentioners did all the work on the buildings and grounds, and were drilled on shore and in boats in the duties of a sailor. For amusements the men had five different baseball teams, which played one another, a roller skating-rink, a swimming tank, and a recreation hall where moving pictures were given.

On arriving, the prisoners were divided into companies, the petty officers being detailed from their own number. They were at first allowed to exercise only in an enclosed yard, but by good behavior

they earned the freedom of the island, then the privilege of visiting the mainland. If they kept sober and obeyed the regulations during the first two-thirds of the term, for the remaining third they were given full pay and the same liberty that men have when on duty in the Service; and at the end of their detention they had the privilege of going back into the navy or the Marine Corps. Sixty-five per cent. of them all made good. The commander of the ship to which they were detailed, however, always knew that they had been at the island for discipline, and if they committed another offense they were tried by a Summary Court, and usually were dishonorably discharged from the navy. The whole scheme appeared to be working well, but for some reason last year the station was closed.

Through endless twisting creeks, Roxana continued her way past a lighthouse kept by a woman—we saluted her and whistled, and out she came and waved—to the Savannah River and to Thunderbolt, near its mouth. In Savannah itself azaleas were in glorious bloom in the parks, and crocuses, hyacinths and irises beneath magnolias and palms. The old-fashioned squares gave a style to the careless Southern appearance of the place. There is also a “downtown,” which is prosperous and ugly.

The coast of Georgia is skirted by islands which

are separated by rivers innumerable, the largest of them, like the St. Marys, being navigable for many miles. Every now and then a sound is reached, the mouth of a river, and a view of the sea outside. The marshes, through which creeks twist and wind, are wholesome, for the tides flow through them, but the waters are muddy and brown in comparison with the crystal waters of the Florida Keys. We visited the Van Rensselaer and Wilson plantations, which border the broad marsh lands.

The Wilson place, on the May River, about four hours from Savannah, contained thirty thousand acres besides an island, which was kept for hunting. In old days this section was the hunting ground of Indian tribes; later it was settled by the French and raided by Spaniards from Florida.

The grounds about the house had been made pretty by planting jonquils and hyacinths along the paths, so that the air was fragrant with scents and the eye delighted with colors. Saddle horses and mules for driving were kept in the stables. The kennels were interesting, with bloodhounds, deer hounds and fox hounds, as well as retrievers and pointers for birds. Occasionally the dogs were used for another sort of hunting. One of the bloodhounds had lately tracked a negro who had committed some offense into the city, where he was caught.

The island contained a great variety of game.

We saw many skins of raccoons, snakes, rabbits and foxes, and a wildcat was brought in while we were there. There was good gunning for wild fowl of different kinds, such as snipe, ducks, plover and marsh hens, and wild turkeys and deer were especially abundant.

The Wilsons grow cotton, but it was said that, unless one had a large tract of land, this crop brought in little return. During the cotton-picking they often had five hundred hands at work, women as well as men. The women were paid fifty cents a day, the men seventy-five.

Having passed Wassaw and Ossabaw—delightful Indian names—Roxana pushed on through the windings of Kilkenny Creek to the Van Rensselaer plantation, and dropped her mud hook into the turgid stream. About us stretched the meadows, with the creeks sparkling in the sunshine, as far as Ossabaw Island and St. Catherines Sound, which opens to the sea. We had a fine tramp through the deep jungle and glades, with the sun glinting through the trees and the sweet smell of pine and sand, and we started up wild turkeys and all sorts of game, and heard the baying of the hounds in the distance as they jumped the deer.

St. Catherines, one of the famous sea-cotton islands, we found decidedly the most primitive plantation. A crowd of darkies had gathered at the

wharf as we stepped ashore from the launch. The men wore ludicrous combinations of cast-off clothing, while the women were dressed in gay-colored calico rags, with turbans on their heads. Aunt Liza, her father, old Adam, who was well on toward a hundred, and Parson Christmas, stood out among the others.

Soon, leaving the little crowd behind, we followed a white oyster-shell path under blossoming peach trees to the old plantation house, which stood well back from the water in the midst of its garden, covered with creeping ivies. Tangled lanes led us slowly on toward the lake, which reflected tall cypress trees and old magnolias. Redbirds flew about on the errands of their home-making, and the air was filled with the scent of the sweet holly.

We had barely reached the house when I was surprised to hear in the distance the wailing voices of the darkies. When I inquired the reason for this, Christmas, the "preaching nigger," explained that the darkies had been wailing for days over the approaching end of the world, which they expected that very night. The little ragged pickaninnies were crying with terror. The great black "gally" negroes with their unintelligible language and their barbarous ways, had been shouting and praying for days and doing no work. The whole colored population was in a state of great excitement. The cause

of the disturbance was Halley's comet. Astronomers had predicted that the earth was to pass through its tail, and many thought the end of the world was coming.

The parson was a big gally negro, a mighty hunter, we learned, on week days and, by virtue of his "gift of gab," the local preacher on Sundays. His pulpit reputation was much enhanced by the fact that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake and had survived.

The negroes dwelt in little tabby cabins down behind the big house, large families of them swarming together in a single room and cooking before one fire in the open. The pickaninnies hardly wore clothes enough to cover them, and none of them could read or write.

That evening we went to their meeting house. They were praying in a cabin dim with spiderwebs and smoke, and half lighted by one small kerosene lamp. The service was in full swing. Aunt Liza was playing the two chords she knew on an old spinet, first one chord, then the other. The darkies were howling like wild animals.

Parson Christmas recited a line from the Bible, then the congregation repeated it over and over in song.

"Let us pray fo' old Uncle Ned," said Christmas. "He died yesterday fo' fright of the comin'

of the comet. We hope he's done gone whar we're right sure he ain't."

The huddled congregation laughed hysterically at this sally. We wondered if Christmas was trying to keep up their spirits. After a moment of silence the old woman at the spinet wailed aloud:

"I wish I wuz a June bug, dat I might fly to de Lord!"

From across the cabin came the parson's quick response, "Bress your soul, Liza, a woodpecker'd get yuh fo' yer got there!"

The congregation laughed louder and more hysterically than before. Then the parson continued his discourse:

"Mary's bébé's det and suffrage when he walked in the garding of Yosemite. Christ is risen. Ain't dat so, brethren?"

"You bet!" responded the congregation, eagerly.

"Mary's bébé is the bread of life, and ye shall love each other as thyself."

Somewhat relieved by the safe conclusion of the sermon, his audience retired behind the benches and had a "foot-wash." After this primitive ceremony, they gathered about the altar for a fellowship handshake. This was a continuous ladies' chain, men and women courtesying and bowing to each other, turning their toes first this way and then that, jumping now on one foot, now on the other, and shout-



HOUSEBOAT ROXANA

ing loudly all the time. As the excitement increased, their antics grew madder and madder.

Even Christmas had been drawn into the whirlpool of emotion and was waving his arms and shouting with the rest. He had not needed Elder Sunday's encouraging, "Go it, parson, go it!"

All the while the crowd was wailing, "Save us, O Lord, save us! The comet's a-coming! Oh, save us, good Lord!" in an ecstasy of tragic frenzy.

Finally Christmas stumbled to the floor, exhausted as any dancing dervish. The cabin shook, the lamp flared and went out and—strangest of all—the air was filled with musical vibrations, as of a harp that echoed and resounded. We heard the scramble and rush of heavy bodies as the crazed negroes struggled for door and windows, and the muttered groaning of "Save us, O Lord!" A wild voice shrieked, "The angels is a-playin' on their harps! The end of the world am come!"

One of our company struck a match and succeeded in relighting the lamp and restoring order. The negroes, timidly returning, were made to realize that the disturbance had been caused by Christmas who, in falling, had struck the old spinet and knocked it over. Moreover, the dawn of another day was already showing in the sky, and the danger from the comet had passed.

The now thoroughly chastened Christmas was dispatched to help bring in some deer which had been shot the day before, and the darkies were ordered to set to and have a feast. Finding themselves still alive, and with the hope of a good meal before them, they were soon able to forget their terrors and take life more cheerfully. We left them sitting around a big bonfire, cracking jokes about the comet.

As we were too excited to go to bed, we did not return directly to the boat, but wandered out through the sleeping garden to the forest beyond. The moist air was soaked with perfume, as we paced slowly down the path. Then the way opened suddenly upon the sand dunes rising white as snow in the pale moonlight and reaching far out among the black cedars to the roaring sea beyond. We watched the dawn grow lighter and the sun rise slowly, flushing the gray sky into glorious colors.

From St. Catherines we sailed through creeks inside St. Simon Island and across St. Simon Sound to the Brunswick River, near Jekyl Island. Of the sea-cotton islands, Jekyl and Cumberland, which are much alike, are in some respects quite a contrast to St. Catherines. Jekyl has a delightful clubhouse, where people from the North spend weeks during the winter.

Leaving Jekyl Island we passed the mouth of the Satilla River, up which lay Colonel Clinch's great plantation, crossed St. Andrews Sound, and glided on to Cumberland Island. The game is preserved here, and even some wild cattle and ponies. The Carnegie family, the present owners, have named the island Dungeness, in honor of their Scottish home. In this jungle are excellent roads and many lovely bridle paths, through which we took long drives in motor and carriage. The different members of the family have built at various points on the island, choosing the spots where the plantations stood, so that they have ready-made old-fashioned gardens with fine trees in avenues and hedges in form. The houses are handsome and comfortable, and there are swimming baths and tennis courts and everything that could be wanted. The moss-draped live oaks, which form splendid shaded ways, and the holly and magnolia with their glossy leaves, and the sparkling sea seen through the tangle, all make the island especially attractive.

Though Cumberland Island seems remote, it is not without its associations with early American history. It was originally granted to General Nathaniel Greene, and in one of the little vine-embowered cemeteries lies the body of Light Horse Harry Lee.

We went past Fernandina, on Amelia Island,

into Nassau Inlet, and through Sisters Creek and the inside channel to the St. Johns River and Jacksonville. We motored from there to Atlantic Beach, where a large hotel had just been built. Here also lots were being marked off and bungalows put up. The place promised to be a great summer resort for the people of Jacksonville, as there was a good road all the way from that city. Figs do well in this region, but anywhere north of St. Augustine orange trees were liable to be killed by frost, we were told.

As we scooted through the woods, my curiosity was roused by the sight of a small house in the jungle. In answer to my inquiries I was told that a trained nurse had lived there alone for many years. It was said that because she had caused the death of a patient by giving him the wrong medicine, she was atoning for her carelessness by this exile in the wilderness.

Near the mouth of the St. Johns River, in the direction of Mayport, a woman whom we knew had bought land, and had come in a caravan from the North, gypsy fashion, with eight horses and several colts and dogs. We found her camped on the property, living in a prairie wagon, and directing the workmen who were painting the house, while her horses were hitched to dump carts and hauling sand.

In the woods, not far from Atlantic Beach, are

the remains of old Fort Caroline, built in 1564, by the Frenchmen who founded here a short-lived settlement. To begin with, the Indians camped at the place for years and dumped their oyster shells. Then their successors used the shells to build the fort.

From Jacksonville we explored the St. Johns River for about two hundred miles. At one place we saw a great tract of white pine on fire, the flames jumping from tree to tree in the wind, the branches swaying as the green needles turned brown and shriveled beneath a fiery touch. As they withered and crumpled there was a sound of sighing that might have come from living creatures.

We amused ourselves on the boat by shooting at floating bottles and looking at the sturdy fishermen as they drew in their nets, full of shad and herring, or sat under their picturesque huts by the cabbage palms. One strange fish, the swell-toad, was caught from our boat. This fish puffs up in a curious way when tickled out of water, and when cleaned and dried it makes a unique lantern. It was also interesting to watch the lumbermen, those careless butchers, standing ankle-deep in water on their floating rafts while they cooked and ate their meals; it was difficult to feel properly sympathetic for their hard lot in view of the damage they were doing to the forests, for often young trees were uselessly cut and

thrown aside, where only selected ones should have been felled.

But most of our time was spent just sitting at the rail and watching the endless windings of the stream uncoil as we slowly and quietly moved along, turning, twisting, with the trees scratching the sides of the boat. Now and then we ran ashore, and there were puffings and pullings till we slowly slid off again.

At moments I felt like Stanley as we turned some sudden bend in the sluggish river and looked through the jungle. We did so much turning that our steering gear gave way—just at the right place, however, for we dropped our little anchor, and our boat swung easily round till the stern touched and overhung a bank, so that we were able to step off. We wandered across a delightful plateau with a thick undergrowth of handsome palmetto, out of which rose the tall palms in their dignity and through which led natural paths. “With gun and camera”—L. with the camera and I with the gun, if you please—we wandered, and I had shots at quail, and L. had “shots” with the camera at everything in sight.

Roxana twisted along up the St. Johns to Lake Monroe and to Sanford, where we tied up for the night. The town was tumble-down and paper-strewn and unkempt, though one of the important

places of "darkest Florida"—for the darky is here black indeed.

Turning our course again downstream from here, we stopped at a tiny village set near a splendid live oak grove all festooned with gray Spanish moss. Such a grove, I have come to realize, has greater beauty and dignity than even a park of English elms. On the steps of a ramshackle store a darky sat playing an old guitar, and we persuaded him to get some other boys and come down to the boat.

So they played for us, strumming and singing, while dancing clogs and cakewalks. They were such real darkies, and they grouped themselves so picturesquely, their dancing was so weird out there under the moon, they worked their arms and heads so absurdly, and kept such wonderful time to the music!

After they had gone away, L. and I took our ukulele and walked away beneath the roof of the forest. The soft radiance of the flooding moonlight came down through the glades, making the great trees seem even taller and more imposing. The forest was very deep and solemn and mysterious as we passed in together. But we played and sang, and the river re-echoed the sounds, and the owls hooted and laughed. For a moment the forest awoke. Then someone on the boat sounded taps on the bugle, and it slept again.

Our trip was varied by exploring the little stream known by the uninteresting name of Dunns Creek—Roxana ran off the chart here. All along the river cattle were standing in the water feeding on the green floating hyacinth, while razorbacks wandered on the banks. The cattle are branded and turned out to feed, and little enough they get. Every once in a while we came upon a fisherman's cabin, and two or three men with their boats and nets. They were not supposed to put the nets entirely across the stream, but they sometimes did so, and in consequence we cut through several.

We took advantage of the opportunity to visit San Mateo, the Fruit Company's plantation in these parts. Indeed, there were several plantations here. On some, the orange trees had been killed by severe frosts a few years before, others were just being planted, and on still others the trees were quite large. To start a plantation, a man would build a little frame house and set out trees, and if all went well, in a few years he would be making a thousand dollars an acre annually.

We saw two orange groves with tent-like coverings to be drawn over in cold weather. Fires were also built between the trees. The Fruit Company's grove, however, had a high wooden fence about it, and the trees were under a vast trelliswork, over which were half-drawn awnings. The house of the

overseer in charge stood on the highest land east of the St. Johns River, which seemed like a mountain but was only ninety feet above sea level. On the piazza he had a thermometer which, when the mercury dropped to a certain point, rang an alarm, so that even in the night he would get up and have the coverings drawn. The special reason for so much care was not only to protect the oranges from the cold, but also to make it possible to leave them on the trees longer and to get higher prices.

Highway taxes, such an important item of expense in New England towns, seemed to be unknown here. One year they tried to have town laws for making and keeping up the roads, but they had given it up. The soil was so sandy that the roads made and kept themselves. Neither did there appear to be any difficulty about pasturing the cows, which wandered about freely everywhere.

Leaving Roxana at Palatka, we went up the Oklawaha in the regular steamer, a curious, awkward-looking, flat-bottomed and lopsided boat, but just fitting the river, as it proved. The tiny cabins of the queer vessel were sufficiently comfortable for the one night, and the food was very good darky cooking.

By the light of the full moon it was a mysterious, haunting land, a veritable purgatory of sadness, a country of lost souls. The winding, snake-like

river along which we were gliding so slowly gleamed here and there, disappearing and reappearing amid the sinking, imploring tree-spirits of the swamp.

The white trunks of the decaying cypresses suggested winding sheets; the gray Spanish moss hanging from the upper branches looked like disheveled hair, and the branches themselves rose as though lifted in supplication to the moon and the hope-giving stars. On higher land a tract of white pines in the distance were fighting for their very existence. They were foreign to the swamp, stranded among strangers, and finding the drain and strain of life well-nigh unbearable, for they were slashed near the roots to make a pocket for the dripping sap from which turpentine is obtained, and this process soon means death to them.

The woolly-headed royal palm trees, bowed by the wind, writhed like black men under torture, and seemed to beckon us to their aid. We wondered if the heart of the palm had been extracted to make us salads.

The low-lying mist upon the water was like steam from the infernal regions, in the midst of which the occasional blaze on the pilot house became the wicked fire of devils. The shriek of the limpkin and the hoot of the owl voiced the misery of the swamp, and, to complete the horror of it all, black buzzards came swooping across the sky.

At dawn everything changed. As if by magic, the river had been transformed into a very paradise. Now one could see the scarlet leaf of the water maple in vivid contrast with the softly swaying Spanish moss and the green of the magnolia. Climbing wild nasturtiums and mistletoe hung from the trees, as though seeking to hide from us the creeping death which threatened. Here and there a sleepy alligator lay sunning himself along the bank, with his head poked out of the mud, and golden-brown turtles slipped away as we approached. Cardinal flowers stuck out stiffly from the shallow water, myrtle and swamp holly drooped from the banks, and floating hyacinths moved with the stream. As we wound up Silver Spring Run we could see the bottom through the crystal water, and watch garfish with their long noses and turtles scuttling away.

Though the face of the scene had changed, yet the ghost trees haunted us, warning us of that day, not far off, when our land, stripped of its splendid forests by mere wanton wastefulness, shall have become as dry and arid as are Spain and Greece today.

Returning to Palatka, we joined Roxana and steamed through the comparatively new canal, to St. Augustine, the most picturesque city in America. As everyone knows, this town has the distinction of

being the oldest in the United States. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, and was the base from which they destroyed the French colony at the mouth of the St. Johns and raided the settlements on the Carolina coast. The fort they built is still a well preserved ruin. About it is a little "maidan," with clumps of stunted pine scattered over the plain, and a moat in which shallow water sparkles. In front of the town are the dunes and the sea, while behind extends the sea wall with its tiny houses.

St. George's Street is a narrow way beneath balconied dwellings. Indeed, the whole place is quaint, while the plaza with the great modern hotels about it, all in the Spanish style, is quite beautiful. The old governor's residence with its colonnades is now the post office and custom house, and in the little plaza beyond is the old slave market. It was hard to realize that we were in America at all; the place was like some Spanish colony.

From St. Augustine, we took the train for Daytona, where we found Roxana waiting for us at the drawbridge. Here we had all the air that was moving over the water, yet could step ashore and walk to the town and the beach. Just opposite was the little toll house, which was very picturesque. It had the same nice keepers who had been so kind before in letting us use their telephone and lending us fishing tackle.

We were in the midst of everything. Every motor car and person and carriage and tallyho that crossed to the races on the beach passed by us in long, endless, amusing procession. Indeed, there was occasionally a genuine excitement, as when an old gentleman driving an automobile calmly backed off the bridge, bang through the railing and plump into the water! This was shallow, fortunately, and the poor old fellow was lucky to suffer nothing worse than a badly broken arm.

It was the week of the motor-car races, Daytona's carnival time. What a wonderful beach that is, stretching for thirty miles along the deep-sounding sea! It forms the most remarkable motor-car race course in the world, with great breakers combing in as far as the eye can reach for a background. Here we sat on the dunes and saw racing cars go past repeatedly at terrific speed, appearing away down the course as tiny spots that grew with amazing rapidity till they flashed by with frightful bursts.

After leaving Daytona, we cruised down the Indian River slowly, for Florida waters had not been so low for years, and Roxana had to feel her way along. Every now and then she came to a stop on a "lump," but we had one great advantage, for if worst came to worst, we could take off our shoes and stockings and wade ashore.

Roxana got away from Titusville late, for our condenser was closed up with the sand and grasses we had worked through, and the men had been up half the night cleaning it out. About noon we stopped at Rockledge, one of the very prettiest little communities on Indian River. Roxana ran aground near Indian River Narrows, and while the men were working vainly to get her off, L. and I went fishing.

It was interesting and wild, no beaches near, only mangroves growing on the ocean side. Rowing to a sandy island, where the pelicans make their nests in the sand, we saw them coming back at sundown with fish in their pouches. Then such a squabbling for food went on among the young, such flapping of wings, pruning of feathers, screaming and fighting to get at the food! Their heads looked like white daisies, and their cries seemed human. They were such awkward and absurd creatures as they stood in the shallow water or in great groups on the sandy land! Out over the sound the sun went down in crimson glory, and the moon floated silver in the sky and began to light its pathway across the lagoon.

Pelican Island is a small government reservation for the protection of this fast-disappearing bird. I have understood also that the keys and islets and lagoons about the mouth of Mosquito Inlet have

been reserved for game protection. We scared up innumerable wild fowl—hundreds of ducks and herons—and frightened the porpoises at their play. At times we came to narrower passes where the banks were bordered with palmettoes and scrub oaks, and it seemed very far away from civilization.

A whole day was spent in the Narrows in lightening the boat and trying to dig our way out. All the coal was taken from the bunkers and carried aft in bags, and the fresh water, which was precious, was pumped from the tanks into the boats on the after deck, so as to bring us down by the stern, and the sailors were in the water all afternoon digging away the bar about Roxana.

Next morning, after a deal of hauling on anchors that had been carried out and backing and churning, the houseboat got off the bank and began to go ahead slowly, but in the early afternoon our idiot of a pilot landed us hard on another lump, and the process had to be repeated. This inlet was so tropical it might have been off some coral reef of the South Sea Islands. We came to anchor in a lovely spot on the St. Lucie River.

Sewalls Point had fascinating trails through tangled hummock, with its jungle of forest vegetation, gumbo limbo and rubber trees, hung with orchids that were beginning to bloom. It was one of the prettiest spots on the coast.

The next day gliding through Jupiter Inlet, we could look out over the white, yellow and ochre sands. Here begins the wonderful coloring of sand and sea, the waters taking on all the exquisite blues and greens imaginable, and the mornings and evenings too beautiful with the reflected lights. We lay at anchor all afternoon down by Gilberts Bar, a delightful place with its devious channels and mangrove keys about, while fishermen's boats came chugging in with their boatloads of fish. Fishing is profitable here; some of the men make thousands of dollars a year.

Part of our crew went ahead up Jupiter Narrows, and during low water dug out a passage across a washout bar that the tides had made. Late in the afternoon Roxana cruised to this point and then kedged, by carrying cables across the river and tying up to mangrove trees and hauling with capstan and pushing with screw. So we got over and had a fairly easy time till night came on and we were anchored in placid Lake Peck—oh, odious name for such a romantic spot! The keys looked so dark and queer in the moonlight, and strange calls and noises came out of the shadows.

What a change the next day! Palm Beach was gay with motor-boat races, flying machines and music, and there was delicious bathing. We enjoyed our few days here. The gardens and cot-

tages among the palm trees were wonderfully pretty, with Lake Worth on one side and the ocean on the other.

The Poinciana, on the Lake Worth side, seemed the most luxurious, well kept hotel in the world. The guests were, many of them, gorgeously overdressed. Cakewalks, dances, concerts and other entertainments were continually held. On the ocean side, The Breakers was more select and respectable, with older guests. Here were bathing and lovely walks, and chairs propelled by black men to carry you everywhere. At the Beach Club, the gambling club, they played for very high stakes, for almost everyone down there was some kind of "king"—a patent medicine or a soap king! A dinner was served at this club like Paris in its perfection.

The only new feature that I discovered the last time I was at Palm Beach was the turkey-trotting under the palm trees, late in the afternoon. Tables were set among the palmettoes, and in the center a floor was laid for dancing. The moon was full, colored lights gleamed here and there, and the band played ragtime as the people swayed to the music. It reminded me of the scene at Zamboanga, in the Philippines, when General Pershing * gave his din-

* General Pershing has since led our soldiers into Mexico, and is now in command of the American troops in France.

ner to the Secretary of War, and we danced in the garden under the palms by the sea.

The passage from Palm Beach southward was varied and interesting. The long reaches of the canal from the southern end of Lake Worth were bordered with oleander and wild grape and hibiscus, and at night were lighted by thousands of fireflies. The simple truck farms stretched back into the country, and the scattered workers looked up at the passing ship with surprise. The winding stream led into Boca Raton, where morning glories trailed over the heavy undergrowth. New River Inlet had its changing channels and vividly colored waters, so beautifully clear, while outside the white surf was breaking over the bar.

At the entrance to the "Chain" canal a pitiful specimen of Florida "white" came aboard, and we had to pay our dues—the only dues along the coast—before he would let down the rusty old chain that barred the canal and our passage.

Mud Lake was the only really dirty water all the way, and the houseboat fortunately moved through its soft bottom easily enough. We soon came into clear water again by Lake Dumbfundling, went on to Snake Creek, then into Biscayne Bay, and so to Miami. At one place in Snake Creek we suddenly saw, across a shallow channel, a lumping streak of mud and water boil away from our bow, and

scared a huge manatee, or sea cow, which kept ahead until he was tired. The creature was something like a seal, with a head reminding one of a cow as he rose to breathe and snort. When we drew near him, we found ourselves for a moment in the midst of a great herd of these strange sea cattle. What a turmoil there was as they scurried away in every direction!

Miami, like Palm Beach, has its big hotels and gayly dressed people. Here one could see a whole fleet of houseboats. From Miami we cruised among the keys.

Then came a night when L. killed his first tarpon. It was dramatic and very unexpected, for few are caught on the east coast. With the light of a full moon falling on the gently ruffled waters of upper Biscayne Bay, we were trolling with rod and reel. Suddenly there was a "strike," and a rush of line, then the splendid "break" and the leap of Silver King that begins the fight for the finest of all game fish. The glorious silver streak in the moonlight, the weird rainbows of sparkling drops when rush followed rush—what could be more gorgeous than a huge silver fish flashing in the mystery of a moonlit sea? He weighed about a hundred pounds, and it took nearly an hour to get him alongside.

Another day L. went in a small boat among the keys through Angel Fish Creek to the ocean side

for bone fish, which are considered rare and great sport—a comparatively small fish, weighing only up to ten pounds and covered with wonderful silver scales. They are very shy and difficult to catch. They feed on the shallow flats, and their tails can be seen wiggling above the surface as they move along in search of the food on the bottom and break the shellfish with their strong jaws. The bait is cast with a rod and lies on the bottom until a fish picks it up; then, if he is hooked, there is a splendid fight, for he rips up the shallow water in the strong rush and makes great sweeps of waves as he circles about. L. got two, one of them weighing nine pounds. As he rowed the long way back to the houseboat after dark, he passed a river full of sea fire, the most brilliant phosphorescence.

There are over five hundred different kinds of fish to be caught off the Florida coast, and of course the bait to be used is a very serious question. We caught, among other fish that are good to eat, Spanish mackerel, red snappers, cavalli, kingfish and groupers. The last is a coarse fish, but makes a good chowder.

Near Cæsars Creek we came to anchor in shallow water, so clear that the bottom was magnified till we seemed to be floating in air. The creek is a passage between the keys from the bay inside to the reef outside. The waters boil through it as the

tides travel, and it is very pretty with its mangrove-covered banks. It was the lair of Black Cæsar, the bold buccaneer, who buried his treasure among the mangroves, where the crackers are still looking for it. For these are the waters of the wicked Florida wreckers of a hundred years ago.

In Steamboat Creek we caught some good-sized groupers. We went out to the Great Florida Reef to see a wreck, but it was so very rough we did not stay long.

The wonder of those Florida keys, in all conceivable tints of blue, pink, yellow and green—sailing over watered ink or standing on an impressionist picture might give some idea of it. In and out we went among the mangrove isles, once in a while getting a glimpse of the marvelous railway across the ocean passes, in places like a Roman aqueduct skipping from key to key on high embankments and splendid cement causeways.

We were trolling unsuccessfully in Jewfish Creek—the one connecting waterway from the northern to the southern keys—when we decided to take the train to Key West and see the railway, which had been completed since our last visit. It was not built without loss of life; a terrible storm came up while it was in process of construction, and a boat containing two hundred workmen was capsized and most of them were drowned.

While we were considering the matter black clouds gathered; by bedtime the wind was lively, and at two o'clock the boat was dragging. Steam was gotten up and we moved to safer moorings, for Card Sound, where Roxana was lying, was whipped as white as the froth on an eggnog.

The next morning we took the launch and jogged up a creek to a spot where the time table indicated the station of Tavernier. It was an unreal Alice-in-Wonderland morning; it seemed as if we were gliding over skim milk instead of real water. I hardly think I should have been surprised if the many-legged mangrove bushes had suddenly picked up their leafy skirts and walked away. Five pelicans flew at us as if to make an attack, but apparently thought better of it and turned away. I was told the pelicans on Lake Worth that used to be so friendly and feed from our hands had been frightened away by the hydroaeroplane that takes people up from Palm Beach.

When the launch arrived at its destination there was no station to be seen, nothing but a track. The captain of a boat nearby informed us, however, that we had to walk up the track for a mile or more and then flag the train at a platform. Nothing daunted we started, notwithstanding my white high-heeled shoes. At last, reaching the platform, we found a negro who gave us a welcome newspaper and offered

us a tomato for refreshment. Both were enjoyed. The man told us he came from Nassau to work on the railway.

As the train appeared, out of the bushes came a farmer, a nicely dressed girl and a good-looking boy. The negro from Nassau volunteered the information that the farmer made a living off tomatoes. What an existence! For food, fish and tomatoes; no friends; schools far away, if any; and this unnatural color forever moving before their eyes.

We jumped on the train and skipped from key to key of mangroves and palms, crossing on the white rock roadbed. The train went by Central Supply Station with long wharves and a few workmen's houses, great stretches of water and no harbor for protection. On we whizzed, over the seven miles of concrete viaduct of Bootts or Knights Key and over Bahia Honda, the deepest channel.

Key West was rather forlorn and the houses ramshackle and Southern. To see something of the place we hired a horse and carriage from a negro—the horse looked as if he had never had a square meal; we thought he might die on the way about the town. There was an electric car on the main street, and in the distance were the Barracks and the Navy Yard. We visited the turtle farm, where many of the huge fellows were floating in tanks.

They are by no means uncommon here—two boats had been out five days and brought in six of these enormous creatures.

The boat from Cuba was late, but not so late as it sometimes is, and the horse didn't die, and we were able to get dinner on the dining car, so we had a great deal to be thankful for. The Captain met us at Central Supply Station, and we slipped into our bunks on Roxana, tired and content.

At this dreary place, where, though it was called "supply station," we couldn't even buy bread, L. hired a launch and went fishing out by Alligator Light. Roxana got up steam and left the long white railway bridge with the rows of workmen's houses, and floated over the milky water to Long Key, where L. joined us.

The next day was spent in fishing outside on the reef, where we could look down and see the wonders of the deep. We jogged all over the place, trolling for sail fish, and the boat wobbled, and the rays of the sun sat upon our noses, but we enjoyed it, and the best of it was L. finally caught a sail fish, the long-wished-for prize. The big fellow jumped out of the water fourteen times, and it took about twenty minutes to land him. He was a beauty, his sail in perfect condition and his bill, too, so he was mounted and added to the fish collection on the walls of L's. den at home in Washington.

CHAPTER II

ROUND THE GULF



WE were off the Ten Thousand Islands of the western coast of Florida, cruising in the Gulf of Mexico on our way to New Orleans. The land we were skirting was the Everglades, a few years ago a trackless jungle never traversed except perhaps by some poor Seminoles; recently, however, part of it has been explored and drained. Away back into it wind the greatest mosquito rivers in the world, breaking the mangrove growth into many islands. From the edge there stretches away a region of impenetrable saw grass, with hummocks of palmetto and scrub rising here and there. Water stands all over it, with some clear runs that are like silver streaks. But the Everglades is not a swamp at all, for the bottom is a kind of coral rock, and the water that comes pouring out at so many points is crystal clear.

We anchored near Shark River, which is famous for its tarpon, and L. rowed in with a guide. Innumerable tarpon rose and rolled about them, but

wouldn't strike, and the mosquitoes almost ate them up.

On again to Punta Gorda. The water was calm and heavenly, notwithstanding it was the gulf, which is really open ocean. We landed and wandered in the old hotel garden, all overgrown with weeds. Everything seemed to be going to seed in this sleepy, sunny town.

The run up the coast to Boca Grande was also smooth and pleasant. Going ashore at Tarpon Inn, built only a short time ago, we engaged a fisherman to take us out that evening. To our surprise we found a whole fleet of fishing boats out in the moonlight. The full moon turned from red to yellow, the lighthouse blinked and flashed, and the little boats with twinkling lights puffing along somehow made me think of a school of jolly porpoises out on a spree. The tide is swift, so here you do not troll but allow the line to run out with the tide. It was early in the season and this was not a lucky night, so we caught no tarpon.

The next day was not quite so jolly; old Roxana with her bunkers light of coal jumped the rollers that were piled up by the southwest wind blowing over the gulf. Sarasota, where we planned to stop, couldn't be found; anyway Roxana passed it, but we finally reached the mouth of Tampa Bay.

Tampa had grown tremendously since our last

visit and looked quite lively with motors scooting about. After luncheon at the enormous hotel in Moorish style, and a walk in the park with its big bunches of bamboo and waving palms and pink hibiscus bushes, we went over a Cuban cigarette factory and motored to Silver Springs, a sort of picnic place where there was a big tank of sulphur water for those who liked to swim.

One night while tied up to a wharf, hearing the sound of singing in the distance, L. and I walked over to a large building that had been hurriedly slapped together for a revival meeting. Although it seated more than five thousand people it was crowded. The preacher said Tampa was the rottenest town he had ever been in. I have no doubt there was some truth in that, for it is filled with lawless Cubans. It was a Baptist meeting, and the minister, who did not speak very well, was fat and businesslike. To make things more interesting, the doors were suddenly locked. The Chief of Police afterward told us that he had received a letter warning him that the building was to be blown up while the meeting was going on. We are still alive.

The next day, at Bradentown, near the mouth of the bay, Roxana made a stop and we motored to Mrs. Potter Palmer's place, running south near the coast for about two hours or so, over very sandy roads. Along the way Sarasota turned up with its

ramshackle hotel, and there were besides celery farms and turpentine groves with their negro cabins, and shanties of poor whites, too, swarming with children. Our driver assured us that the negroes behaved very well. They all live in one quarter of the towns, and of course do not mix with the whites, but they have the privilege of voting, which is more than they are allowed in South Carolina. The poor white trash in the back country live on fish from the streams, wild turkeys and vegetables. There are schools for the children, but we saw only two, and they seemed deserted, and the glass was broken in the windows. These Florida crackers looked lazy and wretched.

Mrs. Palmer owns a large tract of land, and the pretty house, in which are some beautiful curios, was like an oasis in the desert. The garden on either side had the latest garden furniture, with statuary and fountains and latticework pergolas, and a lovely walk led from it through the natural growth under the gray veiled trees.

Our next stop going north was Cedar Key, a fishermen's town of unpainted houses, but with a railway—the only train leaving at six in the morning—also a telegraph office and a fine new school-house. All the people turned out to see the boat and ask questions. One would have thought we were a traveling circus.

Nobody in his wildest dreams would go to Cedar Key unless blown in by the wind. Long ago a few South Carolinians settled there. There was a time, I am told, when Mr. Plant wanted to make it a successful railway terminus and connect it with Mr. Yulee's railway, which was already built to this point. Mr. Yulee, however, didn't care to join Mr. Plant in this scheme, and so the latter said that he would make Tampa prosperous instead and the grass would soon grow in the streets of Cedar Key. And it certainly did. The cows and chickens wandered aimlessly in them. The shanties were weather-beaten and tumbling to pieces, but gay with red geraniums in shining tin cans. In its slipshod Southern way, the village was picturesque. Strangely enough, the place was burned to the ground the very day we left.

A flotilla of sponge boats was also driven into port by the storm. Their high bows and slanting masts, painted blue and yellow and decorated with strings of sponges, were very quaint. They were manned by dark-skinned Greeks with red kerchiefs on their heads, who looked quite like pirates. They could not speak English, but were friendly and very politely presented us with some sponges. Twice Roxana started out of the harbor—first, trying to sail north; then, as the wind changed, so changed we, and decided to go south to Tampa and take a

steamer to New Orleans; but again the wind changed, and the Captain felt it was best to put back to Cedar Key. This was too much; we abandoned our floating home, said good-by to our dear old Black Horse flag, and our houseboating for the moment was over.

With bags innumerable, we piled into the car. As the trains did not connect, it was necessary, strange as it sounds, to travel both east and west and also north and south between Cedar Key and New Orleans. Never before had L. and I crossed the South from Jacksonville to Mobile, so I was interested to see the country, which is flat and sandy, scraggly and scratchy, with stumps sticking up everywhere, a few pine trees yielding turpentine, and every now and then a hummock with groves of trees. The splendid magnolias grew as big as oaks, the dogwood was in flower, and the great masses of wisteria, apparently growing wild, covered the ramshackle shanties and even great trees with their lovely mauve blossoms.

The fields were uncultivated, and we wondered what food the people lived on. The question was answered by the empty tins everywhere shining on the ground. Although the whites live in shanties, their children looked well dressed. All through this part of the South, the proportion of the people who can neither read nor write is very large.

The Battle House at Mobile, which we found



GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS

clean and comfortable, was a veritable haven of rest. The town was rather attractive, the streets were broad, and the parks quite pretty, but it was flat and altogether Southern in its appearance. There was little or no trade, the place was dying if not already dead.

I read again the story of the battle of Mobile Bay, in the Civil War, and I quote from one of my father's letters, written directly after :

“ I passed the forts, with the rest of the fleet firing as rapidly as possible. Afterwards, in obedience to orders, I attacked the ram Tennessee, following her up closely, shooting away her smokestack and firing solid shot at her, until her flag was hauled down and a white flag raised. Her steering gear having been shot away, I took her in tow, and brought her to anchor near the Hartford (Admiral Farragut's flagship).”

We engaged a launch and skimmed over the opalescent yellow waters of Mobile Bay, vast in extent but very shallow. The day was misty, and the land on either side was very low. By the aid of a map in my father's book, we could tell very nearly the spot where the Tennessee surrendered to the Chickasaw. We ran up under Fort Morgan, and could plainly see the green mounds and the old brickwork. Modern guns have been placed there now, and barracks and officers' houses have been built nearby. In

trying to cross to the other side of the bay to see Fort Gaines, which was five miles away, our boat struck a sand bar, but notwithstanding we got a good view, and fortunately floated off. Fort Powell could be seen in the distance, but there was not time to go very near. As it was, we sat eight hours in the launch. I was so happy to see the place where my father had been a hero.

These words from the inscription on the base of his statue, which stands on the State House grounds in Concord, New Hampshire, came to my mind with deeper meaning than ever before:

“His achievements in Mobile Bay, when as Commander of the Chickasaw he compelled the surrender of the Tennessee, won from the Navy unqualified admiration and from Farragut these words:

‘The bravest man that ever trod
the deck of a ship.’”

As we glided over these historic waters, I had time to scribble these few poor verses, which I put in here for sentiment’s sake:

’Twas over fifty years ago
The Chickasaw in Mobile Bay
In bulldog grip held fast her foe,
The Tennessee, that bloody day.
Cried Perkins: “Shoot another round;
Now strike the bow and blast the stern;
Just keep it up, boys, pound and pound,
Until at last we’ve seen her burn!”

The monstrous ram was filled with shot,
 Down came her flag, up went the white,
 The battle raged both hard and hot;
 So ended this most glorious fight.

.

I think I hear a call, I halt!
 The sailors' souls are passing by;
 The breeze is fresh, a smell of salt—
 Oh, what a splendid way to die!

This eve I think of one I love;
 The sea is gray, the moon shines bright;
 I gaze to heaven far above;
 The brave look down here every night.

Between Mobile and New Orleans the railway crosses long stretches of swamp, with little lakes and rivers breaking through, or wide passes, where the ocean makes in toward Lake Pontchartrain; nearby is Pass Christian, the famous Southern resort. There are many shooting clubs on the marsh lands and bayous, where ducks and snipe are to be had.

We reached New Orleans about seven in the evening, and were at once taken in charge by some hospitable friends, who drove with us through streets that were picturesque in their dirt to the broad asphalt avenues of the better section of the city, and the St. Charles Hotel, where we found rooms.

“I thought I remembered the St. Charles Hotel as a fine old-fashioned house with large rooms and good service,” said L., “but I must have simply inherited the recollections of the members of the fam-

ily who, in the olden days, used to come down by river from Cincinnati to a holiday at the old St. Charles, for the present hotel is very disappointing—dirty rooms and poor service—although the colored waiter who brought our breakfast told us that in his ‘palmy’ days he had been butler to Senator Hale in Washington.”

After settling ourselves, we motored on to the Café Louisiane, through garish bright streets, and down a black alley where a single light was burning, under which a policeman came out, wiping his mouth. Here was prepared the famous “Ramos fizz,” a sort of fizz with cream in it that was a nectar fit for the gods. In New Orleans the mixing of drinks is no common thing. The barkeeper, an artist in his profession, tells by the sound when the drink has been sufficiently shaken.

The Café Louisiane is one of the noted old places of New Orleans, which has, however, kept up with the times by turning into a sort of cabaret with supper tables about. Saturday night is the gayest moment, and it was quite amusing that evening, for a “masked woman” came in who had been seen about the city for several days and had caused great excitement. She had a police permit, so the mystery deepened. She proved to be an advertisement for a newspaper.

Another time our friends took us down Bourbon

Street and stopped near the old "Absinthe House," which, as it was supposed to be closed on Sunday, we entered by the back door! It is one of the most picturesque houses in the world—there is nothing more interesting in Paris—with its sanded floors and little tables and the curious people who frequent it. No wonder the mixture of absinthe is so dangerous, for it makes you feel so well, yet you do not realize that you have taken anything at all.

The restaurants of New Orleans are famous. One day at the "Spanish Fort," a playground with a pretty park around the ruins of an old fortification, we took luncheon at a delightful little restaurant with a terrace. On the sideboard were all sorts of tempting vegetables in array, and out beyond was Lake Pontchartrain. They served us, first of all, a Sazerac cocktail—again a work of art and not a drink—then shrimp boiled with some sort of sauce to give them a wonderful tang. And after that a marvelous stew of soft-shelled turtle, too good for words! (Terrapin here were thirty dollars a dozen for full-sized ones, but they considered terrapin rather coarse.)

One of our pleasantest memories of New Orleans restaurants is of *déjeûner* at the *Café Galatoire*, a delightful little place with "Madame" behind her "comptoir," reading the paper and doling out the

extra things that were ordered, French spoken about us, and so many delicious things to eat.

Of course the great event of the year in New Orleans is the Carnival, which I had seen a few years before but describe here. The papers are full of it for days, and promises of all sorts of prodigalities are made. The city decorates, and there is an expectant look about things. The organizations that take part are composed of the very best element in the social life there, and the balls of Momus and Comus are very particular affairs. King Rex, however, is rather representative of the people. The memberships are supposed to be secret—even the wives do not recognize their husbands on the floats or at the balls.

The Carnival opens with the parade and ball of Momus. The parade was an enchanting torchlight procession—floats were drawn by horses and mules, accompanied by men with bright torches. When we saw it, Spenser's "Visions of the World's Vanities" had been chosen as subject, and the cars were really splendid, with the members of the organization in brilliant costumes riding on them, and waving and bowing and acting their parts.

Later in the evening we went to King Momus's ball in the Opera House. A platform had been carried out over part of the seats, making a huge stage.

When the curtain rose, we saw a masked king upon his throne and courtiers in masks standing about. Then the King gave a member of his court a patent of nobility naming his Queen. The man advanced slowly down the stage toward the "anxious" ones—girls who had received cards advising them that they were to be called out by a masker—from among whom the Queen was to be chosen. Her Majesty was then escorted in procession up on the stage, and a mantle of royal state was fastened to her shoulders. After this four heralds advanced in turn for her ladies-in-waiting, who were taken to their places about the throne and also given robes. Then, amid cheering and clapping, the maskers all defiled before the King, bowing right and left. Finally, the courtiers took out ladies from the audience to dance, giving them beautiful presents.

The morning of Mardi Gras came the procession of King Rex, composed of surprisingly fine floats representing the "Realm of the Imagination"—floats good enough to stand the light of day. Canal Street was a wonderful sight, with its immense throngs and many merry maskers. Late in the afternoon came a second magnificent procession—a pageant of the "Epic of Ixdubar." This was the parade of Comus, the very finest of all, with many torchlights.

King Comus's ball was the climax of the Carnival.

King Rex and King Comus both have theirs on Tuesday night. Comus's ball is carried out almost exactly like that of Momus, except that the Queen and the maids have been chosen before and sit in a box until Her Majesty joins the King on his throne. The Carnival season is a merry time for all, and we were sorry when it was over.

In our explorations of the city we saw many fine residences—big, Southern-looking houses with wide verandas and handsome ironwork. They stand back in their "yards," as the people call their gardens, beneath towering magnolias and live oaks, surrounded by roses and violets and jonquils in bloom—in February! The air was delicious at that season with the perfume of the flowers and something of that feeling of Spring one has in Rome.

There are excellent roads leading out of the city, along canals which are higher than the rich truck lands that are being developed about them. On one of these roads is the cemetery, which is most peculiar—a city of the dead, with little buildings of all sorts of architecture. It contains some handsome monuments, and there is no appearance of loneliness about it. On account of the rise and fall of the river people are not buried in the earth, but above ground, for every family has a tomb.

New Orleans is really a unique place, and it has great charm; even its down-at-the-heel parts have



PARADE OF MOMUS

“ atmosphere ”—and how few American cities have such a thing. It is very foreign in its appearance and in the spirit of the people, who enjoy themselves as Latins do, and Sunday is a holiday, for pleasure and gayety. People are out in the parks and restaurants, and the streets are always crowded on that day.

Some old-fashioned things are to be found in the pawnshops, which, as well as the restaurants, are characteristic of the city. We got an old print of the battle of New Orleans, which occurred January 8, 1815, and the sword of the pirate Lafitte, to whom, by the way, it is said Jackson's victory was largely due.

The Lafitte brothers owned a blacksmith shop on the corner of Bourbon and St. Philippe streets. The pirates and buccaneers who, after the traffic had been prohibited in America, still plied their villainous trade in slaves, always went to the Lafitte brothers' shop for the chains. The Lafittes became the agents of the pirates in New Orleans, and finally, while one brother remained in that city, Jean Lafitte established a base at Barataria. He eventually formed the pirates into a clan, of which he was chief, and ruled with despotic sway. As many as a thousand slaves were sold at Barataria in a single day through his agency. Congress at last proclaimed him an outlaw and a pirate.

War was declared on Great Britain in June, 1812, and in 1814 the British fitted out an expedition to attack Louisiana and take New Orleans. Great offers were made Lafitte by the British commander, to serve as guide for the ships through the secret waterways surrounding the city, and if he had consented, it would have been captured without very much resistance.

But pirate though he was, Jean Lafitte refused the bribe, and immediately offered his sword to General Andrew Jackson, who was to defend that part of the country. His services were refused, and he was told that he would be hung if Jackson got sight of him. Lafitte, however, offered his men and guns a second time, and was accepted, for Jackson saw, when he arrived in New Orleans, what small means were at his disposal and that the outlaw could bring him trained men who were reckless, cool, and used to fighting. Lafitte set up his own cannon, which had to be brought from his ships—a tremendous undertaking—and with this help Jackson won the battle of New Orleans.

The Lafittes were pardoned by act of Congress, and they disbanded their clan, the pirates becoming peaceful fishermen and planters, who settled on the shores of Baratavia, where their descendants remain to this day.

On the levees we watched negroes running back and forth by thousands, unpacking bales of cotton and bags of cotton seed brought down the river on steamers. Here again wartime memories were awakened, this time of the Civil War. We inquired of a policeman where the Memphis Packet Landing was, where my father and Captain Bailey landed from the Cayuga to demand the surrender of New Orleans. The river bank has changed a little since then, having been filled in for about one hundred yards, and a small, drab-colored house stands on the wharf. We walked up Lafayette Street to the City Hall, the same way that my father went amid a howling mob. George W. Cable writes of the incident:

“What a gathering! The riffraff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women—such wrecks of women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. . . . The crowd on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the Hartford, standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

“And now the rain came down in sheets. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, there came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet came down Common

Street. 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!' I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, calling with the rest, 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' About every third man had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded, and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done."

I had long wished to go down the Mississippi in order to trace the course that my father followed when, in '62, in the little Cayuga, he led Farragut's fleet past the forts to New Orleans. As we had decided to go to Panama, my wish was at last to be gratified. The river at New Orleans is wide and impressive with its swift flow of turbid brown waters, and there were many ships along the line of huge, covered wharf sheds. Among them was the *Cartago* of the United Fruit Company, which was loading for the Isthmus, and on her we embarked.

She was a fine ship of some five thousand tons, and proved steady and clean, with all the passenger reservations amidships, and our delightful, roomy

cabins, with pretty chintz hangings, were on an upper deck. The officers of the boat were Scotch or English, and the stewards West India negroes, well-mannered and soft-spoken.

The steamer ran all afternoon down the river; it is some seven hours to the jetties going downstream, but it is almost twice as long a trip upstream against the current. The river flows higher than the flat land stretching away behind it, and it is strange to look out over the country and see the house-roofs on a level with the river flood. A few fine plantation houses are seen and some truck farming, several factories, and many tumble-down houses on or near the levees.

But to us the interesting sight was passing the "forts," Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip. Fort Jackson is still very much in evidence—its brick fortification zigzagging almost on a level with the river in a long swamp, and the flag flying above it. On the other side of the sharp bend in the river are a few grass ramparts with guns, the remains of the original defenses of Fort St. Philip, and there are quarters, evidently for some troops.

To go back to the Civil War, Farragut had assembled seventeen vessels of his fleet above the bars near the mouth of the Mississippi. The Colorado, one of the largest, could not be pulled through the mud and had to be left behind. Captain Bailey

of this ship, who was second in command to the Admiral, accordingly transferred his flag to the gunboat Cayuga, on which my father was navigating officer. The Cayuga's official report reads:

"At 2 A. M., on the morning of the 24th [July, 1862], the signal to advance was thrown out from the flagship. The Cayuga immediately weighed anchor and led on the column. We were discovered at the boom, and at a little beyond both forts opened fire. When close up with St. Philip we opened with grape and canister, still steering on. After passing this line of fire, we encountered the Montgomery flotilla, consisting of eighteen gunboats, including the ram Manassas and iron battery Louisiana of twenty guns.

"This was a moment of anxiety, as no supporting ship was in sight. By skillful steering, however, we avoided their attempts to butt and board, and had succeeded in forcing the surrender of three, when the Varuna, Captain Boggs, and Oneida, Captain Lee, were discovered near at hand.

"At early dawn we discovered a rebel camp at the right bank of the river. This proved to be the Chalmette regiment."

The fortunes of this regiment are thus described by Lieutenant Perkins: "As we were very close in, I shouted to them to come on board and deliver up their arms, or we should blow them all to pieces. It

seemed rather odd for a regiment on shore to be surrendering to a ship. They hauled down their colors, and the colonel and command came on board and gave themselves up as prisoners of war. . . . The officers we released on parole and allowed them to retain their side-arms, all except one captain, who I discovered was from New Hampshire. . . . I took his sword away from him and have kept it.”*

As L. and I steamed down the Mississippi, visions of the battles came before my eyes, so I hope I may be pardoned for again breaking into verse:

'Twas past the forts, at dead of night,
Upon the turret, without light,
He led the fleet o'er bar, by dyke,
On the swirling, muddy river.

Fort Jackson roared and flashed with shell,
St. Philip blazed away like hell,
And firerafts a tale could tell,
On the swirling, muddy river.

They took three boats and cut the chain,
The bullets flew like pelting rain,
And bodies floated white with pain
In the swirling, muddy river.

And when they reached the town a gang
Jeered wildly, hooted, spit and sang,
“Let's shoot them, kill them, let them hang!”
Near the swirling, muddy river.

Bailey and Perkins up the street
Marched calmly, knowing no defeat,
To ask surrender to the fleet
On the swirling, muddy river.

* Lieutenant Perkins was from New Hampshire.

Our steamer had arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi, but as another boat had gone aground in the pass our Captain did not want to attempt to take us out in the dark, and we delayed there till daylight. At dawn we looked out to see the delta and the famous jetties. The steamer at last entered a wide, canal-like passage that ran straight for miles, containing the channel. On each side was a narrow strip of almost flooded land, and there were little shanties on piles that seemed to be floating. In the stretches of swamp behind we heard flights and calls of game birds, for this is a fine place for shooting. But the narrow necks of land at last stretched out alone into the gulf, where we soon dropped the pilot and headed for the Isthmus.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE ZONE

"It's the old, old road and the old, old quest
Of the cut-throat sons of Cain,
South by west and a quarter west,
And hey for the Spanish Main." *



OUR course was over the great Spanish Main, which could tell us tales hard to picture to ourselves in these modern days. Leaving behind Cape San Antonio, on the western end of Cuba, opposite Yucatan, we passed into the Caribbean Sea.

The stories of the early explorers were thrilling. Columbus, after his stop at San Domingo on his fourth voyage, sailed over to the Isthmus. Balboa crossed the Isthmus, where the canal is now, in 1513, and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Magellan, too, searched in these parts for a western passage. Of the other Spanish explorers, Davalos and Ponce de Leon went as far north as St. Augustine, Florida. It was with real delight that I read of Drake, Mor-

* Masefield.

gan and Kidd, of galleons, privateers and treasure ships.

Although the Spaniards looked upon the New World as their possession by virtue of the Pope's decree dividing all the newly discovered lands between Spain and Portugal, many French, English and Dutch ships defied the Spanish law and ventured to trade with the smaller settlements that were not garrisoned. By degrees the French buccaneers got possession of Tortuga, while the English made Jamaica their headquarters. In time of war French and English governors commissioned them as privateers, and thus a sort of governmental sanction was lent to them.

Masefield has caught the spirit of the buccaneers in these dashing lines:

"I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

"With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat
cocked askew,
And a long, low, rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two,
And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer."

Sir Francis Drake, greatest of the English captains, who perhaps had more than a dash of the pirate in him, came to his death in these waters, and

the famous Dampier, who sailed three times round the world in the seventeenth century, is associated with the Spanish Main. But Morgan is the best known, for among his exploits he sacked Old Panama, and was rewarded with the rank of Admiral in the British navy and also with the office of deputy governor of Jamaica.

There are five countries that are commonly described as "on the Isthmus." Close to the narrow strip that actually joins the two continents are Colombia on the south and "happy Costa Rica" on the north. Costa Rica has been prosperous and peaceful until very lately, when they had a bloodless revolution. Its capital, San José, contains some very handsome buildings. Honduras is supposed to be the most out at heels, but has the distinction of having an honest president, by the name of Davila. Salvador is the only one of the Central American States that borders on the Pacific alone, not extending across to the Caribbean Sea. This densely populated republic has some fine mountain scenery, and has lately experienced a severe earthquake. Guatemala is the oldest of these countries and at one time reached a high stage of civilization, but now shares with Nicaragua the reputation of being the most troublesome.

It was our good fortune to have a narrow escape from a violent hurricane. A few months before, a

steamer of this line had gone down in a storm, and not a soul or a vestige of the ship had ever been seen again. But as we approached Swan Island the wind died out and that night the sky was ablaze with stars and the Southern Cross was above the horizon—always a disappointment, however, for it is a poor galaxy and little suggests a cross. This island is a bit of American coral named for an old freebooter, where the United Fruit Company provides a wireless station and a lighthouse; as it does on many other dangerous points on this coast, where governments refuse to do their duty. It was pleasant to reflect that this was the result of Boston enterprise. We moved slowly toward the light, for it was dark on the water, till we made out the dim outline of the little reef and saw the twinkling lanterns of small boats that came out to meet us and transfer food and fuel for the island. Only once every three weeks does a ship stop here to deliver stores and mail, yet the men on the lonely reef know everything that goes on in the world through their wireless.

It is one hundred miles from New Orleans down the river to the Gulf of Mexico and fourteen hundred to the Isthmus of Panama. It was something of a revelation to appreciate where the Canal Zone, which is a strip across the Isthmus, is situated in relation to other places. The canal runs northwest

and southeast, and, strangely enough, its Pacific end is farther east than the Atlantic end.

The light outside the Caribbean border of "the Zone" was at last sighted, and a torrential tropical storm came up to make us realize that the steamer was nearing land. She slowed down for a while, but soon passed in behind the great breakwater that encloses the harbor entrance. The rows of lights twinkling along the shore made one feel it must be a second New York rather than Colon-Cristobal. Colon is the old Panamanian town, which is gradually losing its grip, while Cristobal is the American town, where the new docks and terminals and offices are being built.

With the rising sun the doctor appeared and made a strict examination of all the passengers, for that is the only way to keep the Zone free from scourge. He vaccinated almost everyone on board.

The pilot took our boat in to the wrong side of the dock, so that she had to back out and come in again, but at last she tied up and we were able to telephone to General Edwards, whose guests we were to be. We learned that his "trolley" was on the way over for us, and in the meantime resolved to see the sleepy, sad little town of Colon. I say sad because most of it was burned down the year before.

It was picturesque, however, with its motley crowds of people, its porticoed houses and small

shops, its plazas full of foliage and flowers, rather scraggly but glowing with color. Such a mixture of costumes as we saw! There were East Indians with embroidered caps and turbans, and Chinese and, queerest of all, the San Blas Indians, who were very amusing in baby derby hats. Years ago an enterprising American sold this kind to them, and now they will use nothing else. They marry only with their own tribe, and they will not let a white man pass a night in their village. The women wear nose rings and bead anklets, which are put on them in childhood and deform the legs as they grow larger. America really needs, and should arrange to acquire, their land in order to protect the eastern end of the canal. We stopped at the post office. Not a soul was there to sell stamps, and we decided our letters might never get off, so took them over to be mailed in the Washington Hotel—quite the best in these parts—in the American town. The hotel was built in Spanish style, with terrace and balustrade facing the ocean, and a big tank by the sea wall for bathing.

General Edwards, then commanding on the Isthmus, sent his aide, a handsome young officer, to meet us in his private track motor. This was General Edwards's own conveyance, really a miniature railway car, which traveled over the track in the guise of a special train. The chauffeur was an orderly ser-

geant; it appeared that the labor unions had considered the position of such importance that they had protested to the President that a soldier ought not to interfere with the possible work of one of their members! We started off in this little car, backing and filling through the traffic in the town, and so began a strange trip by the marvelous and much-talked-of canal across the Isthmus.

Traveling in this curious motor was rather exciting, as the car did not run very well and the gasoline gave out, and we had to flag real trains and sidetrack—for there was tremendous traffic on the Panama Railroad, especially at that time, when the canal was closed by the great slide. We ran out into the country and jungle, over the fifty miles, past the great Gatun Locks, along the flooded lakeside, where villages and the wide valley were submerged by the waters of the dam and spillway at Gatun, past the Pedro Miguel Locks and the Miraflores and the Pacific approach, to Balboa, Ancon and Panama, the three communities at the Pacific end of the Zone.

The railway followed the canal part of the way, and part of the way wandered off through the jungle between the mountains, where there were fine bits of forest, and beautiful trees whose tops were all a mass of blue blossoms, and caiba and ylang-ylang, like flame trees, ablaze with yellow and red. Tangles

of rank undergrowth darkened the ravines that lead up between the ridges, and there were orchids in profusion hanging from the trees, and huge-leaved plants and trailing foliage and vines. Further back in the forest there were monkeys and paroquets, and in the stream many alligators. Where the railway ran it was of course cleared, and there appeared scarcely any scars of the work of a few years ago.

The motor whizzed by villages in which canal workmen lived—"gold and silver workmen," as they are called. The "gold" are the white men, who get high wages, the "silver" are the blacks. All these villages have been built by the Americans. Most of the houses are on stilts—on account of the rainy season and the tropical insects and snakes—and most have broad, screened piazzas surrounding them completely, so that no glass is needed in the windows. Some of the houses were made from old freight cars and decorated with orchids. For pets the people had black and white monkeys, small deer and parrots.

At last we reached Balboa and here took a real motor to the General's house on the ridge, halfway up high Ancon hill, where it commanded magnificent views. It had wide windows and verandas and cool rooms with fine baths, and we were made very comfortable. The servants were a black cook from Jamaica, who was very good, although she smoked



BALBOA

cigarettes all the time she was cooking, a chambermaid from Martinique, and a butler, who was a well trained Panamanian. The place was clean, and I never saw a mosquito all the time I was there. I had a visit from a spider, a water bug and a firefly in my bedroom, but that was all, though I heard that a boa constrictor had been found under the house a few months before. Big lizards, however, crept round the gardens, for they especially like to eat the flower buds.

The cool, airy veranda was screened, so that the bright tropical sunlight was modified, and far below it extended one of the most interesting views in the world. We looked up the valley to the Miraflores Locks of the canal and the lake which they retain. On the other side was the bay, which makes in from the Pacific Ocean. The bay is broken by the high steep islands that cover the entrance to the canal. Off toward the sea was Fort Grant with its rows of red-roofed quarters, while busy wharves and railways stretched away in every direction. Far below us were the workshops and the marvelous new dry-dock.

Ancon, which was started by the French, is a veritable hanging garden creeping up the slope, its perfect roads winding zigzag up the sides of the mountain, with rows of tall palms along terraces and richly foliaged hedges of croton and hibiscus. There

are great shading trees—the mango, the rain tree, and the poinciana all aglow with red flowers—and the verandaed houses are smothered under masses of bougainvillea in different glorious shades, poinsettia and the pink “chain of love.” In these lovely surroundings are the detached cottages of the hospital and the home of the governor.

Beyond Ancon, on the other side, toward the sea, is Panama “City,” the Panamanian town which still remains to Panama, and which is a typical Central American city in flavor and appearance—except that it is cleaner and more wholesome. Here we had the unique experience of being able to visit, just by crossing a street—for Ancon and Panama join—a Central American city, a hotbed of sedition and revolution and dramatic incident, and yet were able to leave it by crossing back over the street into a well-governed American community—much better governed than communities at home.

An afternoon was spent in Panama City, wandering about its picturesque streets with their overhanging balconies hung with awnings and gay with flowers. Indians and Panamanians were living their lives out in the open, the women walking along with that splendid swing that comes from carrying loads on their heads, and señoritas smiling or demure, and lazy, ogling men, in front of the cafés. There are more mixed colors there than can be imagined—

blacks, browns, and yellows, too, for there are many Chinese—hardly a really white family. We looked into rooms that were half bedroom, half shop. Again we went by plazas full of flowering trees, and strolled down by the sea, where terraces led along and boats were drawn up below on the rocks; past the President's house, with its guard of honor of loafing soldiers, and past the Opera House, an ambitious building all streaked with tropical rain and heat, to the parapet of the old fort which juts out into the sea. Here more armed soldiers sat about and spat about. The cathedral and several churches were interesting outside from their rich baroque façades, but inside their altars were covered with Lenten veils.

When the people revolted against Mother Spain and the Spaniards were driven out years ago, some of the slaves became generals and bandit rulers. Revolutions still take place every four years at election time. The President in office when we were there was not a particularly good one. A Dr. Cherry, who was supported by the better class of the people, was running to succeed him. He was not elected, however. Everybody of any prominence here seems to be a doctor of sorts.

Panama was originally a part of Colombia. This northern bit revolted and seceded during Roosevelt's administration, and was sustained by the United

States Government. Some people go so far as to say that the United States practically seized the Canal Zone, but our Government offered to pay a large sum to Colombia, which sum that state is still haggling over. At one time Colombia boasted of her professors and poets; today she is going to pieces. There are even many lepers at large, one town in particular being filled with them—a town from which guava paste is shipped all over the world. What a pleasant thought!

Next to the canal itself the most interesting part of the Isthmus was the ruins of Old Panama, six or eight miles south of the present city. This Panama of the Conquistadores, the oldest European settlement on the western coast of America, dates from 1519. Here the treasures of Peru and the Philippines were landed, to be carried across the Isthmus by the Royal Way to Porto Bello on the other side and thence in galleons to Spain. It was more important than any other Spanish settlement in America except Cartagena.

Old Panama was on the shore of the Pacific, looking toward that El Dorado of the Spaniards, the empire of Peru. "Its situation on that beautiful blue bay, with the Andes snowy in the distance, and the islands, like great green gems, to seaward, is lovely beyond words." The site was not selected for its beauty, however, but for the practical con-

sideration that on account of the mussel beds nearby the settlers would be in no danger of starvation. It took the name of Panama, meaning "the place where many fish are found," from an Indian village on the same spot.

Here on the borders of the New World was a bit of old Spain that was described by writers of the time as the peer of Venice. It probably had a population of about thirty thousand, and was "the greatest mart for gold and silver in the whole world. . . . There were pearl fisheries up and down the bay, yielding the finest of pearls." The merchants who amassed fortunes here built fine houses of stone in Moorish style or richly carved dwellings of native cedar, in which were paintings by Spanish masters and all the luxuries of Europe and the Orient. They erected convents and monasteries and a beautiful cathedral, whose tower is still a landmark to sailors. Nothing of all this is to be seen today but heaps of stones rising out of a tangle of tropical growth, the almost perfect shell of the cathedral tower, and the flat arch of the ruined church of Santo Domingo, which "is one of the wonders of architecture, continuing to stand in defiance of the laws of gravity and the trembling of earthquakes."

All this wealth and magnificence were protected by sea and marshes on three sides, and on the fourth was a causeway, in which was the stone bridge still

standing. Thus surrounded by water, not anticipating attack from the Pacific, and believing the dangers of the Isthmus would protect them from the pirates of the Main, the Spaniards thought themselves safe. But in January, 1671, the redoubtable Henry Morgan, chief of the buccaneers, landed at the mouth of the Chagres River, took the Castle of San Lorenzo, and advanced across the Isthmus. Instead of strengthening their fortifications and awaiting the enemy behind stone walls, the Spaniards marched in procession to the cathedral, where masses were said for their success and gifts were laid upon the altar, and then took up their position on the plain outside the city. They numbered four hundred fine horsemen, twenty-four hundred footmen, and some Indians and negroes who were to drive two thousand wild bulls into the English ranks.

Morgan's ragged, hungry band of over a thousand men were exhausted from the long march, on which they had been forced to eat even the leather bags found in a deserted Spanish camp. It is said that "few or none there were but wished themselves at home." But they fought desperately, picking off the horsemen and charging the foot till the Spaniards fled in utter rout. After a rest Morgan marched upon the town, silenced the batteries, and soon was in possession of Old Panama.

While the pirates were reveling in the rich booty,

it was discovered that the place was on fire, and in spite of all their efforts the great houses of the merchants disappeared in the flames; the warehouses, however, were saved. When Captain Morgan left the site of the city in February, "he carried with him one hundred and seventy-five beasts of carriage, laden with silver, gold and other precious things, besides six hundred prisoners more or less, between men, women, children and slaves." The Incas were avenged!

What a contrast! As we were looking at the ruins, along the trail road came a company of the Signal Corps of American soldiers, who were about to start in on maneuvers, with pack mules and equipment and in campaign uniform, and they turned in under the old tower and began to make camp. It was strange and novel to find these most modern of troops settling themselves under the gray ruins of the sack of so long ago. A tropical storm came up and pelted down rain in sheets for a few moments, but neither men nor mules seemed to mind, and soon the sun was out again.

We motored by some haciendas on the way out, and some native huts thatched with palm leaves, through a rolling country that was chiefly grazing land. The cattle looked better than any I have ever seen before in the tropics.

One afternoon we took another drive over excel-

lent roads to Pedro Miguel Locks—called by the soldiers “Peter Magill”—and had fine views of the interior mountains and of the canal. We met two battalions of the Tenth Infantry coming in from a long hike, fine-looking fellows, browned and swinging along freely in the heat. L. called out to ask if Colonel Devore was with them—they had been on General Davis’s staff together during the Spanish War. The soldier who answered was of German birth! There are too many of this kind among our troops.

Germans had been seen about the Gatun Dam; some pretended they were fishermen, but in reality they were taking soundings. Then the Jamaican negroes, who are English subjects, were employed in great numbers not only on the canal but on the fortifications, so no doubt many nations have plans of the Zone. It was reassuring, in spite of this, to know that the great dam was guarded night and day by troops, for if this was blown up the flow of water might ruin the canal.

We started to explore the defenses in the Pacific, on the small islands at the mouth of the canal, taking the trolley and running along the railway, past the huge machinery plants and yards and docks of the canal administration. Here trains were shunting and smoke pouring out and men working like ants with great steam shovels and cranes and derricks.

All this was really more like the view of the canal as we had seen it depicted than was the canal itself. Then we ran past Fort Grant, along the viaduct that leads to the islands, which have come to be immense ramifications of concrete that turn them into veritable armories. There are deep tunnels that pierce through them and shafts that reach from bottom to top of them, and wide terraced places where disappearing guns are hidden and others where batteries of mortars gape in rows, and powerful searchlights are tucked away behind natural obstructions, and paths and steps connect the different emplacements.

Flamenco was first visited, where huge cannon and howitzers are set—but not half enough of them nor of ammunition! We passed into the bowels of the mountain and were lifted in an elevator to its top, where great guns were worked for us, and it was so hot we almost melted. It reminded L. of the time when he went over Corregidor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay with the Secretary of War. On the way back we stopped at the island of Naos to see the mine plant, and went by Perico Island and hurried back to the cool of the house on the hill. All these fortifications were very interesting but rather complicated to the female mind.

Yet these expensive and extensive defenses are of little account because of our half-baked way of doing

things. It was stupid of our Government that when we treated for the Zone we asked only for the three small islands that are near the entrance to the canal and failed to require some larger ones a few miles farther out, although Panama would probably not sell them to another country. These outer islands are much higher, and the possession of them today absolutely dominates our insufficient defenses and the Pacific entrance of the canal. A hostile fleet could lie off these islands out of range of our best cannon, and with their big new guns could do great damage.

In every other way except in matters military there is an impression here of the most extravagant use of money. It seems to have been poured out lavishly by the Canal Commission, and there appears no limit to their doing whatever they wanted to do, yet the protection of this extravagant work is disregarded and the military defenses are skimped, so that this tempting morsel would probably be one of the first things that some foreign power could destroy or gobble up.* The authorities at that time refused a torpedo boat to help guard the entrances, although German boats were interned there from which surveying parties were landed as they pleased on any pretext. Worse still, if possible, there was

* Very lately the Canal Zone has come entirely under the Military.

a German living near the Chagres River who openly owned quantities of dynamite which he said he used for "fishing"! Yet the military authorities here were not allowed to interfere!

What is more, good post grounds have been refused and appropriations for barracks denied. Most of the infantry are stationed today in God-forsaken places—in fact, places forsaken even by man, for the troops are compelled to make use of the deserted buildings which the laborers, originally, had inhabited and infested—back in the jungle, along the canal beyond Culebra, instead of in healthy locations, which would also be more strategical, at the ends of the canal. These stations are on the wrong side of the canal, too, opposite the railroad and the communications with the towns of Panama and Colon, and there is only one bridge across, which is still, as far as I know, opened or kept shut at the whim of the canal authorities. Accordingly, the men hate their service in the Zone and seldom re-enlist, whereas if they were properly treated there is no question but the service there would be popular.

Our officers have tried bravely to make the best of these disgraceful conditions, and have made over the insanitary houses and cut out parade grounds and fought back the jungle and planted flowers and shrubs till the posts look quite well. The Fifth, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry were, when we

were there, in these isolated camps, suffocatingly hot and almost intolerable, while so many salubrious hillsides are near the canal ends and the railroad communications, where the posts should be placed.

As General Edwards and his house party were to dine with Colonel Morton of the Fifth, we had to cross the bridge to reach the camp at Empire, where we were met at the little station in the jungle by Colonel Morton and a mule ambulance to take us up through the post street to his quarters. By this time it was too dark to see well—for the tropic night falls as suddenly as comes the day—but what was seen looked well kept and neat, and the officers' quarters were quite delightful with wide-open porch and room arrangement in the attempt to keep cool.

After a very nice dinner we were taken to a hop, where the girls had a pleasant time with the many officers in their white uniforms, who have so few relaxations that each regiment takes a turn at a Saturday night hop every week.

Some stories were told us of queer people who used to live in these parts. Many years ago, one of the small islands on the Pacific side was the refuge of a leper, for it is only since the Americans came that any special place has been provided for such poor sufferers. On a rock where now is one of our big searchlights once lived a hermit who, when he died, left it to Queen Victoria. I also heard of an



GOING THROUGH CULEBRA CUT

old Chinaman, who lived in the hills quite alone and never spoke, and had food only when it was brought to him. He was said to have murdered another Chinaman and to have been tried by his own people, who decreed that he should live upon the grave of his victim the rest of his life.

Occasionally someone is lost in the woods. I was told of a white child who disappeared in this way; her footprints were found near a spring not far from the ocean, but that was all. They never knew—it might have been a crocodile, a boa constrictor, or a man that caused her disappearance. It is said that, what with heat and thirst and the insects of the country, a strong man could not live more than a few days at most if lost in the forest.

After the torrential rain of the first day of our stay there was fine weather. Everything was as green as could be to our eyes, but they told us that with the coming of the rains the jungle could almost be seen to grow and bloom, and it became a struggle to keep back the tropical tangle from overrunning the barracks and compounds.

One day L. had fine sport on a fishing trip with Colonel Snyder, the medical officer of the commanding general's staff, who is a veritable Izaak Walton. They were up long before sunrise and took breakfast at the Colonel's quarters across the road. His West Indian cook was quite a wonder and always

wore a hat in the kitchen when doing her best. General Edwards gave the fishermen his trolley, which was at the station in Balboa when they arrived with their paraphernalia. They started in the darkness before dawn, but as they scooted through the tropical forest over the mountains and across the embankments by the lake, the sun came up suddenly and gloriously, popping up into the sky all glowing and hot at once, and the tropical day had begun. As the chauffeur-engine-driver had his car in fine condition, they sped along at a rate that kept them cool enough in the early morning, but when they had traveled the forty miles to Gatun the day was a scorcher.

The Colonel and L. were joined by a hospital orderly who was a good deal of a fisherman and who had arranged to get bait and boats for them, and they walked in the great heat across the wide green ramp. Instead of going to the spillway where the overflow of the vast lake-reservoir falls into the Chagres River they followed a little trail to the right through the forest to a landing-place on the river, where they found a tiny camp with two dug-out canoes, such as are called cayucas, and some West India black men to paddle them. They had a small local fish, called snooks, ready for bait. They paddled up and down the reaches of the river, which wanders about some ten miles to empty into the Caribbean, past its banks of great arching tropical

trees full of fruits, where many birds and animals were hidden. The Chagres was at one time so unhealthy that it gave its name to a fatal fever.

Tarpon fishing is often done from the spillway, for the fresh waters flowing swiftly over the dam seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the tarpon that come rolling up the river in great numbers. When the spillway is opened and the rush of water grows wilder, the fish come in almost a crazy scramble, and some have been caught by hand as they struggled up into too shallow water.

It was the custom for the fishermen to wade in the swift and shallow spill and cast down as far as they could, and when they had struck a tarpon they played him to the shore. This mode is dangerous, for not long ago a man was dragged into the water and drowned.

The Tarpon Club had been established, of which Colonel Snyder was president at the time, and an old house that had been obtained from the Government was being set up near the spill as headquarters. Here, in the Zone, we learned for the first time that tarpon was edible—in fact, it sold for ten cents a pound silver—and so all the fish that could be caught were landed and sold and not let go again as in fishing grounds in Florida. It is a shame that with the high cost of living so much discussed it seems im-

possible to get people to overcome their prejudices about various fish, so many of them being considered almost delicacies in other countries, which our people would refuse to touch even if they were starving. Tuna, for instance, is eaten with great relish in some countries.

The last day of our stay we had the great good luck to go through the famous canal on the transport Buford. After having been closed by the Culebra slide for so many months, it was opened again to traffic. There were not so many steamers waiting as one might have expected, only about ten in all. Among them were English, Norwegian and American ships.

By the way, it was interesting to learn that, as soon as the early explorers discovered there was no channel across America to the Pacific, a canal was at once suggested, and in 1550 a book was published by a Portuguese to prove that a canal could be cut through either at Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama or Darien. From that time to the twentieth century the project was never given up.

When the French attempted to build the canal, they did not discover the spotted, yellow-legged lady mosquito which carries yellow fever, so that was one of their greatest difficulties. The Americans began by cleaning up the towns and having the army doctors make experiments, the result being that they

now know positively that the mosquito carries yellow fever. For the first experiments negroes gave themselves for mosquito bait and were put in places surrounded by netting. When these enclosures were well filled with the insects the negroes came out and were watched, and the mosquitoes were examined and discovered to be of different kinds. To find out how far mosquitoes fly they were sprinkled with different colors, and it was found that they seldom went more than four miles. In certain places barrels have been set, from which oil continually drips and floats on the water, thus in time killing the mosquito eggs, which are laid on the surface. It is impossible, however, to kill the eggs that are laid in the water cabbage. Someone suggested that hippopotami be introduced into this region, for they feed on the water cabbage, but this remedy is hardly necessary, for all the time we were in Panama we never saw a mosquito. Indeed, such great precautions are taken that the yellow-legged form has practically disappeared.

We saw a model of this huge yellow-fever mosquito, and were told that the insect must, in the first place, bite someone who has yellow fever during the first three days of the disease, and then must bite someone else after twelve days, otherwise the fever will not develop. Those who are bitten before twelve days have passed do not take the disease,

and for this reason the doctors were long puzzled. The Americans are so strict in their sanitary regulations that I hardly think the fever will break out as long as they are on the Isthmus. Even chickens are not allowed to be kept in yards in the Canal Zone, for sanitary reasons, and the rats have all been killed.

To go back to the canal, the original town of Gatun is now deep down under the waters of the lake which has been formed back of the great dam and the locks, but there is a new Gatun with barracks for troops and quarters for officers stringing out over the hill, and houses for the employees, so that it is quite a busy-looking place. At this point is the largest system of locks, and they form a noble construction, on so splendid a scale, handsome and impressive with their vast terraces at different levels, huge, towering emergency gates and control houses. Yet so well proportioned are they all that the immensity of the whole design is not realized till a ship is seen in relation to it, most ships seeming miniature; and of course the locks are each of them large enough to take in the leviathan liners of today—though the interned steamers serve as transports on the Atlantic. The Gatun Dam is an immense ridge whose surface is now hidden by a dense growth of grass and tangle. The flooding of the dam and the formation of the vast lake behind it, that fits in so

beautifully among the mountains, have made the wide earth rampart seem a part of the panorama; and the huge constructed portions of the canal itself and the locks, now the waters are in them, have become decorative architectural features in the landscape instead of the impressive but overwhelming "works of man" which people used to travel so far to gaze at.

The locks are of cement construction with iron gates, and in front of the gates are chains with red lights attached that go out when they reach the bottom. The water has a depth of only thirty-four feet in the locks, but in other parts of the canal as much as eighty feet or more. A lock is emptied in eight minutes. Everything moved like clockwork, and seemed rather different from the old wooden locks we go through in the Roxana.

Gatun was quite gay when we arrived there, as there was a large number of officers and their families who were to make the passage through the canal in the transport, for it was to many of them the first opportunity. Major Bradley, in command of the troops at Gatun, many of whom were drilling on the wide approaches to the lock and made a pretty sight, joined us, and with him we had the opportunity to go through the tunnels that lead down beneath the lock emplacements, to the working parts of the huge gates, which look so simple but are of great intricacy

and power. All the entrances were guarded by military sentries.

Then we visited a control tower, high up over the locks and basins, from which all the flows and reflows are governed, for every sort of method has been arranged to save the waste of water in the opening and reopening of the basins for ships passing either way. In this tower was a miniature working model that showed at a glance what was going on through the whole length of the canal. This board was "fool-proof," as an officer remarked. If a mistake was made it simply did not work. Everything was done by signals and by turning electric handles, and the safety chains and gates and flows followed automatically. There were five men in all in the tower and an officer to oversee everything, and really two did the work. Remarkably few people, it struck me, for such a huge undertaking.

We got on the Buford at the tower by the spillway. The transport started at two o'clock; they told us the canal never was open except in the afternoon, but could be worked, if necessary, night and day. It seems to take about ten hours to go through the canal. The ships have to pass twelve gates, and it costs a dollar and twenty-five cents per ton to send one from ocean to ocean.

There were a good many delays in our passage, and with all the money spent on the canal there are

some failures in fundamentals and there has been extravagance in details. Goethals did splendid work in organization, as Gorgas did in sanitation, but all give the credit to Stevens, the great engineer, for starting the work on the canal. Indeed, Goethals himself said that when he took hold all the real engineering had been done by Stevens before him. Goethals made one mistake in selling off the largest and most powerful dredges when the canal was first opened, so that when the Culebra slide occurred there were only smaller ones left to do the work.

Of course special pilots take complete control of a ship passing through the canal. In the locks electric locomotives that run alongside on the quays tow the vessel. As the Buford went through the locks the method of signaling these locomotives seemed most inadequate, and the pilot had to rush from side to side shouting to inattentive people and waving his arms in an equally unsatisfactory manner. When we passed out of the upper lock at Gatun into the lake the ship was dragged by a current toward the spillway, which had evidently been built too near the entrance to the locks, no doubt an error in construction. We had to make a great circle before we could straighten out our course between the buoys across the lake. Not a very good beginning!

Gatun Lake, as I have said, was artificially made. Although there was some valuable hard wood where

the lake is now, it was difficult to lumber, and as the Government could not sell it in a hurry, they let the water from the Chagres River in, and it is gradually killing the trees, which you still see standing gray and ghostly, making a weird effect. The Chagres flows into the sea at Fort Lorenzo. This beautiful devil river is still a deadly spot, with its poisonous snakes and death-giving mosquitoes as well as sharks and man-eating alligators.

For a time the sail was beautiful, as through an inland sea, with islands dotted about and points of land with white lighthouses topping through the jungle, round which we cruised, a panorama of mountains on all sides as a background. Other boats were before and behind us in procession, and at one place we tied up in a wide stretch, while boats passed by us from the other direction.

After the lake is crossed, the canal proper narrows and becomes a cutting through the lower hills till you come to the tremendous cleft through the highest part of the backbone range of the continent, called the Culebra Cut.

The lowest point in the range really does not appear to have been chosen, by the way, and it seems now as if another survey might have found a more advantageous passage. Our engineers were unable to utilize very much of the French work—they could not use the small winding canal already

dug at the Atlantic end for about ten miles, but felt it wise to take advantage of the earlier work on the Culebra Cut because their own soundings in the vicinity did not seem to be any better. Engineers, however, disagreed somewhat on this point.

The last geologist sent down by the Commission to investigate the cut explained to us that the layer of soft stone that is sliding into the canal had crumbled from the rains and the pressure, and had been driven up into the center of the canal. He added that this layer was nearly worn away, and there would be no more trouble to speak of in the future, but for a few years to come it would be wise to dredge constantly a little in order to keep the cut open. This is the only soft layer of rock of any size along the canal, which certainly seems encouraging.

We moved along slowly and with great care, passing by the dredges that were at work night and day, for it was calculated that for many months dredges would be compelled to be constantly at work in order to keep up with the continual flow and slide of earth from both sides at this point. There was a wonderful tropical sunset as the Buford steamed through the cut, and the glow and glory of the departing sun was reflected through the divide in the mountains, where the different earths and strata were rich in colors and effects; it was superb and impressive.

The canal certainly is one of the wonders of the world. When the Eads jetties were built at the mouth of the Mississippi River they were considered very remarkable; the Columbia jetties and the dam at Boise City, Idaho, and the Flagler Railway to Key West are even more so, but the canal surpasses them all. It was after dark when we reached the Pedro Miguel locks, and all the rows of lights that illuminated their passages were as gay as Broadway. Here we tied up again, so that the large company could disembark, for Buford with her cargo was bound out direct to Honolulu and the Philippines. The moon came up and joined the opalescent waters, and we said good-by to the army people on board. It was a long walk from the huge lockways to the roads, where automobiles were waiting for us. We motored up the hill to the General's house, and blinked our lights to Captain Stevenson, who answered with his whistles, while we watched the lights of the Buford glide into the night as she sailed away across the Pacific.

Our interesting visit with our kind friends, General and Mrs. Edwards, had come to an end, and we steamed away on the Cartago, homeward bound. The passenger list on the return trip was larger than when we went out, some Central Americans and canal employees being added. Not only the holds

but also the decks were freighted with thousands upon thousands of bunches of bananas. The nights were perfect with the flooding moonlight across the Caribbean. In the Straits of Yucatan we felt the first cool winds. To be sure, the nights had all been comfortable in Panama, but this first cool air seemed to mean that we were again in temperate regions. At last the low-lying mouth of the Mississippi was sighted, with its lighthouse and the terminal jetty buildings that looked afloat on the waters. Up the narrow canal-way to Pilottown we went, and were examined at quarantine in rather an amusing manner, everybody standing in a long line with thermometers sticking out of their mouths and looking most self-conscious and rather absurd. The Cartago docked once more at the great wharf sheds on the riverfront of New Orleans.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMPING IN CANADA



JOURNEY on horseback in Canada was quite a contrast to our wanderings by boat and motor in the tropics. Ever since a camping trip in the Maine woods in canoes, the idea of roughing it in the Northwest had had a great appeal for me. Banff, where we left the train, is a scattered little town with a general store, some sanatoriums, and several hotels. It was fun to watch the tourists that swarmed about the place as the great trains from East and West came rolling in, but we could not spend too much time in that way for there were various things to be seen to before leaving for a trip through the forests among the great mountains.

The hotel piazza was occupied by old ladies who rocked back and forth and gossiped amiably about their fellow guests. During the half hour which our party had to wait for the horses to be brought up their eyes were glued upon our every movement. Parties often started for the woods and there was

no novelty in that. We were the largest one that had ever set out from Banff, but that was not the reason for their flattering attention. No, indeed—it was because two of the girls were clad, not in the divided skirts and shirtwaists commonly worn when riding astride, but in high boots and breeches, smart whipcord coats to their knees, bright-colored bandana handkerchiefs about their necks and sombrero hats surmounting all! Such a costume was far less common then than now.

We were glad enough when Potts, the guide, finally appeared, leading several cayuses. He was a nice-looking chap, slight but very strong, and a great worker. In no time he had loaded our rods and guns and cameras and leather bags on the high-pommeled Mexican saddles. After the last things had been securely fastened on Sandy, the buckskin, and Flying Fox, the wild piebald pony, we mounted and were off for the heart of the Rockies.

Moy, the Chinese cook, Sibbald, supposed to be the best broncho buster in this part of the country, Mac, the pack horse man, and Hank, the collie dog, with twenty-odd horses, had started out the night before and were, all supposed, well in advance. But we had gone only seven miles when, to our amazement, men and horses were seen waiting for us by a river. There was, it seemed, some difficulty with the bridge.

Six pack horses got over all right. Sibbald, leading his pony, which he said was his pet cayuse, had no sooner started, however, than the broncho slipped and fell into a hole in the bridge. In struggling to get out, he broke his leg, and had to be killed.

Black Hawk, one of the pack animals, tried to swim across of his own accord, and Potts jumped onto his horse and rode into the river after him. Black Hawk came up all right, and swam ashore, but Potts and Soda Biscuit disappeared from sight in the whirling rapids. Pretty soon the pony came up with Potts hanging on for dear life. They finally reached the opposite shore in safety, greatly to our relief.

Of course it was out of the question to swim the other horses over, so the bridge had to be repaired. Sibbald said: "No wonder we had bad luck! Twenty-three horses—skiddoo! And a Friday!" He went back to Banff to get another cayuse, and we traveled on.

It was a rough trail, through a spruce forest and burnt timber. The next thing to happen was the fall of a huge dead tree across the path, almost hitting a pack horse, which caused more excitement. Camp was made about four that afternoon, in a valley surrounded by high mountains, with a good feeding place for the bronchos and a creek not far off.



OUR TEPEE TENTS



AT THE FOOT OF MT. ASSINIBOINE

Tepee tents were put up—ten poles meeting at the top, twigs to button it together, and a flap where one could enter on all-fours. They were made by Indians, and had been, I suppose, white originally, but the smoke which comes curling out of the top had colored them in beautiful tones of yellow shading up into brown. Beds were made for us of sweet-smelling spruce, and a fire was built in the center of each tent. We could lie and look up through the hole in the top and see the stars twinkling and the bright sparks from the fire chasing each other off into the night. The fire was very comforting, for one could not only warm water and toast one's toes by it, but it kept away the mosquitoes.

Ham, jam, cheese, crackers, and tea made our first meal. The food was not so good as one gets when camping in Maine. It began to rain presently, and the night grew very cold. When I woke at five everything was covered with frost, and the water beside my bed was frozen. This was the 26th of July! The cook started my fire, and I was the first out. I had slept in my clothes.

It appeared that our troubles were not yet over, for two horses were missing, and Sibbald had not yet returned from Banff. Potts set out to look for the lost ones, and was gone half the morning. We were all blue and on the point of mutiny. But we held a council and voted to go on, whatever hap-

pened. To reward us, Sibbald arrived with another horse and Potts with the missing cayuses, and so the party finally started once more.

Through canyon after canyon we trotted, crossing streams, and looking for mountain goats and sheep on the high crags and gray cliffs far above us, where the little fir trees tapered off to mere points. Sometimes we had to dismount and climb afoot because it was so steep; again there would be a halt till the guides could cut away the "windfalls" or fallen trees that barred our way. Often the horses plodded on through deep valleys of burnt timber, gray and gaunt, with towering mountains shutting us in—it was all so desolate that we felt like lost souls wandering through Purgatory. The sharp point of a fallen tree snapped and hit my horse with a whack that made him buck and run. My stirrups were long and I was not very used to riding astride, and before I knew what was happening, I was thrown to the ground, but was none the worse for my fall.

We were rather weary by the time we reached camp that night, and found the guides had chosen the dreariest spot imaginable, on the edge of a swampy lake where there were millions of mosquitoes. Fortunately one of the party discovered a small hollow nearby on higher land, where the slopes were covered with pretty pink fireweed. So

we were quite cozy after all, and found good fishing to add to our satisfaction, catching some good-sized trout, which tasted very delicious.

At first the mosquitoes were devouring fiends, but we sat by a fire on the edge of the lake and the wind came up and sent them off to bed, and after that it was possible to enjoy ourselves.

By this time I had proved that my equipment for the trip was good. I had two rubber bags, one large one for my clothes and a small one for boots, moccasins, camera, books and so on. During the day I lived in sweater or coat, and breeches with high boots, but changed before supper every night into a cloth suit.

Our experiences the following day consisted of a pack horse falling down, and Hank the collie being nearly drowned while crossing the swift Spray River, and R. shooting a fool hen, which we had for dinner.

Camp was made that night at Bryant Creek Flats—a most beautiful spot, with Jack pines, a waterfall dripping over a cliff nearby, and a huge mountain like a fortress in the sky.

Next morning all hands were up bright and early, and it was so cold that there was ice in the basin again. When I called out to ask R. the temperature he answered, "It is as cold as a stepmother's heart!" And I think it must have been. The sun

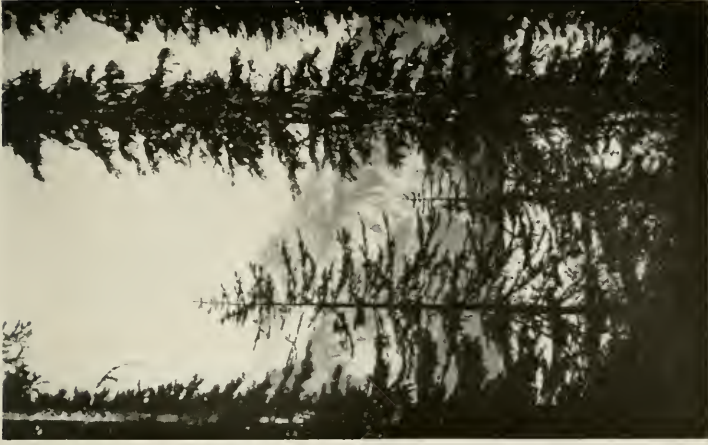
had been up an hour and a half before it reached us in our valley.

The trail looked like a shoestring above us, and the fallen trees had branches like centipedes. The climb was so stiff that we had to dismount and lead our horses. The flies and mosquitoes were very bad. The bulldog flies were simply ravenous.

But our trip was worth the discomfort, for at last we reached the most wonderful place in the world. Before us stood Mount Assiniboine in all its glory, its head rising high into the clouds and its ice fields creeping down into the green lake below, giving out great booms as they moved. On each side were two lesser peaks like gigantic pyramids. A forest fire was raging somewhere out of sight, and white clouds of smoke rose over the mountains. What a picture!

The horses had such good rolls when they got their saddles off, and kicked their heels in the air with great gusto before they fell to grazing peacefully. All of us took a bath in the clear glacier lake, and felt like real Spartans because we heroically ducked to the neck. About us were forget-me-nots and wild heliotrope, and the blue columbine, and there were anemones which had gone to seed and looked like fairy drum-major's caps.

That night was a hectic one. I heard R's voice crying, "You old goat, get up! There is a porcupine in the tent! He's under the woodpile! He's



VIEWS GOING WEST

eating our boots." Then a great slashing at something with a quirt. "Oh, leave the beast alone," begged the other men sleepily. Finally they were persuaded to get up and shoot at a black spot in a tree. In all, before things quieted down, four porcupines were killed. Next morning R. triumphantly showed a pair of boots that had been quite chewed up. When Moy made us a porcupine stew we were quite ready to forget our loss of sleep.

The seventh day out from Banff was, like most of the others, hot at noon and cold at night. To keep themselves warm the guides would put on moccasins and Indian black-and-white striped blankets at night. In the daytime they were picturesque in fringed leather, with bright bandana handkerchiefs.

The trail that day was over dreary, stony humps, like the road from Jericho to Jerusalem. Then we traveled over perhaps the longest stretch of burnt timber of all, and the poor cayuses were tired of lifting their legs and hopping over the fallen logs. A terrible thunderstorm came up—it sounded like an Indian battle, for the noise of the wind in the gaunt burnt trees was like savage war whoops. The dead trees about our camp fell like ninepins with sharp reports. Nothing else happened, except that one of the pack horses, a wild pinto mare named Evelyn Thaw, had colic and lay down and refused to get up again.

In the morning we crossed a magnificent plateau, as fine as the Andes, R. said, with snow all about us, and bare rock, and the débris of landslides. We looked down thousands of feet, while there were superb peaks in the distance. Eagles circled far below us. It was so cold that there were no mosquitoes, and the peace from them was as though a pain had left us. The relief was joyous, the air life-giving, and the sunshine comforting.

From there the party traveled down again through a gulch, where a lively coyote ran by, and the little gophers came out of their holes to look at us, and squealed. On and on, through some clear, cold streams where the horses stopped to drink, for at least twenty miles, to our next camp. This was pitched overlooking Healy's Creek, which flows through a deep green ravine, on the side of a mountain with ragged peaks all about. It was the longest and hardest day of all, but the most beautiful. That night R. thought he heard another porcupine, but concluded it was Potts snoring. "He dreamed he was eating flapjacks," R. explained, "and woke up chewing his blanket!"

Next morning a ride of ten miles through the woods brought us into Banff once more. A gallop to the hotel, and our camping trip was over. For ten days we had been out of sight and sound of man, where the wild creatures were so innocent that they

stood and looked at us without dread. In spite of the disappointments that began the trip it ended up gloriously, and all came out, after a ride of a hundred and twenty miles, in fine condition and feeling ready for anything. Sibbald said it was one of the stiffest camping trips and he considered us "all good sports."

CHAPTER V

THE FRINGE OF ALASKA

"Things aren't now as they used to be,
When gold was flush and the boys were frisky,
And a man would pull out his battery
For anything—maybe the price of whisky."



THE explorer, adventurer and mighty hunter have always had an especial fascination for me, so I was delighted when we decided to continue our trip to the El Dorado of the North—Alaska.

As we all know, the first explorer to discover Alaska was a Russian named Bering, for whom the strait is named. His ship went to pieces on one of the Commander Islands and he was lost. This was in 1741. Some of his crew reached home, and shortly afterward another Russian, Michael Novidiakov, spurred on by their tales of the new land, went there in search of sea otter. Thirty years later a Spanish expedition visited the place, and Captain Cook of Hawaiian fame made surveys along the coast. But Alaska was Russian by right of discovery and for years was known as Russian America.

So much for the explorers, though of course there were many others.

Alaska became the property of the United States in 1867, having been purchased from the Russian government for seven million dollars. At that time the price was considered excessive and there was much talk of "Seward's Folly." Furs and fisheries were the chief sources of income, for gold had not then been discovered.

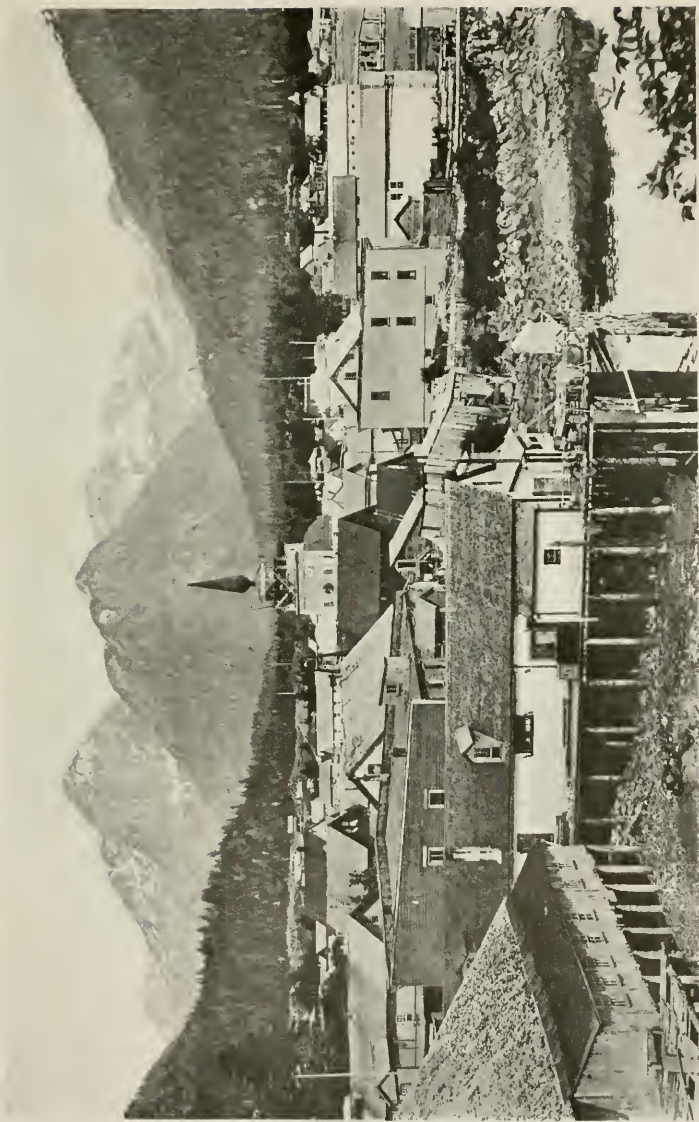
At the end of the eighteenth century there were thousands of hunters engaged in the pursuit of the sea otter. Since it was for this that the early explorers were searching, it is of interest to know something more about the peculiar creature. No fur-bearing animal calls for so much endurance and courage on the part of the hunter as the sea otter, for it is shy and difficult to find. In appearance it is much like a beaver, about three feet long, living on clams, crabs and mussels, and only visiting the land in stormy weather. They are born on the kelp at sea, and only one at a birth.

In the old days, if the ocean was smooth the Indian hunters circled about the animal in their boats, closing in when it came to the surface to breathe and spearing it, making fine sport. That is the older method—of course today the Indians use the rifle. But there are few sea otters now in comparison with the olden times.

Alaska was best known for its sealing industry at the time of its purchase. In 1872 one hundred thousand seals were killed on St. Paul Island alone in the short season of about six weeks. No wonder laws were necessary to put a stop to this massacre! It was customary then to drive the seals up onto the flats, where the young males were selected and clubbed to death. Congress declared the Seal Islands a government reservation and passed laws for the protection of all the fur-bearing animals.

The fishing grounds of Alaska are still famous. These are the waters for codfish and herring, and also for whales, and there are endless salmon in the rivers. (There are several factories where excellent canned salmon is shipped all over the world.) The whale industry, like the fur trade, has fallen off tremendously in the last few years.

But of course the thing which really put Alaska on the map, commercially speaking, was the discovery of gold. Joseph Juneau, for whom the capital was named, found the precious metal at Treadwell nearly fifty years ago, but it was not until the last decade of the nineteenth century that the gold madness swept over the country. The richest region proved to be in the neighborhood of Nome, which in one year yielded fifty million dollars. What stories of privations and successes, of brutality and heroism, could Alaska tell!



SITKA

With its hundreds of islands and lofty mountains and deep fiords, with its sparkling glaciers wrapped in mist and its glowing midnight suns, it is a mysterious and unreal land.

The tourist steamer Spokane, which we boarded at Seattle, proved very comfortable in spite of her small staterooms; the table was excellent and the service as good as the table. She sailed with some hundred and fifty on board shortly before midnight on the first of July, and early next morning stopped at Victoria, British Columbia, long enough for us to go ashore for a motor ride.

Victoria is very English. The sights and smells might be at an English watering place. The quiet of it seemed very restful after the hurry and struggle of the American cities a few miles away. There was an almost tropical tangle in the parks—think of a place in the latitude of Newfoundland where they gather roses at Christmas! The park, too, had its masses of Scotch broom, its artificial water and good roads. The civil shopkeepers and self-respecting police, the round-shouldered women in tam o' shanters, and the men in caps with stick and pipe, were all very typically British, as well as the little villas standing in their gardens.

From Victoria our course lay through the Gulf of Georgia, with the island of Vancouver on one side and the coast of British Columbia proper on

the other. Along Vancouver the islands and hills break down to the shore like the coast of Maine, but high ranges, forest clad, rise one behind another, while on the mainland the snowy heights of the Cascades appear. The scenery from here on is undoubtedly on a larger scale than in Norway, but it is very wild and one misses a little the picturesque villages and boats and people of the older civilization. The day was misty and at times we could only see the dark steep mountain bases rising out of the sound, their cones wreathed with white clouds like figures of mystery.

The following morning brought us to Metlakatla, a unique community planted on low land but backed by precipitous hills. Half a century ago the people here were cannibals—a race of degenerate savages. But through the efforts of a Scotch missionary named Duncan, they have been transformed into peaceful and thriving Indians. Father Duncan was obliged to break with his Church because he refused to include the sacrament in his services, lest it should revive the cannibalistic appetite of his people.

Ketchikan, which is only a short run over from Metlakatla, is quite a town and has much local character. Most of it is built on piles out over the water, for the mountain is so steep that it gives little foothold for houses. There is a scattering of

small ones up the side, though, some of them very pretty and gay with flowers. The streets are of planks with wooden steps, as they are in all Alaskan towns.

The people turned out to welcome us and we had a good look at Alaskan citizens at their best. There were juvenile sports down the planked streets, a baseball game and a fire-hose race and a native band—for the Alaskan Indians are fond of music.

It was a curious place with its mixture of Indians, Chinese and negroes. The Indians were particularly well dressed, many of the women wearing elaborate hats and trailing pink muslin gowns. One old woman, who must have been of some importance as she had a totem pole outside her door, wore a mauve silk dress which she told us was twenty years old, and she added proudly that every Fourth of July she carried a parasol!

A walk up a gorge with a river flowing through it led to fine falls; but we were not satisfied to stop there and mused on through the mossy tundra and some great woods with a glorious undergrowth of fern to other falls still finer than those we had seen before. It was just cool enough to be bracing. One could look up between the dark trees of the forest and see the white snow peaks glistening in the sunlight beyond. In the evening we went to the roller

skating rink where the Indians were enjoying themselves.

It was late when the steamer left Ketchikan, but the place is so far north that the sun did not set till eleven o'clock, when it went down with a gorgeous effect at the end of the fiord.

Next morning was wet and cold and misty, but there were glimpses of dark, severe coasts and then a stop at Killisnoo, a tiny, smelly Alaskan village, which was exactly our idea of what it should be—reeking with fish and dirty, unkempt Indians. Some of them belonged to the Salvation Army, though, and queer enough it was to see them going about the streets singing, preaching and pounding away on their drum. We were told their old chief had recently died, and that he was so afraid of being buried alive that he had ordered cannon to be fired over him at intervals for a week before the funeral. His blankets, valued at several thousand dollars, were buried with him.

Killisnoo is a fishing town, and our stop was for the purpose of getting bait to take over to the fishing grounds at Kootsnahoo, where we were to have a try for halibut. This try proved quite successful, and a string of the big fellows was hung up along the deck for comparison.

Sitka turned out to be a surprisingly lovely little place in one of the most beautiful situations in the

world. It lies on the outer coast of Baranoff Island, in a bay where hundreds of islets make an inland sea like that of Japan. Round about it are great mountains, thousands of feet high, with snowy peaks. The weather was a bit foggy but that only added to the enchantment, and made it cold enough so we felt all on tiptoe.

Once upon a time Sitka was the capital of Alaska, with a crew of gay, wild Russians who held high revel there and ruled with a cruel hand; now it is a clean, pleasant little town with barracks facing a green and only an ancient Greek church with its gold-covered ikons and black-robed, long-haired priests to remind one of its past. Indian women in shawls, with babies on their backs, squatted in rows along the streets, their wares before them, silent and indifferent. Everything was hung with garlands and flags in honor of the Fourth of July.

In the town was a little museum that had a display of Alaskan things—native curios such as sled-runners of bone, belts of foxes' teeth, and the Indian burial tree. In the olden days, when anyone died the body was burned while the relatives danced about the pyre, then the ashes were put into a cavity in the sacred tree.

Beyond the town was a park with a lovely walk beneath great trees along the water's edge, where totem poles had been set up.

The totem poles, and totems generally, are the most characteristic indication of the aboriginal Alaskan civilization. They represent the clan mark or crest of different families and take the form of animals such as the frog, the whale, the eagle, the bear. If, for instance, the family with the crest of the bear marries into the family of the frog, they will both be represented on the totem. When a hat is displayed it means the family is wealthy and has given a potlatch, or feast. Sometimes as many as five hats can be seen on one pole. These symbols were carved more or less rudely on tall poles that stood in front of the houses to show the clan within. The beast was repeated on the utensils, furniture or apparel belonging to the family. Many of the poles and articles were gayly painted. Some of the totem poles are most imposing, as high as the tallest trees and full of symbolical detail. The Indians to whom they belong are very proud of them.

There are many tribes in Alaska, though one hears most about the Siwash Indians. The Haidaks, for instance, are known as "the best Indians in Alaska," and the Aleuts have been noted as hunters of the sea otter. The Kaniags come from the island of Kadiak, where the big brown bear is found.

After our stay in Sitka, we sailed again among the islands,—so pretty in their irregularity, with the white streaks of surf on their broken sides and

their crowns of green fir,—away into Pearl Straits and Glacier Bay, where the famous Muir Glacier comes down to the sea.

When we woke next morning the Spokane was making her way slowly through a gray mist into the bay, which at first glimpse looked like a river in winter with its broken ice. Indeed, it was so foggy and cold and the sea was so full of mush ice floes that there seemed little chance of our getting in at all. But as we pushed ahead both sky and water cleared and we saw the stupendous ice wall, some of it as transparent and blue as Montana sapphires—the grandest glacier in the world.

As the Spokane crept nearer and nearer there was great excitement on board, for in the past nine years the steamer had been in there only three times, and no passengers had ever landed. But some of our party landed, for all that, in small boats from which the sailors carried us ashore.

The glacier was an amazing sight with its great palisades hundreds of feet high, its vast deep-blue caverns and its bubbling streams. Above it rose the huge black peaks with streaks of snow like ermine skins falling from their summits, and bright green patches on their sides, and glistening rocks where in ages past an ice river had polished its precipices. Our party had scarcely stepped aboard the ship again when a piece of the glacier came tumbling down

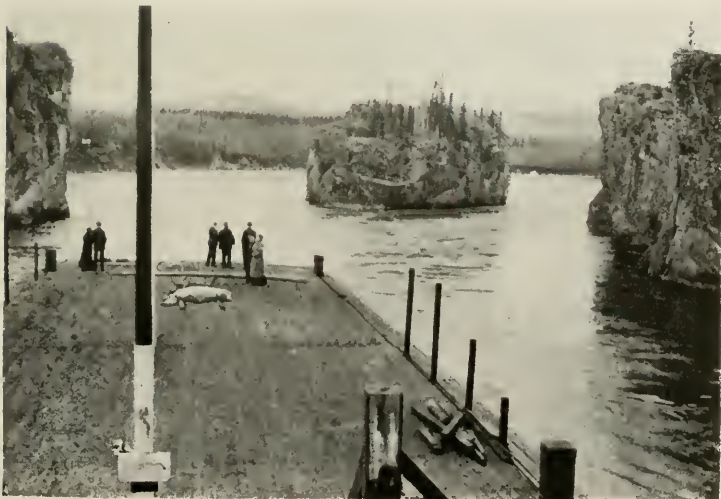
with a tremendous roar. We had not tried to reach the top, which indeed would have been difficult if not impossible and would have taken too much time, for it is three hundred feet high, but had contented ourselves with staying on the moraine. The Muir is the largest active glacier known and was named in honor of the great naturalist of the Pacific coast, John Muir.

The Taku Glacier, farther on, is also alive, and comes down into the sea all streaked with deep blue shadows and with ice floes before it. On the other side of the bay an arm of ice reaches toward the water, but it is dead and stops at its moraine. The Taku is a splendid sight, but we were somewhat surfeited with glaciers by this time, having seen the greatest of all.

Reaching Skagway early in the morning we had a full day to take in the sights of this quaint frontier town, which lies at the end of the Lynn Canal. From it climbs the famous White Horse Pass to the Yukon, through which struggled the thousands in their mad rush for gold. A little railway goes through there now, mounting steadily up the sides of the immense fiord, upward and inland, with grand scenery unfolding about it. Up and up it went, till we came into the snows of the summit that had towered above us, and could look down the gorges to the trail creeping over the jagged, broken



AT THE MUIR



ON THE YUKON RIVER

rocks and crossing the rushing river, down to Dead Horse Gulch where thousands of the miners and their animals had died.

Here was the line between Canada and Alaska, and on this summit the two flags were flying side by side at the bronze boundary mark. We had time for a snowball fight before the train started back again down its winding way to the sea.

That afternoon we sailed off through the fiord once more, the ranges of snow mountains so mysterious in the changing glow of the long northern twilight. The scenery here was more like Norway than any other we had seen, but I do not remember anything there quite so fine as the spot where we passed the Davidson glacier and floated in the unearthly beauty of that evening.

The run was short from Skagway to Treadwell. The ore there is of very poor quality, but it is mined in such quantities that the earnings amount to about ten million dollars a year. The superintendent and his wife took our little party through the great mines on the scarred mountainside and the deafening crushing mills, and we watched the men start down the shafts to their work, and peered into the Glory Hole out of which had come such fortunes.

The miners were paid three dollars a day and their board. Most of them looked big and healthy,

though I was told that the night shifts grew pale. Hungarians predominated, but the owners tried to have many different nationalities, so that there would not be enough of any one to get together and strike. The corporation seemed to take better care of its workmen than most, for there were nice little houses which the married ones could rent, while the boarding houses gave the others as good, if not better, food than much that could be purchased in Juneau. Their supplies came up to them specially from the "outside," or "down below," as they call the States.

It was interesting to watch the elevators bring up the ore to be crushed; after going through this process the rock is sent down as sand in pans of water which are shaken back and forth by machinery; the rock falls to the bottom while the metal runs on into other pans and is made into gold bricks and shipped to the United States.

Treadwell is on Douglas Island, and just across the fiord, on the mainland, lies Juneau, the present capital of Alaska. It is a small, uninteresting town, not nearly so pretty as Sitka, situated at the foot of huge mountains where a canyon leads into the interior. It rains there most of the time, as it does everywhere in Alaska. I was told that if they had sunny weather—which seldom happened—sickness

was sure to appear! However, one doesn't mind the rain for it is like that of Scotland and doesn't seem to wet.

Skagway had marked our farthest point north and from there we had been running south once more, though by a different route from that by which we had gone up. Among the sights of the return trip was Wrangell Narrows, where the green waters swirled past green banks, backed by darker green forests and mighty mountains beyond. Our boat twisted and turned through the narrow passages till it brought us to Wrangell, an old Russian settlement and fort.

It was drizzling, but we had a good long walk in spite of it, through tangle and tundra to an old graveyard where totems with grotesque beasts stood watch by the broken seaside. In front of Indian houses were splendid poles all hoary with moss and fern, and full of symbol and story. Inside these native houses were collections of primitive wares.

Very early next morning we came off Old Kasaan, a deserted Indian village of great age and with many totem poles quaintly carved and rich in design. It was abandoned long ago on account of smallpox. There was wonderful moonlight that night—all around us the high, dark mountains; behind their sharp, ragged line the blue of the sky,

and resting on the highest peak the big round moon smiling down and inviting us to sing.

The last day of our return trip held some excitement, for the fog was very thick and at one moment it seemed as if the Spokane would surely be wrecked. The passengers were running back and forth along the deck excitedly, listening to a fog-horn and trying to discover whether it came from a lighthouse or another ship. Suddenly a ledge loomed up just ahead of us and the Spokane was backing at full speed to avoid running onto it when out of the mist glided another steamer. It was a narrow escape, and we were all glad enough to see the sun come out a little later.

CHAPTER VI

THE GOLDEN STATE



WE had come west again and were on our way to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Our train had run over the divide and down the Kootenai into the state of Washington during the night, and in the morning was at Spokane. There our car was attached to another train to travel straight across the state to Portland, Oregon, covering long stretches of weird yellow and black tableland, where irrigation had made the valleys fertile and green, and new farms were being developed. Then through the canyon of the Snake River, and on into the gorge of the Columbia, which is one of the sights of the world, so grand and varied that there is nothing quite like it. Watching the splendid panorama develop for mile after mile along the magnificent causeway, we took pride in realizing that L.'s great-great-grandfather, Captain William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, who came down the Columbia ahead of Lewis, was the first white man to sail upon this river and so "discovered" it to the nation.

At Portland we dined with friends and took a walk about the gay city, with its suburbs of pretty bungalows covered with roses. The next morning found us in southern Oregon, passing into the Coast Range, where big game is found. Toward late afternoon the train reached the Cascades and Kiskiyou and climbed up the splendid mountainsides with ever-widening views of fair valleys below, zigzagging up the steeps as the sun went down.

After going through the tunnel at the summit and coming out on the California side, we were disappointed not to be able to see great Shasta rising fourteen thousand feet out of the plain—higher than Fuji San but not so beautifully coned. But we were not to miss it, after all. When dinner was over, the mighty peak was in full view from the rear platform. The huge dim shape rose into the skies, seeming even more impressive and wonderful than when we had seen it before by day. The white snow-streaked sides reflecting the mysterious moonlight were indeed high above our heads. Hour after hour the gigantic shadow followed us down the lower slopes of the range. Some hours later, L. tried to catch a glimpse of Mt. Lassen, our only active American volcano, but could see nothing in the dimness of the rather smoky night.

The following morning we were on the plains of

California, breakfasting while waiting in the station at Sacramento, and reaching Oakland and San Francisco in time for luncheon.

The fine hotel where we stopped (for it was one of the best hotels I ever stayed at in America) was perched on the top of Nob's Hill in the heart of 'Frisco. Now Nob's Hill is perhaps the steepest in any city of the world, so that looking out of our windows was like looking from the topside window of a hotel sixty or seventy stories high. The city and the magnificent harbor and the superb mountains beyond the harbor were all spread out like a map. I watched one of the Japanese trans-Pacific boats, apparently no bigger than a toy (alas! there are no longer any American trans-Pacific boats left to arrive here since La Follette's bill has driven the American flag from the ocean). These ships awakened in me memories of the Far East. I could see a few warships—among them the poor Princeton, which came limping in, having been raised from the bottom at Pago Pago after her sinking there. But there were not so many ships of commerce in sight as there ought to be in this wonderful bay that could hold all the ships of the world comfortably and safely.

We took a motor drive in a terrifyingly reckless manner up and down the perpendicular streets, past rows of absurdly ugly little houses and gaunt,

empty lots that told of the earthquake and fire of a few years ago, past the houses of rich Californians, mostly extraordinary architectural constructions overhanging the steep ledges of the city. Our first bird's-eye view of the Exposition was from a jumping-off place just above the grounds. The buildings were many-colored, but in soft tints that blended in with the setting of brown mountains about and blue waters beneath.

The flags at the Exposition were very beautiful, banners and pennons and standards of all sorts of shapes, in blending shades, flying so gracefully and giving life to the charming vistas; and the Italian skies of those fine days gave a clear outline to the handsome buildings in the flooding sunshine.

The planting of great trees and the parterres of flowers were extraordinary. The palms and tropical plants set out against the Spanish-looking architecture made the whole place seem very foreign and far away. It was really indescribably lovely.

Again we looked down on the Exposition, this time when it was illuminated at night. It was even finer than in the day, a sea of lights marking out all the features of the grounds. A motor took us to the State Buildings and the new Foreign Concessions—some of the structures rather interesting and all quite effective.



DOWN THE TRAIL

Words can never describe the wonderful beauty of the architectural arrangement and the setting of the Fine Arts Building. It was worth the long trip to see that alone at night, its columns reflected in the lagoon, so solemn and dignified. The glorious structure was most impressive as we walked slowly through its lights and shadows, and stopped and looked and wondered.

Some of the other structures were quite handsome, and several of the "Courts" very imposing. In the "Zone" was a long line of "shows" and "attractions," for all the world like an overgrown country fair. It was noisy and exciting—as it was intended to be. Finally, at eleven o'clock we watched a birdman go up in his illuminated aeroplane and do stunts in the sky above us, looping the loop and setting off fireworks, some streaming away behind him like the tail of a peacock.

Going south from 'Frisco, at a little place called Exeter our car was attached to an electric engine that took us winding up among the yellow-brown foothills of the Sierras. Our next stop was at Lemon Cove, from which we visited the largest grove of the famous "big trees." For five hours we motored up into the heart of the Sierras, where few travelers go. Near the town the bungalows were covered with spreading umbrella trees and

made gay with pink oleanders. Beyond were bare, gray mountains, severe in their grandeur.

“We checked our pace, the red road sharply rounding;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines resounding
A thousand feet below.”

After entering the gates of the new National Sequoia Park and lurching in a pretty, secluded spot, we went on into the deep forest. The pines and cedars and firs towered far above us. Still climbing on, at last we came to the superb giant Sequoias, the largest grove in the world. The red, leopard-like bark seems actually to glow through the glades and canyons and by the meadows. The huge, straight trunks rise to their great height clean and bare of branches till near the top, where the stubby limbs twist out picturesquely with long green needles. Curiously enough, the cones of the Sequoias are absurdly small, but those of the white pines of this region are enormous.

Impressive, solemn, unbelievable, stood the glorious ancient trees, which were alive when Pharaoh built the pyramids. It was here among these we pitched our tents. So we saw them in the sunshine, when they glowed rich red-brown, their colors brought into relief by the soot-black patches burned in prehistoric fires; we saw them, too, with their heads veiled in mists, we saw them in the setting

sun and in the flooding moonlight, and we saw them by the camp fire gleaming among their enormous roots, the huge trunks rising like columns of some vast temple.

Riding one morning along the dusty trail through the woods we came upon the tracks of mountain lions and of a bear and her cubs. As the snow began to fall and the white flakes filled the air, the unearthly beauty of the forest made us feel very far away from civilization and very near heaven. But the storm increased and our guides insisted that we should leave the park, so we were obliged to make our way down from heaven to earth once more.

At Bakersfield we stopped over to visit the Tejon Ranchos. This great ranch belonged to old General Beale, and I had heard of it for years as one of the finest in California, almost three hundred thousand acres of flat valley land and mountain ranges where thousands of cattle graze.

Bakersfield is in the center of the widespread San Joaquin Valley, which blossoms wherever irrigation touches it, and nearby are famous oil fields. We drove through the town, which is prettier than its name and not very lively, but has nice little bungalow houses and ambitious court and city buildings.

It is thirty-five miles to the ranch, which lies at the foot of the Sierras, and so a motor took us to

it straight as a die across the flat prairie. The roadway—along which palms were planted and wild squash and black-eyed Susan grew abundantly—was excellent for some ten miles. Then we turned off the regular route, which zigzags along the sections of irrigated land, here divided into tracts of one square mile each. Where the water has been brought in there are rows of eucalyptus to shade the roads and canals, and wide fields of alfalfa and Kaffir corn, and barns for grazing cattle; but in other places, perhaps just on the opposite side of the road, where the water has not been brought in, the prairie stretches away, bare and gray and brown, covered with bluish and greenish scrub in pastel colors, to the bases of the ravined mountains that look gray in the haze of distance. Prairie dogs were dashing about, and in front of their holes sat little round-eyed owls. Our ride was varied by a most exciting race with a coyote.

The ranch house was at the foot of the Sierras and most picturesque—an oasis of green in a little valley. The pale yellow adobe dwelling—which has lately been burned to the ground—covered with lovely vines and flowers, was quite like a Mexican hacienda. By a narrow passage with its hanging lamp we entered the most perfect of patios, where all the vine-embowered doors and windows opened on the little court with its paved way and beds of

flowers, over which a huge live oak sprinkled light and shade. The wide porch, furnished with tables and lounging chairs, was most attractive, with a banana palm and flowering pink oleanders in front, and a grove of orange trees to one side. A little way off was a building overhung by palms, with one end open to the air, where one could bathe in either sunshine or shadow. We had a delicious bath here in a pool of soft, clear water. About the whole place was the atmosphere of romance which goes with Spanish or Mexican people and names.

The practical side was not lacking, however, for there were on the ranch fifteen thousand head of cattle, a flock of angora goats, one hundred and fifty ostriches, besides many pigs, hens and dogs. Quite a happy family!

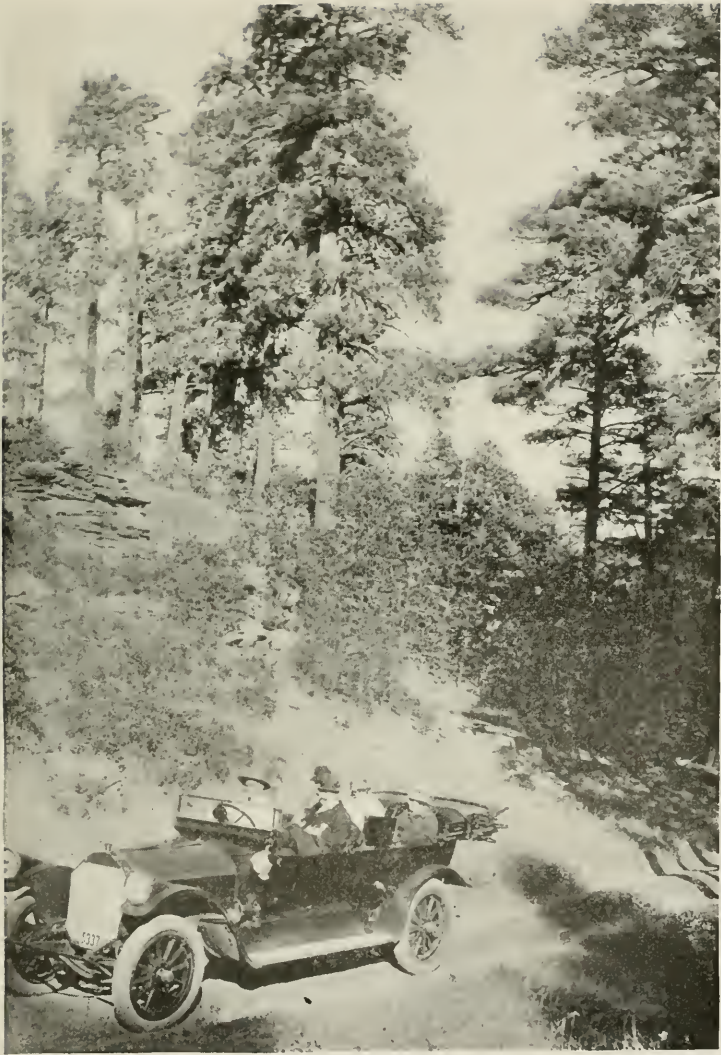
Even excitement was provided in the murder of a Spaniard. We were told the man lived in a tiny cottage all by himself. His only neighbors were a Mexican and his Indian wife, and a Spanish man of all work, who was undersized and peculiar. Bloody cowboy boots were found in the Mexican's house, but as neither one of them was a cowboy and so did not wear such boots, the mystery deepened. It was never fathomed and the Mexican was acquitted.

At the store where the ranch people and the Indians of the neighborhood came to trade, we bought bandana handkerchiefs and lassos. It was

delightful to walk through the lemon groves, and pick pomegranates and persimmons, as well as grapes and figs. After a good luncheon, we started for Bakersfield just when the sunset overspread the plain with a sea of golden glow. The moon rose over the Sierras as the sun went down, and the lights of the oil fields twinkled out, like a fairy city.

Our visit to Los Angeles, a big, bustling, growing city, full of the enterprise and push of the Pacific coast, I remember chiefly for the motor trip to Universal City, the city of films. After driving about twelve miles, through suburbs containing some of the prettiest bungalows I have ever seen, past several film enclosures where they do not admit visitors, we reached a place among the mountains where we could enter. Inside the grounds was a supposedly stone castle in Italy, put up for some well-known actress, for one performance only, and left there, at least for the moment, until it should be pulled down or used again. Not far from this stood the side of a house and a wooden hut, to be photographed when needed. Cowboys on ponies were galloping about, and girls and men in costume and much paint were wandering through the enclosure.

For interior scenes a long, low building of iron framework with a cheesecloth top was used. In



LEAVING THE CANYON

the different rooms, or divisions, several plays were going on at the same time. Behind the scenes were dressing-rooms. While actors were taking their parts, the stage manager read the manuscript and someone else took the pictures. If the play was not well acted, it might be repeated several times. Some of the actors composed lines to make the pictures more realistic.

We also visited the "prop." department with its furnishings of every description and period, which the guide told us they hired from furniture stores. Another building contained artists painting scenery, and a stage for bad weather, lighted with strong Cooper-Hewitt lights. After acting a few hours with these lights everyone is exhausted, and for this reason our moving picture films are almost all made in the open either in Florida or in California, where the air is wonderfully dry and there is little rain.

Our last stop of interest in the Golden State was San Diego. The Exposition which was going on in a lovely park, a short distance from the town, was small, but quite perfect in its Spanish style. The buildings were made of stucco, and many of them were to remain permanently. The park had been planted with great artistic effect, and already the large-leaved vines and flowering creepers were running riot over the gray walls. Pink geraniums, big blue morning glories, roses, clematis, jessamine, and

the glorious bougainvillea were growing here, and the avenues were shaded by palms, cypresses, eucalyptus and acacias, as well as the beautiful pepper trees.

The church with two huge bells and the plaza with its pigeons were quite Spanish, as well as the iron balconies with floating draperies. Many of the attendants at the Fair were in Mexican costume, and dancers did the fandango in the square, while the castanets clicked and the people cried "Hola! hola!"

In the Art Gallery was a small chapel with wood carvings of ancient days, but the pictures were painfully modern. Henri and Hassen were especially popular.

Among the State Buildings, New Mexico's was perhaps the most picturesque, looking over the canyon where a troop of United States cavalry was encamped in tents. This Exposition, like all others, possessed its "Street of Joy" with its side shows, the Indian village being an especially good reproduction of Acoma. This section was called the "Midway" at Chicago, the "Zone" at San Francisco, the "Pike" at Saint Louis, the "Trail" at Portland, and the "Streets of Cairo" at the Paris Exposition.

From Southern California we turned aside from the direct route, after crossing the Mojave

Desert, to see the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The huge chasm glowed like a jewel in the sun, with deep blue shadows; it was a vast expanse of depth and color. From the rim above Bright Angel Trail a pack train could be seen, like a procession of ants, winding slowly along the bottom, thousands of feet below, while the tall pine trees were stuck in the cliffs like little green pins in a cushion. The canyon opened out to our view like a gigantic, many-colored sea anemone, but the limitless stretch of curiously shaped buttes was a chaos of battleships and pyramids. The vastness and silence made one feel very small.

CHAPTER VII

DAYS IN THE DRY LANDS

“The huge red buttressed mesa over yonder
Is merely a far-off temple where the sleepy sun is burning
Its altar-fires of pinyon and of toyon for the day.

“The old priests sleep, white shrouded,
Their pottery whistles lie beside them, the prayer-sticks closely
feathered;
On every mummied face there glows a smile.”

—JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.



It is in the dry lands of the Southwest that one finds the brilliant Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest, with its great logs and chips upon the sand glinting like a million jewels, and the Cliff Dwellings too, which are all worth seeing, but they have been so often described that I spare the reader. This land is a sandy desert, with strange mesa formations and empty river beds, but is enriched with mines of gold and coal.

When Arizona and New Mexico were acquired by our Government, all the Indians of the region by treaty became citizens, the women having the right to vote as well as the men, which, however, the

women do not indulge in, I believe. Various tribes of Indians are scattered over this part of the country and seem to be prospering more or less.

To visit the Enchanted Mesa we stopped at Laguna, which consisted of a railway station and two or three freight cars converted into houses and inhabited by Mexicans. Waiting for us were a couple of motors to take us to the Enchanted Mesa and the Indian village of Acoma, far across the desert.

The motors bounced and jumped and seemed to swim the rivers. Several times we were stuck in the sand and dug ourselves out with shovels. Again and again we had to stop and fill the engines with water from large canvas bags that we carried. The wind blew, and the sand flew, and we covered our faces with veils.

The great boulders in the midst of the yellow and gray prairie had been washed into strange shapes and forms like prehistoric monsters, for this region, like the Grand Canyon, was swept by water ages before the advent of man. We discovered Siegfried's dragon and the Chinese turtle which stands for longevity.

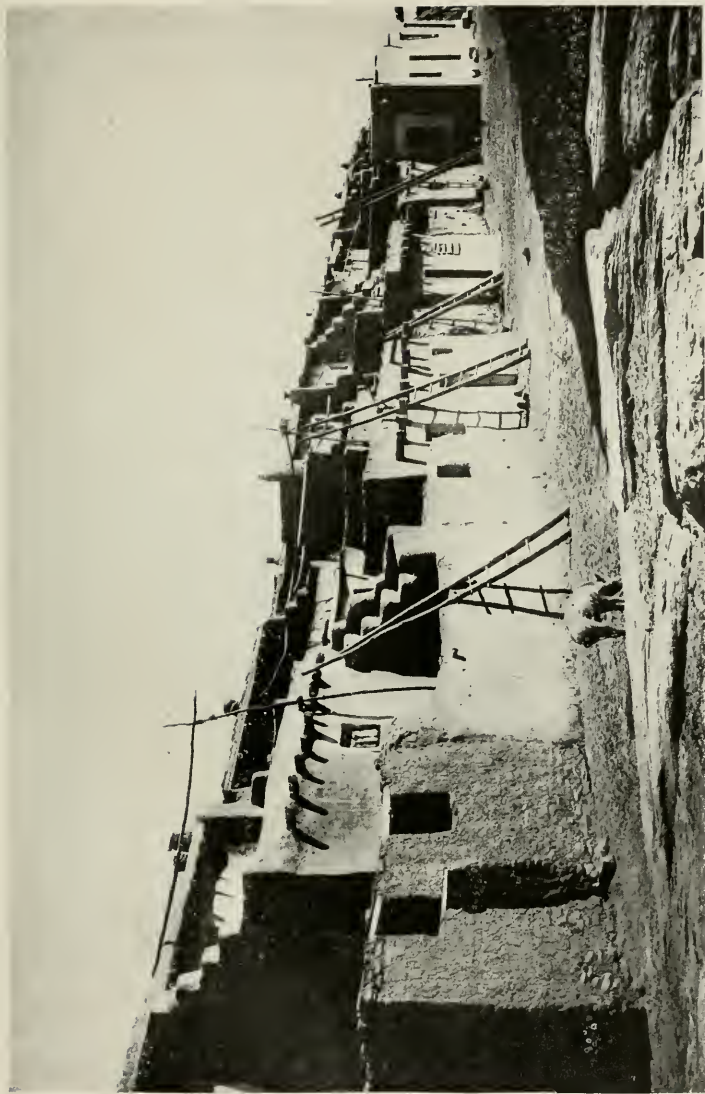
The Enchanted Mesa is four hundred feet high, and in olden days it was inhabited. A single trail led to the village on the top. The story goes that while the Indian men were in the fields below they

were surprised by Spaniards, who put them all to death. As the women preferred starvation to captivity, they destroyed the trail, so that their enemies could not reach them.

Acoma, the City of the Sky, is also on a mesa. Looking up at this golden mountain of rock, we saw small figures which proved to be Indian girls gazing down at us in surprise. On the way up the steep trail of sand we met a picturesque old fellow driving a burro with a huge pack. Panting from the hard climb, we reached the adobe village, which contained a church and a graveyard, on the mud wall of which hideous faces were made to scare away evil spirits.

L. and I wandered about. In this, as in other pueblos, the houses are bare and are built one above another, and are reached by climbing ladders from roof to roof. On the roof there were fires and ovens, and green corn and red peppers drying. Little children, full of excitement at our visit, scampered about below in gay shawls and beads. The chief, a very old man, and several women greeted us politely; most of the men were away.

After saying good-by, we were shown down a rocky path, evidently intended for the shoeless, for there were holes cut in the rock. We had to climb down like monkeys, but finally reached the bottom in safety. The ride back to the car was very lovely,



THE CITY IN THE SKY

with the dark bushes and pines and the yellow and pink boulders changing colors as the sun played hide and seek with a black cloud. We had no mishaps this trip, except that a tire burst,—we were obliged to scoot along on the rim,—and it began to rain before we reached our destination. All the latter part of the way an Indian kept pace with us on his pony.

Another visit among the Indians proved even more interesting. Never have I been in a stranger land than the land of the Zuñi, and nowhere have I witnessed weirder customs. This pueblo stands by itself in its valley beyond the mesas, and the forty-five mile road in from the great railway can be almost impassable at some seasons of the year. We were fortunate in having perfect weather and the roads better than our drivers had ever seen them, so that the trip was made in record time.

During the night our car had been side-tracked at Gallup, and very early in the morning we were up and breakfasted and packed for the trip. The four of us went in two surreys, with a wagon to carry extra blankets and such things as the stopping place at the pueblo might lack. Soon we were off, out of the frontier town and through a gorge, up over mesas, down into arroyos, scrambling up the sides of orange-colored, castellated cliffs, all in a

country that was queerly beautiful with its fantastic formations of rock, its many-colored sands, and its stunted cedars. Along the way we passed a number of Navaho Indians, and saw their hogans, or huts. But we were bound for Zuñi, and the Navahoes held little interest for us.

A two-roomed adobe ranch house was soon reached. The furniture of the principal room consisted of a stove with a piece of pork on it, a heap of sacking in one corner, and a saddle. The place was so filthy that our lunch basket was opened out under a tree, where the clear, cold air gave us all good appetites.

Early in the afternoon we came in sight of Thunder Mountain, considered holy by the Zuñi, who claim they had their pueblo there in times long past. Soon the sandy valley within the mountains appeared and—because the air was so clear we could see a long distance across the plain—the little brown pile of the Zuñi pueblo rose beside a shrunken stream, with its blue smoke rising into the sky. We had still far to go, however, and the slanting sun was bringing out the colors of mountain and plateau when at last we drew up beneath the community houses in which these “pagan” Indians dwell.

The village is built all together, with its flat roofs rising like irregular steps, for some of the houses are five stories high. The streets are narrow and

crooked, closely walled in by the houses, which are all built of an adobe that was a pinkish-brown in the setting sun. Indians in red blankets stood here and there on the roof tops in dignified silhouette, and their women in strange and picturesque costumes came to the well to fill their black and white ollas, carrying them away balanced on their heads.

As we got out of our wagons the agent of the reservation, who had seen us coming across the plain, came up and told us—much to our surprise and delight—that a dance was going on, a prayer for the rain so much needed in this parched country, and we were just in time to see it. It was like a game of “follow your leader” to go with him, for he took us up over ladders and along roof tops, till at last we found ourselves among a crowd of Indians who had gathered on every available terrace overlooking the sacred square, where the chief dancing was to take place. They made gay groups in their vivid red or varicolored blankets, standing on the house tops, motionless as only Indians can, or crowding the terraces below, with funny, chubby little children scampering about over the edges of the roofs and romping over the hard earth floor of the square.

Hardly were L. and I seated when the sound of approaching tom-toms was heard coming nearer and nearer through the narrow passages, and pres-

ently a procession entered, dancing in their strange manner, jumping first on one foot, then on the other, and brandishing wooden swords tipped with sacred feathers. They were a motley line, all made up in fantastic fashion with whitened bodies above gayly colored skirts and sashes, and feathered headdresses topping all. After circling round the plaza they stopped, and each man in turn danced over to a white spot on the ground and lifting his wooden sword, swallowed it, feathers and all, with perfect ease. Fortunately, they were pulled out again! After all had rejoined the line, the dance was resumed, stopping only once, while someone stepped into the circle and made a prayer. Then, leaving the square as they had come, they returned to their chapter house. This program was repeated several times during the afternoon, I suppose by different fraternities. Meanwhile, we had seen two extraordinary figures in huge masks and feathered dress—really a most decorative costume, but one difficult to describe—going about from one chapter house to another, making grotesque gestures and throwing meal. They represented anthropic gods, ancestral mediators in the wonderful religion of this unique people. All this took place in the glow of a beautiful sunset, with the plain beyond, where the great mesas rose many-hued against the sky.



PUEBLO OF ZUNI

But our good fortune did not end here. That night we had supper at the trading store (which was pretty dirty), and met Mrs. Stevenson, who was the Smithsonian student of Zuñi Indians, and had passed her life among them. Of course she knew them as no one else could, and because they loved her, calling her "mother," she had many privileges that no one else enjoyed. It was through her kindness that we spent quite the strangest evening of our lives, for she took us to see the dancing in the estufas, the chapter houses, which outsiders rarely enter.

These estufas are queer adobe houses which may be entered only by means of ladders, through holes in the roofs. We watched from an adjoining room what went on in the Estufa of the Zenith, which was filled with members of the fraternity. To the sound of endless monotonous singing, down the ladder from above came remarkable creatures out of the darkness—"warriors from below," shades of their ancestors—in wonderful masked costumes. They danced tirelessly, and then went up again into the darkness.

From one chapter house to another we went, for the dancing lasted most of the night. In the Estufa of the South we saw what Mrs. Stevenson said only a few students had ever been allowed to witness, a dance of the Blue Horns—growling, roar-

ing, wildly masked creatures with great sticks, who pranced up and down in the weird light of the sacred fire, which played warmly on the adobe walls. Before these monsters came those who suffered from various troubles, such as sleeplessness or ague. These were beaten soundly by the stick of each dancer, a process which was supposed to cure them of their ailments and drive out the evil spirits which possessed them. It was very curious, but, like the sword-swallowing, rather unpleasant.

Men and women alike were told to take off their hats in this estufa, I suppose because the sacred fire was burning. As few white people had ever seen this performance our Zuñi guide was afraid he might get a whipping for taking us there and ran away, but no one asked us to leave, so we stayed as long as there was anything to see.

All the fantastic costumes were really attractive in their grotesqueness and their vivid colors. The painted skins, too, where there was but little dress, were very effective.

Out into the narrow streets, which a glorious moon made strange and eerie, we walked from the chapter house, but even here there was more to see. For on nearing the stream two Indians appeared, masked and queerly clad, dancing the dance of the deer, stopping, whirling, capering, all so silently. Then

a whole band of them came out, passing in procession down to the thin stream of the river trickling in its sandy bed, where they took water in their hands and prayed. I think they were singing this song, which was composed by one of their people:

“I-o-ho, wonder-water,
 I-o-ho, wonder-water,
 Life anew to him who drinks!
 Look where southwest clouds are bringing rain;
 Look where southwest clouds are bringing rain;
 Life anew to him who drinks!
 I-o-ho, wonder-water,
 I-o-ho, wonder-water,
 Life anew to him who drinks!”

After many ceremonies, they pranced back again to their pueblo in the weird moonlight. This ended our wonderful evening, and was for us the last of the sacred rites of a people who are unique in their mysteries.

After a night in the trading store, we went out to see the village in the more commonplace light of every day. It was all as clean as clean could be, being inspected daily by a matron who saw that it was kept so. The houses had earthen floors and open fires, and generally consisted of two large rooms. A few of them had beds, but as a rule the people slept on goatskins laid on the floor, with blankets for covering. Now and then one found a

house with windows, but most of them had none. When the houses were several stories high, each floor above the first was occupied by a younger branch of the family. Curiously enough, the women owned the houses.

Indeed, the Zuñi are really very feministic, for the women ask the men to marry them; the men, however, sometimes have more than one wife at a time, which seems contradictory. I could not find that they had any particular marriage service. The clever Indians who could speak English were often suspected of being wizards, and occasionally it was charged that a grasshopper plague or a disease in the village had been brought on by one of them. We saw a man who had actually been saved from hanging for witchcraft only by the intervention of United States troops!

When the children of the Zuñi went to school they were given American names and American clothes. But that was as far as their Americanization went, apparently, for while they were taught English branches, it was a curious fact that you found very few in the village who could or would speak English. Only the poorer children went to school anyway at that time, for the more prosperous parents did not seem to care to have theirs educated.

Mrs. Stevenson took us to the post office, which

was kept by the clergyman and his wife, and I talked with the colored doctor who boarded there. He said the Indians were pretty healthy, as a rule; they had severe colds, but there were few cripples among them. They were a self-respecting people and would not accept money, although they would take presents of tobacco and shells. Nor did they seem anxious to sell any of their belongings. It was truly delightful to find them so unspoiled.

We had planned to get off early, but it was so interesting to go about among the people that we could hardly tear ourselves away. In their houses we saw the women at their tasks, grinding the meal and baking in their little mound-like ovens—such pretty women, too, as they were! It was noon before we started out on our forty-five mile drive back to "civilization." This is the last glimpse of old Zuñi, for soon after our visit the great dam was built, and alas! Mrs. Stevenson has died.

I have always liked the Indians and been interested in them. We were, indeed, grateful to them for allowing us to witness their ceremonies and wished in some way to say thank you. We consulted Mrs. Stevenson, and she told us they prized a certain kind of shell from the Pacific coast. After a great deal of difficulty we at last succeeded in finding the desired variety. This is the answer my husband received from the Indian chief:

“ Tonyo Ranch,
Española, N. M.

“ The Great American, I address you. You must listen to my words. I am not at Shiwinakwi, my home, but am far away at my mother's * house. I am happy all the time here, with my mother. I have asked my mother often to write and thank you for the shells, but my mother does not always listen to my words. You know she is my mother and I am only her child, and she does not have to listen if she does not wish to give heed to my words. My mother is good if she will not always listen. I am anxious to see my friend, the Great American. Alas! alas! he is not before my eyes. In a short time I am going home to my people, my ahoi (people of an estufa), of the kiwitsi (estufa), I think they will be happy to see me, but as I cannot see into their hearts I cannot know. The shells, the beautiful shells that have made me so happy and will make my ahoi so happy when I take them to the kiwitsi. My heart is happy while I thank you for the beautiful and valuable shells, and my heart will continue to be happy whenever I look upon the shells and when I see my friend the Great American through my heart. You have not sent us a few but many, to make us thank you with our hearts. Our hearts will speak to your heart and I know that you will understand. Others would not understand but you have been with us in the kiwitsi, you have seen us dance, you have heard my people sing prayers to our gods. You know my people, the

* Mrs. Stevenson.



DANCE OF ANCESTRAL SPIRITS



DANCE OF THE SWORD SWALLOWERS

corn people (reference to the clan), and you know my ahoi (people of the estufa), for you have been with us. Only you and your friends have been with us as our mother has, and I think others will never enter our kiwitsi, but when you come again you will come to the kiwitsi and be with us as a father and a brother. You are wise in many things and we are also wise in many things, things that Americans know not of. I wish you to sprinkle the sacred meal to your gods that they may speak with my gods and the rains may come and make the earth beautiful with the fruits of her being. May you and your wife who too, was with us, have more of the sacred breath of life that you may both live the span of life, not die, but sleep to awake as a little child in the undermost world of your people. My heart shakes hands with you both, with a prayer that you may not forget the people to whom you have been so generous and good and, may you both come back to us. We wish to see our friend the Great American.

“^tSalu^tsaiiti (corn pollen). I make you my clan name.”

CHAPTER VIII

A GLIMPSE INTO MEXICO



HIS trip through Mexico was also made in a private car, sleeping on board every night for weeks. A marvelous trip it was, with glorious views of mountains and tropical forests and glimpses of a strange people and the ruins of an ancient civilization in the New World.

Monterey, which was captured by General Taylor during our war with Mexico, was the first Mexican town we saw after crossing the border. When I looked out of the car window, on awaking in the morning, this strange country seemed like a new and bewildering dream. There were splendid mountains that towered above us and queer little dark men in tall, peaked hats, who peeped in at us.

Our first real stopping place, however, was to be Tampico, on the Gulf, so we sped along, down toward the lowlands. As the day wore on, the weather grew warmer, the grass became greener, there were greater numbers of trees and birds, and everything looked more tropical.

At Tampico the car was run out on the beach, where we got a whiff of the sea and could hear the waves breaking on the shore. A little boat took us up the fascinating Panuco River, where tarpon were jumping out of the water and turtles and even alligators were dozing on logs, while above us flew herons, storks and doves. Here and there along the green banks haciendas could be seen, and once in a while strange-looking boats filled with grain for the town were poled along near the shore.

That night we went shark fishing away out on a jetty, and found it quite exciting, for the planks were few and the water deep. In the early morning we were off on our way to San Luis Potosi, and oh, such wonderful scenery! At one place the train passed over a chasm where you could look down to a river hundreds of feet below. We climbed, climbed—all day. It was quite a thrilling journey, for the train was longer and heavier than usual, and it broke in two several times. Moreover, the air brakes on our car didn't work and there was only a hand brake to depend upon, which was hardly enough on such a steep grade. So finally, it seemed best to go into the Wells-Fargo express car, next to the engine, where an agreeable Texan entertained us till we reached the top in safety.

San Luis Potosi, on a very high plain among the

Sierras, had many points of attractiveness. Its regular, well paved streets, lined by freshly painted houses, its perfect climate, in which the mercury seldom drops below the freezing point, and its park and plazas all tempted us to linger. But we had time for only a glimpse of the place before going on among the mountains—passing on the way Dolores Hidalgo, the home of Father Hidalgo, one of the few really sincere patriots that Mexico has produced.

We noticed at the stations that every Mexican owned a dirty pig and a thin dog. The dogs were the most dreadful-looking creatures—many curs—generally lame, because they often get run over. Every woman seemed to have a ragged baby. Even in those days there were beggars, and many little hands were put out for “a centavo, a centavo!” Sometimes we could set them scampering by throwing them coins, but, for the most part, they seemed lazy, stupid and ugly. They do possess, however, strong, healthy bodies and have good figures, and some of the Indian women, especially, have beautiful necks and arms and long black hair, which is worn in two heavy braids hanging down the back. The dress of the Indian women is quite pretty—a low-necked and short-sleeved chemise, sometimes decorated with drawn work, and a skirt made of a blanket wrapped about the form with most of the fullness in front.

This piece of verse certainly gives a vivid description of the poorer quarters of Mexican towns:

“By an alley lined with tumble-down shacks
And street-lamps askew, half-sputtering,
Feebly glimmering on gutters choked with filth and dogs
Scratching their mangy backs;
Half-naked children are running about,
Women puff cigarettes in dark doorways,
Crickets are crying.
Men slouch sullenly
In the shadows;
Behind a hedge of cactus,
The smell of a dead horse
Mingles with the smell of tamales frying.” *

Higher and still nearer the clouds we climbed to the plateau—called the Valley of Mexico—on which Mexico City stands. Cortes built his city on the site of Tenochtitlan of the Aztecs. Montezuma's capital was on an island in Lake Texcoco, the largest of the six lakes that remained from the great lagoon which once covered the whole valley. Three causeways leading across the water were the only means of approach. The problem of protecting it from inundation was never entirely solved by the Aztecs, nor was the safety of the city insured until the completion of the great drainage canal in 1900. Curiously enough, the removal of the subsoil water has given rise to a different problem—how to prevent

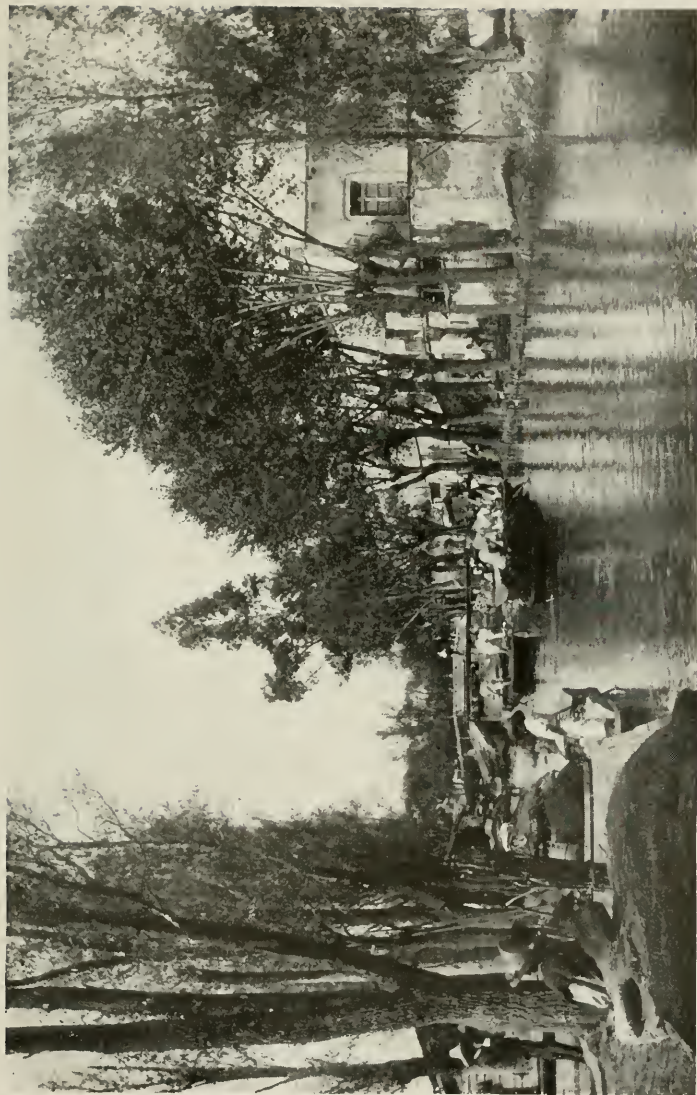
* John Gould Fletcher

the heavier buildings from sinking in the soft mud that remains.

Among the many new and handsome buildings the city contained were scattered here and there picturesque old churches dating from Spanish days, and an occasional palace whose beauty was not entirely hidden by the filth of the lower classes, who now inhabit them.

The great central plaza stands on the site of the Aztec teocalli, the pyramid-temple crowned by the huge altar where thousands of human victims were sacrificed to the monstrous god of war. Later, other thousands were sacrificed here to the unholy rites of the Inquisition, the last being that devoted patriot, José Maria Morelos. This part of the city is rich in associations with Mexican history. It was here the first bullfight came off and the first house was built by the Spaniards in 1520. After Mexico achieved her independence from Spain, Agustin Iturbide was proclaimed emperor in this plaza; here the unfortunate Maximilian was welcomed to the country forty years later, and Diaz made his triumphal entry soon after the Archduke's death.

Fronting on the plaza is the great cathedral, the largest in Mexico, impressive from its size and its massive construction. Sculptured Indian idols and the remains of the huge teocalli form the greater



ON THE VIGA CANAL

part of its foundations. In one of the little chapels we saw the beautiful Murillo, the Virgin of Bethlehem, a sweet Andalusian Madonna and Child that is undoubtedly an original by the great master. In the seventeenth century many paintings by the famous Spanish artists found their way to Mexico to adorn the churches and the homes of wealthy mine owners. But with the revolutionary period of the nineteenth century began the looting that supplied the war-chests of the rival chiefs, and many of those art treasures were sold to European purchasers.

Among the old churches of Mexico City were two which appeared, on account of the subsidence of the soil, to be just ready to topple over into the street, although they were not considered unsafe. The Dominican Church of Santo Domingo was the headquarters of the Inquisition, and we saw the cloister that was the scene of several autos-da-fe. Before the Church of San Hipolito we recalled the bloody scenes of the Conquest, for it was built on the great causeway where six hundred Spaniards were killed or wounded in their retreat on the Noche Triste. It was on the anniversary of San Hipolito's martyrdom that Cortes finally won the victory over the Aztecs, and for many years a special mass was celebrated here on that day for the Conquistadores who fell in the struggle to gain possession of New Spain. The Church of San Agustin, now occupied

by the National Library, delighted us with its imposing façade.

Only a short distance from the city is Chapultepec—Aztec for Grasshopper Hill—which is surrounded by the finest park in Mexico. The castle that crowns it was used as the summer residence of the president. It had also been occupied by the Emperor Maximilian. Chapultepec is the site, too, of the Military Academy, really the West Point of Mexico. Montezuma's Tree, the largest on the hill, undoubtedly stood here when the ill-fated Aztec monarch made this his retreat during the summer months. We enjoyed the fine view much more than the palace itself, which was furnished in Italian style but in rather poor taste.

While in the capital we witnessed our first bullfight, and we also looked in at a gambling den where women were smoking huge cigars. As an entirely different sort of entertainment, we dined with some of the diplomats, whose acquaintance we had made in other places.

We left Mexico City one morning for quaint old Cuernavaca, reaching there about noon. Again such wonderful scenery! It was perhaps more beautiful than the trip from Tampico to San Luis Potosi, for the snow-topped volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl were to be seen most of the way. At Cuernavaca stood the palace of Cortes, one of the

oldest buildings in Mexico, which was commenced in 1530 and has only lately been destroyed. Its fine arcaded courtyard contained a lovely Spanish garden. Here the conqueror lived for some time, carrying on his sugar plantations—indeed, he preferred it to any other place in the New World. As the town is the capital of the state of Morelos, this building was used, when we were there, as the Government House. The cathedral and a few old churches had fine towers and attractive domes. A number of stone sculptures, among them a huge lizard carved on a rock, probably had an interesting history, if we could have known it.

One could easily spend a day in the fascinating Borda Garden, once magnificent and still attractive even in its neglected condition. It was laid out by a Frenchman who came to Mexico early in the eighteenth century and amassed a fortune in the mines. His garden was not only a quiet retreat, but contained a great collection of Mexican plants. No wonder it was the favorite resort of Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta. We wandered over terraces, through pergolas, down shaded, rose-embowered walks, to a tower from which we had a glorious view of mountain and plain. There was Maximilian's Drive, too, with its lovely roadside flowers and its glimpses of natives making pottery in their front yards, with chickens, pigs and children all about.

On returning to Mexico City, we shopped and rested, and one day took a little boat up the Viga Canal to the Chinampas, or Floating Islands. These were formed long, long ago by setting networks of twigs afloat on the water and covering them with earth, to be cultivated as garden plots. They were rather disappointing to us, for they floated no longer, poplar trees being driven through them like piles to keep them fixed, and there were few flowers on them. The whole canal was rather smelly but picturesque, with flatboats poled along by Indians and dug-out canoes in which entire families were taking their vegetables to market.

A trip from Mexico City took us to Puebla, Oaxaca and Mitla. We breakfasted in Puebla at a little past four, then took a special car on the narrow gauge Mexican Southern Railway for a long day of travel. The track ran first through a fair valley, with white churches and villages on the mountain-sides and green, carefully cultivated fields below, till we came to a more arid country. Then, for forty miles, it was through a deep canyon with steep, precipitous sides sometimes towering to an overwhelming height, where there were extraordinary cactus growths and strange formations, and then—we reached Oaxaca.

The hotel there was quaint and really Mexican, with galleries round a central court, off which were

our bedrooms. These had floors of brick, vast ceilings—all beams—and great doors with padlocks—the whole dirty and smelly enough to make it an experience. This hotel fronted on a plaza with grand trees and luxuriant plants and flowers. Opposite, on its terrace, stood a church with a carved façade.

A larger plaza beyond had walks beneath sweet-smelling trees that arched overhead, surrounded by arcaded buildings. In the center stood a high pavilion, where one of the best military bands I have ever heard was playing. All about, in the shadow and the dim light, in groups and alone, with their serapes thrown dramatically about them, covering them to their very eyes, and the broad-brimmed, mushroom-like sombreros pulled down over their faces, were the silent Mexicans. It seemed strange to come to a city that I had never heard of and find it many centuries old, with a life so apart, so far away, and yet to hear such music and see such a scene!

Next morning, before daylight, we were off for Mitla, with cracking of whips, in a dilapidated vehicle drawn by mules, two at the wheel and four abreast ahead. The early morning was lovely, as we drove along the dusty roads, passing the mud-wattled villages with their cactus hedges, watching the Indians at their occupations, and meeting droves

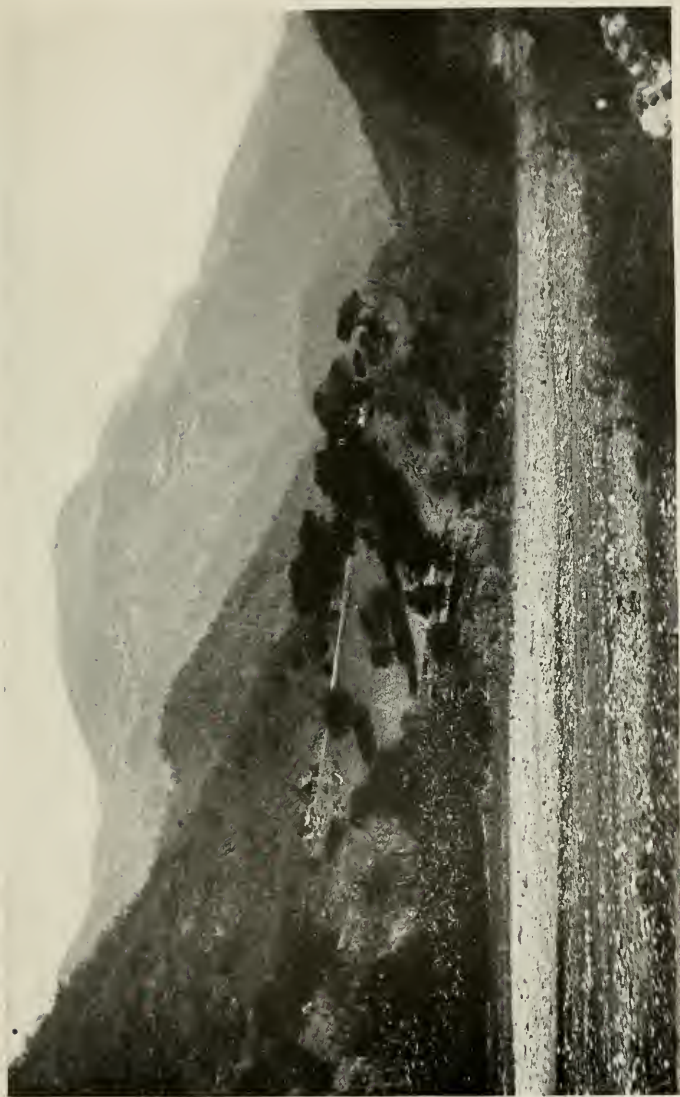
of burros with huge loads and slow processions of lumbering ox-carts crawling in to market.

Our road took us through several interesting towns. At Tlacolula, there was a gorgeous chapel with splendid silver lamps in a little church where we should not have expected anything of the sort.

It was a long pull over the twenty-five miles to Mitla, but we got there at last and after a short rest in the pretty patio of the hacienda, went out to the ruins. As L. had a letter of introduction to Professor Saville, who was making excavations there, under his guidance we were among the first to enter a lately discovered passage and tomb.

From a walled court we descended into a strange underground chamber in the shape of a cross, with walls of cut stone in mosaic patterns. Many Indian relics have been unearthed here from time to time, and it is believed the old Zapotec kings, who antedated the Aztecs, buried their treasure in these vaults. Arrow-heads and pottery have been found, beside gold and silver vessels and gold jewelry, and small terra-cotta figures and funeral urns showing fine workmanship. The ancient Mexicans had tools made of pure copper and shaped the metal into discs which they used for money.

At one end of the court were the massive walls and immense columns—more like piers than columns, for they had neither capital nor pedestal—of



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MEXICO

what may have been the palace of king or high priest. On the walls of a passageway were remains of fresco paintings that reminded me a bit of Pompeii. The Corridor of the Mosaics was built of stone mosaics in ornamental patterns, and the pieces were so accurately fitted together that in some places no mortar was needed to hold them in position. These mosaics, or stone tiles, are the distinctive ornaments of the Mitla ruins, taking the place of the sculptures and bas-reliefs of the prehistoric buildings of Chiapas and Yucatan.

About two miles from these remains, on a precipitous hill, accessible from only one side, was the stronghold of Mitla, a citadel enclosure surrounded by a wall twenty-one feet thick. Within this were the remains of dwellings and fortifications, and great heaps of stones that were evidently collected for use as munitions of war. The place well deserves its name—Mitla, “place of sadness.”

We went back to Oaxaca the same day, and on the way visited the big cypress tree at Santa Maria del Tule, famous as the largest tree in Mexico. This giant witnessed the passing of Toltecs, Chichimecs and Aztecs, and the conquest by Spanish invaders. The outstretched arms of twenty-eight persons could scarcely meet round the colossal trunk. The drive to Oaxaca in the dark was weird, and I was tired and felt far away from home.

The Pyramid of Cholula, only eight miles from Puebla, was rather disappointing, for, although it is built of sun-dried bricks and clay, it looks simply like a hill with a church on the top. On this pyramid once stood the temple of Quetzalcoatl, god of air, so it is said. Enshrined here was a wonderful image of the god, "wearing a miter on his head waving with plumes of fire, with a resplendent collar of gold round his neck, pendants of mosaic turquoise in his ears, a jeweled scepter in one hand, and a shield curiously painted, the emblem of his rule over the winds, in the other."

The mound was there before the Aztecs settled the region, and at the time of the Spanish conquest it was still the Mecca of the natives, to which pilgrims came from all parts of Mexico. The legend tells that the pyramid was built by two men of giant race, survivors of the great deluge. They intended it to reach heaven, but they displeased the gods and were destroyed before it was completed. The Spaniards razed the temple and built the church on its site.

How wonderful was the sunrise on the distant snow-clad volcanoes, seen as we neared Puebla once more! Cold, serene, far away, they stood high in relief against the night sky, first bluish, then pink, then glistening white, as dawn appeared and finally the sun rose and another day was born. And off

on the edge of the world, mysterious, transparent, faintly pink, rose the ghost of Orizaba.

From Puebla to Tlaxcala we took a charming little trip by a tram-car drawn by mules through picturesque villages with shady plazas and crumbling carved churches, by lanes with hedges of organ cactus, past adobe huts where we caught glimpses of the home life of the people. At the time of the Conquest, this was the capital of a native state which the Aztec rulers had tried in vain to conquer. The brave Tlaxcalans withstood Cortes, but after their defeat by the mailed Spaniards, they became his faithful allies. Indeed, there were times when but for their aid his whole force would have been overwhelmed by the Indians.

Here we walked up the hill to the Santuario de Ocotlan, one of the famous shrines of the country. The tradition runs that, in order to relieve a scarcity of water, the Virgin appeared to an Indian here and revealed a miraculous spring. The church erected in her honor was a glorious surprise to us with its richly carved and gilded altar and the chapel enshrining the figure of the Virgin of Ocotlan, who wears a magnificent jeweled crown. Behind this was a *camarin*, a circular room full of richly wrought tables, chairs, altars, offerings—in fact, the whole room itself was carved and colored, with Mexican tapestry on the floor and

brocade on the walls. The effect was quite overwhelming.

Down the hill to the miraculous spring, across the plaza and up a paved and shaded causeway, we went, then beneath an arched entrance at one side of which was an old bell-tower, to the terrace of an ancient monastery. Here stood the old Franciscan church, founded in 1521, which contains the first pulpit from which Christianity was preached in America and the font where the four chiefs of Tlaxcala, who were the earliest converts to the new faith, were baptized. The handsomely carved cedar beams of the roof and some fine pictures interested us, and also the view from a little bower of the old bull ring and the flat roofs of the town.

After our return to Mexico City, we decided that, after all, it was the strange street scenes that most pleased us. There were such picturesque throngs, in which were mingled handsome dark-eyed women, swarthy Indians with huge peaked hats, toreadors in their finery, and gayly uniformed soldiers.

In the late afternoon of our last day in the capital, which was Shrove Tuesday, we drove up and down the Paseo. Crowds lined the great avenue, which was filled with carriages and men riding fine horses with silver trimmings; there were enough maskers and carnival players, with bands of musi-

cians at every point, to make it quite exciting. Then we drove to the station and were attached to the seven-thirty mail going north.

Less than twenty-four hours by train brought us to the large, clean city of Guadalajara. On account of its perfect climate and healthy situation many of the Spanish nobility settled here after the Conquest, and the number of pure-blooded descendants of the Castilians in the streets was very noticeable.

In the fine Government Palace Spanish-Moorish architecture is effectively blended with Grecian orders, and the old convent church of Santa Monica has an elaborately carved façade. But the chief treasure of the city is Murillo's beautiful Assumption of the Virgin. During the Peninsular War, when Spain was forced to call upon Mexico and her other colonies for funds to carry on the campaign against Napoleon, Guadalajara responded with a generous contribution. Many ornaments from the cathedral were converted into coin for the national treasury. In grateful recognition of this aid the King of Spain ordered this Murillo to be taken from the Escorial and presented to the cathedral of the loyal city.

The superb mountains and the magnificent churches stand out together in my recollections of Mexico. Most of the churches we visited were very fine and many contained art treasures. At Guanajuato, we

stopped to see one that was built by the offerings of the miners, who each day brought up a handful of silver toward the cost.

But the most famous of all these structures and most sacred to the Indians of Mexico is that at Guadalupe, a few miles from the city of Mexico. This church, which has a railing and chandeliers of solid silver, enshrines the miraculous picture of "Our Lady." At the time of our visit an interesting service was going on. The priests were gorgeous in gowns of red and gold, and the music was lovely.

The image of the Virgin, which hangs in a gold frame above the high altar, has one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen. Over her head and arms she has a cloak of blue studded with stars, she wears a robe of old rose and upon her head a golden crown. In an attitude of prayer she stands upon a crescent, below which are the head and wings of an angel. It was here we heard the pretty legend of this picture:

An Indian of Guadalupe on his way to mass one day heard strains of music so sweet they could only have been made by angels, and soon he beheld in a burst of radiance the Virgin Mary. She directed him to go to the bishop and say that she commanded a church to be built on that spot. He obeyed, but

the bishop refused to believe his story unless he brought some sign to prove that it was true. A few days later the vision was repeated. This time the Virgin bade him pick some roses and bring them to her; then she took them in her hands, but immediately replaced them in his mantle with the command that he take them to the bishop. He did so, and when the mantle was unfolded a picture of "Our Lady" was discovered imprinted upon it. So the bishop built the church, and December twelfth, the traditional date of the miracle, is a national holiday and especially an Indian festival.

We did not see this festival, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has given a vivid picture of it. After referring to the crowds that thronged both church and plaza, she says:

"In the middle aisle were double files of young Indian girls, with bright-colored scarfs about their shoulders, and strange, high, picturesque-looking headdresses of gaudy tissue paper with trimmings of gold. They were chanting monotonous minor songs, accompanied by a swaying, dance-like movement of the hips—all most reverent."

I cannot give a better idea of the charm these Mexican churches had for us than by quoting "The Mass at Dawn" from the country's greatest poet.*

* Luis G. Urbina.

“Every morn—can you believe it?
At the advent of the dazzling
Earliest gleam of virgin brightness,
From the deep, remote horizon’s
Lapis-lazuli, there issued
From the architraves and friezes
Of the lofty Gothic belfry,
From the pinions of the angels,
From the walls of chiseled stonework,
From the niches of the statues,
Flocks of birds, in endless numbers,
Chirping, twittering and singing.”

At the time of our visit, Mexico was under the rule of Porfirio Diaz. The country was at peace, railroads were being built and mines operated, foreign commerce was increasing, and European and American capital was developing the resources of the country. Law and order prevailed.

Alas! what a change came. Francisco Madero, raising the standard of revolt, compelled the resignation of Diaz, who fled to France, where he died. Madero, however, proved unequal to the situation, and his rule soon came to an end. Then Huerta joined Felix Diaz, nephew of Porfirio, in insurrection against Madero, but later betrayed Felix, too, and himself became president.

Immediately a host of claimants to the office sprang up, among whom the names of Carranza and Villa have grown very familiar to American ears. In the midst of a country laid waste by the bandit



A STREET IN OAXACA

warfare of these chiefs, the one strong arm that could in a measure enforce law and preserve order was that of Huerta.

A leading journalist writes: "The record of the American in Mexico is one for his country to be proud of. He has given the peon a chance; he has helped to build a middle class. Above all he has created him industrially; for apart from increasing the wages of the lowest grade of workman, he has produced higher grades of work, which before his coming were unknown in Mexico, and fitted the native to it."

It was this class of Americans whom our Government deprived of their only hope of protection by its stand against Huerta. When the trouble between the United States and Mexico first began, Americans did not realize the situation, for little or nothing was published in the newspapers. As Huerta said of President Wilson, "He has not understood," so it was true of them. And it must be confessed it is not easy to understand the situation. When I asked a clever man who knew the question well the Mexican point of view, he answered, "Every Mexican will give you a different answer." The trouble is almost entirely in the north. The Mexican Indians from different sections, speaking only dialects, do not know what the fighting is all about. They wish to be left alone.

When Vera Cruz was occupied by our troops, the American public was roused to a slight interest in the affair, but the developments in international relations arising from the European War have obscured the issues in our neighbor's territory. Finally, in the Spring of 1916, Washington seemed to realize the force of John Fiske's indictment when he said, "A government touches the lowest point of ignominy when it confesses its inability to protect the lives and property of its citizens," and United States soldiers were sent to the Mexican border. But it was "hesitation war"—as the situation at Vera Cruz had been described—over again.

Through miles of desert, covered with sagebrush, cactus and sand, over impossible roads, our columns had to move on foot, horseback, and by motor, while a Mexican railway paralleled their slow and costly advance. The food supply was uncertain. One squadron of regular cavalry went eight days on three days' rations, and a colored trooper who was asked what he was doing in Mexico replied, "I dunno, sir, but it seems to me, sir, that we's trying to see how many days we can make three days' rations last, sir."

General Funston was responsible for the results obtained by this expedition—Funston, who swam the Rio Grande, who captured Aguinaldo, who ruled

Vera Cruz not only like an American soldier, but like a British administrator, bringing quiet, justice and health in the name of his country. He was a figure of romance, and an able and fearless general.

The pursuit of Villa was made unnecessarily difficult and dangerous by the refusal to use the railroad. By this and other restrictive mandates the success of the expedition was doomed. In consequence of General Funston's reports to Washington that the expedition could not succeed under such restrictions, the command was given to General Pershing. Owing to no fault of Pershing's, who has a fine record, the expedition failed, as Funston had prophesied it must.

But although this so-called "punitive expedition" punished no one but its own members, it certainly did serve a purpose in helping to awake the country to our utter unpreparedness to take part in the great war. In our isolation we had been sleeping as if drugged by our prosperity.

After bidding good-by to New Spain, let us cross the water for a glimpse of its mother country, the land of the Moor and the hidalgo.

CHAPTER IX

MADRID TO MOROCCO

“They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

“They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals
dancing.”

Old Spanish Ballad.



ROAR rises from the Carrera San Hieronimo. Cries of fakirs, calls of men selling papers or lottery tickets, warnings of coachmen. Every now and then a band goes by, playing in the curious muffled manner of the Spanish, with sudden wild bursts of the fanfare and the drums. On the corner there is the music of the blind guitarists and the singing of a child, and a man with a bagpipe which he blows into whenever there is a chance of his making himself heard.

The heat is so great that the people walk the

streets all night. There is as much going on at four in the morning as at four in the afternoon. All day and all night the crowded life of the city passes beneath our windows.

The streets are gay with flags and strings of lights. The houses have their balconies hung with banners and scarfs of many colors, red and yellow predominating. Some families display their coats of arms embroidered on great red velvet squares, while others hang out rare tapestries.

Royal carriages without number make their way through the throng, with footmen in red stockings and coachmen in wide, gold-banded hats, and men in uniform, and royal escorts of dragoons for the visiting princes. There are guards set in front of the palaces where ambassadors are housed. In front of the Medina Coeli, where the Austrian archduke stops, great footmen in yellow are lolling, to the vast delight of the people, and a bugler stands ready to do the honors when another ambassador pays his visit.

This is no ordinary holiday. Madrid is making ready for the wedding of the King.

The ceremony was to take place the last day of May, and a few days before the King went north in his special train to the border to meet his bride, the Princess Victoria. All along the route soldiers were stationed, and platforms were cleared wherever

the train stopped, so that no harm might befall her. At Irun the King met the royal party and conducted them to the Pardo Palace, near Madrid, to remain for the week before the wedding. Things had been brought from other palaces to make the place pretty for the Princess, and it had been given a thorough cleaning—which it no doubt needed.

The wedding day was hot and sunny, but brilliantly clear. The procession began to pass our windows about half after nine. The street was lined with soldiers mounted and on foot, and army officers and diplomats in magnificent uniforms drove by on their way to the church, and women in beautiful white dresses, with mantillas, feathers, jewels and trains of every color.

There were two of these processions, one with the King and the other with Princess Victoria, and both were quite prompt in coming. They moved along with spacing and dignity, and everything was so well done that even to the republican mind it was not in any way absurd.

Heading the pageant came the fine mounted carabinieri with their cocked hats and red plastrons. Mounted major domos followed them, reappearing at intervals with each escort, and sky-blue lancers, and dragoons in great helmets and feathers, and heralds in carriages of state with huge coats of arms, and trumpeters who every now and then blew

blasts on their trumpets. There were, too, the "horses of respect," covered with superb trappings of richly embroidered velvet and led by splendid footmen.

Then came the great coaches of the *grandees* with gorgeous lamps at the four corners and trappings in the colors of the family. Footmen with powdered hair and staves walked solemnly at either side. On the horses' heads were plumes of vast size and lovely hues that waved as they passed, and the harnesses were mounted with gold or silver. These carriages were drawn by two horses each.

Following this part of the procession came the foreign princes in coaches drawn by four horses, and then the members of the Spanish royal family, drawn by six. These coaches were even more gloriously painted with armorial bearings and lacquered in colors and gold, and the royalties occupying them were brilliantly clad.

Preceded and followed by a handsome staff and escort came the King's great tortoise-shell coach, drawn by eight big white horses decked with snowy plumes. Alongside walked the gorgeously liveried servants and the guard of honor, some of whom were so soon to die. Just ahead of it came a lacquered gold coach with eight horses, more splendid than any that had gone before. But it was empty—the "coach of respect," to be used in case the King's

carriage should break down. Later on in this eventful day it was destined to be so used. The King was greeted with great applause.

A shorter procession, much like the first, followed after a pause of fifteen minutes. At the end of it came the Princess Victoria, who was also much cheered.

No words can give any idea of the regal splendor of the whole spectacle. There wasn't a single tawdry touch, or a tinsel look to suggest the circus, as is so often the case with royal progresses nowadays. It must have been quite like this in olden times. Each carriage and each man, every horse, every trapping, was a study in glorious color. The crimsons and canaries, olives and deep reds, exquisite blues, with deeper shades, mustards and pinks, were like those of old tapestries and old stuffs, all beautifully subdued. There wasn't a garish note.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed at the church, the two processions joined and returned over the route as one, the King and his Queen riding together in the royal coach and bowing to the right and left amid great cheering. As they passed I wondered if they really were happy, and what their lives would be. We watched the wonderful pageant defile across the square, which was all gay with the red and yellow, and turn

up the narrow street opposite, the fateful Calle Mayor.

Although the police had been told that there was danger of a bomb in the Calle Mayor, the awful thing was allowed to happen. A man whose movements would seem to have been suspicious enough threw a bomb from a window that would surely have hit its royal mark exactly if it had not struck a telegraph wire and burst in air. As it was, it killed the footman who was walking within a few feet of the King, and the great white horses at the pole. It devastated the escort and killed or wounded over a hundred of the bystanders. Broken glass cut the King's coat, but a medal he was wearing saved him from a wound. The Queen's dress was spattered with blood, but she was unhurt.

The leaders of the coach were so frightened that they ran and dragged the other horses, some of them dead or dying, for forty yards before they could be stopped. Then the King got out, helping the Queen to the empty coach of respect ahead. Some English secretaries, who had come back from the ceremony and were watching the procession from a balcony, came down and did what they could to help. The King talked incessantly, but the Queen said not a word. She told someone afterward that her first thought, as she saw the bomb

explode and blow a soldier to pieces, was, "That is meant for me. Will it kill me?" Both were very pale. Poor, innocent creatures—she so young and pretty, and he so plucky and genial!

When they reached the palace, it is said, he put his arms about her and kissed her, and cried, "God save my Queen!" It is the custom for the royal family, when one of them has escaped some danger, to go to a certain church and give thanks, but the Queen absolutely refused to go, and took to her bed and cried.

Next morning I heard a great commotion outside and rushed to the balcony. There were the King and Queen going slowly by in an auto, almost unaccompanied, to visit the wounded in the hospital. The people were so excited and enthusiastic that they climbed onto the car. Later in the day the brave young King walked through the streets alone, amid great cheers. But everybody was on edge; there were several panics over nothing at all—an orange tossed from a balcony, or a signboard that caught fire.

Saturday was the date set for the court ball and the bullfight in honor of the King's wedding. The ball was turned into a reception, but the rest of the program was carried out. The people were eager to see their young sovereigns again, and their curiosity was gratified, for the royal family—except



ROYAL WEDDING PROCESSION

the English members—drove in semi-state to Los Toros.

The scene was a gay one. The royalties in open landaus with four horses and outriders were followed by carriages with foreign princes and diplomats. The ladies wore their best white lace mantillas and high shell combs with carnations of the national colors, red and yellow. The bull ring became gay as a blossoming garden. No one could help being keenly alive to the beauty of the scene.

Since we had the good luck to have places in an upper box we could watch the young Queen take her seat by the King's side in the royal enclosure nearby, and noticed that as she waved the white scarf for the bullfight to begin her self-possession never failed.

Three superb enameled coaches drove into the ring, bearing grandees of Spain who alighted before the King and Queen, and with low bows presented other grandees dressed as knights of old. After them came swaggering toreros in costumes of brilliant colors, then the matadors, cappas, picadors, banderilleros and mule drivers, all bowing low as they passed. A murmur of admiration rose from the crowd, for it was a wonderful sight. Nothing like it had been seen for generations; it was the splendor of Charles the Fifth.

The first bullfight was given in old Spanish style.

The pen opened and a wild black bull came proudly into the ring amid cheers. Two grandees dressed as knights and riding spirited horses circled round him and stuck in slight picks which broke halfway and were left in his shoulder. It was so skillfully done that the bull's horns never struck the lively horses, and the bull, poor beast, soon sank upon his knees in exhaustion. He had been teased and worried till his proud spirit was broken. Then, with one adroit lunge of the matador's sword, he fell dead, and the populace applauded loudly.

The second bullfight was in the fashion of today. The bull, entering with a mad rush, was easily enticed by a cappa toward a poor, decrepit horse stupefied with morphine and blindfolded. As the bull charged, the picador thrust his pick into the animal's shoulder. The enraged creature in a frenzy drove his sharp horns again and again into the miserable horse till it fell writhing to earth.

This was arranged to happen directly in front of the royal box. It was the Queen's first experience of a bullfight, and she witnessed it with apparent calmness, never even changing color. She must not flinch. On guard before this alien race, she again showed her Anglo-Saxon self-control as nervelessly as when the terrible bomb was thrown.

No firecrackers were needed for this bull. Amid great cheering he chased the toreros till they were

forced to jump over the barrier. He killed five horses in his fury. Then he became exhausted and his end was near. Up came a matador and slew him with one stroke of his sword.

The rest we did not see, for we left, having had enough.

The night after the bullfight came the court reception. Except the palace in Petrograd, the one in Madrid is supposed to be the finest in the world. It is an enormous place, large rooms, marble floors, brocade on the walls and painted ceilings. One room had a very decorative ceiling in porcelain. There were many pictures, mostly by Goya. The ballroom had fine tapestries in gold and silver thread set in the wall; in three adjoining rooms some were hung as we had never seen any before, overlapping each other and looped back at the doors and windows. They were wrought long ago by Flemish artists especially for Spain. There are supposed to be seven miles of them stored away in the palace, a few being taken out at a time for special occasions like this.

The King and Queen received the diplomats in the throne room, which is all red and gold. Then they walked through the other rooms, stopping sometimes to talk with friends. Ahead of them were the Spanish royal family, the Queen's mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some gran-

dees. After catching a glimpse of the procession we went back to the tapestry room, in which we were much interested, and where there were only two or three others besides ourselves. Suddenly, to our surprise, the royalties came marching through again, so we had a good bow from the bridal couple all to ourselves.

By far the most beautiful of the ceremonies connected with the wedding was the high mass, which was celebrated in the royal chapel of the palace. But even the special ambassadors did not see it, for only the King and his court and the foreign princes were permitted to attend. For all that, we saw the high mass!

Our diminutive friend Antonio, who seemed able to do many things, hurried us through the crowd that thronged the great galleries of the courtyard outside. Tagging onto the coat tails of some grand official, we were passed through guarded doors and up back ways, mounting steep service stairways, till we came to a large room directly over the high altar of the royal chapel. There, through a grille, we could look on in comfort at the whole ceremony, while sweet incense rose from the burners below to delight our senses.

The chapel was a vast octagonal hall, very lofty and stately, rich with marbles and gold and frescoes. Opposite the deep chairs of the cardinals rose

the royal throne with the seats for the infantas and grandees of Spain nearby. On the other side were benches for the officials and suites of the court. The suites of the foreign princes stood in an enclosure, while the princes themselves sat in boxes which opened into the chapel as in a theater. Because the Queen Mother was not of Spanish blood she, too, occupied a box, and with her—in pale blue satin—sat the Princess of Wales, with other guests.

The halberdiers took up their stations. The only movement during the whole ceremony which was not devotional was the changing of these men, who stood like statues till they were on the point of fainting. The doors were opened, and we could see the crowds in the gallery outside. Through them came slowly in procession a train of gentlemen-in-waiting and chamberlains, all in gorgeous dress. As each passed before the altar he bowed and crossed himself, then turned and bowed to the Queen Mother in her box, and took his place on the benches.

Following them came three cardinals in their wonderful red robes, with their attendants, and they genuflected and crossed and bowed. The King and Queen entered next, taking their places on the magnificently embroidered throne, the infantas of Spain following. Then came another procession, this time with many ladies in white mantillas and beau-

tiful dresses of pale yellows and blues; they revered first the cross, then the King and Queen, the infantas and the Queen Mother. The chapel was filled with a blaze of color as they took their seats.

After the mass there was a *Te Deum* in recognition of the King's escape from the bomb. The orchestra for the occasion was fine, and the singing almost divine. The King performed all the devotions with much pomp, the Queen in her new religion following. It was one of the most perfect ceremonials I have ever seen. Before it was quite over we went down and were admitted to the sacristy, which had windows overlooking the galleries, so we saw the whole procession once more as it left the chapel.

A church service in Spain is always like stepping back into the Middle Ages. They say the Spanish are the most eloquent of all the Catholic clergy, and that Castilian is really the only language in which to address God.

A few weeks before going back to Madrid for the King's wedding we had been in Seville for the celebration of Holy Week. Those wonderful processions! There is nothing like them anywhere else in the world. They are made up of floats belonging to different churches and societies whose members walk with them. Companies of Penitentes adopt

dominos of some distinctive color with high pointed hats from which long visors fall over the face and form a mask. Sometimes long trains are worn which are allowed to drag on the ground when passing the royal box.

The floats are from ten to twenty feet long and each one is borne by a score of men walking beneath. These men wear turbans so long that they form a sort of padding for the shoulders, where the weight of the float falls. The procession moves very slowly, for the reason that they can only march about a hundred yards without stopping to rest. Besides being attended by the members of its own organization, each float is also accompanied by soldiers and a band. These soldiers are small, but make a good appearance. The costumes of the members vary, now black velvet, or purple, or blue and white, or—like the members of the butcher society—those of Roman soldiers. Some were doing public penance for their sins. Several girls took part in the procession we saw, one of them dressed as St. Veronica, with bare feet and long hair falling over her brown robe.

There were many figures of the Virgin, each on its own float and dressed in a superb robe of red, black or purple velvet with a long train embroidered in gold or silver. They were carved from wood and had painted faces and real hair. From

neck to waist they were bedecked with wonderful jewels, and wore crowns of real gems and rings and bracelets galore, and each one carried daintily a lace handkerchief! In front of them was a perfect forest of tall candles and at either corner a silver lamp. Often the base of the float was of silver, too. Even while peasants were starving, thirty thousand dollars was easily raised to buy a diamond crown for a wooden Virgin.

The societies are composed of poor as well as rich members, of course. The cigarette factory girls' float, which carried a Virgin—like most of the others—was the most popular in the procession. The King left his box and, with his suite in uniform at his heels, joined the group and marched with them. This caused much cheering, for he was very popular and this was his first visit to Seville.

It was very gay that afternoon on the stand where the young monarch sat. All the seats were taken, young men were visiting the boxes, and much flirting was going on. Most of the women were dressed in black brocade with black mantilla, but wore bright roses in their hair and a gayly colored petticoat, and many jewels.

Later that same afternoon we went to the cathedral to see the ceremony of the washing of the feet. Twelve men from the poorhouse had been selected, bathed, and given new suits for the occasion. They

sat on a platform, each with a towel over his shoulder. The boot and stocking were taken from one foot, which was dipped in a basin that a priest carried; this priest touched the foot with the towel and then the bishop kissed it. The robes of the bishop and canons were very handsome, and there was much incense.

Late in the evening the beautiful Miserere was sung very impressively in the cathedral, which was almost dark, lighted only by candles here and there, and filled with crowds of worshipers. The brilliantly lighted floats were carried through the dim aisles, the procession lasting till four or five in the morning, making a remarkable scene, never to be forgotten. We went home as the sun was rising, feeling very serious and religious.

On Wednesday of Holy Week occurs the service of the rending of the great white veil behind the high altar, to symbolize the rending of the veil of the Temple at the time of the crucifixion. Those of us who were not fortunate enough to have hired chairs stood during the ceremonies. Before us, and between us and the high altar, was a low railing with a great golden gate; at either side and in the center were three pulpits. Behind us another golden gate led into the enclosed choir which is found only in Spain. Three priests mounted into the pulpits and chanted, each in turn.

The service of the rending of the black veil is held on Saturday. At this ceremony there is a sound as of thunder, and the veil parts in the center and disappears—this is perhaps the most impressive of all the services of Holy Week.

During Thursday and Friday of this week no carriage was allowed in the streets. We were out in ours a few minutes longer than we should have been, for no one had told us about the custom, and in consequence received a message from the governor and were obliged to pay a fine.

Thursday morning the King, with his mother and sister and a suite and guard, walked through the streets and prayed before the Virgin at various churches.

A bullfight was to have taken place on Easter Sunday, but did not because the picadors struck. A law had been passed forbidding them to use such cruel picks. This made it more dangerous for them, since the bull did not tire so quickly, and it also resulted in the death of more horses. The matter was finally arranged, and the fight came off the following Tuesday. The first bull killed only one horse and was not considered "brave." We didn't stay for any more.

Before leaving for Granada and farther south we had a glimpse of the Alcazar, the famous old Moorish palace where the King stays when he is in

town. It was in good condition and very beautiful outside, but seldom used. Our consul took us through the royal apartment, the King having just left for Madrid. The furniture was old and in bad taste, and the pictures of no value—in fact, the rooms reminded one of a shabby hotel. In the lovely tropical garden, where the roses were in bloom, they showed us a tree supposed to have been planted by Columbus.

Everyone who goes to Spain goes to Granada, so I suppose I must say a word about it, although we have read so much. The cathedral with its tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella was disappointing, but I think the garden of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, the most enchanting place in the world. It is a series of gardens on a hillside, with fountains and orange trees and great climbing roses, and flight after flight of stone steps with water flowing down a runnel in the top of the balustrades. From the highest point one has a superb view of lofty snow mountains and the luxuriant plain, and looks down upon the huge walls and towers of the Alhambra fortifications on a hill below. Within the walls are hotels and dwellings, and the imposing though unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth.

There is also the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, which is considered one of the wonders of

the world. It is indeed a marvel of beautiful work in plaster with ceilings of wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, or of stalactite formation in plaster. As the Mohammedan religion forbids the representation of man or beast, the designs are principally composed of letters. The building was in fairly good condition, for it was being restored in many places. The baths of the sultan are handsome, but not so fine as some in India.

The marriage tower was kept by two women whose parents had lived there before them till they were struck by lightning and killed. The sisters are obliged to ring the bell every hour during the night, for the irrigation of the fields is regulated by it.

A familiar person about the hotel and the Alhambra grounds is the old king of the gypsies, a picturesque figure in his quaint costume. Many of his people live not far away in caves dug out of ledges of rock, not wandering as most gypsies do, but staying there from one generation to another. Their rooms are whitewashed and kept very clean, with brass dishes shining on the walls. A garrulous old woman whose palm I had crossed with silver told my fortune. With mysterious signs she offered me some well worn cards to cut and bade me make a wish. Then she herself cut and recut the cards and laid them out, while the bold, hard-faced gypsy girls and the lying, thieving gypsy men stood



CAMEL CARAVAN AT TANGIER

nearby to listen. It was the usual story—a dark man, danger (the card with the dagger), adventure (the card with the lantern) and money, with the bag of gold. But with the bright pans gleaming on the walls and reflecting the firelight on those swarthy faces with the flashing black eyes and sinister glances, it made a weird sight that I have not forgotten.

We left Granada and the beautiful snow mountains and went down to the plain, where the poppies were in bloom. This is the land of oranges, olives, corn and grapes, and we passed fields where the black bulls that were being raised for Los Toros were pastured. On the way to Gibraltar there were groves of cork oaks, their trunks showing orange where the bark had been stripped off.

As we steamed across the broad straits, the mountains on the coast of Africa changed from pale blue to gray and brown and green. The little walled town of Tarifa, the last stand of the Moors, slipped past us, while away in the distance Cape Trafalgar stretched out into the Atlantic.

At first glimpse Tangier was disappointing—just a town of white houses piled up on the hillside. But when we had had the excitement of landing, with shouting Moors and Berbers and what-nots fighting for our luggage, and had passed the Water Gate into the winding ways and got into the squalor

and rags—never have I seen such rags as in Tangier!—we began to realize that it had the atmosphere and charm of the East.

From the terrace of our hotel outside the walls we could look out upon the great, busy market with all its life and bustle. People streamed past like ants, with here and there, rising above them, the fine figure of a horseman all enveloped in his burnous and riding his red-saddled Arab. Crowds of people sat on the ground about a story-teller, who also fenced with sticks for the amusement of his patrons. Donkeys stood patiently by, waiting for the loads of grass on their backs to be sold. Women, too, were beasts of burden, for many of them bore bundles of sticks which they had brought into the city from miles away and were waiting to sell. Under cover, we heard, there was still the buying and selling of slaves.

The different sects of Mohammedans with their music, and their flying flags of yellow or green-and-yellow, the tomb of a local saint in the center of the square with its rag of red flag, the cemetery below, where miserable little processions passed in and out all day long, gave us always something to look at. Then there were the beggars, who seemed to make the bridges their special haunt—dreadful creatures, many of them blind and all in rags. Some had had their eyes put out by their masters for stealing.

In a small whitewashed hut sat Raisuli's judge in summary court with gesticulating crowds forever quarreling before the door. All disputes in his district were taken to this judge in the market place. Raisuli seemed to be a very powerful and much dreaded man. He had two enemies shot while we were in Tangier, and it caused a lot of excitement, making it dangerous for foreigners to go far outside the city. All the legations were in his district, and the friends of the men whom he had killed were anxious to capture a foreign diplomat and hold him till they were given Raisuli in exchange.

Stories of residents in Tangier made us realize that we were within the sway of Oriental justice. Here the sultans and bashaws and caids ruled undisturbed and their will was law. All the legations could do in those days was to try to keep out of trouble. The situation was all the wilder because everyone in Tangier knew that so many powers were hungering for it that no one would give way to another. The squabble at Algeciras had made them realize their independence of foreigners and their ability to fight among themselves as they pleased, and to treat foreigners as they chose.

The streets of the city were narrow and dirty, and most of the people one saw were men. Women of the better class never go out except on Fridays, when they may visit other women, and on the one

day in the year when they go to the mosque. The houses are white and are much like those of Spaniards, with a court in the center. The doorway of a Moorish house is closed only by curtains, but when the owner wishes privacy he leaves a slipper outside. Men have been known to wall up the door on going away for several months, leaving their wives and servants with food inside. They told us that in Fez, the capital of Morocco, no one was allowed to sell or rent a house to a missionary, and that one man who did so had been crucified.

A man can have four wives and as many slave women as he can afford. He can divorce any one of his wives at any time by giving her back the amount of money she came to him with, and she can marry again. The husband may pick out any child of any wife to succeed him.

Wives are supposed to cook all the food for their husband, to make his clothes and grow fat. Country women have more freedom than those in cities, for they are obliged to work outdoors, and in that way they meet men and marry the one they care for. In the wedding ceremony they must lift the veil, and if they are being married to someone they do not like they can refuse to lift it.

The Shereef of Wazzan married an English woman who was governess in the family of Mr. Perdicaris. The Shereef, who was the son of a

black slave, asked if a daughter of his could be taught by the English woman, and so came to know and love her. Mrs. Perdicaris sent the governess back to England to her parents, hoping to prevent the marriage, but the Shereef sent to ask them for their daughter's hand, promising to divorce the three wives he already had. The girl returned to Morocco and married him. Three years later Mrs. Perdicaris had a letter from her saying that she was being slowly poisoned, and begging for help. Mrs. Perdicaris went to the English minister, who sent word to the Shereef that his wife must be given up to them at once, alive. So she was, and at the time we were there lived in a nice house with one of her sons, who had married a Moorish woman. The Shereef died soon after and she now points to his photographs with much pride.

Morocco is the land of presents. If you admire anything it will probably be given to you, but—a gift of equal value is expected in return. The sultan always gives a foreign minister a horse and saddle or a carpet, and swords or daggers to the secretaries of legation.

An American whom we met had been to Fez, which is a four to six days' journey from Tangier. The Sultan of Morocco, who lived there, had taken a fancy to him and presented him with a mule and a saddle of red velvet and gold, and also with a

“holy” horse which had been to Mecca. He told us that the natives used to come to see it, and kiss it, and it was always the first to be fed. On the other hand, the Sultan happening to admire the American’s riding crop, took it and said, “This is a nice one. I will keep it.” A cigarette case and other things went the same way. Once when they were riding together the American chanced to admire a horse they were passing. That night the Sultan bought it for him!

Early one evening as we stood in a window overlooking Tangier there was a report of a gun from the mosque. This was followed by the wildest fusillade all over the town, from roof tops and from the midst of the crowd in the market below our windows. There was smoke everywhere, and we could hear the whiz of bullets. The noise lasted for some time, and we were much relieved later to learn that it was not a riot but simply a celebration in honor of the new moon, which was specially welcome this month because Mohammed’s birthday occurred then.

After dinner one night in the consul’s garden some native musicians grouped themselves against a wall beneath some vines, looking very picturesque in the dim lantern light. A flute-player reeled off the wild music of the land, and the others played their quaint instruments. Among the tunes they

gave us was the old Lament of the Fall of Granada, which tells the grief of the Moors at being driven from their love in Spain. This reminded us of something we had heard, that the Moors of today still treasure the keys of the house in Granada which their ancestors left four hundred years ago, never to see again.

CHAPTER X

EASTWARD BOUND



IT seemed a wonder of wonders when L. managed to get us a private audience with Pope Leo XIII, who was then a very old man, for it was not such a simple matter to arrange. First, Monseigneur Stoner called on us. He was of a noble English family, and L. had known him before, so they talked things over. Following this we were asked to call on Cardinal Perrochi, who proved to be a fat, jolly old soul, clad in a long purple robe, with a cross about his neck and a cardinal's ring with a dark stone set in diamonds. He spoke very bad French, for the most part about Italy and art, but as a result of our fifteen minutes' chat with him we soon after received a notice to be at the Vatican at ten o'clock one Sunday morning.

So L. in evening dress and I in black with a long black lace veil hanging from the back of my head, and wearing all my pearls and diamonds, started forth in a closed carriage. It is the custom to dress without color, and to put on jewels in honor of the

pontiff—but they, too, must be without color. After driving through the vast courts of the Vatican in the shadow of mighty St. Peter's, we climbed endless stone steps, passing the Swiss guard stationed along the way. They wore the striking uniforms designed by Michael Angelo—caps and stockings striped with yellow and black, coats and knee breeches slashed with red. Men in red brocade ushered us through a series of rooms that were frescoed and hung with fine tapestries, but almost empty of furniture.

While waiting in an anteroom we were much interested in several priests who flitted through, bearing trays with rosaries and reliques. They all seemed greatly excited; plainly, something had gone wrong. As they were hovering about and whispering together, two men in long purple robes came in and said that the Pope wanted his valet, so off they all went in a hurry to search for him. Not long afterward we were ushered in, and before I knew it were in the presence of Leo XIII.

The wonderful old man was sitting at the end of a small room on his throne of red and gold, wearing a white robe and skullcap. He beckoned us to come nearer and we knelt before him, kissing his hand. He asked us to sit, but we replied that we would rather kneel. His hand was tied up in a handkerchief—we fancied because he didn't want

Protestants to touch the ring which Catholics kiss. (They also kiss his foot.)

His eyes were dark and piercing, his nose delicately aquiline, his mouth thin-lipped and straight. In spite of his eighty-eight years his mind was perfectly clear. He talked in exquisite French about his convents in America, the college in Washington, the Spanish-American War and the trip that we had planned to India.

After we had conversed a while he placed his hand on my head and blessed us and wished us happiness. For a moment he tottered but did not fall, and I realized in a flash that when the valet was sent for, before our entrance, he had probably fainted—perhaps he had fallen and hurt his hand. That would explain the troubled behavior of the priests.

Backing to the end of the room we knelt again. After L. and I had gone out we found that the little white bag of money had been forgotten—everyone who goes to see him makes him a present of some kind. So we sent it in by one of his servants, who came back and thanked us. On through the rooms, and down the steps to the carriage, and our visit to the Pope was over.

This, however, was not the first time I had seen Leo XIII, for two years before I had attended a ceremony at the Vatican with several other women.



ST. PETER'S

All the ladies wore black dresses and black lace veils then, too, and the men were in evening dress, though it was morning. We arrived at eight o'clock and had to stand for three hours. But it was a glorious sight, for the Knights of Malta, the ambassadors of the Vatican, the members of the household, the chamberlains, cardinals, bishops, canons of St. Peter's and so on, were all there, some of them in magnificent costumes. The Pope came in his gestatorial chair borne by six men. He wore a robe of white and gold brocade and the famous triple crown; on his hands were white silk mitts and his diamond rings. The gold miter given him by Emperor William and the white ostrich fans were carried before him.

One afternoon not long after our audience, L. and I left Rome for Naples, where we went aboard ship, bag and baggage, bound for the Holy Land and India. It was after dark when the boat sailed, leaving behind the long line of lights that stretches from Posilippo to Naples and Castellamare, while old Vesuvius glowed red hot in the sky as we slipped out between the Point and Capri.

Next morning we were surprised to find ourselves lying at anchor at Messina. The reason for this strange and unexpected event was the presence on board of Princess Henry, the German Emperor's

sister-in-law, who was going out to join her husband, at that time in command of the Eastern squadron. The Emperor and Empress were on their famous yacht, the Hohenzollern, and they wished to come aboard our steamer to say good-bye to Her Highness. What a glorious setting for the little parade those beautiful mountains of Sicily made, with the town along the edge of the sparkling blue sea, and the hills of Italy on the other side!

The imperial sixteen-oared barge, in blue and gold, came toward us across the still water, escorted by three steam launches. Besides the Emperor and Empress came a lady-in-waiting and Baron von Bülow, the latter covered with gold braid and wearing a sword, though the imperial couple themselves wore simple dark blue yachting costumes. The captain received them at the gangway and there were music and cheering, at which they bowed left and right, then disappeared into a cabin. Later they were shown over the ship and the Kaiserin took snapshots with a kodak; they both kissed the Princess on either cheek, and finally floated off again in their barge while the band played the "Wacht am Rhein" and handkerchiefs waved them a good-bye.

Our engines began to move, the ship trembled, and we were off once more. Two days of Mediterranean weather followed, each of them as bad as

possible. Changing boats at Port Said, we reached Jaffa, where there was quite a heavy swell on. But they hurried us off in a rowboat and landed us in the surf, which was rather exciting.

Sightseeing began at once. I never saw anything like the streets of Jaffa, what with mud, orange peel and dead cats. The population of the town was half Syrian, the remainder one-fourth each of Jews and Christians. The story of Jonah and the whale is supposed to have been located somewhere in the vicinity, also the Greek myth of Perseus and Andromeda. The house of Simon the Tanner, where Peter stayed, was owned by a Mohammedan at the time I was there.

There is now a railroad running from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but we had to drive the forty-one miles in a carriage, which gave a better opportunity to see the points of interest along the way. There were many of them, too, for numerous events both in Old and New Testament history took place in this region. For instance, there was the spot where Peter is supposed to have restored the charitable Tabitha to life, and the one where Samson destroyed the crops of the Philistines. All good people who know the Bible will tell you that Samson was betrothed to a woman who chose to marry a Philistine instead, and by way of revenge for the slight he caught several hundred foxes, tied

their tails together in pairs, stuck a lighted torch between each couple and set them loose in the grain fields of the Philistines. Then someone pointed out a place where they assured us Joshua had commanded the sun to "stand still upon Gibeon," and the moon "in the valley of Ajalon," in order that he might finish his slaughter of the tribes of the Amorites; while the tribes were fleeing there came a hailstorm—"for it was the will of God"—and the five kings of the Amorites hid in a cave where Joshua found and slew them.

For all it is so rich in history, this is a barren land, for the soil is so poor that it can bear only a few olive trees. The natives were picturesque enough, though, in their sheepskin coats, and the fierce-looking Bedouins were dark and handsome; with their shawls thrown over their heads they looked the brigands that no doubt many of them were.

In Jerusalem our dragoman, or guide, was an agreeable young chap called John for the convenience of travelers. But most of what he was able to show us was disappointing and un-Christian, for lying, deceit and imposture were encountered at every turn. You could hardly believe anything you heard, so much of it was certainly untrue. At the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for instance, was a long stone which people were

kissing and praying before because they were told that it was the stone on which Christ was laid. But the "real" stone had long since been worn away and this one put in its place. We were also shown, in perfect good faith, a hole in a wall where the skull of Adam was kept, and some of the clay out of which he had been made!

One entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre through a small door cut in the rock. Inside was the Holy Sepulchre, which is of marble; candles were burning before it, and a Mohammedan stood guard. The key of the church was also kept by Mohammedans because there was so much strife among the Christian sects for the privilege! It was here, according to the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, that the crucifixion took place. Owing to her great interest in the holy places, the Greek Church predominates in Jerusalem, though there is much rivalry between that body and the Church of Rome.

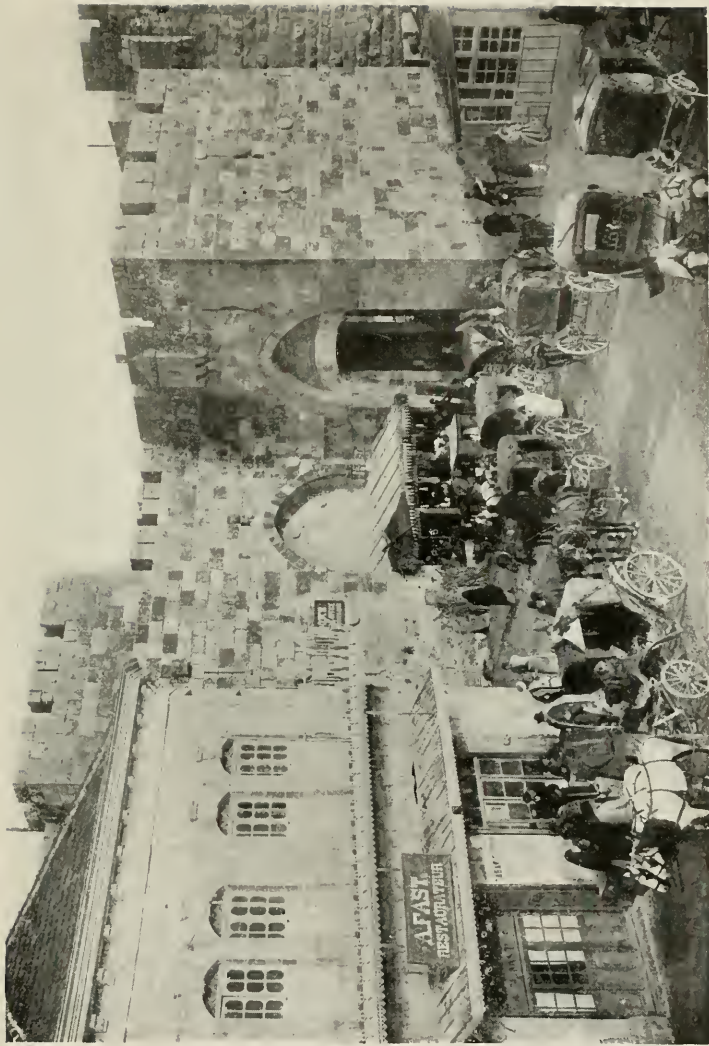
Outside the walls of the church were shown the tombs of the Virgin and of Joseph and Anne. Near the city was the much-debated site of the Garden of Gethsemane, then in the hands of Franciscan monks, with a grotto where Peter, John and James were said to have fallen asleep during the "agony in the garden." The thirty pieces of silver which Judas received for the betrayal of his Lord were

used to buy the potter's field, the "field of blood" where paupers were buried.

In a cemetery there were tombs cut from the solid rock and arranged in a sort of amphitheater, with stone steps and seats for the mourners and a large cistern for collecting rain water to wash the dead. The tomb of Absalom the son of David was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, while not far off was the hill where Solomon offered sacrifices from which the blood ran into the brook Kedron, and the Pool of Siloam, where the blind man washed his eyes at Christ's command and received his sight.

Our day ended with coffee in a Mohammedan café, where of course there were no other women, so the men looked at us with much curiosity. We tried to smoke the hubble-bubble, which had cold water in it and was almost tasteless.

According to the Greek Church, the fifth of January was Christmas eve. There was a ceremony at Bethlehem to which we went, passing on the way the tree where Judas hanged himself, the well of the Three Magi, and the tomb of Rachel, for whom Jacob served seven years. Bethlehem turned out to be a hard-working village, largely dependent on the sale of rosaries for its living. The women there had a very pretty headdress, consisting of a high red cap with gold pieces sewed on in front,



THE GATE OF JERUSALEM

these being the real money which formed their dowry.

The little church was built in the fourth century by Constantine over the manger where Christ was born—the undisputed place, they say. The manger was to be seen, at any rate. The door was so small that one fairly had to crawl through it, as a measure of protection against the Mohammedans. Pilgrims kept arriving—Russians, for the most part; they had come from great distances and wore high boots and carried large sticks. The church was crowded with worshipers.

After the crowd had assembled, a unique procession began. Eight Greek priests in robes of white and gold, bearing ikons, books and incense, came from the church to meet the Patriarch, who arrived in a carriage preceded by horsemen. A carpet had been laid down on the road for his use, and he descended from the carriage upon it—a handsome man, with a black robe and high cap and a long black beard. After the priests had welcomed him they clad him in a garment of purple, and then with a staff in one hand and a cross in the other he blessed the people. The priests headed the procession back to the church, swinging before him censers which filled the air with sweet perfume.

A few days after this occasion we set off on horseback for Jericho, and had not gone far when a

Bedouin with a big gun over his shoulder and a knife in his belt joined us. There had been a question as to the wisdom of our making the trip on account of trouble with brigands, so this Bedouin was sent with us for an escort.

It was twenty miles to Jericho and the road was very bad. Our luncheon, which had come out of saddle-bags, was devoured at a little stone hut by the roadside. The country was hilly and barren, with here and there a shepherd tending his herd of goats or camels.

Drawing near to Jericho, however, we had a beautiful view of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. On one side of us were the mountains of Moab and on the other the hills of Judea. Close to the road was a deep ravine, and on the side of the mountain opposite were a monastery and caves where monks were living.

The hotel—in those days the only building in Jericho—was kept by an English lady who gave us tea in a pretty little sitting-room. She had been the head of a mission school until she married a Christian Jew. They ran the small hotel together with the help of one funny little black servant.

Off again on horseback, this time for the Dead Sea, still accompanied by our guard and John the dragoman. On the way we passed a Bedouin camp with its tents of camel's hair; the Bedouins

were said to be dreadful thieves. In the spring the plain is covered with flowers, but foreigners seldom see it then, for they can only stand the climate a few months in the winter, it is so hot at other seasons of the year.

The Dead Sea is over twelve hundred feet below the Mediterranean, and the water has three or four times as much salt as that of the ocean. We tried to bring to life a pelican who had drunk of it, but he soon died in spite of our efforts. At one end of the sea is the plain of Sodom and Gomorrah, where Lot's wife was turned to salt, and at the other are monasteries and a mosque that is supposed to stand on the spot where Moses died.

The River Jordan, it turned out, was small and muddy, with thick bushes growing on either side. Its name means "descender," and very appropriately, for the Jordan is the only river in the world, so far as is known, which runs most of its course below sea level. In spite of its name, the "Sea" of Galilee, which is fed by the Jordan, is a fresh-water lake some twelve miles in length; it is nearly seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, being on the course of "the descender."

From Jericho could be seen the ruins of the ancient city, and the Mount of Temptation. A missionary from Africa joined us while we were in

Jericho—he had walked a thousand miles and had most interesting adventures to tell.

The trip back to Jerusalem was uneventful. In Bethany, now a miserable little village on the east slope of the Mount of Olives, they showed us the usual number of apocryphal landmarks—the tomb of Lazarus, the house where Mary and Martha lived, a rock on the Mount with a footprint of Jesus, and so on. On the walls of a monastery the Lord's Prayer had been written in thirty-two languages.

The streets of Jerusalem, which is a walled city, are so narrow that carriages cannot pass through them and one has to walk. On a platform of the vanished Temple of Solomon stands the largest mosque in the world and one of the most beautiful. It is a superb great structure, circular in form and very much like those I saw in Egypt. In the center is the "Holy Rock," on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son when God provided the kid instead. However true that may be, it is certain that many human sacrifices did take place on this rock. The Wailing Place of the Jews is a part of the old wall of the Temple of Solomon. Even when we were there, they still came to this place to moan and cry, and to chant "For the place that is desolate we sit in solitude and mourn."

Other sights of Jerusalem include the Pool of Solomon, the waters of Bethesda, the house of the

high priest to which Christ was brought from the Garden of Gethsemane, the arch through which he passed to the crucifixion, the remains of the "stables of Solomon," and a chapel supported by the White Fathers, which is said to be built on the spot where the Virgin was born.

While in Jerusalem we attended a service in a synagogue. It was interesting to see the Jewish men in their fur-lined gowns of purple velvet, their fur caps and their side curls, which made them look so effeminate. To my surprise, many of them had red hair, and their noses were less hooked than I had expected.

Once again at Jaffa, this time to join the ship. But imagine our horror to find that she was in quarantine and couldn't take on any passengers, and the next steamer was not due for ten days! Of course we were disappointed, but it turned out to be better than we feared, for the house where we were staying was in the middle of a fragrant orange grove, and the weather was lovely and warm. To console us, they told us of a Russian captain who had been shipwrecked off Jaffa and had stayed there all his life.

To pass the time we went riding on horseback. I had a ripping little Arabian stallion and enjoyed it immensely. But alas, one day at full gallop he slipped in the mud and fell, and though he was up

again in an instant I had fallen off and hurt my ankle. An old German doctor fixed me up, but I had to stay in bed, which was rather tiresome.

When I was able to be about again, John the dragoman took us to see his fiancée in the house of his sister, who had married a lawyer. Their house was neat and looked quite European; the women were fairer than most Syrians and dressed in a funny mixture of styles. They couldn't talk English but were very hospitable, giving us coffee, cake and cigarettes.

At last our ship came in, and we hurried down to the shore where small boats were waiting to take us out to it. The wind was high and the waves enormous and our consul begged us not to go, for he said it was dangerous. But all were determined to take the risk, because none of us felt that we could stand Jaffa any longer. The oarsmen sang and rowed for all they were worth. It got rougher and rougher as we neared the steamer. The small craft tumbled about on the waves and water splashed in over the gunwale. The women held the men's hands, one cried, while another covered her head and collapsed.

When we finally reached the ship, sailors caught us up one at a time as the small boat rose on the crest of a wave, and pulled us aboard. Most of us managed it without much trouble but one passenger

was so heavy that when they got him halfway up he stuck, balancing on the gangway, and for half a minute it was uncertain whether he would topple off into the water or not. But he didn't, and soon Jaffa was left behind us with no regrets whatever.

The seas quieted down as the steamer neared Port Said, and the weather became all that anyone could wish. Again we changed ship, this time for India, and went ashore for dinner in that strange, immoral town which only wakes up when a steamer is in and then is very gay. (It was not a new place to us for we had been there before, a time to be remembered, when plague had broken out on ship-board.) Late that night we entered the canal, passing out at the other end on the following afternoon.

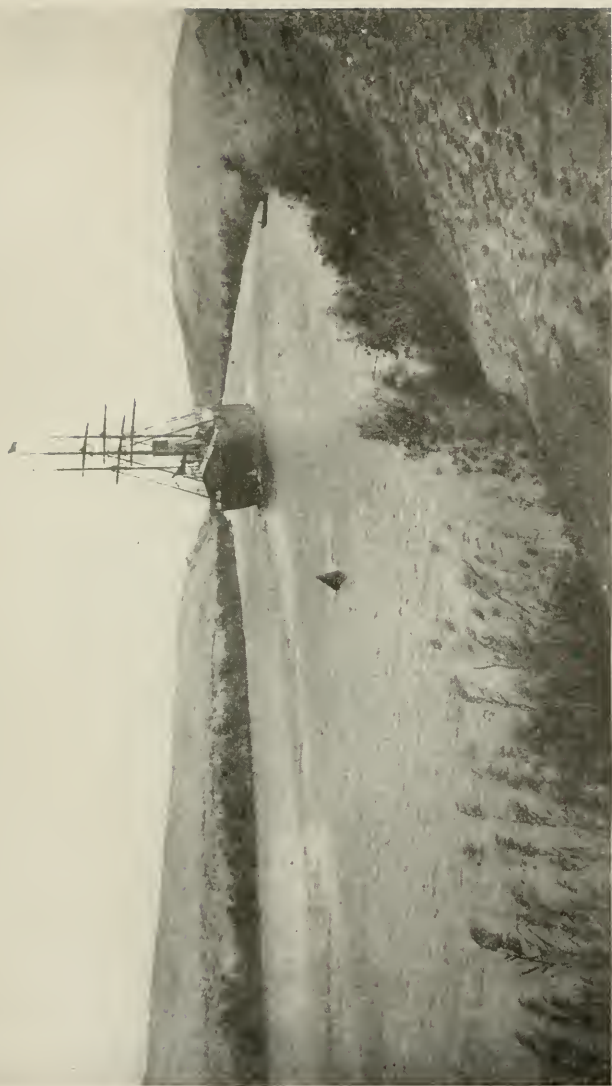
Ismailia, halfway through, is thoroughly uninteresting, with avenues of dusty trees and some mud houses and "villas." Crossing Timsah Lake the steamer entered a narrow canal, not more than a hundred feet in width, with a few stunted bushes and cacti growing along the banks. At times the canal opened out into lagoons and lakes, through which we steamed at full speed and then tied up at a station for an hour to permit vessels going the other way to pass.

On through the narrow, sand-bound canal, its high banks now and then falling low enough to give a glimpse of the endless desert beyond with its

small camps of Arabs and its caravans moving ever so slowly. Then appeared a row of sad-looking trees lining the bund of the town of Suez, and a string of buoys to direct us out of the canal.

Suez is not much of a place, a collection of rather desolate-looking houses on a low, sandy neck and a large quay extending out into the bay with some railway buildings. As we left it next morning, though, it looked really beautiful on account of the coloring of land and water and atmosphere, so pale and softly-tinted. Then came the headlands of the Gulf of Suez, with the coast ranges of Africa on one side and the Sinai Peninsula on the other, the mountains faint in the distance.

Bryce wrote of the Isthmus of Suez: "It echoed to the tread of the armies of Thothmes and Ramesés marching forth on their invasions of western Asia. Along the edge of it Israel fled forth before the hosts of Pharaoh. First the Assyrian and afterward the Persian hosts poured across it to conquer Egypt, and over its sands Bonaparte led his regiments to Palestine in the bold adventure which was stopped at St. Jean d'Acre." And now today the armies of the Allies, from India and Australia and the ends of the earth, have passed through on their way to the scattered battlefields of the Great War. Few parts of the world have staged more history than the sandy plains of Suez.



THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

For four days after leaving the Gulf we plowed our way down the Red Sea with good weather and smooth water and a pleasant breeze blowing. The days were glorious and the nights superb, for a full moon followed us along. The sunsets were especially fine, for the sun went down in splendor behind the Ethiopian Mountains. In due time came the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, where the channel is only eighteen miles wide, with the island of Perim and the headlands bare and barren.

The Red Sea must have been named by a man who was color blind, for it is blue as blue can be, except in the shallows, where it is a lovely pale green. There were rugged islands whose shores were fringed with wrecks, and occasional stretches of low, sandy coast, but most of the time the steamer was out of sight of land.

God-forsaken Aden loomed up out of the night, a promontory outlined against the black sky with a few twinkling lights. The five days' trip from there on to India was smooth and pleasant enough, though a trifle hot and muggy. The only land in sight was wild Sokotra.

It is the custom when a ship crosses the equator for Neptune to come aboard and enjoy himself at the expense of that part of the ship's company who have not crossed the Line before. As a matter of fact, on this occasion Neptune must have been a bit

off his course, because, though pretty near it, we didn't actually cross the equator.

One night the steamer stopped and there was such a howling and noise that we all rushed up on deck, thinking there must be a man overboard. Over the railing came two men dripping with water—one a savage with little on but a rope skirt, a top hat and earrings, who ran up and down the deck making a great racket on a tin pan—the other an old fellow with a rope beard. They were messengers of Neptune, who sent word that the Lord of the Ocean was coming on board the next day at three o'clock. Then off over the railing they both went, and we heard a great splash, and that was all.

But sure enough, at the appointed hour there appeared from the hold of the ship a drum major, then a band, then a couple of savages, and finally Neptune himself, with his queen. The Sea King had yellow locks, a robe of red and yellow, and web feet. Her Majesty was a sailor very cleverly gotten up as a woman. Following them came their suite with a sea horse, a monk and many others.

A tank had been set up on deck and the monk took his place behind it. The ladies were only blessed and sprinkled with water, but when a big German came up he was taken to the side of the tank, his face was lathered with a rough brush and then shaved. Afterward he was ducked in the

tank, which made him so angry that he started to fight with a man who was already in there. It was rough horseplay, but quite amusing.

Night came on, and the Neptunes disappeared over the side of the ship. The last we saw of them was their lighted craft floating away in the distance.

CHAPTER XI

SOME CITIES OF IND

“To thee, my motherland, I dedicate my body, for thee I consecrate my life; for thee my eyes will weep; and in thy praise my Muse will sing.

“Though my arms are helpless and powerless, still they will do the deeds that can only serve thy cause; and though my sword is rusty with disgrace, still it shall sever thy chains of bondage, sweet mother of mine.”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



TRAVELERS in India usually keep to the north, where the trains and hotels are more comfortable, but we had decided to see as much of the country as we could, and so included Ceylon and something of the southern part of the peninsula, as well as the more frequented routes of the north. We had no cause to regret our decision.*

And really, no one has seen India who has not seen the south, with its temple gates and thousand-pillared halls, its grotesque sculptures and its varied

* It is possible now to visit the ruins of Anarodahpura, the ancient city which is gradually being unearthed and is well worth seeing.

sights, sounds and smells. One never forgets above all those great, deep temples, reeking and crowded with wretched, naked people, and the graven images filthy with oil and faded flowers, and the clamor of noisy flutes and cymbals and drums, and great elephants performing their daily duties in the midst of mystic rites.

Ceylon was the first land sighted—a long, low-lying coast fringed with tropical trees. As our steamer entered the harbor at Colombo natives came flocking round in their catamarans. Their long black hair was done in a pug at the back of the neck, and they sang and clapped their elbows against their firm, dark bodies before diving into the water for shining silver pieces.

The hotel at Colombo was large and comfortable for the Orient, but in the town there was little to be seen. It did furnish us with an adventure, though. We hired a carriage, the driver of which pretended to lose his way and took us into the wilds, evidently to rob us. He spoke no English, and all the while it was growing darker and we were getting farther from civilization. My husband tried to make him turn, but he wouldn't, so finally L. climbed up onto the box and they had a fight, which ended in the man falling off and L. driving back to town. It was quite exciting. Afterward we heard that a good many people had been

robbed in Ceylon from time to time, though generally by boatmen who would take them off the steamer and hold them up for money, threatening to throw them overboard if they didn't pay.

The trip inland to Kandy lay at first through a level country of brilliant green paddy fields, long stretches of banana groves and bits of dense tropical jungle. Then the train began to climb and to wind in and out among the hills. Groups of natives in red and yellow skirts and scarfs brightened the landscape, which was also varied with their little huts of cocoanut leaves.

The town of Kandy is built among high mountains, and is lovely enough to deserve its fame. Near our hotel was an artificial lake surrounded by a shady terraced drive; on a tiny island was a pavilion which the last King of Kandy had built for his queen. Not far off, in a picturesque temple, one of Buddha's teeth was treasured, hidden away in a golden lotus flower. There were many fine drives among the hills, and splendid trees—the tulip in bloom and the flamboyant tree, with its magnificent spread of branches, just beginning to blossom.

One morning we set out to visit some old rock temples and got lost, walking many miles across paddy fields and over hills, through tea plantations and jungle. But the temples were quite worth the

trouble they caused us, for they were built on the side of great boulders half as big as mountains. While we were sitting on a rock eating the luncheon that we had taken with us, we could hear the priests inside praying with much beating of tombooras and piping of flutes. Also we watched an elephant take a bath in a mud-brown river.

On our return to Colombo, before leaving for southern India, we engaged a Hindu servant named Bhana, who proved so faithful that we became very fond of him. He was rather wizened but had fine eyes, bronze skin and a small dark mustache. He talked fairly good English and always called L. "master," and slept on a rug outside his door. His costume consisted of tight white linen trousers, a jacket reaching nearly to his knees, a red sash, and a white turban. When we took him to a colder climate he changed to a suit of blue cloth and gold, with a gold turban.

Our approach to the mainland of India left much to be desired. They hadn't saved us the stateroom which had been paid for on the little steamer crossing from Ceylon, and it was a most uncomfortable passage, with rough weather to make things worse. Then at six o'clock next morning we were put into a steam launch with a hundred or more dirty natives who wore little or no clothing, and a lot of luggage, and taken seven miles to shore. At Tuticorin

it was impossible to get the private car promised us, but we went on to Madura and slept in the station.

In Madura, however, there was the most interesting Hindu temple in southern India. Ganesh, the elephant-headed god and son of mysterious Siva, sat beneath a golden dome. Food was cooked for him and water was brought from the river by sacred elephants which lived in the temple. Cattle were wandering about inside, for he must have the milk of a sacred cow set before him. Every morning he was given a bath in oil, which made the stone quite black and dirty.

At Chidambaram, beyond Trichinopoli, there were no carriages, so L. and I got into a bullock cart. It was a fête day and there were many worshipers in a fine temple nearby, and many candles lighted in front of a god. Only Hindus were allowed near the inner shrine, but one could see the strange idol from a distance. The priests put strings of flowers about our necks and took us from one point of interest to another, followed by a crowd of natives who all wanted to explain everything at once. Of course, as none of them spoke a word of English, we didn't know what on earth they were saying, but that didn't seem to make any difference to them. The sacred creatures carried in procession on fête days were shown us—the silver bull Nanda, four feet high, a silver horse and a

peacock, all for the use of the gods, who are taken out of their temple, decorated with jewels, and mounted, each in his particular vehicle. Here were also great cars and chariots and palanquins of gold and silver for their service, and many gorgeous jewels; though none of them were very good the effect was brilliant. We also stopped at Trichinopoli and found it an interesting place.

Madras, with its few comforts, was a welcome sight. We had been living in our tiny two-compartment car most of the time, Bhana cooking for us, and it was good to get to a place where we could go to a hotel and wash up—bad as the hotel was. The rooms were all open and the birds flew in and out quite informally.

The plague was raging there, and as I was getting off the train a man came up and grasped me by the wrist, much to my surprise. But before I had time to remonstrate he began counting my pulse, and proved to be the doctor who was examining the travelers. If he found you had any fever you were quickly clapped into a little quarantine house near the station.

The men of southern India wear earrings—sometimes in the lobe, but often pearls on a gold wire in the top of the ear—and strings of pearls about the neck, frequently also handsome jewels on their turbans.

The women wear rings on their fingers and on their toes as well, and anklets, bracelets and armlets, and sometimes a stud of gold or a bunch of seed pearls—if they are well-to-do—in the side of the nose. Often they have a nose ring hanging from the center with an ornament of jewels falling just below the lips. Bunches of seed pearls, and sometimes rough emeralds, are hung in the top of the ear as with the men. These ornaments are seldom seen in the streets, however, because Hindu ladies of high caste do not often go out of doors. They are not shut in as closely, though, as Mohammedan women. One day we saw a strange sight in a station—two Mohammedan men holding a big sheet about several women and walking slowly with them from the train in which they had had a private carriage to the bullock cart that was waiting for them. They consider it very wrong for another man to look upon their wives.

On we went—twenty-four hours across an endless plain, green with crops of grain or golden with burnt grass, a succession of little wattle-walled villages making it interesting—to Hyderabad, in the heart of India. This was on our way to Bombay, for there were no trains up the eastern coast to Calcutta.

Hyderabad was a real Indian city, with few if any foreigners. It had gay and crowded bazaars and its streets were a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors—

men on brightly caparisoned horses, and great elephants lumbering along. The men carried swords or scimitars and wore turbans, and all sorts of fierce whiskers and beards and mustaches—some dyed bright red with henna.

One day a Mohammedan wedding procession passed through the street—first two elephants, then a score of soldiers followed by as many women carrying two towers made of gilt paper, and after them the bridegroom in a handsome dress of velvet and gold, on horseback. Behind him came the bride in a box-like palanquin covered with fine velvet and borne by several men.

While the maharajas may live in splendor, and have several wives and hundreds of concubines, the moderately wealthy people seemed to live in a horrible way, dwelling in small, dirty places and saving their money for weddings and funerals. Daughters are very expensive, for the father is obliged to give jewels to the bride and a dress and feast to the bridegroom. Girls are married as young as seven years, but they often remain for a few years with their parents. Cases have been known where the bridegroom at the last moment demanded a larger dot for the girl, and if the father couldn't pay it the wedding did not come off and she was disgraced for life.

The Nizam of Hyderabad lived on a hill in a

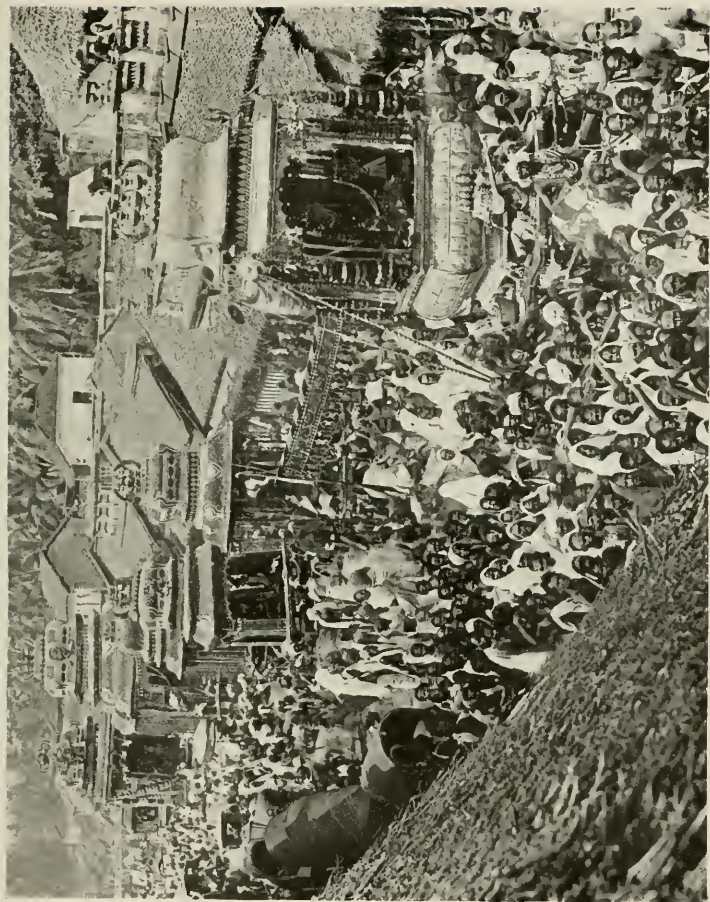
palace of rather dirty white stucco arranged like an Italian villa, with terraces. The rooms were furnished with English things, but in very bad taste. Everywhere were pictures of himself, half a dozen of which showed him killing tigers. Like most Orientals, he was very fond of mechanical toys, and many were to be seen on all sides.

The country around Hyderabad is extraordinary—a plain of great boulders and rocks of all shapes and sizes piled fantastically one upon another and pinnacled and castellated. Not far from the city is Golconda, famous for its diamonds. It was once an ancient capital with a fortress on a rock, and a swarming city round it, but now it is dead, with only its tombs of kings.

According to an old legend, thousands of diamonds lay in the bottom of a canyon, but the sides were so steep no one could climb down to get them. Finally someone devised the plan of dropping pieces of meat into the valley to attract the eagles, which would fly in to get the food; by following their flight to their nests the people got the jewels, which had stuck to the meat.

Of course we saw no such canyon, though there are mines not far distant in other parts of the Nizam's domains. Golconda, even, had no mines, but was simply the place where the diamonds were cut.

The journey across central India was hot and



JUGGERNAUT CARS—SOUTHERN INDIA

tiresome, and seemed interminable. But at last it was over, and we came to Bombay.

“Mother of cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.”

So Kipling sang of the city of his birth. His devotion seems justified, for Bombay strikes one as distinctly a pleasant place to be born in. It is a handsome, open city with its park along the sea lined with public buildings, its race course and playgrounds, the Apollo Bunder beyond, and the pretty yacht club. This last overlooks the harbor and its anchored shipping, its skylarking native boats with their rakish sails, and always the islands in the distance for a dim background.

Bombay had to boast of some sights, of course, besides itself, and two of them, the Caves of Elephanta and the Towers of Silence, stand out especially.

The caves are on the island of Elephanta, seven miles across the bay. They are not more than a thousand years old, but nothing is known of their origin. Whole temples with pillars and porticoes are cut out of the solid rock. The panels on the walls are carved into figures of Hindu deities—idols strangely and carefully sculptured. The rock is soft and seems easily broken, and great pieces of the

supporting columns and portions of the sculptured figures have been lost.

There are fifty thousand Parsees in Bombay—worshippers of the elements. They are disciples of Zoroaster and expose their dead to the sun and the rain on the great white Towers of Silence. There were three of these, one for all comers, one for suicides and the third the property of an old Parsee family. When a body is laid there the greedy vultures flock down excitedly, but are soon perching again about the rim of the white towers, black against the blue sky. This cemetery is on the most beautiful site in Bombay, high on Malabar Hill overlooking the city and harbor.

While strolling about we noticed the funeral procession of a child approaching. First came the pall-bearers, all dressed in white even to gloves and masks, bearing the body wrapped in a white shroud on a brazen trough. Following came the mourners, also in white, and last of all, a little dog. We were told that he belonged to the cemetery and that at the service—which we did not see—the face of the dead was shown to him. Some sweet stuff had been put on it first. If the dog licked the face it was considered a sign that the departed had lived a good life, but if he refused to lick it those standing about the body kicked it, believing that the deceased had lived an evil life.

One night during our stay in Bombay we dined at Government House, which overlooks the water. The servants were in red and gold, with large turbans, a very effective costume. It was my first visit to an English official house, and I kept wondering what was going to happen. After taking off our wraps we went into a large parlor where about twenty men were standing round. No one bowed, and no one came forward. Presently, though, Governor and Lady Sandhurst entered and we were introduced; he took me in to dinner and proved very charming. On the other side of me sat an aide to Lord Curzon, the new viceroy who was expected to arrive next day.

Housekeeping in India, I was told, was a very complicated matter. The smallest house belonging to a foreigner must have eleven servants, and no one could live in a bungalow with a smaller number because of the castes. The bearer or butler must be of the highest and so must the cook, because Hindus will not eat food cooked by a man of inferior caste. Different turbans denote the place the men come from, while the caste-marks on their foreheads show whether they are followers of Vishnu or Siva.

The new Viceroy and Lady Curzon—the latter we had known in Washington as Mary Leiter—arrived next day and were received at the landing

stage with much pomp. A canopy had been arranged over many seats that were occupied by officials and distinguished natives. A speech of welcome was read and given to the Viceroy in a handsome box. Lady Curzon looked very pretty and self-possessed. She was dressed in blue silk and lace, a little low at the neck, with two strings of pearls and a large lace hat. After the ceremonies were over they started off in a carriage with outriders in red and gold livery to the Governor's house, through streets gay with banners and flags and hanging pieces inscribed "Welcome, Lord and Lady Curzon!"

That evening the Governor gave a reception in their honor. Such a crowd of people was there—a great many Parsees and Hindus. As we walked into the large reception room and our names were called out, the Viceroy and Lady Curzon were standing, receiving near the Governor and his wife. Everyone was bowing and passing on, so we started to do the same, but Lady Curzon put out her hand and shook hands with us and said she remembered us in Washington, which we thought very nice of her.

From Bombay a snail-like train took us northward toward Mount Abu. The stops at the stations were endless but so amusing with their crowds of noisy, gayly-dressed natives that we didn't mind

very much. After a night and most of a day we reached Abu and had our tiny private car detached to sleep in. Soon after four the next morning, when it was still quite dark except for a moon, we set off on horseback for our seventeen-mile ride into the mountains.

The first few miles over the plain it was cold and the horses went along willingly enough. Here and there were little fires, each with a native sitting or sleeping beside it. It was still moonlight when we came to the foot of the mountains, but as we climbed the ridge the sun rose across the plain below and the scene was beautiful beyond words. Up we went, through a splendid valley, along a fine road that wound in and out of the ravine and zig-zagged up the mountainside, the view extending farther and farther below us till it became a superb panorama.

But we were beginning to be hungry, having had only tea before leaving the car, and to add to our discomfort the horses were getting tired. It began to look as if we should never reach our destination. Finally, though, after four hours of climbing, tired and famished and nearly frozen, we crossed the top onto the plateau of Abu and reached the little hotel for breakfast. It was a sort of Bar Harbor-like resort for Rajas, with summer palaces. The rocks were heaped up in fanciful shapes, there were groups

of palms and mango trees, and a pretty artificial lake with walks round it. But oh, it was so cold! They say it is the one place where the lion and the tiger are found together.

Some distance back, among a grove of mangoes, were the Jain* temples for which the place is famous. From the outside they were disappointing, but within, though not large, they proved to be gems of marble carving. There were whole courts with columns and many shrine fronts and ceiling panels of exquisite workmanship.

We were glad enough to go back to the station by jinrikishas, and as it was I was so lame from my long ride that for two days I could hardly get up or sit down.

Just before reaching Ajmir, as one goes eastward toward Calcutta, after crossing flat valleys and climbing steep ridges, one comes to the sacred lake of Poshkur. This water, made holy by some act of Brahma, is a little Benares with its ghats lining the shores, its bathing Brahmins and gayly clad crowds. The only temple in India dedicated to Brahma stands here at the head of a sandy street—simply a Hindu dome and a small shrine enclosed in a court. Above the gateway on the inside is the sacred goose, the bearer of Brahma.

In Ajmir itself was the tomb of a saint. Mount-

* The Jains are a Hindu sect closely resembling the Buddhists.

ing a flight of steps we passed beneath a dilapidated portal and into a roughly paved enclosure surrounded by a cloister-like portico. At one end was a platform where sacred plays are given at certain seasons. On either side of the gate was a great copper vessel, large enough to hold many thousand measures of grain. At festival times these are filled at public expense and cooked, then the sacred "chapatties" are handed out to the people.

Nearby was another courtyard shaded by spreading peepuls and banyans beneath which squatted, stood or lay in sleep, many pilgrims. Each one, whatever his attitude, was holding a string with a prayer, which was tied to a branch of the tree above him. These were petitioners to the saint.

At Jeypore I rode on the broad back of Bahlmati, an elephant of the maharaja's stud, to Amber, clinging for dear life all the way as the mountain of a beast went towering along. Caravans of long-necked, mincing camels tied head to tail in an endless row ambled past us, and crowds of picturesque natives on foot.

Our next stop was at Amritsar, the sacred city of a reformed sect of Hindus known as Sikhs. The walls and gates of the city are so blessed that pilgrims kiss them. For all that, the town has an unusually businesslike look, with its shops and crowded

bazaars and its innumerable shouting, fighting, gesticulating merchants.

The great Golden Temple stands in the middle of a large marble tank—the “tank of immortality,” where hundreds go every morning to wash away their sins and ills. It is rather a small, square-domed building, which gleams in the sun. Its white marble portions are beautifully inlaid with mosaic. One approaches it over a marble bridge lined with golden lanterns. The interior is brightly decorated in colors. Beneath a canopy of blue and green lay the sacred books of the Sikhs with their rules and regulations. Behind them squatted the chief priest and his assistants, before whom the faithful were prostrated in prayer, while from somewhere the music of pipe and tambours was being discoursed.

To visit this temple we had to take off our shoes, and an official went with us to see that we did nothing which might offend the people. From the roof we climbed one of the little corner minars, where there is a very good view of the flat-roofed city.

After leaving the temple we went through some manufactories of rugs and shawls. These were being made in mud hovels at very primitive looms. It is a patient and tedious process, for every thread is tied separately and the stitches are set one by one. It may take months for five men to make one rug.

The merchant shops had such lovely things in such

musty places—Rampore chuddas and cashmeres and chogas, dragged out from dusty corners by smiling, oily babus.

That evening we took the night mail northward to Delhi. Modern Delhi, built in the seventeenth century, stands among the ruins of many another city, which the whims and jealousies of monarchs have built up and pulled down again. For the cities followed the fort and the palace of the king whose caprice moved them from place to place. This last one was founded by the great Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, who also built the Taj Mahal and many other wonderful palaces and temples.

The walls of his fort and palace are of red sandstone, castellated. The main approach is through the Lahore gate, a great archway in a massive tower, then through a high vaulted passage into the interior of the fort. The large modern barracks for the garrison are of little interest, but in one corner is a gem—the monarch's palace. Within was the private hall of audience, which had just been restored—with gilding, alas! for gold—and a white marble loggia with great heavy columns decorated with mosaic in bright colors. Its ceiling was once a mass of gold and silver fretwork but all this went away with some conqueror. Now it is as gayly if not as richly restored. Beneath this canopy stood the famous peacock throne, made of gold and

precious stones worth three hundred lakhs of rupees.

At one side something still remains of the seraglio, whose white halls were most beautifully and completely decorated with gay frescoes of enamel work and divided by a very delicate and intricate alabaster screen. On the other side are the baths, chambers with strangely vaulted roofs of marble, completely inlaid in mosaic, with deep tanks and rippled courses for the flowing water.

One night Shah Jehan dreamed a dream and behold, he saw the Musjid that is in the Fourth Heaven! When he awoke he determined to build one like it, so he ordered his ministers to draw the plans. But they had not dreamed the dream that their emperor had, nor been admitted with him to the Fourth Heaven, so they were afraid to try. But he threatened them with death and would have carried out the threat had not one holy man come forward and offered to make the drawings for the mosque.

So, they say, was built the great Jumma Musjid, a most magnificent and impressive structure—one of the largest in existence. It stands on a high terrace above the city, its great courtyard surrounded on three sides by a red sandstone portico with a lofty gateway in the middle of each side, approached by broad flights of steps.

On the western side of the courtyard towers the mosque, a massive building with an imposing façade and arches. From one of the tall minars we had a magnificent view of the city, the ruins about it and the country stretching off into the haze of distance—endlessly flat and crossed by the erratic Jumna.

A native festival and fair going on outside the town looked from a distance like a circus encampment at home. Hundreds of tents and booths were laid out upon the grassy plain, leaving broad streets between. The tents had little gardens in front where natives squatted about waiting for the nautch to begin. On our way back to the town we stopped at the fair. The streets were nearly impassable with the crowds of walking, riding, driving people, all in their best and brightest attire. Great heavy, fat, wealthy babus were there on horses caparisoned in gold and colors; rich dancing girls in brightly canopied and curtained bullock carts; young native swells dashing up and down in mail phaetons and dog carts—"civilized" India; here and there a gay crowd about some wrestlers or tumblers, and hawkers and venders.

From Delhi we went to Agra which, with its wealth of beauty, is one of those places that make Indian travel worth enduring. This capital of the Mogul Empire at its highest is indeed one of the

wonders of India, for it contains the masterpiece of Shah Jehan's work, the peerless Taj Mahal.

The most beautiful building in the world, people call the Taj, but I had heard so much in its praise that I was afraid it would prove disappointing, for it seemed that no building planned by the human mind could deserve all that was said of this one. Even when I had seen it from across the river in all its dazzling whiteness and its exquisite symmetry and proportions, with its minars and its white domes like bubbles against the sky, I dreaded any nearer view for fear that it would prove unworthy of the test. But there was to be a flower festival in the Taj gardens and we went.

Across the dry plain and past the great red ramparts of the fort, through cloister-like arcades, we came at last to the gate—a massive sandstone structure rising high into the air. As we went through its pointed arch and up a few steps to the platform of the passage, the glory of the Taj burst upon us, thrilling in its beauty.

At the end of a vista of paved ways and lines of playing fountains, walled in by the spreading trees of the garden, it rose, a mass of snow-white marble that seemed to float in air as if poised in the blue sky. Music was playing softly somewhere in the distance and the air was heavy with perfume. The shaded lanes of the garden were bright with the

costumes of the natives, who moved slowly about, speaking only in whispers and listening to the splashing of waters.

As we drew nearer the great cloud expanded before us, its domes and minars touched to gold by the last rays of the setting sun. It is so wonderfully proportioned that it appears to have no size. Gazing at it one seems to float away with it into the air, such is the spell it casts on the beholder.

Entering beneath a lofty arch that was inlaid with quotations from the Koran in black marble, and through a door in a great screen, we found ourselves in an antechamber from which a narrow passageway with flights of dangerously polished steps led down into a small, dark vault below. In this vault were the tombs of the builder, Shah Jehan, and of his favorite, Mumtaz Mahal, for whom this grand mausoleum was made. It was black as night down there, but one bright ray of light penetrated the narrow corridor and fell upon her tomb where her name was set in mosaic, most touching and impressive.

Above is the grand vault of the Taj, a great octagonal room containing the honorific tombs, which are larger than those below and surrounded by exquisitely lace-like marble. In this chamber a sounded note creates a delicious echo which fades and dies away, forming changing harmonies that

seem to be heard even after they have ceased. Strangely enough—and yet fitly, too, in this sacred spot—a harsh noise or a cry cannot be made, for in its echo it is turned to music.

We lingered a while in the garden spellbound, breathing in the heavily perfumed air, listening to the strange, soothing sounds of the distant flutes and the falling water, and gazing up at that great white cloud of the Taj Mahal till the deep shadows of night had hidden it.

But with a journey ahead of us it would not do to stay there dreaming forever, and reluctantly we tore ourselves away. Next day we were crossing the sacred Ganges and before us stretched Benares, holiest of holies to the Hindus, a crescent amphitheater rising round the bend of the gleaming river. The sun was setting behind the city and made the towers and domes of the mosques stand out black in silhouette against the sky. The terraced steps reaching to the water and the palaces and temples were all reflected in the river. The moving crowd of bathers passed up and down, praying or meditating.

There was much to see. The funeral pyre of a high caste man had been built by the Domras, the lowest of the castes. The fire for lighting it had been bought from them. The nearest of kin performed the ceremonies—made the meal patties that

were placed in the mouth of the dead, and put sandal wood on the breast, and the five sticks of wood, sprinkling Ganges water as he walked five times round the body with the lighted brand before he started the fire. All about squatted the friends, while on a platform a fakir told his beads, wholly oblivious to what was going on.

Here, too, was the Holy Man of Benares, by whom we were much impressed. He was really a god to these people, who went to him as to an oracle and worshiped idols in his semblance. His name was Swami Bhashara Nand Saraswati, and he lived in a temple courtyard, without clothing, and without food except that which pilgrims brought him. He had a saint-like face, much like Pope Leo's but with a sweeter expression. We enjoyed the talk we had with him. It was most interesting to have seen those two holy men, each a ruler in his own way, their lives so similar and yet so different. We asked the Hindu saint the best way to live in this world, and he answered, "To live so that you can enter the next."

Within driving distance of Benares is Sarnath, site of the ancient Benares but now simply vast piles of earth and brick ruins. Out of the midst of these rises an old Buddhist stupa built by some emperor about the time of the first Punic war. It is a strange-looking monument, the lower part of

massive, square-hewn stone and faced with seven entablatures on which could still be seen parts of the boldly carved lotus flowers and fruits and geometric figures of the original pattern. But it was mostly in ruins and the upper portion—of brick—was dilapidated and covered with grass, while its débris strewed the plain round about. Sarnath is the old Isipatana, where Gautama first taught the Law after he had attained Buddhahood at Gya and gave his mild and gentle religion to the eager, thronging people.

Calcutta, our next stop, was of course very different, for it was an official English city with all that means. It is situated on the Hooghli, which is one of the mouths of the Ganges and said to be the most difficult river in the world to navigate. Besides its terrific tides and currents there are constantly changing quicksands, and if a vessel so much as touches a bar the power of the water capsizes her immediately. No wonder the Calcutta pilots are among the best to be found—they have to be.

But in spite of its handicap, the finest shipping in the world came to Calcutta. Behind the forest of masts and rigging along the river, the great common of the city, the Maidan, stretched for miles. The hotels were crowded but we found charming rooms facing this park, where cattle were browsing. In one corner of the Maidan music was played in

the evening and the "world" of the city drove by and listened.

The Curzons had already arrived from Bombay, where we had last seen them. We lunched with them at Government House amid much stiff ceremonial, which I am sure must have bored them, though they carried it off very well. The Viceroy was pleasant and affable but Lady Curzon looked pale and ill and tired, though very handsome. She was dressed simply in a blue flowered muslin with a yellow belt and a string of pearls about her neck.

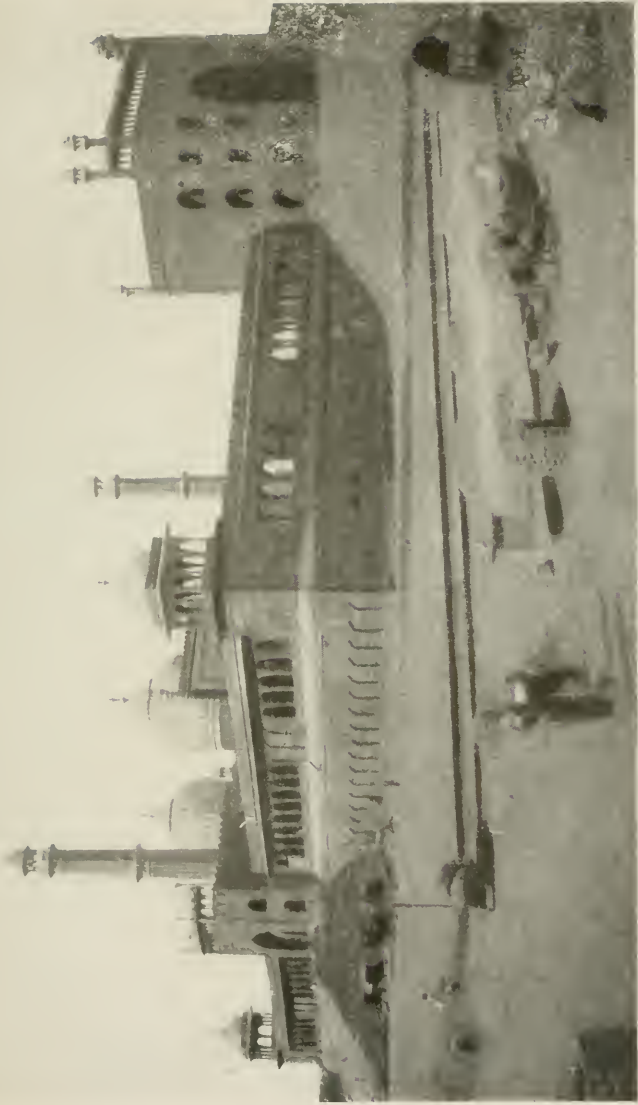
I sat at the Viceroy's right. Many native servants in crimson and gold waited upon us. The Viceroy and Lady Curzon marched in to dinner together first, and he told me that he was obliged to receive people from a sort of throne. When they were given a present from a native prince there was a special officer to value it, and if they wished to keep it they had to pay in the valuation, or else the "gift" went to the Government store, in which case the Government had to return an equivalent for it. Government House, while huge and impressive, was very inconveniently arranged to our way of thinking. The kitchen was at least two hundred yards distant from the house, outside the garden and across a road.

The Curzons' first reception, an evening party, was very fine. There was a tremendous line of car-

riages and our coachman was so stupid that he didn't get into it, and we finally had to have a policeman help us. When we did succeed at last in getting into the house it was a strange and interesting sight, with the Indian princes and maharajas in handsome costumes of gold cloth with jeweled watch chains and superb pins in the front of their turbans. The Viceroy and Lady Curzon were making a tour of the room when we arrived, bowing to right and left and occasionally stopping to speak to someone whom they knew. He wore a uniform of black with much gold lace and a blue ribbon with various orders.

The contrasts of life are nowhere more dramatic than in Calcutta. Walking down by the river one day we came to a burning ghat, a roofless structure opening with pillars toward the water. Here the remains of some lately deceased Hindu were rapidly being consumed on a plain little wood fire, for only the rich can ascend in the smoke of sandal and other sweet-scented woods.

The fanaticism of the Hindu faith showed here in its most horrible and repulsive forms. The road approaching the ghat, which is a few miles out of the city, was filled with pilgrims coming and going, for it was the season of the full moon and a time especially sacred for the sacrifices. Along the way, lying on filthy mats or groveling in the very dust,



JAMMA MUSJID, DELHI

lay starving, emaciated creatures, nothing but bones, writhing and groaning and crying for alms from the passer-by; some were blind, with empty sockets, others full of sores or falling to pieces with some foul disease; old men, naked and smirched with the dust of ashes, living skeletons, sat meekly under the hot sun. On the river bank was a man who slept on a bed of nails stuck point upwards. One religious fanatic had held his arm above his head till it stiffened in that position. In his closed, withered hand he held some sacred grass. Poor, self-torturing wretches!

Through piles of rubbish and a gateway we came to a temple, a paved courtyard with a roof supported by rows of columns, where worshipers were prostrating themselves and praying loudly. In their midst little black kids were being slaughtered, till the place ran red with blood. The kids' heads were set in a row at one side as an offering to the goddess who loves blood, while the poor little bodies were left on the red pavement, to be carried away later and carved for the pilgrims' food. The image of this bloodthirsty goddess was in a recessed shrine beneath another porch, the floor of which was covered with a struggling mass of worshipers striving to prostrate themselves before her. Some priests of the temple made a passage for us so that we could see her—grotesque and

horrible, three-eyed and covered with a sticky red powder which the pilgrims touch and with which they mark their foreheads. We were glad to escape from the struggling, crazy horde and to pass beyond the supplicating wretches out into the open.

Not knowing any obliging babu who would do the honors of a nautch dance for us we got one up for ourselves. Passing through back alleys one day we mounted a flight of steps, crossed a low porch and entered a small room. Here a white cloth was spread tightly on the floor and cushions were piled about in the corners. Three musicians played on a sort of violin, a tambour and cymbals, and did most of the singing. Their music, though very high and sharp, was quite enjoyable, with more tune than Chinese or Japanese music.

The two Hindu nautch girls who danced for us were not very attractive, but one was very amusing, especially after she had quaffed away a pint of beer at one gulp. They took turns at the dancing, which was very slow—a series of posturings done with peculiar snake-like movements and undulations of the arms and body, with gliding to and fro, and every now and then a rapid whirl. There were some character dances, too, very graceful and sensuous. Every few moments the girls would stop and have a puff at the hubble-bubble pipe. Natives

can sit for hours watching the nautch dancing and listening to the songs, but to the foreigner they are monotonous and unintelligible.

While in Calcutta we had an interesting meeting with the man whom Marion Crawford had immortalized as "Mr. Isaacs." I had expected to find him a tall, slight man, no longer young, perhaps, but handsome still, and living in great luxury. I imagined he would receive us in the evening, clad in some rich costume, and show us handfuls of gems.

Instead, he asked us to come at three o'clock in the afternoon, and we were ushered into a dark little hotel sitting-room which he had apparently hired for the occasion. Mr. Isaacs himself—his real name was Jacobs—was (I could hardly believe my eyes) a fat, bald little man with store clothes! He was an Armenian and his only redeeming feature was his fine eyes. My general impression was of a shrewd common dealer and a typical Jew. We sat about a small table and he showed us several things but none of them remarkable—not nearly so fine as some we saw in Madras.

He was still very wealthy, though he had just lost a large sum of money through a lawsuit with the Nizam of Hyderabad. Mr. Isaacs had showed him the model of a large and very perfect diamond and had promised to get it for him for twenty

lakhs—\$600,000—which the Nizam agreed to pay, for he was the richest of the Indian princes. But the English Raj, or government, interfered and said it was an outrageous price, so the Nizam tried to get out of taking the stone. Mr. Isaacs did succeed in getting half the money in the end.

We left Calcutta one afternoon for a trip north to Darjeeling which proved exciting as well as beautiful, for an attempt was made to wreck the train on the way up, and it was robbed on the way down. But the engine threw off the sleepers which had been laid across the track, and the robbers took nothing from our carriage, so that we were none the worse for either experience.

Early in the evening, four hours out of Calcutta, we reached the Ganges and changed to a boat. It took an hour to make the crossing because of a sand bar in the way, but we dined on deck in the moonlight very pleasantly. On the other side we boarded another train and next morning found ourselves at the foot of the Himalayas, which rose directly from the plains. A little trolley car, so small that it looked like a plaything but made a great fuss with bells and whistles before it could be persuaded to start, took us up and up, seven thousand feet, to Darjeeling.

There, when you feel as if you were as high as you could possibly go, you suddenly see a range of

mountains way up above you, and then another, still higher—all white with the “everlasting snows” and with mist between so that they seem to be floating in the sky.

Next morning we were up at four and, dressed in our warmest things, for it was very cold, set off in chairs of some sort, called dandies and carried by coolies, to see the sunrise from Tiger Hill. Our coolies were very picturesque, for they looked like Chinese with their pigtailed, funny-shaped caps and snow boots. (Darjeeling is just on the border of Tibet, and the Tibetans are really half Chinese and half Indian.) They took us six miles up the mountains, most of the way through little wooded paths, all in the light of the full moon.

From Tiger Hill there is the finest panorama in the world. We stood in the midst of the snow, while eight thousand feet below us stretched the great vast plain of India, breaking away in every direction, threaded by silver rivers.

We had been there only a few minutes when a soft glow lighted the scene, and before us, rose and yellow and white in the sunrise, Mt. Kinchinjinga came forth in all its glory. The peaks turned pink, their bases disappeared in mists, and then, away off in the distance through a pass between purple mountains, looming low it was so far away, yet above the others, appeared Mt. Everest, the highest

mountain in the world, with its two sister peaks on either side.

Hurrying back to Darjeeling we caught the morning train to Calcutta and thence to Bombay, where we sailed away for England.

CHAPTER XII

IN AND OUT OF LONDON



SMALL house in Half Moon Street had been reserved for us. The first morning we slept till noon, for we were very tired from our long rolling on the sea.

Our landing the day before had been made comfortably enough amid the slow bustle of an English dock. The coast looked vividly green and fair with its picturesque little houses nestling behind the coves, and the run up to London was through the greenest of country, too, with those delightful villages and spires and stations which never seem to change.

It clouded up as the train drew in to London and became raw and cold, so we were glad of the little coal fires and of our tea and muffins that afternoon. Later there was a bit of orange-lozenge sun through the thick atmosphere and a yellow-green look to the parks. Half Moon and No Sun Street it was sometimes called, and on the whole the name fitted.

The American Ambassadors, who was to make her presentations in the Diplomatic Circle at Court

in less than a week after our arrival, kindly said that she would take me, but if I was to pay my respects to royalty I would have to hasten my preparations. Kate Riley, the court dressmaker, made me a lovely gown and fortunately it came on time. It was of white satin with pearl embroidery and sparkling trimmings. The long train falling from the shoulders was of silver cloth, and in my hair were the conventional three white ostrich feathers. For jewels I wore an emerald and diamond tiara and on my corsage a big Indian emerald which a maharaja had once worn in the front of his turban. Various members of the household came with their friends to inspect me, and then L. and I set off in style for the drive to Buckingham Palace.

After entering the courtyard we made our way through endless rooms and corridors and galleries and up countless stairs, directed every few minutes by servants in magnificent liveries. When we reached the throne room I left my husband and a gentleman-in-waiting escorted me to the room where the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were to meet—a long gallery with red and gold benches on the sides and beautiful tapestry on the walls. The diplomats' wives arrived one by one, most of them plain and not very well dressed.

Meanwhile the throne room was filling with

royalties and people having the entrée, while the other parlors in succession were being crowded with the General Circle. The Beefeaters and gentlemen-at-arms in splendid uniforms had taken their places and were marching through the halls, busy court officials were flying about, and the great orchestra struck up the royal march.

Everyone rose and, amid music and trumpets and soldiers, the King and Queen entered and took their seats in the two red and gold chairs which had been used for the coronation. King Edward was in uniform while Queen Alexandra wore a mauve dress with a train carried by several pages. Her jewels were enormous diamonds and amethysts. Behind the throne, at a distance, gathered the other royalties. L. says this was an improvement on the old arrangement, when they all stood in a long row and had to be bowed and courtesied to many times.

First Lady Lansdowne, the wife of the Foreign Secretary, entered the throne room and passed before the King and Queen; then the Italian Ambassador, Madame Panza, who was doyenne of the Diplomatic Corps, went in, followed by two American girls and myself, each at the end of the other's train. (The American Ambassador had been taken ill.) People's names were called out as they went by the royal dais. The men of the Diplo-

matic Corps followed, and after passing we all stood and watched the presentations. Their Majesties stood for all the diplomats and those they presented but sat down for the others, of whom there were about six hundred.

Some of the women were old, others young; some were pretty, and many depended on their finery for their beauty; some were frightened and a few were self-possessed. Most of the ladies of the royal family were good-looking and wore superb jewels. The throne room made an excellent background for the pageant, for it is vast, with a balcony at one end for the musicians, and pictures of flying Pompeiian ladies on the walls above the red brocade.

After the presentations were over the King and Queen withdrew and the Diplomatic Corps followed, passing through magnificent salons to the rooms where a buffet supper was served. It was all very fine, but the floors were so dirty that the bottom of my dress was almost ruined. After a while we left and went down the great stairways, watching for a time the General Circle waiting for their carriages, then out by the ambassadors' entrance, where the state coaches were standing.

Most of the women who were presented sat up all night waiting their turn to be photographed in their court gowns, but I preferred to go next day, even if

it did mean a little extra trouble. As it was, we got home not long after midnight.

An organ grinder was playing dismally in the street and the cries of the flower men and the vegetable venders re-echoed up and down as we set out for Derby Day.

The weather was bad but the race was specially interesting on that account. For not only was it an open race, with no one knowing which of the three-year-olds would win and many people over from France to see a famous French horse get the prize, but it was run in a driving thunderstorm with lightning playing all about.

It was pouring when our motor left London, but we were wrapped up in raincoats and really enjoyed the run out there, joining the long procession of carts and brakes full of gay people, past the wayside inns where horses were being rested on the long drive and the passengers were proceeding to get drunk, out through Putney and Wimbledon and Epsom towns, all picturesque and crowded notwithstanding the rain, to the Downs.

There were thousands and thousands of people, with the King and his company and all the racing men. In the crowded enclosure much excited betting was going on, and opposite the stand, across the track, were the tents and poles of mountebanks

just like a country fair, and coaches black with people all lined up against the rail. Of course the Blue Ribbon of the turf was what everyone was so anxious about. We walked in the paddock and saw the horses saddled, and wandered over among the jugglers and the coaches with their parties lunching on top, the peddlers crying their wares, the book-makers noisily offering their odds, and the public placing their bets.

After the parade in front of the grand stand the horses were sent to the start on the other side of the course and at last got off in the storm which came up just at that moment. The poor French horse, frightened to death by the lightning and unused to English weather anyway, got away last and remained last for most of the race, while a horse that had scarcely been mentioned took the lead and held it.

People said that the enthusiasm at the finish was very great, but English enthusiasm is subdued at best. However, the men did not mind the rain but stood out in it without a murmur and took their drenching. So another Derby was run, and we had one more interesting thing to remember.

Ascot, however, was English racing at its best, not only on account of the rank and fashion that attended it in a body, but because the prizes were important and the distances long. The place itself

was very pretty, too, with quite a perfect race course.

We motored out early through the endless suburbs of West London and across the pretty country skirting the edge of Windsor Forest, through Edgham and Virginia Water, and came at length to the town of Ascot, which was very gay for its "royal days." Our Ambassador had kindly got us vouchers for the royal enclosure, so we had seats under cover. The weather looked threatening but fortunately the rain held off till the end of the afternoon.

According to the custom of this course the King came in semi-state. Just before the races began, about one o'clock, the royal procession appeared at the end of the long, green mile-course, having driven over from Windsor. It made a pretty show with the crimson-jacketed and gold-braided outriders and postilions and the cavorting horses, passing the stands and defiling into the entrance of the royal pavilion. In a wine-colored carriage drawn by four horses, with outriders, and footmen standing behind, were the King and Queen, who bowed right and left. There were half a dozen other carriages in the procession, as all the guests for Ascot Week came over from Windsor, too. Between the carriages were grooms mounted on handsome bay horses. The crowd formed a good background for the pageant, for all the women had

dressed as though for a royal garden party and made a brilliant sight.

Luncheon was served after the first race, and after the fifth one we went over to the tent of the Bachelors' Club and had a cup of that awful black English tea, to warm up for the drive back. In spite of the rain we had a fine ride, passing wagons and carts and brakes in endless procession. Windsor Castle rose magnificently from its great park with the huge, gnarled, wide-spreading oaks and its alleys and scattered deer. On we went to Windsor town, and along the Thames, and so to the city of London once more.

Eton's great day falls on the fourth of June, and L. and I went down as the guests of one of the boys. Eton is of course a quaint old place, and the ivy-covered school buildings date back to indefinite times. In the schoolrooms the names of "old boys" from time immemorial are carved all over the walls and furniture. On a June afternoon it looked very picturesque and fascinating, but for all that it was about as unsanitary a place as one could choose. The play fields are often flooded, the waters coming up to the very doorsteps of the house where our young friend lived, and the recitation rooms were wretchedly ventilated and were dark and dreary. But as we walked through the quad-

rangles beneath the arches to the playing fields where, as it is said, "the battle of Waterloo was won," with their great spreading trees shadowing the park-like turf, it was all very lovely. Everywhere among the gayly dressed visitors were the Eton boys in their bob-tailed coats and high silk hats and the trousers which they must always wear turned up—most amusing little men!

There was a game of cricket on and the band of the Guards was playing, and tea was served in the marquees. But we walked back to the rooms of our youthful host and had a "gouter" of jam and strawberry smash and tea and cakes there before going on to see the procession of boats on the river.

Below the towers and high terraces of Windsor, where the river winds through Eton, the people had gathered in their holiday dress. Crowded launches plied up and down and small boats were skylarking about. We got into one of them and tied up to the bank. Soon the eight-oared racing crafts came out with each crew of boys in a different costume, and wearing the colors of their boat in ribbons and streamers. All the cockswains were clad like little admirals and looked very amusing with their epaulets and gold lace and cocked hats and their bouquets of flowers between their knees. They rowed up the river and then raced down, twice, and later went as guests of the King to a "luncheon" at eight

o'clock in the evening. Afterward they had fireworks, but we did not stay, having to be back in town for dinner. "Floreat Etona!"

One morning in early June we took a launch and spent the day on the Thames. But first there was a train crowded with people—for it was a bank holiday—from Paddington down to Maidenhead. There we joined the boat at Boulter's Lock and went up river past Taplow and Cliveden, where the river was loveliest, and through the lock at Cookham and so on to Marlow and a bit beyond, where we moored our craft to the reedy bank and had a good tiffin served merrily in the cabin.

The river was gay with boats and launches and punts, large and small. Near the towpath was the Compleat Angler Hotel with its dear little garden right down to the water's edge. It was pleasant to sit on rustic benches beneath the trees and rest and drink coffee and watch the boats and the people go by till our launch came along and picked us up again.

Down river it glided, through locks and past swarms of boats, till at last great Windsor came into view across the meadows, with the evening sunlight on it. So, following the turns of the winding river, we came to the great city and at last reached Half Moon Street, after nine, though it was still daylight.

Week-end parties are such a thoroughly British institution that our visit to the American Ambassador at Wrest Park must be mentioned. It began with an hour's ride on the train to Flitwick and then a four or five mile drive by motor to the Park, which is supposed to be one of the finest country places in England.

The house is rather like a French château, long and low-lying, with gardens two hundred years old by Le Notre, a park beyond with herds of sheep and cows and deer, and long avenues of trees stretching off into the distance. The garden had hidden artificial lakes and a Chinese bridge over the brook, and labyrinths of tangled dripping trees with green moss clinging to everything.

Indoors there was a good deal of gilding, but it was rich and restrained, and there were many paintings by famous artists—two glorious Sir Joshuas in the dining-room. The staircase hall was two stories high and had family portraits set into the paneled woodwork and a piano to dance by in the evenings. Set deep into the walls of the main rooms were cases of gorgeously bound books, and everywhere were blazing open fires. But I must admit that according to American ideas the house was poorly lighted and badly heated, for all its beauty.

Tea was served soon after we arrived, and the gathering interested me, for the ladies appeared in

lovely tea gowns and jewels—in fact, they might really have been dressed for a ball. The way everyone wandered round and paid no attention to each other or to their hostess made it seem just as if we were at a hotel.

Sir Edward Grey, even at that time the most talked-of man in Europe, was to have come down, but at the last moment was unable to do so as he was “commanded” to Sandringham.

After tea our hostess took us to our rooms, which had Chinese paper on the walls and were filled with lovely old furniture and hangings. There was plenty of time for dressing, as dinner was not until half after eight.

The dinners were very handsome, but one had hardly time to enjoy anything before the long file of tall footmen in breeches took up the courses remorselessly. It was all very formal, as may be imagined in a house where even the maids and valets went to their dinner in full evening dress!

In the morning everybody did as they pleased till luncheon, which was served at one o'clock in the pavilion. This was a damp casino some ten minutes' walk from the house; we sat about with our furs on during the elaborate meal. Here at the pavilion the “guns” were gathered and the morning's battue brought in and counted, while a picturesque group of beaters and keepers stood about at a respectful

distance with the retrievers and the paraphernalia of the "shoot."

After luncheon we followed the men through the garden and watched the shooting. The battue was arranged in such a beautiful setting along the artificial water and down the long alleys of the park. Lord A., one of the best shots, asked me to stand behind him, so I had a good opportunity to see all that went on. There were stakes where each man had to stand, with his valet to load his gun for him. The beaters went through the underbrush with sticks and made the pheasants or partridges rise, then the gunner at his post had a chance to shoot. The men were so close together that they had to be careful to aim high in order to avoid hitting each other. It was unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird on the ground or sitting on a tree unless it had been wounded. It was pitiful to see the birds shot down and lying by the dozen wounded and fluttering.

The Court Ball soon follows the presentation at Court, and this one proved more showy than usual because the Austrian Archduke was there and many foreign uniforms were worn in his honor. As L. and I again had the entrée we got in comfortably and saw the General Circle coming in—the dukes and duchesses and marquises and so on down. Turning aside at the grand staircase we passed gen-

lemen-in-waiting and -at-arms and came to the throne room where all were gathering. Near the throne end were benches on which we sat when not standing for the King and Queen (which was most of the time), and watched the Court come in and the royal quadrille and the attempt at general dancing. I enjoyed the massed color of the uniforms and the dazzle of the decorations and superb jewels.

The ball was very different from the presentation, for at that there were mostly new people who had never been at Court, while here were all those as well who were expected to go as matter of course, so it was much more brilliant.

The King and Queen opened the ball, walking in while the company all bowed or courtesied. His Majesty danced with his sister and the Queen with the Archduke of Austria. The lancers was made up principally of the royal family, but after this there was round dancing. A stand-up supper was served in a room nearby for the King and Queen and the Diplomatic Circle, with a splendid gold service and gold plates arranged on the wall. Then there was more dancing, and I thought their Majesties would never go. As a rule they retired early and went and played bridge, but this night they stayed till two o'clock, so of course we all had to stay, too.

King Edward was dressed in the Austrian uni-


form out of compliment to the Archduke—a light blue coat with a red ribbon and orders. The Queen wore a black dress embroidered with roses, diamonds on her neck, orders, and a tiara. The Duchess of Portland had the finest jewels, I thought, and the Duchess of Sutherland was extremely pretty. It was all a very wonderful sight—but what a change today! No one knows how long it will be before Austrians and English dance together again.

CHAPTER XIII

CRUISING ON THE CATANIA

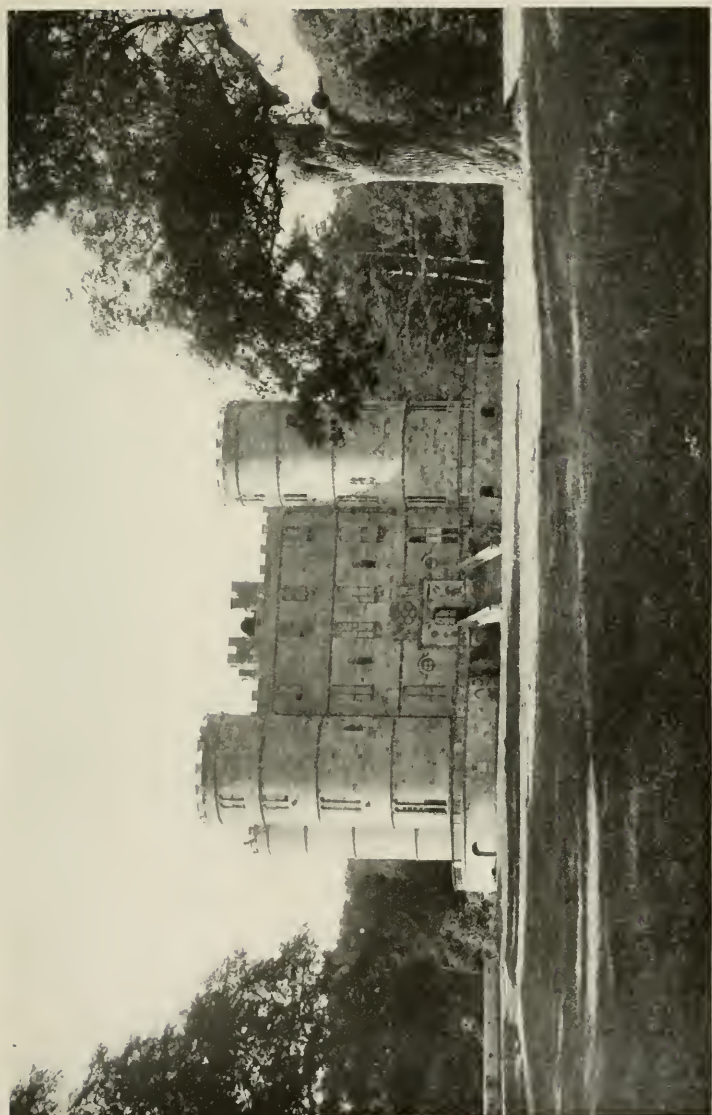
I

South of England

URING the month of May, which is supposed to be the merriest in the British calendar, it occurred to us that a yachting cruise along the southern coast with visits to some of the outlying islands would round out the London season very delightfully.

It proved possible to charter the steam yacht Catania from the Duke of Sutherland, and we found her a fine, comfortable boat. She was lying at Cowes when we first saw her, all spick and span in her new paint, and very well kept up because she had always been held in commission through the whole year and her complement of officers and men was specially good. Our red burgee with its black horse was hoisted and we began to feel that we "belonged."

For a while we were content to lie quietly off the



LULWORTH CASTLE

lovely coast of the Isle of Wight. L. and I went ashore in the launch and landing at the jetty of the Royal Yacht Squadron started for a walk along the esplanade. This jetty had a little castle used as a clubhouse, with a bastion and tower embowered in ivy, and a pretty lawn shaded with great trees. Behind the town were villas hidden in the green of trees and gardens, and further back the roofs of little houses peeped out from deeply foliated hill-sides. A winding road climbed away among them very beguilingly, then branched off into country lanes, and finally circled back into town again.

One afternoon we weighed anchor for the first time and steamed down the Solent, round the Needles, past Ventnor and Shanklin and Ryde, and then started off toward Cornwall, keeping well in shore. The high coast broke in a lovely valley down to the sea, where Lulworth Castle stood amid its peaceful lawns and its park of spreading trees, all in the fair country of Dorset. Passing in and out the breakwaters we rounded the Bill of Portland and put to sea for the run across to Dartmouth.

There Catania anchored in the perfect little harbor formed by the mouth of the river Dart, with villas and hanging gardens almost within a biscuit's throw. In the afternoon the launch took us up the river to Totnes on the edge of Dartmoor, where the river narrows to a little stream with a pretty

island in the center and the quaint town above. Going up and down there were picnic parties in boats and many fishermen seining and hauling.

Torquay, where we went from Dartmouth on Whitmonday morning, was like a Riviera town with its gardens and its high-walled roadways climbing back from the sea, overhung with rich and almost tropical foliage. Along the water's edge were a promenade and pleasure grounds, and a park beneath a high cliff, all planted with many-colored flowers. These places were crowded with holiday trippers—poor people, their holiday was soon turned to mourning by a bad change in the weather.

It rained all the next day at Falmouth, but we spent the time on board in great peace and comfort in easy chairs before the little fire—for there was a delightful open grate that burned sweet-smelling *lignumvitæ*.

Our chief object in coming so far down the coast was to try and run out to the Scilly Islands. They can only be reached with pleasure in smooth seas, which are rare, and many ships have been wrecked there, so we decided to make a dash for them when the right time came. In view of these difficulties it was not surprising so few visitors went there.

It was still rainy and stormy when our yacht left Falmouth, and the Captain expected to put into Penzance—though even that was dubious, as he

wasn't sure that Catania could get in at the right stage of tide. However, the sky began to brighten and the mists cleared, and the ruffled water smoothed out. Off the Lizard the Captain came aft and said he thought—perhaps—after all—if we wished it—he *might* get us out to the Scillys then. Of course we did wish it because that was our objective point.

It was five o'clock of a peaceful and lovely afternoon when Catania came to anchor in the open roadstead between the islands. Very bare and unattractive they look from a distance, but first appearances are nowhere more misleading than in the Scillys. Soon we were scurrying ashore in our launch to the quaint landing and walking along sweet-smelling paths to the Abbey House of the "lord of the isles," Mr. Smith-Dorrien-Smith. For these islands, so far out at sea, are crown property and form a distinct little community by themselves, a benevolent despotism with a Lord Proprietor to govern it. Mr. Smith, who inherited this office, had spied our yacht and politely sent out to invite us to land.

His house stands near the ruins of the ancient Tresco Abbey, and has a charming outlook over the islands and the ocean with its passing liners. The Lord Proprietor gave us tea on the terraces and then took us out through the gardens, which he showed us with a pride that we, with our little

garden at home, could easily understand. But his was really one of the most wonderful in the world. To a charmingly arranged rock garden with rare clinging plants succeeded wall gardens, and alleys cut out in the Italian style, with vistas and great hedges all in bloom, and palms and rhododendrons big as trees—everything, in fact, growing with the luxuriance of the tropics on this bleak, rocky island. It was a perfect little jungle, indeed, with fern trees and plantations of aloes and cactus and strange, fantastic plants from the south. The ruins of the old abbey, overgrown with vines, added the last touch of beauty.

Although this curious spot is only a few miles off the coast of England, frost is unknown, because the Gulf Stream flows so near, and this accounts for the wealth of subtropical vegetation which has been made to grow there. The inhabitants, instead of being fishermen, as one would expect under the circumstances, are gardeners. All winter they send in boatloads of flowers to the Covent Garden market—the islands are like gardens with their fields of narcissus and lilies. The place is a veritable paradise planted in the sea.

So we lingered there enchanted in the afternoon quiet, and left its fragrant shores reluctantly to glide out across the clear sparkling water to the ship. But the Captain was anxious to get away as quickly as

he could—they say it is rare indeed that they have such a perfect day there, for when the weather is quiet it is generally foggy, and when it isn't foggy it blows.

As it was, we were just in time. Passing out through the narrow channels, Catania slipped back toward Land's End across a glassy ocean that was flooded by moonlight, with flashing lighthouses and the twinkling lights of little fishing boats, but—ran into a fog before midnight. She dropped her anchor in Mount's Bay, off Penzance, because the mists and tides in these parts are so treacherous that she did not dare venture far in shore. Today, with the U-boats for an added peril in these waters, sailors have indeed a dangerous time of it, God bless them!

This bay is a good example of the splendid scenery which has made the Cornish coast so famous. On this morning after our return from the Scillys it was all misty and gray, with St. Michael's Mount looming up out of the water, its sides covered with flowers and foliage. It makes a very attractive medieval picture with the castle on its summit and the few little houses down at the water's edge.

As soon as the tide was up the launch sped over to the huge rock and into a pretty little port at its foot. Scrambling up the slippery steps where the cottages

of the fisher folk are, we came to a porter's lodge and learned that at noon a party might be taken up to the terrace and chapel.

Climbing the old rock is a steep causeway that is almost lost beneath a mat of moss and ferns and bluebells. Great fields of blue gentian and rhododendron stretch away on either hand, and rabbits hop out of their holes to eye the stranger. Crowned the Mount are the ruins of ancient battlements, and part of the original abbey is still included in the castle of the present owner, Lord St. Levan. Passing through crumbling archways and old fortifications, one comes to the postern gate, some two hundred feet above the sea.

My husband sent in his card to Lady St. Levan, who received us in the drawing-room and had us shown through the place. The low-studded, deep-embraused Gothic rooms of the old abbey looked very homelike with their fresh chintzes; the dining-room had been the old refectory of the monks. Lady St. Levan was a nice old dear and very civil to us.

Meanwhile Catania had been taken into the flood dock at Penzance, for the tide goes so far out over the sands that otherwise she would have had to lie in the roads and take her chances with the weather. Staying there alongside the dock almost in the heart of the town was an amusing and yet rather trying experience, for crowds came down to look at the



AT THE MOUTH OF THE DART

yacht and wandered back and forth along the quay staring at us.

Having long since accustomed ourselves to wet weather we thought nothing of the rain, and taking a carriage drove off through the lower town and out the promenade to Newlyn, a place much frequented by artists, then up the cliffs and so across the beautiful Cornish country. It was rolling, and gay with English daisies, lilacs, buttercups, pink and white hawthorn, and many other flowers whose names I did not know. The views widened as we drove out toward the high coast, where broken headlands jut out into the ocean.

From Trereen, with a dear old salty fisherman for guide, we walked across the delicious moors to a fantastic point where, on a little hidden beach, the Pirates of Penzance might easily have rehearsed their opera. From there we followed along the cliffs, high above the breaking blue sea, till we found our carriage again and drove on to Land's End.

All this part of England is famous in song and story. The scene of Tristan and Isolde was laid somewhere in Cornwall; St. Michael's Mount is the place where Jack the Giant Killer slew great Cormoran, while just over the hills is St. Ives. (One surely has not forgotten about the man with seven wives.) There are crosses and Druid stones, and

the remains of a Roman road are still to be seen. It is "old England," indeed.

Our last trip in English waters was a little run down to the Channel Islands, where we had the luck to be stormbound in the quaint miniature harbor of St. Peter's Port, in Guernsey, the loveliest of them all. The port looked quite too small to take so large a boat into, but the Captain had sent ashore and made inquiries of the harbor master and had decided to try it. So with a very pretty piece of seamanship he took us in the narrow entrance, threading his way among small boats and yachts, and dropped anchor in a cosy corner.

From our berth below the ancient walls of Castle Cornet (part of which goes back to Roman times), we could look up shaded roadways with villas set in flowering gardens, to villages beyond. St. Peter's Port proved larger than we expected, with its arcaded flower market and fish market and its streets and shops down by the harbor. Driving out through lanes with overhanging hedges and arching trees to the cliffs, we saw the pretty bays of Moulin Huet and Le Gouffre.

The sea was still so rough next morning, and we were so afraid of being delayed by fog, that we did not visit Jersey as we had hoped to do, but returned to Cowes to make ready for a long trip north to the land of the midnight sun.

CHAPTER XIV

CRUISING ON THE CATANIA—(Continued)

II

Kiel and the Edge of Denmark

“Like dusky green horses with manes of silver
The white curling billows were rearing and plunging;
As swans in flight, with shimmering sails
The Heligolandiers went gliding by,
The daring North Sea rovers!”

HEINE.

BEHOLD us at anchor in the midst of a fleet of splendid German warships assembled at Kiel to greet the English king! Coming out of the canal through the locks at Holtenau, Catania suddenly passed into the very midst of the squadron and through them to her anchorage. How times have changed!

Our first night out from Harwich the wind blew in the right direction, so that we had a good passage over the North Sea and in due time picked up our pilot and entered the Elbe. Near the entrance of the canal Catania tied up to let the racing yachts of the German Emperor and Empress go by, towed

by torpedo boats. Both were of American build and were named Meteor and Iunda—the latter used to be called the Yampa. Next morning found us starting on our trip through the Kaiser Wilhelm Kanal.

As everyone knows, this joins the Baltic to the North Sea in a very convenient manner. Part of the way it passes almost higher than the country on either side and gives wide views of pastures and peat bogs, with hills in the distance and scattered thatch-roofed cottages. In one place there were some extraordinary iron structures, possibly built to obstruct the canal in time of war. Then the banks rose higher and there were terraces with gardens and happy Germans drinking beer. It was a Sunday afternoon and they were in good humor and cheered us as we steamed by. Near the Baltic end of the passage the scenery grew park-like. At last we reached the end and after going through another lock found ourselves, as I have said, in the midst of the assembled fleet.

Before our engines had fairly stopped we were boarded by a little German officer who presented, in the very poorest English, the compliments of Prince Henry, and showed us where to anchor.

Kiel Harbor was a wonderful sight. Besides the German warships there were a number of American yachts—the Warrior, just built, belonging to Mr.

Fred Vanderbilt, the North Star, to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Armour's Utowana, and Mrs. Goellet's boat, Nahma. They made a fine showing, even among the score or more of great men-of-war which looked so huge and formidable with their drab paint and threatening guns.

The boarding officer had told us that the Emperor was to arrive through the canal that afternoon at five, so we decorated—as did the other yachts—in spite of the drizzly weather. Some of the boats, besides being decorated, were lighted up at night, though the grand illumination was reserved for the coming of the King of England a few days later.

Sure enough, at five o'clock the tall masts of the Hohenzollern loomed above the locks of the canal, and soon the big white yacht came majestically forth amid the booming of guns and roars of cheering. The yards of the white training ships were all manned and the sides of the warships were lined with the assembled crews. As the Hohenzollern passed down the long array each ship fired off twenty-one guns. It was like a battle—the harbor was filled with smoke and flashes of cannon, and the noise was deafening. It was a splendid welcome.

Just as the smoke cleared away the sun came out and shone upon the imperial yacht with its one little

solitary figure posed on a bridge high above the others. The Emperor had come to Kiel.

During Kiel Week the town was at its gayest, crowded with holiday makers and thronged with visitors, who stood on the quays and promenades and gazed with respectful awe upon the Hohenzollern and the warships. Bands played in the gardens and on board the ships, and it was all quite stirring.

No wonder the Emperor delighted to honor Americans in those days, for they were certainly the making of Kiel Week. It gave one a thrill of pride to see the American yachts towering above the other craft and flying our flag so high. The English made a meager show in comparison, both in numbers and style. The *Catania* was by far the best of all those flying the English ensign. As for the Dutch and French, they were but little toy ships.

We went out in our launch to see the start of the day's racing, which was for the larger type of sailing yachts. It was very beautiful when they spread their great white wings to an ideal sailing breeze and set out on the long reach to sea. The first flight was of the biggest ones, and then every five minutes—to the booming of guns—others went over the line, smaller and smaller ones every time till all had got away. Soon the launches that had gone out as we had to see the start came scurrying back



KIEL CANAL

to their ships like little chickens seeking the old hen's wing.

Among the big boats was the American yacht *Ingomar*, which was treated in a very unsportsmanlike manner. In the Helgoland race she came in two hours ahead of all the others, but had been so handicapped out of all chance of victory that the prize went to a boat to which she had allowed seven hours. Then in the Cuxhaven races she was working out to windward and forging ahead of the Emperor's boat when—after the start of the race—they actually changed the course! They did signal her, but she could not understand such tactics and so was beaten. In another race she was catching up with the Emperor's yacht when the latter tried to force her about without having the right of way. The *Ingomar* gave way to prevent a collision, but ran up a protest flag. The imperial yacht, "in a spirit of true sportsmanship," gave up the race—to escape being disqualified. In spite of all this, the *Ingomar* did win several races because they really couldn't prevent it.

As we left Kiel on our cruise to Norway the racing yachts were returning, many of them in a wrecked condition, for it had blown great guns and they had had a bad time.

A six hours' run to the northward, skirting pretty Danish islands with unpronounceable names, brought

us in the afternoon into the harbor of Nyborg on the island of Fünan. While some of us lingered round the little red-roofed town with its remains of an old palace and a Gothic church, L. telephoned to our old friend Comtesse de Moltke at Glorup and got a cordial invitation to come up and stay as long as we could, which unfortunately could only be a single day.

We took a midday train on the private railway that ran out toward Oxendrup; it appeared that they had not had so many first-class passengers for two years as our little party of six—in fact, they hadn't tickets enough to go round! After traveling in an informal, go-as-you-please manner for half an hour we came to the station, where an exceedingly well-turned-out brake and four-in-hand was waiting. The coachman whistled a tune to his horses when they misbehaved, and had a long flowing beard which was a source of great amusement to us.

After driving for some time through the fair and smiling country we finally reached a grand avenue of plane trees, passed a handsome lodge all overgrown with vines, and went on to the forecourt of a white house, then under a gateway, and into the main court of Glorup. There the Comte and Comtesse de Moltke were waiting on the broad steps to welcome us, with the house servants all standing about.

I had heard that Glorup was one of the finest places in Denmark and that its garden was famous. The house itself was not imposing, though homelike and pleasant. But the park and garden were very beautiful and extensive.

From the façade beyond the courtyard there was a parquet and terrace with bright, fancifully arranged flower-beds that reached down to an artificial pool stretching far back about a circular island, on which there were terraces of steps and a fountain that threw up a great spray between two magnificent chestnuts. Beyond the pool could be seen a French garden with more flowers, and paths among statues and parquets. All this was framed by the splendid trees of a park.

The country beyond, so much of which belonged to the de Moltkes, was rolling, with farms and forests. The Danes, we heard, were so prosperous that they would not work in the fields, and Poles were hired to gather in the crops.

Glorup was a remarkably fine place, with all the elegances and discomforts of foreign life. Altogether we had a most delightful day there, and after dinner (it was still light, though past ten o'clock) regretfully said good-by and took the little go-as-you-please train back to Nyborg and the yacht.

CHAPTER XV

CRUISING ON THE CATANIA—(Continued)

III

In Norwegian Waters



CROSSING from Denmark over to Gothenburg, we left Catania and took a canal boat for the trip across Sweden to Stockholm. It was a nice boat with a pleasant captain and tiny but comfortable staterooms. The food was good, with much smoked salmon, reindeer meat, goose liver and delicious brown bread and butter. The hors d'oeuvre or smörgåsbord was the great feature of the meals and each passenger helped himself from a side table before beginning dinner.

This water route across the peninsula was made by connecting a number of lakes with canals. There were often so many locks that we could get out and walk without any danger of the boat passing us. Pretty islands dotted the different lakes. Lake Venern and the Trollhättan Falls were quite fine,

and the fiords as we drew near Stockholm were gay with villas.

Because of its many waterways the Swedish capital is called the Venice of the North, and some travelers consider it the most beautiful city in Europe, but Bayard Taylor objected to its comparison with Venice. "It is not that swan of the Adriatic, singing her death-song in the purple sunset," he wrote, "but a northern eaglet, nested on the islands and rocky shores of the pale green Mälars lake." The city has fine buildings, wide streets, nice parks and bridges and many restaurants with music. The opera house and palace were especially handsome, and the King's throne, made of silver, with a curtain of blue brocade above it, was quite lovely and regal.

From Stockholm we traveled across country to Trondhjem where we were to rejoin the Catania after a week's separation. The scenery along the way was pretty, very much like New Hampshire with its hills and farms and its great forests of straight pines. As we got into Norway there was a string of lakes with waterfalls, and the high mountains were tipped with snow.

Trondhjem, for all its thousand years of history, was still a growing town, and not a very interesting one in spite of its famous cathedral. This is very old, but it has been changed so much that it does not show its age at all and is quite ugly.

Slipping out from Trondhjem in the afternoon light we coasted along the fiords between great green hills and high pointed peaks and kept on without a stop, for we wanted to reach the North Cape as soon as possible in order to see the midnight sun at its best; there would be time enough on the way back to visit the points of interest along this wonderful Norwegian coast.

Soon Catania was in Arctic waters. Some of our party claimed they felt the bump as we crossed the Arctic Circle. For two days we cruised through the wondrous fiords which are within the "outer coast"—through narrow channels between towering palisades and mountains—magnificent shores that come straight down into the deep waters, their peaks cloud-capped and their sides streaked with the silver of tumbling waterfalls. Every now and then came the cold blue-green of glaciers creeping toward the sea. It was a splendid panorama.

There is no darkness at all at this season—at midnight it is as bright as day. For several months in these latitudes they do not light a lamp on ship or shore. The lighthouses simply go out of business. So we soon lost track of time, sleeping when we felt like it and waking when we pleased.

The ninth of July found us lying snugly at anchor in a small harbor beneath the North Cape. Here our pilots—two dear old picturesque Norwegians—

brought us to be comfortable for the night. It was still cloudy and misty when we went out next morning, but that made the cliffs and the jagged sides of the islands all the more mysterious. On a rock perched millions of terns and gulls, with thousands more circling in flight above them. When we slowed down and blew our whistle sharply, great flocks of them flew out, darkening the sky and filling the air with their cries.

After skirting the Cape we dropped anchor to wait and see the sun at midnight. When we finally did, it was really quite dramatic. That afternoon we took the launch and crossed to the landing, where the steep zigzag climb up through the deep ravine ends on the plateau of the North Cape, which is flat and dreary. Crossing this broad, high land to the extreme point, we looked out over the trackless waters of the Arctic Ocean, where a tiny speck of a steamer that the naked eye could scarcely see was passing on its way to some bleak Russian port. But the horizon was still heavy with fog and a mist came drifting over the headlands beyond, so we felt there was little chance of a sun that night and went down the path among the anemones and violets and the sea pinks, listening to the sobbing waves far below.

But after dinner, about eleven, our launch started out again to give us a look at a tourist steamer that

had arrived. Most of its passengers had gone ashore, so we went on a bit farther, and lay pitching idly in the swell, undecided what to do next. Just then the clouds broke and behold! the full glory of the midnight sun—dazzling and unexpected, for a moment only, exactly at twelve o'clock.

Having accomplished our purpose, we scooted back to the yacht, got up steam and in an hour were off with a jump. Next day we looked in at Hammerfest and had a chance to see this most northern town in the world. Our next stop was at Lyngenfiord, in a bay like an enclosed lake with mountains on all sides. These were many thousands of feet high and streaked with snow, but their bases were green with the strangely rich vegetation that grows in Arctic regions during the short summer. We seemed to have come back from the ends of the earth, for the North Cape is the great jumping-off place.

Landing at a tiny village at the edge of the fiord, where there were two or three houses and a small church, we walked several miles into the country, where a glacier was creeping down, to the mound-like dwellings of a settlement of Laplanders. Some of these houses were roofed only with tents, and whole families lived in them along with their dogs. Fires were burning inside, and women sewing away on bags of deerskin, and men carving bone into forks

and spoons for tourists to buy. These carved bone articles are about all they have to barter.

The Lapps are an inferior race, undersized and stupid. I had supposed that they were all dark-haired and flat-faced, but to my surprise found that many of them had red hair and pointed noses. Their dress, though filthy, was gay and picturesque—skins set off by trimmings of braid and bright flannel. Their tunics were usually edged with red or yellow, and their legs were bound about with leather. Odd caps and belts gave them a comical appearance. These people do not migrate, and the women are reported to have more than one husband.

It was not long before reindeer were seen coming down the steep sides of the mountain, where they were being herded and driven in for us to see—they were smaller and more moth-eaten cattle than I had expected. The dogs and reindeer are used with the sleds in winter, but in the summer the deer are put out to feed and are milked only twice a week.

A fine storm came up, so we scurried back to the ship and all that afternoon steamed out through the fiord. One glacier after another wound slowly toward the shore, which so few of them ever reach. Very solemn and cold they looked with snowstorms raging high above them.

A quotation from my husband's journal gives a

glimpse of Ofoten Fiord. "Just before us the mighty rock of Frostisen rises up into the clouds, out of which the branches of its enormous glacier seem to come. The water of the fiord is as smooth as glass and reflects everything. Two small boys in a cranky boat are rowing round us—they have come out from a house on the shore, a house that looks so tiny and almost lost beneath the towering mountain. The roar of falling cataracts echoes across the bay, and every now and then the clouds lift or swirl away and we can get a glimpse of the glory of the glacier. Under the sun's rays great pieces break off and come tumbling over the steep, dark side. But our weather is still cloudy, with passing mists and rains which seem to add to the grandeur of the places."

After Ofoten Fiord the weather turned "dirty" and we ran into the Lofoten Islands for shelter, twisting our way out from the cup of deep waters hidden between the domes of rock. When we turned and had the gale favoring us it was more comfortable, and the yacht made its way into the Raftsund and dropped two anchors in a hurry in a tiny bay at the foot of Digermulen. This I think is the high point from which the panorama of Norwegian scenery was painted for the Paris Exposition. On the summit of Dig was the Kaiser's hut, where that ubiquitous monarch used to come every year. In-

deed, he was expected when we were there. But there was little for us to see, for the mountain was wrapped in clouds of whirling mists, and we were glad to sit out the evening before the fire in the cosy cabin below and forget the gale.

After tiffin next day we explored a branch of the beautiful Raftsund, and later steamed into the bay at the foot of the wonderful Svartisen glacier. The ice seemed to come down into the sea, but on landing we found a moraine of rocks and sand across its base piled in deep ravines through which muddy snow-water was cascading. Climbing among the blocks of ice gave us lots of fun and exercise.

Trondhjem was reached on the evening of July nineteenth. Near us a huge tourist ship bound north, a yacht and a warship lay at anchor. Apparently few yachts go farther north than Trondhjem, for we saw and heard of only two. The Kaiser was expected that evening. We went ashore for dinner and were made very comfortable at a good hotel while the boat coaled. It poured and was cold all the next day, so the Catanians—or North Capers, as we sometimes called ourselves—splattered about and shopped. After that came two glorious days of sunshine, but on the whole we had had more midnight suns than midday ones in northern Norway, for our weather had been really bad.

Getting away from Trondhjem in the afternoon,

we cruised out, passing the Kaiser's yacht and its escort. It was a fine sight to see the Hohenzollern—an ugly great ship, but impressive—with a big warship and a little fleet of torpedo boats and dispatch boats scooting about. Soon, tagging after, came the American yachts, the Warrior and the Margarita, "in attendance."

Our next stop was off Molde. This was a cheerful little town with flags flying and flimsy-looking hotels.

From there we made our way in toward the famous Romsdal, the passage becoming more narrow and the mountains on each side more grand. Soon we came to anchor off Aandalsnaes, where a fleet of tourist steamers lay.

Here we had a never-to-be-forgotten drive up a pleasant valley with tiny farms and a rushing river, beneath trees, and between pastures of many-colored flowers. One of our party counted thirty varieties of little flowers that grow wild here and are cultivated at home. On each side as we went along the precipices and mountains grew higher and higher till at Horgheim the magnificent crests were five and six thousand feet above us on each side. It was indescribably fine to watch the light from the setting sun, and then the wonderful pink of the sunrise, coming so shortly after, on the towering snow-capped peaks about us.



OFF MOLDE

On the way back there was a procession of tourists in their amusing little carriages. Every view was on such an enormous scale (the palisades of the fiords were as high as Mount Washington) that the steamers and their trippers were simply not seen.

Catania got away early and had a fine clear day such as our pilot said he had not seen for a long time. We steamed on between islands, past Aalsund, into the Storfiord and Slingsfiord and so into the Geiranger. It all grew more and more wonderful and stupendous. The canyons narrowed and the huge cliffs and mighty mountains lifted above us, till we seemed to be cruising in a bottomless channel between peaks that went thousands of feet straight up into the sky and thousands of feet straight down into the water.

For all they were so nearly perpendicular, the mountainsides were green and wooded. Houses were perched here and there in most aerial places and through our glasses we could spy tiny specks of people farming and raking hay, though it nearly broke our necks to look so high.

Leaving Merok early next morning we were put ashore at a little town called Hellesult, where we took carriages and began the climb over the mountains while the boat left us to go round by open sea. Our road zigzagged up a ravine with a splendid cas-

cade that came tumbling down, of the crystal-clear water that is so characteristic of Norway. Soon we were going through valleys between white-capped mountains, passing turf-roofed farmhouses with flowers and sometimes even pine trees growing out of their roofs, while their walls were stuffed with moss for warmth. The peasants were all at work haying and stacking their grass on hurdles. They had small white cattle and buckskin ponies. Every now and then a chill wind cut down upon us from some glacier valley.

Descending to where the fine lake of Hornindal lay, we had luncheon at a little inn on its shore. Afterward, following a splendidly engineered road cut out of the palisades along the lake side—as good a road as one might find on the Riviera—we began to climb over other ranges, then zigzagged down to Faleide, a tiny place with a tiny hotel on the Nordfiord. There we settled ourselves with the idea that the yacht would not come by to pick us up till late. But as we sat at supper we heard the whistle which had become so familiar, and just off the little pier came the Catania, looking very handsome, and in a jiffy her launch was putting ashore for us. So we hurried aboard, for even the fascination of the hotel could not rival the comforts of home.

A little after noon next day we went ashore again

and took carriages up a canyon to a lake among the mountains. L. chartered a launch there, and we made the trip to the head of the deep lake and up a mighty gorge to visit another glacier. Some of its branches flow between the peaks, but here it creeps along as a high blue-gray-green wall with deep grottoes out of which pour the streams of glacier water.

Night found us once more on the Catania, lying far down in the shadow of the Naerofjord, at anchor off the tiny place of Gudvangen—a little huddle of houses that do not see the sun all winter long, so deep and narrow is the chasm there. High up on the palisades we could see the gorgeous reflections of the sunset, and a little while before that a rainbow had tinted a cascade of spray.

Now that we were having such ideal yachting weather we were grateful for having had our stormy times in the north, where the clouds and storm make those severe coasts all the grander. Farther south, where the fiords are more smiling and inhabited and fertile, we were glad of the sun to show off the lovely tints.

Catania left Loen in the early morning and cruised along into the Sognefjord, and later came to anchor in a little bay, within a biscuit's throw of Balholm, the chosen place of artists. Ashore, what with the good folks in their Sunday best taking a holiday,

and the trees that really shaded, and the orchards with actual fruit, it was quite enchanting. Indeed, the fruits and flowers at this blessed place are wonderful. I have never seen finer strawberries, while the roses over the garden fences were so splendid we couldn't help picking them.

Bergen, our next port, proved full of surprises. Built on its seven hills like Rome, it looked very picturesque with its warehouses and ancient fortifications of the time of the Hanseatic League. The smell of fish pervaded everything—even the clothes from the laundry and the water in our baths.

Having to coal, we spent the night at a hotel and passed the evening at an open-air café. It was St. Olaf's night, and bonfires were burning on the hills, while the people danced or strolled along the shore. Next day we saw the German church that dates from the eleventh century, and Rosencrantz's Tower, also of the olden times, and the museum of the Hanseatic League—both this building and its contents date back to that far distant period. There were other museums, too, and parks, and an aquarium, and many nice houses with gardens, and antiquity shops—and fish markets. The weather was so delightfully warm that we could sit on deck, and the men wore their white jackets for dinner.

Cruising out into an arm of the Hardanger we arrived early the following morning at Vik,

where the Vikings are supposed to have come from. I don't think the place is often visited by yachts, from the trouble we had anchoring. Some of us started off in the strange vehicles of the country with their tireless little horses, and drove along a road cut out of the overhanging precipices. It wound up through a canyon and finally became so bad that one or two of us got out and walked, while others rode sure-footed ponies; the trails were like those of California. At the end of it all was a splendid waterfall, the Vöringfos, said to be the finest in Norway, but seldom visited.

From Vik and Odde we steamed along till we came of a late afternoon to Stavanger. Our approach to the town was much more picturesque than we had been led to expect. We soon went ashore and wandered up its strange streets in the long twilight, delighted by the sights—the ancient church with its rich carved pulpit, the little parks, and most of all, the people going about in their simple way.

Morning found us at the head of the desolate Lysefiord, and after another night at Stavanger we put out to sea for the run to Christiania. In spite of the fact that we were in the terrible North Sea it was a glorious day, smooth and hot and perfect for yachting. So in a day and a night we came to the Norwegian capital, arriving through the low-lying fiords that look so like the Maine coast.

Christiania was a surprise, being more of a city, and a more important one, than had been expected.

The expedition ended a few days later at Amsterdam. We said good-by to Catania, and the wandering Black Horse in the Red Field was hauled down after another cruise.

CHAPTER XVI

CROSSING TWO CONTINENTS

“Russia, O my Russia, hail!
Steeds as tempests flying,
Howling of the distant wolves,
Eagles high, shrill crying!
Hail, my Russia, hail! Hail high!
Hail thy green forests proud,
Hail thy silvery nightingales,
Hail steppes and wind and cloud!”

TOLSTOY.



LEAVING France one December night we set out on our long journey across two continents. The first day took us into German Poland, where the trees were planted in neat rows and the fields were cultivated in the careful German fashion. Russian Poland, which followed presently, was not so well kept up, and further north the landscape grew flat and dreary.

On the platform at Warsaw, where we changed cars, there were quantities of long-haired, long-nosed and long-robed people. Among our fellow travelers every possible nationality was represented. Our compartment was invaded by a Chinaman who insisted that he, his wife and their three children,

not to mention their servants and all their luggage, had a perfect right to stay there. Fortunately he was persuaded to withdraw and finally the man, his family, and their pots, pans and servants, were all stowed safely away in one stateroom. The little wife was quite attractive; she wore the costume of her country on the train, but whenever she stepped out on the platform put on a long sealskin coat and a hat of the latest Parisian style.

The following day everything was white with snow—even the pine trees were laden with it. Through clouds of smoke from the engine one caught glimpses of a glistening, fairy-like country and of many big estates with their pleasant houses and little villages. At sundown the train pulled into Moscow.

Our attention was immediately called to the use of the passport, for we could not get a room at the hotel or even register our names without showing our credentials. The hotels turned out to be fine and large, but you may be sure L. and I did not linger in our rooms, for we were too curious to see the wonders of this extraordinary city.

At first sight Moscow is really amazing. The green tiled roofs of the houses give an instant's impression of the sea rolling in. But above them rise the towers of many churches, each capped by a bulbous dome; these are so like onions and pine-

apples that they make you think of nothing so much as a vegetable garden growing in cloud land. Then you are astonished to discover great Chinese walls, which some say are a souvenir of the Mongolian invasion away back in the dim ages. There are many other amazing things about Moscow, too. One of them is that nightmare of a birthday cake, the church of St. Basil. No wonder Ivan the Terrible had the architect's eyes put out when it was finished, you think, and then someone tells you that it was done as a precaution, lest the unfortunate man should build another as wonderful as this.

Ivan earned his name, "The Terrible," by many cruelties during the last ten years of his reign, among them the murder of his eldest son in a fit of fury. But he was a very remarkable man for all that. It has been said that "he was the best educated and hardest worked man of his age. His memory was astonishing, his energy indefatigable." He was the first ruler who dared assume the title of Czar of the Muscovites, being crowned in Moscow in 1547. His reign began well, with a public confession of all his sins. Then he called together all the suitable maidens of his realm and chose one from among them to be his wife. While she lived he was a model ruler, but after her death he married four or five times and his career of crime commenced.

The marvelous Kremlin was partly built by this same Ivan. It is a walled fortress containing a city of palaces, churches and barracks. A visit to it is an endurance test. After several hours of sightseeing there I went out with so many pictures coming and going before my eyes that it seemed impossible even to hope to describe them.

In front of the citadel is a red square, the color signifying not only blood but something great and fine. It was in a tower overlooking this square that Ivan the Terrible loved to watch the executions he had ordered.

We entered the treasury of the Kremlin first, through a hall with old armor. To the left was a huge museum filled with gorgeous things presented to Russia by different countries—Sèvres china from France, an enormous ivory eagle from Japan, and so on. Here also were the magnificent crown jewels, many of them from the Ural Mountains—a ruby as big as your fist, topazes, sapphires, diamonds, lapis lazuli and malachite—which played so great a part in the royal costumes. These, with the swords, daggers and horse trappings, made a matchless display, reminding one of the treasures of India. The jeweled saddles of gold cloth and velvet and enamel were beyond belief. There were superb plates of silver and gold for the bread and cellars for the

salt, which were given by loyal Russians to the Czar in token of homage.

The royal carriages shown there are equaled nowhere except in Spain—many of them very rococo, with gilded Cupids. One sleigh in which Catherine the Great lived and traveled for thirty days was fitted up like a room or a modern motor. The small wooden bed of Peter the Great and the seven-league boots that he made for himself were also there. The beds of these ancient heroes did not suggest that they were such huge men of the north as I had supposed, but that they were, indeed, rather undersized.

Peter was the first of the Russian monarchs to introduce Western civilization into his realm. He was a reformer as well as a fighter, and was proclaimed Father of the Fatherland and Emperor of all Russia. During his reign, which began in 1696, territory was added in all directions and the city of Petrograd was founded. Catherine I, his second wife, had a remarkable career, for she began life as the daughter of a poor yeoman, was brought up by a Protestant minister, married a Swedish dragoon, and—when the Russians conquered Marienburg—became prisoner and was sold to a general. Peter the Great met her at the general's house, fell in love with her, and eventually divorced his wife to marry her. She established the Russian Acad-

emy of Sciences and sent out the fleet under Bering which resulted in the discovery of Alaska.

In the museum they also showed us the famous ivory throne of Ivan III, brought from Constantinople in 1472 by his bride, Sophie Palaeologus, and the czarinas have always sat on it for their coronation. Perhaps no other may ever have that privilege, so I give an account here of the last coronation, written by Louise Creighton. It is hard for one who has seen Russia to imagine it a republic.

“In the great courtyard [of the Kremlin] were erected stages in which were placed the Russian nobles,” she writes; “and in front of them the representatives of the various Eastern peoples under the Emperor’s sway. The Ameer of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva sat with Oriental impassiveness, clad in magnificent brocades of red and green. Roman Catholic archbishops, Armenian patriarchs, Lutheran superintendents sat side by side. Next to them were lamas from the Tibetan provinces, resplendent in yellow satin, with curious metal head-dresses, and Mussulmans from the Caucasus in more familiar attire. In the adjoining stage were Russian nuns, whose somber black costume formed a strong contrast. Beyond were rows of school children, representing various charitable institutions. In the open square were members of industrial guilds, who sat upon the ground with patience

awaiting the arrival of the procession. . . . The clergy and the choir preceded the Emperor into the church. The bells suddenly ceased to ring, and caused a strange sense of silence, in which was heard floating through the air the strains of the 'Te Deum.' . . . The Emperor and Empress advanced under a velvet canopy, their path was sprinkled with holy water. . . . The dark uniform of the Emperor and the white dress of the Empress,* whose hair hung in plaits on either shoulder, were the simplest costumes in the building.

"The bishop of St. Petersburg, with his hands placed crosswise on the Emperor's bowed head, prayed: 'Make Thy faithful servant, the mighty Lord Nicholas Alexandrovitch, whom Thou hast set as Emperor over Thy people, worthy to be anointed with the oil of gladness; clothe him with power from on high; set upon his head a crown of precious stones, and bestow on him length of days. Give him in his right hand the scepter of salvation; set him upon the throne of righteousness; defend him with the whole armor of the Holy Spirit; strengthen his arm, subdue before him all warlike barbarian peoples; plant in his heart Thy fear and compassion towards all his subjects.'

"The Emperor then asked for the crown, and,

* No one thought then that she would be a tool for German intrigue, or foresaw the awful influence of the priest Rasputin.

standing with it for a moment in his hand, placed it upon his head. It was a mighty crown of diamonds and pearls, divided into two parts, symbolizing the Eastern and Western Empires; the two parts were joined by a superb ruby, from which sprung a cross of pearls. . . . In like manner the Emperor took in his right hand the scepter, and in his left the orb of Empire, and was reminded that they were symbols of the power of government. When this was done, the Emperor stood for a space, clad in all the insignia of his office, the undisputed ruler of his vast dominion, crowned by his own hand, and responsible to God alone. It was a moment of incomparable dramatic effect, overpowering in its significance."

From the treasury we entered the palace where visiting princes are entertained and the czars are crowned. It was much like other palaces with its Gobelin tapestries, silver tables and chandeliers, its palm garden, and its medieval chapel. This chapel was so dark that candles were lighted to show us the wonderful old ikons within the golden railing; the frames themselves may be only of silver gilt, or even gilded brass, but the halo about the head of Christ is always gold.

The state bedroom had pillars that had been brought from Pompeii. Some of the rooms had malachite columns, hangings of gold brocade, and

inlaid floors, while others were enriched with frescoes and lovely velvets, and several had throne chairs on raised daises—three in one room for the czar, his wife and his mother. The throne room itself was never entered by women until Catherine the Great insisted on going in there with the men—perhaps she was the first suffragette!

The Great Catherine married the prince who afterward became Peter III, but she seems to have had little love for him, for her affairs were the scandal of the world, and when he was finally murdered it was more than suspected that she had a hand in it. However, she was a very able woman and her long reign was, on the whole, a good one.

Although the Museum of the Patriarch is not open to the public it was nevertheless unlocked for our official party, as were many other places along our journey. This museum is in the famous bell tower of the Kremlin, near the Great Bell. In these small, queerly-shaped tower rooms were church vestments of gold and embroidery of great beauty and of eye-destroying fineness. Beside the golden basins and chalices and other utensils of the Church were holy books of parchment decorated with gold leaf and carefully painted saints, and ikons—the most beautiful holy pictures in the world—some of miracles, others showing dim faces of the Madonna and Child or of the Christ, surrounded by their

halos of pure gold and often framed in exquisite mosaic or enamel.

In the square outside is the Great Bell, the largest in the world, but cracked, so that it gives out a wail and moan when it is struck. According to an old legend a certain founder was commanded by the czar to make this bell. Twice he tried, and failed. The czar gave him a third trial, but he had become superstitious and believed that only a sacrifice would make it perfect. Women threw their jewels in, hoping that would have the desired effect, but in vain. Finally, to save her father's name, his daughter threw herself into the molten metal, and by that sacrifice the bell became the greatest in history, and the heart of the czar, the Little Father of his people, was made glad.

Here, too, there were interesting, dark little chapels, but under ground, and a small one beneath the great arch of the wall, where candles were burning brightly in front of a wonderful ikon. This chapel was crowded all day long, and the people who passed by in the street crossed themselves devoutly after the fashion of the Greek Church,—from left to right.

Another day we visited the Foundling Hospital, from which many of the soldiers of the present war have come. It is quite unlike anything of the kind that I have seen in America, but it seems

to me that we might well get suggestions from it. This strange institution was founded by Catherine the Great and is supported by the Government. It stands in the center of the city, surrounded by a beautiful park. The walled enclosure containing several enormous buildings is so vast that it takes an hour to make the circuit. Connected with the institution is a lying-in hospital, and a room fitted up with incubators for babies prematurely born. We were fortunate enough to have for guide a matron who spoke English so well that she was able to give us much information.

No foundling under two years of age is ever refused admittance. Many of the children are discovered on the streets and in the trains, where they have been abandoned. During that year, thirteen thousand babies had been cared for, but not all of them were foundlings, for mothers might bring their infants here, if they wished, and give them up to the state. The establishment is intended for illegitimate children only, and the mothers of those born here are kept for six months. Many married women, out of the depths of their poverty, used to bring their new-born babies, pretending that they had no husbands in order that they and their children might be well fed and cared for; but they came in such numbers that lately it has been necessary to certify that the women were not married. Before this

there were often nineteen thousand inmates during a year.

When a mother arrives at the hospital with her baby the attendant in the waiting room at once writes down the name, age, etc., of the child. If it has not been baptized it is taken for this purpose to a little chapel where the services of the Greek Church are regularly held. The new arrival is then examined and weighed by the doctor and its clothing taken away, after which it is bathed and given clothes belonging to the hospital, and tagged.

For a time the mother and her child sleep in the small ward next to the waiting room, which is a sort of quarantine where they stay until it is certain that they have no contagious disease, when they are assigned to wards upstairs. Every ward has its uniform, in which red and white predominate.

In each of these huge rooms there are, I should say, two or three hundred women and children. On either side is a long row of baby cots, in front of each of which sits the mother in her costume all day long taking care of her baby—and sometimes of other babies, too. She follows the doctor's orders, helps clean the room, puts down her own mattress at night and takes it up again in the morning, sews, and does other light work. The women are never overworked, so they rest and grow strong. They take turns going out for their meals and have, be-



AN IDYL OF LITTLE RUSSIA

sides, a cup and saucer which they may take to a room nearby where they make tea for themselves whenever they wish. In the tea room is a small counter with food, sewing materials, and a few other things such as those who have any money might like to buy. But once they enter the building, the women are not allowed out of the grounds for the entire six months that they must spend there.

Most of the mothers look prematurely old and worn. Some of them return with new babies, and they are always taken in, with no questions of any kind asked as to their past. The matron said that most of them were utterly silent in regard to their lives, few ever caring to confide their troubles. They were all quiet and well behaved, and anxious to show us their children, bobbing politely to the matron and the head nurses. Many of the latter had been children in the hospital. Some of the mothers were peasants, but the majority came from the city. The greater number were of the lowest class, although there were well-educated women among them. They were trained to be hygienic, to take baths daily, to bathe their babies and care for them properly. They all looked so clean and were so quiet and orderly that the management was evidently very good.

When the children are six months old they are separated from their mothers and sent into the

country, the mothers leaving the hospital. The babies are usually put into the homes of peasants, whom the Government pays a few roubles a month for keeping them. The mother knows where her baby is, and if she is able to care for it herself at any time before it is seven years old she is allowed to take it. But after that, if she has never claimed her child she no longer has any right to it. We asked if these children turned out well and learned that several had become prominent in the nation. It is really a state nursery; the boys are kept for the army, and no doubt many of them have distinguished themselves in this war. But owing partly to the cruel climate and partly to constitutional weaknesses, not more than a quarter of the children reach their majority.

While in Moscow we visited the Romanoff house, which had recently been restored and was the most remarkable ancient building existing in Russia—a fine specimen of the old dwelling house of the boyars or nobles; it was here that the first of the recently reigning dynasty was born.

But of all the wonderful hours in Moscow, I believe the service at St. Saviour's surpassed the rest. We were ushered into a gallery where we could look down on hundreds of people standing and crossing themselves or kneeling and touching their foreheads to the earth. Through doors at the back

of the platform one could see a priest in robes of gold and crimson under the four-posted canopy of gilded wood, the holy of holies that no woman may enter.

During the service other priests in silver vestments appeared bearing lighted candles and crosses and Bibles. They bowed and crossed themselves, then turned and bowed again, much as they do in the Roman Catholic Church. Then one intoned in a deep, rich voice which echoed and resounded in this great, lofty, modern but beautiful cathedral. The choir of men, robed in red and white, sat on either side of the altar, in boxes like those in a theater. When they sang they walked two by two down the steps and along a strip of red carpet to a square in the center of the church, where they continued to sing. Though unaccompanied, their voices sounded like a great organ. From their very souls came music no earthly instrument could produce, for it was vibrant with spiritual meaning—a minor wail of sadness, a good-by to earthly things and then a joyful, conquering song of the heavens!

Two trains a week left Moscow for the long run across Siberia—the Russian express and the train of the Wagon-Lits Compagnie. Both were likely to be crowded and one had to engage passage some time ahead. The food was supposed to be equally

good on both. We chose the Wagon-Lits for our crossing because the conductors spoke something besides Russian, although the other train had the advantage of a room where one could take a bath. Even when the temperature outside was forty degrees below zero the cars were kept warm as summer, though heated by wood fires.

The trans-Siberian route to Harbin is the longest unbroken train journey in the world—in time, if not in distance, for the trip from Moscow takes eight or nine days. We were fortunate enough to get a private car—one which Prince Arthur of Connaught and his suite had occupied on their way to the Mikado's funeral. Strangely enough, we had the same porter as when we crossed Siberia two years before. There were two other first-class carriages like ours, very crowded, and a number of second-class ones that were simply seething with Japanese, Chinese, Eurasians and Europeans.

The dining car, which was large and comfortable, seemed to be in use all day long. We got up late and went in for lunch at twelve and dinner at six, but others crowded in for tea in the afternoon and for supper later in the evening. One night at eleven o'clock we found it crowded—a Chinaman playing chess with a Russian, several Japanese playing dominoes together, and some English officers—a mixed company and quite an interesting one. Our

little table was always clean and perfectly set, and we were well served. Among other things they gave us red caviar, which comes from the sturgeon of the Volga.

With our books and games and comforts all about, our house on wheels was very homelike. The cars were roomy, for the train was wide-gauged. Russia, like Spain, sought to protect herself in case of war by a different width of track, to prevent troops being sent in over the railway.

Now there are two railway tracks most of the way across Siberia, both with this same wide gauge. But few civilians travel over them, for soldiers and ammunition have the right of way, with food and medical supplies going next. I am told that near the coast packages of the latter have been piled high, for the traffic was so tremendous that even in the big Siberian towns it was almost impossible to get medical supplies. It is believed, though, that German plots were responsible for much of the difficulty.

In this connection I may add that Russia has suffered from a great scarcity of doctors, so many have been killed. There have been very few women nurses, too, but Russia is, I believe, the only country where they have been allowed near the firing line. Curiously enough, there have been women dentists for the soldiers. Even in far-off Siberia there are American nurses at work. It is said that

the first time the Germans used gases, out of four thousand Siberians affected half were killed at once, eight hundred died soon after, and at last accounts the others were all dying of tuberculosis.

Southern Russia, from Moscow toward the Urals, was one long, monotonous stretch of white, with occasional villages of log cabins half buried in snow, clustered about a gray-walled church whose dome of blue or green was surmounted by a Greek cross. Across the white prairie caravans of sleds drawn by horses passed in procession, silhouetted black against the snow, and every now and then some single figure appeared pathetically in the dreary waste, watching the train which was their only link with civilization. As we looked out over the wide, empty snowscape we could understand the appalling terror and madness that may come with the dreariness and desolation. The peasants we were near enough to see were muffled in sheepskin coats, their baggy trousers tucked into boots of skin, and skin caps drawn down over their ears—such bearded and dull-looking Slavs!

It was a relief to come finally to the Urals, though at the southern end of the range, where the railroad crosses them, they are more like hills than mountains. In the stations along the way there were little booths where aquamarines and boxes of

green malachite were offered for sale. I found it hard to select jewels for a lifetime all in a minute, and a lady standing nearby did not make the task any easier by warning me that many of the stones were sure to be false. I picked out a tourmaline and held up my fingers to show the dealer what I was willing to pay for it. He shook his head, but just then—toot! toot! went the engine, and I started for the train, so he relented and gave me the stone at my price. It turned out to be very good.

Once past the Urals and we were in Siberia, but still traversing mile upon mile of flat, snow-covered country. The first steppe counted for about twelve hundred miles of endless prairie, much like parts of our own West. There was the shortest daylight we had ever seen, the sun no higher in the sky at noon than we had seen it in Norway at midnight.

The air was so still that it was a delight to breathe it when we went out for our short exercise on the station platforms. The stations were neat and substantial, with their main buildings often of brick, and outhouses and fences among little plantations of trees. There was generally a crowd of Tartars and a sprinkling of Mongols among the Russians, all wrapped up in their skin coats and caps and boots.

Occasionally there would be a lonely figure plodding along, or some little sleds with their tired,

shaggy ponies staggering over the drifted plains. Now and then there was a village so hidden in the snow that it looked like an uninhabited mound except for the tiny columns of smoke rising from it. Pushkin's lines came to my mind—

“ Stormy clouds delirious straying,
Showers of whirling snowflakes white,
And the pallid moonbeams waning—
Sad the heavens, sad the night!
Further speeds the sledge, and further,
Loud the sleighbell's melody,
Grewsome, frightful 'tis becoming,
'Mid these snow fields now to be! ”

The costumes of the people in Siberia are so varied that it is hopeless to try to describe them, and so many different races are represented—Tartars, Finns, Mongols and a host of others—that the faces are as diverse as the costumes.

Most Americans take it for granted that Siberia has been settled entirely from Russia, first by convicts and political exiles, and later on by peasant immigrants. But this is only a modern development. The country seems to have been settled in the first place by tribes of Finns, who were later conquered by Turks from the south and driven northward. During the thirteenth century wandering bands of Mongolians from the East conquered both the Finns and the Turks and established the great Mongol

Empire. When this weakened, as it did a century later, the Turks and Finns revolted and set up separate governments of their own.

The Russians under Ivan the Terrible subdued western Siberia during the sixteenth century. The Cossacks overwhelmed Turk, Mongol and Finn alike, and in time brought the whole vast region under the rule of Russia. A century later the czars began to colonize Siberia with convicts and even banished there their prisoners of war from other countries—Germans, Poles and Swedes. Peasant immigrants have been much more numerous than the criminals, though, and this is fortunate, for the convicts' influence was very pernicious. At one time gangs of them used to invade little colonies of peaceful settlers and inaugurate a reign of terror, corrupting the morals of every hamlet upon which they descended. When the Government began to realize what was happening, they confined the criminals to a district along the Lena River and to prisons in the Far East, leaving the peasants undisturbed in the western and central parts of the country.

Many of the railway hands whom we saw were political prisoners, heavily bearded fellows, rather good-looking. It had been customary the last few years to grant political prisoners much liberty, so long as they remained in this growing and prosperous country, and they had an opportunity to go

into business and affairs as they pleased. Only dangerous criminals were being sent to farther Siberia and Saghalien, where the prisons were of a modern character.

From the train could be seen the old road over which the exiles had to march in the days before the railway was built; when we were there they were conveyed in prison cars with barred windows.

From the time we left Kurgan, in the Urals, till we crossed the Obi River we were traveling through the great "black earth belt" of the Baraba Steppe, a vast plain stretching more than a thousand miles from east to west. It lies between the forest region on the north and the desert steppes to the south, and is the richest land in western Siberia. It is to this region that the peasant immigration has been directed by the Russian government. Colonists were granted partial or complete exemption from taxes for a few years, a loan of money, and enough seed corn for several acres. Wheat enough to feed half a billion people could be raised there.

Once before we had crossed this steppe, in the fall of the year, before the snow came. Then we could see the tilled ground as black as ink and rich as it was black. It was really impressive farming land, with cultivation extending to the very horizon. Many windmills waved their weird arms about, and green-roofed churches stood among the brown-

thatched cottages, surrounded by huge stacks of garnered grain. Here and there a peasant traveled past in a rattletrap wagon with the characteristic arched yoke of a collar on the shaft.

It looked very different under its blanket of snow, but apparently the winter has no terror for the intrepid settlers. We passed many immigrant trains, for more peasants were going out there than to America, sometimes half a million in a single year. But the plains are so vast that throughout large districts the population was scarcely ten to the mile.

Beyond the Obi River we left the level steppes and rose into the mountains which form the north-western boundary of the great plateau of central Asia. This is a forest region covered with Scotch pine, spruce and Siberian pine interspersed with open stretches where peasant colonists were finding new homes. In many places we were reminded of our own country—indeed, Siberia is often called the “new America.”

In crossing the whole western half the traveler gets but little idea of Siberian civilization, for the railway merely cuts the outskirts of a few large towns. After a run of four thousand miles from Moscow one does at last, however, come to Krasnoyarsk, which is situated on the great Yenisei River and is the metropolis. From the railway station, which is a mile or so from the center of the town,

little could be seen but snow, and when we had passed before in the autumn all we saw was a wide cart track filled with ruts, over which the four-wheeled carts of the country made their way in a series of jerks and jounces. For the benefit of those who had to go about on foot, a few boards were laid down where the ruts were deepest. This bog of mud, it appeared, was the principal street of Krasnoyarsk. There was no time to explore this road, but I have heard that it meanders on for several miles along the bank of the river, fenced in only by ragged lines of houses from the wide, monotonous expanses on either side. All the houses, even the governor's, are built of logs, though a few of them have coats of plaster on the outside. The "hotels" are simply huge barns.

Yet Krasnoyarsk was a trade center and the distributing point for the whole Yenisei valley. Plows and harvesters from America and Russia, flour from Tomsk, dairy utensils and manufactured goods from central Europe, were all brought here to find a market or to be transshipped to other points. Mr. Price, in his book on Siberia, quotes a Russian as saying that the country was like Canada with its resources of furs, timber and minerals, its boundless steppes for cattle raising, and its thousands upon thousands of square miles of black earth for raising wheat.

At Krasnoyarsk began the second half of our long journey, and now we really seemed to be penetrating into Arctic regions. There were days and nights of endless snow—the train crawled along. As we drew near Irkutsk the weather grew colder and the drifts deeper, and even that town was a welcome break in the monotony.

Irkutsk is sometimes called the Paris of Siberia, but one must not expect too much of it on that account. There were, to be sure, a few brick and stone buildings—the museum, the theater, the cathedral, the governor's residence, and some schools—but all the rest were low structures built of logs. However, the large number of exiles of intelligence and culture who settled there made it an educational center to which students came from all parts of the country. It is perhaps the largest and most important city in that part of the world, though the population is less than a hundred thousand.

Near Irkutsk is Lake Baikal, which divides the eastern from the western section. This is not only the largest body of fresh water in the Old World, being some four hundred miles long, but it is also the deepest, measuring in one place over three thousand feet. The railway follows a rushing river from Irkutsk, then turns and is carried through many tunnels out over the water's edge, where the mountains come down to the shore. When we were there in

the fall it was an inland sea with snow-streaked mountains in the distance, and the browns, yellows and reds of autumn foliage reflected in the calm water.

After leaving Baikal the train passed at last out of the blanket of snow which had so covered our world, and came into a country that was only patched and powdered here and there with white.

After that the stations came more frequently, but the stops were indefinitely long. We would get off and rush up and down the platform, ready to jump on when the bell rang, for they were likely to start off quickly enough, only to crawl along afterward. Much of the country was flat and covered with a stunted growth of willow and white birch. There were a few wretched villages where the Russians had made brick military posts along the railway. The people whom we saw were stolid and stupid-looking and dirty.

When we reached the Manchurian border L. sat up late into the night, expecting to have a bad time over the examination of our luggage, but instead was received by most polite officials who entertained him at a champagne supper in the station restaurant!

Manchuria is a well-cultivated country, with level stretches of rich black earth. The only striking objects in the landscape were the old fire-signal

towers. Harbin was a big, spread-out place, with busy factories and smoking chimneys, and had a temperature of forty below zero, but it was still and clear and a lovely morning, and one could not realize that it was so cold. After the long stretches of Siberia, Manchuria seemed positively homelike.

From Harbin to Changchun our way led through the battleground of the Far East, where the Japanese were victorious over the Russians in 1905. Southward from Mukden, over this immense fertile plain, their armies tramped that autumn through the unending fields of kaoliang that stretch for miles on either side of the railroad—"a tawny sea, brown-tasseled with the yellow grain." Beyond the fields on one side is the ocean, on the other the low Western Hills behind which lie the barren wastes of the mysterious Gobi Desert.

General Kuropatkin was in command of the Russian troops, while Marshal Oyama led the victorious Japanese in the battle at Mukden. In this region, too, were the battles of the Yalu Valley, and Liaoyang, as well as Haichen and Shao-ho.

At Changchun we left our comfortable car for the even more comfortable Pullmans of the Japanese line. It was here at Changchun that we got our first news from the outside world since leaving Moscow, nine days before. The tao-tai, or viceroy, met us and whisked us off as quickly as he could, for

there is much rivalry with the Japanese, who are colonizing here and have built many modern buildings. The viceroy was a cheerful little fellow, one of the brightest and nicest of the Chinese whom we met. We rattled off through the wide, dusty streets to his official residence, a new building, or rather series of buildings, with gardens in between full of ragged China asters and cosmos. There we walked in the sunshine till we went in to breakfast, which was like a dinner, with many courses of such delicacies as shark's lips, and eel, and queer shellfish, and—champagne. This last is always brought out for foreigners on special occasions, even in the early morning!


The American consulate at Mukden was a fascinating temple, new but entirely Chinese in design, with courts and stone lions and yamens with richly decorated friezes under the tiled roofs and on the ceilings, the whole made just European enough for comfort without spoiling the effect.

Mukden is on the line that goes down to Port Arthur, and another to Seoul, but we took still a third and continued on our way. Past Chinese villages with their mud walls we traveled, until we came at last in sight of the sacred city of Peking.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA

I

T so happens that we have been in China several times, but by far the most interesting of our visits to the Celestial Empire was when we were there in the party of our Secretary of War, Hon. J. M. Dickinson. The Chinese government laid itself out on that occasion to do everything possible for the Secretary, in its efforts to show a desire for the goodwill and good offices of the American people. We alone among the great nations of the world were not preparing to devour them piecemeal at the first opportunity. Our friendship had been fairly proved by the return of our share in the Boxer indemnity, and China was grateful. One of the forms which this good-will took was the giving of dinners, luncheons and receptions in our honor.

Perhaps the most interesting personage whom we met was the brother of the Regent, Prince Tsai Tao. Officially, he was aide-de-camp to the Em-

peror, commander of the imperial bodyguard and chief of the general staff. Personally, he was a man of about twenty-five years, keenly alive, of medium stature, with a frank, intelligent face, charming manners and forceful character. In every way he showed himself a prince and to the manner born.

Prince Tao presided at the luncheon which the Board of War gave in honor of the Secretary and the men of his party. The account of it in my husband's journal runs something as follows: On the Prince's right sat Secretary Dickinson, on his left General Edwards, while opposite him was the Chinese Minister of War, General Yin Chang, who wore no queue [although this was before queues had been ordered off] and looked much like a German officer. Other high Chinese officers alternated with the Americans. It was a long table with about fifty covers. The Prince seemed pleased to be in uniform again—for several days he had been representing the Prince Regent in various civil functions, which he had found rather irksome, perhaps. Evidently the military profession was his choice and pleasure.

The luncheon was a very pleasant one—really an officers' mess on the special occasion of a visit from other officers. Prince Tao seemed anxious to get American views and suggestions, and invited criticism of the Chinese army. Toward the close of

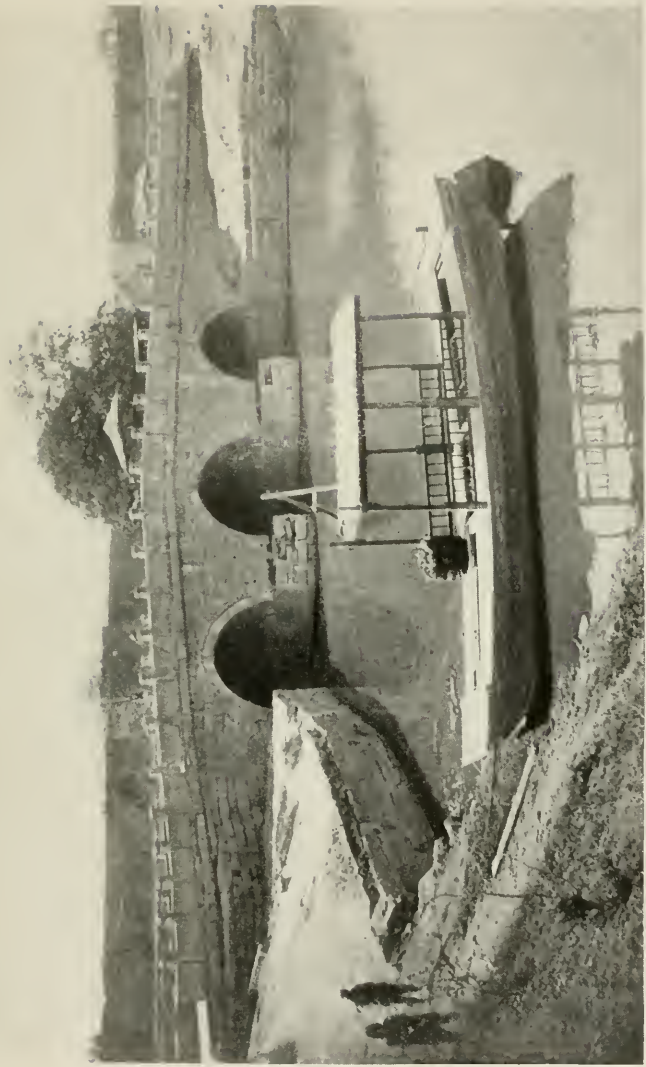
the meal he rose, and as is the custom in the presence of royalty, all the other Chinese rose, too. The Americans, it goes without saying, did likewise. Then, later on, when the Secretary got to his feet, the Prince followed suit. So it happened that nearly all the toasts and speeches were made and listened to with everybody standing. In a few words, evidently extemporaneous, and spoken with feeling, Prince Tao toasted the United States Army and its Secretary of War. After the Secretary's response, His Imperial Highness made another address expressing his pleasure and recalling his own visit to the United States, and hoping that he could rely on the aid of that country in making the new Chinese army.

After luncheon ideas were freely exchanged over the coffee and cigars, friendships were acknowledged and pledged, and good fellowship prevailed. The Secretary was told that this was the first time in the history of China that any officers of a foreign army had been thus honored. No such courtesies had been extended to any foreign general, whatever his rank, not even to Lord Kitchener on his recent official visit.

One of the most delightful evenings which we spent in Peking, and one full of real significance, was when the Society of the American Returned Students gave a dinner for our party. At a few

days' notice they had got together a hundred of those who in years past had gone to America to study. Some had been among those first sent out, forty years ago, and so on down to the cadet who had graduated at West Point the year before. I was surprised to find that they seemed to look back on their days in America with real affection and enthusiasm, for I had thought that we were not very considerate and hospitable to the foreign students in our midst. Even the women who had studied in America, and who sat in a row with our women on one side of the table, seemed most loyal to their student days. The after-dinner speeches were as amusing and as good as any I had ever heard.

Some imperial ladies came one afternoon to a reception at the American Legation—Manchu princesses with lively, gay little faces smiling through coats of white paint and rouge. They were the Princess Pulun and the tiny Duchess Tzai Fu, made up in the most formal manner, with the carmine spot on the lip to make the mouth seem small and pouting. They toddled in on their high-soled shoes, balancing on their heads the extraordinary coiffure of Manchu ladies—great towering butterfly-shaped pieces with jeweled ornaments and bobbing sprays of imitation flowers. Their dress was lovely with its daring combinations of color. To this same reception came also the fascinating



NEAR PEKING

small daughters of Liu, the Chinese Minister to England, clad in little jackets and trouserloons, and wearing their hair in queues down their backs. Likewise in Chinese costume but a "new" woman for all that, was Miss Yen, sister of the brilliant Doctor Yen, and clever as she could be.

One evening the women of our party were entertained by Lady Na, the wife of the Prime Minister, while the men dined with one of the cabinet ministers, Mr. Hu. I will give first the account of the men's dinner, taken from my husband's journal:

"The drive to Minister Hu's house was not as long as some of the excursions had been, and it took only a short scamper in the stuffy, rattling little carriages with the shouting mafoos scattering the crowds in the streets to reach the brightly lighted doors of his residence. There was a short passage into a courtyard and then an entrance into another court, where a little open gallery led to the reception rooms. These were partly European and quite plain, with ugly modern chairs and tables and rather poor pictures on the walls, but with cases of Chinese curios about—jades and lacquers and coins.

"After a time we passed into the dining-room with its Europeanized arrangements, its tablecloths and sideboards. But the dinner was entirely Chinese, the first real Chinese meal some of the party had ever tasted and so eaten under difficulties—by

them—with chopsticks. As it was all quite informal, it was very jolly and enjoyable. Mr. Hu had been at many of the official entertainments for the Secretary, so we all felt quite at home with him. He was a round-faced, jolly little Chinese gentleman, making jokes in quite good English.

“The meal, which was delicious, consisted of fourteen courses, on the menu, but others were added at the last minute to fill in the spaces, and all was washed down by gunpowdery samshu and kaoliang that looks so innocent but which is really chain lightning. The little cups were quietly refilled with the warm rice wine and the white bamboo liquor and cordial toasts were passed around the table between the Chinese gentlemen and those of our party.

“First we tasted the bits of smoked fish and bamboo sprouts and cold chicken that were already on the table in little dishes before each one of us. It is the custom in China to serve soup at the end of the dinner, but out of regard for foreign prejudice it came at the beginning on this occasion—chicken soup with mushrooms and quite as Chinese as bird’s-nest soup, though it doesn’t sound so.

“Then came roast fish in little bits in bowls, and delicious shark fins with cabbage. Turtle and pigeon and meat dumplings followed each other, then delicate ducks’ tongues and bits of tasty ham in

a sort of soup. After this, roast duck cut in small pieces—Peking is specially famed for its duck, which is considered the best in the country; the crisp browned skin with its layer of rich fat is indescribably succulent. Shantung cabbage hearts and chestnut pudding, with the extra courses, one of which was rice, brought the dinner to fruits, which are much like ours, and to sweets, among them sugared lotus seeds.

“After dinner the company retired across a courtyard, the side galleries of which were prettily hung with lanterns, to a pavilion where there were European things and a piano. Madame Hu, who had been partly educated in Virginia, came back from Lady Na’s dove party and joined the men in the pavilion while they sang and smoked, showing indeed the new spirit in China.

“Before we left, His Excellency took us into another pavilion with an open fireplace and deep leather furniture that awakened waves of homesickness. Here he showed us his photographs of celebrities and friends. Then we passed to the outer court again and the short passages, and to our carriages, and so went rattling and jolting back to our quarters.”

The invitations which the women of our party received to dine with Lady Na were written in black Chinese characters on a long piece of red paper. A

translation was attached which stated that we were expected to arrive at five o'clock, and that dinner would be at seven. We were warned that it was not a Chinese custom to reply, but that we must appear with the invitations in our hands. As foreign women are seldom admitted to even the humbler homes of the Manchus, and as Lady Na was not only a Manchu but a personage of high rank, it was a rare privilege that was offered us by these curious invitations.

Starting off in carriages, we passed Chinese dignitaries serenely squatting in covered chairs carried by coolies, while outriders were going helter-skelter before and behind them on shaggy ponies. We rattled past carts drawn by mules, and jinrikishas bearing painted Manchu ladies, and Chinese women toddling along on their tiny broken feet. Bumpity-bump over the rough street we drove, while our driver snapped his whip and gave long calls which sounded like "Liar! liar!" We went under pailos and through thick-walled arches, past gray walls and pink walls and the glorious yellow-tiled roofs of the Forbidden City.

Finally we drew up before Lady Na's house, which looked like any other on the outside—a long gray wall with a hooded entrance gate. Inside, also, we found the usual arrangement—a walled compound enclosing many courtyards and one-storied

buildings, the latter often connected by bridges or covered passageways. Entering on foot we passed through one of the courtyards and into a second, where stood the stone screen placed in every house to keep out the devil, who, according to Chinese tradition, "can only travel in a straight line."

The devil seems to give them great concern. On the corners of the roofs are little curligigs which are supposed to be useful in tossing him up into the air when he slides down the tiles. Along with the little tile animals, the dragon and the phœnix, which represent happiness and prosperity, comes the mysterious hen, ridden by a man. She is supposed to give the devil a peck when he comes too near. The Chinese have built lofty pagodas to propitiate the spirits of the air, but their houses are all low, lest they interfere with these gods. For a long time there was a law forbidding any structure above a certain height, in order to prevent missionaries from erecting churches with towers.

Presently we found ourselves at the entrance to a charming paved court. There were potted green plants twisted into queer shapes, and small fruit trees with bunches of crab-apples and beautiful ripening pomegranates hanging from their branches. Lotus leaves floated on an artificial pond and bright flowers peeped at us between fantastic-shaped rocks. At this entrance Lady Na and her daughters stood

waiting to greet us. They were noble Manchu ladies, and they looked like curious flowers in their long, light blue, straight gowns and short jackets, their faces whitened and rouged beyond belief, their black hair plastered down with oil and sewed together at the back, and surmounted by strange black satin topknots with flying buttresses. There were flowers in this headdress, too, and pearl ornaments striking out at different angles. We could easily believe what we were told, that such a toilet takes several hours in the making.

The Chinese ladies who soon gathered about us were costumed quite differently from the Manchu women. Madame Tsi, for instance, was in a short embroidered pink jacket with pink trousers, and her hair was oiled and coiled at the back of her neck with many jewels; she wore bracelets on her arms and precious stones about her neck. As a rule the Chinese and Manchu women do not associate much. These Chinese ladies all had natural feet, were educated in America and spoke English, while the Manchu ladies had little or no education. When they met us they all shook hands, but in greeting each other they slid their hands upon their knees and bowed low several times. We were escorted into a room where amahs, or maids, took our wraps, balancing themselves on their high shoes and trembling so in their excitement at seeing people from

a far-off land that their mutton-fat jade earrings shook in their ears.

We were taken to the big seat of honor, made of teakwood and marble, in the center of which was a small table. Here we had tea for the first time—I say the first time, because we had been offered it at least five times in the different pavilions as we walked through the compound. Lady Na's daughters, who looked about her own age, were presented to us, and a small baby was also brought forward. Whether they were all her own children or not we were unable to find out, but we saw no other wives, though we were told that Chinamen or Manchus might have as many as they could afford to keep. If a man had several, they all lived in different parts of the same compound, each one keeping house by herself. An unmarried woman takes precedence over the married ones, for they say, "Perhaps some day she may be empress!"

The rooms through which we passed were all more or less alike: tables and chairs of teakwood, a European oil painting here, a piece of Japanese embroidery there; instead of "God Bless Our Home" there were poems hung upon the walls. On the stone floors, instead of the Golden Tibet Monkey Rug, which, as they say, "keeps the whole house warm," were only here and there a few garish European carpets. The house was cold, even in

September, but in winter it was partially warmed by fires built in a sort of oven under the bed.

At last dinner was announced. The table was set for sixteen and was quite European, with flowers and knives and forks. Course after course—wine after wine. Our hostess proposed one toast after another, saying, "I drink the glass dry with you!"

This seems an appropriate moment to insert a couple of verses of what is said to be perhaps the oldest drinking song in the world—at any rate a very ancient Chinese lyric, written more than a thousand years before Christ:

"The dew is heavy on the grass,
At last the sun is set.
Fill up, fill up the cups of jade,
The night's before us yet!

"All night the dew will heavy lie
Upon the grass and clover.
Too soon, too soon, the dew will dry,
Too soon the night be over!"*

It was rather a struggle to keep up the conversation. One end of the table was made gay by trying to teach a Manchu girl English, while some of us passed around our menu cards for the ladies to write their names on. Some of the Chinese ladies had been given English names, such as Ida or May, while others still kept their Chinese ones—"Fairy

* From "Lyrics from the Chinese," by Helen Waddell.

of the Moon" and "Beloved of the Forest." Lady Na would or could not write her name. Madame Tsi assured us that she had trouble with her eyes. After dinner, to our amazement, some Chinese music was played on the pianola, while more tea and cigarettes were passed. It was all very interesting and delightful, but when we drove back to the hotel at half-past nine we were so tired and it seemed so late that we wondered why the sun did not rise!

This was perhaps the most novel experience the ladies of the party had while in Peking, and it well illustrates the transition period through which the country is passing, when some Chinese women still wear the "cup of tears," as they call their tiny embroidered satin shoes, while others, who have studied in America or at mission schools, are leaders in the ranks of progress. One of them was a leader in the republican revolution and was beheaded for her part in it, while others have led Amazon regiments.

Now that the Empire has fallen and China has become a republic, the palaces and gardens belonging to the great Manchus may perhaps be seen by the traveler. But at the time of our visit they were still hidden from the world, as they had been for centuries.

One is not apt to associate a chance for unusual experiences with a botanical garden. But there was nothing commonplace about our trip through the one

in Peking, which had been a favorite haunt of the old Empress. To begin with, various high officials and personages representing the Chinese government met us at the entrance with chairs for the long excursion that lay before us. These bore us through endless zigzag paths that, curiously enough, reminded us of America with their beds of marigolds and red cockscombs on either side. Then we embarked on a flotilla of marvelous houseboats. These were really barges with pagoda-like houses on them painted in bright colors and with curling roofs. Inside they were gay with mirrors and many-hued trappings. All we needed was the Empress with eunuchs and waving fans to fill out the picture of Manchu splendor.

Skillful boatmen poled us along through narrow passages in a tangle of high grasses and lotus. At times we seemed lost in the mazes of the beautiful marsh as gay boatload after boatload moved through in procession. Finally, we landed near a high, steeply arched bridge, and passing some tea houses came to a pavilion in a more secluded part of the grounds. This was the favorite resting place of the great Empress Dowager. It was approached by a long circling gallery and was divided into several rooms, all filled with curios which had belonged to Her Majesty. There were panels of jade and fine lacquers kept beneath glass on carved tables, but

more interesting to us were the kakemonos painted by the Empress. She was a remarkable artist. Her work is often to be recognized, not only by the imperial seal, but by the lack of adherence to strict canons of Chinese art, which no one dared tell her she was violating.

After being given a cup of fragrant tea we were led on through devious paths and over steep bridges to another pagoda, her second resting place. This was much like the first, except that a small room with a round door contained a bed built into the wall, somewhat like a bunk in a steamer, on which the Empress used to rest.

The Summer Palace of the imperial family is about eight miles from the ancient walls of Peking. We rumbled out through villages and fields and past deserted yamens until, drawing near this wonderland, we saw the endless walls and up-curved roofs of the country houses of the princes and high officials. They were grouped about a wide space full of trees, across which we drove to a small gate in the wall of a long row of outbuildings. Here we left our carriages and passed in on foot. Before us was a court, shaded by a grove of cedars and surrounded by walls and gray-tiled roofs. At one side stood a pavilion where we were served with tea in fragile cups before meeting the officials who promised to take us through the palace and grounds.

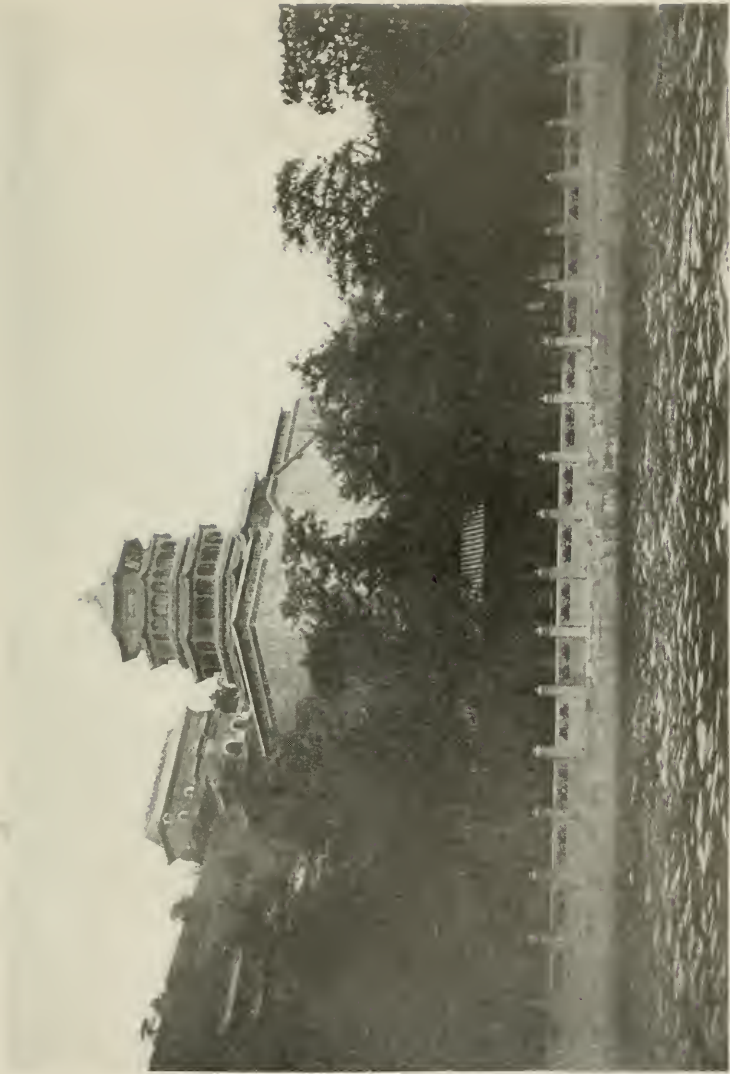
Opening widely from the court and approached by a series of steps was a handsome building in which stood the reception throne of the late Empress Dowager. It was at the foot of this throne that the young Emperor was compelled to stand, on occasions of ceremony, in token of his subjection. He was not the son of the Dowager Empress, who had no children of her own, but of another wife, and is said to have been smothered by the orders of the Dowager. He was the uncle of the last reigning Boy Emperor—whom the Manchus have just now been trying to restore to the throne—and very clever and progressive, but not strong enough to carry out his plans against the old Empress. Two thousand years ago someone wrote verses which seem to suggest his plight:

“I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.
I had a plan would have saved the state,
But mine are the thoughts of a girl.

“The Elder Statesmen sit on the mats,
And wrangle through half the day;
A hundred plans they have drafted and dropped,
And mine was the only way.”*

From this building we followed a winding path among fine bronzes of phoenix and deer and storks till we came out upon a wide terrace overlooking a calm and placid lake. Here was reflected the Sum-

* “Lyrics from the Chinese,” by Helen Waddell.



THE SUMMER PALACE

mer Palace in all its enchantment—a dream-like panorama of arching marble bridges and balustrades, islands crowned by kiosks, and terraces with pavilions built out into the water. Behind it rose the “mountain of eternity,” of ten thousand ages.

From the terrace we entered a low, gray-tiled yamen—once the residence of the late Emperor—with paved court after court, all surrounded by gayly colored galleries, with cornice decorations in gilt and many colors, and pictures and mottoes frequently repeated. As in all these royal palaces, the private apartments were crowded with fine porcelains in open cabinets, so that they could be seen from all sides, jade panels, bronzes and quaintly carved crystals. Everywhere there were clocks—clocks innumerable. Orientals have a strange mania for timepieces of every shape and size, grotesque and ugly for the most part, but all proudly displayed in the midst of lovely Chinese curios.

Out we went once more, and up marble steps that gave us a wider view of the Aladdin-like pagodas. There are two hundred in all—an enchanted city with golden-tiled roofs curving into each other up the mountainside. The mountain itself they say was built of the earth taken out to make the lake. The groups of buildings rise one above the other, the great pagoda crowning all. This stands on a high, pink, terraced wall with groups of kiosks on

either side. These have blue-tiled roofs and decorations and are "just to finish the picture," as one of the officials explained.

Guards met us at the gate of the Winter Palace and passed us through into a paved court. The wall in front of us as we entered had once been red but was now faded to a beautiful old pink, with plaques set into it carved with flowers and dragons' heads. Turning to the left we found ourselves in a walk shaded by fine old willow trees growing on the border of a lake.

But instead of having a single artificial lake, as the Summer Palace had, the Winter Palace had three—Pei Hai, Chung Hai, and Nan Hai. One of the ancient emperors called them the Three Seas. After the dust of our drive, the water was a cool and inviting sight. Boats, some covered, some open barges, awaited us at the stone steps of a landing, and we were punted over the shallow water, through masses of lotus plants and beneath a superbly carved bridge built of marble which was called by the reigning Emperor "Silver Line," a name that well describes it.

Landing, we went through a gateway whose red and green paint had been softened by time to a rich and beautiful effect, and came into a lovely court shaded by fine old fir trees. From this court a flight of long, steep steps led to a temple. Within was

one of the many-armed and many-headed gods. The view from this spot was wonderful. One looked out over the tops of the firs, with glimpses of curved yellow roofs, large and small—some many-gabled, some straight with great dragons' heads at each end—and the blue lakes, with the marble bridges, which looked more than ever like silver lines against the lapis lazuli of the water. The yellow-tiled wall with the drum towers stood out massively against the sky, while beyond lay the gray roofs of the city.

The interior of this palace was disappointing, for much of it was modern—the paint fresh in places. Especially was this the case with the two reception halls of the late Empress Dowager. Each hall had a throne with peacock fans on either side, with huge cloisonné urns for incense, and around the walls were pictures by the Empress's own hand, and large cabinets of teakwood with doors of Bohemian glass. Again there were hundreds of clocks, all garish, like everything else in the two halls, and quite of a piece with the new European chandeliers of red, white and blue glass.

There was court after court surrounded by the apartments of the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting. We were told that as Her Majesty was afraid of being murdered, she would not sleep two nights in the same room. Except for the two chosen

ladies who had to sit up and watch beside her bed, none of her attendants knew which suite she would use. I believe these apartments had not been opened since her death.

II

The temples of Peking lacked nothing in atmosphere or antiquity. There were three that impressed me most, and for different reasons. The first was the ancient Temple of Confucius, the second belonged to the Lamas and the last was the Temple of Heaven.

Our little horses had a scramble to pull the carriages up the steep arched bridges, but they finally succeeded in getting us across them all and under several large gates to an old rose-colored wall peeling with age and overhung by trees from a grove inside. We drove along for some distance, turning at last into a gateway, and entered a dilapidated courtyard, to find ourselves within the restful shades of the ancient Temple of Confucius. On either side stood open kiosks with curving roofs of yellow tiles, beneath which, on the backs of huge marble tortoises, were tablets inscribed with words of wisdom and history. In long rows stood monolithic stones, weather-beaten and stained with age, on which from time immemorial had been written the names of the high scholars of the empire.

A few years ago, when the old examination system of the literati was modified into the more modern methods now in use, this custom was discontinued.

Old, crumbling, pink-walled buildings enclosed the peaceful grove. Here and there we could see where animal sacrifices had once been offered. Rounding the porch of a pavilion in whose alcoves stood drums of the Chow period, some three thousand years ago, we found ourselves overlooking a beautiful court full of gnarled, fantastic cedars, with yamens and small temples right and left. Opposite stood another large pavilion on its marble-balustraded terrace, which was paved with handsome stones carved in deep relief between the flights of steps. In this hall had once stood the tablet which represented the soul of the great Confucius, but it had been removed because the last Emperor—Son of Heaven—had raised Confucius to the rank of saint. The seven partitions into which the front of this pavilion was divided were not honorable enough, for nine partitions are the tribute to a saint. So this ancient building was soon to be torn down, or, at best, to be remodeled, and the niches where the tablets of Confucius and his disciples had been were empty.

We paused reverently in these sacred, gloomy shades, then went back to the courtyard, where the sunshine filtered down among the trees, through the

gates, and finally out of the precincts of the Confucian temple. Wishing to see what had become of the sacred tablets, we entered the Hall of Classics. Before us was a wonderful gateway of three arches, its lovely weathered rose color covered with gorgeous tiles of yellow and green in fanciful designs—a monument perfect in richness and proportion. On it was written:

Cross the bridge and receive instruction,
Study the sea and receive inspiration.

Beyond the gateway a paved path led us to a square pavilion set on a marble-balustraded terrace. This terrace, which was square, was raised above a circular one, also balustraded. Between the two terraces was a lotus lake, crossed by bridges of shining marble. We went over these and entered the gloomy interior of a great hall, which was the temporary shrine of the tablets. It was disappointing to find the famous tablet of Confucius merely an insignificant piece of black wood with dull gilt characters.

The next temple we visited was given many years ago by an imperial personage who donated his extensive palace to the Tibetan monks for a Lama temple. There were two thousand of these monks, and they were a ragged lot who had degraded Bud-

dhism into a sort of sorcery and devil-worship. Beneath a quaint-roofed gate one entered the lofty, somber pavilion where sat a great, gilded, laughing Buddha, a grotesque figure with a huge paunch, that aroused anything but respect in the heart of the beholder. In the vast hall of another temple, where ceremonies were held, there was a large carved panel, covered with miniature figures in bronze and ivory of holy men and devils, representing, they said, the holy city of Lhasa.

In one temple was a huge statue towering up into the many roofs of the building, an enormous god seventy feet high, said to be made of one piece of wood brought from Tibet, though it seemed incredible. As you looked up at the appalling figure the white eyes could be seen in the gloom, gazing blankly at nothingness. The temple with the War God was the only one we saw that was clean and well kept up, and before this statue, which was brilliantly colored, knelt the only worshiper in the whole Lama temple. A small room contained the shrine where the Emperor came once a year to worship a Buddha of priceless mutton-fat jade. In the courtyards were the revolving prayer wheels, which one turned with the hand, at the same time repeating "O the Jewel of the Lotus," which was inscribed on the wheel. This simplifies worship greatly!

Before leaving we were taken by a Lama, who was dressed in yellow and purple robes, through little gates in low walls and across small courts into his own house, where we had tea and Tibetan cakes. Our only disappointment was that we missed seeing the young living Buddha. He had lately been staying there, but had just gone back to Tibet.

From the beginning of time it has been the custom for the Emperor to go three times a year to the famous Temple of Heaven to pray. He prayed for rain, and for good crops, and for a long continuance of his dominion. The Temple of Heaven is circular in shape, and the wall around it is three and a half miles long. The tiles on the cone-shaped roof are dark blue like the distant mountains, and with the green of the trees it makes a beautiful combination of color.

The ritual climax of the year is the Feast of Lanterns, which is the great moment of thanksgiving and occurs the fifteenth day of the first moon of the year. Then the Emperor, on behalf of his people, used to go up the uncovered steps to worship the Imperial God of Heaven. Because he was worshiping the High God who dwells above the cerulean, he was clad all in blue. His prayer shows some of the sonorous solemnity of the old Hebrew prophets:

O Imperial Heaven, looking up I consider that Thy Heart is benevolence and love. With trembling and anxiety I would not rashly ascend thy footstool, but would first consider my errors. I would inquire if I have swept away one poor man's field to add to a monarch's park? Have the oppressed had no appeal? For the gluttony of bribes has the blood of the innocent been spilt? Have the gleaners been pushed into the ditches by the powerful to starve? Have our enemies been left to trample on my flock as mire and ashes? Oh, lay the plumb line to my sins and teach me duty. Grant me renovation for the sake of my myriad innocents.

The Chinese seem to delight in what is called the "sense of enclosure," for they use walls on all occasions to shut themselves in. Their gardens are always walled, their enclosed courtyards succeed each other, and their entrance gates are protected behind and often before by screen walls which do not necessarily hide, but, at least, suggest privacy. And then there are the many "great" walls which one sees in traveling through the country.

It may be that these walls were built for their moral effect as much as for actual protection against northern invaders, for a great horde would certainly have been able to swarm over them at some point if they had tried. This idea was rather confirmed by the Chinese aides to the Secretary of War, who told us how even today the brigands "outside"

will only come down to it, though it is easily passable and, indeed, only a moral boundary. They also said that all the soldiers were enlisted from "inside the wall" because the loyalty of the men to the north of it could not be trusted.

The really old Great Wall, the frontier barrier of China, was built three thousand years ago and stretches fifteen hundred miles across the country till it reaches the sea at Shan-hai-kuan, where the railway makes a breach in its crumbling length. The Great Wall of the Nankow Pass is of a later period, that of the Ming dynasty, in the Middle Ages. But it is a grand rampart, though it looks small because it streaks off across vast mountains into the horizon.

It was to see this wall and the famous Ming Tombs that we set off one September morning from Peking on a special train. It was a very nice train with well-arranged saloon carriages, and the line, which was new, had been wholly and quite wonderfully built by the Chinese themselves. After an hour's run we reached Nankow and began to ascend the steep valley of the famous old pass over which caravans have come for ages from all the rest of the world to shut-in China. The road led us up a steep canyon with splendid views of sharp-peaked mountain ranges and of the vast plain below. Near the bed of a torrent beneath we could follow the

course of the old trail struggling up the valley. Here and there walls wandered off laboriously over the mountains, with fire towers on which the signal blaze was kindled to warn of danger.

Finally we came to a station, where we got out to find many chairs waiting for us. Some of us got into them, and some walked. So we began our climb up to the Great Wall, and the gate of the Nankow Pass. Much of the way we followed the winding, immemorially traveled roadway, stony and rough, of the caravan trail. It thundered and began to rain a little, but just as we topped the Pass and came into view of the wall the sunset broke through. The glory of it set off both gate and wall in mysterious relief, showing the latter coiled about the peaks like some huge serpent of mythology, its endless lengths trailing away in the distance.

As we climbed to the battlemented top of the gate, we saw, for a moment, a caravan of camels climbing slowly toward us. With spreading feet and great packs on their backs, their drivers walking along beside them, they came swaying up the road in a strange, slow line. Nothing could have been more wonderfully timed for effect than the passing of this caravan through the ancient gateway in the glory and the beauty of the sunset after the rain. Later, as we came tracking down over the rough trail, it rained again, and this time we were

drenched. But we soon reached the train and warmed ourselves at the little stoves for tea-making on board as we came back through the canyon to Nankow. Rooms had been reserved for us at a small station inn which was not very comfortable, but we had a good dinner there with a Chinese official as our host. The small inn yard was crowded with sedan chairs, and, as we turned in early, the last thing we saw was the coolies lying about asleep there in the moonlight.

We were carried next morning in chairs of green and gold through a pretty valley to the Ming Tombs. Past decorative marble pailos, between lines of monster stone elephants and camels and animals of the imagination, and over carved bridges, to the temple grove in which was the huge mound or mausoleum of the greatest of the Ming emperors. In one of the many big courtyards we wet our hands with the "lucky water" that springs mysteriously from under a great carved stone. And beneath the many-colored roofs with the carved corners we opened our luncheon baskets and made merry in modern American fashion, forgetting for the moment the strange customs and splendors of the China of past centuries.

One of the most interesting experiences in China was the imperial audience which my husband had

the good fortune to be present at, so I quote again from his journal:

“In behalf of his son, the baby Emperor of China, the Prince Regent received the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, in his capacity of special ambassador from the President of the United States. Only the day before the new Second Secretary of the American Legation had arrived with the letter from President Taft, having traveled post haste from Washington to get it to Peking in time for the Secretary to deliver it. The men of our party had the wonderful experience of accompanying Mr. Dickinson as a staff, passing with him through the most honorable of the great gates to the very throne of the Forbidden City.

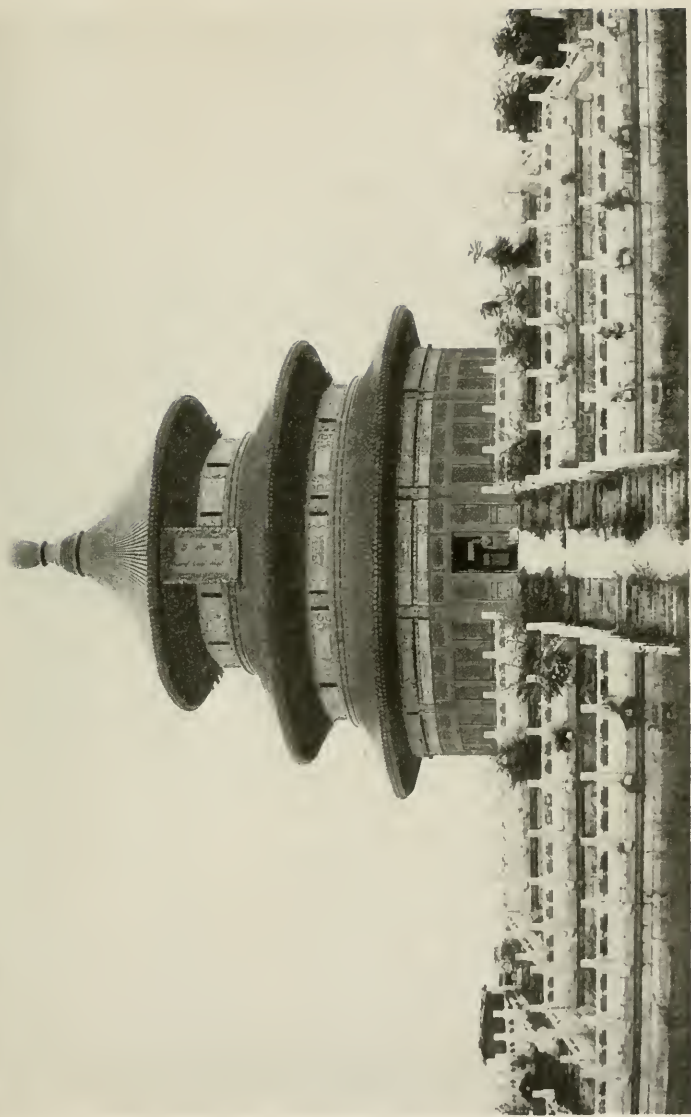
“The first arrangements for the Secretary’s reception had been planned to give the party a sort of tributary appearance by having them enter the Forbidden City through one of the side gates. But the autograph letter from the President made the occasion of such importance that, by bringing pressure to bear, our admission was finally procured through the most honorable great gate, directly up to the Imperial Throne, that so few foreigners have ever seen.*

“The men met at the Legation compound at a

*This audience was, I believe, the last held there before the establishment of the republic.

quarter before nine in the morning, and all took chairs for the procession to the audience. Now the chair is the most dignified of conveyances, and only certain people use it. The one intended for the Secretary had been sent by the Court, and had the imperial yellow trimmings, while those for the other men were green with red and black detail. They made quite an imposing array, for besides the eighteen members of the Embassy in evening dress there were several officers of the Marine Guard and the Military and the 'Language Officer,' all in full uniform.

"The Marine Guard paraded, and the bugle blew, and the procession passed out of the compound gateway into the street, where an escort of Chinese cavalry fell in ahead. So we moved along through crowds of onlookers, in our swinging chairs borne by pattering coolies. It is not far from our Legation to the main entrance of the Forbidden City, and the company soon turned in under an insignificant gate which admitted us to a large paved square, grass-grown and dilapidated. Surrounding it was a fence-like rail of stone, over which crowds of people were staring. A group of court servants, with red and yellow jackets over their gray robes, stood in double row in the center, and the procession passed across the wide, empty space to the first of the great gates.



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

“It was a huge pink-walled gate—called Wu-Men of the City of the Son of Heaven—with three arched portals closed by heavy, hob-nailed doors. These swung back and the procession entered, saluted by a guard of soldiers, while picturesque groups of lesser officials and servants stood about. The courtyard in which we found ourselves was so long that it seemed endless—it must have been at least a quarter of a mile—and the gate at the farther end looked very small, though it was by no means so in reality. A flagged way extended down the middle, and the sides were overgrown with a tangle of weeds and grass. In the distance water carriers paced along with their bamboo poles balanced over their shoulders, and servants stopped their work to stare at these foreign intruders who had presumed to enter the sacred way. Enclosing the court were long lines of yellow yamens, with crows cawing on their upturned roofs and handsome magpies spreading their tails or flying about.

“We traversed this long space and came to another great pink-walled gate—named Ta-Ching-Men—which was noble in the Chinese style, making use of broad plain spaces to set off the richness in color and design of the architectural details. Here we all got out of our chairs while two court chairs, open-seated and borne by two bearers only (the regular sedan is closed and carried by four coolies),

were provided for Secretary Dickinson and Minister Calhoun. Many soldiers were gathered about, and servants of different grades; more guards of honor presented arms; under the gates were the groups of bowmen and lancers with their antiquated weapons set up in rows—a remnant of past times, indeed!

“Across another wide quadrangle and through a third gate we passed into a court of fine proportions with a noble pavilion opposite raised on a chubutra of terraced marble with a richly carved balustrade. It was reached by a bridge over artificial water. Then came another and yet finer courtyard with beautiful marble terraces, stained by the weather to the color of ivory. Opening the doors for us to pass from one courtyard into the next were eunuchs. On either side of the portals of one gate stood stone lions, grotesquely rampant; a later gate had splendid beasts of bronze on guard, and giant incense burners of great beauty. In each succeeding court the effect of repose and yet of richness and beauty of color seemed to grow.

“There was a pavilion with a double towering roof of a mellow yellow, and behind it, flanked by walls of tile with a yellow and green design which broke the rosy background, was the gate Chieng-Ching-Men. Here many officials stood and solemnly greeted the Embassy. The Secretary and

the Minister descended from their chairs, the eunuchs opened the doors as we ascended the steps, and we all walked into the magnificence of the last court.

“Above the roofs of imperial yellow tile which crowned in fantastic shape the pavilion opposite, the Throne Hall of Audience, rose the green ridge of a hill with kiosks and summer houses—a lovely background for the scene beneath. Lions and incense burners of gilded bronze shone resplendent at the sides of the approach to the Throne Room. The court was enclosed by heavy-roofed yamens and galleries of rich color, and the whole effect was magnificent.

“We were conducted to a room at one side, arranged half in European style, with a table set for a repast after the audience. Here we met the higher court people and awaited the readiness of the Regent. In a few moments this was announced, and we went out again, to find that meantime the hereditary princes, carrying spears with tassels of red horsehair with pendent leopard tails, had taken their stand in rows on each side of the marble bridge. About the threshold of the pavilion opposite were crowded eunuchs and officials. The room within, which opened in three wide entrances to the air, was filled with courtiers on each side up to the throne.

“Crossing the long bridge, we entered by the central portal, bowing once outside, once just inside and a third time as we all grouped ourselves within. There was a somber light. Because the Court was in mourning all the officials wore a simple dress consisting of a darker garment over a light blue robe which showed only at the bottom and in the collar.

“The throne was on a dais with three sets of steps divided by low lacquered balustrades leading up to it. Across the back was placed a large, richly carved screen of a dull, heavy, reddish gold. In front of this stood the empty Dragon Chair of the Emperor, heavily carved and gilded. Before this was a table covered with white and dark blue silk, while at either side were peacock fans in standards.

“Towards the front of the dais, below the throne, were the simple chair and table of the Regent. As the Secretary—who, with the Minister, had advanced into the room—approached the throne, the Regent stood. Mr. Dickinson read a fine address, which was translated by someone behind him, and the Regent replied. Then the Secretary, using both hands, passed him the President’s letter, all wrapped in imperial yellow silk. The Regent received it with both hands and, turning, laid it on the table in front of the empty Dragon Throne.

“This done, Mr. Dickinson bowed and retired, the Minister and ourselves bowing at the same time,

three times as we backed out through one of the side spaces opening out of doors. We were no longer bearers of a letter to the Emperor, and so we were no longer privileged to the honors of the middle entrance.

“Returning to the side room, we were joined by several dignitaries. After a short delay, the Secretary and General Edwards, with the Minister and the Legation secretaries, were taken to a small pavilion room, where they had a brief ‘confidential audience’ with the Prince Regent. On their coming back, we all sat down to a little luncheon, at which informal toasts were drunk. After that we went away, through other picturesque side courts and gateways, to find our chairs again. In them we moved in long procession, out of a side gate of the Forbidden City, with troops saluting and escorting, back to the Legation.

“Words can do poor justice to the experiences of that morning, when we passed through places of wonder which few foreigners have ever been allowed to see, and stood by the Dragon Throne of the Son of Heaven, surrounded by that Court of Ancient Ceremonies, in the heart of that old, old Chinese Empire.”

At last the day came for us to leave this city of all cities. During the trip from Peking

to Hankow all China seemed to glide slowly by our windows, with its crumbling walled cities and villages and its vast stretches of beautifully cultivated paddy fields, flat, glistening and green. Not always flat, though, for often they were broken up into irregular terraces which followed perfectly the contours of the land, climbing up into the ravines between the hills, till these finally became grotesquely pinnacled mountains. On the higher plateau the kaoliang grew like tall, tasselled sorghum, with corn and millet and beans in long stretches of varied color—greens and browns and yellows laid on the landscape in square patches. Over them moved always the picturesque figures working, working, to produce this miracle of complete cultivation.

But strangest and yet most characteristic of all were the mounds of the tombs of the ancestors—little mounds grouped among the workers in the fields, with children playing on them, and the plows just rounding their bases so as to cut off a wee bit at a time to add to the field—very carefully, so that the ancestor would not know! Beneath clumps of trees were hillocks containing a higher class of tombs; at times there were vast reaches of rolling prairie all covered with them. Some were marked with small stones. A rich man might even have a little pagoda to distinguish his resting place. In the hillside were semicircular tombs. In fact,

wherever you looked there were graves. For all its fertile fields, the country was like one vast cemetery.

So, at last, through this country of life and death, we came to the big yellow river—the Yangtse. The train was delayed for a whole day by a wreck on the line. This wreck illustrates the individualistic trait which is so typical of the Chinese character. Railway embankments had held back water from the paddy fields. The rice crop had been poor, consequently the farmers, thinking only of their own immediate interests, had done what they could to destroy the railway. So we had to wait over. The Chinese are called the Jews of the East. Each man is for himself and does nothing for his town or for society in general. I hear, however, that since the people have begun to share in the government they have felt more interest in it and there has been a growth of patriotism hitherto unknown in the Celestial Empire; but even today the South hardly knows what the North is doing. Aside from the mandarins, a few rich shopkeepers, and a small middle class, the people are miserably poor.

Such a surprise greeted me at Hankow—there was a fine esplanade along the river bank, lined with pretty European houses built of brick and stone, set among lovely gardens, and a race course that might have been a French track. The whole

place, in fact, might have been Trouville, instead of the heart of China. But the illusion vanished, for the Chinese part of the city was even "more so" than any other we had seen. It had been raining and the dirt was beyond words. I saw people take water out of stagnant pools to drink and to wash their clothes and themselves. In the mud sprawled children begging, some without clothes, some blind, some deformed. Through the narrow, filthy passages men went carrying loads, and sang and called out and ran into you, while the mangy chow dogs barked at you.

The stores were very fine, though, with great entrances and often with courtyards decorated with evergreens cut in the shape of lions with queer eyes stuck into their heads. The shopkeepers were very hard to deal with, because they seemed to have no interest in selling anything. Some would take off vast amounts when you purchased, others nothing at all. You never knew what to expect.

From Hankow we took a French boat down the river to Shanghai, passing every now and then a raft loaded with lumber, which was being steered slowly down stream. Often they had two or three hundred people on board, and we were told that families not seldom lived on them for several years at a time. The yelling boatmen and swift current made it rather exciting. Our steamer stopped at

several small towns with walls running up steep hills. One was a pirate town where no missionaries were allowed to enter. The largest pagoda in China was there—built to propitiate the God of the Winds.

At Nankin carriages met us—a closed one for two of us women that was like a chicken coop, a sort of coupé with white shutters such as is provided for the concubines. Inside it was decorated with a mirror and paper flowers. The town was not so congested as some that we saw, but the people looked very poor and wretched. Some of the houses were of stone, others of mud and straw. Long ago, when Nankin was the capital of China, it had two million inhabitants, but now that the seat of government is in Peking this old city has dwindled to a few hundred thousand. (No one knows what the population really is in any part of China.) The troops seen in the streets looked small and oddly dressed—khaki and military caps did not go very well with the pigtails, which had not then been cut off.

Perhaps the most interesting sight in Nankin was the Drum Tower, which was built two centuries before Christ. After ascending dark stone steps on the outside of the tower, we finally reached the top. Here, under a slanting roof of four colors, was a huge stone turtle. The earth is popularly supposed to be flat, and to be held up by four turtles, one

at each corner of its surface. On either side of the turtle was a carved and painted wooden figure, one representing the Goddess of Mercy, who is the only Chinese goddess, holding in one hand a lotus root and in the other a child, while the other figure portrayed the God of Medicine with a pill in his hand.

On arriving in Shanghai we found it had its foreign quarter, with race courses and gay restaurants and a rather poor hotel. The Chinese part of the city was walled in and had the usual narrow, smelly streets lined with shops. Here and there were groups of boys tickling fighting crickets. As soon as they got the little creatures angry enough they would put a couple in a box and watch them fight, betting on the result. We did a little shopping, and an enterprising Chinaman offered to buy my hat for two dollars, much to our amusement. The American Consul gave us a reception and garden party. The guests were mostly Americans, but there were some English and French present. Chinese high officials came, dressed in black flowered silk jackets and long brocaded coats, with white trousers reaching down inside their black satin shoes. Their caps were trimmed with brown fur, and some wore crystal buttons, while others had red coral or blue ones, showing their rank.

From Shanghai we went by steamer to Hong-kong. The night we arrived there four of us went out in chairs suspended on poles and carried by two coolies each, so that we hopped up and down to the motion of their stride till there seemed nothing left of us. In the Chinese part the streets were much wider than usual, with arched doorways through which one caught glimpses of naked shoulders drooping over counters, and of domestic interiors as well—blue walls, white lace curtains and four-posted bedsteads seemed to be the fashion in Chinese bedrooms. Above were the overhanging balconies with prettily dressed women leaning over the railings and looking down into the street. Some of the women wore short jackets and trousers of white and pink, others longer coats of black silk or blue cotton.

We passed several hotels of two or three stories and gay-looking restaurants with quantities of gilded carving. This lively part of the town was well lighted, and signs of black and gold or red and gold hung from the doorways, adding to the bright effect. As a rule, it is not a pleasant experience to pass through a Chinese city where they are not used to seeing foreigners. Children hoot and call one names—all kinds of names. Old men hiss and growl and shake their fists. Things are thrown at one—once in Canton a nasty decayed vegetable

dropped into my chair. On foot it is even worse. One is immediately hemmed in by the vile, dirty crowd, pulling, pushing, grabbing, jostling. At a temple we were once almost mobbed, and had to run for our lives.

The feeling of helplessness is most uncomfortable. There is no way of protecting one's self, because if a blow be so much as threatened the horde would make nothing of killing one. The Chinese certainly have no love for the foreigner, although Hongkong being, like Shanghai, a seaport, the people there are more cosmopolitan than elsewhere in China.

It was from Hongkong that we sailed away in search of other odd corners, and left perhaps the oldest and most remarkable kingdom in the world for our new possessions in the Far East—the Philippine Islands.

THE END.

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