

Log of the *S. S. Samaria*

Around the World Cruise, 1923

January 24 – May 31

By

**William Fortune
Indianapolis, Indiana**

Transcribed by

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Peter Fortune**

2012



Cunard White Star Line *S. S. Samaria*



Eli Lilly Office Staff at Raffles Hotel, Shanghai, April 9, 1923
(William Fortune – second from left, front; J. K. Lilly, center front)

Preface

The Cunard Line's Steamship *Samaria*, launched in 1920, took her maiden voyage, from Liverpool to Boston, in April, 1922. At 624-feet long and lavishly furnished, she was among the most elegant cruise ships of the time. Her first Around-the-World cruise was arranged by the Thomas Cook Agency. With a limit of 400 first-class passengers, she departed from New York on January 24, 1923 and returned to New York on May 31, 1923.

A contingent of Indianapolis residents were prominent among the 400 passengers. Among them was Josiah Kirby Lilly ("J. K."), age 61, president of Eli Lilly & Company, a pharmaceutical producer whose newest product, *Iletin*, would revolutionize the treatment of diabetes. [The original name given for insulin by its developers was *Isletin*]

Joining J. K. was William Fortune, age 59, a businessman, a Lilly director, and J. K.'s close friend. In his earlier years William had been a newspaper reporter and editor. His keen eye, his facility with the English language, and his wry humor are revealed in this detailed log of the trip.

There are other names that require some clarification. "N. H. N.," briefly mentioned, was Nicholas H. Noyes, a board member at Eli Lilly & Company and a member (with William) of its Finance Committee. "H. D. P" was Henry D. Pierce, age 73, a self-proclaimed judge and a flamboyant narcissist. Pierce was an attorney, a railroad and canal executive, and the nephew of Thomas Hendricks, Grover Cleveland's vice-president. The regard that William and J. K. had for "The Judge," J. K.'s "neighbor and close friend," is palpable.

This log was found in a safe in the William Fortune Trust office in the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce Building in the late 1980s, when the office was being moved to a different space in that building. The form was onionskin carbon copies of the original. The paper was brown, brittle, and water-stained, making the log difficult to read and impossible to share. It is transcribed here for Fortune Family records, most of the work being done by Lara Fortune Balter, William's great-great-granddaughter.

The log was written in sections. At major ports, William would mail a just-completed section back to his Indianapolis office, where it would be typed. The log is reproduced exactly as it was written, with notations of mailing and receipt dates and with side comments. Every effort has been made to keep to the original format. The very few obvious typographical and punctuation errors have been corrected; misspellings have not been corrected, instead [sic] has been added; transcribers' notes are in square brackets.

William Fortune's complete papers, including the original log, are at the Indiana Historical Society (collection 0462). The original of this log is in Box 2, Folder 20. A photographic album of the trip is in Folder 21 of that box.

Lara F. Balter
Wellesley, Massachusetts

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Naples, Florida

May, 2012

Itinerary of William Fortune's Around-the-World Cruise

Arrive	Place of Departure	Depart	Side Trips
Jan 22	New York	Jan 24	
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
Feb 1	Funchal, Madeira Island, Portugal	Feb 2	
Feb 3	Gibraltar	Feb 4	
Feb 4	Algiers, Algeria	Feb 5	
Feb 7	Naples, Italy	Feb 8	Pompeii
Feb 11	Alexandria, Egypt	Feb 16	Cairo, Luxor, Karnack, Port Said
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
Feb 25	Bombay, India [now Mumbai, India]	Mar 1	Elephanta, Bhopal, Agra, Bikandra
Mar 4	Colombo, Ceylon	Mar 6	Kandy
Mar 10	Calcutta, India	Mar 13	Benares
Mar 15	Rangoon, Burma	Mar 16	
Mar 20	Sumatra, Indonesia	Mar 21	Padang, Padang Panjang
Mar 22	Batavia, Java [now Jakarta, Indonesia]	Mar 23	Plantations (Cinchona, Tea, and Rubber)
Mar 25	Singapore	Mar 26	Johar
Mar 30	Manila, Phillipines	Apr 1	Walled City, Corregidor
Apr 2	Kowloon, China	Apr 6	Hong Kong, Canton, Macao
Apr 9	Shanghai, China		
Apr 10	<i>Left Samaria for Land Trip</i>		Apr 10
Apr 12	Peking, China (Train)	Apr 14	Tien Tsin, China; Great Wall
Apr 16	Keijo, Chosen* [Seoul, Korea] (Train)	Apr 18	Mukden, Manchuria; Fusan, Chosen*
Apr 18	Shimonoseki, Japan (Steamship)	Apr 19	
Apr 19	Kyoto, Japan	Apr 21	Kobe
	<i>Rejoined Samaria in Yokohama</i>		
Apr 21	Yokohama, Japan	Apr 28	Nikko, Kamakura, Tokyo
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
May 7	Honolulu, Hawaii	May 8	Diamond Head, Island
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
May 13	San Francisco, California	May 15	Palo Alto
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
May 25	Balboa, Panama	May 26	Panama City, Christobal, Colon
	<i>Period at Sea</i>		
May 31	New York		

* This trip was during the Japanese occupation of Korea (1910 – 1945), when the Japanese thoughtfully renamed the country Chosen and renamed its major cities.

Log Of S. S. "SAMARIA"
Received February 23, 1923

January 22 - - Unexpected delays were encountered at the start. Our train left Indianapolis two hours late. It comprised fourteen cars. Trouble developed in the braking system. There were frequent sudden stops and difficulty in getting started again. We arrived in New York seven hours late. Mr. Lilly had been unable to secure hotel reservations for us and left a letter informing us that he was still unprovided for. Mr. Jams, our New York representative, had been meeting all Pennsylvania trains since 7 o'clock, when we should have arrived, and then missed us when we came in. He had, however, arranged for us at the Biltmore, and we succeeded in having Mr. Lilley provided for there also. We reached him promptly at the branch office of Eli Lilly & Co. Russell and I immediately visited the Cunard pier and found that all my baggage had arrived. During the remainder of the afternoon we succeeded in disposing of most of the shopping that had been left to be finished in New York. Dr. and Mrs. John Solly had invited Mr. Lilly and myself to dinner at their home on Lexington Avenue, where we met several well-known doctors. I was beguiled into talking about Lincoln and by questions kept going until I realized that I was talking too much. I managed then to get off on a side-track. After leaving the table, Dr. John Solly and I discussed the progress of civilization for two hours, while Mr. Lilly told the rest of them about Iletin. He made it intensely interesting for them. Their eagerness for information seemed insatiable. We couldn't get away until about 11:30 o'clock.

January 23 - - Mr. Lilly, Russell and I visited the Cunard piers again and completed all arrangements. We went on board the Samaria. We were very much pleased with our observations and particularly with our own stateroom, which we found to be commodious and well equipped. Met our room Steward. He is an Englishman and looks like John Drew. His name, as he pronounced it, sounded like Hellums, but after a careful spelling of it we found it was Elms, and we decided that we could probably remember his name better by thinking of him as Slippery Elms. He said quite seriously that he thought perhaps we could.

We then visited the branch office of Eli Lilly & Co., where we met Sir Charles Lynn and Mr. Manley, who had arrived during the morning. We went with Sir Charles to luncheon at the Drug Club [Drug Trade Club]. On the way over J. K. told Mr. Manley that he was already getting home-sick and thought he would abandon the trip on the Samaria if he hadn't paid for it. Later he repeated the same statement at the luncheon. After the luncheon we visited the newly purchased building on Spring Street, just off of Broadway. The architect accompanied us. We were most favorably impressed with it as a good purchase. J. K. still thought he would rather stay home and participate in the interesting work the boys would be doing.

Miss Ida Tarbell entertained us at dinner at the Cosmopolitan Club, including also the Rices and Russell. We had a very interesting and animated talk until after 11:00 o'clock.

January 24 - - We had breakfast with Sir Charles and Mr. Manley. Left afterward to go aboard the Samaria. Heavy snow was falling. Arrived at the pier at 10:30 o'clock. Already the decks were filled with passengers and visitors. In the party there to see us off were, beside Russell, Sir Charles, Messrs. Hanley, Zinc, and James. They looked over the steamship and did what they could to encourage and steady J. K. I felt a great and almost overwhelming desire to carry off Russell, and I think he was more than half willing. I kept close to him as long as I could, but soon the warnings to visitors to go ashore began. There was much turmoil and confusion. At 11:15 the last gangway was withdrawn. Our party found a place on the pier where we could remain in communication with each other until the last. J. K. had disappeared. I went in search of him and found him in our state-room transferring his luggage to his share of the wardrobe and dresser. I got him out on deck and held him there. There was a good deal of pantomime back and forth about holding him and this, with the shouting of messages, kept up for nearly half an hour before the Samaria slowly backed out into the Hudson river under her own steam, unaided by tugs. Our shore party stood faithfully waving adieus until we could no longer see them. God Bless them and all the dear ones at home! The Samaria was fully decked out, fore and aft, with the flags of all the countries we are to visit, the band was playing, the farewell were being shouted and for us who were starting on a journey around the world it was a thrilling moment. There was strain for us too, in the widening chasm between the shores of our country and the steamship that was carrying us away. J. K. is a poor stoic, but brave. He tried to be consoling by saying "every mile we travel brings us dearer home," but I couldn't forget that every mile we are now travelling takes us farther from all that is dearest to us. Still, except for the heavy snow and the gloom of weather, the start was in everyway happy and auspicious.

When those of our party on the pier were no longer recognizable we started to our stateroom, and in less than a minute I found myself exclaiming "Gee-whiz!" I saw a man, at a distance, wearing an over-coat of familiar appearance, with expansive fur collar, who looked to me very much like a citizen of Indianapolis locally famous for his eccentricities and idiosyncracies [sic], who travels much and when at home is a neighbor across the street from Mr. Lilly. I asked J. K. if my eyes were mistaken. He said that there was a resemblance, but I was surely mistaken, and we passed on. Found that we had been assigned in the dining room to a table for 2 in the forward right hand corner, under 2 port-holes. Very favorably impressed with our first luncheon; about two hours later began to feel queer; ship got to doing stunts: we felt sickish; went to bed to get some sleep, but all the rest of the afternoon there were boys knocking at our door, at intervals of every few minutes, delivering packages. We were delightfully submerged. They brought baskets of wonderful fruit, enough to supply us for our whole voyage, many books, boxes of flowers., boxes of candy, many telegrams and a large number of letters. We were overwhelmed. The evidences of kind thought of us continued to pour into our room until it was decided to postpone further deliveries until the next day. Finally a radiogram came from Meredith Nicholson thanking J. K. for a thousand strychnine tablets and sending a message of love to both of us – a fine message and extravagantly expensive one. It was the last word from home. Then we fell asleep.

January 25 - - We have lost interest in food and we are sticking to our beds. The bugle calls to meals annoy us. Lovely packages are still pouring into our room. The cruise management has sent us a box containing a morocco bound log book and the list of passengers. There is a fly in our ointment. The passenger list proves that my eyes were not mistaken. J. K. is furious. He recalls now that he made the mistake of telling his neighbor during a New Year's day call about our plans, but there has been no intimation that we were to have this happen to us. There has been no approach yet, no recognition. When this comes J. K. says we may expect to hear a cry of "a man overboard!"

January 26 - - We are sticking to our beds. Another gray day. The steamship has been looping the loop and rolling from side to side. We have eaten a little as an experiment. J. K. ventured down to the dining room. Found H.D.P. sitting at the head of the main table. No recognition. As J. K. held his own I went down to try the experiment of taking a little nourishment. While I was there people, chairs, flowers, all dishes and food on the table were thrown into an awful mess on our side of the ship. Our table steward said it was the worst up-setting of a dining room he had ever seen. We are informed we are nearing the Newfoundland banks. There is a screeching wind, very heavy seas and it is uncomfortably cold. J. K. went to the dining room for some dinner. I don't feel interested, but have consented to the steward bringing some hot soup to my stateroom and I have swallowed it while writing the report. The weather and the sea seem to be getting worse and the ship is betting more and more reckless in its conduct. It is a wild night and we don't like it at all at all.

January 27 - - Sleep didn't come to us last night until some time after 1:00 o'clock. From time to time J. K. would call out across the room to ask if I was awake and I was every time he asked the question, to the best of my knowledge and belief. His expressed thoughts were about what "the boys" down on McCarty street could and should do while we were away. He wished he were down there, too. He couldn't see any fun in being here. The gyrations of the ship really weren't pleasing, but some time during the night we rode out of the gale. It was about 9:00 o'clock this morning when Elms came in to ask how we are feeling. We found we were feeling much better. The ship was running more smoothly, the sun was out for the first time since we left New York and the chill was out of the air. Elms brought food to us and after resting in bed about two hours longer we decided to at least try to resume some of the normal habits of life. We have continued to make good progress since. We have really had a very pleasant day. We have been around enough to get somewhat acquainted with the ship, and we sat in or steamer chairs for about two hours. We found that five of them in a row bore my name and one was labeled "Mr. Lilly". They are located immediately adjacent to our stateroom as we had requested, about the middle of the deck on the left side. There are 360 passengers on board, forty less than were expected, and yet there were a number who had failed to get steamer chairs. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, the kindred of Mr. L. from Ironton, Ohio. I gave to them two of my five reservations and made the deck steward happy by relinquishing to him two more. In our trip around the deck this afternoon we found that Mr. L's neighbor on N. Meridian Street had had one of the best locations on the other side of the boat. As we approached he tried to conceal himself behind a newspaper and we allowed him to succeed. There has been no sign of recognition between us yet. In one of our trips around later when the steamer chairs were nearly all vacant we noticed that his location was labeled "Judge Pierce". He is easily the most conspicuous and apparently the most favored passenger on board. Tonight J. K. found that he

had a large group about him in the library telling them about India and later we observed that he appeared to be the gayest beau among the dancers in the Palm Garden.

We have been enjoying to-day some of the wonderful specimens of fruit in an extraordinarily fine basket sent to us from the Biltmore Hotel. It is addressed to us jointly, but we have not found anything to indicate who it is from. It contains a great variety of tempting eatables, besides fruits, enough to last us for several days. We have sent the other baskets to the refrigerator for preservation.

While I have been sticking to my bed I have about finished reading "The Sea Hawk," an intensely interesting old book presented to me by Mr. Sommers. It is a story of romance and adventure in the Algiers region which we will visit in a few days.

I had my ward-robe trunk sent up from the baggage room this afternoon and have transferred about all of its contents to my part of the wardrobe and dresser in our room. My heavy over-coat is now too warm and I have sent it to the baggage room. We are rapidly getting into a milder climate. To-night it seems quite like April at home and we have the window in our stateroom open. We have had showers, sunshine and rainbows to-day, and to-night the ship is moving steadily on an even keel toward the south.

January 28 - - Read lying in bed last night until after 1:30 and finished "The Sea Hawk;" became so interested I couldn't stop; an enthralling story and the best of it, both in plot and literary quality, is the last half. Didn't fall asleep until after 3:00 o'clock. Slippery Elm disturbed us at 8:30. Have felt disturbed all day; my physical system is in rebellion, I think, against the shortening of each day one hour, which is breaking up regularity of habits. A rainy day; nothing of interest has happened. Cut out the evening dinner and going to bed at 7:00 o'clock. J. K. has been sleeping most of the day, but I have refrained, in the hope of making a night of better rest. We are averaging about 375 miles every twenty-four hours and are now more than two-thirds over. Dear old Indiana seems very far away.

January 29 - - J. K. reports that when I, by going so early to bed, left him to wander around alone last evening, he encountered in the library his neighbor, H.D.P., (known aboard as The Judge) who greeted him very cordially and explained with much of his characteristic circumlocution how he had been pressed by his family to making this trip, on account of overwork and poor health, that the decision had been reached no later than the previous Saturday, that through the kindness and interest of his great friend, Charles Evans Hughes, a passport for him had been immediately expedited by the State Department, that he was making the trip under almost overwhelming depression, but for the sake of others was endeavoring to be as gay and cheerful as possible, etc. ad libitum, ad nauseum. I also met him face to face on the promenade deck this morning. He started the same speech to me, but I managed to shorten it, and told him that we had known of his presence, that his old neighbor, Mr. L. had felt quite hurt not to receive a call from him while ill for several days; while he was elaborating a defense J. K. came up and, after a word more, we walked on. He came around again soon afterward, but we didn't encourage conversation by tarrying; we were, however, sufficiently polite, I believe.

I have been reading "Babbitt" and have stuck to my steamer chair pretty closely to-day. Nothing outside of the usual steamship routine. We are not participating in any of the games or quest of acquaintance. The variations of skies and water and observation of the procession of promenaders have made up the day. For five days we haven't seen a ship and have heard nothing from the world.

January 30 - - We attended a lecture last evening on the general subject of trips around the world, from the early adventures down to the present, by the Rev. Dr. Richard D. Hollington, of Providence, R.I., who accompanies the cruise as a lecturer. He had to share the attention of his audience with the gentleman loosely famous as the greatest Ass in the World, who gave an outstanding demonstration of the technique of his art in such performances, first by gallantly yielding his seat in different parts of the room to women who came in and then achieved the climax of conspicuity by slipping into the seat of the speaker during the delivery of the lecture. J. K. had predicted that something of this kind would happen and seemed to feel that he had been vindicated in his foresight when it actually happened according to prediction. After the lecture we met Mrs. Hollington, the lecturer's wife, a native of Toledo, O., who has made other trips around the world. And, we had a interesting hour's conversation with her and Mrs. George Lilly, of Anderson, Ind., who, with her daughter, are members of a special party of a half dozen women who are making the tour under the guidance of a Mrs. Fay, who conducts such parties. Mrs. L. with over-management by Thos. Cook & Son and under-management by Mrs. Fay, is too well looked after to need particular attention from her Indiana fellow-travellers: In India she will make a special trip to a boy's school where she has endowed a dormitory in memory of her husband, for whom she is still wearing mourning garb.

There has been so much of the salt-water that our side of the promenade deck has been shut in all day with awnings and our view of the ocean shut out. People are not much in evidence to-day. A Mr. Austin, of Oak Park, Ill., introduced himself; has been a State Senator in Illinois for eight years; has visited Brown County, Indiana, and every few years gets rustic fence from there for his Illinois farm. They have had the most elaborate and prodigious floral designs exhibited on the ship.

Our sixth day without seeing any craft whatever on the ocean. We are informed that to-morrow evening we are expected to arrive at Madeira Island, our first stop.

January 31 - - J. K. has come out strong for dressing for dinner and answered my mild protest by saying that he rather liked it, so we are now solemnly donning dinner coats about 6:30 every evening to satisfy our own sense of preparedness. Almost everybody does it, and the dining room is quite brilliantly gay between 7 and 8 o'clock. The women are going to the limit in their rivalry and we are beginning to wonder how they got all the clothes on board, but then there seems to be the least of the showiest clothes. Members of the crew gave a minstrel show last evening and we intended to go, but after J. K. had patiently waited through my after dinner smoke in the Palm Garden, we re-opened discussion of the question and finally decided that we would be more interested in our books, so instead of going to the show we read until sleeping time. We slept from 10:30 until Slippery Elm came in and awakened us at 8:30 this morning. All day there have been no waves, only a gentle ripple over the beautiful blue and sapphire surface; the skies have been clear with another lighter shade of blue, and we have had a very pleasant but uneventful day, except that at 11:45 am we were called to drill for disaster and all passengers were required to immediately appear at the designated boat station for each, wearing life-saving jackets and then we were given a lecture on what to do. At day-light to-morrow we should be at Funchal [Portugal], and after eight days of ocean travel a sight of land will be welcome.

February 1 - - When daylight came this morning the Samaria was at anchor before Funchal. The old fortress stands high on a cliff above the landing place and a vast view of houses of white walls, with colored tile roofs extend up the mountain side over 7,000 feet, interspersed with gardens of tropical plants and a net-work of the flower of Bougantellia and the trumpet-vine. It makes a gorgeous picture. Clouds were hovering over the top of the mountain, but up near the top could be seen the building at the end of the cog railroad which was to be our destination and where our section of the party, starting at 9:20 AM was to have luncheon at 11:30. After being conveyed by launch from the steamship to the landing at the island cliff, where Columbus lived for a time after marrying the daughter of the Governor of Madeira, we were transported in the little curtained sedan boxes on sleds, drawn by small oxen, prodded and goaded by men and boys with much loud yelling in what presumably was rather profane, but rhythmical, up to the embarking station of the cog railroad, where the streets were so narrow they could be crossed in three or four steps. The view from the summit, looking down over the gorgeous coloring of houses and gardens, ended in the ocean and sky becoming indistinguishably the same. A delicious luncheon was served to us in the café at the summit, with Madeira wine. We lingered for a time to contemplate the view down the mountain side and over the ocean, and then started down in the customary Funchal way in a single-seated sled, over a narrow cobbled roadway, between rock walls, the sled held back with ropes by men on either side. Occasionally a sled back of us would get beyond control and bump violently into us, and accelerate our descent. Along the way were many children and mendicants holding out their hands begging for money. Occasionally flowers were thrown at us, with the expectation that we would throw money back to the donors. The population on the island of Madeira is about 150,000 and about 149,000 are most persistent, irrepressible beggars. Hordes of them, wherever we went, were pleading for money. Wine, wicker-work and cheap linen open-work were pressed upon us for purchase at every turn, and hundreds of boys were in boats about our ship diving for coins thrown into the ocean. Wonderful large violets were offered three bunches for a quarter. As the boat was about to start they became desperate in their efforts to sell and wicker chairs and tables, which they had been selling alongside the ship at \$12 and \$15 were at the last minute sold for \$2 and \$3. Most of the purchasers were members of the ship's crew.

The most conspicuous figure in the party to-day was "Judge Pierce." He was in khaki, with as much hanging on him as we put on Christmas trees, and a little round button of a hat on top of his head. He was true to form and busier than a cranberry merchant. On the bulletin board appeared last evening a type-written announcement that "Judge Henry D. Pierce had been invited by the ladies of his table to read selections from Marjory Daw [a novel] in a corner of the Palm Garden" to-night at 9 o'clock and all who cared to hear him would be welcome - - "only about 20 minutes." He certainly is the P.A. of the universe. Since our departure from Funchal he has been rehearsing on the promenade-deck for his performance to-night. J. K. as an old neighbor will, of course, have to go to hear him.

February 2 - - The unusual activities yesterday at Funchal, chilling weather and general devotion to writing, in preparation for the outgoing mail at Gibraltar [sic] to-morrow, will probably account for this being a day without anything notable in it. Fewer than usual have been out on deck. Mr. Lilly has been made happy by receiving letters left for him at Funchal by Mrs. Lilly and others traveling with her when their steamship stopped there four or five days ago.

LOG OF S. S. "SAMARIA"
Second Installment Received March 1, 1923

February 3 - - When we were awakened this morning at an hour earlier than usual we were approaching Gibraltar along the Spanish coast. After breakfast we were taken ashore in a tender large enough to carry all passengers. The first view of the original of this famous advertisement of a life insurance company was rather disappointing. On the side of approach it is not the straight, well cleared, perpendicular rock that stands out so big in the pictures with which we are familiar, but has a well rounded sloping side on which there are patches of trees, some bare places, an old Moorish castle, lines of poles carrying many wires and cables, and toward the base is covered with houses of mixed Moorish, Spanish and English architecture. In one bright spot far up toward the center there was much color evidently caused by the flower of the Beaugorbellia, and there were scars that might be places for concealment of big guns. It is said that the British have it honeycombed with fortifications, heavy artillery and devices of military engineering. It stands guard over the Mediterranean and is a Bristling Big Threat. Along the water front inside the harbor there are many acres of ordnance shops. About 150 queer looking little vehicles, yellow in color, with white canvas curtains, tied back, conveyed our party from the landing on a drive from the city gates, through Main street, which is about fifteen feet wide, to the park, where all varieties of tropical growth are closely crowded together, then on beyond to the section occupied by the homes and barracks of the English soldiers and sailors. There were three passengers to each vehicle, but Mr. Lilly and I had one exclusively for ourselves, and after completing the tour according to program, drove out to the territory known as Neutral Ground, between British Gibraltar and Spain. The principal feature was the place where bull fights were held and it was opened for us. I took a picture of J. K. in the centre. It is the practice to search persons entering the gates of the Spanish city. Mr. L. and I were deferentially spared, but our driver was searched. We noticed a Spanish policeman running his sword through a wagon load of bags, presumably containing potatoes, and as there were no outcries and no blood dripped from the sword when he withdrew it there was nothing wrong evidently. On the Spanish side Neutral Ground is guarded by Spanish soldiers and on the Gibraltar side by British soldiers. Every night at 8 o'clock the gates of Gibraltar are closed and there can be neither entrance nor exit until opened the next morning. Mr. Dryden, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, accompanied by his wife, is in the cruise party, and they are our nearest neighbors in the dining room and on deck. Although his company has done so much to make Gibraltar famous he saw it to-day for the first time. We were informed to-day that H.D.P. is now having afternoon naps on a cot on C deck aft as another distinctive special arrangement.

February 4 - - Slept until 8:30; Still cool enough for heavy clothing and wraps; Steamship slipping along with little motion over quiet sea. Attended Episcopal services with J. K. and walked for an hour afterward; traveling in clear view of African shore, about five miles out; mountainous, some green, some snow-covered; very few habitations in view, but occasionally we see a white Moorish building. About 4 o'clock we were near enough to Algiers to get a good view; landed soon afterward, two hours ahead of time. It is a large city, with white building covering the mountain side for several miles along the sea; many of the buildings in the French section are eight and ten stories high. The streets are very narrow and swarm with a mixture of

white and dark races, many in the characteristic garb of the Arabs, Moors, Turkish Mohammedans, some Africans in the worst quarters. J. K. and I went ashore and took a stroll for an hour through the streets near the landing and in the business quarter; attended a mass for a while in a crowded Catholic cathedral. There are many French people, and the women are quite as fashionably dressed as would be seen on the streets at home. The Moorish women are always entirely in white, with the head covered with the same material, except for an opening of about two inches across the eyes; we saw many of them. Among all the white people we met during our ramble we did not encounter one that could speak our language.

We drove up to the St. George Hotel, which is high up on the mountain-side, with the intention of having dinner there, but they were overwhelmed, as the Homeric was also in port with its crowd of 500 on the Mediterranean cruise, and we were among the many who were turned away. We came back to the Samaria for our dinner and we understand that we fared better than those who remained ashore. Algiers is known as a very wicked city. The dance houses are notorious. Dr. Hollington last evening in his lecture advised the women to not visit them, as, he said, they are extremely immoral. This evidently was enough to arouse their curiosity. I overheard one of them who came back to the boat about 8:30 o'clock say "those risqué dances were a miserable fizzle." I suppose it is impossible for the poor French and Arabs to be as wicked as they are expected to be; too bad.

It was necessary for us to get some French money for use here. I got 150 francs for \$10.50. An automobile cost us 25 francs, besides tips, for the trip from the St. George hotel, down to the steamer landing. French franc bills are such flimsy looking pieces of common paper that one cannot think of them as money with any respect. We are going early to bed while others are gay ashore.

February 5 - - We got an early start on our drive over Algiers. Two other men were put into our car, making ours a party of four men. We visited the oldest of the Mosques, known as the fisherman's mosque, which is approached through a fish market, and now has other buildings adjoining it and built partly over it and it is the center of much, mean, wretched life. Afterwards we visited a Moorish palace which was once the abiding place of a daughter of a Sultan, then to a place where rugs were being made. The work was largely being done by little Arab girls, from eight to twelve years old, who tie in the strands with one hand, with great rapidity and cut with scissors in the other hand. J. K. became fascinated with a rug about 2 x 4 feet in size, for which they wanted 2,000 francs; he bolted from the place for fear he would pay the price.

We next walked through the old Arab quarter, including their market, where we saw enough of the way these sad, gaunt, dark specimens of degenerate humanity live in extreme squalor. They wear dirty rags, with more on their heads than they have on their bodies. Many of them use old coffee sacks, covering mainly their heads and falling over their shoulders. Their food consists chiefly of fish, dark bread, beans and coffee. The only separation of the buildings is in the stone paved narrow open ways which they call streets, not more than six or eight feet wide, through which pass streams of Arab humanity and the smallest donkeys I have ever seen. The Arab quarter isn't nice. While leaving the place to return to our automobile, J. K. got separated from us. Our guide went up and down the street three times looking for him, and he was lost for nearly half an hour. There could hardly be a worse place for such a man to get lost.

We next visited the Algerian museum. It was closed, but our French chauffeur induced the custodian to open it for us, in consideration of contributions which, he said, would not be much for us, but a great deal for the custodian. It contained a large and interesting collection of specimens and relics of artistic and historic interest, many being of great antiquity. It was a very illuminating exhibit of Arab life at its best.

We had luncheon at the famous St. George hotel, far up the mountain side, and then visited the shopping center for awhile before returning to the Samaria. There was an orgy of buying from peddlers of souvenirs on the decks of the steamer for an hour before sailing. The price asked is usually about twice what will be accepted if they cannot get more, and at the last minute the peddlers come down to bargains. As the tourists were eager to get rid of whatever French money they had left on their hands there was brisk business for the peddlers. To-night it is about as cold as on our first two days out from New York, and the ship is rolling.

February 6 - - A cloudy day and cold enough for heavy clothing. We have been trying to arrange to add to the program for tomorrow an automobile trip of our own to Amalfi and Sorrento, with a special guide, but, to our new disappointment, we are now informed that it will be impossible to combine the trip to Pompeii with the ride to Amalfi in the same day, and between the two our choice would be Pompeii, so we shall adhere to the regular program. We apprehend that the stay in Naples will be too brief to do all that we would like to do.

Evidently "The Judge" has had some bad luck. During the first week he sat at the head of the centre table in the fore dining room and was foremost in prominence. For several days the table has been used for special parties or as a serving table. He is however, still conspicuous for his oddities of dress and his activities on deck and in the dancing saloon. He is known to all as "The Judge;" even J. K. so honors him.

J. K. spends most of his time in bed trying to keep warm. Our state-room is for us the most comfortable place on board.

Log of S.S. "Samaria"

Received March 7th (afternoon mail)

Mailed at Alexandria, Feb. 11 (?)

February 7 - - I expected sunshine and warmth at Naples, but the weather was chilly and the skies were cloudy when we arose to get our first view of Vesuvius. In the night the Samaria had tied up at the pier, so that passengers could walk ashore and the bugler blasted everybody out of sleep at 6:30 A.M. The familiar outline of Vesuvius was in view when I looked out, but the top was obscured by smoke and clouds. The passengers were divided into three parties, who were to start on the day's trip respectively at 8, 9 and 10 o'clock. We had chosen the 9 o'clock party. We were taken in odd, rickety, little open carriages, drawn by a single horse, but driven by wild and noisy Italians, with much anathema at pedestrians and other drivers, and vicious flourishing of whip, to the railway station, where we were transferred to what was called the "train de luxe," after a half hour of switching of cars and innumerable conferences between important looking officials in a variety of more or less gorgeous uniforms. Our particular train was both "de luxe" and "limited." The cars were I classe, with nice lady-like curtains and revolving mahogany seats, but much smaller than our American electric cars. We were scheduled to make the trip to Pompeii, twenty-two miles distant from Naples, with only one stop at the funicular at Vesuvius, in thirty minutes less time than the other trains. We passed through the garden and vineyard district, where there was evidently extraordinary richness of soil and intensive cultivation. The old Roman wells, with large circular stone reservoirs, so numerous scattered through the fields, were of new interest to us. The vine-yards form a net-work of vines about the height of a man above the ground, interspersed with English walnut trees, which serve the double purpose of supplying nuts and supporting the vines. There were many orange and lemon orchards along the way. The narrow roadways lie always between high lava slab fences, high enough to shut from view the ordinary traffic or the road. There are also solid high stone walls about the segregated house, and we are told that violation of the privacy established by these walls is justification for murder.

When we arrived at Pompeii the chief of the guides assigned himself to the party of ten of which we were members. He evidently knew his business exceptionally well, and we could almost understand him some times. For three hours we wandered through old Pompeii and for two hours it rained upon us. We walked through the street known as Della Fortuna, where, hard by, was the palace of Vetti, the richest citizen of Pompeii, the home of his rich bachelor neighbors, the many wine shops and bakeries and drug stores and other shops, the Temples, the luxurious bath houses, and so much that made Pompeii the wonder of the world. We had gone to see Pompeii and we kept on seeing it until we were soaked. Then we were led out through the gates at the sea-side in the wall of the city, where at the Suisse hotel we were given wine while we waited for luncheon, and later at luncheon we became wildly enthusiastic under the spell of the singing of a coming Caruso. We blistered our hands applauding him, yelled ourselves hoarse and gave him all our loose change. When Caruso II wasn't singing everybody out of their senses he helped at the waiting on the tables. Around here they excel in singing and waiting and guiding, and whichever they do entitles them to all you've got, and they manage pretty well to get it. After luncheon we went again into Pompeii and visited the ruins of the Temple of Justice,

the King's Palace, the Forum, the theaters, contemplated for awhile the grand views across the valley to the mountains and the sea and wandered through more and more of old Pompeii until it was time for us to take our little de luxe train, the last for the day - - too late also to visit the crater of Vesuvius, which we very much desired to do, and arrived in Naples quite weary. J. K. had a bad headache and went to bed. I went into Naples with a special guide seeking letters which had not arrived at the Cook office, to get my favorite glasses repaired by an optician, and to procure through Cook's office seats for the evening performance at the Royal Opera House. There were no letters, but I succeeded with the other arrangements. We attended the opera in the evening. It lasted from 9 o'clock until nearly 1 A.M. It was a memorable evening; a wonderful opera house of vast proportions; splendid in red and gold; four tiers of boxes forming a horseshoe around the house, with the royal box in the rear directly opposite the stage; an orchestra composed of ninety-eight musicians; a beautiful opera in two acts, followed by an orchestral performance with a gorgeous spectacle enlivened by the dancing of a bewildering number of beautiful women, throughout which there was not a word spoken. Altogether it was a dream night.

February 8 - - Crisp, cool weather, but clear skies, such as we expect to find in sunny Italy. J. K. was indisposed and preferred to remain in bed. I had to go without him; got an exceptionally good guide and a fine open automobile for my exclusive use in driving to points of interest in Naples. Visited the Cathedral, 700 years old and very grand: the chapel adjoining in which there are Corinthian columns taken from Pagan temples about 700 B. C.; wonderful mosaic portrayals 1700 years old; in the cathedral there were still decorations and ceremonial arrangements used on the day before at the funeral of the Italian Cardinal located at Naples who had just died. The Cathedral is in the heart of the city and as we came out a herd of goats was being driven through the streets. They furnish the dairy service. Wherever milk is wanted the quantity desired is taken fresh from a goat and then the whole herd is driven on to the next customer. It is the milky way of Naples.

The buildings of Naples are mostly four or five stories high, with cement walls, and, in the poorer districts, the family washing is always in evidence. Vegetable carts are pushed through the streets and women conduct their negotiations from upper stories until a price is agreed upon, then they lower a bucket or basket with a rope and receive their purchases.

The older streets are paved with slabs of lava about a foot square, but there is a fine asphalt boulevard around the bay through the principal hotel, residence and park district. I had a very pleasing drive over this up to a high point where there was a fine view over the city and across the bay.

Visited the aquariums, one of the famous ones of the world, where they exhibit specimens of the fishes found in the bay of Naples. The most wonderful among these is the parachute fish reflecting all the colors of the rainbow as it moves through the water; another specimen is a dirigible fish, which has the form of a dirigible balloon, with much variety of color.

Visited the National Museum; the exhibit is too large to be seen in a short time; devoted my attention to the relics of Pompeii, where, it seems, they had in some form, pretty near every

convenience which we now have and many things of art which we are either copying or cannot get; some of their secret processes died with them.

Our stay in Naples was too short. It was impossible to crowd into thirty hours all that we would like to have done. We particularly regretted our inability to visit the crater of Vesuvius, which requires most of a day, and the drive to Amalfi and Sorrento, a distance of about eighty miles over a road high on the mountain sides, overlooking the sea. We were required to be back at the boat at 11:30 A.M., but it did not pull out until 1 P.M. because an elderly woman passenger failed to return and the guides were unable to find her.

We were much interested in the afternoon in observations of the isle of Capri, famous for its blue grotto and its villas on the heights, one of which Booth Tarkington occupied for a season; on the other side were familiarly known Italian towns scattered along the mountains, and at some very high points monasteries could be seen.

At 9:30 at night, while writing, J. K. called me in great excitement to come out on deck, to see a volcano in eruption. It was old Stromboli, probably twenty miles away; at intervals of about fifteen or twenty minutes streaks of red light quite like an enormous sky-rocket, would rise high into the skies, but after an hour's travel the eruptions were no longer visible.

Some time after midnight, while we were asleep - - and last night I slept obliviously - - we passed through the straits of Messina.

February 9 - - Cloudy and only slight change in temperature; warmer weather is continually farther beyond. Devoted morning to domestic duties - - barber, baggage, clothing, state-room, arranging for mailing of picture cards (four pounds of them) etc. Walked, smoked, and read all afternoon. Early to bed.

February 10 - - Still cloudy and cool. We are due to arrive at Alexandria tomorrow morning, and must have ready to-day such baggage as we wish to take ashore for our five days of stay in Egypt. We have made special arrangements for a trip to Luxor, where the Pharaohs' tombs are being opened, and we are promised that we shall also have the full program of the rest of the party at Cairo.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received March 7th, 1923
(mailed from Cairo, Feb. 15)

February 11 - - "What can be grander than to be at Alexander the morning" were the last words of the last song at the concert given last night by the ship's crew. We were called early by the bugler to the beginning of a day of sunshine as we were entering the harbor of Alexandria, the first part of old Egypt, but still cool enough for overcoats. We had reduced our luggage to the last that would be needed for five days ashore. Many, however, took trunks, and nearly a thousand pieces were taken from the ship through the custom house. The examination by the Egyptian officials was perfunctory. They selected particular pieces to be opened and the remainder was passed without opening. Ours was inconspicuous enough to be passed without question or delay, but they required from all signed declarations that nothing prohibited by law was being brought in. The luggage was carried from the ship's side to the door of the custom's office by a horde of wild-looking Arabs in gowns, many of them barefoot; then carried from there by another lot of Egyptians wearing the red fez and the insignia of "Cook" on their arms. They were commanded by men who carried short whips. After the luggage was all ashore the passengers were allowed to go down the gang-way and in procession pass before the customs officials. As they each found their own luggage it was carried aboard a train of compartment cars by a Cook porter. We got one of the last compartments with Mr. and Mrs. Dryden, but the latter soon moved to another to accommodate the Benson family from Titusville, Pa.

We saw nothing of Alexandria except what could be seen in entering the harbor, and we were told that there is very little of interest there. It is a city, however, of commercial importance. There was a delay of an hour or more in starting the trains on the trip to Cairo, and this gave the beggars and peddlers and legerdemain fakirs a chance to work on us from alongside the tracks with the persistency of flies feeding on sugar. The fakirs did many wonderful tricks. The trip from Alexandria to Cairo was made in about four hours. The railway service is good, quite like it is in Great Britain or France, but the equipment seems to be mostly French, and the eating service on the trains is French or Swiss.

There is little variation of the scenery along the railway between Alexandria and Cairo. It is a flat country, of very rich dark soil, with continuous fields of Alfalfa and wheat, the latter thicker and heavier than we see in America. The plows, drawn by the Egyptian animals with reversed horns, called water buffalo, are the same kind as were used in primitive times. An irrigation ditch runs much of the way between the railroad track on one side and a dirt road built above the usual flood height, and over this road there is passing continually a procession of Egyptian rural life - - camels, donkeys, goats, Arabs riding and on foot. The camels and the donkeys are often so heavily laden with sugar cane that only their feet and heads can be seen. No vehicles are seen on the rural roads. Some of the fields are laid off in remarkably straight rows. Nothing of modern machinery known to American farmers is used by the Egyptians. They do everything as it was done a thousand years ago, or more. The land is thoroughly

irrigated from ditches connected with sources of supply from the Nile, which in August and September usually completely inundates all of the adjacent land below the level of the raised roadway and railroad. The latter parallels or crosses branches of the Nile much of the way. Frequently Arab villages may be seen on the higher ground - - patches of mud or adobe huts closely built together, sometimes surrounded by a mud wall, strikingly like Mexican villages. People and animals live together, but in some sections may be seen corrals of cornstalks within which the animals are kept. In the vicinity of the larger towns much cabbage is raised and it grows two or three times the size seen in America. There are many crows; the feathers of their bodies have the grey color of doves, but the head and wings are black. The people are lean, dark, dirty, ragged, with much on their heads, but often nothing on their feet. The women usually wear black; when married their faces are covered, except the eyes, but the faces of the unmarried are not covered. A married woman who speaks to a man without the permission of her husband may be divorced, if Mohammedan. The women are becoming somewhat venturesome, as many of them now wear veils so thin and open that they only slightly obscure; one of our guides spoke of this as a mockery and shame.

We arrived at Cairo about the middle of the afternoon. We were assigned to the Continental Hotel, one of the two leading hotels in the business center and immediately opposite a park. It is a very satisfactory place - - under French management and supervision, but with Egyptian servants, who wear the red fez, and full length robes of blue and white. They seem to understand English and speak it sparingly, but sufficiently to be understandable. Our rooms are spacious, with high ceilings, on account of the climate, with the best of modern furniture, but no telephone service. The food is excellent. After getting settled we went out for a walk of a mile or more to the bridge over the Nile.

The modern Cairo is a city of well paved asphalt streets, with a predominance of French characteristics in the architecture, some English and many places enclosed by walls. It is a pleasing city in general appearance. The outstanding features are the mosques, of which there are 366, some of them splendid structures, and the minarets, the slender tower of three stories, which is ascended by the priests five times daily for the muezzin, the call of the faithful to prayers. There are a few churches of other religious sects, but they are inconspicuous - some Catholic, as everywhere, and some Coptic, the Arabian Christians from early times. Although the red fez is in evidence everywhere and the people are largely Mohammedan, the Turk has largely disappeared from Egypt and is seen quite infrequently, but nowhere have we yet seen so many varieties of race and costume in the crowds of the streets. In the cities there are modern attributes and conveniences, such as automobiles, but the funerals of the native dead are still conducted without hearses; we witnessed many of these where the coffin is carried through the streets on the shoulders of men and others where flower-covered hearses are used for Europeans.

During our week down to the Nile we saw Egyptian Mohammedans, in long robes, walking beside carts a flat platform, without sides, mounted on two large wheels, drawn by donkeys or water buffalo, out for an airing of their families, including extra wives, all covered with black, except for the eyes. It is according to old custom as is an extraordinary pleasure for the wives and children, but it looks like hard experience for all.

Strings of blue beads are put around the necks of the draft animals or on the radiator of the automobiles to protect them from evil spirits; an eye is painted on boats for the same purpose.

Whenever a foreigner appears on the streets or wherever he stops when driving he is immediately besieged by beggars and the peddlers of postcards and souvenirs; they are extremely persistent.

The custom of the French cafes in serving patrons at tables on the sidewalk is very popular here.

(Note - - Thus far only on our first day in Egypt; am writing whenever I can find a chance at night or in the early morning, but we are kept busy from breakfast time till late at night with our programs. To get this into the mails must close now, and finish my log from Egypt on the Samaria after departure. The remainder will be mailed from India. We have both received here gratifying cables from home but no letters. We are both well, and intensely interested in what we are seeing.)

Log of the S. S. "Samaria"
Received, March 9th 2 P.M.
Mailed at Port Said, Feb. 16th

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February 12 - - A bright day, but comfortably cool. Accompanied by an exceptionally good Egyptian dragoman we started immediately after breakfast for a trip by automobile through old Cairo, where the poorer Egyptians live in adobe houses in the most extreme wretchedness and squalor; it was pitiable, depressing and almost sickening. The most interesting points in this quarter are the oldest of the mosques in Cairo, in its day, about 2200 years ago, the grandest, but now used for services only once a year; the old underground Coptic church, where the holy family worshipped and the later Coptic church above ground, but still very old. In the old mosque we were shown the two shrines where those afflicted with skin diseases and heart diseases believed they could be cured by licking stone pillars. In each place a deep hole had been worn in the stone by millions of afflicted who had touched it with their tongues. Afterwards we visited the island in the Nile, where Moses, according to history, was found in the bulrushes.

In the afternoon we visited the pyramids and the Sphinx. There is now a very fine asphalt road, shaded by old acacia trees, leading out to the sand-hills on which the pyramids stand. We road [sic] up the hills on camels and down to the Sphinx, which is in a hollow, below the pyramids. The Sphinx is disappointing as to size, surroundings and condition. We did what everybody does when they go there. We joined a party that was photographed in the foreground of the Sphinx and pyramids. The riding of the camels is rather a trying ordeal, especially for women, but Mr. L. and I got through without mishap or bothersome consequences.

We returned early to our hotel to get ready for a special trip to Luxor, for which the cruise managers had made special arrangements for a party of twelve of us, after several days of uncertainty, at a charge of \$75. per person. Luxor, about 300 miles from Cairo, was the capital of the earliest Egyptian dynasties, where the Rameses are buried, and where the tomb of Tutankhamen is now being explored with such interesting results. The trip to Luxor is a railroad journey of about thirteen hours. We had planned to go one night, spend the day there and return the next night, and then to crowd into the day all of the Cairo program, so that we would miss none of it and gain the Luxor visit. When we were ready to go we found that H.D.P. had managed to get himself included in the Luxor trip.

Log of the S. S. "Samaria"
Received March 10, 1923
Mailed at Port Said, Feb. 17 (?)

February 13 - - These Egyptian Internationale et Wagons Lits (sleeping and dining cars) compare favorably with the Pullman service. We had a pretty comfortable night, a good early breakfast preparatory to arrival at Luxor at 7:30 a.m., clear skies and everything favorable for our day where the first kings of history lived and ruled. We are still in the rich delta of the Nile, where the fields are green with alfalfa and wheat, and where corn and sugar cane grow abundantly. Here we see the corn-stalk corrals for animals, but the mud villages are as squalid in appearance as back in the region nearer Cairo and the rural life is much the same. Occasionally we pass groves of the tall date palm trees, usually near villages; there are a few other trees. On the streams we see frequently the dahabeah, the typical sailing vessel from ancient days, and it is a very graceful looking craft.

Both the dragoman and the guide engaged for us were awaiting us on our arrival at Luxor. There was a short drive from the railroad station through the town to the landing on the Nile. On the opposite side several miles distant were the barren hills of rock and sand, called the "City of the Dead," where the kings are buried. The Nile, at this point seems quite like the lower Ohio. The boat in which we crossed was much like an Ohio river skiff, and one was large enough for our party. The oarsmen and the guide kept up a monotonous chant with each stroke of the oars while crossing. Small covered carriages were awaiting us and in these we made the trip up through the valleys to the hills of rock in which the ancient kings tried to conceal their tombs. Until recently the trip had to be made on donkeys, and they are still used by many. There are many openings at the base of the hills where excavations have been made in searching for tombs, most of them resulting in no discoveries. The trip is made uncomfortable by the heat, the dust and the millions of pestiferous flies. If not covered with Mosquito netting it is necessary to fight off the pests constantly with brooms of dry grass called fly-whisks. I wore one out on the trip.

The early kings were most resourceful in their efforts to so conceal their tombs that they could not be discovered. They vied with each other in this effort. All outward evidences of their location were obliterated and often the people who knew where they were, after having performed all necessary service, were slaughtered to prevent communication of the secret. The motives for this secrecy can be best obtained from history. Many of the tombs, however, have been discovered, and the work of exploration, which is a mining enterprise, still continues. Interest is now centered in the finding and opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen, which is many hundred of feet down in the rock under other royal tombs. We visited this first, but the exploration work is in the early stages and there is so much of rubbish and confusion in the halls of the tombs that, we were told, it is not only impracticable to admit visitors, but there is really nothing of interest to see yet. As the sealed chambers are opened the contents are brought out and are then stored until they can be shipped to the museums. We probably saw as much as others who are not participating in the work and that was not much beyond the entrance and the accumulations about it. Three newspaper representatives are at Luxor reporting the progress of the exploratory work and they are making it as interesting to the world as possible. There are

many titled lords, generals, ladies, sirs, etc.- - innumerable - - stopping at the Winter Palace Hotel in Luxor for comfort and pleasure and to be at hand as first witnesses of whatever is brought forth from the tomb. While there have been some rich results the interest is intensified mainly by expectation of what may yet be found. The enterprise is largely financed by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the president of which, Robert W. De Forest, who is on the cruise of the Samaria, visited the tomb at the same time we made the trip.

While the Tutankhamen tomb, as the latest discovery whose mysteries are yet uncovered, is the object of extreme curiosity it is doubtful if it can be of as great interest as the tombs of Seth and the Rameses, which we visited. The opening of the former descends some hundreds of feet, by steps and incline, through the rock to a chamber forty or fifty feet deep. It was the evident purpose to give the impression that, if found, the king was buried at the bottom of this. This was intended to mislead. The explorers found a secret passage way in the wall on the opposite side, now reached by a bridge, which leads on some hundreds of feet further, to the chamber where the body was deposited, and, mummified still lies visible in the royal sarcophagus. He died about 4000 years ago. The walls of the halls and chambers are covered with figures and designs, carved in the stone, telling the story of the king's deeds. In the several chambers surrounding the tomb had been deposited the most precious possessions of the king, but these have been removed to the National Museum at Cairo, where we saw them.

A still more wonderful tomb is that of Rameses II, which is deeper in the rock, more elaborate and shows many evidences of progress in art from the time of his predecessors. His remains and the property found in the secret chambers of his tomb are also now on exhibition in the bewildering collection in the National Museum.

There are many other tombs of kings, but we visited only those that are regarded as the most wonderful. On the return journey we stopped at the ruins of the Ramnesseus temple, vast in its proportions, with tremendous statues, many of which were defaced or marred by Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, the Christian invaders and others. We also visited the huge stone figures of the Colossi which stood at the gates of the Thebes, which now stand alone in the midst of a wheat field, and then returned to the Nile and crossed the river again to Luxor for luncheon at the Winter Palace. Among the guests at the Winter was a Scotchman in his kilties. The rest of us were kept in constant action outside the hotel fighting flies with our whisks. The Scotchman had his troubles with both face and bare legs to protect.

I am glad we visited Luxor. The ruins belong to a period of about 3600 years ago, older than any other we shall see, and this day among them has been more impressive than any we have yet had.

After tea at the Winter Palace we visited one of the Nile steamers, stopping at the landing place over night. The round trip from Cairo to Assuan, including stops for visits ashore, requires about five weeks; we were most favorably impressed with our observations on the boat, the Sudan, which seemed to be well equipped for comfort and pleasure.

We left Luxor at 8 o'clock and arrived again in Cairo the next morning at 9 o'clock.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received March 29th, 1923
Mailed at Bombay, Feb. 25.

February 14 - - There were so few in the Luxor party that they were necessarily thrown into intimacy and J. K. graciously permitted "The Judge" to become his almost constant companion while I, having less inclination and not sufficient conformability to yield my antipathies, fell into other associations for the day. Some of it I could not escape; even a little is too much for me. Among many other insincerities and inconsistencies he elaborately explained that he wanted us to believe that "he had nothing to do, nothing whatever, with his becoming known on the boat as "The Judge", but during his long experience with official life in Washington he had found that every man there had a title as Judge, General, Colonel or **D-F-**, and he preferred to be known as 'Judge' instead of a D-F-", etc., etc., ad libitum, ad nauseum and gave him the greatest appreciation of his life until he swelled almost to bursting. Evidently he was so confident of his triumph that there need be no further caution. While on the way to our hotel in Cairo he announced that he had secured from Cook an automobile for special use for the day and invited us to accompany him. For the instant my spirits fell to zero; because I was apprehensive that J. K. would accept and I would have another day of punishment, but (everlasting blessings upon him!) he promptly and firmly declined for the reason that we had plans of our own. We afterwards learned that he had had a row with the Cook people in making his special arrangements, that they had yielded finally, but in doing so "bawled him out" for continually asking special favors, they were getting tired of it and had reached the stopping point, he was no better than any other passenger and this would be the last, etc. The hallucination about his greatness and importance seems to be passing; questions are being asked; many who were cordial seem to be getting shy, and more and more he is allowed to be alone and comments are being made - - one woman said, we were told, that she "would like to take a scrubbing brush and clean him up." Enough of this even though it may be amusing at home.

We secured for our exclusive use an automobile and a dragoman, Abdul Alty, who was quite richly garbed, wore a head covering that was a combination of both red fez and white turban, spoke English quite well, seemed to be well informed and had rather impressive manners. He exhibited a gold watch that had been presented to him by his friend, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, who has engaged him to take charge of a trip of several weeks up the Nile on a dahabeah. He is a faithful Mohammedan and he explained to us much about his religion. During our day at Luxor I had observed with disgust and horror several infants whose eyes were obscured by flies and no effort was made by either mother or child to drive them away. We were told that it was in accordance with their religion to allow the flies to eat out of the eyes if it were the will of Allah. Abdul denied this and when I then remarked that mothers who permitted this wrong to their children should be punished he promptly concurred, saying, "That is quite right and if my wife fails in her duty I punish her." I wondered about the punishing of his wife. Later when I told him that in our country a man could legally have only one wife he seemed surprised and said "That is quite right. I have only one wife. She is a very good woman and I shall never take

another wife.” Abdul said Mrs. De Koven had offered to take him to America, but he was unwilling to leave his wife and four boys so long.

We first visited the Mosque built by the Sultan Hassan four hundred years ago, comparatively modern, and the most pretentious, artistic and impressive of them all. It is a memorial to the Sultan, who is buried there. After its completion, the Sultan had the hands of the architect amputated to prevent his building another. When I commented on the ingratitude and cruelty of the Sultan, Abdul said, “this is the story, but personally, I do not believe it is true.”

We visited the Citadel, at a high point, affording a sweeping view over Cairo and its surroundings; another wonderful Mosque, where the Sultan invited the Mamalukes [Turkish slave-soldiers] to a feast and then took them out (360 of them) one by one and beheaded them, except the one who, on his horse, jumped over the wall and survived. This was so miraculous that it was accepted as the will of Allah and the survivor allowed to live until he died a natural death twelve years afterwards. He was then buried with special distinction in the cemetery set apart for the massacred Mamalukes, which we visited, as well as the tombs of the royal families of modern times.

We found the bazaars interesting, particularly one place where Mr. and Mrs. Lilly had made purchases when here on their previous Mediterranean trip. It is a factory as well as a store and has a vast stock. The proprietor, an aged, polite, deferential and well spoken man, gave us his personal attention for an hour and brought out from his safe many of his most precious possessions, some of which were of extravagant value. J. K. was much impressed with a pair of rare and extraordinary Kirmansha rugs and had them laid aside for consideration until the next day, but decided in the end not to take them.

In the afternoon we devoted two hours to the National Museum, where there is on exhibit the sarcophagi, mummies, and relics of the Pharaohs, the Rameses, and the old kings whose tombs have been opened. It is the most interesting collection from ancient times in the world, and is worthy of months of study.

Afterwards we drove out to the obelisk which is the mate to the one now in New York. It stands in a field of alfalfa on the site of a former city; thence to the place where Mary and Joseph spend a night on their pilgrimage through Egypt and Mary, wanting to bathe the Christ child, dreamed that a well was near and on awakening, found it as she had dreamed and bathed the child, after which, according to the legend, the water became sweet. The tree near the spring, gnarled and apparently dead, is surrounded by an enclosure, but we were allowed to enter and to touch it, and the attendant cut from it two small pieces of bark, for which he expected a more generous contribution than he received. Always they want more than you give them, whatever you give, and it was the regular performance for our dragoman to have an indignant argument with the attendants on leaving every place visited.

February 15 - - We each received cablegrams from home reporting everybody well and business good for E.L. & Co., but no letters. We were fortunate in getting a compartment to ourselves for the trip to from Cairo to Port Said. The country through which we passed was similar to what we had seen on the trips from Alexandria and Luxor, but the last fifty miles was through desert,

and beyond Ismailia, on Bitter lake, the railroad parallels the Suez canal down to Port Said, a city which appears to be quite modern in its architecture, and decidedly French in its characteristics. The Samaria was in the bay at the mouth of the Suez, gay with flags fluttering in the breeze. We were transported from the landing in launches and were passed without inspection of baggage or passports. Getting back to the boat was like coming home; we were heartily glad to get back. We found letters awaiting us, a cablegram to Mr. L. from N. H. N. reporting great business in January, two newspapers for me, but none of the mail that reached Naples too late for us. The messages from home were more than gratifying; were real joy for us. Later two newspapers forwarded from Naples were delivered to me, but no letters from there. We may get the tardy mail in Bombay. The Samaria had been thoroughly cleaned during our absence of five days. She did not start on the trip through the Suez Canal until 3 o'clock a.m. Many passengers went ashore to see the town, but we were tired and went to bed happy.

February 16 - - We had been about five hours on the way through the Suez Canal when we came out from breakfast, with a tug preceding and one following the Samaria ready for service in the event of need. The trip was of interest as an experiment. The Samaria is the largest boat to go through up to this time. Muddy water came to the surface in places to indicate that we had touched bottom, but nothing serious happened. We travelled at the rate of about six miles an hour through the canal, but at more rapid speed in crossing Bitter Lake, on which the city of Ismailia is located. The canal passes through the desert, and very little life of any kind is seen on the land. The canal is eighty-six miles long. The Samaria had to pay a toll of more than \$25,000 for the privilege of passing through on this trip. The canal is very profitable to the stockholders. It pays dividends at the rate of 250 per cent, per annum, but in 1969, will revert to the Egyptian government and the stockholders will be out of it. We arrived at the Red Sea after dark and in the night passed over that part of it where the waters separated for the historic journey through it on land.

February 17 - - Moving smoothly over the Red Sea all day, with fine weather, gradually getting warmer. A St. Valentine dance on the open deck under awnings in the evening with "The Judge" as the central figure. He is very persistent in seeking dances with the young ladies. They entered into a conspiracy to keep him going as fast as possible and they had him perspiring and blowing, but evidently he enjoyed the attention and was more elaborate than usual with his bowing and antics which, at times, were very ludicrous.

February 18 - - We have had the skies and temperature of a perfect day in May. Many have appeared in white. Except for the time that I have been conversing with our deck neighbors, the Drydens, I have had no inclination to do more than contemplate and absorb the beauty of the day. J. K. attended the religious service held in the open on the aft deck which was used for dancing last night. He has frankly been rather home-sick to-day and said he would never again go away for so long a time. I wouldn't say that I have been home-sick, but the dear ones back at home have been very fondly and vividly in the beautiful, dreamy day that has so enthralled me.

February 19 - - A calm sea, still the Red Sea, with only a gentle ripple over it. So hot last night that with fans going, sheets were too much covering. The ship officers have posted an announcement on the bulletin board that hereafter passengers who desire to do so may sleep in the open on the upper deck, the women on one side and the men on the other side of the ship. A

swimming pool has been arranged on the forward deck and there have been performances to-day both in the morning and afternoon. Miami Beach is tame in comparison. If Will Elder would see the show he would never again have any interest in The Follies. "The Judge" is striving to be It in the pool. Between the dances in the evening and the swimming pool there is general expectation that he will over-exert himself. Tonight there is a fine breeze on our side and we hope to get some sleep in our room.

February 20 - - Another very warm day, but less oppressive than yesterday, as there was more breeze. Soon after breakfast we came into view of Aden, but so far away that it was only faintly visible. It happened as a co-incident, without intent or thought of any connection, that J. K. was reading to me an interesting letter from Dr. John Uri Lloyd in which he told of having spent a month many years ago at Aden, which is the principal commercial part of Arabia, and the greatest camel market in the world. We are now crossing the Sea of Arabia. There has been little activity today; too warm.

February 21 - - A calm sea and clear skies. At noon a whale came to the surface many times within a few hundred feet of the boat. In the afternoon Mr. De Forest told a small group, in which we were included, about the discoveries in the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, the opening of which is being largely financed by the Metropolitan Museum, of which he is president. Evidence has been found that the tomb was entered for some purpose in the remote past, but presumably not for robbery, as gold and precious articles were left heaped in disorder. The royal seals were not broken, but an opening was made through the wall into the main chamber. Bags of food and the funeral flowers deposited in the tomb more than 3,300 years ago were still there. Nothing will be disturbed until photographs can be taken and a proper minute record can be made for archaeological purposes. All that is discovered will, under agreement, be divided equally between the Egyptian government and the Metropolitan Museum. It is expected that the main chamber will probably be opened this week. In the evening we attended an illustrated lecture on India by Dr. Hollington, held in the open on the aft deck. So many people came around to talk that I couldn't accomplish anything particularly during the day, in reading or writing - - - even dreaming, for I had the strongest inclination, was too much broken up to be enjoyed satisfactorily.

February 22 - - A strong wind brought back winter weather in the night and heavy seas causing the boat to roll enough to make many sick. An epidemic of ptomaine poisoning has also developed over night, but I have escaped, and also J. K., although he has been sea-sick and has remained in bed all day. Those who have been able to be out on deck to-day have come back to winter clothing. This is a very extreme change and is in itself enough to cause illness. This is Washington's birthday anniversary and that also of some of the passengers. It was observed on board at a meeting where there was singing of appropriate songs and an address by Mr. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company. "The Judge" has been very meek and inconspicuous for three days and has abstained from the dancing and swimming pool frolics. There is a rumor that he was "called down" by the management, but we do not know whether or not this is true. The dinner to-night was a Washington birthday event, with special decorations and souvenirs, patriotic caps and tri-color balloons, and articles on the menu bearing the names of states and cities in America, but so many are ill that there wasn't much gaiety. I have been gazing alone at the new moon from the rear deck, wondering if the folks at home might be

looking up to it. It seems now to be the surest direct connection with them. I have been thinking of them “more’n tongue can tell.” I suspect J. K. [has too], but he has been depressingly silent to-day and that makes everything worse for me. We sailed four weeks ago to-day; it seems more like years than weeks.

February 23rd - - Happily, J. K. is quite himself to-day and is falling into regular procedure. Many others who were missing yesterday are out again to-day. The sea is acting like a nice sea should and the ship has quit playing rocking horse. It has been a fair day, and pleasantly cool. Sat in my deck chair nearly all day, and tried to read, but sociable people who came around to talk prevented my getting very far with my book. There was a fancy dress dance to-night - - a folly frolic and very gay. J. K. and I were spectators and not participants. He filled out his dance program with the names of Mrs. Stanford White, (who is the saddest looking woman on board and who has tragic reason for being so,) and other women ranging in age from around 75 to 90 and then decided to go no further with his joke. He has been pretty brave to-day, but when he fell into one of his quiet moods admitted that he was thinking of and yearning for Mrs. L.

“The Judge” has come back. On our way to luncheon we found that he had posted on the bulletin board, written in blue and red, the following:

- Costumes -

I have 3 very unique national costumes
of the South Sea Islands

Unusually Characteristic native habit
of the South Pacific

“Tied and Dyed”

Bought for my Wife and Daughter, but
which they could not accept to wear on
account of bereavement. Therefore, I
am willing to part with them
(Signed with his name and room number)

No Duty in U.S. Registered in customs
Duty paid once

Artist Fortunay Decorations

One woman came to me to ask about the decorations – she was skeptical; before I could answer she said, “Well, anyhow I don’t care to get into any argument with him about it.” His stunt just now is to sit in a conspicuous place on deck, with bare head, but wearing a green eye shade, examining books and writing industriously. J. K. is obsessed to-night with the idea that he would like to go down to Brown county right away.

We have decided to make the trip of 800 miles from Bombay to Agra on the second train, which will be composed of Pullman cars instead of compartments each for four passengers. This gives us the first day at Bombay, and at Agra we shall have the chance to see the wonderful Taj Mahal by moonlight as well as in the day. We shall have two days of travel by train each way. A supply of towels, etc. for the land trip was issued to us to-day. A section has been assigned to us.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received April 6, 1923
Mailed at Columbo, March 4.

February 24 - - A perfect day - - overhead, on the water and in temperature. A rumor spread around the boat about 6 o'clock that the Laconia was in sight ahead and we would meet in a few minutes, but the report proved to be a mistake. The Laconia is a sister to the Samaria, and under the management of the American Railway Express Company is making the trip around the world from the west side, having started in November. We did pass two hours later, about 8 o'clock, but instead of stopping for greeting and exchange of mail, as had been rumored, there was merely some polite whistling about a thousand feet apart, without hesitation. In the evening there was a lecture on "The Religions of India," followed by a concert by passenger talent and before it was over we were in sight of the lights of Bombay.

February 25 - - Our night's rest was cut short by moving up the clock an hour and five minutes and by the bugle calling us to breakfast at 6:30, which cut doubly into our comfort. We went ashore at 9 o'clock for a day of sightseeing. Automobiles were awaiting us and we were taken through the principal business street, past the more important public buildings out to the Museum and Ecological Garden; more remarkable for its variety of trees than its collection of animals, through the native quarter of bazaars and dwellings, up the famous Malabar Hill, overlooking the city and the bay, to the place where the bodies of the dead are left to be devoured by the vultures, down through the aristocratic European quarter along the sea coast, where there is a very impressive exhibit of tropical mansions and private tennis courts, and finally but most important of all, to the Cook's office, for our particular car [sic], to inquire for mail. J. K. received one from Eli, but there was nothing for me, and there was nothing delivered to the boat, although many others received mail. Luncheon was served to us at the Taj Mahal hotel, said to be the finest hotel in India, but it wasn't much. In the afternoon we were taken by small excursion steamer across the Bay to the Island of Elephanta to visit the caves where 900 years ago chambers and columns and statues were carved out of the mountain of solid rock and later partly destroyed by the Portuguese invaders to discourage idolatry. It is a very interesting place, but there is distinct evidence of Egyptian influence in the art, although this is not admitted. We came back to the Samaria for dinner and at 9 o'clock we leave on a railroad trip of 800 miles for Agra and will return to the Samaria on Thursday.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received April 5, 1923
Mailed at Columbo, Mar. (?)

February 26 - - Another bothersome cold started last evening and has been continually getting worse. I know I ought to remain on the boat as a few others have determined to do, but I am not sensible enough as to my own welfare, to give up the main object of 10,000 miles of travel, which will probably never be repeated, to merely nurse an untimely cold. I must now see the Taj Mahal, even if I must be carried to it on a stretcher, but I am hopeful that this may not become necessary.

Bombay, as seen from the bay, is a well-built modern city, quite impressively well built much like Cairo, but with wider, smooth paved streets, and more decidedly like an English city. Queen Street, shaded by tall palm trees and extending well around the best part of the city. Crows are more numerous than sparrows at home; there are millions of them, and they are everywhere in even the business districts. The natives are much like the Egyptians in appearance - - about the same stature, the same color, the same leanness and bareness and dirtiness, and modes of dress, but they are a mixture of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees, with some Christians, of whom most are Catholics.

Our party left the steamer for the long two days journey to Agra at 9 p.m. The sleeping cars, which we had been told were about half the width of Pullmans, were extremely uncomfortable and everybody had a bad night. Some fell out of the upper berths. The restaurant cars were more of a caution against the dangers of eating than an encouragement to indulgence. I decided to eat as little as possible and restricted my diet largely to bananas and oranges, which are both very different from the kind with which we are familiar at home. The bananas are about the size of sausages with very thin skins. The oranges are quite like tangerines, except that they are almost green in color; they are inferior to our oranges.

The country through which we passed seemed much like Mexico. Grain appeared to be about the only crop; it would be regarded as very poor in our country. It will be ready for harvest in two or three weeks. Scattered through the fields are little Indian Tepees, where watchers shield themselves from the scorching sun while they are on guard against invasion from crows and deer and other enemies. The land is not fertile as it is along the Nile and looks like our western desert where the sickly crops are not growing. There are scattered trees, with green foliage, but no forests were visible until late in the afternoon in the rocky mountain region where we ascended to an altitude of between 7000 and 8000 feet, trees grew in greater profusion, but mostly stunted in size, much gnarled, not of commercial proportions; all along the way we saw frequently the flare of scarlet from the blooming cotton silk trees. From the car window we saw occasionally antelope galloping over the fields, a few monkeys in trees. The dense population in India, of which we hear so much, is not visible in the rural districts through which we passed. It

seemed to be sparsely populated. The huts in the country are made of mud or sticks, often with thatched roofs, and the people live in wretched squalor. The women are most unattractive; they are old hags at thirty; frequently they are mothers at twelve. Their chief ornamentation consists of bracelets on the their arms and ankles, rings on their toes and brass trinkets stuck into the sides of their noses. They are unaccustomed to millinery or any covering for their arms, legs and feet. They are very fond of bright colors and proud of the display when they can afford it.

About every hour the train would stop for fifteen or twenty minutes, for water and fuel. The passengers, under cover of their sun helmets, usually turned out for a promenade until they could no longer bear the heat of the sun. At every station there were drinking water places behind screened places, on one side for Mohammedans and on the other for Hindus. At a few stations only were there drinking places for Christians. We, of course, all drank bottled water called Perrier.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Bhopal, where we could see in the distance the palace of the Begum, the only woman who rules a province in India, and her successor must be a woman - - the prospective heir now is a niece. But it is only the Begum who holds man in subordination. The rest of the women of the province are "as usual." In the last few days the Begum has declared prohibition [sic] at the sacrifice of about three-fourths of her revenue, as a measure for the good of her people, and the British papers are praising her for her altruism, with some misgivings as to how she will come out financially.

A Hindu Catholic priest, with flowing whiskers, smoking a big cigar, and dressed in full length pongee silk robes, was down at the station, to meet our train and, with Father Gayner (a Baltimore priest, who is in our party) I had an interesting talk with him.

About an hour after our departure from Bhopal some white buildings several miles away were pointed out to us as the hunting lodge of a rajah where the Prince of Wales had been a guest during his recent visit to India, for tiger hunting. It was dark, however, when we reached the jungle country and circumstances were not favorable for seeing or shooting tiger from our train.

February 27 - - The discomforts of our so-called Pullman cars were comparatively as great during the day as at night. There was no place to sit except on the lower berth, a part of which was occupied with the two rolls of mattresses, blankets, pillows and sheets used at night. While it was cool at night it was very hot during the day. The second night on the train was almost as miserable as the first, but exhaustion from the hardships that had been suffered during the long journey forced some kind of sleep, but not rest. We arrived at Agra at daylight, and after breakfast on the train were put into little jerky one-horse covered vehicles on two wheels and were jolted several miles out to the Taj Mahal. This part of the journey was through wide streets, with solid earth pavements, where each building was set far back among trees in spacious grounds. This was the setting for business places as well as residences. The ceilings were extraordinarily high on account of the torrid climate. The roofs of many of the houses are thatch and run up to a high point.

The fame of the Taj as the most wonderfully beautiful building in the world causes one to approach it with very high expectations, but the average human being is probably incapable of

imagining any architectural creation that could surpass it, and therefore there can be no disappointment when one views it. In such notes as these there can be no adequate description of it.

There is a vast red stone wall surrounding the gardens, so constructed as to provide arched sheltering places on each side for the great number of natives who make pilgrimages to it. The main gate way, 151 x 117 feet, 100 feet high, stands on a red sandstone base 211 feet square. It is of three stories and the walls are inscribed in black slate with texts from the Koran, inviting the Pure of Heart to enter the Gardens of Paradise. The attendants lead all visitors up a stairway through many rooms to a balcony where the best first view of the Taj may be obtained. Between the gateway and the Taj lie the gardens, the fountains, the pools, the green shrubbery along the walks that lead to the concealed entrance to the beautiful structure of white marble, which was dazzling under the sunlight at the hour of our visit. It stands on a foundation probably 20 feet high, with minarets at each corner 200 feet high, with the tomb, surmounted by the great dome in the center, all in perfect proportions, with most exquisitely beautiful designs of carving and ornamentation, the latter originally in precious jewels and the spires of the dome and minarets were of solid gold, but the jewels and gold were carried away by the invading Jats and in the restoration under the British materials have been provided which afford a fair imitation of colors

The Taj, the most beautiful building in the world, stands as the tribute of man's love for woman, erected by the Emperor Shah Jahan in memory of his favorite of thirteen wives, Mumtaz Mahal, who died after giving birth to her fourteenth child. It was completed twenty-two years after her death and cost about \$20,000,000. The best architects available in all parts of the world were brought into collaboration in designing it and the materials were brought from various parts of India, Persia, the trans-Himalayan region and other countries. It was completed at the end of 1648 A. D. and looks today like a new structure.

After luncheon at the Cecil Hotel, a quite modern and pleasing place, we went by automobile to the ancient and deserted city of Bikandra, where stands the great tomb of Akbar, the Great, "whose throne was in his saddle and its canopy was the floor of heaven;" on a carved pedestal, four feet apart from the tomb, rested the famous diamond, the Keh-i-Nor until it was recovered and taken to the Tower of London. The tomb is a series of vast terraces of red sandstone, with minarets and the enclosure at the top in white marble, latticed, within which, where the open skies are the canopy, is the marble encased body of Akbar. The mausoleum has an area of more than 120 acres, and is enclosed by high red sand-stone walls 770 yards long on each side, with an imposing archway as an entrance for each of the four sides. From the terraces, the minarets and, best of all, from the top, there is a sweeping view of the surrounding flat country. The invaders robbed the mausoleum of much of its lavish gold and silver ornamentation and an imitation of some of this was restored by Lord Curzon while Viceroy. The Sikandra is a worthy predecessor of the Taj and would be, in itself, worthy of even such hardship as we endured on our trip to Agra.

Another white marble mausoleum of great artistic beauty which we visited was one known as Itimad-Ud-duala, which represents another chapter of the romance of the old days. A Persian nobleman who had aroused the displeasure of his father, fled to India with his wife. While they were crossing the Desert they ran short of provisions and were in danger of dying

from starvation. At this stage of their misfortunes the wife gave birth to a daughter. It was decided to abandon the child and she was left under a shrub. The mother became grief-stricken, however, [and decided] before it was too late to return and recover the child. In time this child became an Empress and she caused the mausoleum to be built, while she was the wife of Akbar's son and successor. Akbar discovered during his life that his son was in love with her and had her sent to another country as the wife of one of his noblemen, but when the son succeeded to the throne, he contrived to have her husband murdered and to bring her back to the Royal Palace at Agra under the care of her mother. Still for six years she rejected the overtures of her lover, but was at last won and became his most devoted wife. She was originally known as "the Sun of women" on account of her great beauty, but her adoring husband changed this to "Light of the World." She was the grandmother of the Empress for whom the Taj Mahal was built. It is evident that the exquisite artistic features of this mausoleum suggested much of the best in the Taj. It was the original intent of Nur Jahan to build her mausoleum entirely of silver, but she was influenced to change her mind because this would be more likely to tempt spoliation than if it were built of marble.

We also visited the Fort, a vast structure of red sandstone of crescent shape, surrounded by a moat, no day, built by Akbar in 1599 and now occupied by British troops.

From the Fort we went to the Pearl Mosque, which is considered one of the most beautiful buildings, the Hall of the High Court, about 200 x 50 feet in size where petitions to the throne were received, and where the orders of the Emperor were announced; the Fish Palace, where fish were kept in tanks to allow Akbar the sport of catching them when he felt inclined to this form of amusement.

One of the most interesting places which we visited was the Jasmine Tower, every inch of which, where possible, was originally inlaid with precious stones. This was once occupied by Mumtaz for the glorification of whom the Taj was built, and it was here that the Emperor Shah Jahan, her husband who built the Taj, was confined as a prisoner for seven years and here he died from thirst by order of his son, the usurper. By conspiracy of his premier with the son Shah Jahan was dethroned to prevent the extravagance of his carrying out plans to build a memorial to himself of black marble on the opposite side of the river from the Taj, the two structures to be connected by a wonderful bridge. The foundation of the building of black marble had been started and still stands.

Various buildings of minor importance were visited and we then took our automobile drive through the native quarter, where the streets are so narrow that there is barely room for two vehicles to pass. In general it was much the same as the native districts we have visited in other Arabian, Egyptian and Indian cities.

We went back to the Hotel Cecil for an hour of much needed rest and while there an old Hindu was called in to entertain a group of us with his sleight-of-hand tricks, which were very interesting and mystifying, but mostly clever palming. We had already witnessed on the streets the performances of snake-charmers, with cobras, boa constrictors and other frightful looking reptiles. It is said that there is an astounding mortality in India from snake-bites.

One of the guests at the Hotel Cecil at dinner was Ex-Senator Newberry, who, with his wife, is on a tour through India and will probably join our party on the Samaria at Calcutta. He left immediately after dinner for Delhi.

It was our desire to see the Taj under moonlight and we went out again by automobile as soon as dinner was over. We arrived ahead of the other evening visitors and had the whole wonderful place almost entirely to ourselves for nearly an hour. The structure is more beautiful under the moonlight than during the day. I wanted very much to be alone in my contemplation of it and I was allowed the opportunity for this, as J. K. had become interested in talking to the married couple who had accompanied us in the automobile. And so I had a soul-satisfying spell of indulging the inspirations and the sentimental influences that have entered my life most profoundly; it was like what might be one's dream of a night in Paradise; much of all that had been sweetest and most inspiring in my life came vividly back to me in the precious moments of having the wonderful Taj so wholly to myself under circumstances so entirely perfect. When other visitors began coming we left and returned to the train for the return journey to Bombay, the hardships of which we felt had been made largely worth while by our wonderful visit to Agra.

February 28 - - We each had a section, such as it was, for the return to Bombay and in this respect were more favored than any of the other 150 passengers; our extra space brought us tired visitors who came to sit with us. It was a hot and wearying return journey of two nights and a day, but somewhat less trying than the going trip.

March 1 - - We left the train at Bombay at 7 o'clock. An open automobile was ready for us and the early morning ride was somewhat refreshing. We were again taken over the best of the Bombay drives, out Queen street, up Malabar hill and to the Silent City at the highest point along Bombay, where from one of the Parsee towers we had a view over the surrounding country. Admission to this place - - the Parsee last resting place -- is by special arrangement. It appears to be a beautiful park at the highest point overlooking the bay. As we approached we saw that there were hundreds of vultures perched in the trees awaiting the day's offerings to them. We were taken up the steps by Parsee guides to the gardens at the top, made beautiful by flowers and trees. There were pointed out to us the five stone towers in the gardens in which are deposited the bodies of the dead. All of the towers are for public use except one, which is exclusively for an aristocratic and rich Parsee family. Models in glass cases showed the arrangements inside the towers for the dead. The places for deposit of bodies incline to the center. The outer circle is for men, the next inner circle is for women, and the smaller circle about the center is for children. Drains from each resting place for bodies carries the blood to a large tank in the center of the tower and after the vultures have devoured all of the flesh the remaining bones are raked into a great reservoir in the center, where chemicals soon reduce them to liquids or residuum and this in turn filters into the soil below. When a body arrives it is conveyed by two attendants to one of the niches in the tower, the clothing removed, and it is left open to the vultures which from the trees near by swoop down upon and in two hours devour every particle of flesh from the bones, which are then raked into the reservoir in the center. The guide told me that there are between four and five dead bodies consumed daily by the vultures, and there have been many hundreds of thousands or possibly millions thus disposed of. The Parsee population of Bombay numbers about sixty thousand. They are superior in appearance to the other natives and usually are better dressed, live more comfortably and are more prosperous. Their religion is to be kindly and fair

and to accept in good spirit whatever may fall to them. They rely much on prayer. A man and woman were fervently praying in the observation tower, with their faces to the rising sun, during our brief visit there.

We were impatient to get back to the Samaria. The almost constant sniffing from my cold had subsided and I was over the worst of it but five days of hardship and dust and heat made us almost frantic for baths and eatable food and the comforts of resting places in the breezes. Return to the good Samaria had become for the instant the main object of life. Our automobile arrived at the Apollo Bunder which is the landing pier where the Gateway of India is being constructed, at 8 o'clock just as the first tender was starting for the ship. We could have jumped on it, but supposed it would take us on properly and safely. It didn't however, and we had to wait in the sun for half an hour to get over on the next boat. Then we proceeded without delay to get food and to make ourselves comfortable. We learned from our fellow passengers who had been in the first party travelling in compartments cars each for four persons, which we had refused for the so called Pullmans, that they had a comfortable and enjoyable trip, and they had travelled over the shorter road. There is much indignation among members of our party that they should have been so grievously misled and they are very bitter in the condemnation of the management, whom they charge with having profited from the hardships forced upon us, and so readily accepted by us because we believed their statements. There will be more caution and questioning as to programs hereafter.

We left Bombay at 4:30, dropped the pilot a half hour later and Bombay faded from view as the sun went down.

I received a cablegram on my return to the ship, dated February 27, but no letters, very much to my disappointment. There was much mail for others.

March 2 - - The comfort of life on the ship, after the hardships of the adventure on shore, is being indulged to the fullest, but it is as hot as the dog days of August at home. All are wearing their thinnest clothing. It was too hot to be restful in the staterooms last night even with the fans going until almost daylight when it became cool enough to get two or three hours of sleep.

About a third of the passengers are off on the overland trip across India and will return to the ship at Calcutta. Many of the tables in the dining room are deserted. Among those conspicuously absent, because so conspicuous when present, is "The Judge." There was a rumor in circulation on Main street before we landed at Bombay, that he was in distress financially and had so stirred the sympathies of those who had been taken into his confidence that a purse was about to be raised, but there was no approach to us and we know nothing definitely.

There are several passengers sick due to the extreme heat and indiscretions of eating while ashore. At Bombay we were told that four passengers of the 400 on the Laconia had died up to the time of the arrival at that port. J. K. and I have had our ups and downs, but we are averaging pretty well. He is troubled much with headaches. Rumors are going around about an outbreak of the Bubonic plague in the country about Calcutta, and this, it was explained, was the cause of inspection by the health officers of all passengers and the crew just before our departure from Bombay.

An illustrated lecture on Ceylon was given in the open on the aft deck in the evening. A very profuse apology was offered by the management on account of the hardships of the railroad journey to Agra.

Many passengers will sleep in the open on the upper deck tonight.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received April 6, 1923
Mailed at Columbo, Mar. 4
and
Received April 14, 1923
Mailed (Calcutta?) Mar. 12

March 3 - - Too hot last night for rest or comfort. A sniffing cold started with J. K., but he suppressed it pretty well by prompt measures. He got very mad in the night when by some mistake he blew his nose into one of his white socks instead of his handkerchief. He took it out on me at breakfast this morning when some particularly nice looking soft boiled eggs were brought to me and he remarked that they looked like they might be from some of the well-fed birds we saw at the Silent City in Bombay. Of course, I couldn't then eat the eggs with this gruesome thought in mind. A good breeze came up this afternoon and has revived us all very much, but there are several extremely sick people on board and there is talk of leaving some of them at Colombo.

March 4 - - We were in the harbor of Colombo, Ceylon when we awakened with the dawn after an excessively hot night, and we found many other steamships anchored nearby. It is one of the most crowded harbors we have seen. The customs officials were rather particular about examination of our passports, but were not troublesome. Tenders took us ashore soon after breakfast. Our first impressions were most favorable. The business buildings are of cement, red sandstone and brick and are quite modern in appearance. The streets are of good width, with smooth pavements and are kept faultlessly clean. The people look happy, sufficiently nourished, and although of brown mahogany hue, they are cleanly in appearance, in marked contrast with the natives of Egypt and India. The Singalese predominate. Many of the men, particularly of the servant classes on the streets, go about naked above the waist and most of them, even the white-robed servants in the hotels and homes, go barefoot; only those of more aristocratic pretensions wear shoes or head-covering. Many wear on the top of the head a tortoise shell comb of horse-shoe shape. This signified that they are above carrying burdens on their heads and is a kind of aristocratic distinction. Most of the hotel servants wear such combs. While there is a good deal of variety as to dress and customs, the men almost uniformly have moustaches and many have long hair wound into a knot at the back of the head. The men and women look so much alike that the chief distinction between the sexes is the mustache of the men and a little sack or vest barely covering the bosom is always worn in public by the women. They have good features and while they look sufficiently nourished there is rarely excess of fat on their bodies. They are very polite, speak always in subdued tones and are responsive to gentle treatment. We learned much about them in one of the homes we visited. While there is no organization to uphold their requirements they are punctilious on insisting upon no over-lapping of duties in domestic service. It is necessary to have about six of them for thorough performance of household duties, but the whole six cost less than one inefficient servant in our country. Nurses, who are the most highly paid, receive about \$15. per month; a man cook about \$9. per month; one who does cleaning and dusting about \$6, and others who come regularly for minor duties, but are not on full time, from

\$1. to \$3. per month. A waiter who gets wages of 25 or 30 cents a day is well paid; all labor is very cheap. There are many rich Singalese who live more luxuriously than the white foreigners.

I could not understand how so many pretentious newspapers could be supported by the English speaking population of three or four thousand. I was told that the natives are better patrons of the newspapers than the foreigners and as a matter of fact the newspapers are now all owned by native Singalese. Only recently the one remaining paper under British ownership and management passed under the control of a native publisher. The more palatial residences, with beautiful grounds, are occupied by Singalese. They have, we were told, high standards of morality and propriety. In religion they are Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus and there are a few Christians, mostly Catholics and Episcopalians. During our Sunday morning ride we visited several Buddhist and Hindu temples until we felt that we had quite enough of this sort of thing.

At noon we went to the Gal le Face, a very modern hotel, which was crowded with tourists, and there met Mr. Cammack, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who came from near Richmond, Indiana, and his wife, an extraordinarily bright and attractive young woman who is a native of Los Angeles. They had been trying all morning to locate us. They made our visit thoroughly delightful and interesting. The advantages and privileges that came to us through their hospitality and helpfulness made our visit to Ceylon exceptionally fortunate. We had expected Mr. Wishard, the brother of Dr. Wishard, of Indianapolis, to meet us, but he is now en route to Columbo and we arrived ahead of him. The news of our coming had been referred to Mr. Cammack, who, with his charming wife, did all that could be done by a host of people to make our visit enjoyable.

The Cammacks accompanied us on an automobile drive to points of interest, including a trip through the native town, Victoria Park, the Kelanyi river, a beautiful clear stream on which there were many thatched house-boats, Cinamon Gardens, and the Ceylon Museum, containing a very fine exhibit of specimens of Ceylon art, industries and life in its various forms.

Of course, we visited the Y. M. C. A. buildings, old and new, the center of Mr. Cammack's work; his feeling that we are accomplishing much is quite evidently well justified. An outstanding point in his achievements is that he has brought together in athletics all classes, regardless of the almost insurmountable caste distinctions and prejudices, and has won such generous support for his work that he now has under construction a large modern building, which will be excellently equipped for better work.

After spending most of the afternoon in sight-seeing the Cammacks invited us to their home for tea and this proved to be one of our most interesting and delightful experiences. They live in a house leased from a Singalese landlord; it is an exquisite place, commonly called a bungalow, but quite different from our bungalows. It is secluded by a high wall and tropical shrubbery; a brown brick structure, with the first floor only a step above the ground; the general rooms on one side and the private rooms on the other side, with a hall between the full length, and back of the house are the rooms for the servants. The house was beautifully but very simply furnished. The very polite suggestions of Mrs. Cammacks to her servants were given in tones so subdued that they seemed almost inaudible and yet, even when the servants were in other rooms, they brought prompt response, but always with deliberation and without rush from the barefooted,

silent moving servants of the household. The service and the food were exquisite. They served to us our first taste of the King coconut, so often used by the natives as a substitute for drinking water, and some of the strange fruits of Ceylon.

In the late afternoon, following the tea at the home of the Cammacks, accompanied by them, we took an automobile trip to Mt. Lavinia, a distance of eight miles over an asphalt road, through a coconut palm grove, along the sea. Lavinia is really not a mountain but a high point on the sea where a hotel is located and is a popular bathing beach. We sat in the open enjoying the tropical scenery and the sea and the people until after sun-down. On the way back we stopped at the home of the Cammacks long enough for them to dress for the evening, he in the conventional dinner costume for men and she came out wearing a gorgeous mandarin coat. They accompanied us to the boat for dinner, looked over the ship with much interest as it is one of the most luxurious that has visited Colombo and then we listened to a fine musical program by the ship's band for the remainder of the evening.

The Cammacks were quite enthusiastic over the dinner on the ship, particularly the ice cream, which they cannot get here; the Samaria's ice cream, brought in brick form from New York, is especially fine. They invited us to dine at their home the next evening, but, as this would interfere with other plans, we did not accept. Mrs. Cammack offered to do some shopping for us the next day, while we would be away on a trip up the country. This would be to our advantage in saving both time and money, as tourists are charged about three times the prices paid by residents.

March 5 - - We started at 7:30 a.m. on a railroad trip in compartment cars up to Kandy, the former capital, up among the mountains about 1700 feet above sea level. Although extremely hot, it was a very interesting trip through tropical country - - a panorama of vast coconut palm groves, and many other strange tropical trees, of rice fields in which men were working entirely nude, except for a girdle, and occasionally elephants could be seen bathing in the shallow rivers. In the last hour of the journey we were looking down from the edge of the mountains on rice fields more than 1200 feet below.

At Kandy, after luncheon, we were taken on an automobile trip around the lake and through the botanical gardens, said to be one of the two finest in the world, where we saw extraordinary specimens of huge bamboo, of all varieties of palms, of rubber trees and tropical trees, gorgeous with blossoms. We took the train for the return trip at the gates of the Botanical Gardens, and while waiting at the station I had an interesting talk with a party of Singalese boys on their way home from school. They are instructed in both English and Singalese. They read from their books in both languages with much zest and occasionally would pause to ask "Do you understand?" They were boys eleven and twelve years old and should finish (this word "finish" is one that you hear over here more frequently than at home) when about fifteen. "What will you do then?" I asked the brightest of the boys. "Anything" he answered with much eagerness. The Singalese boys are very polite and have charming manners.

Poor J. K. couldn't enjoy the trip as he suffered more than ever from headache. We are beginning to suspect that the heat and glaring bright sunlight have much to do with his persistent headaches.

Our descent from the mountains was much more rapid than our ascent. We passed through several very heavy showers of rain and there was much lightning as at home, but no thunder. We did not reach the boat until after 8 o'clock, but a good dinner and the sea breezes over the aft deck refreshed us much and J. K. became comfortable again.

March 6 - - It was pleasant enough out on deck last night, but with window open and fan going we could not get into our room enough cool air to enable us to rest.

When the tender took us ashore immediately after breakfast we found Mr. and Mrs. Cammack awaiting us on the pier. We had three busy hours in the bazaars. Mrs. C. was very helpful, and through her aid we had considerable advantage over the others from our boat who crowded the places. Accompanied by Mrs. C. we called on the American Consul, who was most cordial and who was very happy over having just received notification of an advance in his rank. He is the only consul who thus far has sent in advance of our arrival an invitation to the Samaria party to call. We were among the few who responded to the invitation. He mentioned this with some evident disappointment at the failure of the others to call on him.

As it was extremely hot we used rickshaws for the first time in getting about the city. It is very inexpensive transportation. The men who haul these little vehicles go in a run, most of them wear no clothing above the waist. The hardships of the life break them in a few years. If they continue to work they do not live long. Most of them come from the country and as soon as they can get enough money to start them in some other industry they quit the rickshaw.

Living in Ceylon is inexpensive to the natives of simple tastes. It is possible for them to live on cocoanuts and wild fruits, which grow in great abundance. The cocoanut tree can be made to supply them with everything essential as food, drink, clothing and shelter, and is the main source of income. Rubber groves and tea plantations in the uplands are the greatest producers of wealth. These require large capital, but yield dividends of 40 per cent. or more in favorable years.

Our program for the morning included a brief meeting with Dr. Sherwood Eddy, a YMCA speaker well known in Indianapolis, who is here on a tour through India. In the meantime Mr. Cammack, who had his native servants out in quest of some mangosteen fruit, succeeded in locating a few specimens. He was quite anxious for us to have the experience of eating mangosteens. They are Ceylon's most delicious fruit, but rare and at this time most difficult to get. He was fortunate in getting about a dozen specimens for us. They are about the size of apples, with a brown hard outer hull. The inside part of the hull is blood red and juicy; inside of this is the eatable fruit, white and soft, in sections like an orange. The taste is not definably like anything to which it can be compared, but is like everything delicious you have ever known. It can be kept only a few days and therefore cannot be transported to distant markets. We have had the joy and distinction of eating about five each.

A big lot of mail came for Samaria passengers in the last hour. There were two letters for Mr. L and four for me, but none from the office and nothing of later than January 31.

The Cammacks and a friend of theirs, Mr. Brooks, came on board for a little visit before the sailing of the Samaria. The ship is so unusual at this port as to be of great interest to them. We had refreshments of lemonade, ice cream and fancy pastry served on the upper deck. They were in ecstasies [sic] over the ice cream. They barely had time to finish it when the order came for all visitors to go ashore and they had to go. They made our visit to Ceylon very delightful, and we shall remember them most pleasurably. The claim has been made for Ceylon that it is the original Garden of Eden and that it is Paradise. It certainly is a charming place. We are very enthusiastic about it. The Samaria steamed out of the harbor at 1 o'clock on schedule time.

We travelled along the shore line of beautiful Ceylon all afternoon and then it began to fade away in the glorious setting of the sun.

The departure from a port is always the occasion for a fresh start all around. It isn't quite safe to take a bath while the boat is in port and when we get well out to sea where the water is not questionable there is a good deal of activity in the bath rooms.

Those who were ill on the way down to Columbo have sufficiently recovered to give encouragement and none were left behind, as it was feared might be necessary, except another member of the Cook staff, who was summarily sent home from Colombo although he would arrive sooner by remaining on the boat. This is giving Main street much to talk about.

March 7 - - To-day our trip is now one-third over. It seems we have been away for months. On account of the extreme heat all are devoting themselves principally to trying to keep cool and comfortable and there is nothing on the program except a dance in the evening for those who are made unhappy by restlessness and yearnings peculiar to a disease known to the world as youth. It isn't bothering me.

March 8 - - It having been announced that it would be necessary to omit the stop at Saigon in the original itinerary because the Samaria is too large to make the turns in the river, in consideration of which one day more would be allowed at Hong Kong and Shanghai, I yesterday had a conference with the Cruise Manager and urged that the two extra days be added to the stop at Shanghai and that a plan to be considered for a special trip to Peking and if possible through Manchuria without cutting the program for Japan. This at first was regarded as impossible, but consideration of the suggestion has resulted in the announcement to-day of a tentative plan for a trip from Shanghai through Tien-Tsin to Peking, with four days there, then on to Mukden and Seoul, with short stops and thence across to Japan and Kyoto (two days stop) joining here the regular overland trip through Japan to Yokohama. Thirty others immediately expressed a desire to join this party. It will be left open until after those (about 110) now on the overland journey through India return to the ship. The lists for the party will then be closed and if there are enough an effort will be made to make definite arrangements. Under this plan we will be away from the boat from April 9th to 26th, and will be travelling by train, except a few hours in crossing by ferry to Japan. We shall make this special trip if arrangements can be made for it.

J. K. has felt better to-day, and the weather has been enough cooler to be comfortable.

March 9 - - Poor J. K. has some bad luck to-day. At luncheon he ordered curry of rice. It was served with much very liquid yellow gravy. In some way his spoon got under his fork and when his hand came down rather heavily there was a powerful geyser of curry and rice thrown into the air and it descended over his head and shoulders and collar and shirt front and face. It was an inconceivable and unexplainable shower and made an awful mess. There was so much of it that it couldn't be brushed off with the napkins at hand and this made him so mad that he indignantly declared he "would never try to eat any of that-----stuff again," left the dining room and wouldn't return. When he got over his indignation he saw what a comedy it was and enjoyed it as much as anyone.

Immediately after luncheon we were met out at sea by the pilot boat for the Hooghli river and proceeded very slowly afterward for two hours, occasionally touching bottom. Then we stopped, as it did not seem safe to go further. We are to wait until 10 o'clock tonight for high tide and then will attempt to go on. Land is nowhere in sight. This is, with one exception, the largest and heaviest boat that has come into these waters. To-morrow morning we will be transferred to a lighter boat for the trip up the Hooghli which is quite shallow and the sands in it shift so rapidly that often the channel becomes obstructed in a few hours. When the pilot comes on board here the captain and the whole ship's crew become at once his subordinates.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received April 19, 1923

March 10 - - When we awakened this morning we found the steamship Ellora alongside the Samaria ready to carry us from Diamond Harbor up the shallow Hooghli river to Calcutta. So far as we can see Diamond Harbor is only a buoy in the river. There is no sign of a town or port or anything diamond-like. The water isn't respectable, and is muddy and uninviting. J. K. got out ahead of me this morning and while I was dressing he brought me four letters --a fine one from Mrs. Lilly at Florence, three forwarded from Naples, one from Washington and one containing newspaper clippings of February 1st.

The Ellora is a large steamship, with ample capacity for a comfortable trip, but can navigate water about ten feet shallower than the Samaria. The trip up the Hooghli was very much like, as to river and land, a trip up the Mississippi, except for the tropical trees and the queer craft along the way. Of the latter we saw many that appeared to be wagon loads of hay floating in the river or ashore, and it was some time before we could be sure that there was a boat beneath the hay. It seems that this is a kind of native house-boat. The distance from Diamond Harbor to Calcutta is 37 miles and we were about seven hours making the trip. There are many large, modern and prosperous looking manufacturing plants along the river for a distance of about ten miles out of Calcutta. In the vicinity of Calcutta the river is crowded with all kind of vessels. It is a very busy looking place. So much time was taken in getting the Ellora up to its pier that we had to hurry for a six o'clock dinner at the Peliti café and then to the station for a trip in the night to Benares, the sacred city, a distance of more than 500 miles. It was noticeable during our automobile ride through the city that the streets are wide, smooth, well-paved and cleanly, and that the buildings have the outward appearance of being as modern as the larger cities of Europe. As the native districts are approached the streets become more crowded and narrower. The bridge over the Hooghli seems to be the center of greatest congestion. We found there always a ceaseless stream of men, four to six abreast, on each side and four unending processions of vehicles--automobiles, the typical Indian carriages conspicuously marked I, II and III class, and wagons drawn by water Buffalo. Very few of the men in the continual procession of pedestrians wear head-covering of any kind, but they have plenty of black hair. Most of them are bare-foot. They carry nothing and go steadily along as if on parade or out for a saunter.

The cars provided for this trip were of the compartment type, very spacious, with capacity for four persons, equipped with easy chairs, shelves, racks, mirrors and with bath rooms attached about 4x6 in size. The cars are more comfortable than American compartment cars. In the earlier hours of the trip, while we were still awake, it was noticeable that humanity swarmed at the stations and many were asleep on the pavements.

March 11 - - Our train arrived three hours late at Benares. What was called an early tea had been served on the train from a station about a half hour before reaching Benares and then immediately after arrival we were taken to the Hotel de Paris for another breakfast. The food is not tempting anywhere and I eat almost nothing but fruit and cheese, and drink bottled water --

the latter is usually Perrier or Malvern. It means practically fasting while ashore, but I get along very well.

After breakfast we rode in automobiles to the region of the sacred water front of the famous Ganges river, and in groups of eight were put in queer little boats, with elevated platforms. The boats were propelled by oarsmen along the river in view of the various temples and bathing places and burning ghats, where bodies were being burned on piles of wood, near the water. The ashes and remnants of the bodies not consumed by fire would be thrown into the river. Charred pieces of bodies frequently could be seen in the water. Farther down the river great numbers of natives were in the water purifying themselves as they believe, and often they could be seen drinking the water from their hands. They make pilgrimages from long distances to faithfully and reverently as a religious ceremony bathe in what they regard as the sacred waters of the Ganges. Many of them are in the last stages of disease and feel that death is near. Often they die during their stay of three days. When this occurs they have the good fortune, as they believe, to have their bodies burned on the banks of the Ganges, and their remains go into the river. The bodies of children are not burned, but are weighted and thrown in. One reason for this is to save the expense of the wood required for burning.

The men who perform the service connected with the handling and burning of the bodies are so low in caste that they are really outcasts and are untouchable; it must be so also with their dependents and they can never be otherwise. They are, of course, brutalized to an extreme degree by their work and their position, but even they have their compensations, and their compensation is largely in the money they receive for their gruesome service.

The man who has charge of the burning ghat has one of the greatest monopolies in India. It comes to him by inheritance through many, many generations, and must pass only to his descendants by blood or adoption. He can charge whatever he pleases and there is no recourse. Usually he charges all he can get. We were told that recently a nobleman was brought from Lucknow to Benares to be burned on the banks of the sacred Ganges and the family desired that sandal-wood should be used for the incineration. The burning ghat master exacted a payment of 2,000 rupees for what actually cost him only a few rupees. But this is some of his compensation for belonging to the untouchable class. He is one of the richest men in India and owns more property in Benares than any other person. We were told that the day before our arrival a Hindu had brought the body of his wife to the ghat to be burned at the least possible expense, as he was very poor. The price required was three rupees, and there was much excited discussion, as the poor man possessed only one rupee. Finally, sympathetic Hindus contributed enough to get the dead woman incinerated.

During the time of our brief trip along the river nine bodies were buried. A few were reduced almost entirely to ashes and some remnants of bones. Large pieces of the charred bodies of others remained to be cast into the river. This was done by sticking the ends of poles into the pieces and then throwing them off into the water. No one seemed to be greatly affected by the gruesome proceedings. Our guide told us that about forty bodies are burned daily at this point on the Ganges. It is the preferred place of all in India because of its proximity to the temples and is made sacred because the Hindu god once rested under the shade of a tree at this point. According to their tradition it is the belief of the Hindus that if anyone is burned or cast into the

water from the opposite side of the river they will be re-incarnated as monkeys, and so the opposite side of the river is wholly deserted.

Afterward we visited some of the Hindu temples--the monkey temple, the golden temple, the temple of the sacred bull, and others. It is all heathenish and disgusting. It is beyond understanding how human beings can be slaves to such influences, but they are hopelessly subject to them. The architecture of the temples is as crude and mean and heathenish as the religion seems to be. It was too disgusting to be even interesting.

We had to waste time on another luncheon about two hours after the breakfast, and then were off to the Sarnath several miles from Benares, where they have in recent years excavated the first monastery established by Buddha and where there are many remnants and relics of the life of Buddha during the early period of his development of his religion, all now on exhibit in a museum near by. Buildings have been erected in the vicinity for the housing of Chinese, Japanese and Burmese Buddhist priests who come on pilgrimages to this first Buddhist monastery--of more than 2500 years ago.

When we returned to the hotel the snake charmers, with every kind of frightful reptile, the salesman of all varieties of the goods and trinkets of India and the mystic performer said to be the most wonderful in India were assembled for our attention. The latter had a monopoly. His tricks were certainly mystifying. When I asked for the rope-climbing trick it was admitted there was nothing of this kind and that the stories we have heard about it are fiction. However, he claimed that he could do the mango-tree trick, but before he was ready we were required to go to the station to take our train for the return trip to Calcutta.

Our guide during the day was a very imposing looking man of benign face, with long grey beard, dressed immaculately in white with a drum-major swathing of the head, ornamented with much gold braid. He was one of the natives who was sent over to the World's Fair in Chicago. He spoke understandable English and seemed to be well informed. When the disgust of J. K. with the burning ghats and the bathing in the dirty Ganges and the filthy and mean Hindu temples had about reached the breaking point, he turned to our guide and asked "You are a Mohammedan, aren't you?" The old man bowed assent with much dignity and J. K. grasped his hand and congratulated him with enthusiasm. I told the guide that this meant that "The Master is also a Mohammedan." J. K. accepted and was for the rest of the day a good Mohammedan in Benares. He said he would "be anything rather than one of those dirty - - - Hindus."

After one of the women of our party had purchased some silk embroidery for her husband suggested to the salesman that he should visit America to make arrangements with some good firms to sell his goods in our country, where he would have a better market. "It is true, sir, I would have a better market and it would be to my advantage in a business way," The Hindu replied, "but I cannot go, because if I left my country I would lose my caste."

It is the caste system and the benighted religions that more than all else seem to make degenerate India absolutely hopeless.

March 12- - I shared a compartment with Mr. Black, a New York retired banker on the return trip from Benares, for the sake of greater comfort. We arrived in Calcutta about two hours late and after we had arrived at Cook's office in Calcutta I discovered that I had left my pocket-book, containing all my money, under my pillow in the compartment car. When I arrived alone at the station all the passengers were gone, the bedding had all been taken from the cars and packed in bags, the servants of the train were being dismissed and a million natives, who all looked alike to me, were swarming into the station. I found the Cook representative and when I told him that I had lost my pocketbook by leaving it under the pillow in my compartment he threw up his hands and exclaimed in despair, "A pocket-book! Oh, my God! We can never get a pocket-book back from them." Then he called the police and a lot of other people, stopped the dismissal of the servants and the carrying away of the bedding while I went off to find the car and make a search, but I found the car empty and all servants claimed to know nothing about it. When I returned to the crowd that had assembled about the police all the servants were being searched and there was great excitement, but they were getting nowhere and the situation seemed hopeless. As I was about to leave a man was brought up who had the pocket-book in his hand. It was promptly restored to me and I distributed rewards for an Indian holiday. It was another instance of how good luck often comes out of bad luck.

When I rejoined Mr. Black at the Cook office he reported that there was no mail for Mr. Lilly or me. This was too much for me and I said things. The Indian in charge of the mail was so scared that he told me I could look for myself. I did so and promptly found several letters for Mr. L. and some for myself, but the only one from Indianapolis was dated February 1, and was from Foster Smith, but there was a copy of the Indianapolis News dated February 7, which is the latest thing that has come from home. Evidently I have been forgotten about in Indianapolis.

As I had lost J. K. after breakfast--the second breakfast, but I did not partake of either -- Mr. Black and I took the morning automobile trip together. It wasn't of great interest. It embraced a drive through the section known as the Maiden, a park, to the Victoria Memorial, a marble building of imposing architecture, and containing pictures and statues, and then to the Kalighat temple, another of those disgusting Hindu temples, where there was a swam of Hindus participating in the sacrifice of goats to the gods. The pavement in front of the temple was covered with the blood of the animals whose heads had been cut off and the body of one little black goat was still lying in the pool of blood. The faithful Hindus would come up and dip their hands in the blood and then smear it on their foreheads. While we were there a wedding party came out of the temple, to the momentary beating of tom-toms, but no one seemed particularly interested. The poor little bride seemed to be a mere child and was covered from head to foot with a wrap of cheap red cotton goods. We are in a frame of mind to murder anyone who inveigles us into any more Hindu temples. They are miserable, dirty, foul smelling heathenish places and are neither interesting nor pleasant places to visit.

I found J. K. at the Grand Hotel, and after the pretense of having luncheon, we included Mr. Black in our party and visited the Jain temple, a very brilliant and dazzling structure of cement and crystal, with some extraordinary interior ornamentation of silver and jewels and a big diamond. The Jains, of whom there are about 16,000,000 in India, are rivals of the Buddhists and Mohammedans, as believers in one God.

Next we visited the Marble Palace, a very pretentious building in the thickly populated district of Calcutta, in which there are many paintings and much statuary. There is a large court in the center, covered by wire netting and in this is kept specimens of the birds of plumage of India--peacocks, parrots, etc. A park surrounds the palace and in this are many storks and parrots and other gay birds. The palace is a private residence, but the galleries and exhibits of bird life are open to the public. It is the enterprise of a native who as a poor boy began his career by selling birds and wild animals to the museums and show people of the world. By mistake our guide led us into the billiard parlor, a vast private room, where some youths of the household were playing billiards and were attired in union suits of cotton underwear, with jackets, evidently representing their idea of luxurious comfort.

We next went on a drive of several miles across the Hooghli bridge, through the dirty, narrow streets of the native quarter, to the Botanical Garden, the distinctive feature of which is the largest banyan tree in the world. It is 155 years old, covers more than an acre of ground, is 951 feet in circumference, and has 562 trees, large and small, but all spreading from the original trunk.

On our way back we visited the famous black hole of Calcutta, the location of which is immediately opposite the general post office and is now marked by a tablet over the spot where the hole was located, but over a part of which there is now a large building. There is nothing to be seen but the location and the tablet telling that in the place called the black hole, on June 20, 1756, 146 prisoners were confined and that only 23 came out alive the next day. Afterward we drove through the British fort, which stands as a very impressive menace to the natives.

Our night at the Grand Hotel was a miserable experience. It is a crudely equipped place and the mosquitos were too annoying to permit much rest.

We were called before daylight and immediately after breakfast were taken in automobiles to the Cunard pier for the return trip on the Ellora to Diamond Harbor. Soon after starting the boat passed by the body of a man floating in the river, face upward, with arms extending above the water. There was evidence that the body had been in the water for days. The smaller craft would row around the body and make no effort to take it from the river, but would, when necessary, push it out of the way. It is the practice, we were told, to always allow bodies in the river to float out to sea, and when people die of pestilential diseases they are usually thrown into the river.

Every passenger, before being allowed to come on board the Ellora, had been given a perfunctory inspection by the health officer, who felt the pulse of each and gave them a look. We had been previously informed that there were cases of plague in Benares and Calcutta.

The party of a hundred or more who had been on the overland trip through India rejoined us at this point, much tanned, but apparently in good health. They had much to tell, but it was mostly about Jaipur, which was described as being quite like an experience of the days of Arabian nights, but all agreed that there was nothing in the town comparable to Agra and the Taj Mahal.

“The Judge” was in the returning party and went up the gangway with distinct conspicuity, bareheaded and with a big bundle of book on his shoulder. We are hearing from members of the overland party more about the activities of “The Judge” than anything else. There is too much of the talk to repeat it all. Two of the incidents will be sufficient, and these caused much resentful feeling.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, was scheduled to visit the Taj Mahal on the day the overland party was there. The Judge got information as to the arrangements, and dropped back from the party. He waited in one of the rooms at the entrance until the Viceroy arrived and then came forth to greet him as the representative of the party of Americans visiting India. He was very courteously received, was conversed with for some minutes and proceeded with the Viceroy’s party. The others were left on the side-lines and The Judge was accorded distinguished consideration as their representative.

At Benares he dropped out of the party and called on the ruling Maharajah. He sent in his card asking for an audience. The Maharajah sent back word that he was very busy, but would see him in an hour. “The Judge” waited, introduced himself as the representative of the Americans visiting India, made a speech that was quite flowery, with much poetry in it, and was given a polite and complimentary response and a prolonged interview afterward. The others didn’t even get a chance to see His Highness. The others are indignant and have been very uncomplimentary in their remarks about Mr. J. K.’s “old neighbor and friend.”

He is very busy on deck in conspicuous isolation with books and papers, and everybody is talking about the book he is writing on the trip.

We were as usual glad to get back to the Samaria, where we could have cleanly and comfortable quarters and eatable food. We learned that during our absence a member of the crew had died after a rather mysterious illness of a couple of days. There are conflicting rumors as to the cause of his death.

Ex-Senator Newberry, of Michigan, and his wife joined the party here and will complete the cruise with us. They have been given seats in the dining room at the table next to ours. We have a table for two and we are the two.

March 14 -- The young member of the crew who died during our absence at Calcutta was buried at sea this morning at six o’clock. The body was put in a coffin covered with the British flag, and after the usual simple ceremony, the ship stopped and the coffin was slipped over the side from the bottom deck into the sea. Only members of the crew witnessed the ceremony. A few others of the crew are ill and in the ship hospital, but it is reported that they are making progress toward recovery.

March 15 -- On awakening J. K. announced that he had decided to cancel his reservation for the special trip to Peking, Mukden and Seoul and to stick to the ship. This was rather surprising, as he was the first to propose it and has been enthusiastic about it. It will be a trip of greater hardship than remaining on the ship, but I think I shall adhere to our arrangements, so far as I am

concerned, as I will probably never again have so favorable a chance for seeing this part of the world.

It is extremely hot today and will probably get worse. We are due to arrive at Rangoon this afternoon and we are told that the mosquitos there may be bothersome.

Log of S. S. "Samaria"
Received, April 27, 1923
Mailed (?) March 26, 1923

March 16 - - The approach to Rangoon is through liquid mud from twenty or thirty miles out at sea; it became continually thicker and nastier. Before our view of buildings became particularly definite we could see a cloud of dust at one point on shore; we were told this was caused by a large herd of elephants on the road. The pagodas stood out in the sky-line and one in particular on an elevation and with its golden roof aglisten in the sunshine was distinguishable as the famous Shwe Dagon, the greatest of the Buddhist temples. Along the Rangoon river were many great oil reservoirs, similar to the kind we see in our own country, some distance from the city. The little craft that came alongside, called san-fans, with bow high out of the water and propelled by a standing oarsman are the first of this type we have seen. There is a tide of thirteen feet at Rangoon and this is of much concern in navigation. We came to anchor about two miles from the landing in the middle of the Rangoon river about 4 o'clock. The ship officials refused to permit passengers to go ashore before the following morning, as they did not believe it to be safe. They say that if small craft have an accident it is almost impossible to save passengers thrown into the river because of the heavy undertow caused by the tides. Visitors from shore were taken on and the ship officers announced that these would be required to remain on board over night as guests for the own safety. The cruise manager had sent ahead a wireless message for a supply of mosquito netting to be brought aboard. It was brought, but they would sell nothing for less than ten dollars. They sold none and were soon ordered off the boat. Some Burmese musicians, dancers singers and jugglers were brought aboard and gave a performance on deck after dinner. It was more novel than entertaining. The performances continue until they are told to stop. They were allowed two hours and everybody was tired of it before the show was over. The juggling was really wonderful, however.

There had been fears that the mosquitos would give us a bad night, but there was a good breeze all night and the mosquitos did not come. We had a much more comfortable night than we expected, but the bugle call for getting up came at 4:30 a.m. and was most unwelcome. The program for the day required us to go ashore at 6:30 a.m. and we had to go or stay on the ship.

J. K. and I were fortunate enough to have a good car to ourselves. We were met by the general secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. McLean, and later he was helpful to Mr. L. in shopping.

Our early morning automobile ride took us past the points of interest. The city is of very pleasing appearance. The streets are wide and well paved and clean. The better houses are set well back from the streets amidst tropical gardens. The old city was burned in 1753 and again in 1850; in consequence the architecture in general is more modern than other cities in this part of the world, but still it is of a kind quite foreign to us.

The population of Rangoon is about the same as that of Indianapolis and is cosmopolitan. Here the blending of races begins to show distinctly, and the Burmese represents a mixture of Chinese and Indian, and the Japanese are also in the blend, but not so numerously or so distinctly.

Less than one-third of the population are Burmese. The Hindus who have come from India have lost their caste by leaving their native country and so there is no caste system here. The people appear to be happier and better nourished and more prosperous than in India. All races and religions are represented but Buddhists predominate. Contrary to our impressions, Mr. McLean asserts that the Hindus are more progressive than the Mohammedans or Buddhists, especially when free from the restraints of caste and they are more tolerant, as Hinduism believes that it can absorb any or all gods desirable, while the Buddhist or Mohammedan rigidly excludes all but his own god, and yet he (Mr. McLean) admits that the religions of one god are more consistent with Christianity and its principles.

Burma is more prosperous than India. To us it did not have the charm of Ceylon, but is more nearly comparable to it than any of the other points we have visited and this is especially noticeable in the apparent greater happiness of the people generally. Rangoon, as the capital of Burma, is a place of much business importance, and this is impressively reflected from its crowded harbor, its stores, banks and business districts. As it is also a British possession, under a Governor-General, there are many white people among the inhabitants.

The first stop on our ride was at the teak-wood log yards on the Rangoon river. The busy season is now about over, but there are still several thousand logs left in the yard. The sales are made by auction and the logs go most largely to India, but London is the next largest market. The logs have much the same outward appearance as mahogany, but are smaller. The logs are floated over the yards when the water is high in the busy season during the rains and are kept on the ground when the water recedes into the river. They are afterwards moved about as desired by elephants and we witnessed some of this work. The elephant is directed by a boy who sits on his back and punctuates his orders with a short prong. The animals seem to understand what is said to them and proceed promptly to obey orders and by lifting, pushing or rolling will put a log wherever they are told to place it. They show some resentment though if they are required to repeat something they have once done. I was told, however, that they are no more dangerous than any other animal and there is rarely any serious trouble with them. One elephant will do as much work as twenty other animals or men. We noticed some water buffalo working in teams. The elephants have a union and are immovable in their adherence to some of its rules. They will not work between 9 a.m. and 4:30 p.m., nor more than four hours per day, and it has been found to be useless to try to force them to violate their rules. The work undoubtedly shortens their lives. In the jungle elephants live to be 200 years old, but the oldest one in the log yard now is about 65. His name is Churui Lal; he is a big fellow with fine tusks and is a better worker than any of the others. The most difficult tasks are assigned to him. There are many mud-holes in the log yard. The Cook manager in charge of the local arrangements had one of the elephants brought to a place apart from the crowd to give a special performance for me. He was very docile and faithful in his efforts and promptly carried out all orders, when expressed in Burmese. One foot slipped into a mud-hole above his knee and the suction made a loud noise when he drew it out with much effort. A member of our party slipped from a log into a mud-hole and sunk to his knees before he could be rescued. His white foot-wear and trousers didn't look very neat the rest of the day, but he had to continue a marked man until he could get back to the ship. I have been mentioning elephants as males. This is because they work and obey orders. I suppose there are female elephants, but they are better for pets and performers in shows.

We visited the lake where the sacred fish are kept and we threw food to them in the form of their favorite delicacies that looked like popcorn balls. They would rise to it in wriggling masses and quickly consume every vestige. The fish are black and slimy and seem to be a cross between eels and catfish. They are unfit to eat. There are millions of them - - so many that they could probably be scooped out with shovels.

After a fine ride around the narrow lakes in the parks we visited the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the gilded Buddhist temple known as the most venerable, the finest and the most largely visited of all places of worship in Indo-China. Its sanctity is due to the belief that it contains actual relics of the three Buddhas and Guatama and the stream of pilgrims is so constant that the temple is always filled with worshippers. Visitors can enter only in bare feet. We were not disposed to comply with the rule, as we had been told that there was danger of infection from the millions of persons with all kinds of diseases who have entered. Some members of our party took the risk and entered. They reported, as usual, that they wouldn't have missed it for anything, but I haven't yet heard any specific description of what was so wonderful. There are other pagodas or temples (for here the pagoda is really a temple) with much of gilding, and we visited some of them, but contented ourselves with such views as we could get from positions where we were allowed to wear our shoes.

The luncheon at the Minto Mansion hotel was of more curious interest to us than appeasing to appetite. There was a fine variety of native fruits and we tasted much of these as we dared to; poor J. K. was very uncomfortable again. Several people became sick from the extreme heat; one of these was Mrs. Tomlinson, the relative by marriage of Mr. L. of Ironton, O., and a bed had to be provided for her on the deck of the tender that carried us back to Samaria.

The number of sick on board is increasing; some of them are quite ill. Mr. Dryden, our neighbor, continues to be in a critical condition. He cannot be moved to the hospital and ropes have been stretched opposite his room on the promenade deck to promote quiet near his room. Mrs. Dryden, who has been in constant attendance, came out and sat with us for a little rest last evening. She shows fatigue and is evidently much worried. Passenger doctors are in consultation with the ship surgeon, nurses are in attendance and everything possible is being done.

The Samaria moved out from its anchorage at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 6 o'clock was far enough out to sea to drop the Rangoon pilot, but we were not out of muddy water. There was enough breeze, however, to afford some relief. It is said that the weather is cooler than usual, but it seems to us extremely hot.

- - This is St. Patrick's day, but it seems like the Fourth of July, ten times intensified. J. K. didn't feel like going down to breakfast and had some oatmeal and a baked apple brought to him. While it was at the foot of his bed he got a little careless and stuck one foot into the porridge and the other into the baked apple. Poor Slippery Elm, our room steward, looked frightened and didn't seem to understand the language inspired by the occasion. J. K. is beginning to feel that he is unlucky with food, but he has enough other kinds of luck to compensate him.

Nearly the whole of the day we plowed through a sapphire sea, smooth on the surface, but with great swells from the deep. We are told that the Indian ocean has unfathomable depths, and a statement made to me that seems incredible is that ships sinking in this water go down to a certain depth where they are held by pressure from below and never go to the bottom, if there is a bottom. This is interesting, but I do not believe it.

We have been scaring little flying fish into flight from the path of the ship all day. They are smaller than sparrows, but look quite like them as they fly low over the water - - perhaps Billy Brown was right in his contention that they are not flying fish, but swimming birds.

The sunset illuminations were the most wonderful of all this evening. It was a vast kaleidoscope of color continually changing in the great ranges of clouds at different levels and heights. The setting of the sun is the great event of each day for me. I allow nothing to interfere with my attendance as a spectator. I get from it some of my most profound thrills and inspirations and delights. There have been no two alike and all are glorious. As we are now on the rim of the other side of the world I like to think when it is going down for us it is rising for those who are dear to me, and as I look upon it I am thinking of them very fondly with a little prayer of blessing and good wishes.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated with a special menu card printed in green for dinner and a ball on the aft deck, which was very largely attended but not by us. Poor J. K. has been uncomfortable all day and has not eaten since morning, but has ventured out for air once in awhile. The extreme heat is affecting him. I am carefully living up to my good training at home and am getting along as well as usual.

March 18 - - It was very uncomfortably hot last night; many couldn't remain in their rooms and spent the night on the open deck. Our fan helped us and we got some rest. Happily J. K. is quite himself again and we had a good breakfast. He started the day by reading aloud to me while I was trying to muster energy enough to get up. Riley's poem "How'd I Know Which Train's Fer Me, How'd I Know Which Train Was Not?" [correct title: The Train Misser].

Nearly all morning we were passing in view of a group of islands, some of which were mountains. They are the Nebago Islands, about 500 miles north of Sumatra. We are told that they are inhabited by savages who continue to indulge in cannibalism.

There was a religious service on deck, but it was made shorter than usual on account of the extreme heat. No one has enough energy to make any unnecessary effort.

A passenger died suddenly from the heart trouble soon after 7 o'clock while nearly all of the people who were well enough were at dinner. She had been ill, but her condition was not regarded as more serious than many of the other passengers. She was Mrs. Pennell, of New York, about seventy-six years old, who was travelling with several cousins and nieces. She was embalmed within an hour, on account of the excessive heat and her body will be placed in the hold. We are told that the crew dislike having a dead person on board. They believe it causes bad luck. They also have a prejudice against sky-pilots, as they call preachers and priests; there are two among our passengers.

The first ceremony by King Neptune connected with the approach of the equator had been announced for 9 o'clock and, notwithstanding the death which had just occurred, was held. The passengers who cared to witness it were invited to assemble on the forward deck, where, after some red fire and harmless streams of water from the fire hose, the arrival of King Neptune was announced from the Captain's bridge and his messengers came over the side. Proclamations have been issued, many have been formally summoned to appear and further ceremonies will occur when we cross the equator, according to announcement, at 11:40 am tomorrow.

March 19 - - Again J. K. didn't feel like going to breakfast but had some rice brought to his room, with very positive instructions to Elms to take all possible precautions to keep his feet out of it.

We had a fairly good night of rest, as there was some air at times on our side of the boat. Many spent the night in the open deck.

A very short funeral service was held for Mrs. Pennell at 6:30 o'clock a.m., which was attended by only a few invited passengers. Last evening at 7 o'clock she was a living member of the party. This morning at 7 o'clock her funeral services were over and her body lies in the hold in practical interment. The gaieties of the ship have been fully resumed.

I stewed over the equator. As we approached it during the morning there was much talk and explanation about it on the captain's bridge. They had a telescope in position to show the line ahead which marked its location, and to show the gradual ascent on the water up to the line, beyond which there would be descent. Nobody seemed capable of telling the truth about anything, and imagination ran riot. April 1 may be All Fool's Day, but crossing the Equator is All Foolishness. Everything looked the same as for days, except that it has been getting hotter and hotter, and everybody became rather drowsy. We had again come into view of some islands, and these were supposed to straddle the line. It has been announced that we would cross at 11:40 a.m. but it was 1 o'clock before the three blasts of the steamship's whistle announced that we had reached the imaginary line that divides the world. There was no excitement, except that J. K. proposed "three cheers for the Equator," and gave only one of them himself alone. The pep in the party had all been stewed out.

The King Neptune ceremonies conducted by the crew occurred in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. King Neptune and his followers paraded about the ship and held court on the forward deck, where the younger passengers were summoned to appear and were successively sentenced, with the result that they each became the victim of ludicrous slathering with soap suds, and daubing with paint and powder, and were dumped over backward into the swimming pool, where they were repeatedly pushed under water by the minions of Neptune. This was kept up all afternoon and afforded the spectators much hilarity. The older and more dignified passengers were spared. The dinner in the evening was an Equator Dinner.

March 20 - - As another change in our itinerary the cruise manager announced that our stop in Sumatra would be on the west side instead of the east side of the island. The impression became rather general that there would be nothing of much interest to be seen and many were inclined to

remain on the ship where it was believed it would be more comfortable than on shore. We were awakened at 5 o'clock and were required to be at breakfast at 6 o'clock. We found that we were just outside a fine harbor alongside a range of heavily wooded green hills where all seemed much like June at its best at home. Many who had thought they would remain on the ship changed their minds. The land looked so cool and fresh that it became very attractive. The harbour bears the name of Emma Haven and is near the town of Padang, which has a Malay population of about nine thousand, in which there is a predominating blend of Chinese. There are about two hundred white foreigners, mostly Dutch. The island is under Dutch domination. The physical attributes of the place appear to be very good - - a fine harbor, a good railroad, clean and hard streets of crushed rock, with everything in good order and apparently quite sanitary. Although we landed at 7 o'clock there was a great crowd of natives at the dock to see us. It was the first visit of a large party of white tourists in several years - - the first of the Americans and we were objects of greater curiosity to the natives than they were to us.

The program for the visit contemplated taking us on a railroad trip of sixty kilometers through the rich productive region along the seashore up to a height of about 2600 feet to a mountain town called Pandang Panjang. The last half of the journey would be a sharp ascent through the Anei river canyon by a cog road, which over here is called a plank road. We found, as usual, that our politeness in allowing the women and their men to get aboard the cars ahead of us left us very poor places in the last car. I suggested to J. K. that we get an automobile and go independently. He gave me no encouragement. The chances were that the roads and the cars and the dust would be troublesome, but those divine intuitions with which I am so blessed made me rather persistent and after I had repeatedly yielded to his doubts I came back again and again to the little voice within that kept whispering "automobile." J. K. finally said that he would "take no responsibility whatever for it, but would acquiesce willingly" if I wanted to take the responsibility. This made it rather hard, but I decided in favor of the very superior looking white person who could speak English, as a chauffeur and guide. It afterwards developed that he was the proprietor of the Padang Hotel Centraal, the leading hotel, who was glad to get the chance to earn 75 guilders in this way. J. K. had refused to take along the box of lunch provided by the steamship for each member of the party, wouldn't be bothered with carrying a supply of Poland water, wouldn't even carry a cane, while I had burdened myself, to his disgust, with umbrella, my Boston bag containing such medicines as might possibly be needed, two boxes of lunch, and two thermos bottles containing ice and Poland water. The whole outfit contributed much to our comfort before the day was over, and by the time we had reached our destination J. K. voluntarily apologized in several different languages, commended what he called his own stupidity and was overwhelming in his praise and gratitude, so I was sufficiently vindicated. It turned out to be about the most interesting and delightful and comfortable day we have had on shore. The roads all the way there were as fine as our best at home, there was no bothersome dust, the car performed perfectly, and the gentlemanly hotel proprietor who acted as our guide and chauffeur made the trip very interesting and agreeable for us.

First he took us to his own hotel to show us a baby tapir which had been captured by some hunters who had killed its mother last week just after its birth. Tigers and leopards are frequently killed in the wilds of the island, and often they kill men, but the tapir is rare and this infant specimen was regarded as an extraordinary curiosity. It has feet similar to an elephant, the elongated head of a pig, the body of a buffalo and somewhat the coloring and marking of a zebra.

Herr Kohler, who is of Alsatian birth, it developed, told us that the tigers when hungry sometimes come down to the villages seeking food. There are many ferocious wild animals in the forests of Sumatra. The heavy tropical growth over the islands affords them excellent seclusion and a plentiful food supply.

On our way we encountered natives with captive monkeys. We were told that they were what are known as cocoanut monkeys - - that they are trained to go up into the trees and get cocoanuts. We stopped and with a coin persuaded one of the natives to show us how they do it. Attached to the collar of the monkey is a long string with which he is held under control. When told to do so the monkey climbs to the top of the cocoanut tree, about eighty feet high, where the nuts grow in clusters, selects the riper ones, and, in obedience to the commands of his master, twists them off and throws them down. The monkey awaits the command of his master each time before twisting off a nut, and selects only the riper ones. He goes up the tree haltingly, but slides down rapidly. J. K. got pictures of the performance.

Almost continuously along the road in the lowlands are cocoanut, bananas, rubber and other tropical trees. As we ascend to a higher level we came to the rice fields which are irrigated by the clear streams of water that came down from the mountains in ditches along the roadside and frequently there are big water wheels that serve the double purpose of lifting the water for irrigation purposes and at the same time operate the device for pulverizing the rice into flour.

The journey by automobile brought us into better contact with the life of the natives than would have been possible if we had travelled by train. The houses are set back among the trees, from four to six feet above ground, of bungalow type, with open veranda in front, some of them without walls, but usually the sleeping rooms are enclosed. It was noticeable that the better homes had pictures and art ornaments hung on the outside walls back of the veranda. There was an outward appearance of neatness and sanitation. In the journey of sixty kilometers we were continually passing houses from fifty to two hundred feet apart until we got up into the canyon, and there are always people in sight along the road.

The people are placid looking, apparently well nourished and healthful, and are generally responsive to smiles or salutation but their countenances are usually expressionless like the Chinese faces. They are as scant in apparel as the darker races we have been seeing since we arrived in Egypt, but there is variety in the head covering we see in the rice fields, particularly the exaggerated hats about the size of parasols; it is noticeable that those who might be considered the dandies wear white trousers on which there is ornamentation in designs and colors.

In our trip through the canyons the road became quite steep with zig-zag turns around corners that brought into view the torrential river and the cog railroad below, while above us towered mountains partly concealed by clouds and among the outstanding peaks was a volcano, now quiescent, but which is sometimes alarmingly active.

When we arrived in the mountain town of Padang Panjang we found the streets crowded with natives assembled to welcome us and to see us. Our visit had been made a holiday occasion. Our car had arrived ahead of the train and we were greeted with a great outburst of cheers and waving of hands and handkerchiefs. It took us quite by surprise, but we bowed and smiled and

waved greetings with such grace as we could muster. The ovation continued during our progress through the streets up to the point chosen as headquarters for us. This was a new school for boys not yet entirely completed, consisting of cement buildings of one story enclosing a space of about one block, in the center of which were assembled the musicians [who] are performers who were to give us an entertainment embracing in native costume their strange varieties of music, dancing, fencing with dirks, fighting, juggling, and even a wedding. It developed that they had long been preparing for our visit. They had arranged in the buildings surrounding the grounds exhibits of their industries and products, including the strange varieties of their tropical fruits and nuts, the skins of wild animals and snakes, all of which had been turned into a bazaar, where their batik work and their embroidered silks and all were offered for sale. Thousands of natives were gathered in the streets and outside the buildings to see us as we passed and we evidently were as much of a show to them as the visit of a circus is to an American town. I suppose they think all Americans habitually wear helmets, both men and women, the latter with long flowing veils of pink and light blue and pale green. We were told that they had never seen Americans before. The natives who had come from a distance had brought their food with them and had a big picnic outside the buildings while we were having our picnic lunch in the shade of the courts inside. I had left our supplies in the automobile and when I went back to get them I found our guide was off enjoying the show. There was no one around who could speak English and I could not make the native officers of the occasion understand that I wanted a servant to carry my load of things, until finally a man in the crowd called out the word "coolie" and offered himself. I accepted his service, loaded him up and as he followed me I could hear him saying to other natives, along the way, evidently quite boastfully and with some pride "coolie! coolie!!" His service got him into the sacred precincts within the building and gave him the distinction of being the only native who had rendered service to an American for which he had been paid. Herr Kohler found us in the meantime and took care of everything afterward.

A fine luncheon had been prepared for us by the Samaria chef, including squabs, sandwiches, eggs, cakes, fruits, etc., and J. K. ate heartily from the box I had brought for him when he refused to take it himself. He was gracious enough to admit that the iced Poland water that I had brought in the thermos bottles was more refreshing "than anything he had ever had in all his life."

We started back in our car two hours ahead of the train party and arrived about three hours ahead of them. We escaped a heavy rain through which they passed nearly all the way back. We visited several places in town and were back on the ship two hours ahead of the arrival of the train party. I invited Herr Kohlar aboard and showed him over the ship. It evidently interested him very much. He said it was by far the finest ship that had ever visited the harbor. We asked how much we were paying for the trip, and when I told him he was aghast. He quickly figured dollars into guilders and it seemed to him a fortune. As he lingered for a talk in the cool breeze on the open deck while refreshments were served I learned much from him about Sumatra. He told me that the temperature along the seashore ranges from 80 to 90; that up in the mountains ice frequently forms at night; that the island is naturally prosperous, but under Dutch domination is not progressive; that there are good roads across the island and that an automobile trip can comfortably be made from the east and west coasts; that it is a paradise for hunters; that in the islands to the north it is true that there is still cannibalism; that there is an abundant supply of fine fish from the sea and the best of them can be bought for what in our money would be 15

to 20 cents; that many of the Europeans have married native Malay women, and that their daughters, when they reach between twenty and twenty-five years of age become "fat like a pig." The natives are most Mohammedan in religion. The men take as many wives as they can afford; the older wives are put to work as they begin to show the marks of age and the newer one enjoys the favor of living in the home usually from two to five years. The women are compelled to do most of the work and the men are lazy. He told of one man he knew who had eleven wives and sixty-five children. The women, however, have more freedom than Mohammedan women in Egypt or other countries and are not required to be veiled and to keep themselves in seclusion.

All were delighted with the day on shore. Many thought that it was even more pleasing than Ceylon.

The steamship took on a large quantity of food supplies and was delayed in getting away about three hours.

J. K. had a very comfortable day and felt so good that he even smoked a milk cigar of a pleasing kind that I found in the exhibit at Padang Panjang, a box of which I had bought. It didn't sicken him. I may be able to make a man of him yet.

March 21 - - We had a pretty good night's rest and J. K. is still quite himself, but he is bucking on any definite plans for our visit at Java. I received a wireless message from Owyang Kee, Chinese Consul-General at Java, saying he would meet us when we land and inviting us to dinner. Sent acceptance and will try to harmonize plans after arrival. J. K. is thinking mostly about what he is going to do when he arrives home. If Mrs. L. hasn't returned he is going to start housekeeping and the cows will have to work overtime to satisfy his starvation for milk. He has very acute spells of pining for wife and home, but it is a great relief to have him feeling better again. His bucking against definite plans for Java has already proved to be right for we have both just received wireless messages from shore inviting us to start immediately after arriving on an automobile trip "up country" to spend the night on a mountain, and return the next morning to Batavia. This gets me into complications on my too hasty acceptance of Owyang's invitation to dinner, but I hope to solve the problem after arrival.

The sun "crossed the Equator today," as we are told, and the equinox is upon us. We must now expect some storms. We have passed through only one brief shower since we left the Atlantic, but we have been seeing rain and clouds a few miles away for three days.

The passengers have been sluggish and spiritless and lazy to-day and all are complaining of the oppressive heat. There is a general desire to know when we may expect to reach cooler weather.

March 22 - - The ship was two hours late in arriving off Batavia and delays were encountered in getting into the harbor which rather disturbed our plans. With the aid of my binoculars I located Owyang Kee in the crowd awaiting us on the dock and when we got near enough had a few words with him at a distance. While the harbor is small, very extensive and modern docking facilities are under construction (far more than can be justified financially, we are told) and enough has been completed to make it superior to all other ports we have visited on this side of

the Suez canal. The money for the work was obtained from a sale of bonds in the United States and the statements on which the bonds were marketed were, we are informed, more optimistic than the truth would warrant.

Mr. Zeveryn, in charge of arrangements for our trip to the interior, was among the first to be allowed to come aboard the ship and he very promptly found us. He is a tall, good looking young Dutchman, who was educated in England and speaks our language well. He is the son of one of the large cinchona plant owners and had been instructed to do everything possible to make our visit interesting and enjoyable. Almost immediately after we had met him Mr. Owyang came aboard and I soon had the complications of interfering arrangements amicably cleared up. It was agreed that we would go with Mr. Zeveryn according to his program, and have lunch with the Owyangs the following day.

We started immediately on the journey up to the plantations, where we were to have luncheon. It was already raining and the downpour became so heavy that it was necessary to put up the rain curtains. With the exception of a few brief showers it was the first good rain that we had since leaving the Atlantic. It gave us relief from both dust and heat. A good, reliable French car had been provided, with ample extra equipment and two of the best native drivers, as a precaution against accidents which might prevent our return in time to catch the ship, for if we should miss it we could not overtake it.

There was a journey of several miles from the Tandjong Prick (the landing) through the suburbs, the city, and more suburbs beyond. The asphalt road over which we travelled was much of the way along canals which are used generally by the natives for laundrying, bathing and transportation purposes. The houses are of white plaster or cement, of one story, but high ceilings, as usual in the tropics, largely open, with flower gardens and pleasing in appearance. Trams, with steam locomotives, run through the streets. There are so many bicycles in use that they are passing in endless procession. There is a large Dutch population and therefore many white people are seen on the streets, but usually the Dutch, especially the older people, close their places of business and rest at home between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. There has been some marrying of Malay women by Dutchmen and this produces a type spoken of as "auf caste", which may be interpreted as "half caste" or "off caste," and either would be correct, for they are too proud to mix with Malays and are treated as inferior by the white people. There are many Chinese in Java and they have largely mixed with the Malays, although they hold themselves as superior and are more highly esteemed by the whites. The Chinese are more industrious, more skillful and are engaged in the occupations requiring more intelligence. The Malay is naturally submissive and they are content to be servants and to do manual work, but education is making them more assertive, less servile and very moderately desirous of some recognition as human beings. The Malay, still under old-time influences, very deferentially takes off his hat and remains uncovered when the white man passes him on the road, but an increasing number offer no more of recognition than is given them. A resident white man, especially if accompanied by others, does not deign to recognize the polite salutation of the brown native, but may do so if he is alone. In riding through the country one passes great numbers on the road. Usually they are carrying fruits or vegetables in baskets balanced from the ends of a stick or rod across the shoulders - - always barefoot and usually bare to the waist. A Malay must procure a license from the Dutch government for the privilege of wearing shoes.

The first three or four hours of our journey was through level or slightly undulating country, where rice was under cultivation, the general appearance of which was much the same as our wheat fields in June. We were expected to arrive at our destination in time for late "tiffin" (the English luncheon), but at 3 o'clock we were still forty miles away. We stopped in a village for Mr. Zeveryn to telephone ahead that we would be delayed and we had some soda water at a rather pleasing native inn, with some mangosteens and the most delicious bananas I have ever eaten. They grow in Java in great abundance and there are about thirty varieties. The last forty miles of our trip was gradual ascent to high levels, with mountains and two volcanoes, at the present time quiescent, in view. It was after 4 o'clock when we arrived at our destination. A short distance from the main road we passed through an imposing gate with statuary on either side, and in a beautiful park came to a stop in front of an expansive structure with many big white columns. We had been told that the house where we were to be entertained was a "mansion" or a "castle". It was certainly a very impressive looking place but quite unlike any architecture I have ever seen. It seemed to spread out endlessly as if it might be several of our typical Southern homes, with their big white pillars, combined in one, first on a level with the driveway, and then a few steps higher another vast space, where the furnishing began, and back of this same division of the space into drawing room, library, music room, etc. There was a broad hall through to the other side, where there was more open space attractively furnished, with more big white columns and more of tropical park well shaded and full of singing birds as the scene that made one feel that the building was a luxurious place in Paradise. While there was a second level there was only one story, but the ceilings seemed to be twenty or twenty-five feet in height. The side of the house opposite from the entrance was the dining hall and lounging place, where the furnishing seemed to provide for everything that could contribute to comfort.

We were received by the manager, Mr. Adams, and his wife, and Mr. Garland, the botanical and forestry expert, all English people, who were very gracious and pleasing. The servants immediately escorted us to our respective rooms, which seemed to us more like large halls. They must have been about thirty feet square. The bed was almost twice the size of one of our double beds, canopied high and elaborately with mosquito netting, with be-ribboned rings for holding it open when you desired it to be open. My curiosity led me to try lying in the bed both cross-wise and lengthwise. I had about two feet of spare space either way. The furniture in the rooms was all of teak-wood, unstained, and had all been made by Chinese cabinetmakers on the same generous scale as the rooms and the bed, and there were some articles of furniture for which the use could only be imagined. The writing table was about four times as large as those at home that we regard as very large.

A very delicious luncheon was served to us at once and we were told that it would be necessary for us to start without delay to reach the Cinchona Gardens, about an hour's ride distant, in time to see them before dark. The manager had one of the largest of his twenty American automobiles awaiting us. The top was down to give us better opportunity for observation. For an hour we were driven rapidly over good private roads through the plantation, past fields of tea and coffee steadily ascending until we had reached a height of more than 4,000 feet, where the sulphur fumes from the volcano were very strong. In the winding course of the road we were continually getting different glimpses of the valleys and even of the sea where it seemed to merge into the horizon over 4,000 feet below us.

We arrived in time to see every stage of the growth of Cinchona to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Lilly - - from tiny seedling to full grown shrub or tree, with the marvelously skillful methods of grafting where the bark is dried and crushed and prepared for shipment to the quinine manufacturers. Cinchona is only one of the products of the plantation, but we saw enough of it to quiet any apprehensions as to the sufficiency of the supply. Vastly more could be supplied than is being marketed. The producers are now restricting their supply to the demand, and are getting prices four times as high as when there was unrestrained marketing and competition. They feel that their regulations have solved the problem of sufficient and profitable production.

On our return trip after dark we visited one of the plants for curing and preparing tea for the market. It had been kept open by the manager, just as had the Cinchona plant, after hours especially for our visit. We were shown all of the processes through which the tea passes. The fresher leaves of the bush, which grows to a height of about three feet, are gathered every ten days. In the fields adjacent to this plant 1500 coolies are employed in gathering the leaves. The leaves, comprising about thirty tons a day, are withered overnight in racks, are mechanically passed into dryers until they are properly cured, then cut and assorted and out of the same gathering of leaves they get by assortment the different varieties of tea, from the finest to the poorest, even the dust and sweepings, which is made into briquettes and sold at the lowest price. The Java tea is said to be the finest and we were shown all the various brands gotten from the same lot of leaves, put through the machinery at the same time, and sifted out by methods of assortment. It is a very satisfactory kind of business. The producers count on getting their money for their product fourteen days after the leaves are gathered and this goes on continuously throughout the year. The market takes all they can supply.

As we drove back in the moonlight Mr. Adams and Mr. Garland told us many stories of their experiences. They have been engaged in managing plantations of different kinds in British India and Java for many years; Mr. Adams has been in Java for six years; Mr. Garland for more than twenty years. The extreme heat is the greatest of their hardships, but we were enjoying delightful relief, as the temperature had dropped to sixty-six up in the mountains during our trip. They told stories about the killing of tigers and leopards, and about experiences with snakes. Mr. Adams said that only last week while driving along the road his attention was attracted to a group of excited natives, and when he approached he found a Malay holding a snake by the head with one hand and by the tail with the other. It had started to attack the man in a trench that he was digging when he grabbed it by the head. Mr. A. instantly saw that it was the most deadly snake in Java; there is no known antidote for its poison and it kills in less than two minutes. He warned the man and gave him some money. The man calmly placed the tail in the same hand in which he was holding the head while he took the money and slipped it into his pocket. Then he looked about and found a piece of bamboo with which he began beating the head of the snake, but it wasn't heavy enough and he looked about still holding and carrying the writhing snake, until he found a heavier club and then succeeded in killing it. The slightest slip or relaxation or mistake that might have given the snake a chance to bite him would have resulted in his death in less than two minutes.

Mr. A. told also of sitting in the house with his wife one evening when he noticed a very large poisonous snake crawling between their feet. He told her as calmly as possible to keep

perfectly still for a minute. She did so, and then asked why he has made such a request. By that time the snake had passed beyond them and he pointed to it. Then she fainted, but we men can cite this as one instance where a woman's life was saved by obeying a man without argument.

A very fine dinner prepared by native cooks was served to us about 9 o'clock, with Mrs. Adams as the only woman present and at the head of the table. We were told that they sometimes have from 150 to 200 guests at dinner. There is, therefore, occasional need for the spacious provisions for so much grandeur in living. I had no uneasiness about snakes crawling under the table from the outside, but I noticed during the dinner a lizard on the white wall high above one of the pictures about fifty feet away. The fine dinner, the delicious wines, the unusual service, the grand surroundings made us feel that it was possible for life in Java to have its compensations.

The talk was very interesting. I had noticed noises like the tapping of drums. They said that this was Malay custom and was done by the watchman, but he had been instructed to stop it at midnight lest he might disturb our sleep. They said that the Malays have a system of tappings whereby they are constantly passing information regarding events that concern them --- murders, robberies, deaths, weddings and other incidents. The tapping is repeated until it spreads over wide areas in a few hours. Mr. Garland said he had twice picked up reports in this way of murders. Their system of tappings is their intelligence service.

The children of the white people seem to regard the Malays as their natural friends and quickly learn the Malay language. They also learn much that their parents would prefer for them not to know. The Malay is a child of nature; ordinarily he is docile and kindly, but sometimes becomes ferocious. A few months ago an unusual piece of construction work was undertaken on the plantation and some of the workmen suggested, in superstition, that the success of it should be assured by a human sacrifice. This is sometimes resorted to. In the talk a man said something about it to one of the native children and from this spread a report which so excited the parents that they formed a mob and attacked the workmen, four of them they literally tore to pieces.

We had a refreshingly cool night with temperature down to 75, and with our beds almost as large as our whole state-room on the ship we had pleasant relief from our long season of hot nights and narrow beds. The doors and windows of our rooms were mere screens for some degree of privacy, and nothing more. The rooms are really always open. The mosquito canopy over our beds constituted the most substantial protection against invasion from the outside. We learned the next morning that there were no other inhabitants of the house. All others had withdrawn for the night to detached houses, but we were under the care of the watchman and the servants. Mr. Garland asked how we had rested. Mr. L. replied that he had not slept. Mr. Garland asked in surprise, "What was the trouble?"

"No trouble, I just died."
There was a general laugh.

We had a breakfast of broiled snipe and toast and eggs, with as few cups of tea as we could take without causing the servants to be apprehensive that there might be something wrong with it - - three, I believe, - - and they were still trying to pour more. We had resisted the

customary early breakfast of coffee, mangosteens and other fruits before arising. Then we were off for a hurried visit to one of the forests of rubber trees, where we were shown this part of the industry in its various stages; first, how the trained native skillfully takes a thin shaving off of a groove at the bottom of the tree, running into a little tube, from which immediately the fluid substance that looks like milk begins to flow into a little cup and continues for one hour, when it ceases. This is repeated every third day. At each fresh operation there is a flow of from one to three fourths of a cup full. A record is kept of each tree is painted on it. There are more than 2,000,000 rubber trees in the plantation.

Then we were shown the processes by which the fluid collected from the trees is carried in the factory to the making of endless sheets of thin rubber called crepe, and it looks like the white cloth called crepe; this is cut into standard lengths, made up into packages of 143 pounds for shipment to buyers of the crude rubber.

I had asked many questions and in addition to the information given verbally Mr. Adams furnished me a copy of the annual report of the officers and stockholders. The corporation is operated under the name of the Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java, Limited. Their plantations are the largest in the world. At one time they comprised 500,000 acres, but the Dutch government objected to the corporation having such large holdings of land and after prolonged negotiations finally the government bought 300,000 acres from the corporation, for 15,000,000 guilders, but the lands sold were mostly rice fields, which yield not much over a 5 percent return. The coffee, tea, rubber, teak-wood, and Cinchona lands were retained and these are the sources of greatest profit. In the last few years such investments have yielded profits of 40 per cent and upward, but large capital is required to carry the development work to the stage where it will bring returns.

No attention is given to fruits. These grow wild in great variety and abundance. These fruits and rice constitute the food supply of the natives and afford them such easy living that they have little concern about employment. They can live without work. The wage of common labor is from twenty-five to thirty cents per day. Natives who are capable of labor requiring some skill got as high as sixty cents a day. This is much higher than was formerly paid. Employers complain that their labor problem is becoming more and more serious.

A superior quality of rice is produced in Java and is largely exported, while cheaper rice is imported from other countries for native consumption.

March 23 - - Our visit was very intensive, but we were given every facility to make the most of it. Our hosts insisted that we should have at least four days to get a fairly adequate impression of their estates. It was necessary for us to limit our visit to about sixteen hours. We started on our return journey at 8:30 o'clock and our engagement with Mr. Owyang required us to be in Batavia at 1 o'clock. On the way from the rubber forests back to the mansion I got my last bit of information from Mr. Adams regarding the history of the plantation. It was started more than a hundred years ago by a native of British India, a bronze statue of whom stands in the large court in front of the headquarters building. It yielded him a large fortune. After his death his two sons spent most of their time in Paris where they assumed the title of counts and became so lavish in their expenditures that they became heavy borrowers and fell into the hands of bankers who, to recover their loans, forced the sale of the estate. British investors got the property at a bargain

and have been developing it for about forty years. The foolish sons had a gay life, but a short one.

The journey back to Batavia was made in a hurry; J. K. was heroic. We had to get back to the ship or miss it for the rest of the cruise. There was not a word of protest from him against sixty miles an hour. The two Malays on the front seat had been selected for their task on their reputation as the best drivers in Java. They have qualified for speedway world championship contests. They arrived in Batavia fifteen minutes ahead of time. They had registered 350 miles for the round trip and we had made the return trip in a little more than four hours. We had been gone about twenty-five hours and had spent sixteen hours of the time at the Soobang plantations. We arrived at the residence of the Chinese Consul-General promptly on time. Mr. Owyang's wife came out to meet us immediately after we had alighted from the automobile that brought us. She is a very pretty Chinese woman who shows much refinement, speaks excellent English, as well as six other languages, and is very bright and vivacious. She kept conversation going in a very entertaining way. She told us of a recent visit she had made to the interior of Java where the pseudo native ruler, called a Sultan, resides with his ninety wives. She was very funny in her comments and observations. He is allowed to indulge some of the pomp of monarchical pretensions and is allowed full freedom with his ninety wives, but very little other freedom. He has a royal army of five hundred, but his power over them is restricted to a royal review in which he may command them to straighten the feathers in their hats, but cannot give them military orders. He is surrounded by Dutch servants who are spies and cannot even cross the street without the permission of a Dutch officer. While she was there the Sultan wanted to have a birthday party and had to obtain permission for it by sending a request in large envelope held up by the messenger so all could read the address as he proceeded across the street to the Dutch commander's headquarters. Her description of the proceeding, and her mimicry, was very laughable.

She had brought some specimens of Batik work, which in Java is sold only at the town where the Sultan lives and insisted on making a present of a piece each to Mr. L. and myself. We hear much about the Batik work, but do not often see it.

The Owyangs took us to the leading hotel for luncheon, as they had the idea that we would not relish Chinese cooking. Afterward they took us for an automobile trip to points we wanted to visit, and then we invited them to visit the ship to look it over and to have tea with us. This seemed to interest them very much. She talked almost incessantly and very entertainingly and told us much of interest, particularly about the natives, the Dutch and the Chinese. Our tea in the main Salon, on the top deck, was interrupted by the officer coming to us to tell us that they were up to the last minute for all visitors to go ashore and there was a very abrupt parting. Mr. Owyang's position here is important, but the political disturbances of his country give him much anxiety: he told me that he had today received a remittance of salary for the first time in ten months. While the seventeen years that have passed since I last saw him show in his appearance, he looks well and seems to be prosperous and happy. They have a little boy and girl and contemplate sending them to America to be educated.

Mr. L. received a satisfactory cablegram from Mr. Noyes, but there was nothing for me, and no mail. I have ceased to expect anything.

The Samaria sailed a half hour ahead of the time, and turned north. Batavia is our southernmost point. Although we have not quite reached the half-way point on the cruise, we are going from this port toward home, and we are glad, though we may have been forgotten since our departure from there long ago.

March 24 -- We were able to get a little U.S. money on our Cook checks today - - enough for our present needs. On our way down to Java we have been turning our watches forward every day, but we are told that tonight the clock will be set back nineteen minutes, and we will continue to move our time back until we reach the Panama Canal. At dinner tonight we were served fresh green corn obtained in Java.

I have been kept so busy with our program and my writing of my log that I have had no chance to write letters. Love to all.

March 25 -- Again, as so often happens, when we arrive at a new port, the bugle called us early to be ready to go ashore – unnecessarily early, as a matter of fact because it was two hours later before the ship arrived at the Singapore dock. The approach from the straits of the Malaya Archipelago on the east side is from what appears to be a large bay into a smaller bay and thence through a river, but these are features of the spread of water through the spots of land that rise above the sea in this region. One of the little bays was thickly filled with small thatched huts, apparently of one room each, built high above the water on bamboo poles. This is the abiding place of people who get a living out of the water-fishermen, sailors and others. There immediately gathered about our ship many natives in small craft, narrower and in every way smaller than our canoes, beseeching passengers to throw out coins for them to get by diving. They were kept busy until the ship was ready for passengers to go ashore. They never fail to get a coin they dive for, though sometimes they are under water an alarmingly long time. Their little canoes quickly fill with water from the waves. They have a way of kicking it out while they paddle. They dive with more assurance and grace than the divers at other ports back of us.

The port of Singapore is one of the best equipped and busiest in the world. There are hundreds of ships to be seen in the harbor and thousands of smaller craft. Forty-eight big warehouses can be seen along shore and those appear to be new. It is a great commercial point. The imports and exports amount to nearly \$500,000,000 annually. Singapore is called the crossroads of Asia, because the traffic between our country, China, Japan and the West to the countries of the South and East (Australia, India, etc.) passes this point. It has often been said that if any one owes you money wait for him at Singapore, as he is sure sooner or later to pass this way. We usually think of it as Chinese. About four-fifths of the population is Chinese, but the island is 2,000 miles from China and about 150 miles south of the Philippines Islands. It is the largest city in the Malaya Archipelago and is situated on an island about twenty-seven by fourteen miles in size. It is a prosperous looking place, in comparison with the other cities on this side of the world. It has good asphalt streets which extend into the rural districts over the island, with very substantial looking business buildings and many fine residences. It is a British crown colony and the stamp of England is upon it, in many ways, though few white people may be seen among the inhabitants. It is an extremely hot place. The temperature reaches as high as 150 in the sun, and it must have been near that some of the time during our visit.

We walked a short distance from the ship to a waiting train, composed of first-class cars, of a kind different from any others we have seen, in which there is an ample leather upholstered seat for each individual. We rode for an hour through rubber estates and banana and coconut plantations owned by rich Chinese and then by ferry crossed an estuary of the Straits to the island of Johor, where we visited an old palace of the Sultan of Johor, the most interesting feature of which was the banquet hall and it was the size of this rather than anything of furnishing or ornamentation that was noteworthy. The building is noticeably old, but the grounds are very attractive. The Sultan now lives in another palace. He is allowed to enjoy some of the pomp and luxury of his position, but all power of importance has been taken out of his hands and any exercise of authority must be with permission from the British Governor General.

We were transported from the ferry to the palace by jinrickshaws. Our first experience of this kind was at Colombo where the vehicles were called rickshaws. The only difference is that here they have the jin in them. The natives who have them wear heavy conical hats, some of them wear no clothing above the waist and their faces do not indicate that they feel their lot is a happy one, especially the older ones. They go on a trot much of the time. The blistering heat of the pavements on their bare feet and the broiling rays of the sun on their bodies here in the hottest part of the world makes their lot extremely hard in Singapore. We are told that they live only a few years after entering the service, but there is no diminution of supply of men. Jinrickshaws are available everywhere in Singapore. If you call for one usually there are several immediately at your service. I rode in one bearing the license number 11931 and this probably is much below the total number. Sometimes they get into trouble. An automobile tore off the wheel of one in which one of the elderly women of our party was riding and threw her a distance of several feet, but fortunately she was not seriously injured. On one of my trips while about to start from the hotel three jinrickshaws men came up too fast from behind and collided with my vehicle. The noise was greater than the injury, but the big black turbaned brute in charge of the service at the hotel entrance immediately began lashing the poor men with whips which are carried for this purpose. They took it without resentment, but evidently it hurt, for they writhed and as soon as they could began rubbing the stings of the whip on their backs and shoulders.

The program for our visit provided for a jinrickshaw ride about Singapore after luncheon at the Raffles hotel, where we were served in an open pavilion with very high ceilings, with many big fans going overhead. Breezes coming in from the bay gave some relief. We started on the ride about 3 o'clock, when it was still hot enough to broil the men, but they were so eager for the chance to earn fares and after they had started they seemed to enjoy it more than the passengers. They kept up a constant chatter between one another, and their laughing indicated that their talk was more hilarious than unhappy. As there was but one passenger to a vehicle our party made a big procession and as the word was passed that we were Americans there was some curious interest in us from the people along the streets. I felt a good deal like an animal in a parade of a circus menagerie. Near me on one side was a young woman who had taken a prize as the most beautiful girl in Springfield, Ill., and next to her was Senator Newberry, while there were ahead of us and behind us many specimens of variety and notability. The jinrickshaw men walked leisurely and had much to say to bystanders as well as between themselves. For all we know they may have been telling that we were man-eaters and scalping Indians from the wilds of

America. They were certainly having a lot of fun of some kind. The morning's experience had made J. K. very sick again and he wisely went back to the ship for rest, which happily restored him to normal feeling in a couple of hours.

The trip was mainly through the shop and native residence districts. It was much the same as we have found in other places when our curiosity was fresher about native quarters, except that here the Chinese types and peculiarities are predominant. It was noticeable that there was somewhat less of bare feet - - perhaps not more than 99 percent of the feet are bare, and of the remaining one percent most of the Natives wear a wooden sole held on the foot by a strap over the toes.

Most of the members of the party tired of the parade and ordered their coolies back to the hotel, but I was one of about twenty who stuck to the program to the end. It was a pretty hard experience, however, and I went to the ship immediately afterward to spend the remainder of the evening with J. K., who was quite himself again. We arranged for dinner on the ship, along with a few others, which was much more to our liking than the food and the show, mostly native dancing, at the hotel. I can't eat their food with any satisfaction, and I am surfeited with their imbecile performances, in spite of the attempt to make them interesting by calling them "native dances." We had a comfortable evening on the ship.

While J. K. was writing I had a long talk with Senator Newberry, who told me much of interest about affairs at Washington. He had later information than any I have received from the United States; he even had more news from Indiana, and told me about developments concerning Harry New. He also gave me some inside information about the ship subsidy bill, which he said, was really a window dressing performance to promote the sale of our ships at the best obtainable prices. This was the main purpose back of it. He believed there should be a sincere and constructive plan for the up building of a merchant marine, but he was apprehensive that the proposed subsidy would be repealed after we had sold our ships to buyers who would be induced by the subsidy to go into the ocean transportation business and the consequences would be disastrous. He believed that the repeal of the Lafollette seamanship law would open the way to the up building of American ocean transportation more successfully than anything else and if relieved from this handicap they would be enabled to establish themselves better than by subsidy. I had a very interesting evening with him in talking about other subjects. He told me the truth about that favorite story of Roosevelt's regarding his early experience in the navy.

March 26 -- While it was pleasant enough out on deck last night it was so uncomfortable inside the staterooms that I couldn't get much rest and unluckily our fan would not work. In fairness I served notice on J. K. to beware of my disposition for the day and I must say he was very considerate.

I received two letters from Indianapolis, dated February 1, all forwarded from Colombo; the postmark indicated that they had arrived at Singapore on March 10. J. K. received a letter from Mrs. L. In it she spoke of returning to Indianapolis by the time of our arrival. It made him very happy; it brought out all the kindness in his nature and he was perfectly angelic all through the day.

The program for the day required us to start at 8:30. We were fifteen minutes ahead of time, but we found all of the automobiles partly occupied except No. 13 and we took that. It may be an unlucky number, but the fact that everybody avoided it made it at least lucky enough for us to provide a car for us. We often feel like 13 in these shore trips when we shrink into subordination as mere men until after the women and their escorts are provided for.

The automobile trip was a ride of three hours over asphalt roads through the city and into the country, which was interesting and pleasant but gave no distinct impressions. It is enough to note for the record the points included in the sight-seeing route, as follows, to-wit as lawyers would say – The Robinson Road, Collyer Quay, Anderson bridge, , Cathedral, Stamford Road, Orchard Road, Tanglin Road, Botanical Gardens, Bukit Timah Road, Seletas post office, impounding reservoir, rubber plantation and factory, and Beach Road. Now you all know what we saw and having thus carefully set down the facts I am establishing evidence for the future when some world teacher may ask what I saw when I visited Singapore. I don't know what more to say about it than that I saw it as we whirled by in an automobile going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. As to the Botanical Gardens it may be well to say in explanation that this Botanical garden business began about five weeks ago and we have had them at every stop since. The claim is made for each one that it is the greatest in the world. We have faithfully devoted ourselves to observation of them and J. K. in particular has felt that it is his scientific and ethical duty to give them very careful attention. I suspect that he has some deep-seated sentiments about them that he hasn't betrayed to me, but he has contented himself by feeding fat his grudge in learnedly telling me the Latin name of every darned thing we see and I have borne up as patiently as I could under the load. I feel that I have been rather heroic about it, but the honest truth is that I don't know anymore about it all than I did in the beginning. I have come to the conclusion that over here Botanical Gardens are what in our country we would call parks, except that here the trees and shrubbery are species of tropical growth. They are very pleasant places to visit but I shall not become greatly excited about them hereafter. J. K. seriously thought that his visit to Java would be a failure if he didn't see the Botanical Gardens there (the greatest in the world) but we never got to them because we didn't have time enough to make the trip and he hasn't yet given any sign that he has missed out of his young life this particular layout of Botanical Gardens. Others who gave up the best part of a day to making the trip told me rather hardheartedly that we hadn't missed much, although it is "the greatest in the world."

We didn't visit the Hindu temple and the Mohammedan Mosque, and we are not sorry. I have a surfeit of Hindu temples and I am not altogether crazy about mosques. I have had enough.

We had luncheon - - or rather the party had luncheon again at the Raffles hotel. These shore meals are an ordeal, which I try to restrict to a banana and some kind of bottled drink. Here it was ginger ale in very small bottles; I got three of them to quench the thirst and fire within me. J. K. thought I didn't have enough bottles. He started a little donation of empty bottles and soon there were about fifty of them around my plate.

There is a lot of Raffles in Singapore, a hotel, a square, a street, a monument and some other distinctive features of the city wear the much honored name of Raffles. A play called Raffles is advertised for next week. All this is because an Englishman named Raffles was the pioneer in bringing Singapore under British domination.

We were all but prostrated by the scorching rays of the sun in going by jinrickshaw at 2 o'clock from the hotel to the steamship dock, a distance of nearly four miles. The usual crowd of hawkers were on the pier offering their wares. In the beginning of a negotiation they ask about four or five times their bottom price and then if necessary gradually recede. The Samaria passengers are great buyers. Many of them have more money than they know what to do with. At every port they buy all kinds of things at great variations in price and afterwards compare notes on what they have paid. The most frequently heard question is "What did you pay for it?" There have been instances along the way where they have offered thirty cents for articles priced to them at ten dollars and in the end had to take them. The Samaria will go into New York with a ridiculous variety of goods purchased in many of the ports of the world by rich Americans, and I apprehend that we may be detained for days by the customs collectors. The buying is a kind of sport with many, and they will probably not know what to do with the stuff they have accumulated after they get it home. Certainly much of it is trash. The hawkers at Singapore had a rich harvest, for the boat was held an hour beyond sailing time and there was nothing so interesting for the passengers to do while waiting as to bargain with the hawkers.

The delay was really caused by the failure of some members of the crew to return to the ship. One of them was finally brought on board unconscious by two Chinamen. He had been doped in some dive. Another, foolishly intoxicated, was pulled up over the side with ropes just as the ship was starting.

We were given a fine panoramic view of Singapore on the trip out to sea toward the East when it appeared more impressive than before. During the setting of the sun we were well on our way out into the China Sea.

March 27 -- We are going north with a slight veering to the east, which gives hope of some relief and the consciousness that we are more definitely on the way home is not depressing. Home seems very far away, though, and we have been so many years out of touch with it that we are wondering if we shall need our passports there for identification. This is the day that marks the half-way stage of our cruise. It is a beautiful calm day; the sea is glassy, the boat slides steadily on, as if on ice; the sea is perfect sapphire in color and the heat is not quite so extreme. We have again crossed the equator without recurrence of the rough performance on the southward journey, which really caused some of the sickness that still continues, but a number of the passengers who have been patients in the hospital are again out on deck. There is everywhere today the evidence of the quiet and inactivity that usually follows a visit to shore in this hot part of the world. The main event of the day is the band concert on the aft deck, beginning with tea at 4 o'clock. On such days as this when the ship glides along so smoothly and everything seems to be so pleasingly harmonious the afternoon concert becomes a soothing and ideal enjoyment. We forget toil and become dreamers, and why not for the dreamer lives forever and the toiler dies in a day. I find myself frequently repeating those lines of John Boyle O'Reilly, and wondering if I shall be spoiled by the dream through which I am now drifting.

The dreams, however, are not all blissful. I have had several of my regular, old-time nightmares. J. K. has acted very graciously about it when I have raised h---l, and we have arrived at very good understanding about what shall be done. The other night I almost kicked

out the partition before he could get me under control. Another passenger who is one of our neighbors, acted up worse than my performance. He kicked the upper berth so hard that he knocked his wife out of bed and splattered the walls and the room with the blood from his lacerated feet. He has been in the hospital for over a week. J. K. apparently never dreams, but sleeps heavily and obliviously all night and much of the day. He sometimes breathes audibly, but no longer disturbingly.

March 28 -- This has been a red-letter day for J. K. Our talk about our visit to the Java plantation led to an invitation to him from Mrs. Fay, who is manager for a party of eighteen, including the silly ladies from Anderson, to give a more formal talk about the Cinchona Gardens [now the Botanical Gardens at Bogor]. He at first declined, but under continued permission accepted. The party was held in one of the A deck salons. A few others came on special invitation and a lot who were not invited dropped in. The Salon was quite well filled, and the party included many of the I class passengers, among those who might be considered as notables being the Newberrys, the Kingsleys, the De Forests and others. The main talk was on Chinchona. He told the romantic story of its discovery, traced the history of its development and then described present methods, with a brief account of his observations during our visit to the Java plantation. He did it splendidly; in fact, it was more barely perfect than any address I have ever heard him make. He spoke in a clear voice, his remarks were dignified, well planned and every sentence brought out an interesting point. It is regrettable that there was not a stenographic report, for it could hardly be improved. He talked for forty minutes and his hearers seemed to be intensely interested. The applause was prolonged and hearty. The questions that followed led finally to a request that he tell them about Ileton, and he talked for twenty minutes more on this subject. He held 'em by the ears. They couldn't get enough. They were very generous with their appreciation and praise, and he certainly richly deserved it. I was very proud of him. It has been the main subject of talk about the ship since and he has been overwhelmed with compliments. As a sample of some of the comments Mr. Kingsley said it was "the most interesting hour he had had in many a day" and Senator Newberry suggested that the life insurance companies could well afford to bestow a rich endowment on the producers of Ileton. Expression has been given to a very general desire that he should repeat the talk for those who did not hear it this morning and he is amiably considering the request.

March 29 -- It is getting slightly cooler as we glide toward the north. It was very comfortable last night, and we had good rest. J. K. got so cool that he stopped the fan about 4 o'clock a.m. and took as a reward for getting up an extra half hour of sleep.

We had two invitations for the evening -- the first from Mr. and Mrs. Fowler to join a dozen of their friends at 7 o'clock in having a cocktail. We accepted, but specially requested that "ours" should be as weak as possible. Among their other guests was Sir William Gastrell, K.C.M.G. [Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and Saint George], one of the notables who had been specially entertained at dinner by the Governor-Generals at British ports and is treated as an important person. He doesn't appall you, however, is very unpretentious and affable and talks quite freely and well to one or two. He lost his wife about a year ago and is still feeling his bereavement very much. Mr. Fowler, the host, is one of the important men in the firm of Swift & Co., of Chicago, but is now withdrawing from active duty. He now has his residence at Saginaw, Mich. Mrs. Fowler is very gracious and is quite active in the social affairs on board.

She knew Riley and Mrs. Holstein well, through meeting them during their visits to Miami in the last years of their lives.

We went from the cocktail party to a dinner at 7:30 o'clock given by Mr. and Mrs. Benson for twenty-four. They had travelling with them, and present at the dinner, a daughter, Miss Jane Benson, and a sister of Mr. B., a Mrs. Emerson, who belongs to the family of the post. They are our nearest neighbors on Deck B. They hold themselves very exclusive and are particularly conventional and formal. Mr. Benson is one of the officers of the Tide-Water Oil Co., is a multi-millionaire, and I am fearful that before we arrive in New York he and his family will have the ship overloaded with their purchases at the different ports. At the dinner Mr. B. sat at the head of the table and his sister, Mrs. Emerson, at the opposite end. I was at the right of the latter. Mrs. De Forest, of New York, one of the grand dames, about 75 years old, sat at the right of the host and J. K. next to her. The dinner was quite formal. Mr. B., as toastmaster called on several for remarks, including Senator Newberry, poor W. F., the dear, good J. K., and Mrs. Benson as the only woman, in the order named. It was a very enjoyable affair, especially for us stars. It was over at 10:30. I was maneuvered afterward into a private talk with the Kingsley's and didn't get away until nearly midnight.

March 30 - - Too much drink, too much dinner, too much smoke, too much talk last night, and worst of all in consequence, too little sleep - - a really bad night for me, and the early morning bugle call was chipper. He stands dissipation better than I do. The little sleep that came to me was broken up by Slippery Elm, who, at dawn, brought me a cablegram. I was mighty glad to get it, but I couldn't clear up two of the code words. The most important word was the first, meaning "Everything and everybody well." My understanding of the rest is that R. F. has been enabled to reduce our bank indebtedness, that he is going back to New York next week and that J. K.'s business is making a living for him, but Mr. Noyes has been sending him later information by cable. While I was puzzling over the cablegram Mr. Austin, of Chicago, brought to our room a Mr. Ferguson, a young man who introduced himself as a native of Johnson county, Indiana, who was forever pastor of the Hopewell Presbyterian Church, south of Franklin, which we have so often noticed with interest in our trips to Brown county. He is now in charge of a church in Manila and wanted to show us a hospital.

While J. K. was still in bed and I, gaily attired in "nightie" and slippers, was shaving, there was another knock at the door and in response to my invitation to "come in" the door was pushed open and in walked Colonel Long, immaculate to 100 percent., smiling a regular Bow Elder smile and looking fine. As he is a regular fellow he sat down in our room while we hurried through a man's preparations for a day. He told me of his unsuccessful efforts to reach me by wireless several days ago. He had come in from Corregidor the day before and had spent the night in Manila at the Army and Navy Club, in order to meet us as early as possible after the arrival of our ship. He had already had his breakfast and would eat nothing more, but went down to the dining room with us and sat with us while we had our breakfast. For the thirty hours ensuing he wasn't a half minute away from us and in his attentions to us he was the most gracious and thoughtful and interesting guide and host that this earth has ever known. He was, of course, very eager to know first all about Bowman and Madeline. Later in the day while we were on a three-hour trip on the government boat going up to Corregidor for the night he talked for a long while about Bowman, for whom he has great fondness -- said there never was a finer

fellow or better adjutant, that he had great ability and was sure to have a successful career, that Captain Elder was known among them as “the man who could do what the others said was impossible” and he told many stories of Bowman’s triumphs when nobody else thought he or any other person could possibly do the task he had undertaken. He is all for Bowman, and many times said that he wanted Bowman and Madeline to come out to visit him for three months. It will require all of that time to do all he wants to do. He has most elaborate plans for visits to strange places among the Philippine Islands, for fishing and hunting of wild game and showing the wonderful military work he is doing in making Corregidor the greatest fortification the world has ever known.

He is trying to have his stay here extended, so that he will get three years more, the full limit, and in the meantime he has asked for a four-months leave of absence, which will embrace the accruing credits unused by him heretofore; this vacation he and Mrs. Long hope to spend in China and possibly Borneo and Singapore. He asked me to say to Bowmen that it was his most urgent request that Bowman should “get on the staff;” that Bow would understand, that there is where he is needed and it would be good for him. I am getting ahead of my story in putting all of this in here, but I am afraid I shall not be able to complete the report of our Manila visit before we arrive at Hong Kong, and besides, the sea is so rough today that I, like so many others, may fall by the wayside. J. K. is in bed. I have been slow in getting to work and may not be able to stick it out. The ship is teetering and tossing and staggering like a drunken man. In five minutes the first anniversary of its launching is to be celebrated by a little ceremony - - some congratulatory remarks by Mr. Kingsley to the captain and the breaking of a bottle of champagne. I must now stop for this.

To resume now my narrative in the order of events, on the morning after our arrival in Manila:

Colonel Long had informed us that he was off duty until Monday and would be glad to devote himself to us. I told him that we would be glad to forget the program arranged for us by the cruise manager and do whatever he suggested. He took charge. I had the best looking car reserved for the party assigned to us and we proceeded independently. The Colonel first took us on a trip about “the walled city” -- the Spanish fortifications built three hundred years ago, enclosing a space of about a mile square -- around it on the outside and through the narrow little streets inside and to the principle points of interest. Among these was the San Sebastian Cathedral, which has a high tower, from the top of which there is a good view over the city. The Colonel found the old Spanish priest in charge who accompanied us. In the meantime Mrs. Long had come in on the government boat from Corregidor and we had met her at the pier. The four of us, with the old Spanish priest, climbed the little spiral stairway to the top - - a trip that was neither cool nor easy on the heart - - but it was worth the effort for at the top the cool breezes and the shade of the tower made us very comfortable while we leisurely looked out over all of Manila. The Colonel pointed out everything of interest. The priest talked Spanish to us incessantly, some of which the Colonel interpreted and later the good old padre talked volubly to me alone, while I did my best to make him feel that I appreciated even if I did not understand. He would accept no contribution, and when we left he very graciously, with much of dignity and grandeur of manner invited me to come again to call upon him. I am sure the good father regards

me as a friend, if not indeed a follower. The other three rather left me to him. I wish I knew all he said to me.

The Colonel pointed out to us the foundation of a building as an instance of Spanish graft in the good old days when they had their hands in the public funds. They had procured an appropriation from the Spanish government for the erection of an important public building, but the authorities in Spain sent over a padre to keep an eye on the work. They had to do something to get the money and so they built the foundation. At that stage the padre suddenly died. The officials continued to report the rapid progress of the work and in due time had a picture of the completed building prepared. They arranged with a Manila newspaper, after running off the regular edition of a certain day, to get out a few copies of another edition, in which appeared a report of the dedication ceremonies from the completed building with reports of the speeches, etc., and this was sent back to the authorities in Spain as evidence that they were entitled to the remainder of the appropriation to pay the cost of the building. They got the money and divided it among the men who were parties to the graft. They got by with the deception so well that they decided to twist out some more. About three years later they represented that it would be necessary to put a new roof on the building and got also for this purpose another appropriation, which was divided among the official grafters. The Colonel therefore called the foundation "a completed building, with a new roof." This sort of graft was common practice under the old Spanish rule. The Philippines learned this and fell into the bad example. The American administrators have had much difficulty in breaking up the old practices and in preventing graft by native officials. They are beginning to learn that there must be honesty in the handling of public funds and enough of them have been punished for misuse of funds to make them have a wholesome respect for the better way of the Americans. We are told that the main hostility to American participation or governmental control comes from the native politicians who hope to get into official positions. The native men are easily influenced by native politicians. The women are not so pliable. Generally they are opposed to withdrawal of American control. Mrs. Long gave us a fair representation of their attitude in quoting the opinion of one of the Philippine women who said "The Americans should not withdraw during this generation; possibly we may be ready for it after the next generation, but we do not think so; perhaps we may be ready for it at the end of the third generation, but even that is doubtful; we should be ready for it at the end of the fourth generation."

Colonel Long says the most capable of the natives are the Chino-Mestizas, (those who are born of Chinese fathers and Philippine mothers) who become the dominating and successful class. The natives are naturally kindly, friendly, hospitable, appreciative, but they are easily influenced. The American example and influence has been wholesome and has greatly improved them. They are making wonderful progress and education is rapidly spreading among them. They are more pleasing in appearance than the people of color we have seen in other countries visited by us. They are very polite, they are more alert, apparently more energetic, and in clothing and in manner of living more civilized. Most of them have something under their feet and many of them wear shoes and there is less of nakedness than we have been seeing since we left the Mediterranean. We have seen no beggars in the Philippines.

Manila is about the size of Indianapolis. The buildings and the streets outside the Spanish walled city compare favorably with southern cities in America. Inside the walled city it

is much like other Spanish towns. The shops are all alike, a single small room, the stocks of merchandise are almost precisely alike and the merchants are nearly all Chinese or Chino-Mestizas, who are constantly under the guidance of their wives.

We called at the American headquarters where General Wood as Governor-General works and lives with some luxury, but with no great pomp. I did not want to lose time, and merely left a card.

We returned to the Samaria to see what results there were for us from the distribution of mail. Col. Long had informed us that of the 680 sacks of mail that came over on the transport arriving the day before there were 26 sacks for the Samaria party. We found a good number of letters for both of us dated from February 14 to 23, and a few newspapers. I was particularly interested in seeing the article mentioned in some of the letters as appearing in the News on February 10, but it was not among the few newspapers or clippings received. We were quite shocked over the news of the death of Charles W. Miller and ex-Senator Hemenway, both so well known to me.

Colonel Long took us to the Army and Navy Club for luncheon, where we were served elaborately the distinctive and peculiar foods of the islands through several courses at a table giving the best view out over Manila bay. The members are officers in the U.S. service, who pay \$25 as a membership fee and dues of \$4 per month. They have a large fine building of three stores that stands out as the most distinctive building fronting on the bay and well separated from other buildings. There are many American war ships in the harbor, most of them battleships and destroyers.

Col. Long told us that it was expected there would be the rites of the Flagellant near a cemetery called Las Loma, a few miles from the city. From time immemorial this had always occurred on Good Friday morning and it had been announced that seven natives would submit themselves to the punishment on this day. They would permit themselves to be beaten and lashed over the bare flesh to the extent of their endurance as penance for sins and with hope of reward. It is a religious fanatical ceremony of great cruelty which occurs only on Good Friday. We drove out to the place where it had been announced the Flagellant would occur, but the few people who were there told us that it had been prohibited. We learned afterward that it had occurred at another place and that the poor fellows who submitted to it had been horribly injured and mutilated.

We took Mrs. Long over to our ship, the Samaria, in which she seemed interested. It was necessary for us then to go to the little U.S. passenger boat that makes one trip daily between the island of Corregidor and Manila, a distance of 31 miles, requiring three hours each way. There were a number of other passengers for the trip, mostly young officers, with their wives and children who had just arrived on a transport from the United States.

The government boat on which we made the trip to Corregidor passed through the waters near Cavite where Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet. The Colonel explained to us the maneuvers and the historic features of the battle. He told us how indignant the Commander of the Spanish fleet became because Dewey did not approach as he was expected to and his

declaration that he would tell the world, to Dewey's shame, how unsportsmanlike he had been in coming upon the Spaniards in an unexpected way. The Colonel also corrected a bit of the history of the battle. It was reported at the time of the battle that Dewey had stopped firing after he had pretty well riddled the Spanish fleet to enable him to have breakfast served to his men. He said the truth was that Dewey had become anxious about his supply of ammunition and withdrew to have his men ascertain how much ammunition they had left on hand and while this accounting was in progress decided to have breakfast also served before resuming the battle.

The Colonel told us much of interest on the trip, including his remarks about Bowman, as set forth out of order of occurrence. One of his stories was the legend as to the origin of the island of Corregidor, which is really a religious romance. Briefly, the story is that a priest and a nun fell in love and eloped. They were overtaken in the mountains opposite where Corregidor now stands. As punishment they were turned to stone and left in the water, where, two miles apart they have ever since remained as two small islands. The nun is Mona; the priest is La Frailie. The Archangel came afterwards to the Archbishop who had pronounced the sentence and told him that he had erred; that in turning the man and woman into stone he had deprived them of all chance for reform and redemption, which was wrong, and then had erred again in leaving a man and woman alone together. He must suffer for the wrongs he had been guilty of. The following night the Archbishop disappeared; his clothing was found in his room, but there was no trace of him. At dawn, however, two fishermen came to the mainland with the story that their boat had been almost upset by a great disturbance in the water between La Frailie and Mona and that a huge island had arisen. This island - - Corregidor - - was the Archbishop in life, who should be forever correct and therefore must now stand for all time between La Frailie and Mona, whom he so grievously wronged; because he should be correct he as an island is called Corregidor. The faithful natives have great respect for the legend. Corregidor rises to a height of nearly 600 feet and is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, for there is evidence of a great volcanic crater in the adjacent waters. It serves well the present purposes for which it is used.

Corregidor is the American Gibraltar, but it is better suited to its uses than Gibraltar. It completely and absolutely commands the approach to Manila Bay. It is honeycombed now with all kinds of devices of warfare, from the smallest to the largest guns, with an enormous supply of ammunition and food hidden away in its huge rocky formation. There are many 8, 10, 12 and even 14 inch guns in open and concealed positions, of the disappearing type, with equipment for camouflage whenever necessary. There is a large aeroplane fleet on the island, frequently in action, supplemented with balloons, and in short, everything regarded as essential in modern warfare. It cannot tell all I know, but it is enough to say that the bigger guns have a range of as far as fifteen miles and that they can throw 100 tons of steel through the air every minute. The Colonel took us to many of the more interesting points and explained much to us until darkness came. He said many times when we were inspecting some particularly marvelous engine of heavy artillery that he would like to have Bowman see it and was looking forward with much anticipation to the great time they could have together when Bowman came to visit him, which he seems to regard as one of the absolutely certain coming events.

The evening was wholly social. We visited two of the clubs - one for the men and the other a place for dances. At the former I met Captain Totten, who knew Bowman at Fortress Monroe. The home of the Longs is very comfortable, with big rooms, high ceilings, broad

verandas, but it is an army officer's home. In his earlier experience on the island the Colonel was in charge of the construction of the buildings. He came first in the infantry, with General Lawton and was with him in the battle in which Lawton was killed; later he was a construction engineer and had charge of the erection of buildings and still later he has had a hand in a large way in the heavy artillery engineering. Corregidor represents the greater part of his life work. He is very proud of it and would be glad to spend the remainder of his service there.

The dinner served to us was unique and memorable. It was one of the most delicious I have ever had and much of it was new and strange, particularly the native fruits, and nuts and vegetables, beginning with the poi-poi cocktail and ending with the ice cream made from canned cream from Switzerland. It was the proud achievement of Ah Sing, the Chinese cook for Mrs. Long. He was trained under a French chef. He glories in his art, would quit if they didn't allow him to keep busy cooking or if they didn't often have a dinner party. He is paid \$15 a month and is content, because this is 50 per cent above the usual wage. He has no day off, doesn't expect it, and if he should want to go to the funeral of an ancestor, which would be his only reason for absence from his cooking range he would, himself, provide a capable substitute. He also does the marketing and guards the family food from the other servants, anyone of whom would be discharged for eating an orange. Corregidor is truly a heavenly place for a housewife. To be there to eat and sleep is all of her duty. They need only to think of how they shall use their leisure, but for pleasure there isn't much that they can do but play cards or dance or read or go to the cinema or talk as women like to talk. They certainly don't have to work hard.

Their daughter-in-law has been with them on a long visit with her baby of 14 months. The climate and the food is especially favorable for infant children and they like the natives. The Long baby, at fourteen months, is talking Philippine, but doesn't speak English. Mrs. Long had much to say about Madeline and their experiences together with the other women at Boston Harbor, wanted to know particularly about Anne and Billy. I gave her the first information she had received about the existence of Billy, and they are both much interested. I read to her the very delicious letter I had just received from Madeline about Anne and Bow and Billy.

The word was brought to the Colonel that the natives were holding a special Good Friday service of their own in a tent down near the barracks and we walked down under the moonlight to witness it, with the intention of remaining in the background as much as possible to avoid making them self-conscious. They soon discovered the presence of the Colonel and his party and immediately arranged chairs in front of the tent for us. Then they brought drinks and cakes. They would have felt offended and hurt if we had not accepted their hospitality, so we remained watching and listening for a little while. They were serving food to all who were willing to partake and two women were chanting continuously a story of the life of Christ, for the benefit of the children. They are naturally religious and are nearly all Catholics. Mrs. Long said the natives are good Catholics and it was a religion better suited to them than any other. She is not a Catholic herself, but strongly favored it as the preferable religion for the natives.

When we returned to the house we sat on the veranda in the moonlight talking for a time and then looked over a large number of pictures the Colonel had selected for me and insisted on presenting to me, together with books and some beautiful specimens of work by the natives. It was nearly midnight when we retired.

March 31 - - We were called at dawn, because it was necessary for us to take the electric car down to the boat at 6:45. I gave J. K. precedence and then after he was ready he became nervous about me, and came repeatedly to hurry me, but I got through with five minutes to spare and left behind only about two little articles of toilet. Mrs. Long accompanied us again.

The Colonel had expected to show us in a cove across from the island the remnants of the Imperial Russian fleet, which had been located there about two weeks. He was much disappointed when he learned that it had moved out the night before. The fleet, under the command of Admiral Starke, consists of eight ships. There are 620 Russian refugees of high rank on board, all that were able to flee across Russia, from the Soviet reds, under the protection of the White Guard of the Republic, and were taken on the ships by Admiral Starke and have since been under his care. Among them are princes, princesses, many members of the royal and noble families, generals and others of high rank. They ventured out of the harbor of Vladivostok early last December and have been slowly proceeding toward a friendly country of warmer climate where there might be safety for them. Their funds are about exhausted and they are much impoverished. They were supplied with clothing and food by the American Red Cross in Manila and it is understood that they are trying to reach either Canada or Australia. The ships are still flying the Imperial flag of Russia. They are trying to prevent disclosure of the correct names of the refugees, in fear that the information may cause serious trouble for relatives and friends still left in Russia, but it is expected that when the story is revealed to the public it will be very sensational. It is believed that when they moved out of their hiding place in the little harbor opposite Corregidor island they sought as their next stopping place, a harbor either forty or one hundred miles away. They are now largely dependent on charity and are in a desperate condition.

It was 10 o'clock when we arrived in Manila and we went immediately to the residence of Governor-General Wood to attend the reception given by him for the Samaria party. The General greeted both of us very cordially. He remembered meeting me at a dinner at Booth Tarkington's home about two and a half years ago and spoke to Mr. Lilly about the new diabetes treatment, as if he knew quite well about Mr. L. and the treatment. We had arrived late and immediately afterward the Governor-General made his formal speech of welcome to the entire party. It was excellent and full of interesting information. Immediately after he had finished his remarks H. D. P., who had, as usual, been conspicuously in the front rank, asked some question about prophylactics, as we understood it and we immediately fled, but as we went out heard Gen. Wood shunt the question aside as one that he did not feel it necessary to be concerned about and there was a general laugh.

The Judge has been getting into the limelight again. He was on the first page of the Manila paper today under big headlines, giving an interview announcing to the Filipinos that they must not expect independence now, discussing the League of Nations, and intimating that Japan is a great menace, etc. etc. The introduction to the article has a familiar ring to it. He is mentioned as "Judge Henry Douglas Pierce, of the Kansa Court of Appeals, who is a nephew of President Franklin Pierce and great grandson of Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's greatest political foe in the days preceding the Civil War," etc. etc.

Colonel and Mrs. Long took us to a number of places, including a governmental exhibit of baskets made by natives, and various shops. Then they left us, as they had to return on their boat at 1 o'clock. They had been helpful, kind and hospitable beyond all expectations and we feel that our appreciation cannot be adequately expressed. The Filipino Constabulary band of about sixty played patriotic airs on board and later on the pier as the Samaria moved at 3 o'clock.

Soon after the Samaria had left Manila a party of twenty or thirty assembled on the bridge and on the trip through the bay, past Cavite and on down to Corregidor, I told them something of what we had learned from Colonel Long, pointing out as well as I could the positions in the battle when Dewey achieved his victory over the Spanish fleet and later giving them some information regarding the interesting features of Corregidor. Among those who were gathered about were the Kingsley's, Benson's, Dryden's, Fowler's, Storrs, Austin's, Stewart's, Mrs. White and others.

We passed Corregidor at sundown.

April 1 - - Late in the night the ship began acting like a rocking horse. We were told that we had run into the tail end of a monsoon, which is not unusual at this season in these waters. The ship was so unsteady that I lingered in bed an hour beyond the usual time, although this was a serious encroachment upon my limited time for getting Manila impressions in my log before arriving at Hong Kong. When I did by dogged determination get up I didn't feel at all energetic and I couldn't get down to work until after 11 o'clock. J. K. remained in bed until noon. He had intended to be very good and attend Easter services. The service was curtailed a good deal, but very few were present. I had to force myself to my task and I kept at it faithfully until late a night, with results which have been submitted in my previous mailing of my narrative.

Mr. Lilly had previously consented to repeat in the main salon his talk on quinine and Ileton, in compliance with the request of a number of persons, represented by Mr. Ridley Watts, who had not heard his first lecture which had made such a favorable impression. All were invited by public notice to the second talk and the saloon was well filled notwithstanding the unsteadiness of the ship, which, however, was running more smoothly when the hour (4:30 p.m.) arrived for his appearance. He was not feeling at his best, but he didn't show it and again acquitted himself most creditably. Many of those who had heard him before were again present, and seemed to be intensely interested. He was heavily applauded and many asked questions at the conclusion of the main talk. The Judge was in the front row and asked questions which displayed learned knowledge of the subject.

April 2 - - I stuck to my task last night until my fingers were too tired to perform longer; it was midnight when I quit and I was the last to turn in. I was too tired to sleep and so I came out to walk the aft deck alone in contemplation of the moon, in the hope that this would get me into sleeping condition, but it didn't and I had a poor night. As I couldn't sleep I was up at dawn and found we were surrounded by high hills. The sea spread through the valleys and we were slowly proceeding on a tortuous course around mountain after mountain. Such is the approach to Hong Kong, which is situated some miles and mountains away from the open sea coast. It was most surprising. I had expected to find it spread out along the coast and to find it about as hot a spot as others in which we have sweltered. We seemed to be back in Italy amidst mountains and on

clear water and in pleasantly mild weather. A mariner must know where Hong Kong is to find it in its seclusion among grand hills. There are few houses along the way of approach, but such as you see are substantial and attractive structures of cement, usually located high up in the mountains. All of the seacoast of southern China is similar to that in which Hong Kong is hidden and has for centuries been the lair for pirates. It affords them extraordinary advantages for swiftly swooping down upon prey and quickly escaping into labyrinths of hills. Hong Kong is at the foot of a mountain about 1600 feet high. The buildings in the business section are of cement and uniformly four or five stories high. Back of the buildings on the water front, at a higher level, are the Chinese shops, of one and two stories, but Hong Kong generally is a city of better buildings than I expected to see. It has asphalt streets which are kept clean and in general its physical attributes, at least outwardly, will compare favorably with other progressive cities. There are excellent roads around and up the mountains the side of which is dotted with fine houses. The lights from there make the mountain sparkle at night. Hong Kong at night, as we see it from our ship, is an entrancing sight. The twinkling lights on the mountain side seem to be a lower fringe to the starry skies.

The Samaria plowed its way through the mass of craft bobbing and shuttling in all directions on the water round Hong Kong. This is no place for a nervous person, inevitable disaster seems to be all about you and how collisions are avoided is incomprehensible. I expected to see a large number of vessels sunk before we stopped, but all either escaped or it hasn't been thought worthwhile to mention how many have been sent to the bottom. We finally tied up alongside a fine dock at Kowloon, which for steamships is the Hoboken of Hong Kong. Kowloon, however, is as distinctive and as fine as Hong Kong. It is an old Chinese city – now more Chinese than Hong Kong. A new city of Kowloon is being built near the water front. The old Kowloon is a walled city and is thoroughly Chinese. J. K. has been speculating a good deal on the name and after some hours of his best scientific thinking finally came to the conclusion that the English for Kowloon is Crazy Cow.

Before we were allowed to go ashore mail was distributed and local money was made available at the bank operated on board by the Thos. Cook Co. We each received a few letters and we got some of the ragged dirty money to make easier our way among the natives. All trips to Hong Kong must be made by ferry from Kowloon, but the service is good there in a fast boat each way every five minutes. J. K. was not disposed to go ashore and I ventured out alone. Nowhere can a man be made to feel loneliness more than in the midst of swarms of strange people who do not understand or speak his language. I got along, however. I observed that the bulletin board in the ferry office had a big heading in English words. At the top was "Typhoons Notice". It seems that warnings of typhoons are posted here just as weather predictions are announced in our country. The typhoons come quite suddenly and play havoc, especially on the water. April is one of the months when they are apt to come. In my comings and going over the ferry I have kept an eye on that bulletin board, but have not yet, after three days, seen any announcements under the heading of "Typhoon Notice", although when I came back to the ship last evening I found that a lot of extra ropes were tied between the ship and the dock.

It has seemed to us that most of our days in port have been holidays or Sundays. Most of the business places, particularly of the English, as well as those of many of the natives, were

closed because this is the day after Easter. I looked around and wandered through the streets enough to get some idea of the lay of the town and then returned to the Samaria for luncheon.

The people are overwhelmingly Chinese, with all of the oddities and peculiarities of the type, which is extremely foreign to our type and therefore the two are naturally irreconcilable, but in fairness it must be admitted that they are industrious. They are all doing something and usually they are doing it very energetically. They are not modern, but they are more progressive than the Egyptians and the East Indians. They prefer their own kind of clothes, but they have adopted much of our ways. They are still five hundred years behind, but they may come along quickly. They gave up a custom to which they had tenaciously adhered thousands of years when they cut off their queue, in 1912. I haven't yet seen a man in China with a pigtail. They have the merit of being thorough in whatever they do and they show marked mental superiority in comparison with other races of color. They are capable of learning and they are willing workers. The potentiality of these qualities has great possibilities. Napoleon was wise in saying "let the sleeping lion sleep," but when the hour of awakening comes we may well beware.

The Hong Kong Chinese are pretty well trained into English ways. They are under English domination. They have largely been taken into all kinds of service, except police and military. The traffic policemen and many of the soldiers are East Indians, who wear turbans and blue uniforms, and usually have shaggy beards.

We were divided into four parties of 75 each for the Hong Kong visit. We had "Tiffin" on the ship and immediately afterward crossed the quay by ferry, took automobiles up to the lower train station and then by train were hoisted by cables over the steep mountainside to the upper station, from where we were conveyed in sedan chairs to near the top of the peak, 1600 feet above sea level. The coolies stopped on the way and were so persistent in pleading for extra pay that we found it easier to give them something than to waste time trying to break the strike. Their job isn't enviable and their pay isn't likely to lead them into private yacht extravagances. They wear the conical and comical bamboo hats, are bare to the waist, and have calloused shoulders from the carrying of their burdens. The pay for two is forty cents [Hong Kong] an hour, equivalent to about twenty cents in our money.

We were fortunate in having rather a clear day for our visit, but there can never be a view of great distance. The mountains meet the skies, and the view of the horizon is on mountains beyond mountains until they are obscured in clouds or haze. Hong Kong can be seen noiseless and apparently inactive sixteen hundred feet below, quite grey alongside the pale green of the sea. The big ships look surprisingly small, the little water craft are of toy size and people are too small to be visible. I lingered until the last of the party, remaining in contemplation of the scene. The reverse of the picture is the view up the mountain of the lights at night and this I had later from the ship. J. K. had returned to the Samaria after we came down from the peak, because he was again suffering from headache. I went with the party to the Hong Kong hotel for dinner. Usually the shore meals are an ordeal for me, but I fared better than usual. There was some food on the bill that I could eat. There were three of us men together – Mr. Bloch of New York, who welcomes a chance to get away with men, and Henry James, a New York lawyer, who sits at the De Forest table and feels heavily the social duties that grow out of some of his other associations. He insisted in ordering wine to celebrate the occasion.

April 3 - - The night was cool, the boat was quiet and we had eight hours of good rest. We were called at dawn for the journey by train from Kowloon to Canton. Breakfast was served on the train, brought to us where we sat, little by little - very little – and we were half way to Canton before I had gotten a tiny banana and some very strong tea as all that I could take out of the several courses that dragged slowly along.

I was much interested in what I could see out of the car window. We traveled between estuaries of the sea on one side and the mountains alongside for an hour before we passed from English territory into Chinese jurisdiction - - the difference between the two was very marked. We had been warned to stick together, not to allow ourselves to become separated and to carry very little money, for we were venturing into country ruled by bandits where we were likely to be robbed. There were armed guards on the train and along the way were soldiers carrying rifles, but both guards and soldiers were sorry looking military men who inspired no confidence by their appearance. We were told that at one station where we stopped for five minutes the bandits had three weeks ago taken one hundred passengers (all natives) from the train and were holding them for ransom. At another point further on we were told a Chinese general and a subordinate officer had been shot and killed a few nights before. We saw nothing violent, however. The guards and soldiers slouched around and moved back and forth in ways more ludicrous than frightful, except that they had a careless way of swinging their guns along with their fingers on the trigger. Nothing happened and nobody seemed to take seriously the soldiers or the situation that they appeared to regard as so alarming.

The country through which we passed is devoted largely to the cultivation of rice - - a very hard kind of farming, where miry, sticky mud is plowed while still covered with water, by men wading behind a plow drawn by water buffalo. There are people along the roads and in the fields, but apparently not so many as in Egypt or in India, and in the rural districts there is less evidence of population than in our own country. The farmers live in villages where the houses are close together. There are no houses scattered over the farms as in our country.

Canton has a population of over two millions and is the largest city in China, yet between Kowloon and Canton we saw fewer people than would be seen in travelling the same distance in our own country. The family tombs, sunken into the ground in something the form of a three leaf clover, usually on the hillside, are far more numerous than houses of the living. Vehicles are rarely seen on the country roads. The Chinese carry their burdens in baskets or bundles balanced on a bamboo pole across their shoulders and the normal gait of a burden bearer is a springy, quick step that is something of a run. Everywhere the women are working with the men in the fields and where there is carrying to be done. The average wage of the common laborer is equivalent to about 25 cents a day in our money for men and about twenty cents for women.

As we approached Canton we occasionally saw a pagoda, which, in this part of the country, is a hexagonal tower of from five to eight stories. We didn't get near enough to one to see definitely its dimensions or its uses.

A short walk from the railroad station at the outer edge of Canton brought us to a branch of the Pearl River, where we embarked on a launch to complete the journey to the center of the

city. The launch was so wedged among sampans and junks, the archaic Chinese water craft, that it seemed it might be impossible for it to navigate, but somehow it got out into the narrow open passage through which it must proceed. There were sampans and junks, little and large, so closely wedged together that we could traverse the river and its branches by stepping from one to another. They were to the right of us, to the left of us, before us and behind us “as far as the eye could see,” to apply one of J. K.’s comprehensive expressions of description. We were told that there are about 250,000 of them floating on the waters around Canton. Each is the home of one or more families. Many of the sampans are no larger than 5 x 12, with a low arched covering of matting or boards in the middle or at the end. Here the occupants cook, eat and sleep, and raise their families. It is the most primitive and simplest and crudest kind of life. The women and children propel the boats with a single oar from the stern, and usually the women have an infant strapped to their backs. We were told that each boat is assigned to a certain space, although allowed to move about and a tax is collected for the privilege. They earn pittance from transporting supplies, and are constantly trying to get some of their food from the water. If they have the luck to get a fish they dry it in the sun and the stench that arises can be better and less offensively imagined than it can be described by words. They live on such rich vegetation as they can get mixed, when they are lucky, with dried fish. Yet they are not such beggars as the Portuguese and Egyptians and Indians. The children smile and seem to be happy. The countenances of the adults are placid and expressionless.

We were landed at Shameen, an island reserved as a district for foreigners and were taken to the Victoria for luncheon or “Tiffin.” I managed to get a bottle of soda and some half green bananas as my portion. Afterward we were taken in sedan chairs into one of the Chinese shop districts. We were divided into groups of eight with one guide for each group. Miss Lilly, in real terror, pleaded with us to go in the group with her mother and herself. We consented, but when our group was about to start the guides attempted to separate us. Miss Lilly screamed in protest and refused to go. Finally they started us off together, but soon after entering the gate leading in among the shops they stopped at one of the places where embroidered silks were offered for sale. J. K. and I were not interested in buying and soon returned to our chairs. The barred doorway was closed, with Mrs. and Miss Lilly behind it and the head guide was firm in declaring that we must proceed in smaller groups. They moved off with us while Miss Lilly was frantically pleading with us from behind the bars not to leave them. We remonstrated with the guide and tried to have Miss Lilly and her mother taken with us. He insisted that it was better to go in smaller groups and while we were remonstrating the guide ordered the chair bearers to proceed. Soon the Lilly’s were let out and brought past us. We realized that we were helpless. We were in a street that appeared to be more like a tunnel from five to eight feet wide, lined with shops of every kind, swarming with Chinese pressing closely about us in endless procession. The chair bearers were yelling continuously to those about them and ahead of them.

We passed from one nauseating stench to another until we had encountered every sickening odor that can offend the sense of smell. It was a tortuous way; so narrow at the turns that it was difficult for the chair bearers to twist about the corners. It was an experience quite like a nightmare and gave one a horrible idea of what hell might be. Some of the party, in terror, and nauseated, tried to order the chair bearers to take them back, but their orders were unheeded. There was nothing to do but trust the guides to get us through. We had come to see the busy marts of Chinese life and we had to go on to the end of the trip as planned. We could be

kidnapped, murdered or disposed of as they pleased, separately or all together, without even a fighting chance. We couldn't find our way out if we should try. We became submissive and when they stopped and told us to get out we did so.

In the course of the trip we stopped at four Chinese temples wedged in among the shops. One was a medicine temple, where the faithful come to eat food and to drink vile water called sacred for the cure of disease; another was the temple of the five hundred genii, four hundred or more years old, containing 500 wooden and gilded figures of broad-headed, fat faced, sitting gods, each with a different kind of smile, visited mostly by women and girls who come to pray for such good luck as they crave and to place lighted joss sticks before the different gods to win their favor. The last of the three, which was spacious enough to permit us to see the light of the skies, was an ancestral temple, the private memorial of the great Chan family, the largest in number in Southern China. In racks reaching the ceiling were deposited small wooden tablets to the memory of members of the Chan family who had died. We were told that there were two other such temples in Canton -- one by the Lee family and the other by the Wong family. The Chan temple was at the end of the trip planned for us, and from there we returned through the tunnel of vile smelling shops, but we were told that the route was not the same; to me the way looked and smelled the same. The area through we passed is a pestering mass. It swarms with humanity and filth and trash. The shop keepers live in bare, dark, unventilated places back of where their goods are displayed. Every principle of sanitation and health is violated in their mode of life. How they escape pestilence is beyond comprehension. I have been told since our visit that as a matter of fact epidemics of smallpox and the plague often rage through the vile place, with frightful mortality, and that often foreign visitors become victims. The mortality of infants under six months is seventy percent. Murders are frequent and sometimes there are riots. When these occur gates are closed across the narrow streets and the people are confined in restricted districts.

After three hours we got out of the inferno and all members of our party were accounted for. It was an unhappy experience. At best it can only be regarded as an adventure that there could be no pleasure in repeating. I have since been told by a prominent business man in Hong Kong that last year a friend of his died of smallpox a few days after making the same trip.

We returned to Hong Kong on a steamboat leaving Canton at 5 o'clock. The two hours of daylight on the trip down the Pearl River gave us opportunity to see again the strange life along the river through the city and far down in the country to the mountain region. Armed Indian soldiers were on board patrolling back and forth. I learned from one whom I stopped to question that their presence was necessary as a protection against pirates, who, he said, often hold up steamers and rob the passengers.

The trip down was so cool that J. K., Mr. Black and I sought shelter behind the smoke stack. We arrived in Hong Kong at midnight weary enough for a good night of sleep on the Samaria.

Senator Newberry came down by train with his wife. He told me money was collected from them by a man who claimed to be a customs officer. We have since been informed that this was a hold up.

Canton is the center of the revolution in the south of China. It is the headquarters of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who has repeatedly had triumphs and reverses. The city is shelled occasionally. Chinese of some importance are killed or captured from time to time, but there has been no general slaughter. Business goes on as usual. The looting is regarded more seriously than the killing. The unprecedented prosperity at present in the Hong Kong peninsula under the control of the British is due to the influx of rich Chinese who have come in to escape looting and excessive taxation in the disturbed territory. Speculation and investment is at high tide in Hong Kong and Kowloon, and buildings costing many millions of dollars are under construction. The war is forcing the capital of the country into British territory and the Chinese themselves are taking a rich harvest from the war, we are told, in their own ways. Mr. Wilson, the manager of A.S. Watson & Co., Ltd. told us that recently he had sold to the Sun government a stock of medical supplies which had been largely bought from Mr. King, the representative in China of Eli Lilly & Co. They were paid for before delivery and a few days afterward the entire supply was captured by the revolutionists around Canton. The warfare is well over the heads of the common people and is good sport for the participants. There seems to be no concern about it generally, although it is somewhat annoying at times to some people.

Log of S. S. Samaria
Received May 8, 1923

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April 4 - - Our strenuous journey to Canton and back in twenty hours, instead of giving it two days, as had been done by all except our party, was exhausting enough to keep us in bed later than our usual hour for arising. Our morning was marked for leisure; about 10 o'clock we crossed on the ferry to Hong Kong to look around awhile and to make some calls, the most important of which was to meet Mr. Wilson, manager of the A.S. Watson Co., Ltd., in the line which is dominant in the pharmaceutical business in Southern China. He is a young Scotchman who has now located in Hong Kong for about ten years. He is a very able young man. The interview proved to be of mutual importance to Mr. Lilly and him and related largely to business, but we learned from Mr. Wilson much of interest regarding China. He thought the prosperity of Hong Kong is coming more rapidly than is good for it. The people are being spoiled by it, especially the working classes, who are becoming very independent, and are getting rather particular about working hours, holidays wages, etc. Probably nowhere in the world is there now or has there ever been more construction work in progress at one time than can be seen under way in Honk Kong and Kowloon. The rich Chinese who have come here for safety are investing their money as rapidly as possible in building and business enterprises under the protection of the British government. They are also putting a good share of it in fine homes for themselves, and will make the Honk Kong peninsula most inviting territory for exporters, including our kind of business. He does not think there is much of altruism in Chinese leaders. He says it is their policy to play the Americans and British against one another to the utmost and to take advantage for themselves whenever there is a chance. They will resist everything that tends to increase and extend foreign power in China and will exploit it for their own adventure if there is opportunity for exploitation. They will do little for the general good. The Chinese who go to America for education come back to China to make the utmost use of their improved abilities in squeezing their country for selfish benefit. While Americans were pouring money into China to relieve the distress from famine, the rich Chinese were contributing nothing to the help of their countrymen.

I noticed that two be-whiskered East Indian Mohammedans were on guard at his door when we entered and I asked him about it. He said it was necessary to have foreigners for protection of their lives and property - - they could not depend on the natives for such service and it would not be safe for them to be without constant protection.

Some other items of information that we obtained from him were that the mortality of the natives was abnormally high; that when there are visitations of virulent epidemics and the plague with sweeping fatality the natives dump their dead in the streets and throw upon the public authorities the duty of carrying the dead away; that infants and children are often thrown into the bay when they die to save the expense of burial; that the Chinese, being confident of re-incarnations and hopeful of faring better in the next life if it becomes too hard here, do not have the fear of death that other people feel, and therefore do not value life as highly as the Occidentals do; that the market price for committing murder is twenty cents Hex [Hong Kong], equivalent to about twelve cents of our money and recently a Chinaman was hanged in Hong Kong, on his own admission, for committing a murder for ten cents, which amounts to about six

cents in our money. I must say that we did not discover such astounding information by our own observations as visiting strangers.

J. K. went down to the ship to sleep off another headache and I wandered around the Kowloon docks. There were a number of large steamships, Japanese, English and American, in the harbor. I was particularly curious about the President McKinley, the U.S. Shipping Board passenger steamship, which is of about the same dimensions and tonnage as the Samaria and went aboard to look her over. I was very courteously shown about. The rooms and the public saloons are quite different from the Samaria and are very attractive. The U.S. Steamships are at a big disadvantage in getting business because they are not allowed to serve wines as other ships do. The drinking on the Samaria is not obnoxious, and, in fact, is scarcely noticeable, but even those who do not care much for it show a preference for freedom to do as they please.

Another fine steamship among the present visitors to Hong Kong is the Empress of Canada, on the opposite side of the same dock. I visited it also, and was much impressed. Next year it will go on a world cruise. It is bigger than the Samaria and gives the impression throughout of being extraordinarily commodious and luxurious. It cost over 12,000,000 and the claim is made for it that it is the most expensively furnished steamship afloat. Mr. Wilson informed us that the most satisfactory steamship on which to travel on the Pacific is the Empress of Russia, and others in the order named, are the Empress of Canada and the Empress of Australia, all under the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. He told us about how the Scotch stung the Japanese when the latter asked the Clyde steamship Company to submit plans and specifications for the Japanese passenger boat now in the Hong Kong harbor. When the Japs received the plans and specifications, with the estimates of cost, they proceeded to copy everything and build themselves. The Scotch had suspected that this might happen and, therefore, had withheld from the specifications some of the most essential engineering features. In consequence the Japs found that their grand new ship, which looked so splendid while on the construction dock, was top-heavy when it slid in the water and before it could be safely used they had to spend on it vastly more than it would have cost under contract with the Scotch. Among other changes they had to put 5,000 tons more of weight in the hold to keep it from turning over and have been carrying this extra load ever since. Mr. Wilson, being very Scotch himself, betrayed some native pride, as well as glee, in telling how the Scotch had stung the Japs. When J. K. laughingly remarked that the Jews had found they couldn't make a living in Scotland and fled to escape impoverishment there was a noticeable glint in his eye of Scotch self satisfaction.

J. K.'s sleep made him more comfortable and he was able to join me at "Tiffin" on the Samaria. The afternoon program for our party provided for an automobile tour starting at 2 o'clock. After the women and their escorts had selected for their use the best looking cars we by a flank movement waylaid one as it came up after all the others had been filled; it was a Studebaker car from Indiana, was quite comfortable, and with it was a very skillful Chinese chauffeur who could speak enough English to qualify him as an intelligible guide. Poor Mr. Black, only a man, joined us, glad to find a chance to get human consideration and do nothing for his money. We soon found out that the China man was a speed demon. I sat in the front seat with him and when I saw that he knew how to handle his car I gave him a chance to show what he could do. My companions on the rear seat were so absorbed in entertaining each other that they didn't notice what the Devils in the front seat - - me and the chink - - were up to. When we

were well on the way, last in the line, I slipped off a wink and our speeder flew by the whole procession before anybody could effectively protest. And for once we were not last.

We had a wonderful and memorable ride over perfect asphalt roads curving around mountains, where we hung on the edges, with the views of terraces of rice fields extending down the mountainside to the valleys below and of the blue and green water of estuaries on the sea; expansive, ornate buildings stood out prominently in the landscape - - pointed out by the driver usually as a rich China man's home. There were swarms of men and women and children - - the whole family seems to keep always together - - working in the fields and searching the beach for seafood as the tide receded. The only thing to mar our enjoyment was the 57 varieties of smells as we approached Chinese shops and villages along the road. When we feel that we cannot adequately describe scenery we speak of it as wonderful, and so I must say that of this ride over the Kowloon country - - it was wonderful, but more it was very wonderful, very, very wonderful, and with this declaration I must leave to the imagination of my readers and to my own vivid memory the hope of some measure of justice to the merits of the country.

We stopped on the way at a point where there were a few native huts of bamboo, with walls of matting and beyond them enormous rocks, through crevices of which there was a path down to a little bay of the city. Here had been a favorite hiding place for pirates. In the shade of a great rock on the beach we found a girl and a young man of our own color, in bathing suits, who evidently were much disturbed by this visit of intruders to their love tryst, and they fled into the water. The girl was a pretty nymph in a very modern economical piece of decoration made suitable as an excuse by ocean bathing, but it was rather surprising to find the exhibit here in so secluded and exclusive an area among the robbers' caves of the China Sea.

We passed through what is called the New Territory of Kowloon, where a large city of fine, new buildings is in the course of construction. Thousands of Chinese men and women are employed in the work. Hills of yellowish and reddish clay, as hard almost as rock, is [sic] being sliced off smoothly and neatly and carried in baskets to the low places below, and on the ground where valleys and hills are thus brought to a level is being built the fine, new modern city of Kowloon, five miles away from the old walled city of Kowloon - - as mean, as smelly and as steeped in centuries of Chinese characteristics as old Canton. The new Kowloon is just around the corner from the dock where the Samaria is tied, and our passage through the new territory was the end of our wonderful, memorably wonderful, journey of three hours.

April 5 - - The program for our party contemplated a trip to Macao, starting at 7 o'clock and returning at 8 o'clock at night. After a good deal of discussion we decided that we would not go, as it would probably be a less interesting repetition of our experience at Canton, which was quite enough of its kind and from which we have not yet recovered. A number of others also dropped out.

Macao is a small, rocky peninsula on the Pearl River about thirty-five miles from Hong Kong. It has the Portuguese tincture. Nearly five hundred years ago it was ceded to the Portuguese in consideration of their breaking up of the domination of the seacoast by pirates. It is famous as a resort for fan-tan gambling and the notable features are some old churches, and old light-house and a tobacco factory, which are not sufficient to lure us away from a hard day.

J. K. was reluctant to give it up, but when he learned that so many others have decided not to go and that fan-tan gambling was the principal attraction he came to the conclusion that he might be reasonably happy if he missed it.

We rested until late and then he invited Mr. Wilson over to have lunch with us on the boat. He lingered most of the afternoon. In the meantime it started to rain, which is much needed by the country and is the first in a long while. Mr. Wilson advised us to stick to the boat, as everybody here seeks shelter when the rain comes. We noticed that the hawkers on the dock quickly gathered up their goods and disappeared with the first remote glimmer of lightning. The sampans hovering around the Samaria were too eager for every scrap of refuse thrown out to give up. They were thick about the ship drainage holes where the refuse pored out and fought for it as it fell into the water. They even put netting over the holes and caught everything as it came out.

After Mr. Wilson's departure J. K. addressed picture postcards to a few thousand persons and I did more of what I'm doing right (or should I say write) now, until we were too tired to do more.

April 6 - - The program for our party allowed us the morning for leisure. We went over to Hong Kong to wander some more through the Chinese shopping district, which to us is bewildering with its jumble of curios of doubtful quality and variegated bright colors. The Samaria women have been riotous in their orgy of buying all kinds of things, and they have been more madly gathering their harvest here than at other ports. J. K. haughtily declares that they are crazy and that when they get home they will find that they have accumulated a lot of trash. He insists that he knows, because he has had experience. He has been a discouraging and restraining influence on me in this respect, but I have rather persistently clung to the idea that at least I would like to get another supply of the kind of fine tea we have liked so well. Mr. Wilson has been telling us that Hong Kong is a good place to get good tea and we went in quest of it, under the guidance of Mr. Chee, one of his employees. He piloted us to the oldest tea dealer in Hong Kong and there we found what seemed to be the kind of tea with the Jasmine blend that we have been using here so sparingly because our supply has been getting low. I ordered some, as J. K. did also, and then he told someone else about it. They ordered some, and soon the word was spread. When I returned an hour later to get what I had ordered, with the intention of ordering some more, I found that the buying we had started had entirely exhausted the supply and there would be no more until the new crop comes in. The Samaria tourists are probably the most lavish buyers that have visited foreign ports. The Thos. Cook banker told me a few days ago that the known expenditures of members of the party thus far would exceed a half million dollars.

After Tiffin at the Hong Kong Hotel we started in a car with four other men for a ride around the island which we had been told would be a grand climax toward a delightful visit to this port. I cannot command sufficient of the superlative to convey comprehension of it. All the words that we use for enthusiastic, exuberant and extravagant expression fall short. It was grand, glorious, surprisingly beautiful, awe-inspiring, wonderful and everything else of like nature. Those who cannot see it and must be told about it must let their imaginations soar unrestrained in picturing to themselves the possibilities of the scenery of mountain and sea, and then they cannot be disappointed if they ever come to see it in reality. We were told by those who have seen both

that it is better than the Amalfi drive in Italy, and they know of nothing better for comparison with it. A picturesque point on the way is Repulse Bay, where there is a very fine hotel and there we made a brief stop for tea and cakes. The roads were perfect. The mountains are unmarred except by the family graves of natives, and a few very modern homes of classic architecture of rich Chinese.

On the way we passed on the road an almost unbroken procession of Chinese who seemed to be out for a holiday and on inquiry we learned that this was true. The driver said they were celebrating "Chinese Good Friday." I couldn't understand what a Chinese Good Friday could be. He managed to explain that this was a day for the Chinese to visit the graves of their ancestors and the people we were passing were returning from the cemeteries, of which there were two along the road over which we were traveling - - one the poor man's cemetery and the other for rich men. Later we passed them both. One gets meagre information from a Chinese chauffeur whose English vocabulary is limited, but I succeeded in learning from him something and trying to make my questions comprehensible. "How much does it cost to be buried in the rich man's cemetery?" I asked. "About sixty dollars," was the answer.

"And how much does it cost to be buried in the poor man's cemetery?"

"Two dollars."

"Hex?"

"Yes."

A Hex dollar is equivalent to about sixty cents on our money.

The Chinese Good Friday is evidently a day for feasting in connection with paying respect to the dead. Many roasted pigs, well browned and smelling as roast pigs usually do, were being carried in the procession.

We came down from such celestial scenes as I am mentioning to swarming old Hong Kong, redolent with the smells of dried fish and its unbelievable variety of odors that violently assail the sense of smell. We were back in Hong Kong, so beautiful above, so vile below, both inspiring and repellent, strangely irreconcilable in its lures and faults, and we hurriedly left it for the last time.

On the dock along the ship there was another orgy of buying in the last hour. Prices dropped to anything that would be paid and when the Samaria pulled out the whole pile of miraculous trash had been cleaned up. We passed out into the open sea as the sun went down.

April 7 - - As we proceeded north toward Shanghai it got cooler and cooler. It was a fine night for sleep, and we slept from early evening too late in the morning. We're getting back into our kind of climate. We are again wearing heavy clothing, and many who have been sweltering for weeks in their thinnest apparel are now shivering in their heavier garments. The blankets are

back on the deck chairs for the first time since we left the Red Sea, but the passengers are inside and the decks are deserted except by those who get out for a little exercise.

A mail from America arrived just before we left Hong Kong and was distributed after departure from there. Each of us received several letters, but there is nothing of later date than March 8, and no newspapers. Such news as we have about those who are dear to us is good.

I am in a state of knowing vacillation about the special trip to Peking. I want to go and I don't want to go without J. K. He prefers to stick to the itinerary. Twice I have booked and canceled. For the instant I am out of it, and yet I would like to go. It would, however, be a very strenuous trip and would mean rushing through both China and Japan. If I could be sure that I might come again I would be content to leave Peking to a return visit, and this is the hope of my reluctant decision to not attempt to make a rushing special trip up there at this time.

J. K. has been sleeping nearly all of the time since we left Hong Kong. But he awakens for meals and gives assurance that he is feeling better.

We have been passing between the shores of China and Formosa today. Land is dimly visible on one side and occasionally an island comes prominently into view. But we can at all times see Chinese fishing junks on the water; there are thousands of them and all look alike. Formosa is Japanese territory and is the source of supply for camphor. Camphor is produced in China and Java, but comparatively little. Mr. Wilson told us how the Japs put him out of the camphor business. They bought all that was obtained in China and Java at as high prices as they sold it for in Formosa and then averaged the price, thus eliminating competition.

There appeared on the bulletin board this evening type-written announcement that "By request, Judge Pierce would read a short but very interesting and illuminating discussion of The Religions of China," and afterwards would talk on some other subject in the main salon at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Everybody welcome but tickets must be obtained. This is the substance, as reported to us. I went around to see it, and while I was reading it a member of the Cook staff, accompanied by a woman, came up and engaged me in conversation. When they passed on I turned to finish reading the announcement and found that it was gone. I have told J. K. that evidently the Judge is either jealous or hopes to rival his success, for the Judge is taking to himself the first chance at the same day, the same hour in the same place to talk on two subjects of his own, but J. K. seems to be serenely confident that his well-earned laurels cannot be snatched from him by his "old neighbor and friend." There are so many stories about the Judge's vicissitudes, adventures and doings during the last week but I cannot report all of them.

April 8 - - Although we have been out of sight of the mainland, we have been passing small islands occasionally, and some of which there have been lighthouses surrounded by walls. The Chinese are strong for walls. These islands are an absurd instance. They stand high above the water, far out in the sea and there is no apparent way of easily ascending their steep sides, but just the same there is a high wall surrounding the lighthouse at the top and the few houses connected with it.

All day we have been going through muddy water. We are told that this is because the China Sea in this region is so shallow that a ship can anchor in it anywhere and also because the inflow from the Yellow River discolors the sea far out from the shores.

It continually gets colder and colder as we proceed further north. The passengers who are out are wearing their warmest winter garments, including overcoats, but many are remaining in their rooms. J. K. has spent most of his time covered with everything he could get to pile on himself, and he has slept like a man who has no conscience at all.

The Dryden's invited me to have tea with them and another couple, which lasted until after the hour for the performance by The Judge in the main saloon. When I passed the door at 5:30 the Judge was reading to a party of about ten women. The glory of J. K. has not, therefore, been wholly eclipsed by his "old friend and neighbor."

April 9 - - Mr. King, the representative of Eli Lilly and Company in China, was at our door before we were awake. He had arisen at 4 o'clock and came down on the tender that was to carry us to Shanghai, a distance of 13 miles up the Yangtze River, after breakfast. He is a fine looking young man and is evidently getting a good start, for we have heard very complimentary comments about him from Mr. Wilson, who thinks he is a good man to open the market for Lilly goods in this part of the world. He sat in the one chair in our room talking interestingly while we dressed. Almost his 1st question was an inquiry as to when we would be going on to Peking. He was told that I wanted to go to Peking, but that Mr. Lilly didn't and we had decided to give up on the Peking trip. "Oh, you ought to go to Peking," he said. "Why?" Mr. L. asked. "Well, it is the most interesting part of China and far more interesting than anything you will see in Japan. In fact, I think Japan will be very disappointing to you and I am sure Peking will not be." I could have embraced him, far more than anything else on this trip I have wanted to go to Peking. I called J. K. aside and proposed that, as it was now too late to go in the special Peking party, we go independently and take Mr. King along and I would, as a sporting proposition, share the expense. He agreed on the instant and then began a mad rush to pack luggage for our three weeks of separation from the main party. In the course of it, however, J. K. bucked and declared this was going too fast for him and he simply wouldn't do it. I could go if I wanted to but he was going to stick to the boat. My glee over the new plan then and there dropped dead. "Well, of course, if you feel that way about it, Joe, we will think no more about it," I said, with all the sweetness I could command, and stopped packing. "It makes me feel very uncomfortable to have everything done my way when I know it isn't what you would like to do," he snapped back. "I don't want to be separated from you for nearly three weeks at this time and while I would like to go to Peking, I prefer to go on with you," and I said it with the inward resolve to forget my yearnings and be happy about it. This was the nearest we have come, so far as I am aware, to a break. J. K. went off to breakfast with Mr. King, and later the whole party embarked on the tender for the trip up Woosung to Shanghai, leaving the Samaria anchored in the sea at the mouth of the Yangtze River, because the Cunard people were still unwilling to pay the pilot and dock fees for Shanghai. After J. K. had talked for about two hours with Mr. King he came to see me and said that if it was not too late to make the arrangements for the trip to Peking he would be willing to go. I demurred, but he urged and insisted, and left it to me to see about arrangements while he made the most of his time with Mr. King, but it was decided that Mr. King could not

accompany us on account of business engagements. When I asked the first Cook representative if we could still be taken into the Peking party his answer was "It is too late—much too late." Then I went to another and he said he thought it could be arranged, but he referred me to the manager. And the manager, who some time ago asked me to give him a chance to do something for me, promptly promised to make arrangements for us. With this change in our plans, which made me very happy, we started in to do Shanghai in one day, or rather a half day, for it was time for Tiffin when we got up to the Astor House, where good American food was served to us. Mr. Lung, manger of the international Dispensary Company, joined us at Tiffin, and afterwards we started in his automobile for a trip about the city and to visit his wholesale drug house and a large soap factory acquired by his company from the Germans when it became necessary for them to let go of the property. Mr. King explained that Mr. Lung probably wanted to show his business as much as possible to give himself face, as they call it – that is, to impress Mr. Lilly with his own standing and importance. Both places were really quite impressive. They appear to be big and prosperous concerns. The soap factory is vast and does a big business. It is quite modern and has a large number of employees. Mr. Lung told me that their average wage for ten hours a day is fifteen cents Hex per day. However, the employees looked well nourished and not unhappy.

They served tea to us in the office, with roasted water-melon seeds and cakes and cigarettes, while we exchanged compliments, according to the Chinese fashion. Special arrangements had been made to take a photograph of us, with a group of the staff, in the garden in front of the main office. The central figure, of course, was Mr. Lilly. In one group there was placed in front of him one of the large signs "If it bears a red Lilly it is right." [see photograph on page iii] It is intended to use this in a large way for advertising purposes in introducing the Lilly goods in China. I am given a part of some glory in it as a director. In China a director is an important person. We were told that here we would be Taipans - which means "big pigeons." When the time came for us to go there was some observance of the amenities. There were compliments all around and much bowing. In reply to Mr. Lilly's little speech of appreciation, the manager replied in Chinese and Mr. Lung as interpreter said, "He says you have made his day bright as with flowers."

Afterwards we visited a Chinese garden, which is regarded as one of the great attractions of Shanghai. It was really more curious than interesting or pleasing - - little ponds, narrow lagoons crossed by high bridges, some shrubbery, few flowers, a peak about fifty feet high of rocks, small pavilions and stalls in which Chinese food and drinks were served and some shops, all in a space of about half an acre. In passing I noticed some absurd pictures of white women in scant dresses and tights and of men with side whiskers and wearing silk hats, evidently English, which doubtless give the Chinese some of their popular ideas of how the English appear at home. An admission fee is charged visitors to the garden, in addition to the charges for food and drinks, and this supports the owner who has connected with the garden a pretentious home, surrounded by separate homes, all alike, for seven sons.

We were driven on a longer tour about the city than if we had accompanied the main party, who were taken about in rickshaws. Shanghai is quite different from Hong Kong. It swarms with Chinese who are thoroughly Chinese, but physically and commercially the city has been modernized by the large and dominating foreign elements that are here under concession to

their respective native governments. It is often said of Shanghai that it is a big foreign city and is not Chinese and the visitor must go elsewhere for Chinese impressions. It is noticeable that the natives here wear the silk cap, of which few were seen in the warmer climate of South China. There is much of the same sam-pan and junk left on the Yangtze river, as was seen at Canton and Hong Kong. The streets are wider, the buildings are more modern, and there is the general appearance of a city of Europe or America, occupied largely by very energetic Chinese.

In the evening a dinner was given for us at a Chinese club, which, we were told, was the popular eating place of the mandarins, and was thoroughly Chinese. The other guests, besides Mr. Lung, were Mr. Wang, the head of the largest printing concern in the world, employing over 3,000 persons, and three Mr. Chans. The names are as common in China as Smith and Jones in America. There are more than 25,000,000 of each. These men were all big factors in business in Shanghai - - also, like us, "big pigeons." Mr. Wang said that so far as he knew there had never before been business men of equal importance meet socially at dinner - - a Chinese dinner in Shanghai, and he regarded it as a precedent in bringing about better business understanding and relations between America and China. He was a very snappy talker who kept conversation from lagging. I asked him about political conditions in China. He said they didn't feel much concerned in Shanghai and didn't believe it would make much difference to them whether there was a government at Peking or not. This is the typical Chinese point of view. There is no national spirit and no concern so long as their personal interests are not immediately affected.

The dinner itself was Chinese in every detail. The food was conveyed by chop-sticks and spoons, except that we were provided with forks if we should prefer to use them. The platters containing the food are placed in the center of the table and the guests are expected to help themselves. We had all the things ever heard of, including sharks fins, various soups, many kinds of fishes and sea-weeds, and rice wine, served hot in little silver cups, and there was frequent polite drinking of toasts to everybody and their ancestors. Mr. L. ate Chinese fashion as if he had been accustomed to it always and engorged himself with repeated helpings of the same course. We stayed through twenty-five courses and then had to hurry away to catch our tender back to the Samaria, where we arrived late and had to do our packing for the Peking trip before going to bed.

In the meantime J. K. had received very satisfactory cablegrams from home and letters from Eli reporting important information about Eliten (why don't they call it that instead of Ileton? - - the same letters, but it seems to me a much more appropriate word) and most important of all to J. K. was the information that Mrs. Lilly would probably return to Indianapolis the latter part of April. He got very much excited. He would like to hurry home. He again talked about backing out on the Peking trip, although we paid for it while in Shanghai, said it was my trip and the responsibility for it was on me and so far as he was concerned he would rather stay on the boat and wait until it started. He declared that nothing interested him now but seeing Mrs. Lilly; that he would now leave the party at San Francisco and go home from there the quickest way possible. I went to bed wondering if after all, we would get to Peking.

April 10 - - We had to get up early to finish preparations, have breakfast and be ready for departure of the tender at 7 o'clock. J. K. had had less than five hours of sleep, and I very little. He was still muttering dissatisfaction with the Peking plan, and declaring that all responsibility

for it would be on me. He would go, but he didn't expect to enjoy it. We arrived at Shanghai at 8:30. Mr. King met us on arrival, went with us to the train, which left at 9:30 and he decided to accompany us for about six hours of the journey. Mr. L. and he talked while I looked out the window. We passed through fields of green and yellow that looks very prosperous. The yellow looks like the blossom of mustard. Everywhere there were little round mounds, the graves of ancestors. So many of them that they very seriously encroached upon the tillable land. They must become an alarming economic problem, for dead ancestors are increasing and encroaching more and more on the land that must be made to yield food for the living. The dead are starving and impoverishing the living.

We passed many walled cities, the largest of which was Suchow. Mr. King left us at Chinkiong. In all of our day's ride through very fertile country we saw only one road and few animals. The people travel over paths and carry their burdens on their own shoulders. We arrived at Wanking later in the afternoon and crossed the Yangtze by ferry. There was almost a riot of the coolies in trying to get our luggage to carry to the ferry and from the ferry to the cars. A special train of royal blue compartment, chair and dining cars awaited us. All were made in America and were new. They were generously decorated with U.S. and China flags. The Chinese government had made special arrangements for us and we were told that this was the first party that had been so honored. We are not accustomed to traveling in America with such luxury. Tea was served in the dining car before starting, where the new linen and silver, the silk decorations of the tables, with tiny flags of the two countries and the delicious food were most pleasing and delightful. Dinner followed soon afterward, and was very daintily served. Everything was pleasing and faultless. J. K. wouldn't admit any reconciliation, but couldn't find anything to criticize and finally admitted that he would consent to a score of 100 on the first day of the Peking party.

April 11 - - We slept obliviously through the night. The finest breakfast of all our tour around the world was served to us and then soon afterward the train stopped at Taianfu, which is located at the foot of the Sacred Mountains. We were invited to visit a new hotel nearby built by the government railway. The Chinese soldiers were assembled to do us honor on the way. At the hotel another dainty breakfast was served to us and afterward each member of the party was presented with a very artistic porcelain vase as a souvenir. All were delighted and there has been much enthusiasm over the experience we have had thus far on the special trip.

Since morning we have been passing through country where the men still wear the que, where oxen and donkeys are brought to the assistance of man in tilling the soil, where the fields are vast, are unbroken by fences, where they are beginning to grow trees again, especially around groups of graves and the little villages of mud-huts in which the farmers live. Apparently we are objects of more curiosity to the natives than they are to us. A serious accident occurred at one of the villages where a crowd of natives had assembled to see our train. An ox took fright at the locomotive, turned shortly about, caught two of the natives under the wheels of the cart and was wildly dragging them off to the fields when we passed out of sight.

For hours we passed through vast stretches of level land, in the 1st stages of spring cultivation, and yet there is the dry bed of the river. We are told that this whole country is

sometimes inundated by the floods. There are no houses in sight, except in the village groups, which are built in ground a few feet above the surrounding fields. It looks like very fertile land.

I forgot to mention that the Sacred Mountains back at Taianfu get their name from the large number of temples built on it and for this reason is a mecca for the natives. There are very high cliffs at one point and in earlier days many visitors celebrated their visits by plunging over the cliffs. More than 30,000 had thus killed themselves before the government tried to stop the destruction of life by building high walls to prevent access to the cliffs. But still many managed to get to the cliffs and jump over.

One of the cities we passed was Tsinaufu, surrounded by twelve miles of wall built over 500 years ago in a single night, so great was the number of men employed in the construction.

While I was having tea with the Bonsons a member of the Cook staff came along and told us that Mr. L's "old friend and neighbor" had been refused permission to join the Peking party, but had begged so persistently that the manager had consented to his coming alone a day late with a special guide. Several members of the party had objected to his coming with them and had said they would drop out if he was included with them. I saw the luggage he was carrying on the boat yesterday. It would disgrace a tramp and is absolutely the most disreputable I have ever seen. The Cook staff man said the Judge had remarked to him that some people seemed to think that he was rather eccentric about his baggage. "I think there is justification for it" was the reply. "Why don't you buy a decent looking wicker suitcase for fifty cents and why don't you put on a clean collar once in awhile?" It is very disagreeable to have one's "old friend and neighbor" talked about this way.

The members of the party cannot say enough about our luxurious train and the fine service we are getting on it. J. K. is willing to allow a score of 100 today on the train and the trip up to this time, but he feels that he must be dissatisfied as a matter of consistency, and because he has slept only about 80 percent of the time he wants to cut the average to 90.

It was after 8 o'clock when we arrived at Tien Tsin. It had been growing colder as we proceeded farther north. Winter, with a chilling wind, was back upon us when we arrived. We found a large delegation of representatives of the Tien Tsin Chamber of Commerce, waving Chinese flags, awaiting us and they had been there for nearly four hours, to give us a cordial welcome. It was a fine bit of courtesy and was an unexpected demonstration. It was interesting to find that the Chamber of Commerce idea is being effectively exploited in this remote part of the world. Appreciation of their courtesy was expressed through their interpreter, we exchanged American flags for their Chinese flags, shook hands all around, and as our train departed for Peking we waved Chinese flags while the representatives of the Tien Tsin Chamber of Commerce enthusiastically waved to us their American flags.

April 12 - - We were called early and started out to do in a day what there should be allowed a week for. I cannot do more than briefly mention points of interest in our day of rushing. We visited first the Temple of Heaven, comprising a number of buildings of typical but extraordinary Chinese architecture, enclosed within a wall three and a half miles in length. The first buildings were erected in 1425; some have been of later construction. It all represents elaboration of

prehistoric monotheistic faith, which preceded Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. In the days of monarchy, the Emperor came here for important ceremonials - - fasting for eighteen for twenty-four hours, to account to heaven, to offer sacrifices and to pray for divine blessings upon his people. When we arrived at the gates the troops of the Christian general who is now in command in the northern provinces were marching out. They were the healthiest and most vigorous looking men we have seen in China. They were not, however, the up-standing, well disciplined men that we expect good soldiers to be, but on the whole looked so much better than we expected that the comments were rather favorable. They had come inside the walls of the Temple of Heaven for the night and for drill on the ample grounds of the place. They were marching out to duty outside the city walls and we had to wait for some time for their exit.

We were next taken into the Forbidden City, more exactly called The Purple Forbidden City, enclosed by still higher walls, built in the fifteenth century. There are many royal palaces in the Forbidden City, and the present quarters of the last Boy Emperor are here. He is under the tutorage of an Englishman named Johnson, is now seventeen years old, has one wife and one concubine, the wife having been recently acquired when there was a public wedding ceremony to which favored foreigners were invited and we heard much about it from those who were privileged to be present. The Republic has allowed the Boy emperor and the royal family a pension of \$4,000,000 Hex per year, but doesn't pay it and they are all feeling quite poverty-stricken. Some of the princes are in a pitiable plight, including Prince Pu Lun, and they feel their humiliation so deeply that they are remaining in seclusion for as much as possible. They are especially reluctant to have foreign visitors see where and how they live. To try to see them seems to be intrusive.

We had a hurried glimpse of the Museum where Chinese curios and works for art from the imperial collection are exhibited, which also was worthy of some days of time. The exhibit comprises some of what was left from the loot at the time of the Boxer rebellion. Single pieces were pointed out that, we were told, were valued at a million or more, and the total value is said to be almost beyond measure; there were things of great size in jade and lacquer and cloisonné and ivory, with infinite detail of art; elaborate designs of precious jewels, and most extravagant fancies in art designs of the most precious materials, all representing the endeavor of ambitious persons to win imperial consideration by some present of surpassing beauty and value.

Our strenuous day embraced visits also to the Winter Palace, the temple of Confucius, the Lama temple, where we happened to witness a religious service by the Tibetan Lama priests, and where I received the blessing of one of the priests who gave, the guide said, the best of their blessings for good fortune, with a candle ceremony that assured me ten years added to my life, and then a visit to the Hall of Classics, originally built as a school for princes and nobles. Except for the Lama temple, these places are now no longer in use since the downfall of the monarchy, but are open to visitors. We walked many miles, and I was about ready to drop. Early in the day I had left my card at the American Legation and had made inquiries regarding some of the people in whom I was interested. I did not meet the American Minister, Mr. Schurman, with whom I have some acquaintance; he had gone to Tien Tsin to address the Chamber of Commerce. On the way back to the hotel I left my card for Admiral Tsai, who was in the Prince's party that visited us in 1904 and who, I was informed, was particularly anxious to see me. When we arrived at the hotel we found Dr. and Mrs. Warner (the latter a sister of Miss Charlotte Ramsdell)

awaiting us. They had come to call and to invite us to dinner for the following evening at 8:30 o'clock, the popular hour here for dinners, and as this seemed to be late enough to allow for our return from our next day's expedition, we accepted. Mrs. Warner is a very beautiful and pleasing woman. Her husband is the American U.S.N. Medical Officer. They live next door to the American Ambassador.

Immediately after I reached my room Admiral Tsai called. He was so changed in appearance that I would not have recognized him. I had been told that he is now one of the most powerful men in China. He was very gracious. He had called within thirty minutes after I had left my card. He said, "Wherever I see your name I rush to you as the moth to a flame." When I knew him in 1904 he was the poet of the Prince's party; he is still poetic in his expression. He is known also as one of the great scholars of China and has written several books. He was anxious to do all there was opportunity to do to make our visit interesting and enjoyable. He wanted to give a dinner for us, but we could make no engagements for the next day because of the plans to which we were already committed. Then he proposed that on the following day we go with him to the Palace, where visitors are admitted only by special permission. I realized that this would mean something quite extraordinary and of incomparably greater importance than anything that could be arranged by the managers of our party so I determined to put aside the program for the last day and accept the Admiral's invitation. He indicated something of what was ahead of us, but I really had not fully comprehended all that it meant. The admiral was very generous with compliments and made very polite inquiries about my family and friends he had met when in Indianapolis. He said that he and Mr. Stevens had been talking much about my visit and had been expecting me to arrive about a month ago, but Mr. Stevens had finally come to the conclusion that I decided not to visit Peking. The Stevens family returned to America three weeks ago.

As soon as the Admiral left I went to bed. I had about reached my limitations. I was sick, with positive evidences of the old-time trouble. I became quite feverish, but this subsided by mid-night and I was able to start out again the next morning; I realized that I should not and that Dr. MacDonald would have forbidden it, but I hadn't the strength of character to refrain from going as long as I could while in Peking.

April 13 (Friday) - - We were off early for the trip to the Great Wall, which takes a whole day, and usually requires two days. The trip is made by train over what our Chinese guides said was a "pure Chinese Railway" – one built and operated exclusively by Chinese; it is a very poor railroad and the cars are quite uncomfortable. We arrived at the end of the journey about noon. Luncheon was served before we left the train. We were carried in chairs, four men for each passenger, up over the mountain paths to the point about two miles away where we were to ascend the Great Wall. My first view of it was rather disappointing, but it might not have been if I had not heard so much about it and if my imagination had not so exaggerated it. But at last I was seeing it and walking on it - - the Great Wall, 2500 miles in extent and of such historic importance that it is one of the seven wonders of the world. There are many more impressive walls in appearance in Peking, but they are not 2500 miles long, and over mountains and through wild country. In places it is in a state of disintegration. It has kept the Chinese in more than it has kept invaders out.

Our visit became quite tragic. Many of our chair-bearers had followed us up on the wall with courteous offers to assist the ladies and the more infirm members of the party. It seems that there is an old-time feud between them, as they come from Nankou, and the natives who live about the wall. The Baroness von Schlotheim unconsciously started trouble when she bought for a dollar from one of the natives a yellow tile that had been stolen from the Ming tombs. One of our chair-bearers who was standing by spoke of it in Chinese as a swindle and said she could get it for half as much or nothing at all. In resentment a wild looking native struck the chair-bearer and the fight began. It became a general battle between the wall natives and the chair-bearers. Unwittingly I augmented it by calling the men from below to come up and stop the fight. They came on the run, but instead of stopping the battle they got into it on the side of their comrades. It was a fierce and bloody fight, and a number of men had been badly hurt before the chair-bearers could be called off on our demand to be taken back to the train. Four of them were so disabled that they had to be carried away by their comrades, and a number were bleeding profusely. It appeared that some might be fatally injured.

The trip back to Peking occupied all of the afternoon. The railroad was so rough that we could not write or read on the train. The Baroness drafted me for bridge with herself, her aunt, and Henry James. I protested that I didn't play well enough, but she promised to throw me out if I didn't make good. I won the money. They must have a stake. It was the first time that I have sat in a game of cards on the trip. I have wanted to avoid the obligations that it involves, as I so much need my time for other purposes. Of course, you will want to know something about the Baroness. She is a Baltimore woman, quite blonde, who has been married twelve years. I am always uncertain about her name, but she tells me to think of it as sounding something like "slow time," although it is spelled "Schlotheim." Her husband is a Finland baron. Her mother and aunt are travelling with her. They joined the Samaria party in Naples, but the Baroness was in seclusion until after we left India.

When we got back to the hotel I found that the American Ambassador had left his card for me during my absence.

The dinner given for us by the Warners was very pleasant and interesting. I was still too sick to more than pretend to eat, but J. K. did nobly. Among the guests was Mrs. Calhoun, the widow of the former American Ambassador, who has returned to Peking for residence. Admiral Tsai is remodeling a Chinese temple for her to occupy as her home. She was the ranking woman present. I was placed at her right and had a very interesting evening between her and Mrs. Boland, the wife of a Major, while J. K. sat between the latter and the hostess. He felt well and had a particularly good time. Mrs. Warner, as a child, lived next door to him on old Tennessee street. We got back to the hotel about midnight. I held out pretty well until I got to our room and then I had a sick spell, but a night of better rest.

April 14 - - There was a ringing of the telephone beside J. K.'s bed before we were up. It proved to be Mrs. Chase who was calling for me. She had read something about me (which I never saw) in the morning paper and said she was calling before she had dressed herself. I couldn't make any definite engagements but promised to communicate with her later. Then there was a telephone call from Mr. Wong's younger son, whom we knew in Indianapolis as Dee Dee. I made an evening appointment for him just before we would be starting to the train.

Immediately after breakfast the card of Admiral Tsai was sent up to me, along with a large box of tea that he had brought as a present. He was ready to escort us to the Palace in accordance with his previous arrangement, and had brought along an American woman, a Miss Waterbury, an artist from Hartford, whom he had known in the days when he attended school at Hartford. She is in Peking on an extended visit and desires to paint a picture of the Palace. There are many palaces, official and otherwise, in Peking. The Palace to which we were to be escorted by the Admiral is, in fact, a large group of palaces, where the President of the Republic now maintains his executive offices and where the Emperor and Empress Dowager lived in splendor in the days of the dynasty. There must be special permission and arrangement for admission now. We were the only visiting Americans who were accorded the privilege, and we were told that we were to be conducted through the place with an escort of greater distinction than had ever before been given to a private party under the Republic. The Grand Master of Ceremonies, who turned out to be a cousin of Wong Kai Kah, and his first assistant, Admiral Tsai, would both accompany us and this had never before been done by them together. We were taken across the lake surrounding the palaces on the imperial barge. It was a beautiful morning and there was much enthusiasm over the brilliant coloring of the buildings, reflected also from the quiet surrounding water, as we were slowly propelled in the imperial barge, to the great mysterious and historic official center of old China. Admiral Tsai was very proud of the scene and said, pointing toward it, "This is truly called the gem of China." The lake was covered with wild duck, which come here by the thousands because they are not allowed to be molested, and there was the quiet of the wilderness on the place, although the busy city was close by the outer walls. We were told that during the summer the lake is covered with flowering lotus.

We were met at the landing by the Grand Master of Ceremonies and an escort. Whenever we entered a gate or a door there was a very demonstrative salute by soldiers. For nearly three hours we wandered through gardens and rockeries and buildings of the most various kinds that had constituted the imperial home and office center, all now deserted, except the few of more modern character used by the President for his Executive quarters. I should be in despair if I were to attempt to describe what we saw. I think we saw all. The holy of holies were opened to us—even the room and the place where the last emperor died, or rather was put to death; where the Empress Dowager died the next day; where she lived in impenetrable mystery in the days of her great power, where she held audiences, unseen but seeing all; we were in her private rooms as well as those where there were ceremonies of great splendor and pomp, and where history was made in the great fading out of the monarchy dominated by the Empress Dowager. Finally, tea was served to us in the President's reception room and we talked for awhile. In the course of the talk the Admiral remarked between sips of tea, "We Chinese have behind us such a vast background of history that we are not disturbed by the changes that come. We know that everything that may happen has happened before, and that eventually equilibrium is restored, and so we are calm, whatever happens. All will be well in the end." Later he said that when he had returned from one of the international conferences and had reported to Yuan Shi Kai the president had commented on the menaces to China by saying "Russia wants territory, England wants trade, The United States wants nothing, Japan wants everything."

Mr. Wong assumed to be an old acquaintance, through what he knew about us from the Admiral and the Wongs. He spoke English pretty well and wore our kind of clothes for this occasion, but usually he wears the Chinese costume, as the Admiral did.

Within an hour after we had returned to our hotel, I received a very gracious note from the Admiral, inviting us to again visit China in the near future and to bring as many friends as possible; regretting that he would not be able to see us at the station on account of a conflicting engagement and wishing us a pleasant trip home - - more of Chinese courtesy. I immediately sent back an appreciative note.

J. K. wanted to call on Dr. McLean of the Rockefeller Institute, and I decided to do as much of the other things as possible. After a talk over the telephone I went out to call on Mrs. Chase. I found her living in a compound, which is a Chinese home within walls, just off the principal street. It was about the most interesting thing I could have done. I got an entirely new idea of Chinese homes. Hers, I understand, is one of the finest in Peking. It comprises a meandering lot of one-story buildings, each building being for a separate purpose. Her reception hall was vast, with a big fire-place and a wood fire blazing in it. The finish is a black wood. She and her husband have commodious studios and a lot of books. I don't know how many separate buildings are in her compound, but it seemed to me that there might be a dozen. In the open spaces are flower and vegetable gardens and trees and even a swimming pool—the only one in Peking. She is living grandly. When I asked her how long she would remain in Peking she said she hoped for the rest of her life. This is the way so many of them, especially the women, feel about it. Her husband holds the chair of languages at the American university. She told me much about the Stevens's. They left for America a month ago and had gone with the intention of not returning. Mr. Stevens is disgusted with his failure to accomplish anything with the Chinese on his Consortium plans and left with very bitter feeling and much open hostile criticism, which had been very unpopular. She said they had talked much about my coming, especially the women, and had a good many plans as to what they would do if I did come. I had some curiosity about the Stevens home, and suggested that we drive out to see it, which we did. It is an ordinary two-story American style building, with a front porch, but a large garden, occupying about an acre of ground, with a separate building used by Mr. S. as an office. We also visited the Sufunsu, a public market where collectors of curios bring their goods on certain days of the week and offer them for sale. She said Mr. S. had never failed to visit it every day it was open and had accumulated from it a large collection, filling forty-eight trunks, which he had taken back to America. He had specialized in belt buckles for women friends and had hundreds of them - - that is buckles; of course there will be as many friends as there are buckles.

We drove past the Rockefeller Institute, so that I could get it into my eye, and then went to a reception for the visiting Americans at the American Legation, given by the Ambassador and his wife. We were among the first to arrive. The reception was very pleasing and interesting. The Ambassador was very cordial and attentive and I talked with him at considerable length. He told me among other things that since the departure of Mr. Stevens there had been received an application for the first loan through the Consortium - - that S. had left just a little too soon.

I have been unable to get into my hurried account of our Peking visit near all that entered into it. I must mention the visit to the Drum tower and the Bell tower, on account of the story connected with the latter. These towers in the early days served the double purpose of lookout posts and for announcement of each hour. According to the legend there were two disappointments in the casting of the bell for the Bell tower. The Emperor threatened dire

punishment if there was to be a third failure and the master pounder was greatly troubled. His beautiful daughter consulted an astrologer who told her that the blood of a maiden would be essential in the casting of the bell to give it the tone desired. She kept the secret to herself, but assured her father that his third attempt was sure to be successful. When the time came for the casting of the bell, to the great horror of those assembled to witness it, the beautiful daughter jumped into the molten mass, but tripped as she jumped and left one of her shoes behind. It turned out that the bell, when hung, had a marvelously beautiful tone, with a thin, weird after-tone, rising to a wail, and in this sound the Chinese hear the word "hsieh," their word for shoe, and say that it is the beautiful maiden calling for her shoe.

The Judge has turned up in Peking in spite of the efforts to keep him out of the special party; in fact, Mr. Wagner, the manager of the special party, says that he plainly told The Judge that there was general objection to his presence and he could not be included without breaking up the party. He showed up big in the Peking papers to-day as the nephew of Vice-President Hendricks, the descendant of President Pierce, the law partner of Senator Turpie, the Vice-President of the International Oceanic Canal Company, a citizen of both Indianapolis and New York, a man of great importance, etc., etc., etc., (J. K. has the clipping and I am giving some of my recollections of it.) Mr. Wagner says that he [The Judge] had demanded that the Peking representative of Thos. Cook & Co. should procure publication of the article and should arrange for his presentation to the different ambassadors, but the Cook representative refused. "Why?" he asked. "Because I do not know you sufficiently," was the answer; "Well, I can lay down on your table documents that will simply stagger you." But he was left to exploit himself and evidently he is doing it to the limit. In every port he has appeared in the newspapers as the great man in the party. While on board he is generally shunned and snubbed, and continually new stories are coming out about his performances. It certainly isn't pleasant to have one's "old friend and neighbor" talked about so derisively, but what can be done? He simply cannot be restrained or repressed.

All of the Peking stay was a rush when I was out of bed, and there was some extra pressure in the last hour. Young Wong, whose card for Americans now reads "James V. T. Wong," came while we were at dinner before departure for the train. I had told him to join us at the table, but he would eat nothing as he had a dinner engagement for 8:30, which is the popular and fashionable hour for dining here. He was in Chinese costume of blue silk and I should say was rather richly dressed as a Chinese gentleman of the first rank. He has markedly some of the qualities of his distinguished father. His English is excellent, his manners faultless, he talks very rapidly and brightly, and on the whole is a very pleasing young Chinaman - - they prefer not to be called Chinamen, but, whenever it is proper, they like it better to be referred to as Chinese. He asked particularly about all the members of the family, such friends as he could recall, although he was a boy only eight when he left Indianapolis. He told me also about each of the surviving members of his family - - Vong Loong is in charge of a division of a railway in Manchuria; Young Sah, the son of the former Admiral, who was engaged to the elder Wong girl, is in charge of a division of another railroad; the sister who jilted Sah and eloped with his friend Yen, is, of course, Yen's wife and also is in the civil engineering department of a railroad. Young Wong himself is employed in the forestry service and spends most of his time in Peking. His younger sister, Cora, is in Purdue University at Lafayette finishing her education. Young Wong brought with him the card of his uncle, Mr. Wong Kai Wen, "Grand Master of

Ceremonies President's Mansion," with a message of regret that he would be unable to come to say good-bye owing to another engagement at the hour of our departure, but with the usual courteous expressions.

Young Wong wanted to know very particularly about Russell, who, as an older boy, made a very distinct impression on him, and he remembered, very particularly, some contest in eating pan-cakes between Russell and his brother Vong Loong. He accompanied us from the hotel to the railroad station, while Mrs. Chase had gone off to do some shopping in the meantime for one of the women in our party whom she had met at the Ambassador's tea for us. The introduction of our guest to other members of the party, and the amenities of the occasion made us very busy until we found ourselves waving and calling out to those standing by as the train pulled out. The Peking visit was over. I was on the verge of collapse and there was a long, hard railroad journey ahead.

April 15 - - We had a trying night. The compartments were small, the beds narrow and hard, without the least spring, the covering scant and yet we were so exhausted that we could not help sinking into a kind of unconsciousness that became fitful spells of nightmare. The day was easier than the night had been. The meals were better than we had expected, but it wasn't the food that I dared eat in my disturbed condition. After much talk and interviews with one after another of the Chinese train attendants I succeeded in buying my own can of evaporated cream and managed to sustain myself on this together with occasional bottles of Tan-San, a Japanese boiled water, but I was too wretched to make even a daring attempt to seem normal. My sick spells came with increasing frequency and violence, but in the intervals between I was interested in the panorama visible from the car window. We were passing through Manchuria all of the day - - the rural life, the villages and the cities were much the same as in the approach to Peking, but there were evidences of more tenacious adherence to the old Chinese ways, as descended from the Manchu and the Mongolian blends. A large number of coolies, each carrying his personal outfit in a bag on his back, and a big stick to be used either as a staff or for balancing burdens over the shoulders, were taken into the III class coaches back of us. Slouchy soldiers were much in evidence and there were reports that preparations were underway for a battle in Manchuria, but there was nothing alarming observable. Whenever the train stopped there were hawkers of smelly, greasy, sticky gobs of impossible food. The Chinese eat it. I cannot understand how they live on it. The sight of it made me sick. Some of the food hawkers specialized in ducks, roasted with an odd, lacquer-like red color. There were hundreds of them. Only the prosperous and extravagant could afford such food; perhaps there were buyers, but I didn't see them; I have an impression, however, that on that last day traveling through Manchuria I saw more ducks roasted to a bright red finish than I supposed there were in all the world. As darkness came we arrived at the Chinese station in Mukden and there the coolies left the train. We were switched over to the Japanese station on the other side of the city. The contrast was almost startling - - it was a transition from the crude, uncomfortable, inconvenient, unattractive, to everything modern, comfortable and attractive.

During the day we had been repeatedly warned by our guides to carry nothing of value in our pockets when we arrived at Mukden, as the pickpockets there are the most skilful in the world and the most irrepressible. We expected to be pounced upon by a gang of thieves, but we weren't and were rather pleasantly surprised to find that we had already reached the Japanese

station unharmed and in full possession of the contents of our pockets. Our little Japanese maids greeted us as we entered and escorted us about, with much polite bowing and with great care to show us how to wash our hands, how to use the towels, how to do everything, as if we knew nothing, but they did it so sweetly and nicely that we enjoyed the teaching. And they served a dainty luncheon of eatable food, which I might have enjoyed had I not lost in China the normal eating function, but J. K. rose manfully to the occasion, as usual, and did credit to both of us.

Our stop at Mukden was brief. From the door of the station hotel there seemed to be a large city surrounding us - - part of it Chinese and some of it Japanese, but we were now in contact exclusively with the Japanese, except the Chinese guides who had accompanied us from Peking and who delivered us to the custody of Japanese guides sent from Yokohama. The train to which we were escorted after dinner had a clean, modern type of Pullman sleeping car, and the prospects seemed encouraging for a little rest, when the Japanese guide, who had apparently heard how American women are given the best of everything, called out, "All ladies lower berths," and then eleven half-dead men who had suffered the ordeal of those hard upper berths the night before (of whom I was one) went out to lie on the railroad tracks for a quicker death. I shall never again travel through the Orient with a party of American women. Some hard-hearted man took the Japanese guide aside and said something to him - - it must have been an ear full - - and when he came to fuller understanding of American ideas he had learned that there might be some question about his gallant plan. I don't know just how it came about, but the manager of the cruise asserted his authority over the Japanese guide and in the end it was found that the dying men were to be given some chance on what might be their last night on earth, even though it might be on a Japanese sleeping car, and J. K. and I found ourselves assigned to lower berths opposite each other. We got enough rest to enable us to survive; in fact it was comparatively a restful night.

April 16 - - In the journey through Korea, now called Chosen by the Japanese, some of the noticeable differences from China are that, while there are some small mounds marking the graves of ancestors, as in northern China, they are largely on the hill-sides or mountain slopes, where the ground is untillable; that the women not only carry the infants strapped to their backs, but sometimes in front of them, and often carry burdens balanced on their heads at the same time; that they are larger people and seem to be better nourished. They dress rather heavily in white and look cleanly. Their farms and villages are neat and orderly. Their head-dress is of wide range and variety, truly wonderful and the most common style is very comical - - a funny little two-story black hat made of horsehair and bamboo, which stands high on the head. It is too absurd looking to be considered seriously, but more than anything else it distinguishes the male native as a Korean and apparently they are much concerned about it. The land seems to be very rich and there is the outward appearance of peace and prosperity. Japanese will develop the country better than this would be done by the native rulers. They have evidently already brought about great improvements. We are told, however, that there is an undercurrent of hostility from the natives. A group of them, both men and women, were arrested a few days ago in Seoul for treasonable conspiracy. We arrived at Seoul, now called Keijo, at the end of the afternoon, in the rain, and were taken in fine automobiles to the hotel owned by the South Manchuria Railway Company; that was a delightful surprise because it so far excels anything that a tourist could expect to find in this remote place. Although small, with a capacity for about eighty guests, it is a well near perfect type of the modern American hotel. It is enough to reconcile any traveler

coming from China to Japanese influence and domination in Korea, and this must have been taken into account in creating it as an “oasis in the desert.” We craved rest more than anything else in life and we made the most of the chance.

April 17 - - There was a program for the day and we had to lend ourselves to it, although we came up to it haltingly. It embraced a visit to the Imperial Palace, which was similar in architecture to the Chinese palace - - there were several palaces, including a throne room and audience hall; a place where the king stopped to do his thinking while on the way to the throne room, and it seems suitable that it should be called a Think House; and other palaces where he ate, slept, where he was entertained in the way preferred by weary monarchs and tired businessmen, a pond of about an acre in which he fished and on which he daily went on yachting cruises, etc. We visited the Korean Museum where the women of the party priced everything, and bought nothing.

In the afternoon we went up to the heights for a wonderful view over the country, but the rain and the clouds made it impossible to see anything; then we went miles into the country to see the burial place of one of the Empresses, and afterwards visited a silk factory and then hurried away from that perfectly good hotel to a train on which we were to spend the night traveling to Fusan. We were again out of luck on sleeping cars. We took the places of members of another section of the Peking party who came in on the train on which we were due to proceed.

The incoming party brought the news that “The Judge” had an accident at the Ming tomb and injured his hand so that he had been put in the hospital at Nankow over night. The management was giving him a personally conducted trip, with exclusive guide, and the two were traveling two days behind the party. Again the sympathies of J. K. have been touched. “It’s tough,” he says, “to be shut out by everybody. They can’t keep him down though. He keeps on going just the same. He’s game.”

April 18 - - The Jap sleeping car wasn’t up to the standard of the one we had from Mukden to Seoul; although the manager continued to get lower berths for J. K. and myself, We had a hard night and we were called before daylight for Fusan, where we had – I say had – to have breakfast before going aboard the Japanese steamer to cross the straits of Korea – an all-day trip, which until three months ago required eleven hours, but is now done by the boat in eight hours. It was a stormy day and the sea was rough; for e it made sickness sicker and I wasn’t happy. J. K. went to bed and stayed all the way over. I tried it and found it helped a little. We got over in time to see the end of a bad day in Shimonoseki, a very busy Japanese city, and to catch another still poorer sleeping car for another hard night of travel. It wasn’t easy to become interested in anything, but it was noticeable that we were getting into a very different country. We were among mountains covered with pine trees and valleys that had been made into beautiful gardens. The Japs get the most out of every inch of ground that is usable. My observations made me think that people who have made the utmost out of what Providence has given them have proved their worthiness to be trusted with the care of the world that others are not utilizing to the best advantage, but it isn’t the fashion to think indulgently or tolerantly of the Jap and one is impressed with the unanimity of prejudicial expression by those who claim to have the most intimate knowledge of what’s what and who’s who over here. I know for myself that they are

industrious and that they are enterprising and progressive. Perhaps Korea will give them outlet for their bulging qualities and necessities for two or three generations. They may be tricky and untrustworthy and grasping, and a lot of the rest that is said of them, but they are up and coming like a lot of ants. They have made Japan the best cultivated land in the world. All of it is either park or garden or beehive of industry or busy mart of commerce. My observations in the last hour of the day of my arrival and the first hour of daylight the next morning convinced me that they are far and away the most progressive of these darker skinned people that prevail over four-fifths of the lands we have visited since we sailed from New York. They are certainly the Yankees of the yellow races.

April 19 - - At Kobe we changed to another train and went to Kyoto, which has both modern and historic importance. In the old days it was the capital of Japan and held its prestige for eleven centuries. It was planned in imitation of a Chinese city – the Japanese have been great imitators always. Once it occupied a much wider area than at present and was the center of the country's civilization and glory and splendor. It was likewise the battle-ground where in the days of the Samurai there was the greatest devastation by fire and massacre. There are still many important buildings and temples here. One of the latter, the Diabutsu, where there is a gigantic wooden figure of Buddha, we visited immediately after arrival on our way to the hotel for luncheon. In the temple were four large coils of rope about five inches in diameter, made of the hair of women, and given by them to provide the rope for hauling and lifting the heavy timbers of the temple. What unnecessary sacrifices women do make!

In the afternoon we saw the processes of making lacquer and saw artists laboring over pieces on which they had already been working constantly for two and three years. We also saw the making of porcelain. Most interesting of all was the visit to the gardens of a rich Japanese merchant, where in the space of two acres on the mountain side, through which flowed mountain streams, we saw ponds and roaring brooks and gardens of flowers and vegetables and orchards of fruits and playgrounds and picnic places and vine-covered retreats, a-bloom with wisteria, and everything imaginable in landscape gardening all in that little space behind the wall, artistically and exquisitely Japanese.

And then we saw the youths of Kyoto in jiu-jitsu wrestling contests and fencing fiercely and noiselessly in the expansive clubhouse provided for this purpose under the patronage of the Crown Prince, who is at the head of a nation-wide organization for encouragement of fencing and the jiu-jitsu. There is a good deal of the German spirit in the Japanese monarchy; the jiu-jitsu and fencing clubs turnvereins. They go in for it with much zest. They are plucky fighters and take punishment stoically. When they are vanquished they become increasingly combative. The athletic club was a knock-out for me. I had gone to my limit of endurance and could go no further. And J. K. had no spirit for it, so instead of going with the others of the party to study the making of cloisonne in a regular cloisonne factory where the women would probably want to buy a lot but wouldn't, we went back to the hotel and I went to the mat in complete collapse. Three others also gave up ignominiously. It was on the programme for us all to go back to Kobe (a railroad journey of more than two hours) for the night, because there were no hotel accommodations available in Kyoto. And back we went - - sour, sick, and exhausted. There was no dinner for those who could eat (but we were not in that class and were even careless about such food as we had taken previously in our troubled lives) until arrival in Kobe. When finally

we arrived at the hotel in Kobe I went to sleep immediately and died without delay. I was ready to quit further travel in Japan. The sloppy weather, the sickening smells from the shops, and the maddening clatter of those two-story wooden shoes worn by the hurrying swarms of Japanese everywhere were on my nerves and were altogether hateful to me.

April 20 - - I pulled myself together sufficiently to get off with the party at 9:15 for the day's program, but what I desired to do, if it could be done without causing dislocations in the plans of others, was to return in the quickest and shortest way to the Samaria at Yokohama. However, I only poisoned the minds of others with the thought and determined to do my best to get through another day. It wasn't easy but I accomplished it.

The program for the day took us on the train to Hara, one of the historic places. Which was the capital in the eighth century and is still an objective point for pilgrimages of natives on account of temples and shrines and sacred things. After luncheon we started out in rickshaws and first visited the Kasaga Shrine or (more correctly) park, which is an extensive forest of cryptomeria trees, a specie of pine, of large growth, for it has been maintained for centuries as an imperial park in which the deer is sacred. There are thousands of the little animals in the park and they have become very tame. Many people make a living out of selling a wafer called deer cake for visitors to feed to the animals; we all bought packages of the cakes. The deer, like most live foreigners, have been so pauperized that they shamelessly come up and beg for cakes. When we were all assembled at headquarters a bugle call was sounded and the deer came bounding in from all directions in great numbers. They ate out of our hands, unafraid and bold, and were not at all polite to one another in getting all they could while the getting was good. When there was nothing more for them they turned their backs on us and again disappeared among the trees.

We visited the Disbutsu, another big wooden Buddha, in a very imposing temple, rebuilt from destruction by fire, but the big Buddha when first erected stood for more than a hundred years without a temple to cover him. The huge figure of Buddha is 53 feet high, with a face 16 ft. in length and 9 ft. in breadth, ears eight feet in length and a little finger 4½ ft. in length. The old boy is of some value, for in his make-up there is 437 tons of copper, 258 pounds of gold, and seven tons of white wax, besides other things. They are crazy about these big Buddhas in Japan.

Among the attractions is a huge bell. Visitors are allowed to bump it at one cent per bump, with a piece of timber somewhat larger than a railroad tie suspended on ropes. J. K. couldn't resist the temptation. He did his durndest and it was some bump. He turned a somersault while doing it and burst off his suspenders, but he cracked the end of the timber, knocked out a big reverberating response from the bell and made a very distinct mark where he put on his punch. You should have seen him do it. He was very revengeful and vicious about it. He seemed to feel better afterward.

On our way to see a big pagoda, which we weren't allowed to enter, we came upon a big crowd gathered about an automobile at a turn in the road, and saw them carry out a man, with his head half cut off, apparently dead.

We arrived again at Kyoto after an hour's railroad journey, and after dinner were taken to see a performance by the geisha girls called "The Cherry Blossom Dance." – a beautiful and

delightful show which people in our country would go wild over. We have arrived a few days late for the cherry blossom season and what is left of it is marred by the rain and wind, but at its best it could hardly be as bountiful as the show.

We were booked for the night and another day in Kyoto, but the poison I had put into the minds of my most intimate associates in the morning had worked out effectively. There were five other men willing to join me the next morning in starting for Yokohama to go aboard the ship. This meant separation from the party – likewise six more lower berths and automobile seats, etc. for the remaining women, and for us it meant freedom to be as selfish as we pleased, a day more of the comforts of the old boat and a daylight trip across Japan instead of going over the country in the night. We went to bed rather cheerfully and hopefully, even though I had been turned inside out too much to be gay. It was my distressing condition that was making necessary return to the ship ahead of the others, and five other men, including the only doctor, felt that they ought to go with me.

Log of the S. S. Samaria

Received May 14, 1923

April 21 - - I was used as a pretext for "saving their faces," as the Chinese express it, by the five men who accompanied me on the advance journey to Yokohama, except, of course, J. K. - - my true traveling companion. As a matter of fact, I got along as well with the others except for my unsociability when holding on to myself and my occasional volcanic disturbances, which, after all, might be expected in a country as volcanic as Japan.

We made an early get away before the others of the party were out of their rooms. Our Japanese guides got us on the train, prepared the way for us and telegraphed ahead for a Cook representative to meet us at Yokohama. The chief guide bore the good old Irish name of Okana. It was easier for me to remember him by the correct Irish pronunciation, being such a good Irishman myself, and so I called him O'Connor. He always smiled amiably and it made us friends, for we Irish, whether green or brown, always stick together among strangers; besides, even a Japanese guide has a wholesome respect for money and O'kana seemed to think well of my name. I have really derived much benefit from being regarded as a very rich man because of my name, while my really rich friend has been treated as a poor cuss who should be shown kindly consideration on account of me. Now and then when he gets desperate for recognition he knocks my eye out by the size of his tips. Of course, if he would only play the game right and allow me the recognition naturally due me it would be less expensive to both of us.

We had the luck to have an observation car for our daylight trip from Kyoto to Yokohama, and we were larded in with about an equal number of Japanese men and women. Our experience would tend to prove that proximity will not promote social intimacy between the races. We didn't in the slightest way recognize the existence of one another during the trip.

The panorama that came within view of the car window was what we exuberantly call picturesque, with the dark green of pine covered mountains brightened with blooming azalea and cherry blossoms, and the light green of the cultivated fields of the valleys. Much of the way we were passing through tunnels. The land in the valleys that did not have green growth upon it was largely encircled mud puddles in preparation for rice crops. The rice farmer certainly has a hard lot as he must work in mud up to his knees. It is the kind of work that you would expect men to avoid if they could find any other way of getting a living out of the world, but there seem to be enough Japanese for the work to be done. They do it, too, without the help of water buffalo, as in other lands we have visited. Instead of plowing up the submerged mud they turn it up with a kind of pronged spade or fork. Land is better utilized in Japan than in other countries. There is no waste of it on graves of ancestors. The Japanese incinerate their dead and their cemeteries are not grave lots, but small spaces where little inexpensive stones are set up closely together as memorials to those who have died. In Japan the dead are keeping out of the way of the living. In China, if custom does not change, the dead will by their occupancy of the land, cause the starvation of the living.

The names of the stations are posted along the way in both English and Japanese, and there are explanatory notes on the station sign boards of points of interest, giving the distance of each from the station.

A part of the trip is along the sea coast, where one may see how the natives make the most of the opportunities afforded by it for food, transportation, and pleasure.

We passed around the base of Fuji, Japan's greatest mountain, which rises to a height of more than 12,000 feet, but its white cap of snow was obscured by clouds. We could, however, see some of the snow. And then we rode for many miles through the mountains where it seemed quite as if we were in Switzerland. In about half an hour we slipped down out of the mountains into Yokohama. The Cook representative was awaiting us at the station and promptly took us to the Samaria in automobiles. We were heartily glad to get back to the comforts of the ship - - all so expressed themselves, but I am sure none so direly and desperately needed it as the drooping tourist whom the five others had been so ready to accompany on the journey. No time was lost in getting to bed, but there were a few nice letters in our stateroom to make happier our homecoming; we et 'em up.

April 22 - - Sunday; we rested, and then rested some more. J. K. slept all night and all day. I couldn't get him up at all. At about 4 o'clock I rode up to the hotel with Mr. Dryden and then I rode back alone on a rickshaw. The rest had helped me and I got through the day better and more comfortably than any day since I swallowed that --- shark, fins and all, at the Chinese dinner back at Shanghai.

April 23 - - It was the expectation of all that the rest over Sunday would bring sufficient restoration to enable the party to keep going for the remaining five days of the stay in Japan, and especially for the trip of two days to Nikko, which, we were told, would be the grand climax of sight-seeing in Japan. This statement was enough to lure to continued effort all who could go on, even with much discomfort. I got through on the trip up to Nikko better than I had expected. One of the pleasing surprises was a very good luncheon served to us soon after the train started; the dining car manager had evidently made a great effort to do it all in the best American fashion, and in addition had gorgeously decorated his car in vivid Japanese colors, in which the good English word "Welcome" was made conspicuous. People who persist in the rather common habit of eating food were offered much to please them, including a special red dragon known very popularly in America as lobster, and J. K. liked it so much that he wanted a pair, but I so much feared the consequences if he would allow two of these clawing monsters to get down inside of him that he compromised by eating two halves of one, including eating the claws. Instead of showing signs of distress he got rather lobsterly devilish.

The country through which we passed was not much different than we had before seen in Japan, but there was more of cherry blossoms on the way and the last hour of the ride was along the famous Nikko road which runs between two rows of giant cryptomeria trees, uniformly about two hundred feet high and so close that many of the trees have grown together; in one instance I saw six that at the base had the appearance of growing out of the same trunk for fully ten feet or more above the ground. The many thousands of these cryptomeria trees were planted about four hundred years ago by the nobles of Japan as their contribution to the shrine at Nikko.

They give very impressive grandeur to the approach and in the old days when travel was limited to the speed of man's locomotion visitors to Nikko for nearly a day's journey passed between these giant trees over a road twenty feet wide before arriving at the shrines. To such human beings as are susceptible to the influence of Nature, this avenue of grand trees is apt to inspire awe.

We were put up at the Kanaya hotel, the newer and better hotel on the mountain side above the town; "we" embraced our group of twenty under the special management of Mr. Wagner, who, as some of the critical in other groups charge, always gets the best for his party. We have been with him since we left Shanghai and will be with him until the end of the Japan tour. A representative of the group sent to the other hotel promptly came over to look around. *** He complained bitterly about how "terrible" their hotel was and his observations on his visit to us did not make him any happier. As a matter of fact, we were quite luxuriously situated.

Soon after our arrival we went on an automobile ride up into the mountains where there were many cascades and at a point reached after it became necessary to proceed on foot for half a mile through a canyon we came to a water fall of about two hundred feet. The water comes through crevices from a lake at the top of a mountain.

A short distance from the town of Nikko we passed the summer palace of the Emperor, who lives here during the warm weather. A high wall shuts out even a view of the place. Royalty in Japan is shielded from the possibility of approach. The Emperor's lot is not enviable. The Japanese speak of him as being "quite ill;" we are told that, as a matter of fact, he has lost his mind. The duties of the Emperor are now performed by the Prince Regent, a youth in the twenties whom the Japanese speak of quite loyally as "a very good man."

The mountain side above the Emperor's summer palace was made brilliant in patches of pink by trees of azalea in full bloom. Our automobile ride was a very pleasing experience.

After dinner others of our party went out to see the town and to visit the shops, but I found J. K. and his lobster ahead of me when I went up to our room to go to bed.

April 24 - - After breakfast our party started out to walk to the points to be visited during the morning. We were told that the distance was short and was up the side of the mountain just across the stream flowing past the hill on which our hotel was situated. All that could be seen was the forest of great cryptomeria trees above. "What is up?" I asked. "Temples, many temples," the guide replied. I decided to conserve such strength as I had by taking a rickshaw up a longer winding road of a mile or more and to meet the party at the main gate-way. I missed a few temples that the pedestrians saw on the way, but one could miss a lot of temples in Nikko without knowing it. When, several hundred feet up, we started together from the main entrance, we passed from one temple to another until all were temple-tired almost to exhaustion, but nowhere have we seen greater magnificence in temple architecture. There is a Japanese proverb that says "Do not use the word magnificent until you have seen Nikko," and then all words fail to give adequate expression. Here is the crowning glory of Japanese art, represented in a bewildering detail. There is much of the Chinese in it, at least in the background of origin and in general design. When this was mentioned one of our Japanese guides admitted its truth, and

frankly said “We Japanese admire very much Chinese art and the best Chinese artists were brought over to assist in much of the work.” Some of it is recognizable as distinctly and wholly Chinese, but the Japanese have achieved a great triumph for themselves, particularly in the use of less glaring colors. The climax of their efforts is seen in the Temple of the Shogun Ieyasu, founder of the Tokagawa dynasty, which is last in the main group. Shoes and overcoats must be left behind by those who desire to enter it, but a covering for the feet is provided. The detail of design is infinite, and represents the work of a great number of the best artists in the time when art in Japan was at its zenith in carving and lacquer. The inner gateway to the Shogun’s temple was considered so perfect that it was feared some misfortune would befall it, according to an old superstition in Japan, and one of the pillars was therefore turned upside down to avert the wrath of the gods, who resent the achievement of perfection by man. (Why, therefore, should man strive to be absolutely perfect? - - Isn’t it discouraging?) The temple buildings are for various purposes of worship. One of them is for the sacred dance. In this sat a woman. Some of our party thought she was a piece of statuary until a slight movement of her eye was noticed. Then we were told by one of the guides that if there should be offered a contribution of sufficient amount she would perform the sacred dance. The guide was told to give her the necessary amount. This was done and then she performed, but the performance wasn’t a dance at all, just a series of poses, accentuated by the rhythmical shaking of a cluster of little bells similar to our sleigh-bells. The matting in front of her was covered with coins tossed to her by faithful Japanese, but there was no one contribution from them that induced her to perform. The incident of the sacred dance temple came to our attention during our progress toward the main temple which is the mausoleum of the great Shogun. The temples are of one story, but there has been wrought into them the finest of Oriental art in carving and lacquer work. In the Shogun mausoleum black and gold predominate in color in the interior. In the center was a large disk of steel, which, in the old days, was kept so highly polished that it had the qualities of a mirror, and to it was attributed sacred significance. If those who knelt before it could see their images reflected in it they were thus proven to be pure in heart and soul, but if not, they were corrupt and wicked. Visitors who toss coins to the floor before it are supposed to gain divine favor. The floor was well covered with coin; it was noticeable that most of it was copper. Evidently there is a good deal of effort to gain the favor of the gods at bargain prices. Several of the members of our party, if not all, tossed over coins, but I didn’t notice any of them daring to get a reflection from the now much tarnished steel reflector.

While the gods must trust to the fairness and liberality of patrons for their revenues, the priests take no chances on their share of the gate receipts; they collect ten yen (\$5.00) per person for admission. Ten yen is no pittance in Japan, but the high charge does not seem to be a prohibitive restraint on visitors, for natives were coming in hordes on the day of our visit. Evidently many of them were coming in organized parties or societies or schools. There were several groups of school girls. The Nikko temples are the Mecca for the Japanese and the natives come continually from all parts of the country. It was noticeable that each party had a leader or guide who gave instruction at each point of interest and in some instances there was some ceremony. Many offered prayers by hanging strips of paper on trees. These trees were supposed to be the listening posts of certain gods. One of the most popular places for posting prayer bulletins was a large cryptomeria out of which was growing, ten or twelve feet from the base, another tree of a distinctly different specie.

The Shogun temple is now controlled by Shinto priests, but in the early days it and many others were Buddhist temples. Many have been allowed to retain some of their Buddhist features.

One of the structures that particularly interested me was a pagoda of five stories at the entrance, strikingly graceful in form and brilliant with the particularly distinctive red, greens, blues and yellows of Chinese coloring, which, in our country cannot be put together without causing disagreeable feelings, but somehow the Chinese make you rather like it. All the attractive pagodas I have seen have been barred to visitors. We have not yet had opportunity to enter one. The guides always say very politely "Not this one, but later there will be a chance to go into one," and in fact of all we have seen there has been no place to enter without breaking down barred doors. I had the impression before I started on this eye-opening tour of the world that pagodas in the Orient were as numerous as silos in Indiana, but as a matter of fact, they are rare. We have seen very few. Those in North China and Japan are associated with temples and are not, as Marcus Dickey has been mistakenly left to believe, watch towers for rich apple growers. I know a lot more about temples than I thought I knew, even if I haven't yet been inside of one. I don't want to create any unwarranted excitement at home, but I may mention here incidentally as a little matter of no great importance to a man who has gotten as foolish as others who go around the world that I have bought at a bargain an old pagoda and am trying to get it over to America.

Getting back to Nikko we wandered from temple to temple until it seemed there could be no end of temples, but there might be of us and anyhow we reached the end of the time we could devote to the temples of Nikko, and so we returned to the Kanaya hotel, I grandly in my own special rickshaw while poor J. K. and the others of our party wearily walked. It was a descent all the way and in every way - - not alone from Japan's heaven of art and scenic surroundings and most inspiring influences, but actually down the mountain side over fine roads under the giant cryptomeria trees hundreds of years old, from where there were glimpses now and then across to the opposite mountain brilliant with the colors of blooming azalea, down, down to the common level where the road crosses a turbulent mountain stream at the foot of a steep hill on which our hotel hangs. Over the fretful mountain stream, which sometimes goes on a wild rampage, there are two bridges, a few feet apart. One is for the people; the other is exclusively for the Emperor. His bridge is a gorgeous structure of bright red lacquer. Severe is the penalty for anyone but the Emperor to pass over it. The floods of 1902 swept away the old red lacquer bridge and left unharmed the bridge of the people, but evidently red lacquer bridges are necessities for Japanese monarchs and this new one was built for the exclusive use of His Imperial Highness.

Our departure from Nikko was in keeping with the grandeur of its glorious shrines. Instead of going directly to the railroad station we were taken in open automobiles for a ride of four miles over the Nikko road, that awe-inspiring grand avenue between the two closely planted rows of magnificent cryptomeria trees from the nobles of four hundred years ago, and with this last impression we left Nikko behind.

The railroad journey of five hours back to Yokohama, after the strain of the visit to Nikko, was too much for me and I was almost down and out when we arrived. I had to go immediately to bed and give up a grand dinner which the Kingsleys (Mr. and Mrs. Darwin P.

Kingsley) were giving at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo to some of the distinguished celebrities of Japan. I had been invited nearly a month ago and had been looking forward to the event with much interest, but it was impossible for me to hold myself up to it. The Kingsleys had spent some time in Japan a few years ago when they had become well acquainted with the important people, and this dinner had been planned as a great social event, to which a limited number of Americans were invited. I was very sorry to miss it.

April 25 - - This day was set aside in the program for our party for a stay in Yokohama or rest, as preferred, and a rickshaw was assigned to each of us. J. K. decided to stay on the boat. I rested until late and then pulled myself together for a rickshaw excursion alone into the shopping districts of Matamochi and benten-dori streets. There are no big stores as in our country, but shops that specialize in certain classes of goods, although some will embrace a variety of curios or art. As I have just enough sense to know that I don't know how to buy I emptied my pockets before I started out. I met women of our party everywhere buying madly. They have a mania for buying, they have plenty of money and they must go off on an orgy occasionally. They have brought onto the ship tons and tons of all sorts of things.

Among the places I visited was the pearl shop. Mrs. Long, back at Manila, had advised that the thing to buy in Japan, if I got anything, was Japanese pearls and so I went to headquarters. I studied pearls for nearly two hours, and fell finally for a pearl necklace that I thought at the time might please someone. I have been wondering since whom it might please the most. Perhaps I will invite proposals for it, or possibly I may be led in the right direction by counting the petals of a flower. When I told afterward what I had done the whole party in a line of rickshaws three blocks long swooped down on the pearl store and took nearly the whole stock. The pearl shop-dealer found himself suddenly overwhelmed, and at first seemed to be rather alarmed. When I had called I was the sole visitor during the two hours I had been there. When it was all over he was the happiest pearl merchant in the world. His stock was largely gone, but his cash box was full. He bowed twelve times to me to show his appreciation of the visit of my friends.

There isn't much of interest in Yokohama. It is a new city. When Perry came in 1856 it was a fishing village with a population of about a hundred people. It has been largely built up in about fifty years. It is now the most important port of Japan and has a population of about half a million. It has many shops, but no distinctive historic places. It is, however, the center from which tourists start on their journeys, and Tokyo, the imperial city, is only about half an hour's ride from Yokohama. It is well equipped with modern conveniences, especially steam and electric transportation, but the lines run outside and not through the business center of the city.

I returned early to the ship and got through the day pretty well.

April 26 - - We were, according to programme, off early to take the train to Tokyo to spend the day. J. K. wasn't disposed to go but yielded to a little persuasion. I was especially anxious to get to Tokyo to meet Dr. Tagasaki, the college friend of Foster Smith. I had sent him, by mail, promptly on arrival in Yokohama, Mr. Smith's letter of introduction, together with a note and had received from him on the 25th a letter which had crossed mine, in which he said he had been looking for me and had been unable to locate me. On receipt of this I had telegraphed him to

meet us at luncheon at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, on the 26th, when we should be there according to our programme. The mails in Japan are slow and, although Tokyo is only half an hour from Yokohama, my letter was three days on the way. Even the telegraph, which is part of the postal system, is slow and my brief telegram, did not reach him until six hours after it was sent. A lazy boy could have walked the entire distance in that time.

On arrival in Tokyo an automobile was assigned to us for the day. We started out with the party for the morning and were taken first to the only department store in a city of more than two million population. It was curious as a rather cheap imitation of the American department store. All persons who enter are required to leave their shoes at the entrance, or, as with the American visitors, to have their shoes covered with a very clumsy looking overshoe of cotton stuff provided by the store for this purpose. As there is a continual stream of visitors the entrance is the busiest place about the store. The floors are covered with matting, and as the streets are muddy on wet days, it is necessary to take some precaution for the protection of the covered floors. The department store is regarded as one of the unique places in Tokyo. Here, as in other Japanese cities, the mercantile commerce is through shops, and there are thousands of them in continuous rows many miles in length. One gets the impression that everyone is a shop-keeper. The homes are inside the block back of the shops, out of sight from the street, except from the roof.

We were taken to another big Buddha temple, the most popular in Japan, where people can enter without removing their shoes. We found it crowded with natives. The approach to it is through an avenue of cheap bazaars and it is flanked with Coney Island catch penny attractions. Fortune-telling priests have booths inside the temple. In front of the giant image of Buddha is a contrivance similar in construction to the oldtime cow-catcher covering low places in railroads, to keep animals out of the fields. This is the contribution box; it is about 10 x 25 feet in size. The hordes who come to worship toss their contributions over to this coincatcher and mumble a sentence of about ten words and their religious duty is done. If they do it six times they get a cinch on salvation and divine favor. They can do it six times in a minute and have a few seconds to spare. This temple is the greatest revenue producer of all the temples in Japan. We were told that the contributions average about eight hundred yen per day, and it flows in largely in copper coins.

When we arrived at the Imperial hotel I did not readily find Dr. Takasugi and I was in doubt as to whether he had received my telegram. While I was making inquiry at the hotel office a Japanese newspaper reporter who could speak English offered his assistance. When I mentioned the name of the man I was looking for he said "Oh, Dr. Takasugi – he is the greatest orator in Japan." While the hotel people were trying to locate him over the telephone one of our guides reported to me that Dr. Takasugi had arrived and was looking for me. As we were already late for luncheon we went immediately to the dining room. Dr. Takasugi inquired very particularly about Foster Smith, his parents, his sister and each of his brothers. He had very vivid recollections of his life in Greencastle, and thought he could remember where every resident of the place lived. When I told him that Mr. Lilly was born in Greencastle it interested him very much. When Mr. L. told where his grandparents, his father and his aunt had lived, the Doctor remembered the house and Mrs. Banning, and there was much talk about Greencastle and DePauw. He mentioned and inquired about many of the people he had known at Greencastle or

had come into contact in relations with other Indiana colleges. He told about the visit of the Indiana University base ball team to Tokyo a year ago, but the Japs beat them so badly that there could not be aroused interest enough to earn the expenses of their trip. He mentioned Indiana cities and towns where he had delivered addresses or had visited the homes of college friends. The happiest days of his life had been spent in Indiana and he was reluctant to come back to Japan, but now he was very much interested in his work and he had a family of eight to absorb his attention, so his recollections had become sort of a dream. His talk was largely of a personal nature, but my questions drew from him a little information in brief answers. He said that changes are coming rapidly in Japan, that they will probably come still more rapidly in the future, that democratic spirit is growing, that it is now almost dominant, that the nobility is fast losing power, that the Emperor "is ill", that the Prince regent [later Emperor Hirohito] who is now exercising the imperial powers, "is a good man and very democratic," and mentioned with evident pride that twice during the last year he had been invited to assemblages where the Prince Regent had spoken to him and had conducted himself in a very democratic way.

He repeatedly mentioned Marquis Okuma, the premier to whom he had been attached, and whom he regarded as the greatest constructive statesmen of Japan, told of many of his achievements and spoke of his death as a great loss to the world. It was Okuma who had courageously compelled the government to get into the right position in the great crisis of the war, when there was strong pressure leading in the other direction, and when Okuma died at eighty-three, physically a wreck, having lost a leg in an accident, and dependent upon those about him to communicate to him what he could not read, there was an overwhelming outburst of grief from the people. So great was the crowd at his funeral that it seemed that all of Japan had assembled to do him honor. The manifestations of grief became frenzied, the people threw money toward his bier, as they throw it to their gods in the temples, until it fell into a shower and they prayed to him as a god. His service as the leader of the government covered two critical periods twenty years apart. It had meant much in the life of the Doctor to be associated with the Marquis in his last years. I asked him if he had since had connection with government service. He said that he had not; he had been offered an appointment in international service about two years ago, but his students had joined in a protest against his leaving the University and he had decided to remain with them. I got the impression that he had settled down to educational work for the remainder of his life. The University is in itself a world. He told us something about it. I understood him to say that he had more than four thousand students; J. K. now insists that he said there were "more than forty thousand students."

Dr. Takasugi inquired if we would be interested in visiting the home of Marquis Okuma. We assured him that it would interest us very much, if it would not encroach upon his duties. He said that he had arranged for a holiday and would be at our service for the rest of the day. We therefore arranged for an automobile to proceed independently of the rest of the party and placed ourselves under the guidance of Dr. Takasugi. We went first to the home of the great Marquis Okuma, which is probably one of the finest types of a Japanese private residence. The owner gave it to the University after his death and it is now in use for a few days for an exhibit of Japanese pictures. We found an endless stream of Japanese people pouring through the place. We were the only foreign visitors.

The place embraces an extensive garden within an enclosure. The house is a frame building of one story, typically Japanese, which spreads over much space, as it comprises sixty-two rooms. On the walls of these rooms were hung the pictures that had been accepted for the exhibit of the best Japanese artists. We wandered from room to room, all familiar to Dr. Takasugi when he was there as the right hand man of the great Okuma, and he told us of many historical and memorable associations; in one room was the upholstered seat, flat on the floor, which had been the favorite resting place of Okuma, where he had sat with his cork leg removed and with his crutches beside him, but when formal occasions made it necessary he would put on his artificial leg; near was the less luxurious seat of his wife, fifteen years younger, who is now lying critically ill, probably her last illness, in another part of the home; in another room His Imperial Highness, the Emperor, had once dined with Okuma, to his great honor; in another the secret conference of the leading statesmen of Japan had been held when Okuma compelled them to put the government in the right position in the war; another was where he worked; still another where he received visitors, and so on through many rooms. We were shown also the “go-downs,” the vaults in which treasures were kept, and even the bathroom of Okuma with its ludicrously primitive round wooden tubs sunk into the floor.

It was noticeable as we proceeded that the old attendants in the house showed pleased surprise and were deferential when they saw the Doctor. The Japanese people who were pouring through the house had all left their shoes at the entrance. Ours had been covered for us, and somewhere on the way J. K. had lost one of his overshoes. He and the Doctor went in search of it and found it several rooms back of us. Through the great influence of the Doctor my friend was saved from execution. Besides, he had been born in Greencastle, Indiana.

After leaving the Okuma home we were taken to the residence of Mr. Aseno, president of the Japanese Steamship Company, one of the very rich men of Japan, whose house is more pretentious, is of four stories, from the upper balcony of which there is a fine view over the city and out to the sea; in the house there is much of expensive art in pictures, carving, inlaid decoration, lacquer, furniture, etc. Mr. Aseno himself is seventy-six years old and still gives his strength to business, so that he must conserve himself by refraining from social activities, but he is largely relieved from such duties by a beautiful daughter and employed representatives. We were given a very hospitable reception and the daughter presided in serving us what is known as “ceremonial tea,” an old custom of Japan. About two tablespoons of a very green frothy decoction is brewed and handed to you in a large cup by the charming maiden, very daintily and ceremoniously, and you are expected to drink from the cup, holding it with both hands, with some ado and much bowing and smiling and suitable complimentary remarks. It was my first experience and I struggled through it as well as I could, but J. K. did it very elaborately and said something about wanting to take the beautiful girl along with the tea. It was considered that he had acquitted himself with great credit, and as he bowed and bowed himself out of their presence there was much giggling. We learned later that the young ladies had been educated in America, understood English perfectly, and could have spoken it if they had cared to. In another room tea was later served in the usual way and afterward a Japanese entertainer gave a performance in legerdemain for us. We left with as much of polite formality as we were capable of, feeling that we had seen a good deal of Japanese home life at its best. Those beautiful daughters of the President of the Japanese Steamship Company were certainly charming little “cuties.” They are

pretty good exhibits in support of the statement by some writer that “the charm of Japan is in its women.”

We were taken on a drive that gave us glimpses of the Imperial Palace, behind big moats and high walls, and several other royal palaces of princes and of public buildings, but outwardly they were not extraordinarily impressive – not so impressive to us as the mansion on the Java plantation where, as J. K. describes it, “there were rows and rows of white columns as far as the eye could reach.”

Tokyo as a city as not fine - - it is a conglomerate of the old and the new, with little or nothing superior; its miles and miles of one story shops, which form an encircling wall for the homes within, are cheap looking and wholly without paint. They are not pleasing. They have Chinese smells. The members of our party who followed the regular itinerary saw more temples, but temples and hideous figures of gods have gotten on my nerves and mention of them is almost enough to make me scream.

Dr. Takasugi stayed with us to the last minute of our Tokyo visit, and stood on the station waving adieus, as our train pulled out.

On our way back to Yokohama after the sun had gone down we got good glimpses of Fuji, more than forty miles away.

April 27 - - J. K. announced with much emphasis and positiveness that he wasn't going to breakfast, that he wasn't going to get up until he felt like it, that he wasn't going to stick to the ship, that he wasn't going to be dragged around on any more trips to see Japan and he thought I was foolish to keep it up, but I could do as I pleased, etc. I felt just as he did, but I didn't have as much strength of character and was determined to go to the limit of my endurance, especially as there was only one day more of it and I might never have another chance to see anything of Japan. So I started out again, while he remained in bed. Everybody in the party was pretty much exhausted and several dropped out. I was the first to report and had my choice of the automobiles, for the program contemplated an automobile trip through the country to Kamakura. I selected an open Buick touring car and waited half an hour for the slow coming of the laggards. Last of all came the Baroness with her mother. The only closed car had been reserved for them. It was preferred by the mother but the Baroness was unhappy over it, as she wanted to ride in an open car and rather bitterly complained to Mr. Wagner, the manager of the party. I relieved the situation by inviting her to ride in my car and she accepted the invitation and one of the guides joined us. The weather was favorable, the roads good, the scenery most picturesque, and we had a delightful ride of about three hours, in which we had closer glimpses of the life of the people in the country and villages. The objective points were more temples and shrines, a visit to an island rising high out of the sea, reached by a foot bridge of over half a mile over shallow water, and luncheon at a popular hotel, the Kaihin, called in the advertisements “the beauty spot of Japan.”

We faithfully and dutifully inspected the temples, which had some exceptional features of interest. The most impressive was another Diabutsu or Great Buddha, a huge bronze statue in the open, which is reputed to be the most wonderful of them all, as “no other gives such an impression of majesty, or so truly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism - - the spiritual peace

which comes of perfected knowledge and the subjugation of all passion.” There is truly wonderful calm and serenity in the expression of the face. The statue stands fifty feet high and the width of the face from ear to ear is eighteen feet. It was cast in the twelfth century and was originally enclosed in a great building, but twice the buildings were destroyed by tidal waves, the last time in 1494, and the statue has since been left unsheltered and exposed. Buddhist pilgrims from over the world come in great numbers to worship at this shrine.

Within a short distance is the Temple of Kwannon, on an elevation, in which there is the great image of the Goddess of Mercy, of brown lacquer, gilded over. It is behind folding doors, which are opened but once a year, but under the dim light of candles we saw it behind the folding doors.

Kamakura was the seat of government in Eastern Japan for three hundred years between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries.

Our return journey was over a different road in the valleys between the mountains and through many tunnels under the mountains and along the seashore. It was a delightful trip and easy enough to have been no strain. We were back on the ship at 5 o'clock and I found that J. K. had been out seeing the city in a rickshaw.

In the evening there was a ball for the Samaria party at the Grand hotel, but I went to bed instead of going to the ball.

April 28 - - This day, the last of our stay in Japan, was set apart for shopping, the chief sport of the women and some of the men, and rickshaws were assigned to each passenger for the day. The one positive requirement announced in the programme was that all should be back on board in good time for the sailing of the ship at 5:30 o'clock. There isn't much else to do decently in Yokohama but shop.

I rested until late and then rode around through the shopping districts. My rickshaw man could speak some English, so I got along pretty well. I bought a few little things, had luncheon alone at the Grand Hotel, and returned early to the ship. It was necessary also for me to be on the lookout for my pagoda, which was to be brought aboard during the afternoon. It came according to agreement. ***

There has been nothing of greater whilom [sic] interest on this trip around the world than the members of our party come aboard from their shore visits with their purchases. The Yokohama finale was better than a farce. They came, singly and in pairs, all through the afternoon, heavily laden with bundles and all kinds of things, animate and inanimate, and I am sure the Samaria will go into New York with a vast and wonderful collection of the curios of the world.

The coming aboard was also the occasion for a general reunion of the party, with cordial greetings all around, as those who had gone through China had been separated from the main party for three weeks and the Japanese tourists had been apart in eight groups for ten days. Many were showing much fatigue from the hardships of travel and some had been ill - - a

number were sent immediately to the ship hospital. While I have been more or less miserable and have dropped off fifteen pounds and could tuck in five inches of my clothes about the waist I have been adhering to my old prescriptions and have not been disposed to undertake the education of new doctors on my peculiar symptoms. I am hoping that better rest and food will fully restore me before we reach San Francisco.

Among the last of the tourists to arrive was The Judge, who came down the dock alongside the ship, wearing a floppy Panama hat, (which I am told is the only straw hat that has appeared in Japan this winter) bowing continuously to both the right and the left and flourishing his hat. Although his injured hand was in a sling he occasionally slipped it out for ceremonial performance, for in his other hand, as usual, he carried books. As he bowed his way along he was preceded by a Jap carrying his two little dilapidated pieces of luggage, covered with tourist labels, but looking like salvage from a junk heap. He had come from China alone, but with a special guide provided at the expense of Cook, because he had been shut out from the other parties. He came aboard bowing like the world's most popular hero. The performance excited the profound admiration of J. K. "By George," exclaimed J. K., "he's great. There isn't another man in the world that can beat him at his game."

There were many friends of passengers come to see the ship start away. In the last half hour hundreds of rolls of serpentine of various colors were thrown over the side and caught by those waiting on the dock below. These ribbons of paper held at one end by passengers on the promenade deck of the ship and at the other end by those who were to be left behind on the dock below, gave a gala appearance to the parting. The band played, the whistle blew, the gang-way was taken down and slowly the Samaria moved out. One after another the ribbons broke, but a little Japanese woman, the wife of the President of the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce, who had been overwhelmingly courteous to the party during their visit, handled her ribbon with amazing skill, tied to it as it unrolled a reserve roll and ran with it to the very end of the pier, until there was general alarm lest she might go over into the water, but her husband caught her and held her until the ribbon held taught [sic] apparently a thousand feet between the pier and the boat well out into the harbor, and then it broke and we were on our way for a journey of nine days to Honolulu. The skies were clouded and Fuji could not be seen. There is a saying in Japan that if you cannot see Fuji from your ship when departing you will never return.

April 29 - - Sunday; cloudy skies, rough sea; few on deck; everybody weary and resting as much as possible. J. K. was among the few who attended religious services. I worked at logging until I couldn't work any longer.

April 30 - - Still the Pacific is not still, nor is it pacific. There is some criticism of its conduct, but these spoiled tourists are bound to be critical. Through another day I wrote until my fingers failed. J. K. had his breakfast brought to him and slept until luncheon and then went back and slept all afternoon. I turned in at 9 o'clock and got ten hours myself.

May 1 - - A beautiful day and the Pacific is as good as its name. The passengers are more active and more amiable, but I am not - - I suppose I have been working too hard. Mr. De Forest told me something rather amusing. He said that there were ten coffins in the hold of the ship, brought along for possible needs on the trip around. Only one has been used thus far, but he has heard

that the crew has labeled the other nine, according to preference and prejudice. We are assured that we are not among the chosen, but the guess as to one of the names is unanimous.

In coming out of the dining room today I noticed that The Judge had progressed to a little table all his own. In the beginning he sat at the head of the main table, but now the great man, renowned as a world traveler, the descendant of ever so many presidents and famous men, vice-president, etc., sits alone in his grandeur. In the Orient the all-highest are not only solitary in their eminence, but are secluded and screened. This may be the next promotion for The Judge.

May 2 - - Cloudy, some rains and not very pleasant. W. R. Giles, correspondent of the London Times, Chicago News and syndicate of the papers, who has been living in the Orient continuously for 28 years and who came aboard at Yokohama, gave a talk in the evening on China. Like most writers, he is not a very good speaker, but his talk was rather interesting. His views as to China were not optimistic and not very definite. He thinks that their racial traits can not be changed more than temporarily. He told of various instances of their relapse from the enlightenment of education when they return to a native environment. One instance was that of a Chinaman who had graduated with the highest honors in England as a surgeon and doctor who, after returning to China where he had himself fallen ill, was found swallowing live lizards for his malady and when asked if he was crazy said "No, English treatments are good for English people, but the Chinese way is better for the Chinese." He told us of another instance of the marriage of a refined and beautiful English girl, the daughter of a college professor, to a Chinaman who had graduated with high honors and was distinguished for his accomplishments and polish. After returning to his own country he gradually fell back into Chinese ways and eventually, over the protest of his wife, took concubines. When Giles found her she was a wreck and living in great humiliation. She died four days after she had been rescued. Other stories of Chinese characteristics were told which were very prejudicial and worse. He says that the people have no sympathy with republican government and do not believe in it, as a president cannot acquire the divine attributes that will qualify him to present the prayers of the people to Heaven, as the Emperors have done.

May 3 - - Another fine day, but J. K. again remained in bed until after luncheon, when he was feeling well enough to get up and participate in an exhibit by members of the party of their choicest purchases. His exhibit was very fine. A great variety of articles were shown and the exhibition was very interesting.**

May 4 - - A stormy day. *** I went to a large dinner party given by Miss Shannon, of New York. There were forty-two at the party. There was great profusion of flowers, which looked like they were fresh from the garden, the food was very fine and there was a generous flow of champagne. The guests were separated into groups of six. I sat between Mrs. Emerson and Mrs. Schofield and had a very enjoyable evening.

May 4 - - You may think that at last I have made a mistake, but I haven't. This is still May 4. We are now passing through the unique experience of having two days with one date. We are somewhere around the 180 line, but we can't see it or feel it. The sea is pleasingly gentle, the skies are serene and beautiful, with that pale blue color that women like so well to wear, the water is a dark sapphire, the only known faults are human and I am as calm as a Chinese

philosopher. J. K. had his breakfast brought to him and stayed abed until noon. He came down to luncheon, ate a bird, and was quite chipper afterwards. We have figured out that he and Mrs. Lilly are getting together at the rate of about a thousand miles a day and this is putting joy into his soul. I have reason to believe that he is uttering to himself a blessing for every mile gained. I think he would be very much provoked over this uncounted day if it were not for the fact that he gained his thousand miles of approach anyhow, and figures that tomorrow SHE will be in New York with the young folks. This trip around the world has developed and established nothing so positively in the mind of J. K. as the big fact that his wife is the only woman in the world and all the rest are mere specimens in the same form and, so far as he is concerned, are surplus, waste product, wholly immaterial, irrelevant, unnecessary, etc. There is only tolerance for all that is not his'n - - his wife, his family, his home, his business and his friends, and there is some reason for thinking why the Greater bothered with the rest. Dear old Joe! We have been together constantly since January 24th, except during his extra hours of sleep, and knowing him as I do he is dearer than ever.

Among the passengers there has been much talk about the extraordinary experience we are passing through today. It has been commented on as a lost day, an extra day in our lives, a day gained by us over all who do not go around the world, a double day, a forty-eight hour day, and no day at all. It is celebrated on board as Meridian day and so designated on the menu cards; there were special Meridian day bills of fare for both luncheon and dinner, with gala extras for dinner - colored paper caps and noise making devices. Afterwards, there was a fancy dress promenade on our deck, and a dance. We were spectators, but not participants, and retired early for more of the sweet rest we so much need. The festivities must have continued until late, for I was awakened by the noise of it after 2 o'clock.

At noon today there was some excitement and a demonstration when we passed a freight steamship - - the only craft we have seen for a week.

May 5 - - J. K. had breakfast brought to him and did not get up until about noon, but he recovered his spirit and seemed to be quite cheerful during the afternoon. I suppose I failed to appreciate fully the fancy dress costumes worn at the Meridian day ball last night. Today I hear much enthusiastic talk about it. One of the officers is quoted as saying that there had never before been such a rich display on a Cunard steamship and he doubted if it would ever again be equaled - - a tribute to the buying of the Samaria's rich passengers. There were a lot of embroidered robes and some gorgeous head decorations, but I hadn't thought of it at the time as being so extraordinary, being so accustomed to fine things at home. The prize was awarded to Mrs. Cheseborough. The Cheseboroughs got theirs out of Vaseline.

The Lilly ladies (Mrs. And Miss from Anderson, Indiana) showed us the photographs they have taken on the trip and this occupied most of the afternoon. J. K. also got out his; he has a very fine lot; Alas, poor me! I am carrying back the million films Russell bought for me. They do not fit my camera. I have bought many good pictures and some have been given to me.

In the evening I attended a dinner in honor of the sixty-fifth birthday of Darwin P. Kingsley. There were about eighty guests and it was a very fine affair. I was given a very satisfactory position at the table and had a delightful evening. Mrs. K has been particularly nice

to me since I became acquainted with her back in India. J. K. declined the invitation and instead attended a lecture by Mr. Hollington on Honolulu. I got back to my room by 10:30 o'clock, and J. K. came soon afterward, but we both had trouble getting to sleep.

May 6 - - J. K. wasn't even interested in breakfast, but I had some sent up to him anyhow. He ate a little, but didn't get up until about 1 o'clock. I attended the religious service for both of us, held in the open on the aft promenade deck. We saw small islands far way - - our first glimpse of land for eight days. Larger islands, rising out of the sea high into the clouds, came into view later. A launch came out to our ship, circled about for awhile, and then left. The ship officers regarded it as rather mysterious and decided to report it at the first port. At night we overtook the steamer Nile, which left Yokohama several hours ahead of us and we traveled along about two miles apart, but they speeded up enough to give them the lead into Honolulu. They had the same experience with the mysterious launch. J. K. began to feel better in the afternoon and became so cheerful that before retiring for the night he just had to have a high old time playing on his mouth harp on the aft deck and he closed the performance with a jig. His good cheer made the rest of us happier.

May 7 - - The bugle called us at 5:30 o'clock. We had arrived at Honolulu but were two miles out to sea and must undergo a medical inspection before we could proceed to the pier. As the Nile was ahead of us we had to wait and the waiting became very tedious. We had been required to procure landing cards and after two hours were lined up to be counted by the Medical inspector. Then he got confused on his count and had to give it up. The whole proceeding was rather ludicrous and quite futile, but it had spoiled our morning sleep, put us to much inconvenience, and taken two hours of time unnecessarily. A British passenger remarked sarcastically "This is what we get in the land of the free," and J. K., who was hot and mad himself over the bothersome fiasco came back at him with the reply "Yes, but it is the land where citizenship is worth the most." He wouldn't stand for any criticism from a foreigner, even though the American official foolishness was provoking. I fear J. K. will yet kill a foreigner.

During the two hours we were needlessly waiting there was much interest in watching the sharks that came about the boat, but many of us were fascinated by the beautiful scene before us - - a gentle sea, in which there were unusual and varying tints of blue and green and sapphire, curling into breakers of white foam as they rolled rhythmically into shore and from the shore the land rose gradually with a profusion of tropical growth that gave it a soft coloring of green, then sharply humped itself into a jagged ridge that in many places disappeared into the clouds above. This was our first glimpse of the Hawaiian island where Honolulu nestles close to the Pacific ocean on a plateau of three or four miles in extent, with the mountainous ridge back of it, curving around to the east into a formation that in the sky-line gives the impression of a crouching lion; this is Diamond Head, the remains of an extinct volcanic crater which has been converted by the United States into a point of fortification. There is extreme secrecy as to what has been put into the bowel of the old crater to make it again a deadly volcano to an approaching enemy, but fortification work has been going on most industriously for years, under the direction of a large corps of engineers, and even army officers and prominent citizens of Honolulu declare that they know little of what is being done. When we were at Corregidor Colonel Long offered to give us a letter to the engineer in charge that would provide us the open sesame, and he told us

something of what we would see, but in the strenuousness of our visit with him we neglected to get the promised letter of introduction.

When the medical officer decided that Honolulu might not be contaminated by us some of the passengers on the launches hovering about were allowed to board our ship. Among those were a group of pretty American girls who came laden with leis (pronounced lay) made of orange colored paper. A strand was presented to each passenger to be worn about the neck. All were soon decorated in accordance with Hawaiian custom. The leis is [sic] an emblem of hospitality and welcome to visitors. While the Samaria was proceeding to the pier breakfast was served and mail was distributed. There were, to my great delight, cablegrams and many letters for me, some of the latter having been forwarded from Calcutta, and though these were written early in February I read them eagerly; there is nothing in the world so delightful to one who is traveling around the world as any message from the dear ones at home. It was impossible to read all before we had arrived at the pier and had to proceed with the party on our day's programme. I carried my big bundle of mail with me and read as I could along the way. It was more of my usual experience of having my joys come together. All through the day I was stealing chances to read letters, and I had a very happy day.

A large crowd was assembled on the pier to greet us. Many carried flowers. The Royal Hawaiian band was there and greeted us with "Aloha" in a way that made us feel that Hawaii was pouring out its soul to us, and then there were many popular American airs and we landed thrilled with music. Hawaii, with its beautiful skies, its perfect climate, and profusion of flowers, is attuned to harmony in every way and is itself a symphony. It seemed that we had drifted into Paradise. From the moment of our arrival we were thrown into a whirl of joys. Automobiles were awaiting us, and a seven-passenger Cadillac was assigned to us and our mail for our exclusive use; we have been rather fortunate in the last several weeks in getting good cars wholly for ourselves. It was the plan to have four passengers in each car, but so many of our party were met and taken away by friends living in Honolulu that it was found reservation had been made of more cars than were needed.

There isn't much of a foreign aspect to Honolulu. It has the appearance of a well built American town, with modern attributes – good asphalt streets, electric street railways, well equipped docks, fine schools, all that a progressive town boasts of at home. The business district is about a half mile square; the residences are widely scattered over the plateau between the sea and the mountains, but some of the better homes are up at higher points. The natives and the foreigners are excluded from the residence districts of the white people, and the different races have their own quarters, somewhat detached, and these communities have the appearance from the heights of separate towns. There is a Chinese, a Japanese, a Portuguese, and a Hawaiian community, but there is some intermingling of these. The Hawaiians are being absorbed by all of the other races and it seems probable that in time the natives may disappear. The total population is now about 85,000, and there is a preponderance of Japanese. There has been a steady inflow of Japanese, while the Chinese are largely descendants of those who acquired citizenship prior to the exclusion act. Here, as elsewhere, we are told that the Chinese are in every way better than the Japanese. The latter are becoming aggressive. An editorial in a local paper today warns them that they may go too far. While the residence sections are divided into race communities the children are mixed in the public schools, and as they poured out for recess

while they were passing they seemed to be healthy, happy, cleanly and unusually well dressed children, the yellowish and brown as well as the white. American influence in the development and domination of the city is everywhere apparent. American standards are well maintained. American dress and styles prevail. It is our language that is spoken in the stores and public places, and it is well spoken, but the Hawaiians sing in their own words, which seem best suited to their needs. We are told that it is well we do not understand, for it might be rather shocking sometimes to know what these simple children of nature are singing about so plaintively and so soulfully. The employed people, both male and female, are largely Chinese and Japanese - - the clerks in the stores and offices - - and they speak our language clearly, smoothly and softly, but with pleasing politeness and deference. The driver of our car proved to be Chinese. I supposed he was a native, but he had come over from China when he was nine years old. He talked well and gave the impression that he was a very capable person. Early in the drive he took us past the Y.M.C.A. building, because it is very important and pretentious here and occupies a building of historical interest - - the old Royal Hawaiian hotel, and then he pointed to the opposite side of the road and said "Over there is the ladies' Y.M.C.A."

The points of interest in the drive embraced the public buildings, the schools and college and some of the churches. Of these the most interesting was the former Royal Palace, now occupied as the Governor's Mansion. Then we were taken on a drive up the mountain side to Round Top over a good road which afforded inspiring views over the whole plateau, across to an extinct crater and out over the sea. Along the way native fruits could be seen growing wild. In returning we passed through the better residence district, where homes were largely of the modern bungalow type, set among royal palms, with flowers in great profusion everywhere. The first impression of one is that this must be Paradise, if flowers and fruits and the scenery of mountains and plateaus and sea, and mild climate can make Paradise. It is constant - - so constant that it becomes monotonous to the inhabitants. The temperature does not vary fifteen degrees the year round. All was so pleasing that it made us very amiable and J. K. decided at once to establish here a palace as an eleemosynary institution of E. L. & Co., where those who have rendered distinguished service could in their days of impairment and fatigue spend a year on grandeur and ease. He reserves the first year for himself.

The drive took us around Diamond Head down along the seashore to the Moana hotel three miles from the business center, where a good luncheon was served while Hawaiian music was rendered from a balcony. Out under the trees the Royal Band played "Aloha."

In the afternoon we went on a long drive in the opposite direction to Nuuanu Pali, another high point on a mountain road, of historic importance because of the battle at this point, the story of which was told by a native of present political prominence called the Honorable F. W. Beckley, who wore a garland of flowers about his straw hat according to Hawaiian custom. He told many of their legends. From the point on the road where the party was assembled there was almost perpendicular descent of a thousand feet and above us the tops of the mountains were obscured by the clouds hovering over them.

Other places of interest in our sight-seeing programme were the Aquarium, where the rare and brilliantly colored fish of this part of the world are exhibited; the royal museum, where there is a wonderful exhibit of native life and customs and curious things; Fort Shafter, where the

U.S. infantry troops and some of their extraordinary fighting equipment were observed for fifteen minutes; sugar and pineapple plantations, the greatest source of wealth in the Hawaiian islands, and finally Pearl Harbor, the naval headquarters with its many vast shops, the greatest dry dock in the world and where much of our Pacific squadron is kept. We found the cruiser Omaha at the dock. We met two of the officers and were invited to inspect this new wonder of the navy. This was another of the exceptional experiences that have befallen to us only in the Samaria party. We were told that the Omaha would leave early the next morning on the trip that would test its speed and they believed they would make a new record. They were hoping to arrive at San Francisco in seventy-two hours, which would be about half the time usually required for the trip. If they succeed and if the air service between San Francisco and Washington does not fail in its part of the undertaking they will together make a record of carrying mail from Honolulu to the nation's capital in less than one week, which will give the old world new cause for gasping. Grim determination to do it was evident. The distance from Honolulu to San Francisco is 2100 miles. Think of doing it in 72 hours! It will take us a week.

Our last hour of a very full day in Hawaii was spent on Waikiki beach watching the natives, with venturesome members of our party, ride the breakers into shore in little canoes with outriggers. It requires more skill to do it, especially standing, as the natives do. There were many spills. The crowd of spectators was large and the opportunity for spectacular performance was extraordinary. The Judge came out, with a double crew of experts, rode around until he had become the main object of interest, then was piloted through the breakers well out to sea and was carried back to shore on top of an incoming wave in glorious triumph.

J. K. was tired and went back to the ship, without waiting for dinner and it was a good one. Afterward I joined a party of half a dozen and went to the Princess theater, a fine place, where we saw a performance in which there was much of Hawaiian in native costume and language, with singing and dancing and music by the Royal band.

It was a strenuous day and overfull, and I was very tired, but not too tired to read some more of my lovely letters before going to sleep.

May 8 - - J. K. seemed to be feeling better, but there was no officious [sic] programme for the day and we were in no hurry about getting started. He wanted to visit druggists and doctors, and believing that it might be more satisfactory to him to go alone, we separated at the radio office until luncheon.

I wandered around. I found in the shops that prices were more than double the amounts asked for the same articles at ports back of us and that stocks of merchandise were rather ordinary. They have a fine post office, conducted according to American standards.

I made inquiries about Hilo, where the active volcano is located, and found that it is nearly 200 miles from Honolulu; the usual trip from here requires about four days and the cost of it is \$54. I am very much disappointed over the failure to include this in our itinerary, and the Cook management admit that it is now too late to change their arrangements. They say that it will be included next time, but that will do us no good. The other world touring parties have been taken to Hilo. Now is a good time to see the volcano, as they say it is "up" - - i.e., the lava

is flowing and it is up to the maximum of its activity. If I ever return to Hawaii I must have a peep at the volcano.

I roamed through the old Royal Palace, leisurely looked at the pictures of kings and queens and other celebrities, loafed in the big throne room, where the throne still persists in some pomp of red and gold, though long vacant, except that it is now used as the chair of the speaker when the territorial legislature is in session; looked around in the king's and queen's bed-rooms and dining room. The king's bed-room is now the office of the Governor, but, with my usual timidity, I refrained from introducing myself. I learned afterwards that The Judge had called twice on the Governor and left his cards, the last time leaving a note saying that if the Governor's wife would come out to the Moana hotel at night he would dance with her between 10 and 11 o'clock, but he would be busy until then. She didn't go; the story got out by the Governor telling some of our party and asking what kind of a man The Judge is.

I wandered back to the boat, rather tired from two hours of walking, and read papers from home, three of which were received here, until J. K. came. He brought with him Mr. Jigneaux, whom he had invited to have luncheon with us on the boat. We have [sic] a very pleasant and interesting visit. He has lived in Honolulu twenty-one years and likes it, but to get relief from the monotony tries to "go up" a few weeks every year or two. "Up" is the California coast. Sugar and pineapples are the main source of prosperity on the islands. Eighteen months are necessary to grow a crop. The industries are now largely under the ownership of corporations, and their shares are widely distributed among the inhabitants. Everybody is buying and selling sugar and pineapple stock, much as New Yorkers deal in the stock in New York. Both are slow-going crops and the prolonged uncertainty as to results give opportunity for bringing about much fluctuation in the local stock markets. The growing of sugar requires enormous investments in irrigation pipe lines. About 400 tons of water must be supplied for every ton of sugar produced. After luncheon we met at Mr. Jigneaux' store Mr. Kerm, one of his principal assistants, who was in the School of Pharmacy in Philadelphia with Eli and had met Evelyn. He will leave for Washington on Friday as a delegate to the Shriners' convention.

We called on Drs. Hodgins and Putnam, two of the leading doctors, and J. K. told them about Eliten. Dr. Hodgins is a graduate of the University of Toronto and this gave him some personal pride in the treatment originated by it. I expressed admiration for his offices and he showed us around. They have a very attractive little one-story building located on a street corner just in the rear of the old Royal Palace. It is the finest plant for the doctoring business that I have ever seen. It is exquisitely artistic, is perfectly suited to the needs, with rooms for reception, consultation, examination and operation, X-ray, drugs, analysis, etc., and a back-way exit for shunting away the dead and dying. Oh, its fine - - very esthetic and refined and practical. If I were going to be a doctor I would certainly have such a plant.

We got back to the boat about an hour before the time for sailing and others were returning, singly and in pairs and groups, laden with purchases, as usual, and wreathed in leis and flowers. Norman Scott came aboard to call on us. He is a naval officer located in Honolulu, who knew Eli, Russell, and the girls. He is married and has a little boy who, he thinks, is going to look like his uncle William Scott. He was particularly eager for information about all the young folks and wanted to be cordially remembered to each of them. He is charmed with life in

Honolulu and dreads his inevitable transfer from it. While we were having tea together and talking the Royal band and singers came aboard, to give us farewell music. Norman warned us as to what would happen. He said that nearly always the adieus and finalities of departure from Honolulu, under the influence of the music and showering of flowers and fond farewells, became very emotional. He had seen strong men, stolid as Buddhist gods, sob as if their hearts were breaking while pulling away from the soulful music of "Aloha." There are very few who are not susceptible to its overwhelming influence. A demonstration of all that he had indicated might happen soon followed. Fifteen minutes before departure of the ship visitors were warned to go ashore and J. K. accompanied Norman down the gang-plank. I remained on board to watch the scene. Then the band and the singers went ashore after rendering music that almost stirred the passengers with frenzy. All were wearing garlands of flowers and leis about their necks bestowed upon them, with impressive cordiality, by Hawaiian friends or bought by themselves for the occasion. When J. K. came back he was wearing wreaths about his neck given him by Norman. The most conspicuous person in the crowd on the pier was The Judge. He had garlands about his floppy hat and many about his neck, more than anyone else. He came up the gang plank and then returned to the pier several times, and finally took a position ahead of all the others at the gangway. Then as the gangplank was about to be taken up and as the band started playing a march he slowly and alone, as central and sole figure in the scene, came up, stopping momentarily to look about and to bow, and took to himself all of the conspicuity that was possible as the last man to come aboard, heavy laden with decorations presumably heaped upon him by fond and fair admirers whom he was reluctantly leaving behind, while the spectators aboard were, of course, looking upon the dramatic scene and exclaiming "See The Judge," "There's The Judge," etc., and again he had achieved the kind of glory for which he has unequalled genius. After all was ready the boat lingered for several minutes to hear the music of the singers and the band, which became sad and tearful, and then, after a long mournful blast from the whistle, slowly the ship moved away, and "Aloha" was sung with accompaniment from the band, in a way that seemed to spell the sorrowing end of a happy life. The women began weeping, many of them on the shoulders of whoever happened to be nearest, and the men broke down. The throng on shore crowded closely to the edge of the pier, waving handkerchiefs and calling out "bon voyage," fifty or more native boys jumped off into the water and of these a dozen or more boys grabbed trailing ropes and climbed aboard the ship. These then, at intervals, jumped from the top, eighty feet above the water, some of them turning somersaults as they fell, thus mixing thrills with the woe of the weeping. As the boat moved away the garlands of flowers and leis were thrown overboard, for there is a saying that if you do not do this, you will never return. Out at sea we passed out of view of Honolulu as the sun went down behind the mountains back of it.

May 9 - - Two passengers were left at Honolulu; they got married and stayed for their honeymoon. They decided that they couldn't wait any longer. They were trying to hold out until they arrived at San Francisco, but it was too much of a strain on them. The girl was a Miss Jefferson, who was making the trip with her parents, and the young man joined them at Manila. They are from Los Angeles and the father of the girl is reputed to be a multi-millionaire. They are near neighbors on the same deck with us. For the last two weeks I have found the young couple hugging and kissing in the hallway nearly every time I came out of my room, and I am sure they hate me. I have been getting quite desperate myself; it seemed impossible for me to escape them. I am glad it's all over. Honolulu is an ideal place for a honeymoon. Good luck to

them and may they live always as lovingly as they have been in our alley. There are rumors that other similar events are impending - - some say twenty and some forty - - and there are other rumors that several affairs have collapsed, but it isn't safe to believe much that you hear on Samaria's Main Street. It's a good place for personal gossip that isn't true. The Main Street in the book is a back alley in comparison with it. There are some unconscionable liars aboard evidently and they are the busiest people on board, exempting me, for I think it will be conceded that I am the steadiest toiler in the party. I may not be succeeding very well, but I am faithfully trying to share this trip with the interested folks at home as fully as I can get it over to them.

There is a certain table in the starboard salon that is called my office where I do most of my writing. There are two men who usually sit at the same table reading. Gen. Healy and Mr. Black, of New York, though there are plenty of other places, but they are friendly and do not disturb me. Mr. De Forest usually sits at a table nearby for a couple of hours in the morning while smoking. When one of the chairs at my table was vacated this morning he came over to say that he hoped I would publish my log and assured me that he was expressing very generally the wish of others. Nearly all of them had started out to do something of the same kind, but none of them had kept it up as I had and he thought my powers of observation and narration made it desirable, if not almost a duty, for me to render this service. He was more than complimentary - - quite flattering. I told him that there had been no such purpose in view in my writing. I had written only for my family and friends, with no other aim than to give them such participation in our part of the trip as might be of interest to them, that I had written very hurriedly, without the care that would be given if publication were contemplated, without the usual revision and that much of it was personal. I did not think, therefore, it would be suitable for publication. He argued that because it had been written so freely while impressions were fresh it was more desirable than if it were done laboriously and with deliberation and urged that as a great favor to my fellow-passengers I should allow them to have it after deleting the personal parts. I told him that it wouldn't be what I would want to make it if it were to be dignified by publication and I was sure that if it were to be put into book form it would make me very uncomfortable. He was very persistent, wouldn't allow it to end with my definite refusal and finally to temporize I said I would give it further consideration, but must say frankly that my feeling was against it. The request is more gratifying to me, I am sure, than compliance with it would be.

Very exciting reports are reaching us about the capture of American tourists by Chinese bandits. The news is of special concern to us because it is reported that the bandits had planned to get us while we were traveling over the same railroad three weeks earlier, but we went through by special train, the information given them was misleading and they missed us by several hours. There has been much published in every country we have visited about our party being composed of millionaires and multi-millionaires. So far as we have known the principal effect of this publicity has been to cause the shop-keepers to put up their prices 200 to 300 per cent. It would not be surprising if the bandits became interested in us as the kind of prey they would like. My own theory is that we were saved by J. K., his presence brought us "Lilly luck." There were armed soldiers with us on all of our railroad journeys in China, but they didn't impress us as very efficient protectors. There were times when circumstances didn't look good, but there was no overt act or alarming move at any time. If it happened that there were sensational reports published at home and there was apprehension regarding us, this was doubtless relieved by the wireless messages reporting our arrival at Honolulu almost simultaneously with the

announcement of the outrages in China. We were told in Peking that it is realized that there may be trouble there at any time. The Americans sense danger when the rich Chinese begin to appear in unusual numbers at the hotels within the legation compound and when they bring in their money and valuables for deposit or safe-keeping.

May 10 - - J. K. has been getting better, but I have been slipping back again and have returned to a milk toast diet; however, my renewed attack is milder. While it is disturbing I am not losing any time.

“A White Elephant Sale” on the aft deck was held this afternoon, to give those who have bought unwisely a chance to unload. The sale was by auction and there was a relay of auctioneers. Each auctioneer was limited to three sales. A gay start was made, but it soon fizzled out. There wasn’t much offered, the bidding wasn’t very spirited; if the bids weren’t satisfactory the articles offered were withdrawn and the auctioneers were too amateurish and too feeble to carry on effectively. There is enough of miscellaneous junk on board to keep auctioneers busy for years, but evidently the owners are still content to hold it. The stock is somewhat reduced however; the live things have been dying as we have been getting into cooler climate. All of the minor [sic] birds, and many of the parrots, monkeys, and chow dogs have passed into another world. The ship crew hasn’t been altogether happy over the animate acquisitions that have been brought into the collection of our ark and when these deaths occur they do not become noticeably sad. There has been no restraint on the money spenders in providing asylum on the ship for indulgence of their fancies, except that once the Captain rebelled when a passenger tried to bring on board an elephant.

In the evening I went to a dinner in the aft dining room, on the invitation of Miss Allen, of New York, the Social directress. There were six in the party. I sat at the right of the hostess and at my right was Miss Phelps, of New York. We had a very enjoyable evening. My palm was read afterward. I must be a wonderful person, for all that I was told was very fine and flattering, but I am trying to remember the oft-repeated familiar advice poured into me at home - - “William, the women will make a fool of you if they can, and if they succeed they won’t like you.” As I want them to like me I have decided not to believe them.

May 11 - - The passengers were very busy getting ready for the breaking up of the party at San Francisco. Ninety-seven will leave there; some live in California or the West; some want to see the wonders of the West; some are sick and want to get home as soon as possible; some have had enough and others are eager to get back to business. There is a good deal of social finality and those who are leaving are fretting over the problem of getting through the custom-house. Those of us who are not leaving the ship are yet calm, but we know our troubles will come later.

The women are in a whirl with their Japanese breakfasts and luncheons, kimono teas, and mandarin robe receptions, which are bringing about a variety of display and some very incongruous combinations of the Oriental and the Occidental. The day has been crowded with social events, arranged by those who are trying to get their obligations discharged “free from all appraisal laws” before too late. They have also been keeping the photographers busy taking their pictures in their oriental costumes.

Before too late I must record one of the social incidents that I neglected to mention back in Shanghai. Henry James, who has paid heavily the price of popularity with some of the grand dames to whom he is socially beholden at home, was invited to tea by two of them who have been most exacting on this trip. He failed to appear at the appointed time, when he happened to be enjoying a little respite. The grand dames were much peeved and rather reproachful, intimating that they thought at least an explanation was due from him. He was disconcerted, and didn't know quite what to say, but smiled as sweetly as possible as he blurted out, "I am awfully sorry but the truth is I was drunk at the Club and couldn't get to the hotel to join you at tea." They seemed to regard it as a good excuse.

J. K. appeared at all meals, was very cheerful, and went to a minstrel show by the crew in the evening but I wrote a while and went early to bed.

May 12 - - J. K. had his breakfast brought to him; he isn't ill, except that his spells of homesickness become more acute when he awakens and he prefers to remain in bed, and he has the feeling that this shortens the day. He is disappointed over not receiving an answer to his cablegram from Yokohama asking for definite information about the plans of Mrs. L. He dared me today to return home overland from San Francisco, but I was hard-hearted. I told him I might never have another opportunity to go through the Panama Canal or to see that part of the world and as I have already paid for the trip I would like to finish it as a complete journey around the world and to do this will now require only a few days more of time than taking the short cut home by rail. It will be easier for me in the future to get a trip to California than to get the voyage around by water.

We have had a gentle sea since we left Honolulu, but this morning there wasn't even a ripple on the surface. It has not been so smooth at any time before since we started on the voyage. As we are traveling northeast it has been gradually getting cooler and now winter is upon us. The passengers are keeping indoors. Today a bulletin was posted reporting that there is a panic on the New York stock market and that prices have fallen fifteen points or more on many popular stocks; that business prosperity has been over-estimated; that building plans generally have been suspended or are being abandoned on account of the demands for labor, etc. Heretofore all reports reaching us have been optimistic and have indicated that prosperity at home is at a high tide. Can't the Noyes brothers do something to bring about a more cheerful homecoming for us?

May 13 - - J. K. had a beautiful dream and it made him so happy that he got up for breakfast, instead of indulging the lazy and luxurious inclination of the rich man. I, being a poor devil, and a hard-working man, must always get up whether I feel like it or not, sick or well. There is one luxury that I am indulging without hurry. And that is my warm sea-water bath on getting up. In this respect J. K. adheres to home habits. While I was soaking in salt water this morning he hurriedly dressed and went to breakfast ahead of me.

We are informed that we shall probably land in San Francisco tomorrow about 1 o'clock and there is much turmoil in preparation. The halls are filled with trunks and many are busy packing. The number who will leave the party is increasing; it is now reported 110 will go and

56 passengers for Liverpool will come aboard. The biggest thing on my hands is my log. I shall try to ship it from San Francisco, with a prayer for merciful treatment.

I have been looking forward to some relaxation after San Francisco, and possibly some social enjoyment, but the prospects for the latter are now spoiled as I learned last night. The busiest gossip on board, who spends his entire time going from one person to another with his stories, was industriously circulating an extra last night that J. K. had told him that there were about twenty women on board “angling for his friend, but it wouldn’t do any good, as he was hard-boiled.” I have been trying for months to live down the “hard-boiled” handicap put upon me at the start and recently there have been some slight manifestations of tolerance, but this latest blow will certainly knock me out and there will not be a woman on board who will dare speak to me hereafter, for fear of being suspected one of the “anglers.” I am out of luck. I am expecting this to be my last day of social recognition or tolerance and there would probably be nothing today if it were not that several days ago we were invited by Miss Bowman, of Trenton, to a dinner to be given tonight and by Mrs. Fowler to a champagne farewell afterwards to the members of the party who will be leaving at San Francisco tomorrow. I am now down and out. Good-bye.

We attended a large dinner party in the evening given by Miss Bowman of Trenton, in honor of Mrs. George Lilly and her daughter, Miss Ella Marie Lilly, of Anderson. The arrangements were elaborate and fine. Miss Bowman’s collection of the dolls of the different countries we have visited was exhibited as a decoration of the table. After the dinner we attended a charming champagne farewell given by Mr. and Mrs. Fowler to the Samaria passengers who will be leaving the ship tomorrow at San Francisco.

May 14 - - San Francisco is pleasing to look upon. We are conscious of partiality, of course, because we are back to “our country,” but the scene that spreads out before us as we approach from the Golden Gate stirs American pride. The panorama of islands and hills and impressive buildings dotting the hills, the gray and green bordered ribbons over the hills that are really beautifully shaded streets, the attractive patch of landscape that is pointed out as “the Exposition Grounds,” the rebuilt districts on the heights where “the fire” was more destructive when the earthquake threw the city into chaos, the way it all rises into the skies and is taken into the close embrace of the clouds, within the sweeping view of those who approach it from the sea, makes the visitor who comes for the first time gasp before admiration begins to express itself. San Francisco is a sea-coast city that Americans may well be proud of in comparison with other ports around the world.

A committee from the Chamber of Commerce came aboard to give us welcome, and a banner in huge letters was spread over the landing place reading “Welcome to San Francisco,” but the health officers who came aboard refused to allow our ship to come up to the pier, and ordered the crew to throw overboard large quantities of pineapples and food taken on at Honolulu. The reason given for this treatment was that in our voyage around the world we had visited countries where there was contagious disease. A San Francisco newspaper published a sensational report that we would even be held in quarantine. The officers of the Samaria were very bitter over their inhospitable treatment and said that it was the worst they had been subjected to in any port, and their loss from it would amount to several thousands of dollars.

A large staff of customs officers were at the entrance of the landing pier to question and search, if this seemed to be warranted, all who came ashore. A few were subjected to minutely careful examination occupying several hours but the majority were allowed to pass on after brief and polite questioning. Except in a few instances of implied suspicion the ordeal was less severe than had generally been expected.

When it was decided that the Samaria would not be allowed to touch the pier, Mr. McWhidden came out on to the ship on a special launch for Mr. L. and myself, but passed us on the way and then overtook us at the landing. The party of friends awaiting us had their own arrangements for our entertainment and we were taken out of all participation in the programs for the Samaria passengers during our stay of two days in San Francisco. A luncheon at the Palace, a motor trip that embraced many points of interest, a superb formal dinner for us at the Fairmount, a visit to the home of Mr. Chapin, until recently owner of the San Francisco Call, who afterward took us out to the Twin Peaks for the wonderful view over the city at night, a breakfast party the next morning, another luncheon, a motor trip to Palo Alto and then to the beautiful country home F. S. Michael, where we remained overnight and an early morning trip back to the city, with no time to spare before departure of the Samaria, made our two days in San Francisco entirely delightful. At the last minute a telegram was received informing me, to my great surprise, that my daughter [Evelyn] had made arrangements to leave for Paris on the 19th for a visit of six weeks and would return to Boston on the next trip of the Samaria from Liverpool, which meant that I would not see her before autumn. I sent her a bon voyage telegram immediately.

May 15-25 -- I had looked forward to a period of relaxation and such social enjoyment as there might be opportunity for after leaving San Francisco. So I rested and played for nine days as we drifted comfortable southward over gentle seas. We saw nothing more exciting than an occasional spouting whale and two or three of Mr. Benson's Tidewater Oil Company ships passing us on their way up the coast. The Southward journey carried us into weather that gradually day by day became warmer until we found ourselves back in the tropical climate, with the sun rising out in the Pacific, when we turned into Balboa on the morning of the 25th. Mr. L. decided to stick to the ship on the trip to the Panama canal. I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Dryden on an automobile trip from Balboa to Panama City. We were much impressed with our observations of the good sanitary conditions that had been brought about, even in the territory dominated by the government of Panama, under the influence and directly effective methods of American representatives. However, the Americans have not reformed them out of all their old ways. It was noticeable that the Panama lottery, conducted under authority of and a source of revenue to the government, is a large factor in the life of the locality. They even have bull-fights occasionally for the entertainment, we were told, of American visitors. But they have good streets which are kept clean, they live up to modern sanitary regulations, and they look prosperous and healthy. A road is the dividing line between the jurisdiction of the American and Panama governments. One side is dry and the other is wet. It is very important for the wayward to keep on the side of the road favorable for their ways. The popular hotel is in dry territory, and the popular club, accessible to guests of the hotel, is on the wet side of the road.

There is a good deal of Spanish and some French mixed with the native population, and it is everywhere evident that it has been improved by what it has derived, whether by influence or by force, from the United States. The city of Panama is the melting pot of the South American tropics, and it surely melts. It is a hot old town. We needed again the helmets that we were though [with] in India. We were particularly cautioned against the danger of allowing rain soaked clothing to dry on us; this almost unfailingly brings on the fever. The pall of Panama is the fever. It is not conceivable that there can be room there for the ghosts of the untold number who have been swept into eternity by it, but they cannot be forgotten. The living fight it incessantly; they must fight it to live. The inhabitants are required by law to immediately report to the health officers the discovery of a mosquito and when such a report is received they go after it with about as much alacrity as the fire department response to a fire alarm in an American city. The region of danger is quickly sprayed with oil, screens are carefully looked after, and the usual measures of suppression are applied. In consequence the dread scourge of yellow fever has almost entirely disappeared from along the canal. This is an American triumph - - it made possible the construction of the canal.

We came back to the Canal at the Pedro Miguel lock, and there saw the Samaria enter. When we got our first glimpse of it deep down in the canal lock somehow it seemed so small that many did not readily recognize it as the proud high-standing Samaria that we had left two hours before at the Balboa dock. As it rose on the inflowing volume of water that poured into the canal lock it came into recognizable magnificence. Then we boarded it and for those of us, nearly all, who had taken the drive from Balboa to Panama City and down to the Pedro Miguel locks, the long anticipated journey through the Panama Canal, our canal, began. A few of us went to the Captain's bridge to get a better lookout, and so fascinating was the panorama of our passing through that we remained there from early afternoon until the sun had gloriously disappeared and left us in darkness before Gatun, with the lights of Christobal sparkling from the horizon where it seemed the sun should have gone down. It was a day of strange performances by the sun, which had risen from the Pacific back at Balboa and had seemed to set in the north while we were at Gatun locks. Our party of a few on the bridge had increased to all that could crowd around, and so entranced were they that none were willing to be enticed by the bugle calls to the dining room.

Everyone wanted to see everything that was done in lowering the Samaria from "the bridge of water," for such it really is, that had carried us over from the Pacific to the Atlantic at a height of more than 85 feet above seal level. We were told that down in the waters beneath us five towns had been submerged along the way and had entirely disappeared in making the bridge of water that afforded us an out from ocean to ocean, saving a month's travel around the coast of South America. The trip through had been absorbingly interesting - we saw all that could have been seen of troublesome Culebra cut, even passed a steamship in going through, saw what remained of terrific slides, and passed close to the tangled tropical growth along the canal. The Suez is a wearisome ditch through the desert but there is nothing monotonous about our Panama canal; it is a spectacular engineering achievement. The toll of our ship in going through was about half the cost of a passage through the Suez.

The ship tied up at the dock for the night to take on enough oil to carry it back to New York and on to Liverpool. This afforded us a chance to see at night Christobal and Colon, the

adjacent dry and wet towns at the eastern entrance to the canal. The dry U.S. town is a reservation with all good modern physical attributes, where only employees in the U.S. service can live; the wet town, under native rule, is wide open and is a good place for self-respecting people to avoid. We really didn't see more than a few busy streets. My most favorable impression I got early the next morning at sunrise when the Samaria was steaming out at sea, leaving behind a pleasing scene of bright colored cement or stucco buildings scattered among tropical trees along the beach; there was then no perceptible difference in the peace and order between the still slumbering wet and dry regions. The canal gives importance to the point, and the steamships that may be seen along, coming, or waiting for a chance to enter bring to it a vast volume of the commerce that must go over the bridge between the Atlantic and Pacific.

May 27 – Sunday and the anniversary of my birth. A present from J. K. and some fine messages from other thoughtful friends; my anniversary was known to very few on board and there were no proclamations. A large dinner party in the evening was given by Miss Shannon to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of Baroness Von Schlotheim. Sat at left of hostess and was asked to propose toast to guest of honor. Did it with precision, in carefully chosen words. Will never know how much better or worse it might have been if I had been carelessly informal. A fine party, and a happy occasion, but swelteringly hot.

May 30 – All have been busy since Sunday packing and getting ready to leave the ship on arrival at New York. Stewards are getting belated tips. The Judge informed his table steward that he could not give him money, but had written a poem for him. The steward thought he ought to give The Judge an original poem in reciprocation. Copies of it were given to several passengers. The first word of each line of the steward's verse read

When
May
I
See
You
Fall
Overboard
?

The recipient was gracious and seemed to be pleased.

The last dinner on board was made a gala occasion. There were decorations and souvenirs galore; champagne flowed freely and the dining room became a serpentine in which all were enmeshed. There was general hilarity. The passengers of the aft dining room formed a procession and marched through the forward dining room, singing and saluting. Many small special dinner parties had been arranged. Mr. Hyde had invited me to dine with him and Mrs. Barney and Mrs. Stanford White - - the only dinner party invitation that Mrs. Barney had accepted during the trip. Afterward Mr. Hyde and I played bridge with Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Emerson. An enjoyable last night of our long journey around [the world]. Mrs. Kingsley invited

me to dine at her house with Sir William Gastrell and Mr. and Mrs. Fowler the second night after our arrival in New York.

It was a memorable last night, with moonlight like we have “on the Wabash far away.” Many were reluctant to go to sleep, especially us younger people. After leaving the bridge party I joined some of the young folks who were mournful and moonful. We agreed that, come what might, we wouldn’t and couldn’t forget and as everybody else had disappeared we recited some poetry to the moon and gave up.

MAY 31 – So this is New York!

We left it in a snow-storm and came back to find it as spring-like as Honolulu. Many of the people we left waving farewell from pier 54 were there shouting greetings of welcome to us when we came back. Among them were many of our fellow-travellers who had left us at San Francisco. Our trip around the world had ended where it started. We were thrilled with great anticipations in going, but the greatest joy of it all was in getting back, for to an American there can be “no place like home.”

My daughter Evelyn was a passenger on the Samaria on the first trip of the steamship back to America, after our cruise around the world, leaving Liverpool June 28. On this trip the ship carried 37 first-class passengers, 400 second-class passengers and a large number of third-class passengers. How different for the Samaria! The officers of the ship were enthusiastic about their cruise around the world with our party. Evelyn was nearest to all that was left to them of personal representation of our party and as such they honored her with courtesies. They insisted on her occupancy of one of their best cabins (B22), and she was given the seat of honor at the captain’s table, and the chief steward daily sent to her cabin specimens of the finest fruits of the ship. Evelyn writes, “I must tell you that the chief steward said that he had never seen so many fine people together as were on your cruise. He never expected to have another group so pleasant and so fine - - in fact, he never wanted it equaled because he wanted always that cruise to stand out in his memory as being as near perfect as possible. So now you know how fine you all were.”