

# CAUCUS - RACE

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HENRIETTA SANDS MERRICK



## CAUCUS-RACE

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“What *is* a Caucus-Race?” said Alice.

“Why,” said the Dodo, “the best way to explain it is to do it.” First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of a circle (“the exact shape doesn’t matter,” it said) and then all the party were placed along the course here and there. There was no “One, two, three, and away,” but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

**BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

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**IN THE WORLD'S ATTIC  
SPOKEN IN TIBET  
CAUCUS-RACE**

# CAUCUS - RACE

*By*

HENRIETTA SANDS MERRICK

TWENTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR  
MAP



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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1938

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*To*

**BEATRICE BATES SEWELL**





## FOREWORD

THE countries that I first visited, seemed each one a thing apart. It was not until I got clean away from the ordinary world, into an atmosphere itself so clear that one's mental vision clears as well, that I recognized the chaotic mood common to all nations to-day.

The pattern of life that we found good when years of peace stretched before us like the beauty of long-drawn-out gestures in a slow-motion picture, is changed, balance is gone, rules are ignored, each nation races by itself as in the "Caucus-race" of the Dodo. But at the end of this race, will even a Dodo be able to say: "Everybody has won, all must have prizes"?

To record such a period of transition is like trying to harness something on the wing and make concrete an uncertainty. In presenting the picture of bewilderment, I have not sought to dramatize events at the expense of accuracy, but have preferred to act as camera man and throw upon the screen, pictures that have not been "touched up."

To cramp such varied experiences into a few chapters, I have tried not to obscure the pictures more than was necessary by stepping before the lens myself. What is happening in the world to-day is more interesting and more important than the personal exploits of a writer.

I believe that I have written an impartial story, for I have no prejudices and serve no special interest. Where I have turned the clock back it has been in the interest of better understanding; where I have looked into the future, it has been to raise questions that urge themselves upon me.

The Palestine tangle suggests that there need be none. Publication of the McMahon-Husein letters would prove whether title to the land given to the Jews is clear.

The arguments I use to dispute the authorities about the Bayon Temple of Angkor, are at least as sound as theirs.

The day has passed when colonies may with impunity be looked upon as mere producers of raw materials and consumers of manufactured goods; obligation to the human element is supposed to enter in to-day, but appears often to be disregarded.

In the interest of fair play I have resurrected a picture of Japan that is not so old that we need have forgotten it, but has been obscured by dust, on the shelf whereon we laid it.

In a book otherwise full of strife there is an interlude of high adventure across the Great Himalayan Range that divides India from Tibet. It was my sixth crossing, my fifth alone with native servants.

It is in the Orient that one realizes best the timelessness of Time. It is in the high Himalayas that one's mind accepts Time's far reaches; that worlds come and go . . . Atlantis, and why not Lemuria, since "*To-morrow!* Why, To-morrow I may be Myself with yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years."

Night after night, week after week, month after month out under stars so remote that the news of the World War may not yet have reached them, one recognizes that the design of the Universe could only be spiritual and man's ultimate destiny magnificent, though he may reach it by as many channels as the Nile seeks the sea through the great Delta.

I hold in my fingers a string of amber that some Pharaoh might have worn, so deep an orange is its color, so rare and exquisite it is; cut into perfect beads centuries ago. The many who have caressed them to give so brilliant a polish, have passed away, yet men think that they can define conditions of infinite duration in a few blundering years.

\* \* \* \* \*

My thanks are due to fellow members of the Himalayan Club who aided me with information about routes for the long journeys I describe. Mrs. H. P. V. Townend, Hon'y Sec'y of the Club; Mr. W. J. Kydd; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. F. Hamilton; Capt. C. C. Gregory; Capt. D. E. Lowndes;

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## PROLOGUE

THIS journey around the world started with a definite plan; one country, Persia, had absorbed my interest for a year, during which time I had studied its written and spoken language and had tried to learn what one might in so short a time about its history, its art, its people, and its changing customs, fearing to trust solely to the impressions of my own transient moments there and risk such mistakes as that made by the man who declared the pyramids of Egypt to be just "useless stone mountains," never having heard that the Great Pyramid is now considered to be a mathematical wonder, a text-book in stone, but never just the tomb of a Pharaoh as was long supposed.

My last journey had been across Tibet. Writing me about my new plans, a British officer whom I had met there, asked if I would visit it again, and said: "It's queer how that country fascinates; when I was there I often cursed it and its bare hills and cruel winds, but now I would give a lot to spend another two years there."

I felt like waving the letter like a flag before those who think me completely daft because I like to travel in such places. It would seem that, because I look like something grown in a hot-house, I am guilty of an almost-indiscretion when I choose to have not even a glass roof between myself and the sky.

On this visit to Persia I expected to have as thrilling experiences as I had had in the wilds of the Himalaya, for, besides keeping house in Teheran and Isfahan, I intended to travel among the Tribes and to take my camel caravan across the Lut, or Great Desert.

I did none of these things. Persistent opposition, endless red tape, suspicion, and every conceivable delay, convinced me that I would get nowhere in Persia off the beaten path,

and on the tourist route there was not enough of interest, by comparison with other countries, to hold one's attention for many months.

My first plans gone wrong, I decided to travel thenceforth without any at all, to march to whatever trumpet-call lured me on, to let my travels be somewhat like the motion of a person who "tunes in," and moves the dial from one station on the radio to another until the ear has caught a melody or a word that holds the interest for a spell, then turns again until some new note captures the attention. The way of my going was not ordered, days followed no set pattern, I did not have to be in any place at a specified time, nor to leave it when perhaps I had just found the touchstone.

The record of two years was full enough: Brilliant receptions in royal palaces and life in a house made of mud; visits to golden temples and to dead cities; gay and frivolous life in big cities, and laborious marches across a world as it was before creation . . . soundless and without life. There were breath-taking climbs at 17,500 feet above sea level, and dawn seen coming majestically to uninhabited lands as it came when ONE said: "Let there be Light"!

Sometimes meals were served me on rose damask, strewn with flower petals, at other times I took them by the roadside, cooked over a fire of yak-dung or clods of earth that held dried roots. In some places men worshipped idols and made blood sacrifices, in others they grabbed eagerly at Western civilization, or wistfully and with misgivings, threw over age-old traditions and ideals for doubtful blessings.

An amazing world!

People seemed helpless against the fate that had drawn them into the mighty current of the world's unrest. What they had done, or what had been done to them to make them pawns in a game, seemed more interesting than the actual experiences of the journey.

I had left a country where people were at peace, united, free, coming happily out of what was just one more financial depression. Two years of travel around the world to-day inclines one to laugh at talk about the nervous strain of life

in the United States. Here, at least, one does not have to be afraid of one's neighbor, nor to purchase gas masks with trousseau and layette.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, let no man take thy crown," was surely written for America.



## PERSIA OR IRAN?

### *PROPITIOUS LANDING*

BEIRUT, in Syria, marked the end of my first sea journey. The landing there was propitious.

"It contains the trousseau of a horse," I explained in French when the Customs Inspector pointed to a formidable-looking carton tied securely with heavy cord that was knotted in many places; it looked indeed an amazing piece of luggage for a tourist to carry about. I tried in vain to remember the French for saddle, bridle, etc.

"It has everything that a horse will need to make me comfortable on its back," I elaborated, to the further bewilderment of the official; but with that sixth sense that makes French officials so delightful to deal with, the Inspector burst out laughing and cried:

"Une selle! Vous voulez bien dire une selle?"

"Ah oui!" Then, as the French words came back to memory, "There is also a crupper, martingale, saddle blanket, and . . ."

"Bien! Bien! mais on ne monte pas à cheval à Beyrouth!"

"Dieu merci!" I cried, and hastened to add that there were moments in my life when I *had* to ride; that they usually occurred when it was impossible for me to secure proper equipment, and I had no desire to renew the experience I had had in India where the local instrument of torture had both girths broken and I had been forced to ride along the edge of a precipice, my saddle tied on with rope and with strings of frayed hemp for stirrup straps.

The inspector was all interest; but when I told him that I was on my way into Persia he exclaimed:

"Pas amusant!"

*PASSAGE TO PERSIA*

THE most inexperienced traveler may reach Persia to-day with little difficulty though it is not "en route" to any likely quarter of the globe that the tourist visits. Despite all the modern improvements in transportation it is still almost as isolated as when sea routes first turned the tide of trade from caravan trails that linked it with East and West.

There is no danger encountered on the road from any quarter; there are, in fact, well known and well traveled routes from several countries. One may reach Persia through Russia via the Caspian Sea, or through the Black Sea to Tabriz, or journey up across the mountains from Bushire on the Persian Gulf to Shiraz. From India one may enter Persia via the Khyber Pass and Afghanistan, now open to travelers, or across Baluchistan about which the Arab poet wrote: "O Allah! Seeing Thou hast created Baluchistan, what need was there of conceiving Hell?" I once landed there in an airplane and endorse the poet's aphorism.

Many delays and discomforts beset these routes that the traveler from Europe and America need not encounter. It is easier and more comfortable to enter Persia via the Syrian Desert and Baghdad. This would make the starting point Beirut, reached from New York most conveniently by the American Export Line.

From Beirut a four-hour motor ride brings one to Damascus; from there the six hundred miles of Syrian Desert may be crossed by air or via Nairn Transport. The huge motor-busses of this service took twenty-seven traveling hours to complete the journey only a year ago; but to-day, with improved, air-cooled busses it covers the route in thirteen.

I had made the journey by air three years before, on my way from England to India via Imperial Airways, and chose the new experience. It was a wretched journey.

The windows had to be kept closed to shut out the sand churned up by huge wheels. My neighbor, a stout Jewish woman, contributed to the agony of foul air by preserving in

the basket at her feet, the remains of food and peels of fruit. She was a slovenly person, and at frequent intervals she doused herself with a strong citron perfume that she took from a tiny suitcase where it tumbled about with brush and comb and tooth-brush. She might have been even less endurable had she smelled like herself. Her husband sat behind us. Three noisy and perpetually hungry children tumbled over our feet; they were booked second class, but spent all of their time in the first class compartment.

Hours rolled by. The door of the toilet jammed; grown people looked pained, but the children took care of themselves on the floor. We finally forced the bus to halt and all passengers climbed out pretending that they wanted to look at the stars.

All transport stops at Rutba Wells, in the desert, to refuel, and there passengers seek the rest rooms and the restaurant inside the fort. Three years ago it was heavily guarded; today there is an encampment outside the walls, so safe has it become from Bedouin raids.

Before arriving in Baghdad, I had been able to learn of only one means of transport from there into Persia, via the bi-weekly so-called "de luxe" motor service run by Thomas Cook Co., whose cars meet passengers at the railway station at Khanekin, the border town of Iraq, at half past seven in the morning. Before leaving Beirut I had booked a seat on one of these for the journey to Teheran, made the journey from Baghdad to Khanekin by rail at night, and arrived there at four in the morning.

Too late to cancel this arrangement I discovered that I might have hired a private car and have motored direct from the door of my hotel in Baghdad to Teheran, and have saved money, besides taking along with me most of the luggage that I had shipped ahead at great expense.

I had been advised that I might take with me only the minimum amount of hand luggage. The much more that was necessary for the various kinds of experience that I projected was, on advice, packed into one large crate and sent six weeks ahead of my departure from New York in order

that I might find it in Teheran on my arrival. I had been advised by the Persian Minister in Washington that, upon application, my effects would be permitted to go forward to the capital for examination in the customs there, instead of having this formality at the border.

With my own car I should likewise have had control of the chauffeur, and have stopped the first night in Kerman-shah. In the agent's car I was rushed at break-neck speed over roads that were altogether unsafe in the dark; with hair-pin turns up to the pass before Hamadan; and always with the danger of meeting goods lorries, driven recklessly in Persia. We saw three of them wrecked beside the road, by one of them the dead chauffeur and several wounded passengers lying.

We raced along; tore three inner tubes to shreds, dragging a yard of red rubber along the road before the car could be brought to a halt. I clung through over fourteen wretched hours to a hard round tassel that slipped out of my hand each time that a jolt threw me towards the roof. It was not reassuring to recall that my ticket declared the agent's immunity: "Not liable in any way for any injuries, damages, losses, accidents, delays, or irregularities which may be occasioned either by reason of any defect in any vehicle or through the act or default of any company or person engaged in conveying the passenger or carrying out the purpose for which this ticket has been issued, or otherwise in connection therewith."

The winding road was sometimes blocked with herds of sheep and goats that tribesmen were driving to their grazing grounds in the valley, or by donkeys loaded with long poles that narrowly escaped entanglement with our wheels. My chauffeur cursed them roundly.

Much of the beauty of the pass before Hamadan was missed because we covered it in the dark; we had motored two hundred and forty miles before we halted at the little hotel in Hamadan where the chauffeur slumped, exhausted, across the wheel.



I too was exhausted, and refused to make so early a start next day. But the chauffeur said he had orders, and again, before eight o'clock, we started on another day of speed to Kasvin, and there I was kept waiting. Two and a half hours passed, punctuated by my protests, while the chauffeur put the car in shape for his return journey that he might not have this to do during his two-day halt in Teheran, which we reached long after dark, missing that most lovely sight . . . the blue-tiled minarets of a Mohammedan city looming on the desert horizon.

The first part of the route beyond the Persian border is monotonous, though it runs through rich pasture lands and by vineyards and melon fields. Numerous look-out posts stand like mile-stones beside the road, and the ceaseless vigilance of soldiers keeps the roads safe from molestation by tribesmen whose black tents of goat's hair dot the plains.

Then, like the slow tuning-up of an orchestra until it bursts into splendid volume, the hills gradually turn colorful, and waves of olive green sweep up to crests that curl like foam on an incoming wave. The mountains are cobalt, purple, and rust color. Facing them is the majestic cliff of Bisitun that rises perpendicularly four thousand feet above the plain. Thereon Darius, the Great King, recorded his victories. To-day, as when five hundred years before the birth of Christ they were carved, the heroic figure of the king stands out, surrounded by his officers, the conquered enemy at his feet. In the face of such reminder how inapt the warning: "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es!"

Below, on a large tablet, the glories of this "enchanted dust" are proclaimed in three languages, and a curse is laid upon whosoever should destroy the monument:

"Saith Darius the king: If thou shalt see this tablet or these sculptures and shalt destroy them, and shalt not preserve them as long as thy life endureth, than may Ahura Mazda slay thee and may thy race come to naught, and whatsoever thou doest may Ahura Mazda destroy." \*

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\* History of Persia by Sykes, 3rd ed. p. 178. Vol. 1.

This recalled another inscription in like vein that I had seen in far-away Ladakh, across the Himalayas; one that had been placed there two hundred years before the birth of Christ by King Naglug, beside the first bridge that ever spanned the Indus River. It ran:

“Whoever thinks evil of it in his heart  
 Let his heart rot!  
 Whoever stretches his hand toward it  
 Let his hand be cut off!  
 Whoever harms it with his eye  
 May his eye become blind!  
 Whoever does any harm to the bridge  
 May that creature be born in Hell!”

Many mud villages are passed on the road to Teheran, far too many, for on entering and on leaving one of any size the chauffeur has to stop and show his license; one's passport is inspected, and innumerable questions asked and answers noted in a ledger. Thus is everyone in Persia kept under the eye of the police. Twelve such stops in one day require that sense of humor that Kipling advised as necessary “to save a woman when religion and home training fail.” Indeed, a hardy-perennial humor and optimism are necessary adjuncts to travel in Persia, where one wanders through a maze of red tape and is convinced that Persians hold basic patents on every form of annoyance and delay.

### *PERSIA OR IRAN?*

It matters a lot whether one thinks of it as “Persia,” or “Iran.”

The government has recently proclaimed that henceforth it should be referred to as “Iran,” the name by which it has always been known to the inhabitants, and around which the Westerner has built none of the pre-conceived ideas that “Persia” evokes: pictures of rose gardens, and bulbuls, and romance that belongs to a name in itself soft and beautiful as a length of fine silk drawn through the fingers; a name that expresses so well the splendor of the East.

It was no whimsical preference of the Shah that prompted this declaration, but emphasis upon the fact that the people are Aryans. Iran (including likewise Afghanistan and Baluchistan) is the Airiya of the Avesta, and signifies: "Land of the Aryans," or "Illustrious." Semitic people are altogether out of favor in Iran to-day. One encounters there an acute racial sensitiveness.

Picturesque phrases have recently been abolished in Iran. Yet the gilt upon a title has not been discarded. The Shah of Persia is the only reigning monarch who retains a story-book title in a world where Khedives, Caliphs, Mikados, and Czars have faded into history. He is still: "King of Kings, Shadow of the Almighty, Vicegerent of God, Center of the Universe." His power is so absolute (in spite of a constitutional government) that his subjects might well, in this twentieth century, employ the medieval concept that they are: "Under the shadow of the August Throne which your Majesty does so gloriously replenish."

I wrote over and over at the elbow of my Persian teacher such amazing sentences, from the then current speech of Persia, as made me wonder how (without learning "Haji Baba of Isfahan" by heart) one might come to an understanding of such people:

"Gurban-i Hazoor-i mubarakat gardeedam," "May I be the sacrifice of Thy Blessed Presence." And the naïve acknowledgment of a kindness with a plea for further benefits: "May your kindness be increased." And the superlative of subtle compliment that places a higher value upon another's life than upon his own (though doubtless with a tongue in his cheek) when he says: "May you die if I fail."

Three centuries ago our own English-cousin-dandies were no less flowery of speech. We find a seventeenth century volume entitled: "A Most Delectable Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At," and in Fuller's "English Worthies," we read that Thomas Shirley "was ashamed to see his two younger brothers worn like flowers in the breasts and bosoms of foreign princes."

Is the difference between us and them, merely a matter of

distance from a romantic age, in which Persia lingered longer than the countries of the West? Or does the subtlety that is bred in the bone of the East make them so fundamentally different, that we should be on our guard lest we lose consciousness of it, seeing them now grown outwardly Western?

At no time in its history has Iran been so interesting as it is to-day, and never so difficult to judge correctly, because those who have interests in the country fear to express any but flattering opinions, and sometimes unwittingly mislead with over-much praise, lest they be debarred from ever returning there.

The traveler to "Iran" will be hampered by fewer insubstantial dreams than the pilgrim to "Persia," who will be forced to trim his fantasy to fit a nation wishing to become "Western" with all dispatch. Were it possible to divorce a country from its past, one might be deluded into thinking that, because they have adopted Western costumes and customs, and have ceased to weave lovely patterns of speech, the Iranis have likewise acquired the mental attitude of the West.

To what extent Western nations can successfully deal with them depends upon a correct understanding of how much all this is "assumed" and how much is really assimilated.

My dreams were all of "Persia." The realities of "Iran," I found, emphasized the fact that, call it what one may, it is at heart thoroughly Oriental, with a fierce individuality of thought that does not touch the rim of our own, in spite of all this rage for conformity to Western ways.

When I planned my trip to Persia it seemed to me that it might well satisfy the most ambitious traveler. It covers over twelve hundred miles from East to West, and from six to seven hundred miles lie between its northern and its southern boundaries; an area larger than Holland, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain combined and three times the size of France.

It offers likewise endless variety: Outside the walled cities are plains as vast as those of Tibet, though not so high. Chains of mountains cut across it, and its heart is trackless desert. Along the Caspian border runs the Elburz Range

wherein lay the fabled Paradise of the Zoroastrians; an abode of song, lifted above the stars into a sphere of endless light, as they believed. There, also, between ancient hills, is the once famed Valley of the Assassins.

Deep jungles turn to flower gardens from spring to autumn in Mazandaran province; and there once roamed Rustum, the Achilles of Persia, in search of adventure. It was:

". . . the place of demon sorcerer  
And all-enchanted. Swords are useless there;  
Nor bribery, nor wisdom can obtain  
Possession of that charm-defended land."

as Firdausi, the Dante of Persia, describes it.

With Persia and Beauty linked in my mind, I awoke in Teheran.

### *TEHERAN*

HOWEVER can I describe Teheran to those who expect to rub Aladdin's lamp and find themselves suddenly transported into the midst of enchantment?

The tale is "full of the waters of the eye."

I had arrived after dark. The broad streets were ill-lit, full of mud, and deserted. High walls flanked uneven sidewalks, inhospitably. I lay awake, impatient for the day, then went forth into the city that is neither of the East with its mystery, nor of the West with its comfort. It is a semi-modern city. The thoroughfares are splendidly broad, and there are numerous up-to-date buildings; but it is drab. Most of the streets were then of dirt, though being rapidly replaced with stone and concrete; the city water supply ran in open conduits along the pavements, and these "khanats," which supplied the drinking water, were used as latrines as well as for bathing, cooking, and laundry. Foreigners arrange for a supply of water from the British Legation, that controls its own pure source from the Elburz Mountains.

Buildings in Teheran are mostly of stucco over sun-dried brick with too much high relief in rococo style, and with tiles that bear no resemblance to the beauty of Persia's old

art. Watching the hap-hazard construction of buildings, as anyone may, one wonders that buildings in Iran stand up at all. The mud-mortar is put on when almost dry, and sun-baked bricks are laid lightly upon it. I watched public buildings climbing to three stories with wide cracks across their façades, that were being covered with outside finish across the open break. It was no surprise to learn that the ceiling in the parlor of the American Legation fell down when the roof had to be repaired, and was found to have been held in place only by one short brad at the end of each lath.

One of the most enduring things in Teheran is the splendid Mission College set in an immense compound; there is also a school for girls, and a hospital run by our missionaries. Their presence, and their ever-ready helpfulness rob Teheran of much of its loneliness.

Few foreigners are seen walking the streets of Teheran, but there are plenty of motors and droshkies; the latter on hand everywhere, with prices fixed by law at two krans, or rials (about thirteen cents), for one or two people, to go anywhere within city limits, and a rial extra if held during a call. For points outside the gates, unless far, the tariff is three rials. Drivers are licensed, which does not mean that they are reliable; all of them are opium smokers, the more amiable, the fuller they be of it. Opium smoking is the universal evil, a government monopoly, and source of large revenue. I never saw a droshky driver who was not ragged and dirty. The horses were tired and shaggy; the vehicles ancient marvels upholstered with gay carpets or plush in red or yellow, with tassels hanging wherever a place for them might be found.

Teheran boasted several mediocre hotels when I was there; "pensions" were more favored. There were a few curio shops, numerous chemist shops, several stores where confections were sold. The butcher shops did not hide, as they should, up back alleys, but displayed their unnecessarily bloody specimens, covered with flies, along the popular thoroughfares. But the bakeries were fascinating. On the Naderi, one of the main streets, one could stop and watch "bread by the yard" baking in a glowing oven just as it did

centuries ago. At Mirabella, on the Island of Crete, I had seen such ovens that had served during the lifetime of Jesus Christ. The dough is spread in a thin layer to one side, on a heap of pebbles; opposite, a stack of twigs is lighted and kept at even temperature. As one of these sheets of bread is consumed daily by the average person in Persia, and the amount of wheat that goes into the making of it is known, its consumption is the means of estimating the population of Iran where no census has ever been taken.

It is too bad that the foreigner gets his first impression of Persia from Teheran. As he passes down the main shopping thoroughfare, the Lalezar, he will hear the raucous sound of phonographs crooning the latest love songs from Broadway.

Persian singing is loud and lusty. One wonders what they make of this Western, crawling music that is so in keeping with the posters that hang before motion picture houses. One "bites the finger of astonishment" before the very latest brand of Western love-making, the very blonde, very bare-backed, very alluring Western woman, heavy-lidded eyes half-closed by sweeping lashes, wrapt in ardent embrace, half-open lips courting and about to receive lengthy kisses. One wonders what conception the Oriental gets of European morals as the story unfolds upon the screen and they learn that these houris (that they must surely have taken for what is called farther East "sing-song-girls") are respectable members of society.

The crowds about these pictures are three deep and it is difficult for the Westerner to imagine what effect they may have on the Oriental. Their women have gone veiled for centuries; in Persia they have only recently emerged with uncovered faces, and kissing in the East is not ever just a sweetened moment of delusion, but is reserved entirely for those private hours that none may disturb. With all the other forms of censorship in the East one is amazed that there is none for the film industry.

What impressed me most in Teheran was the emptiness of the streets. I expected to find the people in front of their small shops gossiping, or in the bazaars, making a vivid thing

of life as one sees it elsewhere. There is none of that. There seemed to be an air of depression, suspicion, and fear on all sides; foreigners spoke of it continually. It reminded me of Paris in war time when placards on all sides admonished: "Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent." When foreigners wanted to discuss Persia they would say: "Let's get out into the middle of the street where no one can hear."

Everyone is suspected in Iran. One's mail is opened, one's bank account, almost the state of one's liver, and whether one may have fallen arches, is of interest to the authorities. My diary, carefully locked in my suitcase where I knew the sleuths would find it, is full of flattering illusions for their consumption. I was extra-special suspect: a woman who had expressed her intention of travelling alone off the beaten path. And what woman who had not an ulterior motive would dream of such a thing? The fact that I had declared this intention, and applied to government for permission, did not make me less suspect. I was continually asked by Persians if I was a dealer in antiques. If there is one thing they fear more than another in Iran, it is that someone will smuggle treasures out of the country.

With the national house-cleaning that is going on in Persia, I imagine that they must feel as anyone might when unpacking and hanging pictures in a new house, and callers come before things are in order, and one's hair and one's temper are out of joint. It is obviously not desired by government that Iranis fraternize too freely with foreigners; they might come to like them; to be influenced by them; and a dictator rules in Iran.

An incident occurred a few months before my visit that illustrated this. It was still the subject of much discussion, and a warning of what might be expected to happen again any day. It had caused so great uneasiness that several foreigners were advised to seek the protection of their Legations. Here is the story:

Persians frequent the Iran Club as do foreigners. A mixed polo match had been arranged for one morning. The for-



eigners were on hand at the appointed hour; the Iranis never showed up at all, and when they next met the men with whom they had been on such friendly terms so short a time before, the greetings of the foreigners were acknowledged with a formal salute.

Persians must blow hot or cold as directed, and without explanation. They must emulate the European and hate him at the same time; they may not even show that measure of social tact which is said to rest on the ability to make your guests feel at home even though you wish they were.

One is not apt to have a high regard for one to whom one may be rude with impunity. Perhaps it is one of His Majesty's schemes to breed contempt for foreigners, just as it was his plan to draw all his people into one great family of Pahlavi hats.

There seemed to be no gaiety at all in Teheran. I heard no laughter, even from children, and there seemed to be few children. Our missionaries say that Persian children are lovable and gay in school; that is not the impression that one gets, wandering about the streets of Teheran day after day.

There was little color in Teheran when I was there. All males were then forced to wear that most hideous head-gear: the Pahlavi hat, and women were wraiths in depressing black "chadurs." The world of men amused itself without its women. But all that has now been changed. By edict of 1937 men are permitted to wear, I should say commanded to wear, European hats; most amazing of all, they are now permitted to remove their hats in the presence of their superiors. Since time immemorial an uncovered head has been a sign of disrespect in the Moslem world.

To-day, in Iran, men take their wives to parties . . . their several wives. From a too large stag line there is now the reverse. One of the most interesting and romantic chapters of contemporary history will be that which describes the clever and tactful way in which "purdah" was abolished in Iran. High officials and their wives were first bidden to come, in European costume, to a reception given by His Majesty the Shah. No excuses were allowed, even to husbands who

pleaded that they be not forced to bring a homely wife. From high places the custom percolated downwards. Officials were required to extend the courtesy among themselves; European clothes had been imported in quantities for the occasion.

What an experience these first receptions must have been! What delight to the lovely ladies; what heartache to others! With what fear they must first have gone into the street, unveiled, protected though they were by police, and a law that forbade men to stare at them.

Social life in Teheran was not the gay whirl that one associates with a national capital. Of the proverbial wit and humor of the Persian, one heard little. No one was being funny at the expense of anyone; that would be dangerous where walls have ears. It was not amusing to have people comment on the passing scene by speaking out of the corner of their mouths, lips barely moving, lest someone might read the words. It was not pleasing to have the head of the army pointed out at a dance as the one with greatest power, next to the Shah; a man who could put anyone in prison. "And if they are let out and ever complain, they go back, and would be lucky if they ever saw the outside after that," one Persian remarked out of the corner of his mouth.

And speaking of prisons: One of the erstwhile reasons why extraterritoriality was insisted on in Persia, was that the prisons were impossible habitations for Europeans. The other reason was that Europeans could not be subject to laws based on the Koran.

First the criminal, civil, and commercial laws of Switzerland were adopted as the law of the land. Then a Russian architect was employed to erect a modern prison. At its completion, foreigners were invited to a reception there and bidden to inspect it. They were loud in praise of the gardens, the tank of water, and of one particular wing that was fitted with modern conveniences; they declared that it was better than the hotels in Teheran. The following day they were informed that the wing they had admired was the one reserved for foreigners. Extraterritoriality was abolished.

The greatest disappointment I experienced in Persia was the noticeable absence of gardens. There are such there of course, as everywhere, but one expects them to be conspicuous and unusual in a land where they speak of renting a garden when they mean a house; where poets have given the pitch of ecstasy to their songs of roses and bulbuls. There used to be gardens in Persia that were more beautiful than those in any other country, to judge from the descriptions given by our own first Minister to Persia, appointed fifty-one years ago. Ferdôz-Bagh, Negaristân, Kasr-i-Kadjâr, Daouliêh, Arajêb, Kamaramieh, and the like, that covered the slopes of Shimrân, the summer residence of wealthy residents and officials from Teheran. I asked about them, and was told that they had mostly fallen into decay. It is one of the pities of propaganda, that it lingers on the phrases of ancient poets . . . the voice of delusion applied to Iran of to-day.

### “CONGRÈS FIRDAUSI”

WHATEVER ill-will had been displayed toward the foreigner before my arrival in Teheran, had entirely disappeared at the moment when Iran was host to distinguished Orientalists who had come from all quarters of the globe to attend the Congress, and to pay tribute to the great Persian poet, Firdausi, on the thousandth anniversary of his birth. Among them was the oldest living Arabian poet, eighty-four years of age. There were many distinguished names among the visitors.

A splendid gesture of good will had brought foreigners of every nation to Teheran for the “Congrès Firdausi.” The opening address by the Prime Minister was as felicitous in expression as so gracious a language as Persian makes possible: “He knew that they had come a long and arduous journey, but hoped that, in the language of the poet Sa’di, the journey to a friend was not ever a long one.”

There was a fine dignity about the Congress, but by and large it was an amazing thing. It seemed not to have been

staged with the thought of welcoming distinguished visitors (though they were billeted with officials and dined and wined) so much as to impress the people of the country with the importance of Iran, this time exemplified by the poet Firdausi.

For one full week the Orientalists sat all day long, day after day through what seemed interminable hours, in a barren room of the University improvised for the occasion into a lecture hall, with a bust of the poet near the chairman's desk. They listened to the praise of Firdausi. Few of them could understand the language, but all applauded vigorously and added their tribute in glittering speeches. For once the West outdid the East in flattery. Over and over and over one would hear: "Firdau-si!" "Firdau-si!" There were endless readings that must surely have dragged us through the entire "Shah Nahmé" or "Book of Kings," the poet's chief work. His Majesty the Shah, of course, was likewise lauded.

A brief intermission at noon gave us the opportunity to walk across the hall to a small reception room where tiny glasses of tea were served.

In any other capital in the world such an event would have called for the gracious reception of the nation's guests by the head of the government, whether King or Dictator. But the Shah of Persia held aloof in truly Oriental seclusion, a fact that must have and was doubtless intended to impress his people; Orientals are very quick to note fine shades of courtesy.

The sole expectation that any of the nation's guests had of seeing His Majesty, lay in taking a further long, dusty, uncomfortable, and exhausting three-day journey by motor to Meshed, at the other end of the land. After they had dragged themselves so far they would be permitted to watch His Majesty lay the cornerstone of a hospital; then pay further tribute at the tomb of Firdausi in Tus, near by. *Perhaps* (there was nothing certain about it) they would then see the Shah at a luncheon that was to be staged after the ceremony. Had it actually been planned to exploit those who had

already journeyed so far it could not have been conceived differently. Some of the Orientalists went as far as that and His Majesty, I was told by one of them, spoke most graciously to everyone.

There came to mind an echo of another scene that I had witnessed three years before at the very end of the earth; across the Himalayan snows, in Tibet, where also they are subtle. The British Trade Agent, the leading official, had just come over the passes from India. It is customary for representative citizens to call and welcome him on these occasions. In Tibet one never enters a house empty-handed, and the representative of the Dalai Lama, the Kenchen, had presented the B.T.A. with twelve dozen rotten eggs. These are a great delicacy in China, but as he well knew, for he had lived long in China and known foreigners, rotten eggs are thrown at bad actors in the West. It may of course have been a coincidence but I chuckled when I reminded the B.T.A. that the English had forced the Tibetans to sign a treaty in the sacred Potala at Lhasa.

### *SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY*

WHEN the World War broke out, Iran was helpless to protect herself against foreign troops that overran her territory. Germany had started to utilize the Turkish Army in a drive across Persia, Afghanistan as first objective, and an ultimate attack upon India in mind, with anticipated cooperation of the Afghans. She had her eye also on the Karun Valley, where the refineries of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are a source of immense wealth for Great Britain.

Before the end of 1915, the British and the Russians had actually been driven from the Persian plateau and had taken refuge in ports of the Persian Gulf; this promoted the formation of the South Persian Rifles, which was accomplished two years later.

Russians in turn, sweeping down from the North and West, alternated in victory and defeat with German and Turkish troops on Persian soil. The end of the war found

Persia on the verge of collapse; threatened by the Bolsheviks; defended, partially, by the British South Persian Rifles.

At this crucial moment the Man of Destiny, Riza Khan, rose from the ranks. He was later made senior officer of the Cossack Division of his regiment, and dispatched to drive the Russians out of Resht. This effort was unsuccessful, and he fled to the British lines where he reorganized his men. In 1921 he led them to the capital and seized the government.

Eventually the weakling Shah, who had retired to Paris, was deposed, and in 1925 Riza Khan was elected to his place by the Constitutional Assembly. To-day he may truthfully exclaim: "L'Etat, c'est Moi!"

It is safe to say that no other Shah of Persia has devoted himself so wholeheartedly to the interest of his country as has Riza Shah. There is no record of self-indulgence in his reign. From the beginning it has been marked by stern, hard work and amazing foresight that, in so brief a time has reconstructed a nation that was prone, into one well in line with Western progress. It is certainly not love for his people that prompts him, but determination to make Iran a force in the modern world. He has already made it safe from aggression, and a safe place to live and travel in.

Although he is secluded, one never gets away from the omnipresence of the Shah of Iran. He does not strike picturesque attitudes like Hitler and Mussolini, or our own politicians. He does not need to be constantly turning up new tricks to keep the game in his hands. He does not have to publicize his personality, except, perhaps, by accentuating its exclusiveness, for always Iranians have lived in awe and obedience to the throne.

Shah Riza is a man of kingly bearing, imposing in appearance, tall and handsome. He is said to have an extraordinary memory, particularly when he bears a grudge. It is said also that he is unscrupulous and of ungovernable temper; instances are cited as proof of this. If he is hasty in action, he is certainly thorough also. Yet, for all his power he is super-sensitive to criticism, the weakness of dictators everywhere. I have never heard it said that he was friend to anyone.

Riza Shah is amazingly shrewd, even when acting on impulse. An instance was when his favorite wife returned from a pilgrimage to Fatima's Shrine at Kum, and reported that the Mollah had reprimanded her for having failed to keep sufficiently veiled. His Majesty rushed at once the long distance to Kum, entered the Mosque in his riding boots with whip in hand, grabbed the Mollah by the beard (the greatest indignity that could be offered a Moslem, not alone a priest) and thrashed him thoroughly. This, of course, broke the Mollah's prestige with his congregation.

The church used to own one quarter of the lands of Iran, and they were tax-exempt. With the influence of the Mollahs gradually undermined, the Shah had church-ownership cancelled and took the lands over for the state.

The control of the tribesmen, who a short while ago made travel in Iran perilous, will go down in history as one of the great accomplishments of Riza Shah's reign. Near every tribal village there is now a small fort. The heavy hand of the law has been laid upon them; their migrations have been curtailed; they are being forced to settle in villages erected by government; they must dispose of such cattle as they cannot support all the year round in one place. It is said also that they are being ruthlessly exterminated.

One wonders whether history will record that two of the Bakhtiari leaders: Sardar Assad, Minister of War, and Chief of the Bakhtiari, and his brother Amir Djang, also Solat-i-Dowlêh, chief of the Ghashgai tribe, were thrown into prison and that all but Amir Djang (who is still in prison) died there speedily. Proof of treachery was doubtless provided, just as their deaths were duly ascribed to normal causes, referred to by skeptics as "official colic."

The tribesmen of Persia were the feudal seigneurs and controlled great wealth; government cannot have been indifferent to the fact that the most lucrative oil wells of Persia ran through their territory. One feels that the Bakhtiari had won what gratitude might be in the heart of government by making the constitutional régime possible in 1901, by their cooperation. One can but feel also that the race will

be poorer for the loss of these hardy tribesmen who live frugally, these vital, free men, though ignorant and fierce like the Afridi along the Northwest Frontier of India, whom the British hold in higher regard than the hand-holding males of the plains. In Iran also, men hold hands as they walk the streets and, in European costume, look very foolish doing so.

The standing army of Iran to-day is about 250,000 men. This, for an estimated population of twelve million, is a heavy burden. The national budget in 1925 was twenty million tomans. In 1936 this had risen to one hundred million tomans (the toman then one and a half to the dollar). In 1937 it was stepped up to one hundred and twenty-five million tomans, and the Minister of Finance, at his wit's end, committed suicide.

A hasty view of the sudden transition of Iran into a modern state would lead one to think that it is being reared upon such superficialities as European clothes and manners; such outward forms as the abandonment of the kalyan or waterpipe, and the relaxing of public prayer, while at the same time retaining such anomalies as multiple wives, a recognized custom of the country.

We think this very dreadful in Moslem countries and have abolished it by law among ourselves, yet, between the Grand Canyon and Boulder Dam, the "United Order of Brethren" perpetuates polygamy. The Moslem argues that the security of woman's position under their régime is more admirable than the indiscriminate raids of Christian men, that offer protection neither to women nor children. One delightful Persian nobleman, whose eldest son was sixty years old and his youngest only one year of age, laughed heartily when someone asked him how many wives he had, and said that he would have to consult his bookkeeper.

In love the Persians are our opposites. In hate also. Theirs does not spring from a broken pledge or a bit of treachery (which may even be considered admirable cunning) but from injured prestige. Prestige is the vital thing in the Near and in the Far East.



Behind the seeming discrepancies in the reorganization of Persia, immense progress is being made. Military roads connect all important points; roads are protected where they traverse tribal territory; there is now a railroad being built from sea to sea. It was merely creeping up from the Persian Gulf and down from the Caspian two years ago; the latter section to Teheran is already finished, and in little more than a year hence this immense job, calling for two hundred and fifty tunnels, will have been accomplished without a foreign loan.

Probably the most striking thing of all in the new spirit of Iran, is the entirely new conception of cooperation with world society that was inaugurated as far back as 1930 by Riza Shah. The importance of it has never been stressed sufficiently. At that time, even so short a while ago, infidels (meaning us) were excluded even from the Royal Library. Much less were such permitted access to any mosque in the land.

The treasures of the sanctuaries of Persia were guarded from the eye of the unbeliever; his very glance, it was thought, would contaminate. How great then, the daring of the Shah, to wound the deepest feelings of his people, to risk their fanatical condemnation and the contamination they believed certain, and to permit the priceless treasures of the shrines of Persia to be shipped to the London Exhibition of Persian Art. It was a magnificent gesture and more than any other thing disposed the Western world to cry: "Long live Persia!" "Zinda bad Iran!"

The genius of the Shah in overcoming fanaticism was recently demonstrated again, at the Feast of Gadir in 1937. This celebrates the appointment of Ali as Muhammed's successor. His Majesty took this occasion publicly to defend the modernizing of Iran by saying that the great lawgiver of Islam, if alive today, would himself show the conformity of his laws with forms of present-day civilization. He declared that amends had now to be made for the torpor of the past, when mistaken ideas had pulled the country backward for

thirteen centuries. Persians are not orthodox Moslems, but Shia', the corner stone of whose doctrine is the Imamate, as distinguished from the orthodox Sunni, who hold to the Caliphate.

Since Riza Shah has recognized the wisdom of moulding his country on the lines of Western civilization, one regrets that he has among his advisers none who can or dare interpret the West to him. Thus the slightest misunderstanding, caused sometimes by a mistaken translation from a foreign tongue, brings immediate retaliation that is senseless and altogether stupefying to any harmonious relationship with the West. The repercussion of his anger at the French because of the ill-advised pun in a French newspaper over "chat" and "Shah", was felt even in America; for many months thereafter no American newspaper or periodical was allowed to enter Persia.

This indicates an unhappy frame of mind in a great ruler. Does Riza Shah, perhaps, in his heart, bow to the intellectual tyranny imposed by the Koran upon Moslems: "Let not the believer take the unbelievers for friends rather than believers; and whoever does this he shall have nothing of Allah, but you should guard yourselves against them, guarding carefully"?

### *HAJI BABAS*

It is said that the inhabitants of Iran to-day are of such mixed blood, that there are no more genuine Iranians.

They seemed to me, however, to have enough characteristics in common for one to define national traits. Talking to them on every possible occasion and about them with others, I could not find that they place any value at all upon the qualities that are the very base of Western civilization. Sincerity, trustworthiness, truthfulness, kindness, generosity, fidelity, are not even praised among them; even their patriotism seems not to mean what it signifies to us in the West. Judging by all that was said about them and what they said to me themselves, I believe that they would make fair-weather

friends; one hears praise of their nimble wit and quick intelligence, but never a word of lasting friendships.

The thoughts of Persians seem to run wholly in the first person; all the self-deprecation that their language of courtesy calls for is insufficient to disguise a bland assurance and an arrogance that seems to be the turning point, from an inferiority complex, to one of amazing superiority vis-à-vis the world at large. Yet with all this, there is a disarming quality about them, a charm such as one finds often in the inconsistency of a child. Intimate association with them would be pleasant; one would then experience a graciousness that is not apparent with the restrictions imposed upon them to-day.

The glamor of the great Exhibition of Persian Art in London started this amazing complex. The adulation of a world stunned with further revelations of the great art of Persia has nurtured it. Each Persian would seem to take all this to himself as if it were his personal achievement, and seems to consider all foreigners inferior because of it. Their attitude was well expressed by one Persian who described the manner of his resentment of an implied slight: "I must protect my personality. Do you not think that I was right?" I knew that he would not understand at all when I answered: "A superior person does not have to protect his personality."

### *PERSIA . . . HOST*

THE most interesting thing in Teheran is undoubtedly the Gulestan Palace, former residence of the Shahs, but used by Riza Shah for audience only, and for such formal entertaining as took place in honor of the visiting Orientalists, for whom His Excellency the Prime Minister, acted as host.

Lanterns lit the paths that led through a small formal garden to the arched porte-cochère; above this the windows of the palace blazed with lights. Encircling a central tank, crystal candelabra supported hundreds of candles whose shafts of light were reflected in the water.

From the entrance hall a broad stairway led up to the Hall of Audience and Throne room. Every inch of wall and

ceiling was covered with tiny faceted mirrors set in mosaic pattern, a characteristic Persian art known as *Ainâh-Karré*. Each little piece reflected the light from great crystal chandeliers; the effect was as if walls and ceilings were set with diamonds.

At the head of the grand stairway, turning left, we entered the Hall of Audience. After a merry dinner party we were late arriving and most of the guests were already assembled; hundreds of men mingled with few foreign women, a drab picture against a background that called for cloth of gold and many-colored turbans strung with jewels, as in the days described by Sir John Chardin. Even the accoutrements of the stables were then "enriched with precious stones as thick as they can lie; the chains, the shoes, the hammers, the buckets, the curry combs, in a word, whatever is used in a stable."

At the end of the Hall stood what is called the Peacock Throne, although there is no record that even the jewels with which it is adorned were ever part of the famous Peacock Throne looted from Delhi by Nadir Shah. It is a platform about five feet square, covered with gold plate, and set with precious stones in crude enamel work. The rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds looked dull; they might well have been glass. At the rear is a small sunburst of gold set with diamonds and flanked by two small jewelled birds.

Before this Peacock Throne stands the one actually used by the Shah, a high-backed chair heavily studded with uncut jewels set in a design of dragons, a crude and ugly object. Nearby hangs the conception of a Russian artist, a life-sized, full-length portrait of the Shah. From its display there it may be taken as the approved representation of His Majesty. A more sinister figure could not be imagined, done in moonlight tones of green; a gloomy, unhappy figure, though of undoubted strength.

The Hall of Audience is likewise a treasure chamber. In deep glass-covered recesses, are jewelled armor and ornaments, not so magnificent as the crown jewels of Western monarchs. More splendid were the illumined Korans and

the books of poems illustrated by great masters, that were spread on the table where one might examine them at will. Part of the loot carried from Delhi by Nadir Shah was valuable manuscripts from the Imperial Library; certain books bore the seals of Jahangir and Shah Jehan. We saw treasures from the brushes of Behzad, Mirak, and Sultan Mohammed, who left no record of Buddhas or gentle Kwannons, but dedicated the brilliance of their craftsmanship and triumph of color, as did the great poets of Persia, to the praise of princes from whom benefits might flow. Firdausi, Sa'di Nazami, and Hafiz, sang of the fun of the chase, of love, and of the glory of war, of the splendor of courts and the power of monarchs; never a word of tribute for noble deeds or lofty ideals, or of the Gods they worshipped, as one finds in the Epics of India.

The calligraphy of Persia flows like music; the rhythm of their poems is sometimes a word repeated endlessly for the lovely lilt of it, as one holds on the tip of one's tongue the fragrant taste of rare wine.

In a large room across the hall from the Throne Room, supper was served; cold meats, salads, ices, and sweetmeats. The table was decorated with high silver candelabra; tall vases held flowers cut with too short stems and made into tight little bouquets, as is the habit in Persia.

Circling among the guests were waiters dressed in gray sack suits, wearing Pahlavi hats, at that time obligatory throughout Persia. Dignity would then still have been assailed by the bare head of a man. The recent concession to Western custom now permits servants to be properly dressed.

There came the sound of rockets bursting in the garden; of Roman candles spluttering. Bengal lights etched the branches of trees; music crept upon the air as an unseen orchestra conjured dreams of ancient splendors. We fled before an oncoming day that would prove anti-climax to so lovely an experience.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs likewise gave a reception and supper, but in the prosaic setting of the Municipality.

One danced on a thick rug that got itself in folds between one's feet. The invitation of one partner was: "Will you leap with me?"

Chief entertainer was a Persian woman. Her face was bold and hard, and her white satin evening dress was of the latest mode. She sang the songs of Persia as Persians love to hear them, lustily. The drum with which she was accompanied was a wooden vase with skin stretched across its wide base.

A buffet supper was spread on a long table around which Persian men packed themselves closely and "fed." There seemed to be no chance that the foreign ladies would be served at all, for no Persian male would dream of seeing that mere "females" had attention. We sat against the walls hoping that our own thoughtful countrymen, who struggled to reach some of the good things across Persian shoulders, would be successful. Everyone made effort to be agreeable; Europeans outdid themselves in graciousness; they even tried to be merry. It was not successful.

### RAYY

AUTUMN weather in Persia is about as perfect as possible; clear, crisp, and dry; one might make plans without fear of rain, and near Teheran there is much to see.

I motored out to Rayy, which was ancient Rhages, with a population of over a million souls at the time of Darius. It was, indeed, the largest city in Asia, divided, as Sir John Chardin tells us "into 96 quarters of which every one contained 46 streets, each one of these having 400 houses and ten mosques. There were 6,400 colleges; 6,000 public baths; 12,000 mills; and 1,300 inns. Arabian writers affirm that with exception of Babylon, no other city could rival it; hence it is called: The First of Cities; the Spouse of the World; the Gate of the Gates of the Earth; the Market of the Universe." And all that glory is now a dust heap, destroyed in the thirteenth century by Ghengis Khan.

The Thompson Foundation of the University of Pennsyl-

vania, under the direction of Erich Schmidt, was excavating there. The professor was in Luristan, but Mrs. Schmidt showed me over the "digs" and explained that workers were not paid according to the value of an article, but rather with view to the ease with which it might be stolen. If anyone imagines that archaeology is all dry science they should see the youngsters working with enthusiasm on these "digs" where at any moment they might discover something that would revolutionize history.

A distance from Rayy stands the Tomb Tower of Toghrul, roofless and used as a stable. Another, of twelfth century origin, had a stork's nest on its pointed roof. Beyond lay Veramin, just thirty miles from Teheran, and there a beautiful blue-tiled mosque in ruins, at that time wholly unprotected and being ravished of its lovely tiles. Donkeys were stabled in it; the sun glanced through great fissures in the roof and struck across broad but broken bands of kufic frieze and the deep stucco of the mirab. One realizes the place that idealism has in Persian art with its expression in lofty iwans and high-flung minarets and wonders, now that a new world of beauty has been revealed, how we were so long content with the poverty of our appreciation of it.

### *RED TAPE*

THE visa on one's Iranian passport is good for only thirty days, but is renewable on application to the police in whatever city one may halt; there one must report within forty-eight hours after arrival and obtain a *Permit de Séjour*. French is the official language of Persia.

Permit to photograph is likewise required. Much etiquette surrounds each official act. The first application for permit of any kind brings the instruction that one is to go home and put it in writing and return in four days with four photographs of oneself. In regard to the *Permit de Séjour*, a large four-page questionnaire is given one to fill out; for permit to photograph one must cite the make and number of camera and the size of the picture that it takes. One is out of luck if

one returns at mid-day when all offices are closed for an hour, or on Friday which is Persian Sunday.

When I went to take up my permit to photograph in Persia, I was obviously kept waiting that I might be impressed with the importance of the officer to whom I reported. The paper lay in plain view in front of him on the desk, but he kept me waiting for a good half hour while he pretended to go over official documents, eyeing me occasionally out of the corner of his eye, to see how I endured the backless wooden bench on which I sat at his elbow. It was quite as impressive as he imagined.

Several soldiers came in during the delay. Each one was dressed in a brand new uniform. Each one clicked his heels, saluted, not just upon approach, but with every sentence. It was like a dress rehearsal. Meanwhile the officer was served with several miniature glasses of tea. Persian men seem not to be able to transact any business without this stimulant; having been told that all of them took opium I suspected that each wee cup of tea had "a stick in it," though I don't know that there is any way of taking opium in beverage. I once visited an opium den in China and they used a pipe.

When sufficiently stimulated, and as if suddenly remembering my presence, the officer picked up the "Jawaz" and handed it to me with the air of one scattering insect powder. Persian courtesy? I had as yet experienced none of it.

When my camera had finally won the freedom of the city, I set out to find human interest to photograph. The bazaars were too dark under vaulted roofs, and, on the streets, every time I got set for a shot that had "atmosphere," up would come a policeman and motion that it was forbidden. Not even an amusing child with baggy trousers and a huge Pahlavi hat on the back of his head might be recorded; the policeman waved him away; they will not permit photographs taken of anything that is not trimmed to their idea of Persian progress.

I had greatly complicated matters for myself in Persia by taking too much luggage. How else could I have prepared for two years or more of travel, with much variety that called



for things not procurable in the localities where they were needed? Even in India I had found difficulty in procuring a proper saddle.

At the border customs of Kasrovie, on my way into Persia, I inquired whether the box that I had sent ahead had passed through in good condition and was told by the chief that it would be too much trouble to look it up, to go on to Teheran and find out. When I sought this information at the Custom House in Teheran, I was advised to consult my Consul. He eventually got information that the box was still held at the border.

"You must send your keys to the agent with authority to have the box opened and inspected at the border," the Assistant Chief of Customs told me.

I was accustomed to doing this when dealing with Thomas Cook, but had been advised never to do it in Persia. Instances were cited of others who had been so trusting and had received only a third of the contents of their luggage.

"Why didn't they sue for redress?" I asked.

The laughs that greeted my questions said plainly enough what was then put into words: "A Persian court! There would be as much chance of a foreigner getting justice in one of them as a snowball would have of staying whole in Hell."

I refused to give up the keys. "Then you must go back to the border yourself for the examination," the Assistant Chief declared.

"A three-day journey? At a cost of \$150.00 for the motor? No decent place to stay? No certainty of the length of the delay? Mais, monsieur, ce n'est pas raisonnable," I retorted.

"The only way!" the official insisted.

"But you had my letter two months ago saying that your Minister in Washington had told me that upon application, which I then made, permit would be given to have the examination in Teheran. I even sent you a copy of the bill of lading, and one to the border customs."

"Possibly those things have not yet been "mise en circulation," the Assistant Chief declared.

“Not in two months? C’est incroyable!”

A shrug of the shoulders, and he turned away, indicating that the interview was over. I thought that perhaps my French vocabulary had been inadequate, and returned next day with a Persian, to meet with no better success. To the border I would have to go if I expected to get my luggage. “Je m’en fiche!” was the attitude of the Assistant Chief of Customs.

Each day thereafter, at the hour when Westerners expect to be coaxed with bacon and eggs to face another day, I would board a droshky and repair to the Custom House. I would enter the office of the Assistant Chief of Customs and plead my case; be refused assistance, and then take up my vigil by his door. One of us would be sure to give in, I thought, and I knew that it would not be I. Sometimes the Assistant Chief would pass me by swiftly with a glance of distaste. Occasionally I would vary the monotony by driving across town for consultation with the shipping and receiving agent, Obadieh. After several visits to him I learned that what I would have to secure before the box might be shipped was a “Permit d’Importation.”

“Why had no one said so before?”

I returned to the Custom House and changed my plea from a request for the box to one for a “Permit.”

“But it is not *I* who attends to such things,” said the Assistant Chief of Customs. “Go back home and put the request in writing.”

The next day was Friday and the office was closed. Saturday the Assistant Chief of Customs was out and I took up my vigil at his door. When he appeared he said, in answer to my request that he expedite the matter by sending a telegram to the border customs granting the permit:

“But it is not *I* who attends to writing out telegrams.”

Then followed a chase about the building to find the man who wrote telegrams. The Custom House is a large building; I travelled all over it, up and down stairs and into unexpected courtyards; men pointed fingers in the opposite direction when I said: “Télégramme?” At last I located the





right office and sat down to await the return of the man who wrote out telegrams and sent them.

Eventually the message was written; I took two copies back to the Assistant Chief of Customs for signature; brought them back to the telegraph clerk who collected prepayment; then I carried one copy across town to the shipping agent who told me that he would also send a telegram at my expense, and that I could rest assured that my box would be in Teheran without fail within four days.

I retired from business and gave myself up to social enjoyment and sightseeing.

One of the major embarrassments I suffered was the lack of visiting cards; these were in a trunk within the expected box. My formal calls were thus delayed, but, as the box had been expected daily and I intended to remain in Teheran a long time, I waited until I could pay my respects without explanations about the lack of visiting cards; one cannot get them engraved in Persia.

I knew that members of the British Legation would receive letters about my visit to Persia, but hoped that they might not have arrived. I then met Lady Hoare, the wife of the British Minister, at a reception and explained my delinquency, and that I now was sure that I would be able to make my calls within a day or so. She was very gracious and invited me to dinner next day.

I allowed an extra day for good measure before telephoning the agent about my luggage. He then informed me that the telegrams had both been sent by mistake to the wrong place, and had only that day been received back in the mail, but said that, if I would prepay other telegrams they would be sent to the right place and I would be sure to receive my effects within three days. I hastened to comply. Four days later the arrival of my box was announced; but, said the agent, it had arrived without the "Bond," and without this it would be impossible to present it to the Customs. Again I haunted the Assistant Chief of Customs.

"Without the Bond it may not be received," he declared.

"But the box is in Teheran. I am in need of the clothes

in it. Why should I be put to this further inconvenience because of the stupidity of some clerk?"

"C'est la règle!"

"But you can make an exception in this case. The matter has already dragged out for nearly three weeks. I am worn out with it." This time the shrug of his shoulders said: "Pas mon affaire!"

Four days later the Bond arrived. "But," said the agent then, "the box has been broken into; we cannot deliver it to the Customs until it is repaired; we must have the money in advance to do this." I paid, and wondered how much would be left in the box.

My experience with the Custom House had become a "Cause Célèbre." Bets flowed freely, most of them against the chance of my receiving the box even then. Cases were cited of people who had waited over a year to get their household goods out of Persian Customs; that mine would be delivered intact was beyond the imagination of anyone.

I was entertained with descriptions by eye-witnesses who had seen everything dumped out of trunks onto the floor of the Custom House, while coolies grabbed whatever they pleased despite the owner's protest. I was told that every single new item would be charged heavy duty, and began to count movie and still films, silk stockings, etc. Events, however, turned quickly against my having any need for the luggage in Persia, and I decided to have the box shipped back, unopened, to Beirut.

Before one may visit out-of-the-way places in Persia, application must be made to the Minister of the Interior. He passes the request on to the Minister of Education; if they jointly approve it it must then be submitted to and be approved by the Governor of each province wherein one wishes to travel, and by the General in command of troops there. My first application was returned for a complete itinerary which I was unable to supply. I submitted instead an outline of my whole plan for travel in Persia during a long stay; this included the provinces where I had been told that I should find special interest. I affirmed my promise to con-

sult the local authorities as required when I learned what routes were available. Just as I was about to pass my things through customs, answer was received: "Ces endroits sont impossible et absolument défendus."

This was a surprise, since before leaving New York I had made known my plan to travel off the beaten path to officials of government; it left nothing but the guarded tourist route, and from what I learned from others about this, I concluded that there was not enough to tempt me to endure a bitter winter in Teheran, the rent of a motor, and the struggle to keep house with Persian servants. I therefore requested that the box be reshipped to Syria.

"But it has now entered Persia. It *must* be examined. It now becomes an export," the Assistant Chief of Customs informed me.

"You could hardly charge me import and export duty at the same time," I said. The Assistant Chief shrugged his shoulders: "Tant pis!"

"Voyons, monsieur. You don't know what is in the box. It contains only my personal effects."

"It will have to be opened."

"I will not deliver the keys."

In my presence the box was broken open and it was considered to be a very special privilege that I should be permitted to be present at this ceremony. I stated with as much formality as I could, that I wished to make record of the fact that I refused my permission for this.

A happy thought of the manager of the Manhattan Storage Company in New York, had sealed each separate small trunk and suitcase with broad steel straps. The inspector balked when he saw them and I again stated that I refused my permission to break the seals. Seals look very "legal." The matter was compromised by levying an arbitrary sum, payment of which, plus all handling charges and repair of the box was made to the agent before I left the Custom House. He assured me that the box would be in Beirut within ten days.

Of course it was not. Four weeks later it was still in Per-

sian Customs, and from the distance of Beirut I pulled wires and made myself a general nuisance to effect its release. This time the fault lay with the shipping agent, Obadieh, who had forgot to pay over to the customs the amount due them that I had paid to him for this purpose, accordingly the "Jawaz," or permit to export, was held up.

Days of frivolity followed my decision to leave Persia; days lengthened by stealing many hours of the night. Dinners, luncheons, teas and dances, and a day out at Shimrân, the summer residence, to witness a wrestling match between hairy men of enormous size, after a luncheon at the German Legation where I sat beside the Afghan Minister who assured me that anyone might travel through his country then.

The farewell evening: Four of us dined and danced at the "Astor" until the wee hours. I was a little bit sorry to leave Teheran after all.

### ISFAHAN

AFTER long search I had found an excellent chauffeur who owned his own new Buick of which he was immensely proud. When I had asked residents of Teheran to recommend a good chauffeur they had answered: "There are none." I found the one exception cleaning his car, as I made the rounds of garages in Teheran. He contracted to take me to Shiraz, with stops at Isfahan and Persepolis at extra cost; then out of Persia and across the desert to Baghdad. He turned out to be a perfectly delightful person who had an excellent record with the Persian Oil Company. I had engaged a Persian interpreter, of sorts, the only one available in Isfahan, when I anticipated wider travel. The services of such are entirely unnecessary for travel on the beaten path, but it seemed rather short notice to dismiss him, so I took him along, and he proved to be not entirely useless.

There were no railroads connecting the main cities of Persia then; at that time the spur from the north had not even got to Kasvin; people travelled by lorry or private motor and merchandise went by goods lorry or camel back.



From Teheran to Isfahan is prairie, lying between low hills. Many find great beauty in this expanse and the low hills that cut across it; but with memories of the splendor of Tibetan plateaux and the Himalaya it seemed a dreary expanse to me. A few mud villages were passed; at Kum the golden dome of Fatima's Shrine with blue tiled minarets was outlined against the sky, making a lovely picture. But the "Infidel" might not visit it; we motored by. Each time that we halted, the car was besieged by beggars who exhibited deformities and pathetic diseases, and begged for alms.

I am told that a new hotel has been built in Isfahan. Old "Ferdows" was the best when I was there; it faced the famous Chahar Bagh, where a broad avenue is lined with tall but now ill-conditioned chenar trees, under whose branches the grandees used to promenade with their numerous trains, to outvie one another with pomp, in the glamorous days of Shah Abbas.

On either side of the Chahar Bagh run thoroughfares for vehicles, and through the night there came the enchanted sound of the East, the tinkle of camel bells, faint and silvery. Again and again I went out on the veranda in front of my door to watch the silent forms steal by mysteriously. Isfahan has something of the charm of Damascus, both are redolent with a past of almost inconceivable luxury. For all that it lies at five thousand feet above sea level, the atmosphere is a lazy one; the streets are almost empty except where bazaars draw throngs into half-lit passages, from which one may climb to an altogether different life on house-tops.

The sanitary arrangements in Ferdows were appalling, the parlors uncomfortable, the dining room fourth-rate. But I liked it because the waiter tucked a tiny rosebud into my napkin, the very nicest way to remind one of baksheesh. My room there was spacious and most comfortable; it had an iron bed with clean mattress; an ancient wonder of a washstand with high-upstanding mirrored back; hot water was brought in a pewter pitcher etched in fine design; and from the ceiling hung one electric light on a cord, another was by the bed. All this, including meals, for \$1.50 a day!

Just across the street was the Royal College, the Madrassi-i-Shah; its main court was shaded with fine trees, and behind the large tank an immense iwan, or entrance portal, held blue tiles up to glisten in the sun. Much of the finest architecture in Persia is found in Isfahan. The Masjid-i-Shah is first seen across the wide Maidan where the first polo match in history probably took place, between Iranians and Touranians, that is described in a poem of Firdausi. In Persia's seventh century women played polo also; Shirin and her ladies were adepts at the game. Nazami, the poet, describes how "the fair-faced ones curvetted on their steeds with joy." The ancient goal posts used in the days of Shah Abbas are still seen, and from the palace of Ali Kapu, by the royal Mosque, he used to view the games from an upper balcony; at night they played with fire-balls.

Between this royal residence and the Chahil Satun audience hall, is what must once have been a fine garden; to-day very much in a neglected state. Public moneys are needed for more important things than the upkeep of gardens in Persia. The time will surely come, however, if he be spared, when Shah Riza who has thought of everything else that might benefit Persia, will turn to bulbuls and roses.

The blue-faience dome of the Royal Mosque looms behind blue-tiled minarets that flank the iwan, or entrance portal. On another side of the Maidan is the Masjid-i-Sheikh Luft Ullah, said to be the most perfect mosque in Persia. But none of these beauties may be enjoyed in peace. One must apply to the police for permit to enter, one goes flanked by a soldier and a policeman; a mollah soon joins the procession, and they all talk at once, in Persian. It is just sightseeing. The sweep of high arches; the restraint and symmetry; the polychrome tiles of cobalt, turquoise, emerald, gold, white and black impress one; but of that loveliest thing of all in a Mohammedan shrine, silence, there is none.

How different my first visit to the Taj, in India. I sent my servant ahead to find the gardener and to tip him to have all the dozens of fountains turned on before I entered. I

then had it entirely to myself; twilight made purple shadows on the marble before I left, only to return that night again to see it by full moon. The beauties of the shrines of Persia can really be best appreciated by looking at the enlarged photographs of them, shown by the American Institute for Iranian Art and Archaeology.

The bazaars of Isfahan are not disappointing; there is all the color that delights the eye in ancient trappings and gay kalamkars, the printed draperies seen in most of the cities of the world.

Isfahan is dirty; full of diseased beggars who crowd about and pluck at one's sleeve; some of them look to be incredibly old, yet not a gray hair is seen, it is henna-dyed; even white horses have spots of henna painted upon them for good luck, and in their tails and manes blue beads are tied for the same reason.

The farther one travels south from Teheran, the stranger "European costume" becomes; a mixture of just anything at hand. This may combine trousers of yellow checked gingham with a purple coat, or something pink and blue; always the shirts are without collars or ties; and though a uniform of sorts is intended with the white suits of hotel boys, they are hit-and-miss affairs and never clean.

Near Isfahan is Julfa, the Armenian town, with Christian cathedrals that seem painfully overcrowded after the lovely emptiness of Mohammedan mosques. And from Isfahan the road runs monotonously between bleak hills and across desert; a good wide road, but devoid of any sign of life except where one lorry was parked with the chauffeur asleep beside it on a pile of rugs. He was in need of a new tire and would wait there until someone going to Isfahan might send one back to him.

Eight and a half hours at the wheel on a broad, clear road! No wonder Chaffee dozed. I was sleepily watching the shadows on the hills and did not notice the sharp turn in the road ahead, nor did he. We jumped a ditch, and buried the car's nose in a sand-pile at an angle that closed the door on my side. We crawled out to inspect the damage, and found

it to be slight; the two men had little difficulty in digging the motor clear and pushing the car back onto the road.

### *PERSEPOLIS*

IF there existed no other reason for visiting Persia, Persepolis would be a sufficient one.

Approached from the south it is more impressive than when one arrives from Isfahan, in the north-east, to find the Takht-i-Jamshid close beside the road, its great size scarcely appreciated at such close quarters.

I had expected to visit the ruins and pass on to Shiraz, and sent my man ahead to ask Professor Herzfeld, in charge of excavations, if I might see them at that time. Sir Dennison Ross had kindly written him of my intended visit and the Professor came out himself to greet me and insisted that I spend the night as his guest and take my time looking over the ruins and the treasures in the little museum.

I was ushered into an immense room, the Queen's apartment in the partly-reconstructed harem palace of Darius and Xerxes, that is headquarters for the expedition. This wing was rebuilt on the exact lines of the ancient structure; the Queen's own apartment, mine for the visit, had niches along two sides of the walls wherein some splendid unmounted paintings were hung.

One enters the harem by what was once the Queen's Audience Hall; new columns were set up on the bases of the old ones which remained still in place. To the rear of the building was the Professor's library and work room; beyond that was a small museum that housed the treasures found in the excavations: buttons that were seals as well from the garments of long-dead princes; oil lamps such as were carried by the Wise and the Foolish Virgins; lovely bowls of extreme thinness, some of them with satirical designs, cartoons of old; many of them with design very similar to those made by our American Indians. One sketch resembled an airplane, it showed a pointed body with outstanding wings. I was inclined to think this a representation of a canoe, or

"banca," such as is used in the waters of Malaya and the Philippines, with outriggers of bamboo. It seems significant, however, that some years ago Colonel Lockwood March, once Secretary of the Royal Aeronautical Society, called attention to an ancient manuscript of Abyssinia: "The Glory of the Kings," which was translated by Sir E. Wallis Budge, Director of Egyptian Antiquities of the British Museum about fourteen years ago, where it stated that Solomon gave the Queen of Sheba: "a vessel wherein one could traverse the air, which Solomon had made."

I bathed, lunched, and rested before the great event of the day: the visit to the Takht itself. To be led there by Professor Herzfeld, who had discovered and unearthed the magnificent stairways, underscored an unforgettable impression.

History is written on the triumphal stairways, each step of which is so broad and low that many horses abreast might easily have mounted them. The great relievos show row after row of tribute-bearers, each national costume distinguishing the different race; the hair of a negro is so carefully wrought that it could not be confounded with that of an Asiatic. Sages brought bowls in each hand, or vases, the handles of which were carved to the fineness of jade; figures of ibex with horns done as if worked in precious stone. There were trees pointed like cedars, oxen, chariots drawn by splendid horses, even the nails in the chariot wheels could easily be counted; wild animals were there, and what interested me most: a bearded sage with tasselled cap who carried across his outstretched hands, a scarf. He was bringing tribute to Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of the Bible "who reigned from India even into Ethiopia, over a hundred and twenty provinces."

It is an exclusively Tibetan custom to present the scarf when making a ceremonial visit, and gifts are borne by servants who follow one. The scarf, varying in fineness from coarse loose-woven cotton to finest silk, according to the dignity of the person visited, is held exactly as is the one borne by the figure on the stairway of Persepolis; the ends of it

are heavily embroidered. In Tibet the visitor throws the scarf across the outstretched hands of the host, a charming gesture witnessed nowhere else that I know of, yet depicted on the stairways of Persepolis.

Professor Herzfeld left me after he had called my attention to special details of the stairway. I mounted it with his assistant to the "Hall of a Hundred Columns." The slender, fluted shafts stood in groves, most of them broken, some of them cut off at the base, others towered sixty feet up to the open vault of the sky, as became the Audience Hall of Sun Worshippers. Some of the splendid capitals were half-bulls placed back to back, others were of Corinthian design, though erected long before the Parthenon. We stood on a platform two hundred and fifty feet long, that rose forty feet above the plains. Just there once stood the palace of the great King.

It would be ungrateful to so magnificent a past as that of Persepolis, to merely view the ruins and pass on. Learned professors have said that upon the walls of our most private apartments, there remain the traces of all our acts; silhouettes of whatever we have done, permanent records that might be made visible by the proper process. What a record would be disclosed at Persepolis if even the stones remaining could be thus read! It seemed easy to call alive the images that story books had made me familiar with.

Beneath a massive portal, flanked by winged bulls, is the inscription: "I am Xerxes the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of many-tongued countries, the King of the Great Universe, the Son of Darius the King, the Achaemenian Xerxes."

I traced with my fingers the colossal figures of the King on a marble doorway, and touched the holes where necklaces and bracelets and beads of lapis and jade had been wrenched out before the city was sacked and burned by Alexander. How intimate to know that Xerxes wore red shoes; the trace of paint is still visible on his statue.

No female or naked figure is traced anywhere in Persepolis, harem privacy was strictly observed. There was lofty dig-

nity. Of old there would have been basins for sparkling fountains, rich brocades would have hung between the columns; carpets such as only ancient Persia could produce, would have lain thick under royal feet; great pots of flowers would have marked a path, and across the rim of the Takht one must once have looked down into an enchanted garden.

Just there, where we stood, my guide figured, Xerxes must have slept; Xerxes who ordered Vashti to unveil at a banquet and deposed her for refusing to show her face in public. It took a whole corps of men merely to make Xerxes' bed. The Achaemenian rulers lived on a scale of magnificence undreamed of to-day, and the members of their families held every position of trust in the realm. Daily, fifteen thousand persons fed at the King's table; his bodyguard was an army; he was surrounded by courtiers; pages waited upon him; a whole year was spent in purification before each new beauty was thought worthy to be brought to the King's bed, and a new virgin was sent to him each day. There were masters of ceremony, guards, dancing girls, and excess of luxury, jealousy, rancour, and cruelty. Into such surroundings came Alexander the Great, Iskandar, as they called him in Persia.

Alexander made himself master of the whole Near East, and of Sousa with its treasure, home of Achaemenian kings; it was from Sousa that he marched north towards the great capital, Persepolis, from whence had sprung the vast armies of Darius and Xerxes that harried Greece. The riches of Persepolis exceeded that of all other cities; gold and silver lay in heaps in its godowns and its coffers were filled with rubies and diamonds, tribute from its vast domains.

Against armies of elephants, Alexander pitted his battalions; against hundreds of chariots that had scythes attached to their axles to mow men down. Ardor and courage and energy were his, and the worship of his soldiers. They won through. Nearing Persepolis, the army of Alexander encountered four thousand mutilated Greek captives of the Persian King, who cried out to him for vengeance.

Alexander the Great died when he was only thirty-two years old. He was only sixteen when his father, Philip of

Macedon, entrusted him with the regency; his twentieth year found him seated on the throne. But the Kingdom of Macedon was too small for so vast a spirit. Already at the age of thirteen he was Aristotle's pupil, trained in iron control over himself and others. Homer inspired him; he knew almost all of the Iliad and Odyssey by heart and slept with the volumes under his pillow, close by his trusty sword. In Damascus, amidst the plunder of Darius's treasures, he had found a rare jewel casket and dedicated it to the holding of these precious volumes; they were carried in it everywhere, precious to him as Bucephalus, bred in Thessaly, his great horse that was killed in action against Porus.

Alexander was straight of limb and finely formed, attractive in appearance, kingly in bearing, and hypnotic, with curly yellow hair and one eye of blue, and one so nearly black. He was simple in his tastes, and doubtless wore the short Greek tunic girt close about the waist and over this a quilted linen breastplate, a belt of gold finely wrought, a helmet of polished steel flaunting a white plume above its crest, and a close-fitting neck-piece set with precious stones. His sword, very slender and light, was surely a Damascus blade that would bend but never break, of perfect temper; he must have carried a lance, and a shield would have completed this costume. No wonder his legions worshipped him. He was every inch a king.

To celebrate his victory at Persepolis Alexander ordered a great banquet to be spread for his friends and the officers of his troops, and for the Persian nobles who had submitted to him; we measured with our steps the probable spot where he may have sat at table.

Before him would have been carried the vast treasure of the city, estimated to have been \$138,000,000. The wine offered him must have been brought all the way from Syria; the water hauled in silver urns from Greece; the salt used at his table must have come, as always, from the center of an African desert, near the Temple of Jupiter Ammon; and the wheat from which his bread was made was the growth of Aeolia. Each country, of the many he had conquered, of-



ferred its finest fruits for his delectation, and a corps of men were employed for the sole purpose of searching far and wide for special delicacies for the royal table.

Up to the capture of Persepolis, Alexander had been calm and considerate; he was famed for his forbearance; but with passions inflamed by war, the great goal achieved, the wine of which he drank too freely gone to his head, and the voice of a siren, Thaïs the beautiful harlot, ringing in his ears, he stooped to his first base act, and his soldiers hung their heads in shame that so splendid a city should be destroyed in a drunken orgy.

It was so easy to picture: Thaïs had come with him from Greece and sat at his elbow; perhaps she whispered to him: "Make a bonfire of all this. Burn Persepolis to the ground and revenge the mutilated Greeks. Persepolis has been the terror of Greece, the birthplace of those Persian kings who sent their armies and a thousand ships against us." Jeweled goblets were held high, toasting Alexander's victory. Crazed with drink, he grasped a firebrand and started the blaze, servants, courtesans and guests emulating him in destruction. Exquisite vessels crashed to the ground; images of gold and of silver were hurled to earth; axes swung against fluted columns, and the jewels were torn from the reliefs. What a holocaust! The marks of fire are still visible on the marble. So perished the noblest city of the East.

The sun had set in a golden glow long before I thought of going indoors. Beyond the Takht-i-Jamshid, as far as eye could reach, stretched the desert, rimmed on the far horizon with purple hills. There was no sound at all. A crescent moon was etched into the darkening sky, and all around was vast silence.

### SHIRAZ

FROM Teheran to Isfahan it is 251 miles. From Isfahan to Shiraz there is a journey of 306 miles to cover, but the break in the journey at Persepolis made it possible for us to reach Shiraz in four and a half hours. It is good to look first

upon this charming town from the Pass of Allah, where, through an opening in the hills one looks down over the tombs of Hafiz and Sa'di, two of the most loved poets of Persia, hidden in little gardens of green.

The streets of Shiraz are broad and clean, but it looked as if it had been waiting there just like that ever since the Magi left it, guided by the Star of Bethlehem as it is said, to seek the new born Christ. It seems very remote from Teheran. To the south the land stretches down across steep passes to the Persian Gulf. It gives the impression of having little interest in the world that is being shaped around it; a pretty volume of blank pages. There is little of interest there, even the famed silver-work of Shiraz is now inferior and the inlaid boxes can be purchased as well elsewhere; the sherry, which is said to have taken its name from the city though sold by the way of Spain, was nothing to boast of.

At the Hotel Sa'di I found a moderately clean room with five doors, two of which opened onto the backyard. Luckily I arrived before dark, else I might have dropped down ten feet for there was not even a railing where once had been a veranda, and no steps led down into the yard. The food was as bad as could be, and in the dining room rows of red plush chairs and sofas were ranged stiffly all around the whitewashed walls. About thirty years ago there was not even a table in Persia; that is something to measure its progress by. This was "European Furniture" with a vengeance. Pictures of the battles of Napoleon hung upon the walls, and in one corner stood an atrocious bust of the Shah. The dining table had the usual tight little bouquet of short-stemmed flowers in a dirty European vase.

After dinner I sat on the porch and listened to the hotel orchestra of three pieces; one of them was a wooden drum shaped like a thin-necked vase. You will understand what it sounded like if I say that it seemed like a mirliton making a noise like a kazoo. But there was beauty too, when long fingers played over the drum with incredible swiftness, and snapped between strokes like castanets.

*ACROSS LURISTAN*

A LONG, dull journey brought us back to Isfahan. From there we turned west, and, before reaching Kum, took the road to Sultanabad, thence over a colorful pass that the chauffeur said was a short cut to Kermanshah. We had actually to motor eighteen hours to get there. As long as the day lasted it was sheer delight, for this was Luristan. Tribeswomen passed, dressed in gay prints, with full skirts, and long trousers that ended in ruffles, showing below them. There was wide cultivation everywhere and villages of Lurs and Kurds were frequent, always with a small fort nearby. Some of the women were very beautiful, proud, and free-looking, with that charm that attaches to the unknown quantity. They are an ethnological mystery, with seemingly no relationship to any other race; with a unique language; and with family names long before the Persians assumed them.

It was exquisite country.

Not all high grapes are sour. I would have given much to have been able to loaf along and to have pitched my tent and made friends among the tribes. In anticipation of such wanderings I had provided myself with a tiny, portable phonograph and records of wild, free songs, strings of bright beads, little mirrors, knives, balloons that became rabbits and dogs when inflated, bait to make friends along the way, and funny little toys to make the children laugh.

Night fell amidst the colorful hills. We motored in the dark over unfrequented roads, the hills outlined in moonlight. We lost our way, got quite off the road, and had to back out of a sandy track. Little twinkling lights from a Kurdish village on our right made it seem, if possible, even more desolate. We went on and on, until at last we saw the lights of Kermanshah in the distance.

A publisher once said me: "If you're going to make a business of writing, you'll have to stop being a lady and tell things exactly as they happen." I now feel a most unholy urge to do so.

We arrived at the Hotel Bristol in Kermanshah at midnight.

I was given what the proprietor insisted was the best room available. The carpet was stained and threadbare; the walls had paper that was brown with age and coming off in strips; upon them hung a chromo of a dog fighting a gray kitten in a barnyard, to the distress of many hens. Beside the bed a piece of matting hung and on it was painted the design of an angry lion.

The sheets were too short to cover the mattress, and not clean; they had most certainly been used since last they had been in the tub. I insisted upon having fresh ones, then lay down in my clothes rather than trust the blanket which I deposited in a corner of the room, and upon it the pillow which had the remains of a gray flannel petticoat for cover under the dirty linen. Upon all of them I sprayed enough Flit to have converted the pile into a graveyard.

On the washstand was a much-used hair brush, full of wisps of hair, and a dirty comb. The lavatory at the end of the hall would call for language of which I'm not possessed; and with the pot-de-chambre that was brought to my room when I refused to avail myself of the public conveniences, they brought the lid of a cook-pot.

I left without breakfast, after listening all night to the barking of a dog under my window; in spite of our fatigue we started at dawn, because the customs at Kasr-i-Shirin and Kasrovie, and Khanekin had all to be passed, before we might cross the desert to Baghdad.

At Kasr-i-Shirin, the police officer who examined my passport and asked numerous questions the answers to which he wrote down in a ledger, had finger-nails stained with henna. He was something of a snob; what the Persians call: "Did-na-did," meaning literally: "He saw. He did not see." The Persian language is as graphic as the Tibetan which calls warm: "hot-cold."





*PASSAGE FROM PERSIA*

A POLICEMAN boarded the car at Kasr-i-Shirin and drove with us to the border customs at Kasrovie, and there my car, with luggage, was driven out of sight, and I was ushered into the private office of the Chief of border customs.

The door into the Chief's private office was closed after I entered; the Chief, a man "young-old," motioned me to a seat across from his desk and offered me a tiny glass of tea and a cigarette. I took the latter; then he sat back and surveyed me in silence. This seemed rather unusual to me, another one of those efforts to impress that I had grown used to from Persian officials. I determined to let him have the first word; it looked as if I might have use for the last one myself. It was strange that my car should have been driven out of sight instead of waiting by the entrance as is customary, and that no question of customs inspection for my suitcases should be raised. When I had asked the chauffeur what it meant he had smiled mysteriously.

We smoked in silence, eyeing one another for some minutes. I had smoked my cigarette and stepped the butt into the floor and flicked the ashes from my skirt, before anything was said; meanwhile the Chief had not taken his eyes off of me. The ritual was interesting. I began to think that I might have an unsuspected talent for acting. It was apparently to be a slow beginning. All right! I folded my arms and looked back at him. He was rather a good-looking man, with shrewd eyes. What was all this bluff anyway? Finally he began to speak:

"You are a millionaire, are you not?"

How amazing, I thought, and answered: "Far from it."

"But it costs to travel."

"It sometimes costs more to sit still," I hazarded.

"You must have money to travel. Do your people send you money?" This was incredible. My answer in the negative brought, almost with a note of protest: "But you must get money from somewhere! How do you get it?"

What a stupid and impertinent question! I answered:

"From the bank." By that time I was prepared to be searched for hidden treasure.

"What is your income?"

I looked surprised, and made no reply.

"What are your investments?"

What impudence! This was going too far. I recalled that in the past Persian Customs had been a diplomatic plum. Was I, perhaps a "perquisite"? And just what was he going to do about it?

"You own a house in New York, do you not?"

"No, an apartment, unfortunately."

"Where is it located? In the fashionable section, is it not?"

I was getting angry, and replied with absolute truth: "At Hell Gate, between the Insane Asylum and the Penitentiary." The paradox displeased him; he thought me flip-pant, and frowned. As a matter of fact Ward's Island where the Insane Asylum is located, and Welfare Island, formerly called Blackwell's when the penitentiary was there, do actually face my home. The Chief's next question was:

"Where do you go from here?"

"To Baghdad."

"Obviously. That is not what I mean. Where will you go from Baghdad?"

"To Damascus."

"You know that is not what I mean. What is your destination?"

"Beirut."

"But you cannot be going to *live* in Beirut? How long will you remain there?"

"I don't know!"

"But you *must* know! What are your plans?"

"I have none."

He exclaimed in irritation and amazement: "You have no plans. But you *must* have plans."

I had already answered that question and sat silent.

"When will you return to America?"

"I don't know."



"But you *must* know!"

"I don't know any more than you do," I answered. "I go where I want to, and do what I want to, as far as possible, and I change my mind as often as I please."

Clearly this was a strange female, a suspicious person. Also I was becoming impatient and exclaimed:

"I would appreciate it if you would have my car brought around and my luggage inspected. I am motoring alone across the desert, and one is warned not to be out on it after dark on account of the Bedouins. You've kept me so long now that it will be impossible for me to get to Baghdad before eight o'clock." This was a long speech, and elicited:

"Just a moment! Un moment! You are a very charming woman and I may not have the pleasure of talking to you again."

Did he really think that I would be taken in by that? Was he playing for time? For what? I wondered.

"When did you begin to travel?"

"When I was two years old."

"I mean, when did you begin to travel about like this alone?"

"Oh! I was older than two years then."

His expression was unpleasant, but his voice continued suave:

"You speak French well." (Our conversation had been in that language.)

"It is charming of you to say so. I thought that I spoke it very badly. I am quite out of practice."

"You speak German well also?" Perhaps he thought me another Mata Hari.

"I speak it indifferently well for the same reason," I replied. "But I answered both those questions in Teheran when I filled out the questionnaire for a Permit de Séjour."

There seemed to be no end to the business. I lit another cigarette and sent a cloud of smoke to the ceiling. At that moment a soldier entered, closed the door behind him, clicked his heels together and saluted, then tendered an envelope to the Chief. The latter read it, looking up every now

and then over the page at me to see whether all this made me nervous as it was of course intended to do. It was a stupid performance. What did he want with me anyway? Why did he eye me with that shrewd look, like a cat? What was he trying to break down in me? Was he trying to intimidate me? For what reason?

I recalled with satisfaction that, just across the border, in Iraq, was the rail head, and I might sleep in the station if this farce kept up much longer . . . if I ever got there. Where was my car anyway? There was no sign of it as I looked out of the window. I affected, discreetly, to stifle a yawn.

The Chief made notations on a piece of paper; slipped it very slowly into an envelope, looking across the table at me the while as if to imply: "Your last chance!"

My last chance for what?

He attached an impressive seal upon the envelope and handed it to the soldier, who saluted, clicked his heels, right-about-faced, and was gone.

The Chief took another long look at me. This time I did not answer it with a smile. Then he said:

"You may go now."

I had been held there for over two hours. It would be impossible to reach Baghdad before night. But there was swift and courteous attention in the Iraq customs, and no protection at all for me alone in the station that would be closed and deserted at night; it seemed best to go on to Baghdad, though a four-hour motor ride across the desert lay ahead of us.

### *"AS WIND ALONG THE WASTE"*

WE made good time over the better ground at the desert's rim, but soon slowed down, choking in the clouds of sand raised by our swift going.

It is unfair to the desert to plough through it in a motor. Approaching us, plodding noiselessly, their heads lifted as if in scorn at our mode of travel, came a string of camels. The Arab says that this superiority complex of theirs is due to the

fact that they know the hundredth name of Allah while mere man knows but ninety-nine. But even swifter than our going was the passage of a Bedouin on his splendid horse. He sat sideways, and his burnous streamed behind him in the wind.

There was no shade, for the land lay flat for miles around us and the sky was cloudless. But the shimmering heat soon gave way before on-coming dusk, and the quick night of the desert, and far, far ahead a black line cut across the horizon at the rim of an oasis, where there were waving palms. In the Arab village eager eyes peered in at the white woman who motored alone at nightfall across the desert.

We halted in the oasis to report our destination; then went out into the enfolding darkness. A last message came to us with the long-drawn-out, throaty call of the muezzin that rang out into our empty world: "Lá illáha illá 'lla Muham-madam Rasul 'llah." "There is no God but God and Allah is his prophet."

Stars came out, brilliant and big, seeming so close. How natural that Arabs should name their children after them: Rigel, Antares.

On, and on, and on! Such silence! "How can the chauffeur keep a direction in this waste of sand?" I wondered. "How can he see tracks in the night?"

## I R A Q

“WHY is it that people pass through Iraq on their way to Persia these days, without stopping to see the wonderful sights we have here?” an official asked me in Baghdad.

“A matter of propoganda,” I replied. “There is no publicity for Iraq to-day, and much of it for Persia.”

“But if people want to see mosques and tombs we’ve got as many of them as they have in Persia, and they’re much more accessible here. Baghdad is a more agreeable place to stay than any city in Persia; it has more modern conveniences; more ‘atmosphere.’”

“That is true,” I admitted. I was stopping at the Tigris Palace Hotel. We sipped cocktails at twilight on the uncovered veranda overlooking the Tigris. Lights from river craft slipped down into the dark waters; above our heads was a battery of stars; the air pulsated to the beat of gongs and the droning songs that wafted up from the bazaars. It was not difficult, at that hour, to create the illusion of those days when Baghdad had its “Thousand and One Nights.”

“It has indeed atmosphere, but what a climate!”

“From November to April it is altogether delightful. It even falls below freezing in winter.” I let that pass with some scepticism, but voiced my delight at the lovely gardens and homes, so green, at the desert’s edge.

“It is not only Baghdad that is worth while,” my visitor continued. “Iraq has blue-tiled mosques like those of Persia, and ruins of palaces and cities that rival Persepolis. We have four of the Holy Cities here, one of them, Kerbela, holds under its dome the tombs of the martyrs whose death is celebrated throughout the Moslem world. And take Assur. It is the oldest and most sacred city of the old As-

syrian Empire. If you're interested in antiquity, and you certainly wouldn't go to Persia for anything else, why don't you look for it here?

"There's Hatra," he continued after a pause. "It is reached over an interesting desert route. It is the finest of Iraq's ancient cities; the railroad provides guides to it, and to the tombs of the Imams, and to Samarra."

I spoke of the glorious art of Persia, the miniatures, the fine carpets, the embroideries. He asked if I had seen much of that in Persia, and I had to admit that most of it was now in foreign museums. While my Iraqi friend talked of the glories of the past of Iraq, my mind was busy with thoughts of its future.

The Holy Cities of Iraq burrow down into five depths of communicating cellars. They know more poverty, cruelty, intrigue, bigotry, and lust than the mind of the West can even conceive. Out of them likewise springs magnificent elation, religious obsession, a depth of emotionalism, the potential strength of which, under a great leader, would move the world.

The princes of India send annual tribute to the Holy Cities of Iraq, and thousands of pilgrims come to them each year from India, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, bringing with them the gossip of the world, and carrying back home heaven knows what garbled versions of whatever news their predecessors brought. How strong the bond is that unites Islam, anyone who has witnessed the celebration of their festivals must know. I thought of a scene in Delhi at the Feast of "Id" which terminates the great feast of Ramazan; of the vast throngs, spread over the broad steps of the Jumma Masjid, the prostrations, the deep devotion. I thought also of Muharram, when in a frenzy of self-mortification over the death of the martyrs whose remains lie in Kerbela, thousands of the faithful drew their own blood in expiation.

Out of the middle-ages of custom Moslem countries are emerging to-day in various stages of development, led by

three of the great rulers of our time: Kemal of Turkey, Riza Shah of Persia, and Ibn Sa'ud, the Puritan King of Arabia, of whom it is said that he has never yet made a false move. The Mohammedan religion is said to be the only growing religion in the world, increasing at the rate of five million converts a year; not merely by birth rate. It is certainly one of the dominant forces in the world, and counts already 230 million followers.

I was called back from my conjectures when my visitor asked if I had come out of Persia via Bushire, with steamer to Basra, and thence by train to Baghdad. I explained that I had chartered a motor for the journey through Persia and had come out the easiest way over the old Zagros route, but that I knew Basra and had flown over Ctesiphon, but had not stopped to see the excavations at Ur.

He went on to tell me about Kish, reached by train, and thought to be the first city founded after the flood. Under its foundations they have discovered deposits of the Neolithic age, the first age of civilization as far as present interpretation goes.

"Why don't you people visit the sights of Iraq?" he cried again.

I told him that I thought a hundred and twenty thousand pilgrims a year to their Holy Cities was a sizable crowd, but he meant people like me who travel just for the love of strange sights. I excused my own delinquency by explaining that I had had a definite object in going to Persia, and had been perfectly worn out with the experience and had little inclination left to visit mosques anywhere.

"But we want tourists in Iraq; we go out of our way to help them; we have English-speaking guides." Before I could say more he was exclaiming again about the interests of Iraq:

"Take Kirkuk, which is said to be the Ararat of the Bible; you can go there by rail from Baghdad, there is a view of the Kurdish mountains from there; there are rest-houses everywhere. Why do not people travel in Iraq?"

It was some months later that archaeologists discovered in the Valley of the Euphrates, the oldest known record of man's emergence into civilization; the earliest trace of a city dwelling, at Tepe Gawra, near Mosul.

# SYRIA

## *BEIRUT . . . HALF-WAY HOUSE*

I SPENT my first night in Syria in an old Druse castle, situated at 3,000 feet in the Lebanon hills. It was once the home of an Emir and is now the residence of an English family. Motoring up from Beirut with my host, we passed through Druse villages and people greeted us with: "Barak taht amrakh," "Blessings under your heart." We reached the castle by a winding, well-cambered road; each floor of the building accommodated itself to the conformation of the rock; doors opened onto roofs at various levels; there were gardens on top of the rooms below; old stone steps led down and up to hidden gardens, and from deep-set windows one looked out over ancient hills, vine-covered, to the bay.

A happy combination has given Beirut many broad boulevards with modern shops and tramways, yet left quaint side streets narrow as they must have been hundreds of years ago.

Beirut is very old indeed. With Sidon and Tyre and Byblos it was one of the great trade centers of the Phoenicians; the Greeks say that it was founded by Saturn in the Golden Age. We know for sure that the legions of Alexander marched through it; that Herod, Pompey and Augustus were familiar figures there when gladiatorial contests took place in the vast arena, no trace of which remains.

Of its past magnificence one sees no signs. In the whole of Syria and the Lebanon there is not one splendid building, except those in ruins; but the countryside is beautiful.

There are broad beaches and splendid metalled roads. Houses look happy and friendly as people do who lie in the sun all day; they climb the hills in tiers direct from the Bay of Saint George where the tutelary saint of Great Britain is



said to have slain the dragon; their windows are high and broad and set close together in twos and threes; and the tiling of the floors imported from France is in lovely patterns and soft tones. Shutters are finely mellowed in the salt air, and bougainvillaea clammers over white or red or pink or blue stucco walls. Through high wrought-iron gates, one catches glimpses of twisted olive trees and gnarled mulberry, giant cactus, and immense bushes of poinsettia.

In one respect Beirut lives up to tradition: It is still the greatest center of learning in the Near East. The American College covers fifty acres on a bluff overlooking the bay; its campus is shaded by magnificent trees, and from there one has a view such as no other institute of learning in the world can match.

Beirut boasts one really first-class hotel and as good a restaurant as one could find anywhere, the "Lucullus." Living is cheap but life is dull in Beirut; it is half-way house to Palestine and Iraq, and to that country beyond . . . Persia.

Strange sights are seen in Beirut. A funeral passed by: Six horses, draped in black and led by a footman, drew an open hearse that held a coffin covered with artificial flowers. Following on foot were many mourners, nuns, old men, and children, crying lustily; making of the event what it was supposed to be . . . a step-up in the prestige of surviving relatives.

On the Bab Idris, the main shopping street, I put my foot where surely only a royal foot was intended originally to rest: upon a stand of silver plate wrought in elaborate design while an Arab boy blacked my boots. Passing by, was a man ringing a bell to call attention to his lemonade service, a stand likewise made of silver plate that had more gadgets than a soda-fountain.

Native women went about heavily veiled. Their shapeless dresses were of coarse brown or black cloth with circular cape hanging to the waist and a hood fitted in at the neck and covering the head; around this they tied a short coarse black veil that completely concealed their features. Arab

men, lounging about everywhere, look them over with too much knowledge and too little wisdom.

It was not considered safe for a woman to ride alone in a taxi at night in Beirut, nor at any time, and I had more than one "mauvais quart d'heure" when a friend invited me to go with her to the cinema one night and we boarded a street car to go home. It let her out in front of her house, but I had to walk a long distance down dark streets, only to find the gate of my abode, "Au Coin de France," locked.

It was past midnight; I could not arouse the caretaker. What was I to do? I walked several blocks to a broad thoroughfare; but every shop was closed. I then spied the red motor of the chief of police parked nearby and got into it to await his return. He was amused, though not delighted, when I asked him to take me home and arouse the caretaker, which he managed to do.

Even the transient visitor like myself found it impossible to ignore the intense unrest in Syria; the discontent expressed on all sides with the French Mandate. One Syrian said to me: "We wanted the United States to take the mandate, but you refused. We knew that you'd administer the country for our benefit and then get out. Our second choice was England because, although they think first of their own advantage, they also help the people they control, whereas the French think only of themselves."

There was bitter denunciation of the French for having taken all the gold out of the banks of the country; for ruining its commerce; importing from France even the necessities of life that could easily be procured in Syria.

The mental attitude of Syria presented the complications of a fever-chart, and their interests are so linked with those of Palestine that the tension there was on everybody's lips. It occurred to me that the psychology of nations was even more interesting than that of individuals.

A peculiar and apparently unsolvable problem that affects all Arab nationals exists in Palestine; an obvious bit of logic was overlooked when, during the World War, an important piece of territory was promised to two different

parties, from each of whom the price had been collected in advance.

Great Britain found herself in a serious dilemma when Turkey entered the World War against the Allies, for the ruler of Turkey was then also Caliph, or Pontiff, of all orthodox Moslems, and in India there are about seventy-eight million Moslems. The Turkish campaign against Suez likewise threatened Great Britain's link with India.

To offset such menaces, it was clever diplomacy on the part of England to seek the cooperation of the ruler of the Holy Cities, Hussein, Sharif of Mecca. He agreed to cooperate with the British in return for a large cash payment monthly and a further subsidy to his enemy Ibn Sa'ud, King of Arabia, to keep the peace. He exacted likewise the recognition of himself as King of the Hedjaz, and of his sons Feisal and Abdullah as Kings, the latter of Transjordan, where he still rules, the former of Damascus, from which he was ejected by the French, then installed upon the throne of Iraq by the British.

But the paramount consideration for this Arab cooperation, was England's guarantee that at the end of the war she would recognize an independent Arab nation which the Arabs understood to include Palestine where they had predominated for thirteen hundred years.

The British preferred to leave the question of boundaries for discussion and determination until after the war, but Hussein was insistent about having them defined then and there, and that of the West was stated to be the Red Sea and the Mediterranean as far north as the vilayets of Mersina and Adana, 37th degree.

There was dispute between Hussein and Sir Henry McMahon, the British High Commissioner in Egypt. Hussein refused to renounce Aleppo and Beirut, but accepted modification as far as the vilayets of Mersina and Adana were concerned. He likewise agreed to let the discussion of the question of the Lebanon drop for the duration of the war, so as not to make difficulties between the Allies.

During all of this correspondence, in January, 1916, there

was no mention of any intention to exclude Palestine, or any part of it, from the proposed Arab nation. This is very extraordinary. Palestine was indefinitely more important than Mersina and Adana, and the whole discussion was for the purpose of fixing definite boundaries. Likewise, the character of Hussein itself would lead one to think it unlikely that he would have overlooked so important an item, had there been any doubt at all about its inclusion in the future independent Arab nation. Lawrence of Arabia calls him: "an obstinate, narrow-minded, suspicious character . . . with much of that destructive tendency of little men to deny the honesty of opponents."

His lack of faith was justified, it would seem, for it has been stated time and time again and never refuted that, at the same time that she made these promises to the Arabs, England was secretly negotiating with France for the partitioning of Arab lands among themselves; the actual date of this agreement is given as May 16th, 1916. This would explain the statement, in 1937, of Great Britain's Secretary of State for the Colonies: "It was in the highest degree unfortunate that in the exigencies of war, the British Government was unable to make their intention clear to the Sharif."

It was only after they had fought splendidly under British officers that, in 1917, Lord Balfour sponsored the Zionist declaration which, in cooperation with the Jews (who must have known of the previous promises to the Arabs), had been kept secret until the eve of the capture of Jerusalem with Arab assistance. England's "Realistic Policy" began long before its public acknowledgment in 1938.

England found herself badly in need of the formula for T. N. T. during the World War. It was the possession of the Jewish leader and the price that he named for it was a homeland for the Jews in Palestine. This, with the Jewish subscriptions to Allied loans, apparently outweighed England's previous promises to the Arabs, for it was in direct contradiction to them, and created a perfectly irreconcilable situation.

British prestige, to which they dealt so heavy a blow in

Palestine, is important to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, to the whole white race, for their influence touches every corner of the globe and their control has been largely "Power based upon reputation, rather than reputation based on power," as one of their noted writers, Harold Nicolson, has said. Above all peoples the English are, I think, best fitted to take the helm in a world gone mad. But I feel that Mr. Nicolson was too optimistic when he asked: "How comes it that, after the most overt betrayals on our part, we are still trusted and even revered?" I feel that another prominent British author, Robert Byron, better expressed the sentiments of his countrymen when he wrote: "Another landmark in the Betrayal Era of English Foreign Policy. Will it never stop?"

When I was in Syria, the British High Commissioner of Palestine had his hands full trying to win or force cooperation from both Jews and Arabs, by having each represented on the High Commission. The Jews, with permit for only ten thousand immigrants annually at that time, and struggling for fifty thousand, demanded equality though in the minority. The Arabs held back for fear that their cooperation would be taken as acquiescence in the status quo. They refused to recognize the Balfour Declaration which gave a strip of their land to the Jews. The High Commissioner then announced that, if the Arabs refused positions on the Council, they would be arbitrarily appointed to them.

The final meeting between the Arab Nationalists, when all this was threshed out and they decided to cooperate with the authorities, took place in the Lebanon hills. I, and the Englishman who had brought them together, were the only foreigners present.

There were eight Arab Sheiks, among the most distinguished and influential members of the Nationalist Party of Palestine, prosperous business men, editors, lawyers, and politicians, one of them the mayor of an important city; the ones who sat beside me translated all that was said into perfect French.

We were gathered around a table under a spreading tree in a garden high up on the hill-side overlooking the wide bay. Bubble pipes stood beside them; arrac was served, with lettuce tips and kashew nuts; then kibbeh, a pounded meat served with fine-grained meal and the seeds of pine cone. Beside our plates was the wafer-thin bread of Syria, folded like a napkin. We had fish after that, and yachney, a meat stew cooked with beans, and the meal was rounded out with fruit.

These were shrewd men. They recognized that they were cornered and decided that, for the moment anyway, there was nothing else for them to do but to play along with the authorities. They registered in turn anger, distrust, and humor, and gesticulated freely. I retained the definite impression that, as far as the Arabs were concerned, there could be only one solution, the complete independence of the Arab nation.

It was later that the question of partitioning Palestine came up for discussion. It would force the removal of over two hundred thousand Arabs, who have been rooted for generations in the most fertile portion of the land, to an arid district that has not yet been proved possible of cultivation; those remaining would be subject to an alien dominion that would be forced upon them.

The Jews, by the terms of the proposed partition, would have the richest portion, a sea frontage of eighty miles, and a land frontier crossed by hundreds of roads and by railways. And by this arrangement the British would retain their grip on the meat of the sandwich, the harbor, pipe lines, customs, barracks and airdromes and railway junction. Haifa, which would be permanently under their control, is a first-class naval base in a key position to dominate the Suez Canal, the lease of which expires in this generation.

Only one picture of this terrible tangle of the Palestine situation makes any sense at all. Those letters between King Hussein and McMahan that the British Government refuses to make public though they would make the whole situation

clear; this unsatisfactory "Homeland" arrangement for Jews, becomes logical, if we consider that England never had any intention of withdrawing from the mandated territory, or of building either an Arab nation or a Jewish Homeland that would ultimately have power to interfere with her interests. The Palestine situation is understandable as part of the Realistic Policy that her statesmen now openly advocate.

The world has been so busy decrying Japanese Imperialism in the Far East and prognosticating the outcome of the war in Spain, that it has taken little note of a new pattern in the Near East where all the bits of mosaic fit into the picture of British Imperialistic design.

Great Britain has vital interests in Palestine. To the fact that Haifa is the terminus of the pipe line for oil from Iraq and an important naval base, further guaranteeing her own future, add the discussed British plans for a parallel canal to run from near Gaza on the north to Aqaba on the south. This would give them unhindered access to India without having to pass through the Suez Canal and Red Sea.

In July, 1937, in the same month that Anthony Eden declared it to be a major British interest that no Great Power, not even Britain, should establish itself on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, the British Government announced its reservation of a strategic position for itself around Aqaba. It went unnoticed in the press that only four months earlier England had annexed 100,000 square miles of Southern Arabia in defiance of long-standing treaties with its Arab rulers.

As this country, although officially annexed, has not been conquered and Arab tribes resist the encroachments of the British, a British official has, for the first time in history, extended his authority from the Aden Protectorate to the Hadramaut, and has gone to reside there. And again, as with the secret treaties that looked to the partitioning of Arab lands farther north, the facts about the appointment of a British Resident at Mukalla, in the Hadramaut, have never been made public. It is, however, known that oil has been found there, in the Hadramaut, and is being developed

without consent of the Arabs.\* Where they have been so "unreasonable" as to resent encroachment, British aeroplanes have bombed the districts.

There is shaping in the Near East a situation fraught with possibilities of endless trouble for coming generations. Meanwhile one must admit that the British mandate in Palestine has been administered ably, though little has been done to further education of Arab children of whom only twenty per cent have schooling whereas practically every Jewish child is given this advantage.

It is claimed that the National Homeland has been of material assistance to the Arabs in the sale of land. But most of this was owned by the Effendis and the masses are now faced with the problem of employment that is only procurable when Jewish labor is not obtainable. And, as to benefits, the records of 1934 show that only 24 Arabs were admitted to Jewish hospitals against 1,569 Jews cared for in non-Jewish hospitals.

The channels of much of our information from this source are influenced by the Jews and the purse-strings of the race are loosened; the drive is on for \$4,500,000 more for settlement of the Jews in Palestine and their spokesman says that it is to be "the advance guard of a harassed people." They now demand, not the 50,000 they begged for so short a while ago, but 100,000 to be admitted annually for five years. In the one month of March, 1938, 2,700 Jews were admitted as a result of the absorption of Austria by Germany. The Jews offer cooperation with the British and the poor Arabs fear that this sharp increase of Jewish immigration will swamp them. Arab uprisings in defense of their rights have brought about the dissolution of the Arab High Committee that was formed in 1936, and the exile of its leaders, among them the Mufti of Jerusalem. The imprisonment of these important Arabs, according to their statements, runs counter to the judicial rights of the natives.

The creation of a Jewish state, calling as it must for the

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\* "British Bombs Over Arabia" by H. St. John Philby in "World Review." London, Jan. 1938.



use of armed protection, and expanding further into Arab territory as it probably would do eventually, creates another narrow nationalism among a people that may be a menace in the future and would upset further the balance of power along a coastal strip of four hundred miles that is already the center of political intrigue among six entities.

The fact that stands out most clearly in the tangle of Palestine is the success of a policy of "divide-and-rule" which retains so many advantages for Great Britain. And now that the pact with Mussolini has averted danger of interference from that quarter the Arabs have lost what encouragement was given them by the "Protector of Islam."

I have been told by those intimately familiar with the local affairs of Palestine, that each of the two Commissions sent from England to study the situation and make recommendations, decided in favor of the Arabs; that this being the case, the reports were pigeon-holed; that therefore, when a third Commission was suggested, the Arabs, enraged and disillusioned, refused it, arguing that they would get no justice anyway.

The Arab has racial characteristics that put him at a disadvantage in conferences. The Grand Mufti was advised to let someone represent him before the former High Commission, but insisted on speaking for the Arabs himself. The Jews arrived at the meetings with all their testimony systematically arranged; the Arab has no appreciation of the importance of little things; they are rambling in testimony and annoyingly poetic.

The Arab is enchanting socially and is a loyal friend, and full of wit and humor, gracious and kind, but wholly impractical.

The wheels within wheels of foreign diplomacy and the swift changes of face that nations make; the ruthlessness of their Realistic Policies; their hates to-day and handshakes to-morrow, are bewildering to Americans and cause us to realize to what an extent we would involve ourselves in pulling other peoples' chestnuts out of the fire and under-

writing actions that are alien to our ideals, by too close an association with other nations' interests.

How happy our lot in America! We do not know the tragedy of being rich in natural resources, but too weak to defend them; nor what it is to be small and in the way; nor even to have spring from our own strength and security, the dream of conquest.

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One day Mrs. Bayard Dodge, wife of the President of the American University of Beirut, sent me out in her motor to call on the well-known Arab writer and nationalist, Ameen Rihani. He climbed the slope to help me down the stone steps to his house, that sprawls along the face of a cliff. The view from his house has been described by himself, in "My Native Horizon":

"I look out of my northern window in the day on a prospect terrible, wild, and majestic. The valley below, the deep gorge, the dizzy precipices, the escarpments spotted here and there with laurels, terebinths, scrub oak; the broad slope on the other side of the river, decked with olives and mulberries and terraced homes, and hill-tops fringed with pines rising behind and above each other."

We talked first of Ibn Sa'ud, the King of Arabia; of his accomplishments in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties; of his need to go slow with his reforms in order not to antagonize the mollahs, or priests. Then we spoke of the acute nationalistic feeling that had been fostered by the trouble in Palestine; of the reciprocal treaties that had been made among Arab states; of the advantages of the Jews with education and unlimited money, many of them at home in England, having the "ear" of government and of the disadvantages of the Arabs, having none of these assets.

I ventured to remark that the Arabs had not yet a sense of cooperation, necessary for the common good. But if the sentiment attributed to Arabs by the late deceased King Feisal of Iraq is true: that they are Arabs first before they are Moslems, even the split among them into three great

religious systems, Sunni, and Shia, and the puritan Wahabis, may not stand in the way of a Pan-Arab movement headed by Ibn Sa'ud, who is certainly one of the great leaders of our times. He may well have chosen the motto of his people: "Patience is the Key to the Door."

The frugal, hard life of the desert; its heritage of strife; the austerities of a Puritan Empire in the hinterland; all these have saved the masses of Arabs from the softening influence of civilization that was the downfall of the ancient Arab Empire. It has likewise kept alive in them the virtues that we love: courage, endurance, pride, loyalty, and humor.

Petra, Palmyra, Baghdad and Damascus tell the story of their ancient glory; of an empire that was once great. The Arabs still control a country that is a third as large as the United States; culture used to follow in the wake of their conquests, and left enduring imprints on Persia and on Spain. Their path is set by the stars that lead them across the deserts. Who knows where they may lead?

### *BAALBEK*

A SHORT motor ride takes one from Beirut to Baalbek. The road lies between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon hills, long ago denuded of their famous cedars by the Kings of Sidon and Tyre. Immense vineyards, owned by the Jesuits, had grapes trailing the ground; there were melon fields and acres of wheat, barley, and millet; the soil is rich and would yield far more than it does but for the fact that the farms are mostly run by proxy for absentee landlords.

Of the famous Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek only six columns remain standing; beside them a dislodged Corinthian capital with frieze of acanthus leaves. The temple was famous in the days of Augustus; Constantine converted it into a Christian basilica and used part of it as a citadel; then the whole of it was made a fortress by conquering Arabs.

The Temple of Bacchus is the best preserved and, in spite of battles and earthquakes, the huge blocks of granite still fit closely together without mortar, not a hair's breadth be-

tween them. One counts three stones, set at an elevation of twenty feet on a wall, that are, each one, sixty-two by fourteen feet in size; in the quarry there is a similar one that has never been wholly detached from its bed.

Within sight of Baalbek the Crusaders fought. Tamerlane sacked it in the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth it passed, along with the whole of Syria, into the hands of the Turks and came, after the World War, under French mandate which has never been popular.

### *ALEPPO*

LEAVING Beirut at seven in the morning by motor one arrives, after a day crowded with interest, at the most fascinating city of the Near East: Aleppo.

Rounding the corniche, with the Bay of Saint George on the left, the road turns then inland to wander among green hills. On distant heights the ruins of the strongholds of the Crusaders are seen; the Krak des Chevaliers, citadel of the Hospitallers, frowns down on the fertile valley.

Three hundred years of warfare! Six Crusades! Religious fervor as fanatical as any found in the East; Jews and Moslems alike put to the sword by Christians; and to-day the Holy of Holies of Christendom has to be protected by Moslems who keep the peace among the various Christian sects that claim paramount right to the resting-place of our Lord.

Leaving the frequented highway we plunged into the heart of the desert, but always over a good road. Arabs passed on splendid horses, their orange-colored burnous making lovely spots of color against desert sand and blue mountains that rimmed the horizon.

We approached Tripoli; Tripoli that withstood for six years the siege of Crusaders; whose famous library of priceless manuscripts they destroyed when finally they conquered the city; Tripoli where lived the "Princesse Lointaine." Then Sidon and Tyre were left behind, erstwhile Phoenician strongholds, now Arab cities with fine gardens, and homes,

and public squares. When Homs lay behind us we stopped by what are surely the strangest habitations ever conceived by man: the bee-hive villages of the Bedouins. They looked like clusters of huge cream drops without the chocolate coating.

At Hama an immense water-wheel turned in the river, and lovely houses fringed the water's edge. It was still light when we drove over broad macadam roads, past up-to-date shops and lovely parks, to the Hotel Barron in Aleppo.

Aleppo is full of gardens. Many of them are open to the road; others are glimpsed between the bars of tall iron gates. They shelter cedars, laurel, orange and lemon trees, jasmine, pistache, almond and oleander; each one is a little oasis at this rim of the desert.

Aleppo has cupolas, balconies, trailing flowering vines, lovely wrought-iron work, and grottoes cut out of rock to afford cool retreat in summer. The architecture is pleasing; the outside walls are enriched with sculpture that is beautiful, and there is inlay work of rose and red and gray, and of black basalt. Along the faces of many houses long beams are inset to give greater elasticity in earthquakes. The stone of which they are made has been weathered down the years to lovely pastel shades; the three and four stories have very high ceilings, and the interiors are full of dignity and simplicity. From spacious marble-paved courtyards one mounts broad stone stairways to second-story doorways, and friends visit one another across the roofs of their homes, which are gardens.

Such quiet is within the private gardens that it is difficult to believe that Aleppo lies at the junction of four roads, and on the main commercial and military highway of the Near East, or that a railroad runs from there to Iraq.

Aleppo has always been a commercial city. To-day it is well-paved and has banks and modern stores, garages, cinema theatres, restaurants, hospitals, public baths, and museums, as well as pure air that blows in from over the desert spaces and from the sea, which is not too far away.

Mrs. Altoonian was at home, and Doctor Poché, both

scions of old families, the latter living in a house centuries old. The rooms were full of antiques, carvings of stone and marble, Rakka ware, jewelry, and gold coins.

In the home of the Marcopoli, descendants of Marco Polo, we sat under spreading fig trees; sauntered down paths bordered with rose and jasmine and by crystal-clear pools that enticed the birds; we plucked roses from trellises and peered at new-laid eggs in a nest in the zinzalata, a feathery locust; yet under our feet lay the arched roofs of the souqs, or bazaars.

Nowhere in the Near or in the Far East are there such bazaars as are found in Aleppo. It is the unspoiled East, for all that it offers much that is European among the wares.

Confections are decked there as for a holiday; taffy is filled with sesame seed; sweets, spun to transparency, are twisted into incredible shapes and tinged with every imaginable color. Each one is a work of art.

In the bazaars there are kitchens where one may sit and enjoy delicious meals; or one may mount to balconies and be served there with kibby and tomato sauce spread with mint leaves, or long sweet peppers served in olive oil, and cream spread thick on shredded wheat, with cinnamon on top. All the time one looks down onto a motley throng: Arabs in flowing robes; Kurdish women with chins tattooed and dressed in gay prints; donkeys and camels, laden with bales of goods.

From booths that line the walls hang brooms of many shapes and colors; amazing high boots of yellow or red leather, with long blue tassels of silk, the regular footgear of the Arab; there are also to be found their embroidered abbas, the gold thread untarnishable.

There likewise is the perfume of Araby. In the tiniest booth of all an ancient man concocts pure essences; he has plied his trade in just that spot since he was young; now his beard is long and would be gray but for the henna-dye that proclaims his pilgrimage to Mecca.

Across from his stall is one where wheels within wheels revolve, rotating rapidly, controlled by the toe of an Arab

who thus spins the fine untarnishable threads of gold and silver with which the abbas are embroidered.

A turn of the path, and hundreds of hides come into view. They are being dyed saffron, blue, red, green, and vermilion, and make a brilliant show, but still not so magnificent as the display of brocades and fine tissues.

Deeper and deeper one becomes enmeshed in charm and wonder. Gay saddle-bags hang high; camel trappings embroidered with blue and red worsted; piles of fruit, vegetables, jewelry, china, and loveliest of all, the wool bazaar. Under high vaults, pierced with windows that let light down in rays from on high, are immense baskets of purest white fluff; great bunches of it, unpicked, hang about suspended on the walls. It looks like cumulus clouds as one sees them below one from an airplane.

I filled my arms with loveliness; but in payment I laid the coin upon the earth as a Arab will accept nothing direct from the hand of a "Dog of a Christian." Yet when it was picked up the trader smiled and said: "Amrak m-barak," "Blessings on your heart," and when I passed again his greeting was: "Taht amrak," "Under my heart you are."

Persian carpets line the walls; amber beads run continually through nervous fingers; there is a constant hum of low voices echoing through the vaulted maze, and the clap-clap of cob-cobs, or native wooden shoes.

At the city's heart is the ruin of the most beautiful of citadels; surely the most magnificent fortress in the world as well as the finest example of Saracenic architecture. Within its impregnable walls are palaces where once lived sultans, emirs, and pashas. Once a drawbridge spanned the moat; now a stone causeway under high-flung arches. The towering walls used to be rubbed with oil until they were smooth as glass to make ascent impossible.

From the city square the ramparts rise on an artificial hill, and from its top one has a fine view over the city. Inside one must wind five times around the hill, and pass through several massive doors to reach the top. One has

glimpses on the way of subterranean rooms with pillars and vaulted roofs built of stones as big as those in the pyramids of Egypt. The great cistern is seen; it held enough water to sustain the citadel during months of siege.

In the very center of the citadel is the Mosque of Abraham, built upon the spot where he is said to have milked his cow. Arabs believe that at His second coming, Christ will descend upon the top of its minaret.

### *ANTIOCH*

A ONCE famous road leads from Aleppo to Antioch; then it was lined with myrtle, quince, oleander, and pomegranate trees; now it runs through desert waste that is the Plain of Orontes.

Antioch is twenty miles from the sea coast and has lost every vestige of its former glory, yet boasts one good European hotel, hardly European to be exact, but providing every comfort.

In Antioch Caesars ruled. Herod enriched it with pavings of marble. Byzantine Emperors strengthened it, making on the walls of the fortifications a road so broad that chariots with four horses abreast could encircle them. In Antioch Paul and Barnabas spread Christianity. Peter was its first bishop; Saint Simon Stylites did penance there, and Peter the Hermit and Saint John Chrysostom lived within its gates; it was there that Stephen de Blois and Godefroy de Bouillon halted on their Crusade.

High on Mount Silpius one sees the remains of ancient walls that were wrecked as much by earthquakes as by invaders. Chosroes, King of Persia, sacked the city; floods obliterated it; and to-day an expedition from Princeton University is at work excavating buried treasure. The boys showed me over the "digs"; they pointed out the remains of the famous circus where the chariot race of Ben Hur had been run; we sat upon the remains of the grand-stand where spectators used to gather; around which chariots plunged. Farther along they traced a line of streets built by Tiberius,



and later showed me the splendid mosaics they had removed from the floors and walls of ancient buildings.

Beyond Antioch lies the enchanted Vale of Daphne to which the virgin is said to have fled from the advances of Apollo, to be there transformed into a laurel bush.

The Arabs have a saying: "It is better to be a worm and feed on the mulberries of Daphne than a King's guest."

The Vale of Daphne was the "Gay White Way" of Antioch. Hadrian built a theatre there in the first century. It was noted for its sumptuous villas and splendid terraces from where the multitudes watched triumphal processions pass: Trajan standing in his chariot with a wreath of laurel on his brow.

The Vale of Daphne was once the abode of flowers, pomp, dance, incense, wine, and license. Jugglers, musicians, courtesans, Nubian slaves, and eunuchs mixed with the crowds that watched gladiatorial combats in the amphitheatre.

# JAVA

## *JOURNEY TO JAVA*

GREAT as was my disappointment at the frustration of my plans for travel and study in Persia I realized that before me, lay all the world as compensation. Freed from endless annoyances and petty suspicions, I fell in tune with that hypnotic rhythm of the East where time is not patterned after the dial of a clock, and found myself quoting from "Songs of the Outlands": "There's always tomorrow what's goin' to be, and the day after that is a-comin' . . . see!"

When finally I managed to get my luggage out of Persia I left Beirut at short notice on a little Greek coasting vessel for Port Said. I had just time to wireless the P. & O. steamer, which was then docked at Malta, and engage passage on it from Port Said to Singapore. This left me four days to spend with friends in Cairo.

It should have taken us only four hours to go by rail from Port Said to Cairo; but the engineer of our train fell asleep, and passed by a station, then lost nearly an hour backing into it again when he awoke. But Time had by then faded into insignificance. Beyond the fertile valley of the Nile, across a desert of red-gold sand, the hills of Arabia cut the horizon. It was like turning the pages of an ancient book to watch men in flowing robes bent to the earth in prayer, camels passing stealthily, ibises strutting along the banks of the Nile, and a shaduf lifting water to the song of a fellah, in the old, old way.

But Cairo, now so modern! One needs to go out to the Pyramids to realize that one is in ancient Egypt. Even there a broad motor road leads to the entrance of the Great Pyra-

mid, and a sales booth for cheap souvenirs stands not fifty feet away from the nose of the Sphinx.

When the P. & O. came into the harbor of Port Said I inspected the quarters assigned to me, over the stern; a crowded boat making better arrangement impossible, I cancelled passage. I then noticed a fine new ship moving into her berth, the "Jean Laborde" of the French Line, which proved to be almost empty because agents were not recommending the Messagerie boats then due to the unusual number of mysterious fires that had occurred on the ships of the line in recent times. I hired a launch and went out to inspect it; asked to see the plan of the ship and be given quotations of costs. There was great difference between first and second class; but by travelling third class I found that I would save about four hundred American dollars from Port Said to Singapore, and booked for the new experience, knowing that, if it proved unpleasant, I could always move higher up.

As a matter of fact, barring the food, the least important item to me, I never made a voyage in greater comfort though it lasted for three weeks. I had a large and immaculately clean stateroom with four bunks in it, all to myself; hot and cold running water; porcelain basins, electric fans and electric lights. There was new linoleum on the floor instead of carpet; it was cooler and cleaner. On my three previous journeys through the Red Sea, travelling first class on crowded decks, with deck cabins cutting off the breeze between port and starboard, I had been uncomfortable. On the "Jean Laborde," traveling third class we had the whole of the stern deck, and by a turn of the head could see all that was passing on both sides. The stars were above our heads by night and a canvas cover by day; and, because there were very few passengers, the steering gear (I suppose it was that) that took up part of the deck, was not too much in our way.

The passengers were mostly relatives of French soldiers on their way to Saigon; but my vis-à-vis at table, when I went to the dining room at all, was a Chinaman who managed very well not to cut his mouth with the knife. His little boy,

whose baby-carriage was rolled in beside me at the end of the table, discovered his big toe right there beside me one day, and I had a graphic picture of the ecstasy that Balboa must have felt when he first sighted the Pacific Ocean. That little Chinese family was an amazing example of unity and shared responsibility; the wife told me that her husband would never let her care for the baby at night.

There were some Filipinos, dressed in the latest of store sport clothes; fifteen years before, they would have been barefoot "muchachos" wearing collarless "camisas" hanging outside of their baggy trousers, as all "taos" did then.

At Djibouti, in French Somaliland, we went ashore; at Aden, and at Colombo we stretched our legs, though in Ceylon that week, five thousand cases and three thousand deaths from malaria had been reported.

It was fun to look up at the first class passengers as they leaned on the rail looking down at us with the "watch-the-animals-feed" intentness that is part of first class fun. After that voyage on the "Jean Laborde" I never again looked down at third class passengers as if they all had fleas, but wondering what they carried under their hats...and hearts.

One night, under a serene moon, riding a calm sea, a Russian woman who had drawn up her chair beside mine, recited her tale of unrest during the Bolshevik revolution. She had harvested nothing but bitterness from the fullness of those years, and hugged the fringe of involutia melancholia, with pity only for herself. She was obliterated. I cannot now even recall her face; yet I remember that at the time I thought that she might still have been pretty, or chic, and have been even more distinguished for having ridden through such deep experiences.

It was a peaceful journey; sometimes an "ooshy-skooshy" sea, but never such inconveniences as "when the ship goes 'wop' (with a wiggle between) and the steward falls into the soup-tureen." It seemed just no time at all before we were moving between low-lying islands to the magnificent harbor of Singapore, where the shipping of all the world was about us, and green lawns came down to the water's edge.

*JAVA*

A FEW months after I made the journey from Singapore to Java, on the "Van der Wyjk" of the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij, it came again into the harbor of Tanjong Priok, the Port of Batavia. At the entrance it sank suddenly, without warning, in a calm sea. The accident was attributed to an undersea earthquake, as there are thirteen active and a hundred and nine slumbering volcanoes in Java.

Like the British in India, the Dutch in Java came first to trade. They founded a trading company with a charter that called for an administrative organization; this was later made permanent by the appointment of a Governor General. Then came foreign settlers who put down the resisting troops of native rulers. There are tales of armed ships, of terror, and of torture, to make an example of leading natives to intimidate the rest; there were loot, and devastation.

The natives of Java were not barbarians. A once powerful Eastern civilization flourished there, but was swallowed up by the more powerful civilization of the West, though for two hundred years, the natives of Java resisted the infinitely greater force of the Hollanders. As a result of an international compromise in the nineteenth century, Java came under British control, and Sir Stamford Raffles made a splendid record there. A new treaty between Holland and England, returned the Dutch East Indies to Holland, and the great wealth of the island has been developed to the enrichment of the Netherlands. That corresponding benefits have accrued to the natives of the island, is questionable.

I did not get off at Tanjong Priok, but followed for two days along the north coast of Java, and landed at Soeurabaya. At dawn I went on deck to see two towering cones lifted above gray-green mountains, across which drifted gossamer clouds. The harbor lies within a natural break-water of low islands; between them ply native "proas," their bodies painted red or green; their carved sterns upcurving with two long curved points hanging over the water; they were strung with garlands of flowers. Midships were matting shelters,

and the sails opened out fan-wise between two long bamboo poles, the lower one of which was held fast near the stern.

A long and lovely motor ride over broad macadam highways lined with fire trees, brought me to the Oranji Hotel in Soeurabaya. For the European there is every comfort in Soeurabaya: four-storied department stores, individual shops that display the latest fashions, flower shops, restaurants, and schools for rhythmic dancing. From the hotel veranda one could sit and watch the native coolies trot by with great baskets of fruit slung from poles across their shoulders, the rims of the baskets decorated with fresh leaves and flowers.

I took a motor out to the Zoo. The desk clerk told me to say to the chauffeur: "Pigi de Kapon Pinatang," which seemed like offering him a small insult, until I learned that "pigi" means "go to," and "Kapon Pinatang" is, literally: "Garden animals."

The broad avenues were lined with bungalows that were hidden behind flowering trees, and along the road tall church pines bent their feathery branches low in the breeze, as perfect in rhythm as the dancing of the "Rockettes." The Zoo was set in a lovely garden where clumps of giant bamboo, spreading mango trees, and royal poinciana grew about the cages, and in these cages Chinese orioles and paradise minors and baura coronata, flew up into flowering branches.

There was an aquarium with strange fish that spread their tiers of ruffles like ballet skirts; there were also sea urchins that had fringes about their mouths and tentacles of soft colors that made them look like scarves of marabou, thrown against the rocks of the pool.

Along the paths strolled native men and women wearing identical costumes, the long batik sarongs (now printed in Japan or in Germany) and loose coats or jackets; those worn by women had standing collars and were closed in front with fancy pins that were joined together on long gold or silver chains. There were Dutchmen also, out strolling with their native wives; the women dressed in native costume. With them were their children, some very blond, some distinctly Malay. Dutchmen have been, sometimes imperatively, "per-

suaded" by the colonial corporations that employed them, to take native wives; it was expected that they would remain thus forever in the islands and build up a loyal colonial race.

The experiment had not been successful. Intermarriage has not solved the problem. Eurasians are notoriously resentful of the white race, and it is said to be a biological fact that the mixing of white and dark races seldom produces children of ultimate worth.

Javanese women are not pretty, and age quickly; but they are clever and dominating, and would have to be stupid indeed not to realize their advantage over these chained Dutch husbands. They might well have originated the song: "I gotta white man a-workin' fer me."

In the Oranje Hotel the breakfast tables are laid with rose-colored damask, and bowls of clearest crystal hold fresh flowers of blending colors, beautifully arranged and varied on each table; some had only one large bloom with a few petals floating on the water of a shallow bowl. The day started all "couleur-de-rose," and I am certain that the guest who departs after breakfast at the Oranje would never think of adding up the bill, or counting change.

The very hottest biscuits are served, and barefoot servants move noiselessly; such a rest to nerves "the morning after." They pass a bowl of fruit, "ramboetan," bright red, with bristles all over it and hugging a water-colored berry to its heart, and "shirikaja," something green, with separate segments that must be eaten with a spoon. One's appetite is teased with novelty and loveliness. And at dinner there is always the famous "Rijsttafel." After a bowl of rice comes a long list of delicacies that would serve well the person responsible for naming pullman sleepers: Sati ati; Bibi Ketjub; Ajam Smoor; Badeng Goreng; Bamieh; Oldang; Lombock; Sajoor Kerry. The intriguing dishes are served, each by a different waiter; they form a long line, and make one feel like a gourmand, enjoying so much.

In Java, the native rulers have been permitted to retain their titles: His Princely Highness Pakoe Boewono Senopati Ingalogo Abdoerrachman Sayidin Panoto Gomo, the tenth.

Or: Raden Toemenggoeng Mahamed Moasa Soeria Karta Legawa. They also have the salute of guns appropriate to their rank; are still served by crouching natives who may not stand in their presence; have jewels and retainers, and dancing girls; but they have no power. A Dutch "Adviser" tells them when to sign on the dotted line, and they receive only a portion of the revenues of their states.

Once a year, or on special occasions, the exquisite native dances are given in the palaces, performed by the princesses, the famous Wayong Wong. One never sees them elsewhere. Shadow plays, that used to be so frequent, are now rare treats, for old customs have been retired to the background. The Shadow Plays are the Epics of Java; they were originally religious ceremonies in honor of the gods or heroes, and their object was instruction. They teach that there are seven keys that unlock the gate of knowledge; they portray the evanescent character of all forms, and that continents and worlds come and go. The shadow play is the game of life; the lamp that casts the shadow must not flicker because it represents the flame of life, while the screen is the emblem of the physical world. Perfume and incense were part of the ritual of old, and the opening notes of the gamelan, was the "ensouling of the shadows." Gradually the lovely native arts of Java are disappearing too. Batik is now only made as a side-show in a few shops; it is too costly, and takes too much time.

Trains run only in the day-time in Java, and the whole length of the island may be covered in a few hours. From Soeurabaya to Djockjacarta, called Djockja, it is only five hours by train. Seen from the train window, Java lay flat between ranges that had many high peaks; the rice fields were unkempt; the villages were over-crowded and slovenly. Natives were bowed under the weight of heavy loads which they carried on their backs, suspended from a band across their foreheads, which gives them a habitual bend that is ungraceful. They were all dressed in dark blue cotton, unrelieved by color anywhere. I never saw a native smile. The country looked "run-down-at-the-heel," for foreign trade,



at that time, due to the depression which still persisted, was practically at a standstill, and factories were closed all over the country.

Street life in Djockja was uninteresting, though it is said to be one of the most important centers of the country; it is certainly important as the starting-point for the visit to Borobodour.

Borobodour is most impressive when seen from an airplane from which point of vantage the design of the four polygonal galleries is more distinct. The stupa is actually a hill, cased in on all sides, with no interior. One walks around a series of four uncovered terraces, receding in size, and mounts to three circular ones where bell-shaped shrines in rows each contain a life-size statue of the Buddha. Around the lower galleries, elaborate carvings depict every phase of the life of Gautama. Borobodour is in a good state of repair thanks to the work of Governor Raffles who cleared the jungle growth and started uncovering the ruins, but the sandstone is blackened with age. This stupa may cover the relics of Buddha, or of some Holy Man, or it may commemorate a special deed, no one knows. It is the only trace of Buddhist stupa found in Java, and doubtless suffered at the hands of the Moslem invaders who destroyed the early Buddhist civilization of Java.

By train, or by motor from Djockja, one climbs to the hill station of Garoet, pronounced Garoot. It is a spot of great beauty, with fertile valleys spreading between volcanic hills, and a profusion of flowers everywhere. In the village is the Hotel Villa Dolce; but a lovelier place is the Ngamplang, which is situated at 3,100 feet on the crest of a ravine with its wings dropping down the hillside. My room, with an enclosed porch, looked over wooded terraces and gardens; from my lounging chair I could see an active volcano across a tall hedge of yellow daisies, that warned me of the drop from there into the ravine.

Later I visited the volcano, and stopped at sulphur springs by a lake of sulphur, where "Hack's Radium Hotel" is situated, at 4,500 feet above sea level. The actual crater is

reached through a jungle road where bridle paths led through the woods and belladonna plants edge into the green; the dried dust from their stamens will paralyze if blown into a room. By the active crater the water is scientifically registered to a pressure of 16,000 pounds.

Four hours by motor from Garoet, carries one to Bandoeng via the Lakes of Leles, and to hotels where there is the best service in the Orient outside of the "Fujiya" in Myanoshita, in Japan. But the town of Bandoeng itself is not interesting. From there, another four hours brings one to Batavia, called Weltevreden, and there one finds a hotel, the Hotel des Indes, that covers such an immense lot of ground that one invariably gets lost between one's room and the dining room.

What impresses me always in these half-civilized portions of the globe, is the respect for law. One lives with doors and windows open day and night; buildings that are of more than one story invariably have wide porches that run before all rooms; yet even burglary is rare. Rapers, kidnappers, and murderers have been left behind in civilization where the intensive development of mechanical comforts have outstripped the growth of moral responsibility.

But even in Java there was unrest; censorship of the press and of free speech; "crisis decrees" inhibiting free assembly, but there was no terror of government as in Persia, merely discontent that people voiced freely on all sides. It was not difficult for any interested person to learn that the natives had been too long exploited, while the island was a veritable gold mine for the Dutch, with oil, copra, rubber, coffee, and minerals. Apparently white dominion had not brought uplift to the masses of the population; schools were said to be inadequate, because to educate the native would be to arm him; health standards, they said, were ignored, and overcrowding was great in the most densely populated island in the world. Java has over 41,700,000 inhabitants to its 51,819 square miles. Of course, the lower the standard of living, the smaller the wages need be. Taxes were said to be likewise a heavy burden; not a happy picture of Java: a people

hedged in and cropped in their growing, while Western civilization moved like a Juggernaut across the earth. In Java I heard anxiety expressed that the Philippines would come under Japanese control after it was made independent of the United States; fear of future Japanese invasion of the Dutch East Indies had already taken hold of the imagination of residents there.

## BALI

It takes only two and a half hours to motor from the port of Bouleleng, in the north of Bali, to Den Pasar, across the Last Paradise, which is smaller than the state of Delaware. It is like riding through a garden all the way. Palms and flowering trees line the road; the view is over terraced rice fields, tended and irrigated with such perfection that not all the science of the white conquerors has been able to suggest an improvement in their system. In Java, only a night's journey away by boat, the paddies were unkempt; in Bali they were watched over by special gods whose shrines stood amidst the grain. On the tip of one of these a bird, deep blue with orange wings and beak, had halted in its flight.

Men and women worked in the fields together, and along the roads came goddesses with flowering robes trailing; balancing on their heads great pyramids of fruit and vegetables that they steadied with an uplifted arm. These were temple offerings, and the fruits were woven into intricate patterns with palm leaves, and decorated with veils of lace paper cut in fine design. With slow, gliding steps they passed into a temple courtyard.

It was Balinese New Year. This event takes place every two hundred and ten days, and is celebrated for a period of three weeks.

Temples were everywhere. Not temples in the sense of a building into which one enters to worship; their gods do not dwell therein, but in heaven; the temples are merely for tribute; open courtyards. The first one is entered through a split gateway; the further one reached under a second, but covered gate, and this is closed by narrow doors that are elaborately carved. Birds, beasts, swastikas and flowers run

riot in high-relief carving on sandstone, set upon sun-dried brick.

Anyone may enter the temples in Bali, and if the natives resent foreigners they give no sign of it; they greet one always with smiles, and seem detached and without curiosity, and go about the duties and pleasures of their daily lives as they have been doing for centuries.

Their religion is said to be Hindu, and they worship Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, but actually their beliefs are shaped as are their lovely temples and ceremonials of worship, by individual needs. They worship the gods of the fields, and streams, and rivers; the gods of the mountains and of the trees. The symbol of their Sun god is Garuda; his seat is of stone and kept strewn with flowers in every temple. To the mountain gods they raise many-storied pagodas with thatched roofs, called Meroe, which recalls the sacred Mt. Meru, the Buddhist paradise in the Himalayas.

In the courtyards of their homes are also many shrines to individual deities. On their worship they spend everything, and on the adornment of their person, especially for the dance, but on their personal surroundings they waste no effort at all. Their houses resemble pavilions, and whether it is a house or a temple, it is built with the aid of the community, and without remuneration to the workers, just as the local musicians give their time without compensation to the gamelan orchestras.

Men build the homes and the temples, and till the fields; then rest and train their fighting cocks, and look very lazy to the casual visitor who sees the work of women run through the entire day, bearing and rearing children, weaving, cooking, dancing, and helping with the lighter work of the fields.

The "Den Pasar Hotel" is a one-storied building that accommodates forty guests and is built around a garden plot with some of the rooms detached and having little separate porches. The servants wear bright sarongs and turbans of batik; their coats are of white duck with upstanding collars and a double row of brass buttons down the front; a very pleasing combination of the East and West. They move

noiselessly with bare feet, and serve willingly and efficiently, but without servility.

The hotel is in the heart of the village, and one may walk under shade trees in any direction. Native "kampongs" are enclosed within high walls, and on festival days each gate is decorated with long banners of lantar leaves, a species of palm, that are woven into a pattern of letters to spell a prayer.

Ambling along the roads come pretty girls; the unmarried with their hair hanging in one loose end which they tuck into the coil after marriage. All wear lantar leaves as earrings, great rolls that on festival days are replaced with silver ones of the same shape decorated with gold at the ends.

Except for temple visits women go mostly uncovered above the waist. The Breasts of Bali lure many visitors to the little island where the women are unconscious of this special interest. A colored picture in the magazine "Esquire," once depicted humorously enough, their utter unselfconsciousness. It showed, between the trunks of palm trees, three white males agog with excitement, each one pointing a camera at two Balinese girls who stood obligingly, balancing huge baskets on their heads. Their bronze, upstanding breasts caught the sunlight, and the caption made them say: "You'd think the damned fools never saw baskets before."

Balinese women walk with splendid dignity; they wear flowers behind their ears, but give never a glance of coquetry; even in the dance they dart no wicked looks; they have no elongated eyelashes and wear no rouge. They are never eager, always serene. Students of such subjects declare that the Malay is not sensual and their women not ardent.

I asked my chauffeur why it was that sometimes the women wore jackets, and he answered: "White man liking take Bali girls milk"; he pronounced it "milluck," and made signs with his hands to indicate that men touched the girls with familiarity. Once before he had explained that they bound their breasts in the temples by saying: "Must covering milluck in temple."

Coolies are met with on the road carrying bunches of rice suspended from the ends of long poles across their shoulders. The bunches are evenly cut and neatly tied at the top, and their pendant stalks are ringed with pods that hang down and dance to the jog-trot of the men.

Everything in Bali is adorned; even the "tanga" that I sometimes used, had fine painting high up under the mud-guards where one had to stoop down to see it, and the backs of the seats were beautifully carved; the shafts were held high on a wooden arch, and were decorated with gilded leather straps from which dangled the buds of flowers, and streamers of flowers hung from the roof. The Balinese carve beautifully; they make excellent pen and ink sketches, and fine books of lantar leaves. They also make brocade and stencil silk with gold leaf. And no work is signed. Their concern is not for personal success.

In Bali there is beauty everywhere, and vivid color, and everywhere there are smiles. They are still full of the innocent joy of life, untroubled by the tragedies that afflict other races. But their day is almost over; taxes threaten the Muse; her requiem has already been sung in the north where the Dutch have ruled for seventy-five years. Under the old system, artists were exempt from taxation, paying their tribute in another way.

One day, when I was out motoring, I stopped the car and got out, crossed a stream over a slender bridge, and came into a little world set apart, at Tampak Siring, for the dead. There the tombs of five of Bali's ancient kings are carved like temples in high relief, out of the face of the rock. Another day I motored to the sacred grove of Sangeh, and chanced upon the meeting of a court where the judge and petitioner sat facing each other on the ground under a spreading tree. It reminded me of the classes at Santiniketen in India, where the pupils of Rabindranath Tagore are taught out of doors under flowering trees, by torchlight, the chant of many low-pitched voices breaking on the night.

Cremations are rare sights, but gorgeous when they occur, and so costly that families have sometimes to wait for years,

and must even combine to make the joyous ceremony that represents the soul's release, and declares that Death is not the end, but another beginning.

The tall "wada" that I saw was profusely decorated with gold paper, and the gilded wings of a garuda bird spread up alongside his huge face upon the front of the tall tower. Foreigners ran with the natives across the fields to the cremation ground. We watched the "wada" being carried three times around a little pavilion wherein stood the image of a horse done in wood and covered with purple velvet and elaborately painted around the head. It wore a large collar of gold-lace paper, and its feet rested in a bed of flowers that covered a bunch of faggots. The corpse, or rather what remained of it, a skeleton so small that a yard stick would have measured its length, was then inserted into the hole in the back of the gorgeous animal; relatives lit the faggots at its feet, and the soul soared upward. The "wada" was burned next and the throngs made merry with laughter and feasting.

At almost any hour of the day and night one might witness native dances. Gold stencil on silk, shells, and flowers, and crowns composed the costumes; sometimes the dancers wore masks; sometimes they played at being witches or children, or temple maidens, and always the ritual had meaning in every motion. The Legong, the Djanger, the Barong and Baris have been so often described. All are beautiful. Among the best, I thought, was the Ketjak, where fifty men, stripped to the waist, sat in triple circles around a torch and swayed and jibbered and wrung their hands in the air, their fingers trembling like a sea of reeds; they played at being the monkeys of the forest in that lovely episode of the Ramayana. Another I preferred was called "Flirting with Music," a solo dance that was all facial expression and motion of slender body, as beautiful and finished a piece of acting as Shankar could render.

The dances were accompanied with the most unusual music, the gamelan. It tinkled like silver bells, half hushed; it sounded like water, dripping into water. Some have



described it as tone embroidery, petals of sound, spangled laughter . . . as good names as any since one cannot put into words even one note of music, or paint a perfume. The gamelan music of Bali is as unforgettable as that other and so different music: the booming of great Tibetan shawms at dawn, echoing down a ravine in the high Himalayas.

Not the least of the beauty of the gamelan orchestras of Bali are the instruments themselves: long drums, gongs of varying size, finely tempered and tuned, zithers, all held in individual and most elaborately carved frames painted red and gold.

In Bali one may also get off into the hills for long walks. At five thousand feet, at Kitamani, there is a small bungalow where food and service are good; and there the servants greeted my arrival with hands outstretched and filled with flowers, roses and violets, fresh as if they had just shed their dew. From the veranda I looked across a ravine out to the sea. It was a soundless world.

In Bali men wear flowers behind their ears, and keep their dignity; they wear skirts, and fight bravely; they love life, and give it up for an ideal. In Bali the men and women of our own times wrote one of the most moving and tragic incidents of modern history, only thirty years ago. For it was then that the Dutch, interested in extending their control over the cocoanut trade, set out to conquer and subdue the southern half of the island, that then was an independent state. The Balinese knew themselves to be impotent against the modern weapons of the white man, so the king and all his court decked themselves as for a temple festival in their most gorgeous raiment, and marched to meet the Dutch invaders. They halted within reach of the guns; the Dutch thought they had come to surrender and held their fire, stupefied by such a sight. But the Balinese, loving liberty more than life, drew their "kris" and quickly slew their children, then took their own lives.

Bali made me think of other lovely and unworldly things: The Vesper Hour in a convent chapel with half-slumbering organ notes; the "Credo," written by a Chinese two hun-

dred years before the birth of Christ, in which he proclaims his faith in humble things; the "Will" written by a rich man who disposed of his worldly goods in one sentence "as being of small account," but willed to those he loved the more valuable investments he had made in life.

I parted from Bali as one would from a lovely person who had not long to live. Watching beauty marching to its defeat is sadder than the view of old ruins that time has blanketed with a special dignity. Held inviolate for yet a little while by the Dutch conquerors, who find it commercially profitable to exploit, Bali is a side-show and a toy for tourists who will break it and toss it aside in due time.

I picked up an iridescent pebble on the beach at Boleleng and cast it into the sea. It made tiny ripples that were soon obliterated, and I thought: "That is like Bali: a little thing of beauty that has had its day, made its little mark, and is slowly being engulfed by Western civilization."

## SUMATRA

I SHOULD feel that I had missed one of the loveliest experiences of my travels had I not taken the three-day journey up along the west coast of Sumatra to Emmahaven, the port of Padang, and from there by motor to Brastagi, where there is the finest resort hotel in the Straits Settlements at 4,500 feet above sea level and situated between two active volcanoes.

An Englishwoman and I made the journey together and we embarked at Tanjong Priok, the port of Batavia. The ship rounded the northern shore of Java into Sunda Straits; passed the active volcano of Krakatau and halted by one rugged point to disembark eight hundred native coolies who were going sixty miles inland to colonize. The government had given land to each family, and a house, the cost of which they were to repay gradually. They also had free seed, and might return within four months if dissatisfied. We let them off at dusk; people full of hope, escaping from over-crowded Java to the island that is four times its size, and fourteen times as big as Holland. According to the census of 1931, Sumatra has only forty-five inhabitants to the square mile; less than 8,300,000 in 184,199 square miles.

After we had put the families ashore we continued up the coast, and docked where verdant little islands stretched out from the mainland to shelter the harbor. Trees overhung the water, and a saddle of forest-covered hills stretched across our land view. The journey from Batavia had taken over two days.

At Emmahaven we had choice of going up by rail to Fort de Kock, by motor bus, or in a private car, and chose the latter, a good Buick with courteous chauffeur who spoke

excellent English. He engaged to take us the long way up via the Sobang Pass and Solak, a matter of 156 kilometers, a drive of four and a half hours, for about \$12.00 U. S. money. We liked him so well that we kept him with us during the whole of our stay in Sumatra.

We had come to a country as different from Java as night is from day. It is, indeed, amazing to find three links in the one chain of mountains, separated from one another only by narrow straits, each one presenting a completely individual picture, and with civilizations at various stages of development, and customs as varied as the people themselves.

Java, the most completely "civilized" (in the Western sense); the longest under the rule of white men; the most closely united to them by intermarriage, was like ripe fruit sucked dry. Bali was a flower held under glass for awhile longer, but surely destined to the same fate. Sumatra is more wild and free. The natives there were not so easy to subdue as those of Bali and Java; each tribe in turn had to be conquered, the last, the Sultanate of Atchin, held out until 1904.

Every degree of civilization can be seen in Sumatra. Deep in the jungles and unconquered still, there are wild tribes, the descendants of the original tribes of Negritos that the pre-Malay immigrants from India drove into the deep jungles or exterminated. Later in my journeys I met a missionary who had worked among them, and he said that their condition was pitiable; that they are too poor even to have shelter, and live under the trees in an almost naked state. Even along the tourist trails there are many degrees of civilization, from the most rudimentary to those with a long history of culture, and those who have adopted Western ways.

Sumatra has splendid roads that run in every direction, and magnificent scenery. The climate is cooler than that of either Java or Bali, and the conveniences of Western civilization are to be found in all large towns; in the rest houses there is sufficient comfort for a short stop.

The road we took led through jungles; trees met over our heads, and for miles the road was banked with flowers, great

bushes of poinsettia and bougainvillaea, red, pink, lavender, and purple, and there were mammoth daisies. "Chain of love" twined its pink blossoms into high branches, and there were ferns and palms, morning glory and wild rose, red lichen and coffee plants in bloom.

Waterfalls sprayed over rocks, and as we neared the top of the pass, there were views of the sea across wide valleys terraced with well-tended rice fields. Wherever there was a dangerous turning, the embankments were cut back so that an on-coming motor could be sighted far ahead. And there is no reckless driving in Sumatra, no speeding, no road-hogs; chauffeurs greet one another with courtesy and give way. Lake Singkarak, seen on the way, is as beautiful as Lake Como, with points of land jutting out into the water, which is blue; but except where there are villages, Sumatra is sparsely settled.

At Padang Pandjang, in the Padang Highlands, we saw the first Meningkabau houses that look like de-luxe editions of Noah's Ark. They have saddle-roofs with high-upstanding, curved ends that are finished off with sharp points like the architecture of Siam. I learned later that the Siamese architecture got its influence from Sumatra.

The house entrance is at the side, and leads into a large room to which additions are joined on either side, each one mounting one or two steps, and braced on stilts of logs. They tuck their pointed eaves under those of the mother-house, each one flinging its individual point into the air, and from the number of these one may judge the number of married, or marriageable, daughters living in them. After marriage, girls do not move to the houses of their husbands, but remain with their mothers and their husbands visit them.

The entire outside of the old Meningkabau house is elaborately and often finely carved; it looks like filigree work with the relief painted red or green and the background touched with black and gold. They look like jewel caskets of mosaic. Inside, the roofs are upheld by slender sexagonal columns, pointed up with green and gold, and decorated with

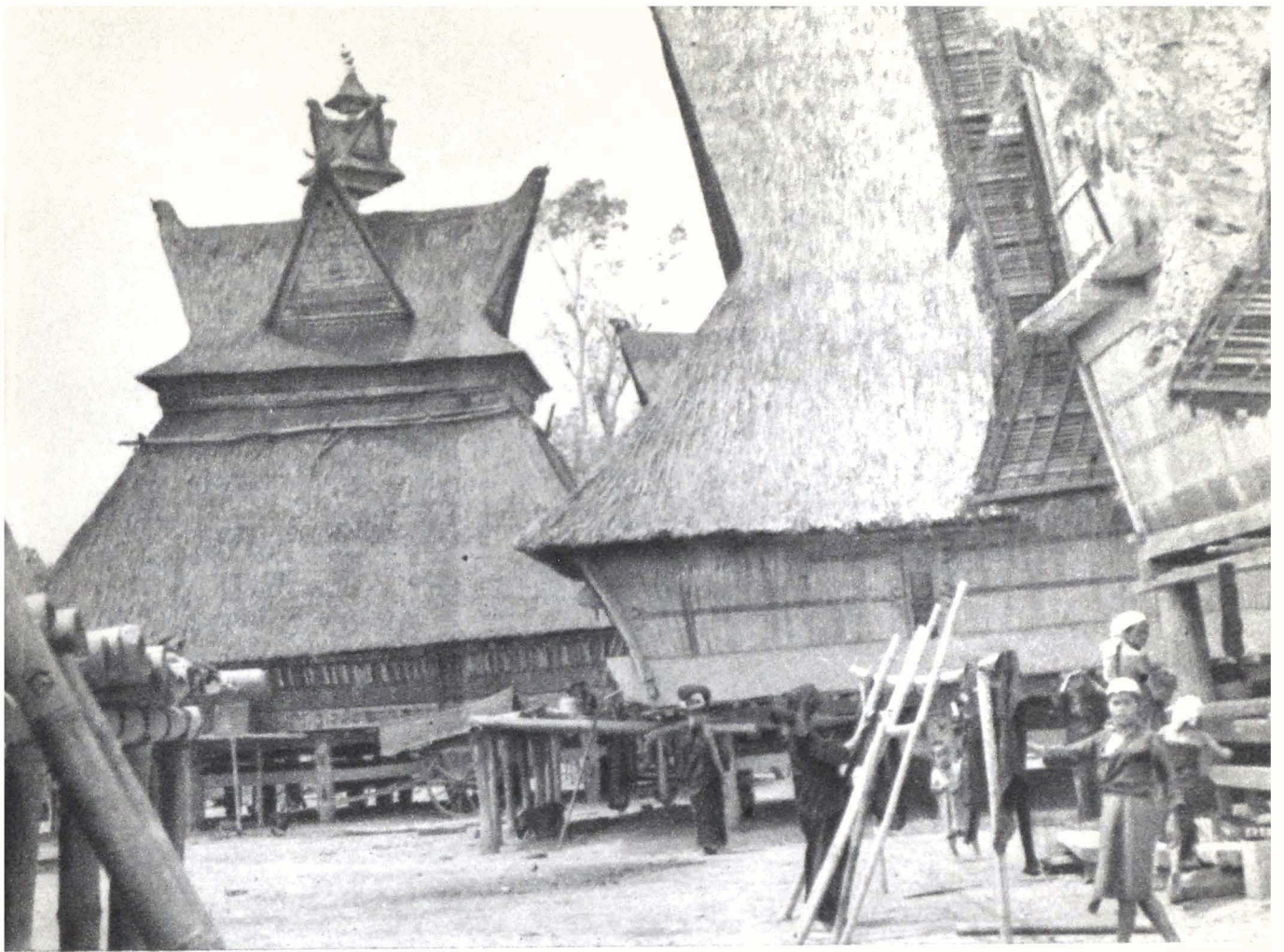
relief rosettes in red and gold, and all around the ceiling there is a frieze of carving. Under the eaves, outside, large drums are suspended, great logs, the ends of which are covered with skin. Their beat draws the natives from far and wide to council or to the rescue in time of danger. Equally strange and characteristic are the rice barns, carved and painted like the houses and with upturning pointed roofs.

Few examples of this ancient architecture remain; earthquakes have razed them, and most of them now have corrugated iron roofs instead of thatch.

Matriarchy is the rule among the Mohammedan Meningkabaus. Inheritance is through the female line and girls are more desired than boys because they remain at home permanently and share the household work. Children are not under their father's control, but subject to their mother's eldest brother or eldest male relative; although women have considerable independence the men are masters.

The Meningkabaus are said to be the original Malays, and the Padang Highlands, where Fort de Kock is situated, is thought to be the cradle of the race. The natives say to one: "Meningkabau-carabao," indicating an ancient relationship, and their upturned roofs are said to be in imitation of carabao horns. Strangely enough, it is only farther north, among the Bataks, that one finds the roofs decorated with the heads and horns of carabao. The Meningkabaus have also a legend that their kingdom was founded by Alexander the Great. Their civilization had attained a degree of importance long before the Dutch came in the sixteenth century; they had a written language, books of palm leaf, and also a high standard of living.

The effects of communism might be studied among the Meningkabaus, for among them all possessions are the indivisible property of the family; no one may own anything in private, not even the money they may earn by their own labor. No person may amass or perpetuate a fortune; poverty is unknown, but so, also is initiative; there is no incentive to build up anything; a man may not leave anything to his wife or to his children, but must bestow his all upon his







sisters; thus they have no incentive to save. Life is easy in a fertile country and they have no worries, so they spend freely, contract debts at exorbitant rates of interest, and never pay in cash.

The Meningkabaus are tall and have fine features and clear amber skins; the men wear pill-box caps of black velvet, or turbans of batik; their trousers are of batik and their shirts loose-hanging, are worn with European jackets. The dress of the women is ungainly: a straight smock that hangs to the calf of the leg; long tight sleeves; a skirt under the smock that hangs to the ankle; around their necks are large beads, and their heads are covered with a batik scarf that is wrapped around a pillow to make it stand out far at the sides. They are not handsome, but are exceedingly friendly and greet one with smiles.

Fort de Kock, at an altitude of 2,700 feet above sea level, has broad macadam streets lined with shade trees. All homes are set in gardens, and many people are found on the streets. Very many ride bicycles, but motors and tangas are plentiful, as are also bullock carts with high wooden wheels, and the wheels are painted blue.

As in Bali, there is no intermarriage between the Dutch and the natives of the country. The people are without servility and look one in the eye, but without boldness; they are completely unselfconscious and apparently delighted to be of service.

There are many excursions from Fort de Kock; and food markets more immaculate and beautiful than any I have seen elsewhere, even the ground is swept clean and all food is piled neatly, or held in lovely baskets.

It was jungle all the way from Fort de Kock to the rest house (called Passangrahan) at Kota Nophan. A monument marked the line of the equator. But the most exquisite part of the whole journey is beyond Sibolga, the next stop; it winds up to the top of the Barison mountains, and makes seventeen hundred curves in thirty-eight miles. The highest point is 4,800 feet above the sea, and from there one looks down over deep ravines and out over the Indian Ocean, and

the hillsides were covered with fronds of large ferns that interlaced like a gossamer carpet. For miles the road runs through rubber plantations, and one can see far between the trees as the spaces between them are kept entirely clear of growth.

We were now out of the country of the Meningkabaus and came to an altogether new type of dwelling that belongs to the Bataks, and these are identical with those seen in the islands of Micronesia, the group of small islands in the Pacific lying beyond the Philippines and Japan. The roof is still up-curving, but flung higher and forward to form an immense hood; deep under this is elaborate but crude carving that is painted blue or red, or the front will be covered with colored matting. The effect is barbaric, which is not the case with the houses of the Meningkabaus, further south.

Just before arriving at Belige, we sighted Lake Toba that is three thousand feet long and fifteen hundred feet wide, and has an island thirteen by twenty-eight miles long running down its center. We stopped at Prapat, half way up the side of the lake, and one of the most exquisite spots that I have ever seen. When the room clerk at the hotel asked how long we intended to stay, I promptly answered for myself: "Forever," and when, at dinner, the waiter asked our preference in wine I suggested nectar as the only thing appropriate.

My room, twenty-five feet square, fronted on a curve of the bay. I entered it through a garden massed with great bushes of hibiscus and poinsettia and jasmine; every kind of flower trailed down from there to the lake. On the other side of my room there was a glass-enclosed porch, furnished with comfortable chairs upholstered in gay chintz, and with window boxes filled with flowers. From the porch door I walked out into another garden that ran down in terraces, covered with flowers, to the lake. Below was a bathing beach; a cove sheltered small sail boats; enclosed behind high wire fences there was a playground for children, and the tennis court was completely shaded by tall, overhanging

trees. The path I followed led under the branches of trees, stooping I found myself in a forest of pine, and from there paths led up to where I could sit on a stone bench and look out over the water.

Towering mountains ran sheer up out of the lake; so much that was forbidding while flowers were at my feet! I descended by shady paths to cool bowers where bougainvillea vines of brightest red had clambered high into tall trees, and from there threw down veils of bloom that floated back and forth on the breeze; and between the branches I could look up and see the bright red casement of a bungalow that was perched upon the bluff. Fountains played; lilies floated in crystal-clear water; and there were birds and butterflies.

The existence of Lake Toba was known to white men long before they ventured near it, for to the Bataks it was sacred, and the approach of strangers presaged disaster. Not more than a hundred years ago a Frenchman and two Americans found their way to its borders and were killed and eaten by the cannibals, not, as is so often the case with cannibals, in order to gain the strength of the dead, but to inflict upon invaders of their territory what they considered to be the greatest indignity.

In the hotel at Brastagi the servants were Bataks, the children probably of cannibals, yet the Dutch say that they have developed exceptional ability as executives. I couldn't help thinking of an experience that I had had early in the start of a long journey, when I dozed on the veranda of a little haunted bungalow in the jungles of Sikkim, and had a marvelous dream that I told of in "Spoken in Tibet," the Lama saying: "There is no sin, only stages of development." Here were men coming up from actual barbarism to be trusted servants, bookkeepers, and bartenders for Europeans; they mixed a better daiquiri than I get in New York; yet even as late as 1913, the Bataks were known to have indulged in eating human flesh.

Near Brastagi, at Kaban Djahi, there is a Batak village. The presence of foreigners is unwelcome there, but we were permitted to go inside their houses and wander about among

the spirit shrines, both houses and shrines have high, pointed roofs and are decorated with much bright paint. The thatched roofs were broken with several attached cupolas to house spirits likewise; the one on top of the house is said to be reserved for the skull of the head of the house. Every point was decorated with heads and horns of carabao.

I climbed a ladder to the narrow bamboo porch before an entrance and, not too cordially greeted, I was nevertheless, permitted to walk inside the house. There were no windows, and one could see the thatch of the immensely high roof and rafters that were blackened with soot. Down the center ran a trough the length of the house; onto this opened a series of stalls divided from one another by dingy curtains of bamboo. As many as eight or even sixteen families live in these cubicles, like animals in a stall, and each two families have one stove between them. It was filthy and foul-smelling, and lacked all privacy, and the inmates were the most degenerate creatures I have seen anywhere.

The Bataks are most unlovely people. The women wear long, cotton robes of purple or indigo with long, tight sleeves. On their heads are wide turbans rolled over pillows and held above one ear with enormous curled silver earhooks, so heavy that they have to be supported with cords. Their teeth are filed in such a crude manner that their gums seem never to heal, but remain swollen, and their lips reek with red betel-nut juice. Often their blouses were open in the front and displayed sagging breasts.

The Batak woman is little better than a slave to her husband; she is part of his inheritance, and to be willed by him to one of his brothers at his death. Cruel as this may seem it is actually the best protection for them and for their children in such a state of society as prevails among them; it insures them a home. Divorce for a woman is impossible, but easy for the Batak man. And with them inheritance is in the male line.

Looking into Batak history, one finds that they also had a fairly high standard of living in the early sixteenth century, when the Dutch landed in Sumatra. They had a written

language and made many articles for household use that show skill and a certain sense of beauty. Many of these have been collected in the Batak Museum near Brastagi. There, one may view crude pottery that they have since lost the art of making; brass and silver jewelry; blow-pipes, bows and arrows, and lovely knives. They had firearms when first they appeared in history; they also had orchestras, played games of dice, smoked opium, ploughed fields, and cultivated tobacco. They put the ashes of their dead into stone pots and floated them down the river on small boats that were highly decorated; samples of these little funeral ships may be seen in the Batak Museum near Brastagi. As among the Balinese, twins are considered a misfortune by the Bataks, and if the sexes are mixed it is considered incest, and the mother is punished. Like the Balinese, they believe in spirits, and to appease them erect spirit shrines.

In the bazaars, medicine men ply their trade; they sell concoctions in bottles, and mutter incantations. I saw a woman lying on a cot, while girls danced around her in mournful rhythm, the ritual for the sick or dying.

Sumatra has almost unbelievable fertility, and many still undeveloped resources. There is already a rich harvest of rice, tobacco, rubber, tin, oil, copra, and coal.

My English friend and I got on well though I do not recall that we ever laughed together. She was a most agreeable woman and had none of the manner of looking down her nose at Americans that we encounter so often with English people. But she kept a diary, had written it religiously every night before retiring, ever since she was ten years old. Knowing this, I could not resist a few extra flourishes, like the flopping of the wings of a bug pinned down for inspection. As I crossed from Sumatra to Penang, on the Malay Peninsula, a Scotch girl on the boat said to me in broadest Scotch: "If you Americans are going to speak English, why don't you?" A few weeks later I was travelling on a British vessel of the P. & O. line, and was put at the captain's table, seated to his left. Opposite to me, and at my left, were officers of the British Navy and Royal Air Force

with their wives. The captain came to table late, and, as the latest arrival, I introduced myself to him. He turned and looked me over slowly as if to say, "And what worm is that?" Thereafter, to the amusement of our neighbors, he growled about Americans and everything American, from Admiral Dewey down to the present management of the Philippines; apparently nothing that we did suited him. I tried to change the subject, and, as we were nearing Hongkong, I asked if Queen's Road (which is as well known as Fifth Avenue or Bond Street) still had fine silver shops on it. "Queen's Road?" he drawled (he pronounced it Raoud). "Where is that?" The English would have us believe that we are more foreign to them than other aliens, yet the main difference between us is, as someone once said: that an Englishman enters a room as if he owned it; an American, as if he didn't give a damn who owned it. Also we do not think that where Mac-Gregor sits is necessarily the head of the table.

## SIAM

A NIGHT'S journey by boat, across the Strait of Malacca, from Belawan Delhi, the port of Medan in northern Sumatra, brings one to Penang, on the Malay Peninsula. Penang itself is a little island about fifteen miles long and looks rather as if a garden had been disturbed to make room for houses; they sprawl across acres of ground in the leisurely way of the East. Penang is peaceful, quiet, and beautiful, very substantial in its business section, and very English with its lovely lawns and late dinners, and perfect service. It boasts the only railroad station in the world into which no train has ever come; one goes there to take a ferry to the mainland, and to buy tickets for the train that awaits one there for the journey up to Bangkok, for which I was headed.

After leaving Penang, Malaya, as seen from the train, had little that was inspiring about it, and when we crossed the border into Siam the desert was varied only by red clay. The customs inspection at the border was a mere formality, and the inspectors were most courteous. The new conductor, a tall Siamese youth with Mongolian features, and dressed in immaculate and well-fitting linen uniform, bowed to us and handed each of us an envelope on which was written: "Welcome to Siam!" Inside, a letter read: "Dear Visitor: We welcome you to our country, to enjoy our sunshine, to know our people; to admire our beautiful edifices; to take back with you an everlasting and pleasant memory of Siam." It informed us that all monuments, even the Royal Palace, were open to us without charge, gave a list of the good hotels in various parts of the country, and ended with a wish for our happy sojourn in Siam. A railroad time-table was inclosed, and notice was given that the railway travel bureau was at our service.

“What good psychology! What delightful people!” everyone exclaimed; and this led to a description of my experiences in Persia. Even the rather dull scenery took on a more interesting view after such a greeting, and we commented on the cheerful and neatly dressed children that ran out to see the train each time that it halted at a station. The scenery did change quickly however as we climbed a mountain pass in the evening and looked into the deep recesses of jungle, where paths led under branching trees. Night came, and we had freshly-laundered mosquito nets over our berths.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is a twenty-four hour journey by rail from Penang. On arriving, we found there a large modern railroad station, and numerous motors waiting in the square before it. For all that it retains the glamor of the East, Bangkok is very up-to-date; there are good European hotels and magnificent macadam highways; even in its military equipment it is modern, with armored trucks and tanks, dozens of military airplanes, ships and submarines. Its defense forces have been trained by Italy and Japan, and it is linked with all the world by wireless, by news service, and by air. I had thought of it as being inaccessible but it is as easy to get to, when one is in the Straits Settlements, as any other spot of interest there.

The Oriental Hotel in Bangkok has broad lawns that dip into the Menam River; guests sit on its banks at night with their feet tucked into mosquito bags made of batik, that are found on the arms of chairs in the lounge. In Ceylon they sell mosquito boots, and such things are a godsend when one wishes to sit outdoors at night.

The overpowering impression of Bangkok is one of color; it is a riot of green and gold and yellow and blue faience tiles that cover the roofs and spires of the numerous temples. These are spread over one-fifth of the city area; the porcelain roofs and their upturned eaves, mirror encrusted, gleam in bright sunshine under a cloudless blue sky. There is nothing else like it in the world; and there will be nothing like it again after it has crumbled, for that type of beauty belongs to the past and we are lucky to see the little that remains of



it. All this gorgeousness has for object the veneration of Buddha and their King. The King of Siam has been always accounted divine likewise, for in Siamese tradition kingship is the result of merit in past lives. Thus the monarch is a superior being in himself, and to be implicitly obeyed. His power is absolute over the lives and property of his people, or was until very recently, and a vast ceremonial emphasizes his importance. Much of this was abandoned by the last two kings, but serves still as symbolism that has sociological value.

For generations the King was hemmed in with taboos. He is too sacred to be touched; even were he to be in danger of drowning, none might try to save him, except to throw him a bundle of cocoanuts, which were kept ready on the royal barge for this purpose; to touch even his hand used to be a crime punishable with death, though in private to-day much of this rigor is relaxed.

It was likewise taboo to look upon the face of the King, the idea being that no purely mortal creature could endure the glory of the divine countenance. In his most interesting and comprehensive book: "Siamese State Ceremonies," H. G. Quaritch Wales quotes from the ancient law of Manu: "Because a king has been formed of particles of those lords of the gods, he therefore surpasses all created beings in lustre; and, like the sun, he burns eyes and hearts."

This would explain the blazing color of the palaces and temples; the excess of brilliance. They burn like the sun; they surpass in lustre all the other temples of the world, and all this display must have awed the populace. They lack the restraint of the blue-tiled mosques of Persia, or of the Pearl Mosque of Delhi, but for sheer emotional expression only the Shwè Dagon temple in Rangoon can compare with them.

Every detail of the work is beautiful as well, except perhaps the deep stucco over doorways and windows which has become too often overlaid with gold, and now looks crude when seen at close view. These ornamentations rise in the center above doors and windows to simulate the pointed

crown of Siam which had never the significance for royalty that the umbrella had. Also the doorways, inlaid with mother of pearl; the window shutters of finest workmanship, they are without peer. The immense Phra Chedi, or Relic Shrines, are covered with gold leaf and rise a hundred feet or more into the air.

At the point where they begin to taper, they are rimmed with tiny golden bells whose tongues of gold are shaped like the Bhodi leaf and tinkle softly all the while, stirred even by the faintest breeze. There are three hundred and ninety temples in Bangkok. In order not to carry away a confused impression, I selected the most famous and revisited them over and over again.

By moonlight the hotel launch would make its way from the wharf, through a maze of sampans that choked the river narrows, and follow the path of light across the waters that led to the towering Phra Chedi of Wat Arun, the Porcelain Wat, as foreigners call it. Its central chedi rises seventy-four meters into the sky, and there the Moon god, done in pale porcelain, rides astride his white horse, and Indra, King of the gods, is seated on a three-headed elephant, while Siva's trichula tips the tallest spire.

Porcelain figures tell the life-story of the Buddha, and all around them are porcelain flowers. Looking closely, one notes that many of their upstanding petals are little tea cups, and the leaves are cut pieces of china plates. People tell of a cargo of china salvaged from the river and thus used in the Wat. What looks like towers of precious stones by moonlight, changes at light of day, into barbaric splendor, tingling full of life.

The temples of Bangkok are set behind high walls, and entrance to them is through beautiful gateways that are guarded by fierce-looking demons of porcelain. Beneath them lie "Foundation Sacrifices," human beings who were burned alive, or killed on the spot and buried there that their ever-watchful spirits might guard the entrance.

A Wat comprises a series of buildings: the Vihara, or preaching hall; the Bot, or principal building; monasteries,

phrangs, or chedis that in China are called dagobas, in Tibet, chortens, and in India, stupas; shrines that hold the ashes or relics of sacred dead. As in Burma, every Thai boy, including the king, spends a certain period of his youth as a disciple in a monastery. This accounts for the hundreds of young monks who make so impressive a sight everywhere in these countries, all of them wearing the identical yellow robe. They go from door to door begging food, but give no thanks for the offering, which honors the giver. Merit is also gained by having statues of Buddha made, and presenting them to a shrine. They are of every conceivable size. Some are enthroned upon nagas, emblems of eternity, who rear their heads in protection; others are depicted entering Nirvana; these latter are sometimes forty-nine meters long. Statues ten meters high sit row upon row around the temple courtyards, all of them covered with gold leaf. There will be two hundred or more in a row. And high on a throne in one of the Bots, is a seated statue of the Buddha that is cut out of a solid piece of jasper sixty centimeters high, the Jade Buddha, as it is called. Like the Santo Niña of Cebu, the little black Jesus of the Philippines, that was brought over by Magellan, it has several changes of vestments set with precious stones.

The blue-green tiles that completely cover the Rajahbopit, are like the pattern of a fine Persian brocade, and the superlative frescoes of the Wat Arun recall Persian miniatures. The branching roof, extending the line of the building by tucking additions under its eaves, is identical with the architecture of the Meningkabaus of Sumatra; but they throw dolphin tails into the air from roofs instead of points. The cremation ceremonies are identical with those of Bali.

The Royal Palace of Bangkok is tawdry inside, and the combination of Italian Renaissance walls with a typical Siamese roof makes an unpleasing exterior. In the throne room are many umbrellas, some of them in tiers, and the throne itself is encrusted with crude glass-work and semi-precious stones. All of the trappings of royalty are tawdry.

The shops of Bangkok are full of beautiful things, bronzes,

silver, niello ware, and jewelry; and the Chinese market is as colorful as any seen in China; Chinatown is a blaze of lights at night, with artificial flowers, red banners, gold paper, and terrifying posters before their theatres.

I went one night to a Siamese theatre, a poor one in the bazaars; the room was crowded; mothers had also brought their babies, naked except for the charms of fertility pendant from silver chains around their waists. The stage was flanked by rows of benches, raised like the bleachers of a foot-ball field, and when the dancers came, the crowds craned their necks forward eagerly to watch them. They were dressed in gorgeous costumes, their tiered crowns of gilt exact replicas of the royal crown; their performance was loudly applauded by the audience.

Siam, too, I found seething with unrest. A Minister of State was shot at; on the King's birthday an official banquet was given, and the host and all Siamese guests wore coats of mail under their evening clothes; fear and tension were in the air, not fear of a dictator, but of what people would do who hated the Regency, and wanted King Pradjadhipok, who was in London, to return and rule them. Revolt was feared; and the economic crisis was likewise grave.

At that time there was daily news about Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia; it was a case of the strong against the weak, and meant more money for armaments, higher taxes.

Siam is certain to play an important part in the East in years to come. There has been talk of cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Kra from the Gulf of Siam to the Bay of Bengal; this would enable fleets to come from the Far East and menace Calcutta, without going anywhere near the strongly fortified port of Singapore. However, from those who have recently visited this locality we learn that it is unsuited to such a project, and at present is roamed over by wild animals. The financial situation of Siam is at the moment critical; twenty-five per cent of all revenues is allocated for arms; a wave of nationalism has swept the country; a treaty, recently concluded with Italy is especially significant, because none of its details are known.

I thought to leave Siam via a trail that crosses the jungles and comes out near Moulmein, in Burma. It is inaccessible to regular travellers, but is used by the Bombay-Burma Trading Corp., who keep a herd of elephants for this service, travel by elephant being the necessary mode of locomotion, and the charm of the trip for me.

I applied at the headquarters of the corporation in Bangkok for the rent of necessary elephants to make the three-day journey. The manager took a letter file from his desk before he answered my request. He then read the order of the Governor General, prohibiting him from supplying transportation, or giving any advice or information that might lead to a woman's making the journey, because of the state of unrest in the country.

# CAMBODIA

## *ANGKOR WAT*

I TOOK the train that ran east from Bangkok, an eight-hour journey as far as the rail head at Aranya Pradesa, on the border of Cambodia; from there another eight hours by motor to Angkor, covered a hundred miles. The "Voyage autour de ma chambre" was not made with less effort than it now takes to visit these famous ruins, for one may go also by way of Saigon and Pnompenh in French Indo-China.

I expected to see a ruin deep-set in jungle. Instead I motored over a broad dirt road to the entrance of Angkor Wat, which is hardly a ruin, so splendidly have the French repaired the damages of the encroaching forest that for so many years hid it from human eyes. It stands now entirely free of the jungle; even the wide moat that surrounds it is cleared of all but grass and water lilies. It does not even give the impression of being a temple; but it is as nearly perfect an architectural conception as any work of art can be.

A few steps lead from the road to a fifty-foot causeway which is laid with large blocks of stone cut and fitted to give the impression of watered ribbon. On either side are balustrades formed by the bodies of Nagas whose multiple heads spread fan-like in the most beautiful of architectural motifs. Over two hundred meters beyond lies the first entrance to the Wat.

Immediately one feels a design: The isolation, across a wide expanse of water, of something precious and remote, removed from the common path, attained only over a long road, the pilgrim path. From far and wide they came: the sick, the lame, the blind, the young and eager, the bonzes in their yellow robes. Their fervor was heightened by sus-

pense, their veneration greater for the slow march of decorum to the goal of their long journey—the shrine of Vishnu, Lord of the Sun.

More inspiring yet must have been the cavalcade of princes; the royal retinue arriving on elephants, the king and the princes seated in golden “howdahs” high upon the backs of the huge beasts which were covered with fine brocades and rare rugs. Jewels flashing. Cloth of gold glinting in strong sunlight. Pomp, power, majesty of the Khmers.

The slow progress towards the Wat halts before a long colonnade; one steps up and through a vestibule onto an equally broad and even longer causeway that leads to the entrance of the Wat itself.

Three separate square galleries form the Wat; each one rises higher, beyond a separating courtyard. Pilgrims halted at the outer gallery where the beauty and triumph of their great epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabarata, are carved in enormous bas reliefs. Pious fingers strayed during centuries, over the figures of Zita and Rama, and Krishna, polishing them to the smoothness of black granite. But the scenes depicted are not all religious or historical; they likewise sketch the daily life of the Khmers: their princes and peasants and warriors; their chariots and horses and elephants and wild beasts; their boats and fishes; how they prepared their food; even the neighborly function of lice-hunting in one another's heads. Friezes of lace-work carving bind the side reliefs and they fade into mere tracery like the dying notes of a flute.

On the lintels of doorways; on columns; and on the outside of colonnades, there are relief figures of the temple virgins, the “devatas,” dressed exactly like the Balinese dancers of to-day with wide lace collars, high pointed crowns of flowers, and their lovely breasts bare above flowing sarongs.

From the central courtyard rises the Holy of Holies, reached on four sides by shallow and steep stone steps. From there one looks across ornamental ridges of the roofs, across the wide moat, to the jungle beyond; the plan is seen in all its perfect proportion as clearly as upon a blue-print.

Wild beasts roamed for centuries through the lovely galleries, but the only sign of animal life to-day are pigeons that take flight from the topmost tower and bats that hang like little pouches from the ceilings, befouling the air with their odor and the galleries with their ordure.

When birds are still, and night creeps into the Wat, a lovely scene is staged for visitors:

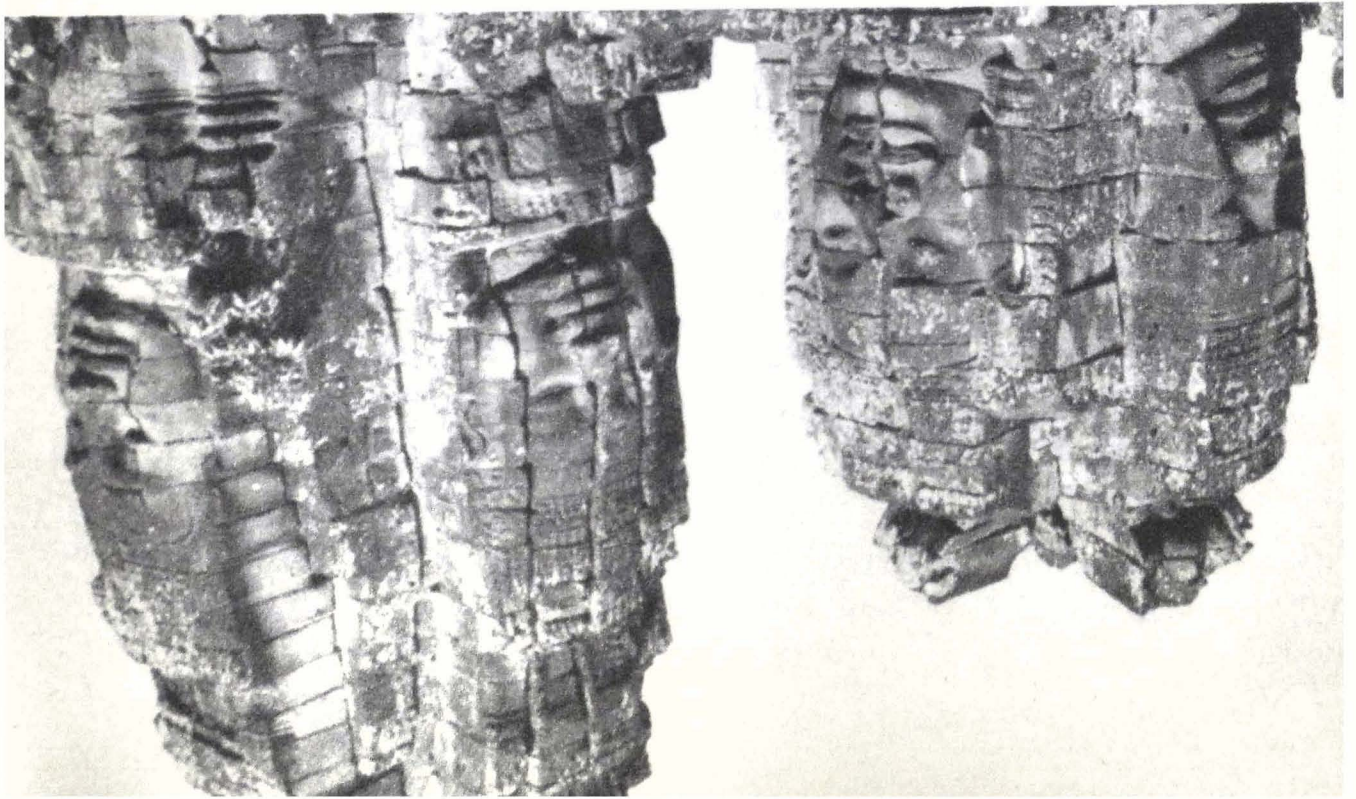
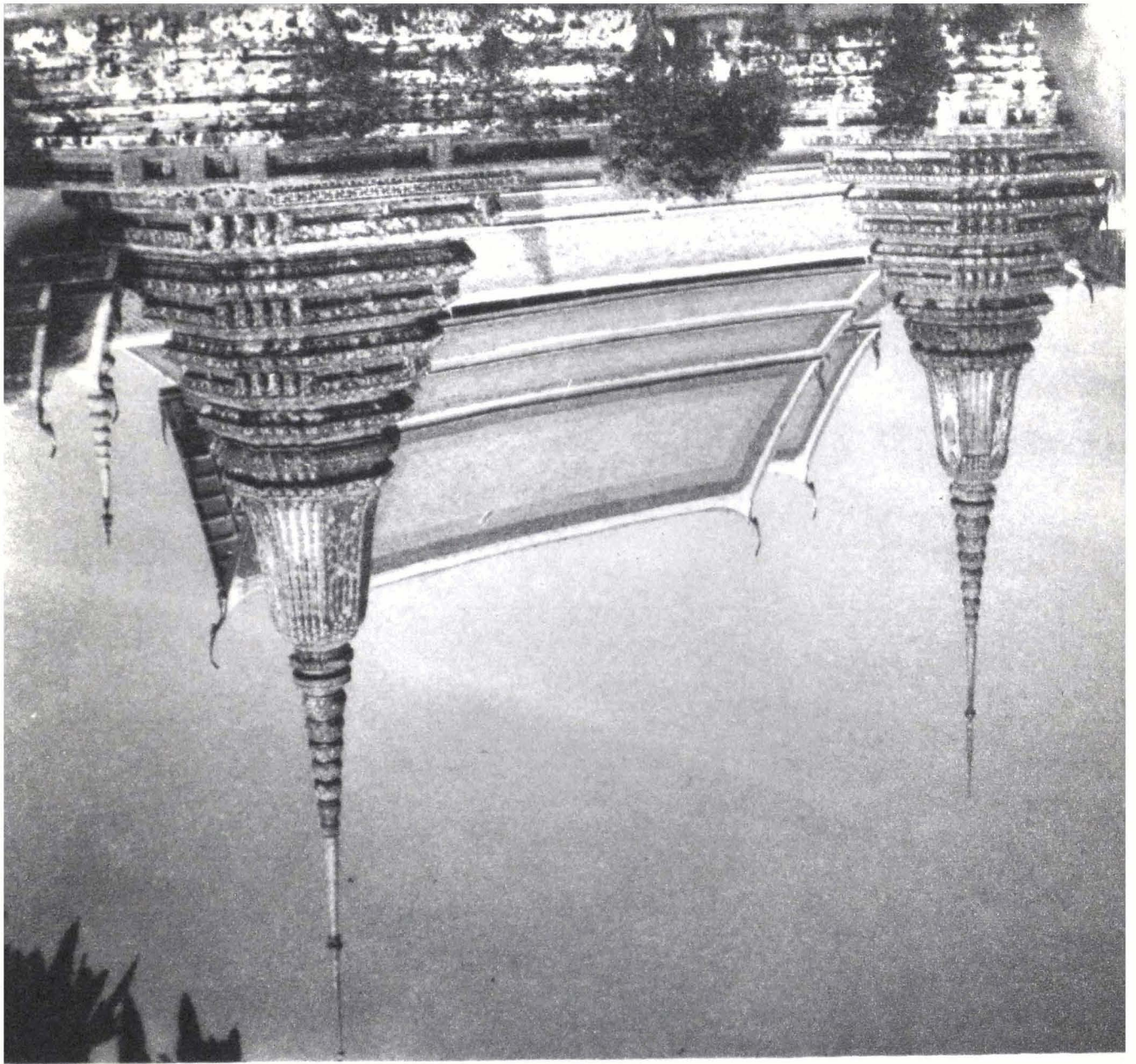
Little flickering lights move along the causeway, like migrating stars; these are torches of corn-husks, bound together, and carried by children to light one's path. They form in a circle before the entrance to the Wat. Gamelan music, that, however, bears no resemblance to the silvery notes of Bali orchestras, accompanies the troop of dancers that slowly descend into the circle of light. They make strange patterns with their feet and arms; they sing in unpleasant nasal tones; their whitened faces are expressionless; on their heads are terraced crowns like those worn in Siam, and their costumes are identical with those of Siamese dancers, tight-fitting embroidered trousers, and tight-fitting jackets with up-curving epaulettes. They render the age-old love story of Prince Soryavong and the battle of the white and the black monkeys.

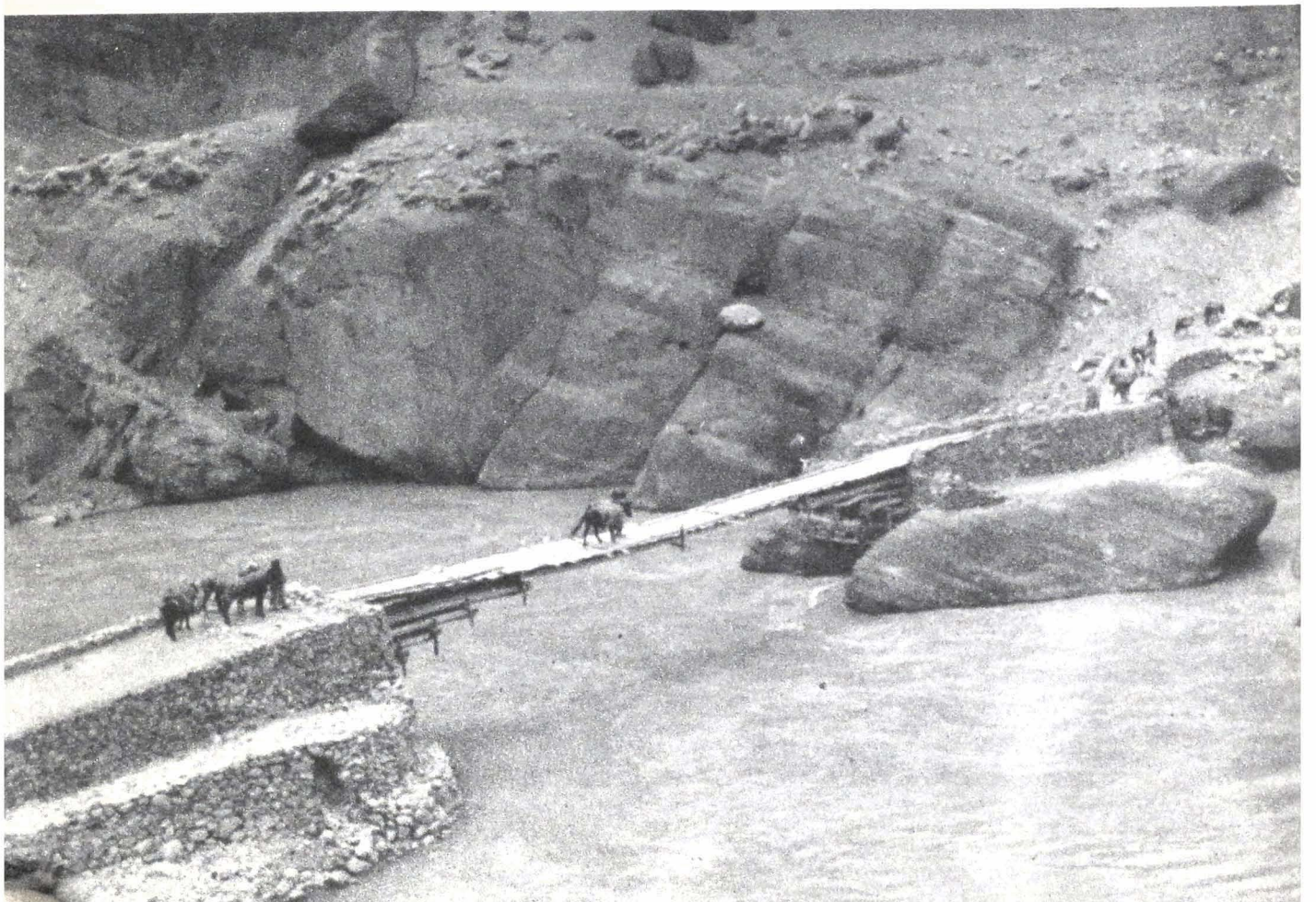
Near the Wat is the little bungalow "L'Hotel des Ruines" of blessed tourist memory, but wretched in service when I was there and not even clean. The manager wishes to promote trade for the large new modern hotel under the same management that has been erected two miles away. It is easily accessible and infinitely more satisfactory to stay there since arrangements are usually made by visitors to hold the motors they came in, during their stay.

Just below the balcony of my window I noticed a wide clearing towards the Wat, whose towers were seen above the trees in the distance. The manager explained that they were making a golf course. "For whom?" I inquired. "Who would ever find time to play golf here?"

"Many of the young people that come through with tours do not go to the ruins at all; at most they make hurried visits to the Wat and to the Bayon. Then they demand amusement. They wish to play golf and to dance at night." This







made me think of an evening on Lake Como: I had dinner served on my private balcony in the Villa d'Este; it overlooked the water; the smell of flowers came up from the garden, and a superlative orchestra played. In the next connecting apartment, I heard feet scraping the floor to the tune of jazz music. The waiter, holding up his hands in a gesture of despair, cried: "There are forty phonographs in the hotel, madame; the tourists bring them."

### FOUR FACES OF SIVA?

THE Bayon, in Angkor Thom, Cambodia, is as great a mystery as the Sphinx of Egypt, and the most amazing creation of mankind. It is not beautiful, nor perfect architecturally. It is chaotic, with one plan superimposed upon another, disconcerting, disturbing. It is not stupendous as a physical achievement like the placing of the great monoliths of the Near East; but it will be remembered by everyone who has seen it, and argued about, long after they have forgotten more perfect tribute. Probably to the end of time will rage the question:

"What god does it represent?"

The Bayon is in the very center of the Royal City of Angkor Thom. All roads lead to it. Formerly the city was surrounded by high walls and protected by a moat and one had access to it through imposing gateways over which towered, and tower still, four immense faces, identical with those of the Bayon temple.

One enters the ruined city through the Victory Gate which is reached by a broad avenue over the moat that is now choked with jungle growth. On either side, the road is bordered by stone giants, seated, and holding on their knees the long bodies of nagas, that form balustrades; at the front ends, the serpents rear their multiple heads in the motif that adds so much to the interest and beauty of the approach to Angkor Wat, a motif peculiar to Cambodia.

At the entrance to the Bayon, and to other buildings in the city, notably the monastery of Ta Prohm, and Bantei

Kdei, there are similar gates, each of them with four immense faces that look north, south, east, and west. The lobes of their ears are greatly elongated, their crowns are finished off with lotus buds, and in the center of their foreheads is a third eye. Numerous little statues are close-pressed around the throats of these giant heads, and stand beside their ears; they ride the three-headed elephants that flank the gateways, with their trunks rooted in lotus buds. Like most of the temples of Angkor, these amazing gates are in bad condition, damaged by the giant roots of fromager trees that have forced the stones apart, and have become so embedded between them as to be now their necessary support.

Authorities have stated that the Bayon was first created for Buddhist worship, and only later was transferred to the Brahmanical cult, and Buddhist images may still be seen along the frontons on one platform, now almost concealed by the later building.

Fifty-two towers rise at various heights and elevations, each one holding on its apex four faces, from six to ten feet in height, looking thus in four directions, two hundred and eight enormous faces from which one cannot get away no matter where one may look or what position one may take. Some of the faces, with drooping lids, smile mysteriously; others have wide-open eyes; their expression would seem to vary with the eye of the beholder.

What god do they represent?

Jeannerat de Beerski, in 1923, declared that the towering faces of the Bayon represented the Brahmanical god Siva.

In 1929, Robert J. Casey declared, with equal authority, in his book, "Four Faces of Siva," that: "The towers are known to have been designed as representations of the linga, the phallic symbol under which Siva is still worshipped. The faces, therefore, are undoubtedly those of the god whose device they adorn."

This can only mean that the towers with the faces were built after the Khmers had adopted the Brahmanical cult, and would include the gates of the city with the identical faces, and similar ones that stand at the entrances of other

buildings of Angkor Thom. Yet Tcheou-Ta-Quan, the Chinese chronicler of Angkor Thom, who gives the only record of an eye witness, wrote in his diary late in the thirteenth century: "I came into town through the gate of the five Buddhas." He also wrote that the people: "Prostrate themselves before the Buddhas of gold in the temple whose towers mark the center of the Kingdom," which would certainly mean the Bayon; Siva is never referred to as Buddha.

The frontal eye, depicted on the huge faces of the Bayon, is not the exclusive attribute of Siva, but a common Buddhist symbol. It is likewise an attribute of the older god invoked in the Rig-Vedas, Indra, the god of plenty, to whom men cried: "Although we be unworthy, do thou, Indra of boundless wealth, enrich us with thousands of excellent cows and horses."

Indra was born fully developed within a lotus flower, according to tradition, and was provided with goddess companions. Should the towering faces of Angkor Thom and the Bayon represent the god Indra, the presence of the companionable little figures that surround the faces above the gateways, would be explained; likewise the three-headed elephants. Indra is usually depicted riding a three-headed elephant.

The Paradise of Indra is described as a great city invested by a wall that is pierced by four gates which are guarded by four divine kings, "the protectors of the quarters": Indra, the East; Yama, the South; Varuna, the West; and Kuvera, the North. There is likewise the legend that Kambu, the mythical ancestor of the Khmers, who married the daughter of the king of the nagas, was Indra's son.

Might not the mysterious faces of the Bayon and Angkor Thom be those of Indra?

"The Archaeological Guide to Angkor," the manual of scientific research, 1933, says: "The Bayon was first dedicated to Avalokiteçvara, or Lokeçvara, whose cult was for a time so widespread in Cambodia. It was consecrated after, to Civa." It says further: "the 'towering faces' *may* be

Lokeçvara's heads with four faces, but not Civa's or Brahma's heads as the temple was Buddhist first."

Avalokiteçvara is always depicted with multiple heads, though usually superimposed in triplets above one another. One face is shown as benevolent; one smiling at the good deeds of men; one angry at men's faults. The originality of the construction of the Bayon encourages the thought that a new arrangement of heads may have been given the deity.

The Sanskrit "avalokita" means: looking down. "Isvara" means: Lord. One of the authorities, Monier-Williams, in his "Buddhism," says of Avalokiteçvara: "He it is who presides over the whole cycle of soul-migration and the temporal welfare of all living beings. His image is frequently met with placed on the top of mountains . . . looking-down Lord. He has generally several faces."

The faces of the Bayon and over the city gates are elevated on high towers; certainly the "looking-down Lord," whichever one they represent.

Is it not logical that the builders of the Bayon, which is visible from every quarter of the city of Angkor Thom, would have wished to honor mankind's protector? May not the giant faces be those of Avalokiteçvara?

There is one thing in favor of the thought that the faces are those of Siva: the number of the towers, which is fifty-two. This recalls Sāti, wife of Siva, whose body after death was, according to the story as told in "Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," by Nevedita and Coomeraswamy: "hewn into fifty-two pieces, and wherever a fragment touched earth, a shrine of mother-worship was established and Siva himself shines forth before the suppliant as the guardian of the spot." Unfortunately for the support of this idea, there exists the belief that originally there were many more than fifty-two towers. The remains of others lie among the tumbled ruins.

And if the temple was dedicated to Siva, why were there no nandis found? Nandi, the bull, faces most Siva temples. Why, likewise, were no lingas discovered among the ruins of the Bayon? Both of these emblems of Siva were found in

Ta Keo, which is known to have been dedicated to Siva; yet before this temple that was dedicated to Siva we do not find the gates decorated with the towering faces.

It would seem to me that, in a temple like the Bayon, that runs to a riot of duplication, there would have been literally hundreds of lingas, the imperative emblem of Siva. One sees such in great number, row after row of them, in the Siva temples of southern India, and all over India to-day; the emblems of fertility, signs of potency, representative of the triumph of life over death.

Is it not least likely that the towering faces represent Siva?

The galleries that encircle the Bayon, like those of Angkor Wat, are decorated with elaborate carvings depicting scenes from the Ramayana and Mahabarata. They might easily have been added when the temple was rededicated to Brahmanical cult. The towers antedate the reconstruction of the temple and are, in shape, no more indicative of the linga than are the stupas of Buddhist origin in India.

No one, it seems, has solved the mystery of the Bayon.

It might well have been the conception of an inspired madman, seeking frantically to express the omnipresence of his god by a new and fantastic creation. Or it might as logically have been the expression of an anchorite's dream that there is nothing in the world but deity.

The Bayon is in fierce and wild disorder; chaos is on all sides; stairways are unsafe, and the jungle waits at its gates to engulf once more the giant faces and the lovely lace-work carvings of little smiling women that grace the silent corridors.

At sunset, alone on the high platform of this mysterious temple, I watched the shadows creep over the giant faces. Outside in the jungle, the scufflings of small animal life were heard: the muted bed-time chirps of birds; the sound of lizards scurrying over dried leaves; the faint stirrings of a breeze lost in the wilderness of trees. The benign loveliness of the huge faces struck me as it always does when I look at the statue of the Buddha. The faces looked tolerant, patient, sad; even where the indignity of vines trailed across

their cheeks, they retained the cardinal Buddhist virtue of compassion; surely they could not represent Siva, the terrible one.

There is another mystery, another unanswerable question about Angkor: How was it possible for a civilization that had attained such a high order as to be the envy of neighboring states, to be wiped out and leave no written memory in the literature of these peoples? There is no mention of Angkor in any chronicle yet discovered, except the one left by the Chinese traveller Tcheou-Ta-Quan. And how was it possible for an entire nation to perish, and leave no trace among the ruins of its splendid city, that housed a million inhabitants? "Il n'est de beau et de grand dans la vie que les choses mystérieuses," said a celebrated French writer. Angkor is the grandest and most beautiful mystery of them all.

Whence came these Khmers? Whither did they go? What little is known about their ancestry is mostly mythological except that Khmer is the vernacular used by the natives of Cambodia to designate themselves; that much of the civilization of Angkor was brought from Malaya by one of their powerful kings, who came from Sumatra.

A great imagination planned the towering faces, the Royal Terrace of Elephants, the giant naga heads. People sensitive to beauty built Neak Pean, the lovely shrine that rises upon the coils of a giant naga, in the center of a wide tank. It was once a delicate and lovely thing; a healing fountain, dedicated to Avalokiteçvara, god of Mercy, whose feminine aspects are Kwannon in Japan, and Kwanyin, in China.

Such a little thing as a seed, dropped in the flight of a bird, or carried on the wing of an errant breeze had, stored within it, the potential strength of a forest. As if by design, one landed on the top of Neak Pean; the roots crept down; the branches up. To-day, a canopy of green hangs like an umbrella above the shrine, and bone-white roots writhe, snake-like, over the sculptures and down to the tank of one-time healing waters.



# INDIA

## *ASPECTS OF INDIA*

INDIA is the extreme of everything, and the exaggeration of every extreme. It has the highest mountains, the deepest gorges; burning heat, and bitterest cold; the wealth of Croesus, and the most pitiful poverty; the greatest beauty, and shocking ugliness; exalted spirituality, and foulest degradation. It is vivid, emotional, tragic, but inspiring. It is disturbing, but peace-giving as well.

Life in India has an entirely different meaning from its significance in the West, and different aims. Words there, even accurately translated, express conceptions not our own. A mental somersault is called for in India, if the Westerner is to have a correct appreciation of it; the standards by which we act and think at home, are not current there. Our noise and bustle, disturbs the rhythm of the East; our arrogance and self-assurance, make the natives shy; we wound them deeply and repeatedly, and our speed bewilders them; the civilization that we press upon them weighs them down, and we think them stupid and ungrateful if they seem to have no use for what we bring.

No other country offers such variety as India. None, excepting only Palestine, presents problems so complex.

In spite of all the criticism heaped upon the government of the British Raj, I feel certain that no other nation would have made so good a record as the English have made there, where a cool head, and a stout heart, long patience, and the ability to compromise are so essential.

There are warring religious factions, always at each others' throats; a caste system that defies educational efforts. Races, creeds, and castes divide the people of India; certain people

may not touch another without defiling, or being defiled; they may not eat what is cooked by one of lesser caste; they may not drink from a common well. The most noticeable signs, far separated on the railroad platforms announce: "Water for Mohammedans," "Water for Hindus." So much of the life of India is bound up with religious ritual that any reform encounters fanatical opposition. In spite of this, "Suttee," the burning of widows, and child marriages, have been made illegal and are out of practice.

Of all the countries in the world it is surely the most difficult to govern; yet, this is done by a mere handful of men, who have set up dependable courts of law.

India has been vulnerable always along her Northwest Frontier and will be again should the power of England be withdrawn; menace in the future may also come one day from the Far East.

In spite of all the modern improvements it is "native" still in appearance. In front of the leading hotel one may see flea-trainers, and fortune-tellers, or Holy Men naked and covered with ashes; one may have to dispute the entrance with a sacred cow. Indians lie about asleep, just anywhere. One sees lovely saris, brilliant-colored turbans, bullock carts, pi-dogs, and camels, and motors driven by turbaned men with beards, and gold rings in their ears. It is still the Indian's India, and holds a limitless store of beauty everywhere.

On mountain spurs are lace-work temples of carved alabaster; deep in its hill-sides are pre-historic caves; crenelated walls, the color of faded rose leaves, hide the palaces of jeweled Rajas, and towering "gopuras" rise from temple gates.

Live there, if you will, in a city with modern conveniences, halt in dak bungalow if you prefer, camp on mountain trails, loaf in a house-boat, go fishing, big game hunting, pig-sticking, or follow through orchid-laden jungles to high snows. Nothing can take her wealth from India, and, some day, when Britain no longer rules, will it be said, as after the campaigns of Alexander:

“The East bowed low before the blast  
In patient, deep disdain.  
She let the legions thunder past,  
And plunged in thought again.”

### *CONFLICT*

THEY said that Hinduism was in danger; they protested to His Excellency the Governor when the Public Health Committee recommended that the Kashi Mitter burning ghat be removed and that a crematorium be erected at Topsia to dispose of the unclaimed and decomposed corpses that lay about at the burning ghat, menacing the health of the locality.

A special committee of six important Indians was formed to investigate the matter. The Hindus argued that, according to Hindu “Sastras,” bodies of Hindus should be cremated on the banks of the Ganges, and that their religious feelings should be respected. A “policy of caution” was advocated by the Committee; this settled exactly nothing.

### *SANCTUARY AND SERVICE*

I VISITED the Mission Hospital in Peshawar, on the Northwest Frontier. When tribesmen come there all members of the family accompany the patient; cook their own food in the courtyard; and go home to tell how well the British treat them. One patient was badly burned; it seems that her husband had got angry with her and thrown her on the fire. As I left the hospital a man came in, holding a little child whose face was badly spotted in a peculiar way. When I asked if it was leprosy, the English nurse who took the child, said, no, that it was small-pox.

### *FAMINE*

HER bosom was narrow and confined in a garment that had obviously been purchased only for utility, and at a price. Her gray eyes were slightly watery, her cheeks full and pendant, and her hair escaped from an uncompromising knot at

the back of her head to fall in untidy wisps over a mussed collar. She seemed like one obliterated, so far from her Scottish home. I was thinking that she was:

“A shadow woman, pale and drab and small;  
The caravan of Life had passed her by,  
And as it passed, had moved her not at all.  
She moved among us almost as a ghost  
Who did but peer in, through a pane, at Life;  
Its melody and madness moved her not.  
She had no place, not even in its strife.”

Then something in her voice arrested my attention; a sudden enthusiasm, and with it a glint came into eyes habitually dull. She was transformed.

There were three of us at table; her husband made the third. They had taken me in at the Mission House as paying guest for the few days of my stay in the foothills, where there was no dak bungalow, and where these two had come, years before, to work among the natives. They served “mashit and biled tatties” for dinner, and entertained me with talk about the conditions that surrounded them, and I remarked that they had wonderful “copy” all about, and should write it up for publication. The woman exclaimed that she had; she spoke of “my writings,” but a short, dry, and discouraging laugh cut her short.

“You’ll not be showing that trash to the lady!” he exclaimed. The echo of countless years of snubbing! For what eons they must have looked one another over and measured their disillusionment during the quarter of a century of their mission service, with endless days revolving about petty incidents.

His sarcastic laugh made me angry; he belonged to the “levelers” who reduce life to a treadmill, and I found myself goaded to opposition and exclaimed: “I’d love to see your writings!”

The look that rewarded me was girlish and pathetic, as she looked down and murmured: “He don’t think much of me.” Later she told me that I was the first person who had ever said a word of encouragement to her.

What could she have written, I wondered, hemmed in as she was in so lifeless a life? How persistent must have been her dreams to have survived and found expression in a home that held not one single thing of beauty, not even a flower. There was no ornament anywhere, except the dark, blue-cotton scarf that was tacked to the shelf of my mantel, and that was decorated with crudely painted roses.

"You paint also," I exclaimed, as she followed me into the room with the manuscript.

"I just put those there to give a bit of color," she answered. Over the mantel hung the motto: "I also overcame."

### *LEOPARD-HUNTING*

I WAS on one of the "beaters," of which there were ten; huge elephants were saddled with thick, padded quilts like mattresses that were roped upon their backs, and on each of which sat two of the guests of the Maharanee. We hung on by the ropes to keep from slipping off.

The elephants mowed down everything in their path with foreheads pressed against the trunks of small trees that they quickly dislodged; then the beast would stride over it, the while a "mahout" who rode behind his ears, struck him across his thick skull with a large iron hook.

A bright spot flashed past us, the leopard, so close that I caught his picture among the underbrush of the jungle with my movie camera. We closed in and drove it toward the small clearing where four elephants stood with "howdahs" upon their backs, and in these were the Maharanee and other guests. One man shot the leopard from his "howdah" and it immediately dug itself into the underbrush. An elephant nosed in to uncover, lest it be merely wounded and ready to show fight, and all guns were trained upon the spot; four shots were fired, then the Honorable Mr. —— climbed down from his howdah and measured the kill: a record-size female, 6 foot 8, which was laid beside him while we took a photograph, and then hoisted to the back of another elephant, and we moved on.

Night caught us in the jungle and the sky was filled with points of light; the great palace loomed on the horizon with every window illumined, a magnificent sight.

Under the porte-cochère, the elephants knelt down, and we descended. There was a banquet in the palace that night and the beautiful Maharanee danced. Her sari was embroidered in rhinestones and around her slender throat was a rope of immense pearls.

### *PRESTIGE . . . WHITHER?*

SHE was very blonde, very beautiful, and very bare. Her very white back was uncovered to the waist, and the curves of her breasts were visible where a scanty piece of red silk fell away from the arms in front, and was held in place only by a fold of the material around her neck. Seen in Europe, or in America the costume would have aroused no comment. Against the background of India, it was a challenge to decency, and common sense.

The eyes of native waiters in the fashionable restaurant travelled over the insolent loveliness of the white woman, and little sparks of excitement and contempt flickered in their eyes. But the attitude of Europeans in the provinces they govern, is that they are superior to the opinion of the natives.

"Isn't that going a bit strong for India?" I inquired of my companion.

"Strong for India? How long have you been away from here? Things have changed!" the Englishman with whom I was dining, replied.

Social conditions in India are indeed changing, and so rapidly that it is a frequent subject of discussion among Britishers who live there. More than once I heard officers express apprehension, not for themselves, but for their women; they rehearsed conditions that may well become the determining factors in the survival of the prestige of the white race in the Orient.

"Thirty-five years ago, when I first came to India," one

officer said to me, "no English woman would be seen talking to an Indian; nothing would have induced them to dance with one of them; they had, indeed few opportunities of meeting Indians socially." This, he explained, was the condition prior to the World War. At that time British troops were withdrawn from India and replaced by Territorials who, knowing nothing about old traditions, treated Indians as social equals.

Indians held commissions in the British Army and, holding the King's commission, could not be refused membership in Cantonment Clubs; their brother officers had to entertain them, and introduce them to their wives and daughters; these, in turn, had to dine and dance with them. The Englishwoman's reserve was broken down. In a country ruled by caste, the cool aloofness of the ruling race had made them accepted as of a separate caste, the White Brahmins, as they were often called. All this changed as a result of the World War that broke down social barriers everywhere.

Thousands of Indians served in France, and were made much of not only there but in England also, where all uniforms of the service were greeted with patriotic fervor. Men who, in India, had not been privileged to enjoy the society of English girls, returned from the war to boast of their conquests. The white woman had definitely surrendered her pedestal, but was none the less desirable. There is the craving for opposites; the lure of a white skin that is so strong in dark races; the increase of prestige that comes from having contact with the ruling race. To win a wife from among such, became the ambition of Indians, and for the white woman this often meant a step-up from social obscurity at home, sometimes to a position of consequence in India. I have been told on good authority that, in the city of Lahore alone, there are between four and five hundred white women married to, or living openly as the mistresses of Indians of all classes; in larger cities the number is even greater. In Java, the intermarriage with natives is a habit of Dutch men; in India few Englishmen have married native women.

A contributive influence to the fall of the white woman's prestige in the East is the cinema. What may appear harmless to us of the West is shocking, and deeply exciting to those who feel that public kissing is indecent, and the first films that were imported to India came from countries that prohibited the display of their indecencies at home.

After the war came the fashion of ultra-short frocks for day wear, and semi-nudity in the evening. Corsets were abandoned. Indians, whose wives were secluded in the harem, held lovely white girls dressed in diaphanous frocks, in their arms in the dance. Women bathed in one-piece bathing suits; in Kashmir the authorities had to prohibit them from swimming nude in Dal Lake, where the natives used to line the bank and enjoy the spectacle.

Is the white race merely stupid? Or is it indifferent to the decline of its prestige?

Tourists are not alone responsible; many of the white women who live in India, have achieved a determined oblivion to the people about them, on whom their safety may well depend one day. It is difficult to be anything else but lax in the tropics; people living there soon give up the unequal combat to maintain privacy, and become indifferent. Hot climate necessitates scanty attire and sleeping out of doors; "bearers," since the war, perform duties given exclusively to "ayas" before then. The boys bring "Chota Hazri" or "Little Breakfast" to their mistress's bedside; they fastened her gowns, and have easy access to her at almost any hour. One does not even think about it any more, but where one is careless he can see a great deal.

Privacy, at best, is difficult in India, for bathroom windows are only partly covered with paper, or whitewashed, and should curtains be found, they are thin or scant. There are chinks in the doors, and peep-holes deliberately drilled. In the leading hotel in Calcutta, the Great Eastern, I have seen bearers squatting before the keyholes of their memsahibs' rooms, peering in at them.

Concern over these conditions is apparently not shared by the new generation of Europeans that has come to live



in India since the World War. They warn against believing anything that the "old fogies" say; declare that it represents a mere "drop in the bucket," and emphasize the fact that one would not know those women socially anyway.

That does not seem to me to cover the point. No one would gainsay the charm and intelligence of many Indians and it is always easy for members of any social groove to ignore what lies outside it. The pathos of the cultivated Indian's position, in India, is well described by a well-known English writer, A. E. W. Mason, in that fascinating story, "The Broken Road."

But what seems to me important is that now the great masses of India see the sacrosanct women of the ruling race falling into their arms in goodly number. British officers and their wives who are in a position to make comparisons between pre- and post-war social conditions, express concern and recall that the real tragedy of the Indian Mutiny lay for the Englishman in the violation of their women.

The prestige of Englishmen in India has been greater than that of any other colonial administrators of our day. It has been unique because of traits inherent in the ruling race, a reserve and dignity and aloofness that did not need to command deference. It set them apart and above. It is a pity that, in the changing social conditions of our day, it should be the women, shielded and pampered by them, who strike the blow at the prestige of their race in India.

### *KANGRA VALLEY*

I DID not know Nora, and Nora had never heard of me before I wrote her from Calcutta, having been given her name, and asked if the valley where she lived might be a good place to start from, for a journey I had planned, the starting point for which I knew only indefinitely. Nora answered that I could start conveniently from the Kangra Valley, and invited me to be her paying guest, the English refer to it as P. G.

We met at noon, and talked until three o'clock in the

morning, retracing her vivid years: Understudy to a celebrated actress, until an admirer said: "Why don't you aim to be a fine woman, instead of aspiring to be a fine actress?" "I never thought of it before," answered Nora.

Her worldly goods forthwith disposed of, Nora joined a group that dressed in peasant garb and led the simple life advocated by Tolstoy; that phase over, she went to a nudist colony in search of further experience in the simple life, and found it to be not so simple as she supposed; she thought it foolish. Then she married a minister and shared his pulpit, and was a very happy wife. The idyll ended with his death and Nora said: "Having had the best, I'll not try an imitation of it." She moved to the lonely valley and created a current of her own; and there I found her.

Nora leapt at life, often in the dark but unafraid of consequences and willing always to pay the price. She dramatized the hours; her interests all wore capital letters; she was never neutral. When the salt tax was imposed upon India, she happened to be in London, and thought that she should protest, so she broke a window in Bond Street, and spent a month in jail.

She was very tall and very thin. She said that her family would refuse to walk on the streets of London with her because her costume attracted notice. In the valley she wore jodpores of white pongee, topped with a three-quarter length smock of the same material, cut on the pattern of the Russian peasant blouse, and belted in at the waist. Sneakers covered her bare feet, and over her white hair she draped a veil of amber gauze and drew it forward around two long curls that fell on either side of her face, and were held at the breast with an old-fashioned brooch of gold. She would pat her curls and say: "Old men wear beards; I am an old woman, and these are *my* beard."

Nora lived in a mud house that she rented for \$25.00 a year. She had torn out one end of the large room, dropped a few steps down the hill, and built a sun parlor at lower level; its glass side was an assortment of old frames that fitted badly; many of the panes of glass were held in place

with tacks. At one end she built a dais and covered it with cushions on which she sat; the other seats in the room were a wooden bench and a chair made out of a barrel. From her seat Nora could look out through the door into her garden, or at the fire in her tiny grate. In the evening she wore a pale gray sari and looked like some priestess out of a fairy tale. She slept out on the porch, and in summer her eyes closed and opened on the vision of talisman roses that hid her kitchen.

There was a tiny garden; but it had shade trees, an arbor covered with vines, flowers that rambled everywhere, and a tiny spot for vegetables hidden down a slope of the hill. Two concrete benches that she herself had fashioned, were so shaped and placed that two people sitting on opposite benches could chat comfortably in low tones. By reaching over the back of one of them she could light a fire in the outdoor oven should the spirit move her to have dinner out there. We made butter by stirring milk in a porcelain bowl until it thickened, then stirring more, and salting just a little, and: "Dinner was served." We talked 'till all hours of the night, and by day roamed the hills.

It was March. It was cold when the sun went down; then Nora warmed frost-bitten fingers when she boiled the soup, and declared that she never felt the cold.

Her chief concern was keeping the wolf from the door; but, every time he showed his fangs, some miraculous wind-fall carried her on a few months longer; she is the most valiant woman I have known.

Across from Nora's house stood a sacred pipul tree, by the fork of two roads. Natives on their way to Palampur and back would halt there under its shade, and I could watch them from behind my curtained windows.

There came a man with coat of brightest blue and shirt tails hanging outside baggy trousers that were held in at the ankle with a band of embroidery. His "pagri," or turban, was of pale rose, flecked with gold. Another wore only a night-shirt, and with it a pair of purple velvet toe shoes; a third had only a "dhoti," the two yards of cloth that falls

to the knees, the ends of which are then drawn through the legs and tucked into the belt . . . a trouser of sorts.

It was spring, and a wedding procession passed, heralded by a discordant band of horns and drums; the groom was carried in an open litter covered with red cloth, fringed with gold; his jacket was of bright brocade, and on his head was a crown of gold-tinsel with a fringe of beads hanging to the eyebrows, and a beaded veil over his face. His bride, purchased as they still are in the Kangra Valley, followed in a closed palanquin with all her worldly goods carried before her by coolies.

One day there was "Tamasha," and the country folk came from far and wide to barter and to play. They wrestled, rode the merry-go-round, and danced. The women were weighted down with silver ornaments; their husbands, the famous Gaddi shepherds of the hills, wore homespun garments, skirts full and short and wound about the waist with thirty yards of brown cloth cording. They too wore earrings, bracelets, and necklaces.

One day the sound of drums lured me into a courtyard where a small boy was to undergo the important ceremony of top-knot cutting and ear-piercing. A small, windowless room was crowded with women dressed in full skirts of gay print and strung with much silver, even to enormous toe-rings. Pictures of Ganesh, the elephant-headed god, hung on the walls, and lingas, emblems of fertility, stood in one corner. The little boy nursed at his mother's breast during the hair-cutting, and the first strands severed were rolled in a clod of fresh dung and earth and pressed into his hand while the priest read from a book in droning voice.

The child was then stripped and taken out of doors to stand upon a mystic sign smeared on the dirt of the courtyard; flour was mixed with yellow powder and rubbed all over him, the women at the same time dabbing one another on the face with it. He was then washed with flour and water; cleansed in pure water, and put back into his old clothes, and taken inside for the ear-piercing ceremony. I had frequently admired the economy and convenience of

the child's costume when I saw him at play: one little piece of blue cotton, like a jumper, but with the entire seat cut away to leave him bare behind. The town barber performed the painful ceremony of ear-piercing accompanied by the piercing shrieks of the child, who beat furiously upon his mother's breast with his little fists, until they were pinioned. Meanwhile the drums rattled loudly, adding to everyone's excitement, and when it was all over and the child was a nervous wreck, he was presented with the badge of his newly acquired dignity—a little pill-box cap of purple velvet, heavily embroidered with gold thread.

### *PLANS THAT WENT AWRY*

THE object of my journey to India was to take the route that runs almost due north of Simla, up the Kulu Valley and across the famous Rhotang and Baralacha passes; across Lahoul, and southern Ladakh to the capital: Leh; from there I expected to go north over the Khardong, Saser, and Karakoram passes into Chinese Turkestan, or Singkiang; and from Yarkand to Urumchi, and on from there by air across the Gobi Desert to Peiping.

On my way from Port Said to Singapore I had dropped off my camp kit in Ceylon, for transshipment to Calcutta, where I picked it up, and I at once made application to the authorities in India for permit covering the first part of the journey across Kulu and Lahoul. When that was acquired I would have to get permit from the Joint Commissioner for Ladakh, for the journey on to Leh, and from there to the top of the Karakoram Pass. From that point the Chinese government was supposed to hold power, and I had applied through the Chinese Consulate in Calcutta for necessary permits.

As a member of the Himalayan Club, I wrote to the secretary for information about the route. Honorary secretaries all over the country undertake to furnish members with all available information that meets each special need; thus I learned at what stages I would have to ford rivers;

where I might secure pack animals, and reliable guides; how early in the season I might hope to cross the passes; where there might be grazing and waterholes. I was advised not to try to take yaks across the Karakoram because, for many stages, there is no grazing, and the animals would not eat grain. Ordinarily they are best for such journeys because their short legs are easily pulled up out of deep snow. One officer, who had hoped to make the journey, purchased a large flock of sheep to carry his loads, each load divided into small parcels, so steep is the going on this journey, at up-grade from the Indian side. I was advised also to make my caravan men sign agreements to obey me or forfeit money, as they were all a bad lot.

With the accumulation of all this information at hand, the answer came to my request for permit to go the first part of the route: "Positively," it said, "and under no circumstances, will permit be given to a woman travelling alone without male escort."

Such formal notices are not necessarily final, however, and I began my pleas: For what had I become the first woman member of the Himalayan Club (worth-while journeys in the Himalayas were required for membership then; I had then made two of them)? I had not joined with the idea of playing around where it was considered safe for women and children. To further pleas I received no answer at all; there was nothing to do but go up to Kashmir, and get to Leh from there. In Kashmir I received the permit to go to Leh, and also to go as far as British authority extended, which was to the top of the Karakoram Pass, I was jubilant, for without this permit there would be no way for me to get from India to Singkiang, which is Chinese Turkestan.

Disquieting news was arriving about Chinese Turkestan, and British officers had been forbidden to enter the vicinity, except on official business. One officer wrote that he did not think that the Government of India would grant me a pass to travel alone there even when the country was quiet, much less when there was trouble going on, and robber

gangs were all over the country that would certainly attack my caravan.

From the guide, with whom I was negotiating, came word: "There is no peace in all Turkestan. Half of it is under the Tunguns, who will give it back to the Chinese Government whenever they come to claim it." Their English is always amusing. He mentioned one route where a river had to be crossed a hundred and five times in three days; another river, sixty times in one day, and he added: "If you incur danger, I can manage to flee from it." At this I chuckled, knowing that it might very well be true.

The trouble in Chinese Turkestan, or Singkiang, had apparently originated years before, with the murder of the capable ruler, Yang, at Urumchi. He used to buy off the Tunguns, the unscrupulous Chinese Moslems who are unpopular with every race in the country. This is the method adopted by the Government of India, which subsidizes the Pathan Tribes on the Northwest Frontier.

The injection of Tunguns in the later disorders between the Kumuliks and Kalmuks, spread the revolt that was still active at the time that I tried to obtain permit for the journey. Details of prevailing conditions were not then well known in India, nor the fact that the air service from Urumchi to Peiping had long since been discontinued.

A few days after the permit had been given to me by the British authorities, I was called to headquarters and told that it would have to be rescinded, as all caravans were being attacked. I was required to promise that I would not attempt to go north of Leh, but was given permit to go south as far as the jurisdiction of that department extended, which was to the border controlled by the authorities in India who had refused me permission to go up to Leh over that route. However, as I could then claim that I would be through the most strenuous part of the journey, and near India, the logic of allowing me to proceed was obvious, and permit was given to continue down to India through Lahoul and Kulu.

The town scribe was kept busy writing letters for those

who hoped to join my bandobast; men would come every day and present written petitions that sometimes read like this:

“After paying my respect dues I beg to state that I have worked as cook and shikar under many famous Gentlemen. Now your kind self should yourself come to know this. I am a poor man. Keeping this in view I have fervent hopes that you will employ me for which act of kindness I shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity with profound prayers.”

Or: “Most honestly and respectfully I beg to lay the following statement for your kind perusal. May Christ the Savior be with you on this journey.”

A man that I employed, recorded his thanks thus: “Madam, I am heartily thanking your kind ladyship for the honor which your kind honor has done me which will live with me for lives as a memorandum and memento and will assist me in every way.”



# HIMALAYAN TRAVEL

## *THE OLD ROAD*

I HAD sent across the Himalayas to Ladakh for the bearer that I had had with me there five years before, and forwarded money to him for the journey to Kashmir and for warm clothing for himself. He spent the money before he left Leh, and arrived across the snows to Kashmir dressed in white cotton trousers, knowing that I would have to supply him with another outfit.

Five years before he had been a modest and faithful servant; I had supported him for nine months after he left my service and was out of work; but under "civilized" influences he had become somewhat of a dandy, and had no idea of working at all. He apparently expected to be purely ornamental, and, dressed in smart riding breeches, bought with the new funds I had given him for woolen clothes, he rode all the way; handled the purse-strings to his advantage, and got himself fired before I started on the journey south from Leh. Of the servants I took from Kashmir, only Ghulam Husein was any good; the others were Kashmiris who sat down and cried when things did not go as they wished.

Many avalanche remains were crossed before we got to the foot of the first pass, the Zoji-Là, one of the most treacherous passes of the Himalayas, that I described in "In the World's Attic." Snow was still thick on its rock ledge and we decided that it would be safer to go up the nullah, or valley; meanwhile we rested for an extra day at Baltal, at the foot of the pass. It was the season when avalanches are to be feared, and during the night one had come down and

closed the nullah; we had no choice then but to cross by the narrow rock ledge.

Besides the charm of a new adventure, it seemed to me wiser to negotiate the Zoji during the night, when there would be least danger of being swept off it by an avalanche, as many another caravan had been in the exciting history of the Zoji-Là. It was full moon and bitter cold. I time my special travel feasts as nearly as I can to catch the loveliness of full moon. Above the deodars that climbed the hills one could see snow peaks, and the path was brightly lit.

In the years intervening since I had last crossed this route, the road had been improved and widened, but where it crossed the ravine, towering rocks that rose above our heads threw dark shadows, and the trail grew narrow and more steep. And there, dropping from on high and falling a thousand feet below, we found the remains of four recent avalanches sprawling across our path, each one from fifty to a hundred feet wide; across these we dug our way, two men stamping a trail over which the ponies were carefully led. I followed with the aid of my khud stick. When one looked up to the heights, or far down into the nullah, there was a wide sweep of ice and snow at sharp angle, and broken only by our tracks. It was one of the most beautiful and uncanny experiences that I have ever known. In two days we had crossed many avalanches and snow bridges, then floundered in deep mud and saw the carcass of a pack animal being devoured by vultures beside the path that led us finally to a lovely bagh of willows where we camped for the night.

Men were at work repairing the road where freshets had torn the bed of it away, or clearing rocks that had come down to close the path, in preparation for the annual visit of the Joint Commissioner who must find everything in order. From the high road above Lamayuru I saw crowds gathering as we approached. Did they imagine that my bandobast was that of the Joint Commissioner? In order not to steal someone else's thunder I sent a man ahead to

say that it was only the bandobast of a memsahib, who was travelling alone.

The welcome, it seemed, had actually been prepared for me. The guide as he came down, had staged the scene. Women stood on one side of the road, each holding a tiny bouquet of such wild flowers as grew in the fields, and these they presented to me. The men, on the other side of the road, had wild, flying hair and patched garments, but earrings of turquoise none the less. A band of kettledrums and horns greeted us, and the villagers crowded about and escorted me to the dak bungalow, and there the women danced for me revolving slowly in a circle as Tibetans do, for these people are Tibetan, though now under the government of Kashmir.

I dispensed biscuits and jam, while the guide, with the air of a Grand Marshal, showered annas about.

### *LITTLE GLIMPSES OF LEH*

WE marched two hundred and fifty miles before we got to Leh, and there I had to take on a new outfit of men and ponies for the longer journey south. Only two other white people were in Leh, Bishop and Mrs. Peter of the Moravian Mission, whom I had known there five years before.

One morning I climbed to the palace on the hill with the King of Ladakh, to see a little statue that I coveted and hoped that he would persuade his father to let me purchase. He and his father had ruled jointly in Leh until they were deposed and made to take up residence across the Indus River in the village of Stok. As we passed down the streets, men and women saluted, and the latter clicked their shell cuffs together. We climbed to the palace where he had been crowned, then had to sit down on the ground before the entrance while his servant went to fetch the lama who guarded the key. A futile quest. The King could not gain access to his own palace, and we retreated down hill again.

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Khan Sahib Bahaou-Din, a leading merchant of Leh, invited Mrs. Peter and me to lunch with him and his young wife one day. The sweet and fat little lady was dressed in a skirt of pink silk, with a jacket of blue brocade. Her hair was parted and plaited in two long braids that hung over her shoulders, and her small embroidered cap had a tiny bunch of artificial flowers tucked in its rim.

Bahaou-Din placed around her neck a long chain of seed pearls from which hung a jewelled charm box, and then she waited on us and on him at table, but would not have dared to eat, herself, until he had finished his meal. She was obviously happy as his plaything, and the old man was well content.

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### *AN ACCIDENT*

A NEW horse was brought for me to try out for the coming journey, and with it came six men who all stood by, gaping, when he promptly threw me and my spine hit the spreading roots of a tree. For ten days thereafter I could not lift a foot, or put one in front of me for more than six inches at a time. In any position I was in acute pain with a dislocated spine. Mrs. Peter doctored me with hot and cold packs, but without effect. Bishop Peter advised that I be carried on a stretcher back to the hospital in Kashmir, as there was no doctor nearer than that two-hundred-and-fifty-mile distant spot. But I was obdurate, for I had come a long way to enjoy a new experience.

Meanwhile, my newly-assembled bandobast waited; the pack-ponies devoured stacks of lucerne; the men loafed in the compound of the dak bungalow, sitting disconsolately against the wall of the cook-house, wondering. It was demoralizing for them.

I lay in bed, sometimes listening to Bishop Peter describe the difficulties of the route down into India that lay ahead; sometimes thinking of the pictures he had drawn.

It was indeed to be a more strenuous and desolate journey

than the ones I had made between Kashmir and Leh, and over the Lhasa routes across the Himalayas from India through Tibet to Gyantse, where there are dak bungalows and telegraph lines all the way. Now there would be turbulent, wide rivers that must be forded, no bridges anywhere; perhaps long delays beside the brink waiting for flood waters to lower, that we might cross; steep trails along rock-cuttings; bitter cold; burning heat under a blazing sun from which there could be no shelter, no choice but to go on and on each day until grazing ground and water were found for the ponies, or they would die; and because of this there would also be no choice of route. Grass and water! The aim of each day would be to find these. There would be no dak bungalows, of course; no villages; and after a few stages, there would not even be a nomad's tent. Of course there was no telegraph line or postal facilities through this uninhabited land, and there would be no food found anywhere, except such supplies as we might take with us.

Dear Bishop Peter! He had no idea that he was weaving enchantment. For one who loves the wilderness, a foot on even the roughest and most lonesome trail, is to live out one more dream. One does not take such journeys just to get somewhere; one goes somewhere just to take the journey. It seems to me that: "It is not wisdom to be only wise, and on the inner vision close the eyes."

One day I called Sunnam Wanchuk, my new guide, and told him to have the pack ponies loaded and my riding pony saddled and ready to start the next morning at dawn. Bishop and Mrs. Peter offered no comment when I announced my intention of going down to India over the new route. They merely said, that for the first three stages I might reach them by sending one of my men back, and that they would then send runners to me with a "dandy," this being the sedan-chair of the hills.

"And how will you mount a horse when you cannot lift a foot?" asked Mrs. Peter.

I told her that I intended to have the pony brought to the

high end of the bungalow porch, and would let myself down from there onto his back, and this is what I did.

“And how will you dismount, when you cannot throw a leg over the saddle?” I thought that I might slide off over the pony’s tail.

“And if you manage to get off the horse, how will you mount again where it will be only flat desert?”

I was silent. I did not know. Most of all I counted on my great good luck.

We started next day at half past five in the morning; Mrs. Peter, as is Tibetan custom of speeding the parting guest, followed along beside me to the outskirts of the town on foot. We were in the lead, with the pack ponies and men following close behind. Already the town was stirring; windows were being opened and wares spread out to catch what trade might come to the edge of the world. We marched carefully, and it was less painful to sit bolt upright in the saddle than it had been to lie down or lounge in a chair. We crossed the bazaar into Main Street where rows of Lombardy poplars stand like sentinels defending the gate; one wonders why there should be gate at all when only a few low walls surround the town.

Suddenly my pony shied sideways when a small dog darted out from a doorway almost under his hoofs. I cried out with pain and Mrs. Peter grasped the bridle. Then I laughed and exclaimed:

“Why! The pain has suddenly gone! That jerk threw the vertebrae back into place, just as an osteopath would have done.” I rode on with the last misgiving banished, reciting to myself: “There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise; he fell into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes. And when he found his eyes were out, with all his might and main, he jumped into another bush, and scratched them in again.”

At the desert’s edge Mrs. Peter turned back, exacting from me the promise that when, some weeks later, I should get to the Mission station of Keylang, I would send her a wire, telling her how I got through. From Keylang, in due course,

the wire travelled down into India, across India and up to Kashmir, and over the Himalaya to Leh, which is the only way of communicating with that spot from the country I passed through.

Did I not hold in my hand the answer from Mrs. Peter as I write, I should feel that I must have dreamed the experience that so many other exciting events had crowded out of my mind by the time her letter reached me. But here it is: I read it as if it referred to someone else for it seems like the echo of a past life: "That lucky shying of the little niggar (the pony was black) that was, after all the cure from all that awful pain, and must have put the vertebrae back into place."

# UNINHABITED LAND

## *ALONG THE WASTES OF WESTERN TIBET*

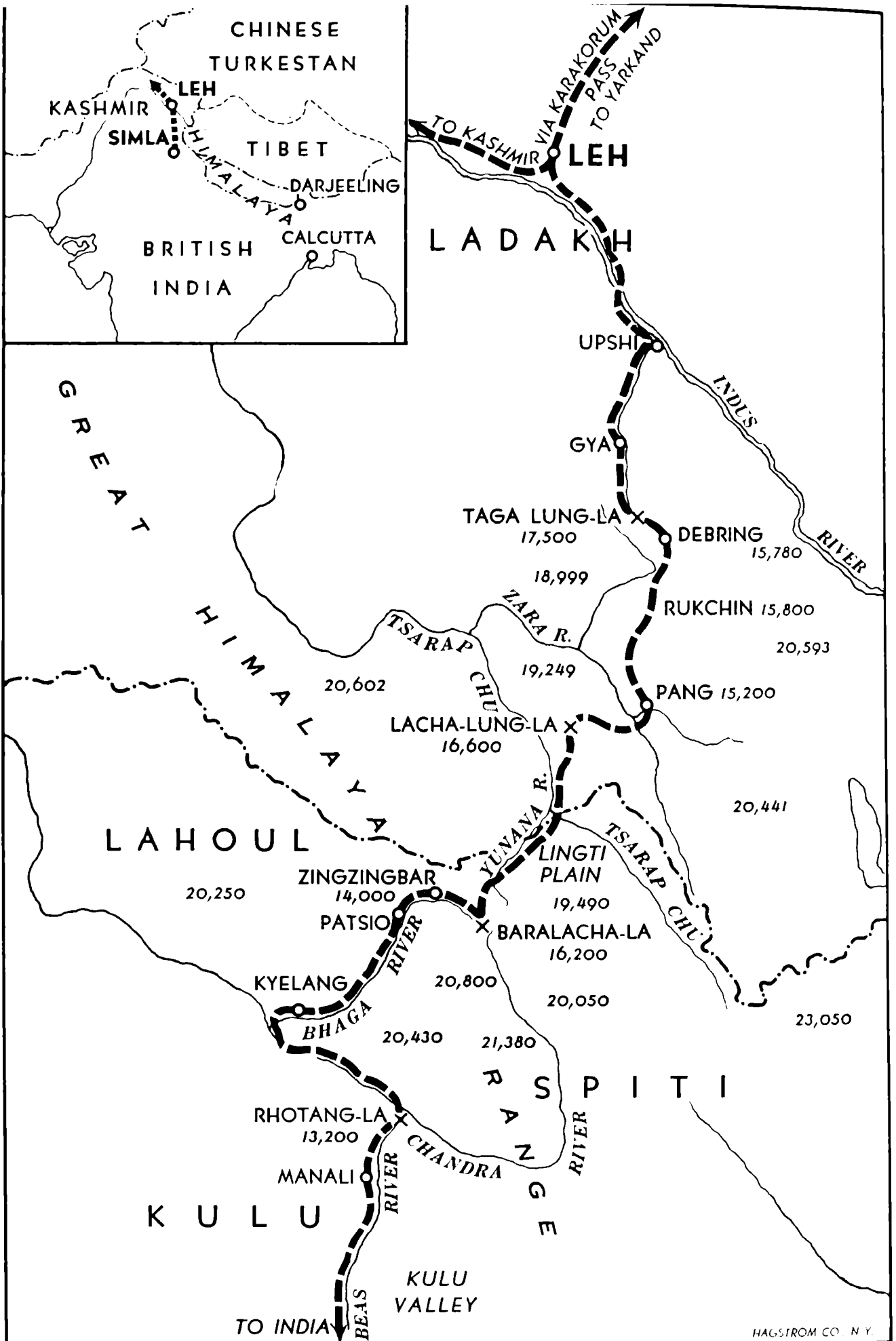
WE came down into it from the north, my six native servants and I. There was Sunnam Wanchuk, the new guide, recommended to me by another member of the Himalayan Club. There was also Anchuk, tall, lean, and benevolent-looking; and Ishi Tundup and Tashi Tampil, the one shift-eyed, the other a scarecrow but, withal, a rather amiable imbecile. These Ladakhi men looked after the pack ponies, and Tserring, a lovely youth with even, white teeth that showed frequently in a ready smile, owned my little pony and accompanied me to look out for him.

Our route after leaving Leh, would be in a general southerly direction and, as far as possible, along the trails used by Tibetan traders across the Himalayas. Our objective was the Kulu Valley in India, which runs down into the Punjab, approximately north of Simla. The main passes that we would cross were: The Tagalung, 17,500 feet above sea level; the Lachung, 16,600 feet; the Pang, 16,630 feet; the Baralacha, 16,200 feet, and the Rhotang, 13,200 feet above sea level. The last two, which crossed the Great Himalayan Range, were the only dangerous ones.

We figured that we would complete the journey within a month, unless held up for any length of time by accidents or unfordable rivers, and for such emergency we carried two weeks' extra supply of food, and of this we took only the minimum amount, as every ounce of weight counts on such a journey. We had two small tents, bedding roll for me, and blankets for the men, and as little camp equipment as possible; my cook pots hung from my saddle—the regulation U. S. Army kit, compact in a neat khaki cover. I had also a few garments that would enable me to rise like the







AUTHOR'S JOURNEY THROUGH UNINHABITED LAND

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PERSPECTIVE MAP OF UNINHABITED LAND



phoenix out of the ashes of the wilderness to greet whatever invitations civilization might later send my way.

All of my men were Ladakhis, and Buddhists, except Ghulam Husein, a man from Baltistan who had come with me from Kashmir, the only one of the first outfit that I retained. He was Shia Mohammedan, and performed the duties of cook and bearer. Before I left Leh, the Thesildar took finger-prints of my men and admonished them to care for me faithfully; he likewise provided a letter with impressive official seals that might be helpful in the one place where trouble was to be anticipated, by a certain nomad encampment that did not take too kindly to having strangers use their grazing grounds.

For two days, after leaving Leh, we followed along the north bank of the Indus River and the monotony of a rocky and sometimes marshy road was relieved by hedges of lavender thorn. There were also lovely baghs of apricot and tamarisk trees, and frequent villages, with houses framed in groves of willows.

Tibetan houses are broad at the base, and taper up to towers or flat roofs that are usually stacked with grass. Under the eaves one often sees broad bands of red or black, about two feet wide, and sometimes studded with rosettes; windows are narrow at the top, with ornate, overhanging frames.

Hill crests were outlined with chortens that stood out against the cloudless sky like rows of white pepper pots. These receptacles for the ashes of dead lamas stretched likewise in long rows at the entrance and exit of every village; sometimes their spires were red or gilded, but more often they were neglected, their crumbling stones mingled with equally weather-beaten mané, or prayer walls, familiar to all travelers in Tibet.

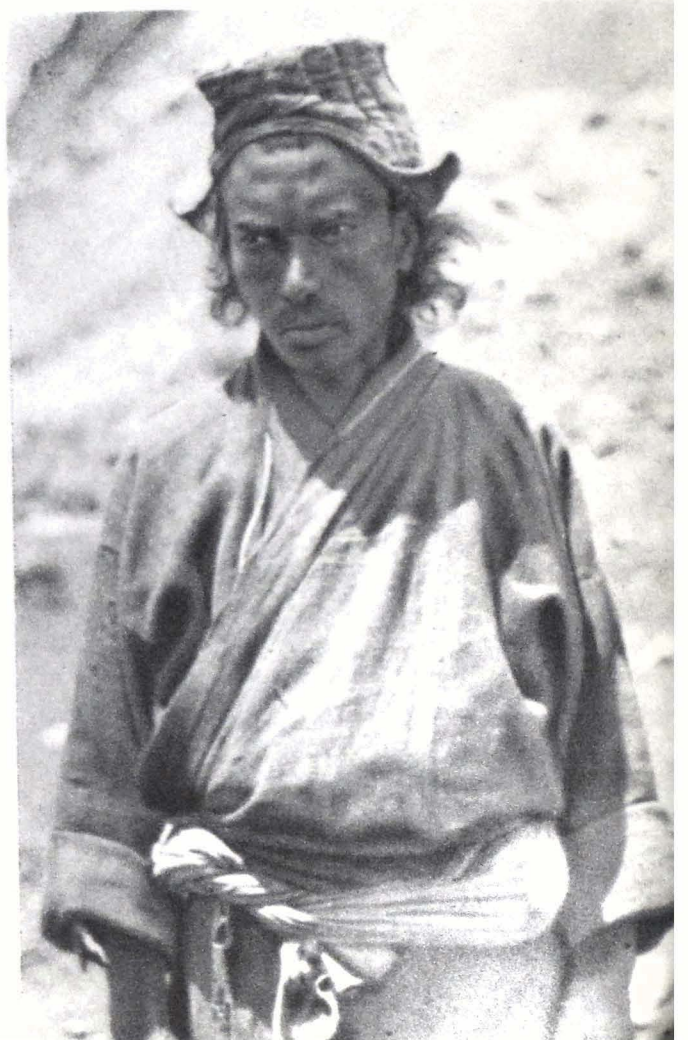
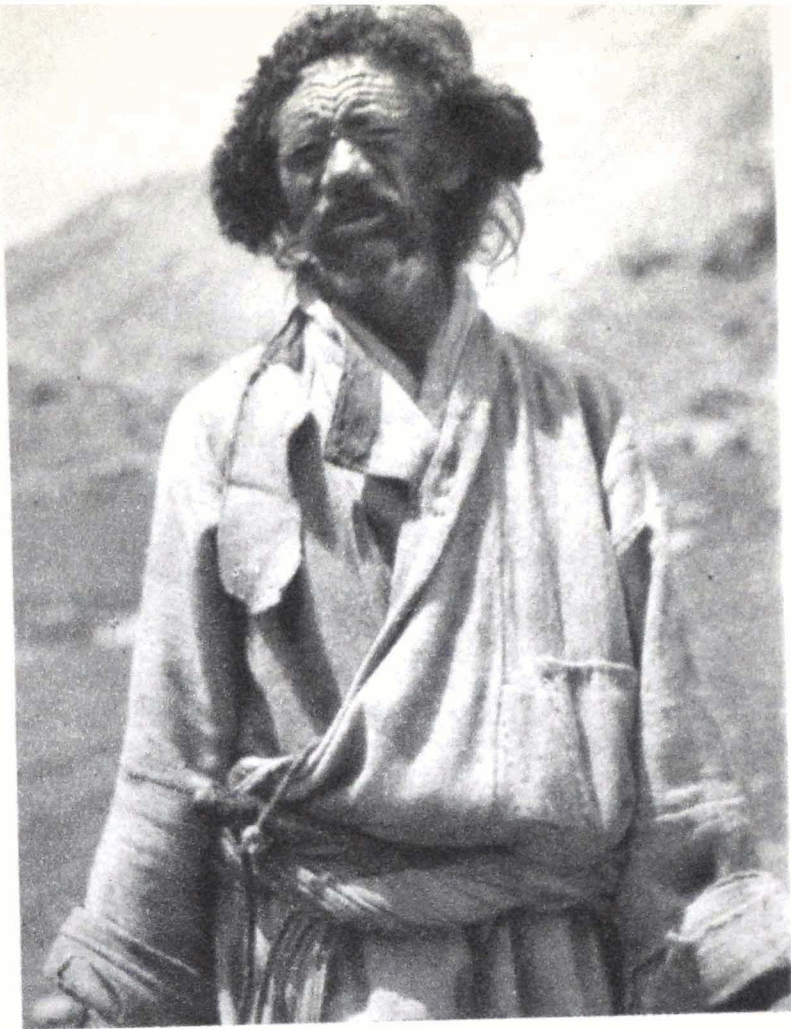
Perched on high cliffs were Buddhist lamaseries; their innumerable buildings covered the hillsides and from their roofs, and from every housetop fluttered prayer flags and yak tails. Mystic signs were painted on doors and above them hung skulls of dogs and goats, to ward off evil spirits. Corners of houses were smeared with red paint for further protection.

During these early stages, we had little sense of a wilderness, except where the far horizon was blocked by towering snow clad peaks of the Zaskar Range, beyond the Indus River. We camped in the shade of green trees; vast fields of yellow mustard spread before us; we could purchase a few eggs from the villagers; and we had crackling willow striplings with which to make our camp-fire.

At Zañyo, not on any map, we crossed the Indus, and cut due south through a rocky defile, where the Ladakh Range meets that of Zaskar. The hills ran down in serrated stripes that looked like purple velvet ruchings on a brown background. In Luristan and in Kermanshah, in Persia, and in our own Grand Cañon and Bryce Cañon, one finds the same vivid coloring that makes of the Ladakh Range, an epic of the wilderness. There was also every kind of desert: sand, rock, and gravel, and in the midst of desolation we crossed the last bridge that we were to see for a long time, a far-flung span about thirty-six inches wide and without railing but exceptionally well built, and swaying as we crossed not from insecurity, but only because of its great length. After nine hours in the saddle I was more tired than the journey warranted, because of the injury to my back, though a baby-pillow, placed upon the saddle made the jarring easier. I was glad to pitch my tent at Upshi, among the last trees that would gladden our eyes for weeks. This was at latitude 34, longitude 78, and altitude 11,900 feet above sea level.

The high hills about us were naked of green, but in our little stone-enclosed bagh there was grass, watered by a sluice that ran between my tent and that of my men; there were tamarisk and willow trees that gave shade; and beyond in the sun-baked desert, ran the Gya River that was born in the high snows, and on its course to the Indus is fed by many a mountain stream. It reached its destination to the east of our camp, in a thundering wedding of the waters that robbed the desert of its silence.

Villagers came to help us make camp, to pitch our tents, to draw water, and to collect such coppers as might fall from the hands of the stranger. They were clad entirely in rags,







one patch upon another, hardly a protection from the cold winds. To me they came touching their foreheads three times and then the earth at my feet, in greeting. They dug the hole that was stove to me in every camping ground, and across it, above two stones, they laid the little grill I carried; they brought twigs, and with their flints struck fire that kindled a blaze for my cook pots. Throughout India one sees the roofs and spires of Hindu temples, covered with the tin of oil cans; through the wilderness, we carried them to boil water, wherever it was found. Five gallons for a bath seems insufficient beside the contents of a porcelain tub, but in this world behind the hinterland, it was luxury.

The villagers clustered with my men around the camp-fire. What tales they must have told! What amazing revelations I might have listened to about myself, had I been able to understand their language. One does not guess at one's own enchantment. To my men I was "She, who is to be obeyed"; my prestige increased their own importance among their fellow men, and they must have spread everywhere stories, fed by their imaginations. Into their isolated world had come a white woman who trusted herself to travel alone with them; a woman dressed in men's clothes; riding astride a marvelous saddle of shiny leather that had rings and knobs of brass. They polished it carefully at the end of every day's march, and laid it reverently in a corner of my tent. I had bought it second-hand on Broadway, a regulation U. S. Army saddle that, until this journey, I had never taken out of its packing box, though it had travelled through Persia with me. I had never to suffer from the curiosity of my men; for consideration, I have never experienced anything finer than I got when travelling in the Himalayas.

Anticipating our lesser comforts of the morrow, we reveled in the luxury of our last meal cooked over a wood fire. From out my boxes I took tomato soup, canned in America; Oxford sausages, tinned in England, and an assortment of vegetables that Ghulam selected and called indiscriminately "cabbage." At first "cabbage" stood for vegetable; later, taking the place of the word "chow," it meant the whole meal.

"Cabbage ready," meant what in some places is expressed by: "Come and get it." Any food that resembled dessert, Ghulam called "pudding," and as everything was served "demi-froid," it was just fuel to me. My stores had then already journeyed with me two hundred and seventy-five miles through the Himalayas, and some of it, the pemmican, was left over from the last Mount Everest climbing expedition stores; none of us liked the taste of it, though later we mixed it with the soup.

Ghulam knew a little English, enough so that I could almost always make my meaning clear to him. I would ask, in simplified speech: "Can crossing river, or must longtime staying here?", and he would answer: "Yes, Hazoor." I said that he knew *a little* English. Hazoor means, "your Honor," literally, "The Presence."

The ponies grazed beside my tent at Upshi; sometimes they became entangled in the tent ropes, and pulled up a peg, but in spite of that I slept soundly in the clear cold air, lulled by the sound of rushing water, and all unconscious of the fact that I was battleground for the only permanent residents, the sand-flies. I had forgot to put up my sand-fly net over the cot.

With the stoicism that seems so like indifference in the East, Ghulam next day, noting that my eyes were mere slits in a swollen face, remarked:

"By an' by getting better, Inshallah," the eternal refrain of the Mohammedan: "If Allah wills."

Allah did not seem to will it, for my face got worse under a burning sun. Traversing a gorge, the refraction from the rocks was like passing an open oven door; then a high wind drove sand from the plains beyond into aching pores; all that I found in my first-aid kit gave no relief. I would gladly have put myself in the hands of a native medicine-man, so desperate was the sting and itching, but none such is to be found that far into the wilderness; blisters and running sores that were well-nigh intolerable, covered my face for the next ten days, and I thought that I should be marked for life.

Into the tails of my ponies blue china beads were tied, just as is done in Persia for good luck; around my ponies'

necks hung scapulars, and charms decked the throats of my men. The worn saddle blankets were woven in lovely pattern, black yak's hair on gray; even the feed bags were things of delight; they were carried along to hold the oil lanterns; the ponies had to graze. These people of the wilderness touch with beautifying fingers their pots and spoons and drinking cups, but that cleanliness is any part of beauty, or comfort any asset, they do not even dream.

Sunnam wore around his neck a key that was so unique and lovely that it might have served as pendant for a lady; a key to what I could not imagine, since, besides the garment he wore, his only personal luggage was a blanket. But the key seemed to make of him a householder, and it mattered not at all that his battered hat, bound with tarnished gold braid, and upturned in points over his ears, was worn at any angle; that between his shoulders, his robe of wine-colored homespun was streaked with grease from his frowsy pigtail; that about his ears wisps of hair became entangled with every breeze. He had definite dignity. He had also a silver-lined drinking cup, and a silver bracelet wrought into two snake heads where it closed. His face was dark-skinned and weather-beaten, deep-furrowed with wrinkles like that of a man of sixty years, yet he counted only forty seasons. His expression was one of perpetual care. Much of this was solicitude for me, for I was to him, less a person, than a problem. To look in Sunnam's face was to trust him, and I had not to regret doing so.

My personal belongings were cared for by Ghulam Husein, who wore the baggy white cotton trousers familiar in Kashmir; above them was a conglomeration of discords: a striped shirt that had once had an attached collar; a heavy sweater; and a three-quarter length coat that I could not decide whether to call blue or purple, so mysteriously had the years blended it.

From out his shallow vest pockets, at appropriate moments, he would produce my spoon or fork, a necessary bit of string, a shoelace which he had carefully extracted from my extra pair, even the indispensable dust cloth with which he cleaned

my boxes, and, I fear, my dishes as well. He wore no jewelry but his turban was wound about a peaked velvet cap that was gold-embroidered. On the road his turban was of khaki and worn with loose end hanging over his shoulder; with it he wiped his face. When we got down into the Kulu Valley, Ghulam's turbans were of fine muslin, white or pink; his clothes were of starched white linen, and he cut a fine figure. The pony boys wore the Ladakhi costume of unbleached wool, and they, though clad in rags, had earrings and bracelets.

Occasional streaks of what looked like soda, crossed our trail, and I asked Ghulam:

"Soda?" and he answered, "Yes, Hazoor." He would have answered the same had I said "sawdust," yes being a more pleasing word than no.

Mica glistened in the rocks; across the wilderness herds of sheep were driven by changpas, the local shepherds who come from no one knows where, and go no one cares whither. Each sheep carried a tiny saddle-bag filled with salt, and many of them had daubs of red paint upon their tails. We saw changpas sleeping among the rocks, or warming their fingers over the feeble glow of a dung fire, with no tent or blanket to shield them from the penetrating wind and cold.

It was slow marching, because Sunnam had brought with him two tiny donkeys, laden with twigs and grain. Their *wanderlust* made it necessary to keep them in the lead of the bandobast, thus also they could not be outdistanced. Their tiny hoofs moved slowly over ground even at a trot, into which second gear they were sometimes prodded, and when a moment of rest was allowed the welkin rang with their sorrowful braying. I was determined not to take them beyond the first mission post of Keylang, where I should have to take on fresh pack animals.

The road wound up and down, packs shifted, sometimes the ponies lay down with their packs on and tried to roll. The men were kept constantly busy readjusting loads, while I might slump in my saddle and let my eyes wander over mountains streaked like agate, or far up a nullah, imagining what mysteries it might hold. There was no shade anywhere,

and pitiless glare after sunrise; but at Gya, beside the river there was grass as fine as that on a golf tee and we camped on the plains after journeying sixteen miles.

A cluster of dilapidated houses; a broken chorten; the wreck of a prayer wall; a handful of ragged Ladakhis who helped us make camp: that was Gya. These people have not in their lives a single thing, nor in their language even a word to denote luxury, yet are always cheerful. They have nothing to lose but life, and that to them is merely a passage from one state of existence to another. With wile and with prayer they may seek to cajole the Spirits, but when stricken, are mute and without protest, knowing how to die uncomplainingly even though they may not know how to live. Old age among them seems less pitiful than with us, because they do not seek to harness it to youth.

At Gya we saw the last houses that we were to look upon for a long time; the names on the survey map indicate, not settlements, but grazing plots. When, beyond Gya, we skirted low hills and entered a defile, there dawned an eventful day.

We broke camp at three o'clock in the morning. Having no one but myself to consider, I chose to start with the earliest streak of light in order to cover as much ground as possible before the great heat, and also for the experience that I never tire of: witnessing the birth of a new day. At high altitudes the rising disc is not seen, nor the vivid coloring of sunrise at lower altitudes; a miraculous glow creeps over a world that is more silent than the dead, and along the crest of ridges comes a lumination that gradually flows down the hillside, until it lights our path. It must have been just so when first the words were spoken: "Let there be Light!" When there is snow at this hour, nothing but a prayer of thanks is adequate for the wonder of it.

Kyang, the wild ass of Tibet and the Mongolian plains, were in two herds not fifty yards ahead of us. They made off in a cloud of dust at our approach; a jack-rabbit ran across our trail and lost itself among the rocks; a shepherd without his flock, greeted the day from his perch on a rock. Could I have asked his occupation he must surely have answered

like the southern darkey: "Sometimes ah just sits an' thinks, an' sometimes ah just sits."

It was a tedious two-hour pull up to the top of the Tagalung-La, to 17,500 feet above sea level, some give the altitude as 17,700. We made tracks through snow to the cairn that marked the crest, and there my men tore bits of cloth from the prayer flags, and made them into a gay boutonniere of red, green, yellow and blue, that I wore on my coat for the rest of the journey. We halted to let the ponies get their wind. The view was over four distinct ranges, the nearest one red and copper colored; the one beyond, all pink and amber; farther in the distance, and higher, were peaks of purple and green, and overtopping all, were the tips of yet more distant snow ranges.

As far as I had been able to learn, no history at all had ever been written in the desolation I was then travelling through; no traditions had carried down the ages; no one seems ever to have lived permanently in this wild and desolate country, nor has anything for good or evil been wrought there. Life itself cannot be sustained without such supplies as one may carry through it. It has never been home to anyone, but just part of the earth that is passage, a land of broken ranges, unnamed peaks, and vast plains that was once part of Greater Tibet.

Like Lahoul, that it once encompassed, and that it resembles, it has probably less than four inhabitants to the square mile; indeed it cannot have so many, for the lower part of Lahoul is green and fertile, and knows homes. Technically speaking, the country is now subject to the government of Kashmir, but so isolated from and so inaccessible to the capital, that actual control lies with the groups of nomads such as we were about to encounter at Debring, who, from long use of certain grazing grounds, have acquired recognized rights to them.

And these were the people of whose welcome we were uncertain. As we neared the encampment, Sunnam went on ahead to pave the way for my friendly reception; just what we might have done had they been hostile to our camping

there it is hard to conjecture, for it would have meant another day's march to the next grazing place. But our bandobast was very small and the combination of Sunnam's diplomacy and the letter of the Thesildar of Leh, obviated any difficulty. He probably had some gorgeous tale to tell of my importance. I had, though not an official welcome, since no one came to greet me, at least no resistance to the pitching of my tents within a stone's throw of the black yak's hair tents of the nomads. Mine was separated from theirs only by a narrow stream.

Carried on Sunnam's back, I crossed it and was warmly welcomed by the nomads gathered on the farther bank. I first went to call at the largest tent, which I assumed correctly to be that of their headman, and there I was motioned to enter, and stepped up over the low, circular wall of stones into a clean-swept tent, that was divided down two-thirds of its middle by a trough of stones, wherein were kept, at one end, the cook pots, at the other, a carefully guarded fire of yak's dung. All household articles were stored atop the two-foot-broad wall, and the earthen floor was bare of furniture. Smoke escaped through a hole in the top of the wide tent of woven yak's hair, and fresh air came in abundance through many tatters. Above each tent waved yak tails tied to long poles.

We made ourselves easily understood by the medium of signs and exclamations. There is little self-consciousness about the people of the wilds, and these expressed their delight by loud laughter and a frank inspection of my attire, which would indeed have merited still greater curiosity in civilization.

In wooden cups, silver-lined, brick tea was served to me, and in ladles of copper, artistically shaped, roasted corn was tendered; I found it delicious. Later we purchased butter made from yak's milk, and it was white and sweet.

Making their home in this spot for six months of the year, these nomads have erected no edifice of any kind, except the low prayer, or mané, wall which they do not bother to keep in repair. Here, as everywhere in lands of Tibetan origin, the custom of polyandry prevails, and as consequence, chil-

dren are few and much desired; to produce even one is an important contribution, what "quints" or "quads" would achieve is hard to conjecture.

Seeing me approach from afar, the women had put on all of their finery, and were pleased when I admired earrings and necklaces of seed pearls and turquoises and carnelian, and laughed when I called attention to the absence of such decoration in my own costume. Their teeth were broken and discolored, and they wore the Ladakhi costume of homespun, wine-colored, with the famous "peyrak" headdress, that is said to be a relic of serpent-worship. The long strip of leather, starting at the forehead, and ending below the waist at the back, is covered with red felt and studded closely with large turquoises the full length; a smaller strip running up in the back at one side, and studded with carnelian, is thought to represent the tail. Instead of ending in a point on the forehead, the peyrak of these nomads was cut straight across the forehead, bound with a silver bar, and over their ears were immense flaps of black astrakan. I visited in turn all of the tents, then retired "pickaback" across the stream, as I had come.

I had no sooner got to my tent than an immediate return visit was made; the women appeared, more gorgeous than ever with jewelry, and all of them wanted to crowd into my small tent at the same time. It was only  $7 \times 7$  in size, and the whole middle of it was covered with my canvas cot, draped with mosquito net fastened to the roof; the rest of the space held food boxes. To the rear, separated by a fly, was a tiny, circular wash room with my basin propped on a food box. Pockets down the sides of the tent, held the clothing in daily use.

These nomads were very rich, as goods are reckoned in the wilderness; they had hundreds of head of yak and sheep and goats; as far as eye could reach along the plain, and up into the hills, were vast herds of grazing yak, long-haired, bushy-tailed, with curved, outstanding horns, and short legs that were easily pulled up out of the snow. Their hair is valuable wool; their milk is sweet, and the butter which is made from it is kept for months sewed up in goat skins;



even their droppings are precious fuel that is carefully gathered and rolled into cakes; their meat is a great delicacy to these nomads, and their tails are erected on poles, as sacred symbols over the tents. The smell of burning dung is acrid, and it gives little heat, but later on we longed for it when we had only clods of earth with dead roots in it to cook by.

It was hot on the plains at Debring, and the bleating of a thousand sheep echoed from mountain sides and came far down the nullahs on the breeze and the smell of yak dung stung the membrane of my nose. At 15,500 feet altitude one tires easily, and I was glad that, beyond the tents, there was nothing more to explore. But even above 16,000 feet I found that I could breathe easily lying down, when the head legs of my cot were lifted on stones.

By the time I got to Debring I had lost all sense of time, for our watches were set more or less, by the noon sun; the falling of purple shadows was bed-time; and just any time after we reached the grazing plot was meal time. A high wind tore at the tent ropes and rocked my tent that night, and I heard Ghulam several times hammering down the tent pegs. The ponies grazed nearby, my own little black, easily distinguished by a sound that was almost like a purr.

A sheep was purchased for the men, and they killed and ate it forthwith, cooking it over a campfire that, at that altitude, will never bring water to a boil of more than 180 degrees. Consequently they came to me next day, clasping their tummies, and making gurgling sounds to indicate their distress and accepted cheerfully what at other times, as part of a weekly routine, I insisted on their taking: a good dose of castor oil. The sheep's brains and heart were served to me, but even had I not heard its final lament I could not have eaten them half-cooked.

Zara!

On our march next day, Sunnam pointed to the remains of low walls whereon black tents had once been stretched at Zara, now abandoned to the desert, probably because the river changed its course and with it grazing, and all chance of living ceased. Leaving there we got quite off the path

and followed east, then southeast, skirting hills and passing through defiles that brought us to the filthy settlement of nomads at Rukchin where a few thoughtful-looking canines roamed about in search of food, and would certainly have bitten the hand that might have been so rash as to pet them. Never have I seen such degenerate-looking people as lived in Rukchin; they too, are shepherds, but they looked as if their enzymes had all gone wrong inside them, and as if vice, rather than wool, was their chief commodity. It might, perhaps, have been even worse to have had them good, in such a setting. At least they had news to give.

“Was the river ahead high?” we asked.

It would be only knee-deep for a man walking, if we forded early.

“Was there much snow on the Baralacha?”

Two nasty bits, but some Sherpas, on their way to Tibet with brick tea, had got through. At best it would be another week before we got to the pass. That night it was intensely cold.

The river we forded at dawn was wide but shallow, and beyond we mounted a saddle of the hills, then came down into Moore Plain, where we camped at 15,400 feet. The hills ran down in bewildering confusion; how Sunnam ever found his way in the jumble of rock was a mystery. About it was such peace, that it seemed incredible that rumors of war and deep depression gripped the civilized world. Out there all was confusion; precious things, like liberty, were being destroyed; too much was being wasted on too little. And after all of this, how might one adjust to live again down there?

About us the hills were like iridescent velvet of rose and green and gold; they were spread out at the bottom as if a giant hand held beautiful textures suspended above the plain. It was seen, when we reached the valley floor, that the colors of the rocks were blended with sparse grass, burned yellow, and wild sagebrush and scrub bushes that were lifted above the desert level on little mounds of sand that had been driven in about their roots. A lashing wind tore across the open space, and kyang grazed in the distance.

We forded three rivers in the early hours next day, and it was bitter cold; but we made camp facing what looked like a castle of rose and saffron, hewn out of the rock by capricious wind and disintegrating water. Its base was buried in the stream, which there made a sharp turn around a rock, leaving its further manœuvres a mystery.

Our "open Sesame," the following morning, was a narrow cleft in the rock, just wide enough for a saddled, but riderless pony to pass through; the pack animals had to be driven into the river to make their way around the rock, and we met them on its far side. There we found ourselves in a narrow, sandy bowl, at the base of high cliffs, and our only exit was along steep and narrow rock cuttings at zig-zag along the face of the cliff.

At the crest, our view was over a wide river, and to a wonderland of pink rock that rose like a medieval castle out of the water. There were turrets and balconies, from which no eye had ever looked, an incredible masterpiece of nature hidden in the wilderness.

The way was hot and dusty after fording the river; droves of goats with wide-branching, twisted horns, passed us; bits of red rag were tied to their hair behind their ears, and they were driven by Lahoulis, the first ones that we had met. They rode by haughtily, with scowling faces; they offered no greeting, and did not return ours; their brows and high cheek bones were like those of the American Indian; and their eyes were piercing and shrewd, their noses fine and slender. Their ponies were gaily caparisoned; embroidered bandeaux crossed their foreheads; their saddle cloths were red-bordered, and huge bells pendant under their chins, and smaller ones around their necks, made melody in the silence that for hours had been broken only by the cry of my pony boys, warning the animals of treacherous places: "Hoo-o-o-ch! Kabardar!"

We crossed the Lachung-Là at 16,600 feet, and had most of the climb to make on foot to spare the ponies that panted painfully. We had expected to camp by a grass plot called Sumdo, and it seemed an eternity before we reached it, for the climb had been exhausting; but when we did, Sunnam

led the way up a trail that left it in the nullah behind us. I expostulated, but Sunnam shook his head, and Ghulam said that there was not enough grass there to keep the ponies alive, and that we *must* go on. He said:

“Goré (pony) no eat, no live!” To which I retorted:

“Goré living, memsahib maybe dying.” The ponies who carried food for all of us were of first importance, we *had* to go on. This was what Bishop Peter had warned of: the search for grass. On, and on, and on, we dragged ourselves. Nobody spoke. The men had even ceased to admonish the ponies; they must have been worn out, for they had walked every foot of the road from Leh.

Where could Sunnam be taking us? My compass was useless, for we were crossing hills, to only he knew where. We were completely off our trail, and hungry, for it was impossible to halt there even to make tea. We must find grass before night, that the ponies might be fit to carry their loads next day. My head ached, and I felt strangely weak; climbing at 16,600 feet is a bit of a strain on the unaccustomed heart. Then I got down off my pony and lay for awhile in the sun; yet I might not tarry and let the bandobast get too far ahead of me, for I might lose sight of them at some turning, so I mounted, and went on. Then, at a turn of the trail, a splendid sight greeted our eyes. We came out onto a high cliff above the mighty Tsarap Chu that cut its way deeply and carved, as it ran, forests of pointed trees. On our side of the bluff all was barrenness; on the other was a glory of green.

The ponies were driven across to graze and were a long time rounding up next day; our own fording came some miles farther on where it was less difficult, and we had to hurry, for we knew that before we might make camp that day, we must cross the Tsarap Chu at its most formidable part, and there was no chance of our reaching the ford at low water. The Tsarap Chu flows out of the glaciers in Spiti and, augmented by many mountain streams, runs in a northerly direction into Zaskar.

When finally we came to the fording, it looked like altogether too great an undertaking. We were on a high bluff,

and looking down over the immense expanse of water we could see, where the color changed, that there were sandbanks down two parts of the great river; these were our hope, though between them and near the farther shore, the stream was swift, and might be the deeper for the narrower channels through which it rushed. It seemed to be about two miles across, judging from the sight of a band of horsemen who rode up to the bluff on the other side; one could only just see that men were astride the animals.

Sunnam said that the memsahib should not cross there but go down the river for three miles farther where it was safer to ford, and that he would try to get the pack ponies across at the nearer point, where we stood. "Pony can go, memsahib can go too," I said. It was high adventure! I had been warned never to look down at the rushing water in fording; one feels then that one is being carried down with the current and becomes dizzy, and is inclined to try to bend in the saddle in the opposite direction from the current, thus adding to the pony's difficulty. We climbed down the embankment; Sunnam and Ghulam grasped my pony's bridle on either side to steady him and to support themselves; we went down stream, edging toward the farther side until we struck the submerged sand bank, and rode up stream again on this, to zig-zag the same way to the second one, and then a straight crossing, with something of a leap up out of the water on the farther bank, where the current was strongest. It was a long crossing, breast high for the men on foot, but for me just soaked feet and almost to the saddle. Then the pack-ponies were driven across, and, when we were all assembled, we mounted up a steep bank and found ourselves on the high, alluvial, Lingti Plains.

There, by the water hole, we camped, and Ghulam was tempted to do the week's laundry. We had descended to 14,000 feet and crossed the border of Lahoul. Wide grazing fields spread about us and beyond rose many peaks over 19,000 feet high.

Cutting its way between steep banks across the Lingti Plains was now the Yunnan River, that rises in the glaciers

of the Baralacha Pass. For days we had found the hard clods of earth difficult to make a fire with, but on the Lingti Plains it had more dried roots in it, so the cook pot boiled merrily. My men gathered around the campfire and chanted the monotonous songs of the wilds, that take the form of a leader, solo, and the refrain in chorus. I later asked Ghulam to translate what they sang and he said:

“Just making words. Saying: working for very good memsahib; everybody happy; everybody well, but having much work; by an’ by memsahib givin’ good baksheesh!” They will work for a pittance that is not even a living wage so long as they can look forward to baksheesh; this largesse means everything; it is the pot of gold at the foot of their rainbow.

They could have taken all I had without resistance; they knew that I must have money with me and that I could not carry the heavy anna, and two and ten anna bits, in the little leather pouches; therefore they knew that these were in the wooden boxes with the food, or in my canvas bedding roll, accessible to anyone. They knew also that I was unarmed; to have carried arms, the British authorities felt, would invite attack, for their possession was forbidden to the natives, and much coveted, yet it would never have occurred to them to touch my property.

Sometimes I visited the men around the campfire and added sugar to their brick tea; they would take any amount of it; and when, as on this day, we arrived in camp after a good soaking, I dispensed thimbles full of brandy to each, and had them take off wet clothes and roll in warm blankets in the sun.

Our journey beyond the Lingti Plains had one fording of the Serchu Chu. The scenery grew more forbidding after we left the grazing fields, and many glaciers lay in the crevices of the hills; unnamed peaks of over 20,000 feet were numerous, and a high wind accompanied us to our next camp.

At the last halting place before crossing the Baralacha Pass, we had difficulty finding ground level enough on which to pitch our tents. There also Sunnam had an accident; the pony he was unloading plunged and reared, and almost tore

off the end of one of his fingers. Fortunately we were near water, and the medicine basket was at hand; I cleaned it and soaked it in peroxide, and kept the bandage wet under a strip of oiled silk. He stood this for two days, then tore off the bandage and tied a bit of dirty rag about it himself, and was none the worse.

For the exciting journey across the Baralacha Pass, we broke camp by lantern light; ice was thick in my wash basin; as two men rounded up the ponies in the hills with familiar calls, another built the fire, for men must have a good meal before starting. I pulled on three pairs of woolen stockings and fur-lined boots; three sweaters, and a slicker over all as wind-break, for the wind is fierce on those high passes. Then I sat out under the stars on a food-box while my tent was struck and the ponies loaded. The stars looked enormous and very near in a clear sky, and the flashlight, moving here and there, looked as if a star had come down to help us load the ponies.

The way was fairly steep and wound among boulders that were scorched from volcanic fire; a heavy mist enveloped us before we had been long on the road, and a chill wind irritated the, as yet, unhealed sores on my face and struck through warmest garments. We forded rapid mountain streams that were thrown high over boulders, and came to the border of Spiti that is still more wild and desolate. We were crossing the Great Himalayan Range, broken there into numerous chains and valleys, with countless peaks rearing their crowns of snow about us, and on all sides vast glaciers were cradled in the hills. Paths from Spiti, Zaskar, Ladakh, and Lahoul converge at the top of the Baralacha Pass, which is five miles long, and would not be difficult but for the immense amount of snow, and the glaciers, and the avalanches of rock that sometimes obliterate the path and make going over them precarious; there are none of the sharp precipices that make some of the passes so terrifying.

The great Shigri glacier, a mile wide, lay right across our path, so covered with snow as to resemble a high snow bank up which we had to go in order to find the onward path.

There was no avoiding it, for on one side ran a torrential river, and on the other sheer precipices partly covered with snow, rose like walls. A trail, at zig-zag up the glacier, looked easy (it had been made by the bandobast with tea, no doubt). I moved back a few yards, while the ponies were driven up, in order to take photographs; the Rolleiflex hung around my neck.

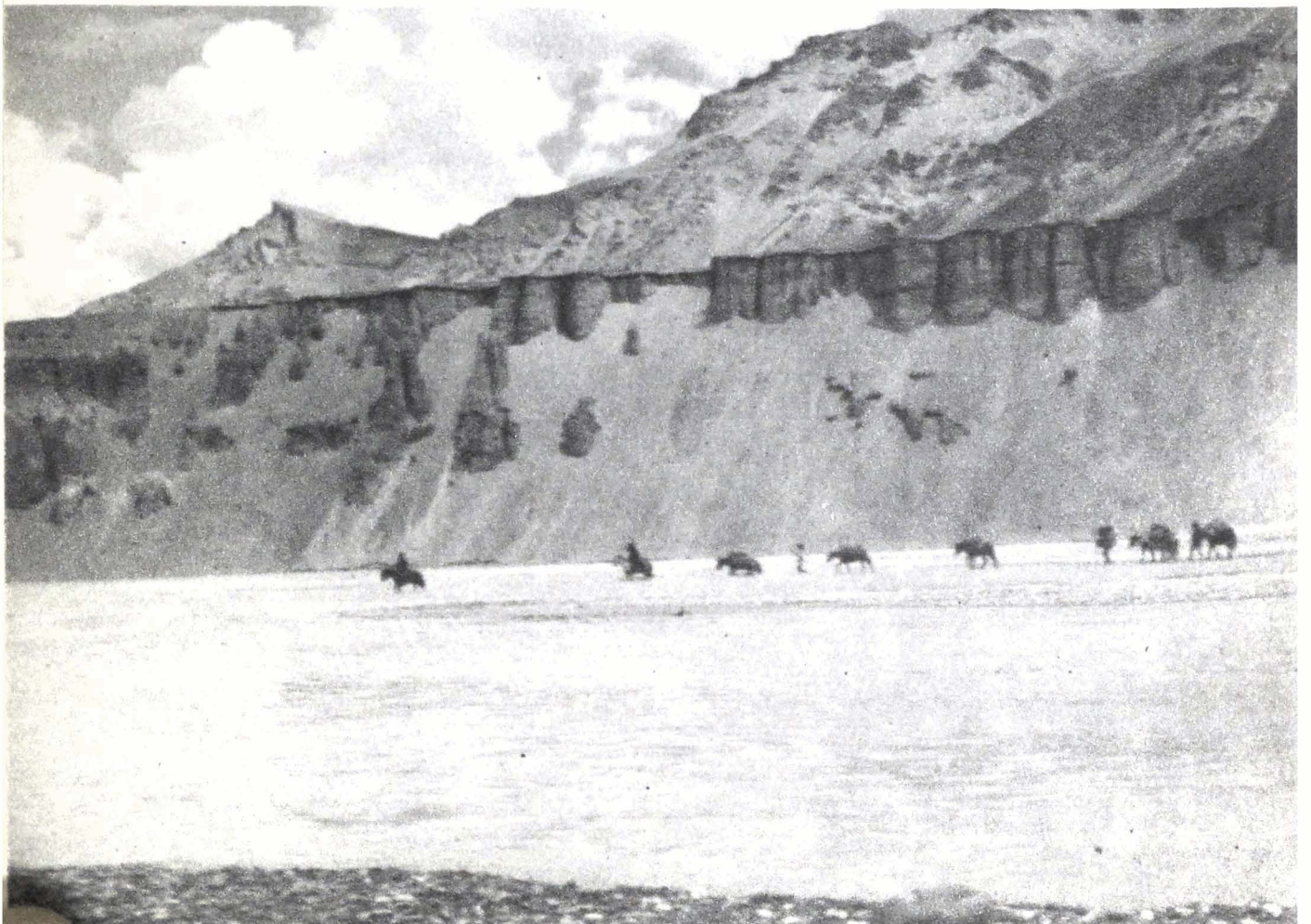
The first pony lost his footing and slid off into a snow drift where he lay prone with bewildered and reproachful eyes. The next one made the first turn, then completed a somersault with his pack, he was dug out of the snow a bit cut up but not injured. A third pony also came to grief. Only two of them made the grade with their packs. The packs were removed from the snow, where they had been shed or dropped, by the men who unloaded the unfortunate beasts, and they were driven up, protesting and obviously in terror. I followed, pushed and pulled. There was no danger, for even had one fallen it could only have been in deep snow.

A red filter had been sold to me for use in snow scenes, and this seemed a fine chance under a bright sun; only at the last moment, when the actual falling was over, was I able to get Sunnam to come to me with the motion picture camera that he carried slung across his shoulders, but I took a few feet of reel with that, fortunately, for all the others were blank, and on my return I learnt that one could not take pictures with verichrome film and the red filter.

My men loaded the packs on their backs and reloaded them onto the ponies on top of the glacier, and we moved on. This part of the route is the most dangerous, and not negotiable at all before July, or after September. Two lovely lakes lay between the hills, and we skirted one of them, the Yunnan Tso, at an altitude of about 16,200 feet. It lay on our left, down a steep embankment. Across our path at this point an avalanche of rock had fallen, completely wiping it out; we had to pick our way across it and one pony fell off, shed his pack almost into the lake, and himself clung to the embankment with his hoofs between the boulders, within ten feet of the lake. We carried extra rope for such emer-







gencies, and the men had quickly roped him up onto what remained of the trail; he was cut and bleeding, but not badly injured. We had then more mountain streams to cross and another glacier, not so bad, but slippery, and the ponies had a hard time keeping their footing.

We had been on the road for ten hours without a meal. The men carried "tsamba," parched barley meal, at which they nibbled on the way, and I finished a chocolate bar, but we were glad indeed to reach camp at Zingzingbar on the Bhaga River, one of the branches of the Chenab, that rises in the Baralacha. And at Zingzingbar we breathed more freely at 14,000 feet; there also was a stone shelter for the men and ponies, and my tent was stretched atop the stone foundations of a nomad's tent, and was well sheltered from the fury of wind that drove off the high snows. The nearby hills were lavender, rose, pink, and green, and where water flowed over them from mountain streams, they showed darker tones; much of this loveliness was landslide of shale.

Next day we met a herd of sheep driven by Gaddi shepherds from the lower hills; from Chamba and the Kangra Valley in India they move their summer grazing grounds high on the slopes of Lahoul and Spiti, and when the great heat comes, go even over the Baralacha. They pay to the government two rupees a year for each lot of a hundred sheep or goats they graze, and pasturage has been guaranteed to them for centuries.

Fording numerous mountain streams next day, we encountered many Gaddis. Tradition says that they are descended from those Rajputs who fled from the plains of the Punjab to escape the Mussulman invasion; they are loved and trusted by everyone, a gentle and virtuous race among whom crime is practically unknown. Their women are modest and chaste, and all of them are cheerful and frank, and love to dance and sing. The Gaddi women are fine specimens and often beautiful. They wear voluminous skirts of printed cotton red-bordered, just like the tribesmen of Persia, and in the capacious folds of their homespun garments the men often carry the new born lambs of the flock. Later, when I was trekking

across the hills down in India I owed much to the Gaddis who helped us to rebuild the roads that were washed out, and pulled us safely across, and helped the ponies up steep grades, or acted as coolies for my loads.

Beyond Zingzingbar, the valley's end was closed by a formidable rock that hid from view the large encampment of nomads who come there annually at that time of the year to barter and sell brick tea, wool, and salt. When we turned around the rock we saw the whole wide plain before us covered with their tents of yak's hair, and herds of sheep and goats roaming all about. Many of the animals were being sheared; bales of wool stood high, and piles of brick tea were beside the tents. One wondered what would happen if a paternal government should seek to curb the speculation of such a stock market. For this was Patsio, the traders' Paradise. But Sunnam would not camp there. "Sometimes bad men," explained Ghulam.

Under a radiant sky, our tents were pitched in a lovely glade where there were water and good grazing. And there I loafed, recalling the old proverb: "Life does not wait for him who pretends he has no leisure." I wished that all harassed business men down in that other world I once had lived in, might know the eternal peace of the high hills; that those who trod with iron-shod feet over their fellow men, could come to these high spots of the world and realize the tiny fraction of Eternity that glory lasts. And, as I write these lines in the night of New York City where sleep has been broken rudely by the backfire of motors and by revelers returning home, I long for the nights of unbroken sleep that were mine on these lonely trails.

Leaving Patseo for Jispa there was khud, or precipice, for most of the way; to a good horseman this is no ordeal, but to me, nerve-racking. In ascending notes Sunnam would cry: "Hoo-o-o-ch!" and Ghulam in descending notes took up the refrain: "Kabarda-a-ar!" over and over, less to warn the ponies than because they enjoyed the lilt of it.

Between Jispa and Darcha there were many bushes of wild roses, and forests of scrub pine; the fields were full of dande-

lions, and everywhere was green; we camped on a bluff above the Bhaga River, and across it swung a long rope bridge, its curve almost touching the water. Our tents were pitched in a rock garden with hedges of flowers all about, and with spirea and wild rose, and candytuft and purple and white flowers in the crevices of the rocks, and the altitude was 10,845 feet above sea level, the lowest we had been since leaving Leh.

Strange head-dresses now appeared with the first Lahouli women seen; their thin braids of hair were looped over each cheek and fastened to the crowns of their heads by silver discs, upturned like cups, and ornamented with large turquoises. Many tiny braids fell down their backs, and these were fastened to the waist by a large silver ornament that was flat and square.

Between Jispa and Keylang, the following stage, we witnessed a serious accident that very nearly involved our own bandobast. At milestone 74 Kulu, my men asked me to dismount as the road ahead was unsafe, and led along a sharp precipice. The formation of my bandobast was always with a man in the lead, unless I was on ahead with Sunnam and they were close behind with the pack-ponies. The road wound like a ribbon around the hills; to our right was a sharp-uprunning cliff, and to our left a steep drop off the road which was just wide enough to permit caravans to pass one another with extreme care and the help of watchful men.

At a far loop, my men spied an oncoming and very large bandobast, and halted, while I went ahead and waited at the turn; my ponies were pressed close to the upstanding cliff on the right. One caravan has to halt while the other eases by, so we waited, watching the narrow ribbon of road that lost itself around the cliff.

Around this we then saw a small donkey come, unaccompanied, which is altogether against the rules in the hills. A ravine separated us, and it was too far for me to see well, but my men cried out nervously: "Katcha bandobast!" Katcha means bad. The little beast was obviously having trouble with a shifting pack, and became frightened; something was

bobbing up and down, and hitting it on the back of the head; we found later that this was a large brass tray, for it fell off, and the din it made striking the road completed the little animal's demoralization; it bolted towards us, throwing off the rest of its pack.

What were we to do? It was impossible for us to turn round or to get out of its way; it was difficult enough to lead animals past without packs colliding; to have it pass in such a mad career, meant the stampeding of my ponies, when it was inevitable that they would go over the cliff; no pony could make the turns with or without pack at runaway gait. Behind it came a pack pony, also at increasing speed; then, suddenly the first animal, finding itself alone, veered round and ran back on its tracks, and went over the precipice, the other one following.

We breathed easier for ourselves, but still waited, not knowing what else might be in store for us. A long wait, and still no one came. Then two men were seen peering over the cliff; they disappeared, and Ghulam and I advanced. At the point where the little beast had bolted, we found, besides the brass tray, several brass bowls, and balls of dough, and farther along, the wreckage of yakdans and boxes. Men were leaning over the cliff shouting and gesticulating wildly, and were so incoherent that we thought that the whole bando-bast had gone over the cliff.

We had already wasted the better part of an hour, and my men were nervous lest they be blamed by the excited men; I requested the men to remove the débris so that my ponies might go by. Around another curve we found numerous ponies and several excited men and their animals so nervous too that we had difficulty in leading our outfit past. We were abreast of them when fresh trouble came; a large flock of goats and sheep came on, the animals leaping over the rocks, and pushing between the ponies' legs as there was no room for them on the outside of the path. It was impossible to halt them, for the ones behind kept coming on.

At last Keylang, and a night in the dilapidated bungalow, that was welcome shelter. Next day I pitched my tent by

that of Gordon Bowles who was encamped with his wife in a garden belonging to the Moravian Mission, getting anthropological data for Harvard University. My Ladakhis were welcome specimens for him, as he had been refused permission to carry on his work in Ladakh.

Due to the work of the Moravian Mission, Keylang is an outpost of semi-civilization. Dr. Asboe, with his wife and child were the only white residents. One had only to walk through the little graveyard of the Mission, to realize at what cost the courageous work has been carried on, so many women had died in child-birth. The missionaries have only themselves to depend on, though recently a competent Indian doctor has gone there, and a small dispensary has been established. Keylang is completely cut off during most of the year by the snows of the Baralacha on one side, and by those of the Rhotang Pass on the other; at such time the telegraph lines are likewise out of commission, and no mail goes down into India.

Yet even there I walked through a lovely garden; great hedges of bloom, and plants that might have stood in an English garden. Our hostess, dressed in a dainty modern costume, greeted us cordially and served a delicious luncheon on delicate china; a Lahouli maid in gay green jacket, and strung with silver amulets, waited on the table.

From Keylang I sent the pack-ponies and the pony boys back to Leh, and kept only the two riding ponies, with Tserring to care for them; Sunnam and Ghulam also stayed with me, the former only as far as the Kulu Valley. I slept late mornings; reveled in food cooked over a wood fire, and the delight of seeing people of my own race. Sunnam was busy engaging a new lot of ponies and men to take us down into the Kulu Valley.

Lahoul is a wild and desolate land. Most of it is above 14,000 feet above sea level, and uninhabited. The census of 1910 records a population of only 7,760, but could not determine how many were actual residents. Wild animal life is scarce, though the gray wolf and snow leopard, and the hill fox and brown bear, are known to wander there, and

ibex has been seen on the lower slopes in winter and in spring. In the northern reaches are vast glaciers, and impassable rivers. Reptiles are unknown. Snow pigeon and chikor have been sighted, but are not numerous, and the tree line stops at 12,000 feet above sea level.

At Keylang, one sees birch and poplar and willow, juniper and purple rhododendron. Wheat, buckwheat, and barley are grown, and lower down are spruce and silver fir, maple, yew, oak, and chestnut.

The Lahouli is said to have descended from the aborigines, Mundari, the earliest known inhabitants of India, who are believed still to survive in the wilder parts of the land. Some two thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Mundari amalgamated with Tibetans, and still retain a Tibetan element in their language, which is really three distinct languages, none of them related to the Aryan of India.

Long years ago the Rajas of Kulu invaded the land, which now forms part of the Punjab; Kulu is said to be the seat of the earliest Aryan settlements in India, and was possibly once a Persian province, conquered by Darius. Above Keylang there is a rock carving that shows wild sheep, known to have been extinct for many centuries.

The religion of Lahoul was probably phallic, and snake worship. Human sacrifices were offered to insure good harvest, and there are people alive in Keylang to-day who witnessed the last one.

The Lahouli retain many of their ancient superstitions and customs. Beginning with their New Year, which festival lasts seven days and falls in the first week of February, their social functions are crowded into one month, and offerings are made according to ancient custom, observed in minutest detail: The tying of the juniper twigs with three dried flowers inserted between them; the thumb-print of butter placed on each side of the spout of the beer pot; the correct mixture of salt, butter, and barley flour; waiting the propitious moment to emerge from their homes on New Year's day; the lighting of fires; the beating of drums; rhythmic dances and singing the chants for magic spells; "Hai sha mai sha," all



these observances are followed with slavish precision. Butter effigies, such as one sees in the far cities of Tibet, are set up; flour marks appear upon the walls of homes; the sacrifice of sheep and goats to local demons and gods; all these things are matters of more import than morals; delinquencies in that line are overlooked.

Among Lahouli, divorce is completed when the pair hold a thin thread of wool between them and pull it apart, saying at the same time that they will have no more to do with one another. Even among such primitive people there is a formula for divorce.

At Keylang I took on fresh pack-ponies and pony men. The Lahouli proved to be superior to the Ladakhis. Tenduk and Wyangall were willing and good natured, contrary to Lahouli reputation. They wore long coats of homespun, slightly flaring and open on one side to the hip; their sleeves were long, and their sandals of openwork straw woven with red braid.

After leaving Keylang, we made ten and a half miles, to Gondla, in five and a half hours. Gondla is the seat of government of once famous Rajas, or Thakurs, as they are called. Under Thakur Fata Chand his line is still respected, but his rule is purely nominal. His ancestral castle is set in a forest of deodars above the Chandra River, which is one of the two branches of the Chenab, that rises in Baralacha snows. From the castle one looks over a valley as fertile as that of Kashmir, and toward one of the grandest precipices in the world, a sheer drop of four thousand feet; at the foot of this we pitched our tents.

In the Thakur's absence, the caretaker permitted me to visit the castle. By means of a ladder we climbed, Ghulam and I, onto a roof of the main building, and from there up a round log that had been notched on one side for foot-hold; this leaned, unfastened, against the wall; up it we climbed several stories onto the ledge of the topmost window. After that I was ready to proclaim that my ancestor must have been a monkey, for there was barely place in the notches to hold bare toes.

I hoisted myself onto the window ledge, and from there, rolled into the room. The tower is one of the most interesting buildings I have seen, built entirely of shale intersected with beams of deodar. It was in perfect condition although extremely old. In the room were ancient armor; shields, flint-locks; powder flasks hung from the walls, and gilded Buddha statues adorned the shelves and tables.

I thought to descend by the stairway, and there was none; from floor to floor a succession of narrow ladders led down a dark tunnel that ended far below the level of the room from which I had climbed the tower. But the fear of going back down over the slippery log that was only steadied at the bottom by Ghulam's hands! To have looked down meant an immediate, and probably my final descent. Once more I mounted the window ledge, and, holding onto it, felt with my toes for the first notch, and wriggled myself, backwards, off the edge and descended, feeling with Mrs. Malaprop that it was very good to be on "terra cotta" once more.

An easy road led us on to Sisson, through forests of willow and pine. We shunned the dak bungalow found there, and made camp beyond the village, on a gravel bank beside the river, facing a tall cliff from which descended a beautiful waterfall.

We made camp again, high above the Chandra River at Khoksar, and from there started the thirteen-mile journey that would see us over the famous Rhotang Pass.

The day began with a promise of good weather, and it was buttercup time; the fields were full of flowers. Up grade was fairly steep; as we ascended, mist and rain hid the landscape and settled into a steady drizzle, that turned into a down-pour which accompanied us all the rest of the way. It was impossible for any of us to keep dry, and to add to our discomfort a chill wind came off the snows, while the mud underfoot was slippery; the pony men were watchful to prevent mishap.

At the summit, my men again tore bits from the prayer flags on the cairn and let out wild shouts of joy; they picked handfuls of wild flowers and brought them to me; full of

delight because, for them it meant the end of the journey; they seemed to forget the long road back.

The Rhotang Pass, 13,200 feet above sea level, is the worst of the passes that I have crossed; from there it was a drop of six thousand feet in nine miles; riding was impossible; the path led around rock ledges along sheer precipices; we picked our way over shale and stones, through mud; cut corners by sliding down slopes, and then.—

I do not know where I have ever seen a lovelier sight than this northern end of the Kulu Valley. A jungle of green spread around us, and the scent of rich, damp earth refreshed us; high cliffs, half-covered with trailing vines and waving fronds of fern, pushed their way up through a forest of deodars. From out the rocks, at varying heights, tumbled waterfalls. I counted fourteen from where I stood. Some lapped the edge of jutting rocks; others left hidden sources among the ferns to drop sheer in thundering, unbroken descent; some were far-flung and broken on many rocks that cast up spray into the trees as they fell to join the wide torrent of the beautiful river Beas.

Besides its beauty, the Beas River has the distinction of having stopped the advance of Alexander into India. For three days he was held up on its banks, striving to induce his men to cross it in July floods, to no avail. He turned back from its banks.

At the northern border of Kulu, the Pirpanjal Range merges with the Great Himalayan Range; a break forms the Kulu Valley. To us, after such a journey as we had just completed, it was like a miracle. To press the description of such experiences into one chapter of a book seems scant appreciation.

This journey through Uninhabited Land, in the desolate stretches along Western Tibet, was far more difficult, and had none of the safeguards of either the road from Kashmir to Leh in Ladakh, or the road from India to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Along these two routes there is telegraphic communication all the way. Mail runners cover the routes at regular intervals while the passes are open. Villages are

found at every stage to within a few marches of Lhasa, and at these places there are dak bungalows.

But over the desolate route through Uninhabited Land, there are not even bridges and before one may camp at all one is obliged to go on until a small grazing plot and a water hole are found. What one would do in case of accident or illness, I do not know, since there is nothing at all to sustain life except what one carries through, and the precious stores, reduced to the barest needs because of the difficulty of transportation, would run out with a long delay. In serious illness or death I imagine that one would have to be deserted since the lives of the others would depend on moving on. That is one reason why these journeys are forbidden to a woman travelling alone without white male escort and why I have so much trouble persuading the officials of the Government of India to break the rules for me.

## VALLEY OF THE GODS

At one end it lies prone at the feet of high cliffs that reach up to desolate table-lands; at the other, it merges with the civilization of India where reality means, even to the foreigner, the comforts of home.

Between such extremes, the Kulu Valley harvests three crops a year in rich volcanic soil, and the natives live their lives very much as they must have done before the dominion of the white man. Unsundered to the march of progress are old customs, for all that they are sometimes entangled with modern conveniences; old beliefs are still enthroned, and life is embroidered with mystery.

Legends hallow every cave, center on frowning cliffs and special trees, like the pipal that is loved of the gods, who hide in its branches. An oath taken under its shade is never violated. In every waterfall abides a sprite that may turn malicious if not humored, and the thunder of an avalanche is the voice of Deity in this "Valley of the Gods," as it is appropriately called.

They are friendly with their godlings, who are called Deotas. The Idol may be only a mask, or a crude wood carving, but it is thought to be animated by the presence of the god himself, and is served and worshipped accordingly. It is taken out for fresh air and exercise, fed, bathed, and clothed, even supplied with tooth brushes.

These are the people who are supposed to be a filtration of the Aryans that settled in the Punjab before the birth of Christ. Though no tradition of the earliest Aryans have come down to us, and no monument of theirs commemorates deed or person, it is easy to imagine that they worshipped the same gods, and had many of the same customs as these people of the Kulu Valley, for it is one of the earliest principal-

ities of the Punjab, with a history that has been traced to the second century of the Christian era.

The Kulu Valley is easily accessible from India. One may reach it after glorious treks down from Simla, or across the hills of Mandi State, stopping each night in a dak bungalow. One may even motor comfortably from Lahore in the Punjab, to the village of Sultanpur, also called Kulu, at the lower end of the valley, and indeed through the entire length of the "Valley of the Gods." For those who prefer train travel, a narrow-gauge railroad runs east and west through the Kangra Valley, and connects with the main Lahore-Rawalpindi line at Baijnath-Paprola on one side, and with a lorry service at the railhead of Joginder-Nagar on the other; from there, with a halt for the night in the dak bungalow at Mandi, one travels to Sultanpur.

Wonderful as it is to enter this lovely valley from the steaming plains of India, where a temperature of 127 in the shade is not uncommon in May, I think that, by even greater contrast, it is the more appreciated if one arrives, as I did, from the north, after having journeyed for many weeks across what is veritable No-Man's Land.

We were lean and tired after our strenuous journey, my six native servants and I. We had crossed high table-lands and higher mountains; we had forded innumerable streams and wide rivers, and wandered day after day across desert in search of grass, without so much as a twig to light our camp-fire. Then, bursting upon the day like a new creation was this world of green, green as only jungles can be, with every tree and fern and leaf alive, for only so can anything survive the fierce competition where nature knows only cut-throat methods.

We spent a night in the dak bungalow at Khoti, at 7,700 feet, then moved on down to Manali, which is 6,000 feet above sea level.

As I ambled along a good road, my head in the air, sniffing perfume, my pony stumbled, then jerked himself to his feet, while Tserring cried out and motioned me to dismount. The pony had stepped into a deep hole, and in pulling his

hoof out, had cut it just under the left hind fetlock. The medicine basket was opened, and while the men held the bridle and the pony's hoof, I did my best with wide adhesive tape and as tight a bandage as could be put over such a cut. It was useless. The blood poured out. Had he cut an artery? Would he bleed to death? We were helpless. If we turned back to the Forest Rest House there was no help there. If we went on it meant too long a walk. If he remained until we could send help back, it would mean for him and for Tserring, his owner, a night alone in the forest, with no food for either of them; and Tserring was afraid to be left alone in the forest at night, and decided to risk having the pony follow us into Manali. We unsaddled the poor little animal and, with blood in its wake, it followed us slowly. As we neared Manali I went on ahead to the dispensary and interviewed the doctor.

"But, I'm not a veterinary. I know no more about horses than you do," he protested.

"At least you can remove the bandage and clean the wound; perhaps sew it up," I remonstrated.

"It would be useless if an artery is cut."

"You can tell if this is so, only please come at once."

I led him to where Olwa, the little black pony stood, drooping. And when the bandage was removed the doctor announced that the bleeding had stopped; that the cut vein had emptied itself. He put fresh bandages on, and advised that the men let the pony rest a few days. But they would not have it so; next morning they insisted on starting on the long journey back home: over snows, shale, rocks, deep mud, crossing rivers, climbing passes. I never knew whether Olwa ever reached home.

From Manali I determined to walk everywhere, stopping where there were dak bungalows, having no plans but the whim of the moment. I sent the ponies and tents back, and all the men except Ghulam Husein, who remained as cook and bearer. I was encumbered only with a few cookpots and a meagre wardrobe; concerned only with embracing every temptation to wander along bypaths.

The Forest Rest House at Manali is set in a grove of magnificent deodars, about a mile from the village; there I found comfortable beds and chairs and a tin tub, and the thrill of rugs and mirrors and a dressing-table. The windows were so numerous that, to remember which ones were locked and which were not, would have been too great a nuisance, so all were left open, yet I slept with a feeling of complete security with Ghulam stretched on a charpoy close by the bay window of my room, alert for my protection. He never failed me in that, and in Manali, when I climbed the hills to dine with the new friends I made there, I would find him waiting on the edge of the forest to escort me home. He was a faithful servant in the wilderness, untiring, resourceful, respectful, and self-respecting, yet, after one month's association with the natives of the valley, that hinges so close to India, I had to dismiss him for impertinence. In so brief a time, so complete a change was wrought in one I hoped to keep with me until I left India.

Ghulam was an interesting study. His early training had been in service with an English lady, who continued to display genuine interest in him. She had procured a wife for him, the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen in India. Ghulam boasted that her parents had given a generous sum for him to marry her; that proved his worth, but I could not discover whether he appreciated the girl herself, who even knew how to write; he spoke only about his children, the two little boys, one of them only six months old. The elder had been brought to see me before I left Kashmir, dressed in brightest green and flaming pink, with a tiny umbrella held over its head.

The Kulu Valley is narrow; level only where the Beas River cuts down its length, with a motor road beside it. From there it climbs the hills in gradual slopes, and sometimes one sees the roof of a cottage between the branches of deodars, while orchards of apple, pear, and persimmon, mingle their edges with the forest. A few Europeans live thus detached from the village, that is a mere cluster of native shacks near the post-office. There is little that one may buy



in the shops; gasoline, which is called "petrol" by the English, and a few tins of "biscuits." Europeans have supplies sent up from Sultanpur at the other end of the Valley, or shipped by goods lorry from Lahore.

There is no "Social Life" in Manali; people seek it for the quiet, and for fishing and game-shooting. Pheasants, chikor, snipe, black bear, ibex, deer, and baral, and also snow leopards, abound in the hills. The Kulu Valley is not organized to care for visitors as is Kashmir, but at certain seasons one may hire ponies and tents there, but servants must be brought from India. Its accessibility draws yearly more people to it from the Punjab. For those who do not care for Simla, the nearest hill station, a few shacks and houses may be found in the valley, also a comfortable hotel at Raison.

I found welcome companionship after many months of solitude. Colonel and Mrs. Mahon let no day go by without sending fruit and vegetable, and invitations that lured me often to their cottage on the hillside. One day Mrs. Mahon and I were climbing through unbroken forest when she exclaimed: "Look here! A bear has been digging for edible roots under this tree."

"Suppose we meet one of them in the woods?" I asked, and she said it was not likely, that they went higher in daytime and were not hungry at that season. When dusk crept like a panther out of the forest, we all sought the shelter of our homes.

Wandering in the forest one day, I came upon the Dungere Temple, one of four examples of thousand-year-old wooden temples in the valley, with tiered roofs, in diminishing size. It loomed unexpectedly through the feathery green of deodar branches, its weathered roofs, blending with the trunks of ancient trees. The doorway was elaborately carved; inside was a rock cavern, with broad ledge projecting over a pit. This was the altar of sacrifice, whereon each year a bull, representing the devil, was offered with shocking ritual. This now takes place outside. The animal is first ham-strung to render it helpless, then the wildly excited

natives fall upon it, and literally hack it to pieces, rejoicing in its loud lamentations that render the sacrifice more meritorious just as, in human sacrifices, the greater the flow of tears, the more abundant rain for crops was expected.

Throughout the Kulu Valley sheep and goats are put to death at Durga Puju, which is harvest festival. At that time the goddess Durga, beloved consort of Siva, descends to earth to dwell for ten days among her worshippers, and from one end of the valley to the other there is holiday, the greatest festival being the Dashera Fair, at Sultanpur. People come from all over the countryside to celebrate, the natives dressed in their gayest clothes and loaded with silver jewelry. They dance and sing while the valley runs red with the blood of sacrifices. Probably nowhere else in the world to-day, can one find, in the midst of civilization, such a counterpart of the Sacred Groves that once spread across Europe. Later, in Darjeeling, I witnessed blood sacrifices; but these were merciful deaths with one stroke of the knife that severed the head of bulls and sheep.

Only a hundred years ago, the Indians of our own continent sacrificed young girls to insure good crops. In the Kangra hills a maid used to be put to death each year, in tribute to a sacred cedar tree, the families of the village taking turns in providing the victim; they still have tree marriages there, so closely do the old and the new march side by side in India.

I wanted to strike deeper roots in Manali, and by noon one day had rented a native house on the hillside; I was to be the tenant for one month. It was solidly built, a tower of stones laid between logs of deodar, though no mortar or nails were used in its construction. Its base stood on a wide platform of stone; its upper story had an overhanging porch; and from its eaves pended a fringe of wood that tinkled in the breeze. The windows were of glass, and the front door heavily but crudely carved. When I started to move in, I was informed that the owner had found another tenant who would take it for three months; I was in no mood to argue, even about a roof over my head.

Shortly thereafter, at eight o'clock one morning, I was told to vacate the Forest Rest House forthwith, as it had been requisitioned by an official who would spend the night there. My permit had expired, and I moved down to the Civil Rest House near the village, luckily unoccupied at the time, and with no bookings. There I again unpacked.

At nine o'clock that night, while Ghulam was serving my dinner, the advance guard of another official arrived unexpectedly and without reservation, and commandeered the Civil Rest House. Ghulam hailed some passing Gaddi shepherds, and with their aid we literally took up our beds and walked, back to the Forest Rest House, there being no alternative but sleeping in the forest. This, without tents and in the rain, was impossible. I hoped to persuade the official to permit me to sleep on the porch or in an outhouse.

But we found the Forest Rest House deserted; the caretaker could not be found to unlock the door; then I remembered a useless lock on a rear window and climbed through, and received my household goods through a front one. I had not the heart to ask Ghulam to make another fire at that, literally, eleventh hour, and went supperless to bed. It seemed that the official had elected to visit a friend instead of going to the Forest Rest House. Ghulam next day, more discouraged than I, came to me and said:

"More better we staying long-time somewhere."

I took warning, for I could not have replaced him in the valley where servants are insubordinate and untrustworthy; I therefore sent him scouting for pack-animals, and planned to move on down the valley. Two days later the animals arrived, small, mangy, and melancholy; looking as if they had run into a locomotive. Our packs were loaded upon them and we left Manali at dawn.

It was gorgeous in the woods at that hour; they were full of wild columbine, snake weed, and ferns that shed dew drops in my path; red-bodied dragon flies darted about, and tiny butterflies looked like white blossoms when they rested on a leaf, but became errant purple violets when they spread their wings. For tiffin, I propped my basket against a tree, and

leaned against the trunk of a spreading deodar, looking up to see the flash of a brilliant wing on a shaft of sunlight; listening to the hum of the tea kettle, and the chuckle of the Beas River. It was borne in a deep plunge from out high glacier snows, and leaps onward down a peaceful valley with such gay abandon, that it recalled the verse of Walt Mason: "Say, where are the heart-breaking troubles that worried you crazy last year? They floated away like the bubbles, and so will the troubles now here." Just by where I sat, the Beas turned aside, and eddied into a pool where, sheltered from the main current by a rock, it played with trout.

I wondered why it was that people held so fast to their belief in the Devil, and let the Fairies go. Had I not found them ready-made in the Valley of the Gods, I must surely have invented them to people such a spot.

Ghulam's laugh rang out again and again, as he followed down the valley behind me, walking beside the pack mules with the boys that attended them. I liked to hear it, so seldom do the natives of India laugh out loud.

Twelve miles of good road ran through the forest, but there was a steep hill to climb before we reached the village of Naggar. We sought the Civil Rest House that was formerly the Raja's castle, bought, in the middle of the nineteenth century, by the British. It has an imposing setting on a bluff above the village, and about half a mile therefrom, and not even the caretaker would spend the night there, as it was said to be haunted. I asked the officials about this rumor, and they said: "Oh, yes! It is haunted," and they told two stories that had happened to officers that they personally knew:

An English official and his wife once occupied the room that I had; it was a cold night and all windows and doors were closed and locked. Suddenly, without visible medium, all of them opened simultaneously.

On another occasion, two officers were seated in this room with windows and doors open. They heard a loud clatter of hoofs, and saw a horseman dash around the veranda, past their door, and vanish onto the mountain road. The ghost





that haunts the castle is said by some to be that of the Rani who was murdered there by her jealous husband, others declare that it is the vindictive Raja himself. I lived there for over two weeks and never heard or saw anything suspicious. But Ghulam, fed with tales by the natives of the village, was in terror. I had instructed him to sleep in the small room adjoining mine, rather than out in the cook-house across the courtyard. After the first night he came to me, begging:

“Please locking doors, Hazoor. Bhud coming nighttimes. Three times knocking my window, so:” he illustrated by tapping the wall.

It would have been impossible to sleep with the window and door closed, and with the French windows only a foot and a half from the veranda, it seemed ridiculous to keep them open and to close the door, so I left both wide open day and night.

The castle built entirely of stone held between logs of deodar, has defied wind and water for centuries; the main doorway leads through a suite of rooms; beyond lies a wide courtyard, overhanging a ravine; servants' quarters and the cook-house flank this on the right side, and beyond are five spacious rooms with French windows (put in by the British). It has doors that open onto the veranda, which starts and ends on the cliff road, after encircling the castle.

There are no curtains at the windows, and no keys to the inner doors, and the bolts were all on the wrong side for any protection to the room I occupied. Ghulam kept every window and door into his quarters locked and barred, and after a second night in the airless room he came to me again:

“Hazoor . . . much trouble! Bad for Ghulam, bad for Hazoor if anything happen. Please not staying.”

“Nonsense! Men here thinking Ghulam hill boy, very much afraid; making stories to frighten Ghulam. No Bhud is, only pussy. Next time hearing, coming tell memsahib. I go finding.”

Another night, and then in the morning:

“Please, Hazoor, letting village man sleeping my room. This one good man.”

I looked him over . . . the village butcher, and said that he might share Ghulam's room at night. I pictured them with knives drawn and trembling with fear, as I fell asleep. Only now, as I write this, do I begin to wonder whether either Ghulam or his friend spent the night there at all. I never heard a movement in the room next to mine; perhaps they slept in the village, while I lived all alone in the haunted castle half a mile distant.

A wide terrace of green turf lay below my end of the veranda; it dropped off into a tangle of trees between the tops of which I caught glimpses of ancient temples. Two of these; the Tawa and the Narsingh, looked like the bases of Dutch windmills, but their cones held wide balconies of wood, covered with sloping roofs; these I took to be the ancient umbrellas, symbol of royal and religious dignity. The princes used to call themselves: "Lords of the Umbrella." Umbrellas were held over Rajas when they went abroad; they were the highest gifts of ruling princes, often set with gold and precious stones. Sometimes they were built in tiers upon a long pole, and ornamented with fringe, as one sees them to-day in the royal palaces of Siam. The ornaments atop Indian temples and stupas, that look like toadstools, are in reality, umbrellas, a Buddhist symbol; in the Kulu Valley, these spreading, drooping roofs, are doubtless likewise umbrellas, held over the abode of their gods.

Inside the Narsingh, I found a large copper statue, draped in white cloth, with a turban wound around its head. It had four hands, and its large silver eyes gleamed uncannily from a dark corner. Beside it stood a yoni with lingas, the female and male symbols of fertility. There was also a miniature Nanda bull, the symbol of life.

Two other temples, one high on the hillside, and one very central in the village, were both elaborately carved in stone, with columns before the entrance, and deeply carved images set in the outer walls. They rise, tower-like, with pointed roofs, surrounded by ribbed amalaka that represents the fruit of the lotus. Facing the entrance of the Mahadev Shivaji Temple is a large Nanda bull, the emblem of Siva.



and it is also the emblem of Saint Luke, just as Saint John has his accompanying eagle, or Saint Mark his lion.

The temple on the hill had more elaborate carving, and beside the columns of its portals were figures carved in relief for all the world like the heavenly Apsaras on the temple of Angkor Wat, in Cambodia, but crude in design and in execution.

The Tripura Sundri temple is the counterpart of the one in Manali, with wooden tiers of roofs, but in Naggar, the corners were ornamented with gargoyles, just as are Christian churches.

Many a battle raged in the Kulu Valley. Tibetans conquered it in the twelfth century; in the nineteenth, the Sikhs invaded it from India; still more tragic history is written on a hundred suttee stones in Naggar, erected to commemorate the sacrifice of wives who were burned to death on their husbands' funeral pyres. The little figures in relief, represent the number sacrificed; sometimes there were but three or four; more frequently a goodly number.

Often on woodland paths I met the women of the valley, and stopped to exchange nods and smiles and exclamations with them. They could not admire my sport clothes and heavy boots as I did their wealth of silver jewelry. Not content with earrings that held silver chains suspended from ear to ear, their ears were pierced all around the top, and strung with numerous loops of silver, and jewels were embedded in their nostrils.

Their clothes were gay also; of homespun woolens in checks and stripes, and often of bright-colored velvets. The women of the Kulu Valley are very independent, because they know their value in the fields; they are said to be altogether without morals: "unfaithful, coy, and hard to please," with the aptness of the verse ending there; yet they are somehow very satisfactory, with a merry twinkle in their eyes, thinking perhaps that their "violet" memories are badly overrated.

Ghulam's reactions to impressions in the valley were interesting. On our way down to the valley, when we had

pitched our tents just beyond the Rhotang Pass and I had gone to bed, doctoring my still suffering face, he had brought me a slip of paper with the name of an Indian official written upon it. I asked him to make my excuses to the inspector, who was likewise the S.D.O., the Sub-Divisional Officer of the district. Ghulam had remarked:

“Never minding, Hazoor! This one only black man.”

Ghulam was a Balti and largely Mongolian, scarcely darker than a white man, and, as is the case with those hill men, they feel undisguised contempt for the people of the plains. One does not even refer to the hill men of India as Indians, but call them by the names of the various states from which they come: Nepalese, Sikkimese, Bhutanese, Baltis, Kashmiris, as the case may be. “Down India” is referred to as another country by them. For me, a white woman whom he addressed as “Hazoor,” “The Presence,” and whose feet he touched humbly, in expressing gratitude or greeting, he thought all Indian officials should be below notice.

In Naggar I had an invitation to dinner from this official's wife. Ghulam always attended me to carry umbrella and cloak, and to help me over slippery paths. Thus he witnessed the greeting of this Indian official's wife, and discovered that she was a very blonde and lovely English girl. He saw the two little Burmese girls that she had borne to her first husband, and her dark little Indian child by the S.D.O.; he must later have learned that this charming English girl washed her Indian husband's linen, and cooked for him. Something went wrong in Ghulam's world. What about all this superiority of the ruling race? Into his manner crept a shade of difference; where before my word had been unquestioned law, I now met an occasional argument; where service had been prompt and cheerful, I often found it indifferent; sometimes when I called him, he pretended not to hear.

Once more Ghulam came to me with an appeal:

“Holy Man, living here, saying: Hazoor giving money for sheep, no more Bhud coming.”

I inspected the temple where the ghost was said to abide.

It was a lean-to of wood erected at the end of my veranda; entering by a low door, I found myself in a small room in which I could not stand erect. It had a large flat stone on the floor on which imprints of the Buddha's footprints were carved; between them were a trident, and a linga and yoni; all of them were smeared with red powder and strewn with marigolds. It was indeed a spooky place and Ghulam, a Mohammedan, was visibly shaken by the threat of Hindu mysteries.

"To-night, I locking door," I said, "then no more coming Bhud."

"Not doing! Not doing! Hazoor," Ghulam cried in distress. "Holy Man very angry, making trouble. Please giving money for sheep, Hazoor."

"I giving money for sheep to-day, to-morrow Holy Man wanting money for bull. Memsahib giving nothing."

In the castle courtyard I had noticed one of those travelling Sadhus that roam India and make themselves at home anywhere, even to the extent of demanding the wife of their host if they so desire, the host feeling himself honored thereby. I took his picture as he sat on a charpoy smoking a hookah, a villainous-looking person with long, unkept hair; I suspected him of playing Bhud to frighten me.

Professor and Madame Nicholas de Roerich make their home in Naggar, a retreat selected primarily because the altitude and the climate are suited to Madame Roerich's health, which is none too good; also, I imagine, because it offers accessibility to India combined with seclusion where this gifted family can work. And they do work, all of them, at scientific investigation, writing and painting. They live in that fourth dimension of thought that is definite reality to those who write and read such books as "Tertium Organum," "The Mind Behind the Universe," "The Fourth Dimension," "The Secret Doctrine," "The Primer of Higher Space."

Professor Roerich and his son George were away when I visited Naggar, but, having been notified of my arrival by the British officer who represents Professor Roerich officially,

Madame Roerich and her son Sveteslov received me on the merit of this introduction.

One enters the Roerich estate by a low gate the posts of which are ornamented with carvings of Hindu deities. Much has been made of their bizarre effect because their Indian servants have done "puja" or worship, by streaking the image of Ganesh, the elephant-headed god, son of the goddess Durga, with red powder. The little sculptures are part of a collection of Indian and Tibetan antiquities that is displayed in the house, not so large, but in many ways as fine a collection as that of the recently deceased Baron Stael-Holstein in Peiping. Besides the many Buddha statues and tankas there were numerous canvases by Professor Roerich that depicted the wonders of the Himalayas as we have seen them in the Roerich Museum in New York that was erected in his honor.

Beyond the entrance gate of the Roerich estate one follows a path banked with flowers on both sides as it skirts the hillside. The view is down over the lovely Kulu Valley which, at that season, lay patched in green of many shades, from the deep tones of deodar forests to lighter tones of apple orchards and the bright, shining fields of ripening corn. The Beas River wound its way down into India and the Himalayan Range rose with forbidding peaks beyond forest covered hillsides.

The entrance vestibule of the Roerich home is glass-enclosed and it was there that Madame Roerich greeted me. To say that she is beautiful, motherly, simple, friendly, is flat compliment to a woman who might have had a distinguished career of her own as a musician; who could have a brilliant salon in any capital of the world, but who prefers to be what she is, the inspiration of three exceptionally gifted men, her husband and two sons. I was reminded of that old saying: "Although a woman could not create the differential calculus, it was she that created Leibnitz." Perhaps the best and truest thing that can be said about her is that one instinctively trusts her.

The luncheon table was strewn with rose petals, pink, like the flush on Madame Roerich's face as we talked eagerly

about the things she knew that I wanted to know. She writes, and the quotations from one of the books she gave me are good examples of all of them:

“Bury not yourself in Life.  
Eschew the life of the Slumberer.  
Live a full life, rich in Experience.  
Obstacles are possibilities.  
Air your storerooms.  
It is not wise to invent cures for corpses.”

After lunch Sveteslov Roerich brought out his canvases for me to see. They are done with the same vigor and brilliant coloring that amazes one in the work of his father as we used to see it in the Roerich Museum of New York. The lapis could only be so true if ground from the stone itself, and the red is veritable dust from the rocks of the Himalayas.

I was privileged to make several visits to the Roerich home during my brief stay in Naggar and have rarely known such an atmosphere of serenity and goodness as pervades there; one feels that they are completely dedicated to a spiritual mission.

The Indian corn was ripening in Naggar. At dusk bears crept down out of the forest to fatten on it. Beside every field there were caches where, at night, the villagers found shelter and there beat incessantly upon gongs and tin pans to frighten the marauders away. The village runs like a ribbon through the fields and from many doorsteps came an ear-splitting din. Sleepless nights determined my departure; Ghulam was sent for the necessary pack animals and we moved on down the valley.

It was hot at ten o'clock when we started; cattle grazed in the fields; the drill of a woodpecker broke upon the orchestration of cicadas and the whistle of a thrush came from the fields.

We crossed the Beas over a sturdy bridge, and climbed the hill to the little Mayflower Hotel at Raison. My room was on the top floor of a separate shack, and I entered it through a trap door in the floor of the little porch before it;

Ghulam was accommodated in a tent in the yard below. The main building had a lounge, and there one found newspapers and books, and I had my first news from the world outside, chiefly at that time, Mussolini oratory about the Glory that was Rome, and all that.

The hotel garden was full of flowers, and spreading chestnut trees gave welcome shade. There were eucalyptus, cypresses, elms and alders, also datura in purple flowers, said to be good for asthma if taken in homeopathic doses, and an encouragement to the undertaker in larger ones.

Flying foxes came to feed in the fruit trees at night, and in Raison there was also din to frighten four-legged thieves away from the fields of corn. I loafed there for several days, then trekked down to Sultanpur, where the dak bungalow is commodious, and the Indian "chowkidar" had blue eyes; shades of Alexander!

Ghulam came to me, touching his forehead with his finger, and smiling mysteriously as he indicated the adjoining room.

"Sahib funny!" he said.

"Sick Sahib?" I inquired.

Ghulam shook his head and again tapped his forehead. I supplied the word: "Loco?"

Evidently a sick man was being taken into the hills, for the veranda in front of his room was stacked with tents and luggage. I thought it a good place for an invalid: trout fishing, good air. But a raucous laugh from the adjoining room made me wonder whether the patient ever got unmanageable; other voices joined in with excited chatter. Strangely enough they sounded happy; surely there could be no illness there; they talked like people going on a vacation, a glorious holiday ahead, with Lahore left behind, 119 in the shade. No wonder Ghulam thought their mirth insanity. I wondered whether they intended to fish with fly or worm. I could have told them which, at the moment, the trout were taking. "Cheerio!" they cried over their "chota pegs," and I behind the partition that divided our rooms, lifted mine to their health and good sport.

Under an umbrella in the bazaar in Sultanpur, sat a Holy Man covered with ashes, naked but for loin cloth and a wreath of marigolds around his neck; an object of veneration, charmingly daft; finding security and honor in the quiet valley, when, in the confusing life of a big city he would have added another patient to the insane asylum.

I had first thought of trekking up north to Simla, but decided to cut west across the mountains by the Bhaboo Pass to the rail head at Joginder-Naggar, in the state of Mandi, and take train from there to Calcutta via Lahore. It was autumn, and I had rendezvous with the high snows around Darjeeling at the time when there would be full moon.

A good dirt road led from Kulu to Karaon, our next halt; it led through forest, but we could see the Uhl River, that flows into the Beas glimmering between the trees. There were fig, elm and pine, but no more spreading deodars; the fields held crops of dhal, in purple flower; millet dangled heavy strands of nut-like beads; pine needles strewed the path, and there were music of water dripping from high banks, and a glimpse of scarlet and black, where a gaudy minivet paused in flight.

Men and women passed frequently, bending under heavy loads of wood; most of them had goitre. One woman wore orange trousers, a red skirt, and a blue sari, and was frightened when I stopped to admire her jewelry.

The dak bungalow at Karaon was set high on a bank, and the water had to be hauled a long distance, also there was no grazing near, else had I remained there for several days. It held treasures. Being rapidly devoured by the oldest of insects, the silver fish, were copies of the *Illustrated London News* of 1876. Years before my birth came alive in those pages, and I discovered that then people were faced with the same problems that beset us to-day. Bismarck argued in the press about the Eastern situation, and feared that there was no hope for peace; conferences were being held in Constantinople, to settle the future destiny of the Turkish Empire. Adrianople, Herzegovina, Philippopolis, and Bosnia, were names on all tongues; Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield were

having discussions; Tennyson was Poet Laureate, and Anthony Trollope addressed a school of Art Students. In America, the Sioux Indians were in revolt in upper Missouri; and ladies wore bustles and tight-fitting little jackets over hour-glass figures, and were shown in the pictures, being helped over stiles by men in plus fours.

There were notes on the North Pole Expedition at Nares and Stephenson that read: "The result of their severe labour proves the utter impracticability of travelling over the Polar Sea to any great distance from land." This recalled to mind another prediction in Moskowski's book, quoting Einstein on released energy: "... it would presuppose a disintegration of the atom affected at will ... a shattering of the atom. And up to the present there is scarcely a sign that this will be possible ... science in its present state makes it appear almost impossible that we shall ever succeed in so doing."

That was written in 1920. Five years later, the atom *was* shattered, as the result of which, in 1936, the alchemist's dream of commuting other metals into pure gold, was realized.

As we loaded our ponies at dawn next day for the march to Bhidwani, we saw dark figures dancing around a huge bonfire on the mountain across the ravine, and heard the music of horns. Between Karaon and Bhidwani, we crossed into the State of Mandi, one of the loveliest in India and with a history that dates from 1200 A.D.

Back in the days of the "Honorable Company," Mandi came into possession of the British, by treaty with the Sikhs. Because of the loyalty of the Rajput Raja, the state was deeded to him and to "his heirs male of his body by his Ranees." Failing these, it reverts to the British Government. The British retained, however, the right to remove anyone who might prove to be of worthless character, and to appoint another heir. The Raja must pay one lakh of rupees annually into the treasury at Simla, and must, when required, join the British army with troops and execute the orders of the British.

All sorts of traditions and myths center around Mandi. It



is, with Kulu, the Zahor or Miraculous Land, of Tibetan literature; Padma Sambahva, the saint who spread Buddhism throughout Tibet, resided there; and there are said to be hidden books of great value, and a subterranean passage that was laid by Arjuna, he who, in the Mahabarata is "gauntleted and jewel-girded."

Our road led through forest; pines were being choked by heavy vines, and long streamers of moss hung from the branches, and at nine thousand feet there were balsam and buttercups. The road would at times zig-zag upwards; mists curled about the summit of the Bhaboo Pass that is 10,800 feet above sea level, and would be as dangerous as the Rhintang, on the border of Lahoul, under snow. The pass itself was like a gate between high cliff and a cairn. From there the road dropped sharply into a landslide of rock on the far side, and the ponies had to be helped down. It was hard going all the way to Bhidwani, but the views were magnificent, and beside the road, lying on a plot of grass, lay a Gaddi shepherd playing his flute, while by his side, a new-born lamb tried to stand upon its feeble legs.

The next day's journey was the most eventful one of all. We expected to walk only twelve miles, to Jhitingri, and to spend the night there. Before we found shelter for the night we had actually walked twenty-three miles.

I had sent a runner ahead the day before our departure, to engage a room in the dak bungalow at Jhitingri. We got away at six o'clock in the morning over a road that, for a couple of hours, was good. Then a gap appeared in the road ahead, a wash-out that completely bared the face of the rock, over which the road had run. It then lay smooth in a solid sweep from summit of a high hill, to the valley floor below us, with no possible foothold across it.

To turn back, meant to go all the way back to Sultanpur, for no other road but this one led through that region to Jhitingri or Joginder-Nagar; no other trail. Looking down over the steep embankment, we noted a narrow coolie track that crossed the rock below, and ran sharply up to meet the road beyond the break. The packs were unloaded; some

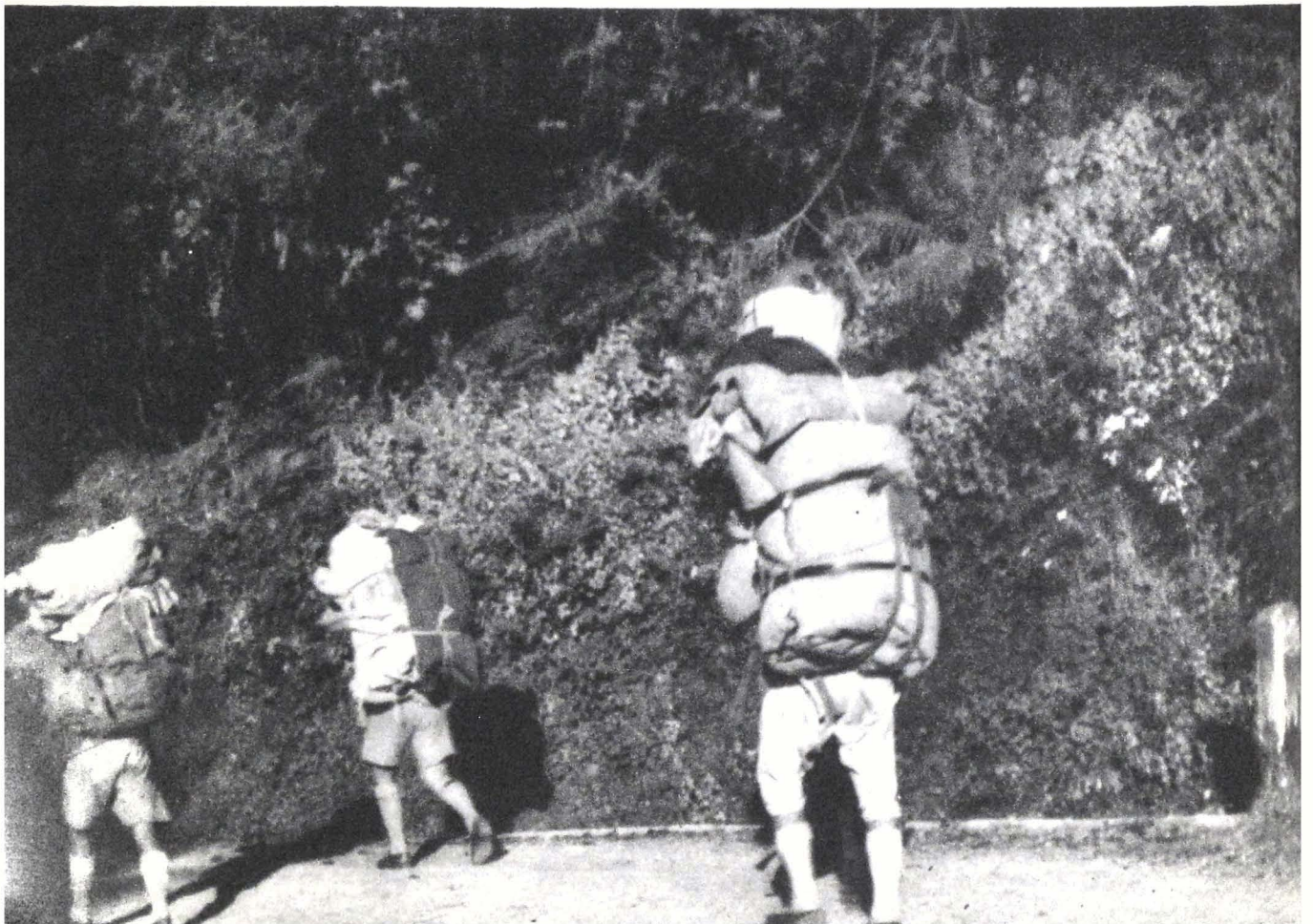
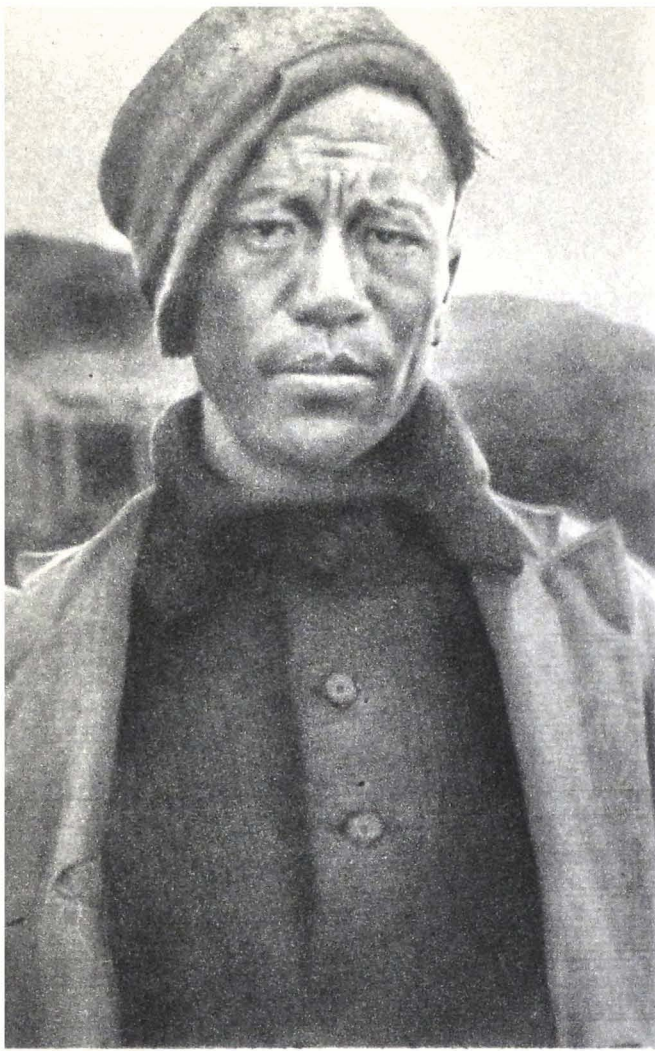
Gaddi shepherds that came along behind us, were pressed into service; one of them guided me down the embankment and over a narrow path to the rock. I did not think that I could keep my footing upon it at that angle, but it would not be far to slide if I did go down, so with the Gaddi holding my hands and Ghulam behind me, ready to assist, I got across and up to the road beyond the break. The two animals were then dragged and prodded across; packs were reloaded and, after losing an hour and a half, we were off again.

Soon another break, but this one not so bad. The men drove slabs of rock into the embankment where it had given way, and on these we got across. Shortly thereafter, another break that we could negotiate by mounting the hill and climbing down over boulders to the road beyond. All these roads run along the sides of the hills, chains of mountains criss-crossing one another.

After that I walked ahead to warn of any further breaks in the road, and in my enjoyment of deodar and rhododendron forests seen across the ravine, I was unconscious that for some time I had outdistanced my men. I waited and listened, and there was no sound; I walked back around the last bend, and they were nowhere in sight, no sound of the pat-pat of the animals' hoofs, or voices of the men. Walking still farther back, I spied them on the far side of another landslide that had come down after I had passed that point, but before they could get across. Again the packs were off; it meant for them another climb down hill and up to a point beyond the break. But this time the mule refused to go any farther. They coaxed and they petted him; they beat him, pulled him, and cursed him, all to no purpose. He was determined to cross no more landslides, and as far as he was concerned That was That. Then suddenly he changed his mind, and once more we were all together.

Seven miles lay behind us from where we had started, and only five ahead, to Jhitingri. I had visions of a hot bath and rest, rest, rest, for hours; a day held over there. Then a messenger came to say that there would be no room in the





dak bungalow for another ten days, due to an official gathering that had filled the village to overflowing.

To return was unthinkable; the worst that lay ahead could not be so bad as what lay behind us. It had taken us eight hours to cover seven miles, not counting the extra couple of miles I had made, doubling on my tracks. With a stiff climb up to Jhitingri ahead, it seemed a good place to halt and have tiffin.

And there Ghulam was impudent, for the first time, and I was helpless to do more than score him with words, for it would not do to have him think that I was afraid. I knew that he was showing off before the pony-man, a sullen fellow, for it was a remarkable declaration of independence that I listened to. I made a leisurely tiffin, keeping a cold eye on Ghulam; when I had finished we moved on to Jhitingri where we rested for a half hour while the men went to the bazaar for food.

The road was good, but hot and dusty when it merged with the motor highway that led to Joginder-Naggar. There were some road-builders at rest. I had not then seen the P.W.A. in my own country at work, and thought them very lazy; they took turns playing on a strange violin that was cut out of a round log, into the shape of a large spoon that was covered with goat-skin.

The last part of the journey was in the dark, by flashlight. When we reached our destination in the bungalow of a friend, we had been walking for thirteen hours, and had come twenty-three miles in one day. I paid off the pony-man and the coolies, but was much too tired to bother about Ghulam.

Next day my friend translated Ghulam's dismissal into Urdu; I was afraid that he might miss some of the points. He answered that he knew that I wished to get rid of him because I no longer needed him; that he didn't need my help to get another job; that he could walk right into a job any day, and had never before worked for anyone of lesser rank than a Colonel. He was paid off, with transportation back to Kashmir, where he wished to go, and he left with his head

in the air as if he had just taken it into his head to go out for a stroll. As a matter of fact he did not wish to accompany me on the new walking trip I was headed for, and I didn't blame him for that.

A certain splendid life was over. Had it been an escape from, or into Reality? At least, with better fate than Icarus, I had flown near the sun without damaging my artificial wings.

## AROUND DARJEELING

It is possible to-day for anyone on a world cruise to have the experience of trekking in the Himalayas, during the brief time that the steamer is en route between the ports of Calcutta and Bombay.

Heretofore tourists have had to content themselves with viewing Kangchenjunga from Darjeeling; but within the past two years a company has been organized by Mr. W. J. Kydd of the Darjeeling Improvement Company, to give travellers this experience with little or no trouble to themselves. For a long time there have been regular tours, short and long, mapped out, that meet almost everyone's requirement.

Within less than a week one may leave Calcutta, and return to it after having had the unique experience of seeing both the entire Kangchenjunga and the whole of the Mount Everest Range at the same time; a bit of interesting walking, or riding that will take one up to nearly twelve thousand feet above sea level, and over excellent roads. It was to take one of these short trips that I hurried to Darjeeling, hating to leave India without a final look at the snows.

The only preparation necessary for such a journey is to notify and arrange with Mr. Kydd sufficiently far ahead to enable him to make the arrangements, to get the necessary permits and book one for the dak bungalows. The bungalows are furnished with every need except bedding roll and blankets and one has only to take the usual rough clothes that would be used for such a journey anywhere.

The Darjeeling Improvement Company keeps files of reliable servants, and the prices are fixed. A guide, or sirdar, costs two rupees, or seventy-five cents a day; the cook-bearer, one rupee and a half, and porters who carry a load of 80

pounds each but are loaded with 65 to allow for their own kit, get one rupee a day, or thirty-six cents.

Mr. Kydd, working with the Himalayan Club (that has just recently eliminated requirements of mountain travel for membership) is interested in increasing opportunities for this experience in India where there is the most magnificent scenery in the world and every facility for travel at very low cost.

There are many dak bungalows in the Darjeeling District, and over fifty of them in the adjoining State of Sikkim. In April the jungles are filled with wild orchids, and butterflies of every species abound. With the convenient connections possible to-day one might allow time for a longer trek and arrange to pick up one's boat by flying to another harbor.

A priceless little guide book: "Tours in Sikkim," can be purchased from W. Newman Co., Calcutta, for seven and a half rupees, or \$2.75. It was written by the well-known author and traveller, Percy Brown, and has recently been brought up to date by Mrs. H. P. V. Townend, who covers more than one of these routes each year, and is Honorary Secretary of the Himalayan Club. As a member of the Himalayan Club, I availed myself of her kindness and arrived in Darjeeling to find that she had arranged with Mr. Kydd for the necessary servants: A guide, bearer-cook, and three porters, one of whom had been porter on the Mount Everest climbing expedition in 1933; Kangchenjunga, in 1929, 1930, and 1932; the Kamet expedition of 1931, and the assault on Nanga Parbat in 1934.

At each stage the dak bungalows look across wide valleys facing the snows; from one spot we could see Chumolhari, in Tibet. At Sandakphu, along the northern sky, the two great ranges of Everest and Kangchenjunga are seen in line, with peaks: 25,294. 18,280. 25,782. 22,010. 19,530. feet, of the Kangchenjunga group, and of Everest: 21,422. 24,012. 22,000. 22,110. 29,002. 27,790. 23,000.

No one has ever succeeded in describing this stupendous sight; words are useless, except to cry: "Domine non sum dignus!" And every visitor to India has the opportunity of



seeing this magnificence for himself. Under a full moon, the ranges look unearthly; I spent the greater part of two nights drinking in the sight, and had to give up the further trek to Phalut because my sirdar, or guide, was taken ill; we had to return, arriving thus at Tonglu, the last stage of the journey, two days ahead of our scheduled time.

As usual, Birdooj my cook-bearer had gone ahead to prepare hot water for my bath and to arrange my room, and have food ready. When I arrived three hours later, I saw a crowd of natives spread over the lawn in front of the bungalow: villagers, police, and horses. An Englishwoman came forward to greet me, exclaiming: "Thank heavens, you're here at last. We've had the most awful time with your bearer."

"With Birdooj?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "But he's one of the best servants I've ever had."

"He's stubborn and insubordinate, and he was absolutely in the wrong."

"But what could he have done?" I cried. "He's the most willing and amiable person imaginable."

"We had to call the police!"

"It's perfectly incredible!"

"He defied the police!"

"What had they got to do with him?"

Before answering she said kindly: "You must be dead tired. It's an awful climb up here; come into my room and I'll tell you everything."

On every side, occupying the best places in her room, I saw my own things. We were hardly seated when Birdooj, dressed as he always was to serve me in the dak bungalows, in an immaculate white uniform, came in and spread the table for tea. Smiling, as usual, he spread the cloth, a table napkin, on the table before the fire; threw on an extra log, set two places, and with a formality worthy of the Ritz, served tea and biscuits and jam.

If he understood anything of the recital that followed, he gave no sign, but as the tale unfolded I did not even try to keep from laughing, and long before it was ended I was almost in tears. Birdooj, no doubt relieved to find that the

only person who mattered was the only one who was not mad with him, flitted about noiselessly.

He had, so the story ran, obeyed my orders and prepared the room I had indicated. As usual, he had swept and dusted it, and garnished it with a bunch of wild iris, that he put in a discarded tin can. He built a fire, scoured the tin tub with potash permanganate disinfectant, heated the water for my bath, and was preparing my food when an interruption occurred. The Englishwoman arrived, and, in her wake, three Indian officials connected with the Botanical Gardens of Darjeeling.

She, being a school-teacher in government service, was entitled to her room, while, even had I had a permit for that particular night, which I had not, I should have been obliged to give it up to officials.

Birdooj, scenting trouble, and knowing the rules, went into my room, locked the windows and doors, and removed the key. He was sent for, but refused to give it up.

“My memsahib told me to prepare this room for her. She would be very angry if I disobeyed,” was his answer to every order to vacate.

“But we are officials. We have a right to the room.”

Birdooj would not give up the key. Threats and persuasions failed to move him, and they said that they would send for the police.

The police arrived in their blue uniforms, neatly bound about the epaulettes with red, and wearing their pill-box caps at the smartest angle. They were accompanied by all the villagers within miles, anticipating more entertainment from the arrest of a memsahib's servant than a funeral or a wedding could afford.

Birdooj faced the police and remained adamant.

“My memsahib told me to get the room ready for her ‘ek dum.’ ”

On the way from Sandakphu that morning, this conversation had passed between us:

“Birdooj, many times saying ‘ek dum’; what meaning this?”

"Meaning right away, quick, quick," he had answered, and I had said:

"This memsahib wanting everything 'ek dum.' "

"Did the police lay hands upon him?" I inquired.

"No," she answered. "That was the funny part of it; they didn't, and he just stood there with his back against the door, grinning."

"And what happened then?" There were three Government officials, six policemen, and the whole village, and Birdooj wouldn't come up to my shoulder. "Shabash Birdooj! Bravo Birdooj!" At that he grinned appreciatively knowing that all was well.

The Englishwoman had then explained to him that he really was in the wrong, and that, if he would turn over the key to her, she would take the responsibility, and that I might share her room. That seemed to solve the problem, and he started to hand over the key to her but seeing this, the officials made a rush for the door, and he took it back saying: "Not until my memsahib's things have been removed to a place of safety"; his idea of safe place for them was, occupying the choice corners of her room.

The officials had had to wait while he repacked and carried them all across the hall to her quarters, flowers, fire, and all. Then he handed over the key.

I went and knocked at their door, and expressed regret that they should have been inconvenienced because of me; at the thought of my being so amiable they melted, and remarked:

"You have a very loyal servant."

"He should be in the Governor General's bodyguard," I answered.

To reply to a question most frequently put to me:

Have I ever been to the forbidden city of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet? Unfortunately no; Mrs. Suydam Cutting is the first and so far, the only American woman to enjoy that unique experience. At the time that I made my journey over the Lhasa road as far as Gyantse, the third largest city in Tibet in 1931, the Dalai Lama was alive, and an in-

vation from him personally was necessary to effect such a journey; the Government of India could not give such a permit even to its own officials, and the Dalai Lama's representative in Gyantse, who entertained me, could do nothing to help me get to Lhasa. Application for permit must be made to the Political Officer of Sikkim who, if he approves, recommends it to the Government of India that, in turn, passes it on to the Tibetan Government. In the Cuttings' case it was worked the other way around. At this writing no woman, unaccompanied by male (white) escort, is permitted to cross the passes, much less to travel in Tibet, yet this particular route to Gyantse is considered a safe one.

Colonel J. Leslie Weir, Political Officer of Sikkim, who granted me my permit to go as far as Gyantse, had to wait a long time before he could go any further himself, though he was in charge of the Tibetan routes. In 1930, however, the coveted invitation came, and he went with Mrs. Weir to Lhasa with an official retinue and stayed there for six weeks. They later returned with their grown daughter and lived in Lhasa for three months, and it was then that Colonel Weir arranged with the Dalai Lama for a renewal of permits to climb Mount Everest. His successor, Mr. Williamson, took his bride to Lhasa and lived there until he died in the Sacred City. In 1937, the first American woman, Mrs. Suydam Cutting, visited Lhasa with her husband.

# BURMA

## RANGOON

WHERE else, but in Burma, would a king's ransom be held high up into the sky, where no eye could see it?

The great shaft of gold that is the Shwè Dagon Pagoda, towers 370 feet above its platform, and its "hti," or umbrella, is over thirteen feet in diameter and encrusted with precious stones, its border ringed with gold and silver bells whose petal-tongues of gold, tinkle in the breeze. Above this rises a vane of pure gold, set with 3,664 rubies, 541 emeralds, and 443 diamonds, donated by the faithful all over the land.

The Shwè Dagon is the most sacred of the relics of Buddhism because it is the only shrine known actually to contain genuine relics of the Buddha, and believed also to hold those of the three preceding Buddhas. Together with untold wealth, these are buried beneath the golden shaft whose shape has nothing to do with phallic worship as has been mistakenly asserted. The original idea of the paya was a mound to simulate the lotus flower; through the years it has taken on the present elaboration.

Words, or paintings, will always fail to give any correct picture of the Shwè Dagon, because it is for the ear, the eye, and the heart. It is emotion, a passionate outpouring of tribute, an outburst of religious zeal, and of love and admiration for the Buddha.

Contrary to accepted belief, the Burmese do not worship the Buddha, much less do they worship his image; they are no more idolaters than Christians who kneel before a statue.

The Shwè Dagon is not a temple in the sense that one enters in. It is a closed paya; no service commemorates a special day of the Lord, but every day and all day, and all

through the night men and women and children climb the long stairway to pay tribute. It is an amazing sight.

The entrance is guarded by two immense white leogryphs with brilliant painted heads and wide open mouths. Between these one mounts a covered stairway where, perforce, one must go with the slow pilgrim tread, because the steps are broad and shallow and one cannot mount two of them at a time.

Ascending and descending are throngs of people: little smiling women in bright tameins with flowers in their shining black hair; pongys, in flowing yellow robes; Indians with bright-colored turbans; sadhus, covered with ashes; and children, with that strange dignity that Oriental children assume so young. The way is lit, daytimes, solely by shafts of light from on high that reveal carvings depicting the life of Buddha, and exquisite glass flower wreaths twining around tall teak columns. On either side are booths where little packets of gold leaf are displayed, or tiny and exquisite paper umbrellas, and flowers and pictures, that may be bought to place before a shrine.

At the head of the long stairway, one passes suddenly from semi-darkness, into bright sunlight, out under the sky, and onto a circular platform flagged with stone, that is 685 feet wide. Its outer edge is ringed with fine buildings and stalls of merchants, as if the town had clustered around the pagoda. Across, on the inner side, is a multiplicity of shrines, each with its Buddha statue set in an elaboration of carving, and glass-mosaic, and gold-leaf. Each has its tapering spire, and all about them are golden umbrellas, trees of gold with pendant crystal fruit, paper flowers, and lighted tapers.

It is distracting, encumbered, overloaded. There is too much of everything, and the great paya, that lies behind all this is obscured. Still another ring of shrines is closer to its base, and hides the noble simplicity of the great shaft around which the faithful circle endlessly, each one pressing his little bit of gold-leaf upon it to gain merit.

Tapers are lighted before the statues, and on all sides men and women kneel upon the stone platform. They do not

storm heaven for preference, or seek to strike bargains with the Almighty. There is no ritual, no formulae for prayer, no special service; there is merely concentration on the life of Buddha, tribute, and recognition that each one may attain to the same perfection by his own unaided effort.

Facing the four entrances to the platform, are large covered shrines whose roofs are upheld by tall columns of teak that are carved and inset with glass-mosaic to their full height. Between them, down-dropping, is wood carving as exquisite as that in the Queen's Golden Monastery at Mandalay, the finest I have seen; of incredible delicacy and beauty. Little statues and birds and flowers stand out in full relief, in a mesh of cobweb design covered with gold-leaf, as are the fantastic eaves of the buildings that are like upstanding fringes with their thousands of tiny spires.

All visitors to the Shwè Dagon are required to remove their shoes, and to enter barefoot. The English rulers resent this and most of them refuse to visit the Shwè Dagon in consequence, although they conform to such requirements in Mohammedan mosques without complaint. They call this regulation: Burmese spite. Even as such, it is understandable. When they conquered Lower Burma, the English barracks stood close by the Shwè Dagon, and British soldiers made the great platform a favorite place for "sprees." Frequent brawls occurred there; British soldiers even stole the great bell from the pagoda, and carried it aboard a ship, which capsized, throwing the bell into the river.

There are many Englishmen who deplore this, who understand the Burmese feelings about it so well that they say: "Imagine what we'd do to brawlers in Westminster; or what would happen to an unbeliever who even dared enter the shrine at Mecca?" The bitterness of the Burmese over the desecration of their sacred precincts rankles to this day.

One's memory of the Shwè Dagon is one of throbbing life and color, vermilion, green, gold and purple, of uprushing roof-ends, and gilded spires, of crowds, and of deep reverence. From the banks of the Royal Lakes, one sees the tall paya reflected in the water, and on feast days it is ringed

with electric lights, and little oil lamps are set adrift upon the lake, and fire balloons mount into the sky and sail away. Rangoon is then all bustle and excitement and laughter. Festivals are not for money-making in Burma, but for fun-making, and the Feast of Lights is perhaps the most beautiful of the year. I was lucky enough to be there at that time.

Streets are then lined with lighted candles; house fronts are transformed with platforms decorated with lace paper and tinsel, and thereon actors in scintillating costumes perform pantomimes that delight the people, who squat in the middle of roped-off streets. Amazing lanterns, shaped like peacocks of enormous size or like men, hang from street poles; and all over the town bands play day and night.

### *THE IRRAWADDY*

I TOOK the night train from Rangoon for Prome, an eight-hour journey. It backed to the jetty, and I went aboard a vessel of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company for the journey up the river to Mandalay, that lies three hundred and eighty miles north of Rangoon.

The Irrawaddy is a thousand miles long, and navigable its entire length, but changes its course so quickly in the rainy season, widening and narrowing, forming rapids, that navigation is often difficult, and passengers see enough variety to keep them interested. At each new station there was wild clamor, as throngs of natives came aboard, and settled themselves amidships in third class on the canvas-covered deck. They cooked their meals there on little stoves that they brought with them and set up on deck; they spread mats, and stretched themselves out to sleep; women made their toilet, unconcerned that we should see them wind false hair about their heads, or make up their faces or nurse their babies; they played games, or slept unconcernedly while we watched.

Great serenity lies over the stretches of the Irrawaddy. Paddy fields slip across one's vision; paddy boats with high carved sterns lie against the shore; the rigs of the Indo-Burma



Petroleum Company stand out like a skeleton forest against gray hills; lascars jump overboard and swim ashore with the moorings at every station, and the dust is golden that rises against a setting sun. Tied up to shore for the night, one hears the faint tinkle of temple bells brushed by a breeze, and the sun's rays flicker over tall golden spires of numerous pagodas that cluster along the bank.

The captain took me ashore to wander through a quaint village. Hanging from a sacred pipul tree, we saw a little bamboo cage that held a tiny figure of the village "Nat," or spirit. Food was spread before it, that it might rest content and protect the villagers. One house with a long veranda, had the posts covered with caps of white cotton cloth; it seems that Nats prefer to make their homes in such places; for them also pots of water stand at the end of the veranda.

Before eating, country folk lift their bowls into the air, then pour libations on the ground before drinking, in order that the Nats may participate; these are the inherited beliefs of a still primitive people who live close to nature, and fear the swift powers of the elements; the superstitions have no more to do with their religion, than the pinch of salt thrown over a shoulder has to do with ours.

There were few people aboard. And we talked freely. I added my quota by reading quotations from letters I had got some weeks before from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. It was then autumn of 1935, and they said:

"Italians have been firmly entrenched within Ethiopian territory since November of last year; several posts, from 60 to 100 miles within the Empire, measured from boundaries accepted time and again in treaties, conventions, and other documents, and shown on innumerable maps approved by the Italian Government. In spite of this Italy makes the issue of Ethiopian mobilization, which only started some three months ago. Mussolini's tirades re slavery conditions is a case of the pot calling the kettle black, slavery exists in all of Italy's African colonies, and has been officially abolished here, and is being eliminated in a decent way. Since autumn last year, all border disorders have

taken place within Ethiopian territory, instigated by the Italians themselves.

Italian preparations for stealing this ancient Empire go forward apace. The Emperor has 'eaten dirt' in his efforts to preserve peace."

Then an Englishman remarked sadly: "And the once Mistress of the Seas, has to ask France to come to her rescue should British ships be attacked. The Italians have already four submarines in the Red Sea, and could cut off our route to India."

I was particularly interested to hear an Englishman express interest and sympathy for the Burmese:

"They are going through a difficult period of transition," he said, "stepping up into a world of new interests in their schools and in contacts with Europeans; often they find, after they have prepared themselves for the adventure of a career, that there is no place for them in this new civilization, no jobs; and such as are, given by preference to Indians. Also, by contrast with the new, their homes have lost attraction."

"But why are jobs in Burma given to Indians, instead of to the natives of the country?" I asked.

"One cannot depend on the Burmese," he answered. "They have no sense of responsibility, no loyalty, no ambition."

The captain told how, time and again, he would find before the end of a journey that the men he had employed at the start were no longer aboard when the boat reached the home port. Without "by-your-leave" or excuse, they would drop off at ports of call and have friends take their places. All of them might be expected to desert in time of trouble. He added that he tried to make friends with the natives when he tied up to shore for the night, often played ball with them. "Just as well to have them like me," he said. "I'm very much alone in all this if trouble should come."

Amazed to hear Indians lauded for efficiency, and surprised to find them holding all the places of confidence in Burma, I inquired how this happened.

“The Indian will not desert,” exclaimed an official. “Indeed, he could not; no Burmese would shelter him. Indians come over in great numbers, and work at starvation wages for the Burmese, yet manage to save on that, and have their employers working for them in a few years. They also have ambition; there is no caste system in Burma, and they can do better in this bountiful land.”

Nature connives at the indolence of the Burmese. With the least possible effort, they can raise enough food for the requirements of a family. They have no desire to acquire money, in fact where they do accumulate more than they need, they give it away in alms to the poor or erect pagodas or statues of Buddha, to gain merit. Consequently they have contented minds and no worries; they take pleasure in simple amusements; have a delightful sense of humor; and have their entertainment furnished free at festivals. The laborer can dress as well as his employer; it is a matter of quality, for there are no changes of style from year to year; no difference even between the dress of men, women or children; all wear printed or silk tameins, or sarongs, wound about their hips, and falling to the ankles, and above this, cotton jackets, or plain shirts. In Burma, there is said to be the closest approach to an even distribution of wealth known anywhere; there is also the happiest social organization, based on a single code of morals for men and women.

The position of women has always been enviable in Burma. They have never known “purdah” as in India, Persia, Egypt, and Turkey; nor such horrors as suttee, where widows are burned upon their husbands’ funeral pyre. There is no child marriage in Burma. Girls are courted and won, and women may win divorce as readily as men by stating their case to the village elders. If they leave home they take with them all the money and possessions they brought with them to the home, plus any they may have acquired since. There is no marriage ceremony; publicly recognized cohabitation serves the purpose.

It is not considered a disgrace for a girl to have a lover before marriage; yet there is no vulgarity about them; they

are gentle, smiling, and modest. For a man to so much as lay his hand on a woman in public would be an affront instantly resented. These lovely little women wear their hair in a swirl on the top of their heads, and decorate it with a spray of flowers. They cover their faces with white powder, chew betel nut, smoke big cheroots like men, and like them are free agents in business; often, indeed, they manage their husband's business as well as their own.

So completely is the individual submerged into the whole, in Burma, that one does not even hear the name of a great man among them, no great leaders, or artists, no individual stands out, not even the name of a great lover.

In the West we claim that our goal is a more even distribution of wealth; greater leisure to enjoy the fruits of labor; all the comforts and many of the luxuries that are now enjoyed by a favored few. Having found it in Burma, the West must change it. They began where we hope to end; yet we would make them ambitious, purse-conscious, and dangle unnecessary possessions before their eyes because it makes money for ourselves. They must get into line and march with the civilization of the West, but whither? What use will they make of Western civilization that we have not made?

The Burmese are a Mongolian type, with high cheek bones and somewhat slanting eyes, sturdy and short of stature. They are Mongolian in character also, with sharp intelligence, and they chafe under foreign rule. More difficult to govern than the Indian, staging uprisings again and again to throw off the yoke, they have at last won complete separation from India and Dominion Status of a crown colony administered directly from London.

What next?

They have, of course, grown new qualities in the protracted struggle, and confidence in their success against superior force. What has England given them in return for the vast wealth she has milked from the land? Sanitation, control of plague and fevers, education, and good government.

*MANDALAY*

It was Julie Delange of the story book, in real life, Mlle. Julie Denegri, one-time favorite of the palace when King Thebaw reigned in Mandalay, who whispered in my ear: "Don't believe all the dreadful things they say about my Queen."

She leaned close to me, as if she still feared the palace spies; her blind eyes sought the corner whence came the babble of Burmese voices: Ma Mya Yi (Miss Many-laughs) who had brought me to call upon her, chatting with the companion who guided the blind woman's steps.

Incredible to think that one now so old, and blind, and obliterated had once been part of a glittering era, as unreal to us as the tales of the Middle Ages, but to Julie Denegri it is the world in which she lives to-day; her thoughts are always occupied with the "City of Gems," as the palace enclosure was called.

How much those blind eyes had once seen! The Royal Palace at Sky-shutting-in-time, a world transformed into fairyland; a young king and queen, seated on satin cushions to view the "pwès," or festivals, that Supaya-lat had carefully arranged. She had actually heard the terrifying shrieks of murdered princes and princesses that rose above the clang of the orchestra. But she forgave "my Queen"; the last chauvinist, she clung only to the memory of the vivid youth of Supaya-lat who ruled the weakling king and broke a toy kingdom between her reckless fingers, Supaya-lat, so sure of her card-board world, who lived her dazzling little moments so intensely.

Out there in the courtyard, under those rush sheds that I could see from where I sat, the lovely tameins worn by the queen and the little ladies of the palace had been woven. Julie Denegri herself had directed the deft fingers that threw the shuttles their appointed ways. From there also had come the yards of red velvet out of which sacks had been made to cover the bodies of the royal victims when they were thrown into the Irrawaddy. Even the horrors of "blood

purges," and "liquidations," and that old language of the Inquisition spoken to modern generals: "Constrain them to come in" . . . to the new Roman Empire, pale before the massacres of the palace of Mandalay.

There are no hotels in Mandalay, and in view of the dacoity, that had recently been giving trouble in Burma, it was considered unsafe for a woman to live in the dak bungalow alone, and I was therefore given a warm welcome in the college of the American Methodist Mission.

Ma Mya Yi, and Daw Po Nyun (Aunt Silk) took turns showing me the sights of Mandalay, whose mud streets sprawl all around the walls of the "City of Gems." Mandalay looks like a boom town after the boom has passed. The gilding and the tinsel has been washed away; the palace and the temples are falling into decay; yet it is full of "atmosphere," and full of lovely things, old things: wood carving, lacquer, silver, and silks.

At a few street corners stood tall pillars of teak, supported at the base by two or three beautifully ornamental figures of "Nats," tall figures as large as a child of ten years, and with high pointed crowns, and costumes embellished with goldleaf and inlay of mosaic. The tips of these "Tagôn-daings" as the columns are called, held stylized geese, and from their beaks streamed long, slender scarfs of colored gauze. This unique architectural motif is as individual to Burma as the hooded nagas are to Angkor.

Along the streets are little covered stands where drinking water for strangers is supplied; brightly painted ox-carts creak along the muddy streets, bearing beautifully decorated gifts to the monasteries that in Mandalay alone, house 12,000 pongys, or priests. They are given the best of everything; it is an honor; it gains merit.

Every youth in Burma serves for a period in a monastery; it may be only for a day, for a few weeks, or for life; there are no restrictions. But the day that he dons the yellow robe, and with his begging bowl goes out to beg the food he will eat, is the greatest event in the life of a man in Burma, and celebrated with much pomp. The pongy is free to come or

to go, just as he is free to climb the ladder of perfection, responsible for the good and the evil that befall him, according to Buddhist belief.

Unfortunately, since the monasteries are open to all without question, many who have not high motives find shelter there, even criminals, whose apprehension is thus thwarted, adding to the difficulty of government.

Boys in Burma have their ears pierced as do the girls, but for them it is not the important ceremony that it is for their twelve-year-old sisters, who thereupon assume the dignity of grown-ups.

The Aracan pagoda in Mandalay, is one of the main sights of the city, second only in importance to the Shwè Dagon, because it houses a twelve-foot statue of Buddha in metal, that in some mysterious way was brought across the hills. The ceiling above it is gorgeous with mosaic, and the entrance portals drip wood-carving that is as fine as the ivory work of China. The chapels around it have fallen into decay and much of the lovely carving is broken and trodden into the dirt floors among the weeds.

The famed Queen's Golden Monastery is golden no longer. Not a trace of its brilliance is left, but it remains the most exquisite example of Burmese decorative architecture, the eaves of its staggered roofs edged with a million upstanding points, and the galleries carved like lace-work.

It was the day after my visit to Mlle. Denegri, that I went to the Golden Palace in the City of Gems. After the annexation of Upper Burma by the British, fifty years ago, the palace was occupied by soldiers and the queen's apartment was a club; subalterns lounged on the Lily Throne and cracked jokes about "Soup-plate." Public opinion forced the abandonment of the building, since when the palace has gradually fallen into decay. Its destruction is the greater pity because it is the sole remaining example of wooden civil architecture left in Burma, and probably a duplicate of what the palace of the Khmers of Angkor might have been. It was the plan that had been repeated down the ages, from Nineveh in Mesopotamia, to the palace of Kublai Khan, who

founded his capital on the site of the present city of Peiping. Solomon probably lived in just such a building.

The great Audience Hall has dignity due mainly to the immense pillars of teak, still retaining their red paint and gold ornamentation. It must have been a splendid sight when filled with gracious little ladies in bright tameins, with flowers and jewels in their hair, and the brilliant uniforms of courtiers, seen against a background of glass-mosaic. But it needs all of this glitter, and the formalities of palace etiquette, to give it life. It is tawdry and has interest chiefly as the last remnant of a type.

One remembers with a shudder, the people who were buried alive beneath every house corner, every gateway, as in Siam, "Foundation Sacrifices," in order that their spirits might protect the inhabitants. Under the Lion Throne, they must have sacrificed a pregnant woman for her greater potency.

Above the roof, just over where the Lion Throne used to stand (the throne being now in Calcutta, it is said) there rises a beautiful seven-tiered pagoda-like spire, on what the Burmese believe to be the exact center of the universe. Under this sat King Thebaw, the most contemptible of monarchs, but none the less, to his subjects who believed in the divine right of kings, he was: "His most glorious, excellent, Majesty; Ruler of the sea and land; Lord of the rising Sun; Lord of the mines of gold and silver, and of amber and rubies; Lord of the Celestial White Elephant; Master of many White Elephants; Sovereign of the Empires of Thumaparanta and Zampudipa, and of other great empires and countries. King of all umbrella-bearing chiefs; Supporter of religion; Owner of Indra's weapon; The Sun-descended monarch; Sovereign of the power of life and death; Chief of Righteousness; King of Kings; Possessor of Supreme Wisdom; Arbiter of Existence."

From Mandalay Hill, back of the palace enclosure, one looks down over the city of 150,000 inhabitants. The battlemented walls that run for a mile and a half on each side of the City of Gems, is plainly seen, and the artificial lake where



once floated the royal barge, and the watch-tower from which Thebaw and Supaya-lat looked upon the advancing British troops, and whence they descended into captivity.

Under a spreading tree one can rest and turn away from all the past grandeur to look over the far reaches of the Irrawaddy, and forget for awhile the Little Deaths of things that once were great. I said good-by to the Middle East, for I was turning my thoughts towards China, that, incorrectly enough, is associated in our minds with Mandalay because of the old song.

# CHINA

## *CHARM OF PEIPING*

FROM the balcony of my room in the Grand Hotel in Peiping, I looked across the roofs of the Forbidden City, and down into gardens that would burst into a riot of green and flowers with the first days of spring. I tried to fathom the charm that draws and holds people there, who choose to create for themselves a totally different kind of civilization, a civilization whose form and essence is at variance with what they succumbed to in Peiping.

It was bitterly cold in mid-winter, but the atmosphere was clear and dry, with that quality of brilliant sunshine, known only to cities near the desert's rim. The Gobi at our door sometimes enveloped us with dust storms that blotted out the sun and clothed the city in a yellow pall. But when the storms were over they were forgotten and people would call to one another from their rikshas: "Did you ever know such glorious air as there is in Peiping?"

The Chinese wore long padded robes; Europeans went muffled to their ears in fur by day, then forgot the zero weather at night and went out to dinners in thin stockings and caught cold. The hospitals were full of flu and dust-storm malady.

It was a silent city. Except for the pat-pat of rikisha-coolies' feet and the occasional cry of street venders, there was no sound and those accustomed to the din of Western cities would exclaim: "Did you ever know a place as restful as this?"

Long years had passed since Peiping had known a brilliant social life, when each nation sent its most astute diplomat to cope with intrigue, suspicion, and jealousy, to force recog-

dition or to win special favor from an antagonistic government. It was an abandoned capital over which something of the mold that comes to old things, has settled; yet it remains the most Imperial city that I have ever known. It has definitely a special dignity, and a compelling charm.

Little by little, and most reluctantly, the legation staffs moved to Nanking, but they made every excuse to return to Peiping. The city was gay in quite a different way, an informal and inclusive way, with a constant round of luncheons, cocktail parties, dinners, and occasional dances. There was no glamor about these, but in that setting, and isolated as Peiping seems, it was a very pleasant life.

The architecture of Peiping is not strikingly beautiful, it has, indeed, a great deal of monotony and repetition; an architect declared to me that it was not architecture at all . . . had no plan; that the homes were just a succession of isolated pavilions enclosing paved patios, necessitated by the complex and enormous family group. Though the plan is different, the general idea of the Forbidden City is the same as that found in Mandalay; but it has something more: There is a balance and harmony, and that something which one finds in Angkor Wat, the sense of being led onwards from an imposing entrance, to something yet more important, as should be the case with the abode of the Son of Heaven. There is magnificent space; wide courtyards make impressive approaches; water is crossed over arched and carved white marble bridges; there is exquisite repose. Brilliant roof-tiles glisten in bright sunshine; there is over-elaboration of gilded screen-work, carved teak, and painted beams; a constant repetition of motif, little, badly painted landscapes in too small space; on rafters, too much vermilion, blue, yellow, and green; immense incense-burners, bronze cranes, and artificial lions. One loves all that in Peiping, but could not abide it elsewhere.

The native houses ask for oblivion, with their dull gray roofs; but the Pei-lous, triple arches across the thoroughfares, are painted gaudily; and they are a necessary part of the Peiping scene, and would be altogether out of place any-

where else. The individuality of Peiping is striking. But there is no grandeur in Chinese architecture as in the great temples of Baalbek, Persepolis, or Angkor, except in one spot, and for sheer perfection of religious tribute it outshines them all; the utter simplicity of the three-tiered, white marble altar, with its carved balustrades, on which the Son of Heaven offered sacrifice in the Temple of Heaven, is a supreme thing.

On the outskirts of the city is the Pai Hai, a lovely park; there one may skate in winter, and in spring push a boat out across lotus-covered waters. There is the Summer Palace not too distant, that overhangs the lake and covers the hillside; there are races and paper chases, and excursions to the Ming Tombs and other charming places; the residents move to their temple homes in the hills in summer, where there is even greater peace than in Peiping.

But there is more to the charm of Peiping than all this.

Time and again, I would hear Europeans or Americans remark that they had come to Peiping expecting to stay a week, and had been there for years; yet there are very few European homes in Peiping, outside the Legation Quarter. Foreigners have settled down in Chinese houses that are chilly because they have no basements; where isolated pavilions are often separated by courtyards, making their heating in winter difficult; where there are few open fireplaces, no central heating system, except what they may have installed themselves, and only such modern plumbing as they have added; stoves are apt to make one part of the house too hot and leave the rest of it cold. Yet foreigners accommodate themselves to these inconveniences; they prefer to live in a Chinese house; they love the paper-covered windows, and these are actually better protection against cold than glass; they are willing to wait endlessly for the hot bath that they must have at a moment's notice at home. I too would like to live in a Chinese house; I would like to make my home in Peiping; it has more of all the things I love than any other city I have visited or lived in. I should love to enter through a bright red lacquer doorway over which the roof tiles arched with quaint figures

riding them; where rafters had brilliant decorations at their ends; I should like to see the guest lantern in my courtyard; and I would not even care if my private affairs were the possession of my servants, and therefore of all Peiping.

But there is more than the beauty of its homes to hold one contented in Peiping.

People who love gracious ways of living, love Peiping. They appreciate the dignified and cheerful service that anticipates one's wish, that is ever watchful, but unobtrusive, and surrounds one with well being; that wisdom about human nature that no other race has so fully developed as the Chinese.

Wealth means little in this ancient city. Rent, food, servants, and transportation are cheap; everyone can afford to "Say it with Flowers"; everyone can afford to entertain; and there is such a wealth of beauty to be had in the shops that every house is a delight. Life goes on with the very least possible resistance; that it should be so simple is enough; and that foreigners have not tried to make it over on their own pattern in Peiping, is another one of its astonishing charms.

Peiping is a city of homes; and Chinese homes are the abodes of nature-lovers and fine artists; people gentle and refined, perhaps not very masculine. Their idea of beauty is serenity and silence and their supreme content is found at home. Painted scrolls depict their loveliness, with backgrounds that rise in defiance of perspective, but thus show private balconies, moon doorways, and camel-back bridges over little streams where the long fronds of willow trail into the water. They are gardens of delight where such simple things as rocks assume the importance of semi-precious stones in special settings.

The narrow lanes that wind their intricate ways between high mud walls, lead through red lacquer doorways to antique shops, where genuine and beautiful things are still to be found; the bazaars are fascinating: The Jade Market, the Thieves' Market, and Temple Fairs at Lung Fu Ssu; or Flower Street, Lantern Street, and Big Embroidery Street.

*SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS*

I WAS recently shown a letter that I had written from Peiping, early in 1936, which read: "I came up from Shanghai in a hurry, because it looked, from press reports there, as if the Japs were going to take Peiping any day, and I feared that they might cut off communications, with me outside." So long ago as that, the shadow of this war hung over China.

The press of Shanghai was then alarmist, but in Peiping it was full of chit-chat; there was scarcely a flutter of excitement, although the encroachment of the Japanese was common gossip.

"Incidents," created by them day after day, were ignored. Japanese soldiers drilled on the main thoroughfare and trundled machine guns about town, and were high-handed with other nationals and with the Chinese, but nothing could be done about it since the Chinese themselves would do nothing. The Japanese troops looked warlike while the 29th Army of China minced about town on stilts, dressed in fancy costume, soliciting alms.

Amazement was expressed on every side, that a nation would sit down and accept what China did, dictated to by the enemy within its gate. It looked as if Chiang Kai-shek in abandoning Peiping, had washed his hands of North China as well. It is typical of the West to call for immediate action. It is as typical of the East not to consider the transient present at all except in connection with a long future. Time is not measured with them; they think in terms of generations and cycles; whatever plan Chiang Kai-shek may have mapped out when he took office would not, in the natural course of Chinese events, be expected to come to fruition for two or more generations. But the strategy of non-resistance that made every move of the invaders as costly as possible, was not appreciated in those early stages of the game.

One night a contingent of Japanese troops arrived at the Chao Yen-Men Gate, demanding admittance after ten o'clock,

although it was well known that all city gates were closed nightly at nine. The corporal of the guard told them that he would have to telephone headquarters for instructions. When finally they were let in, their officer slapped the Chinese corporal's face. Shots were fired; recriminations ensued; for a few days people exclaimed: "Now the Chinese will have to do something!" As usual, they backed down and said that of course the gates should not be closed until ten o'clock each night.

Just to show that something in the way of governing was taking place, the mayor of the city had the gamblers and opium addicts rounded up and driven daily about town, lashed together and bearing placards describing their delinquencies. Each day a few of them were taken out and shot. Opium was being smuggled into China by the Japanese who had control of the customs.

Peiping was not alarmed about its immediate future, and it seemed to be taken for granted that the Japanese would occupy the city whenever they got ready; foreign residents looked with anything but favor upon this change. It was expected at that time that the Japanese would reinstate the dethroned Manchu Emperor Pu-Yi, and that this would not be as disagreeable to the Chinese as the world imagined. Even as a figure-head, he promised to insure North China a better government than they had then, and certain merchants from the south were known to have made advances to Pu-Yi, promising him all the money he needed in return for titles. That, instead, the Japanese should have reinstated the Republic of Sun Yat-sen when they took control has been considered a move to gain the support of the element in China that has long opposed Chiang Kai-shek.

It was said of the Chinese masses then: "They don't care who governs them. They've been governed for centuries by aliens, and eventually absorb every conqueror; they would absorb the Japanese and meanwhile they would learn good government." Things were such in North China that it was expected actually to benefit by the change, and this predisposed many to hope that the apparently inevitable might be

got over soon so that things could settle down. Apparently no one liked the Japanese.

In Peiping, at that time, the impression was current, that North China had been virtually "sold out." This Chinese general was said to be Moscow's man, that one the puppet of Japan. Which ones could be counted loyal to their own country? On every side one heard: "The Japs don't have to fight the Chinese, they can buy them." The governors of provinces, it was said, did not want a strong central government that would transfer funds from their own control.

At that dark period of the early days of the Japanese invasion, there was no unity in China, no national patriotism, except as expressed by student movements with their demand that action be taken immediately against the invaders. Their disturbances were promptly quelled. And when the Canton district threatened civil war if Chiang Kai-shek would not fight the Japanese, he mobilized his troops against the insurrectionists. It was a puzzling situation to those who were not in the confidence of Chiang; it played into the hands of the Japanese, who feared a union of the government forces with the Reds.

Before hostilities commenced, the Japanese were, unhindered, throwing huge contingents of troops into North China; the autonomy movement in Hopei and Chahar was obviously backed by them; they had already converted the Race Club in Tientsin into a military airdrome. At the time of my visit to Peiping the Japanese made frequent flights over Chinese territory, in open infringement of territorial rights. We had booked for a flight over the Great Wall one day, but it was cancelled by the government because Japanese troops were operating in the vicinity. They had a free hand everywhere.

It was indeed only some months later that Mongols from Manchukuo invaded the province of Suiyuan, Inner Mongolia, "encouraged morally" by Japan (as the spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office in Tokyo admitted) but even early in the year there was talk of the creation of a great "independent" state, to be comprised of all Mongols except



the inhabitants of Outer Mongolia, and these were expected to be eventually influenced against the Soviet.

Strategy such as this, it was understood, would mean the loss to China of territory as large as that of Spain, France and Germany put together, and would, if successful, drive a wedge between her and the Soviet, thus preventing their co-operation with the Chinese in the event of war with Japan. It would likewise give Japan control of the Peiping-Suiyuan railroad. Even so long ago, these things, many of which have since come to pass, were common gossip.

The fundamental difference between the people of the north and south of China was emphasized. Chinese have described it best. Lin Yutang and T'ang Leang-Li call attention to the fact that physically, psychologically, socially, temperamentally, and economically they differ widely. Those of the North are rugged and simple, with agriculture their main occupation; those of the south are more sophisticated and intellectual, the poets and the great merchants of China. "Could they ever be governed as a unit?" was asked.

The theory was advanced that Chiang might be waiting for European powers, specially interested in China, to rescue her from her dilemma as they were in part responsible for it.

Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Japan had carved off large slices of her richest territory for themselves and controlled about fifty of her best sea ports. Western nations had acquired under pressure, concessions, spheres of influence, and extraterritoriality. The Nine-Power Treaty, aiming to protect the integrity of China, came a hundred years too late and was then not signed by the Power that had taken the largest slices of China's territory—Russia.

I was discussing this one day with a man who has long been a student of Far Eastern affairs with a residence of eleven years there, and he remarked, that the Nine-Power Treaty was defective at its signature since no provisions were made for amendments as conditions in the Far East changed, and it presupposed that there would soon be a government over the whole of China's territory, instead of which there

followed a quarter of a century rule of Chinese War Lords that brought ruin and chaos to the masses.

One cannot resist rehearsing these things when nations again proclaim their friendship for China. Every nation is China's friend, but each one has let her down on every occasion. She has probably learned that lesson well enough by now to know that if they do come to her rescue at this eleventh hour, it will be because of their own interest. China's greatest hope of cooperation lies in the fact that it would actually be more detrimental to the interests of Western nations to have Japan control Asia, than it would be to her own. At that early stage, before there had been this long resistance, and an organized hatred bred, it was easy to visualize a very prosperous China under the control of Japan. But the nations of the West could take only a gloomy prospect of what lay ahead for themselves, should this be accomplished. It was a foregone conclusion then that Japan would attempt to set up a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, such as she coerced China into signing in 1915, but was forced by the United States to relinquish. China holds within her territory much of the wealth of the human race, a great part of it undeveloped, and her population is 422,000,000. Could the nations view with anything but alarm the control of such power by one so antagonistic to them as Japan?

But, had Japan, at the start of this advance in China, been willing to barter the Chinese territory she expected to conquer, or had she then reaffirmed her adherence to the policy of the "Open Door," as she did in 1938, there would have been little effort made to restrain her in North China.

In the spring of 1936, when Sir Alexander Cadogan, retiring British Minister to Peiping, and Sir Frederic Leith-Ross, British Economic Adviser, stopped in Japan on their way home, the strongest press organ in Japan "Nichi Nichi" reported that they had stated that Great Britain recognized that she could not check the Japanese advance in North China, and so long as her own interests were not infringed, she would recognize the Japanese policy in China as inevitable. It was obviously the failure to secure guarantees for

protection of her trade, that determined England to oppose the Japanese advance in North China, just as it was the probable benefit to British trade that influenced her to wink at the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 at which time the United States protested against Japan's action as signatory of the Nine-Power Treaty. In doing so she antagonized her largest customer in the Orient. After all, nations are business organizations and not philanthropic institutions.

In 1936 it did not seem likely, but the hope was expressed, that the emergency might prove to be the whetstone on which China would hone a national spirit. Enthusiasm rose high when Chinese soldiers proved that, given generals who would not sell them out to the enemy, they would fight for something more than family or tong. Later came the Long March of the Red Army, led by Chu Teh and Mao Tse-Tung, as described by Edgar Snow. It is the great epic of our times. The pity and the surprise of it is that, with all this magnificent fighting material in the land, a nation of over 400,000,000 people has not been able to defend itself against 65,000,000. After Chiang had been kidnapped by the Communists, against whom he had fought for ten years, and against whom he had just then organized another expedition, he accepted their condition of release and combined with them to fight the Japanese.

The Reds might easily have executed Chiang when they had him in their power; instead they chose him as their leader under an agreement that honors them and Chiang equally. There could be no greater tribute to his ability.

At last the seemingly impossible had come to pass, and China presented a united front and the critics of Chiang reappraised his past actions against the Reds and his inaction against the Japanese. It was explained that he had had first to unite all fighting forces in China under his command and crush all opposition. The limitlessness of the discretion now reposed in him was expressed when on July 29th, 1937, he stated to the Central News Agency: "I wish to announce that I have decided upon all necessary measures in regard to the situation."

The endless patience of Chiang Kai-shek in seeking to avoid war for which he was not then prepared; his strength in not allowing himself to be swerved from the course that he believed right, is only equalled by the limitless trust of the nation that now stands united behind him. The hope of other nationals is that the Renaissance of China may proceed under her own leaders rather than that a reform be instituted by the Japanese. Those competent to speak have declared that China was just about to become a prominent economic factor in the world; would be one of the liberal powers; that solid progress was being made; and that, in the ten years under the government of Chiang Kai-shek, China has seen a transformation with few parallels in history.

The masses of China have in the past been done to death by the corruption and exploitation of their own officials who fattened upon them. The success of the Nationalist movement, however, has opened the way for sound reconstruction and many War Lords have been defeated or have joined hands with the central government, like General Liu Hsiang, War Lord of Szechwan.

China has been called the greatest laboratory of human experiment that the world has ever known. It has seemed to some that the people are adrift on the surface of Western culture; too eagerly throwing off old restraints, and casting aside ancient traditions for the uncertain benefits of a way of life not their own. But the New Life Movement inaugurated by Chiang Kai-shek shows them a method of adjustment to the culture of the West that impinges that upon them at the same time that it holds to peculiarly Asian ideals.

Now that China is turning back upon herself, moving inland where she will be master of herself with no spheres of influence or extraterritorial rights of foreigners to hamper her, there will be a cross-breeding of the spirit of the new with the old and enduring; the Chinese will weigh, and find wanting, much of what a mechanical age forced upon them; in their old philosophy they will find more enduring values.

The West hardly suspects as yet that it might get more than it gives if it learned what that philosophy is that is the

power within the Chinese people, and in which they differ from their Oriental neighbors, the Japanese. Their humor and cheerfulness is only part of what is really a sense of values quite different from our own.

All that is most modern in new China is meeting what is oldest and most stable in their own land far inland; they will develop new contacts over new highways. The Renaissance that has already started in China, will in its flowering, be one of the great compensations of this age of destruction.

When it is said that China does not know teamwork, the Gilds of China are forgot. They were organized purely for trade long before the laborers of the West organized their Unions. The Gilds were never within the law, but controlled the movement of all the vast trade of China, operating without license or governing power and without compulsory membership. But the laws of the land gave the individual no protection against the collective Gild. Once ejected from his Gild, a man had no protection anywhere outside it; and he and his family had nothing ahead of them but starvation, since all business relations with him would cease.

China has been demoralized and bewildered and disintegrated before, and has worked her way out of chaos. At this time, while she faces an invading foe, she likewise is faced with a cultural conflict that shakes the very roots of customs that go clean down into the world of the deceased. The pattern of their thought rejects and scorns much that the West presents. Their philosopher, Hu Shih, pictured this well when he said that China never could understand why any civilized country would resort to war for the sake of keeping trade open, and least of all for the sake of maintaining the commerce in a poisonous drug.

In this period of her reconstruction, China has what no other Oriental nation can boast, a definite contact with, and understanding of, the mind of the West.

It is remarkable that the wives of the three most important Chinese men of our day, the Soong sisters, should all have been graduated from an American college, and the wife of

Chiang Kai-shek, with the highest award of the institution. Like her sister, the widow of Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Republic, the wife of Chiang takes an active part in the political life of China. The work of China's methodical Westernization is largely hers. But even more important will be her role after China has freed herself from the dominion of foreigners. It will require even more courage to stem the tide of hatred against all foreigners that will result. At present China is the sole nation subject to the humiliation of extraterritoriality since arrangements have been made to abolish it in Egypt. It was relinquished in Japan many years ago.

Discussing whether China, left to her own devices, would open wide the door to Communism, a well-known official told me that his personal investigations proved that what people call Communism is a Chinese ebullition which people termed Communism because they did not know what it was and didn't try to find out, but that the disorders were the natural consequences of the breaking down of the old régime and evolution into a new one. He claimed that people who refer to Communism in China do so from the lack of full and accurate information and from ignorance as to what really exists.

Another official who spent many years in the Far East, Count Carlo Sforza, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of Italy, explains that China is immune from any Communistic transformation because private property there is divided among millions of microscopic landowners. The contrary is true in Japan where a very few great families hold all the wealth of the realm, with consequently less social stability.

America's traditional policy towards China has been one of helpfulness. She alone, of the treaty states, holds no territorial concession. The remission of the larger part of the Boxer indemnity brought hundreds of Chinese students to America; they speak English without an accent; we fraternize easily with them, a happy augury.

In this war Japan is the aggressor. None of the excuses that she makes about needing to compel China to mend her

ways with the objective of bringing about a happy and tranquil China, have any effect at all, especially upon those who watched her encroachments and the making of her "incidents" from close quarters. There can be no sympathy with her invasion of China, but abuse is a poor argument. It seems more interesting and more fair to try to understand what it was that induced her to risk so much. Later, in Japan, and from long study thereafter, I delved more deeply into the problems that beset her.

# JAPAN

## *YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY*

THE time was shortly before the World War; the place was Yokohama, on one of those enchanted nights when the Japanese world crowded the Motomachi to view the treasures that shop-keepers displayed there twice a month.

In those days the Motomachi was laid with cobble stones; there were no sidewalks; shops were open all across the front and gay with red paper streamers printed in gold and black letters; their names and the goods they sold, were emblazoned above doorways, sometimes there was quaint English translation: "Costumes made to fit healthy lady. Came and see."

Japan was then still naïve, friendly, and anxious to please.

Swaying to and fro with shuffling feet, their "geta" or wooden shoes, clanking on the stones, was a cheery throng. Each person carried a paper lantern on the end of a long stick, to light the way; they were somberly dressed except for fine "obis" and the flowered kimonos of children. They bowed very low in greeting to one another, and to me, and when they spoke, it was with the swift, sibilant intake of breath, denoting deference. They smiled readily, encouraging the stranger to touch the lovely things displayed on every side, a rare bit of old Imari, that I lifted to the light, the better to see its lovely pattern; the dagger with damascene hilt and keen blade; the long-since discarded lacquer hat of a daimyo; or old brocades, stiff with gold thread, and of a pattern rarely seen to-day.

Spun sugar in great tubs looked like froth, and with much laughter, the vender stuffed the eager mouths of children, while their elders sipped "o cha" from tiny lacquer cups. My sentence, prepared from Murray's Guide Book: "O naka



ga sukimashita," "honorable insides have become empty," secured for me also a cup of amber liquid.

Such was Japan scarcely more than two decades ago.

In the late spring of 1936, I revisited it. The great earthquake of 1923, altered the physical aspect of the country that it touched, as thoroughly as the Great War transformed the people of Japan themselves. Tokyo and Yokohama were rebuilt with splendid macadam boulevards, impressive stone buildings, and modern shops that display the latest Paris creations. A fine subway system connects distant points; busses ply between every little hamlet, and the homes are now equipped with all modern conveniences. To every hundred of population there are twenty schools.

The Japanese themselves have lost, or put aside, the charming courtesy that was characteristic of them before the war; their manner is brusque; they are high-strung and argumentative; and perfectly sure that they know the best about everything. Before one can express any wish they interrupt with: "I know! I know!" The slightest hint of criticism, brings instant defiance, and they are unsmiling in service, and often rude.

The veneer of the West is well seen in the New Grand Hotel, the best in Yokohama. It is altogether modern in appointments, but run without any regard to the little niceties that are expected in first-class European hotels. The service was crisp and inefficient; little girls, dressed as bell-boys in light blue trousers and red jackets trimmed with triple rows of brass buttons, lounged against the walls, their uniforms streaked with whitewash; their tiny pill-box caps, perched over one ear, were dented; their collars and cuffs were slightly frayed.

In the dining room, waitresses wore mussed and soiled kimonos, and the head waiter leaned on the back of my chair as he took my order. I pointed to "buckwheat cakes" on the breakfast menu; one leathery cake, not of buckwheat, was served me on a chilled plate. I explained that, like love-birds, they came in pairs; that in this instance three would not be considered a crowd; that the menu spoke of

them in the plural; and that I liked hot plates. With his arms swinging the waiter took the plate away, and I had to order something else before I got breakfast at all.

The streets of Yokohama were deserted. Honcho-dori and Benten-dori offered cheap souvenirs, or dozens of the identical articles that are found in Japanese shops all the world over; even the antique shops sold machine-made things where once had been genuine treasures. Everything seemed tawdry and blatant. Nothing was exquisite as of old. Even on the Motomachi there were European shops. Conditions were the same in Tokyo, and also in Nikko. Where the sighing of wind in high branches of cryptomeria trees was the loudest noise heard two decades ago, the honk of motor horns now warns one to step aside while they speed along to the gates of the famous temples.

Travelling south by motor bus, the conductors were Japanese girls in ill-fitting khaki uniforms, their stocky forms looking unattractive in riding breeches; most of them displayed at least one gold tooth. To Odawarra, via Kamakura; to the Hot Springs of Atami; even up into the hills, motor busses travel over magnificent roads. At Miyanoshita they deposit one in front of the finest hotel in the Far East, the Fujiya. There, at least, is perfect service.

I had gone to Japan from China full of resentment against her, but hoping to recapture some memories of its picture-book days, of butterfly women and fairy-tale children, and my first reaction was of keen disappointment in the new Japan. This quickly turned to appreciation and amazement, that so great a change could have been effected in so short a time and along lines so entirely foreign to the nature of people who love harmony, spartan simplicity, and tranquillity; who celebrate the beauties of nature as a ritual, rendering thanks for the vision of flowering trees, and the first white fall of snow; people who give parties for moon-viewing and incense-smelling. This new world that the Japanese had built could not possibly be the one they wanted for themselves. I had the feeling that they must have withdrawn into some inner sanctuary and had made "foreign

concessions" along their great highways. They stood so alone, ringed with hostile nations. What urge had made them risk so much?

The motive for this Japanese advance, loomed large in importance. It could only have been accomplished by a very resilient people, and is certainly the outstanding achievement of contemporary history. It occurs to me that, if we are not to repeat the mistake made by Germany in the World War and of Japan herself in this present aggression in China, of underestimating the strength and staying powers of the enemy and of ignoring the opinion of the world, it might be well to understand the Japanese advance from her point of view, even if one cannot sympathize with the method of its accomplishment. This, I realize, is an unpopular effort. I hold no brief for the invasion of China by the Japanese, no more than for that of Ethiopia by Italy; but, after studying the background of Japan's movement, I can see more reason for it. A reason is not an excuse, but it is an explanation of this part of the changing pattern of the world.

When Japan began the miracle of her transformation, the reasons given to-day for her expansion, did not exist. Neither the present day urge of a growing population, nor the need for "markets," had ever been thought of. The miracle of our own times presents the picture of a small island empire that for two and a half centuries had lain stagnant behind closed doors, excluding foreigners, and prohibiting its citizens from leaving its shore on pain of death. They knew absolutely nothing of the doings of the world outside during the important years of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and half of the nineteenth century. Most serious of all for Japan, she knew nothing of the extraordinary advance made in ship-building, in naval architecture, the use of steam and of modern weapons of war, nor of the technique of navigation with heavy armaments.

Her last adventure, in the sixteenth century Korean War, before she shut herself away from the world, had been waged with vessels propelled by oarsmen; ramming was the principal method of attack, or setting fire to the enemy's ships with

fire-arrows. Bows and arrows and matchlocks were the weapons they knew then, and these only were at hand, with a few obsolete land batteries, when Commodore Perry's squadron steamed into the harbor of Yokohama in 1853, and overawed the Japanese with the might of steamships.

When Japan closed her doors upon the world, Korea, her nearest neighbor on the mainland, was accessible only after a sea voyage of several days; when she opened them again, the mainland could be reached in a few hours; and Korea had been the advance base of the only great attempt to conquer Japan, by Kublai Khan. How much greater menace it had now become, with the possibility that its easily defended natural harbors might fall into the hands of an unfriendly power.

In the nineteenth century, that saw her emergence from seclusion, she watched her huge neighbor, China, being shorn of territory; forced to grant concessions and leases; to surrender control of her railways, and to create spheres of influence that crippled her and held her subject to the whim of alien races. France took Indo-China and Cambodia, Annam and Tongking. Great Britain helped herself to Burma, and made Nepal and Bhutan into British protectorates. She had won Hongkong in the Opium War that resulted when China tried to protect her nationals against its importation. England later acquired Kowloon, then its hinterland, and also Wei-hai-wei, and won great trade concessions.

Russia demanded, and won, the lease to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and entrenched herself in Manchuria. She had already acquired the Maritime Province with the port of Vladivostok. All of these had been forced from China because she was weak. Japan understood that her turn might come next, for China herself was a dangerous neighbor with her weakness and internal dissension.

Already when she emerged from her seclusion, the empire of the great white Czar stretched across the whole of northern Asia. It had been acquired little by little from the end of the sixteenth century on, a steady advance that had reached

the shores of the Pacific Ocean by the seventeenth century, and had even crossed the ocean to Alaska.

The nearness of Russia was significant to Japan. Only four hundred and fifty miles of easily traversed sea separated her in 1853 from the fortified port of Vladivostok, which likewise was in close proximity to the boundary of Korea, and terminus of the great railroad that crossed Siberia to Russia. And Russia needed, and was always seeking, an ice-free port for winter.

A great awakening came to Japan. The door of her isolation had been forced open just in time by a friendly power. She recognized the menace to her existence, and to avert it, placed herself under the tutelage of the West, and undertook to copy a civilization that was alien to her without having experienced the long processes of thought and experimentation that brought it into being, ignoring the divergent traditions of race and the inhibitions of centuries that made such an effort a superhuman task.

Japan has achieved nothing short of a miracle since then. Scarce seven years passed after Perry's visit, before Japan sent her first embassy abroad, to the United States. This was also the first occasion when her national flag of the Rising Sun was displayed. A few years more, and the Feudal System that had endured for seven hundred years was abolished. Another two decades and a Constitution was promulgated by the Emperor, and European clothes were adopted.

At that time the world looked upon the Japanese as precocious little people. Manners towards them were patronizing. In 1876 the *London Times* published an article describing the presentation of a service of silver gilt to His Imperial Majesty the Mikado of Japan. Quote: "It is amusing to learn that the assistance of the Herald's College was sought to devise a shield of arms for the Mikado, that he might be placed on a footing of heraldic equality with his brother sovereigns of Europe. This was a serious question which could not be settled without reference to the highest authority in Japan. As the service bears a chrysanthemum

as crest and a dragon and phoenix as supporters, we presume that these heraldic emblems are the deliberate choice of the Mikado, whose armorial bearings will, in future, thus figure in books of heraldry. The gilding alone of the service cost more than two thousand pounds."

It was only later on that people stressed the fact that the emperors of Japan are of the one original Imperial line that goes back over two thousand five hundred years; descended they believe, in perpetuation of the age of myth, from the Sun Goddess whose house shall last forever. Their national anthem is called: "Sovereign Rule," and begins: "Thousands of years of happy reign be Thine."

Forty years before her first great triumph on land and sea, in the war with China over Korea, Japan had neither a national army nor a navy. That war marked her first territorial expansion and likewise the awakening of Europe to her possible menace.

According to reliable authority, the war with China, in 1894, over oppressed and misgoverned Korea, was brought on by China. Those were the days of Li Hung-Chang, called the Bismarck of China. A few years before the war, the Chinese fleet was considered to be important; many of its vessels had been built in Germany and England; two armored vessels, of German construction, were considered to be more than a match for the six best ships of Japan. Also the fleet had been brought to the state of an efficient fighting force by European tutors. After their withdrawal, however, the vessels, through dishonesty and corruption, had been allowed to deteriorate. The Dowager Empress herself spent huge sums that were intended for the navy, to build the Summer Palace outside Peking, and a hideous marble boat that is moored by a bank of the lake and pointed out to all tourists. But the poor condition of the Chinese navy was not known at the outbreak of the war, and Japan was thought to have the inferior fleet. It was, however, disciplined, and the vessels had not been allowed to deteriorate.

In my old files I have found much of this data; more in libraries; but I know nothing better than "The Influence of

the Sea on the Political History of Japan," a book written by British Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, C.B., formerly assistant director of naval intelligence and director of the operations division of the admiralty war staff. He gives as his authority, exhaustive search through the British Museum Library; comparison of all the different histories of Japan written in England; elimination of all versions of important events which were not accepted by the majority of recognized authorities; and examination of official records available, for the periods following upon Japan's emergence from her seclusion. To the above, Admiral Ballard brings the trained accuracy of a naval officer of long experience.

The Treaty of Shimonoseki that ended the Korean War gave to Japan the Liaotung Peninsula with Port Arthur, that she had conquered after hard fighting, and also that part of Manchuria adjacent to it and to Korea, whose complete independence was likewise recognized. Japan was also given Formosa, the Pescadores Islands of the Pacific, and indemnified for the whole cost of the war.

Europe took alarm, and cried out against the Yellow Peril. Russia, Germany, and France, jointly revoked the clause of the Treaty which gave Japan the Liaotung Peninsula and Manchuria, the excuse given being, that it would be detrimental to the interests of the world to deprive China of her territory. The insincerity of this motive was demonstrated shortly thereafter, when Russia and Germany acquired large areas of Chinese territory under duress. Russia, in 1898, acquired by lease the Liaotung Peninsula and Port Arthur, and most of the ports of Manchuria. She had already, in 1895, been given permission to run the Trans-Siberian railway across Manchuria, thus cutting off six hundred miles of its route to Vladivostok and bringing the menace thus closer to Japan. It was just retribution that later made Japan the agency to compel both Germany and Russia to yield the properties thus acquired.

Nine years after the Sino-Japanese War, in 1904, the Russo-Japanese War occurred, and Japan's navy was faced with the necessity of meeting a fleet nearly double its size in numbers.

Her faith in the honor of Western nations received another blow, when Russia, in defiance of all recognized rules of civilized warfare, mined the high seas and destroyed two of the most important vessels of the Japanese navy. Nevertheless, Admiral Togo won both against the fleet in Eastern waters, and the one that Russia later shipped from Europe.

The treaty of peace gave Japan control of the Liaotung Peninsula; forced Russia to evacuate Manchuria; and to recognize the independence of Korea. Japan had definitely taken her place among the Great Powers of the world only half a century after she emerged from her seclusion. She had observed also that the practice of European nations often did not square with their expressed principles.

The annexation of Korea by Japan is declared to be wholly indefensible. On the other hand chaos reigned in Korea, security for life and property did not exist, the condition was a menace to Japan, far more so than the condition of Egypt menaced British interests when she annexed it in 1882, or our security was threatened when the United States felt that she had to take over the affairs of Cuba in 1898. The attitude of Western powers seems to be that their own aggressions are to be condoned, or used for trading purposes as in the case of the recognition of Italy's conquest of Ethiopia by England, but that Japan must be held to strict accountability. Racial prejudice and jealousy have had much to do with the attitude of Western nations toward Japan.

Nine years after the Russo-Japanese War, the World War occurred. Japan had at that time a treaty of alliance with Great Britain and it was her opportunity to even the score with Germany by declaring war upon her. She took over control of German interests in the Shantung Peninsula and guarded Great Britain's interests in the Far East in order that England might withdraw troops from India and concentrate her forces in Europe. It takes little imagination to picture the result for the Allies had Japan thrown in her lot with the Central Powers, or even had she remained neutral.

Since this latest aggression of Japan, the rumor has been



spread that, at the time of the World War, Japan was intriguing with Germany. There was a wrangle about this in the United States Senate when the Shantung award was being discussed, and Senator Williams stated that the real reason for giving Shantung to Japan had been to prevent this. Intrigue was common in the World War, as England's policy in Palestine proves.

Having won the German possessions in battle, Japan had these ceded to her by Germany at the Treaty of Versailles that ended the World War, and felt that this confirmed her legal right thereto. The legality of her holding has been contested. We, along with the other nations, had recognized Germany's titles in Shantung which she had captured from the Chinese. Consent to its transfer from Germany to Japan was given by China in the treaty of 1915, wrung from her by duress, of course, as all other concessions of foreign powers had been.

In 1922, Japan was persuaded by the Western powers, and the United States, to relinquish her holdings in Shantung for other considerations, among them being our guarantee not to fortify any more of our Pacific possessions. Undoubtedly the interest of the United States was to uphold the Nine-Power Treaty that guaranteed China's integrity, but that of the Powers holding part of China's territory, must have been influenced by the fact that the possession of Kiaochow, the finest naval base in the Far East, together with control of the Liaotung Peninsula, would give Japan unhindered access to Tientsin and Peking, through the Gulf of Pechili. It would likewise give them control over the Grand Canal and the mouth of the Yellow River and over the internal commerce and communications of China.

Public sentiment in the West was not allayed then when Premier Count Okuma declared: "Japan has no ulterior motive; no desire to secure more territory; no thought of depriving China or any other peoples of anything which they now possess. My government and my people have given their word and their pledge, which will be as honorably kept as Japan always keeps promises."

They would do better not to make such statements which are immediately contrasted with their performances, for, whereas they argue that they do not intend to annex these territories, Western nations do not look upon Manchukuo as a mere sphere of influence, nor would it so consider a Mongolkuo, nor any new movement in North China though it is to appear to be the re-establishment of the Republic of Sun Yat-sen. They are waved aside as an expression of insincerity as when Japan's Minister of War, General Sugaiyama, declared in this crisis, that Japan wants no Chinese territory.

Unfortunately for Japan, as one writer said: "She got into the Imperialistic business after it had ceased to be legitimate." Had she not remained as isolated as another planet during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Europe was too occupied with her own wars to protect what she owned in the Orient, Japan might have acquired the Malay Archipelago and the Dutch East Indies with little opposition. To-day, expansion is the one thing in which she is not to be permitted to emulate the West, Italy's conquest of Ethiopia notwithstanding.

For years the people of the United States have been periodically wrought up with tales of Japan's possible aggression in this hemisphere. Admiral H. E. Yarnell, now in command of our Asiatic fleet, has testified that Japan would need to have a fleet twice the size of ours to attack us. It is inconceivable that Japan would contemplate suicide on territory so far removed from her base of supplies and her sphere of influence; and if the Aleutian Islands, on the short route to the Orient, were fortified, any move that Japan made could be frustrated.

Economically and racially, it is logical for Japan to expand in Asia, towards the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies and eventually, should the canal across the Isthmus of Kra in Siam ever be built (of which there is very little chance, as the district presents insuperable difficulties for such a project), towards India. But it is hardly to be considered that she would contemplate any southward movement

other than economic penetration, and turn her back upon the Russian Bear, with a huge fleet of submarines at Vladivostok, menacing her very existence in the North, during this generation at least.

There are those who argue that Japan would have had nothing at all to fear from Russia but for this aggression in China; that the imperialistic ideas of Russia under the Soviet régime, have, to a large extent, passed out of the picture, but that similar aspirations on the part of Japan had to be considered and the danger of her craving for an extension of her empire. They have always been, of course, a martial race.

If the United States has viewed with alarm Japan's expansion in the Pacific, how much greater must have been the latter's fear and distrust at the time that the more powerful nation extended her dominion in turn, over Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, and fortified some of them? Our recent claim to Enderby and Canton Islands in the South Pacific, in close proximity to her own islands cannot make Japan feel too secure; nor, at this juncture, can she feel too happy about our proposal to assert jurisdiction over all submerged lands of Bering Sea, off Alaska, where the Japanese fishing fleet now operates.

Forced against her will into competition with the West, Japan, for good or evil, abandoned her own culture for the industrial civilization of the West. She had to take it on all at once to save herself from the fate of China. She had not the chance to gradually adapt herself to the machine age as had those who created it. She had to imitate, and is past master in the art. She adopted from the West what was life-furthering for herself but claims to have kept alive her ancient racial ideals. It remains to be seen whether these will survive her expansion. It is a great deal to expect that the beautiful code of Bushido, a rare contribution to a unique civilization, could survive the shock of contact with a material age. Where the West has come in contact with it, it has been misunderstood. A typical instance came at the time of the great earthquake in Japan. Viscount Ishii,

the Japanese representative at the Council of the League of Nations, received the expressions of sympathy of his fellow delegates with smiles. Such cheerfulness appeared callous to them. Actually, Ishii was in a desperate state of anxiety about the fate of his own family and, though deeply moved, his code forbade him to burden his associates with his personal grief.

Some people dispute that law and order has followed the flag of Japan, or that, under her control, Korea has known its first good government; or that Manchuria, Russian in all but name for many years, took a step forward under the rule of a legitimate Manchu ruler who was likewise the last emperor of China and, if his English instructor is to be believed, a very worth-while young man.

The enormous influx of Chinese into Manchukuo was the subject of comment in Peiping. It was said then that for the first time a government there was able to guarantee the safety of lives and property of travellers where formerly they were menaced by hordes of bandits. When the Japanese took over the country there were over a hundred and fifty different kinds of paper money and a Chinese general printing worthless notes wherewith to pay farmers for their produce that he then sold at market values abroad. The Japanese put an end to confusion and graft and the budget was balanced within the first two years. It was to be expected that trouble would be instigated for the Japanese in Manchukuo when they invaded China; what else could they expect? Their grand projects for the country are all gone. But their record in Dalny, on the Liaotung Peninsula, is also an enviable one. At the outbreak of hostilities it ranked next to Shanghai among treaty ports in volume of trade.

During the short period of the World War, Japan became one of the foremost industrial nations of the world; she has contributed to science and medicine; has excelled in every kind of sport and, at the time that her invasion of China recently, was considered by many to be the recognized bulwark in the Orient against Communism. A student of these facts told me recently, however, that his opinion was that,

if one meant Communism or Marxism or even the condition of Soviet Russia, China herself is probably the best balance in the Orient.

Should hostile nations face Japan across the narrow strip of water that separates her from the mainland of Asia, she would be even more vulnerable to-day than when she first emerged from her long seclusion. One may fly from Mukden to Osaka in a day. England's position in the West is similar, and England went to war when the invasion of her territory was threatened. Japan makes war to forestall invasion by Russia, always nosing towards soft waters. Russia sprawls across the whole of northern China, dominates Outer Mongolia, controls the Maritime Province of China, and in all but name is the ruler of China's western province of Singkiang which is as large as Manchuria. She likewise controlled Manchuria until Japan recently took it away from her. Japan took it from Russia, not from China, and strangely enough one never hears protest about the Russian invasions of China.

Manchuria, or Manchukuo, is of the same strategic value to Japan that Belgium is to Great Britain. If she did not control it, Russia would. Russia had occupied the whole of it after the Boxer trouble and would surely have absorbed Korea as well but for the intervention of the Russo-Japanese War. It is unfortunate that, in the action which she claims to be necessary for her safety, Japan should strengthen the hereditary hostility of China towards her and have stirred Russia to increase her defense measures, but it was logical that, having made up her mind, she should have made her move before China was prepared.

In the light of past experience, Japan has little reason to trust to the fair play of European nations, besides that they and ourselves have humiliated and antagonized her with racial prejudices. It would be outside all psychological experience if a people like the Japanese, with racial traits intensified through twenty centuries of almost unmixed blood should allow themselves to be turned from their objectives now.

A strong and prosperous China, friendly to Japan as France is friendly to England, would have guaranteed the security of Japan, but her position is that of a nation that has fought for over ninety years to make her land secure. To this, in latter years, has been added the needs of a rapidly growing population in a small Island Empire that is mountainous, has little arable land, and is periodically visited by devastating earthquakes and typhoons. Only one-sixth of Japan's area can be used for raising food. There is now also, pressing need for new trade outlets, and for raw materials and fuel that are essential for her industries.

From the beginning of Japan's aggression in China, economists have predicted her defeat. As time goes on, and through even the strict censorship of news imposed, come stories of the increasing unrest within her own land and the plight of overtaxed laborers, it would be an optimistic person indeed who would predict that she could permanently override these difficulties and the continued guerrilla warfare of China, and the eventual attack from Russia, when she shall have grown weaker. Yet many military strategists count more important the spirit of a nation each one of whose two million fit and well-trained soldiers consider it the greatest honor to die for his emperor. In the lower left-hand corner of each regimental flag of Japan is the name of the emperor in his own handwriting, symbol of his presence with the troops; they guard it as they would the person of the emperor himself.

Taking a long view of the Japanese advance, her position would seem to be a tragic one. Her overflowing population is virtually debarred from emigration to any profitable locality. Her necessary economic expansion is feared and thwarted. Her virtues rather than her faults, antagonize. Her geographical position is one of constant and increasing danger. She is without friends and does not know how to win them, and is alien to all the peoples of the world at a time when she needs contacts with them most. She does not know how to cooperate, and is unwilling to share; she has clothed herself in the shell of Western civilization, but her

mind wanders in the Middle Ages. A defective psychology may well cause her to lose this war of aggression in China. With all her magnificent development and her deep capacities she is branded as an inferior race.

If Japan controlled North China she would loose the stranglehold of white races that have crippled her; her very presence there would keep the Chinese nationally conscious, and in another generation they would rise up strong and organized and put the Japanese out. Already her invasion has drawn the Chinese people together as nothing before had done.

But meantime, the nations that have special interests in China are justified in demanding that she shall not remake the face of Asia without regard to them. Already there are rumors that the "Open Door" is threatened and that foreign investments are jeopardized by combinations against them.

The Council of International Affairs, Nanking, has published many documents by leading Japanese statesmen, outlining steps toward world dominion that sound almost too fantastic to be taken seriously. One might make out a pathological case against Japan on the strength of them and some of the utterances are reminiscent of the complexes of Germany after the World War: "slighted by the entire world"; "solitary and friendless international position"; "stir up the great spirit of the Japanese people."

Certainly, if the program adopted by the government of Japan was in truth that which her statemen advised, she would act no differently from what she has done. This gives weight to the argument that their drive on the continent is Imperialistic and apprehension outbalances any sympathy engendered by her obvious needs, though Imperialism has once more become the order of the day in the West.

And, too, the nations begin to ask with what government in Japan they can make binding contract, since the government is merely the civil secretariat of the emperor and has no control over an aroused military caste.

Whatever the situation, the United States has no cause to

fight Japan; we have, indeed, many reasons to cultivate mutual friendship with Japan.

And, in all fairness, while propaganda incites us against the Island Empire, a consideration of this picture seems timely. And when Madame Chiang Kai-shek brands Japan with the commission of massacre and rape unparalleled in this twentieth century, we should recall the World War, Ethiopia, and what the bulletins of the Foreign Policy Association describe as the ruthless cruelty of the Chinese government troops in their extermination campaign against the Reds. We should read the report of one who speaks from first-hand knowledge, Edgar Snow, who says that many thousands of peasants were killed in air bombings and "purgations," and whole areas wiped out in mass executions by the troops of Chiang Kai-shek. He tells also of the thousands of young girls and women who were transported and sold as slaves and into prostitution, and that the arrival of the Generalissimo's troops in a village was the signal for the rape and execution of women.



## EPILOGUE

It was at Karaon in the foothills of the Himalayas, with a worm-eaten volume upon my knee, the smell of musty pages assailing my senses, that the words of people long dead came to me, emphasizing the futility of ever expecting to maintain a "status quo" in world affairs. Gladstone and Disraeli spoke from out the pages that I held about localizing a war, and worried about the future of the Turkish empire, which is infinitely better off to-day under an enlightened president.

Like a kaleidoscope turned, the world is once more falling into new patterns; new aspirations, new conceptions, new beliefs are its growing pains. Instead of the futile cry: "a truce to change," we need a better philosophy to deal with the emergent evolution of our times; and who would wish to halt the search for the Philosopher's Stone, the Golden Fleece, the Holy Grail?

Before I went to rest in the hills of India, I had been wandering among the ruins of once splendid cities whose civilizations were more magnificent than our own; there is nothing so impressive as that to make one realize that the sweep of history has been one of constant change, the record of it more thrilling than a book of romance or a detective story.

They rise, shadowy and indistinct on a far horizon; the Pyramid Kings of Egypt; Sargon, who spread a brilliant culture along the Euphrates, only to have it destroyed by conquering Elamites, who in turn sank into oblivion when Babylon rose. They seem like myths to us to-day, yet each civilization thought to perpetuate itself.

From the Euphrates, via the maritime provinces of Phoenicia, Greece received the germ of her culture and achieved

with it the idealism of her Classical Age which, from rise to fall, lasted only four hundred years, though again Greece knew brief glory at the time of Pericles. Even the supremacy of Alexander was short-lived, although he changed the whole current of history, subdued the Pharaohs of Egypt, and spread his empire from there to the Indus. Yet all that he built was torn down after his death and a new power created; Syria then ranged from the Hellespont to the Indus, and Macedonia became absorbed into the growing dominion of Rome.

All that Julius Caesar built ended in the downfall of the Roman Republic; but a hundred years of strife ushered in the Age of Augustus whose empire stretched up across Gaul and the forests of Germany to the Euphrates, and there was peace in the midst of which the Christ was born. Each civilization in turn glowed and dazzled with brilliant show, then tottered into the night of yesterday as a new era dawned.

Like lantern slides thrown upon the screen of Time, the picture changes and we see, Constantine, the Visigoths invading, the Sack of Rome, Franks conquering Gaul, the German State arising, the Roman Empire of the Middle Ages founded, an Arab civilization flourishing and sinking into oblivion, and then: the Discovery of a New World.

Transports of joy and prayers of thanks welcomed the discovery, the whole civilized world was filled with wonder and delight. But the Epic of America is not all a story of adventure and treasure hunt; yet for nearly four hundred and fifty years it has lived in men's thoughts as the Land of Promise. Freedom was dearly bought, and not immediately successful; men doubted at the start whether the experiment would succeed, or might not drift into anarchy. There are shady chapters in our history, like the Mexican War; others that we need not boast of, like the Cuban War; we have Indian skeletons in our closet too, and our quick prosperity was heady wine, that stirred men to unscrupulous greed when they matched with Chance, and the race was free to all. Nor is the Epic of America a record of unalloyed success. Depressions and panics have alternated with booms that carried

life each time to a new high of "bigger and better." The boundless energy of a mixed race has made of it all, however, a splendid adventure, and a justification of the American Dream . . . the Dignity of the Common Man, each one free to take his place in the sun.

So brief a test as yet! Should we, in 1938, less than a hundred and fifty years since the election of our first president, admit that the American Dream has been a failure, that it is impracticable, because we have not allowed time enough to adjust it to the New Era? For it is that. A new name should be found to designate the period that followed upon the discovery of America to the end of the World War. It is still called "Modern History," though the World War marked the end of an era as surely as did Ancient History stop with the Fall of Rome, and Medieval History run its course in a thousand years, and finish with the voyage of Columbus.

At every point I touched on this long journey, excepting only the Himalayas, there was unrest; the shadows of a changing world hung over every country. My first stop was at Palma de Majorca, then a little haven where men came to live in peace; I had been gone so short a while, before it was drenched in the blood of thousands of its murdered citizens. Persia was like a vast military camp, watchful and suspicious; Syria was on the verge of a revolt, that broke out shortly after my departure; and there too the menace of Palestine loomed large.

Djibouti, in French Somaliland, was a sleepy village when I wandered through it, but it soon echoed to the tread of armies, marching to Ethiopia. In Java the lid was held down by force; it was almost off in Siam. India was seething with discontent, and Burma, desiring only to live undisturbed in her Utopia, had been forced into the current of the world's unrest. China too had been driven from her humorous philosophy, the quiet level of her serenity, and forced to defend her land against invaders; and Nippon hurls herself against the world. Each nation races on its own.

It is not change that we need fear, but the direction that it takes, lest we drift backwards and our little moment, when

it has dropped into history, be appraised as a fragile civilization rather than an enduring benefit that, like the waters of the Nile at flood, deposits rich soil where it has passed.

We thought that Towers of Skulls such as Tamerlane reared, the tortures of Hulagu, blood sacrifices and the like, ended with the age of barbarism; yet to-day we bomb Red Cross hospitals, kill babies in their mothers' arms, destroy the peaceful inhabitants of unarmed cities, and what was once called the "Field of Honor" has come to this: that young men, the pride of their race, fly low over unarmed people and bomb them from a safe perch in the air, and return home to boast of it as "magnificent sport." Our civilization marches as did the pilgrims of the Middle Ages on their way to Compostella—two steps forward and one to the rear.

The vision of contemporaries becomes obscured by the business of every day, men become entangled in details and the picture falls out of balance, with emphasis on this or that special interest, one fails to see the tapestry in its proper perspective with warp and woof alternating in patterns gay and sombre, threads snarled and broken or running in lines of pure gold the length. We shut our ears to warnings that disturb and close our eyes in order not to see that a crooked stick cannot throw a straight shadow.

Moscow, under the guise of Communism, has set up one of the most ruthless despotisms known to history. Their new "democratic" constitution, formulated in the summer of 1936, is a title for something that does not exist. Almost all the vast territory of Russia, a country of 170,000,000 people, is geared to the War Machine. Its naval construction program is calculated to make the Soviet Union one of the greatest sea powers of the world. In 1936 they had already more than 7,000 planes, and their army is in the front rank from the standpoint of mobility; and Stalin announces that conflict with capitalistic countries is inevitable; every country in the world is impregnated with their propaganda, that is designated to overthrow the existing government.

Helgoland is again fortified. Sixty-five million people in

Germany have been for years nurtured upon a creed of hate and desire for revenge; their greeting is: "Heil Hitler!" formerly it was: "Grüss Gott!" Every German child between the ages of ten and eighteen years of age has for some time been conscripted for the Hitler Youth Movement; every German man between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, already carries a secret order telling him exactly when and where to report in the event of war; Austria has been forced to capitulate to Nazi pressure, and every German residing abroad is ordered to put the interest of the Fatherland first, and in the United States there are 200,000 Nazis openly organized.

In 1925, before the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Mussolini declared: "I regard the Italian Nation in a permanent state of war. The struggle will grow fiercer as time goes on. For me to live is to fight, and risk, and dare. Between 1935 and 1940 will come the tragic moment in Europe's history, and we can let our voice be heard."

These times are upon us as I write!

In 1932, Mussolini declared that he "does not think permanent peace possible or desirable," and he fosters Imperial dreams while we listen to his lullaby, that Italy, since the conquest of Ethiopia, is among the satisfied nations.

Why then the boast that he has nine million men whom he can mobilize at any moment? And the vast fleets of bombing planes? And the navy soon to reach 700,000 tons? And a hundred and thirty submarines? What for?

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America has a special destiny. There is no exclusive merit in ourselves that would justify the vast benefits that have been showered upon us. The American Dream must surely go beyond the acquisition of merely perishable goods. It would seem that we have been given a trust, and our special blessings are our responsibilities as well.

A fortunate isolation protected our growing years, but the World War destroyed our last frontier. Neither ocean, nor mountain, nor the stratosphere itself, opposes barriers to

men's wings to-day, and their voices and the pictures of their faces are borne to us on air waves across boundless space. Whether we like it or not, a changing world has forced us into closer contact with other nations, and with every propaganda that can be devised, they seek to make us serve special interests that would end the American Dream that has likewise been a reality for a hundred and fifty years.

The far-flung obligations of other nations, their needs and ambitions and jealousies and their secret alliances, would keep us embroiled if we favored one against the other. Our strength for helpfulness lies in the fact that we stand aloof from entangling alliances that would make us responsible for the actions of others whom we cannot control, yet extend a helping hand with kindly offices and cooperation. This is not isolation, for our door is open and we warm all nations at our hearth in the spirit of good-neighborliness that President Roosevelt declared to be the policy of the United States.

The eyes of the world are turned upon America with hope, as when Ponce de Leon came in quest of the fountain of eternal youth. They wait to see if America's gift to the Ages will endure; if we will pass on down the years the heritage that has made us the prosperous nation that we are, the sky the limit of a man's achievement. We hold the torch for the highest that civilization can offer, the free opportunity for creative individuality which is the magic of life.

Travel around the world to-day and see the furtive glances, hear the timorous whispers, note the air of depression of the bowed peoples of the earth, and compare all this to the lifted heads, the springy steps and air of confidence that greets one on every side in America. In our land we have everything we need and envy no one. Our children need not grow unwholesomely in an atmosphere of fear; nor are they given an inner steer towards hate and greed.

In the present world situation America is peculiarly fitted to help solve the problem of how many independent units can live in harmony together. And, as if that were not enough, there is the example of three thousand miles of Canadian border, unprotected on either side, and with a

record of peace that has lasted for over a hundred and twenty years.

We are idealists by nature. The love of high achievement is in our blood. We like to pit ourselves against difficulties and overcome them. All the energy and courage of a vital race that has conquered a wilderness of colossal size, fit us to take the lead across the new frontier, which is a moral one. It is unthinkable that the nations of the earth can keep up indefinitely the present race, each one for himself in "a sort of a circle" like the race of the Dodo. The reëstablishment of international good-will and cooperation is essential to any working basis, that internationalism which means fair play and understanding, a return to honorable conduct, the keeping of a pledged word, the respect for treaties. As a dream of Utopia, it is no more fantastic than that of the alchemists who have, after all, realized theirs within the past year and transmuted baser metals into gold.

We, in America, are cosmopolitan by birth and can the more readily understand other peoples. We have ties of blood with all of them. What other nation could claim, and be believed, that it acts "with malice towards none; with charity for all"?

The special destiny of America was described at Gettysburg: "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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## GLOSSARY OF WORDS

- ABBA—outside robe worn by Arabs.
- AYA—Indian female servant.
- BAGH—garden.
- BANCA—canoe.
- BANDOBAST—literally: arrangement. Stands for caravan in this case.
- BEARER—Indian male personal servant.
- BEATER—one who ranges over in hunting.
- CAMISA—shirt.
- CHADUR—enveloping robe formerly worn by Persian women.
- CHARPOY—native bed.
- CHAT—French for “cat.”
- CHEDI—receptacle for ashes or relics of the dead.
- DACOITY—robbery.
- DROSKY—a carriage, type of victoria.
- HOKAH—water pipe.
- HOWDAH—seat for elephant back.
- JAWAZ—permit.
- KABARDAR—watch out.
- KAMPONG—village.
- KHANAT—sluice.
- KRIS—sharp knife.
- LAKH OF RUPEES—equals \$37,500 U. S. currency.
- LAMA—Tibetan priest.
- LAMASERY—Tibetan monastery.
- LUCERNE—a special grass.
- MADRASSI-I-SHAH — Royal College.
- MAIDAN—Square.
- MASJID-I-SHAH—Royal Mosque.
- MEMSAHIB—lady.
- MOLLAH—Mohammedan priest.
- MUCHACHO—boy.
- PAHLAVI HAT—type of headgear formerly obligatory in Persia, a military cap.
- PAYA—relic tower.
- PROAS—canoes.
- PURDAH—seclusion.
- SARI—dress of Indian women.
- SHAH—ruler of Persia.
- SHAWM — Tibetan extension horn.
- TAMEIN—Burnese skirt
- TANGA — native, two - wheeled carriage.
- TAO—peasant.
- THESILDAR—village headman.
- WADA—funeral tower in Bali.



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