

September, 1929

Volume 29

ASIA

Number 9

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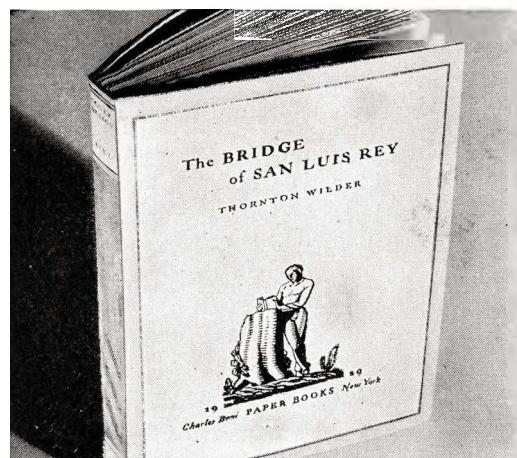
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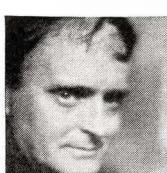
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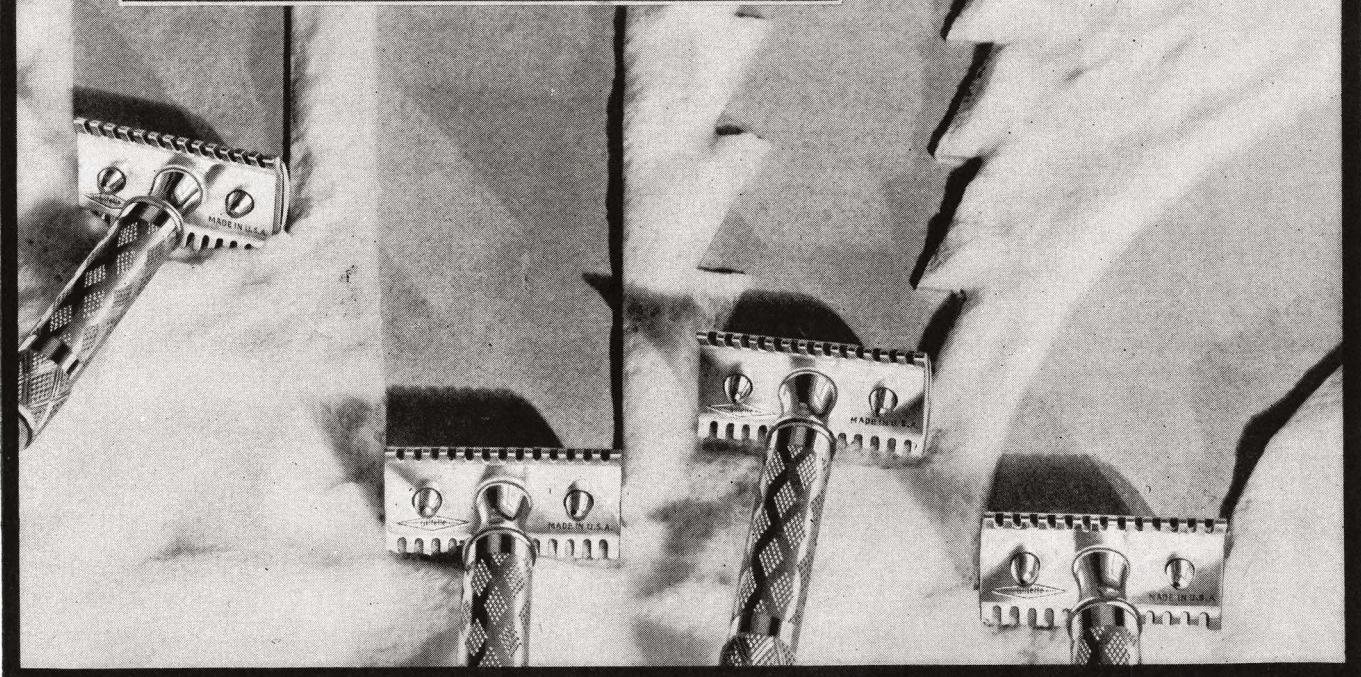
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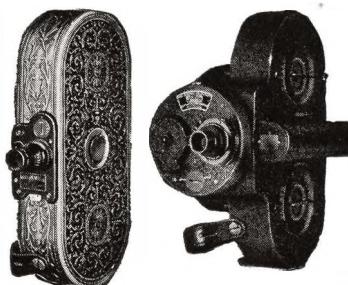
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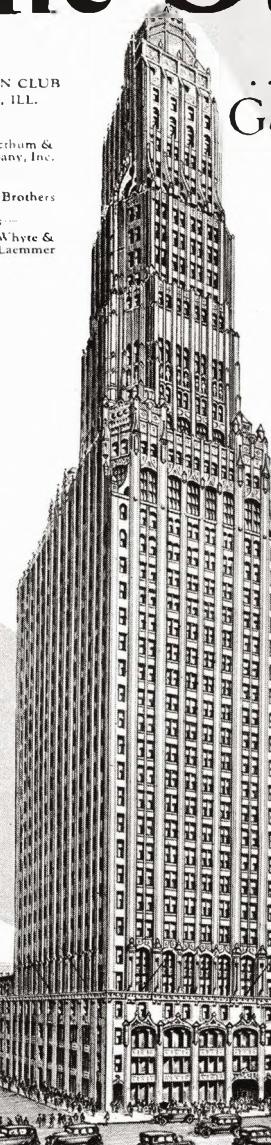
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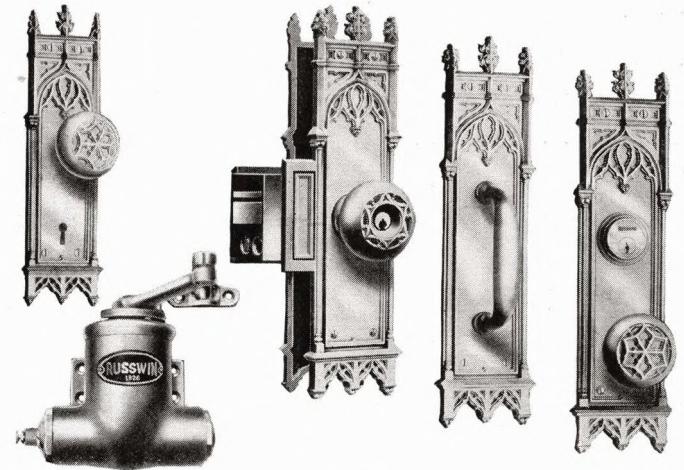
The Steuben Club, founded by Americans of German descent as a testimonial to the illustrious deeds of their forefathers, was named for Baron von Steuben, who won fame in the American Revolution. Von Steuben came to this country in 1777 and volunteered his services to General Washington at Valley Forge. In recognition of his genius as an organizer of

troops and as the author of the first manual of arms used by the United States Army, von Steuben was made Instructor General of the Continental Army with the rank of Major General.

The Steuben Building is one of the largest and most beautiful of its type in the world. The architecture is Modified Gothic, accentuated by a high receding tower with turret-like buttresses at the 27th, 34th, 38th and 43rd floors.

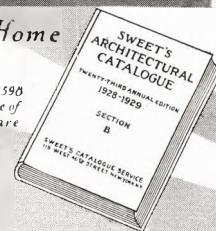
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Contents and Contributors for September, 1929

OLIVIA PRICE, whose biography of her Chinese *amah*, Love-true, begins in this issue of ASIA, writes of herself, from her present home in the State of Washington: "I was reborn in China about 1914, having gone out to teach in a mission school the year before. For two years I taught high school English in a girls' school in Soochow; then, for three years, I taught sociology and comparative religion in the Chinese language to normal school students who had no English. I studied the language, vernacular and classical, during all these five years, passed fourth year examinations in the second year and then went on for three years more. In vacations I tried to go to all the places foreigners hadn't visited and to do the things they hadn't usually done—lived in a Chinese village (with Chinese bed, board, language) and stayed on a sacred island in a Buddhist monastery. Then I turned Confucian and went on a solitary pilgrimage to Chufu. I made an investigation of Chinese marriage customs and laws for the United States Immigration Department and wrote about all these and other things for various Far Eastern journals published in English. In 1918 I resigned from the mission, in good but erratic standing. Shortly after resigning I married. After that my residence was in Shanghai until 1927—except for various home leaves spent in Europe and America. I think you might call me a free-lance first-hand observer and student of China and the Chinese."

FELIX KOPSTEIN has spent years in studying the fauna of the Dutch East Indies. With a European training in biology and medicine and thorough experience in field-work, particularly in little-known regions of the Balkans, Dr. Kopstein went to Java as a government appointee. In 1922-1924 he made an extensive journey through the Moluccas and Dutch New Guinea, traveling from island to island, collecting many valuable specimens and making biological studies, some of which he later published, with two hundred excellent photographs, in a volume entitled *Zoologische Tropenreise*. From 1924 to 1929 Dr. Kopstein continued his biological research in Java, devoting much of his time to a study of venomous animals, especially serpents. His specimens have been turned over, year by year, to the Zoological Museum in Leiden, Holland. Dr. Kopstein is now in Europe, but he plans to return to southeastern Asia next year.

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ASIA is indexed in the Readers' Guide, to be found in public libraries

N. B. PARULEKAR contributes "Brahmans and Beggars," the title of which is made significant by the fact that Mr. Parulekar honors all genuine Indian religious mendicants as he does the Brahman, who stands at the top of the Indian social scale. He himself is a Brahman. Mr. Parulekar recently left New York, where he had been studying newspapers for almost a year, with the intention of going into newspaper work in India, after another year of travel and study, this time in Europe and the Near East. During his stay in New York the ASIA staff had the pleasure of learning to know Mr. Parulekar intimately and of seeing the fascinating play in him of purely philosophical interests, which would draw him away from the work of the world, against the urgent impulse to devote himself through newspaper work to immensely practical tasks affecting the great body of his fellow citizens.

GWENFREAD E. ALLEN sent us "The Diving Boys of Honolulu Harbor" from Hawaii, where she is living at present.

CHALES T. TREGO writes: "I had originally planned a week's visit in Ceylon; then I discovered Anuradhapura, Sigiri and an orchid-drenched countryside—and remained two months. One could easily spend a year there. As for my work, I am engaged in a profession which persuades people to go to places like

Sigiri. Can you fancy any one who would have to be coaxed to go? I can."

CAROLINE SINGER and CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE, her husband, present, in "Madame Has Courage," another episode of their African journey.

AMEEN RIHANI, Arab traveler and author, has returned, for the seventh time, to the United States. He speaks of himself as a pendulum swinging between New York and Freike, his home on the slopes of Mt. Lebanon. But he hopes that the pendulum does not drop while swinging over the Atlantic or the Mediterranean; for he has in Mt. Lebanon a grove of pines under which he would like his last and lasting house to be. Meanwhile, he is continuing his literary work in this country. He has already written six volumes on Arabia, three in Arabic and three in English, and there are, we learn, more to come. *The Maker of Modern Arabia*, on King Ibn Saud, has been received with great favor, not only in England

and the United States but in Germany.

On his way here Mr. Rihani stopped in London, where, before the Central Asian Society and the Royal Institute of International Affairs, he lectured on Arabia and its relations with Great Britain. He is scheduled to lecture here also next season under the management of the Foreign Policy Association. Mr. Rihani has brought with him to this country the three pure-blooded Arabian horses that were presented to him by King Ibn Saud. He is interested in perpetuating the Arab qualities of the thoroughbred horse by introducing new Arab blood through proper breeding.

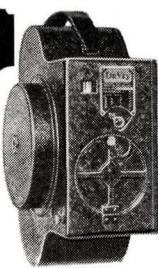
ROBERT B. EKVALL tells, in "We Visit the King of Ngawa," of his journey to see the little-known ruler of a small state in Tibet. The Ekvalls—Mr. and Mrs. Ekvall and their baby son David, nine months old when he was taken on this trip—live in far western China on the Tibetan border. Mr. Ekvall, being a descendant from Viking stock, has a fondness for traveling into the unknown. This his wife shares, and together they decide for David. The rigors of the journey to the King of Ngawa are the breath of life to the Ekvalls, and we publish Mr. Ekvall's story with a sense of the refreshing release brought to those of us who work in cities and live in suburbs, when contemplating the mountainous stretches of China and Tibet.

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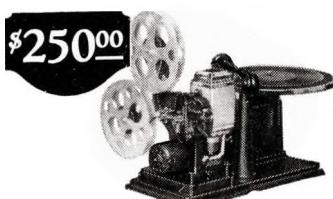
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ALONG THE TRAIL WITH THE EDITOR

LET the American sailor tell his own tale of how it came about that he is writing of life on and in the ocean. Lieut. (J. G.) E. M. Eller, U. S. N., is the sailor, attached to a submarine of the Asiatic Fleet. A chapter of his experience will appear in the October *ASIA*. "At the Naval Academy," he says, "it was often claimed of us Blue Ridgers, by those who came from other hills or flatter ground, that we came into the navy, when they began putting shoes on us in the mountains.

because we thought such objects of torture were not used at sea. That is as good a reason as any I know for my having become a seafarer—although there probably entered into the choice my admiration of the traditions of our navy, a deep inquisitiveness about foreign ways and an incorrect conception of how rough the sea can become. I entered the Naval Academy from North Carolina in 1921, was graduated in 1925 and passed two years and a half on the East Coast and in the West Indies on battle-ships of the Scouting Fleet. I went into submarines because I considered life on them would be more interesting than on any other type of ship; it has been.

"I CHOSE the Asiatic Station chiefly because of Peking and the great country that once revolved about it but has now chosen a southern rival. As continents go, Asia is most interesting to me. It is the continent of immense mysteries. There is the mystery of the origin of man that it may perhaps reveal; the mystery of the great plateau of the Gobi; the mystery of the Aryans and the Pamir highlands; and the (to my thinking) most intense mystery of all, the origin of the Chinese race and the beginning of its culture. The great magnet, when I came to the Asiatic Station, was Peking. I have not really seen it; months, not days, are necessary for that. But I have looked at it and have brought away one startlingly clear impression of the Temple of Heaven in the hush and dew of early morning. It is the Temple of Heaven. I have not yet seen any more impressive embodiment in stone of an idea in the mind of man. In its simplicity and vastness and solitude it inevitably gives one a thrill of worship. That morning in the temple cracked my shell, the foreign shell of superiority that approaches the Chinese as a queer people who do only odd things, whose chief attraction is their oddity.



With this photograph of Lieut. (J. G.) E. M. Eller, U. S. N., who is attached to a submarine of the Asiatic Fleet, came the comment, "After all, a submarine on a heavy sea could not bump more than one of these carts on a Chinese trail."

"The shell is not yet entirely gone. I fear it shows through in my articles, but I believe in the Chinese as a race and a nation with a future as great as their past. Give the Chinese a generation or two to become scientific-minded, and they will be among the leaders of the world.

"SUBMARINE life is busy but very interesting and likable. Everything is reduced to the requirements of necessity. There is a small curved rail for the bridge only a few feet from the water. There is the absence of a long and involved line of communications

between an order and its execution. There is a closeness to the sea that deepens the pleasure of riding upon it. There is uncertainty to dispel monotony. I prefer submarines to any other type of ship in the service.

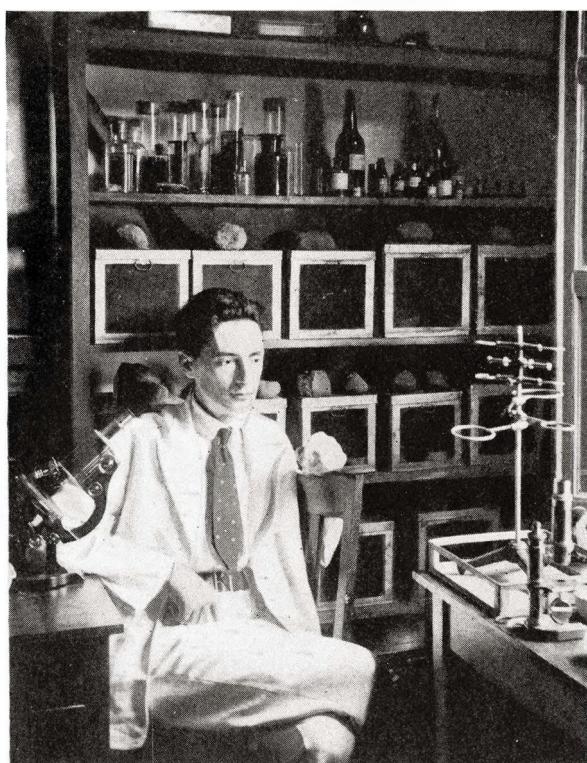
"Duty aboard a submarine on the Asiatic Station is made more pleasant because of the change of base bi-annually. This is made primarily for operating reasons but reacts to the comfort of the personnel. From October to April we ordinarily base at

or near Manila, whereas from March to September we are at Tsingtao, the delightful little occidental-oriental city that has boomeranged successively from China to Germany, to Japan, to China."

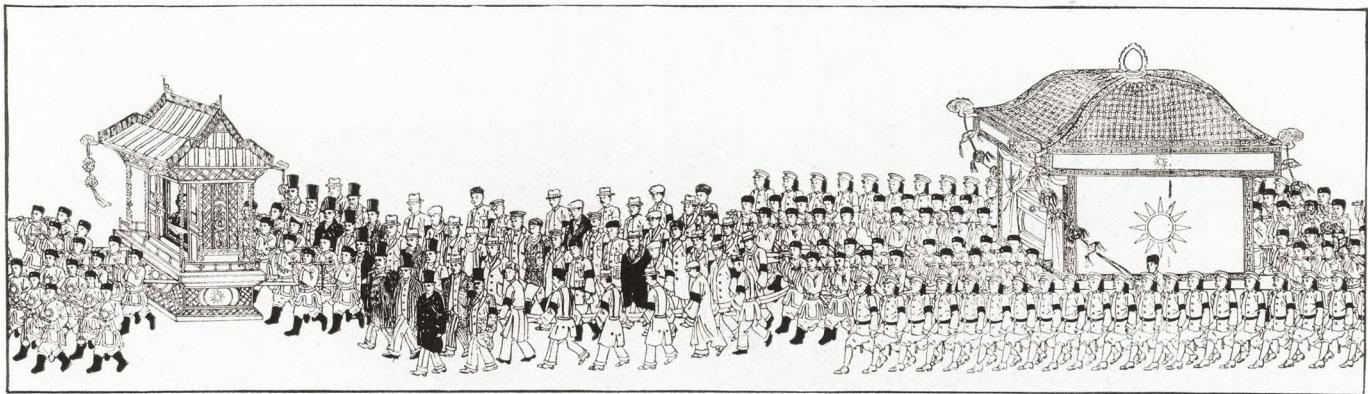
"IN the October *ASIA*, Shudha Mazumdar will tell some of her tribulations as a "matrimonial agent" in India—a rôle she assumed for her husband's younger brother, of whom she was very fond. Because of his confidence in her discriminating judgment, he commissioned her to find him a wife. Mrs. Mazumdar, a member of a prominent Indian family, gives in her frank story of her experiences in examining the merits of various candidates for her brother-in-law's hand an excellent idea of the rather complicated set of requirements to be met.

"Our family was an extremely orthodox one about two decades ago," writes Mrs. Mazumdar, "but gradually with the passing of time old customs are disappearing, as Trevelyan foretold: 'Educated in the same way, interested in the same objects, engaged in the same pursuits with ourselves, they [the Hindus] will become more English than Hindu—just as the Roman provincials became more Romans than Gauls.' My father, a *zemindar*, or land-holder, of European habits, educated me in a convent till I married, at twelve. My husband is a deputy magistrate in government service—at present subdivisional magistrate of Manikganj, in Bengal. His people were strictly *purdah*, and, when I lived with them, I was in complete seclusion. Now, knocking about with him, I am less particular."

"ADMIRERS of the animal photographs by Felix Kopstein in this issue, will, we are sure, be glad to have the opportunity to see what this young scientist looks like. On this page we are therefore including his photograph, which did not arrive in time to adorn the announcement made last month about his work.



Felix Kopstein, physician and biologist, has spent years in studying the fauna of the Dutch East Indies. Dr. Kopstein is a skilled photographer



Orient and Occident Photo

All China went into mourning during the State Burial of Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Republic, May 26-June 1. The sketch above, showing order of march, is from the official program used at Peiping, where the body of Dr. Sun was removed from the Piyung Temple, its resting-place since his death in 1925, to be taken in state to the Memorial Tomb at Nanking



LOVE-TRUE

A Smiling Thing, Much "Precious" and Much Reviled, from Sungkiang

BY OLIVIA PRICE

She opened the door for me when I came home one afternoon from a long cold rickshaw ride in the Shanghai March wind. A smiling little brown thing, she looked more like a schoolgirl than an *amah*, except for her country clothes of blue cotton cloth and her darkly tanned skin, dark to begin with, even for a Chinese. Small features, but for the rather large mouth; perfect teeth, white, small, slightly pointed. As I looked sharply at her, I forgot that I was appraising a new servant. For, having exclaimed softly, "Mrs. Precious!" in the usual laconic Chinese manner, and put up my hat and coat, she turned with a laugh, like that of a pleased, happy child, and took my hands between her own.

"Cold! Cold-*lei!*" she said, chafing them.

From the average Chinese, even a social equal, this behavior would have been by Chinese standards an indecorous and rather shocking familiarity with a stranger. Coming as it did from an *amah* upon her first meeting with her new employer, it was as novel as striking. From that first moment, we were on a unique plane for two persons who were technically mistress and servant. And there we remained throughout the years of our relationship.

This was my introduction to Tsiang Ai-tsun—Love-true Tsiang. She was the wife of our newly hired country cook-boy, who had come to us from the Village of Tsiang Ka Jao—Tsiang Family Bridge, some thirty-five miles from Shanghai, almost an unspoiled peasant. Previously, he had worked as coolie for the household of ten American ladies at a mission school. There, when the cook took French leave, he had been promoted to the kitchen and been taught by an energetic American woman the elements of foreign cooking. For six months he held the position, and then a general strike compelled him to walk out with the rest of the staff. He went back to the country for about a year and then came to us. We had been looking for country Chinese to work in our house, people unversed in the technique of the domestic servant of the Foreign Settlements. Tsiang Oo-zaung seemed to be the man we had been seeking.

At the end of his first fortnight, we had asked:

"Oo-zaung—your woman? Is she in the village? Could she come here and work as *amah*?"

"Could," he answered. "*Mei-hau, Pei Su-mo.*" That is, "Very good, Mrs. Precious." *Pei* is our Chinese surname, meaning "Precious." It is taken from the classical list of One Hundred Family Names, as the one nearest in sound to our actual English surname. *Su-mo*, the title, a local vernacular word, means "teacher's wife." Without further words, Oo-zaung continued his soft-footed journeyings about the table, clearing away breakfast. But I had not watched Chinese countenances for more than a decade without being able to catch now that scarcely perceptible working of the fine little muscles about the narrow black eyes in the tanned-yellow face that told me of his delight with the offer to employ his wife.

He had to find some "read-books person" to write a letter for him back to the village, and the little woman turned up with surprising promptness, announced by her own smiling face in the doorway that March afternoon.

She was a new type of Chinese *amah* in our experience. Her spontaneity, her ingenuous, open nature, so striking in that first meeting, proved to be her chief equipment for pleasing us. For Mrs. Precious' strenuous efforts to teach Love-true to organize her tasks and economize her time and strength never had the slightest visible effect on her methods. Eventually, since there really was not a great deal of work in the little house, she was allowed to follow her own ways of getting it done. So, patient, industrious, faithful, cheerful above all things, she thumped and bumped and pounded—and laughed—up-stairs and down again all day long. Had I never moved hand nor foot, requiring all needs to be met through her services, she would have been pleased, particularly since I not only allowed but encouraged her to talk. Indisposition kept me up-stairs, much of the time in bed or a long chair, for her first few months with us. The tedium of this confinement was turned into the absorbing task of listening to her and taking notes on her talk.

She spoke a mixture of her native vernacular of

Sungkiang and Shanghai, facile and *hau-tin*, "good-listening." My Chinese is mixed Soochow and Shanghai, of a wide vocabulary for a student of my years, but with a bad accent, which often disturbs Chinese unused to hearing foreigners speak their language. But from the first sentences we exchanged, Love-true delighted me by the perfect ease with which she understood my speech. So was her history given me—day by day, bit by bit, a quaint, amusing, pathetic, tragic, delightful mosaic. I dare not say I have put it down just as she gave it; for the primitive directness of the Chinese speech forms does not carry over into the more complex English tongue. But at least I have followed faithfully her words, aiming always to be "not an originator, but only a receiver and transmitter."

Love-true was born an Ng. The Family of Ng—pronounced exactly as a grunt with the lips closed—have lived in Maung Whang Tsun longer than any one living can remember, much longer. Ng means "fish," but it is merely one of the Hundred Family Names, having no connection with the fact that Maung Whang Tsun translates into "Look-at-the-Whangpoo-River Village." The wide, sluggish and murky stretch of the Whangpoo, Yellow Estuary, is visible from its doorways and from the hard-tramped smooth gray surface of the common ground before the houses of the hamlet.

Grandmother, the most impressive member of the family, in this world or the world of shades, had herself no

notion of how many Ngs had been born in that village. And that was about the only thing Grandmother did not know. This old woman, though she had died some time before we knew Love-true, was still the supreme authority on all questions of all worlds for her granddaughter. "My *hau-boo* told me so-and-so," was the sentence that settled any discussion or question of family, village, national history, of religious or moral belief or custom. Folk-tales, folk-songs, proverbs, superstitions, ancient countryside gossip—all were from the same source.

Grandmother bore six children—three boys and three girls. One boy died young, but all the girls lived. "Grandmother's mother-in-law scolded terribly," said Love-true, "because of all these girls in one family. Said it was tiresome-to-kill! Grandmother was very unhappy. One day she was going some place, I don't know where, walking along the path, crying and leading one of her little girls. Her mother-in-law had just said that that female child had to be put into the *dong*—the house where they put children that people don't want. And Grandmother, having raised the child to be four or five years, precioused it very much indeed. So she was crying about it as she walked along. Just about this time a strange woman in fine silk clothes with a servant attending her passed Grandmother. Wanted to know why she cried. When Grandmother told her of the affair of the female child, 'Give her to me,' she said at once. 'I've two sons and no girl, and I've been wanting a girl.'



Wyman Smith

Many Chinese families are too poor to care for all their children. In towers like this, in some regions, parents expose dead babies that they cannot afford to bury properly, or even live babies. As a child, Love-true heard much of the "dong," a kind of foundlings' home, but, poor though her own family was, she had no fear of being put there, because her mother "precioused" her



As "amah" and cook-boy, Love-true and her husband Oo-zaung—"Buddhist-priest"—worked for the Price household in Shanghai. Love-true was a smiling little brown thing, more like a schoolgirl than an amah. Her spontaneity, her ingenuous, open nature, her cheerfulness, put her and Olivia Price on a unique plane for two persons technically mistress and servant

"Grandmother gave her to the rich woman immediately. Since the child was old enough to remember her own mother, Grandmother was allowed to go to visit her, and they always considered themselves relatives, though of course not mother and daughter. The rich woman was the child's mother now.

"Pao-yin, I think, was her name—meaning 'Precious Silver.' Very pretty child, Grandmother said, plump and well-grown. She grew up and was betrothed and married into an official family in Sungkiang. After growing up, she seemed to hold it against Grandmother that she had been given away to strangers, and she was unkind to her own blood-mother. But the official she married was a very filial man, called himself Grandmother's son-in-law and was very good to her.

"Pao-yin died long before Grandmother did, but she had several children left. The oldest was a son, and I remember his wedding. Grandmother was invited to that by the filial husband of Pao-yin. Such a big

wedding! They were a truly rich family. They presented Grandmother with a beautiful garment to wear over her country clothes and fifty silver dollars for tips to the household servants and the peasants, who all came up to her and knocked their heads on the floor before her in obeisance. Grandmother's son-in-law—so that filial gentleman always called himself—told her she was the *ta-ta*—the madam—of the wedding-feast. He gave her the seat of honor at the feast-table—just where Pao-yin or the adopted mother would have sat if they hadn't died."

Of Grandmother's four remaining children all are now dead. Two of the daughters were married into families in the same village, near Maung Whang Tsun. But they were early left widowed and childless when some sort of plague, probably cholera, took off every member of their households except themselves. Both sisters became house servants, first to gentry near Sungkiang and then in Shanghai.

Love-true's father, the eldest son, died when she was

four or five. "He was a read-books person," according to Love-true, "and he was in business once. Very good man. Never told lies; whatever he said he would do, he did. And he had a truly good reputation!"

Most of this brief summary, I was forced to conclude later, was in the way of an epitaph made up on the spur of the moment quite innocently—to impress me. I never found any other evidence that he was of higher intellectual or economic status than his fellow villagers, all illiterate peasant farmers. One fact directly contradicted it. Love-true told me at another time that her mother's maiden name was Ng.

"But Ng was your father's surname. According to Chinese custom she couldn't marry your father if they had the same surname, you know."

"True. But *they* had the same name, and they were first cousins. It's not good custom for the same-surnamed people to marry each other—though cousins may. But my father's and mother's people were so poor they couldn't find anybody to betroth the children with—so my parents were married to each other."

This constitutes the only breach of the ancient customary law I have ever found in a rather extensive study of Chinese marriage code and custom.

"Number-two uncle," Grandmother's second son, was anything but worthy to stand beside Love-true's exemplary father in her memory. "Ate opium," she said of him, "opium-devil! Sold everything to buy it. Used to pull bricks and timber out of the house walls to sell by the basket load to get money for opium. Tried to sell the land. Couldn't, because it belongs to the family, and, if anybody had bought it, there'd have been quarreling and lawsuits.

"His wife? Dead long ago. Children? All dead except one son. My cousin. No good. Also an opium-devil. He lives in Maung Whang Tsum—in an old falling-down house. Wife? Never had any. Lives with a *pin-der-kuh* of his." "*Pin-der-kuh*" is a peasant term for a partner in illicit sex relationships, meaning literally "mix-heads." Love-true found it very amusing. "She ran away from her husband, somewhere across the Whangpoo River. Has a child by my cousin. Her real husband is an opium-devil, too."

"How did he manage without a wife? Did he take another?"

"Huh! How could an opium-devil get another wife? Nobody would be willing to give him a woman. Spends all his money for opium."

Of her mother's relatives not also related to her father's family, Love-true knew little. One story of her mother's uncle and aunt she told me when I admonished her one day against her own tendency to be noisy of voice



After the poor little wedding-feast, Love-true, dressed in a rented bridal costume of gilt-embroidered red satin, was borne away in a red sedan-chair far less showy, no doubt, than the chair here shown

and of movements about the house.

"Alas, Mrs. Precious, I realize that truly I am noisy. It is my nature. Whenever I quarrel, I shout louder than anybody else, and, when I talk with friends, my voice is the loudest of all. I can't help it. I had an aunt, my mother's uncle's wife, who killed an old woman in a quarrel, all because she was of such a noisy-quarrelsome disposition. A neighbor, an old woman, quarreled with her about

some little thing—my mother didn't even remember what thing it was. They kept quarreling, louder and louder, angrier and angrier. Then they began to strike at each other, with bamboo poles and farming implements. The old woman, on account of her age, wasn't nearly so strong as my aunt; so it was she who got killed. My aunt wasn't even hurt bad, but they lost every bit of their property. Had to sell it and give the money to the dead old woman's family. They'd have been taken to court, the official would have said, 'One life for another,' and my aunt would have been beheaded."

"But didn't she have to go to court?"

"No. The dead old woman's family sent for the official and made a great row. Official came and examined into the affair, but it wasn't taken to court, because my uncle sold everything and gave the money to the old woman's family. Every *cash!* They demanded it! Not a chopstick left for my uncle and aunt!"

"How much did their land and house bring?"

"Seven or eight hundred dollars, I think. But I don't remember exactly. My grandmother knew. My mother often warned me about my loud voice and straight-straight-lei ways of speech, saying I must not get into quarrels. My aunt never thought when she started that quarrel with the old neighbor woman that she would end by losing all her property. They had to go out and hire themselves to gentry families to get their living—uncle as a gatekeeper, aunt as a house servant."

For her mother Love-true had the one uncalculating tender affection I was able to discover in her. She was fond of her children, though she never apparently yearned for them or over them. Her husband was the object of a friendly, tolerant regard, but her mother—tears would spring to her eyes often as she talked of the hardships her mother had undergone, of the loneliness the old woman suffered now, of the way this one or that took advantage of her being "truly a good heart." The tender relationship between the mother and daughter went back in Love-true's own mind to a time before the child herself remembered.

"Your name was given to you when you worked at the mission, I suppose," I remarked to her shortly after she came.

"No, Mrs. Precious. My mother called me 'Love-

true,' when I was born, because she precioused me exceedingly." The word "precious," in the uninflected Chinese, is just so used as a verb, to express fondness for a child, an animal or an object small or rare, such as a jewel. The Chinese have the character *ai*, the first in Love-true's name, but they rarely use it in the sense in which we say "love"—never of a child. "My mother first bore a male child," she went on. "But he died when he was a few months old. Then she conceived me. Hoped I was a boy! But she bore—a girl—me! My mother's mother-in-law was angry, my father unhappy. But my mother precioused me, just as if I had been a male child, because she had lost that little boy. Always my mother has liked me, liked me *lei*! Two years after me she bore a son, but me she has always precioused as her first-born child!"

Further details of her birth and her mother's special regard, she gave at another time. I found her one evening, silently weeping as she stood by the sink, washing dishes.

"I cry because I'm *koo-nau*," she said in answer to my inquiry. "*Koo-nau*" means poor, unhappy or both—literally, "bitter-poor."

"Don't wash my dishes with your tears!" I said to make her laugh. She did laugh as heartily as if she had not been weeping. But after a moment she began again, wiping her eyes on her sleeve after washing each plate.

"How can you say you're *koo-nau*?" I wanted to know. "You've told me your husband is good to you. You have three healthy children, one a son. Your own body is strong. You're saving money every month out of your wages, a good proportion."

"Ah, Mrs. Precious, all you say is true, but I am bitter-poor! I have many expenses, and rice is always getting dearer. I've always been bitter-poor—always shall be. It can't be helped. It's because of my mother—what she did when I was three days old. I was born the day before Chinese New Year, when the weather was cold-*lei*! In the country, when a child is three days old, its mother takes it out and goes the round of the village families, begging rice. That's to make the child prosperous when it grows up. But my mother precioused me so much that she was afraid to take me out in the cold, cold weather of the first moon. And that's why I've always been bitter-poor—and always shall be. I can never prosper!" She had to stop her work here and wipe her eyes and her little retrousse nose on her skimpy blue apron—the tears were too copious now to manage with her sleeve.

I remonstrated. Indeed, she was prospering then, I said. Drawing excellent wages—half again more than ever previously in her life. She was wearing solid gold earrings and good clothing, and she had a handsome set of silk and fur-lined garments for special occasions.

Yet, aside from the fact that she could not get on with her mother-in-law and other members of her husband's family, her poverty was the chief sorrow of her life. The two things were apparently connected in her mind, as a sort of fatalistic combination life had set against her. The Tsiangs, her husband's family, she considered to be quite well-off. But her inability to fit into this family caused her to look on herself as an outsider, although technically she belonged to them, and her identification of herself with her mother made a hidden but perennial spring of melancholy and unhappy thoughts in her mind.

Nearly sixty years old when Love-true came to us, Mrs. Ng lived in Maung Whang Tsun with *Dee-dee*, "Little-brother." He was a rather nondescript character, still unmarried, though only two years younger than his sister. Unprofitably enough he worked the little farm by the village. If he had only been married, his wife could have stayed with the mother and he might have come to us for good wages.

"Well, why doesn't he marry?" we asked.

"Not enough money, Mr. and Mrs. Precious. Not enough for the wedding expenses. The first girl died, and it took all the money my mother could raise to get the betrothal gifts for this present girl—and now they say they've got to have three hundred dollars more! It's

just because women are so scarce in the country they think they can ask any sort of sum."

"How did all of you eat rice—your grandmother, your mother, *Dee-dee* and you—after your father's death?" we asked Love-true.

"Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Precious! I can hardly speak of it without crying myself to death! Truly, truly at that time we were *koo-nau*! My mother cannot think of it yet without crying, crying-to-death! We had our farm, of course, but, when

Father died, there was nobody to work it."

"I can't understand," I said, "why your mother and grandmother didn't go out and work their own land. They were strong, healthy women, weren't they?"

"Truly they were. But it is not the custom in our part of the country for women to work in the fields. That is men's affair. If women go into the fields with men, bad things will happen. Around Soochow now, the women work in the fields right along with the men, and those people are rotten—rotten-come-death! Very



In Love-true's part of the country, women, however strong and healthy they are, may not work in the fields with men—if they do, "bad things will happen." But they may carry burdens like this

bad customs! We Sungkiang people cannot bear such things! We are honest and coarse-natured, but we have good customs."

The difficulties of getting rice for her children made Mrs. Ng consider sending Love-true, when the child was between ten and twelve years old, to be a *yang-sin-roo*, or daughter-in-law brought up in the family whose son is to marry her. Love-true had been betrothed to the son of the Tsiang Family in the neighboring Village of Tsiang Ka Jao before her father's death. What her mother proposed now was to send her to the Tsiang Family and let them rear her. They would be willing to do so because thus they would be relieved of the final bride-price, gifts, wedding expenses and much of the bridal outfit.

When Mrs. Ng was on the point of sending a middleman to the Tsiangs to make the arrangements, the aunt from Shanghai came home for a few days at Chinese New Year. She begged Grandmother and Mother not to send the child. She herself had been a *yang-sin-voo* in childhood and had eaten much bitterness in the life, which she declared was worse than that of a slave-girl. "I'll take Love-true back to Shanghai with me and let her work for my employer, who is a good person and loves to do benevolence. I know she'll give the child her rice and some wages—I'll teach Love-true to work in the house, and she can run errands for us all." So said the aunt.

And so went Love-true back to Shanghai when the aunt returned to the Benevolent Employer. "Two dollars every month with my rice was what she paid me. It was great benevolence—that lady loved to do *hau-sz* like that. She paid my aunt four dollars and her rice; so you see she gave me half as much and I was only a child—usually a child gets nothing but its rice for work. Always she treated me well, too. I didn't know how to do anything except as my aunt taught me to sweep floors a little and wipe dust off the furniture and to fetch things." Thus in the house of the Benevolent Employer Love-true remained until she came home, when she was seventeen, to be married into the Tsiang Family.

Love-true cannot remember when she first saw Oozuang, but she does remember seeing him at her father's funeral. With other neighbors he came to present gifts and make obeisance to the dead man. He was a big boy, eight years older than little Love-true. Some one pointed him out to her that day and said, "There's your man, your lord!" The crowd laughed. The boy hung his head, and the girl ran into her mother's bedroom and hid among the women. "I wouldn't come out again while the guests were there. My face was hot and red as fire!" Love-true said.

"Did you love him?" I asked.

"We Chinese don't use such a word about men and women," she replied, laughing heartily.

Several times in our conversations Love-true had referred in a general way to the large sum which the Tsiang Family paid for her in bride-money. I asked her pointblank, finally, exactly how much it was. It was with some embarrassment that she told me: "Twenty-six dollars. It was because we were such poor people. Then everything was cheaper than it is now. Nowadays every one demands three hundred dollars for a daughter. No matter how poor—three hundred dollars. That's why Dee-dee hasn't married. When I married, the usual bride-price asked was one hundred dollars [about fifty dollars in United States currency]."

To this paltry sum of twenty-six dollars that the Tsiang Family paid them, Love-true's mother had added ten dollars saved out of the girl's wages from the Benevolent Employer. With this they had to manage the bridal outfit and the feast incumbent upon the bride's family on the eve of the wedding. It was a miserable little feast.

"Chinese are always unhappy at a feast if they don't have a great deal to eat," explained Love-true. "Or if they have to sit too close at the tables, they don't like that. Sometimes they get so angry that they quarrel before they leave, everybody hungry and in a bad temper. On the other hand, if there is a great quantity of fish and meat and wine, every one is happy and courteous to every one else. They laugh and pat one another and giggle and snort. They stay a long time and finally go out, everything happy and noisy-hot!" Noisy-hot is the literal meaning of *nan-nyih*, a vernacular word used frequently just as it is here, to describe a scene of what to the average Occidental would mean nerve-racking noise and confusion but to the Chinese would be delightful. The very opposite condition of *nau-nyih*, noisy-hot, is *lang-zin*, cold-quiet, or lonesome.

"Suppose, Mrs. Precious, you were a Chinese person giving a feast. You say to yourself: 'Now, four tables would seat all my guests easily, but of course three tables will hold them all. I'll have three!' Then your guests will be crowded and sulky. Or you say: 'Twenty *chun* of wine would serve all my guests bountifully, but fifteen *chun* is really sufficient.' So you buy fifteen *chun*, and at the feast there is just enough. Some guests will drink full, but others won't have had all they can hold, and they will be unhappy and perhaps hold a grudge against yon, which they will pay back some time. However, if you say, 'Twenty *chun* would serve my guests, but I'm going to buy twenty-five,' then the feast will go fine."

The morning after the unhappy little feast in the Ng Family's house, Love-true dressed with her mother's help in the bridal costume of gilt-embroidered red satin, the cheapest that could be rented for the occasion. Shedding copious tears, she said good-bye to mother and brother. The red bridal sedan-chair was at the door, sent by the Tsiang Family with the *shi-ka-nyung*, the old woman attendant of the bride. It is a convention to be strictly observed that brides must weep at this departure from the ancestral roof.

"My tears were real, not false, as with some," said Love-true, "and my mother cried, too, when I got into the bride-chair and started off."

The red sedan, gay with gilt and many-colored symbols of good luck and numerous offspring, with the weeping little bride inside it, was borne by chanting-grunting coolies along the ridge-paths between the rice-fields. The old woman attendant came behind in a green sedan. Over the foot-bridges of the canals, past the clumps of cedar-trees in ancient family burying-grounds, through little bamboo copses beside the water, skirting the high black walls of the occasional gentry houses, they went, to arrive at last in the Village of Tsiang Ka Jao. There, before the doorway of the biggest house, home of the Tsiang Clan, the chanting bearers set down their much decorated burden, with one last great grunt in chorus and a shout of "The bride has come!"

Formal ceremonies completed, the whole company gave themselves, for the rest of the day and far into the



Mactavish & Co.

These people of Love-true's native village, Maung Whang Tsun, are hulling rice. When Love-true married and went to live with her husband's family, about five miles away, she often returned to visit her poverty-stricken mother and, in spite of her mother-in-law, always took a little rice in a parcel or a basket. Thus she fought against ancient Chinese custom

night, to the jovial and noisy-hot confusion. In and out of all the rooms of the house, in and out of the courtyards, out into the village and back again wandered the guests. Any and all of the villagers, even those not invited to the wedding, children and adults, came and went at will. All the village dogs, attracted by the smell of the meats being cooked for the feast of the evening, also came and made themselves at home. Now and then, in the close-packed crowd, some one trod on one of these shaggy curs, which emitted piercing shrieks, to the vast amusement of the throng.

Meanwhile Love-true sat or stood or was led about by the old woman attendant, rigid and silent as an animated doll, moving only as directed, speaking not at all, in her stiff, gold-embroidered red bridal costume and her heavy bridal crown of writhing dragons and soaring phenixes.

At last, at last, was ready—the feast!

In the guest-hall were set out the tables for the bridegroom and the men guests. In the family eating-room next to the kitchen were the tables for the bride and the women and children. The dim light of a single candle flickered in the center of the smoking viands as each group ate in silence, concentrated on the delights of the repast. Love-true sat at the head of the women's table, but etiquette forbade her to open her mouth, either for food or for talk.

Soon, from the men's feast-tables, as the wine-cups were filled and emptied and filled again and again, came sounds of merriment. These grew more and more

uproarious as the evening wore on. They continued long after the women had eaten and drunk to repletion, even after those who lived near by had made elaborate farewells and gone home. Many of the youngest spectators, too, departed, weary and sleepy, eyes satiated with looking at food, in dishes, on chopsticks, disappearing into people's mouths.

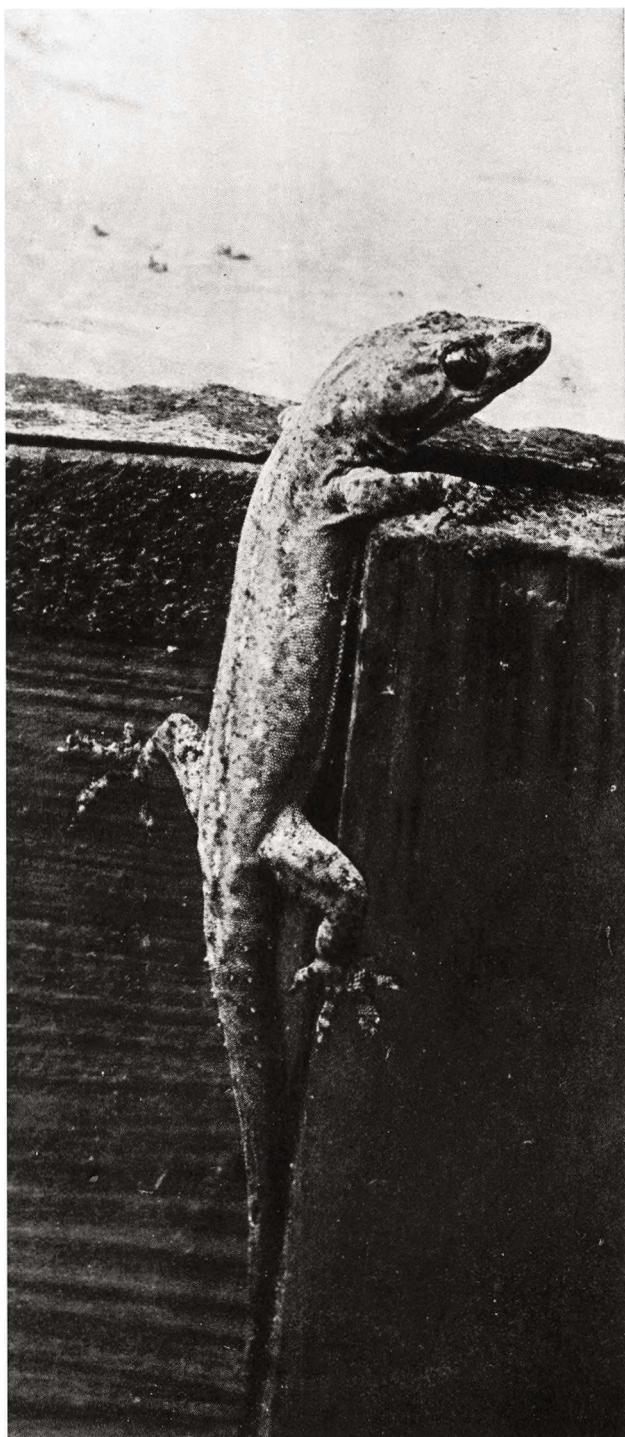
Love-true was led from the feast-table to the bridal chamber once more. And here soon assembled the men guests, flushed and spirited, for the crowning event of the day, the great "teasing of the bride." Love-true knew fairly well what to expect, and, with the old woman attendant still near her, she stood up beside her chair, waiting for the ordeal. As the drunken and half-drunken men gathered about her, urged by curiosity, amusement, cruelty, desire—free to speak whatever occurred to their befuddled minds, free to touch her face, her hands, her feet, her body within its stiff red satin garments—all her self-control was needed. If she showed fear, or anger or disgust, if she flinched or smiled, the pack fairly sprang at her, their laughter louder, their words more bold, their jokes more Rabelaisian. Marvelous fun it is—teasing the bride—to every one except the bride herself. And to her, of course, it is ancient custom, to be gone through with as a part of the wedding festivities. Love-true realized that the more rigid she stood, the less alive she seemed to their game, the more quickly it would all be over.

The men who were "sleepy-drunk" soon left off to go home, though one or two of these (*Continued on page 746*)



CREATURES OF THE JAVANESE JUNGLE

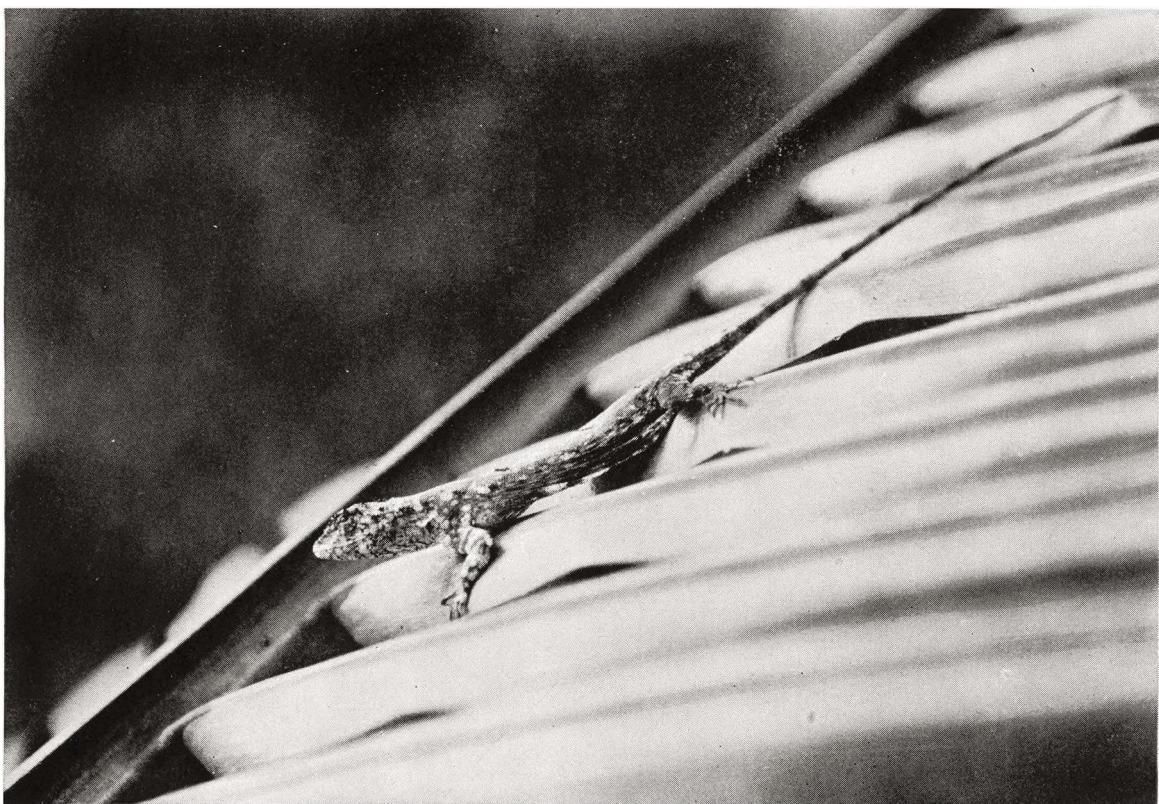
Photographs by Felix Kopstein



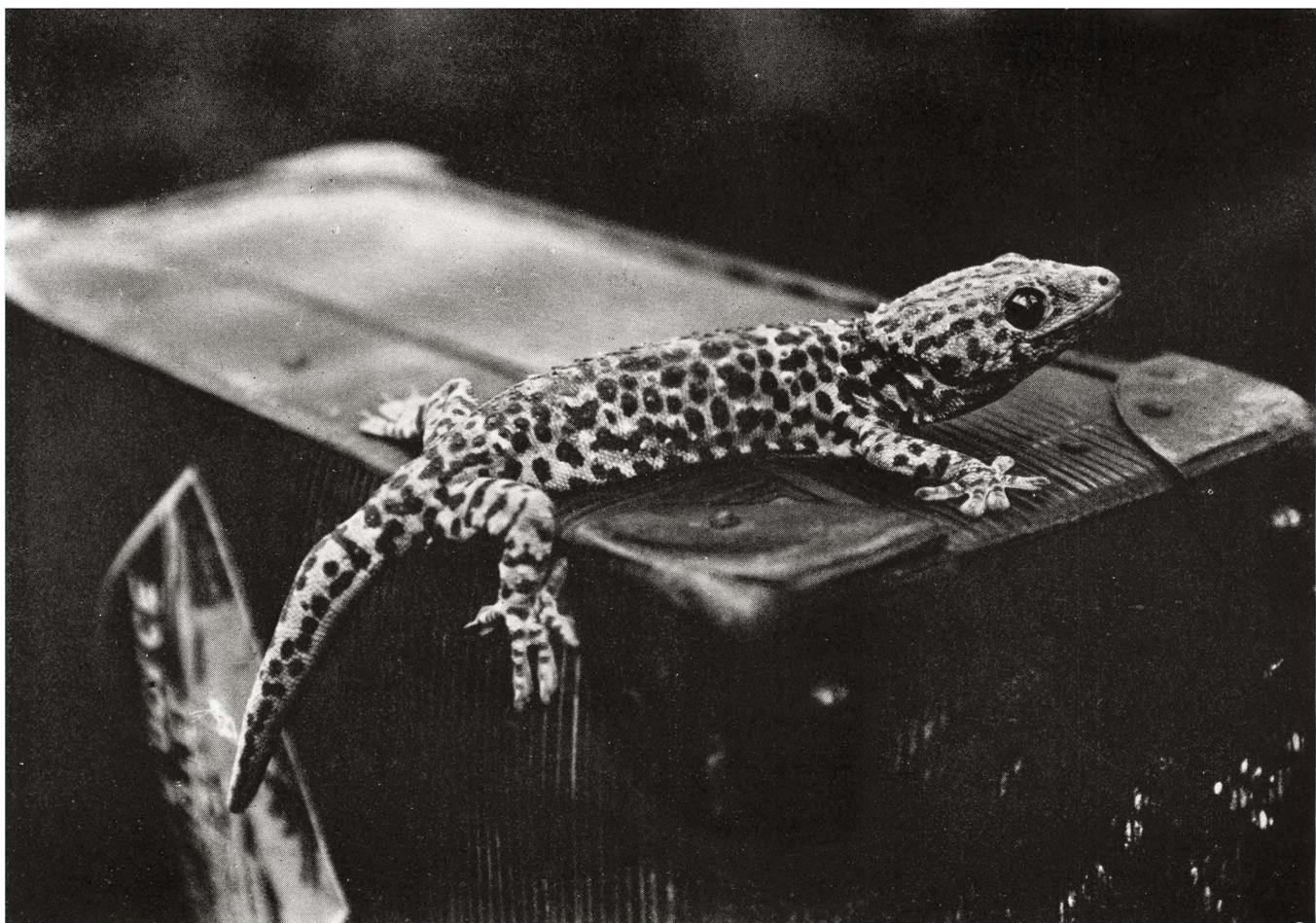
Before fashion in the West gave value to its hide, the monitor (opposite page) was even more common in Java than it is today. With its long and deeply forked tongue, this variety of lizard is wont to suck many bird eggs, one after the other. It grows to a length of several feet



The small nocturnal lizard known locally as "tjitjak" (above) is found in numbers within every house in Java. It feeds upon insects there



One of the most beautiful of reptiles is the flying lizard (above and preceding page, right), which, on membranes supported by a number of prolonged ribs, glides from tree to tree through the air. Its upper parts are of a brilliant but variable metallic hue; the parachute is orange, with irregular cross-bands of black





Java abounds with lizards of many varieties—such as the red-spotted gray or green gecko (opposite page, bottom) called “tokkeh” from its loud cry; the wide-ranging skink (below); and this small lizard, a common species in pastures and fields, where it is to be found on rice-ears, patiently watching for locusts





The "kalong," or fruit-bat, pictured above has a wing-spread of more than a foot. It feeds upon the first shoots and leaves of the coco-palm and upon ripe fruits



In the daytime drowsy "kalongs" hang by hundreds in the leafless crowns of high trees, sometimes in the very center of a village. At night they fly about for plunder



More amazing than flying lizard or "tokkeh" or fruit-bat is the flying lemur (above). A broad expansion of skin connects chin, fore and hind limbs and tail, allowing the animal, by spreading out its parachute, to fly from tree to tree. Its appearance and its terrifying screech have given rise to strange legends

To the right is a small nocturnal lemur of the deepest jungle—very rarely seen. Its photograph was made by accident; it fell with the cutting of a tree





N. V. Virkar

The name of the illustrious beggar Sankara will be remembered as long as the name of Hindu philosophy itself. In the four corners of India are four religious institutions founded by this great "sannyasi," whose successive heads have for more than twelve hundred years been considered the final religious authorities among Hindus. His Holiness Jagatguru Sankaracharya is head of one of these institutions

BRAHMANS AND BEGGARS

Indians Who Traditionally Have Chosen Spiritual Freedom Rather Than Property

BY N. B. PARULEKAR

AT the outset I must explain to my western readers that, in writing the following pages under the caption "Brahmans and Beggars," I mean not in the least to ridicule the high-caste Brahman—I myself am a Brahman—but to make the point that Brahman and beggar have the same spiritual ancestry and are to a certain extent the product of the same ancient Indian view of life. In India, it must be understood, the distinction between the apparently busy and the apparently lazy is less upsetting than it is in the West. The industrial West, since the days of Calvin, has been busy with the production of material goods, and it is those who produce such goods directly or help at least indirectly to produce them who are wont to be commended. Thus the Puritan became the ally of the factory promoter, and—to look at the same idea from a different angle—the teacher was classed as "unproductive," probably because recognized teaching dealt in the main with liberal arts and not with technology. There may therefore be one requisite before we proceed to discuss the Indian attitude toward mendicancy. I must perhaps ask my readers to try, when they see numerous beggars not only in the sacred city of Benares but also in such business centers as Calcutta or Bombay, to divest themselves of some of their western ideas about money, exchange, property and self-support and to overcome their natural aversion to begging as a means of livelihood.

Few things in India, possibly, are more puzzling to visitors from abroad than the contrasting pictures of industry and indolence, of business and begging, found side by side in the streets of Bombay. In and around the city, which is the principal gateway of Hindustan, factories are multiplying with the speed of apartment houses in New York. Brown-skinned laborers are toiling day and night on the docks, in shipyards, in deep, dingy warehouses, where goods from all over the world lie stored for distribution. Besides the vast lumber-yards, scores of textile-mills, the grain bazars, the cotton market, the stock market, go to make Bombay as industrious and feverishly busy as any other city in the world.

How is it that amid such activity there should exist able-bodied beggars—*bairagis*, or religious ascetics—Moslem *fakirs* and *baras*, Hindu *yogis*, *sanmyasis* and so forth, apparently unproductive and idle, depending upon the charity of others? How is it that in a country like India, already poor, numbers of people are feeding themselves at public expense, without labor or other obvious return? What appears still more questionable is the amount of authority, freedom and reverence with which the mind of the average person invests a good many of these beggars.

First of all, it is important to distinguish another group—frauds in mendicant costume (Buddhist yellow or Hindu ocher)—from the more respected beggars who are forced by adverse circumstances to depend upon the bowl

of charity. A famine, an epidemic or a family disaster has deprived them of their usual livelihood, and society, not being able to make other provision for them, has to tolerate their begging. It is, however, not my purpose to discuss either the deceitful or the unfortunate. I am interested in presenting the case of the voluntary beggars who embrace mendicancy for some purely spiritual end.

From the earliest times, begging has been prescribed to some in India as a deliberate way of living. Most of the religions, no doubt, have at one period or another enjoined on their followers the practice of this mode of existence. But in India it has gone deeper into the fabric of society, so much so that an estimate of Hindu civilization and the Hindu view of life cannot be complete without one's taking note of this "begging" part of it.

It appears that, ever since man began to express in the form of religion, philosophy, poetry or art his reflections upon his world, he has at times voiced his fear lest the material life might absorb mental growth and the creations of spirit might be smothered under the crusts of matter. He has often actually renounced everything belonging to the earth, afraid that the Kingdom of God may be lost in the Kingdom of this World. Plato in his *Laws* deprives the city fathers of all their private property; they must not even associate with the artisans and the agriculturists. The attitude of early Christian fathers was not very different; they shunned wealth and solicited poverty.

The Hindu society institutionalized beggars in a variety of ways and bestowed on them a reverence not ordinarily given to kings or emperors. Traditionally speaking, the Brahmans, for example, are the highest caste—highest, mind you, not for wealth nor temporal power, but for learning—and the glory of Brahmanhood still consists in picking up the beggar's bowl, either literally or symbolically, in the pursuit of *brahman*, or eternal truth. In fact, it is regarded as one of the privileges of the Brahmans that they may accept alms for a living. Even in modern times, when many of the old traditions are being abandoned, the Brahmans as a whole are still keeping up a religious ceremony that enjoins *bhiksha*, or begging, on every Brahman boy before he starts his life as one of the *dvija*, or twice-born.

To be a Brahman one must be the child of two Brahman parents and must not have a drop of non-Brahman blood anywhere in one's descent back to dim antiquity. Ask any Brahman his *gotra*, and he will tell you the name of the first founder or founders of his family, many of whom are the sages who composed the hymns of the Vedas some four thousand years ago. But even such ancestry is not sufficient to entitle a man to Brahmanhood. In addition, he must observe certain *sanskaras*, or modes of self-cultivation, one among which, in fact the principal one, lays down for him accepting the beggar's bowl as the legitimate friend in life.



N. V. VENKAT

His Holiness Jagatguru Sankaracharya makes his headquarters at Nasik, in Bombay Presidency—a most holy place to all Hindus because of its position on the sacred river Godavari, nineteen miles from the source. Like his great predecessor, from whom he takes his name, he is a "sannyasi," who has renounced the world

Every Brahman boy must symbolically go through that ceremony because it alone entitles him to the status of dvija. The idea involved in the term is that the twice-born, unlike the rest of humanity, have two births. The one of course is the physical birth, which they share with their fellows; the other, which is in a special manner their own, is supposed to date from a ceremony called in Sanskrit *upanayana*, literally meaning "leading unto."

It is a time of feasting in the family. Relatives pour in from far-off places with appropriate gifts for the boy, their family attachment being measured by their interest

and intimacy on such occasions. For weeks women are planning, men are saving and children are looking with joy toward the auspicious day set months ahead by the family priests. Invitations are sent out in hundreds.

Without regard to many details that in themselves are worth seeing and recording for both their peculiar flavor and their enchanting philosophy of life, I should like to call attention to just one phase of the rite, which is most pertinent to the theme. A young lad is seated under the canopy built out of green mango and banana leaves, waiting to be initiated into "dvijahood." He is

squatting reverently by the side of the sacrificial fire, where the priests are chanting hymns from the Vedic texts. At times he looks bored by the length of the ceremony, and at others he is pleased by its novelty and wonders at the value and variety of the gifts piled in the presence of the hundreds of people gathered around.

Presently the principal priest whispers something into the ear of the lad and invests him with *yajnaparita*, or the sacred sacrificial cord. The newly initiated Brahman is now supposed to prepare himself to journey in a ceremonial sense to Benares, in imitation of a genuinely ancient practice when boys used to leave their homes and go in ascetic simplicity to study the Brahmanic law at Benares or some such place. In the midst of the mimic exodus, an elderly relative intervenes, explains to the lad that the period required for self-discipline and the pursuit of knowledge should be considered as over and that the young man need not go begging for a livelihood because he will from now become a *grihastha*, or a householder, receiving in due course the relative's daughter in marriage. All this is a merely ritualistic scene and has nothing to do with the young man's actual betrothal.

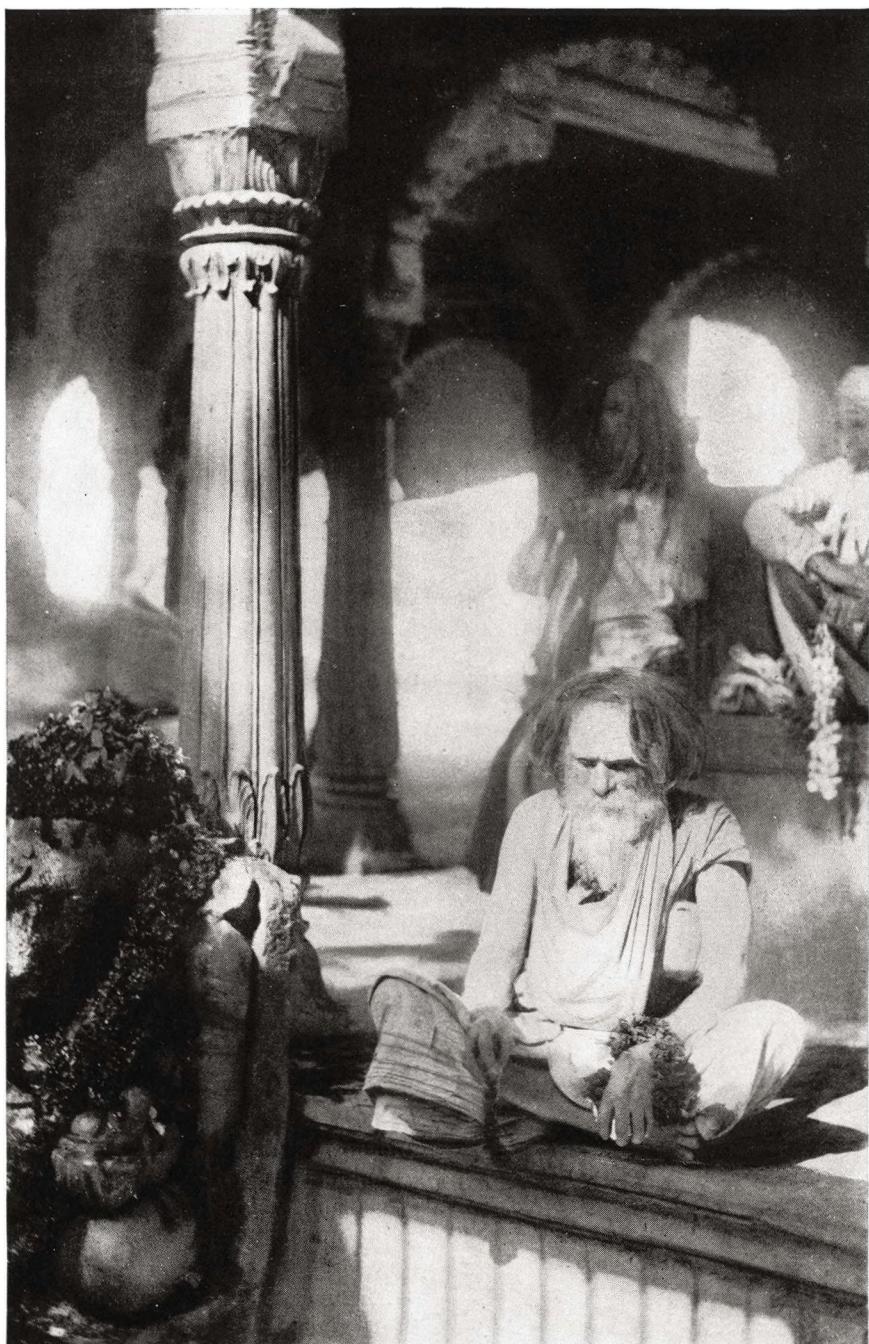
No matter how rich his parents are and no matter how important their position in life may be, every Brahman boy must go through this begging ceremony as part of his initiation. Of course, some Brahmans are beggars, in the literal sense, making the rounds to collect charity. But most of them are professional men—lawyers, physicians, teachers, journalists, clerks, government officers high

and low—and fill positions requiring a certain amount of intellectual activity of a workaday sort. Nevertheless all Brahman boys must go symbolically at least once in life for *bhiksha*, and, as students, some of them actually live by charity.

If it is the luncheon hour—eleven or twelve—you will notice a number of young Brahmins from twelve upward, carrying from house to house a *zoli*, or square piece of linen, with its four corners tied together in one knot and held up around a large brass plate. They go alone, in pairs or in groups of three or more, collecting food. The Brahmins as a whole are vegetarian—there are also some other groups who are vegetarian—but Brahmins must be said to be the earliest known total

vegetarians. They not only exclude even eggs and fish, but would refuse to buy from a grocer who sold such articles along with vegetables. Naturally in India a meat market is far removed from a vegetable market, and to buy both meat and vegetables one would probably be obliged to walk a mile or more from one place to another. In Brahman apartment houses, for example, a meat eater cannot even rent an apartment since he would be cooking meat in the same building with those who abhor the very thought. This does not mean that non-vegetarians are excluded from coming and going for social purposes; it means only that meat is strictly prohibited.

After entering each Brahman house the boys chant aloud in Sanskrit, "Om bhavati bhiksham dehi!"—"O mother, give us alms!" The mistress of the house



Holiest of Indian cities is Benares, where many a Hindu sits in meditation. When a Brahman is initiated into "dvijahood," he goes through the ceremony of starting for Benares, since it was there that boys used to study Brahmanic law



From the social point of view, says N. B. Parulekar, the true Hindu religious mendicant is a useful unit; he receives little, almost nothing, compared with what he gives

steps out and gently lays in the zoli whatever rice, bread or cooked vegetables she wants to give. The boys then move to the next house, repeating the same chant and receiving food in the same manner until they feel that they have collected enough for the two meals of the day. They then go home. The whole business is finished in a half-hour, everything moving as briskly as at a sandwich counter during the luncheon period in New York. There is no dishonor in the custom. In fact, it is a highly respected method, and its very name, *madhukari*, or, literally, "the mode of a bee," suggests how, like the honey gathered by industrious bees from a variety of flowers, it goes to sweeten the lives not only of those who

receive but also of those who give. Out of such *madhukari* boys have come up some of the leading men of India, whose early days are proudly recalled as a fitting preparation for their later achievements in a world that still honors an austere novitiate.

Besides these boys on whom the housewives so generously bestow food, beggars of a different sort—a Brahman husband and wife—may possibly be asked to share the family meal. They are guests in the house, invited as the minister and his wife might be in America. Even casual observers will not fail to remark with what reverence they are attended and how they are given precedence everywhere. No member of the family will sit on his *pat*—the square board separate for each—until this man and woman have seated themselves on theirs. No one is supposed to touch food before the visitors have had their first morsel. When a new course is brought in, they are served first. The head of the family inquires again and again whether they care for this vegetable or prefer that.

After the meal is over, the guests move to the reception-room, where gifts are waiting for the Brahman couple. The man may receive a pair of *dhotis*—a Hindu substitute for trousers—coats, shirts, shoes, even an umbrella, while the woman may be served with similar gifts, *saris*, *cholis*, or bodices, bangles, shoes, *kumku*, or red saffron powder, a dot of which on the forehead is an indispensable mark of maidens and of married women—widows excepted. Sometimes a more thoughtful and charitably disposed person gives away a milch cow so that the children of his guests may have an assured supply of the milk that is necessary to their healthy physical growth.

The particular task of this Brahman couple is to perpetuate Brahman learning at marriages and on other occasions out of the ordinary in the Hindu calendar, feasts and also fasts, when they are served with fruits, milk and so forth instead of cooked meals. A king is to be crowned, a farmer is about to celebrate his daughter's marriage in his own rustic way or a house newly built is to be occupied for the first time—in connection with such events a Brahman will be consulted and adequate charity proffered him. Sometimes after a marriage or similarly important ceremony more than a hundred Brahmins may be found gathered in a house, where they form themselves into two groups, one of which begins chanting in response to the other. Sanskrit is a most musical language, and, when the Brahman *bhikshus* chant some of the best verses from the Vedas, their voices seem to compose an ethereal symphony as if the music of antique days were coming from afar to soothe one's soul.

At times there are arranged programs of recitations of Vedas in which revered *pandits* from all parts of India are invited to participate. No book is to be used, because each word, each syllable, each phonetic accent and each pause are memorized so thoroughly that without a hitch, in strict accord with the traditional ways of some thousands of years, the *pandits* go on reciting as smoothly as the course of the Ganges itself after its final plunge from Himalayan heights. Such recitation may last for days, for weeks, even for months, every evening in the presence of a select audience specially invited.

And how enrapturing is the music as the *pandits* go on chanting in a manner most puzzling to our ordinary

human powers! One marvels at the patience and prolonged study back of such performances. No wonder Max Müller wrote that, whenever he might be in need of correcting an edition of the Vedas, he would request one such pandit to recite

the portions from his memory rather than refer to any printed text. The Brahman pandits preserved the Vedas intact in their memory long before printing was invented or the Indian sages even knew how to write down their own thoughts, and yet these priests are a class of beggars and always live on charity. They may be householders, not connected with temples, but as boys they have chosen to take charge of religious ceremonies as a

profession and they have spent twelve or fifteen years in study of the classical literature. Their wives, though not learned, perhaps, share their priestly offices in performing functions of special interest to women.

The leading pandits who take part in this prolonged recitation of the Vedas are given shawls, some of which may be worth hundreds of rupees, many personal articles and adequate purses. When they return to their homes, they have earned a reputation, which is more to them than money. The money is indeed of little consequence. An American clergyman is presumably not rich even though his church may be on Fifth Avenue and though

(Continued on page 736)



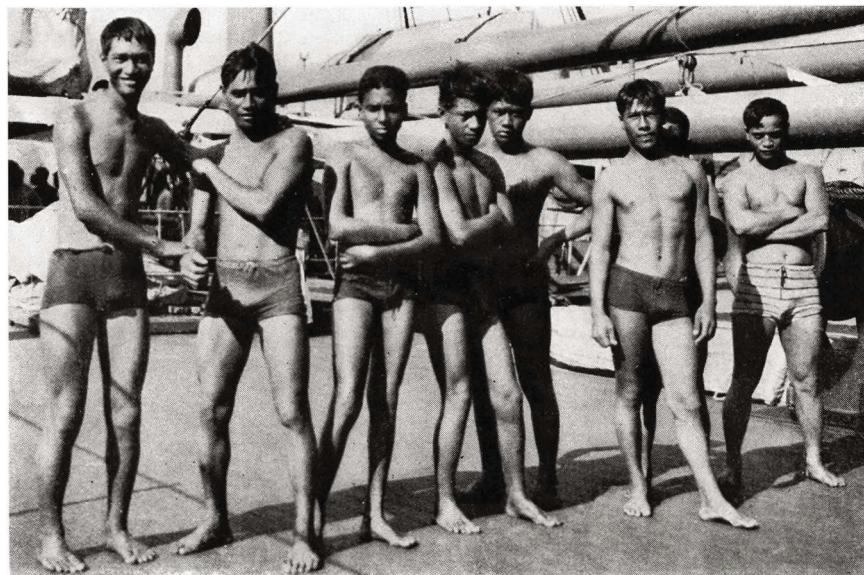
Annie Martin

The holy men who find shelter in this rest-house in Benares have many of them come long distances. They are provided with free transportation by the railroad and with food by people along the way



G. G. Virker

Nancy Miller, the American girl whose marriage to the ex-Maharaja of Indore was celebrated last year, is here shown during her formal conversion to Hinduism. On every ceremonial occasion in India—a birth, a marriage, a death, the occupation of a newly built house, the crowning of a monarch—Brahmans are called in to officiate and given alms in return for their services

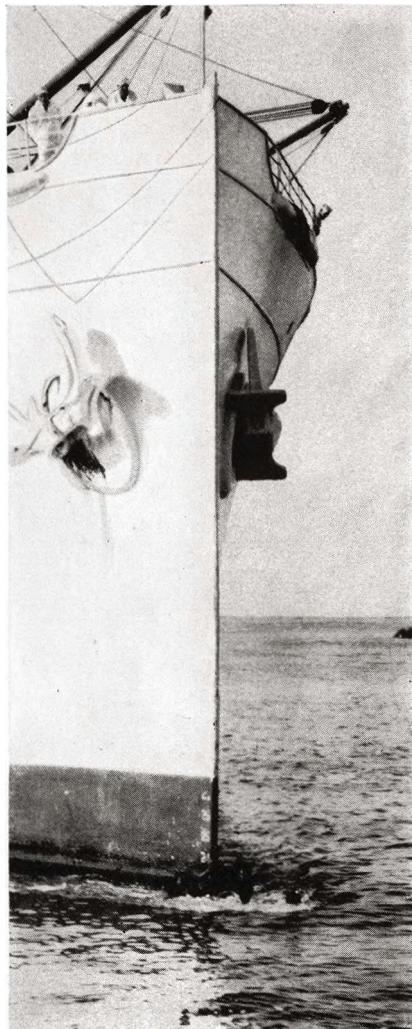


THE DIVING BOYS OF HONOLULU HARBOR

BY GWENFREAD E. ALLEN

MAYBE it is not a business, only a form of professional begging, this work of the Honolulu harbor "water-rats" who frolic in the sea and persuade tourists and homecomers to toss them a coin that they may show their agility in catching it before it disappears in the water. It is not a usual business, certainly, but it is as highly organized as a business should be. And it is bread and butter—or, to use local terms, fish and *poi*—to those who ply the trade.

Time was when the sons of many of Honolulu's prominent families slipped away from home to earn a little extra money by diving for it. But, whether that practice was stopped by the prominent families or by those who took it upon themselves to professionalize the sport, it is no longer carried on. The diving boys belong to very definite gangs, and in the harbor waters it is distinctly understood that non-members had better swim elsewhere. Unwritten rules limit strictly the territory in which the two main gangs may work. Boys from Kakaako district meet the ships as they come in and follow them as far as Pier 10. Boys from Palama district dive for coins *ewa*, or west, of Pier 10, although they may carry baggage—a side-line of many of the diving boys—as far *waikiki*, or east, as Pier 8. Enforcement of these rules by the boys has led to a decrease in the number of Palama divers, to accord with changes in the berthing of the bigger passenger ships on the Kakaako side of Pier 10. Although the harbor is not now divided evenly, as it was when the rules were first formulated, the Palama boys have made no effort to go to



A record day will bring each diving boy five or six dollars in coins. The diving boys know their business and their customers

the new piers, which are out of their territory.

One boy is the "boss" of each group. Queries concerning just how he is chosen and what he does, yield little more than a smile and a shrug from the diving boys; for their rules are guarded from outsiders. It is generally believed, however, that he settles quarrels between the groups and among his own boys, directs and regulates activities and sees that all goes well. The divers share their proceeds with him.

They all look like young boys when seen splashing so merrily in the harbor; yet an investigation made not very long ago by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, welfare workers, steamship officials and harbor authorities revealed the fact that some of these "boys" had been in the business fifteen years or more. When they "retire," as they call it, most of them follow the sea; if they do not work on a ship, at least they frequent the waterfront as stevedores or dock employees.

Just as, in the old-time gild system, the business was passed from father to son, so the business of diving for coins is passed from older brother to younger. There has always been a Pung in the water, it is said. The



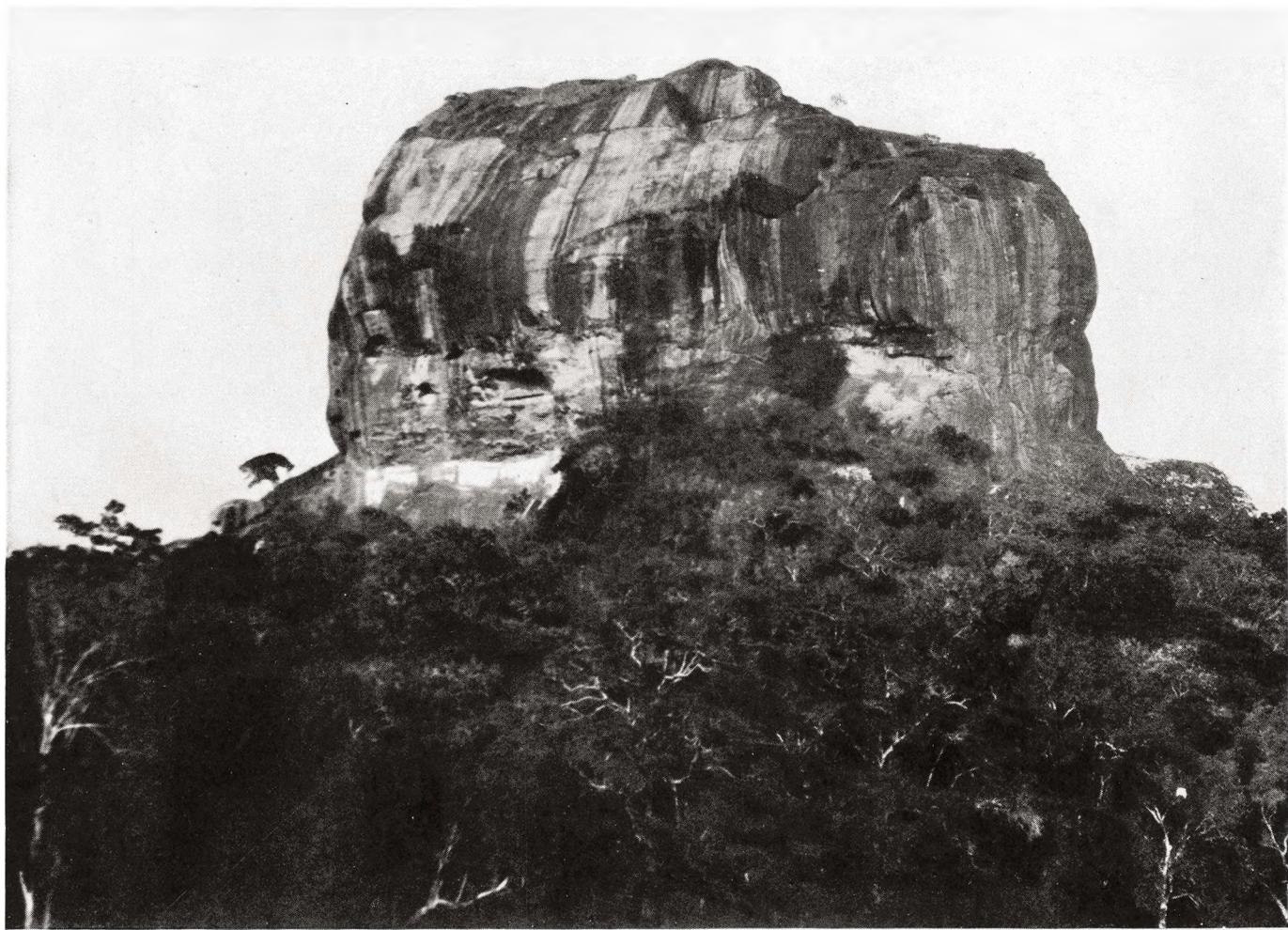
Pungs, belonging to a family of no small athletic fame in Honolulu, desert the water-front as soon as they approach manhood, but there is always another little Pung coming along.

A record day will bring each boy five or six dollars, but there is often a lapse of several days when there are no profits at all. When the divers were permitted to go out to quarantine to meet the ships, they sometimes made as much as ten dollars as a result of the longer period around the vessel. These diving boys know their business, and they know their customers. Only a few boys—

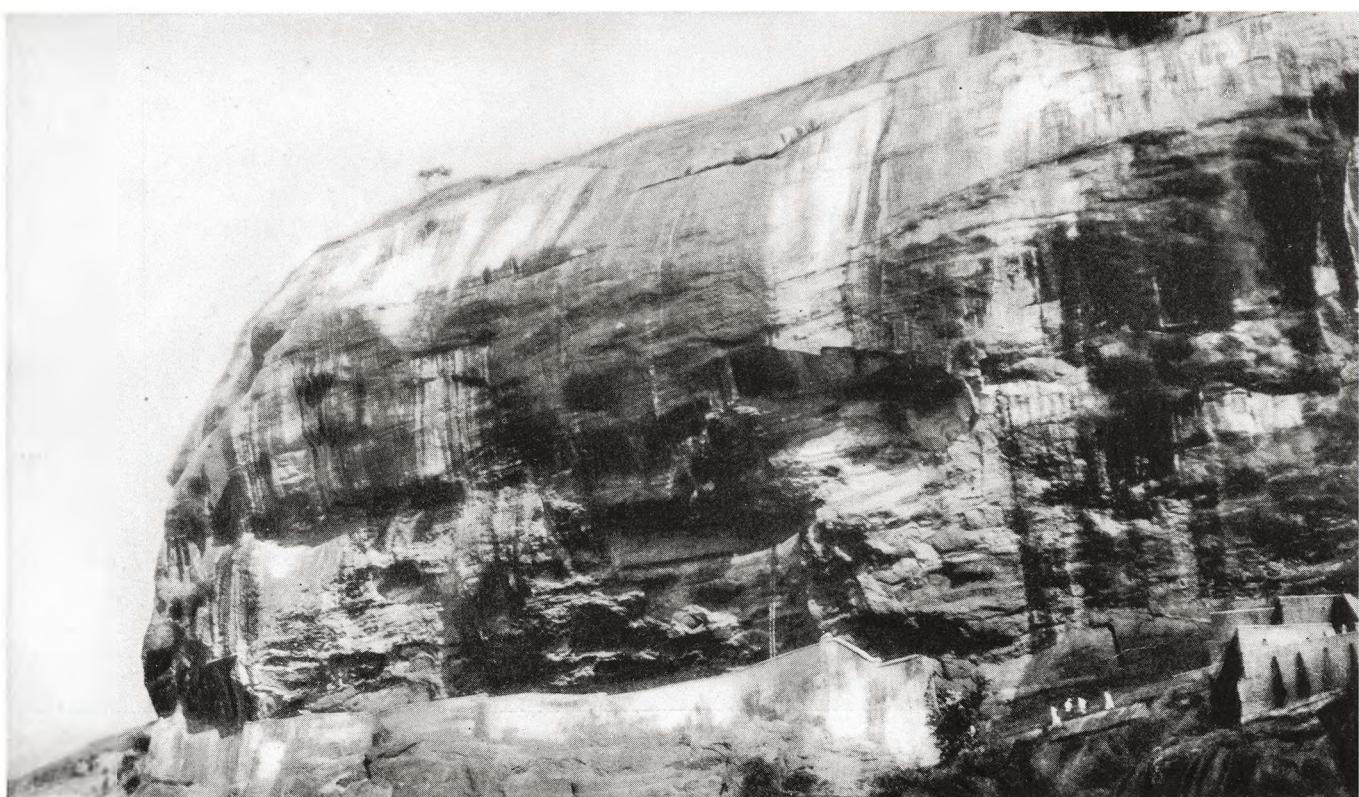
those most in need of money—will turn out for the sailing of an interisland vessel, whose passengers will be mostly business men going to another island for a stay of a few days. Little money is forthcoming from these boats. The ships from the Orient and Australia also net little. Ships from the mainland of the United States, especially *de luxe* liners, attract on each trip a good proportion of the boys. But let a luxurious round-the-world liner come in, especially if it is on the first lap of its journey, and watch the "water-rats" turn out. How well they know how to pick their customers! (Continued on page 732)



There is a knack to every trade, and the diving boys of Honolulu have the knack of catching coins. That is their business—to leap from the water like flying-fish in order to catch coins in their mouths, or to follow the money downward through the water before it is buried in the mud at the bottom. They are almost amphibious—as much at home in the sea as they are on land



Fourteen and a half centuries ago Sigiri was the stronghold of a Sinhalese king and teemed with brilliant life; today it is but a gigantic and lonely beacon, whose crownlike form rises four hundred feet above the surrounding jungle. High up in a cavity near the summit, accessible by a ladder, there are old frescoes, copies of some of which are shown on the opposite page





CEYLON'S KINGDOM OF THE SKY

BY CHARLES T. TREGO

SIGIRI, the "Lion Rock," lies one hundred and fifty miles to the northeast of Colombo. In 1831 its discoverer, Major Forbes of the Ceylon Civil Service, reached this great rock only after many days' journeying through the jungle by ox-cart and elephant. Though I traveled almost to it by motor car in a few hours, over roads which are good most of the way, it remains one of the most isolated spots in all Ceylon.

I approached from the northwest, over a road leading through a green tunnel of trees and vines and exotic flowers. Two miles from the rock is a clearing, across which I could see it looming mysteriously above the surrounding wilds. Then my motor plunged again into the green tunnel. The road ends at the foot of a hill, upon which rests the enormous rock. A broad stone stairway, lined on both sides with great overhanging trees, leads up the hill. On its top, once again I saw the tremendous granite crown. How incredible that man could have scaled those sheer walls and on the lofty summit could have erected a magnificent palace! Yet some fourteen and a half centuries ago it was the stronghold of a Sinhalese king—a fortress beside which the castles of Europe would have seemed mere toys. Once teeming with brilliant life, it is today but a gigantic and lonely beacon, whose crownlike form rises four hundred feet above the jungle.

The glamourous history of this fortress had its beginning—so the Buddhist chronicle, the *Maharamsa*, relates—during the reign of the Sinhalese king Datu-Sena. In the latter part of the fifth century this wise and good king ruled at Anuradhapura, then the most magnificent city of Ceylon, with walls that measured no less than twenty-four miles in circumference. Datu-Sena had two sons, both of whom he loved dearly. The younger son, Kasyapa, however, believed that his brother Mogallana enjoyed the better part of their father's affection. For several years hatred burned in his breast until at last he could endure it no longer. He planned to poison both his father and his brother at a great feast in the palace of the King. The attempt failed; for the poisoned food was first given to a slave, who died in terrible agony.

A year passed; and during that time Kasyapa went secretly among the people, preaching rebellion and offering as a reward for their support riches from the royal

coffers. At a prearranged signal, one night when a new moon caressed the burnished roofs of Anuradhapura, Kasyapa and his followers made an unexpected attack and quickly overcame the palace guard. Mogallana, realizing that his brother would kill him, fled from Anuradhapura into the depths of the jungle and later to India.

Kasyapa was positive that his old father had hoarded great riches and intended to bestow them on Mogallana. Time after time he attempted to secure a confession that such was the case. Finally Datu-Sena, unable to bear his son's insults, agreed to reveal the treasure, saying, "Let me first bathe in my fair waters of Kaladewa." And so in a chariot he was taken to this great reservoir, which he himself had constructed. There he bathed in the beautiful lake, and then he sat on the shore talking with his good friend the monk Mahanama, who later was to compile the first thirty-six chapters of that immortal Buddhist chronicle—the *Maharamsa*.

Soon the soldiers who had brought the old King to the lake became impatient to know the secret. Then Datu-Sena, stretching his arms toward the lake, cried: "O friends, this is all the treasure I have in the world!" At that the messengers bound him and carried him back. Raging, "This man is hoarding treasure for his son Mogallana," Kasyapa had the old man taken to a dungeon,

where he was chained to the floor and buried alive under great heaps of plaster. And that night, amid drunken revelry, Kasyapa the Parricide proclaimed himself King of Anuradhapura.

Shortly afterward, Kasyapa received a message from his brother in India vowing to avenge the death of their



Like this attendant the one with the lady above is dark-skinned

father. Greatly alarmed, he decided to flee to Sigiri. With more than fifty elephants and two thousand men, he hurried into the trackless jungle. After many days, he came to the towering crag, and about its base set up a new capital. He also made a deep, winding gallery under the curve of the cliff, where it overhangs its pedestal, and by built-out bastions he made an ascent to the shoulder of the precipice itself. There, through a giant portal mimicking a lion's yawning jaws, he reared a vast stairway, protected by portcullises, up the sheer cliff to the summit. And on the summit he established his palace in all its splendor, so that his eyes might look out for scores of miles over the flat plain-lands, to be sure that his punishment was not approaching from any direction in the person of Mogallana. He painted upon the rock brilliant pictures and set tanks upon its crown and made dwelling-places there for all his court and adorned that aerie most wonderfully in many ways. There for eighteen years lived Kasyapa the King; but always he lived "in terror of the world to come and of Mogallana."

I made the first part of the ascent to Sigiri by a great stairway, which rises steeply for about one hundred feet. This has been almost entirely reconstructed by the Ceylon Archeological Survey. Enough of the original grand staircase remained to serve as a guide, so that today the traveler sees it almost exactly as it was centuries ago. Reaching the top, I turned to the north, coming shortly to the beginning of the Long Gallery—a marvel of ancient engineering. Deep grooves had to be cut in the stone of the sheer precipice, and in these a brick wall found support—a wall that averages four feet in thickness and more than twenty feet in height. Between this wall and the face of the rock there runs a terrace, which ascends by a

series of paved steps. Higher up, the cliff bulges far out, and the wall rises nine feet or more above the stairs. Several portions of the wall were reconstructed by members of the Survey, who have skilfully matched the old wall with the new.

About half-way along this great gallery is a ladder, suspended from another gallery fifty feet above. In this lofty cavity I saw the famous series of twenty-one painted frescoes, representing women of Kasyapa's court—very likely his favorites with their attendants. The servitude of the attendants is indicated by their dark skins. Why were these frescoes placed where it was almost impossible for any one to see them? The approach is equally difficult from the Long Gallery and from the summit. Possibly the whole surface of Sigiri was once covered with painted figures and this series, being in a depression, alone has survived the centuries of monsoon winds and rains.

Descending from the cave, I continued northward in the Long Gallery cut in the western cliff. Thousands of slaves must have been employed in building this gallery, which embraces a quarter of the half-mile circumference of Sigiri. It was they who made feasible the daring plans of Kasyapa's royal engineers. Along this path they once plodded, straining and sweating under the heavy loads—men with long black hair falling about their shoulders and only a short cloth skirt about their graceful bodies.

Three hundred feet from the ladder I reached the northern end of Sigiri, where the rains have destroyed all traces of the Long Gallery and its wall. An iron bridge has been constructed, leading to the plateau that extends from the northern face of the rock. The cliff towers two hundred feet above this plateau; at its base are the huge fore paws of an enormous lion, which in the days of



At the base of the northern cliff, which towers above the so-called "plateau," are the huge fore paws of an enormous lion, which gave the fortress its name—Sigiri, or "Lion Rock." This great figure once stood more than eighty feet in height. When discovered by the archeologists, it was only a vast pile of débris with no discernible shape or form.

Kasyapa stood more than eighty feet in height. When first discovered, this great figure was merely a vast pile of débris with no shape or form. But, when the paws were excavated, the mystery of Sigiri's name was solved. The words *sinha-giri*, meaning "lion rock," had always been applied to this jungle fortress, but, since there were no sculptures nor paintings of lions on the rock, there had been much speculation concerning the origin of its name. Not only had the riddle been solved, but it was found that the trail to the summit had once led through the lion's mouth. Grooves and cuts in the rock eighty feet above the plateau form the outline, in a proportionate size, of the



head. What a glorious sight it must have been! The stupendous mass of Sigiri frowning above the jungle, the Long Gallery curving, winding up its streaked side; then on the north this monster lion rearing its head high above the green jungle, a flash of white and gold! And above this rose the sparkling towers of the palace.

It is a somewhat hazardous climb from the plateau to the summit. I first mounted some stone steps, which led upward between the paws of the lion. The steps ascend for about twenty-five feet, and iron railings

(Continued on page 732)



Along the side of the great rock, which in places overhangs its pedestal, is the Long Gallery—a marvel of ancient engineering. Several portions of its outer wall have been reconstructed by archeologists. From the summit of Sigiri, once crowned by splendid towers, one may look down, as in the picture above, upon the Cistern Rock and the audience-hall of the king

MADAME HAS COURAGE

BY CAROLINE SINGER

Drawings by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

ACLOUD distended with rain which never fell, sagged last night between earth and sky, a feather mattress, pressing upon the tall tree-tops. Within the forest the imprisoned air was motionless and smelled of decay, smelled of kerosene from the lantern set upon the ground to frighten off wild things. A slime of mold crept over luggage-straps and shoes. And, before the opening of the tent, twisted, damp, night-colored toadstools, as if rooted in water, sprang mysteriously from the yellow clay—the grassless floor of the forest clearing, bared of every refuge for snake or scorpion.

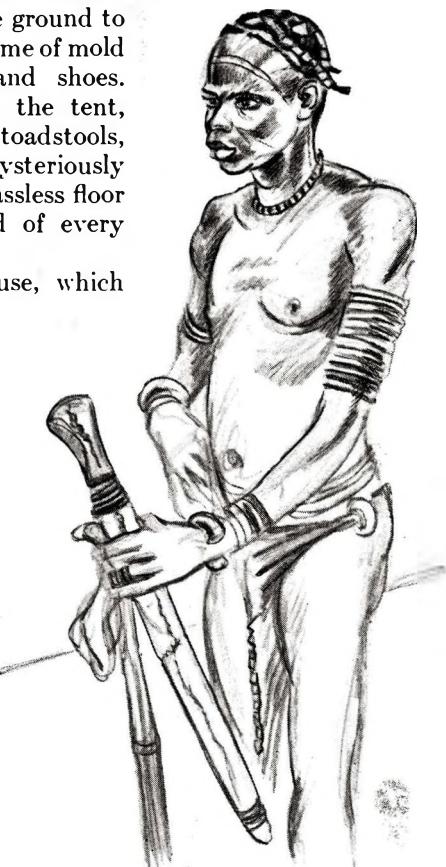
From the rough-hewn house, which has two rooms, one small and the other smaller, comes Madame into the steamy air of dawn, her pallid face moist with perspiration, which gathers in drops upon her temples. She is a drawing-room lady; a blonde porcelain lady in white slippers and rose-colored frock, followed by a black lad with bushy hair, pointed ears set high upon his head and a laughing mouth. He wears nothing except a homespun strip about his loins and a rag encircling

one leg above the ankle. Madame and her yard-boy come to count and feed the chickens. Last night, when, stuffing them into two dome-shaped wicker cages, he piled one fowl upon another, there were twenty-one.

Neither human being nor serpent having got at them, there are still twenty-one. Yard-boy, joined by the house-boy, watches the yellow kernels of dried corn, the food eaten by their people, raining from the pretty, brittle fingers of their mistress.

Madame is trim. She is sprightly; but it is with conscious effort that she thrusts back her drooping shoulders. She does her long hair conventionally, and she wears stockings, though among her compatriots many go without them. Her frock, copied from a Paris mail-order catalogue, is simple and smart. Yet, besides her husband, there is none here, in this inland village of the French Ivory Coast, to observe, none to gossip should she be lax; except, perchance, the educated, almost white Senegambian who is the station-master, the foreman of the plantation that is to be, or the Syrian.

The Senegambian keeps to himself. The foreman, the village chief's eldest son, is an



*Pagan Hausa
who tour villages
dancing with wild Hyenas.*



These drawings were made in Nigeria. The tribesman above does not belong to the dancing-troupe; he is a bridegroom, adorned here and there with red clay



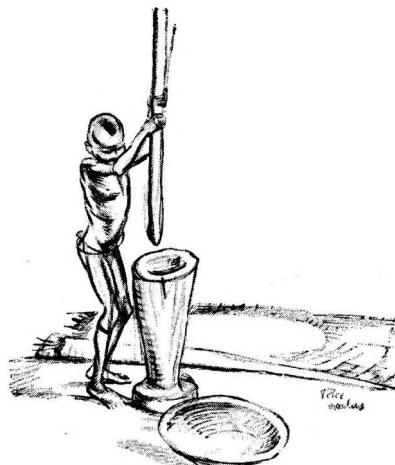
To native women the climate of West Africa is not unfriendly. But Madame, clinging to the symbols of a former life, waged a silent, stubborn battle against the tropics, lest she should be reduced to an incurable indifference, embracing everything

ex-conscript who has visited Europe. But, returning to the bush, his military service ended, he discarded the horizon-blue and wears nothing now except a cotton mantle of orange-and-brown calico, flung across one naked shoulder like a Roman toga. His *boulevardier's* sophistication, glib French and foreign walking-stick, twirled jauntily as he saunters through the jungle, set him apart. And a smoldering in his large black eyes, a tightening of cheek-line and chin, forbid his being addressed—by me, at least—as “boy.” Merno is his name. While away, he acquired an alien sense of caste; a bush chief’s son, as such he is no more than any other man’s son; but now he feels himself a prince. Having given the house-boy a coveted cigarette, I offered one also to him; he tore it up. A pagan prince has risen above my white patronage. He will have nothing further to do with humility. Yet he is black and therefore not entitled to an opinion concerning Madame. Conscribed, shipped away for scientific instruction in organized killing, he was forced to abandon a bevy of young wives. That they would chastely pine was not expected. Dispersed and remarried, they now chaff him on the village streets. But there are three new brides.

In a native house bordering upon the bush path that skirts the clearing and then plunges into the jungle, lives Madame’s young Syrian neighbor, a dealer in kola-nuts. Lounging in a skew steamer-chair before his doorway, he waits the whole day long for caravans of blacks emerging from the forest with nuts purchased from shy forest peoples by canny Moslem middlemen. Packed into porous palm-leaf baskets lined with yam-leaves, the nuts are shipped by rail to Syrians, relatives and friends, traders of the inland settlement. Transferred by motor lorries or by boats traversing the maze of the lagoon, they again reach relatives and friends and, forwarded to fellow countrymen in Dakar, are finally sold—a part reaches the European market—to nomad folk who chew them as a stimulant during desert treks. Thus humble Syrians command the West Coast trade in kola-nuts.

This near-by Syrian is a newcomer. Tended by a Senegalese couple, he lives poorly, his standard of living as low as or lower than that of blacks, his only intimates Moslem traders in fine white embroidered robes from the great market of walled Kano, the Moslem city of Nigeria, who wear upon their index fingers heavy circlets of silver. In time he will marry. His wife, when not actually bearing future traders or traders’ wives, will mind the money-drawer and clerk in a shop which he will add, selling both European and native products to blacks. But it is not to be esteemed by him that Madame dresses with care; for what a Syrian may think is negligible.

Clinging to the symbols of a former life, Madame wages a silent, stubborn battle against the tropics, which vanquish those who stay too long, reducing them to an incurable indifference embracing everything. Three hours from here by rail Madame has a friend who, hungering for a sight of her compatriots, comes from her house to view listlessly the biweekly trains. Once a woman of delicacy, she now wears a sun-helmet, frayed and soiled, *sabots* on



Rice-hulling in West Africa

bare feet, and no garments other than a shabby frock—a fact all too evident.

Seven years it is since Madame, a bride, bade farewell to France and to that which gave her pleasure: art galleries, theaters, book-stalls along the Seine, visits to her milliner, her *modiste*. The long stay was unforeseen, as was her removal from a populous settlement to this lonely clearing walled in by ferns taller than saplings, by undergrowth, by trees from which gray tentacles and streamers of moss descend, the lush whole knit together by a vinelike palm which creeps and twines.

When she married, her husband, a tropical pioneer who has resided long in Africa, one who thrives where

others fail, was employed in the coastwise trade in mahogany. Each year, toward the end of the dry season, white men—in command of blacks procured wholesale from chiefs—ravaged the forests, wrenching out the trees, choosing the finest, abandoning the less good. Lashed together into rafts upon which black pilots lived, the logs were floated down-stream when rivers were rain-filled. Towed through mangrove swamps and endless lagoons, crossing sand-bars, they were at last brought alongside cargo-boats, where, one by one, the unleashed logs were hoisted aboard. Forest giants, beautiful to behold, lost in this process, strew the coast—playgrounds for crabs, couches for loitering fisherfolk. Formerly great numbers of concession-hunters and buyers from abroad were engaged in the business; then the market for Ivory Coast mahogany collapsed. This year the buyers are so few that in the tawdry water-front cafés there is dolor, proprietors being unhappily aware that, when the logs are out and the buyers return to “civilization,” there will be no lavish celebrating as in bygone years.

Like others, Madame and her husband began anew. By arrangement with the government and the local chief they acquired for planting one square mile of forest already gutted of the finest trees, its wounds and the welter of abandoned logs covered by chaotic growth.

Inseparable are the fortunes of Madame, the porcelain lady, of her husband, the sturdy colonial, and of Merno, sophisticated pagan, and his “royal” father, who wears a ragged straw hat, a cast-off waistcoat and a calico skirt. Without black labor supplied by Merno and his father there can be no development of the hoped-for coffee and cacao plantation and no domestic service. Except the Senegalese cook, whom Merno openly dislikes, and a silent Gold Coast carpenter, who fashions a wire and palm-frond chicken-coop and will one of these days build the bungalow, Merno controls the servants. The yard-boy from deep in the forest is a tribesman whom he hired; the house-boy, whose powerful muscles, overdeveloped by hard labor, unfit him for finicky tasks of waiter and maid, is the son of parents long held in bondage by Merno’s father. He is a slave. After the rains have come and the villagers’ communal farms are planted, labor will be forthcoming; for the chief, who once supplied labor to the mahogany buyers, is impoverished and has seen his power slip gradually to the village catechist, now the richest man, who has a new frock coat and a bicycle, who minds a mud

chapel and at twenty-five cents apiece—a laborer receives at best five cents a day—sells aluminum amulets upon which appear embossed portraits of Mary and the Holy Child.

Since Madame has been able to visit a dentist, seven years have elapsed, and, when she smiles, apologetic fingers fly to her lips. But a problem more immediate than dentistry occupies her this morning, bringing a grave look to her eyes. Having fed the fowls, she gives the young Senegalese, her cook, water for the breakfast coffee, poured without waste from one of two canteens. These hang within a storeroom, an open wing of the small house surrounded with chicken-wire, fine-meshed to thwart the cunning fingers of predatory folk. Madame and her husband lock every window, every door, and within the house they lock away in boxes all articles not in daily use. Returning the canteen to a hook upon the wall, Madame snaps the padlock.

Merno, non-committal, brings bad news. The almost white station-master says that his rain-barrel—like those barrels, at three corners of the house, into which Madame peers as if expecting a miracle—is dry. Already for many days the only drinking-water has been purchased in small quantities from the railroad-station; the water drawn from the well is merely diluted yellow mud. Of this Madame gives a scant portion to the fowls, bidding the yard-boy recover the remaining drops.

After breakfast coffee the search begins. The village folk are dry-lipped, hot-eyed. With spindle-shanked, long-haired sheep standing at their heels, they gather about the well, dug under government supervision as a possible preventive of this annual water shortage, common to areas where there are neither rivers nor lagoons. Hauled from the pit of

the well, a man exhibits an empty bucket. Without comment, trailed by the bleating animals, the watchers depart. Of the three or four hundred people, including Moslem strangers, many, very many, wear rags or leaves bound about one or the other ankle. Having observed the yard-boy in his misery, I know that each makeshift bandage upon man, woman or child conceals a guinea-worm, the larva of which was deposited in a minute crustacean, afterward swallowed in muddy drinking-water. The colorless serpentine horror chooses the flesh above the ankle for its egress. How its departure can be hastened with the minimum of pain, western scientists know, but the simple person of the bush, suffering cruelly, pulls forth the worm—exceeding one foot in length—with gentle fingers, day by day, a fraction of an inch each time, careful not to kill the creature lest the decaying portion still embedded in the flesh cause an infection.

There is little activity anywhere. Beneath a widespread breadfruit-tree is the market. Sprawling upon a mahogany log, loitering men chuckle while a returned soldier in tattered uniform and service-cap, large toes protruding from his boots, twangs the raffia strings of his harp. Singing, he postures with lewdly obvious gestures toward a half-dozen delighted crones, seated on the ground. They are traders, and for the amusement given by the song they pay, from their stores set out upon squares of white cloth, pinches of powdered chewing-



This is a crude, picturesque Nigerian forge. While a boy works goatskin bellows, the blacksmith puts a sharper edge on Sheffield blades or makes simple tools of iron



These are Filene nomads; the woman opposite is a Moslem black from the Sudan, with some Arab blood

in grimy cups and sticky glasses. Where Madame can find clean water the catechist does not know, but the villagers depend, he says, upon a muddy pool some miles away.

One after another, in the hollow adjoining the clearing, where there was formerly a pool during part of every dry season, Madame's husband has had five wells dug. Four are dry clay cups. Overhead a flock of disturbed green parrots flies heavily, and, thrashing the branches as he leaps from tree to tree, a monkey gibes. In the filth that until this morning yielded up diluted mud is a long and venomous dark-colored snake, companioned by a large frog. They hop and writhe against the sides, hop and writhe, grotesque comrades motivated by one desire—escape. Already death nears. There



tobacco, kola-nuts and salt. In the midst of them but isolated by his indefinable air of self-assured superiority, an old Moslem sits cross-legged, whipping together narrow strips of natural-colored wool, hand-woven and embroidered, he swears, in Timbuctoo, though the lovely, bright-colored medallions are more Arabic than African.

A sharp, questioning look passes from Madame to Merno. The station-master is polite, but he has no water. Passing this way tomorrow, the biweekly train will bring bottled water from Europe, spring water already stale and often disintegrated from the heat—if thirsty white people along the line have not already purchased the entire stock. The catechist apologizes profusely for an antique coat, green on the seams; mourning for a wife who died recently, he may not yet wear his good one. Thrice he rides his bicycle around the chapel; and afterward a buxom girl, his consolation, serves tepid beer

is the stench of carrion borne by a creeping line of driver-ants, one of the countless ever-moving processions, threading savanna and jungle, before which, if a dwelling is invaded, whites and blacks alike must flee. Slowly, relentlessly, over the rim of the well, wide as a strong man's wrist, oozes a black rope of ants. Within two hours, Madame's husband judges, the well will hold only the vertebrae of a snake and the tidy little skeleton of a frog, from which the tormented flesh will have been shredded by countless mandibles.

Noon. Madame returns to the clearing. Fastidious in regard to her house as well as her person, she endeavors to recast house-boy into waiter-maid-valet and to make a Parisian chef of the suave Senegalese. When the house-boy eats, one hand, dipped into the common pot, serves. Therefore foreign meals, subdivided into courses, will forever be to him, I am sure, a mystifying, a fatiguing,

ritual. Between courses he dashes with enamel plates and steel "silverware" to the dish-pan before the cook-house, fifty feet away, and brings them back—doused in suds and dried. He cannot tame his strength, cannot curb his violence. *Distrait* from the incessant racketing, Madame is also enervated by this morning's search. The querulousness of her tone—he understands almost no French—undoes him completely. Plates improperly dried are despatched a second time to the cook-house. With a table-napkin he whips Madame's prowling kitten, and the cloth is taken from him. From all perplexities he would run—he has said so—but always, always, there is Merno to track him down. Today there is an *hors-d'œuvre* of canned sausage. The freshly killed fowl is steeped in a savory sauce. Madame prepared it over a kerosene burner within the house, and at the same time she also drenched the imported potatoes with melted butter from a can—a luxury with which the Senegalese is not trusted. After canned celery, "livened up" by Madame's seasoning, comes a soufflé of coconuts, which were picked before the shells hardened. For drink there are both *pinard*, thinned with a little water, and palm-wine (in my estimation tasting like cider flavored with rubber and sulphur), which Madame's husband drinks until he discovers that the bottle contains a gigantic pickled fly. For this the house-boy is blamed. Afterward there is coffee.

The intensity of the midday heat, shrill with singing insects, prevents immediate resumption of the search. From the jungle there comes the rank odor of rotting flesh; some animal has been killed, has died. Beneath the sun the metal roof, "draws," twitches, and the tapping sounds are like the spatter of rain-drops. In a room adjoining the kitchen the Senegalese drowses. The house-boy has stolen away to the village. And the yard-boy, his face distorted—a face with eyes and mouth tweaked upward at the corners, as if made for impish laughter—sits in the shade, dealing with the serpent in his flesh.

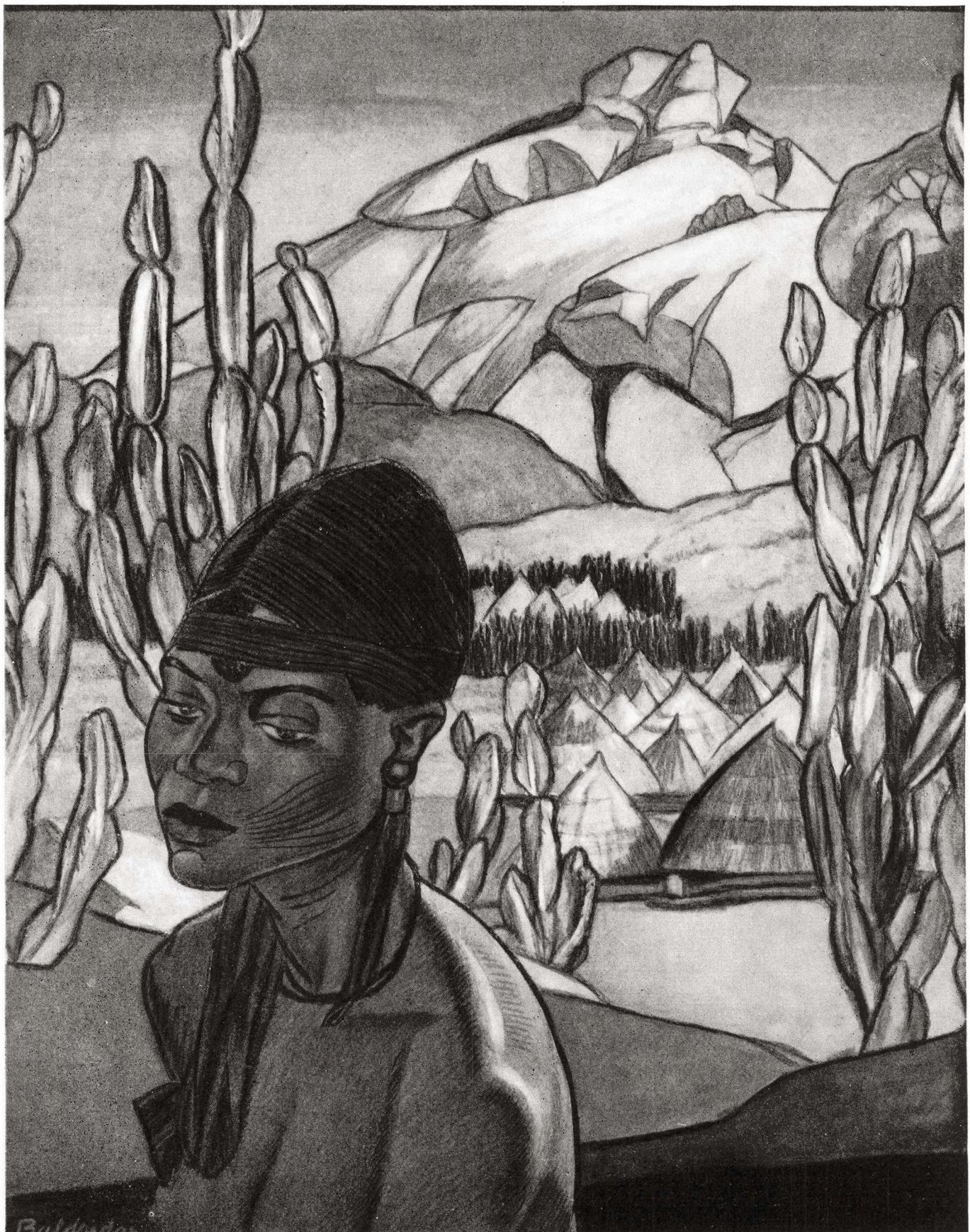
At this hour beds are too smothering, and Madame composes herself in a deck-chair. The delicate eyelids droop. She sleeps, and I watch the faint pulsation of her veined temples. Then, so quickly that it is not seen at first by any one, a giant fly, of which there are so many kinds, stabs the slender, pallid arms, as it stabbed mine. Five spots are flecked with blood, and Madame, with a smile, a shrug, goes for the iodine.

Merno, who brought bad news this morning, has now another disagreeable announcement. Madame's husband had asked him why it was that, if an antelope was brought by the chief's hunter, none of it was sent to Madame, since his father had agreed in every instance to set aside a portion of freshly killed meat for Madame, whose health demands some variation from a diet of chicken, canned beef and eggs. There was antelope. A goodly portion was purchased by the cook, apparently for Madame, but eaten—Merno has made the discovery—by him and his young wife. Callously the Senegalese acknowledges his guilt. He and his wife were hungry. Madame's husband storms; but, after all, a cook who makes coconut soufflé is not to be replaced, even by Merno, here in the bush. The quarreling lapses when a lamb is brought, slung across the neck of a village lad—"dash" from the remorseful chief. Bleating piteously, the animal is tied beneath the carpenter's work-bench—something more that will have to be watered and fed.

Two, a man and a woman, pass, with gourds of water upon which large leaves are floated to diminish the loss from splashing. Following Madame, who carries a parasol and dreads the sun so that she stops up the air-holes of her sun-helmet with cotton, I set out to locate the pool from which the stuff was got. When we are scarcely started, a vermillion snake glides across the toes of her white canvas slippers in the direction of the clearing. It is poisonous. The chickens! We return. The out-buildings, like the house and the tent occupied by my husband and me, are surrounded by deep trenches, an old-fashioned and doubtful device for protection against snakes. The chickens are unmolested; we depart a second time.

Except where the felling of many trees has laid waste the forest, leaving wide spaces grass-grown like meadows anywhere, we travel always in a jungle twilight, the air against our cheeks so damp that the lack of water seems incredible. After two miles we hear the booming of frogs, instantly lulled at our approach. The pool. It is an inky bog with jade-green scum recently disrupted by the water-carriers, who dug into the heavy mud, ladling out that which was less thick. There is no water here—only a frogs' paradise, a quagmire from which emanates a gaseous odor, sweetish-rotten. Above the surface hundreds of turquoise butterflies flutter; then they drown.





Typical of the pagan tribespeople of northern Nigeria is this woman, drawn by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge against a background of her native hills. Miss Singer and Mr. Baldridge spent fourteen months in Africa, journeying among the various tribes. It was in the French Ivory Coast that they met the Frenchwoman of the story.

Beneath our feet we crush the wings of those which, settling upon the spongy banks, have been devoured alive by driver-ants, while, like a shower of petals, hundreds come flying to their doom.

In the interval of our absence, Madame's husband has been more successful. Led by Merno in another direction, he returns, yard-boy and house-boy following with five-gallon tins of brown "water," thick as custard. Boiled for twenty minutes by the Senegalese, this is poured through layers of cloth without apparent alteration of its consistency. A small amount of permanganate is added, and then the filter reserved for drinking-water is filled with the odious liquid. Tomorrow, if there is no bottled water on the train—

A tall young Moslem in a hand-woven silk robe such as tourists buy in Cairo—son of an Emir famous while he lived for his hatred of white Christian invaders—brings his wife to the clearing, imploring the whites (who know all) to look after her. Heavy rings of what is ostensibly gold but looks to me like brass, drag at both ears, their harshness padded with red woolen yarn where the lobes are pierced. One ear, infected, is terribly swollen. The slightest pressure produces pain, but unflinchingly the woman sits, doe eyes fixed upon us, while Madame's husband and mine, using pliers, try again and again unsuccessfully to break the circlet without injury to the ear. It is evident that Madame, entirely kind, cannot touch the black woman. I sponge away the blood, apply iodine and give her a tablet of aspirin. On the morrow, when the biweekly train passes, her husband will take her to the white doctor, a half-day's trip inland from here. He promises. Cool, long-fingered hands—the hands of black folk seem always curiously cool—close over one of mine. I feel the swift, light pressure of lips. The woman and her husband go.

Evening. Upon one end of the dining-table, moved now to the small front veranda, along the eaves of which Madame has strung a curtain of striped red-and-white calico like an awning, a white basin with some of the brownish water is placed before the gasoline lamp, so that insects not incinerated in the flame, drown, lured by the reflections in the bowl. With a faint hissing noise, a faint

splattering, hundreds of minute lives are quenched; but we dine without annoyance. Habitually the house-boy has worn a calico as an apron, two ends knotted behind his neck, two behind his back. Therefore, when fully dressed in front, he is drolly unclad behind. But tonight his oiled thighs flash below an olive-drab army shirt, already old and yet newly purchased; for there are no clothes in

America and Europe too second-hand for shipment to West Africa and sale to blacks. As he turns about and about in the cramped quarters, placing pepper, salt and dishes, the tails of this dubious garment swish and drag upon the table, until Madame tells him somewhat sharply to remove it. With one unexpected motion he whisks off the shirt. Then, nettled by the laughter of the Senegalese, he serves a Parisian dinner in courses, dashing back and forth—clad only in a breech-cloth—across the clay floor of the clearing.

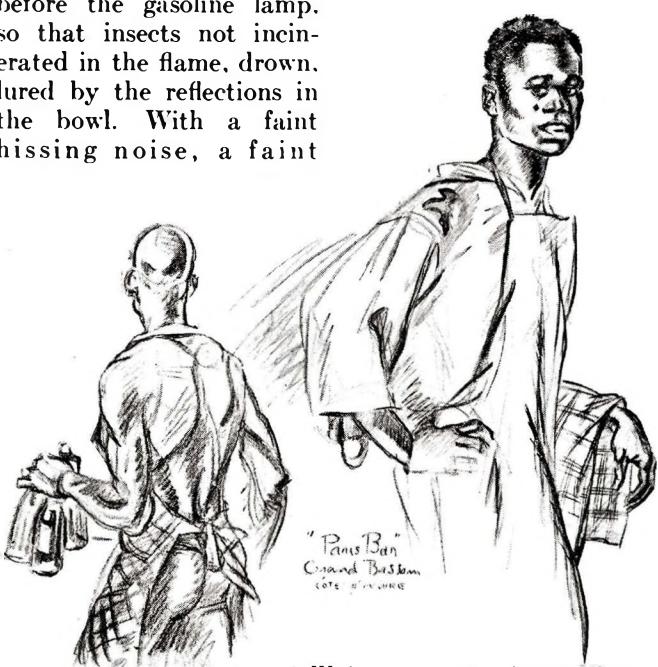
The cook-house is soon dark. Senegalese, Gold Coast carpenter, house-boy and Merno leave. Beside his tiny hut, the yard-boy, almost invisible, plays upon an instrument, a simple bow of wood. Its single string, rested against his slightly parted lips, so that his mouth acts as a sounding-board, is manipulated with what might be halves of a broken arrow. With one, vibrations are created, while, moving the second from one position to another, he regulates the pitch. A little quavering, sobbing song, the saddest melody that I have ever heard, comes from the shadows. And then a hush falls upon the clearing, a hush threaded with the insistence of chirping insects, the metallic ring of a night-bird's call and the lamb's bleating. The yard-boy is off to the village, where there is drumming. But no one dances beneath the moon save the now half-drunken minstrel.

The kerosene lantern, lighted to frighten wild things away—not knowing its purpose, I at first extinguished this light nightly—burns now before the tent. Shining through the slatted shutters, light forms stiff patterns upon the house. Twenty chickens the yard-boy tucked away this evening. But, having somehow freed themselves, fully half the number now perch upon the wash-stand and the luggage, and one is on my cot. Madame comes. Like finger-marks, dull shadows lie beneath her eyes, but she laughs gaily enough as we rout the fowls, groggy with sleep, from their roosting-places. At last the twenty are restored to the dome-shaped wicker cages.

Then I see her who has not complained that one canteen is empty and the other's contents partly used, who has not uttered one apprehensive word concerning the morrow, pause midway between tent and house, her face uplifted, and raise thin arms toward a cloud drifting lazily beneath the moon, which rides the sky within that hopeful augury, a misty circle. This imploring gesture—and Madame is gone.



Madame's obstreperous house-boy



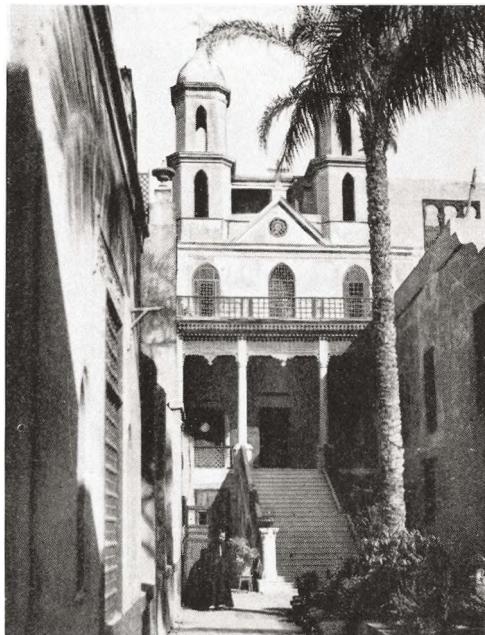
Waiters in a water-front cafe



COPTIC ART IN OLD CAIRO

*Photographs from
Pierre Crabilès*

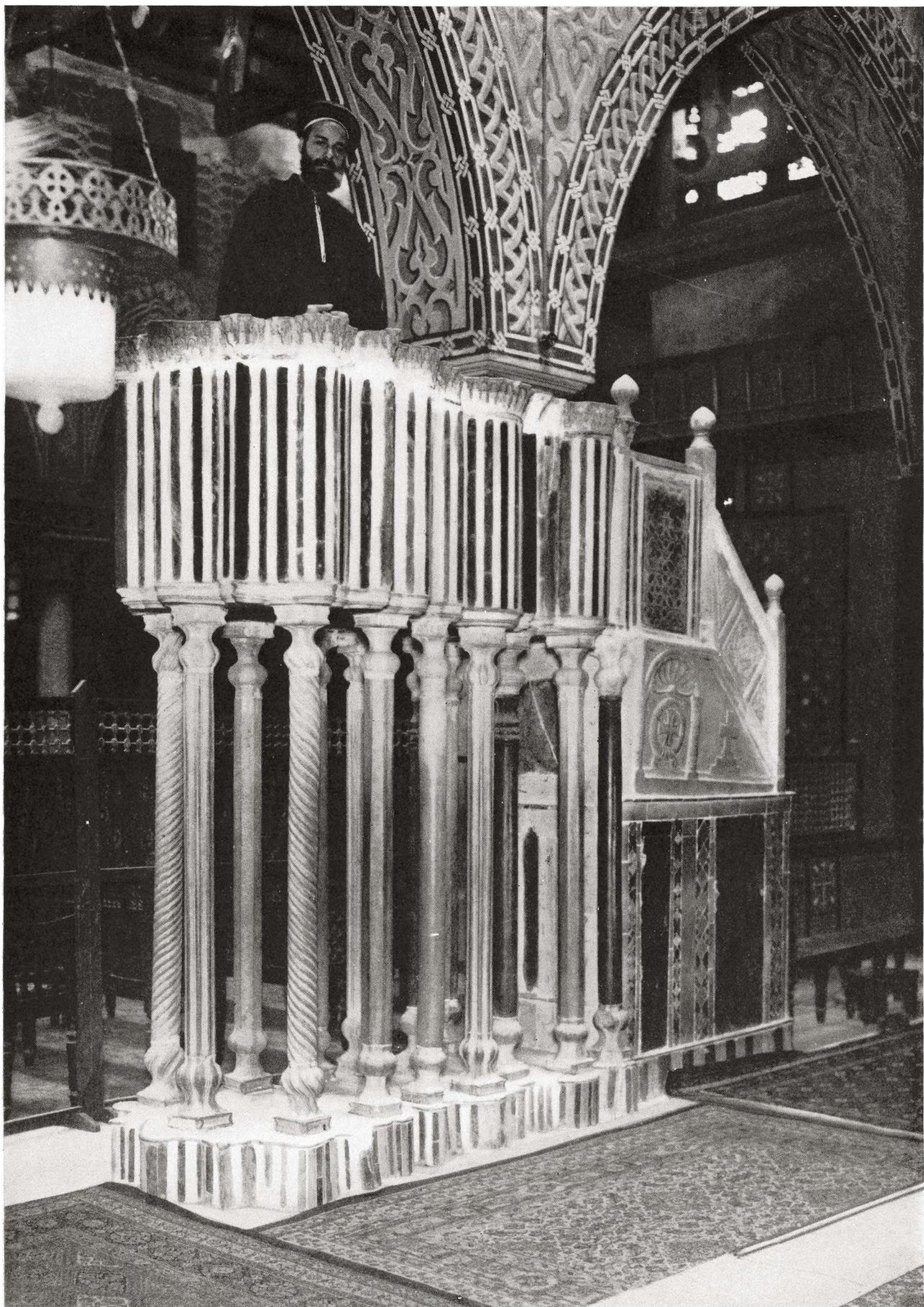
Not all the art treasures of Cairo reflect the civilization of the Pharaohs. Some, for instance, are the work of the Copts, or native Egyptian Christians—the best dating from the period of their greatest influence, which was roughly from the third to the seventh century



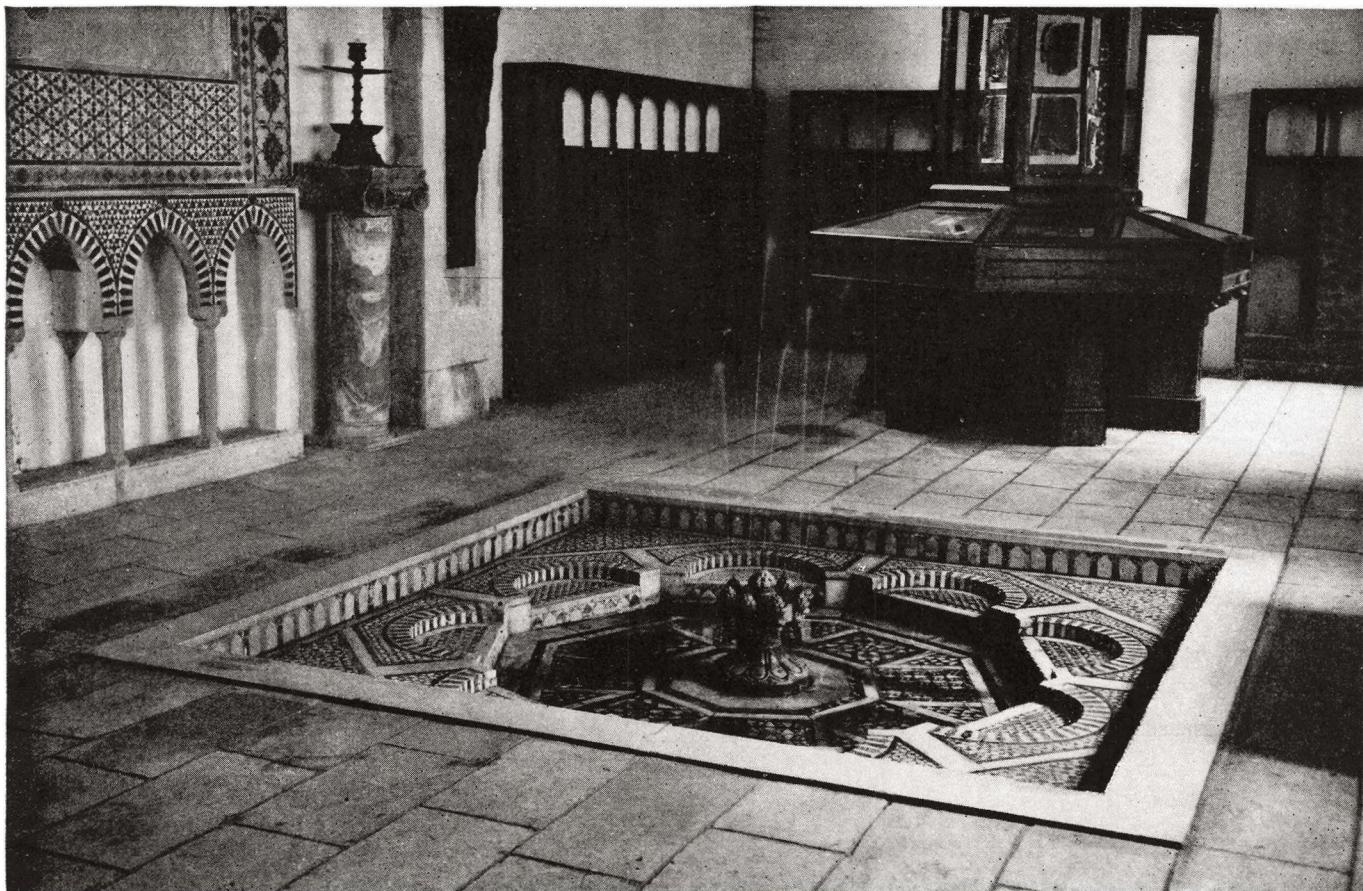
The Coptic quarter lies within the Roman Fortress, the southern gate of which, restored by excavation, is pictured above. Built over a tower of the fortress is (left) the old and famous Coptic Church of Al Moallakah—"the Suspended"

Near at hand is the Cairo Coptic Museum, with its charming garden. Marcus Simaika Pasha, creator and moving spirit of the museum, who has devoted much of his life to the task of preserving the historic monuments of his people, appears in the photograph





Chief of the treasures of Al Moallakah is its beautiful twelfth-century ambo, or pulpit, with earlier fragments, showing the cross in relief. The church itself dates from the fourth century, but it has been again and again restored. All of the old Coptic churches in Cairo are under the care of the "Comité de Conservation des Monuments de l'Art Arabe"



In the new buildings of the Cairo Coptic Museum old carved ceilings, latticed and stained-glass windows, marble pillars and mosaics from half-ruined Coptic houses have been utilized. The museum library, with its exquisite marble mosaic fountain, shows the charm of the place. Below is a fourth-century door from the Church of Saint Barbara

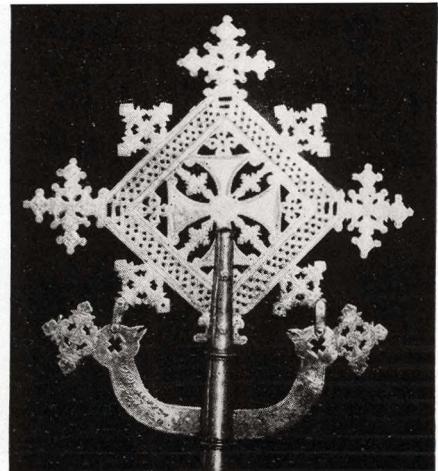
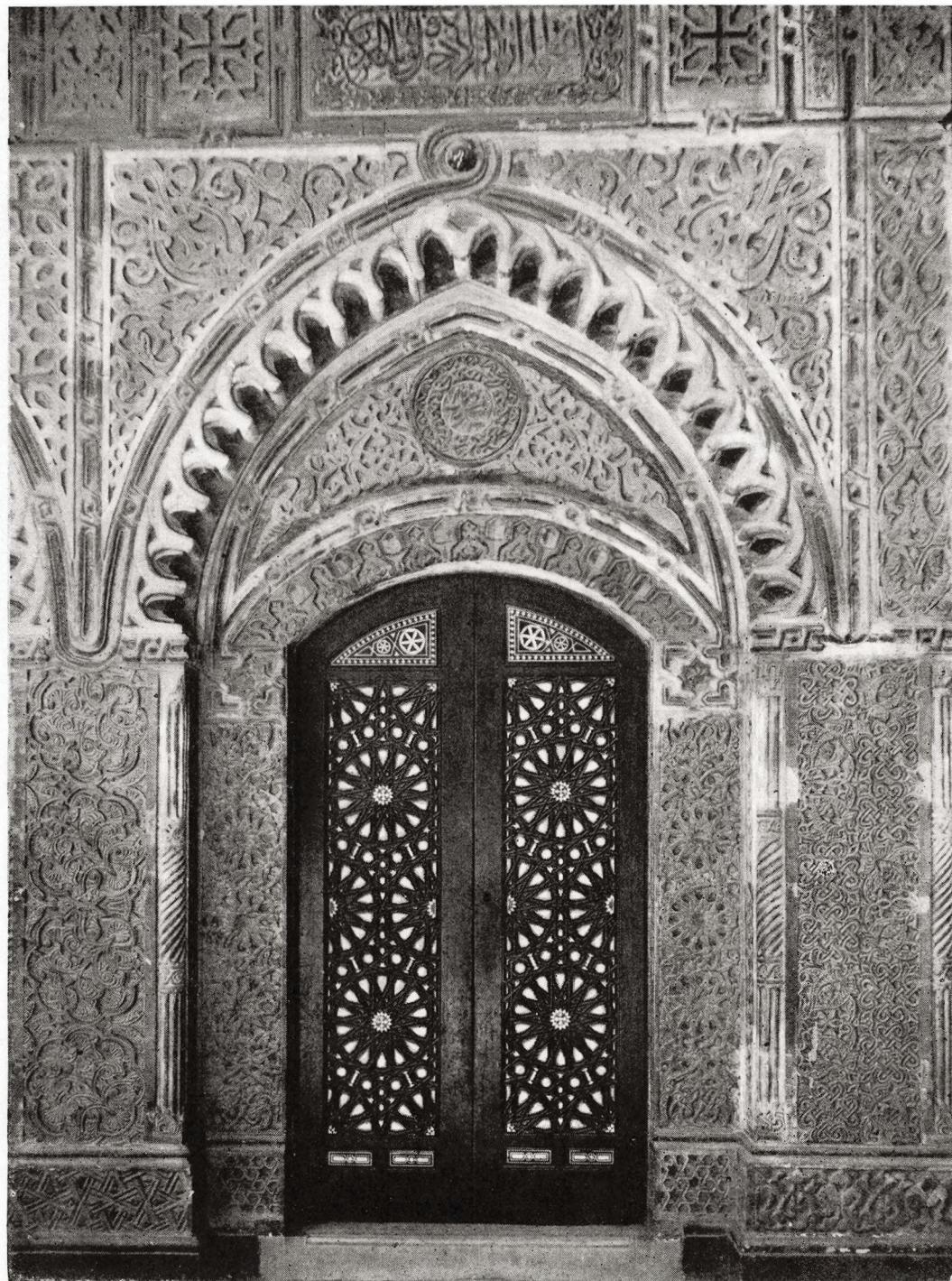


These doors (right) are of modern workmanship, dating from the most recent restoration of Al Moallakah, a half-century or so ago. But in their design they preserve the spirit of old Coptic art

The fifth-century carved wooden altar, bottom center, is from the Church of Abu Sergah, which contains some very beautiful specimens of wood-carving and also of inlaid work

Bottom left is a piece of old Coptic needlework; bottom right, a processional cross, made of silver

All the various forms of Coptic art tell the same story; their ever-recurring designs center about the cross, the fish and other Christian symbols





Sarrafian Bros.

Except for their circular windows and other decorative features, these buildings in Sanaa, capital of the Yemen, might at a glance be taken for New York apartment houses. None the less Sanaa is purely Arabic in architecture as well as in spirit; it shows no western influence. At the time of Ameen Rihani's visit, the upper Yemen was closed to the world

IN THE LAND OF WALLAH-WE'LL-SLAY-HIM

The Inhospitable Yemen, in Southwestern Arabia, on the Way to Sanaa, the Capital

BY AMEEN RIHANI

AT the time of Ameen Rihani's visit, the upper Yemen, which is under the rule of the Imam Yahya, was closed to the world. Aden, the south part, is in the hands of the British, with whom the Imam was at that time at war, and Hodeida, on the Red Sea, was in the hands of his other enemy, the Idrisi, of Asir. Two years later, in the summer of 1925, the Imam conquered Hodeida and thereby opened for the upper Yemen an outlet on the Red Sea. Most of the trade that came through Aden was then diverted to Hodeida, much of it going to Italy, who entered in the following year into a treaty with the Imam, a treaty of friendship and trade. But Italy, in her colony Eritrea, has her two eyes, the political and the commercial, upon the Red Sea; and she is likely to have a rival in Soviet Russia, who in that year sent down the Red Sea a trading ship, which was permitted to anchor at both Jidda and Hodeida for the purpose of trade. But Soviet Russia's policy in Arabia seems to go beyond that; the Imam Yahya and the Soviet government entered into a treaty last year similar to the one entered into between the Imam and Italy. Furthermore the Imam Yahya has sent his envoy to Turkey and is in close relation with Egypt. All of these circumstances indicate that the opening of the Yemen to the outside world is but a question of time.

Among the influences that are working toward that end may be mentioned also the visit of Charles R. Crane to Sanaa in 1927, his discussions with the Imam and the interest they created in the possibility of developing the natural resources of the country. Mr. Crane later sent an engineer, K. S. Twitchell, to explore the upper Yemen and give suggestions to the Imam about the most effective methods of development. The Imam and his chief advisers are now thoroughly alive to the importance of communications by motor between the seaport of Hodeida and Sanaa. Although the Turks built military roads in the Yemen to a limited extent, especially out from Sanaa and in the vicinity of Menakha, none of these roads has been completed. After a number of reconnaissance surveys for suitable routes had been made, the Imam decided on one and is probably constructing it.

Even the spectacular development of communications in the Yemen may become a serious matter. Of this the British in Aden are especially aware. For instance, an Egyptian aviator made a number of flights from Hodeida to Sanaa, for the past two years two German aviators have been in regular employ of the Imam at Sanaa, and two years ago the Imam sent several young Yemenites to Italy to learn the business of flying. With the development of motor transport it is questionable whether railway construction, such as was commenced in 1910 by French contractors during the Turkish régime, would be of value. It is to be hoped that within a comparatively short time the motor road above mentioned will contribute to the opening of the Yemen.—*Editorial Note.*

WHEN I was at the office of a New York Arabic newspaper one day, a man with a soft, unfamiliar accent came in to ask for a book to teach him English. I was curious to know where he was from, and his reply was more interesting than his speech. It was even surprising; for seldom does one see in the Syrian Colony of New York a man from Al-Yemen.

Since I was then on the eve of departure for Arabia, I seized the opportunity to add something to my little store of knowledge. "Tell me about your country," I said.

"Our country is fair in its water and air," he replied, "but its people are always fighting."

"With whom do they fight?"

"We fought the Turks, and we fought the tribes, and we fought the Idrisi, and we are always fighting among ourselves."

"Does the Imam Yahya rule the entire Yemen?"

"No; only a part of it. We, the people of Al-Yemen, seldom submit to the rule of one man for a long time. We love liberty and we fight for it. We slay the nearest to us to remain free. We say to the Imam: 'Such and such a one we desire not as governor'; and, if he does not remove him at once, we elect a sheikh in his place and say to him: 'You are our governor and our imam.'"

"And if the governor refuses to surrender his post?"
(In the same smooth tone) "Wallah, we slay him."

"Are there any foreigners in Al-Yemen?"

"No; the foreigners are not permitted to live in Al-Yemen."

"And are they allowed to travel?"

"No."

"And should a traveler come?"

"Wallah, we'll slay him."

"Suppose he travels in disguise?"

"If we know him, wallah, we'll slay him."

"And do you not permit Syrians, who are Arabs like yourselves, to travel in your country?"

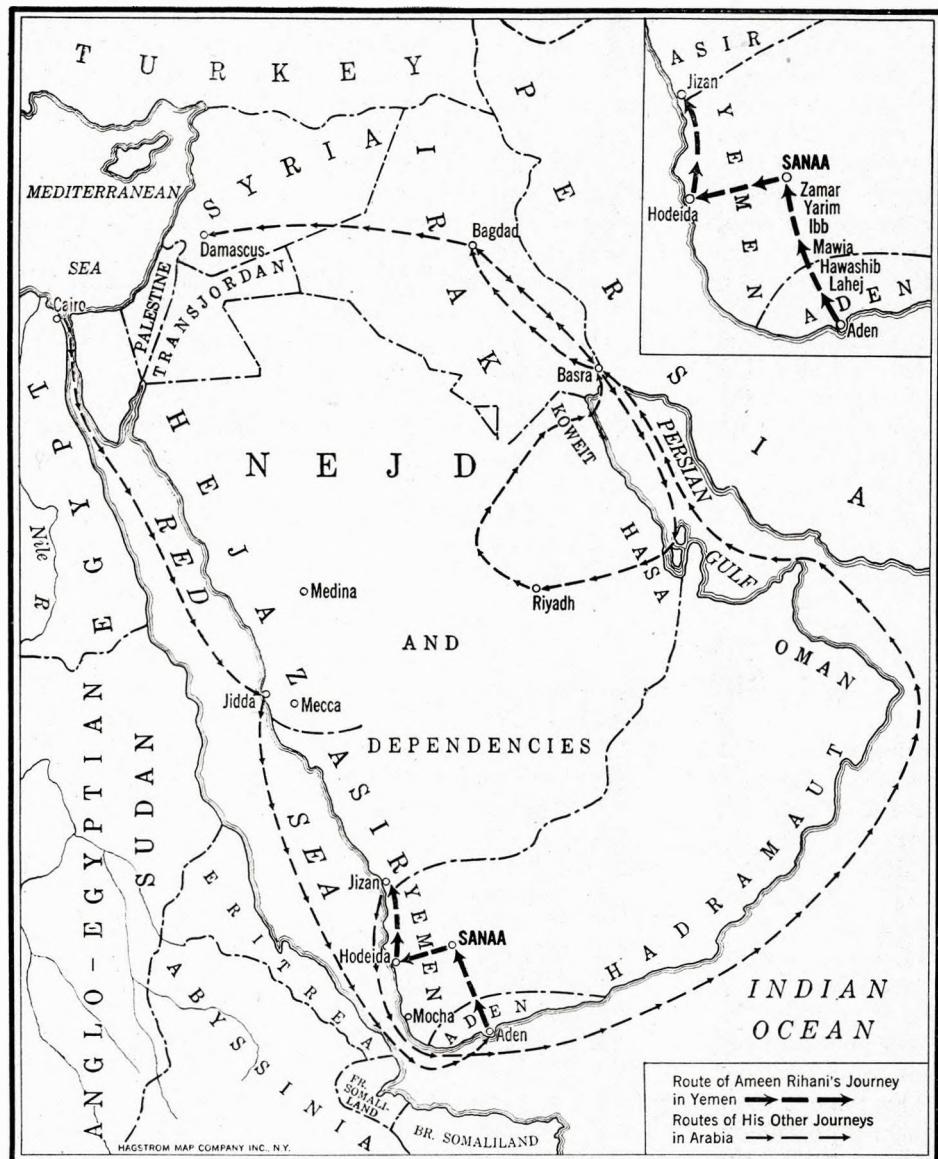
"If they are Christians, they and the foreigners are one in the eye of the people of Al-Yemen. Their speech alone might protect them."

"And if a Christian traveler's identity is discovered?"
(In the same unchanging, mellifluous accent) "Wallah, we'll slay him."

When in due course I arrived at Aden with my companion, Captain Constantine Yanni of the Hejaz government, I found myself before two barriers, the British authorities and, as this "wallah-we'll-slay-him" Arab had especially led me to expect, the Yemen representatives. We had to have a permit and an assurance of security and peace before we could proceed to Sanaa. The British authorities warned us that the road was not safe for travelers; but the Imam Yahya's representative in Aden, the Cadi Abdullah Arashi, was of a different opinion.

Upon my request for an interview he sent a messenger to say that he was "sitting on the carpet of patience, waiting for the sun of learning and wisdom to rise" in his house. The said "sun," therefore, got into an automobile, which enabled him in ten minutes to shine before the Yemen Residency in Aden Camp—Aden proper—which is in the mouth of the crater.

We walked up a dark stairway, at the top of which we were met by a little man in a white skull-cap, a pair



In 1925, two years after Mr. Rihani's visit, the Imam Yahya conquered Hodeida and thereby opened for the upper Yemen an outlet on the Red Sea. There have since been many indications that the opening of the country is but a question of time

of sandals and a cotton tunic, whose sleeves allowed the blue sweater under it timidly to assert itself. It was His Worship the Cadi, who took my hand in both of his and led me into the reception-room and up to the low *diwan* in the corner. There were other persons present, as the sandals at the door indicated; but, aside from getting up when we entered and resuming their seats when we sat down, they did not appear to be dazzled by "the sun of learning and wisdom."

The Cadi Abdullah opened the conversation with a reference to the cable we had sent him from Port Sudan

and a magazine (Arabic) he had received on the same day containing an article on Ameen Rihani. "Mashallah! A strange coincidence. I read about you, O *philosophe*, and forthwith telegraphed to Mowlana in Sanaa. The reply will come, *inshallah*, in a few days, and you will proceed with a military escort. We are inexpressibly rejoiced at the visit of the *philosophe* to our barbarous land, and we shall do our utmost to make your journey safe and comfortable. Mowlana the Imam is also a poet and *philosophe*, and he has many books in manuscript—the biggest library in all Arabia—which your eyes, *inshallah*, will behold."

On the following day a car stopped before the hotel and then proceeded toward the British Residency. A moment later a man came up to say that the Cadi Abdullah would soon perfume my apartment with his presence. There was reality in the metaphor. For, a half-hour later, after the Cadi had visited His Excellency or the Assistant of Excellency, Constantine, who was watching in the balcony, announced his return. "He is coming in his official dress," said Constantine. I covered my head, therefore, with the *sumada*, or kerchief, and *ighal*, or cord, and hastened to meet him in the corridor. A heavy oriental perfume joined the slave in announcing him, and two other slaves walked behind him. I should not have known him had it not been for that.

For the cotton tunic and the skull-cap were replaced or concealed by a sumptuousness of stuffs fit to grace an ambassador of the Image of Perfection and the Incarnation of the Ancient Virtues, the Imam at Sanaa. Here, indeed, was the Yemen Resident-Cadi in his official regalia, resplendent in color and redolent of attar of roses and musk. His huge red-and-yellow turban was in harmony with the barred silk robe and the colored fringes of a white mantle, which was thrown toga-like across the shoulder. The sparkling stones in the hilt of a dagger shone from his waist, and a sword clattered at his

side. But the blue sweater still peeped indiscreetly at the wrist. Otherwise, His Worship reminded me of no one so much as Chu Chin Chow in the play. The pomp, however, was neither in his voice nor in his manner—only in his costume.

I was overwhelmed with the glamour of it; I swooned in an atmosphere of incomparable affability. Indeed, the Resident-Cadi was most gracious and, unlike himself the day before, most vague. His speech was, like his robes, beautifully official. He did not say that he had paid a visit to his distinguished contemporary the



Escorted by these camel-men, Mr. Rihani and his companion, Captain Constantine Yanni, of the Hejaz government (riding a donkey, second from the right), journeyed from Lahcj to Sanaa—twelve days of back-breaking travel. Below, with Mr. Rihani, is (right) Ismail Bey Ba-Salaamah, governor of the city of Ibb, the most hospitable and tolerant ruler encountered on the way

British Resident. But they had been whispering in my ear, my English-speaking Arab friends, that the Cadi Abdullah Arashi is the first cousin of the *shaitan*—a very uncertain one, a hypocrite and a mercenary. He is also in the pay of the British! He serves his master the Imam, but the British in Aden foot the bill.

A day later, after this official visit, I went to see him again at the Residency. He was in his skull-cap and cotton tunic, and his words were most assuring. He even gave me a letter of introduction to the Military Governor at the frontier. The British authorities proved to be not so ready and willing as the Resident-Cadi; but they eventually did yield. We were permitted, after prolonged discussion, to proceed to Sanaa, accompanied by a military escort to assure our safety.

But, before we reached the frontier on the second day, we had an adventure that seemed at first to justify the warning of the British authorities. We were the guests of the Sultan of the Hawashib; and, before we retired that evening, we thanked him for his hospitality and begged him, since we were to leave very early, not to get up to say good-by. He consented, as I understood. But, when at dawn the following day the men were saddling and packing in the court, something very strange and very alarming happened. Having



slept on the roof, I heard, while I was dressing, a crash, as of a broken pitcher, below; but, thinking that it fell from one of the windows of the palace, I did not pay any attention to it. Very soon, however, I saw a piece of earthenware fly out of the window and smash among the mules and muleteers. A piece of it must have struck the loud-voiced Younis, a loquacious Arab who had been appointed to accompany us to Ibb; for he exclaimed: "Ya ho! Do you want to kill us with a pot? We have *bundoks*, ya ho! We are men." A few minutes later a volley of pots and pans shot out of the window, no human accent accompanying. "Ya ho!" called Younis again, this time addressing us. "Do you know what that means? It means get ye out of here—out ye! and quickly."

We took the hint, loud and broad enough, and hastened, Captain Yanni and I, from the palace. A few men, including our escort of *hajjans*, or troops on dromedaries, followed, while others were still loading or harnessing their mules. We descended the slope to the *wadi* and thought we were out of danger; but, before we had forded the stream, we heard a voice crying, "Stop ye! Stop ye!" We did not stop. The voice cried again, and several rifles were fired. I imagined the worst, and so, I think, did my companion. But he did not show it.



K. S. Twitchell

Mountain lands of the upper Yemen, terraced for agriculture, are topped by fortress-like houses, in which dwell the hardy farmers of the district

"Here is the danger we have been warned against," said I, reining my mule. I carried no arms, and I was ready to surrender. But Captain Yanni, who carried all the weapons—a rifle, two pistols and a dagger—jumped to the ground, saying, "The hour has struck, and I am ready." The hajjans, when the rifles were fired, galloped back to see or to act.

But soon the soldiers were seen coming down the hill and with them the Sultan's servants, carrying trays upon their heads. They were after us, to be sure, but not with guns—they were after us with the breakfast! And they blamed us, reproached us, chided us. Were we not wanting in the etiquette of hospitality thus to depart without breakfast—and thus to depart without seeing the Sultan, who had got up early to say good-by to us?

We asked them about the pots and pans that were thrown upon our men, and they said that the Sultana, who saw me from her window across the way rising early, wished us to have our breakfast before we left. But the servants on the floor below were still asleep, and she was unwilling to be heard or seen by the stranger: she could not look out of the window to call them. Hence the pots and pans that crashed in the courtyard. The guests! Up and attend to the guests! That is how she wakes up her servants when she cannot cudgel them out of sleep. And she made them follow us with the breakfast that morning, also ordering the soldiers to fire their rifles, if we did not stop.

At Mawia, the first town in the territory of the Imam,

the reception was even more spectacular: from the roof of a house on the hilltop came the notes of a bugle. Though at first alarming, they proved to be but the opening notes of the overture of official welcome; for, as we descended the hill, the strains of a band greeted our ears, and soon the band itself, at the head of a long line of soldiers, greeted our eyes. The children of the village, boys and girls, and some men had also gathered and were squatting on the hilltop.

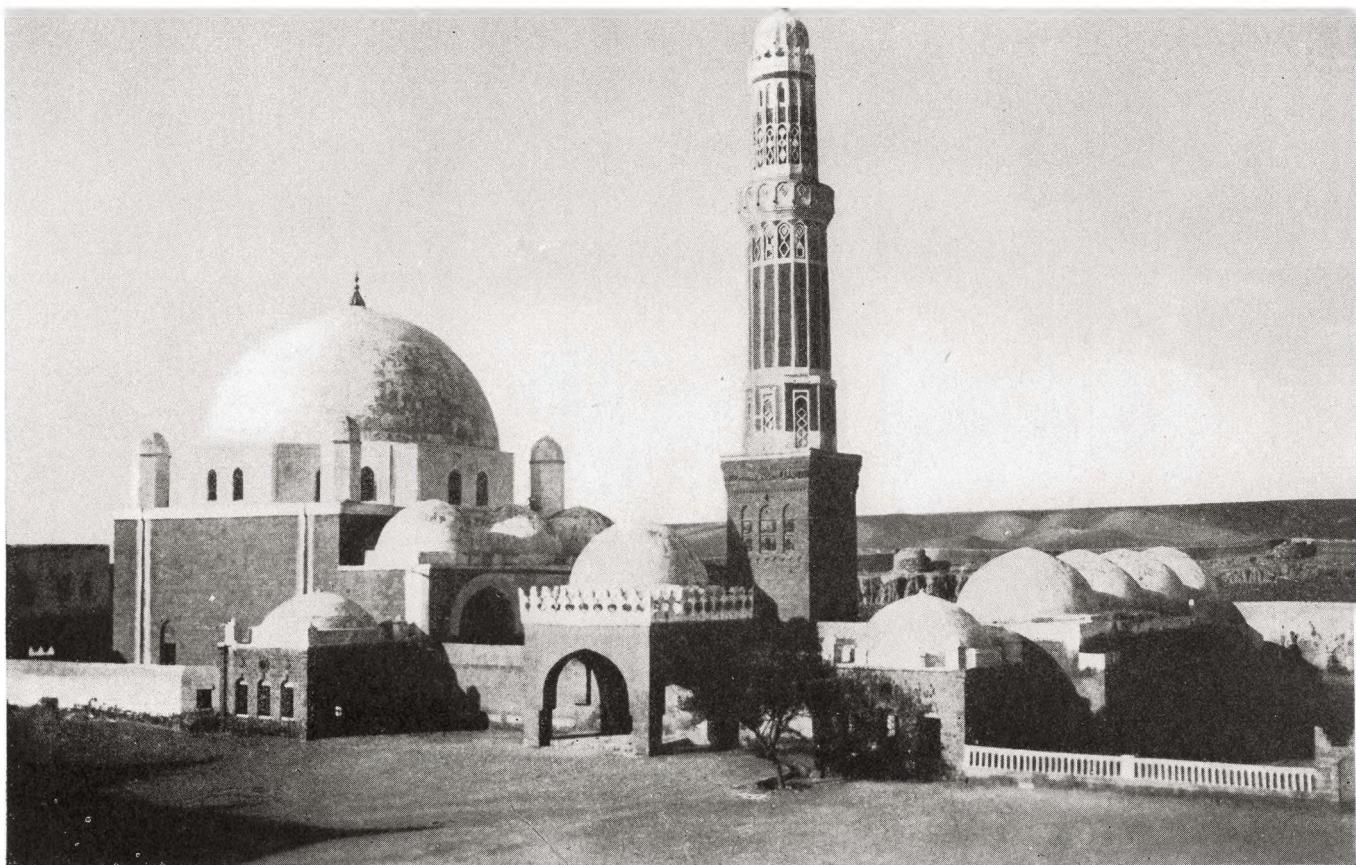
We alighted, and a Turkish officer gave the order to present arms; we passed a first line of long-haired, blue-kirtled soldiers and came to two more lines—one on each side of the gate; we entered and were overwhelmed with more music and more military salutes; we proceeded through the vast court and were welcomed by a hunchback Turk, in a *kalpak* and European clothes, the secretary of Amir ul-Jaish, commander of the army of Taiz, a district in Al-Yemen. The secretary preceded us to the citadel, and there we were stopped by the sentry, for no reason, after all this extravagance of the military, that I could fathom. But he shouted an unintelligible word to another sentry within or above and waited. I looked at the secretary, who reassured me with a pleasant smile. There was no fear of our not being admitted. Soon another unintelligible word was shouted from within, and the sentry silently moved away from the door.



K. S. Twitchell

On the way from Aden to Sanaa—in a country seldom seen by travelers from the outside world—is this ancient dweller's care, in a great boulder of tuff

We entered, and that was the beginning of the horrible in Mawia. The Zioud soldiers (Zioud is the name by which the Zaidis, or followers of the Imam Zaid, who was a great-grandson of Husein, call themselves) not only dye their skirts and their turbans in indigo blue, but they smear their bodies also with it, because, as they believe, it protects them from the cold. What they do is to soak a



Sarrafian Bros.

Sanaa is surrounded by a thick wall, of rubble and mud, some four miles about, with four principal gates and many turrets, mostly in ruins. Within this storied Arabian city are forty-eight mosques. In the neighborhood of the Grand Mosque, pictured above, are the lapidaries who cut the beautiful Yemen stones of quartz and chrysoprase known to the outside world

garment in the dye and wear it before it dries. Thus a Zioud soldier always smells of indigo. And he wears his hair long, but does not braid it; he rubs it with melted butter instead, to give its shagginess a luster and a snap. Indigo and butter! A whole regiment steeped in them is sufferable in the open, but not indoors.

When we had entered the citadel, the concentrated smell almost caused a swoon. My head for a moment reeled. And there were other smells and other horrors. A stable was on the bottom floor; and between it and the top floor, where the Amir makes his *majlis*, or place of audience, is a stone staircase, on the steps and landings of which were more indigo men, some of whom, with their painted eyes, looked like women. I shuddered as I stumbled up the high steps, the kind hunchback Turk holding me by the hand. I was assailed, in truth, with the thought of being held a prisoner in this gloomy and noisome citadel, with a fierce-looking indigo fanatic as my jailer.

But worse than the fear was the disgust I felt when

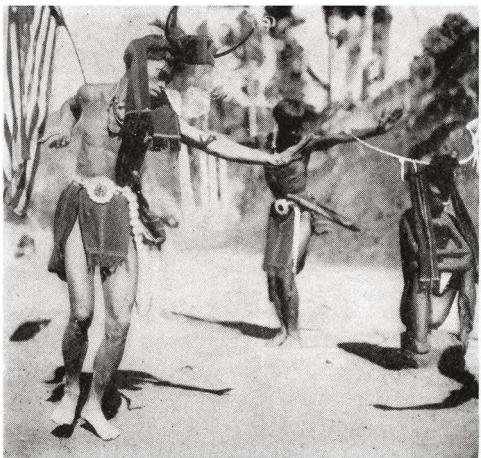


K. S. Twitchell

the guard admitted us into the presence of the Amir. Imagine yourself in a twelve-by-eight room with a very low ceiling, whose small windows, except one, are closed; whose atmosphere is like that of a hashish den of Cairo; whose floor is covered with grass and straw; and whose walls serve as background for a score of bearded, turbaned and robed Zioud, all seated, all chewing at something and some smoking the *madaah*. In the corner of this room, behind a little desk, near which was a *madaah* amid a heap of papers, sat cross-legged on

the cushion a sharp-eyed, high-browed, heavy-turbaned little man, to whom the secretary presented us with a gesture. This was the illustrious Saiyed Ali ibn ul-Wazir, the commander of the Army of Taiz. He gave us, Captain Yanni and me, his hand without standing and pointed to a place where we had to squeeze ourselves between two truculent beards. We felt, in our boots and breeches, as we tried to squat or sit flat, the most miserable of men. Besides, not one of these reverend sheikhs seemed to have any benevolence (Continued on page 746)

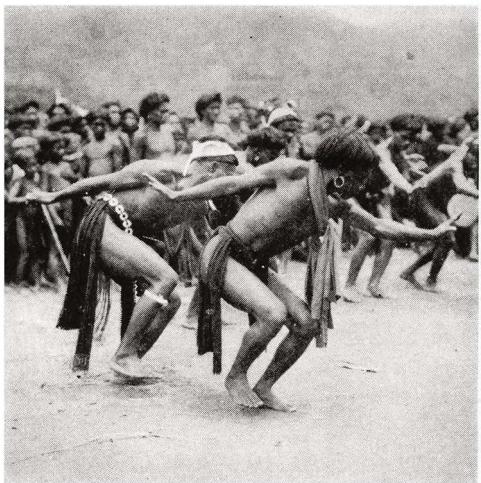




OLD GAMES IN THE PHILIPPINES

These pictures of mountain people of Luzon Island, in the Philippines, were made long ago—long, that is, in view of the rapidity with which the American administration has started new customs and changed old ones

They show Bontoks playing a slapping game and climbing a greased pole for a sack of money and Ifugaos dancing about a carved wooden god, seen, in sitting posture, at the right, above



WE VISIT THE KING OF NGAWA

In Eastern Tibet, Five Days' Journey beyond the Knee of the Yellow River

BY ROBERT B. EKVALL

TAOCHOW OLD CITY has been a mission station for thirty years, but it has been a trading-post since it first came into being. Thus the mission compound—with the church, guest-rooms, living quarters, stables and courtyards, fitted together like parts of a picture puzzle—is surrounded by large inns and establishments of traders, and on one side the flat roofs adjoin. Above and beyond what is ordinary in a Chinese city, expectancy and the glamour of contact with distant places lurk in the streets and haunt the shops of Taochow. Sleek Tientsin buyers of musk and furs, uncouth nomads from the grass-lands, lamas and white-bearded Moslems all form a part of the life that eddies through the streets. And the shops are storehouses of surprise. There, by spending a half-hour in sleepy bargaining, we could hear at any time of strange places and strange peoples in ethnographically Tibetan country, which is actually but five miles away.

Beyond the next divide was Drakhgumna and somewhere beyond that Takhtsang Lhamo—points that had been visited two or three times by missionaries. But the traders, drawing confidentially over musty counters, told of Drehuiong, Sokhtsong, Mergi and Ngawa. Digging into years of past experience, they brought out tales of the great southern plain or expressed novel ideas about the cause of mountain sickness. They told of nomad clans and savage aborigines until the horizon southward beyond the Minshan, and westward under the setting sun, became peopled with vague but stirring possibilities.

And then one day Koozmin returned from Ngawa. A few months before, the tawny-haired, blue-eyed Cossack fur trader had been to Takhtsang Lhamo—“Goddess of the Tiger’s Den,” as the combined monasteries and trading-post are called—and this time he had gone even farther. In company with some Tibetans, he had traveled straight west to Ngawa and had stayed there three days.

“The Queen of Ngawa is very friendly,” he said, “and the people are very—what you say—polite. The women have hair like the ladies in Tientsin, ah, yes, bobbed. A nice country—you should go. Only Sokhtsong is a bad place to stay at. There they would not let me stay under shelter.” And he flashed a keen glance from vivid blue eyes, nodding over his tea.

Koozmin’s reports were so favorable that, with the first faint promise of spring, we began not only to think of crossing the Minshan into Tebbu country but to wonder sometimes how far beyond we might go. The doors had been closed to missionary enterprise. But were they closed now? No one knew. Not until we tried them could we be sure. So, on May 3, I came home with permission from the executive, or field, committee of our mission to be gone on a reconnoitering trip, until the middle of June if need be. We determined to leave on May 9 and with light hearts began the work of getting ready.

Then I went to see Su Da. This Chinese with a lifetime of experience as a trader among the Tibetans was the outstanding Christian in the church at Taochow, and I found it as natural to go to his shop as to eat. Though glad to see me interested in our neighbors across the border, he added to his advice about equipment and gifts many gloomy descriptions of the hardships and dangers of Tibetan travel. On being told that Betty—Mrs. Ekvall—and our nine-months-old David would accompany me, he was shocked. He had had some doubts about a foreigner’s fitness for such an undertaking, but, when it was a case of a woman and a young baby, he expressed himself strongly and to the point.

None the less the equipment was secured, and the pack-animals—a little mule and a gray pack-horse—were purchased. Our tent was finished. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Haldorf, missionaries from Sweden, had decided to join us, and finally, on May 20, the last horse had been bought. With minds that had ceased to function normally and had become mere collections of ideas about provisions, saddles and pack-ropes, hobbles and feed-bags, cooking-pots and guns, gifts and assorted tracts, we reset the date of departure for May 21.

There were ten of us all told, or eleven, if I include Cleo, our dog, half setter and half pointer—the Haldorfs and Betty and David and I and five others. First of these five should be mentioned Haldorf’s fat, good-natured horse-boy Ding Ko. Brought up as a Tibetan monk, he had wandered over a good part of Central Asia from Peking to Calcutta, and he had an immense knowledge of the details of Tibetan travel. On the trail he did as much work as any two of the others, bossed the whole crowd and talked continually. Haldorf’s other “boy,” who acted as chief cook, was a promising, but little more than promising, young evangelist—the least satisfactory of the four servants. His sense of superiority was exceeded only by his laziness. He answered to the name of Ien and had the pleasure of being called “Mr. Ien” by the others. On the homeward trail, however, the title was used merely as an elaborate bit of sarcasm. The fact is that young gentlemen are totally useless in Tibetan country. Then there was our horse-boy Shih Ko—“Stone Brother”—able but slow. He was expert at shoeing horses and treating saddle-galls and in a pinch had a fair amount of nerve. The errand-boy of the party was chunky, weather-hardened “Number Nine.” Though just this side of being a half-wit and marvelous at doing the wrong thing, he was at least unfailingly ready and good-natured.

In addition to these four Chinese servants Akku Rimboche, our Tibetan teacher, came with us part of the way and deserves much credit, old man that he was, for even starting on such a venture. His red-cloaked figure, sitting stiffly on an ancient white horse, seemed to register constant protest, and sometimes, when he pulled into



Thus sheltering his nine-months-old son in the folds of his sheepskin coat, Robert B. Ekvall, on his horse Genghis Khan, rode with his wife, two missionaries from Sweden, a Tibetan teacher and four servants on a forty-six days' tour of Tibetan monasteries across the Chinese border from Taochow Old City

camp, his weariness was so great that he even neglected to adjust his huge, horn-rimmed spectacles. Yet his scholarly presence and oratorical utterance were largely responsible for the friendly welcome accorded us in the places that we visited first.

As for firearms, we had four. Haldorf carried one shotgun, and Stone Brother another. Number Nine had a little .410 collecting-gun that was nothing but a bluff, and I possessed the only rifle in the party. "Every man should have a rifle," insisted our trader friends when they dubiously said good-by to us on the morning of May 21. "Then, the chances are, you would not be attacked. It is possible, of course, that, because you are foreigners, they will be afraid of you. But always keep watch for robbers and never separate."

It was really not until we had bidden farewell to the monks at Drakhgumna and were approaching the two monasteries of the Goddess of the Tiger's Den that we began to feel conscious of being in robber country and to realize that, when we met men with swords or guns, we must make the best possible showing with our own four weapons. Twice, indeed, on the very morning of our arrival at Takhtsang Lhamo we found ourselves at the mercy of an armed band. In the case of the second encounter our guide grunted and let his rifle down on his saddle-bow with a thump. We swung as far to one side of the road as we could, and the eight horsemen who had surprised us edged to the other side. We scarcely breathed; for we counted six rifles held carelessly across their saddles. Then, while our party slowly passed,



Ignorant as they were about saddles and pack-ropes, hobbles and feed-bags, the members of the Ekvall party found six weeks spent mainly in riding horseback harder on beast perhaps than on man. The horses reached home looking like wrecks, but at this stage they have progressed only as far as the gorge leading to Drakhgumna, "beyond the next divide" from Taochow

Stone Brother and I, keeping our eyes on the horsemen, dropped back to cover it. But nothing happened, and, as the last rifle disappeared around the bend, our guide called out: "Quick, every one, or they may turn and follow! The mouth of the gorge is only a little way ahead and, once out on the plain, we'll be within sight of the monastery and safe."

Rzackdumba, a small monastery about six miles from Takhtsang Lhamo, was within hailing distance when we emerged, and we pulled up to give the horses a breathing-spell. Except for one evergreen forest, dark and somber against the gray crags of a great mountain on the extreme southern edge of the plain, there was not a tree or a bush in sight. Straight ahead above distant hilltops towered the tremendous gray peak at the base of which are built the monasteries of Takhtsang Lhamo, which, though only a couple of hundred yards apart, on opposite sides of a stream, are entirely distinct, I learned, and often very hostile to each other. On reaching the last hill this side of the monasteries, we stopped near a spring to say good-by to our guide, who wished to return home before dark. We also took time to eat some dry bread, washing it down with water, and to get out an assortment of gifts—several yards of red silk, some cotton cloth, a package of raisins and a large silken ceremonial scarf. Since Ien formerly had lived with his trader uncle at Takhtsang Lhamo and claimed to be well acquainted there, we

despatched him, with the gifts, to proffer to the steward of the larger monastery our request for camping privileges for a few days.

Then slowly we climbed to the top of the hill, moved down and followed the stream past the cloisters and the principal part of the larger monastery until we reached the big building where all official business is transacted. Here we found Ien and a number of monks, who greeted us with good-will and guided us to a grassy plot beyond the beautifully built main shrine. We were told that we might camp there, and, almost before we had the packs unroped, monks who served the monastery steward were bringing us fuel—one small log of fire-wood and big baskets of cow-chips, or dried dung. Most certainly the land of fire-wood had been left behind, and this was nomad country. But any fuel burns if handled aright, and the tea was nearly ready when a messenger came to call Haldorf and me to have tea in the official guest-room of the monastery.

Our camp-site was ideal. Within a few yards of our tents ran the clear, spring-fed stream. The ground was level, with firm green sod, and, as for scenery, there was, besides a little gorge just back of us, the big sacred grove—the only wood for almost a day's journey. Part way up the gorge was the low, somewhat unusual limestone cave—the "Tiger's Den"—that had suggested the name Takhtsang Lhamo, that is, *takh*, "tiger"; *tsang*, "den";



Toward the two monasteries of Takhtsang Lhamo—Goddess of the Tiger's Den—twelve thousand feet above the sea, straggles the Ekrall caravan. So did the chief lamas delight to honor their guests that Mr. Ekrall, before sailing for China some months ago after a period of leave in America, confessed his strong desire to go back and settle down in the domain of the Goddess

lhamo, "goddess." On the near-by slopes the wild poppies flaunted their golden bowls over the tops of the grasses, and above, overshadowing all, towered the great cloud-shrouded peaks of that tremendous massif that shuts off the rays of the sinking sun.

The five days that we spent at Takhtsang Lhamo were days of unparalleled opportunity for mingling with the people. Oftentimes just at dawn the tent-flaps would part while a visitor with a dirty, curious, friendly face inquired: "What, aren't you up yet? Come on; get up. It's light now. Get up, and we'll make conversation."

At first it was largely the monks from the monastery that gathered around, and later, when there were more of the others, the dingy red robes of the monks added a generous dash of color to the crowd. Even for Tibetan monks, most of them were extremely ignorant; seemingly only half or less than half of them were able so much as to read. But, after they found that we had tracts to give out, they pestered us all day long for them, eager to have some of that nice paper with fine regular printing on it.

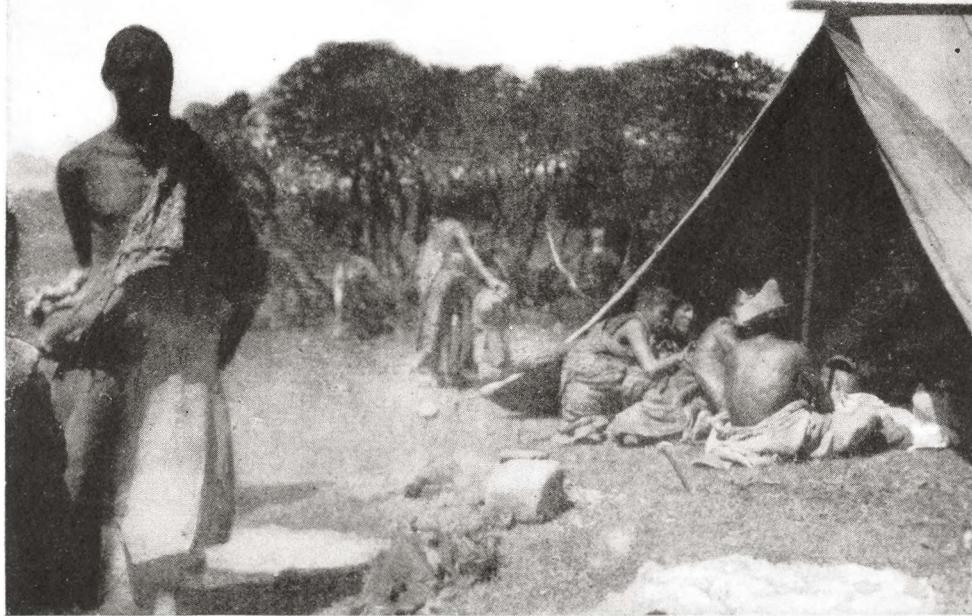
Sometimes in the pushing and shoving of the crowd altercations would arise, and on one occasion words led to what promised to be a good fight. The big, red-faced monk who was angered, seized a stick of fire-wood and hit his opponent, a beefy layman from a near-by village, squarely on his freshly shaven pate. I expected to see the layman go down like a log, but, without batting an

eye, he scored some hefty blows on the monk's face. A few would-be peacemakers attempted half-heartedly to stop the fight, but on it went. I had no idea of interfering so long as swords were not used, but Haldorf was nearer and stepped in. At a shout from him the combatants fell apart, and their friends took them in hand. The next day the same two faces were back in the circle around us as we ate our luncheon in the doorway of the Haldorfs' tent. The monk's one eye was closed and his face was rather swollen; his antagonist's head displayed a big bump and a cut on the top. Both men, when we noticed them, grinned in a sheepish way and pointed out the marks of the battle.

Of course there were other types—scholarly monks well versed in the Buddhist scriptures and theology, haughty but gravely interested. They never crowded, but, as the curiosity of the rabble died down, they would come and sometimes ask for books. Through our interpreter or, when the theme was simple, directly, we would tell them about Christ, and, reading rapidly in Mark, Luke or John, they would check up what we said. They had no illusions but would comment, "This isn't our way." Some of them were grave, elderly men, with white hair, whose faces showed bewilderment and a faint tinge of longing, perhaps, as they went away, carrying the books carefully. Some of them would come again, bringing little gifts, and would share our tea as we



David, the Ekwall baby, was an object of interest to the Tibetans—not only women and monks but also such "good friends," in Mr. Ekwall's phrase, as these brigands



So the Tibetans of Ngawa—objective of the journey—clustered politely before the tent provided by the King for his guests, who would have been more welcome had they been traders or travelers instead of apostles of a new religion

sat around the cooking-fire. They were much interested in the map of Tibet that Haldorf had and would spend hours in identifying rivers, mountains and trade routes and pilgrim routes. Many of them had made the pilgrim-

age to Lhasa, and always there would come comprehension and awakened interest when we brought out the tracts and gospels telling of another Holy City.

We made our camp life fairly comfortable, though Taktsang Lhamo is almost twelve thousand feet above sea-level and so is a cold, bleak spot. The nearest farming was a half-day's journey down the valley, and the Tibetans said that even potatoes would not yield a crop. In the hamlets immediately around the monastery some rutabagas were raised, but there was nothing else. Fortunately we could buy some charcoal, and by borrowing fire-pans from the monastery we were able to keep fires in our tents morning and evening and during those fierce storms of rain and hail that came up almost every day.

A good bit of our time in camp we spent in learning to use the fire-bag of the Tibetans. Any fool can build a fire with wood, but, when the fuel is cow-chips, one must use the fire-bag, as the crude but effective bellows is called. It is a shamoyed goatskin, without seam but with an opening at each end. The smaller opening is bound tightly over one end of an iron tube some eighteen or twenty inches long. By putting the other end of the tube in the fire and working the much larger opening in the other end of the bag with a slapping and pressing movement, one can get a very good blast and eventually make the balkiest fire of smoldering cow-chips give out a vivid, noiseless blue flame unequalled for heat. But the proper handling of a fire-bag is something of a trick, and Haldorf and I spent many a half-hour in learning it and acquiring, at the cost of considerable skin from our knuckles, the Tibetan flint-and-steel technique.

Meantime the boys were preparing for the dogs of the grass-land country—the shaggy, stupid-looking Tibetan mastiffs so unlike our Cleo with her intelligent hound's face. To the accompaniment of much talking and telling of wild, unbelievable tales about mastiff ferocity they succeeded in plaiting three or four long strips of rawhide into whip-lashes of varying length. Since I am more than six feet tall and was riding a big Russian horse, Genghis Khan by name, my whip-lash was about seven feet long. The Stone Brother had a lash with a forked tip, and each of the others made a lash according to his taste. Then we begged or bartered for some lengths of oak, and, when it rained, sat by the fire, whittling these into short, heavy handles. The heavier they were the better, so that one could take hold of the lash and swing the handle like a club on a rope.

During our stay a Taochow trader came into camp clad in nothing but a pair of boots and an old Tibetan sheepskin coat. It was because of some one's charity that he wore anything at all; for, when only ten miles from

Takhtsang Lhamo, he had been robbed of two pack-horses with packs of merchandise, a riding-horse, a rifle and all his clothes. The robbers—four of them—had jumped on him before he had time to get his gun from off his back. He had some rather powerful friends in the monastery, and, since he knew pretty well who the robbers were, he thought that he might be able to recover some of his things. "But it is best not to be robbed," he said. "If you are vigilant and ready to show fight, you will generally escape.

It is not ever necessary to shoot any one—hardly necessary even to fire. If you drop a horse or two, you'll have no more trouble, and, once you have a reputation, they'll let you alone to begin with. But be hard-boiled and never show that you're afraid."

Realizing that this talk of robbers was not altogether idle, we thought ourselves lucky in having arranged to meet at Shih-tsang a friend who would take us under his protection all the way through Ngura to Ngawa. We had hoped to make a detour in our westward advance and to go to the Samtsa nomad district. Then it happened, as we were debating our plans, that the Drayong Lama, a Living Buddha in the smaller monastery, sent a delegate to invite us to pay him a visit. We chose one of the best ceremonial scarfs we had, put together a collection of gifts and went over to see him. He received us in good style and, when he learned that we contemplated a trip to Samtsa, insisted that we should go to a certain Dugursjip, a particular friend of his, and promised to send a guide along.

Perhaps the most unusual turn in the conversation came just before we left. "Why don't you stay here and have your home here, Sherup Tzondree?" he suddenly asked, addressing me by the Tibetan name—"Persistent Wisdom"—bestowed on me by Akku Rimboche. I should add, lest the name seem too flattering, that there are no surnames or family names in Tibet and that two-thirds or three-fourths of Tibetan names begin with "Wisdom."

"Well, I have no home nor any place to build one," I answered.

His fat face beamed, and his spread hands obliterated all difficulties. "When you are ready to come here, let me know. I will help you get land and also the timber for building. Just come to me. But in the meantime you must go and see my good friend Dugursjip at Samtsa."

We were no sooner back in camp than our friend the

steward of the larger monastery came to see us. Evidently he feared that we were transferring our interest to the other monastery and so wished to do something to prove and cement our friendship with him. After beating about the bush for a while, he asked us if we meant to go to Ngawa.

We told him that we hoped to, and then he said that the King of Ngawa—the Mei Rgyalwo—was a frequent visitor at the monastery business quarters and guest-

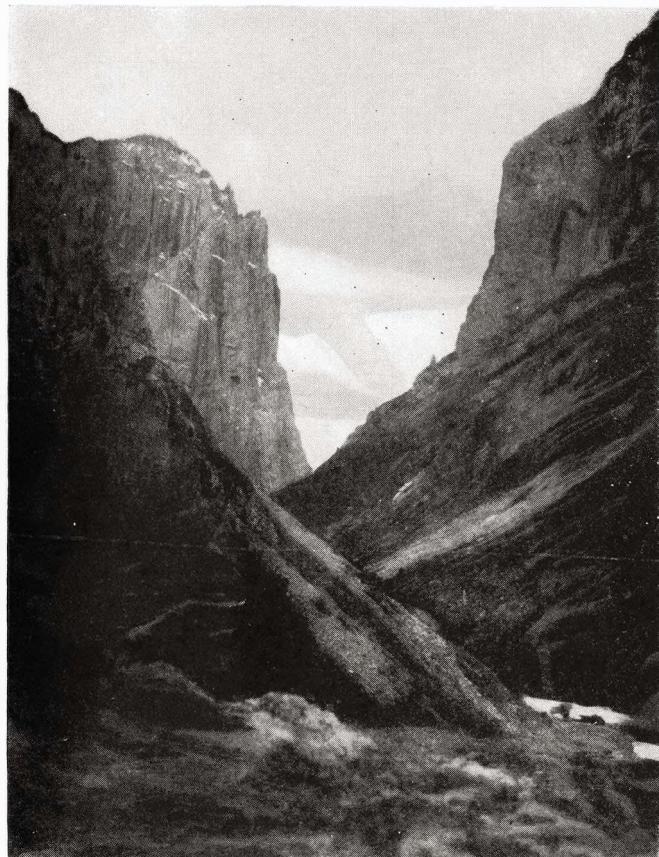
rooms and that, if we so wished, he would give us a letter of introduction to the King. We certainly did so wish, and before nightfall the letter was prepared and in our hands.

When we took the road to Samtsa, we found that it led over the hill back of the smaller monastery and past one of the nearest villages. Here we had our first real experience with Tibetan dogs. After some miles of ridges, gullies, bog and mud-holes we came to Dugursjip's encampment and rode up, once more lashing at dogs and this time calling for their master. Dugursjip forthwith answered our hail and, wasting very little time on greetings, showed us where to unload and pitch our tents. Then, almost before we had the loads off, we were all summoned to tea.

Our host was in winter quarters. The Samtsa people, being nearer forests than the nomads are, protect themselves against the cold by building snug, com-

fortable huts half in and half out of the hillside. The rear of the heavily sodded grass-grown roof is flush with the ground, and only the front wall and part of the side walls need to be built of timber and sod. The interior plan is exactly the same as in the black yak-hair tents used in the summer encampments. The center of the hut from the door backward is taken up with the fireplace and cooking arrangements, and above, running the length of the roof, is an opening that serves as chimney and skylight. We found Dugursjip's hut unusually roomy and well arranged. Along the back wall was a whole row of bags full of barley; so the granary was always at hand. We sat cross-legged in a wide semicircle and, taking out our bowls, set them down in front of us on the board floor. Our host gravely went the rounds, serving us to butter, cheese and tea and then placing a big wooden measure of *tsamba*—or parched barley meal—conveniently near.

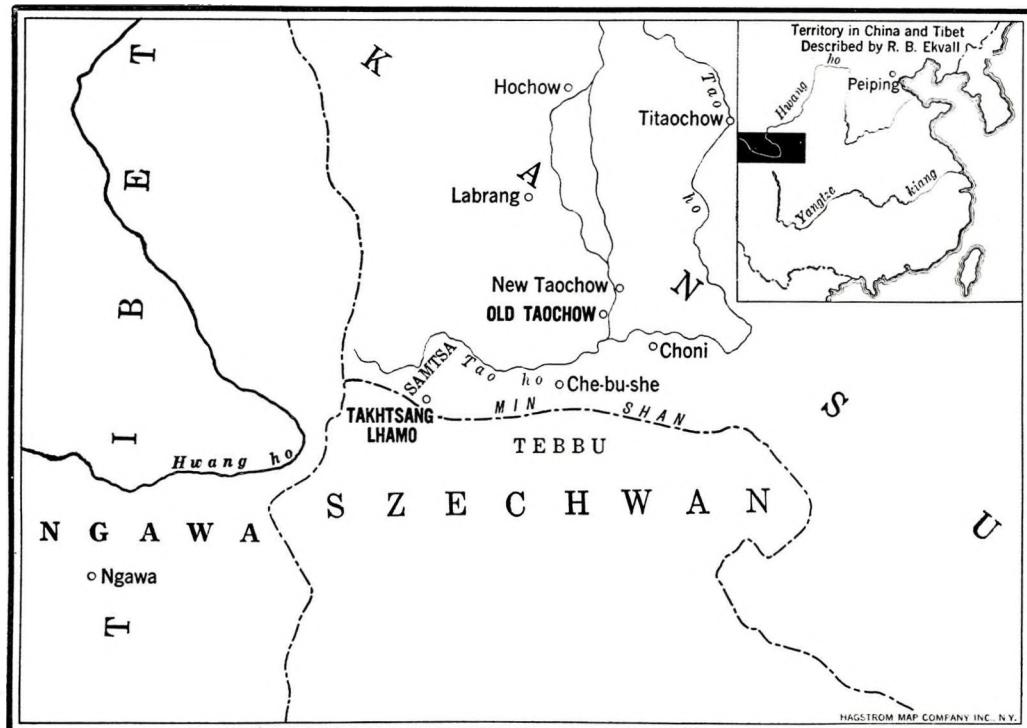
Dugursjip was different from most Tibetans in being rather taciturn. He simply said that, because we were friends of the Drayong Lama, of course we were his



This view in the Tebbu country and other pictures here shown reached America in a letter. Mr. Ekwall did not succeed in saving the rest of his negatives

friends, too, and then he busied himself with seeing that we had plenty to eat and drink. He was by no means a beauty with his weather-beaten face that looked like a chunk of old leather and his smile that showed the lack of most of his front teeth. But there were a certain dignity and an assurance in all his movements that marked him as a man of position and influence.

After we had finished our luncheon in his hut, we were rather surprised that he wished us to set up our tents in



Data supplied by C. F. Snyder and J. Carlsen

Five miles west of Taochow Old City, Mr. Ekvall's mission station in Kansu, the country becomes ethnographically Tibetan; the actual border lies a few days' journey beyond. On their reconnoitering trip into Tibet, the Ekvalls paid a visit to the King of Ngawa

the enclosure of another hut two doors away. Since it was really more pleasant, being grassy and fairly clean, we were glad to make the change, but we felt puzzled about the status of the good-looking young woman who seemed to be the owner of this second hut.

Dugursjip, with that slow grin which we learned to know so well, soon explained. "The place where you had tea is my home with my first wife, and this is my home with my second wife. I keep two tents with everything—cattle, sheep and all supplies—entirely separate, and there is no trouble." He winked gravely, and, remembering the strong-faced lady who had been in charge at the other place, I did not blame him.

The next morning we sent Akku Rimboche on to Shihtsang, a day's journey away, to meet our future traveling companion and bring him to Dugursjip's encampment, which we were finding a pleasant place to linger in. We felt more than tired of red-cloaked monks, and here there was not a single one. Only the few relatives and some friends of our host lived in the same encampment. They strolled in to see us at all hours, and we returned their visits. At several of our meals we entertained Dugursjip and his younger wife. They especially enjoyed coming about supper-time, and we always dragged them in and made them eat with us. Dugursjip would accept one bowl of meat and cooked

dough but never more, and once, when his wife—who no doubt thought it very good fare—would have let us serve her to more, he interfered with decision. But they themselves never came empty-handed. Butter, cheese, fresh curds—they brought something—and the butter was newly churned, the cheese the very finest.

At the end of our third day with Dugursjip, on our return to camp in high spirits after attending a tea-and-butter party at the chief's encampment, five miles down

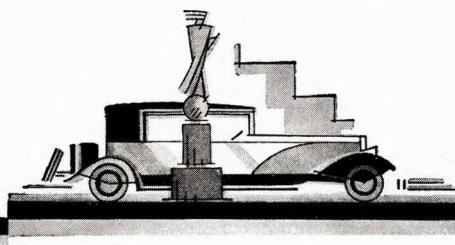
the valley, we found bad news awaiting us. Akku Rimboche did not return but sent a messenger with the information that our pledged patron and guide had gone through earlier than the time agreed upon. Evidently he had wished to avoid the responsibility of taking us. Akku Rimboche sent word, besides, that there had been too much risk on the journey and that we had better abandon it. We had been out a long time as it was, and, if we went *via* Shih-tsang, we could make it back to Taochow in five or six days. He would wait for us a few days in Shih-tsang. "Tell them Ngawa is much too far, much too far, and there are too many robbers," he had said to the messenger.

We started supper feeling that, however we hated the idea, there was little to

do but follow his advice. We did not know the road, and at Drebhuong, Sokhtsong and Ngawa—points to the west—we had no acquaintances. We could hear the boys outside discussing our near return to Taochow and evidently glad of it. Then there loomed up in the dusk Dugursjip and his wife, who was carrying a big wooden pail full of curds and whey.

When he heard the news, Dugursjip asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "Why don't you go on just the same?" We told him of our ignorance of the road and our lack of friends, but he waved these difficulties aside. "You have lived in my tent enclosure for four days. We are very good friends"—he paused to frown at his young wife as she accepted a second piece of dried bread—"and you want to go to Ngawa. Then go. Say Dugursjip sent you, and you can go all the way. The lama at Sokhtsong is a very special friend of mine, and for my sake he will take you in. If you wish to leave tomorrow, I'll get a guide to take you beyond the crossing of the Black River. Why let an old woman like Rimboche scare you?"

The tent was rather warm. He slipped both arms out of his sheepskin coat and, leaning forward, picked up his bowl full of curds and whey. He lapped at it like a dog, stopping to get the full enjoyment of the sugar we had heaped on top. Then, while (Continued on page 742)



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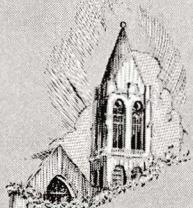
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THE DIVING BOYS

(Continued from page 699)

The passengers lining the deck space near the *deluxe* suites are eagerly noted. A well-dressed pompous gentleman is likely to toss down a dollar, while the timid woman seeing the world for the first time will throw out a dime. Prominent tourists known for their generosity are immediately welcomed by the diving boys, whose cries of "Aloha!" to the newcomers usually bring a shower of big coins.

"Do you ever miss any coins?" The question brings a pitying look from a diving boy. That is his business—to leap from the water like a flying-fish in order to catch a coin in his mouth, or to follow the money downward through the water before it is buried in the mud at the bottom. Does a captain ever miss Honolulu and let his ship go on to Japan? There is a knack to every trade, and the diving boys know the knack of catching coins. They know that you are not going merely to flip a coin down to them. No, you are going to "get more for your money"; so you will wind up like a big league pitcher and toss it as far as you can, to send the divers scurrying after it. And that is just the way they want you to throw it. A coin flipped directly to a diver will proceed at a rapid rate and, striking the water edge foremost, will cut through and sink to the bottom almost before the diver realizes that it was thrown. The winding-up process of the average thrower of the coins gives the diver a chance to "get set." The toss is then likely to send the coin out flat side horizontal, and the money will settle slowly through the air, giving the diver plenty of time to get under it and catch it gracefully in a "see-how-wonderful-I-am, throw-me-some-more" manner.

Clever boys, these divers. Cleverer than you are, when it comes to the business of diving for coins. They are almost amphibious—as much at home in the water as on land. They are swift in starting, stopping and turning and are adept at all strokes; they can swim full speed ahead while keeping one eye on the ship's deck far above or on a coin flung toward them. They can dive from great heights and remain under water for long periods.

The boys tell some remarkable stories of their own prowess and that of their associates. They will venture far out into the open water with no fear of sharks. They will dive from the topmost mast of the biggest ships. But the greatest feat of all, in their own opinion, is swimming under ships. One Japanese diver claims to have swum under the *Taiyo Maru*, one of the larger trans-Pacific ships, which has a beam of considerably more than fifty feet and which draws some twenty feet of water. Since the stunt required more than a minute of underwater swimming with no possible opportunity to come up for air, the diver may well be proud of it. Although the crews of twin-screw ships have been in constant fear that swimmers would be drawn under by the propellers, there has never been a serious accident among the diving boys. They pride themselves on knowing their business. They hang on to the portholes of ships easing into the harbor and "ride," in tandem formation, on the bows. They are entirely unafraid.

Many of the diving boys have become well known for their ability. One of the numerous members of the Pung clan is Charlie Pung, ex-diving boy, who made a name for himself in the Olympic swimming meet of 1924. Two other former diving boys, Pua and Warren Kealoha, have also become Olympic champions, both back-stroke stars. Another, whose feat of turning two and a half somersaults in a dive from the bridge of a ship caused a vaudeville producer's eyes to bulge, is now touring

the United States as a vaudeville performer at a salary of several hundred dollars a week.

There are plenty of excellent swimmers left in the harbor. At least two and possibly three boys who are diving for coins today have some chance of being present at the Olympic trials in 1932, and there are others whose record time in competition comes near to the world records. Most promising is Henry Souza, who, at the world's championship outdoor swimming meet held in Honolulu last year, showed himself to be the best breast-stroke swimmer among the younger boys of the islands. He swam closely behind the well-known American swimmers, Walter Lauffer and Buster Crabbe. Manuela Kalili and his younger brother also show promise. Their performance at the meet rated them as the second and third best distance swimmers in the islands. They caused swimming "fans" to take notice when their time for the back-stroke was only slightly higher than the record set by free-style swimmers for the same distance.

Prospective diving champions are not so numerous among the diving boys, despite their name. The reason is that diving requires too careful training and too much scientific accuracy. The boys go in for high, but not for fancy, diving. Their ability to catch coins depends more on swift and agile swimming than on exhibition diving.

Like many other Hawaiian businesses, diving is changing its racial character. At one time the profession was almost entirely Hawaiian. Now, when there are occasional changes in the ranks, when outsiders are allowed to take vacant places, it is nearly always the Hawaiian leaving and the Japanese or Chinese coming in. The Hawaiian may have the better build for a swimmer and greater natural ability in the water, but the Chinese and Japanese are more willing to train and to study their opportunities. Boys of all three races therefore make a success of the diving. All view their work seriously, despite their sportive air. They are as proud of their ability to inveigle a large coin from a passenger and then catch it gracefully as an automobile salesman is of persuading his prospect to sign on the dotted line. And, begging though the work may be in the final analysis, it is so picturesque a form of begging that citizen and tourist alike consider the diving boy a distinct asset to the Honolulu harbor.

CEYLON'S KINGDOM OF THE SKY

(Continued from page 703)

go on from there, zigzagging dizzily across the face of the bulge near the summit, where steps have been cut in the rock. Nearing the top, I reached the wreckage of an enormous gate and then, scrambling over bricks and other débris, stood on the top of a kingdom of the sky! Once great buildings crowned this area; towers of white and gold, high domes and *dagobas* crowded together on the King's citadel, dominating the city four hundred feet below.

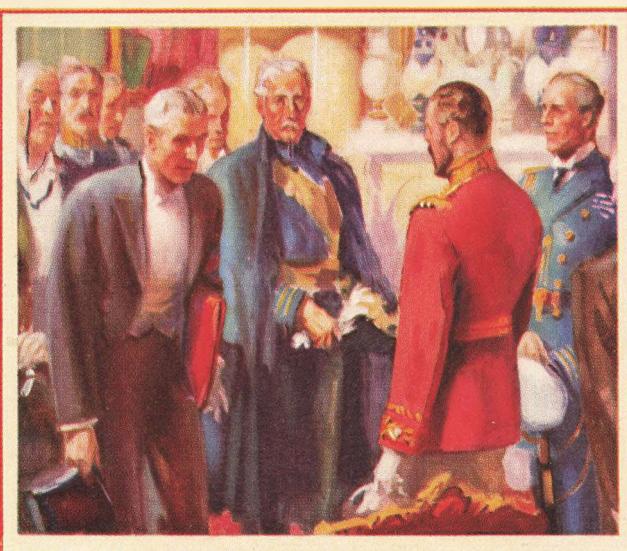
Remarkable ingenuity was displayed by the ancient builders in adapting the buildings to the steep slope of the summit. Granite steps and broken red-brick walls outline the great terraces, which extend from north to south. The palace, which covered nearly the entire area (more than six acres in extent), was composed of a series of buildings. Rooms were separated by passages paved with great slabs of quartz, which are still visible.

Once these chambers were walled with gems and silver lotus-blossoms and contained costly beds and chairs. Priceless carpets covered the polished stone floors, and on the granite pillars hung festoons of pearls brought from the sea-coast near India. At night the palace was

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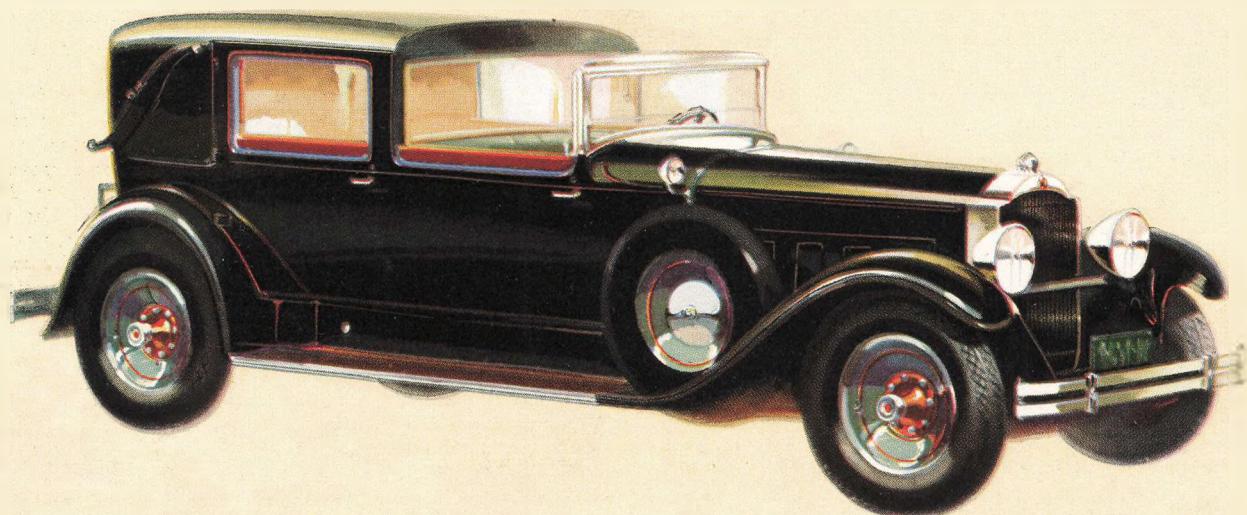
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lighted with lamps in which burned oil mixed with rare and fragrant perfumes. Kasyapa delighted in great feasts, and nearly every night he gave a lavish banquet for his court. Laughter and music resounded gaily through the spacious halls; beautiful dancing-girls swayed rhythmically to the clash of cymbals and the piping of reeds. Far into the night the Paricide and his court ate and drank and sang, until at last the voices of the revelers melted into the magnificent silence of the jungle. So complete was the abandonment of Sigiri after Kasyapa's reign that few relics of these people have been found.

Near the southeastern precipice is a thing of remarkable beauty—quite unexpected amid the confused jumble of ruins. It is the *gal asanaya*, or throne, of King Kasyapa. For centuries it lay buried beneath the débris of the palace but was discovered in 1893 by archeologists. This beautiful piece of sculpturing is in almost perfect condition. It was carved from the natural rock in one piece. The seat is more than ten feet long and about four feet wide, and at the base is a bolster-like effect, above which rises the back—some four feet high. Before the throne is a large area that was undoubtedly the main audience-hall of the palace, where Kasyapa sat giving audience and dispensing justice to the subjects of his court.

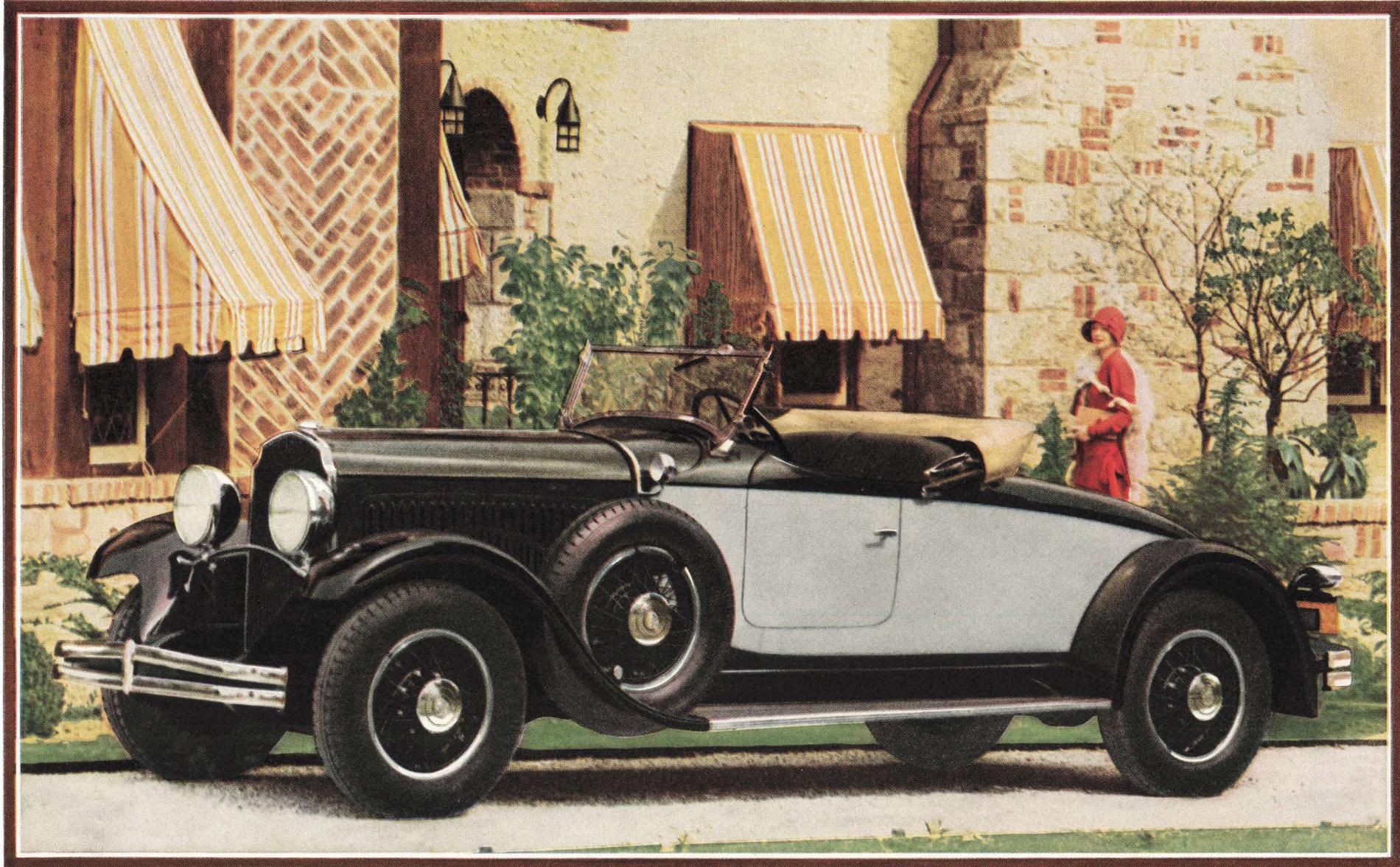
Not far from the throne is a great *pokuna*, or tank, ninety feet long and seventy feet wide—hewn out of the granite. The fierce monsoon rains still fill it as in ancient days, when it was used as a reservoir. Small trees and coarse grass have grown up around its now indefinite borders, and in the black water dwell snakes and strange lizards. There are several tanks like this atop Sigiri, varying in size; I recall one in particular in which were growing many beautiful lotus flowers. Had I stirred the water with my hand, some of it would have trickled down the precipice. In these great tanks lay the strength of Sigiri.

Standing on the south side of the rock, I could see, far below, the outline of the city that grew up at the base of the rock during Kasyapa's reign. Its extent, some three hundred acres, is marked by the ruins of the city walls, which now lie almost concealed by the heavy jungle growth. Within these walls is a large artificial lake about four acres in extent, built by the ancient engineers. This lake was once dotted with many little islands, connected by bridges and containing beautiful flowers and shrubs. Very often the men and women of Kasyapa's court came down from the citadel to enjoy this charming spot—carried by slaves down the steep pathway.

And so Kasyapa lived, surrounded by all this luxury and pageantry—always "in terror of the world to come and of Mogallana." Eighteen years passed, and then one day, from a tower of his lofty castle, the King saw his doom approaching. Great numbers of men swarmed through the jungle, their spears glistening in the trees. Although the *Mahavamsa* might lead one to believe Kasyapa a coward, such could not have been the case; for he came down from Sigiri to meet his brother. He had little chance of winning the victory in this way and evidently realized that his downfall was inevitable.

"Like two seas that have burst their bounds" the armies met by the hill of Ritagala, to the north—the jagged mountain range that rises blue from the jungle. Kasyapa led his army with great bravery, but unfortunately, during the heat of the battle, he came upon a marshy hole and "turned aside his elephant." This maneuver was mistaken by his soldiers for a retreat, and they fled before the army of Mogallana. Vainly he tried to rally them;

India

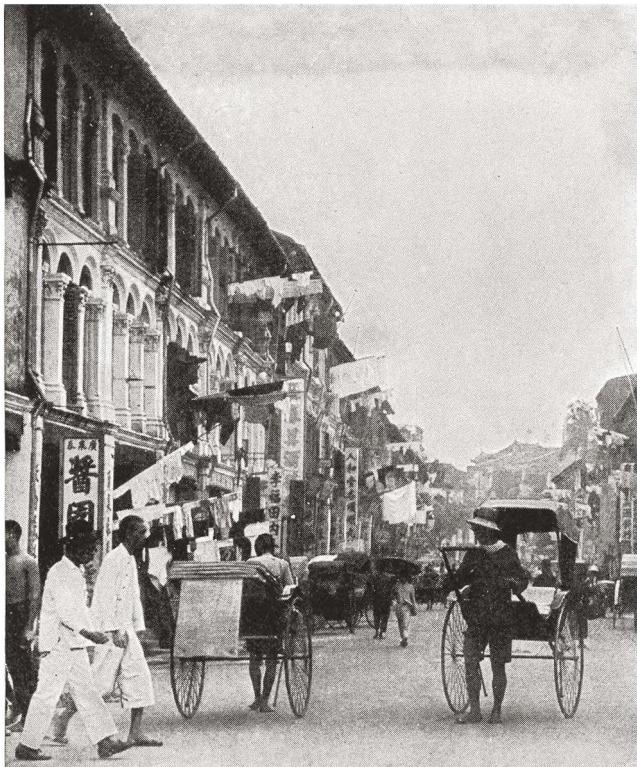


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it was too late. Alone he faced the on-rushing enemy. Then, suddenly seeing his brother, Mogallana, he calmly drew his knife and plunged it into his own throat. Smiling at his brother, he returned the knife to its sheath and fell to the ground.

The curtain had fallen on this great drama, and there followed but a brief epilogue. Mogallana, deeply impressed by the bravery of his brother, had Kasyapa's body burned in kingly manner atop the great rock. The great black smoke-cloud that rose from the funeral pyre signaled the end of the glory of Sigiri.

One cannot but feel admiration for the man who accomplished a work so stupendous as the fortification of the "Lion Rock." "In terror of the world to come and of Mogallana"—there one feels all the haunting dread that was with him day and night. His life was a fearful and lonely one above a world of green foliage, and his death was at once his doom and his atonement.

BRAHMANS AND BEGGARS

(Continued from page 697)

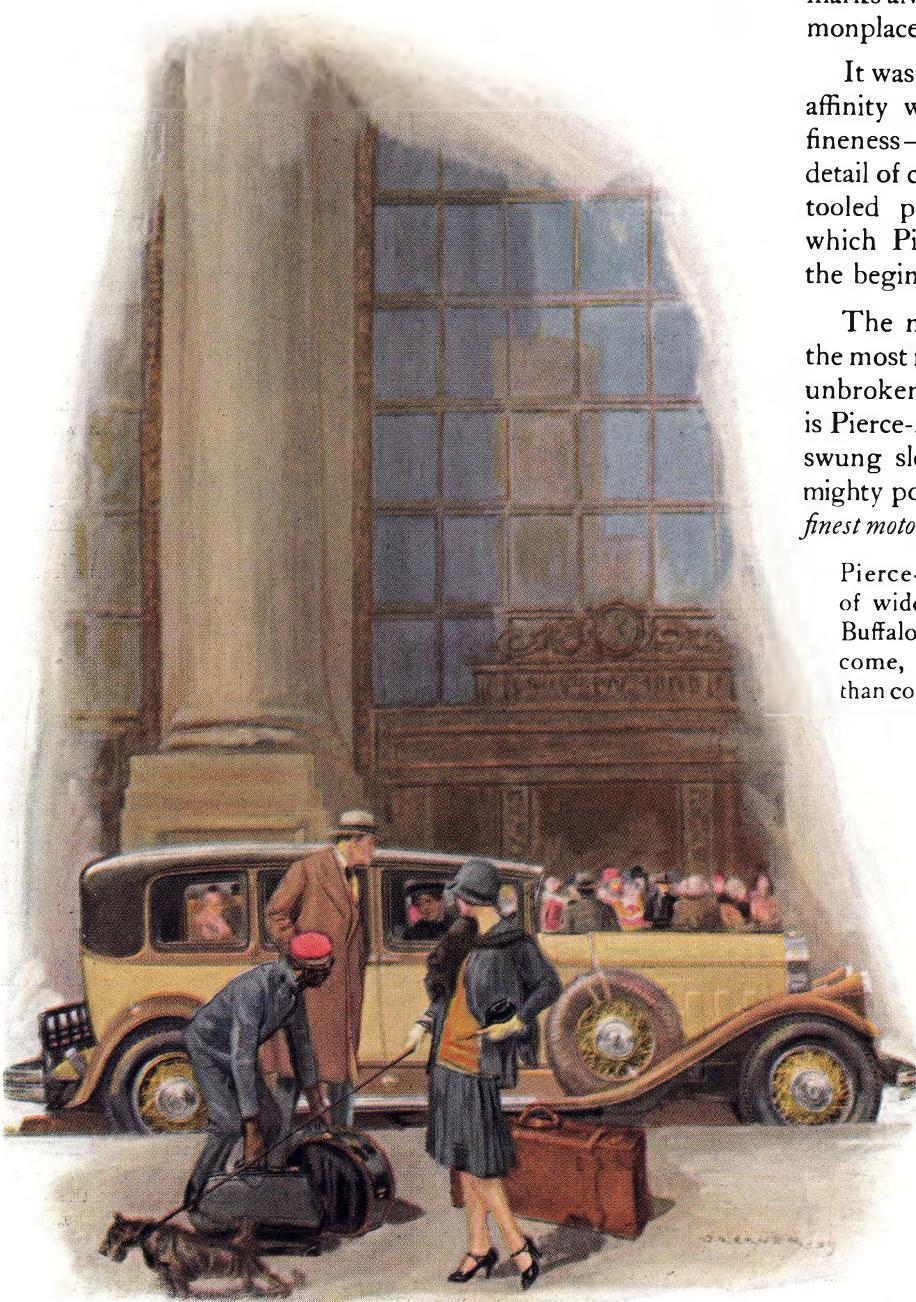
his congregation may consist of some of the wealthiest citizens of New York. In fact the average bhikshu has not even the security of the average clergyman because, unlike the Christian minister, he has no assurance of a definite return for the service he gives. All he gets is a *dakshna*-offering, bhiksha-*alms*, a *dan*-gift and so on. The compensation is voluntary and variable, each time depending upon the occasion and the person who cares to give.

Such is the story of the orthodox Hindu *intelligentsia*, who charged themselves with the task of preserving and promoting knowledge at a time when books were unknown and the spoken word was the only vehicle of wisdom. Men taught and learned from mouth to mouth and from memory to memory. Accepting poverty, they took up the beggar's bowl, and society gave them the highest reverence, such as wealth or victory in war may not bring.

But the Brahman priests are not the only religious mendicants, though they are the only officially accredited beggars devoted to Vedic and Sanskrit learning. Fired by the same zeal, other men and women from various castes and classes have abandoned their worldly belongings and gone out as wanderers with nothing to depend upon except what little food the sweet will of society might give them at times. Among such well-known beggars the *yogi* is one who, as known in the West, is more of a caricature than a real character. There are, to be sure, many yogis in India who are simply in greater or less degree not genuine. They may perform their ascetic feats from an emotional craving for sympathy and approval or from some mistaken idea of self-discipline; or they may be tricksters pretending to do what they do not do. The false yogis try to imitate the true by holding one hand perpetually in the air, standing on one leg, lying on burning sand, stretching the body on a bed of spikes or making other displays of physical endurance.

Physical culture is of course emphasized by the system known as *yoga*. By acquiring control over the breath, muscles, internal glands and circulation of the blood through a carefully devised course of exercises, a true *yogi* is able to perform some of the most surprising feats in bodily manipulation, but he does these things not so much to gain physical powers as to facilitate mind culture. By control of his bodily functions, he collects the sensory mind from all its scattered areas and brings it to bear on his meditations, where the conscious, the subconscious and the superconscious are

The Pierce-Arrow Sort of People



A

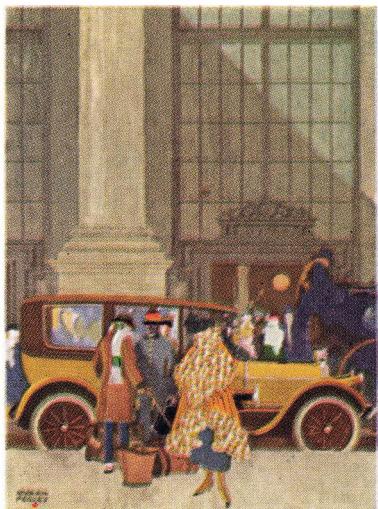
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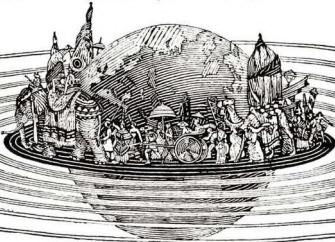
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A generation has grown up, between the Pierce-Arrow portraits reproduced on this page. One, painted in 1915, shows how smart New York appeared en route in that day. The other is today's version of the same subject—the same scene, the same quality of people, the same make of motor car.

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molded and perfected into one active, self-willed, self-directed and intensely concentrated form of consciousness. Naturally, when such a man goes out begging, the public at large looks upon him as one of the immortals. He is a prophet in perfection, a philosopher in wisdom, a poet in sublime ecstasy. To put it in the words of the *Gita*, he is the highest among the high, because he has striven and has achieved what many of the bravest are unable to encompass; namely, a state of mind wherein the very essence of truth, beauty and goodness is mirrored as in the form of divinity.

There are numerous other kinds of beggars. *Tirthankaras*, for instance, are the wanderers around the holy places. They may be called philosophers of the pilgrimage shrines, where to the sorrow-laden souls of the people they serve as father-confessors without an official title. A *sadhu* generally lives in society and has a following of his own. He is a quaint figure, in the midst of society and yet not of it, often an eccentric like Diogenes in his tub. The *sannyasi* is one who, renouncing all worldly ties, goes out as a homeless mendicant. He wears a long robe of ocher color, reaching from shoulder to ankles, and carries a staff in one hand, a zoli in the other. His head and face are clean-shaven, and his feet are encased in wooden sandals, leather shoes being unacceptable to his holy profession. The Buddhist *bhikshu* or Buddhist *sannyasi* is of a special order, wearing a yellow mantle, knowing by heart the teachings of the Buddha, living mostly in a monastery and going out at noon to beg a livelihood.

Certain privileges are passively or actively accorded a wandering mendicant or a holy man in India. For example, he is given a free ride by the railroad, invariably, of course, in the third-class carriage. In places of pilgrimage, furthermore, special provision is made for him. In many *ana-ch'hatras*, or food-shelters, food is provided free of charge. The beggar is under no obligation for anything he receives; society does not expect to be paid. Whether right or wrong, the old Hindu theory is not only that spiritual goods are more valuable than material goods—and it admits both to be indispensable to human well-being—but that those who devote themselves to the production of the former are entitled to live on charity.

In other words you need not commit yourself to an economic system of exchange—even a professor of philosophy in our universities is an economic unit in this sense—and yet there should be enough social understanding to provide for your subsistence, which of course is minimum. The *sadhu*, the *yogi* and the *bhikshu* are free to teach or not to teach just as they please, reside at a place or move to another just as they like; in fact they have no obligation if they choose to have none. Society on its side is free to give or to withhold.

What probably rouses in the majority of men and women in India so much veneration for a beggar is not only the principle of charity so deeply rooted in their tradition but an awareness in their every-day thinking of some of the extraordinary personalities that have gone out into the world with nothing but a beggar's bowl. The history of India is replete with such names. There is even a fine legend of the sort in the life of the Buddha, who as Prince Siddhartha renounces a kingdom, goes into Himalayan retreats, spends years in solitude and penance and finally emerges as the Buddha, the "Enlightened One." He then goes to visit the capital of his old father, who is still the reigning king, and appears there in the garb of a mendicant.

"The next day, therefore," runs the story, "Gautama set out, accompanied by his

disciples, carrying his bowl to beg for a meal. As he came near the gate of the town, he hesitated in regard to whether he should not go straight to the Raja's residence, but at last he determined to adhere to a rule of the order, according to which a Buddhist mendicant should beg regularly from house to house.

"It soon reached the Raja's ears that his son was walking through the streets, begging. Startled at such news, he rose up and, holding his outer robe together with his hand, went out quickly, and, hastening to the place where Gautama was, he said: 'Why, master, do you put us to shame? Why do you go begging for your food? Do you think it is not possible to provide food for so many mendicants?'

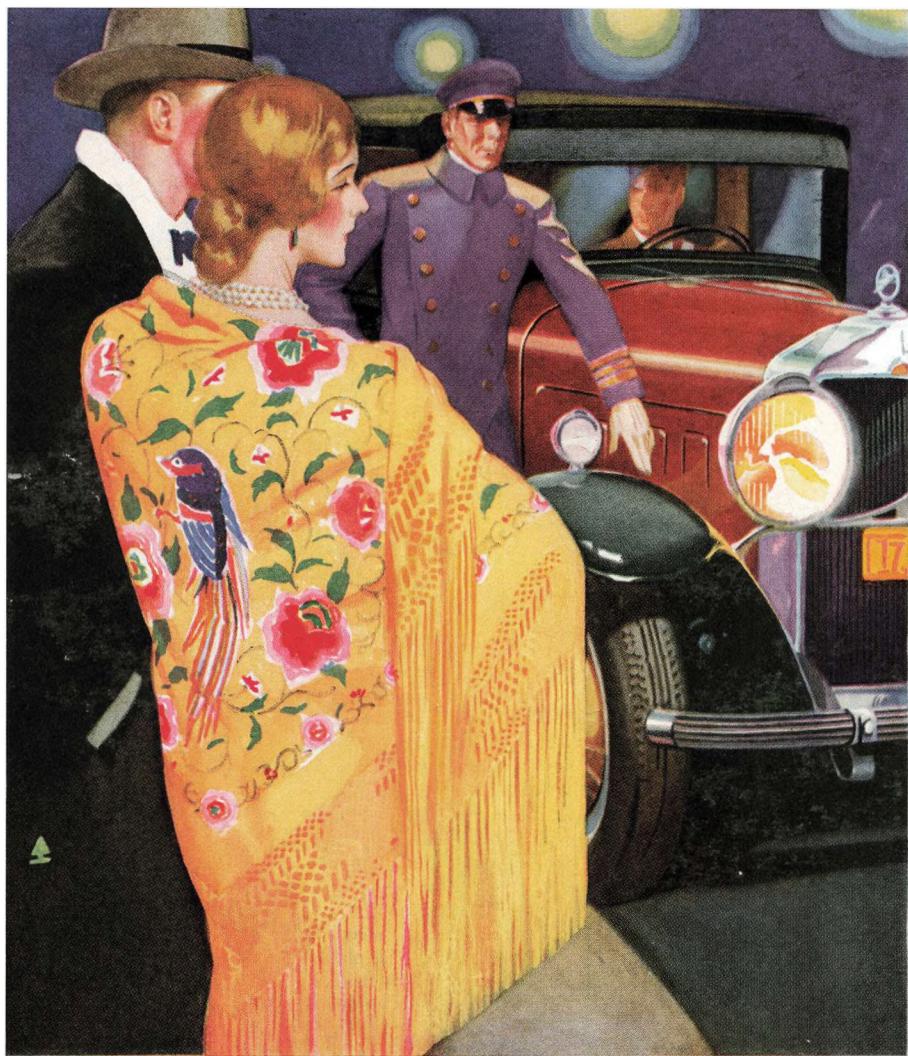
"'Oh, Maharaja,' was the reply, 'this is the custom of all our race.'

"But we are descended from an illustrious race of warriors, and not one of them has ever begged his bread.'

"'You and your family,' answered Gautama, 'may claim descent from kings; my descent is from the prophets [Buddhas] of old, and they, begging their food, have always lived on alms.'"

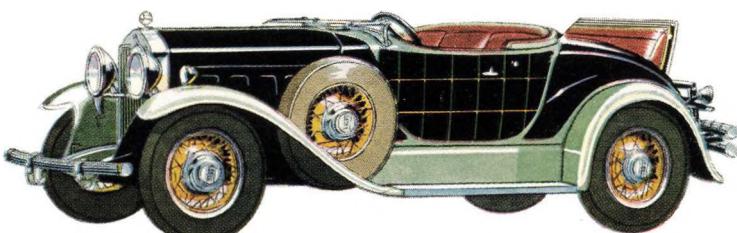
From the earliest times begging has been the way of prophets and especially has been laid down for the Brahmins devoted to cultivating their spiritual life. The name of Ramdas, which itself means the servant of Ram, is a name prominent in the history of India. He not only begged for himself but founded an order of beggars known as Ramdasis, or followers of Ramdas. Now Ramdas was known as a regenerator of his people and was the spiritual *guru*, or preceptor, of the great Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta Empire. One time the Emperor came to his guru to offer him *dakshina* and laid at the feet of his master an officially sealed parchment granting to Ramdas the *bhiksha* of the whole empire. In other words the royal disciple had willed the transfer of the entire empire to the beggar's bowl. The holy one touched the paper with his finger, meaning thereby that the offer was accepted, but returned the empire as a trust (of which the King was to be the principal executor) to be administered for the happiness of the people in the country. In token of this holy transaction the imperial flag of the Mahrattas thenceforth consisted of a piece of ocher cloth like that which the *sannyasis* wear in their robes. Sankara, another illustrious beggar of India, will be remembered as long as Hindu philosophy itself. He was a *sannyasi* who traveled throughout the length and breadth of the land, propagating Hindu ideals. In the four corners of India there are to this day four religious institutions, founded by this great *sannyasi* and called Sankara Pitha, whose successive heads during more than twelve hundred years have been considered the final religious authorities among orthodox Hindus. Sankara's version of the philosophy of the Vedas is standard and known throughout the world as the monism of Sankara or in Sanskrit the *advaita* of Sankara.

But far humbler beggars have their invaluable function to perform. Early each morning, for instance, in the humbler quarters of a great city like Bombay or, especially, in the smaller towns, one will be awakened by the music of a singing beggar, who goes along the still dusky road. Is anybody going to arise from bed at that early hour and go out into the street to put something into his bowl? He is not very solicitous of receiving alms. Yet a man here, a woman there or occasionally even a child, hearing the song, will rush out of doors with a handful of rice or a *paisa*, a copper coin, for the beggar. I often wonder at the possible fate of such a person in a large western city



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Batavia, canal-filled as any city of Holland proper, is far-famed for its exotic air. Buitenzorg, the summer capital, not far away yet higher up, has a botanical garden justly renowned to the ends of the earth. Then there is Djokjakarta, whose ruler boasted two hundred wives and hundreds of children at last inventory, where tiger baiting is a favorite sport, to say nothing of a race meeting every spring to which Europeans come from every-

where in that corner of the globe.

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MANILA



such as London, New York, Berlin or Paris.

The music of the beggar's voice has penetrated to the farthest villages and introduced the verses of the poets at the fireside of many an Indian farmer. You may meet a group of village women gathered around a beggar, sometimes at noon, and the wandering mendicant may be giving them a musical recital. The ear of the village folk is quick for music, and pretty soon the news is spread as on a radio wave. Men, women and children will flock to the place, but nobody has arranged anything. A village woman has happened to ask a stray beggar whether he knows such and such a song and, if so, whether he minds giving her the tune. That is all. Soon his voice has become the afternoon attraction of the entire village.

And how enchanting are these songs! Mothers turn them with a natural skill of their own into lullabies and sisters into festive songs, while grandmothers use them as religious chants for the instruction of the children. Early in the morning one will hear a troop of village women bound for the nearest city and carrying on their heads baskets heavily filled with fruits and fresh vegetables, singing such songs responsively, like a moving choir, as they walk along. They are *mali* women, i.e. gardeners' women, making their daily trip to market to dispose of their produce. Similarly milkmaids, with round shining brass containers resting on their heads, march in another file, singing along the road. Even the humble woodcutters sing on their way, carrying piles of chopped wood for sale. With the rays of the rising sun the singing groups begin to pass within the city limits, reminding the urban residents that the country folk bring not only daily bread but also a cheerful spirit, knowing how to sing while they labor and sweat.

Ramdas in one of his writings remarks: "The principal vocation of a Brahman is to beg; he must keep the traditions of begging." This point of view runs counter, I am aware, to our modern ways of living. But the bhikshus are frankly specialists and, like most specialists, have denied themselves much. Life in abundance does not consist for them in a collection of all the things of life, because such an attempt would be impossible and, even if possible, would be meaningless: it is, rather, the product of a wisdom that knows how to choose proper things at the proper time and is not carried away by the temporary glamour of other attractions. Now the ultimate and valid test of all such denials—such discipline, if you please—is how much of insight, sympathy and peace will be cultivated thereby. Having discovered his own soul, the beggar is able to give to others as from the abundance of nature.

In national life extending over many millenniums it may happen that universities crumble, museums disappear, libraries fall in pieces and sacred books are burned by profane hands. The beggar is insurance against all such accidents and proof against the poverty that limits our material means. Besides, he is a moving university, covering ranges that may not be reached by the university extension courses. Individual instruction, personal training, memory culture—the famous guru system is the product of such endeavor. After all, the whole body of knowledge can be roughly classified in two portions, the one dealing with the instruments of life—*aridya*, as the *Upanishads* call it—and the other with life itself—*vidya*, as it is named. The first covers technology, sciences, most of the inventions that facilitate the business part of existence. To transfer this knowledge from one person to another, you need cumbersome apparatus—call it laboratory, factory, printing-press—but to transfer the very wisdom of life

it is enough that there be one Socrates with a number of disciples around.

In matters of spiritual progress Hindu society halts no speeding soul, just as in emergencies a western city frees the hospital ambulance from traffic regulations. Caste, it says, is for the majority; such a man is released from caste. The ordinary social exchange is for the average person; the *sadhu* need not observe it. Marriage, home, family, the three great obligations of every Hindu (namely, learning, progeny and sacrifice, thought to be debts to the sages, to the ancestors and to God, respectively), all and everything are excused. Such a man is free of every human bond if he so desires. Even the *Vedas*, to use the words of the *Gita*, are to him what ordinary pools of water are to a flooded country. This is the predilection of the people.

The point of view of the beggar himself, also, is not social but essentially personal or spiritual. If he is useful to society, it is not because he adopts a certain manner of living for its advantage to the public, like a modern social worker, preferring one technique to any other. One may even go further and say that, if the pursuits of the beggars contribute to the good of society at large, they themselves are as responsible to it as are the bees that, in building up a hive, are providing honey for man's breakfast table. Social good is merely a by-product of the activities of such men.

What motivates them is a passion for discovery of the nature of the human soul, or what is called in Hindu philosophy *atma jnana*. The seeker begins his quest by disentangling himself from all possible material obligations and relations, just as a modern western specialist may minimize his other activities and interests in devoting himself to one particular kind of work. Secondly, the seeker studies his own mind, preferably with the help of a guru, exploring it in all its possible phases. Lastly, he utilizes his mind as an instrument with which to search for truth and also as an object of the search, as if one should study a powerful microscope with the aid of another, equally powerful microscope. So far, scientific investigations have brought forth an abundance of finer and finer material instruments in the objective world, leaving the mind to the realm of an observer or a mere passing recorder. The Hindu mendicant begins at the other end and sharpens the mental tool, the very name for mind in Sanskrit being *antah karana*, or the inward instrument. Having once perfected his mental instrument, he uses the same mind over again as a subject matter of his study. His essential hypothesis is that mind is a much truer synthesis and expression of the ultimate reality than are atoms or electrons.

The nature of that truth is not any part of my present theme: what I wish to emphasize here is that in the craze for producing material goods—what in the cant of the day is called "progressing toward a higher and higher standard of living"—those beggars who contribute to spiritual values are in danger of being condemned with those that produce none; society may trample its lights under its own feet and then go on groping in a world of self-made darkness.

With the coming of modernism to India—by modernism I mean the introduction of the machine era—the age-long place of the ancient ascetic ideals is being challenged. Under the stress of the changing times (whether you like it or not), the young and thinking people are being compelled to revise their position once again regarding the value and the practice of such ideals. Shall the old traditions be given up so that the country may be able to

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meet better the requirements of the modern world, a world that is building fast a civilization based primarily on the economic impulse of self-interest, call it enlightened or otherwise, where production and consumption of material goods have become the principal activity of nations and peoples? If the answer is to be in the affirmative, I do not care for what reasons, then it follows that a different set of people will hereafter head the list for social admiration and honor, men who, as in any other country, excel their fellows in their ability to invent and to employ a factory technique to contribute to large-scale production.

And how very different the new leaders, this freshly created aristocracy, will have to be from the old-time mendicants, whose capital consists in a spiritual grandeur only dimly seen by their fellow men and whose sole visible activity may be to sing by the roadside or to sit meditating or conversing on the problems of spiritual life! Has India come to the crossroads, where the people of that country must part with such holy men not only for the present but maybe for a long, long time to come? It is a question to be considered profoundly because the true sannyasis, like the beautiful peacocks of the Indian woods, will dance for you and delight your soul as long as you call for them and not for their meat. If you shoot one of these birds, coveting its body, the entire flock disappears in the jungle fastness, leaving you to wonder if there are left any longer such marvels of enchanting beauty in that territory. I wonder if the public in India, and for that matter the public abroad, is in danger of losing the company of these holy men, not of course by frightening them but rather by being afraid of them. Until today millions of men wait on them, women worship them and the younger people still look upon them as heroic minds worthy of emulation. But what if the present wave of economic and political unrest sweeps them away to solitude, whence they may one day emerge after generations have elapsed and society has begun to show yearnings once more for the presence of such souls?

Let it not be understood, however, that the solitude meant here is of a physical type. The point is only that society, being averse to property-less modes of life, fails to encourage the corresponding sentiments, with the result that a part of mankind which otherwise might have been stimulated to heroic spiritual efforts goes on slumbering somewhere unknown and unheard of as if there existed no such possibilities within it. When the strings of reverence cease to vibrate and there exists no longer a large body of men and women calling for that music from the innermost of their innermost, waiting for the footsteps of the holy men and eager to take the dust of their tired feet, such spiritual types become scarce as the blush of jasmine flowers in a frosty season.

The younger generation is probably most acutely aware of this problem because with them it is a problem to be met by their own lives, now, in their own days. Not long ago one young man, an undergraduate soon to finish his college education in India, inquired of me about the possibility of learning aviation in the United States. He wanted to come to America to study that science. While writing in regard to his future plans, he became reminiscent on the subject of his early ambitions and said that as a boy he had always thought of going to the Himalaya, where he could meditate in the manner of some of the ancient yogis. In other words, it was his boyhood dream to be one of these holy men. How different is this mental picture from that in the mind of a high school boy in America, who might be thinking of himself as one day owning a big garage or

finding his place somewhere in a down-town skyscraper, a tight little well-made business man! And this young Hindu asked my opinion on whether the transformation in his own ideals should be considered for the better or for the worse. At any rate, he said, his country had need of airplanes as one prerequisite to being reckoned among the leading nations, and he wanted to serve the need. It may be a change after all from one idealism to another. Yet how different are the flights of a yogi from the flights of an airmen!

Multiply such examples and you get some impression of the incessant self-questioning that is no doubt going on in the idealistically inclined young men of India. How can one be a spiritual leader and at the same time hope to keep abreast of the ever more speedy race for the production of material goods? It is the same as to ask how one can be a poor and a propertied man at the same time, how he can be a merchant and a mendicant in one person or a beggar and a business man in the same breath? In other words, is there any way in which one may expect to produce both the yogis and the Henry Fords? If these two types of excellence cannot both be cast in the molds of a civilization, who shall come first and who afterward, or must the country lose one in order to gain the other? Such is the problem, and, because it has magnitude and there is as yet no solution to it, it may become acute and painful.

WE VISIT THE KING OF NGAWA

(Continued from page 730)

the candle shone on his smoke-darkened body, bare to the waist and reeking with rancid butter, he grinned his wide, toothless grin. "We are friends, aren't we? Good friends. Then go and, on the way back, stop, if you have time, and stay awhile—yes, stay all summer. Ah, it is beautiful at the summer encampment. You can't see the grass for all the flowers. Come on, woman; we must let these people sleep."

In the morning we set out on a three or four days' ride to our next goal, Sokhtsong, at the knee of the Yellow River, among the low hills far away to the west and south. It proved to be a rather hard journey. Our horses were out of condition, and we ourselves were wet and cold and dispirited when we at last took a turn that showed us the little monastery, set in a hollow of the high bluff overlooking the aforesaid knee of the Yellow River—a somewhat more than right-angled turn cut in the form of an exaggerated S in the grassy flats. The usual whitewashed cloisters with but a tiny chanting-hall—that was all; yet this monastery controlled the ferry and controlled the roads. The power of the place—ruled by a lama of more than usual ability—was known and acknowledged far and near.

When we sent Ding Ko with our gifts, we placed on the top a copy of the Gospel according to St. Mark.

The lama received the gift but was very frank about his attitude. "I have always opposed the foreigners," he told the boy to say to us, "and have instructed the monks of the monastery never to receive foreigners or have anything to do with them. And you know that no foreigners have been received here. But Dugursjip has sent you, and Dugursjip and I are like brothers. If you are Dugursjip's friends, you are my friends. Stay and be welcome. Stay as long as you wish, and, whenever you pass this way, you will find that Sokhtsong monastery is open. But don't give out any of this writing to the monks, because your religion and mine are antagonistic."

The lama also explained that, since he was

about to start on a trip, he could not ask us to tea but as a substitute sent a present of butter and cheese. It would have been interesting to meet this man, but we were thankful for the concession made and did catch a glimpse of him as he and his escort rode away.

After he had gone, a monk came and gave back to us the copy of the Gospel according to St. Mark. Though it was a very good book, the lama did not want it. However, since it was a precious thing, he returned it. Being guests, we of course observed the restriction the lama had placed upon us.

On the morning of the fifth day we moved over to the crossing of the White River. Since the river is about four hundred yards wide at this point, it was noon before we were all over. Then the boys, using a few of the stronger horses, helped ferry across a newly made friend—an unimportant lama from the Ngawa nomads. He and his companions were bringing a caravan of some forty yaks loaded with barley back from Chinese country. Now, yaks are no good at pulling a ferry, and three saddle-horses—the only other animals they had—were not equal to the job of taking over two boat-loads of grain. So we lent them some of our horses, and in return they agreed to travel with us and show us the way.

Occasionally, in the course of our journey together, they loitered around our fire, when the work in their camp was done, drinking tea and telling us about their land and its people—how brave the Ngawa warriors were and how mighty was the Mei Rgyalwo. We learned that His Majesty was not at home but was at the chief range camp, where the largest royal herds of horses are pastured. So we decided to go straight to this encampment.

We were traveling by directions, and on the morning of the day when we finally reached our goal we wandered around for a long time over the hilltops until some startled and uneasy horse-herders directed us to the last pass. At the moment we were feeling rather low-spirited because Len's gray horse, the only one for which we had no hobbles, had been stolen during the night. But now, once more possessed of our bearings, we went on, as cheerfully as we could, into another of those brush-line valleys with swollen streams that feed the Yellow River—twenty or thirty miles to the north. We could see up-stream, where the valley widened to a broad plain, several scattered camps.

The Mei Rgyalwo had his at a little distance from the others. There were two or three black tents and two of the Mongolian conical felt tents affected by chiefs and lamas. One of them—judged from the prayer-flags hung in front—was a private chanting-tent, or chapel. While we were thrilling with expectancy and swinging our whips to keep off the dogs, we learned that the Mei Rgyalwo was not at the encampment. He had left early that morning and had gone back to his house in the farming country. The steward of his herds was rather non-committal until we produced our letter of introduction from Takhtsang Lhamo. Then he showed us a place in which to camp.

So that afternoon, beside our camp-fire, we made our plans. We would leave the weaker horses, all the tents and the bulk of the supplies with two of the boys there in the summer encampment. The rest of us would take only the barest necessities on our riding-horses and make a quick trip down into the valley. We would see the Mei Rgyalwo. The steward quite fell in with our plans, promising full protection for the horses and men we left and offering to send a guide along.

The second morning thereafter we set out with the red ball of the sun just rolled to the top of the eastern hill. For several hours we

followed the stream south and west to its source among the mountains. Never had we traveled in a valley so full of bogs and concealed mud-holes, but with floundering and shouting we got through and finally stopped for luncheon at the foot of the Jamtsa La.

The summit of this pass is more than fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. When we crossed, the clouds hung low, blotting out the hilltops on each side, but the view ahead was clear and over that wonderful country the sun was shining. Three thousand feet lower down, beyond the rolling, grass-grown foot-hills, was the wide Ngawa valley, lying northwest by southeast, and beyond were more grass-land mountains, range upon range. One hundred, perhaps two hundred, miles away to the west—distances in high altitudes are deceptive—loomed high, jagged cliffs filled in with snow and banked against yet higher peaks glittering with glaciers and wreathed with clouds.

Though so much beauty tempted us to loiter, we dared not, but, leaving the dreary slopes of the Jamtsa La behind, crossed the foot-hills and turned into one of the ravines that led to the Ngawa valley. We had now passed from the Yellow River drainage area into the Yangtze basin. Much was different. There were many flowers that we had never seen before, and some of the birds were new.

The houses of Ngawa, as we discovered later, are all cubes of dried mud, the walls blank and windowless and the one small door very much like the entrance to a beehive. Within are stables, storerooms and living quarters, ranged around the big central patio that serves as a skylight. The total height is broken up into three stories. Unlike the homes of the Tibetan farming clans along the border, near Taochow, which are marked off with fences, bristling with grain-racks, hung with flapping prayer-flags and grouped together into villages, the Ngawa houses stand among the fields of barley and mustard, lonely and unadorned.

As we rode past fields of barley a few inches high and yellow mustard-fields in full flower and trotted briskly toward the first rise in the main valley, dust—something we had not seen for weeks—drifted along with us in a thick cloud. Over the rise and into the glare of the western sun we rode, between the little hedge-rows that bound the fields of the Ngawa farmers, into a wide landscape that lay like a checkerboard ahead of us. The houses seemed like scattered blocks of toyland tossed carelessly here and there. The land was strangely unreal, like something never imagined before. Suddenly we stopped before a massive, fortlike building streaked with splashings of yellow clay. We were at the *meisang*, or palace, of the Mei Rgyalwo.

The guide went on in through the big gates, taking with him our letter of introduction. And we waited outside, wondering. A crowd of Tibetans gathered, curious but non-committal, with hardly a greeting because they too waited until the King of Ngawa had made known his pleasure. But there were two or three Chinese traders in the crowd, and they pressed around, asking for news of the outside world and reassuring us.

"Oh, there is no doubt that you'll be received," they said. "But where you'll stay is another question; for the trading quarters that line the front enclosure are all full. There is not one available. In the palace itself? Well, no one is honored with an invitation to stay there; still you may be."

Then a worried-looking *nerwa*, or steward, pushed through the crowd. The Mei Rgyalwo was very busy—engaged in a chanting service. He could see no one just then. Also, there was



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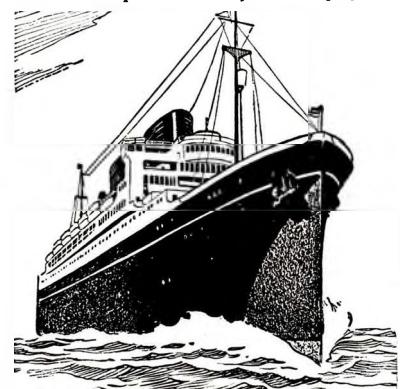
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no place for us to stay inside. We would have to camp on the grassy lawn just across the stream. Had we no tent? He would send over one of the King's tents.

Meanwhile the sky was threatening rain, and a few drops splashed down. Maybe we were being politely turned out. Uncomfortable suspicions flashed through our minds. If it rained hard — Of course, by putting our things together, we could at least keep David warm and dry. Then we saw two Tibetans coming across the stream-bed with a big basket of fuel and a bundle that turned out to be the tent. One of the King's very own, we later learned. So with fuel and shelter we hurried through the details of making camp.

We were awakened at dawn by faces peering in through the tent-flaps, and from that time on we lived in the public eye. To us the Ngawa people seemed noticeably advanced in their culture. Used as we were to the gruff, off-hand ways of the nomads, we found the ceremonious greetings we received even from strangers among the Ngawa people a constant surprise. Then, too, they were far more cleanly than any Tibetans we had met before. That is, relatively speaking; in the absolute sense there is, so far as my experience goes, no cleanliness anywhere in Tibetan country.

Another big surprise was the fact that all of the monks could read fluently and about half of the laymen could read, many of them with understanding. We watched crowds of people sitting around on the grass, reading and rereading the tracts that we had given them. There was one intelligent young layman, evidently wealthy, who almost lived at our camp, reading and asking questions. He had been a monk but had rebelled at the restrictions of the monastic state and had become a layman again to live his life as he willed. When we parted, he pressed us to return, saying that, if we would settle in Ngawa, he would surely become a Christian. There were indications that this idea sprang from a desire to be in something opposed to the monasteries rather than from any real love of the Gospel. He realized that Buddhism and Christianity were fundamentally different; so he was willing to choose Christianity as a side to fight on. After all, there is something in the will to believe.

But I am ahead of my story and must go back to the morning after our arrival. Breakfast over, we prepared for a visit to the Mei Rgyalwo. Our present consisted of three or four yards of satin brocade, a copper casket, a folder of California views and a New Testament. Covering it all with a big ceremonial scarf and giving it to one of the boys to carry, we entered the meisang. The first floor was taken up by stables and storerooms. In one of the latter that was open we saw bales of tea piled to the ceiling. Up-stairs the balconies around the central patio were lined with rows of prayer-wheels which the servants running back and forth spun at every chance. Opposite the stairs was the chanting-hall, and, as we turned into the big guest-room and kitchen, the mutter of the chants followed us like a persistent refusal. A number of attendants stood around, but obviously the Mei Rgyalwo was not in the room. So, presenting our gift to the nerwa, we seated ourselves on the rugs that had been spread for us and then were helped to tea.

Soon a thin-faced young man, dressed much like all the others except that the leopard fur on his sheepskin coat was of the finest quality, entered, and from the commotion in the crowd we gathered that this was His Majesty the King of Ngawa. We rose and bowed. With a smile he motioned us to our seats and besought us to have tea. Then, leaning carelessly against the window-frame, he asked us where we had

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come from. To facilitate matters one of the traders offered to act as interpreter, and through him we told the King that we had heard of his land and his people and above all had heard great things of him. So we had longed to visit him and secure his friendship and at last had arrived at the meisang because, in the course of telling about our religion, we went everywhere. When we told the King that we were not either traders or travelers, he was evidently at a loss to know just what to do with us.

In the meantime his wife the Queen had entered, and, while we were talking, she rapidly scanned the New Testament, once asking for the explanation of a name. Then she picked up the folder, and, with the pictures as a basis for her questioning, she asked us about our country so far beyond the sea. Although the views in a picture-folder of California are hardly representative of our homes, we had plenty to say about our western mode of life and, as the conversation continued, both the King and the Queen grew less formal. Finally the Queen asked: "Why didn't you bring the others—your wives? Would they come if you sent for them?" And the baby, of course, we—"

Here the King interrupted. "If the boy goes to call your wives, couldn't he bring back your firearms? I like to see guns, and I hear that yours are very unusual." His face was the face of a small boy asking about candy.

Shih Ko hurried away and was soon back, bringing the rifle and shotgun. Then Betty and Mrs. Haldorf came. I saw that the Queen greeted them with friendliness and was much taken with David, but the conversation of the three ladies I did not hear; for the King insisted on our going up to the roof for a little practice in shooting. Especially did the double-barreled shotgun fascinate him. After I had shattered, with a left and a right, two targets tossed into the air, he used up a number of shells in an attempt at doing likewise, and, when finally successful, he was in high spirits.

In the course of the day we learned from the traders and the Tibetans a good deal about the peoples and the country far and near. We listened eagerly, because the possibility that our supplies would give out before we reached home counseled us to stay only a day or two though nothing would have pleased us better than to visit valley after valley and tribe after tribe as far as Jergu, the half-way point on the road to Lhasa. The great wide valley we were in was for two days' journey up-stream and two days' journey down-stream the territory of the Mei Rgyalwo and from all reports was thickly populated. Considering that back in the grazing country there was also a great stretch inhabited by nomads owing allegiance to him, we came to realize that he had a good-sized kingdom. The traders declared that he could make good his boast of being able within three days to call out an army of ten thousand mounted riflemen. And in all that country his word was absolute law. But the traders also agreed that the present young King was in no way the equal of the former King, his father-in-law, since he was only the son of a Golok chieftain married into the royal family. No wonder his wife was so assured in her decisions! The main trouble with the present King, so they told us, was that he was too much under the thumb of the monastery authorities and too much afraid of certain powerful lamas living farther up the valley.

In the afternoon we visited a big religious fair, or camp meeting, that was located about a half-mile from our tent. The black tents of the people were ranged in a great circle, and in the center were the gaily patterned tents of the monks and lamas along with the great chanting

pavilions. At this fair we discovered the reason for the surprising literacy of these people. While the elders worshiped or traded, the boys were gathered in one of the large tents, where the monks held school. It speaks well for the discipline that the monks were able to keep their classes from bolting to join the huge crowd that followed at our heels. On all that long round we did not hear a single word that might have been thought of as disrespectful. Women ducked into the tents in fright and then, drawn by an unconquerable curiosity, peered out. But no one yelled at us, and once we were even invited into a tent to rest.

Our second day at Ngawa was marked by even bigger crowds and by considerable excitement at the meisang. All day long messengers and monks were arriving and leaving. Just about noon a lama came to see us. He looked us over rather superciliously, asked for a copy of one of the Gospels, refused our proffered tea and finally rode off to the meisang, where he stayed for some time.

Late in the afternoon Haldorf and I went to say good-by to the Mei Rgyalwo. When we had barely reached the big gate of the traders' courtyard, a terrific hail-storm swept over the valley, beating the barley down under two inches of packed ice. The storm was so violent that for a long time we could not get through to the palace but stood in the shelter of the gateway and wondered how the rest of our party fared in the tent. Then, finally, as the hail grew less, we ran across the courtyard and went on in to see the King.

All the old fears had come to life in his shifting, uncertain glances. Quite without preliminaries he asked, "Can you make storms like this?"

We told him that storms were not made by men but were in God's control.

"Yes, yes," he nodded shortly, "of course. Today the lamas from up the valley came and said that for religious reasons they wanted to drive you out. I couldn't allow them to because you are my guests. But you had better not come back. This storm will seriously affect the crops," he muttered rather irrelevantly. "If you were traders or travelers, it would be all right. But your religion I don't know. Are you coming back?"

We told him that we should like to see him again but that of course he was king in his own country. He hesitated. Evidently because of either fear or liking, he dreaded giving a downright refusal.

"It is a long long way, and the trail is hard and dangerous. You have lost a horse; next time you might lose more. Do not come to stay; but, if you are passing through while going somewhere else, of course you will stop a day or so because we are friends. We are friends—like brothers," he insisted. "Then, when I come to Taochow, I will visit you. You, Sherup Tzondree," he went on, turning to me, "may live at Takhtsang Lhamo, they tell me. If so, I shall see you frequently, and, when we meet, wherever it is, we'll be friends just like brothers. Shall we not?"

As we agreed, the Queen came forward with the copy of the New Testament that we had given her. "This book is very good—very precious," she said with a smile. "But we do not understand it, and, being precious, it should be understood. So we give it back to you to keep, since it is a precious thing." The book had been thumbed from cover to cover. She let it pass from her hands with what seemed a faint reluctance. "Go in peace," she added as we said our good-byes. The droning of prayers sounded from the chanting-hall and followed us through the door and down the stairs.

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LOVE-TRUE

(Continued from page 685)

flopped down in the room corners and took naps there. One man was "rotten-drunk." Most, however, were merely "happy-drunk," and these kept up the teasing for an hour or so, until they could think of no more witticisms, until they had quite exhausted hopes of getting from Love-true a sign that she saw or heard or felt. Somebody yawned at last and said, "Hau-tse!"—"Finished!" Another yawned and stretched and said, "Sleepy-to-kill!" "Going home," said a third. What was left of the crowd began to shuffle out. With great difficulty two men woke one of the remaining "sleepy-drunks" in a corner on the floor. Then they tried the "rotten-drunk" and eventually carried him out by his arms and legs, like a dead pig to market.

The teasing was over. The old woman attendant, in her seat on the edge of the bed, stood up, yawning and groaning, and removed Love-true's bridal crown. Love-true began to cry.

"What thing?" scolded the sleepy old woman. "What are you crying for? Nothing to fear—we all have to sleep with a man for the first time once in our lives. Look here—you're ruining this coat with your eye-waters. They'll charge extra if you spot it!"

Love-true dashed the tears away with the back of her hand and began to take off the wedding-coat. Between her choked-back sobs, she said: "Not afraid! My mother—my mother is so koo-nau!"

At that moment, Oo-zaung, supported by two of his friends, came in. All during the teasing of the bride he had been sitting in the guest-hall with these and other friends, who took turns in staying with him and plying him him with wine. He was now in the last stages of being "sleepy-drunk." The two men led him to a chair, set him down, yawned and stretched and went out. The old woman picked up the rented bridal crown and the red satin coat and then took off the red satin wedding-skirt. "Finished," she grunted, and went out and shut the door behind her.

* * *

Next month Olivia Price will contribute another chapter of her biography of Love-true.

WALLAH-WE'LL-SLAY-HIM

(Continued from page 721)

or sympathy in his eyes. On the contrary, they cast sidelong, arrow-like glances at us, without saying a word.

Wonder that I could say anything. But I did succeed in giving utterance to a few words about our journey to the Seat of the Image of Perfection, His Eminence the Imam, on a mission that all Arab-speaking people would applaud. And the Amir's few words in reply fell with an effort from his lips. I then delivered to him the letter of the Cadi Abdullah Arashi, which he read and folded and placed under the cushion, without changing his impassiveness. Needless to say how glad I was that the interview was brief.

But at the guest-house I found myself in a small, low-ceiled room, which I was to share with the soldiers and the servants. I decided, therefore, to sleep outside; and, upon asking if there were any wild animals in that region, I was assured that there were two very strange and ferocious beasts, one called Tahish, who carries human beings away, and the other Nabash, who digs up graves and eats the dead. Dead or alive, therefore, I could not escape. Whether I credited or discredited the thrilling stories my hunchback friend told about these two monsters—well, my fear was exceeded by my depression and disgust. Surely, thought I,

the Tahish and the Nabbash could not scale those high walls of the fortress; and the roof, praise be to Allah, was accessible.

While I was thus trying to solve the problem of where I was to sleep that evening, a cousin of the Amir came to see us, and Captain Yanni entertained him with stories about the airplane. "We are not afraid of the *taiyarah*," the pious gentleman explained to us; "we will read the opening chapter [of the Koran] against it, and it will fall to the ground in pieces." He also told us that wine is prohibited in Al-Yemen. "If we find one drinking wine," his palms brushed against each other in a gesture of finality, "we slay him forthwith."

Without saying good-night to the gentleman, I sought, on the roof, the silence of the heavens and the companionship of the stars. But I was quickly followed by the hunchback Turk, the kind and thoughtful Turk, who came to tell me not to lean against the roof-wall. He found me, in fact, leaning against it, as over the railing of a steamer—embarked upon a sentimental reverie—and he quickly drew me away. I resented at first the interference and thought, even after his explanation, that his anxiety on my behalf was exaggerated. But, when I got up in the morning and saw that the roof-wall is built of stones set loosely over one another without mortar and that there are more than a hundred feet between it and the rocks below, I praised Allah—and my Turkish friend—because I had escaped a danger.

Indeed, Mawia was full of terrors for me; and the worst of all is what I am now to relate. The Cadi Abdullah Arashi, in his letter to the Amir ul-Jaish spoke of me, whether casually or purposely, through mistake or respect, I know not, as "the Saiyed Ameen Rihani." Now, in Al-Yemen, only a descendant of the Prophet is called "*saiyed*"; and, since there are two lines of descendants through the Prophet's two grandsons Hasan and Husein from his daughter Fatima (the first are called *sherifs*, the second, *saiyeds*), and, since the Zaidis, the before-mentioned followers of the Imam Zaid, have among their nobility descendants of Hasan also, the Amir, when I went to see him again on the following day, wanted to know of what branch I was. He took it for granted that I was a Moslem, but—"Art thou a Hasan or a Huseini?"

His majlis this time was clean, and his manner was gentle. But his heavy-turbaned sheikhs, who sat as usual in rows against the walls, seemed to me even more truculent than they were the day before. And what if they learned that I am a Christian? Saiyed Ali's question fell upon me like a thunderbolt, and pictures of despair darkened my vision. Did not the English warn us of the danger to Christians? Did not the Arabs in Aden and Lahej tell us the truth about the fanatic Zioud? And here we are in the majlis of one of their great *saiyeds*, among their elders, in a fortress as dark and unwholesome as a dungeon, and we are still at the starting of the journey, and—"Art thou a Hasan or a Huseini?"

Answer me that, man. Will you accept the Prophet, having been honored with his line? And what is Hasan, and what is Husein? As much as to say, "Art thou a Calvinist or a Lutheran?" And what is the difference, especially at such an hour? I still recall that in five glances I changed my religion five times. My mind moved with lightning speed from Hasan, who was a saint, to Christ, and from Husein, who was a martyr, to Darwin. And suppose the Amir knows afterward the truth? Better let him have it from thine own mouth. O thou honest one! But what will happen if, before those fanatical Zaidis, I avow myself a Maronite or a Unitarian or a Darwinian?

They might hold me a captive, might kill me or might do what is worse than both—send me back to Aden.

But, after I had changed my mind five times in five glances, Allah, be he ever praised, opened before me the door of salvation, and I said: "I am an Arab, O thou most exalted Amir, and I embrace all the sects of Al-Islam and love all the people of Arabia. Aye, *billah!* I always repeat the lines of the poet:

"I love thine every tribe and every part,
A love that springeth from my innermost heart."

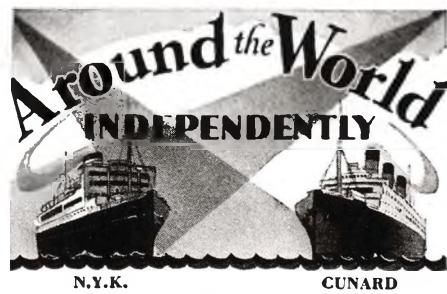
The Amir was much pleased, especially with the poetry; even the elders seemed to approve. But, in changing the subject, after remarking that my case was an exception, a "worthy exception," he did not stray very far from his text. He pronounced a harangue, which began with Allah and the Prophet and ended with those Arabs in high places who betray Arabia and Al-Islam and defile the nobility of the Prophet with English gold and English decorations. "We are waging a war for Allah and Al-Islam, and every right Moslem should join in the *jihad* against the infidels, should take up arms to spread the word of Allah in the world." I still wonder what he would have done had he known, then, that I was neither a Hasan nor a Huseini and that I was not even interested in spreading "the word of Allah in the world."

After twelve days of travel up the Yemen mountains, we reached Hazyaz, the last town on our way to Sanaa. Most hospitable of the places we had passed through was quaint and dirty Ibb, in the shadow of Mt. Bu'dan. The fort, which had a small garrison in Turkish times, is now empty, but the people, except for their love of their governor, Ismail Bey Ba-Salamah, have not changed. From Hazyaz we got a view of Mt. Lukom, and, an hour after, we beheld the tapering minarets of Sanaa, enveloped in the glare of the sun, and soon the city itself, like a clutter of white cliffs, extending east by west, was silhouetted before us. The heat was getting intense; the noonday glare quivered like quicksilver; and the outlines of the white domes were not distinct until we had reached the granges in the suburbs.

Twelve days of back-breaking travel, and here is Sanaa to make us forget them. Sanaa, the city of a bookman's dream, the dream of a poet's love! Sanaa, once the queen city of the world, says History; once the sun of genius, says Learning; once the capital of the jinn, says Mythology—how often, with book in hand and a taper's flickering light, have I adventured through thy labyrinths and stood gaping near thy treasures and flirted with the jinn in thy gardens and heard the poets chant their rhymes in thy palaces. It was then the dream; it is now the reality, which is not enchanting. For here are the lofty palaces—History spoke the truth. And here is an Arab beauty dowered by Nature and favored of Allah—the Poet did not exaggerate. And there, within those walls, are many libraries in manuscripts—Learning is upheld. As for treasures and magic spots, the names themselves were sufficient to justify Mythology and Tradition. Imaginary names—names of beautiful jinn and *afrits* of benevolent charm—methought they were; but they too are realities as real as the names of our escort. For did we not ascend the *naghil*, or steep road, of Saiyan and traverse Wadi Mahlan and sleep in Yarim and Wa'lani and rest in the shadow of Bu'dan? And are we not now approaching the Palace Ghamdan?

* * *

Next month Ameen Rihani will depict the extraordinary personality of the Imam Yahya and describe his rule at Sanaa.



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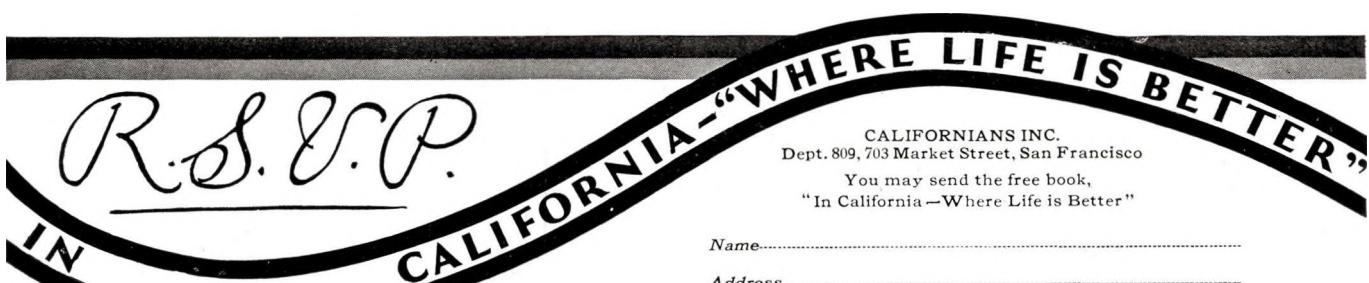
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