

~~a~~Dorothy Dix (Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer)

Travel Journal – The Orient, 1919-1920.

Transcribed and Edited by Elinor Howell Thurman, 2002.

[Inscription on flyleaf:]

E. M. Gilmer  
Yokohama

Oct 17, 1919

“I will come back with memories  
Of opal seas and sapphire [sic] skies  
A thousand winds upon my lips  
A thousand strangers in your eyes

I will come back with fragrant tales  
Of glamour of an alien land

[D. D. copied this much of a newspaper poem on the flyleaf of this journal. The entire poem, cut from a newspaper, is pasted inside the front cover of the journal:]

The Traveler

I will come back with memories  
Of opal seas and sapphire skies,  
A thousand winds upon my lips,  
A thousand strangers in your eyes.

I will come back with fragrant tales  
Of glamour in an alien land,  
Where shadow-fingered twilights sift  
The golden stars, like grains of sand.

I will come back with memories  
Whose shadows on my face will fall,  
Pray God they do not strangely tell  
That I have not come back at all.

I will come back with fragrant tales,  
That will say much but not the whole,  
I will say all, if I come back



With silence in my soul.

---Oscar Williams in Grinnell Review

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Oct 17- 1919

Arrived in Yokohama this morning after a pleasant but uneventful journey across the Pacific. The weather was perfect throughout the trip, and we literally sailed across dark purple spheres of sapphire [sic] sea. Nothing in nature can be more beautiful than a tropic night on the ocean, when the air is as soft as a lovers kiss and the sky is like black velvet studded with diamond stars and the ship slips thro' the water like a phantom thing - This was my second time of arriving at Yokohama on the "Columbia" - The first time I got in at night on the 2 of April 1917 - just in cherry blossom time - now I come in the morning at the chrysanthemum season so I will have the unique privilege of seeing Japan in both of her most ravishing moods.

Have spent the day in revisiting old scenes that have lingered the fondest in my memory - Got a rickshaw - with the same old boy I had before - and went first down the [word illegible] with its enchanting little shops filled with lacquer and carved ivory and damascene work, and flaming silks and embroideries that fairly cry to one to be bought, and then streets and streets of quaint little houses where one sees the real life of the people going on - here a woman bathing a baby - there one plastering her washing on boards in the sun to dry in lieu of ironing them, here another getting dinner in a pot set upon a charcoal brazier in the street, there a man sawing a plank with a queer square saw that he draws to him instead of away from him, the while he holds the board with his toes - here another man weaving sandals, and in and out and between it all hundreds of children gay as butterflies in their gaudy kimonos that liked like wrecked rainbows, flitting about almost as noiselessly as creatures of the air - For the wonder of the world is the way of Japanese children. They seem the happiest children imaginable yet they never cry, they never howl, or fight, or make any of the nerve wracking noises that cause everyone who has to live with American children to pray for deafness. Why we do not import missionaries to teach us how to raise our children instead of our sending missionaries to them, passes comprehension -

In the afternoon took a long ride up Mississippi Bay past the fine houses on the bluff, to a garden full of the most wonderful stunted trees - some of them 300 years old & not 3 ft tall & worth here \$100 - then to the Bay where Commodore Perry anchored when he knocked with his mailed fist on the closed door of Japan, and opened it. Then to the O'Hara gardens - lovely beyond words - climbed the hill above the lotus pond, and saw across the pink and purple waters of the bay Fujiama, swathed in a glory of sunset clouds, a thing truly for every beauty lover to worship - O'Hara was an Irishman who made a fortune in Japan - married a Japanese wife, and built himself a Japanese villa that is a palace, and a garden then is one of the wonders of Yokohama. In the grounds are a splendid pavillion [sic] in which his son - O'Hara being no more - entertains distinguished visitors[,] Tagore having been his last guest - Even more of interest is the



very house in which the chief of the Forty Seven Ronins lived when he was in disguise, waiting to take his melodramatic revenge on his masters enemy - Whom our guide describes as "that unkind diymio" [daimyo] - This house was brought here from its original site, somewhere near Osaka I believe -

Oct 18 [1919]

Spent the day shopping - poking in and out of the queer little stores where prices are a third higher than they were two years ago. To my surprise find that many of the shopkeepers remember me - Stopped and watched a man making kimonos. He held the goods between his [knees - word crossed out] toes just as we Europeanized women fix it to our knees when we sew a long seam[.] Evidently we have lost much in losing the use of our toes - A young newspaper woman came to interview me - We spoke of the wonderful Mitsui woman who did so much to develop mining in Japan by putting on a man's clothes and going out to superintend the work herself in the mountains. As a girl she studied banking just for love of the subject & was able to pull the Mitsui bank out of trouble and reorganize it when it got in financial difficulties. She was not permitted to study Chinese, but she learned it by pretending to her husband that she thought a Japanese gentleman should know Chinese - then she listened to his teacher & acquired her knowledge of it thus on the sly - not to speak of it in order to read the Bible - not because she had any interest in religion but because she wanted to know just what sort of book it was that had changed the world for so many. The reporter told me she started to write a series of interviews with the progressive women of Japan, but when [she] had interviewed eight - she found that she had exhausted the visible supply. The rank & file of Japanese women are still mere chatels [sic] of their men - toys and playthings or beasts of burden and all engaged in incessant maternity - but they seem happy and contented. Many of the men have begun to wear foreign clothes but most of the women still stick to their lovely kimonos. The obis are very expensive, some of them costing as much as \$1800 - The obi is the Japanese woman['s] jewelry, and lace & furbelows all combined, and a bride's trousseau is reckoned by her number of obis - she is spoken of as 10 obi or 50 obi bride.

Had the experience of my life in being interviewed by two Japanese reporters for their papers, and having flach light photos taken of me. They spoke small English & I [words crossed out: not very much] no Japanese so heaven knows what they will make of it - Perhaps as much as I of the interviews I've done with foreigners I have had heart to heart talks with in Volapuk [an international language based largely on English, but with some root words from German, French and Latin (Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary)].

Oct 19- [1919]

Mr Freund - who came over with us on the Columbia two years ago - blew in and took me to see his partner, a wealthy Japanese gentleman - We entered the usual little garden - all rocks and stunted trees & shrubs in pots and stone lanterns, and which is



concealed from the street by a 15 ft fence – the little Nasan bowling lawn before us. Then came our host out to meet us, looking like a samurai of old in his silken kimono - We took off our shoes and entered the living room – and squatted down on cushions about a foot high[.] Centre table of dark polished wood. The room was lovely – in one corner was a screen of dead gold that made a background for a brown basket in which was an exquisite flower arrangement of yellow asters and pine boughs. In the Kokemono was the mortuary tablet of a son who died about two months ago. Before this burned a little bowl of incense, with a pale wreath of smoke that filled the room – and by its side a tiny candle. There were several closed boxes, beautifully wrought, and a basket of fruit. On the walls above the shoji were a painting of Fuji by a famous artist and a motto that translated was something equivalent to “truth is clearness and light” - As soon as we were seated two grown boys came in. Both spoke a little English. They soon disappeared and came back bringing in tea in tiny cups in silver saucers. Then a bowl of cakes and fruit, then the most wonderful sweetmeat dish I’ve ever seen – a sea shell eight inches long, pink and pearl as mother of pearl, lacquered in red – top & bottom – then a cloisonné bowl full of peanuts. The conversation with the boys was too funny. They would be silent for ten minutes, thinking up a sentence, then fire it at me like a shot out of a pop gun. They showed me how to play “go” the Japanese dominoes too complicated for anything but the subtle oriental mind. Our host’s mother died two weeks ago & her funeral cost 15000 yen. Dozens of priests, and a whole host of friends sumptuously entertained[.]

In the afternoon went down by motor to Kamakura, once the capital of Japan under the shogunate and a splendid city of 2,000,000 inhabitants now sunken to a poor, small fishing village, but always a Mecca for the devout and tourists because it is the shrine of the great Diabutsu – the greatest statue ever erected to the Lord Buddha. This colossal bronze, 36 ft high, is not as large as the one at Narra, but it is infinitely more beautiful. Indeed no other statue of Buddha in all the millions that have been erected in his honor so completely expresses the idea of the soul, wrapt in meditation and cloaked in peace as in a garment, that has passed beyond the reach of earthly cares and worries. For more than six hundred years Buddha has sat there upon his lotus throne, in his face the wisdom that passes all human knowledge, while countless generations men and women have laid their sorrows at his feet, while dynasties have risen and fallen, a city has come and gone, two tidal waves have washed temples from over his head, and still he dreams on, uncounting the efforts of man as if they were of no more account than the insects in the sand about him. At the entrance to the Buddha shrine is the beautiful inscription: “Stranger whosoever thou art and whatever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.”

From Kamakura we drove down to Enoshima, the pretty sea side village and island, where, according to the legend, a wicked dragon once lived in a cave, and after the manner of dragons, feasted on the children. The goddess [word illegible] descended from heaven, married the dragon, and thereupon the island of Enoshima rose from the waves, and the dragon lived a virtuous life ever after – presumably on the shell fish that abound



thereabouts. From Enoshima back home along the famous Takaido road – built centuries & centuries ago - Along this highway journeyed [sic] the Sons of Heaven in all the panoply of church and state. Along here was borne the gold lacquered sedans of great ladies & courtesans. Along here came the Shoguns with their triumphal retinues, and splendid dyamios [daimyos] in silken robes, and two sword samuri in suits of mail. Along here journeyed [sic] Hiroshige the great artist, stopping to paint fifty immortal pictures that have come down to us in prints that adorn every collection and make every collector mad with envy. Along here have toiled, with bent backs, unnumbered generations of peasants, straining on their heavy loads. Not a foot of the way but has been fought over by the warring families of shoguns in the feudal times; not a foot of it that is not stained with blood and wet with tears and sweat, not a foot of it that is not part of the very woof and warp of Japanese history. And now we honk along it in an automobile at forty miles an hour and comment our souls to God, for no prudent person cherishes more than a faint hope of ever returning alive from a Japanese motor trip. The roads are narrow, and so crooked they make a corkscrew seem straight, and as there are no side walks, and the whole country is practically a continuous village, so far as the roading goes, and everyone walks, and works, and plays in the street, it does not seem possible to avoid either being killed or committing murder every two minutes. Especially as everywhere there are myriads of children, who clatter to one side, only when you are upon them. But thro' the congestion chauffers [sic] clatter incessantly, and you never can know how raucous an auto horn can be until you hear it shrieking out death and destruction with a Japanese accent. But barring the American devil wagon the scenes along the Tokaido have changed little since mediaeval days. There are the same eternal green hills and blue sea – the same little patches of rice, and millet, the same patient men and women toiling in the tiny fields. Women are threshing grain with a flail as they did hundreds of years ago, and beating down posts by letting heavy timbers fall on them – human trip hammers [-] and in the little mud and thatched houses birth and death and life goes on as it must have done when the peasants looked up from their tasks to see a gorgeous cavalcade of Shogun and samuri & daimios riding by with flaunting banners instead of a bunch of American tourists joy riding around the world[.]

Oct 21 – [1919]

Came up to Tokyo on morning train - In afternoon went out to Shiba Park and saw tombs of the 6 or 7 Shoguns of the Tokugawa family. These shrines are a confusing mass of lacquer and carving and brass, Buddhist art in its highest expression and their beauty is enhanced by their setting against a hill side of living green. The present head of the Tokugawa family is Count Tokugawa, and he was a friend of the Roosevelts, and is the leader of the House of [word illegible]. Afterwards we went to a simple temple behind which are the tombs of the Forty Seven Ronins. The Forty Seven Ronins are the heroes in innumerable plays & novels which have been built about their tragic fate. The story, in brief, is that a certain Shogun was asked to arrange a court function. Being unaware of the ettiquette [sic] of the occasion he asked a certain daimyo how to do it. The daymio [sic] gave the desired advice, for which he expected to be well paid, but the shogun did not know he was expected to pay and made no return. The daiymio [sic] therefore



taunted the shogun, and ordered him to put on his shoes. In wrath the Shogun drew his sword and struck the daiymio [sic]. To do this in court was an unforgivable crime, so the Shogun was given the privilige [sic] of committing suicide, which he did. His estates were confiscated, and his followers became Ronins – or wave men – wanderers [masterless samurai]. Forty seven of them vowed to avenge their master, and for several years stalked their prey. At last by pretending to be drunk they got near him, and slew him. They took his head, washed it in a little well which you still see – and places it on their Masters tomb. Then the forty seven knelt down and committed hari kiri - They are buried by their Master, and for 237 years the fires of incense lit by Japanese who feel loyalty above all other virtues have never gone out before their tombs. The whole place was blue with the pale smoke of little tapers & the air heavy with perfume - We lit little bunches of sticks before each grave, and paid the homage that every noble heart offers before unselfish devotion.

Oct 21 – [1919]

Went by rickshaw to Ueno park thro' the teeming city - When I last saw Ueno it was pink with cherry blossoms – today it shivered under the first blight of autumn, but nothing can make less wonderful the marvelous Imperial Museum. Here are gathered together the finest specimens of Japanese art – cloisonee, lacquer, damascene, Kokemons etc,etc – both ancient and modern. What interested me most was that you may here see Feudal Japan – there are cases and cases of Japanese armor, and swords whose hilts are works of art, so exquisitely are they inlaid with gold and silver, and walls lined with ancient battle standards. In one room are groups of figures a la Mme Tussaud and illustrating the life in olden times. In one a General in gorgeous gold and crimson brocade and lacquered and gold breast plate is celebrating the feast of victory after a battle. At his feet kneel his henchman [sic] in the weird costumes in which they went forth to fight. Another group is of court circles - The Mikado as he appears in his coronation robe for when an emperor ascends the throne he& his wife must be dressed in pure Japanese style. Another figure is a court lady with at least (it seemed) a hundred layers of Kimonos on. Two other figures were court nobles, each resplendent in brocaded garments with trails [sic] five or six feet long - In another group was a samuri priest - & a sportsman with deer skin leggings, & a hat like a poke bonnet - In feudal times the men all wore long hair & their coffures [sic] were weird & wonderful. Another interesting exhibit was of ancient vehicles – palanquins of lacquer & gold that it took 30 men to carry – a great room on wheels in which a [word crossed out: samuris] daymios [sic] family traveled, & the gold lacquered sedan chairs – jewels – in which fine ladies were borne about[.]

Afterwards went thro streets of little booths, where a perpetual fair is going on, to the great Hongwangi temple where there were hundreds of pilgrim[s] kneeling intoning a sort of hymn to the tune of some tinkling bells they waved. The is one of the most popular temples in Japan, and so many people come to it that sometimes 2000 yen a day are taken in[,] an incredible sum when you think that most of the offerings are in rice - Theres nothing queerer than the way the Japanese take their religion, or the sights presented at



such a temple as this – there are always bands of pilgrims, hordes of children with smaller children on their backs, bent old men & women, family picnic parties, vendors of charms squatting on their haunches, people praying, eating, smoking, dainty kimonos brushing up against the grimy clothes of coolies – a hodgepodge of life that goes on under the temple eaves [sic] land that makes their gods seem very familiar [sic] things instead of some far off austerity –

Stopped on way home & saw play about the woman who was the ghost of the 1000 year old willow tree & who sacrificed her chance to be the main beam in the 1000 god temple at Kyoto to help a man she had fallen in love with. After many adventures, she bore a son, & the gods took pity on her & turned her back into the willow tree. She was cut down but so heavy was the log the coolies couldn't move it, until her little son, then 4 years old put his hand on it, when the mother spirit stirred & the log moved of itself to the child's bidding. The guide's version of this was too funny for words. He said that "whenever anybody [word crossed out: touched] cut wood the woman was anguished" - The acting was all by men & very good – on one side of the stage sat a man with two slap sticks he brought down with a bang whenever he wished anything in the play emphasized - After the drama was an American moving picture – a typical vamp affair – a man explained every situation as they have no cut in of script - The guide said that owing to the amount of kissing in American movies, and which is considered highly improper by the Japs, that the films had to be carefully censored & in one week recently they cut out 20000 kisses[.]

Oct 22 [1919]

Rushed away from the breakfast table to see the Emperor start for Yokohama [sic] to see the naval manoeuvres[.] The road leading from the palace to the station was lined on either side with soldiers, symphonies in brown with their brown skin & brown uniforms trimmed with scarlet - Presently there was the boom of a gun somewhere in the palace grounds[.] Then the thin, penetrating call of bugles, and from out his mediaeval palace grounds, across the bridge that spans the moat came lancers with pennons [sic] flying & then 3 carriages in the front one of which sat a round faced jolly looking little man – the Son of Heaven - The streets were packed with people who stood still & silent and uncovered, with bowed heads until the Emperor had passed – a rare spectacle to even those who live here for he seldom goes without his palace gates.

The American Ambassador invited me to lunch – he is a charming man, young & good looking & he pleased me to death by saying I was one of the most useful women of my generation. He is from Philadelphia & knew me thro' the Bulletin - He & his secy had been on a long tour thro' Siberia & they told many interesting stories – about the utter unconcern of the people - One story was about a charming, cultivated Russian woman. They told her of the deaths from typhus & of the corpses lying rotting by the roadside with one to bury them. She sighed, then said sweetly "Oh well, winter will soon be here & the wolves will take care of that then!" Another good story was of an entitled man who said "the more I see of these people, the better I love the folks I hated back



home["] – Those at the luncheon were Ambassador Morris, Mr McDonald, Mrs Deering & Dr McCullough – a Unitarian minister –

They said this of the Japanese language[.] There is literary Japanese – derived from the Chinese – colloquial Japanese of which there are five forms – to your superiors, to your inferiors – to servants, to coolies, to your equals, & again the language one uses in addressing women & the language women use between themselves which is entirely different from masculine language, and commercial Japanese which is English - The English terms are used for weights & measures – all blue prints are in English for instances [sic] & the specifications are English - Often Japanese can not make each other understand the spoken [word crossed out: tenses] word – [word crossed out: so] etc[;] word ko meaning fifty – different things & they draw the ideograph for it – often in the air or outline it on a table.

Oct 24- [1919]

Rainy morning. Bought little screen & print – Came to Nikko, arriving after dark.

Oct 25- [1919]

Spent morning at the temple. The woods are a glory of autumn coloring but not so wonderfully beautiful as when I saw them in the glory of the spring. But the great memorial erected to the glory of the Toguware [Tokugawa] family was even more marvelous on a second seeing than the first. When the great Ieaysu [Ieyasu], the founder of the Togugara [Tokugawa] shogunate, was dying he ordered that a shrine be built as a fitting mausoleum of him & his family & in which their ashes might rest. The work was commenced by his grandson Iemitsu about 1615. In order that the shrine might be resplendent, & also that the daimyos might be kept too poor to start insurrections against him the [word illegible] of Iemitsu levied contributions upon them in the shape of money & material – about all the traffic would bear – one is inclined to judge from the lavish expenditures. Also the finest artists in every line – lacquer workers – damascene worker[s] – carvers – painters – were impressed into service - These were “purified” before beginning work – dressing in white & were not allowed to visit their homes or families until their labors were completed.

The result was one of the architectural wonders of the world. Set against a background of vivid green crytomeria [cryptomeria] are a group of buildings that flash like jewels. There are gate ways that are such masses of intricate carvings that one might spend a month studying them, and still not have mastered the subtle symolism [sic] of the motifs where every leaf, or whorl, or [word illegible] of a figure has some religious, or historic, or romantic significance. There are millions of minute triumphs of genius as when a wood carver utilized the grain of the wood to simulate the hair of a tiger. And then beyond the gates are the temple buildings themselves, shimmering in color – masses of carvings lacquered into the colors of the flowers or the birds they represent – the panels of one whole side being given over to depicting the mountain birds on the upper panels & water fowl on the lower - Within the buildings the beauty of the outside is



repeated – Lacquer, and carvings, & gold & silver – dazzle your eyes and leave you impotent to even remember in detail the exquisite & wonderful things you have seen. Then you climb up 205 moss grown stone steps to the top of the mountain where the mighty conqueror & lawgiver is said to rest under the splendid bronze tomb – but the guide said that when they came to remove him from Suzioka where he was originally buried only 3 hairs could be found[.]

In afternoon went shopping and bought bronze saucers made by Takusai (Toxi) the most famous bronze maker in Japan. He has retired from business and these pieces made by him are fast growing historic[.]

Oct 26 – [1919]

A perfect day. Went up to Lake Chuzinji [Chuzenji], thro a glory of autumn coloring that will be photographed on my memory as long as I live –

Oct 27 – [1919]

Pleasant trip thro country to Miyanoshita - Just as I was leaving Tokyo the editor of the Nichi-Nichi Shimburu (Tokyo Daily News) wrote asking for my impressions of Japan for their new year edition –

Oct 28 – [1919]

Rainy day so we've put it in shopping. Nothing could equal the beauty of the place, or excell [sic] the excellence of the hotel under the management of Mr & Mrs Yamaguchi - Mr Y is a brother of the proprietor of the Kaniga hotel at Nikko, [word illegible] named Kaniga , but has taken the name of his wife[.]

Oct 29 – [1919]

Wonderful trip by motor to Hakone over the new road - Day clear and Fuji arose like a dream from a bed of clouds - Bought two pieces of brocade – an altar cloth & priests robe. [word illegible] said the reason the priests robes were always made of patches was because when Buddha sought solitude in which to contemplate and in which he evolved the teachings he gave the world he went in with only the robe on his back. This in time wore out & he patched it. Hence ever since the priests have worn patched vestments. In each of the four corners there must be patches of different colors - The one to the east represents Buddha, the one to the left Amida, the one to the north Yakashi, the one to the south Hosho. These are the rank of negori, the highest Buddhistic deities.



Oct 29 [sic – 30?]

– [1919]

Went by chairs up to the extinct volcano called Big Hell, where sulphur is still obtained. In the afternoon had wonderful motor ride to Long Tailed Pass from which the most magnificent view of Fuji burst upon our enraptured gaze[.]

Oct 31 – [1919]

Came down thro the rain to Nagoya – a pleasant trip that lasted from 10.10 at Koizu to 4.30 - Went to a chrysanthemum show that was quite remarkable. The individual flowers were no finer than we have at home, but they had been trained into all sorts of unbelievable and fantastic shapes. On one stem was perhaps a hundred not very large red blooms, but the plant made a good representation of the red lacquer bridge at Nikko. The strangest part, however, were the figures representing scenes from Japanese legends – Shoguns in flowing robes, samurai in armor, ladies in gorgeous kimonos all made of growing plants - Afterwards there were a series of tableaux in which the dramatic personae were these flower figures and they were wonderfully dramatically posed[,] marvelous if you reflect that the figures were made of wire filled with dirt & then the plants grown in them & stunted so that when in blossom they merely looked like the fabric of cloth. Japanese seem to run to vendettas as all of the scenes represented people avenging a father's death - Awata always speaks of the villain as the “so unkind enemy”

November 1 – [1919]

Spent the morning at the castle built by Iyashu for his 9<sup>th</sup> son[,] the finest feudal castle in Japan. On the roof are solid gold dolphins with silver eyes - It is a very romantic and picturesque castle, built by forced contributions from the daiyos [sic]. In the afternoon went to Yamoda and staid at the Gonikai Hotel & slept on the floor on futons [futon] in pure Japanese style in a room in which a member of the Imperial Senate will sleep next week[.]

Nov 2 – [1919]

Went to the shrine of Ise, the most sacred spot in Japan, and to which the Mikado comes next week. The entrance to the shrine is thro' a beautiful cryptomeria [cryptomeria] grove. Then you come to steps that lead up to the shrine – a plain, simple unpainted & unlacquered gateway before which hangs a white muslin curtain. Beyond this is another shrine & then still another so holy even the emperor may not enter. In the inner sanctuary is believed to be the sacred mirror & sword & jewel which constitute the royal regalia.



According to Japanese legend the Sun Goddess [ Amaterasu O Mikami] was offended by her brother Susa-no-o [Susanoo no Mikoto] and she took refuge in a cave, taking the light of day with her so the world was plunged in darkness. The other deities sought in vain to lure her forth until, at last, they fashioned a mirror which they hung upon a tree. Then they danced the Kugura – the temple dance[.] Afterwards Susa-no-o reformed & became a sort of knight errant. On one occasion he slew a serpent that had devoured the seven daughters of a worthy peasant & was about to feast on no 8, and in the tail of this reptile was found the enchanted sword. It is this mirror & this sword that are believed to be enshrined at Ise – They are kept wrapped in brocade bags & as soon as one gets old & shabby another is put over it so no living eye has ever seen either mirror or sword. This temple is rebuilt every 20 years at enormous expense. There are two sites, equally holy, on one or the other of which the temple stands. The wood of the temple is selected from the Emperors forrests [sic], only perfect trees being used. There is a great ceremonial at the felling of the trees. All the woodmen who cut the trees are dressed in white, & after the lumber is prepared it is allowed to season for three years. When the building is started the carpenters go thro' a purification celebration, are dressed in white & must change their clothes if they become in the least soiled, & while the building is going on they live apart from the world like priests. Should a drop of blood fall on a timber it is instantly cast aside. When the new building is completed the sacred relics are carried into the new sanctuary & every particle of the old temple burned. This shrine of Ise goes back to before Christ, & during all of that time there has been a succession of these buildings. So holy is everything connected with it considered that when the Minister of Education of Japan some years ago accidentally touched the white curtain at the outer shrine with his cane, he was assassinated [sic] by the son of a Shinto priest, & the populace made the murderer a hero & made pilgrimages to his grave. Every good Japanese is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Ise at some time during his life, and so there were endless bands of pilgrims there. Tottering old men & women, bent double with years of drudgery, wasting their life savings in this last act of piety, hordes of school children, companies of soldiers & sailors, an endless stream of poor humanity – praying for help from some higher source.

In the afternoon we had a wonderful ride along the sea shore, & then climbed to a tall cliff on the top of which was a beautiful garden[.] The hill was called [word crossed out: Toba] Hiyuri Yama – on the bay of Ise & just above a little village called Toba – the view from here is a dream of beauty – shining water & feathery isles & even a faint glimpse of Fuji. Form here we could also see the place where culture [sic] pearls are raised. The women of this province Shima are noted divers – so hardy they can stay down 3-4 minutes at a time.

Nov 3. [1919]

Left at 7.25 a.m. for Narra. The children called after us Enjin-san! Mr or Mrs Stranger! As we drove thro the street. Arrived at Narra at 1.45. Went to temple on the hill – Karuaga no Miya – a shabby old building only interesting because it is the cradle of religion in Japan - The walk to it between giant crytomérias [cryptomerias], along a path



flanked with innumerable moss grown stone lanterns & worn into ruts by devout feet, is something never to be forgotten. Nor are the hosts of pilgrims, dressed in their best, who clatter along on their clogs, making a sound that would mean Japan to you, quicker than anything else in the world no matter where you heard it[.]

Nov 4 – [1919]

Went thro' the rain to see the giant Buddha – a hideous hughe [sic] bronze that inspires no reverence as does the Kammakura Buddha[.] Afterwards to the museum to see the weird collections of masks and hideous gods carved by the priests of an early day[.]

Nov 5 – [1919]

Came to Kyoto, thro the tea fields. Staying at the Kyoto Hotel, not nearly so nice as the [name blurred]. Went to the splendid Buddhist temple of Gion no Hachiro and Awatar Palace, the one home of one of Hideoshi[']s generals - Then to the shops –

Nov 6 – [1919]

Spent morning at Imperial Palace, amid the faded splendors of a dead day - In afternoon to Teapot hill where one has wonderful glimpses of native life[.]

Nov 7 – [1919]

Shot rapids of Hozu river. Not to compare in beauty with springtime[.]

Nov 8 – [1919]

Morning at Nijo castle which is a dream of golden beauty. Ieushu built it for himself for a court residence in 1601 & better than anything in Japan it brings back the glory & extravagance of the old feudal times. There are literally acres of walls – fusuma – covered with thin sheets of beaten gold – exactly like dentists use & these were painted by the greatest artists of that day - Above the panels other panels of wood carved on one side with flowers & the other with birds - Every bit of woodwork covered with lacquer or else polished [sic] finer than the finest furniture & every pin – there were no nails – covered with a carved metal, gold encrusted – chased fine enough for a breast pin - & every design different except Shoguns crests[.] The untitled Japanese are not admitted to this castle - In afternoon went to the fine new Buddhist temple Hagashi Harij – Warijii where there are 29 gigantic [word illegible] made of womens hair[.]

[Nov] 9 – [1919]



Went to Lake Biwa, had pleasant ride in motor. Didn't come home thro' tunnel 90[?] Spent day shopping. Bought old bronze candlestick over two hundred years old from Yakinara –

[Nov] 10 – [1919]

Cold & rainy - In hotel most of day.

[Nov] 11 [1919]

Had lunch with Miss Denton[,] head of a big school called the Doshisha – or at least I suppose she is president of the girls part of it as they have 1500 men students & 570 girls. This is a Japanese poy school – a college - & many of the girls are of the highest rank. One girl had been offered the place of lady in waiting to the Empress but refused because she wanted to do more important work. The instruction is in Japanese, & all of the teachers but 3 are Japanese. The girls are taught all the Japanese arts[,] weaving[,] embroidering, sewing[,] dieing [sic], cooking[,] flower arrangements etc, but taught these things in a modern way – there is a chemical laboratory in connection with the [word crossed out: household] domestic science dept, and they are taught both Japanese & European cooking. One large hall was devoted to teaching ettiquette [sic] – the tea ceremonial etc – how to hang a picture gracefully[,] how to take it down. It seems that in Japan this is not done with a broom handle & profanity as in America, but is a ceremony – important to learn because in a properly conducted Jap home the picture – there's never but one in a room – is changed twice a day. The picture that is beautiful with the morning light on it is not at its best in the evening light so another must be substituted. The tea ceremony is pathetic because it was devised in the feudal ages to occupy the endless days of women who had nothing to do but wait - In speaking of education Miss Denton said that going to school was compulsory for every child from 6 to 13 – and that a girl couldn't get married unless she had her graduation certificate - How efficient this primary education is is shown by the fact that in the draft in Yokohoma [sic] of the 5000 youths between 18-25 only 2 could not read & write & one of these was an idiot & the other blind. Miss D. said the girls were much interested in suffrage & were organizing a womans suffrage [word crossed out: party] club. Every girl when she graduates is supposed to be able to make her living by gardening, cooking, washing & ironing, singing, writing, dancing, arranging flowers[.] In afternoon went to a beautiful garden in the mountains to see the maple leaves which are gorgeous now.

[Nov] 13 [1919]

Saw a Japanese funeral – long lines of people marching carrying flowers, banners, cages full of white birds to let loose over the grave. Last of all came coolies carrying a large granite tombstone suspended by ropes from a pole. On it were carved the dead mans posthumous title. It seems that the priests give the posthumous title, arriving at it by some occult divination something like astronomy. Generally a man does not know



what his title will be, but he can, by paying have it settled in his lifetime. When a person dies in Japan it is good form to send money nicely wrapped up, and marked "incense money" instead of flowers. In a few weeks the relatives call upon the donor, bringing With them a present approximately of the value of the incense money -

Went to Jiu-jitsu school. Atwater told me that fencing was intended as a spiritual development as well as a physical one, because it caused a man to put aside fear. Also it taught him how to "get his mind down below his stomach," which is part of the Buddhist religion and has to do with concentration and meditation. "The reason I am so calm, even in a fire & when the trolley car overturns is because I do not carry my mind in my head but in my bowels," quoth he, "people who carry their insides in their heads get easily excite [sic], but if you carry your head in your bowels you are calm. My body it is relax [sic], but my bowels they are hard like 'ood." I asked him how to attain this state & he said to begin by lighting an incense stick & standing it in a vase - then nearly close the eyes & gaze at it without thinking until you pass into a state of nothingness. Awata is a sacred joy to me & I mourn we must so soon part. The Noren - is the curtain that hangs in front of [a] store & is a sort of guarantee of reliability.

[Nov] 14- [1919]

Lovely trip thro' the country to Miyajima [Miyajima] where we spent two days. Maple valley is beautiful with the autumn foliage.

[Nov] 16 - [1919]

Left Miyajimia [sic] at 4.10 in afternoon and arrived at Sheminosiki [Shimonoseki] at 9. Crossed over 122 miles to Fusan which we reached the next morning at 9.

[Nov] 17 - [1919]

Spent the day in going from Fasan to Seoul - Left at 10 - arrived 8. One's first view of Korea is something never to be forgotten & leaves me wondering whether one is viewing a performance at the Hippodrome or a real people. Certainly nothing out of a comic opera was ever as funny as the national costume. The Yan Bans - or gentlemen of leisure wear white trousers that are a yard across the seat & taper down to skin tight at the ankles where they are bound around with a colored ribbon which makes a neat, not to say gaudy finish. Over this they wear a long coat that comes below the knees that is cut tight in the back & very full in front & that is tied together with a sack that comes out from under the right arm & the left lapel. The sack is tied in & up & down bow with a stand up loop & a long flowing end - This coat is either white or some pale colored silk - a gentleman has a rainbow selection. I asked the guide what he called the coat & he said "Too - soo - maggee." I said "how do you spell it?" To which he replied "spell it like overcoat" - Anyway he appeared in the morning in one of lavender & in the afternoon in



one of light blue – both exquisite – silk. The costume is topped off with a hat that is on the stove pipe order, only made of horse hair & transparent. It is about 5 in in circumference & 6 in high & looks like the fly catcher in a country hotel. It is tied on the head with strings & to see a man with a blue bonnet's strings mingline with a few scattered whiskers is the funniest sight on earth. In addition Korean men do up their hair in a top knot that looks like a plug of [word illegible] tobacco on the top of their heads. They set great store by this & there is quite a ceremony when a boy puts up his hair. The women wear big, baggy trousers & a voluminous petticoat over this that make them look like circus tents. The well off wear a vivid green silk coat with sleeves, but instead of putting their arms in the sleeves they wear the coat over their heads & the sleeves flapping, much as a gossip woman at home throws her husbands coat over her when she runs out to have a chat with the next door neighbor over the back fence. This custom has reference to a time when, all the men being away at war, the women manned the walls & defended the city & indicates they would still do it.

[Note at top of page:] Men wear clothes basket hats for mourning[.] A man in mourning wears a hat like clothes basket – womens hat [word illegible.]

The position of women is pittiful [sic.] They do most of the hard labor & are the despised slaves of men. A girl is disgraced if she speaks to a man before she is married. She has no choice in the selection of her husband but must marry whoever her parents select. When she goes to her husbands home she must not speak no matter how he tries to make her or else she loses caste. The longer she refrains from speaking the better for her. She is of no importance until she bears a son. She cooks her husbands meals & carries them to him, then she carries the oldest son his. After he had finished she may eat, not before. In some parts of the country the women are much older than their husbands – a grown woman being sometimes married to a little boy. A Korean man told me [he] had seen a woman carry her boy husband in her arms across a muddy street.

The Koreans are gross feeders, and are stuffed from the time they are babies until a grown man can eat 4 lbs of rice a day. A Korean mother will give her baby all it can hold sitting up & then lay it flat on her lap & feed it some more, tapping its tummy with a spoon to see if it is full. As a result the Koreans are paunchy which certainly doesn't go with their straight front costumes.

[Nov] 18. [1919] Seoul is a queer looking city of 300 inhabitants. Its wide streets & ugly architecture make it both unlike Japan & yet it is unlike any other city I have ever seen. Theres nothing picturesque about it & the shops are uninteresting; the Korean chests & mother of pearl inlays being the only attractive things. We went to the palace where the Korean kings ruled for so many years. The Japanese have pulled much of it down, to kill our memory the guide said bitterly. Part that was pulled down was the royal palace where the king had 365 sleeping rooms[,] one for each night so that the assassins of whom he lived in perpetual dread might not know where to find him. There is still left the beautiful summer pavillion [sic] with its wonderful lotus pond & little island. Just beyond was the palace in which the queen was murdered & her body desecrated so that



only one little hand was found & identified by its rings – “we burned that” said the guide. Then the palace was burned & the king fled to the Russian embassy for protection[.] During the time of the monarchy there were 50000 Yan Bans – or members of the nobility who lived on the money extorted from the poor. A Yan ban [sic] not only did not work – he held it a disgrace even to touch money – that was for a servant to do - & there a still living Koreans who boast that they had never [word crossed out: handled] even had a piece of money in their hands in their lives. They carried idleness to such an extent that they smoked pipes with stems nearly a yard long to show that they couldn’t light them themselves – a servant must do this for them – considering that the pipes only hold about as much tobacco as a pea it must have kept an attendant on the job all the time. The system of leaving everything to the stewards resulted in great oppression – everybody squeezed the one under him, & high as Japanese taxes are undoubtedly the Koreans are better off than under their own corrupt rulers - The Japanese have built fine modern R.R. [railroad] hotels, water tanks in the big cities, asphalted the streets, established hospitals, agricultural schools & what impressed me most are reforesting the mountains which the shiftless Koreans had swept bare of timber. We saw millions of little pine trees – that are turning the red hills of Korea into green hills. The Japs are ruling tho with a heavy hand – the Korean schools have a very inferior curriculum. No Korean boy can sit with a Jap boy in school & Japanese is taught in schools – Korean only as a language[.]

To return to the women – they do the endless washing – using cold water & [word illegible] the clothes on a rock - When they are half dry they take sticks & beat them until they give them the gloss that makes them look like new silk.

The arranged marriages result very unhappily & every man who can afford it has concubines[.]

[Nov] 19<sup>th</sup> – [1919] Went to the palace of Prince Li this morn. It is a beautiful rambling house, with the most atrocious decorations after the European manner. The throne room was a medley of all the primary colors with enormous electric lights with yellow & red shades. It was heated by 8 gas stoves from Holland – but the summer pavillion [sic] is a dream. We were served tea in it on china with the royal crest, & looked out across an enchanting scene of forrest [sic], hill & dale. The prince gets an annuity of 10,000,000 yen a year from Japan & must live an ideal life after the Korean ideal of dolce far niente - His son is in the Jap army & is to marry a Japanese princess.

In the afternoon went to a girls college whose head is a Wellesley graduate. She said the Korean girls were eager for an education & that they were accorded more privileges even by convention than the uneducated women - We also went to an embroidery & lace factory where tiny mites of girls only 6 & 7 years old were making Cluny lace & doing drawn work on doillies [sic]. They work 12 hours a day & get 15c a day! Poor little mites!



The Korean situation seems to sum itself up this way. Korea thro' centuries of oppression & misrule had sunk into a state of decadence in which she was utterly unable to help herself. She kept herself a hermit nation a generation after Japan was opened to the world. All the world knows after the Chinese-Japanese war Russia aided by the other powers forced Japan to give up all claim on Korea & how Russia balked all attempts of Japan to get any better administration reforms in Korea. [line crossed out: Then the King of Korea] & how Russia pursued her own course, regardless of all treaty obligations, obtained control of the military & financial systems of Korea, & obtained for herself valuable concessions which placed the resources of Korea at her disposal. It was one of these – the grant of timber lands on the Yalu river which divides Korea & Manchuria that really precipitated the Russian[-]Japanese war. Russia built forts, & established garrisons, ostensibly to protect the timber interests but in realty [sic] to open the way to the seizure of Korea – Japan protested to Korea, but the weak government did nothing. Russia laughed at Japans protests & Japan offered Russia a free hand in Manchuria provided its safety & independence of Korea were guaranteed, & when Russia refused this war followed & the result put an end to Russian interference in Korea as effectually as the Chino-Japan had to that of China 10 yrs before. Japan then started on the regeneration of Korea. The administration of the court & its revenues were taken in charge, a cabinet was formed modelled on that of Japan, the judiciary reformed, prisons cleansed, torture abolished, law, medicine, primary, agricultural & [word illegible] schools started, railroads built, more reforms instituted than Korea had thought of in 2000 years. But Japan was in the impossible position of trying to drag a bankrupt nation out of bankruptcy, and after the murder & the assination [sic] of the Queen by the ruffians in the employ of Yi Haeung, the Prince [name illegible], aided by low Japanese assassins Japan was convinced that the only way to deal with the situation was to annex Korea which was done on Aug 22, 1910[.] In a word the situation was this: Korea was rotten to its very core. It was unable to help itself, and the plague spot of the East. Either Russia or Japan was bound to grab it. Japan did, & the Koreans are certainly a million times better off under Japanese rule that they would have been under Russians. Koreans admit this themselves, but they naively add, "But as things turned out if Russia had got us we would now be free for there is no Russian government" - And one might answer you would have no R.R's [railroads] or asphalted streets, nor reforested [sic] mountains, or water works or new factories or any of the things that is [sic] putting Korea once more on the map. It is to be regretted that Japan has not dealt with Korea in a gentler spirit. No doubt there has been cruelty & oppression, & wrongs aplenty, but in the end Korea is better off with even a hard master than no head at all. Japan before the war admired Germany & formed herself upon the militaristic model. She dealt with Korea as Germany did with her [word crossed out: conquered] colonies. There is now a reaction against the [beginning of word crossed out: milit] German spirit, & it is claimed that the new Japanese government is going to reform its policy towards Korea. As regards the persecution of Christians by Japan – so far as I could learn this was not because they were Christians but because the Christian Koreans – being the more progressive, independent & advanced were the leaders in the recent rebellion which Japan put down with a heavy hand. Also undoubtedly the missionaries were not as neutral in the matter as it [sic] should be. Let it not be forgotten that Japan chartered a hospital in Korea in



which it is specifically stated that no director, doctor, or nurse should be connected with it who was not a Christian.

Korea had renounced Buddhism because of its corruption & was practically a nation without a religion so Christianity is making rapid headway & without doubt that aided by Japanese thrift will regenerate the country & the time will come when Korea will realize she has been saved in spite of herself.

Of course one shudders at late of Japanese cruelty in Korea, but Korea herself is a land of unspeakable brutality - Assassination has ever been her favorite weapon - Torture a means of [word illegible] - One of our party was told that the Japanese were going to abolish flogging & gravely asked if he didn't think that a hardship on the poor as they would much rather be beaten than go to jail. Poultry is plucked alive, a beef has its throat cut & a wedge inserted in it & then beaten to death - a long & agonizing process but the animal loses little blood. Dogs, a Korean tidbit, are rendered unconscious by being twirled in a noose before they are killed & so on - goats are pulled to & fro in a stream of water until they die as this kills the strong taste[.] Europeans never patronize any but Japanese butchers[.]

Never anywhere have I see so man idle men as in Korea. The streets are full of white clad loafers, more or less dirty, smoking long pipes & apparently with no purpose in life. They are said to be the laziest, most thriftless people on earth & the greatest gossips & the women to be the greatest shrews, which I hope is true, for the men deserve all they get.

[Nov] 20 - [1919]

Left Seoul at 10.30[,] arrived at Mukden at 8. a.m. on the 21 - a 20 hour trip first thro the mountainous regions of Korea, then the plains of Manchuria. Passed thro' the ginseng fields - It is grown under cover like fine tea & makes Korea['] s most valuable export.

Mukden - Arrived here on Nov 20, snow on the ground and bitter cold. It is the strangest wei[r]dest place I have ever seen. Outside of the inner walls is a new city built by the Japanese - raw & ugly of two or three story brick houses. It looks exactly like a new town in Kansas except that the streets are thronged by hughe [sic] men in long wadded fur lined garments & with fierce forbidding faces. They are the descendants of the fierce Tartar tribes that overrun [sic] China nearly three hundred years ago. Inside of the city walls the streets are very narrow & are lined with little dark hovels of houses that are stores in front, and whose goods overflow out into the filth of the street, even the meat. There are many fur stores & in front of the meat shop hang wild turkeys & pheasants & ducks & rabbits and all sorts of game. There are no side walks & the people jostle each other as the paddle on their felt soled shoes thro' the icy loblolly of mud. Everybody has on quilted clothes, fur lined & fur caps, & everybody is filthy looking beyond belief. Their faces are begrimed with the dirt of ages - Men & women dress



almost exactly alike & are equally dirty. A few of the women have the little "lily feet." This is a city of 250000 inhabitants in a very rich agricultural region yet the people look squalid & poor & have none of the charm or grace of the Japanese. We went this afternoon for a motor ride to the tomb of the great Manchu chief who first consolidated all of the wandering tribes of barbarians in the region into a confederation that became Mongolia, and then conquered China & set up the Manchu dynasty that lasted down to the republic. It was a wild ride thro the snow thro a Chinese graveyard full of little mounds, & across a barren plain set here & there with stone pylons [pylons] to the Mausoleum. This is built in a beautiful grove of old fine trees. There are four wonderful gates built in a dull ping wall with great bas reliefs of green porclain [porcelain] dragons on it. The gates are many storied ornate affairs painted in blues & reds & scarlets[.] Within is a great walk with stone statues of horses, elephants & camels, & more pagoda shaped buildings, red lacquered & brilliant in colors - We climbed the wall & looked down of the big hillock under which the old chieftain is buried - Then to the top of the wall to where stretched the far flung line of the battle of Mukden what was one of the decisive battles of the [word crossed out: Russian] China-Japanese war. Stopped at the royal palace from which the Manchu chief started forth to conquest & in which he died - It is untenanted now - a bleak cold barren place with no furniture except in the throne room - There still sits the chair in which the King used to sit - & I sat in it. Wow! There's a modern carpet on the floor & a fine old screen - but nothing else. All the treasures of china & lacquer that once made it famous have been carried to Peking. Then back to the boat thro the crowded streets packed with the ferocious looking giants in their quilted clothes[.]

[Nov] 23. [1919]

Left Moukden at 10.30 and travelled all day thro Manchuria. A desolate, cold gray country that was bleak with winter, and showed endless sketches of fields of stubble of corn stalks. It looked exactly like any of our Midwest country in winter except that the houses along the R.R. track were made of mud - & had either high walls of mud around their little yards or else high fences of woven corn stalks, doubtless to break the wind which must be fierce. The people wore the padded & fur lined garments we had seen at Mukden & at every station there were guards of soldiers as well as police. The explanation is that the govt has a big standing army & doesn't know what else to do with it. We had a wonderful dinner of 9 courses, perfectly cooked & served, but the car was like a refrigerator with more to come, for at night we simply froze. We put on all the clothes we had & slept in them if you can be said to sleep for at every station there are such wild shrieks & yells from the people on the platform & the train crew you are convinced a rebellion has broken out & the Bolsheviki have got you.

Nov 24. [1919]

Arrived at Tientsin at 6.40. Went to Astor House & had fine breakfast. Then drove around the city thro' the various foreign concessions & the Chinese city. Then went to a



little place where they were weaving Chinese rugs. Very beautiful. Best quality – cost \$0.50 a sq foot. Took the 4.30 train for Peking where we arrived at 8.30. Went to Hotel Wagon Lits.

Nov 25 [1919]

Beautiful morning, clear but cold. Took rickshaws and went out thro' the teeming streets to the Temple of Heaven. I think nobody can ever forget their first impression of a Peking street scene. The crush of rickshaws – there are 50000 of them in the city – which scatter like a flock of scared chickens as a honking auto passes by – the two wheeled Peking carts with their bright blue boards & yellow wheels, drawn by shaggy ponies & weighted down by a couple of people sitting on the poles, the wagons with tiny mules drawing them, the heavily laden donkeys, the stately camels moving slowly off of their long journey thro' the Mongolian deserts, the hordes of people eating, working, chattering, men with heavy loads staggering along, dudes dandling a bird cage on the fingers as men lead a dog on a leash at home, women hobbling along on their pathetic bound feet, everybody done up in furs & padded garments as a protection against the biting cold. The Temple of Heaven is one of the most beautiful [word crossed out: thing] structures in which man has ever expressed the souls aspiration towards God. Imagine a great lawn 8 1/2 miles around, filled with gnarled old cedar [word crossed out: trees] & cypress trees. You walk thro' this & come first to a beautiful pavillion [sic] [words crossed out: where the em-] called the Temple of Abstinence. Here the Emperor would come to fast & pray the night before the ceremony - Then you come to the Altar of Heaven[,] the most sacred spot in China. You pass between tall marble pillars with flying wings to a great structure consisting of three [word crossed out: terraces] circular terraces made of marble & each bordered with a [word crossed out: marble] ballistrade [sic] of carved marble representing the dragon ascending to the clouds. The work is exquisite & the marble white as snow tho' the suns, & rains & snows of 500 years have beaten upon it. This terrace is laid with marble stones in 9 concentric circles, there are 9 steps leading to each level, & everything is arranged in multiples of the number nine the mystic number of good luck to the Chinese. In the center of the top terrace is one stone, supposed to be the center of the universe & on this the Emperor knelt & [word crossed out: offer] the Son of Heaven abased himself before the God of Heaven & offered up the 5 different kinds of sacrificial animals. In the court surround is the big green tiled furnace on which the flesh was burned after having been specially prepared & great braziers in which incense & prayers were burned. Along the road leading to the Altar [word crossed out: Thro] of Heaven were marble standards where flags & banners were planted & one could but wonder at the thought of what a magnificent spectacle it must have been when the Emperor accompanied by thousands of the highest officials, and they by thousands of minor officials, and soldiers & courtiers marched from the heart of the Forbidden City to the Altar of Heaven, What color! What splendor! What pomp! But no such eye as mine would have beheld it for every house along the way was closed, & none dared peer out, & no foreigner ever set eyes on the sacred spot until since the Republic was set up. Close to the Altar of Heaven is the Temple of Heaven where the Emperor prayed on the New Years. Its [word illegible] roofs are of green tiles, & it was beautiful



as a dream. It had been wired for electricity & was used by the constitutional convention that framed the constitution of China so said the guide but that is too dramatic a thing to have really happened I fancy, so I must investigate further. Across the way is the Temple of Agriculture where the Emperor plowed the first furrow in the spring to start the farming. There are numerous altars to the gods of the winds & sun & rain. The place is now used as a kind of barracks for soldiers. In the afternoon went to the Llama Temple, a weird old building filled with yellow robed priests. Saw a couple of hundred little boys saying mass with their eyes on us. Then went to the Temple of Confucius – a gorgeous red lacquered building with nothing in it but the mortuary tablet of the great sage - Before it was a mat worn into tatters by the knees of the devout. Said the guide – “so many come to chin-chin joss man” - Leading to the temple were the lines of tablets erected by various emperors to Confucius. In a neighboring temple were 200 great slabs of stone on which were engraved the first three books of Confucius lest fire or vandals might destroy the printed word –

[Note at top of page:] The chant used by monks in Lama temple & which few of them understand is O Mani patme hone – the fragrance of the lotus flower is wonderful – lewd images in inner temple[.]

Nov 26 [1919]

Went up to the Great Wall, a ride of 86 miles straight up the mountains. Arrived at a little wayside station, & went into a freezingly cold room & ate our lunch. Then went by chair to the wall up the little narrow mountain face that is the only connecting link with Mongolia for miles & miles. It looks like the bed of a mountain torrent, great boulders of rocks everywhere & threading it the almost imperceptible path along which donkey trains & camel trains were threading their toilsome way as they have done for thousands of years. The wall takes ones breath away with its majesty - It is 2500 miles long & follows the contour of the country, up hill down dale, over mountains sometimes 4000 ft high, twisting & turning but so cunningly devised that never is there a foot of it that isnt in plain sight from the watch towers - It is built of cut stone, & is still in good repair altho' it was built 300 yrs before Christ.

Nov 27 – [1919]

Got home from the wall with a 104% [sic] temperature & a bad case of flu[.] Very sick. My room boy very solicitous because I couldnt eat - Said: “China man get sick, send for doctor. Doctor say more sick, more eat. Velly good chow.”

Dec 1 – [1919]

Went to French Hospitla where I was cared for by Sister Angelique & a squat little amah – Sister Katharine, who was dotty from sunstroke would come in at 2. p.m. & tell



me stories. One was about an Italian soldier who went home. His friends said: [“] Did you learn to speak Chinese?” “Oh yes, [“] replied the soldier[.] “Lets hear you” – the boy rattled off a string of words which his confiding friends understood to be Chinese - “And did you learn to write Chinese?” they asked. “Oh yes” replied the soldier. [“] Let’s see you,” said the friends[.] Thereupon the boy drew a picture of a little house with a woman standing by it. “You know” he said, “the Chinese make a picture for every word – they call this an ideograph. Now this picture of a woman & a house is the ideograph for peace - see – now I draw another woman by the house & it’s the ideograph for war.[“]

Dec 9 [1919]

Went back from hotel [hospital?] to Wagon Lits Hotel –

Dec 10 [1919]

Started for Shanghai – a nightmare of a trip thro a land of graves. The Chinese bury their dead above ground, on their own land. The result is the whole country is one vast cemetery. The coffins [sic] are made of 4 inch thick wood, short squat affairs. These are placed on the ground & left uncovered for a year so that the spirit may not be hindered as it comes & goes for they believe that the soul abides in the body for a twelvemonth after death. The second year a straw mat is placed over the coffin. The third year it is heaped With dirt, or a cement hut built over it.

We left Pekin at 8.30 of a cold, gray day, & all day long, mile after mile, hour after hour the train sped on thro the graves. Far as the eye could reach on either side there were just graves, big mounds, little mounds no bigger than a potato hill. There has been no rain for months, & there wasnt a sprig of green – just the dry, brown graves that seemed the visible end of all humanity – “dust to dust & ashes to ashes” – I was sick, weak & faint & the horror of that ride will be something I shall never forget.

Arrived at Pukow in a rain & crossed the Yanktse [Yangtze] Kiang in a motor launch where we had to sit in puddles of water - Arrived at Shanghai at 9.30[.]

Dec 12 – [1919] Hotel Astor.

Shanghai is a handsome[,] modern, commercial city. The only thing of interest is a little artificial lake with broken bridges that is said to be the model for the Willow pattern plate[.]

Dec 15. [1919]



Went to a Chinese party at the residence of a wealthy Chinese merchant named Kurek. The family had lived in Australia for many years – the children were born there - & they were far more Australian than Chinese. The house had not a single Chinese touch. On the floor was an axminster rug – hideous brown with pink roses – the furniture was a cheap parlor suit; about the kind people buy on the installment plan. All of the guests wore ugly European clothes. One little woman, the wife of a very rich man[,] had on a tight little black skirt that barely reached her knees & a black & white silk jersey that was forty sizes too big for her, & with this the most gorgeous diamonds & pearls. There were many young people present – all of them graduates of colleges[.] Among them Miss Rosalind Phang, the first Chinese girl to take a medal at the Conservatory of Music in London, Miss Soong Meiling, a graduate of Wellesley, Mr Soong of Harvard & so on, and a Honolulu born Chinese – Kenneth Young by name who sang & played on the guitar & eukelele [sic] –

Dec 17 – [1919]

The most wonderful of days so full I can hardly chronicle all that happened – Mr George E. Sokolsky – a Polish man of mystery who is manager of the China Bureau of Public Information came for me at 10 & took me to see Tang Shao Yi (Teng-shi-ye) who was premier under Yuan Shi K'ai, and is now head of the Southern Peace Delegation. Mr Tang lives in a handsome house, & is said to have the finest collection of curios in China, but this I did not see. We were shown in a comfortably furnished room & presently he came in[,] a tall, handsome man with a mobile expressive face, & eyes that twinkled behind big tortoise rimmed glasses. He had on a long robe of pale gray brocade, and looked like ones ideal of an old aristocratic Chinese grandee. His English was absolutely perfect, and he was absolutely the most fascinating talker I have ever listened to. I said something about the Temple of Heaven and he said, smiling, and folding his long slim white hands together in a curious gesture – like prayer – that he used continually:

“Ah,” he said, “I could talk to you for weeks about the Temple of Heaven for I thought before I ever went abroad that it was the most impressive place of worship I ever saw, & after I had been to Europe & seen all the great cathedrals I was surer than ever that none of them compared to it. Curiously enough I am the only living person, who ever took part in the sacrifices offered up there by the late Emperor. For a time I was Master of Ceremonies, & as such it was my duty to attend the Emperor. The first sacrifice took place on the 13 of January when it was bitter cold, and during the hour & a quarter it lasted we had to stand like dummies, moving only our eyes as the Emperor moved from shrine to shrine & although we were clothed in heavy furs we nearly froze. The night before the ceremony we spent in the temple grounds while the Emperor fasted & prayed in the Temple of Purification. All about the grounds were full of the thousands from the court who were in attendance. In the enclosure in which is the Altar of Heaven there burned three lanterns, each with a candle three feet in it – these represented Heaven & Earth & Mankind. There was no other light than this dim light, and no sound but musicians playing the old, solemn, melodious Chinese music. Just before dawn the



Emperor ascended the marble steps of the altar and knelt – first in the center which typifies the center of the universe, and there he took upon himself the sins of his people and besought the gods to punish him for them[,] not the people. Then he went to each of the 81 altars that had been erected to his predecessors – his forefathers and made libations 3 times, and prostrated himself 9 times before each one. It was a ceremony so exhausting none but a strong man could endure it in that biting cold, but it was dramatic & thrilling beyond all belief as the sun came up and the sky turned into a blue arch above the white carved marble. The Emperor was dressed from head to foot in gray fox fur, while the balance of us wore sable. In the court days we put on furs made of unborn lamb in Oct, & then as the weather grew colder changed to heavier ones - We had to have 30 different suits of furs. All was arranged by royal edict.”

Speaking of the question of concubines he said: “Of course we will all agree that monogamy is the ideal state. Also we will agree that it is seldom practiced by men. This being the case it seems to me much is to be said for the concubine system in vogue in China. In it a man accepts responsibility for his acts. The concubine has a respectable place in society, as the mistress has not, she shares with the first wife in her husband's estate, & may not be thrown out when a man tires of her; her children are legitimate & share like the first wife in their father's property. The modern thought of China is against concubinage – especially among the young Europeanized women – but I doubt that China will be as healthy & moral when it adopts the Western idea on the subject as it is now –“ “But” I asked, “how do Chinese women solve the eternal problem of jealousy of the two women & the one man” – “Hundreds of years of training in that line of thought have made them accept it as a matter of course” he replied – and sighed. Later on I learned his young, college bred second wife made it a condition of marrying him that he should send his many concubines away to his country place – so evidently it takes more than hundreds of years of thought to eliminate jealousy, after all from the feminine system.

[Note at top of page:] A woman who has no children often forces her husband to take a concubine so she may have sons to honor her, as all the children are accredited to the first wife, even above their own mother[.]

Speaking of marriage he said: “My first marriage was arranged by my family. I never saw my wife before we were married. As soon as the marriage was arranged I sent her presents of silks & embroideries, and clothing. She sent to our house all the furniture, linen bedding, household utensils. Then on our wedding day she was brought to my house in a closed sedan chair. I went out & unlatched the gate & welcomed her in, & led her into the house. She had on a thick veil so I could not see her face[.] I was terribly nervous, wondering what she might look like. After we entered the house she threw back her veil & I saw her for the first time. We worshipped together before the tablets of my ancestors, and she served my parents with tea. The next day we went to the temple & made offerings & that night we gave a great feast to our friends. That is [word illegible] all. I think no man ever loved a woman better or was happier with his wife than I with her until she died.”



Speaking of divorce – “A woman who does not get along with her husband may leave & go to her parents, and her husband can not force her to return, no divorce her for it. He can only divorce her for unfaithfulness. In China the women rule – a man can not sell his property without his wifes consent – men wait on their wives - & the mother has complete controll [sic] of the children. “[sic] If the women had any more rights I dont know what would become of the men,” he smiled[.]

Speaking of the many graves he said: “Nothing is more important to China than that the old way of burying the dead should be abolished. As it is there are millions of acres devoted to graves that should be given over to agriculture, & I have begun a campaign in favor of compact modern cemeteries, [word crossed out: instead] & have set an example by having all the bones of my ancestors taken up & interred in a public cemetery. The old custom was to bury a man on his own land, or in some place that the priests decided was “lucky” & that would bring a man wealth, & happiness & health if only his father was interred there. Sometimes a rich man would pay \$150,000 for a plot 10x15 in which to erect a “lucky[“] ancestral tomb. I am making a fight against that & feng shui, the Chinese belief in some mysterious spirit that has to be catered to at every turn, just as I did against opium smoking in the Manchu regime.” Mr Tang is a great belier in the new China - & that the republican form of government has come to stay[.] “We in China are the real democrats, for we literally believe all men to be born free & equal & that the only thing that counts is personal ability - My cooks son & my son get the same education & go up before the same board of examiners[.] If my cooks son is the better man he passes & my boy fails & the cooks son may go on up to any place. There are no great fortunes in China & there would be no actual want if the people would stay in their own environment in the country, for there we have the patriarchal form of government, & the head of each village must look out for the welfare of all in it. In China the head of every family must provide for the other members & look after the weaklings[.]”

Went to the most wonderful luncheon given by a Dr Tang – once Brigadier Gen’l of the Army - There were a million courses, all delicious - Our host very [word illegible] said he didnt like the new Chinese constitution[,] that it was too long & complicated. “If God only gave 10 commandments to rule the world why should China need 2000 different laws in its constitution[?]”

Had a delightful hour or two at McTyre school for girls, run by Southern Methodist women – doing great work & not bothering about proselyting the girls. Never saw such an enthusiastic set of teachers & pupils[.]

Then we called on Dr Sun Yat Sen, the man who made China a republic & who was its first president – a dark, heavy browed, iron jawed man with force in his every look & movement. His wife said that he had never read a romance thro’ in his life & you felt that sentiment had little part in his life – he is a patriot – a fanatic almost about China - & his great work now is to save her from herself - According to Dr Sen Japan has complete control of the Pekin gov’t & was attempting to solidify all China under its domain during the war. By bribery & corruption & enriching certain men it had virtual control of Northern China - & was fast getting Southern China when Dr Sen started up a rival gov’t



& revolution in Nankin – this revolution is still going on – “Don’t lend China money” said Dr Sen[,] “it only buys guns to shoot down the men who are fighting for a real China. What we want to do is to educate our people up to a realization of what real political freedom is. Now they have a sham republic – we want to make it real - The present govt is militaristic.

Dec 18 – [1919]

The most interesting thing in all China has been the Students Union. Last May the students of Peking demanded that a certain group of three men, whom they accused of being traitors to [words crossed out: the govt] China & of having sold out to the Japanese, be deposed & punished. Nothing was done, so they went to the house of one of these men to demand of him where he got his money. In the hallway of his home they found some high Japanese officials, whereupon the students went wild & wrecked the house & the official[s] fled in terror. For this 300 students were thrown in prison, and as a protest the students all over the country went on a strike. In Shanghai 20,000 boys & girls met on the athletic field & elected leaders & passed resolutions pledging themselves not to return to their studies until the obnoxious officials were deposed. They then called a general strike. They went from merchant to merchant asking them to close their stores, and so generally was this done that practically [all] business was suspended. [word crossed out: The] Different guilds & organizations joined in. Even the chief of the robber band came & pledged that no robberies would be committed during the strike & this was printed in the newspapers & people were told not to be afraid. The prostitutes & sing song girls also went on strike. The paralysis of business was so complete that when the railroad men threatened to join in the government gave in & the three traitors removed from office. During the strike large posters were put up saying that the demonstrations were not anti[-]foreign & begging the foreigners to put up with the discomfort for the sake of China. Also small boys paraded the streets bearing banners counseling the people to avoid all violence. During this strike the Japanese boycott [sic] was put into effect in a singularly simple manner. Groups of ten were formed who pledged themselves not to use Japanese goods & these ten each went forth to organize another group of ten. A curious feature was that little young girls belonging to the best Japanese families went out on the street as soap-box orators – girls who ten years ago would never have been seen by a stranger’s eye - They went down into the slums & the men & women swarmed out to hear them, & listened with the greatest respect while they explained what Japan was doing to Korea, & told them what Japan would do to China & was already preparing to do in North China, & then when the girls asked for pledges that they would not use Japanese goods hundreds of them came forward & signed their names on yellow Joss paper & lighted it with Joss sticks & held it aloft until their oaths had ascended to heaven – the most solemn pledge they could make. This entire revolution was run by boys & girls under 21 - The girls were the back bone of it as a first many of the boys held back because it meant jeopardizing their future, but the girls ventured everything & the boys at last to a lad backed the movement – and when they had accomplished their purpose they went back to their studies saying “We are the hope of China. On us everything depends & we can do nothing unless we are educated.”



I saw many of the girls who were the ring leaders of this movement at McTyre school & the teachers told me that they simply devoured the newspapers & that not a political move escaped them, & that they & the boys simply bombarded the govt with protests when anything went wrong. So far as I could find out the Students [word crossed out: league] Union desires no change in government – the form of government – but they demand that all treaties be published, & their main object is just to wake China up & make her realize she must save herself. The Union is very strong. I saw one procession in Peking that had thousands of youths in it. Suddenly it halted & then there marching in the girl students. So much for the new woman in China[.]

Dec 18. [1919]

Left Shanghai for Manila on Eucador - Had pleasant voyage. I surprised myself by not being sick at all[.] Arrived on 22 at 5 P.M.

Dec 25 [1919]

Christmas Day on the Eucador, lying at the wharf, and due to sail at 3. p.m. Not exactly gay, but I am still so weak I am glad of the rest.

Manila is interesting, very Spanish with its old walls covered with flowering vines & its old houses with over hanging balconies that almost meet across the narrow streets. The windows to the jalousies are made of thin shell instead of glass. There are not many sights – a few old, old cathedrals reminiscent of the Spanish regime, with faded old pictures and dim old altars - The people are interesting & seem to have solved the hot weather toilette problem - The men wear white trousers, sometimes an undershirt, sometimes none, and over this a gauze jacket, cut exactly like a pyjamir [sic] coat of pineapple gauze of some gay color. The women wear a long trailing circular skirt wrapped around them to walking length & showing a lace petticoat underneath, no stockings & their slim brown feet stuck into mules. Their bodice is called a camisa & is low necked, with hughe [sic] short sleeves, with a folded handkerchief across the neck. It is made of pineapple tissue of pink, or blue, or cerise – any lovely color & is most picturesque on the thin, brown little Filipinos - Everyone smokes – and everyone who hasnt an auto – I never saw so many to the square inch in my life – goes about in a queer little two wheeled card whose driver goes to sleep the minute you get out, & whom you have to punch awake when you wish to resume your ride.

The Americans have done much here, built roads, waterworks & so on[,] but one can well believe what an American man told me that the Filipinos were happier under Spanish rule & more congenial with the Spanish than they well ever be with us. Our hustle will forever be a thorn in the side of those who wish to bask under a tropic sun, and who have no desire to be either elevated or civilized. The American life centres around the hotel, and Army & Navy club[s] which are quite gay, but all the Americans are bored



to death, and nobody seems to really like it. I certainly shall be glad to go on, but as I have had to stay on the boat my opinion of Manila is flavored with heat, dirt, noise & smells[.] Had one lovely ride in the country to a quaint old church with an organ made of bambo [sic] over a hundred years ago by an old priest. The scene was lovely. The gray moss grown old church with half naked children playing about it; the fat priest showing his one treasure & touching its keys with a loving hand - & outside the waving palms, and a placid little bayou running at the bottom of a stone terrace where monks have sat for uncounted years and dreamed of the land they had left, or planned for the saving of the souls of the dusky savages about them.

The most interesting thing in Manila is the Bilbid prison – under Dr. Warren Dade of Ky, where they are working out prison reform on a large scale. There were more than 3000 prisoners, being taught 35 trades, disciplined, built up in body & morals & sent back 50% better than when they came. This prison has 2 penal colonies to which prisoners are sent - They are given land, farming implements, a work animal & helped to get a start. Their families are sent to them after one year, & after a man has worked out his sentence he is given land, [words crossed out: part of] the money he has earned & which has been put aside for him, and if he has planted cocoanuts[,] bananas, or cacao he is given 50% of the valuation of his improvements[.]

Left Manila on Christmas day at 3.30[,] arrived at Hong Kong on 27 at 9. P.M. Went ashore Sunday morning 28[.]

Hong Kong Hotel. Hong Kong is a beautiful city. It rises tier above tier from the waters edge in a series of terraces that make the houses look like stalls in the theatre, especially at night when the electric lights are on. The streets are well paved & the houses of the foreign population big & handsome, in some places veritable palaces. The climate is about like that of New Orleans and the vegetation semi tropical. It gives little impression of a Chinese city – the flavor of it is intensely British. Went up to the Peak, the top of the mountain against which the city is built. The view is magnificent of the harbor & out lying islands.

Dec 29 – [1919]

Went over to Kalloon, across the bay. This is a queer old Chinese city with very narrow streets – a regular rabbit warren of a place. On the way met the funeral of a wealthy Chinese merchant – first came men bearing wondrous gay [word crossed out: designs] ornaments – pagoda shaped & square & oblong things covered with beads & Kingfisher jewels – then priests in embroidered yellow robes, then papier mache figures of coolies, barbers, servants – all the people he would need to serve him in the spirit-world & whom he had here – each of these was riding some animal – horses, goats, elephants, lions[,] even a frog – and these were mounted on little wheels like a child's toy – then came tables, also on wheels – loaded with food, a huge [sic] roast pig, chickens, beef etc – then the corpse covered with superb red embroidery, & borne by many coolies, then a chair with a woman, wife no 1, dressed in white & a long line of mourners



- On the way to Kalloon passed many cemeteries in which were the jars, that look like our 10 gal lard jars[,] in which the Chinese bury – or can – the bones of the dead –

Jan 2, 1920 –

Went to Canton by boat, a very interesting trip, made more thrilling by the fact that the bow of the boat is shut off from the balance of the boat by iron bars & that armed Sikhs walk the decks as a precaution against the river pirates which still infect these waters. However the only one I saw was a bucaner [sic] who held me up for 40c for a bottle of mean beer.

Went to the hotel on Shameen, a beautiful little island inhabited by the foreign residents, & that is like an earthly paradise of peace & quiet set down in the babbling hell of Canton. Shameen was originally a sandy waste, set apart by the Canton govt for foreigners, but they have planted trees & grass & flowers, and built tennis courts, & made it as attractive a spot as one could find. It is separated from the city by a canal, spanned by bridges, that are guarded by police & no natives are allowed on the island except those who are employed there.

There are no words to describe Canton, or the crowds, or noise, or confusion, or smells[.] The streets are not more than six feet wide, often they are narrower. They are paved with flat granite under which runs the sewer – even in winter the smells are often vile. In Summer they are unbearable to foreigners[.] On either side of the street are tiny shops, those in one district being given to shoes, in another to jewelry, another to silks, or pottery, or so on. These shops overflow on to the street, & against the walls crouch beggars, & people selling their little wares from baskets, & everywhere are found shops & tiny restaurants with people standing on the street eating, adding that much to the congestion. And between these shut in narrow walls [word crossed out: mills] a ceaseless tide of humanity rushes & roars with strange cries & shouts. We took our first ride late in the afternoon. There were 10 chairs borne on the shoulders of coolies. Coming back to the hotel the experience was weird beyond description. It was dark, & the little rabbit warren streets were unlighted except at rare intervals - Over our heads was a forrest [sic] of long, narrow gilded signs. All about us was the dense mass of humanity, with curious staring yellow figures - The coolies kept up a ceaseless chant calling to each other, now & then we crowded against the wall to let another chair pass – a big, fat mandarin in brocade – a thin scholar with enormous horn glasses – once it was for a bridal procession – a gay palaquin [sic] covered with blue & red ornaments made out [of] kingfisher feathers – before her came musicians with rolling drums & clashing slymbals – behind her rode an aristocratic small boy of about 7 in a chair – the guide said it was the bride's brother escorting her to her future home. On either side of the street we could see the fine shops thro' their barred doors. In Canton there is so much want & so many thieves that all of the stores that carry valuable stocks do business behind iron bars as heavy as we use for jails. You go to the door, knock on it, the porter opens, lets you in & locks the door behind you. Generally there is no goods in sight. You are invited into an inner room – often across a court open to the sky, & in which are flowers in pots & birds in



fancy cages, to an inner room where you are seated by a table & the goods brought to you. There are few sights in Canton besides the panorama of the streets. One is the handsome temple of the Chin family[,] the Smiths of China[,] of whom there are 100,000 in the [sic] Canton[.] In this sumptuous building are the tablets of the dead which they come to worship once a year when they hold a kind of family party & have a gorgeous feast. Indeed there is this to be said of ancestor worship – it binds a family together. Another interesting sight was the mortuary house where the rich are placed after death until the priests decide on a lucky place for them to be buried – This is a source of great graft, as the priests insist that if the dead are not pleased with their last homes they come back & wreak their vengeance on the living - Sometimes they hold a rich & superstitious family up for great sums. In the meantime it costs about \$1000 a year for the deceased to board at the mortuary house & have the proper offerings & prayers daily. At present the oldest boarder has been there only about 10 yrs, but there was a viceroys wife who was kept there 32 years until the police forced the priests to decide on a burying place[.]

But the sight of sights of Canton is the river filled with boats on which people are born, & live, & die – whole families for generations having known no other life. They are queer beetle shaped boats unlike anything you ever saw before, & the women & children seem to do most of the work on them. You can see them loading & unloading freight, cooking their meals, nursing their babies, washing their clothes – living normal & apparently happy lives - Some of the boats are neat inside with some attempts at comfort, others are bare & hard – sometimes you will see chickens in coops lashed on at the stern, & nearly always a tiny child tied with a short rope so it cant fall off. The water women of Canton are said to be shrews of the first order & to have a vocabulary that can put a boatswain, or roustabout driver to shame –

Jan 8 – [1920]

Had dinner in Kalloon with the Morrison Youngs - He is the son of Wu Wing – the first Yale graduate & a Conn. yankee young lady – himself a Yale & Columbia graduate. His wife was a Miss Ng – (Noo)[,] the sister of Mrs Chan (Tory Ah Fongs exwife)[.] There were present various members of the Ng family – Sidney & Rose & Dr Li – all spoke perfect English, played the piano[,] sang & danced & were conversationally brilliant – simply upon their tiptoes – the educated Chinese are the most social adept people I ever saw – they are so simple, so unaffected, so cordial, so adaptable - & they can all talk! Sidney Ng is about to become engaged & they told many interesting thing anent that. It seems that the bridegrooms family send to the brides family gifts of cake[,] sometimes as much as \$5000 worth - Also the brides family can say what they want, whether whisky or wines. If they ask much it is an indication they are going to give the girl very fine furniture when she marries - When these cakes are received the brides family send them on to their friends - The brides family send the mans family gifts of fried food, which are sent to his friends. They told an amusing story illustrating old China & new - It seems that a man often has two legal fathers – his own & some sonless relative who has adopted him. Both of these fathers have the right to arrange marriages for him[.] In one such cases [sic] both fathers did & the 2 new wives started for the



man['s house[,] one in an automobile – the other in the regulation bridal chair – of course the first wife to arrive assumed she would be the no 1 wife. Naturally the auto lady won out, the other lady contested her claim in the courts & the court decided that [word crossed out: the] an auto was subservient of ancient uses & customs & no proper way for a bride to arrive at her husband['s] house[.] So the chair won out. I forgot to say that the Youngs['] dinner was Chinese & had ancient black eggs which were not so bad – the Dr said they were much better than soda mints as a digester. He also said that on New Years day the Drs had to stay in hiding as it was considered an ill omen for them to visit a house on that day (for further marriage customs see page 2-over [see note at end of entry for Dec 13.]

Jan 11 – [1920]

Went to Macao - Lovely ride on steamer of three hours to the beautiful semi tropical island that the Portuguese settled in the 16 century, and that was the first foot hold of the foreigner in the Orient[.] In the days when Portugal was the mistress of the seas as England is now adventurous sailors dropped anchor in the lovely little bay of what is now Macao – merchants followed & they held the monopoly of the trade with the far east until the end of the 18 century, [words crossed out: but the] Macao is nothing but a small trading post, and it lives mostly by pandering to the Chinese love of gambling [.] It has been called the Monte Carlo of the East but it is a [word illegible] Monte Carlo supported mainly by the pennies of rickshaw men – at least the Fan Fan Palace I saw was - But the island is a dream of semi tropic beauty with its blooming flowers & whispering palms, and its houses with pink & blue & lavender & yellow stucco walls, built on terraces that give ample scope for ballistrades [sic] over which drape vines - We went to a wonderful Chinese home, built by a man who made a fortune in the gambling business. The gentleman had celebrated his luck by building a beautiful house – or rather three houses in the same enclosure – with a still more beautiful garden & by marrying ten wives and becoming the father of 28 children before he died[.]

Dec 13 – [1920]

Among the curious [word illegible] of the Chinese is the theory that they can disguise a boy so that the evil spirits will think him a girl & so pass him by, a girl being beyond even the attentions of a devil to the Chinese imagination. Thus you will often see a boy with his hair cut short on one side – boy fashion – and long, tied with a ribbon girl fashion on the other. The boys caps are made with pointed ear tabs, like ears that stand up on the child's head. This is to make the evil spirits think they are dogs or tigers – some of the caps have hughe [sic] chenille eyes on them to frighten away the bogies.

When Chinese couples have been married three days the wife goes back to visit her parents & the husband sends many roast figs as a present to his in-laws. This custom originated in the buying of wives, when the man agreed to pay for his wife if he found her virtuous[,] otherwise he returned her home - When the bride arrives at her husband's



home after they have sacrificed to the ancestors they kowtow to each other - Superstition has it that the one who kneels first will be the bossed one so each try to jockey the other into doing it - until someone forces the bride down -

Left HongKong on 15 for Singapore - on the Duneva - a tubby old P. & O - or rather B. N. boat - had pleasant five days trip arriving on 20 at 9 A.M. To my surprise was met by Mr Ware, an elegant Englishman who had been asked by the Amoses & Montgomerys to look after me & who with his wife has auto-ed me & wined & dined me & made things altogether lovely for me - Singapore is a tropical paradise with English trimmings. There are wonderful drives thro' the rubber plantations & along jungle roads across which an occasional monkey scampers. The streets give us our first view of the Malay & Indian races, who seem to run to the decollete - a bit of calico wrapped around the hips is the most the average citizen craves in the way of costume - Out of my window I have just seen a waggon [sic] go by drawn by two snow white bulls & driven by a coal black man with a [word crossed out: red] turkey red cloth around his middle - another sight was a small child, mother naked but carrying an umbrella - We are staying at Raffles hotel & I have renewed acquaintance with the Arachoons who have been most kind to me -

Jan 23 [1920]

Left Singapore for Java on the palatial Melchoir Traulee - arrived after a pleasant 40 hour trip across a tropic sea.

Jan 25 [1920]

Arrived at Hotel [beginning of word crossed out: Nederl] den Nederlanden in Batavia at 10. A.M. Batavia is the tropics with a sauce Hollandaise [sic] spiced with the Orient. It is a ragged city of up-to-date concrete houses, built for eternal summer with wide verandahs on which life goes on in the open - Never was there such a queer hotel as this one - It must cover acres of grounds for most of it is only one story high - little bungalows with each its little porch where one is supposed to be private: The rooms have stone floors 4 bds 7 ft wide with nothing on the mattress but one sheet - not a shred to cover with - but each with a Dutch wife in it. In each room is a big chair with extension pieces to the arms which pulled out make a rest for the legs of the men. At noon I had acquaintance with the "rice table" the mainstay of the Javanese gentry. A soup plate is brought you & you fill it with rice. Then comes a procession of waiters bearing dishes of steak, chicken, eggs, sausage, fried bananas, & condiments - I put 12 different things in mine & curry over the top - It is delicious beyond words, but heaven help my figure if I stay long here. After tiffin every one retires to ones room & does the snake stunt until 4 - after which Java wakes up & goes about its affairs again. There is a notice printed on the door of my room requesting every one to keep quiet from 2-4 - especially enjoining parents to see that their children make no noise. We have just been for a ride & it was



funny to see men in pyjamas & bare feet & women in nighties snoozing on their verandahs.

The most picturesque sight is the native washermen & women standing waist deep in the water in the canal in front of the house pounding the clothes on the steps that lead down to the water. It would certainly take a cast iron garment to survive such usage[.] Both men & women wear the lovely batik sarongs – every possible & impossible variety of gay colors – the children are so often clothed only in a necklace & armlets one soon ceases to notice it[.]

Jan 26 – [1920]

Went to Buitenzorg, the Java Simla – had a beautiful drive thro' the country up to the pretty mountain resort where all [~~word crossed out: Java~~] Batavia goes to get a breath of fresh air. The hotel is beautifully situated on a ravine that overlooks a valley thro which flows a little river. On the other side of it is a Javanese village & we amused ourselves watching life go on in the open – women cooking[,], washing in the river, taking their own baths & making their toilettes & those of their children – a simple process for themselves of winding a gay sarong around their waists & putting on a jacket pinned with big ornamental pins, & a simpler one for the children who are considered sufficiently clad in a necklace & an anklet. Going thro' the country it was fascinating to watch the life - & I was especially intrigued by the little boys on buffaloes. The markets were fascinating – hughe [~~sic~~] piles of fruit whose name we did not know - & great heaps of scarlet peppers - The roads were full of men carrying great baskets of rambutans that look like yellow & crimson chestnut burrs, but whose spikes are soft as silk & that open to give a long white kernal that tastes like solidified lemonade & purple mangosteens that hide a heavenly compound – a little sweet & a little sour, in their crimson lined shells & the big prickly pear looking duriens that smell like a cross between a skunk & an onion, but that are said to be delicious when eaten with a clothes pin on ones nose. And speaking of eats one learnt with regret that there is no such thing as real Java coffee. The once famous delicious & delicate coffee grown in this country having succumbed to a blight years ago & the coffee now raised in Java being a much coarser plant imported from Africa. The method of making it is to make a cold filtration. This is brought you in a vinega [~~sic~~] cruet with a pitcher of hot milk & you compound yourself a mild lukewarm beverage that isnt as bad really as it sounds. Shades of Milly! I wonder what she would think of it. Buitenzorg has the finest botanical garden in the world & botanists come here from all over the world to study the wonderful flora in it. Its orchids are unrivalled, & nothing could be more wonderful than the little valley where these [~~words crossed out: air f~~] fairies of the air bloom in their million fantastic varieties. A Javanese gardener kept showing me rare ones – one that they call the Holy Ghost & that hides a perfectly formed white dove in its heart & after I had oh'd & ah'd over each marvel he would say “Mell it.” – Evidently his only English word - Then there were pink & blue pond lilies the pads as big as a tea tray & gigantic bamboos, & ferns & palms – even a few sickly roses – all that Dutch skill could accomplish aided by nature & two rains a day in a climate that is a



forcing house for all growing things - In the museum of the garden were some snakes the only ones I have seen in a land that I had always thought of as the home of reptiles.

Jan 28 – [1920]

Had a most interesting trip down to Garoet thro a country whose fertility amazed one. Java is cultivated as carefully as a Long Island market garden, and we went thro endless fields of rice, & sugar cane, & Indian corn, and tapioca & cocoa, & indigo, & tobacco & cocoanut orchards, and clove orchards, & heaven knows what else - The fields were dotted by spots of color made by the laborers in their gay sarongs, & the scenery was magnificently beautiful as we were climbing the mountains all the way & had splendid vistas of towering cliffs & green & fertile valleys with always the white pennant of smoke in the distance that rose from some volcano. [Name crossed out: Goertoez] Garoet is on the pleasant green plain on the mountain side with a wonderfully comfortable little hotel. We had left Batavia at 7 a.m. & arrived at 2.20. In the afternoon we motored to a little lake, where we were surrounded by children – many of them naked – each with a flower in his or her hand. The little creatures knelt before us & implored her [sic] with melting eyes to buy but said never a word. I bought a camellia from a tiny eve [sic] without even a fig leaf on - Other children played wonderfully on some queer, rude harp-like instruments made of different lengths & sizes of bamboo hung loosely into their frames & which they manipulated by shaking[.] They made a queer haunting melody to which other children danced. At night in the hotel we had a native dance. Two wooden faced women contorted & postured, & were joined by two men who also contorted & postured while one of the women emitted the most ear piercing sounds I ever heard. Of course the dance was interpretation – but what it interpreted I do not know unless it was the Wail of a Dying Cat –

Jan 29 – [1920]

Left Garoet at 7 – you always leave at 7 in Java because the trains stop at night & go to bed - & arrived at Djokja [Djocja] (Joka) at 1.40. In the afternoon drove out to Brambawan, an old Hindu temple that was built in the 9<sup>th</sup> century & lost in the Jungle for centuries & centuries until discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles when he began his archaeological [sic] research for Javanese antiquities during the brief reign of the English on the island[.] The Dutch had been too busy making money to give a thought to the history of the people whose country they were exploiting. Brambawan is most interesting & has one altar to Kali – Shiva[‘]s wife – before whom a human offering was made every day for centuries until the English stopped it & forced the devotees to substitute an animal for the human victim. But even this has been abandoned & now only a handful of incense ashes & a bunch of withered flowers bore witness to the devotion of some faithful soul [.]

Jan [date crossed out: 29] 30 [1920]



Drove out 20 miles to the Temple of Barabodoe [Baraboedoer]. All along the road, every few miles, was a passer – or market. There would be long lines of women dressed in gay sarongs squatting before their wares – piles of red peppers, green duriens & jack & bread fruit; purple mangosteens, & crimson & yellow rambutans, and hosts of other fruits & vegetables whose names I do not know. Some of the women had hughe [sic] cakes of white paste made of tapioca – other mounds of grated cocoanuts. There were tiny little bags of plaited bamboo filled with rice which the purchaser took home & cooked in the case in which she bought it. When anything was sold it was wrapped in cool green bananas leaves, the wrapping paper of the orient, which also served as a plate when the food was eaten on the premises. [Line crossed out: When not engaged in plying their trade the]. It was a gay colorful scene with the little children, naked as Mother Eve running in & out & tumbling over each other. Riding thro' the country one can not escape observing that cootie hunting is the great national outdoor sport of the Javanese & one that has no closed season. They appear to make a picnic of it as you often see a group engaged in the pastime while they chat & gossip.

Baraboedoer is the romance of ecclesiastical architecture. It is a great pile, as big as the pyramids, built more than eleven centuries ago by a people who have forgotten their ancient arts even as the Egyptians have. How it was possible to rear such a structure in the heart of the jungle, where the artists came from who carved its miles & miles of bas reliefs, what architectural genius designed it none know. Baraboedoer is situated on a little knoll that rises abruptly from the plain. It rises four square, terrace above terrace, ending in a little tower at the top - Along each gallery there is a series of arches each holding a figure of Buddha, differing only in the pose of the hands. Along each of the galleries there are beautiful bas relief[s] telling the story of the birth & life of Buddha in his many incarnations, & this story & the many images of Buddha in the tower which is supposed to represent his final absorption into Nirvana & his breaking with the circle of life. This temple, the most wonderful ever reared in honor of Buddha when Java was Buddhistic in its religion. When the Mohamedans [sic] conquered the country the Buddhist monks feared that they would destroy their temple so they covered it with dirt, & wall themselves in it & perished. The quick life of the Jungle spread over the new heap of earth & covered it with vines & trees, until men forgot such a structure had ever been and for 6 centuries the temple was lost[.] Then came Sir Stamford Raffles[, ] who located it from ancient charts & had it disinterred & today it stands as eighth wonder of the world –

Jan 30 – [1920]

Went to the Water Palace – which we should call the summer palace of the Sultan of Djokjia [Djocja] - It is now a ruin but in its day, before it was shelled by the Dutch some 300 years ago, it must have been a sumptuous spot. It is a collection of small stucco houses, with 3 foot walls built in a low, moist spot thro which runs a babbling brook. There is a beautiful swimming pool which connects with what was the Sultans bed room – a cave like apartment in which is a four post bed carved out of stone, and so arranged that [words crossed out: when the] a stream of water flows under the bed – which must



have been soothing & cooling on a hot night. There are still the remnants of beautiful gardens. The present sultan is a man 84 years old. He has 36 wives, 86 children & 250 grand children. Among the natives of the lower orders morality is unknown, their relations with each other being as untrammelled [sic] as animals - The Javanese struck me a being utterly hopeless and crushed. I did not see a single human being smile, or hear a laugh while I was on the island. Left on the 31 for Singapore, again on the Melchior Traulee - Pleasant journey[.]

Feb 2 - [1920]

Arrived at Singapore & after waiting about all day got back old room. Went to dinner with the Wares. Just before Mrs W. sat down a servant handed her a pillow case looking affair which she slipped over her feet to protect them from mosquitoes [sic]. Said that later in the Season they were as much provided for guests as napkins, unless one furnished [word crossed out: each] guests with [word crossed out: a] little lamps which were set before their feet as they sat on the verandahs, & then set under the table at meals.

Feb 3. [1920]

It is very exciting at the hotel. The new Governor General comes today & all the native princes are down to do him honor. We have 3 Sultans with their suits in the hotel. Across the hall from me is the Sultan of Solonger - a slim young fellow in gorgeous green & gold brocade, with a gold handled shortsword, or Kriess in his sash & diamonds on his fez - With him as he goes in & out is his prime minister in crimson brocade & his pursebearer & heaven knows what other menials. Servants are thick as flies around his door [.]

Feb 3 - [1920]

This is the Hindu New Year & a great celebration is being held at the Thaipersan Chitty Temple - the chittys are the money lending caste & are very rich. At this temple hughe [sic] cauldrons of rice are cooked & given away to all pilgrims. The chittys are Tamils & come from the South of India - they have straight features, long jet black hair which the men wear either flowing down their back a la Mary Pickford, or else done up in a waterfall & held by elaborate tortoiseshell combs. They are as black as ink & dress in a sarong, & with a scarf flung over their shoulders, all of the gayest possible colors. The women are clothed in silk scarfs [sic] & sarongs of the brightest hues & wear loads of jewelry - sometimes an ear will have so many earrings along its rim it is simply encrusted with jewels. They wear nose rings[,] the duplicates of the garnet breast pins beloved of our mothers, & then arms & legs jingle as they walk with bracelets - The babies wear nothing but a flexible silver chain around their fat little tummies. Around the temple there were thousands of such gorgeously attired people & the scene was as if a rainbow had been wrecked. The crowd was milling around, laughing, chattering, buying



ices made of shaving a cake of ice & pouring some kind of a pink or blue syrup over it. Half of the men had newly painted caste marks on them[,] white bars across the forehead or a round dot just in the middle between the eye brows, some were smeared with ashes made from the dung of the sacred cow, but all indicating they had performed their sacred duties. Every now & then there would be the sound of drums & a wailing chant, & then a crowd would come into view surrounding some penitent who was seeking to acquire merit by self torture. The men were naked except for loin cloths. On their shoulders they bore a heavy semi circular device called a Kevadi that was covered with flowers & had bunches of peacock feathers at each corner. Also at each corner were small brass jars, half filled with milk. In the penitents arms & legs so many silver needles were stuck he appeared to have scales. Thro his tongue & nostrills [sic] great skewers had been thrust, and he walked on boards, lashed to his feet, that were filled with spikes 2 inches long, so that he left a blood trail behind him. Two penitents had large hooks in their backs & shoulders from which hung little brass jars with milk in them & the devout believe that this milk will boil if the penitent if fervent enough in his faith. These men were enduring untold agony. Their faces were the face of Christ on the cross. They tottered as they walked, but their friends sang & danced about them, & cheered them on until at last bouyanced [sic] up by that fanaticism that is the strongest force in the world, they tottered to the altar & felt [sic] fainting before it. One man drew a small chariot hitched to the hooks inserted in his back muscles.

At night there was a wonderful procession, the temple gods being carried thro the streets led by a solid silver car in which was the image of the deity Subramanian –

Feb 9 [1920]

Left Singapore at 4 P.M. Had most delightful sail to Penang which we reached on Wed morning. Went ashore and had delightful breakfast at the E & O hotel then a wonderful ride thro' the cocoanut palm groves, finishing up with a visit to a unique Chinese temple that is a little gem of red & gold lacquer & carving built into the side of a hill. There are innumerable shrines – each open to the day, rising tier above tier, with gardens & pools in which are sacred fish interspersed between them, until at the top you come upon a platform from which you look across seas of waving cocoanut palms to the saphire [sic] waters of Bengal Bay. It must be easy for the monks who pass their tranquil life amidst such beauty to believe in all the gods even of their vast pantheon.

Feb 12-13-14. [1920]

The most wonderful sail across [words crossed out: an ocean] a sea as smooth as glass, fully justifying Kiplings famous lines

“The Indian ocean sits and smiles,  
So blooming calm, so blooming blue,  
Theres not a wave for miles & miles  
Except the ripple of the screw – “



I can hardly realize I'm on my way to Mandelay, where the flying fishes play & the dawn comes up like thunder out of China crost the bay – and all the rest of the Kipling country I know & love so well in fiction - Speaking of natural phenomenon I must digress to put in this about one of our party - The lady in question has always had everything, been every where, seen everything that any one happens to mention. Miss R. arose at 4 A.M. to see the Southern Cross which is only visible at that hour & in this location. She mentioned it at breakfast whereupon said know-it-all exclaimed – Oh yes, I've seen that at home in L. I. [Long Island]. Just before H – died I saw it one night with perfect distinctness.

Feb 15 – [1920]

Arrived at Rangoon and went to Strand Hotel, managed by Joe Consadine - In the afternoon went to the Swi [Shwi] Dagon Pagoda, the holiest spot in all Indo-China to the Buddhist because it contains the authenticated tooth & 8 hairs of Gautema Buddha, & is believed to have relics of the 3 Buddhas that preceded him. The present pagoda – or rather it skeleton was built 600 years before Christ on the site of heaven knows how much older shrines. It stands on a high hill, part natural & part artificial, a towering gold shaft, surrounded by a forrest [sic] of smaller slenderer golden shafts each ending in a golden ti or umbrella from which hang innumerable gold & silver jeweled bells that the wind incessantly rings. The whole effect is one of indescribable lightness, richness, and beauty. The central pagoda is covered with solid gold leaf, and its umbrella is set with diamonds & sapphires [sic] & rubies, all raised so high above the head of the people that their splendor can not be seen by human eyes. The smaller pagodas that cluster about its feet are masses of lacquer, of gold & silver work, of colored glass pillows [sic] wreathed about with flowers wrought so cunningly in red & blue & purple crystal they dazzle with their barbaric splendor, of damascened & pietra dura work, of every art the cunning artisans of the East know how to fashion so superlatively. And each pagoda has its fretwork roof, & its golden spire & its tinkling gold & silver bells, and around the platform on which these stand are tall pillows [sic], topped by the mythological bird of Burmah, & grotesque nats – or guardian images to keep the evil spirits away, & posts from which float long cloth streamers.

We were lucky enough to reach the Swi Dagon Pagoda just at sunset. Engering at street level you begin what seems an endless climb up a broad stairway made now of sun dried brick , now of flaggin of stone all worn as slick as glass by the bare feet of the millions who have climbed these steps to lay their sorrows and heart break at the feet of their gods, or to thank the Compassionate One for some answer to their prayers. The scene is one that holds you at every step for not only are the stairs an approach to the Temple, they are a bazaar – a gossiping place, a restaurant, and a lodging place for pilgrims who flock here from all over India & Burmah, & Ceylon & Korea. Every other step is a flower stall – hughe [sic] tubs of red & white roses – sheafs [sic] of pink & yellow & mauve cannas – baskets of frail cosmos – mounds of yellow frangipanni [sic] – that they call here the temple flower, for every devotee lays his flowers upon the altar



when his prayer is finished. Then come fruit stalls – and little restaurants where women squat among their cook pots & concoct gravy & greasy looking messes over which pilgrims smack their lips. Then other women selling betel nut to customers who stand & look critically on while a moist green betel leaf is smeared over with lime, then cinnamon, & cloves & allspice sprinkled over it & then a little crushed betel nut after which the edges of the leaf are folded carefully over & the “chaw” deposited in the mouth of the man, woman or child – for even babies cry for it - This turns the lips as red as a chorus girls are painted & blackens the teeth but it must have some wonderful flavor, and stimulating quality for its use is universal - [words crossed out: Every where are] Then a tiny stall where they sell gold leaf, by contributing which to the [word illegible] of the Temple you acquire merit[.] Next step brings you to a silk merchant, his wares of gay sarongs make gorgeous patches of colors, then a merchant of small wares who has everything from a baby pacifier to a temple gong. Most of these merchants are women, and every one is a [sic] smoking a whacking big cheroot, while naked babies tumble over her feet, & take their nourishment as informally as a puppy does while their mother is too much engaged on driving a good trade to notice that lunch is being served in the dining car. Those who worry over how women will take care of their children when Mother enters the gainful pursuits need only consider the Burmese babies for an answer –

And all the time up & down the long stairs flows a procession that looks as if the rainbow had come down from the sky & was carpeting the way. Men & women who look like bronze dressed in every hue of the spectrum. Burmah women are not veiled & they wear skirts made by wrapping around them a single width of silk of some vivid hue. With this they wear a sack of white, pinned up in front with a dozen jeweled pins - The Indian women are gayer still - They are wrapped from head to foot in gorgeous silks & wear tons of jewelry – armlets that cover half their arms, anklets that jingle as they walk, rings by the score on feet & hands, necklaces, nose rings, some six inches across – some great bars of gold that hang over the mouth - They are gorgeous beyond description & as they clank along they look like a million dollars & act like an old mans telephone girl bride trying to show off her catch. The men of the lower class wear either just a loin cloth, or else a queer draped trouser with one leg looking like a B.V.D. & the other like a milliners dream of folds. The higher class wear gay silk sarongs & white jackets, & a bright scarf around their heads. I call to mind one beautiful young boy, about 20, straight as an arrow, & with a saucy laughing face who stood upon a platform holding a tiny baby in his arms. He had on a gorgeous purple brocade sarong, a spotless white coat with every button a different jewel - & around his sleek black head a fillet of pink & gold tissue tied in a windmill bow that stuck out at the side, exactly like the headache bands that girls wore to parties a few years ago.

Yellow robed priests by the dozen making the high lights in even the gay throng. And squatting on their haunches at the edge of the steps the beggars – the maimed & the halt & the blind, & the lepers – hideous beyond words, as they beat on their gongs & beseech the merciful for alms.

At last, stopping to buy flowers, to throw an anna into the distorted hands of a beggar, to buy one of the little three cornered gongs, I reached the top of the steps, and stood



dazed looking out upon the gorgeous spectacle. The descending sun splashed the great gold pagoda with a last splendor. The wind stirred the myriads of tiny bells into thin, elfin music, on the great marble pavement that circles the temple hundreds of the devout were praying, as oblivious of the noise and movement around them as if they were cloistered. Within the temple there were hundreds of candles burning before the altars before which were heaped mounds of flowers. The very air was heavy with burning incense and sandal wood. And [word crossed out: still] there was a ceaseless beat of wings overhead as the birds flew in & out of the temple. It was a scene that made you drunk with color – the gold pagoda, the gold & jeweled images draped in rich embroideries, the floating banners on every pillar, the peacock feather fans, flickering candles, the banks of flowers, the worshippers dressed in every primary color of the spectrum, and each holding before them as they knelt great bunches of pink & white & scarlet blooms, and over it all the glory of the twilight that turns even the meanest [word crossed out: thing] object into a thing of beauty, and that made this temple a dream of ineffable glory.

Just on the edge of the platform on which the temple is built are some shrines in which are kept the temple treasures[,] gold & silver & carved ivory & tortoise shell & what not gifts made by the [word illegible] as returns for some favor from the gods. And hard by is a [beginning of word crossed out: gol] crude gold smith shop in which the gold leaf is hammered out for regilding the pagoda, and where the gems are set in ornaments for the image[.] In front of these shrines is a huge [sic] tiger, a replica of one that a few years ago climbed half way up the pagoda, & could [word crossed out: neither] not be gotten down. There was a terrible to do as it was a sacrilege to kill anything about a temple, but finally necessity compelled and an Englishman shot the beast. “I do not think it was a real tiger,” said our guide to me, “I think it was a priest who desired to reach the pinnacle & who turned himself into a tiger to do so. Many priests in India can change themselves into any thing they wish”!

Afterwards we went to a monastery where hundreds of the yellow robed priests live, and where they carry on a sort of school for boys, and patiently transcribe with a stylus the holy books on [word crossed out: paper] thin sheets of bamboo, which are gilded along the edges & tied together with cord. These priests, or Hpoongyees as they are called in Burmese, are the primary school teachers, and impart what little education the ordinary people get. Formerly it was the rule that every boy should spend two years as a priest, but now it has become a formality – a weeks attendance at a temple sufficing for the laymen. [word crossed out: At] The monastery we visited was a big bare, barn like structure, built high above the ground on pillars. This lower story was infested with snarling mangy dogs, and bedraggled looking chickens, sacred animals that must not be killed or touched. All the temples have these same discarded looking beasts about them which leads one to infer that excessive piety does not agree with animals[.]

Feb 17 – [1920]



Got up at six and drove out into the country to see Elephants “a pilin teak.” It was wonderful to see the sagacity with which the great beasts went about their tasks, but they did it with grumbling & groaning & squals [sic] of rage at being usefully employed. If ever I heard an animal use cuss words it was one old elephant who was tugging away at a crooked log that simply wouldnt roll no matter how hard he pushed against it with his big, broad head.

At night went to see a p w e [sic] – a native dance. It seems that when a man has a bit of good fortune he wishes to share it with his neighbors so he gives a pwe & anyone can come who likes. At this one a thousand people must have been present & more were added every time a person chanced to stroll down that street. On a vacant lot a small stand with a curtain at the back & a canopy overhead had been erected. On the little stage were a dozen dancing girls [word crossed out: then] who had on the loveliest pink skirts (Lamien) I ever saw. These were drawn very tightly. On their bodies was the ubiquitous Burman white jacket, that flared out into pagoda like tails at the botton. Across this was worn a pink sash. The dance consisted in [sic] a sort of delarte movements, quite graceful & incredibly agile when one considered the hindering power of those skin tight skirts - There was a feeble little orchestra & the girls chanted a monotonous rhythm – doubtless they were enacting a love song – or one of the legends of their own country.

Feb 19 – [1920]

The Burmese are a jolly, happy-go-lucky people, very kindly, very religious. If one makes a fortune he spends half building a pagoda thereby securing his future welfare [sic] in another world – then he proceeds to make the most of this by feasting & gambling until all the money is gone, after which he goes to work again, no whit depressed by his altered fortunes. Every man is expected to spend some part of his life as a priest with begging bowl - Formerly you were required but now a nominal day or week suffices. When a boys time to serve as a Hpoonggi [Hpoongyee] arrives he goes around dressed in his best, accompanied by friends, and a band of music, to call upon all of his friends. His parents give a feast to which the head monks of the monastery to which he is accredited, are the chief guests. The parents also provide the yellow robe he is to wear, a begging bowl, & the little filter monks use to filter their water so they may not inadvertently swallow any animal life. The boy comes into the feast, kneels & has his long hair cut & shaved, then retires & dons his yellow robe - & takes his seat among the monks. Every boy is tattooed – up his legs & over his hips – trousers - It is very painful, opium being often given[.] While it is healing it itches fearfully, but to scratch it ruins the design so the lad must grin & endure it. The boring of a girls ear is her introduction to maturity. There is a great ceremony – a feast to which the relative comes – the professional ear borer uses a golden needle & mutters charms. Before the place heals a larger instrument is inserted & this is increased in size until an opening ½ inch across is made. Parents arrange the marriage but there is much courting, as the Burmese women are very free. They carry on most of the business & are more energetic than the men.



The Burmese believe that the soul takes the form of a butterfly & leaves us while we sleep, & that its roaming are the stuff dreams are made of. They will never awaken a sleeper for fear his butterfly may not be able to get back quickly enough to his habitation. It is no good to order a Burmese servant to awaken you. He will tiptoe in the room & pray for something to happen to disturb your slumbers but he himself will not take the responsibility of rousing you for if your butterfly didn't get back you would be either crazy or die.

When a woman has a child she is rubbed all over with turmeric, a huge [sic] fire is built, all the heavy covering in the family piled on her, hot rocks are put around her & she is dosed with a boiling hot mixture compounded by the midwife & called green medicine. This is kept up for 7 days & then the victim is given a crude Turkish bath & is supposed to have sweated out all the humors in her. The treatment ages a woman 15 yrs so that a Burmese girl of 15 after her first baby looks 30.

In upper Burma a long neck is supposed to be a mark of beauty & rings of silver are put around a woman's throat, elongating it until she looks as if she were peering over a wall.

Left Rangoon on Feb 19. Arrived at Calcutta on 22 –

Feb 22. [1920]

Arrived at Calcutta. It is a beautiful city with splendid drives & parks, and handsome business houses. The Viceroy's palace is a magnificent mansion in a great lawn, but is seldom occupied now as the seat of government has been moved to Delhi. We stayed at the Grand Hotel which is Europeanized to the extent of having porcelain lined tubs & hot water. After months of baths in a bird dish in your room, or by pouring water over yourself from a tin dipper out of a tank you understand how dipping in the Ganges, or any running water became a holy rite.

This is our first real experience of Indian servants & we have not yet gotten used to seeing a "bearer," or two, or three rolled in a quilt sleeping in front of his master's door – or sitting patiently hour after hour in the door waiting for a Sahib or a Memsahib to come home – or want something. They are the forlornest things – these Indians – thin to emaciation, with deep sunken, wistful eyes, their thin, bony legs protruding from the white rag they wrap around them, they flap along like some grotesque black bird of evil omen. And they chatter like birds. Apparently they are never silent, & they are the noisiest people I ever saw, but they never laugh – they sound as if they were always telling their troubles to each other[.]

Getting a meal in an Indian hotel or on a train is simply an endurance contest between you & the six or seven waiters who are assigned to your table. You sit down & a long, emaciated kildiee in a white linen Prince Albert coat suit & a gay belt & an elaborate white turban comes and gazes at you with a melancholy wonder as to what you can



possibly desire or be doing, and how you happened to be there, anyway. Apparently no inkling as to your real purpose being food ever crosses his heathen mind. Your order your meal with a deathless optimism that much experience never dims.

Undertaker no 1, salaams, hand to forehead & retires - You wait, & wait, & wait. After a lapse of time long enough to prepare a banquet, another white robed minion arrives and gazes sadly [word crossed out: after] at you. You repeat your order – he goes & never returns. Another wait & another lapse of time & no 3 shows up, and after giving you the once over, appears even more depressed than his predecessor. He likewise departs, you wait again - Finally becoming desperate you summon the head waiter who is called the Butler & lay your grievances before him. He becomes wildly excited & goes out & returns with the three miscreants on whose head he seems (and you trust is) heaping burning curses. You order again, for the fourth time, and after an aeon of time one of the gravediggers straggles in with the one thing on the menu you did not order & that you hate & loathe, but which you eat in desperation of getting anything else. As for getting a whole meal at a time properly assembled – bread & butter & something to drink and meat & vegetables at one & the same time, to say nothing of a sauce, or a dash of vinegar – the thing is utterly impossible[.] They will bring your bread after you have finished your café noir, and you never get your potatoes until after you have finished your last bite of meat. I lost ten pounds & my hopes of heaven trying to get my tea with my breakfast instead of afterwards.

Nor can any Indian do anything alone. Twelve men came to deliver my trunk. They argued for five minutes about where to place, & just as I thought murder was about to be done two of them rightended it in the place I had designated. But all wanted tip. The only place an Indian really becomes alive is when he is demanding backsheesh. From the time you get up until you retire to your room & bolt the door you are pursued by beggars & peddlers - No matter how much you give they always want more - They are avid for money with the desperate need of the poor whose stomach is always empty. In Calcutta along with modern improvements is the immemorial cart with water carriers with goat skins sluicing the streets. [Words crossed out: And at] One of the interesting street scenes were the rows & rows of little shops carried on on boards not three feet wide set like a shelf on the sides of houses. Here the merchant squats amidst his wares & sells to customers whose head & shoulders are on a level with his shelf. A shop the size of a closet is a spacious place - The peddlers bring all manner of beautiful things to your rooms – shimmering, gauzy scarfs [sic] & saris, & embroideries & what not. Another interesting sight was the people calmly sleeping along the walls next to the house on the street, undisturbed by the ceaseless tramp of feet by them.

There are very [few] places of especial interest in Calcutta – one was the Black Hole where 126 English people perished in one night during the mutiny, and where one man kept himself alive by sucking the perspiration out of his shirtsleeve. He says there was an odor from the living & the dead in that foetid hole that was like hartshorn - The spot where the black hole was is now mostly incorporated in a handsome new post office, & a tablet & little railed in space alone mark the scene of the tragedy. Another place of interest is the Hindu temple to Kali, Shivas wife, to whom a daily sacrifice of a human



being used to be made. Goats have replaced men & women & the ground was red with blood when we were there & ghoulish women were cutting up little heads of kids & the ground was covered with loathsome green flies. A sacred cow nearly walked over Mis R & me & scared us to death as we were vainly trying to see the image thro' a door we had paid 2 rupees to have opened. The chief sight of interest is the wonderful museum which contains relics from the tomb of Buddha – the most authentic religious relics in the world. It also contains a board on which were dozen on anklets & bracelets & nose rings & so on taken from the stomach of a crockodile [sic], that had evidently had an appetite for dainty female flesh.

Mch [Feb] 25 [1920]

left [sic] at 8 p.m. for Darjeeling, & had our first experience of Indian sleepers. They have 2 compartments to a car – each with 2 narrow seats along the walls which are made into beds at night by spreading a comfort called a razzia on it - & two wooden shelved that let-down & do duty as upper berth, but the compartments are as roomy as a Harlem flat & each has a bathroom. In India everyone carries his bedding, even when visiting private houses, & each of us has a big bag with quilt, 2 blankets, 2 sheets[,] 2 towels[,] 2 pillow cases & 1 pillow in it. Also we have 3 servants to care for same. We arrived at Kurseong – only 19 miles from the Thibetian [sic] border – for breakfast & found another race of people. In Calcutta we had seen the brown Bengali with their deep set eyes & straight noses & cheesecloth wrappings – here were people who showed their kinship to the Chinese - & who were big & fierce, & flatnosed & yellow like the Mongolians - The women were walking jewelry stored, with dozens of necklaces of Coral, & turquoise & silver & amber & rows upon rows of strung & overlapping rupees, & so many bracelets & anklets they clattered like a hardware store as they walked. One young woman in a red & gold sari was evidently the family savings bank for she was loaded down with necklaces & anklets & had rings on her toes with so many little bells & such gorgeous plates were each toe nail that her foot from the instep down was hidden. She was quite pleased with our admiration of her ornaments & climbed out of the car & doqn on the ground & let me hold up her dress to show her feet while Mrs H- snap shotted her –

There was never such an absurd little train as the one that pants & puffs its way up from Siliguri. It is the narrowest of narrow gorges & two men sit on the front of the funny little engine & pour sand on the rails on the bad bends. But wheezing & snorting somehow the little toy train climbs 1000 ft every hour – now on the brink of precipices that make you dizzy to look down[,] now running thro dusty & dried up jungles[,] now thro miles & miles of terraced mountain sides planted in tea, but always up & up & on & on towards the great impenetrable wall of mountains that shuts India off on the north from the balance of the world –

When we arrived at Darjeeling we were set upon by coolie women who do the portering. They were rather undersized stumpy looking females but they had incredible strength & would shoulder a trunk and march off with it as easily as I did my wrist bag. One man who has a boys school at Darjeeling told me that he had an ordinary upright piano shipped to him. A smallish woman slung it on her back with the woven strap they



put around their loads [word crossed out: and] or rather under them & across their foreheads, and packed it along  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile up the steep hill to his house. She only charged 10 annas for the job but being a liberal soul he gave her a rupee – about 45c in our money - The little children begin being beasts of burden very young & we saw tots not more than five years old, their backs already bent, carrying stone for the building of a new post office – each child carrying 2 stones at a time. The women who do the heavy work around Darjeeling seem to be mostly Thibetians [sic] & Nepalese. They have any number of husbands – in fact such a thing as morality seems unknown amongst them. They are a jolly lot & like to chaff – one woman who tried to sell me the necklace off her dirty throat said when I refused to buy “you are a cheap lot” – in good English. On Saturday we went to the market which was crowded with hill women come down to trade. They had their wares spread on the ground on cloths – tiny egg plants, tomatoes no bigger than your thumb, piles of onions & stacks of red pepper, little cheese with sage in it, rice puffed up – honey & some sort of gooey sweetmeat - And on their persons they had strings of beads, & silver necklaces & bangles, & armlets & anklets which they also wanted to sell - The whole place was a riot of color, & every now & then after a bottle containing a liquid white like milk had passed around a group of men & women would join hands & begin dancing - The women had on long ear rings six & eight inches long made of turquoise matrix & a queer head dress in the shape of a heart – or rather the outline of a heart - It seemed to be a stiff cord the size of a lead pencil covered with dark red cloth & on it was sewn gold beads & blue turquoise beads - The wide part was worn over the fore head & the sharp end at the back of the neck - Another ornament was a huge necklace of gold rings & in across with puffed brown felt in between, while the pious wore a silver casket the size of a soap dish suspended around their necks by a 2 in wide woven silver ribbon. The workmanship on much of the jewelry was very fine. Around the side of the square where this market was held were little stalls of jewelers & as soon as a woman had made her sale, or accumulated enough money for another nose ring or anklet or to ring or whatever she craved she went over & dickered with a jeweler for it. The invariable rule was to put the coveted article in one side of the scale & balance it with rupees, & then add a certain percent for the workmanship - Somebody once said all money should be printed with its equivalent in labor on it - So many hours work for so many cents or dollars. I shuddered as I thought of how many loads had been borne on those womens shoulders for the sake of an armlet or a toe ring[.]

Darjeeling is a city of about 35000 built in a gash in the mountains on either side of the Great Ranjit river & every street in it is a spiral [word crossed out: stair] ladder that takes your breath & tortures the muscles of your legs. We staid at the Mt Everest Hotel built on a shelf cut in the side of a mountain, & commanding the most superb view that ever mortal eye rested upon for it sweeps across the valley & takes in the whole section of the mountain range of which Mt Kinkinchunja is the chief – all snow capped & swept by clouds so that every hour of the day they present new beauties & wonders. Six miles from Darjeeling & 1500 ft higher is a knoll called Tiger Hill from which not only the best view of Kinkinchunja but a glimpse of Mt Everest may be obtained so we went there to see the sunrise. We were wakened up at 3. A.M[.], dressed hurriedly in all our warmest clothes, snatched a cup of hot tea, and in that darkest hour before the dawn set forth. I had elected to go in one of the canvas boat like chairs, & so 5 coolies grabbed me up, &



[word crossed out: walking] each walking in a different step that shook me up so my very teeth rattled in my head they started out in the pitch black night to climb the hill, carrying me backwards & side ways[.] It took two hours to make the journey, & by & by the dim light came so I could see my bearers – then more light & I got glimpses of lovely mountain scenes, then we reached the summit of Tiger Hill where a big bonfire [sic] had been lighted & hot coffee prepared & where we thawed out a little for the thin air of that great height was bitter cold. In the semi dark we waited for the dawn the Great Himalayan Mountains, rising more than 28000 feet, a dark mass that seem to reach to the very skies & shut us in[.] Then a little more wan pale light & we could see the valley swimming in mist like a gray sea, & across it Kinkinchunja taking shape, white & ghostlike, clothed in eternal snow. Another breathless moment of waiting & the sun, a golden ball ringed with green came up like thunder over the horizon, and the great sweep of snow clad mountains blushed pink, that turned to crimson, & gold & saffron & flooded the world with a beauty so ineffable & sublime it brought the sting of tears to your eyes & made you want to go down on your knees for you saw with mortal eyes God in his Holy Temple - And then you turned to the left & far, far away, 120 miles as the crow flies towered a single snow white wedge in lonely grandeur above all else – Mt Everest the highest mountain in the world – the “highest measured elevation on earth”-

Ass of that day I sat at my window in the hotel watching the great panorama of the Himalayan [sic] Mountains, but towards night clouds rolled in – there was a sunset of such wondrous color & glory as dazzled my vision, & then Kinkinchunja veiled his august face, nor did we see again tho’ we waited there more days for just one more sight of it.

Feb 29 – [1920]

Came down from Darjeeling arriving at 11 a.m. Left at 9 for Benares. The big Benares station was crowded when we left[,] for the Indians are great travelers - The station floor was literally covered with people asleep on the floor, or squatting in groups eating or smoking - They have plenty of the time that isn’t money & so when they are going on a journey they come here ahead of time & camp in the station. Also having no need of a bed and being perfectly accustomed to making their toilettes in public they are quite as much at home in a station as elsewhere - According to the immutable laws of caste no high caste man may touch a low caste one, but all castes crowd together in the 3<sup>rd</sup> class carriages on the train. The way they explain the ability to do this is by saying that Steam is one of the 1008 incantations of Vishnu & being in the presence of a god all caste is obliterated. Hence a high caste Brahmin who is about to travel washes off his caste mark [sic] from his brow – takes off his sacred white thread & rubs elbows with low caste street sweepers & grave diggers without defilement while in the train & the journey over once more becomes a superior being.

Mch 1 – [1920]

Arrived at Benares about ten o’clock, and were driven across a dusty compound to the Hotel de Paris, one of the worst hotels we have yet encountered & that is saying much. It



is a long, low, rambling building with unswept floors & rotten food - We had only been there a few minutes when a snake charmer arrived with a large python coiled around his neck & a bag from which he took out assorted snakes – among them a two headed snake that he assured us used one head six months, then the other head, and a crock with a rag tied over it, which contained a lively cobra. Another man played on a wind flute but the music failed to move the reptiles to any expression of joy, so for a rupee we had a fight between a [word illegible] cobra – a horrid lizard king of brute & a snake, with fatal results to the snake –

In the afternoon we went to the Monkey Temple, so called because of the large number of monkeys that live in & around it. By accident we stumbled on a pretty scene - Some woman of wealth & social standing, judging by the gorgeousness of her & her friends saris & the pounds of jewelry they had on, was making the hair offering to the gods. This was in fulfillment [sic] of a vow she had made that if the gods would send her a son she would offer his hair when he was ten years old to the gods - Accordingly she, accompanied by her relatives & female friends had brought the lad, a handsome boy, to the temple to have his hair cut. The assemblage was like a rainbow in their gay robes, & they looked like a flower bed as they squatted out in the court yard, the boy in their midst. Then came the barber, who soaped the boy's head preparatory to shaving it, & then came a halt – the barber was holding them up for money, demanding 200 rupees – the women protested, argued[,] threatened. We couldn't understand a word, but the language of the street is unmistakable the world over – a universal Volapuk. At last with many gouging down into secret folds of feminine apparel the sum was made up, & the barber proceeded. So did we, stopping only to smile as a monkey snatched a bead necklace off of a child, & then angrily threw away the beads as it discovered they were not edible. Went on to the Golden Temple, & the cow temple where the sacred cow is worshipped, & to some of the famous wells where people by the thousands go to drink of filthy water into which all manner of offerings have been thrown - That any should survive after drinking of this proves them indeed miraculous - Then on to the bazaars – streets full of the shining brassware for which Benares is famous then to the silk bazaars where the counters were filled with iridescent gold & silver stuffs as flimsy & fine as a fairy's gown, and brocades – kincobs they call them – to make a woman die of envy, and longing[.]

Mch 3 – [1920]

At six o'clock we got up & went down to the Ganges to see the devout bathing - A million pilgrims come here each year to wash their sins away in the holy water, and thousands upon thousands of the pious who live in the city never fail of their morning's devotions. The Ganges here has a low flat bank on one side, & a very high bluff on the other. This bluff is lined [words crossed out: from the bridge, which is the holy dead line on one side to some imaginary spot a mile & a half farther down -] with palaces, [words crossed out: and churches] and mosques & temples – [words crossed out: superb buildings fade] and rest houses built for pilgrims that rise from the water's edge & tower almost as high as the New York skyscraper. Many of them are very old & their faded pinks & greenish gray walls make a wonderful background for the great religious drama that is enacted every morning at their feet. For even before the sun rises the multitude



begins to gather, in order that they may greet the sun with their orisons - Men & women clad in all the colors of the rainbow come down the ghats, as the wide steps leading to the river are called. Each bears in his hand a little brass jar[.] They stop for an instant on the brink - hold out their hands in invocation to the sun, then wade into the river. Some immerse themselves seven times, some seven times seven times. Some stand waist deep in the river & let the water trickle thro their fingers. Some dip it up in their brass jars & pour it over themselves. Some sit Buddha like on the edge letting the water wash over them. All drink deeply of it, notwithstanding a sewer may be emptying at their feet & the filth of the city contaminating the fluid. All see the refuse of the burning ghat float by them - All are rapt, oblivious of the world, alone with their souls & their gods in that multitude, [words crossed out: & when] They speak to no one, notice no one for if they break the thread of their observances & put one word wrong they must go back to the start & do it all over again, & as this takes hours it is a serious matter.

Back & forth past the strange scene we rowed in a boat. We saw the palaces maharajahs had built in which to spend their last days for to die in Benares is to speed ones soul to Heaven - We saw the fine rest houses rich men had built for pilgrims thereby acquiring merit. We saw the temple of the Tirthankers where Kims llama [sic] staid when he rested from his pilgrimage - We saw men & women come down & bathe, then go to the yellow robed priest & have their foreheads painted with the white bars of [beginning of name crossed out: Vishn] Siva & the curved marks of Vishnu - High on a tower stood a naked man thin as a skeleton painted white with ashes until he looked like a corpse, and with his face lifted to the sun he cried the name of his God hour after hour in a voice that echoed up & down the river - a charred head from the burning ghat washed up against our boat & the boat man callously pushed it away with his pole & it floated down stream where two vultures fought over it.

And we sat the burning ghat, where the bodies of the dead are brought as soon as life is extinct. The first to come was a womans - wrapped in a thin red cloth & looking very small. It was lashed to two bamboo poles that made a crude litter & laced with chains of yellow marigolds. The bearers brought her down [word illegible] steps & put her where the waters of the Ganges washed her feet. Then came a man - then another woman & the men who attend the Ghat began making little piles of wood on the broad landings of the steps - there were three of these landings & on each of them little monuments that marked where widows used to burn themselves on their husbands funeral pyres. The wood was corded up a couple of feet, then the body, whose face had been washed in Ganges water was laid on it, & more wood placed on it - then the nearest relative appeared with a long torch which had been obtained at the priests & set fire to the wood - He walked around the pyre seven times, each time scattering a few drops of water on it, and when the body had been consumed & the wood burned down to coals he threw water out of a brass jar over his shoulder to "make the love & forget" the guide said. One rich person was burned with sandal wood & the air was heavy with the perfume of it.

At night we went back & saw the moon rise over the river & turn into silver & touch the palaces & temples into unearthly beauty - On his tower the skeleton like fanatic still called aloud on his god & the fires of the burning ghat rose high & fierce against the



blackness of the night - Into one we saw them cast the naked body of a man with as little ceremony as if they had been throwing on another stick of wood - And down by the rivers brink women with hands like talons pawed over the ashes looking for bits of jewelry - armlets & anklets & nose rings that might [word crossed out: the] have escaped the flames when the women were burned who were forever done with all the vanities of earth.

Left Benares at 3.05 a.m. and arrived at Lucknow 3.05 p.m. Mch 4. Staid at Hotel Royal where we had good food and real tubs and plenty of hot water. After being in India & the orient generally and pouring water over yourself out of a tin cup by way of ablution you understand why bathing is a religious rite in the East. The trip across the hot dusty plain was [an] interesting one inspite [sic] of the gray choking dust, for we saw the intimate life of the people in the drab dreary mud villages - men herding sheep and goats, bullocks drawing water from the wells, with jingling [word illegible], and arms covered with bracelets, and brass water jars on their heads, now & then a lone figure on a camel, or a carvan [sic] on camels silhouetted against the cloudless blue of the sky, and everywhere swarms of naked brown babies basking in the sun[.] It was just such a scene as one might have witnessed thousands of years ago, & that doubtless the traveller will witness hundreds of years hence. Had beautiful drive around Lucknow which is clean & progressive, as are all of the Indian cities upon which England has laid her progressive hand. If you want to see just how finely the white man has carried his burden in the East you want to contrast the cities in England & the Straits settlement where the English govern & the ones where the natives govern[,] Benares, for example, where there are only 50 English civilians & a few troops (200) & Calcutta or Lucknow - & Manila before & after the Americans took possession[.] Anyway along beautiful wide well paved clean streets we drove to wonderful botanical gardens & a lovely park & to one of the palaces of the King of Oud [Oudh,] a great sprawling structure in a beautiful garden but chiefly remarkable for the number of chandeliers [sic]. There were dozens of these, all ornate cut glass and gilt affairs, in one room. We went to the palace of the first King of Oud, and the second king & the last king, & they were much alike - In one was a silver throne & a silver sofa, and red & blue glass chandelier - a queer mixture of the splendid & tawdry. It was the long continued misrule of these Kings of Oud which finally compelled the British to take over the Kingdom of Oud & which was one of the principal causes that led to the Mutiny of '57 -

Mch 5 - [1920]

Spent day going over the scenes of the Mutiny. First to the Residency where all of the British took refuge[.] There were 2000-1005 fighting men - the balance women & children, and for five months this little force held 60000 natives at bay[,] a feat of dogged heroism [sic] that is only paralleled by the English at [word crossed out: the] Ypres. It was a fiercely hot summer with a plague of flies, and every day the little company was thinned by disease and death, [word crossed out: until] as well as by the fire of the enemy. The women & children were put into a subterranean chamber, where there was no light except what filtered in thro the chinks of a barricaded window. In a littlecuddy



hole off of this the Scotch woman Jessie Brown dreamed that she heard the skirl [sic] of the bag pipes playing the "Campbells are coming[" - & lo, a day or so later Sir Colin Campbell did come with the prayed for relief. The Residency is now a beautiful ruin. A purple bouganvilla [sic] [word crossed out: flaunted] spread an [word crossed out: gorgeous] imperial fall of velvet over the Baillie Gate where the fighting was fiercest all those weary months, and where one man served his gun an incredible number of times - Because the brave defenders kept their flag flying in the face of such odds, [words crossed out: it was granted] a special order of the British government was granted giving to Lucknow the right to keep the flag flying in perpetuity. And night & day the Union Jack flutters from the top of the ruined Residency, the only [word crossed out: English] flag in Englands far flung dominions that is never furled[.] We also went to Innambara, a hughe [sic] memorial mosque where services are only held once a year. There were latticed grills thro' which the veiled women could look down upon the assemblage, and off of the galley they occupied were a series of tiny rooms that form a mystic maze, up steps & down so that a stranger could not possibly find a way out, & we wondered if these sloe eyed beauties ever met their lovers in this mysterious rendezvous.

Mch 6. [1920]

Cawnpore - Spent the day suffering in the horrors of the Mutiny. We went first to the site of the improvised fort where the heroic little band made their desperate stand. Finding themselves hopelessly outnumbered they accepted Nana Sahibs offer of an armistice & his pledge to [words crossed out: convey them in safety to Luckn] let them depart in safety. The survivors embarked on boats on the river - about 450 in number, when instantly they were fired on. The thatch of the boat took fire & while the flames raged sepoys sprung into the river & butchered women & children - Orders came from Nana Sahib to kill no more women & children & about 125 survivors were taken to the native quarters & confined in a dark pen of a room. Nana then learned that the British were advancing and sent men in to slaughter the women & children & the walls were stained with blood as high as a womans breast. The bodies - the dead & merely wounded [-] were flung into a well together. Above the well has been erected a beautiful white marble statue. The ghat leading down to the Ganges where the massacre took place was originally a burning ghat, & you see a small opening where the widows used to watch the funeral pyre of their husbands, & at a certain period of its burning leap into the flames. It was at Cawnpore that the English took their terrible revenge by shooting the leaders of the massacre from the canons [sic] mouth - But no monument marks that spot - I tried to find out from the guide where it took place but he was a fool of a parrot who could only say things by rote & everywhere began by saying - "Ladies & gentlemen draw here & listen to my words -"

Ap [April] 6 - [1920]



Arrived at Agra at 10 p.m. - & Miss Reed, Mrs West, Mr Farwell & I jumped into a carriage & went to see the Taj by moonlight. It was a heavenly experience. The great outer courtyard where the caravans used to come was still & silent, & dark, & the heavy doors shut to the splendid gateway. The sounds of wheels brought out a ghostly old man with a lantern who opened a little door in the big door, and we looked upon a scene of enchantment. The great gardens lay asleep, the soft summer air was heavy with the perfume of jassamine [sic] & roses, and swimming in the moonlight the Taj rose before as a fairy creation, so beautiful, so white, so ethereal it took your breath away with its loveliness. We stood spellbound for I know not how long, then led by Mr F. we threaded our way thro the darkness to different spots from which we got a new angle - now on the little platform from which we saw two taj's [sic] one mirrored [sic] in the tiny lake - now from a clump of trees near the Mosque - now from the platform of the great hall where the moon caught the jewels on the dome & made them flash like a queens diadem - & then at last we found ourselves on the mosque terrace, & in a silence no one broke even for an ejaculation of wonder, we sat and gazed & gazed at this masterpiece of the builders art, until [words crossed out: the moon grew] we were drunk on beauty - There is no use in trying to describe the Taj which is said to be the most perfect piece of architecture on earth. It is a lovers and a poets dream wrought into marble and jewels. The walls and dome and minarets are of marble, & tho they were built 300 years ago are as white as if only yesterday the constructors scaffoldings had been taken away. Over the splendid doorway is a text from the Koran, & the other chapters of the Koran are carved on the walls. The walls have dados of marble carved in most exquisite flowers in low relief, & these have borders of flowers inlaid in semi precious stones[,] jade & jasper, & cornelian & coral & moss agate & lapis lazuli, sometimes as many as 40 different varieties of stone going to the making up of a single flower. This same wonderful pietra dura work is in bands over the windows, made of pierced marble as fine as basket work. Within are the tombs of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, for whom this suptuous [sic: sumptuous] sepulchre was built & her husband Shah Jahan who erected it as the memorial of a great love. The tombs are composed entirely of marble inlaid with jewels, with texts from the Koran - and on Mumtaz['] tomb flowers - lilies symbolic of her purity, passion flowers for love, & lotus flowers emblematic of the [word crossed out: rest] peace to which she had passed. Above her grave is a beautiful gold & silver lantern placed there by Lord Curzon in memory of his wife. When Lord Curzon was viceroy of India he did a great work in protecting & restoring India's great ruins. When his wife died he asked permission to put this lantern above the grave of the Indian Queen who died so long ago. It was granted & the light of a living love glows upon the grave of a dead love.

Muntaz-i-Mahal was a Persian woman of great beauty who was adored by her husband. She bore him 7 children & died in childbirth when the 8<sup>th</sup> came - & was only 22 years old. It is said that when she was dying she asked Shah Jahan to build her a monument that would immortalize their love and he built the Taj Mahal - It took 22000 men working 18 years to erect it[.]

To be loved & forgotten is the common lot of women. To be loved and remembered is the fate of few. To have had a mans undying love for her & his grief for her loss immortalized in the most beautiful structure ever wrought by mortal hands has happened



to but one woman in the whole history of the world. This Mumtaz-i-Mahal. She was the granddaughter of a Persian adventurer who came to India seeking his fortune. They were so poor that when a child – a girl – was born to them on the way the father threw her in some bushes & went on, but the mothers grief was so great that her tears prevailed on him to go back & get her. She grew up to be a woman of great beauty & force of character & was the famous Nurjahan, the empress wife of Jahangir – [words crossed out: Her Mumtaz fath] Nurjahan Mumtaz was the daughter of Asaf Khan[,] brother of Nurjahan, and thus niece to the empress who selected her for her sons wife[.] She was of great beauty & charm & seems to have held her husbands hand always in the hollow of her little henna dyed finger tips - In the grim red stone fort that his father had built he built for her a palace that is one of the most beautiful creations in the world – a veritable jewel casket for this gem of woman kind. It still stands intact, as perfect as a nest from which the bird has just flitted instead of three hundred years ago. The walls of this palace are of white marble richly inlaid in precious stones. [Word crossed out: There] In the entrance to the Zunana there is a portico of carved marble, with a dado of flowers carved exquisitely in low relief & surmounted by a border of flowers of jade & jasper & cornelian, & a doorway ornamented in the same rich manner, and this leads thro' a superb audience chamber to the Jassamine [sic] tower and the apartments where Muntaz lived her brief married life. There is the tiny white mosque, called the gem mosque because it is so perfect, sacred to the women of the harem, when they [word crossed out: women] went to pray that Allah would grant them souls, or perhaps the worldly minded ones that God would send them sons so that they might find favor in their lords eye, and in its court a tiny fountain where they [word crossed out: prayed] made their ablutions before praying[.] Hard by is the Zenna [zenana] bazaar, a long narrow court with tiny stalls on either side where the women merchants brought their wares – silk & embroideries of gold & silver & jewels & klinking [sic] ornaments to show to the Queen & her ladies. No man ever was admitted to this bazaar, and so the ladies of the harem unveiled their faces as they sat on their balcony & shopped with that greed for beautiful things that makes Judy O'Grady & the Colonels lady sisters under the skin & that wipes out time & place - One can imagine that scene – the saleswomen in their gay skirts & with their gorgeous wares holding up their kincobs, or jewels – the great ladies looking down - & when some object caught their fancy sending a slave down to bring it up for closer inspection[.] For a man to enter the bazaar was death, yet according to gossip that still clings to the walls of the empty palace, a great prince once dared it in order to look upon the unveiled face of a Peajput beauty of great renown who had come to visit his Queen. [words crossed out: She di] Disguised as a female vendor of shawls from Kashmir he made his way into the sacred inclosure where his presence was discovered by the very woman he had come to see. His life was forfeit in her hand but moved by pity – or perhaps, woman like, not being able to resist the compliment to her vanity of a man being willing to risk his [word crossed out: life] neck for one glance at her face, she forgave & spared him. It is easy enough in this splendid monument of a bygone day to reconstruct the life that Mumtaz lead [sic]. There was a great fish pond built in a court where she might lounge on a carved marble bench & [word illegible] at her ease. There from her balcony, on the jassamine [sic] tower she could look thro' her screen carved as fine as basket work upon the titanic, fierce combats between tigers & elephants & rhinoceros, or she could watch the road down on the rivers brink where caravans of



camels passed, & trains of laden donkeys, and slow lumbering bullock carts, and men on Arabian horses gaily caparisoned & she could see the women go down to the river for water with their shiny brass ewers on their heads – just as you may see them today. The Jassamine [sic] tower is so called because the inlay in walls and columns is the jassamine [sic] flower & it is the heart of the Zennana – Muntaz own private apartment. It is separated from the audience chamber by a tiny court on one side of which is a miniature [sic] water fall, where the water ran over colored marble, inlaid in a design of cranes, and in the middle of the court is a fountain that played rose water. The floor of the court is a parchesi board, & here she & Shah Jahan, when he took his ease, played bagammon [sic] with slave girls dressed in gorgeous robes for living pawns. In cool weather & the early morning & evening the court is open to the day, but during the noon time it was [words crossed out: canopied in] covered over by gold embroidered silken canopies. Passing into the sleeping rooms of the Zenna [sic] you come to a series of tiny white marble rooms, in the walls of which are deep pockets cut into the stone, only big enough for a womans slender hand & wrist to slip into. These are jewel safe[s] in which the women kept their gems [words crossed out: and you can]. Then you come to a noble hall, whose ceiling & walls were of blue and gold, that looks out across a fountain which is built with seats around the sides when the ladies of the harem could sit & dabble their little toes in perfumed water, & then to the grape garden, where in soil fetched from the finest vineyards of India grapes were grown a hundred feet up in the air. The baths were [word crossed out: located] sumptuous beyond description, & were in a hall of mirrors, the whole walls & ceilings being covered with an [word illegible] in which myriads of tiny bits of mirror sparkled & reflected the light like diamonds. These baths were both hot & cold & one gasps at [sic] amazement at the feat of lifting enough water from the river by means of buckets pulled up by bullocks to supply all these fountains & baths. There were cool subterrean [subterranean] rooms where one might lounge during the hottest days of summer - & still deeper down a series of little dark cells, the zennana prison where the inmates of the harem were immured when they became recalitrant [sic], or lost their lords favor, and in the midst of this “the hanging well[“], a great deep, dark pit leading into the Jumna, & with a heavy beam of carved sandal wood across it, and down into this pit, sewed in a sack so that she could make no outcry, was dropped many a dark eyed beauty who had perchance looked too boldly thro her lattice at some stalwart cavalier, or, who – alas – may only have grown old, and homely, and tedious, and who did knot know that only a young & pretty woman may with safety vex a man with her importunities.

Such was the home of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Pride of the Palace in life. The house is empty now, but her ghost lingers so palpably about it that it requires no touch of the imagination to furnish it. To pile rugs [words crossed out: as soft as] from Kashmir upon the floors, and piles of silken cushions, and put gold & silver ornaments in the niches of the wall, and to set Mumtaz in the midst of it – her small feet covered with golden rings, her anklets flashing with gems, her bracelets running clinking up her arms as she moved, her small figure swathed in gold embroidered gauze – her black hair a midnight background for diamonds and blood red rubies, and emeralds worth a kings ransom – rows upon rows of [word illegible] upon her bosom –

[The following two paragraphs are crossed out in the journal:]



She came here a child as we Westerners count time. She was married, as children are in India when she was only 8 years old. Such marriages of babes are common there still, and doubtless she went to live with her Aunt-Mother-in-law, the great puissant Empress Nurjahan until her mother in law decided she was fit for wife hood. Mumtaz first child must have been born when she was only twelve or thirteen years old. Six other little ones came to her swiftly, and when the eight [sic] was born she died in child birth, at the age of twenty two.

She had fourteen years of married life, most of which was passed in the Jessamine tower. Her beauty, and her charm, and the sweetness of her kept her husband always her lover, and they must have been very idyllic [sic] years she passed in her jeweled chamber [word crossed out: with] swathed in luxury, with her babies little feet pattering over the marble floors, and her poet husband coming back to her from camp flushed with victory, or to talk over some of his plans for building that have sent his name down to posterity as the great architect of his day in India[,] the erection of some of the great piles that have [word crossed out: mark] set his name upon some of the greatest buildings in the world.

[The following paragraphs seem to be a correction of the two crossed-out paragraphs above:]

Mumtaz-i-Mahal was born in 1591. She was married to the Emperor Jahan when she was 21 - She bore him fourteen children and died at last in childbirth in an army camp whither she had accompanied her husband [sic] when she was 39 years old. Altho' she was her husbands second wife she was her husbands favorite & enjoyed his undivided affection. She was his friend & adviser, for she inherited much of her [word illegible] ability of her famous aunt Mujahal who had ruled all India, but it was the soft beauty of her & the sweetness of her that kept her husband her lover, and for whom the light of the world went out when she died. She was the inseparable companion of Shah Jahan and accompanied him even in his military campaigns, but one like most to think of her [word crossed out: most] in her jeweled rooms overlooking the Jumna, with the patter of her childrens feet on the marble floor, and the tinkle of her perfumed fountain making music in her ears.

It is said that when she was dying she asked Shah Jahan to build a monument to her that would immortalize their love, and he kept his word by building the Taj Mahal, the fairest shrine ever raised above the grave of a dead love.

[Sentence crossed out: But the tragedy of life did not end for Shah Jahan with]

It was not Shah Jahans purpose to be buried in the Taj. He intended to build for himself a tomb of black marble on the other side of the river and to have the two mausoleums connected by a carved marble bridge but before he could carry out his plan his unfilial & traitorous son Augranzib – Mumtaz['] son too – [beginning of word crossed out: seiz] organized a rebellion against him, and seizing Agra threw Shah Jahan into prison[.]



For seven years the great King was kept a prisoner in the Zennana in the Jasmine [sic] tower where he & Mumtaz had spent so many happy days together, and from which he could look across a bend of the river & the green fields where the Taj raised its white domb [sic] in peerless beauty to the blue Indian sky, and where slept the wife of his heart, undreaming that her son had turned traitor to his father. In his imprisonment Shah Jahan was cheered by his beautiful and faithful daughter Jahannes. And her in the octagonal tower Shah Jahan died, his last sight on earth that of the beauty he had created.

Augranzib had his father interred by his mothers side - & he respected Shah Jahans wish this far - that Mumtaz['] grave occupied the centre of the space - & his to one side, a thing strange in a Mohammedan country[.]

Nearly three hundred years later Lord Curzon came to rule in India a viceroy - & he did much to preserve Indian art & antiques. He too was a great lover and when his American wife to whom his heart had cloven as Shah Jahans did to Mumtaz died, he asked that in her memory he might put up a lamp above the grave of the Lady of the Taj. The permission was granted and every night [word crossed out: in] a gold & silver lamp of wondrous wormanship [sic] sends down its light upon the marble tomb with its carved passion flowers, and its lilies & its lotus bloom [word crossed out: in] a living love burning above the grave of a dead love.

Mch 9. [1920]

Went to the grave of I'timad ud daula [sp?], the father of Nurjahal & grandfather of Mumtaz - beautiful screen work as fine as lace work - shuts in his last resting place - Here leading to the tomb is the great original ramp -

Mch 10 [1920]

Went to Gwallior - very interesting old fort, but chiefly thrilling to us because we rode a magnificent elephant up the hill -

Mch 11 [1920]

Went to Fatepur Siki [Fatehpur Sikri], Akbars [words crossed out: deserted city], City of Victory, now a deserted city. According to tradition Akbar had no son, & hearing of a saint at Fatehpur he repaired thither & asked for a child. The saint replied such matters were not in his province. Three times Akbar came - at the last the saints own child - aged 3 - said do not sent him away - a life for a life - and expired. The saint said I will beseech the gods for a son for you but you must sent your wife to stay in my house. Nine months later Jahanger arrived. Whereupon Akbar caused to be built a splendid city, but it proved so unhealthy that 17 years later it was abandoned, and to day only the bats inhabit it, but it stands almost as perfect as if just completed. Akbar who was the Teddy Roosevelt of his day, was interested in everything & had a catholic taste in wives &



religion – so you see the house he built his Christian wife, & the one he built his hindoo wife, & his Turkish wife & so on – each a gem of architecture. Also the house of debate in which he sat on a pillar in the centre of the room & thrashed out theological questions with all comers[.]

In front of his judgment seat is a great stone to which was tether the mad elephant which trampled to death all [words crossed out: whom the] who were found guilty.

Mch 12 – [1920]

Went to Secundra to Akbars tomb. On the roof of the beautiful pavillion is a carved cenotaph & at the head a short carved post in the centre of which the Kohenor [Koh-i-nur] is said to have rested - Usually a light is kept burning at the head of a tomb but the great diamond was put there in its stead – a light that never failed[.]

Mch 14 [1920]

Came up to Delhi last night from Agra arriving at 9.34 – a 4 hr trip from [beginning of word crossed out: Calcu] Agra. Staying a Maidens Hotel where we are refreshing our tired bodies with good food & hot baths.

Saw the various scenes of the Mutiny. Then went to the fort and palace built by Shah Jahan. The fort is of red sandstone and the palace of white marble both much like Agra, tho' not so beautiful, and lacking Agras tremendous setting on the bluff overlooking the Jumna. In the palace is the superb private audience room all carved marble & inlay work and gold in which was the famous peacock throne, which represented two peacocks with out spread tails made of diamonds & rubies & sapphires [sic], the eye of the bird was the Koh-i-nur, & its body a single emerald – a wondrous piece of jade - The Persians looted this palace & took away the throne & broke it up & dispersed the jewels - The bath to this palace is amazing – rooms opening out of rooms all inlaid around the baths with precious stones - & with a 2 ft wide conduit all around the room in which the bottom was inlaid with gold & silver which gave the illusion of fish swimming as the water rippled over it. One fountain was rose water. Through the zennana there was a conduit 3 ft across & 2 deep in which water flowed to cool the air. On the walls of the palace Shah Jahan had inscribed in Arabic “If on earth there is a Paradise, it is this, oh it is this, oh it is this.”

Mch 15 [1920]

Went out by motor to see the Kutab Minar, the immense fluted red sandstone tower built by the first Pathan emperor to celebrate his success, and called by him the Tower of Victory. It is said to be the most beautiful tower in all the world & it certainly springs from the earth with incomparable lightness & peace. It stands in the midst of a heap of



ruins that were once palaces and mosques. High up in a wall of [word crossed out: the] what had formerly been a kings house a couple of green parokeets [sic] had made their nest, & chattered gaily about it. It made one think of Omars –

They say the lizard & the lion keep their court, where Jashmid once reveled & drank deep, And Bramin, that great hunter, the wild ass stamps o'er his head & never breaks his sleep.

On way back stopped at some gorgeous tombs, among them Humyon [Hummumun], Akbars father, and Jahinarias, the faithful daughter of Shah Jahan who bore him company in his imprisonment in the Jassamine [sic] tower.

But the shole country was one vast sepulchre for on this site six Delhis have arisen & perished, & wherever you look are tottering walls, & ruins & forlorn looking tombs that mark the last resting place of some great one whose very name is now forgotten. Delhi seems never to have "jest growed" like most cities. Some one person went to work & built a Delhi to his own notion, lock, stock, & barrel. The English are now engaged in that task. When they moved the capital here they built a fine Vice Regal Lodge & practically a new city. It proved unhealthy & they are now constructing a seventh Delhi practically on the ruins of the 1<sup>st</sup>. The foundations for a magnificent red stone vice regal palace are up. So are innumerable other public & private buildings, for the new Delhi is being built as a whole, just as Gary or any other American boom town was.

No matter how wonderful the thing we go to see is, it is not so wonderful as the crowds along the way - Today we passed a long procession of carts, the bodies made of twine laced together, the carts drawn by oxen. The wagons were crowded with men, women & children, all in hokiday attire, the women with gay red & yellow & purple head shawls, & gayer skirts, & covered with clinking jewelry, a whole village going to a shrine about 18 miles from Delhi, which if piously visited & suitable offerings be made, insure you against small pox. This was therefore, a kind of vaccination [sic] pilgrimage - & much pleasanter. Along came a man in rags, piping on a crude flute. Across his shoulder was a bamboo from each end of which depended a bundle tied up in filthy bits of sacking that looked as if it would drop to pieces of its own rottenness. He deposited his bundles on the ground, undid an end & out crawled cobras & two headed snakes & scorpions[.] The cobra hissed at him & tried to bite him as he made dismal sounds on the flute – I could have bitten him too, so hideous was the music if he hadn't been so repulsively dirty.

Nothing in Delhi has been more diverting than the mendacious merchants who fight over you as dogs do over a bone. As we alighted from the carriage from the station our hands were filled with cards & oily & persuasive voice entreated "Please Mem Sahib come by my shop. I poor man." "Please your honor come my shop you can make foot walk there it so near." "Your honor, he lie. He cheat. He no got good Bokaras," etc. Then the cards you ahead[y] have are snatched out of your hand & others thrust in. I looked at some of the jeweled jade pendants for which Delhi is famous. Thereupon I was set upon by the fraternity. They waylaid me at the hotel, they came to my bed room &



there squatting on the floor from tin cans & bits of old paper & a soiled old handkerchief drew forth the jewels that had once adorned the favorites of harems & gleamed from the head & arms of Maharanees. On persistent man I thought I had escaped but in the fastness of a tomb 12 miles from town he jumped at me with a pocket full of pendants. He had trailed us all the way from town.

Left Delhi Mch 17, 9 o'clock and arrived at Jaipur on Mch 18 at 11. Staid at Jaipur Hotel, very nice.

Jaipur is in Rajputana[,] one of the largest of the Indian states, and is a city practically untouched by foreign influence. Only one Englishman, the English Resident lives in the place. It is his duty to tactfully keep the natives reminded that Brittania [sic] still rules the waves and is doing business at the same old stand. But there is a grand Maharaja, immensely rich, and very enlightened, who bosses the show and is duly venerated by the natives. He lives in an ornate palace, with lovely gardens, and has five wives and 200 concubines, and hundred[s] of horses, and all the other conveniences of life. He visited England on the occasion of King Georges coronation, and took with him chests of food, enough Ganges water to last him until he got home. I saw the great boxes, brass bound, in the palace in which he carried his provender.

The city of Jaipur was founded 300 years ago by Jai Singh, a Rajput conquer[er] who built it to his own glory, & it has changed but little since then. The houses are all covered with pink stucco, faded to the most ravishing hue, & there are innumerable little latticed balconies thro which you see veiled women looking down. The streets are rainbows of color with the women in their gay skirts & head sheets & the men in their gaudy turbans. Caravans of camels go by, and I saw a man leading a great spotted leopard on a string as if he had been a dog. Purdah bullock carts with heavy curtains shutting in the veiled inmates, despite the hot weather, and women in clanking anklets & armlets carrying baskets filled high with cow dung, & horsemen on prancing Arabian steeds, make a kalaidoscopic [sic] picture never to be forgotten. The bazaars are full of printed cloths, & the brassware & enameled ware for which Jaipur is famous, & which takes your breath away it is so expensive[.]

Mch 19 – [1920]

Went to Amber the old capital of Jaipur – along a lovely road with trees full of gray long tailed apes & peacocks that preened & strutted as if pleased with our ohs & ahs of admiration. Amber – which means the high place, is built on the crest of a very high hill, and was originally erected as a defense against the robber tribe of Minaes. We rode up the hill on elephants, but they were not as gorgeous or as big as the Gwallior [Gwalior] ones. The palace is another Arabian nights dream, built of white marble, carved in low relief with alabaster pillars, & doves of sandal wood inlaid with ivory. There are lovely pierced marble screens all around the Zenanna & a secret garden where the pomegranates were scarlet & little oranges hung on the trees. Like the palace at Delhi this, too, had artificial waterfalls to cool the air, & a conduit of running water thro the womens palace.



Below the palace was what must have been a wonderful lake with a garden with fountains in the midst. The fort & palace at Amber were built 900 years ago so both Akbar & Shah Jahan must have gotten some of their ideas from it. And so well was it built that after all these years it is practically unhurt.

Left Jaipur at 4.30 Saturday & arrived at Udaipur Sunday morning at 11.30, Mch 21 - The trip was a tiresome one with changes at Ajmer & Chittogoragh – or rather these would have been changes except that we had a private car. The trip was thro' the bleakest, hottest, sandiest desert, with only here & there a spot under cultivation. To me it seemed the abomination of desolation & the only interesting feature was the crowds at the station – everybody seemed going on an excursion, or seeing some one off who was, & the scene never varied in its kaliedescopic [sic] qualities – men in draped white dhopees [dhoties], women in gay skirts & vivid saris over their heads & men & women holding on their hips great children half as big as they were - & everybody with a brass bowl which they must put on the first thing in the morning & take off the last thing at night[.] And the villages were eternally the same, dreary mud huts with cow dung baking on their sides. To me the pathos & degredation [sic] of India is epitomized in the sight of women rushing out into the street & seizing cow dung & patting it lovingly into cakes with their bare hands. It is their fuel, the thing they cook with, & warm with, necessary to life, but horrible & revolting all the same[.]

Mch 22 – [1920]

Udapur [Udaipur] is a marvelously picturesque Indian city, that belongs to the 17 century rather than the 20<sup>th</sup> - It has high city walls within which are huddled narrow, crooked streets, lined with stucco houses with flat roofs & over hanging latticed balconies, & with a few tiny windows no bigger than a childs slate. You can not imagine how any one can survive even one night in this hot climate in that foetid atmosphere[.] The ground floor of every house is a tiny shop, in which a turbaned & draped trousered merchant sits cross legged amongst his gay wares – gaudy printed cottons, or brass, or jewelry, of surrounded by baskets containing grains, or sticky sweets, while his customers stand on the streets & chaffer with him. The streets are chock-a-block with people, women carrying baskets heaped with cow dung or loads of dry grass on their heads, or going for water with one great brass bowl balanced precariously on another on their heads, & with naked babies on their hips, the men in flowing white garments, sacred cows [cows] pushing their way in & out of the crowd that gets humbly out of their ways, camel trains coming in from the desert, here & there a great lumbering elephant, & always & everywhere the hosts of beggars, hideous diseased people crying to you in the name of their misfortune – children who chase you & mob you shrieking “backsheesh, my mem sahib.”

Udapur is the capital of the state of Mewar, the greatest of the four original Rajput states, & its ruler is the bluest native blood in India & is called Marahana, which is one fig higher than Mararajah. He is absolute lord over a vast sections [sic] of country & millions of people, & has an income of millions a year wrung from custom from these



poor natives. He is very conservative, & will not depart from the customs of his forefathers – will not instal [sic] irrigation on his bleak bare acres, or permit the stone on his mountains to be quarried, & it was only by force from the British government that got his consent to allow the railroad to be built here. He lives in an enormous mediaeval palace built on a beautiful lake. Part of the palace dates back to 1600 & it has been built on to by successive generations without destroying its character. We entered thro' an enormous gate of bronze with spikes on it, mute witness of the days when elephants were used as battering rams. Then thro another gateway in which the Marahanas when starting on a pious pilgrimage used to be weighed in one scale against a corresponding amount of gold & silver in the other scale which was given to the priests & the poor. Then we came into a great court yard in which 10 elephants were swaying at their posts. A mother elephant was nuzzling her absurd baby, & another elephant rope bound lay on his side & grunted while half a dozen men with saws, & some sort of red paste, performed a dital [digital?] operation upon him; other men led Arabian horses around; still others gossiped over a water pipe, squatting on their haunches; veiled women in gay saris, & with clinking armlets & anklets passed & repassed [&] thousands of pigeons whirred overhead, sacred bulls made their haughty way & you might have been whisked back centuries, so much was the scene just what it must have been every day for hundreds of years. The old part of the palace was marble, with some lovely balconies overlooking the lake but comparatively uninteresting after the splendors of Agra, & Delhi & Jaipur, but the new part was amusing & interesting in its incongruities & as showing what oriental taste can do when it gets seduced by the Western influence. The new part in which the Prince lives in the day time, tho, said the guide "he sleeps his head" in the old part, [words crossed out: has big] is approached thro' a lovely garden & a wide white marble verandah upon which stood six Singer sewing machines upon which tailors were plying their trade. It is the Singer sewing machine & the Standard Oil 5 gal tin that makes the whole world kin, & the East & West one. You cant imagine what life could have been in heathen lands without the Standard Oil tin – they make houses out of it, flattened out, they cook in it, they carry water in it, & I have seen a white marble pavillion [sic] carved in lace like fineness in a Marahrahanas palace surrounded by dozens of these same cans filled with flowers – as for the sewing machine it is a badge of honor, a sign of prestige & there is no native hut but where the one object of ambition is to acquire a light running domestic.

Having gotten by the Singer sewing machine, to which being homesick & patriotic you make proper salaams [sic], you enter the palace which consists of noble rooms, with the most enchanting view across the green lake, with its tiny water palace gleaming like a pearl set in emerald, to the big, brown bare hills beyond – on the top of which is an imposing white palace that is a perfectly good palace except that the Maharajah who built it forgot to consider the water supply, so as there is no way of getting a drop to even bathe in - & Indians are awfully economical in that respect – the place can only be used as a picnic resort for a few hours at a time. When you have sated your eyes on the view you turn to the furnishing & decorations. Evidently the individual who purchased the furniture run [sic] to cut glass. In one room there is a hughe [sic] throne chair upholstered in crimson velvet with back & legs & arms of cut crystal, and a round centre table entirely made of cut glass, & with four chairs with backs & legs of glass. In another



room is a hughe [sic] dining table, the top of which is a gigantic bevelled mirror & the legs of cut glass. Another room has pumpkin yellow walls stenciled in blue & with violent blue glass chandeliers - And in the palace on the lake is an entire bedstead, a 4 poster of cut glass, with a mattress of green velvet & pillows of magenta velvet. I didnt wonder that when the prince "slept his head" he went back to the bare simplicity of the mediaeval castle before cut glass & chandeliers had been invented. In other rooms there were all sorts of mechanical toys & a pianola, & small moving picture machine & it gave you a pang of pity to think how dull life must be even for these august personages, who count their money in lakhs & who lives [sic] as solitary as Robinson Crusoe in his desert island. And it gave you another pang of pity to think what they might do for their people & dont - No need of them to try to divert themselves with making the wheels of [beginning of word crossed out: mechan] toy trains go round, if they would only press the button & make the wheels of progress go round -

Later in the day we rowed across the lake to the two tiny island[s] on which the summer palaces are built, both dirty & ill kept as are all Indian palaces, & there climbed a steep hill to a little white bungalow where the Marahana has the wild hogs fed every evening[.] Three men came with sacks of corn which they throw down on the rocks & instantly a hughe [sic] hairy, hideous horde rushed in with grunts & squeals & began fighting for the grain. And over them, & among them fluttered a flock of wild peacocks with gorgeous tails.

It was lovely & cool, after the parching Indian day to come back across the lake in the twilight & watch the sun dye the white towers of the water palace pink & purple, and turn the great castellated pile of the Maharana into gold, & think of all the strange things that must have been enacted in these walls, and especially of the women who must have beat out their hearts, like caged birds, behind the lattices of the Zennanas.

As we reached the boat landing a bediked individual with the sword of authority came running with the information the Maharana was coming that way. Also there awaited him two horses[,], one white, one black, both with gorgeous embroidered heavy cloths over saddles [sic] whose stirrup leather was covered with shirred petunia velvet. Presently there came a stalwart, grizzled man with flaring gray whiskers parted in the middle, & with a white turban, an English shooting jacket & draped white trousers on. Four runners kept to his [word crossed out: stirrup] bridal rein & behind him clattered a dozen horsemen, some with long antiquated guns. It was the great Maharana, descentant [sic] of the sun, and his body guard. The Presence halted his horse beside the sea wall, sprang off as nimbly as a boy despite his 63 years, gave a grand wave of the hand towards the white stallion, which was instantly brought to him, mounted & was off in another cloud of dust. The day before I had seen his son riding in a gorgeous landau drawn by 4 splendid bays & with an escort of horsemen. The son is a man of 35 - & sat hunched up in his corner of the carriage - a semi-invalid paralyzed from the waist down.

Udapur will live longest in my memory for that picture of feudal life - the castle on the crags with its elephants, and the grizzled old man who will have no modern progress because his forefathers had none of it - and a faquier [fakir] sitting by the wall of the lake



on a bed of spikes under an umbrella & with a pillow at his back! Such is the inconsistency of even holiness!

Mch 23 – [1920]

Left Udupur at 4 P.M. and spent night en route to Ajmere – and a most exciting night it was. It seems this is a festival week, and hordes of natives were moving about from place to place. They travel 3<sup>rd</sup> class for about ¾ of a cent a mile, & evidently it is their chief joy in life. At every station there were crowds of gaily dressed men[,] women & children who fought & scrambled for places in the overpacked cars, & all night long our windows & doors were tried by people trying to get in. About 1 a.m. I was awakened by the door being opened & I switched on the light to find a boy of about 14, nearly naked standing in the car. I screamed at him to get out & he scrambled for the door but couldn't get it open. The car began to move & Mrs W. joined her voice to mine, & the poor kid, frightened nearly to death by the apparition [sic] of two towzled headed white mem sahibs, grabbed his brass bowl from the floor & dived thro the open window. What happened to him I don't know, but as the train was not going fast I hope he wasn't killed, but I am sure he lost his railroad trip, & when I realized how young he was, & how thin – a rack of bones – sticking out of his rags - & how innocent of anything but finding a place to ride on the packed cars, I feel like Trilby did when she refused to take her little brother to the picnic with her. When little Billees mother, with the morbid curiosity of good women into the details of the underworld, asked Trilby what was the sin of her life she repented most, Trilby replied that once she had gone off of a summer day to the country to a picnic and left her little brother crying to go along, too. If I had my midnight intruder over again, I should give him a seat on the floor, and annas to ride of the crude Feries [sic] wheel at the fair. I would I could feed him, too, but alas I am an outcast from whose hands not even a Hindu servant will eat. We have offered our servants food again & again only to have them refuse & Osman Ali explained at last that he would loose [sic] cast [sic] if he ate our food & that it would cost him much money to the priests & a great feast to his friends to get reinstated.

It seems queer that the food question should determine the fate of a nation, but one of the greatest obstacles to India obtaining universal suffrage is the fact that the cow is the sacred beast of [word crossed out: India] the Hindus that may not be eaten, or its hide used for leather, & as the majority of Indians are Hindus if a popular vote were taken it would undoubtedly make beef & leather shoes as prohibitive as booze is in America[.]

Mch 24 [1920]

Ajmere would have proven undoubtedly a bitter burning disappointment except that we were lucky enough to hit it on a festival day & so had a most gorgeous sight of India enjoying itself. There is no foreign hotel so we staid at the railroad station and watched the trains come & go, & I want no better thriller than that. The first to come was one bearing a man, who is the William Jennings Bryan of India, a silver tongued trouble



brewer who is going up & down the land talking incendiary platitudes that no one quite understands. He's simply "agin" things, & wants India put on the same status as Pareda[?] & Australia, notwithstanding only between 7 & 8 percent of the people can read & write in any language. It is significant that even the most radical of the malcontents want England to still mother them, & realize they can not stand alone[.]

Well, anyway, this man Tilak, arrived with flags & garlands of flowers bedecking his compartment, & was was [sic] met by a big, churning crowd & a band of music. I fled up to the housetop to see him enter his carriage, & the scene was spectacular in the extreme. The horses were taken from the carriage & men seized it & began pulling it, & the band played "God Save the King." There were hundreds of men & turbans of yellow, & pink & blue & green, & bobbing about they looked like a poppy field when swayed by the wind.

Later on we drove thro' the native city & up to a temple built by the Jains & afterwards rebuilt by the Mohammedans. When we had gotten part way we found the streets so choked by the crowds we got out & walked. On either side were the little bazaars with their rainbow packs, & from side to side were a jam of people, women in every gay colored skirt & head sheet; & jangling with jewelry, men in their best brocade satin cvats[?] & kincob turban[s,] children in embroidered caps & nothing else except the chain[?] around their loins, & everywhere beggars – dozens of loathsome lepers with their faces or hands or feet eaten off, & swarms of flies hovering over them – the most loathsome & piteous sight on earth, for on festival days these poor outcasts gather in to spread the disease & ask alms. And thro' it all walked the professional holy men who had rather beg than work[.] One tall, stark creature stalked down the streets chanting a melodious phrase that meant "Allah, send me [word illegible] this day[“,] while he held in front of him a brass bowl wreathed with flowers.

About the only sight in Ajmere are the pretty white marble pavillions [sic] Shah Jahan built, on the brink of the lake. Later we jolted 7 miles out in a wagon to see a tiny holy lake. It was very hot & dusty & we were too furious with the guide who beguiled us into going to enjoy the really picturesque little hamlet that lies on the bank, or even the local guide who showed us a framed testimonial showing he was "most intelligent." Better we liked his visitors book in which Queen Mary had written her name - & another visitors [sic] had written "this man talks very fluently & no doubt would be interesting if you could understand one word he said."

But it was great fun at the R.R. station seeing the trains roll in with their gorgeous trippers, each with his or her little brass bowl, scrubbed to a New England housewifes dream of cleanliness & the only cleaned & washed thing I have seen in India. Evidently when an Indian gets up in the morning he seizes his brass bowl, & his toilette for the day is complete.

Mch 25 – [1920]



Arrived at Abu Roads, had Chota Hazri at the station & left in motors – a Hudson, praise Heaven, for Mt Abu. A most wonderful drive up the mountains, beautiful scenery, & at every foot of elevation the blessed