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HOW D'YOU DO?



The "Hongi" universal among the Maori folk, this mode of greeting is often described as "rubbing noses" but it is really a gentle pressing of nose to nose. "Hongi" literally means to smell. The nose pressing is accompanied by a low murmur, signifying gladness at reunion.

HOW D'YOU DO?

STRANGE CUSTOMS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JAMES CLEUGH
GORDON TAYLOR
PETER DWYER
ALEC DYER

PALLAS PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
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CHAPTER I.

The everyday life of the John Smiths of London, Jean Pierre Duponts of Paris and Jimmy Browns of New York.

This book deals with important questions such as how, for instance, Frenchmen and Americans say " Howdoyoudo ? "

By the by they don't !

It's only the Englishman who is polite enough to be inquisitive about the well-being of his neighbours though not even he expects an answer. The Frenchman says " *Enchanté Monsieur,*" or " *Charmé Madame* ; " that means that he's glad to meet you but charmed by meeting your wife or girl friend if you've got one. The American on the other hand is simply glad to meet you whether you are male or female, and whether he's really glad or not. There is, of course, a relic from old and pre-Mayflower times in the States which sounds something like " How'd'y'da," but this sound is similar to the *appendix* in the human body. So this American " How'd'y'da" is rapidly disappearing from the modern language. Better forget it ! In America you simply say " Glad to meet yah ! " or still easier " Hello ! " or, if you don't happen to be brought up on King Sam Goldwyn's English and so have very little chance of understanding the natives on the other side of the Atlantic, you simply say " See you later ! "

This doesn't mean a thing. It certainly does not mean that you ever want to see the fellow again. It means in plain English "*Good-bye*!" In French it used to be "*Au Revoir*!" But it isn't any longer. This expression, like the South of France has already become part of the British Empire.

The biological functions of life, such as birth, reproduction (that means ways and means of getting charming little babies) and death are the same with *Eskimos* and *Americans*. Only the French rather dislike getting *babies*, that is one part of the reproducing function.

Yet, the very moment the bodies just mentioned are alive a terrible mess starts. Everything is different. That's the point when the *homo sapiens* loses the attribute "*sapiens*" and turns straight into an Englishman, a Frenchman or an American.

Take for instance the early morning of a week-day, say 6 a.m., and three houses, or better still, bedrooms in the three important and representative cities London, Paris and New York. Three decent representatives of the three races, we'd better give them names, *John Smith* of London, *Jean Pierre Dupont* of Paris and *Jimmy Brown* of New York are in their beds fast asleep. They are performing the biological function of sleeping; anyhow that's what I'd have to say if this book happened to be a scientific one.

But it isn't!

Well their sleep is perfectly identical. Even their snoring. There may be individual differences in snoring among human beings, but there are no racial ones. So if you happen to be an

Englishman don't be afraid of travelling. As long as you're just snoring at 6 a.m. nobody will be able to tell that you're not a native of any given country, except those inhabited by coloured people.

Probably *John, Jean Pierre* and *Jimmy* are dreaming too.

Stop !

Because, if you could read their dreams you would already find a difference.

Assuming that the above mentioned representatives of this cordial little entente are all members of the middle-class, and about twenty-five years of age, working in offices and earning something like £7 (or equivalent) a week, there will be definite differences.

What will the Englishman dream about ? Well, certainly not about money. No Englishman ever had real and pressing money problems, or if he had he's no real Englishman. If you pressed *John Smith* a bit hard he'd probably be able to tell you what he's going to do on September 27th at 6.30 p.m. ten years ahead. The Englishman is born with his whole future mapped out to the smallest detail. So *John Smith* smiling broadly in his sleep, dreams probably of his next holidays, of cricket, or a good swim, or of football. If he's very modern he dreams he has sent in the right combination of X X 2 1 2 X to his penny pool and won the big prize. Mind you, it isn't because of the money he's smiling so sweetly in his sleep. That is only a secondary consider-

ation. But it's the sport which the penny pool involves.

The American definitely dreams about *making* money. And the Frenchman about *saving* money. Every Frenchman sees his vocation in life in saving money. Preferably in *old stockings*. But you needn't necessarily save your money in stockings in France. A home safe, or a safe abroad will do just as well. But if possible the Frenchman likes to avoid putting his money into a bank account.

It's the same thing with the taxes. In France there are the most terrible taxes. But nobody pays them. That's why the French Government taxes everything you do, eat, or drink. Should Jean Pierre happen to put a bill on his door announcing that his flat is to be let, he must stick a government stamp on such an important announcement.

Well, being a week-day our three friends will probably get up.

The Frenchman first ; his presence in his office is required by 9 a.m., or even earlier.

Jean Pierre will simply get up and go to the bathroom, but not to take a bath ! Oh no ! That would cut into his savings. Hot water goes through a meter kept by the concierge, and *Jean Pierre's* got to pay so many francs for each cubic metre of hot and cold water he uses.

You're asking what a *concierge* is? Well, it's something they call a hall-porter in England and a janitor in the States. But that's just a rough translation and doesn't convey the importance of the French original.

The concierge, of course, performs the usual duties of his English and American opposite numbers. But he's more than that. He's the representative of the authorities right in your home.

If you move into a Paris flat you've got to register with the concierge. He would tell the police and other authorities everything about you and the life you're leading. But he would not only tell it to the authorities. No sir! The concierge tells it to all the tenants in the house you live in. His office, standing just inside the doorway, is the exchange for all gossip. The postman delivers your mail to the concierge and you collect it from him. There is plenty of opportunity now to discuss with him what other people do.

Further, the concierge is the person who collects the rent from you.

But the most important symbol of his power is the *cordon.* The *cordon* is a string which runs from the entrance door straight into the concierge's bedroom and the end of it hangs above the concierge's bed. If you happen to come home later than 10 p.m. which you often do in Paris, you can only gain entrance to the house by ringing the bell. Then the concierge will wake up and pull the *cordon.* This opens the entrance door. When passing by his office you have to call your name aloud. This sets the concierge's mind at ease and he will now resume his sleep till another person forces him to pull the *cordon.*

Here's advice for *foreign travellers in Paris.* If you happen to bring a lady caller home you had better tell her to keep quiet till you have passed the concierge's lodge. Not that he would object

to your having ladies calling in the middle of the night. He too will be convinced that you have the most honourable intentions. But most certainly the concierge will be very much interested in your lady caller, and you won't like that tomorrow—everybody living in the house knows that you've given an English lesson to a young girl at 2 a.m. And still worse, if the lady in question does not call regularly thereafter, you'll have a very bad reputation in the house. The concierge will see to that.

Further, if you happen to have the intention of burgling a house, you'd better make sure of the name of the people living in that house, and call this when passing the concierge's lodge. Otherwise his suspicions may be aroused, and he'll have to get out of bed and have you arrested.

Well, while we have been settling the question of the concierge our friend *Jean Pierre* has disappeared into the bathroom and emerged from it a few minutes later. Now he's completely dressed. Of course he lives at home, with his parents, so it's the *femme de chambre* who serves his breakfast.

French Breakfast, coffee, *brioches*, butter. If he's cosmopolitan he'll have some *orange-jam* (marmalade) too. If he's extravagant he'll have a boiled egg in addition. Then Jean-Pierre will go off to his day's work, consisting of some work to be done in his spare time between reading many newspapers, sipping aperitifs and discussing the political situation with his friends. He will most certainly not return home before luncheon, and will have his *luncheon* at home.

His American and English counterparts get up

later than *Jean Pierre*, *John Smith* before definitely returning to life would have his early morning tea Then, after a few exercises, he'd disappear in his bathroom to find that there's not enough hot water again in the tank. Somebody has taken a bath before him, and so he'll have to wait for another half an hour till the boiler in the kitchen has produced the next dose. So *John Smith* will probably dispense with the bath for to-day. He will get dressed and settle down to his breakfast, the English breakfast which is devised to give him strength till his coffee at eleven.

Jimmy will come back to life by drinking a glass of grape fruit juice, or vitaminised grape fruit juice, or something like that. A long time ago some patent medicine business has convinced him by advertisements that without vitaminised stuff he'd have died last September. There is plenty of hot water in *Jimmy's* bathroom, only he hasn't the time; not this morning. So he dresses quickly, takes his breakfast, (the English one improved by cereals like corn flakes, etc.) and then he rushes off to business.

So by nine a.m. the three houses are empty. Let's take the opportunity of having a look at them !

First we'd better have a look at *John Smith's* home in London.

Well, it's an old saying that the Englishman's home is his castle, and there's a bit of truth in it. The American wants a home to dwell in as comfortably as is humanly possible, and everything is arranged to reach a maximum of comfort. The Frenchman likes to keep his home as nearly

as possible like a museum. If he cannot afford to collect treasures he sees to it that the furniture is not more comfortable than that in the *Louvre*.

The basic idea in the Englishman's home is the castle, or with the middle-classes the House, serving in splendid isolation for one single family. There he is at liberty to do all the jobs which in the States and in France fall to the janitor or *concierge*. He manages the boiler for hot water and for the central heating if any ; here he can amuse himself by putting a fresh coat of paint on doors and windows ; here he can work to clean pipes and taps which have become obsolete. But times have changed, and even the Englishman begins to realise that collective dwelling means collective security. But he still keeps if possible the house idea. The *maison* becomes a maisonette. There are other people living with him under the same roof it's true. But he has still stairs to go up and down a hundred times a day, on his own premises.

There is very little to be said about the English house, maisonette, or even about the flats taken by modern people who can afford it. The highest degree of comfort has been reached here in furniture devised for sitting upon. English chairs, easy-chairs and settees are designed solely for this purpose. They don't pretend to be streamlined as in America, they aren't gilded little period pieces as in France. They are solid instruments of a refined " *back-culture.*"

The separationist spirit of the *British Isles* becomes manifest in another way. While in France they like all the rooms in the flat to run into one another, and thus obtain the impression of an

imposing suite, even with a middle class family in England normally no room communicates with the adjoining one directly. They all open on to the corridor.

In the States they are pretty much the same as in England with the exception that they call the flats *apartments*.

Central heating reaches its highest standard in the States. That means that there it really heats all the year round. It heats the whole flat all the year up to 70 degrees. The Americans find this pleasant, the English overheated. It has never yet occurred to the English that radiators can be turned off. In America the radiators are carefully hidden underneath the windows; they don't want to show off the beautiful modern devices with which their homes have been equipped.

But *Jimmy Brown*, when he's twenty-six and earns his own living probably won't live with his parents any longer. He will have a furnished apartment in one of the hotels. And even if he should decide to take an empty flat, he will have much less furniture to buy than his English and French opposite numbers. At least he will find the cupboards built-in, in the apartment. Another amenity for *Jimmy* is that the landlord will have his place re-decorated every year. He has to pay nothing for that. It's just the inconvenience he has to swallow. And, of course, there's a bathroom to every bedroom.

John Smith of London lives with his parents, and so does *Jean Pierre*.

There is central heating in the Smith maisonette too. But only in the hall and the reception rooms.

For some obscure reason neither the bedrooms nor the bathrooms are equipped with radiators. But this does very little harm since the radiators in the other rooms have been installed for the sole purpose of taking the chill off. The heating itself is done by open fires, or electric fires imitating an open fire. These two forms of apparatus produce a heat up to 64 degrees and no more. Americans and Frenchmen say that even so the chill has been hardly taken off. The Englishman feels in a different way. And he would proudly refer to the radiators put into his rooms. They mostly stand in very prominent places where they cannot possibly be overlooked by visitors, and they stand at least ten inches away from the walls.

The Frenchman too has very efficient central heating. Like everything in Paris, it suffers from old age, and is of an improvised character. The radiators are beautifully silvered or gilded. They are turned on on November 15th. From then till April the first they radiate a beautiful and even heat of 70 degrees throughout, and to entertain the tenants they keep on singing gay little tunes. First these noises sound rather strange, later on one gets accustomed to the idea that the French central heating system is a musical one.

Regardless of the outside temperature the *central heating system* in France becomes quiet both in the musical and thermal sense. Then, on April the first, the real Winter starts in Paris. The people freeze until the summer fails to bring relief.

There is one more thing the foreigner ought to know about *Paris architecture*. That is, the

trouble with the *lifts*. While in America and England these devices are pretty much the same. The only difference is that in the States they call them "*elevator's*." and there always is one, and a porter, or elevator-boy to work it for you. In England if there is a lift you mostly work it yourself. So you do in Paris. Yet the gates are devised for the sole purpose of giving electric shocks to naive foreigners. Moreover they are very dangerous. You can easily open the gate on the fourth floor and step into the precipice below, if the lift doesn't happen to be on your floor, and the only thing which would happen is that they would take you to a hospital, as if there were any sense in that. They won't put automatic locks on the gates, anyway.

Jean Pierre, of course, lives with his mother, as long as he remains unmarried.

We've described his place already. It is to be added that as *Jean Pierre* is a Frenchman, his windows are, of course, French windows. And the *Duponts*, being middle-class, will most certainly have two maids, a cook and a *femme de chambre*, who is the parlourmaid. Distinguished families may also keep a *soubrette* ; in this case she is not an actress in a musical comedy but a lady's maid.

While the *Smith* family only keeps one maid, the Americans keep none. A woman comes for a few hours to do the cleaning. That's all.

It is a fine morning when *John Smith* steps out of doors, so he thinks that he will just walk down to the tube-station ten minutes away instead of catching the bus at the corner. This means a few

minutes more, but he can spare them ; so off he goes at peace with the world, although he would envy *Jean Pierre* if he could see him.

In Paris the underground stations are closer together than in London, so that *Jean Pierre* has the choice of three to take him to his office. Nor is this all. *John* would turn green with envy at his Gallic neighbour's weekly budget for fares ; for one franc will take *Jean Pierre* as far or near as he likes on the *Metro*. If however he chooses to travel by the "*autobus*," he is likely to find it a rather expensive trip. He will have equipped himself—complaining loudly, as all Frenchmen complain loudly, at the rising cost of living—with a book of small perforated tickets, and the conductor will ask him for two or three or four according to the distance he is travelling.

Accommodation in the Paris 'buses is not good —not at all. You can travel first or second class and you can't smoke. This also applies to the Metro. For such inveterate smokers as poor *Jean Pierre* and his friends it is a great trial. But he will invade the regulations by riding on the *plate-forme*, the semicircular open space at the back of each bus. Here one may lean over the rail and eye all the *midinettes* as they hurry by, and no-one will object to the vilest cigar.

Jimmy Brown in New York rushes for his 'bus and just makes it, by elbowing his way through the crowd. There are no queues for him at the stops, nor are there any of those fascinating bundles of numbered slips by which one earns the right to ride on a 'bus in Paris. You pluck one off as you arrive, and the conductor calls

you up by your number. American 'buses, like French ones are chiefly single-decker although there are some double-deckers on Fifth Avenue. They serve the whole city. Trams, or rather " street-cars," are rare but there are some left on Broadway and 42nd Street, but *Jimmy* rightly regards them as the products of a prehistoric age. So does *Jean Pierre*, for trams have almost entirely disappeared from the Paris streets.

But anyhow *Jean Pierre* has wisely eschewed the 'buses for the cheaper Metro. It runs quite close to the surface and even rises above ground level, like the New York Elevated in some places. But here it is his turn to envy *John Smith*. First of all he is sure to be caught by a fiendish device which consists in an iron door at the entrance to the platform which automatically closes as the train enters the station. Gnashing his teeth with rage, he stands impotently on the wrong side watching his train come in and go out. But everything comes to him that waits, and at last he gets aboard. Here again a striking difference between *John's* and *Jean Pierre's* journey is noticeable. *Jean Pierre* cannot smoke, he inevitably has to stand because seats are few, and if he travels second class—there are two classes on the Metro too—he is packed as tight as a sardine. In fact his transport problem may be cheap, but it is also nasty. In America, the trains Elevated and Subway are very similar to the English variety. *Jimmy Brown*, if he travels by train will find his station closer than *John*, and his nickel will, as in Paris take him anywhere. The longest and cheapest journey in the world for 5 cents may be had in

New York 14 miles ! One puts one's nickel into a slot machine, where it passes under a huge magnifier, so that an official can see if it's "*phoney.*" One is trusted as little in New York as in Paris !

Of course any of our friends could find their way to the office blindfold, but if they had to go to an unknown address, *John Smith* would find himself at a grave disadvantage. In England it is no uncommon thing to see two sides of the same street called by quite different names, and the numerical system is of an illogicality equalled only by the confusion which thence ensues. Moreover on the rare occasions when the streets have names on them, these are usually invisible to the pedestrian or motorist save at the price of a crick in the neck. In France on the other hand every street has its name clearly shown in white letters on a blue board, and each house is distinctly numbered. But *Jimmy Brown* has them all beaten here, for New York streets run to a well-defined pattern, with 5th Avenue running North and South with 1st. to 4th Avenue to the East of it and 6th to 8th, to the West. All smaller streets intersect these from East to West. So if *Jimmy* meets a girl whose address is 70, West 69th Street he knows exactly, by a rapid mental calculation, whereabouts she is.

There is a house in *Belgrave Square* which in an access of despair has announced on a placard that

"THIS IS *NOT* THE BELGIAN EMBASSY,"

Such a course would be incomprehensible to *Jimmy Brown* or *Jean Pierre.*

Poor *Jean Pierre* ! Once inside his office he only gets out for lunch and no " elevenses " or tea

come to break the monotony. These are specifically English inventions, justly frowned upon by the sterner Gaul. But then 12 mid-day sees the release of the prisoner and the rush to the nearest *cafe* for the indispensable *apéritif*.

The apéritif in France stands alone. It is not just a drink ; like port after dinner in England, it is a ritual. You can either have it " on the zinc " *i.e.* standing at the bar, where it will cost 1 fr.—2 frs. less, or else—and this is more frequent you can sit down, either inside or on the " terrace," outside. The café, in the absence of adequate home entertainment, is the Frenchman's club. Here before lunch *Jean Pieree* expects to meet all his friends, each knows where the other will be at such and such a time. Although there is no actual *Stammtisch* as in Germany, tradition probably reserves them their table.

" What are you having ? " " Pernod," " Picon," " *Dubonnet*," " *Rossi*," the list may be unending. It is the exception to drink English or American cocktails, nor are they missed. The impressive choice which is available makes it unnecessary. Most *apéritifs* are drunk with water—and usually they need it ! There is a definite list of what should be drunk at various times. Anyone for instance who ordered a *Pernod* at 3.30 p.m. would be looked upon as an eccentric or a confirmed drunkard. It is, together with hundreds of other varieties the before-meals drink. After meals one has a *fine*—brandy which costs very little, or else one of the many excellent liqueurs. At all other times *Jean Pierre* will drink the strange, sweet, straw-coloured liquid which he, in his ig-

norance imagines to be beer. It is very cheap and always ice-cold : it has nothing else to be said for it.

John Smith and *Jimmy Brown* are probably under the impression, very largely shared by all their countrymen, that *Jean Pierre* exists entirely on wine. An error! Wine is certainly cheap enough—you start getting champagne for 8 frs. (11d.) a bottle !—and usually very good, but only French workmen and peasants drink it as a staple drink. When *Jean Pierre* eats at home, he will certainly have wine with his food ; if he eats in a restaurant, probably beer—unless a carafe of wine is included, as it often is, in the price of the meal.

Jean Pierre is no soak. You would not often see him the worse for wear, but he probably drinks more on an average every day than both *Jimmy* and *John* put together. He will have a couple of *apéritifs* before lunch and dinner probably *Pernod*, whose alcholic content is the same as whisky, and the ordinary portion served is equal to a treble whisky in size. In addition Jean-Pierre will have a glass or two of wine or beer with his meals, and perhaps a little brandy after. Dinner the same. But you will rarely see him " tight."

All this would be rather exceptional for *Jimmy Brown*, who has not yet learned to treat alcohol as a matter of course. So lunch at the cafeteria or drug-store will see him drinking coffee, which is very good indeed in America or else one of those alarming concoctions obtainable at the soda-fountain. He will not reckon to pay more than 60c. (2s. 6d.) for his lunch, and that would buy

him a very good lunch indeed. But he rather shares *John Smith's* partiality for a sandwich or two, or else a simple one-dish meal. *Jean Pierre* on the other hand if he works near enough, will go home to lunch, which will be a big meal of two or three courses. But then the poor chap has neither " elevenses " nor tea in the afternoon so he needs something to keep him going. If he does not go home, he will go to one of the many excellent little restaurants to be found all over Paris.

As he pushes through the door, there is a cheery " *Bonjour m'sieur* " from the waiter who knows him well. He makes his way to his regular table and instals himself comfortably. Georges, the waiter hovers attentively with the menu which *Jean Pierre* inspects. The 10 franc lunch has *hors d'oeuvre,* soup or fish, several choices of main dish, sweet or cheese and coffee, with a *carafe* of wine thrown in. *Jean Pierre* makes his choice, and soon he is enjoying a first class meal. Suddenly :—" Eh ben alors *Jean Pierre* ça va ? " He looks up and there is *Paul Roussel,* an old friend of his who often lunches here. They exchange the *handshake* that is absolutely essential on greeting and leaving in France, and *Paul* sits down. He is in rather a hurry, so he orders the " plat du jour " which costs him 6 francs, and is about as much as he can eat, and a *demi* of beer.

Restaurant food is universally good and well-cooked in France. In a country where the reign of stringy meat and half-boiled watery cabbage and potatoes *alias* ' cut off the joint and two veg.' seems likely to continue unbroken, poor old

John Smith would be dazzled at the variety and standard of the cooking for which *Jean Pierre* is paying exactly the same—rather less in fact—than he himself. Moreover, *Jean Pierre* has the certainty that whatever dish he orders will be amply sufficient. Should he decide to have an evening out, so as to speak, he will find that 30 or 40 francs (4s. to 5s. 6d.) will pay for a meal worthy of the best restaurants in London or New York.

But *John* and *Jimmy* are hard to wean from their old habits. They are just as happy with their boiled beef and carrots, or their *Hamburger and onions* and do not sigh after the fleshpots of Paris. " Fancy food " is what they would probably term it. But *Jean Pierre* can afford placidly to ignore their scorn : he knows what's good and it isn't costing him much, so he is quite satisfied.

In Paris of course the food is more or less standardized, but in the provinces, almost every district and town has its ' speciality '—*choucroute* in Alsace, *bouillabaisse* in Marseille, *tripe* in Caen, *sausages* at Arles or Lyon. And then there are the cheeses ! Heaven only knows how many different kinds of French cheese there are, but they must run into four figures. If every Town has its special dish, every village has its special cheese. A few, *Camembert, Port-Salut, Neuchatel, Livarot, Brie,* are well-known, but for every one of these there are about 400 that are not. So *Jean Pierre* will have an impressive array to choose from to finish off his lunch.

We have noticed that just about the time that *Jimmy* and *John* are leaving the office for lunch, *Jean Pierre* is on his way back. It is just pos-

sible that he—and we hope the reader will forgive the indelicacy of the suggestion—may feel the necessity of calling at a public convenience. London and New York are dreadfully inadequately supplied with these unmentionable but necessary adjuncts to urban architecture. There is a depressing notice somewhere near the *Queen's Gate* of *Hyde Park* to the effect that the nearest public convenience open after 11 p.m. is at Leicester Square. Jimmy will find a few in the Subway, or he may try and walk into a hotel. The janitor will probably eject him.

Jean Pierre on the other hand will find at frequent intervals along the *boulevards* one of those intriguing kiosks which appear quite inadequate to their purpose. But you will be surprised. It may neither be so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. The French with their fondness for enshrining men's memory in ordinary words have christened them "*vespasiennes*" after the Roman emperor Vespasian who thoughtfully established the first ones in his capital about 70 A.D.

If however a "*vespasienne*" (there is a much uglier name too, with no historical associations !) fails to manifest itself, you would be think of your music-hall days and 'ask a policeman,' which brings us to the guardians of the law. We all know that English police are wonderful, that American cops are all Irish and very tough, and that in France they are grossly overarmed and know nothing about traffic control. It is true that the Paris "*agent*"—incidentally he is not usually called a "*gendarme*," has a revolver as well

as a truncheon, but then so has the American cop. They both have much uglier customers to deal with than the 'bobby.' We all know our gangsters, but it is not generally realized that the French crook is invariably armed and does not hesitate to shoot or stab if he is cornered. *Jean Pierre's* father *M. Dupont* probably has a loaded revolver in the house, and maybe in the car as well.

The Paris "*agent*" is as a rule a courteous and helpful individual to foreigners, but may prove a bit abrupt to poor old *Jean Pierre.* That is probably because he knows *Jean Pierre's* proneness to burst into impassioned and furious denunciation if invited—however politely—to "move along please." Less pleasant officials are the steel-helmeted "*garde mobile,*" who patrol the whole country in twos on a motor-cycle combination. But unless he indulges in some major law-breaking, or else creates a political disturbance, Jean Pierre will not really have much to do with them. As he wanders back along the wide streets to his office, he can see the rather extravagantly precise gestures made by the '*flic*' on point duty, and the blast of his whistle which is the signal for traffic to advance or stop. There are not many traffic-lights in Paris; these phenomena are almost peculiar to England and America. But there are very definitely Belisha crossings—they call them "*passages cloutés*" "nailed crossings," and woe and betide the motorist who injures anyone within them! If, on the other hand, you are outside them when run-over, the law is not likely to prove very sympathetic.

As a general rule, Paris traffic is faster than that in London or New York. This is almost entirely due to the great spaciousness of the French capital, and the high standard of driving. Much abuse has been heaped on the Parisian *taxi-driver*, but he does get you there faster than anyone else, and he is a prince of opportunists ! In New York where the streets are almost narrower than in London, the traffic is even denser.

* * * *

It was just before he reached the office after lunch that *John Smith* remembered the letter in his left-hand pocket. It was his pool coupon, and he had meant to post it in the morning : he looked wildly around for a *Post Office*, and then remembered that there was one just round the corner, second street on the left. Swearing softly to himself he hurried off, amidst the sympathetic chuckles from the ghosts of *Jean Pierre* and *Jimmy Brown*.

Jimmy would normally go to a *Post Office* to buy his stamps, but he could in cases of emergency rely on almost any small shop to supply him. He would then find a letter-box, red as in England, and it would probably be on a lamp-post or else just sitting up on the pavement on four short legs.

Anyhow it would not be such a problem to find as *Jean Pierre's*.

For some peculiar reason, no doubt best known to the officials of the French Postal authorities, an elaborate system of camouflage is in force in France with regard to pillar-boxes. First of all, they are painted a blue-green ; secondly, they are concealed—very effectively too— n some obscure

place such as behind the ivy on a wall,' or else low down near the ground. Anywhere in fact save in the obvious place. One is tempted to think that " hunt the pillar-box " is a French national game. And even when one has found it, it inspires no confidence at all. It looks as though it were only cleared when the postmen happen to notice it, *i.e.* once in three or four months.

Much easier is the task of *buying stamps*. All tobacconists sell them, and also post-offices. The latter are very dirty and have about 24 *grilles* of which 23 are permanently closed. But somehow one feels that letters posted there may perhaps get somewhere. At all events the whole system is confusing in the extreme.

So *Jean Pierre* and *Jimmy* and *John* work hard all day—there is no difference in that !—and about 6 o'clock they pack up and start for home.

Jimmy takes his *Subway*.

John takes his *Tube*.

Jean Pierre takes his *Metro*.

Another day at the office is gone, and slowly through the gathering dusk three great cities prepare to waken to their night life.

John Smith had noticed the girl on the 'bus several times on his way home from the office. She was fair-haired, smart and yet she did not use too much make-up. In fact, she was just the sort of thing he liked !

For several days he had been wondering how he could manage to make her acquaintance without offending her, for he knew that she was perfectly conscious of him and was only waiting for him to speak to her.

So on his particular evening he managed to stand next to her in the queue for the 'bus, and plucked up his courage at last.

" Er—jolly crowded these buses, aren't they ! " he ventured.

She turned a dazzling smile on him which brought the colour to his anxious face and bereft him of all further powers of speech.

" Yes, they are dreadful, aren't they," she said.

It was with considerable relief that he noticed she had a pleasant and educated voice—for nothing is so destructive to a budding romance for an Englishman to find that the girl has a cockney voice. And even the strongest passion wilts in the presence of a ' *refained* ' accent.

The question of accent would probably not worry *Jimmy Brown* in the least, however, for in America class distinction is not marked by accent to the same extent that it is in England. Though a young man of *Jimmy Brown's* standing would certainly quail before a ' toity-toid street ' accent.

An American would certainly feel the same hesitation in addressing a girl as an Englishman would. But he would probably screw up his courage rather more quickly than *John Smith.*

" It's a swell day, isn't it ! "

" It certainly is ! "

With a wave of relief he would realise that the worst was over and that he could go ahead and cultivate his new acquaintance. Why, he might even marry her eventually. Yes, sir, he certainly might !

It is at this point, however, that *Jean Pierre* appears as rather a snake in the grass. In the

first place a Frenchman rarely hesitates to address a girl who takes his fancy wherever she may be. And certainly the question of marriage never enters his head. No girl in France whose acquaintance one could make in the street or on a 'bus would make a fitting wife for a young man of good family. No, Jean-Pierre has only one idea in his mind—and it is not marriage !

A young Frenchman knows well that when the time comes for him to marry a far-seeing ' papa ' will have to be consulted. And it is more than likely that ' papa ' will have someone eminently suitable up his sleeve—a girl with a good dowry. And ' papa's ' taste is usually as good as *Jean Pierre's*.

The question of the dowry still looms very importantly in the life of the French. And many a happy marriage has had no other basis than the fact that the girl has been well-endowed by a wealthy father. A poor girl who is ' *sans dot* ' stands very little chance of a husband even in these more enlightened days. *Jean Pierre* is only too willing to make a girl his mistress when he has made her acquaintance, but he would never consider anything more. For he knows well that a carefully educated girl with a good dowry waiting for her would never dream of allowing herself to be picked up in the street.

" *Ca serait ignoble* ! "

However pure-minded and upright a young man may be there is always in the back of his mind when he first meets a girl the possibility that he may find trouble lurking somewhere. The course of true love may run smooth—but it often ends in

a nasty accident ! And no one can sum up a girl at the first acquaintance. Later on it may be too late !

A Frenchman is always faced with the unhappy possibility of a paternity case—for *Jean Pierre* would certainly make the girl his mistress at the first opportunity. He would consider it normal and natural. Otherwise why bother to speak to her ? He would therefore have to beware of one of the nastier twists of French law.

For in a paternity case in France a man is adjudged guilty as soon as he is accused by a girl. And it is he who has to produce proofs of his innocence—contrary to the procedure in England. Unless he can prove conclusively that he could not have been the father of the unwanted child—a task which provides considerable difficulty for the average Frenchman—then he must take the consequences.

An Englishman is always faced with that curse of the English law, a breach-of-promise case. An unwise remark in front of witnesses, an indiscreet note, *a suggestion that was never for one moment meant seriously*—and *John Smith* may find himself being sued for considerable damages ! This law, which was presumably designed to protect innocent maidens who nowadays are rarely innocent and seldom need protection, might well be allowed to lapse.

A particular thorn in the young American's flesh is the tiresome Mann Act. This law provides that a man may not cross the borders of one state to another in the company of a woman for immoral purposes. That is to say, if a man

drives from New York across to *Jersey City* with his girl and spends the night in a hotel with her he is liable to heavy penalties—two years in jail. But presumably if she leaves the car just before the border, walks across and is picked up a short distance further on American law will smile with indulgence on their amours !

But fears of such happenings will not deter a man whose mind is made up—he is willing to take his chance. Just as any girl will have to hope that the man whose acquaintance she has just made will not get her into any trouble—at least not noticeably so.

The first thing that will cross *John Smith's* mind will be where on earth he is to take her on their first evening out. Of course, he would like the *Savoy* to start with, or *Simpson's* or perhaps the *Berkeley*. But these need a lot of money—far more than he can afford to spend in one evening.

The average Englishman would probably take his girl to a restaurant in *Soho*—a little place just round the corner that he has discovered himself where the food is not too bad and where he can order a bottle of wine without over-taxing his pocket. He may even be able to address the waiter by name in the hope of making a good impression as a man of the world.

After the dinner it will probably be too late to go to a theatre unless they have dined early on purpose, and more than likely they will end up at a cinema where the seats will cost far more than they are worth.

" Where on earth shall we go now ? "



The fete of Jean Hachette held on the last Sunday of June every year to commemorate the victorious attack of the Bourguigne troops of Charles the Temeraire in 1472.

" I really can't think of anywhere ! "

These words must be said on an average five thousand times in the neighbourhood of *Piccadilly Circus* every night. For the curse of London is that there is almost nowhere to go after about eleven o'clock at night—nowhere unless one visits a *night-club* and spends an inordinate amount of money for a lot of drink one does not particularly want.

John Smith and his new girl can go to one or two restaurants which are still open and get a drink by paying for a sandwich which they do not want but which in the eyes of a law constitutes a meal and therefore entitles them to alchoolic liquor. But after twelve o'clock everywhere but the night-clubs are resolutely shut. There is nothing for it but to go home. And this is just as well, for apart from a few 'buses, an hourly tram, or if they are lucky, a tube they will have to go to the expense of taking a taxi.

" Well, thank you for a lovely evening."

" Oh, but I'll see you home."

" No . . .really, I can get a bus just here. I don't want to take you out of your way."

" Oh . . . well—er—I'll see you next week. Goodnight."

" Goodnight ! "

As the 'bus disappears round the lovely curve of *Regent Street, John Smith* turns and begins to walk part of the way home down *Piccadilly*. Behind him the lights of the Circus are still flashing brightly, an occasional 'bus rumbles past, taxis slow down invitingly by the curb.

Already he can smell the fresh scent of grass

coming across from the *Green Park*. What a marvellous girl ! Just the sort he always wanted to meet ! He must ring her to-morrow !

A woman's form appears out of a shady doorway.

" 'Ullo, dearie ! Like to come 'ome with me ? "

John dives down the *Green Park* tube station in hasty retreat. Cheaper than a taxi, anyway !

Jean Pierre's evening, however, will cost him half as much as the evening has cost *John Smith*. For Paris offers more gaiety and better food and wines for much less money than solemn old London. A Frenchman would undoubtedly begin his evening out with an *apéritif* at a *cafe* table where they could watch the lights come out along the *boulevards*, sitting there under the trees and seeing the whole life of a great city parading past for their benefit. And here they can both chat and find out about each other until it is time for dinner.

Choosing a place to dine in Paris presents an embarrassment of choice. You may dine with the Russians at *K'Nam* or *Miron* on the left bank, with the Italians at the *Escaloppe Milanaise* on the *Boulevard du Montparnasse*, in fact with any race on earth. Or you may quite simply eat French food and have the best meal in the world. And for 50 francs (6s. 6d.) for the two of them, *Jean Pierre* will be able to provide his girl with an excellent meal with wine. Nor will he be worried as to how much he should tip as *John Smith* certainly was—12% of the bill, and the waiter is satisfied !

As theatres start much later in Paris than they do in London it will be easy enough for Jean-

Pierre to take his *petite amie* to see a play. If he has not booked his seats beforehand he will buy two tickets at the box office, but the number and position of his seats will only be allotted once he is in the theatre and has applied at the second and rather more imposing box-office. And of course they will neither of them think of wearing evening dress even if they sit in the stalls.

" This way, M'sieur ! At the end of the row ! Thank you, m'sieur ! "

One of the most tiresome things about the Paris theatre is the fact that it is necessary to tip the girl who shows you to your seat. Many of these girls are not paid by the theatre, and have a regular job in the day time, merely supplementing their incomes with the evening's work. And no one dare refuse them their tip ! Exactly the same thing happens in the cinema in France where there is also the odd custom of breaking the film half-way through for an interval as in a theatre.

As *Jean Pierre* and his girl settle into their seats they hear the sudden loud knocking of a block of wood behind the curtain which announces that the play is beginning. Then as the lights go down come three final knocks made very slowly.

The curtain goes up slowly. *Jean Pierre* slips his arm round his girl. No point in wasting time !

After the theatre there is no question in Paris of going home—such a thing would be unthinkable. The night clubs are open, and though some like the ' *Boeuf Sur le toit* ' are too expensive, there are hundreds where *Jean Pierre* and his girl can go and dance.

But more than likely they will go and sit in one of the big cafés like the *Dome* or the *Coupole* where life begins at midnight. If *Jean Pierre's* charm, however, has worked well he may prefer to take her to a quieter café where they can talk together more easily. There will be one or two habitués chatting at their usual tables—but they will have seen far too many young couples to wish to take the slightest interest in the new arrivals.

Behind the bar the *Patron* and his wife will sit talking just as if they were an English couple in the back parlour, occasionally coming out to serve a customer. One by one people get up to go home. Only a few lights are left burning. A waiter is sweeping under the tables, clearing away a few glasses.

Jean Pierre and his girl sit on. Then at last they too get up and go. As he closes the shutters the waiter sees *Jean Pierre* hail a taxi, a rather smart *Citroen* that will cost him very little.

The waiter shrugs his shoulders. It would be indiscreet to wonder where they have both gone ! And anyway the waiter knows perfectly well ! . . .

It is actually some time later that the lights are coming out along *Broadway* and that *Manhattan* is turning on its fantastic fairy lights which make New York at night the loveliest city in the world. Over to the west in *California* a young American would most certainly have a car : for California grew up after the arrival of the car, and consequently distances are very large and a car is essential. But New York was a great city long before cars were dreamed of, and so it has grown up congested with buildings piled high. And

Jimmy Brown in New York would find a car more trouble than it was worth.

A good dinner for *Jimmy Brown* and his girl will cost the young man about a dollar each, but for this money there will be plenty of restaurants for him to choose from, knowing that the food in them will be excellent and the service quick. There are plenty of foreign restaurants in New York just as there are in any big city. But American cooking has plenty of its own national dishes—*Virginia Ham* and *sweet potatoes, Ham burgers, Corn on the cob* and always a good *salad.*

Whatever they may choose to drink there will always be *ice-water* on the table regardless of whether they have ordered it. And at the end of the meal there will be good American coffee and cream before they set out for the evening.

Probably on their first evening out *Jimmy* will take his girl to one of the big *cinemas* like The *Music Hall* or *Radio City* where a good seat will cost about 85 cents. Or perhaps they will go to a *theatre* which will not differ very much from a theatre in London.

After the theatre there is as much to do in New York as there is in Paris—and it is an odd thing that the air and atmosphere of New York is in some way more invigorating than anywhere else. People are not so anxious to get home to bed at once.

Perhaps the simplest thing that *Jimmy Brown* can do is to go to a *drug store* for a cup of coffee or an ice-cream soda. The drug store is a peculiar affair which is not found outside America. One side is purely a *chemist's counter,* the other side is *non-alcoholic bar,* while all round there are

tables where one can buy books, or dolls or almost anything under the sun.

But *Jimmy* may have better ideas than this.

" How about a drink ? "

" I'd love it."

" Let's go to *Longchamp* then,"

There are no pubs in America as there are in England. If you want a drink you must go to a bar of a restaurant or an hotel. The nearest approach to a pub in New York are the *saloons* down in Bowery—but those are not the places for *Jimmy* to take his girl to ! They can visit the red and white bar of Longchamps, or perhaps one of the many cheap Child's restaurants that are spread all over the city like *Lyons* in London. And they can go on drinking until the place closes, for there are no licensing laws in most States of America these days. When prohibition was swept away it was swept away very cleanly !

" How about dancing ? "

" Why, I'd love that, *Jimmy*."

Fortunately there are plenty of small dancing places in New York where you can dance all night without spending much money. Though for the rich there is the famous *Rainbow Room* with its glass walls right on the top of *Radio City*, or the ' 21 ' *Club* where all the theatrical celebrities are to be found and which still keeps its grill in the door from the old prohibition days.

Jimmy will certainly see his girl home, lolling back comfortably in one of the big taxis which are the pride of New York, and listening to the latest dance tunes on the radio installed in the car.

And as he goes on home alone the lights of the great city are still twinkling with all their magic, until one by one they begin to go out and the great sky-scrapers that were glittering monuments are now mute dark fingers pointing up to the coming dawn.

From the *Hudson* a siren wails sadly—just as on the Thames a fussy tug is nosing its way through the Port of London towards the grey English Channel. And in their room together *Jean Pierre* and his girl can look sleepily out of the window and see a string of barges slipping along in tne half light towards the green fields of *Normandy*. It is almost morning.

As it often happens with human beings, especially in their youth, (that means between the ages fifteen and eighty) *John*, *Jimmy* and *Jean Pierre*, and each of them separately met their respective girls who became what's called a turning point in their lives.

The Englishman comes across this turning point mostly once in his life, his American opposite number more often, the Frenchman is supposed to meet it every day.

It's the girl we're talking about. *La femme*, they call it in French, since the expression *jeune fille* that one finds in the dictionary conveys a certain guarantee with reference to the innocence of the lady in question which does not concern *this chapter*. On the contrary ! Here we'll have a few words about that tricky business love, with some of its consequences.

By the way, the American dictionary knows the word " girl " too, but it is not so commonly

used as on this side of the Ocean. If it's used the pronunciation is *goil*. Yet you may call the ladies in question *dame*, or still better *honey*.

So assuming that the certain girl, dame or *jeune fille* to whom *John*, *Jimmy* and *Jean Pierre* showed the night life of their cities, becomes a more or less permanent institution, what then ?

Well, we already know that *John Smith* of London would approach the girl with a mental picture of a probable marriage ; if it came to the worst, he'd get out of the difficulty in some way or other. And supposing that Jo, the young lady in question, reciprocates his ardent feelings—well, they are young, ! It's spring and all that, and they are in love.

The best thing *John Smith* can do is to go straight to *Jo's* father and talk to him.

" Sir, I happen to love your daughter ! "

" Can you give her the luxury she's accustomed to live in ? " the old gentleman would ask.

" For three days, at least," is the proper answer in such cases, and then one waits to see what happens.

Either the old gentleman says No, in which case the best thing to do is to realise that headstrong action has been prevented by the experience of old age, and to give it up as a hopeless job. *Jo*, of course, may marry you against her father's wishes, if she's of age.

Or else the old gentleman will settle so much per annum on his daughter. This is not a *dowry*, for the money is hers, and hers alone. But if she likes you, she will let you have some of it.

Yet, before this heroic step there is very little

chance for *John* to get together with his girl. His place is out of question, for he is living with his people. He can take the girl there as much as he likes, but he wouldn't remain alone with her. Maybe he has a friend who has a flat of his own, and would let him have it. But as a rule he has not.

So the only thing which remains for him is a week-end at one of the " fast " hotels at the sea-side, or somewhere along the *Thames* where they can spend a couple of days together without too many awkward questions being asked.

And there is, of course, the famous week-end in Paris. Paris *is* the symbol of vice to the mind of the average Englishman ; well, the Englishman's got a sense for style. If it has to be vice why not do it in the appropriate surroundings.

There are eight or more air liners daily between London and Paris, several train connections and even sleeping cars. *Passports* are not necessary for these week-ends. Further information in case of such emergencies is obtainable at any *tourist office* !

But even by going third class such a week-end would cost anything from ten pounds upwards. Vice is not cheap for Englishmen.

Jimmy Brown has his own apartment, of course, and so have the innumerable *Peggys*, *Babys*, *Jeans*, *Katherines* and other girls. It's a pity that the American girl, would, as a rule, prefer the gay and merry surroundings of a dance-hall to the idyllic *tete-a-tete* in any of these apartments. A few of the globe-trotters report different experiences, but they definitely are complications

to be expected.

For *Jean Pierre* the whole of Paris is at his and his sweetheart's disposal.

So, to put it in a few words, in England and America for the foreign tourist it is safer and easier to develop his love for the girl in question than to enter into a matrimonial state with her.

For one thing it's easier for the Englishman. It's terribly easy to get married, especially in *Scotland*. Here any sign of consent is sufficient to establish the fact of marriage. No licence, not even witnesses, are necessary. If you re living with a girl as man and wife, in the opinion of your neighbours, it's tantamount to legitimate marriage already. The only thing that matters is what the neighbours think about it. It matters everywhere, of course, but, as you see, in Scotland such an opinion may have very grave consequences. *Twenty-one days residence* is necessary to become a Scotsman in the marriage sense, so that careful people should change address and neighbours after twenty days.

In France on the other hand, both *Jean Pierre* and his *Denise* need their parents' consent till the age of *thirty*. (!) If the parents are no longer alive, the grandparents will do, or else a family council must be summoned. If the consent is not given, nothing can be done under the age of *twenty-one*. Over twenty-one one may approach a public notary, and with great cost and with still greater noise approach the older generation three times in the presence of witnesses. This is called "*sommation respectueuse.*" After thirty days of such vain persuasion, if you are still in

the mood for getting married, you may. But remember, you've been warned!

So, you see, France is the most difficult place to get married in. The easiest is *Scotland.*

Now this is not a book especially devised for tourists in Foreign countries. But it may happen that even a tourist in a foreign country gets in the mood for getting married. So let's see from the example of our friends *Jean Pierre, John* and *Jimmy* how it's done in the different places.

And mind you, English traveller, a marriage contracted in France is perfectly valid before any *English authority*; the hope that one hasn't called the British consul into the deal does not alter this fact. It's international law that any marriage ceremony performed according to local regulations abroad establishes a marriage. Unfortunately this cannot be said about divorce. A *divorce* obtained in France by a British subject resident in Great Britain is no divorce according to English law. The *House of Lords* has decided that the man who married again after a French or American divorce committed the technical crime of *bigamy.* And one thing is certain. There might be differences of opinion on the question whether it's a wise thing to get married or not. But it is certainly not wise to be married twice, I mean in such a way that there is still another legitimate spouse running around somewhere. This kind of marriage ends in jail.

Returning to our friends in their own countries, the English business of getting engaged is pretty simple. You just tell the girl that you want to marry her, and if she agrees, as she will do in the

great majority of cases, you may buy her a ring with a more or less large diamond in it and call it an engagement ring. You needn't even tell her people about it if you don't want to, provided that you are both of age. There will certainly be no financial discussions between *John Smith* and his future father-in-law, and the girl will get no dowry. Maybe she has a fortune of her own, or her father, or grandfather has settled something on her. But it's her money, and not yours, and she may do with it whatever she likes, except open a banking account. Because there you come in : your wife must not have a banking account opened without your written permission.

You may wish to celebrate the engagement, but you will only ask your closest friends to it and certainly not all the uncles and aunts of the two families. You've got plenty of time to meet them later after the wedding ceremony.

If you happen to be Scottish, or your wife, or either of you happen to be resident in Scotland for twenty-one days or more, you can go straight ahead with the marriage. You needn't even go to *Gretna Green*. Any declaration or act which indicates the intention of both parties to be looked upon as married people establishes the marriage by this simple fact. To be on the safe side you can make this declaration in the presence of one or more witnesses, or else in the presence of a clergyman. In this case the minister will probably want to put up the banns, just as in other parts of the world.

In England *John Smith*, and you too if you'd decided to marry your girl, would go either to the

church authorities or to the Registrar and have the banns put up, or you'd give due notice which is practically the same. After three weeks the marriage would be celebrated without any further delay. Until a few years ago, according to the law no marriage might legally take place in England after 3 p.m.

You also need a couple of witnesses for an English marriage, but if you have none you'll find some in the *Registrar's office.*

If it's a formal wedding you will wear morning coat and top hat. There are plenty of firms in London eager to lend you a marriage outfit for a moderate charge if you don't want to have a morning coat especially made.

The marriage in the registrar's office is pretty informal. You wait in a corridor till it's your turn, and then you walk into the office. The registrar's assistant will enter the personal data in his book, and then, you and your future wife repeat, in the presence of the registrar, the solemn declaration that you both want to be married.

There is no " Yes . . . " inaudibly whispered in the registrar's ; it's a pretty long declaration you've got to repeat word for word.

And then—there is no speech of congratulation as in France. Nothing happens.

Oh yes ! one thing will happen !

You step to the registrar's cash-table, as in *Lyons Corner House* and say :

" I've had a marriage and two certificates ! "

" That makes one pound two shillings and twopence, " says the registrar. And then you

pay. No tips, this time. You'll have plenty of opportunity for tipping during your honeymoon.

If you don't step to the cash desk and don't pay the marriage is still a valid one. Probably you will be prosecuted for not paying your bill, that's all !

After a solemn marriage in church there is a reception where people who have all hired morning coats will come and press your hand, kiss your newly wedded wife and drink *champagne*. Then you cut the wedding cake which is white and uneatable, and at the first opportunity you slip out and let the guests go on enjoying themselves.

There is nothing more to be said about the English marriage except that since 1907 you may if you like marry your deceased wife's sister which you couldn't do previously.

In America things are pretty much the same as they are in England. *Jimmy Brown* will make no fuss about engagements. If you tell an American girl that you want to marry her and she agrees, she may say to you :

"*Come along, honey.*"

Then you drive to the nearest registrar, get a licence for a couple of dollars, drive on to the next minister or Justice of the Peace, get him out of his bed, and there you are. By the way, you may do it quicker in England too, by special licence. But it will cost you a lot of money, and so it is simply not done.

Jimmy won't celebrate the engagement except by going out to a dance-hall with the girl and his or her friends, but there will be a celebration after the ceremony with the usual *rice, confetti,* and

old shoes tied to the car of the newly wedded couple. The shoes belong to you. They may represent the only wedding present you've got, while in England you will get all kinds of tasteless old vases and china statuary made in *Czechoslovakia*. These *objects d'art* will be exhibited at your wedding reception.

If your friends really mean well towards you, you will also get half a dozen standard lamps.

The American marriage law is very complicated, you should ask a lawyer's advice. Every state has its own regulations. In *Pennsylvania*, for instance, a statute provides that marriages shall be solemnized before *twelve witnesses*. But fortunately, a marriage once performed according to common law, is always valid. So you had better go to the clergyman. And, mind you, the marriage will be good even if you are completely drunk during the ceremony. You can't back out of it any more !

The situation in France is quite a different one. First the parents will be consulted, on both sides. Not only because the law demands it, but it really is done. Old *M. Dupont* will closet himself with Denise's father and for weeks they will bargain about the dowry the girl will bring into the marriage. A *broker* may even take part in these conversations, since, very often, it is the broker who finds the bride for the French bridegroom.

The *dowry* is a very important question. *Jean Pierre* has been counting on it throughout all his early career. This money will probably enable him to start a business of his own, or to enlarge his existing one. If he sees no girl nice and

wealthy enough for his taste, he will get in touch with a broker, and according to his social standing his abilities, his profession and the looks of the prospective bride he will feel himself entitled to so much. He will probably want some kind of security that the dowry will be paid after the marriage, because he cannot step out of it even if his father-in-law cheats him. The dowry belongs to the husband, he can do whatever he likes with it, and only in case of divorce will he have to repay it, if he still can.

Of course, immediately after the marriage ceremony the broker will get his *commission.*

The dowry business is one of the fundamentals of French social life. One can safely say that marriage in *Jean Pierre's* country isn't looked upon as a question of the heart. It is a social establishment and also serves the purpose of decent reproduction. For *l'amour* one had better take a *petite amie.* Not so long ago the wife could only get a divorce in France on a charge of the adultery of her husband if he not only deceived her, but also introduced his mistress into the family home.

Supposing that negotiations about the dowry produce an acceptable result. The next step will be a communal dinner of the two families, with all the old aunts and uncles they can find in Paris and in the country. It will be a pretty stiff affair, with toasts and all that, and *Jean Pierre* will present his future wife with her wedding ring, which both he and she will wear on their left hand before the marriage proper.

Jean Pierre needs ten days notice with the

registrar, and the ten days must also include two Sundays. Further, three days must elapse after the notice has been given, so that *Jean Pierre* may marry on the thirteenth day, or later, within one year.

The marriage ceremony itself will be performed in two parts.

First the civil authorities, *i.e.* the registrar or *maire* will perform the civil ceremony. The official will be dressed up in a beautiful *frock-coat* with a broad *tricolour* ribbon across his chest. He will only expect to hear from the bride and the groom the fatal *YES*, but afterwards it's his duty to throw in a long and pathetic speech.

Afterwards, maybe some days after, they go to the church to receive the blessing of the priest. On this occasion she will wear her white wedding dress with orange blossoms, and *Jean Pierre* and all male members of the ceremony will wear " tails " with white bow and black waist-coats.

After the wedding in the church, *Jean Pierre* will once more have the pleasure of meeting the forgotten older generation, at a *déjeuner* of the two families, and then disappear with his wife in the afternoon.

Jean Pierre needed the consent of his family, he needed four witnesses, and he needed two ceremonies. *Jimmy Brown* in New York needed only a couple of dollars, an old car and of course, a girl ; *John Smith* had some mild social celebrations ; but the effect is always the same.

The young couples, now joined for life, even if it doesn't last for life, go on their honeymoon.

If you have a wife, money and leave from your

office the planning of the holiday offers no particular problems. *Hotels* are universal ; some of them won't ask a young couple booking a double bedroom to show their marriage-lines, some of them will.

So you just start for the *holiday*. You may go by train, or you may have chosen a sea voyage. You may take, if you live in the States one of those very comfortable overland 'buses, which are cheaper than the railways and you can enjoy the countryside. You may take a plane, or buy a secondhand car which you'll sell again after you get back from the journey. If you have very little money you may take a suburban train or even the *Underground*.

The only form of transport which might offer some problems is the railway, especially on the *Continent*.

In England it's relatively simple to travel by rail. You just call at the nearest tourist agency and see if there's a *bargain-trip* to the place of your choice. If not you book a monthly, or tourist return ticket and board the train.

In the States you have to decide if you want to travel *Pullman*, or in a private compartment. In the latter case you have the greatest intimacy, and on your honeymoon you'll probably prefer this. In American sleepers you pay less if you have the upper berth, and even less if you share your bed with another fellow.

Continental trains are on principle the same as the English or American ones. Yes, they are. You'll find dining cars, sleeping cars, and all that. But still travelling on the Continent is a tricky

business, because if you are a bit careful you need never pay the full fare. That means, on Continental trains hardly anybody ever pays the full fare, except very careless people who don't take the trouble to plan their journey.

Supposing you want to travel on the Continent the first thing you must know is that almost every country grants you a reduction in the railway fares of 35—60% on condition that you stay in the country about a week. Further there are always exhibitions, celebrations, fairs, and if you pretend to be a prospective visitor you'll get your reduction on the railways. Italy even grants a special reduction in her railway fares for newly married couples.

With a little bit of skill you may be able to work out further reductions for yourself simply by dint of a little careful planning.

You want to go to *Germany*, for instance, but you do not intend to stay there for a week. Well, the German railways only grant you 60% reduction if you either cross the country from frontier to frontier, or else if you stay there for a week. But you will see when studying the tariffs that a single fare from the *Belgian frontier* to say, *Vienna*, costs more than to the next frontier ten or twenty miles beyond Vienna. So, if you want to visit *Vienna*, or *Berlin*, you simply book to the next frontier or port beyond the place of your destination. Even if you lose the second portion of your ticket, you've still got it much cheaper. Your return fare *from* the German town you were travelling to you can pay in *registered Marks* and get your ticket this way for half the money

you'd have had to pay for it if booked in London.

But there are still complicated possibilities. You want to go to the *Italian Riveria, St. Remo,* for instance. This means booking your ticket *through France* at the full rate.

But if you want to save money you simply do as follows :

You book a ticket with 40% *reduction to Nice,* and from there on to the *Italian frontier.* Until Nice you'll get on all right, but the second portion of your ticket from Nice to the Italian frontier will be only valid if you've spent a week in Nice. Yet nobody can prevent you from leaving your train in Nice, and throwing away the ticket for the last few miles-worth. You simply book a ticket at the full rate and take the next train to your destination.

Do you understand the position ? The full fare first class from *Calais* to *Ventimiglia,* the Italian frontier, costs you something like £5.10.0 The full first class fare Nice—Ventimiglia costs you something like 3s. 6d. If you can make up your mind to change trains at Nice, you pay for the reduced ticket only £3.6.0. You mustn't use the last portion of this ticket, from Nice to Ventimiglia except after a stay of one week in Nice. But you can discard this portion of your ticket and buy a new one for 3s. 6d. So the full fare from Calais to Ventimiglia costs you only £3.9.6. instead of £5.10.0.

On your way back you do the same. You will change trains in Paris, (You've got to, anyway) and discard the portion Paris-Calais. Even if you pay again at the full rate you will still have

saved about 30% of the total fare. By the by if you are travelling in France at the reduced fare you are entitled to book your sleepers at the reduced price.

Well then, some time or other *Jean Pierre*, *John* and *Jimmy* will return from honeymoon to everyday life. Their marriages will be happy or not ; there are no national differences on this point. If the marriage is happy all the three will start saving money. *Jean Pierre* grimly and determinedly, as an obsession ; *John Smith* quietly and according to a schedule he has worked out a long time ago. *Jimmy Brown* will save too, but not money. No sir ! The American will save CAPITAL, not for his old age, but to enlarge his business, to enable him to launch out into new ventures.

If the marriage is unhappy—well, the technique of adultery is pretty much the same everywhere. An Englishman being on the conservative side will probably undertake a week-end in Paris. No Englishman will ever regard an *affair* as complete without having undertaken the Paris week-end. But you may go for a week-end to Brighton too, and there are plenty more similar places in the U.K.

The chances a man takes when tampering with another's *ménage* are different. In England the divorce judge will grant heavy damages against the co-respondent. That means you have to pay. In America they will probably sue you for heart-balm, and win the case. So you have to pay again. In France your money will be pretty safe. But if the husband thinks it is a good thing to shoot

you down and he carries out this purpose, he has not committed murder as he would have done in England or America. What he has done is called *crime passionel*, and the culprit will get away with six months in jail, or may even be acquitted.

So adultery is safer in England.

Besides according to the practice of the English courts, *sex with English women begins at eleven p.m.* The judge will assume that adultery has taken place if a married woman spends a night in the same room with a man who is not her husband. Yet, if she returns home by dinner-time, it's pretty difficult to prove that anything has happened in the afternoon—even if it has.

If it comes to a divorce you will realise that it is still a greater luxury than a marriage. Only some American states cater in this regard for the less wealthy classes. There is no divorce by agreement, and in England and America the safest and easiest way to get a divorce is still adultery. Only in France you may not marry the co-respondent if the court rules that adultery has taken place, nor may the report of the case appear in the papers.

In France there is a kind of divorce called *la separation de corps*, identical with the English separation order. This can be turned into a complete divorce after three years upon the application of either party to the court.

In England you first get a *decree nisi*. If you are the guilty party, for six months you'll have a beautiful life. You may do whatever you like, you may even promise marriage without incurring a breach of promise case. If you are not the guilty party you must behave yourself. The

King's Proctor will watch your step, and if you don't lead an exemplary life for the next six months your divorce may never become absolute.

The *divorce laws* within the British Empire differ very much. There is no absolute divorce either in Eire or in *Northern Ireland*, except by special act of Parliament. Nor is an absolute divorce possible in *Newfoundland*. *Australia*, *New Zealand* and *South Africa* have more or less liberal divorce laws. Four of the Canadian provinces do grant divorce, the other four do not permit it, except by act of the Dominion Parliament.

If you happen to seek divorce in the *United States* you had better consult a lawyer. There are 49 different regulations according to the different states. In *South Carolina* divorce is not possible at all, and *Nevada* holds the record. Mental cruelty is there the favourite ground. The three main grounds for which divorce is granted in the States are : desertion, cruelty and adultery. Further possible grounds are imprisonment, habitual drunkenness and neglecting to make provision. 39% of the *American divorces* are granted for cruelty, including mental cruelty, 32% for desertion and only 9% for adultery. Divorce is more difficult in the *Atlantic states*, and easier in the *West* and in the *Mountain states*.

But divorce is divorce. If anyone wants it very much he gets it. Whether it is worth while or not everybody must find out for himself.

* * * *

John Smith ties his white tie this evening with an air of preoccupation that is something more than the English pretence that he is not going

to enjoy his evening. For once he really thinks that he *is* going to be bored, and well he might, because he is attending his school's *Old Boys' Annual Dinner.*

It is curious that these heterogeneous reunions should be common to most countries. Jean Pierre will probably not attend his equivalent function although it is not quite so grim as in England and America. They are held for all the people of his year, so he will meet his contemporaries—a very different proposition from the collection of men either 50 years older or 10 years younger than himself, which confronts both *Jimmy Brown* and *John Smith. Jimmy's* function is dignified by the grandiose title of " *Annual Reunion of the Alumni Association.*" But that only makes it worse.

John, however, just has to go this year. Some time ago his wife presented him with a son and heir, now rising nine, and he wants to get some advice about the young man's future educational career. He entered him, of course, at birth for his old school, and paid the appropriate fee, but he will not be due there until he is 14 or so. It is about the immediate future that *John* is not quite clear.

Since *John* Junior was five or so, he has been to a " *Dame's School,*" or *Kindergarten* or *Nursery School,* according to how his parents feel about it. This goes for an American child as well. But at nine he is getting a bit old for the children who are there, and the question of a preparatory school now arises. *Jimmy Brown's* son would start much earlier after his " *Dame's School,*" and at six or

perhaps a little older he would go to a *Grade School* or *Grammar School*, which corresponds to an English prep. school, until fourteen. Paradoxically enough, however, the Americans call this the "*Public School*," whereas the English Public School is called in the States a "*Prep. School*" or *High School*! They even go one stage further and talk of their *University* as "school" as well as "college." It is sometimes a shock to an Englishman to be told by a tough and sophisticated young American who looks about 24 that he has "just left school;" that is, of course, until he realizes what he means in fact.

The *education* of his son or sons is a very heavy item in *John's* budget. He may reckon to pay about £100—120 per annum exclusive of clothes and extras. When the boy goes to a public school this figure will be at least doubled. So if he wants the young fellow to have the prestige and ensuing advantages of an *Eton* or *Winchester* or *Rugby* education, he will have to pay pretty steeply for it. Moreover, if he sends his son later to *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, the young man will have to have an absolute minimum of £200 a year to live on. Of course if *John* Junior is a clever boy, he can win scholarships both to his school and to his University, and thereby save his father quite a bit, but all the same, education in England is a costly business.

Jimmy Brown on the other hand, will hardly have to pay a penny or rather a cent. The *Kindergarten* will cost him a trifle, but the *Grade School*, *High School*, and *University* are State schools, and consequently free. There are of

course some " snob " Universities, corresponding to *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, which are fairly expensive, such as *Princeton*, *Harvard*, and *Yale*. But when one considers that every State in the country has its own University, education in America is nothing like as expensive as in England.

The same applies to France. *Jean Pierre's* children go first to the same universal children's school ; then, at the age of about six or seven they go to a *Lycée*. and start in the lowest form ; here one might notice that in France the forms are numbered differently from the English system, with *Première* at the top. So an English schoolboy who proudly announces that he is in the Sixth will not impress a French boy, for whom the *Sixième* is rather below the middle of the school. In France, nearly all the schools, and all the Lycées, which are really High Schools, are State-run, and therefore free. There are one or two "snob" schools, mainly run on the English public-school system, such as " *Las Roches* " about 30 or 40 miles outside Paris, but these are considered to be only for the very rich, although in point of fact they are hardly as expensive for the Englishman as a second or third-rate public school at home. French schools are, like the American ones, mostly day-schools, although there are a certain number of boarding schools, mainly run by religious orders, such as *Jesuits* or *Christian Brothers*.

The chief *French University*, is as might be expected, in Paris, and is called the *Sorbonne*. It is non-residential, that is, the students live in rooms all over Paris but chiefly in the famous Students' or *Latin Quarter*, and attend lectures

and classes each day. On matriculation (which costs incidentally 100 francs 50 centimes—the 50 centimes for an official stamp !—no more !) each student is issued with a little book which has to be countersigned by the lecturer or professor, and if he fails to collect so may signatures, woe betide him ! At *Oxford* he pays £5, and is given a book of " *Excerpta e Statutis*," " Excerpts from the Statutes," mainly obsolete, and there is no obligation to get anything countersigned at all.

Some of the fantastic things technically forbidden by the statutes of the University of *Oxford* are perhaps worth mentioning. Members of one *College* for instance are entitled to clear the High Street of the City for Archery practice, but they must be dressed in *Lincoln green.* It is forbidden to entertain a gladiator, actor, a tight-rope walker in one's rooms, or to discharge an arquebus within the precincts of the College or City, or to carry weapons saving a bow and arrows " for the purpose of honest recreation."

Of course neither the *Sorbonne* nor any of the American universities have such a delightful or useless collection of regulations. The nearest the Americans get to them are the strange ceremonies of initiation to the *Fraternities.* Fraternities are types of clubs, mainly social, and they extend over all American Universities and have a " chapter " in each one. Thus members of *Harvard, Princton, Kansas City* or any other small Middle-West University you care to mention may belong to the same Fraternity although they have never seen each other and maybe never will. Fraternities may deal with sport, social position, wealth,

or anything at all. One, the famous *Phi-Beta-Kappa*, is entirely academic in its membership, and a very high degree of proficiency is required before one can be admitted. Undergraduettes are catered for by the *Sororities*, which work on the same lines as Fraternities.

But it is high time we got back to our three friends' sons, who are by now starting seriously on an educational stage which will not in any case be completed until they are 22 or 23. *John Smith* Junior will pass through his Prep. School, and at 14 or so he will make his first real acquaintance with the " Public School System." Of course it has been an integral part of his life ever since he could read, and the cult was assiduously fostered at his *Prep. School*, but now he comes, primed with the dreadful knowledge acquired in " *Eric* " and " *Tom Brown*, "to the genuine article.

The first thing that will surprise him will be that there is little bullying nowadays. It went out about Wartime, and has not returned. Of course there are isolated cases in every school, but the vice is no longer general or systematic. So apart from some more or less good-natured " ragging " which every new boy undergoes, he will be let down easily. In time, he will become familiar with the little traditions of his own school, and he will ' fag ' for some senior boy, will be beaten by prefects and masters, and will learn to reverence the 1st. Eleven or 1st. Fifteen as the final end of a glorious career, and its members as demi-gods.

In short by the time he has reached school

leaving age, he will look back on a *succession of sports, O.T.C. camps* and more or less reprehensible *escapades*, punctuated at regular and fearful intervals by examinations. Of these the School Certificate, taken at 15—16 is the most important, also the London Matriculation, as one or other is necessary to get into any *University* or *Services' College*, and often essential for getting jobs. It need hardly be said that *Smith* Junior will not look at it in that way! To him it will be a "filthy sweat."

Jimmy Brown's son will not be at boarding school, so things like 'fagging' and the other English characteristics will not enter into his life. Also he will be spared the necessity—and incidentally his father will be spared the cost— of a *uniform* which marks him down as a member of such and such a school. The *school-cap* is almost entirely an English article of wear. In America they have college blazers and sweaters, but only at College. There are in England the boys of *Christ's Hospital* who still wear old-fashioned scholars' dress, while America has the *West Point Cadets*, almost the only thing of their kind in the States. In France, there are no uniforms at all, excepting the *Polytechniciens* and the military *St. Cyriens*. So *Jimmy Brown* Junior wears his ordinary clothes, probably plus-fours into which both American and French boys blossom long before their English opposite numbers. French boys wear them so low that sometimes one cannot see the socks at all! But in spite of the fact that he is delivered from most of the petty troubles, rituals and restrictions that surround the English

schoolboy, *Jimmy Brown* Junior, living as he does in New York will probably have to take the Board of Regents exam. to admit him to college, in addition to an exam. at the end of every year.

The worst off of the three of them is *Jean Pierre fils*. For one thing he works much harder —like a beaver in fact, from dewy morn to dewy eve. He probably doesn't change his school from the age of seven till about 17 or 18 when he goes to University. Also, he works continuously from about October 1st, to July 14th, with only a few days at *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitsun*. He must pass an exam. at the end of every year to earn promotion to the next class, and if he is at a *Lycée* or High School, as opposed to an ordinary one, he may not stay in the same class two years running. The poor chap has a frightful time. You can see him leaving home at about 7.30 in the morning, with his satchel—he calls it a "*serviette*" oddly enough—and with the exception of an hour for lunch, he is hard at work until five in the evening. Even then, if he likes he can stay at school to do his homework under the stern eye of the "*friar*" or usher. This official is usually very unpaid and is unmercifully ragged by the boys, who are difficult to control. Owing to the absence in French schools—in American ones too, by the way—of corporal punishment, the boys have far less respect for their masters than in England, but their *weekly mark-card* must be countersigned by their parents, and the scholar who produces 0 out of 20 for conduct will have to do some hard thinking to explain it away to a stern *Papa*.

The whole of the French educational system leads up to one exam. which is taken from 15—17 and is called the *Baccalaureat*, or more usually the "*Bachot*". There are two parts, the first corresponding more or less to the English School Certificate, and the second to our Higher Certificate. It covers an enormous field, and requires very hard work to pass ; in fact only some 30% of the candidates are passed. The *Bachot* is of first rate importance for all careers of a public nature, such as the Services or civil engineering, and also of course essential for admittance to the Universities. This means that boys go on and on until they get through—if ever.

When the exam. is over, the Paris candidates usually have a tremendous celebration, something like *Boat-Race* night, marching in a huge body all over the city and indulging in the usual students' horse-play. But when one considers that they are just emerging from a course that has lasted since they were about seven or eight years old, a good deal can be forgiven them !

The French schoolboy has no organized games like the English. A few big Lycées like *St. Stanislas* have recently adopted the British custom and now field excellent school football sides, but it is rare. Such exercise as he takes is really entirely the business of *Jean Pierre fils* himself.

He probably plays a good game of tennis, and does quite a lot of cycling or hiking which is becoming increasingly popular, but compulsory sport is virtually unknown. In America, the accent is rather more on University games, and *Jimmy Brown* Junior's heros are not his fellow-

schoolboys who are good at games, but some baseball or football champion either in the Leagues or at one of the Universities. Both England and America have *military training organizations*, the *Officers' Training Corps* in England and the *Reserve Officers' Training Corps* in the States, attached to most big schools and Universities, which are quite voluntary. Poor *Jean Pierre fils* however does not need any such organization, in view of the fact that he will be called up to do his compulsory military service in the French Army at the age of 21, or else when he has completed his education. The authorities are kind in this respect, in that although one is technically liable to immediate conscription when one is 21, it will be deferred until one has left one's *University* or *Training College.*

Well, our friends' schooldays are over about the same time, when they are each about 18. *John Smith* Junior will feel some pangs at leaving the place in which he has spent eight out of twelve months for the past four or five years. Not so *Jean Pierre fils* or *Jimmy* Junior who only regard their schools as tiresome preliminaries to University life. *Oxford* and *Cambridge* in England and nearly all American universities are residential, that is the undergraduates and undergraduettes live in the *College buildings* during term time. Most other English universities, like *Leeds*, *London* or *Bristol*, and all the French ones are merely places for study, and members must find their own lodgings in the town, if they do not live at home. This of course means that their life is less corporately '*Varsity*' than the others.

In America, where the University is a source of great pride and glory to its members and also to its State almost any means are employed to get into it. For instance in the "*snob*" universities like *Yale, Princeton* and *Harvard*, which are not free as are most other smaller ones, there still exists the custom, now happily extinct in *Oxford* and *Cambridge* of "sizars," that is people who can't afford to pay the fees out of their own pockets and so they act as valet to some wealthy fellow student and so earn their education. In America too, each 'year' has a name, thus *Jimmy Brown* in his first year will be called a "freshman," just as *John*; but whereas *John* will only describe himself later as "2nd or 3rd year man," *Jimmy* becomes successively a "sophomore" in his second year, a "junior" in his third, and a "senior" in his fourth. *Jean Pierre fils* comes to the *Sorbonne* principally to study, and since there is not very much University social life, he disdains fancy titles. He calls his period of study "*faire son droit*" or "*faire sa medicine*," to "do law," or "do medicine." *John* speaks of "*reading*" law, and *Jimmy* of "studying" it.

But don't suppose that *Jean Pierre* has not his relaxations. For one thing there is the "*Bal des Quat'z Arts*" the *Four Arts Ball*, which is mainly a students' rag, and corresponds rather to the *Chelsea Arts Ball*, which only goes to show what a very advanced young man *Jean Pierre* is for a student! No such licence exists in England or American Universities. They have of course dances, such as the "*Commems*" at *Oxford*, but their relations with the fair sex, at least in England,

are jealously watched by the authorities. Poor old *John* will have had his first taste of co-education at his university, unlike his Gallic and Transatlantic cousins, who are used to sitting beside beautiful young women at school. But if he is at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, he will be watched and tracked down as though he were a criminal, and anyhow, his female contemporaries seem to have come up only to work, and I'm afraid some of them look like it! Although *Jimmy's* University life is perhaps not quite as the films would like us to believe, none the less he does quite well. *Jean Pierre* of course has the whole of Paris at his disposal, and he makes the most of it, lucky dog!

Of course the big sporting events of *John Smith* Junior's University career, if he is at Oxford or *Cambridge* is the *Boat Race*. There is nothing quite like the Boat Race anywhere else in the world, in that it appeals to the whole of the Great British Public, regardless of whether they have ever heard of *Oxford* or *Cambridge* except in this connection. They solemnly follow the form of the crews, become familiar with the features of eighteen young men whose primary qualification for admission to the University they represent is alleged to have been the pursuit of knowledge. Vast sums of money change hands as a result of bets; hundreds of thousands throng the course to see the race, or rather to see a very small section of the race, and the ensuing "beano" results in the appearance on Monday morning, at *Vine Street police court*, of a number of youths who have no connection whatsoever with either seat of learning.

Of course *Jimmy Brown* and his fellow-students will be roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the big inter-varsity football match. American football, to those used to the European variety is perplexing in the extreme. It would appear to be very dangerous—and indeed the number of deaths per season is considerable. The players, with truly American efficiency have systematized it by the introduction of a highly complicated order of codes, peculiar to each team, by which they know what their next plan of attack is to be. This is the meaning of these curious huddles one sees, when all the players are grouped closely round their captain, who yells out a combination of letters and or numbers, comprehensible only to his side; whereupon each man takes up his position according to the prearranged plan of attack corresponding to the code,—and they're off!

Besides College football, great enthusiasm is felt throughout America for the *amateur League games*, which take place throughout the season, culminating in the final of East v. West played at the *Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California*. But the American's real enthusiasm, like the Englishman's passion for the *F.A. Cup*, is for the *Baseball Leagues*.

Baseball is a game played with a bat and a ball. Never, never *never* tell an American that it is "just like rounders," or else you will witness the appalling sight of a charming representative of a charming nation going utterly berserk. Between you and me, the principles of the two games are very similar, but *don't you say so*! Anyhow, there are two Leagues, *National* and *American*,

comprising a large number of teams. Throughout the season they play each other but only inside their own league, that is no National side ever meets an American side, until the end of the season, the fall or autumn, when the best teams of each League meet in a final at one of their towns alternately. This is an occasion for frenzied partisanship, just as the *Cup Final* at *Wembley*. With the superb disregard of the true enthusiast for possible rival games, they call this competition the "*World Series*."

The French on the other hand find their sporting outlet in an entirely different direction. There are, it is true, football leagues in France, especially for *Northern League Rugby* football, which has made considerable headway; but the thing that really moves the whole Gallic nation to the core is "*le cyclisme*." There is no season for this; it goes on all the year round, on tracks and on the roads, mostly on the roads. With pathetic anxiety everyone from the merest brat to ancient and bearded men with the little red ribbon of the *Legion d'Honneur* in their buttonholes follow their favourite cyclist's form in every race. The year's sport is but a period of preparation for the great event, the "*Tour de France*."

This incredibly Herculean performance which is literally a cyclists' road race all the way round France takes place in the summer and lasts about three weeks. The competitors start from *Paris* and set out *North-West* through *Brittany* then turn *South* and come down to the *Pyrenees*, East to the *Riviera*, North again up by the *Alps* to the Channel and then home again along the coast to

Paris. The results are obtained by checking starting and arriving times at each of the days' laps. Thus a man who arrived 20 minutes ahead of his rival in the evening starts 20 minutes earlier the next morning, and so forth.

If you stand with *Jean Pierre* and his son at the roadside where the "runners" are due to pass on their epic *Marathon*, you would be one of many who line every kilometre of the French roads to see the champions flash past in a few seconds After several false alarms, at last the cry goes up from the restive crowd: "*Les voilà!*" "*Enfin ils arrivent!*" "*Regardez bien qui est en tête!*" Should a local man happen to be leading just where we are watching enthusiasm will know no bounds. But any Frenchman is cheered, for this race is international, and *Germany Italy*, *Belgium*, and *other countries* send in teams. At last, preceded by several policemen on motor-cycles, a bunch of filthy, weary, haggard riders flash past at what seems an enormous speed for a cyclist and are gone. The crowd melts contentedly away. "*On les a vus passer!*" It is the sum total of human desires.

For his private amusement, the Frenchman has his *café* games, all happily less vigorous than the "*Tour de France.*" He plays "*pub billiards*" with great enthusiasm and skill, and calls it *Russian* or *Japanese billiards*. He is a great card player, and it is sometimes alarming to hear the furious altercations that go on in a quiet *café* at lunch time over a game of cards. Just when the unaccustomed foreigner, positive that knives and revolvers are just going to be produced, edges

nervously towards the door, the whole quarrel subsides, only to break out again with renewed vigour in about five minutes.

The American is also a great card-player, but his national "*saloon*" sport is dice *alias* "crap-shooting." It is very widespread and corresponds to our darts or shove-ha'penny which are quite unknown in the States, although darts has begun to dawn on American national consciousness.

In France there is a strange game played on a dart board, curiously marked. It is called "*flèches*" (arrows), and is quite incomprehensible to most Frenchmen and all foreigners. In all three countries a favourite game is skittles or ninepins. In America especially they are fond of this pastime, only they call it 10 pins, while the skittle-alley (*quillier*) forms an essential part of the furnishings of any *Southern French café*.

Nor is it an entirely bloodless sport, since local feeling runs high in proportion to the wine drunk at a match between two Provençal villages, and things are apt to happen.!

As regards blood-sports, neither *Jean Pierre* nor *Jimmy Brown* will ever have the opportunity of hunting, since it is a privilege of the very wealthy and the aristocracy, such as it is, in America and France. *John* on the other hand, although he wouldn't be able to be a member of a hunt and turn out once or twice a week, if he is enthusiastic and happens to live anywhere near *hunting country*, can hire a horse and follow at a discreet distance. But what one loses on the swings one wins on the roundabouts, and the position is

almost entirely reversed for shooting. Whereas in England one must either own shooting or know someone who does, in France one may shoot quite freely and legally anywhere about the countryside provided that one has a licence. The first of September is the "*Ouverture de la Chasse*" or opening of the season, and is an extremely diverting and also, to tell the truth, alarmingly dangerous occasion. For the whole countryside sallies forth equipped with firearms ranging from blunderbusses to service rifles, intent on bagging whatever specimens of fur or feather cross their path. I have never seen any statistics referring to the casualties, but from experience of the marksmen, they must be very high. Moreover the bag at the end of the day includes everything from foxes (save the mark !) to tomtits. In many country churches a picturesque ceremony celebrates *St. Hubert's Day*, the patron Saint of hunting, which falls on *November 3rd*. The Mass is played on *French hunting horns* (not to be confused with the unmelodious English variety !) and in *Notre Dame de Paris*, packs of hounds are introduced into the Church and afterwards blessed.

In America of course, shooting has long been a national sport, from the heart of the *Kentucky Mountains* to the heart of *Chicago*. Owing to the constant practice, most Americans are good marksmen. They have to be !

Anyone walking along the banks of the *Seine* in Paris will note the vast number of ardent and preoccupied fishermen. They have rods of colossal length, and spend all day in the hope of catching a very small fish. Often they succeed,

but it seems hardly worth while. The Parisians are the greatest disciples of *Isaac Walton* in the world. True, they have none of the refinements of *fly-fishing* as the English or *big-game fishing* as the Americans, but it only makes their devotion to the sport all the more praiseworthy. They pay it the greatest honour a Frenchman can confer: all Parisian fishermen wear bowler-hats!

Of course it may be that the system whereby a very small worm at the end of a hook may yield a sizeable fish appeals to the ingrained French pleasure at getting something for nothing. But if you want to see this in all its beauty you must take a ticket in that great national institution, the *Loterie Nationale*.

This will cost you a hundred francs, but you can also buy fractions of a ticket from 1-tenth, costing 11 francs, upwards. The favourite scheme is to buy ten 1-tenths and thereby multiply your chances of cashing in on a prize by ten. The first prize is about 3 million francs, and so on down the scale until one reaches a large number of 100 franc prizes. Lots of Frenchmen manage to cover their outlay, no more, but this warms the cockles of their hearts since after all it has cost them nothing and they might, they just *might* have won the *gros lot*.

Of course we in England look upon lotteries with an officially jaundiced eye, but then there *are* the football pools. The passionate devotion with which *Jean Pierre* scans the results of the draw of the *Loterie Nationale* is only equalled by the serious and academic consideration lavished by *John Smith* on the completing of his coupons.

But—and this is a very great difference—he excuses himself by the fact that this is really 'sport,' for after all prominent teams are engaged and on their efforts depends his success. If he makes some money, it will be purely on the side, and so of course he acquits himself of any but the most disinterested intentions. *Jimmy Brown* can only bet privately or through bookies on his favourite baseball or football team. There is no big organisation like *Littlewoods* in the States.

Well, one way and another whether it's football, baseball, or *le cyclisme*, whether it's darts, crap-shooting or cards, our three friends have much the same sorts of relaxation and enthusiasm. They all cheer their fancy equally loudly and are all just as depressed if they lose. They can amply understand each other in this way, because *John*, *Jimmy* and *Jean Pierre* are all at the mercy of the "champ."

John Smith opened the envelope which was waiting for him in his flat and drew out a printed card. As he had hoped it was an invitation to a sherry party. "*Mrs. Carruthers* requests the pleasure of *Mr. John Smith's* company . . .Sherry 5—7."

"I must make a note of that," said *John*, jotting it down in his diary.

A *sherry party* before dinner is a very common occurrence in England, and in fact many people hardly ever pass a day without taking a drink with some friends at about six o'clock of an evening. But the invitation is not always as formal as the one John received. Very often it will be extremely casual.

"By the way, I have a few people coming up to-morrow to have some sherry. Do come in!"

If he receives a *verbal invitation* like that the average Englishman will know that he can go if he feels inclined, but that his non-appearance will not offend his host in any way. He could quite easily take a friend along with him if they are dining out afterwards—and it would not be necessary for him to ask permission from his host beforehand.

"I've brought a friend along with me. I hope you don't mind?"

"Of course not. I'm only too glad!"

On the other hand an invitation to dinner in England is naturally more formal and it is considered extremely bad manners to break a date for a dinner party as it often leaves the hostess with uneven numbers.

In New York invitations to take a *cocktail* in a friend's home are less common. For New York's residential districts are widely apart, and it would mean quite a long journey to drop in for a glass of sherry at about six o'clock. Consequently *Jimmy Brown* would be far more likely to invite a friend to meet him in a bar for a cocktail somewhere in the centre of the town.

"See you in Longchamps round about 6.30."

"O.K.! I'll be along."

But an American on the other hand would be far more likely to entertain his friends to dinner in his apartment, and if he were married, his wife would probably cook the meal herself. For American wives on the whole are excellent cooks. And it would not be considered unusual if the

guests were asked to help with the washing up afterwards.

Jean Pierre Dupont, however, would hardly ever dream of asking his friends home to a drink. For it is possible to know a Frenchman for many years without ever entering his home or meeting his wife. No, *Jean Pierre* would meet his friends as a matter of course in their usual café where they would have a chat and a game of backgammon over a glass of *porto*. For the café takes the place of the home in France to a great extent.

But if by chance a Frenchman after many years eventually invited his friend to his home, it would certainly be to a very formal and formidable dinner—probably to celebrate a wedding or the '*première communion*' of his little daughter. Though it is possible that in high society he might be invited to a stiff reception which would require a very careful choice of clothes.

"Now what the hell shall I wear this evening?" *John Smith* asked himself as he prepared to go to his sherry party.

But as a matter of fact his choice would not be very difficult. For all he would require would be a dark suit and perhaps a rather smarter *tie* than he usually wears. Probably he would take out his school or college tie if he were proud of it —a glory which *Jean Pierre* would certainly not possess. For the old school tie does not exist in France except in very rare cases, nor does the English blazer with its gold badge on the pocket which is always so much admired in France.

For men *English clothes* are the best in the

world both in cut and material, and the best tailors in France and America model their style on London. The English grey flannels and sports coat are rapidly becoming common all over the world, though perhaps less in France than elsewhere. For the Frenchman is inclined to wear a far more extravagant kind of sports coat with more pockets and perhaps with a belt round it. And unless *Jean Pierre* can afford to go to an expensive tailor in Paris, he will certainly wear the typical French coat with its wide lapels, narrow waist and padded shoulders. Indeed the phrase '*presque cad*' is used these days in Paris to denote a suit which is considered to be the last word in smartness!

John Smith is certainly rather conservative in his choice of shoes when dressing to go out to a party: and he will probably wear something very quiet in black or brown. Americans, on the other hand, show far more originality in shoes—witness the odd 'monk shoe' which is so popular in America these days. *Jean Pierre*, however, is frankly flashy in his choice of shoes—something in blue with panels of white is more to his taste. And he will undoubtedly fancy a far more pointed and effeminate shoe than his English or American counterparts.

On the other hand *Jean Pierre* will be rather more careful over the question of a hat. It is quite common for an Englishman to go out bareheaded while a Frenchman, unless he is a student, will make a point of wearing his hat. For the hat plays an important part in etiquette in France. If *Jean Pierre* meets a lady of his acquaintance

in the street he would not dream of talking to her with his hat on. *John Smith* would raise his hat and replace it at once, but *Jean Pierre* would wait for the lady's permission to put his on again.

"*Couvrez-vous, monsieur, je vous en prie!*"

And not until he has been asked by the lady to cover his bare head will he replace his hat at last. In fact this custom is carried to such lengths in Paris that in the *Opera* a man will take his top hat with him into the theatre in order to be able to put it on in the intervals when he strolls round the foyer. So when he meets a lady of his acquaintance he will be able to take it off formally and keep it in his hand until he is pressed to replace it.

Jimmy Brown will probably have more hats than *John Smith* in his wardrobe and a greater variety—conspicuous among which will be a straw hat with a bright riband round it. For in the hot weather in New York, where it really can be hot, it is quite common to see business men in the city in boaters—an uncommon sight in London. Indeed there is a definite date after which the wearing of boaters in America is *de rigeur*.

Evening dress is worn far less frequently in France than in England—and it is very rare that one dresses for the theatre in Paris unless it be for a first night. An Englishman will nearly always wear a dinner jacket if he is dining out, and if there are ladies present he will probably put on tails. In *California*, and indeed *all over America* in the summer, men often wear a white dinner jacket with the usual black trousers and tuxedo shirt. Though during the last year it has become

an increasingly common habit in America for men to go out in an ordinary lounge suit while their wives put on evening dress.

Arrival at a party will present no complications to *John Smith*. 'How do you do?' a polite bow and the preliminary politenesses are over. For he will probably not shake hands unless a lady definitely holds her hand out to him. An American will probably announce that he is very 'glad to know you' and give you a firm handshake and then he too will lapse into conversational generalities.

But *Jean Pierre* is far more formal. His bow will be far deeper than the mere polite inclination that *John Smith* will give you: and he will also tell you that he is '*enchanté*' to make your acquaintance. He also has to be very much on the alert when he is introduced to a lady. For if he hears that she is 'madame' and consequently married, he will kiss her hand whatever her age. But if she is unmarried he will merely bow—unless she is a matronly spinster of about forty, in which case he will treat her as a married woman.

On the other hand the question of names is far easier for *Jean Pierre*. For if he has not caught the name of the person he was introduced to; he can easily address her as madame or mademoiselle without using a surname. *John Smith* may easily address a mere acquanitance by his surname only without adding a 'Mr.'—but in America this would only be used by the head of an office to one of his clerks, for there it is not a friendly usage at all. And an American would

never begin a letter to a friend as 'Dear So-and-So,' but always 'Dear Mr So-and-So.'

The titles of the English peerage always present tremendous complications to the Americans who seem incapable of understanding how the son of *Lord Crown* can be called *Viscount Garter*. For although Americans can take the christian name of *Earl* or *Duke* or even *King*, since they have no aristocracy as we have in England they are always intrigued and delighted to meet a real peer of the realm.

John Smith will always be quite safe at a party, if he is hard up for a topic of conversation, in mentioning the weather. For the weather in England is so much of an enigma and unknown quantity that there is almost always something to say about it. An Englishman in France should never apologise for the way he speaks French; for the French are usually so surprised to find an Englishman who speaks their language that they will immediately compliment him on his excellent accent with an unfailing politeness. Indeed in the 1920's in Paris it was considered quite smart for a Frenchman to speak his own tongue with a slight English accent! And just as he must not apologise for his French in France, he should not apologise for his English in America. For secretly Americans like an English accent, and it is definitely cultivated in Boston.

But whatever *language* you speak you will always be safe in France in introducing the subject of the rise in prices on which any Frenchman will have a lot to say. In America men talk business at parties far more than they do in

England—and diet and health are always a sure success. And when a party gets warmed up the conversation is much the same all over the world!

One thing, however, which is very different in our three countries is *Sunday*. For Sunday in England is a day which is without parallel in the other Western nations. It is a day when the shops are shut, the train services are bad and places of entertainment function only spasmodically: it is a day when as a rule a pall of ineffable gloom descends on the land, broken only by the after dinner snores of people who have eaten too much for want of anything else to do.

The most remarkable difference perhaps between London and Paris is that there are no special Sunday papers in France like the *Observer* or the *Sunday Times*. French papers on a Sunday are merely the ordinary papers such as "Le Jour," "*Le Temps*" or "*Paris Soir*" which appear just the same during the week. And posts come just as regularly on Sundays in Paris as they do on any other day.

Many London *restaurants* shut on Sunday and sometimes it is very difficult to get a meal out. And perhaps the greatest shame is that on the one day of the week when the average man has little or nothing to do the licensing hours are shorter than usual. *John Smith* will not be able to get a glass of beer much before mid-day wherever he lives.

Jean Pierre on the other hand will find that he has even more amusements on Sunday than on an ordinary day—and after he has attended *Mass* he is at liberty to enjoy himself as he likes. The

cafés are all open and even more crowded than usual, and he can sit there and watch all the life of Paris pass by him in its smartest clothes.

He can, if he feels so inclined, take a stroll along one of the crowded avenues, in the *Bois de Boulogne* which are not unlike *London's Rotton Row* on a Sunday morning. And then in the afternoon, instead of being shut all day, there will certainly be an extra matinée at the *theatres*. And of course all the *cinemas* will be doing a roaring trade—while in many parts of England even Sunday cinemas in the evening are not allowed.

Yes, *Jean Pierre* will be able to amuse himself on Sunday very much like *Jimmy Brown* in New York where the cinemas and cafés are all open—or where you can make a trip over to *Coney Island* with all its countless attractions. And if *Jean Pierre* feels inclined to visit the *Zoo* in the *Jardin des Plantes* he will not be turned away as *John Smith* will be unless he is a fellow of the *Zoological Society*.

And although English people manage to have as much fun as anyone on their public holidays, there is no doubt that Frenchmen and Americans have more entertainments at their disposal. But the Frenchman, however, does not enjoy that English privilege known to our neighbours as "*le weekend.*" For the Frenchman very rarely gets an invitation to go and stay in the country over the week-end which is a common custom in England. Indeed the French say that *Hitler's* coups are made at the week-end because he knows

that all the *Cabinet* and *Foreign Office* will be away for "le week-end" in the country!

In this way Americans are more like the English, for they usually try and get out of New York if they can afford it, to one of the large country clubs all round where there are all sorts of sports for them. In fact there is usually a long stream of cars moving down the fine motoring roads out of New York on a Friday evening.

On the whole America perhaps has the most big public holidays, set up to commemorate the great dates of her history. There is *Washington's* birthday which brings a free holiday for everyone—though *Lincoln's birthday* on February 12th is not a day celebrated by a universal holiday.

Easter is celebrated in America much as it is all over the Christian world—though they have the odd custom of allowing the children on to the lawns of the *White House* in Washington to roll coloured eggs! And then comes the great 4th July, *Independance Day* which is a universal holiday and is celebrated much like the *5th November* with fireworks—even though they have been made illegal. And this day is much the same in importance as the *14th July* in France which is celebrated to commemorate the fall of the *Bastille* during the *Revolution*. And on this day there is dancing in many of the squares and streets of Paris in the evening. There is more gaiety and happiness in France on this day than on any other in the year. Just as the day commemorates the fall of the *Bastille* and the breaking of the bonds of slavery and oppression, so for one

day in France in the year the people throw aside all social prejudices and conventions. Total strangers embrace each other fondly in the streets, and a man may speak to any girl he fancies without fear of offending her. And even the great actors go out into the suburbs and play in the theatres without asking any salary. On this day "*Liberté, Egalité* and *Fraternité*" really live in France.

The English August *Bank Holiday* has its equivalent in America in *Labour Day* which falls always on the *first Monday in September.* This is the biggest public holiday in America when every single shop is shut and when crowds pour to the beaches and the amusement parks all over the vast continent. And this is not unlike the 15th August, the *Feast of the Assumption,* in *France* when the good 'papa' of every family may be seen sitting on the nearest beach with his children and wishing heartily that he was back at the office!

Now in America they have rather stolen a march on us, and *Jimmy Brown* gets a kind of extra *Christmas* in *Thanksgiving Day* which is on the last Thursday in November. This is to celebrate the *arrival of the Pilgrims in America* at *Plymouth Rock* in 1621, and it was instituted by the Pilgrims themselves as a thanksgiving for the first year they spent safely in their new country. And as turkeys were plentiful where they landed, they dined on turkey as every good American has done on that day ever since.

But England has one day which is not celebrated much in America though France keeps it

in her own way—and that is *Twelfth Night*, the day on which we eat snapdragon all alight in the dish. In France this is known as the *Fête des Rois*, and as in England a cake is baked with one almond in it. When the cake is cut whoever has the almond is king or queen for the evening and can choose a royal partner.

A feast which is universally celebrated like *Christmas* is *New Year's Eve*, though in England we do not keep it with quite as much festivity as they do in France and America. The *fête de l'An* or *Reveillon* as it is called in France has, however, one particularly pleasant custom in many parts of France: at midnight the lights are all put out for a moment and every man may kiss the girl on his left. There is a great deal of jostling for a good place just before twelve o'clock!

Yet perhaps one of the most moving and thrilling sights of the world is *Times' Square* in New York at midnight on *New Year's Eve*. All traffic has been roped off in the surrounding streets, and the square is packed with laughing and excited people all facing the *Times' Building* itself. Right at the top is a large illuminated sign with the date on it above which is a *flag pole* with a large globe of lights on the top. And as midnight strikes, the globe sinks slowly down the pole to the illuminated sign which changes to *January 1st.*

Another cause for private celebration in France is the *Fête day* which to a great extent takes the place of a birthday in England and America—and it is the custom to give presents and flowers to someone on their Fête day. Everyone's *Fête day* is determined by their name and not by the

day on which they were born. Every *Saint* has a special day allotted in the French calendar, and one's Fête falls on the day of the saint after which one has been named.

So *Jean Pierre* will probably celebrate his *Fête* on the *St. John's day*. And if you have an unusual name for which there is no saint—then that's just too bad. Though usually you will find a saint with a name something like yours and celebrate on that day.

And so wherever you may be, in *London, Paris* or *New York*; whether your name is *John, Jean Pierre* or *Jimmy*— there are plenty of chances for you to enjoy yourself in your own peculiar way with all these little differences of *clothing, customs* and manners which make life more coloured and more varied. You may be in *Trafalgar Square* on New Year's Eve, in *Times' Square* or on the *Champs Elysées*—but you will feel much the same emotion and much the same excitement.

In fact, *John, Jimmy* and *Jean Pierre*, you are very nearly the same chap!

CHAPTER II.

EUROPEAN CAVALCADE.

FINLAND.

If a young Finn tells you he is going off to look for a *woollen muffler* do not offer him yours. What he means is that he is going to look for a bride. He has seen a girl he likes the look of at one of the village festivals which are virtually marriage markets, (as debutante dances in *Mayfair*) and gathering one or two friends he sets off to interview her parents. Firing of guns warns them of his coming. After some discussion the girl's father lights a candle and puts it in front of the cottage ikon. If the girl does not put it out the father agrees to her marriage. The nearest male relatives of the bride and groom confirm the match by shaking hands and making money ring in front of the ikon.

Now the bride sits in the woman's corner and the mother comes in with the weepers; other weepers come in from the opposite side, and the betrothal song is wept. First there is a general weeping, then one for the bridegroom's people, then one for the people of the house.

The weepers, known as *itettajas* are professionals and accompany the bride during the giving of wedding presents, first weeping a request for the present and then weeping their thanks.

Pagan rites still survive in the *patvaska* or master of ceremonies, who on the wedding day performs magic to protect the couple.

The bride, kneeling on a rug outside the door, bows her head to the ground and asks a blessing on the journey. The *patvaska* then lights three bits of amadon, of which the bride and groom each swallow one. The *patvaska* takes a knife in his teeth, a burning torch in his left hand and an axe in his right. He then walks round the groom's family, making deep gashes in the ground with the axe and praying.

This is a pagan survival, and the *patvaska*, knowing this, does not accompany the couple to the Christian wedding ceremony. Yet strangely enough before performing the incantation he makes the sign of the cross three times. At least it is only superficially strange, for actually the cross is a mystic symbol of far greater antiquity than Christian times.

On the Saturday night after the wedding elaborate festivities begin, most of them accompanied by more ceremonial weeping. They include the girls inviting the bride into the bath-house for a weeping song, and the unbinding of her hair before the ikon. It must remain unbound a whole week. There is a dressing ceremony, a drinking ceremony and a ceremony with money, but they are too complex to describe here.

These old Finnish customs are of enormous interest, going back as they do to long pre-Christian times almost without alteration. They are still deeply-rooted and even though the priest has performed the wedding ceremony, the couple are not considered to be married until the old Karelian rites have also been performed.

There are also such old customs as the sacrifice

of a ram at *Vinchjavoi* on *St. Nicholas' Day.* After the sacrifice the flesh is eaten with bread and porridge, and the remains are thrown into a lake. Women may not take part. There are the old Finnish games of *Urah*, and *Kyykka*, The former is an indoor pastime for girls, the latter is something like ninepins, except that the winners throw their sticks at the pins sitting astride the losers.

The ancient folk-tunes are still sung, and so is the famous national epic, the Kalevala, which is presented by two singers sitting opposite one another astride a bench, holding hands and rocking their bodies back and forth.

It is to be hoped that these ancient customs will be preserved before the march of progress makes it too late to do so.

Scandinavia and Denmark.

The *Danes* light two candles on Christmas Eve and let them burn throughout the night. They represent the master and mistress of the house. Clothes are placed where the light can fall on them, and this blesses them for the coming year. But if one of the candles goes out during the night the person it represents will die during the year.

This gloomy idea is typical of *Scandinavian superstition,* which is dark and depressing in the extreme. No occasion is more elaborately celebrated in Scandinavia than are the wakes which follow funerals.

In *Norway* the distances are so great and the population is so sparce that funerals are often celebrated without a priest, by the oldest man

present. This is true also of marriages. The young man chooses a girl and she comes and works for a year on his father's farm before the marriage is consented to. On the long sea-fjords the marriage procession often takes place in boats. It is a colourful sight as the boats move over the water, the bride wearing a huge silver-gilt headdress from which hang silver coins and trinkets that jingle as she moves, and accompanied by two brideswomen and a fiddler.

In *Dalecarlia* national costume is still sometimes worn, and old customs are still kept up. Men blacken their faces and go about in bands carrying wooden swords and wearing crowns, and extort tribute from their neighbours.

Dancing is popular all over Scandinavia, and it is customary for a young man to choose his partner for the whole summer. A friend of the writer's, who danced at a Midsummer Festival most of the evening with the same girl, found himself expected to marry her, although he was only staying in the village for one night!

Midsummer Day is widely celebrated, perhaps because the longest day is of especial interest in northern countries where for much of the year the days are short.

On *St. John's Eve*, in every village, there are country dances, in which spinning, reaping and other customs are mimicked, and bonfires are lit. Round them the country folk dance all night to greet the dawn of the longest day. The bonfires are a relic of sun-worship, and represent a custom continuously observed since the very earliest times.

Also pagan is the Swedish custom of erecting a pole, called the *Majstang*, on *St. John's Eve* (June 23) in a public place and dancing round it. In Sweden June 24 is a national holiday.

Most interesting of the Scandinavian dances is perhaps one danced by three people, two girls and a man. It is based on a miniature love-story.

Iceland still remains sunk deep in tradition, and the old custom still obtains of a son taking his surname from his father's Christian name. Thus if a man named John has a son called Peter, the latter will be known as Peter Johnson. And his son in turn will be Peterson. A similar custom is observed by women, who, however, take their husbands name as well. Thus the name Fru (Mrs.) Margret Thondardottir Sigurdson tells you that Margret, the daughter of Thondar, married the son of Sigurd.

In *Denmark* in particular the stork is venerated even more than in Germany. And when a child is born a piece of steel is placed in the cradle, (this recalls the Rumanian custom of sticking a knife in the cradle) and a live ember is put in his first bath.

Most charming of all the Scandinavian customs, and one which you want to remember if you ever go there, is that of shaking hands with the host at the end of a meal. The Scandinavians are enormously hospitable—this is the accepted way showing your gratitude.

Switzerland.

Do you think that trousers for women are a post-war invention? If so you are wrong.

In the district of *Champery*, in Switzerland, the women have for a long time worn a form of dress as striking as it is practical. Over narrow trousers they wear a collarless jacket buttoning with six buttons right up to the neck and descending about six inches below the waist, while round their heads they wear a scarlet kerchief, knotted behind, with the ends dangling over the right shoulder as low as the waist.

Switzerland, which until a hundred years ago consisted of 22 separate, independent sovereignties, has, as a result, very diverse customs. The high mountains which made intercourse between different vallies difficult, helped to preserve local traditions. So did the fact that four languages are spoken (German, French, Italian, and Rhaeto-Romanic, —the language of many dialects which is sometimes called Swiss).

Perhaps the strangest thing in Switzerland is the Swiss conception of *St. Nicholas*, or Santa Claus, as we call him. He is thought of as a terrifying old man, who, though he brings presents to good children, carries naughty ones off to the woods in his sack.

In the canton of *Appenzell* whole flocks of Santa Clauses, both male and female, wander about on St. Nicholas' Day (December 6) with chains of huge bells the size of grapefruit hung round their necks. Over their faces they wear masks. In some villages they go about during the whole of the Twelve Nights, (December 25 to January 6) during which period demons are believed to be about.

Since earliest times this season has been held

sacred. The "*Straeggele*," a malevolent fiend, often accompanied by a giant, whisks away disobedient children, and tears them to pieces in the air. He also punishes those who have been idle at their spinning. In *Zurich* people draped in sheets and wearing fantastic animals' heads are led about at the end of a rope, by girls, to terrify the demons. They are known as Schnabel-Geissen. Often, as in many other parts of the world, rattles are shaken, trumpets blown and trays beaten in the hope that the noise will scare away the demons. The Swiss reinforce the racket by cracking whips.

Other seasons of the year have their peculiar customs too. At *Shrovetide*, in Appenzell, a straw figure is laid on a cart, which is drawn out of the village by masked men and burnt. In Argovie, on Palm Sunday, a fir-tree, almost stripped of its branches, is decorated with ribbons and fruit arranged in neat spirals; eggs and scapularies help out the pattern.

In eastern Switzerland, January 2 is celebrated as a holiday, and on January 6 (12th night) the Three Kings go about with the Star of Bethlehem, asking for presents. On this day you may see written over doorways the letters C.M.B. They stand for the names of the three kings, Caspar, Melchior and Baelhaser, and are written there as a protection against evil spirits.

Spring is the time for fertility and germination. All over the world you find symbols of this, none commoner than our own Easter Egg. In Switzerland they have a peculiar variation of this. Two sides are picked; one team runs to a place

about four or five miles away, and back, while the other picks up two or three hundred eggs, which have been placed in a long row in the middle of the street about a foot apart, and put them into a tub.

As elsewhere, many of the most interesting customs are associated with birth and marriage.

The Swiss teach their children that babies are found under bushes or cabbages, as we do; but they also say that they are hammered out of rocks, taken out of springs of water, or found in trees.

A girl wearing a bouquet, with a red ribbon in the case of a boy or a white one for a girl, carries the good news to friends and neighbours. She is known as the Freudmeitli, which means 'girl of joy,'

A woman in *Berne* puts on her husband's uniform during her confinement; this is supposed to make the process easier. This custom is doubtless connected with the widely-distributed custom of couvade, by which the husband goes to bed during his wife's confinement.

This is intended to mislead evil spirits. After the child is born it is hidden under the table, with the same idea, or in some districts a knife is stuck into the cradle. In Lenk the child is wrapped in the father's shirt. This is to ensure he loves it.

A custom which has become fairly widely-known is called *Kiltang*. Kilt originally meant evening, and Kiltang refers to visits paid by boys to their girl-friends at night. In most districts the boy climbs up to the girl's window, knocks and asks to be let in. If the girl likes him, she opens the window (with the proper amount of pretended reluctance!) and offers him a glass of

wine or brandy. In some villages the youths go round looking for such visitors. If they catch them they haul them forth and tease them.

If you become engaged to a girl in the *Zermatt* district, near the Matterhorn, don't be surprised if the parents silently offer you a taste of their oldest family cheese. It means that they give their permission to the engagement. In the *Verzasca* valley you can do your courting equally silently. You just place a log of wood outside the front door of the house where the girl of your choice lives. If she takes it in, you're accepted. The idea behind this is probably that you are offering her a hearth (and home) of her own.

Certain parishes in the *Valais district* own special elaborate costumes which are kept in old carved chests in the village hall. They are lent to couples who are too poor to buy wedding finery.

A custom which must give rise to a good deal of gossip is the marriage practice of the bride wearing a white apron and a wreath if she is a virgin, but a wreath of straw if not.

Our custom of tying a shoe to the car in which the newly-married go off finds a counterpart in Switzerland in the shoe-stealing custom. At the wedding feast two boys crawl under the table and try and steal one of the bride's slippers. The best man has to ransom it.

Customs intended to bring good crops and the like are naturally common among agricultural peoples, but here they concentrate mainly on dairy-farming. Every spring the priest blesses the cattle. Many villages, in which there are evening gatherings, have special "cream-nights."

A pail of whipped cream is brought in; half of it is drunk, the other half is splashed about over everyone present. This is an example of sympathetic magic.

When cornfields are reaped one bunch is left standing until the end. Then it is solemnly cut down in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. These ears are kept in the house in order to repel bad luck. Similar is the custom of tying the first two handfulls of corn in the form of a cross and laying them aside.

A hen-pecked husband in Switzerland is liable to find a little fir-tree hanging on his door-bell. An unfaithful girl may find a wisp of straw, a handfull of chaff or the dry top of a pine tree on her step. Or near her house—more serious prospect—a long list of her misdeeds. These are put up by so-called "night-boys." They are the remains of the societies of young bachelors which used to flourish in Switzerland and still have their counterpart in Germany. It is the night-boys who mock the Kilters. They take a leading part in all village festivals. In olden days their position was more official and they punished lapses of manners or morals severely. The chaff put on the doorstep of the faithless hussy is almost all that remains of this power.

Switzerland has many other customs, such as the festivals associated with various guilds, those associated with death, and those with the kermesses, or yearly festivals. There is only space here to mention one more: the little known Swiss game of *Hornussen*. This is played with thin sticks about nine feet long, on the end of which

a thicker piece of wood, about the size of a half-pint beer bottle is fastened. It is not put cross-ways, as on a croquet-mallet, but lengthwise, rather like a rocket on its stick.

There are two teams, usually eight a side, one armed with these sticks, the other with wooden boards about 2 feet square. One team drives the ball with the sticks to a great distance, while the other throws its boards in the air to try and stop it.

Latin Countries: Italy and Spain.

In Italy you see crosses by the wayside. How religious the people are, you think. Don't fool yourself: those crosses mark the spots where a murder has been committed.

You want to be careful talking to strange girls too. In *Calabria* or *Sicily* any male relation would feel himself bound to thrash or even shoot anyone who dared speak to his sister. In the Southern provinces, when a visitor stays the night, the men have their food apart. So carefully is the young Italian maid guarded from the hot blood of her compatriots.

Marriage is not attended by customs as elaborate as in some of the countries we are describing, but they have one striking feature. During the honeymoon neither bride nor groom show their faces for a period ranging from a week to 40 days, after which they hold a grand reception for their friends.

The marriages are usually fixed up by the parents of the girl and the representative of the groom, the fixing of the dowry being the principal bus-



ROADWAY OF FLOWERS.

A marvelous mosaic of fresh flowers covering a whole street at Genzano, near Rome in connection with Corpus Christi celebrations.

iness. In theory at least, the boy and girl do not meet until this has been arranged.

On May Day the girls of *Florence* hunt for crickets. If they catch any they put them in a paper bag and take them home. This means they will have a husband within the year.

A variation of couvade exists in Italy, in some places where, after the wife has had a baby, the husband gets into bed and receives the congratulations of his friends, while the wife shows the baby round to the visitors. The baby, by the way, is swaddled so tight it cannot move for the first year of its life for fear its limbs may be broken.

Even nowadays if a married couple asks for a meal in an Italian inn, the proprietor will ignore the woman until he has finished serving the man with everything that he needs.

The Italians do not subscribe to the romantic western practice of idealising their women. As in Holland they expect the woman to earn her keep by ministering to her husband's comfort, and to remember her place.

In the inns and wineshops of Tuscany you may sometimes see *improvvisatori*. Rather like the minstrels of old, they will challenge one another to a poetic contest for the price of a drink. You may set them the subject of the poem, and they will compose sonnets for you. Sometimes even the rhymes are decided in advance.

Under the Fascists regime education is being pushed forward, but not many years ago, the public letter writers were a characteristic sight of South Italy. Many of the peasants were illiterate. For a modest penny they would read your

letter to you and suggest and write an answer for you.

Italy, having only recently been unified from numerous independent states, its customs are still widely diversified. Most of them are still dominated by religion. No marriage is arranged without consulting the confessor. "Miracles" occur regularly every year in many towns. At Naples the congealed blood of St. Januarius liquefies on the date of his festival in the sight of 10,000 people. St. Nicholas of Bari has a miraculous knee, from which flows a rivulet of water, which is bottled and sold as a remedy for everything, including broken legs.

Like the Spanish *paseo*, is the Italian *passeggiata*, a promenade taking place usually on Sundays, in the streets, for the purpose of seeing one's friends and showing off one's clothes. Very like the Sunday parade in Rotten Row, in Hyde Park in fact.

From the middle of January to the eve of Ash Wednesday, Carnival reigns in Italy. It stems from the Saturnalia of the Romans, a wild feast in which members of both sexes and all classes still take part. Masks, and fantastic carnival costume are worn, dances and balls go on all night, and everyone has a gay time. Milan has the envied privilege, granted it by the Pope, of carrying on the Carnival five days longer than any other city. They have a special name for it in Milan: *Carnevalone.*

In South Italy the *piafferi* or pipers come down from the mountains—the Apennines—nine days before Christmas, visiting the big houses, playing

their bagpipes and singing before the Presepio.

Italian funerals are attended by members of a religious association called the Confraternite. Clad in hooded cloaks, they attend as mourners, as an act of charity. Rather similarly the Misericordia attend to street accidents.

Worth seeing is the flower festival of Genzano. When there is a religious procession, masses of flowers are laid along the street for miles in a carefully-arranged pattern, looking, from an upper window, just like a formally-patterned carpet. While the procession passes onlookers throw down flowers from windows and balconies.

Florence still celebrates before big crowds a strange custom on the Saturday before Easter. A large chariot is built in the square and a wire run from it through the door of the cathedral up to the high altar. The priest fires a rocket, attached to a wooden dove, which speeds along the wire to the chariot. If it sets alight the fireworks on the chariot the harvest will be a good one.

If you sneeze in Spain, instead of saying "Bless you" as in England or "G'sundheit" like the Germans, they say: "Jesus, Maria y Jose." The custom is supposed to have originated in *Seville* during the Great Plague of 1580. People struck by the plague sneezed before they died.

Like us, the Spaniards consider Friday and 13 unlucky, but they think Tuesday unlucky too. They believe it is a bad omen to spill salt, and that a baying dog foretells a death. Another superstition is that you must never say "*Culebra*"

(snake). If you should, the antidote is to say legarto, (lizard).

In *Andalusia* they believe that if you drop a match you must allow it to burn itself out.

In general the customs of Spain vary widely from town to town, and among this intensely religious people, dominated by the Church, as they have been, most festivals have a religious form. It is sometimes said that Spain has only four really general customs: to dance and sing, to encourage beggars, to argue about politics and to spoil children.

This is an understatement. There are two general customs into which every visitor falls, the siesta and the promenade. The habit of sleeping from 12 to 3 is made absolutely necessary by the intolerable heat of the sun. As a consequence of this the matinées of Madrid's many luxurious cinemas start, or did before the recent war, at 9.0 p.m. and the evening performances at 11.30 or midnight. No one thinks of dining before 10 which is about the time it gets dark during a large part of the year. Before that they indulge in the promenade or sit in the cafés, sipping manzanilla, (which is a very dry sherry) and watching the passing crowds.

In most cities a certain strip of ground is consecrated to the promenade. Usually it is one side of an important street, between two given points. There towards dusk all the young people walk up and down arm-in-arm to meet their friends and make engagements. While one side of the street is densely thronged, the other may be quite deserted. The promenade in Seville which runs along the



THE FEAST OF ST. MARCEL AND CENTENARY
OF THE MISTRAL AT BARJOLS.

In the X14 centuary, after a famine, St. Marcel sent an ox to the City, the arrival of which was regarded as miraculous. In commemoration of this miracle, an ox is paraded through the

river's edge under the trees, used to be the most famous of all.

I write of these customs in the present tense, but who knows how many of them will have been swept away by war?

Every day in February is a national carnival. Everyone makes holiday. In the streets everyone must wear a mask, and the air is thick with paper streamers and confetti. At the Palace on Maundy Thursday, the Queen used to wash the feet of a dozen paupers, in commemoration of Our Lord's washing the feet of the disciples. All Holy Week is observed in black clothes and without diversions, but on Good Friday there is a grand procession, that of Seville being particularly famous.

Men in long black or white robes and tall pointed hoods—the garments of the penitents in olden times—carry large groups of sculpture called *pasos* representing scenes from the Passion. By an old tradition the policemen in cocked hats walk with their left hand laid on their chest. Priests carry great standards while penitents carry standards bearing the old Roman device S.P.Q.R. There are about 30 guilds; each carries its own paso, that of the cigarette-makers guild being especially popular.

Another Holy Week custom in *Seville* is dancing performed in front of the high alter by boys dressed as cavaliers of the middle ages.

On Christmas Eve children of every rank of society buy their *nacimiento*, a cardboard and terracotta representation of the Nativity.

One cannot describe the customs of Spain with-

out mentioning the exact ritual which accompanies the bull-fights or *corridas*, as they are properly called. Though the Spaniard is late for every other occasion, he is always in time for the *corrida*. As the hour strikes, the frock-coated president takes his seat in his box and waves his handkerchief. Two alguaciles in old-fashioned black velvet costumes, mounted on horseback, canter in, salute the president and disapear. They reappear at the far entrance leading a grand procession of the matadors, picadors and other functioneries.

Every visitor to Spain notices the *porron*, a wine-decanter with two spouts, one an ordinary one for pouring, the other a long thin one producing a fine jet of wine. The trick is to hold up the flask and let the jet shoot straight down your throat.

This idea, which also figures on the Spanish water containers, is to eliminate the risk of catching any disaese from the last user in places where no glasses are available. The Spanish water-jug, or *borracha*, by the way, is porous, and evaporation keeps the water several degrees cooler than the surrounding air.

Belgium and Holland.

Belgium, though once combined with Holland in the same kingdom, is widely different from it in traditions. Part of it is French-speaking, and part *Flemish* (which is derived from German), and Belgium owes more to these latter countries than to the Netherlands.

However, one custom at least is very similar. Parents announce the birth of a child by sending a box of sugared almonds or sugar plums to their friends, the box being tied with a pink ribbon in the case of a boy and with a blue one in the case of a girl.

In Belgium, too, it is often the godmother and not the parents who chooses the child's name.

In the *Meuse valley* on Christmas Day the people always eat—not turkey as we do—but pork. The origin of this goes back to pre-Christian times, when the inhabitants feasted on wild-boar at the mid-winter festival.

Another Christmas custom is concerned with chestnuts. Two are thrown into the fire by engaged couples. If they burn steadily this means the marriage will be a success, but if they jump out of the fire with a bang, it portends unhappiness.

Just as we light bonfires on November 5, the Belgians light them on *St. Martin's Eve,* " for the purpose of warming good St. Martin" so they say. You remember he tore his cloak in half and gave half to a beggar.

While *Santa Claus* (St. Nicholas) comes to England on a sled drawn by reindeer, in Belgium he comes on a white horse or a donkey, so Belgian children put a basket of carrots and hay, or sometimes their shoes filled with carrots and hay near the chimney on December 6, which is St. Nicholas' Day.

December 6, is the big children's day. December 25 is reserved for grown-ups. In *Utrecht,* (*Holland*) a man impersonating St. Nicholas, wearing a

mitre and carrying a crook, and not in the red dressing gown we know, rides through the streets on a white horse with a sackful of toys. With him goes a figure unknown in England—Piet, often with his face blacked, who distributes sweets to good children and carries a birch for bad ones.

On that day the bakers all bake cakes in the shape of a bishop which are in general demand, as are our hot-cross buns at Easter.

Two of the best known traditions in Belgium are the *Procession of the Holy Blood* at Bruges and the *Dragon Festival* at Mons. The former takes place on the second Monday after May 2, when a small crystal tube containing what is said to be a few drops of Christ's blood, is carried through the streets escorted by soldiers and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. It is attended by Catholics from all over Europe.

The Dragon Festival is like our story of St. George and the Dragon. In an open square a man fights a dragon to free a captive princess. It is known as "La Parade de Lumeçon."

It is at Bruges that the curious "*Festival of the Ham*" takes place. An association of archers known as the Society of St. George holds a shooting match in a hall where tables covered with food are set out. The unusual feature is the target which is divided into spaces marked with the names of the various foods. The archers are only allowed to eat the food marked in the spaces hit by their arrows—unless they hit the bulls-eye, when they may choose anything.

The last day of the year is *St. Sylvester's Day*. St. Sylvester would seem to be the patron saint

of punctuality. The child who gets out of bed last on that day is called Sylveste and must give up its nicest toys to its brothers and sisters.

"There are only two things a girl may choose for herself, her lover and her potatoes," says an old Dutch proverb.

In the past most marriages in Europe were made by the parents for reasons of convenience, the remainder at the instance of the man. So the old Dutch custom which gives to the above proverb is very unusual indeed.

When a man wants to marry a girl he goes to her home one evening, and is welcomed by the parents, but nothing is said about the reason for his visit. At bedtime the parents retire, leaving him alone with the girl. They talk about anything except love,—but if the girl lets the fire die down it means she does not care for the young man; if she heaps wood upon the fire, it means she loves him.

The Old Church in *Amsterdam* is popular for weddings, especially on Thursday when the fees are much lower than on other days. It is remarkable for two things. One is a professional humorist called the Koster, the other is the carpets which cover the small enclosure in which the ceremony takes place. There are five different grades, at five different prices.

The guests are invited to the wedding by a box of sweets and a bottle of wine, known as "Bride's Tears." At the wedding feast another wine in which float little specks of gold is used.

Wine also figures in the customs associated with birth. When a son is born the mother

friends flock to see him and to drink his health in brandy from a special cup. With them they must bring a large tart or cake ; these presents are laid out in the bedroom, and it is a matter of pride to have as many as possible.

When the child is taken to be christened, every girl in the family (and even in friend's families), over the age of 12 goes too, taking it in turn to carry the baby a little way. If they do this it means that they too will have plenty of children.

Unusual too are the mourning customs. Dressed in black, a man called the *ansprecker* goes from house to house announcing the death to anyone who was in any way connected with the dead person. At each door he says : " The pawnbroker's compliments,—and he's dead "—naming the trade or profession of the deceased.

If it is a child that is dead he wears a white rosette and a bachelor or spinster is indicated by other decorations. Formerly, more gaily dressed, he used to announce births as well.

At *Hindeloopen* the quaint custom still exists of keeping a number of funeral biers, prettily decorated and devoted each to a different profession : every baker is carried to rest on the baker's bier, and so on.

Germany.

When you walk in the street in Germany, the senior members of the family must walk on the right, the most junior on the left and the others graded in due order in between. An English family walking down the street in higgledy-

piggledy fashion gives the custom-loving German the impression that we have no manners.

For the German sets great store by the small formalities. If you are asked to a friend's house it is good form to take a small bunch of flowers. A poor student will take sixpennyworth of violets rather than go empty-handed. And you must not begin to drink before your host has raised his glass.

"*Mahlzeit*" which means "mealtime" is what all Germans say to one another before the meal starts, and "Prosit" when they drink. An old German family joke, of the why-does-a-chicken-cross-the-road type, is "What is the only word in German beginning with X?"

X is a letter which does not appear in the German alphabet.

The answer is *Gesundheit*, (health). This is what Germans say to you when you sneeze. Said hurriedly, as it often is, it sounds like Xundheit.

When drinking in honour of a particular occasion, the glass must be drained to the dregs, and in some cases smashed on the floor, though this is really an importation from Hungary, and Russia.

The Germans set great store by Confirmation as an event in a child's life, but unlike the pure white worn by French and Belgian children, the German gets a black silk frock. She also usually wears black silk with a white veil at her wedding. Another contrast is that German brides wear myrtle, not orange blossom on this day.

The eve of the wedding is known as *Polterabend*. Polter means mischief, and *Poltergeiste* or goblins are believed to be about. Germans therefore

throw glasses or crockery against the door of the bride's house, which protects her from them.

The occasion celebrated with more elaborate festival than any other in Germany is spring. An ancient sun-worshipping rite survives in parts of Westphalia, where a flaming ball, representing the sun, is rolled downhill. In many cities, just as in Switzerland, dummies representing winter are burned. The May Feast, which has its special May Dance, its *Lauben-Kleidung*, or dressing of dummies in green branches, its May Drinking, which is sipping the morning dew, and its May Ride or picnic at which the *Maibole* is drunk, is still celebrated in the Black Forest—or was until recently.

As we do, the country girls wash their face in dew, to make themselves beautiful. But they believe that March snow-water is also effective for this purpose.

Among other rural superstitions is hiding a piece of elderwood in the barn as a precaution against witches, and burning a motto on the roof-beam of one's house as a precaution against fire. In the Hartz mountains the bride and bride-groom, immediate after the wedding, and still in their wedding clothes, must saw a stout log in half with a double-ended saw. The skill with which they manage this feat of co-operation is a portent of how their married life will go.

Immediately before the wedding a trestle holding the log is placed on the roof of the bride's house. The groom before going to the church, has to climb up and bring it down, and take it to the place where the sawing is to be performed.



BAVARIAN MUSICIANS PLAY ON BERLIN STREETS.

Bands play on Berlin streets, perform Bavarian dances. Photo shows—The musician band of the "Ruhpoldinger" on the Wittenberg Square of Berlin.

Perhaps the commonest of German traditions is veneration of the stork. They are birds of good omen and if they build their nests on your house you are safe against fire. Some of these nests are centuries old, for to destroy one is to invite every sort of bad luck. As in England, the stork is thought to bring babies.

Two other creatures that figure in German tradition are the woodpecker and the hare. The woodpecker is a bird of ill-omen. The hare is associated with Easter. Postcards depicting the *Easter-Hare*, and chocolate models of it are to be seen in all the shops. Like other easter symbols, the hare was thought to denote fruitfulness.

The Germans have Easter eggs too, but they hide them in the garden and the children hunt for them. They are first dyed different colours, and a child finding a red one is lucky.

A remarkable custom is celebrated in *Alsace*. (This is now part of France, but it is described here as it is probably of German rather than French origin). At harvest time the farm labourers assume charge for twenty-four hours, and the farmer does all the work.

Carnival is general throughout February. Fancy-dress balls are held almost every night, at which the young people allow themselves every sort of license. They are known collectively as *Fasching*.

The strange ceremony of *Funkenfeuer*, or sparkfire is associated with Shrove Tuesday, or in some districts with the first Sunday in Lent. Slabs of wood, in which a hole has been bored, are heated in a bonfire until they are glowing, then

a stick is stuck in the hole and they are hurled in the air, leaving a trail of sparks behind them.

No account of German customs would be complete without a reference to the student-corps. These bodies play as important a part in the life of the young German as do fraternities in the United States. The student cap with its characteristic colours is a universal sight. Across the students chest is a coloured ribbon indicating his rank. On his face are the honourable scars of a duel.

These duels, which are forbidden, are zealously fought on points of honour.

All the body except the face is protected, the idea being to acquire scars, which disfigure the wearers face for the rest of his life, but are thought by the Germans to be marks of honour. A student without them runs the risk of being thought effeminate or a coward.

Central Europe.

This is what you do to a new-born child in *Austria* and *Hungary* to protect it from the evil eye:

Pretend to spit on it
Make the sign of the cross over it
Pull its nose
Bath it in a decoction of special herbs
Tie a wolf's tooth round its neck
Tie a red ribbon round its arm
Put one of its garments on inside out.

After baptism the child is not washed for nine days, as it is thought that washing it will "wash off the chrism."

It is esteemed a great honour to have a lot of godparents, and therefore one of the first things to be done when a birth is expected is to choose some. The god parents, in addition to any other presents, always give the baby a bag containing a silver coin and three copper ones; these must be carefully put by, and are the beginning of the child's savings.

It is very lucky to be born on a Sunday on which there is a new moon. Or on the day of the saint you are named after.

Another belief is that lightning will never strike a house in which a child is sleeping, so as soon as a thunderstorm starts the youngest child has to go to bed. This is an Austrian custom.

The territorial divisions of central Europe do not correspond at all to the racial divisions, and are constantly changing. Before the war the greater part of the Slav peoples which includes Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Serbians and Croatians, together with such races as Saxons, Franks and Suabians lived in the great Austro-Hungarian Empire. Customs of course are diffused racially rather than territorially.

It is therefore simplest not to threat the customs of these peoples by the present territorial divisions, but altogether, mentioning where necessary which racial group practises them.

The *Ruthenians* spend Easter Sunday playing on the lawn or the square outside their churches. The young men have a special game of building human towers by climbing upon one another's shoulders. The girls have traditional games too and the old folk look on. Special songs are sung.

In Poland this is also customary, the villagers spending most of the three-day Easter holiday occupied in this way.

The Ruthenians also have an old custom, still observed, by which coffins are taken to the burial ground not on a cart or bier, but on a sledge drawn by a team of oxen—even in summer. In the *East Carpathian* you may see by the roadside a small wooden shelter containing a jug of water and a cup. They are put there for passing travellers, because water is scarce. When you drink you must make the sign of the cross and bless the man who put the water there for you. To assist you in this, a crucifix is often placed nearby.

In Styria, very big legs are considered a sign of beauty—so the girls wear several pairs of thick woollen stockings to enlarge their legs. No stranger than wearing a bustle, really, is it?

Spring, Easter and weddings are occasions which the peoples of Central Europe celebrate with particularly elaborate ceremonies.

In *Wechsel* in Lower Austria the bride is invited to her own wedding. In the whole of Austria and Hungary the invitation is carried out very formally by a special functionary called the *Hochzeitbitter*, who wears a hat and carries a stick, each decorated with flowers and ribbons, and says a long set speech. But in Wechsel the groom and the best man, in their wedding suitings, call on the bride at two or three in the morning. If she is found asleep it means she will not make a good housewife. If she is found too soon, it means that she is eager to get married, which no girl of spirit will admit, so she hides herself away



BOCKBEER SEASON IN BERLIN.

BERLIN (Germany)—The famous Bockbeer season is in full swing among the "beer-minded" Berliners. At the "Neue Welt" restaurant the gayest never-ending drinking parties are held, and the usually sober inhabitants of Prussian Berlin do not differ in the least from the merry and cordial inhabitants of Bavarian Munich, the world-famous beer centre. The popular, rather corpulant waitresses carry around the "steins" in permanent good humour, and every reveller drinks as many pint mugs as he is able to—but usually a lot more than that.

during the course of the evening and waits in some dark cupboard with suppressed excitement for the moment when her future husband will throw open the door and discover her. The longer the search lasts the more pleased and flattered she is.

The *Hungarians* also have a special official to invite people to weddings. He carries a stick decorated with a red apple, and a stem of rosemary, with a large coloured handkerchief tied around it. Both the apple and the handerkchief are highly symbolic.

An apple always means a young girl among the *Croatians*. After the parents have made the preliminary arrangements, the young man calls at the girl's house and, when she is brought in, he gives her an apple, and she gives him a handkerchief. Handkerchiefs play an important part in Hungarian tradition and are given as presents on any and every occasion, and are used as decorations at baptisms, weddings and other festivals.

By way of contrast, among the Slavonic peoples, it is not a functionary, but the bride herself who invites people to the wedding. The day before she goes round calling on the neighbours with a cake. At each house she breaks a bit off and offers it to the person, and asks to be forgiven for any wrongs she has done. In Ruthenia she goes with the principal bridesmaid, wearing wreaths of fen rue and sengreen and with coloured ribbons in their hair, and invites the groom and best man to the ceremonies which take place on the eve of the wedding.

This does not begin to exhaust the complex

customs which have to be observed at marriage among the central European peoples. We can only mention a few.

Many traditions govern the fetching of the bride to church. In some districts the gates are found locked and the groom must throw money over the fence. Among the *Slovaks*, just before the bride leaves for church, her mother leads her to the kneading-through, which has been covered with a piece of white linen. She seats herself on the trough, and her mother cuts off three locks of hair. These are carefully destroyed by fire, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

An important feature of any Ruthenian wedding is the *korowaj* or ceremonial loaf. Friends are invited and sing special songs while it is being baked. It is ornamented with pastry, then a little tree is stuck on top, and on the tree a candle is put. After the wedding the best man carries the *korowaj* to the groom's house, where he makes a speech to the young couple.

In *Upper Austria*, the wedding feast, (which is a lavish affair all over central Europe), is opened by the bride jumping on the table and walking towards the bridegroom or best man. If she breaks any of the crockery while she is doing this it is a bad omen. So usually one of the guests secretly upsets something and then everyone teases her with having done it.

In *central Europe* generally, marriages are usually arranged by a special individual, a sort of marriage broker. But though the chief point of discussion is always the dowry which the girl's parents are able to give, by a carefully-observed

formality the bride must be "bought" by the groom. He visits the parents house and after all the details have finally been arranged, gives the girl a present. In some districts this is by tradition a calf, which appears on the wedding day, beautifully decorated.

In other words, brides in central Europe are not 'given away' but 'sold.'

In *Hungary* the custom is similar, except that after the broker has settled the details the groom calls at the girl's house for a ceremony called the 'hand-taking,' when presents are exchanged. A formal engagement banquet follows later called the kissing feast, because at it the young couple sit side by side publicly for the first time and are allowed their first kiss.

The *Slavs* send two representatives to the girl's house. Everyone knows quite well what they have come for, but they say quite seriously that they are looking for a jewel which the young Mr. so-and-so (naming the young man) has lost. They think it may be in the house. Can they look for it?

A careful search begins. Then the girl is brought into the room and complimented. As soon as she has withdrawn the financial details are arranged.

Christmas and Easter have been mentioned as being marked by special customs. Noticeable among these is the Slovak practice of thoroughly cleaning and washing the house on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. This is comparable with our Spring Cleaning, which is of course an excellent example of a living tradition. The *Slovaks* follow

this by covering the floor with clean straw (in remembrance of the stable where Jesus lay) and making a solemn procession to the stable or byre, carrying bread, salt and a bowl of beans. The beans are pushed into crannies of the wall as they pass, and a prayer offered. This protects the house from fire. The bread and salt are given to the farm animals. It is a bad omen if they refuse the present.

When they have returned to the living room the unmarried daughters are sprinkled by their parents with water sweetened with honey. This is supposed to ensure them sweet-tempered husbands of transparent honesty. Everyone then drinks from a glass of the national drink. When each has had a sip the father pours the remainder on the floor—" to the unknown gods."

The Balkans.

If your car breaks down on the steep and treacherous mountain roads of *Greece*, the villagers bring you presents to show how sorry they are.

For *Greece* is a wild mountainous country, many parts of which are still entirely primitive, despite the extreme sophistication of the capital.

Come with me into the country and we will watch a typical old-fashioned Greek wedding. Here is the bridegroom, accompanied by a large group of his friends, all mounted on mules. They are going to fetch the bride from her village, for in Greece weddings take place at the man's village not the girl's. They are all wearing short, full, pleated white skirts, short red jackets, shoes of

red leather with large pom-poms on the points of the toes and flattish caps, rather like berets. The jackets are richly trimmed. They carry guns.

The bride is wearing a headdress costing many pounds, and a magnificent bodice richly trimmed with gold embroidery. Every Greek girl has three costumes: one for everyday, one for Sunday, and one for festival occasions such as this.

While they go into the church, where the moment of marriage is indicated by putting on crowns, previously at their engagement their friends have sprinkled them with almond-blossoms, and prayed that their 'crowning'—meaning the wedding—might be soon. The father of the bridegroom has then exchanged the rings, and delivered a short speech about marriage. A ceremonial dinner has followed.

In *Corfu*, when a girl becomes engaged she starts to wear large pads of false hair, in which are woven strips of red material, at the side of her face. She goes on wearing this hair throughout her life, and it is handed down from generation to generation.

Look, now the couple are emerging from the Church. Don't be alarmed, that terrific noise is only the young men of the party letting off their guns to indicate high spirits. It's an old eastern custom. Led by someone carrying a tray on which are the crowns used in the ceremony, the procession moves off to the couple's new home. Here's where the most interesting part comes in.

First the bridegroom goes into the house and fastens the door behind him. Now you see them lifting the bride three or four times over the back

of her mule and leading her to the closed door. She smears a patch of honey on it and, stepping back a little way, hurls a pomegranate at the patch. She goes on until she breaks the pomegranate. Now they all rush forward to see if any of the pomegranate-seeds have stuck to the honey. If not it is a bad sign.

The door opens, the groom appears and offers his wife salt and bread. Taking them she dips a piece of the bread in the salt and eats it. But still she must not go into the house. She must touch oil and water first. When she has done this, the groom lifts her over the threshold and puts her in a corner with her back to the wall. Now her trousseau and all her wedding presents are piled up round her . . . .

There she remains, not allowed to speak or move, while the bridegroom and his friends are feasting. Finally they finish and go, but she still may not speak or even raise her eyes until her husband tells her she may.

Finally, when they are alone, he gives her the permission. And what happens then there is no need to describe.

Greece of course has many religious ceremonies, which differ from the usual run on account of their close association with ancient rites. Many of these outdoor festival dances are circular in form, which is said to be because they represent the rotation of the planets round the sun, or, according to some authorities, the idea of infinity.

At Easter the streets are decorated, and all the dignitaries of the land assemble in the cathedral. Midnight booms out from the clock, the Metro-

politan cries: "Christ is risen!" There comes from the congregation an answering roar: "He is risen indeed!" Outside the cry is taken up, the bells start ringing, there is salute of 101 guns, and everyone rushes home to sacrifice a lamb, sprinkling the blood on the sideposts and the transom of the front-door, and to break their long Lenten fast.

The other customs of Greece resemble, for the most part, the customs of the Balkan peninsula as a whole, which we will now proceed to describe.

The customs of the *Balkan peninsula*, despite the variety of races living there, are broadly similar. What is more the races do not correspond to the geographical boundaries, so that a Greek will observe Greek customs whether he lives in Greece or Macedonia, a Hungarian, Hungarian customs even if he lives in Rumania. So it is simplest to describe them all together.

The Balkan people are deeply *superstitious* and their ceremonies are more complicated than any in Europe. Even when you are dead, and all the elaborate ceremonies associated with that event are over, you are still not free of them. After seven years—three among the Greeks and Albanians—your bones are dug up, washed in wine and buried again in a smaller coffin. If they find your body completely decomposed, it means that all your sins have been forgiven. This makes it look as if fewer Greeks and Albanians get into heaven than do Bulgarians and Serbians! It also seems to weight the scales against the heavy drinkers.

Numerous superstitions govern the behaviour

of a woman bearing a child. When the moment of birth arrives, the fact must be concealed from the neighbours, in case anyone should exert the evil eye, which would cause a painful confinement.

Immediately the child is born, it is washed in warm water in which a goose has previously been bathed, and a dab of white ashes is put on its forehead. This protects it against witches. On no account must the water be thrown away but carefully poured on clean earth within the shadow of the house. This is the Rumanian version; among the Greeks and Macedonians the infant is bathed in a mixture of warm wine and myrtle leaves, and covered with a layer of salt. Friends and relations throw money into the bath, as soon as the salt has been washed off again, and the money goes to the midwife. A gold ring or coin and a clove of garlic are hung both on the body and the mother's hair as an additional protection against the evil eye. (Garlic is used in many countries for this purpose).

This is only the beginning of the elaborate process of getting into the world in the *Balkans*.

Where northern countries believe in fairies, the Balkan people believe in the three Fates. Complicated steps are taken to propitiate them, for they are believed to visit the house on the third night after the child's birth.

A table of food is placed under the holy ikons for them; a candle is left burning by the cradle; everyone goes to bed early; the doors are locked, and no one may open them, lest they be disturbed. Even the household dogs are sent away to friends in case they bark.

The Fates are supposed to write the child's fate on its forehead, and any tiny mark found there is thought to be significant.

The christening takes place eight to ten days after. Mother and child must not be left alone for an instant during this period, and in some districts the mother must observe various rules for 40 days after the birth. The Rumanians consider the day after the christening, when the holy oils with which the christening is done are washed off, as equally important with the christening. Coins and bread are dropped into the bath to bring the baby food and money and some sweet basil to give it a sweet disposition.

If getting born is complicated in the Balkans, so is getting *engaged*, getting *married* and *dying*.

Marriages are arranged by the parents, with little reference to the wishes of the young people concerned. A good dowry is the main consideration. Consequently the process of getting engaged is very different from that among western peoples. The principal figure is the boy's father, who sets off with two friends carrying a round flat wheaten cake and a bunch of flowers. The friends fire off their guns to express their joy. They arrive at the girl's house about supper time, and are invited in. During supper the father explains the purpose of his visit and puts the cake, the flowers and some money on the table. The host then asks for time to consult his wife, although of course the whole matter had been in the offing for some time, and every one knows all about it.

The father returns with the girl, who bows and kisses the hand of her future father-in-law, then

kisses the hands of everyone else and returns to the boy's father, who puts the money and the flowers in her hands and wishes her happiness. She kisses his hand again and the engagement is on.

Marriages usually take place on Sunday, and follow in general outline the Greek wedding just described. The crowning, and the eating of bread and salt, though there are other ceremonies, such as the habit of the *Macedonian Greek* among whom the groom's mother and the bride's father do not attend the wedding, but wait in the new home of the young couple and welcome them by throwing over them rice, cotton-seed, barley, sugar plums and money.

The *Bulgarian* and *Serbian* wedding differs again, particularly in having three special figures, called the *koom*, the *stavri svat* and the *dever*, instead of the usual two sponsors. The first two are sponsors, the *koom* usually being the son of the man who was *koom* at the parents' wedding. The *dever* is a sort of bride's best man. He must stay at her side the whole day and guard her.

Instead of the honey and pomegranate, and the bread and salt ceremonies, when she reaches home the bride steps in turn on a sack of oats, a ploughshare and the threshold.

Next she takes a baby and holds it up high, and kisses it. A loaf of bread and a bottle of wine are put in her hands and she enters her new home.

Before the wedding the guests assemble at the groom's house then start off in procession to fetch the bride. The leader carries a bowl of wine, from which he offers a drink to everyone they meet

on the road. At the rear of the procession come an oxcart containing the bridesmaids, bringing with them the bride's wedding dress, a present from the groom. When the bride has been dressed, she kisses the hands of the sponsors, and is led by her brother to the kitchen where she kisses the hearthstone and receives her parents blessings.

Customs as elaborate as these govern funerals, which are followed by ceremonial lamentations similar to wakes in Ireland but more elaborate, while the same applies to religious festivals, saints-days and other occasions. We have room for only one more, a custom which takes place in Montenegro, the little country which is now part of Yugo-Slavia.

At Easter a table is put in the street bearing eggs and wine. Then in pairs the men step up and take an egg in their left hand and a glass of wine in their right. They drink to the Holy Trinity, at the same time cracking their eggs together with their left hands. This ceremony wipes out all misunderstanding and ill-will between them. It seems a pity this custom is not more widespread in Europe to-day.

Lapland.

It doesn't matter what time of year you die in Lapland, your coffin is kept in a mortuary until Easter (as a rule) and all the people who have died during the year are buried then.

It is so cold, for Lapland is north of the Arctic Circle, that the bodies do not decompose. It is also so cold that the ground cannot be dug in

winter, so the graves are prepared in autumn and stand ready till Easter.

Life among the Laps revolves round one animal: the reindeer.

"The reindeer form their riches: these their tents, their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth supply."

The reindeer, besides providing tents and sleeping robes, provide meat, milk, horn and transport. Take for example a Lapp wedding. The wedding feast will consist of:

Entree: Reindeer Tongues, *Meat*: Reindeer Steaks. *Savoury*: Reindeer Marrow Bones. Coffee with Reindeer Cream.

The reindeer pull the Lapps across country on skis, or on a boat-like sledge called a *pulka*. One rein is tied round your wrist; you must be careful not to lose it, because a reindeer, once loose, is difficult to recapture. You also take with you a wooden stick, in order to dig under the snow for the reindeer moss on which the reindeer live.

Reindeer, by the way, do not travel in a straight line, they follow each other in a series of S-curves. You may have noticed Father Christmas's reindeer-sled doing this in Walt Disney Silly Symphonies. This was no freak of Disney's fancy but just part of his usual accurate observation.

They dig through the snow for their moss with their forelegs and you can often see their hindquarters sticking up out of the snow like a row of brown conical humps, their heads being completely out of sight.

In the Spring reindeer milk becomes undrinkable, so they are turned loose to browse. Also



NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

Eskimoes are playing with hose pipe. Actually it is the village tailor, preparing part of the intestine of a whale, for making a water-proof garment, a much needed garment for dwellers in the ice-bound regions of Alaska.

the mosquitoes, which in summer swarm in their myriads, make life impossible, so the Lapps move down from the mountains to the sea, leaving their reindeer behind. When they come back they catch one of the herd and put a bell round its neck. The noise attracts the others, which are then easily caught with the aid of their dogs.

The dogs are the other great factor in the life of the Lapps; just as they are to a shepherd in England. Like English sheepdogs, they accommany their masters to church, but unlike them they are not tied up outside, but come in and walk about, even accompanying their owner to the altar.

A great feature of Lapp life is the bath-house. This consists of a wooden shed, in which is piled a heap of stones. A fire is lighted in the middle of the heap, and when the stones are very hot water is poured over them producing clouds of steam. All ages and sexes, men and boys, mothers and daughters, crowd into the house together, naked, and the girls beat the men with switches. This opens the pores and increases the flow of perspiration.

After a time in the great heat of the steam-filled bath the bathers rush out and roll naked in the snow, or plunge into an icy river.

This seemed to our grandfathers the strangest of all Lapp customs, but we can see that it is only a primitive version of the *Turkish bath.*

Physically the Lapps are very short, usually less than five feet in height, with broad noses and dark complexions. The girls, while young are often pretty with good complexions, blue eyes and

blonde hair, but hard work soon coarsens their appearance. They live simply in conical huts of wood or reindeer skin, and support themselves by hunting and fishing, and, of course, keeping reindeer.

The babies are carried about tightly strapped into portable cradles (made of reindeer skin of course) and as soon as they are born are given a reindeer.

In olden times each Lapp tribe had a magician, or witch-doctor, who could tell the future with the aid of a drum (of reindeer skin, naturally) to which numerous magic charms were attached and which was decorated with symbols. On it was placed a stick. The drum was beaten, and the symbol to which the stick was found to be pointing told you the answer to your question. These magicians could also raise the wind by tying three knots in a whip. If they untied one it would cause a breeze. Untying two would bring a gale. Three would produce a tempest.

One last Lapp custom: confession of sins. Very different from the Roman Catholic confessional, with its curtains and its hidden priest is the Lapp method, known as *Lukutuksia*. The Lapps dance round crying and shouting, and telling each other their misdeeds again and again with a sort of pleasure.

In this the Lapps seem to have anticipated the Oxford Group.

CHAPTER III.

ROMANTIC RUSSIA.

While old Russia was notable for many ancient and picturesque customs, the effect of the Revolution has been to sweep many of these away. Or rather, among the old people, brought up before the introduction of Communism, and among the peoples of the far East, where Communism has as yet produced but little effect on their age-old modes of existence, many of the old customs still persist, but among the young, independent, educated Russians of the new regime the old customs are forgotten.

In their place new customs are emerging, though life is changing so rapidly still in the U.S.S.R. that they have hardly crystallised into definite forms.

Marriage is the institution which springs to mind as having been most changed under the new code. If a boy and girl want to get married in Russia all they have to do is go to the Registry Office for births, deaths, marriages and divorces, which is known as *Zags*, and give their names, a fee of 3 paper roubles (about 6d.) being charged. They are then legally married. *Zags* is open from 10 to 4.

Anyone can marry at any age—13 and 14 are not uncommon in the south—except *Ogpu* (secret police) men who may not marry under 25.

Marriage does not disqualify a woman in any way, as it does in England, from earning her living. Many Russian hospital nurses and school-teachers are married women with children. In-

deed the Russians claim that only a woman with children or a very young woman, can successfully deal with children.

Divorce was formerly as easy as marriage,—you just reported to the registrar that you were leaving your partner,—but now reason must be shown in front of the *people's court.* The people's court is an informal affair which handles roughly the same problems as a magistrate's court in England, with the difference that there are three judges chosen by ballot, and anyone may interrupt anyone. People talk and question freely until a rough idea of the truth had been arrived at.

There is no limit to the number of divorces you can have ; a case is on record of a girl of 26 who had obtained 28 in 7 years. The only restriction is that you cannot ask for a divorce on the same day as your marriage. But you can be had up before the people's court for dissolute behaviour.

The real limiting factor in divorce is the *shortage of rooms* in Russia. It is extremely difficult for a woman leaving her husband to find a room to live in, even sharing it with other people. She must make an application to her Trade Union Organiser and wait until he (or she) has found somewhere. In fact many marriages in Russia have been " marriages of convenience "—not for financial reasons, but simply because marriage solved the problem of finding somewhere to live.

One other remarkable thing, while on the subject of marriage ; there is *no illegitimacy* in Russia. A child is an individual, regardless of what its parents do or don't do. But when parents separate, the one who does not take custody of the

child must contribute a quarter of his (or her) income to the support of the child until it is 18. Women, incidentally, earn exactly the same as men in Russia. One of the commonest crimes is desertion of children. There are, it is interesting to note, about 2 divorces for every 5 marriages.

The *Trade Union Organiser*, mentioned above is a great figure in the life of the ordinary Russian. He is a kind of benevolent uncle, or universal aunt. He must see that workers are cared for when they are ill; help them get new housing accommodation when necessary, see that their insurance benefits are properly paid, and so on.

In this connection there is an interesting story to be told, which sheds light on the duties of this official. A girl, in a fit of jealousy, killed her husband, who had been consistently unfaithful to her. The people's court decided that to imprison her would do her no good. They decided that she should stay in her job, while her trade union was instructed to take care of her character and help her to rebuild her life.

Another duty of the trade union organiser is to run that very characteristic modern-Russian institution, the *wall-newspaper*. This newspaper, which, as the name implies, is typed or written out and drawing-pinned to the wall for everyone in the factory to see, contains articles on such subjects as "Are We Paying Enough Attention to Safety Devices?" or "How Can We Increase Production?" Because the Russian worker regards the factory as his own. Similarly meetings are held at which the work of the factory is criti-

cised and reviewed, and anyone may put forward suggestions for improving it, or complain of slack work. Equally a suggestion in the wall-newspaper that a certain section of the factory is not pulling its weight is usually enough to put the matter right. It is seldom necessary to report it.

We cannot discuss modern Russia without mentioning the *railways*, which seem to play a big part in life. To start with it is very difficult to get tickets. Peasants who before the war would never have dreamed of stirring out of their village now gaily go off for holidays to places two or three days distant. Consequently you often have to wait *four days* for a ticket. People camp outside the station, and queue up all day. When the ticket offices close they are probably still a long way down the queue, so they camp again, and take up their places in the queue next morning.

Every Russian traveller takes with him his metal teapot. At every station are water boilers, and the passengers while away the long waits by making endless glasses of tea. Incidentally there are two classes: Communism has not abolished this, as many people imagine. The ordinary seats are hard, but you always have room to sleep, for most journeys take at least one day, so great are the distances and so slow the trains. Men and women sleep in the same carriage without a second thought. At every station peasants come and sell fruit, rissoles, homemade bread and other foodstuffs.

One other custom survives from old Russia which astonishes every visitor. The wash-basins

never have plugs. With the Russian the tradition survives of always washing or bathing in running water. It is thought very dirty to lie soaking in still water or even to wash your hands in it.

At Easter the Russians of old times used to take presents and put them on a table in front of the church to be blessed. As soon as the priest had cried : " Christ is risen " they replied " He is risen indeed," and fell to kissing one another regardless of sex. Now that religion has suffered a decline, many of the people are still Russian Orthodox, but very unenthusiastic—Easter customs have largely vanished, but many people still dye eggs at Easter, as many people do in England, and give them to the members of the household.

In contrast to the simple weddings of modern Russia, betrothal used to be the occasion of elaborate ceremonies. The bride-to-be would cut off a tress of her hair and give it to the groom. In return he would give her bread, salt, almond cake and a silver ring set with a turquoise. These rings were considered valuable heirlooms; they were bought from the clergyman who had blessed them ; he did well out of the sale.

Betrothal had always to take place exactly 8 days before marriage, and during those days the bride's girl-friends would stay with her and cheer her up. On the day of the wedding the groom would come to the bride's house to claim her. The bride would kneel before her parents and ask forgiveness for any wrongs she might have done. They would kiss her and give her bread and

salt. When she left they would leave the door open as a sign that she might always return.

In certain villages it used to be the custom on Christmas Eve for all girls of marriageable age to assemble in the house of the senior man in the village, wearing thick veils. Young men wanting a wife would then come in and bow before the figures, whereupon they became engaged,—but no doubt they usually had a shrewd idea whom they were bowing to. It must be remembered that to reach twenty without getting married used in Russia to be considered a very shameful state of affairs. So girls were ready to take a chance to remedy it, rather than go husbandless all their lives.

In remote parts of Russia the marriage fair was customary until comparatively recent times. The girls would gather in the square, and the richer men of the district would inspect them. If they liked the look of the girl they would ask her the name and address of her parents, which meant that they wanted permission to pay court. If she didn't like their looks, she was free to withhold the information. After the rich men would come the less important, and so down the scale.

You could not live long in Russia without hearing of the *damovoi*. The *damovoi* was a sort of gnome, with a long grey beard and shining red eyes, whose existence was widely believed in. The remains of the evening meal were always left on the table for his benefit.

When a Russian baby was baptised it was not baptised with water but with a specially-com-

pounded oil known as the Holy Chrism. This oil was prepared from special herbs by high Church dignitaries once every three years in huge silver cauldrons. It could only be prepared during Lent, and while this was going on the Gospels were read aloud without a single pause night and day for three days. Afterwards it was distributed throughout Russia for baptismal purposes.

One old Russian custom seems to me the most beautiful of all the customs of Europe. On Christmas Eve the peasants would always set an extra place at the evening meal, and leave a vacant chair for any wandering stranger who might pass.

They believed that whoever their visitor might seem to be, he would really be Jesus Christ in disguise.

Who can say they were wrong? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Siberia.

The inhabitants of Siberia rival those of south and central Africa, and exceed all other Asiatics, in the heartiness with which they have received the European's inevitable gift to his southern and eastern brethren. Alcohol in Siberia takes the form of Russian vodka and most natives will sell themselves body and soul for a drink of it, as they have not yet learned how to manufacture this particular kind of spirit. They are, like so many Africans, gentle enough creatures when sober, but very violent when drunk.

The flesh of the reindeer is their staple food, preferably boiled. The parts nearest the bone are most esteemed and it is the custom when eating to use a knife to reach these tenderer portions. When the bone is sliced dry it is gnawed and the marrow sucked. Sometimes the marrow is removed for consumption with a wooden splinter after the bone has been split with a knife.

After the meal the face is wiped clean with a bundle of shavings. Tobacco is then smoked by both men and women. The former use a long, slender pipe, the latter a short heavy one, made of iron or ivory. The party of diners sits in a circle round the fire in the centre of the hut, on rugs. But there is a clear space of ground left between the rugs and the fire. This is used to spit upon, a pastime in which the average Siberian is very constant and expert.

A man never addresses any woman nor his wife or daughter directly, but uses some kind of circumlocution. Tea, with much sugar, is kept perpetually available and swallowed incessantly. A further permanent habit, as universal and eternal as the mastication of gum in America, is the chewing of larch rosin and the seeds of cedar cones. Some huts run to low benches and a table, which articles of furniture take the place of the fire, then relegated to a huge stove after the Russian manner, taking up half the floor-space. Like Russians of the old order, too, the Siberians, whether Christians or not, cross themselves at the end of a meal.



STRANGE WEDDING CUSTOMS.

On the morning of the day set for the wedding among the Serbs the relatives of the bride go to the home of the groom and stand by him during the ceremony of having his face shaved clean.

Many Siberians are nomadic and live in tents of reindeer-skin. Their beds are sleeping-bags laid upon piles of skins or furs. The bag is a very welcome refuge from the insect life of these tents, which is very persistent and predatory.

In meeting a Siberian you have to shake his hand and that of anyone at all who happens to be with him, even his children and servants. But the natives do not return your friendly grip, merely allow your hand to lie in theirs for a few seconds. On sitting down they squat with both legs doubled up under them, tailor fashion. The conversation is inclined to be dramatic. Even when dying the Tungu native, particularly, indulges in histrionics which seem to the European of very questionable propriety. There will be an enormous amount of laughter, for these people do not seem to take anything seriously, in spite of, or perhaps because of, their grim climate. They even jeer at their own traditions. If you gesticulate they will be convulsed, for this sort of movement appears utterly ludicrous to them, as it does to most untravelled Englishmen. Siberians never stir when talking except to scratch themselves. The principal courtesy they use among one another is to light the other man's pipe for him.

For sickness or any kind of bodily evil they feel nothing but contempt and disgust, here again resembling *African natives* in their pitiless indifference to suffering. They will pay a good deal of attention, however, to keeping their children and their reindeer in health, for these two

classes of being are highly valued respectively as potential and actual sources of support.

The artistic taste of Siberians is poor and they are little concerned with decorative amenities. Their work is chiefly reindeer breeding, fishing and hunting. They never walk, using the sledge for even quite short journeys. Woman's work is confined to domestic tasks, including the taking down and setting up of the tent. In commerce morals are practically non-existent and the saving of time is unheard of. It takes all day to cash a cheque at a Siberian bank. The favourite subject of conversation with foreigners is gold concessions. Natives are tireless in their efforts to sell the European these generally worthless claims. An entire village will join in the discussion. Even the purchase of a single horse will involve the co-operation of half the neighbourhood. This communistic style of living has made Siberia a congenial field for the present Soviet government of the country. The actual extent of the field is so physically vast that almost alone among the farmers of the world, the Siberian uses no manure. When he has exhausted one soil he goes on to another, as the early American settler did.

Eating, drinking, singing, bathing and doing nothing are the chief recreations. Like Russians, Siberians are always ready to sing and spend a great deal of time in this way. The bath is taken not in water but in steam, the body being continually dabbed with a wet cloth during this suffocating process. The bather then rushes naked

into the open air, the heat of his skin being usually several degrees above fever point, and rolls about in the snow for a considerable time. Then he dashes back into his steam-bath and flagellates himself with bundles of twigs, ending up with a meal of tea and frozen meat. Men, women and children perform these frenzied and apparently deadly evolutions regularly once a fortnight and thrive on the practice. The Siberian is a very healthy animal, for when he does fall sick he is usually left to die and nothing more is heard of him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

South Africa.

One of the wisest men who ever had to deal with the South African native on the grand scale was the Boer President *Kruger*. He is reported to have said towards the end of his long life, that the white man who understands the black has not yet been born. The earlier settlers regarded the natives as children. On a superficial view their codes of eating and drinking, talking and working, playing and getting excited in one way or another, all have something childish about them, particularly in their laughter, in their entertainments and in the confiding trust which they often appear to feel for their European masters. If the average white tourist in South Africa were to be asked how, in a word, the black men and women he encountered behaved in the ordinary affairs of living, he would be likely to answer in perfect good faith: "Like children."

But sub-tropical Africans will be found, on a closer investigation, to be very complicated children indeed. And by the time the enquirer has done with them, if he ever feels that they have nothing more to teach him, which is improbable, he is sure that they are far older in experience and understanding than himself. There will be a number of problems to which he will not be able

to find any certain solution. To take, for example, the African at what is generally conceded to be his highest level of achievement, *in his art*: at one time the native sculptor will produce work as beautiful as anything than can be found in Europe. At another, shortly afterwards, the same artist will make a thing so vulgarly ugly that no European of taste can bear to look at it. Similarly, the flowers with which black men and women will decorate their heads are nearly always arranged with a just appreciation of the effects of form and colour. Yet these same persons will wear, with every symptom of pleasure, the most ill-fitting, hideous, worn-out and utterly inappropriate European clothing that can be imagined.

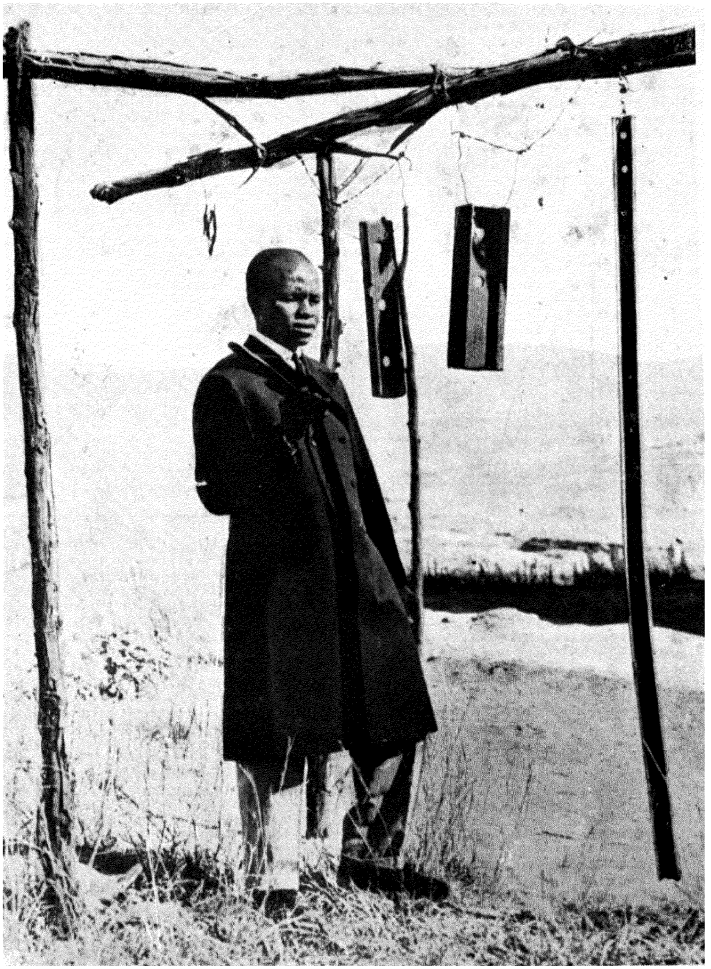
In the art of *dancing*, which plays such a huge part in every negro's life, the same contrasts are to be noticed. Some dances are extremely beautiful, others disgustingly ugly. Yet the performers seem to see no difference between the former and the latter. In *singing*, too, which is nearly as important as dancing in South Africa, a magnificent chorus of baritone and tenor voices will often be interupted with an ear-splitting falsetto, a sickening whine or a bestial howl. The white man's protests at this interruption of his pleasure are received with sincere amazement.

Instances of such an exasperating *inconsistency*, which the white man must be prepared for in all his dealings with the black, could be multiplied indefinitely. Most natives are extremely fond of bathing and keep their bodies cleaner than most Europeans do. Yet they allow their gar-

ments to teem with lice and their huts to swarm with bugs, feel no disgust at contact with running sores or any other kind of contamination, and are really much less concerned with cleanliness than with the mere sensuous pleasure of immersion. Again, a native will freely confess that he is afraid of this, that and the other thing, till the white man becomes convinced that he is an arrant coward. Next day this same " coward " is quite likely to perform such a deed of heroism as would be unthinkable in Europe. Negroes who regularly almost faint at the sight of a chameleon have been known to attack and beat off man-eating lions with no better weapon than a stick or a whip.

Such unexpected happenings can sometimes be accounted for after a study of the *superstitions* or the actual body of definite, scientific knowledge entertained by natives. The latter is often considerable and superior in certain directions to that of the white man, as notably in medicine and zoology. But more often the inconsistencies seem inexplicable. Many tribes, for instance, enjoy the smell of corpses, and even eat them, without any idea of imbibing the virtues of the dead man, which is the common excuse for cannabalism. Incidentally, the meat diet of the South African negro is compiled chiefly with an eye to acquiring the characteristics of the animal devoured, when these are considered to be desirable, or of avoiding them in the opposite case.

Zulu girls will never touch pork or elephant flesh in case they should grow to look like pigs or pachyderms. They abhor, for a similar reason,



CHURCH BELLS.

Calling the people to Church on the South African veld. Note the three pieces of steel of various sizes to secure the effect of a three tone carillon. The picture was taken at Eshowe, in the heart of Zululand.

beef from a cow that has died in parturition or given birth to a still-born calf. Zulu boys object to the tender and savoury lip of a bullock because the said lip is always trembling in the live bullock and is thus likely to cause cowardice in war. Full-grown warriors will not touch tripe. For such a meal would automatically draw the spears of the enemy towards their bowels.

All subtropical Africa, it has been said, is drunk after sunset. It is certainly a fact that every variety of fermented liquor has an unholy fascination for the African. And whenever it is a question of gratifying the senses, moderation is unknown in this part of the world. Natives will drink themselves silly the moment they get the chance. The most popular indigenous brew is a kind of beer made from bananas or from maize and millet. But even in his drunkenness the African differs from the European. In the latter the effects of alcohol are generally very soon noticeable. In the former some twenty-four to thirty-six hours elapse, after the libation has ceased, before a certain nervous irritability begins to show itself. This often turns, in an instant, to homicidal mania. A native, sober to all appearances, will commit acts of fearful cruelty and violence when in this condition.

Beer and aphrodisiacs, to which latter elixirs Africans are also immoderately addicted, lead to a shortness or often to an entire *absence of memory* which is one of the most striking social characteristics of the negro on his native heath. He will not expect to be censured for forgetting anything.

To him sins of omission for this reason are no sins at all but a conclusive excuse for whatever may have happened in consequence. Negroes will give a white man information, for instance the name of a mountain or river, at one time, and an hour or two later, in reply to the same question, quite a different answer. They will be genuinely surprised when told that it *is* different.

Of all accomplishments the gift of tongues is that which most depends upon memory. And yet the incorrigibly forgetful African is a born linguist, exceeding even the Russian in the ease with which he masters the most numerous and diverse foreign languages. He will learn an alien idiom in a month, where the white man will usually have to give a year to it. This miracle can only be explained by another, the miraculous faculty of imitation which Kaffirs especially display. In these circumstances it is exceedingly dangerous for the European to assume that he will be able to keep secrets from his native servants by gabbling them to another white man in his own language in their presence. The negroes will certainly not keep them when they have learned them. For the African is as inquisitive and garrulous as any elderly spinster in a British village.

In Africa, as in Asia, the *lie is the principal vehicle* of communication. But in Africa, lies are quite as often due to lapses of memory or a congenital inability to distinguish between truth and falsehood as to deliberate intention. To the average negro, as to many European metaphysi-

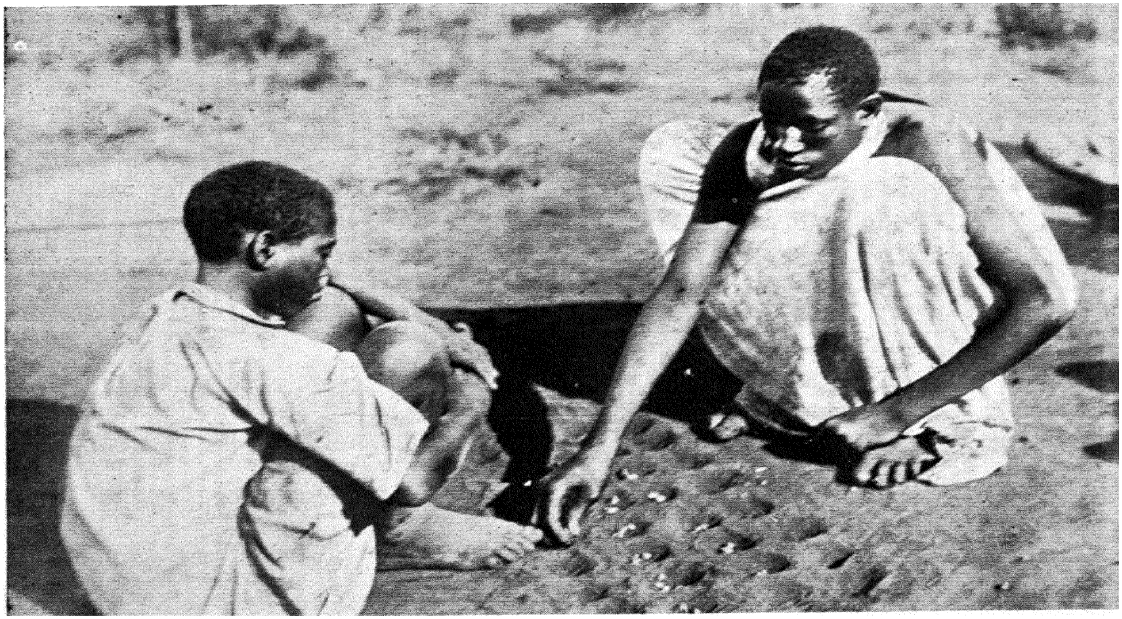
cians, the line of demarcation between reality and imagination can scarcely be said to exist. In conversation, therefore, with Africans, the white man must often expect to find that, as in Europe, his interlocutor is only "making conversation." The only difference is that the European does not invent "stories" quite so shamelessly, exuberantly or frankly as the black man.

In the realm of feeling, ties of *affection* are strongest between mother and child. The men of some tribes, when they meet their mothers out of doors, will step aside, kneel down and remain in that attitude until the old lady has gone by, as if she were a veritable queen. The parent, on these occasions, usually acts up to the part by not taking the slightest notice of her ultra-respectful offspring. Romantic love between man and woman is rare, but not so rare as it is in most parts of Asia. Orlando, in *As You Like It*, might have confuted, with African examples, his cruel Rosalind's opinion that "men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them: but not for love." Negroes have hanged and stabbed themselves for the sake of disappointed passion, if not quite so often as the heroes of European legend, nevertheless in many well authenticated cases.

Pity, on the other hand, is not a common African virtue, any more than it is an Asiatic one. Heaven help the European who falls sick among black men, for they will certainly not do so. On the contrary, they will let him die, even when he supposes them devoted to him, with the

greatest equanimity. The devotion was but cupboard-love. The white master was the source of food and nothing else. A most diverting story, in this connection, is told by *Hans Coudenhove*, the celebrated explorer and naturalist. He was climbing a mountain in Central Africa, followed by his native servant, when he happened to slip. The faithful negro uttered a cry of alarm. The white man looked back with a reassuring smile, highly gratified at this obviously genuine concern for his safety. But all the black child of nature said was: "Who will feed me, master, if you fall down there?" On another occasion the same servant expressed admiration for Coudenhove's gold tooth. The explorer observed genially: "I daresay you'd like to cut off my head one night while I'm asleep and run away with that tooth, wouldn't you?" "Oh, master," was the shocked reply, "Who would be so foolish as to do such a thing with all the police there are about nowadays!"

Allowance must constantly be made by whites, in dealing with the black man, for the innate indifference of the negro to death and suffering, which he is just as ready to show in his own case as in that of another. Being so sincerely unaffected by their own physical ills they can hardly be expected to exhibit great excitement about their neighbours'. But more than this. Pain and the imminence of dissolution seems often to be positively enjoyed, in a way that to a European is perfectly incomprehensible. Men warned that they have contracted a fatal disease swell with importance and discuss the matter with the great-



PEBBLES IN THE SAND.

The natives in Urundi, Central Africa, find little need of expensive equipment for their game, a very popular one throughout the region. Four rows of eight shallow holes each, and thirty small round pebbles are all that is required—Unfortunately the photographer has failed to supply the rules.

est eagerness. Of all pantomimic dances that which is most admired is the horribly realistic representation of slaughter, torture and death.

Africans all delight in killing and in savage punishment. And yet the wanton cruelty that has come to be denoted, significantly enough, by the name of a European, a French Marquess, can scarcely be found in Africa, as it certainly can in Asia. No doubt this vice demands a certain sophistication in its addict, which the child-like negro, however strange his psychology may appear to the European, can never achieve. But it need hardly be added that animals and birds when they fall into the hands of the black man automatically fall into torment, for the most part inflicted through sheer callous carelessness.

But in considering the social behaviour of the natives of South Africa one has again and again to return to the all important question of *food*, the centre round which all other conceptions in this part of the continent revolve. It seems to be regarded as the sacred duty of a negro to eat as much as he can whenever he can. "Why, I might be dead to-morrow! And then, what an opportunity I should have lost!" appears to be the usual attitude. No reason for getting married, for instance, is ever given but the necessity of having someone to prepare one's food. White tourists occasionally wax sentimental over the splendid generosity of the negro, who will, in spite of his voracious appetite, invariably share any meal he is having with anyone who happens to be present and will even force others to partake of it.

But the real reason for this magnanimity is the wit's definition of gratitude: "A lively sense of favours to come." "If I refuse to share my food," the negro reasons, "perhaps some day when I am hungry he to whom I once refused food will refuse it to me." It is significant that food is only refused to the diseased and disabled, when a reversal of the respective positions is considered too remote a possibility to be worth bothering about.

The South African negro's food is usually tasteless, and often revolting to the white man, though its variety is enormous. As well as vegetable matter it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the black man will eat anything that has ever had breath in its body. There are of course many tabus and fetishes, which vary from tribe to tribe. But it is fairly safe to say that somewhere in South Africa every animal and bird to be found in this part of the continent is devoured by the inhabitants. Rats, dogs, cats, snakes, lizards, caterpillars, locusts, ants and even tree-bugs, as well as the more usual items, figure the bill of fare in various districts. The more rotten and "bad" flesh, fish or fowl has gone the better it seems to be relished. The white man is forced to the conclusion that the black man's digestive organs differ radically from his own.

A curious feature of the communal life of natives and their white employers is that the former consider they are entitled to take any food they may fancy from the latter's larders. They apparently regard it as their due in being their master's guests. It will be impossible for the

white man to convince them that they are committing theft by participating thus unofficially in his hospitality. Nor is it food alone that is supposed to be honourably subject to their depredations. The African is an unmatched Autolycus. He snaps up unconsidered trifles all over the place and sometimes makes very good use of them, at any rate from his own point of view, which is as often as not that of the self-decorator.

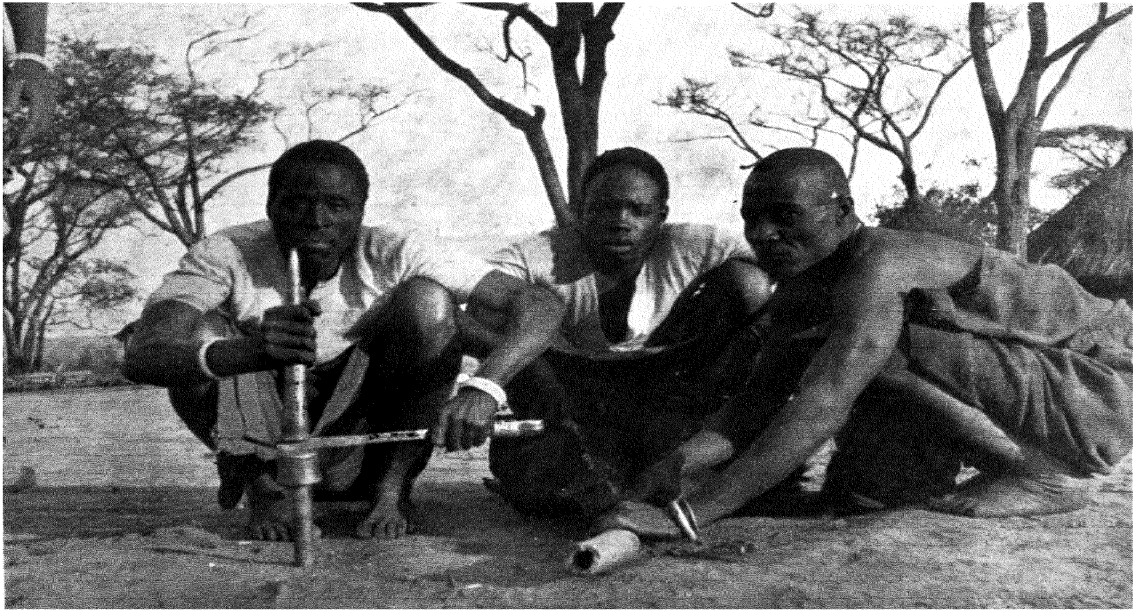
For the negro is always at least an embryo artist, as indeed are most children all over the world. His happy-go-lucky temperament and fondness for extraordinary garb are the outward indications of a faculty that finds its finest expression in his carvings and modellings, in his dances and in his songs. He resembles, again, the typical artist in being quick-witted, but lazy and far from ambitious, possessed of remarkable intuitions and no logic, mischievous and inventive, yet utterly unprogressive and really incurious about anything but his own affairs. It is as fatal for the white man in Africa as anywhere else in the world to imagine that the natives are particularly interested in him, far less in awe of him. He would be much better employed, in his dealings with the negro, in attempting to disprove less complimentary opinions of his race which are widely held among blacks. As for instance that Europeans are, in general, ferocious, conceited and dishonest.

In conversation, the European must not expect, the negro to come straight to the point. This would be considered discourteous even when the

matter is of some urgency. White men have actually lost their lives occasionally through this excessive reluctance on the part of black men to say what is really the matter. It is extremely probable that equal numbers of black men have perished for the same reason. The delicacy resembles that with which, in the last century, subjects relating to natural functions of the body were touched upon by respectable people in England. The negro doesn't mind referring to these pointblank. It is only to business matters that he applies his tortuous circumlocutions.

Such wholesale tact and good taste makes rational conversation extremely difficult. It is a curious and ironic fact that *politeness* carried to infinity results in nonsense, as in the celebrated European instance of the two gentlemen who each refuse to precede the other through a door. There are, however, certain lapses from this strict code in South Africa. A native will never pick up a thing which another man happens to drop, though he will indulge in all sorts of absurd attentions which are not in the least helpful, such as removing infinitesimal obstacles from the path of his employer or dusting some already spotless object which he is about to use.

African courtesy does not arise altogether from sheer generosity, but largely from a less complimentary feeling, that of the profound distrust which bitter experience of the operations of white men in his country has taught him. This circumspection makes the native very secretive and adds enormously to the embarrassment of verbal



NATIVE BLACKSMITHS—NORTHERN RHODESIA

Native blacksmiths of Baluba tribe, Northern Rhodesia—showing how the hammer, tongs, and anvil are used.

communications. He is extremely unwilling to give any information whatever and is a past master at confusing issues.

Europeans fresh to the country usually make the mistake of believing that the same idea of the *inferiority of women* prevails in South Africa as in Asia. They see the native women working in the fields, fetching and carrying wood and water, pounding grain and at the same time cooking food, bearing and looking after children and acting as porters on all journeys, to say nothing of running every errand, even the most trivial, which their husbands could just as easily run themselves. The white man assumes that the black woman is a poor, patient, pathetic creature and he marvels at her frequent laughter and song while engaged in her innumerable tasks.

But the fact is that in South Africa the relations between the sexes are based on the idea of the *division of labour*. The husband provides the money and the property. The wife does the work. The women are quite satisfied with this arrangement and, though pretending a humble submissiveness, rule the roost as effectively as they do in such " civilised " countries as France and the United States.

Standards of feminine *pre-marital chastity* vary almost violently from tribe to tribe. In some parts of the country girls do just as they like, in others they are strictly confined and ferociously punished if they offend. A Zulu girl who has been detected in sexual delinquency is pegged down upon an ant-hill and slowly devoured by

the disturbed insects. It is not that the black man has any high-falutin ideas about "virtue." Virgins are commercial assets in districts where such penalties are in vogue. For in these districts a bride is usually purchased from her parents without herself being consulted in the matter, as used so frequently to be the case in Europe, the continent which invented chastity as an abstract idea. In the parts of Africa where the girl's consent to a proposed marriage is customary, no one cares whether she is a virgin or not.

It has already been pointed out that *romantic* love is by no means unknown in South Africa. But the factor of physical beauty, so prominent in Europe, is entirely absent in these affairs. Some native women and more native men are extremely good-looking, even from the white observer's point of view. But no native ever seems to take such things into consideration for a moment. There is no word in the Swahili language, for instance, which means "handsome" and nothing else. Yet in all South African tribes beautiful animals, flowers, pictures, landscapes and music are admired. Many natives are true artists. Moreover they have a keen sense, as keen as any European's, of what is ridiculous in expression or appearance. This indifference to human beauty is perhaps what a white man finds strangest in Africans, given their sensitivity to other forms of loveliness. Count Keyserling puts it down to a certain *lack of imaginative power*, of the kind that even the stupidest Europeans possess in the shape of sentimentality. This might account for the elimination of beauty as a purely sexual attrac-

tion. But that contemplative appreciation of a handsome man or woman should be absent from the make-up of tribes so artistic in other ways seems quite inexplicable. Kruger was right. The white man who understands the black has not yet been born.

Egypt.

The principal meals taken by Egyptians are breakfast, about an hour after sunrise; dinner at noon; and supper, more elaborate than the other two, a little after sunset. Pastry, sweets, and fruit are always served at all these functions and also, with coffee, at intervals throughout the day. Guests at an Egyptian house will invariably be given flowers and a pipe of tobacco, for *everyone smokes perpetually in Egypt.*

In social intercourse an extraordinary number of different kinds of *greetings* are employed and etiquette in general is strict and complex. The most common form of salutation is to touch one's own forehead and breast. But in the Sudan the European must not be surprised if the local magnate spits in his face. This rather startling reception of the foreigner's polite bow does not, as sometimes happens elsewhere, denote the good Moslem's furious contempt for an infidel, but on the contrary is intended as a prelude to affable intimacy. To offer such a usual secreted object as one's saliva must necessarily, in the view of the Sudanese be far more generous and indicative of magnanimous affection than merely to give a friend your hand, a gesture originally meant

simply to show that you held no offensive weapon in it. Hence hand-shaking, on this theory, can at best be but a negative and non-committal act.

Egyptians are very *talkative* and very pleasantly so, provided that the European visitor does not mind a rather liberal flavouring of obscenity in man-to-man discourse. With this strong sauce go an easy and fluent courtsey and a dignity of manner extremely and favourably striking to the northerner accustomed to the hurried, perfunctory or rough and ready habits of his own continent. Quickness of wit and understanding, and a remarkably retentive memory increase the pleasures of an Egyptian conversation and give it an almost royal character.

Egyptians are *fatalists* by temperament as well as by religion; the latter no doubt in consequence of the former. They will endure calamities with surprising resignation and fortitude. Further virtues more easily recognisable by the European are filial piety, respect for the aged, benevolence and charity. Almost alone among dwellers in the east and south of the world they are conspicuously kind to animals. Those who ill-treat quadrupeds in the streets of Cairo may expect as warm a public resentment as they would experience in London or New York. Cheerfulness and hospitality, frugality and temperance in food and drink, add further bright colours to the Egyptian character. Most astonishing of all to the sceptic, they are remarkably punctual in the *payment of debts*.

In fact, most of the national faults are mitigated by their opposites. The same individual will

show alternate traits of avarice and generosity, indolence and industry, effeminacy and courage. Certain failings, however, will always irritate the European. Chief of these is the incorrigible *inaccuracy in statement* to which every Egyptian is liable on occasion. They seem sometimes incapable of the simplest and most ordinary processes of reasoning. This inconsequence renders them poor organisers and administrators in practical affairs, and disappointing debaters. But as a rule things only go wrong in Egypt where the white man is concerned. Natives allow for the universal habit of muddled logic or rather don't expect their business or any sort of argument to be conducted logically, and are therefore astonished at the exasperation of their visitors from the north.

With this condition go an improvidence and a susceptibility to outside influence which would ruin a European careerist in a month. Work in Egypt, accordingly, seems a perfect farce to the American, the Englishman, the Frenchman or the German. Yet the Egyptians are on the whole a *busy and a happy people* so long as they are left to themselves.

From even a southern European's point of view Egyptians are fantastically *over-sexed* and *oversuperstitious*. These two characteristics make it difficult for the average white tourist to take them seriously. The perpetual references in conversation and in conduct to these weaknessess end by wearying John Smith and eventually even Jean and Juan. And, as always in the east and south,

there are still more mysteriously disconcerting facts to be reckoned with in making friends with Egypt.

The late *Lord Cromer*, the greatest British authority on the modern country, with which he was officially connected from 1877 to 1908, once wrote: "It would seem as if, even in the most trivial acts of life, some unfelt impulse, for which no special reason can be assigned, drives the Easterner to do the exact opposite to that which the Westerner would do under similar circumstances." He instances the example of the Nile peasant whom he asked, by way of experiment, to touch his—the peasant's, not Lord Cromer's—left ear. The man, instead of raising his left hand, as any European would, brought his right hand over the top of his head.

The fear inspired by so strange a request may in this case have had something to do with so awkward a movement. But it remains true that few countries hold so many surprises for the white man as Egypt, with the possible exceptions of China and Japan. The visitor, particularly if he be more of a student than a business man, may find this sort of thing stimulating for a time. But as the examples of "contrariness" pile up and the reservoir appears more and more inexhaustible, there is some excuse for his giving up the process of the social investigation of the Egyptian as a bad job.

He will be more entertained, as is usual the further travellers get from home, by the sports and pastimes, rather than by the serious affairs

and still more serious etiquette, of his new friends. Egyptian *amusements* are seldom violent, if one excepts love-making. The nation is a sedentary one and the climate is hot. First comes, for both sexes and all classes, bathing, indoors in the most elaborate establishments and out of doors in the Nile and in the sea. *Music*, though condemned by Mohammed, is a good second. The songs of boatmen, the religious chants and the very street-cries are always pleasingly melodious. Men both sing and play instruments as a regular and normal accomplishment. Women usually confine themselves to the voice. But in both instrumental and vocal music the range is narrow and the key minor. The plaintive note is the most common and therefore a certain effect of monotony, as throughout the East, is involved.

Snake-charming is ubiquitous and remains a mystery to the tourist, in spite of the fact that the fangs of the venomous serpents employed are always extracted. The charmers are generally *dervishes*, in other words members of an ecclesiastical fraternity. Jugglers, rope-dancers and itinerant farce-players are also highly popular, while a feature of the coffee-shops of Cairo is the story-teller, whose romantic recitations invariably attract large audiences. Camel *racing* is regularly indulged in and also donkey-racing, the latter with the special and amusing circumstance that the rider sits facing the animal's rump and manipulates a halter bound to its tail. *Gambling*, chiefly over a game resembling draughts, is almost universal, though forbidden by law, but the Egyptian takes his law, like his religion, less than

in grim earnest. The only thing he can really be said to take seriously is that which the European generally takes most frivolously, to wit, his sexual entertainment.

Fascinating, contradictory and incalculable, modern Egypt may well be represented by the overwhelmingly seductive figure of its greatest queen of antiquity, *Cleopatra*. It is easy to imagine the woman who led so many great and grave Romans by the nose flouting, like her children of the twentieth century, ordinances both secular and divine, revering cats, darkening her already sun-browned cheeks in the interests of a sexuality incomprehensible to the European, painting her lips blue, as the Sudanese girls do, at once understanding and sympathising with, though secretly laughing at, both the spirit and the letter of the pompous lectures of her northern guests, flattering them till they really believe they have made a considerable impression on her obviously bright intelligence and then going her own gay *insouciant* way as before.

It is no use for the tourist or even the anthropologist to ask why the *fellahin* work in the fields in dressing-gowns whose trailing skirts they hold between their teeth or why the frantically dancing *dervish*, whose gyrations would defeat even the frenzied virtuosity of a champion from New York's Harlem, invariably looks, when in repose, at least over eighty. Egypt guards her secret to-day as she guarded it three thousand years ago.

Algeria and Morocco.

The national dish of the Berbers is *cous-cous*, a sticky paste made with rice and giving off an exceedingly rank odour. It will always be highly seasoned by a conscientious host. But dinner begins with *tea*. This beverage is served, green and sugary and stuffed with mint-leaves, in small glasses of which the guest will be expected to drink at least three and make as much noise as possible over it. To sip your tea briefly and silently is to offer the master of the house a deadly insult, for the implication would be that you were not enjoying it. Next, a stick of incense is lit and the smoke fanned into your face. You will be expected to loosen your dress or at least flap your jacket or cloak so as to allow the fumes to penetrate to your body. Rose or orange flower-water is then poured over the hands of the guests, for they are, of course, to eat with their fingers, which will be again rinsed after each course.

Food is served in dishes placed in a small circular table about a foot high with a miniature wall round it, resembling those of the dining-saloon tables of liners, when rough weather is expected. The Berber dining-table thus looks like an upturned sieve. Favourite courses will be small, putrid and hard boiled eggs, almonds, cakes which you will dip in butter or honey sauce, bees embedded in sweets, raisins and dates in meat stews, but little that is hot. As when tea is served, the guest must not touch anything till the

host, by making a start, has proved that, at any rate so far as he is aware, nothing is poisoned.

In conveying semi-liquid food to the mouth Moors never drop the tiniest fraction of what they hold in their fingers. A dexterous half-turn of the hand, similar to that employed in spoon-feeding children or invalids with glutinous medicines, prevents any such accident.

The meal over, everyone must belch, to show that he is satisfied, and the louder the better. A shocking scandal would be caused if any guest omitted his duty in this respect. Water is then handed round in a copper vessel accompanied by a basin, in order that the right hand and the mouth may be thoroughly rinsed. Europeans will enjoy this part of the dinner-ceremony if, as frequently happens, they have found their roast mutton or roast chicken more fit for burial than consumption. The teeth are then polished with the soapy fingers of the right hand, more incense is burned, and the way is then clear for three more cups of tea and the taking of tobacco either through the nose or ignited in a long reed pipe with a small clay bowl; the whole thing rather resembling the more rakish type of cigarette holder likely to be produced at a Chelsea divan party.

Moorish tobacco is mixed with hemp and has a slightly stupefying effect. Coffee may be refused without offence. It is always bad in Morocco, being over-sweetened and over-stuffed with mint. A final deluge of rose-water and more clouds of incense conclude the entertainment, which will never take place in any public resort but always

at home. *Dining out in restaurants is an impropriety in Morocco.* But if you do go to a native eating-house you will have to walk through the kitchen—not so agreeable an experience as at Simpson's in the Strand—to get to the dining-rooms, which are secretly situated at the back of the building, like lavatories.

The important business of *sleeping* does not much exercise the minds of Moors and Algerians. Throughout Africa, as in the southern parts of Asia, spartan accommodation is the rule. Not because Africans and Asiatics are naturally ascetic —far from it !—but because in warm climates one soon gets tired and also because in the south and east of the world one's average day has seldom been so worrying as to require that repose shall be tenderly wooed before being won. When the man from the country, in Algeria or Morocco, comes to stay in a hotel he usually lies down *on the floor beside the bed* in his room, instead of getting into it, for he deeply distrusts this elaborate contraption. The European in the same situation, throughout this part of the world, will be well advised to bring his *own rugs* with him. For the blankets provided (if any) are unlikely to be innocent of livestock and the bedstead has no springs but consists of rawhide thongs closely laced together and covered by a thin pad of cotton-tick fibre in lieu of a mattress.

Greetings in north-west Africa are ceremonious and affectionate. Sometimes the shoulder of the person saluted is kissed, more often the finger-tips are pressed together, then carried to the lips,

then to the heart. Or simply one finger may be set against the mouth, so that a meeting between two Moors frequently has the air of one between conspiratorial characters in a light opera. You may safely call all Berbers 'Mohammed,' for quite half of them are in reality so named and in the other cases the mistake will be taken for a compliment. But though your interlocutor, if he comes from the district of *Mauretania*, may have a blue face, you must not look directly at it, for such a glance from an infidel would contaminate his religious purity. The men of Mauretania, who stain their skins blue and dress in blue garments are great *fanatics*.

The first Moor to utter a greeting says "*Salaam aleikum*" (Peace be with you!) to which his friend will reply "*Aleikum salaam*" (With you be peace!). These salutations are exchanged while the gentlemen in question are still some yards apart, for when a Moor wishes to speak to you he will do so as soon as he is within earshot. This is the only occasion upon which the suggestion of hurry is imported into ordinary social relations. The habit makes a crowded street as vocal with hallooing as a cocktail party, especially as it is a point of personal honour to speak first, for he who first salutes an acquaintance proves himself to be without uncharitable pride.

When you go to call on a Moor in his house you will be inspected through a spy-hole by a servant and not admitted until you say who you are. Once inside, you must *remove your shoes*, even if your host courteously begs you, as a European,



THE UPPER FORM LISTENS TO THE LOWER AT LESSONS.

While youngsters in Morocco spend hours chanting verses from the Koran and absorbing their master's explanation of their sacred book, adults perched on a platform above, follow the lesson, and refresh their memories.

not to bother. He will not really mean this. Shoes tear and soil the carpets, rugs and mattresses which are *the only seats* in a Moorish house. Those meant for squatting are generally arranged round the walls. The tea service which will immediately be produced is fetched as a rule from under a brass bedstead which most well-to-do Moors keep behind a curtain in an alcove. The rest of the furniture often consists of a number of musically chiming clocks, all set at different times which have nothing to do with the actual time of day, for *the passing hour is supremely unimportant* in Africa as in Asia.

When Moors enjoy a good laugh together, as they repeatedly do, for they are a mirth-loving race, they first lean far back, as they squat on their heels, then raise the right hand far above the head, then lean forward and finally bring the hand down to meet their companion's hand with a hearty smack. Nothing is more exhilarating to watch, anywhere in the world, than this grandly jovial convention. *Moors are great gentlemen.* There are no vulgarians among them, even among the lowest class. Nor will they tolerate bad manners in those who converse with them. If you should inadvertently yawn while talking to a Moor and omit to place your hand before your mouth, he himself will cover with his own hand the offending chasm. But this gesture is really meant less as a rebuke than to prevent the devil from taking advantage of this hole in your face to pop something extremely disagreeable into it, as he will do if he acts in accordance with a very old-established superstition.

It is customary in ordinary conversation to address those whom you do not know very well as "my father," "my mother," "my brother" or "my sister," according to their age and sex. If you are compelled to refer, in talking with a man, to a woman, a pig or a Jew, you must precede your sentence with the exclamation, "*Hash-ak!*" (By your leave!). You will find that a woman will *never address her husband by name*—she is strictly forbidden by the laws of religion to do so—but only as "father of so-and-so," naming her eldest son. She is not allowed to take any object from her husband's hand. Anything he wishes to give her will be placed on the floor for her to pick up. This is to keep her in her place. But the visitor must not suppose that when his host, in pity for his European difficulties with finger-eating, places a knife on the floor for him to use, the master of the house is putting *him* in *his* place. Knives are lethal weapons and the act of handing them, even with the point towards oneself, is to the Moorish mind too reminiscent of homicidal violence to be polite.

To return to women. Though they are treated throughout north west Africa as far inferior beings to the male, must never eat with men, must on the contrary serve them while they are eating and never sit down in their presence without explicit permission, yet the Moorish woman, a slave by day, is a queen at night. Moors are *great lovers* not only in the sense that they are extremely highly sexed but also in the sense that they are the *most chivalrous of Orientals* while the erotic

interview is actually in progress. Then, the woman can demand almost anything and be sure of getting it, whether service, favour or some material object. It is true that when she ceases to find favour with her lord and master as a mistress she will have little more to expect from him and is lucky if she is barely tolerated.

Unlike Egyptians, Moors do not care for talk about women. If the European wishes to enquire after the health of his host's womenfolk he must use a circumlocution, such as "It is well with thy *house*?" As regards work, in the country women perform much of the labour in the fields. In certain parts of Algeria they are yoked to the plough with the family ox. Apart from *agriculture* the principal business of north-west Africans is *retail selling*, which they pursue with apparant indifference but a good deal of cupidity. Their bargains are as hard driven as any in the world. In keeping his accounts the merchant, as the table is not a native article of furniture, writes on a pad of paper held against the palm of his left hand or on his knee.

When work is done for the day the first recreation he thinks of is to listen to one of the professional *story-tellers* who crowd into the markets as the closing hour of business approaches. These men, who are all excellent dramatic and character actors, accompany their long recitations on tambourines and are extremely popular and well remunerated. Watching dances, mostly of the "stomach" variety, to the music of guitar, oboe and drum, is another favourite amusement of the

Moor and Algerian. The girls are highly trained and often balance a well-filled tray of tea-cups on their heads while going through their abdominal evolutions.

The most strenuous *sport* is "powder-play." In this game groups of men on horseback, armed with long muskets, gallop up to the spectators at headlong speed, firing in the air, and pull up their steeds with terrific violence, in mid-career, a few feet from the thrilled onlookers. The magnificent Arab horses ridden are often permanently injured by halting them in this unnatural way. But this is a matter of indifference to the performer and spectator alike. *Violence is the keynote of the Moorish character.* And like all essentially violent men the Moor is inclined to be narrow-minded, conceited and arrogant. But the nobility of his manners and the real generosity of his temperament—he is always extraordinarily respectful, for instance, to European women, even when these behave with what to him is disgusting vulgarity and licence—go far to alleviate his underlying ferocity.

Sometimes the respect is the outcome of *superstition.* An American lady once found a rat in her hotel bedroom, in Tunisia. The fearless young woman shooed it out into the corridor, herself keeping modestly out of sight. In the morning the hotel chef was found to have vanished. Dug out in a remote quarter of the town, after an exhausting search, he explained that he was afraid to stay under the same roof with a Djinn, an evil spirit. Had not the strange creature who had

just come to stay at the hotel entered her bedroom in the guise of a white woman and left it in the guise of a great grey rat?

East Africa.

The tribes between the *Sudan* and *Rhodesia* are distinguished for a genial and naive *hospitality* which is occasionally embarrassing. Women take a prominent part in household ceremonies. It is by no means unusual for the hostess of the European visitor, while he is tilting to his lips the cup of native beer or milk which she has offered him, to place, with a meaning smile which he must not misinterpret, a caressing hand upon his stomach. This is not only meant to indicate sympathy with the exquisite sensations which the guest must be experiencing but also as a friendly compliment, much as a European host, when greeting a valued friend, will place a hand upon his shoulder.

In *Abyssinia*, if the guest stays the night, he will find his bedstead, somewhat after the Chinese custom, placed upon a raised platform between the windows of his room. During the day rugs or carpets take the place of bedding on this platform and the occupant of the room is supposed to spend most of his time on it. He will use it to transact business, eat and receive visitors. If he leaves his room he is likely to walk straight into the stables, for in this part of Africa cattle, goats, mules, horses, donkeys and pigs share the same roof as their owners. The men live in a different part of the house from that occupied by

the women and the servants, who always get up *an hour earlier* in the morning than the males.

In conversation Abyssinians are among the most polite of Africans. But the professional soldiers are a notable exception to this rule, for it is a strict convention that warriors shall be extremely rude and abrupt in manner. As so often in the south and east, long preambles are necessary before coming to the point and even then matters are discussed as indirectly as possible. This is simply a question of "good form." It is as unpardonable in East Africa to be blunt and straightforward as it is to "beat about the bush" in the best European society.

In another respect East African natives will remind the white tourist rather of his "genteel" than of his "gentle" acquaintances. *Some of his food must always be left upon his plate.* Not as in England, to prove his "refinement," in having a small appetite, but in order that those who serve him may be duly rewarded. Scraps are a sort of "tip."

The guest must not be too highly gratified at the way in which women and children particularly will run a mile or more to meet him when his approaching form is descried in the distance. Most of the country in this part of Africa is rather inaccessible. Strangers are rare. And when they do come they are likely to have exciting stories to tell. As the European or American would say, they are "news." This simple circumstance goes far to account for the well-known hospitality of dwellers in remote places, whether Australian

sheep-farmers, American ranchers or the inhabitants of Tanganyika.

Further to the north, where the moslem element is more in evidence, the traveller will find in abundance the familiar qualities of the followers of Islam, the excitability and the avarice, the *sturdy independence of character* and the personal pride that goes with it. The *Somalis* in particular are great dandies, hair dressers and teeth cleaners. This nation is remarkable, too, for treating its women much better than most Moslems do. And yet they share with the southern African an indifference to human physical charms which is apparently absolute. They have a great respect for their seniors, kneeling in the dust, like some of their cousins in the south, when an aged man or woman passes. In general Somaliland is a grand place to be at home in but uncomfortable for the alien. Charming in the family circle, the Somali is often cruel and faithless outside it. Nor is he so genuinely pious as other Mohammedans. The tremendous amount of public praying that goes on is usually undertaken merely to impress the white man.

In north east Africa the men work in the fields and the women in the villages, contrary to the general practice elsewhere on the continent. Their recreations are singing and dancing, as throughout Africa, and curiously enough a certain number of field sports, such as a kind of rugby football in which the very small ball is bounced instead of being kicked or carried and the Abyssinian variety of hockey played on a two-mile pitch, by forty or

fifty generally very youthful players on each side, belonging to a neighbouring village. The object is to drive the ball into the boundaries of the opposing settlement. A kind of rounders or base-ball is also very popular. Indoor games are less various. The most practiced is a type of draughts in which white pebbles confront black pellets of camel-dung.

A last word of warning may possibly be useful to the more hot-headed breed of traveller. The surest way to earn the undying contempt—not necessarily resentment—of an East African native is to strike him, in however light and casual a fashion.

West Africa.

The staple foods of the West African are *millet*, *maize* and *rice*. Two very solid meals a day are taken, with a great deal of pepper. As in other parts of the continent the diners squat round a common bowl and dip cakes of food into its sauce. The cook must eat first in order to prove that he has not tried to poison the party. The *calabashes* or half-gourds containing the millet-beer and palm wine are passed from mouth to mouth as a sign of friendliness. After the meal the chewing of cola nuts takes the place of the European cigarette. West Africans can starve for days on end if necessary and they would much rather starve than ever eat alone. A man on a solitary journey invariably arrives at his destination ravenous, though he may have had plenty of opportunity to eat in loneliness by the way.

In this part of the continent it is usually too hot to sleep indoors. Beds are on the roofs of the houses, which, to be sure, are extraordinarily small and stifling, literal shelters and nothing else. Practically all the affairs of life, even the most private, are conducted in the open air.

In greetings certain tribes spit on the hand before offering it, thus conveying, like the Sudanese, a more intimate salutation. Among the Masai to spit on a person is more complimentary than to embrace him. In conversation the European must be prepared for the preposterous circumlocution and barefaced lying (just to create a pleasant atmosphere) of Africa in general. It is usual to hand a man a small present before entering upon an interview, however informal, with him. A basket of eggs is the most common gift.

Laughter is much more heard in West Africa than it is in Europe. This is by no means only because Africans are congenitally merry people. It is also because laughter is the normal way in which such emotions as surprise, embarrassment or even serious discomforture are expressed.

If the traveller's host is a Senegalese the litany of leave-taking, as of first meeting, will be extremely lengthy and accompanied by a rhythmic movement of the torso which is almost a dance. These people have a sense of the dramatic which they import into the most ordinary formalities. The right hand will be flung open, palm upwards, towards the visitor or chance-met acquaintance, to show that it is unarmed. Then both hands

are joined to take that of the newcomer and will lift it to the forehead of his interlocutor. If the parties then proceed to seat themselves he of inferior social rank will hasten to take a physically lower position. There is quite as much petty snobbery in West Africa as in West Brompton.

The British found, when they built the new roads in Nigeria, that the natives made first-class chauffeurs, being neither as horrifyingly reckless as most Africans nor as childishly lacking in road-sense. Is it a fact that gardeners and agricultural labourers seldom drive cars decently, and *vice versa* ? However that may be, the fact remains that the Nigerian, so intelligent where machinery is concerned, can't or won't dig. Most of the land in West Africa has to be tilled by imported labour.

Dancing is the chief recreation, as it is everywhere else on the continent. The arms and the trunk play a more important part in it than the legs and feet. Games are innumerable and are indulged in more by adults than by children. Wrestling is the most popular sport. The best champions are drawn from the fishermen of the coast, who in all parts of the world seem to provide the physically strongest men. No direct blows are allowed in West African wrestling. But other wise it is " all in." The moment a man is thrown he is beaten and the contestants are therefore usually short. Scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm take place when the finals are fought at Dakar, the winners being absolutely smothered by a hail of gifts from their admirers, who tear off their clothing and ornaments to do them honour.

In addition to wrestling, kites and tops, many ball games, see-saw and blind man's buff, riding, swimming, war and animal games are practised. The West African is perhaps the gayest and most "*sportif*" of negroes, as may readily be seen in studying his blood brothers of the American continent. The slaves carried across the Atlantic in former days were almost exclusively drawn from the lively inhabitants of the districts ranging from Rio de Oro in the north of Africa to Angola in the south.

CHAPTER V.

BIZARRE ASIA.

India, Burma, and Siam.

The European who stays at home usually only meets one kind of Indian, the English-speaking, upper-caste Hindu. Affable manners, a propensity to intricate and decidedly verbose argument and a certain effeminacy of physique, plus, of course, a browner skin than any Lido can give, will be the only symptoms that Tom, Dick or Harry will at first be able to spot as introducing the immemorial East. And even some of these signs could be paralleled in any southern European. Tom is likely to conclude that he can get on just as well with his new friend as if the latter had been born in Camden Town or anyhow Naples or Seville.

But in fact this ease of communication is merely due to the overwhelming accident of British predominance in India. Hindus are exceedingly *adaptable* and exceedingly *shrewd*. They have seen that the best way to lead their conqueror captive is to learn his social habits. They have learned them to perfection, almost. They are as word-perfect as the best of actors. But like all good actors they only act when they are on the stage. Alone, or with their compatriots, they discard the

English mask and revert, very properly and naturally, to type.

It is not the object of these pages, fortunately for the reader's intellectual stamina, to describe or define the Hindu soul or any other soul. Their task will be the far easier one of indicating psychological behaviour in a few cases of some of the most common affairs of everyday life in India and the rest of Asia. But even here it must be borne in mind that European influences have been at work so long and so intensively throughout the continent that much of what is noticed now applies only to the more conservative elements in Asiatic society. These however remain even to-day in the majority, just as Bermondsey Tom or salesman Jock outnumbers Mayfair Dick or shipping-clerk Harry in England.

The most important business of everyday life is to eat. One may renounce to a large extent sleep, conversation, love, work and amusement and still live quite comfortably, as in fact many Hindu sages do, in meditation. But to starve is to die. And perhaps more Indians have starved, in the history of the world, than even Chinese. So Indians, in common, with all the other nations of the earth, consider eating a very serious matter.

The differences between Europe and any other part of the world in respect of the actual kinds of food eaten are not so very striking. Stews and curries, lamb and chicken, are as common in London as in Bombay. It is the manner which is most highly distinctive. In general, through-

out the East, no table implements are used, one squats instead of sitting and the dishes are placed on the floor or only a foot or so above it.

There are some remarkable advantages in these habits. The absence of knives to cut meat with means that the meat must be extremely tender. Most Europeans, particularly if getting on in years, are apt to eye warily and test gingerly their steak or their bird, in the interests of their teeth and their digestive organs. Such precautions are unnecessary in the East. No oriental host would dream of putting the conventional, the almost inevitable query of European, especially English, middle-class dinner-tables: "*How* is your (flesh or fowl) Mr. So-and-so?"

In Asia it could only be in such a condition as to be easily torn into convenient morsels by the fingers and therefore childs' play to molar and intestine. To the Westerners' objection that fingers in the food are insanitary, untidy and a relic of savagery the Easterner retorts that all his guests wash their hands, in public, before, after and frequently during the meal, that in the essential processes of life savages have over and over again been proved to know better than their civilised descendants, for after all they have age and experience on their side, and finally that at any decent oriental dinner-party far fewer stains due to clumsiness will be found on clothes, cloths and furniture than in Europe.

This last gain of the bare hand method is obtained from the squatting posture already mentioned. One's mouth being so much nearer the food it is possible to lean forward gracefully and

convey the morsel to its destination with the minimum of time and trouble and therefore of mishap. And in any case fingers are much safer than forks. One knee is usually raised—invariably by Moslems—and the right hand, the cleverer of the two, used for transporting purposes. Often a piece of bread, corresponding to the Tudor 'manchet' of our ancestors, serves as a spoon for more or less liquid nourishment or in the form of a doubled crust as a kind of tweezers for meat.

Again, with knives and forks, the charming courtesy so often seen in the East, when a host offers a guest a titbit with his own hand, would be impracticable. This custom is rooted in something deeper than mere politeness. It seals the bond of friendship implied in the taking of a common meal, which is a ceremony of far greater social significance in Asia than in Europe. The Westerner seldom remembers all the people he has dined with or asked to dinner. But the Easterner never forgets that you have 'broken bread' with him.

To pass from obvious advantages to more dubious differences, a salient distinction is one which the average frivolous European will condemn at once. But the graver and more fastidious, to whom the tasting of food is something more than mere stoking, will perhaps, on reflection, be inclined to approve it, at any rate in principle. Oriental meals are generally consumed in almost complete silence.

The nuisance of having to talk with one's mouth full or while one's food gets cold is as well known

and feared by *gourmets* all over the world as the parallel mental mutilation of having to listen to loud, senseless, vulgar or laborious chatter from one's neighbours. Even when conversation is, from the nature of the diners, wise, witty or informative, the true *gourmet* always feels that it would be better postponed until the pleasures of the palate or the pangs of hunger, as the case may be, have been thoroughly satiated and put to sleep. The common practice of ordinary civilised people in Europe and America is not to talk seriously until a meal is ended, even when the diners have met for the sole purpose of talking seriously. Connoisseurs of the business of living may well regard this barely conscious habit as a natural yearning towards the perfection already achieved by the Asiatic.

A further main distinction between European and Indian meals, in particular, is one which it seems far more reasonable to Westerners to condemn absolutely and out of hand, though they are by no means guiltless, themselves, of the principle involved. It relates to the social position of diners at a common table.

There are between two and three thousand castes in India. Every Indian belongs to a certain caste. Theoretically, he can only eat with a member of his own caste, he can only eat the food approved by the rules of his caste and cooked by a person whom those rules permit to cook for him. The complications arising from these customs are endless, desperately intricate and such a menace to peace of mind as no European could endure



HIGH CASTE HINDOOS CHANGING THEIR SACRED "CONFIRMATION THREADS."

When a Hindoo of high caste is confirmed he has a circle of thread placed by the officiating priest around his neck and chest. Periodically this sacred thread has to be renewed and the Hindoos have marked a special day for this ceremonial changing, which they call "Cocoanut Day."

for a moment. Even the shadows of persons of alien castes will contaminate the food and prevent the unhappy diner from partaking of it. The castes of Brahmins in particular find their tables so hedged about with restrictions that Englishmen often wonder how a high-caste Brahmin ever manages to eat at all.

The faint analogy afforded by European snobbery, fast disappearing as it is, can hardly be compared with the caste system, whose tabus are religious rather than social or a matter of convenience only. For a duke to dine with his gardener is not necessarily unthinkable in England to-day, though it may still be as a rule, embarrassing to both parties. But is is as impossible to imagine a Brahmin dining with even a commercial traveller, let alone a street-sweeper, as to conceive Louis XIV deliberately hobnobbing with a caveman.

After this, the regulation subsisting throughout most of the East and especially in India, by which women are excluded from the male table and a wife has to wait—sometimes physically outside the charmed circle which he marks off on the floor or the ground—until her husband has finished eating before she can think of food herself, seems comparatively mild. It is only in accordance with the universal oriental conception of the inferiority of the sex. Even in Europe the 'stag-party,' at which only men are allowed, is still very common, though decreasing in popularity relatively to its past heyday. After all, it is even now generally held throughout the world, by the

arbiters of taste, that it is a woman's chief business to be charming and frivolous and that the ideal diner should be neither the one nor the other. But Europe is less logical or more susceptible than Asia. So the slowly dying 'stag-party' has always been the exception rather than the rule.

The food eaten in India is still strictly subject to religious tabus, as it is with orthodox Jews in Europe. Hindus ought not to eat meat. They definitely must not eat beef, for the cow is sacred. A good Moslem will eat no flesh but that of the goat or poultry. On the whole, partly owing to these prohibitions, food in India is rather plain and monotonous compared to that of Europe and America. It is also a good deal sweeter than most Westerners care for. The predilection for sweets is very marked throughout the world in hot and dry countries. Alcohol and tobacco are taken much less than in Europe, chiefly owing to religious regulations. Opium is preferred by the conservative to either and it is eaten rather than smoked. If wine is offered by an Indian host it will always be before, not during or after a meal, as though it were a cocktail.

Next to food and drink sleep is the most peremptory requirement of man. Indians in general go to bed at nightfall. They sleep on wooden beds with a string mattress. Separate bed-rooms are the rule all through the East for the two sexes. There are some interesting regulations in India for the wife whose husband is away at night, a rather frequent circumstance in most towns and villages. She must not sleep in her bed, but on a plain

wooden plank. She must not eat any food which her husband dislikes. When the husband returns, if he is a Brahmin, she must worship the big toe of his right foot when he wakes in the morning, bathe and anoint it and make offerings to it of incense, fire, fruit and flowers. The conservative Indian, by the way, never dries any part of his body after it has been bathed or washed, for the drying process would close the pores to the beneficent spiritual influences of the surrounding air. To dispense with a towel is of course natural enough in the climate of India. British sun-bathers at home do the same. But the Indian, it will be noticed, makes a spiritual virtue of what is *not* necessary.

In Bengal the most usual form of greeting is to raise the joined hands to the forehead, a singularly dignified and courteously deferential gesture. But the European guest calling at the house of an old-fashioned Indian gentleman will generally find that he is kept waiting outside the front door for an unconscionable time. This is not done out of casualness or vanity, as would be the case in Europe, but for the very opposite reason, to do the visitor honour. Time is of little account in the East and a native caller would be pleased to think that his presence required so much preparation behind the scenes. On coming face to face with his host the European must abandon all the conventional mannerisms of his drawing-room at home. He must not grin, chatter, fuss, laugh loudly or talk incessantly at the top of his voice. Above all he must make no sudden, violent or extravagant movements or

gestures. If he does he is quite likely to terrify his host into literal flight from the room, in fear of assault. Indians don't as a rule behave in the jerky and inconsequent manner of modern Westerners unless they mean to attack you.

If the conversation grows friendly and intimate the European must not think that the time is ripe to ask after the health of his host's family, for such a question would attract the unwelcome attentions of the evil spirits who are always lying in wait, throughout the East, to do something disagreeable to one's sons and daughters. If these are eventually brought in for exhibition the visitor must not, for the same reason as before, pat them on the head or say how pretty they are. When the wife appears she may smile. She may even laugh. But she must not show her teeth in doing so. That would be as indecent as if she showed her legs. Nor will the wife ever mention the husband's name. To name him in a strangers presence is as improper as it is in the remote parts of Ireland. An Indian wife says 'He' as a Connemara spouse will refer to 'Himself.'

Indians have very strong passions. But these are somewhat different, both in character and in expression, from those of the West. Children, especially sons, are intensively loved. An Indian father will do anything for his son and will spend an inordinate amount of time with him. But he will never caress him in public on any occasion whatever. Nor will he subject him to any kind of discipline which a European would consider worthy of the name, let alone administer corporal

punishment. The time-honoured shoe or slipper of the Western parent is tabu as an unclean object and it would seem outrageous to use it on a human being.

Sexual relations are much more exclusively material than they are in Europe or America Sentimentality, from its lowest to its highest forms, is unknown in the East, much less chivalry or the semi-mystical worship of womanhood. Divorce is not allowed to the orthodox Hindu. The widow is a pitiful outcast and may not remarry. She is often a mere child, for Hindu girls are regularly wedded at a tender age, even before puberty. The climate, as Western residents know to their cost, irritates sexual feelings beyond what is common out of Asia. Religious sanction is given to its indulgence and most Indians, from the point of view of the British vicarage, are little better than erotic maniacs, in the sense that restraint in such matters seems not only ridiculous and unhealthy to them but also positively impious. A European finds in India, as he would have found ancient Greece, the professional courtesans the most interesting women. They are usually better educated and more accomplished than the rest, who, generally speaking, remain awkward children all their lives, except perhaps in old age.

In work and play the Indian ideal is dignity and leisure as opposed to the purely Western notions of comfort and amusement. In both intellectual and commercial pursuits the Hindu and Moslem rank at least as high as the best

minds in Europe. Few brains are as subtle as a Brahmin's. Few races drive a harder bargain or take more trouble over it than the races of India. In practical administrative work the issue is much more doubtful. Orientals do not make good organisers as a rule. This is in accordance with their general philosophy of not interfering more than they can possibly help with the course of nature. It is more dignified to let things slide and quite as often equally efficacious in the end, is their argument. In this respect the contrast between East and West stands at its most conspicious and irreconcilable height.

The recreations of India, except those in which animals are involved, are all imported. Play hardly comes into a picture in which religion draws the lines so sternly and colours the design in such hard and fast colours. But Indians are always ready to watch fights between beasts, birds and reptiles, from the elephant and the buffalo to the cock, the mongoose and the snake. Hunting and hawking have developed from necessities to sports. Gambling games are not played for the fun of it, as in Europe, but definitely to make money or enjoy the strange pleasure-pain of losing it. Play as understood in Europe and America is not understood by the average Indian over twelve. If he ever cares to investigate it he almost invariably ends by despising it. There are so many more interesting ways of profiting by one's leisure, he would say, than chasing a ball or juggling with cards.

Life is much less earnest in Burma, the earthly paradise of all good loungers and fun-fans. It is in the highest degree remarkable that India's next door neighbour, occupying the same latitudes and having a very similar climate, should be so un-Indian. The careless gaiety, the lightly equipped mind, the unconventional scepticism of the average Burmese are in the strongest possible contrast to the grave, deliberate and secretive Indian, with his heavy burden of religious lore and his veneration for tradition.

To dine with a Burmese, however humble, is to take part in a festivity. The walls of the room are invariably decorated with coloured streamers and paper flowers at the very least and usually with every other kind of ornament that the host can think of or afford. Cold food is preferred, as it so often is at the more frivolous type of English entertainment for it lends itself more readily to informality, but there will be copious sauces, of a variety and excellence to warm the heart of the most Voltairean of Frenchmen. Tea is sure to be served all through the meal and if the host be not the humblest of the humble champagne and liqueurs will follow. Almost the only common type of nourishment the Westerner or anyone else will *not* see is milk. For milk is one of the few recognised foods that the Burmese loathes as he would loathe the temperance enthusiast or thin-blooded killjoy who is often its most vocal advocate in Europe.

Another respect in which the Burmese rivals the sophisticated pleasure-seeker of the West is

in his cleanliness. He washes not only his whole body but his clothes as well every day of his life, a natural consequence of his climate which among most other races enjoying similar meteorological conditions, does not ensue. It is no wonder that, like other strenuous bathers, he dislikes being touched by strangers, particularly on the hair. As in India, but for a different reason, Europeans must never pat the heads of Burmese children, however attractive. The temptation is a considerable one. For no human infant or young person is more utterly captivating in appearance than the Burmese variety. Like their parents they have manners for which the epithet charming is too colourless a word. To watch their dealings with those whom they meet is to attend an object lesson in aesthetics.

Delightful people are often dreadful liars. The Burmese is no exception. As he himself will explain he will sometimes tell the truth in a serious conversation, man to man, but never on other occasions and least of all in a law-court. It follows that he is highly imaginative and therefore the best of company for those who prefer poetic to historical truth. If the men of a race are imaginative their women usually excel them in this respect. And so it is with the Burmese. Westerners get on better with them than with any other type of oriental woman, for the Burmese girl or young woman is a superb actress and this is the quality which Europeans really find most entertaining in the opposite sex. Five minutes

after her first introduction into Western society she will behave as to the manner born.

She is helped in this by the gay and emancipated social atmosphere she enjoys. Her sisters in most other parts of Asia could never hope to move so freely, to laugh so frankly, to get their own way in practically everything, to compel the attention that her youth deserves and to keep elderly people in due subordination to herself, as she does. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Burmese women are as equal to their men in all social matters as are English or American girls. Indeed, the boys and girls in Burma not only behave alike but also look so very much alike that it is often difficult for a European to tell which sex they belong to. Democracy could hardly be purer. Yet in certain respects the Westerner who presumes that he has found his Asiatic soul-mate at last will soon come to revise his opinion.

The awful truth is that the Burmese, like a great many charming and clever people, are very easily bored. And they get bored with Europeans more quickly than with any other race. The money-lust, the snobbery, the devastating hypocrisy of the white man or woman all disgust the Burmese, who possesses the artistic rather than the commercial temperament, is a born democrat and an extremely downright sort of person. Furthermore, he is extremely sensitive, as most people of artistic bent are, to ridicule. The insensate European habit of smirking and giggling, even when discussing perfectly serious subjects,

alarms the Burmese into believing that his leg is being pulled. When there is, as a matter of fact, no joke, and therefore he cannot see one, he becomes puzzled. Puzzles bore him as much as they bore intelligent Europeans and accordingly he gives the white man or woman up as a bad job and gets away as soon as he can.

Burmese women have an extra reason for getting quickly bored with Europeans. The latter are prone to interpret Burmese gaiety and liveliness as deliberate incitements to debauchery, and proceed accordingly. They soon find out their mistake. The crude familiarities of the European or American cinema or street-corner have no place in Burma. This sort of thing is intensely resented by girls who are not in the least afraid of calling a spade a spade or enjoying tolerably obscene stories if they are witty. It goes without saying that the men, as is the case throughout the East, are equally contemptuous of the brazen coquetry of many white women, though they are ready enough to take advantage of it if there is nothing better to do.

A rather more pleasing trait in the Burmese make-up, from the English point of view particularly, is the fondness of this people generally for animals and birds. This tendency is rare enough, out of Anglo-Saxon countries, to act as a more powerfully sympathetic medium between the two nations than any amount of ordinary human *joie de vivre*. English men and women are happier in Burma, on the whole, than anywhere else in Asia, when they take the trouble not to

tread on the more obvious corns of the natives. Most of them, unfortunately, don't bother about this, they rely on their largely illusory racial prestige and wonder why they are not more popular.

No recognisable philosophy of work seems to exist among the Burmese. Work, intellectual, administrative or commercial, is not their strong point. Their pantheon of virtues does not include the 'brilliant' or industrious man. In this they are rather unlike most sedentary Asiatics and all Europeans. But their genius for organising amusement and absorbing it when organised is phenomenal.

They don't care for hunting or field sports, which are too much like work and war to them. They are the most unwarlike as well as the most unworkmanlike of peoples. But their theatrical performances and pageants, which are innumerable tremendously spectacular and delicately riotous, start at ten o'clock in the evening and go on without a break until dawn at five in the morning. They are as avid of festival and carnival as any southern European and far more artistic both in their contrivances and in their appreciation.

Siam is like Burma in a good many respects but is more difficult for Europeans to get on with owing to the rather more obstinate and conservative nature of the inhabitants. The staple food is rice, which finds its way into practically every Siamese dish. Hosts are inclined to be touchy and cases have been known, in old-fashioned houses, where guests refusing to eat what is given them have been threatened with lethal weapons.

The white man must make up his mind to acquire a taste not only for unlimited rice but for aged fish and decayed prawns, if he wants to get into conservative native society. In general the food is somewhat insipid to Western palates, and there is not nearly enough alcohol to wash it down with. Tea, minus sugar and minus milk, is the national beverage. There are only two regular meals a day, the first from seven to nine in the morning and the second and last from five to six in the evening. For the rest of the time the Siamese, whether man, woman or child or even infant at the breast, perpetually smokes green or violet cigarettes and chews betel-nuts. The latter stimulant turns the teeth black. But this transformation is considered a mark of beauty and is energetically cultivated.

In Siamese houses one must go bare-footed, removing even socks and stockings. There are no tables or chairs. People sit on mats on the floor, with bowls of food and cups of tea before them. Conversation is free and easy, but is best negotiated with the men, whose civilisation is older than any in Europe and who are excellently educated. The women are nearly all illiterate, though their social position, as in Burma, is far better than elsewhere in the East. As in Burma, too, they often look like the men and are frequently mistaken for males by white people. Both sexes maintain a frank and open bearing on social occasions and are impatient of European small-talk.

The Siamese are nothing like so good-looking as the Burmese and possess most of the latter's

faults *in excelsis*. To the universal and cheerfully admitted oriental propensity for lying they add an unpleasing addiction to theiving, a rather fulsome subservience to authority and an absolutely incorrigible indolence. Most of the practical work in the country is done by the Chinese. Siamese work is chiefly religious or social. Every man in the kingdom enters the priesthood for at least three months as soon as he is twenty years old, just as European youths have to do their military service. He is no sooner done with his theological training than he marries. There are practically no bachelors or spinsters in Siam. The principal business of the nation is the setting up and running of a household.

Yet the family bond is not particularly strong. Children and parents get plenty of consideration and attention but do not seem to be loved in the European sense. The fact is that passion of any kind plays very little part among these kindly, easy-going, pleasure-loving and happy-go-lucky people. A naive frivolity is their ruling characteristics, showing itself, as in Burma, in a consuming delight in pageantry, decoration and ornament of every possible kind, especially jewellery.

The playtime parade takes up more than half of life in Siam. Owing to the many lakes and rivers in the country swimming is the most popular sport. The children swim as soon as they can walk. They are thrown into a river by their parents, with tin floats tied under their arms, and then have to shift for themselves. They become

amphibious at two or three years old and for this reason never dream of wearing clothes till they are old enough to marry. In spite of this idyllic life, however, Siamese children make hardly any noise. This is not because their parents repress them. On the contrary, parental control in Siam scarcely exists. No doubt the ultimate reason is climatic. It is too hot to scream and yell in the tropics. Conversely, the perpetual racket kept up by children in colder countries probably serves as a universal overcoat.

Popular games are more numerous in Siam than in Burma. Many are aquatic, such as boat racing and a kind of river tobogganing, in which one drifts down stream with the current, gets out on the bank at a certain spot and runs back to start all over again. This sport the Siamese will practise for hours on end. As well as the universal oriental cock-fighting, fights between fish are frequently organised. Football is played with a light wicker ball which is kicked by four or five men from one to the other for several minutes at a time. In kite-flying the object is to entangle the kite of one's antagonist. In the 'swing-game' moneybags are attached to a pole and the competitors endeavour to catch them as they swing round. The Siamese are inveterate gamblers and theatre-goers. Their plays are usually conventional representations of old Hindu legends in which there is much improvisation. The children are as keen on these performances as their elders. The European must not be surprised to find their naked forms seated beside him in the stalls. These casual young nudists will often be

the very same that have greeted him a few hours before in the houses of their parents by flinging themselves prostrate in front of him on the floor.

Even in Europe the final ceremony of life, supposed to be lugubrious, is very often a sort of unacknowledged game for simple-minded people. In Siam funerals are unashamedly happy affairs, just as jolly as weddings. It is true that their religion, Buddhism, is the most philosophic of creeds. But the real reason for these incongruously mirthful displays is that the national character is by nature irrepressible.

China.

To think of a *Chinese meal* is to think of chopsticks. These are cylindrical rods made of ivory, bone or bamboo, longer than but not quite so thick as an ordinary lead pencil. They are used in pairs, held between the thumb and fingers of the right hand, as tongs to pick up food and carry it to the mouth. Knives are not necessary, for the meat is carved, before it reaches the table, into pieces small enough to be easily masticable.

It is rude to talk at meals, for this would mean that you must be neglecting your host's food.

Men and women never eat together unless the women are of loose character. This applies even to husband and wife. The women, as throughout the East, must wait till the men have finished. After each meal it is the custom to wipe the face and hands with a delicately scented wet cloth

wrung out of hot water, each person getting a separate cloth if the meal has been a formal one. On ordinary occasions the same cloth is used for everyone. As in Europe it is usual to wait before leaving, until all the guests have finished eating. But the rule is not so strict in China. One may say to the others, 'Eat leisurely!' then lay one's chopsticks across one's empty bowl. The host then places them on the table and says, 'I hope you will have a safe walk!' The guest in a hurry is then free to depart. But the host has to sit out everyone.

Pork is the favourite food in China. Rice is only staple where water is abundant, as it is south of the Yellow River. Cold food is taken first, as in Europe, but from this stage to the end of a dinner which may have anything from twenty to a hundred courses, the European order is reversed. Sweets, fruits, nuts and jelly follow the *hors d'oeuvre*. Then come the hot meats and vegetables and finally the soup. Tablecloths, by the way, are rare. Tables are square and low, but a round top is added to them if there are more than four guests, so as to make room for the extra company.

The hot *rice-wine* of China is not very strong. *Tea* is the chief drink and the finer it is the lighter is it's colour. A hue of palest straw is the most esteemed. The petals of roses, orange-flowers, gardenias, honeysuckle or jasmine are often added to the beverage to give it a delicate fragrance and flavour. Few Chinese have a taste for coffee. They also dislike butter and cheese.



AZTEC FESTIVAL AT THE PYRAMIDS OF TEOTIHUACAN.

The sacrifice in actual procedure at the Pyramid of Teotihuacan by the ancient Aztec Toltec Gods—during the traditional ceremony of the birth of "The Fifth Sun."

If your host should proffer you a cup of tea with his own hands, it is a mark of great respect and you must rise to your feet and take it from his hands with both of yours. If you notice him touching his cup from time to time without lifting it you must take your leave. If you drink your tea straight off it is also a sign that you are going immediately.

The flesh of dogs and cats is occasionally eaten, but less often than pork, fish and chicken. Dried rats may sometimes be seen hung up in shops with other meat. Greenish-brown worms, fresh from the rice-fields, are also hawked about the streets. Aged eggs and silkworm grubs, too, are considered delicacies in China. Some of the poorer people eat snakes of the non-venomous variety. The two principal meals are taken at from eight to ten in the morning and at from five to six in the afternoon. But most Chinese eat a few cakes about noon. River boatmen, who work from dawn to dusk, eat as many as five full meals a day.

A common form of *greeting*, especially in the south of China, is, "Have you eaten your rice yet?" But when you meet a Chinese he shakes his own hand, not yours. He will first, while still some distance off, have bowed very low to you. You must never lift your hat to him, for this is equivalent to mockery in China. The very coolies and beggars are polite, even to one another. Those carrying burdens are invariably given the right of way by their fellows, and the European is expected to step aside for a porter in the same manner.

If you do a Chinese a favour he will send you presents of food, fruit or tea in enormous quantities. But you are only supposed to make a selection from these, not to keep the lot, as foreigners often do. It is bad form when standing talking to a man to place one foot at right angles to the other or to set your arms akimbo. If your interlocutor is a man of higher rank than yourself you must not look him in the face for more than a few seconds at a time. Your eyes should be fixed on the left side of his chest.

On entering a room with a number of persons seated in it—these will usually be in groups of four—a well-bred Chinese does not bow to each separately but gravely inclines his body first to the right, then to the left. The left hand of the host is the place of honour. The guest must not only be seated before his host sits but if either should get up or even rise slightly the other must follow suit at once. This means that if you are entertaining Chinese guests you must sit still. Otherwise your friends will become exhausted in bobbing up and down at your slightest movement. No one sits if any of his social equals are still standing.

In answering questions the Chinese do not consider it polite to say simply, " Yes," or " No." They use the same words as their questioner has used, giving them an affirmative or negative turn as the case may be. This sometimes sounds pretentious or insolent in English. But its effect in the Chinese language is the very opposite.

The white man must not be offended if the yellow man cross-examines him very particularly about his private affairs. It is considered most polite to do so in China, just as courteous people in Europe talk on subjects they think their listeners are interested in. What can be more interesting to any man than his personal concerns? So the Chinese will at once begin on any stranger with such pressing enquiries as "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "How much money do you make a year?" "Where are you going when you leave here and what are you going to do there?" "How much did you pay for that coat of yours?" If you tell him, with a sad smile, that you are getting on in years, he will heartily congratulate you, for in China age is deeply reverenced.

If a Chinese owes you money and you are anxious to get it, the decent way to proceed is to ask *him* for a loan.

Amid all this politeness a foreigner is often disagreeably surprised to hear his Chinese friend loudly clearing his throat, spitting and belching, and to see him blow his nose with his fingers. Such peculiarities of behaviour are regarded as very trifling matters in China.

If you wear spectacles you must take them off when speaking to a guest or a high official. This custom is sometimes very awkward in a law-court when a short-sighted man has to swear to some document which he cannot see without glasses. He cannot put them on in case this act should be construed as contempt of court.

Chinese hosts receive their visitors with their hats on. A bare-headed host would be as improper as a bare-legged one. When he passes any object, however small, to his guest, he uses both hands, for otherwise the guest might suspect that he was unwilling to take the little trouble necessary. The recipient, too, uses both hands for the same reason.

In conversation with the Chinese a European is always struck by a number of remarkable mental characteristics, some admirable, some quite the reverse, and some tending to ease of intercourse while others make mutual comprehension perfectly impossible.

Thus, nearly all educated Chinese give the impression of being extraordinarily well-informed, for when they study any written matter they never forget it. They can easily learn books by heart and repeat them from beginning to end without a mistake. Again, their innate courtesy and peaceableness enable many a difficult interview to be conducted to an apparently satisfactory end, though, owing to the fatal want of veracity that accompanies the Chinese dread of giving offence, this end often turns out to be far less satisfactory than the foreigner thought. Imperturbable coolness and gravity sometimes quite naturally allow a Chinese to get the better of a European in an argument. But more often they agree to every suggestion because it would be bad manners to disagree and make any promises which seem to be expected *without the slightest intention of keeping them.* Chinese can always find a plausible excuse for not doing what they said they would.

Like all orientals they talk very loosely and confusedly from the Western point of view, propound the most preposterous theories with perfect seriousness, are hopelessly complacent and ready to believe almost anything. Yet no European has yet been known to call a Chinese a fool, though he will apply this term to the representatives of every other nation but his own after experiencing far less exasperation with them than he regularly does with the Chinese.

On the whole one is surely if reluctantly led to the conclusion epigrammatically expressed by an eminent Englishman who spent the best years of his life in China: "The Chinaman and the mosquito are the two great mysteries of creation."

Strict etiquette governs the relations of husband and wife. It is rather vulgar to write a letter to your wife if you are away from home. You must write to your mother, who is the head of the family when you are away, and who nearly always lives in your house. If you have no mother you must write to your son, even if he is a mere baby. If you have no son you must write to your daughter, however young she may be. All signs of affection between husband and wife are deprecated as indelicate, just as in the latest fashionable European or American society. Wives, too, must write to their husbands in the name of their son or daughter not in their own.

The average Chinese house has only one story. Three rooms are arranged in a row. The front door gives on to the central room which is the

apartment used by the whole family during the day. Opposite the door will generally be found a square table, with a straight backed chair on either side of it. Written or painted scrolls decorate the walls. In the side rooms half the floor towards the south if possible, is built eighteen inches above the other half. This raised floor-space is used as a bed. Beneath it is a capacious fireplace with room for a pot and flues to take the smoke outside the house. In this way the sleeping-place is always kept warm. It is, in fact, literally a bed of hot bricks. The analogy of the Russian stove, upon which the inmates of a house so often sleep, at once comes to mind. Chinese houses contain neither bathrooms, running water nor lighting systems. Tallow dips and oil-lamps in the form of bowls are used. Bedtime is soon after dark, and the Chinese get up at dawn. Bedding usually consists of a reed mat, a woollen rug, a mattress, a very small pillow, sometimes with a hole in the middle of it for one's ear, and one or two over-mattresses. Sheets and pillow-cases are conspicious by their absence and for this reason Chinese houses are generally very dirty.

Family feeling is extremely strong and children, especially boys, are adored. Yet early marriages are rare and the sexes lead segregated lives even after marriage. Love affairs in the European sense are unknown. *Marriage* is the almost invariable preliminary to the rise of any solid bond of affection between persons of opposite sex.

The white man invited to a Chinese wedding must act as though going to a bottle-party. He,

like the other guests, will be expected to bring with him, (in a red envelope) slightly more money than would in the ordinary way pay for the food he anticipates consuming. Uninvited guests who conform with this condition are welcomed as heartily as the rest.

Parents exercise a very close supervision over young married people and this is by no means resented by the happy pair, who on the contrary delight in it. Petticoat government is as common in China as it is in Europe and America and hen-pecked husbands are equally standing jokes. But a wife will always provide her husband with a concubine, called a 'green skirt,' when for one reason or another, such as pregnancy for instance, she is prevented from cohabiting with him herself. But it is significant that this act on the part of a Chinese wife is referred to, only half humorously, as 'eating vinegar.'

In *business* relations and in the ordinary workaday background of life China seems a contradictory country from the Westerner's point of view. Merchants have no idea of arithmetic, which is never taught in Chinese schools. They use a counting-board, a framework of wires upon which coloured beads are strung, for their calculations. In its absence they are scarcely able to add two and two together. In retail trade the rule is to offer the shopman half what he asks and then gradually rise in your offer while he falls in his price until neutral ground is reached, when you split the difference.

The Chinese find this great fun and are prepared to bargain all day, while weeks, months and even years elapse in conducting more complex negotiations, for the conception of time hardly exists in China. *There is no word in Chinese for a week.* An hour is twice the length of a Western hour, but is hardly ever referred to. One speaks of " the time it would take to drink a cup of tea," " the time it would take to eat a bowl of rice " or " the time it would take for an incense-stick to burn." There is a word for " tomorrow," but it does not necessarily mean the next day. It will often indicate any indefinite time in the future and is practically equivalent to the English " one of these days."

Instances of " contrariness " are so numerous that the traveller from the West soon comes to think that the Chinese do pretty nearly everything " the wrong way about." A European seamstress puts her cloth on her knee and draws the needle towards her. A Chinese holds the material on her breast and pushes the needle away from her. The thimble is placed, not on the thumb or forefinger but between the first and second joints of the middle finger. It is thus worn as a ring when not in use. Chinese books open from the right and the page is read upwards and downwards instead of across. The title is printed on the outside bottom edge, for Chinese books are piled horizontally, not stood vertically, on the shelves. The candle is not put into the candlestick but the latter, which is a pointed implement, into the former, certainly a more ecomonical habit.

The windowless and most ugly side of a Chinese house faces the street. The roadways are raised two feet above the sidewalks. In a shop the best goods will only be found in a dark and dismal cavern at the back of the building. A bath is merely a large earthenware jar, just big enough to sit in.

A Chinese laughs when he tells you that his father or mother, sister or brother, is dead. The laugh is partly apologetic, for mentioning a matter in which you can have no interest, partly to show that he takes life and death philosophically, for in reality he will be distracted with grief, family feelings being far stronger in China than anywhere else in the world. A bride wails as if her wedding were her funeral. From the European point of view she has a good deal to wail for, since she is practically being sold into prison and slavery. But the real reason for her tears and cries is purely conventional. She is not actually in the least worried over the inevitable change in her life. Girls in any case, never laugh in the society of men.

Amusements in China are varied, numerous and perpetual. Theatres are crowded and the performances last for hours and hours, sometimes for days on end. Plays are often of a religious character and succeed one another in the same theatre without any interval. Smoking and refreshments are indulged in within the auditorium, Stage properties consist of little, but tables, chairs and stools, which do duty for any kind of scenery that has to be represented, from monu-

tain crags to roads, rivers and palaces. The property men wander about the stage among the actors with perfect nonchalance, no matter what terrific climax or delicate situation is being played. The female parts are taken, as in Renaissance Europe, by young men. The villain always has his nose painted white.

The gorgeous robes and head-dresses worn by the actors, especially in historical dramas, contrast strangely with the bareness of the scenery. The acting itself is highly extravagant and fantastic, often grotesque in the extreme, but prodigiously vigorous. Emphatic passages are supported by the clash of cymbals, the thunder of drums, the clatter of castanets and the screech of stringed and wind instruments. The atmosphere of the building is indescribably hot and smelly. The foreigner who has sat out a performance without being penalised by a racking headache has yet to be found.

The social position of the actor in China is low, about equal to that of the barber. He is not, for instance, allowed to compete for the Civil Service examinations.

Religious festivals and processions of a hilarious character, generally in honour of the frequent birthdays of gods, are constantly in evidence. The streets are matted over, on these occasions, and hung with puppets, dressed in weird, antique costumes and representing historic personages. Chandeliers are erected at night and the illuminated streets all converge to one centre, where a

very grand but temporary structure is built in front of the temple of the god concerned, high above all the other buildings. This tower is painted with scenes from history and legend, hung with brilliantly coloured lanterns and echoes perpetually with the music of cymbals, guitars, flageolets and flutes.

Boat races, especially at the annual regattas of the Dragon Boat Feast, are held on the rivers. The Dragon Boats are long and narrow, from fifty to a hundred feet in length, but broad enough to seat two men abreast. They are propelled with paddles, to the sound of a drum and gongs placed amidships and beaten by the coxswain. Prizes are not of any intrinsic value but the honour of winning is great. Scarlet ribbons with gold lettering decorate the boats which have previously been victorious. Like most Chinese amusements these regattas go on for days at a time. The races are started by the throwing of a string of lighted crackers into the air.

The Chinese know little or nothing of field-sports. But of street-sports, always accompanied by fireworks, they are very prodigal. Their cities are fearfully noisy—the voices of people who spend much time out of doors are generally loud—and they love *fortissimo* music and almost any kind of uproar. At the New Year all business ceases for several days and the din is incessant and terrific. Sleep is out of the question. House after house and shop after shop lets off a continuous stream of crackers and bombs. Sulphuric fumes darken the air and incidentally

clear it of infection. The fusillade is meant to frighten away evil spirits. The smoke that accompanies it certainly gets rid of millions of wandering germs of disease.

Elaborate *feux d'artifice* conclude these jollifications. The bodies of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles, both real and imaginary, are represented, emitting streams and fountains of flame. Dragons are changed into lions in the air, snakes issue from the beaks of birds, mandarins ride fishes and sometimes whole palaces and processions are shown moving in fire across the sky. The Chinese easily head the nations of the world in the ingenuity with which they produce works of pyrotechnic art.

Their acrobats and jugglers are equally world-famous. Their serial story-tellers rival those of the Islamic countries. All these entertainments are given at the street-corner. There is no need, in China, to go into a building to be amused.

Cards are among the many inventions attributed to the Chinese. As in the case of dominoes, they are invariably associated with gambling, the national vice in China. Children begin to bet almost as soon as they can walk. Stakes are laid, in the crowd about a fruit stall, on the number of pips in an orange or seeds in a cake. Dice and lotteries swell the endless devices for getting rid of money in return for the chance of winning some. In fact it may fairly be said that no Chinese game or sport is ever practised for any other ultimate purpose.

The most strenuous sport in China is that known in England by the name of *shuttlecock*. But,

needless to say, the spirit of topsyturvydom operative throughout the country comes into conspicuous play here. In England shuttlecock is practically confined to girls, in China to the male sex. Winter is its regular season. No " battledore " is used. The shuttle is kept in the air by the foot, the broad white sole of the Chinese shoe acting admirably for this purpose. Two or more players are required. They stand in a ring and kick the shuttlecock to one another. Hands may be employed when a foot-stroke is impossible but must be used in such a way as to allow of a foot-stroke in return. The shuttlecock may be sent as high as thirty feet into the air. The object of the game is of course to keep it up as long as possible. No cork is used in the construction of the shuttlecock. It is made of layers of snake or shark skin and three ducks feathers.

If this is the national sport of China, kite-flying is the national pastime. The kites are by no means considered simply as childish toys. Their construction is highly ingenious. A framework of bamboo is covered with paper and silk, so as to represent, most often, a bird of prey. The manipulator of the strings that tether the kite is frequently so skilful that he can simulate the hovering flight of a hawk or eagle in so life-like a manner as to deceive even a professional naturalist, at first sight. But the kites may also imitate butterflies, lizards, centipedes, a pair of spectacles, fish, men and the inevitable dragon. The latter snake like objects may measure as much as thirty feet in length. Sometimes one strong cord tethers a whole group of kites, usually of the

same pattern. Each individual kite is then controlled by a separate string. Thirty thousand people may assemble to watch the manoeuvres, imitative of dances or combats, and listen to the humming sound produced by a sort of whistle attached to the kites.

These objects are sometimes seriously used, as scapegoats. They are freighted with an imaginary load of disasters, the string is cut and they are sent floating away to carry their impalpable burden of evil far from their owners.

Mah-jong, well known to European since the "craze" of a few years ago, is the only really scientific game played in China. But tops, diabolo and marbles are regularly enjoyed, generally in the streets, by the children. Indoors an exceedingly noisy game of forfeits is popular at the dinner-table on high days and holidays. The players fling out one or more fingers and shout out a number. Their opponents fling out as many fingers as will make the total up to ten. Mistakes are penalties by the drinking of a cup of spirits. The din created at the height of this performance may better be imagined than described.

Chinese music has been called "as deliciously horrible as cats with sore throats trying to sing bass." The ritual or sacred music is more tolerable to European ears than the theatrical or popular, but even the former is played in an unvarying minor key monotonous to the foreigner. Ballad singing is much appreciated and is usually performed by blind men or girls, to the accom-

paniment of a guitar. "Utterly false and discordant," "loud and unchangeable," "wearisome and monotonous," are some of the epithets applied by European musicians to the Chinese art. But a native critic has written: "Softly as the murmur of whispered words: now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and pearlets dropping upon a marble dish: or liquid like the warbling of the mango-bird in the bush: or trickling like the streamlet on its downward course: or like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, for a moment the music is lulled, in a passion too deep for words."

Foreigners must, it appears, take Chinese music as read.

No survey, however fragmentary and superficial, of Chinese relaxations can afford to ignore *opium*. It has been estimated that there are twenty-five million opium-smokers in China, even that a tenth of the whole population is addicted to this fatal habit. It is the most common means of committing suicide. And suicides are more frequent in China than in any other country. The evil effects are too well-known to need repetition here. But some account of the method of absorption may be of interest.

The smoker, lying on a couch, takes a small quantity of the drug, prepared to the consistency of treacle, on the end of a wire, and warms it carefully over the flame of a lamp, dipping it again and again into the jar of opium until the quantity required to fill the pipe is obtained.

The drug is next worked into a conical ring around the wire and deposited in the bowl of the pipe, which is then held over the lamp and the vapour is inhaled.

The relatively harmless habit of smoking tobacco is universal in China. Both dry pipes and water-pipes are used, both by men and by women. Such pipes vary in length from a few feet to a few inches. Short pipes are rarer than long. The bowls are small, holding scarcely more than a thimbleful of tobacco, so that they have to be constantly refilled and relighted. The flavour is milder than that used in the West. Cigarettes are popular, but not cigars, except those of Manila. Tobacco is also regularly taken in the form of snuff.

In Chinese chess a river runs through the middle of the board and the squares are uniform in colour. The pieces are not placed upon them but upon the intersecting of the lines. They represent a general and his two secretaries, together with two each of elephants, horses, chariots and cannon, and five soldiers. The elephants are not allowed to cross the river. The horses cannot jump over any other piece. The soldiers or pawns move sideways as well as forward once they have crossed into the enemy's territory. The pieces are called red and black. But those which are not red are white. They are not carved to represent what they stand for but have their names cut into the top of the wood, being otherwise exactly like the English pieces used in draughts. The carved ivory chessmen of Chinese workman-

ship and aspect, sold in Europe, are made in China but never used there.

The general or king is in check if no piece intervenes between him and the opposing general on the same straight line.

Chess is much played by literary men and women in China. But it cannot be described as a popular game among the masses of the people, as it is in Japan.

Japan.

The Japanese eat with chopsticks from lacquered tables about a foot high and sit on the floor for their meals. The noises emitted in the process of consumption are extremely disagreeable to Western visitors. Women make the best hostesses, as they have never been secluded so as is the case elsewhere in the East. The staple foods are fish, rice and the white radish, cooked in chafing dishes. Meat is rarely eaten by the lower classes, who often give meat-dishes the names of fish. Fish are usually eaten raw and often alive. There is no need to wonder, therefore, at the almost universal prevalence of indigestion in Japan.

Japanese tea, taken without milk, which is a rare commodity in this country, is green and is prepared at the table itself, with circumstances of prodigious solemnity. The water is not boiled, but heated and then poured on to the green powder. The mixture is finally whipped in a very special manner with a tiny bamboo brush. Europeans find this beverage very potent and are

often unable to sleep for two nights after having indulged in it. But they usually drink too much at a time. The natives themselves consider the actual imbibing quite incidental to the ceremony, which is almost all in all to them. In an atmosphere which can only be compared with that of a European cathedral at the most sacred moment of the service they take the tiniest sips imaginable and nibble sweets more daintily than any maiden lady at a British church bazaar. The cups are handed round one by one, by servants who behave like acolytes.

Apart from tea, *saké*, the rice-beer of Japan, is the national drink. It contains fifteen per cent pure alcohol. It is served in cups the size of a thimble. These cups are exchanged among friends who deliberately refrain, as a sign of good fellowship, from washing them before drinking. To the European palate *saké* resembles a pale, light sherry. A good deal of it has to be taken before any effect is noticed.

The stupendous volume of Japanese meals, another prolific cause of indigestion, defeats most foreigners. The cigars and cigarettes which follow the food are invariably bad. It is better to try the native tobacco in the thimble-bowled pipe which will be given you on a tray bearing an urn of live charcoal to light it from and a bamboo vase for the ashes.

Guests at hotels do not eat publicly, but in their own rooms, which in the country may be formed simply of paper screens. Each room will always contain paper, ink and a writing brush in

case the guest should be moved to indite a poem, not necessarily in praise of the local amenities. Japanese of all classes are perpetually scribbling verses of very various levels of accomplishment. When visiting a tea-house, the equivalent of the European café, one does not pay one's bill on leaving. This would be considered a sordidly vulgar proceeding. Bills are discreetly sent in, several days later, to your home address. 'Tips' are only accepted if enclosed in coloured envelopes, which have to be folded in a special way to indicate what they contain. At restaurants as at theatres, shoes must be left at the front door.

The Japanese are a spartan people. The idea of luxury is highly disagreeable to them, so that the one place where the most indignant European hopes to feel comfortable, to wit, his bed, hardly exists in Japan. The natives sleep on the floor, placing their heads on a wooden pillow which resembles a headsman's block. At best a cylinder of cotton, six inches in diameter and stuffed with pine-needles or something similar, such as rice husks, is laid across the wood. The sleeper reposes upon two thin mattresses spread upon the floor-matting. He buttons himself up in the quilt which is the only bedding-material he uses. This is made of padded satin and has armholes and sleeves like a dressing gown. But in many hotels night-gowns are supplied in addition to the quilted coverlet-garment.

On rising in the morning you will be accompanied to your bath by the chambermaid, who is usually young and pretty, contrary to the general

European custom. She will undress you and scrub you unless you make a special request for privacy. But bathrooms are large public places in Japan and constantly occupied by several people at a time. The Japanese are the most fastidiously clean, though not hygenic, people in the world. Every single person in the country washes from head to foot at least once a day and as a rule much more often. Moreover, the soaping and scrubbing process precedes immersion, which is only a rinsing off, so that the Japanese really takes two baths whenever he takes one. The water-container is a regular tank, deeper and wider than in the West. The poorer classes use a large barrel which they keep on their doorsteps, trotting out naked on to the front porch with the utmost nonchalance, for no one is ashamed of nudity in Japan. The water is kept scalding hot in these homes—none but Japanese can bear the almost boiling temperature—by a charcoal stove erected at the side of the barrel-bath.

Towels are small and damp, having been wrung out in hot water before use, and are employed as Europeans would employ a mop. Mere air is the chief drying agency, though the climate is even damper than England's. Japanese regularly go for a stroll, clad in a single light garment, after their hot baths, and never seem to catch cold in consequence of this apparently reckless practice.

You step down into a Japanese bath, not up. The tank or tub will be at least two feet below the level of the floor and there will be a step cut into the side half way down so that you can climb



A Japanese dressed in his "Sunday Best" brings his offering to the God of Sickness in a Japanese Temple.

out without gymnastics. The average depth is about four to five feet. In remote parts of the country and in unsophisticated circles promiscuous bathing is still in vogue, as it was everywhere until the Europeans came. But the sexes are now usually separated in most reputable public bathing-places.

Social intercourse with the Japanese is easier than in most parts of Asia, and much more easy with the women than with the men, for the former are incomparably the more intelligent sex. On being introduced to a Japanese you must give three bows, with your hands sliding up and down your thighs. Among the primitive *Ainu*, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, friends who have not met for a long time invariably weep, however cheerful the occasion of their meeting may be. On ordinary visits they will pause for a moment on the threshold of the room in which their host awaits them, give a low cough, wait a few moments longer, walk in, sit down cross-legged on the floor so as to face the owner of the house and stretch out both hands as though praying, in a profound silence. The host does the same. The hands are then rubbed together and blessings are called down upon visitor and host alike. Then each strokes his own beard and assumes a respectful and attentive expression of countenance. From such strictly ceremonious and intensely courteous customs has the proverbial politeness of the modern Japanese come into being.

An Ainu woman, on entering a house, must remove her headgear and draw the index finger

of her right hand up to the point of her left shoulder and then across to her upper lip, ending by touching her forelock. After this she must await permission to speak. On leaving the room she must walk backwards.

An amusing feature of the meeting-bows of ordinary Japanese is the length of time during which the body remains bent and the comically covert glances which are exchanged while in this uncomfortable position. The reason for this odd behaviour is that it would be improper for the social inferior to straighten up before the other does and thoroughly rude for the social superior to do so. This dilemma is generally resolved in a ludicrously clumsy compromise.

The smile is the most obvious thing about any Japanese, who is not in the least bothered by the fact that his teeth are usually extremely poor. It is worn literally from morning till night, under all possible physical conditions and in whatever mental circumstances. This habit sometimes seriously annoys foreigners, who are told of some disastrous happening, which affects *them*, as if it were the greatest joke in the world. Personal troubles, too, are invariably related with heroic smiles. Giggling is, in fact, the normal expression which accompanies almost any sort of communication in Japan, though the Japanese are practically destitute of what a Westerner would call humour. Appreciation is specially conveyed by hissing, a kind of sound which also gives rise to misunderstandings among foreigners, who are accustomed to hearing it as a sign of disapproval

and are therefore apt to find it insolent when they don't know of its native use, and servile when they do. The Japanese, without the least intention of sarcasm, praise when they mean to blame and blame when they mean to praise. This confusing habit is no parallel to the Englishman's affectionate denigration of his heroes, which has something tender and maternal about it. The unprintable terms in which the British will often refer to a popular schoolmaster, admiral or politician are uttered in more or less the same tone as a young matron will use in telling you that "My son is such a young rascal, you know!"

The austere but smiling Japanese is in actual fact most deeply critical of those whom he loves most deeply and is also much too polite to indulge in abuse of those whom he condemns. He never swears. The furtherest he will go in this direction will be to omit the usual honorifics employed in ordinary conversation or give them a sardonic inflection.

Reverence for individuals, respect for property—members of a Japanese shipping company recently played a concert for the souls of their lost vessels—and love of children, especially boys, who are always badly "spoilt," are national characteristics. There is a great and universal fondness, too, for landscape, plants and animals. But the Japanese is even less demonstrative than the Englishman in his affections. *There is no word in Japanese for the art of kissing*, which is considered, as elsewhere generally in the East, an obscenity. Japanese modesty is also exemplified in the lack of words for "I" and "you" in the

language. The third person, with honorifics, is always employed instead of the first or second. Nor is there ever any pushing, though there is plenty of spitting, belching and yawning, at Japanese public functions, which are among the most orderly in the world.

The fact is that these people are not natural individualists, like the Spaniards and the English. They prefer to act unanimously, in a body, and are therefore the most intensely patriotic and loyal of Orientals, as well as the most economical, unostentatious and averse from bluster and display. The visitor is thus often struck by the smallness of everything in Japan, from people to products. Japanese modesty is often carried to what seems a morbid extent to a European. They appear to be ashamed of everything except false hair and nudity.

The women, though far freer and more accomplished than their sisters elsewhere in Asia are even more devoted to self-depreciation than the men. It is a hard job to get a Japanese wife to talk at all. Her one aim and object seems to be to efface herself, while at the same time doing a great deal in the way of smoothing the path of the bewildered guest from the Occident. She would far rather be regarded as useful than as ornamental and in this she is steadily encouraged by her husband. It still requires real courage in a Japanese to treat his wife decently before strangers. Japanese girls, of the upper classes, whose eternal smiles are rendered less attractive to the European by their habit of deliberately blackening their poor-

ish teeth, marry at about sixteen and are rarely seen in the streets before they are forty. They even carry their inaccessibility to the point of speaking a special language of their own. In public, women, except geishas, are almost always completely ignored by the male population.

Divorce is very common in Japan, usually for the reason that the wife is insufficiently fruitful. Marriage is undertaken for the sole object of breeding The Japanese gentleman goes to the geisha for every other object for which a European frequents feminine society. The *geisha* is a unique institution, to which the only parallel recognisable by a Westerner is the courtesan of ancient Greece These girls who by the way, are almost alone to-day in wearing the traditional dress of Japan, are all drawn from the middle and upper classes. They undergo a rigorous training, from the age of about ten or earlier onwards, in singing, dancing and the playing of musical instruments and all sorts of complicated games, including the game of love. The popular Japanese name for them is "little kittens," which expresses admirably their charming and frolicsome character. At the same time they are comparatively highly educated and the only women in Japan capable of keeping up, always lightly and wittily, a "highbrow" discussion. It is an extremely expensive business however, to enjoy their company and they are disliked by younger, "democratic" generation in Japan as a wasteful luxury. They have usually been sold outright by their parents to their trainers at an early age. At thirty, when their charms begin to wane, they

have no resource but marriage, which is by no means an infrequent occurrence, or else employment as teachers of their successors, or in ordinary prostitution or some menial occupation. Geishas can only be seen at public resorts, never in their homes.

The Japanese are hard, even frantic workers. Their chauffeurs are among the maddest in the world. Blind persons, of whom there are an unusual number in Japan, are regularly employed as masseurs, shampooers, theatre musicians or money-lenders. Barbers wear masks to avoid infection. A feature of Japanese shopping is the care which is lavished on packing up the objects bought, which are made up into highly decorative parcels. Owing to the enormous population of the country and the comparatively low cost of the average extremely ecomonical life of a Japanese there always exist in any business far more employees than a foreigner would consider necessary. Japanese locomotives carry three men instead of two and the trams have several conductors.

Certain of the "topsy-turvy" conditions prevalent in China are also to be found in Japan. Saws are pulled, not pushed. Keys are turned to the right to unlock and to the left to lock. The gesture of beckoning is the same as that used by the Westerner to order someone to go away. This last convention constantly gives rise to the most comic misunderstandings between the sometimes over obliging Japanese and the usually somewhat nervous and defiant foreigner in the streets and

at public functions. A Japanese child is considered to be one year old on the day it is born and two years old on the following New Year's Day, so that a baby born on the 31st December 1938 would be two on the 1st January 1939.

In *business* the Japanese can hardly be said to be as honest as the Chinese, but delightfully courteous and amiable relations subsist between employers and employed, so that disputes are rare. This fact may or may not be responsible for the very inferior functioning of the communication services, postal, telephonic and telegraphic, in Japan. No reliance can be placed on these at all. The railways are a little better.

The Japanese, in fact, are a race of artists rather than technicians or scientists, in spite of the fact that of all Orientals they have been quickest to assimilate and exploit Western science. Their artistic leanings are clearly shown, not only in the fact that nearly every Japanese can draw—his writing is a species of drawing—and write peotry, mostly about nature—but also in their most popular recreations, such as gardening, the theatre and wrestling. It is, of course, a truism that if you know how a man amuses himself you know what sort of a man he is.

The Japanese garden, like any work of art of a peculiarly national character, reflects very accurately the national ideals, one might almost say the soul of the country. This can plausibly be reduced to a certain unassuming quality, in which refinement underlies a commonplace appearance

and can only be distinguished by a cultivated taste. The two main classes of gardens, hilly and flat, each have special features. The former contain ponds or streams or else rocks, gravel or sand are used to symbolise water which is temporarily absent. The flat garden is laid out to represent a valley or a moor. Tea-gardens are specially designed to meet the requirements of the elaborate tea-ceremony. Flowers are generally few in accordance with the general idea of inconspicious merit to be conveyed. Simplicity, restraint and consistency are sought rather than gaiety or showiness. The tones of the green foliage, on the other hand, are very subtly graded. Concealed beauty is constantly aimed at, if possible in conjunction with some philosophic notion, as in the case of a certain famous garden by the sea, where the view of the open water was obstructed in such a way that only when the visitor stopped to wash his hands and rinse his mouth at a certain stone basin, preparatory to entering the tea-pavilion, did he catch an unexpected glimpse of the shimmering ocean through the trees, being thus suddenly made to realise the relation between the cupful of water lifted from the basin — himself—and the vast expanse of the sea—the universe.

Wrestling is the *national sport* of Japan, either in its well-known form of *jiudo* or *jiu-jitsu* or in more conventional styles, the most important of which is called *sumo*. The purpose of the former is to disable an adversary by clutching or striking such a part of his body as will then render him incapable of further resistance. This style does



JAPANESE GIRL ENTERTAINS THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GEISHA.

Elderly ladies who are ex-geishas, during a visit to a Geisha School. They are now proprietresses of tea-houses, restaurants and Geishajas, where Geishas live and are trained for their duties.

not depend upon muscular strength but uses the strength and weight of an opponent to undo him. It is thus peculiarly suitable to a physically small race like the Japanese. The expert wins by yielding to his antagonist, then incapacitating him by a sort of trick or sleight of hand.

In *sumo*, on the other hand, great reliance is placed upon weight, and the champions are enormously fat, though surprisingly light on their feet. The method is very similar to the modern Western style of "catch-as-catch-can," except that any fall means defeat. The victor will acknowledge the applause of the audience by drinking water and spurting it out in their direction. Patrons regularly throw their hats and pocket-books to their favourites, who are expected to return them later, on the quiet, when they will receive a more modest present.

The famous "No" drama of Japan, incomprehensible to foreigners, is an austere and highly mannered mixture of the *pantomime*, the dance and the lyric. It is now very seldom performed. There is another much more popular variety of classical drama which is legendary, pious, patriotic and always inculcates a severe moral lesson. Such antique hero-plays, usually on a sacrificial theme, even predominate in the cinema. On the stage the black-veiled property-men are as ubiquitous as the actors. One of their most amusing functions, from the European point of view, is to help the heavily armoured hero to his feet when he accidentally topples over, as he often does. All the feminine parts are taken by men, who are frequently quite elderly, even when they have to

impersonate young virgins. The actual extent of the stage itself is the largest in the world and the performances are exceedingly realistic where grief, pain, wounds and death are concerned. The audience reacts without restraint at such climaxes, roaring, screaming and groaning as if themselves involved in the harrowing scenes. The ceremonial *suicide* of the Japanese, the celebrated *hara-kiri*, is continually represented in the theatre and usually takes about half an hour to play, real blood flowing freely from bladders concealed about the person of the actor. There is no native drama in Japan dealing with modern life, except in the cinema.

The puppet-plays of Japan are remarkable for the characteristic circumstances that the manipulators of the strings of the dolls are plainly visible to the audience. The puppeteers are ranked as great artists and the dexterity of their movements is admired and enjoyed just as much as the play itself. Story-telling, conjuring, kite-flying and also a kind of rounders are further favourite entertainments of the masses of the people. But what they like best is the open-air festival. At holiday times wild orgies take place in the public tea-gardens.

The foreigners must not be surprised, on New Year's Day, to see a boiled lobster hanging over the doorway of his Japanese friend's house. This crustacean symbolises, with the pine and bamboo branches that entwine it, the wish of the householder for his guests long life, health and happiness. The European will always find him in a new suit

on that auspicious morning. On ordinary days paper fish, of the shape of carp, will often be seen floating outside a house or club frequented by young people. The carp, which is in the habit of swimming upstream against the current of its native river, is the symbol in Japan of energy and tenacity, both of which qualities are present in abundance in the Japanese, and account for the conspicious part which they play not only in Asia, but throughout the world.

Turkey.

Pre-revolution Turkey still exists, especially among the old, comparatively wealthy families of Constantinople. In such houses parties begin with a hundred and one ceremonies in lighting cigarettes, drinking, salaaming and counter-salaaming. One must partake freely, with a fork—not one's fingers of each of at least a dozen courses, served in metal dishes, if the host is not to be insulted. Soup, eggs and cheese, veal stuffed with chestnuts and rice, chicken, various vegetables, and the cloying and sickly Turkish sweets succeed one another in disconcerting alternation. Belching is as necessary here as almost everywhere in the East, from the palace to the hovel. Unlimited black coffee and cigarettes will follow. The latter must be lit for senior smokers by their juniors. Servants perform this office for the less important guests. Women may be neither seen nor spoken to. But they may be heard carrying the food as far as the door.

Dancing is the invariable after-dinner entertainment, to the sound of drums and violins. The style is not in the least licentious, as it is mostly in the East, but Caucasian, wild and military. The dancers carry swords in each hand and daggers in their mouths. The guests often join in, leaping, twirling and shouting, mad with excitement.

Ordinary conversation in Turkey is apt to bore the European. The language is extremely attractive, soft and sweet, yet incisive, like a melody. But the long-winded exchange of courtesies, the empty platitudes, those of a people that never reads or studies, weary the foreigner. The correct attitude in talking is to fold one's hands over one's stomach. This implies deference and is essential in business and formal interviews.

About fifty per cent. of Turkish women now go unveiled. But this innovation has destroyed the legend of Turkish female beauty, at least so far as the Westerner is concerned. The female Turk is too fat and coarsely built, especially about the legs, to show to advantage in European costume and she also displays very poor taste in dress. The Turks themselves seem to take far less interest in their modernised womenfolk than in the rest. But they are still very jealous. It is hardly safe, even now, for a foreigner to exhibit any interest in the native girls, however much interest the said girls may take in them.

Old-fashioned wives still salute their husbands by kissing their beards. But it is safe to say that very few foreigners indeed have ever witnessed this ceremony.

The less intelligent type of European, especially if he comes from the north of the continent, has always got on well with the Turk, whose character much resembles his own in being dignified and independent, courteous and courageous, with a good deal of charm of manner to leaven the dullness of understanding. It is very hard to dislike a Turk personally, even when he is being unpleasant to you. Most important of all, particularly where the Englishman is concerned, Turks alone among Asiatic peoples possess a sporting instinct which made them the most popular of Britain's enemies during the last European war. They will give up any and every business or pleasure to watch and bet on a race or a game. Any two riders or drivers meeting in Turkey will challenge one another to some kind of competition.

They are also even more democratic than the Arab in their lack of respect for the individual as such and in the way in which social inferiors will calmly and politely contradict and correct superiors. This *lack of snobbery* is probably closely connected with their lack of imagination. The obedient and good natured inhabitants of Turkey possess no nerves and are as insensitive to suffering in themselves or in others as most dwellers in the south and east of the world. They are the most irreligious of Moslems and the secularisation of their country has affected them little. They have shed their religion like an unpleasant load, for religion requires effort and this placid people, lying down to sleep in their underclothes as soon as it gets dark, rising with the sun and lazing

through the day without doing more work than they can possibly help, are opposed to all exertion, except of the military kind, in which, as all the world knows, they can be roused to amazing dash and endurance.

Lolling on their backless chairs before the shops and cafés, smoking *narghileh* water-pipes, rolling cigarettes from metal boxes, talking idly and inconsequently, the Turks seem to be quite lost in times of peace. They have no natural ability in the unaristocratic art of collecting money and turning it over at a profit. They used to leave that kind of thing to the Christians they have now expelled from their country. The shopkeepers sit cross-legged on their counters, smoking perpetually, and showing no interest whatever in the occasional customer. The drudgery of peace bores them. They are only at their best in war.

Everyone tries to finish his day's work before the heat of noon. The shops in the country towns are mere hatchways filled with primitive goods such as rock-salt, cube sugar, dried peas, and rope. The proprietor sleeps in a corner of this cave-like structure, rolled in a quilt, usually in his day-clothes, and takes down his wooden shutters at dawn. The first thing he thinks of is to drink his morning coffee, squatting on a cane stool beside his stall, in long draughts, accompanied by noisy sucking of his teeth. Later on he will eat from bread clenched in one fist and cheese or olives in another, sharing from time to time a loud gulp of soup from a common bowl.

The ancestor of the Turk is the Tatar, a nomad. And the Turks have never really settled down to houses and a fixed, humdrum life. Civilisation, education and cities tend to debase them into typical Levantines. It is characteristic that their few organised *sports* and pastimes imitate war very closely.

Even the priests play *jerrid*, a sort of cross-tag on horseback. They will tie their black gowns in a knot behind their backs, draw up their big sleeves, thrust their slippered feet well down into the stirrups and burst straight into a headlong gallop on to the ground where this game is played. All the participants ride at full gallop and try to hit the similarly galloping player who is " he," as English children say, with a short cane. There are no rules against crossing, as there are in polo, and the men and horses constantly crash together. There are always many seriously hurt and some not infrequently killed. The popularity of this dangerous amusement depends upon the exhilaration which comes when one avoids death or disablement by a hair's breadth, through dexterous management of one's mount.

All Turks are natural horsemen, riding as carelessly and fearlessly as they walk, and with much more enjoyment, often merely riding for riding's sake, as the European does. Ponies are regularly used for the shooting parties in which all Turks indulge whenever possible.

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Arabia.

Arabian hospitality is proverbial, extending as it does far beyond the ordinary obligations of host to guest. Once you have eaten salt with an Arab he is your friend for life and will protect you, so long as you are under his roof, even if you are a criminal or have done him a deadly wrong. Ablutions and prayers always precede a meal. As generally throughout the East one eats with the right hand, squatting before a central dish, which will contain principally flour, fish, shredded meat and dates. The left hand must not be used in tearing the meat. A neighbour will hold the bone while you tear at it with your right. Dishes are also served on copper trays—silver and gold utensils are forbidden by Mahommed—and flat, round pieces of bread take the place of forks.

Arabs eat five times as fast as any European, five times as noisily, with perpetual belching and grunting and usually five times as much. After a time the host will ask: "Which way does the wind blow?" The answer, given hilariously, may be "north" "south," "west" or "east." It indicates the position in the circle of eaters of him who has made the biggest hole in the mountain of rice in which the food is set. Belching is absolutely essential after an Arab dinner-party. Neglect of this complimentary precaution is taken very seriously by all present, especially if the principal guest forgets to eructate, for the host will have been flinging tit-bits at him during the whole progress of the meal.

Coffee must always be offered at every interview between Arabs, otherwise the guests will feel themselves gravely insulted. This beverage, as taken among the Bedouin, is thin, yellowish-green in colour and bitter but aromatic to the taste. It contains more cardamom than coffee and is so strong that only the bottom of the cup is filled. Before pouring out his coffee the Arab spits in the cup and wipes it clean with his sleeve. Late arrivals at a meal do not salaam or shake hands but sit down hastily and in silence. Most Arabs have gold teeth, which have been plated for them by Armenian dentists, so that the smiles of repletion which go the round of the circle when dinner is over are rich in the extreme. *Arrack*, a kind of white brandy, is sometimes served with the coffee. But Arabs never get drunk.

At the end of the meal everyone present exclaims, "God be praised!" all rise and solemnly trail out of the apartment to wash. Needless to say, no women are allowed to eat with the men. Food is taken in the mornings and evenings but never at noon, which is the time for going to sleep for a few hours, for Arabs get up at dawn to pray and in any case the atmosphere is too close during the middle of the day to permit of keeping awake.

In conversations, as so often outside of Europe and America, it is discourteous to ask direct questions or come straight to the point. When Arabs sit down for a chat cigarettes are usually offered as well as coffee, being presented at arms' length and held at the end between finger and thumb. The condition of the crops and any local news must be discussed before any other subject is introduced.

Each man sits on his left hip, with his right knee drawn up, a posture at first difficult to acquire by Europeans, but later found to be very comfortable, giving the maximum of repose with the greatest freedom of movement.

Arabs are garrulous and far-ranging talkers. But dubious topics or the words, pig, dog, cow, woman, daughter, virgin, Jew or Christian must be preceded by the phrase, "Allah exalts you!" in order to compliment the person addressed and remind him of his superiority to the beings or the theme about to be spoken of,

Both hands must be used in handing anything to a social superior or anyone to whom it is desired to be especially polite, even when the object handed is infinitesimal. All ordinary conversation is interspersed with continual compliments, so that the foreigner is very likely to lose the thread of the argument altogether. It will in any case not be easy to follow, for oriental circumlocution and contempt for logic is very marked in this part of Asia. No cursing or abuse, even of an absent party, is permitted. But the Westerner will often be surprised to see one debater spit on another. This is not to insult him but on the contrary to claim his protection. The gesture is equivalent to putting one's life, though not one's property, into the hands of the person spat upon.

The Arab is a thorough democrat in his social habits. He is, apparently, hail-fellow-well-met with all men. But he is a thorough aristocrat at

heart, as the European who presumes too much on his *bonhomie* will soon discover. His emotions are very near the surface and he is not at all afraid of exhibiting them, though he has a great idea of his own dignity. But oriental dignity is not impaired, as occidental dignity is, by an outburst. Arabs are cheerful rather than humorous in their behaviour and they are capable of deep personal attachments. With all this they are extremely virile and extremely touchy about their virility. They are also very cruel from the European point of view and hesitate at no kind of mental or physical oppression.

A calm self-control, on ordinary occasions, and a moral purity superior to that of most Christians, is somehow combined in them with an extravagantly poetic and romantic nature, in which generosity in every sense of the term is the highest esteemed virtue.

The Arab knows little of work as the West knows it. His business is domestic, pastoral or semi-military. Much of his time is taken up with raids and inter-tribal wars. The city Arab sings at such work as he condescends to do, the nomad rarely. The camel is the centre of the latter's world. He rides it curiously slowly except in danger or battle, using the horse for swift movement. The urine of the former beast, which smells sweetly of herbs and aromatic plants, is constantly employed by the Bedouin for a variety of purposes which strike the Westerner as bizarre. He washes his hair and that of his womenfolk in it and also bathes his new-born infants in it.

Bedouin *games* are mostly played out of doors. In the tent, which, by the way, is of black cloth and extremely rudimentary in construction as a rule, the favourite pastime of these wild men is the recitation of poetry. The starter reels off the first line of any poem that he knows. He is likely to know at least fifty poems by heart, though he probably knows very little else except how to ride, handle a rifle and steal camels. The second man instantly caps the line with one the initial consonant of which is the same as the final consonant of the first. The game is continued on the knock-out principle with as many players as care to join in it and may last for hours. These literary recreations are curiously characteristic, all over the world, of men who live a restless and exposed existence. American pioneers and cowboys, for instance, invented many of those which are now soberly played in suburban and provincial drawing-rooms, where the most pressing danger is a draught. It is probable that the physical hardships and dangers experienced during the day, or whenever there is much to do, sharpen the wits of those who "rough it" and they are therefore not content with the brainless relaxations of the "tired business man" in metropolitan centres.

Bedouins also read poetry from manuscripts to one another and sing ballads, usually of a lewd description. The wealthy employ jesters as the medieval kings of Europe did. Arabs are also very fond of beast-fable, which is a highly developed form of literary art among them. Arabic poetry, indeed takes a proud place among the

literatures of Asia and it is even well worth reading by a European in translation.

Out of doors various types of hunting and hawk-hawking—though camel-racing is also practiced—are most favoured, as is always the case with exceptionally warlike nations, hunting in all its forms being an accurate image of war. The young men use slings resembling those of the ancient Israelites to shoot pebbles at the curved wooden pegs, of their tents, about a foot high, from a distance of about thirty yards. On horseback, with rifles and lances, they hunt the gazelle, the panther, the ostrich, the ibex and the wolf. Falcons are used for bustards and grouse, and sometimes, in conjunction with greyhounds, for hares. Hawks are also trained to peck out the eyes of gazelles—a typical instance of Arab cruelty, for the beauty of the gazelle is much praised in their literature and common speech—and so render it easier to run down. When the excrement of the falcon falls on the cloak of the Arab horseman he rejoices at the accident, which is considered a good omen for the success of the hunt. These ferocious birds are much prized and as carefully bred as the famous Arab stallion itself.

The motor-car is now being found very useful by the men of the desert, for ordinary travel, sport and war. It is steadily displacing the horse and the camel.

The women of Arabia play a large and important part in the lives of their menfolk, both as workers and as purveyors of pleasure. But they act, for the most part, behind the scenes and the casual European visitor sees and knows little of them,

though he may hear much if he gets to know the language well. Of all Asiatics the Arab most nearly resembles the romantic lover of Western literature and gossip. But this is not to say that he is a suitable partner for those young ladies of Europe who enthusiastically absorb "sheikh" novels. Mahommedans usually behave rather distantly to Christian women, whom they heartily despise, and the Bedouin is no exception. He is also almost a perfect stranger to soap and water, so that in spite of his admittedly "fiery" temperament and eloquent tongue, he falls rather heavily short of his fictional prototype when put to the test.

Tibet.

It is an outrageous discourtesy to refuse an invitation to a meal in Tibet. But the ordeal of eating in company is a formidable one, for the average number of courses is fifty and frequently a second dinner follows on the heels of the first. Chopsticks are used and the food is placed on low, square tables, each of which accommodates eight persons. Appetisers must first be eaten. As soon as the fourth course has been served the dishes of the first three are removed and this process continues throughout the meal. The European will be well advised to take only a tiny morsel from each of the huge porcelain bowls. There is no objection to helping oneself moderately but only to neglecting to help oneself from every dish.

About half way through the ceremony a great bowl of hot water is brought in. The chopsticks and china spoons which the guests have been using are then washed, all together, in this vessel. The next course will be sweets. Then come meat and vegetables again and finally soup and rice. Hot, damp towels are then handed round to cleanse the face and hands. After this each guest is expected to drink half a gallon of barley beer from a bowl. A girl attendant will stand over the drinker, singing, until he has finished, presumably to hearten him to the task. For in Tibet women are highly emancipated and not in the least objected to at meal-times.

The foreigner will notice the absence of fish from the tables. This tabu is due to religious prejudice. Lamas, the priests of Tibet, if unable to reach a certain standard of orthodoxy in their lives, are most probably destined to become fish at death and to be eaten would be too severe a penalty for their sins of ommission. Tea will also not be served, except in so sickeningly sweet a form that the Westerner will hardly recognise it. But practically every other kind of food will be present in such abundance that it is lucky for the Tibetans that they are devoted to horse-riding. For otherwise their digestions could certainly not stand up to the prodigious quantities of eatables they devour at a sitting.

On approaching the Tibetan, who, if belonging to the upper classes is more than likely to be a lama, it is customary to ask for his blessing by protruding your tongue like a cheeky London street-boy. This British sign of mockery is a

signal of the deepest respect in the Forbidden Land, now at last open to the foreigner.

Most lamas are intelligent and even cultured conversationalists. You may wish to indicate your appreciation of the friendship offered to you. The most ardent way of doing this is to place your forehead against his. After this you are sworn brothers.

In all interviews, casual or formal, the sweet tea already referred to will inevitably be produced. All Tibetans carry their own wooden tea-cups in their belts in anticipation of this habit. Tobacco pouches and snuff-boxes will also be exchanged. The talk will begin, as it does in European country districts, with discussion of the weather and the crops, for the Tibetans are an essentially pastoral people. The longer the caller remains the better his host will be pleased, for this is a sign that the former wishes to do the latter honour. Time here, as elsewhere in the East, is no object. The Tibetan, like the Arab and the Siamese, will often hold the hand of his guest or companion while talking to him, a custom which most Westerners find embarrassing unless they are of the opposite sex to the hand-holder. Tibetans calling upon a social superior must always take a physically lower seat than their host.

A messenger has invariably to be sent ahead of the visitor to announce his arrival, as in China. This courier will present to the prospective host a white scarf, symbol of the future caller's purity of motive and disinterested friendliness. Other gifts, such as small carpets and, of course, food will also be acceptable, especially one or more raw and

dried carcasses of sheep. These objects, not very prepossessing from the European point of view, are set up in a sitting attitude before the host, as if begging for his goodwill. When the visitor ultimately departs he will be presented by his host with a white scarf similar to but not identical with the one already received by the latter.

Tibetans have a lively sense of humour and will often laugh heartily at their own mistakes. They are indeed extremely intelligent in the European sense, as their generous treatment of their women, who are the freest in Asia, sufficiently shows. On the other hand they consider dirt lucky, are given to the infliction of brutal floggings and have a deep distrust of all who do not speak their language or who, while speaking it, speak also others. Conversations through interpreters are therefore singularly unsatisfactory in Tibet.

As workers they are not particularly distinguished. Their religion takes up most of their time. The wealthy go in for theology and the poor for begging, a hereditary profession authorised by priestly authority and therefore a perpetual nuisance to the foreign traveller. All the petty trading and a good deal of other business is done by the women. Among traders butchers are helpless outcasts. For, as the religion of Tibet forbids the taking of animal life, a butcher's soul is automatically damned for ever from the start of his professional activities. Nevertheless, as already noted, Tibetans are enthusiastic eaters of meat.

They are very superstitious and consult omens from morning till night, in the most trivial under-

takings of daily life. Almost any object will serve as material for these divinations.

The great recreational passion of the Tibetans is *gambling*. Not even the Chinese excel them in their fanatical devotion to this means of passing time. There is no betting, however, on the pony and horse racing which are also favourite pastimes. Relays of jockeys are employed in these sports and the steeds nearly always finish riderless. The winner is decorated with strips of silk, of the five sacred colours. The ordinary gambling games are played with dice, dominoes and even rosary beads. There are also variants of halma and ludo. Archery and a kind of polo are greatly enjoyed.

But eating remains perhaps the most absorbing pleasure of Tibet. Picnics are incessant and on certain holidays tremendous free spreads are staged. On New Year's morning anyone may go into any house, which is always open for the occasion, and eat as much as he likes of the food which is set out there at daybreak. Even in the taking of tobacco, the solid form of snuff is preferred to the volatile form of smoke. This Rabelaisian temperament, coupled with fondness for outdoor exercise, chiefly riding, and remarkable intellectual interests, makes the Tibetan perhaps the best of all Asiatic "good companions," provided the tourist has something like the requisite mighty appetite, iron digestion and exuberant vitality of the native.

Persia.

The further south and east one travels, the nearer the floor seems to come. In Persia meals

are sometimes eaten from chairs, sometimes from the floor. But chairs are now more usual among the educated classes. The food is very monotonous and it is therefore no wonder, if it is also a charming habit, that the natives regularly smell roses while they dine. There are few solid dishes. Kidneys and sweetbreads are the most popular. The bread, which is baked in flat cakes two feet by one in area is mostly used as packing paper. But dessert and above all sweets are plentiful. Almost everything eaten, in fact, is super-sweet according to European ideas. The tea-glass is half filled with sugar before the tea is poured into it. This beverage, by the way, is boiled for twenty minutes before infusion, so that it tastes stewed to the Englishman. All the courses are put on the table at once. The host, if old-fashioned, eats little, but dashes about all through the meal in a hospitable but rather nerve-racking manner.

Arrack, the white brandy known in Arabia, is sometimes added to the hot and treacly mixture called tea. *Arrack* has been described by European travellers as tasting like a blend of gin, bad whisky and furniture polish, so that what the tea-glass finally contains under these conditions is very difficult for a foreigner to imagine before he has sampled it. Few have been seen to take a second sip.

The amateurish quality of *Persian cookery* is perhaps partly caused by the scarcity of good fuel. There is no coal and there are hardly any trees suitable for firewood in the country. Nevertheless, as elsewhere in the East, it is rude to speak at meal-times and thus interrupt both your own

and others' enjoyment of the food, even though there is more excuse for doing this than in the rest of Asia.

Once hunger is satisfied, to the accompaniment of the usual Eastern noises, the Persian is overwhelmingly loquacious, in spite of his habit of perpetual sunflower-seed chewing. It is not for the sake of this idiosyncrasy nor because lettuces in Persia are exceptionally tough that so many Persians have gold-plated teeth, but simply for the reason that this metal is supposed by them to look well in the mouth. Old-fashioned Persians do not smoke after a meal, for the religion taught by their prophet Zoroaster defies fire and that element would be deviled by the practice. Tobacco is taken in the form of snuff, though a very mild and fragrant type of cigarette is often enjoyed by the younger generation.

Shoes are discarded in the Persian house, but never the hat or cap. Nor are clothes removed on going to bed. One merely loosens one's belt before curling up under a blanket on the floor. A whole family, whether rich or poor, will sleep together in one room. For this reason and also because meat is highly spiced and salted and sweetened in an extraordinarily chaotic manner, Persian children are sexually precocious. As a rule the more spacious a house, the colder it is, for the climate is generally, though not invariably hot and dry. Nevertheless, the constant draughts affect the northern European visitor disagreeably.

Persian *baths* are a rarity. But when found

they take your breath away by their magnificence, which not even America can rival.

In conversation with the Persian the first essential is a *water-pipe*, without which your companion will be uncomfortable if not tongue-tied. A good pipe is two feet high and contains a quart of water, scented or plain to taste. At a party one is supposed to take not more than three or four long pulls. (*Zoroaster* being forgotten for the time being) puffing out the smoke slowly then passing the pipe to one's right-hand neighbour. Trays of sweetmeats will be served, with sugary tea in tiny glasses.

On being introduced to anyone you must take his hand in both yours and bow low. He will then probably, certainly if he is your host, give you a bunch of flowers. This is a highly symbolic act, for the subsequent conversation will be flowery in the extreme, filled with high-flown compliments, which you must return or take the consequences. Many years ago an American consul in Teheran was stabbed to death—he is said to have received a hundred and thirty wounds—because he failed to acknowledge a courtesy that was proffered to him.

As the talk deepens it will turn to the subjects of education and religion as they affect the new Persia that is bent on abolishing the romantic East at the very moment when travel facilities are opening it to an increasing number of tourists from Europe. You must not be alarmed if your companion casually unbuttons as his eloquent periods flow on. Foreign ideas of propriety in dress do not prevail in this easy-going land.

Bohemianism of this kind is carried rather far sometimes. Persians are highly demonstative parents and relatives. Babies are sometimes produced, as indeed they are in Europe, over the teatable. But in Europe a spinster aunt would not lift the chubby infant's somewhat inadequate clothing in order to plant a kiss upon parts of its body not usually offered for inspection. This dreadful scene was once enacted in the presence of ladies from Europe who had difficulty in concealing their mingled reactions of shock and amusement.

Male children under eighteen are in fact horribly spoilt. But they repay these attentions in later life by a devotion to their mothers which is an example to the West. Nevertheless, they grow up very conceited and convinced that Persians in general and they themselves in particular are the fine flower of the world's civilisation.

The tourist will not always find it easy to agree with this estimate. He will be charmed by the universal Persian love and cultivation of flowers, scents and poetry. He will admire the generosity of Persians and their sensibly economical way of living, also their good manners in general throughout all classes and their irrepressible gaiety. He will find it delightful that gazelles are kept as household pets. But he will dislike the all-pervading dirt of Persia, which is a land with little water to spare, and he will be repelled by the materialism of a nation of poets who seem incapable of disgust at any kind of physical, mental or moral turpitude.

Persians, cannot be said to be hard workers except when they are engaged in their usually excellent craftsmanship, of carpets, for instance, or trying to sell you the results. Even then they hasten very, very slowly, unless they are driving motor-cars, when nerves steadied by frequent applications of opium seem capable of anything. As a rule, however, commercial transactions are too complicated by discussions of poetry—even the muleteers quote Firdausi—to go very smoothly

Outdoor relaxations are not numerous. At football the respective captains exchange bouquets of flowers before the game and shake hands with every single man on the opposite side. Moonlight picnics, usually conducted in a cemetery, and expeditions to hear the nightingale, are popular. Indoors, poetry-games and dancing are the chief pastimes. The dancers are more often boys than girls, for homosexual feeling is rife in this exotic country.

There is no music worth talking about and the theatre, at which men and women sit on opposite sides of the auditorium, is elementary, for the art of acting is despised in Persia. Wrestling is practiced with some enthusiasm, but the European visitor will find incongruous the kiss on the lips which the champions give each other at the conclusion of the contest. At the tea-houses, which correspond to the English club, men only are admitted.

Afghanistan.

Sheep-farming being the chief occupation of Afghanistan—apart from banditry—mutton is the staple food. *No other meat is eaten.* The mut-

ton is usually curried and served with rice and dried raisins. Chicken is also a favourite dish. The fruits are the finest in the world and are served in great abundance. Like other Moslems the Afghan, when eating cucumbers, rubs off the "poisonous" foam from the sliced vegetable before touching it with his lips. The ubiquitous brigand, who is always on the move, contents himself with a sheet of unleavened bread and an onion while at "work," feasting only after a "coup."

At meals the food is rolled into balls with the right hand. The left is only used for washing afterwards. Coffee, chocolate and alcohol are never taken. Green or black tea, only the first cup being sugared to a third of its depth, which is exceedingly modest, takes the place of non-alcoholic stimulants. Saucers and tiny spoons accompany the cups. Instead of wine, red sherbet is drunk and the use of *hashish* is also very widespread.

The Afghan sleeps on the floor, rolled in blankets or sheepskins. When he has a bed it is made of plain boards and resembles a low-legged table. The sanitary arrangements are typical of ordinary Moslem practice in consisting of a narrow oblong trench between two foot-rests. But instead of the usual brass-mounted pot, a box of clay lumps is used.

Afghan *greetings* are ceremonious. The right hand is placed on the heart and a low bow is made, somewhat after the style of Renaissance Europe. Shoes are always removed before entering a building or sitting, or rather squatting down to have

a chat. The salutation which used to be so common in London saloons bar, "May your shadow never grow less," is of Afghan origin, for this phrase is seldom omitted when two natives meet.

Afghanistan is the most conservative of Asiatic countries, not excepting even Tibet. The westernisation which has now spread over practically the whole of the rest of the continent has made little progress, in spite of the efforts of recent rulers, among this iron people. Their nature, like that of most reactionaries, is a stern and cruel one. Their women especially are rigorously controlled and the punishment for adultery is without exception death. For in an extremely jealous continent the Afghan is more jealous even than the Turk.

The Afghan does not seem to be able to engage in very arduous work, or what passes for such in the East, without copious indulgence on the smoking of hashish, which, while temporarily increasing his vitality, also temporarily increases his control over his easily excitable nerves. Thus lorry-drivers on the precipitous and sharply winding roads of Afghanistan, a country whose general landscape resembles the nightmare of a megalomaniac artist, are constantly pulling up for a smoke, after which they coolly take risks that no European driver, even from Paris, would ever attempt. Yet accidents are remarkably rare, considering the appalling nature of the ground, which makes every excursion of this kind a feat worthy of the most intrepid heroes of the machine-age. This is not to say that the tourist thus conveyed across Afghanistan will not catch several

breath-taking glimpses of smashed or burnt-out lorries at the foot of tremendous cliffs.

The most common *sport* of the country—again excepting brigandage—is a kind of polo, played in a valley three miles long by half a mile wide. The "ball" is the headless carcass of a goat. The "goal" is a circle of white rocks, about three feet in diameter, at the end of the gorge. Five hundred mounted players bunch round this point and at a given signal gallop madly up the valley to the place, about three miles away, where the goat's carcass has been deposited. The object of the game is to carry the carcass back to the "goal" and drop it into the ring of rocks. Any means whatever, except lethal weapons, may be employed to prevent any individual player from doing this, so that the resultant scramble, frequently fatal to several of the horsemen, may well be imagined. The winner is rewarded by two sacks of silver coins presented by the king, who is seated with his attendants half way up the valley, behind the "goal." The victorious rider, dazed and bloody, has to urge his equally battered mount up the precipitous slope to receive this meed from his sovereign's own hands.

Afghans are an outdoor people and there cannot be said to be any national indoor game. But the European visitor finds much food for psychological reflection in the curious fact that his grim host will often show him, with pride and tenderness pets in the form of small birds, which few Afghan homes, as few in the East End of London, will be found to lack.