



The Island Called Enchantment

Isle of Bali, Dutch East Indies.—At the close of a golden day I came to a little hill town in Java and sought the village at the rest house. There were no other guests, and it took some time to discover that anyone at all was in evidence. At length the proprietor and his wife, each a native, came to the door and, after a moment's hesitation, the white man was soon under way.

The hotel achieved, I began, as of a certainty, the post of weeks, to correlate upon the map of Java, and all things Javanese. Yet I found the host's strangely lacking in enthusiasm. "That of course," said the woman presently, "you are going to Bali. Indeed, you must go to Bali to see the things that are really beautiful. You will see what is truly beautiful, more beautiful, even than Java. I myself," she added, "with a little of the loss of the head, am going to Bali."

Thus we talked of place, this island called enchantment, must be the ultimate in physical charm, in picturesque, in color of its native life, in its confidence increased that here was one spot whose very existence would prove that novelty had not yet fled the world, that there was still romance, still an existence uncharacterized by the little or nothing of which one's dreams are made.

And I felt I must haste thither ere the horde of tourists destined presently to descend upon Bali after it completely.

In a few more days, then, and I stand before the lock of the Indonesian K.P.M. steamer "Rumphang" which, having made a smooth overnight run from Sourabaya, now lies at anchor off the port of Bali. And a thought that has just come into my mind is, to my astonishment, recalled to me.

I had seen him at dinner the night before, this Britisher in "staring" and "glaring" shirt just upon the threshold of the island in real comfort. Before British we had not spoken, but now there revealed itself a head which should set at naught such ordinary "glaring" as we both knew.

"Together, then, it was a matter of some time that we should set to know Bali. And now the real, the characteristic, British friendliness manifested itself. This other wanderer, also a journalist, had "booked" a motor car, and was waiting at the landing place. He insisted that I should come along as his guest. "It is the best of the first time in my life," he admitted a little sheepishly. "He is to do it, though, for there's no other way to see Bali if you haven't the time to go. He'll come along with you, and you'll see Bali, and you'll see Bali, and you'll see Bali."

It might, indeed, have been another thing. There was the long, white, head-draped figure, the white, red-roofed house peeping out of their embankment of tropical foliage. There were the empty breakfasts and the little things which, lured forth among them, and headed for our steamer presently, were the long boat, with its slinging canopy, which should land us upon the shores of the enchanted isle.

In the distance inland there towered such a mass of jagged, blue-eroded volcanic peaks as of the Pacific in the rain. The mountains were of rain, clouds hung about them, now veiling, now exposing, to majestic view 10,000-foot summits, green-wrapped in their heavy, tropical foliage except where a flash like that of a distant hellfire disclosed some jungle-grown cataract.

As the boat now, at the water's edge, was an "engine" and a native beyond the American motor car. Having in mind more in common with guides generally than any other real wanderer, I was presently quite disgraced by this one. He was a Bali-born Chinese, who, I discovered, was well acquainted with several languages. He had, he told us, recently taken successful examinations for an English university, to which, through his present employment, he hoped by and by to attain. "And assisted by him we saw, I think, more of the real Bali than any tourists had yet done."

But first it was necessary to come to an understanding as to just what we were to see. The usual thing, it appeared, was to proceed at once to a wonderful lake up somewhere among those weather-eroded peaks. But we had seen most of the lakes of the world, and, like others of our kind, had come to feel that the most fascinating study in any land is simply the life itself of that land. And presently we intrude upon the amazing André Roosevelt, an American living in Bali, just as he is having his breakfast. We find him thoroughly sympathetic. "Sit down," he commands peremptorily. "Heard of both of you. Had two letters about you just yesterday. Tell me exactly what you want to see. Let me see at your interpreter."

Mr. Roosevelt is efficient in the difficult Balinese tongue, which differs materially from the Malay of Java. He discusses energetically to our "guide" who listens in some bewilderment, with an occasional shrug, denigratory and somewhat nihilistic, and sidelong glances at his clients. Rather to his dismay, the "itinerary" he has carefully prepared for us, and over which he has led such previous Anglo-Saxons as have come to Bali, is being radically altered, and he is unable to determine, at once, whether to his material advantage or the reverse.

"What you want to see," says the disarming American, "is Bali! And by that I don't mean lakes and mountains and holes in the ground, but the people, the temple dances, the picturesque ceremonies, the natives in their homes, (there, here, I'll write you out a list of places to go!)" He does, and exultates volubly upon the novelties and beauties to be found in them. And then we set forth.

"Thanks, we're quite mad" matters my friend as our "guide" in a sort of driver. "But we'll have him on our side directly." And we do, to such an extent that our full-toothed visit to Bali is such as few have enjoyed.

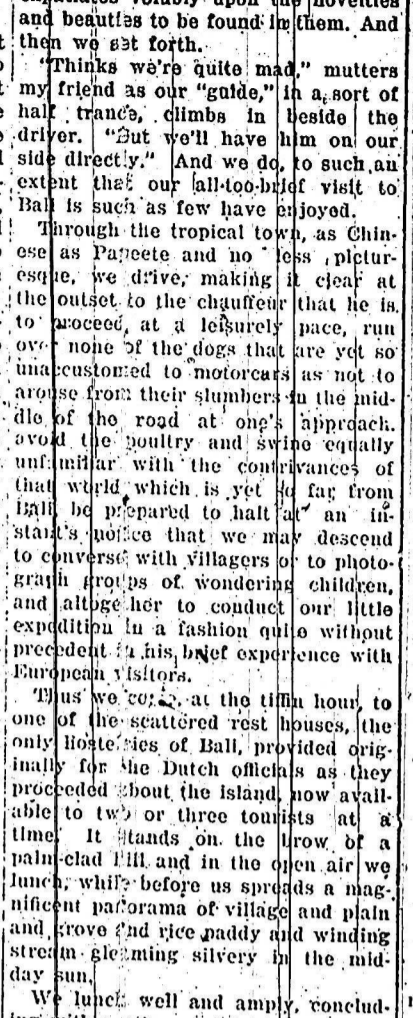
Through the tropical forest, as Chinese as Paradise and no less picturesque, we drive, making a dash at the outset for the chuffen, run on, at a leisurely pace, run over none of the dogs that are yet so unaccustomed to motorcars as not to arise from their slumbers in the middle of the road at one's approach. I avoid the beauty and enjoy equality with the natives, which is yet far from Bali's prepared to halt at a first start's notice that we may descend to converse with villagers or to photograph groups of wondering children, and perhaps her to conduct our little expedition in a fashion quite without precedent in his brief experience with European visitors.

Thus we go, at the time hour, to one of the scattered rest houses, the only hotels of Bali, provided originally for the Dutch officials as they proceeded about the island, now available to two or three tourists at a time. It stands on the brow of a plain-clad hill and in the open air, with a view before us spreads a magnificent panorama of village and plain and grove and rice paddy and winding stream gleaming silver in the mid-day sun.

We lunch well and amply, concluding with a game yet altogether desultory, which, as we have heard the anecdotal which here attains a wondrous succulence. And then, long but joyous hours afterward, we come to the village of Den Pagan, on the south coast of Bali, seventy miles from Bali, and its folk reaches its claim of Bali. The Dutch have held sway scarce a score of years as against a century on the north side, where the natives and all these colorful customs are quite unchanged and where Europe has never been.

Here, in another rest house, we dine, as completely as we have lunched, and see Den Pagan as a story by itself. Dr. T.G. in Christian Science Monitor.

Where Dads Are as Interested as the Boys



ENTHUSIASTIC MODEL YACHTSMEN GATHER FOR A MINATURE REGATTA.

C. Colman Green, starting a model yacht race at the demonstration at Round Pond, Kensington. Boys from many nations gathered to discuss and demonstrate the various types of model craft.

The Wonders of the World

These were seven in number. The first was a colossal statue of brass at Rhodes, which was dedicated to the sun. It was twelve years in making and cost 200 talents (or about \$180,000 of our money) was 50 cubits in height and stood directly across the harbor. Its thumbs were so large that a man could not clasp one of them with both his arms, and its legs were spread out to such a distance that ships of large size could sail between them. In its left hand it held a torch, and in its right a dart, apparently ready to be discharged at any intruder. Fifty years after its erection it was thrown down by an earthquake; and about nine centuries subsequently the old metal was purchased by a Jew, who loaded 300 camels with it.

Second.—The Pyramids of Egypt, three of which still remain. The first has a square base, 650 feet each way, and is 500 feet high. It is made of great stones, the least of which is 3 feet in height. It took 250,000 men twenty years to complete it. The other two are a little smaller and at the foot of the administration of the spectacle. Some suppose they were built by the Israelites during their captivity; but this opinion cannot be correct, as we read that they were employed in making bricks.

Third.—The walls of the city of Babylon, built by Queen Semiramis. They formed an exact square, were 60 miles in circumference, 300 feet in height and 5 in thickness, so that six chariots could travel upon them abreast.

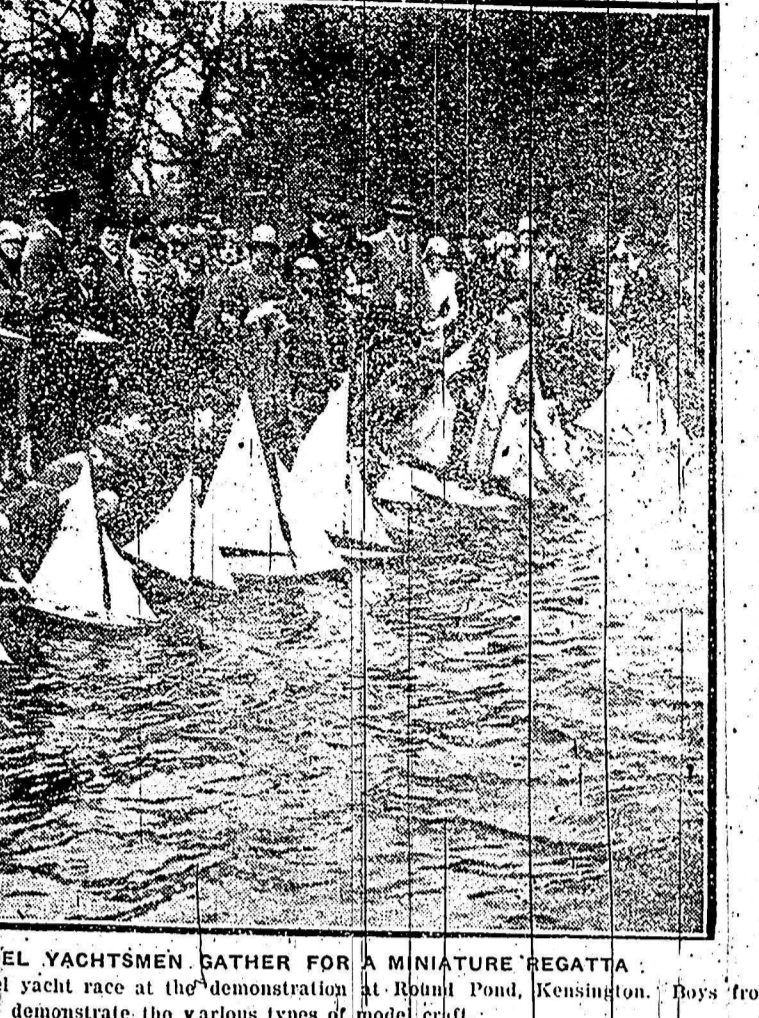
Fourth.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was a work of the greatest magnificence. The riches within were immense and the goddess was worshipped with great solemnity. It took 220 years in its completion, though all Asia was employed; and it was supported by 127 pillars of beautiful Parian marble, each of a single shaft and raised by as many kings. Each pillar was 60 feet in height, 37 of them being engraved. The beams and doors were made of cedar and the rest of the timber was cypress. The image of the goddess was made of ebony. It was buried by Prostratus, an obscure individual, 115 years after, on the same day that Alexander the Great was born.

Fifth.—The royal palace of Cyprus, King of Media. It was built by Monon, who was as prodigal in expense as he was skillful in building. It has asserted that he actually covered the stones with gold. Some are inclined to give the preference to the temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, as the superior edifice.

Sixth.—The statue of Jupiter Olympus, in the city of Olympia. It was of prodigious size, made of ivory, and carved with the greatest art by Phidias, a noted sculptor.

Seventh.—The mausoleum or sepulchre of Mausolus, King of Caria, built by his queen, Artemisia, of the most beautiful marble. The workmanship was splendid in the extreme. It was 63 feet in length, 40 in circumference and 35 feet in height, surrounded by 36 columns of the most superb workmanship.

Shade Needed In Cultivating Wild Flowers



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WINTER COVERING
By planting pieces of the even in ordinary garden soil, it is possible to have a fine display of flowers in the winter. It is possible to have a fine display of flowers in the winter. It is possible to have a fine display of flowers in the winter.

Butter Makes Boys
A group of boys were divided into various groups and each group was given a different amount of butter. The results were as follows: Group A, 1/2 lb. butter; Group B, 1 lb. butter; Group C, 1 1/2 lb. butter; Group D, 2 lb. butter. The boys in Group D showed the most improvement in their work.

The U.S. Tariff Bill
Ottawa Journal (Cons.): The answer? There can be no question of the United States recognizing the United States to own citizens. This matter is a matter of political and economic importance for the Government of this country. It is a matter of political and economic importance for the Government of this country.

British Boys For Canada Farms

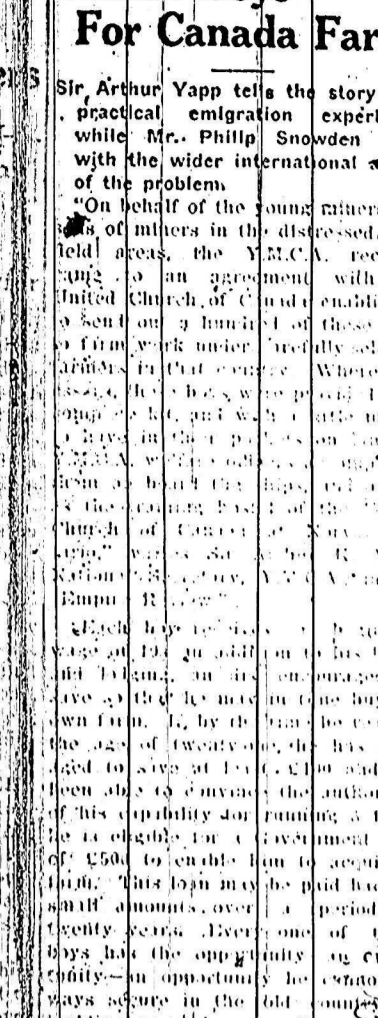
Sir Arthur Yapp tells the story of a practical emigration experiment while Mr. Philip Snowden deals with the wider international aspect of the problem.

On behalf of the young farmers and the distressed emigrants, the M.P.C. recently signed an agreement with the United Kingdom of Canada, enabling a number of British boys to be sent to Canada to work on farms. This agreement was a landmark in the history of emigration.

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Breakfast Battles



Stick to Ham and Eggs, an Insurance Company's Slogan.

What sort of breakfast do you eat? There is a discussion going on just now as to what is the best breakfast. Coffee and rolls, and then have the hours of for lunch, are being asked to eat a hearty breakfast and eat down the lunch interval.

At the same time, quite a number of people in this country are advocating a light breakfast, or no breakfast at all.

"Stick to Ham and Eggs" is an Insurance Company's Slogan.

Porridge Problems
All very well, but recently a number of people have been looking for a substitute for bacon, owing to its high price. Sausages make quite a good one; and another interesting variation is fried bananas instead of eggs. But bananas want bacon as a table companion.

Vehicles
Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph (Ind.): The opposition of the farming class to a general provincial law is part prejudice, part obstinacy and part laziness, but if the driver of a horse-drawn vehicle were risking only his own life the Government might well take the stand, under the circumstances, that his blood is on his own head. In point of fact, however, he is as much a potential menace to all other traffic upon the road as speeding motorists can possibly be to him.

Mutt and Jeff



Mutt's Just Bound to Get Jeff

I'M GETTING MUTT'S GOAT BY DEMONSTRATING TO HIM HOW EASY AS PIE TO FIND A PARKING SPACE FOR A CAR. IS YOU USE PARKING BEAN AND KAZOO THIS LAWS!

MUTT: I GOT THE LOAF OF BREAD AND NOW I'M READY TO DRIVE HOME! I GUESS I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT PARKING A CAR, EH?

JEFF: THERE'S YOUR MAN, OFFICER!

LISTEN! DO YOU OWN THIS CAR?

RIGHT! AND WHAT OF IT? PARKING IS PERMITTED ON THIS STREET BETWEEN SEVEN AND TEN A.M. I KNOW THE LAW, KID!

THAT PART'S ONE; BUT IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO PARK BY A FIRE HYDRANT.

BUT, OFFICER, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, LISTEN—

DRIVE TO THE TRAFFIC COURT!

PLANT HYDRANT WAS OVER JUDGE HEAVY TIME!

THEY'VE CAR-KICKED THE BEST!