



ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

S. S. Columbus.
Bombay.

Dear W:

Before I leave Bombay to plunge into the interior of this dark continent I must send you a word. The mail leaves here only once a week and whether or not it ever reaches home seems more than problematical—in fact it seems certain it will not!

We had a lovely week of sunshine and not too hot weather in the Red Sea. We were very gay as usual, parties of some kind every day. Then, on Saturday morning, we had our first glimpse of India, from the Crow's Nest of the Columbus. The Captain, whose generous policy it is that "the ship belongs to the passenger" let us go up. It was like climbing into a furnace and then up the flue, but perhaps because we are descended from monkeys—we did it successfully. And there, when we got to the top was India, lying like a mist on the horizon.

We have spent three extremely interesting days in Bombay. It is the most varied city. You pass in a few moments from places of wealth where buildings much like those of London flank broad boulevards, into tiny tortuous streets where you must dismiss your motor and walk. We went down one of these and found what seemed like a little village grouped round a temple filled with the most extraordinary elephant gods the mind of child could conceive. All the temples have bells at their doors which the pilgrim rings so as to awaken the god to whom he is to play. Where

is the religion of the Hindus of which their great literature is the embodiment. Everything we see is so terribly primitive and barbaric.

As we passed back along the street we flattened against the wall to let a weirdly wailing procession pass. Holy men with ash smeared faces, musicians beating strange tomtoms, followed by a rabble supporting among them a few swaying figures. These are the very sick whom they are "curing." Curing of all earthly ills I should say. Farther on was a temple courtyard where holy men and fakirs sit on spikes and otherwise mutilate themselves. Their intent

fanatical faces were the most terrifying things I have ever seen. If I had not been so undignified I should have run and run and run.

We went yesterday to the "Towers of Silence" where the Parsees, the most prosperous merchant class, originally from Persia, expose their dead to the vultures. It sounds more terrible than it is. There is a dignity about the place with its doorless, round towers open to the sky. The only terrible thing was the great overfed vultures who hang like a dreadful species of bat to almost every limb of every tree.

How can the world be so different one place from another?

IT'S NOT SO BAD! "A TOURIST IN SPIE OF HIMSELF"

By A. Edward Newton.
Little, Brown & Co.

"A Tourist in Spite of Himself!" A. Edward Newton places this uncompromising title on his book and then proceeds to show the joys of being a tourist in any guise at all. To build up the humour of the situation he postulates the fiction that as a hen-pecked husband he is carried off on travels against his will. But melting under the relentless sun of the supposedly cold north countries, or flanking with incense in the holy places of Jerusalem, we have a suspicion that Mr. Newton is in his element.

Mr. Newton knows his London, and rolls off his tongue the well-loved names "Queen Anne's Gate" or "Kensington Palace" as if they were at home there. He knows his Paris, too, and you feel yourself almost walking up the Rue Royale on your way to Prunier's for the best sea-food ever known.

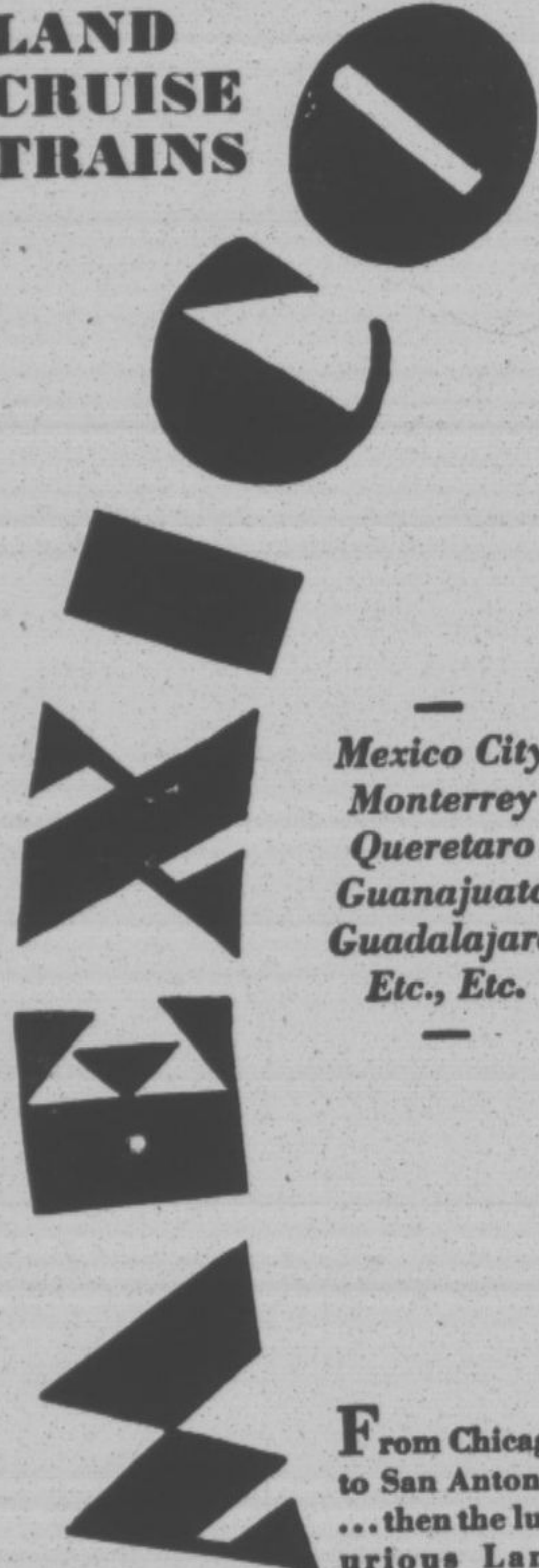
Mr. Newton's style is in a much lighter vein than in his dignified and charming "Amenities of Book Collecting" or "The Greatest Book in the World." He is trying his hand at being a humorist and succeeding fairly well, ably assisted by the pen of Gluyas Williams, who if he wished could make you laugh yourself to death at your own funeral.

Another Bandit Gets One to Ten Year Term

William May, a member of the Spooner bandit gang who was found guilty of robbery, was sentenced last week by Judge Edward Shurtleff to from one to 14 years in the penitentiary.

All the Spooner robbery cases have now been disposed of with the exception of the trial of Walter Holub, member of the gang who was shot by Deputy Harry Quandt and is still a patient in the County hospital.

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