

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Some Good Natured Advice to Prospective Globe Trotters as to the Itinerary that Will Best Bring Them Into Direct and Close Contact with the Points of Interest in the Orient and the Old World

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 5.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—We have found the trip around the globe far more instructive than we had expected, and it was entered upon for educational reasons. There is so much to see and learn that one can occupy an indefinite time in travel. We set apart a year for the trip and reached home sixteen days within the limit. Those who have followed these letters will admit, I think, that we have covered a great deal of ground and seen a great deal of the world. If we were repeating the trip, I hardly know of any country that we could afford to leave out, and I am satisfied that it is better to start from the Pacific coast than from the Atlantic. One could make the trip in half the time that we spent and see a great deal, but he can see more if he has a year or two to spare for the journey.

If one desires to make the trip in six months, he should set apart about two months for ocean travel. He could then devote two weeks to Japan, ten days to China, a week to Manila, three weeks to India, a week to Egypt, two weeks to the Holy Land, a week to Greece and Constantinople, and the rest of the time to Europe. To go through Corea would require ten days or two weeks more, but the hermit kingdom is different from any other country, and its queer people are worth seeing. Very few of the tourists have visited Peking, and yet it is in some respects the most interesting of the Chinese cities. The Manchu element of the Chinese population—the ruling element—can only be seen at Peking or in the northern districts. The great wall is near Peking, and the wall around the city of Peking is even more imposing than the great wall itself. The Altar of Heaven, the most beautiful and elaborate sacrificial altar on earth, is in the suburbs of the Chinese capital and in itself well repays a visit.

Until recently Peking could only be entered from the sea via Tientsin. The railroad, however, from Peking to Hankow was about completed when we were there, and this greatly facilitates travel through the interior. If one goes through Corea, it is best to go on to Peking by water and then go down on the railroad to Hankow and down the Yangtze river to Shanghai.

All Should See the Philippines

Every American who visits the orient should spend some days in the Philippine islands. He owes it to his country to do so. If he will visit the schools he will be convinced that there is increasing intelligence in the islands, and he will not doubt that the people want independence. An inspection of the factories will prove that the Filipinos are industrious as well as intelligent.

It takes about two weeks to go from Singapore to Java and return, but we remember that visit as one of the most delightful of the trip. The ruined temple at Boro Boedoe, the delicious fruits, the terraced hills, the far-reaching rice fields and the shady drives linger in one's memory.

To visit Ceylon, Burma and India requires a good deal of travel upon the bay of Bengal. We went to Ceylon, then back to Burma, then on to Calcutta. Some go to Burma and then to India and return to Ceylon from Bombay, but all three of these countries are interesting and one can hardly afford to pass by any of them. Burma is the home of Buddhism, and one can learn more of the worship of Buddha here than anywhere else. The yellow-robed priest with his begging bowl is everywhere present.

I have already discussed India and Egypt somewhat in detail, and no traveler need be urged to visit these countries. Palestine, however, is skipped by so many travelers that I may be pardoned a word of advice. Of all the countries which we visited none interested us more than the Holy Land, and no member of a Christian church can afford to visit southern Europe or pass through the Suez canal without seeing that portion of Asia which is immortalized by Bible history. The ruins at Baalbec, in some respects the most remarkable in the world, attract many to Beyrut, Damascus and the Lebanon, but the Sea of Galilee, Jerusalem and the Jordan have lessons for the tourist of far greater importance than can be derived from the ruins of heathen temples.

If the reader lacks either time, inclination or means for a trip around the world, he will find one of the shorter trips to Europe only second in interest and value. The Mediterranean trip is a very popular one. This, according to its length, permits a visit to Gibraltar, Alexandria, Cairo, Palestine, Constantinople, Greece and Italy. From Gibraltar it is a short trip to Granada, Cordova and Madrid, and our experience leads me to commend this trip to the traveler. At Cairo and Constantinople the orient comes nearest to Europe and America, and the difference between the orient and the western world is so striking that no one visiting southern Europe should miss the Nile and the Bosphorus. One can spend weeks, and even months, about the shores of the Mediterranean; Africa, Asia Minor and Europe all touch upon this great inland sea. Without leaving its shores one can study the most opposite types which the human race has produced and at the same time study the history of the oldest periods known to man. Egypt should be visited before the end of March, while April is the best month for a trip to Palestine.

In Italy alone one could occupy a winter. Rome, the center of the Catholic world and the home of the Caesars, is a most fascinating city. There are no mosaics like those of St. Peter's and few galleries equal to those of the Vatican, while masterpieces of sculptors and painters are to be found on every hand. The old Roman forum is the mecca of the student, and the Coliseum is still a wonder, de-



THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN NORWAY.



"NEATH THE SHADE OF THE SHELTR'ING PALMS" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ying as it has the storms of nearly two thousand years. At Naples one sees Vesuvius and lava beds formed but a few months ago. At one place the stream of lava poured through an archway and hardened as it cooled. When we were there the lava was like stone and could with difficulty be broken. At Florence one sees the best specimens of modern sculpture, and at Milan he visits one of the most famous of the European cathedrals.

Venice, Unique and Beautiful

Venice is in a class by itself. No other city-rivals it in uniqueness. Its streets are canals, and gondolas are the vehicles in which potentate, priest and plebeian ride. It draws visitors from all over the world and sends them away after a short visit, glad that they came and equally glad to escape from the dampness of the place.

If one desires a summer trip he can find few journeys more delightful than those through Switzerland and along the Rhine. Lakes, rivers and mountains—these are to be found in abundance, with cities enough to supply the population and hotels to accommodate the tourists. If one would combine pleasure with instruction, he can profitably employ considerable time in visiting the German universities at Heidelberg and Leipzig and the art galleries at Dresden and

Munich. The cathedral at Cologne, it may be added, is by many preferred to the cathedral at Milan.

The northern portions of Europe are even more inviting to the summer tourist than Switzerland or the Rhine. The lakes of Ireland and Scotland and the sea coast resorts of England and Holland give rest and recuperation to multitudes every year.

If I were going to suggest a summer trip it would be as follows: Leave New York early in June, land at Liverpool, cross over to Newcastle and take a steamer for Bergen, Norway. A week can be spent delightfully in the fjords and on the lakes in the neighborhood of Bergen. Such a combination of deep water and rugged mountain sides, rushing streams and crystal lakes is hard to find. Then let the tourist proceed to Trondhjem, the ancient capital, where King Haakon was recently crowned. From Trondhjem the traveler can reach the Arctic circle in a little more than a day. While a day's stay is sufficient in the land of the midnight sun if the sky is clear, it is better to allow one's self two or three days' leeway, as it is often cloudy in this latitude and at this time of the year. The midnight sun must be seen to be appreciated. No description can do it justice. To pass from day to day with no intervening night, to watch the sun linger for awhile in the north near the horizon and

then begin a new day's work without a moment's sleep gives one a sensation not soon forgotten. A railroad across Norway brings Christians within a day's ride of Trondhjem, and from Christians to Stockholm is another day.

Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Berlin

Stockholm is sure to charm the visitor. It is a beautiful town, beautifully situated; it stands where the waters of the lakes and the ocean meet. Several days can be spent in Stockholm to advantage, and then one is prepared for the boat ride to St. Petersburg, one of the rarest experiences that one can find in travel. The boat winds its way through islands almost the entire distance.

A week's stay at St. Petersburg will give an opportunity for an inspection of the capital of the greatest of the nations measured by territory, and one of the greatest measured by population. Here one has a chance to learn something of the Greek church with its splendid cathedrals, rivalling the cathedrals of the Roman Catholic church. Moscow is even more distinctly Russian than St. Petersburg, and the art gallery there surpasses the one at St. Petersburg in its collection of the works of Russian artists. Tolstoy's summer home is not far from Moscow, and many take advantage of the trip to see the greatest of living philosophers.

The ride from St. Petersburg to Moscow and from Moscow to Warsaw gives a very good view of the interior of Russia, and one can stop off at almost any place and learn something of the village life of the Russian peasant.

Several days can be occupied in Berlin, and other points of interest can be easily reached from Germany's capital. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is only half a day's ride distant. Hanover, Hamburg, Brussels, Amsterdam and The Hague are all within easy reach. In Germany one has an opportunity to learn a great deal about forestry, agriculture and landscape gardening. The parks, groves, shady drives and boulevards furnish the American traveler with many suggestions, while the battlefield of Waterloo and the lowlands of Holland will ever be interesting to the student of history.

The tour can be completed by a visit to Paris and London. The social season in the latter city ends early in August with the adjournment of Parliament. In three months' time one can make this northern trip and return with a fund of information about the countries and their peoples which could never be collected from books. It is not an expensive trip even for first-class travel, and the accommodations furnished by the steamers and the railroads for second-class passengers are such that one can reduce his expenses considerably without discomfort.

"East, West, Home's Best"

But let me add that one does not have to leave America to find places of interest and that no one can justify a trip abroad until he has become acquainted with his own country. Europe has no summer resorts that surpass the cities on the St. Lawrence, on our northern lakes, and in the mountains of the west. In America one can have every variety from salt sea bathing to mountain climbing, with fishing thrown in. In natural scenery there is nothing in Europe which surpasses the Niagara, Yellowstone park and the Yosemite valley of California. There are no agricultural views which surpass those in the valleys on the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri, and for a restful winter trip Hawaii, Mexico and Cuba offer attractions that are unexcelled. While the western hemisphere is not so old in its civilization, the only advantage that the orient and Europe can furnish is in their variety of races, customs and religions.

In natural scenery America satisfies all expectations. Nothing but the Himalayas offer more sublime heights, and the earth has no other chasm equal to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. After one has seen the wonders of America and the possibilities of its soil, its institutions and its people, he can go abroad with the assurance that he will return, more widely informed, it is true, but more intensely American than before. There is no country like ours, whether it be measured by the bountiful gifts of the Creator or by the works of man. In all that goes to make a nation great materially, commercially, intellectually, politically and morally, our country has no peer. The American, returning to his own shores, feels like thanking Scott for expressing so felicitously the traveler's sentiments:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
High through his tiles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those tiles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrer all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

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Rain-in-the-Face Tells of the Bloody Battle of the Little Big Horn

Noted Sioux Warrior Who Took Part in the Massacre of General Custer and His Men Tells His Story of the Battle to One of His Own Race

THE noted Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, whose name once carried terror to every part of the frontier, died at his home on the Standing Rock reserve in North Dakota on September 14, 1905. About two months before his death I went to see him for the last time, where he lay upon the bed of sickness from which he never rose again, and drew from him his life history.

It has been my experience that you cannot induce an Indian to tell a story, or even his own name, by asking him directly.

"Friend," I said, "even if a man is on a hot trail, he stops for a smoke! In the good old days, before the change, there was a smoke. At home, by the fire, when the old men were asked to tell their brave deeds, again the pipe was passed. So come, let us smoke now to the memory of the old days!"

He took of my tobacco and filled his long pipe, and we smoked. Then I told an old, mythical story to get him in the humor of relating his own history.

The old man lay upon an iron bedstead, covered by a red blanket, in a corner of the little log cabin. He was all alone that day; only an old dog lay silent and watchful at his master's feet.

Finally he looked up and said with a pleasant smile: "True, friend; it is the old custom to retrace one's trail before leaving it forever! I know that I am at the door of the spirit home."

"I was born near the forks of the Cheyenne river, about seventy years ago. My father was not a chief; my grandfather was not a chief, but a good hunter and a feast maker. On my mother's side I had some noted ancestors, but they left me no chieftainship. I had to work for my reputation."

"When I was a boy I loved to fight," he continued. "In all our boyish games I had the name of being hard to handle, and I took much pride in the fact."

"I was about 10 years old when we encountered a band of Cheyennes. They were on friendly terms with us, but we boys indulged in sham fights on such occasions, and this time I got in an honest fight with a Cheyenne boy older than I. I got the best of the boy, but he hit me hard in the face several times, and my face was all scattered with blood and streaked where the paint had been washed away. The Sioux boys whooped and yelled:

"His enemy is down, and his face is spattered as if with

rain! Rain-in-the-Face! His name shall be Rain-in-the-Face!"

"Afterwards, when I was a young man, we went on a war path against the Gros Ventres. We stole some of their horses, but were overtaken and had to abandon the horses and fight for our lives. I had wished my face to represent the sun when half covered with darkness, so I painted it half black, the other half red. We fought all day in the rain and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black; so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face. We considered it an honorable name."

"I had been on many war paths, but was not especially successful until about the time the Sioux began to fight with the white man. One of the most daring attacks that we ever made was at Fort Totten, North Dakota, in the summer of 1866."

"Hohay, the Assiniboine captive of Sitting Bull, was the leader in this raid. Wapapay, the Fearless Bear, who was afterward hanged at Yankton, was the bravest man among us. He dared Hohay to make the charge. Hohay accepted the challenge, and in turn dared the other to ride with him through the agency and right under the walls of the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong."

"Wapapay and I in those days called each other 'brother-friend.' It was a life-and-death vow. What one does the other must do, and that meant that I must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also!"

"I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red."

His eyes gleamed and his face lighted up remarkably as he talked, pushing his black hair back from his forehead with a nervous gesture.

"Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapapay, but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort. This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better."

"Their big gun talked very loud, but my Wapapay was leading on, leaning forward on his best pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his rawhide shield on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I. Our warwhoop was like the coyotes singing in the evening, when they smell blood!"

"The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big

gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes," he remarked with some humor.

"How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time, and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of bees gets into camp. We made a successful retreat, but some of the reservation Indians followed us yelling, until Hohay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded."

"Some two years later we attacked a fort of the Black Hills (Fort Phil Kearney, Wyoming). It was there we killed 100 soldiers. (The military reports say eighty men, under the command of Captain Fetterman—not one left alive to tell the tale!) Nearly every band of the Sioux nation was represented in that fight—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Big Foot and all our great chiefs were there. Of course, such men as I am were then comparatively unknown. However, there were many noted young warriors, among them Sword, the younger Young-Man-Afraid, American Horse (afterward chief), Crow King and others."

"This was the plan decided upon after many councils. The main war party lay in ambush and a few of the bravest young men were appointed to attack the wood choppers who were cutting logs to complete the building of the fort. We were told not to kill these men, but to chase them into the fort and retreat slowly, defying the white men, and if the soldiers should follow, we were to lead them into the ambush. They took our bait exactly as we had hoped. It was a matter of a very few minutes, for every-soldier lay dead in a shorter time than it takes to annihilate a small herd of buffalo."

"This attack was hastened because most of the Sioux on the Missouri river and eastward had begun to talk of suing for peace. But even this did not stop the peace movement. The very next year a treaty was signed at Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, by nearly all the Sioux chiefs, in which it was agreed on the part of the great father in Washington that all the country north of the Republican river in Nebraska, including the Black Hills and the Big Horn mountains, was to be always Sioux country, and no white man should intrude upon it without our permission. Even with

this agreement Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were not satisfied and they would not sign."

"Up to this time I had fought in some important battles, but had achieved no great deed. I was ambitious to make a name for myself. I joined war parties against the Crows, Mandans, Gros Ventres and Pawnees, and gained some little distinction."

"It was when the white men found the yellow metal in our country and came in great numbers, driving away our game, that we took up arms against them for the last time. I must say here that the chiefs who were the loudest for war were among the first to submit and accept reservation life. Spotted Tail was a great warrior, yet he was one of the first to yield because he was promised by the chief soldiers that they would make him chief of all the Sioux. Ugh! He would have stayed with Sitting Bull to the last had it not been for his ambition."

"About this time we young warriors began to watch the trails of the white men into the Black Hills, and when we saw a wagon coming we would hide at the crossing and kill them all without much trouble. We did this to discourage the whites from coming into our country without our permission. It was the duty of our great father at Washington, by the agreement of 1868, to keep his white children away."

"During the troublesome time after this treaty, which no one seemed to respect, either white or Indian (but the whites broke it first), I was like many other young men—much on the warpath, but with little honor. I had not yet become noted for any great deed. Finally Wapapay and I waylaid and killed a white soldier on his way from the fort to his home in the east."

"There were a few Indians who were hard and never on the warpath playing 'good Indian' with the Indian agents and the white chiefs at the forts. Some of this faithless set betrayed me and told more than I ever did. I was seized and taken to the fort near Bismarck N. D. (Fort Abraham Lincoln) by a brother (Tom Custer) of the long-haired war chief and imprisoned there. These same lying Indians who were selling their services as scouts to the white man, told me that I was to be shot to death, or else hanged upon a tree. I answered that I was not afraid to die."

"However, there was an old soldier who used to bring my food and stand guard over me—he was a white man, it is true, but he