

Oddities of Bali



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Temple Grounds in the Capital of Bali.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE island of Bali, only a name to thousands of people who pass on round-the-world trips, is a social and sociological curiosity. Its natives are what biologists might call "sports" in East Indian ethnology.

It lies a night's cruise east of Java. It is about 90 miles long, with a 10,500 foot peak and more than a million peaceful, polygamous people. Its women are the fairest in all Malaysia—and a dressmaker would starve.

One strange aspect after another breaks on the observer. Books are bound from tree leaves. Religion is the chief occupation. Trial marriage usually takes. It is a land of the slimmest women and the fattest pigs. Birds talk and butterflies fly like birds. Praying to pagan gods and fooling pagan devils are the main pastimes. Tourist attractions are many, but tourists few.

The quest for photographic adventure along the island paths, past green fields, temples, and walled villages, is an endless delight—unless a carabao suddenly founders up from the mud to chase the white man. Bali children ride these clumsy creatures, and even when one runs amuck it is said a small boy swishing a switch through the air may cause the mad beast to turn aside in his charge. But here, as in the Philippines, there seems to be something in the looks or smell of a white man which the carabao doesn't like.

Such butterflies as one sees in Bali! Orange and white, black and yellow, or black and green, and huge purple ones, all flying like birds, not fluttering, as ours do. And there are wild chickens in the woods, the cocks brilliantly colored, and a talking bird they call the beo, a black, sluggish fowl with dangling yellow wattles—an ugly thing, like a wretched old woman.

The Bali village is a group of kampongs or compounds. Each surrounds several little houses and a few smaller structures used as granaries and built high to save the grain from pigs and rats. One house may shelter several families. Usually the Bali hut itself is a small, nipa-like, thatched affair, with a frame of poles. A few feet above the ground is a platform, where one sees the family lying around at ease during much of the day. But whenever one of these family groups is approached with a camera, the members of the household will roll off the platforms and slide over to the next house.

The "Underslung" Pig.

The Bali pig is a physical curiosity—like a dachshund with a pig's make-up. Even in infancy his tummy almost drags on the ground. In youth he has no youthful figure. He is "underslung," so to speak, and could never travel a road with "high centers." The older he gets, the bigger his waistline. And his back arches like that of an old family nag ridden when too young.

Bali, too, is the land of big noise. There's no bawling, but if it isn't the native orchestra, it is the roosters that keep up the racket. They crow by the thousands, long before day. Before they quit, the pigs begin to squeal—not from hunger, for they're all fat. Foraging in the cool of the morning or lying in midday shade, they test their squeakers. They seem to want to tell the world that here no Moslem prejudice against pork can cramp any pig's style or restrain him from self-expression.

One sees these Bali pigs, each in his own wicker cage like a prize bird, being loaded on ships for export to Singapore. The deck is piled five tiers high with the fat, waddling creatures, whose squealing chorus almost drowns out the ship's siren.

Here pork is the only meat eaten. Cattle are raised, but for export. Big, brown, beautiful creatures they are, with a singular white patch on their hind quarters. Seen from behind, they look as if they were wearing white pants. At times the bulls figure in a religious ceremony and are decorated with big bells.

Artists who have known many famous models in American and European art centers, assert that few specimens of the human race are so easy to look at as the beautiful women of Bali. Erect, slender limbed, small of wrist and ankle, with tapering fingers, and long, wavy tresses falling over a smooth skin nearly white or

light bronze; with perfect, even teeth and a singular grace and dignity of carriage, they have few physical equals among womankind.

Drama, Dance and Religion.

In Bali the play's the thing, and all over the island the drama and the dance go on throughout the year. But a playwright would starve; and no "new steps" are ever introduced by Bali dancing girls. Here there's never a "first night" nor a new show. Today Bali enjoys the same songs, dances, and drama it knew centuries ago, all based on island folklore, mythology, and historical legends. Yet nobody seems bored. Even the children know the lines and songs by heart; they follow the players' every word and gesture with close attention.

Such demons as ruin the rice crops or bring disease to carabao, and the demigods who have influenced the lives of the Balinese through the centuries, figure in the songs and drama.

Shows are usually given in the daytime, against a temple or a natural backdrop of jungle green.

Hindu temples, big and little, cover this thickly inhabited island. Moslem immigrants have come over from Java, of course, and one sees Chinese proprietors of shops where even American-made hand sewing machines are on sale, but neither Cross nor Crescent seem to have gained much foothold on Bali. One singular story is told of an early Christian mission where, after long efforts, finally made one Bali convert. But this native apostate, thus cut off from his kind, finally turned on the missionary who had made him a social outcast and killed him.

Religion is everything in Bali. It seems to inspire all work and play. No one seems lonely; there are no beggars, no drunkards, no prostitutes. Every act is service to the temple gods; every spot is holy, and every peaceful hour seems sanctified to daily life. Here the external and spiritual world are closely akin.

In the prettiest spot on every little farm stands the family altar, usually shaded by trees or plants. Here the farmer builds the wood or stone altars to the gods of his choice. Should a man's prayers go unanswered, he is quite justified in demolishing his existing altars and building new ones to a new divinity.

Irrigation is Skillful.

No region on earth is more highly cultivated than the tillable parts of Bali. Here irrigation is applied to its utmost refinement. In building reservoirs, or waduks, in laying out and digging canals and laterals, the Balinese are among the world's most skillful engineers. So highly was their system developed that when Dutch engineers came they had nothing to add.

On Bali, as in the United States, irrigation districts are set up. Each controls its own water supply, and water rights are equitably distributed. It also regulates land transfers and holdings. The planting of crops, the tending of cattle, and collection of rates are all supervised by these co-operative associations.

Rice is the chief food, but wheat, copra, groundnuts, tobacco, fruit, and onions are also grown. Cattle, hides, horns and swine are exported. For its soap, crude hardware, tools, and a limited amount of cloth and clothing, Bali depends on imports handled by Chinese and Dutch traders; but, to a singular degree, the island is a self-contained garden of Eden, where life is easy and food plentiful.

Swift and sweeping as change is in our modern, inventive world, Bali responds but slowly. Here the well dressed young man and everybody else need wear only the sarong—a multi-colored strip of batik, about a yard wide, wound around the waist and hanging to the knees. Till cheap factory-made sarongs came from Europe, these simple garments were works of art, for at weaving, as at carving and in the fabrication of objects of gold and silver, the Balinese are skillful. Only on entering the temples must women cover the upper part of their bodies. For this they use a light scarf.

When one stops to think that Bali, with its singular charms, is only a night's run from the tourist path through Soerabaya, one wonders that irrefragable civilization has not at ready upset its primitive life.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Malediction!" But Raffet got no further. Astonishment not unmingled with terror rendered him speechless. The Scarlet Pimpernel! Ye Gods! And the chief of section and his friend at the mercy of that fiend! Even now his straining ears seemed to perceive through those calls for help a triumphant battle cry in a barbaric tongue.

"Here!" he cried to the troopers. "Two of you are sufficient to bring these rascals along; and you corporal, and two men come with me. Citizen Lauzet and his friends are being murdered even now."

He hurried down the road followed by the corporal and two men of the gendarmerie, while those that were left behind saw to it that the perpetrators of all this additional outrage and of all this pother were duly started on their way.

To them Raffet shouted a final: "Three of you remain to guard the prisoners and make ready for an immediate start when we return." Then he disappeared round the bend in the road.

The shouting had ceased as Raffet and his troopers hurried along. Indeed, at first he might have thought that his ears had deceived him, had not that agonized call for help still risen insistently through the gloom. He searched the darkness, and suddenly a slight gleam of light by the roadside which caused the hair to stand up on his head. At first this seemed nothing but a bundle lying half in and half out of the ditch in the mud, with the drip-drip from the trees making a slimy puddle around it. It was from this bundle that the calls for help and the curses proceeded.

It was appalling! Almost unbelievable for there were the chief of section in the rural division of the department of Seine et Oise, Citizen Lauzet, and his friend from Paris whom Captain Raffet knew as Citizen Chauvelin, a man who stood high in the estimation of the government, and they were lying in a muddy puddle in the ditch like a pair of calves tied together for market. Raffet might have disbelieved his eyes, had it not been for the language which Citizen Lauzet used all the while that the rope which bound him was being cut by the corporal.

"Thank the Lord," Raffet exclaimed fervently, "that you are safe!"

"I'll have 'em fayed alive, the rascals!" Lauzet exclaimed in a voice rendered feeble and hoarse with much shouting, as well as with rage. "The guillotine is too mild a death for such miscreants. They attacked me, citizen captain, would you believe it? Me! Chief of section in the rural gendarmerie! Have you ever heard of such an outrage? They shouted at us from behind. My friend and I were riding along quite slowly, and we had just turned into the bridge path from the road. We heard the cart and all the shouting, but we thought that they were just a pack of drunken rascals returning from market. So we paid no heed; not even when an onerous cart on the road the cart had drawn up and, changing to glance back at the moment, I saw those louts jumping better shelter out of the cart. And the next moment they were on us, the lot of them. Ten or a dozen of them they were, the rogues!"

"The miserable scoundrels!" Raffet ejaculated fervently.

"They dragged us out of our saddles," Lauzet continued, "they beat us about the head."

"Name of a name!"

"And all the while they kept on shouting, 'Traitor! Traitor! Give up the English spy to us.' In vain did we cry and protest. They would not hear us, and what could we do against a dozen of them? Then finally they bound us with ropes, wound our cravats about our mouths so that we could scarcely breathe, and lifted us into that jolting cart, where we lay more dead than alive while it was driven by a lout at breakneck speed."

"Have no fear, citizen," Raffet put in forcefully, "their punishment shall be exemplary."

"I have no fear," Lauzet retorted dryly, "for I'll see to their punishment myself. The scoundrels, the limbs of Satan! But I'll teach them! There we lay, citizen captain, at the bottom of the cart, my friend Citizen Chauvelin, who wore the tricolor scarf of office around his middle, and I, chief commissary of the district, and those ruffians actually dared to wipe their shoes on us! So we drove for a kilometer and a half through the forest. Then presently the cart drew up and all these louts jumped down like a pack of puppies and ran away up the hill with shouts that would wake the dead. The last I remember, for in the jolting and my cramped position I had partly lost consciousness, was that my friend and I were lifted out

of the cart as unceremoniously as we had been thrust into it. We were then thrown into the ditch by the roadside, in the mud, just where you ultimately found us, and our cravats were loosened from round our mouths. Immediately we started screaming for help, but there was such a din going on up the road that we felt the sound of our voices could not possibly reach you. Fortunately in the end, you did hear us, or maybe we should have perished of cold and inanition."

"Malediction!" Raffet swore viciously. "And you might have been attacked by those cursed English spies while you lay helpless here. We thought we heard them, and their battle cry, and hurried to your assistance."

Chauvelin showed no emotion. As soon as the rope that held him had been severed he had sat up on a broken tree stump, staring straight out before him into the mist, and meditatively stroking his sore wrists and arms.

When first those abominable louts had thrust him and Lauzet in the bottom of the cart and he lay there bound and gagged, nursing his stupendous wrath and hopes of revenge, he had become aware that the driver, who still sat aloft just above him, had suddenly turned and, leaning over, had peered into his face. It had only been a brief glance; the next moment the man was sitting up quite straight again, and all that Chauvelin saw of him was his back, with the great breadth of shoulders and a general look of power and tenacity. But it was the brief vision of that glance that Chauvelin now was striving to recapture. The blue-gray eyes with their heavy lids that could not be disguised, and the mocking glance which had seemed to him like rasping metal against his exasperated nerves. And suddenly he called to Raffet, "The driver and the cart, where are they?"

CHAPTER VIII

Charles-Marie

"The captain's sharp eyes searched the mist that was rising in the valley."

"The driver seems to be on the box," he said. "I shall want him to drive these rascals back to Mantes."

"Send him to me at once," Chauvelin broke in curtly.

Raffet gave the necessary orders, although inwardly he chafed at this new delay. The prisoners slowly continued their way, and Chauvelin waited, expectant. For what? He could not have told you. He certainly did not expect to be brought face to face with his old enemy. And yet. . . . But whatever vague hopes he might have entertained were dispelled soon enough by an exclamation from Raffet.

"Charles-Marie! What in a dog's name are you doing here?"

And a weak, querulous voice rose in reply. "He told me I was to run along and drive the cart back to Mantes for him. He—"

"He?" queried Raffet sharply.

"Who?"

"I don't know, Citizen Captain," replied Charles-Marie.

"Who ordered you to leave the diligence and your horses?"

"I don't know, Citizen Captain," protested the unfortunate Charles-Marie. "It's God's truth. I don't know."

"You must know why you are not sitting on the box of the diligence."

"Yes, I know that, for I scrambled down as soon as I saw Gaspard fall on you, Citizen Captain."

"Why did you scramble down?"

"Because the horses were restive. At the first pistol shot they started rearing and I had a mighty task to hold them. Fortunately, some one came and gave me a hand with them."

"What do you mean by 'some one came'? Who was it?"

"He was a driver from Alincourt, Citizen Captain, and so he knew all about horses; and how could I keep four terrified horses quiet all by myself?"

"You miserable fool!"

"All very well, Citizen Captain, but I never was a fighting man and I didn't like those pistol shots all about me. One of them might have caught me, I say, and it was only right I should find cover somewhere, lest indeed I be hit by mistake."

"You abominable coward!" Raffet rejoined savagely. "But all that does not explain how you got here."

"Well, citizen, it was like this: The driver from Alincourt saw that I was not altogether happy, and he said to me, 'There'll be a lot more fighting presently, when the English spies come to attack.' I said nothing at first. All I could do was to groan, for, as I say, I'm not a fighting man. I went out of the army because I was too ill to fight, and my mother—"

Many Miracles

The world is so full of miracles and all life is so essentially mysterious that we should be slow to assert that wild creatures have no consciousness of God.—The American Magazine.

Again Trousers Loom

Once again the French dressmakers are trying desperately to get women into trousers. The models of the fall sports suits from Paris seen in some of the New York shops are nearly all of the three-piece type, consisting of coat, wrap-around, skirt and knickers.

Negligee Silhouettes

Straight and slender negligees have faded out of the picture, for creators of these delicate garments of lace and silk take their cue from the evening

mode. Skirt sections droop toward the rear and flare in soft voluminousness, sleeves widening to an appreciable flare.

Evening Capes

The loveliest of all evening wraps are without doubt those of transparent velvet, and when, as in the case of a black velvet model, they have a collar formed of huge muslin roses, the effect is even more intriguing. In Paris it is said white velvet wraps are much in evidence.



The Mark of Genuine Aspirin..

BAYER ASPIRIN is like an old friend, tried and true. There can never be a satisfactory substitute for either one. Bayer Aspirin is genuine. It is the accepted antidote for pain. Its relief may always be relied on, whether used for the occasional headache, to head-off a cold, or for the more serious aches and pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or other ailments. It's easy to identify Bayer Aspirin by the Bayer Cross on every tablet, by the name Bayer on the box and the word "genuine" always printed in red.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monach, Germany

A man who "goes ahead and does things," hardly ever does them your way.

When one "has an open mind" it may be because he doesn't care.

Don't worry if you are dead in love; you will come to life again.

Capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away.—Saadi.

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army"

Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things!

DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter."

So we were told by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise.

"I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'"

That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went



into the army. If you are like most other people, you too will find that Nujol will make all the difference in the world in the way you feel.

Remember Nujol is not a medicine, for it contains no drugs of any kind. It is simply bodily lubrication that everybody needs.

You can get a bottle of Nujol at any good drug store, in a sealed package, for the price of a couple of good cigars. If you will start today and try it for two weeks you will agree that Nujol is the easy normal way to keep well and make a success out of your life. You will be astonished at the results!

Starting a Fire Safely

Fill a bucket with fine ashes and saturate them with kerosene. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of the mixture in the grate, lay on the dry wood and the fire is ready to go.—Farm and Fireside.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Fixing the Detour

"What? The main road to Blakesville is open all the way?" "Yes, we had to open it until we got the detour fixed."—Buffalo Times

Admit It

Ignorance is not so tragic a handicap as long as it is acknowledged.—Woman's Home Companion.

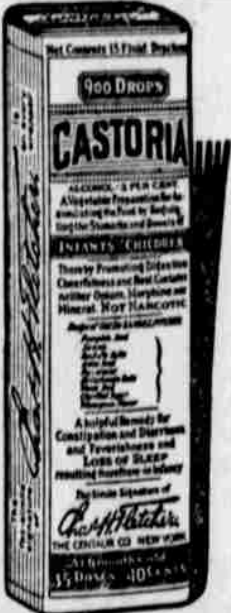
Matrimony is a contract—and there are a lot of contract jumpers.

If he is a born naturalist, he will never do anything else very well.

When BABIES are upset

Baby ills and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea—a condition it is always important to check quickly. How would you meet this emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready? There is nothing that can take the place of this harmless but effective remedy for children; nothing that acts quite the same, or has quite the same comforting effect on them.

For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable prepara-



tion always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an everyday aid. Its gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria; the genuine bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.