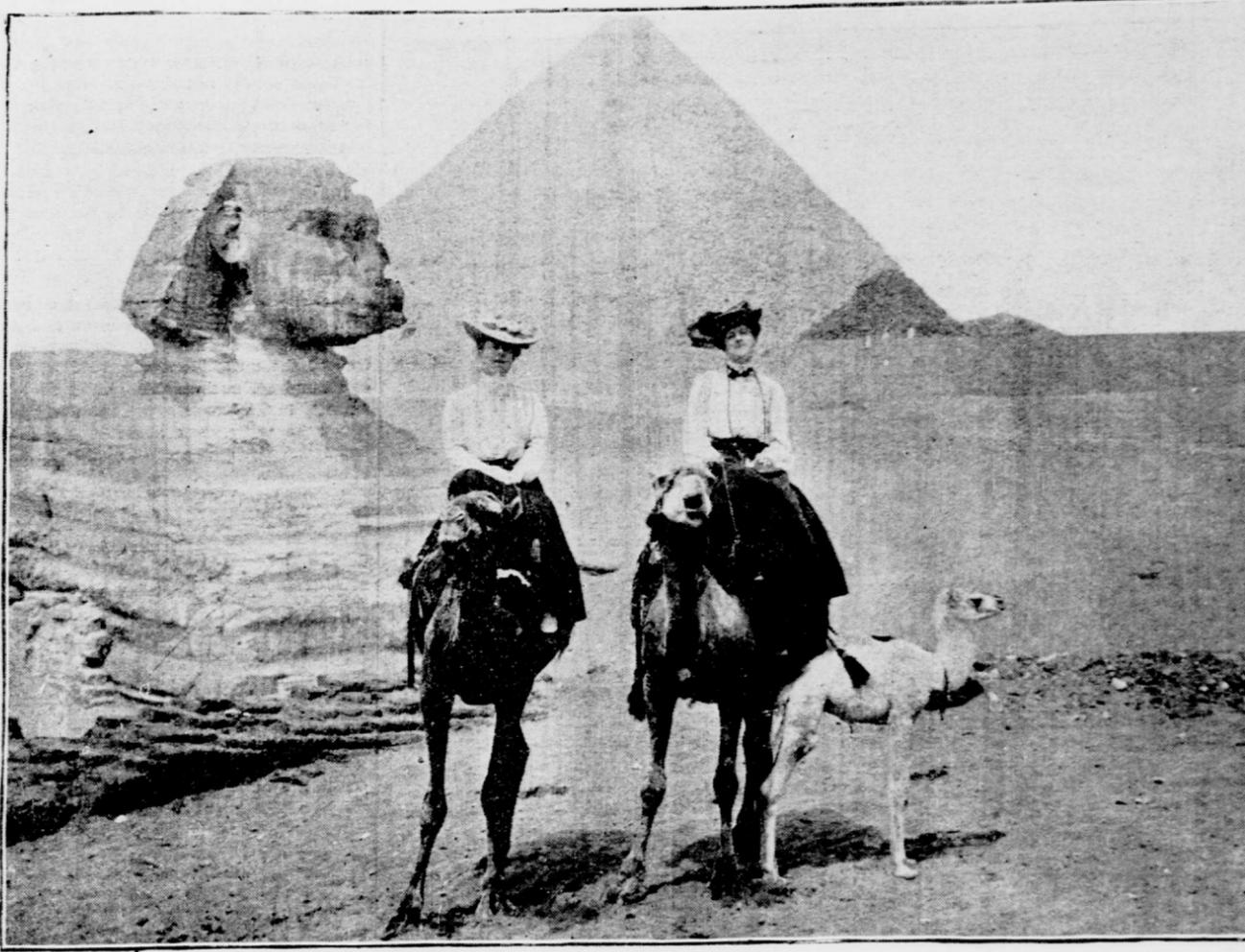


SOME OF THE THINGS TWO AMERICAN WOMEN SAW WHO WENT AROUND THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF THRILLS



THE THRILL HUNTERS IN EGYPT.
Miss De Noie at the right; Mrs. Kennison at the left.

come to be generally recognized that, attractive as it may be to the eye, Gothic architecture is unsuitable for modern residences.

The generally accepted ideal style for dwelling houses in Belgium is the Flemish Renaissance. The most perfect examples of private houses lately erected in Brussels are in this picturesque style, and there is a growing tendency to adopt it throughout Belgium. No style of architecture, certainly, is better calculated to brighten a town than the Flemish Renaissance, with its variegated gables, turrets and chimneys. But—and here another evolution has taken place among Belgian architects, the Flemish Renaissance is only approved of for dwelling houses and public buildings of moderate dimensions. It is generally agreed here that public edifices of large dimensions in the Flemish Renaissance style are characteristic. The only style considered suitable for such buildings is the Greco-Roman, or classical.

A THRILL-HUNTING TRIP.

Marvellous Experiences in Six Months' Globe Circling.

When an American woman who wants thrills takes a voyage around the world in search of them, it is only natural that things should happen. If any one has ever crowded more thrills into six months' globe circling than did Miss Vera de Noie, of this city, let him come forward without delay and claim the prize and belt.

This little woman, according to her own shuddering story, risked more lives than a cat has on her trip just ended. There was almost a life risked for each one of the seventeen melodramas which she says will result. A New-York widow, Mrs. Kennison, went with her, and lived through the thrills, though she has no intention of dramatizing them. The secret of their endurance, perhaps, lies in the fact that they have lived strenuous years in New-York, with the accompanying perils of electric cars, runaway cabs, automobiles and table d'hote dinners. Anyway, they came through it all unscathed, without the addition of a freckle even or a square inch of tan.

The life risking programme began propitiously with a fire at sea. They were going from Yokohama to Vladivostok on a cotton packet last winter. One morning, when the steamer was coated with ice, the cargo was found on fire. In order to smother the flames the officers shut up the hold and most of their coal supply. There was just enough coal left to beach the steamer in a bleak Siberian harbor, from which they were rescued by a Russian gunboat.

Risk No. 2 was successfully taken in Canton, China. Miss De Noie was visiting the prison in which river pirates are kept while awaiting execution. When the guards were not looking she ventured into the pen and amused herself by throwing "cash" for them to scramble for. To this generosity, she says, she owes her life, for the pirates like nothing better than to kill visitors.

The two women took passage on a steamer from Ceylon only to find when well out of port that she was ballasted with dynamite. The explosive did not go off in reality, but it is likely to in a forthcoming melodrama.

The steamer *Matina*, which carried them to Singapore, lived through a terrible typhoon when crossing the equator. "This would not have been so dangerous," said Miss De Noie to a Tribune reporter the other day, "had not the ship been 'hoodooed.' On a previous voyage a captain of the *Matina* had killed a Hindoo who was trying to climb aboard by means of a rope. That night the captain was sitting on the rail talking to a passenger. He laughed at the latter's caution about falling overboard. The passenger turned away for a moment and when he looked again the captain had disappeared. They never did find him. But that was not enough to satisfy the 'hoodoo.' Listen to the purser's story:

"When the steamer reached Madras on that trip," he told me, "the plague was raging and I went to a little country hotel in the hills to rest up for the next voyage. There I was stricken, with a number of others. One day the doctor came in and said I was going to die.

"I told them to send out for a coffin, as I had enough money to pay for a decent burial. They brought in a wooden box and laid it down beside my bed. I tried to die, according to programme. The next day the doctor came again, and his verdict was more favorable. "Guess you won't

need the coffin, after all," he said, "but the man in the next room does." The partition did not run entirely to the ceiling, and they pushed the coffin over the top of it. The other fellow was buried in it, and I got well. Then, what do you think? That other chap had no money, and they wanted me to pay for his coffin because I had ordered it!"

"Coming down the Hoogly River, in India, we were again face to face with death," continued Miss De Noie. "There is a bar in the river on which a score of steamers have been lost. They call it John and Mary Bar, because the John and Mary was the first steamer to go down there. In crossing the bar the hatches are closed down, the passengers huddle on deck and the officers go to quarters. If the ship touches there is about one chance in a hundred of escaping death. For two endless minutes we hung to each other and thought of the things we had done which should have been left undone. It was a wondrous study in repentance."

There were other narrow escapes, but one cannot expect to hear them all in one afternoon, especially if one asks for the lighter side of the thrill-hunting trip.

On the Hong Kong Maru, the steamer which took Miss De Noie from San Francisco to Japan, Wu-Ting-fang, late Chinese Minister at Washington, was a fellow passenger. He was responsible for the poker game, the story of which Miss De Noie tells well.

"The Pacific Ocean is the quietest, fullest of things when it is quiet at all," she began, "and we lay around the decks almost bored to death until Mr. Wu suggested a poker game. A Japanese interpreter, the wife of an army officer in the Philippines, the returning minister, Mrs. Kennison and myself took hands. It was not a very big game and Mr. Wu was the joy of it. He was as enthusiastic as he was nervous and he bet small hands like fury. It took us three days to learn that he would bluff until the hatches gave way on a pair of deuces. Once I beat his two big pairs—kings and queens—with three trays. "What! he cried, with much excitement. "Your three little ones beat these two fine big pairs! The game—it is not built right."

"He would always hold post mortems when he lost a hand on which he had bet. When he won he scooped in the chips with all the joy of a kid and his first pair."

Miss De Noie spent some time in Japan, which she found a veritable trust of heavy villains. She did the tea houses and conducted picnic parties to distant temples.

"One day we visited the temple of Dia-butsu at Kamakura," she said. "Luncheon time came and we opened up our baskets. We forgot entirely Kipling's lines which run something like this:

"O stranger, when you pass this way
Be gentle where the heathen kneels to pray,
At Kamakura.

"I say we forgot those lines and decided to broil our steak at the base of the big idol. The fire was hardly started when the priests came running out. They put out the fire with water, and you could not have found points enough on the compass to mark the different directions which our luncheon took under their sturdy kicks. We fled without thought as to the manner of fleeing. Sticks and stones swiftly thrown followed us, and one of the men who protected the rear was struck several times.

"In Hong Kong we came across the happiest thing on the trip—three graveyards and a race-track all in a beautiful little valley. And they called the place 'Happy Valley.' In Singapore we met more wealth than elsewhere. The display was most lavish. I dined at a club one night and at the table there were ten multi-millionaires, every one of them Chinese. I drank from a jewelled cup which they said was worth \$10,000.

"The natives of India were most interesting, and I hope to return there soon to learn more of them. In Singapore I saw the Eastern idea of the 'new woman.' She wore a man's hat, collar and shirt and her coat was masculine cut. She wore bloomers, and from the knees down nothing but two rings on her toes. She was mounted on a diamond frame wheel and she smoked a cigarette. I risked my camera on her, and the result is well worth the risk."



A "NEW WOMAN" IN SINGAPORE.



EUROPEANS IN A JAPANESE TEA HOUSE.