

DUTIES IN FOREIGN LANDS

How Travellers Can Avoid Trouble at Custom Houses.

Travellers abroad have very little trouble with the customs officers of the countries they visit. In fact, there is hardly a country where they will find so much red tape and delay as will welcome them on their return to the States.

"Declare everything, and be absolutely frank about," is the advice one experienced traveller gave a Tribune reporter who asked the easiest way through foreign customs. "As a rule, you will have nothing dutiable. If you declare anything you may suspect of coming under the regulations you may be taxed slightly. If you neglect to declare and the articles are found they will surely be confiscated."

On landing at Liverpool or other British port, the traveller meets the blue uniformed collector for the King. He is usually most polite, and his examination is largely perfunctory. He is looking for three things—spirits, tobacco or cigars and foreign reprints of copyrighted English books. If one declares spirits and cigars, a pint and a half pound of each are admitted duty free.

They tell of a Chicago man who heard of this rule while waiting to have his baggage examined. He had a pint flask of whiskey in his pocket and the Irish American horror of paying duty on anything if it can possibly be avoided.

"So a half pint is all they allow, eh?" he said. "I'll fix them." He pulled out his flask and drank the extra half pint in two generous drinks.

American women who purchase dogs on the Continent and try to bring them home through England will have some trouble unless they secure a permit from the Board of Agriculture. Continental dogs have or had several diseases which it was feared might spread to English canines, hence the virtual quarantine.

The customs collectors of Holland are harder to deal with. They have a way of making up their own minds about things they find in luggage, and, once made up, there is no persuading them to change. Frank confession regarding all new articles in one's possession is the safest way to avoid confiscation. The little duties they exact amount to nothing.

A visit to the douane or customs house of France is a pleasure more often than not. The officials are gayly uniformed and models of politeness. They have a sharp eye for cigars, tobacco and matches, and it is foolishness for an amateur to attempt to smuggle anything past them. For they know most of the tricks. They issue receipts for duties paid, which are of use later on to show the collectors of the octroi, or municipal tax, who are always with those who travel through France.

The guide books on Egypt used to write one word in the paragraph devoted to customs. It was "bakshish," and it told the whole story. Now that the customs of Egypt are in the hands of the English, this word has been rubbed out and a warning against any attempt to use "bakshish" will get one into trouble. The Egyptian examination is done



HOTEL MESSMER, BADEN-BADEN.

This charmingly located hotel forms one of the chain of really up-to-date hotels in German spas, where every modern luxury and comfort, combined with agreeable, refined society, is to be found. The proprietor, Mr. Willy Schneider, is famous for his acquaintance with the requirements of the exclusive class of Americans who annually spend the season at Baden-Baden and make the Messmer their home. Directly in front and on either side of the hotel is the beautiful prospect of the Park and Kurhaus grounds. The elevated position of the house renders it free from the dampness so frequently found near the water and lower ground.

with great thoroughness. Not an article escapes attention, and at the end one is politely informed the sum total of the duties that must be paid. The beauty of the Egyptian system, or rather the sorrow of it, is that one gets the examination "coming and going." There is a law in Egypt which prohibits the exportation of any antiques without a special permit. So every bag must be turned inside out to see that one is not smuggling out a mummified king or stealing away with one of the pyramids.

The way through the customs houses of Europe and across the frontiers is not hard if one keeps one's head and does as one is told. The few mix-ups that occasionally come to the American consulates are generally due to a misunderstanding of one kind or another, more often than not through a language misunderstanding.

It is when the liner is past quarantine and forging up the Bay that the real customs ordeal comes into the life of the traveller. Most Americans simply sputter when asked about their experience and then write drastic letters to the Treasury Department. Here is what an Englishwoman who recently visited America wrote home about it, and in a very good humor in spite of the trials of the experience: Here the customs come, slamming through the water as if they wanted to ram us, with the golden eagle spreading its wings on the deckhouse, and



ANDRASSY BOULEVARD, BUDAPEST.

the white caps of the officers visible on the decks. Now the vessel is alongside, fusing and backing and tramping the water; and now we all go down into the saloon and sit in rows and rows along the tables, while a keen-faced customs inspector examines himself at each. The Long Island Sound we steam, unheeding sights of scenery, while printed leaflets warning us of the penalties attendant on smuggling are handed round to everybody, and the officers begin to take the declarations. Everybody scuffles to obtain a seat as near an inspector as possible, in order to get through the whole thing as quickly as possible. The customs official moves one seat up, like schoolboys changing places in class. Each person reaches the head of the class in turn, and rather nervous and fidgety, is fixed by the iron eye of the inspector, and searchingly catfished concerning the number of "pieces" or trunks possessed, their contents,

THE HOTELS RUSSELL AND GREAT CENTRAL, LONDON.

Under the expert management which has characterized the conduct of the Hotel Russell and the Great Central Hotel, the two modern, palatial hotels in London, they have attained great prominence among American visitors, who are most appreciative of their moderate charges and exceptionally central location for sightseeing and shopping. The Russell is in sunny, historical Russell Square, beloved of all Americans who know their London, enabling its guests to enjoy the privileges of the beautifully wooded, parklike square, as if it were the property of the hotel, and at the same time the quiet and repose of the position make it difficult to realize that the hotel is within fifteen minutes' walk of nearly all the best theatres and five minutes from Oxford-st. or the British Museum. Expert attention has been given to every modern improvement in the construction of the hotel, which is declared to be fireproof throughout. The cuisine is under the control of a renowned chef, while the cellars contain a selection of choice vintages unsurpassed in Europe. A feature of the hotel is the large winter garden palm court, where the guests assemble after dinner to enjoy the delightful concerts daily given by the hotel orchestra, composed of carefully selected artists thoroughly conversant with the choicest international music.

The Great Central Hotel is equally as favorably located and has earned the reputation of being a place where one is sure to dine well surrounded by the best of congenial society, while one of the finest orchestras in London plays the music best adapted to promote happy feelings. Light and air were carefully studied in the construction of the hotel, and its magnificent public rooms are most sumptuously furnished and decorated in exquisite taste by chosen artists. The private suites, with bath, etc., comprise every modern requisite and sanitary appliance for health and luxury. There are also bedrooms with private bath attached. Both these hotels are the property of The Fredericks Hotels, Limited, a company which has earned the gratitude of the travelling public by expert catering and moderate charges, combined with every comfort and luxury in its hotels.

A SNAKE DANCE. Remarkable Festival of the Hopi Indians.

The iron monster has got as far as the edge of the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon, though he has not yet invaded their recesses; but he brings you to the very borders of the Navajo country, and as you look out from the windows of your Pullman car you see part-colored flocks of

there had been an earlier folk there before them, whom these warriors from the north almost exterminated, all but a remnant, who fortified themselves on high bluffs, round which the encroaching waves of the Navajo sea raged in vain. These were the Hopi, and there they still survive in their seven villages, perched on three wall-sided mesas which bear the general name of Tusayan. It is there that the famous snake dance is performed year by year by the descendants of the legendary youth who won the favor of the Spider Woman and brought back a Snake bride to his Hopi home. "Hopi," the good people, that is what they call themselves, but that is not the name by which they are most generally known; for the



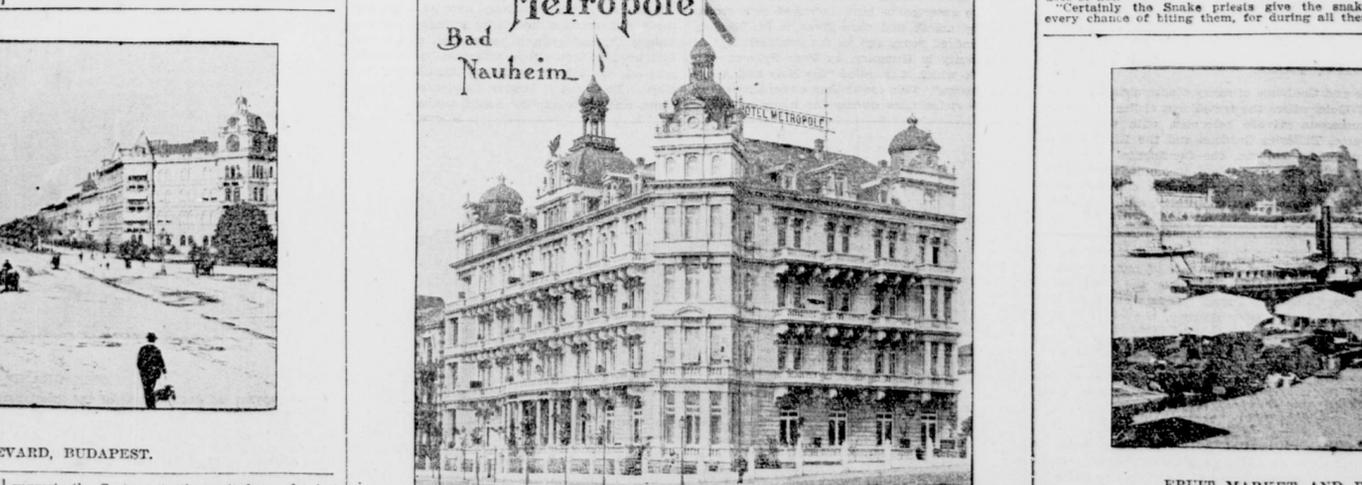
VICTORIA HOTEL, BAD-HOMBURG.

Occupying the position of the leading hotel at the fashionable Spa of Bad-Homburg, the Victoria Hotel is the rendezvous of the cream of European and American society annually visiting the famous resort. Owing to the Gordon Bennett Cup automobile races to be held this season at Bad-Homburg, the demand for accommodation is far in advance of what is usual at such an early date, many well known Americans and English have secured their quarters at the Victoria and the season will no doubt be a record one. The beautiful grounds of the hotel and its proximity to the springs and hot springs have done much to make the hotel the social centre of Homburg, while the reputation of the proprietor, Mr. Baehl, as one of the finest caterers in Europe, insures the superiority of the cuisine and up-to-date appointments of the hotel as a home for the critical guest accustomed to every modern requirement.

spotted sheep grazing, and beside them, standing in the sage brush, the picturesque figures of their nomad shepherds," says R. B. Townsend, in "The Nineteenth Century." "These are the Navajo Indians, a great and powerful nation, twenty thousand strong, and they live in a country of their own, nearly two hundred miles across, which the United States has allowed them to retain. Once upon a time the Navajos were intruders here, an invading warrior tribe from away north, so their traditions tell; but that was a long while back, and when the Spanish conquistadors came they found them where they are to-day. But

Navajo shepherd warriors who surround them mock at them for an unwelcome folk, and call them 'Mogul' or 'dead.' But the Navajos found them very much alive whenever they tried to raid them in their cities of refuge on the hill. The Hopi have held their own in the midst of their enemies, and the very isolation in which they have thus lived—lands as it were in the Navajo sea—has enabled them to keep their ancient rites unchanged from prehistoric times. To see this wonderful prehistoric snake dance of theirs was the object of my journey. "We were arriving now in time to see only the

head finale of the Mishongovi dance, the preliminaries to which had already been transacted. For nine days the Snakes and the Antelopes—a second clan closely linked with the Snakes—had assembled in their respective Kivas and eaten sacred food, or else fasted, according as their ritual demanded; they had drunk the sacred medicine, which they believe preserves them from the venom of the snake, and had duly rehearsed the ancient drama of the bold youth and the Spider Woman. For several days the Snake priests had sailed forth, two and two, north and south and east and west, to gather snakes for the ceremony of the day. Each pair carried a hoe and a snake whip—the heavy hoe which is not only the all important instrument of corn planting, but is also used to dig up an escaping snake from any hole where he may hide. The snake whip consists of two long eagle feathers, bound together, with a little round stick as a handle, and it is used to subdue the snake when he is overtaken in the open. Just why the feathers of an eagle's wing should have so much power over a snake is not certain, but it is believed that when an eagle swoops upon a snake in his coil he warily avoids attempting to strike him directly with his



GRAND HOTEL METROPOLE, BAD NAUHEIM.

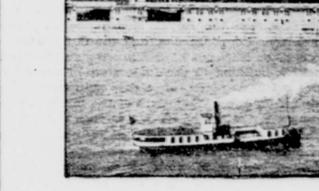
The wonderful cures, of what had been considered chronic nervous troubles, effected by the atmosphere and treatment at the Baths of Nauheim have made the resort the most famous in Europe. The opening last year of the up-to-date Hotel Metropole, situated within fifty yards of the principal baths and overlooking the beautiful park, insures the visitor a perfect modern home, free from all disturbing noises. The hotel is managed by the proprietor, Mr. Max Lehr, who is famous as being one of the few hotel proprietors capable of appreciating and catering to the requirements of the American abroad. Mr. Lehr's capable wife assists him in the management of the hotel, and looks after the comfort of the lady guests. Many well known Americans were guests of the Metropole last season, and the coming summer is expected to be a record one for American visitors, on account of Nauheim being within a few minutes by rail from Homburg, and the course where the automobile races for the Gordon Bennett Cup are to be held. A feature of the Metropole is the installation by Messrs. Mott, of New-York, of the sanitary arrangements, which are simply perfection. The moderate inclusive terms established at the Metropole do away with the many annoying unexpected extra charges which are so often a source of contention in many hotels.

climbed up and down the steep ladders that led to them. The dance place half-miles away from them, for those who were to take part in the performance were making their final preparations in their Kivas. Men, women and children, and some dogs, chickens and donkeys wandered round. Then, at one end of the dance ground, a solitary figure, and all eyes were turned on him. He was a half-naked red man, carrying in his hand a great sack, and when he stepped forward it was as if he could see that the contents were alive. It was a rattlesnake. With a steady step he walked across the dance place, the Kiva he lifted the white cloth which hung over the front of it, and he placed the bag and snakes inside. Then he withdrew, to all appearance absolutely unconscious of the watchers in the houseposts.

"And then entered the procession of the Snake priests. They were half-naked and strangely painted; their faces were blackened, but there was a ghastly white stripe drawn across the mouth, and on their backs and arms and breasts were ghastly patterns drawn in bluish white ochre. They wore kilts of symbolic design, and behind each a tasselled cord hung down to the ground. In their hands they carried hoes and snake whips. Their procession circled round the Kiva, and they formed up in line before the Kiva, and with a rattling of the snake whips and shaking of the rattles and stamping of the feet they chanted in unison a weird, unearthly song. It is said that they were not entirely understood by themselves, for while the language of the savages changes from ages from century to century, and its archaic forms, passing out of common use, swiftly begin to be forgotten, few still linger on in the songs devoted to the gods, and are piously chanted by priests, who can no longer interpret what they mean.

"And now the song was ended, and the long line of the Snake priests broke up and melted into the crowd. The Kiva he stepped forward, and what they did in that clustering movement was hard to see, but they seemed to bend down in pairs before the Kiva, and then to rise up, and behind the cloth, something was passed out to those outside; and, lo! a pair of priests stood up side by side, one with his arm around the other's neck, and in that other's mouth, firmly grasped in his strong jaws, was a great snake. Yes, he was carrying a great live rattlesnake in his mouth, holding it as far from the middle, and the flat, venomous head wandered inquisitively up and down his cheek, and in around his throat, and past his ear, as if seeking where to hide. His companion, the 'huger,' who had his left arm around the carrier's shoulder, held the snake whip in his right hand, and with gentle touches of the tip played with the reptile's head; it seemed to me he guided the head away from the eyes of the carrier. And thus, side by side, with slow, prancing steps, locked in this strange embrace, the pair slowly made the circuit of the dancing place. On the side opposite to the Kiva stood a little group of women bearing bowls of sacred meal, and this they sprinkled on the pair and on the writhing serpent as they passed. Behind the pair followed a third priest, snake whip in hand, attending on their steps. When the circuit had been completed, the carrier, bending forward, opened his jaws, and the writhing reptile dropped to the ground. Instantly the third priest, the gatherer, sprang to where the astonished crowd was hastening to escape, and brushing it rapidly with his snake whip to recall it to its obedience, with a lightning-like dart snatched it up in his left hand and held it in the air. The snake accepted his fate unresistingly, and hung limply from the grasping hand, without making a visible effort to set away.

"Meantime pair after pair had followed the first, each carrier with a writhing, squirming serpent in his mouth, each hugger with his snake whip guiding the restless, inquisitive head from the undefended face of the carrier. None of the snakes appeared to make any resistance, but there was a huge bull snake, four or five feet long and as thick as a man's wrist, which certainly was an enormous mouthful. Him the carrier supported with both hands, holding up either end, while his hugger, with a lightning-like dart, snatched it up in his right hand, and there were small snakes, too, slim whip snakes and young rattlers, and here came a carrier who had got two together in his mouth, and the twin snake heads wreathing themselves round



GRAND HOTEL HUNGARIA, BUDAPEST.

The Hotel Hungaria is one of the finest examples of modern hotel construction in Europe, and, under the management of Mr. Charles J. Burger, has become the best known hotel in Hungary—in fact, it may be said to be the only really up-to-date hotel in that country. The hotel has a frontage of some two hundred feet on the River Danube, with a terrace running its entire length, and having one of the most superb views in Europe. Probably there is no city in Europe where Americans are more welcome than they are in Budapest, which offers them an opportunity of seeing at once one of the most ancient and interesting spots in the Old World, with every modern facility of quick transit and magnificent boulevards superior to those of Paris. There are frequent fast trains from Vienna to Budapest, and no one visiting the former city should miss the opportunity of seeing the latter. Every modern luxury and comfort may be had at the Hotel Hungaria.

talons, and brushes him, instead, with his wing from one side. The angry reptile strikes at the wing, his venom spreads itself fully on the feathers, and the next moment the terrible talons have him by the neck. When a pair of Snake priests find a snake in the open, the one with a whip advances and sprinkles him with sacred meal from his extended hand. In all their ceremonies meal made of corn ground fine and duly blessed plays a most important part. The surprised snake attempts to escape, and the priest, sending down brushes his head rapidly with the snake whip; the effect of this is to subdue the snake instantly, and with a lightning-like dart of his hand the man seizes him by the neck, picks him up, puts him in a bag, and carries him back to the Kiva, where he is turned loose with his brethren in their snake brethren.

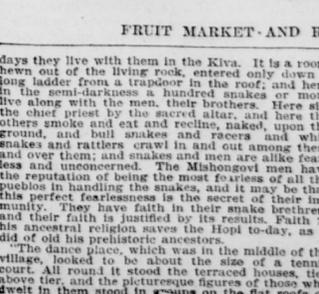
"Whether the priests are ever bitten during this venturesome hunt is not certainly known, but if they ever are, most assuredly they do not die of it. Yet the snakes have their fangs intact. Neither when caught nor afterward in the Kiva are they mutilated in any way, and they remain perfectly capable of inflicting a deadly bite. What seems possible, however, is that the Indians know how to render themselves immune; they collect a certain plant which grows abundantly on the slopes around their mesas, and they drink largely of a decoction of it; they themselves consider it sacred, and it remains for science to prove whether it be really an antidote or not.

"Certainly the Snake priests give the snakes every chance of biting them, for during all these

days they live with them in the Kiva. It is a room built out of the living rock, entered only down a long ladder from a trapdoor in the roof, and here live along with the men, their brothers. Here sits the chief priest by the sacred altar, and here the others smoke and eat and recline, naked, upon the ground, and bull snakes and racers and whip snakes, and rattlers crawl in and out among them, and over them, and snakes and men are alike fearless and unconcerned. The Mishongovi men have the reputation of being the most fearless of all the pueblos in handling the snakes, and it may be that this perfect fearlessness is the secret of their immunity. They have faith in their snake brethren, and their faith is justified by its results. Faith in their ancestral religion saves the Hopi to-day, as it did of old his prehistoric ancestors.

The dance place, which was in the middle of the village, looked to be about the size of a tennis court. All round it stood the terraced houses, tier above tier, and the picturesque figures of those who dwelt in them stood in groups on the flat roofs or

quered during their stay there, may have tamed them to such an extent that they would submit to anything. The last snake had been carried round the circle, and had dropped on the ground, and picked up by the gatherer, the final act in the ceremony was complete. The Snake priests were now seated upon the ground, including a space a few feet across, and all the priests hurried to the middle of the dance place, and there they stood, holding their hands and feet together, and with their heads bowed and hurried away with them, south and north, and west, and east, and the trails leading to a proper dance. The captured messengers of the spirits, and the shrines where the spirits were deposited, and they were hidden to go their way, and tell the spirits of the things they had done in their duty, and the feast enjoyed by the people, and that a bountiful rain would be sent in answer to their prayers.



FRUIT MARKET AND ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST.