

Aunt Poo's 1st letters from Japan after her
marriage - 1908

In these letters, "H" refers to her husband
"Hyo Omori." The expressions "like this"
refer to her pen and ink illustrations with
which many of her letters are filled. She
excels in drawing, as well as in coloring
and composition.

May 13, '08

. already I have travelled thousands of miles, and am to travel about as many more before I see Fujiyama rising from the sea, and H- waiting for me on the dock. To us it really seems like a journey, doesn't it? But it is a good thing to get out into the world and find a new point of view.

Here I am surrounded by people who don't think that much of a journey! Next me at table sits a young college girl who is just running back to her family at Hong Kong, for the summer, a steamer trip of 28 days; several people are on their way around the world. Two agreeable looking people from Duluth are going out to Manilla and back on this steamer, "just for the trip". It will take them three months, I should think. The Honolulu people, who always talk of "the islands", go back and forth the six day's passage to San Francisco as we go from New York to Boston, so, gradually I am coming to think that a mere matter of 18 days by sea and four or five by rail, is not worth considering. I am also struck by the sort of people I meet, or rather see, for I don't talk to many. They are mostly well-bred Americans, well-dressed, speaking excellent English. I am perhaps the only one from our sacred "BOSTON". One lady who lives in Honolulu comes from the East, i.e. Detroit.

The ship is like a large and comfortable hotel, and gives one that impression, rather than that of ship-board. The sea is very smooth, the air warm, not damp, and there is so much space given to (sketch) our comfort; the upper deck is like a garden, part given up to chairs for the guests

and part to games etc. and ample space for walking or lounging about.

For passengers, there are a few Japanese, a Chinese family, a half-dozen English and Dr. Koch, the great bacteriologist, and his wife. The rest of us are American. But all our waiters and cabin stewards are Chinese; in the dining-room they wear spotless white linen garments, their yellow faces shining above them like yellow plums. Upstairs they are all in a kind of uniform, black cap with red button, a braided coat and queer trousers fastened about their pipe-stem ankles with a braid strap. As to the steerage it is quite a contrast to our familiar Italian or other Europeans, mostly coolies who sit and eat rice with chopsticks or gamble. There are a few mysterious creatures with turbans, I have seen one Hindoo, two or three Japanese.

To sum it all up, this is quite different from Atlantic voyaging, vastly more comfortable, and agreeable. Were not that continent lying between Boston and Frisco! However, I came in a tourist car.

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Tokio, May 28

. starting from the "KOREA"

on the memorable day of my arrival; H- came out to the steamer in a sampan (large boat) to meet me, wasn't that delightful!--instead of going in to dock in a tender. A man wearing a coat like this dark blue with white trimming and a pair of trousers of gingham, fastened behind and which made his legs look like sausages, did the rowing, assisted by our porter, whose costume was the similar. A sampan is shaped like this, and the oar is made of two

pieces of wood fastened together with a cord like this, and is held to the boat by a sort of half wheel like this, which rolls back and forth as they row. I had to sit for some time at the custom-house, while H- attended to the luggage and I saw all the pictures of Japan materializing before my eyes,--all the various kinds of dress--and the women with their little high shoes--with babies on their backs--people arriving in jinrikshas etc; at last we were ready to go to the station. It was a very hot and sunny day; we took two jinrikshas and bowled merrily along to the station. These are like old-fashioned two wheeled chaises, a little hood overhead which shuts up if you wish, and you do wish, if you wear a hat. Your ricksha man wears a mushroom-hat, with underneath, a frame which fits his head like a lamp-shade-frame.

We went about Yokohama a little, took our lunch at the fashionable hotel--foreign--, which is more like a French than an American one, then took the train for Tokyo. Besides ourselves in the first class compartment, were a Japanese, an Englishwoman, and 3 Germans; these were the last foreigners I have seen. When we got to our station, (there are several in Tokyo), H- arranged to have the luggage sent by a porter and paid for our rickshas, the agent reckoning up the cost on his little counting machine, made of buttons strung on wires.

Our ricksha men trotted briskly a long way through narrow little streets crowded with people, and at last we came to our own house. A pretty little maid was waiting at the door for us, kneeling at the entrance. The house is a real Japanese house, soft mats, paper windows, balconies and garden, just like those we read about, and was not furnished at

all, H-- preferring to get the things with me, except for some kitchen things and some futons etc. We have found the floors rather hard to sleep on, but have not been able to find suitable beds; there are a limited number of woven wire mattresses and iron beds in the city; we find one in stock now and then, but they are all rusty and of poor quality, so, today we have had a happy thought and have ordered two rattan beds made which we think will be very comfortable. We have already two nice rattan chairs for our bedroom, and have ordered a table made.

You see we can't have most things because they would injure the mats with which the floors are covered. I have never before understood about the mats. They are made of fine matting with some sort of elastic stuffing underneath, making them thick(1 inch and up) and square edged. There is but one size(6x3') and all floors are some multiple of this size, and the entire floor can be covered with whole mats. They are lovely to walk upon and you can see that with a futon(bed cover) and mattress, not so bad to sleep on. But shoes with heels, and chairs with sharp legs are impossible. When we get so far, we are going to have a dining-table and chairs made to our own design, but we want the right thing.

In the mean time it would certainly entertain you to see us eating! Get any Japanese fan and you will have a true picture of us. H-- when at home wears the beautiful Japanese dress,--very becoming to him,--and he sitting cross-legged on a cushion on the floor on one side of a small square table about a foot high, and I, ditto on the other, make the center of the scene. On one side of us, sitting on the floor grows a straight crimson petunia in a pot; on the

other kneels our maid in Japanese dress just as cunning and pretty as she can be. She is learning English and can already talk a little with me. I am learning to eat with chopsticks for convenience in visiting our friends and Japanese relatives. Of course this sitting on the floor is temporary, but for the present it amuses me very much. We have our meals in a room which opens into our garden; the whole side of the room pushes open, and discloses a little kind of balcony or piazza, rather narrow and about a foot from the ground. This part of our garden is somewhat semicircular in shape and surrounded by a high wall of bamboo rods placed closely together; along this wall grow trees and shrubs beautifully arranged and of very charming shapes, and shades of green; they are mostly pines and cedars with a few laurels and azaleas. In front of them toward the house, is a space which is to be planted with flowers; this wall and a garden space of some sort extend all about the house. At the back is quite a large place for a flower and vegetable garden, but as we have not yet done anything to it, we shall not have many flowers this year.

The house is charmingly situated on the outskirts of Tokyo. From my sitting room windows upstairs one sees a rolling country, and beyond Fujiyama, although to me it has not yet been visible. A little pine grove tops a neighboring hill, a field of grain almost ripe waves on the other side of the vacant lot opposite so you see we are quite in the country. H-- thinks it a great chance to get this house. It belongs to the estate of the Marquis Oda, who owns a great deal of land and many houses in this neighborhood, but this house is in the same enclosure with the family, having the

same entrance from the street. They do not rent it unless to the right parties. It has not been rented for some time and has the air of being perfectly new inside. It is indeed, new, as are all these neighboring houses but all are built in the old Japanese style.

Our house is quite near the other one, but the latter presents to us an unbroken front, a perfectly blank wall, except for its flowers; this wall and a garden space of some sort extend all about the house. Charming entrance door, which I will photograph and send you.

Our house has six rooms on the first floor, and two above,-- quite large for ordinary Japanese. The two upstairs we shall use for our bedroom and sitting-room, and they will be fitted with European furniture. We have ordered a large mirror made, and H-- will have his desk there. Our dining room will be European too, but our parlor we intend to keep strictly Japanese, in the most elegant style; so, when you come to call, expect to sit on the floor, and have tea from a tiny cup with no handle.

You shall have photos of it all. Since the day I landed it has rained in torrents. The rainy season has evidently begun, but I have been in to Tokyo each day except one. We have quite a walk to the street car, and very muddy indeed at this season, but tremendously amusing. It is so familiar to the last detail and so exactly like the pictures that nothing will seem novel or surprise you. Tokyo is really an immense city; the distances are interminable, although one can take street cars everywhere. When I go out it is all so queer and strange, with such a multitude of things one tries to see at once, that I come home with a raging headache,

Such tumultuous activity!

H-- is doing very well; he is now lecturing on Hygiene at the Womens University, planning a gymnasium, and has literary work on hand. Our niece, Chisato, is coming on Sunday.

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I will write more about our house and its arrangements next time and will only add here a sort of ground-plan which may interest you.

Monday, June 1

Finding that no steamer goes before Wednesday, I add a little to this letter. We have had two beautiful days, yesterday H-- and I started out and went to the Girls' University where Chisato is staying in the preparatory department, and took her out with us. She is very intelligent and attractive and looks like one of our cousins, only prettier. She was very shy at first, but got over her shyness, somewhat after a little. We went to a lecture given in English by some N. Y. man, and translated by H--, and after that we went to the Central Park of Tokyo.

Just inside the gateway, which is approached by a wide and high flight of granite steps, is a very famous Japanese restaurant and here we took our dinner in Japanese style. At the entrance we took off our shoes and were escorted up the spotless stairs by a graceful maid. It is a large house, very ancient, the woodwork very fine and of a beautiful color produced by age. The same family have kept it forever. The room in which we sat, was all open on one side, disclosing a beautiful formal garden below, and beyond, the city of Tokyo. There was carving on this balcony and the room was decorated

by one cedar tree of elegant proportions standing in a pot in the recess. One kakemono was there also.

It takes some time to get a Japanese dinner after it is ordered. So we were offered tea with little sugar cakes, first. Then smoking facilities, and then we found a Japanese game, played on a sort of checker board with buttons; we played at that a while. Presently the dinner arrived. All the different things were served together on one tray. Each of us had a tray; these were put on the floor before us; there was a queer but good soup, in a lacquer bowl with a cover; there were three kinds of raw fish; served with different sauces. All the sauces were delicious, and two kinds of fish; the third kind I did not like. There were pickles, and a sort of shrimp croquette served hot with a sauce; and there was fried chicken, which I couldn't eat because it was served in two large pieces and we had only chop sticks to eat with; I could not hold the pieces firmly enough to bite them. H-- asked for knife and fork but there were none. It is a beautiful place and expensive, according to Japanese standards, and very good fun.

We have had a good many callers, but have been always out except when Mrs. Y-- called. She could not speak any English, and went through all the ceremonies of kneeling on the floor bowing etc, while H-- acted my part for me as I was somewhat taken aback, but I intend to do it next time! I am invited out for this afternoon and evening; I can dress easily now that I have my large mirror, which has been lacking up to a few days ago.

Think of me as feeling more at home and comfortably happy than any one could believe in a house with so few of our idolized comforts. My little garden is exquisite and I do

like this house, and my husband charming and devoted as always.
You don't seem very far off now.

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June 8

To K--;

Two weeks tomorrow since the Korea cast anchor in Yokahama harbor! It seems much longer, we have done so much toward getting settled; I have met so many friends, and everybody has been very kind. We feel quite at home now, in our house. It is certainly a charming spot in the midst of a great city like Tokyo. My great upstairs window,--square space half the width of the room,--overlooks a delightful range of mountains, beyond which, Mt. Fuji looms up, a white cone high in the air. At this time of year, there is so much mist that the mountains are frequently hidden; but generally once a day, at least, they can be seen. Between me and the mountains there is a space of hill and valley, wooded, with houses hidden away among the trees. Clumps of tall pines here and there, and rows of fir trees. I am sitting at my green bamboo sewing table, and enjoy it all. Our sitting room is now enriched with uncle H--'s desk and my large mirror. The beds are a great success; very finely woven of bamboo which gives a certain amount of spring, and later will make pretty couches to use for chairs in case of need.

Everybody who comes to call, brings a gift, One of H--'s old friends, a Mrs. Matsudaira, (pronounced Mat-su-dah-e-ra), an elderly lady very well connected here, could not come to see us until yesterday but she has sent two or three notes of excuse, and a boy to work for us on Saturdays and Sundays, a

present of salted fish, and I don't know how many other things. Yesterday she came bringing two young men with her, both students. She brought as a gift, a large tray and a little toy dog, not real, for a watch-dog; he holds a lantern in his mouth.

When Mrs. Masutomy came she brought a box of most delicious strawberries, a pot of flowers and something to eat which I have now forgotten. These she produced one after another in a sweet little way, as conversation led in that direction. A young man came to call whom H-- did not know; he brought a present of nice cakes and a lacquered box. We showed him some postal cards and I talked English to him. He liked it so much that he has come every day since, each day bringing some small thing, either a flowering plant or a sample of Japanese food. In his very broken English he said yesterday, he wished he belonged to my family, and asked if he might call me "aunty"! I said he might call me his friend. but H-- says the relationship is sometimes assumed among intimate friends. We went out yesterday morning to the Women's University, where is dean. I met the President and the dean and some others, and was shown over the college grounds. Some of the dormitories are in the Japanese style and some European. Three of the girls were on the floor playing with silk-worms. I made such beautiful bows in Jap. fashion when I went out, that the young post-grad who was showing me about, asked me how many years I had lived in Japan! How proud I was!

We were there on a morning of competition sports. Girls of all grades, even the preparatory schools, taking part. The exercises began at seven A.M. and as I rode into the

yard in my jinricksha, the girls grouped about the field made a pretty sight, under tall trees, all waving handkerchiefs or flags and cheering everything impartially.

We brought Chisato home with us for dinner, and I dressed her in European clothes throughout. As she is very slender with sloping shoulders, she could only wear a white muslin I bought in Honolulu, very much tucked up in the skirt, but she liked it vastly and I have no doubt had a good time.

I wish you could see the carpenter we have had! He wears the dark blue cotton coat with the device of his trade or shop dyed in the back in a great ornamental white pattern and white lettering along the bands in front. It comes down to his thighs and underneath he wears blue short garments no longer than the coat. From there down his decent red-brown legs are quite unornamented until you come to the feet, which are stuck into a pair of wooden shoes or sandals of the kind you are familiar with. He is elderly and has great dignity and when he sees H-- he bows deeply with his hands on his stomach, advances three steps and bows again, and so on by slow degrees until he reaches a proper distance for conversation. Our butcher is a dream--but I can't describe him, I must just photograph him and the fish-man too. We now have a student who works for us night and morning, brushing boots, cooking the dinner etc. We have made a few calls, amongst others, one on Mrs. Nitobe, Aunt Judith's friend, the Philadelady who married Prof. N-- a number of years ago. Mrs. N-- was very kind and showed me her kitchen etc. She is the second American married to a Japanese, I have met, and I know of two others at least. We had six callers yesterday, 3 Ams. 1 Eng. and 3 Japs.

To day was my first Japanese lesson. I shall have much studying to do. I am now almost numbed with so much newness, and I never have a moment of leisure. Japan is not the part of the world where people are at leisure, after all.

I go to the station with H-- every morning and come home alone and begin to feel somewhat accustomed to these little crooked narrow lanes which form the streets about here. They are often very pretty with trees and cut hedges, but not like our city streets at all. In the heart of the city, there are a few wide and fairly straight ones, but there is very little pavement; the ground is very peculiar; when it rains, it becomes at once the most impossible sticky mud you can imagine; but in an hour or two it becomes a firm flat road again as hard as stone.

Just now came up the most remarkable storm I have ever seen. There came first, sharp hard sounds like heavy blows against the house, and presently we found they were made by hard balls of snow and ice as a ping-pong ball; they came so hard and fast that the ground was white with them. They were quite round, and the noise so great we couldn't hear each other speak. You can imagine what has become of our little vegetable garden, set out, yesterday. All the fields of winter wheat round about, must be destroyed, just ripe for the harvest. It had been very hot all day and now, is not cold, but our garden is still full of white hard balls shrunk to the size of moth balls. H-- had never seen a storm like this before.

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June 10

To R--.

. I enclose a picture

of H-- and me, eating. You will never see us do like this, for we shall soon have our European table. Meanwhile it is good practice for me sitting on the floor and using hashi or chopsticks, sometimes. I am really getting quite expert. But sitting on one's knees or cross-legged gets to be quite a bore after a time. Last Sunday we had Chisato at the house and while I used chopsticks she tried knife and fork.

People bring me all sorts of gifts, plants and weird samples of Japanese food; I like some of them very much, their sauces for meat and fish especially.

My upper balcony is out of doors yet entirely hidden from the world; for the balcony has sliding panels which can close in any part or the whole of it, or they can all be pushed away into a recess in the wall.

You may like to hear about the bath-room. It is of good size, the upper part of the doors of paper, and is on the ground floor. The floor of wood, slopes toward the centre, where a space an inch or so wide lets the water run into a drain or gutter made only for that. There is a round cedar tub for a bath-tub and another curious cedar wood object called the dogo, for heating the water. It is the nicest and the quickest thing I have ever seen. A charcoal fire is made in a copper cylinder and this plunged into the water, heats it quickly. The water has the odor of cedar wood which I think delicious.

Our parlor is as yet an empty room. We wish to have it entirely Japanese, and as the few things which will be in it, must be choice and fine and therefore costly, we must devote our attention just to our sitting-room and bed-room, in which we shall have our comforts; for neither of us thinks pure

Japanese as comfortable as more European ways.

When we go into town, we take the train called the "sub-urban", (an electric car running rapidly between stations, not on a highway) at Okubo station. We walk through a narrow street with hemlock hedges on either side, then through another little street, very neat, with high bamboo walls (fences) before the small houses. At Okubo station high trees and gardens surround one and the ride is very pretty as the car runs along side the old moat, which frequently encloses the region where the Daimios used to live. There is still water in the moats, but the high sides of them are now covered with green grass and flowering shrubs; a quantity of pink azaleas is now in bloom so that it is a joy to see. The top of the moat has a wall of masonry and inside, a grove of great trees; behind, are soldiers' barracks, so that one often sees squads of soldiers sitting under these trees, and looking out into the town swarming on the other side of the moats.

Yesterday we had a perfect day which recalled our wedding journey. We went in the afternoon to see an exhibition of pictures by one of the three societies here. (I have already been asked to join it.) It was much better than I expected and some things were very good but our fun came in seeing a lot of watercolors of almost every place to which we went, Warwick and Notre Dame etc., without the catalogue, we recognized immediately. From there we went to the Art Museum, a really beautiful building, of brick and stone, in Ueno Park. This park is a lovely spot full of large trees, so that from the museum windows one sees the old garden in which it stands. In the museum are examples of fine old

Japanese works of art, and a display of ancient costumes.

After this we took two 'rickshas to the entrance, visited a sort of shop like Macy's, but with very Japanese things inside, and then came home. The weather was very beautiful and altogether it was an ideal day.

. I resume after a morning and afternoon spent in housekeeping, (marmalade, stewed cherries etc.), now to study Japanese such an impossible language! but pretty to hear.

. Tokyo is a difficult city to get one's bearings in, every place is so remote from every other place. It covers an immense surface, and the communications are very complicated, owing to the moats and embankments which belonged to the old palaces and which are still left in the middle of the city. Most of the houses are one story, a few two, and there are no chimneys at all, except isolated factory chimneys; and very few landmarks, most streets and houses looking just like others. I wish I had some one to go about with, so that I could stare into shops and houses to my heart's content. I can't go about alone very much, and H-- is gone all day and until nine in the evening.

June 24

To K--,

. We are having "rainy season" weather,--rain in torrents! . . . I am very busy studying Japanese and have a lesson every day, and can scarcely find time for all the study I need. . . Sunday was a lovely day. Chisato came early in the morning, and after dinner, several callers. After we had had tea, talked

and looked at photos and admired the white lilies they had brought, we all started for a walk to see some iris which grows on the banks of a brook a mile from here. The pleasant walk led us first through little country streets mostly bordered with high green hedges behind which stood tiny wooden houses. Presently we came to a grove of very tall pine trees, a specially dark sort which grows here. This is a temple grove. I can see it at the left of my window, and have always liked it. One passes through a long avenue of tall trees bordered by stone lanterns and paved with square stones, leading up to the temple. The approach is always like this, but usually there are many temples in one grove. This one was old and grey and not large but it was carved charmingly and the whole place was beautiful with a green bank on the further side showing through the trees, where I thought I should go to sit some day.

Leaving this quiet and contemplative spot the avenue debouches into a very busy little street, a complete contrast to what we were quitting, full of shops and roadway full of people all busily working. As the shop fronts are all open to the street, the place has an air of busy industry such as our streets cannot have; there is spread before our eyes the activities of all the trades and occupations, and of the household, if a dwelling is before us; there we are initiated into all the family mysteries, women doing their hair, children playing with their toys, men writing on the floor, the cooking etc; they seem not to eat in public, another contrast with European civilization which cooks behind closed doors, but adores to eat on the sidewalk or in a brilliantly illuminated dining-room.

We only crossed this small street and continued by country lanes to a factory, a wonderful place, I took it to be at least, the residence of a Daimio! It was surrounded by a high wall of earth all beautifully turfed. On the top grew a row of small pines 2 or 3 feet high, each one trimmed perfectly round. Above this wall could be seen the picturesque tiled roofs of several houses, one story high probably, and ornamental trees. We turned at this corner into a charming country road with trees and hedges, and came presently to a brook and a grist-mill with several large old wheels turning and grinding wheat. The machinery was of wood and squeaked and creaked along, making music as it worked.

Beyond the mill came another Temple grove, and we passed under some more great old trees and saw several swimming pools. The deep hollow in the bank was overhung with branches and the sides mossy and vine-covered perhaps built up with stone, I don't remember. The water came rushing in two foaming streams from some source above, falling at last into the pool below through two great dragon-mouths projecting from the bank, and made of bronze or ancient wood. They looked centuries old, indeed.

Across the road from the pool was a brook and an iris bed, very lovely. We were then in what had been an old temple grove; now, all the borders of the lake under the immense overhanging pine trees of beautiful shapes, have been filled with tea-houses. It was quite amusing to see so many. They have roofs but no sides and a raised floor of matting on which one sits without shoes, looks at the water and drinks tea, or plays "GO". After this we went home again through the temple grove. Each temple has its bronze bell or bells,

which are rung morning and evening, not as ours are, but by striking with a suspended log; only two notes are sounded but nothing could be more melancholy and beautiful than these two notes; they rise so slowly into the air, linger there a moment and then die as slowly away. They seem to fill the land with poetry. My luncheon hour! After that my lesson! So no more by this steamer. . . . H-- is getting ready to welcome the Am. fleet among his other occupations and has called the first meeting to make arrangements. If you were only coming on one of the ships!

June 29,

To R--, (in Paris)

. H-- called me last night when the letter came, imitating your sweet voices when you say "aunt Poo! aunt Poo!" and the tears came to my eyes, I should so like to hear them in reality. Not that I am lonesome, only I love you just the same. You and E-- will enjoy a great deal together. Already you have seen many things I love. We were at a wedding at St. Etienne du Mont, and I have studied with Lucien Simon, who is, to my mind, the greatest painter in France today. . . . I have just moved the few books we have into a closet shelf from the parlor floor, and have set the hibachi or firebox underneath to dry them off. During the rainy season they will mould. About every other day it pours down sheets of water all day, and every day there is some rain, even on the sunshiny ones. I never had enough rainy days at home, now I have my fill.

Mrs. I....., asked me to spend the afternoon and evening with her the other day. She lives in a Japanese house with

a European upstairs. It is just behind the high wall formed by the old moat, and upstairs one can see above the wall. (I have told you about this moat already). We had a queer Japanese supper which was rather good, with some interesting and delicious fruits. Saturday I had calls from three American ladies, all were delightful and all thought our house charming.

Yesterday we were much excited over the first visit from one of H--'s relatives, his brother-in-law, Chisato's father, who came and spent the day. As our servants are very poor we did not have much of a dinner but even the little, was quite an undertaking for us. There was lacking a fish-kettle, so we must send out and buy one. I made the sauce and the dessert, and got out some silver, and Chisato helped. Then I arrayed myself; and presently H-- came with Mr. Fujiwara and we had dinner. Uncle H-- thinks I made a good impression, and I am sure Mr. F-- made a good impression upon me. He is tall and thin and very straight and quite handsome, aristocratic looking. He wore a gray silk kimono and a black hawari, their beautiful outer garment, in which was dyed his coat of arms. The obi was of pale blue crape, but of course that didn't show much. We could have no conversation, but were very friendly; I lighted his cigarette for him and attended to his wants generally. They live some distance from Tokyo and this is his first visit since I came. H--'s sister sent some puffed rice with little black beans and green peas scattered through it at intervals for beauty; and Mr. F-- made H-- a present for the house and brought a large box of the best candy made in Japan.

After dinner Mr. F--, secretary at the Am. Embassy came

in. He is an old friend of H--'s and speaks English perfectly. He was graduated from Stanford and then went to Cambridge for a year. He has called before and I enjoyed him very much.

H-- and I have been asked to take charge of a summer school for a month; we have accepted! We think it will be great fun to have it all to our ourselves. They had intended to have some American man to work with H--, but as the man was not readily found, they asked me. There is a Friends' school here in Tokyo, for girls, and it is under their auspices that this summer school will be carried on. The sessions are from 7 to 9 in the morning daily and it begins in two weeks.

Tomorrow we begin a new regime with a highly recommended Japanese servant who speaks no English, but is a good cook and absolutely reliable. She will have an assistant and they will do everything, all the marketing most of the washing, and we shall have Japanese food until I can teach her American dishes. We have had a maid who could speak a little English and a boy student, and the combined force has been very little help, but now I want to speak Japanese, and I am sure a good reliable servant will be great economy too. All the trades people try to take advantage of foreigners. This treasure will cost \$1.25 per month, the second, much less. They will carry water, run errands, keep the garden neat, polish the shoes, sew if necessary, in short, all the housework.

Our delightful French speaking friend found her for us. Mr. Shoji. We have no door-bell but when the wooden grating at our entrance is heard being pushed back, our servant will

open the inner door, and kneel to receive a guest. If the entering person is an invited guest, both servants will come and kneel, when he enters and when he leaves, they also do the same at the entrance or exit of the master or mistress.

June 29,

Dear C--,

This address begins to seem like home although not wholly in order yet. A good many people find their way out here to us and seem to like to come. How I wish you could drop in for Sunday afternoon, as many of our friends are learning to do! You would come in through our great gate on the street, walk up between two rows of little cedars and presently turn to your left, where you will find our portico. If in coming in you apply your eye to a crack in the bamboo wall which surrounds the garden, you will behold us sitting on cushions in the parlor, the shogi all pushed back to give a view of our tiny but dear garden. You will shove back the wooden grating which guards our door as suddenly and loudly as you can, whereupon the paper front door will open to admit you and will disclose our maid kneeling in a proper attitude of respect.

She will say you are welcome and will go to inform us of your arrival, and by the time you have taken off your shoes and stepped up on to the shelf which admits you to our interior, you will be furnished with a pair of slippers and asked to enter. All the family will thank you for coming, tea and other refreshments will be brought to you and you will be fairly launched upon a Japanese call. When you need more tea the master of the house will clap his hands twice, a maid

will appear to serve you and when you go away the servants will kneel and bow profoundly.

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I am learning Japanese with a teacher who spends hours here every day; tomorrow new servants are coming who speak no English at all and I shall be forced to put my little stock of Japanese words into use at once. H-- says I am learning fast. Most people leave Tokyo for the summer but we shall not; H-- has but two weeks vacation from his association work, and it is pleasant here. . . . I am writing to you on this long roll of paper intended for brush writing; if you hold it up to the light, its curious markings may amuse you.

July

To E-- and R-- at Paris.

. I hope Paris is putting on her pleasantest manners for my poor little girl with the broken ankle, and that R-- took a walk around the Luxembourg gardens to see the roses in June. I am as busy as I ever was in my life. Our summer school has been going on now for two weeks. It is a great pleasure to me, we have great entertainments with our boys, and I have opportunities for learning a good deal of the Japanese character. We leave our house at 6 o'clock A.M. This means breakfast eaten and dressed for the day, before that, but it is the best time of day this hot weather. We change cars twice, travel in three different sorts of conveyance, and arrive at the school at 7.15, and stay 2 hours. Our journey is amusing. We go third class on the steam train with a great many school boys of various

conditions, and workmen etc.

The seats are very wide, covered with matting and many of the passengers leave their wooden "geta" or clogs, on the floor and squat on the matting. We pass through pleasant country scenes and last, through rice fields before arriving at Shinagawa bay, where we get out and take a street car. At the school some American has made a garden with blackberry bushes and we pick the berries, quite pleasant!

The boys at the school gave an entertainment last week; we were asked to go. It was perfectly unlike anything that American young men would have offered, but they all enjoyed it hugely. The seats in the school hall were placed in a sort of circle surrounding tables on which were two plants, green things growing in pots. Two chairs were placed at one end were for H-- and me. These things decently arranged, the 40 young men, rangeing from 18 to 30 sat around the circle. Then I was asked to speak, which I did very briefly, having nothing to say and there being no one to understand me but H--. Then H-- made a short speech followed by the leading man of the committee. Then tea was served and to each one a paper bag of cakes and during this time a young man sang. Then a plate was passed about containing folded slips of paper and we each took one. On each paper was written a word or words in English and each person was asked to make a speech about whatever it was! So I sat and listened to 40 short speeches, a few in English, the rest in Japanese. H-- said many of them were very clever indeed and they certainly seemed to be. This was the entertainment which was then declared over; but after that, we had some brilliant story telling by two young men, and some more singing.

The whole thing was a purely intellectual exercise and the pleasure was also. These young men are students mostly, with a few clerks etc.

There was an entertainment given by the ladies' society of Tokyo, on last Monday, to which we went. Like their theatres, it was an all day performance, and necessitated coming home to dress. The first hot day and the first fashionable Japanese audience where were some of H--'s friends; so I dressed myself as fine as I could and to my husband's satisfaction, and when we arrived everybody was eating luncheon. Chisato had gone in the morning with Mrs. Matsudaira. To my deep regret we were provided with chairs, but most of the audience sat upon cushions on the floor; the attendants brought the repast in these laquer boxes which you have seen, made in tiers and fitting in together, with a different kind of food in each section. Tea was constantly served and trays for smoking carried about for ladies as well as men.

I was introduced to various notable people, the wife of Gen. ---, the wife of a distinguished literary man whose name I cannot recall, the Countess ---, and her husband, the latter gave us tea.

However the play was the thing which was most interesting. The gentlemen of the audience were mostly in court European dress; I was the only foreign lady and my costume the only European one. The parquet was given up to 2nd. class and there the small boys had a splendid time. They were perfectly quiet but whenever the curtain fell, they rushed to the front of the stage, which of course is lower than with us, and put their heads under the curtain, remaining ecstatically in that position until the next scene, no one saying them nay.

The play was not one of the old Japanese plays but ultra-modern. The charm for me lay in the scenery and costumes, which were very harmonious. I have never seen the figures of the stage so completely a part of the whole landscape. They were not personages moving in front of a background but were merged in the landscape. This was partly from the lack of artificial lighting on the stage and partly from the use of real pine trees set here and there, their colors artfully blending with the painted scene. As the actors actually walked around these real trees and leaned against them, and as trees constantly appear in the real Japanese landscape, they were very effective upon the stage.

The heroine made great use of her handkerchief in the color scheme. The Japanese handkerchief is always very queer, but hers in the most thrilling and touching parts, was bright red. She cried a great deal and sat in the moonlight on the seashore wiping her eyes with this red thing, which somehow made the scene. At another point in the drama, she sat in a garden in autumn, surrounded by hills which showed here and there a bush with red or orange foliage. These bushes which kept their place wonderfully, led the eye directly to her figure, which was again emphasized and intensified by the red handkerchief.

The other lady in the play had a pink one but the two handkerchiefs did not appear on the scene together.

Monday. I am just home from school. The weather is very hot now and has been for several days. It is very heavy and foggy in the morning, and warm too, I find this part of the day the most trying to me; about 8 o'clock it becomes bright and hotter. The extreme heat I do not

mind much. Yesterday it was 93, and today is no cooler. This heat lasts for three or four weeks, but after that we are to have wonderful days.

Our life has been diversified by a second attempt to burglarize our house. A few nights ago our maid went home for the night so Chisato slept upstairs in our sitting room and contrary to our custom we opened the outside shutters of the balcony close to our beds, and at the same time close to the roof of the porch. It seemed such a good chance for a burglar that I felt a little anxious and I suppose did not sleep very well. At half past three I thought I heard something outside the house and waked H--, but after making the tour of the place with a lamp and finding nothing we went to bed again and H-- to sleep. I lay awake however, still listening, when I saw a man climb over the balcony rail close to us. I woke H--; he started for the man who nevertheless actually entered our room close to the foot of the bed.

Seeing this and being afraid he would attack H--, I tried to think what I could do, and resorted to the woman's weapon, screaming at the top of my lungs, hoping to attract the police. After wavering a second, and especially after my piercing yells, he lost heart and fled, jumping from the roof into our best bush and breaking off two good branches.

We have decided to keep the shutters open in that place so that we can see what is going on. We have also put wire netting across the opening and H-- has a pistol, besides which, two young men will sleep here at night. This is the second attempt, the third, we will catch him.

Chisato now has a koto and I am interested in hearing her play. She plays very well. It is a curious instrument,