

sake pot and the other the cup, which is really two or three cups, one above the other. You only drink from the top one.

It was placed before Brother as the giver of the feast, and he asked his father to lead in the ceremony; this he did. It was then taken from him to each of the men in turn, according to their importance H-- coming last as the youngest, then to Mrs. Gisaburo and then to me.

Quite a reversal of our customs of course, but very nice for me, because I learned how to do it, and when my turn came I was not so awkward. It isn't so easy to remember just when to look at the cup, when to bow to it, and how to wipe it and when to bow to the master of ceremonies as well as to the maid who serves you.

This over, I was fairly embarked on the dinner. The men talked a good deal among themselves somewhat to my surprise, and told stories quite in the European way, and sake in small earthen or stone bottles was brought in and everybody drank with everybody, very politely and temperately, a few drops at a time.

The serving was all done from the center of the circle, by two or three maids. The first thing was to bring each one a small square black lacquered table which contained four dishes also of black lacquer. One was a bowl of soup with a cover. The disposition of this cover is important. You place it on the floor beside you and then sometimes use it for things. One was a rice bowl with a cover and I rather think one must have been raw fish, but I don't remember, with a little dish of sauce to dip it in. The maid holding this table, kneels before you measuring the space with perfect accuracy and deposits the table before you at the proper distance.

After this innumerable dishes were brought us at intervals, all of fish or vegetables cooked in various ways; toward the end each guest was presented with a lovely basket of fruit, (politeness required that you should gaze at it with immense appreciation, taking each fruit perhaps in both hands to admire) and a box containing a whole cake. They call it cake, but it is really a very transparent jelly, made of some kind of sea weed, like gelatine only much better. In the middle of the cake was a device in pink and green, flower and leaves.

Last of all a whole fish was brought in, a large one of a specially fine kind which had been cooked in a curious way by being sent to a "salt house", where they make salt. The fish is put into the hot salt and covered with it and cooks therein. I never tasted anything more delicious.

We ladies had wine and so did H-- who does not drink sake. The dinner began, I suppose, about 4, and being full of ceremonies of all sorts, lasted $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

As twilight came on several picturesque figures crossed the courtyard, each bearing in his grasp a long iron candlestick, $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 ft. high, with huge candles stuck in the top; they were placed about the room and lighted, the park outside meanwhile growing dimmer and dimmer, and with the picturesque group inside, all kneeling, made a never to be forgotten effect.

Of course it would not have been possible for me to kneel that length of time, so after about an hour we were asked if we would not like to see the building; we all went out and walked about. There are some painted screens etc. Again after an hour more, we two ladies retired and stayed

out until we were called back for some ceremonial toasts. The whole thing was quite an ordeal for me, as I was being introduced to the relatives in this way. Presentation to relatives, to them, is much more important than introductions to friends; not even cousins were asked to the feast, only very near and elderly relations.

In old times this first part of the wedding festival lasted all night, and the bride went out from time to time, each time coming in with a new dress on, to show what she had. The next two days they dined with the most important relatives, and the third they could be asked by other relatives, first of the groom, then of the bride. The ceremonies lasted a week, and ended by the bride--who was very young--, displaying all her dolls which she had brought from home, and inviting her own friends.

Well, it seems I went through it very well; every one was pleased, and H--'s father, very much so. This was very gratifying, as he is very particular and ceremonious, a real old samurai. He is ^a fine looking old man, hearty and vigorous yet. He lives two miles out in the country in an ordinary house, with a decent woman, some family connection who keeps his house and cares for him.

The next day we went to dine with him. We had a delightful country drive across the river valley; I especially liked this day; our ride was lovely and our dinner--we were the only guests--was served by the one housekeeper just as well as possible. Although all was very simple, there was a great deal of dignity about it and our sake cup was served with all the ceremonies. The flower vase on the Toko, or raised corner where such things are put, was arranged with

exquisite skill, although in itself, it was only a few green branches and a half dozen asters.

When we left, our jinrickshas took us along the river bank where people were fishing in various interesting ways. By this time I was pretty lame and looked forward to a third day with some misgiving.

This day there was a dinner at the house of the Brother-in-law Mr. Fujiwara, who married H--'s sister. There was another jinricksha ride of two miles, this time toward the sea, with river and mountains, and the views were entrancing as we rode westward toward sunset. At last we left the river and went through narrow country lanes between rice fields.

The men were just pumping up the water to flood the fields, which is done every day.

They have a simple and excellent device for this. They put a large wheel into the water, and walk up it and this turns the wheel and brings the water up.

It is a curious sight to see. The wheels are made of light wood and are carried on the men's back to the spot and presently you see him rising into the air on this wheel which he has just brought.

Samban, the house where H--'s sister lives is in the midst of the rice fields. Small villages lie all about. The house itself is surrounded by a wall which encloses the house and store-houses, outhouses etc., and two or three small gardens. The house is one storied and old, with something very lovable about it. The great room in front, which can be divided into two or three, was all open on the garden side, and lined with two ancient screens of many folds,

really delightful, and would be priceless in America. Another large room opens back of this one, which had a good deal of furniture for Japan; a square lacquered table, a carved cabinet etc. This room was open on the further side to a small inner garden, and one looked across this to another good sized room open on the garden side. The vista through the house, seen in this way, was delightful.

At this dinner there was a slight change of guests, and a little difference in the dinner. Towards the last we had music, a koto and samosen, played very well. H--'s father was very interesting telling about the playing of these ancient instruments in the proper way. This part, of course was interpreted to me by H--.

The servants of the house waited, sitting on their knees in the midst of the feast, ready to serve us; but I noticed that although the guests talked with them somewhat, they did not make as much conversation as the leading lady among the waitresses at Brother's dinner, who was a professional entertainer.

H--'s sister is a very sweet woman and her children are all delightful. Her husband, Mr. Fujiwara, is a handsome man whom I like much. This is his ancestral home. We spent the night there all of us except Gisaburo and another man, and stayed all the next day going home in the evening. This is the home of Chisato's family, as you know.

The next day we left Okayama at 7:30 P.M. by express, and arrived at Tokio at 2:30 next day. We were loaded with the produce of the country, peaches, pears, dried fish and pickles. Brother gave me a lovely carved table and some other housekeeping things and is going to send more.

Brother made a lovely speech to us, one night, saying that at first he had been very angry at H--'s marrying an American, but that now that he had become acquainted and familiar with the new sister, he and they all were well pleased and proud of their American relative. He said more which I cannot remember. I think he is much pleased that I have tried so hard to conform to Japanese customs, and with good will, and that I genuinely respect and understand them. He is of an extreme conservative type; as head of the family, he feels his responsibilities greatly, and holds on with both hands as it were, to the old ways which are so rapidly disappearing among the upper classes; considering this, his goodness to me and adoption of a foreigner are all the more remarkable.

I like them all; . . . They made plans for our return next year and Brother will visit us. This letter is too long already, but there is as much more to say in other letters.

In Brother's house I found myself in the presence of the Ancestor worship of which one hears. In a small room back of the dining room is a large lacquered object which looks at first, like a great safe, extending to the ceiling, with massive doors which open in front.

Within are shelves, gold lined, where stand a great many little gold shrines, on which are written the names of the dead. Before one stood a piece of watermelon. In this room, morning and night, Brother makes his devotions, praying in a loud voice which can be heard all over the home.

There is a shrine for a household god in the kitchen, and others about elsewhere, and prayers are said before each by each member of the family I judged by the sound, but I

don't know that each prays every day. . . . In the temples, there is very little to distinguish the service from the Roman Catholic, with the holy images and pictures, the sacred relics etc. But in Shinto temples a bell is rung to call the attention of the god.

H-- and I went to the cemetery when we were at Okayama. Their lot is enclosed by a high wall and stands in a beautiful spot on the top of a hill. Each occupant has a granite monument and a stone lantern. We made offerings of rice and pure water, burned a little incense, and placed some green branches there.

Okayama, Cont. Sept.

. . . . and in telling you about the tea house I can also describe the garden. The garden of this part of the house was once all of the spaces marked garden including the rectangle of dotted lines. There is a variety of trees, one great pine among them very ancient and the pride of the family (I have put two x's). Gisaburo has put his new tea-house there and I had the instructive pleasure of seeing a new garden built in front of it, and the house made to look very small and distant by miraculous means. The part of the tea-house toward the parlor is made to look low and old and of the country, by a thatched roof projecting over the front supported by pillars made of natural tree trunks with the bark taken off.

In the drawing (of the tea-house) you perceive a small square hole in one corner. This is the door, which should always be low like this. On the side of the other garden the tea room opens wide and at the further end one sees,

through a window the trunk of the old pine.

The work was not all finished while I was there, but I think it will be a quaint and charming spot. They began to make the front garden by taking out a large stone, weighing several tons, because in the changed proportions it would be too large; it is still mostly a rock garden, but different and was made by a skillful old gardener, an ancient man who had worked there in H--'s father's time.

The carpenters, too, are family carpenters, almost like members of the family, H-- said.

First a large tree, higher than the tea-house was planted (where I have put an x) and grouped with it were a shrub or two; beside it, a great stone hollowed by the action of the water, such as they love in Japan. On the other side, seeming to have nestled under its branches for a hundred years, stands an old stone lantern, quaint and ancient in form, a bit broken and moss grown. This, one of the ancient properties of the garden, with one or two other large stones, complete the group on that side.

These things did not extend entirely across the space, but they form, in appearance, a sort of material barrier behind which one must go to discover the tea-house, which, in its turn, modestly hides itself under its thatched roof, and withdraws an appreciable space behind the barrier.

A few ferns grow about the largest rocks, and the gardener put a number of other rocks, moss-covered or with green lichens, leading the eye toward the well. The ancient well itself is bordered with mossy granite slabs.

Rather behind the well, but not entirely so, he placed a large smooth vase of some fine light stone like fine

granite, of this shape. It stands in a spot made for it, of cement, which slopes a little to carry off the water, and makes just the accent needed, of something smooth, round, and finished.

All this was done under my eyes in a few days, and in a space not greater than 30 ft. (square?); when the gardener had carefully washed and scrubbed all the stones he wished to have clean, and poured water over the mossy ones, I thought it a charming spot. The smooth vase has a flat place on one side, and a Japanese inscription which says that the water here is distilled dew.

Brother lives to conserve the old customs, and in accordance with this purpose he is now building the house for ceremonial tea in his garden. The original idea of the ceremony has been lost sight of by many.

Few, comparatively, attach meaning to the forms and it has become instead, a precise and exacting rite. Gisaburo, however, intends to preserve idea and ceremony in all their original purity.

Some quiet, beautiful, enclosed retreat was chosen, where care or noise or vulgarity could not enter; one went thither with a very few congenial spirits, who, observing the most elegant courtesy among themselves, should spend a time devoted to conversation upon higher topics, such as Art, for instance. Therefore ceremonial tea should never be held in a large place. Everything used at such a tea, must be of the rarest and choicest; the cups of priceless value, the tea a marvel etc. Therefore one's guests are carefully chosen that everything may be appreciated and nothing injured. Therefore, on the part of the guest, it is etiquette to know

that everything he sees is a work of art, and to study and admire it, from the moment he enters (upon the knees).

One goes first to the Toko or ornamental dais and admires the kakemono which hangs there, finding spirituelle and appropriate things to say about it; and then one should study the flower arrangement, or no, one may walk, but only in certain places; then one may go to one's place still on the knees, and wait until all are assembled.

When you are given your tea, take precious care not to drop the cup, which has neither handle or saucer, and is as large as a small bowl. It must be held in a certain way and the tea drunk in three gulps, having received it with ceremony. After drinking, you place the cup at proper seeing distance on the floor before you, gazing at its beauties and speaking of them with your neighbors; and you must not fail to turn it over and look at the mark on the bottom.

Sept. 11

Yesterday we were at Yokohama to call on friends. The Grand Hotel seems to be a nice place. I saw a name I knew on the register, and there was a group of Americans in one corner in fresh muslins and hats quite refreshing to see.

After we left there, we took a small repast with the head of the Y.M.C.A. in Yokohama and then went to a meeting held to make plans for the entertainment of the American fleet. H-- is a member of the comm. here in Tokyo. Times are very hard here now, and in Yokohama especially they don't know which way to turn. The interstate commerce laws of the U.S. have increased the cost of sending Japanese silk to points in the East by three, and that is a serious matter

here. However they are making plans to entertain the fleet and voting money.

We went to the house of the mayor, a new rich home, one of a sort I haven't seen before; the meeting was really held elsewhere and we had quite a walk over the steep hills of the old Jap. residence quarter in the moonlight, finally bringing up at a small house, where I sat on the veranda looking at the moon while the meeting went on. The scene gave me a curious sensation. These few quiet men, without money, sitting on the floor, having cups of tea, preparing to entertain the boasted U. S. fleet! They will do it! As we walked through these streets and saw the pretty houses, mostly

Probably Sept. 22,

To K--,

We are going away from this address in a few days to a house on the other side of the city where we shall have a house we like better and a better piece of ground too. We shall have no view over there and couldn't see it if there were one, because the new house is one story only surrounded by a high board fence, but the neighborhood is more picturesque and interesting, and we shall have also, about us more people whom we know.

It is quite near the Women's University where H-- is one of the lecturers, and is on the educational side of the city where all the Universities are. The house itself will be charming I think, and the kitchen wonderfully spacious, with running water there and in the bathroom.

It stands on quite a lot of land(considering), for Tokyo. We take half of it for a tennis court and basketball ground and keep the rest for a garden. H-- is very much pleased with this and I think it will be distinctly for his advantage to have it. I am pleased for the garden space is very well disposed and will be pretty. Our European room will have a wood floor and all the house has glass windows instead of shoji, which is better for winter.

We move next Sunday; you know Sunday is not a holiday here for general work, although schools and the Y.M.C.A. close then, so it seems a convenient time to do it when H-- can help; but so many have offered to help that I think moving will be a light matter. Next time a plan.

Today I must tell you about the fete at Nakano to which

H-- and I went last week. All these fetes are festivals in honour of some god belonging to the temple of the quarter. This one only takes place once in five years, so the village people take great pains with it.

The village is the 2nd station on the electric road, from us, and we walked two miles home from there through a long street which was continuous village and mostly fete. I never saw anything so charming. In front of each house was hung a Japanese umbrella frame without the paper cover or handle and these frames were all decorated with red and white cherry blossoms. Also in front of each house, stood a lantern. Usually the festivals have lanterns of the ordinary kind, white decorated with red and black, but these were specially designed for Nakano and perhaps have been in use for years. On the front of each was a watercolor painting of scenes, either people or landscape, about Tokyo.

At the end of the street and at intervals of a few rods all the way down, were the most wonderful triumphal cars, built up nearly as tall as the tree tops, covered with artificial flowers in bright colors, holding at the top a great figure of some god dressed in shining raiment and surrounded by streamers and dragons and all sorts of things.

Inside was always on the different stages, for the car is built in stages, first, a number of children gaily dressed sometimes with musical instruments, and next above, a band of musicians also in gala dress beating drums and playing pipes.

Imagine the intoxicating effect of all these colors up among the tree tops shimmering in the sun, with the village street and the crowd of gazers and the village children al-

most all in costume! Near each car was a picturesque spot where the black oxen, gaily attired in festive blankets with red cords, who were to draw the cars in the procession, were being fed and taken care of by attendants.

As we walked down this street, where even on a common day, you would think each shop a fascinating spot, we came upon wonderful things some of which I shall try to tell you about. At short intervals dramatic scenes had been constructed representing incidents in the history of Japan, or some famous legend. As the fronts of all the shops are wide open to the street, usually these scenes were made in one selected for the purpose, but one or two were so large that they had been made between the houses.

I cannot describe them all, there were so many and so extraordinary, and among the most wonderful things I have ever seen.

One of the largest represented an old story of a dragon and a monster encountering each other in a wood. The monster occupied the centre of the scene and looked like a queer but real animal. He was very long in body and twisted about, and stood higher than an ox. He was covered with what looked like spotted fur, rich in color, and something like a leopard's; this proved to be made of small brushes used in kitchens for scrubbing, put in with the ends showing. His head and neck were covered with shorter hair as in nature, and the spots were not round but run together a little.

Can you believe that it took a hard look, close to, to perceive that these were tooth brushes? His eye was round and glaring and his hoofs had pointed toes very realistic and strong looking, made of sake bottles.

I could not undertake to say what the dragon was made of. He wound in and out along the mountain side sometimes showing, sometimes not, and his tail came out on the other side of the monster, while his huge claws and head appeared in the middle foreground at the right.

The great art was however, in the landscape. There was a real pool of water, the shallow pool of a rocky stream, and rocks, ferns, hillside and manufactured tree trunks were all placed with such skill that I could not detect anything artificial looking about them. It was a damp cool grotto where such an encounter should take place.

There were many of these scenes laid in a wood or on the mountain side, where the chief figure would be some old Samurai or a beautiful lady and where I know tree branches and bushes were all made of little twigs of real foliage and bits of bark and where mountain streams must have been brought in buckets to the spot, yet I could not see the slightest artificial look, and had to go out into the street to satisfy myself that these solid tree trunks with their great roots and branches did not go further than the enclosing roof.

Once or twice we saw the old Samurai being made, and it was very interesting, carpenter and dress-maker working together to produce this animated picturesque figure. Sometimes the scenes were not in a wood, but in the interior of a house; but all were equally faithful in their exact rendering of the idea.

Another quite different sort of show was the flower arrangements of which there were quite a number, in some places fifty or more were shown, each set on a little stand

apart and ranged around the room so that each could be seen separately. Probably prizes were given for the best.

That way of arrangement is far more distinguished than our own, but I still have a fondness for a mass of flowers, rather than, for instance, one stem of asters at the foot of a pine branch. It all depends on whether one cares most for the art, i.e. the combination of beautiful lines or the flowers themselves.

The commonest people, mostly workmen of all trades and occupations filled these rooms and spent much time studying each composition. The people were not the least of the show. Every grocer's or carpenter's boy here looks like a picturesque mediaeval page, with his tights of dark blue, sometimes coming to his ankles, sometimes scarcely visible, and his graceful tunic reaching just below his hips, fastened with a girdle or a belt and stamped with the arms of his house.

Even his tabi are more like the old cloth shoe of the page than anything else.

Oct. 3,

To E--,

Somewhere there is a letter begun to you last week, but I can't find it. This has been an exciting week. We were going to move to Koishikawa, another ward of the city, four miles from here, and we thought the move would be much for our advantage, as that place is nearer H--'s work, our acquaintances etc. and besides we were to have a lot of land for athletics.

Our best plant was moved over and our new book case sent there. Last Sunday morning four men came (all our friends) to help us move. One of them had previously packed all our books

and another all our plants. I had been working for several days of course, carefully packing dishes and ornaments. H-- had been so awfully busy on Sat. that he could not get over to sign the contract, but went early Sunday morning and was going to send the movers at once.

Hours rolled by and nobody came, neither he nor the movers. All the men stayed to lunch and then Masa packed up the cooking stove which could almost go into a dress suit case.

At last H-- came, but only to say that we should not go there after all! He was in a great rage. It appeared that at the last moment they raised the rent of the house, and made the land absolutely prohibitive rent. H-- refused to pay the sum. We felt pretty blank at first, but we now have come to think it a special favor of Providence that we were forced to stay here. We have now secured at a reasonable rate, some land for an athletic field, adjoining our garden, and ^{on} our other side we find we can take a plot of ground without extra rent and build a small studio there. So, except for the social advantage, we are better off here, and we hope to make our home so attractive that people will come anyway. Now we are going to work in earnest to improve and furnish our house and make our garden, things which we haven't done before because we were not certain of staying. The weather is superb too and one feels like working. (Wedding anniversary dinner.)

The fruits now are fine. We have pears and apples, grapes, figs, bananas, persimmons, pomgranates and one still sees a few peaches; lemons begin to appear, also a curious thing like grapefruit but not so good, and pink inside. Chestnuts are plenty and delicious and mushrooms too.

I went to get a chicken the other day. It was at a nice little shop, clean, with house room and garden beyond opening into it. At the door were basket coops containing hens and broilers, all alive and healthy. They took chicken ready to sell, out of a spotless refrigerator in the shop, but it was all cut in pieces and ready to cook with not a bone left in it!

When I intimated in the pantomime in which I habitually speak now, that I wanted it whole, they promptly caught a young fowl and very nearly wrung its neck before I could stop them. I had to take the limp pieces, but they offered me the denuded skeleton to go with them.

It seemed so funny, I wished, as I so often do, for some one to laugh with me. Half my fun is spoiled because there is no one to see it with me, things turn out suddenly, so funny!

It is such a pleasure to have our books up! Those you gave me a year ago are our greatest ornaments, but they stand in good company with good old volumes of Byron and Milton bought in Oxford. We are wholly absorbed in our new plans. Inside the house we are getting three rooms in order, our library, parlor and dining room. The former is to be strictly European. The book-cases and tapestry mostly conceal the karakami or screens. We shall have a carpet, chairs, table, window curtains, glass windows etc. The parlor is to be pure Japanese, no chairs, shoji, an ornamented Toko, kakemono etc. and the dining room must be a union of the two for we can't do away with the karakami and shoji.

Yet we are going to have a table and chairs, the latter are being made to our own design. I am going to carve them myself; they will cost \$1.25 apiece, large and handsome ones.

The table costs \$1.75, you see some things in Japan, are not dear!

Outside, in the garden, the problem is to make a space as large as the central part of your lawn between the terraces, lock large and mysterious and nowhere can that be done better than here in Japan. We start with a number of trees and shrubs, and shall dispose of our 50 or 60 ft. in a way that will charm you when you come. Of course a high wall surrounds us.

At present I think we will begin with a mound in the centre of the garden which shall be surmounted by a pine tree, and surrounded by a circular path. On the south side of this, toward the studio wall, I shall have my rose garden.

Tomorrow carpenter and gardener begin operations and when all is done and our gates closed, we shall keep a dog and a cat.

Fuji is beautiful every morning now, and our up-stairs sitting room is delicious, flooded with sunlight and filled with mountain view.

The other day, I bought a carved wooden Buddha out of a little shop very old and grey and weather-beaten, but charming, for 25 cents, and we have arranged the Toko to suit it. He stands on a small pedestal which is covered with a part of that Sicilian priest's garment. Above him hangs a kakemono which represents a mountain side, a temple is nearer, and further in the distance on another spur of the mountain, another temple is seen.

His grayness, somewhat obscured by a large veil sprinkled with green branches of shiny leaves, and dotted here and there with an ineffable pink blossom, something like a wild rose--with a delicious strong perfume--melts into the background, and one feels exactly as if one were at one of the little

shrines on that mountain with the Buddha mysteriously enshrined; and as if further on, one could walk to other shrines, seen in the distance.

Even the green branches seem to be a fragrant forest bush growing in the path. On the other side of him stands the Italian lamp, which ought not to seem appropriate and yet which fits the spot to perfection, being not unlike some old Japanese lamps.

When I go down in the morning, I find H-- either gloating over this arrangement or standing in silent rapture before the bookcase.

Oct. 3,

. We are now planning an ideal little place here with our garden made beautiful on one side of it my studio and on the other, H--'s athletic field. Beside this we have two other "gardens", tiny spots on which much thought is expended, one opening from the parlor, the other from the dining room. Our furniture is being made to order, we make the design and do the carving, and finish the wood in the end, so that the part of the artisan is small, both in amount and in price. We work in the garden too.

A picture exhibition is just about to open, and the season is commencing. The reception of the Am. fleet and of the Officer's wives is our talk of the moment. Tomorrow, H--, on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. meets the latter at Shimbashi station and escorts them to the Peeresses school, the Girls' University etc. and at the latter place I am one of four ladies, two Japanese and two with Japanese husbands, who are to dine with them. There has been a great to-do about entertaining the

sailors with Geisha girls, but that scheme is now off, doubtless to the disappointment of the sailor but to his financial gain.

I think you would be wild over things to paint here. I knew about the women's costume before coming, but no one had ever spoken of the varied and picturesque costumes of the men. They are very charming and their various avocations, being carried on in shops all open to the street, are of a kind to make pictures.

You asked about cleanliness; they are very clean, but in the European ways of getting clean, or even the European needs, they are entirely unversed, and that perhaps, evens up, somewhat. The floors are clean, very clean, because they are sat upon and the need for cleanliness is apparent; and the walls are clean, being flapped hard with a beater every day. Then one feels sure about the food; your servants would by no means, eat themselves, or let you eat anything not perfectly cleaned.

But the dusting is far from well done. A desk with pigeon-holes, the cleaning of shoes and silver and steel knives, these things involve a struggle, not because there is objection to doing the work, but nobody knew just what was needed or why. The shoe problem isn't settled yet.

Shoes are taken off and put on at the door. The latter part of it is the most trying thing in Japan. No matter if you have on white kid gloves, or if your hands are just ready for a ladies' luncheon, or your dress is tight or your hat likely to drop off; the last item is putting on your shoes. There are no sidewalks and no pavement, and you never get your shoes clean by walking on a floor; the soles are always incruusted with this heavy, sticky earth. I didn't see why, until

H-- suggested the want of sidewalks. I am now looking for a scraper.

I am getting thin although perfectly well; I suppose I miss butter and cream and things made of them. I have two good servants, a splendid cook and a younger girl, her sister. They are good natured and intelligent and we think ourselves fortunate. The cook learns quickly to do any new thing and once in a while I teach her a new American dish. I wish you had some of these chestnuts!

Yesterday the American Navy Officers' wives were entertained by being taken to see various educational institutions, finishing at a private school for girls where there was an exhibition of Japanese fencing, extraordinary and interesting. H-- took the Am. ladies about, all day in carriages and I dined with them at the Women's University where we saw some interesting work by young children. Beside making drawings on the blackboard, very good and much like what your children have done, they also design little gardens and model things in clay, simple objects, chestnuts, carrots, mushrooms etc. things which all Japanese children know well.

Then they cut things out of colored paper and paste on to a background and this seemed to me an excellent way of showing what can be done with a simple tone, so much better and easier than a water-color wash, for instance, a blue morning glory with a green leaf; draw the flower and cut it out of paper the right color and a leaf in the same way. Then combine them on a sheet of white paper in the way they would grow.

Some fruits and some dishes lend themselves to this useful amusement. It is a pity you haven't persimmons which can be exactly represented with shiny orange paper.

I have just been out in the garden superintending the planting of a pine tree. They make nothing of digging up large trees and replanting them anywhere, nor does the time of year seem to matter much, either.

Our garden has in one corner a charming vista, over the top of the surrounding wall. We see a tall dark green tree, the thatched roof of an old house and a persimmon tree with its bright fruit and the pine tree is planted on a mound in the middle of the garden, but just enough on one side to combine this little view and make it a part of our garden.

My studio will be in one corner, and will look out (all of one side being sliding glass doors) upon other pines and a bank of azaleas. We have a large quantity of azaleas which were already here on the place.

Oct. 12,

We are much excited over our garden which is just being made. We are trying to make it the most delightful spot one can imagine, and we shall succeed. We have land for a studio rent free and we are building one at small cost, adjoining the garden, for which, it will serve as a tea house in azalea time.

On the other side of the garden, H-- has rented land enough for a tennis court and small athletic field, for \$1.25 a month. As the land is already level, it will not cost much to get it ready and a gate will open into it from the garden. We are in the greatest luck to have a quantity of azalea bushes, 150 or so, already in the garden and the Oda family are very kindly allowing us to take bushes and small trees out of the next property to help out. We have 24 pine trees and young cedars ad. lib., all of which makes a good start towards a

garden.

We talk of nothing else and get up very early so that H-- can talk with the gardener before leaving home. The latter is a perfect treasure, as quick as a cat and very intelligent and informed, but not unready to take new ideas or to consult our wishes. We pay 30 cents a day for this paragon. In Japan this is the season for garden-making.

We wonder that the Chinese next door are so patient at seeing their backyard denuded of bushes and trees and filled up with a wooden house, with no windows! From the adjoining tennis court we secure two fig-trees which have pretty foliage. (You may get sick of hearing about our garden, however much it may thrill us.) The studio is being made at the carpenter's shop, and will be brought here on Wed. and put up. Our dining-room chairs will be brought too, and we shall then be doubly busy trying to get them carved quickly.

As our camera has never been recovered, I think when all is done I will have a photographer come and do a whole series of the house and garden and send them to you.

I was invited to luncheon on Sat. with Miss M--, and went with her after, to a garden party entertainment, where there was a performance of the "Princess" by foreign young ladies. As it was for the benefit of a sailor's home (for the Japanese) in London, and was given in the grounds of Mme. Sonoda, a rich Japanese lady, there was a fashionable Japanese audience and most of the Europeans were there.

The garden was spacious with a green lawn, very unusual here, and the effect was very pretty, with the mixture of handsome kimonos and bright obis. I was very much interested.

Aunt J's friend, Mrs. Nitobe, is rather the leading lady

in Japanese foreign circles here. She and Prof. Nitobe are both very much liked. They have bought a beautiful old place in the heart of the city, and Mrs. N-- has just taken charge of the three little brothers of Prince --- attending to their education and manners. All three were with her at the party looking much bored.

The Japanese are touching in their attitude toward the fleet. Money is very hard to get just now, and it really requires sacrifices to entertain the officers and men as they intend to do. They say that as America has misunderstood and suspected them, they will now try to prove beyond any question the true friendship they feel for America, by kindness toward the fleet. "We can't spend as much as other nations" say the journals and the people too, "but let each individual Japanese try to show courtesy and kindly feeling if only to a sailor, met on the street."

H-- spent Sat. qualifying 150 young men to act as English speaking guides, to be furnished by the Y.M.C.A. tent in front of Shimbashi station.

. Japanese fencing by a lady teacher of 62 years, and her pupils. Women's fencing is quite a different thing from men's in Japan. The women's weapon is, I can't imagine why, a sword about ten feet long and the way these fencers whirled this gigantic wooden thing about, was wonderful. Various styles of weapons were used, among others, a murderous looking short hatchet to which was attached a cord with (in real fighting), a leaden weight. The fire and vigor with which the old lady played, or the way in which one of the gentle looking pupils attacked with this weapon and finally adroitly threw the cord and wound it three times around her