

neck, would give you a new idea of Japanese women.

Oct. 26

To E--,

House-cleaning, studio-building, and garden-making together with the American fleet have strenuously occupied us lately. On Sat. H-- and I went to Yokohama where he first despatched the Y.M.C.A. boys for their visit to the ships and then we both attended the Admiral's reception on board the flagship. . . .

Many people were there but by no means a crowd, and I found the affair delightful. Among the guests were Admiral Togo and Genl. Kuroki, Bishop McKim and our ambassador O'Brien.

We were taken out in the fleet's launches and had a delightful officer to take us about, from Phila., whose sister is a friend of

I met another lady married to a Japanese, the fifth or sixth so far, not counting English. These were both very agreeable, . . .

Have I told you about our visit to Count Akamoto? H-- knew him and he asked H-- to bring me. So we went one afternoon. He lives in a European house and has a garden which looks more like an Italian one. He was an interesting looking man. We were shown into a room very French in character, with beautiful things in it, and tea, cakes and fruits were brought. Then the Count came in and talked very delightfully about art etc. and showed us a rare old sword chest, wonderfully carved. There are only one or two now left in Japan, but in France there are four or five, preserved from Louis XV's day, when

some Japanese things were taken to France. You may have seen some Jap. panels in the Louis XV furniture at the Louvre.

Then we went up stairs into a beautiful Japanese parlor. The walls were gold put in in a decorative fashion not plain sheets of gold, especially designed for the proprietor by some artist. The mats were bound in white with black figures, instead of the usual black.

A beautiful painting in watercolor mounted upon silk to form a kakemono, hung in the Toko, and some extraordinary gold lacquer boxes were put there which the Count showed to us, himself. I think such work cannot be made now. The design is very beautiful both inside and out and he spoke of having shown them to Prof. Morse. There were three recesses on that side of the room, each containing precious and lovely objects.

One had shelves variously arranged and ornamented with bronze finishings. A state sword was shown us from that one, which was treated with great reverence by both men, a sword being almost a sacred object. The workmanship was so exquisite!

Presently the Countess came in, a quiet lady in a little gray silk kimono, very simple but looking very intelligent. She speaks only Japanese. They were both very courteous and nice. After we had looked at a perfectly preserved wooden Buddha, about three feet high, carved in a primitive way with no color, a thousand years old; and another five hundred years of age, the curator of the kakemonos came in, and at last I saw some old Japanese paintings such as H-- has talked about.

We had no time at Okayama to look at kakemonos. These were anywhere from three to five hundred years old, and were pictures in watercolor of natural objects, treated either with a sort of intentional conventionality or with a poetic

interpretation equally unlike Western art.

They were beautiful, the color almost a monochrome. Two hanging in another Jap. room, were moving and poetic to a rare degree. They were the oldest and were painted by one of a famous family of artists.

There was a long scroll of small pictures, very definite and precise and in bright colors, representing scenes from daily life, painted a long time ago, which in detail and feeling for incident, reminded one of the Dutch genre pictures, valuable as a record of their time. Here too, they have had their genre painters.

After all this we went down stairs and really had tea (we did not take it before), with the Count and Countess and the little grandson, four years old, and were taken into the dining room to see more (modern and bad) paintings, and at last we went away, followed to the door by our hosts, quite in the simple fashion of Woodstock, Conn.

Neglecting making calls.

We went yesterday to buy some plants for the garden. Magnolias at $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents, flowering shrubs as high as my head for anywhere from 15 cents to fifty. Our gardener brought me a pot of chrysanthemums the other day, each flower a perfect round white ball as big as a child's rubber ball. You know the kind, but in this pot every green leaf was perfect from the root up, and each branch was topped by one perfect flower of which there were eleven.

November 20, prob.

To R--,

Here I am cosily seated beside the hibachi or fire-box in our little library. Beside me stands a dish of peanuts, a pot of chrysanthemums stands in front of the tapestry which hangs at one end of the room, and our book cases are on either side. We hung our pictures here yesterday, the two Sistine Chapel frescoes, the Baths of Caracalla and the "Embarcation for Cythere" of Watteau, all lovely photos.

Our round table is now covered with that green brocade Taormina curtain, but I plan eventually to finish the wood with a design in color in Miss Nowell's way and stain and polish it. At present I am straining every nerve to carve the dining-room chairs; the persimmon and fig ones are nearly done. They will be handsome although not at all my original design. The cabinet maker is a willing man, but he has no general knowledge of chairs to help him interpret my designs.

People who have never heard of styles in furniture or who have never seen any chairs but the cheap furnishing store kind, make queer mistakes.

Your delightful letter was most welcome. I so enjoyed all your doings--your return, your callers, your occupations, I can't hear in too much detail; for it is those little things which keep me in touch with you all. Japan doesn't seem far away, but it is our letters which must keep the distances short. It will be harder for you to keep in touch with me, because you don't know my home or friends, but I will try to tell you the most insignificant things in a particular way that will help to bridge the gulf.

All my days are as full of interest and occupation as

they can be. The other day H-- and I went to a "garden-party" for the benefit of something. It was held in Count Okuma's garden and we went to see the garden. I was not so enchanted because it was not pure Japanese, some foreign feeling having been introduced. But there was a brook with a rocky bed, a hill and a bronze Buddha and some stone lanterns.

The afternoon was amusingly unlike those at home. A story teller entertained crowds of people on the lawn, and tea was served at various points, a phonograph talked and paper bags of cakes were given away. The chrysanthemums are a speciality. They were shown in a place apart. I saw some plants grown (like this) from a single stalk, which were as high as my head and would measure 8 ft. across.

From the garden we went to a field day at the Imperial University. The grounds are extensive and beautiful and the athletic field was lined by a dense and interested crowd. The costumes of the women and children and the variety of flags used for decoration, made a gay picture.

From there I came home, but H-- went on to a men's dinner to which he was invited, where were quite a number of important people.

Tonight he is speaking where Count Okuma and Count (or Baron) Kamada, the minister of Education also speaks. He is often asked to speak and I imagine does it very well. I cannot understand of course, but I observe that his audience is always attentive.

Our tennis court will turn out very well. I must have written about the party of young men we had here ten days ago, although last week was so busy that I only began a letter and finished none to any of you. We served a kind of sweet bean

soup, very much liked by Japanese, and then had tea and sembai afterward. They were entertained with athletic sports.

I have just been to the dentist, a very good one, who has been 16 yrs. in America and has a handsome American wife from Colorado.

Then I went on to buy winter flannels. These are certainly queer, but I guess they will do. Bright red! The vest buttons down in front and the draws fold across behind. I shall present a cheerful aspect with them on.

I have had many compliments upon my painting at the Exhibition. It received one of the prizes and was much liked by the artists and now I am asked to join one of two important societies here. H-- is enchanted but I feel rather unmoved about the honor although it is nice to have them so kind. A few of the artists in the society have studied in Paris and do very good work.

I have been trying to find Christmas presents to send you. It is difficult to find nice or pretty things which you don't see at home, which you would like and which can be sent without too great expense in duty at your end.

I have found yours and shall send it by mail; and I think I shall send each one by mail, there will be less danger of loss of all. I will tell you about yours, because you might not understand it. I wish you a Merry Christmas, dear little R--, and a wonderful happy New Year.

It is great fun poking about hunting for things, for of course I don't look at the modern stuff which is sent to America. These little objects were made for some child (especially made of course, there are no factories for such things) for the doll's festival, held every year, and they are probably

quite old. They are made of good lacquer in black and gold and very fine. One is an incense burner and the metal part is gold plated.

The other two are made to hold incense and the small one has on top, in the round, the arms of a good old daimio family. The i. b. should be half filled with fine ashes and then a good live coal placed in the middle and partially covered with ashes. I am hoping you can use them for afternoon tea sometimes; I chose it because I felt sure you would have found nothing like it in Europe. H-- and I found it in an antique shop where an old man sat on his knees beside a brazier, surrounded by a motley collection of Buddhas and teapots and other things.

I met a lady at tea today, who has studied art with Tarbell and Benson in Boston! A small world, isn't it!

Early in December,

To C.S.S.,

I am sending you with a Merry Christmas, a tiny gift which you will hardly find useful, yet which you may like to see. It is a pair of hashi, or chopsticks, that formerly belonged to a lady of quality(rank) whose arms you will find in the circular device cut on the sides. You will see they chose an arrangement of snow-flake forms. The hashi are of silver, the lower part gold-plated and the case of antique brocade is liked here in Japan.

These she probably took with her on picnics or journeys. I send them because they are small and unbreakable and may escape customs duties, and they are nice in themselves. Your real present will come by hand, so to speak, as far as America.

I wish you could come out and play a game of tennis with me this fine day. For two months we have had wonderful weather, heavy white frosts at night but delicious days. You would be astonished to see me playing tennis with H-- every morning. He gives me 3 points and that makes our games quite lively. Taking off 25 lbs. has improved my wind, and H-- takes so much interest in my progress that I should indeed be stupid if I couldn't improve.

My daily life is full of interest, and I never manage to do all I have planned for the day. Often some interesting student comes to see me bringing almost always some little present. We had a dozen or so here last Sunday, playing at tennis, or looking at photos, or talking. Our way of entertaining is quite Japanese. When they are tired and cold from playing, they come in at our parlor garden-gate, and sit along on the narrow veranda(engawa) in front of the parlor and library.

The doors are thrown open, the hibachi or brazier is brought out for hand warming and hot bean soup with rice cake in it, is served in cups. Then they go off to the court again for more tennis, or stay and talk with me. As twilight comes on, they take off their shoes or dirty tennis tabi and come in to tea and cakes and general conversation.

One of the nicest of our boys is the son of the court physician, Mr. Nagura. He comes and rolls the court and brings nets and balls etc. and is quite familiar with us.

I had the interesting experience of telling a young man last Sunday, the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent. He had never heard it but we came upon the fateful scene in one of our photos, and he demanded an explanation.

Some of these young men wear a military looking uniform, the University dress; more often their costume is Japanese, with bare feet or tabi. Their feet, never having worn shoes, are often beautiful in shape. They wear the kimono and over that the hakama, a garment something like a divided skirt tied on in a peculiar and rather effective way. Then over all comes the haori (pron. hawari) or overkimono which is the Japanese coat.

We found the other day, a long and narrow piece of old carving cut deeply with holes through and evidently from an old temple. It was black with age but the slightest touch of gold showed here and there and we bought it for two yen--\$1.00. Now we spend all our evenings at home in getting the black off, patiently rubbing with soft paper. One bird has come out all of beautiful gold. We think we can get most of the black off. It is fun to see the design come out.

The frame of it turns out to be fine old black lacquer with a red edge and bronze ornaments. We are going to try to find a piece to take you when we go back. The black is of course, the smoke and oil of the incense in the temple, mixed with the dust of the ages. (Special packages by mail.) C--'s is of old brocade, no longer made.

Now I must go and carve my last chair until Mr. Isshi calls, one of our young men; then must cook, as we have an incompetent just now. We enjoy change of food however.

In recognition of his services, H-- was given one of the little books of information gotten up for the officers by the govt. with a R.R. ticket such as was given them. It is a charming souvenir, but he wishes to send it to you, as you would be especially interested to see what the Railways can do

in that way. I shall also send a quaint little book given me by one of the boys who acted as guides for the sailors. It explains itself and will show how thoroughly everything was thought out. I have no doubt many of the guides learned this book by heart.

Dec. 15, 1908

To K--,

. So far, Winter in Japan is not very alarming. We have had hard frosts at night and warm days for a long time and only one small rain storm in two months. Some cold days have made us discuss glass windows and stoves; but at present we have neither.

Last Sunday we sat on the balcony to entertain our guests, with all the shoji open. We have a large hibachi or brazier, in the parlor, where the fire keeps all night, and a small but hot kerosene stove which we set going at need. We play tennis and get too warm doing it, yet every one says cold weather will come.

All Tokyo is excited just now, over an opera which is to be given here next Saturday and Monday by an amateur company of English. We don't often have opera. Tickets run as high as 3 yen! The Embassies are buying dozens at once. It is given for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. and H-- is busy selling tickets to everybody he can.

. I am turning my attention to our Christmas preparations here. We have invited our friend, Mr. Aso, Dean of the W. U. and his five children to come to our tree. His wife died lately and it seemed nice to ask them. His eldest daughter is Chisato's age and she will be here too.

I hope they will enjoy it.

"The Ginza" is the great shopping street here, a wide modern avenue with sidewalks, where the foreign shops are and there I hope to find some German tree ornaments etc. We shall buy a real tree with roots and plant it afterward. Here in Japan, where trees are so beloved, it seems a crime to destroy trees by thousands as we do in America for Christmas trees so, eventually we shall have a grove of real Christmas trees, like that one Lily and Tommy saw on the fairy island, for each year we shall buy one with a root, unless we dig up the old one again. Trees here do not mind a little thing like that!

Since beginning this, the fish man has come and as Fuku is out I interviewed him. He is a very nice man, elderly and polite. He wears no hat, a short dark blue cotton coat with the device of his shop printed or rather dyed on the back. It fits him close, and the skirts are neatly tucked under his belt, displaying the tight fitting leg garments of striped cotton which he is wearing this cold weather. He has a square blue linen pocket which he wears over his stomach, a convenient place for pocket if one doesn't mind bulging in the wrong place. Most of the workmen wear it.

His wooden tubs, set one within another, are filled with a great variety of fishes of all shapes and colors, some of them beautiful, and some grotesque, like a certain kind of star-fish, chocolate colors with eyes (or mouths, I should say) all along its points.

.

Fuku (our new maid) went to try to get a friend to come and cook. She has this moment returned triumphant with her, coming clumping along on her high wooden clogs. Fuku is a tiny

person with very nice manners and a good disposition. Her nose turns up and her face is round and smiling. The new one, whom I have seen for one moment only, is a very good type of servant. She is wax neat and looks somewhat as if she had been cut out of wood and highly lacquered a dark rich color.

Black hair well oiled and shiny, done in a large bow knot, very oblique eyes. She has lived 3 years in her last place and only changed on account of family changes there.

Although I feel much less strange with them than I once did, it will take me some time to feel at home with her. I believe Jap. servants have all one fine quality, they sincerely desire to please you, having the not unreasonable idea that that is what they are for, so long as they stay with you. In these ways the Japanese are what one may call a sensible people. As their work is to serve you, why not do things as you like them? One finds that all employees like their work and like to work.

Time for me to prepare for the Y.M.C.A. where I go this evening to teach. I wish I could remember some of the funny things they say! Do you notice any deterioration in my English? It will certainly come.

Jan. 10, 1909

To R--,

. Today I am writing in the blaze of light reflected from our first snow. It began Sat. evening, just after I had started for the opera, and continued all night, about six inches of wetness, and yesterday and today's sunshine has not melted it from the roofs, as you see it is really winter.

The opera, acted by the Amateur Dramatic Club of Yokohama, was wonderfully well given for an amateur performance, so I thought at least not having heard any music of the kind for so long time, and the evening in the steam-heated new theatre, with the British Ambassador and his wife near us, seemed quite cosmopolitan.

This is the first theatre in Tokyo to be open in the evening instead of all day as heretofore in Japanese theatres and in Continental European style, has a very good buffet adjoining.

Contrary to Jap. custom, this theatre allows no food in the auditorium. The old way was to go for all day and have "vente" or luncheon brought to you, so that people were always eating.

As we live in the suburbs we got home at half past twelve, and as we are Japanese, our two servants were sitting up for us, with hot fires, and ready to serve us with tea, cakes and fruit.

Yesterday was the last day of our New Year's celebrations when some young men from Okayama and living in Tokyo, came to spend the evening. They were such interesting fellows. We had kept the Christmas tree for one more lighting when they should come, that being a new thing for most of them. They afterward looked at photos, played games and sang.

There is here a New Year's game which every one plays. A collection of 100 poems of one verse or more, is used for the game and played somewhat like authors. All young people know these 100 poems by heart. The language is ancient and rather obscure, and I find that some know the words without knowing the meaning, but they are all some thoughtful expression of a

phase of nature, or of a feeling produced by the hour of the day or natural object.

They have been translated by an Englishman into jingling rhymes not dignified enough and far too common; so I think H-- and I will do it. Our Christmas greens and New Year's decorations came down today. Our tree has given pleasure to a great many, 30 or 40 I think, but next year I shall take it down sooner.

Today H-- has started off with the new "Nation" tucked under his arm, to read on the cars, and some one has lent us the Christmas "Century", we feel quite a part of the world again. I hope some will send me papers with accounts of the earthquake in Italy. Details are so hard to get here.

My new maids are settling down into the traces and I have hopes of making a good American cook of Shin. I discovered salt-cod the other day, and she can already make good fishballs, waffles, and hash nicely browned on one side, without my help; so I can always have food that I like. The great struggle is for good bread. I have as yet no way of baking any, and none can be had in our neighborhood; no bread anywhere that we should consider good at home, but without butter one has little inclination to eat it, anyway. One does not sigh for muffins or corneake without that.

We gave the young men last night, shiriko, a sweet bean soup with toasted mochi, a kind of rice cake, in it, then oranges and tea.

Their songs were very interesting, mostly Okayama songs of the people, mochi-making songs, fishermen's songs, miner's songs etc. They all had choruses accompanied by a soft hand-clapping. They were sung for my benefit, as I asked for

Okayama songs.

I wish you could have seen our parlor with two rows of young men kneeling opposite each other, the whole length of the room(they had been playing the 100 poem game), all in Jap. dress and all singing and swaying rythmically. The scale is always minor and rather sad in sound, to me, although they don't feel it so.

We have taken one roll of photos. and shall go on doing it. You will have the results later. I think we can send some good ones, but so much I wish to take is out of doors that I shall have to wait for warmer months. . . .

Jan. 10, '09

To Miss S--,

The sun is just setting behind Fuji and the mountain range, white with yesterday's snow. It is a lovely sight and I wish you were here in this toasty warm room with me to see it and have some of the tea, about to be brought up. It is nearly five o'clock; the temple bell has just boomed out.

Your letter of Dec. 13 has just come and given me a pleasant picture anew, of something I see very often indeed, your library in B--, the fire and the lamps and the family sitting about. Your thoughtful present of the "Nation" has already given us great pleasure, both in present possession and in anticipation. We read to each other out of it and H-- takes it to read on the cars and we feel quite in touch with the world.

R--'s book, too, has been a pleasure. H-- read it nearly all to me and he greatly enjoyed it. All our gifts from home were the greatest joy and have been tasted to the full. (Gift

from cousin M. G.)

Contrary to my expectations, this Christmas has been a very happy season. I had thought, beforehand, that I might be excused for a little homesickness on that day, but we were so busy entertaining our friends, and your gifts and letters came so apropos, and seemed so piping hot as one may say, just out of the warm oven of your hearts, that no one could be homesick.

My husband has the sweetest nature, and is so fond of his wife, that where he is becomes more and more home to me. We had our first separation the other day when he went to a Y.M.C.A. conference for two days. Chisato was here, and Mr. Isshi came and spent the nights with us, so that I might not be too lonely.

H-- characteristically brought me a fern which he dug up on the mountain side. It is a form of maiden-hair we think, but the fronds are long instead of fanshaped. I have a little house garden now, a plantstand up stairs in my sunny sitting room with some rather poor-looking plants on it. A hyacinth just budding, two pots of a very queer yellow flower which the Japanese love at New Year's time, and some other plants, new to me, a leaf something like a trefoil and a flower like a single pink, both white and pink. Very pretty.

A Japanese winter so far as my experience goes, has a great deal of fine weather. We are about to begin the really cold season they say, but with my new glass windows I can keep very warm and find myself often to my surprise, too warm, with a handful only of charcoal in a box. I wear very warm clothing, all I can pile on generally, and underflannels, funny Jap. ones, but delicately soft and pleasing to the touch. Clothes are of the smallest consequence in Japan. If you wear the dernier cri, nobody is the wiser, if you dress in antiquities, nobody

knows it. There is in general, a blessed ignorance as to whether your coats and skirts match or your hat goes with them.

This is in general of course, because the percentage of foreigners is so very small, and the natives don't understand and are quite indifferent to foreign dress. Once in a while comes an occasion for which one must dress; they are not frequent, however, and I don't see how anybody's best clothes can stay in fashion.

I wish you could see some of the amusing clothes of the common people. The men have only just begun to wear covering on the legs. The real Jap. dress is the long kimono and the hakama over it; but working men or shopkeepers do not wear this, and others often leave it off, wearing only short under-drawers. It has been discovered that leg covers are comfortable and that best and cheapest of all is some form of woolen drawers; so that it is not unusual to see for instance, a decent old man with his clean wadded kimono folded up and tucked under his obi and his legs encased in neat woolen drawers.

A favorite kind is the wool lined sort. On his feet he usually wears tabi, but if he wears shoes, he often has on long women's stockings fastened up with an elastic around the knee. I remember that this struck me as very funny at first, so I write about it, but I have now, almost forgotten how odd they seemed.

The Japanese people are not funny at all. They are dignified and interesting. I find myself studying their faces in the cars. There is rarely a stupid looking one, all look alert and intelligent. Sometimes one sees a beautiful young girl or a lovely youth, but in general they are not handsome.

Jan. 20, '09

To K--,

. A letter from you or the others gives me infinite pleasure. It annihilates distance and time and brings Tokyo next door to Brookline. Try to produce this effect as often as you can, for I have one dread in my otherwise peaceful and happy life; it is that one of these days, I shall be able to realize how far off you all are, and when that time comes! We (H-- and I) have told each other that we must keep a good bank account, for when that time comes I think we shall buy tickets for Boston the next day.

This morning I sent off E--'s belated Xmas present. Some one has suddenly appeared who is on his way to the Springfield Training School, and there was just time to get that off, as a box happened to be in the house. I wrote her a hurried note for the pleasure of using our one American p. stamp, so that it could be mailed in Springfield.

I am sorry the little lady is so battered as to her halo or whatever it is, rising behind her head, a morning cloud perhaps. I advise E-- to touch with color the little spots of white showing under the color of the draperies etc. The figure is carved in wood but where it was colored or gilded, a white composition was put on first.

Yesterday it snowed hard all day, a real winter day. I spent it up stairs, where I could watch the storm, and wrote about Paris. I have undertaken to give a lecture on Paris, but of course it must be mostly evolved from my inner consciousness as books, beyond our Baedkr. and a history or two, are lacking. It is to be illustrated with stereopticon views and given at Y.M.C.A. I can't at the present moment find my

P. photos. H--, says I am like a magpie, that I hide away precious affairs so that I can't find them myself.

Yesterday also, I was much pleased to have a call from Mr. Motoda who is an Episcopal minister just starting a church in this neighborhood. It will be a Jap. service but as there are prayer-books printed in "Romaji", i.e. Jap. words with English letters, I can understand and even follow it, and I shall be glad to continue "Garty's" work over here by helping to start a new church.

Mr. Motoda is a middle aged man who speaks English perfectly and is a well known and agreeable person. He lives in Okubo (where we live practically, although Kashiwagi is our P.O. address) and is an intimate friend of the Tyng family. You remember, Mr. and Mrs. T-- took dinner in Brozne before I left. He speaks of a young Virginian, a missionary, who came here four years ago, is also going to help the new church. I am wondering if he is not that friend of Dr. Price who was coming to Tokyo about that time.

I had Papa's charming letter this week, and we continue to have double numbers of the "Nation" arriving curiously enough, always 24 hours apart. The Japan Times today contains particulars, one month old, of Pres. Roosevelt's row with the Senate. At this distance, it is to be deplored, we think, that the Senate could not swallow its affronts for the short time remaining, and not discredit the head of the Nation before the world, however insulting and impossible he may be. I suppose even a president cannot call everybody liars and rascals too long.

It is the day when I teach at the sei neu kai (English pron. say neu ki), meaning Y.M.C.A., and I must presently go

to my kitchen and concoct a hot lunch for our supper. I take with me a tin can of hot rice and a stone pot, which retains heat, holding some sort of hot meat. These things we eat with chopsticks and finish off with cake oranges and tea, the latter always on tap at the Y.M.C.A.

Last Sat. I went down as a member of the "Women's Auxiliary" to help prepare a lunch for the member's reception that evening. Before it began three other Am. ladies, one Jap. lady and I went to a Jap. restaurant of a kind quite common here, and got our supper. The different small rooms are fitted with low tables, (see page 29)

Last Sat. and Friday are holidays all over Japan for servants and apprentices. The streets and cars were crowded with these holiday makers who have only two days in the year, the 15 or 16 of Jan. and July.

About 800 came to the Sei Neu Kai and had a free bath, food and a present, with some kind of general entertainment.

. . . . the usual young men come and go bringing gifts, our last, wrapped up in white tissue paper and tied carefully with the ornamental red and white cords used for presents, and the accompanying paper fold, was two large cans of Armour's corned beef! It must have been quite expensive. How do you suppose he ever thought of it?

We are delightedly using the camera and hope to send a series of the exterior and interior of our house soon, as I suppose those are the first views you wish to see in Japan.

. . . . We have a dog in prospect I hear.

Feb. 3, '09

To C.S.S.,

Our fine camera has been busy since it arrived

in Japan and we have two films now being printed. The time exposures in a Jap. house must be a little different from those elsewhere, so all may not come out well. One or two I took double, in my first zeal.

We feel very rich again with our camera and thank you for your kindness. Our house is steadily getting prettier. I hear now on all sides that we have a very pretty one. We are pausing just now, however to entertain a little, as we owe everybody, and besides that, are systematically entertaining young men among those we know, by having two at a time to dine.

H-- is as busy as ever, not always teaching or at the office, but doing various things. Last Sunday week he lectured at Yokohama and he is constantly writing or speaking. Yesterday he was consulted with regard to a magazine for athletics and sports by some people who want his help.

I wished you had been with us on Sat. One of the great events, perhaps the great event of the sporting world here, is the wrestling. There are matches four times a year, but the winter one is the most important. These wrestlers are the special pets of the nobility and gentry and seats at the shows are very high, most of them being taken in advance for the season. H--'s friend, Count Akimoto, had several boxes. They begin at the New Year and wrestle every fine day for ten days.

The club is building a large and handsome amphitheatre but as it is not yet finished, the contests took place in a vast enclosure, oval in form, with seats rising all around it from the raised arena in the centre. The scene was one of the most picturesque I have ever seen. The central stage was built up about four or five feet from the ground. The centre of it was the circular sanded arena enclosed in two straw

circles, outside of which the wrestlers aimed not to be forced.

From the four corners of this stage arose large red columns supporting at a considerable height, an ornamental canopy; at each of these columns, sitting in the corner and leaning against the column, was an old wrestler, too old for further contests, but brought there to judge the games. These four old men sat perfectly immovable and added greatly to the picturesque effect.

The enclosure itself, was of a temporary nature, made of bamboo poles with canvas in huge white and dark blue horizontal stripes, stretched around it, while overhead, the great roof was made in the same way but covered with some darker stuff.

This enormous place holding thousands of people, was full. There was a high wind that blew the canvas covers about and let in the sunlight in long streaks with bright reflections from the Sumida river below. This sunshine struck across the tiers of people, illuminating the soldier's uniforms, the red columns and the brown satiny skins of the wrestlers on the platform, and threw long shafts of light across the atmosphere lovely with tobacco smoke.

The wrestlers are huge fellows most of them over six feet and very heavy. Their hair is worn in a tuft on top of the head as you have seen it on fans. About three to five minutes is given to each pair of contestants. They come in, in companies, a dozen, perhaps on one side, making a little procession onto the stage, where they stand a moment and then retire. At this time they wear their aprons, very gorgeous affairs of silk or satin with fringe and heavily embroidered in gold etc. These have been given by admirers.

For the less important wrestlers, the umpire comes on with bare feet and a fan in his hand. As they grow more important, the umpires change, each time growing somewhat more elaborate in dress, first wearing tabi, then other elaborations, and finally having a sword etc.

There are a good many small ceremonies observed. When a wrestler has admirers, these throw their hats or coats or other objects on to the stage for him; then he returns them afterward and gets a present.

On one side of one of the columns a number of army officers had stuck their swords, gold-hilted, and these added to the effect.

There were a very few nice Japanese ladies, no foreign ones that I could see and a few foreigners anyway, but nobody paid any attention to me. We had our luncheon in our box, huge bowls of rice cooked with chicken and egg, hot and good, and we knelt on cushions and had tiny hibachi between us to keep us warm.

I wouldn't have believed I could sit from 12 to 4:30 on a cold windy day in a tent with no fire but two little coals in a box, but I wasn't cold at all. The excitement and pleasure kept me warm.

Our severest cold seems to be over. On Sunday there was tennis all the afternoon on our court, and nobody thought of being cold. It was the first playing since the day after Christmas.

(Visit of Dr. Price's friend, Mr. Walke.)

I went over to Miss Tsuda's school this week to call on one of her teachers, an American, and also called on three girls of the school who come to the little church here. They

are sweet girls and showed me over the dormitory, which is quite Japanese in style, except for the dining room. At one room they paused and said, "This is the drawing-room." I looked in and saw a small square table a foot high and cushions, and thought it rather dark and asked how they drew there. Did they sit on the floor and hold drawing-boards? But it appeared, from their somewhat embarrassed replies, that this was their reception room, a drawing room.

They were afraid to ask me in where there were no chairs; but I promptly assumed the correct attitude on a cushion, and so proved myself a good Japanese.

The papers here and everybody else is very much interested in the doings of the Cal. legislature. I think everybody feels now, that Cal. does not represent the sentiment of the country at large. But Cal. is our nearest neighbor, and I don't think the govt. or the people will put up with insult, but will hold the U.S. responsible in the end. Expressions are very guarded. Everybody urges everyboby to have confidence in the American people, but it is very hard just now, immediately after the sincere and earnest effort of every individual in the community to show friendliness to America at the time of the fleet's visit.

It seems so astonishingly unjust and unkind, especially when one compares the Japanese immigrant with the scum of Europe, landed on the Atlantic coast.

I was glad to hear what you say about Roosevelt. He does seem unbalanced. What a pity he couldn't have held on a little longer and left the White House with dignity!

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When I have time I am indulging in a course of Geo.

Meredith. We are enjoying our little library very much, and eventually I think, shall become thoroughly familiar with all our books.

I wish you could see our cook who has at this moment emerged from the house to sweep the garden. She is very short indeed and rather stout. Her kimono lined with blue, is turned neatly up and folded around showing her crimson satin obi above it. Below it another one, plaided with red and black and white and lined with light green, shows to half way down to her calves. She has no stockings but her small feet are encased in tabi and she is perched on a pair of high geta. Her broom handle is of bamboo and the broom part of some sort of stiff branching grass, quite good for garden sweeping.

Feb. 4, '09

To Mrs. W--,

I have a letter from you and one from your aunt to answer for more days than I intended, but here goes for one of them anyway. It is such a pleasure to hear, and I always mean to answer at once, but sometimes, as you know yourself, there comes no chance to write. This morning we have spring. The birds are singing, all the doors are wide open, and the house is full of sunshine.

You ask especially whether I keep clean, I really think I do, rather, but cleanliness is a matter of comparison. I don't think I could keep clean in Japan in your house and with your family without at least six servants. Of course we pay only \$1.50 a month for each of our two. They seem to work nearly all the time, but they don't get as much done as we expect from ours. They do more kinds of work. They brush our