

boots and wash our rubbers and clean our clothes and sweep the garden and at any moment expect to run on errands.

They put up with every sort of inconvenience in their work, because they do not know what it is to have conveniences. They don't expect to have the same food to eat that we have. An old Jap. lady said to me "see that they do not eat good things, even not enough is very well." I really think they have enough. With that part I have nothing to do, they order for themselves and seem very conscientious about it, and are both growing fat.

All the rooms in my house are swept every day and dusted beforehand with a flapper. The engawa, or balcony outside the rooms (there are three, one outside the parlor and library, one outside the dining room and one outside our bedroom and sitting room upstairs) is of wood; these three balconies are all wiped with a wet cloth every day. The wooden sills between the rooms on which the screens slide, the stairs and short entry at the top, and the wooden steps at the door on which we take off our shoes, are also wiped every day with a cloth wrung out of a pail of hot water.

The kitchen floor, of wood, is washed at least once a day and is constantly being wiped with a wet cloth.

The cemented floor of the vestibule, the shoe scraper and a space in front of the door is also swept. The garden is swept from time to time, every day in summer. These things are a matter of course in a Jap. house.

In addition the second maid washes our towels and handkerchiefs, pillow cases, stockings, cotton underwear, and irons them as well as centre pieces and doilies. The cook fetches the water from the well, 300 ft. from the kitchen. All this,

with the daily chamber work is done without my supervision, but I find that if I want our bookcases entirely free from dust, or my centre table orderly, or the rims of H--'s desk upstairs, clean, I must look at them every day and either dust myself or order it done. The only cleaning of woodwork is done by dusting unless otherwise directed. I must also see that the windows are washed.

They do all things well and cheerfully, whenever I suggest it. I am now teaching our cook, American cooking, and many simple dishes like fried potatoes, corned beef hash, fishballs etc. she does very well. She can roast meat with potatoes in the pan, and has learned my favorite ways of cooking fish. In time we shall come to desserts.

She has learned several foreign soups already. The other one can now set a table and does it beautifully, although she had never seen other than bowls and chopsticks with no table cloth. She is learning to clean silver, takes an intelligent interest in doing all.

Of course, with all their good points, I am sometimes deeply displeased with them. They and I being both human and given to human weaknesses, I am constantly reproving and finding fault, but probably as they don't understand what I say, it sheds happily and they pursue their cheerful way undisturbed.

The meal-getting is light. Two or three times a week, H-- and I are not here for dinner and things stay clean where there is only one quiet person walking about with no shoes on. I am sure that it is our shoes, clean as they are compared with the shoes of a country without sidewalks, which bring in such an immense deal of dirt, and I am thinking that when I go back for that summer at W--, I am planning for, I may provide

socks as is often done here, to put on over shoes to protect the floors.

My kitchen is a melancholy spot. The servants don't seem to realize it and I am astonished at the good fare which emerges from so unpromising a situation. We have been having dinner guests lately, and in looking about for good foods not too dear, (for poor beef is very expensive) we find that wild birds of all sorts, pigeon, duck, pheasant etc. are perfectly delicious and the cheapest thing we can have!

Yesterday H-- brought home a little fat duck for ourselves. It was 15 cents! They have not been put into cold storage but are just brought to market, sweet and good.

For the most part I engage in homely domestic duties. I like my home and like to stay in it, and have always more planned to do than can be done. H-- is sitting for his portrait which I am painting badly, without a pang.

We have no music here to speak of. We went to a little opera given by an amateur company from Yokahama, and I went to a concert the other day, but part of it was Chinese music, from which the Lord deliver us! One feels as if some unendurable fly were buzzing.

. Nothing of thrilling interest has occurred lately. H-- and some of the boys occasionally use the travelling chess-board. H-- has tried to find a larger set of chess men of the foreign kind, but has not been successful; Jap. chess is different. The game of "go" played with any number of black and white men is popular and difficult to play, but not so charming a game as our chess.

. A splendid camelia, as tall as I am, has just given us a crimson blossom in spite of the cold, and other

buds are showing their red tips. I don't know how they manage it with frost and snow.

. . . . Tell Tom the boys are all out in the field, flying kites. They go up almost out of sight and the strings make a sound like the note of a great organ.

Feb. 17,

To Miss C.P.B.

. . . . H-- and I feel quite excited over seeing Mr. B--. I do hope he will come to Tokyo. H-- and I are already planning to give him the time of his life. . .

Today we took a long walk . . . to a famous plum-tree garden. It is nearly time for the plum blossom, but this cold season has retarded them, and it will be two weeks yet before they are fully out.

This plum garden is a beautiful place, called ginseki, meaning silver world, in reference to the white blossoms. It is a large enclosure, in the centre a mound with immense drooping pine trees and a small tea house. There are other great pine trees about, so that when the plum blossoms appear, they must be greatly enhanced in beauty by this dark setting.

After that H-- went off, and I came back to try to hustle things a little. There was much to do in the house. The paper doors and windows needed repairs and renewing in places. The parlor cushions (that we sit on when we sit on the floor) must be put in the sun to make them fluffy again. My Jap. teacher came in the afternoon for two hours. Then it was time for H-- to come and the hustling had to begin again. H-- comes to dinner on Wed. only, and goes right away after.

Of course dinner wasn't ready. A Jap. servant can't be

induced to get it all ready until everybody is waiting for it, so it was a rather hurried and unsatisfactory meal after all.

We tried a new thing today. We can get no cream here, only boiled milk; but some American has invented a substitute, white of egg beaten up with a kind of barley syrup they have, a clear substance resembling honey with out much taste. I had little faith in it, but really I should not have known that it was not whipped cream with a little sugar beaten in. I am quite pleased.

I get thinner and thinner, . . . but am very well . . . I wish I didn't have to learn Japanese. A good many here are learning Esperanto so I hope you will include that among your languages.

. . . Have had a dear old Jap. lady for a visitor, so polite I am quite exhausted by it! Wish you could see the dolls on ex. for the doll's festival! The daintiest and prettiest things ever seen!

Feb. 25, '09

To R--,

It is a lovely spring day. I am sitting in the sunshine upstairs without a fire. The glass all along the balcony making it very warm here. I have walked about the garden this morning, planted a young cedar tree and brushed the front garden and have been sewing, . . .

As I sit here, all the family photos. are looking at me from the shelf, and I have been thinking about you all in turn and the things you are doing. This is the season of the doll's festival and the shops are full of wonderful dainty dolls dressed in the ancient costumes, many of them, and dancing ,

singing, fighting etc. just like any Jap. pictures you have seen. Some of those exhibited are very ancient and the dolls seem to be individual.

They do not come from factories, but each has its own expression according to the fancy of the maker. There are many toy incense burners but I have seen no set like yours or as pretty.

We have had a busy week of it. Last Sat. Mrs. M--(the old lady of whom I have often written) came to make us a visit. We had asked her many times before, but we didn't know that she was coming just then.

I sent Fuku to her house to stay because her old woman (a kind of old lady "help") could not stay alone. With a visitor in the house, I had much extra work to do.

On Sunday a number of young men came as usual, and three young ladies from Miss Tsuda's school who had to be entertained by themselves. All these various groups must be offered tea at once and then shirico, (a kind of sweet bean soup) and I had a good deal of it to do with Fuku gone and Shin washing the luncheon dishes. H-- had to go off to give a talk and couldn't get back before four.

The boys finally went out to tennis and the girls went back to school. Then the tennis players came back for more shirico, games and conversation. We waited until eight o'clock for them to go away, and then had dinner while they were still here!

Mr. Nagura and Mr. Fukunaga also of Keio University and Mr. Kajiwara of the Imperial University etc. The first two are well off for Japan, the latter not, but he is studying Italian and French and asking about the cost of living in

Rome, I have no doubt he means to get there some way.

Monday Mrs. M-- and I went to see a large exhibition of flower arrangements. Usually the rival schools have not exhibited in the same place, but this time we could judge of them side by side. Some of them were very beautiful, but there were few flowers. They were mostly arrangements of line; branches, even, without leaves, being used with perhaps one or two flowers of another bush tucked in at the bottom.

One which was really so full of sentiment that one could not help going back over and over to look at it, represented a plum tree. It was made of separate branches, cut and bent to look like a perfect tree, and stood in a black dish containing water. There were tiny plum blossoms on the branches but no leaves, one branch drooping into the water. I don't know why it was so beautiful, but it was. I meant to have taken the camera but forgot it.

The plum gardens will soon be in bloom and we shall have several excursions from here to see them. As we live in the midst of gardens of various sorts, it seems a good way of entertaining our guests. I plan a lunch party for next week, of three unmarried ladies of different ages, who will be taken to Gin seki, a plum garden, in kurumas. (You know kuruma is jinricksha; Gin seki is pronounced with G hard and i like the pronoun I, and means "silver world", in reference to the white blossoms.)

Sat. we went to a tea given by a Mr. and Mrs. D--, semi-artists who live here. They live in a Jap. house and were showing their collection of Jap. candlesticks. Several people are collecting them but I never shall. We have one modern one for use, queer enough but pretty I think, made of bronze. . .

I called, yesterday, on a Jap. lady. Her house is very pretty but there is nothing in her parlor but a kakemono, a flower vase, and a clock, unless you count the cushions we knelt upon. I took her a present of some salt fish! The package was carefully tied with red and white cord and had an appropriate paper fold, I forget the name of. Everything de riguer. Imagine yourself calling on Mrs. --- with a present of a few spoonfuls of salt fish in a little glass jar!

I was looking at embroidered gauzes and crepes the other day. There was a beauty white embroidered all over with blue butterflies for \$9.00 the dress pattern! Another with breadths embroidered on the ends, in shiny white silk in garlands, and heavenly pinks and yellows.

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March 3, '09

To E--,

. I have just had the most curious and interesting present from our brother in Okayama. It is a kakemono especially designed for this day, which is the doll's festival.

The kakemono is charming in color and its queer and foolish design of two dolls and a weeping willow doesn't seem to interfere at all with one's pleasure in it. It is painted by a good artist, the colors of the doll's clothes are gay and beautiful, while the border is of a fine brocade with wavy gold lines and fleur de lis. The whole is mounted on silk of a soft blue color and the stick at the bottom is ivory.

It was painted for H--'s mother when she was born, and on every dolls' festival thereafter was hung up for her pleasure.

When she married she took it with her as well as her dolls, dressed in facsimiles of her wedding clothes, and H-- remembers to have seen it hung up in his childhood. So it has an interesting history and it gives us great pleasure to look at it. We have decorated the Toko in its honor with red and white flowers (peach and cherry blooms) and for dinner tonight a special kind of sake only used on doll's festival days. (The latter was particularly horrid, but we didn't mind that.)

Our day has been rather interesting. I am going to have a luncheon for three ladies, all I can accomodate, as soon as the plum blossoms open, so we walked over to Gin seki to see them this morning. It was very muddy and there were no blossoms; so after struggling a short time with the mud, we took kurumas to a temple where there is a great bronze Buddha, intending to photograph it for your benefit. But for once no children were climbing into his lap, and there was only a group of street car conductors eating their luncheon, so we gave that up and went on to the shop of a man who frames Jap. pictures and makes screens.

We have a few little old pictures unmounted, which we are going to have framed in the Jap. way with a sort of brocade silk frame or mat inside the real frame. They require very soft dingy colors, as they are old and delicate; the man had nothing to suit us, but we ordered a screen there and it was interesting to watch the men at work. Their way of doing is very different from ours.

But foreign ways are just as interesting to the Japanese. As we stood in the door and talked with the man, 24 people gathered behind us to see what was going on. Many of them

had babies on their backs. They were perfectly still, and very good natured and clean. It is something like Italy isn't it, except that one would leave out "clean" in talking of Italy.

After that we walked through one of my favorite streets where there are such delightful antique shops. We lingered along, poking about and asking prices, but not buying, until it became time for H-- to go to the University, when I went further down town to our favorite antique shop where I got a number of bits of brocade which had once been used for kakemonos etc. and bought enough for three things. They will be beauties and cost almost nothing.

Hurrying home again, I had barely time for luncheon when my Jap. teacher came. Soon after HOO came back to an early dinner proudly bearing in his arms two old pictures with frames which he had picked up in some old shop for 20 cents for the two. Miss Ishigame went away and we fell to upon our frames.

A Jap. picture is framed without a glass, and frame and inside are pretty much on a level. The inside, of silk or paper, with the picture mounted thereon, is stretched on a frame and this neatly made and unbroken inside was the precious thing about these acquisitions.

Written characters, a poem, a saying, or something written in large and handsome hand-writing, are very fashionable in Japan. I noticed several in Count Akimoto's house and we had a short old one, unmounted, which says, "Good taste makes refinement." This was just a good shape for one of the frames and we mounted it on a gold ground; this with the narrow black frame on the outside, makes a very good thing of it, and we

are quite satisfied.

After that, we had our hurried dinner and H-- hastened to his classes.

We have boy student help now, a young man who attends the Bible school opposite, in the mornings and works for us in the afternoons. We keep him at rolling the tennis court and putting in order the yard. I have now set him to polishing, by hand-rubbing, the wooden edge of the toko which is getting a fine polish.

I am planning a little party for H--'s birthday, the first since his coming back to Japan. It will be a surprise for him. The proper dish for a birthday, is rice cooked with small red beans which gives a pink color to the rice; this, one offers to one's guests. I think I shall also have a birthday cake. I have discovered a shop where they make lovely and perfect flowers and leaves of spun sugar and color them well, and I want the cake to have a garland of these.

Next Sunday, our dinner guests are to be Mr. and Mrs. Motoda. Dr. M-- is the head of St. Paul's school and well known in various directions. He speaks English perfectly and is a devoted friend of Mr. T--.

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An exact report of Johnson's speech about the Japanese, in the Cal. legislature, has been published here without comment, to my mind showing a wonderful self control on the part of the Japanese. The speech was outrageous, attacking the whole nation from the ambassador down, calling them "beasts" etc. I speak of it because you may not have seen it. I am afraid our country will have to pay for it, though; Merchants

here refused to send their goods to the Seattle exposition, and the relations with England are getting more and more cordial. The English ambassador here makes every effort also. He is an old diplomat and knows Japan. In that same paper was quoted a speech of Sven Hedin, the explorer, in which he spoke of the number of great men in Japan, and the simplicity of their lives.

I suppose this is a day of great satisfaction in America.

Between March 7 & 14, '09

To E--,

(Expecting a call from Mr. Walke, Dr. Price's friend and a lady he is bringing. Lady proved to be a Jap. resident for 15 years.)

I have just been in my best, to call on a Jap. lady, Mrs. Kume, with Mrs. Matsudaira whom you know about. Mrs. Kume's husband is brother to Count Kume and is himself a distinguished man, holding some high post under the govt. I met this lady some days ago and she expressed a desire to know me and made this appointment through Mrs. M--.

I had a lovely time. She is rather young, looks about 25 but may be older, and desires to know foreign ways. At present she is all Japanese. They live on a long narrow populous little street, filled with swarms of children, poor hotels and shops, but such things, in Japan some times are mixed up with more aristocratic residences.

This house stands well within its high enclosing walls, has a beautiful and spacious porch with carving and a very large antichamber through which we passed to the engawa or

balcony that extends along the garden side of the house.

The garden gives one, I know not why, the feeling of deep peace. It is not large as your lot. It has a great many tall trees in it irregularly placed and of irregular shapes, which grow around the deep hollow in the midst. This does not in the least resemble a fairy ring. There is not a spear of grass in the place nor any flower except one plum tree in bloom. A few rocks especially in the hollow where there is a stone bridge over some muddy water.

The place is surrounded by a rather unstable bamboo fence, and stands apparently on the edge of a cliff and one across a collection of gray chimneyless roofs below, a pine grove on a hill. Nothing else appears. You are shut in with the garden.

The room in which we sat on our knees on silk cushions, was small, on one side the Toko and the Todauro. On the other a row of perfectly simple little cupboards about two feet high, and seven of them possibly.

Each had doors and a little drawer underneath(the doors?). They probably contain precious treasures, but nobody opened them. I knew how Bluebeard's wife would have felt. On the wall behind, were panels of Jap. writing, probably poems written by important persons.

On the Todauro(shelves) were various objects which it was our duty as well bred guests, to look at. Some of them had been given by the Emperor. Before each of us, was placed a tray containing a large sheet of white paper and a pair of ivory chopsticks and on the paper a pile of Jap. cakes arranged with an eye to color, a vivid pink, bright greens, white, dull yellow etc. These were to take away with us, and

as I did not dare to eat any for fear of making mistakes, I bore all mine home, wrapped in the paper with a clean new handkerchief outside.

Then Mrs. Kume' made tea for us. I wonder how you would like Jap. tea? I think as we make it and she made it, it is delicious. You only have about two swallows at a time in the tiny cups.

She played and sung for us, with the Koto, and presently Mr. Kume' came in, who speaks English well and has travelled, and he thanked me for coming and Mrs. Kume' said she wished to be a true friend to me and that we could come and go to each other's houses often.

She lives for Tokyo, very near here. Then after arranging a time for her return visit, we left followed by the master and mistress and servant and turning at the outer gate to bow and say "sayonara" once more. I forgot to say that she has one chair which was brought in and set on the shining wood floor just outside the mats in the room, and a Siberian wolf skin laid over it, and I was urged to sit in it. But it was very high and stiff and I felt like a cow up there and I soon got off it and sat with them on the floor.

All the same, European clothes, especially one's best suit, are not adapted for kneeling. (Birthday party) I am having struggles to keep it from him, especially the answers to invitations. The other night we came in late, and all the servants shouted in chorus, kneeling at the door as usual, "there is a letter for you!" I made haste to enter the library before H--'s shoes were off and seized it so quickly that when they came in to get it for me it wasn't there!

Then began a great hunt for it which lasted about an hour and after we had gone to bed, they were still discussing its mysterious disappearance. It was not till H-- had left the house the next day, that I could explain the marvel to them.

March 17, '09

To R--,

. I am wondering whether Mrs. W--'s friends will come out on the same ship with Hugh Moran, H--'s Rhodes scholar friend, whom we saw in Oxford. He has written H-- and we hope to meet him at the steamer and have him here a day or two before he goes to China. He is so tall however, that he will bump his head here.

. Sunday was H--'s birthday and I invited about 25 of his friends (all Japanese except Mrs. Ichjuorima?) to come in, Sunday afternoon and surprise him. It was pretty hard to keep the secret from him, but he had no idea of it, although he thought one or two things rather queer. I ordered a birthday cake from the "foreign cake shop," and some "pink rice" from the Jap. shop and so combined the two(see p. 111). This rice had to be put into small wooden boxes, one for each person, with a little spray of a special bush, having a very graceful leaf, and tied around with red and white strings like those on your packages.

A new bunch of flowers must be put into the Toko, and everything made ready for the party. I knew the party might begin any old time, for people arrive early in Japan. Fortunately, H-- insisted on going to church, as he rarely does, and while he was gone, Chisato, Mrs. Matsudaira and Mr.

Kobayashi all came and they filled the boxes while I fixed the house and arranged the cakes and saw that there was enough dinner for anyone who should happen to be here at that time.

We had three guests for that function, not counting one who came early but waited in the parlor. After all was over, one belated individual took a hurried pick up supper with H-- who then had to go away to a meeting in the evening.

The party was a great success. Three of H--'s Stamford friends were here, two with their very nice Japanese wives, and a number of other friends. H-- looked handsome in his beautiful Jap. costume, and we had innumerable cups of tea and ate cakes. Those who did not eat theirs were asked to carry them home and each was presented with a box of pink rice, on leaving.

Several people brought presents; a lovely set of 52 cards showing scenes along the old Daimyo road between Tokyo and Kioto, charmingly colored, and are reproductions of some famous old pictures. We shall send you a set some time. Mrs. Matsudaira gave a beautiful little set for tea, blue and white old Kioto ware, and Mrs. Kusahara (wife of a friend of H--'s who lived some time in N. Y.) some delicious "Zushi", a Jap. dish, which she made herself.

As, firstly, everybody, especially the ladies, liked sitting on the floor, and secondly, there were not chairs enough to go around, I spent the greater part of my time on my knees which have not yet fully recovered, although at the time I didn't mind it.

The next night a gentleman came to dine who is just sailing for America. He is quite a rich man (for Japan) and is

going to study railroads in Am. and Europe for three years. He was graduated from the Civ. Eng. course of the Imp. Univ., and intends to study the management and details of railroads in Am. both steam and electric. Then he intends to come back here to his native province and build and manage a railroad!

He will do it without doubt. . . . He is married and has two little children whom he was melancholy about leaving. We almost sent by him a present which H-- has for your father, but it is so heavy in its box and so valuable, that we couldn't make up our minds to do it, so it waits for some one else who has been to Am. and knows the ropes; or perhaps we shall think it best to declare it and pay duty as being safer.

The present of which I am speaking, is from the marvellous store house at Okayama. H-- asked his brother for it and it was at once sent with the message that if it was not suitable we might keep it and he would send something else. We are now trying to think it not "suitable," because we should like something from those treasures, ourselves, but alas! it is only too "suitable." We shall send it before long.

The affair is an equipment for luncheon to take on journeys or picnics, and has evidently been much used. H-- thinks it may well be as much as 500 years old; we shall find out more exactly. It is of the best period of gold lacquer and is inlaid with gold and silver and black enamel. It stands about 18 in. high and I think is a shade wider in proportion to its height than my drawing. The large square box is an "ovento" box or box for lunch, and is in four compartments carefully fitted together.

The design is all one, extending around all four sides and

represents, at the bottom a river with mountain scenery above. On one side monkeys are swinging down from the trees into the water. On another, men are wading across the river carrying burdens etc.

On the top are the ladies and gentlemen who are journeying through this wilderness, who have alighted from their grand coach and are sitting on the ground contemplating cherry blossoms blooming over their heads, while the moon, not yet risen, can be seen or rather felt, large and round behind the mountain!

The two curious bottles at the side are made of pewter and form a delicious contrast in their pinky grayness to the brown and gold of the lacquer. On the exquisite little tray with a picture representing summer, stands the sake cup to be used with the bottles. The diagonals on the uprights at the ends are filled in with the family arms.

The box made to contain all this, is a battered old black lacquered box with curious iron handles on the side, coming up high enough above the cover to admit a stick. The box was carried by two servants holding the stick on their shoulders.

H-- doesn't let me look at this without kneeling on the floor first. The Japanese always look at their precious objects in this way, setting on one side the article looked at before taking up another, for fear of dropping and injuring.

Our two little old pictures have just come home from the framer. They are very attractive although mere nothings, mounted with old brocade borders and slight wooden frames outside that, all on a level, no glass.

Yesterday I had an Am. lunch party, (Miss Lippincott, Miss McD-- and Miss Matthews,) (Menu) After the luncheon we went in kurumas to the plum tree garden and jumiso, a little lake, temple grove and bathing place. My dream had been of a warm sunny spring day with the blossoms loading the air with fragrance, but it was, on the contrary a cold gray day and the plum blossoms looked quite chilly, not more so however, than I felt.

This morning we woke in the midst of a heavy snow storm. Everything was lovely, covered thickly with white snow, but most lovely of all was a large camelia bush which stands before the glass doors of our dining room. It is filled with immense crimson blossoms which have been growing all winter in spite of the cold and frost, and have recently burst into bloom.

These with their shining green leaves slightly variegated with yellow, and loaded with snow, were perfectly beautiful. I tried to paint them, but the snow melted and the sketch wasn't a success.

March 23, '09

To E.B.W.

. (house-keeping, servants, dinner guests) We have made over our kitchen; from one small earthen pot for fire, sitting on the floor in a place not much larger than your back entry, and with no light except such as came through the paper door, we have now contrived to make it seem twice as large and have a nice blue tiled platform or shelf along one side, backed with tiles, whereon stand three or four charcoal fires, one of them with an oven.

My cook is enchanted, she has never dreamed of such conveniences, and thinks "Ochsama" or mistress, a wonder. (Her accomplishments in cooking)

Our dining room has risen to the dignity of a table and carved chairs, and has been newly papered with plain paper on which "Ochsama" plans to paint something. My dream is of a kind of conventional landscape, a la Japonaise, with a great pine tree showing a branch and some tree trunk, a conventional blue river, and plenty of gold. I fear that that dream will never come true, and that some sort of stencil will finally develop. (Camelia in the snow, blossom four or five inches in diam.)

(Plum blossom time now, took Am. friends the other day.)

(Making flower and vegetable garden. Plan of garden.)

. . . . good roses are hard to get here and very expensive. . . . H--'s pride and joy is a delicious cut leaf maple, with pale grey bark, the branches twisting into graceful angles such as one sees only in Japan.

Many agreeable people come to see me. The Japanese are of course, the most interesting to me, and I enjoy H--'s college friends and their nice wives very much. (H--'s birthday party.)

Please tell O-- and T-- that I have adopted a dog today. H-- reported yesterday, a starving puppy at the gate and we went out to see it. I never saw a creature so near starvation point! I ran and got food and water but he was frantic with fear and hunger and would have none of me.

This morning he was still trembling in the wet gutter where he had elected to stay the night, and by offers of food

and by gentleness I at last got him to follow me and even to frisk a little when no one was looking. I shall keep him if he will keep me. . . . We are happier and happier, and have plans enough to fill several lives. I wish the Pacific Ocean however, were a smaller body of water, and the U.S. a neat little kingdom like Japan.

March 30, '09

To the Family,

It is ten days since I wrote you, but they have been such strenuous ones that you will not wonder that no letter has been sent. To begin with, we have had three extra members of the family besides a new puppy. It is now Chisato's spring vacation and she will be here for some time. Then a boy came up from Okayama, looking for work, and we took him in. But such a boy! Just out of the army, and with no bringing up, and so difficult to place.

He ran away from his uncle with whom he lived, not taking even a change of clothes, and we have had to dress him, and teach him and finally into a bicycle shop, where we hope he will stop. To add to the pleasure of having him about, he will call us uncle and aunt, although he is no relation. However, we hope he will stick to the shop and his boarding house. One can't turn him off altogether, he is too much like a pathetic lost puppy, for that.

And that reminds me of ours. We found a little starving beast at our gate and have taken him in and built him a kennel. We keep him in the tennis court, but he is already beginning to dig his way out.

He is a dirty little mongrel, but we love each other already.

Last Friday we went down to Yokohama to meet the "Korea" on which Hugh Morna was coming out from China. It is more of an undertaking to meet a steamer here as nobody knows anything about her until she appears in the harbor, a few minutes before anchoring. By getting up at five, missing our train, taking an electric car instead, going to a great plant nursery in Yka., where we got some excellent roses very cheap, lounging into shops and buying a small centre piece etc. we managed to pass the time until three o'clock, when the steamer came in.

Mr. Moran came ashore with us, and spent the night here; on our way up we went into the loveliest plum garden! There, indeed, was all the poetry of Japan expressed in a small space, for the garden of Kamata is not large. The plum trees have often long trailing branches like the "shower" bouquet of a bride, only more delicate, and they are mostly white with here and there a tree of the most delicate pink, just off white, perhaps two or three or even five trees, placed effectively were of the brightest deep pink. The paths wound irregularly about, crossing little rocky brooks, and ascending and descending with an occasional rocky hill side to break the monotony, covered with cut flowering shrubs with a very sweet smell.

The bridges over the brooks were arched. There was a small tea house near the entrance and a few girls in Jap. dress and a few men of different sorts were walking about. It was very still with now and then a petal falling. From the

branches, were hung from time to time, little slender strips of paper and on each one was a poem. One said "these plum blossoms will soon fade away and disappear, but they will come back next year, as you, who now walk in the garden, may do."

This is a private garden, but the owner lets any one enter in the flower season. I forgot to speak of the shrine standing on its own little hill under the trees, with two weird animals in front to guard it.

Leaving there, we plunged at once into modern life by getting into an electric car and coming up to Tokyo. The car going down in the morning had a company of pilgrims, wholesome looking brown women from some farming village who were just starting off.

Their kimonos were turned up, showing their legs to the knee, but these legs were very decently wound with snow white or pale gray cloth. On their heads they wore the towel with blue markings which accompanies most working people wherever they go. They put it on very picturesquely so that it looks like a pretty cap.

Each woman wore around her neck a bright yellow handkerchief and carried on her back, done up in a large cloth the ends of which were tied in front across her shoulders, the impedimenta of her journey, her futon to sleep on, chiefly. They were personally conducted by one old man, the only male of the party, who had evidently done it before.

All were so rustic and asked so many questions and were so evidently having their grand outing, that everybody sympathized in their happiness.

It began to snow when we reached Okubo, (our station) after our long day.

When we got to the house, we found that a new young man had arrived from Okayama, very inopportunately, it seemed to me then, but we had been expecting him. He is a relative of the family, (and his father and mother are very anxious to arrange a marriage between him and Chisato. She is 17 and he is 23, and both have money and family connection, so it is largely a matter of personal liking, and C's father had asked H-- to arrange about his school.) and has come to study Agriculture.

There is no question that for elasticity a Jap. house is a perfect "cinch," (such a pleasure to write that word! I can only use very precise English here if I am to be understood by anyone but H--) H.M. had to have all upstairs, for the two rooms open into each other and contain our only beds. H-- and I took the library with futons on the floor for ourselves, and we packed the three boys (our Bible school student was one,) into one room each on a futon, and sardines could not have been snugger.

Fortunately Chisato was not here that night. (Sat. H-- was ill.) Sunday is always a strenuous day. Chisato and I went to church after I had prepared the rabbit for luncheon. Mr. Walke came back to luncheon with us and before we had finished, the young men of the graduating class of the Y.M.C.A. school, who had been invited, began to come.

They, with others had to be fed and entertained, by me alone as H-- was in bed. Sasaki, the boy we were trying to dispose of, had to be packed off to his boarding house with

some little attention, but at last it was over. The last excitement was the arrival of the puppy who had previously disappeared, but who seemed overjoyed to be at home, once more.

Yesterday, H-- still in bed, he had to receive two newspaper men who are writing him up, and I had callers and my two young people to see to. We like G's prospective husband very much. He is certainly a charming fellow and we are going to keep him here until we know him better.

Well so my life goes, interspersed with receiving and making visits and occasional festivities; the latter are rather apt to come in all at once, or at times when we can't go, and I am so busy at home and enjoy that so much, that I don't regret it.

I forgot to say that Sat. was filled first with Moran, and next with the return visit of Mrs. Kume'. (I wrote you about going to her house.) I made great preparations, newly arranging the Toko, (with papa's beautiful box) and new flowers etc. and we sat at the dining table for our tea, that being the most of a contrast to the Jap. way that I could think of.

Our garden is made, every person in the family, has been in bed one after the other during the last two weeks, for various causes, even including myself for half a day, and now I have written you up to date and must dress to go to tea at the house of a German lady in this neighborhood who has asked me for today.