

April 6, '09

To R--,

. (expenses--large family--
guests--,) On Sunday we went over to the Sumida River to see
one of the most important boat races. The day was a little
rainy, but in spite of that, there were crowds of people, ban-
ners etc. H-- met a number of his old school friends. Yes-
terday Chisato and I went to a great meeting of the Fusikai or
Ladies' society, of which I am now a life member, with a gold
colored badge and a bright red tassel.

This was an annual meeting held in Hibya Park with members
all over Japan. I met a number of ladies whose names I don't
remember, and the governor of our province, for Kashiwagi is
outside the city limits.

I find I am now such an old resident that I don't pay
much attention to Jap. clothes or the effect of many ladies
walking about.

There were a great many tents and persons taking tea in
most of them; there was an open air variety performance; there
were speeches by a princess or two; that was all. . . .

I resume after two days. Have been photographed this
morning in C--'s clothes, in all sorts of places, all to send
you when they are developed. I like to wear Jap. clothes very
much, and now that I am thinner, I can do it. They are much
better adapted to a Jap. house than our kind, and especially
convenient for getting into the garden.

H-- and I went yesterday to a famous garden here, oc-
casionally only, open to the public. Yesterday the Ladies'

Society had tickets for it. It is an old Daimyo garden in what is now the heart of Tokyo, and differs from other ancient gardens that I have seen, in being more wild.

There is a formal part, but that lies apparently, in the midst of a deep wood. In every proper garden there is a mountain and a sea or lake. The mountain in Korakuen' was a particularly high and varied one with rippling streams coursing through the little valleys and the lake gave one the feeling of quite a large body of water, divided almost into two parts by an island, on one side of which a successful rocky promontory with precipitous sides arose.

Cherry and plum trees were in bloom and birds were singing and it was all very delightful, but to me, a person brought up to wilderness and primeval forest, the perfectly formal garden like Okayama park, or the exquisite one here in Tokyo now belonging to the Botanical Garden, are more fascinating.

My imagination can take delicious flights there, and I see the lords and ladies of the past having tea in their dainty tea house and enjoying the spring blossoms, writing poems upon their delights of the spring rain, (have we any such?) or upon some thought called out by a cloud or a fallen petal.

The gateway of Korakuen is very beautiful. I will try to find a picture of it. Under the roof were some exquisite carvings which had been painted in colors and are much better preserved than most of them. I wish with all my heart it was mine and I could look at it every day.

When you come to Japan as you surely will, we will try to see it.

My garden a moi, grows apace. We planted seeds the 20th of March, and most of them are up now. I have

a splendid row of delphinium and another of Canterbury bells, a mass of wall flowers now budded and many pansies in bloom. My violet bed, very small now, looks healthy at any rate, and roses and lilies are shooting up.

I have written about our puppy. He is a very naughty one without training at all, and I don't believe he will get much. We are both too busy and don't care enough; but he is very cunning and playful, and we think he will make a good watch-dog.

I have been training two boys at Waseda University to speak in the English debate they are to have on Sat. evening. The first thing was to make their English intelligible and next to relieve the monotony so that the audience could listen. They are very nice fellows and I quite enjoy it.

H-- has resigned his position at the Y.M.C.A. which took a great deal of time uselessly, and he will next year, lecture at Waseda U. and the Girls' U. and train a team at Keio U. and has promised to edit the magazine published by the Soc. for Phys. Culture. Besides these he has a good many irons in the fire, and we both teach in the evening school at the Y.M.C.A., three times a week. This we may give up bye and bye, when we get tired of it, but it is very interesting work. This afternoon we expect some girl friends of Ch-- from the U.

I wish you could see the funny legs of the working man. Through all the generations until now, a kimono has been thought to be cover enough, but now the law requires covers. They see the convenience of covering but to them a pair of white Canton flannel drawers supplies both covering and warmth. So there are many who wear outing flannel ones with fascinating patterns, socks outside sometimes, other times tied

round at the ankle like a meal sack. I send some sketches of them.

Yesterday we went by a little shop where a man was making stockings. He had a little stocking machine, the thread, hand spun, the shop about as big as your bath-room. Another shop seemed to have nothing in it but a woman sitting on the floor with a small reel before her. On it hung some skeins of coarse cotton which she was tying together winding a string tightly about at regular intervals. I tried vainly to guess what it was for, but found afterward, it was for dyeing. Where they are tied the cotton remains white. H-- has an obi figured in white, dyed in the same manner, each little white spot, and there are hundreds of them, is tied up with a thread, i.e. pinched up and tied.

There is a kind of thin wafer sold here by millions. It is eaten with tea and is very good, stamped with all sorts of pretty patterns. They are as large as a water-thin biscuit and very thin. These things are all made by hand, one at a time! I have seen the irons they are made in, flat and round with a long handle. We eat certain kinds of sea-weed which I like, and some queer vegetables like turnip or carrot half a yard long, or different kinds of greens, which at this season have been growing all winter. My favorite green-grocer is an occasional man who brings cauliflower, beets, parsnips and Brussels sprouts.

The shops look beautiful because the whites are so white, the carrots so yellow, and the green so bright a green. As I walk along the small streets I could touch the eaves of the houses with my hand. There is no raised foundation for the

small shops, but only a raised floor within, where the attendants kneel and where you may not go with shoes on.

H-- has come home now, we shall have tea and tennis, the former with a new kind of cake, rice and bean, strung on little straws, and another kind, "moonlight", green and white.

April 12, '09

To C.S.S.

. . . . (visit of Mrs. Fisher and two boys) We are getting our garden into fine shape. All our seeds up and plants growing sheerfully, and we shall soon be eating our own lettuce and radishes and sitting under the shade of our own rose bushes. We are making a mountain and a lake in our front garden, . . . It is great fun.

We have bought eight small stones for 1 yen, and have picked up a few more out of some heaps of gravel, dumped in our street, and these must, in the end, give us the feeling of a precipitous mountain side and deep lake. Why don't you try one in front of the laundry door?

. . . . (plans for dormitory, work, lectures etc.)

We went last week to see a fire walking ceremony at one of the temples. When we got there, an immense crowd had already assembled. There were many long and narrow banners and many bright lanterns hung over the street, and the entrance and approaches generally were packed solid with the common people. We were taken into an inner room and urged to write our names in the visitors' book where many foreigners were registered, and then taken out onto a temporary balcony

overlooking the court yard.

Here we were jammed into one corner, the foreigners for whom it was reserved, having much outnumbered its capacity.

Down in the courtyard in a roped off space, was a bed of live charcoal about 15 ft. long by 10 wide. It was a foot or two thick and all red hot, with flames shooting up from it. We were nearly roasted.

Presently six priests came out, dressed in clean white linen, with divided skirts somewhat above the ankle. Their feet and legs were bare. They went through a great many intermediate ceremonies such as sprinkling themselves and the fire and everything else with salt, and eating some, because salt purifies.

Then they walked round and round the fire with incantations. At last after some time and after a heap of salt had been placed at either end of the path, (this bed of coals was heaped up on either side, length wise, leaving a hollowed path through the middle, with a foot of red hot bank on either side) all the priests walked across, and afterward other people, including some American women!

It must have been very hot. I noticed that they took very long steps, from which I inferred that it was not miraculous, and that they would have burned if they had stayed longer; therefore either the salt on their feet or their way of stamping the coals as they walked, kept the fire from doing much damage. It was very interesting to see.

April 23, '09

To K--,

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The cooperative assn. provides the members with the necessities of life at a reduced cost. These "necessaries" are a different list from one in America. They are rice, kerosene, charcoal and shoyu, the Jap. sauce, used constantly in cooking. Perhaps beans are included but flour or bread or meat have there no place.

Now is the wonderful cherry blossom season. You must think of them as in great variety of size, shapes and colors, ranging from white through pink to deep crimson, and there is even a small greenish bloom that is quite beautiful. Some open early, some later, so that the season is long although each kind passes rather quickly.

From having heard so much about it, and also remembering the almond trees of Sicily, in bloom, I felt a certain apathy with regard to the cherry bloom, at first, but now the beauty of the later flowering and the festival nature of the season here, have made a convert of me. Last Sat. H-- and I went off by ourselves, taking a special train from the station near us, all newly painted and decorated with cherry blossoms on the outside. We went third class in company with many respectable people all in holiday attire, and many apprentices and others who wore bright colors wound round the head or were in fancy dress.

Alighting, after a 4 hour's ride, at a village whose difficult name I can never remember, we took jinrickshas and

passing our fellow travellers on the road, presently arrived at a delicious spot. It was one of these soft spring days, warm enough and cool enough for anything, with much sunshine and a few clouds obscuring it, now and then. Here we quitted our jins. where a little river with high banks curves gently north and south, its banks, as far as we could see, lined with cherry trees in full bloom ranging through all the shades of pink and white.

A foot path on each bank and a brown road on one side were filled with loitering pleasure seekers come out to see the blossoms. There was not too great a crowd. Just at that spot an arched stone bridge spanned the stream, and on this bridge were half a dozen merry makers in costume with immense straw hats of the picturesque peasant shape, trimmed with bright colored flowers. It was one of the prettiest things I have ever seen, the light and shade of the overhanging boughs, (for the stream was narrow) the smiling people in their costumes and the stone bridge. Alas! We had forgotten our camera!

Then we too, began to loiter along the bank. We walked two miles taking as many hours for it, looking up stream and down, meditating over some favorite tree or a picturesque group of tree and house, or gay tea house seen across the river, or studied the spring flowers just coming up through the grass. Many were like ours, violets and anemones and the grass was full of the bright red blossoms of the quince growing close to the ground on young shoots.

As noon approached, more people were seen coming.

Strolling players were entertaining knots of lunchers on the grass; a geisha was dancing while a man sung and played for her. I shall not soon forget this little slender creature floating on the river bank, her long sleeves waving, the white blossoms over her head, and a little group of spectators on the other bank, with a long vista of river and cherry trees behind her.

Occasionally a masker would speak to us, we would smile and pass on; one man, a little worse (or better) for liquor, insisted on saying "banzai" to everybody on both sides of the river and created a good deal of merriment. Most of the houses along the river bank had been arranged for tea serving, small farm-houses in their every day guise. We found a small clean one and went around to the back and sat on the engawa to eat our lunch, looking into the farmer's neat back yard with its clean swept ground, its flowering shrubs and vista of tea fields.

We were all by ourselves except for the little maid with flowers in her hair, who brought our tea. When at last, we regretfully left the river and went in jins. back to the station, we found ourselves in company with no less than three schools, two of boys and one of girls, who had been out to the festa. They were all blissfully happy, but not even slightly noisy or pushing.

On our way home we stopped at another station and walked through a long narrow avenue or extraordinarily high straight evergreen trees to a poetic little temple. It stands on a small island in a lake, the latter small overgrown with weeds and entirely surrounded with dark evergreen trees, with here

and there a cherry tree flinging out its white branches. The temple is not a work of art, it is small and rather poor and a little dilapidated and its two little bridges are old and decaying also.

At one side a very steep path leads up a bank to a small level place where is a shrine, some great trees, and three or four queer old stone lanterns, the priest's house and the lovely old priest himself, working in his garden. We sat on a little platform overlooking the temple and the lake and had tea. Only two or three persons were about. We felt very much at peace with everything and very remote from this modern world.

At last we got home at five and had time to plant our treasures found on our excursion, and look at our own garden before dark.

July 7, '09

To R--,

. so unlike our Junes and Julys these days are! I don't mind them because I like rain and we had our June weather in April and May, but it is hard to get any flowers from the garden at this season. We shall soon however, have a quantity of superb lilies of different kinds.

We had a little 4th of July celebration on Sat. which was the 3rd here but I guessed it to be the 4th at home, asking the boys over and entertaining them with shadow pantomines. We chose Monotaro, one of the well-known children's stories of the old man and old woman and the little baby that came to

them in a peach. H-- was the old man who went to the mountain to cut wood, and I was the old woman who went to the river to wash clothes, and found the peach and brought it home.

We made a gigantic peach of pasteboard, and Shin, who is very short and chubby, was Momotaro and at the proper moment appeared inside the peach, when it fell apart. The boys were delighted, Mr. Nagura and Mr. Yamajami were here, and after our part was done, they all fell to and acted other scenes, historical and other.

There is such wealth of fairy story and legend in Japan, and all the young people are thoroughly familiar with them.

Mr. Fujiwara was here having come the day before to take Chisato home. The latter did her part as a dancer in one of the stories and then they all set off fireworks, some tiny crackers and these little string sparklers. The smell of gunpowder made the celebration seem real to me.

Next Sat. we go to Karuisawa to visit. K---- is the spot where the foreigners from all Japan, go for the summer. It is a high plateau among the mts., about five hours journey from here, and I am hoping the change will be beneficial to H--, who is not gaining as I could wish. . . . If he feels better there, we may stay a little while.

No summer school, and I am glad of it. H-- has more on hand now than he has strength for, and now we are free to do what we like. I am busy making over or creating summer clothes, putting up fruits, and working a little in the garden every day.

I have just bought a real Paris hat for 12 yen! Rather to my amazement I found (as one does elsewhere, but I hadn't

expected to, here) just one which suited me, and as it has all the characteristics mentioned by you, inverted dish-pan or washbowl shape, massive and huge and is at the same time becoming and cheap, I dared to get it.

It is a soft purple color, mauve perhaps, with a straw brim and silk shirred crown and a bunch of large pink roses. The colors seem to be particularly becoming.

Tomorrow we are asked to attend a farewell dinner given to Miss Tsuda's sister and her husband, just embarking for America, I doubt if we go. It is a sort of public affair, but many of the people we know, may be there.

I am really taking to Jap. dress. It is so convenient, especially in this wet weather, being able to step out in my clogs at any moment, with no shoes to get wet, or skirts to hold up. One is so compact and neat.

The dampness here makes woolen very comfortable to wear, but a European woolen dress would be much too warm. The Jap. one leaves the neck free and the arms also, best of all, there is an open space under the arm, made by not sewing up the sleeve -----.

Karuisawa, Aug. 17, '09

To R--,

. Dublin Main St., however dearly I might love its New England store and P.O. and characteristic features, can scarcely be a patch on Kariuzawa Main St. This is the old "Nakaseudo" i.e. one of the four great Daimyo highways from the capital to other parts of the kingdom. Naka

means "in" or "inside," and of the four roads, this was the central one. One can easily picture to one's self the periodical Daimyo processions twice a year, passing up to the capital and back again through this village street.

The pass by which they crossed the mountains, is just above us not half an hour's walk from here. There is a little village at the top and a glorious view, and a great spring of ice cold water and some temples, or rather eastern shrines with good old carving. Also, a little way down on the other side, there is an old pile of stones, a square moss grown base supporting a rough stone, smoothed on one side, with an inscription which says that once (about 2000 years ago) an emperor had come from somewhere by sea, and had a tempestuous voyage, and the empress was drowned.

Here on his journey, he stopped and looked at the sea (not visible now) and said, "Alas! My wife!"

The houses of this town are, some of them, quite solidly built with heavy timbers and a bit of carving here and there. In all sorts of little corners and retired places one finds small graveyards, square granite posts, not very tall, standing close to each other and green with age.

One spot is very interesting, we don't know what it means. It is a small rectangle, surrounded by tall trees and approached by a smooth wide path which leads from a little footpath through the fields. As you enter you see facing you, a squarely built pile of stones, suggestive in another country of a sacrificial altar.

On this stand three tiny shrines, each in the shape of the usual shrines of the country, but cut of one block of

stone. They are very ancient in feeling and mossy, although well taken care of. When we were there some incense had been recently burned before the altar.

There are no inscriptions, they may have been there a thousand years. What do they mean?

Near us is a small mountain called Atago-yama, cone shaped. Nearly at the top is a great cliff where is a level bit of ground and a few trees; at the back is another place of the same sort, very retired, with great trees and higher cliffs. Of course they have imagined these places the abodes of deities and at the highest one a rude stone image has been placed half way up the cliff and an inscription written. A Torii at the foot signs these places of worship.

We took our luncheon and spent the day there, last week. There is no going up in the middle of the day, we sat in the shade of a giant fir, hearing the sound of the stream far below, in the ravine, and looking across the narrow valley to a large mountain enface. I had my sewing and a volume of Wordsworth and H-- his shepherd's pipe, and we had a pleasant day, H-- lying on the warm ground for his nap.

To go back to Karuisawa village street. The merchants of Tokyo and Yokohama come up here and open little shops in the summer and sell the most inviting things, at reasonable rates, embroidered and openwork stuffs, carved woods, silver ware etc. I am not buying any . . . I feel as if I should never see them again, but of course I shall, often and often.

During August a tennis tournament has been raging here and we have seen and been excited over some pretty fine playing.

This morning however, to our displeasure, our best American has just been beaten in finals, by our best Englishman, who comes from Shanghai. They were pretty evenly matched.

There is a Kariuzawa baseball team composed of the missionaries who are here for the summer, coached by a Chicago U. man. They certainly get lots of fun out of it and we do, too. Every body goes over to the games, tea is served there and today the Waseda team (Waseda U., Tokyo) is coming up to play them.

They will stop at the hotel opposite us and we expect to see a good many of the boys. H-- knows some of them and their coach also.

We have been picking wild raspberries which grow in great quantities on the mountains, and making most delicious jam, and are going to have a grand berry picking excursion, taking along with us, Shin.

Must stop and get ready for the baseball game, and judiciously awaken H-- who is still sleeping.

Kariuzawa, Aug. 27, '09

To E.B.W.

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We are going to leave this perfect place in a week to resume our duties at home, and I feel some anxiety about it. We shall keep up the open air treatment and I hope his work will not be an injury to him.

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The life is good for me too. Our markets are excellent here, and I enjoy going down town in the morning to see all the fruits and vegetables and meet more Americans that I know than elsewhere in Japan.

Everybody markets at the same hour and shops along the little street where various attractive wares lure you to your destruction. Then everybody repairs to the tennis courts and plays or watches the playing, and from four to five tea is served on the grounds by a committee of ladies and everybody comes out in fresh dresses.

The men who come up here have an Athletic Assn. which continues from year to year, and is the source of great diversion. Many of the men are young missionaries, not so very long out of the universities, but often stationed with their wives in out of the way places where they rarely see other foreigners. When they get here they throw themselves with fervor into everything of a social nature.

Baseball arouses tremendous enthusiasm and the K. team has played match games with two Jap. U. teams from Tokyo, this summer; tea served on the grounds, wives breathless with interest etc.

(dated next day; follows an account of a long and exhausting walk on which, she gathered seeds of wild yellow columbine, and finally lost their way on the mountain, did not get home until late in the evening.)

We are going home next week. Our boys are coming back and our garden cries out for us. We are taking with us bulbs of mountain lilies, the great white mountain lily of Japan.

I have seen it 6 ft. high or more, bearing 13 fully opened lilies on its stalk, a thing of wonderful beauty, perfuming the air for a long distance.

Many flowers, wild here, are familiar friends in gardens at home but with some difference in color. On our walk we found a flower exactly I think, like our Cardinal flower, only a bright purple blue. Yellow day lilies, tiger lilies, Sweet William, Canterbury bell(not very pretty), pinks of several kinds, deutzia, and a thousand others, grow wild on these mountains.

Okayama, July 1910

I had the great privilege of attending a Shinto funeral, from the inside. We went, an interminable ride over bad roads, about ten in the morning--H. and I in European clothes. When we got to the house some people had already arrived and were sitting taking tea. H's father had been the patriarch of the village--a sort of Lord of the Manor--and was the last of the old family of Omori, so the funeral, like that of the King of England, was held as soon as possible, because none of the Villagers would work until after the funeral was over. About 30 of the older men of the village (that is to say all, I guess) were assembled at the house, and the villagers prepared all the simple food for the funeral guests. A funeral in Japan is by no means the solemn affair it is with us. In the parlor was the box covered with a white and gold cloth, beside it lay the old samurai sword which is to accompany its owner until the moment when the body goes to the grave. In front of

this box stood a small table on which were a number of objects--two candlesticks, an incense burner, a branch of green leaves (a special kind of plant always offered) some sort of flatons of white paper (an emblem of purity and also a sort of warding off the evil eye business) and some offerings of white cloth etc. and a bowl of rice.

In the Toko, or decorated recess of the room, were two or three shelves like steps, covered with black velvet and on this were two brass vases and some lacquered things and three kakemonos with pictures of warriors and quotations from sacred writings. This Toko is considered almost a sacred place in every house. Before the funeral, the spirit of the dead person stays where the body is and therefore on the little table incense was burned etc. but when the family return from the grave, the spirit has taken up its abode in the Toko-no-ma there to remain watching over the family.

H. gave the brass ornaments which were used, two candlesticks, two brass vases and the incense burner, and these will always be used hereafter on the anniversary of his death each year, and now, when the ceremony takes place 49 days after the funeral. They were beauties but we can't have these fascinating Shinto or Buddhist funeral things in our house, because to the Japanese they mean just that and nothing else. But to go on with the funeral, except the villagers no one went who was not connected with the family in some way, so there were only a few guests, but I was greatly surprised to observe that they all, except H. and I, brought a change of clothes, so that little bundles of clothes were lying all about and I

wondered how they could tell which was which. It was a very hot sunny day. The funeral was about half past two and after luncheon people put on ceremonial dress. The women of the family, except me, changed to white linen kimonos with white obis, (which is mourning) and put over their heads long thin silk veils of white and pale blue.

Sister, two other ladies, and I went together to the room and in turn one after another approached the little table on our knees, bowed, took a stick of incense and set it on fire in the incense burner, said a silent prayer, bowed again and retired. Then the hearse came and about that time the priests. If you could have seen them! I never saw anything so picturesque and beautiful. The hearse is a temporary thing made especially of fresh white wood and white paper and is carried on two great and long poles by bearers. The sides are of white and gold cloth. The bird on the top was a wonderfully spirited and graceful creature, his feathers curling and his head erect and his tail feathers wonders of grace, all made of shavings of wood and white paper! This stood in the center of a large open space before the house in the sunshine. Behind it were men carrying a number of large lanterns and others with long slender banners all on very long poles. Some lanterns were white, others red, and some banners were red, others white. The four priests wore beautiful robes, two old men in white and gold brocade with scarlet silk, or a soft yellow, and two satellites with cymbals or bells or something, who were dressed in wonderful gauzes one over another, of yellow, red and black. After some service in the house which I heard

but did not see, these priests also joined the group in the yard--the head priest sitting in a large red lacquer chair with bronze ornaments over which a satellite held an immense red Japanese umbrella! I shall never see anything so wonderful again. The day, with the blue sky and the hot sun and that group of people with the accessories!

Then there was the real service in the house, not at all unlike a Catholic service. We were all of course kneeling on the floor, one was swinging an incense burner and the prayers were no more nor less intelligible to me. At the end, the young man who is to continue to live in that house, whose name is Omori but whose relationship is very distant, went through a little ceremony, burning incense and bowing to the priests wearing the curious ancient dress. Then H., who was by that time pretty well worn out, did the same thing, because he is now the only Omori of our family. Then the incense burner was passed around and everybody burned a little. Then we all, except H., started on foot for the cemetery, a mile or more away on a mountain side. It was hotter than hot. As we wore European dress, I had put on black and my dress unfortunately was long (my only black one) so it was no joke for me, but of course, besides wishing to take part in the duties of the family, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The way was along the little paths through the rice fields and beside a little rushing river where a wheel was putting up water into the fields. At this time of year the rice is young, just little green whisps standing up in the water and I feasted my eyes on this procession of white and red banners and lanterns--

of priests chanting--with dazzling and beautiful robes of white, and graceful funeral box and its bearers with white coats and big straw hats, and following all these the young man with the mediaeval dress, all reflected in the still water of the rice fields.

After these things we women came and I wished indeed that I also could have had a white linen kimono and a thin gauze veil, I forgot to say that the red chair went along too on a man's back. Behind us came all the men, the family first, then all the villagers, but H. couldn't do that part.

The last of the way was up a steep mountain path and at last we reached a very ancient burying ground surrounded by trees, lying on the slope of the mountain, from which there was a beautiful view. Here the priest, sitting in his red chair, said a few prayers while some candles were burning and then the priest went away, but the rest of the Company stayed until the earth was piled over the coffin, and some mysterious little things carried up for the purpose, were set up on the grave. When we came back to the house there was placed on the toko a little tablet with a brass frame, with a long word written on it. This was Father's new name. He receives one when he dies, as we do when we are baptized. The priest gives it and it is put on the tombstone. Its length and importance is in proportion to the age and honorableness of the family. This one had ten syllables which is the extreme limit of length, and very few have it, so one is to conclude that Omori goes back into a remote past and is an honored race. There are old Omori things from that family now in the new museum in Tokyo--beautiful things inlaid in ivory etc.