NEW YORK TO PEKING

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BY

BLANCHE SELLERS ORTMAN

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You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long!
Pull out on the trail again."
FOREWORD

New York, October 6, 1919.

On the eve of a big trip half way around the world, to cover Japan, Korea and China, many thoughts crowd themselves into my head and heart. The most prominent one reminds me how lucky I am to be given this opportunity to revisit a part of the world where so much will still be new to my eyes, but my happy contemplation is speedily changed to a more serious mood when I reflect upon the sadness and turmoil in which a greater part of inhabited globe finds itself after the great and horrible war. So when I received a letter from my friend Lucy, reminding me that all good things in this world are sent one, not to keep to one's self, but rather to be passed on to others, I decided to jot down my observations, and consequently, if you don't like them, please blame Lucy!

B. S. O.
THE customary New York rush was on me like the proverbial plague. Dinners and luncheons, mixed up with Red Cross and other committee gatherings, capped on the final day by the wedding of a friend, to absent myself from which made me feel the ceremony would not be exactly legal. (Oh, how important mortal man sometimes feels. I later learned a Mongolian desert can reduce the size of this self-conceit).

Our travelling party was to consist of four, Mr. and Mrs. "Biffy," R. (friend husband) and myself. The Biffys had already proceeded, later to meet up with us in San Francisco, whence we were to sail for Japan. R. had urgent business in Chicago, so he had already started, leaving me to trail and catch up as best I could. I hoped our well laid plans would carry out successfully, and that it would not prove to be a game of "crack the whip," with myself constituting the lash of said whip.

When the long expected morning of my departure finally dawned, it found me ready to start hours before the scheduled time.

Sister Betty had come from Buffalo for a few day’s
visit, and was returning with me as far as her home town, so we are looking forward to a happy day on the train—filled with visiting, knitting and chatting.

My lovable friend Nell arose at an ungodly hour to bid me an affectionate goodbye, and to wave me off on my long journey of many miles and involving a separation of many months. With our eyes filled with unshed tears we hurriedly gave a last embrace to the accompaniment of a shrill “All Aboard.” The train quietly slipped out of the big station with only the noise of closing vestibule doors. Returning to my drawing-room, I re-counted my bags and rug rolls for the one hundredth time, gave a frantic look into my hand bag for my railroad tickets, experienced a sense of relief that after all I had not lost them, and forthwith settled myself with a comfortable sense of realization that I was on my way across land and sea into the setting sun.

At Chicago I fairly fell into R’s arms as he met me at the station platform. At the Blackstone we found many notes and lovely flowers of welcome. The two days that followed were happily spent in lovable, friendly Chicago, with all its inevitable grime and smoke, for in those circumstances the warmth and affection showered upon us by our old and tried friends out-weighs any drawbacks, be they ever so disagreeable. Dear Amy and Harry saw us to the westbound train, favoring us with useful hints about Japan as we sped through the crowded streets to the station. We were indeed fortunate to get such good information
from such experienced travellers as our friends. Our small baggage had meanwhile been safely stowed in our drawing-room on the Overland Limited, although the term small baggage is certainly a misnomer when it is supposed to include the “man eater,” my big week-end bag. But there it was, peacefully monopolizing one end of the room while the balance of the available space was filled with offerings from our friends, books, candy, fruit and flowers. Our starting off on a world-ramble is becoming such an old story one would think our dear ones would tire of making a ceremony of it. It flatters us immensely, and inwardly and outwardly we bless them!

We settle ourselves for the three days and three nights journey across the continent, relaxing almost automatically and drawing a long breath, the first in weeks, what with the rush of preparation, of starting off, and in the tying of the many loose ends of the innumerable ties we had made for ourselves. Our train is one of two sections, the King and Queen of Belgium being passengers on the other section. Despite the rainy, cold weather, the station platforms are crowded with people whose eagerness to see “Their Highnesses” is not dampened by drizzle, or chilled by icy blasts. Who says democratic America does not care for royalty? Imagine their disappointment as they peer into our car windows to see the stately King and his gracious Queen, to visualize only a car full of plain United States folk. But they nevertheless laugh, joke and jostle, as all
good-natured American crowds are apt to do. Of course there were types, the "smarty" kind, the self-conscious youth with his bright colored necktie strutting about, while his eyes roamed towards the pretty girls; the "fresh paint" lads pushing one another off the platform or throwing a cap on the roof of the car; the giggling girls full of admiration for the boys in uniform; the tired mothers with their babies to show them a real live King and Queen, so that in after years, when royalty may be a very scarce element in our social structure, the fact will be proudly related that these rulers were actually seen in the flesh and blood; and of course there was the ever-present dog, always to be found where young America holds forth, getting lost only to be found, then to be scolded, kicked and cuffed, later to be spoiled with love and affection again. Station after station we find this same eager crowd waiting for the royal Belgian pair. School children, hundreds of them, bearing flags, dressed in their best, unruly to handle and the despair of their teachers, who impatiently clap their hands for concentrated attention, as their charges are invariably looking in any direction but that from which the royal train is supposed to come.

Our porter, a coal black, simple, well-mannered African, expressed himself to R. as being glad that the King was not on his train. Upon being pressed for a reason he said in all seriousness: "Why boss, dis yere King can cut off a man's head anytime he feels like it!" R., with his insatiable fondness for reforming the whole
world, launched forth into a defense of much maligned, and in this case, greatly overestimated King Albert. It took some time to satisfactorily explain to the ivory headed darkey that kings in our day and generation had to obey laws as well as the common people, and it is not at all certain that Sambo was fully and definitely convinced. He was seen shaking his head as well as scratching it as he moved away to dust the window sills and the observation car chairs.
CHAPTER II

ON THE second morning out of Chicago we opened our eyes upon a light blanket snow scene, the fleecy flakes still falling as we dashed across the state of Wyoming, making us realize that winter is fast approaching. As we pass through little villages and towns we picture them during the dreary, long winter months, their homes covered to the eaves of the roofs with snow for weeks on end. What must be the point of view of these people, after such a season of isolation?

As our train dashes through these snow-covered tiny towns, which later in the year will become dust-covered spots on the horizon of the vast Western prairies, my eye often catches a fleeting glimpse of a faded Red Cross poster, or a service flag with its one or more stars hanging in cottage windows, and a feeling of brotherhood comes over me, for it was from thousands of just such little hamlets that many of our bravest lads were sent over-seas, high in hopes with truly wonderful standards, some to return with breasts covered with the the insignia of honors, but many too, now only a loving memory since the letter reached those far-a-way spots from a field hospital, giving the last words of some brave soldier taken down by an army nurse. Words that shall live forever in the heart of a mother or sweetheart, hav-
ing been burnt in with the first reading of the precious
document, with the onrush of hot tears that are God-
sent to ease and not break the heart.

The Rockies are reached and passed, and with each
hour comes the promise of spring, until we rush down
from the mountain tops into the arms of sunny Cali-

fornia; lovely California with orange trees in fruit, and
great slopes and fields of yellow poppies that rival the
lupin with their purple haze, covering the foot hills.
We pinch ourselves to see if it is not all a dream, and
that we are wide awake and not dreaming this golden
dream! Ever and always the same thought comes,
"Why does not everyone live here in this narrow ledge
of the Western coast of the United States, where the
climate is the same twelve months a year—never cold
in winter, thanks to the mighty wall of mountains
protecting it from the East—never hot in summer, due
to the same watch-dog mountains that imprison the
cool air as it blows from the Japan Current. The Pacific
Ocean, with its great fields of kelp floating in lovely
purple and yellow patches on the sea, giving it the
effect of Joseph's coat of many colors and simultan-
eously reflecting the azure sky, is a perfect picture and
one to set one dreaming for a life time."

Leaving the overland train at Oakland mole, we em-
barked on the huge ferry boat, and as the latter ap-
proached San Francisco, we were reminded of New
York with its high sky line, imparting a different im-
pression nevertheless. On landing we thought it must
be some feast day, for the street corner stands were piled high with flowers that seemed like great banks of blossoms. You can here buy your arms full of flowers for twenty-five cents. Great tubs of violets, at a few cents a bunch, are waiting to be sent home or to a hospital to gladden some sick, tired, shut-in person. At one stand I counted twenty different kinds of blossoms. Heliotrope and calla lilies are used for high hedges. Can you picture your backyard fence consisting of a wonderful wall of heliotrope or lilies? No wonder these Western folk have a bright, cheery viewpoint of life with such an outlook!
CHAPTER III

WE are not sorry our sailing date has been postponed for two weeks due to the dock strikes, for it only means added play time in this summer land. Our heads were turned and our hearts gladdened by brother Ed and nephew Bill—both bachelors—wishing to come from the remote points of the Pacific Coast, to be with us while awaiting the departure of our ship. These two good chaps are doing everything to give us a jolly time, and are more than succeeding, what with planning dinners on the beach and elsewhere, dancing, motoring and making excursions back into the hills where great redwood trees with their giant trunks and limbs look down on us with their superior age and dignified bearing.

At last our ship, the Korea Maru, sailed, having been delayed in San Francisco sixteen days by a stevedore and longshoremen’s strike. We had, after many postponements, begun to wonder if we ever should start on our long-planned, much discussed trip to the Far East. If the Longshoremen’s Union had had anything to do with it, we should probably still be on our own soil. So when the last announced date, October 27th, finally dawned, we were more than eager and ready to be off. Our cabin we found so full of evidences of our thoughtful friends that it was difficult to place our bags and steamer
trunks. Baskets of flowers as high as one’s head, ham-
pers of fruit, as only California can produce, candy of
all kinds, books on every subject, and last but by no
means least, a fat bundle of letters and telegrams that
caused a lump in my throat, a veil of mist before my
eyes, knowing how our dear ones had taken great pains
to plan these pleasant things for us.

Our “Big Four” lined the promenade deck rail as the
huge liner slipped out to sea through the Golden Gate,
giving us a picture of the city with its hills, the streets
running straight up and over the tops like white ribbons
in the sunlight. It was a gorgeous autumn day. The
Twin Peaks stood guard over the city like loving parents
watching their children the smaller hills, the latter fairly
teeming with life. We turned our faces westward, and
being tramps by instinct and at heart, we are all ex-
pectant and anxious to know what the distant horizon
holds in store for us.

We go below to settle ourselves for a seventeen days
voyage by unpacking our bags, taking stock of our gen-
erous supply of fruit and other eatables—most of which
we consign to the ship’s refrigerator to enjoy their fresh-
ness later on—and arrange ourselves snug and “comfy,”
as we understand that term, and now that we are really
on our way on this important leg of our big trip, I be-
think myself of the dear ones left behind, of the many
kindesses they have showered upon me, and I utter a
silent prayer that they will not forget me as my absence
of days grows into weeks and the weeks into months.
Our cabin boy is a Chinese named Tom Tom, a big North China specimen, who seemingly looks down upon me and all my numerous trappings with which my state-room is filled, and I can scarcely blame him. We Americans seem to think we can find happiness by owning many things. When shall we learn that true happiness comes from within, and that our food, clothing and other physical comforts mean nothing if our hearts and minds are not at peace.

It is difficult to believe it is October and not June for, as I write, a soft light breeze comes through the open port, balmy indeed. In a few days time the deck swimming tank will be erected, where the hardy swimming enthusiast dives and cavorts to his heart's content. I think him brave, surely, for I cannot avoid reflecting what would happen if a big wave were to submerge the tank and wash all out to sea! Having this in my mind I shun the tank, contenting myself with a dip in my own little tub of sea water.

We are all interested in a land bird foolish enough to get into the rigging, doubtless while in port, forgetting to get off until too late to make shore. After four day's time it was still with us, sharing the food and water provided for two dogs having their kennels on the after deck. We all hold our breaths when this brave, interesting feathered stowaway takes its daily exercise by flying out over the waves and back again into the rigging. I am wondering what thrilling story it will tell if lucky enough to reach the shores of one of the Hawaiian islands.
CHAPTER IV

I WAS awakened early the morning of our landing at Honolulu by the sailors making fast the rope-ladder for the use of the pilot, the port doctor and customs inspectors, as they board our good ship for the usual formalities on an occasion of this kind. We were still out at sea. I put on a bath robe, a long coat and slippers and stepped out on deck. The dawn was breaking and long fingers of light were stretching out in a loving manner over the heavens, replacing the stars with the golden light of the coming sun. There was still enough shadow in spots to allow the stars to look upon the Great Show—which is so old and yet so beautifully fresh and young—the dawn of a new day. While I watched the lights and shadows upon the waves, the sun came up out of the distant East, making of our ship's wake a golden thread in the deep green expanse of ocean. The ship's bow was pointed to a tiny speck on the horizon that grew and grew under the occult power of the dawn. We were quietly rolling along toward the island of Oahu. Diamond Head greeted me in all his great peace as he stands watch over the Island, welcoming me with solemn dignity. Now I could see a line of white surf breaking far out from shore, then rolling in upon the beach where stately pineapple palms stretched themselves like
giant spiders against the sky line. Spread before me was a picture that seemed to have come out of a story book, reminding me in fact of Robinson Crusoe. I fancied I could see his hut far up under the trees, and surely could that be he with his big umbrella and his faithful man Friday? No, my dream Robinson Crusoe has turned into a Chinese deck steward asking if "Missie would like tea on deck?" Rudely awakened from my day dreams, now hanging in space, I gave a fleeting glance over my shoulder down the long empty deck and out upon the nearing land, where I saw the Island like a jewel while the sun was giving it its full blessing. It was vibrating with light and warmth in the promise of another day. Then recalling my very informal garb, I precipitately dashed into my cabin and bath, to start the day as only a civilized human should.

In a few hours we were alongside a very business-like wharf, being made fast while Hawaiian voices were singing their sweet plaintive songs of half tones and minor keys, touching the heart as no other native songs can, and bringing to the surface forgotten days when life was young and when we saw it only through rose-colored glasses.
CHAPTER VI

A FEW good island friends met us, covering our necks with flower lais, taking possession of us for the day. A lovely motor trip, a visit to the Aquarium, luncheon at the Club, tea at the home of our hospitable guides, and safely delivered back to our ship in ample time of her departure. Such was the wonderful day at Honolulu.

Our cabins had again been filled with flowers—and joy of joys—a wonderful cocoanut cake made with fresh cocoanut—and tasting as no other cake ever tasted, was among the gifts from much traveled Amy and Harry, who had cabled their instructions so successfully. I hate to think of the pounds this delicious pastry is sure to put on me, for I am simply weak-minded when it comes to such goodies.

We watched native boys diving for pennies, admiring their skill and marveling at their courage, for there were rumors of sharks, bold enough to come into the harbor for fresh dark meat.

The day was going. The same beautiful day I had seen come into being seemingly but a few hours before. The ship slowly steamed out of the narrow channel and set her course for Japan. Once again I looked towards Diamond Head and this time received a sleepy good
night from this watching sentinel, with an added “bon voyage” from the blinking lighthouse. I turned in to my cabin fatigued, but conscious of having enjoyed a happy day. A big moon now streamed through the port as it flitted in and out of the fleecy clouds, making the gently rolling sea a veritable shimmer of silver. I had stoutly maintained to the Biffys and R. that I plainly saw phosphorescent lights, but was not only laughed at for my vivid imagination, but lengthy arguments were introduced to prove conclusively that my sleepy eyes deceived me. What is it about a woman convinced against her will? Well, I am that particular woman and still believe the sea was alive with phosphorescent lights.

Never shall I cease congratulating ourselves that we are blessed with such heavenly weather at sea this time of the year (early November). The sun shines so bright and sheds delicious warmth, the ocean is extremely well-behaved, like a mountain lake, almost reflecting the big featherbed effect clouds that nose about like sleepy puppies in the deep blue heavens.

Our party of four good pals spend much time on deck, giving particular attention to the reading of guide books on the various countries we have planned to visit, consequently we are so mixed we finally do not know one country from another, having difficulty to visualize the wonders of each, before we have actually seen them.

Reports as to the Chinese boycott of Japan and of Korea’s dissatisfaction with Japanese rule, reach us in probably exaggerated form; nevertheless, we cannot
help wondering if we shall not be witnesses of some of the manifestations of these racial disputes, as the feeling appears to be very strong on both sides. Our ship's list of passengers contains many Japanese, most of whom are returning students from educational institutions in the United States of America and England respectively. Books on socialism, efficiency and similar topics engaged the attention of most of them. Brief conversations with them convinced one that there was little of importance transpiring in our country or in England, that made for national growth and advancement, that escaped their observation. The Japanese suggest the Germans—every thought, every act for themselves and their nation. Aboard our ship a little eighteen months old kiddie has been taught to stand at attention and cry out "Banzai"—the national salute to his Emperor and Country. This round-faced, slant-eyed baby is a pure product of Japan, without a drop of strange blood in his veins, and a living symbol of this nation's conceit and what they are striving to become.

Baron Goto, sometimes termed the "mad dog of Japan," is a shipmate but appears very peaceful and inoffensive. We sat together the other evening—and he never bit me—watching the native crew going through their wrestling bouts, a very ceremonious proceeding in Japan. The participants did well and appeared like fine bronze figures, sitting in a true circle around the ring awaiting their turn to contest. Overhead was a canopy of purple and yellow, with suspended bags of salt. As the
wrestlers met in the centre of the ring to receive instructions, they would presently turn toward a salt bag, extract one pinch for their tongues and another pinch to be thrown over the left shoulder for luck, and then they would go at it—not without being directly under the centre of the canopy, however, from which was hanging a fancy paper design, acting no doubt as a good luck charm. Immediately preceding each match, a very impressive personage with a high black hat and bright kimono, carrying a fan, would announce the names of the contestants, their records, etc. All this in sing-song blank verse that put you quite in the spirit of the middle ages and ancient Japan. I rather like these little bronze men who smile so easily, take to games like ducks to water, and seem like children in the playing of them. Baron acted throughout this interesting performance like a European or American, never seeming to lose his self-control, while the other Japanese gentlemen present gave vent to their excited emotions by throwing money into the arena, loudly shouting approval or derision as the contest proceeded. It was an interesting evening's entertainment.

R. has been made chairman of the finance committee for deck sports which involves taking up a subscription among the passengers for funds to purchase inexpensive articles for prizes (to be bought from the ship’s barber) and the remaining fund to go to the fund for Japanese seamen. Baron Goto was asked to head the list of subscribers and he set so good an example that other gener-
ous givers followed, with the result that $550.00 was subscribed, an unusually large sum, and one that established the high record for the *Korea Maru*. The sports were varied and amusing, young and old, male and female and all races participating. They were confined, as a matter of course, to first cabin passengers. Musical chairs, cock fights, thread-the-needle, light the cigarette, sack races and other innumerable events were arranged and carried out to the amusement of the on-lookers, of whom there were many. Thus several hours of each afternoon for the elapsed time between Honolulu and Yokohama were pleasantly spent, culminating in the ceremony of awarding prizes, combined with a special dinner given to the ship’s company by its commander, at which fancy dress was the costume. In anticipation of this latter event for days one ransacked one’s mind as to what would constitute a proper fancy dress, followed by ransacking one’s luggage for inspiration. It is truly wonderful what human ingenuity will design in matters of this kind and under circumstances such as I have described, for the Captain’s dinner was a huge success in the number, variety and merit of the costumes worn. Then and there, most of us vowed never to cross the Pacific without being equipped with a fancy dress garb in our roll of rugs. The dinner was extra special, the awarding speeches very fitting, and finally all American voices joined in the “Star Spangled Banner” quite as lustily, even if the words were not so plainly enunciated, as when the Japanese held forth with their
national anthem, or the Britishers with "God Save the King." This was followed by dancing on deck, until a squall and a bit of rough sea transferred the tripping into the salon and passage ways.
CHAPTER VI

TOMORROW we cross the line of the 180th meridian and besides putting our time one-half hour ahead of that prevailing today, we shall also have the unique sensation of having lost a whole day, in other words we go from Wednesday to Friday. This particular spot is wasteful of time for the west-bound voyager, but thrifty of the same article for the east-bound. When we return we shall get back that day by having two Wednesdays or Thursdays, as the case may be. Efforts to explain this matter to me have failed dismally, so I must accept it as a proper fact. I am, nevertheless, reminded of my good old darkey cook in Virginia, who listened attentively when I explained the putting ahead of our clocks when the daylight saving law went into effect during the war days. The reasons for it were put in as simple language as I could command. Old Lizzie obediently acquiesced in what she was told to do, but nevertheless relieved her mind with: “Why bless my soul, Miss Blanche, that man in Washington must think himself Jesus Christ, to think he can make de sun come up earlier!”

It does not seem possible that we are on the vast Pacific, for it is truly like a mill pond. Nevertheless we are hearing all kinds of stories that “the worst is yet to
come,” and that turbulent seas and strong winds are to be encountered before Japan’s shores heave in sight. It is a comforting thought to know that only two days more are ahead of us. At the “movies” last night Lady Peale, sitting directly in front, was overheard relating a most thrilling story to her companion, delivered with an air of assurance, to the effect that it was indeed a bad omen that our big ship was listing to port, that a number of rats had been seen on deck, that the glass was falling, and that all this portended a horrible night with fearful consequences. Immediately we pictured to ourselves all the phases of a disaster at sea, even saw ourselves taking to the life boats, wondering if my bath robe over my night dress would be adequately warm. How a foolish tongue is apt to form bad impressions. It only tends to show how we should guard every uttered word, or even a very thought—for the creation of a thought vibration is surely a big responsibility, as there is no telling how it may influence you or your neighbor. As I look skyward through the four wires extending from the masthead, and connecting with the wireless instrument below—a little bit of a piece of mechanism—and realize that messages come to it out of that clear blue atmosphere, the innocent looking heavens, I stand in awe, knowing and appreciating that thoughts are things, that man is fast learning his lesson, bringing it down into practical everyday life. How few there are who, looking at this scientifically constructed machine on board our ship, that know and feel it is
the nearest thing to the spiritual side of life that we encounter.

On this lovely Sunday morning I had found a dear little corner on the bridge deck, on the leeward side and behind the stowed life boats. Here I could unobstructedly see the sea and watch the ship turn over great furrows in the deep expanse of blue water. From a deck below the strains of a hymn would come to me, then indistinct tones of the sermon being delivered by the missionary divine who was officiating at service—doubtless preaching a good lesson. All at once the wireless ticked out a message, probably from the States and coming such a distance, undoubtedly of much importance. Involuntarily I was wrapped in contemplation of how very human and spiritual it was, and how man had actually tapped the God thought in the development of this science. But how few, how very few there were that Sunday morning to allow their thought prayers to run up to God through these four little wires, through the medium of the brightly polished instrument, or how few realized that we have placed our feet on the first step of the ladder to enable us to reach the goal whence God and our souls will be made manifest to us through Love and knowledge, rather than by fear and superstition. And, as I said before, we must curb our thoughts and tongues, as the four wires and brightly polished wires in the other fellow's mind may get our impressions, and we must see that our messages are worth remembering, or fit for reproduction.
NEW YORK TO PEKING

To Lady Peale I am indebted for a wakeful night followed by a headache. The Korea Maru did not turn bottom side up, and the rats are still on board for I saw one a moment ago out of the corner of my eye, neither was my bath robe used to cover my robe de nuit, as I embarked in the much dreaded life boat. So who denies that thoughts are things? If I put this question to our four business-like looking wires, I am sure they will want to tick back, "Not I."

We crowed too soon about our perfectly marvelous crossing, for the last day out punished us for boasting. After the passengers had their dance last night, Korea Maru tried her hand, or whatever else she uses, at a bit of dancing herself and I should say with complete success. The striking into the Japan current, or "black stream," is usually attended with more or less excitement of this kind, but it was over in due time and then we were met by the port pilot to conduct us into beautiful Yokohama harbor. The doctor came from quarantine station to inspect us and make certain we were not smuggling the plague or other dreadful things into the land of the Rising Sun. Then came the passport inspectors, with true oriental inquisitiveness as to why people with good homes want to leave them—all this time our ship was being warped into her wharf—whatever that may mean.
CHAPTER VII

MRS. BIFFY, who surely has second sight and the keenest human sense of observation of any living mortal, stood at the promenade rail looking out upon hundreds of people who lined the pier at which we were to be docked. Suddenly she came to me and said, “I do believe I see Billy K.” Said I, “But how in the world did you ever know Billy K?” “I don’t know him—I only have an intuition that the big handsome chap is your friend, and that he has been craning his neck for the past quarter of an hour to see you.” Frantic salutations between ourselves and Billie K. were established at once, long-distance introductions of our friends, the Biffys, effected, and then we awaited with much impatience our actually accomplished arrival on Japanese soil. Billie K. extended a warm welcome indeed, particularly appreciated as the big-hearted soul had spent hours on the chilly pier awaiting the ship’s arrival.

I think Mrs. Biffy and I were a bit disappointed to find a motor car awaiting us, thanks to Billie K.’s foresight, for we had imagined ourselves being transported to our hotel in rickshaws that were lined up expectantly, like Grandpa go-carts. It turned out later that it was fortunate for us to have had the luxurious Pierce-Arrow, for the rooms the Grand Hotel had agreed to reserve for
us were not available, nor was there anything besides a billiard table on which to lay our weary heads to be had, hence we dashed about from hotel to hotel, well in advance of the aforesaid Grandpa go-carts, and secured a resting place at the Oriental Palace Hotel, where we soon ate our first tiffin in the East. A few hours later found us having tea with our hospitable friends, the Paul M.'s, enjoying the touch of a real home, and adoring the big hearted hostess behind her tea tray, who took it as a matter of course that a dozen people should happen in quite informally to sip the cup that cheers and discuss world topics, for these people must of necessity be international, and not local or provincial. It was an interesting phase of things to observe, how the Western nations fraternize when they abide in the far East.

Our Ambassador, Mr. Roland Morris, bade us to an informal tiffin at the Embassy in Tokyo, upon presenting our letters of introduction to him. He asked us if he could serve us in any possible way, and we broadly hinted that the Emperor's Chrysanthemum Garden Party would be a function we should like to attend, could he secure invitations for our party? Alas! and alack! the foreign embassies are limited as to the number of invitations they can command, and the lists had not only been filled a few days ago, but the time for applying for privileges had expired, and moreover the Ambassador had promised not to ask for any unusual courtesies, having been granted an exceptional favor at
the previous Garden Party; so it looked mighty unfavorable for us until the Ambassador volunteered to see what he could do, saying that as we were all so closely associated in American Red Cross work during the trying times of 1917-18, the least he could do would be to draw upon his resources for providing us with the desired "commands" to appear at the Garden Party. A few days later he informed us that all had been arranged, to our satisfaction. It seems he had recalled that R. had assisted in the entertainment of Prince Tokugawa, when the latter visited Washington in charge of a Japanese Red Cross mission—at any rate the impressive invitations were forthcoming, and we are delighted at the prospect of attending. Uppermost in the minds of Mrs. Biffy and myself is the question—what to wear? Our men have gone to local Chinese tailors for their long frock coats, as no other garment would be tolerated. Thank heaven, they have brought their own top hats of recent vintage, for one hates to think what they might get if they undertook to provide themselves here; so in due time we are off to see and meet the Imperial family of this little, but powerful island.

The Garden Party in the autumn is the celebration of the Chrysanthemum, corresponding to the Cherry Blossom Garden Party in the Springtime. Of our particular Garden Party I will speak later.
CHAPTER VIII

I HAVE engaged an "amah," and as she sits on the floor in her gaily colored kimonos, darning my ugly black stockings, what do you suppose she thinks of me, surrounded by so many seemingly unnecessary things. For you certainly are impressed with the little it takes in the East to make the natives happy. Despite the fact that both Japanese men and women put on one silk kimono on top of the other, not unlike a head of lettuce, the dark and heavy ones on the outside, the dainty colorful ones next to their bodies—the garb presents a neat and simple effect. It is to be deplored that the foreign style of dressing is replacing the picturesque costumes of old Japan, and not so much because of the desire to imitate the Americans and Europeans, but it has actually resolved itself into an economic question. The cost of a man's suit of clothes, such as our own men wear, is about one quarter that of the outfit worn by the native Japanese. Women's clothes are proportionate in value. Both have reference to the clothes worn by the wealthier classes.

It took but a few minutes to make up our minds to take a run up into the mountains, reluctant as we were to quit Yokohama, where our good friends, the K.'s and M.'s, were killing us with hospitality, sowed in lavish
abundance. But our Japan stay was limited, and it behooved us to be on our way. A two and a half hour railway ride through a perfectly charming agricultural country unfolded to our eyes a most beautifully cultivated land, intensively tilled, mostly by women with babies on their backs, standing knee deep in the water and mud of the rice fields. Others engaged in harvesting the bountiful crop were pulling large armfuls of rice straw through quaint combs, performing by skillful, industrious hands what our modern machinery at home would do in a fraction of the time. But human energy is still inexpensive in Japan!

The price of such highly successful fertilization of the limitless fields of Japan—for every inch of it seems to be cultivated—is the "smell of Japan." It is ever-present, particularly in the country, although even the big cities are by no means free from it. We early made a vow never to eat anything grown above ground, that had not been cooked.

At a little station, Kozu, we again had a glimpse of the sea, but upon taking the waiting motor, we turned our backs upon it and struck into the mountains. The guide books mention this point as one promising a sight of the sacred Fujiyama, but on this particular mid-day, he failed to show. Fuji and I have only met once— notwithstanding that this is my second visit to Japan—and that was two days ago in Yokohama. The clouds cleared for an hour, and I revelled in the sight of this truly beautiful peak, majestic beyond all words.
A winding road, substantially constructed, led us to the Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita, an exceedingly pretty spot accentuated by the blazing red maples that artistically adorned the hillside on every hand. Our snorting motor car finally came to a halt at the door of the hotel, where a smiling attendant opened our mud-covered curtains and helped us to alight. We ascended a broad staircase with its red lacquer railing into a bright sun glass parlor, furnished with homey things and containing a huge cage of birds, singing their very hearts out. Our rooms are delightfully cozy, and overlook the handsome grounds as well as some adjacent cottages or bungalows. Our view covers a stretch of miles down the valley whence our lovely ride had taken us, and the mountain sides are thickly covered with red and yellow maples. Meanwhile a mountain storm had set in, and oh! how it rained!

Nothing daunted, we put on our rain coats and started out to see the native village that nestled just below us. A winding well-kept street of shops, little shops, each quite like the other in looks and size, but differing in the articles offered for sale. Wooden toys seemed to predominate, particularly trick toys, followed by an assortment of hair ornaments, beads, carvings and the like. A large establishment quite outshone all these lesser ones, creditable in a city of size, maintained by Nakada Brothers, whose stock of beautiful curios, brass, lacquer, porcelain and bronze, quite took our breath away. Here we purchased two adorable temple lamps
(to use as electric lights) for our Virginia home, also some ancient temple tassels and cords of exquisite pink. Back we trudged to the hotel through mud and water to avail ourselves of a cheery cup of tea at the fire side of our comfortable quarters, which quite blocked the cold wind and rain that was whipping and lashing the little plum and cedar trees on the terrace below. Nevertheless our thoughts of sympathy were with these native hill people we had just left, whom we admire for their sturdiness and constant good nature. How can they derive sufficient comfort in those flimsy buildings, with their paper partitions, windows and doors? And still they smile, while we depend upon a heated room, a cup of tea, and later the stimulating cocktail before dinner, to help us forget that there is a howling mountain storm without.
CHAPTER IX

IN THE morning when I rang for a fresh fire, a smiling little maid responded (coming in without knocking) and soon had the room dancing with firelight. I watched the fantastic shadows on the ceiling, reflecting her graceful kimono arms adjusting the fenders, and arranging the fireplace so it was neat and spotless. Presently she reappeared with a red lacquer tray covered with shining linen cloth, tasteful blue and white porcelain, and a breakfast fit for a queen. How lazy and mammoth I feel as this dainty, diminutive specimen of humanity places it before me. The coffee steaming hot, the toast crisp and fresh, and a bit of fish which I am sure swam direct from stream to kitchen, with an urgent request to be cooked and served.

Today the sun is shining gloriously, and it is difficult to believe it has not constantly been shining. Its warmth fills our soul with the joy of living. We planned an early breakfast, for our masculine partners are leaving us shortly after midday for a brief absence, returning to Yokohama to attend a dinner of the American-Japan Society. So after a trip to the telegraph office to dispatch a wire to Ambassador Morris, acknowledging with thanks the arrangement for our Garden Party invitations, we set off for a long hike, Frances (Mrs. Bify)
having posted herself from the Japanese-speaking hotel porter as to the course to be steered. Before going two miles we were hopelessly lost and retracing our steps, Frances soon redeemed herself by pointing with great glee to a sign in Japanese characters in the direction of a hilltop, whence we obtained a most magnificent view of Fuji, simultaneously with a view of the sea.

One cannot help being impressed with the orderliness of these little people. Their well kept forests, substantially constructed roads, protected artistic waterfalls—everything but their children's noses—they seem to rival the waterfalls in running; it is a pity that force cannot be employed in some way, as they have controlled water power! Dear old Fuji was majestic and as his snow-capped peak burst upon our view, it quite took our breath away. He seems so wise and grand, and at the same time, so dignified and cold. His sides glistened in the sunlight, revealing the thickly grown timber line. No wonder he bears the name of sacred mountain, for I am sure you can get a holy inspiration as you stand and gaze at his wise old head and look to your very heart's content, ere coming down to earth again to click your camera shutter at him, knowing full well all the time, that the photograph you will get will not even give you the smallest idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

We kept on our climb, eventually reaching the summit. There the sea again burst upon our view. How perfectly lovely it all was, the shore line gracefully curved
in horseshoe fashion, extending as far as the eye could reach, the placid sea all aglow. Little fishing villages for miles and miles along the coast looked like tiny specks, while the numberless fishing craft dotting the huge bay appeared like lily petals in a pond.

Forestration is a successful science as practiced in Japan. Trees are replanted every twenty years, and the cutting of matured timber is carried on with intelligent understanding. Such a wise system compared with our own wasteful cutting whenever and wherever commercial fancy dictates, with never a thought for the generations to follow. Speaking of these little tracts of timber, grown in twenty year cycles, a strange thing happened. R. and I were together making this charming climb to Fuji-view, and my fur boa becoming burdensome, R. asked to carry it for me. Upon reaching the end of the climb the boa was missing. The thought instantly flashed across my mind, "Don't worry, you will find it on the way home under the trees," (a picture of which likewise was reflected in my mind). It should be explained that most of the trail led through dense underbrush, only here and there it was bordered by the growing pines. Sure enough, upon coming to a clump of trees, marking a turn in the trail-path, there lay the missing fur boa, illustrating the correctness, at times, of our subconscious mind. Were it not so commonplace, one might feel "spooky" about such happenings.

Our men sidepartners have left us for a day, and we girls are preparing for a "lone dinner," wondering how
we can manage a cocktail without resorting to underhand methods, so we decide upon an open and above board play, simplying ordering it in the lounge-room and consuming it as indifferently as it is possible for us to do so. Then we dined in solitary grandeur.

Tomorrow is the date fixed for the arrival of the first mail from home, and heaven help all my near and dear ones if you are not fully and appropriately represented.
CHAPTER X

NOVEMBER 21, 1919, the day of the Emperor's Garden Party. The elements were neither kind nor considerate, for it rained and then it rained some more. Specific instructions, accompanying the invitations, prescribed the dress—we women in afternoon frocks, the men in long coats and top hats—so we had no alternative but to obey. Hip boots, it seemed to me, would have been more fitting.

Our staying in Yokohama necessitated a ride to Tokyo, 18 miles away, and upon arrival we packed ourselves in an automobile of very restricted dimensions, our overdressed husbands managing their shiny tiles with considerable difficulty. We stopped at the U. S. Embassy for our cards of admission to the Imperial grounds, and soon after presented them at an imposing gate, to reach which we crossed the double-moated palace wall-enclosure. The general aspect of the Emperor's abode is quite like any well-maintained European monarch's palace, but the grounds differ in that the art of the Japanese shines prominently, converting the landscape into a scene that is at once a delight and comfort to the eye. After wending our way through beautiful paths, mingling with hundreds of other guests of every nationality, guided by liveried lackeys whose gor-
geous raiment was drooping with soddenness, we came to the exhibition tents where the Chrysanthemum was King. Words fail me to describe this magnificent display of horticulture, developed to the highest degree under imperial authority and direction, and here subjected to the public gaze—or such of the public fortunate enough to be bidden—a privilege we deeply appreciated. I shall never forget the single plant of perfectly huge dimensions, successfully growing six different varieties—all exquisite Chrysanthemums.

Presently we were directed to a spacious tent where gold-laced attaches from the foreign embassies and legations, dainty Japanese ladies, somber Japanese, European and American gentlemen and a few of our own sex and kind had preceded to refresh ourselves with tea, cakes, sake wine, etc.

Obviously the Emperor and Empress were not present or in evidence. They never appear in case it rains, for they simply will not assume the risk of spoiling their clothes—French frocks in the case of the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting. It is a marvel, not understandable to the Western mind, why these ladies insist upon wearing French models when their own finery not only becomes them better, but most naturally pleases the eye more.

From the Garden Party we betook ourselves to the Russian embassy by invitation, to hear our friend and former co-worker in the American Red Cross, Dr. Rudolf Teusler, give an illustrated talk on Siberia. In spite
of the fall of imperialistic Russia, its embassies and legations are still being maintained in most of the world’s capitals. The Tokyo embassy and Peking legation are financed, I understand, by the indemnity China is still paying Russia, on account of the Boxer Rebellion.

Mr. Krupensky, the Russian Ambassador to Japan, welcomed us most cordially, and promptly served us Russian tea in a dainty old China porcelain cup. His spacious ballroom was arranged for the entertainment to which we had been bidden, and it did not take long to fill it with a gathering of representative Americans, British, French, Russians, and a sprinkling of other allied nations. We recognized a number of our friends who had been at the Imperial Garden Party.

Dr. Teusler had spent practically fifteen months in Siberia, in charge of the vast work of relief undertaken by the American Red Cross. He directed a staff of over six hundred people, associated with him in this most difficult of all war-relief work, and he had the handling of over fifteen millions of dollars during that time. The severity of the climate, the enormous distances to be covered (it required two weeks constant railroad travel with his special train to move between the extreme points of the territory assigned to him) and the shortage, or in many instances the non-existence of supplies and talent, made the undertaking of doing the numberless things for the relief of the sick and wounded and of the needy refugees, a task from which the ordinary man or woman would shrink in sheer despair.
The dread typhus is the most formidable enemy to fight, particularly when the facilities for caring for the patients are few, far-between, and at best inadequate in size, equipment or in medical talent. The heart-breaking stories of the starving touched hearts of stone, if there were any in that audience, which I doubt. Transporting wounded and the sick, piled literally like cord wood, and on arrival sorting the living from the dead—how long dead it was impossible to say. He told of the brave nurses, saints indeed, the frail little beings with courage and spirit of a giant, doing heroic things each hour of every busy day, until we all felt like low-down slackers. Reverting to a pleasanter vein, he told of the many young girl refugees, ranging between fourteen and eighteen years of age, who apparently missed the pretty things of life, such as bits of lace and ribbon, the lack of which really undermined their morals. In fact they were rapidly reaching the point of not caring what would happen next! In some cases they had actually used different colored papers in their hair to satisfy a girl's natural desire to look as pretty as possible. The next day a member of our party sent a quantity of ribbon and lace to the Red Cross in Siberia that these girls might gratify their womanly traits, indirectly helping to make good mothers of them for the future generations.

The excitement of the war now being over, the American Red Cross, and similar relief agencies, find it hard to maintain enthusiasm among those who are de-
pered upon as workers. It is all too manifest that we women of the world, having given up our feverish knitting and sewing, do not realize that millions of human souls are still feeling the lack of warm clothing and the other blessed comforts heretofore supplied by that biggest Mother of them all—the Red Cross. What a pity this has come to pass, for we were nearer the spirit of brotherly love than at any time since the world began. Every woman in the land was working at top speed over sweater, sock, or other garment, to clothe the needy and unfortunate, possessed of that love of service in her heart that did more to help win the war than any other living force. It helped spiritually to win the battle that was raging between right and wrong, and it was fought out on a higher plane than the physical one, the final outcome of the latter being only the shadow of the great issue actually involved.

After a full and interesting day our hotel quarters seemed very "comfy" and our good warm beds a joy.
CHAPTER XI

THE dear "stay-at-homes" did not disappoint, for letters, lovely letters, arrived in the last mail. Some were written while we still lingered, unintentionally, on U. S. soil, but nevertheless these were tidings from the loved ones and, after all, that is the principal thing. I am still at Miyanoshita awaiting the return of R., but Biffy has just arrived and reports that R.'s cold was such that he sensibly followed medical advice and remained in Yokohama. Needless to say I took the first train back, which seemed all too slow in arriving. Found my boy ever so much better than my anxious state of mind imagined, and again convinced myself that one worries far more over the things that do not happen than those which actually occur. The Biffys were so good and kind to me, trying to ease my distress and heartache—bless them for the effort. R. will be himself again in a few days time.

Our good Yokohama friends hereabouts have quite turned our heads with their lavish attentions. Every tiffin, tea and dinner spoken for, some of them several times over, for days ahead, and if we do not soon start on our trip to the interior, we will be unfit to undertake it. We will be too "soft," for we are living on the fat of the land—but not butter! Nothing seems too much
trouble, and we seem constantly to be in the minds of our good friends. It gives us such a heart throb.

Here is a little international incident. R.'s watch met with an accident, so he and Billie K. looked up a watchmaker. It developed that an old Frenchman was the most expert repair man in Yokohama, but he spoke neither English nor Japanese. Billie K. and my husband complained that their best French was unintelligible to the watchmaker. The latter's Japanese wife was called into the conference, so she translated the watchmaker's French into Japanese. Billie K. translated her Japanese into English, with the result that the Swiss watch, owned by an American, was repaired by a Frenchman who received his orders through a Japanese. Cost of the job twelve and one-half cents in U. S. money. Let us hope the watch will now keep good time in any language.

This particular November morning we were awakened by the violent rain whipping against our window panes with the force of terrific hail. The ships in Mississippi Bay (Yokohama) looked like phantom ships, they seemed so lost in the mist and rain, blowing in in mighty gusts from the ocean. Our rooms—oh, they were as damp and cold as ice boxes! R. and I had heavy colds and had coughed most of the night. Life was not at high tide of happiness, and I was reminded of the day on the Mediterranean when my stewardess impatiently remarked: "Why people with good homes ever leave them, is more than I can understand." The
thought of balmy climes was uppermost in my mind, so when Frances and I indulged in day-dreams of traveling southwards, and spoke of India as our goal (having before us always the desire to go where it was cuddly warm) our considerate husbands not only failed to offer a single objection, but heartily chimed in in their readiness to start off as soon as a ship could be had to carry us—no simple thing in these days of heavy travel, very few and mostly small steamers. Captain Watson of the U. S. Embassy dropped in for tiffin, and gave things a big push, and added fuel to the excited flame by arranging all our passport formalities for us, and adding that friends of his were sailing for India the following week, and space on the same ship was doubtless still obtainable. Then we all talked at once and each added a feature to our program, so in short order we had determined to make a complete circuit of the globe, necessitating our skimming over Japan and barely touching a port or two in China—all in our eagerness to get to the tropics in general, to India during the season in particular.

Thank goodness, the hotel people contrived to put on more steam a few hours later, and life not only looked different to us, but there was not that overwhelming desire to go to India for the purpose of getting warm. Tonight, therefore, we are actually fatigued from our elaborate and wearisome planning of this "hot-air" trip, and we have settled down very obediently to our first and original plan of visiting Korea and China after seeing
Japan. R. and I return to the U. S. A. the latter part of January, the Biffys probably going on around the world.

We have been beautifully entertained by our good Yokohama friends, and their kindness to us will ever be remembered. While we were victims of bad colds, May and Billie K. offered us the use of their attractive home and own private apartments, an offer we of course promptly declined but none the less greatly prized, as we know it would have meant their occupying small rooms in the rear. About the same time in walked Captain Watson with word from Mrs. Watson to bring us bag and baggage to their home in Tokyo. Southern hospitality certainly has its equal with the Americans we know in Japan. We are the proud owners of an oil stove, which has converted my blue thoughts into bright sunny vision. Just that little added warmth did the trick, and life again seems quite worthwhile. Before that, with the rain splashing fiercely, our rooms damp and cold, both R. and I afflicted with hard colds, we are not to be be blamed for sending an S. O. S. across the street to our friends the Billie K.’s, in response to which he appeared with an oil stove, his capable servant softly gliding in after him with a supply of Standard Oil’s best. We were like children, what with our finger tips getting back to normal warmth again, making the world over for us. So we got our tea basket, called in the Biffys, and with Billie K. we comprised a jolly afternoon tea party, Chiyo, my little Japanese maid, mak-
ing the tea and serving it beautifully, looking the part at every turn of her head. I wonder if everyone knows what a difference a good cup of tea makes in one's point of view?
CHAPTER XII

Our night in room 31, Oriental Palace Hotel, Yokohama, facing the Bund, was a lively one. Never have I known such wind! Our bedroom with its tiny sitting-room faces east, and looks out upon the sea. It is like the crow's nest on the masthead of a steamer, receiving the full force of the storm, the gale blowing in one long glass window after another, all the while howling through our quarters, making sleep impossible. No sooner do we return to our beds from having secured one blown-open window, than it requires our combined efforts and strength to close another, and similarly we repeat this operation innumerable times. Our Christmas cards had been addressed and were ready for mailing by the next steamer. The wind played havoc with them, scattering them indiscriminately and broadcast, until our floors resembled a country road after a speeding motorist had run over a flock of white leghorns, leaving the air and surface completely filled with white particles. I am quite sure some of the cards went out of the window, preferring to take the air route to America, so if any of our dear playmates are "shy" a card, charge it up to the tempest that struck the Japan coast the last of November, 1919.

We were awakened first by what we deemed to be a
boat in distress and it sounded like a siren horn. It sounded exactly as though it originated almost be-
neath our windows, for you must know that we are near enough to the sea's edge to enable us to throw a biscuit into the briny deep from our windows. We were relieved to find that our large windows had blown open and the howling wind, penetrating every opening, was pitched in so shrill and high a key, that it resembled for all the world a signal of distress.

We longed for morning and daylight, to see that the many ships in the harbor were safe. The sea was giving out a mighty roar. We could catch the flashes of the shore and harbor lighthouses. I found myself sending up a silent prayer that the lenses were bright and clean, so that the light would guide the mariner in steering his craft safely into port. The break of dawn came all too slowly, but we were at our windows, eagerly straining our eyes. The harbor was filled with ships, many doubt-
less having sought refuge during the night, both big and little ones. One large ship had dragged her anchor and caused a bad mixup with other vessels, but the dis-
entangling process was on, and in due time things read-
justed themselves and all was safe and quiet again.

The Biffys have been prevailed upon not to wait for us, victims of colds, but to start on the planned tour of "real" Japan, so they are off this morning for Kyoto, where we have promised to overtake them in due time.
CHAPTER XIII

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1919. It is hard to realize that this is one of our national holidays, for of course Japan does not observe it. Business as usual, all shops open and only a few Americans walking home from church, apparently dressed in their “Sunday-go-to-meetings,” convey the smallest idea to us of the holiday. The U. S. Embassy at Tokyo was “at home” today—for all U. S. citizens, but we are still indisposed with colds, so could not pay our respects as we would have liked to do. Instead, we inflicted ourselves upon the Billie K.’s for tea, and were urged to remain for Thanksgiving dinner, which we reluctantly declined. The K. roof is more than hospitable. We are across-the-street neighbors, our respective windows being separated only by the width of a narrow street. When the K.’s door bell rings, we rush to see who is calling. On their side, they can keep an eye on our doings. Their home is a square old stone building that comprised Billie K.’s office and lodgings in his bachelor days, some years ago. The present home is beautifully arranged, having big rooms, few in number, tastefully filled with art treasures from Japan and China. Practically everything is an object worthy of a museum. The cheery open fireplaces, May’s attractive tea tray from which she
serves you most delicious tea, either a la European or a la Japanese, in those exquisite white porcelain cups (without handles) resting on silver lotus leaves, make an impression that is pleasantly stored up in our memory. Cakes, perfectly wonderful cakes, as only her native cook can bake them, are world-renowned, and everyone that comes to Japan that is anyone is so fortunate as to have tea, tiffin or dinner with this attractive couple.

We talk long over our cups before a glowing fire, particularly of the many lovely things for which Japan is famed. Our host may disappear to visit his "go-down" or storehouse, only to return shortly with some especially attractive piece of ware, a marvelous print, a precious bronze, or a remarkable specimen of brocade, etc., to help round out his point in the conversation we have purposely brought around to the subject of Japanese art. It is so worth while and instructive to visit with the Billie K's.
CHAPTER XIV

WE DEEM this a red-letter day, for we experienced our first formal ceremonial tea given us by Mr. and Mrs. Yamanaka, of Kyoto, a very great privilege to have been so favored, we think. Dressed in our very best, we were conveyed by rickshaws to the gate of the Yamanaka home. As we walked through the wonderful garden, the host came to the entrance of his attractive home to greet us. Servants removed our shoes and substituted them with the soft temple slippers our guide, Akiyama, had previously tucked into our rickshaws. We entered a lovely reception room, with its soft cushioned matted floor, neither chairs nor tables being in evidence, as a matter of course. These small, low-ceiling rooms make us foreigners feel like Gulliver coming to call on midgets. We had to bend our heads while passing through doorways, and the ceiling sills allowed none too much space above. It was a matter of watching your step, particularly in our case, walking in soft woolen slippers. I was reminded of my childhood days—walking over a bed while engaged in a pillow fight. We seemed fairly to sink into the lovely padded floor coverings.

Our host, a genial Japanese gentleman who speaks English fluently, seemed pleased to have us admire his
perfect home and garden. First, we were ushered into a square room having a dark blue cloth over the matting. Cushions of brown and gold were provided for each of us on which to seat ourselves, arm-rest tables being at hand if wanted. In the center were two adorable bronze braziers with silver poker to rearrange the charcoal fire. The ever-present kakomono, a beautifully painted scroll, hung in a niche of the room, and custom has it that the guest of honor must be placed near it. Presently a sliding door was opened and a man servant, bowing by touching his forehead to the floor, brought small cups of porcelain containing rice and barley. We sipped this slowly whilst marveling just how long we could keep in this uncomfortable position in which we were sitting, mentally feeling sorry for the Buddhas that have been sitting for hundreds of years—no wonder they have turned to wood, stone or bronze. By this time all sense of feeling from the waist down had gone, but we were thankful that we could still smile and bow from the waist up, mentally speculating all the while whether, when the time to move arrives, our limbs will be in working order. In due time we undertake to rise, feeling very much like a camel looks, as we get up in sections.

A fairy-like slide of one of the wall partitions and our hostess was before us, bowing low and gracefully, bidding us welcome and suggesting that we accompany her to the *piece de resistance*—the ceremonial tea room. To conduct this tea ceremonial as Mrs. Yamanaka did, involves long and concentrated study. The fire is laid
with two kinds of charcoal, white and black, large and small pieces respectively. A kettle—very unlike the kind we know, being without a spout—made of wrought copper and having a removable handle—containing the water that has been boiling for some hours is now placed upon the charcoal fire. The hostess has a bright red cloth in her obi, which she unfolds with much care and uses for handling the kettle, refolding said cloth and tucking it again into her obi with much ceremony, after use. A lovely peacock feather serves for brushing up any particles that might fall from the charcoal basket. Two lacquer bowls, one black, the other black and gray, are used for serving the tea. The tea is brewed from a powdered form having a light green color. It is essential that it shall have been ground by a maiden of about fourteen years, who uses a couple of stones for the grinding. It is argued that a lassie of these years is pretty apt to dream a lot while at her work, and slow, gradual grinding is to be preferred, as it insures retaining the essence or flavor, as compared to having this performed by the stronger hands of a boy or man. A bamboo dipper is placed into the boiling water and the latter poured into the lacquer bowls referred to, for testing the same. Two tiny spoonfuls of tea are next placed in a bowl and boiling water poured on. This is then whipped up with a dainty bamboo stick and handed to the guest next to the hostess. Upon drinking, the bowl is returned, refilled and passed to the next guest, and so on until all have partaken.
The tea served on these occasions is nothing like the tea we know as that beverage. It resembles a thick green split pea soup more than anything else I can think of, and has a taste—not of tea in the remotest degree—but of some green fresh vegetable, served without much cooking and innocent of seasoning. It was just possible to swallow it and that was all—but this you must positively do, and preferably with many bows and lavish expressions of delight, regardless of the sensations you may experience inwardly. Holding the lovely bowl in both hands on a line with your eyes, the assembled guests with host and hostess are at attention, all conversation ceases, and as you sip you are being intently observed as you revel in the honor of partaking of this cherished ceremonial tea, particularly if it is known to those present that this is your first.

We were all Dignity personified, much awed by the solemn ceremony that we were witnessing, when suddenly Biffy leaned too far back on his cushion and tumbled over backwards, nearly going through the fragile wall and putting the whole affair out of business. Our soberness was changed to shouts of laughter, and I accused our friend of having deliberately contrived "to start" the party.

We drank our tea with many bows and compliments, adhered to the custom of taking two puffs from the tiny pipe that comprises a part of the invariable smoking set that always adorns these occasions, and then handing the pipe to the next guest, we soon decided
it to be time to unfold our weary bones once more, and again make our formal acknowledgments and be off.

But our host and hostess begged us to repair to still another room for a bit of food. This was the largest apartment of this home. Again we made ourselves “comfortable” on cushion and floor. A huge and wonderful lacquer tray with a covered red bowl, a covered box, also lacquer, and a beautiful porcelain sake bottle, occupied the centre of the room. Soup with meat balls and egg cakes floating about was served first, and a combination of sipping from the bowl, and fishing for the substantial contents with chopsticks, was necessary to partake of this course. Curiosity prompted us to open the lacquer box in which we found the contents as easily yielding to the manipulations of amateur chopstick users—delicate rice cakes covered with peanut powder; boiled chestnuts, hard boiled eggs, quartered; chopped liver cakes, and a tomato. Sake, the rice-wine, is freely served and toasts are drank all round. This wine, by the way, is most palatable when hot, and in the present instance it was contained in a silver kettle. It might be mentioned here that the Emperor of Japan observes what might be termed a semi-religious ceremony in regard to the distilling of sake, one of Japan’s important Shinto temples being used for that purpose annually. In addition to this, His Majesty has two fields of rice grown for him, located in widely different parts of his empire. Should the crop fail in one, he can depend upon the other most likely.
But let us return to the ceremonial tea aftermath, the unexpected dinner. Custom does not require that we shall dispose of all set before us in this case, so we soon taper off and cigarettes are the signal for the approaching conclusion of the feast. To our amazement, we have spent three hours under the hospitable roof of these dainty, friendly people, and now the host and hostess accompany us to the door where their servants have our foot-gear in readiness so that we can be properly shod to have a final glimpse of their heavenly garden. The new moon was just coming up over the mountain, a temple bell was ringing in a sleepy manner at some nearby Shinto shrine, and peace seemed to fill our souls. Our rickshaw boys brought us through a lane of red maples that showed against the afterglow in the western sky, while the pine needles all seemed to be wishing us a happy good night. As I close my window to sit down to write my day’s impressions, I see far up on sacred Yama a flickering temple light. These little people are truly interesting and have many sides to know and admire. Yes, they are surely getting into my heart, for I am beginning to understand them more. They are so simple and child-like.
CHAPTER XV

TODAY we are to have a further glimpse of typical native life, as we have accepted an invitation to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hirai. Mr. H. is the local (Kyoto) street car magnate. We are glad of the opportunity of having tea there, for this home and its grounds are deemed a fine specimen of Japanese art in those things. Madame Hirai greeted us, regretting that her husband was suddenly called away, but expecting to join us later. So Madame H. did the honors beautifully, informing us through our interpreter, that we were the first foreign ladies that had ever been in her home. You can imagine the excitement we caused, particularly among the maids and other servants. They made no effort, seemingly, to conceal their amusement, especially when we went through the formality of sitting down, or trying to,—with our legs and feet awkwardly projecting,—for it is quite impossible to easily acquire the faculty of sitting on one’s heels, as they do. Thoughtfully, our charming hostess had chairs for us, looking woefully out of place in those diminutive apartments. Also she had provided both tea and coffee, a la European or American. These and likewise the chairs we declined with many thanks, for we truly like their native customs and enjoy making the effort to conform to them. It was
most considerate and thoughtful of our hostess to have wished to have put us at ease, but none-the-less I think she was pleased to have us express a preference for her things Japanese.

The house is of course lovely, but not to our way of thinking, at least, what you call homelike. Each room is measured according to the number of standard size mats it contains, three, four, five, etc. A ceremonial tea room, for example, must contain a certain number of mats, so that the floor length and width, and the ceiling height will give a cube measurement divisible by the mystic multiple of nine. For instance, a room six feet square and six feet high gives a cubical content of 216 feet which, divided by nine, gives twenty-four times.

The room in which we were received was a six mat room, conspicuously unadorned, except for the kakomonahanging in the niche, below which stood a small table with three inch legs, holding an incense burner, to which should be added a bamboo vase with pine branch and palm leaves—this latter in our honor, signifying welcome, longevity and prosperity, in the language of their flowers. All doors and windows are of sliding type, made up of three inch square panels. The ceilings are of plaited reeds, beautifully designed. The tea cups, consisting of lovely white porcelain, rested on silver boat shaped saucers. Cakes were served to be eaten with the use of sharpened point sticks. The tea was exceedingly weak, and to our minds, tasteless.

In our stocking feet we walked through the many
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rooms, admiring the screens and decorated floors, the work of artists. Our five cushions were the only articles of furniture in the room where we had tea, and one is struck with the immaculate neatness and cleanliness of it all—but who could not be neat and clean in the home that contained neither coal scuttle, sewing machine, victrola and other contraptions so essential to our Western civilization?

We felt more at home in the garden which was truly wonderful, with its cascades, its pretty ponds alive with goldfish, its winding paths, containing several tea houses encountered at the most unexpected places, and the general picturesque arrangement; all suggesting artistic skill in utilizing space and helping nature; for it must be remembered we were in the heart of a big city, although it was difficult to realize that fact, as we wandered along the pretty paths, or watched the sun playing upon the waters, or admired the shadows as they fell upon the adjacent mountains.

Our tea party in the Hirai home and lovely garden is over, and as Madame H. accompanies us to our waiting rickshaws, parked in the narrow lane-like street just outside the walled garden, our path leads along a winding picturesque walk that crosses tiny lacquer bridges over clear swift-running streams, in which fat and over-fed goldfish lazily swim along, so pompous and lordly in their assurance and dignity, causing the finny youngsters to scurry as the former give a violent flap of his tail as he approaches. Characteristic of Japan, age is
respected in all walks of human life, so why not in animal life—hence the deference shown by baby goldfish for his more patriarchal member of the specie.

As we reached the carved moon gate, appropriately placed in the huge wall, Madame H. placed her tiny hands upon her knees, and with bowed head and a graceful bend of her diminutive back, wished us goodby and a long life of happiness.

Soon we were in a maze of narrow, twisting and crowded streets, with shouting rickshaw boys continually having what appeared to us as barely averted escapes from collision with other vehicles on the one hand, or from effecting precipitous entrances into the tiny stalls or bazaars on the other—never ending shops containing varied articles from huge bronzes to wooden tooth picks, all displayed so prospective purchasers can be properly tempted. Red cheeked fat urchins, from babyhood up, were looking on with solid, broad nerveless faces, their tiny, wonderfully formed hands being far more expressive than their faces. Remarking upon the shapeliness of the hands of the average native, I once heard a Japanese gentleman say: "And why not beautiful? Are they not taught from childhood to handle chopsticks? On second thought, I pictured my own clumsy efforts with these fiendish implements, a bit of rice poised half way between the bowl and my mouth, only to have it fall back again with a splashing thud, my chopsticks meanwhile having assumed every angle but the proper one, in my untrained, awkward fingers.
CHAPTER XVI

ONE evening our stay in Kyoto included attendance at a dinner to be accompanied by music and dancing by geisha girls, and arranged for us at one of Japan’s nicest tea houses. Our courier suggested my wearing as many jewels as possible, as the geisha girls are impressed and amused by a lavish display of finery of that character. Accordingly eight geisha girls awaited us when we were shown into our tea-house dining-room, again with shoeless feet and condemned once more to sit upon cushions for a number of hours at a stretch—and without a stretch. The most talented songbird in Japan was on hand to entertain us. But oh dear! after sitting cross-legged for two to three hours hearing this fine singer sing (?) you begin to wonder if the construction of music in the Eastern and Western minds can ever be made to harmonize. The question arises, which system deserves the name of music? I tried so hard to get the rhythm but failed, as no two bars seemingly count the same. This artiste certainly possessed a remarkable variety of grunts and squeaks, with half tones in gurgles and gargles combined, while she could with facility drop from a high pitch to a low one, and come to a sudden, abrupt end that proved startling in the extreme. I was a perfect lady through it all until Mrs. Biffy leaned over to
whisper: "Do you think she is going to be seasick in this little room?" which nearly proved my undoing. I suppressed my laughter as well as I could, but the tears insisted upon rolling down my cheeks, my only hope now being that the song happened to be a sad one, and my emotions therefore perfectly proper.

The geisha dances were lovely and more understandable. We particularly enjoyed those rendered by three little eleven year old girls, having thin, white-chalked faces, cherry painted lips, who seemed anything but childlike, as you would expect of little lassies of this tender age. It is all part of the game, and to come to Japan and not see a Geisha dance is simply unthinkable.

Before leaving, R. and I danced a one-step for them in our stocking feet and later R. tried dancing with one of the little geishas which caused much merriment to her sister geishas and the other onlookers. Whilst the performance was going on our dinner was being served to us—on the floor, as a matter of course and custom. We started with tea and finished with tea and rice with numerous courses of soup, fish, meat, etc. We had three kinds of soup, I recall, and before we reached the final course, we had become quite expert with our chopsticks.

R. and Biffy after a few hours of cramped position were forced to rise and re-seat themselves on the arm rests, to the amusement of the geishas and tea-house attendants. Frances and I had better Japanese manners,
notwithstanding our feeling like veritable mummies just recently unearthed—ossified from the waist down. We had faithfully sat flat upon the floor during those hours of the evening's entertainment.
CHAPTER XVII

The next morning found us off bright and early, bound for a trip down the Rapids. On our way out of Kyoto, however, we motored to the Katsura or Summer Palace, which contains what is deemed the best and finest of Japanese gardens. We found it most attractive and deserving of a visit.

Later, embarking in a big river row-boat, propelled by three men, we experienced a charming two hour run down the river, frequently shooting the rapids and giving us that peculiar thrill that comes with the facing of supposed danger, and which is all the pleasanter when you know that it is a perfectly safe thing to do, as others before you have accomplished it with success hundreds of times. The water was low, the mountains high, the foliage a brilliant red, the sky was blue, and our little party was indeed glad to be alive and among such picturesque and highly pleasant surroundings.

In due course we reached Arashiyama, and a tiny tea house perched up on a high bluff overlooking the river that we had so skillfully navigated. Our prepared tiffin was soon served, and rarely have we had a more delightful experience. Picture-like, our little house commanded a magnificent view, peeping out of a clump of trees and looking out upon the opposite high river bank
with its red and yellow maples, while below we could watch the river with its many wonderful reflections and colors. It suggested a bit of the stage.

On our return to Kyoto — again by motor — we stopped in a bamboo forest to look at a home the Biffys think of leasing in order to kill time while awaiting the cherry blossom season.

Nara is only an hour’s ride from Kyoto by rail, so one day we betook ourselves there. Here is the temple containing Japan’s largest Buddha, a wonderful thing in bronze. The sacred horse is also to be found here (as is the case in other elaborate Buddhist temple communities). In this case the object of worship is a dear little white horse with light blue eyes. As soon as you approach, he gives an appealing neigh, and at the same moment a priest offers you a bowl of grain for which you pay him a small gratuity and then feed the grain to the pony, thus helping his body, feeding your own soul and maintaining the priest.

We did a few other interesting things in peaceful Nara and then again took a train, this time for Yamada, six hours away. Our arrival at this little town of Yamada took place in darkness, relieved by the elaborate illumination just outside the railway station of hundreds of Japanese lanterns, held by the hotel porters representing the countless inns and hotels that provide accommodations for the thousands of pilgrims who find their way to this Mecca of Japan. I was informed that not less than two million people pass in and out of this station
every year, visitors to the shrine of Kotai Jungu, the most sacred temple in all Japan.

A bright moon was visible as we got into our rickshaws amidst the clamorous jabbering of dozens of rickshaw men, all competing for our trade, and confusing their prospective customers with their violent gestures and innocent noise, in their endeavors to call attention to the superiority of their particular conveyance. In spite of the din and disputing we finally got under way, and our little procession was speedily conveyed down the tiny thoroughfares lined with brightly lighted, attractive looking native inns. We were the only foreigners visible. After a twenty minutes brisk ride from the station, we reached the top of a short but steep hill, and landed in the doorway of the Hotel Gonikai, a typical and truly native inn. Off came our shoes before entering, and soon we squealed with delight upon seeing the adorable room we were to occupy—a six mat apartment, paper walls and sliding paper doors. The ever present kakomona, an incense burner, a small table with legs four inches high, a writing set (to my surprise and delight equipped with a brush and not a pen), two cushions, two arm rests, a charcoal brazier and a screen comprised the furniture. Pushing the sliding windows open, we looked out upon the moonlit night, and had a glimpse of the shimmering sea beyond. The stars seemed unusually bright in this holy spot. Who can guess what my dreams will be, for now I am to retire on the comfortable looking, cleanly spread futora which the
“chamber-maid boy” has just placed on the matted floor, giving me a makura (wooden pillow) on which to rest my weary head, and a padded kake-futon to keep me warm. How I wish you could see me this minute, sitting up Japanese fashion with my diary on my knees writing, while occupying a real Japanese bed or “futora.”

I am keenly looking forward to my first glimpse of the Imperial shrine tomorrow.
I HAVE had my first visit to a Mecca and have seen the sacred shrine of Kotai Jungu, the first of all the Shinto shrines, the original of which was built on this site in the year 660 B.C. Every twenty years, since that date, the shrine is rebuilt within the same large wooded inclosures covering a vast number of acres, but on a different plot of ground, the old shrine being dismantled completely and the ground resting for a twenty year period, in that way acquiring purification. The timber from which the temples are built must come from trees grown in this wooded inclosure, where an atmosphere of peace and holiness has surrounded said trees from their nursery days. The timber from the dismantled structure, as well as other building material, is sent to other parts of the Empire to be used for the building of other shrines.

It is compulsory upon the Emperor to make a pilgrimage to this temple or shrine once a year, which he does in great state, accompanied by a large and elaborate suite. Two days are consumed in going to the shrine, two days are spent in prayer at the shrine, and two days more are required for the return journey. Emperor Jimmu, the first of Japan’s Emperors, worshipped here and every one of his successors have done likewise. Its
priests are the highest of the order of Shinto priests, and they live constantly within the temple compound, never being seen outside. The Emperor is required to subject himself to a process of purification by remaining several hours and alone in a square enclosure having white stone floor, washing his hands and mouth with the water of the river that flows alongside, confining himself to eating certain foods—all before making his entry into the shrine. Even then he cannot penetrate the holy of holies in the temple—that is a privilege reserved unto the High Priest alone. When the twenty year anniversary date occurs for the transfer of the place of worship, the sacred emblem is moved at the dead of night, by the hands of the High Priest, and when this has been accomplished the new temple is officially opened. This is usually done at a cost of one million yen. It requires the constant services of ninety-five uniformed guards to police and protect this wonderful shrine. To give one an idea of the comparative standing in the Shinto world as to this temple at Yamada, it might be stated that where this shrine is placed at No. 1, the temple at Nikko, so well known to the travellers in Japan, would stand at No. 225.

It was at this Yamada temple that Viscount Mori pushed the curtain aside with his cane to peer into the shrine, and the following year, while attending some court ceremony at Tokyo, he was stabbed and killed instantly. It appears that a son of a Shinto priest had witnessed the mark of disrespect of which the Viscount
had been guilty, and he there and then vowed he would take his life in consequence.

The railway cars carrying these pilgrims to and from their Mecca are interesting and curious, viewed from our American or European standpoint. As stated, they come in thousands and the month of January sees nearly 90% of the total that comes annually. The train bearing us to our destination was filled with them, and we were the only foreigners. With their feet tucked up under them they squat on the low, flat, very wide seats, in the case of the men, mostly engaged in reading their periodicals that look like wall paper designs, the women either serving tea or other refreshments, or reclining their wonderfully coiffed heads upon the hard cushioned head rests, apparently enjoying a nap. The hair of these ladies is dressed every three or four days, and this contrivance, which fits neatly into the neck, prevents disarrangement of the head-dress.

But to revert to the temple grounds again. How am I going to make clear to you the fascination of this spot and the compound enclosing it? The trees are all giants of the forest—six men with extended arms could scarcely encircle them. Walls erected 300-400 B. C. are still standing and in fine condition.

The cock is an emblem of the Sun Goddess and an object of worship. The legend is that one of the early Emperors, wishing to have the Sun Goddess revered, had a large drum made to be struck at sunrise, placing the drum in the temple compound where roamed poultry
and other animal kind at will. A cock, fleeing from pursuing children and dogs, sought refuge on the drum, remaining there in safety throughout the day and succeeding night. At sunrise, still perched upon the drum, he crowed lustily, thus honoring the Sun Goddess and establishing the legend that is depicted in Japanese prints, paintings, etc. You see it on their kakomonas, on their porcelains and on woven materials. The present temple grounds are picturesque as well as lively with the large number of lovely white cocks, some bearing tails from a foot to three feet in length. The greetings to the Sun Goddess each sunrise are indeed voluminous and complimentary.
CHAPTER XIX

WE are back in beloved Kyoto and this has been a day for "trinketing," as R. terms our shopping pastime, conducted in the native quarters of these quaint places. My fancy dress costume was the cause, for I am to be the proud possessor of a lovely geisha costume, available for future fancy dress parties. Please do not imagine that the purchase of a complete costume or outfit is an easy thing to accomplish. First we went to the famous pawnbroker, Matsubaia, quite a formidable establishment, where geisha girls and ladies of high station dispose of their garments, mostly worn but two or three times, sometimes only on a single occasion. These fastidious women-folk spend fortunes on kimonos and obis, particularly the ladies-in-waiting to the Empress and others presented at court, who simply cannot wear the same clothes for an Imperial function more than twice. The geisha girls are the spenders in the woman world, and must of necessity own an extensive, certainly a varied wardrobe. Unlike almost all other women in the world, the Japanese wear no ornaments nor jewelry (except in their hair)—no pearls and diamonds—hence they make up for it in other ways. The obi, a sash measuring twenty-four inches in width and twelve feet in length, can cost sums well up in the thousands of
dollars, (not yen) as for instance, those woven with gold thread and weighing sometimes as much as 25 lbs. The weaving of these fabrics for these high-grade obis is obviously a work of the greatest art, one that is, I fear, disappearing with the advance of commercialism. The kimonos are beautifully and artistically embroidered, two or three of the same material but of different color being worn at a time, one on top of the other; so that when the wearer walks or dances, a bit of color peeps out about her feet and arms.

From a very tempting lot put before me, I finally selected a kimono of dull blue, with court sleeves. A lovely pattern of soft roses in dull pinks and yellow is woven into it, golden butterflies profusely appearing all over the garment in a dull gold thread. The lining is of red satin, the color of red lacquer one sees in the temple shrines. This is a bit of camouflage, giving the appearance of wearing two or three kimonos when, as a matter of fact, I have but one. Incidentally, my garment must have been made for a corpulent geisha girl!

The undergarment, which is not an undergarment to our way of thinking, is a red lacquer crepe of heavily woven, gold thread pattern. This is draped so as to show the hands and feet in the most adorable way. And as for the obi—I feel I should like to spell it in capital letters—it is of gold thread, woven into a pattern with dull pinks and blues. Of course when you put this around a good generous American figure, your first impulse is to say "No can do," but with perseverance it is surprising how,
after all, when dressed in native Japanese garb, we look like the rest of them, only taller than the average.

In the show room at the pawnbroker’s, the floor was littered high with armful after armful of the rich fabrics offered for our inspection, relieved by glimpses into the pretty garden which is an essential adjunct to every home, every high-class business house, and in striking contrast to the narrow, winding street on which the home or shop may be situated.

Finishing our mission at the pawnbroker’s and donning our shoes, we were ceremoniously bowed to the door and into our rickshaws to acquire the rest of the costume. First came the white satin or silk stockings, extending only to the ankle, having the big toe provided for, so that the strap of the sandal can slip between it and the rest of the foot. It was found necessary to provide for making to order, as a scarcity in ready-mades happened to prevail at the time. I am to have them in a month’s time. The clogs or foot gear came next, consisting of a pair of black lacquered wood soles, fitted with silken cords of purple and black. The buying of the hair ornaments took some time, for there are many to choose from, all lovely beyond description—tiny flowers, gold balls, coral pins, combs and ever so many other things. Excepting the kimonos and obi, all purchases of the miscellaneous articles were made at bazaar shops that occupy quite as much outside as inside space; in other words, one practically transacts business in the street, which is none too wide as a rule. Needless to say
I attracted an enormous amount of attention on the part of the passing native population, most of whom halted to be amused by the spectacle of a foreigner acquiring their native wearing apparel. They must have thought things were reversing themselves, in contemplating their own constantly growing tendency to discard their native dress for that of the European or American. Frances deeply regretted that the evening light did not lend itself to a kodak snapshot of that gaping, motley crowd that watched me being measured for my stockings—men, women, children, babies and dogs; it is in such striking contrast to a shopping scene on Fifth Avenue. These little people are always so merry, seeming to take the deepest interest in my beaver coat, occasionally stroking it, invariably rubbing up against it. At first I felt a little nervous at having them so near me, but I am entirely at ease now in having a crowd about me, as they are universally good-natured and kind.
CHAPTER XX

TOMORROW we are off for Korea, or I should say Chosen, as long as I am in the Japanese Empire, for the Japanese are rather insistent that their new dependency should quickly change its name as they hope to improve and develop the country's resources, customs and culture. With many regrets we are leaving this part of Japan, having enjoyed our second visit even more than our initial one. We owe much to a most proficient courier, Mr. A. Akiyama (attached in his capacity as courier to the U. S. A. Embassy at Tokyo) whose unfailing courtesy and rare intelligence went a long way to helping us see and appreciate things under the most favorable circumstances.

So with heavy hearts we are pulling up from Kyoto, the truly Japanese city of Japan. The maples are still red and golden on the hillsides, while the temples (and there are over one thousand here) hidden among the pines were like dream land, especially so at sundown, or as darkness was setting in, when the temple bells would sound out on the night air. Looking up toward the sacred mountain we believed a light to be visible, only to observe that it was none other than Venus rising and shining out against the dark mountain top, with always the comfortable feeling that some temple priest was keep-
ing watch while we dreamed of another day full of new sights and joys, of old shrines with steps worn by the feet of pilgrims climbing to the holy of holies with their offerings of rice, money and paper prayers.

Kyoto was once the capital of Japan, so consequently is filled with history, romantic as it is interesting. And as for "trinketing," it is without doubt the most wonderful place imaginable. In gratifying our shopping appetite our modest letter of credit looks like a country school petition, so marked up is it by the evidences of our frequent trips to the bank, and the resulting drafts upon our exchequer.

It may be just as well that we are leaving Kyoto and its tempting shops, otherwise the head of the family would have to return to the U. S. A. and the proverbial grindstone to which to apply his nose, to make up for the deficits caused by our debauch in priest robes, temple sets, old Buddhas—centuries old—temple lamps and screens, etc., etc.

A few hours by train brings us to the commercial and port city of Kobe, where we are to spend the night at the Tor Hotel. The Japanese shrine gate, with which we are all familiar, is known as torii. Kobe being also the "Gate City," the hotel people deemed it an appropriate name. It was then known as the Torii Hotel. This was years before the great war. In due time, an enterprising Teutonic hotel man acquired it, and changed the spelling to "Thor," retaining the meaning of gate in German. When Japan declared war upon Germany and interned
its citizens, the Teutonic name of the hotel was not considered a good asset, so its spelling was changed again and it is plain Tor now. In spite of its vicissitudes of name it is prettily situated on a side hill, but no attempts have been made, or if made they are not realized, to make it attractive or comfortable. Kobe has little to recommend it to the tourist. Tan San water, the Poland, Apollinaris and Waukesha product of Japan, comes from here.
CHAPTER XXI

We were called in the morning at six, the Biffys "saving our lives" by sending to our room a thermos of steaming hot coffee, to tide us over until breakfast on the train. Far be it from us to have relied upon our hotel to furnish an early repast, for the maxim that you cannot hustle the East is proved time and again to all of us who attempt so large an order.

It is a long twelve hour train trip from Kobe to Shimonosecki, so we settled ourselves as best we could for the day, armed with books, papers, and a desire to peep at the scenery from time to time.

As we slip along the shore of the Inland Sea, along which our rail route takes us, we are absorbed by the variety of scenes the picture constantly takes on. We pass through fishing villages, with their countless tiny boats bobbing up and down upon the surface of the water, like children's toy craft in a park pond. You seem to know each boat has its devoted master, and that he showers loving care upon his ropes, sails and nets. What stories they could tell of hardship and danger if only they could speak. Fluffy clouds are faithfully mirrored in the sea below. We now catch a glimpse of the sacred island—Miyajima—with its great red Shinto gate standing far into the sea, remindful of every picture
you have ever seen of Japan. The red maples are still visible on the hillside, and now orange trees in full bearing and great profusion add to the pretty picture that enthralls us. Before we realize it, the sun is setting over the hills, and long shadows reflect on the many islands that seem to float upon this lovely stretch of water, bathing them in a purple haze, reflecting the islands and producing a fascinating mirage of themselves in a sea of blue. A big moon comes up to replace the glorious sun and we see another beauty, a purer, whiter, kindler light, that bathes the scene in silver. The tiny lights of the village shine out; the smoke from each hut goes straight up into the night, like an offering of thanks for this perfect day. It all seems like a dream picture.

On going forward to the dining car for the last meal of the day, we were at once satisfying any pangs of hunger that might have been present, as well as to dispose of an hour or more in the warm, cheerful diner. Night had come on as we pressed our faces against the moist, steam-covered panes of glass, making little clear spots on the glass with our pocket handkerchiefs and noses, while catching fleeting glimpses of the railway stations and straggling villages, as we dashed through on our way to the coast. After a good dinner we started back to our car, a considerable distance toward the end of the long train, picking and choosing our course through aisles and corridors of the many cars, all of them more than comfortably filled with natives none too careful in the use of the generous, everpresent "co-operative"
cuspidor, placed in the aisle center of each car. A clean, cool breeze came from an open vestibule door, and noticing that our train had stopped alongside a railway station platform, the temptation was irresistible to abandon our attempts to keep clear and clean of the cuspidor dangers of the car aisles, so we stepped out upon the platform, under the bright stars of heaven, to make a run for our own car, thus avoiding all the intervening ones. To our horror, however, the train began to move quietly and smoothly, leaving us hatless and coatless on a lonely station platform in a strange land, having a strange language. We made a return dart for the vestibule door from which we had emerged, only to find it closed, locked. By this time three of us, comprising the “given up for lost” party, made a frantic attack on the car windows, which finally brought the guard of the last car of the train to our aid, who lost no time in opening the door and in assisting us to regain the train. Breathless and trembling with the thrill of excitement, you may be sure we were oh so glad to get back with people and light again, for we had lived days in those few instants of agonized suspense out there in the cold under the lonely stars.

Shortly after this incident—an hour or two—we reached the end of our day’s rail journey, Shimonosecki, where a fair sized steamer awaited its passengers for the night trip across to Fusan, where we are to take a train again for ancient Seoul. If Korea—or I should say Chosen—is as good to us as Japan has been, we shall be
more than satisfied. But then we must not expect too much, as this is winter, and the stories told us by our Japanese friends prepare us for discomforts galore, making us sometimes wonder if we are not foolish to leave Japan, with its merry, good-natured people, its attractive tea gardens, its tiny houses and clean streets, its little people with big babies strapped to their backs, and everything done for us to make us comfortable and happy. But we are Americans with 20th Century unrest in our hearts, and we must be off and on our way, if only to eventually return home in time to start out all over again to penetrate other parts of the world. In fact our mental traveling has become as popular as it is certainly expensive, especially in the evening over our after-dinner coffee cups and cigarettes, before an open fire. We have been known to go to India, Kashmir, Cambodia, Siam and the South Seas in a single evening, and be quite ready the next evening for Alaska, France and Norway. But without imagination, life would be dull indeed, and our little party of four pals seem to possess an over-dose of this quality, our fairy godmothers certainly having effectually touched us with her wand, and at the same time spilled the contents of her sack containing imagination all over us, when bestowing upon us her good wishes for those desirable qualities essential to the making of a human soul, with its joys and sorrows, good and bad instincts.

But I am digressing, for meanwhile we have spent a night on the sea—a rough crossing with the Shigura
Maru—reminding one at times of the English Channel and its corkscrew twist. When I therefore sat up in my berth early in the morning, to sew clean collars and cuffs on my blouse, it almost resulted in my undoing. Consequently I had to postpone my breakfast hour and be very good and quiet, as otherwise I should have spoiled my good record—it had been in great danger—for at one time our good ship was dancing about on the top of a wave, only to take a header into a hold from which it seemed ages to make up its mind to get back, to repeat the disagreeable operation once again. We finally landed at Fusan on schedule time, and while our ship was being docked, I went in search of a cup of coffee, only to find the breakfast room closed. A smiling ship's officer, however, recognizing my hungry look, ordered a boy to bring me coffee which I thoroughly enjoyed, standing in the companion-way, with howling coolies snatching up bags and trunks all about me, just missing my precious cup, which I drained to the last drop.
CHAPTER XXII

ALTHOUGH still on Japanese soil (Korea or Chosen) it seemed to be necessary to exhibit our passports, but that formality was soon attended to, and then we sought comfortable seats for an all day ride in the train. Again we are the only foreigners occupying a well filled train, the others being Japanese. A large family of children with their nurses, together with the parents, monopolize most of the car. The husband and father, it would seem, must be a personage of importance for at numerous big stations he is met by large delegations of men and women, who bow low and many times—to which he must respond in kind, also many times—and lengthy speeches on both sides, with more bowing, characterize each occasion. The women folk keep up a mumble of words and giggles, sounding very much like a flock of hens in a barnyard cackling over their food.

Our first impressions, as we glance out of the car windows, fill us with delight, for the country stretches beautifully on each side of a tortuous, interesting river, which we cross and re-cross, as we make our way through a narrow, more often a wide valley, skirted with hills of varying size and shape. The river is alive with craft, an odd sight being the cargo boats drawn by
man power, the tow rope attached to the top of a high mast. On every side we see the Korean, both sexes, in native dress of white linen, looking much like the Ku Klux Klan, the men with their partly shaved heads and much treasured top-knots, wearing stovepipe hats, seemingly ridiculously small in size, held on their heads by means of horse hair frames of cage-like effect, the latter surmounting the top-knot. Perched on this frame is the shiny hatlet referred to, the combination head-gear resembling for all the world a two storied pagoda.

Never have I seen such walkers. They swing along the highways, erect, with long strides, their arms folded and hands tucked in the sleeves, generally single file, like animated mile posts. Look where you may, far from town or city, you will see these white-clad figures, remindful of marble tomb stones, on the roads, in the fields, in the hills and on the mountains, standing out against the skyline, until you are certain that all Korea is out of doors.

The Korean's white clothing calls for an ever-ending job of laundry work from his wife who, in addition to being washerwoman, the mother of a huge family, grinds his meal, fills his long tobacco pipe, performs all menial work, and acts for the human go-cart for the baby if a young brother or sister, of six to eight years, is not available to have the burden wished on their back.

The villages are comprised of huts made of mud, roofed with ricestraw. These roofs are renewed every
year after the rice is harvested, but the old roof is never removed, the new one being placed over it; and so many of the old huts resemble a big mushroom, so heavy is the overhanging roof of a period of years, compared to the slender walls that may be likened to the stem. Children play about doorways that are doorless, mingling with the poultry, the kiddies wearing pantaloons tightly drawn around the ankles. Their garments are of many colors. A small wadded zouave jacket, mostly of red cotton, is worn so as to leave a gap between it and their trousers, where their bodies are bare. Their little brown bodies must be hardy and not feel the cold, for we saw some wearing only the jacket, reaching a little below the armpits. The women are, as a general thing, a sad looking lot—I now refer to the peasant and village class—in white grass-cloth clothes, occasionally relieved by a jacket of blue or red. An outer coat is worn on the head, the sleeves hanging as an ornament. The baby is tied on her back in a most insecure manner, the infant hanging far down on her hips. The mother's breasts are always exposed, in some cases so generously that the "lunch counter" is transformed into a pipe line that passes under her arm to the hungry passenger on the back seat, demanding attention at the most inopportune moments.

It is heart-rending to see children playing at hopscotch in the village roadway, with a sleeping baby's head bobbing over their shoulders, or a waking baby's colic-inspired screams issuing up to heaven—fortu-
nately it seems not to interfere with the sport of the game.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the high mountain passes, followed by a rapid drop in the thermometer. Rice paddy fields have been transformed into icy steps up the mountain sides. A light snow is falling, accompanied by a high, sharp wind, making it seem bleak and soulless in this faraway country of the Hermit Kingdom.
CHAPTER XXIII

SEOUL (Keijo), the capital of Korea (Chosen), was reached at 7:30 P. M., a huge motor bus conveying us to our caravansery. After risking our lives with an irresponsible chauffeur who tried hard to capsize us, as the top-heavy vehicle (all our luggage was top-side) tore around corners, we were thrice glad to reach the Ritz Hotel of the Far East, the "Chosen Hotel." To find beautifully warm, clean rooms and beds, bathrooms perfectly appointed, after the uncomfortable train service of the Japanese Government railways—heated principally with bad air—was a pleasant revelation indeed. Oh the joy of a real bed, and a tiled bath with plenty of hot water! So I crawled beneath the downy comforter with a prayer of thanks that the stork had dropped me down a good U. S. A. chimney, instead of having left me on the roof of a Korean home, where I should have been fated to grow to womanhood in a country where man has indeed an exalted and selfish idea of himself—it shows in his very walk and every step.

It is hard to realize that we are in far-off Korea, our guide, one Mr. Peter M. Y. Lee, awaiting our pleasure to start off to see the city of Seoul, which the Japanese have re-christened Keijo. Our rickshaws speedily took
us to the encircling city wall, whence a fine view of the city and surrounding country could be obtained. The old palace and home of several dynasties of kings, just within the wall, is in a state of decay, and seems cheap and flimsy in its faded grandeur.

As a matter of fact, the city street life holds greater interest for us than that of any of the other capitals in this part of the world. We could not resist stopping to shop for a native costume, and as the shops are completely open toward the street, we were the objects of curiosity to all out-doors as we indulged in that peculiarly oriental game of bargaining, invariably being obliged to go through the motions of giving up all hope of making a trade, by clambering into our rickshaws, only to have the shopkeeper pursue us with the purchase wrapped up and ready for delivery at our offered price.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we boarded a South Manchurian railway train for Mukden. It was only possible to secure a four-berth sleeping compartment for our quartette of two couples, but a great deal worse fate can befall one in these days of congested travel conditions. It is said that one must travel with friends to know their true nature. By that test we cannot speak too highly of the even-tempered Biffys. I wonder what candid verdict they can pronounce about us! So we slept four in a bed—for that is what it practically amounted to—in that tiny Manchurian railway sleeping compartment. Our men had to sit up late in
anticipation of crossing the China frontier, where passport and customs formalities had to be attended to in person. Contrary to usual practice, Korean officials examine passports of passengers leaving Korea, as well as those entering the country. So we first had a Korean passport examination, then a half hour later a Chinese passport examination, and finally a Chinese customs examination—the latter involving the unloading of all baggage, large and small, its transfer on coolie backs to a remote station, its inspection (with particular reference to opium smuggling) and then its return to a new baggage car by the same lengthy, arduous process. We women, having retired to our diminutive upper berths, were certain a riot had broken loose, only to learn that the handling of our luggage was causing commotion. One of my pet pieces of baggage is called the “man-eater,” a week-end bag which became the object of suspicion of a customs inspector. It was the only piece of baggage for which I possessed no key, and consequently I had fastened it with a stout cord and affixed seals to it, thus making it safe to place in the luggage van. So the cord and seals had to be cut, and after displaying the perfectly harmless contents, the inspector passed it without further question. So then it had to be left unlocked—being without a key for it—and our already over-crowded compartment was called upon to store this pest of a bag. “Man-eater” and its owner were not very popular, as you may imagine!

At last our men returned and all hands turned in, but
only for a few hours, as at six o’clock we were called to get ready for alighting at Mukden, where we were to change cars for the Peking train. The moon was big and bright as we stepped upon the bleak train platform, the icy morning air causing us to cough as it filled our lungs. It was several degrees below zero.
CHAPTER XXIV

MUKDEN (also spelled Moukden) is the capital of Manchuria, populated by 200,000 Chinese, several thousand Japanese, and one hundred Europeans and Americans. Four railway lines centre here, extending respectively to Seoul (where we came from) to Darien (Port Arthur) and to Harbin, where connection is made with the Trans-Siberian route, that once upon a time operated trains to European Asia. A fourth extends to Peking.

The Yamato Hotel, conducted by the South Manchurian Railway Company, forms part of the station building. It was to this friendly looking door we dashed in the wee hours of the morning, the icy air proving trying to us, unaccustomed as we were to such temperature. With stamping feet and between coughs, we applied for rooms in which to tidy up during the intermission between trains, only to be informed there was nothing available. But in some mysterious way we, nevertheless, were assigned to a huge apartment, a combination banquet hall, drawing room and bath, the latter equipped with hot water only, the cold being frozen. I am trained never to inquire how these seemingly impossible things are accomplished, R. having a way all his own, this making traveling with him most
comfortable. Nothing seems too much trouble if it is going to add in the slightest to my comfort.

So our quartette took turns in performing our ablutions in the boiling hot water, and were ready for breakfast as the sun came up to cheer the frozen land. It really seemed to warm things up a little, for the frost on the window panes became a little less thick and we could almost see through them. After breakfast we started out for a brisk walk to see the city, only to learn that real Mukden was three miles away, the section we were in containing, besides the station and hotel, likewise the railway shops, a good hospital and a few straggling places of business. We soon decided that the old city would have to remain unexplored by us, as it was too cold to go on any Columbus tours of discovery.

On resuming our train journey, we realize that we have caught up with a personally conducted party of our countrymen and women, an American Express Company tour, consisting of eighteen persons, which is likely to restrict a fair distribution of the available luxuries and comforts en route, for Americans have a habit of liking the best facilities going, which include the best in food and drink, as well as seeing the sights under the most favorable conditions. We are hoping they will not remain long in Peking, for these oriental cities are not equal to the strain of our countrymen in too big a dose.

The country we are running through—Manchuria—is flat and desert-like, with clouds of dust over every-
thing. Many soldiers are visible, being particularly in evidence at stations where they are lined up, dressed in fur lined uniforms and with fur caps, standing at attention as we approach. The Chinese government maintains soldier police along the railway line, to insure the safety of passengers and property on the freight or goods trains. Bandits of a desperate kind infest these parts, and are likely to attack a train, carrying off everything of value.

As far as the eye can reach a desert plain stretches before it, with an occasional village, looking like a dust heap or mound of brown earth. Nothing else to relieve the eye. Snow is beginning to fall, only adding to the bleakness and desolation. The few Manchurians to be seen have an ugly and forbidding appearance as they tramp along the alleged road, that is marked by deep ruts, beside the railway right of way. We encounter dust storms, after the snow, causing everyone to sneeze and cough. These storms are strange freaks of nature, beginning with a yellowish tinge that pervades the atmosphere and covers the sun, followed by the precipitation of yellow dust in abundance, like rain. It takes days to free your clothes, to say nothing of getting it out of one's hair.

Another night on the train and another experience of discomfort. Fancy taking one of our ordinary cattle cars, provided with partitions to separate the compartments, one large seat running crosswise, which is made into a lower berth at night, on top of which is also an
upper berth. A very small window, so placed you cannot look out of it unless you stand up before it—a washstand, generally not in working order—also electric lights in same frame of mind, completing the equipment. Heating apparatus gives very spasmodic service, either being unbearably hot or so painfully absent as to freeze one alive. A dining car, where good food is badly served by slovenly, dirty Chinese waiters. But in spite of all these drawbacks, we would willingly face and undergo more, as we have high hopes that all will be worth while to see interesting Peking, with its Forbidden City, its wonderful age, history and art, and lastly to think of all the “trinketing” in store for us!
CHAPTER XXV

HERE we are at last in Peking. After a breakfast in our dining car, where we all appeared in fur coats, and consumed huge cups of steaming coffee to keep warm and win out over the heatless car, we arrived in the busy, hustling Mukden-Peking station, just outside of the big wall that encloses the foreign legations. We walked to the Wagons-Lits Hotel, and there were met by a number of the American Express Company party with long faces, that betokened the usual "welcome" one gets from the popular hotels: "No rooms to be had." Our hearts did sink deep down into our cold boots. Notwithstanding the fact that we had a wire from the Wagons-Lits people confirming our booking, we knew by experience the irresponsible ways of some of the Far Eastern hotels, and our misgivings were indeed great as we approached the desk to inscribe our names, ages, home and nationality. A pleasant disappointment awaited us for four rooms, each with bath, had been set aside for our quartette, as a result of a garbled telegram, so it was with impressive generosity that we relinquished one half of our reservation so that some of the American Expressites were correspondingly made happy.

To get into a clean, warm room and a bath tub that
was in working order, was a luxury almost too good to be true. I spent the whole day in splashing, finding the water so hard that I ordered six quarts of bottled table water with which to wash my hair, after having had it boiled by a trusty China boy. By the way, this table water is put up in what must have been Rhine wine bottles. It is non-sparkling, the label reading "Silent Water." It all smacks of Germanism, although I must say, the people of North China demonstrated that they were good allies of ours in having torn down the monument originally erected by the Chinese Government, on the order of the ex-Kaiser, to the memory of Baron Von Kettler, the first foreigner to be killed in Peking preceding the Boxer uprising in 1900. The monument marking the spot where the Baron was slain was quite elaborate in its design, and supremely humble in its inscription—also dictated by the ex-Kaiser—but nothing now remains to recall the incident.

It is bright, clear and severely cold, and although I begged R. to bring warm clothing, particularly his fur-lined overcoat, he successfully talked me out of my for once good judgment. Consequently most of our first full day in Peking has been spent in equipping him with warm garments, and ordering a fur-lined coat. This errand took us to a fur shop in the native city where a wonderful line of skins was displayed. Furs from Mongolia, Siberia and Russia—sables and ermine, foxes of every shade, mountain sheep and goat, also animals of which I had never heard. A lovely yellow and brown fur
lining was finally selected, which proved to be baby camel skins, too soft and warm for words of mine to express, also extremely light in weight. A tailor was then sought and found, who agreed to have the complete coat ready and fit to wear within twenty-four hours time. He carried out his contract to the minute.

We rickshawed to the Temple of Heaven in the morning and to the Forbidden City in the afternoon. The Temple of Heaven with its marble throne is where the Emperor prayed to the One God, with but horizon on every side, the marble terrace huge in its dimensions with its red lacquer and marble railings being so placed as to give effect to the claim that he was worshipping in the centre of the universe.

The more I observe of this race, the more I am impressed with its great age, great wisdom and great poise. They seem to have forgotten more than the rest of the world ever knew, if we except India as a matter of course.

As we speed along the thoroughly interesting streets of Peking, and particularly those skirting the walled Tartar City, our rickshaw progress is often interrupted by long camel caravans on their way to Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan. These animals are not their skinney, hairless brethren of the sunbaked countries of India or Egypt, being covered by luxurious brown fur robes of their own, one on each hump, to withstand the rigors of the climate of the north, and the severe weather encountered in the high altitudes. The Mon-
golian camel has two humps, while his species of the southern counties has but one. Over each of the humps of the former seems to grow long brown, curly hair, very thick, hanging down so as almost to touch the ground, giving the robe-like effect. They also have knee pads and ankle muff{s} of this same long, heavy hair. With great strides, heads held high, they strut with a good natured air, truly seeming to have better nerves and sweeter tempers than the sand-baked beasts of burden I met in Egypt or India. A camel caravan in Peking is a very silent affair, in fact you are almost upset in your rickshaw, their soft bodies coming unexpectedly upon you without a sound of warning, in contra distinction to the caravans of India that one can hear for a great distance, drivers as well as the camels fussing and quarreling with one another, and frequently extending their altercations to those traveling along the same road.

Again we are halted, this time by a wedding procession, headed by a dozen men carrying a number of huge golden drums and very large horns, the latter of wooden gilt. Then came the bride in a most elaborate chair, carried by six men dressed in red, wearing high head-gear. She was not visible, but her gaily colored, painted box, with red lacquer and paper panels and its gilt roof, was certainly imposing. Two other chairs followed the one bearing the bride, but these chairs were not so gay in color or design. One contained her mother-in-law-to-be and the other her own mother. This constituted her personal escort to accompany her to her future hus-
band's home where he awaited her. The procession was marked by gay flags and streamers of bright colors, borne by numerous men and boys.

Our trip to the Winter Palace will long be remembered. We found the morning air very cold, as the sun had not yet come out, and a light wind was blowing. Our rickshaw boys kept up a dog trot, taking us over the ground at not less than six miles an hour, which increased the coldness as we traveled against the wind, especially noticeable in this icy air.

The Winter Palace is situated in the Imperial City of Peking, consisting of many beautifully painted, artistically designed pavilions approached across inland lakes and ponds over handsome marble bridges. It is here the Emperor Hsi Yuan came to enjoy life and capably rule his people. There are a large number of buildings, such as temples, rest houses, theaters, tea houses, palaces for concubines, etc., etc. Overshadowed by all and at the highest point of ground in the Imperial compound (500 feet high, to be exact) is housed the image of the Holy of Holies, the great Buddha Emperor, the temple or shrine overlooking Peking from its lofty rock foundations. In the same temple there is said to be an image of the great laughing Buddha, together with some rare, old and sacred documents brought here many centuries ago from Tibet, on the occasion of the first introduction of the Buddhist religion into China.

Unfortunately all these structures, which played such an important part in the reigning dynasties of China for
ages, are permitted to go to wrack and ruin very fast, the fees exacted for visiting them being far too inadequate to maintain things as they should be kept up. The Government of the Republic flatly refuses to spend the people's money for supporting these relics of a bygone age and generation. The young Emperor, a boy of fourteen, occupies one of the buildings as a palace, his mother and a corps of instructors being with him. He rarely is outside of his home, and then only in the palace grounds and at night. The President of the Republic makes his home just outside of the Palace grounds. It all seems so very sad, and I cannot help wishing that if some one or several of the powerful foreign nations could only be big and unselfish enough to disinterestedly lend a guiding hand (and if China could be persuaded to believe that such help is honest and disinterested) in the affairs of this big giantess who finds herself at present, like Gulliver, tied down by the midgets (in this case the Japanese) she might yet be saved, in fact if China could be made to realize her own strength, that country would soon be put upon its feet again. What a distinct gain to the whole world and to civilization the realization of this dream would be!

The Chinese are such a fine race of straight men, with eyes that have seen sights—long before the rest of the world developed an eye— with a brain back of them. At times I feel convinced the nation is sleeping, and the pendulum has swung back after having previously gone in the other direction, pushing ahead while we were yet
unborn. So while they sleep, the rest of mankind has awakened and is the thief in the night, stealing all the treasures and ideas of this sleeping giantess. What sort of an alarm clock will finally waken her? And when awake, what will she do with herself and to the world she will find?
CHAPTER XXVI

The Wagon-Lits Hotel is nothing like any other hotel at which you have ever stayed. Our rooms are bright and cheery, but the office, tea room and dining room, not to mention its breakfast room, being miles away from the centre of things, impressed me like the Black Hole of Calcutta as I sped along its many dark and crooked passages. I am reminded of Mark Twain’s story of Huckleberry Finn where Tom Sawyer, in going through a cave, carries a ball of string with him, having previously fastened one end of it at the entrance and unraveling it as he goes along. When ready to retrace his steps, he simply rolls up his ball of string. How I wished for that string, as I invariably felt myself getting lost on my way to and from breakfast. In these dark, dismal corridors are little booths or stands, where native merchants display their goods, embroideries, jade ornaments, agates and other stones, rugs and bits of old ivory. Startling you, these silent creatures suddenly emerge from the darkness and place a Buddha, a string of beads, or a fancy pair of buckles in a tempting manner before you, asking if given the least encouragement: “Missie, you like? What you pay?” “What is the price?” you ask. “Only ten dollars.” “Give you one dollar,” and if you stick to it, you will likely secure it
at your price; they do seem to enjoy bargaining as the purchaser seems to enjoy getting something for less than he was asked for it. But waste no sympathy on these quiet, persistent merchants who are beaten down on their prices, for they by no means come out at the wrong end of the horn. That would not be oriental trading instinct—and the merchants of Peking most certainly have that quality developed to the highest degree.

Frances has a rickshaw boy who speaks a little and understands much English, so she and I went shopping with his assistance this morning and got along beautifully, it being more of a trip to reconnoitre than to close bargains. Later we were joined by our husbands, and our expedition took us to the Chinese City through Jade Street and Porcelain Street. These narrow thoroughfares are filled with shops on both sides of the street, the salesroom facing the street being in part a passageway to other salesrooms in the rear, sometimes three and four of them, arranged in squares or U shaped, with a court or garden in the centre.

The jade trees are especially lovely and attractive. At one of the old establishments I found the image of a fine old temple saint, “Kwan-yin” the favorite goddess of expectant and would-be mothers. It is a lovely piece of bronze with gold leaf over it, dating back to 1470—450 years ago—the figure is draped, the robe having a pattern around the neck and sleeves. It has a high head dress, the image measuring about eleven
inches in height. An infant figure is in her hands. It was to my mind a very unusual piece.

On wending our way from Jade Street into Curio Street, we were stopped, fortunately as it turned out, to see a No. 1 funeral. It was headed by a Taoist priest with a very extensive escort, then came the gold drums and fife-like instruments, all attired in bright colors, the priest and his satellites wearing rich embroideries. Little girls all in white proved to be the daughters of the deceased, they being followed by about twenty ragamuffins carrying banners. These are the war spirits, and I don't know whether it was intentional or not, but the fact remains that some of these youngsters were fighting and scrapping with one another. Next came men carrying huge papier-mache figures, life-sized women, representing his wife and servants; two cats on a tray; his library chair, his mountain chair, his Peking cart, and finally a large supply of food. All these to be buried with the remains, so his soul would lack neither attendance nor the other necessities and comforts which contributed to his well being in his lifetime. Later came the surviving widow in her chair, all clad in white, including a white crepe veil concealing her face. Her chair, of solid white color, was borne by six men, followed by a score or more of Buddhist priests, all singing or chanting. They preceded the funeral car, which proved to be a most imposing affair for conveying the huge coffin. It was canopylike, about 20 feet in height, easily 18 feet long, richly decorated with red embrod-
er-y. It required 30 men to carry it with its load. Throughout this funeral procession uniformed attend-
ants were throwing perforated paper discs to the winds, this representing money to appease the spirits and pave the way to heaven for the soul of the departed. At the end were the mourners, both men and women, riding in their picturesque Peking carts, all wearing white flowers, the sign of mourning.

One of the carts caught my rickshaw wheel, and it looked for a moment as though there might be another funeral with me as the centre of interest, but owing to the shrill, frightened voice of my boy, who set up a howl calculated to awaken the passing dead, he managed to stop the moving festivities long enough to disentangle hubs and gear, thus setting me free and letting funeral and our party go their respective ways again.

Funerals seem to be my specialty, for today was a wonderful one. Pye, our guide, is authority for declaring that the Emperor himself (were a dynasty ruling) or the Llama of Tibet are the only personages that would command a more elaborate ceremony than the one we witnessed in the streets today. A descendant of the great Confucius—in a very direct line—was the central figure, his funeral car being distinguished by a huge gold ball in addition to other evidences of extraordinary richness in trappings and furnishings. 180 men bore this enormous funeral car on their shoulders. It measured over 150 feet in length, was about 50 feet high and must have been of prodigious weight, including the coffin and
the remains. The covering was red and purple silk, with ropes covered with purple silk, giving the effect of silken cords. No embroidered covering, as in the case of a Taoist or Buddhist funeral. His little son, a child of six, was carried in the arms of a man, the former dressed in white with a white crepe veil over his head on which he wore a cap. Following him came a cage containing a wonderful white cock, having a tail of extraordinary length. This bird will be buried alive beside its former master, so as to accompany him for the purpose of calling him the first morning when he finds himself in his heavenly home, and to perform the same function thereafter. Next came a long line of servants, carrying papier-mache counterparts or images of themselves, to be in attendance upon their master without break or interruption. Strange and curious indeed are these life-size figures, each bearing some symbol of their occupation. I was much amused at the combination of the old funeral usages and customs staged with modern appliances as, for instance, the servant figure carrying a thermos bottle. Another bore a high silk hat of pronounced old vintage, still another had a suit of foreign men's clothes, while yet another had his mandarin clothes, very handsome, including the round cap with its cherry-red top knot. Then too, there were beautiful robes of yellow and purple, and other garments of rare taste; the books he doubtless loved; also his desk and its writing materials. Even his favorite horse, reproduced in papier-mache and mounted on wheels, was pushed along by his
grooms. The Peking cart, his comfortable chair and his guns—these were represented by the real articles—likewise made up the impressive procession. Buddhist priests in goodly numbers walked beside the funeral car, with low voices chanting prayers for the dead that sounded curiously like the Roman Catholic service, accompanied by the striking of gongs and the blowing of deep-toned horns, huge gilded wood instruments, managed by three men. A big man completely dressed in white robes scattered make-believe money, little paper discs—which his companion, another chap similarly robed, carried, the idea being to pay your way into heaven. It is said to be the best of luck to have a piece of this "money" land on your head, and by that token I am to be most fortunate, as I am the proud possessor of a disc from this funeral that I picked out of my hair. This distributor of wealth is said to make a good living, as he enjoys a sort of monopoly of this particular job, officiating in the same capacity at some funeral almost daily. He is the champion money-thrower in Peking.

A special train awaited the remains of this distinguished descendant of Confucius so that they might, accompanied by his bereaved family and friends, be transported to that province in Manchuria where rest the other dead directly connected by kinship with the illustrious sage. The President of the Republic saw fit to send his special military band, an unusual mark of honor. We deemed ourselves particularly fortunate to happen along to witness all this, for not in years has
Peking seen so elaborate a funeral—in fact not in a decade's time, and that was the funeral of the Grand Llama of Tibet.
CHAPTER XXVII

CONFUCIANISM is distinctly a homely philosophy, essentially belonging to the family and contributing to a substantial, clean mode of living. When Confucius taught his philosophy, or disseminated his wisdom, he took a people into his care that was so young in its knowledge of right and wrong that he had to teach them what justice and decent living consisted of. He taught them to be clean by washing, to cook food, to catch fish in nets; above all, to honor their forefathers and in so doing they would be less likely to do evil, knowing that their dead ancestors could see and grieve over any such misdeeds. This custom and deep-seated desire to worship one's parents, and in return later to be worshipped by one's own children, imparted a strong incentive to live a good life, to perform good deeds. Confucianism flourished for 500 years when Taoism appeared, dealing more freely with the mysteries of nature and employing means that are decidedly on the side of occultism. Every rice paddy field possesses a spirit or "fengshui" that brings either good or bad, and must be prayed to, or sacrifice offered up to it in the form of food and drink, or in the shape of burning incense. The wind, rain, sun, snows, likewise the temple, the cemetery, the home—all have their special spirits or "fengshui" from
whom special favors are asked through the medium of prayer.

These spirits or deities are discernible in all their primitive art, and as a result of their frequent reproduction in this way, they have become a part of the very life of the modern Chinese. So much so that, finding oneself unlucky, a prayer to the appropriate spirit is resorted to, and the needful change in one's fortune is awaited. A case was told me where a village had been afflicted with an epidemic of a disease that was fatal to children. One of the lads of this village was accused of harboring the spirit that was working such harm in the community, and heroic and prompt action was determined upon. The suspected youngster's head was cut off and left in the open road for hours for the purpose of satisfying the cravings of the bad spirit who had caused the illness and death of so many. They believed after so great a sacrifice of human blood, the bad spirit would leave them in peace.

Buddhism came to China from India and Tibet, developing a side of the Chinese not hitherto touched, as it taught the qualities of the individual soul and by knowing thyself a high spiritual development was attainable. This code of laws and beliefs is directly the opposite of the teachings of Confucius. The later taught bodily comforts, Buddha taught self-sacrifice. A Lama priest would go to the mountains, live on nuts and fruits, clothe himself in material made from grasses, and with his begging bowl and staff become an outcast upon
the face of the world. Giving up all earthly comforts, he
would seek the soul life through hard and suffering self-
denial, realizing the nothingness of the present life.
Buddhism and Taoism have much in combination,
each borrowing from or imitating one another in count-
less features. Buddhism was not designed to supplant or
overthrow local creeds or customs, at the most it some-
times softened and humanized them. An instance is the
substitution of paper images at funerals for live animals
and human beings as objects of sacrifice.
CHAPTER XXVIII

As Christmas draws near my thoughts fly across the big wet spot, alias the Pacific Ocean, where my dear ones are, and two little wet spots, otherwise my eyes, become very troublesome. Would that I could go to sleep and not wake up until January 2, 1920, with the holidays past and gone. For I don't like being so far away on this homey day of all days in the year. I feel and know you will be thinking of us wanderers, as we surely will be thinking of you.

Today we did enjoy going to tiffin at Mr. Willing Spencer's. He is the First Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Peking, and it was a joy to be brought in touch with real home life. It helped to warm up our holiday-homesick hearts for at least one day. His home is a mixture of East and West, containing the comforts of an American household side by side with the artistic objects gathered in the Orient. Two Chinese men servants in long blue silk robes with red sashes and red tasseled round caps ushered us into the drawing-room where our host and his attractive mother awaited us. A big open fire was crackling away on an hospitable hearth, with a friendly dog beating his tail upon the rug, his nose resting on the fender. Mr. Spencer extended a welcome, making us feel glad we had come. A delightful tiffin
ensued, where we matched up stories of experiences in strange and remote corners of the globe, using our limited resources against those of the young diplomat who was entertaining us, and who had held during his career a number of important posts in far away South America, as well as in the most interesting capitals of Europe and Asia. It proved a very interesting game.

Our trip to the Vale of Kashmir a few years ago gave us a little prestige in the discussion, for we were the only ones present having been so favored. Naturally we found we had mutual friends tucked away in distant lands, making the promise of this new friendship all the stronger for the mutual love we had for them. What a wonderful thing love is! In all its forms, from the very highest to the lowest—all is good—and the most perfect thing we have on earth. I can hear some wise one say that love has no lowest form. I refer to a love such as I witnessed on the street of the Tartar City in Peking today:

A baby camel was running along by the side of its mother, the latter tied to the camel ahead and the one behind it, this particular caravan having eight such animals, proceeding in single file all tied together, bound with their loads for Mongolia and the distant lands beyond. The baby camel, not being tied, had strayed to one side of the road where a big dog barked at the heels of the youngster and unmistakably frightened him. Mother camel made a swift rush for the dog, unmindful of the fastenings fore and aft, which quite upset the line of march of these stately beasts and required some time
and skillful handling to straighten out. Not until a rope muzzle had been slipped over the mother’s mouth would a camel driver go near the enraged beast. To finally quiet her it was necessary to bring baby to her parent’s side so that she could be caressed with loving little nips up and down that back of humps, when all was well and the interrupted march was resumed with an “all aboard for Mongolia,” so away they went. You can call it what you may, high or low form of love—it was Love just the same.

R. and I have been “trinketing” again, and I returned with the most adorable piece of yellow brocaded silk for an evening coat—also some fur for the collar and cuffs, which is nothing else than Mongolian cat. Yes, I mean C A T. These tabbies of the North China wilds have lovely sable brown pelts of great softness, much like the Hudson Bay sables. I paid $3.00 per skin. Had we tried to obtain them on Fifth Avenue, New York, they would have been re-christened and designated by some fancy, high-sounding name and a price would have been asked to correspond. I am so very glad these “kitties” are going to grace an evening coat, for I feel their ghosts may serve to keep me awake, I being such a sleepy head and cats so accustomed to being out all night. But I fear it will take more than $12.00 worth of feline atmosphere to overcome my old habit of early-to-bed with a good book and “comfy downy,” while the rest of my friends are wondering where and when next they can go after dinner, theater or opera.
The Biffys are making plans and trying to get a ship to India. From the discouraging reports given them by Thos. Cook & Son, you might think that everybody, including his wife and child, is traveling in these parts. No bookings available for months to come, is the information one gets on every hand, but of course there are bound to be cancellations at the eleventh hour so that a proper cabin can be had, the uncertainty of wondering how, when, and where to go, only adding to the thrill and increasing the interest accordingly.

Meanwhile we are seeing sights and hugely enjoying old Peking with its walled cities within walls, to the utmost degree. The Lama temple and its services will long be remembered. We took our rickshaws to the gates of the Tartar City and a short distance beyond, where stands the imposing edifice surrounded by a vast number of buildings in which dwell thousands of Manchurians and other northern tribes, still loyal to the Buddhist faith. As we draw near, a deep gong is sounding its low vibrant notes that seem to put the very earth under your feet and make you fairly tingle. It was five o'clock in the afternoon as we stepped through the gate leading into the Compound, where we saw priests and small boys swarming in great numbers out of the several monastery buildings that faced the square in the Compound. Each stroke of the gong seemed to bring fresh relays of priests and lads, the latter laughingly running towards the bell tower to secure a small piece of a numbered wooden check, each check bearing the name of the boy
to whom it belongs. Those remaining uncalled for tell their own story of the slackers. These boys, most of them originally sickly children, have been presented to the temple by their parents as an offering to Buddha, in the belief that it will benefit them, the parents, to give a life to Buddha, reasoning doubtless that a sickly body would not have long to live in any case. As a matter of fact, the boys spend their dedicated lives in the monastery, they never marry, and money must never cross their hands. A life of study and prayer is theirs with the highest ambition of some day becoming a living Buddha, or a High Priest. Like the priests, they wear yellow robes, in many cases all in rags and tatters and dreadfully dirty. All heads are shaved to the point of baldness.

We followed this cheery crowd of worshippers and soon found ourselves in the Temple. The priests and boys seated themselves on low benches with prayer-table in front, similar to pews in our churches, facing the altar or shrine. There were about fifty long rows of these seats. The altar was made of Cloissoné with a large golden Buddha in the center, holding some relics of Buddha—it is stated, a few of his bones. (Buddha must have been a very bony person, I fear, if all the bones I have seen in China, India and Burma once made up his earthly body!)

The services began as the head priest donned his robes and high hat. An assistant priest or acolyte at once prepares to place some food in a lacquer box which is passed on to the head priest. He holds it, with lifted
robe, high over his head and then personally carries it out of the Temple where supposedly it is given to the poor. He thereupon returns and all present—priests and boys—are diligently chanting prayers, sounding exactly like the litanies in the Roman Catholic service, the young voices of the boys blending in well with the deeper tones of the men.

The large image of Buddha carries a piece of yellow silk in his hand, denoting that the Grand Lama of Tibet had visited this Temple, in fact he died on this spot, the chair in which he passed on being a relic and treated with great reverence. Am not at all surprised at his having died while at services, for never have you known such a cold, chilling place.

We were attracted by the many pigeons that were flying high above the bell tower, and as they flew a pretty musical sound came from their wings, It seems they live in the bell tower and when the mighty gong is struck they fly out, causing a startling effect as they circle in great numbers. Each pigeon has a whistle fastened to its tail feathers, the notes of the whistles being tuned to a chord, so as they fly and the wind passes through their tail feathers a sweet sound is heard, tuneful and pleasing indeed. They describe huge circles over the Tartar City, thereby calling the faithful to their prayers and devotions.

The candles, the incense burning and the chanting in Latin, as also the sounding of gongs makes one wonder if the Roman Catholic forms could have had
their origin in copying the service from this older form of religion.

Our homeward ride was marked by quiet and reflection as we rickshawed in the dusk, and I am quite sure each one of us was pondering how true it was that, after all, there is nothing new under the sun. And more than that, what does it all mean?
CHAPTER XXIX

Oh, this city of Peking is like no other I have ever seen before. Great walls enclosing smaller walled sections, and upon entering each you find quite a different life and people. I was attracted by the street criers and the great variety of their calls. When your soul is startled by a fierce yell and you are certain it can only be murder in the first degree, you instinctively look for the lost one appealing for help, only to find it is the man selling his sweet potatoes—wonderful steaming tubers, baked en route in some mysterious way—forming the principal diet of our rickshaw boys. Another cry is nothing less than a scream denoting "Old clothes to sell," emitted by a vendor carrying two gaily lacquered boxes on either end of a long bamboo pole, resting horizontally on the man's shoulders. These boxes suggest big covered tubs, but with their loud colors add much to the brightness of the street scene. Then comes the barber, carrying a pair of iron tongs which he strikes together to announce his arrival with his utensils on his back. When he secures a customer, the operation is performed on the sidewalk where men are shaved and otherwise barbered in full view of all that pass. Another strange street cry or signal is that of the cutlery man who sharpens knives and scissors, informing you of his approach by striking
three steel hinge-like pieces together, at almost every step he takes, A simple little street cry is that of the charcoal man who strikes his tiny little drum, about the size of a silver dollar, with a rat-a-tat as he wends his way. The carpet weaver stands and screams three short notes of the same tone. He carries a staff with a bunch of wool on either end of the staff to be equipped to mend as well as to weave rugs and carpets. The sweetman invariably has a mob of children after him, making his presence known by striking brass cymbals. His stock in trade is a pack, bright colored and bedecked, comprising candies and other goodies—some of then resembling sugared plums on the end of a stick. We call the latter all-day-suckers in the U. S. A., and every child seems to delight in them, irrespective of race or color. The beef seller has a wild and weird call, that apparently wields an occult effect on dogs, for they certainly assemble from all directions when his voice is heard. The fried-cake man is greatly in demand and seems to be frying doughnuts at all times of the day. He utters no call himself, as the boiling lard no doubt requires his undivided attention, so he employs a small boy to cry for him.

Besides these types—and I have not touched upon dozens of others one encounters—there is in evidence the grand looking old mandarins, most of them with their heads high, some of them with swinging bird cages in hand. These men take their birds out for an airing, as we would exercise our dogs. Birds are valuable here, and
a good one, singing well, will command $50.00 to $100.00 which is considerably more than the cost of a good donkey or camel. The bird cages have neatly fitted covers of wadded silk to protect their feathery inmates from cold and drafts. Their owners, principally ex-noblemen, smoke a long pipe with jade bowl and mouthpiece, appearing rather sad and dejected and manifestly "down on their luck." The present government does not allow the Emperor a sufficient annuity to maintain these thousands upon thousands of court favorites—mostly Manchus or Mandarins—in their former state of luxury and ease, consequently they are dreadfully poor. Most of them have never done any work, and as an indication of their contempt for it, permitted their finger nails to grow to inordinate length—two and three inches. You cannot help but feel sorry for them, just as you are bound to sympathize with the Central and South China women with their tiny feet (lillies) although the old custom of binding the feet of girl babies is forbidden by law and is gradually being abolished. So it is only the older women one sees stumping along on feet measuring 2½ to 3 inches, in some cases requiring the assistance of a person on each side of them to make it possible to navigate along uneven surfaces. These unfortunate grande dames (for this custom only applied to the supposedly wealthy) give the appearance of walking on stumps or stilts.
CHAPTER XXX

IMAGINE our delight on opening our eyes this particular December morning to discover a world of loveliness. Good old Jack Frost had been extremely busy all night long, dressing up each tiny twig, branch, hence every tree, with the most marvelous laces from Mother Nature’s attic containing an over-abundant supply. As we look over the Legation Quarter wall a scene greets us suggesting wash day in fairyland, with the dainty apparel of the inhabitants hanging out to dry. The hoarfrost was festooned and looped in every conceivable design, beautiful beyond words. Not a breath of air was stirring, presenting a dreamlike picture against the leaden sky of steel gray, making the frilly gardens a real joy to see and contemplate. We stood at our windows peering out speechless, and when we finally found our words they were hushed and breathy—so deeply awed were we with the spirituality of it all. Even the chattering rickshaw boys, in the public rickshaw stand beneath our windows, were for once quiet over their chow. The spirit of the scene had evidently touched them too. So there we stood in silence as the glorious sun came up, turning the gray to gold, bringing a rose warm tint that made us feel very commonplace and ugly. Just then we were reminded of our every day world by the click of
our China boy’s shoes on the hardwood floor, bringing us back to the realization of our own unimportance in general, and to applying ourselves to a steaming hot pot of coffee and a bit of toast in particular.

We had almost forgotten that this was the morning fixed for our going to the Summer Palace, hence this “chota hazri” as we say in India, in referring to an early breakfast.

Our drive to the Palace is scheduled to be taken in an open motor car, which seems fair enough for a visit to a summer palace, but to hear our boy discussing the multifarious preventatives against the cold, you would be certain that we are planning a dash to the North Pole, particularly so upon contemplating the collection of heavy coats, woolly rugs and other impedimenta that eventually adorned and surrounded us. I declare we looked like animated hay cocks or Christmas plum puddings—steaming quite as much as the latter are supposed to steam—for our boy had tucked a hot water bottle in every corner and crevice of the car, until we felt like fireless cookers on fire. In due time, alas! the hot water turned to cold, and with true repentance we recalled how we had contemptuously scorned the heat that now seemed wonderfully welcome.

Our big Chinese chauffeur was an autocrat, if ever there was one, unquestionably owning the road and using it for his speed-mania gratification. He, too, was generously fitted out with top coats, which accounted for his blissful ignorance of the many pokes we admin-
istered as we gave evidence of our terrified sensations when our lives seemed particularly in danger. To call to him was useless, for if he possessed ears they were not visible underneath the round top that supposedly encircled the dome of his head. I hoped and prayed that the front of this bundle ahead of us had eyes to see, as we rushed pell mell through little towns, sending pedestrians fleeing in every direction along with the dogs and chickens. The poor rickshaw boys were compelled to flatten themselves against walls and look to their vehicles as best they could, as we turned corners with violent suddenness and at break-neck speed. Leaving a bewildered crowd behind we finally reached the open country, speeding along a river bank where the willows, still covered with frost, were weighed down with their treasure.

Luck was with us, for the Summer Palace and incomparable gardens of the Dowager Empress were wonderfully bedecked in white feathered frost—a most inspiring sight as we stood before the magnificent red lacquer gates and began to dig ourselves out of our car.

Both R. and I are tramps by nature, so we were keen to explore the wonders of this perfectly lovely spot where the Empress tried so hard to fool Father Time by expecting to live forever. One of her ideas for insuring longevity was to drink only human mother’s milk, in consequence many a baby being deprived of its nourishment while this cross, selfish, cruel woman carried out her silly notion. From the looks of the garden with its
many tea houses and elaborate kitchen arrangements, she must have had an enormous, insatiable appetite.

Among a lot of other extravagances she had constructed for her a huge marble ship, permanently moored in the middle of a lake. The story goes that she was a wretched sailor, and to do away with any possibilities of mal de mer, she conceived the idea of having this craft well planted on good foundations in the mud at the bottom of the lake, thus enabling her to enjoy the sensation of being on a ship without the attendant discomforts. Here, too, were gorgeous facilities for supplying food to satisfy the imperial appetite.

It was the irony of fate that this tyrannical old woman, the Empress Dowager, died in this very Palace, a thing that is not done in high Imperial Chinese circles. An Emperor or Empress, running true to form, must pass away in the Winter Palace, so the Dowager, having "checked out" in the Summer Palace garden was, according to law and tradition, not permitted to officially die until after her remains had been robed in garments of state, her body propped up in an imposing looking chair, and with proper pomp and ceremony was transported to the Winter Palace, where all that was mortal was deposited in the late Empress Dowager's bedchamber. How many along that highway suspected that the bobbing old head they saw in the chair was that of a corpse, tied and thus held in place to more properly command their homage? One can picture them now, their foreheads in the dust of the road, while the stately
bearers carried their lifeless charge, the gaping onlookers never suspecting the real character of the procession.

It is also told of this strong-willed woman that the Emperor having died without leaving a son by his lawful wife, the woman who afterwards became the Empress Dowager, but in the Emperor's lifetime was one of his concubines, by skilful intrigue and clever management placed her son upon the throne, to which she ascended, first as Regent. In due time she placed her son in a mad house and assumed the reins of state herself.

Ruling with a high hand, she spent the nation's money with a lavishness that has never been excelled. Large sums appropriated for public uses were applied to projects for her own luxury, comfort and gratification. For instance, millions authorized for equipping China with a modern navy were used to build this very Summer Palace and its extraordinary grounds, not a penny being devoted to the creation of anything remotely suggesting the navy—unless it is that marble ship!

Her little grandson, the heir presumptive to the throne, is a sickly lad of sixteen years, surrounded by tutors, and sorely missing the life a normal boy of those years most needs. He abides in a barn of a palace in the Forbidden City, lonely and pitiful indeed. It is said he is persuaded to look to the U. S. A. to extricate him from his difficult situation, one of these fine days. In fact all China looks kindly upon America and regards us as her best friend. This spirit you can intuitively feel as you walk or ride in the streets of Peking. The friendli-
ness of this race is in contra-distinction to one's experience, at times, in contact with natives in some of the cities of Japan.

Tomorrow we are off for the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall, so a turn in early is the order of the evening.
CHAPTER XXXI

TODAY’S train ride to a small station called Kalgan brought us to our stopping place for the night, and we alighted at a rather desolate looking road house where we were to be quartered. It is getting monotonous to touch upon the chilly atmosphere so very frequently but facts are facts, and I had to go to bed to get warm and keep so. A wind was howling and rain was pelting the little panes of glass with a vicious force that was most unpleasant.

A sombre old Chinese and his wife were our hosts, and my mind involuntarily reverted to the terrifying stories I had read and the thrilling “movies” I had seen, depicting the commission of murderous crimes by slim fingered orientals in pigtails, who first offered the star of the plot—be she a heroine or he a hero—a poisonous cup of tea. I was feeling less like a heroine than ever in my life before, and I questioned our good judgment in coming so far and to this out of the way place, simply to see a collection of mausoleums and an interminable old wall! How lonely one can be in a strange land, a black night, a cheerless house with strange and foreign inmates, a storm raging without and a vivid imagination dwelling upon all the unpleasant subjects that one’s brain faithfully stores up for occas-
ions of this kind. I was certain we should never see the next sun rise.

Our supper of tea, rice and boiled meat was served in our bedroom and the repast was not half bad as meals like these go—in fact I have had a lot worse in our gyrations around the globe, particularly in far away corners. I call to mind Burma, where food as we know it was not fit to eat, and as we could not live entirely on flying fish—the kind Kipling describes in his "Road to Mandelay"—we should have starved had it not been for my cooking outfit and box of stores. But let us get back to China.

Strangely enough, no tragedy befell us as we were up and about early, being greeted by a cheery lot of coolies whose job it was to be to carry us about in our respective chairs for the next six or eight hours. One soon becomes accustomed to the rhythmic swing of these powerful men, and the initial dread of having them stumble or fall to maintain an even stride soon vanishes, and the novel means of locomotion becomes a pleasant habit.

As far as they eye could reach there stretched that snakelike structure over the hills, into the valleys, up to the mountains and over them, twisting and turning, frequently punctured with parapets. Measuring 22 feet in its average height and 20 feet in width, this mass of rock, builded by man, has been standing since the 3rd century B. C., and the winds and rain have only succeeded in making a solid, indestructible mass of the whole.

A gap in the wall carries this story. When one of the
Emperors, was supervising the building of this particular section of the wall, all available subjects irrespective of vocation or calling having been pressed into service, he observed a workman who was doing a manifestly poor job and who was severely taken to task accordingly. The offender was a scholar and a person of refinement and culture, totally unfitted for this menial labor, hence his shortcomings as a builder of masonry persisted and finally brought down the Imperial wrath upon him that culminated in the sentence condemning him to burial alive in the wall referred to. He met his doom in short order. His grief-stricken wife, inconsolable, wept copious tears at the site of his interment—the very spot—her tears drenching a section of the wall that in all subsequent time could never be permanently restored. Through the ages China's best engineers have been unable to overcome this traditional weak panel in the Great Wall, and there it is today, to substantiate the tale told to me and now passed on to you.

In this day and generation it is difficult to understand how the Great Wall offered an effective barrier and protection against the invasion of war bent hordes, since the recent big war has familiarized us with guns having a range of miles, where once the distance covered by destructive missiles was measured in feet; when air craft has made it possible to perch so high in the heavens for the deliberate dropping of bombs capable of destroying a large community, without risk to the Zeppelins or airplanes; when science and the skill of man have de-
vised other fiendish agencies to cause havoc beyond measure and description. But for all that, the Great Wall still stands in this year A.D. 1920. What has our more modern civilization to point to in the form of a great structure that will be defying the ages 23 centuries from now?
OUR homeward journey included the Ming Tombs. The dynasty of the Ming emperors dates back over three centuries, and these mausoleums with the marvelous yellow tiles, their glaze still perfect, are likewise mute evidences of the permanency of the building art as it existed in those bygone days. But an era of decay is, I fear, now setting in, for a crumbling of the edifices has been noted more and more in recent years and as a matter of fact, one assumes considerable risk of bodily injury when walking under the arched gateways—the slightest jar sometimes bringing down chunks of tile or stone. Should you be so unfortunate as to have a real specimen hit you, well you can either begin to plan your own tomb without much delay, or your bereaved relatives will do it for you.

I just escaped a fine piece of ceramic, my alert China boy succeeding in pulling me out of harm’s way, thus doubtless saving me from a painful injury and what was better, causing said tile to imbed itself in the soft mud, whence we extracted it and later mounted it as a suitable desk paper weight. It is now reposing on my writing table, my proud possession, moreover a reminder of what might have been had I acted as the human landing place in its restless flight from its centuries old abid-
ing place. But there it is, my precious Ming paper weight, reflecting the sunlight from my open window, blinking lazily and no doubt dreaming of the long past days of splendor, comparing my simple surroundings to those of the Ming dynasty, with their ostentation and intrigue.

Of course everyone has heard of the approach to the Tombs, consisting of gigantic stone figures of famous warriors, and also of various animals, camels, elephants, dogs, griffons, etc., comprising the impressive guard for the massive and majestic entrance.
CHAPTER XXXIII

OUR arrival at the Nanking station in Shanghai was seemingly dreadfully late, only a few sleepy porters, rickshaw boys and cabbies being in evidence, all bundled up to their eyes, looking very much like mummies and certainly acting like them. Obviously their little brains were frozen and I am not so sure that the midnight chilliness was the sole cause. A Thos. Cook & Son man met us, a native labeled an interpreter of English, the extent of his vocabulary being to utter "yes" to any question or other remark that might be addressed to him. We had arranged with Cook & Son to book us at any available first class hotel, had paid a liberal deposit in advance and we started for Shanghai with the comfortable assurance (as expressed in a telegram from Cook & Son) that suitable quarters awaited us. So we asked the "Interpreter" specially sent to meet and greet us: "Have you engaged rooms for us at the Astor House Hotel?" "Yes, Missie." R. meanwhile asked: "Have you engaged for us at the Palace Hotel?" "Yes, master." And thus we were enlightened.

That was a bitterly cold ride to the Astor House Hotel, a heavy, penetrating wind blowing through us, so that we felt like human porous plasters, innumerable little drafts eating into our very marrow bones. There
we sat in a small open, victoria-like hack, drawn by a thin but hardy pony, huddled on the scant seat with our bags about us like a first-line trench, and there we crouched as the long dash was made for our destination—that is, as much of a dash as one can ever make in the East.

So after much beating of air and jerking of reins, accompanied by intimidating screaming of our driver at the tired pony and howling at belated pedestrians that crossed our path, we landed in safety at the door of the Astor House Hotel, the gaily lighted, spacious office presenting a picture of welcoming shelter from the icy blasts of the north. But here the supply of hospitality ran out, for the bland night clerk regretted to report that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the rooms engaged for our party could not be occupied, but we would be taken care of in some fashion. Some fellow victims that registered just ahead of us were assigned to the ballroom, and as all the screens of the hotel were required for this batch of guests, our chances for the night looked dubious. It seems that the huge liner "Empress of Russia" was to have sailed the morning of this day, taking several hundred people who were occupying the choice apartments of the hotel, but the unprecedented high wind and exceptionally strong running tide made it impossible to get alongside the big ship at her moorings in the channel of the Yangste River, and after hours of fruitless attempt to transfer these passengers from tender to the "Empress," the undertaking had to
be abandoned, and the several hundred people, numb with cold, half sick with nausea from the tossing tender, re-registered at their hotels and again took up the quarters previously occupied, many of which had been promised to travelers like ourselves, who were now literally constrained to cool our heels.

After some unsatisfactory exchange of words with said bland night clerk, we were walked up five flights of rear stairway—the lift being out of order—and shown into a room in the attic, containing two small windows but only half of the required window-panes. The bed showed signs of recent use; wearing apparel was strewn on the floor; a pair of boots stood on the mantel; dirt was everywhere and a gale of wind enlivened the whole dreary scene. We decided unanimously and without delay to refuse such hospitality, and betook ourselves down the five flights, resolved to avail ourselves of a big lobby chair with one or two of our steamer rugs to cover us, if something that resembled a room did not offer. Presently, however, we were again ushered into another cubby-hole, a sort of second cousin to the one we had spurned. It was clean, however, but oh, so cold! So the sleepy boy was ordered to put a fire in the tiny grate, sad and dilapidated though it appeared, only to soon realize that whatever heat was produced fiercely blew up the chimney to join the howling gale without. Still wrapped in our fur coats and removing only hats and gloves, we sank into the bed, only to have it collapse to the floor with a clatter and a bang causing the iron grate
to fall out, spilling the precious hot coals over the hearth rug, giving us much excitement until we had corralled them. Never shall we know what made that bed collapse. Was it the extra coats and gloves, or the shock of actually having a fire in the grate that looked like last year’s bird nest? Anyway, we laughed and laughed, sprawling on the floor with head board and foot board hopelessly parted, the scene looking for all the world like a train wreck—most certainly we felt like one.

The following morning R. and I were haunting the outside of the breakfast room, waiting for the doors to open. We had had little or no sleep, and even the bare corridors were more inviting than our dilapidated, tumble-down lumber room, hence we were the first to enter the dining-room.

But all is well that ends that way for, after the third day’s attempt, the “Empress” succeeded in getting away, taking her hundreds of passengers and leaving many rooms available for those standing in line to occupy them. The storm, the cause of our misery of these past few days, is the third severe one within the hundred year memory of Shanghai, and if the local newspapers are to be believed, it was by no means confined in its devastating effects upon the local, very important river, the Yangste, but swept the sea coast in all directions, and with terrible havoc in its train.

Meanwhile the ardor of the Biffys to encircle the globe on their homeward way has not been dampened; in fact they accomplished what all tourist agencies declared
impossible, and booked, with true American energy of purpose, on a fine ship, the very best quarters, and soon they will be sailing towards the equator on their way to Ceylon and India. We have equipped them with a list of “don’ts,” as long as your arm, to observe while living in fascinating India, adding our blessings and best wishes for a happy time there. It is indeed with sad hearts that we part after these wonderful weeks of delightful companionship, in which our already close friendship has been welded into an even stronger structure, if that were possible. We know the priceless worth of these two charming, delightful pals, and only the promise of another trip in the not distant future reconciles us in part to separate company here. Already we have planned wanderings to other regions that hold our curiosity, and must be seen to gratify our taste for seeing new sights, studying interesting people and observing out-of-the-ordinary customs.

Meanwhile we turn our faces to the United States to make certain that the home fires are still burning. We have ties and responsibilities that call for a guiding hand during these troublesome, chaotic times. Surely the world is anything but at peace. Whither has that little white dove flown, and will it ever want to come back to this sorry and sorrowful world? Alas, it is fast accumulating so much hatred toward its fellow man, that I sometimes wonder if we have strayed so far off the Path that a lesson is being sent us in its present form, just to turn us of our own free will back to the road of justice.
and righteousness. It is a heroic remedy indeed, and only one that a God could apply, knowing that it will not kill, but certainly cure.

Once more I see my bit of yellow Ming tile reflecting a blink on its gorgeously glazed yellow surface, this time a disgusted one, as my Aberdeen terrier Jock frisks into my writing room, and demands attention by putting his soft, big, flat paws on my papers and disarranging them hopelessly in his frantic desire to tell me to come out in the lovely Virginia mountain sunshine for a long rambling walk, and to leave the scribbling of my Oriental observations to some other time. A few hours more or less in telling about the ancient Far East cannot possibly make any difference, while we two friends explore the woods and hedges of Albemarle for rabbits, forgetting all but the present and the joys of being alive.

For you must know we are back in our home again, and the journey from New York to Peking is but a memory, spent with the Biffys, charming, ideal traveling companions. The many little inconveniences, a few real hardships, experienced in the course of our wanderings, only served to make us realize their worth the more. Their tried and true friendship, their ever cheery philosophy, their delightful companionship, go far in making this world of ours a paradise worth living in. And as an old Italian proverb says: "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter."

THE END
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