

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1893.

No. 4.

AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



WAY back—was it 1872?—Cincinnati encumbered itself with a musical festival. I have a dim recollection of its being the very first—an inception of Teutonic ingenuity, inculcating in the native art public an appreciation leading to, and crowned at last by, the erection of Springer Music Hall. During that particular month of May of which I speak the town led a highly festooned existence, with much and vigorous demonstration of the kind so indispensable to all German “Jubelund Festtage.” The event, however—quite apart from the significant epoch in the city’s history—was incidental to an episode that to me had the force and suddenness of a revelation.

In and out of the crowd surging about the crude structure—the smell of the fresh, unpainted pine of the “Sänger-Halle,” mingling with the odor of budding trees, wafted across from Washington Park—a boy was busily hawking ordinary Japanese fans. I think they were the first I had ever seen, and I became, what must have seemed to him, an amazing, if somewhat critical buyer. As enthusiastic a student, as I had been before an extravagant customer, I hung over the treasure, providently exploring my vast and fascinating prize.

The magnificent Japanese display at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, augmented the wild desire that had grown up in me to some day visit this country of art. In the years slipping by my aspiration was cherished only as an idle day-dream, and—like all dreams—fast became dim and indistinct, when suddenly I awoke to find it revived in the golden reality. I was on my way to Japan.

We had approached the coast during the night.

The sound of the steamer’s whistle was still in my ears as I awoke the next morning with a vague sense of apprehension. In place of the full throb and beat, the engine’s pulsations seemed strangely faint and feeble, and it hardly



Sketch from the Steamer-deck along the Coast.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.



The Sampans.

needed the renewed shriek—strained and hoarse, as if irritated by its efforts—to tell the cause of the ship's half-speed. That there was fog was only too apparent in the sickly and chalky light which found its way through the blurred port-hole. Nor was a more expansive view of the situation as seen from the deck conducive to anything but impatient staring and an over-abundant vexation which this change in the weather had brought about. The air was bleak, and filled with the drizzle of the fog pressing in on us from all around. It was easier, in the rawness of the cold, to believe in the closing in of an Arctic winter than the actual

spring at hand which favored this June morning with so remarkable a phenomenon. Shivering, I walked about the slippery deck, listlessly watching the coolie sailors at their various tasks of preparing the ship for port, and colliding, at the companion-ways, with precipitate passengers that gradually drifted into groups about the comfort-giving smoke-stacks. Yokohama, our destination, never seemed farther away, and could be barely credited with a mundane existence at all.

Imperceptibly, and certainly quite as unexpectedly, the fog lifted, and broke into shifting banks. About us stretched the immense expanse of Yedo Bay,

smooth, lazy, and gleaming with the sheen of satin in the opalescent light. The sun, veiled, formed of the sky a shimmering silver dome, made iridescent here and there the floating mist, flashed brokenly in luminous streaks, and sent out into the distance a wealth of tender, rose-tipped shafts to where—hovering in the air, intangible as a rainbow, high above the land-blurring vapor—appeared the snow-topped crown of Fuji-Yama. The land, close to the left of us, might have had, even with better opportunity to judge, characteristics similar to other coasts; but now there was no mistaking this country for any other—this was Japan.

It was while I was busy in my stateroom below, in a heated search for the inevitable last few and scattered belongings, and wasting energy over refractory valises and trunk-locks, that I heard the rattling chain of the anchor plunging



A Cloth-bound Head.



"A girl looking back over her shoulder."—Page 406.

overboard. When I finally found myself free from the wiles of a particularly time-robbing shawl-strap, I hurried on deck. The first sight of the harbor was rather disappointing. As we lay at some distance out, Yokohama presented itself as a panorama; but, like nearly all panoramas, it was monotonous, and excepting a certain Oriental setting of verdured "bluffs" and hills, uninteresting enough. There was too much that was uncompromisingly ugly in the incongruous mixture of Western and Eastern architecture to admit of even passing interest. As a whole, the bustling port, with its "common-the-world-over" aspect, seemed prosperous and very enterprising. As everything depends upon the point of view, I dare say to a mercantile eye the spacious harbor, with its bristling population of ships, appeared successful enough; I found myself quarrelling with it only on personal grounds—as the background to the picture in the immediate vicinity of the steamer it was a lamentable failure.

Here, on the other hand, was abundant proof that we had reached Japan in the swarm of crowding sampans surrounding us like a large school of fish—boats of unpainted fir gleaming brightly in the sunlight, of a build unlike any seen elsewhere, curiously put together (a row of sunken copper cleets being

the only bit of metal apparently used in them), and having the double advantage of utility and trim decoration. There might have been perhaps in the odd high stem-pieces, even the flat bottoms (were it not for the straw matting and hibachi), and, to a certain extent, in the skilful manner of handling the strange spliced oar, a dim suggestion of the

it had been whispered—a rumor not un-mixed with some degree of malice, and emanating, I hasten to add, from the smoking-room—was coming to Japan to devote herself to missionary work. I say it with all deference due such a sensibility as she displayed, that I shared, perhaps equally, the shock received by a sense of propriety in see-



The Slushy Rice Field.

boats in old, far-away, Venetian days. But of a certainty the occupants could not have been mistaken for any other than Japanese—these small, wiry, dark-skinned people could belong to no other race.

This color-splashed crowd of half-naked natives, in full cry for patronage, was so splendid, so delightfully, confusingly picturesque, that I was lost to all else about me, and expended on them all my powers of observation. And it was only when, in my vicinity, a lady passenger gasped, "Oh, my! aren't they horrid?" and with heightened color fled, that I was recalled to my immediate surroundings. The lady,

ing such reckless disregard of wearing apparel. But whereas she found fault with finely bronzed forms bared of nearly all clothing, I, on the other hand, was incensed at the complacent scarecrows which those natives, wearing our costume, had made of themselves. And while it was easy to see that the lady might prefer the hybrid creature, a caricature decked out in billycock hat and congress gaiters, and generally riotous as to the fit and color—but clothed withal—I, on the contrary, confess to feeling a keen, even fierce exultation in the fine natural unconsciousness of a people who can afford to luxuriate in the quiet dignity of a loin-cloth.



Shop Curtains.

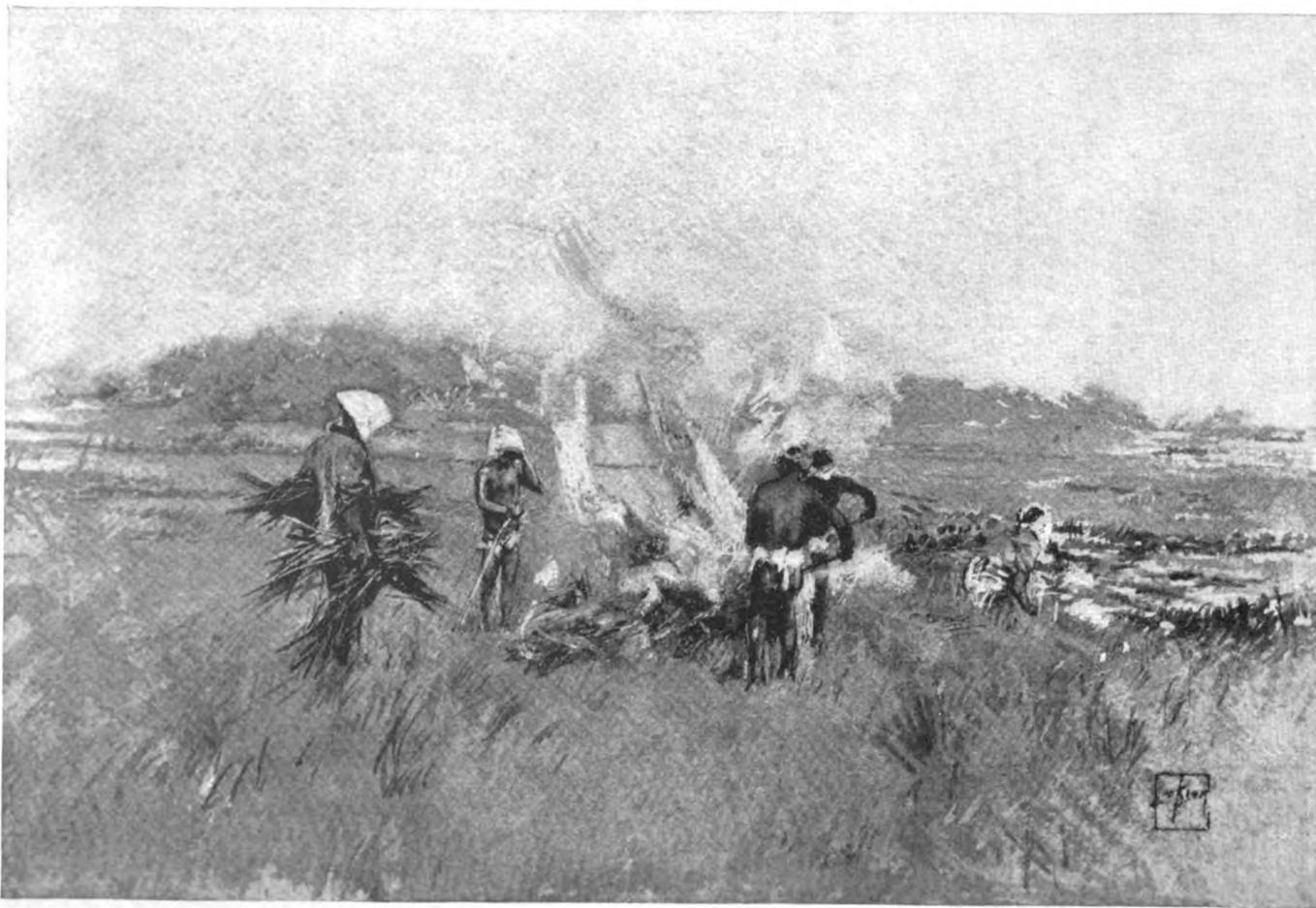
No doubt the proper way should have been to go ashore per sampan. But in the trying moment of facing problems of so new and exceptional a kind, it was timidity more than desire that checked me in generously offering suggestions to the Japanese friend who was with me. And it was only after clambering down the ship's ladder and scrambling over a few intermediate sampans, and reaching the wheezy little tug—dodging showers of slushy soot and cinders as we sputtered along, and passing some radiantly complacent fellow-passengers in the clean-matted boats—that I regretted my taciturnity and felt that a mistake had been made.

There was little formality on the part of the officials at the custom-house examination. With unruffled mien, and a consciousness of superior privileges which even the least important of us at times assume, we awaited our turn. We held ourselves, in a measure, to be visitors to the Japanese people at large. An invitation had been extended from the Japanese Government through the Commissioners of the Third National Exhibition at Tokyo, and presented to us by the consul before leaving New York. When we produced this hieroglyphic sesame, the official affably supplemented his bow with cabalistic signs with a lump of chalk on our unopened trunks and baggage, and we were free, feeling equal to any hospitality the country might offer.

My very first impressions of Yokohama will always remain vague and blurred. We expected to go on to Tokyo as soon as the pleasant little farce at the customs had concluded. There was an interval of a few hours before a train would start—ample time for a call which my friend wanted to make, and in which he wished me to join him. All this was deliberated in the midst of a lot of clamoring jinrikisha-men; of the ride itself which followed I have, however, a brighter recollection, impressing me as it did with the decidedly uncanny feeling of a perhaps somewhat overgrown infant taken out for an airing.

I had purchased, before leaving San Francisco, a diary—something small and compact that could easily follow me and be always at hand—a new and untried





DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"At work heaping brush on smouldering fires."—Page 408.

experiment which I promised should be a thing of curiosity to my friends at home afterward as well as a benefit to myself. While it has perhaps realized expectation as to the first, its tantalizing unreliability, only exceeded by its brevity, makes it of doubtful success in the other respect. All I find are these

thing. Room a mere shell, nothing in way of furniture unless a kakemono and a flowering twig in bronze bowl standing in queer recess in one of the walls could be called such. Everything about seemed remote—'was I really seeing it at all' I kept thinking. Tea was brought . . . some sweetmeats



Gun-hammer Queue.

not very stimulating notes: " . . . Went at once, to the house of a friend of S.'s, and suddenly dropped into the quiet strangeness of Japanese life. Took off shoes before entering. While so engaged saw how perfectly formed was the little foot of the girl standing by me on veranda waiting to usher us into the guest-room. This same little personage, placing some squares of wadded silk on matted floor, slid down on knees and bowed her head till forehead touched the floor, murmuring some-

—small, aniline red and green globes, tasting like marrons glacés. After the awkward introduction to S.'s friend—he speaks only Japanese—got up from floor, my Western joints altogether unprepared for the ordeal of crossing my legs *à la Japonaise*, to examine the neat woodwork and carpentry of room. Ate Japanese food for first time—repast in shape of lunch—forget what S. called it. A vegetable soup, fish (boiled), and with it a delightful affair, the root of lily;—eggs, and a few more vegetables,

tea, rice, and warm saké. I managed to feed myself somehow with the chopsticks—seemed to get everything where it was not wanted and nothing where it was. Hinted to S. to make proper excuses; went through a queer kind of etiquette of drinking saké with host. All I could do was to smile and look pleasant to what seemed a kind of sober and rather impressive 'Well-here's-your-very-good-health—I'm-very-glad to have-met-you, performance.' Hurried away to catch 2.10 train for Tokyo."

So much for the diary. It might as easily have been a dream for the little retained of the living reality of a day so filled with frequent and startling revelations. It is hard to own to it, but all has faded away completely—all but the jerking, rattle-jointed skeleton exhibited above. I do dimly remember—and the impressions partake more of the nature of a series of prints from under-exposed plates than anything else—a vista of strange streets, stranger architecture, shapeless blurs that stand for figures; one or two others of closer focus, the object occupying the greater part of the field; a head, cloth-bound, dark-visaged almost to fierceness, the steady eyes looking into mine with inscrutable thoughts behind them; shadows from gnarled pines along the sides, making of the street a crumpled kake-mono; a girl looking back over her shoulder, with powdered neck and flashing high lights on her lacquered, black, wobbling clogs, and the like more.

The railway between Yokohama and Tokyo, with its European system of cars, is only one of the many anachronisms which a perhaps over-confiding rubbing with the West has brought about. Everywhere over the land is apparent an over-reaching haste on the part of the Japanese to acquire the

mark of the beast. Innovation takes the place of renovation—the spirit of the nineteenth century, materialized in the person of the surveyor, is hard at it

levelling moats and old ramparts, and laying out boulevards through the *débris* of many an ancient palace. The days of Feudalism are long past; the most lovely halls and spacious grounds of Daimyo and Lord have made way for a modern European hotel or bank building. It is, of course, more than useless to lament the depressing fact that the Japanese display a wonderful alacrity to pull down and destroy everything, and to adopt anything that will tend to show

their mad desire to keep abreast with the rest of the world.



A Head.



Peter.



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"Born of other habits and ways"—Page 411.

Such reflections hardly troubled my mind at the time, as I dodged about from side to side in the coupé, to catch a glimpse of the country on our way to Tokyo. Nor did I feel deterred from utilizing the comfort and speed of the modern railway train, or get less enjoyment from any disturbing thoughts of what the journey must have been under more primitive conditions, and when even the more modern jinrikisha, was an unthought-of luxury.

There were large tracts that reminded me of Holland in their far-stretching simplicity—landscapes similar in the slight, thin lines of limbless trees breaking against the sky in Corot-like delicacy; in the woody clumps where thatched roofs nestled in cool shade, but totally unlike in the Oriental attributes of slushy rice-fields, tea-plantations, bamboo-groves, etc. There were isolated spots and places where the arbor-trained pear-trees even recalled Italy for the moment; but on the whole, a country peculiarly distinct and different from any other I had yet seen. It would be hard to say just in what the principal characteristic lies, unless it be in a certain robust ruggedness coupled with vegetation almost tropical and rankly profuse; a country, however, that, while resplendent with natural beauties, would, perhaps, appeal to the botanist more than to a temperament which loves vegetation less for its own sake than as a paintable background for the works of man. A country, moreover, teeming everywhere with life—in the fields of sprouting rice where rows of doubled-up figures, in tucked kimono, handled and fingered the tender roots; in the meadows, still brown with last year's weeds, with groups busy in clearing the ground for the seed. To see them in the mellowing glow of a hazy June afternoon, in their colored costumes among the dried, ochre-tinted stubble, on the miniature dykes, or in the roadway, was of ever-recurring pastoral picturesqueness. But best of all was to see here and there the ruddy, salmon-toned bodies of some field-laborers—stripped of all save the snowy white loin-cloth—at work heaping brush on smouldering

fires, and wreathed in the sinuous thick smoke. Such a thing seemed a gracious gift of nature; a pleasure easier felt than described.

Every now and then the train pulled up at a little station, prosaically trim and precise—as these affairs must be, I suppose—and as suddenly jerked me back into a befitting realization of modernity. The platform bustled into spasmodic life with the shuffle and clatter of clogs. A brief delay of amusing irruption and absorption of fellow-travellers, then on again into the sunny country beyond; past the rich and teeming fields, filled with workers, digging, delving, manure-spreading; past sleepy villages, till, skirting for a moment the bay at Shinagawa, we open a vista of glassy waters, flecked with sail; of clear-toned sky, streaked here and there by the trailing smoke of distant steamers. And then—I hesitate to write it—a thickening, not to say



The Baby.

sickening, maze of brick walls, reeking chimneys of shop and factory, a final plunge into the midst of the paraphernalia of an elaborate railway yard. We had arrived.

Once in Tokyo the attempt at description becomes more perplexing.



Street Scene in Tokyo.

There was in a letter or two written at the time a wild attempt to put my novel impressions into words, of which this fragment may give some idea:

“. . . I am busy collecting my scattered ideas, and come to a realizing sense that it is not all a dream!

“Can I make plain to you the reality of something which even to me seems as yet unreal, and haunts me with the belief that I shall surely wake up and find myself back in the little room at the Benedick. This dread keeps me rushing about trying to crowd days into hours. Can I give you an idea of

Japan? Perhaps I can answer best by asking, Was there ever lover that blurted out his feelings in words intelligible enough to be of the least satisfaction to his dearest and most patient of chums—or to himself for that matter?

“. . . I expected much of it (Japan)—I expected to be interested—fascinated; I was even prepared to find—to find it go beyond my expectation, but I was hardly prepared to drop into a new world. And yet a world not altogether unfamiliar—the thousand and one things that go to make up its sur-



The Unconventional in Wearing Apparel.

face life having, in a way, become familiar through its Art. I am only brought face to face with the breathing reality of it—a reality, nevertheless, so eluding that there is nothing to guide one in forming comparisons with what you may have seen or felt before. Life is on another—a different plane. If one could make the comparison it would have to be with such dead and gone civilizations as Greece and Egypt. Do you recall in some of our chats about Fortuny my speaking of the Orient as a conundrum, which with all their cleverness, Gérôme, Fromentin even, failed to answer satisfactorily? It was left for Fortuny to solve the riddle. Yes, I flatter myself that I hit the nail squarely there. What Morocco, Tangiers, was to his genius, that Japan holds out to the first man great enough to grasp it. Does the thought leave a pleasant taste in your mouth? It does in mine, accustomed as it is to the ashes from many a loaf of Life's bread."

At first the bustling thoroughfares seemed like so many turns of kaleidoscopes. There was a crowded foreground—a confused and blurred middle distance. A soft, sil-

very light, diffused a peculiar quality of color over the sombre monotony of Japanese architecture—a light of pearly tenderness, rarely noticed in America, but not unlike that of some summer mornings in Venice. In this atmosphere the heavy leaden gray of weather-worn buildings and the overpowering mass of blue, which in all gradations and the whole gamut of broken tints forms the fundamental color of Japanese clothing, is finely harmonized; the signs and curtains with the black or white characters hanging before the shops, the goods and wares exposed in the open fronts, and the occasional brighter bits of red or green in the kimonos of women and children, afford a decided and sharp contrast; while some rarer spot of white or a glimpse of the delicate pink or lemon obi of some passing musmee—quite apart from any fascination the wearer may unconsciously exercise—will attract the eye involuntarily. There is, however, at all times an absence of gayness; the streets, lined with strange, promiscuous, booth-like shops, thronged as they always are, preserve an even, subdued aspect. The houses of unpainted wood, unpicturesque in themselves, present in the conglomerate a bristling jagged line, spotted with signs and fluttering sun-screens of sombre reds,



Umbrella and Lantern Makers.

grays, and blues, sufficiently qualifying for the needs of the painter.

I was struck more forcibly than I can express with the appearance of the people. The unconventionality in wearing apparel was particularly pleasing to the eye, haunted as it still was with the sober meanness of Western attire. Clothed often in the simplest of garments, leaving limbs free and unfettered, the bronzed and finely developed figures of toiling coolie, itinerant vender, and strolling player were very tempting to the sketcher. The walk, the attitude, the face were new—born of other habits and ways, other channels of thought, and exerting the fascination of an existence strange to our comprehension. There haunted me in these early days a peculiar and pleasing odor—which as it faded completely after a time may have been but some queer freak of imagination—that seemed to hover about everything. Coming often suddenly and at an unexpected time or place, it carried to me the very embodiment of the enchantment inseparable from things Oriental.

One of my earliest purchases was a "Colloquial Grammar" and a double-back-action dictionary, for I hoped by this dual aid to learn something of the language. The consequent study on the four following days will always be associated for me with the vivid recollection of a poisonously green carpet and livid walls, which between them divided the room in the "European-plan" hotel where I had installed myself *pro tempore*. With unwary confidence and laudable enthusiasm I began fingering the leaves of the dictionary, and reading the open-

ing pages of the "Colloquial." It was not long before I found myself pondering over things as mysterious and fathomless as any the life outside had propounded. I soon made one discovery, however. I had laughed only a few days before when, in my wanderings about the streets, an extraordinary



A Leaf from a Sketch Book.

sign above an open shop-front caught my eye. A small part of the oblong, white expanse at either end was given over to an artistic assortment of wriggling hieroglyphics, while the centre was occupied by the dignified legend, "HONORABLE MILK." While amused at its incongruity I had been puzzled as to what particular shade of meaning it might contain. I found that it was



DRAMA BY NISHANT BHADRA

simply a literal translation. The "Colloquial" seemed fairly alive with honorifics. The author says himself that "no language in the world is more saturated" with them; and darkly hints at some damaging qualities which they inflict on "not only the vocabulary but the very grammar itself." Not only is an exceeding reverence shown the person *per se* (in which the smallest tot and hoariest sage have an equal share), everybody being entitled the Honorable This or That; but in its profuseness it overwhelms even inanimate objects with polite distinction. Thus courteously referred to are *o* *yu*, "honorable hot water;" *o* *bake*, "an honorable ghost;" *o* *deki* *mono*, "an honorable pimple or boil." In addressing anyone, however, it behooves the speaker to allude to—say, his fine residence—in a befittingly depreciatory manner, as "my unworthy hovel;" while with decorous discrimination in speaking of the hovel of the person addressed, he will dignify it as "your honorable abode." It becomes really a matter of fine art when a person can juggle with politeness in this way:

Go burei mōshi-agemashita
August rudeness (I) said- lifted

I was very rude to you,

which with a little patient thought resolves itself into—"I may have been rude to you, but that in itself is sufficient glory, since it was in connection with so exalted a personage as yourself." As if it were to plainly say, "I have had the honor to be rude to you."

To inquire in just what the differences consist between the Japanese and our language would prove perhaps as useless as it certainly would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that every part of it was to me in structure and idioms incomprehensibly alien from all that we are accustomed to. It may be of interest to give an example from the grammar I have been speaking of to show how baffled and "snarled up" the unsuspecting student would be likely to become confronted with one of these long sentences.

Aru hito ga naga-ya no mae
A certain person (nom.) block of houses of front

VOL. XIII.—41

wo tori masu toki, ishi ni tsumazukimashi-
(accus.) passes time, stone on when he had
tareba, naga-ya no uchi no hito ga
stumbled, block of houses of inside of person (nom.)
baka ni shite, "Aitata!" to koe
fool to making, "Ah! how painful!" that voice
wo kakemashita kara, tsumazuita hito
(accus.) placed because (the) stumbled person
wa, ima imashii to omoimashita ga waza to
as for, disagreeable that thought though, purposely
otonashiku, "Iya! go men nasaimashi!
blandly "Nay! august excuse deign!
kemashita no wa, ishi ka to omoimashitara,
kicked thing as for stone? that where as I thought,
anata no hana no saki deshita ka?" to iimashita,
your nose's tip was? that (he) said.

A certain man, passing one day in front of a block of houses, tripped against a stone. Thereupon some one inside the block of houses made fun of him, and cried out: "Oh, how I have hurt myself!" So he who had tripped constrained himself to be bland (although he felt disgusted), and said: "Oh! pray, excuse me. I thought that what I had kicked was a stone. But was it the tip of your nose?"

To whittle one's way inch by inch through that without the aid of a scroll-saw would be an effort to which the trials of Job were a pleasant pastime. And albeit "Japanese—with its exotic grammar, its still uncertain affinities, its ancient literature—is a language worthy of more attention than it has yet received," I felt I could not give it any more at the time short of insanity; and reluctantly availing myself of the courteous permission extended by the author of "leaving his work to the kind indulgence of the student," thought it best not to meddle with Providence in too reckless a fashion, and put the book away under lock and key.

In spite of what I have written of the general picturesqueness, it remains to be said—however reluctant I always feel to say it—that the havoc created in traits, manners, and customs—the destroying of much that is individual and characteristic—which the blind adoption of Western ideas has brought about, is enormous and depressing. Especially is it noticeable in the matter of dress. I found on part of the male population an unwholesome craving to shine in borrowed finery, which few resisted. All patronized hair-dressers of Western cult; the tedious and perhaps inconvenient mode of queuing the hair had probably been one of the earliest to be relinquished, and the

modification one of the easiest to acquire. The sight of the peculiar "gun-hammer" queues in the streets of Tokyo was a comparatively rare one; their wearers were invariably types of those trying to stop the hopelessly widening breaches in crumbling Conservatism. Was it wholly clinging to old traditions that helped the women of the country to repel Western innovations? or were other and unsuspected forces as well at work to keep them from making any concessions? Be it what it may, they preserve an individuality and character totally and delightfully at variance with those of the men. They are demure and decorous always, and seemingly so by nature; and in spite of the slavish subjugation to man and master, there is a cheerfulness of disposition about them, a contentment almost inconceivable of those in their position. I do not mean to imply that Western contact has been altogether without results in their case, but that the effect has been so slight and insignificant when compared with the wholesale and widespread surrender of the sterner sex; the concessions made are so half-hearted and timid, that the few who wear their hair *à l'europléenne* startle one not so much by the incongruity as by a boldness of assumption inconsistent with their character. The sight of a Japanese woman in European costume is an exceedingly rare one, I am glad to say;—the most venturesome resting content in permitting themselves the comfort and convenience of shawls and parasols.

I longed to leave the hotel with its lurid enticements of arsenic carpets, electric buttons and lights, and live among the people. I was daily hoping to receive from the Government, through my friend's intercession, the permission necessary for such a proceeding. I was getting restive under the prolonged delay in the securing of this "merely nominal official position—you know," which was to give me the—

to me most important—privilege of living outside of the foreign concession. I longed to work, to set up my easel in a place consistent with the life of the people about me. It was just as I began to despair and was driven to make other and self-devised plans, that I was helped out of all difficulty in an unforeseen way. I fell in with a young Japanese, a fellow-passenger on the ship out. He was temporarily out of employ, and intimated his willingness to be of any service until such a time as a turn should come in his fortunes.

He was a slender, sallow-faced youth, with the touch of a Western back-street tailor in the aggressive pertness of his attire, altogether out of keeping with the meek deportment of the wearer. There was, however, at times, under the thawing influence of our acquaintance, a mild ostentation, "having-mixed-with-the-world" air, which, if anything, increased the *naïveté* underlying his natural unobtrusiveness. His vocabulary was decidedly limited;—conversation acted on his restricted understanding like a pall, and added not a little to the difficulty I experienced in putting my position clearly before him. His kindly disposition and patient forbearance I "took to" at once; both were qualities of a kind, it seemed to me, to stand any strain our relations might impose. Such was Katsushika Yorikadzu as he appeared to me in our first and rather trying interview at the hotel.

"Ah, yis—I see—you wish house. Can get."

In the first flush of enthusiasm I suggested that this be done—that he get it then and there—at once.

"Y-e-s," with a quick, bird-like side-wise tip to the head, and meditatively eying the question, as it were; 'bot—I thing mus' take prenty time." He would consult friends, and in the meantime we could also in rambling about be on the lookout for it. Evidently it was not so easy a problem to solve as I had expected.

AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



IT was hot in Tokyo. The pleasant gray days of a month ago had been followed by days gloomy and threatening. We had had much wind and rain; but now, with approaching midsummer the sun blazed overhead in a clear, hard sky, fierce and punishing in its heat. The streets, one blinding glare and unpeopled, had a deserted appearance. The shop-curtains hung limp and dusty, unlifted by hand of buyer; all color fled, and in the dazzling whiteness the shadows fell sharp with inky blackness. The toiling coolies, sweltering, hugged the scanty shade, and rested often. Kurumaya, the cabbies of Japan, sprawled or crouched by their 'rikishas, listless and indifferent to fares;—in the protecting angle of the compound gate sat the ameya, in blinking, nodding, drowsiness, his stand of sticky and melting wares undefended against eager swarms of energetic flies. The suffocating heat quivered as it rose, distorting all objects as through a wavy pane—the great city's pulse beat feebly; languor and prostration was felt everywhere. The familiar forms of itinerant venders and wandering players, the clog-mender, alms-seeking priests, and busy merchant had disappeared. Lagging clerks, with cloth-bound bundles and straggling groups of foot-sore pilgrims in dusty, stencilled garments, on long journeys bent, were the only ones to impede the indefatigable street-sprinkler, who pulled his primitive cart up, across and down the empty thoroughfares. The stream of traffic, never noisy, was at an ebb—had fallen to a thin and silent current, and only eddied now and then about the kori shops, where bright-faced girls with tied-up sleeves served tumblers piled high with “planed” ice, cool and cheating into temporary relief the exhaustion of the scorching heat.

I longed to be out of it. I had “done the sights,” had been to “matsuri” *fête* and flower-show; had dissipated recklessly in the mild orgies of tea-house dinners, and geisha dances—dinners that I always compared with the music accompanying them, and wondered when they would really begin. I had seen the temples—the theatres where, in the draughty interiors, I felt myself moved in the general outpourings of enthusiasm and joined—perhaps from other causes—in the universal rustling of paper handkerchiefs, the loud commotion of the blowing of noses at the pathetic climaxes. I had seen Fine Art exhibitions and firework displays of all kinds. I had even limped away from an ancient and classical “No” dance, a sadder if not wiser man. Bric-à-brac itself had lost its fascination—I was in a dangerous mood. I couldn't see my way to get to work. An irritability dulling all curiosity and all interest had come over me; everything seemed to fade; the small and inevitable discomforts of travel were magnified; I was tired of being stared at. In this distorted state of mind I had but to close my eyes to see the people exist as so many figures with necks pivoted like an owl's, and no matter in what view—side or front—full-faced unblinking in a stony stare.

It was early one drizzly morning that my newly found friend and voluntary guide joined me in the second-class compartment an instant before the train



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

A Clog-maker.



A Watering-Cart.

started for Enoshima. The trip—at least as far as I had any settled idea of it—was to be in the nature of a skirmish, taking in Enoshima, Hakone, and round about Fuji-San;—an endeavor to bring into action my untried arms—a heavy field equipment of sketching-gear, including Gatling supplement of note-books—and, if all went well, to venture farther into the enemy's country by train, 'rikisha, and afoot, and to lay waste all in a roundabout way even to Nikko.

Just exactly how it was to be done I didn't know; in fact, when we held our counsel of war at the hotel there were moments when Katsushika san, in the enthusiasm of at last becoming a practical aid, got so ensnarled and tangled in the recital of "the way to do it," that I was more than ready to believe in its not being possible at all. "Oh, yes! Me sure can do! Yis, sir. You shoery arr right if go with me!" said he. But while I felt, as he expressed it, "surely all right," as to ability in looking after myself, I was solicitous solely on his behalf. Even if I were shunted on to some side track it could hardly matter, since all I wanted was to get away from

the city, and so long as I found it possible to work it mattered not where we went. And so we had set out.

Down to Yokohama first, a short delay, a shifting of sketching-traps, and contraction as far as possible for a few more beclogged wayfarers; then off for Fujisawa, at which place we arrive at 8 A.M. A lonely little station, with even more hopelessness than is general with all wayside stations the world over. An open, sandy gap in all directions, fringed here and there in a ragged fashion by small catch-penny tea-booths. In close vicinity to one of these a collection of jinrikishas, to which, while I stand guard over bag and baggage, Katsushika san makes his way. He is soon in the midst of men and of a lively bargain; as I see the crowd melt away, leaving him all alone, a word or action brings back the whole lot again and again. Finally I shoulder one of the bags and walk over to see what's up.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, she say don't go!" he says, detaching himself for a moment. Suspecting, from experience on other occasions, I ask how much he has offered the men.

"Say don't go res than dorrar-an-barf. I thing hifty sen ver' prenty."

"Well, how far is Enoshima from here?"

"Jinrikisha-man say about hive mire—say road ver' ver' bad." And all this time lending an ear, he adds joyfully, but with impassive face: "See, I know she take—take sure. Now make seventy-hive sen aready."

"Oh, don't bother about it—let's take——" but he was in the thick of it; and as I had learned already, it is as easy to catch a dog slipped from a leash as to turn him, now his nose was coldly ferreting out the bottom price. I sat down in one of the dank tea-stalls, lit and finished a cigarette until everything was settled to his satisfaction. Presently he came, with three demure jinrikisha-men in tow, officiously radiant. "Sorry I make wait so rong. Of course you know, I don rike pay more than arr right." One jinrikisha is piled with our things—we climb into the other two, and away over heavy sandy roads, past bamboo groves and isolated little homesteads. In one or two places there is a small gathering of these thatched houses, and the road, as it passes through, has all the appearance of being a part of the backyard, so unrestrained in juxtaposition is the arrangement of road to house.

Everything even in this sandy soil is rankly green. The sun is beginning to break its way out; the air, heavy and humid, makes it no light task for the men. They are perspiring profusely—I can say copiously, as I have seen my man when resting take off his towel and wring it with a result that would vie creditably with a wet dish-cloth—and I am glad when we pull up at a little wayside tea-stall at the foot of a rather steep, sandy slope, to have them rest. Off come what few garments they have, and a brisk mopping and rubbing-down takes place, and as I watch

them presently dropping down to a quiet chat and smoke, with a cup or two of tea, I ask casually, "How much farther do we go?" "This is end—we must wark now;" and to my rather astonished question, "Why, where's Enoshima?" K. points up the sand-bank. Sure enough on gaining the top we look down on a long narrow beach—in fact a mere strip of sand running out into the sea, a peninsula—ending a quarter of a mile away in an island-like prominence—Enoshima. Striking for the hard shore-sand we walk along the beach and soon reach the town built on, or rather clinging to, the rocks of this peculiar formation. As we pass through the large stone torii at the entrance of the town and ascend the steep street we are greeted on all sides with the shrill cries of welcome so universal in Japan. The narrow street is lined for the greater part of its length with inns, tea- and lodging-houses, and as we pass the open fronts, cries of "I-r-r-a-a-r-shai-i-i-s!" from be vies of girls resound



like so many salvos—scattered—broken only to give place to renewed broadsides as we pass the rival inn beyond.

to please. As he learned my needs the increasing tax on his ingenuity to meet them only opened new vistas of fertile



A Japanese Temple.

Near the top of this "shute" we find quarters in the same tea-house where Sir Edwin Arnold had not so long before been a delighted guest—the Iwamoto ya.

There has been recently, by his master pen, a description of it in the pages of this Magazine; one which makes it impossible to do again what Sir Edwin has so charmingly accomplished in his "Japonica." Suffice it to say that I found it full of picturesque material. Nor was it long before my faithful friend caught the infection and began to develop unsuspected qualities in his groping desire

resources. He was never at a loss. I had only to intimate—at least succeed in getting *him* to understand—what I wanted, and if mortal endeavor could, it was done. I remember on one occasion I was sketching from the second-story room—the whole house literally at my feet through the blandishments of the artful one—and had returned one morning to complete the drawing. The people had so behung the entire street with thousands of little banners that they fairly choked it. It was a "matsuri," and nothing could be done. He of many parts had slipped away. I caught flying glimpses of him dodging



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM

The Flower Market.

in and out of the houses, and after a little time a universal demolition of the festoons was in full swing, in the midst of which he reappeared and said, with a smile of enjoyment at his own suc-



Japanese Pillow.

cess: "They take down." On our way inn-ward that evening I casually remarked that I hoped he had not forgotten to make proper acknowledgment for the extreme kindness shown.

"Oh, yis—of course. I give 'em sugar." Ingenuous boy. He had gone to the man below, in whose house I was working, *bought* sugar from him, overwhelmed him with the kindness of his purchase, and then set out with the gift thriftily divided to achieve a like result in other directions.*

In quoting from my diary I cannot hope to show by its crude fragmentary jottings of what, and in what the charm of Enoshima exists; and I only give them as perhaps showing a glimpse of my day's doings.

"July 24, 1890.— . . . (Iwamoto Inn.) We have two rooms in a small, detached building off the garden around which the rambling hotel is scattered. Everything about it is as yet untouched by kodakistic influences, although K. tells me the proprietor is troubled with visions—air-castles may they remain—of befitting annexes for foreigners. . . . At 10 o'clock started out for a walk about the island—for so I am told Enoshima at times becomes, when the water

breaks over the thin strip of beach—and found our way to the cave. Amused to see the boys diving among the rocks for pennies which K. flung into the water. Back to hotel at 12, and after an omelette and fish, at 3 down to beach. Weather warm, and feeling reckless went out in my pajamas—people in street not noticing with more than the customary stare—and had a fine bath. Slipped on K.'s clogs, and so back to town, where at foot of street stepped in to buy a pair of straw sandals for myself. . . . Girl has just come in to make up futons for the night. K. is arranging, by the doubling of one, a make-shift pillow. An unsavory smelling green mosquito-net, with a mixture of sea-weed and mushroom about it, fixes the arrangement for the night.

"July 25th.—Woke up about 7.30. A wretched, broken night's rest—feeling as if I should come apart in numerous places—sad to realize there are so many in one's anatomy that can ache so damnable. Or rather, it's only one ache, but that takes in everything down to one's eyelashes. Sat up till long past 12 o'clock, after trying to get accustomed to the—well, not soft—bedding and what it contained. Fleas, fleas, and a few more fleas, which, added to the stifling stuffiness caused by the closing in of the whole house, made it like trying to sleep inside a largish dry-



Night at Enoshima.

goods box. To wake up often, and as often see the inert bundle of peaceful-

* As he afterward explained, "Of course you see they don't rike take down because *matsuri*, an' many pilgrims come. Pilgrims always go where mos frags." It seems these bands, clubs, societies, or guilds that annually perform pilgrimages—often of protracted length—carry these

bits of cotton cloth emblazoned with the respective name of club or guild, and leave them at shrine, temple, and inn. In the latter case they become a flaunting letter of recommendation, highly treasured, as I learned on more than one unsuccessful attempt to inveigle them.

ness under K.'s mosquito-netting was too much. I finally crawled over and blew out the andon. Day gloomy, raining occasionally. From veranda made drawing of some houses and hillside. About four, the weather clearing, took a walk toward some fishing villages scattered along the shore. Passing through, came to one larger, containing a few inns, tea-houses, and extensive grounds of picturesquely situated temple. Stepped in at a tailor's to order a pair of tabi for myself.

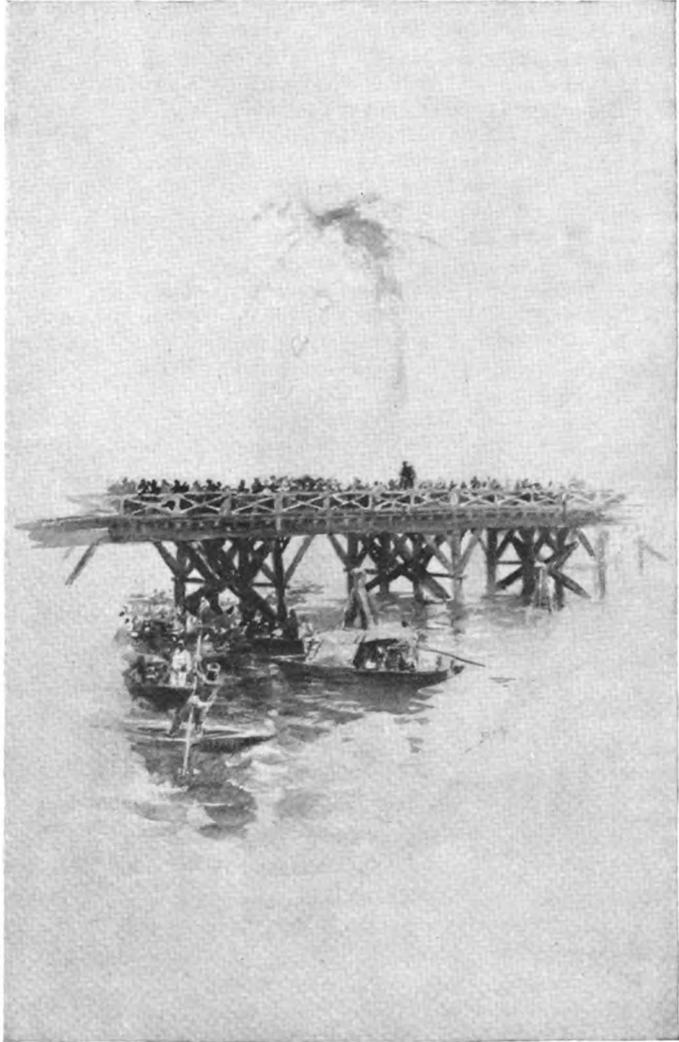
. . . Am living on milk and tea and 'castira'* in the morning, fish and eggs rest of day. Had an *amma* this evening—the stiffness hanging about me all day.

"July 28th.—Day bright, sunny, and pleasant. Up by 7, and after the usual skirmishing on the part of K. for breakfast 'castira' in the shops outside, went down the street. After some talk, K. got permission to use room over a shop to commence drawing.

In afternoon to Benten Cave to work on drawing begun yesterday; took shelter, rain coming on, in cave. The rocks, with the wildish water swashing and splashing over them, a fine foreground for the distant silhouette of Fuji in the threatening gloom. A treat to-day in the shape of a few

* Castira—from "Castilla"—Sponge-cake. Is so called because introduced by the Spaniards.

slices of bread, which K. tells me the wife of the proprietor, in the kindness of a woman's heart, got for me from



Daytime Fireworks.

some missionary hiding away somewhere hereabouts; perhaps there is something after all in missionary work.

"July 31st.—. . . Every once in a while bunches of pilgrims come straggling through the town, with large straw hats and squares of matting slung across their shoulders, all dressed in rough, white garments, carrying sometimes staff and bell—a pict-

uresque bit of life. Noticed a good many were women—difficult at a distance to distinguish men from women, as all dressed alike. Charmed with the place, and hard at work getting as many notes as possible. The only drawback—Japanese chow. It is more than monotonous; with the exception of that piece of missionary bread all I've had these seven days is fish and eggs, rice and tea; all combinations tried and exhausted, nor does difference of rotation cheat the stomach. Notwithstanding the poor food I shall stay, but have suggested through K. the desire of placing a flea in our dreaming landlord's ear. For some reason he doesn't see fit to do so.* He can and won't; I would, if I could speak the blamed language. . . . Day windy and stormy, so stayed indoors to make some pastel notes from window—they worked pasty in all the dampness of the weather. Went to rocks in the afternoon; water very high; it was fine. Sat down to work, K. holding

I had spent ten delicious days of rambling, climbing, sketching in and about this charming little place, when one evening as we sprawled on the floor over our fish and eggs, the proprietor came in at the sliding-door, and, getting down on his knees, touched his head to the floor, murmuring apologies for this disturbance. The buff envelope of a telegram was in his hand, and lifting it first to his brow, he passed the portentous thing over to me. I tore it open and flattened out the colored sheet on the matted floor. Its pink Volapük was a revelation of clearness—its conciseness and the brevity of its wit an exquisite joke. Certainly, I would return to Tokyo by all means, at once.

Taking the cup of saké Katsushika san had just filled, I said, "Well! here's to the boatman's daughter—and Tokyo"—a playful allusion to the havoc which a fleeting glimpse of a very pretty musmee had inflicted on a certain barbarian's heart, occasioning the drain-



"A lonely little station."

umbrella over me when it rained, but difficult to do anything as wind lifted and knocked the pad about on my knees. K. also not feeling well gave up after a time. . . ."

* He only explained afterward that it would have been a rude thing to complain, and only mentioned to the landlord our grievances when coming away. "You see, I don't like say anything then, the landlord thing I'm not ver' perite if I do."

ing of many a thimbleful of saké since that memorable day at the riverside in Tokyo.

"You thing must goin' back to Tokyo?"

"Yes! Peter. There is a class of men called editors over in America, hard-hearted and utterly regardless of other people's feelings—hopelessly devoid of



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

An Actor.

all human sympathy I might say, who when they want a thing want it er-r bad, so to say, and want it done quick ; and the sooner a fellow does it the more he'll find life congenial and pleasant all around. Petey," for so I had begun to call him (his other name was forever clogging my mouth ; it might do for holidays when there wasn't anything especial to do), "Petey, my boy—don't you *ever* go and have anything to do with them!" To which Peter says no, dubiously, and seeing his hopeless stare I continued to explain: "Yes, they are anxious to get a sight of my drawings—I must return to Tokyo and make some nice pictures to send to America. But cheer up, we won't be cheated out of the sight of old Fuji, since we are so near, let me crawl at least to her feet, and then you can take me back."

I shall never forget the effect of the morning we took our reluctant departure from the charming little place. Straggling along over the ribbon-like strip of sand, the jinrikishas ahead with bag and baggage, I stopped often to look back. It was the most beautiful morning imaginable, the air clear as crystal, the sun still low and throwing long, thin shadows from even the smallest and slightest objects on the beach. Our own shadows stretched away across to the farther beach, where a group of nude fishermen were busy hauling in fish, their bright pinkish skins contrasting strongly against the heavy, inky, blue sea and pearly fringing of surf. Out over the water in the distance rose stately Fuji-San, clean cut and sharp, as I had never seen her before. A few tender fleecy clouds encircled her brow and floated meltingly in a sky so pure and serene—it all seemed more like a child's happy awakening. Enoshima lay, a slumbering silhouette with here and there some isolated thread of smoke stealing slowly upward. Unbroken and untouched was the peaceful gloom of tree and rock, save on the eastern edge, where the sun embroidered a glittering fringe and turned to gold the breaking water on the rock-bound shore below. In my leave-taking it was like a caressing benediction

on the part of nature ; the kind and friendly face smiling a last farewell with unspoken wishes to be remembered—a radiant look for a speedy return.

We reached Fujisawa in plenty of time to catch the first train for Yumoto, and after a short ride through very interesting broken and hilly country arrived at Kodzu about 8 a.m. From here, so Peter informed me, we should patronize the new tram in preference to the frisky 'rikisha, gaining thereby, as he sagely pointed out, in pocket what we might lapse in time.

How pleasant was the feeling of leaving things generally in the hands of Providence—exemplified in this especial case in the slight figure of Peter ; what a saving of energy and bewilderment in distracted search for information regarding routes, time, trains, tickets, checks, and all else pertaining to railway travel. Pleasant to be told, "Jus' wait here," or "Prease, go there tirr I come," and to light a meditative cigarette the while, watching the people with rush and push getting themselves and leading others into entanglements as to right trains—to see them, like a disturbed ant-hill, heading in all directions to board the wrong ones. Maliciously pleasant to see them in headlong flight stop a duty-pressed official who pointed silently, and tear along till they met another, who as considerately pointed back toward the place they left, until, exhausted and resigned, they squat down beside their bundles to wait till their own train, three hours later, would take them to their desired destination—it remaining always a mystery unsolved as to why any train shouldn't have done so in the first place. Delightfully pleasant and profitable, too, to study, besides the character, customs, and ways of the people, the costumes, the color, everything that a painter calls "*Just things*," and to be able to do all this by simply saying, "Yes, Petey, all right, go ahead," just to show that you have a knack of knowing how things should be done and are confident of success. Jewel of a Peter.

Where *he* gets his information I know not. He *gets* it, which is of more importance. So now I dodge dutifully

after him when he comes to get me, and we steer our way through the throng to the cool tramway shed.

“ — the port of rest from troublous toyle.”

But not for long, since with a start, and before we are aware of how it hap-

pened; and has already ducked his head with the pleasure of seeing him. I have heard in all the din his labored, short sighs of exhaling breath, sounding like a subdued suppression of a cough, which accompanies all proper Japanese bows; and then he turns to



A Fish Vender.

pens, we shelve upon one another in the little car as the horse makes a wild break for the opening. Over the short, sharp curve we go, unharmed, however, the small driver holding back with reins up and back ear-high, the conductor equally diminutive, but as efficiently grinding away at the brake in the rear. Once out in the open glare they let the stallion have his head, and away we go right merrily, “teetering,” heaving, and reeling over the straight, long, and dusty road ahead. The passengers, silent, with bobbing heads and rattling clogs, are of all types and character, from the shell-back conservatism in hakama and haori, to lenient liberalism in tile and gaiters. There is even a specimen of a “ne plus ultra” radicalism in colored shirt, white collar, and patent leathers. Petey knows him, him of the cuffs, cane, and natty straw

me with pleasurable excitement to whisper that “that is erdest son of Viscount —,” and begins to tell me much that is of much interest—to Peter.

There is a halt, the conductor is busy watering the horse. The knowing animal no sooner sees the bucket than he expectantly throws forward his head with opened jaws, into which the boy splashes dippers full of water, and finishes the performance by taking out this extraordinary animal’s tongue with one hand and generously plastering it with rock-salt from the other. A few passengers get out here, giving us the decidedly preferable elbow-room as equivalent of their company. It is swelteringly hot; our little band is making it as comfortable as possible. He of the hakama has tied a towel about his head to save his freshly made queue from floating dust, and slipping his toes from

his clogs, sits like a mollified Daruma.* He of the tile, which all this time is fraternizing in the demoralizing com-
 tion. All are fanning more or less vigorously, with petulant tucks and pecks at coat and kimono, all fervently



Boatman's Daughter.

pany of a slobbering tea - pot and saucerless cup under the seat, has followed suit by pulling off his gaiters, and lolls with speculative gaze riveted on me when not momentarily distracted over his tiny pipe. The immaculate one is propped up in the farther end bored and listless, the pristine splendor of his collar undergoing a pitiable delapsa-

* A familiar figure in Japanese Art. leg- and arm-less, is always represented enveloped in a sack-like garment which leaves exposed only his face, fierce and terrifying in expression. Daruma was a follower of Shaka, and teacher of Buddhism, who came from China and founded the Zen sect.

praying for release from the fiery oven. The only one unphased and full of energy still, our little driver in a German military cap, drawing recklessly on a stock of undreamed-of vitality, in exuberant flourishes of whip, and tooting of horn, and turning of crank, as we dash along. He is the only one, too, that gets what little air there is.

Finally-after one more halt when we take on a fresh beast-the wild ride comes to an end, and I am counting our bundles to see that Peter has properly helped me by bringing them altogether.

AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



A Country Road.

At the end of our wild ride in a tram-car from Kodzu to Tokyo, Peter comes to me with his friend, "the erdest son of Viscount —," and says, "Mister Brum, arrow me to introduce you my friend Viscount —." I am delighted at the possibility of adding a new and so rare a specimen to my growing though unclassified collection of Young Japan.

He is pleased to meet me, he likes *all* Americans anyway; he was so long over there—you know. Is glad to learn that we are going to Miyanoshita, and is helpfully officious in directions as to the best way of doing it. He comes often, and as he puts it, "knows the ropes." I should like Miyanoshita—all foreigners did. If I liked walking that would be just the thing, as it was only a matter of four miles or so to the top

and jinrikishas were hot and uncomfortable. And so, after seeing, with Peter's help, the things stored properly in 'rikishas, we start off behind in the thick of a very lively conversation. In fact a conversation that never ceased and lagged only when he had nothing to say.

Peter hovers about in the outskirts of our conversation, dazzled like a moth lured by the glare—delighted in his diffidence when the Viscount condescends to speak to him in the vernacular. Ah, Peter of ambitious dreams! Is *this* your ideal?

And how did I like—

"Japan?" Then before he can ask more I rattle through the long list again of what and which and why I like this and that and the other. He walks along in silence for a time then, meditatively,

"But don't you think things are—I don't know—kind o' slow?"

I admit frankly, if somewhat gladly, that this may be the case.

But what he meant was, "no fun going on, no dancing, and—all that, you know." Japan might be interesting, of course, to a foreigner, but after coming from America, as he just had, he must say that he found it "*darned* slow." He had been over there so long and got so used to it, that he couldn't get to feel at home at all. He wondered if I could realize the pleasure it was to simply talk "the lingo" again. He had had a delightful time, and entertained me with accounts of its various phases. But, he dolefully added, his time at Harvard was over, and his father had sent for him to come back and "settle down." His father, in fact, wished him to go into politics. It was solely on his account, too, that he found himself on the verge of matrimony. Yes, his father was building a house for him now, and he was busy thinking how he could

get some of the comfort of an American home in it. An idea of his modifications, adaptations of his own devising, now followed with much detail. If I remember aright there was even to be a billiard-room in the elaborate plan.

In the rare lapses of this single-handed conversation he would break into scraps of college glees, or whistle snatches of the latest popular songs; and then smilingly refer to them, "D'y'u-ever hear that?" By the way, did I know anyone in Boston, because he had many friends there. Knew Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes very well, and was often at his house. He was quite enthusiastic about the doctor. Always felt free and at home with him somehow. There were others, too, that he liked, but somehow didn't get along so well with them. He remembered how the doctor had once "hailed him over the coals" for not calling oftener on a certain friend of his, and that he, the Viscount, had said he would if the people there only talked to him about something else besides Christianity and George Washington. He said the doctor had laughed heartily. But he had meant what he said, because he didn't like being treated like a foreigner.

But for our climb itself I go back to a letter written at the time.

"HAKONE, August 6, '90.

"DEAR — : It is raining. Is it rain—this emptying of clouds as they sweep about us, finding their way to the valley below? Sheets—no, that would not explain it as well as—solid masses of it fall about us with a noise, trying to nerves not of the strongest, as you, poor fellow, only know too well. It has been at it all day, and as yet shows no sign of ending. . . . Know that we have travelled much and far away from the sea-shore—from the place I last wrote you—Enoshima. In these last three days we have been doing some climbing—mountain climbing of an easy, entertaining kind—walking from a railway terminus, or rather tramway terminus, called Yumoto, to Miyanoshita, at which place we stayed overnight, and starting out very early the next morning and crossing the mountains to this place.

"We left Enoshima at sunrise. . . . Were just in time to have tiffin at Miyanoshita. The walk from Yumoto up the mountain-side, I might add, was further enlivened by falling in with a young Japanese who spoke English fluently, with perhaps only just the slightest trace of dropping his l's and substituting r's, as all of them are apt to do. Boston was in the very cut of his clothes. On the whole, a fine and rare, at least to me, specimen of young Japan of the youngest generation. . . .

"Don't ask for a description of Miyanoshita, it isn't worth it, I assure you, on my word as a good friend and—bad painter. It is one of those places you "size up" in your mind, by prejudice, in just hearing people talk about it. Fancy me liking a place which a woman tourist gushed about, in the hotel in Tokyo, as 'just lovely;' the hotel, too, was 'too lovely for anything.' Then she called the place Me, an oyster, to finish with. It is no more Japan than Yokohama is. There is only one little tiny spot down a ravine-like valley, near Miyanoshita—a charming little place called Kinga or Kiga—which is worth writing about.

"We were up and away over the mountain before sunrise the day following—Hakoneward. In the cool of the early morning it was pleasant walking, but presently, as the sun became stronger, the uphill work began to tell on us. Before that, with the sun barely risen, as I say, it was pleasant enough to have the company of the fresh, bright morning and its charm of sights and sounds. Birds we heard in plenty. There was one songster who had two long-drawn notes—a sound so closely resembling a human whistle that but for the shrill staccato run in the finish it could easily be mistaken for one coming from a boy's lips—if Japanese whistled. The trip took us through some very beautiful country with a charm peculiar to itself—I mean that a photograph or picture would not give you an idea of it any more than the score does of the music. It was characteristic mountain scenery—not paintable—but impressively beautiful, and appealing more to me as the *man* than as the *painter*.

"Gracious! this is a wild day! I wish

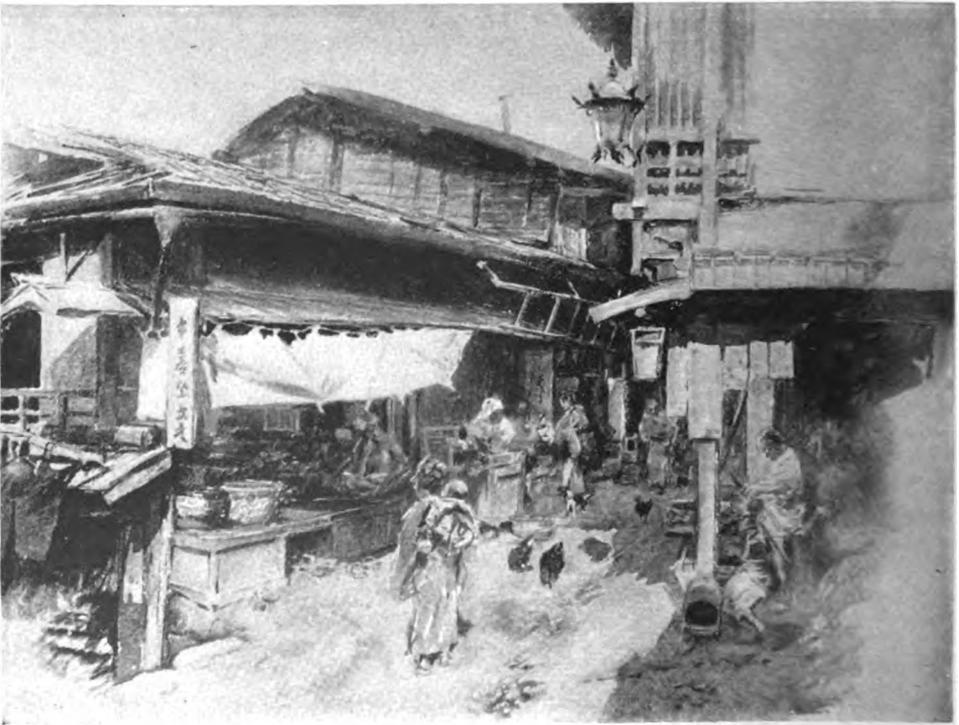


DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

Cherry Blossoms.

I could send you a small piece of it. The little inn where we are is situated right on the lake, and the water looks like the lagoon at Venice, as you and I have seen it many a time from our little room in Casa Jacowitz. The pelting rain and driving wind make it resemble, in a distant way, a grain-field with the wind sweeping over it. . . . Hakone consists really of a scattered line of some sixty or more houses bordering a road that eventually leads to Tokyo. Just here it touches the lake, swings around it, and then goes wandering away—where, I don't know. The water in the lake is ice-cold, as I know, for I took a bath the first day I came here. I must tell you a rather amusing predicament connected with this rash venture. Right on the edge of the lake is a little summer-house into which I popped, pulled off the Kimono I was wearing at

pavilion. Fancy! The water was cold enough before that, but I imagined it about ten degrees colder at once. The Japanese friend who is with me had gone, and here I was all alone to work out this rather peculiar problem. Well, I couldn't stay in all day, so finally I came out. Don't ask me how I did it, but I did manage to make it. I managed to work my way to the pavilion to receive my belongings from the hands of the pleasant and polite gentleman, not to mention the towel I had to take from the little woman—needless to say without finding time to use it just then. The whole affair appears ridiculously simple now it is over, and I am afraid I made an amusing ass of myself generally in their eyes. You see I'm too much of a 'barbarian' yet to fall into their fine natural unconsciousness—too full as yet of what might be



A Street in Ikaou.

the time and plunged into the water. While I was fooling around I saw two Japanese figures take possession of the

termed artificial Western prudery. I'll try to do better next time, only you can imagine that a fellow with a body blue



The Toilet.

with cold and shivering in rigid fright is not apt to do just the proper thing.

“ We have exhausted the ‘sights’ of the place long ago, and would have been off across the lake before this but for this wild and terrible weather. There is a temple off in one direction along the road (and that you reach after some tall

climbing up innumerable stone steps, and don’t see much when you get up) ; and in the other direction the village oozes into the country before you know it, with nothing more cheerful than a cemetery as an outpost. A cemetery is never a very interesting place to visit ; I always feel as if I were clattering with

dirty shoes into the sanctity of some stranger's home. At a freshly made grave I saw two pairs of clogs—one was a tiny pair, considerably cobbleworn. Poor little tot—a brief existence outworn by the very first of clogs!

"The view of Fuji from here is

opportunities of interesting glimpses up and down the treeless valley we were leaving far below us. A peculiar valley in many respects, made up of palisades and verdured plateaus rising suddenly from an even table-land and stretching away to distant mountain



"Master, will you condescend."

not what I expected; the mountain is screened for the greater part and only showing slightly above the tall peaks over across the lake. As it was solely on its account that I came here, I am in a measure disappointed. . . ."

There was a tramp of some fifteen miles before us as we clambered out of the boat which had ferried us across the length of Hakone Lake. We soon struck the spur of the mountains lying between us and Gotemba, our destination. After the very stormy weather of the preceding days the sun was again shining, and it was amazing to notice the little effect all the rain had made—the soil had absorbed it as cleanly as would a blotter. The mountain was covered with coarse bamboo grass, thigh-high, nearly obliterating the narrow path which ran slantingly in zigzag fashion to the top of the Pass, and gave

ranges. This spot, in its grandeur of formation and with all of its impressive solitude, seemed like the abode of gods in its vast simplicity.

From the top, where we rested, there was what is generally called a "beautiful," because extensive, "view." Personally I don't like panoramas—a feeling, I believe, shared by painters at large, who believe that a thing must not of necessity be "magnificent," so long only as it is vast in proportions. At any

rate, far below us was this large plain, with its paraphernalia of fields and groves and lakes and villages and—just extensive, like other "views," so that you could spend hours, if you felt inclined, to study—geography. Out of it rose Fuji, hiding her head in clouds, as if she too was tired of this same perpetual "view," and tried to get a few hours' peace.

The only real interest I had in it was when our voluble guide pointed out Gotemba—a collection of minute specks lying beside a long sinuous thread—the railway—and I sadly reflected on the probable time it would take us to get there.

Gotemba. I had climbed and come down all this way "to do" Fuji. At Hakone all was foreground, with very little of Fuji; here it was all Fuji. To be truthful, I had the choice of two "foregrounds." I could take the sprawl-



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Ameys—a Curious Crowd.

ing railway station with its cow-shed architecture, blinking in the simplicity of unpainted wood, and the trains and bustling crowd. Then there was a wide, beautifully long and dusty road, steering with mathematical precision toward the mountain, without a tree or house to hide its gaunt nakedness.

The little tea-house where we put up was packed with pilgrims, who instead of "tramping it" come to Gotemba by rail, the better prepared for a two or three days' climb, and are continually straggling up this street on their way to the first or lowest station of the route to Fuji's top. As I squatted on the mats, munching some sandwiches which Peter had collected from the *débris* of our Hakone luncheons on the Pass, and which were supplemented only by a bottle of beer and a few eggs from the very restricted larder of the tea-house, I could hear a hilarious party of them in the room adjoining. A more intimate knowledge of whom it consisted was occasioned by the sudden blowing down of the flimsy paper doors, which the wind had lifted out of the shallow grooves dividing the rooms, and led to an unlooked-for and informal introduction. A confusing jumble of sprawling, noisy humanity in all stages of nudity, among the remains of a junketing sprinkled about in dishes, trays, and cups, with a large and varied collection of scattered clothes, bundles, and pilgrimage trappings generally, littered the floor so startlingly discovered. The merry company had doffed its everyday clothes, and was now preparing to don pilgrim gear, which ranged from freshest and spotless white in the hands of the youngest novice member to the dingiest of travel-stained and much bestencilled garments of the veterans. They hailed from Tokyo and were banded together in the Cloth Workers Guild, making its annual tour of Fuji, dissipating for the time its dignity, and enjoying, with the zest of schoolboys, the relaxation of a protracted holiday. I understood that this was the starting-point; and while the trip was planned to last but a short time, it was apparent that such a sketchy pilgrimage might be conducive to a vigorous treatment sadly lacking in those elaborated per-

formances which take the patient and footsore devotee through many a province and cover hundreds of miles of irksome wandering.

It was useless to remain in a place so devoid of all picturesqueness, and not caring to waste more time just then in looking about on the slight chance of discovering something better, I decided to give it up for this once and return to Tokyo. The thoughtful little hostess put us up for the night in an outlying building, where, as she said, we might rest more peacefully and undisturbed by her pilgrim guests. The sun was sifting through innumerable knot-holes in the amado, making dull bars across the room and spotting the opposite wall with golden scintillating dots, when I awoke the next morning. After the breakfast of tea and a handful of small wafers—which as a sample would have been none the less acceptable had there been any more obtainable, we leisurely made ready for the early train. Then came a long, hot, and dusty ride to Yokohama. Toward evening Peter turned me over into the hands of a highly delighted and mildly excited personnel at the hotel in Tokyo.

As a result of the baneful cablegram which had jogged my memory with the ungovernable desire on the part of the publishers to see some of my drawings, I was now very busy and hard at work. With legs well up and extended straight before me, and arms well braced for action, I was just beginning to be deeply interested in the work in hand when there came a rap on the door. I have always had a callow dislike to be interrupted in the midst of my labors. So I muttered curtly enough—Come! Come in!!

The opening door revealed the slight figure of Peter, his face beaming with satisfaction: "Have got! I find house at last! Smarr house—large garden, rike you say."

And then he went on to tell me how he had called on a relative of his, who casually remarked that a house in the vicinity had been vacant for the last two weeks or so and might be perhaps what Katsushika San was in quest of.

"Well," I said at this point, "didn't you say that you would speak to your



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Geisha.

friends over a month ago, and that as soon as they heard of anything they were to let you know?"

"Oh, yes, of course I say," replies Peter, "but you see I don't go turr this

and had also interviewed the owner thereof, explaining to him the desire on the part of a friend, a foreigner, to rent a Japanese house.

"And" added Peter, "I'm thinking you wurr rike. I'm sure this time *just* what you want." with an emphasis on the *just*, the Japanese emphasis that is, of a guttural sputtering of the word. "If not so busy now, you can rook and see, the randrord waiting in house now."

It *was* a small house. The whole of it would have fitted in snugly into my studio at home. The garden, or at least the open space that would have been the garden had there been anything in the way of plant or shrub, was through its very abor-tiveness promising of adapt-ability to my needs, the very place for out-door posing of models. That and the convenience of the locality determined me to take it for a month or two till something better should turn up.

While I am poking about the place, Peter is negoti-ating with the landlord on the veranda, a solemn man of inscrutable face and man-ner, who listens to Peter's explanations with serious unconcern. Why a foreigner should wish to live away from and outside of Tsükiji, the foreign concession, is a suspicious mystery to him and well worth minute in-vestigation as to who and why and wherefore. He

parries all of little Peter's blandish-ments with the chilling determination not to be inveigled out of his building. He is as persistent as we are obstinate.

Finally Peter turns to me: "She say can't rent for ress than one year. You see it is 'fraid to rent to foreigner because spoir the house."

Prompted by me he succeeds in re-assuring the obdurate man on this point, and eventually to win him over



Mendicant Priest.

afternoon to find out if she found any-thing yet, you see."

I do see, in fact I have been fast learning to see that Japanese clear-sightedness is sadly coupled with a rather tiresome lack of farsightedness, a little aggravating at times when the simplest things were only got at by most devious and roundabout ways.

Peter had gone to look at the house this reticent uncle of his had located,

to listen to my proposal of taking it for six months. If up to this time I had accused the old boy of a sad lack of humor it was dissipated when our assiduous interpreter again turned to tell me of a new device his fertile and active mind had evolved.

"The randrord say if you prease pay insurance."

"Great Scott! What else. Tell him that I only want to rent it, I don't care to own the house."

I am growing impatient and slightly fatigued. We are exactly where we were a full hour ago. The landlord squats with all the immovability of an image. Buddha could not have been more impassive.

There had already slipped by a month in this search for a convenient place; a quest that was fruitful only in experi-

outward signs. Nor was I quite easy in mind till I had hurried Peter away, lest a fresh outbreak wreck the whole proceeding.

"YURAKUCHO SANCHOE ICHI BANO.

"TOKYO, September 1, 1890.

"DEAR ———: I write you from my new home, into which I have had my traps brought from the hotel two days ago.

"It is a little bit of an affair, having on the ground floor a largish room some ten feet square, two smaller rooms from it, and both together about as large as the big room; another small room and kitchen take up the rest of the space. Then in the second story there is one room with alcove; a veranda running around two sides of the house gives me plenty of sunlight. To



Architecture of Ikao.

ences similar to the one narrated above. To have the affair off my mind I closed the bargain, and if I startled the old gentleman by my quick acceptance of his hard terms it was not shown by any

give you a better idea here is a rough plan of the second story. I ought to tell you that the house is situated on 'Having pleasure' Street. It doesn't belie its name in so far as I have be-

come an inhabitant, and since the house is at the very head of it—in fact the street runs into our very gate, where it ends—I see no reason why one shouldn't feel at the very pinnacle of happiness.

“How I should have managed without Katsushika's help I don't know, as it is owing entirely to his neat engineering that I am here at all. He has been a very important and busy man in the past two weeks. Between work, just as it is possible for me to get

of it that I quail. Any little thing I see on the street will interest me very much but it is in the *seeing* it that gives insight and food for reflection. For instance, to-day in walking along the street I saw a little girl carrying her baby brother—strapped to her back in the usual way—not stoop to pick up a piece of string which he had dropped, but quietly slip her foot off her clog, seize it with the toes, steadying herself against a fence with her hands and bring it up with her foot to his outstretched hand. But unless you saw how the people generally and universally make use of their legs and feet in helping themselves in daily vocations this would prove of small interest to you. I have always the sensation of walking about on stilts somehow; not alone that the Japanese are a small race of people, but through the fact that everything is done far below me—near the ground. In walking along the street I can easily touch the eaves of the shops. The tailors, carpenters, the smiths, bakers, and umbrella-stick makers all squat at their work with legs and feet performing duty of an extra pair of strong arms. But after all, in cataloguing—for that is what this sort of thing would amount to—I don't give you anything. I mean the thing that it is to me—the light, life,



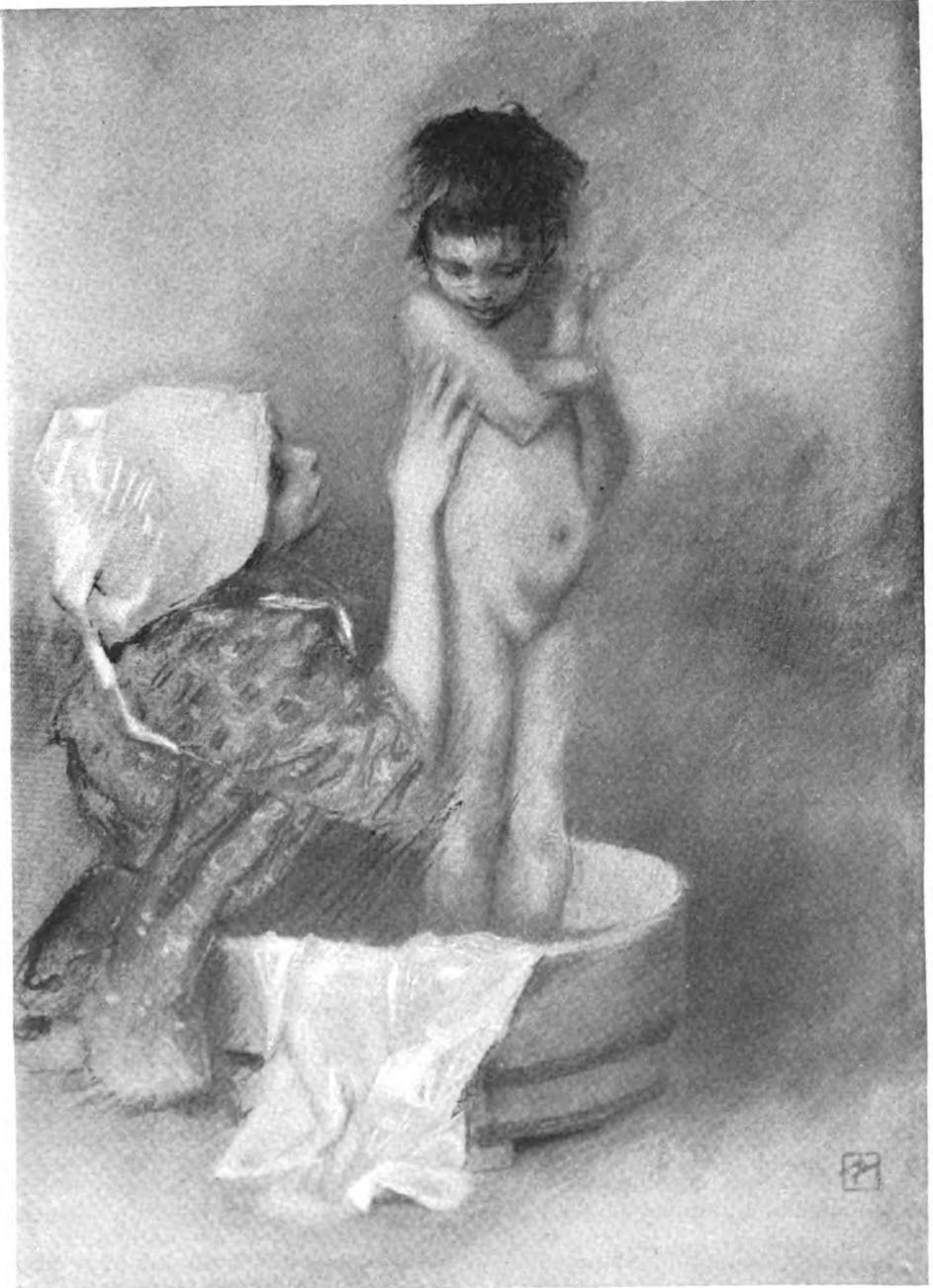
The Terrace—Innumerable Stone Steps.

away, we have been going about collecting the few sticks of furniture necessary—having a bath-tub made, ordering futons, sleeping-quilts, etc. All of which interests me personally deeply enough, but can be of little importance to you who want impressions.

“Where shall I begin? I never know what to write about—if I think of something it at once suggests so many details to go into to give you any idea

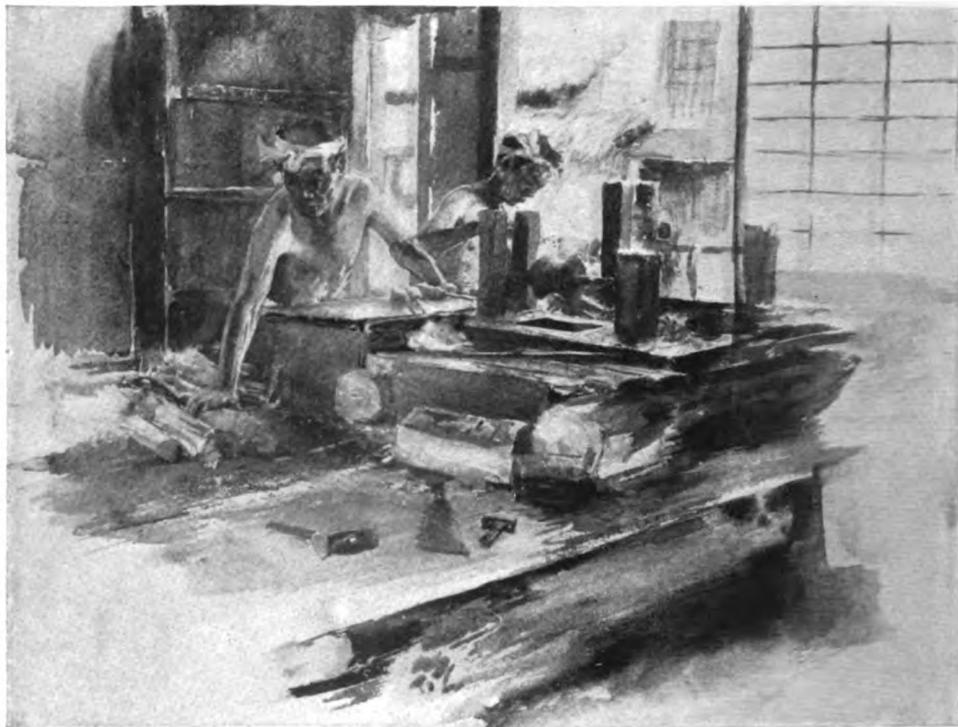
spirit, charm, the something that hangs over it all like a gray sky over cherry-blossoms.

“Everything has been satisfactorily concluded, even to the permission from the Government necessary for living outside treaty limits, and which I obtained by the somewhat reprehensible subterfuge of figuring as a private teacher to Katsushika san. Don't ask me for any impressions just now of



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Bath.



Japanese Workshop.

this sudden dropping into a new home life; it is all too much like having taken possession of a very large and emptied box of stationery—with all the glossy daintiness of so much paper, screens and doors and windows about. It feels just yet too much like playing at something else than real every-day life, and until this novelty has worn off, hardly worth the telling.”

“September 24, '90.

“. . . Well, my dear boy, the dust on my butterfly's wing hasn't been brushed off entirely, a matter after all resting on careful or clumsy handling, and since it is so easy for 'familiarity to breed contempt' I try to escape the odium of offensiveness by abstaining from too obtrusive an affability.

“The new household consists of—how shall I call *him* of perplexing attribute, friend, companion, guide, servant, or master? For he is any and all of these. Friend and companion be-

cause I so choose to treat him, the guide of my tongue-tied existence. In the rôle of servant he does more than would the most devoted of henchmen, and he assuredly *is* master, since in the awful eye of the law I am only regarded as his servant! Then there is O Ei san, the Honorable Miss Wealth, who is as small as the word but a mine of humble worth, as her name implies, making glad the house with her gentleness and happy disposition. And lastly the snub-tailed kitten that I have dubbed Shiro Kuro, Little Black and White, and who could just be swung around in the largest room by the aforesaid sketchy appendage without too much danger to any party attempting it. I saw her only a short while ago in the garden, busy at her daily vocation, that of catching dragon-flies—the garden, by the by, somewhat improved in appearance since I first came here, goes clambering up the embankment of the ancient moat which enclosed in feudal times the sacred precincts of the Im-

perial castle. Drop in some evening and sit up there with me where we can see the sleeping water holding to its bosom the vast wealth of pale-faced lotos and shrinking water-lilies; and watch the flitting to and fro of lanterns on the opposite side, that seem like fire-flies in the gathering dusk. In the very heart of a large city, that numbers more houses than New York, you shall have the pulse and throb of a night in the country. The rustling in the leaves of trees over head, the ceaseless sibilation of an insect world, and only faintly broken into, now and then, by the sound of some samisen—more weirdly accompanied by the voice of the player; you shall wonderingly realize by a small cluster of lights that you are but a stone's throw or two from the 'Ginza,' the Broadway of Tokyo."

"October 13, '90.

". . . You ask, to tell you of my daily life. As you say, even the most unusual becomes commonplace through habit. I have stepped into this new existence as naturally as—say a fly finds its way into amber. . . . Let's try to give you a picture of my day's doings. If the background remain vague and blurred don't blame me, as I am thinking only of details pertaining to the central figure.

"Background, the darkened interior of a room in the second story of a little house in Tokyo. Like all Japanese rooms, it is quite bare. A Kakemono, a girl reading a love-letter on the wall, and a tansu (set of drawers) in one corner is all it contains in the way of ornament or furniture. The occupant, stretched out in the middle of the clean matted floor on two futons of dingy blue stuff with a

third of salmon-pink silk forming the coverlet, is awakened by the entrance of the tiny maid bearing a tray holding a pot of tea and a few pieces of toast.

"It is 7.15 A.M. Ei san slips down on her knees, and after placing the tray conveniently near cowers with head touching the mats between hands respectfully for a moment. She then rises and goes out on the balcony,



At Prayer, Nikko.

which is boarded up every night by thin sliding panels, and shoves these amado back. While I am at my breakfast Katsushika may make his appearance with one of the many pots of plants we have in the garden. After my bath—which by the way has occasioned some little irruption in domestic routine by my having it in the morning, contrary to the custom in



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM

The Musmee—Night.

Japan of taking it in the evening—I am ready to begin the day's work. If not from models posing in the garden, I go out, as I have been doing these past few days, to the temple grounds at Shiba, where six or eight Shōguns of the Tokugawa dynasty lie buried. In parenthesis I ought to add that I hate this working out of doors, as it means the drawing together of great crowds, who, though quiet and unobtrusive enough, make it very uncomfortable. I am used to a European crowd, that ebbs and flows about the easel; if anything it is invigorating compared to the breathless stagnation that characterizes the thing here. Am too hardened an old bird that has picked up its little crumbs in Italy, Spain, Holland, etc., to be frightened much by man so long as my tail-feathers are only half-way respected, but in the enormous throng even the invincible Katsushika becomes demoralized and powerless to extricate me at times.

"At 12 o'clock, or thereabouts, I turn my steps homeward for tiffin. If not too far away from the house I generally walk. The jinrikisha-men, who are always on the move, hail us with 'Danna san,' 'Master, will you condescend,' etc., or 'I am going your way and will take you cheaply,' or 'Honorably take me.' In the afternoon I am at work in the garden from a model, or engaged in the exciting chase after one, as I was to-day. Whether it is owing to the characteristic diffidence or a fine distrust of a safe escape from so venturesome a proceeding I don't know, but I spend weeks, even months, before I succeed by careful playing to land some of these slippery ones in my net.

"In the evening there is nothing to do or see. The streets after dark become silent. There is nothing going on in the way of amusement unless it be an occasional flower display in connection with a 'matsuri,' or temple fête. Even the 'Ginza,' with its modernized shop-fronts and ambitious electric lightings, drops quietly to sleep after a few hours of dull wakefulness. By half-past ten o'clock the last of the itinerant venders, who have thickly lined the curbs with things old and

new, and ranging from the usefulness of a pair of clogs or strange-looking tools of trade to the purely ornamental articles in questionable lacquer, battered screens or dingy kakemono, have gathered their promiscuous belongings and shouldered them away in cloth-bound bundles or are drowsily trundling them along the deserted and unlighted streets, back again to their humble homes.

"As for me, I have long ago climbed to my little den, looking over my work, puzzling over matters pertaining to it, or reading, smoking, and dreaming—unless I write, as I have been doing to-night."

A rather unsettled autumn, in which we had had much rain and boisterous weather, was drawing to a close; the discomfort of which failed to disturb the equanimity of the Japanese mind, unless it was in the general but gentle murmuring at the havoc it had created in all the profuse festivities of chrysanthemum time. Then came bright, fresh days with clean-swept skies, and not a few that in the brisk balminess of air reminded me of our own mellow Indian summer. With hardly perceptible gradation the cold weather of winter set in; the high winds had abated, leaving the atmosphere still and clear. This was the "Shōkan" or "Little Cold," that, robbed of all the gloom so usual in America at this time of the year, brought us to the threshold of the new year.

This was the time of nocturnal "matsuri" at the Asakusa and Kanda temples, in befitting preparation for the celebration of New Year, so close at hand. The immense temple-grounds were crowded with booths in which everything in connection with the event or otherwise was sold. Booths bristling with toys or household utensils: those notably characteristic filled with brilliant displays of battle-axes highly ornamented with familiar figures from legendary lore, etc. (some of the more elaborate ones costing as much as six or seven dollars), symbolic decorations in plaited rush and twisted straw to hang before the portals during the festivities, plain or gilded little shrines,

and strange-looking articles in metal, stands, bowls, lamps, tablets, etc., for household altars. The approaches to the temples were choked with old and young, nor was circulation much freer when the booth-crowded temple-courts were reached, and if to be in the thick of the wedging and surging mass was at times somewhat annoying, it was mitigated by the quiet and orderly conduct of the people. Here and there and everywhere over the heads of the crowds, stuck brooms and other household articles, toys held high out of harm's way, little tots with shaven crowns, perched on patient shoulders, looked about bewildered and confused with glistening feverish eyes.

"January 1, '91.

"DEAR ——— : A New Year ushered in with pine camellia and plum-blossom. We have been busy for the last three or four days turning our streets into gardens in honor of the one big holiday we Japanese cherish above all others. With the confusing result of my wanderings about the streets to-day I can only hope, perhaps, to find in the impressions retained enough to give you a dim idea of it at least.

"Well, then—with the changing of the old way of reckoning time (whatever that might have been), when the Japanese New Year fell variously late in our January or in the first half of February—the adoption of the Gregorian calendar made the holiday, as with us, a fixture. In a sense it is the only holiday strictly observed; a day unique with its all-prevailing Sabbath atmosphere. But please don't think there was any of that dead solemnity so characteristic of our holidays at home! The gloomy impress that Puritanism has left on all days of rejoicing is wanting as yet, here where Buddha teaches. I liken it to a Sunday only because for once there was complete rest from toil—from humblest coolie to busiest clerk. The streets seemed empty and hushed, although there were many people abroad.

"Before the entrance of nearly every house, on either side, are tree decorations in various styles of arrangement. These consist principally of pine and

bamboo fastened to a stake driven into the ground, and each object has a symbolic meaning. Thus the hardy pine should suggest a life that has withstood the storms and struggles of existence; while the bamboo, with its erect growth and succession of knots marking its yearly increase, makes of it a symbol betokening hale life and a fullness of years. Then there is a decoration complex with the numerous features of which it is composed. I can perhaps describe it best by saying that it is a fringe of rush, extending from side to side, over the door. Fastened to the centre of this fringed rope is an arrangement of several objects. The most conspicuous are a scarlet lobster and a species of the orange-like daidai—the former's curved body should hint at old age bent with the weight of years, the latter enacting a pun, as the word daidai also means 'generations'—thus intimating a wish for the family's posterity. These and one or two other things with various kinds of leaves, like those of the yusuri plant, which retains its old leaves while the young leaves are budding, and symbolizes the parents flourishing in the midst of children and grandchildren, and a fern-like plant which stands for conjugal life with its two leaves springing in pairs from the same stem—each and all have some peculiar signification.

"As I said, the streets seemed strangely deserted in spite of the life astir. To be sure, the bristling little shops were for the once closed, and the existence of so many shuttered fronts presented about as interesting an appearance as so many boxes of merchandise ready for shipment. Only here and there, at long intervals, a dingy blue or red sun-curtain fluttered, its white sprawling characters gayly spelling the name of some hospitable tea-house, or hid the half-opened front of a shop where squabbling boys crowded thickly to finger and select bedizened kites.

"Singing girls in bright colors, well-powdered and painted, with hair generously oiled, that caught large patches of blue from the clear sky overhead, flitted showily about, afoot or in jinrikisha, to pay their New Year's calls on

friend, acquaintance, or patron. Vieing in color with these butterflies of fashion, were chattering swarms of children decked in their gayest best, and brilliantly spotting the more sombre mass of holiday makers. On all sides little groups briskly shuffled along, the sterner sex always well in advance, calmly unconcerned about the meekly following and waddling femininity behind. All were intent on performing the ceremonious visits of the day, glimpses of which in various stages of progression met the eye everywhere. I watched them slipping in one after the other by the doors—little wooden gratings so small as to necessitate doubling themselves up in the effort to squeeze through. I watched them behind this latticed door which screens the entrance, and saw the profusion of bows exchanged collectively between the visitors and the inhabitants of the house. And it would always be some little time before it was possible to adjust nicely the various forms of etiquette, and express satisfactorily to themselves 'the compliments of the season.' Nor was it a slight matter till they could finally be prevailed upon to slip their clogs and allow themselves to be ushered over the cleanly mats to the guest-room, where, if I am to credit what I have heard, more interesting and prescribed forms of social ceremonies take place. For if politeness with us is a mere virtue, here it becomes a necessity as vital to welfare almost as breathing itself.

"The day was also responsible for an unusual and variegated display of 'tiles,' and incongruities in the Japanese male attire offended the eye on all sides. I remember how, suddenly and quite unprepared, I encountered an old boy in full dress, including a very prominent pair of uneasy cotton gloves, the two buttons of the coat thoughtfully buttoned. Grotesque as was the effect produced by the wrinkled and ill-fitting clothes, it was, however, the 'tile' that caused my nerves to tingle and threatened to wreck self-control. The hat was old-fashioned; the curves of its brim had, through the long repose on the shelf, settled into ungainly lines decidedly brow-beating in charac-

ter. It looked doggedly disreputable; brushed the wrong way, its glossy pride had succumbed to the persistent insults and had resigned in favor of the fuzzy tangle that now filled its place. For all that, there was about it such a reliant, perky air, such an air of superiority in holding itself aloof, as it were, from the meekly head it was entrusted to cover and protect, that I couldn't but be affected by the predicament I fancied it felt, and turned my head quickly to spare the old gentleman any humiliating thoughts such a weakness might have caused. As he placidly walked along, unprovocative of even passing curiosity, I couldn't help reflecting on what slight differences in points of view the sense of humor hinges. My imagination would somehow insist on placing him as he was on Broadway, and judging him from *that* and the probable effect.

"Did I say that all had ceased from work? Well, no! for in an open space where the sun shone warmly, sat the story-teller, who though glib of tongue and untiring in effort, failed to-day to hold the few that drifted near, or passing, stood for a moment only, to turn briskly away in cold indifference—the very ones who will again on the morrow gather for hours, patient slaves to thriftily handled words that bring the story to exciting climaxes, with as sudden a loss of interest on the part of the wily narrator, until a sufficient number of tempo and rin have jingled on the mat to encourage him to continue amid the general relief, that the 'heroine was safe once more from the villain that pursued her.' Too occupied were all with duties of the day; nor did the one solitary Ameya, sitting listlessly behind his gaudily bedecked stand, fare any better with the smaller fry, so absorbed were these in battle-dore and shuttlecock contests, or blindly oblivious to all else save the humming white squares of paper high amid air—kites—without which New Year would be as incomplete to them as Fourth of July without firecrackers at home."

The New Year celebration continued for the greater part of a week, and it

was only after the processions of the various guilds, corporations, and merchants with appropriate displays on beribboned and decorated trucks, and the equally boisterously conducted "going out" fire-brigades* had concluded, that the fevered life subsided sufficiently to allow Tokyo to sink back again into its quiet and uneventful channels of every-day existence.

Spring followed closely on the lagging steps of an idly spent winter, and burst suddenly into dazzling beauty. The last days of March, "Sakurazuki," the month when cherry-blossoms are in bloom, had literally overwhelmed us with the glory and fragrance of their delicate pink magnificence.

Interesting as perhaps it might be to describe the exodus which almost depopulates Tokyo, so vast is the number that throng to Uyeno, Shiba, Mukojima, and other suburbs, so great and genuine is the appreciation of flowers, that the visit to "Sakuragari ni yuku," or viewing of cherry-blossoms, becomes an event of national holiday making.

But I have already greatly overdrawn the space allotted me, and it necessitates a brief summing up of impressions gathered on a trip, in company with some good friends, to Nikko and Ikaō.

The outing, evolved spontaneously and with no definite place or time, was occasioned by my contemplated return to America. As the little note from the warm-hearted wife of the doctor tersely put it, it was to be a "hurrah, boys," rallying for a picnic that was to include in its arrangement, besides the elaborate details of a culinary department presided over by the cooksans, an equally profuse collection of shawl-strapped easels, umbrellas, and stools,

* There are fifty to sixty of these brigades, each numbering forty to sixty men. Primitive hand-pumps are in the vast majority, although there are a few and very inefficient fire engines of Western manufacture used. On the occasion of their annual display, which happens on the 3d and 4th of January, the men rally at their respective stations, and forming in procession, carry their new standards and insignia—"matōi"—(large affairs picturesquely constructed of heavy white paper), and dragging pumps, ladders, lanterns, etc., through the streets. At intervals they pause, and while some steady with their long fire-hooks the uplifted ladder, an agile member or two of the band nimbly mount and perform gymnastics at the top; this performance concluded they slide to the ground and the march is continued, all of them without intercession yelling joyously at the top of their voices. The various brigades make their way in this fashion to a large, open space in Uyeno Park, where a final review is held.

and an obtrusive array of battle-scarred sketching outfits.

Just how and when we started, and what transpired on the way, and until we found ourselves safely installed in two houses vacated temporarily for us by the priests at Nikko, will have to be left unsaid, limited as I am to the merest outline of all that interests me here.

The village itself consists of a long straggling street starting from the railway station, which ends at the river, on the other side of which, screened from view by monumental trees, are the famous temples. Two bridges cross this turbulent stream; one, of red lacquer, closed and sacred to the use of only the Mikado's Court; the other, an humble every-day bridge, carries the road to the tombs. The magnificent mausoleums of the two illustrious Shoguns, Iyeyasu and Iemitsu, nestling in the cool heart of thickly verdured mountains, glisten forth from the surrounding sombreness in a way to dream about long afterward. Resplendent in gold and white and delicate color, they touch one with their refined beauty with a feeling akin to that 'catch-breathy' sensation on hearing fine music. In the absolute silence and isolation from all disturbing elements, the place thrilled with color, seemed to fill space with a rich melody; so blended were the tones in the volume and harmony of notes, pure, strong, and free, that echoed with splendor the sun's enchanting touch.

How Rico would revel in all this gorgeousness! None but he could render the charm of the prismatic tints, the glint of sun on gold and bronze, the play of light and shade on opalescent pillars and boldly carved doors and screens; none better than he to know how to concentrate the glowing brilliancy of sunlight on this wealth of painted woodwork, by deftly contrasting the black tiling of the heavy roof and the rich dark-green foliage of the trees beyond.

How a Fortuny would penetrate below the surface and fascinate by his keen analysis of the glamour! None but a genius with a subtile magic like his own, to lay bare the very heart, and

make real and living that mysterious oriental spirit brooding about the spot.

The art of wood-carving must have reached the zenith, decorative art its freest expression, to accomplish this magnificent result; the finest temples in the whole land.

I refer especially to those of Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa regime, which are infinitely more refined in character and charm than those of his grandson Iemitsu, which in workmanship is of an excellence not much above that of the dingy Shiba temples where the remaining Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty lie buried.

Indeed, it is in the exquisite beauty of the sculptured, painted, and gilded woodwork that the extraordinary charm principally lies; had architecture kept equal pace, the result might have furnished the world with a monument of high worth. As it is, the embellishments preponder over constructive ability, and one sadly reflects here, more than anywhere else, how small in great, and how great in small, things the Japanese really are.

Humble little Ikao, on the other hand, with its "rag and tag" picturesqueness, was the extreme opposite of proud Nikko's* imposing and unapproachable aristocracy of magnificence; was so very appealing in its familiar, every-day worldliness, that we all fell in love with it at once. A lively enthusiasm that was demonstrated by the fervor with which sketching traps were unstrapped and easels and stools planted in its streets.

*Nikko means also "sunny splendor." Japanese proverb: Do not use the term beautiful (magnificent) until you have seen Nikko.

Built on the steep face of the mountain, Ikao goes climbing up by the aid of innumerable stone steps that form unique-looking streets, offering rare opportunities for the temperament in search of out-of-the-common aspects. In the ladder-like streets and the sky-raking quality of its storied houses, the town affords a decidedly novel contrast to other Japanese villages, where, as a whole, picturesqueness restricts itself so much to individual and isolated "bits."

Lying quite aside as it does from comfort-loving tourist traffic, its somewhat tedious inaccessibility has preserved in the inhabitants an old-time charm of manners and character unexpectedly new and pleasant, in the difference that marked the demoralizing intercourse in towns accustomed to foreigners.

Just how long we might have stayed it would be impossible to say, but at the end of the week a severe storm set in; the rainy season was at hand, with its weeks and weeks of gloom and rain in store. As it was, there came a four days' imprisonment at the chilly inn before communication with the lower world was opened, and although still raining, we took advantage of the comparative lull to make our escape. The roads had all been washed away or made impassable, and a tiresome enough ride, with kago and chair, it was that took our bedraggled little party by roundabout ways down to the railway at Idzutzu, six hours distance.

A month later I stood watching from the steamer's deck the land fade like a dream into the golden haze between the glowing sky and the evening waters below.