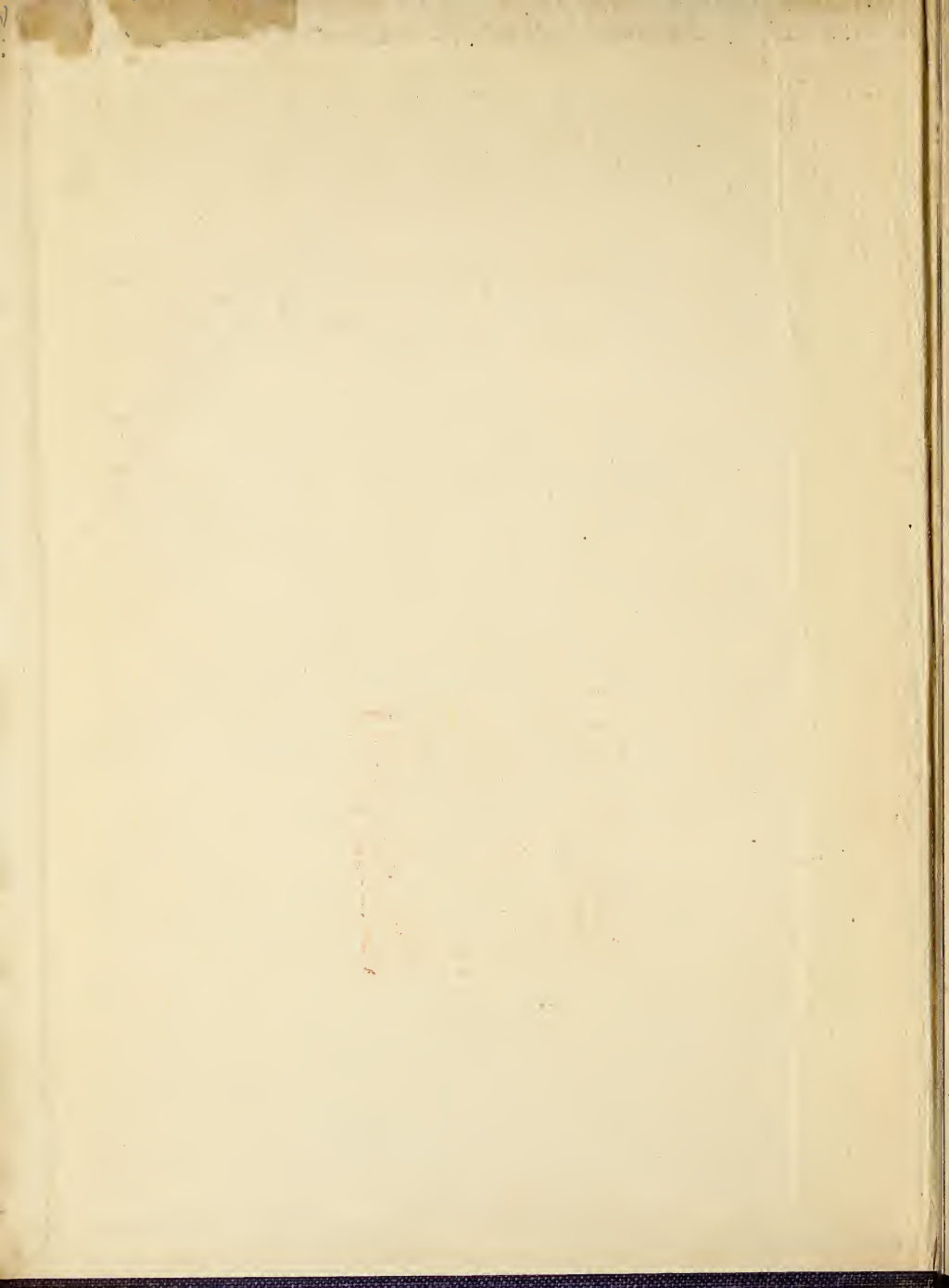


An
English Girl in Tokyo



Teresa
Eden Richardson



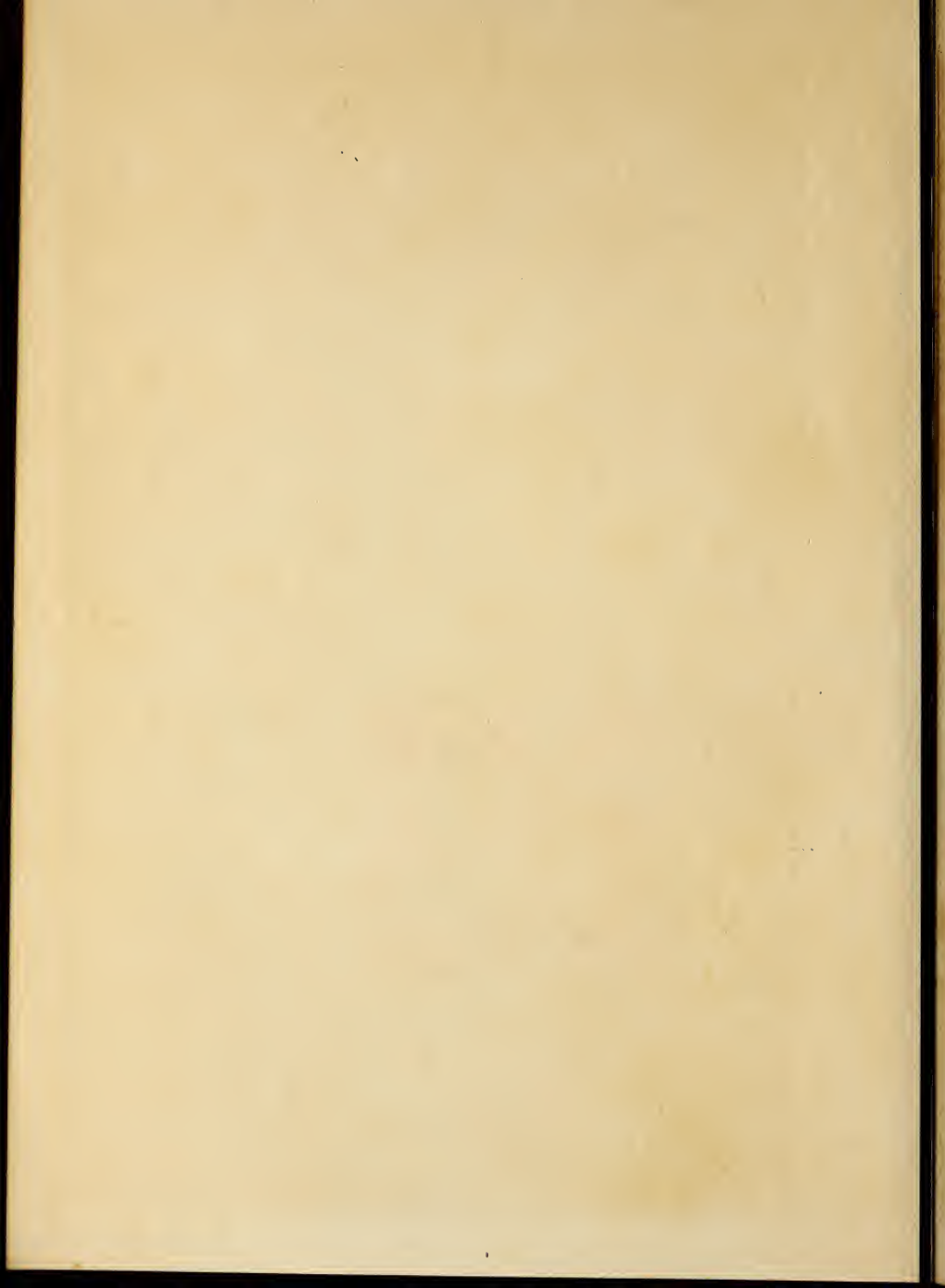
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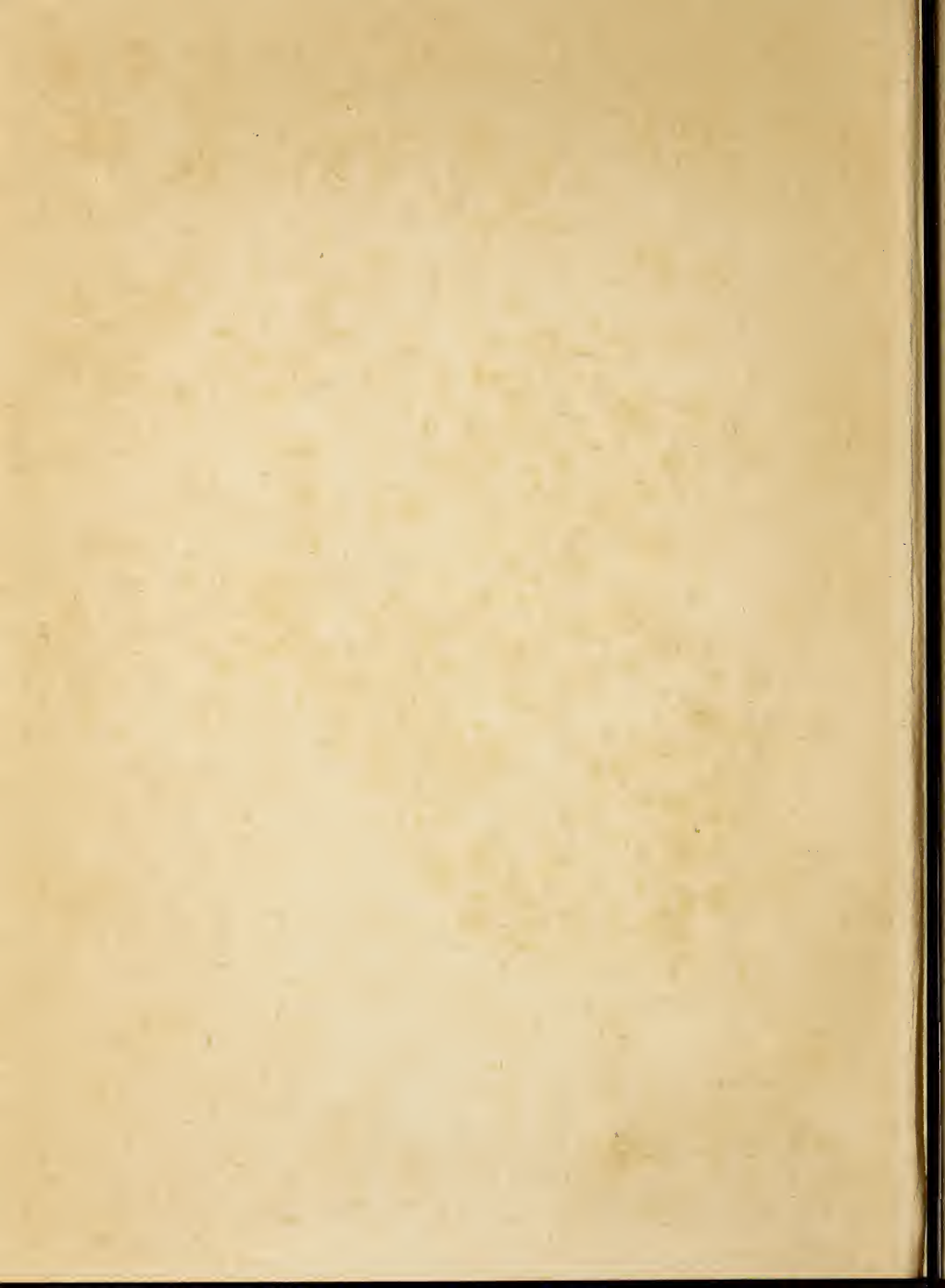
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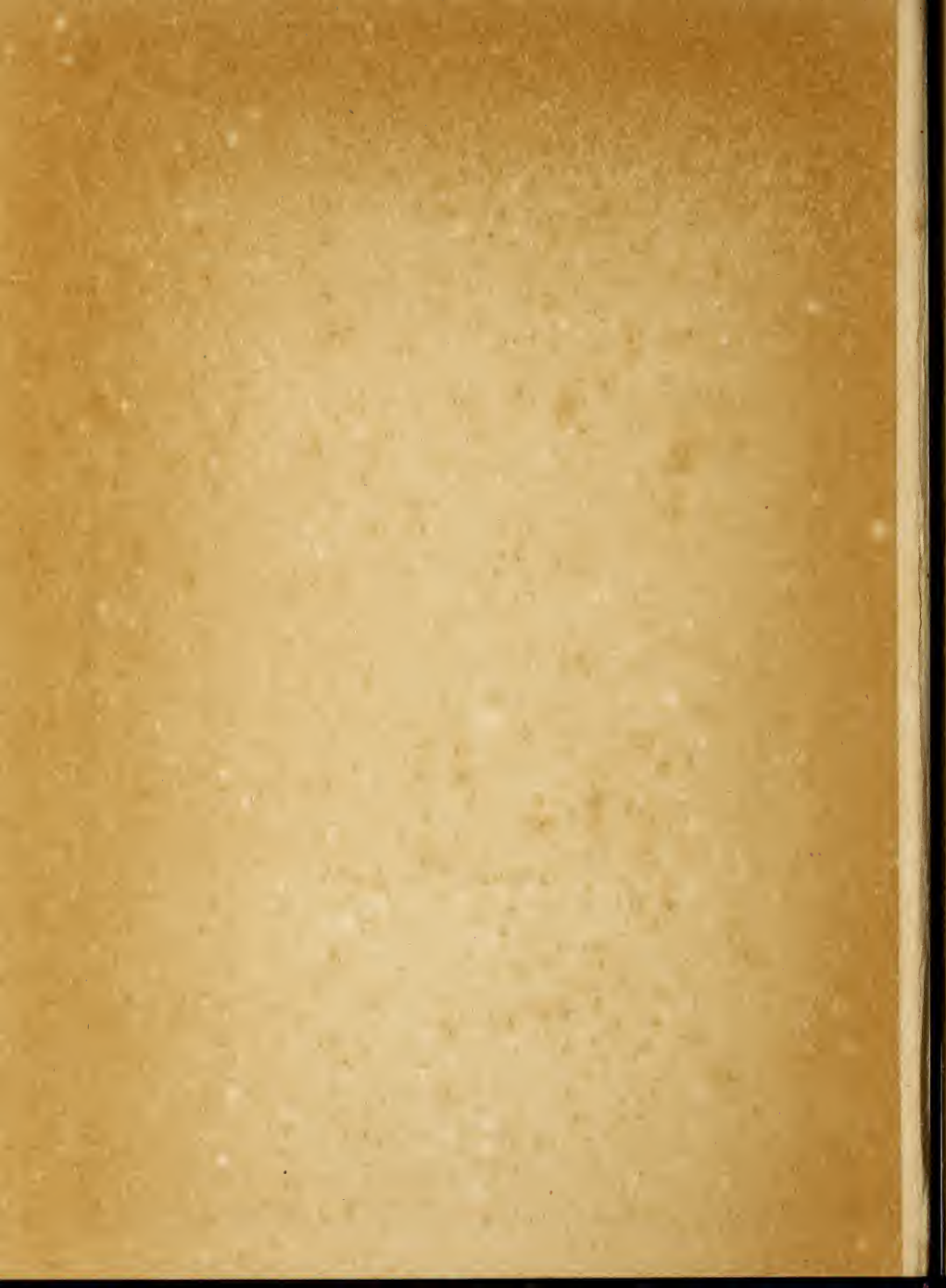
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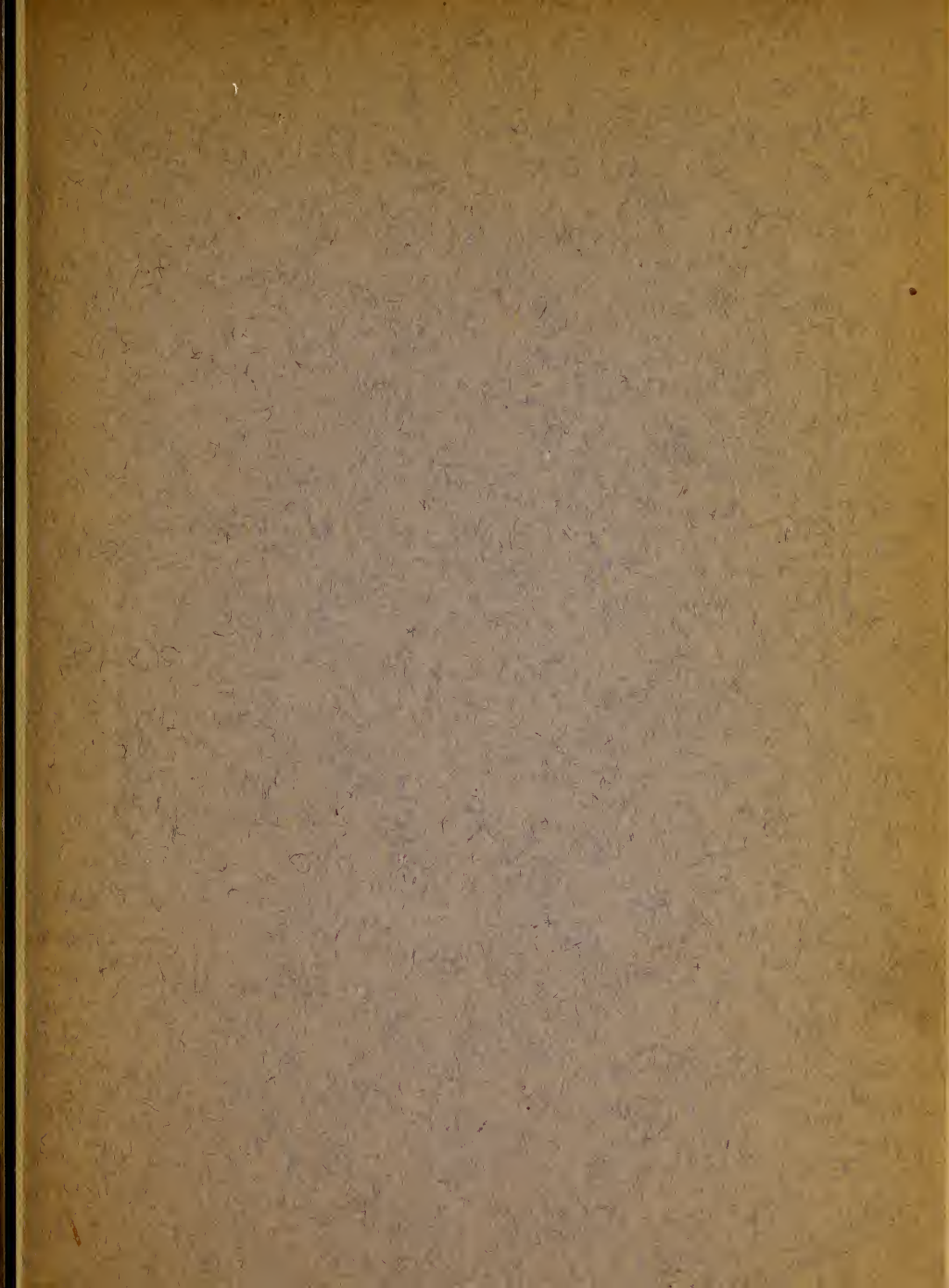






AN ENGLISH GIRL
IN TOKYO.







IN OLD JAPAN

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO

BY

TERESA EDEN RICHARDSON

(Order of the Crown of Japan),

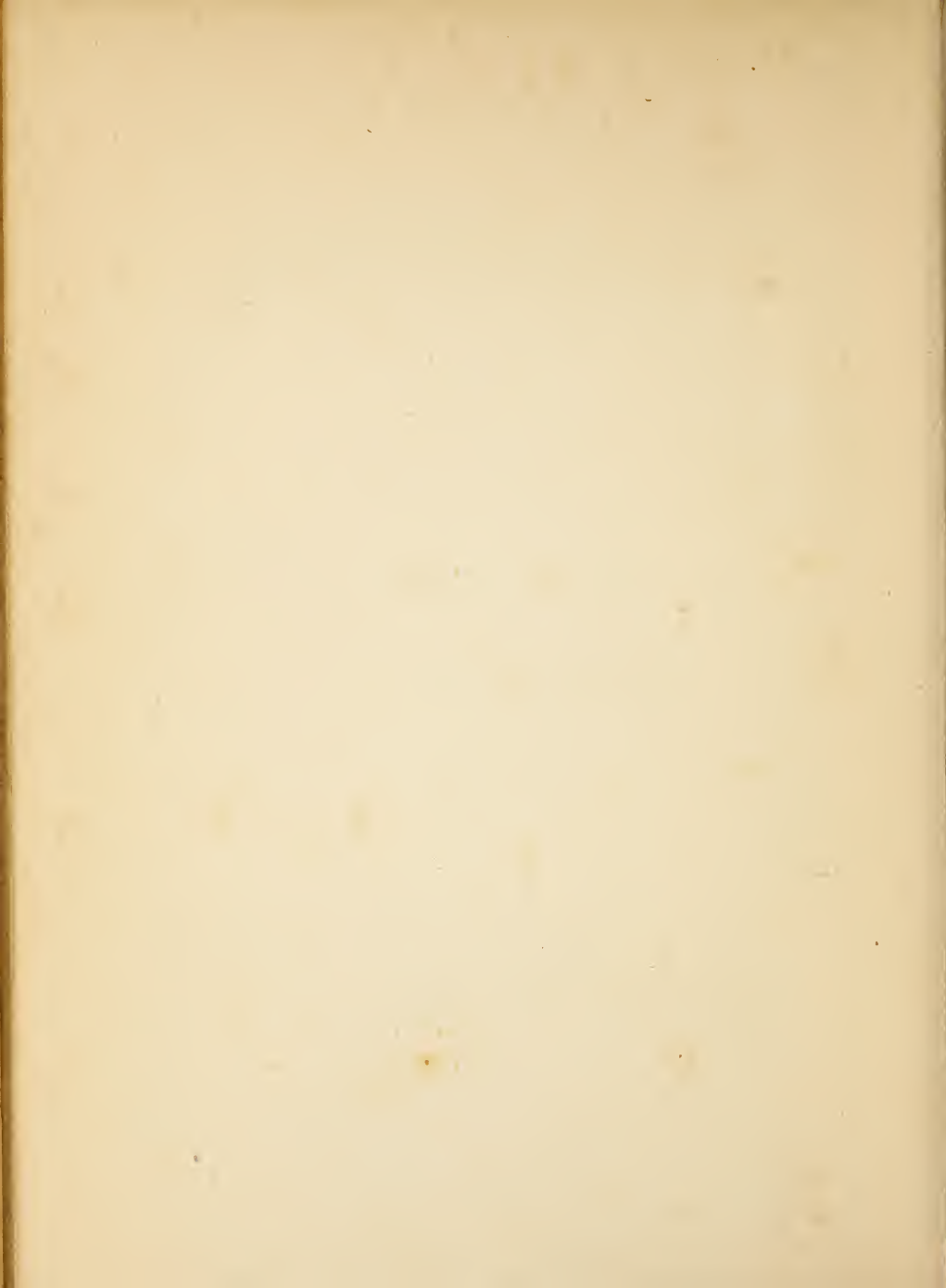
Author of
"In Japanese Hospitals during War time."



Heath Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd.,
Fleet Lane, London, E.C.



To
THE EARL OF HALSBURY
as a mark
of friendship and esteem.



CHAPTER I.

AN ENGLISH GIRL
IN TOKYO.



CHAPTER I.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

THE sun was sinking behind the City of Tokyo, but a few golden shafts pierced the gathering darkness, lighting up the windows of the War Office, Admiralty, and other Government buildings with a fiery brilliance. There was an unusual stir abroad, for news had arrived in the morning that the men in whose hands the honour of the country rested, had at last been victorious. Port Arthur had fallen !

Men and women were chatting together in little groups as they gathered from all directions in Hibiya Park, each carrying a torch, a red balloon, or paper lantern. When the brief eastern twilight had passed, the long procession began to form for the circuit of the city, and the large square in the centre resembled a sea of waving light. A

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ripple of laughter and merriment pervaded the gay scene, as thousands of lanterns of various shapes and sizes were lighted, amidst shouts of "banzai" (Long life to the Emperor) and the strident sounds of Japanese bands. Slowly it wound its serpentine way round the large moat surrounding the Emperor's Palace, past the Foreign Legations, through the narrow streets, and up the steep hill leading to the Red Cross Hospital at Shibuya—and on and on for many miles through the small hours of the night, till weary children dropped asleep by the wayside, still clasping their tiny coloured lights.

It was a novel scene to Violet Courtney who had recently arrived from England on a visit to her brother, one of the Secretaries at the British Embassy. As she stood watching it at the great entrance gates, some lads swung their lanterns high, and the light flashed upon the girl's pretty brown hair and rosy cheeks. She laughingly responded to their cries of "banzai," feeling with them the "joie de vivre,"

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which seemed to animate the whole nation.

Major Yoshimo and his cousin, Sumo Kano, were amongst the party, having been Charles Courtley's guests at dinner. The former had been invalided home from the front after an attack of beri beri, that insidious disease which results in anæmia or paralysis, and sometimes ends in death. Although rapidly regaining his strength, he knew that some weeks must still elapse before he could be fit for active service, and he often chafed at his enforced idleness. He was tall for a Japanese, and had the upright bearing and keen, far-seeing look of a man born to command.

Sumo Kano, a lad of twenty, had only lately passed through the Military Academy, and he and Major Yoshimo spoke English fluently, as every student before leaving, is obliged to perfect himself in at least one European language.

They were both friends of Charles Courtley, who always welcomed them to his bungalow, where Violet made a

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lively and attractive hostess. It was her first visit to Japan, and the mystic East appealed to her imagination. She was amazed at hearing that both officers and privates, after showing intrepid courage in the field, would often write and send home poems full of loyalty and patriotism, or of tender and artistic feeling.

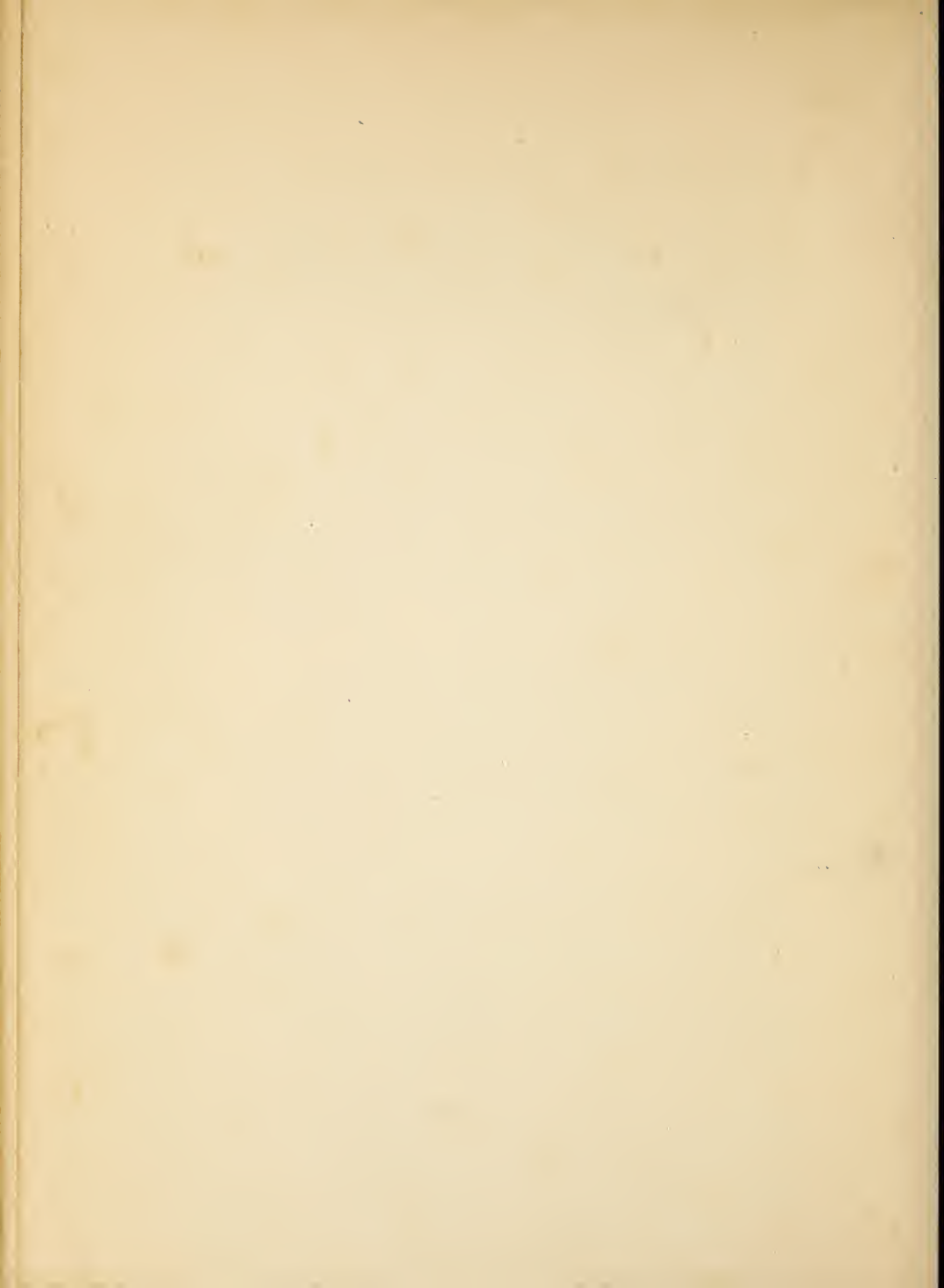
Sumo Kano had just handed her a translation of some verses by General Fukushima, which she began to read aloud by the light of the passing lanterns.

“Well known throughout the world is our Japan,
From its bright banner gleams the Rising Sun,
Its old Imperial House, still nobly rules
O'er fifty million loving patriot hearts.
Our arms are justice, and the right of man,
In courage, loyalty, we yield to none.
Arise, with strength renewed, men of our race,
As Spring renews the charger's prancing strength.
We war for right and man—our foe is nought,
Glorious for evermore shall be our War.”

Major Yoshimo stood at her side, and, while listening to her soft and musical voice, cast admiring glances at her bright face. When she had finished reading, he hesitated a moment, and then ventured to whisper

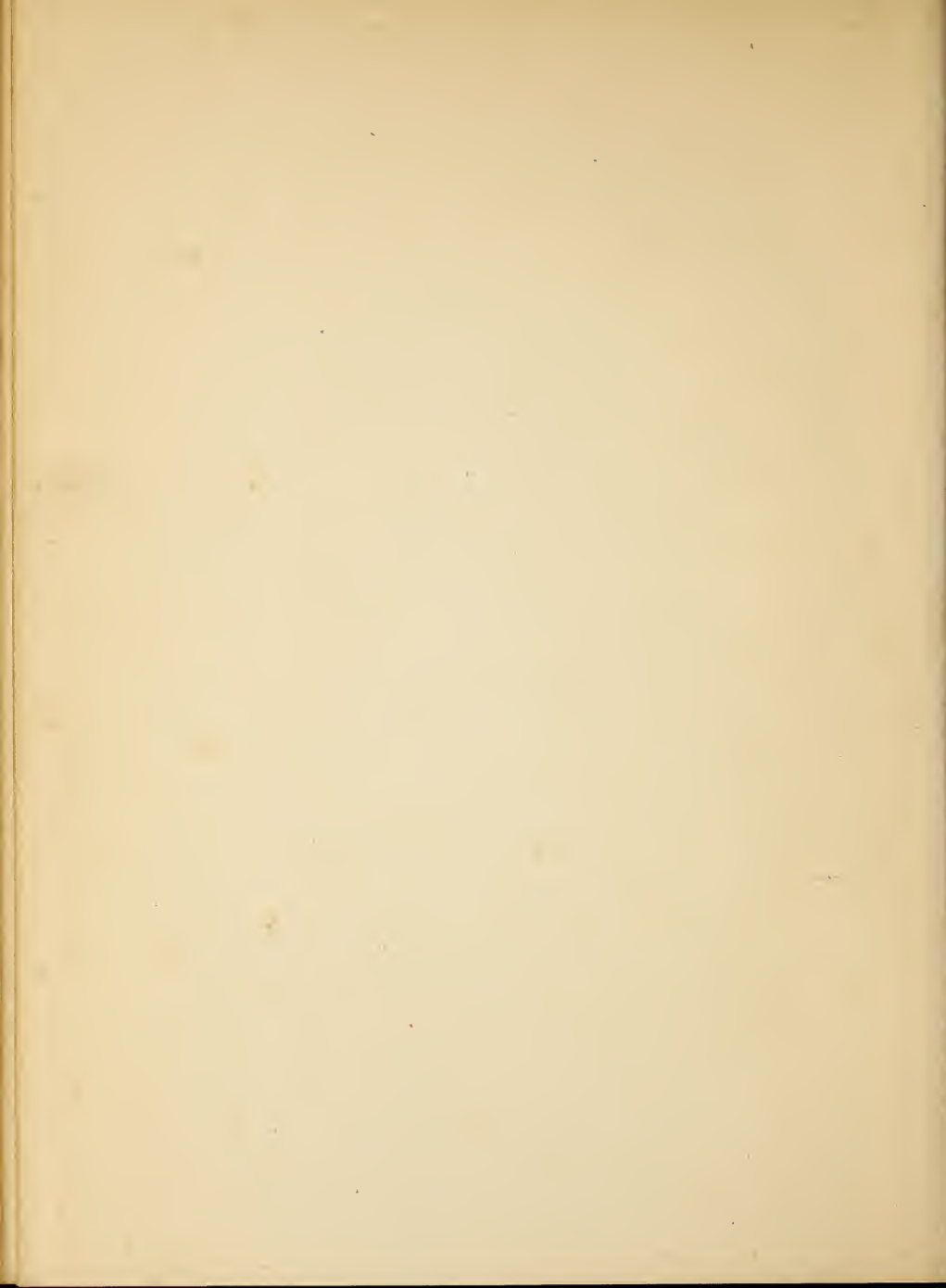
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in her ear "domei." She half turned towards him for an explanation, and he added softly with a meaning glance, "Allies—England and Japan."



CHAPTER II

AN ENGLISH GIRL
IN TOKYO.



CHAPTER II.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

THE British Embassy at Tokyo is situated on a hill facing the Imperial Palace, and is surrounded by high walls, the two entrance gates being guarded by sentries. It stands in beautiful pleasure grounds with shady trees and long stretches of real turf, instead of the prickly dwarf bamboo which usually takes the place of grass throughout Japan. The secretaries and other officials live within its precincts, each having his own bungalow and private garden.

One morning early in February when those first heralds of spring, the plum trees, were pushing out fat pink buds, which would soon develope into masses of rosy bloom, Violet Courtley was sitting in the verandah reading her morning letters. She was thinking over one she had received from James Morton, who was with the army in Manchuria as War Correspondent and

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Draughtsman to the "Daily Report." They had known each other from early childhood and called each other by Christian names. Violet often spoke of her former playmate as "dear old Jim," little suspecting that he had a far deeper feeling for her than mere friendship. He owned a fine property near a quiet little town in Wales, and hoped the day would come when Violet Courtley would consent to be its châtelaine. Once he was on the point of asking her, when he overheard her chaffingly saying to a friend, "A girl might as well be in Purdah as buried in a country village," and he thought it would be better to wait awhile, and try gradually to win her affections.

Jim was devoted to his home in Wales, and quite prepared to settle down eventually to the life of a country gentleman, but before doing so, he wished to see something of the world, and gladly accepted the post offered him, which promised to be full of interest and adventure. Another inducement was, that he would be nearer Violet, and have a chance of

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seeing her on his return voyage. The letter was characteristic of the writer and ran as follows :—

“ Dear Violet,

I have been a long time writing to you, as my days are fully occupied making sketches, and sending home reports, but I try to write a few letters every evening before turning in. It is bitterly cold, and lately we have had nothing but grey skies and lashing hailstorms. I hope the spring will soon be upon us now, and then we may hope that the troops will be able to make a forward move. The soldiers seem to be a very hardy lot, and such plucky little beggars. They never complain of hardships, but are only keen to push on, and are very tired of waiting here. Yesterday a poor fellow committed harakiri, because his lungs were bad and he was ordered home. He said, ‘If I kill myself my spirit will be with my comrades at the front, so I will prove my loyalty by death.’ I don’t

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suppose the number will ever be known of the wounded men who have killed themselves after battle, sooner than fall alive into the hands of the enemy. It seems strange that this form of suicide should be honoured as the highest act of self-sacrifice.

Well, here we are awaiting orders and reinforcements. Whether any Correspondents will be allowed to follow the army when it moves on is uncertain, though I have a better chance than some other more well-known men, who have been trying to get their despatches through the lines. I lie low like Brer Rabbit, and show every line that I pen to the Censor, who is very friendly, and beginning to treat me with less suspicion. I heard rather a good story the other day. B.T. had been kept in the background because he tried to force his news through, so he went to one of the Generals and asked leave to move on. He was rather indignant and excited, and said, 'Here I have been for weeks wasting all my time, and am still

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kept on the very outskirts of the army. When will you give me a pass?' The General was most courteous and sympathetic, but made no promises, and when B.T. was leaving in rather despondent mood, he handed him a bottle containing sweets, saying 'Please honour me by taking one.' Fancy one of our Officers sucking sweets while reading despatches, or in hot weather walking about with a fan tucked into his gaiters.

By the way, my mother writes that she is very happy at home keeping everything warm till my return, but she wishes I would hurry up and get married. Whenever I do, my girl must have fair hair and blue eyes, and I hope country tastes. Unless I find her it will be a roving bachelor's life for me.

How are you getting along? Don't overdo yourself as you will find the spring rather enervating. I am told the cherry season is a wonderful sight, and that in May the wisteria hangs over pergolas, in

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great clusters three or four feet in length.

The Russians are hurrying reinforcements through Siberia by the little single line railway, and are massing their men on the road to Mukden. It is said that a decisive battle will be fought somewhere up there, and that this time of inactivity will soon be over. The Japanese are also getting a fine army together, but if by chance they should be defeated, I don't believe one man would return home alive. They are fighting for the very life of their country, and have all been heartened up by the capitulation of Port Arthur. They had close upon 25,000 casualties at 203 Metre Hill before gaining the last position, but after many repulses they simply rushed the heights, shouting their war-cry, 'tokkan.'

I have had no letters lately, so do take pity on a poor fellow and tell me all your doings, and whether you are having a good time in Tokyo. When the war is over, if all goes

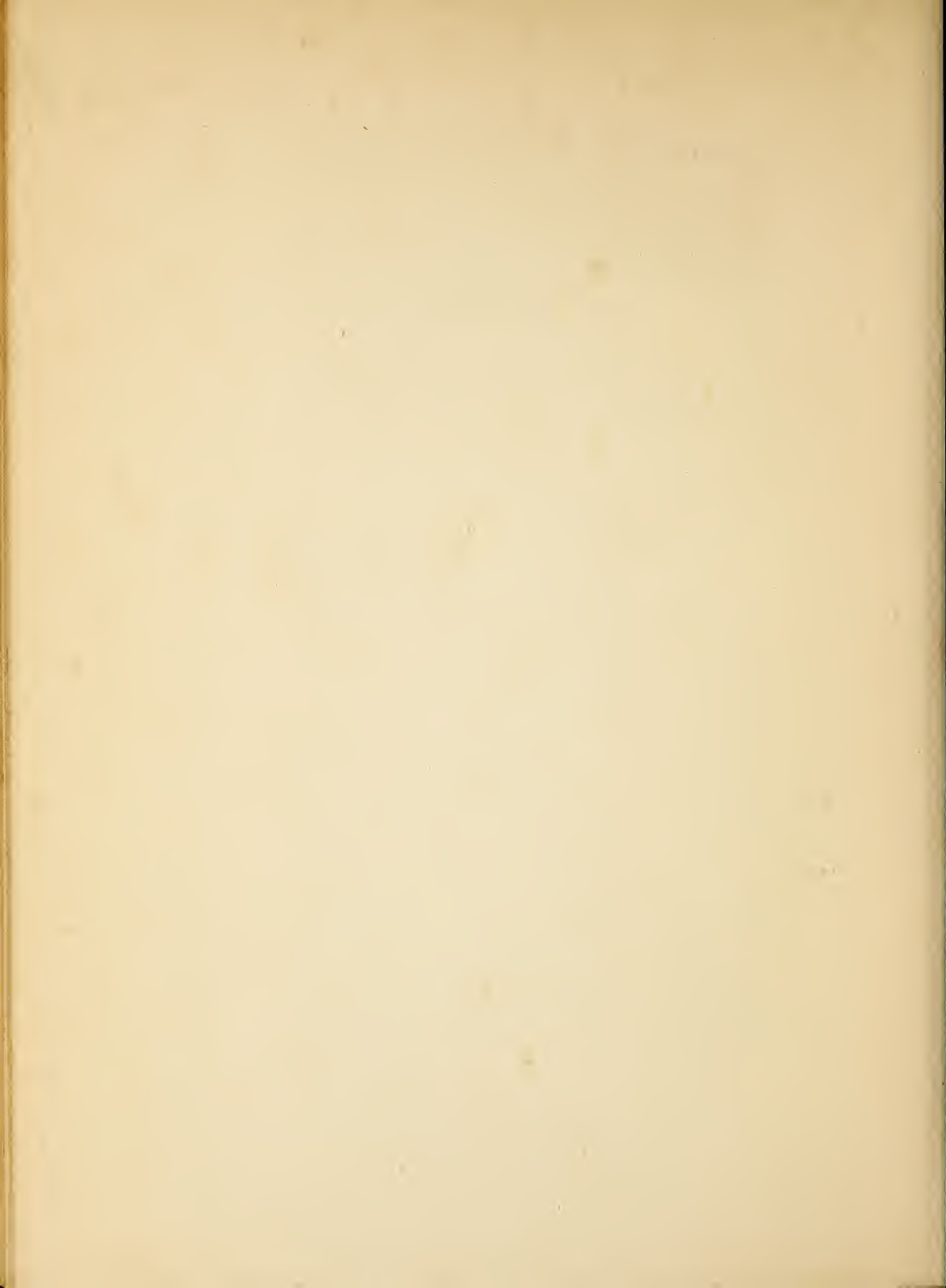
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well, I shall hope to stop there on my way home and get a glimpse of you and Charlie.

Yours ever,

JIM.

I will write again in about ten days' time."



CHAPTER III.

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AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

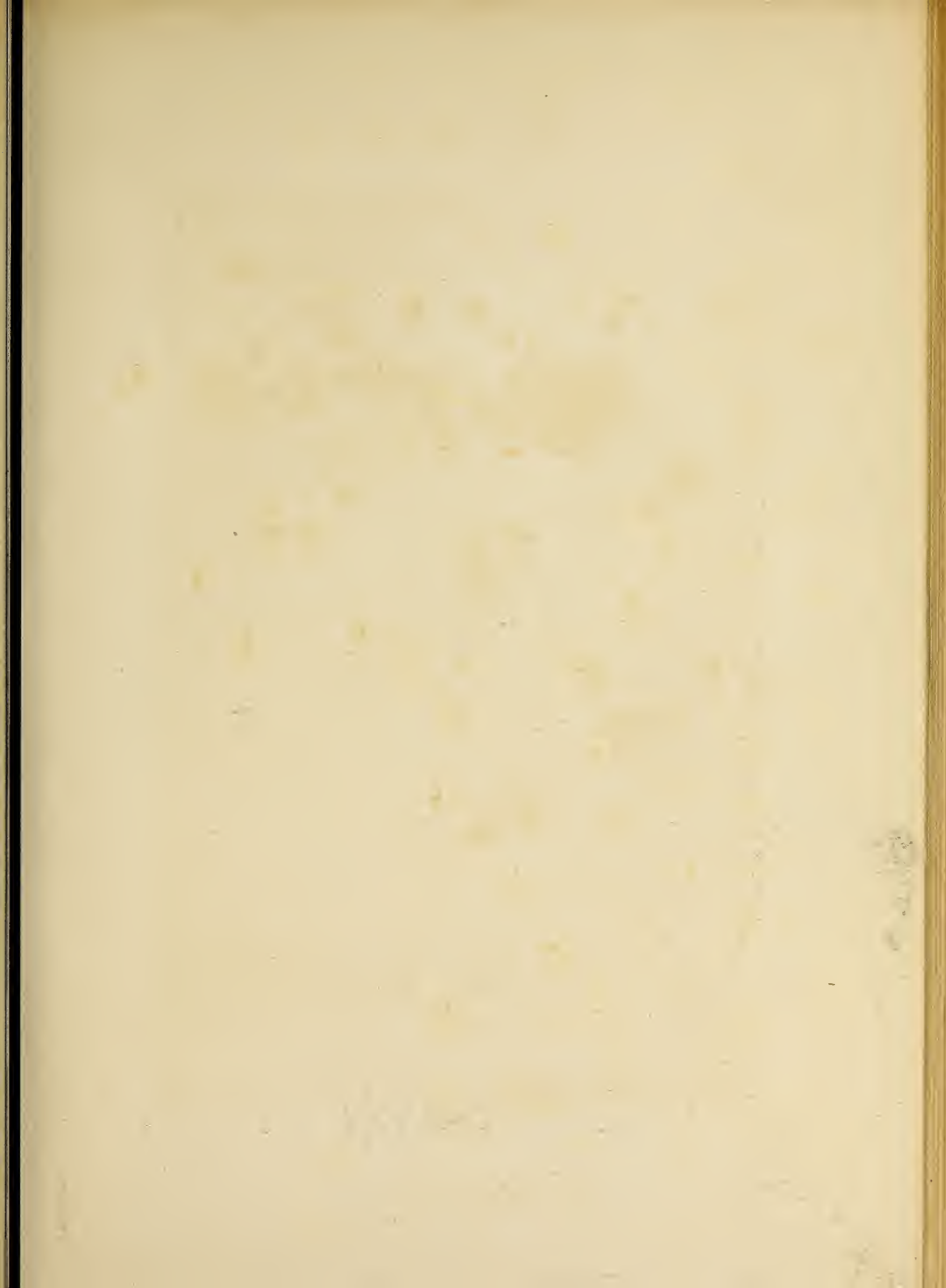
VIOLET had hardly finished pondering over her letter, when Major Yoshimo and Sumo Kano dropped in for a chat. She always found their visits interesting, as they told her a great deal about the manners and customs in Japan, varied occasionally with legends and fairy tales, of which she kept a collection in a manuscript book, labelled "Japanese Jottings." They in return asked many questions about life in England, being especially interested in sport and pastimes, and when Violet became animated, Major Yoshimo would watch for the little dimple that gave so much charm to her face. But even while listening to her he often felt doubts as to the desirability of the free lives led by English girls, though acknowledging the companionship they brought into their homes.

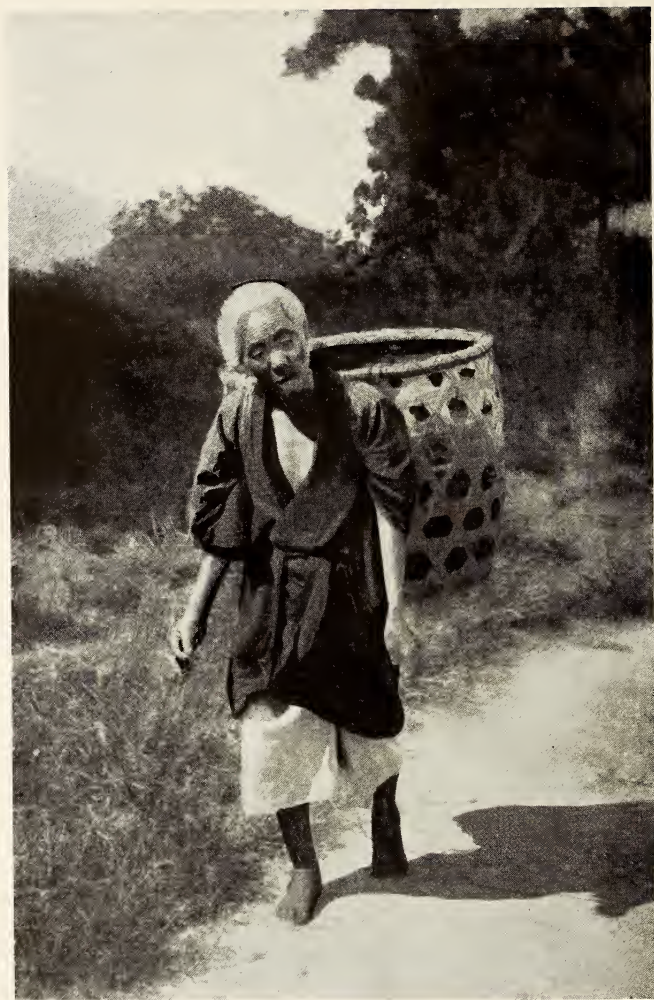
To-day Violet seemed unusually quiet, and presently turning to Major

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Yoshimo she said, "I had a letter from the front this morning, telling me that the poor wounded men often commit seppuku. It seems so barbarous. Please tell me why they do it."

Major Yoshimo replied, "Seppuku, or, as it is more often called by Western nations, harakiri, is practised by soldiers when they can no longer serve the Emperor, or fear to be taken captives, and sometimes as a protest when a wrong has been committed. For instance, a few years ago many people became anxious about the intentions of Russia, and Lieutenant Okara Takeyoshi was amongst the foremost to warn the nation of its danger. His words were not heeded, and he thought that perhaps if he sacrificed his life it might have some effect. He therefore went to the Temple of Saitokuyi, and committed harakiri in front of the graves of his ancestors. This happened in the year 1891. It was a proof of the earnestness of his convictions, for he hoped that an appeal like this would draw attention to the matter."





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While listening to his quiet unemotional voice Violet felt attracted by this strong earnest man, though she knew that somehow his explanation was quite unsatisfactory according to Western ideas. When he rose to take leave, on account of some business engagement, Sumo Kano remained behind, and Violet felt more at ease with the merry lad who was always ready to frivol, and laughed openly at her jokes. To-day he had brought a fairy story, and having asked her permission, proceeded to read it aloud.

“THE STORY OF URASHIMA.”

“Urashima was a fisher boy who lived many years ago on one of the islands of the Inland Sea. He was an only son, and his parents were very proud of him, not only on account of his skill with the nets, but because he was the best-looking and strongest lad in the village. One day he went out alone in his boat, his sister waving him goodbye from the shore. He had an unusually large haul of fish, and to his surprise found a tor-

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toise amongst them. At first he thought of taking it home, as he would be able to sell the handsome shell for a few sen, but the tortoise looked pitifully out of its small eyes, as though entreating for its life. Urashima was very kind-hearted, he remembered that a tortoise is the symbol of longevity, and is supposed to live for ten thousand years, so he thought it would be a pity to let the poor creature die. He therefore disentangled it from the net, and dropped it back into the sea, saying as he did so, 'Long life and happiness to you, and please bring me good luck.' He then lay back in the boat, well satisfied with his day's work, and as the waves gently rocked it to and fro, he fell fast asleep. When he woke he saw a beautiful girl sitting in the stern. At first he thought he was dreaming till she said in a soft voice, 'I am Karamuya, daughter of the Sea god, who rules the waves. My Father wishes me to marry a mortal, and he knows you have a good heart, because you saved the life of the tortoise. Please return with me to the Dragon

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Palace.' Urashima felt dazed with the beauty and charm of the Sea maiden, and at her bidding he took the oars and rowed with all his might, while she guided him to his destination.

"Soon the Dragon Palace rose in sight, and as they drew near he saw that the walls were built of red coral. Its gates, which were inlaid with mother-of-pearl, glittered like silver, and two golden dragons guarded the entrance. All sorts of fishes and strange sea monsters frisked round the boat, for the Sea god ruled over them all, and they had gathered together to welcome the Princess and her lover. When they reached the Palace, the shining gates flew open, and a shoal of flying fish leapt out of the water and sported and danced round the young couple. The Sea King himself with beaming smiles was waiting to welcome his daughter and future son-in-law. The marriage took place on the following day, and Urashima soon forgot his own people, and was content to live in the Palace with his lovely bride.

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“ Three years passed away in perfect happiness, till one day he remembered his parents and longed to see them again. He asked the Princess if she would allow him to spend three days in his old home, ‘ for my father,’ he said, ‘ must be sorrowing at my long absence, and probably thinks that I am dead.’

“ The Princess wept and made him promise to return quickly, ‘ for I fear,’ she added, ‘ that I may never see you again.’ She then handed him a little brown casket, and bade him tuck it into the folds of his obi (sash). ‘ It will bring you good luck, my Beloved, and you will return to me, unless you open it to look at the contents.’ Urashima promised faithfully to keep it closed, and after wishing her goodbye he launched his boat, and hoisting a sail was borne away by a gentle breeze. The Princess stood on the back of a large turtle, and waved a veil of gossamer woven from threads of seaweed, till he passed out of sight.

“ Urashima was glad when he reached the island, ‘ for now,’ he

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thought, 'I shall see the old people and afterwards return to my Princess, and never leave her again.'

"When he landed he expected to find some of his friends on the beach, but to his surprise there were only strangers mending their nets. The village had disappeared, and a large modern town had taken its place. He wondered how three years could have brought about such changes, so he accosted one of the fishermen, and asked the whereabouts of Urashima's cottage. The man laughed in his face, 'What are you talking about? Urashima has been dead for more than 300 years. There is a legend that he disappeared from home, and his Father searched for him amongst the islands for many years, till one day a typhoon arose, and the old man was not heard of any more, till the waves washed his dead body ashore. How strange that you should ask about the cottage, for this fine town has been built round the spot where it once stood!'

"Then Urashima perceived that he had been living in Fairyland, and that

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each year spent in the Sea god's Palace represented a hundred, and he wept when he thought of the grief he had caused his father. But it was no use lamenting now, nor remaining longer on the island, so he hastened to the place where he had left his boat. Alas ! it had disappeared, and as he had no money in his pocket, all the fishermen refused to lend him one. In his despair he forgot the orders of the Princess, and forced open the lid of the little box, hoping it might help him to find his boat. But it only contained a tiny white cloud, which rose into the air, and gradually increased in size and strength, till it was transformed into a diaphanous ball of delicate rainbow hues. Urashima realised that unless he could catch and imprison it, he would never see his Princess and the Dragon Palace again, so he rushed after it, shouting, ' Stop ! Stop ! ' Once he was so near that he felt almost sure of capturing it, when a gust of wind bore it away, far out of reach.

" Urashima felt his strength failing,

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and he sank exhausted on the beach by the side of a pool, which had been left by the ebbing tide. As he fell, he caught a reflection of himself in the clear water, and saw that his hair had turned snow white, that his skin resembled shrivelled parchment, and that his back was bent double. From a handsome youth, he had turned into an old, old man, and was once more a mortal. He knew that his spirit was passing away, so he folded his kimono round him, and watched the transparent bubble floating in the ethereal blue of the sky, till he could see it no longer. Then his eyes closed, and Urashima breathed his last."

Violet had been listening with the greatest interest. "What a charming fairy tale to copy into my 'Japanese Jottings,' and you have translated it so well and poetically."

"I must not take all the credit for that," Sumo Kano replied, "as an English master at one of the schools helped me considerably, and corrected the manuscript, which was full of mistakes."

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"I think," Violet continued, "that the Japanese must be very fond of nature, for I have been reading a translation of some poems lately, and they are full of allusions to gardens, mountains, and sunsets."

Sumo Kano smiled. "We love our mountains, with their legends of giants, demons, dwarfs, and goblins, and also the quieter fairy tales about flowers. Our people never tire of listening to a professional story-teller, and they will often sit round him for hours. He usually winds up with some heroic incident, or with the history of one of the 'Forty-seven Ronins,' which is always a welcome subject. But I think mountains after all appeal to us the most. Did you notice Fuji San last night with its fresh nightcap of snow, and how clearly our beautiful mountain can be seen on a clear moonlight night?"

"It was wonderful," replied Violet, "and I tried to write a little poem on its beauty like the ladies do at the Empress' Court, although it is impossible for words adequately to describe

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it. But tell me why you call it Fuji San. I thought San was only used in addressing people, and not when speaking of things."

"Fuji cannot be spoken of as a thing," he replied, "for our sacred mountain was alive with fire centuries ago, and has stood since the world began, longer even than the many thousand years of our Emperor's descent."

A mischievous twinkle came into Violet's eyes. "I suppose then he too is Tenno San, or, perhaps, Mikado San."

Sumo Kano's face visibly stiffened. "Our Emperor," he replied, "is revered as the Son of Heaven; he stands apart in the hearts of his People. All the warriors' souls are concentrated on him, and his spirit inspires and leads them in the field." Then with boyish enthusiasm he added, "If I had a hundred lives I would sacrifice them all in his service, for my Emperor is altogether 'shinsei' (divine)."

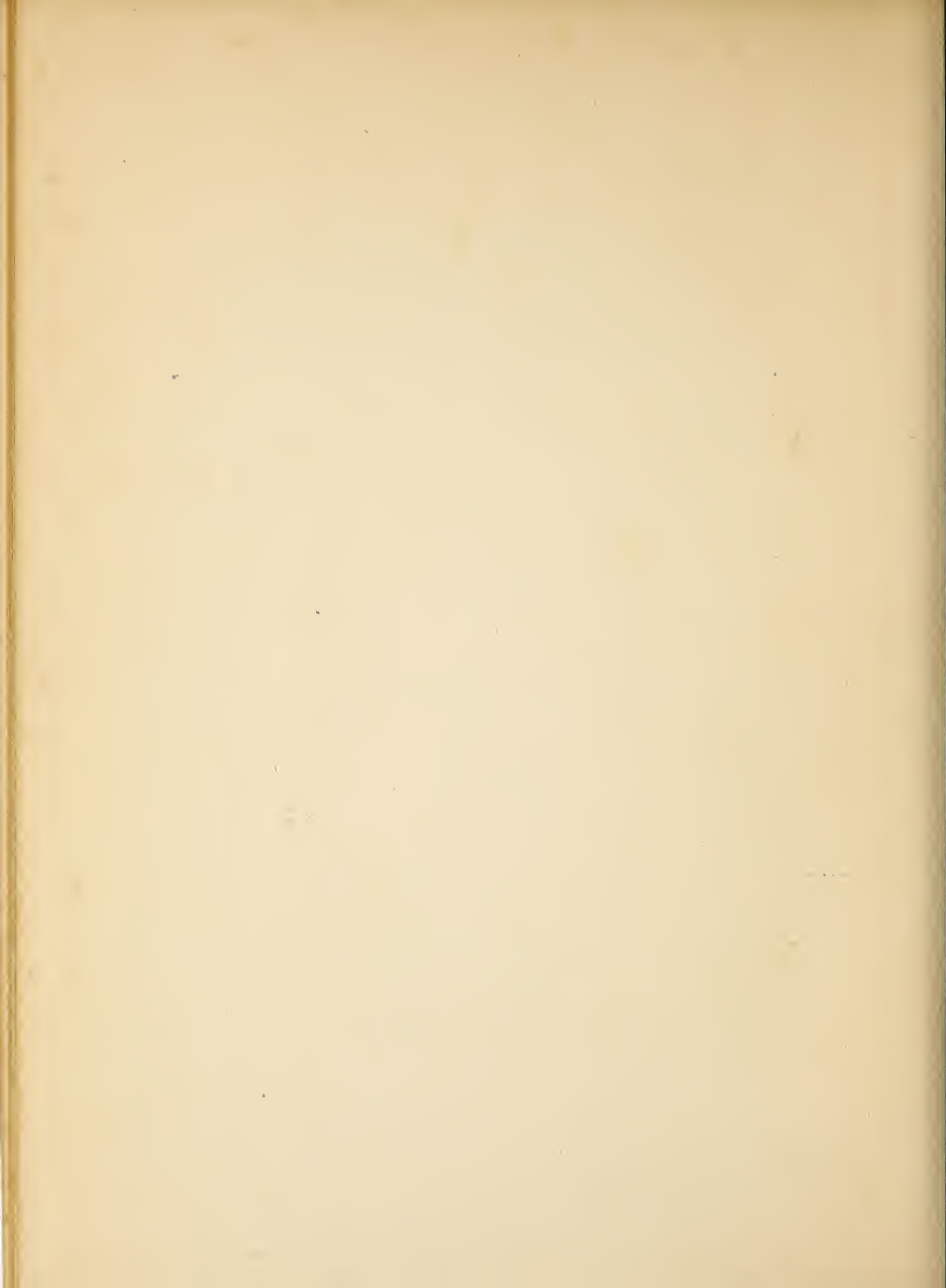
Violet felt a little abashed before this impetuous young man, who now

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stood up, made two formal bows, and wished her goodbye. She noticed that he did not turn to make his customary third bow at the end of the little gravel path, but hurried quickly away.

CHAPTER IV.

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THE next evening Violet and her brother were alone, and after dinner they wheeled up two armchairs in front of the wood fire.

"Charlie," she said, "it is really a treat to have you all to myself. You shall smoke a pipe and talk to me while I work." Then she told him about Sumo Kano. "I am afraid I hurt his feelings as he evidently did not approve of my harmless little joke."

Charlie replied, rather gravely, "I daresay he will forgive you, as he will think you did not know any better, but really Vi you must be more careful in future, and don't speak of the Emperor as Mikado, while you are here; it is not considered respectful, though the word is commonly used in England."

Violet tried to look penitent, but not very successfully. "It is difficult to

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know how to behave properly in a country like this, where people are so tremendously patriotic that it almost takes one's breath away. Do tell me a little about this wonderful Emperor, and why he is so adored."

"To do this I should have to trace back the history of Japan for many centuries, so I think you had better read it up yourself, but in the meantime I will try to give you an outline of the circumstances that have made him the idol of his People. I must begin by explaining that in the Feudal times every Daimio (territorial Lord) kept his own band of loyal and disciplined Samurai (fighting men) who were armed to the teeth. They composed the Gentry, and were a class to themselves. It was said of old Japan that 'all gentlemen were soldiers and all soldiers gentlemen.' In the twelfth century, a Shogun (Commander in Chief of the Daimios) practically became Ruler of the country, and his successors continued in power till the last century. It was to his interest to encourage the belief that the Emperor

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was a god who must not be gazed upon by a profane eye. He was therefore kept in isolated splendour, and was practically a prisoner. When he left the Palace, which was very rarely, his sacred person was hidden behind silken curtains. If you ever go to Kyoto, the old capital, you will see the rooms that he inhabited. They are quite small and unpretentious compared with the magnificence of those used by the Shoguns."

"When was the Shogunate abolished?" inquired Violet; "I think I heard it was about fifty years ago?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, "the crisis came when the present Emperor ascended the throne in 1868, at which time the Tokugawa clan had held power for 250 years. Many of the leading Daimios determined to bring the Shogunate to an end, and reinstate the Emperor as Supreme Head of the Kingdom. They proved their loyalty to him by a fine act of patriotism, as they not only surrendered their feudal rights, but laid their lands and revenues at his feet,

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which accounts for many of the nobles at the present day being comparatively poor for their position."

"Was the Emperor consulted about these changes?"

"Most certainly, for they could never have been accomplished unless he had been a man of determined character and immense courage, who was himself desirous of being emancipated from the seclusion of his ancestors. It was a great upheaval of long established laws and customs, and led to civil war and risings in many of the provinces. One of the most important was headed by a famous leader, Saigo Takamori, in 1877, who had begun life as a Samurai. It lasted until he and the remaining five hundred of his followers fell before the Imperialist Conquerors. When he found himself wounded and unable to fight any longer, he committed 'harakiri,' the final act of a defeated Samurai. About that time a large red star appeared in the sky, and it was said that the soul of the warrior had gone up into it. Although a rebel chief he is still venerated for his

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military prowess, and admired for his soldierly qualities."

"Did it take long before the people settled down?"

"About twenty years, by which time all the followers of the Shogun came into line, acknowledged the absolute supremacy of the Emperor, and promised him their allegiance. As soon as they found it was inevitable, they contentedly accepted the new Régime with true oriental stoicism."

Violet was immensely interested. "I have noticed that the word 'Meiji' is frequently used when allusion is made to the present reign. Has it anything to do with what you have been telling me?"

"Rather," replied Charlie, "it means 'Enlightened Reign,' and one might almost call it the Emperor's watch-word. Just consider what has been done, and is still going on at the present time, under the capable statesmen who compose his Government. The whole country has been opened up, railways and telegraph systems introduced, universal conscription,

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trade with foreign nations, and tariff established, while Western civilization is making daily strides. The Emperor with his guiding hand has not only led his people through the dangerous Restoration time, but has given them a Constitution, established a system for schools and universities, and patronised the fine arts. Can you wonder that the nation looks up with profound veneration to a Ruler, who has surmounted all difficulties, and brought it peace and prosperity ? ”

“ Surely all these changes, which have been brought about in less than fifty years, must make the people rather conceited ? ” questioned Violet.

“ Yes, you are right, they are simply forging ahead, and if they are victorious in this war they will probably suffer from swelled heads for a time, but I believe the condition will only be transitory, as they are too sensible to risk losing their prestige with foreign Powers, and their shrewd common sense will eventually keep them straight.”

“ Do tell me some more, Charlie, it

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is almost like a fairy tale. I heard the other day that children are taught patriotism from baby-hood. Is this true? but possibly you are not so well up in education as in the history of Japan?"

"I can tell you a good deal, as two years ago I made friends with one of the Professors at the 'Peers School,' but it is a wide subject, and I think we had better keep it for another quiet evening."

"I really think it will be best," said Violet, "for my head would hardly hold any more information to-night. I will just ask one more question on quite another subject. Do Japanese cook and eat black-beetles?"

"Good Heavens, Vi, what on earth are you driving at?"

"Because I met a tourist the other day, who assured me solemnly that this was the case, and when I told him I did not believe it, he still stuck to his point."

Charlie gave a hearty laugh. "I know the sort of fellow, one of those typical globe-trotters who rush round

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the world, listen to every 'canard,' and have the cheek to write about their travels when they reach home. They think after spending a few weeks in foreign countries, that they know as much about them as men who have lived there for many years, and then they publish their experiences in some rubbishy third-class paper."

"You are down on them Charlie, and no doubt they deserve it, though I suppose after all it is only one here and there who is so silly. If they air their views at the Embassy it must be rather trying for Lady W—. Only last week when we were dining there, a man who had just arrived in Tokyo took me in to dinner, and evidently considered me a walking guide-book. He asked me to recommend him not only curio shops and picture dealers, but a tailor and bootmaker. Then he wanted to know whether it would be safe for his wife to walk alone in the city, and if there were wolves and bears in the mountains. He seemed quite disappointed at not having seen any Japanese women with tiny distorted

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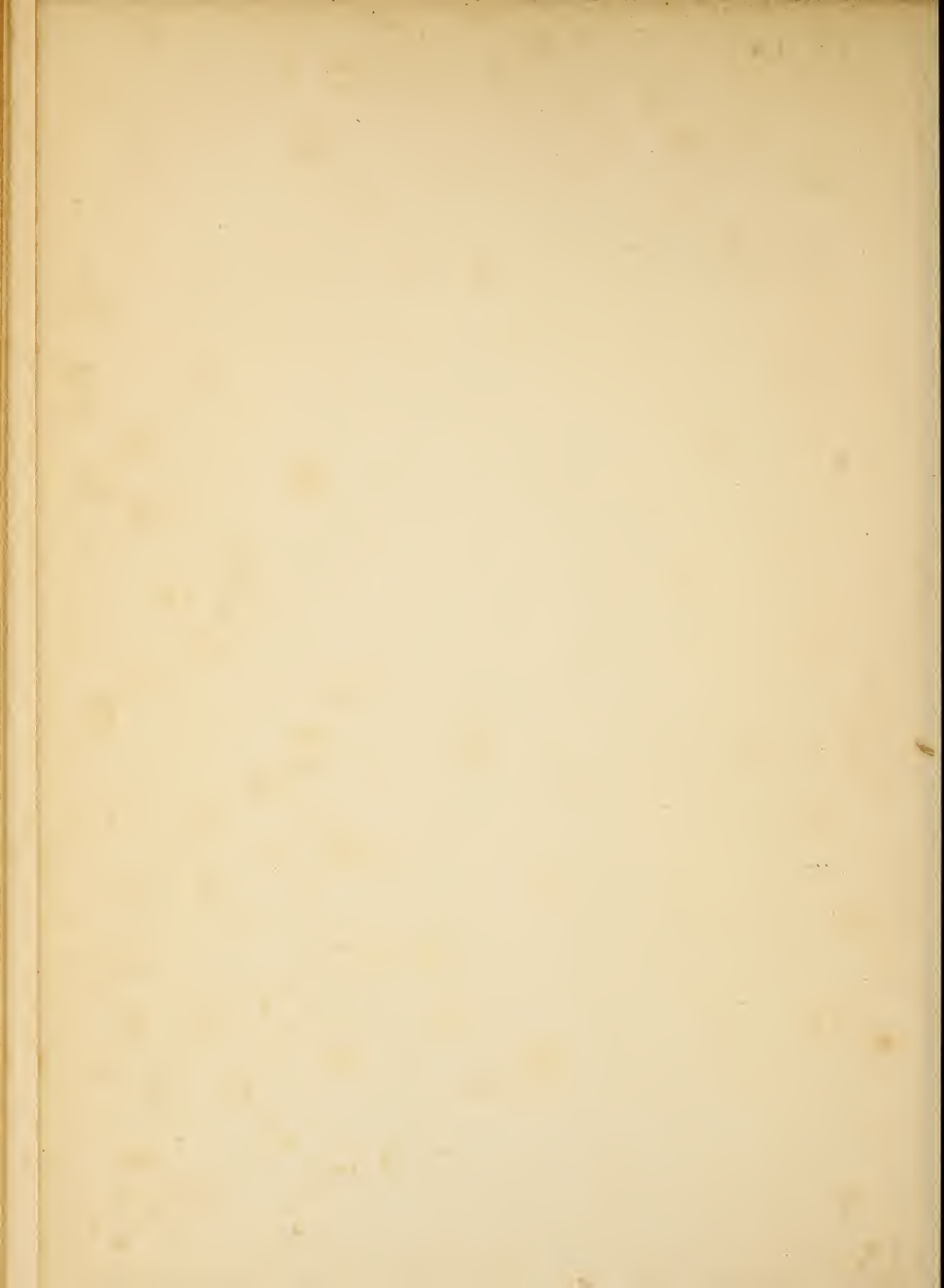
feet, so I told him we were not in Peking, and recommended him to buy Chamberlain's book, 'Things Japanese', where he would find the information he required. I was nearly bored to tears, when mercifully her Excellency made a move to the drawing-room."

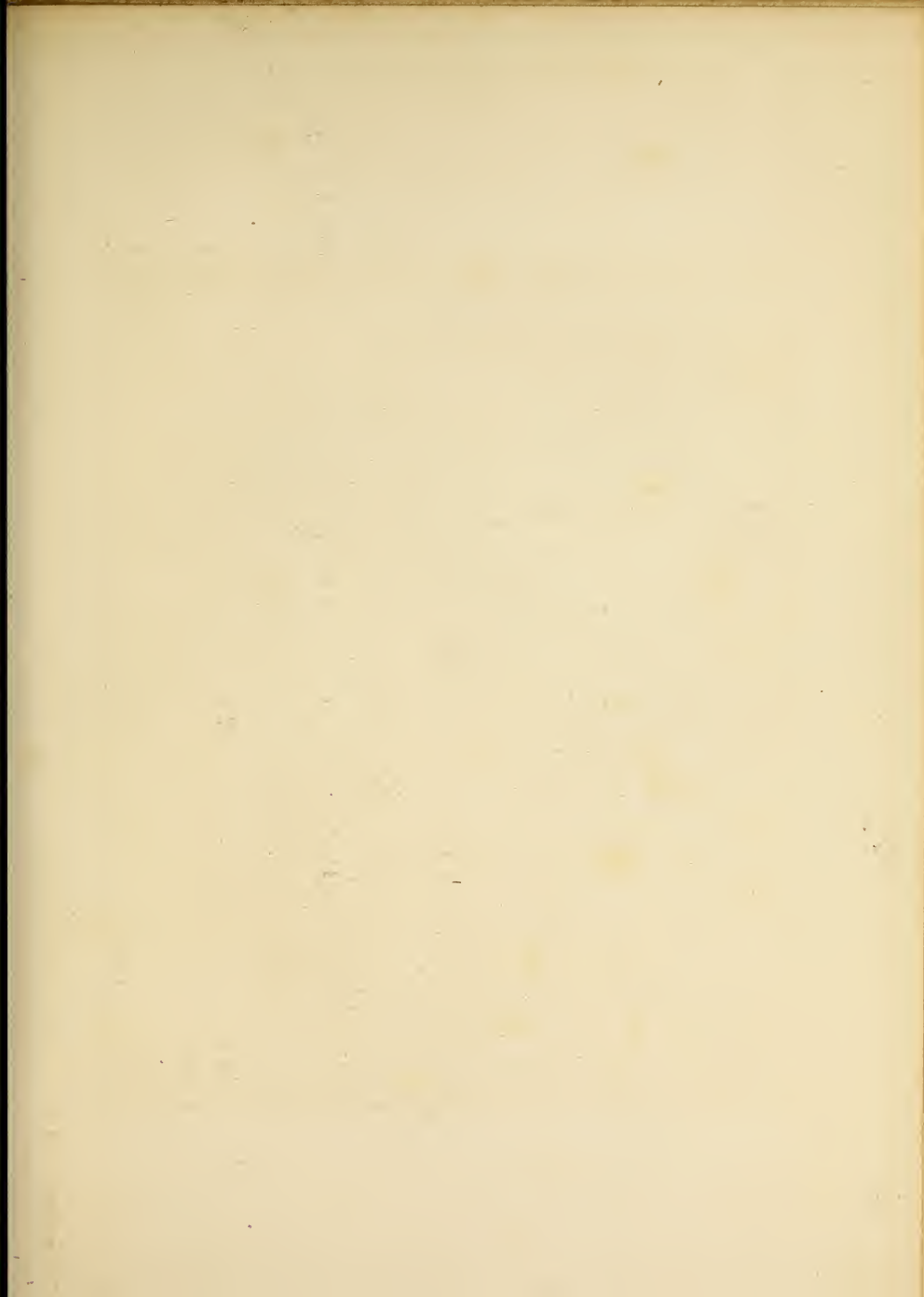
Violet now glanced at the clock, and gathering up her work wished her brother good-night. "I have enjoyed our chat ever so much, and shall look forward to our next evening together, when you will tell me about education." As she went off to her room she laughingly exclaimed, "Japan seems to me a bewildering, fascinating, topsy-turvy, and altogether extraordinary nation."



CHAPTER V.

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AS time went on, Charles Courtley saw but little of his sister except at meals, the work at the Embassy becoming so heavy that often he had no time for his private correspondence except in the evenings. Occasionally a few friends came to dinner.

The English ladies in Tokyo tried to give Violet a good time, and she was often invited to accompany them on long jinrikisha rides into the country. But after becoming a member of the Red Cross Society she found her interest in amusements gradually diminishing. There seemed so much help needed, and she undertook a great deal of work at home. Sometimes she would have afternoon gatherings of her girl friends, when the result would be a pile of finished garments.

Once a week there were practices at

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the headquarters of the Society, and Japanese and foreign ladies assembled to hear a lecture on nursing, and to learn bandaging. Violet could not understand a word of the lecture, but she learnt a good deal by the diagrams on the blackboard. There were usually three or four Princesses present, and amongst them was a dainty little lady whom Violet named the "Flower Princess." She had a clear creamy-white complexion and almond eyes; her hair was elaborately dressed with jewelled combs, and she always wore exquisitely embroidered kimonos. Her tiny feet were clothed in snow white tabi (socks reaching to the ankle). She seemed the embodiment of restfulness, remaining almost immovable during the lecture, her soft dark eyes fixed upon the Doctor and apparently drinking in every word.

One evening on her return, Violet found Major Yoshimo waiting in the little sitting-room. He seemed very thoughtful, and presently said, "I should like to tell you that I have been reading the Bible lately, with one

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of my countrymen who is a Chaplain at St Andrew's College. I am trying to find a belief that is broader and deeper than Shintoism, and as our Emperor openly patronizes Christianity, and is tolerant of every form of religion, I feel no misgivings about studying it. We know that His Majesty desires all his subjects to think and choose for themselves, and many of them feel like myself that the beautiful simplicity of Shinto worship may lead us on to a deeper and fuller knowledge of the truth. But as the late Mr Fukuzawa said, 'My conscience does not allow me to clothe myself with any religion unless I have it at heart.' "

Violet was puzzled. "I thought," she said, "you told me that you often attended Buddhist festivals."

"That is true," he replied, "for I have been taught to believe in both religions. Shinto is the national and state one, as well as the oldest, and dates from the accession of Jimmu Tenno whose grandmother was Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess. Our prayers are addressed to the spirits

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of the dead, and often the temples only contain a mirror, the symbol of perfection, and strips of paper which symbolise purity."

"But why are you a Buddhist as well as a believer in Shintoism?" Violet enquired.

"Possibly the reason is, that I was born and brought up in Tokyo, and as a child frequently attended services in the Nishi Hongwanji Temple. It stands out nobly in the heart of the city, and was restored four years ago at a cost of two hundred thousand yen. For many centuries the two religions were intermingled, and although nominally separated at the beginning of the present reign, there is no bar against believing in both. But I confess that although I am attracted by the magnificence of Buddhist temples, with their costly ornaments and gorgeous vestments, my heart is not satisfied, and unless I can find a new religion, I shall probably become an agnostic, and give up all belief except adoration of my Emperor, and reverence of my ancestors."

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Violet saw that he was desperately in earnest, and felt glad that he was in the safe hands of one of the native clergy at St Andrews. "I should like," she said, "to help you if I could, only"—But the conversation abruptly came to an end by the arrival of some visitors, and Major Yoshimo, rising from his seat, bowed several times, and wished her goodbye.

In the evening Charlie was dining at the Embassy, so Violet after a hasty meal, selected two or three books on Buddhism from his study, and sat up late reading them. They contained some beautiful thoughts consistent with Christian teaching, some of which she copied into her book of "Japanese Jottings."

"Gautama Buddha, the royal seeker after truth, lived in the sixth century B.C. He was humble, gentle and courageous, and tried to solve the mystery of sorrow, sin, and death. He taught that by the extinction of natural passions and desires (such as anger, avarice, grief, &c.), it was possible, even in this life, to enter upon a state

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of tranquillity and rest which would in the great hereafter be merged into Nirvana. The eight steps leading to this happy state on earth, are right faith, right resolution, right speech, right action, right living, right effort, right thought, and right self-concentration. Sakyamuni, a disciple of Buddha, says, ' Evil does not come from outside, but is in one's self, therefore by one's self must come remedy and release.' Buddhism is a message of much undeniable truth inculcating as it does, unselfishness and charity. The noble founder showed his sincerity by leaving his royal home, giving up wealth and power, and the luxury indulged in by Oriental Princes, in order to try to bring happiness and release from pain to suffering humanity. But the great and holy thinker failed, because he was man and not God, and consequently, by his own power, could neither give peace nor hope of salvation."

Violet felt that the study of Buddhism would be a life long work, and as she replaced the heavy volumes,

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she hoped that Major Yoshimo would find all the help he needed from Inouye San, who was considered one of the ablest men amongst the native clergy.

When she went to sleep that night, her thoughts were full of what she had heard and read, and they wove themselves into the following dream :—

She seemed to be looking up at the colossal image of the Buddha at Kamakura, which was flooded with liquid gold by the blazing mid-day sun. He was gazing through his half-closed eyes with a tranquil smile, upon a crowd of pilgrims who were bowing in adoration before him. It was the smile of a god who “watches the dance of time to the tune of death,” and has himself passed into the eternal peace of Nirvana (extinction).

As she watched, the sunlight gradually faded away, and the image no longer shone in golden glory, but returned to the sombre bronze in which it had been cast. Only the great boss on its forehead sparkled like a jewel in the gathering gloom. The pilgrims

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prostrated themselves before the Daibutsn (great Buddha), raising their hands and praying, "Nama Amida Buddha" (O Eternal Buddha). While they prayed, a star shot out from the jewelled boss and moved over the sea towards a distant horizon. When half-way across, it wavered for a moment, and then remained immovable, seeming unable to proceed. But it was not alone, for a multitude of smaller stars were flickering about with an uncertain light, apparently searching for a way across.

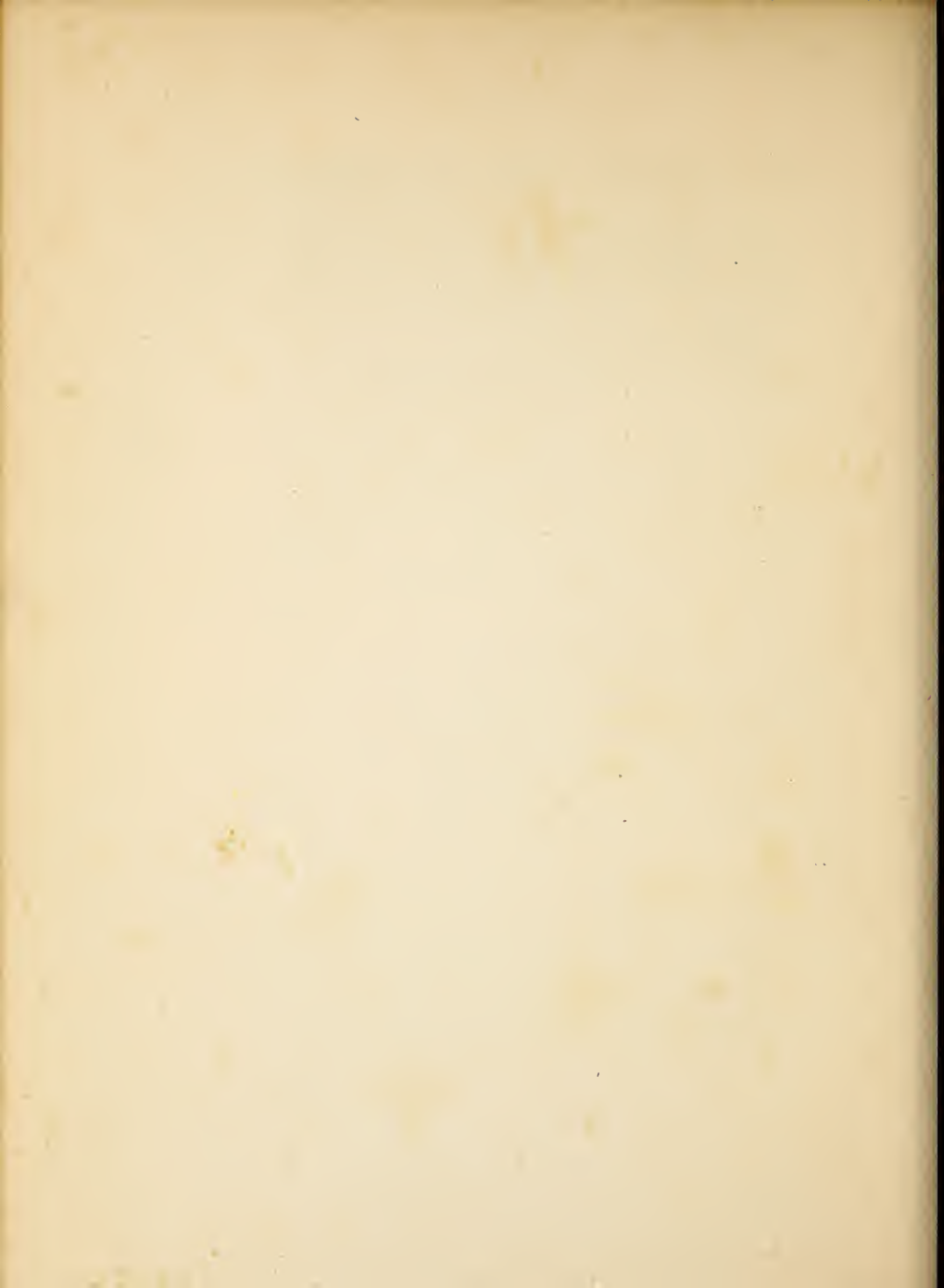
Then a wonderful sight—a fiery star appeared in the sky, and shooting through the rising darkness, moved slowly and surely across the sea. All the little ones followed, and even Buddha's star paled before its brilliance, and after wavering for a while, moved on with the rest.

Violet in her dream tried to see their destination, but they became more and more indistinct, as they gradually drew near to the shadowy outline of a Cross with the figure of a crowned King standing behind it. Then they

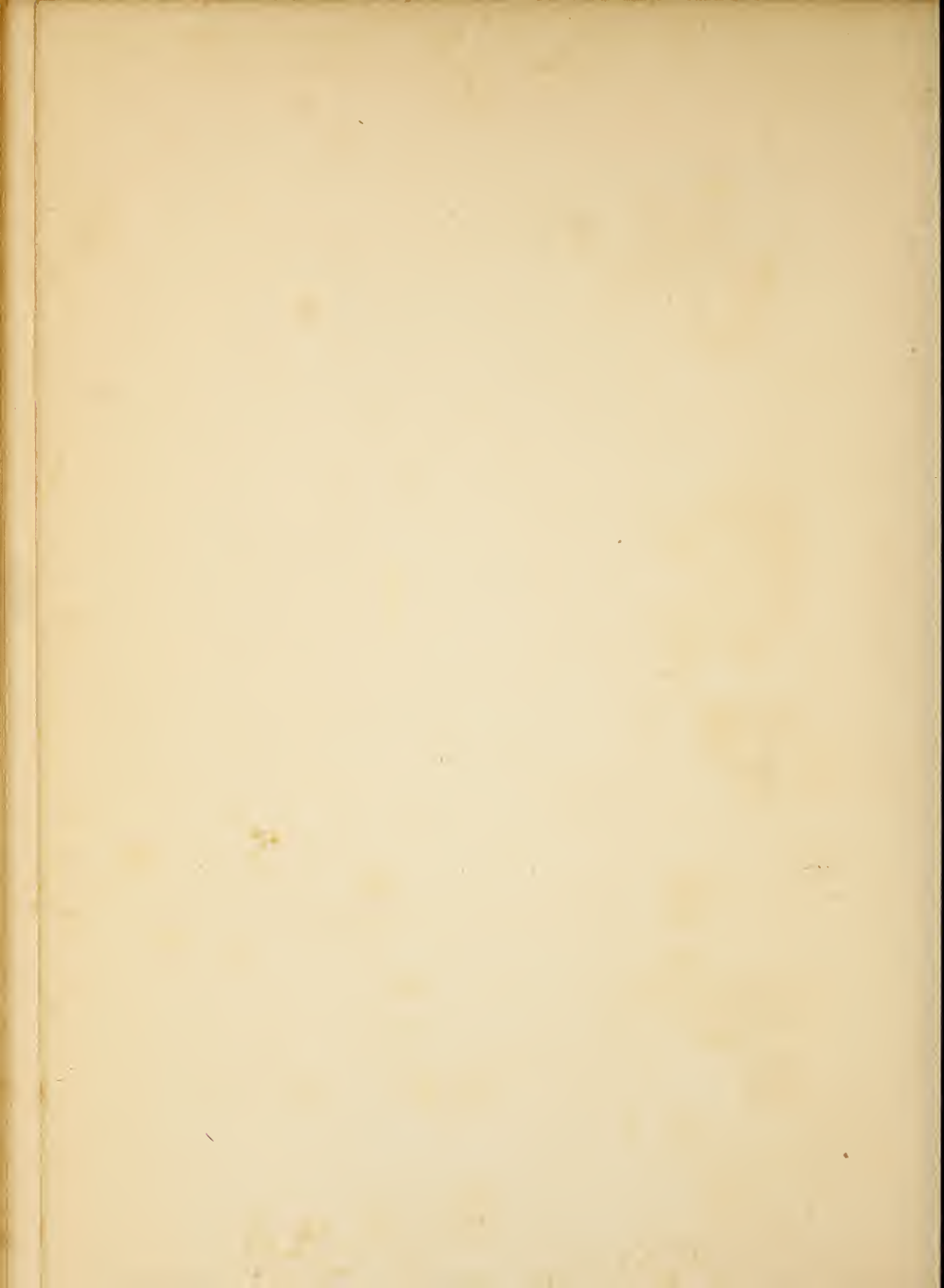
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all became merged into a soft mellow light, which dispelled the darkness and spread its radiance over sea and land.

Violet saw no more, for she had fallen into a deep and restful sleep.



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VIOLET'S twenty-fifth birthday fell on February 2nd. She was awakened in the morning by the sun pouring in at her window, so dressing quickly she slipped into a matinée, and drew a chair into her tiny private verandah. "A quarter of a century," she murmured, "even if I live to be very very old a third of my life is gone."

She looked back upon the past. Her parents had both died in her early childhood, and then she had been adopted by an aunt who gave her a good education. At the age of eighteen she was launched into a whirl of gaiety, visits in country houses, shooting parties, golf, tennis, and a London season every year, including Ascot, Henley, Goodwood, &c., &c. She had a nice little fortune of her own, which she spent chiefly on her clothes. Usually she went to Church on Sundays,

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unless quite tired out with late hours. She well remembered one morning feeling very drowsy during the sermon, till she was roused by the preacher's voice, "I pity the life that begins in nothing, goes on in nothing, and ends in nothing." The words seemed impressed upon her memory, and ever since, they often recurred to her.

She almost envied her friends, some of whom were happily married, and had found ample scope for their energies in quiet home duties, or those who had found work amongst the poor in the slums of London.

Violet sighed. "It seems as if Japan is going to teach me lessons which I never learnt at home, during those idle selfish years. I will resolve to-day to give more of my spare time to helping others, but I must consider Charlie first, he often seems very tired and worn out, so my chief duty must be to try and brighten him up, and always be at home when he wants me."

Charlie kissed his sister when she came down to breakfast, and after wishing her many happy returns of the

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day, he handed her an embroidered picture, of a lion's head emerging from a jungle.

"How lovely," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "it is just like a painting till you look at it closely, and the lion has such a nice furry face. What clever little women to work like that."

"Not women," said Charlie smiling, "but men, for it is they who do the best embroideries, and I was told, that two of them worked at this picture for eighteen months."

"It is indeed a treasure, and how it will be admired when I get home. Thank you ever so much for my present. Now for our letters; there seems to be quite a budget this morning."

Violet presently went off into peals of merry laughter.

"Do you remember that nice young officer who dined here the other evening and amused us so much with his bad English? When he was leaving, he asked if he might write me a letter, and would I honourably correct and return it to him. Just listen to this."

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“ O Murasaki San,

How do you do Madam ?
When I dined with you I feel so comfortable that I have never met such a merry evening. If British Empire start a fight with others, I will go your country to help—Japanese sword, enemy kill. I am very much earnestly wishing to come back to the front, but my head and ear was transformed by Russian's bomb shell. Happily my hearing has recovered, but three fingers of left hand are not able to grasp. My photograph in envelope please will you hand as a remembrance. If you have this letter, I hope to have yours too. I wait from now—please take care of your health. I pray your good fortune.

Your true remains,

S. Takamori.

It is the first time to me to write English letter, so if there are some impolite points please excuse, as I am very poor to write.”

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"What a lot of trouble he must have taken over this composition," said Violet. "But why does he begin with O, and what does O Murasaki San mean?"

"O means Honourable, and Murasaki, Violet, so the literal translation is, Honourable Violet Miss," replied Charlie.

"Well I must return his letter corrected—and also write him a reply. Really Japan amuses me all day long; only this morning I saw one of those smart little policeman, in white drill uniform, sitting in a shelter, and eating his mid-day meal with chop sticks. I went immediately to Shiba Bazaar and bought a pair. My maid, Fusa, showed me how to use them, and I tore up bits of paper and practised catch with them, but very seldom succeeded in getting anywhere near my mouth. When I was out I also noticed another policeman leading a prisoner by a bit of string tied round his wrists. The last time he was here, Sumo Kano gave me a translation of an official notice to the editor of a paper, who had pub-

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lished an article which was considered seditious. 'Deign honourably to cease honourably to publish august paper. Honourable Editor deign to enter august gaol.' "

Violet was here interrupted by a messenger carrying a diminutive pot of white wisteria, trained in a circle, with a card attached, on which was written, "From Captain Yoshimo with compliments and birthday congratulations to Miss Courtley."

"What a beautiful little plant," she exclaimed, "such a mass of snowy blossoms, and my room is already full of flowers from all my friends. Must you be off, Charlie?" as she saw him fetching his hat. "You never seem to have time now, for a rest and a smoke after tiffin."

"We have a lot of work on hand," Charlie said, "but as it is your birthday I will try and get home earlier, and we will go and see the Fine Art Exhibition in Ueyno Park."

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THERE was quite a stir in the city when it was known that the Empress intended visiting the Red Cross Hospital. Violet was fortunate enough to get a good view of Her Majesty, and was struck by her sweet but rather sad expression. It was reported that her thoughts were constantly with the army in Manchuria, and that she and the court ladies spent many hours daily, rolling bandages and preparing comforts for the soldiers.

The Emperor and Empress also wrote short and touching poems, many of which were forwarded to the troops, who listened to them with the greatest reverence and gratitude.
His Majesty.

They're at the front
Our brave young men, and now the middle-aged
Are shouldering their arms, and in the fields
Old men are gathering the abundant rice,
Low bending o'er the sheaves. All ages vie
In cheerful self-devotion to the Land.

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Her Majesty.

He heard the taunt, that such a studious lad,
Who never from his book his eye could lift,
But sat and studied through the live-long day,
Must be perforce unskilful in the arts
Of war: and straightway from his desk uprose,
Seized his long bow, fitted his shaft and drew.
The arrow in the middle gold proclaimed
Brain, hand and eye, alike were trained to serve.

Major Yoshimo appeared soon after Violet's return, just after Charles Courtley had left for the office.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that I have received orders to hold myself in readiness, to leave for the front immediately. All the reserves are being called out, and my doctor has certified that I am fit for service." His eyes sparkled as he added, "What joy to be going at last to share in the glory of my comrades! But I am in a little difficulty, and have come to ask you to help me. The Chaplain has left Tokyo for a few days, so I have not been able to study with him, and I cannot understand certain passages, which tell us that we must not only resign all if we become Christians, but even turn our backs upon our parents."

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This is so opposed to our views of filial obedience."

Violet thought for a few moments—"If I can't explain it perhaps he will slip away, and give up Christianity altogether." Then a sudden inspiration seemed to flash across her. "Major Yoshimo," she said, "If you were sitting at home with your father and mother and the Emperor came to the door holding the Flag of Peace in his hand, and suddenly great rays of red light started from the rising sun, transforming it into the War Flag of Japan, and the Emperor called you to follow him against the wishes of your parents, what would you do?"

Major Yoshimo, usually so impassive and self-contained, started to his feet, and his right hand flew to his side, as though seeking his sword. "My Emperor, my Lord, I would not delay one moment, but follow him to death."

Violet shyly added, "We Christians have a Lord in Heaven; if He calls we too must follow, and give up all for Him. But we are also taught that we must render due honour to our Rulers

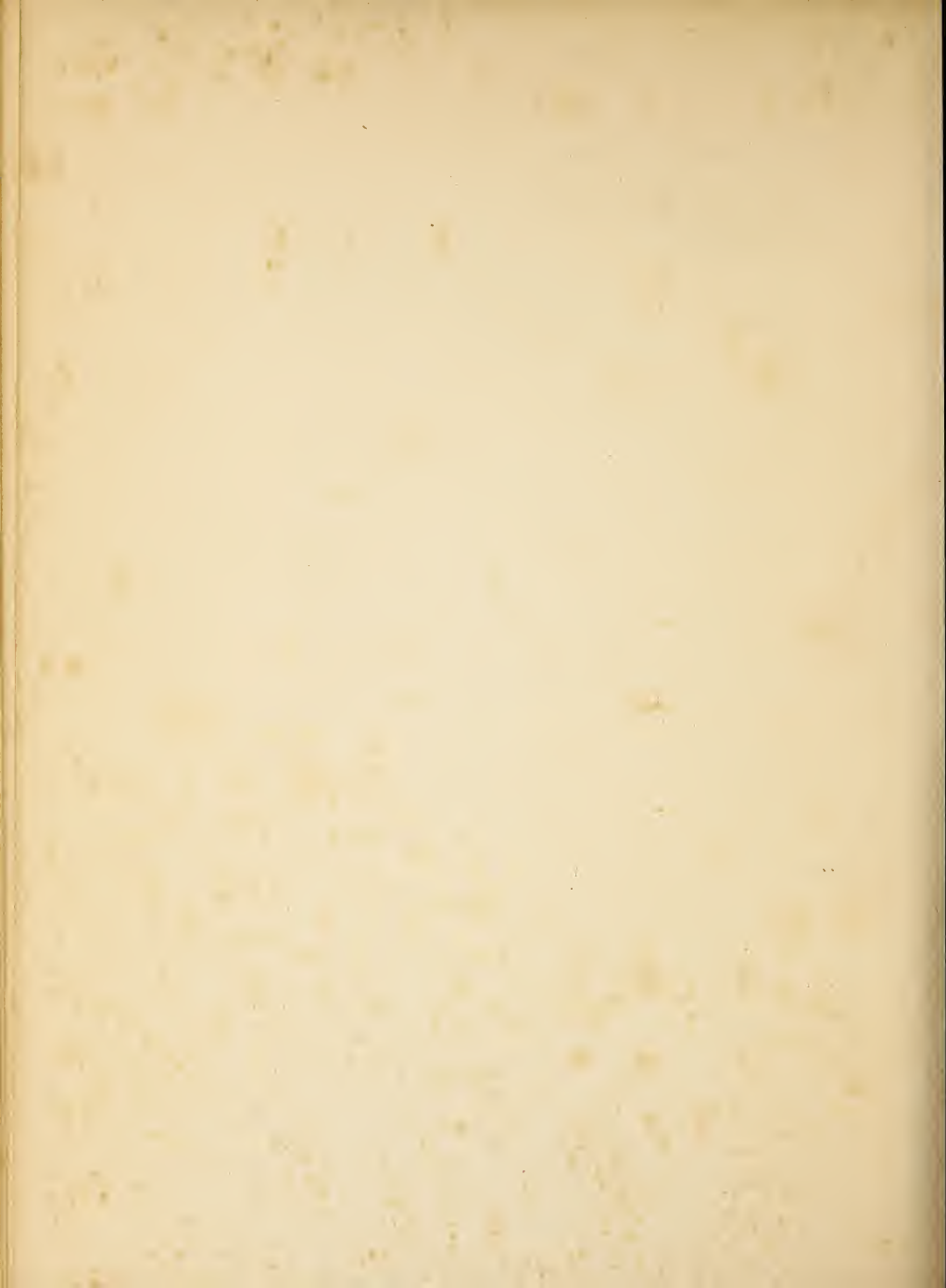
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as the Romans did to Cæsar, so we can be loyal to both."

Major Yoshimo remained silent for some time, and then said, "Thank you for explaining this to me. It seems clearer now. There is one supreme Lord in Heaven, and if I decide to become a Christian and to follow Him, I yet need not fail in allegiance to my Emperor, the greatest Lord on earth. My difficulties seem nearly overcome, but the task has taken many weeks of study. I hope Inouye San will have returned before I leave, as he has been a good friend to me and will be glad to know that I am nearly convinced."

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“**N**OW Charlie, for another cosy evening. You are always so busy that it is a long time since we have spent one together,” said Violet the following week, when dinner was finished. “If you are not too tired I want you to tell me something about education, as you promised. I have only visited a kindergarten for children under six. They were such fascinating little tots, and seemed so good, and interested in their games. Do you suppose they were already being taught to be patriots, as some of them were having a sort of baby drill with toy guns?”

“Undoubtedly,” Charlie replied, “for even at the earliest age, mothers instil love of the Emperor into their children’s minds. I had not forgotten my promise and have no work to finish to-night, but my information refers to more advanced schools, where I

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noticed that even the writing copies set by masters, contain useful and patriotic teaching, as for instance—

‘A dutiful child receives Heaven’s blessing.’

‘Study to attain courage and fortitude.’

‘Endure misfortune without a moan.’

‘Wealth and luxury are like fleeting clouds.’

‘Tigers leave skins behind when dead, and men should leave names.’

‘Death is better than dishonour.’

Then the Rescript keeps patriotism always before them.”

“The Rescript,” questioned Violet.
“What is that?”

“It is a form which was drawn up by the Emperor in 1890. I will look it up and let you have a translation, and also an extract from an article written by Professor Kikuchi which will interest you. Military ardour is encouraged in schools, owing to the late Viscount Mori having introduced jūjutsu, fencing, drill, &c., which has been obligatory since 1886. Girls are also taught gymnastics, and all their schools, as well as the university for women in Tokyo, are under the direct support of the Empress.”

“And yet,” said Violet, “schoolboys

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in everyday life seem so courteous and gentle, not as if they were being trained to fight."

"Just so, but probably that is due to the fact, that from the time a boy enters school, he has two hours instruction every week in etiquette, how to walk, to bow, to carry a tray, to hold his hands and fingers, to enter and leave a room, &c., &c. That is the reason why you so seldom come across what I might call a three-cornered lad, or one with awkward manners and self-consciousness."

"What happens if a boy is naughty or idle?"

"It seems strange to us, but punishments are practically unknown. Caning has been abolished, and if a master loses his temper he is disgraced for ever. He must also be an efficient teacher, or the pupils make a complaint. Hearn mentions that in the year 1893, one of the Professors of Chemistry was dismissed after a searching enquiry by an inspector, who had received the following letter from his pupils: 'We like him, he is

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kind to us, he does the best he can, but he does not know enough, to teach us as we want to be taught. He cannot answer our questions. He cannot explain the experiments he shows us. We had better have another teacher.' Again no boy strives to be first or to oust another. He is taught to learn for the sake of acquiring knowledge, as prizes are rarely given, and he is not praised for simply behaving himself."

"But suppose," questioned Violet, "that he did a brave action such as saving a comrade's life, would it not be acknowledged in any way?"

"I think not," replied Charlie, "for he would only have done his duty, and something worthy of his family and ancestors. The word 'Meiyo' is impressed upon a child's mind. It is a sort of combination of 'name' and 'fame,' and he is taught that to seek notoriety out of vanity, is mean and despicable."

"Are schools general throughout Japan?" Violet enquired.

"Yes, 2900 were established during

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the ten years between 1873 and 1883, and, of course, the number has greatly increased since then. Students seem to have a real thirst for knowledge, and their greatest punishment is to be suspended from school and deprived of study. They never work for more than fifty minutes at a time, and are then turned out to play in the fresh air for ten minutes, when they wrestle, leap, and race. In bad weather books are closed, and they join in quieter games, or talk together during that time. A special master is often engaged to keep discipline out of school hours, and boys and girls do not play together after the age of ten. If it was reported that day boys were disorderly in the streets, or paid attention to girls, it would be considered a serious matter, and a public offence. School children are also educated by going out for so-called 'distant excursions,' and in the case of higher grades, this often takes place during the summer vacation for many days or weeks, in the shape of camping out and manœuvring, or of round trips to

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places of historic interest, something like a pilgrimage. When a large number of students combine for these 'educational excursions' they are personally conducted by masters."

Violet listened attentively—"Well they are a wonderful people! Do you think they are taught to be clean in school too? There seem to be no dirty slum children running about as in European towns."

"Cleanliness is part of the Shinto religion, but apart from that, a Japanese hates having even dirty hands. There are over eleven hundred public baths in Tokyo, and it is calculated that five hundred thousand people use them daily. The charge is something under a halfpenny, which includes a towel and often soap, and is even lower in the case of children."

"Eleven hundred baths!" said Violet, opening her eyes wide, "it seems almost incredible, and yet I suppose the people must have some faults as well as other nations."

"Rather," replied her brother. "Take trade, for instance. Merchants

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in general are regarded as being very unreliable in business matters, and their reputation for integrity does not stand nearly so high as in China. There is, however, a vast improvement since the Government, and many of the leading Nobles have taken the matter seriously in hand, and Japan now aspires to commercial as well as political power. Traders themselves are beginning to realise that it is to their advantage to obtain an honourable standing in European countries. Another point—the standard of morality according to our ideas is very low, and divorce is even to this day far too common. Formerly no woman could choose her own partner in life, but Viscount Mori, whom I mentioned before, as well as Viscount Kurodi, were not only firm believers in the higher education of their country women, but in 1873 they spoke out boldly, respecting the need of reform in the marriage laws. Mori put his principles into practice, for having met a highly accomplished lady of his own class, he upset all preconceived

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notions of propriety, by paying his addresses to her after the fashion of an occidental lover. He wooed and won his bride, and they signed and attested a contract of marriage before the Mayor of Tokyo. The lady had all the rights and privileges of the West secured to her, and the husband was bound to one wife. It is said that this caused unbounded astonishment at the time, but the results have been most satisfactory.

"Another thing I am sorry for, is the way the people are adopting American hustle, which is opposed to their quiet unemotional character. Still I confess it is difficult for a European to take a fair view of this wonderful nation, and I am amused at many books I come across, which either are full of gushing sentiment, or unqualified disapproval. We must always remember that East is East and West is West, each having its own virtues and vices, and personally I should be sorry to attempt to fathom the mind of a Japanese."

Charlie paused to light a fresh cigar-

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ette, and therefore did not notice the flush on Violet's cheek as she enquired, "Would it not cement the friendship and alliance between Great Britain and Japan if the two nations inter-married more? Look at Mr and Mrs Watana. She is an English woman and seems quite happy with her Japanese husband."

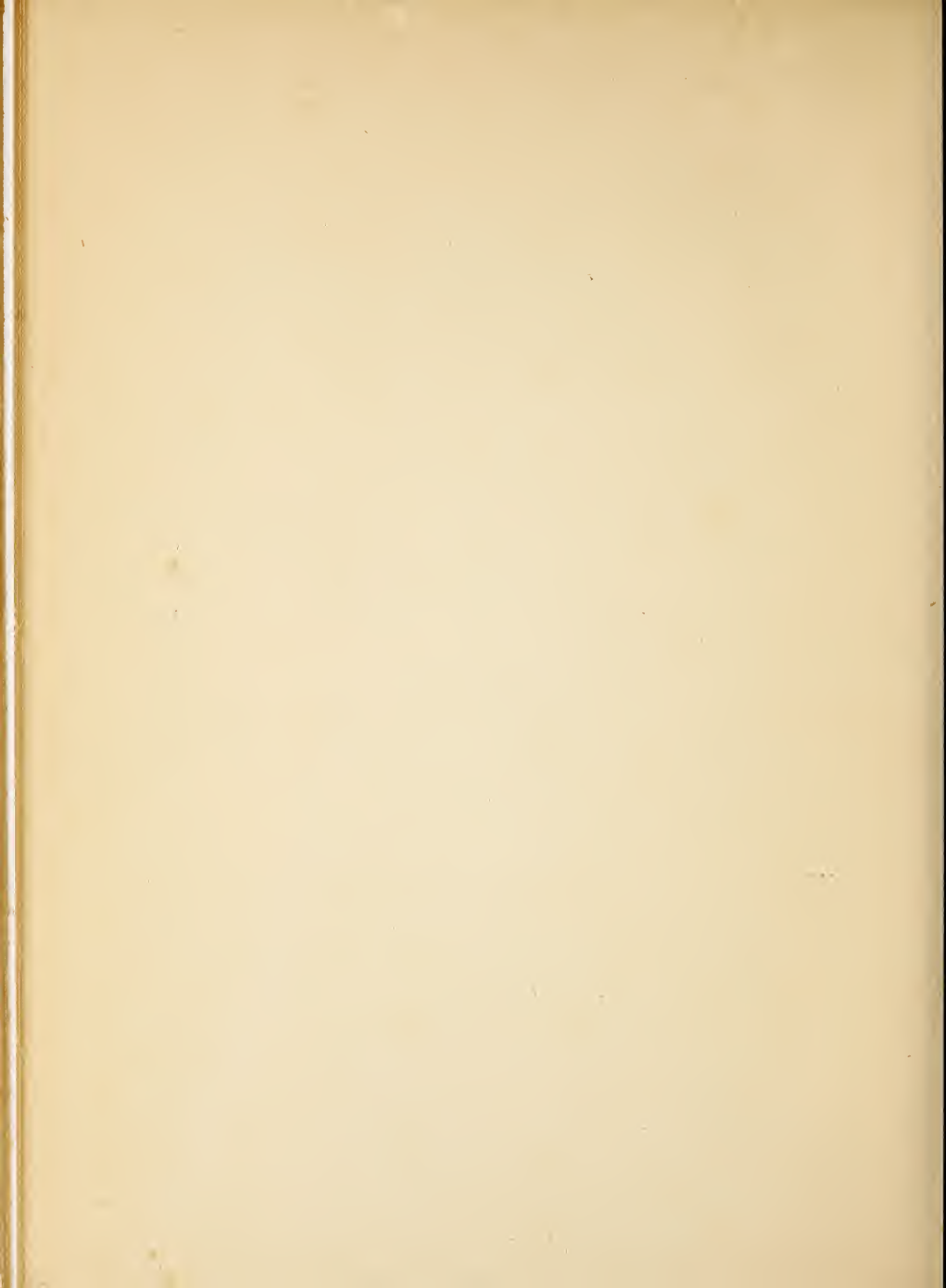
"Possibly," replied Charles Courtley, "but I am no advocate of mixed marriages, and you will often find that Eurasian children are at a disadvantage in both countries. I am sure that England would fare better if our semi-alien population could be reduced by a few thousands. I don't believe in mixed Races. We can be just as good friends by keeping our nationalities distinct, though, mind you, I look on Japan as the most civilised of all unchristian nations."

Violet looked thoughtfully at the dying embers of the fire. "What a lot you know, Charlie, I wish I could remember things as you do. Good-night, and don't forget to look up the Rescript."



CHAPTER IX.

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EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR
KIKUCHI'S ARTICLE, JUNE,
1907.

I N Japanese schools, when masters and pupils assemble in the hall of the school at the beginning of a term, on New Year's Day, or other fête days, it is usual to commence the proceedings with the reading of the Imperial Rescript on Education.

This is no empty ceremony. The reader feels that he is giving the living words of the Emperor ; the assembly stands up, and when the reading is over, all bow in profound reverence as if they had been delivered by the Emperor in person.

A copy of this Rescript is distributed from the Department of Education to every school in the Empire, those for the Central Government Schools being signed by the Emperor.

The relation between the Imperial

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House and the people (connected with ancestral worship) is the basis of Japanese education. The sacred conception of the Mikado, is the thought inheritance of Japan. Mythology has consecrated it, history has endeared it, and poetry has idealised it.

The Imperial Rescript is a firm basis for moral teaching.

The old standard of devotion to duty, of loyalty and filial piety has been maintained by the older men, and home influences have been powerful enough to keep the rising generation in the same path.

The Imperial Rescript on Education. Official English Translation.

Know Ye, Our subjects :

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue ; Our subjects ever united in loyalty and filial piety have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental char-

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acter of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our Education. Ye, Our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters : as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true ; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation ; extend your benevolence to all ; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develope intellectual faculties, and perfect moral powers ; furthermore advance public good, and promote common interests ; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws ; should emergency arise offer yourselves courageously to the State, and thus guard and maintain the propriety of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages, and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to

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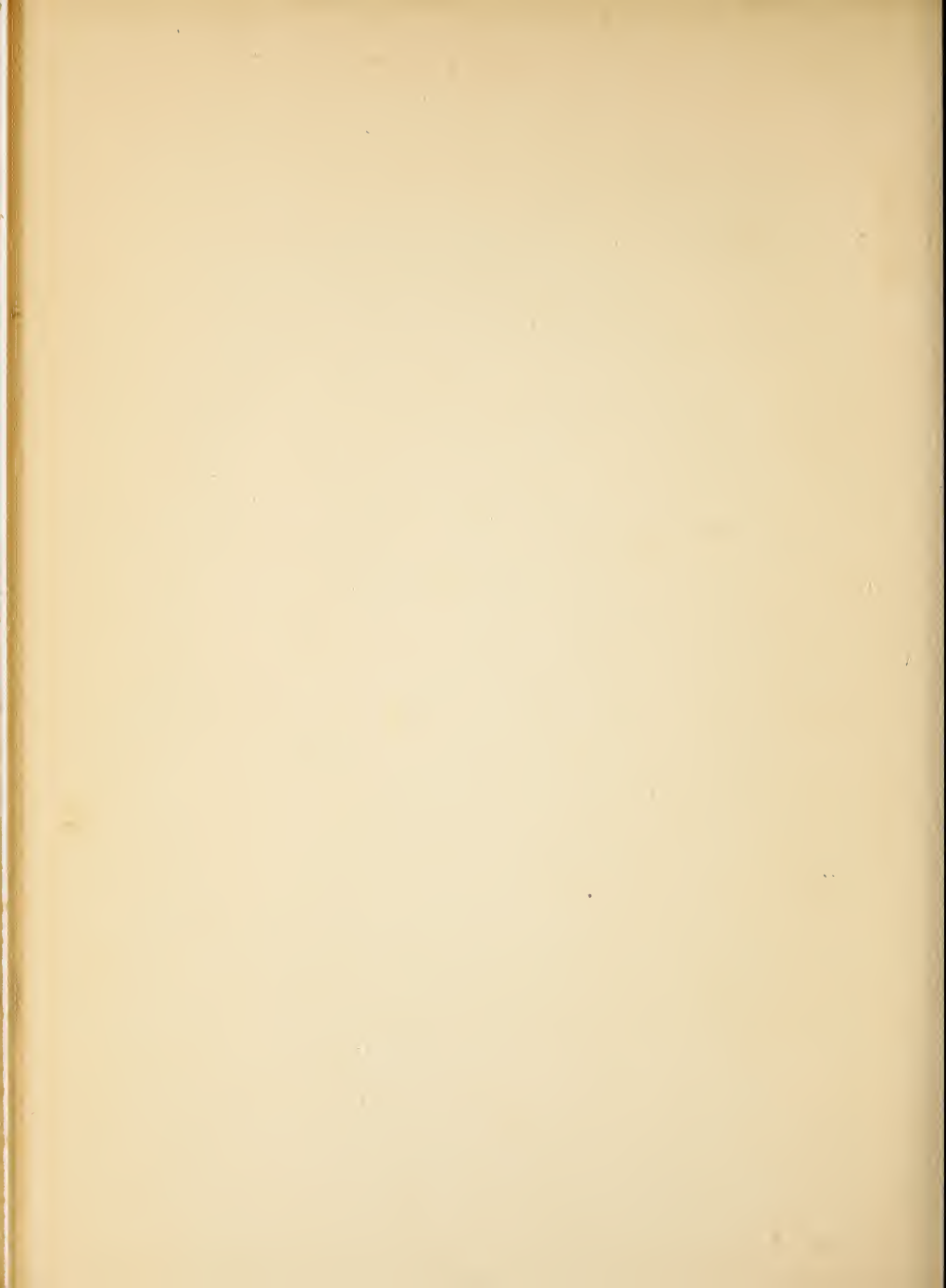
heart in all reverence, in common with you Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue.

The 30th day of this 10th month of the 23rd year of Meiji (30th October, 1890).

(Imperial Seal.)

CHAPTER X.

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CHAPTER X.

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A WEEK later, when Violet was busy writing her home letters after breakfast, Sumo Kano ran in to tell her that he and Major Yoshimo were under orders to leave that evening for the front. He seemed to be brimming over with delight, and looked very boyish and smart in his new khaki uniform. Violet cordially wished him every success; and at the same time begged him not to run unnecessary risks. He replied that he intended looking most carefully after his health, and would especially guard against enteric, by never drinking water that had not been tested, and would also, if possible, avoid sleeping on damp ground.

Violet felt quite surprised at such prudence, till he added, "I must take all possible precautions, because I do not think I could ever return if I had

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to face the shame of having been sick, and not wounded. It would be such a disgrace to my family." He then thanked her for the hospitality she and her brother had shown him, and said, he hoped he would have the honour of meeting them again, "unless," he continued with a beaming smile, "I bring glory to my country by dying in the field."

After he had said goodbye, Violet returned to her writing table with a sigh, and wondered if she would ever see this keen young soldier again. Nearly all the officers she knew, except those who had been invalided home, were now in the fighting lines, and it was reported that a great battle was imminent.

Charlie arrived rather earlier than usual for tiffin, and looked very tired, so when the meal was over, Violet persuaded him to rest in an arm chair in the verandah. He lay back with his eyes closed, and Violet sat on a stool by his side, with her needlework. He roused himself after a time, and seemed to enjoy a cup of strong coffee.

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Presently he said, "Vi, when the war is over, I hope to get a year's leave, as I feel a bit slack, and we will return home together."

Violet anxiously enquired, "Do you feel ill, Charlie?"

"No, not exactly," he replied, "but there has been a great press of work lately, so the hours have been unusually long at the office, and I suffer a good deal from sleeplessness. However, I believe the next battle will probably be a decisive one, and then we may all hope for a little rest. Hullo, here comes Yoshimo. I heard he was off to-night. Every available man appears to have received orders to join the fighting lines."

Major Yoshimo hurried up the little path leading to the verandah, and after the usual salutations said, "I have hardly a moment to spare, as I have received orders to entrain to-night at 12 o'clock, with a contingent of reserves for Shimonoseki, and thence by boat to Tairen."

"And where do you go after that?" questioned Charlie.

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"I do not know, but I shall receive sealed orders on landing, and only hope my destination will be with General Kuroki in Manchuria."

Charlie shook him warmly by the hand. "I am obliged to return to the office, as my time is up. I know you are glad to go, but we shall miss you very much. Goodbye, old fellow, take care of yourself and all good luck to you."

Major Yoshimo and Violet were alone. "I think you will be glad to hear," he said, "that the Chaplain has arranged to baptise me at 6.30 this evening at St Andrew's Church. Before leaving, I want to thank you for helping me in my decision. I remember the Emperor's words, 'Look towards the dawn or you will be lost in the darkness.' It was a message he sent to the Emperor of China some years ago. The dawn has risen for me, and my doubts have dispersed as dew before the rising sun. I do not expect to return, but shall probably die with my comrades, like a cherry blossom that falls from the tree. Please think of

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me at midnight, when we shall be entraining at Shimbashi station."

Violet held out her hand, and taking it almost reverently in his own, he bowed his head over it, and she heard him breathe "Sayonara" (Farewell). Then raising his head he looked her searchingly in the face, and seemed on the point of speaking, but apparently he changed his mind, for he quietly passed out of the verandah into the sunshine.

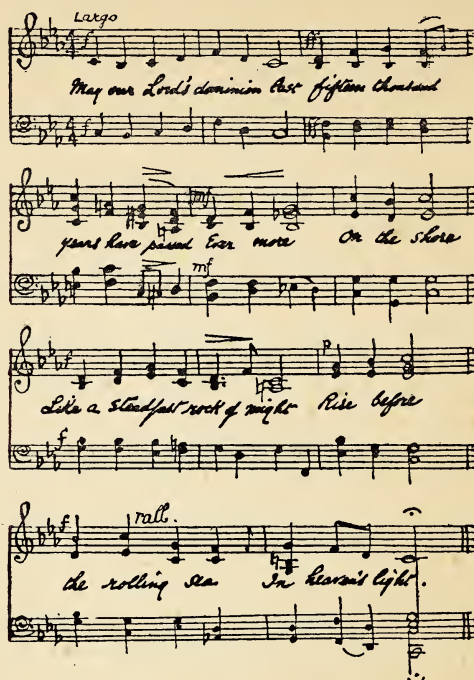
Violet watched him with tears in her eyes, till he reached the little gate, turned round, and made his last salute.

She sat up that night in her room, till the great clock at the Embassy struck twelve, and then hastily throwing on some wraps stepped into the little verandah. Her head ached, so she loosened her fair hair, which fell over her shoulders in rippling waves.

She listened intently, and in a few moments heard the steady tramp of armed men, which gradually died away in the distance. Presently a bugle rang out in the stillness of the night, playing the inspiring tune of "Kimi-

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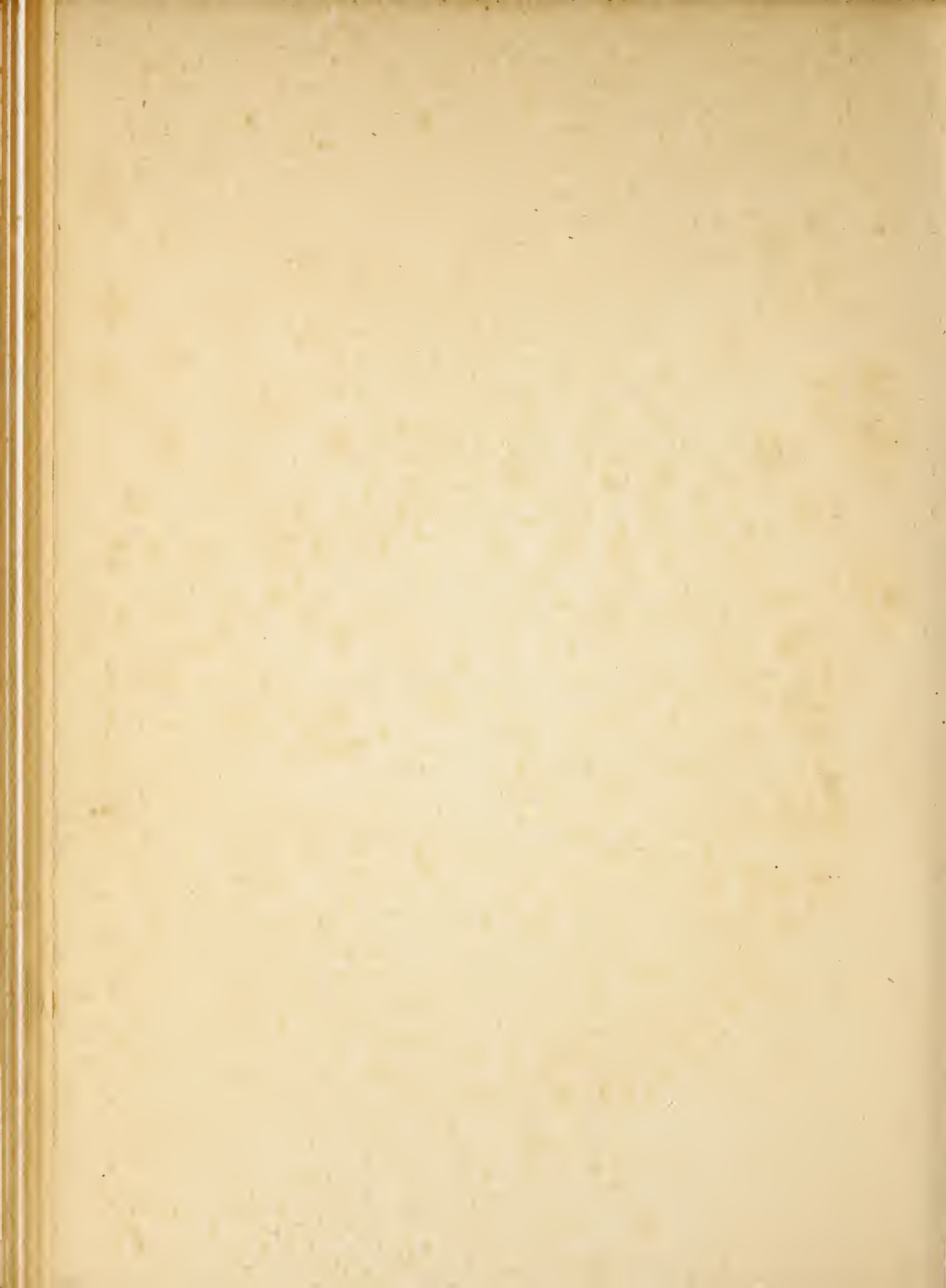
gayo" (Japanese National Anthem):

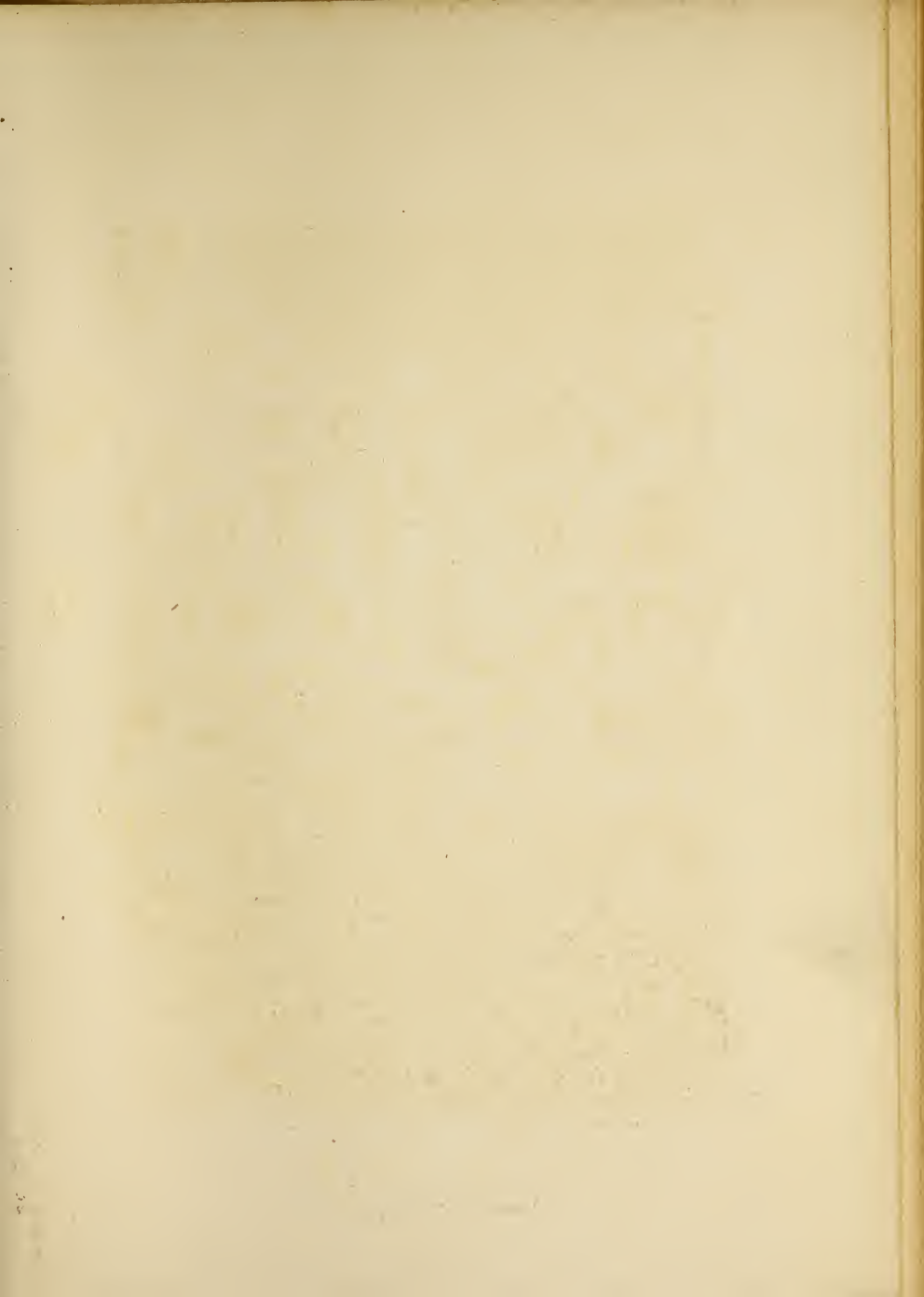


The moon had risen, and its silvery rays fell on the kneeling figure of a girl, with bowed head, and hands clasped in prayer.

CHAPTER XI.

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IN TOKYO.







CHAPTER XI.

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THE Red Cross Hospital was being extended day by day, and wooden buildings were quickly erected; in order to receive the number of wounded men, who were being sent up from the seaport town of Hiroshima. Sometimes when a special train arrived, there seemed to be an almost unending line of stretchers and jinrickishas. The number of nurses was increased, by the admission of several ladies from the Japanese Voluntary Aid Society," to help in the wards. Others were employed in writing letters for convalescents in the Recreation Rooms, by reading to helpless patients, and by arranging entertainments, etc., etc.

Violet was now a constant visitor, and daily brought books and flowers, or taught some of the officers English, which seemed to be an unfailing amuse-

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

ment to them. She was not sufficiently experienced to be able to help in nursing, but the authorities, finding that she was gentle and sympathetic, allowed her to help in many ways, when skilled training was not required.

Violet rather envied the only Englishwoman, who had joined the Japanese Red Cross Society before leaving her own country, and was working all day in the wards. She spoke most warmly of the kindness and courtesy shown her by the staff, and told Violet that, having lately passed through a great sorrow herself, she had found peace and consolation in her work.

The buildings reserved for privates were full to overflowing, and very soon Violet was asked to give her time there instead of with the officers, as the numbers were nearly doubled, and mattresses had to be laid on the floor, between the little wooden beds.

One morning a nurse handed Violet a jug of water, and told her she might fill up the patients' cups when they

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asked for oyu (hot water). Afterwards she noticed a poor fellow trying to support a newspaper with his bandaged hands, so she held it up for him till he had finished reading. Then she cleaned his pipe, and those belonging to several other men, which was rather a dirty job, but she felt repaid by their genuine pleasure and thanks. This took some time, and on returning she met two blind patients groping their way into the garden, so she put her hands on their shoulders, and guided them round the paths. They sniffed up the fresh air with delight, and when she had brought them safely back, they smiled and said " Arigato " (thank you). Although it was very pathetic, Violet nearly laughed when they bowed with their backs to her, having lost her whereabouts. After this, they asked every morning, if the Oksan Gunjin (soldier's lady) was there to take them out.

At first Violet was horrified at the terrible wounds and injuries, especially if she happened to catch sight of faces half destroyed, or disfigured beyond

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recognition, but to her surprise she found, that she soon got accustomed to these pitiful sights, and was able to forget her own personality, in the joy of waiting upon the brave sons of Yamato.

One day a message came from one of the Princesses, inviting her to the workroom set apart for them and their friends. Violet observed how intent they were on their work ; there was hardly any talking, and they would stay from six to eight hours a day, rolling bandages and preparing First Aid packets. These were most troublesome to make, and Violet's Flower Princess, who was one of the most indefatigable workers, was incapacitated for several days owing to sore fingers. The gentle little ladies never complained of monotony or fatigue, and would keep on steadily at their task for weeks, without intermission.

The routine of hospital life was a great change to Violet, after her past sheltered and luxurious life, but she felt much happier in rendering small

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services there, than in sitting at her ease in the beautiful Embassy Gardens.

One afternoon, when she was picking over and sorting wadding which had been returned from the laundry, a large batch of wounded men arrived in a terrible condition. Shell and shrapnel had done their deadly work, and frost-bite had attacked their hands and feet. It was a heartrending sight, and Violet helped the nurses to lift the helpless patients into bed, to change their stained uniforms for clean white kimonos, and to give them warm milk. It took a long time before they were comfortably settled, and the surgeons and many of the nurses were employed with bad cases in the operating Theatre for many hours.

Violet returned home about 6 o'clock, and, while resting in her arm-chair, thought over what she had seen that day, and her whole soul was filled with passionate rebellion at the horrors of war. "Oh! why must it be?" She went to the book-case, and fetching a note book, turned over its leaves till she came to some favourite lines of

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hers, written by the Archbishop of
Armagh after the battle of Colenso:

They say that "war is hell" the great accursed,
The sin impossible to be forgiven,
Yet I can look behind it at its worst
And still find blue in heaven.
And as I note how nobly natures form
Under war's red rain, I dream it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm,
Perchance, makes battles too.

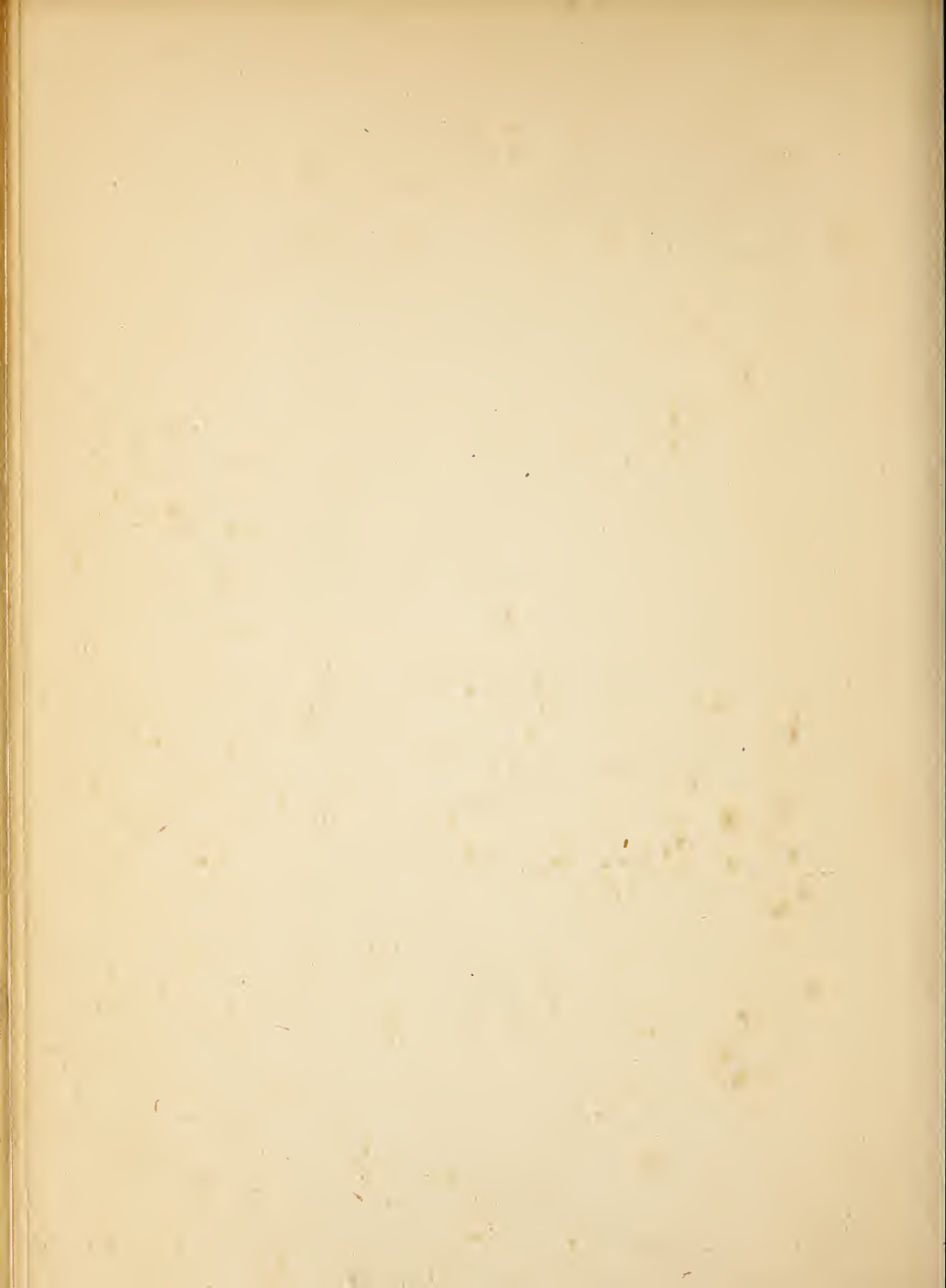
The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath;
It is the true humanity of man
Victorious over death.
Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers whose tremulous grace is learnt, beside
The trampling of the surge.

* * * * *
They who marched up the bluffs, last stormy week,
Some of them—ere they reached the mountain's crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek,
Suddenly laid them down
Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run
Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar;
Them no *revéjllé* nor morning gun
Shall ever waken more.

* * * * *
Thus as the heaven's many coloured flames
At sunset, are but dust in rich disguise,
Th' ascending earthquake dust of battle, frames
God's picture in the skies.

CHAPTER XII.

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CHAPTER XII.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

VIOLET was spending a busy morning with her Japanese maid cutting out and preparing material for a working party in the afternoon. She had undertaken to make one hundred white cotton caps for patients in the Hospitals. The room was littered with fragments of calico, and sheets of rice paper for packing. Some tiny red crosses were lying on the table, ready for stitching on the centre of each cap, and a sewing machine stood in the corner.

It was a warm spring day, and Violet occasionally looked wistfully at the garden, where great bushes of azaleas and peonies were coming into bloom. The trees were full of thousands of cicadas, whose incessant chirp was like the whistling trill of a canary, and she could see a movement amongst the

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trees, caused by these little singing insects. The cherry season was over, and the blossoms which a few days ago were white as driven snow, had fluttered to the ground in pink showers. Violet thought of the Japanese proverb, "The cherry is first among flowers as the warrior is first among men," and she wondered when news of Major Yoshimo would reach Tokyo. Jim was probably safe, as she hoped he would be far behind the line of fire, but she could not help feeling anxious, at not having heard from either of them since the great battle.

She turned to her maid, "Fusa, we shall have a nice long morning for work, because Courtley San wishes to have tiffin an hour later than usual to-day. Perhaps we shall finish all the caps this afternoon, and anyhow I promised to send them to the President of the Ladies' Volunteer Association, before to-morrow evening."

Fusa smiled, and fumbled in the folds of her obi, and in the long sleeves of her kimono, from whence she extracted a minute pipe, some tobacco, a

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roll of paper, a fan, some post-cards, and other odds and ends. Having selected a pair of scissors she replaced the rest of her treasures in these commodious pockets and began to converse with Violet.

"Missy like honourable garden party at Palace, many peoples go?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Violet, "it was a lovely sight and I am glad to have been, and to have seen the Empress at her cherry blossom party. I was presented to Her Majesty, and she looked so kind and gentle. There were also many Princesses present, and I have learnt all their names now, though one of them will always be the 'Flower Princess' to me. I think she is like that single white peony tipped with rose, out there in the garden. But tell me Fusa, do you think any of your flowers would grow in England?"

"Yes, Missy, many go in big ships. Me and flowers come too when honourable lady go away."

"But what about your husband, and two little children, Fusa?"

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"They all right, me go England, make plenty money, come back rich."

Presently Violet heard footsteps in the distance, and saw her brother coming slowly up the path.

"Why it's surely not time for tiffin"—then glancing at the clock—"no, it wants nearly an hour."

She suddenly noticed that his face was very grave.

"Fusa, you can go now and I will call you again presently. What is it, Charlie?"

"I have brought bad news, Vi. Sumo Kano has been killed in action, and a messenger has arrived from the front bringing this letter from Major Yoshimo, but I am sorry to say it is officially reported, that the poor fellow has died of his wounds since writing it."

Violet, though outwardly calm, turned very pale. She held out her hand for the letter.

Charlie seemed a little embarrassed, and turned his back to her. "I will read it to you, Vi, as it is very badly written, and difficult to make out."

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“ To Violet Courtley San. Great honour, dying in Emperor’s service, wounded internally. Perhaps Lord in Heaven will let my spirit go on with army.”

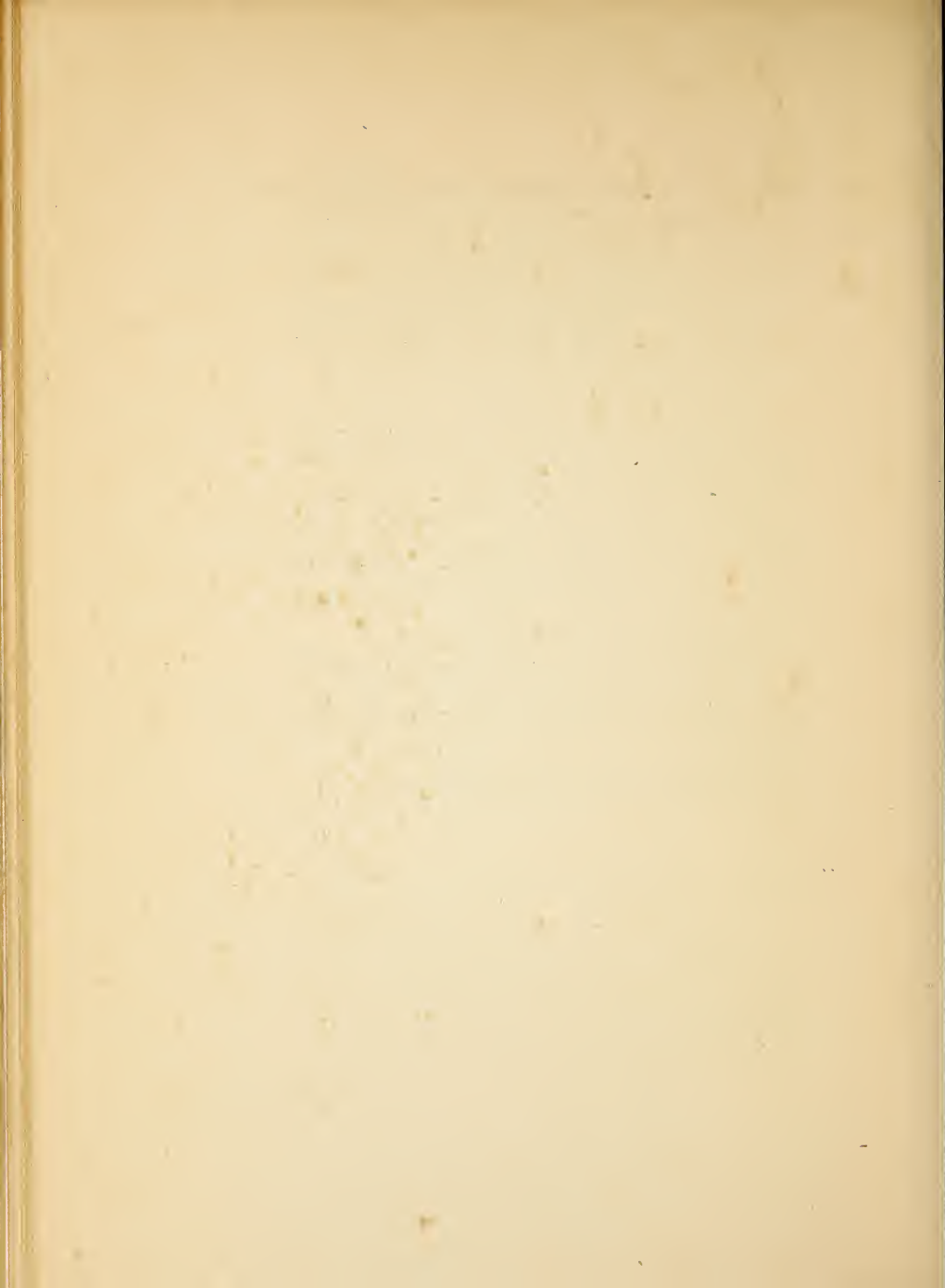
Charlie paused—“ The next two words are very indistinct, but I think they are glory, and peace.”

Violet felt a little resentful. “ It is my letter and addressed to me ; why is Charlie keeping it from me ? ”

She rose quickly from her chair and looked over his shoulder.

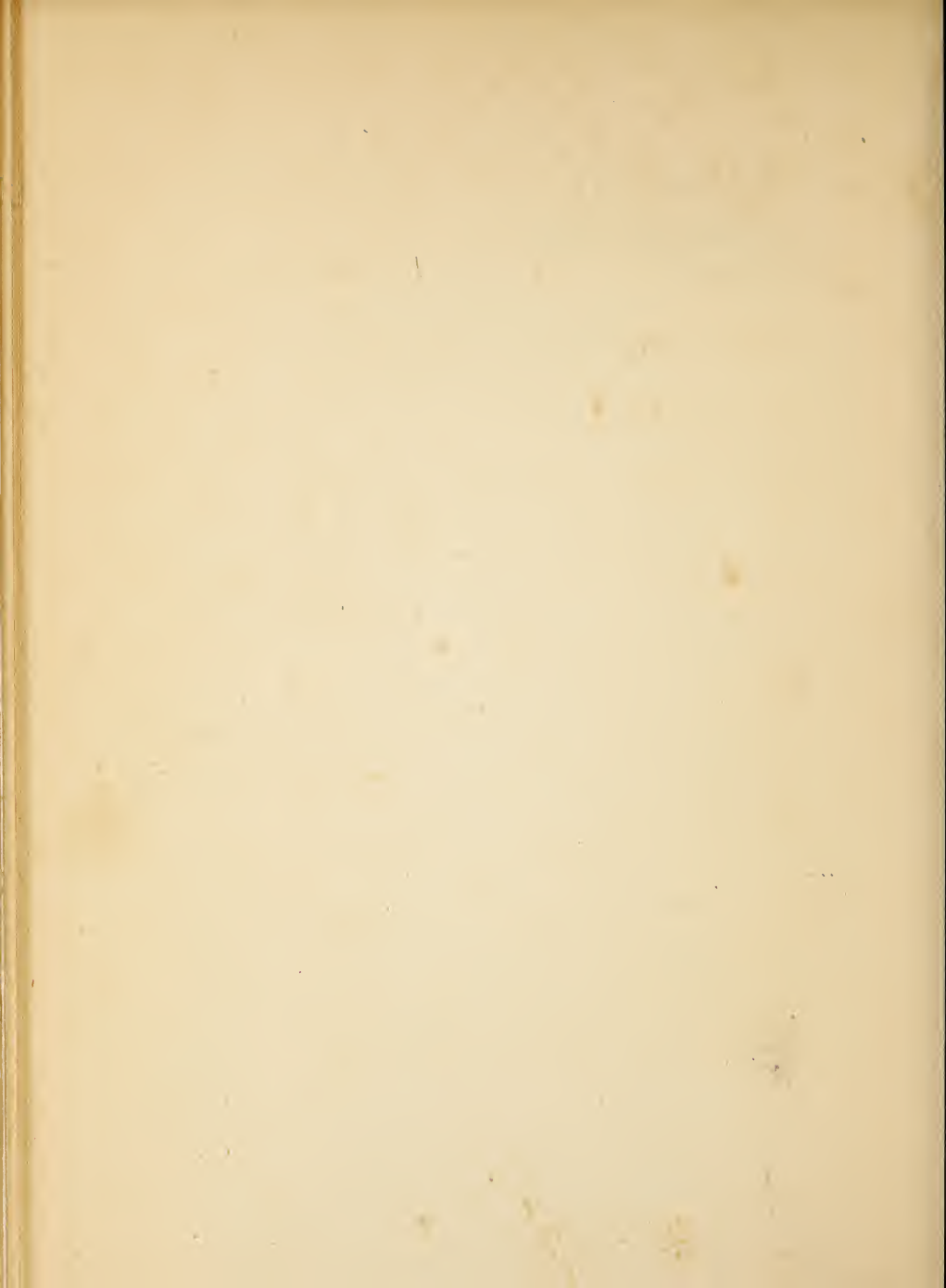
He covered the letter with his hand and tried to push it into the envelope but too late—Violet had caught sight of it.

The letter was written in blood !



CHAPTER XIII.

AN ENGLISH GIRL
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CHAPTER XIII.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

THE battle of Mukden had been fought and won, but at a tremendous cost of life, for 600,000 men had met in deadly combat. It was one of the bloodiest battles ever known in the world's history. The sky was obscured by the black smoke of burning villages, and the incessant crackle of rifles, the rattle of machine guns, and the deep thunder of cannon, rolled across the ravines. Flashes of fire revealed the positions of the exhausted Russians, who were in full retreat, and formed mere targets for the Japanese artillery. Marshal Oyama's strategy had secured a brilliant victory, with the able support of Generals Kuroki, Nogi, and Nodzu.

Jim Morton, owing to the good offices of a friend, had been able to push

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his way nearer to the front than any other correspondent, and had a good view of the stupendous artillery duel of March 17th, which lasted for thirty hours. He could see fragments of fragile Chinese houses flying through the air, and watched the merciless shrapnel strewing the plain with dead and dying. He wrote his despatches and made some hasty sketches under cover of a rock, then cautiously creeping out of shelter he started off at a quick run. Suddenly a shell burst near him, and he felt a burning sensation in his leg. At first in his excitement he hardly noticed it, and continued racing at full speed to the nearest telegraph station, hoping to be the first to get his news through.

On his way, he came across a Japanese Officer and five wounded men, lying in a hollow. They held out their hands imploring for help, and Jim had not the heart to pass them by. At the risk of losing the kudos of sending off the first despatch, he knelt down beside them, and helped to re-adjust their bandages. Then finding them parched

*credit,
fame*

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with thirst, he unstrapped his water bottle, and divided the contents amongst them.

The Officer could talk English fairly well, and he told Jim that his name was Captain Kuroda, that he and his men had been under heavy rifle fire, and had fought till all their ammunition was spent. One of the party was already dead, and he and the others were too badly injured to move.

Jim promised to send help as quickly as possible, and searched his pockets for sandwiches and brandy to leave with them. He then prepared to start off again, but the gash in his leg, which had hardly troubled him before, was now bleeding freely, and he found himself unable to walk. It was a bitter disappointment to feel that he had lost his chance, but there was nothing to be done, so he sat down again, and opening his field ambulance case, bandaged his wound to the best of his ability.

For some time he kept on shouting, hoping to attract the attention of some passer-by, but at last he gave it up in

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despair, as no one came to the rescue. Captain Kuroda seemed too feeble to make any effort, so Jim tried to pass the time by telling him tales of sporting adventures, which he translated to the other men. Then, cheery fellow that he was, he whistled some popular airs, winding up with "God save the King." Captain Kuroda tried in return to hum Kimiga-yo, but his voice was so weak and quavering, that he failed after the first line, and fell back wearily. There was no more food left, and as night drew on, a cold-pitiless rain began to fall. Jim tucked his precious despatches inside his shirt, hoping to keep them dry, but he was soon soaked to the skin, and the little hollow where they lay, became a swamp of liquid mud.

Captain Kuroda was moaning and shivering, so Jim turned over on his side, and under cover of the darkness, divested himself of his warm upper clothing and macintosh and wrapped them round him. Then he felt in the pockets of his breeches for his brandy flask, before remembering that it was

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empty, and he could only find a pipe and matchbox. He struck a light, and to his great joy, saw his tobacco pouch lying on the ground by the side of one of the soldiers, who was apparently asleep. He reached forward to take it, but in doing so touched the man's hand. It was cold and stiff.

Captain Kuroda was now resting quietly, well protected by Jim's clothing from the drenching rain, which increased in violence during the night, and turned into a heavy hail storm.

Jim felt the cold penetrating to his very bones, and his limbs becoming stiff. Towards early morning he sank into a stupor from exhaustion, no food having passed his lips for many hours, besides having suffered tortures from thirst. As he closed his eyes, he thought he was again in his dear home in Wales, resting in his mother's arms. She tenderly pressed her lips to his, and then drew back with a loving smile, while she pointed to Violet, who was coming towards him with outstretched hands. She was dressed in white, and was wearing a bunch of roses which he

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had given her the day before he left England. But her voice sounded strangely loud and rough, and Jim woke with a start to find two ambulance men leaning over him, and preparing to lift him into a stretcher.

He was now quite helpless owing to exposure, and unable to move hand or foot. Captain Kuroda was sadly distressed, when he realised that unknown to himself, Jim had covered him up warmly in the night, and probably saved his life. He turned to him and whispered in a weak voice, "My English friend and comrade." He and Jim were the only survivors of the little band.

It was some time before any news reached the Courtleys, and then it was brought by a young officer, who had heard all the details from Captain Kuroda. Jim's life had been despaired of for some days, as, in addition to rheumatic fever, an abscess had formed in his wounded leg, causing him much suffering. He had managed, however, to send a few pencil lines to Violet.

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Dear Violet,

Have been ill, but hope to go to Nakasaki soon in hospital ship, then home by long sea voyage. So sorry not to see you. May not write more.

JIM.

When the officer had left, Charlie turned to Violet, "By Jove, he is a plucky chap, I hope he will get all right soon. Bravo old Jim. I wonder, Vi, if you would like to return to England in the same boat with him. Mrs Barton is leaving soon, and would look after you on the voyage. If I can find out Jim's boat, you might all start home together."

Violet longed to go, as she was very tired, and besides having the rest of six weeks at sea, she would be able to take care of Jim ; but she glanced at Charlie before replying, and noticed how thin he was getting, and how dark lines were deepening round his eyes. Surely her first duty was with him. "No, Charlie, I will stay on with you, till you get your long leave in the

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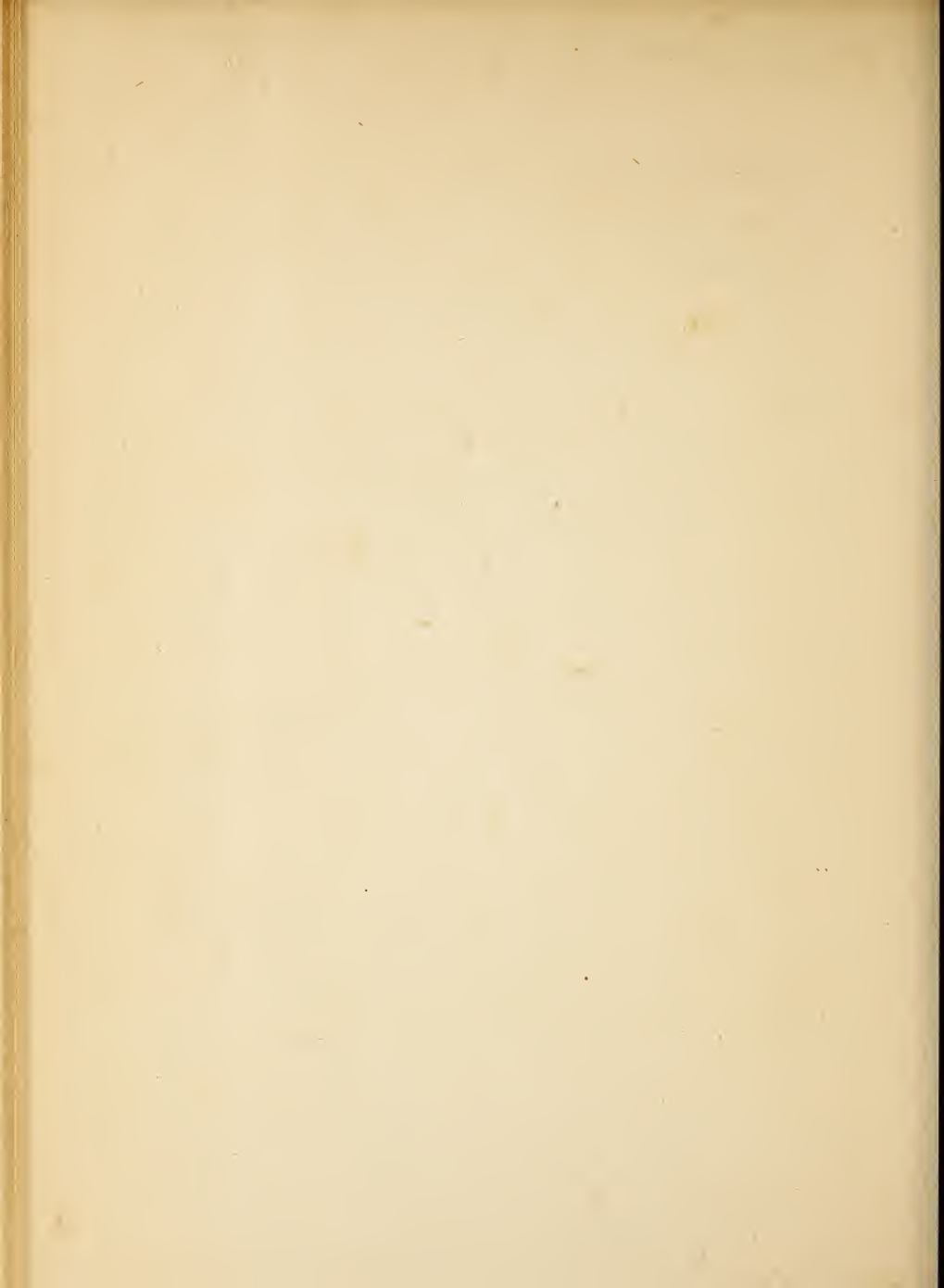
Autumn, and then we will return together."

Charlie passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "All right, Vi, if you really like to stay, I shall be glad to have you, only I thought somehow you were hankering after the old country."

Violet slipped into the little garden, to hide her disappointment, and when she returned her face was as bright as usual. Charlie must never know what the decision had cost her.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ENGLISH GIRL
IN TOKYO.



CHAPTER XIV.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

THE summer was approaching, and as the days lengthened, the public parks of Tokyo, where Geishas twang their samisen, became thronged with visitors. Most of the tea-houses overhang ornamental lakes and are supported by bamboo stakes driven into the water. The floors are spread with pale green mats, on which soft cushions are laid, in front of tiny tables about two feet high. Otherwise there is no furniture except a painted screen, a kakemono (hanging picture) and a single vase of flowers, artistically arranged, with every petal drawn and coaxed into its proper position. The sliding doors made of thin laths and white paper, which had been closed in winter behind wooden amado (shutters) are at this season drawn back into their grooves, and dainty little waitresses

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flit about in bright kimonos. All the tea-houses are surrounded by gardens which have a fascination of their own. Great fir trees, carefully pruned for many years, stretch flatly across the lakes in strange fantastic curves, their dark foliage, contrasting with the tender green of maples and bamboo.

Violet had taken a day off from the hospital, and had joined a merry party of English friends. She smiled and talked with the rest, for she remembered how Japanese women hide their troubles, for fear of making others sad. While tea was preparing, she slipped off for a few minutes by herself, and leaning over the fragile balustrade at the back of the tea-house, watched the crowds as they passed by. It was a National holiday, and they strolled under the trees, apparently undisturbed by household cares or worries. Whole families drifted slowly along, with the stream of pleasure-seekers, amongst them many little Musumes (girls) just able to toddle, or if too small to walk, carried on their mother's backs, from whence they peeped with

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enquiring eyes. There was nothing loud or jarring in the rippling laughter, and when two large parties met on the narrow pathway, each bowed and made way for the other. Violet wondered whether the people had already forgotten those terrible battles of the past, which had robbed nearly every family of a relation or friend. Her heart felt out of tune with the gay surroundings, and she almost regretted having come, till she remembered, how that morning the good news had spread through the city, that peace would probably soon be concluded. Therefore the Nation rejoiced, for it only needed the victory of Admiral Togo's fleet, to complete the downfall of the proud Russian Eagle, and through the pain which she strove to hide so bravely, Violet felt almost proud that Major Yoshimo had attained a triumphant death on the battle-field, and that Jim had proved himself a hero.

She heard herself called, " Violet ! Violet ! where are you hiding ? Tea is just ready ; come along, we are all here."

Violet left the balcony, and, return-

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ing to her friends with a bright smile, joined them round one of the lacquer tables, which held some cups without handles. The party sat down on the floor, prepared to enjoy tea "à la Japonaise," and Violet placed herself alongside Mary Howman, who, being a "flapper" of fifteen, and out for a holiday, was full of fun. Each guest had a pair of wooden chopsticks joined together, to show they were new and had not been used before. These had to be broken apart, and there was much laughter, when Mary tried her hand with them, but was soon obliged to accept a spoon provided for foreigners. The fare consisted of raw fish, white cakes made of bean flour and sugar, stewed chestnuts, lotus roots, young shoots of bamboo and edible ferns boiled in soy (a sauce made from fermented wheat with salt and vinegar), pounded chrysanthemum blossoms, and a large tub of rice, in front of which one of the waitresses knelt, doling it out as required. Weak straw-coloured tea, without milk or sugar, was served in tiny cups. The meal was a novelty to

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most of the party, and when some tempting-looking plums were brought in as a special dainty, they found these had been soaked in brine, and were only a very unappetising form of pickle.

Tea was just finished, and the coolies had drawn up the jinrickishas in line, ready for a homeward start, when a sudden stir was perceptible amongst the crowd. Men and women were eagerly holding out their hands, trying to secure leaflets from the running messengers, who, with tinkling bells fastened round their waists, were distributing them right and left at the cost of a sen.

One of the Englishmen went up to a policeman, and asked him if there was any special news. His face lightened up with joy, as he answered in broken English—"Russia all little pieces, Togo and ships safe—Big glory."

The news was spreading like wild-fire, and as they drove through the streets, flags and lanterns were being hung up and festooned from door to door, the name of Togo was on every lip, and all the people were hurrying

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home to join in the public rejoicings, and to prepare for the evening procession. The coolies in their excitement raced along, occasionally springing and jumping, till Violet and Mary, laughing heartily, could with difficulty keep their seats. Cries of "Banzai" were heard on all sides, and the Temple gates were thrown open, to receive crowds of worshippers, many of whom turned their eyes in the direction of the Palace, for surely it was by the power of the Son of Heaven, that victory had been secured.

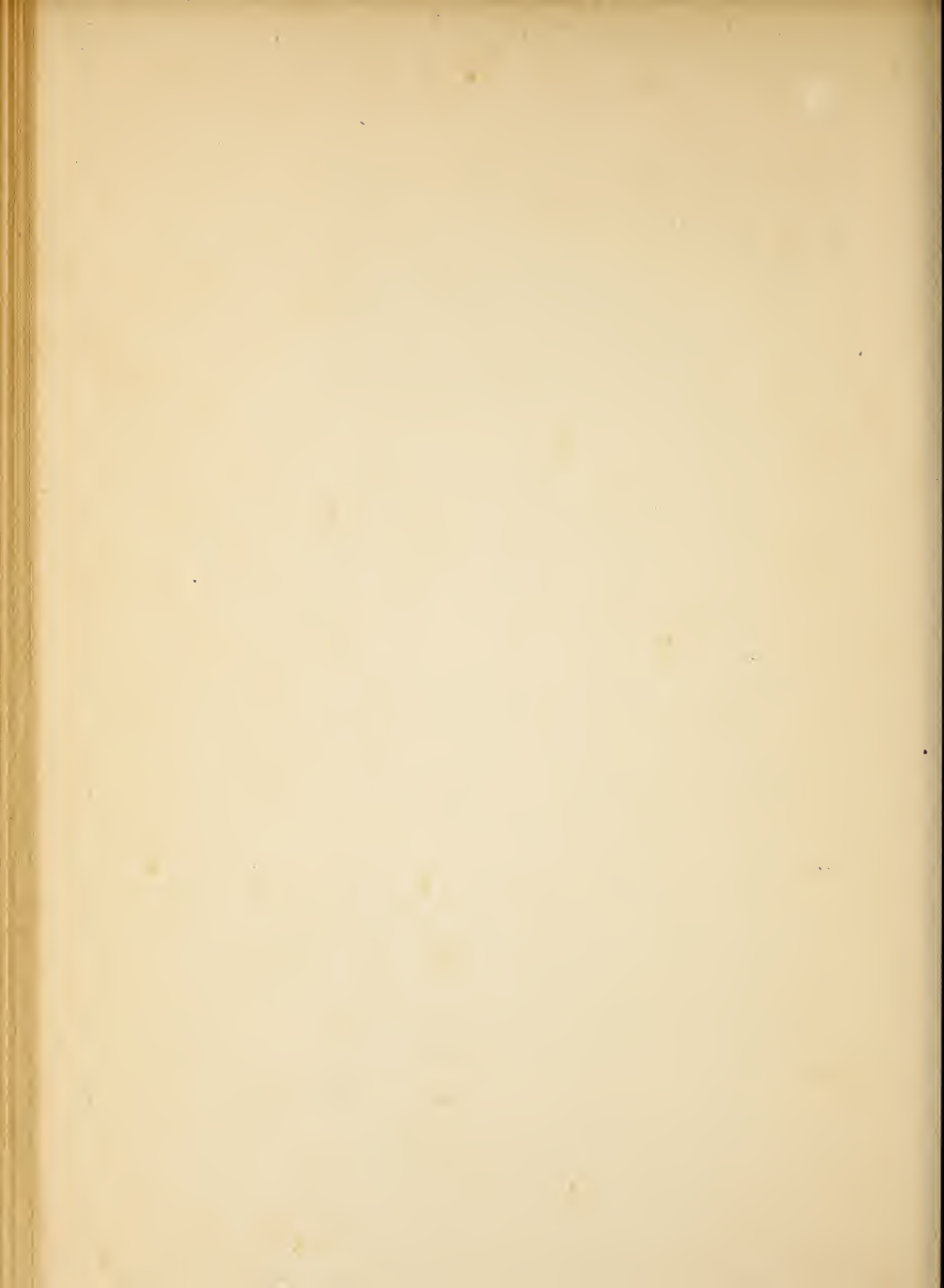
Japan was saved—and had proved herself invincible through the valour and devotion of her gallant sons.

ADMIRAL TOGO'S REPLY TO THE EMPEROR'S MESSAGE OF CONGRATULATION.

Your Majesty's Servants are profoundly thankful for the gracious message addressed to them in connection with the victory in the Sea of Japan. It is not by any human efforts but by the graces of your Majesty's virtues and by the guard-

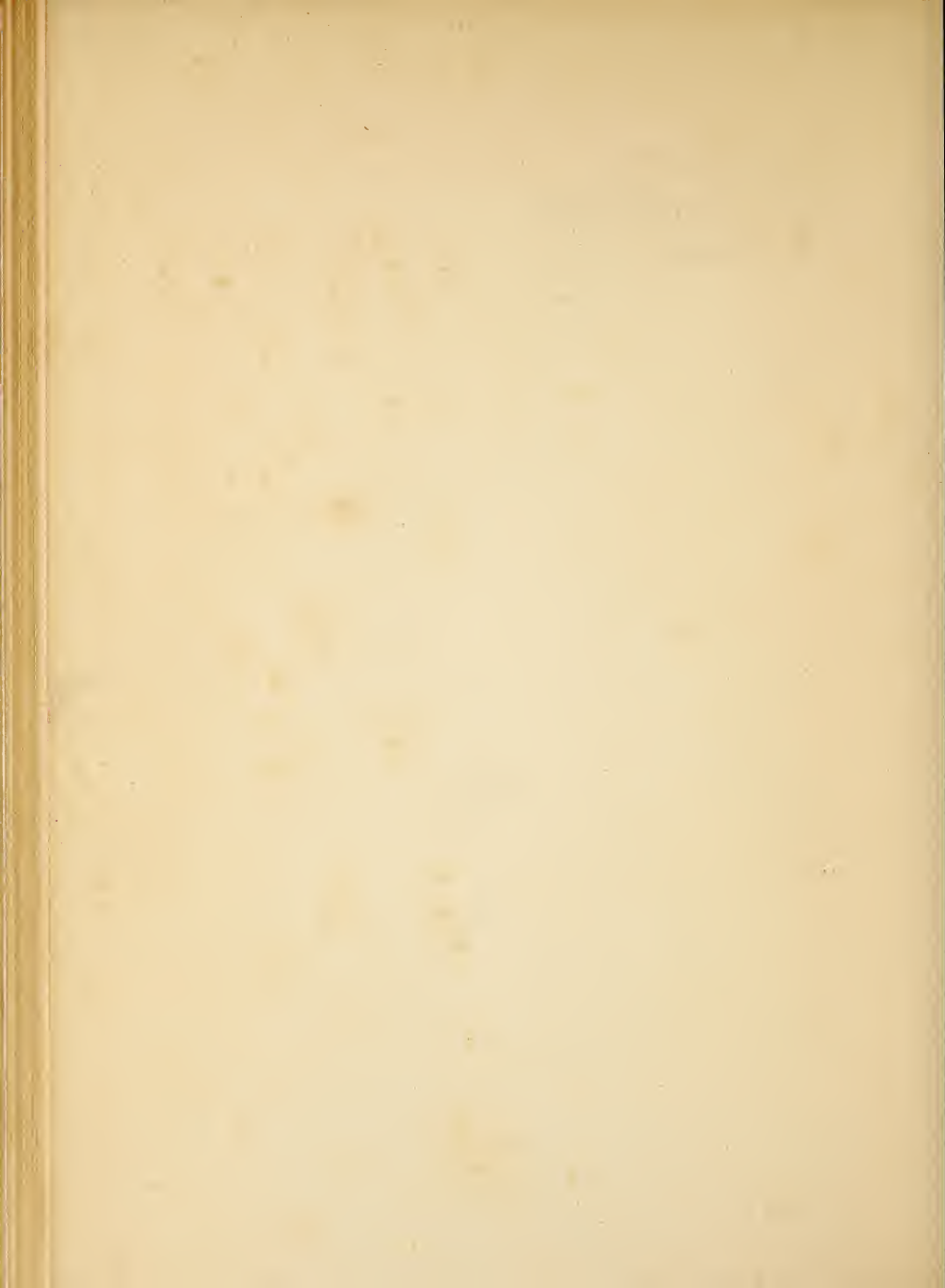
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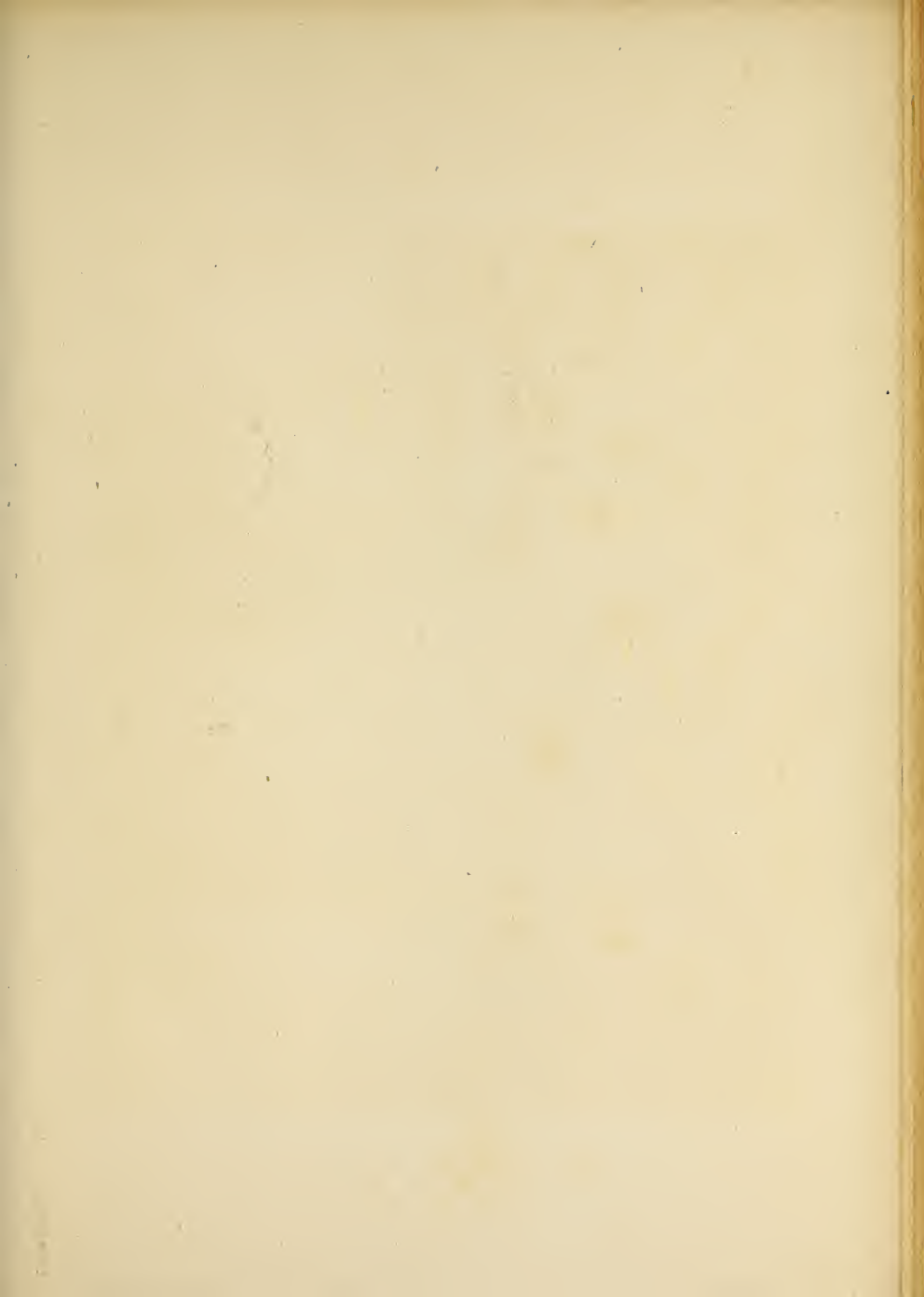
ianship of the Great Ancestral Spirits that a result so far beyond our expectations has been achieved. Your Majesty's Servants will toil with ever increased zeal to bring about the accomplishment of the Imperial purpose.



CHAPTER XV.

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AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

TOKYO began to get unbearably hot in July, and most of the foreign residents had left for summer resorts. Charles Courtley was finishing up some work, and hoped soon to get away for a month's rest, and return to England on long leave in the autumn.

Violet felt very uneasy about him, as he was getting so thin and pale, and she was thankful that she had decided to stay on in Japan, especially when one morning he fainted at the office, and was brought home by one of his colleagues. The doctor who was called in, said that he was thoroughly run down, and that the action of the heart

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was very weak, so he ordered him complete rest in bed for a few days. Charlie was anxious to finish up some business he had on hand, and was somewhat difficult to manage. Violet gave up all her engagements and Red Cross work, in order to nurse and look after him.

The air became very oppressive, and the mosquitos were a constant annoyance. If the windows were opened after dark, they buzzed round in swarms with their venomous little stings, and only retired into obscurity at dawn.

Violet tried to amuse Charlie in every way she could think of, but he was very depressed, and when allowed out of bed, would sit quietly in his armchair, only rousing up when friends came in for a chat. The weekly arrival of the English mail made a welcome change for the invalid, and he always looked forward to it with much pleasure.

One morning Violet came to his room with quite a budget of letters and newspapers, and having settled him com-

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fortably with the "Times," she went into the adjoining room with her own correspondence, amongst which she was glad to find a letter from Jim.

My dear Violet,

I hope soon to hear that you and Charlie are returning home, as I gather from your last letter, that he is feeling the effects of over-work, and also it is much too late for either of you to remain in Tokyo. I am getting anxious about you, and hope by this time you have gone to the mountains. Do be careful not to run about in the sun without a hat, and it is a good plan to have a siesta (Indian fashion) after tiffin, and mind you wrap up well at sun-down.

I shall soon be all right now, and am able to walk to the lake and back with the help of two sticks, but the doctor says I shall always limp, as the muscles of my leg are contracted. I think of getting a car, as it is doubtful whether I shall ever be able to

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cross a horse again, though it does not much matter as there is no hunting round here. There are always plenty of interests for a man, and I hope to get on the County Council and School Board. So far the pheasants have hatched out well, and fishing prospects are also satisfactory. I fear a winter in the country must be rather wearisome for ladies, as there is not much amusement for them except a few shooting parties.

Let me know directly you arrive, so that I may run up to town to meet you. I want to ask your advice on a matter, that has been on my mind for many months. Suppose a man is in love with a girl, but she only chaffs him when he tries to give her a hint of his intentions, do you think he had better risk his luck? If he fails it will be a bitter disappointment to him, and she will never be the same jolly companion again. It is a real puzzle, and I think perhaps he is wanting in pluck, and ought to have spoken long ago.

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Do think it over and tell me when we meet.

If you are now at Chuzenji, you are probably having a gay time with picnics and dances, as all the Legations move up there in the summer. I am afraid we shall never again have a valse together, as I shall always be more or less a lame dog.

By the way, it seems that peace is practically signed, and I hear that Japan is making all sorts of plans for the advancement of the country. She will now take her place amongst other great Nations in the world, and I am glad we have her as an ally.

I must finish up my letter, as mother is waiting to take me for a row on the lake, if I can manage to hobble into the boat. You will laugh when I tell you, that there's an almanack hanging in the library, on which I chuck off the days till you and Charlie return. I hope you will decide to come from Yokohama to Vancouver, and across the Rocky Mountains. It is the quickest route, and also there is less chance of being

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caught in a typhoon. Be sure and let me know your boat, and in the meantime think over my question.

Yours ever,

JIM.

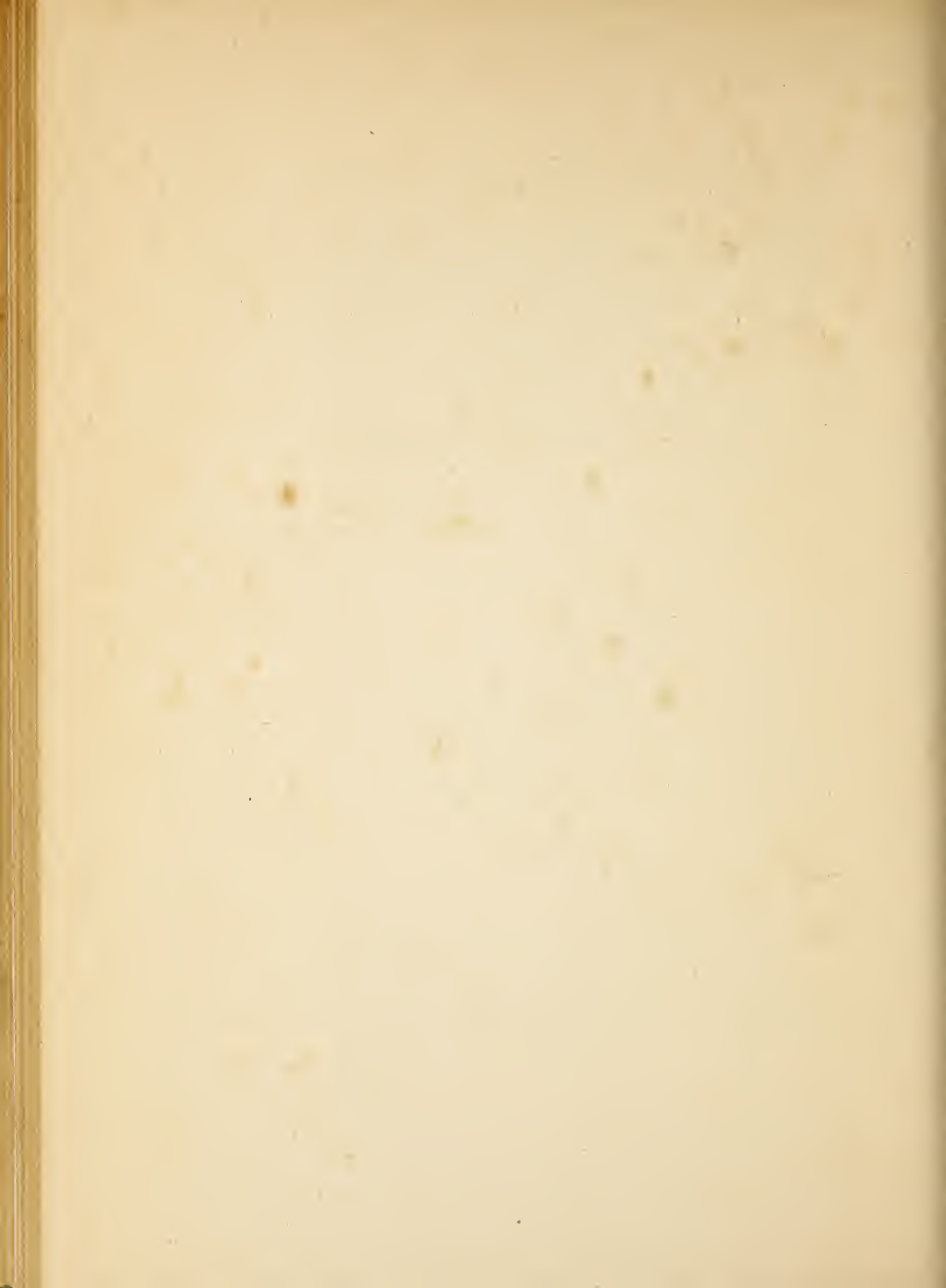
Violet read the letter over several times, and then folded it up very thoughtfully. There was no mistaking Jim's meaning, and she felt touched by his long devotion. Lately she had guessed by his letters, that she was more to him than a mere comrade. Japan had modified many of her views, and she no longer hankered after constant change and amusement, as in the old days. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of Major Yoshimo. "Dear Jim, it is too soon yet, but perhaps—some day."

She heard Charlie calling her. "Vi, come and read this kind letter from His Excellency. He is spending a few days at Yumoto, and has written to say that he is very sorry I have been ill, and wishes me to return to England at once, instead of waiting till the

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Autumn. I suppose I must obey his orders, and any way I should not be of much use at the office for some time."

Charlie looked quite brisk again—"Hurrah! for old England. Hurry up Vi, and we will take our passages in the "Empress of India," which leaves for Vancouver in a fortnight's time.



CHAPTER XVI.

AN ENGLISH GIRL
IN TOKYO.



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AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

“CAN anything compare in beauty with my home in Wales on a summer’s evening in June?” exclaimed Violet, who five years ago had married Jim Morton, and was now playing with Bobby, her four year old son, by the side of the lake. She was looking up at the house which was situated on rising ground and was covered with jessamine and virginian creeper. It had a background of firs and larches, and a fine cedar and copper-beech stood out as specimens.

It was truly a lovely spot, with its view of the Black mountains which stretched in one unbroken chain across the valley, a high peak towering above the others, like a sentinel keeping watch.

Long expanses of turf led to the lake and boathouse, the latter covered with masses of white climbing roses. On

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the right a streamlet wound its way through a bog garden, which was full of rare plants. Tall bamboos fringed its sides, and a little path led to a rustic seat, through banks of green moss and oak fern.

On the left it was less thickly wooded, and glimpses could be caught of the pleasure grounds, with their beds of bright begonias, and a wide border full of Japanese peonies and lilies, while ramblers were tumbling over high poles in rich profusion.

In the prettiest corner of the dingle there was a well of clear fresh water, level with the pathway. A rough stone was inscribed with the following words in Welsh, "Yr hun a yrr y ffynhonnau i'r dyffryhoedd" ("He sendeth the springs into the valleys") and fumitory, London pride, and forget-me-nots, fell from rocky niches over noble osmunda ferns. The little stream rippled gaily on, till passing under an archway, it fell over a waterfall into a corner of the lake.

Bobby was very busy with a toy boat, which was being pulled to and fro

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on a string, his nurse on one side and he on the other.

Presently Jim arrived from the river with a basket of freshly caught fish, and laying it on the ground with his rod and tackle, he came and sat down beside Violet on the sloping bank.

They watched a flock of wild duck circling over-head, and a heron with ungainly flight, seeking the marshes.

Sambo, a black poodle with pink ribbons tying up two ridiculous tufts of hair on his head and tail, was rushing to and fro, barking frantically at the fancy ducks, which continued to splash and dive quite unconcernedly.

Bobby's little boat, though wobbling dangerously, had to his great delight made several safe voyages, when suddenly a gust of wind caught the sails, and nearly swamped it.

"Mummy, Mummy," he cried, "my boat is sinking; quick, quick."

Violet flew to the rescue, and was just in time to pull it safely to shore. Bobby wanted to start it again, but Violet, taking his hand in hers, said gently, "It will soon be bed-time now,

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leave it darling for to-night, it has reached home safely."

Bobby trotted off contentedly to his father, who allowed him to peep into the fish basket, where silvery trout and a couple of ~~sewin~~ were lying on some freshly gathered grass. Then they rejoined Violet, and Bobby sat quietly on his father's knee, watching Sambo.

"How happy this anniversary of our wedding day has been," said Violet, with a sigh of content.

Jim put his arm round her. "Are you quite sure, sweetheart, that you never regret your London seasons, nor your friends in Japan?"

Violet bent her head and kissed the child's golden curls, then nestling closer to her husband, she broke into a merry laugh, though there was a suspicion of moisture in her blue eyes, as she glanced at the little boat now safely tied to a post.

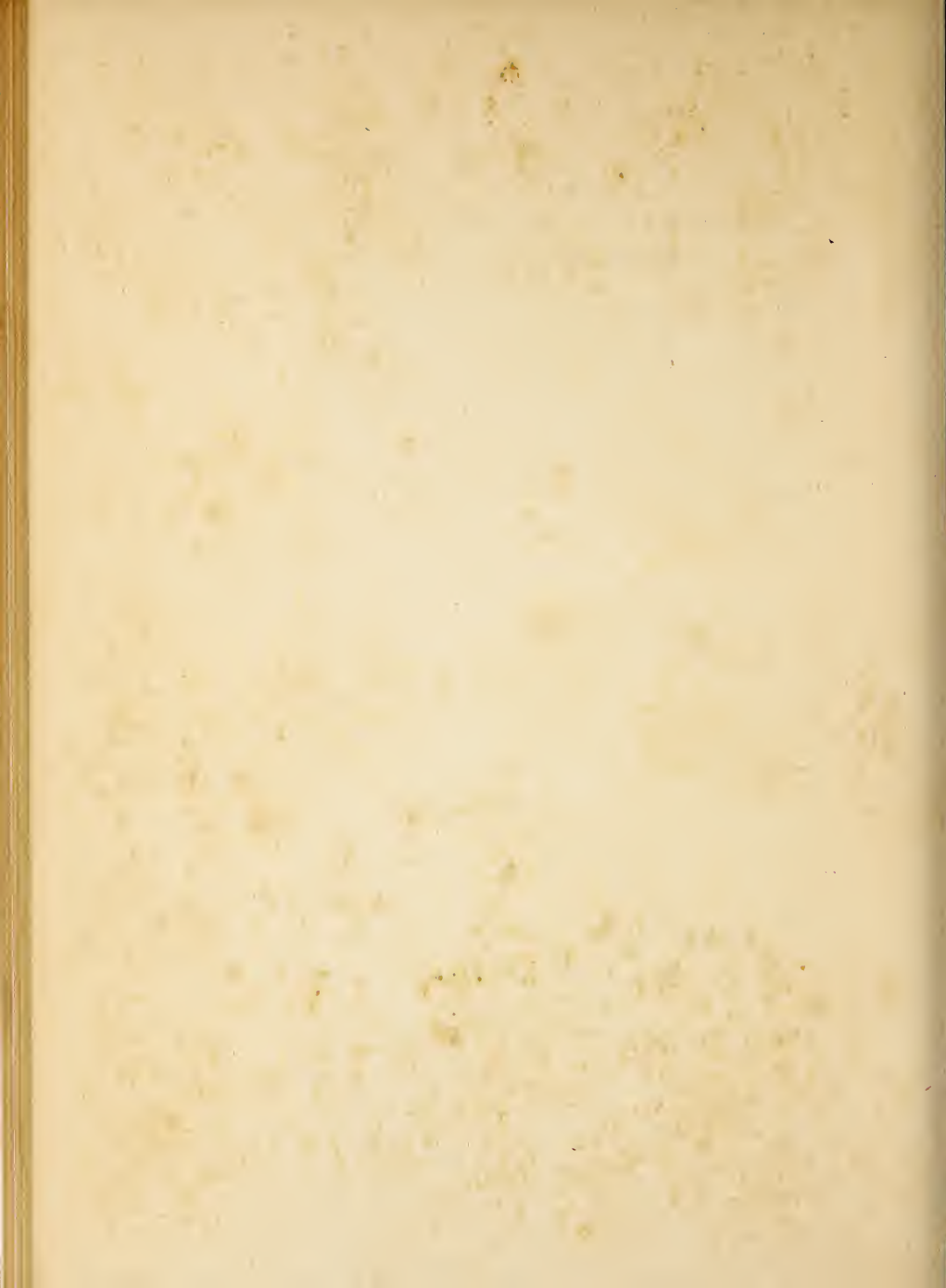
"Dear old Jim, I think Japan taught me some of the deep lessons of life, but now I have found true happiness in my home, with you and Bobby."

The summer twilight was drawing to

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a close, and the large white and yellow water lilies were gradually folding their glossy petals. Deep shadows lengthened on the mountains, which were thinly veiled with the pearly mists of evening, a sweet fragrance rose from a bed of night stocks, and the song of the birds was hushed.

All nature was at rest in the peaceful valley.



"In Japanese Hospitals during War Time."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

An entertaining volume on Hospital work by Mrs Richardson, who served for fifteen months with the Red Cross Society of Japan. She has a fine record, and the impressions of Hospital work are cleverly portrayed, and the book is bright and cheerful throughout, the reader being spared tiresome details and technicalities.

Standard.

Mrs Richardson has undertaken to give her impressions of Japanese Hospitals at the request of Baron Ozawa, one of the presidents of the Red Cross Society. That the impressions would be highly favourable might have been expected, and silent endurance, courtesy in the midst of agony, friendliness and gracious behaviour are what she found among officers and privates alike. We were prepared for these traits, but not for the gentler poetry which Mrs Richardson appears to have found in Japan throughout the storm and stress of war. It pervades the book because it has pervaded the writer's experience. Let us say here that she tells her story admirably, with no effort after fine writing, no misplaced gush, but with a simplicity and consequent expressiveness which render her pages abundantly interesting.

St James Gazette.

While Mrs Richardson gives the most graphic pictures of Hospital life, and the Red Cross work, there is not a paragraph, nor a page of the gruesome, though it contains a few red patches. The book is charming by reason of its simplicity, and the volume is more readable than a romance, and deserves a place on the shelves of every library.

South Wales Daily News.

Still another book about Japan, and yet one that could not well be spared, for one gathers from Mrs Richardson's graphic and unaffected narrative of life "In Japanese Hospitals during War Time," not only a vivid idea of the perfection of their Red Cross arrangements, but in addition some interesting and valuable sidelights on the national character and customs. Mrs Richardson was the first lady to enter Port Arthur after the siege, and gives a graphic account of its state. The book is embellished by a number of portraits.

Newcastle Chronicle.

The Russo-Japanese war has been the subject of many writers, and though it has been treated in many cases ad nauseam, readers will welcome a volume by Mrs Richardson, member of the Japan Society. She has written a graphic and most impressive account of her experiences during a unique period of modern history, and has thrown invaluable side lights on the complex character of the Japanese. The book is as fascinating as a novel.

Madame.



