

hatted, frock-coated foreigner, who was taking such an impertinent interest in their affairs, not a soldier so much as turned his head or looked sideways with his eyes to view the inquisitive stranger. There is no doubt about the Japanese officers having their men thoroughly in hand. But, to a student of Japanese history, although the military spirit imbuing both is the same, it is hard to realise that the disciplined soldier of to-day is the modern representative of the *Samurai*, the feudal two-sworded retainer who existed as a warrior class until only thirty years ago. It is difficult to believe that the quiet, self-contained, well drilled soldier of a modernised Imperial Japan, dressed like a European and fighting like one, has anything whatever in common with the feudatories of high and low degree who formed the armies of the Shôguns of old. Or that upon them has descended the mantle of the forty-seven Rônins who, to avenge their liege lord Yemba Hangwan's officially ordered suicide, swarmed behind the faithful Oboshi Yuranosuke, over the castle walls of the Shôgun's representative, the haughty Lord Moronao, Count of Musashi; well knowing that once their vengeance accomplished each and every one of them would be doomed in turn to die by his own hand! Yet so it is! the Japanese soldier of to-day has the courage and devotion of the Samurai of yesterday or of the Ronin of five hundred years ago; the traditions of the courage of his ancestors is nursed by him from childhood, and he is all the more formidable for being well fed, well led, well educated and well equipped.

Speaking of his being well fed reminds me of the cook houses, to which we passed after leaving the permanent buildings. In these cook houses the shining ranges were of the latest modern construction and the walls, floors and cooks themselves, in their neat white dresses, all as clean as a new pin.

After the cook houses we visited the lavatories. Hitherto all that we had seen equalled in the excellence of its arrangements, the best British barracks; it now far surpassed it. For, instead of there being merely the rows of fixed basins, with taps of cold water, to which poor Tommy Atkins has to resort on the coldest of winter mornings; here was hot water as well as cold. Moreover, what would be thought a luxury of cleanliness far too great for the British soldier was here apparent, in a plentiful supply of full length baths, with ample water, hot enough for the men to boil themselves in it if they pleased. And how a Japanese man or woman loves self boiling,