

In the Prisons of Tokyo

IT was just six years ago on the night of the sixteenth of October that a terrible tragedy occurred in Tokyo which was destined to change the course of my whole life work. Under circumstances which need not be gone into here, a quiet decent young man, a clerk in the National Red Cross, much trusted by the higher officials, married his wife and two little children. He appears to have come to himself shortly after doing the deed, and before the affair was discovered, gave himself up to the police. I had known both the man and his wife for about two years, and the little ones as well, and the blow to me was terrible.

I visited the man in prison at intervals during the year that the trial was