



A TRIP THROUGH JAPAN

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the Sacred Bridge, with its posts and rails of beautiful red lacquer, and ornaments of brass. None save the Emperor may step upon this bridge. In ancient times it was open only to the Shogun.

The Iyeyasu Temple is the most gorgeous in Japan. An admission fee of 80 sen entitles one to visit this temple and a couple of others near by. The Iyeyasu Temple was built by the Third Shogun—Iyemitsu—in honor of his illustrious grandfather Iyeyasu, the First Shogun, who was the greatest feudal chief in the middle ages. He ruled Japan with a wise but despotic sway for many years.

In order to reach the tombs of these great men, we were obliged to climb farther up the sacred mountain by one of the great stone staircases.

We then walked down to the limpid stream that led us to the granite Buddhas—hundreds of them sitting side by side, solemnly watching the stream as it rushes on.

The shops of Nikko have many curios attractive to the tourist. The shopkeepers have a room in the hotel in which they are permitted to display their wares.

Lake Chuzenji is about eight miles from the Nikko Hotel, and before we started the hotel manager gave us all necessary directions and assured us it was unnecessary to take a guide. After going a short distance up the mountain road we noticed an old Japanese following us, and my companion mentioned that it might be unwise to make such a trip by ourselves. This old Japanese finally came to his home and made us understand he would like to take us to the Lake and back in jinrikisha for a small fee. Although we declined his offer he continued with us some distance, pointing out the short cuts. We had several similar experiences, and the courtesy of these humble jinrikisha men gave us a feeling of absolute security.

On the way up the mountain there are Tea-houses placed at advantageous points to command a fine view, where one may rest and indulge in tea and cakes. A jinrikisha may be hired at these Tea-houses in case one does not care to continue on foot.

When we came to the Lake we found it almost entirely surrounded by high and impressive mountains.

In the mountain towns are gutters of running water for the free use of the people. One housewife will be doing the family washing and lower down another may be washing her vegetables in the same gutter.

Kioto is one of the ancient capitals and during the supremacy of the Shogun was the home of the Mikado—the Shogun residing at Tokio.

The largest Temple in Kioto is the Higashi Hongwanji. This is a Buddhist Temple built by the common people who contributed not only money and materials but labor as well. And poor peasant women, destitute of all save their wealth of hair, sent this as an offering to be

woven into cables for hoisting beams, etc., in the construction of the Temple.

The work shops of Kioto rank among its most interesting sights and one should not fail to pay a visit to the Damascene, cloisene and inlaid bronze works, as well as the lacquer and satsuma factories.

Miyajima—an island in the Inland Sea—is known as the Sacred Island, also as one of the three most lovely sights of Japan and it fully justifies its reputation.

It was about daybreak when we made the approach. Sharply chiseled against the sky Miyajima stood forth in all its majesty like a mammoth green and yellow gem resting in a sapphire sea.

The railroad station across from the Island is also called Miyajima.

The Miyajima Hotel operates a launch from the island to Miyajima Station, charging ¥1.50 (75c.) for transportation of passenger and baggage. The round trip on the ferry is 13 sen (7½c.) but in taking it one is obliged to walk about a mile to the hotel, as there are no jinrikishas or other means of conveyance on the island. Formerly the island was held to be so sanctified that no births or deaths were permitted upon it. There is still a ban on horses and dogs.

A good trail leads to the top of the mountain, with Tea-houses at various intervals for rest and refreshments. From the apex of the mountain the most wonderful view is beheld of the Inland Sea, dotted with innumerable mountainous islands of fantastic shapes and various sizes.

The temple here presents a unique spectacle at high tide, when it appears to float on the surface of the bay. A big, stately Torii stands in the sea in front of this Temple.

The Hall of a Thousand Mats is a large unadorned hall containing thousands of mats. It gets its name from the fact that while some soldiers destined for China were quartered in this building, they wrote their names on rice paddles and prayed for victory. Visitors frequently buy mats, inscribe their names upon them and place them in some conspicuous place.

A short distance from the Hall of a Thousand Mats is a Pagoda. In Japan these structures are usually five stories high, and they are found near Buddhist Temples. Their presence is supposed to draw down every felicitous blessing from above and repress any evil influence in the particular community in which they stand.

Nagasaki is situated on Nagasaki Bay and from a boat in the harbour it affords a picturesque sight with its terraced rice paddles and beautiful evergreen hills. Its chief industry is the manufacture of articles made from tortoise shell.

We were there during the cherry blossom season and we found the trip to Mogi, which takes only about three hours in a jinrikisha, most attractive. The road led over hills and valleys dotted with numerous cherry, plum and other fruit trees in bloom. Mogi itself is a pretty sight, and is situated on a gulf.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

(Continued from page 14.)

was descending upon them in healing power, and that whoever would lift up his arms and glorify Jehovah would be healed. An indescribable pandemonium ensued. Men shouted and women cried; crutches were thrown toward the platform, and some who had not walked unaided for years, hypnotised by the excitement of the occasion and raised into veritable frenzy, danced up and down in the aisles. The next morning her "Twelve Apostles," as she termed them, were busy nailing crutches and braces of various sorts to the walls of the church. After that her little tabernacle became too small for the crowds that sought admittance. They overflowed into the street, and sometimes she stood in a window and hurled her piercing sentences down among them.

She had a peculiarly capable sense of news values. There was always something in her sermons that the papers could seize upon, and for several months she was a regular help in the time of their Monday edition trouble. She was bitter against the doctors and the preachers; and as time went on her exhortations became rather galling to some of the more sensitive brethren of the city. Two of them, who had been most severely handled by her, at length prevailed upon the police to have her locked up as a public nuisance and disturber of the peace.

I heard about it Sunday night from Pete, and it seemed to me a most unfortunate action. Whatever her vagaries, or those of any other speaker, I have never relished the idea of police interference in the matter of free speech. Moreover, there was no surer way to give form and substance to her movement than by awarding her the crown of the martyr.

It was in this frame of mind that I went home Sunday night. Monday morning I picked up the paper to find her name, as usual, in the paper, and—to my surprise and consternation—my own linked with it.

These were the headlines:

JEHOVASHA ARRESTED

Prophetess Imprisoned for Disturbing the Peace Says the Lord will send Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to Deliver her.

The reporters were at the telephone before I had finished my breakfast. I put them off with evasive answers, and got Edgerton on the wire.

"What do you think about it?" I said.

"It's a shame she was ever locked up," he replied. "The woman's a drug fiend and probably insane, but she's harmless."

"Just what I think, but what are we going to do?"

He hesitated a moment, and then his great

laugh rang out heartily. "I don't see how we can let the Lord fall down on His promises," he said. "I'll meet you at the police station in half an hour."

So we two, Edgerton and I, delivered her, as she had announced that we would do. The inspector brought her out into his own office. As she stepped through the door, I recognized her at once as the "Voice of the Lord," the woman who for a month had written me a daily letter. She was older, and worn, and there were the unmistakable signs that the drug had almost finished its evil work. But her spirit was unbroken.

We talked with her a long time, Edgerton and I. We told her that we had come to deliver her because we believed she had been mistreated, but that we could not agree to go bond for her unless she was willing to leave the city and return to her relatives. At first she refused, but when we made as though to leave she broke down, and, throwing herself upon us, pleaded with us not to leave her in jail. So we arranged for her bail, and adjusted matters with the police officers and the two brethren, who were willing to forget the charge. Edgerton agreed to see her to a train, and to telegraph her people in the city where her name is and always has been an honoured one.

She had stopped crying; while we were busy with the telephone and the legal papers, her eyes followed me from place to place. Finally she spoke:

"I won, didn't I, Doctor?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I told you the Lord would glorify me and that you would be the instrument of my glory. You are, aren't you? A week from now I'll be forgotten around here, I suppose. But to-morrow"—she gave a little chuckle—"to-morrow the papers will say that my prophecy was fulfilled, that the Lord sent Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to deliver me. Won't they?"

"No, they won't," I answered, "not if Edgerton and I have any influence with the city editors. They won't say anything more about you—ever." She was silent for a time, until Edgerton stepped over to help her on with her coat. Grasping it with one hand, she turned and raised the other above her head, facing me with a pathetic remnant of something like her old-time fire.

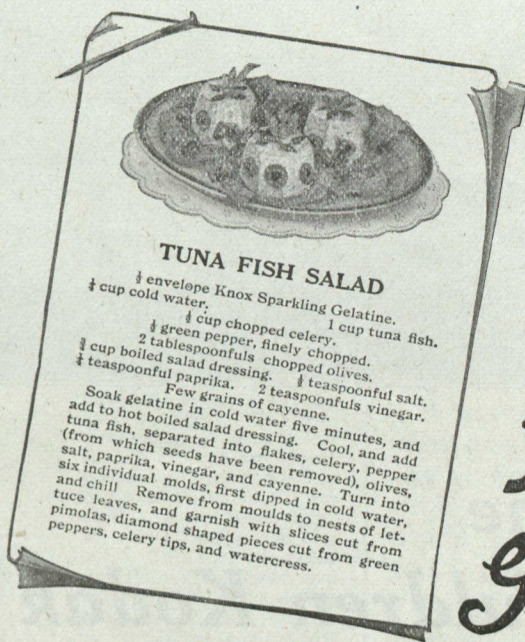
"The Voice of the Lord," she said. "He sent you to deliver me, to be the instrument of my glory. If you don't believe me, ask Him. He will tell you I was sent to restore prophecy upon the earth."

I watched her walk slowly down the street, leaning lifelessly upon Edgerton's arm, until they reached the corner and climbed into a car, and she passed for ever out of my sight.

Here is a New Salad Recipe

for the readers of

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD



TUNA FISH SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup cold water.
1 cup chopped celery.
1 cup tuna fish.
2 green peppers, finely chopped.
2 tablespoonsful chopped olives.
1 cup boiled salad dressing.
1 teaspoonful paprika.
2 teaspoonful salt.
Few grains of cayenne.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, six individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from moulds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from tomatoes, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips, and watercress.

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