



A CELEBRATION AT KOBE STATION IN HONOUR OF DEPARTING TROOPS

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

together. The officers of the army, the descendants of the old *Samurai* class, have the fighting blood of generations in their veins; the rank and file, the descendants of the old coolie class, have for generations been accustomed to following the instructions of the *Samurai*, and are now rejoiced at the grand opportunity of fighting. Feudalism, as a system, is abolished in Japan, but the spirit of feudalism is still by far the most powerful force in the national life. It may manifest itself in modern forms, but the spirit is none the less feudal. Has not the Emperor said to fight? Is not the *Samurai* leading? Then, Banzai, let us fight.

There were some prudent people who before the war began were disposed to discount the popular enthusiasm. They would wait until the strain of hunger and the anguish of

bereavement came, and see whether it would not die out. But it is more pronounced now than it has ever been before. Passing through the country at this time one might think that there was a great national festival in progress, such an appearance do the streets of cities and villages present. Flags, bunting, streamers, and large pictures which are illuminated by night, are everywhere. Looking down from the balcony of the Manse, where I am writing these words, I can see literally tens of thousands of large flags waving over the whole city from east to west. But along the lines of the railways where the troop-trains run the decorations are most elaborate and imposing.

Nothing could be more indicative of the war spirit of Japan than the behaviour of a crowd at the passing of one of these trains. On the days when