

which were suspended tubs containing their wares, men on bicycles, push-carts, horses dragging loads, and themselves dragged by their masters, Ford cars and limousines, all jostled together. I even saw one small kimona-clad youth sailing by on a kiddie-kar. He who made most noise or did most jostling moved in the van. But we were contented to be among those who stood and waited. There were vegetable shops containing many strange-looking fruits and vegetables, Japanese radishes, tangerines, persimmons, Japanese pears, grain stores, fish stores, cake shops with queer little cakes made mostly from bean curd, candy shops with candies not made from sugar, china shops that would make you long to play house, brass shops, toy shops, displaying many things Japanese, but also Teddy Bears, kewpies and wee models of Santa Claus, paper shops, and many other kinds. In with the rest were little shops where one might buy some of our hideous (?) concoctions of felt, fur and feathers, the Singer Sewing Machine Agency, stores where foreign dry goods were sold, a drug store, and, yes—really—an ice cream parlor—not Hunt's, you know, but one that sold some imitation of the real thing. In all the stores the sliding paper door opened right on the street. The thickly matted floor was raised a foot or so above the entrance. The proprietor, smiling and unobtrusive, waited patiently while you gazed longingly at his dainty wares. He couldn't speak English, but he always knew your question was "How much"? When at last you made your selection he wrapped it carefully, tying it with paper string, shaped into a little handle, and bowed you out, saying, "Sayonara, Sayonara." (Good-bye).

TRAVELLING.

Once more we are all aboard. We have a journey of four hours ahead of us this time. Our fellow-passengers study us. We study them. Two toothless old folk sit across from us. Two quaint little maids—evidently daughters—saw them off. They stood outside the low windows like two young turtle doves, bowing and cooing till the train went out. Everyone in the car shows the old folks such deference, offering them fruit, candy and tobacco. Browning must surely have seen Japan when he wrote:—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

They sit up sedately and stiffly. But the rest of the men and women slip off the wooden shoes and crawl up on the low seats, sitting on their feet. Everybody, men and women alike, smoke. Some use cigarettes. More use the little, long Japanese pipes, which have a bowl about half the size of a thimble. This is filled with very fine tobacco. Its owner takes three puffs at intervals of a minute or so, blows the smoke through the nostrils and puts the pipe away, but not too far away. It is soon produced again. Unfortunately for us no one seems to want fresh air, and only our windows are open. Nearly everyone buys a lunch at some station. The lunch consists of a little wooden box of flaky rice, dried fish, a bottle of milk, a pair of chopsticks,—and perhaps, some persimmons. At last, during the evening, we reach Nikko. The taxis wind under the dark forms of giant trees, bringing us finally to a wide low hotel, gay with lights, shaped like long Japanese lanterns. The whole staff assemble to greet us, bowing and smiling a true Japanese welcome.

SIGHT-SEEING.

We are awakened next morning by the beat, beat, beat of a downpour of rain. I thought the story books used to say "Sunny Japan." But she may be like "My Lady of the Snows" and wear different guises. However, having been dampened before in lesser causes, we sally forth protected by huge paper parasols.