

My tour will be an out-of-way one from beginning to end, and I hope I shall find much that is new and unwritten.

The trip from Vancouver to Japan was more like a voyage to the north pole than a summer journey across the placid Pacific. I took the Canadian steamship line, which is the best and fastest that goes from America to the far east, and had it been summer their could have been no voyage more pleasant. The three empress steamers are each as big as the best ships that sail the Atlantic, and they are fitted up with all the modern conveniences of ocean travel. The cabins are lighted by electricity and they are twice the size of those of the Atlantic lines. The officers are all English, and the ships from a part of the British naval reserve. They carry the British mails and receive a subsidy from the English government. The servants are Chinese, and you are waited on in your room and at the table by yellow-skinned bogs in pig tails and gowns, and you find their service far better than that of the greedy eyed, fee-soliciting stewards who wait upon you when you go to Europe. The ship on which I crossed was the Empress of Japan. Let me give you an idea of her. Take the street in front of your house. If the Empress of Japan could be dragged up it, her sides would scrape the walls of your houses and she could look over the roofs of any of your business blocks of less than seven stories.

Her length is such that she would fill the roadway from one end of the block to the other, and if you examined her you would find her to be a great steel shell filled with a little world, and run by some of the most wonderful machinery that the modern mind can invent. You would find in her a butcher shop, a bakery, a carpenter shop, Chinese and European kitchens, and a whole summer hotel of rooms for sleeping, eating, smoking and reading. If permitted, you would go from story to story, as I did, down into the very bottom of her, where a plate of steel as thick as your finger is all that keeps out the water, and inspect her great engines, which almost noiselessly but irresistibly screw her on across the Pacific, on the longest ocean route of the world. You might begin to figure on the force that moved her, and if your calculations were correct you would see that 10,000 horses all pulling at once would represent it. You would find that she carried enough weight to load down 6,000 two-horse wagons, and it would probably surprise you to know that of this vast amount one-third has to be made up of coal. It requires 2,000 tons of coal to start out on such a voyage, and the steamer burns from 100 to 200 tons every day. It is a big dwelling house that requires ten tons of coal a year. This steamer uses on a single voyage enough to supply a town of 1,000 people or 200 families with fuel for the year round, and it would take as much coal to light her fires as you use in a whole year. Thirty-two Chinamen are kept busy shoveling coal into her furnaces, and the shoveling goes on day and night from the time she starts till the end of the voyage.

During our journey the engines were pushed to their fullest. We had a head wind the most of the way, and for twelve out of the thirteen days which it took to cross it was stormy in the ex-

treme. As we neared the Aleutian Islands it became bitterly cold, and the ship was covered with snow and ice. The sailor in the "crow's nest," among the rigging, nearly froze to death and he was so cold that he had to be carried down to the main deck. I shall never forget how beautiful the ship looked on the morning after this cold snap. The sun rose and painted the ice-clad ship with diamonds. Every rope sparkled with a thousand prismatic hues and the masts were great poles of precious stones. There was a fierce wind blowing and as the sun came up the ice melted and the sailors chopped it from the hurricane deck and swept it away into the sea. I took a snap shot of them as we rose and fell in the waters and it almost freezes me in the remembrance as I look at it.

We came into the harbor here, however, with the sun shining. We got a splendid view of Fugiyama, whose snow-clad beauty rose 12,000 feet out of the sea through opalescent clouds, and rode in sampans to the shore, to find ourselves surrounded by the queer sights of Japan in winter. We saw the rich Yum Yum rushing along the streets on her wooden clogs, with only her bright eyes showing out of the well-wrapped face, for all the world like the veiled maidens of Egypt, and we saw her poorer sister caught by the wind at a corner, and her paper umbrella torn from her hands by the storm, while she bent over and tried to keep her kimona from blowing up above her bare knees. We Americans would freeze in Japanese dress. The common people of both sexes wear neither drawers nor under-clothing, and the long warm stockings which our maidens affect are unknown in Japan. Both men and women wear shoes of white cotton, which just clasp the ankles, one which are kept off the ground by sandals of straw or of wood. Above these to the waist there is no leg covering, except the loose silk or cotton gown known as the kimona. This is fastened in the front, and is sometimes wadded. It is worn by both sexes, and as they push their way along the streets the raw wind of winter drags the folds apart at the front, and you can see the amorous snow flying about the rosy bare calves of the maidens.

Among the poorer classes there are many who are entirely barelegged, and I have been pulled about through the city today by jinrikisha men whose legs were nude from their thighs to their feet, and whose only protection from the snow on the ground was a sole of woven straw, not much thicker than a fat buckwheat cake. These soles or straw sandals are held on by straw straps, which run from the back to a point a toe's length from the front. Here they meet between the two largest toes of the foot, and are held on by the toes. They are used rather as a protection from slipping than as a means of keeping the feet warm, and they soon wear into pieces. The man I had today had used up his sandals long before we got to the end of our ride, and he went for some miles entirely barefooted. When we stopped I noticed him take some straw rope, almost as thick as a clothes line, and ties a piece of it to each of his big red toes behind the knuckles. I asked

why he did so, and was told that he found it made him less liable to slip.

The rubbers of Japan are wooden stilts about three inches high, which are used like sandals, and the common people wear mackintoshes or rain coats made of straw, which makes them look for all the world like gigantic yellow birds with human faces. They have immense hats, sometimes shaped like butter bowls and again like parasols, and a group of country people would make the fortune of a Barnum if he could bring them to the United States. With the new movement all sorts of foreign costumes have come in, and I saw hundreds of the ugliest of our blankets and carriage robes used as shawls by both men and women. They are the only colors in Japan which swear at the rest of their surroundings and are a blot on the picturesqueness of the people. I note that most of the people walk about with their mouths open, and in the colder days many of them cover their mouths with a sort of a pad and breathe behind this. They seem to care nothing for exposure of the chest, and the gowns of both sexes are decidedly décolleté.

And still clothes are practically all that keep the Japanese warm. They don't know what a good fire is, and the supply of heat which is annually required in an American house is more than the average Japanese family use in a lifetime. Their houses are of thin wooden boards made in frames, so that the walls slide in and out of one another, leaving draughts at every corner. There is no plaster nor lath to add to their warmth, and the inner walls and partitions are made of paper so thin that they let in the light and take the place of windows. There is not a chimney or fireplace in any of these Japanese homes, and the people rely on the warmth of their blood and a little box of charcoal to keep them from freezing. They hover over this warming their hands and sit on their feet. They believe if they can keep the extremities warm the rest of the body will take care of itself. They look, nevertheless, healthy and happy, and it may be that they are right.

Frank G. Carpenter

THE NEW LIEN LAW.

An act to secure liens to mechanics and others, and to repeal all other acts and laws in relation thereto.

Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah:

SECTION 1. Mechanics, material men, contractors, sub-contractors, builders and all persons of every class performing labor upon or furnishing materials to be used in the construction, alteration, addition to or repair, either in whole or in part, of any building, bridge, ditch, flume, aqueduct, tunnel, fence, railroad, wagon road or other structure or improvement upon land, and also architects, engineers and artisans who have furnished designs, plats, plans, maps, specifications, drawings, estimates of cost, surveys or superintendence, or who have rendered other like professional service or bestowed