

she actually remained silent for five minutes. Then she commanded me to hurry up if we were to visit the Emma Do Temple, so I tore myself away from the fascinating golden Goddess.

The Emma Do Temple (the temple of the King of Death) is more than 700 years old, very musty and mildewed, with wooden pillars from which the paint has long since peeled away. Against the walls are nine grim figures, wearing strange crowns, with trumpet-shaped ornaments—the nine attendant Kings of Emma Do. Behind the altar was a venerable dusky-hued curtain, which the temple guardian lifted with a long rod. Somewhat alarmingly there met our awestruck gaze a fearful and wonderful face of a deep red colour, a furious and tiger-like face with weird and gruesome eyes—the Emma Do.

When we left this temple the air seemed even hotter and heavier than before, and I loathed my "useful" skirt and stalwart boots more than ever. The "Chipmunk's" classic visage was of a cheerful brickdust hue, while I felt purple. However, we hustled on to the shed, dignified by the name of station, from which the electric railway—a Lilliputian affair, with grunting toy engine—departs for Fujisawa, the nearest station for Enoshima. The rail was close to the sea for a great part of the way, and we managed to get a refreshing breeze to fortify us. At low tide it is possible to walk across the long stretch of sand between the mainland and the island, or there is a light wooden causeway. We preferred the latter. Enoshima has a single street of broad steps lined on either side with tea houses and gay little shops full of photographs, mother-o'-pearl birds, beasts, and fishes, wonderful little creatures made of shells, etc., etc., a most fascinating array.

Of course, we must stop to admire, and that ended in purchases until our arms were laden. At the top of the street is a quaint wooden lantern, and a flight of stone steps up which we mounted to find a little well and a stone tank, also a great array of bright blue towels. The pilgrims wash their hands and rinse their mouths before approaching the temple, while the towels are offerings to the goddess Benten. There are still more flights of steps leading to higher terraces, and up these we climbed laboriously to the first shrine of Benten, which is empty. Up and up we went, past some pretty tea houses, to the second shrine, also empty. Hot, weary and perspiring, we were about to give up, when we met a native higher-school boy, who spoke some English, and volunteered to do guide. He led us through a shady path (such a relief it was, too), past a monument covered with carved monkeys, up to a large court, in the centre of which is the principal Benten shrine, but it is absolutely un-get-at-able. However, our guide assured us that this shrine was also empty, and proceeded to pilot us to the Dragon Cavern, so called because in shape it resembles a dragon. Down a steep slippery path we slid and stumbled by turns, devoutly wishing we had left our purchases below. Finally we reached a shrine, and, having paid a small fee, we were each presented with a lighted lantern. Our guide led the way through a series of underground passages in

which are carved stone slabs just distinguishable in the dim light. We passed several empty shrines and at last reached daylight again, to find that a delightful storm of wind and rain had just commenced. The "Chipmunk" decreed we should beat a hasty retreat to the nearest tea house, and refresh the inner man, but it was easier said than done. Our guide politely relieved us of the cumbersome packages, tying them up in a furoshiki (a sort of cloth the natives always carry to put books, etc., in), and up we went clutching at sticks and rocks to save ourselves from being precipitated into the valley below, the rain beating in our faces and the wind tearing at our hair and garments. Two more disreputable objects it would be difficult to find. Our hair hung in wet wisps round our faces, our garments were literally soaking, our shoes had annexed a goodly quantity of moist clay, and our hats—well, they were picturesque beyond conception. The tea house was not a singularly inviting looking one, but it was a haven of refuge. Having deposited the chattels, our guide bade us a courteous farewell, and left us to our fate. The "Chipmunk" was not entirely crushed however, for she panted out, "I told you so, I knew it would rain," and this time it was my turn to grunt.

We were promptly surrounded by a bevy of smiling, chattering damsels, who, after many profound bows, assisted to remove our most unclean boots, and shod us with quaint heel-less slippers in which we could only shuffle. Then they pointed to our dripping frocks, and, after a long confabulation, two of them disappeared, promptly returning with cotton kimonos, presumably their own property, for they were decidedly brief for us. After that the "Chipmunk" requested tiffin in her best Japanese, and we were conducted into a room chastely furnished with white mats (tatami), a small square table about 2 ft. high, some cushions, a vase of flowers, and the inevitable kakemono (hanging scroll). We were only too glad to squat on the cushions with true Western awkwardness, of course, while the little maidens brought a diminutive tray containing two minute handle-less cups of native tea (it tastes worse than Thé Chambarde), and a doll's plate of sawdust-like cake. That was only a sort of preliminary course, for in a short time they trotted in with bowls of thick weird soup in which floated fragments of odorous fish. No spoons, of course; you must drink out of the bowl, fish foremost. Perhaps it was my bad taste, but I could not tackle that, and turned my attention to the tray laden with dainty little dishes, containing various luxuries, such as raw fish cut in slices, and served with a brown, pungent sauce, various pickles, including the ever present daikon (a sort of huge white radish with an evil odour), seaweed, raw shrimps, a strange white compound resembling hill-stickers' paste, sweet potatoes in syrup, etc. The "Chipmunk," having discussed her soup, was vigorously attacking these delicacies with chopsticks, when her eye lighted on my blank visage, whereupon she scowled and muttered something about insular prejudices. The handmaidens smiled pitifully, and to my joy brought in some rice in a

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