

wisely arranged, should go last in our small procession, and was ready to go like a well-oiled and regulated steam engine. As one of my companions began to feel somewhat unwell, I elected to stay quietly behind for a time. The shades of night quickly deepened, but fortune favoured me, for soon through the gloom I distinguished a man in the full-dress uniform of an Admiral, with a concertina under one arm, and a black valise, with cabalistic signs in white, slung from his shoulder. This worthy individual, with a politeness in accordance with his garb, having thrown his impedimenta into my chariot, right willingly and cheerily shoved behind for the remaining miles. Nearing Imazu he picked up his belongings again, and was about to disappear like a fairy godmother, when my kurumaya pressed him to accept a small money gift. This he with much indignation refused, but on my adding "Dozo," one of the very few words in Japanese I know, he unstrapped his wallet and presented me with a small box of patent medicine for the cure of dyspepsia! Good man and true! Never shall I forget thee!

The inn being reached, I found one of my companions had lain down on *futon* and refused to stir, even to enjoy the excellent soup, boiled chicken, and other good things prepared for us which the rest of the party did ample justice to. After supper two of our kurumayas came in looking quite fresh after their hot baths, and taught us to play "go cho" until 11 p.m., at which hour we most willingly retired to our *futon*.

Next morning, after breakfast, we interviewed our landlord as to our best way of carrying out our programme of visiting Chikubushima and continuing our journey from there on to Nagahama by steamer. He advised a sailing boat, but, as events turned out, we fortunately rejected his advice and called at the police station, where one is sure to be advised intelligently. There the policemen on duty cleared all obstacles from our path, and when the lake steamer called at Imazu at 1 p.m. we booked our kurumayas and bicycle to Nagahama and took our own tickets for the beautiful island of Chikubushima, my little pet dog's fare being half the price of humans. Calling at one port on the way, we arrived to find there was no pier, so had to transfer to a small boat, which landed us safely at the foot of a long flight of steps. We were soon hospitably received by the chief priest's deputies, who showed us through the ancient temples with their treasures now preserved under Government control.

Having enjoyed an excellent repast of Buddhist food, we were received in a ceremonious manner by the chief priest, a frail old man in silken robes. The aged priest smiled placidly and bowed low at intervals, but no sound came from his lips; however, the manager priest was quite voluble and gave us many gracious messages. The audience concluding, the chief priest retired as silently as he had come into our presence. Preparing to leave, as it was nearing the time for the

arrival of the steamer, what was our consternation to notice the sky darkening; then peals of thunder with great flashes of lightning and finally torrents of rain, through which we heard the hoot of a syren. We hastened down innumerable stone steps with several Japanese gentlemen who had evidently been having a joyous time on the island, and all tumbled in pell-mell to the small boat ankle deep in water, and after a lively passage had to pass right under a veritable waterfall from the steamer's deck. Everyone hurrying and scrambling to get out of the down-pour, two of my friends imagining the boat was about to be swamped, seized me by the arms and tugged lustily, but not being powerful enough to hoist me from the boat, I very nearly found a watery grave in the green translucent waters of Lake Biwa. The rain as suddenly ceased as it had begun, and we reached Nagahama without further adventure, where we had a cheery supper and bed in a comfortable inn which I had visited before, the pretty laughing landlady doing everything in her power to make us comfortable.

The next morning we had an early start in our kurumas, getting to Hikone, after a delightful journey on a good road, in time to catch the 9 a.m. steamer for Otsu, the Nagahama hotel people sending on for us by steamer a Japanese tiffin with several bottles of milk, which with our own supplies kept us from getting hungry during three delightful hours on the steamer's deck between Hikone and Otsu. Arriving at the latter place about midday, we visited Miidera and Otsu Commercial Museum, the latter being extremely interesting, and loitered in the shade of the trees feeling quite unwilling to begin our final stage from Otsu to Kyoto. The pleasantest holiday must come to an end, however. We toiled up the long hill to Otani, down the other side across the beautiful Yamashina valley by country lanes, up the hill at the other side, where we rested at a favourite tea-house, and proceeded through the tunnel by Shirutanimichi and so into Kyoto by Kiyomidzu-dera, all feeling happy, even our kurumayas, who were proud of having been "round Biwa Ko."

AN ENGLISH NURSE.

NATIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.

On Thursday, July 17th, the members of the Cambridge Branch of the National Union of Trained Nurses, spent a most enjoyable afternoon in the delightful garden of Miss Young, Chairman of the Committee. They were entertained by two divisions of the Boy Scouts, who gave an excellent ambulance display, followed by an original and most amusing dramatic performance. The Scouts afterwards waited upon the guests at tea, of which they pressed them to partake with great zeal. No meetings of the Cambridge branch will be held in August and September.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)