

Our long ride by moonlight in rickshaws through Fusan was without incident. We boarded the little steamer *Yece Maru* and at eight thirty sailed away for Japan. There was some difficulty in securing proper staterooms, but the less said on this subject the better. Japanese certainly do not know how foreigners travel. To my utter bewilderment, who should I see the first thing in the morning but Bertha, looking as if she had lost her last friend in the world. I recalled then a short note received from Florence during the night, upon which was written these words. "Please let us have the water bottle. Everything well so far." Later on Florence informed me of the following statement made by Bertha. "Well, I guess I'm in for it all right." Putting Bertha's appearance, the note, and her statement together I calculated that all had not been well during the slightly rough passage during the night. After great inducement the girls had a little tea and toast for breakfast, while I still was looking for something substantial. This time it consisted of a good beefsteak.

Early that afternoon we arrived at Miyijama. What a beautiful place it was. An island situated in the Inland Sea. The Iwaso Hotel was a very pretty little place, though one which did not entirely suit our taste. It was entirely a Japanese hotel. At length we found the Mikado Hotel, operated for the use of foreigners. Our spirits had risen somewhat by this time, for the prospect of sleeping at a Japanese hotel, and on the floors after Japanese customs, had not been altogether a pleasant prospect. We climbed the little hill back of the hotel and sat looking out onto many islands of the Island Sea. It was just sunset and I quite agreed it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. If it were possible I should like to have transferred that whole scene to Golden, where Bertha could have drawn a curtain back, as it were, at her calling, and review the picture once more.

By dinner time I noted the girls had recovered somewhat from the passage across the channel of the night before and showed a slight inclination towards ordering something more substantial. That evening we walked through the small pathways under the full moon light, and once more seemed carried away by the