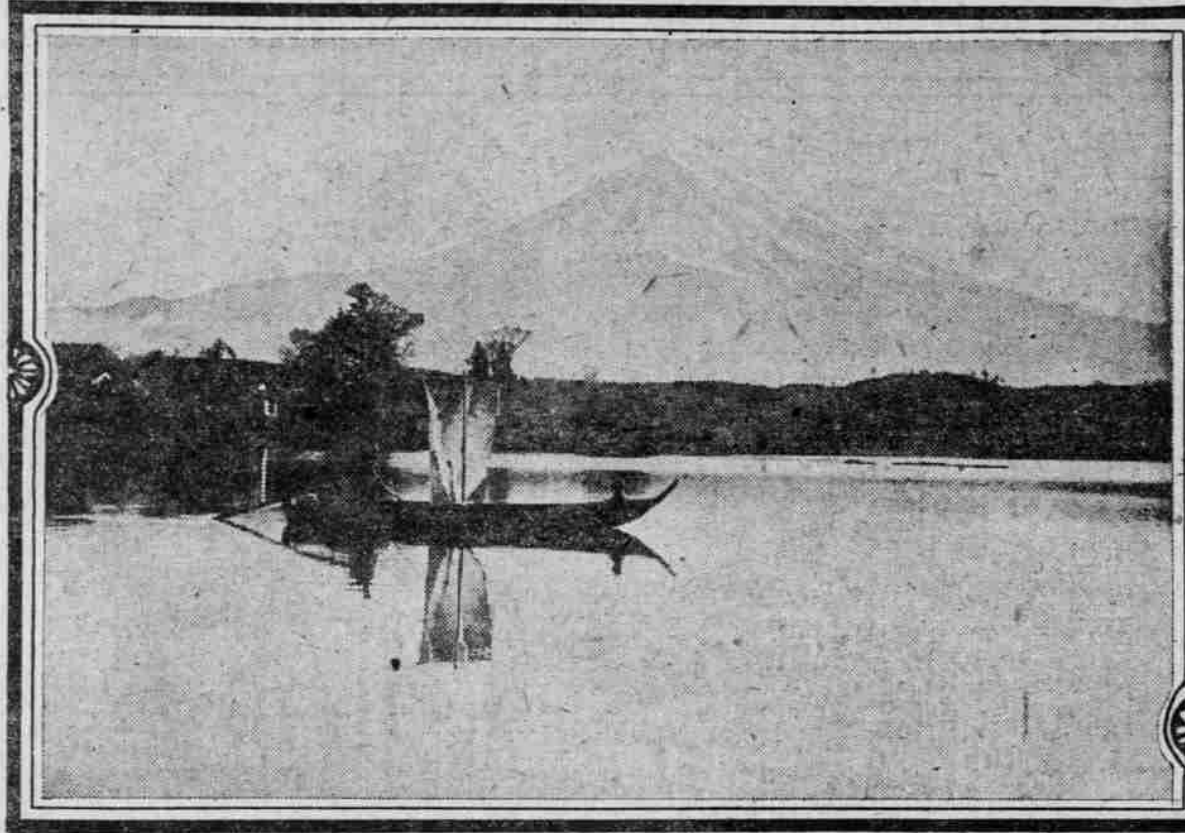
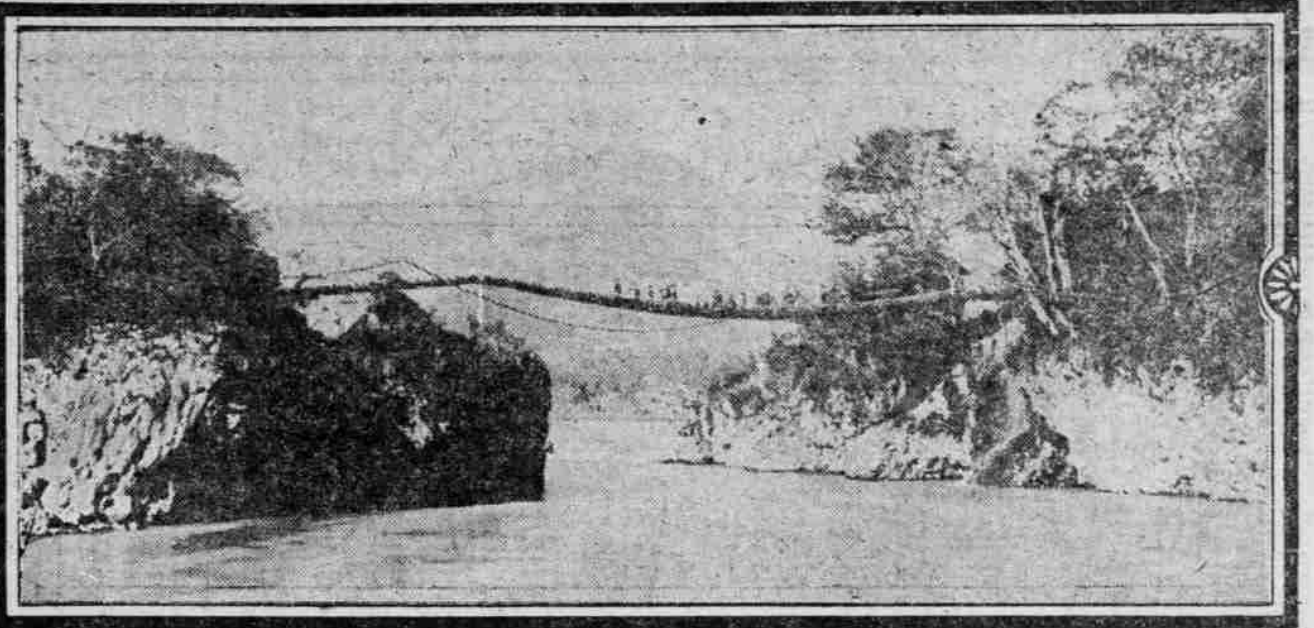


ON A PICTURESQUE JAPANESE RIVER

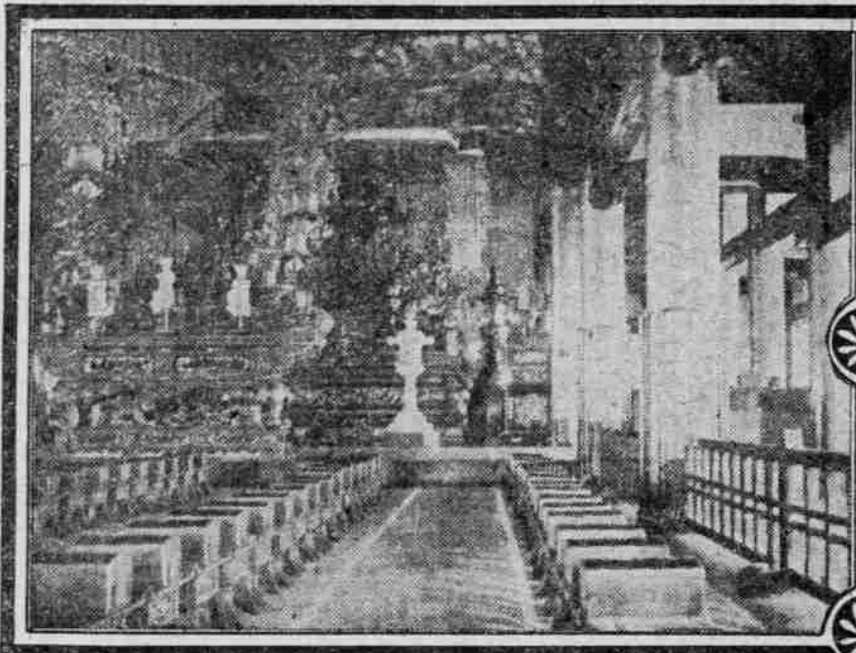
ANNIE LAURA MILLER WRITES OF TRIP AROUND THE BASE OF JAPAN'S BIG MOUNTAIN



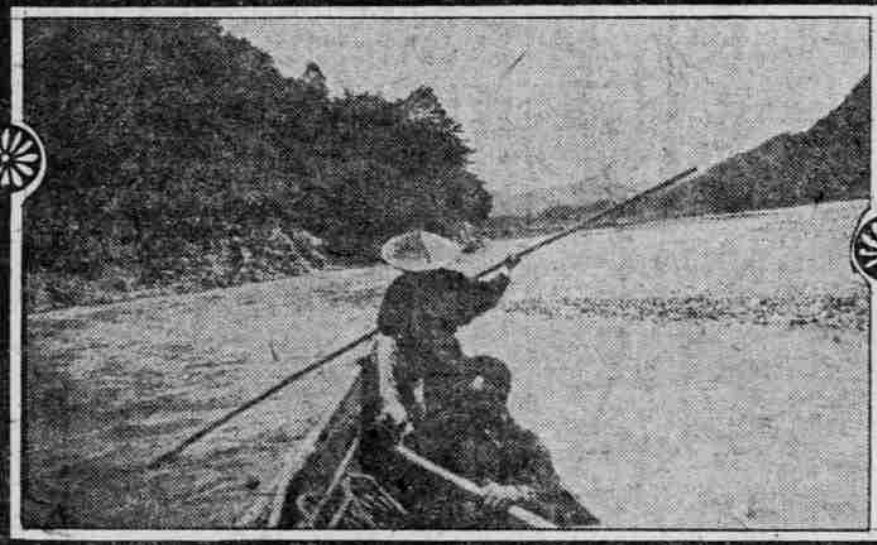
FUJIYAMA, FROM LAKE KAWAGUCHI



BAMBOO SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE FUJIKAWA



A CORNER OF THE FOUNDER'S HALL AT MINOBU



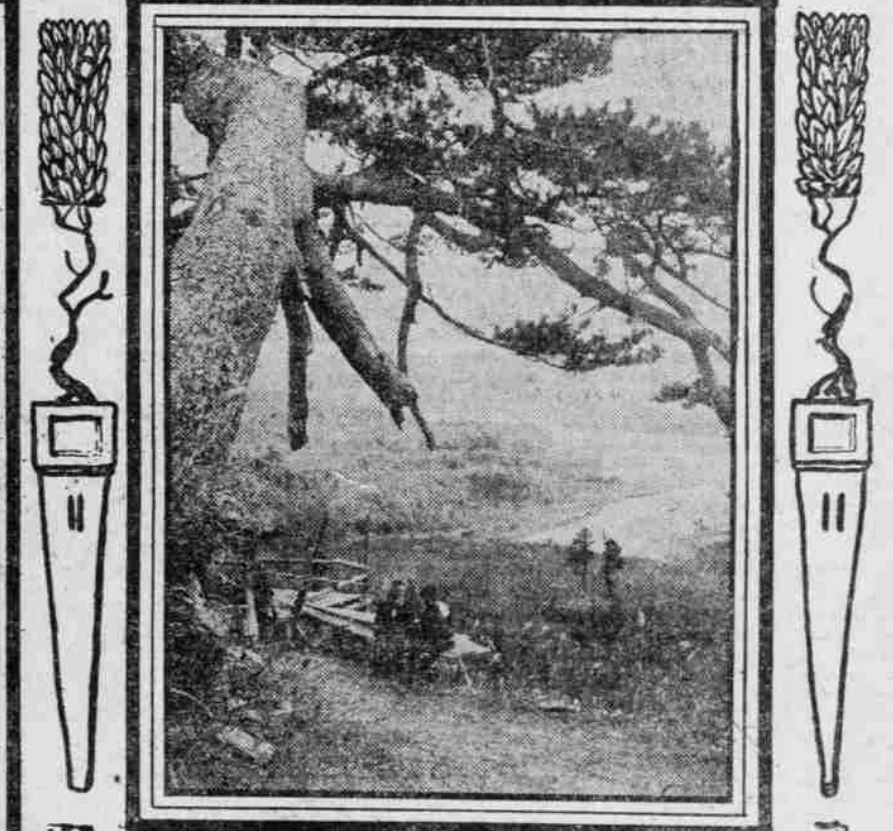
"POLING" DOWN THE FUJIKAWA



SAILING UP THE RIVER



MINOBU, TEMPLE KOSHU



VALLEY OF THE FUJIKAWA

BY ANNIE LAURA MILLER.

"Off the beaten track." What a potent phrase it is in this tourist-hidden land of Japan, bringing up visions of wildly beautiful scenery, of country people always courteous, and of old temples hid among evergreens on remote mountain sides all undisturbed by the noise of the outside world. These visions became so strong during the July heat that they lured us away from home for a four days' trip around the base of Fujiyama.

The railroad was left behind at Gotohira, a little mountain town of one street that exists because it is a favorite starting place for pilgrims who climb Fuji every year. By the thousands they go, for the mountain is sacred to them and religious pilgrimages are popular. Gotohira in holiday attire with gaily printed hangings and banners flying from the inn, yet very quiet, although the inn had done the best that he knew for the comfort of his foreign guests, even sending out for the only coolie in the town who could, in season, please European palates. Very good coolies the only cool made, and very proud she was of the fact, as she showed by appearing to nudge pick up our beds, but actually to pick up whatever compliments might be forthcoming. She knew that cooks, as well as coolies, are born, and not made.

Morning light had looked beautiful from our rooms at the inn, but we did not get out on the water. On our right little white clouds rested softly on the tops of high terraced hills that came down to our boat on the water. On our left was pine moor at Fuji's base, occasional pine trees and houses breaking the line of shore. Passing a wooded island with the seven good luck trees, Nembu, after an hour and a half to a village at the end of the lake. Some women fall-whack! when we went by, and two small girls, out for a walk with babies on their backs, fled up an alley there to peer at us, half-terrified. Climbing to the hilltop we saw at our feet the town and the lake of Nishinomiya.

No spot level nor fertile enough for cultivation met our eyes after we left the village until we came to Nembu, following a narrow path around a hill, we met a curious figure. A stout peasant came walking painfully sideways with a heavy beam some ten feet long tied across his back, himself his only beast of burden.

At Shou Lake we shouted for a boat and saw it soon putting out from below the white hotel across the water. The Japanese woman, the wife of the English proprietor, met us at the landing and escorted us up the pretty wooded promontory to the hotel.

A pine tree begged the one smoker of our party for a whiff of foreign tobacco; other farmers in the fields near by became interested and the smoker was forced to hurry on with his small store.

Funatsu is a mountain town with quaint houses having shingled roofs, some down by pieces of lava. The two-story inn stands on a rocky point jutting out into Lake Kawaguchi. Beside it a crumbling archway marks the way to a Shinto Temple in a state of repair; while beyond is a Buddhist temple with a fine old monastery, where the monks used to tell their beads long ago when Buddhism was a mighty power in the land. Many of them rest, no doubt, under the grey stones in the neighboring cemetery, having attained in death to that complete mastery over earthly desires which was their dream when alive. The inn is a poor one and we were glad to leave the water's edge, although the inn had done the best that he knew for the comfort of his foreign guests, even sending out for the only coolie in the town who could, in season, please European palates. Very good coolies the only cool made, and very proud she was of the fact, as she showed by appearing to nudge pick up our beds, but actually to pick up whatever compliments might be forthcoming. She knew that cooks, as well as coolies, are born, and not made.

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rolled there. Once we heard voices, and looking far down, saw the bobbing hats of a few peasants who were making shelves for crops, and looking up above, saw other peasants literally scratching the stones for an existence.

The summit reached, we espied a village set in a deep and narrow valley that lay away bodily through a hilly-berly of hills.

Down, down, down we went by a steep path till we came to a mountain stream and the little beginning of cultivation; tiny places built up with rock where rice grew with a fringe of vegetable about it to economize every scrap of earth.

Back of us we could see the steep zigzag path that had brought us down from the higher mountains, and in front of us, beyond the river, were dim blue ranges with lines of white cloud drawn across them. Late in the afternoon we came into the valley where the bamboo and persimmon trees proclaimed a warmer region than that of the mountain lakes. Along the stream was a straggling village, and from the doorways little children rushed pell-mell to shout and wave their arms at the "jin sams."

At one place in the brook stood a large family bathhouse, its stove filled with burning fagots. Had we been a few minutes later we should have seen the steam arising in a cloud and, enclosed in the cloud, the red face and shoulders of a bather, for bathing in Japan is not a private affair in a tiled room with a porcelain tub. At a village on the bank of the Fujikawa we hired a boat and dropped down the river to spend the night in a semi-foreign inn at Yokohira.

clothes and a straw coat from which issued lean arms full of action. The young man in the stern had a quiet, thoughtful look that showed no change of expression all the day as he moved the rudder slowly back and forth, looking steadily ahead. The river is a shallow and narrow stream running among gravel bars between hills terraced for the most part, yet showing here and there curious, columnar formation of volcanic rock. After we had been some time gliding swiftly down the river we came to a cluster of houses on the bank, where we disembarked, for we were bound for Minobu to visit the tomb of Nichiren.

For two miles and a half we walked in a little well-populated valley along the bank of a tiny river toward the mountains from whence it flows. Then, turning suddenly, we came to the great archway of the temple set in cryptomerias at the bottom of a ravine where a stream comes rushing down from wooded mountains. Along the bank of the stream following its course runs the single village street of Minobu, a street of small shops and dwellings. In the open rooms here and there were old men on their knees turning wooden beads for rosaries which were displayed for sale. Passing through the great two-storied gate built of new wood, elaborately carved, and listening for a moment to the sound of drums and mumbled invocations that came from some place in its interior, we crossed a curving bridge of stone and came to a steep night of steps. As endless, apparently, as Jacob's ladder, they went up toward the sky through a grove of cryptomerias. Two hundred and eighty big stone steps, and we reached the top quite breathless to find ourselves in an open space with a queer little red pagoda on our left; not an ordinary pagoda we discovered, but a tomb filled with the bones of believers. To our right stood the bell-tower; beyond it the abbot's quarters and the master's study, and the main building of the Founder's Hall. Leaving our shoes at the foot of the temple steps, we mounted to be greeted by a gaunt and shaven priest wearing a white gown with a purple mantle over it.

How the fancy of Japanese artists in wood and paint turns to the animal world! Dragons, phoenixes, storks, searbirds, and tortoises cunningly carved, riot over the doorway. Within the great white hall is the pulpit, where the abbot preaches; there are rolls of Buddhist prayers in boxes on small tables; in the nave a gorgeous gilt baldachin hangs, and beyond, divided from the audience hall by gilded pillars stands the ornate altar of red lacquer and gold. In front of it are two blue and white lanterns of Hizen pottery. The ceiling is gilded and decorated with many colors, but most interesting is the elaborately ornamented shrine. Before it knelt the priest who had greeted us, and facing the other priest in a robe of green silk with a purple mantle embroidered with a golden crest. One prayed and the other chanted, then slowly rising they opened the golden doors of the shrine,

rolling up a screen of silk and bamboo, and disclosing to our view a life-size statue of Nichiren, grim, severe and black as Othello, sitting absorbed in thought if the weight of the world were on his shoulders. For a moment we gazed, then the curtain dropped before the face of the law-giver. Following the "Nigingate Gakery," so called because the boards emit a musical sound beneath the tread, we came to an ante-chamber and entering by a covered gallery, reached the Hall of the True Bones. It is a small octagonal building, with a highly polished floor of red wood; on the walls are painted lotus flowers and leaves of natural size, growing from blue water against a background of gold; above are elaborate carvings of many colors, gorgeous yet toned to perfect harmony by gold and black, and ending in a ceiling held with metal fastenings. The pagoda-shaped stupa of gold lacquer stands in the center of the room, with a gilt baldachin hanging above. The priest of the green and purple robes knelt before the shrine rubbing his hands and murmuring, "May we be saved by praying to the bones of Nichiren." Then he arose and opened the golden doors on one side of the shrine. When he had prayed, and knelt four times and opened all four doors, we saw before us the bleached and crumbling bones of the saint of the 13th century. They are kept in a little octagonal crystal case, resting on a lotus blossom of silver above a reversed lotus flower of jade, all held together by a frame of the Oriental alloy called shakudo, which is inlaid with silver. The priest gave us a paper wherein we were blessed forever. Folded inside it and tied with cord was a paper containing a few grains of rice, a cure-all for bodily ills.

Back in the boat again we went swinging over the rapids, narrowly but surely missing rocks that would have impaled us had our boatmen been less alert. One wreck we saw on the way and one log raft stuck fast in a shallow rapid much to the dismay of the men in charge, who gesticulated for help and pushed and pulled vainly, wading to their knees in swift water. Boats were coming up with sails set to catch the wandering breeze, but depending principally on trackers, many of them young boys who walked, along the bank and in the stream tugging with all their strength against breast straps fastened by ropes to the empty cargo-boats. We passed villages and cultivated hills and valley stretches, where the low banks were built up by rocks in bamboo baskets; we passed a wire bridge of a single span 195 feet long that bent and swayed as two men walked over it from the island to the mainland; we passed wild bluffs, with a shelf of road high above the river; we stopped at a town where the police officer—fore-runner of civilization in a uniform of white with white cotton gloves—came and paid his respects to the official members of the party; we

passed a paper mill; and then among the smaller hills that cluster about the high mountains above, as children clinging to their parents' knees, we came suddenly to the sea. A narrow canal took us up to the railway station. Our boatmen waited until we had learned what train we could catch, then with many thanks and many bows said Sayonara. When they were gone, we turned our faces toward 20th century Japan, and stepping aboard our train were back once more in the familiar beaten track.

WOOD PULP FROM SAWDUST

Ingenious Scheme That May Cheapen the Price of Paper.

Official information sent to the State Department at Washington, D. C., by L. Edwin Dudley, United States Consul at Vancouver, B. C., may bring joy to the hearts of tens of thousands of large wholesale dealers in what is known to the paper trade as "news," and the coarser straw or bond paper, the former definition applying to paper which is adapted to the use of newspapers alone, while the latter paper is that which includes manila, wrapping, box board, building paper, etc. Mr. Dudley's communication should bring corresponding sadness to present paper manufacturers, who may see a possible reduction of profits if the plan referred to by Mr. Dudley proves to be practical.

The chief point in this communication is that the availability of the supply of wood pulp may be largely increased by the utilization of sawdust and sawmill waste for paper manufacturing purposes.

It has long been known that there are vast quantities of waste product of lumber mills. As it follows that the plan to make use of waste products is of great importance, Consul Dudley has written to his department that a company with \$1,000,000 capital has been organized at Vancouver, B. C., for the purpose of turning sawdust and other lumber mill waste into paper. With the present tremendous demand for paper for manufacturing and other purposes, the strong indication that the demand will continue to increase, it is not expected that the proposed plan will do more than relieve the situation to an extent, or it is thoroughly recognized that unless scientists or others discover some substitute for wood pulp, as at present obtained, from the forests of the United States and Canada, it can only be a few years before the timber supply from which wood pulp is obtained will be entirely exhausted.

The plan is to utilize the waste of wood being adapted to the manufacture of wood pulp.

Mr. Dudley says that the company just organized at first contemplated the establishment of its plant at Aberdeen, Wash., but was compelled to abandon that location because it was discovered that the supply of fresh water was insufficient. After a thorough investigation it finally arranged for the purchase of 80 acres opposite Gambier Island, on Howe Sound, 20 miles from Vancouver, and at the mouth of Rainy River, where there is an abundant supply of water at all seasons.

By utilizing the water power of the Rainy River, the company expects to de-

velop sufficient water power for mechanical and domestic use, and for a series of mechanical grinders for the manufacture of ground wood, which is used to supplement chemical fiber in the manufacture of paper.

The plan is to convey the refuse of the local sawmills, of which there is said to be 300,000 tons in this vicinity, in specially prepared scoops to the plant, where the entire mass is to be disintegrated into suitable fineness for conversion into wood pulp. This, it is expected, will eliminate the expense incident to the use of uniform cut wood, which is said to be the only method now in general use by the paper mills throughout Eastern Canada and the United States.

One of the innovations of the new company is a patented process whereby it can use Douglas fir and other resinous woods in the manufacture of wood pulp. Papermakers in the past have never been able to use woods containing pitch and resin for paper purposes, owing to the difficulty in separating the cellulose from the pitch, resin, and essential oils, but by the new process, it is claimed, all those parts pass off in vapor and the fiber is recovered by subjecting the mass to a system of pressure.

The company now has in operation in Vancouver a small but complete plant for the manufacture of pulp and paper, which fully demonstrates the process, and which is both simple and ingenious. The wood is first placed in what is known as a chipping machine, reduced to small shavings. The shavings pass up a flume and enter a digester, the wood is first placed in a solution of caustic soda, and the entire mass of shavings, ranging from eight to ten feet in diameter and 24 to 48 feet in height. The digester is filled with a solution of caustic soda, and the entire mass of shavings, ranging from eight to ten feet in diameter and 24 to 48 feet in height, is thoroughly cooked under high steam pressure for several hours until the cellulose is thoroughly released.

The plant, as at present outlined, will have a capacity of 300 tons of finished material per week, consisting of 200 tons of news and 100 tons of manila.

Consul Dudley says that after having witnessed the workings of the exhibition machinery of the forthcoming mill, he believes, he believes, to have demonstrated the practicability of converting the waste of fir and cedar into cellulose at an expense which may enable other possessors of this material to follow the process described.—Kanas City Journal.