

Temples and Shrines a Wonderful Part of the Art Life of Japan

JAPAN is particularly noted for the temples and shrines. They exist wherever you go. No country affords more suitable natural sites for such places of worship according to its size. Japan has had two religions, the Shinto and the Buddhist, and a union of the two. There are Shinto temples and Buddhist temples and combination temples. The Buddhist temples are generally the most elaborately adorned. The eight hundred millions of Shinto gods and the multitudinous deities of the Buddhists require almost innumerable places where they may be worshipped. To afford even a list of the more important temples would require more space than a single communication like this, not to speak of particular mention of them. Accordingly I shall make special mention of a few temples and their shrines in Japan situated in Nikko, Tokyo, Kyoto, Kamakura and Kumanoto.

Nikko, without doubt, holds the first place in the way of temples and shrines in Japan. A Japanese proverb says, "Do not use the name magnificent till you have seen Nikko." Nikko is a double glory—a glory of nature and a glory of art—mountains, cascades, monumental forest trees, lava always stood there. "Gorgeous temples and other richly ornamented buildings in the temple areas, massive stone walls, fine streets, high stone steps, elegant parks, splendid avenues lined on both sides with the lofty cryptomeria trees, romantic walks and trails leading in all directions to other temples, shrines and charming resorts, make Nikko a peculiarly fitting place for the Japanese gods to dwell and for themselves to worship. It seems, however, as though the gods outnumbered the worshippers. I shall first speak of the mausoleum of Iejasu, named after Iejasu, one of Japan's greatest generals, and without doubt the greatest ruler ever produced by Japan. This mausoleum, with all its enclosed buildings, etc., is the chief attraction of Nikko. As we ascend the wide stone steps near the entrance we come to the large granite Torii, twenty-seven feet, six inches high and its columns three feet, six inches in diameter. To the left is a graceful five-story pagoda, 104 feet in height and its roof on each side eighteen feet wide. A stone pavement and steps lead to the gate of the two kings, which is finely ornamented with carvings, etc. It might be well to state that the gates of the Japanese temples are more than mere doors swung on hinges. They are imposing structures of one to three stories and are fine specimens of what is to be seen within.

Symbolic Structures Inside.
Passing through this gate we enter a court yard, surrounded by a red timber wall. In this court yard stands an old and very large cedar tree, and close by it is the stable for the sacred white pony. Over one of the doors of this stable is a beautiful carving of three monkeys, called the Blind, the Deaf and the Dumb monkeys. The first with his hands on his ears, the second with his hands on his eyes, and the third with his hands on his lips, which meant that these curious monkeys will neither see, hear or speak evil. Close by is the magnificent holy water cistern, made of solid pieces of granite and protected by a roof supported by



FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT GATE NIKKO.

twelve square pillars of the same material, which was erected in 1633. The next building is the depository of all the Buddhist scriptures. Ascending steps we enter another court; along its front is a stone balustrade. In this court stands the temple of Yakushi. A native guide book, speaking of it, says: "Though the exterior is ordinary black and red, the ornamentation of the interior has no parallel in Nikko. It is a blaze of gold and harmonious colors." Next we reach a most artfully fashioned gate, which is called the "Great Gate Nikko." Its carvings, figures and other ornamentations were so beautiful and perfect that the artist himself put one of the patterns upside down lest the absolute perfection of his art work would provoke the jealousy of heaven.

The next special object of interest is the Chinese gate. It was adorned with carvings and figures peculiarly Chinese, the door of the gate is perhaps one of the most perfect works of art in the entire mausoleum. Through this gate we enter the main shrine. The chief excellencies of the main shrine are legion, and I cannot stop even to mention them. After leaving the main shrine and ascending several hundred steps we came to the tomb of Iejasu, which is like a small pagoda. It is a single bronze casting of a light color, occasioned, it is said, by a mixture of gold. In addition to what I have par-

ticularized, there are stone lions and lanterns, carved and painted birds, bell and drum towers, shrines and altars and gods of all kinds and descriptions and many places for prayers and offerings.

Tokio's Temple to Mercy.
In Tokio, the largest city of the empire, are noted temples in various parts of the city. I shall mention but one of them, the great Buddhist temple, popularly known as the Asa-Kusa Kwannon, because it was dedicated to the goddess of mercy. The main building is quite large and contains gorgeous shrines and idols, but dingy. Everything about the temple is dirty. It is in constant use, men, women and children are there as worshippers, visitors of all kinds, soldiers, smoking dealers selling charms, children playing, chickens, cocks and pigeons moving about promiscuously. The diseased and the healthy are there, rubbing together, the one seeking cures, the other pleasure. It is a most striking juxtaposition of piety, pleasure, speculation and curiosity. "In fine, a spectacle, than which surely nothing more motley was ever witnessed in a religious edifice." The whole surface of one stone idol was very much worn, particularly the eyes, nose and other parts of the face, by worshippers rubbing the stone image and afterwards themselves by their hands on the parts diseased, hoping thus to cure the

diseases, but rather spreading them. This idol is in constant use, mostly by women and children. A long street in front of the temple is lined on both sides by brick buildings containing a multitude of little stores, charmingly arranged with beautiful articles of every kind for sale to the visitors that go up to the temple. In the evening this street is densely thronged. This temple is a popular resort of the middle class of Tokio, chiefly on holidays, which, together with its surroundings, is regarded as the Coney Island of Tokio and Japan.

Kyoto's Celebrated Temples.
Kyoto is a city of temples and palaces. Some of the most magnificent temples of the empire are there. I will speak of but two—the temple of the 33,333 images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, and the Dal-Butsu, or the Great Buddha, in the same enclosure. The temple of the 33,333 idols is known by the name of San-Ju-San-Gondo. It contains 1,000 gilded images; 99 of them, on each side of the central altar, stand in tier after tier, quite close together, each tier higher than the other from the front to the rear. Each image is five feet high. All of them represent the eleven-faced, thousand-handed Kwannon. A large figure of the goddess, in a sitting position, with Kwannon's eight-and-twenty followers standing about her, occupies the center between the two groups



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE IEJASU MAUSOLEUM, NIKKO, JAPAN.

500 images. The temple does not contain 33,333 images, as we understand images, but that number is made up of smaller effigies on the forehead, halo, and on the hands of the larger ones. These images do not have eleven large faces, only one each and smaller ones about the head. They do not have 1,000 hands, but only about fourteen. I am sure that the Goddess of Mercy would require at least eleven faces to look upon all the needy ones and 1,000 hands to distribute to their necessities. Unlike most images in Japanese temples, the Goddess of Mercy, Kwannon, has a kindly and attractive face.

The Dal-Butsu or the Great Buddha image of Kyoto is only the head and shoulders, and it is made of wood. The head is gilt, but not the shoulders. It is enclosed in a building. Its dimensions are:

Feet.	
Height	30
Length of face	20
Breadth of face	21
Length of eyebrow	3
Length of eye	5
Length of nose	5
Length of mouth	3 feet 7 in.
Length of ear	15 feet
Breadth of shoulders	45 feet

Nearly is a huge bell nearly fourteen feet high, nine inches thick and nine feet in diameter. It is one of the two largest bells in Japan.

Most Famous of All.
Kamakura, near Yokohama, once the eastern capital of Japan, but now a village,

contains a great image of the Goddess of Mercy Kwannon, and another, Dale Butsu, a colossal bronze Buddha, of which it is said: "It stands alone among Japan's works of art. No other gives such an impression of majesty or so truly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism, the intellectual calm which comes of perfected knowledge and subjugation of all passions. But to be fully appreciated the Dale Butsu must be visited many times." Its dimensions are:

Height 49 feet 7 inches
Circumference 37 feet 3 inches
Length of face 2 feet 3 inches
Width from ear to ear 17 feet 3 inches
Round white boss in forehead 11 inches
Length of nose 2 feet 3 inches
Length of brow 4 feet 2 inches
Length of ear 5 feet 4 inches
Length of nose 2 feet 3 inches
Width of mouth 3 feet 2 inches
Height bump of wisdom 3 inches
Diameter bump of wisdom 2 feet 4 inches
Curls (80 of them), height 1 foot 4 inches on the head
Length from knee to knee 35 feet
The eyes are of pure gold. The white silver boss is thirty pounds avoirdupois. The image is made of sheets of bronze, cast separately, braced together and finished off with the chisel on the outside. The image is also hollow. It contains within it a small shrine on the ground floor, to which access is gained through a small entrance. A platform high up in the image is reached by a ladder on the inside.

Resort for the Afflicted.
The last temple I shall speak of is a Buddhist temple in the neighborhood of Kumanoto, eight or ten hours distant from Nagasaki by boat and rail. The temple is a long ride of three hours by ricksha from the city. The temple building itself is reached by a long flight of stone steps. There is nothing peculiar about the building or natural surroundings. Its worshippers make it an extraordinary place for visitors. It is largely the resort of persons possessed of the fox or afflicted with other grave diseases, as leprosy, etc. Their self-isolation from the healthy visitors, their sorrowful lamentation as they sit alone or in groups outside of the steps that lead up to the temple, calling attention to their afflictions, which no earthly physician can cure, and their monotonous, distressing appeals to their gods at the temple, all tend to awaken the most heartfelt sympathy for these terrible sufferers.

Old Religions Passing Away.
The old Japanese religions are fast passing away, and with their passing are going the old temple services. Before very long many of the most noted temples and their grounds will be maintained as art museums, public parks, or for educational purposes, while the less noted ones will be turned over to other useful purposes for the public good. Judging from the very rapid progress of Christianity in Japan and from the very great influence it extended over the Japanese during the war with the Russians, it does not require a prophet to state that Christianity is destined to become the religion of Japan, and not only so, but that Japan will become the most active factor in the evangelization of China in particular and of other far eastern nations and peoples in general. ROBERT WEIDENBALL, Colombo, Ceylon, January 26, 1904.

Stories Gathered in the Cattle Country of the Canadian Northwest

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CALGARY, Alberta, March 8.—(Special to the Bee.)—If you want to see a live frontier town come to Calgary. It is the ranching capital of the Canadian cattle country and it has for years been a sort of Keeley cure for the younger sons of English lords and dukes. Lying in western Canada, 100 miles or so north of the American boundary, it is a sort of a cross between Denver and Cheyenne, peppered with the spice of Monte Carlo and London. There is no more sport town on the American continent. It is business from the word "go," but at the same time cowboys gallop through its streets and fine looking Englishmen in riding trousers, leather leggings and Norfolk jackets play polo on the outskirts. There are a number of hotels and every hotel has a well-patronized bar. There are two clubs, one known as "The Ranchers" and another as the "Alberta." The Ranchers' club is largely composed of the sons of rich English families. It is independent and awfully swell. The Alberta club is mostly business men, comprising the real estate dealers, merchants, wholesale and retail and other prominent characters who want to make Calgary great. As for the Ranchers they do not care a cent for Calgary and are more interested in polo than politics.

Remittance Men.
Among the characters of Calgary are the remittance men. They are the younger sons of wealthy or noble English families, who are out here to make their fortunes and grow up with the country. Some have come because their people did not want them at home and others because they liked the wild life of the prairie, which until recently has corresponded somewhat with Kipling's description of "the country east of Buz." "Where the best is like the worst—Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, And a man can raise a third." These remittance men get so much money every month or every quarter and most of them spend it in drinking and carousing. Many are "ne'er do wells," and they fall

lower and lower, relying entirely on their remittances to keep them going. I know, for instance, one son of an English lord, whom you may see almost any day here hanging over the bar and another who has ducal blood in his veins, who will gladly borrow a quarter of you if he strikes you in the lean days prior to the next remittance.

Billy Cochrane's Bull Fight.
Others of these men keep themselves straight. They bring money with them, invest it and make it breed like Australian rabbits, but at the same time they are full of sport and spend freely. One of these is a son of an admiral of the British navy. His name is Cochrane, and he is said to have made a fortune of his own in ranching and other investments. He has one big range near Calgary on which he keeps 5,000 of the wildest of Canadian cattle. Every year or so he brings in a new installment of bulls from Scotland, giving his agents at home instructions to send him the wildest and fiercest animals that can be secured. When he was recently asked why he did this he replied: "You see, I have in pay my cowboys so much a month, and I want to raise stock that will make them earn their wages. Besides, it adds to the life of the ranch."

"I went out to see Billy Cochrane the other day," said a Calgary banker to me last night. "When I arrived at the ranch I found him seated on the fence of one of his corrals watching a fight between two bulls. As he saw me he told me to hurry up and have a look. I climbed to the fence beside him, and as I watched the struggle going on beneath, I said: 'Why, Billy, if you do not separate those bulls one will soon kill the other.' 'Let them kill,' was the reply. This is the real thing. It is better than any Spanish bull fight and I would give a bull any day to see it.' "Well, we watched the struggle for an hour, Cochrane clapping his hands and urging his bulls on to battle. Finally one drove his horns into the side of the other and killed it. Upon my expressing surprise at this wanton waste of valuable live stock, Cochrane said: 'Oh! it don't matter at all. We have got to have some sport. We must

have something to add to the life of the ranch."

Dickie Bright and His Dad.
The stories of how some of these remittance men take in their parents are interesting. They are sent out here with the idea that they may make their fortunes, and they frequently bring large sums to invest. As soon as they arrive they go into crazy speculations and wild extravaganzas, sending back to their parents for more money from time to time. One character of this kind was Dickie Bright, the grandson of the man for whom the "disease of the kidneys" was named. Dickie's father was rich and he had supplied Dickie with money and sent him out here to grow up with the country. Dickie invested in a ranch and asked for large remittances from time to time on the plea of increasing his live stock.

At the same time he sent home florid stories of the money he was making and how he was fast becoming a cattle king. Shortly after one of his most enthusiastic friends received a dispatch from New York saying that his father had just arrived there and that he was coming out to see him. The boy was in despair. He had spent his remittances in riotous living and he had no cattle to speak of. Adjoining him, however, was one of the largest cattle owners of the west. He confided in him and persuaded him to lend him 1,000 head of his best stock for one night. When he made this request his neighbor asked what he wanted to do with the cattle. He replied: "I shall put them in my corral, and when the old man comes I will show them as my herd. Dad can't stay but a day, and I will see that they are driven back safe to you the next morning." The rancher was something of a sport himself, and he finally consented to help the boy out of his trouble. The cattle were sent over. Old Dr. Bright duly arrived, and he was driven out and shown the herd which Dickie said was only a sample of his stock, which he had brought in to show to his father. The boy added, however, that it was not good to keep the cattle penned up, and that they must get back upon the

range right away. The old doctor was delighted and gave Dickie a check for \$10,000 to increase the business before he left. When he returned to England he boasted about the clubs how his boy had built up one of the biggest stock ranches in the west and was making a fortune on the Canadian plains. In the meantime Dickie was luxuriating on his \$10,000. It soon disappeared, and a little later he wrote to his father for more, saying that cold and disease had ruined his herd. As a result he was called back to England.

Money in Ground Squirrels.
Another remittance boy added to his income by pretending to have a gopher farm. His father had no idea that the word "gopher" meant the same as ground squirrel, and when his boy wrote an enthusiastic letter saying that he had now a stock of 700 blooded gophers on his range he thought he was doing well. When he added that the animals were in good condition, but that it would take \$1,000 more to keep them in shape for the market next spring, he sent on the money, evidently thinking that the gopher was some new breed of nature. It was just after the disaster that Peter Naimith went up to take a look at the ruins. As he stood in the midst of them a great groaning came from below him, and it looked as though a second slide was about to occur. All of the party ran for their lives and Naimith faster than any. I asked him if he were frightened. He replied: "I should say I was. I ran down that mountain as though all the furies were after me. Indeed, I ran so fast that one of the local papers said that on the way I overtook a jack rabbit going at full speed and gave him a kick, exclaiming as I did so: 'Get out of the way, blank you, and let somebody run who can run.'"

When it is remembered that a jack rabbit can outdistance the ordinary horse the strength of this remark is apparent.

A Gold Brick Story.
As a rule order is good in the ranch country and confidence men comparatively scarce. The old stagers here are on the lookout for swindlers, but nevertheless some of the best of them are badly taken in. A recent story is told concerning the selling of a gold brick to a bank manager and newspaper editor of Calgary for the sum of \$1,000. The Canadian bankers are the shrewdest of their kind, and the manager of this branch at Calgary has been long in the business. Nevertheless when an old man came into the bank a few months ago and told him he had discovered a gold mine in the Rockies and taken therefrom enough dust to form two large bricks, he listened. He also mentioned the fact to the editor, and the two again heard the story.

Naimith, the manager of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation company of Lethbridge tells of his experiences at Frankita, where one of the Rocky mountains tipped over, burying a town and killing a large number of people. This mountain was so delicately poised that an excavation at its foot caused it to crack and some millions of tons of earth slid off, covering the railroad track and changing the whole face of the country. The earth continued to rumble for days, and people from all parts of the country came to see the great convulsion of nature. It was just after the disaster that Peter Naimith went up to take a look at the ruins. As he stood in the midst of them a great groaning came from below him, and it looked as though a second slide was about to occur. All of the party ran for their lives and Naimith faster than any. I asked him if he were frightened. He replied: "I should say I was. I ran down that mountain as though all the furies were after me. Indeed, I ran so fast that one of the local papers said that on the way I overtook a jack rabbit going at full speed and gave him a kick, exclaiming as I did so: 'Get out of the way, blank you, and let somebody run who can run.'"

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Pupil Farmers.
This young man is a pupil farmer. Scores of such have been sent out from England to the United States and Canada to learn farming. There are men who make a regular business of drumming up such students. They go to the rich families in different parts of Great Britain, and persuade them that there is great money in ranching and undertake to teach their sons the business for a consideration. The boys are charged all the way from \$1,000 upward a year for their instruction, and in some cases they are made to do the dirty work, to clean up the stables, wash the pens and take about a score of jack rabbits to form two large bricks, he listened. He also mentioned the fact to the editor, and the two again heard the story.

It was so full of details that they concluded it was true, and they went with the old miner to his shack, far away from the railroad in the wilds of the foothills. When they reached there they found an Indian with a rifle guarding the cabin and saw cartholes two big bars of gold. They were made to believe that the Indian meant business, and that if the gold was not taken as per contract their lives would probably be lost. The result was that they paid over the \$12,000 and took the bricks back to Calgary. Before describing their find they carried the gold to an assayer, who reported upon it as pure. They then announced their discovery, but others suspected that there might be a trick, and at their suggestion the gold was tested again. The second assayer, by a new scientist, showed that the bricks were nothing but copper with a thin wash of gold on the outside. The first assayer had been fixed, and the supposed Indian was merely one of the swindlers dressed up for the occasion. As a result the manager of the bank lost his job, and I have been warned not to mention the words "gold brick" in the editor's hearing.

Parson Barr and His Colony.
It is wonderful that there are not more swindlers perpetrated upon the new colonists. Those coming in from England are the greenest of the green and it is only due to the government emigration bureau that they are taken care of. Take for instance the Barr colony. This consisted of 2,300 English men, women and children, brought in by a Canadian Episcopal minister, who wanted to establish a community which should contain nothing but Britisheers. The people arrived here in midwinter and they were somewhat taken in at Saskatoon, where they left the railroad and began their 100-mile trek to their homes in the wilderness. Later on some became disgusted and flocked to the cities. Others remained and are gradually being ground up into good citizens. Speaking of the ignorance of these colonists, numerous stories are told of their antics. One poor hoodlum was instructed by the immigration agent how to handle the oxen, which were to carry his goods from Saskatoon across the prairie. He was

told to hobble them at night so that they could graze freely; but also in such a way that they could not get far from the camp before morning. He was also told to lock his rear wagon wheels upon starting down a steep hill and was shown just how to do both. The immigrant said he understood and started off. The first hill he came to he carefully hobbled his oxen and started down. As a result the wagon ran over them; his wife and children and provisions were thrown out and the animals considerably bruised.

After some time he got his team again harnessed and crossed the valley to go up the bluff upon the other side. He now remembered the advice about locking the wheels and put on the brakes and chains before starting. When asked why he locked his wheels on going up the hill, he replied that he was afraid that the weight of the wagon would pull the oxen the other way. Another of these immigrants was disappointed in the quality of the land. He went out to look at his homestead and then came to the colonization agents and told them that he was going back to the old country. "What is the matter?" asked the agent. "Why," replied the young man with a cockney accent, "that blooming land is no good."

"I thought," said the agent, "that I gave you a particularly fine tract. The soil must be good." "Well," said the cockney, "I dug a hole to examine it and what do you thing I found. There was about a foot and a half of black loam on top and below that nothing but bloody clay!" FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Awaiting Developments
A girl baby was brought to a Seattle clergyman to be baptized. He asked the name of the baby. "Dinah M." the father responded. "But what does the M. stand for?" asked the minister. "Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May. But if she has a fiery temper and bombshell disposition like mine I shall call her 'Dinah Night.'"



MAIN STREET IN CALGARY, THE CATTLE TOWN OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.



ON THE RANCH IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.