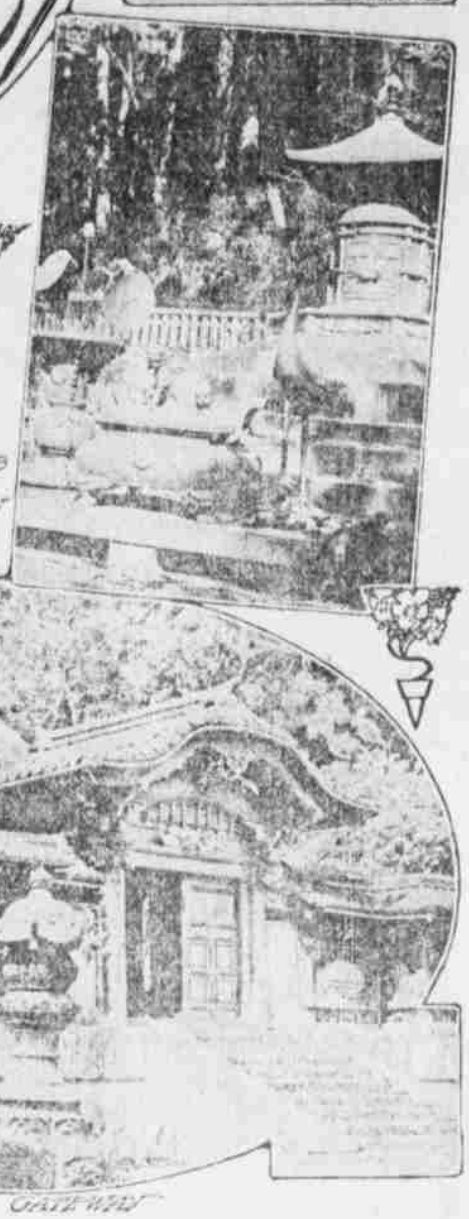
The Temples of Nikko

NIKKO nestles at the foot of the Nikko-zan range of mountains in one of the grandest valleys of picturesque Japan two thousand feet above the sea.

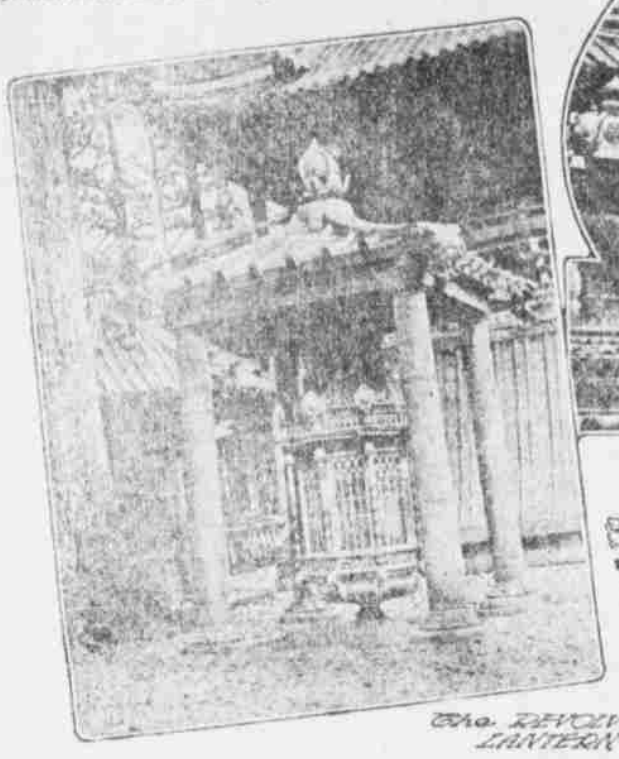
The city of temples is especially fortunate in its environments. If the mountains are the noblest in the northland, the waterfalls are the wildest in Japan. One of them leaps a sheer 250 feet into a basin of snow, another is broken and twisted into a series of cascades, whose silvery beauty cannot be conveyed to paper. The ancient forests are hung with rare mosses, that give them an increased appearance of hoariness. The temperature, too, has a delightful and invigorating tone, both healthful and hopeful.

At Nikko is seen a shrine of the oldest religion in Japan—older than her history, in fact. Besides this emblem of the Shinto faith was erected by the saint Shodo Shonin, in 716, a temple of Buddha—the later religion was introduced into the empire from China, but its priests were wise enough not to attempt to replace the primitive Shinto by it, being content

A HIGH PRIEST



THE TOMB OF IYEMITSU



THE REVOLVING LANTERN

TEMPLE GATEWAY

to unite the two. The ablest and most powerful follower of Buddha was, no doubt, the great warrior, Iyeyasu, who was deified by the emperor as the "great incarnation of Buddha, the light of the east." Upon his death this noted man was buried at Kuno-zan, in the southern country, and noble shrines were built to immortalize his memory. But in time it was felt that sufficient honor had not been done the mighty man, and it was decided to remove his remains to a more fitting resting place at Nikko.

So, in 1617, on the greatest day Nikko ever knew, his body was removed to her exalted protection, with such impressive ceremonies as only the rites of Buddha can afford. Japan has never seen such another burial; it may never again see its like.

The most sought approach to the temple tombs of the illustrious dead is over the sacred bridge, which is a wooden structure lacquered a deep red, in vivid contrast to the somber hue of the pines, and supported by stone piers. Gates are closed at either end, stopping all entrances except when they are open once a year for the annual festival, and vast crowds pass over the sacred way. Midway in the ascent is a small belfry, looking like a huge mushroom under its big sloping roof, covered with bronze plates and surmounted by the crest of Iyeyasu. A bronze bell, rung by means of a big log of wood placed at an angle, so that, upon being pulled back by a rope, it will strike the deep-toned instrument as it rebounds, sends forth its clear, resonant notes so as to be heard a long distance.

At the head of the terraced ascent stands a massive symbol of Shintoism, a granite torii. This is 27 feet 6 inches in height, but looks dwarfed beside the handsome five-storied pagoda standing near by. The latter has a beautiful crest, its stories decreasing in size as they stand one above another. The eaves of the lower story are decorated by the painted carvings of the 12 Japanese signs of the zodiac, the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, ape, cock, dog, pig.

Broad stone steps lead to the entrance, through the "Gate of the Two Kings" to the storehouse, containing the precious relics of Iyeyasu, and the numerous belongings of the temple. In the great courtyard, with its rows of stone lanterns, besides those two structures, with their large tiled roofs, is another and larger building, with painted carvings of elephants, showing their hind legs turned the wrong way. These ornaments are the work of the famous left-handed artist, Hidari Jingoro, and are considered marvels of artistic taste. This elegant court is lighted, on special occasions, by 118 magnificent lanterns placed on massive stone bases, the gifts of noblemen in honor of the sleeping god Iyeyasu. Kept in a stable near by is a snow-white pony sacred to the use of the god. This building is ornamented by the carvings of three monkeys, supposed to represent the unique trinity of San-goku no saru, the trio that neither see, hear, nor speak any evil. This fact is symbolized by the attitudes of the monkeys, one having his paws over his eyes, the second covering his mouth, and the third his ears. Wherever one goes in Japan he will see these images of blind, dumb and deaf monkeys. In this same court is a cistern fashioned out of solid rock, and holding holy water, which comes from a stream on the mountainside, known as the White Thread Cascade, as the water flows over the brink of the precipice in such a delicate layer of the silvery fluid as to look to be a part of the glistening stone.

In the midst of his admiration of this scene the tourist hears the soft ting a-ling of golden wind bells under the eaves of the buildings as they are gently swayed to and fro by the breeze.

At the head of another flight of steps the visitor comes upon a second court, filled with wonder-works of Japanese skill, and gifts from other countries. Among these last are a bronze candelabrum, that belonged years ago to a king of Loocho, a huge candle stick sent from Holland, etc., etc.

Another flight of steps ascended, and the visitor pauses before the Ya Mei gate, its two stories decorated with remarkable carvings of the common and the unusual in artistic work.

As the ponderous gate swings ajar we are ushered into a courtyard containing several buildings, one of which was reserved in ancient times for the kosgura, or sacred dance, which was performed by priestesses in wide, flowing silken trousers, an overdress of gauzy texture and a wreath of artificial flowers, while they held in their hands tiny bells, that gave forth soft, bewitching music. They swirled in absurd positions making ridiculous passes with their fans before amused priests. Near the center of the court is an enclosure holding the chapel, which contains that universal emblem of Shintoism, the golden gohei, attached to a long wand, and a Shinto mirror on a table lacquered a deep black.

Another path leads up 220 moss grown steps to that spot of greatest sanctity, the tomb of Japan's greatest ruler. In fact, all these preludes of courts, stone stairways, massive gates, and displays of decorations have been only the entrance to the mausoleum.

Situated within an enclosure of lofty walls surmounted with a balustrade and sheltered by stately old cryptomerias, the tomb itself is unadorned and stands an impressive and fitting resting place of the mighty shogun. It is constructed of huge blocks of stone, crested with an urn of gold, silver, and copper-bronze raised in the form of a pagoda. A vase of bronze filled with lotus flowers and leaves in brass, a bronze tortoise supporting a stork, an ornament typifying the length of the days, and an incense burner of the same metal, all stand on a table of stone in front of the tomb.

Scarcely inferior to this sublime mausoleum is the monument raised to the memory of his grandson, Iyemitsu. This is reached by an avenue turning from the approach to the other. In this direction, courtyards and flights of stone steps, gold and bronze images, grotesque carvings, temples to the Shinto faith, the tomb of Yoritomo, the shrewd ambitious and unscrupulous founder of the shogunate, niches filled with figures of mythological gods and goddesses, among which we note those ridiculous monsters with prodigious display of teeth that are supposed to rule the wind and thunder, gates that show both art and skill in the building, an oratory as impressive as that of Iyeyasu, and with more of ornamentation.

The beauty, grandeur and sublimity of these famous shrines of Nikko must be seen to be appreciated. Art and Nature seem to have joined hands in out-doing themselves. India, famous for her sacred shrines, has nothing to compare with them.

Nikko puts on her best livery at the festival of Iyeyasu, and the shrines to this hero are then seen to the best advantage. But the tourist has not seen it all until he has been present at one of the annual pilgrimages to the mountain shrines. The day is perfect. Nikko has more perfect days, it would seem, than any other spot in Japan. The grand avenue is provided with refreshments for the coming multitude, and a pine, consecrated to propitiate the evil spirits, is dragged furiously up the terraced path. Eager, excited people rush after it, plucking branch after branch from the tree as charms against evils, until it is bare of leaf and branch. During this performance a continual outcry of voices from a hundred throats rings up and down the valley erstwhile so heavy with the silence. Then the broad gate of the sacred red bridge is flung open, and the anxious, travel-worn pilgrims move solemnly forward on their march to the holy temples. Sanctimonious priests in robes of gold brocade or silk chasubles and white cassocks, and mounted on ponies selected with religious veneration for this pious occasion, are followed by their train of devoted parishioners, clothed in bright yellow gowns and holding on long poles over their heads huge fans. Behind these marches a long train of warriors, made conspicuous by their ancient trappings and arms of olden styles. Next in this strange procession walk in double file, men and boys with masks over their faces and all wearing quaint costumes of other days donned for this especial scene. The last squad wave banners or temple flags of queer device over their heads, or carry live birds or monkeys. In the rear, attired in skins of wild beasts, and to make the imitation more startling, men creep upon their hands and knees, following two and two abreast. Besides these singular bodies of people, at intervals along the marching column zealous adherents of the faith draw sacred cars on wooden wheels, with temple-shaped roofs and bodies of dark lacquer, valances of rare needle-work, and rich draperies of red and yellow silk. The entire scene is enlivened, if not rendered more enjoyable, by all sorts of instruments, musical and otherwise, sending forth their medley of sounds. The procession is at least a mile long, while the avenue is fairly deluged by a flood of spectators who have come from all parts of the country—some hundreds of miles—to witness this famous festival.

Missed One-Half of Them

An Automobile Should Be Sold Every Minute, According to This Manufacturer.

Rivalry among automobile manufacturers is acute, if good natured. At a dinner of manufacturers' representatives at Hartford, Conn., one guest dwelt at length on the remarkable popularity of his car and the wonderful organization of its selling force. "Why, just think of it, gentlemen," said he, "last month our sales averaged a car every two minutes of each working day. There was never anything like it in the world before. A car every two minutes." He dwelt on this point volubly and at length.

When at last he had concluded, the representative of a rival factory arose from his chair down the table and remarked: "With the last speaker's permission I would like to offer my comment on his statement that there's one of his cars sold every two minutes." Permission was granted. "I understand you to say that you call that good salesmanship. Am I right?"

"I certainly do," affirmed the previous speaker.

"Well, I don't; that's all. I call it mighty poor salesmanship."

"What do you mean?" demanded the boaster. "A car every two minutes—"

"Poor salesmanship—there's no other name for it. The gentleman forgets the universally accepted truth that 'there's a sucker born every minute.'"

After which the next speaker was introduced.

Worth of Education.

Quintilian recommends all parents properly to educate their children, advising them to train their offspring carefully in learning good manners and virtuous exercises, since we commonly retain those qualities in age which we cultivated and possessed in our youth.

Limelit.

An open countenance he hath.
Indeed, his cheek, so monumental,
Is crossed by such a length of smile
The sparkling "T's" get horizontal.

FOREIGN BELIEFS ARE QUEER

Spanish Wedding Is Ruined If One Person Appears Entirely in Black —Some Other Signs.

In Spain the wedding is spoiled if one of the guests appears entirely in black, or if the bride looks into a mirror after orange blossoms and veil are fast in her headdress.

When a person's hair ends split, it's taken by the superstitious for a sign that she is either a witch or has been bewitched. As blond hair splits more readily than dark hair, all witches, spirits and sorceresses have blond or red hair, according to popular belief. Likewise, according to the standard of art.

On the marriage eve there is often much good-natured rivalry between the groom and the bride in the Slav countries as to who shall blow out the candle, for the person who does will be "first to die." It is impossible to trace the origin of this superstition, yet it prevails in aristocratic society as well as in the peasant's hut, even as like this, that "to insure the life and health of the children" the woman must occupy the right side of the bed. In addition, she must not smoke before her forty-fifth year.

There is a superstition in this country and many others against burning a broom. The bud of birch broom is used in Southern Germany as a preventive against erysipelas. These buds, a piece of yellow wax and some other articles are enclosed in a pink silk bag, secured with red silk and worn on the back of the neck. The person must change his shirt every Friday.

Sang for Sultan.

Mulai Hafid, the ex-Sultan of Morocco, while staying at Vichy, in France, made an excursion to Les Ardoisieres, says the "Matin," where Napoleon III. used often to go for rest. Three young girls, sisters, timidly approached the Sultan and asked him to sign postcards. Mulai Hafid consented on condition that they would each sing a song to him. Two of the girls at once complied, and the delighted Mulai Hafid wrote on their cards words which, translated, mean: "Like Napoleon III., I have visited Les Ardoisieres, where I have enjoyed, together with the calm and freshness of nature, the grace and charm of the voices of Mlles. Paulette and Clotilde." The third girl did not know how to sing, but one of her sisters having sung for her the Sultan added the name of Gabrielle.

A Pen and Ink Shakespeare.

Woodrow Wilson, on a recent visit to Atlantic City, referred good humoredly to his rather illegible handwriting.

"But my hand is nothing," he said, "to that of Horace Greeley.

"Poor Greeley once quoted from Shakespeare in a leading article, 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity,'tis, tis true.'

"This appeared the next day:

"'Tis two, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty-two.'"

American Tools Preferred.

A favorite sport in New Zealand, as also in Australia and Tasmania, is competition in wood chopping and sawing; and in these contests, which attract a great deal of interest, the championships are always won through the use of American tools. In fact, the expert woodsman working for a prize would never think of using any other kind of tools.

Recognize Value of Sports.

The scheme on which King George's children are educated includes careful instruction in all typical open air sports and games. Cricket, riding, fencing, boxing, shooting and the like the young prince of Wales has been carefully and scientifically taught by past masters.

Minor Bookkeeping Item.

A small item was overlooked in the bookkeeping department of the United States navy. It was the charge for guns installed on the battleships Florida and Utah. The item was for the trifling sum of $1,800,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

The world is full of the sort of friends who take to the woods when trouble shows up.

Smokers like LEWIS' Single Binder cigar for it's rich mellow quality. Adv.

Some men work overtime to earn a dishonest living.

The man who shoots at random never hits the target.

It is useless to take a vacation if you are weary from overrest.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to housekeeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health.

"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANSBERY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now.

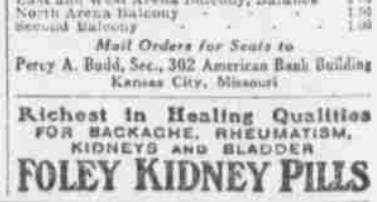
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

Eczema from boyhood Resinol cured him

TOLEDO, O., May 18, 1912.—"I have completely cured my eczema. I suffered with it ever since I was a boy and I am now 47 years old. My arms and face would break out, and I was tortured with itching, especially in the spring, fall and winter. On my cheeks my skin would turn red, itch and crack, and more so on my wrists. They would split open and bleed.

"I was in a hospital one day to see a friend who had skin disease, and I found they had cured him with Resinol Ointment, and Dr. ——, one of the best in Chicago, recommended it for my eczema. I used it with Resinol Soap, and to my surprise they have completely cured me. My wife is clear."—(Signed) CHAS. J. STRONEL, 710 National Union Building.

Resinol Soap and Ointment are invaluable household remedies for skin troubles, boils, burns, wounds, chafings, pimples, etc. Nearly all druggists sell Resinol Soap (25c) and Ointment (50c), or they will be mailed upon receipt of price. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts —Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

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Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

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The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the *short vamps* which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the *conservative styles* which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are worranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. *Fast Color Eyelets.*

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.