

NIPPON: A STORY OF JAPAN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649436798

Nippon: A Story of Japan by Henry Coleman May

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

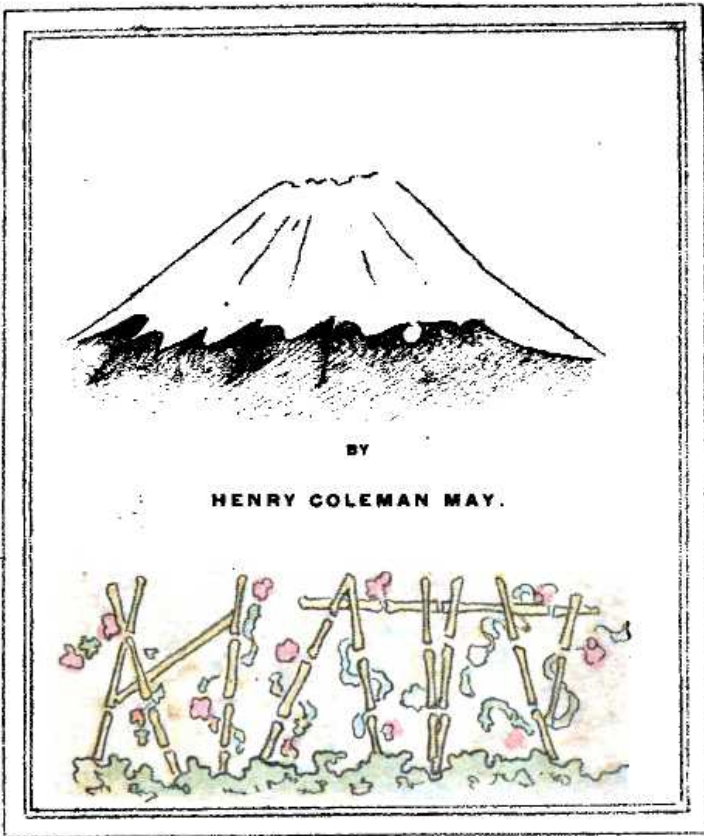
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRY COLEMAN MAY

**NIPPON: A
STORY OF JAPAN**



BY

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.



To Mrs Curtis
with the compliments
of
NIPPON:
A STORY OF JAPAN
Henry C. May
1901.

BY
HENRY COLEMAN MAY



NEW YORK:
MDCCCXCVIII.

Jap 1308.98.20

✓
Jpn 1308.98.20

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ERNEST GOODWIN STILLMAN
1939**

NIPPON; A STORY OF JAPAN

CHAPTER I

It was my first morning in Japan. I got up and went to the paper screens and threw them open and in streamed the sunlight—the beautiful sunlight of the Land of the Rising Sun! I had arrived at last! My dream was realized, and I was there.

I had arrived the previous night—in the rain, to my disappointment—and

had resolved not to go to the modern European hotel, but to go and stop with a friend who had recently arrived in Japan, and had taken a Japanese house with five Japanese servants and one English valet.

As I gazed out into a most charming little garden, with a miniature pond and most extraordinary dwarfed trees, I heard some one outside my door, and turned around to hear a man-servant (Jokichi I afterward learned was his name) call me to my bath. He spoke broken English, which he thought extremely beautiful, and it was only after some

time that I understood what he was saying to me. My bath was a most extraordinary function. I had never taken such a bath in all my life before. The water was about ninety degrees of heat, and I can tell you that it was extremely uncomfortable. After I had finished my bath, all the servants, one by one, took that same boiling tub. When I got back to my room I found my friend waiting to see me. He was dressed and told me that as soon as I was dressed we would go out together; as that day was the festival of armors and flags for boys, being the 5th of