LITTLE PEOPLE OF JAPAN

MULLER
LITTLE PEOPLE OF JAPAN

A STORY OF JAPANESE CHILD-LIFE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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LITTLE PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

WHAT THE MOCHI MAN BROUGHT.

There was great joy in the homes of the Japanese children, for it was New Year's Day.

New Year's Day is the greatest holiday in the year in the country of Japan, and the children look forward to it with great joy, just as we look forward to Christmas.

On New Year's Day all the Japanese fathers and mothers go on a visit to the oldest member of the family and take the children and the grandchildren with them.

It is at this time that the Mochi Man
comes to the Japanese children, just as Santa Claus comes to you.

The Japanese mothers always make some nice candy on the day before New Year's. The children call the candy Mochi, because the Mochi Man always brings a cook stove and some nice new earthen dishes in which to cook the candy.

On New Year's morning the Japanese children awake early to hunt for the Mochi, just as you rise early on Easter morning to hunt for the bright colored Easter eggs; or as, on Christmas morning, you rise early to hunt for the candy bag down in the foot of the stocking which you hung in the chimney place the night before.

But the Mochi Man brought something
more than candy to one Japanese home on this New Year's Day. What do you think it was? It was a little, black-haired, black-eyed baby brother.

When the new baby's brothers and sisters saw it first, it was rolled up in a bright-colored silk shawl and was lying on the floor beside its mother. You may think it rather strange that the mother and the baby brother should be lying on the floor, but that is because the Japanese do not have beds as we do. They always lie upon the floor, with a very hard pillow under their heads. You would not have enjoyed the new baby's hard bed, but he thought it the very best bed that ever was.

When the mother showed the new baby to the older children and told
them that the Mochi Man brought it, they jumped into the air and clapped their hands for joy. Then they ran to awaken the younger brothers and sisters.

"Wake up! Wake up!" they cried. "The Mochi Man has brought us a little baby brother!"

Then the other children sprang out of bed and slipped on their little kimonos. They didn't wait to put on their tabis or zori, but ran in their bare feet to see the new baby!

How the children laughed and danced when they saw the little new baby!

"The Mochi Man has brought you a new brother," the mother said. She spoke in a soft, sweet voice, for that is the way all lady-like Japanese mothers
speak to the children. And, indeed, the Japanese children themselves always speak in a soft, sweet voice to their parents and to each other. The Japanese value gentle manners above all things, and only the very ill bred Japanese ever speak in a loud, coarse manner.

"Let us take the new baby out of doors," one brother begged.

"Let me strap him to my back," begged another brother.

"Let us show him to our playmates," begged the sisters.

Now New Year's Day is a great day in every Japanese home. A baby's birthday is always a great day. Think, then, what a happy family this was when a baby's birthday and New Year's Day came together. The children hardly
knew what to do with themselves, they were so full of joy. Then, too, there was so much going on. There were so many errands to run, and so many people flocked to the house to see the new baby.

The baby's mother lay very quietly on her bed during the forenoon, for she knew that in the afternoon she must sit up and receive visitors. She would have to make polite bows to the many friends who would come to congratulate her on the birth of a son, and she would have to make pretty speeches to those who should bring presents to the new baby.

In Japan, as in China, there is more rejoicing over the birth of a boy than over the birth of a girl. This is partly
because the family name is carried only by the boys, and, of course, every family is anxious to keep its name alive.

Long before the children had awakened, runners had been sent out in all directions. Word was sent to all the relations that another son was born into the family.

There chanced to be a few relatives who lived far, far away; so far that it took days to reach them. These relations could not, of course, come in the afternoon to celebrate the birth of the new baby. To these, therefore, letters were sent, and on the letters was painted the family crest.

Early in the afternoon relatives and friends began to come, and each one brought a present. There were a few
friends who could not come because of illness or of some very important business, so these sent messengers with presents and with letters full of good wishes.

The new baby was indeed a beautiful baby. Everybody declared it was the most beautiful baby that ever lived. All the ladies were eager to take the baby up from where it lay beside its mother. Each one was eager to hold
it and to hug it. All kinds of sweet things were said about it. Nobody kissed it, however, because Japanese do not have the fashion of kissing.

They passed the baby from one to another. They rocked it and fondled it until the baby was quite tired out. More than once it cried, but its mother soon hushed it to quiet. A Japanese baby seldom cries; for it has loose, comfortable clothes and there are no pins to scratch and hurt.

Perhaps you would not have liked the baby’s clothes. Certainly they were very different from any baby’s clothes that you ever saw. First, a little soft silk or cotton kimono was put on the baby. Then another, perhaps of flannel. Since it was quite a cold day,
there was still another kimono. And then, last of all, was the beautifully embroidered kimono which served as the baby's gown. Around his waist a big soft silk sash was tied, and baby was dressed for the day.

It is the fashion in Japan to bathe in very warm water twice a day. On great festival days the people bathe three times a day; and so they did on the birthday of the new little brother. He himself was given a bath in water which was almost boiling hot.

When the time came for this, the nurse took the baby out into the garden where the little bath house was built. It was a pretty little bath house, with a tilted roof and pretty points on the corners. Over the little house the
branches of trees were bent and twined around each other. There were evergreens, too, and they also were trained into curious shapes, like those you see on Japanese fans.

It was noonday when the bathing began. First, the baby's oldest brother went into the bath; then the next and the next and the next, until at last it was the baby's turn. The water was very hot, much too hot for us, but more was added every few minutes lest it should grow cool. Every child had had a good, long bath and had been rubbed by the nurse with big blue-bordered towels.

When it was the baby's turn, the people crowded around the bath house to see him take his bath.
How the baby screamed and kicked! He rolled his eyes and clinched his little brown fists; but it was of no use. His mother knew very well that, after two or three such baths, he would not mind the hot water.

After the bath was over, the baby's father set him down on the mat where all the children might watch him. Then he crossed the baby's little legs under him, for that is the way the Japanese sit instead of sitting upon chairs as we do. We should have thought this a very queer way to make a baby sit, for he looked like one of the little idols which the Japanese worship in their homes and temples.

There was a reason why the baby's father set him in this position on his
first birth day. It was because he wished the baby's muscles and bones to get used to this position so that his legs would shorten as he grew up. Short legs are the fashion in Japan, just as crippled feet are the fashion with ladies in China; and, of course, a beautiful child, born on New Year's Day, must not be neglected and allowed to grow up with straight legs.

His brothers and sisters would have been very much ashamed of him if this had happened. They took so much pains to teach him to sit on his feet, with his little knees bent, that, in a few months, he would sit that way of himself. Then the children would say, "See, our baby brother will have beautiful short legs!"
NAMING THE BABY.

When the little brown baby was seven days old there was a festival day in his home. There were no outside guests, however, for on this day the baby was to be given a name. Only the near relatives were invited to this festival, for, of course, outside people had no part in naming a baby.

“What shall we name the baby?” was the question on the lips of everybody in the house.

“He must be named after the best thing in Japan,” the brothers and sisters declared.
So one sister said, "Let us name him after the plum tree." And another said, "Let us name him after the evergreen."

"No," said the brothers. "Beautiful names are for girls. A boy must be named for something large and strong and brave."

When the aunts and uncles had arrived, the family sat down to think of a fine name for the baby. They sat very still and they thought for a long, long time. Even the baby seemed to know what they were thinking about, for he sat in his mother's arms and winked very hard at his brothers and sisters.

At last a name was chosen, Kaga, which means "very brave," and baby's mother was sure that he liked it, for he
looked up and smiled when she called him by his new name.

By and by, Kaga was set upon a little cushion and his feet were tucked under him very carefully. Already the bones about his knees were beginning to bend, and the children were sure he would have the shortest legs that any Japanese child ever had.

After the baby was set upon his cushion, and his mother had put a beautiful new embroidered kimono upon him, the brothers and sisters brought little dishes of luck rice which had been cooked with red beans. At the same time the father raised a fish kite on a pole above the roof, to tell the people that a new son had been born to
the happy family which lived within the little house.

"Ah!" said the people, as they watched the baby's father raise the fish kite, "See the fish kite above the roof. Good luck must have visited that house."
KAGA’S VISIT TO THE TEMPLE.

But the Miya Maeri was the great event of the baby’s life, for it was then that he paid his first visit to the temple. This was at the end of his first month, and all sorts of grand plans were made for this day. Little Kaga was dressed in a fine pink crape kimono, and it was embroidered with the most beautiful flowers you ever saw. Why, they looked so natural that the butterflies might have made a mistake and thought they were real.

Kaga’s mother and eldest sister had embroidered the kimono with gay colored silks and they had been at work upon it ever since the day upon which the baby was born. The crest of the
family was embroidered on the new kimono. This was a muzzled bear surrounded by a bevy of butterflies, and it meant soul and love. Kaga’s mother embroidered the crest on the back, the front and on both sleeves of the pink crepe kimono in bright colored silks.
The father carried Kaga in his arms to the Shinto temple. There the patron god was offered gifts of the richest sort, and prayers were offered asking that the patron god might be the special angel of the boy through his life. Then the parents made presents to the priests, who laid their hands upon the baby’s head and blessed him. All this time the little black haired baby looked up at the priests with cunning, bright, black eyes, and he laughed as Japanese babies always laugh on their own festival days.

After this the family returned to their own home, and now they had another party. This time, however, they sent out presents instead of receiving them. Sometimes these were only lit-
Little bowls of red bean rice, such as that which was prepared for the seventh day celebration. Sometimes little cakes of the mochi with sweetened rice paste were sent, or perhaps a wine made from rice. A letter of thanks was sent with the return presents. It was always nicely written, and filled with compliments and kind sayings. Even if the present is small, it is welcomed as eagerly and remembered as gratefully as costlier gifts; for no one seems to be mean or unkind in Japan.

Five men were kept busy for two days carrying the fish, eggs, rice and mochi, as well as other presents, to the many friends of the family.

The rice was sent in beautiful black boxes. The boxes were placed on lit-
the lacquered trays such as your mother has; and the trays were covered with squares of embroidered silk.

With every present was sent a piece of brightly colored paper, folded very particularly. No person in Japan likes to receive a present unless this gay colored paper accompanies it. It is called a noshi, and is thought to bring good luck. Little Kaga’s mother was very careful that one went with each present.

The box, the tray, and the cover were always returned. The box, moreover, was not washed. It would be the worst of luck and the worst of manners, the Japanese think, to send a washed dish back.
KAGA'S FAMILY AND HOME.

While the children are all busy making ready for the festival, let us take a look around the house and see what kind of people the Amanos were, and what kind of a home the new baby came to live in.
The Amano family was comfortable and well-to-do. It was a family which had held a fine place in the old days before the war (which took place thirty-two years ago, when there was a Mikado instead of an Emperor). Papa Amano was greatly pleased when the Mikado was changed to Emperor. He believed it would make a happier government for Japan.

And so, when the new government was settled, Amano was given a fine position. He now met many people from England, Russia, America, and France, who came into Japan from year to year to buy the beautiful silks, the teas, the dyes, the sulphur, and the various manufactured articles for which the country is so famous.
KAGA'S HOME IN THE COUNTRY.
Amano's wife, the baby's mother, was the tiniest and prettiest little woman you ever saw. She was the daughter of a Samurai, who had learned how to make tea in all the different ways known to Japanese society in olden times. She could tell the names of all the incenses, and there are hundreds of them. Indeed, she always won the prize at the incense parties, just as your mamma might win a prize at a whist party.

She could embroider in most beautiful fashion, and her housemaids loved her. They paid her the deference due a queen, for she was very dignified and calm and stately, as became the mistress of the house. With her children, however, she was the merriest, dearest mother you ever saw.
She always found time to play with her children; and she knew the boys' games almost as well as the girls' games. When she was a child she had an etiquette lesson to learn every day, and she had to arrange the flowers before the kakemono in a way which would be pleasing to her dead ancestors.

Then, too, she had been the pet and favorite of her father and elder brothers. When the guests arrived in the absence of her parents, she knew how to receive them and entertain them until her parents arrived.

She learned, when very young, the lessons of cheerful obedience, of pleasing manners, and of cleanliness and neatness. She was so carefully trained
by her mother and teachers that, even when she was most sorrowful, she would smile; and, when she was most displeased, she would not show her anger or allow her voice to change from the soft and cooing tone in which a Japanese lady always speaks.

I am sure you would like to know something about the home of Kaga and his gentle mother. So I will tell you about it. The beds, which are wadded cloth or straw mats, are spread each night on the floor, for the Japanese have no bedsteads. On the mats little wooden pillows are placed, and in the hollow part of these the head rests, on a small cushion.

Through the long night each head lies on its wooden pillow. There is no
tossing about, no turning of pillows, and there are no pillow fights such as you love to have.

In the morning Kaga's sister found that her hair, which was combed and puffed and ornamented with long ivory or silver pins, looked almost as smooth and beautiful as when it was first combed.

"It will do for several days yet," she would say to herself, as she patted the rolls of soft black hair into shape.

Every morning the Japanese beds have to be rolled up and stored away in the queer little closets under the windows. Then the rooms have to be swept, dusted and aired before breakfast.

The piazza, or porch, must be washed
and polished, for the piazza is a part of the house. It runs around just inside the sliding shutters which are closed at night only.

After the beds are stored away, and the rooms and piazza made ready for the day, the breakfast must be cooked and served. Then the dishes are washed in cold water and the marketing is done as the various venders call; for, in Japan, the markets go to the people.

Kaga's sisters learned to sew; for their dresses had to be taken to pieces to be washed. It did not take long, however, to put them together again; for there were few seams, and the dresses were sewed with long basting stitches.

They had a few kimonas which could
be washed without taking apart. These were hung up by thrusting bamboo poles through the wide sleeves. You can imagine what a funny sight these gayly colored kimonas made, flapping wildly in the breeze.

Kaga's mother used to attend all the wonderful flower festivals which celebrate the blossoming of the plum-tree, the cherry-tree, the chrysanthemum, the iris, or the lotus; and she often told her children about them. She loved the feast of dolls the most, though. This comes on the third day of the third month of the year. Then all the dolls of the family are brought out of their great fireproof safes to visit each other. Some of the dolls were more than a hundred years old. These great-grandmother
dolls brought all their tiny furniture and dishes with them, and the red colored shelves of the finest room in the house were fitted up for them.

The dolls in this family had been accumulating for hundreds of years. There were so many of them that they filled six broad shelves, twenty feet long. There were the beautiful empress and emperor dolls, as well as the five court musicians; and every year these were treated to a feast from those dishes to which they were accustomed.

When her own little children were born, Kaga's mamma often wished she could give her dolls to them, but she could not, for her oldest brother must inherit all her toys, except those which were sent with her to
her husband's house on her wedding day.

Since she could not bring the dolls to her new home, she was always careful to provide fine bullock carts, or palanquins, drawn by bow-legged black bulls, in which the dolls might travel on the great festival day. She also provided tiny silver fire boxes with tongs and charcoal baskets. Indeed, she often provided everything required for cooking the feast. Nor did she forget comb and mirrors, brushes for blacking the teeth, razors for shaving the eyebrows, red powders for the lips, and white for the face,—in fact, such things as all Japanese dolls need and must have on their festival day.
THE SPIRIT OF THE BROOK.

There was the dearest grandmother in this home to which the new baby had come! Her name was O Ba San and she was just the nicest grandmother in all the world, the children thought; for always, upon her return from the village, she would bring candy or toys, and she was never too busy to talk to the children or to help them with their lessons.

The grandma in a Japanese home has much more time than the mother, for she did all her hard work earlier in her life when she was the loving and obedient servant of her mother-in-law. The Amano children gladly paid homage to this good grandmother, for there
was always a smile for them on her small, wrinkled face.

Grandmother did not dress in black even though she was quite old; but she dressed in soft browns and drabs, with perhaps a bit of darker silk on the collar of her kimono. The children loved to go with her to the door, and they always shouted gleefully, "O Kaeri!" upon her return. Then they and all the servants would hasten to the gate to
greet her and help her into the house.

One day, upon the children's return from school, she called them to her and gave them a tiny silver mirror which she had used all her life. Its face had a high polish and the children were delighted when they saw their own faces in it. On the back of the mirror were wonderful pictures of writhing serpents, intertwined and twisting around the edges, and even peeping over the rim. They did not seem like angry serpents. Instead, they were quite beautiful, for their tiny scales made pretty bands of color around the glass.

It was a magic mirror which the Shinto priest had sold to her mother-in-law a great many years before. The
priest had placed a charm upon it so that, if anyone looked within it, those whom they loved would look within it also, even though sometimes their faces could not be seen.

The grandmother told the oldest boy that she was a very old woman now, and as he was the oldest son she would like to give the mirror to him. "Keep it," she said, "until your wedding day; then give it to your wife." She also told this son that the next day she intended to see a fortune teller. "I have not been feeling very well for several months," she said, "and I fear that there is some witchcraft about it. I must get a charm which will cure me and make me well."

When she came back from the for-
tune teller's she said, "I made a mistake when I directed that the brook should be dammed up and made into little waterfalls. The fortune teller has told me that the spirit of the brook complained at being choked in this way and that it wishes to be released from imprisonment."

Amano could not believe that such a simple thing would grieve the spirit of the brook, but he would not disobey the wish of his mother. So he ordered the servants to take away the stones which had been placed there, and to tile over the bed of the brook so that the spirit might pass to and fro at will.

The children, with their grandmother, watched the work in the garden, day by day, with great pleasure, and the wa-
ter rippled and sparkled over the many colored pieces of porcelain. But even as she watched the old lady complained that her head ached; and sorrowful indeed were the little folks to hear this, for it showed that the spirit of the brook was still angry.

In vain the children went up to the Shinto temple, carrying their most precious toys and gifts in exchange for the paper prayers and incense which were burned by the priest. The old druggist and doctor mixed many strange medicines, but none of them seemed to make dear O Ba San any better.

One beautiful morning in August the children woke to hear the servants wailing. They were all dressed in white, and the children knew at once that while
grandmother O Ba San was dead, she would come back and live among them, but they could never see her dear face again, nor tell her how much they loved her.
AFTER THE FUNERAL.

They added a new image to those already upon the wall of the best room where all the honored ancestors have their banners hung. They placed in the vases beautiful branches of sakaki, a sort of sacred japonica, which is much used at funerals and in the decoration of graves.

It seemed as if even the spirits of the clouds were sorry, for the rain came down in torrents on the day of the funeral. The poor little children cried very bitterly, for they remembered how sometimes they had been angry when she corrected them. They would have given a great deal if they could forget
it, though the dear grandmother had forgiven them long before.

But now she was being carried away from the porch door to the narrow stone house which had been built for her people in the cemetery of Aoyama. Sometime, by and by, so the older people thought,
it will be she who will cry, "Kaeri!" when they too came within its portals, the same word of welcome which they had been wont to give her when she came back from her little visits to the town.

They would never be able to help her again; but, unseen, she would dwell among them, with the other unseen ancestor spirits of the house. She would hear the words of love and sorrow when they spoke. She would see their tears at her loss; she would watch how faithfully they performed the duties of respect and honor to her, and she would know that her shrine had flowers and burning incense always upon it.

The cemetery was crowded with the dear grandmother's friends, and all the family assembled with long white ban-
ners, upon which were inscribed her many virtues. The priests were there in their gorgeous robes, and they chanted words from a sacred book, while great clouds of incense filled the air.

In the temple were gold and bronze idols, which looked down from their high places upon the family.

Over the grave of O Ba San they placed a toro or garden lantern. It was made of stone, and very gracefully carved into a quaint and beautiful shape. It was taller than a man's head and its light flickered brightly through the trees.

"Every night, from sunset till sunrise, the toro shall give light to the spirit of O Ba San," they said.

The house seemed so lonely now that
the children could not even play their games. Then the oldest sister gathered the other children around her and told them they might go and plant flowers on O Ba San's grave, and that each evening they might take turns in lighting the toro.

Then, in order to help them forget their grief, she told them the following story of the two brothers.

**SCHIPPEITARO.**

Long, long ago, in the days of fairies and giants, ogres and dragons, valiant knights and distressed damsels---in those good old days, a brave young warrior went forth into the wide world in search of adventures.

For some time he went on without
meeting with anything out of the common; but at length, after journeying through a thick forest, he found himself one evening on a wild and lonely mountain side. No village was in sight, no cottage, or even the hut of a charcoal burner, so often to be found on the outskirts of a forest. He had been following a faint and much overgrown path, but at length he lost sight of even that.

Twilight was coming on, and in vain he sought to recover the lost track. Each effort seemed to entangle him only the more hopelessly in the briars and tall grasses which grew thickly on all sides. Faint and weary, he stumbled on in the fast gathering darkness until suddenly he came upon a little
temple, deserted and half ruined, but which still contained a shrine.

Here at least was shelter from the chilly dews, and here he resolved to pass the night. He had no food, but, wrapped in his mantle, and with his good sword by his side, he lay down and was soon fast asleep.

Towards midnight he was awakened by a dreadful noise. At first he thought it must be a dream, but the noise continued, the whole place resounding with shrieks and yells.

The young warrior raised himself cautiously and, seizing his sword, looked through a hole in the ruined wall. He beheld a strange and awful sight. A troop of hideous cats were engaged in a wild dance, their yells meanwhile
THE STRANGE CAT DANCE.
echoing through the night. Mingled with their unearthly cries the young warrior could clearly distinguish the words:

"Tell it not to Schippeitaro,
Keep it close and dark,
Tell it not to Schippeitaro."

A beautiful, clear, full moon shed its light upon this gruesome scene which the young warrior watched with amazement and horror. Suddenly, the midnight hour being passed, the phantom cats disappeared, and all was silence once more. The rest of the night passed undisturbed, and he slept soundly till morning.

By the bright morning light he presently discovered traces of a path which the evening before had been invisible.
This he followed, and found to his great joy that it led—not, as he had feared, into the forest through which he had come the day before, but in the opposite direction towards an open plain. There he saw one or two scattered cottages, and, a little further on, a village.

Pressed by hunger, he was making the best of his way towards the village when he heard the tones of a woman's voice loud in lamentation and entreaty. No sooner did these sounds of distress reach the warrior's ears than his hunger was forgotten and he hurried on to the nearest cottage to find out what was the matter, and if he could give any help.

The people listened to his questions. Shaking their heads sorrowfully, they
told him that all help was in vain. “Every year,” said they, “the Mountain Spirit claims a victim. The time has come, and this very night will he devour our loveliest maiden. This is the cause of the wailing and lamentation.”

And when the young warrior, filled with wonder, enquired further, they told him that at sunset the victim would be put into a sort of cage, carried to that very ruined temple where he had passed the night, and there left alone. In the morning she would have vanished. So it was each year and so it would be now. There was no help for it.

As he listened, the young warrior was filled with an earnest desire to deliver the maiden. And the mention of the ruined shrine having brought back
to his mind the adventure of the night before, he asked the people whether they had ever heard the name of Schippeitaro and who and what he was.

"Schippeitaro is a strong and beautiful dog," was the reply. "He belongs to the head man of our prince who lives only a little way from here. We often see him following his master. He is a fine, brave fellow."

The young knight did not stop to ask any more questions, but hurried off to Schippeitaro's master and begged him to lend him his dog for one night. At first the man was unwilling, but at length he agreed to lend Schippeitaro on condition that he should be brought back the next day. Overjoyed, the young warrior led the dog away.
Next he went to see the parents of the unhappy maiden, and told them to keep her in the house, and watch her carefully until his return. Then he placed the dog Schippeitaro in the cage which had been prepared for the maiden, and with the help of some of the young men of the village carried it to the ruined temple and there set it down.

The young men refused to stay one moment on that haunted spot and hurried down the mountain as if the whole troop of hobgoblins were at their heels. The young warrior and his companion, the dog, remained to see what would happen.

At midnight, when the full moon was high in the heavens and shed her light over the mountain, came the phan-
tom cats once more. This time they had among them a huge black tom cat, fiercer and more terrible than all the rest, and which the young warrior had no difficulty in knowing as the frightful mountain fiend himself. No sooner did this monster catch sight of the cage than he danced and sprang around it with yells of triumph and hideous joy, followed by his companions.

When he had jeered at and taunted his victim long enough he threw open the door of the cage.

But this time he met his match. The brave Schippeitaro sprang upon him, and, seizing him with his teeth, held him fast until the young warrior, with one stroke of his sword, laid the mon-
ster dead at his feet. As for the other cats, too much astonished to fly, they stood gazing at the dead body of their leader; the knight and Schippeitaro made short work of them.

The young warrior brought back the dog to his master, with a thousand thanks, told the father and mother of the maiden that their daughter was free, and the people of the village that the fiend had claimed his last victim, and would trouble them no more.

"You owe all this to the brave Schippeitaro," he said as he bade them farewell, and went his way in search of fresh adventures.

**HOW THE RABBIT CAUGHT THE BADGER.**

"Do tell us another story, sister!" cried the children.
The elder sister looked into the children's round little faces and smiled. Then she told this story:

A white Rabbit once lived in a sheltered place in the mountains. He was said to be very wise. An old man and his wife also had a home on the mountain side. When the old man worked in his field or chopped trees for his fire, the Rabbit often sat beside him and told him stories.

One day the old man came out on the mountain side looking very sad.

"What is the matter?" asked the Rabbit, hopping up and seating himself on a stone in front of the old man.

"Oh!" said the old man, "we are in great trouble. My wife is hurt and ill, and I cannot find the one who hurt her."
A JAPANESE FARMER
"Tell me about it," said the Rabbit.
"Perhaps I can help you."
"You know," said the old man, "that each day, as I work, my old wife brings my dinner to me in the field. Yesterday there was a fine roast chicken and a rice cake in the basket. My wife set the basket beside the tree stump where I always find it, and returned home. When I came for my dinner the basket was not there."

"What had become of it?" asked the Rabbit.

"The Badger had stolen it," said the old man. "I knew at once that it was his work, for I had often seen him about, and I knew his tricks. I watched all day and just at nightfall I caught him coming quietly up to the stump again."
"I sprang out and caught the Badger before he could escape. Then I carried him home, hung him up to the rafters, and told my wife to cook him for our supper. Afterwards I went away again to the forest.

"When I was gone my wife went about her work. As she pounded the barley for bread she sang. The Badger hanging from the rafters heard her, and he began to beg for his life.

"'Let me down!' he begged; 'only let me down and I will pound your barley for you. Let me down and I will help you at your work.'

"'No,' said my wife, 'I cannot let you down. You would be sure to run away.'

"'Indeed,' said the Badger, 'I would
only help you at your work. It is tiresome to hang here from the rafters by my tail all day long.'

"He begged so hard and promised so faithfully that at last my wife pitied him. She untied the cord and let him down.

"The Badger took her place and began to pound the barley. But the moment my wife turned her back, he took the heavy stick with which he was pounding the barley and struck her over the head.

"She fell to the floor and the Badger escaped, locking the door behind him so that my wife might not overtake him.

"In the evening, when I returned from my work, I heard my wife sobbing and crying.

"I hastened to the door and found it locked and the key on the outside.
"Unlocking the door, I entered and found my wife lying on the floor with her head all bruised and bleeding. She was sobbing with grief and pain.

"'Who has done this?' I cried.

"'Alas!' said she, 'the wicked Badger promised to help me, and see what he has done.'

"'I will have my revenge!' I cried. 'I will catch the wicked Badger again and he shall be punished for his cruel deeds!'

"I bathed my wife’s head and she stopped sobbing and slept.

"Then I started at once in search of the Badger, but he had been long gone. I fear he has left the mountain, for I have searched everywhere and cannot find him."
When the old man had finished the story he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Don't!" said the Rabbit, hopping up to his side; "don't give up. I will help you!"

"What can you do?" asked the old man.

"If you will do just as I say, you will soon see how I shall find the Badger," replied the Rabbit.

"I will do just as you wish," said the old man.

"First," said the Rabbit, "bring me some beans. Let them be nicely parched so that they will smell good to the Badger."

"What!" cried the old man, "are you going to feed the Badger?"
“If you will do as I tell you, I will help you,” said the Rabbit. “If you will not do as I tell you, you may help yourself.”

“I will do as you wish,” the old man said again. He went at once and parched the beans until they were hot and brown. Then he carried them to the Rabbit. He was still sitting on the stone where the old man had left him, fanning himself with a bright paper fan.

“Have you brought the beans?” he asked.

“Here they are,” said the old man. The Rabbit took the beans and put them in the pocket of his sleeve. Then he took up his mountain staff and started up up the mountain side.
“Now I will find the Badger for you,” he said.

The Rabbit had not gone far when he saw something move beside a stone. He looked in the other direction and pretended not to see anything; but he shook the bag so that the smell of the parched beans was stronger than ever.

At last, just as the Rabbit expected, the Badger came out from behind the stone.

“What have you in the bag?” he asked.

“I am traveling over the mountain,” said the Rabbit. “I have these parched beans for my dinner.”

“I am very hungry,” said the Badger. “Will you not give me one handful of those beans?”

“I will if you will carry this bundle
of grass for me to the other side of the mountain. I need it for my fire."

"I will gladly carry the grass for you," said the Badger; "but first give me the parched beans, for I am very hungry."

"Oh, no," said the Rabbit. "You promised the old woman to pound her barley and then you ran away. I will give you the beans after you have carried the bundle of dry grass over the mountain for me."

The Badger begged and begged for the beans.

"Give me just five beans," he said.

"I will give you five handfuls after you have carried the load of dry grass over the mountain," said the Rabbit.

At last the Rabbit piled a great load
of dry grass on the Badger's back. Then the Badger set off up the mountain, the Rabbit following close behind him.

Presently the Rabbit took out his flint and, holding it close to the bundle of dry grass, he struck out a spark.

The Badger started in alarm at the noise.

"What is that?" he cried to the Rabbit.

"Oh, don't you know that sound?" said the Rabbit. "That is Kachi-Kachi Mountain [Mountain of Victory]. Do not be alarmed."

Soon the grass began to burn and crackle as the flames crept in among the long stems and dry twigs.

"What is that?" cried the Badger again, when he heard this noise.
The Rabbit laughed loudly.

"Don't you know that sound?" he said. "That is Bo-Bo Mountain [Mountain of Defeat]. Do not be alarmed."

The grass still burned and crackled and the flames crept closer and closer to the Badger's back. Soon the fire began to scorch and burn his back.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the helpless Badger, and he rolled on his back until at last he worked the load off. He then went crying over the mountain.

The Rabbit went back to the straw hut of the old man, whom he found putting a bandage on his wife's head.

The Rabbit bowed so low that his ears touched the floor. Then he laughed loudly as he threw the bag of beans to the old man.
“Here are your beans,” he said.
“But the Badger?” cried the old man and his wife together, “the wicked Badger? Ah! we feared that you could not find him.”

Then, still laughing, the Rabbit sat down on a straw mat and told them how he had hired the Badger to carry the load of dry grass over the mountain. He also told them about Kachi-Kachi Mountain and Bo-Bo Mountain, and how the Badger had rolled on the grass and cried in pain.

“Good! Good!” cried the old man.
“But that is not enough,” said the old woman, whose head still pained her.

“Very well!” said the Rabbit, “the Badger shall be punished still more."
Make for me a sticking plaster of mustard and red pepper."

"Not for my head?" cried the old woman in alarm.

"No," said the Rabbit, "for our friend the Badger." Then they all three laughed loudly.

The old woman made the plaster thick with mustard and red pepper.

Then the Rabbit put the mustard and pepper plaster in his beautiful black lacquered box.

"I am now Doctor Rabbit," he said with a laugh, and he took up his box and his umbrella and fan and went away.

When the Rabbit came to the home of the Badger he found him lying on his mats on the floor in great pain.

The Badger did not recognize the
Rabbit, but when he saw the black case he was sure that a doctor had come to see him.

"Oh doctor," cried the Badger, "give me something to put on my back. Have you any fresh plasters?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied the Rabbit, "I have some plasters which have just been made. Do you wish me to put one on your back?"

"Yes, do," said the Badger.

So the Rabbit put a great plaster on the Badger's back. Soon the plaster began to make his back smart and burn.

"Take it off! Take it off!" shouted the Badger; but the Rabbit laughed and ran away to the home of the old couple. He told them how he had put
the plaster on the Badger’s back and made him howl and cry with pain.

“Good! good!” cried the old man.

“Good! good!” cried the old woman. But just at that moment she struck her bruised head against the shelf on the wall. Then she remembered how cruelly the Badger had hurt her.

“That is not enough!” she said. “The Badger should be punished still more.”

“Very well,” said the Rabbit. “He shall be punished again. Make for me a beautiful boat of cedar wood. When it is done, put it beside the river. Then come and tell me.”

“We will do as you say,” said the old man and the old woman together. But it was a whole week before the boat was finished and placed beside the river.
"The boat is ready," said the old man to the Rabbit.

The Rabbit took the boat and went far up the river. He carried a fish net, and he sang as he floated along.

Now, by this time the Badger's back had healed. As he was walking beside the river he heard the Rabbit singing. "What sound is that?" he said to himself, and then he crept down to the river's brink and saw the Rabbit in his boat.

"What are you doing?" asked the Badger.

"I am fishing," said the Rabbit.

"Will you not give me some fish for my dinner?" asked the Badger.

"Yes, if you will come out and get them," said the Rabbit.
“But I have no boat,” said the Badger. “Make one,” said the Rabbit.

Now the Badger knew nothing of boatmaking or fishing. He looked at the Rabbit’s boat.

“It is the color of clay,” he said to himself. “I will make one of clay, too.”

In an hour the clay boat was finished and the Badger got in.

“I am coming for the fish,” he cried to the Rabbit.

“Come on,” said the Rabbit, chuckling to himself. “If you will come and get them, you may have all that I have caught."

The Badger paddled as fast as he could, because he was so eager to get the fish.

He had just reached the middle of
the stream, where the current was swift-est, when his clay boat began to go to pieces.

"Help! help!" cried the Badger, but the current had already carried him far out of the Rabbit's reach.

In a moment the clay boat and the Badger had sunk out of sight.

That night the Rabbit went home and told the old man and old woman of the fate of the wicked Badger.

"Good! good!" said the old man.

"He only received punishment for his wickedness," said the old woman.
LEARNING TO WALK.

Little Kaga’s brothers and sisters loved him so much that he hardly found time to sleep. The younger children,

HOW KAGA TRAVELED BEFORE HE COULD WALK.

first one and then another, would get their mother to let them carry him pick-
a-back while they were out playing. And every day Kaga grew fatter and stronger and more beautiful.

He liked to clutch at the neck of his sister's kimono with his little brown hands and spread his little legs so that his feet twined into the obi at her waist. He looked like a laughing monkey, with his head bobbing this way and that as he played at peek-a-boo with the other children from behind his sister's neck. Sometimes he would fall asleep in this position, and then his sister, Yone Santo, would play some very quiet game so that she might not wake him.

At last there came a time when the children thought Kaga ought to learn to walk. He had never learned to be afraid of falling, as there was no furni-
ture jutting out at all sorts of angles in his home. For in a Japanese house everybody sits on mats upon the floor; and even the tables, so pretty and small, are tucked away into closets as soon as a meal is finished.

Up to this time Kaga had worn only the soft tabi—a stocking shaped like a mitten with a sort of thumb in which the big toe is placed. But now his father bought for him his first pair of geta—a sort of high-heeled wooden sandal, with a strap which passed between his big toe and the other toes in the tabi and fastened around his ankles.

This seemed a queer kind of shoe to Kaga, and it appeared to him very much like walking on stilts. He was very proud of his new shoes, however,
and there was a comical look on his face when he fell down two or three times. He found it hard to get up; but it was not long before he had learned to balance himself, and the clack, clack, clack of his little geta was soon heard in every part of the house.

By and by he could run and jump, and hop on one foot, even after the straps were taken from around his ankles and he had to hold the geta on by his big toe. By wearing shoes like these the Japanese learn to use their big toes like thumbs; indeed, were you to travel in Japan, you would find that carpenters and tailors can hold their work quite firmly with their toes. This is very handy, for they can use both hands where you could use only one.
All Kaga's kimonos were now changed from the red and yellow of babyhood to the blues, grays, greens and browns in which a boy must always be dressed. There was not a white dress in all his wardrobe, for white is worn only at funerals and other sad times. His kimonos of padded silk were not washed as often as our babies' clothes are washed, but he had a great many more of them and so each had a chance to be cleansed and aired in other ways.

When Kaga began to talk, he found the first words in Japanese very easy. If he wanted to say "no" he had to say "Iya"; and he cried "mamma" when he wanted food. If he wanted to wear his prettiest dress he asked for "bebe," and if he wanted new socks he said "tata."
By and by Kaga had a mouthful of little white teeth and his nurse and mamma declared his smile the prettiest they had ever seen.

Once, when his second teeth were growing, he had a dreadful toothache and cried all night long. Of course the tooth had to be taken out by the dentist. But how do you think it was taken out? Not by a hard tooth-puller such as you saw when you went to the dentist. The Japanese dentist just caught hold of the tooth with his thumb and finger, and he took it out so deftly that little Kaga was hardly frightened or hurt.

By the time Kaga was five years old, he was the finest and healthiest little boy you ever saw. He made the most of his holidays, for he was soon to be
sent to school. He thought he should like to go to school very much; for his old nurse had told him that he should have nothing to do but listen all day long to wise words and wonderful stories such as she herself often told him.

Would you like to hear some of these stories which the nurse told to Kaga? Often the older children would read this same story from their pretty little picture books, which are printed on crinkly paper and which have wonderful pictures. Here is one of the stories which the Japanese children find very interesting.

THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA.

Long, long ago, there lived on the coast of the sea of Japan a young fisherman named Urashima. He was a kind-
hearted lad, and was very clever with his rod and line.

One day he went out in his boat to fish. But, instead of fish, what do you suppose he caught? Why, a great big tortoise with a hard shell and a funny, wrinkled old face. Now I must tell you something which very likely you don't know; and that is, that tortoises live a thousand years—at least Japanese tortoises do. So Urashima thought to himself, "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise—in fact better. Why should I kill the poor thing, and prevent it from enjoying itself for another nine hundred and ninety-nine years? No, no! I will not be so cruel." And with these words he threw the tortoise back into the sea.
Then Urashima went to sleep in his boat, for it was a hot summer day. As he slept there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl. She climbed into his boat and said: "I am the daughter of the Sea-God, and I live with my father in the Dragon-Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you so kindly threw back into the water without killing. It was I. My father, the Sea-God, sent me to see whether you are good or bad. We now know that you are a good, kind boy, and that you do not like to do cruel things. And so I have come to take you to my home, and we shall live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon-Palace beyond the deep blue sea."

So Urashima took one oar and the
Sea-God's daughter took the other, and they rowed till at last they came to the Dragon-Palace. There the Sea-God lived and ruled like a king over all the dragons, the tortoises, and the fishes.

What a lovely place it was! The walls of the palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries. The fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails of solid gold.

Here Urashima and the princess lived happily for three years, wandering every day among the beautiful trees with their emerald leaves and ruby berries. But one morning Urashima said to the princess:

"I am very happy here; but I want to go home and see my father and
mother and brothers and sisters. Just let me go for a short time and I will soon be back again."

"I don't wish you to go," said she; "I am very much afraid that something will happen to you. However, if you wish to go, you shall. Take this box and be very careful not to open it. If you open it you will never be able to come back here."

Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it. Then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

Strange things had happened since he went away. His father's cottage was gone. The village where he used to live was gone. The mountains, in-
deed, were there as before, but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close to his father's cottage was still running, but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years. Just then two men chanced to pass along the beach, and Urashima went up to them.

"Can you tell me," he said, "what has become of Urashima's cottage, which used to stand here?"

"Urashima!" said they; "why! it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned while out fishing. His parents, his brothers, and their grandchildren died long ago. It is an old, old story. How can you be so foolish as to
ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces years and years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urasshima's mind that the Sea-God's palace beyond the waves, with its coral walls and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be a part of fairyland, and that one day there was as long as a hundred in this world. For a minute he felt very sad, but of course there was no use in staying at home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away.

"I will go back to fairyland," he said, "and to the Dragon-Princess beyond the sea." But how was he to get there? Could he find the way with no one to show him? "Perhaps," thought he, "if
I open the box I shall be able to find the way.” So he disobeyed the princess—or perhaps he forgot—foolish boy that he was! As he opened the box, a pure white mist came out of it and floated away over the sea. Urashima shouted to the mist to stop, and he remembered now what the princess had told him. “Alas, alas, I shall never be able to go the Sea-God’s palace again!” he sobbed.

Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face grew wrinkled, and his back became bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped and he fell down dead on the beach.

“Poor Urashima,” the nurse would say when she had finished the story;
"he died because he was foolish and disobedient. If he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years."

Then she would look very solemn, and Kaga too would look very solemn. For he knew that the nurse wished him to learn from this story that he must never be disobedient and that he must never forget his promises.
KAGA IN SCHOOL.

Very early in the morning, if you were in Japan, you would see the children going to school. You would hear the cickety clack of their odd little sandals as they walk along. Often the children keep step one with another, but now and then they romp and dance and run and laugh and talk.

In the days of the Mikado only boys went to school and the girls were taught at home. But now the girls go to school as in this country, and very bright scholars they are, too.

Little Kaga was very proud indeed when they let him join the children who each morning passed over the bridge to the schoolmaster. He looked
very pretty with his paper umbrella under his arm, a copy-book, and a rice-jar.

The school house was very queer, you would think. Indeed, if Japanese children were not very well behaved, they would knock it down as they went in
and out. But one of the first lessons a Japanese baby learns is to be very polite and gentle and obedient always. They are taught to be especially respectful to teachers, because book-learning is looked upon with great respect in the country of Japan.

Kaga's school house was only a one story building. It could be moved from district to district, and it was built of paper screens and wooden partitions like shutters. The roof was very high pitched like a tent, for this is the favorite fashion of roof both in China and in Japan.

Kaga's sister, Yone Santo, had made a bag for him in which to carry the rice-jar. On this bag she had embroidered all kinds of butterflies like those
she had seen flying over the lovely iris fields, or hovering about the wisteria blossoms on the garden trellises.

The school room floor was covered with snow-white matting. There were bright squares of wadded silk scattered upon the floor. On these squares the children sat with their little legs curled up beneath them. In front of each square was an odd little bureau, just big enough for a big doll, in which the books, the India ink, the rice paper, and the brushes were kept. There were no tardy scholars here, but it was not because there was any punishment for tardiness. There could be no greater punishment to a little Japanese boy than to be absent at the moment when, all together, the children bid the teacher
“Odenasi,” which means “Be pleased to make your honorable entrance.”

Before the teacher comes the children arrange themselves quietly in a straight line. When they hear the sound of his geta at the entrance, they draw in their breath with a long, hissing sound which shows that they are awed and pleased at his approach. Then, after the first greeting, each child says some complimentary word or phrase like “Ohyo” (Good day), or “Irashai” (Please deign to enter).

When Kaga’s teacher took his place upon his own square, each scholar went to a square set apart for his use. Then each one called out the number of the lesson in reading. When it was time to learn a new lesson the teacher read
it aloud, very quietly and slowly, so that the children might be able to recite the lesson after him. When each child can recite it alone the master says: "Now the lesson is learned."
HOW THE PEACH BOY DESTROYED THE DEMONS.

"When I am a man I shall be very brave," said Kaga to his nurse one day.

"Oh, yes," said the nurse with a laugh, "you will be as brave as the Little Peach Boy."

"Who was the Little Peach Boy?" asked Kaga.

In reply the nurse told him this story: An O baa San (an old woman) was one day walking beside a clear mountain brook.

"How clear its waters are," said O baa San to herself. "I can count every pebble at the bottom. I can see every little three-tailed gold fish as it swims."

Just at that moment something large
and round and soft came rolling down on the other side of the stream.

"Why!" gasped O baa San in astonishment, "it is a peach! I never saw one so large and red and beautiful. How I wish I might reach it."

O baa San went to the water's edge and with a long stick she tried to reach the beautiful peach. But, though she got the longest stick she could find and leaned far out over the stream, the peach was always just beyond her reach.

At length O baa San sat back on the bank discouraged and looked at the peach.

"Oh, come a little nearer! Just roll a few inches nearer and I can reach you!" she cried.

Imagine her astonishment when the
peach rolled over in the stream until it was just in front of her. She picked it up and carried it home.

“How glad O jii San will be to have that peach for his supper!” she said as she was turning the rice cakes. “There is nothing he likes so well as rice cake and peaches.”

It was not long until the old woman heard O jii San slipping off his straw sandals at the door.

“O jii San! O jii San!” she cried; “guess what we have for our supper!”

“Well, well!” laughed O jii San; “I think we have some of those famous rice cakes which you make so well.”

“Yes,” said O baa San, “but we have something more.” Then she showed him the great peach.
O jii San's eyes opened wide with wonder when he saw such a large peach. "In whose garden did that peach grow?" he asked.

"Indeed, I do not know," said O baa San, "for I found it floating down the stream. When I begged it to come to me it at once rolled over the stones until it was just beneath my hand."

"Wonderful!" said O jii San. "It was surely meant for us. Let us eat it at once."

O baa San hurried to get a knife. "Cut it just through the center," she said.

Just as O jii San raised the knife to cut the peach he thought he heard a voice, saying: "O jii San, wait! Wait, O jii San! I am coming!"
“What was that?” cried the old man, dropping the knife in his surprise.

“It was a voice and it came from the peach,” said his wife.

Just at that moment the peach split from top to bottom, and, as the two halves divided, out danced a beautiful little boy.

“Do not fear me, O baa San,” he said. “Do not fear me, O jii San. Did I not hear you wishing for a little child, to be your comfort in your old age? I have come to be your child.”

O baa San and O jii San were wild with delight at having a beautiful child of their own.

“Our little peach boy!” they cried as they took him in their arms. “Our little peach boy!” So it was that the child was always called the Peach Boy.
A JAPANESE TEA PARTY
The years passed very quickly to the little Peach Boy and to O jii San and O baa San.

"Our child has grown to be a man," said O jii San one day.

"Yes, and see how handsome and brave and strong he is growing," said O baa San.

"He is the strongest young man in all Japan," said O jii San.

As they sat talking, the Peach Boy came into the room. He was tall and handsome. His blue kimono was rich and beautiful. He bowed before O jii San and O baa San as a respectful Japanese always does bow.

"Father," said the Peach Boy, "you have been very kind to me. I have been very happy in all the years I have
had my home with you. You have always taught me wisely, and I have obeyed you. Now, father, I have a request to make of you."

"Let us hear what it is that you wish, my son," said O jii San. "You know that, if it be possible to grant your request, we will do so, for you have been a dutiful son to us."

"Father, I wish to go away from home."

"Go away!" cried O baa San. "Oh, my son, you do not wish to leave your old parents?"

"No, mother," said the Peach Boy; "I do not wish to leave you, and I will return as soon as it is possible; but I have work to do."

"Where are you going?" asked O jii San.
"On the farthest shores of Japan," said the Peach Boy, "there is a rugged island. No one has ever returned who has crossed the narrow neck of land that separates it from the mainland. For on this island live three awful demons. They steal both people and gold from our country. I mean to go to their country and crush them with a single blow. I will bring back the stolen treasures, and, if the captives be yet alive, I will set them free. It is for this that I wish to leave you."

"Go, my son; your arm is strong and I do not fear for you," replied O jii San. But O baa San wept bitterly, for she feared that the Peach Boy would never return from Demon Land.

The Peach Boy at once made ready
for his journey. O baa San brought out his best kimono and put his lunch into a bag for him.

"I will return as soon as my work is finished," he said as he started.

The Peach Boy traveled steadily northward all day long. Just at sunset he sat down to eat his lunch. Hearing a sound behind him, he turned and saw a great, gaunt yellow dog come bounding towards him.

"Bow, wow!" said the dog. "This is my country. Get away at once or I will devour you."

"You poor dog," said the Peach Boy; "I have come out to fight the enemies of Japan. Do you suppose I should fear you?"

"Oh! it is the Peach Boy," said the
dog; and he put his tail between his legs and cowered before the young man. “I beg you to forgive me. I wish that I, too, might go with you to fight the enemies of Japan.”

“You may come if you wish,” said the Peach Boy, and the dog followed him.

They hurried on and soon came to a forest where the trees grew thick. Suddenly there was a rustling in the branches overhead and an animal sprang to the ground and began bowing before the Peach boy.

“Bow, wow,” barked the great dog. “Keep out of our path, you miserable monkey. We are going to fight the enemies of Japan.”

The monkey paid no heed to the dog.
but went on bowing before the Peach Boy.

"What do you wish?" the Peach Boy asked at last.

"I, too, would go with you to fight the enemies of Japan," said the monkey.
The dog snarled and showed his teeth.

"Be still," said the Peach Boy; "the monkey may go with us also."

Then the three traveled on until the moon and the stars came out. As they turned a corner a curious bird sprang up from the ground. On its head was a crimson hood. On its body was a gown of seven colors.

The dog and the monkey sprang at the bird and would have devoured it.

"Stop!" cried the Peach Boy; "it is a
curious bird. Perhaps it may be of use to us."

The bird bobbed its head before the young man.

"You are the Peach Boy," it said. "I am a humble bird that lives in the wilderness. But I have heard of you. I wish to follow you if I may."

"You may be one of my followers," said the Peach Boy to the bird, and it flew on beside him.

It was now quite late, so the Peach Boy and his followers lay down to sleep. Though the monkey and the dog were enemies in the forest, they lay down side by side. Though the dog would quickly have devoured the bird at another time, the bird now perched on the dog's shoulder without fear.
The next day our travelers came to a steep cliff which hung over the sea. From the edge of the cliff they could look across to Demon Island. The waves dashed up against the rocks so fiercely that it seemed as though the demons themselves must be driving them upon the beach.

The dog, the monkey and the bird were all creatures of the dry land. They saw the height and fierceness of the waves and heard the loud roar as they beat against the rocks. The three creatures clung together and trembled.

"What!" cried the Peach Boy, "are you cowards already? If you fear the roaring of the sea you need go no farther. Greater perils than these will be encountered after we reach the island. You may return to your homes."
"Oh, forgive us!" cried the dog.

"Oh, let us remain with you!" cried the monkey.

"We shall not be afraid again!" cried the bird.

So the Peach Boy consented, and they began to build a boat. When it was done the Peach Boy and his three followers went on board and the winds soon carried them out to sea.

The dog, the monkey and the bird were very unhappy at first, but they said nothing. The Peach Boy praised them for their bravery. By and by they became used to the motion of the boat and were more comfortable.

"Let us amuse the Peach Boy!" they said to each other.

So the dog stood up on his hind legs
and begged. He sat on the edge of the boat and barked until he could be heard far away.

The monkey climbed upon the dog’s back and played tricks. He danced before the Peach Boy. He learned to walk like the bird.

The bird perched on the monkey’s head and began to sing a mournful sort of song.

How the Peach Boy laughed!

“You are not cowards!” he said; “I am glad that I brought you with me.”

Looking up, the travelers were surprised to see Demon Island close at hand. All around the island was a great, strong wall. The iron gates were closed and stoutly barred.

“How shall we enter?” asked the dog.
But the bird bowed before the Peach Boy.

"I have wings," said the bird. "I will fly to the island and find out what the demons are doing."

Then he rose high in the air and was soon circling over the island of the demons.

"Take warning! Take warning!" cried the bird, above the heads of the demons. "A great warrior is coming. With his strong army he will destroy you. If you wish to save your lives, yield at once."

The red demons, the blue demons and the black demons all looked up and laughed.

"Do you think you can frighten us?" they said. "We are not afraid of a bird."
Now, the bird was really very strong, and when he heard the red demons and the blue demons and the black demons laughing at him he grew angry.

He swooped down and with one peck of his strong bill he struck off the head of a red dragon. Just at that instant the iron gate was burst open, and the dog and the monkey rushed in. They barked and howled and scratched and bit and fought so fiercely that the demons cried for mercy. Great rocks also came rolling down on the red and blue and black demons. Their cries were louder than the sound of the waves beating on the shore.

At last only one demon was left. He was larger and stronger and more terrible to look at than all the rest. But
when he saw that all his companions had been destroyed, he surrendered. He threw down his weapons and broke off his horns, to show that he would fight no longer.

In vain he begged the Peach Boy to have mercy.

“You have not been merciful to our people whom you have taken captive,” said the Peach Boy. “Neither will I be merciful to you.”

The monkey tied a strong rope around the demon and the dog held him firmly. The bird and the monkey then gathered up a great load of the treasure they found in the castles of the demons. They also released all the captives.

Then the travelers, with their load of treasures, the released prisoners and
the captive demon, journeyed homeward.

They did not stop until they had told their story to the king and had received rich rewards and much praise.

The little army then disbanded. The dog returned to his home. The monkey went back to his tree. The bird went back to his home among the rocks.

"Sayonara (good-bye), little Peach Boy!" they said. "If ever again you need an army to destroy the enemies of Japan, come for us."

"Sayonara, good friends," replied the Peach Boy. "You have been brave and faithful and true. When I find more enemies of Japan, I shall surely call on you. Now I must return home to my father, O jii San, and my mother, O baa San."
So, after many days, the Peach Boy returned and found O jii San and O baa San waiting proudly for their brave boy, who, by his wisdom, had overcome the demons of Demon land.

“That is a fine story,” said Kaga. “I hope I may some day be able to destroy the enemies of Japan, also.”

“There are enemies of Japan inside of you,” said the nurse, “if you do not love your country and your parents, if you do not grow up to be an honest man, or if you are selfish. Be sure to conquer them.”
ON THE ROAD TO NIKKO.

On each New Year’s morning Kaga woke and shook the rice and beans from his head. These had been thrown over his face, to waken him, by his father and mother, because of an ancient custom which they would not have omitted for anything. As they threw the rice they made three wishes: first, that Kaga should be delivered from Oni, the Japanese Satan; second, that he should have good health; third, that good luck and happiness might go with him through the year.

On each New Year’s Day they gave him a new motto. On this New Year’s Day what do you think the motto was? This was it: “Of no account are riches,
of less is poverty; the only great and real pleasure in living is that we are alive.” On this day his sisters were dressed in bright and new kimonos, and he himself was given new silk clothes for a New Year’s present.

Soon after breakfast the children went forth to say their New Year’s greetings to their nearby relatives. How happy they were when the time came for the relatives to give them the New Year’s greetings and presents! On their return home they ate mochi and fish and sweetmeats enough to make them ill.

Kaga’s mother, however, knew a way to prevent the illness which might have followed. You can never guess what it was. Poor Kaga; how he dreaded
it, and how he longed to run away! But he must obey; so when his mother called him he went to her trembling. She took a small, diamond-shaped moxas, or burning herb, and placed it upon his spine as he lay on his mat. Then she lighted the herb and allowed it to burn its way into Kaga's delicate skin. Is it any wonder that poor Kaga shrieked with pain?

She was very sorry to hurt her child, but of course she could not allow him to be ill. Often the tears came into her own eyes, and to comfort him she would promise him a visit to some one of his aunts and uncles who lived in places far away.

One of these visits was made to an uncle living at Nikko. Kaga started
out early one morning in his father's jinrikisha. It was great fun at first, but as the bearers trotted along hour after hour, Kaga began to find it very dull. Here and there vast rice fields came into view, partly covered with snow; but the farmers were already at work getting ready for the rice planting. He looked eagerly for the first sight of Fujiyama, that great snow-capped volcano which you often see in the background of the Japanese pictures. Sometimes they passed through gloomy cedar forests and through groves where bamboo stood side by side like groves of giant sugar-cane.

Kaga's father thought this was a good chance to tell his child something about
his relatives, whom he had not seen since he was a very little boy. He warned him also that he would find
many customs different from those which he knew at home. For instance, he would find that his aunt carefully kept up the custom of Cha-no-yu, a sort of formal tea-drinking party, at which beautiful works of art are exhibited. The people talk about them, and each old family preserves its bronzes, porcelains and ivory carvings to exhibit at these social gatherings.

Father Amano told Kaga that he would now show him the fine collection of these treasures which his own uncle had made. Kaga was very much pleased, for his teachers had said that Kaga himself had great taste for these things and might become an artist if properly taught.

Kaga wondered why his uncles and
cousins had different customs from his own, and his father tried to explain to him that a great war once took place in the country, and that after that there was great changes in Japan. The people who were conquered defended the ancient customs and would never adopt the new fashions that came into the country. They clung to all the old ways, and these were very different from those which had come into the country in late years, since the Dutch and American and English began to come to Japan to trade.

"Will my honorable uncle not talk to me in French and English?" asked Kaga.

"I think not," replied his father, "unless he has changed his ideas since I saw him last."
"Tell me more about the war," asked Kaga. "I have read of the older wars at school, but I have not read of this one."

This is the story Kaga's father told:

"In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Mikado shut himself up in his own palace like the idols you see in the temple. He could be reached only by the priests who surrounded him. He never even stepped from his carriage of state, but was carried everywhere by a retinue of nobles who delighted to act as servants of their ruler. Matters relating to the good of the country were not brought to the Mikado himself, but to the Shoguns or the Tycoons, as we call them now. In these early days these men were both able and true, and no
Mikado could have ruled more wisely than they. But by and by these Tycoons grew proud and quarrelsome with each other. Each Tycoon, like the Mikado, had his court and capital in Tokio, which was then called Yeddo. There all noblemen were forced to come once a year to do him homage as he himself paid homage to the Mikado.

"Many of our countrymen now call these men usurpers of the power of the Mikado, and thus abused them. But for three centuries they ruled in the place of the Mikado so justly and wisely that there was no complaint. Your grandfather and his father before him believed in the Tycoons and fought for them when the terrible war broke out. In fact, they gave their lives to them,
for they were wounded in the battle of Fujima, near Tokio."

"Tell me more about my grandfather," interrupted Kaga.

"You were too young, my son, to understand these things in those days, but you must always remember that there are brave men who fight on both sides in any war. One must study and understand both sides before one can judge.

"The Mikado was helped by foreigners in this war, and we must be very kind to those who were defeated, for they were made very poor by the war. Indeed, so loyal and brave were they that they refused to receive help from the hand of a conqueror, because it seemed to them cowardly and treacherous."
Kaga thought his father's words over for some time. Then his father asked him to repeat some of the good things from the Chinese books of Confucius and other sages which he had been learning at school. Kaga drew himself up very straight and began to recite:

"The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of the whole life," said he.

"That is good." said Kaga's father.

"He who pursues the stag regards not hares," said Kaga.

"A very wise saying, my boy," said Kaga's father.

Here are other sayings which Kaga repeated to his father. I wonder if you know what they mean.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor can man be perfected without trial.
Ivory is not obtained from rats' teeth.

A bird can roost but on one branch, a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.

You cannot strip two hides off one cow.

Who swallows quickly can chew but little.

What cannot be told had better not be done.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Dig a well before you are thirsty. Learn to swim with one foot on the ground.

A diligent pen supplies memory and thought.

Do not try your porcelain bowl against his earthen dish.
He who toils in pain will eat with pleasure.

The drunkard's fault is not the wine's but his own.

The man who fights himself will be happier than he who fights with others.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

By and by Kaga and his father reached the Chiro, or castle, where his uncle lived. It was not far from the gorgeous cone of Fujiyama. The sun was just setting, and the base of the volcano was veiled in a blue mist. As they came nearer, a wonderful flush like that of dawn was thrown over the top of the lofty mountain, which is
covered always with glistening snow. Soon this faded into a soft golden light and little Kaga held his breath in wonder and amazement. In all the years that came afterward, even when he was a grown man, he never forgot the beauty of the great Fujiyama.

Great was the rejoicing at the arrival of Kaga and his father; and though they had not agreed in the war against the Tycoons, the two brothers were like boys again as they told little Kaga of their boyhood days and good times.

Kaga’s uncle told him stories of the festival of Tanabata, and how once upon a time he, with Kaga’s father, went in gay procession down the street, shouting and beating tom-toms. This
festival was celebrated in honor of Altair and Vega, two star gods who live one on each side of the Milky Way.

HOLIDAY SEASON.

They go swimming in the great white river on the seventh night of the seventh moon, and all the day long they watch with care over the good little
boys who go into the water on that day. This is the only day on which small boys are allowed to go in swimming in Japan, so it is no wonder that there are fewer boys drowned in Japan than in any other country. On this day his highness, the sea monkey, is bound and handcuffed so that little boys may swim. On every other day this wild monkey is supposed to be able to stretch out his long arms and draw into the current any boy found swimming without permission.

Once, when the tiny ship lanterns which are sent floating out to sea at the close of this feast day, Kaga's father and his uncle went in swimming to see if they could catch up with them as they floated away. But Kaga's
father, half-way back to the shore, recalled that he had not asked his mother's permission, and swam home for dear life. His brother, just for fun, reached under the water and caught at his foot. Kaga's father was frightened almost to death, for he thought it was the horrible sea monkey, who is always watching for disobedient boys
YUKI'S WEDDING.

While Kaga was visiting his uncle's home there was a wedding in the house. Little Yuki, Kaga's cousin, now fifteen years old, was soon to be settled in a home of her own.

The soothsayer had done his work well, for he had brought her to the notice of a fine old Japanese family.
The father in this family had been looking for several days for a proper bride for his son, and when he saw Yuki he was pleased with her. She was a gentle and affectionate little girl who had hardly ever been known to say an angry word. She was, besides, most docile and obedient.

During the last few years Yuki had studied very carefully those books which tell the duties of a Japanese wife, and so was quite ready to have a home of her own. In one of these books she read such things as these:

"It is the chief duty of a girl living in a parental house to practise filial piety toward her father and mother.

"But after marriage her chief duty
is to honor her father-in-law and mother-in-law; to honor them beyond her own father and mother, to love and reverence them with all ardor, and to attend them with filial piety.

"While thou honorest thine own parents, think not lightly of thy father-in-law.

"Never should a woman fail, night and morning, to pay her respects to her father-in-law and her mother-in-law.

"Never should she be remiss in performing any task they may require of her.

"With all reverence must she carry out, and never rebel against, her father-in-law's commands.

"On every point must she inquire of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and must obey their direction."
"Even if thy father-in-law and mother-in-law be pleased to hate thee, be not angry with them, and murmur not.

"If thou wilt carry piety toward them to the utmost limit, and minister to them in all sincerity, they will end by becoming friendly to thee."

Yuki was very beautiful, Kaga thought. The first time he saw her in the garden she was dressed in a kimono of a rosy tint. He thought it was the same rosy tint that he had seen on the summit of Fujiyama.

Yuki was beautiful indeed, according to the Japanese idea of beauty, though perhaps you might not have thought her so. Her face was long and narrow. Her forehead was
high and pointed in the middle and wide at the base. Her hair was as black as the raven's wing, straight and smooth. Her eyes were long and narrow, slanting upward at the outer corners. Her eyebrows were narrow and were quite far away from the eyes; her nose long and straight, and low at the bridge. Her mouth was small, and she had full, red lips. Kaga thought her neck as slender as a swan's. As she walked she turned her toes in in the proper fashion, and she made her sandals scuff at every step.

The bridegroom had already sent her a beautiful girdle, and her mother had given her some silk cocoons. From these her husband's clothes would be made by and by.
When Kaga first saw her she was playing battledore and shuttlecock. Her rosy sleeves fluttered here and there as she tossed the gay shuttlecock into the air and caught it deftly on her painted battledore. All the ornaments in her hair quivered and sparkled as she played. When she saw Kaga she remembered her lessons of etiquette and bowed very low, touching the ground with her forehead.

Yuki and Kaga became good friends at once, and she took him to see the silk cocoons. A number of peasant women, dressed in blue cotton kimonos, were seated upon the floor. Beside each one was a copper basin filled with clean hot water, and in this each cocoon was soaked.
of metal were fastened to the edge of the basin. The hot water dissolved the gum which coated the silk and made the coil hold together. The women stirred the cocoons about in the water with a twig. Soon there were loose threads floating in the
water. The women then passed four of these silk threads through each ring, for this was to be the finest of weaving. In their right hand they held a reel, upon which they wound the creamy yellow silk when they had freed it from the cocoons.

In due time the wedding day arrived and the house was filled to overflowing. There were many guests, for little Yuki was proud to invite her friends to meet the young man whose parents had sought her out. She had seen him but a few times, but she had been taught that if she were sweet and docile and kind her life would be happy, and that upon these virtues her happiness depended.

All the bride's new clothes and
household goods had been sent to the house of her husband's father a week before. There were kimonos for all seasons, and handsome sashes without number, for her clothes were expected to last her all her life. Her father and brother, who loved the little girl dearly, had thought nothing too beautiful or too costly to give her. Among other gifts from them was a tiny bureau. You would have thought it only high enough for a doll, but as Yuki always sat upon a mat upon the floor when she arranged her hair, it was exactly the right height.

Another gift was a low desk or table for writing. Another, a workbox; another, a set of lacquer trays upon which to serve the meals. Everybody,
from the grandfather to the youngest grandchild, brought some present to her, and they sent a present to every member of the groom's family as well.

JAPANESE LADIES AT LUNCH.

When the evening of the day came Yuki was carried in a jinrikisha, with her own maid, to her husband's home. The ceremony was very formal and
solemn. At last the bride and groom drank saki together from the same cup. This was to show that each would share in the joys and sorrows of the other. No one saw this ceremony but the maid who was the cup bearer, and the soothsayer, who has to suffer if the marriage is not happy.

When this was over, the guests in the next room watched anxiously for the time when the screen should be pushed away and the happy bride and groom would come out to enjoy the wedding feast. There were all sorts of sweetmeats, and fruits and vegetables and game were served in their order. Kaga's little cousin was not required to blacken her teeth after marriage, for her father-in-law and
mother-in-law did not believe in that ancient custom. And so they gleamed snowy white between her rosy lips when she smiled at Kaga.

Three days afterward Yuki came to a party given by her father and mother to the friends of both families. It was then that Yuki brought beautiful presents from the groom's to her own family. These were in return for the presents given her on her wedding day. This party began in the early afternoon and the guests did not go away until late at night. There was a fine feast, and after that some players came, and there were beautiful dances.

The bride stood all this time by her mother's side. She bowed and smiled
and presented to each guest some red rice or mochi as a token of her thanks. Kaga wondered why his aunt cried when she bowed good-by to her daughter at the door, and why his father and uncle looked so sad. But this was because, from that moment, little Yuki's name was taken from the list of her father's family, and she now belonged forever and forever to the family of her husband.
AFTER THE WEDDING.

After little Yuki had gone from home the house seemed strangely silent, and Kaga wandered about hardly knowing what to do with himself.

Yuki was so tiny and so quiet that it seemed queer to Kaga he should miss her so much. But he often found himself wishing that she would come back.

One evening Kaga wandered down one of the little paths in the garden, thinking that on the very next morning he would ask his father to take him home. He was too lonely since Yuki had gone.

But suddenly Kaga came upon some one who made him forget all about
going home. Sitting in the shade of the trees Kaga saw a very old man. His face was wrinkled and brown. His little black eyes were merry. His shoulders were very broad and straight, for he had once served in the army of the Mikado.

Kaga knew this old man at once to be one of whom Yuki had once spoken to him. She had told Kaga what wonderful stories the old man could tell. So Kaga drew near and very respectfully bowed three times. Each time his forehead touched the ground in proper Japanese fashion.

The old man looked at Kaga and laughed merrily. He no doubt thought him a very polite boy.

"Do you go to school?" asked the old man. Kaga told him that he did.
"Then," said the old man, "perhaps you can tell me the cause of the earthquake last week. The houses were shaken about so that some of them were broken to pieces. Great cracks came in the earth. Can you tell me what made this earthquake?"

But Kaga could tell the old man no reason for the earthquake.

"Sit down," said the old man, "and I will tell you. In the great ocean east of us there is an immense fish. Its mouth is so large that it could swallow this whole city at once. Its tail is so powerful that with one blow it could flatten all the mountains of Japan.

"It is seven hundred miles long and it holds the world on its back. Its
head is supposed to be near our own country and its tail is far away—seven hundred miles north of here.

"Sometimes the earthquake fish grows angry. Then it wriggles and lashes about in the water. It is that which causes all Japan to shake. It is that which makes the houses fall and and the earth crack.

"The people of Japan should be very careful not to anger the earthquake fish, for it could easily destroy the whole country."

Kaga listened with wide open eyes while the old man told this story. When he had finished Kaga begged for another.

It was past sunset when Kaga at last went back under the cherry trees
to his uncle's home. He had entirely forgotten that he had meant to ask his father to take him home, for the old man had promised to tell him a story every day that Kaga would meet him under the cherry trees.

For many days Kaga and his father visited at his uncle's home, but at last their visit ended and they returned to their own city.

Many were the stories which Kaga had to tell of the wonderful journey he had taken; of little Yuki's wedding, and of the tales which the old man told him under the cherry trees.

"Oh, I wish you might have gone, too!" said Kaga to his brothers and sisters.

"Perhaps we shall go the next time,"
they replied. "Then we will tell you stories. Do tell us another one now, Kaga!"

So, with the other children sitting around him, he told them the stories which he had heard from the old man.
THE MAGIC MIRROR.

But though Kaga now went to school, and flew kites and played with the big boys, there was still nothing he liked better than to hear the old Japanese stories, of which there are so many.

One night, as the children all sat around the little charcoal stove, the elder sister told them the story of the magic mirror.

"It's the very best story of them all!" the children cried when the sister had finished.

I wonder if you would think so, too, if I should tell it to you.

A man and his wife lived in a little village a few miles from Tokyo. For
years they dwelt in a cottage by themselves, but one day a little daughter was born.

As she grew older, this daughter was the joy of her parents’ hearts. They wondered how they had ever lived without her. The house seemed very lonely even when she went for a single day to visit with some little playmate.

One day, when the little girl came in from play, she found her father and mother talking together.

“Your father is going to the great city of Tokyo to-morrow,” said the mother. “There he will see the palace of the Mikado, and the wonderful shops full of toys and silks and beautiful lacquered ware.”

“Oh, I wish I might go with you, father!” cried the little girl.
“Not this time, my daughter,” replied her father. “But I will bring you a present from the great city.”

“What will you bring mother?” asked the daughter.

“Oh, something very beautiful,” said he with a laugh.

The next morning very early the father started on his journey. His new silk kimono was of beautiful gray and blue; his paper umbrella was red and white. His servant who drew the jinrikisha was swift and strong.

“I shall be back before night,” said the father as he was whirled away.

All day long the little girl played in the garden and her mother sat and sewed on the broad piazza. Each of them wondered many times what the father would bring when he returned.
Just at sunset the little girl heard the sound of wheels approaching.

"Father is coming," she cried, and ran out to meet him. "What did you bring, father? What did you bring?"

"I brought this for you," he answered, and held out a beautiful doll with its black hair stuck as full of ivory pins as was the little daughter's own. It wore a gorgeous silk kimono of rose and blue.

"It is beautiful," the little girl cried, hugging the doll. "What did you bring for mother?"

"This," he said, handing a mirror to his wife. "When you look into it you will see something very beautiful."

The wife took the mirror and looked into it.
"What is it?" she asked, for she had never seen a mirror before.

"That is your own face which you see reflected there," said her husband. "Here in the country there are no mirrors, but in the large cities they may be bought. Be careful of this."

"Indeed, I will keep it carefully," replied the wife. "I will keep it and give it to our little daughter on her wedding day."

The father and mother and daughter lived very happily for a time. Then the mother became ill. She grew worse and worse, until one day when the doctor came to see her he gave her no medicine, but took the spoon from which she had been given her medicine and threw it away. Then
the father and daughter wept, for when
a Japanese doctor throws away the
spoon he means that the sick person
cannot live.

That night the mother called her
daughter to her side.

"When I am no longer here," she
said, "you will miss me. You will
grieve and the house will be lonely."

Then from a lacquered box she
drew forth the mirror.

"Do you remember the time when
your father brought this beautiful
mirror home to me? It was a more
wonderful present than he thought.
This is a magic mirror. After I am
dead, whenever you feel sad and lonely,
take this mirror from its box and look
in it. I shall be near you then in
spirit and I will comfort you."
That very night the mother died and the father and daughter were wild with grief. Days and days passed, but still the daughter was sad and wept bitterly.

Suddenly one day she remembered what her mother had said about the magic mirror. She ran to the box and opened it. She gazed into the mirror and there, instead of seeing her own face, she saw that of her mother. Her mother's face was smiling, and looked younger and more beautiful even than it had in life.

"Mother! Mother!" cried the girl, and she looked long into the mirror, and was comforted.

At last she put the mirror back in its box, but the sadness had vanished from her face.
After a year had passed the girl's father took another wife. For a time all went well. The new wife seemed to love his daughter, and the father was pleased.

But by and by a change came and the little family was not so happy as it had been. One day the new wife went to her husband with a sad face.

"I shall have to leave my pleasant home," she said; "I cannot stay."

"Why?" asked the husband in surprise. "Have I not been kind to you? Are you not happy with me?"

"Alas, yes! I have been happy," she answered, weeping. "I could be happy with you always, but I dare not remain. I fear for my life."

"Your life in danger! That cannot
be! Who would harm you?” cried the husband, more surprised than ever.

“Your daughter,” said the wife, “has planned to harm me by magic. For hours she sits in her room and gazes at something in her hand. I believe it is my picture in wood. I fear your daughter.”

But the husband laughed. “My daughter would not harm you,” he said. “Come, we will go to her and see the thing at which she looks so long.”

The husband and wife slipped quietly to the daughter’s room. There they saw her gazing at something she had in her hand. But when she heard the sound of their footsteps she hastily slipped it into her sleeve.
“Let me see what you have there,” said the father. Then the girl drew the mirror from her sleeve and slowly handed it to him. “Why,” he said, “this is only the mirror which I brought your mother from Tokyo.”

Then the girl told her father how when she was unhappy or lonely she would look into the mirror and her mother’s face was always there, just as her mother had promised.

“Let us see,” said her father.

The girl raised the mirror and gazed into it. Her own face was reflected in the glass, but her father now understood why she had thought she saw her mother’s face. He drew the wife aside.

“She does not know that it is her
own beautiful face which she sees there," he said. "And I do not won-
der, for her face is strangely like her mother's. You see that my daughter means you no harm."

"How glad I am!" said the wife. "I have been very foolish and unkind, but from this day I will try to take the place of the child's beautiful mother, so that she need not be unhappy."
HOW KAGA LEARNED TO PAINT.

When Kaga was learning to write he made his ink in a pretty bowl, the gift of his wealthy grandfather. Butterflies were painted upon the bowl, and it seemed to Kaga a pity to rub the black stick of India ink over their bright wings; his ink bowl looked like a little pond with the butterflies hovering around the border of the black water.

This ink would not stain Kaga's kimono, although it seemed to flow from the brush like oil. Kaga was not allowed to touch his wrist or elbow to the desk as he wrote. Neither was the paper laid upon the desk; instead,
he held it in his left hand. It was more like painting than writing, and by and by, when Kaga was given a few simple colors, he found he could paint almost as easily as he could write.

In Kaga's home were many beautiful banners on which were written the histories of Kaga's ancestors. Often Kaga had seen his sister, Yone Santo, arrange the cherry blossoms in vases before these banners. Sometimes it took her an hour, for she wished every leaf to look as natural as when it was on the tree. She would not allow the branches to cross, for that would not be so on the tree itself. Then, too, the most beautiful portions of the bough must be shown in front.

Yone Santo never mixed flowers;
each one was always surrounded by its own leaves, and so Kaga grew familiar with the looks of everything that bloomed during the year. He learned that the colors of the under side of the leaf threw shadows upon the upper side of others, and that the masses of flowers deepened in color as they shaded one another, or grew lighter where the sunlight fell across them. All these little things his bright eyes had noticed, so that he had a picture of them always in his mind.

One day the teacher painted the blue flag, or iris, for his copy. He did this with only six strokes, and Kaga knew why the darker color was needed with the lighter green above it, and he could easily copy the curve of the
three petals. His master was not quite satisfied with Kaga's picture. Still, he did not tell him what he had failed to do, as your teacher would have done. This was because he wished to teach the boy to think and notice for himself.

What do you think Kaga had forgotten to put into his picture of the iris? Why, the little touch of yellow which is always to be found between the upper and under outside petals. Kaga found this pretty yellow after a while, and then he worked more carefully. Never again did he forget those wonderful tints and forms which make even the poorest iris blossom so beautiful.

How proud his father was when
Kaga took home a picture he had painted of a great lotus blossom, just opening its gorgeous petals and with its leaves floating upon the still, silvery water! How he praised the child! He passed it around to be admired, and ran out to see if the water in the pond did really look like the water Kaga had painted.

It certainly did, and Kaga’s father was sure his little boy would be an artist by and by.
KAGA AT PLAY.

Would you like to know some of the games that Kaga played when he went out to recess each day? There were many of them, and had you been there you could have played them easily, for Japanese games are much like those which you play in your own school yard.

There are tag, blind-man's-buff, tug-of-war and leap-frog, although Kaga called this last tobi-koshi. There is a jumping game, too, called tobikko. In one game—“wind-jump”—the boys jump toward a goal instead of running toward it. Another hopping game is chin chin mago mago. In this the boys hop from a mark, and the
JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY.
one who can hop the farthest wins. This is somewhat like your game of hop-scotch.

Kaga also played horse, but in a way which is quite similar to your game of leap-frog. One boy bends his back and takes hold of the girdle of another boy in front of him. A third boy rides upon the back of the second. This rider is called a tasho, or general. Six boys play at this game together, so that there are two leaders, two horses and two riders. Each general tries to pull the other generals from their horses, and the antics of the horses themselves are very funny.

The smaller boys ride a bamboo stick on which a horse's head is placed. Kaga had one of these bamboo sticks,
and he rode it just as you have seen a baby riding his father's cane.

READY TO PLAY BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

Kaga's sisters were very fond of playing battledore and shuttlecock. The battledore is called a hagoita and
is usually made of kiri wood or cedar. These battledores have pictures on one side, and the hago, or shuttlecock, is made of the seed of the mokuran, or soapberry tree. Into this seed several small, bright colored feathers are stuck, so that it is quite a gay looking toy.

It is the custom in Japan to send a battledore and shuttlecock to a little girl upon her first birthday. An ornamental set of bows and arrows, however, are sent when a boy is born, and Japanese boys never play battledore and shuttlecock, although in our country it is as good a game for boys as it is for girls.

The boys play with the shuttlecock, however, kicking it with their feet.
This makes a football game, which the children call *kemari*, or "kicking-ball."

Some say that football was once a war game, and that Chinese soldiers played it because it helped them in the tactics of war. The ball was then a round bag made of leather and filled with hair. It is said that the great Cheng Ti—an Emperor of the Han dynasty—took much pleasure in the game.

We are told that football was first played in Japan in the time of the Empress Kogioku, who was very fond of watching the game, although she could not, of course, play it. Emperor Gotaba, who reigned in the twelfth century, praised the game very highly, and, some time after, rules were made for it and football clubs formed.
There is a story told about an old emperor who was an excellent player. One day three strange men appeared before him. They seemed like children only three or four years old. They had bodies like monkeys and each had a name written on his forehead in golden letters. One was called "Spring Willow Blossom," the second, "Summer-Rest Forest," and the third, "Autumn Garden." They said they had come to be the gods of the foot ball game. This is why the children of Japan always cry: "Ya kwa," "An ri," and "En u," while playing the game, for these were the Chinese names of the three strange beings, whom the Japanese now worship as gods.

You would have laughed to hear
Kaga choose a leader for a game. He would stand his playmates in a row and count them, saying these words: "Ha-
nal-tai, Tou-al-tai, Sam-a-tjyoung, Na-
al-tai, Ryouk-nang, Ke-tji, Hpal-tai, 
Tjang-koun, Ko-tou-rai, Pping."

What do you think these words mean?
KITE FLYING.

The fifth day of the fifth month is the Japanese boy's Fourth of July.

The children went out to the place of the tombs very early in the morning to say prayers before the shrine of the dear dead grandmother, for upon all joyous festival days the dead are remembered.

On this day all Japan observes the festival of Hachiman, god of war. This Japanese war god is also the patron saint of all games of skill and chance, and so on this day all sorts of boys' games are played by both the young and the old. The festival of flags, as Kaga was taught to call it, is especially interesting. You would call it a fes-
tival of kites, for the sky is full of them all day long.

Wherever a boy has been born during the year, a special bamboo pole is placed before the house and at its top is a great paper fish with open mouth and flapping fins, swimming in the air. Tied to this pole by yards and yards of rice cord are other paper fishes. These are large and small, and there is one for every boy in the house.

The reason for so queer a custom is this: the carp, like our salmon, is able to leap lightly over waterfalls when it wishes to reach the head of the stream where it makes its home. It is also able to swim against the swiftest current and cross the strongest tides.

What the Japanese parents mean
when they fly the fishlike kites from the poles below their houses is that their sons, like the carp, shall overcome all difficulties; they shall press on against life's temptations until they become successful men.

Sometimes these queer fish kites are so cleverly made that their eyes roll, and by means of a reed whistle placed in their open jaws they make a sound which is heard in the streets below.

As there are thousands and thousands of these fish kites skimming and darting over the roofs of the Japanese houses, you can imagine how odd the town must look. The small boys watch these kites through the long day, much as you would watch the rockets sent off in the evening of our Fourth of July.
The Japanese boy has, however, fireworks as well as kites. These are always made in the form of fishes, instead of the flowers and other pretty shapes in which our fireworks come.

There is another reason why kite flying is so common a sport in Japan. In olden times soldiers were largely guided by signs they saw in the sky. At one time, just before a battle, the Japanese soldiers were frightened by the appearance of falling stars. So their leader made a kite, tied on a small lantern for a bob, and sent it up into the dark sky. When the soldiers saw it they thought it was a new star and declared it a good omen. So they fought with great courage and won the battle. Ever since kites have always been sent up on the anniversary of the victory.
These kites are made by men with whom kite-making is a regular trade. The kites are very gay and are sold for little. The best one costs only about ten cents of our money. The kite string is made of pure silk and is the most expensive part of the kite. It is only in the royal palace that a string of sky-blue may be used.

Kaga saved his money for several months so that he might have the very finest kites in the village. When the day came he went to the bazaar and picked out two beautiful ones of the same size, though unlike in decoration. The old merchant told Kaga that these kites must be flown only on the fifth day of the fifth month; that if he should fly them after that time he
would be laughed at. He told him also that on the fourteenth day of the first month he should write a wish on the kite he was to fly on the fifth day of the fifth month, so that the old year's misfortunes might be carried away as the kites rise in the air.

Mothers often write the wishes for their children and place upon the paper the names and dates of their births. These letters are hidden beneath the bamboo frames and a piece of sulphur paper is fastened to the string. The sulphur paper is lighted as the kite is sent up. By and by, when it is far enough up in the sky, the string burns through and the scapegoat kite is lost. With it is lost all the ill fortune of the old year.
Kaga did not use the word "kite." He called his kite a paper hawk if it proved very swift of wing; others he called wind-harps on account of a singing and humming noise which they make as they spin off through the air. Often the kites are made in the shape of some fish or bird or animal. Kaga had one shaped like a fish. Kaga's big brother had one shaped like a dragon, and Kaga liked to watch it wriggling across the sky.

On one of these festival days the big brother selected two flag kites and sent them up from a hill. "Let us have a duel," he said.

The two kites had silk strings which had been dipped in a fish glue mixed with powdered glass and porcelain.
This is so that one kite string may cut another. The rule of the game is that both boys must let out their lines quickly. If they do not, one string will be caught and cut through by the other.

Other boys joined in the game and often four or five strings became crossed as the kites went up. Kaga's brother won, and his kite floated triumphantly in the air long after the others were cut down and carried away by the wind. The other boys had to go on a long search in the distant woods after their lost kites, for to lose a kite on this day would bring very bad luck.