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A True Friendship At Last.

THE SO-CALLED AMICABLE RELATIONS of America and Japan, so full of hypocrisy and falsity for a long time, are changed completely as a result of the Washington Conference...

The federal government is said to have asked the senators and representatives from the Pacific Coast to exert their good offices toward quieting the anti-Japanese movement...

In Tokyo plans have been completed for a reunion of the United States Naval Academy class of 1881 and the Japanese government has extended invitations to the secretaries of war and the navy...

Japan is making many plans for the entertainment of the representatives of America. These plans are as elaborate as those for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales...

There may be many cranks who will condemn these manifestations as meaningless frivolities. But not so. We must scrutinize the plan from another angle, and one more sensible...

But the contemplated visit will be vastly different. Now there is no occasion for suspicion.

What is termed the friendly relation of America and Japan has prevailed for years and we almost are tired of hearing of it.

Quite natural. For while compliments were being passed back and forth, the newspapers of the two countries and the politicians were hurling the most offensive epithets at one another...

What we Japanese in America must bear in mind is that we should not seek hurried solutions of the immigration and land problems. We must not try to shoot down the stream on a surf board...

From first to last we must endeavor solemnly to solve this problem ourselves, through our own efforts, sincerely. Herein lies the key to the solution of the immigration and land problems...

The Radical Control Bill.

THE BILL for the control of radical social movements submitted by the Government to the House of Peers on February 18 was subsequently referred to a special committee which at last passed it on Tuesday...

Much has already been said by scholars, lawyers and journalists with regard to the inconsistency and anachronistic character of this bill. All though we deem it necessary to lay down suitable measures for keeping the movements of radical elements tainted by nihilistic and communistic ideas under proper control...

Obnoxious ideas and thoughts ought to be dispelled by the development of healthy ones. It is idle to say that evil thoughts, if materialized into radical social movements, should be rigorously dealt with...

The Government does not in the least exercise its care leading bad thoughts into better and healthier channels; it is only concerned with the control of them. The bill in question, therefore, ought to have been decided upon after thorough consideration and discussion...

The amendments made to the draft measures by the House of Peers, however, have, it seems to us, rather extended the scope of application of the law, although the phrase, "with reference to nihilism, communism, etc.," has been struck out thereby. In short, the committee in the House has introduced certain amendments into the bill in a perfunctory fashion in order to conform to public opinion...

The bill, having vital relation with the people of this kind, ought to have been submitted to the House of Representatives. But as it was placed under the consideration of the House of Peers erroneously by the authorities, the House should pay its very best attention in weighing and discussing it. A similar law was put in force in Germany in bygone days under the Bismarck administration, it is true, but then the country was anything but peaceful.

Although regulations with identical purposes were issued by the United States Government years ago, still they were intended for the prevention of violent actions by spies and agents of enemy countries in war time. Last year Germany was once again called upon to promulgate a law for controlling popular thoughts, but the state of things there at that time was extremely turbulent, almost bordering upon anarchy, ending in the assassination of President Erzberger.

If our authorities wish to put such a law in operation in this country, the people may be greatly agitated by fear whether our thoughts and ideas are taking so dangerous a turn as to require rigid control. We want to ask the authorities to point out where danger to the thoughts of our people lies. Are our people's minds really infected with poisonous thoughts coming from abroad?

We make bold to declare that the ideas of our people concerning national constitution and government remain as unshaken and sound today as ever before. We notice that their thoughts are subjected to vicissitudes, but the spirit of loyalty to the sovereign and devotion to the cause of state is intact. Also, it is a cause of our constant joy that, albeit our traditional moral sense is undergoing gradual changes, our fundamental ideas respecting national policy has been absolutely unperturbed. Under these circumstances, if the Government carries out relentless suppression and supervision of thoughts all of a sudden at the present juncture, it will adversely affect the conception of our young people concerning our thoughts and morals and make them have a strong leaning toward radicalism. This point must be most carefully considered.

The House of Peers is in duty bound to follow the trend of popular

ORIENTAL ARTS COMPARED.

A JAPANESE visitor to Europe recently complained that no interest is now taken by us in the art of his country, writes Arthur Waley in the New Statesman. Everywhere in European museums he found that Chinese exhibits were attracting attention and Chinese designs being copied by students. He wrongly attributed this to our disapproval of Japan's autocratic government...

Then came a phase in which elegance was devalued and craftsmanship regarded only as a means. Moreover, those words and ideas "willow-tree," "geisha," "plum-blossom," "Fuji" which like magic keys, had opened the gates of reverence, now lost their spell. Eastern art was judged by the same standards as Western, and it was found to (take only one example) that Japanese poetry, with its interminable blossoms and moonlight, was often making an appeal merely to "aesthetic" emotion not in itself any more "aesthetic" than sexual excitement. The naked essentials of poetry were found to be wanting.

It is, however, perfectly natural, since the beauty of poetry depends on the exact words used, that translations should seem to lack such beauty unless they are made by poets who infuse a new beauty of their own. Hence it would seem to follow that translations of poetry are either not poetry, or else not, in a strict sense, translations.

This is almost true; but it must not be forgotten that there are certain elements, such as the main "desiderata" of the poem and the sequence of images and ideas, which probably subsidiary in poetry are purely aesthetic in their working and yet are capable of transmission from one language to another. Now Japanese poems are so short that these subsidiary elements scarcely have room to develop. It is for this reason that even the best are untranslatable, and not because they are lacking in the main essentials of poetry.

In Chinese poetry, on the contrary, the subsidiary elements which I have named are developed to an unparalleled degree, particularly in the longer poems (say, from twelve to thirty lines) which form the bulk of any Chinese poet's work.

If Japanese literature is to resuscitate itself through its prose, not its poetry, it will certainly be a difficult matter. The best prose was undoubtedly written before A. D. 1100, and consequently in a language which is almost as different from the modern Japanese as the text is so corrupt that a literal and complete translation is obviously impossible. Baron Suymatsu, who published in the eighties a version of the first seventeen chapters of the Tale of Genji, has summarized the story, and appears to have used one of the numerous abridgments of the work rather than the romance itself. Yet an attempt to translate all that is translatable would be well worth making for the literature of the world contains no other work remotely resembling this. To indicate here even the general outlines of a novel twice as long as Clarissa Harlowe would obviously be impossible.

FROM THE GENJI MONOGATARI.

I will summarize an episode in the sixth chapter. Prince Genji was formerly married at the age of twelve to Princess Akashi. Before the marriage was consummated he fell in love with Rokujo, a widow eight years older than himself. This lady was of a temper so virulently jealous that her hate blasted any rival who stood in her way. When Genji, who still the lover of Rokujo, was compelled by social convenience to make a show of joint life with Aoi, the unfortunate princess pined away, withered by a hatred which she had no power to do anything to. The same fate attended Yuzurube, Rokujo's mistress, and at this point in the story Lady Rokujo disappears into a nunnery.

LEAN LADY BORES HIM.

Then began a half-jesting courtship in which Genji became more and more bored by this lean, artistic lady, but also more and more sorry for her. There was living with him at this time a girl of twelve whom he had adopted, and afterwards married. Coming home one day from the gaunt lady's mansion he found his adopted daughter amusing herself with her paint-box. He tried to join as usual in her play, but could not banish from his mind the image of the angular creature with whom he had so grotesquely become entangled.

Suddenly snatching a brush he drew in the margin of the drawing-book a lady with very long hair, and dipping the brush in red paint he tinted the tip of the lady's nose. Then while the child stared at the drawing he went to the mirror and dabbed his own nose with red.

"Perhaps I shall be like that one day," he said. "How shall you like me then?"

thoughts closely always, so as to safeguard peace and law in this country. Therefore, it is a great mistake to deal with the bill now before the House in a cursory manner. We are hopeful that when the bill comes up for discussion in a regular meeting of the House, the Upper House will reject it for the true interest of the nation, deferring its final decision till another opportunity. We are now advancing this argument not for the purpose of attacking the Government but for the sake of national welfare and future good of the people. We are solicited that the members of the House of Peers will pass their fair judgment on the question.

THE STIRRING BATTLES OF KOKUSENYA.

By Chikamatsu Monzayemon.

CONTINUED FROM LAST SATURDAY.

KINSHO was greatly rejoiced to hear that Tei in the Shiro was her father. Her first impulse was to rush to the gate and throw her arms about his neck. But she was the wife of General Kanki, lord of the castle, and such conduct on her part would be looked upon as the height of impropriety. She must not forget her dignity for a moment in the presence of the soldiery.

"All those matters are well known to me," she said, trying to hide her emotion. "But unless you furnish me with positive proofs, I cannot accept you as my father. What proof have you to offer, sir?"

"Give us some proof!" the soldiers chorused. The old man held up his hands. "My dearest daughter," he said, "if some proof is wanted, you have it in your own possession. Before departing for Japan I painted a portrait of myself and left it with your nurse, to be given you as a memento of me. I have aged since then, but my features for only seeming discolored, poor my countenance. I do but ask that you compare this portrait with the features of him who stands before you begging admittance. I assure you, good lady, your doubts will vanish as fades the mist before the sun." "I," admitted Kinsho, "I have that picture, forsooth."

IDENTITY IS PROVEN.

It was a miniature and she carried it always about her person. Remembering her own husband, she held up a mirror in such a way that the moonlight cast a reflection of the old man's face upon it. For a considerable time she stood looking from one to the other. The jet black hair and vigorous expression in the portrait contrasted strongly with the wrinkled face and snowy locks reflected in the mirror. But the eyes, mouth and nose of both were so similar that it was impossible to doubt their identity.

Many besides Kinsho had heard the old man and she felt it was safe to cast restraint to the winds now. "Oh, sir, you must indeed be my own long lost father!" she cried. "Forgive me for my seeming discolored face. For many years I have looked forward to this moment. I was left a motherless orphan here in China. I was filled with grief when I learned that you had returned to Japan. Then I learned that Japan was far to the west. I used to worship in the rising sun, as symbolical of you, every morning."

"How often have I unrolled my map of the world and have studied the countries of China and Japan! On the map, Japan seemed to be very near to me, as I was established here. It was three thousand miles away. And I despaired of ever meeting you in this life, so you can imagine how delighted I am to see you, after more than twenty years! My heart overflows with joy and gratitude to my father and to you, my dear daughter. Both Tei Shiro and Kinsho wept with emotion. Their tears seemed to mingle with the moonbeams, and the light of fair Luna paled, as though a shower of rain suddenly had descended to earth.

KING'S ORDERS STRICT.

It was Kinsho's great wish to admit the three visitors forthwith. But this was out of the question, for the war was not as yet at an end. General Kanki had received strict orders from the King of Tartary on no account to admit foreigners into his castle, even though they were his own kinsmen. Kinsho told them of the order, adding that she was at a loss what to do.

"It is impossible to disobey the order of the king," the old mother said. "But I do not think you need fear an old woman like myself. I am used to see you with your sword, and you are in, even while refusing to admit the others. 'Impossible!' cried the sentinels, who had been listening to a verbal word. 'The imperial order excepts not even women. If, however, you are willing to see your father and daughter, you must be wedded or inseparably linked with some kind of bond, or you will incur the wrath of His Majesty, should he hear of the episode. So, old lady, if you insist upon entering the castle, you must be bound as well.'"

"This speech filled Kokusenyu with wrath, and he made no effort to conceal it. 'Insolent varlets!' he cried. 'You ask us to bind our lady's step-mother? Who ever heard of such an unheard-of demand? We are Japanese, and we shall not endure such insult. If those are his conditions, we shall not meet or consult with your master.'"

PRIDE IS VANQUISHED.

Taking his aged mother by the arm, Kokusenyu turned to depart. But she shook him off, saying: "Patience, my son! If we wish to seek the assistance of another in a matter of great moment, we must put up with affronts and hardships. If our request is granted, I am perfectly willing to be bound with cords, nay, even to be fettered and handcuffed. Therefore, my husband, I pray you, bind me as you see fit." Moved by her words, Tei Shiro reluctantly bound his wife, hand and foot. Opening the gate, the sentinels permitted her to enter. Seeing this, Kinsho burst into tears.

"My dear father and brother!" she cried. "Forgive the apparent cruelty of the soldiers. They were so afraid of my mother's wrath that they were obliged to do as she bade. I shall take my sweet mother in my charge, so you need not concern yourselves about her safety. She will tell me about your request, and I shall inform my husband and do my best to gain his consent."

In the event of her husband's consent, she added, she would pour a solution of face powder on her face. If he refused, she would pour a solution of rouge. If he should run red they would know that General Kanki had refused.

The water which Lady Kinsho used for her toilet flowed down into an artificial pond which led to the moat and thence into the Hoang Ho. Therefore, in order that they might know the result of the interview of the wife and mother, Tei Shiro and Kokusenyu sat themselves down to watch the current of the Hoang Ho.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The child was terrified and would not be comforted till she found that the paint could be wiped away.

MENTALITY OF THE NO PLAYS.

I have summarized this minute episode in a significant work not because it is typical of the general whole, but because it illustrates, better than any passage I can recall, the extreme and unexpected sophistication of the genji. The mentality of the plays is that of our own fourteenth century morality writers; that of the Japanese popular drama and novel is even simpler. Yet in this work, for the first time in the history of the century are many passages which could be inserted in M. Proust's next volume without anybody noting the intrusion.

Genji is a social hero, a stupendous man-about-town. An amateur as introspective as Stendhal, a master of ceremonies as triumphant as Beau Nash. In shining splendor he moved from festival to festival, his glory broken only by one brief moment of being humbled by a lightning bolt. It is perhaps dangerous to speak in such terms of a book which one hopes some day to translate. Expectations may be aroused which the translation from one tongue into another may easily disappoint. But since the only sound edition of Genji is at present out of print, the task cannot be begun. Meanwhile, someone ought to republish the Sanyu edition, long unobtainable, but well deserving of resurrection.



SHICHISHIRO ITO.

BANG! bang! bang! Japanese bombarded the Oakland police headquarters and made the desk sergeant run. But don't be scared. It was not the Japanese-American war. It was the explosion of confiscated moonshine sake.

FRENCH slogan: "Get the Raisin Habit." Yes, we have the precious habit already.

AND there were fools who tried to raise watermelons instead of grapes.

PERHAPS the most prosperous jobless woman is Mary Garden.

"YOU can't beat a woman," a Japanese says. "It's right. Lucia Muratore, who said of Mary Garden, 'She is not a woman I would have killed her,' is reported seriously ill."

WHO says the Bolsheviks are inhuman? They say each Russian delegate to the Genoa conference has bought a 150,000,000 rubles silk hat to be welcomed into the fellowship of the respectable and well dressed.

IT seems that Genoa is full of rocks to invite the conference to deadlocks.

MASUNOSUKE KAZAWA, who craves the degree as Doctor of Fish and who turns gold fish to silver, is right when he says: "I am sure there is more chance to study fish in New York than anywhere else."

TO recognize proposals in principle isn't the monopoly of Japan at Washington, for the Bolshevik recognized the Czar's debts in principle at Genoa.

THE real Bolshevik at Genoa is France.

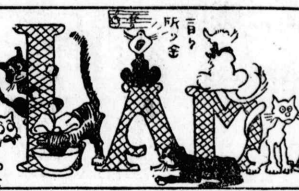
"WHAT is China doing now?" asked an American publisher. We may answer him that the Celestials are playing their favorite civil war game, preparing chop suey and doing a laundry business.

RUSSIA is a poor beggar in America and a big boss at Genoa.

MOUNTAIN MAN AND WOMAN

LONG white hair covers the body of the Mountain Man. He is regarded as an aggressive Kyo-and figure in Japanese romance. Her tendencies are cannibalistic. She can fly about like a moth and traverse pathless mountains with ease.

The Mountain Man looks for all the world like a great dark haired monkey. He is extremely strong, and his favorite outdoor sport is stealing food from the villages. The Mountain Man stands ever ready to assist waiters. He will gladly carry their timber for them in exchange for a ball of rice. Needless it is to capture or kill him, for an attack of any kind on the Mountain Man always brings misfortune, sometimes death, upon the perpetrators.



By SOSEKI NATSUME.

(Translated by a Japanese Schoolboy.)

THE LETTER look very beautiful indeed from the outside anyway. I don't pretend to know what it is all about on the inside. The sapient master he read it through once and then he saw it was not a letter requesting for a contribution but it were nevertheless awfully like hard one to comprehend.

Of course, if the author send it as a contribution to the magazine, they would hurl it straight at the wastebasket. I suspect that the master so lenient who have a reputation for his opaque quality of brain would tear it up to pieces, but my expectations were all wrong. He read it over and over again and still yet again. Maybe he would like to infer there are some sort of a deep dark and low down meaning in such a letter like this and are trying to learn and understand all of it and more. There are so very many things in the universe hard to understand, but there are nothing you can't connect with some kind or sort of reasoning.

How hard a writing may be, when one compare his mind to understand it, why, it's a very easy task to understand it. You may term a man fool or smart. It are understandable either way, backward or forward. Not only or alone that. The terming of a man as dog or pig are no problem to solve.

EASY TO COMPREHEND.

If you wish you may describe a mountain as tall, or so high, or tall, or far up in air, likewise you may mention the universe as small, or you may say a crow are white, celebrated Komachi a ugly woman or even Kushami a gent. Therefore such foolish letter like this may be wedded or inseparably linked with some kind of sort of sense and then you can understand. Especially, master so dreadful, who insist to explain in English he can't comprehend one way or other for a long time and acquire that habit, being as he admits to extract some sort of meaning from a letter like this.

Once master so effusive been asked why he insist, "good morning" when a weather are so bad by his student and he thought of it for seven long day and still could not make acceptable rejoinder. Again he were asked by the pupil how to express Chris Columbus in the Japanese and he made a meditation on the question for three day and night to get any answer to it. He are that kind of a man. Master soon looked as though he understood the letter just as nearly as he did that "good morning" and say at himself: "This sure are great. Deep meaning in it. Author must be the deep student of philosophy. That are indeed the great and far sighted view." Thus he admired stupendously. We know by this how foolish he are then they also are some good sense in it. Master so fearful have a trait all his own which are to worship everything hard to understand. Perhaps this are not speciality of master.

THE POPULAR LECTURERS.

Something they are something great hidden in hard to understand thing and make us to expect something lofty in the unexpected place. There are common ordinary people make noise as though they comprehend those thing they really don't know. On the other hand scholars make lectures so hard to understand those thing which are clearly know by each and every one. The most popular professor in a university are those who lecture things too hard to comprehend and others who lecture too plain subject are not so popular.

The reason why master so perspicacious ad-

A JAPANESE POET'S WORD PICTURES OF LONDON.

MR. TAKAHIRO IWA, a Japanese poet of considerable distinction in his own country, has been staying in London, and in a small volume entitled "Cherry Leaves" he gives us glimpses of our capital city that are refreshingly ingenious, says the London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Iwai is an Imagist. He paints his poetical pictures with a few swift strokes of the brush. It is just the impression of a vision. Thus, this one, "In Kensington Gardens":

There arose a silvery mist around a pond; Strangely I loitered beside the resting water; I found, when I had made a circle of the shore, A deep evening shadow had already mantled me, And starlight rings of light glimmered around.

And here is an impression of a London street in the evening:

I walked to and fro in a street at evening. While the purple shade grew deeper and deeper. There loitered whispering couples arm-in-arm; Lovers were waiting for their "sweetest halves"; Many happy cars flashed by—perhaps to the play; They might be hastening to my favorite Little Theatre.

I stood listening to the murmur of the busy town.

The Embankment seen at midnight is fetched in four lines:

Midnight had fallen upon the river, Which glimmered like a shrouded corpse. Just then I heard the boom of Big Ben, Resounding like the clang of Hades.

Mr. Iwai, whose days were spent in a city office, used often to pass the spring and summer evenings in Hyde Park:

Here where the twilight gleams, I have my dreams— The new-grown grass to rest me— One haunting thought to test me— What if thou earnest to reach again Thy Mother Earth, that gave thee birth; To drain her milk, thou soft green silk? But I, who stretch my hand, and strive to understand.

Can only falter, knowing naught Of all the wonder thou hast caught. Ingenious is the poet's tribute to "A Pretty Typist":

A pretty girl among the crowd of typists Always gave me a sweet smile, I did not see her for a whole day, And I had a sense of something missing, As if I had left my watch at home.

And one last impression of the poet himself in a city office, expressed in decoding telegrams:

I only tell you about my London life. My mother, dear, Can you imagine a little white mouse, Which is confined in a tiny cage. 'Tis filled always by the people around. And has to keep waiting for their sport? That pitiful creature am I here in the office, My mother, dear!

Mr. Iwai's name for England is Rose Land.



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EASY TO COMPREHEND.

If you wish you may describe a mountain as tall, or so high, or tall, or far up in air, likewise you may mention the universe as small, or you may say a crow are white, celebrated Komachi a ugly woman or even Kushami a gent. Therefore such foolish letter like this may be wedded or inseparably linked with some kind of sort of sense and then you can understand. Especially, master so dreadful, who insist to explain in English he can't comprehend one way or other for a long time and acquire that habit, being as he admits to extract some sort of meaning from a letter like this.

Once master so effusive been asked why he insist, "good morning" when a weather are so bad by his student and he thought of it for seven long day and still could not make acceptable rejoinder. Again he were asked by the pupil how to express Chris Columbus in the Japanese and he made a meditation on the question for three day and night to get any answer to it. He are that kind of a man. Master soon looked as though he understood the letter just as nearly as he did that "good morning" and say at himself: "This sure are great. Deep meaning in it. Author must be the deep student of philosophy. That are indeed the great and far sighted view." Thus he admired stupendously. We know by this how foolish he are then they also are some good sense in it. Master so fearful have a trait all his own which are to worship everything hard to understand. Perhaps this are not speciality of master.

THE MASTER CLASSIFIED.

"You are such whimsical silliness. If because your concern for you metal elevation you remark you can't answer to the guests, then I should say as how guests must have the suffering. Suffering cat, if you so settled right down. I didn't arrive here all alone. I accompanied a rare guest. Come out and greet the guest." "Who did you bring along?" "Don't worry who it are. Only emerge out and see. He so earnestly wish to envision you." Master stood folding up and unfolding his arm in his bosom and said, "Ho, ho, you just want to fool me I'm on to you."

But seemingly unconsciously he passed into parlor by way of porch and there he limned an are man reverently sitting right in front of and before an alcove. Master unconsciously withdrew his hands out of his bosom and squatted down by paper screen. This make both of them facing toward west and so they can't exchange greeting.

MORE THIS INTERVIEW SATURDAY.