





### 病苦を押して 日本を使命を傳へ

#### 華府で大統領と會見

加州の同胞には歸途に會ふ

醫學界の權威者として、華府に於て大總統と會見した。醫學博士の藤澤博士は、大總統と會見した。藤澤博士は、大總統と會見した。藤澤博士は、大總統と會見した。

### 王冠盗難

#### 埃帝室傳説の寶

埃帝室の傳説の寶、王冠の盗難。埃帝室の傳説の寶、王冠の盗難。埃帝室の傳説の寶、王冠の盗難。

### 同胞職工の立場を思へ

#### ユニオンは常に日本人を排斥

同胞職工の立場を思へ。ユニオンは常に日本人を排斥。同胞職工の立場を思へ。ユニオンは常に日本人を排斥。

### 日本から見た 多量の生糸

#### 日本貿易の復興を期す

日本から見た多量の生糸。日本貿易の復興を期す。日本から見た多量の生糸。日本貿易の復興を期す。

### 支拂ひ停止

#### 内國商業銀行

支拂ひ停止。内國商業銀行。支拂ひ停止。内國商業銀行。

### 浮城の如き 大洋丸の安着

#### 乗客の安全を確保

浮城の如き大洋丸の安着。乗客の安全を確保。浮城の如き大洋丸の安着。乗客の安全を確保。

### 幣制改革

#### 支那で進行中

幣制改革。支那で進行中。幣制改革。支那で進行中。

### 東部で捕る

#### 慶洋丸水夫

東部で捕る。慶洋丸水夫。東部で捕る。慶洋丸水夫。

### 又候流行

#### 田舎に賭博が

又候流行。田舎に賭博が。又候流行。田舎に賭博が。

### 統計内容

#### 同胞動静状態

統計内容。同胞動静状態。統計内容。同胞動静状態。

### 素人寫眞

#### 競技規定

素人寫眞。競技規定。素人寫眞。競技規定。

### 自由公債

#### 日米新聞社

自由公債。日米新聞社。自由公債。日米新聞社。

### TEN O'CLOCK ALL OUT

夜公園

### 競技規定

素人寫眞

### 自由公債

日米新聞社

### 競技規定

素人寫眞

### 自由公債

日米新聞社

### 競技規定

素人寫眞

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素人寫眞

### 自由公債

日米新聞社

### 競技規定

素人寫眞

### 自由公債

日米新聞社

### 競技規定

素人寫眞

### 自由公債

日米新聞社

### 桑港旅館組合

東洋汽船株式會社





南加の邦人漁業... (News about Japanese fishing in Southern California)

興業社より... (News from the Industrial Society)

金庫盗人取調... (News about a bank robbery investigation)

自動車補助... (News about car subsidies)

大火傷... (News about a major fire)

大募集... (Recruitment notice)

Various advertisements including medical clinics, schools, and businesses.

大募集 (Large Recruitment) advertisement with details about a job or organization.

日米新聞社 (Nichiichi News Company) advertisement featuring a handgun image and text.

市内家持一同 (City Homeowners Together) advertisement with a large headline.

Frederick's (フレズノ) advertisement with a large headline and contact information.



## The Cultivation of Waste Land.

THE CALIFORNIA Department of Agriculture recently published a pamphlet in which it is stated there are one hundred million acres of land in California, of which seven and one-half million acres are utilized for the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, grains and hay. There are fifty-four million acres which could be made fine orchard, vegetable and grain land with slight effort. But this land is uncultivated, said The Japanese American News in Japanese last Saturday.

The pamphlet further states that during the past twenty years California has taken steps to assist farmers in settling on the land, as a result of which the waste lands in Southern California, which no one up to a score of years ago had thought of using, have been transformed into very fertile farms. Californians stand firmly by this farm policy and it is their duty to bring the remaining fifty-four million acres of land under cultivation.

While it is true that there is this vast acreage of uncultivated land in California, the state has expended quite a large sum in land settlement work and the cultivation of barren lands in the southern part of the state has been quite a success. Unfortunately it is not stated in the pamphlet in what manner this success has been achieved, nor does it say who accomplished the good results.

Imperial Valley is famous as a cantaloupe and cotton producing center. The region was not even habitable until the government finished its great Colorado River irrigation system. That done, big capitalists invested their money in the land. And the state of California assisted farmers in settling there. But it must not be overlooked that the workers could withstand the heat and were willing to toil in the fields with a thermometer soaring to 120 and even 130 degrees during the summer months.

Most of these toil were Japanese. They played their full part in making the Imperial Valley famous.

The same thing occurred in reclaiming the marsh lands of the delta country in northern California. American capitalists, of course, invested large sums in the project, building dykes, pumping out the water and constructing drainage systems. The delta land is an extremely unpleasant region in which to live; no white man, Mexican or black was willing to live there and do the heavy farm work. Only the Japanese could stand up under the hardships and was willing to tackle the job.

Livingston, now famous as a Japanese colony, was like a desert only fifteen years ago. The Japanese farmer had pluck and determination to cultivate this barren land, and in about fifteen years' time he has made this region a wonderful country for orchards and vineyards.

Japanese farmers have had their share in the rice culture of the north, vegetable raising in the south and grape culture in central California. All things considered, the Japanese farmers have done more than their share in the development of agriculture. Of course, it would be an exaggeration to assert that the entire agricultural development of California is due to the Japanese. But at the same time we would be doing them an injustice were we to discredit their efforts when we know they fought the good fight in an unfavorable climate and conquered barren land, which is the hardest part of farming. They have performed tasks which white farmers could not perform. In these undertakings the Japanese farmer undoubtedly has rendered invaluable work in developing the agricultural resources of California. This must be conceded by all who consider what the Japanese have achieved in the past. But the Japanophobes, of course, would rather ignore this.

The Japanese has an inborn and uncommon ability as a farmer. An article which appeared in these pages recently stated that Japanese have made two original contributions to American industry—fishing and farming. We do not complain if the California Department of Agriculture makes no mention of the contributions of Japanese farmers in this state. But if it is desired that the vast area of uncultivated land in question shall be brought under cultivation, it may be possible to make some exception to the California land law in order to open a way for Japanese, to solicit their co-operation and get the benefit of their experience and endurance in clearing the land for cultivation.

Even though cleared by Japanese, California land always would remain California land. It could safely be trusted in the care and custody of Japanese.

It is our earnest hope that the people of California shall be sufficiently broad-minded to allow the Japanese farmers to play their part in the clearing and cultivation of this fifty-four million acres of uncultivated land. Every Japanese farmer in California would be glad to contribute something toward the development of the state.

## The Japanese and the Jews.

The following is a liberal translation of an editorial published July 15 in The Los Angeles Japanese American:

**JEWS INHABIT** almost every country of the world, and they are almost universally oppressed. Whenever we inquire into the mistreatment of Japanese we find conditions mild compared with treatment accorded the Jews. Our troubles are so small by comparison it is hardly worth while to make an issue.

For a thousand years the Jews were hated, disliked and oppressed by Gentiles, to such an extent that they had almost no place in all the world in which they could live. When we consider conditions of which we complain today, their mistreatment was incomparably severe.

Outside of America, the Japanese are disliked in few countries. In the birthplace of Western civilization in Europe—England, France and Germany—no voice is raised against the Japanese. Even in the eastern part of the United States no voice is raised against the Japanese. We are disliked only in the Western states.

The Jews, we reiterate, are disliked everywhere, and in some countries they are as mistreated today as they were a thousand years ago. But Jews do not seem to care how much mistreated they are. They fortify their position step by step, until now nothing can be accomplished in a financial way without the co-operation of the Jews.

One reason why the Jews are disliked is because of their extreme miserliness. Is this an inherited instinct, or have they seen the necessity to adopt this attitude as a means of withstanding anti-Semitic oppression? It would do no good for us to investigate how this state of affairs came to pass. But we can admire their strength of will, which has enabled them to surmount every obstacle in the path of their annexation of capital.

Those Jews in eastern Europe where the present stage of civilization is not so far advanced as elsewhere are even today subjected to miserable treatment. But in western Europe and in the United States the Jews are giants of finance; their influence is unbounded. If the Jews were to quit New York en masse there would be no Wall street, no Times, no Columbia University.

It is remarkable that the Jews, who have such great influence, cannot escape racial discrimination even now.

It is but twenty-odd years since the Japanese first heard a voice raised against them in California. Their experience cannot be compared with that of the Jews. It is true that the mistreatment that has been accorded us is worse than that of the Jews, when we consider how we have been deprived of the right to become citizens of this country and the right to own lands. But what have we done to overcome this mistreatment?

Our suffering has been short—but twenty years. But half a man's life has been sacrificed in the struggle. In comparison with the Jews the price we have paid is as nothing.

It is impossible to smooth out racial differences in one or two generations. We must set the ball rolling and our offspring must keep up the good work. And in this fight the main point to be considered is the accumulation of means.

There are great natural differences between the Japanese and the Jews. We cannot follow the lead of the Jews; but we must have something to stand by.

Jangled nerves brought on by worry over the land law and taking a few hundred dollars home for a man to buy a parcel of land big enough to sit on avails nothing.

## A Warning to Japanese Farmers.

**THE CONDITION** of Japanese farmers in California, said this newspaper in Japanese recently, is, in a general way stable, but they are not enjoying the prosperity they did during the war days.

The price of products has fallen materially, but the wages of farm laborers have not been reduced. Strawberries, sold during the war for about fourteen cents a pound, while now they bring but six or seven cents. Wages remain, however, at about forty cents an hour in the berry fields. The growers truly face a great problem.

The abnormal war time conditions are long past in the business world. Farmers should plan to cope with this situation, otherwise they will find themselves facing failure.

## POEMS FOR A PRINCE.

**AMONG THE GIFTS** prepared for the Prince of Wales was a selection of poems and prose pieces by Japanese students, writes E. E. Spaight in the Japan Advertiser. These represented the most striking literary efforts that had come under Mr. Spaight's notice during his long experience of teaching. He copied them on sheets of shikishi, the beautiful gold-dusted cards used by Japanese for sketches or special writing and enclosed them in a lacquer box, hoping that read at odd moments they might form a pleasant souvenir of the young men and women of Japan. The literary quality of the selections, which are of course untouched by the teacher, is remarkable.

There is a man whose wit is so rapid that I see no way of circumventing it save by the scent of orange-blossoms.

There was a general whose anger made the tiger afraid, and whose laugh rejoiced the little children.

He did not wish to hear of the trouble of life, and so he fled far away into the hills, but even there he heard the cry of agony of a wounded deer.

Dancing in gorgeous attire, in the presence of the Emperor and the galaxy of court nobles and ladies, under the sparkling rays of the full moon, to the entrancing music of the flute, was an exquisite dreamlike splendor.

We are all brothers on Mother Earth, for when we plough the field with one mind, even mountains that may seem under the sky will move out of their praise for our fraternity.

S. NOHARA.

### AN OLD POEM.

I came to a temple in the mountains  
One late spring evening.

Where my ancestors are sleeping their endless sleep,  
And found the cherry blossoms scattering

At the sounds of the bell,  
Even in the windless quiet spring evening.

Z. WATANABE.

### THE CAT AND THE FISHERMAN.

I went on the sea in a small ship one night with a fisherman.

I was afflicted by mosquitoes,  
We caught a great fat and two other fish, and then we returned to the shore and rested on the sands, smoking.

He lit a pipe and picked up the al from the ship. She would have eaten it all, but she knew the fisherman and left him the head.

S. TAKAI.

### THE BUTTERFLY.

The verdure has changed into deep green, and the breeze brings the perfume of pine woods, a little white butterfly is flying to and fro, thinking whether she will lodge on the soft green grassy bed or on the fragile, smelling fowers.

Suddenly a summer soldier comes, and the butterfly is very puzzled and perches on the stone image of Buddha which stands by the wayside.

C. TAKAHASHI.

### A DREAM.

One summer night when I was sleeping alone there came a dream so strange.

I stood on the deck of a great ship with my uncle. He told me many things about a seaman's life, and at last he told me that he would go far away and would not come back again. When I asked to go in company with him, he smiled upon me and suddenly disappeared from the deck.

But that very night my brother received a telegram from the N. Y. K. that my uncle's ship had gone down.

Since that time my uncle never came again, and often I recalled his last smiling face.

H. TAKAGI.

### THE WOUNDED SNAKE.

It was a hot summer afternoon.

A snake was lying in the path. I stopped and looked at it.

I noticed on the ground about it dark dots of blood. The wheel ruts of a country coach ran deep aslant the body. The snake was trying to grovel, but it was helpless. Again it tried, but in vain. Reluctantly it raised its head and looked around. Its eyes were half shut. The opened mouth was bleeding. The forked tongue was smeared with mud. The sun cast unmerciful rays upon it.

I glared at the frowning, burning sun complainingly. It wriggled and moved no longer . . . with its russet eyes still to the sun.

T. OCHII.

### AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

All the leaves of the trees were quivering with cold.

The sun came up from behind the blue island, Sakurajima, which turned into purple. As I stood under the big orange tree to the sun, my view I could not see any difference between that day's sun and the previous day's. I was only about seven years old then.

Generally one cannot think what is the reason, or what the effect in one's childhood, but it was with me, and I only stood under the tree to look at the sea, the island, and the sun. Without any reason, I felt elated as I saw them.

"Miss! Please hurry!" When I turned to take the effect in one's childhood, the sun in the sky! I will show you! Come, come!" I ran to the maid and clung to her hand. She led me to the southern part of the garden. There was a tub with the water in it. She told me to pee into the water. I followed her words with fear, for it seemed some kind of magic to me.

There was the sun quivering in the water. The maid did not tell me why she used the tub with the water to see the effect. As a piece of water grew smaller and smaller. As a piece of cloud was about to swallow the sun, the maid told me that the sun was suffering much then. Her voice was small and trembling. I could not refrain from asking her words. The sun in the sky. Even now I can easily remember her explanation about eclipse.

"Why, Miss, a dreadful dragon is now swallowing the sun little by little, so that the sun is now suffering very much."

My astonishment was so great that I asked why no one would save him from this danger. With tears in my eyes I stretched my arm and tried to take up the sun out of the water. The sun seemed to burst into tears but he still remained in the water. The maid laughed and took my arm to wipe it. At last I began to cry, and continued crying until mother came with a wondering face. She told me why the eclipse occurred. Her explanation was very hard for me to understand, but as I knew that a dragon was not swallowing the sun, I was able to recover my spirits.

The uneducated maid told me a tradition which she told me to tremble with pity and fear. I want to have such delicate and honest heart again that it can be easily moved by a slight matter.

MISS HIDE OHIRA.

### ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It was a calm and rather melancholy day such as we seldom have in this sunny cheerful spring-time. I made an excursion to Karayamazu, an old battlefield, to mourn for my dead hero.

I made my way along an old path from Komatsu. On reaching there I found that nothing I had known could be compared with the calmness of that picturesque spot. Moreover, it is a place endeared to us by stories and poetical associations. I recollected the story, and saw in imagination the battle of former days as I strolled on humming the poem.

The flowers on the ground were colored as it were with blood-stains of the dead; the breeze blowing through the pine trees sounded like a

## THE WAYS OF THE CHINESE.

**THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE** who are always trying to find a reason for things, says the North China Standard. There is a man in Peking with a methodical mind which never lets him rest. He works out his household accounts with a slide rule, reads integral calculus at breakfast as something interesting and refreshing to take his mind off his business, and recently built for himself a mechanical card index system as intricate as a typesetting machine and requiring nearly as skilled an operator to work it.

The remarkable man once owned an operated a motor car in Peking. At the end of three months his highly strung nerves were all frayed at the ends and he was forced to revert to man-powered locomotion to preserve his sanity. Ever since that time he has lain awake at night trying to find a comprehensive answer to a number of traffic problems peculiar to China, such as these:

"Why doesn't the coolie who starts across the street in the thickest traffic look up and down the street sometimes? Why does the elderly woman who has tottered across the highway in front of impending death always jump back in front of it when the motor horn sounds? Why does that time the bus has lain awake at night trying to find a comprehensive answer to a number of traffic problems peculiar to China, such as these: the proverbial chicken, when a car is nearly abreast of it? Why does the unemployed rickshaw coolie always select the narrowest and most crowded business street to stroll on? Why is it that at that—for an idle stroll and a rapt inspection of the shop windows?"

### STILL THEY COME.

Why can't Chinese ride a bicycle? Why does the wobbly Chinese cyclist always wiggle over the entire street and then conclude his career by running into a motor car after the driver has stopped dead so that he may have all the room in the world? When one meets two rickshaws in a very narrow alleyway, why does one rush to one side of the road and the other to the other, thus blocking the whole road? Why does the roadside Chinese mule swing his bundle, and his indifference to noise signals, as one has got abreast of it? Why do Chinese always seem to select the middle of the street, rushing for the curb for that very purpose, to exchange an elaborate series of bows and compliments with the driver of the motor car which he has just passed? Why, at last, is the average Chinese pedestrian, who prefers the middle of a busy street to the wide deserted sidewalk, deaf to all the mechanical noise-making devices with which one can provide a motor car?

The man who had to abandon motoring because of his nerves confesses frankly that he has evaded no solution to many of these problems. For the intense preoccupation of the Chinese pedestrian and his indifference to noise signals, he has found a simple and obvious explanation.

"The system of education is to blame. The Chinese schoolboy is taught to concentrate upon his work, to think, read, write and recite his lessons in the midst of the most appalling din. An old-fashioned Chinese seat of learning does not have to avoid a sign. The shouting of the pupils memorizing the words of the sages, can be heard throughout an entire city ward. The training which a youngster gets in one of these bedlams enables him to think, calmly and completely, of his own affairs at a river's competition.

Of course, not all of the people who get in the way of motor cars and refuse to deviate from their course are Confucian scholars. Many of them have never been in a school, but in their cases the faculty of detaching themselves from the world at its busiest and noisier, is hereditary—the result of one hundred generations of ancestors schooled in detachment. Wherefore the coolie running on the price of cabbages, can be as oblivious to the scream of a motor horn at his elbow as the hermit in his cell is to the thunder of war on another continent."

### JAPAN'S NEW COINS.

**THE DOOM** of the 10-sen paper coin is sealed. When the most of new metal coin that is being minted at Osaka is turned loose on the market in Japan the troublesome bit of paper will gradually be withdrawn from the market, and by 1924 all issues are expected to have disappeared.

Abolishment of the 10-sen silver-piece is also planned in the near future. To replace these coins the following new issues are being prepared: 100,000,000 silver pieces; 200,000,000 nickel pieces, and 300,000,000 copper pieces.

battery, and the rustling of the bushes was like trumpet sounds. In a while I found myself by the Kubirai Pond (the head-washing pond) which is the pride and theme of poets and historians. Some such as Sadao Sugawara were, but that happened there. My mind was engrossed, unconsciously, with the image of the tender, the gallant, but aged general Sanemori.

"Perhaps it may be Sanemori's head, but I cannot help suspecting the hair to be black to prove that it is old Sanemori's. As Hiranu was his old comrade, he will be familiar with his face. Let him inspect." Thus Lord Yoshihira spoke to his men. I heard through the silence; his word, chiming in with my melancholy fancies, seemed to me like an exhortation to remember more of the story. I continued to call to mind the poem.

Then Higuchi came and glanced at it; his tears fell in streams and he cried, "Alas! This head is that of dear Sanemori . . . there is no mistake."

He kept his eyes on the pale, bloody head. "Then why is the hair so black? If it were Sanemori's it would be gray, for he is seventy years old," said Lord Yoshihira.

"Yes, it would be," Hiranu answered with tears. "But he blackened his hair to avoid the disdain he might receive as a gray dotard from his enemy. Let me wash it."

He washed it at this pond. At once that black hair became gray.

Oh! many years have gone, about six hundred; we shall not see again in actuality such a record of battle as this, beautiful as picture or a poem.

In this mood of poetic susceptibility I visited Sanemori's tomb. I stepped cautiously and softly about fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the grave. It stands in a cove.

He will never raise his head from the green that enfolds his grave.

I leaned against the tombstone a good while, and my tears ran before I knew it.

In the midst of this musing I was suddenly roused by the sound of a Buddhist temple bell near at hand. I left the spot reluctantly. On the way back I could hear now and then the faint voice of a priest intoning the evening service.

When I turned my head back the tomb was already covered by the evening mist.

### THE PEDDLER.

Pwee! Pwee! Pwee!

The peddler's pipe is narrow.  
Where do you come from?

The children swarm around him,  
The peddler does not answer,  
But looks at the children dear.  
Only his pipe sounds  
"Pwee! Pwee! Pwee!"

In the broad day in summer  
The peddler comes and goes.  
The children ask him:  
"Where are you going?  
He answers: "Pwee, Pwee, Pwee!"

S. BANDO.

## SAMEBITO'S JEWEL TEARS.

**CROSSING** the Long Bridge of Seta one day, Totaro beheld a strange creature. It had the body of a man with a skin blacker than that of a Senegambian; its eyes seemed a pair of glowing emeralds; and it had a dragon beard.

The sight of such an extraordinary being startled Totaro not a little, but there was such a haunting look of melancholy in the green eyes that he ventured to ask questions, in answer to which the strange creature replied:

"I am Samebito (A Shark Person) and until quite recently I was in the service of the Eight Great Dragon Kings as a subordinate officer in the Dragon Palace. I was dismissed from this glorious dwelling for a very slight fault. They banished me even from the sea. Since then I have been absolutely miserable, without place of shelter, unable to get food. Have pity on me, good sir! Please find shelter and something to eat for me."

Touched by Samebito's plight and humility, Totaro conducted him to a pond in his garden as a satisfactory meal place. There he him. In this secluded spot the strange creature of the deep remained for nearly six months.

A great many women made a pilgrimage that summer to Milder Temple, in the town of Otsu. Totaro attended the festival and met a charming girl.

"Her face is pure as the driven snow," he wrote a friend. "The loveliness of her lips assured me that everything she said would sound as sweet as the voice of a nightingale singing in a plum tree."

Need it be added that Totaro fell head over heels in love with this dainty creature? He learned her name was Tamara, that she was unmarried and would remain so unless a young man could present her a betrothal gift consisting of a casket containing at least ten thousand jewels.

"AN INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLE."

When Totaro learned that the maiden was to be won only by what seemed an impossible gift, an return home heavy of heart. But the more he thought of the beautiful Tamara the more completely he loved her, longed for her. But, heavens! no less wealthy than a prince could make such a betrothal gift as was demanded—ten thousand jewels!

Totaro worried over this situation until he fell ill. Folks sent a physician to him, but the doctor only shook his head sadly and said:

"I can do nothing at all for you. There is no medicine on earth that will cure love sickness."

At length tidings of Totaro's sickness reached Samebito's ears. Leaving the garden pond, he entered Totaro's chamber.

Totaro did not mention his plight, but was all concern for the welfare of the unfortunate creature of the sea.

"Who shall feed you, Samebito, when I am gone?" he asked sorrowfully.

Samebito saw that his good patron was dying and uttered a strange cry, weeping and tearing his beard. He wept copiously, great tears of blood, but when they touched the floor they were transformed into glowing rubies.

By SOSEKI NATSUME.  
(Translated by a Japanese Schoolboy)

"I WERE STRANGE, so strange, so very, very strange."

"That are funny, very funny, so very, very funny. He say it are much better to save money in bank than to be paying premium to insurance company and be a self-satisfied."

"Have he a saving or economical account by the bank?"

"No, no, of course he haven't. He do not expend a bit of thought about how badly the family would have to fare after his decease and surmise."

"That are truly a great worry. Why are he that-way? The company we have here are not like that."

"No, they ain't anybody else in this whole bheest world like that, precisely. He are unique."

"Perhaps it are better request of Mr. Suzuki and give advices. He are so smooth and manlike that he are very companionable."

"But Missy Suzuki are not kindly regarded within our home or domicile."

"Everything are so topsyturvylike here—then I think that gent are suitable—say that man who are so very much calm—"

"You mention Mr. Yagi?"

"Of course."

"He were admiring Mr. Yagi. But vletidny Mr. Meiti he have been here and remark something bad about or concerning him. So his advices may not bring the to be desired effects."

"But ain't he grand, the way he maintain himself quietly with remorse? He presented us talk some days back at our school."

"Mr. Yagi!"

"The very same."

"Are he teacher of you in your own school?"

"No, he are not teacher, but when we held a meeting of ladies' society, we invited him to present us a talk."

"Were it exciting or only uninteresting?"

"GODLIKE HIRSUTE ADORNMENT."

"Why, he were not so very interesting. But you know he maintain such a long face and are growing whiskers like a god of literature so everybody listened at his words attentively."

"What kind of talk were that?"

At this moment the childer who heard the voice of Miss Yukie ran racing into tea room. They must have been playing out in the wacat lot beyond the bamboo enclosure.

"Oh, yoboo, Miss Yukieyoboo are here!"

"Cried out in uniform then, two elder sistern, but wife restrained the childern remarking,

"Don't generate so much noise, but maintain peace and quiet, sit down, behave yourself and be good. Miss Yuki are just about to commence to narrate the so interesting story."

And at the same time he placed her needlework aside.

"Miss Yukie, dearie, what sort or kind of a story? I admire stories so very much."

This were from Tonko and Sunko say:

"Were it the story of Kachi-Kachi-yam?"

Whereupon the thirdest girl pushed forwardly her knees between her two elder sistern and chirp:—"I-story."

But this were not having the meaning of to listen to what the young lady were going to say but she are going to tell something. The elder sister knew the meaning and laughed aloud and remark:

"Oh, she want to tell story too!"

"Say Mrs.:

"You can wait the little while until Miss Yuki's story are done, finished, completed and through."

GESTURE DOESN'T FUNCTION.

But alas, this pacification gesture did not work. "No, bahoo!"

Say the tiny girl boldly and loud like.

Seeing the jewel-tears, Totaro shouted for joy. He began to feel better at once.

"I shall live! I shall live!" he cried delightedly. "My good friend, you have repaid me a thousandfold for the food and