



A STRANGE PILLOW.

PENNY SAD AND PENNY GLAD.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

When a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And eve y one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't you think the little penny must be
sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright
That I'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't you think the little penny must be
glad?

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRLS.

One of the most wonderful products of the new Japan is the schoolgirl. She shuffles gracefully to her academy in the clogs and kimona of old Nippon, to study a European college course and at least one foreign language. There are thorns in her path, too, undreamed of by the Canadian student. The foreign language begins at the wrong end of the book, and reads from left to right, instead of up and down; she finds difficulty in studying when raised on a chair and imprisoned by a desk; her wadded kimona, comfortable in her fireless, paper-walled home, is far too warm for the stove-heated class-room, and she is always liable to be married in the midst of her studies. In spite of these handicaps, she readily acquires even the higher education, and is almost painfully anxious to excel, often overtaking her frail

little body and bright eyes in studying by the foggy flare of the "andon" long after her elders are asleep. Her own language by itself presents a fair field for her industry, for in ordinary reading and writing at least 7,000 characters are used, and scholars, owing to the admiration of Chinese, must master twice as many.

In addition to the new Western learning, so far, at least, she has retained that of the Land of the Rising Sun. She studies, as her ancestors, the art of opening and shutting doors, polite handing of teacups, gracious reception of presents, and so on; in fact, so careful are her lessons that no chance of being unprepared is left to the Japanese maiden, who gains an entire self-possession through a thorough knowledge of how to act on all occasions with politeness and charm. She masters the difficulties of walking in clogs and sandals, of sitting on and rising from the floor, and of bowing with grace in her tight kimona—her bows are often literally to the ground, remember.

The arrangement of flowers is a delightful lesson, and important, considering that a flower vase is often the sole furniture in a room. Much time is spent in showing how they should not be grouped, our old bouquets being the earliest object-lesson. In tea-making, the number and depth of the salutations, the order of serving—everything, in fact, from the heating of the water to the washing of the tiny bowl—is prescribed, a mistake in which would be fatal to a well-bred girl's reputation. Boys' schools have already discarded her counsels of perfection, and probably mid-

dle-class girls will make their salutations and their tea minus the politeness of the honorable Mme. Etiquette.

On holidays, which are as common, luckily, in the Japanese calendar as saints' days in ours, the students march in gay processions, carrying branches of blossoms and banners to the parks, there to play games and drink tea, and sometimes even to have a peep at a strolling theatre, though, strictly speaking, this joy is forbidden the fair sex till after forty!

A BUSY DAY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

My papa has a little sign,
Printed in black and gray;
It's only just a single line:
"This Is My Busy Day!"

And sometimes when I creep to look,
He's writing with a pen;
Or quietly reading in a book—
He calls that busy then!

Why, when I'm busy I just race
Downstairs; then, like as not,
I fly back to the other place
For something I forgot!

Then I slide down the banisters,
And from the porch I spring
(Perhaps I tumble in the burs)
Then go and take a swing.

And then I race Jack Smith to town,
Or climb the garden wall;
And, though I'm sure to tumble down,
Nobody minds a fall.

But if I sat still in a chair,
It wouldn't be my way
To say, with such important air:
"This Is My Busy Day!"



THE JAPANESE ARE VERY FOND OF THEIR CHILDREN, AND A SCENE LIKE THIS IS VERY COMMON.