

and street shows, and in pleasant evenings the children often walk out with the older people to see what is going on. In winter the grandmother or the father tells stories of heroes or gods; sometimes the children sit around the hibachi (charcoal stove) and tell fairy stories. They also play games like our checkers and chess and authors; they have dissected pictures and what we call Chinese puzzles.

But life for Japanese children is not all play. The little girl must learn, first of all, to control herself to hide her sorrow or anger or pain behind a cheerful smile and an agreeable manner, she must always give up to others and be thoughtful of them; she must be very respectful to her grandfather and grandmother and to her father and mother; she must wait for her elder sister and do as she wishes; she must wait upon her father's guests and learn all the forms of Japanese politeness, so that if her mother is away she can serve tea and cake to callers and entertain them, she does her share of the housework and of the sewing; she must learn to prepare the food; and though this is mainly rice, much skill is required to boil it satisfactorily and to make the rice cakes used for festivals and presents. In old Japan, girls did not go to school, but were taught at home to read and write in Japanese, to play on the koto or samisen, to arrange flowers properly, and to write poems. Their brothers were sent to school, where they studied the Chinese classics and the history of Japan; even with them, books of etiquette and polite letter-writing occupied a great deal of time.—Miss Emma L. Hubbard, in 'Japan, A Course of Twelve Lessons.'

A Particular Canary.

I had once a canary which, in spite of all my coaxing, simply would not bathe. Every time I came near his cage with the little white bathtub filled with water he would curl up into the sulkiest little yellow ball you can possibly imagine. High on the topmost perch would he sit, the very picture of rage. If I put the tub in the cage he would fight me, shriek out little sharp, discordant notes and fly into

such a tempest of anger that for fear he would hurt himself I had to take out the hated bath.

So deep-seated was this yellow atom's aversion to a bath that I named him Tramp; and, although, as a matter of form I still took the bathtub to him daily, I had resigned myself to his untidy nature, when one day, I accidentally broke the white tub and in its place I chanced to take a curiously shaped little Japanese dish of blue-and-white China.

As I came near the cage Tramp's joyous morning carol stopped short and he flew up to the topmost perch, as sulky a little bird as you would care to see. But what is this? I placed the dish in the cage and as the sharp little black eyes rested on it the yellow ball flew down with outstretched wings and glad chirps of joy, perched for an instant on the brim of the dish and then splashed into the water with every indication of the utmost joy. I was amazed, of course, and could not understand the change. Day after day went by and each morning Tramp welcomed his bath in the blue-and-white dish.

Then, one morning, the blue-and-white dish was broken and I proffered a white one similar to the old one. Once more Tramp showed the old aversion to his bath. Sulnier than ever now, he flew to the topmost perch and greeted me with shrill chirps of rage. So it continued until I found another blue-and-white dish. Then my little pet resumed his daily bath.—'Picture Lesson Paper.'

A Lullaby.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
The silvery stars are peeping.
The moon her watch is keeping,
Birds in their nest
Are now at rest,
And sand-man comes a-creeping.
Lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Fairies their bells are ringing,
Soft lullabies are singing;
Thine eyelids close
In sweet repose,
Bright dreams to thee they're
bringing.
Baby mine, baby mine.
—Anna Pitt Walls

Why They Didn't Go.

In the girls' room at the Hammond's house lay two new dresses, two new hats, two new pairs of slippers, while near by sat two happy little girls.

'How lovely they look,' said Ruth, surveying the new clothes proudly.

'Yes, but wait till we get them on,' replied Mabel.

Here a tall boy, with a mischievous face, stood before them.

'Aren't you afraid you will spoil your plumes before the party?' said he.

'Oh, Tom,' cried Mabel, 'what a silly question, of course I won't!'

Ruth and Mabel Hammond were invited to a lovely party, which was to be the next day at Grace Newcombe's.

All the next morning they were in a flutter of excitement, and they hardly saw their next-door neighbor, Grace.

The party was to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past two the twins walked sedately down the drive, wishing that it were three o'clock.

At last they saw an umbrella that mamma had left on the lawn.

'Oh, let's play it was raining,' cried Ruth. So they took the umbrella and held up their tiny skirts 'like mamma, when it's raining.'

'Oh, I wish we had real rain,' said Ruth.

'All right; I will turn on the hose and you can sit under it with the umbrella.'

'Just the thing,' exclaimed Ruth.

The umbrella did not quite cover Ruth's dress, and the front width was soaked and she fell and the dirt stuck to the wet.

Mabel also got wet and spotted her white slippers and stockings, as well as her dress.

Fifteen minutes before the party two muddy little girls went in to see 'if it was time to go.'

It wasn't time then, but when it was they didn't go. Two tear-stained faces peeked through the fence at the gay crowd. Two little gingham-gowned girls wept all through supper, only to go to their rooms afterward and look at the gay lanterns flashing below.

Mamma made it easier by telling them a 'go-to-bed story.'

'I don't think Tom asked a silly question now,' sobbed Ruth. 'But whether he did or not I'm not going to play 'it rained' any more.'

'Nor I,' said Mabel—Katherine Mackay, in 'Herald and Presbyter.'