



## IS IT MAGIC?

There are big plants and little plants. There are funny purple plants and plants that have purple flowers. Outdoors plants get sun and water. You have to pick the best place for your plants to grow. All plants need water and light. Some plants need all the light they can get. These plants can go with no water for days. A little water is better than too much water for these plants. It is best for these plants to face the sun all day. Some plants grow yellow if they are in the sun all day. No sun at all is better than too much sun for these plants. A little light is what these plants like best. They like water too. Water helps plants like these grow big and green. There are some plants that grow flowers. Plants that grow flowers need much more light than plants that are all green. If they get too little light, some of the flowers will not grow. If they get the water and sun, flowers will grow.

Some people like to sing to the plants they have. No one knows if this helps the plants grow. We know that all plants need water and light.

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One time, a man was picking flowers in his garden. One of the flowers says, "You are here at last, you do not water me, but now you come to pick me. Go away!"

"Who is speaking?" the man asks. The man picks up his head and looks at his goat. "Do you say something?" the man asks.

"The goat doesn't talk to you," the man's dog says. "It is the flower. The flower tells you to go away."

The man begins to run to the mayor.

"Where are you going?" a woman asks.

The man says, "My flower talks, and my dog talks too."

"It's that all?" the woman asks.

"Do you water the flower?" the woman's table asks.

"A talking table!" the woman cries.

She begins to run too.

"Where are you going?" a boy with a bike asks.

"My flower talks," the man says. "And my table talks!" the woman says.

"Is that all?" asks the boy.

The boy's bike says, "Your tree needs water too."

"A talking bike," the boy cries.

All of them run and look for mayor. The mayor opens the door and comes out. At last the mayor says, "Flowers and things do not talk. This all makes me laugh."

"All plants need water and light," the mayor's chair says.



## THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

*By Beatrix Potter*

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were— Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

'Now my dears,' said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, 'you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.'

'Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out.'

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries:

But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes;

And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, he saw Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, 'Stop thief!'

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, but unfortunately Peter ran into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

He rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. But unfortunately it was full of water.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Mr. McGregor saw him at last, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, not very fast, and looking all round.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

Peter went back towards the tool-shed and saw Mr. McGregor. Near him was the gate! Peter slipped underneath the gate and started running along some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner. Later on Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home.



## THE MONKEY AND THE TURTLE

*A Philippine Fable*

Once upon a time there was a turtle who was very kind and patient. He had many friends. Among them was a monkey, who was very selfish. He always wanted to have the best part of everything.

One day the monkey went to visit the turtle. The monkey asked his friend to accompany him on a journey to the next village. The turtle agreed, and they started early the next morning. The monkey did not take much food with him, because he did not like to carry a heavy load. The turtle, on the contrary, took a big supply. He advised the monkey to take more, but the monkey only laughed at him. After they had been travelling five days, the monkey's food was all gone, so the turtle had to give him some. The monkey was greedy, and kept asking for more all the time. "Give me some more, friend turtle!" he said.

"Wait a little while," said the turtle. "We have just finished eating."

As the monkey made no reply, they travelled on. After a few minutes the monkey stopped, and said, "Can't you travel a little faster?"

"I can't, for I have a very heavy load," said the turtle.

"Give me the load, and then we shall get along more rapidly," said the monkey. The turtle handed over all his food to the monkey, who ran away as fast as he could, leaving the turtle far behind.

"Wait for me!" said the turtle, doing his best to catch his friend; but the monkey only shouted, "Come on!" and scampered out of sight. The turtle was soon very tired and much out of breath, but he kept on. The monkey climbed a tree by the roadside, and looked back. When he saw his friend very far in the rear, he ate some of the food. At last the turtle came up. He was very hungry, and asked the monkey for something to eat.

"Come on a little farther," said the selfish monkey. "We will eat near a place where we can get water." The turtle did not say anything, but kept plodding on. The monkey ran ahead and did the same thing as before, but this time he ate all the food.

"Why did you come so late?" said the monkey when the turtle came up panting.

"Because I am so hungry that I cannot walk fast," answered the turtle. "Will you give me some food?" he continued.

"There is no more," replied the monkey. "You brought very little. I ate all there was, and I am still hungry."

As the turtle had no breath to waste, he continued on the road. While they were on their way, they met a hunter. The monkey saw the hunter and climbed a tree, but the man caught the turtle and took it home with him. The monkey laughed at his friend's misfortune. But the hunter was kind to the turtle: he tied it near a banana-tree, and gave it food every hour.

One day the monkey happened to pass near the house of the hunter. When he saw that his friend was tied fast, he sneered at him; but after he had remained there a few hours, and had seen how the turtle was fed every hour, he envied the turtle's situation. So when night came, and the hunter was asleep, the monkey went up to the turtle, and said, "Let me be in your place."

"No, I like this place," answered the turtle.

The monkey, however, kept urging and begging the turtle, so that finally the turtle yielded. Then the monkey set the turtle free, and tied himself to the tree. The turtle went off happy; and the monkey was so pleased, that he could hardly sleep during the night for thinking of the food the hunter would give him in the morning.

Early the next morning the hunter woke and looked out of his window. He caught sight of the monkey, and thought that the animal was stealing his bananas. So he took his gun and shot him dead. Thus the turtle became free, and the monkey was killed.



## MY FATHER MEETS SOME TIGERS

*Ruth Stiles Gannett*

The river was very wide and muddy, and the jungle was very gloomy and dense. The trees grew close to each other, and what room there was between them was taken up by great high ferns with sticky leaves. My father hated to leave the beach, but he decided to start along the river bank where at least the jungle wasn't quite so thick. He ate three tangerines, making sure to keep all the peels this time, and put on his rubber boots.

My father tried to follow the river bank but it was very swampy, and as he went farther the swamp became deeper. When it was almost as deep as his boot tops he got stuck in the oozy, mucky mud. My father tugged and tugged, and nearly pulled his boots right off, but at last he managed to wade to a drier place. Here the jungle was so thick that he could hardly see where the river was. He unpacked his compass and figured out the direction he should walk in order to stay near the river. But he didn't know that the river made a very sharp curve away from him just a little way beyond, and so as he walked straight ahead he was getting farther and farther away from the river.

It was very hard to walk in the jungle. The sticky leaves of the ferns caught at my father's hair, and he kept tripping over roots and rotten logs. Sometimes the trees were clumped so closely together that he couldn't squeeze between them and had to walk a long way around.

He began to hear whispery noises, but he couldn't see any animals anywhere. The deeper into the jungle he went the surer he was that something was following him, and then he thought he heard whispery noises on both sides of him as well as behind. He tried to run, but he tripped over more roots, and the noises only came nearer. Once or twice he thought he heard something laughing at him.

At last he came out into a clearing and ran right into the middle of it so that he could see anything that might try to attack him. Was he surprised when he looked and saw fourteen green eyes coming out of the jungle all around the clearing, and when the green eyes turned into seven tigers! The tigers walked around him in a big circle, looking hungrier all the time, and then they sat down and began to talk.

"I suppose you thought we didn't know you were trespassing in our jungle!"

Then the next tiger spoke. "I suppose you're going to say you didn't know it was our jungle!"

"Did you know that not one explorer has ever left this island alive?" said the third tiger.

My father thought of the cat and knew this wasn't true. But of course he had too much sense to say so. One doesn't contradict a hungry tiger.

The tigers went on talking in turn. "You're our first little boy, you know. I'm curious to know if you're especially tender."

"Maybe you think we have regular meal-times, but we don't. We just eat whenever we're feeling hungry," said the fifth tiger.

"And we're very hungry right now. In fact, I can hardly wait," said the sixth.

"I *can't* wait!" said the seventh tiger.

And then all the tigers said together in a loud roar, "Let's begin right now!" and they moved in closer.

My father looked at those seven hungry tigers, and then he had an idea. He quickly opened his knapsack and took out the chewing gum. The cat had told him that tigers were especially fond of chewing gum, which was very scarce on the island. So he threw them each a piece but they only growled, "As fond as we are of chewing gum, we're sure we'd like you even better!" and they moved so close that he could feel them breathing on his face.

"But this is very special chewing gum," said my father. "If you keep on chewing it long enough it will turn green, and then if you plant it, it will grow more chewing gum, and the sooner you start chewing the sooner you'll have more."

The tigers said, "Why, you don't say! Isn't that fine!" And as each one wanted to be the first to plant the chewing gum, they all unwrapped their pieces and began chewing as hard as they could. Every once in a while one tiger would look into another's mouth and say, "Nope, it's not done yet," until finally they were all so busy looking into each other's mouths to make sure that no one was getting ahead that they forgot all about my father.



**THE NAUGHTY BOY**  
*Hans Christian Andersen*

Along time ago, there lived an old poet, a thoroughly kind old poet. As he was sitting one evening in his room, a dreadful storm arose without, and the rain streamed down from heaven; but the old poet sat warm and comfortable in his chimney-corner, where the fire blazed and the roasting apple hissed.

“Those who have not a roof over their heads will be wetted to the skin,” said the good old poet.

“Oh let me in! Let me in! I am cold, and I’m so wet!” exclaimed suddenly a child that stood crying at the door and knocking for admittance, while the rain poured down, and the wind made all the windows rattle.

“Poor thing!” said the old poet, as he went to open the door. There stood a little boy, quite naked, and the water ran down from his long golden hair; he trembled with cold, and had he not come into a warm room he would most certainly have perished in the frightful tempest.

“Poor child!” said the old poet, as he took the boy by the hand. “Come in, come in, and I will soon restore thee! Thou shalt have wine and roasted apples, for thou art verily a charming child!” And the boy was so really. His eyes were like two bright stars; and although the water trickled down his hair, it waved in beautiful curls. He looked exactly like a little angel, but he was so pale, and his whole body trembled with cold. He had a nice little bow in his hand, but it was quite spoiled by the rain, and the tints of his many-colored arrows ran one into the other.

The old poet seated himself beside his hearth, and took the little fellow on his lap; he squeezed the water out of his dripping hair, warmed his hands between his own, and boiled for him some sweet wine. Then the boy recovered, his cheeks again grew rosy, he jumped down from the lap where he was sitting, and danced round the kind old poet.

“You are a merry fellow,” said the old man. “What’s your name?”

“My name is Cupid,” answered the boy. “Don’t you know me? There lies my bow; it shoots well, I can assure you! Look, the weather is now clearing up, and the moon is shining clear again through the window.”

“Why, your bow is quite spoiled,” said the old poet.

“That were sad indeed,” said the boy, and he took the bow in his hand and examined it on every side. “Oh, it is dry again, and is not hurt at all; the string is quite tight. I will try it directly.” And he bent his bow, took aim, and shot an arrow at the old poet, right into his heart. “You see now that my bow was not spoiled,” said he laughing; and away he ran.

The naughty boy, to shoot the old poet in that way; he who had taken him into his warm room, who had treated him so kindly, and who had given him warm wine and the very best apples!

The poor poet lay on the earth and wept, for the arrow had really flown into his heart.

“Fie!” said he. “How naughty a boy Cupid is! I will tell all children about him, that they may take care and not play with him, for he will only cause them sorrow and many a heartache.”

And all good children to whom he related this story, took great heed of this naughty Cupid; but he made fools of them still, for he is astonishingly cunning. When the university students come from the lectures, he runs beside them in a black coat, and with a book under his arm. It is quite impossible for them to know him, and they walk along with him arm in arm, as if he, too, were a student like themselves; and then, unperceived, he thrusts an arrow to their bosom. When the young maidens come from being examined by the clergyman, or go to church to be confirmed, there he is again close behind them. Yes, he is forever following people. At the play, he sits in the great chandelier and burns in bright flames, so that people think it is really a flame, but they soon discover it is something else. He roves about in the garden of the palace and upon the ramparts: yes, once he even shot your father and mother right in the heart. Ask them only and you will hear what they’ll tell you. Oh, he is a naughty boy, that Cupid; you must never have anything to do with him. He is forever running after everybody. Only think, he shot an arrow once at your old grandmother! But that is a long time ago, and it is all past now; however, a thing of that sort she never forgets. Fie, naughty Cupid! But now you know him, and you know, too, how ill-behaved he is!



## BEETHOVEN

*By Romain Rolland*

*He was short and thick set, broad shouldered and of athletic build. He had a massive and rugged forehead, extremely black and extraordinarily thick hair through which it seemed the comb had never passed. His eyes shone with prodigious force. It was one of the chief things one noticed on first encountering him, but many were mistaken in their colour. When they shone out in dark splendour from a sad and tragic visage, they generally appeared black; but they were really a bluish grey.*

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on December 16th, 1770, in a little bare attic of a humble dwelling at Bonn, a small University town on the Rhine near Cologne. He came of Flemish origin. His father was an illiterate and lazy tenor singer—a "good-for-nothing fellow" and a confirmed drunkard. His mother was the daughter of a cook. She had been a maidservant and by her first marriage was the widow.

Unlike the more fortunate Mozart, Beethoven spent an unhappy childhood devoid of domestic comfort. From his earliest years life was for him a sad, even a brutal, fight for existence. His father wished to exploit the boy's musical talents and to turn him to lucrative purposes as a prodigy. At the age of four he compelled the boy to practise on the harpsichord for hours together and he shut him up alone with the violin, forcing him to work in this way. It is astonishing that the boy was not completely disgusted with music, for the father persisted in this treatment for many years, often resorting to actual violence. Beethoven's youth was saddened by the care and anxiety of earning his daily bread by tasks far too burdensome for his age. When he was eleven years old he was placed in the theatre orchestra; at thirteen he became an organist of the chapel. In 1787 he lost his mother whom he adored. "She was so good to me, so worthy of love, the best friend I had! How happy was I when I could utter that dear name of mother and she could hear it!" She died of consumption and Beethoven believed himself to be affected with the same complaint. Already he suffered continually, and a depression of spirits even more terrible than the physical pain hung over him always. When he was seventeen he was practically the head of the family and responsible for the education of his two younger brothers. He suffered the humiliation of being obliged to beg for a pension for his father, that his father's pension should be paid to himself, as the father only squandered it in drink. These sad experiences made a profound impression on the youth. However, he found great affection and sympathy from a family in Bonn who always remained very dear to him—the Breuning family. The gentle "Lorchen," Eleonore von Breuning, was two years younger than Beethoven. He taught her music and she initiated him into the charms of poetry. She was the companion of his youth and there may have been between them a still more tender sentiment. Later on Eleonore married Dr. Wegeler, one of Beethoven's best friends; and up to Beethoven's last day there existed between the three a deep, steady friendship, amply proven by the regular and loving epistles of Wegeler and Eleonore, and those of their old faithful friend to the dear good Wegeler. These friendly bonds became all the more touching as old age crept on all three, and still their hearts remained warm. Beethoven also found a safe guide and good friend in Christian Gottlob Neefe, his music master, whose high moral character had no less influence on the young musician than did his broad and his intelligent, artistic views.

Sad as was the childhood of Beethoven, he always treasured a tender and melancholy memory of the places where it was spent. Though compelled to leave Bonn, and destined to spend nearly the whole of his life in the frivolous city of Vienna with its dull environs, he never forgot the beautiful Rhine valley and the majestic river. Our father Rhine, as he called it, was to him almost human in its sympathy, being like some gigantic soul whose deep thoughts are beyond all human reckoning. No part is more beautiful, more powerful, more calm, than that part where the river caresses the shady and flowered slopes of the old University city of Bonn. There Beethoven spent the first twenty years of his life. There the dreams of his waking heart were born—in the fields, which slope languishingly down to the water side, with their mist-capped poplars, their bushes and their willows and the fruit trees whose roots are steeped in the rapid silent stream. And all along lying gently on the banks, strangely soft, are towns, churches, and even cemeteries, whilst away on the horizon the blue tints of the Seven Mountains show in wild jagged edges against the sky, forming a striking background to the graceful, slender, dream-like silhouettes of old ruined castles. His heart remained ever faithful to the beautiful, natural surroundings of his childhood, and until his very last moment he dreamt of seeing these scenes once again. "My native land, the beautiful country where I first saw the light of day; it is always as clear and as beautiful in my eyes as when I left it." He never saw it again.



## THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

At the age of six I was sent to school. For some time before the fall opening, I was filled with excitement and curiosity and looked forward to the day with great impatience. As our neighbors were few and scattered and I did not have many playmates, I wondered how I should feel on coming in contact with so many boys, most of whom were older than I. And then there was study. I had a faint idea what a learned scholar such as Confucius was, and felt as if a plunge into school a day or two would half convert me into that obscure ideal. Weeks before, I insisted on having a mimic school at home to prepare myself a little for the august event, and with my mother as teacher I learned the numerals and the forty-eight letters of the Japanese alphabet by heart. I wished to do just as I would at school, and so I used to go outdoors and with measured steps approach the porch. Entering the house, I sat down before a table and bowed reverentially. When my mother was there before me, I cheerfully began to study, well, for five minutes or so, but when I found her not quite ready I was mercilessly thrown out of humor, and only her exaggerated bows for apology would induce me to dry my sorrowful tears.

The few days before the opening of the school were taken for my preparation. I needed copy-books, a slate, an abacus, which is a frame strung with wires on which are wooden beads to be moved in counting and reckoning, and a small writing-box, containing a stone ink-well, a cake of India ink, a china water-vessel, and brushes. I must have also a round lunch set, the three pieces of which can be piled one upon another like a miniature pagoda, and then, when empty, be put one within another to reduce the size. A pair of chop-sticks went with the set of course. Now all must be purchased new as if everything had a new start. And then a new school suit was procured together with a navy cap. These were all ready a day before, and were exhibited on the alcove.

My younger brother was possessed of the school mania at the sight of these last, and insisted that he would have his set, too. And so mimic ones were procured, and these formed a second row together with his holiday suit.

And then came the night before I was to go. I played the part of a watch-dog by sleeping right near my property. In fact, I went to bed early, but I could not sleep till after everybody had retired for the night. And then I dreamed that my abacus stood up, its beads chattering on how to start the trip in the morning. It was joined by the copy-book, made of soft, Japanese paper, which parted hither and thither in walking, as a lady's skirt,—a Japanese lady's, I mean. The chairman was my navy cap. I did not know how they decided, but they must have come to a peaceful agreement, as they were found, when I awoke in the morning, exactly in the same place, lying quiet.

The next morning I set out with my father for the school. The faces of every one in the house were at the door looking at me. I made every effort to be dignified in walking, but could not help looking back just once, when my face relaxed into a smile, and I felt suddenly very shy. But as I heard my younger brother struggling to get away from my mother to follow me, I hastened my steps to turn round a corner of the road.

The school was a low, dark-looking building, with paper-screened windows all around like a broad white belt, and with a spacious porch with dusty shelves to leave clogs on. When we arrived, we were led into a side room, where we met the master or principal, and soon my father returned home, leaving me to his care. I felt somewhat lonesome with strangers all around, but kept myself as cool as possible, which effort was very much like stopping a leak with the hands. A slight neglect would bring something misty into my eyes. But now all the boys—and girls, too, in the other room—came into one large room. Some forty of the older ones and fifteen of those who had newly entered took their seats, the older ones glancing curiously at the newcomers. But we were all in back seats and so were not annoyed with looks that would have been felt piercing us from behind. The desk I was assigned to was a miserable one; not only was it besmeared with ink ages old, but cuts were made here and there as if it were a well-fought battleground. But I did not feel ashamed to sit there, as I thought that this was a kind of place in which a Confucius was to be brought up.

Looking awhile on what was going on, I found the boys were divided into three classes. The method of teaching was curious; one class alone was allowed to have a reading lesson, while the other two were having writing or arithmetic, that is, the teaching was so arranged that what one class was doing might not disturb the others. I was struck, even in my boyish mind, with the happy method, and learned the first lesson in management. And then reading was done partly in unison with the master, in a singsong style, and the effect was pleasing, if it was not very loud. The class in arithmetic, on the other hand, sent out a pattering noise of pencils on the slates, which in a confused mass would form an overtone of the orchestra. A writing lesson taken in the midst of such a company was never tiresome. Indeed, anything out of tune would send the whole house into laughter, and such things were constantly happening.

I was not slow in becoming acquainted with the boys. As I went into the playground for the first time, I felt rather awkward to find nobody to play with. But soon two boys whom I knew thrust themselves before me and



uncovered their heads. And from that moment the playground became a place of great interest to me. Two friends grew into five, eight, ten, and fifteen, and in three days I felt as if I possessed the whole ground.

As things grew more familiar, I found almost every boy was striving a little bit to be out of tune. When singsong reading was going on, pupils echoing responsively the teacher's voice, some wild boy would suddenly redouble his effort with gusto, and his voice, like that of a strangled chicken, would soar away up, to the great merriment of the rest. And then often a boy, whose mind was occupied with a hundred and one things except the book, engaged in some sly communication with another, unconscious of the teacher's approach, when he would literally jump into the air as the master's whip descended sharply on his desk. We sat by twos on benches, and when one boy saw his companion carelessly perching on the end of the bench, just right for experimenting the principle of the lever, he would not miss a moment to stand up, presumably to ask some question. But no sooner had he called to the teacher, than the other fellow would shoot down to the floor with a cry, and the bench come back with a tremendous noise. But this was not all. When the boys could not find a pretense to make a noise, they would stealthily paint their faces with writing brushes. Two touches would be enough to grow a thick mustache curling up to the ears. When the teacher faced a dozen of those mustache-wearing boys who were unable to efface their naughty acts as quickly as they had committed them, he could do nothing but to burst into undignified laughter.

One day a strange method of discipline was instituted. The teacher must have been at a loss to bring the urchins to behave well. It was the last hour, the only hour, I think, the boys kept quiet. They did so partly because the course bore the great name of ethics, but more because moral stories were told. And the boys did not care whether the stories were moral or not, as long as they were interesting. Here is one of the twenty-four Chinese stories that teach filial duty:

There was once a boy by the name of Ching who had an old mother. He was a good boy, and did what he could to please her. The mother, however, often asked for things hard to get. One day in winter she wanted some carp for her dinner. It was very cold, and the lake where Ching used to fish was all frozen. What could he do? He, however, went to the lake, looked about the place to find out where the ice was not thick, and, baring himself about his stomach, lay flat to thaw it. It was a very difficult thing to do, but at last the ice gave way, and to his great joy, from the crevice thus made, a big carp jumped out into the air. So he could satisfy his mother's want.

Not only the boys who listened intently, but also the teacher, got interested as the story grew to the climax, and the latter would gesticulate and eventually impersonate the dutiful boy, showing surprise at seeing a carp jumping ten feet into the air. This called forth laughter which was meant for applause. But the teacher soon came to himself and called silence. One day, after telling this story, he said that it was yet half an hour before the time to close, but he would dismiss us. "But," he continued, "you can go only one by one, beginning with those who are quiet and good. This is to train you for your orderly conduct in study-hours, and if any one cannot keep quiet, even for half an hour, he shall stay in his place till he can do so." This was a severe test. An early dismissal, even of five minutes before the time, had a special charm for boys, but to-day we could march out half an hour earlier. And then what a lovely day it was in autumn! The warm sun was bright, and the trees were ablaze with golden leaves. Persimmons were waiting for us to climb up and feast on them. After a moment the boys were as still as night. One by one a "good" boy was called to leave; they went like lambs to the door, but no sooner were they out, than some stamped on the stairs noisily and shouted and laughed on the green, which act showed that the teacher did not always pick the right ones. I naturally waited my turn with impatience. I thought I was a pretty good boy. At least I had Confucius for my ideal, and those who had it were not many. I never did mischief, except once, and that was really an accident. I dropped my lunch-box in my arithmetic class, and chased it, as it had rolled off quite a distance. Half the school laughed at me, and that was all. I was now musing on my ill-luck when a call came to me at last. It was still a quarter of an hour before closing time, and I thought the teacher knew me, after all.

Within a month after I entered the school, I made a new discovery as to a schoolboy's equipments. I had thought that they consisted only of books, copy-books, an abacus, and such things. But these form only a half of them. The other half are hidden to view: they are in the pockets, or in the sleeves, I should have said. During the recess a strong cord will come out and also a top about two and a half inches in diameter, and with an iron ring a quarter of an inch thick. A Japanese top is a mad thing. When it sings out of the hands and hits that of the opponent, sending it off crippled, it makes you feel very happy. Another thing is a sling. It is as old as the time of David, but it was perfectly new to me. When a pebble shoots out and vanishes in the air, you feel as though you were able to hit a kite circling away up in the sky. And another thing! It is a knife, the broad-bladed one. With it they cut a piece one and a half feet long out of a thick branch of a tree and sharpen one end of it. Selecting a piece of soft ground, the boys in turn drive in their own pieces and try to knock over the others. The game depends much on one's strength and the kind of wood one selects. But there is a pleasure in possessing a cruel branch that will knock off three or four pieces at a blow. Oh, for a knife and a top! I



thought. I disclosed the matter to my mother, who thought a top was all right and bought me one. But as for the knife, she gave me a small one, fit only to sharpen a pencil with. I felt ashamed (I blush to confess, though) even to show it to my schoolmates. If I had had money, I would have given my all just for a knife. But money was a mean thing; the possession of it was the root of all evil—so it was thought, and, indeed, I was penniless. But I must have a decent knife—decent among boys. If I could only get one I would give my Confucius for it.

One day I saw my Kichi—we had kept up our meeting ever since. I talked to him about a knife. He did not tell me how I could get one because I talked only about what the possession of a good knife would mean to a boy. It was a rather general remark, but I disliked to go right to the point. It would be too much to presume on his kindness, you know. And then I rather wanted him to offer. He, however, produced his own favorite knife and cut a thick piece of deal right away to show how sharp it was. Well, I thought he had a knife sense, anyway. So I kept talking about it day after day, and each time I talked of it he showed me his, and tried it on a piece of wood.

One day there was a town festival and in the evening I was allowed to go with Kichi to see it. Kichi's manner that night was very strange; he appeared as if he had a chestful of gold. He asked me in a fatherly manner what I liked, and said he could buy me all the booths if I wished him to. I never felt so happy as then. I thought my patience had conquered him at last. And to make a long story short, I came to own a splendid knife, better than any other boy's at the school! That night I slept with it under the pillow.

The next morning the first thing I did was to go to thank Kichi.

"Hello, Kichi," I shouted. "Thank you very much for the knife."

"Oh, good morning, Bot'chan. Let me see your knife," he said. "But I am sorry that I played a joke on you last night. It was your mother who paid for it. You must go and thank her for it."

"Well, never!" I gasped. But being told how she handed him the money when we started, I gave him a slap—a mild one, though—on his face and ran immediately to my mother, thinking that after all she had something more than a mere knife sense.

## IN TOKYO

About two years after I entered the village school I had to leave it for good and all. My father, as I have said, was in mid-air between the heaven of old Japan and the prosaic earth of the new institution. He would fain have remained there, had he had a pillar of gold to support him. And it is wonderful to see how this glittering pillar does support one in almost any place. It was a very serious matter for him to launch in the new current without any helpful equipment. But he had to do it, and made up his mind to try his fortune at the very centre of the new civilization, Tokyo. And so one day we said good-by to our friends who came to see us off, and started for the capital. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," as the poet sang, but I hardly remember now whether I shed tears or not. As I, however, look back to the day, I cannot but be grateful for the new move, for the immeasurable benefit it brought at least to us children.

In Tokyo we settled very near where my aunt lived. The street was by no means in a noisy quarter, but I can hardly think of anywhere in the city which was so well situated for being in contact with so many places of interest, at least for a boy just from the country. It was near to the "Broadway" of Tokyo, and just as near to the foreign settlement and to the railroad station, the only one of the kind in the city in those days. And if I wanted a touch of the old order of things, there was a big temple, a block on the east, which made its presence known to the forgetful people by striking a big bell every evening. I cannot say they rang the bell, because the bells at Buddhist temples do not chime, but boom. They are so big—bigger than a siege-gun. I liked the sound very much, as it brought to me like a dream the vision of a hillside sleeping under the setting sun. But I must not forget to mention a large piece of grassy ground very near us, where we could romp, fly kites, or play at a tug-of-war.

Now the first thing I did when I came to the new place was to familiarize myself with the neighborhood for the sake of running errands, or just to keep myself informed. First I started eastward and turned the corner to the left, where I found a wee bit of a house, or rather a box, six feet by nine, where two policemen were stationed. It was the first time I had ever seen any of them, and I thought they were a queer sort of people, who looked at me suspiciously whenever I looked at them in that way. But I thought as long as I did not do anything wrong, they would have no reason for coming at me. I also had great faith that if a thief should break into our house, they would soon come to our help. So I made several trials to see how quickly I could cover the distance to give them notice. They must have thought me a strange boy as I came panting to the police stand and stopped short to look at the clock inside.



A little beyond began the market. First a grocery store, then a fish stall, a bean-cake shop, and so on. I remember that the house I most frequented was a sweet potato store. I could get five or six nice hot baked pieces for a penny. And how I liked them! At regular intervals fresh ones were ready and we waited for them, falling into a line. When we got as much as we wanted, we would run a race lest they should get too cold. At the end of the street, just opposite a tall fire-ladder, standing erect and with a bell on the top, was a big meat store. Beef, pork, everything, they had, and sometimes I found a bill posted saying, “Mountain Whale, Today.” Whatever that might be, I never cared to eat such doubtful things. You never tried sea-horse or sea-elephant, did you?

Then, going in another direction from my house, I made my way to “Broadway.” I first crossed a bridge which spanned a canal and came to an object of much interest. It was a telegraph-pole. I was never able to count the wires on it unless I did it by the help of a multiplication table, as there were so many of them, coming from all parts of the country to the central station. A strange thing about them was that they sang. When I put my ear to the pole, even on a windless day, I could hear a number of soft voices wailing, as it were. I thought they must come from messages running on the wires, many of which were indeed too sad to describe. And then there was something which made me think that boys in that vicinity had a very hard time. Many a time I saw kites with warriors’ faces painted on them, entangled in the wires. The faces which looked heroic, now seemed only grinning furiously for agony! But I must not be musing on such things, for if I did not take care in that crowded thoroughfare, a jinrikisha man would come dashing from behind with “Heigh, there!” which took the breath out of a country boy.

Broadway was built after a foreign style,—I don’t know which country’s, though. There were sidewalks with willow-trees,—and there are no sidewalks in ordinary Japanese roads,—and brick houses, two stories high, and with no basement. Horse-cars were running, but they would not be on the track after ten in the evening. Many jinrikishas were running, too, and some half a dozen of them were waiting for customers at each corner. But not a shadow of a cab was to be seen anywhere. To tell the truth, I never thought of finding one then, its existence in the world being unknown to me at that time. There were a good many wonders in store for me in the shops, and I never grew tired of inspecting them. One curious thing was that here and there at the notion stores boys were playing hand-organs, probably to draw customers in. So I thought, anyway, and every time I passed I obliged them awhile by listening to their music. As I strolled on, I came across a sign with “Shiruko” in large letters on it. Shiruko is a sort of pudding, made of sweet bean sauce and rice dumpling, and served hot. To be sure, it made my mouth water, but I went on reading a bill over the wall. There were twelve varieties of shiruko, it said, styled after the names of the months, and any one who could finish eating all of them at one time, would get a prize besides the return of the price! How I wished that I had a big stomach!

The sight of Broadway was prettier in the evening, when the sidewalks would be lined with hundreds of stalls. I shall have occasion to describe them later, and so let me now mention one thing which I never remember without a smile. It was an illumination on a holiday evening—not of the whole street, but of only one building, and that of two stories, I remember. It was a newspaper office. And as newspapers are always giving us something new, this building, I think, awoke one morning to give us what was very new at that time. It girdled itself just once with an iron pipe half an inch in diameter, which twisted itself into some characters in the front, and awaited a holiday evening. The paper advertised that everybody should come to see how they were going to celebrate the holiday evening. So the whole city turned out, and all my folks, too. Hand-organs in the stores around began a concert, and people waited with their mouths open. The time came, and lights were seen running from both ends like serpents, closing up in the centre. Wonder of wonders! “DAILY NEWS OFFICE” in gaslight appeared!

I must tell you one more adventure I had, and that was an excursion into the foreign settlement. As I came to the city I met with a foreigner once in a while. I wondered how I should feel if I but plunged into their crowd and spoke with them, if possible. So one day, with a curious mind, I started for the place where the foreigners lived together, about a mile from my home. As I neared the settlement I made several discoveries. First, the houses looked very prim and square, straight up and down, painted white, or in some light color. When viewed from a distance they looked as if they were so many gravestones in a temple yard. Unfortunately, it was the only comparison that occurred to a country boy. As I looked again, I found out another fact. That was, that while Japanese houses were nestling under the trees, foreign houses were above them. In fact, there was nothing more than low bushes around the houses. So my conclusion was that foreigners lived in gravestone-like houses, and did not like tall trees, being tall themselves, perhaps. As I



entered a street I found everything just contrary to my expectation. Streets were deserted instead of being thronged; only one or two people and a dog were seen crossing. I went on, when, as luck would have it, I neared a Catholic temple from which two men, or women,—I could not distinguish which,—dressed in black, with hoods of the same color, came! How dismal, I thought, and immediately took to my heels till I came to another part of the street where the houses faced the sea. I wanted to see a boy or a girl, anyway, if I could not find a crowd. As I looked I saw something white at one of the gates, and what was my delight when I found it to be a little girl! I approached her, but not very near, as we could not talk to each other. I just kept at an admiring distance. I stood there, one eye on her and the other on the sea, lest I should drive her in by looking at her with both my eyes, and began to examine her. What a pretty creature she was! With her face white as a lily and her cheeks pink as a cherry flower, she stood there watching me. Her light hair was parted, a blue ribbon being tied on one side like a butterfly. She had on a white muslin dress with a belt to match the ribbon, but what was my astonishment to find that I could not see any dress beyond her knees! I could not believe it at first, but the dress stopped short there, and the slender legs, covered with something black,—I did not care what,—were shooting out. Might not some malicious person have cut it so? “Oh, please, for mercy’s sake, cover them,” was my thought. “I don’t care if you have a long dress, the skirt trailing on the ground.” But was I mistaken in my standard of criticism? I looked at myself, and, sure enough, my kimono reached down to my feet!



**Vertimų projektas „TAVO ŽVILGSNIS 2018“**  
(Vertimo lapas)

<b>1. Švietimo įstaigos pavadinimas</b>	
<b>2. Moksleivio (-ės) vardas, pavardė (spausdintinėmis raidėmis)</b>	
<b>3. Mokytojo (darbo vadovo) vardas, pavardė</b>	
<b>4. Verčiamo teksto pavadinimas (lietuvių kalba)</b>	
<b>5. Užsienio kalba, iš kurios verčiama</b>	
<b>6. Tai Jūsų pirmoji ar antroji užsienio kalba?</b>	
<b>7. Moksleivio klasė/kursas</b>	
<b>8. Moksleivio amžius</b>	
<b>9. Užsienio kalbos mokymosi metai</b>	