

# MORE JAPANESE SNAPSHOTS

The Funny Things One Sees  
in  
Smiling Round the World

By  
MARSHALL P. WILDER

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While at the Imperial hotel, Tokio, we were permitted to witness a portion of a Japanese wedding, that is, the feast and reception. Like our Hebrew friends in America, the Japs now hire the parlors of a hotel, chiefly because their little doll houses are so small. It was very funny; the women all like embarrassed images, done up in their best kimonos and not saying a word, while the men, in stiff, badly-fitting European "store clothes," stood around in little groups and talked, looking like animated tailors' dummies.

One young man picked out a native air on the piano with one finger, while the children were the only ones who were at all happy, or didn't look as if they wished they hadn't come.

Says Mrs. Peace to Miss Sharp, a caller: "My husband and I never dispute before the children. When a quarrel seems imminent, we always send them out."

Miss Sharp: "Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!"

Hateful thing, wasn't she?

Japanese trains are small and slow, and seem not to think it necessary ever to be off time. Smoking is allowed in every class, even in the sleeping cars.

The bedding is clean and sufficient, but there are no springs in the beds, absolutely no privacy, and one tiny window for the whole compartment, public opinion being usually divided as to whether it shall be opened or closed.

This reminds me of a story my friend, Col. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") used to tell. He said that once upon a time an Englishman who had never been in the west before was his guest. They were riding through a Rock Mountain canyon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them, and actually carried the Englishman clear off the wagon seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this bloomin' country!"

My berth was over the wheels, and this, together with a roadbed of which a coal railroad in Pennsylvania would be ashamed, produced such jolts and bumps that my brain felt as though it had been through an egg-beater. The compartment was full, one occupant being a German army officer, who, beside being in full uniform, even to enormous furlined overcoat, sword and spurs, brought in to choke the little available space a satchel, a large fat wicker hamper and a packing box. He also had a very industrious and far-reaching snore with him.

The third occupant being a traveling Catholic priest and, like the soldier, a man of huge proportions, I was rather interested to know which of these was to occupy the berth over me, for it seemed a flimsy sort of affair, and I took particular pains to see that it was well propped up.

I was rather relieved to find it was to be the soldier, for I consoled myself with the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword and decided it would be a worse calamity to have the church down on me than the army. Even if sleep with all these considerations had been possible, the frequent stops would have completely put it to flight, for the moment a train arrives at a station, no matter what the time of night, the sellers of lunch boxes, hot milk, tea or tobacco begin to cry their wares, in tones that are like the wallings of lost souls, and for penetration and volume unequalled by anything in my experience.

The sellers of tea at the stations will give one a small teapot filled with hot tea, and a tiny cup, all for three sen, or a cent and a half in American money.



Picked Out a Native Air on the Piano.

At the railroad stations during the war with Russia one was sure to see parties of wounded soldiers returning from the front; or those who were departing for the seat of war. These latter were always attended by a crowd of men and women, who waved small Japanese flags and gave a shout as the train moved away. This shout is really more of a screech than a good, round cheer, such as would be heard in America, for it seems as if there is some physical reason why the Japanese people cannot raise their voices without producing the most blood-curdling sounds. The street cries are all strident and unpleasant; the commands of officers to their men tinny and rasping-like, while Japanese singing, to a foreigner, is conducive to nervous prostration.

I have spoken somewhat of the external attitude of these people. Of their interior attitude of heart and mind much more might be said, especially in regard to their late war with Russia, which was going on at the time of my visit. This was something they would not talk about. Any mention of the subject was met with an adroit change of the conversation into other channels; but intense

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Always Walk Ahead of the Horse and Dray.

patriotism, the most supreme confidence in their ultimate success reigned in every heart. Examples of the most heroic self-sacrifice were not lacking. A Japanese mother had given her three sons to the war. The first was reported slain. She smiled and said, "It is well. I am happy." The second lay dead upon the field. She smiled again, and said, "I am still happy." The third gave up his life, and they said to her: "At last you weep!" "Yes!" she said, "but it is because I have no more sons to give to my beloved country!"

Now, this is all very beautiful, but as my mission in life is laughter instead of tears, I want to say that it reminds me of a little story of our country and our war—the war of the great rebellion. When, in answer to the call for troops, the blood of our noble volunteers had been poured out upon southern fields for three long years, there arose a class of men called "bounty jumpers" who, acting as substitutes for drafted men and taking a large sum of money for the job, sometimes "jumped the bounty" and disappeared instead of going to the front to serve Uncle Sam. These men were subjected to a medical examination which, in the hands of unscrupulous physicians (who received a large fee if the man "passed"), was not always as rigorous as it should be. A doctor who was seen coming out of the examining room with a very sour face was greeted by a friend with a "Hello, Doc! What's the matter? Didn't you pass your man?"

"Pass nothin'!"

"Why, he looked all right!"

"All right! Why he was sound as a nut; but the colonel of the regiment suggested we stand him up on a high table and make him jump to the floor, and, by Jove! if his confounded glass eye didn't fall out and spout the whole business!"

The working class still cling to the ancient costume and methods. To-day ladders are made of bamboo, the rungs lashed fast with rope, as they have been made for generations. The streets are watered with little carts having a row of holes at the back, and pulled by men, who fill them slowly and laboriously one bucket at a time, while the sidewalks are watered by two perforated buckets, suspended from a bamboo pole laid across the shoulders of a man, who trots in and out between the people, turning and twisting until the walk is thoroughly sprinkled.

Everything seems to be done the hardest way, and those who work, work very hard. The few men who have a horse dray never sit and drive, even when the dray is empty, but always walk ahead, dragging the patient brute along. Loads are more frequently carried on hand-carts, pulled by men, women or boys. In going up a hill three or four men will pull or push, intoning a sort of droning song as they work.

In the country districts life in its most primitive and ancient aspects may be seen. In the rice fields men and women work side by side, their ankles bleeding from contact with the stubble, wielding tools of a pattern as old as the cultivation of the grain.

The evolution of the new Japan from the chrysalis of the old is an interesting study just now. All signs point toward the springing up of a new country, full-fledged, ready to spread its bright wings and fly away from the old, that has wrapped it close for so many centuries; but the time is not yet.

# NEW SWEDISH KING

GUSTAF A PLEASING BLEND OF DEMOCRAT AND ARISTOCRAT.

Applies Himself with Great Diligence to Tasks of Administering Government—Not a Soldier by Nature.

Stockholm.—Sweden's new King Gustaf, is proving a worthy heir to the great traditions running back not only to his own martial ancestor, Bernadotte, but to those which go back to his country's great hero, his own namesake, and he is meeting his great responsibilities with an earnestness history has only in notable instances associated with kingship. A correspondent who recently interviewed the king in his working quarters found him not only busily engaged, but devoting very serious attention to the numerous matters of state brought before him, for Gustaf has come to the throne at a crisis in the history of Scandinavia, due to the secession of Norway awakening slumbering antagonisms and rousing a new spirit in the people. The king is conscious of these dangers, for his interest in politics has been always keen and personal, and he brings to them a trained mind and a sympathetic understanding.

The king still occupies the apartments of the crown prince, and they are small enough to make one reflect how little of a royal palace, as of a royal life, is at the exclusive disposal of a monarch. They are working quarters, too. Messengers come and go; telegrams and letters arrive; ministers and officers in uniform pass to and fro; stewards and chamberlains hurry from one place to another, and the telephone works hard. The small, low-ceiling room is as busy as a stock broker's office.

If King Gustaf is a descendant of one of Napoleon's marshals he is none the less Swedish for his French descent. He has assimilated the character of the race he governs. Like the



King Gustaf.

Swedes, he is a pleasing blend of aristocrat and democrat. His family might be called in evidence of the democratic strain, for of his brothers one is a doctor and another an artist, and neither can be styled amateur. But this proof of aristocracy is not needed if one talks with his majesty. His attitude toward life is frankly democratic—tempered, perhaps, with a vein of sadness that may be born of the moment.

Gustaf is not considered to be a soldier, though the descendant of one of Napoleon's great marshals and ruler of a land made glorious by the martial deeds of Gustavus Adolphus. That he lacks this particular capacity is not due to a lack of courage. Those who know him best declare that if war menaced his country he would place himself at the head of the army as readily and as confidently as he assumes the government. Officers do not hesitate to declare that had Gustaf been king in 1905 the preparations of the headquarter staff would not have been in vain, and the kingdom would not have been divided. Happily, the danger of war has ceased to be imminent, and the energies of both countries are turned to peaceful rivalries.

If not a soldier, his majesty is, at any rate, a sportsman. He rides like a centaur, is a crack shot and plays tennis like a Doherty. Some of his subjects hint that it would be more in keeping with the dignity of his position if he played tennis only with his courtiers! They forget that the true sportsman is the true democrat, and that sport—even the sport of kings—is not only a bond, but a leveler.

To these exercises and to music—of which also he is a devotee—his majesty will have little time to give. The duties of king in Sweden are no sinecure. He must preside over every council of state, and is responsible for every act of administration. Some people consider him impatient of discussion and detail, but those who know him best declare him to be the embodiment of steady endurance. His courtesy and good nature are inexhaustible.

Value of Portable Treasures. The chimneys of the Wilsons' cabin was made of sticks plastered together with clay. When it caught fire one night the whole house burned in spite of Aunt Maria's utmost efforts to put out the flames. A white neighbor met young Tom Wilson the next day and said sympathetically:

"Sorry to hear your mother's cabin burned down, Tom. Did you lose much?"

"No, sah; no, sah;" returned the boy, cheerfully, "I was off at church, so I had my coat on."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

# AN INTERESTING CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT

Any Child Can Do It—The Result is Almost Like Magic—Useful, Too.

Anything in the nature of a chemical experiment is always interesting and usually educative. Here is a simple experiment which any child can perform and which is instructive in a very practical way: Get a bit of White Lead about the size of a pea, a piece of charcoal, a common candle in a candlestick, and a blow-pipe. Scoop out a little hollow in the charcoal to hold the White Lead, then light the candle, take the charcoal and lead in one hand and the blow-pipe in the other, with the large end of the blow-pipe between the lips; blow the flame of the candle steadily against the bit of White Lead on the charcoal and it will presently resolve itself into little shining globules of metallic lead, under the intense heat of the blow-pipe, leaving no residue.

If, however, the White Lead is adulterated in the slightest degree, it will not wholly change into lead. So, it will be seen, that this experiment is not only an entertaining chemical demonstration, but also of practical use in the home. White Lead is the most important ingredient of paint. It should be bought pure and unadulterated and mixed with pure linseed oil. That is the best paint. The above easy experiment enables anyone to know whether the paint is the kind which will wear or not.

The National Lead Company guarantee that white lead taken from a package bearing their "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark will prove absolutely pure under the blow-pipe test; and to encourage people to make the test and prove the purity of paint before using it, they will send free a blow-pipe and a valuable booklet on paint to anyone writing them asking for Test Equipment. Address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City.

# RATHER NOT.



Teacher—Johnny, can you decline to eat?  
Johnny—Yes'm, I can; but I don't like to.

Promoting German Sculpture. Emperor William has received Prof. Schott, the well-known sculptor, who with Prof. Rheinhold Begas, also a sculptor, is actively engaged in promoting an exhibition of German sculpture in New York. The emperor gave his approval of the exhibit, for which statutory worth \$750,000 has already been pledged.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder, it cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Seek the Bright Things in Life. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep the face constantly turned toward it; you will then shed happiness along your way like the summer sun.—Julius Bentham.

Don't Try Uncertain Recipes. It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, that and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for 10 cents, a package of "OUR-PIE" Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good. "Put up by D-Zerta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y."

Tactless. "One of those fellows that is always doing the wrong thing, eh?" "Is he? Why, say, that fellow would put a frieze around a hothouse."

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807 100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

How many times have you won out when invited to go up against another man's game?

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Time is precious, but truth is more precious than time.—Beaconsfield.

There is need for Garfield Tea when the skin is scallow, the tongue coated, and when headaches are frequent.

The harder a man works the harder it is to work him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

A man isn't absolutely a fool unless he can be fooled the same way twice.

There is Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is Laxative Bromo Quinine USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c. E. W. Grove

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

# A Powerful Combination.

Tim was a protege of Mr. Blank, a well-known Boston lawyer. He was often in trouble, but by personal influence with the courts Mr. Blank managed to have him let down easy, so it became a matter of talk, the Green Bag says, that he did not suffer greatly in being arrested.

"How is it, Tim," some one asked one day, "that you are arrested very often, but never go to jail nor pay any fines?"

"It's just this way," Tim replied. "I have Mr. Blank for me lawyer, and what he doesn't know about the law I tell him."

# FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katharine Craig, 2355 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzmann, of Laurel, Ill., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Keokuk, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Bed. Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp itching & hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

PILES ANAKESIS cures instantly. It is a SIMPLE CURE. \$1 at druggists or by mail. Sample FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS," Tribune Bldg., New York.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PATENTS FREE REPORT. Write for particulars. W. J. Hill, A. Co., Century Bldg., Wash., D. C.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 14, 1908.

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