

# MORE JAPANESE SNAPSHOTS

The Funny Things One Sees  
in  
Smiling Round the World

By  
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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? English is quite generally spoken, particularly among the boys. The rickshaw men almost all have a smattering, and can tell the different points of interest, though frequently one has to make some rather wild guesses as to what they mean. When, however, the fact has been grasped that "de-wotomiy" means "department," and

"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 fur-lined overcoat, sword and spurs, brought in to choke the little available space a satchel, a large flat 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.

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

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



Always Walk Ahead of the Horse and Dray.

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 spoil the whole business!"

While Japanese men are more and more adopting European dress, the women assume it very slowly, the men not encouraging it, seeming to prefer their womenkind in the national costume. There is reason certainly for this preference, for a Japanese woman is picturesque in her own costume, even though she may not come up to standards of western beauty. While in the borrowed plumes of other countries she is like the daw decked out in peacock feathers, that neither became him, nor made him other than he was.

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 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.

## FOR LEMON CUSTARD PIE.

First Bake Crust Before Putting in the Ingredients.

A lemon custard pie that is always appreciated is made in this wise: The crust is baked first, as an open shell, perforating it in several places with a fork before putting in the oven, to avoid blistering. For the filling, cream together one-half cupful of sugar and butter the size of a walnut. Add the juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and lastly, the beaten yolks of three eggs. Grate in a little of the rind and cook in double boiler until thick. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and then stir in after the filling is taken from the fire. Pour all in the open crust, already baked, and set in oven for a few minutes. If a meringue is desired, whip the whites to a froth, add two tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, spread over the top, and dry slowly in the oven until an inch thick and a golden brown.

A lemon pie that is absolutely reliable is made in this way: Have ready the pastry shell. Dissolve one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water. Pour over a teacupful of boiling water, stirring all the time until clear and free from lumps. Add one tablespoonful of butter and a small cupful of sugar, and cook a few moments longer. Set on back of range and add the beaten yolks of two eggs and the juice and grated yellow rind of one lemon. Stir until well blended and pour in crust. Set in the oven a few minutes with the door left open, while preparing the meringue, made from the whites of the eggs—beaten stiff—to which two scant tablespoonfuls sugar have been added. Spread evenly over the pie and set on the grate of the oven to rise slowly and brown.

## THREE RECIPES FOR SCALLOPS.

Stewed, Fried, or Made into Salad. They Are All Good.

Stewed scallops are very nice and you can use the small ones for that purpose. Heat one quart of milk in double boiler, put one-half cup of hot water into a granite pan, add one quart of scallops, bring to a good sharp boil, and cook for three minutes. Add them to the hot milk. Season with pepper, salt and if liked a bit of mace. Soften up one-fourth pound of butter and when the stew has come to a scald, put in the butter, but do not allow it to boil. Serve with oyster crackers crisped up in the oven and red cabbage slaw.

Scallop Salad—Boil one quart of scallops in salted water, drain and cool. Cut up in small pieces, arrange on lettuce leaves, pouring over any dressing you may prefer. I use my regular mayonnaise of oil and eggs and made in the regular way. You can, however, use a boiled dressing if you choose. It's quite as good as many salads that are more fancy.

Fried scallops are as a rule liked as well as any form of cooking them. Wash and dry on a clean towel. Dip in beaten egg and seasoned cracker dust or fine crumbs. Place in frying basket and plunge in boiling deep fat. They ought to cook in four minutes. They can also be fried in pork fat. Garnish with lemon points and parsley. Tartar sauce is also served by many with fried scallops. Scallops can be baked with bread or cracker crumbs, similar to oysters. Any rule you use for escalloped oysters is safe to use, only season a little higher.

## Anise Toast.

Five eggs separated, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of flour sifted three times with one tablespoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of anise seed. Bake in two shallow tins. When cool cut in strips of about one inch, then through the center. Put back on the tins, and lay on the cut side, return to the oven, and toast light brown on both sides. Fine for invalids.

## Delicious Waffles.

One and one-half pints of milk, one-half teaspoonful of butter and lard melted and stirred in the milk. Stir in sufficient sifted flour to make them the proper consistency. Beat hard the yolks of three eggs and add two tablespoonfuls of yeast, beat the whites last and stir them into the batter gently.

The consistency of the batter should be like griddle cakes, so that it will run easily into the waffle irons.

## Oil Stains.

Sprinkle liberally with talcum powder and let it remain a short time. Brush powder off and repeat several times, after which brush every particle of powder out thoroughly, and the spot will disappear. This applies to any cloth from muslin to satin.

## To Clean a Comb.

Grasp a whisk broom firmly in right hand near broom end, comb in left hand; brush between teeth of comb vigorously. You will have a perfectly clean comb in a few seconds.

## \$18 AN ACRE REALIZED ON CROP IN WESTERN CANADA.

ANOTHER FARMER REALIZES \$22.50 PER ACRE FROM HIS WHEAT CROP LAST YEAR.

Charles McCormick of Kenville, Manitoba, writes:

"During the season of 1907, I had 100 acres in crop on the S. W. quarter of section 18, township 35, range 27 west of the Principal Meridian, Western Canada, yielded as follows:

"80 acres at 22 bushels per acre, which I sold for 90 cents per bushel; and 20 acres oats yielding 60 bushels per acre I sold for 35 cents per bushel so that my total crop realized \$2,004.00. From this I deducted for expenses of threshing, hired help, etc., \$400.00, leaving me a net profit on this year's crop of over \$1,600."

Thomas Sawatzky of Herbert, Saskatchewan, says:

"The value of my crop per acre of wheat is \$22.50. I threshed 1,750 bushels of wheat from 70 acres, and was offered 90 cents a bushel for it. Oats, 15 acres, 500 bushels; and barley, 5 acres, 80 bushels. I do not know if I have been doing the best in this district, but I know if all the farmers were doing as well, Western Canada would have no kick coming as far as grain growing is concerned; and I further say that if you want to put this in one of your advertisements, this is true and I can put my name to it."

## BUT WAS IT THE SAME MELON?

Paper Carried by Darky Amouter Almost to Perpetual Permit.

"A negro just loves a watermelon," said Representative Johnson of South Carolina. "Strange, too, that when a policeman sees a negro with a melon at an unreasonable hour he has it right down that the darky has stolen that watermelon. I heard a story about a policeman who met a negro in the early hours of the morning, and he had a big melon on his shoulder.

"I see you have a melon there?"  
"Yes, sah," answered the darky. "I've got er melon; but I've fixed fer you, sah," and pulling out a paper he handed it to the officer, who read: "This bearer of this is O. K. He paid me ten cents for the melon, and he is a pillar in the church. James Elder."

"You are fixed," said the officer.  
"Dat's what I 'lowed," answered the negro, and he moved on."—Washington Herald.

## PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

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.

## One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



ONE OCCUPANT WAS A GERMAN ARMY OFFICER.

"sea soldier" means "sea soldier or marine," "Horean Agation" means "Austrian legation," these, with other numberless examples, make conversation fairly plain sailing.

One sees many signs in English, but the people who make them have their own ideas as to arrangement. For instance, in Yokohama may be seen a sign over a butcher shops that reads, "Befandenment." It looks like some foreign word, but after close inspection resolves itself into "Beef and hen meat."

In Tokio a jewelry store has on the window, "The Watches Shop," and tacked on a fence at the top of a high hill I saw the following:

"As danger is, should not throw the stones."

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

For my sins I traveled one night in one of these Japanese sleeping cars, and it will always stand out in my memory as one of the most uncomfortable I ever passed. The cars are divided into compartments, two long leather seats facing each other, running across the car. The backs of these seats lift up and, propped by poles, make four berths altogether. 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 North 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:

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. As for the brass bands, their music is like unto nothing under the heavens or—I will safely wager—above them. And their fondness for American airs—Sousa's marches and the like—adds to the torture. "Marching Through Georgia" is a prime favorite with them, but I would have to study over the tune, as they produced it, a long while before



Picked Out a Native Air on the Piano.

I would dare take my oath that I had ever heard it before.

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