

How They Eat in Japan

IF YOU could see the things that for dinner and the way they eat them, you would laugh, indeed, and then if you should visit those countries and do as the other boys and girls do, you would laugh still more. I believe you would like Japan best. True, you would not have any chair to sit on, nor any knife, fork or spoon, but then you would have two dainty little sticks, which the Japanese children call "chop-sticks," and which they use very cleverly. Then, besides, there is always such a lot of candies and other sweets, and what you could not eat you would be not only allowed but expected to take home with you. Think of that!

Often, at great feasts, the guests bring their servants, who carry baskets, and whatever is left from dinner is packed in these baskets and taken home.

In China you would have the same "chopsticks," but very different dishes. One especially, believe you would not like at all. That is live crabs, and very tiny ones, too.

Just as dinner is ready, the crabs are put in a dish of vinegar. This makes them quite lively. Next they are removed to a covered dish and placed upon the table. Then, when every one is ready, the cover is taken off. Those crabs don't hesitate a second, but scramble out and run for their lives.

But the guests are in a big hurry, too. They seize them with both hands, and filling their mouths as full as they can, they swallow the wriggling things as though they were the daintiest bits imaginable. I do not know whether they are better or worse than roasted spiders. These you would get in New Caledonia—and some people who have eaten them say they taste like nuts and are very nice.

In India they would serve you roasted worms instead of fruit and nuts, and in Burmah locusts stuffed and fried. In Siam you would be treated to ants' eggs, and some of our own Indians think they can offer a guest no greater delicacy than roasted grasshoppers. So you see there are many kinds of tastes.

Table manners also vary greatly. In Turkey you must sit cross-legged on a cushion and eat with your fingers from the same dish that every one else uses.

Asks Cure for Frostbites
Do you or any of the constituents know of anything that will entirely cure, or even relieve, in some measure, the agony of frostbitten feet? For ten years I have suffered excruciating pain from this cause. First comes the horrible itching, followed by aching and burning. My toes are swollen to twice their normal size. Five physicians have failed to give me the slightest relief. Would you advise me to consult a foot specialist, or to go to a hospital? Local remedies, such as cold water, snow and salt, bring only partial and temporary alleviation. Kindly tell me of some way in which I could rid myself of this horrible torture.
H. M. Coakley, N. J.

I hope you believe that had I known of anything which promised even an hour's mitigation of the "torment" I should have written to you by return mail. Yes, and put a special-delivery stamp upon the letter. I beg, now, that if any reader can speak of a "certain cure," he or she will communicate it to me, accompanied by a stamp for forwarding it to the sufferer. Were I in your place, I should at once consult the best specialist in such maladies that I could find in Philadelphia or in New York. It seems horrible that one should endure what you describe for ten weeks—much less, for that number of years.

Public Manicuring

HE was a good-looking man, well-dressed, and quiet in his appearance. He even rose to give an elderly woman his seat, at which unusual exhibition of politeness the girl opposite looked admiringly at him. He did not whistle, he did not smoke, although it was a seat where smoking was allowed, and there was not a sign of a toothpick about him.

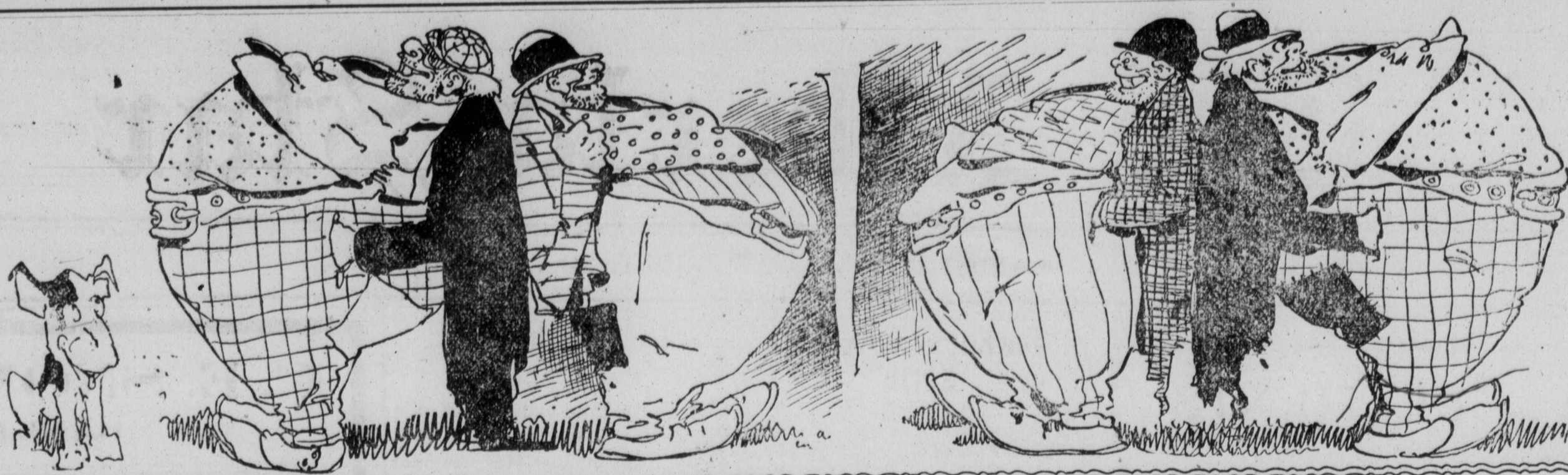
And then—he drew forth a peck-handled penknife, and began to manicure his nails! More and more absorbed he grew, quite oblivious of the interest of the girl opposite. And as he diligently pared and scraped his lips formed in a pucker, and he began to whistle. Little by little the marks of the gentleman disappeared, and those of the boor increased. A sudden motion tipped his hat back on his forehead, and as he drew out his handkerchief to polish the newly manicured nails the forehead-dented toothpick came out with it, and was promptly inserted in his mouth.

The girl opposite, who was an ardent type-hunter, took out the little notebook she always carried, and wrote therein: "Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde through the agency of a nail-file!"

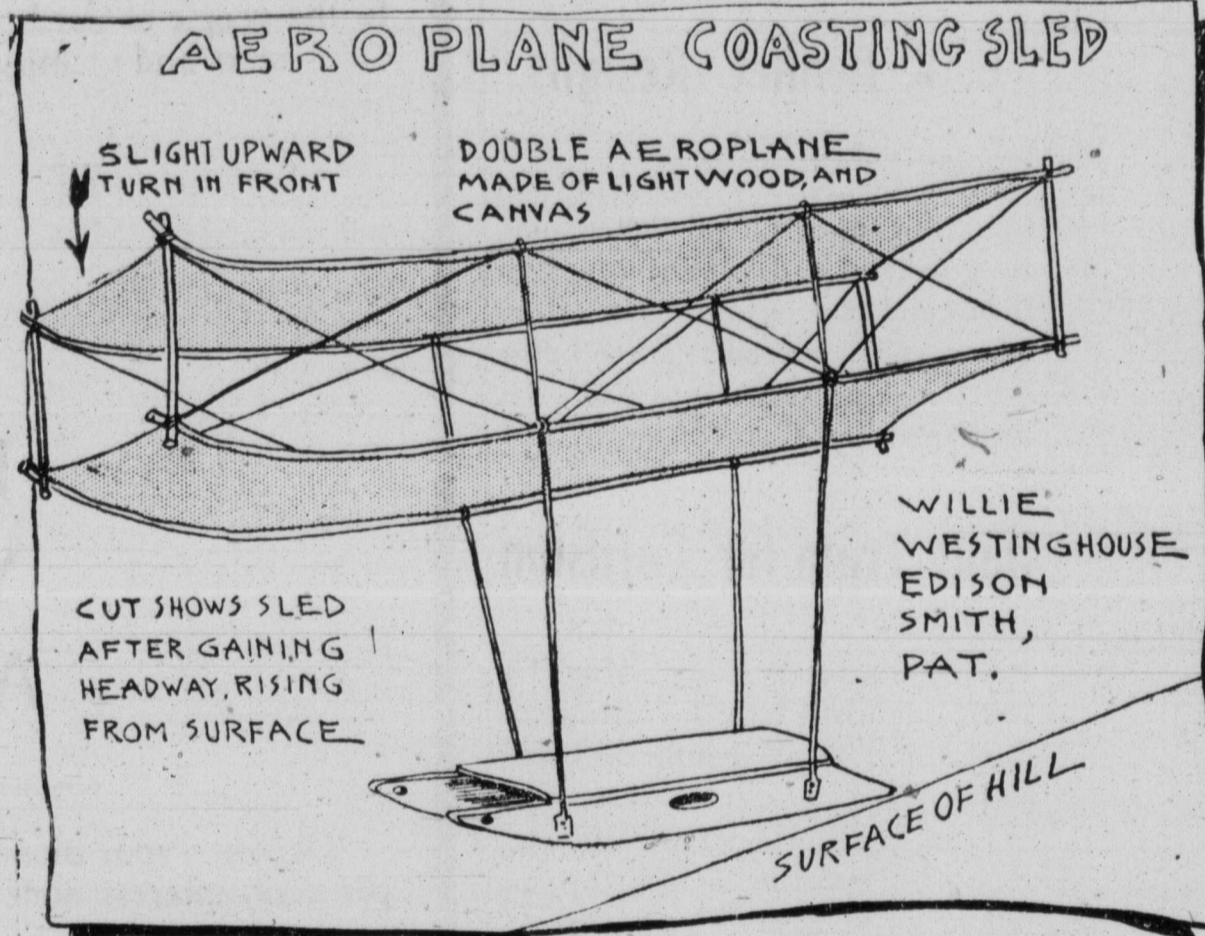
"Nothing Like Leather"

WHO founded the science of botany? Linnaeus, a shoemaker.
Who discovered the beauties and marvels of antique sculpture? Winckelmann, a shoemaker.
Who was the mainstay of the Society of Antiquaries? John Bond, a shoemaker.
Who wrote "The Farmer's Boy"? Bloomfield, a shoemaker.
Who established the "Quarterly Review"? Gifford, a shoemaker.
Who founded the Society of Friends? George Fox, a shoemaker.
Who started the Ragged School movement? John Pounds, a shoemaker.
Who gave the Bible to the Chinese in their own mother tongue? Dr. Morrison, a shoemaker.

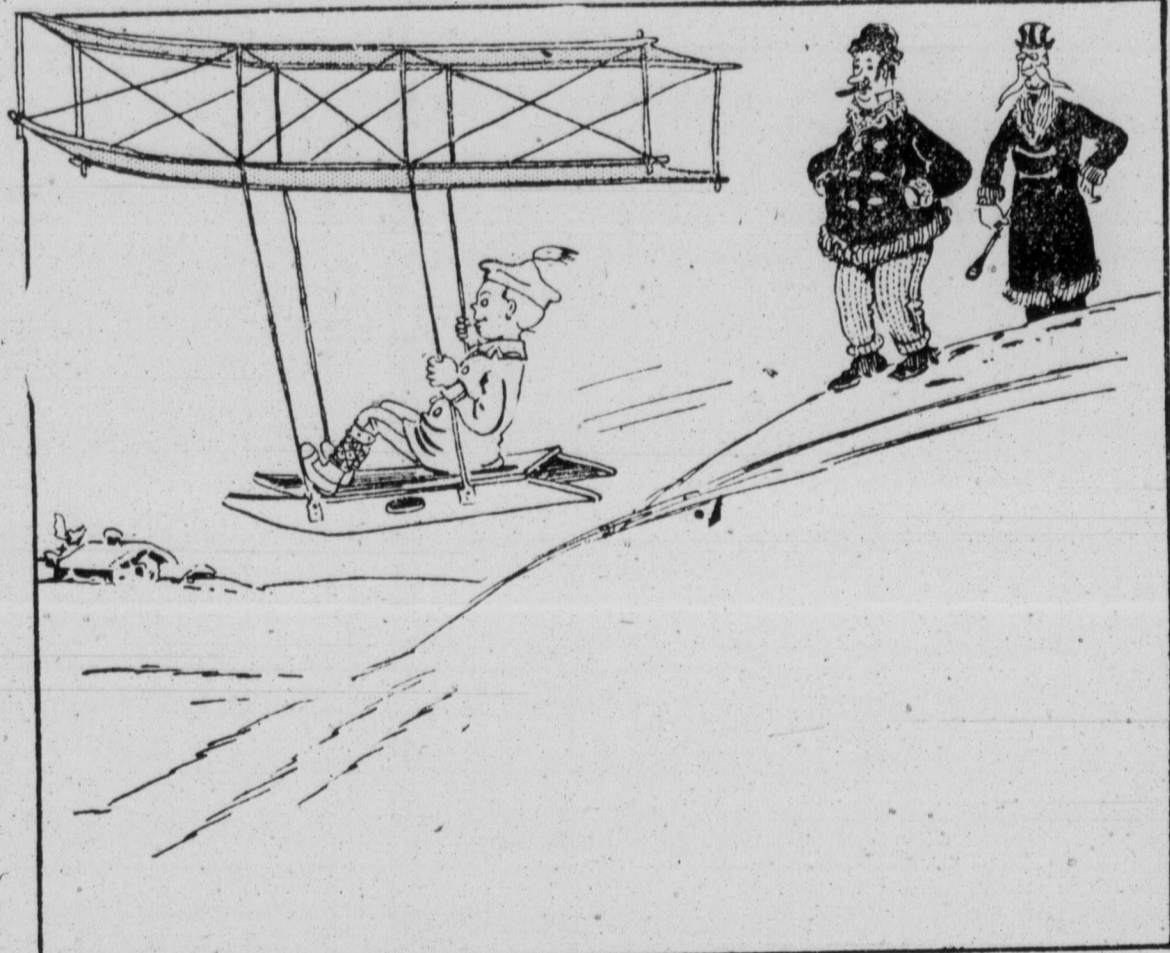
Besides, among the names which have become in greater or less degree household property may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg; Richard Savage, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral; Sir William Reed, the Radical Hardy, the astrological Partridge; Sir Simon Ayre, Jacob Boehm, Samuel Drew, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Marshman, Dr. Kitto, Thomas Edward, the Banat naturalist; and last, but not least, William Carey, the virtual founder of the Baptist Missionary Society. All these were shoemakers before they turned their thoughts and energies into other channels.



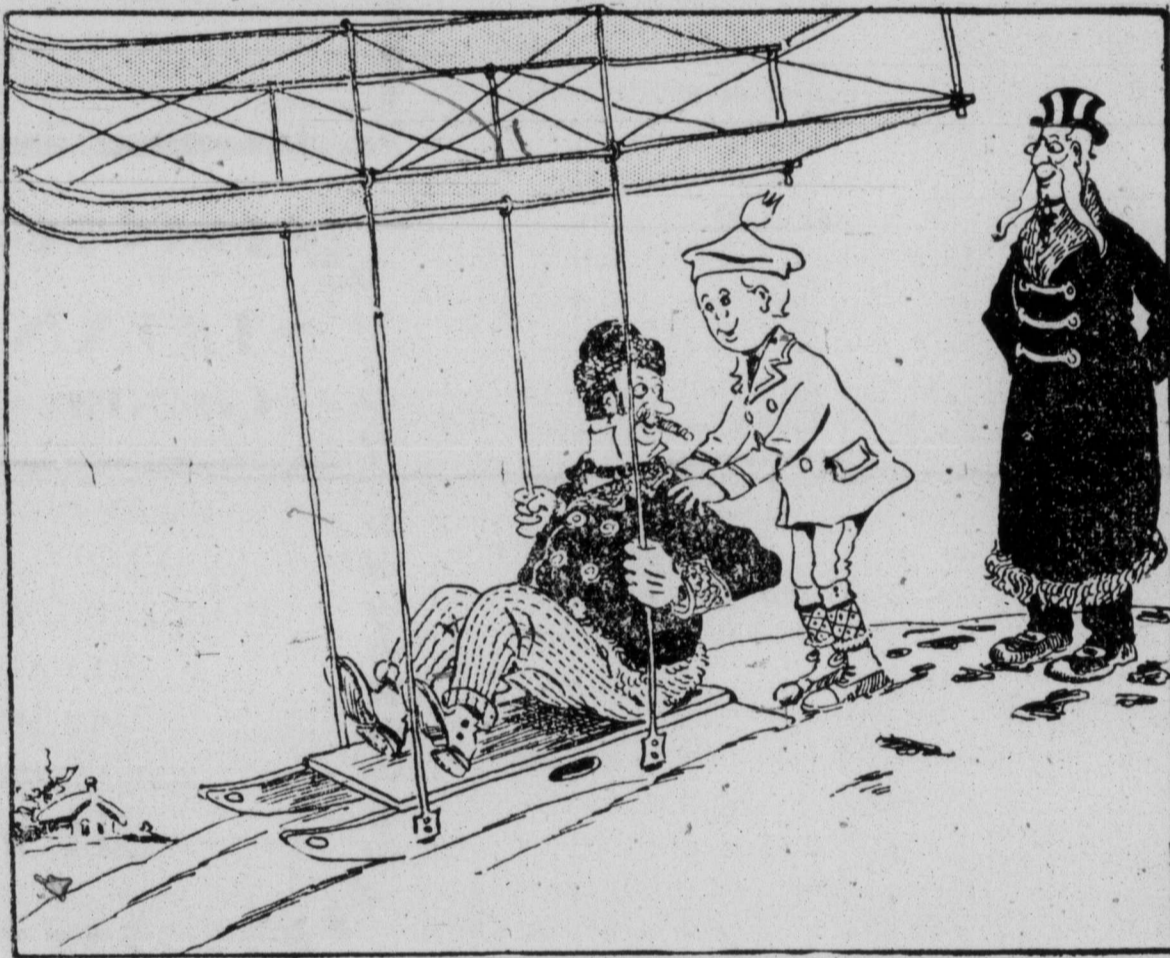
Willie's New Fangled Sled Lands Papa in a Snowdrift



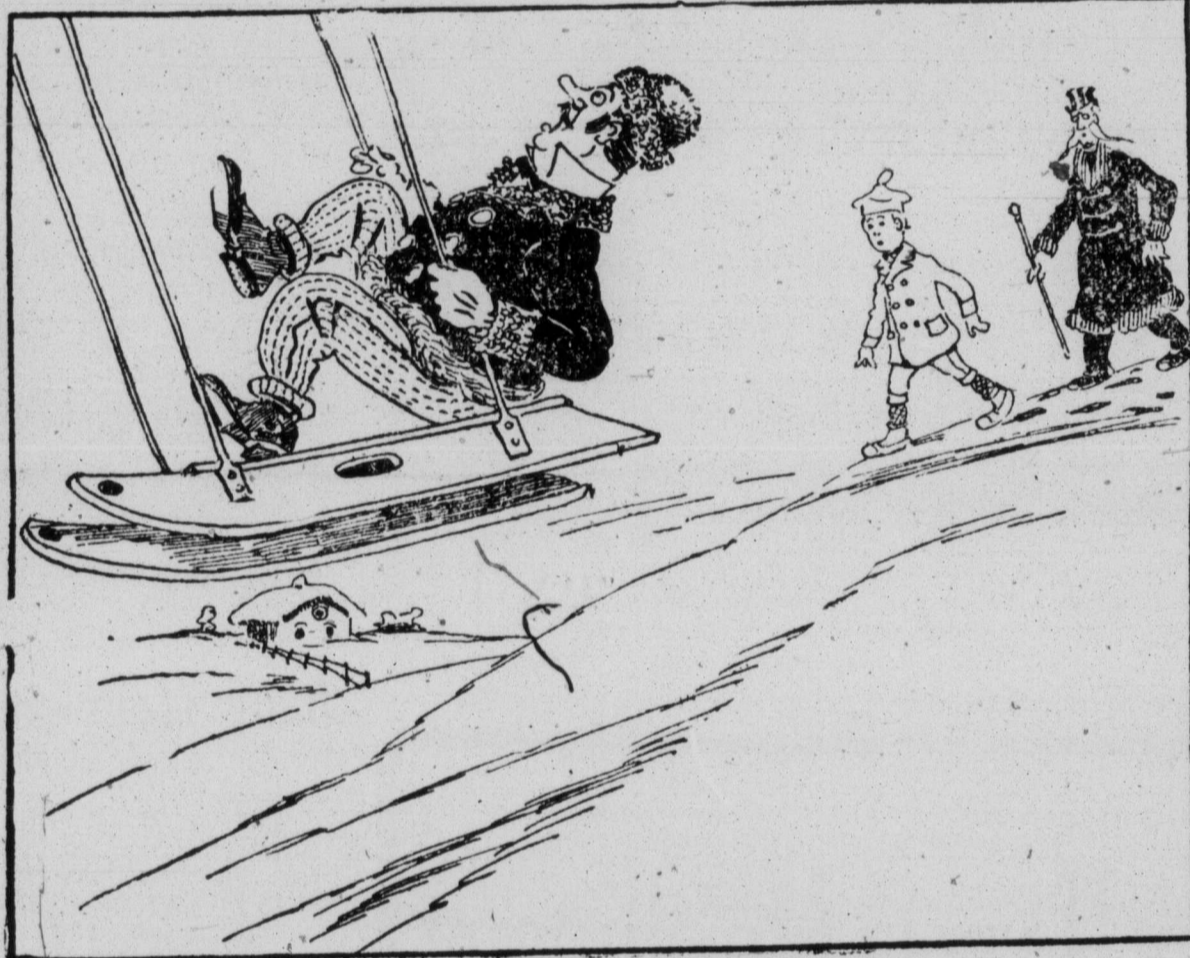
Dear Tommy—This is a diagram of a new coasting scheme. It works just like a flying machine.



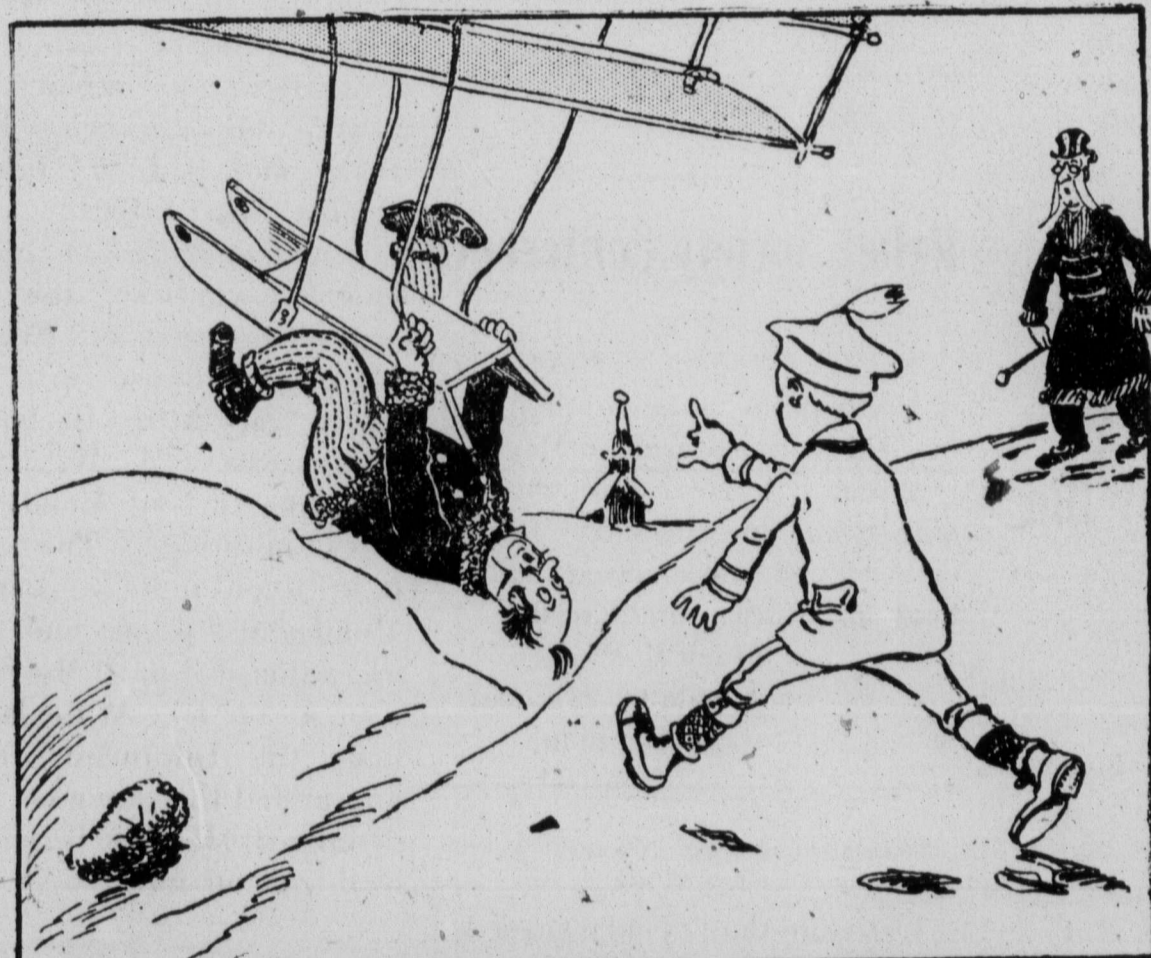
When I tried it, it sailed about a hundred yards without touching the surface.



Then Papa tried it. He started off fine—



But when it left the surface he got rattled.



Just then a gust of wind struck and he slipped off the sled.



He landed on his head in a big snowbank, and got real mad about it.

Yours, WILLIE.



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