

CAPITAL of THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

TOKIO, capital of the land of the cherry blossom and the chrysanthemum, is not an ancient city. Up to the year 1600 it consisted of a small castle and a scattered village.

Since then, however, it has increased and now extends over an area of about one hundred square miles. In 1604 Iyeyasu, the first shogun of the powerful Tokugawa family, made it his capital.

The government of Japan was, until lately, a hereditary absolute monarchy, vested in the mikado or emperor. This was the ancient form, but in 1855 the emperor's commander-in-chief, called the shogun, usurped the governing power. In 1868, however, a revolution overthrew the power and office of the shogunate, the mikado was restored to his ancient supremacy, and Tokio became the capital of the empire.

Today Tokio is the home of about two millions of people, with brilliantly lighted avenues, a university that would do credit to any European capital, scores of libraries, with upwards of a million volumes, an unexcelled system of primary schools, a network of street car lines, a belt line, and an elevated road passing through the heart of the city to a great central station. The fare on these cars is four sen, which means that it is possible to travel some ten miles for two cents. For 18 sen, or nine cents, one can travel for almost a day the length and breadth of Tokio, and into its remotest corners.

Still a Wooden City. Tokio is built half on upland, known as Yamanote, and half on low land, called Shitamachi. The greater city is divided into 15 administrative dis-



TYPICAL STREET SCENE, TOKIO

tricts, 5 of which are suburban, under one governor, the city proper being administered by a mayor and municipal council. But to the stranger there is nothing to indicate where the suburbs begin and the city commences, for they merge into the city much in the same way that Kensington straggles into London.

Let us ascend one of the many hills which are dotted all over the city. Its Japanese name is Atango-Yama, which means "The Hill of the God Atango." At its summit there is a temple erected to the idol, and a number of arbors where visitors, who come either for worship or for pleasure, can be supplied with cups of tea. Here, looking back to the southwest over the suburb of Shinjawa, and gradually and slowly carrying our eyes over the south and on to the east, we see the fair city of Tokio extending for many miles along the shores of Tokio bay, in the form of a crescent or half moon.

Very pretty this queen of cities looks as she lies basking in the sun. The waters of the bay are smooth as glass, and are studded here and there with the white sails of fishing boats and other native craft. Turning from east towards the north we look over an immense valley covered with houses, temples, and gardens, and extending far away almost to the horizon. The bulk of the houses are of wood, but there are many new buildings of brick and stone, and near the center is the magnificent Imperial palace.

Lowland Tokio, that part of the city covering the flats on both sides of the river Sumida is intersected by a system of canals, busy highways of commerce and means of intercourse. The bridges over the Sumida, and those which span the canals, have always been picturesque features of Tokio. The Nihon-Bashi (Bridge of Japan) in the district of the same name, is by far the most famous, for it is the point from which all distances in Japan are measured. The streets were formerly narrow and irregular, but the principal thoroughfares have been widened under the street improvement act of 1888.

Japanese merchants are as enterprising as any westerner in their pur-

suit of custom. On arriving in Tokio you are met by a ricksha coolie (who has nowadays tired his man-drawn vehicle with rubber to compete with the competition of the smooth running auto) who blandly offers to show you the sights. Somehow before long you judge that he is a stockholder in every store of prominence in the city. You may rest assured that you will see nothing of the outskirts until every merchant in town has had a chance at you.

At the shop door a boy scurries to meet you with a fan, and leads you to a cleverly designed miniature rest room, ornamented as only a Japanese can arrange a cozy nook. Fountains are playing lazily, their flow forming a little lake in which real water fowl glide gracefully about. The boy who brought your fan hastens to bring refreshments, while the salesmen vie with each other in carrying the contents of the shelves to you for your inspection.

Take Off Your Shoes!
The finest examples of architecture and decoration in Tokio are found in the mortuary temples of the Tokugawa Shoguns at Shiba and Ueyo parks, and for a fee of 25 sen (12½c) the priest will show you everything of interest. One request is always made to the visitor on entering a temple, a store, or a tea house, and that is to remove your shoes, for the finely woven exquisitely clean straw mats and the polished wooden floors would be hopelessly ruined by your heavy leather shoes.

An exception to this rule is made in the Temple of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, in Asakusa Park, for this is the great holiday resort of the citizens, where, after having prayed,

YOUTHFUL DOCTOR GOT EVEN

Lawyer With Hypothetical Questions Receives Unexpected Reply From Witness on Stand.

"Not long ago," said a Washington lawyer, "I attended a trial in Baltimore, during the course of which there was summoned as witness a youthful physician.

"It was natural, of course, that counsel for the other side should, in cross-examination, seize the occasion to utter certain sarcastic remarks touching the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor.

"Are you," demanded the lawyer, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes, sir,"
"Then," continued the lawyer, "I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Reed, and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Reed might," smiled the youthful physician.—Atlanta Journal.

Easily Classified.
Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire:
"Is it permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?"
"I don't know," Mrs. Hemmandhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine?"
"Why?"
"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."

Sport and Coin.
"Why didn't you get up before the referee counted ten?" asked the disappointed boxer.
"I was a little confused," confessed the vanquished pugilist. "I thought he was counting up the gate receipts, and I was waiting for bigger figures."—Judge.

PROBABLY.



Tommie—Say, maw, what's an "oath of office?"
His Mamma—What a politician says when he loses his office.

Technical Terms.
"You must pardon me!" exclaimed the golfer. "The trouble is that I have been so perplexed about naval matters that I got confused."
"What's that got to do with the game?"
"You didn't hear my warning. I said 'Aft!' when I should have said 'Fore!'"

Huh!
"All things come to him who waits," sighed the waiter.
"What's the matter now?" asked the chef.

"Well," replied the waiter, "so far I've collected a Panama dime, a Canadian nickel, a Mexican quarter, an English sixpence and a counterfeit half dollar as my tips."

Appreciates Her Open-Handedness.
"Why did you tip the girl at the hat stand so lavishly?" inquired the city friend.
"Who, me?" returned old Dad Bing, the cattle king of Rampage, Okla., who is in town for a few days. "Why, Lord, man, look at this hat she gimme in place of my old one."

The Grand Promoter.
"You ought to have some stock in my proposed rubber plantation."
"What will it cost to sell it out?"
"Won't cost anything. Another big idea. I am also organizing a school of forestry and shall charge boys \$100 per year each for the privilege of planting trees."—Puck.

An Eye to Effect.
"You seem very much interested in the menu card?"
"I am," replied Mr. Kollums.
"Does the food appeal to you?"
"No. It's the literary style. Outside of regular poetry that's the best typographical arrangement for occupying of space that I have seen yet."

Hopeless.
"I used to think I could make something out of that boy, but I've given it up. He's hopeless."
"Is it really as bad as that?"
"It's worse. He's started wearing a monocle."

Plenty of It.
"You can't fool all the people all of the time."
"No. Still, the folks who get up the sucker list don't seem to have any trouble about securing material."

Experience.
Applicant—Would you like to see my letters of recommendation?
Business Man—No. I've written a good many letters of recommendation myself.

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Man Who Was in Position to Take Advantage of a Good Thing.

Once there was a prosperous Manufacturer who had made his Stake by handling an every-day Commodity at a small Margin of Profit.

One Morning the Representative of a large Concern dealing in guaranteed Securities came in to sell him some gilt-edged Municipal Bonds that would net a shade under five per cent.

"I'll have to look into the Proposition very carefully," said the investor, as he tilted himself back in his jointed Chair. "I must have the History of all previous Bond Issues under the same Auspices. Also the Report of an Expert as to possible Shrinkage of Assets. Any Investment should be preceded by a systematic and thorough investigation."

Having delivered himself of this Signed Editorial he dismissed the Bond Salesman and went back to his Morning Mail.

The next Caller wore a broad Sombrero, leather Leggings and a Bill Cody Coat—also the Hair down over the Collar. He looked as if he had just escaped from a Medicine Show.

After lowering the Curtains he pro-

and he decided to let one of them have her Wish at last.

He hunted up one aged 24 and broke the Glad News to her and she told him not to rattle his Crutches over the Mosaic Floor as he went out the Front Way.

He is now living at a Club organized as a Home for Men who have Gone Wrong.

When he pushes the Button the Bell-Hops match to see who will be Stuck.

MORAL—There is an Age Limit, even for Men.

The New Fable of the Morning on Which He Should Have Oversept.

One Morning a Precinct Parastite owing Allegiance to a Political Party of Progressive Principles went around to the dingy office of a Fuel Supply Co. to pull off the customary Fake Primary.

He was met at the Door by a broad-faced Lady of benevolent Mien and black Ribbons on her Nose-Glasses, who told him to use the Mat and not track up the Place.

"What is the Idea?" asked the alcoholic Henchman looking vainly about for Bottle-Nose Burley, Mike the Pike,

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When



through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R. F. D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

His Needs.
A bachelor wanted a man servant, so he inserted an advertisement in a local weekly. One of the applicants who answered was an Irishman.
"What I want," explained the bachelor, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motorcar, look after a pair of horses, clean shoes and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow and do a little painting and paper hanging."
"Excuse me, sor," said Murphy, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"
"Soft?" snapped the bachelor.
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."—Philadelphia Record.

Sunlight Intensified
By Reflection from Ocean Beach and Desert Sand unrelieved by Foliage. Winds and Mineral Lutes, Poisonous Dust, all bring Eye Troubles in their wake—Granulated Eyelids, Red, Itching, Burning, Tired and Watery Eyes, Impaired Vision and Eye Pain. Reliable Relief is found in Murine Eye Remedy, Mild and Harmless. If you Wear Glasses, Try Murine. Doesn't smart. Feels Fine. Acts Quickly. Is an Eye Tonic compounded by Chemists—not a Patent Medicine—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold at 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Sold by Druggists. For Books, write to Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Of Course.
Barney Phelan, Father Healey's servant, was celebrated for his ready wit. One day, while he was serving at dinner, one of the guests said to him: "Barney, why is my ankle placed between my calf and my foot?"
"Begorra, I dunno," replied Barney, "unless it is to keep your calf from eatin' your corn."—Boston Transcript.

The Saturation Point.
"How are you fixed financially, old man?"
"I'm at the saturation point."
"What do you mean?"
"At the point where I've got to soak something."—Boston Transcript.

Helping Kidneys By Clearing Blood

A Function Greatly Assisted By a Well-Known Remedy.



Most readers will be interested to more nearly understand why analysis of urine is so important. In the case of K. S. S. it is to purify the blood, its action is a stimulant to the myriad of fine blood vessels that make up the constructive tissues of the kidneys. All the blood from all over the body must pass through the kidneys. They both act as a strainer and as a filter, so that what they allow to pass out in the urine, both as to quantity and materials, the health of the kidneys and the quality of the blood is determined. The catalytic energy forced by K. S. S. is shown in the urine, as the blood continues to sweep through the kidneys the dominating nature of uric acid, acting as it does through all the avenues of elimination, shows a marked decrease of disease manifestations as demonstrated by urine analysis. This antiseptic body wastes are more evenly distributed to the excretories; their elimination is stimulated by the tonic action afforded the lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus, in cases of rheumatism, cystitis, chronic sore throat, hoarseness of voice, bronchitis, asthmas of weak kidney action, first purify your blood with K. S. S., so it will enable and regain the normal health.
K. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 527 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and if you have any deep-seated or obstinate blood trouble, write to their Medical Dept. for free advice.



He Produced a Glistening Nugget.

duced from a Leather Pouch a glistening Nugget which he had found in a lonely Gulch near Death Valley.
The careful Business Guy began to quiver like an Aspen and bought 10,000 shares at \$2 a share on a Personal Guarantee that it would go to Par before September 1.
MORAL—It all depends on the Bait.

The New Fable of the Dancing Man Who Wore Out His Pumps and His Rating.

Once there was a Porch Rat, who was also a Parlor Snake and a Ham-mock Hound. He worked the popular Free Lunch Routes for thirty years before deciding to hook up and begin paying for his own Food and Drink.
When he started fitting from Bud to Dubutante to Ingenuo to Fawn to Broller to Kiddykadee back in 1880 he was a famous Beau with skin-tight Trousers, a white Puff Tie run through a Gold Ring and a Hat lined with White Satin, the same as a Child's Coffin.

In 1890 he was parting his Hair in the Middle, in imitation of a good Bird Dog, and had been promoted to the Veteran Corps of the Iron-legged Dancing Men and the Insatiable Diners-Out. He would eat on his Friends about six Nights in each Week and repay them every Christmas by sending a Card showing a Frozen Stream in the Foreground and Evergreen Trees beyond.

In 1900 he was beginning to sit out some of the numbers. Also, when he got into his Evening Togs, his general Contour suggested that possibly he had just swallowed a full-sized Watermelon without slicing it up. But he was still Johnny-answer-the-bell when it came to Dinner Parties.
In 1910 he carried a little Balloon under each Eye and walked as if he had Gravel in his Shoes. He was still trying to be Game, although he had a different kind of Digestive Tablet in each Pocket and would rather tackle Bridge than the Barn Dance.

The Path was becoming Lonely and the whispering Trees seemed tall and forbidding. He decided to whistle for a Companion. The Dear Girls had been dogging him for three Decades