## SERVANTS IN JAPAN

IS CONSIDERED AN HONOR.

The "Boys" That Wait on Table In Hotels and How They Work. Household Servants That Are Equal In Birth to Their Masters.

They have some curious notions about servants in Japan. Instead of its being considered a disgrace to go into domestic service in that country it is an honor, writes Mr. Douglas Sladen.

Jinrikisha boys and grooms may not pride. have the honor of being servants at all, but are tradesmen, which is the lowest thing of all in Japan short of being an eta, or member of the class of outcasts. Grooms are excluded as a betting, gambling, cheating lot (the Japanese think it impossible for a groom to be honest) and the rickshaw boys as rough people without any man-

There are two classes of servants, personal and kitchen. Kitchen servants need have no knowledge of etiquette. They are sometimes rough creatures from the country, no better than rickshaw boys. They are dull, contented drudges, but Cook San (Mr. Cook) is held in a very different estimation. In a small household he does cooks the meals in Japan.

The personal servants show a humility to their employers which would sense of humor, and their masters assume an etiquette air of command. But from every one else these servants expect a considerable amount of politeness

Hotel servants are male and female. Hotels for Europeans generally have when they have grown up. men housemaids as well as men waiters and call them all "boys."

first time is like going to a farce. It is impossible to keep serious. In the din-Ing room you are surrounded by pantomime imps dressed in indigo cotton doublets and hose, who run about shoeless and are called "boys" and look like boys until the day they die. Half of them know no English except the numbers. Each has a number to himself, and each dish on the menu has a number, even down to the pota-

"No. 5," you say if you are new to it, "I'll have some 2, and I'll take some 7 and 9 with it, please." He catches some numbers and brings them, but you would have a far better chance of getting what you want if you simply said 2, 7, 9.

You can hardly hear yourself speak for the scruff, scruff across the floor. You think it is lucky they don't went boots. At very grand hotels they wear blue serge suits like ship's stewards and bad imitations of foreign shoes, and they don't run, and then they don't wait so well, because it is not natural for a Japanese "boy" not to

A Japanese "boy" has one good quality. Though he cannot understand English, before you have been in the house three days he will know your tastes, and if you like the breast of a chicken better than the leg you will get it, and you will have your steak to look purple or burned under when it is cut, as you

If he saw you using a teaspoon after your wife, he would very likely bring you a used teaspoon with your next morning's tea. His motto is that there is no accounting for the madness of foreigners and the forms it will take.

But your bedroom boy is a very different person. He has intelligence and often a fair command of English.

There is nothing that a Japanese room boy cannot do. I would trust him to mend my watch. I have tried him on such varied problems as luring a frightened canary back to its cage, fishing up a small coin that had fallen through a crack in the floor and mending the lock of a portmanteau. One of them even said that he could take in a felt hat which I gave him so large for him that his ears did not stop it.

The Japanese like their hats to rest upon their ears. They can mend your clothes or put a button on and are handler than sailors. They expect you to show them all your purchases and always tell you how much more or how much less you ought to have paid.

In the transient life of a hotel you see the farcical side of Japanese servants. The pristine and sentimental side you only get in a private family, where winner, me the pages of the mardle ages, may be equal in birth to their masters, but willing to do service in his household because he is a famous poet or noble or man of science, so as to gather the crumbs of education which fall from his table.- Exchange.

Economy. Fudge-Yes, Spinks has a splendid system of economy.

"He goes to work and lays aside money for something he doesn't need."

"No economy in that." "Isn't there? Well, by the time he has the money saved he always fin'ts out he doesn't want the thing-and then the money is saved."-Baltimore

"I don't suppose he meant anything unkind," said the young woman, "but was a very startling coincidence."

"What do you mean?" "Just before Harold and 1 got married his friends persuaded him to join 'don't worry' club." - Washington

One of the worst things that can happen a young man is to get the notion that he can't have a good time without wasting his money.—Atchison Globe.

She Needed Plates. Superstition and the belief in the incantations of witches are not en-

A LAND WHERE DOMESTIC SERVICE tirely dead, as the following tale will One day a gypsy stopped at a house,

and, pointing to a child, said, "He is "Yes, he's suffering from rheuma-

tism." said the woman. "Yes, and I can cure him, lady, if you will let me have six fancy plates, but you must be sure they are nice."

"Oh, anything to get him well," said the woman. "I'm willing to do anything," and she fetched a half dozen fine china plates that had been her

The gypsy set them out in a row, one after the other, placed her hands on the four center ones, mumbled some

words over them and said: "Now, if you will let me take these plates away with me to destroy them your boy will be cured of rheumatism. No more aches and pains for him, lady; nothing but good health, lady. Let me take them, lady, and cure him."

And the curious part of it is the woman did give the gypsy those plates.

The Love of Mothers.

Among the lower animals the mother's love for her offspring lasts only until the offspring is able to shift for itself. The hen will fret and fight for her downy chicks, but when the catering and keeps the accounts as they become feathered and commence well as superintends the ridiculous lit- to do their own foraging the mother tle bird's nest of charcoal ash which hen becomes indifferent to them and thinks only of hatching another brood. The mare loves her foal and the cow her calf only during the suckling peparalyze an Englishman with any riod. Canine dams cease to show affection to their progeny after the puppy age, says the San Francisco Bulletin. So through the entire animal kingdom below the human species the maternal instinct endures only while the young ones are helpless and ceases

How different is the love of a human mother for her children! That love To go to a Japanese hotel for the never dies and seems to grow more intense according as the children become less and less worthy of it. The black sheep is often the best beloved.

A Voracious Spider. It is a curious study to watch the little white, brown specked spiders which hover among plants seeking what they may devour. It seems almost incredible that they will conquer and carry off to their dens insects twice their size, but this is just what they do, capturing flies of the largest They will hide under the petals kind. of the flowers, and when Mr. Fly comes buzzing along they will spring out at him, and the next thing he knows he is place. being dragged off to be served up at a spider luncheon. They grip the fly by the neck, if he has a neck, and dart down the leaves, skip to the grass and away, sometimes taking flying leaps of a foot and a half, then disappearing no one knows where. It's the old story of the spider and the fly, only the spider doesn't stop to coax, but boldly carries off his booty without saying, "By your

Caught Napping.

Uncle-Dear me, Carl, what a poor memory you have! Nephew-A poor memory, you say? Why. I can repeat four pages of the

them through only once! Uncle-I'll bet you a hamper of cham-

pagne that you can't do it. The nephew sends for a directory, attentively peruses four pages and shuts up the book.

Uncle-Well?

Nephew-Muller, Muller, Muller, etc., All the four pages of the directory

being taken up with this familiar patronymic, our student won bis bet in

one style.-From the German.

The Penalty of Progress. Is it anybody's business to keep count of the number of persons who are killed by accidents from day to day in this country? The number must be enormous, and most of the victims die of modern improvements of one kind and another, says Life. Fatal trolley car accidents are more common and comprehensive this year than ever before; railroads kill and maim about as usual, automobiles do their share, and mines, factories, fires, drowning accidents, gas accidents, explosions and the like contribute with extraordinary steadiness to our mortuary statistics. In the industrial world especially the sacrifice of human life seems prodi-

unduly lavish in expending it.

He (after marriage)-I don't see why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father's.

She-Why, my dear, I am. He-How do you make that out? When I come into the house, I have to hunt around for my slippers and everything else I happen to want, but when I used to court you and your father would come in from town you would rush about gathering up his things, wheel his easy chair up to the fire, warm his slippers and get him both a head rest and a foot rest, so that all he had to do was to drop right

down and be comfortable. She-Oh, that was only so he'd go to

sleep sooner.

The Daring Little Humming Bire. Courage has little or no relation to bodily size. The humming bird is the smallest of birds, but also one of the most fearless and pugnacious. He attacks kingbirds and bawks, and those tyrannical creatures, though of mon strous size in comparison, seem not at all ashamed to fly from his onsets. The fights of humming birds among Peking Village Names.

"The Street of the Roasted Corn" is one of the curious names of streets in Peking and suggests the singular and often confusing names given to Chinese villages. Here are a few village names taken from an area of a few miles square: "Horse Words Village," from a tradition of a speaking animal; "Sun Family Bull Village," "Wang Family Great Melon Village," "Tiger Catching Village," "Horse Without a Hoof Village." "Village of the Loving and Benevolent Magistrate" and the "Village of the Makers of Fine Toothed Combs."

Arthur H. Smith in his book on "Village Life In China" says that a market town on the highway, the well of which afforded only brackish water, was called "Bitter Water Shop," but as this name was not pleasing to the ear it was changed on the tax lists to "Sweet Water Shop." If any one asked how it was that the same fountain could thus send forth at the same time waters both bitter and sweet, he was answered, "Sweet Water Shop is the same as Bitter Water Shop."

Speak Kindly Words Now.

In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others, and there are also many little occasions when the word of cheer is needed from us and we are

There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve. There is suffering which words of sympathy can make more endurable, and often even to the midst of wealth and luxury there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness.

Speak to those while they can hear and be helped by you, for the day may come when all our expressions of love and appreciation may be unheard. Imagine yourself standing beside their last resting place. Think of the things you could have said of them and to them while they were yet living. Then go and tell them now .- Exchange.

Painless Deaths.

Probably the least painful death is by means of an overdose of chloroform. You begin with a pleasant sensation and end in oblivion. Prussic acid acts instantaneously. Presuming the agony of anticipation avoided, some violent deaths are quite painless, as they give no time for feeling pain. Such are being blown to pieces by dynamite or by a shell. Drowning is said to be a luxury, and experts have recommended opening a vein in a hot bath. Laudanum and other narcotics would run chloroform and ether hard for first

Morse and the Telegraph Operator. Immediately after the successful completion of the first transatlantic cable and the consequent celebrations, in which of course Cyrus W. Field bore a prominent part, Professor Morse had occasion to send a telegram from a small town in Ohio to his home in York. He wrote out his message, presented it to the operator, who rapidly checked it off with his pencil and curtly demanded a dollar.

"But," said the venerable inventor, "I never pay for messages," and, seeing an inquiring look in the operator's eyes, added, "I am, in fact, the father names in the directory after reading of the telegraph."

"Then," said the operator, firmly convinced that he was being imposed upon, "why don't you sign your own name, Cyrus W. Field?"

Professor Morse when telling the story used to say that he was too humiliated to answer.

At Sen on Land.

A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sallors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you.

A half concealed snicker spread over, the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said, "Mr. -, have you ever been at sea?" The minister replied:

"No. unless it was while I was delivering that address."-New York Times.

Lightning's Affinity For Oak. Electricity in the clouds, like its comgious. Human life is cheap, but, cheap panion lower down, loves to seek the as it is, American civilization seems earth, the great reservoir of all electricity, and it finds the most available way to do so, choosing always the best conductor, conspicuous among which are the much maligned lightning rod, the high trees or the elevated steeple. It has its choice of trees as well as other things and will leap over half an acre of trees to find an oak, for which it appears to have a special attraction, and it will pass a high point to find a building that has metal about it.

> Oldest Tree In the World. The Rev. W. Tuckwell in "Tongues and Trees and Sermons In Stones" says: "The oldest living tree in the world is said to be the Sema cypress of Lombardy. It was a tree forty years before the birth of Christ." But Alonse Karr in his "Voyage Autour de Mon Jardin" says of the baobab (Adansonia digitata), "It is asserted that some exist in Senegal that are 5,000 years old."-Notes and Queries.

No Longer Necessary. "Do you still rely on your burglar-

"Oh, no! We have a baby now, you know, and if any burgiar can find a time during the night when some one isn't up with the baby he's welcome to all he can get."-Chicago Pest.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies That Line the Route of Letter Carriers. "Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The letter carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flecked the dead ash from his cigar, says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the livelong day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out west. He doesn't write to her twice a year, yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there, with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give \$50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good for nothing boy of hers for whom she's eating out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the letter carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about four or maybe five years old. She has blue gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month afterward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and, looking me to the heart out of those big trusting eyes, she would say, 'Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven? I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came without a letter, and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma me wants some letters too.' And, boys, every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray blue eyes, and I wondered the angels did not find some way somehow to make her baby heart under-

"Address as Above."

There is one lawyer in Brooklyn who will never again make use of Latin phrases in writing business letters. A short time ago he had to write a letter to a client in a neighboring city regarding an important lawsuit that was to come up before the court in the course of a few days. The information he solicited was highly essential to his case. In writing this epistle he made use of a letter head with his printed address at the top. In closing his letter he signed himself thus, "John Langdon, address ut subra."

After waiting several days for the reply, which did not come, he again wrote his procrastinating client and asked why he had not sooner answered his first letter. The next day be received a reply in which the client said that he had answered the letter and addressed it to "John Langdon, Ut Supra, N. Y."

She Will Keep Her Word.

When Grandmother Pettingill makes up her mind, she is as firm as a rock. Nothing can move her. Perhaps it was on this account that when she returned from the celebration of the one bundredth anniversary of the settlement of Shrubville and made such a determined declaration nobody attempted to influence her.

"I've been there, and it's over with," she said, "and now I'm home safe after all the poise and bands and scared horses and crying children and men making speeches, I want to tell you one thing. I shan't ever go to another centennial in Shrubville, no matter what the circumstances are and no matter who asks me. You children may as well bear that in mind."

Maidens Sold by Auction.

A singular custom obtains to this day in some of the towns on the lower Rhine-namely, that of "selling" maidens at public auction. For nearly four centuries on Easter Monday-auction day-the town crier or clerk of St. Goar has called all the young people together and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year. The fees are put into the public poor box.

A Serious Matter. "So he's trying to live on other people's brains," said the publisher indig-

"What's the trouble? Has some one been stealing the ideas from four books?"

"I suppose so. But that's a minor matter. They're trying to coax away the man who writes my advertisements."-Washington Star.

His Conscience.

First Bohemian (to second ditto)-I can't for the life of me think why you wasted all that time haggling with that tailor chap and beating him down when you know, old chap, you won't be able to pay him at all.

Second Behemian-Ah, that's it! I have a conscience. I want the poor chap to lose as little as possible!-

There is a reminiscence of Caleb Balderstone in the utterance of an eco ical Scotch butler who was lately waiting at an important dinner. He had taken round a plate of beef in vain. After his last effort at persuasion had falled he set it down in front of his aster with decision. "Ye maun tak" that yersel'," he said. "I canna' get any liber customer for it."

FIGHT SICKNESS.

Fear Will Harm and Courage Help

Illness is most like a cowardly cur which gives chase if you flee from it, but goes on about its business, that of seeking the fearful ones, if you pass death comes to all, and my friend's on unnoticing, but courageous. The reasons for the ability of brave men to go unharmed through pest hospitals, sophical remarks at different times, as did Napoleon and as physicians do and one day he showed himself to the every day, are not only psychological, philosopher. but physiological.

The quality of mere courage seems to have a sort of pickling and hardening effect upon the tissues of the body, like the plunge in brine, steeling them against infection, while fear, by "unstringing" the nerves, weakens the whole resisting power of the body, inviting the very evil feared most.

The scientific health journals have gienic laws to a great extent and urging its recognition by the masses.

"Fear weakens the heart's action," says Health in an article on this subject, "induc s congestion, invites indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods and is thus the mother of autopoisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases."

In recognizing this law, however, it is just as well to carry in a small pocket of one's memory the old adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," and to avoid running needless dangers. But it is a well known fact that smallpox and like contagions will attack first those who are trembling for fear London, is the shrine of St. John of of it, often leaving unscathed the Beverley, who died in the year 721. brave ones who are in the thickest of it In 938 Atheistan, king of England, nursing, tending and even burying the gave several privileges to the monasplague stricken.

quantities of precaution and courage slaying; it was open to all wrongdoers one stands a good chance of immunity except those who had been guilty of from the attacking bordes of disease treason. For ordinary offenses, such microbes.-New York Herald.

The Least of the Lot.

soon to be married? absence)-Yes, Doesn't it seem strange? to Beverley marking the limit of the I called to see her this morning. She murder it was not sufficient to be withshowed me her trousseau. It's perfect- in one of these crosses. Before the ly lovely, just from Paris, and she has fugitive could claim sanctuary he must the handsomest ring I ever saw, and enter the church and seat himself in a she showed me the house she is to live stone chair known as the "frid stool" in and the furniture she has selected or "freed chair." To this place many and the horses and carriages she is to fied for refuge from all parts of the have. She showed me everything ex- country. cept the man she is going to marry. I suppose she forgot about him.-London

Lake Colors. present various shades of green, so friends, and do not waste too much that in some cases they are distin- time looking sideways. Look up, and guishable from their level, grass cov. keep on looking up! I never knew a ered banks, and a few are almost man to fail if he looked up. Is there black. The Lake of Geneva is azure a man in this audience who can say hued, the Lake of Constance and the that he always looks up? greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.-London Spectator.

Alternative of Education. "Education," said the impassioned

orator, "begins at home." calm spectator. "It begins in the kin- York Press. dergarten, is continued in the boarding school football field. Paris, London and Wall street and ends in either Sing Sing of Newport."-Life.

At the Herse Show. McBrier-Did yez ever see a borse jump foive feet over a fince? McSwatt-Oi've seen 'em jump four had foive feet!-Indianapolis News.

ble at about 700 miles a second.

Always Tired.

Tired Tatters-Here's a piece in dis paper wot's a insult to de profesh.

Tired Tatters-It sez dat a feller might have hoarseless prima donnas-Weary Walker-Wot's it say? ortn't ter eat nuttin' when he's tired. Weary Walker-Well, wot's de mat-

ter wid dat item? Tired Tatters-Wot's de matter wid starve ter death?-Exchange.

A Puzzled Youngster.

Harry is the youngest of the family, "Women always first. I wonder why the 9,250,000 Animistics and the in-God didn't make 'em first, but he numerable sects included in the 43,000 didn't. He made Adam first."

Life and Death.

a writer in the Pittsburg Press. We proves that kindness and devotion are Life, after all, is a masquerade, says fear to show our tenderness and our love. We habitually hide our best feelings lest we be judged weak and emotional. Sometimes it needs death to show us ourselves and to teach our six, were among the household por friends our deep and unsuspected kind-

an angry man is too hard for him. ered that the child, equipped with a Plato, speaking of passionate persons, pair of scissors, was under the table says they are like men who stand on also and trying to cut the dog's ears their heads-they see all things the with them. From one ear of the built wrong way.

The Barber-Did you hear about the bad scrape Jaggsby got into yesterday?

The Victim-No. Did you shave him? We sometimes despise a man's greed-

iness for taking, because he had the first chance, what we had intended for licking the face of the latter.

Death and the Philosopher. A certain philosopher was in the habit of saying whenever he heard that an old friend had passed away: "Ab,

well, death comes to us all. It is no new thing. It is what we must expect. Pass me the butter, my dear. Yes, time had come.'

Now, Death overheard these philo-

"I am Death," said he simply. "Go away," said the man, in a panic. "I am not ready for you."

"Yes, but it is one of your favorite truisms that Death comes to all, and I am but proving your words." "Go away! You are dreadful!"

"No more dreadful than I always am. But why have you changed so? You have never feared the death that been discussing this potent fact in hy- has come to your friends. I never heard you sigh when I carried off your old companions. You have always said, 'It is the way of all flesh.' Shall I make an exception in favor of your flesh?" "Yes, for I am not ready."

"But I am. Your time has come. Do not repine. Your friends will go on buttering their toast. They will take It as philosophically as you have taken every other death."

And the philosopher and Death departed on a long journey together .--Charles Battell Loomis in Brandur Magazine.

An English Sanctuary,

Beverley minster, 180 miles north of tery, one being the privilege of sanc-With an armor welded of equal tuary. This was not merely for manas horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came Mother-And so your friend Clara is into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be Daughter (just returned from a long four crosses on the main roads leading hadn't heard a word about it until area. In cases of manslaughter and

Looking Up.

The lecturer pleaded with the crowd to "look up." In impassioned tones be cried: "God always helps the man Some lakes are distinctly blue, others that looks up! Never look down, my

Lake of Lucerne are green, and the A seedy stranger arose in the back color of the Mediterranean has been row to say: "I can say that I always called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is look up. I have steadily looked up for thirty years, and am no better on for it. Looking up is my business."

"What do you do for a living, my good man?"

"I'm a ceiling decorator." The uprearious applause that greeted "That's where you're off," said the this sally broke up the meeting .- New

Prima Donna and Her Voice.

Once upon a time there was a famous prima donna who made a contract with a noted impresario to sing in concerts for him at a price which made each of her notes of about the value of \$1.

All went well until the prima donna feet over. I didn't know that a horse found a dressing room assigned to her that did not meet with her approval. Then she complained that she was en-A message travels over an ocean ca- tirely too boarse to sing, and the impresario had to make polite remarks to his audience and dismiss it after refunding the money paid for admission. The remarks that he made out of the hearing of the audience were not so

polite. Moral.-Impresarios wish that they

New York Herald.

Languages In India. Twenty-eight languages are spoken it? Say, do youse want er feller ter in India and none of these is spoken by fewer than 400,000 persons, while the most general is the mother tongue of 85,500,000. Besides these there are in the remotest parts of the country the only boy among several girls, and dialects spoken by no more than 500 sometimes the superior advantages of persons, which none other than themgirls seem to weigh heavily on his selves can interpret. India has nine youthful mind. The other day we great creeds, numbering their followers beard him say thoughtfully to himself: from the 208,000,000 Hindoos down to

> "others." Bulldog Kinder Than Child. An incident related by George Eliot

characteristic of the buildog breed. The distinguished author was on a visit to the house of a friend where a bulldog and a child, each of the age of sions. During dessert after dinner, while all were absorbed in conversation, they were startled by a loud how! Passion.

Passion warps and interrupts the ceeding from under the table. An injudgment. He that can reply calmly to vestigation immediately made discovthe blood was running, and yet the dog was making not the slightest effort to escape or defend himself. The host and father, outraged by the evidence of such cruelty on the part of the child, determined on immediate punishment. But when he undertook to carry the punishment into effect the dog interfered, pushing himself be-tween the master and the child and