

A Sympathetic Oriental

By EUNICE IDA BLAKE

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I am the wife of a United States army officer and have lived a good deal of my time on the Pacific slope, where the only servants to be had are Chinese. There is no doubt but the Chinese make very good servants if they wish to be good, but if they prefer to be bad they can excel at that too.

I married in the infantry and went out with my husband to a station where the Chinese were as thick as blackberries. I had the pride natural to a bride of showing how well I could keep house and appreciated the importance of winning the confidence of my servants, or, rather, at that time my servant, for the wife of a second lieutenant—neither she nor her husband having anything but his pay—is not supposed to keep more than one.

My first Chinese servant was Ti Wang. Ti was the smoothest, softest tongued rascal I ever met. He had enough duplicity in him for an eighteenth century European diplomat. To him words were indeed intended to conceal ideas.

"You velly young wife," he said to me. "You want velly good Chinaman for cook. Muchy Chinamen velly bad. Ti feel sorry for Melican lady. Ti be good cook."

All this was spoken with a look of commiseration for a young thing like myself that to one familiar with the man from the Flowery Kingdom would have boded no good. I did not doubt that my servant would be a great comfort to me. It was not long before his true inwardness showed itself. He first made an excuse of having a sick brother who couldn't washy to provide for to wheedle me out of a month's wages in advance. Then he surreptitiously removed under his capacious coat and ample sleeves all the staple kitchen provisions I had bought to last several months. Tea, coffee, sugar and spices disappeared like magic. Then, having received an offer of better wages than I was giving him, he took himself off without so much as saying he was going.

My next servant was Charlie Li. Why so many Chinese are called Charlie I don't know, though Li is an appropriate name for them. Charlie was recommended by the major's wife, who had him in her kitchen for awhile when her regular servant was ill. She told me she would rather have Charlie than the other. I had no fault to find with Charlie except that he stayed with me but a day. He didn't stay long enough to ask for any wages, and since experience had taught me not to pay Chinamen in advance he didn't get any.

After this servants were passing through my kitchen, none staying with me more than a week. In vain I refused to engage one unless he would agree to stay a month. Something must be scaring them away. I didn't see how they could see anything in a young woman of nineteen to frighten them, and I was the only person with whom they came in contact. One of them, who was about to depart after three days of service, I asked why he left.

"You get Melican cook. Chinaman not velly good in this house."

"Why not?"

"Donno. Chinaman won't stay here."

"Why do you go so soon after coming?"

"I am velly well."

He did not seem to care whether I believed him or not. Indeed, he knew he was lying, and I knew it too. However, I had had such bad luck with Chinese servants—and there were no others to be had—that I made up my mind to do my own cooking for awhile. Meanwhile my husband, who had been making inquiries for me as to servants from brother officers' wives, began to be considerably vexed that I could not keep any of them. There was no such loss of servants among those who sent me mine, and it appeared that I must either be too exacting or have a frightful temper or some other blemish that prevented a servant from working for me, whereas the truth was that after the earlier ones left I simply gave up everything to those who came later, granting all requests and opposing them in nothing. I didn't even dare criticize the cooking of a single dish. The first tiff I had with my husband was when he ventured to remark that perhaps I didn't give them quite free rein enough. I resented the imputation with a fervor that sent him off to the officers' club and prevented his ever making any such suggestion in future.

One day I put the tin bread box out in the sun, turning it up on its side and exposing the bottom. I was surprised to see Chinese characters on it. I wondered what they meant. When a woman begins to wonder what the meaning of anything it is preparatory to making plans to find out. I called the servant of my next door neighbor, who was beating a rug, to come over and translate the characters. He did so as follows:

"This is a very bad woman. She doesn't pay the servants' wages and gives no extras."

That smooth tongued villain Ti Wang, who had pitied my youth and inexperience and had robbed me beside, had chalked a notice on the bread box warning all other servants against me. I waited patiently till my husband came in from his duties and, showing him the characters on the bottom of the box, handed him a translation.



JAMES GIBBONS, AMERICAN CARDINAL.

By prelates, bishops and all dignitaries of all denominations and by the laity and citizens generally Cardinal James Gibbons, the only cardinal in this country, is conceded to be pre-eminent in the church and a great intellectual force in whatever he does. He was born in Baltimore July 23, 1834. At the age of seventy-seven he is active and alert, a successful director of ecclesiastical affairs and a citizen of influence. At the age of twenty-seven he was ordained by Archbishop Kendrick in the cathedral at Baltimore.

Raw Musk.

Musk in the raw looks a good deal like axle grease and smells worse. The popular notion that the musk of commerce is obtained from the muskrat is a mistake. There is obtained a somewhat similar perfume from the muskrat, but most of the supply comes from the musk deer, a creature that is carefully reared in India for the sake of the secretion. The secretion is shipped in the crude state and is used not only in the manufacture of the liquid perfume sold as musk, but also in very small quantities to give strength and staying power to many perfumes made from the essential oils of flowers. Curiously enough, the blossoms of two native plants have a noticeably musky odor. One is the small yellow blossom of a creeping vine known as the musk plant. Its odor is marked and is counterfeited in the commercial perfume called musk. The other is the bloodroot. The pure white blossom of that early spring plant has a distinct though delicate musky odor. A bean known as the musk bean is a cheap substitute for animal musk.

Fine Language.

In the school year of 1866-7, in the town of Topsfield, Mass., there was at least one committeeman whose command of language was unusual. This is shown by the annual report of the school committee for that season, part of which is copied here:

"The primary center school was instructed by Miss —. Under the guidance of this master hand in genuine philosophic simplicity the school presented the same phase of unvarying successful advancement as in former years, from the dissonant mouthings of half fledged juvenile articulation, through the winding passages of syllabism to the Mount Hope of spell-reading, the same grateful interspersions of gymnastic, vocal, recessive and studious enaction rendering every exercise equally a pastime and romantic reality of the first efforts in dry study."—Youth's Companion.

Astrology and War.

It has been stated on what is said to be good authority that a representative of the Prussian government asked of a French astrologer the proper time to pick a quarrel with France. After carefully comparing horoscopes of high officials he answered that any hour in the afternoon as near as possible midway between the 9th and 14th of July, 1870. On the 11th of July William snubbed Benedetti, the French emissary, and on the 12th friendly relations ceased.

An Ancient Die.

In the museum at Athens is shown what is probably the only genuine antique die used for coinage that is now extant. It was found in Egypt in 1904 and consists of bronze, engraved with the owl that was stamped on Athenian tetradrachma pieces, which contained about as much silver as three quarter dollars. The die is of scientific interest on account of the evidence it gives of the skill of the ancients three or four hundred years before Christ in metallurgy. It contains about 22½ per cent of tin and nearly 70 per cent of copper. It is extremely hard, but at the same time possesses a certain malleability, due to the great purity of the copper and tin, which were carefully freed from all traces of lead and zinc to preserve the hardness and from arsenic and antimony to avoid brittleness.—Harper's Weekly.

Hard to Deny.

As Miss Hypatia Squaratoes reached the culminating point of her lecture on "Woman's Rights and How to Wield Them" she threw back her head and stood in an attitude of defiance.

"Talk of man!" she cried. "What has man ever done for woman?"

"He's furnished the model she's trying her best to imitate!" boomed a manly voice from the rear of the hall. And then a palpitating silence reigned for nearly a minute.



"HAL" CHASE,

manager of the Highlanders, who is confident of snatching the pennant from the rest of the American League.

Passports in Russia.

Every person arriving in Russia is required to surrender his passport to the owner or manager of the hotel or house he stops at and if married give all information as to the name and ages of his wife and children, so as to enable the house owner or hotel proprietor to complete the blank prescribed by law for submission with the passport to the respective police district station for registration. The blanks are made out in duplicate, one copy being filled out at the police station and the other forwarded to the address bureau, at which place it is possible to learn the address of any one residing temporarily or otherwise, in the city. A similar blank is filled out when the party moves into another house or leaves the city, notation being made as to the destination. The traveler in leaving need only inform the hotel management or house owner, provided he is living in private apartments, of his departure and give the name of the city or country he is bound for.

The Retort Legal.

"Sometimes the law seems unjust for the reason that it isn't comprehended," said a judge. "Take the case of the woman prisoner before Sir Edward Coke. This woman appeared in court with her hat on. The judge said sternly:

"A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice."

"To this the woman replied:

"It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man."

"And she would appear, in her legal ignorance, to have got the better of the argument until Sir Edward Coke retorted:

"It isn't singular at all. Man, with his weak intellect, cannot discover secrets known to God, and therefore in investigating truth the court must see all obstacles put aside. Accordingly it is fitting that the prisoner's hat be removed and with it the shadow that it casts on her face."

He Didn't Like Connecticut.

"I have always had a mild interest," said the lawyer, "in the origin of the Connecticut Yankee's reputation, but I had no idea that it extended so far back until I ran across in the surrogate's office the other day the will of Lewis Morris of Morrisania, made in 1769 and admitted to probate in 1762. It contains this paragraph:

"It is my desire that my son, Governor Morris, may have the best Education that is to be had in England or America but my Express Will and Directions are that he be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, least he should imbibe in his youth that low Craft and cunning so incident to the people of that Country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the world, the many of them under the Sanctified garb of Religion have Endeavoured to impose themselves on the World for honest Men."—New York Sun.

"Beautiful as a Dachshund."

It is in the drawing rooms of the German diplomats and their friends that you meet occasionally the long haired, aesthetic masculine beings whom you have perhaps noticed strolling in the Tiergarten, with their long coats flapping in the breeze, or hunched over a journal at Bauer's—artists and writers whose names every one knows, and there are dozens of young army officers, their cheeks scarred with the wounds of many duels. They talk, Wagner and Schopenhauer with serious appreciation, and in the midst of the waltz as they are spinning fraulein giddily around and around like an animated top you may overhear them whispering in her ear, "You are as beautiful as a dachshund."

It is their supreme compliment.—De-lincentor.

A Growsome Bequest.

What is probably the strangest and at the same time the most horrible bequest ever made is to be found in the will of Lieutenant de Pap, formerly an officer in a smart regiment of Austrian hussars, who was executed by strangling some years ago for the murder of his brother.

Previous to his execution the murderer requested that he might be photographed while hanging on the gallows and a copy of the ghastly picture sent to his father.

Phil May's Habits.

The all night and next day habits of Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley, the singer, said that he came across May one night and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated, and May said: "Never mind, Joe; we'll make a bargain. Don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I'll promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed."

To Win Notice.

Mrs. Greene—One does not like to be ignored. I wore a brand new gown at the reception last night, and I don't believe a soul noticed me. Mrs. Gray—There's where you made a mistake. Now, I wore my old black silk that has been turned twice, and everybody saw me fast enough.

Crooked and Straight.

In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.—John Ruskin.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.

Monster Banquets.

At the wedding feast of Richard, brother of Henry III., there were no fewer than 30,000 dishes, and scarcely less imposing must have been the banquet given on the occasion of the enthronement of Archbishop Neville in the fifteenth century, for mention is made, among other comestibles, of 3,000 dishes of jelly, 2,000 hot custards, 400 swans, 6 wild bulls and 100 pigs. At the noted feasts of the gay and hospitable Prince Hal a favorite dish was what the "epicurean cooks" called "pondorrage." It was a savory jumble of partridge, pork and the yolks of eggs boiled first and after ward baked in butter. But the most hospitable entertainer on record was surely Richard II. Ten thousand of his subjects were daily bid to the banquet. In order to cater adequately for such a vast assembly of guests never were there less than 28 oxen supplied, 300 sheep, besides innumerable fowls and choice game. These were handed over each morning at daybreak to the 2,000 cooks employed in the king's kitchen and the prodigious preparations for this huge medieval banquet began.—London Globe.

Parrots in a Fire.

In all likelihood no fireman on duty is going to stand around with his hand in his pockets long enough to read the warning, nevertheless it is printed in large type above the bird fancier's desk:

"In case of fire save the parrots last. They are best able to take care of themselves."

"Looks like hard luck for the parrots," remarked a visitor.

"I have no grudge against them," said the bird man. "I am only trying to protect the smaller and more delicate birds. When a fire starts in a bird store most persons who join the rescue party make a grab for the parrots. First aid should be extended to the canaries. They and other small birds are mighty soon overcome by the smoke. The parrot is no phoeenix, but unless he is actually reduced to ashes he can put up a pretty stiff fight against a fire and can hold his own until the rescuers make a second invasion."—New York Sun.

The Moss Troopers.

Moss troopers was the name given to the desperate plunderers and robbers who secreted themselves through out the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the "mosses" on the borders of Scotland. These outlaws were largely made up of deserters and criminals from the armies of England and the continent, and their depredations and cruelties were the terror of the region infested by them. Many severe laws were passed against them, but they were not fairly extirpated until the eighteenth century.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—Richter.

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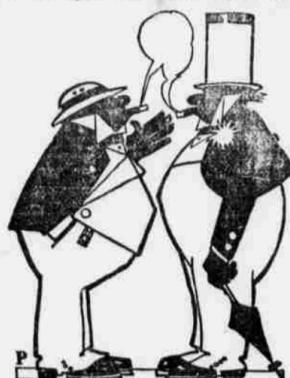
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Have you a kick coming? Is there anything that displeases you? Are you unhappy and need cheering up? Has any little thing gone wrong? Tell us your troubles. Let us help you?

For each of the three best kicks each week, The Citizen will give a brand new crisp one dollar bill. Don't kick too long. 50 words to a kick. No limit, however, to the number of your kicks. You don't have to be a subscriber to be a kicker.

Open to everyone alike, men, women and children, subscribers and non-subscribers. Old and young, rich and poor. Remember two cents a word for the three best kicks.

There must be something you don't like. Kick about it. What good is an editor anyway except to fix up the kicks of his readers? Relieve your mind and get a prize!

KICK! KICK! KICK!

A few suggested subjects at which to kick! The weather, of course. Tight fitting shoes. The high cost of living. The hobble skirt and the Harem trousers. High hats on week days. Suffragism, etc., etc., etc. The tannier the better.

Several people have asked us if the fifty-word letters containing kicks have to be signed. How else will we know to whom to award the prizes? Whether in the event of the letter winning a prize and being published, the name of the kicker would appear is another question. Undoubtedly the writer's wishes would be followed on that score. Our idea of the "Kick Contest" includes everything except direct and offensive personalities. Sit right down now and dash off fifty words about anything you don't like and want to register a kick against. It won't take you five minutes and you may win a prize. The more original the subject the better chance for a prize. One dollar for less than five minutes work is pretty good pay. Of course you can make your kick as short as you wish. A clever fifteen-word kick may win a prize over a full-length fifty-word one. The shorter the better.

For the best kick of ten words or less The Citizen will pay an additional prize of one dollar. Now then, lace up your shoes and let drive!