

THE MAIDEN SMILED

He certainly used most remarkable gestures, and used them with a freedom that very much surprised young Mr. Leonard, until that youth happened to haltingly think that a Chinaman was an Oriental and that the Orientals are born gesture-makers. He was unusually tall for a Chinaman, and unusually gaunt, too, and as he threw up his long arms to emphasize some particular statement, the heavy jade bangles slipped down over his elbows; while, when he lowered his arms again, he had to spread out his fingers to keep the stone bracelets from falling to the floor. Now he would pose his left hand, palm up, in the air, and would dart his right hand in and out of this, his fingers all bunched to a point, as though it were some bird of prey swooping down on its quarry.

The play of his features was quite as remarkable. Like so many of his countrymen, he was deeply pitted with smallpox, unlike most of his countrymen, his eyes were large, though obliquely set, and full of fire. His neck was long and pliant as a snake, indeed, when he threw back his head, opened his mouth until the corners ran up to the cheek bones, and shot out a flash of light from under his half-shut lids, there was something quite ophidian in his appearance.

That young Mr. Leonard in his little surreptitious rambles through Chinatown was at first attracted by the gestures and Boernergian voice of the Chinaman there is no doubt; but after a few moments had passed, his attention was drawn to another of the group of which the orator was the center. There were six of them in this group, sprawled about the little gloomy store, in which nothing particular seemed to be sold. Five of them were men, and the sixth was a woman, or girl, or child, young Mr. Leonard could not exactly say which. Anyway, whatever her age may have been, she was as pretty as a peach—or rather, as a nectarine. For, like that fruit, she was small and round and plump and juicy; like it, her skin was smooth and yellowish brown, with red splashes here and there; and she—still like the fruit—no doubt looked to be a good deal better than she really was. Her hair was starched out on each side of her head like a butterfly's wings, and was twisted into a bar behind that looked like the handle of a black teapot. This general gloominess of her face was, however, relieved by a pair of mischievous eyes, the nose was a snub, the mouth was quite pretty and provoking, and chin and cheeks and neck were smooth and round.

The trick of finding out that a young man is looking at her is not confined to the Caucasian girl, and two minutes had not passed before Quong Leo began to preen and preen. She accepted a conical cigarette which one of the Chinaman offered her, throwing out a deprecatory glance at young Mr. Leonard as she did so, as though to ask excuse for the mannish custom, and pulled back her loose sleeves—there seemed to be five or six of them—showing a dimpled arm that was altogether feminine. There followed quick looks in the shelter of a big red silk handkerchief; roguish smiles half-hidden by a veil of very queer smelling tobacco smoke, until, almost before he knew it, young Mr. Leonard was deep in the midst of a first-class flirtation with a third-class flirt.

It was the first time he had ever done such a thing, and he trembled with a delicious fever of joyful fright to think of what he would do if ever his mamma should find out what he was about. He and his mamma were Boston people, quite rich and undoubtedly superior. She was a widow, and this was her only son, her "mother's boy." He had been brought up like a pet lamb, and, like that festive young creature, was very innocent and very weak—and he looked it. Though now nearly twenty, his mamma still called him Baby, and so did nearly everybody else for the matter of that. On those rare occasions on which mamma allowed him to stray from under her maternal eye her parting injunction invariably was, "Now, Baby, be sure you don't get into mischief," and here he was getting into the very worst description of that article.

He had passed the handkerchief phase, and had arrived at that desperate state where he was feeling shyly in his pocket for a visiting card when, in one of the gestureful Chinaman's comprehensive sweeps of arms and vision, the Celestial saw what was going on. For a moment hands hung suspended, then dropped with a thwack on two bony knees, while he shot out a few gutturals to his companions. These looked quickly and sharply out of the little store window and up and down the street, and then, at some more gutturals from the tall Chinaman they closed swiftly around the startled youth.

Before he knew what had happened, young Mr. Leonard found himself inside the store sitting down beside the little Chinese girl—much to the surprise of the other Chinamen.

Quickly grouped about him that he was hidden behind them as by a wall—a little wall of China. In fact, with child-like confidence and affection the maiden put her right arm around his waist, and kept it there with a vigor that was quite surprising, while she brought her left hand, holding the big red silk handkerchief, so closely up to young Mr. Leonard's mouth that he could only talk in a sort of muffled undertone. Immediately in front of him towered the tall Chinaman, and in the Chinaman's hand was a huge revolver.

"You wan' to buy that lil' gel?" inquired this monster, working the revolver around until its muzzle looked like a revolving disk in an experiment in hypnotism.

"Good gwacious, no!" young Mr. Leonard was understood to stammer.

"Wha' for then you tly mashee he?"

"Good gwacious!" stammered the youth again, and there stuck, feeling very much as if he would like to say, "Lookee, heah, you—fella!"

"Lemme have all you got—quick," said the terrible Ah Wok, playfully poking the revolver in his victim's vest pocket. Young Mr. Leonard lost no time in handing over his coin and bills, though the operation left his purse as limp as his legs.

"Now, then," said Ah Wok, with a combined movement of the head, body and arms that made him look like a gigantic crane about to take flight—"now, then, young fella, you skippee heah fi—fi; and, lookee heah, you no say no word any one or and round and plump and juicy; like it, her skin was smooth and yellowish brown, with red splashes here and there; and she—still like the fruit—no doubt looked to be a good deal better than she really was. Her hair was starched out on each side of her head like a butterfly's wings, and was twisted into a bar behind that looked like the handle of a black teapot. This general gloominess of her face was, however, relieved by a pair of mischievous eyes, the nose was a snub, the mouth was quite pretty and provoking, and chin and cheeks and neck were smooth and round.

"Stay after service, my dear," whispered Mrs. Todhunter, during one of the hymns; "we're going to have a treat, converted Chinese."

The first part in the appendix of the service was a Chinese Sunday school, and young Mr. Leonard did not seem to be half as charmed by the services as his mother had expected him to be. Indeed, it was all he could do to keep from sneaking out of the pew or lying down in an under plea of being poorly.

He heard the devout heathen sing some horrible travesty of dear old "Rousseau's Dream" with all the vigor and tune-fulsness of a blacksmith's bellows, and then he heard a resonant, crackly voice, at sound of which his heart melted like wax within him. He glanced fearfully up. There was no mistaking that ophidian head and those free gestures—it was Quong Ah Wok, the prince of highblinders.

He was telling the story of his conversion, of his being brought out of the darkness and confusion of ancient Confucianism into the perfect clearness of new Bapteinism, and tell it with a redundancy of picturesque action which young Mr. Leonard knew only too well.

"And now me clean!" cried the convert, with a fountain-like movement of the hands from the chest upward and outward, "all same clean like snow, while you, pool sinners, black like Melican man's shoes. Come be clean, come be white, then all go heaven, sing, sing, sing follow—amen."

To say that young Mr. Leonard was amazed but faintly expresses his condition. He was simply stupefied and it was in this stupor that he somehow knew his mamma was taking him by the arm and leading him up to the pulpit platform to shake hands with the converted Ah Wok.

"So charmed," he heard his mamma say, and then he felt his hand seized in a bony paw; a few quick gutturals were spoken, and then there was a thin giggle.

He looked up perforce, and there, sitting in sweet demureness, was the little Chinese maiden.

"This my niece, also one Clistian gel," said Ah Wok, with a fearful working of his mobile jaws and lowering of his lids; "you please shake hands with lil' Clistian gel."

Young Mr. Leonard put out a moist, quivering hand, and felt it gently tickled in the palm. He ventured a timid glance from the corner of his eyes and met one as full of mischief as a monkey's. He thought of Celestial wife, of his fifty-three dollars, and sighed.

"And the maiden smiled.—Thomas J. Virgin in San Francisco Call.

BACHELOR GIRL SPENDTHRIFT

Her Tastes Those of a Man—Outdoor Sports Her Passion.

How much of a bachelor girl a girl can be if she has a lot of money may be judged when one hears that Miss Norma Munro of New York city, spent \$1,500,000 in a great deal less than a decade, was virtually bankrupt and accused by her erstwhile friend, Mrs. Leslie Carter Payne, of fleeing to France to defraud and avoid creditors, says the New York American.

Lots of real bachelors have made quite a spatter in New York and come financial croppers without sowing the wind with an eighth of what Miss Munro did.

But bachelor girls are not sufficiently rare or conspicuous nowadays to attract the attention they did a few years ago, when it first became the fad for society girls to have real men valets, live in "chambers," as they say in England, and generally to conduct themselves with a free and easy independence that outmuscled masculinity.

Miss Munro, however, did the thing so much better, so much more lavishly than the other bachelor girls did. For instance, the most expensive men's tailor on Fifth avenue—the kind who wouldn't build a blue serge suit for less than \$80—turned out her greatcoats and her tailored gowns.

It was a man's bootmaker, also, who shod her. Her wardrobes were filled with mannish clothing, which was constantly renewed and added to. She had coats for all sorts of wear, frillless affairs with wide sleeves and flaring like sixty, patch pockets, velvet collars and all the rest of it. Plain shirt waists provided foundations for men's collars and neckties, and she was oftener than



Norma Munro.

not seen with a derby on, or a man's Panama. It was all very fitting and proper for her, because that was the way she ordered her life.

Horses were playmates of hers almost before she could toddle, and to the last even when she took up autos tremendously, her stables, her four-in-hands, her tandems, cost her a mint of money.

But all these things vanished when Miss Munro quit America. And in connection with her departure a story of her experience with a cabman was told.

Timing things nicely before her flight, she obtained a carriage and was driven to the pier in Hoboken. She told the carriage driver his account would be settled later and hurried up the gangplank, which was given then being taken in. The account has not been settled.

Miss Munro left a large indebtedness with tradespeople principally for what most persons would consider luxuries, but which to a woman brought up as she had seemed necessary as food. A well known druggist has an unsettled account for rare extracts, attar of roses, fancy toilet articles and cut glass that generally adorn the dressing table of a woman of fashion and wealth.

She gladdened a book agent's heart by an order for books to the value of \$5,000, and the publishers are trying to get the money and the agent his commission.

She paid thousands of dollars for flowers and left unpaid bills for bushels of them.

Demand for Horses.

The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of some classes of them is inadequate. The prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch, but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse, as there will always be a field for the automobile.

Establishing an Alias.

How some people come to figure with an alias on police records was illustrated the other day when an Italian was called upon to come into court under the name of Mikado. His name figured on the docket as "Ricardo," but it turned out that he had given his name to the court officer correctly as "Genero."

Rejected His Suit.

Near one entrance of the Cathedral of Seville hangs a patched and painted crocodile, which once served as a princely love token that failed of its mission. In 1260 it was sent by the Sultan of Egypt to a beautiful Princess of Spain, who declined a suitor whose first present could scarcely be said to speak of affection.

TURNING FORESTS INTO PAPER

Many Woods Have been Tried—Spruce Takes First Place.

In 1846 the first important steps were taken in the manufacture of paper from wood. In that year Keller of Saxony took out a patent for making paper from wood pulp. His success led others to investigate, until two methods of obtaining paper-making material from wood were devised—the mechanical and the chemical processes.

Both are used in the United States. The mechanical process is a simple one, and consists merely of grinding the wood with water until it is reduced to a pulpy mass. The pulp mills are situated near to the place where the wood grows, and generally on a good water-power site. The product of the mechanical pulp mills is not held to be as high grade as the chemical pulp, which is produced by a quite different process, giving a longer and tougher fiber. For most cheap papers the mechanical pulp is used as a basis, with about one-third of chemical pulp added to give strength and toughness.

The chemical processes are two. One of them uses caustic acid and the other sulphurous acid to separate the useless matter from the fiber. The caustic soda process, which gives it name to soda pulp, is used mainly for poplar.

The plant of a typical pulp mill, situated near its source of supply, consists of a saw for cutting the logs into a size easily handled, a wood-preparing, or roasting, room in which the bark is stripped off, and a chipper to reduce the wood to small pieces for the acid in the digester. The digester plant has a tower in which sulphur is burned at the base, and the fumes pass up through cooling pipes, to meet water which percolates through limestone from the top. This forms sulphurous acid, which is drawn off into the digester filled with chips. Steam is turned on under pressure, and the whole mass is cooked until sufficiently digested, when the cooked pulp is blown out and washed with water. Other processes follow, in which the fiber is formed into sheets and its moisture squeezed through power presses to remove the water. The pulp may be

shipped to the paper mill, where it is bleached and otherwise prepared for special uses, or to factories which make use of the material in the manufacture of palls, dishes, boxes, picture frames, matting, cart wheels, steam and water pipes, telegraph poles, electric conduits, insulators, collars, shoe heels, horse shoes, spoons, tool handles, buttons, pulleys, paving blocks, surgeons' splints, astronomical observatory domes, and hundreds of other things. Four hundred or more raw materials are used in the manufacture of paper pulp, but wood furnishes by far the greater quantity. Many American woods have been tried, including spruce, poplar, basswood, balsam, pine, beech, willow, cedar, hemlock, maple, birch, and aspen. Of these spruce is most used. Balsam is also good. Both are valuable for their special quality of fiber and for their lack of color being nearly white and therefore not difficult or expensive to bleach.

Even with the seemingly exhausted spruce forests of Canada, attention to those of the United States does not need an expert statistician to foresee the day, not far in the future, when the spruce pulp supply will be exhausted, or at least so depleted that the cost of the wood will be prohibitive.

So far there seems to be more possibilities in balsam, to supplement spruce, than in any other wood. Yet the most interesting possibilities of the Forest Service investigation lie in the line of discoveries other fibers that may have properties peculiarly adapted to special kinds of paper-making. Here the realm of conjecture is as bewildering as it is broad, for few countries can present a greater variety of woods to work with than can be found in the United States and its possessions. Special woods may be discovered which will supply the basis for special papers, until there may indeed be brought about a "paper age," as a German scientist has predicted, wherein all vegetable fibers will find place in making boards, bricks, moldings, and nearly all structural materials. Here, too, there is opportunity for utilizing wood waste, sawdust, slabs pulp, and thence into finished paper products.

More than 1,500,000 cords of wood are used annually in the production of sulphite pulp, and of this nearly four-fifths is spruce. With such an enormous demand there is a rapid diminution of the supply of standing spruce and a consequent marked increase in its cost.

Don't Talk to Your Horse. A horse who has always been made to obey quickly, will respond to commands from any one, whereas the creature who has been petted and talked to accords, unless hungry scant attention to any one. We talk to horses altogether too much, and it is a silly and dangerous custom. "Whoa!" should mean but one thing, stop, slide, or fall should meet with instant obedience. Not another word should ever be used beyond possibly the order to "stand over" in the stall (although even that is best unsaid) except the "click" of the tongue for increased speed. The animal's attention is kept if you are silent—he does not know what you will do next, and as he fears you, his anxiety is always to find out what you wish done, or what move you will next make.—Outing Magazine.

OPPOSES USE OF OPIUM

China Awakened Throws Off Deadly Habit

SMOKING PROHIBITED

Sale of Pipes, Lamps and Other Appliances Must Cease Within a Year—Vigorous Measures to Dispel Legacy Forced Upon It by Christian Traders.

China, awakening from her torpor of centuries, is attempting to cast off the slavery of opium smoking forced on her by the Christian traders. For more than a hundred years she has been prostrated by the pungent fumes of the drug—the most precious and the most deadly known in materia medica.

The situation is not conceivable to an American. The problem is more serious than the slavery or trust question in the United States. The insidious Chinese vice is not sectional or of a class. A conservative estimate places the number of victims of the opium habit in China at 100,000,000, or one-fourth more than the population of the United States, says the New York Times.

In the tropical meadows of India, Persia, Turkey, and Egypt are great fields of poppies—red, purple and white. As the sun sets, dark-skinned natives pass among them wounding the green pods. Tomorrow they will return and scrape away the milky juice that has flowed from the wounds, and dry and knead it for weeks until it becomes a reddish-brown cake. It is packed in great bales, and, under the old order of things, the Christian trader started with it for China to sell it to the Mongolians.

Curiously enough, the story of opium in China is a record of official condemnation and individual abuse. Other processes follow, in which the fiber is formed into sheets and its moisture squeezed through power presses to remove the water. The pulp may be shipped to the paper mill, where it is bleached and otherwise prepared for special uses, or to factories which make use of the material in the manufacture of palls, dishes, boxes, picture frames, matting, cart wheels, steam and water pipes, telegraph poles, electric conduits, insulators, collars, shoe heels, horse shoes, spoons, tool handles, buttons, pulleys, paving blocks, surgeons' splints, astronomical observatory domes, and hundreds of other things. Four hundred or more raw materials are used in the manufacture of paper pulp, but wood furnishes by far the greater quantity. Many American woods have been tried, including spruce, poplar, basswood, balsam, pine, beech, willow, cedar, hemlock, maple, birch, and aspen. Of these spruce is most used. Balsam is also good. Both are valuable for their special quality of fiber and for their lack of color being nearly white and therefore not difficult or expensive to bleach.

Even with the seemingly exhausted spruce forests of Canada, attention to those of the United States does not need an expert statistician to foresee the day, not far in the future, when the spruce pulp supply will be exhausted, or at least so depleted that the cost of the wood will be prohibitive.

So far there seems to be more possibilities in balsam, to supplement spruce, than in any other wood. Yet the most interesting possibilities of the Forest Service investigation lie in the line of discoveries other fibers that may have properties peculiarly adapted to special kinds of paper-making. Here the realm of conjecture is as bewildering as it is broad, for few countries can present a greater variety of woods to work with than can be found in the United States and its possessions. Special woods may be discovered which will supply the basis for special papers, until there may indeed be brought about a "paper age," as a German scientist has predicted, wherein all vegetable fibers will find place in making boards, bricks, moldings, and nearly all structural materials. Here, too, there is opportunity for utilizing wood waste, sawdust, slabs pulp, and thence into finished paper products.

More than 1,500,000 cords of wood are used annually in the production of sulphite pulp, and of this nearly four-fifths is spruce. With such an enormous demand there is a rapid diminution of the supply of standing spruce and a consequent marked increase in its cost.

Don't Talk to Your Horse. A horse who has always been made to obey quickly, will respond to commands from any one, whereas the creature who has been petted and talked to accords, unless hungry scant attention to any one. We talk to horses altogether too much, and it is a silly and dangerous custom. "Whoa!" should mean but one thing, stop, slide, or fall should meet with instant obedience. Not another word should ever be used beyond possibly the order to "stand over" in the stall (although even that is best unsaid) except the "click" of the tongue for increased speed. The animal's attention is kept if you are silent—he does not know what you will do next, and as he fears you, his anxiety is always to find out what you wish done, or what move you will next make.—Outing Magazine.

All places for smoking the drug must be closed within six months. Smoking is prohibited in places of public resort. The sale of pipes, lamps, and other appliances must cease within a year. All shops in which opium is sold must be registered, no new ones can be opened, and those in existence must show decreased sales each year, or they will be closed and their contents confiscated. All the shops must cease to exist in ten years.

A large part of the credit for this great reform is given to Wang-Tsai, the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, a reformer who recently formulated a Constitution for China. His plans for the abolition of the opium vice were put into shape by Tang-Shao-yi in Peking, and finally, through the influence of Viceroy Yuan Shih-kai, were adopted by the Council of State Affairs.

It is not what an advertiser pays for the ad, but what the ad pays him, that constitutes the criterion of its value.

METHODS OF THE NAVAL SPY.

Usually Moves in the Best Society and Meets the Highest Authorities.

England has a rather curious way of dealing with foreigners who are found prying into her naval and military concerns, says the London Times. These inquisitive gentlemen are not warned directly that their object is known, but a hint is dropped to the powers employing them that the British authorities are acquainted with the operations of the spies, the result being that the latter are usually quietly withdrawn.

When a new battleship is about to be launched no little anxiety is felt by the admiralty officials in their desire to prevent the betrayal of the secrets of her armament. It is absolutely necessary, if Great Britain is to hold her own on the seas, that no opportunity should be offered other powers of outclassing her guns; and it was on this account that so much sensation was caused at the recent launching of the Dreadnought, when it became known that all the details of the new quick-firing guns intended for this and other men-o'-war were in the possession of a certain European power. The leakage was traced. A duplicate design of the gun was missing for a few hours, and then suddenly found in the strong box where it had originally been placed. Apparently it had been stolen for a time, another copy had been made, and the duplicate design returned to prevent further inquiry and investigation.

The modern naval spy is usually a man who moves in the best circles and, during the last half dozen years nearly a score of men and women who went to England from the continent with the highest credentials and letters of introduction have been obliged to make a sudden return to the continent because the admiralty had gained a knowledge of their real mission.

Britain is fully alive to the necessity of setting a spy to catch a spy, and it is very rare indeed that a foreigner, who apparently has no other object than to participate in society pleasures, is allowed to escape the observation of secret service detectives, no matter who or what he may be.

The forts round the British coast receive much attention from foreign spies, more particularly when it is known that improvements are proposed. Periodical inspections of the forts are made by naval experts, and it is at such times that the spy is very much on the alert.

The French authorities are just now at their wits' end to prevent the betrayal of naval secrets, owing to the cunning manner in which the spies work. The latest sensation has been caused by the news that many French naval officers are slaves of opium, and it has been shown how spies take advantage of the officers' drowsy and befuddled condition to gain from them valuable secrets, such as plans for defense or the construction of submarines.

It is estimated that Toulon contains some thirty opium dens used by naval men. They are to all appearances private houses, where the officers go as if they were paying friendly visits. The fact that they are really opium dens, however, frequented, and in some cases managed by spies, was recently revealed by a naval mechanic, who was offered a large sum of money by a woman who managed one of them to let her have plans of certain submarines. Fortunately, the man's mind was not too cloudy to realize the dishonor of such an action, and he promptly reported the matter to his superior. This woman was arrested, tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

BY ROYAL MESSENGERS.

Various Little Deceits Practised to Outwit Custom Officials.

Very odd are some of the errands done by the royal messenger service in Great Britain. At an English seaport, for instance, a sealed packet which was being conveyed across the Channel to Windsor in care of the British Foreign Office became accidentally unfastened in the customhouse and a quantity of cigars tumbled out. As the packet in question was invoiced as contain "important confidential Government despatches" no little amusement was caused. Nothing serious, however, came of the incident, for it is a recognized rule that "the King can do no wrong," and neither, therefore, can the King's messengers.

Besides, it is well understood that the service is maintained for other purposes than the nominal one. During the late Queen Victoria's reign these messengers used frequently to carry to the Continent, in sealed bags supposed to contain despatches, shirts and collars of a special make and pattern for one of the British Ambassadors, hats and bonnets for Her Majesty's woman relatives, all sorts of English knickknacks for the late Empress Frederick at Berlin and even barrels of native oysters for the embassies at Paris and Vienna.

For many years, moreover, it was the practice of the messengers to call each week on their way back to England at Brussels, where they received from the court kitchens a box of special biscuits of which Queen Victoria was very fond and which she believed nobody could make as well as the head pastry cook of King Leopold's kitchen. This box of biscuits was solemnly sealed up at the British Legation with the official seal, and then conveyed with infinite care to Windsor, by way of Dover and London.