A Great Carnival of Fun, Frolic and Light-Heartedness.

Royal Role-Origin of the Carnival, Its Balls, Processions and Gorgeous Revels.

The Mardi Gras has been celebrated again in New Orleans. To those who have never Gras" has rather a vague meaning, but to those who have taken part in its celebrations its name is identical with fun, frolic king. and light-heartedness. It is a time in New Orleans when by general consent the cares and worries of life are thrown off for a day, and when, no matter how dark a clour may be hanging over the horizon, the eye will not be turned toward it for this short space of time, but will be directed toward the splendor of Rex, Comus and Proteus with their mystic kraw. It is this idea of perfect freedom from every care that has given this carnival and its revels such popularity.

thing is just this:

anxious to catch a glimpse of their sovereign as he passed along. Immense banquets were given in his honor by the wealthy, and there were feasts and revels going on everywhere, in which all classes were included. At this time the king, who was always a good one, rewarded those subjects whom he considered faithful by munificent.

These balls are carried on according to gifts, sent under his signature, with the royal seal attached. This was an inspirato his stopping place.

day he will arrive, it is not known until a few hours before just when and where he will put in his appearance. It is also never known before what processions the honored sovereign will give to his faithful subjects. THE MYSTIC CELEBRATIONS.

It is interesting, both for itself and as a matter of education, for those who are not familiar with this yearly carnival at New Orleans to read about it, and thus learn how it is that the people in this part of the country are in the habit of celebrating this occasion, and so I will give a little of the detail of this time-honored custom, which was introduced by the French many years ago, and which has been carried on each year since, except during the four years of the war, with increasing splendor on each

The revels of the Mardi Gras include now four parades. The first is a military procession at the arrival of Rex, and is intended merely to escort him to the place where he is to stay, but after which he mysteriously disappears until time for his procession on the morning of the following day. In this arrival of Rex, after a fine display of military, are carriages containing the visiting dukes who have come with him, and also prominent men from all over Louisiana. The king and his dukes are not dressed in tawdry disguise as might be expected,-but in rich postumes of slik, velvet and satin which endure the closest scrutiny under the bright

The day is always a pleasant one, for among other blessings the king always brings with him fair weather. From this time on until after the Rex ball on the following night the air is filled with the notes of the royal song, "If Ever I Cease to Love," the houses and stores of his subjects are decorated with the royal colors, green, pur ple and yellow.

PROTEUS AND HIS GREAT PARADE. The next grand procession to which the of New Orleans are treated is the appearance of Proteus, the god of changes. The god who upon one occasion may appear as a lizard and at another time as a giant, whose scope of disguises is practically unlimited. This procession is one of great splendor, representing some story from

This year the admiring crowd was treated to a series of floats representing some of the tales and traditions of our northern ancestors, and including the legends of "Asgard and the Gods." Those stories of the wise Odin, the mighty Thor, the beautiful Baldin, and th wicked Loki, which are familiar to the Anglo Saxons, as well as to the Danes and Norse

Perhaps the most striking float was th one picturing the attempt to capture the Feuris wolf. This wolf is the representation of vice and crime, powerful and resistless. It had played around Asgard almost unnoticed until it had reached so large a size that it was found impossible to capture it. In vain did Thor forge his chains and in vain did the gods endeavor to bind him with primeval rocks. This struggle between the gods and the wolf is the scene depicted upon the float. The gods wear the dress of the fifth century rse warriors, and with the wolf are in the front of the float, while leaning over a rock the back are two superb maidens watching

Another interesting float in the Preteris procession was the one of Saga, the Goddess of History. It is she who has collected all the ths and legends, and written them upon lless rolls of parchment. Those thirsting for knowledge of the past sought her in he crystal palace, beneath the cool river. In this float she can be seen seated inside of her transparent abode surrounded by fair nymph tendants, and ready to be consulted by all those who wish to make the most of this perhaps her last reappearance among the

REX AGAIN.

In the morning of Mardi Gras Rex makes his grand tour through the city for the purpose of seeing the progress of his realm dur-ing the past year. He is accompanied by a ast elaborate procession of pageants, which in this case, illustrated scenes from fairy

At this time the streets are full of people of all kinds from the dark-eyed Creole, to the fair-skinned northerner, who is viewing the splendors of the occasion for the first time The most interesting part of the day celebra-tions are the maskers in the streets. Devils seem to be the favorite disguise, and one car see them of all sizes and colors running in and out in the crowd, and playing tricks on everybody, as much like those his satanic majesty might conceive of as is possible for them to accomplish. Here you see a band of ornamentation that you imagine that there is not a turkey in the city left in any attire. Another set of people take pleasure in per-Another set of people take pleasure in per-sonifying Dehomyans, with such success that they frighten all the small children who are unfortunate enough to see them. A little friend of mine, who was terrible himself as

Browpie dude, became panic stricken at the Another favorite disguise is that of colored minstrels, who go beneath the galleries of any fair maiden whom they might wish to compliment, and give her a rousing serenade. But the devils, the Indians and all the other Mards Gras can only have their fun and cut they are compelled by law to unmask, and so laws, has many of those who enter into the gambols of Kentucky.

THE MYSTIC MARDI GRAS translated, and is the symbol of good triffer plenty to est and general rejoicing. It refers to the time when Mardi Gras was started, to the time when Mardi Gras was started, and the custom almost as old as time itself when the devotees of pleasure in the wicked cities of Italy and Greece plunged for days into the wildest feasting and revelry, when they would drink and rlot until the whole populace were nearly mad with excitement. At this time the fatted beef was sacrificed.

SPLENDORS OF REX IN NEW ORLEANS

At this time the fatted beef was sacrificed, and it has since been the symbol of all kinds of wild revelry.

This year the following floats told stories from fairy land, and had many scenes from fairy land, and had many scenes from that witching country, calculated to please young and old.

Rex smiled graciously on his applauding people as he passed along, and in some cases presents and boxes of candy were sent off the floats to honored members of the crowd. Especial demonstrations were made in front of the Boston Club house, where Miss Lydia Fairchild, the queen of the carnival, was in New Orleans. To those who have never seated. The king and mystic krew disap-witnessed this carnival, the term "Mardi peared mysteriously after this procession, and were not seen again until the celebration of the Rex ball in the evening. Rex this year was Mr. Frank T. Howard, son of the lottery

THE COMUS PROCESSION. On the evening of Mardi Gras the last great procession of pageants passes through the streets of New Orleans. This year Comus, the god of laughter and mirth, the god who never grows old, was accompanied by representations of popular songs. These floats were particularly brilliant and appealed especially to the popular taste. The song of the southland, "Dixie," was the best of all, the old plantation negro, the melon and the sugar

cane were all depicted.

Another float, one of the prettiest in all of the Comus procession, was the "Indian's Death revels such popularity.

WHO IS REX?

Ever since the celebrations of Mardi Gras have been carried on in New Orleans, this city has been a favorite resort for travelers from every part of our country, who have come here at this time for the purpose of taking part in them. The idea of the whole thing is just this:

the Comus procession, was the "Indian's Death Scng." This represented three Indians in beautiful costume in a boat speeding over the river of Death to the "happy hunting grounds." They are proud and great and scorn to fear. White birds, the spirits of their fore fathers who rejoice in the sun, hang over them. They flourish their tomahawks and implements of war, and although the ordeal of death is a terrible one, still as in the song, they have "scorned to fear."

Once upon a time it was the custom for the king of a country to go each year to the different cities of this realm for the purpose of noting their progress. These yearly visits were times of great rejoicing to his subjects, who through the streets anxious to catch a glimpse of their sovereign and Comus are very select, invitations being as he passed along. Immense banquets THE BALLS.

a certain unique custom which is very interesting and is peculiar to this carnival time tion to faithfulness. When this king was in New Orleans. The whole parquet of the coming was never known until the royal theater is covered over even with the stage, barge was sighted in the river just a few hours before it landed, and just long enough for the military to turn out to escort him o his stopping place.

This idea is carried out perfectly. The at the opera house and arrange themselves rex of the carnival is chosen from among in a grand tableaux on the stage. There the prominent men of New Orleans, but whose identity is not known until after his arrival in the city. This mysterious personarrival in the city. This mysterious personage always comes in his royal barge off the
river, having gone a few miles above New
Orleans and taken it for the purpose of
carrying out the illusion more completely.
Although it is known in this case upon which
it is a most because it is not because a post because it is a most lead the grand march. This is a most be-witching sight, the costumes of the queen and her maids of honor hardly exceed those of the krew, and as they pass up and down on the floor of the theater the beauty of the dressing, with the sparkle of the jewels, make it seem like fairy land indeed.

In the first three dances only the maskers and the ladies whom they chose can take

part, but after this the floor is free to any who care to dance. No one knows who these maskers are, or who Comus or Proteus are, not even after the Mardi Gras. As the dance goes on, a few at a time the maskers dance goes on, a few at a time the maskers slip out and return in evening dress, so that after a while, almost before they are missed from the floor, you find that there are no maskers there. One of the dukes this year was 80 years old. It is known in some way that he has for years and years taken this part in the Mardi Gras, with as much enjoy-

dances are presented with souvenirs. Often these are merely bets, flowers, pins, crowns or jewels taken from the dress of the masker and form dainty mementoes of the occasion These maskers never in any case make heir identity known, so that the young lady chosen has to use all her ingenuity to guess who her partner may be, and she often fails n the effort. The balls of Comus and Proare considered more as social events, and include among their guests principally, the society people of New Orleans. The Rex ball is more general in its invitations and is intended as a ball for the people

BEHIND THE SCENES. Anybody who sees the perfect order of the processions of the Mardi Gras, must wender how all this is accomplished, and still so silently and mysteriously that nothing is known about it until it is fairly on he etreets.

It is the work of three secret societies hose of Comus, Proteus and Rex, who begin almost before the echoes of one carnival have died away to make arrangements for another. These mystic crews assemble first and suggest plans for the parade of the following year. It takes some time to come to a conclusion on this subject. When, however, it is done, an architect is called who makes water colors of the floats, as he thinks they ought to be, in order to cor-rectly represent the idea suggested. This is done in every detail. Even to the material of which the costumes are to be made. architect who planned the floats this year was a woman, Miss Wyeith, and she re-ceived \$1,000 for her services. If these colors are approved the next step is to take the measurement of the members of

the crew for their costumes.

Then some one is sent to Paris, and the vets of the very finest quality. These are completed and arrive in New Orleans some time about December 1, and the final fitting

structed by local carpenters, carvers, gilders and papier-mache makers. All these proceedings go an in great recommendation of the structed by local carpenters, carvers, gilders and papier mache makers. All these proceedings go an in great recommendation of the structure of the eedings go an in great secrecy, even the being an unknown place. On night of the procession those who are to take part come unseen to the place where the loats are to start. In the darkness they their position upon them, and not until everything is in line and ready, are the torches lighted, so that the whole thing starts as though springing up from the

You may ask where does all the money come from to carry on all these great par-ades and balls, since everything is complimentary and free to all. The money is supplied by the members of the Krew, and by those who take part in the parade.

The honor of being a duke, a Comus, a Proteus or a Rex is an honor that must be paid for. Rex this year gave \$10,000 for the position he occupied during the carnival. It takes \$1,000 a piece to become a duke, and the other positions range from these down to some minor positions, which can be gotten as low as \$25. Sometimes the Rex proces costs as much as \$28,000. This celebration in New Orleans is one beside which the pageants of the Corso of Rome, and those of the canals of Venice are

tame affairs, as they lack the exquisite order and organization which the Americans have given this. BESSIE AINSWORTH STAFFORD.

A Modern Affliction. The hiccough seems to be a modern and dangerous disease, but the ancients knew it and prescribed remedies which might now be tried advantageously. Galen recom-mended sneezin. Atius approved of a cupping instrument with great heat to the Alexander believed in an oxymel of equills. Alsaharavius made use of frigerant draughts. Rhases put his trus in calefacients, such as cumin, pepper, rue and the like in vinegar. Rogerius looked kindly on calefacient, attenuant and carminative medicines.

The idea is being considered to unite all the women's clubs in Kentucky in a stock com-pany for the erection or a handsome "Women's building" in Lexington. Only since last year, when the Kentucky Equal Rights association secured the new property laws, has such a project been possible Kentucky. Women could have built the but the day when their identity is unknown, shrink away as night comes on.

The first float in the Rex parade always carries the Bocuf Gras, or fat beef, literally too.

CONCORD'S SAGE AND POET

Emercon Etched as He Appeared in the Midst of His Work.

CONGENIAL FRIENDS IN THE OLD DEN

Edmund Kirke Recalls a Day Spent with the Poet and Philosopher by Himself and Forcythe Willson-An Estimate of His Influence.

(Copyright, 1895.)

One morning in the summer of 1865, Forcythe Willson came to me at my house, the 'old Coolidge place," in Cambridge, Mass., saying, "I ought to go out to see Emerson, but I want you to go with me. A half hour alone with him would deprive me of the power of speech. When can you go?"

It was about 10 c'clock on that morning when, opening a low gateway and passing through a prim, checker-board garden, we stood before the old caken doorway of Mr. Emerson's residence in the very heart of Concord. The house was of dingy white with green blinds-one of those unsightly, packing-box structures that are so common throughout rural New England, and if one's dwelling is an index to one's character, this house indicated that the "poet philosopher" was much more of a philosopher than of a poet. Our summons was answered by a prim looking woman who seemed a queer compound of steel springs, Oswego starch and the neatest of Yankee calico. She ushered us into a broad, roomy hall and left us standing there while she went away to announce our arrival. Then I noticed that the hall was



on his lips, a pen behind his ear and two or three great blotches of ink were on as many of his fingers, but he held out both his hands to us, saying, "Come in, con den. I am glad to see you." "Come in, come right into my

EMERSON IN HIS DEN. It was a low-studded apartment, about twenty feet square, with the same ugly paper on the walls, but this was now partly hidden by numerous portraits and engravings. In the center of the room was a round table, on which were some books and pamphlets, an ment as a younger man.

The young ladies who are chosen by the post paper. Near the table was a solid arm post paper. Near the table was a solid arm chair, and scattered about on the floor-under the chair and the table-were about twenty sheets of freshly written manuscripts. Evi interruption to him. I was about to say so when he motioned us to a couple of chairs, and seating himself, said again, "I am glad you have come. My ideas flow slowly this morning and a little talk will brush me up." "Then." I said, "you do not always write with the same faculty?" "Oh, no. I am very much subject to

moods. Often a month passes when I don' put a thought upon paper." 'Well, you have a curious way of keeping

your manuscript." "Yes," he answered, "on the floor. When I finish a page I'm apt to brush it aside to be rid of it; but I gather the sheets up before I leave the room, and I may as well that now, for I shall work no more today." With this he stooped down and gathered together the sheets that were on his side of the table, while I aided him by picking up the few that were out of his reach, saying as I did so, "I've often wondered at your clear, beautiful handwriting. An exper would be puzzled to detect in your regular business-like chirogrophy anything of a poe or a philosopher.'

He smiled, saying, "Well, the first essential in handwriting is legibility."
"But I'm surprised to see in your manu script no erasures or interdelineations. Mr Bigelow says you are terrible upon proof sheets; that he once set up a book of yours where his bill for the plates was only about \$400, while for the proof alterations it was more than \$1,300.

Mr. Emerson smiled again and said: "Oh

yes! That was my second volume of essays I worked very hard over that book, and it never did exactly suit me I suppose I am contumes are made in silks, satins and velone should give any but his most mature thought to the public. But, tell me, have you not come prepared to give me the day?"
"We would not interfere with your work,"

Walden pond, or a chat with me till dinner time, and then the afternoon with Hawthorne and Alcott. Wendell Holmes has sent Haw

with it and would enjoy meeting you."

"There are a great many ponds," said
Willson, "but only one Emerson. A day with you would be a red letter day in my calendar. "Then let us get out of this den," said

Emerson, rising and leading the way into a rear apartment. I have not attempted to sketch his personal appearance, for I supposevery reader has seen one or more of his portraits. I have myself seen at least twenty, no two of them alike, yet every one resembling him in some particular. How-ever, none give any complete idea of the man—of the serene benignity of his face, the unstudied majesty of his manner, and a fective. In "The Sick Man" Miss Knapp, envelope him and to lift him far above ordi- medicine, borrows a pathological simile, and

The room into which he ushered us was of the same size as the others, but it looked out upon green fields, and was odorous with a variety of summer flowers. All sorts of odd knick-knacks covered the walls, and on two of its sides were open shelves filled with curious volumes in antique bindings, or no bindings at all. Glancing over them I saw they were rare old tomes—chronicles, remnants, quaint old divines, like Hocker and Jeremiah Taylor, and precious books in black letter, but there was scarcely a mod-ern volume among them. As we seated our-selves Willson said: "I think, Mr. Emerson, that I have read everything you have

THE SLOW SALE OF EMERSON'S BOOKS. "And you brought up at the west! You surprise me," said Emerson. "My books have never had a large saie—it was all of ten years before 'Nature' sold 500 copies."
"But it is not so now," said Willson. "However, your books have always been read by thinking men, who have faken your ideas by thinking men, who have taken your ideas and scattered them."
"Yes." said Emerson, "scattered them often by attempting to refute them. I think

the world has not yet come to my way of perhaps not," said Willson. "The prophet is seldom a prophet to his own cen-"And are not the leading minds of the

ceiving your ideas?'I asked. "I once knew one of the great theological lights of New England who bewaited the appearance of 'Nature,' as a functionating but very dangerous publication."

"Who was he?" asked Emerson, with some interest. some interest,
"Old Dr. Emmons, I found the book on

his table during the last year of his life, and you know he lived fill he was past 95."
"Yes, and he was a wonderful old man. I remember the advice he once gave to a young clergyman who had applied to him for instruction about writing his sermons. Have something to say, and then say it. What did he say about 'Nature?' "

what did he say about 'Nature?'"
"I can't recall it all, but I distinctly remember that he quoted against you what Margaret said to Faust: 'What you say sounds very fine, and is very nearly what the priest tells, only in different words. For all that thou hast no Christianity."

"I suppose," answered Emerson, "that Dr. Emmons, naver referred this the most

or. Emmons never reflected that the most ceectual way to preach Christ is to say nothing about him. Is there not enough of scriptural cant already in the world without my adding to it?" EMERSON'S CHARM IN CONVERSATION.
Then the talk drifted into other channels, and Emerson poured forth a mingled stream

of poetry, proverb and transcendentalism. He was the most earnest of talkers, and we forgot his wide renown as a writer in listen-ing to the charm of his conversation. He seemed to take in the peculiar tastes and prejudices of each of us by a sort of intui-tion, and we perceived our own thoughts more clearly when they came back to us re-flected from his translucent intellect. After dinner we spent a couple of hours with him and Hawthorne, and then, after a brief call upon Alcott, we took the train back to Boston. I would like to relate the interview at Hawthorne's, but, perhaps, better fill my remaining space with the views

that Willson expressed as we rode toward home as to the character and influence of FORCEYTHE WILLSON'S JUDGMENT OF

EMERSON. Emerson, he said, has been judged by in correct ctandards—as a poet and philosopher—but while he is both, he is much more a great spiritual teacher, and so great is that quality in him that it overshadows every other. The more he is read, the clearer it appears that he has the structural principle of thought, and the spiritual vision, that enable him to see further and deeper than most men of our time. He is a seer, and he has the literary ability to put his thoughts into words that will wing their way around the world.

His influence is steadily increasing; and there is not a cultivated man in this coun-try or England who has not, consciously or unconsciously, been made more liberal in thought, and led to broader views of life and duty by the teaching of Emerson. No writer of any prominence has escaped his influence. He speaks from pulpits that oppose and deplore his doctrines. His brilliant points shine in the sentences of his severest critics. His phrases and philosophy are in the air; men cannot escape them. If we look into "Nature" or "English Traits" we shall find on every page thoughts that have become common property, and are quoted daily by writers who have no idea whence

The new man brings new ideas. Emerson ad to create his audience; but while he was doing so men became gradually aware that his thoughts had value, and they accepted them, not because they were new, but because they felt there was a great ethical power behind them. The world has now recognized the seer, and so his words will go down the centuries.

JAMES P. GILMORE (Edmund Kirke.) BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

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LESTEN BREAKFAST DISHES.

Creamed Eggs—Boll six eggs for fifteen ninutes. Remove the shells, take out the yolks carefully, chop the whites and mix with six mushrooms, cut into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and set over the fire, let melt, add a tablespoonful of flower, mix until amouth, thin with a cupful of cream, stir until boiling, season with salt and pepper, add the whites of the eggs and the mushrooms to the yolks, and let stand one minute. Take

up in a heated dish and serve immediately. Eggs on Toast (a Creole recipe).-Boil six fresh eegs until hard. Take off the shells, chop the whites fine, rub the yolks through a sieve, and set them aside. Put half a pint of milk in a smaal saucepan, and set over the fire, rub a desertspoonful of butter and then a tablespoonful of flour together and stir into the boiling milk; add the minced whites, with salt and pepper. Arrange six slices of hot buttered toast on a dish, cover them with a layer of the sauce, then spread with the mashed yolks; pour over more of the sauce, sprinkle with salt and a little cayenne; set in a very hot oven for two or three minutes and serve.

Pyramid of Eggs-Boil a dozen eggs for twenty minutes. Melt a tablespoonful of but-ter in a frying pan, add a tablespoonful of orn starch and mix until smooth, add a cupful of cream, with salt and pepper season; stir until boiling, take from the fire, and set to keep warm. Shell the eggs, cut the whites in thin shreds; chop the yolks into squares, pile them in pyramid shape in the center of a heated dish, arrange the whites in a border around the dish, and pour the hot sauce over the whites. Serve

immediately. Lenten Omelet-Break six eggs in a bowl and beat until mixed; add a tablespoonful of minced onion, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Put a small piece of butter in an omelet pan, shake it over the fire until melted, turn in the omelet and shake over a

fresh fish. When done pick free of skin and bones, and cut into pieces. Put two table-spoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, set over the fire to melt, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix until smooth, thin with a pint of milk, and stir until boiling. Add the fish, with six chopped mushrooms, salt and pep-per, stand the pan over bolling water for fifteen minutes. Beat the yolk of one egg, add it with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, mix well and serve hot.

Lobster Chops-Take a pint and a half of cold boiled lobster, picked to pieces, senson with a tablespoonful of minced parsley, half a grated nutmeg, a little salt and cayenne. Put a cupful of milk on to boil, rub three heaping teaspoonfuls of flour and one of butter together, add to the boiling milk. Beat the volke of two eyes stir in the milk take. the yolks of two eggs, stir in the milk, take from the fire, add the lobster meat, mix well, turn out on a dish to cool. When firm make into chops, roll first in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, put in a frying basket and fry in boiling fat until brown. Drain, ar-range on a heated dish, garnish with paraley

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AH SIN'S VICES AND VIRTUES. Less of the Former and More of the Latter

Like all the rest of mankind, the Chinaman has his vices as well as his virtues. But, according to a writer in the Nineteenth Century, while the former are made the most of by his enemies, it is undeniable that "John's" virtues in foreign lands count still more heavily against him. Untiring industry, patience and perseverance, extreme thrift, the by day, however scanty his earnings-these are the very qualities that have turned against him the hands of men belonging to less industrious, less frugal, less provident race. The vices of Chinamen are magnified out of all proportion to the seriousness that a pretext may be found for hunting him from the community like a parish dog. Let it be granted that a certain proportion of Chinamen are addicted to the opium habit. My own experience is that not 25 per cent of the Chinese abroad ever use the drug, either to eat it or to smoke it. But, spart this consideration, and driving from the mind the absurdly overdrawn pictures that have been given to the world of Chinese opium dens filled with haggard men and ruined women, let me ask the very individ-uals in America and Australia who are loudest in decrying the Chinese whether drink among their own class is not a hundred fold more debasing and more far-reaching and Chinamen. The man who indulges in the drug remains absolutely quiescent; if there be in the practice, the evil affects him alone. The same assuredly cannot be said of the hoodlum of San Francisco or the lar-

rikin of Sydney, who, crazed by drink, beats

Than is Generally Supposed

his wife and brutally abuses his half-starved children. After opium and its incidentals comes the charge of gambling. A plea of guilty may be freely entered, but there are certain qualifying circumstances that must be con-sidered. There appear to be three races of melted, turn in the omelet and shake over a quick fire until set, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll and turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

Creamed Fish—Boil two pounds of any fine.

Creamed Fish—Boil two pounds of any fine.

The love of it is inborn; they seem unable to live contented lives without the pleasurable excitement that is to be found in games of mingled chance and skill. But among Chinamen generally, and certainly among Chinamen generally, and certainly among Chinamen generally. men—the Chinese, the Malays and the natives of Manilla—to whom in every grade and under all conditions of life gambling in some among Chinamen generally, and certainly among Chinamen abroad, the gambling is of a very mild type indeed. In most cities where there is a considerable alien Chinese population to be dealt with, the necessity for licensing and regulating, or at least winkis recognized. But the evil never assumes proportions of any more seriousness than our own domestic hand of "Napoleon" or the club rubber of whist for normal points so long as the authorities confine the games strictly to the Chinamen themselves—a course fellowed in such cities as Calcutta and Sydney. It is only when the other races are allowed to "take a hand" to utilize the Chinese games, tables banks for the gratification of their gambling propensities that anything widespread mischief is wrought. A C man may in rare instances lose his all whe gaming among his own countrymen, but i this result does happen he goes next day contentedly back to work and is not lik most ruined gamblers of European stock permanently incapacitated for honest toll The Chinaman abroad invariably provides for his own poor, and his games are voluntarily and cheerfully taxed for the purposes of charity. Can his Caucasian detractors in America and Australia say the same thing of their gambling saloons and race meetings?





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