Birthday of China's Baby Emperor Formally Celebrated in Omaha

SECURELY secluded from the eyes of those who do not know and do not understand in some half hidden corner of those many partitioned, odoriferous oriental restaurants on lower Douglas street the solemn-faced yellow people are remembering the world's oldest fete day—the New Year of China. As old as the most musty tradition of a race whose written history extends back into ages before the Christian world began; as young as the birthday of the baby ruler of the Celestial Kingdom.

Four years ago, February 13, 1906, in the reckoning of western folk, Pi Yu, the emperor, was born. Last week this tiny youngest of the Manchu dynasty ended the second year of his rulership. Chinese custom which the occidental mind dare not try to understand, many and many a year ago before the Tartars came, fixed the beginning of the year at the birthday of the ruling emperor. So where one sees the golden dragon signs along Douglas street it is now the third year of Pi Yu.

Slow, slender filmy lines of smoke rise from funny little regiments of punk sticks standing on a table bedecked as only by the art from out of the East. Strange smells of garlic-like pungency pervade the shaded gaudiness of the room. It is the Chinaman's New Year feast, all to the glory of Pi Yu and the land of his forefathers over the Pacific.

New Year indeed! Almost an anachronism it seems so to designate a season that combines so much of dim historic and culinary mystery in terms so boldly Anglo-Saxon.

There on a cloth of daring brilliant color, rarely stitched in weird fantasies of dragon design and unchristian scrolls, are plates of rich enamel through which gleams artfully traced lines of "powder blue," cups with flaming shades of salmon pink and sange de boeuf, vases that make one think of a seasunset tangles in a simoon. Each bears a pile of candied fruits and sweet meats and dainties from Pi Yu's country. There are the bitter sweet ginger roots, crusted in yellowish flakes of sugar and the biting wild tasting shreds of ginseng mixed with ribbons of sugared cocoanut. A round woven basket with a frieze of rioting fanciful creatures chasing each other about the rim, holds the soft shelled raisin hearted nuts from the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Then in sudden contrast the eye lights on perhaps a box of American-made cigars. Next sits a dwarf tea plant, neighboring with a blossoming primrose. Packages of yellow and green and red fire-crackers are strewn about mingling their gaiety with paper flowers, the like of which never grew on plant or tree. They are the fairy blossoms of good luck—that's all, just good luck blossoms, the only kind that the botanist has not tried to classify. They bear sweet fruits the Chinamen say.

If the visitor shares the confidence of his tea tinted host he may nibble at the sweet things. Yes, even the Celestial even may in the exultation of the generous New Year spirit, produce a chubby jug strapped with dust stained labels in funny scrawls of India ink hieroglyphs and set forth tiny portions of green China rice wine, aged in fair Cathay.

JOSS TABLE SPREAD FOR HOLIDAY

CHINESE RESTAURANT WHERE CELEBRATION WAS HELD.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S GREETING. THE FIRST TWO SYMBOLS STAND FOR THE NAME OF THE EMPIRE: THE SECOND FOR THE NAME OF THE REIGNING EMPEROR, AND THE LAST DESIGNATES THE YEAR OF HIS REIGN, THE SECOND.....

CHINESE FOR "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

WANDS READY FOR THE FEAST.

It may appear a stingy measure, but wait. The taste? Well. It is not exactly displeasing to the bourbon trained palate, but one wonders what will happen next. The notion comes while tingling sensations spurt through one's veins as the aroma of the peculiar beverage diffuses, that discretion bids only the experimental tipple.

It is in cunning comprehensive understanding that the Chinaman offers the second cup. His face gleams with a politely concealed smile at the profuse refusal.

The guest, if he is a knowing one, exchanges his card for his host New Year "joy card," a slip of rice paper bearing the Chinaman's name in bold brush printed characters on a field of red rich as blood clots, the glow that delights the heart of the heathen Chinee. Then the door closes behind on the oriental feast tossing the delicate swirls of punk smoke into a chaos of curls. With suave gesture the Chinaman bows you out and the New Year's call is over.

Down the dingy stairs, out into the noisy clatter of Douglas street, here the Omaha bustle and roar awakens one again and there Pi Yu's birthday seems just a curiously ornate dream.

A bit of talk, a drink, a smoke, some memories is about all that remains of the Chinese New Year in Omaha. There are but a scant 100 of the baby emperor's countrymen in the city and they are too busily engaged in the altogether modernized chase of the big round American dollar. While business urges they do not linger long with the native holidays. Where the Chinese maintain a community life preserving racial customs in a higher degree, the real fifteen day feast is held. It is a season of exchange of gifts between friends and general jollification.

The beginning of the New Year means many things to the Chinaman. Then all his debts must be paid and his obligations met. Remarkably like occidental New Year's resolutions some way, is it not? His ancestors must be remembered with portions of boiled rice and chicken fresh cooked in spices placed on their graves. He may not grow angry or vexed while the New Year celebration is one, and the joss sticks must burn steadily in the temple.

The period is all to the Chinaman that would be represented by the combined sentiments of Christmas, New Year, Thanksgiving, Valentine day, the Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day, if one can imagine such a potpourri of tradition and festivities. The Chinese New Year is a season of peace on earth and good will toward men, and many firecrackers to keep away divers and sundry devils and malicious spirits.

In Omaha the firecrackers form only a part of the decorative scheme of Chinese New Year, for city ordinance forbids pyrotechnic indulgences so startlingly out of the season of the Fourth.

The joy of the Chinaman's New Year in those cities where they have real Chinese settlements is likely to be fraught with severe strains on the compelled good nature of the season. Devilish boys soon learn that the Chinaman must keep his wrath stilled during this period, and in marauding troops they invade the sacred precincts to raise bedlam in the temples and subject the graven gods to heathen indignities. They are protected in this vandalism by the certainty that the Chinaman must keep his temper or fall under the ban of these same gods.

The New Year for China is the signal for a gathering of the vagrants and tramps about the Chinese cemeteries along the Pacific coast. The rice cakes and highly seasoned viands that are left on the graves of the departed for material benefit of the souls of both dead and living are consumed by the hungry wanderers who lie in wait. The Celestials are thus often led to believe that the viands so deposited have been consumed by the hunger of their long dead ancestors and they must take great unction thereat. The real Chinaman would rather be a felon than to be considered unfilial.

About the Chinese restaurants and laundries at this season one sees many little red cards bearing a name in English accompanied by an array of the Chinese characters. These are remembrance cards sent to former students by the teachers in Chinese missions, many of them from far over in the orient. One Omaha Chinaman has been receiving a card from his mission teacher each New Year day for eighteen years, and he has come to consider it a part of the tradition of the day.

"I wonder," he said in curiously good English, as he turned over the little red pasteboard, "if it means that the Chinese New Year is becoming Americanized or the American missionary is getting a tinge of the oriental?"

Short Stories of Several Sorts Selected Specially for Sunday Service

Out of Sight of Land.

"YES," said a traveling man last night, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up.

"On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-one days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off!" said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."—Denver Post.

A Clever Grafter.

James B. Dill, whose recent speech on "Graft" at Oberlin college attracted so much attention, told recently, apropos of "graft", a story about a swindling tramp.

"This tramp," said Mr. Dill, "had the alert, unscrupulous, bold mind that makes 'grafting' successful.

"He was walking in Chicago one day when he saw a little boy stoop and pick up something.

"He crossed over to the boy quickly.

"'You have made a find, my lad,' he said.

"'Yes sir,' said the innocent boy. 'I have found a silver ring.'

"'I thought so,' said the tramp. 'It's the one I just dropped. Now, ain't it lucky I had my name cut in it?'

"'What's your name?' said the boy, suspiciously.

"'Sterling, lad.'

"'Take it, then. It's yours,' said the boy, handing over the ring with a disappointed air."—Judge.

Irish vs Italian Method.

Rev. Sanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman and an Italian. Each had given as dime to the faretaker, but had received no change.

"I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you, see!" And the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme 5 cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme 5 cints."

And he got it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Electioneering in North Dakota.

Senator McCumber of North Dakota had a dinner at the home of one of his rural constituents last fall which was costly, relates the Washington Times.

It consisted of boiled potatoes, bread, and Arbuckle's best coffee. The senator and his secretary indulged in it and were glad to get it. But before they got through it had separated the senator from $21.

Mr. McCumber and his secretary were touring the state in a motor car, fixing up such political fences as appeared to be in need of repair. On this occasion the machine got stuck out on the prairie.

The senator and secretary went to the nearest farmhouse and while the machine was being pried loose dinner time came. They were invited to have dinner and accepted. Dinner consisted of the menu as stated. It is not the custom for North Dakota folks to take money for a meal, and so the senator handed a dollar bill to the small boy of the family. The small boy had no scruples about accepting it and did so.

Then the visitors went outside the house and were contemplating the continuation of their journey when the farmer pointed out near at hand a small church which had, he said, just been built. The debt incurred rested heavily on the shoulders of the meager congregation. He suggested that if the senator felt inclined, any small contribution would be thankfully received.

"Of course, I'll be glad to," said Senator McCumber, reaching for his roll.

The senator expected to give some small amount, as a five, but when he scanned his supply of currency he found he had nothing but twenties. He could do nothing else under the circumstances than peel off one of the yellow-backs. The farmer accepted it with thanks, and the senator climbed into his motor car, lost in contemplation of the banquet he had just attended at $10.50 a plate.

Sorrow, Indeed.

Deep feeling is disclosed in the following notice which was sent to the agent of a German life insurance company by a man whose wife had just died and which the New York Journal of Commerce discovered in a German insurance journal:

"Greatly shocked, I beg to inform you that my very dear wife, Anna Maria Louise L., who was insured in your company for mark 3,000, is dead, leaving me in the deepest despair behind. That happened this morning about 7 o'clock. I entreat you to send me as soon as possible the amount of insurance. The number of the policy is ——, which you will no doubt find in your books. She was a true wife and an admirable mother. In order to enable you to attend to the formalities as quickly as possible I am inclosing herewith the certificate of death. She has suffered much, which made my torture still more unbearable. I trust that you will grant me some consolation by sending the money as quickly as possible, in return for which I promise to insure my second wife with you for mark 6,000. The conviction that you will grant me the above consolation makes it easier for me to bear the terrible trial which has afflicted me."

Squelching a Smart Lawyer.

In a suit tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer was addressing the jury on a point of law, when, good-naturedly, he turned to the opposing counsel, a man of much experience, and asked:

"That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?"

Whereupon Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:

"Sir, I have an office in Richmond, wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."

The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half dollar piece, which he offered to Colonel Hopkins, with this remark:

"No time like the present. Take this, sir; tell us what you know and give me the change."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Cats Necessary to Bakery.

A cat is a necessary adjunct to a bakery, according to the decision reached by the license committee of the city council of Chicago.

Chief Sanitary Inspector Ball protested, and, quoting reports from Liverpool and other European cities, declared nine out of ten cats are not any good, in that they never catch a rat.

"Cats get so fat in bakeries," said Ball, "they couldn't catch a rat if they sat down and waited for it."

After one hour of argument on both sides the committee adopted the section of the bakery ordinance which allows cats in bakeries. All other domestic animals are prohibited in bakeries.

Odd Taste of a Dog.

"I once knew a very eccentric dog," says a writer in Bailey's Magazine, "he was a real old English spaniel, with long body, short legs with great bone, grand head, jaws and teeth like a wolf's almost, and long ears that would meet his nose. Poor fellow, his temper was certainly unamiable, but I think this was caused by the state of his health.

"He was a very curious animal, never showing much attachment to any one; he would bite his best friends on the least provocation. Nothing, though, offended him so much as being laughed at—that was an insult he never forgave. If you began to laugh at him he would growl in a very ominous manner, and if you persisted in it would snap at you and give you such a bite that you would not care to try again.

"If you wished to please him you had to get a lot of old birds' nests and give them to him, one by one; he would carry them about for some time and then he would sit down and tear them to pieces. He was not particularly fond of going for a walk with any one, but if you got some nests and gave him one occasionally he would trot along with you as happily as possible.

"Another curious habit of his was that he would never get out of the way for any one. When he was trotting along he never moved from his line if he saw any one coming, but if he saw they did not intend to move, would begin to growl and look so savage that people usually made haste out of his way. When he happened to be running down a hill, he did not growl, but merely ran against people if they did not clear out—his great weight usually upsetting them, of which he took not the slightest notice.

"A great friendship arose bewteen this dog and a fine cat we had, and it was very amusing to see them together. He would walk up to the cat and begin to lick her all over, and then she would rub all around him, purring and seeming to be very fond of him, when all of a sudden she would stop, look up in his face and spit at him, at the same time giving him two or three sharp scratches, the only notice of which he took was to close his eyes so that they might not be hurt."

Limberger Closes a School.

Failing to get a promise from the teachers for as long a holiday as they thought they should have, large boys of the Oakdale public school tried limburger cheese with startling effect a few days before Christmas. This was brought out when nine boys were placed under arrest, charged with malicious mischief, on warrants issued by Justice of the Peace U. G. McMurray, the complaint being made by the school board.

Oakdale is a hamlet about fifteen miles from Pittsburg and it has a school of ten rooms. When D. Loss Dickson, Warren Wallace and Charles Leiter of last year's class, who are now students in Grove City college, reached home and found there was to be a short holiday season for the old home school, they are alleged to have introduced some college ideas into the heads of the youngsters. In any event, Dickson, Wallace and Leiter were the first three arrested. There is doubt as to the time the hearings will be held, since Ida Stevens and Gertrude Mortimer, who were two of four teachers who fainted in the school room owing to the strong odor of cheese, are in bed and may not be able to appear against the lads.

A committee of the boys called on R. C. McKelvey, the principal, and asked for a longer holiday season that usual. This was refused, and the boys left him, threatening to get even. That night the school was broken into and the limburger cheese smeared over every heat radiator in the building. At the same time cheese was placed inside each radiator. The teachers tried to teach in the hot, close rooms with the limburger cheese, but they could not do it with success and all became ill. After the schools were dismissed for the holidays one of the boys was heard to say boastfully that they had fixed matters so there would be no school for a long time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Western Barber Jars Boston.

"Why, say," said a visiting barber from the wide, untrammeled west, to Boston artists, "you folks here in the east are narrow, limited, shackled, contracted, far behind the age. You think you are the human limit when really your gait is very slow.

"I went into one of your shops here the other day. Nice shop, good equipment, everything fine and elegant; but when I saw how slow you were there on the work it made me nervous. A good plant, but not worked to anything like capacity.

"They had a man in a chair with a barber cutting his hair and a manicure fixing his hands and a bootblack blacking his shoes all at the same time. And I suppose you think here that that's going some to have three people work on a customer all at once, but goodness me! you ought to look into my shop and see how we do things in my part of the country.

"I've got a shop that's every bit as modern and up-to-date to the last limit as anything you've got; but out there we utilize our plant. What do you suppose we do when a man comes in that's in a hurry to catch a train? Think we all lie down and take a nap?

Why! We put one barber to cutting his hair and another to shaving him and two manicures tackle his hands, one on each side; we take off his shoes and two boys work on them, each blacking a single shoe, while two chiropodists get to him, each taking a foot; and at the same time we have one boy brushing the customer's hat, and another brushing his overcoat, while still another boy is dusting the clothes he's got on with a vacuum duster.

"You put three people on a man at once and think you're doing something! We put on eleven and think nothing about it at all.

"Why, honest, this atmosphere makes me sleepy."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Putting It Up to the Judge.

Miss Lydia Conley, a Wyandotte girl, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the world. She is a member of the Kansas bar, and at Kansas City anent a recent Indian case that she conducted she told an interesting legal story.

"So I put my man on the stand," she said. "That, if your case is a just one, is always the thing to do. You know the story of the Kansas land claimant?

"Well, out here, many years ago, a man brought suit before the squire to recover some land that had been outrageously filched from him. His case was a good one, but the other side had doctored its witnesses—had even doctored the plaintiff's witnesses, too—and up to the time when he took the stand himself not a jot or title of testimony in his favor had been recorded.

"He, as soon as he was sworn, turned to the justice and said:

"'Squire, I brought this suit, and yet the evidence, excepting my own, is all against me. Now, I don't accuse anyone of lying, squire, but these witnesses are the most mistaken lot of fellows I ever saw. You know me, squire. Two years ago you sold me a hoss for sound that was as blind as a bat. I made the deal and stuck to it, and this is the first time I have mentioned it. When you used to buy my grain, squire, you stood on the scales when the empty wagon was weighed, but I never said a word. Now, do you think I am the kind of a man to kick up a rumpus and sue a fellow unless he has done me a real wrong? Why, squire, if you'll recall that sheep speculation you and me—'

"But at this point the squire, very red in the face, hastily decided the case in the plaintiff's favor."—Kansas City Journal.

Mistress of Detail.

Dr. Robert Wood of Johns Hopkins university was complimented by a young lady at a dinner in Baltimore on the artificial mirages that he succeeded in making in his laboratory.

"It is by attention to the least details," said Dr. Wood, with a smile, "that one succeeds in experiments of this kind. One must look after the details like—er—like the landlord's wife.

"'Tommy,' said the landlord's wife to her little boy, 'who is that talking on the doorstep to your father?'

"'It's a divinity student,' Tommy answered, 'who is looking for a furnished room.'

"'Hurry, then,' said the mother, 'and walk up and down the hall whistling a hymn.'"—New York Press.

Not Tending to Business.

A country doctor was recently called upon to visit a patient some way from his office. Driving to where the sick man lived, he tied his horse to a tree in front of the house and started to walk across the ground. It happened that work was in progress on a new well, of which the doctor knew nothing until he found himself sinking into the earth. He fell just far enough to be unable to get out of the hole unassisted, and lustily yelled for help.

When he was finally pulled up the hired man remarked to him:

"I say, doc, you had no business down there."

"No, I don't believe I had," replied the doctor.

"Don't you know," continued the hired man, "you ought to leave the well alone and take care of the sick!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wouldn't Have Married Him.

A clergyman, noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice.

He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young woman how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and, forsaking father and mother, follow him wherever he went.

The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out:

"Must I follow him to every place he goes?"

"Yes," said the clergyman, "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part."

Gracious," cried the girl. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."—Spare Moments.

Marvelous Cycling.

Once again the conversation had veered round to thrilling adventures.

"That reminds me of an experience I had some time ago," remarked a member. "I was riding a brakeless bicycle down a steep hill, when all of a sudden the chain snapped and I careened down the rest of the hill quicker than greased lightning.

"The road down the hill took a turn at direct right angles, and in the corner of the angle stood a cottage. I was wondering what the verdict would be at the inquest when I saw a man rest a plank of wood against the eaves of the cottage.

"I went straight for the plank, over the roof, and down the other side. Luckily, the cottager's wife and daughters were shaking carpets, and, alighting on an outstretched carpet, I was gently lowered to the ground."

A dead, dull silence descended on the company, which was broken by the hissing of a soda siphon.—Tit-Bits.

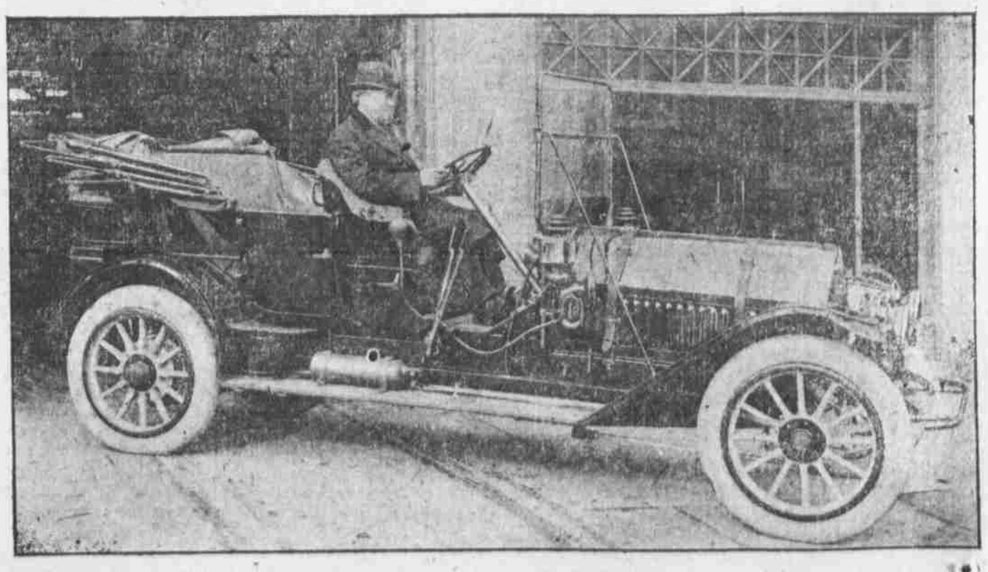
Nebraska's Oldest Woman.

MRS. TERESA B. CLEVELAND.

MRS. TERESA E. CLEVELAND, who died St. Valentine's day in Lyons, would have been 100 years old if she had lived nine months longer. In spite of her years she was spry up to her last illness and in her ninety-eighth year pieced nineteen quilts. She retained her faculties to the last, and the day before she died, at the request of a friend who sat at her bedside, she sang the familiar children's song, "Sing a Song of Sixpence, a Pocket Full of Rye," through to the end. She died of bronchial trouble, growing out of a cold.

Mrs. Cleveland was the last of her immediate family, though she leaves a number of grandchildren living near Lyons and two daughters-in-law, Mrs. Julia Cleveland of Lyons and Mrs. Kate Cleveland of Detroit, Mich.

Biggest Automobile in Omaha



HERMAN PETERS AND HIS SIX-CYLINDER THOMAS CAR, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH A REFRIGERATOR AND OTHER COMFORTS OF HOME