

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

## TOWN TALES.

Local Chinese and the "Boxers"

The proprietors of Chinese laundries about town are just now engaged in a frantic struggle with

the idioms of the English language "as she is wrote". They are endeavoring to decipher what is meant by the "Boxers", and whether the Powers are united for the purpose of making the Chinese empire a howling wilderness, or are merely trying to assist the Empress in bossing the whole show.

Many of them do not know what the Boxers are, and seem to think the men who packed dried tea leaves in the tinolled chests are chiefly responsible for the present trouble. When a resident intimated the real trouble was the attempted massacre of all the Christians in sight by some of their benighted brethren in their excitement, they laughed him to scorn.

"Chineyman, he no killee the Englisheeman," assured Hum Fang of Mill street, "he only tellee him to go 'way and no come to Chiney."

Then when it was explained to the sanguine Celestial that his native land was in danger of being sliced up in choice bits for the hungry maws of the European powers he grinned a half-knowing grin and said:

"Me no care, cut off my queue and never go Chiney any more."

The majority of the Chinamen in this city are what are known as the Cantonese or bourgeois Chinamen, rather of the common classes and as a general rule poorly educated and ignorant. However there are a few Hong Kong Celestials here who are superior to their fellow laundrymen in more than one way. Their very features pronounce them such. These fellows are bright and talkative with a fine courteous manner at all times. But with each and all of the Chinamen love of country seems hardly at par. Apparently their one desire is to board up sufficient of the ever tangible to pay their journey home once and while and finally return there to die in peace and plenty, and it will be observed this is their invariable plan. There is no outspoken patriotism among them and any reference to the homeland is made only in the most indirect way.

A Primary Teacher's Trials.

In a city primary school a young teacher, who wanted to give a drill in imagination, asked of the little

people what each would like to be when he or she grew up.

Several boys wanted to be soldiers, one wanted to be a fireman, another to make chairs.

Most of the girls implied the wish to be dressmakers, though their limited knowledge was very apparent. One said she wanted "to be a dress," another desired "to make a dresses."

Many of the children knew next to no English, and have to be taught the rudiments, but the greatest difficulty is that of the teacher. The work is more elementary than any normal methods she has learned, and it is often the work of a day,

she says, to get a word and an object together.

She has worked upon "man" for a week, and then asked a small Jew what his father was, and the answer came "a rabbi." After drilling them for a long time, not to say "the blinds is green," she asked them the color of the book, and they all shouted, "book are brown!"

The condition of some of the new scholars is quite helpless. They look up brightly in answer to their names, but when the teacher says, "Write this," "say that," or "stand up," the poor child is bewildered. When the order is given "Girls rise," most of the boys stand up, for they have no idea what has been said, and when any number begin to rise they think that they are all required to rise.

The case of a certain little fellow, a very fresh recruit, was truly pathetic. His name was Peter, and he sat near the back of the room.

The teacher wanted to see what an attractive child he was, and called him. "Peter, Peter, come up here." He knew something was wanted of him, but he could not tell what. He sat looking a question at each of those near him. Then the teacher said to the little girl beside him: "Virginia, you tell Peter what I say."

But Virginia's influence was not effective, for Peter was in terror that he had done wrong and was going to be punished.

He rose, and walked very reluctantly, the tears falling one by one, and by the time he had reached the desk his state was grievous.

The teacher could not comfort him, though she patted his brown hair gently, and looked down kindly on his mournful face.

Then a boy volunteered to soothe his mate. The child came up gently, and put his outstretched hand on the little one's shoulder, while he lisped something that comforted.

The clouds lifted, and little Peter turned a smiling face to the teacher who caressed him, and then asked:

"How much is one apple, and another apple? and Peter answer, 'two,' Bravo, Peter.

A New Rubbing Spot.

Paddock's corner is fast becoming a first class "rubbing" stand for those of elastic necks and ogling orbs.

The band concerts on Hizen Avenue have started this innovation, but of course no blame can be attached in that direction, for we're all only too delighted with the public-spiritedness of the City Cornet bandmen, let alone accuse them of bringing about undesirable circumstances. But as soon as "God Save the Queen" is struck up a whole regiment of dudes golf-suited, duds and masher of every description make a grand rush for the foot of Coburg street hill, where they review in state the hundreds who wend their way slowly home

ward from the scene of music. The sidewalks have long since failed to accommodate all who stand by and feast their eyes on the crowd, so of late the middle of the street itself has been blockaded. Women and girls are forced to run the gauntlet in passing the mob, and often remarks not of the most gentlemanly character are made in their hearing. But aside from this the mere fact of a host of men and youths gazing them out of countenance is not at all the pleasantest sensation in the world. It is true the policemen move the crowd with their accustomed regularity, but as soon as the brass-buttoned bobby is out of sight they reassemble in full strength.

Colored Folk are Studying Etiquette.

The colored population of a certain part of the city is evidently looking up in the matter of social form. A wedding anniversary invitation was received yesterday which shows the earmarks of careful preparation. It reads:

"Dear Sir: You and yo' lady is hereby invite to a social wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. — on Wednesday night weather permittin'. Admission, ladies 15 cents, gentlemen, 25; children, 10. There will be dancin'. Come one, come all."

When Russell Sage Made His Will.

It is not generally known that Russell Sage, the man who owns the Shore Line railway

down here, made a will many years ago. The details, however, Mr. Sage guarded from his most intimate friends, and not even Jay Gould got an inkling of its contents. One day the old money lender, Mr. Gould and John T. Terry were sitting together in Mr. Gould's office and chatting about various subjects, when the subject of wills came up.

It transpired at that time that Mr. Sage was getting ready to put his affairs in shape, so that if anything happened to him his possessions would not be scattered. Both Mr. Gould and Mr. Terry hinted playfully that they would be pleased to be remembered, and the latter went so far as to say: "When you get ready to do anything, Mr. Sage, remember that my full name is John Taylor Terry."

Mr. Sage screwed his mouth around and champed his jaws, for want of some words with which to convey a suitable answer, and made no reply whatever. His two associates turned the subject and concluded that no probing would bring out any facts as to the disposition which the astute financier intended to make of his millions.

This incident took place twenty years ago. Whether Mr. Sage has destroyed this will, and has made others since then is not known. One of Mr. Sage's most intimate brokers said recently:

"When Mr. Sage passes away I think the public will be greatly surprised at the disposition that he will make of his wealth."

This man, however, admitted that he hadn't the slightest idea of Mr. Sage's intentions, and he was simply guessing. The venerable money lender is to-day estimated to be worth upward of \$50,000,000.

The Importance of a Man's Necktie.

The senior member of a King street gentlemen's furnishing house, which has

no little influence in setting male fashions about town said to a PROGRESS representative a few days ago:

"One of the best authorities on dress says that no matter how good a man's clothes may be, if he has not a good hat he will not look well dressed. In my opinion of all parts of the toilet the necktie is the sole one that appertains to the man and wherein his individuality is most expressed."

"The credit or discredit for his hat, his coat, and his boots, may belong to the hatter, the tailor and the bootmaker. But for the necktie, a man has no one to blame, but is abandoned to his own resources. The character of the man is revealed in the cravat. It may be pretentious, insipid, egotistical, angular, careless or symmetrical. If there is the least taste of foppery is a man it must crop out in his cravat."

"Now that coats are being cut lower in the neck, cravats, scarfs and neckties become of additional importance and more attention will be paid to them than usual. This summer white four in hands are sure to be popular among the young swells."

Monday's Big Race.

The first interprovincial yacht race ever sailed in maritime waters will take place at Digby the first week in July,

commencing on Monday, Dominion Day. The races will be the best two of three for a silver trophy costing \$125, to be presented to the winning club by the D. Y. C. These races are open to boats belonging to any recognized or royal yacht club of the maritime provinces. The following yachts have already entered: Canada, of Royal Kennebecensis Yacht club of St. John; Viking, of the Yarmouth Yacht club, and Regina of the Digby Yacht club. Although some correspondence has taken place with the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron of Halifax, no boats have entered from there this year, but it is generally understood that boats may come from there to defend the cup another season. Excursion rates will be granted via Dominion Atlantic railway, and on Monday the company's S. S. Prince Rupert from St. John will remain at Digby until 5.30 p. m., local time. Excursionists will also arrive at Digby Monday morning via.

FAMOUS CHICAGO EDITOR.

Was Mad Concerning a Credit Being Given a New York Paper.

Some stormy scenes were enacted about the office of the old Chicago Times office when Wilbur F. Storey was its guiding spirit, said Col. Tam Gallagher.

Mr. Storey was much like the elder Bennet in the opinion that he held of his own paper. A story illustrative of this is how he resented a use once made by a subordinate on the Times of a despatch to the New York Herald. One of the reporters of the Times had been sent to Utah to report the execution of the Mountain Meadow murderers. The Times made a feature of affairs of this kind and the reading public of those days appreciated this. The night of the execution came, and by some mischance the reporter in Utah failed to get his dispatch through.

"The telegraph editor of the Times was frantic. He had not a line of news from Utah, and it looked as if his paper was to be ingloriously left. He consulted with other members of the staff, and by chance learned that a despatch to the New York Herald fully covering the execution, was passing through Chicago. He made connections with the New York Herald correspondent here explained to him his dilemma and asked permission to use his dis-

S. S. Westport and tug Marina, the former from Westport and the latter from Annapolis. No doubt Digby will entertain her large number of guests in good style.

Is Fairville Unpatriotic?

Surely the people have not grown cold with regard to the money they all promised to pay our soldier boys while they were away risking their lives and limbs for them! It seems so. Contributions to the Contingent Fund are not coming in very speedily, although some hundreds of dollars are yet to be made up. As an instance of the lack of interest, or patriotism it might be said, the attendance at an amateur performance in Fairville the other evening can be quoted when an aggregation of city young people presented a really superior comedy sketch entitled "Ici Parle En Francaise" and which they put on at a prior date in Mission Hall, Paradise Row with much success. When it was time to start the performance in the adjacent town there were only two people in the hall, so of course the idea of putting on the show was abandoned. The proceeds of the entertainment were to be allotted in full to the contingent fund. So much for Fairville's patriotism.

The Weather Was Fine, but—

"Say this is the most delightful weather I ever enjoyed!" exclaimed an American visitor

to a citizen one evening this week in King Square, "is it this way all the time?"

It really was perfect atmospherically, but the citizen spoken to was still bearing physical evidence of what the early spring fog and rain had done for him, and was quaking lest these elements should return but he belonged to the Tourist Association. "Oh yes," he answered, "this is our regular, average weather in summer: clear, bright and delightfully cool."

"Well, well," again ejaculated the portly American, "I've travelled a great deal, but if this is your regular weather, why this is Paradise!"

Just then the St. Johnite backed at the remnant of his spring cough, and thinking he heard the fog horn's dismal voice shrunk away to preserve his integrity.

She Wanted the Electrician.

The employees of the Opera house are still having the laugh on the stage electrician. It was when

the Richards Stock Company was here one of the lady members of that dramatic aggregation came running out of the dressing rooms a few minutes before the curtain went up with her hair "flying ten ways for Sunday."

"Wheah's the electrician?" she demanded.

The man who makes the lightening and moonlight presented himself.

"See heah sir," the actress continued with as much authority as a Bernhardt or a Patti could muster, "I want you to fill the lamp in our dressing room, we can't curl our hair."

The electrician sent one of the supers into the robing department with the kerosene can and a match and soon the tongs were heated.

PARSON DAVIES TALKS.

He Replies to Statements by Peter Jackson of American Pugilists.

The attention of "Parson" Davies having been called recently to a statement made by Peter Jackson, on his arrival in Australia, to the effect that American pugilists are 'poor timers' and faulty in their footwork he replied as follows:

"The only deduction to be drawn from this statement is that Peter's recent illness has impaired his memory. Otherwise he would have no difficulty in recalling the fact that a number of star pugilists from Australia who sought fame and money in this country were defeated, ad seriatim, by our fighters. For instance, George Dixon had no difficulty in disposing of Abe Willis, who boasted the proud title of champion feather-weight of Australia, nor did Dixon experience much trouble in disappointing the championship aspirations of Young Griffo, who weighed twenty pounds more than Dixon, yet could not lower the colored champion's colors. Dan Creedon, Tom Tracy, Paddy Gorman, Mick Dunn, Bob Fitzsimmons, Slade and Maori champion; Billy Murphy, Jimmy Marshall, Joe Goddard, even the great Peter himself, suffered defeat at the hands of American fighters. Australia is a good stamping ground for

aspirants for champion honors, but it no more classes with this country than Egypt classes with England. I am firmly convinced that if Australia ever offers superior financial inducements there will be an exodus of American fighters in that direction and I have no doubt they will achieve a full measure of victory, even if they are bad timers and a bit faulty in their foot work, as Peter says."

Continuing on the subject of pugilism the 'Parson' added: 'Almost every week some fresh example crops up to prove the force of my argument in behalf of the formation of a sportsman's league. The history of pugilism is replete with injurious blunders and examples of asininity, and it is exasperating to think these might have been prevented had the proper remedies been applied.'

'I have endeavored to impress the fighters, managers, and patrons of pugilism with the necessity for a radical change in manner of conducting ring events in this country. So far, however, the seed has not borne fruit. For the purpose of illustration I will cull an incident from the recent past. Had my suggestion for a sportsman's league been put into execution before the Ryan McCoy fight the serious mistakes that marred that otherwise excellent ring battle could have been obvi-

ated. Pugilism is a business, and it should be conducted in a methodical and business like manner. The position fighters occupy in the sporting world is much akin to that occupied by the solid money men in financial circles. Without first obtaining public confidence the fighters can accomplish nothing. Without first obtaining the confidence of business men financiers can achieve nothing.

'If it is impossible for a financier to achieve success unless every safeguard is thrown around the interests of his clients, how much more impossible is it for a fighter to advance in the scale of public confidence unless the public which patronizes this class of sport is convinced that its interests are fully protected. The fighter owes it to himself, to his own interests, to the sport from which he is seeking to draw sustenance, to offer no objection when plans are hatched for the advancement and protection of pugilism.'

First Citizen—The census man was on our block today.

Second Citizen—Was your wife out of patience with the questions he asked?

First Citizen—No; she asked him a few and we heard he had to go home and go to bed.

patch. The correspondent replied: "You can do so, but if you do you must credit the Herald with it."

"This was agreed to, and the Times appeared next morning with a long account of the execution duly credited to the New York Herald. When Mr. Storey saw it he was furious and rushed into the office with an exclamation:

"What? The Chicago Times have to use a New York Herald dispatch for news occurring in its own territory?"

"The explosion which followed was felt about the Times office for weeks afterward.

Accommodation.

We asked the farmer his opinion of the rural free delivery of mails.

"It is a good thing," said the farmer, having first excused himself from speaking in dialect upon the plea that he had been ordered by his doctor to avoid great exertion. "It is a great accommodation, in the busy season of the year, to get our green goods circulars uninterrupted. Under the old system, I have known the time when I didn't see a green goods circular for six weeks, during harvest and hay-ing."

Cornfed.

'A woman really begins to grow old,' said the Cornfed philosopher, 'when her husband first sees some other woman that he thinks is better looking.'