

LANTERN STREET IS SAID
 TO BE THE GAYEST OF ALL
 STREETS IN PEKING, CHINA

By Thomas Steep in New York Herald Tribune

Gayest of all streets in Peking is Lantern Street. Looking down the quaint, crooked little thoroughfare, the stranger is enchanted by the bewildering multitude of lanterns that hang in front of the shops—lanterns tinted pink, yellow, green, orange, vivid blue and sanguinary red, and shaped to represent pagodas, butterflies, crabs, fishes and fearsome dragons and demons. There is the ornate, ceremonial lantern with painted silk transparencies, lacquered base and pendants of jade that may be folded and carried away under an arm. There is the large globular lantern of horn that looks extraordinarily as if it had swollen and is about to burst; these are daubed in red with the ideograph signifying happiness and hung in the courtyard to guide the feet of guests. There is the lantern designed like a miniature theater which by an ingenious mechanism operated by the rising heat from the candle sets cardboard actors and actresses to perform in a silent and shadowy drama. There are dainty feminine lanterns for the boudoir, not much bigger than a powder puff. But I like best the small cylindrical lantern, made of cheap paper, and decorated simply with the faint tracing of a fat god, that is bought by the ricksha coolie for five copper cash, for and all.

For all his struggle to live, the Chinese has never abandoned his fondness for the lantern. It was used by him long before Diogenes carried one. It is an article of utility, an essential in household decoration, a factor in superstition, a touch of color in the drab Chinese landscape. It is carried by the coolie, hung in the garden and home of the mandarin, displayed at funerals and weddings and is supposed to be visible to the dead.

If the spirit of an ancestor wanders restlessly from the cemetery and returns to his earthly home to mingle unwelcomed among the living, a son will take a lantern and, reverently leading the way back to the cemetery will place the lantern on the grave, that the spirit, seeing it, will rejoin the ancestral bones. The old Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi used to caution her guests that if, while strolling in the palace gardens at night, they saw lanterns floating in the air, they should not be frightened, because they would be lanterns carried by the ambulating spirits of ancestors who were uncomfortable in their graves. During the Feast of the Hungry Ghosts, celebrated in the Seventh Moon (late August or early September), lanterns are hung in courtyards, doorways and streets and set afloat in myriads on canals and lakes to appease the wrathful ghosts of unworshipped and hungry ancestors that the public in general has only the most amicable feelings for them. The floating of ten thousand lanterns on the lake at Nanking formerly attracted throngs of people who assembled on the Nanking wall, looked down on the spectacle as if a piece of the sky twinkling with stars had fallen from heaven. The light in each tiny lantern went out because it was supposed, a ghost had seized it and

carried it into the next world. It is an old custom that requires the payment of debts on New Year's Day. If a man fails to pay a debt, the creditor the next day will call upon him, carrying a lantern to simulate the fiction that it is still the night before and the creditor may pay his debt without losing personal prestige. In a village no respectable person will prow around at night without carrying a lantern lest he be suspected of evil motives or be arrested by the watchman as a potential thief. A village is required by law to have his character name written on his lantern.

Not long ago the Chinese soldier along with his fan, umbrella and teapot, carried his lantern into battle. During the Boxer uprising the Chinese soldiers at Tientsin advanced at night on the invading foreign troops with sword in one hand and lantern in the other, naively oblivious to the disadvantage of being illuminated.

Back of each shop in Lantern Street in the workroom where the lanterns for that particular shop are manufactured. The master is an artist with white hair, bent figure and weak eyes; his apprentice, a boy who, working three years for nothing, hopes eventually like his master to earn \$20 a month; and his assistants women and girls, who work for wages. Incredibly small, create from the confusion about them things of evanescent beauty. The room, though squalid, is a chaos of dazzling color. There repose in heaps over floor and benches silks and tassels, jade pieces, slabs of horn, bits of bright lacquer, and on racks near the ceiling uncovered frames that resemble the skeletons of queer prehistoric animals.

If it is to be a work of art, the lantern before it is assembled requires preparations painstaking and minute. The design must be sketched, the color scheme selected, the base carved and lacquered, the frame made and the transparencies, whether of silk, glass or horn chosen with a view of their fitness for the pictures that are to be painted on them. The artist stretches the silk over the frame with a care to prevent wrinkling, applies a solution of alum and squatting at a window with his back to the light and his pigments about him paints as intently as a Western artist sitting at his easel. The large horn lantern is embellished generally with a simple ideograph or "word picture" brushed on swiftly with rough but exquisite grace. The decoration on the panels of a square or octagonal lantern may be a landscape embracing a stream, a winding road, a crooked bridge and a couple of ruminating sages who gaze at mountains in the distance or sit under a plum tree in the foreground; or it may be a picture depicting a story of legendary heroes, warriors, scholars, emperors, fairies, ghosts or gods; or it may be a theme of flowers or animals—chrysanthemum, peony, black orchid, pine or a branch of willow, or fox, cat, cock, crane, butterfly, cricket or dragonfly alighting on a trembling leaf.

Out of a "hunting," or lane, in Pe-

king in the darkness of a summer night there darts a flock of laughing ricksha boys. Each boy carries swinging from a shaft of his vehicle a small paper lantern. The motion of the lanterns awaken on road and walls a host of leaping to be running a race. Presently the rickshas round a corner and enter the Legation Quarter. The lanterns gleam through the trees flickeringly for a moment and disappear. But from the distance the legation buildings throw back an echo that is like an echo of the laughter of children.

Acid in Stomach
 Ruins Appetite



Thin, pale people—the despondent sort who never have an appetite, and complain of headaches, indigestion, dizziness, biliousness, usually have too much acid in their stomach. And unless they displace it, any food they eat turns into sour bile and foul gases, which poison their system. Pape's Diapepsin dissolves that poisonous acid, sweetens the stomach and digests your meals. Many thousands of people have brought back the appetite of their youth and gained weight simply by chewing one of the pleasant tablets of Pape's Diapepsin after meals. It does what it promises. That's the reason 5 million packages are used a year—ask your nearest druggist for it.

CAPITOLS LOST
 1-0 OVERTIME
 TO FUSILIERS

CAUITOLS sines suho mwh ich H:to St. John, Feb. 2—The Saint John Fusiliers went into undisputed possession of first place in the New Brunswick Southern League when they defeated the Fredericton Capitols last night at the Arena by a score of 1 to 0. The game was played on slushy soft ice which made puck carrying and combination almost impossible and shooting difficult. While under the conditions good hockey could not be expected, the contest had its exciting moments. The young Fredericton team maintained its reputation of playing its best hockey against the Fusiliers, and it was not until well along in the third period that the winning score was made.

The only tally of the game fell to the big stick of Alden Clark, Fusilier rightwinger and was made after the entire forward line had handled the rubber around the Fredericton citadel. Two of the visiting players were doing penal servitude at the time.

While the home team had much the better of the play, goal getting was a difficult business on the treacherous surface, and the Fusilier supporters were well satisfied that the game did not end in a no score tie. Young in the Capitol nets played a great game handling 27 shots, many of them difficult, as compared to 16 for Wilson in the Saint John goal. . . . The line-up:

Goal	
Wilson	Young
Defense	
Ferguson	Pickard
Thompson	Harrison
Forwards	
Keating	Staples
Clark	Armstrong
McDonald	Gulliver
Kiley	Creighton
Mountain	Barnes
Rolfe	Wade
J. H. Drummie	refereed.

A Baltimore bride wants her marriage annulled because the man she promised to love and flourish lacks cave-man tactics. Well, there's no two of them alike, and no one of them for the matter of that.

WASHINGTON MAN FEARS
 FLOOD AND BUILT AN ARK

Olympia, Wash., Feb. 1—The "Ark of the Pacific Coast" built to carry followers of the Lord to higher lands when He floods the Pacific coast, rides on Puget sound under the shadows of the dome of the state capitol.

The "Ark" built by a hermit named William Greenfield, is one of the strangest ships ever constructed.

Youth, middle-aged and aged are following in the paths of sin, says Greenfield who has termed himself "captain" of the queer craft and who has built the "Ark" in answer to God's revelations, to carry him and non-sinners across the ocean to higher lands when he invokes the penalty on sinners.

"Captain" Greenfield is aided in his work by one known to him as Michael. The "Twentieth Century Noah" says that God named Michael to assist him in preparing the vessel.

The vessel floats peacefully on the harbor awaiting the call which Michael says will come in two years and which Greenfield says will come in one year, apparently neither knowing just when the deluge is to inundate the Pacific coast.

Greenfield has made it plain that he will not carry any animals with him when he takes the journey. He plans on making only a short voyage with the ship.

The hull of craft was constructed by Greenfield at an Olympia mill in 1922 and floated to its present location where at low tide it rests in a specially constructed cradle to keep it clear of mud.

The boat is anchored near the end of one of the arms of Puget sound approximately a mile from the dome of the new capitol. One inspired by man and the other by God so says the "prophet".

A 100-horsepower motor is located in the hull. Installation of the motor has not been completed. The craft carries no propeller.

The first deck of the "sin-saver" is

fitted up for living quarters where the modern "Noah" spends much of his time, probably pondering over the present state of the world. The tiny room, in which he meditates, is jammed with odds and ends. A small piano in need of tuning, fills one corner. It is to be used by Greenfield after the "Ark" has landed on dry land, for singing hymns of praise.

The room is lined with sheet metal and painted white. Toward the stern another room is located to be used as

a guest room for visitors. A narrow walk is provided along the rail of the stern where a ladder leads upward to the top of the deck. This deck is roofed over to keep the rains, that are slated to fall during the tidal wave back.

Greenfield is of slight build, medium height and about 60 years of age. He is of English decent, speaking with an English accent but was born in Illinois.

The prophecies of Greenfield do not bother the folk of this little city.

Lima Beane says the best safety plan for pedestrians is not to walk around looking for spring when the walks are coated with ice.

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A Doctor Talks About Cascara

It is unfortunate that many people judge the thoroughness of a laxative by its violence. The salts that rush through the system may not even penetrate the film poisonous matter that has coated the colon. A long list of drugs will "loosen the bowels" but what is the best way to CLEANSE them?

The world's best laxative is one that Mother Nature makes in her own laboratory. It is the bark of a tree, called CASCARA. The Indians used to chew this bark—and reach old age without a sick day. It is the best thing there is today, for any system; best for the blood. The most beneficial in its action on the bowels, of anything yet disclosed. For many reasons:

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First of all, there is no HABIT formed from cascara. The bowels are not weakened, but strengthened by its occasional use. The occasions when one needs this aid grow less and less. Its influence is long-felt. You don't find yourself worse bound-up the day following. You do find the bowels more inclined to move of their own volition. The candy Cascaret that every drugstore always has in stock is the ideal form of cascara.

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Piping hot waffles, deliciously crisp and delightfully browned on both sides are a treat at any time—for breakfast, dinner, supper, or when unexpected guests drop in.

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