

# A STORM IN JADE STREET INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN WRITER

(Ishbel Ross in New York Herald.)

Jade Street was closing up shop—a simple rite accompanied by the soft thud of shutters and the muffled padding of feet. Its expressionless surface when the shutters were closed was a dull screen for the fragments of jade, the carved Buddhas and the rose translucence of quartz that lay within.

Crooked and crazy, with jutting alleys the width of a yardstick, Jade Street held in its dark corners the prescient stillness of Peking by night. A shadowy figure emerged from a hidden lane, with fingers crossed over his shining black jacket. Head bent, the Chinese hurried toward some secret destination. The flames of occasional oil lamps with floating wicks lunged into the darkness with wavering streams of illumination that passed for street lighting.

The ricksha boys ran fleet-footedly over the cobbles of the street. A dozen doors sprang open in response to their quiet jog-trotting and daggers of light cut jagged patterns on the street. There was a mumbling of voices with tones that rose and fell in perpetual sing-song. The boys made for one of the segments of light and brought the rickshas to a halt. They dislodged their passengers, spread triangles of matting over their shoulders, lighted the thin cigarettes they favor and settled themselves to wait.

Inside the shop a wealth of Chinese art was huddled in a dusty setting. Jade, amber, cloisonne, teakwood, carved ivory, porcelain and quartz were strewn together like seashells tossed by the tide. Jade in its infinite variety was most in evidence—jade like emerald, jade as dark and opaque as jasper, pale jade of soapy aspect, jade with a tinge of yellow, jade the color of apple leaves in June.

Fine jade as smooth as polished ivory to the touch lay in a musty cradle of old wood and frayed velvet. Beside it was gritty jade that a Chinese Son of Heaven would frankly spurn, and pale jade that was nothing better than slag from the mines but good enough in the eyes of the faithful for that ever-willing victim—the tourist.

"You like to look some jade, yes?" inquired the young Chinese who came forward.

He clapped his hands and several of the lesser lights emerged from a room at the back. They darted about, selecting pieces at random and shrewdly studying the visitor's face for some show of interest. When the stage was properly set a dignified figure came into view—an old man who moved with leisurely grace. As principal, he held himself aloof, but a slow succession of signs indicated to his subordinates his wishes on price and selection.

It seemed to pain him when his more precious jade was touched by untutored hands, and not the fingertips of the Chinese been trained for countless centuries to handle the worshiped stone under water and judge its value from the smooth feel of the surface? His ancestors would surely prefer that such treasure should go only to the high-born of his own serene race. Was there nothing else that the visitor would like? His fingers twitched insinuatingly as his long nails caressed the gleaming surface of a fat and laughing Buddha.

The treasures of the shop were trotted out in turn. The visitors turned to go. Three Chinese dashed to open the door, unruffled over the failure to sell. The ricksha men, keen for the tiny percentage that would go to them, were discovered with their faces pressed against the glass. Unabashed they retreated to their rickshas and set off for the next stop.

By now all Jade Street, sensing customers, had awakened to life. Shutters slid open. The street was patterned with bars of light.

Midway to the second shop, one of the youths from the first came hurrying after the rickshas. He held in his hand the article at which his visitors had looked longest.

"You buy?" he pleaded winningly. "Good luck for me. Bad luck to lose last sale of night. I give you good price."

"No," said his victim firmly. "Too much."

The price was lowered and the argument began all over again. At last it dawned on one that this good luck plea was not merely a trading dodge. The youth had a genuine dread of those devils of bad luck always lurking around the corner in the life of a Chinese. There was no resisting him. One did not want the article, but one bought it, nevertheless.

This was a false move, for a hundred importunate hands were now stretched out to lure one into the fascinations of the tiny shops. A hard tradesman bargained in the second.

"Alee one plice," he said, "very low plice. No can make les."

So it went, down the street, with a shadowy escort flitting in and out of the darkness to see what went on and report at the next stop. One passed from shop to shop, the bargaining continuing along the street as one amassed a cavalcade of followers. There was none of the underlying irritation that might accompany this procedure in any other quarter of the globe. It was a game made fair and suave by the polite good grace of the Chinese merchant.

Although it was midnight, none of the shopkeepers resented this invasion. Had it been 4 o'clock in the morning Jade Street would have opened its shutters in the same hospitable fashion. The game might have lasted all night had not a dust storm swept down in fury from the Gobi Desert, spreading its yellow aura like sulphuric fumes over the city of romance and blanketing the dark alley-ways already rich with the dust of countless ages.

## Without Warning.

The storm came on without warning, while behind the shutters yellow faces gathered around the whispering lamps and voices cackled as the wind grew in volume. Five hundred miles north of Peking lies the Gobi Desert, vast tracts of it still uncharted by man, a waterless waste bleaching Chinese bones and the skeletons of camels. Running wild on this forlorn stretch, the wind catches up the desert sand and carries it south to scatter it on the bright surface of Peking's colored rooftops, graying the blue and yellow tiles of the Forbidden City.

The wind whistled and screamed in narrow Jade Street and the lights went out as shutters were hastily closed. The air was thick and choking and a lamp-post a dozen feet away was blotted out. The visitors followed the example of the coolie boys and covered their noses and mouths with handkerchiefs. The dust was already settling in one's throat. One's face was rough with sand and the eyes began to sting. Blindly the coolies struggled through the storm.

One never knew when Jade Street was left behind, but the boys plodded on through narrower streets and around sharp corners, coughing and choking as they went. Occasionally they rang the ricksha bells—American bicycle bells, by the way. The thin tinkle was lost in the wailing wind. The curved points of Peking's rooftops and the overshadowing canopies of the walls loomed like monsters through the dust.

The storm was seen in all its fury when one left the native city and reached the open squares. Swirling funnels of sand spiraled across them like waterspouts. The wind blew harder and the coolies bent double. Only their eyes and eartraps showed through their cotton masks. Looking ferocious, they trotted along Legation Street, past the soldiers guarding the doorways of the diplomats, past other rubber-tired rickshas with swathed faces bobbing up before them like wraths in the night. Out of the dust and the darkness suddenly loomed the fantastic outlines of Chien Men, by daylight one of the noblest gates of the walled city, but a hideous gargoyles in a sand storm.

A cry was heard as a collision was averted. The jangling bells of the tramcars sounded at intervals through the souging of the wind. All at once a rift in the blinding sand revealed a symmetrical row of lights. One's hotel at last! Black, choking figures stumbled into the lobby breathless and half-blinded, and for days afterward one tasted the sand of the Gobi desert.

# A WIFE SHOULD TAKE CARE OF HER OWN MAN

Chicago, Sept. 17—Taking care of your husband is every wife's own job and she ought not to expect the courts to keep him home nights or dictate where he will spend his money.

This is the consensus of prominent Chicago women on a case pending before the United States supreme court, wherein a Nevada wife is suing her husband's club for depriving her of his companionship and part of his income.

The Nevada suit was brought by Mrs. Gladys Anderson of McGill, who asserted that her husband spent a large part of his salary at the McGill Club, causing her 'worry, humiliation, sickness and grievous mental pain.'

She called the club a public nuisance in her suit for damages.

But Mrs. Robert M. Curtis, for example, takes just the contrary view.

"The wife ought to be grateful to the club," she asserted. "It helps to keep the home fires burning, when she does not have him around to much."

Mrs. Bertha Bauer says: "It is a silly suit. A woman who has not

enough control over her husband to keep him from squandering his money at poker is just out of luck. I am a lawyer and the case sounds illegal. Ordinarily the club member is also part-owner of the club and would be one of the defendants. What she needs is a club to hit him over the head."

Mrs. Katherine Waugh McCullough, lawyer and woman leader, says: "I don't think the women better

say anything about that. The trouble is the men have a comeback. What about the time the women pass at their clubs?"

Several other women leaders were interviewed and from most of them came this comment:

"Please do not quote me. I think such a suit is too silly for serious thought."

After reading Dr. Mayo's article on how to edit a newspaper we are inclined to the opinion that the famous surgeon will make greater progress by continuing to devote his talents to the job of blue penciling appendices and gall bladders.

Some day airplanes may be made fool proof. They're not expert-proof yet.

# CITY OF FREDERICTON Notice of Sale of Lands

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act 1926, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City taxes, for the years mentioned hereunder, made and assessed against the parties hereinafter named, unless the several sums due, together with the costs of this notice, are sooner paid, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1928, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises owned or occupied by the respective persons hereunder mentioned and set opposite their respective names.

Property to be Sold.	Name of Person Assessed	Arrears for Years	Total Due
Lot corner King Street and Taylor Alley, 40 ft. on King Street and 169 ft. on Alley	ROY H. McGRATH	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$740.42 79.06
Farm on east side Maryland Hill Road, known as the Cameron Farm, containing 75 acres	ARTHUR S. TYLER	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$221.59 27.00

Dated the 31st day of July, A. D. 1928.

FRED I. HAVILAND,  
City Treasurer.



New Brunswick

# The New Brunswick Liquor Control Board FREDERICTON, N. B.

# INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS

The following information is compiled under the authority of THE NEW BRUNSWICK LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD for the use of Tourists and others who may not be acquainted with The Intoxicating Liquor Act, 1927 and the provisions and penalties contained therein:

Unless otherwise provided, business hours for Stores operated by the Board are 9.30 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. Saturday 9.30 a. m. to 1.30 p. m.

In the regular Stores established by the Board, spirituous liquors may be purchased one bottle at a sale; wine and beer in quantities to suit the purchaser. All goods bear the Seal of the Board. Spirituous liquors are wrapped in a special paper bearing the private mark of the Board. Liquor can only be purchased legally at the Government Stores under the administration of the Board; Druggists are not permitted to sell liquor.

Liquors may be consumed only in the residence of the purchaser. The Act defines "residence" as any building or part of building or tent where a person resides, but shall not include any part of a building which part is not actually and exclusively used as a private residence, nor any part of a hotel or club other than the private guest room thereof.

A guest at the hotel is one who "is duly registered in the office of the hotel as an occupant of that room and has baggage and personal effects belonging to him (or her) in the hotel."

Liquor legally purchased under the Act may be carried or conveyed from one legal residence to another or from any place where the same has been lawfully purchased under the said Act; provided, however, that no such liquor shall be consumed by any person while it is so conveyed or carried.

Drinking in a public place is prohibited and subject to both fine and imprisonment. A "public place" shall mean any place, building or convenience to which the public has, or is permitted to have access, and any highway, street, lane, park or place of public resort or amusement."

Because of the severe penalties for violation of the Liquor Act the public generally are warned to adhere to the provisions of the law. Penalties are as follows:

For illegal selling or buying—Imprisonment for two months and a fine of Two Hundred Dollars with an additional six months' imprisonment if the fine be not paid.

For having liquor illegally in one's possession—A fine of One Hundred Dollars or one month in gaol.

Drunkenness in a public place is punished by a fine not exceeding Twenty Dollars, and in default of payment, imprisonment for a period not exceeding thirty days.

Liquor unlawfully held in automobiles, motor boats, sailing boats, canoes, etc., will be confiscated together with the automobile, motor boat, sailing boat, canoe or whatever the liquor may be carried therein.

A Force of Provincial Police are stationed throughout the Province for the enforcement of the Act and have full powers under a Warrant issued by the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Control, to search and arrest for violations of the Act.

Liquor will not be sold or delivered to any person under the age of twenty-one years. Liquor Stores are not open on public holidays, or day on which an election is being carried on in the Ward Parish, City or County in which the store is situated.

Liquors may be ordered by mail from the Head Office, Fredericton. No C. O. D. orders will be filled. An Express or Post Office Money Order, with sufficient additional amount to the price of goods ordered, must accompany the order. No goods can be shipped by mail or express outside the Province of New Brunswick.

R. G. FULTON, Chairman.  
E. R. TEED, Deputy Chairman.  
F. J. ROBIDOUX.