

they have attempted to trifle with the affections of the decoction. Next in prominence or popularity to chop-suey is what the bill of fare calls "Yotko-maen;" a sort of an endless chain variety of macaroni shavings, garnished with something that looks much nicer than it tastes. Here and there among the patrons are a few "regulars" who manipulate the chop sticks and appear as if they know, or imagine they know why they are there; but the majority simply run down the programme, point at something that reads like "茶 點 飲 茶" order it, drink tea which they would never tolerate at home, pay for it all and imagine they have had a big time. The Chinese waiter is politeness personified. He understands the slightest suggestion of an order, and indulges in a continuous performance of that smile so aptly described by the late lamented Bret Hart. He takes the full limit or any surplus in the way of financial remuneration with an intelligence almost human but the moment any rebate or reduction is suggested he immediately lapses into a comatose condition, from which nothing short of one hundred per cent on account will arouse him. As a rule the Chinatown business men are honest. They long ago decided that they were no match for the quick-witted, rapid-firing Americans, and while the Japs are ever alert for an opportunity to "do" the sharp-witted Westerner and usually succeed, the slower witted Chinese have settled down to steady, honest accumulation. As in everything else, they reverse the order of things and believe it is more blessed to *receive* than to *give*. They live this in every breath, and each and everyone of them is a veritable oriental Russell Sage—always receiving. The opium dives of Chinatown are another feature which visitors rather desire to investigate, but these are so deteriorated from the attractively decorated apartments of years ago into ordinary bare boarded cellars, that they are more repulsive than interesting. After his long