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**A Son of the Samurai**

A Lesson From the East to the West

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Briscoe, though he would only have a Japanese servant, was not always good tempered. Something was wrong with his dinner, and it irritated him. Picking up a plate, he threw it at his cook.

Tado Hashojuri dodged Briscoe's carefully aimed plate, and the china crashed against the opposite wall, and the fragments tinkled to the floor.

"Mr. Briscoe is not satisfied with the dinner I have so carefully prepared," remarked the Japanese as he brought another plate and set it down before his master.

Ned Briscoe glared in astonishment at the oriental who had taken his reproof so calmly, or was it contempt in the oblique black eyes bent upon him?

Briscoe knew he had not acted like a gentleman, and it made him angry because he knew the reason why—the wine he had drunk exerted its usual quarrelsome effect upon him. If he was with friends when he took liquor in any form he was minus one friend when the next day dawned. When he dined alone it was the waiter, and when at home in his own apartment it was Tado, his cook, valet and general factotum, who bore the brunt.

"Hub," muttered Ned sulkily as Tado brought in a delicious salad. It was made of nuts and white grapes and was Briscoe's especial favorite. He trifled with it and refused anything more except a cup of black coffee. This he quaffed in two gulps and left the room.

He would have been angry if any one had told him it made him feel ashamed to see the imperturbable countenance of his cook staring at him.

"It's awful to be a cad and not be able to help it," groaned Ned as he



"Ah, my old friend, Mr. Briscoe," throw himself on the couch in his den. "I wonder what's the matter with me anyway?" Somehow the answer rang in his ears almost as if some one had heard his query and replied to it.

"Too much money, too little energy and perseverance, too lazy, too fond of pleasure, no sense of obligation to his fellow men or his country." Ned Briscoe knew it all and despised himself for it.

"What's the use of having money if I can't get some fun out of it?" he grumbled weakly, and that was always the way his conscience was driven into the background.

In the kitchen Tado Hashojuri was frowning over the fragments of the shattered plate. It had been a long time since Mr. Briscoe had thrown the companion plate at his cook, valet, etc., and the memory of the first insult had grown dim. Now it was revived as the sensitive Japanese gazed upon the porcelain.

"Wait, wait, wait! Some day I must teach this scallawag how gentlemen should be treated even in kitchens when much drink is full of wine," muttered Tado, with sudden incoherent rage bubbling over. He flung the fragments of the plate at his gas range, and there was another tinkling crash. He smiled with satisfaction. It had relieved his tension. Now he understood why Mr. Briscoe threw plates at him, but it did not remove the sting of indignation.

One day three months later Tado Hashojuri received a letter from his home in Japan, and straightway he packed his cheap American trunk, cleaned Briscoe's apartment from end to end, served a delicious dinner and at its close laid the key to the refrigerator at his master's elbow.

"I leave" with much dissatisfaction all around," bobbed Tado solemnly. "Hub?" demanded Briscoe, who was drinking nothing but water now.

"I go tonight after dishes are washed. I am needed at home," patiently explained Tado.

"Oh, well; why didn't you give me notice?" demanded Briscoe indignantly, and as the Japanese made no reply he continued, "I don't see that I am compelled to pay you wages when you are leaving me without notice."

Tado's eyes narrowed, but he only shrugged his narrow shoulders and turned away.

"Here!" thundered Briscoe, and tossed a yellow back upon the table.

"Thanks," returned Tado laconically. "Where do you live?" asked Briscoe, not as if he cared a hang whether his erstwhile servant lived or died.

"Tokyo, sir, Mr. Briscoe."

"I may be in Japan myself next winter. If you will give me your address, Tado, I'll look you up if I need a valet," remarked Briscoe patronizingly.

"Mr. Briscoe is most too kind," murmured Tado, with a smile in his eyes. He took from his pocket a neat white card inscribed with a few characters in Japanese.

"Most anybody can direct the honorable foreigner," he hinted and so faded from the room, only to appear at intervals during the meal, and when morning dawned he appeared not at all, and Briscoe ate at his club.

The idea of a trip to Japan appealed to Briscoe's jaded sense of enjoyment. He had never visited the orient, and it was only a few months after his valet's departure that Ned Briscoe found himself crossing the Pacific to Nippon's fairy islands.

He had been in Tokyo three weeks and had quite exhausted all the gayeties in the foreign quarter before he thought of Tado Hashojuri. Then it happened that he came across the neat card among the folds of his wallet.

"I've missed the services of a man," mused Briscoe, turning the paper over in his hands. "Suppose I look him up. Very likely he will be glad of a job with me. No one could shave me like Tado."

After a leisurely breakfast Briscoe called a ricksha man and gave him Tado's card.

"Take me to that place," he said, getting into the vehicle.

The man stared at the easy going American, and an added respect came into his voice and manner as he lifted the shafts and started down the long street that lifted into a hill in the distance.

It was an hour's ride at a swift trot, and the man between the shafts seemed tireless. Ned Briscoe felt rather bored at first, but presently the beauty of the suburban landscape and the manifestations of tireless industry as exhibited by the tiny farms scattered everywhere and yielding produce from every inch of soil set him to thinking.

He could see that each of the peasants bent above his daily toil was doing some share in the work of the universe. Soldiers' drilling barracks showed him where one might serve his country. All about him were tense, purposeful faces. He thought of the bored reflection that had met his own face in the mirror that morning.

Now they were passing beautiful country estates, and over high hedges he caught glimpses of gardens laid out in miniature reproductions of nature's wildest fancies.

Now the thought of Tado occurred to him.

"By Jove, he must be working out in one of these places!" he thought uneasily.

Nevertheless he said nothing, and when his ricksha finally turned into a gateway flanked by great stone lanterns he would not have been surprised if he had been whirled around to the kitchen entrance.

Instead of that, the vehicle drew up under the formal portico of a handsome dwelling, and an obsequious maid-servant pushed back the paper door and invited him to enter the reception room.

Briscoe removed his shoes and thrust his feet into the straw slippers waiting in the veranda and followed the servant into the reception room. Here he waited while his card was carried to his late cook. He had hesitated about this ceremony. He had asked for Tado Hashojuri, and the maid had nodded and smiled and disappeared.

Presently she appeared and beckoned him to an inner guest room. Here the light was dimmer, but there was little Tado Hashojuri standing attired in rich robes with a queer smile on his lips and an added dignity in his manner. He was talking to the American minister, whom Briscoe knew very well.

"Ah, my old friend, Mr. Briscoe," murmured Tado in his halting English and with a flash of white teeth at the newcomer. "Welcome to Nippon!"

"Thank you—much obliged, I'm sure," stammered Briscoe, quite taken aback by the evident prosperity of his late servant.

"If I may have one word with the hon—you will excuse us, Mr. Briscoe?" asked the American minister.

and as Tado accompanied the diplomat to the door Ned Briscoe had time to do a little more thinking before his host returned.

"Well, Baron Tado," said Ned when Hashojuri returned to the room, "it seems I've been putting my foot in it all along. Please explain."

Tado did. He said he had gone to America to study the country and its people. Suddenly his father had died, and he had to return to Japan as the head of his house.

"I was much anger," he said politely, "at some plate episodes in our experience, and I think maybe when you come to Nippon I might revenge my honor, for I am the son of a samurai, Mr. Briscoe, and pass not insults! But when I returned to my own country, what I left behind, insults and all, seemed small and mean beside the great questions of war and one's country and life and death. So I forgot—and am your very good friend!" He held out his hand, and Briscoe was glad to clasp it.

Strange to relate, it was through the man who had one time been his valet and cook that Ned Briscoe reached a realization that he, too, had a country to serve in some capacity and that his wealth had been given him to use widely. In the case of Ned Briscoe it was an occasion when the east taught another lesson to the west.

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**Palindromes.**

The polindrome, or sentence which reads alike forward or backward, has exercised the ingenuity of many minds since Adam said to Eve, "Madam, I'm Adam." One which an exchange attributes to Boito, the composer, is a characterization of two of Shakespeare's heroes in Italian: "Ebro e Otel, ma Amleto e orbe" (Drunken is Othello, but Hamlet is mad).

**The Foot Rule.**

Naybor—I say, Subbubs, have you a foot rule over there?

Subbubs—Yes, one my wife made. It is, "Use the doormat before entering."

Naybor—Oh, that won't do. That's a two foot rule.

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