

hostelries excellent enough to grace the Strand or Fifth Avenue. The Peak Hotel is the center of the garrison social life, and every dinner is a glitter of regalia, braid, buttons, forgivable swagger and affected intonation. You will notice the menus have numbers opposite each item; brinjals may be number fourteen; marmalade, sixteen; vegetable marrow, eight, and likewise with the wine list; the boy would not know what you meant by Sparkling Moseile, but tell him number six, and you will have your wine. The little cube of ice is removed from your cocktail after it has chilled it, and is used to perform the same service in your neighbor's glass. Torrid as is the climate, fleeting as is the life of the cube, its service is a remarkably long one, for at the bars of these treaty ports of the Orient the line of customers is well filled, and be it said that American drinks reign. When you permanently locate at a hotel or club you are expected to bring in your own house boy to wait upon you, the hotel only providing waiters for transients. How one gets to hate the hot red heathen hills where never for a moment in the long exile once lies the familiar snow lines of home, and the first sight of snow on Mt. Ætna fills the returning wanderer with a thrill which can only be understood by experiencing it. You believe then that snow is the sign of the Saxon character.

As the expatriated Chinese sighs for his eel, mullet and native quail, to be brought alive to him across the wide Pacific, a thirty-days voyage, so the white man in China longs most of all for frozen American oysters. It is the mess of pottage for which he endures exile, and with a tin and a cronie, he is able to knock through another twenty days until the next steamer, with a cold storage plant, arrives, when he forthwith hails a sampan, and