

The Secretive Jap

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

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In America we have what we call self made men—that is, men so anxious to get on in the world that, beginning at the bottom round of the ladder, they climb till they reach the top. These men do this for themselves and often practice the greatest selfishness to attain their ends. What they do to advance their own interests a Japanese will do from patriotism, or perhaps, to state it more correctly, for his ancestors. Fancy an American making a sacrifice for his ancestors!

The Japanese have drifted into our navy as servants and have monopolized the field. When I was in command of the United States warship M. I visited Japan and, being in need of a body servant, brought away with me a man exactly five feet high and any age between sixteen and forty. No one could tell how old he was, and he gave no information on the subject himself. His name was so unpronounceable by an English speaking person that my junior officers reduced it to Zip. He was very smart. I could see that at once. He learned everything on sight. When he came to me he had never shaved a man, and yet he had done the work but twice before he gave me the best shave I ever had.

There was one thing about Zip that I didn't like—a propensity to occupy my cabin. When I went out of it in the morning I left him there to put it in order. Considering his quickness, I would have expected him to do the work in ten minutes. Instead it required all the morning. Whenever I had occasion to go there the little Jap was busy as a bee buzzing from one thing to another so rapidly and so deftly that I wondered how he managed to keep busy for so long a time. True, one day after having returned several times during the morning I found him looking over a book. Curious to know what he was reading, I glanced at it and found it to be a novel.

"Don't waste your time with that sort of reading, Zip," I said. "Go to the galley and ask for a cookbook. If you want better wages study cookery. Some chefs get very high wages."

Zip thanked me for the advice, and after that whenever he had time on his hands he was always to be found with a cookbook on his knees. But on one occasion I saw something to cause me to suspect that he was wasting his time, after all, for when I came upon him unawares he slipped the book he was reading under one that had been beneath it. It occurred to me that he had more love for fiction than for cookery.

Zip remained in my service three years, when our ship again entered Mississippi bay and he left me. I offered him higher wages, but he said that it was not the wages he wanted, but a sojourn on shore. He thanked me for my kindness to him, especially for suggesting that he study cookery. His intention was to apply for a position as cook to some wealthy Japanese.

One day while in port I received an invitation to dine with an officer of the government. He was in the marine department and a very important branch at the time, for the Japanese were then preparing, though I did not know it, to fight the Russians. I accepted the invitation and found when I arrived a number of persons prominent in naval matters. After we were introduced the host led the way to his dining room, where we seated ourselves and waited for the first dish to be brought in. I was placed on the right of the host, who sat at the head of the table, and noticed that the seat on his left, opposite me, was vacant. While I was wondering who would occupy it a door opened, and the cook, in white jacket, apron and cap, entered the room, holding aloft an immense platter, on which was a fish.

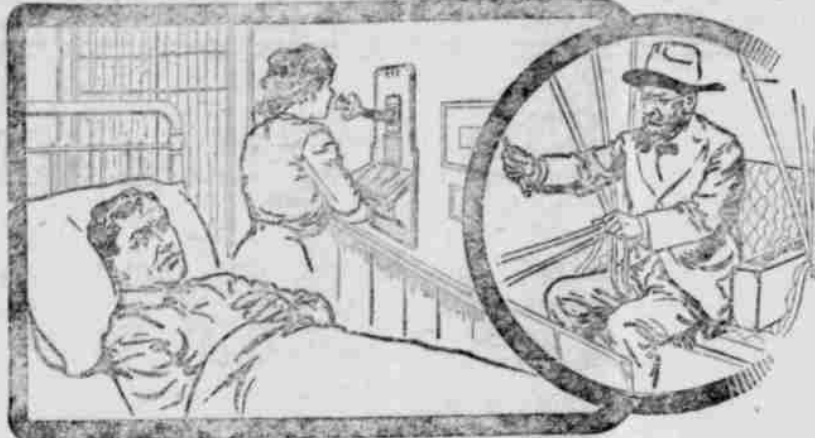
What was my surprise to see my old body servant Zip.

"Well, Zip," I said to him, "you've not lost much time in securing a situation, I see."

Zip smiled and set down the platter; but, instead of retiring, he threw off his jacket, apron and cap, appearing in the uniform of an official in the naval service and took the vacant chair beside the host.

"Captain, permit me to introduce my son," said the latter. "He went with you several years ago to prepare himself to succeed me in our naval department. He tells me that he has picked up a great deal of valuable information on the subject, which he is now ready to offer to the shades of his ancestors."

"Pardon me, captain," said Zip, "for having imposed upon you. It seemed to me when I entered your service that it was the only practical way to acquire the knowledge I needed. We Japanese are a very secretive race, and I naturally supposed you Americans to be the same. But three years' cruising with you had taught me differently. I surreptitiously studied your books



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when you were not occupying your cabin and many a night studied till morning from one of them I had purchased.

"You are quite excusable," I replied. "We all make different standards for ourselves. Ours is not like yours. But I should think your national secretiveness would be of immense value in war."

The very next year after this the fight between the Japanese and the Russians came on, and, in my opinion, this Japanese secretiveness did more for the latter to win than any other one cause.

The Hearing of Ants.

Naturalists generally appear to have accepted the opinion that ants are not able to perceive any sounds that are audible to human ears, but there are those who controvert this opinion. One investigator conducted careful experiments with four species of American ants, from which he deduced the conclusion that these species, at least, were able to perceive sounds, but whether they did it by means of organs of hearing or through the sense of touch being excited by atmospheric vibrations, he was unable to ascertain. This experimenter inclines to the opinion that ants do really hear, as some individuals showed a perception of the direction of the sound, such as that of a shrill whistle, and others, which were not disturbed when violently shaken in their glass prisons, seemed greatly to be perturbed by shrill sounds.—Harper's Weekly.

Too Much.

Silas—I hear some wandering piano tuner knocked the stuffin' out o' Hi Jones.

Hank—Yaas; ye know what a feller Hi is fer gettin' th' wuth o' his money. Waal, he wanted th' tuner to throw in an oilin' o' the windmill and a repairin' o' th' mowin' machine, all fer th' same money.—Chicago News.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Charles William Leonard, has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County executor of the estate of William Henry Ireland, deceased, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice to the said executor at his residence in the City of Independence, in Polk County, State of Oregon.

Dated and first published November 17th, 1911.

CHARLES WILLIAM LEONARD, Executor aforesaid.
OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Hon. County Court of Polk County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record therein on the 11th day of November, 1911, authorizing, empowering and directing me to sell the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 590 feet South and 200 feet East of the Northwest corner of Out Lot No. 12 in the town of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, thence running South 184 feet, thence West 75 feet, thence North 184 feet, thence East 75 feet, to place of beginning, at private sale, I will on or after the 16th day of December, 1911, offer for sale and will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to confirmation by said Court the above described real property, belonging to the estate of the said Samuel H. Peterson, deceased.

Sealed bids should be sent to the undersigned at Suver, Oregon. All bids to be opened at 1 o'clock p. m. on December 16, 1911.

GROVE A. PETERSON, Administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased.
Sibley & Eakin, Atty's for estate.

Then Robert Quit.

The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic stricken man went to the cradle of his firstborn and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby asleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse.

Buy One Anyway.

"Buy a flower for your wife, sir."
"Haven't one."
"For your sweetheart."
"Haven't one."
"For your best girl, then."
"Haven't one."
"Since you're so lucky, then at least buy one for yourself."—Fliegende Blatter.

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Arrive Bay City.....	2:04 P. M.
Arrive Tillamook.....	2:25 P. M.
Leave Tillamook.....	7:55 A. M.
Leave Bay City.....	8:15 A. M.
Leave Beach Points.....	9:00 A. M.
Arrive Hillsboro.....	1:25 P. M.
Arrive Portland.....	4:10 P. M.

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