

Lebanon Express.

A WONDERFUL TOWN.

ITS NAME IS WAYNE, AND IT IS NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Founded by Anthony J. Drexel and George W. Childs—A Place of Quiet Residence, Away From the Marts of Trade—Police-men Are Not Needed.

About a dozen miles from Philadelphia, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, is the wonderful town of Wayne. The wonderful town of Wayne is a product of the philanthropy of George W. Childs, who, together with Anthony J. Drexel, planned to bring it into existence for the benefit of such Philadelphians as yearned for more suburban life than was afforded by the shady thoroughfares and placid highways of their native city, and as Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel had unlimited capital with which to carry out the plan for an ideal suburban settlement Wayne was founded on the firmest of foundations and has flourished in a manner calculated to cause the proverbial bay tree to wither with envy.

The inhabitants of Wayne number several thousand and are all inordinately proud of being Wayneites. They are proud with the pride which flashes the obsequious head salesman of the suspender department when the firm recognizes his worth and promotes him to the dizzy altitude of second floorwalker in chief, and their pride is a thorn in the sides of all the surrounding settlements and less ostentatious suburban stations. Most of them—that is, most of the males—are worthy clerks under middle age and blessed with wives and rapidly accumulating olive branches, and if they are not worthy clerks they are worthy in some other line, for none but worthy persons have ever found a foothold in Wayne, and the length of marital bliss never snatched the polish of its purity. Their wives are as typical of the quiet middle class Philadelphia women and girls as they themselves are representative of the average spotlessly conventional Philadelphia masculine being.

Physically regarded, Wayne is as fair to look upon as it is from a moral standpoint. It is an exposition of the essence of Queen Anne in architecture, tempered with the colonial and the other popular forms of rural residence design which have in the last decade run riot throughout the length and breadth of the land. There are dark red houses and bright red ones, there are those which are red and green, and pink and green, and canary and green, and there are orange and white ones, and there are pearl colored types with dove tinted trimmings. And there are just as many unconventional designs in shape as there are in color, and altogether the wonderful town of Wayne is a most satisfying spectacle to any one who seeks the beautiful, the old or the abnormally hideous in inexpensive but conspicuous dwellings.

Naturally such a settlement is above reproach in its government. It has broad roads, perfectly laid, fine, broad sidewalks, a waterworks and splendid drainage, all of which were provided by Messrs. Childs and Drexel, and it has a president and council, a fire engine equipment, an athletic club and ground for both sexes, a debating society, a series of winter dances, a sewing circle, a whist club and a lot of other such attractions provided by the residents themselves, and all these things are managed without a hitch or a jar, and peace reigns supreme from Jan. 1 in any given year until the hour of midnight on the following 31st of December.

Wayne has no stores of any kind, and of course a saloon is as foreign to its confines as a snowstorm would be in an equatorial jungle. On the other side of the railroad there is also a Wayne—an old fashioned Revolutionary times Wayne—named after the American general who was known as Mad Anthony Wayne, and there may be found shops and stores and saloons and business offices, but in the new and beautiful Wayne such things are unknown and must ever be unknown unless the laws of its organization be ruthlessly shattered and the dictates of its title deeds ignored.

Nor has it any police, but then why should it have? No one is bad, no one is other than faultless, the very dogs don't bark at night, the cats remain indoors after sunset, and a policeman would be as much out of place in Wayne as a prizefighter at a little girls' paper doll party. But the sweet sense of security which pervades the place is not without its insurance clause, so to speak. Even Wayne might be invaded by a reckless tramp bent on securing a square meal or (horrible as the thought is to the Wayneites) by a nocturnal prowler seeking to enter and rob a happy home. And then, too, the business hours of the day find its adult male population away in the city, and the women have not their natural protectors at hand.

Therefore each family has a huge tin horn on which a mighty blast can be sounded as an alarm when aid is needed to repulse a tramp or to fight the fire fiend. At first the alarms were frequent, because the children could not resist testing the tin horns at unseasonably hours, but a meeting of the council fixed a fine of \$5 on false alarms, and now, through the agencies of repeated spankings and also of hanging the horns too high for the children to reach, no more false alarms come to startle the community.

Wayne came very near being called Mantone, which was to have been pronounced Me-n-tony as a pleasant recognition of the intimate friendship between Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel, but the idea was abandoned. As it stands now it is an enduring monument to both these men, and it has not only fostered their fame, but increased their fortunes as well.—New York Mail and Express.

H. Baker is now agent for the celebrated Douglas shoe.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

DELICATE WORK FOR A MONGOLIAN MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

A Complicated System of Buttons, Banners and Coats of Arms Which Are Used to Designate Rank—Confusion Occasioned by the Purchase of Insignias.

"Nothing is more complicated than Chinese etiquette," said Dr. Edward Dedloe, ex-consul to Amoy. "A master of DeBret and Burke is a novice beside a Celestial master of ceremonies. Nevertheless the latter's system is definite, if elaborate, and he has many official landmarks whereby to shape his course. One of the most important of these is the button which is worn by every mandarin on the top of his hat. Each of the nine ranks has its particular button, and the second degree of the first and second ranks are also marked by separate buttons. The official list is as follows:

- "First Rank—First degree, light coral red button; second degree, deep coral red button.
"Second Rank—First degree, light crimson button; second degree, dark crimson button.
"Third Rank—Both, light clear blue.
"Fourth Rank—Dark prissy blue.
"Fifth—Clear glass or crystal.
"Sixth—Opaque white.
"Seventh and Eighth—Gf. red, yellow or gold.
"Ninth—Silver or silver white.

"It will be seen that a red button indicates high rank. The rank in general is personal rather than official. Thus, for example, a tactatup is an office of the third rank, and its button is a light, clear blue. Yet many tactatup, if not a majority of the class, are decorated with red buttons. It even happens that a person of the second rank, through misfortune or political vicissitudes, will hold an office of the fifth or sixth rank. In such a case he would still wear his red button, and in many official events would be preceded by an official of a dark blue or crystal button. For this reason it is often very difficult to tell the official rank of mandarins by their buttons. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the embroidered insignias upon the wearing apparel. This is more elaborate than the buttons, but, like the latter, does not discriminate between rank and position.

"To overcome the difficulty the Chinese resort to several expedients. One is the card on which is written a full statement of the owner's rank, degree and position. Such a card in English might read, 'Smith, baronet, judge of session, Devon.' Another consists of having the same facts painted upon the lanterns with which all chairs are provided. These can be read with equal ease day or night. The third is used for the information of the public and consists in having the name and all titles carved in large, bold characters on long red boards, which are carried by coolies. Mandarins who have received many honors will frequently have as many as 20 of these red boards. Where an official has retired from service he is still entitled to place these boards at the entrance of his residence. A fourth mode resembles the preceding and applies to junks or vessels in which a mandarin travels. The characters are written upon flags, which are fastened to the mast and elsewhere in lieu of ordinary bunting. When the present governor of Formosa left Shanghai on the steamer Smith, no less than 30 banners of this class were flung to the breeze from the masts and other parts of the boat.

"The embroidered insignias of rank and position are placed upon the front and back of official robes. They must be of the finest workmanship and so well executed as to show the design clearly and accurately. The general design for a civil officer is a bird, and for a military official a quadruped animal. The civil list is as follows, ranks and not degrees being discriminated:

- "First—A Manchurian crane. Second—A golden pheasant. Third—A peacock. Fourth—A wild goose. Fifth—A silver pheasant. Sixth—A young egret. Seventh—A quail. Eighth—A long tailed jay. Ninth—An egret.
"The military list runs:

- "First—A unicorn. Second—A lion. Third—A leopard. Fourth—A tiger. Fifth—A black bear. Sixth—A tiger cat. Seventh—A rosetted bear. Eighth—A seal. Ninth—A rhinoceros.
"These insignias have been used from time immemorial, while the buttons are a creation of the Manchoo conquerors of China. It is a singular fact that both the lion and the rhinoceros are strangers to the latter country. The limit of their habitat seems to be the Ganges and to have been so since the tertiary period. The knowledge of these animals by the Chinese was acquired long before the Christian era, when large fleets of junks, naval, pirate or commercial, went from Canton to nearly every port in Hindoostan and often brought back these and other wild beasts alive.

"A cause of confusion in the use of buttons and insignias lies in the ever increasing power of wealth to secure these honors by purchase. Originally they meant pedigree, military heroism, generalship or intellectual ability, literary culture or eminent philanthropy. Their ownership indicated distinction of some kind to a high degree. This is no longer. Ambitious officials are permitted to wear them in high honorary ranks. In Canton and Hankow several magistrates of the seventh rank have purchased the right and now wear light blue buttons. One, a very rich Cantonese, unconsciously reflects upon the decadence of the lines by using as a button a magnificent sapphire worth a king's ransom. Even private citizens are allowed to gratify their vanity in this manner. A wealthy tea taster in Tamsui, whose education would not allow him to become an official of the lowest class, secured the privilege of wearing a dark blue button by paying a heavy sum of money to the powers that be. He is said to have paid down \$20,000 for the button."—Washington Post.

An Astute Policeman. Chicago Official—I have proof that I saw a man on the streets after 1 o'clock and neglected to question him. Policeman—No, but I followed him, saw him enter a house and five minutes after heard a shrill female voice giving him Hall Columbus for being out so late, and so I knew he was a respectable citizen.—New York Weekly.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.

How an Eccentric Lecturer Got His Men and Then Founded Them.

SOME 25 years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture at a certain Pennsylvania town. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that burg.

The women, however, were all for the "pl edge," and consequently on Hunt's first visit not a man showed himself. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced. But instead of temperance he took them to task about the vanities of dress, etc. They were great stuffed feather sleeves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then the tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies, but no word about intemperance.

The ladies went home nearly mad, told their husbands about it and voted old Hunt a regular humbug. He announced he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed the people began to arrive, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle the building was completely filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled and said in a low voice, "Hogs, I've got you now!"

The audience stared. "Aha, hogs, I've got you now!" he repeated.

After the crowd had got quiet a little the lecturer said: "Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now!' and I'll tell you. Out west the hogs run wild, and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather around to see what is the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up. I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out tonight to see the fun, and I'll roast you."

And so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with much evident relish and gusto.—American Home Life.

Talmage Was Thankful.

The following is told by Bouffice De Witt of the Riggs House: "Dr. Talmage was preaching at Belleville, N. J., some years ago, and one week he made up his mind to go into the pulpit the next Sunday without notes or memoranda of what he was going to say. He memorized his sermon and believed he had it completely at his tongue's end. So Sunday night he went to the church pretty well fortified with confidence.

"In those days in that section of Jersey churches and hotels and many private residences were equipped with private gas machines, and the church where Talmage was to hold forth had one too. When he got into the pulpit after conducting the preliminary services all right, he gave out his text. Then he was horrified to find that he couldn't think of a thing to say. He repeated the text a second time, and yet his ideas failed to come. He was in agony and began slowly and impressively to announce his text a third time. As he reached the last word and the perspiration of dread and shame was beginning to start, the gas went out and plunged the place into utter darkness. There was no other means for lighting the edifice, and when it was announced that the gas machine had broken down hopelessly Dr. Talmage pronounced the benediction, and I have heard him say that he never did so before or since with greater fervor or thankfulness of spirit."—Washington Post.

Certain Analogies.

Molting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom. We indeed molt invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds—as, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eel and snake.

Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a few extra long hairs growing out from the general mass of the eyebrows. The few long hairs are representatives of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the superciliary ridges.

Darwin notes as a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals.

Something about the ear: The lobule of the ear is peculiar to man. There is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla. Happy gorilla—and man!

About the brain of man and ape: The whole comparison is one of degree, and in the case of the bushman's brain with that of a well developed ape the comparison becomes nearly equal. In truth, there are no specific distinctions between the brain of the ape and that of man.—Chicago Times.

Persuading.

Of the 36 women who, under the leadership of Miss Annette Daisy, made a run into the Cherokee strip when it was opened last September, 22 have persevered in their undertaking and are now hauling the lumber themselves for a house of 15 rooms, which they will occupy. Their section of 480 acres is well watered and timbered. They already have three teams, two cows, chickens and other stock, and, neatly dressed in short skirts that come just below the knee and are met by heavy woolen leggings that cover the legs from knee to ankle, they appear ready for all the farming operations their pioneer enterprise involves.—Chicago Times.

Hear Both Sides.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him. Every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar predicament.—New York Ledger.

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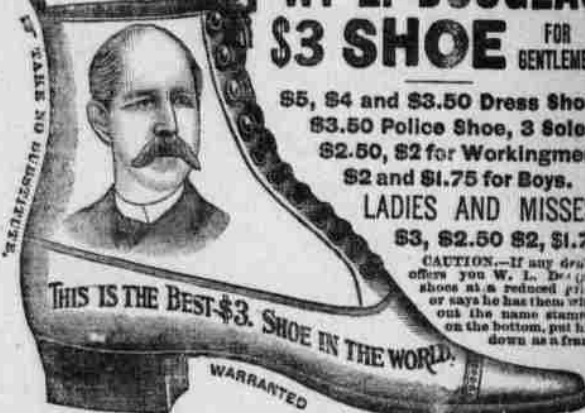
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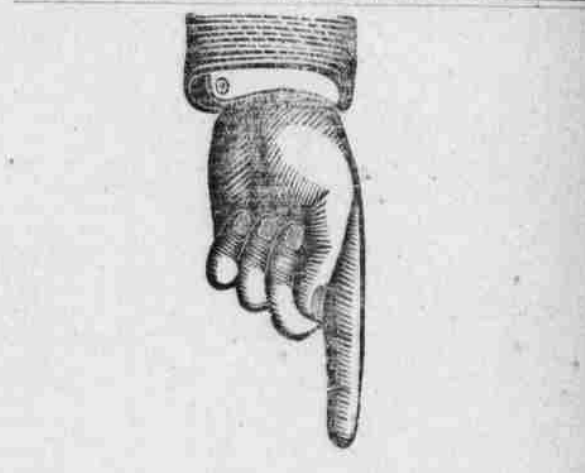
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