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Small Me : a story of Shanghai life / by S



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**SMALL ME**

**Books by** \_\_\_\_\_  
**S. P. R. DE RODYENKO**

*IN ENGLISH*

THE SECOND REVOLUTION IN CHINA, SHANGHAI, 1913.

THE BATTLES OF KIANG NAN AND WOOSUNG, SHANGHAI, 1914.

THE MIXED COURT OF JUSTICE AT SHANGHAI AND ITS RELATION TO INTERNATIONAL LAW, SHANGHAI, 1914.

*IN GERMAN*

SCHWEFEL, SCHNURREN, KUGELSURREN, BERLIN, 1913.

*IN RUSSIAN*

THE BREEDING AND THE CARE OF THE TURK-ESTAN PONY, VLADIVOSTOK, 1915.

# SMALL ME

A Story of Shanghai Life

by

S. P. R. DE RODYENKO

Author of "The Second  
Revolution in China," etc.



THE JAMES A. McCANN COMPANY

*Publishers*

*New York*

W200  
DS796  
S52R91

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W. 29095

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.



To my friend  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BOZEMAN BULGER  
R. O. C. Infantry, U. S. A.



Acknowledgment is made of the courtesy of the New York Times, whose editors permitted the reprint of some chapters of this book, which previously had appeared in the Sunday Times Magazine in form of sketches.



SMALL ME



## PREFACE

Those who come to China for a short sojourn will look in vain for the type of Chinese whom I made the unwilling hero of this narrative. Even amongst those who live in China but who do not know the language of the country there will be many to express their doubts as to the actual existence of the type of Chang, the country-boy, who modestly refers to himself as "Small Me" when speaking to his superiors. They overlook the fact that it is necessary to know the language of a people to know them; that the Pidgin-English, commonly used by the Chinese who have to deal with Occidentals is but a poor medium for the expression of thought. Many an Occidental who looks down on the Chinese because of the latter's inability to express himself in a foreign language would be surprised, knew he how much

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beauty there is in the soul of the "heathen Chinese."

Chang's type is still to be found in the interior of China. But those who come to the coast and meet there the Occidentals undergo a very quick metamorphosis. They come to realize that good manners, loyalty and business-ethics do not pay when dealing with the Occidental who worships the almighty Dollar and generally is hypocrite enough to deny this fact when confronted with it. They learn that these very same Occidentals who speak of brotherly love, protection of the weak, clean-cut character and all the rest as is well-known from political speeches and boot-licking magazine-writers do not hesitate to break all their promises be there even the slightest danger for their worshipped pocket-book. They have realized that the Occidental loves to be called an idealist but that he prefers the accumulation of Dollars to ideals.

The Chinese have seen the missionaries



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come to their country to preach the "Gospel of Love" but they did not fail to observe how these men try to teach them to hate other Christian denominations. They have heard as has the author, how certain Blue law fanatics condemn Episcopalians, call Roman-Catholics idol-worshippers and yet pretend to be the servants and apostles of a "God of Love."

For centuries, the followers of various creeds lived in peace in China till the Occidental missionaries came, iconoclastic zealots and fanatics who with the tactlessness of a new nation began proselytizing the Chinese by force and terror. And, when the outraged Chinese stood up and killed some of the men who tried to teach them to hate others because of their creed, then came men-of-war and well-trained soldiers to the protection of those who pretend to preach the "Gospel of Love."

The Chinese mind fails to grasp how a "God of Love" can condemn people to

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eternal perdition just because they drink wine, smoke and try to be merry after a day's work, yet the missionaries still pretend to be the agents of a "God of Love" who has a well-heated hell waiting for those who differ with their ideas. They see the hypocrisy of the Occidental who tries to close his eyes to the truth because of prudery, who refers to the Oriental as immoral, yet fills the front-pages of the press with sensational divorce-cases.

They hear the Occidental prate about democracy, yet they know that in this country only recently a boy was shot at and killed by a police-officer because he did not go to church on Sunday. That people are sent to jail and treated like felons because they take a drink — unless they are rich and influential. They know of the influence exercised by the various "Wall Streets" of the Occidental world. And they wonder.

For centuries China lived in peace till the Occidental came. And from that very mo-

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ment China has been in the throes of war, civil-war and revolutions. They see how Occidental nations pretend to come to China's rescue but they know that these very same nations and their "interests" have injected the poison of commercialism and greed into China's body, thus causing all the trouble.

China receives the stranger as if it would an honored guest. They do not try to exploit him as does New York. And they wonder why these strangers whom they admitted within their gates do disregard the laws of hospitality.

Many Chinese have been spoiled by the ruthless commercialism of the Occident. Yet there are many left who are still uncontaminated by New York salesmen and New England fanatics and to these real Chinese this book is dedicated.

The author hopes that his readers will learn something about the beautiful traits of the Chinese character, their gentleness, strict

## PREFACE

sense of honor, politeness and kindness toward strangers in their country whom they treat as honored guests instead of exploiting their ignorance as do others. The Chinese, apart from being the worst and most unjustly treated nation in the world have been slandered and maligned and well-known are the hackneyed phrases of the "treacherous Oriental" and the "cunning, crafty Chinese."

The author, having lived in New York for a considerable time wishes sincerely that a number of Americans and aliens, who proudly call themselves Americans may elevate their standard of morals and ethics to that of the despised Chinese.

The Chinese have a keen sense of humor and those of them who may read this book will know the reason why in spite of this preface this book has been written as it is.

THE AUTHOR.

# SMALL ME

## CHAPTER I

### WHY CHANG CAME TO SHANGHAI

“**T**SAO ah, tah lao yah, tsao ah—ten thousand respectful greetings oh Exalted One and may Small Me be permitted to pay my homage to the famous Scholar of the Law who is known all over the world and for whose friendship vie Kings and Princes. . . .

“The Pompous One wishes to know my very insignificant and humble name? Small Me is called Chang and I have come to refresh my heart as well as my mind by beholding the Sight of the Extremely Learned One and to listen to his advice. For, Small Me is in great distress and full of pain and grief

## SMALL ME

because of Chow Lan Chu, the scamp, the murderer, the trickster, the thief, whose ancestors, as Small Me has learned from most reliable sources were cat-headed monkeys with long tails who lived in . . .

“Yea, Exalted One, Small Me is a stranger in this large city of Shanghai, having arrived here only the upper week—the last week as the foreign men call it—and I am in great distress indeed and my heart aches as well as my body, all because of Chow Lan Chu, the buffalo-headed offspring of a snake and a turtle. . . .

“Hai, hai—what a wonderful guesser is the Exalted Teacher of Sciences and Classics . . . how does he know that Small Me is a native of Woo Sieh, the walled city on the shore of the Tai Hoo, the very big and large lake in the Province of Kian Soo—hai, hai, the Friend of Princes knows everything and as soon as Small Me opened my ugly mouth he knew whence I came. . . . Hai, hai.

## SMALL ME

“Verily, verily, Exalted One, Small Me comes from that city and so does Chow Lan Chu, the rascal, whose mother, as everybody knows, was but a . . .

“Nay, very gracious one, Small Me will not sit down, for ill would it befit insignificant me to sit in the presence of such a Light of Extreme Wisdom as is the Exalted One. . . .

“The Teacher of Ten Thousand Virtues says that Small Me has sat down in his presence before this day? Yea, verily, Small Me has sat down before this day, but this day . . . there is . . . has the Very Pompous One heard the story of Ah Fong, the seller of entrails in the Ssee-Ma-Loo—the Foochow Road and what happened to his favorite sing-song girl?

“The Pompous One orders Small Me to sit down and not to stand any longer in his presence?

“Ai-yah! Very stubborn is the Friend of

## SMALL ME

Princes! If he insists that Small Me shall sit down on this extremely beautiful and very expensive chair . . . ten thousand times I pray for forgiveness, for Small Me cannot sit down because of the great pain. For that part of my body on which I sit aches very much, being very sore and full of bruises, all because of Chow Lan Chu the scamp and trickster, whose mother . . .

“Yea, Honorable Support of Kings, aforementioned part of my body aches very much because it had been made to eat bamboo-stick no less than five and twenty times, and the man who yielded the bamboo-stick was very strong indeed; verily, he must have been a giant, judging from the pain . . .

“And all because of Chow Lan Chu, the thief and scamp and too-feh who is a descendant of cat-headed . . .

“Yea, Proud Light of Wisdom, Small Me is anxious to secure money from Chow Lan Chu, the betrayer, who is not only a great



## SMALL ME

thief but very crafty besides . . . and Small Me prays that the Exalted One may send the shim-pohs—the policemen—to catch Chow and make him return to Small Me the two silver yuan Small Me paid to him in good faith, to be ill rewarded therefor with five and twenty strokes with the bamboo-stick.



“Small Me is a native of Woo-Sieh, the walled city near the great lake which is called Tai-Hoo and so is Chow Lan Chu.

“Some time ago, when Small Me was still living there, Chow came to me, looking very proud indeed, and he was dressed in an i-fu, a long coat of state made of peacock-blue silk, and he had plenty of money in his possession, and he took me to the eating house of the Gold-and-Vermillion-speckled Pheasant of Richdom and ordered choice food and wine and spake thus: ‘When the hour of the scorpion arrives, then I will go to the tie-loo,

## SMALL ME

the railway station, and I will travel to Shanghai in a carriage like a big mandarin and will seek richdom there. For I have much money now and will not stay any longer in this city which is full of animated potatoes—meaning country bumpkins.’

“And Small Me, knowing that Chow was a poor man, made question how he had come into possession of much money. And Chow spake thus: ‘I have received much money from the missionary men in this city, and I am now a Christian beside. Yea, verily, a good Christian I must be indeed, for I have been baptized no less than five times.’ . . .

“And Small Me was very much surprised and asked how such could happen. And this is what Chow told Small Me.

“There are very many missionary-men in this city and they come from Mei-Guo, the country of America, and from Ing-Guo, England. And they come with their wives and children and they go about the town and

## SMALL ME

tell people it is sin to go to the theatre and to drink wine and to smoke tobacco, but that everybody should sing from small black books and go to the foreign joss-house, and they say that all the other missionary-men are wrong and that their churches are false and that only their own is good.

“And they speak to the people, saying that those who do not get baptized go to the tah-kang, the great oven, and some people are afraid of the missionary-men and get baptized and the missionary-man gives them a small black book to sing therefrom and five silver yuan—Dollars of China—and then the missionary-man writes a letter to the chief missionary-man in America, saying: ‘Behold, now I have caught another disciple before the other missionary-men could catch him.’ And then they receive much praise and the people in America make much contribution to support the missionary-man and his wife and his many children.

## SMALL ME

“And having heard of this, Chow had gone first to one missionary-man, saying that he was very much afraid of the tah-kang, the great oven, and he had become baptized and had received five yuan; and then he had gone to many others and he received many times five yuans, and once he received only two yuans, from a missionary-man who came from Se-ko-te-land, a province of Ing-Guo, England.

“And the missionary-men were happy because they thought they had caught another disciple and Chow was happy because of the money he had received. And the missionary-men did not know that Chow had tricked them.

“And Small Me went with Chow to the tie-loo and before he left he told me that Small Me, too, should come to Shanghai, for he had many friends there and would find a position for Small Me and that I could find his address by asking Ching Wen Piao, who

## SMALL ME

owns an opium-shop in Shanghai, on the southeast corner of Kwei-Chow Loo and Kiu-Kiang Loo even there.



“And Small Me heard this talk with much cogitation, having heard of the very rich city of Shanghai, which is inhabited by many times ten thousand people, and that there were many foreign people who pay much money for services rendered to them. And Small Me went to his insignificant cousin, with the name of Pang, who is a maker of idols of mud, which he dredges forth from the bottom of the creeks. And after having sifted the mud and mixed it well, he molds it into many shapes which are then painted with many and beautiful colors, and then he sells them to the priests and to many people who are anxious to have a god in their house.

“And Small Me entered the shop and there was Pang sitting on a stool, painting a

## SMALL ME

big statue of Kwang Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, and he was singing very merrily, for he had sold the statue to a rich woman for six silver yuan and twenty tungbe besides for painting a bright red border on the garment of the statue, red being the color of good luck.

“And Small Me made many respectful greetings and much oration, asking him to lend me the money to travel to Shanghai and to become rich there. And after much oration and after I had assured him of my gratefulness for ten thousand years and promised to pay good interest on the loan, Pang lent me six silver yuans in twenty and fifty tungbe pieces and after Small Me had bitten every one of them and thrown them on a wooden table to detect from the sound if they were counterfeit, I made many thankful greetings, and after having put on my i-fu, went to my friends whom I told that I was about to travel to Shanghai.

“And my friends made many respectful

## SMALL ME

greetings and friendly wishes, saying that it was dangerous to travel to a great city which is full of tricksters and bad men, but I told them that I would meet there Chow Lan Chu, who was a friend of mine.

“And Small Me arrived at Shanghai and went to the opium-shop to ask for the house in which Chow lived, and while I was explaining to the owner whence I came, Chow entered the shop to buy opium there. And he made many joyful greetings and asked me how much money I had, and I told him I had still four yuan and sixty-three tungbe. And Chow asked me to pay to Ching Wen Piao, the owner of the shop, one yuan for the opium he had bought, saying that he had forgotten his money at his house and that it was a long way to go there.

“And Small Me asked Chow where I could find work and become rich. And Chow made much cogitation and spake thus: ‘Come thou to the house of my masters, who are foreign

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men and who have no wives. There thou wilt find a place to sleep and food besides, and I will charge thee nothing for it, but thou wilt do the work for me in the morning, for I am number one house boi of these foreign men and I do like to sleep late in the morning. 'And later on I will help thee to seek work and if possible I will help thee to get employed by the shim-boh, the police, the shim-bohs being well paid and getting food and clothing beside and much cum-shaw. But thou wilt have to pay cum-shaw before thou canst see the Chief of the Police, the shim-boh-kwan, for there are many underlings.'

"And Small Me went to the house and worked there while Chow slept and smoked opium. And on the morning of the fourth day of the upper—the last week—I heard many angry words in a foreign language and I beheld how one of the foreign masters made strong talk to Chow, calling him many evil names and saying that he had stolen a bottle



## SMALL ME

belonging to him which had contained foreign wine.

“The same afternoon Chow spake to me thus:

“ ‘Here is a letter which my master gave me to place it into the hand of the shim-boh-kwan and to nobody else. And the letter is sealed with my master’s private seal, thus showing that it is of importance. Verily, verily, this is a good chance for a man who wishes to see the shim-boh-kwan and to ask for employment in the police.’ I know what is in it, for I heard the master speak to his friend about this letter. It is of great importance.

“And he began to open his trunk to take therefrom his i-fu, to dress for the visit to the Chief of Police.

“And Small Me, hearing this and being anxious to become a shim-boh, a policeman, spake to Chow thus: ‘Give this letter to me and I will deliver it to the great Chief with

## SMALL ME'

many respectful greetings, and I will ask him for employment.'

"And Chow scratched his head and looked at me out of the end of his eyes, as does a cat, and made answer, saying that he could not let me have the letter, fearing Small Me might lose it, and that his masters might become very angry in such a case. And Small Me offered half a silver yuan if Chow would let me carry the letter. But Chow said that the letter was of great importance and that he could not let me have it, and that half a silver yuan was but poor pay for such a favor, and very little money for the chance to see the big Chief of the Police.

"And Small Me made much oration and after we had watched the sun for a long time, Chow accepted two silver yuans and agreed to let Small Me carry the letter to the Chief, and he gave me the letter and the chit-book in which the receiver has to sign acknowledgment for the letter, saying it was an addi-

## SMALL ME

tional honor to carry the signature of the big Chief.

“And Small Me dressed in my i-fu and put on a pair of new shoes and took the letter and the chit-book and after having carefully wrapped it into a clean piece of blue linen set forth for the yamen of the shim-boh-kwan.

“And at the yamen were many policemen who asked me: ‘Whither dost thou go?’ And I answered them that I had an important letter from my masters who were powerful foreign men from Mei-Guo, America. And they led me into a room in which were many more policemen and they were dressed in black uniforms with white collars and they had swords and guns. And upon their shoulders they had straps showing the number of the policeman, so that anybody could see it and know. And they treated Small Me with great politeness when I said that I wanted to give to the Chief a letter of importance

## SMALL ME

and one of the men spake to me: 'Follow thou me!'

"And he opened a door and in the room behind there sat a foreign man, dressed in the same manner as are the Chinese soldier-tigers, and he had much gold on his shoulders and he looked at me through a piece of glass which he wore before his right eye and which shone very brightly, and he spake in Chinese language: 'What for dost thou desire to see me?'

"And Small Me made much obeisance and respectful greetings, saying that my masters had sent the important letter to the Chief. And the shim-boh-kwan took the letter and he signed his name in the chit-book and he looked at me again and spake: 'Whence dost thou come?' And Small Me made much oration and asked for employment with the police.

"But the Chief said nothing, for he had opened the letter and he begun to read and

## SMALL ME

he begun to smile, but it was not a smile of friendliness; nay, it looked like the smile which can be seen on the face of the idols which they make of the great Kwan Te, the god of war.

“And Small Me made more oration and obeisance asking for employment and the Chief spake thus: ‘Well and good, the police will take care of thee!’

“And he called two policemen and he pointed at Small Me and spake to the men thus: ‘Take care of this man. Nee-sh-ng, kai-poo-zoo!’ this meaning, ‘Twenty and five, forward march!’

“And Small Me was very grateful and made much obeisance, for had not the Chief said: ‘Take care of this man, twenty-five, forward march’? Surely this would be the number Small Me would have to wear on the shoulder, having become a policeman!

“And the two policemen took Small Me between themselves and they held my arms

## SMALL ME

and they smiled as had smiled the big Chief, but they did not make answer when Small Me spake to them in friendly spirit. And they led me into the courtyard and there they threw me upon the ground, upon my face, and one man sat upon my head while the other one fetched a big bamboo stick and began to beat me there where I sit. And it pained very much, for the man hit very hard, and Small Me made great outcry and wept very much, saying that it was not good to be beaten. But the policemen continued to beat for a long time and then they pulled me up and spake: 'Now go to the Chief of Police without delay and fetch the chitbook. But be thou quick or thou wilt eat more of this bamboo stick.'

"And Small Me went to the Chief of Police and made much outcry and wept very much, saying that the policemen had beaten me very hard and that my body hurt very much.

## SMALL ME

“And the Chief spake: ‘Now thou wilt know what will happen to thee again, oh Chow Lan Chu, if thou wilt again steal a bottle which belongs to thy masters. Be gone, or thou wilt eat more bamboo stick!’

“And Small Me made great outcry in a strong voice, saying that my name was not Chow Lan Chu, but that Chow had stayed at home and had made me pay two silver yuans for the privilege of taking the letter to the shim-boh-kwan, having said that this was a letter of importance and that he knew what was in the letter!

“And the shim-boh-kwan, after having listened with great interest, made a face like a water devil and laughed very much and he stroked his tiger mustache and he called another mandarin, a Chinese man, and he told him the story, and both mandarins laughed very much, and then the Chief spake to Small Me thus: ‘Wilt thou know what was written

## SMALL ME

in this letter? Methinks, this man Chow Lan Chu did not tell thee what he knew!

“And Small Me said that I would like to know the contents of the letter, and this is what was written in the letter

“‘Dear Chief: The bearer of this letter, Chow Lan Chu, my houseboi, is a great thief and steals whatever he can lay his hands on. This time it was a bottle of Johnny Walker. Be good enough and have your men give him a good whipping, for he deserves it.’

“Ai, ai-yah, a great trickster is Chow Lan Chu and a great scamp, and may the King of the Dead take his soul to the great oven! Ai, ai-yaah!”



CHAPTER II

HOOCH AND IDENTIFICATION-TAGS

“THE extremely rich and powerful one needs a ‘number one’ boy, does he not? And he needs a most excellent number one boy for a most excellent house. The Dragon of Wisdom will descend upon the very illustrious one to abide with him for ten thousand years and will induce him to discharge his present number one boy so that he can hire insignificant me.

“Wonderful indeed are the acts of the gods. For, the very distinguished one is so very much enwrapped in his extremely important and responsible work on which depend the richdom and happiness not only of nations but of the whole world that he has no time to spare to begin a careful investigation

## SMALL ME

which certainly would have brought forth, long ago, what a despicable scamp, what a chief of thieves, what a slayer of men, drinker of the ta-yen, the opium smoke, player of mo-tsoang—yes, very honorable and wise one—of mo-tsoang and not of ma-tsziang. . . .

“Ai yah . . . the descendant of Princes surely knows the great and vast difference between ma-tsziang, the domino, which is a game of wise men, being played with ninety-nine stones, depicting the North, the South, the East and the West and the rice and the fish and many, many other useful and valuable things—and which is a very honorable game of skill, where the player has to try to gather as many sets of each figure, each set consisting of four stones, as he can and that he who has the most sets and runs out of other stones is the winner—while in mo-tsoang the players gamble as they do in the American game of poker . . . only using stones instead of cards. . . .

## SMALL ME

“..... And his present number one boy is a great gambler in the game of mo-tsoang. Today he has hundreds of thousands of silver yuans, while tomorrow he will run about like a lizard, trying to borrow here and there a twenty tungbe piece from Ching and half a yuan from Chang and thirty tungbe from Chung till he has gathered one silver yuan. And as soon as he can sneak out of the house, which the extremely dignified one has so unsuspectingly entrusted to his care, he will go to the place in the Tah Chang Loo, the Street of Great Richdom, where all the gamblers assemble, and there he will sit and smoke and shout and cheat till either he has not a single brass cash piece in his pocket or till he has ten times ten thousand silver yuan.

“And when the next morning the very illustrious one, noticing with very great dismay and discomfort that his helmet has not been whitened with clay and that his boots show still the spots caused by the foam of his

## SMALL ME

horse, with severely arched eyebrows will ask why all this happened, his number one boy, with a doleful expression on his countenance, breaks forth into wails and howls and yells and swears by his ancestors which, as insignificant me has been informed by absolutely reliable sources, had long tails and lived in trees in the Province of Yun Nan, a long way from here and close to India, that he has been enchanted by evil spirits or poisoned by the plague and that he spent a night devoid of sleep and filled with pain, thus making him listless and tired and incapable of doing his work properly.

“. . . Ai, yah, ai yah . . . the very pompous one does not know what a tremendous too-feh, what a great bandit his servant is. The light of sciences does not know that only about two weeks ago the unreliable hoptoad whom very Small Me is anxious to replace, took the swallow-tail coat the extremely dignified one puts on his body on big days of fes-

## SMALL ME

tivals and wrapping it carefully into an old copy of the Shin Wen Pao took it over to a friend of his who is the houseboy of a half-caste man . . . yes, exalted pillar of wisdom . . . of a half-caste man who is neither white nor yellow, but a contemptible half-caste. Does not the great scholar of all the classics know what is said of the half-caste? That the gods made the white man and that they made the Chinese man, but that the devil got jealous and, wishing to mock the gods, mixed the clay and made the half-caste? . . .

“And against the amount of two silver yuans he lent the coat which is the property of the very honorable one and worn by him on very big days and festivals only, to aforementioned half-caste, who is going under the name of Gabriel d’Almeida and who put aforementioned coat on his evil-smelling body and thus gorgeously arrayed went to an entirely ungodly affair in the East Seward Road, where all the half-caste live and where

## SMALL ME

he drank and danced with women of his kin. Thus ill-treats the unreliable servant the property of his master, because he needs money to gamble with in the brothel in the Tah Chang Loo, playing mo-tsoang all the night till the morning. . . .

“Hai, hai . . . if the very well read one would make poor me his servant, such things could never happen. No, but if the very celebrated one would be in need of a garment, or a hat, or a pair of shoes, all he would have to say to bowlegged me would be: ‘. . . get it! . . .’ and the very small one would hasten and before the hour was over he would have supplied his master with the things requested and needed and more than that. For the little one is well versed in any kind of house work and many other things of which the very wise one has not thought yet. . . .

“Where has insignificant me been working recently? . . . .

“Hai, hai, O strong pillar of nations, the

## SMALL ME

very small one has been the very trusted number one boy of Mister Anderson, who is very rich and is the extremely dignified owner of the 'go-down' and the 'hong' on Sze Chuen Road, where he sells in great wooden boxes and in bottles made of beautifully colored glass ten times ten thousand kinds of wines made of the very best rice in ten thousand different countries. There he sells the wine of Fa-guo, of France, which tastes very well indeed, although the feeling of the palate is to be likened to when a man crosses his legs too long till they get numb; the wine of Ee-guo, of Italy, which is like the blood of dragons; the very thick beer made in Ing-guo, in England, and which is called Pee Zen Ah; and the prices he charges are not very high and he grants long credit and never duns people if they forget paying . . . very wonderful wines, indeed.

"No, no, pillar of science, the very small one is not a 'shroff' in the employ of the hong

## SMALL ME

of Mister Anderson, who thinks very much indeed of poor me and says that one has to travel very long to find another such as I, meaning, of course, that insignificant me is the very best servant anybody can find. . . .

“Is Small Me still in the employ of Mister Anderson?”

“Ai, ai yah . . . very great scholar and reader of the classics . . . the very unimportant one is not longer in the employ of Mister Anderson. The spirit of evil counsel came one night to the house of Mister Anderson which he espied from the dark cloud on which he was riding. And descending upon the house of Mister Anderson he crawled into his head, carefully groping his way through the nose and gave him bad advice, whereupon Mister Anderson made very bad language to me and told me never to show myself nearer to his house than six li . . . six miles . . . ai, ai yah . . . the influence of the evil spirits is very great indeed and terrible, and poor



## SMALL ME

Mister Anderson very soon will don a robe of white cloth and will mourn for having been ungrateful to poor me. . . .

“Yes, wise teacher of ten thousand heavenly virtues, ungrateful Mister Anderson has been to me and he has discharged me, who rendered him a great service, who fulfilled a wish which was eating his heart. And now my poor wives are groaning for want of food and my children are crying, for there is no rice . . . ai, ai yah. Mister Anderson, the ingrate, has discharged me! . . .

“The extremely enlightened does not believe me that Mister Anderson is acting like an ingrate toward poor flatfooted me? . . .

“Then I will tell him all about it. Thus is the story:



“Mister Anderson, who owns the go-down and the hong in the Sze Chuen Road where he sells ten thousand kinds of wines, has a

## SMALL ME

wife who is named Ma Lee—Mary, as the foreign men say—and has a very beautiful house in the Kah Teh Loo, where they very often received Mister and Missis Welch, who has a very great hong in Nan King Loo, where he sells very beautiful silks and cloth and fur and many times ten thousand things much used by the foreign women. Mister Welch, too, has a wife, whose name is Ma Lee—exactly as is called the wife of Mister Anderson. Mister Welch lives in a very beautiful house on Sin Zah Loo.

“As the bowlegged one has mentioned before, Mister Anderson and his wife, Ma Lee, and Mister Welch and his wife, Ma Lee, were very good friends and very often assembled in the garden of the house of either one of them to make play with balls, similarly as do the small children of China, but they did not kick the ball with their heels as the Chinese do, but used bats made of wood and upholstered with the entrails of the cat.

## SMALL ME

Very, very queer are the ways of the foreign people. They play with these balls and bats till they are tired and need many glasses of whisky and cheessui, the water which bubbles when poured into the glass. Why don't they hire poor men to play for them if they like to watch the flying balls and look at them instead of getting tired themselves?

“Some time ago an evil spirit severed the bonds of friendship between Mister Welch and the wife of Mister Anderson. For Mister Welch, upon special request made to him by Ma Lee Anderson, the wife of Mister Anderson, wrote a big letter to Ing-guo, England, ordering from there ten thousand yards of the most costly cloth to make a dress for Ma Lee Anderson and went to great expense on her behalf. And when the cloth had arrived in Shanghai, having been brought hither in the belly of a big ship, Ma Lee Anderson refused to accept it, saying that it was not of the right color, whereupon Mister

## SMALL ME

Welch produced a sample given to him by Ma Lee Anderson and which showed that the cloth was exactly as the sample.

“Whereupon Ma Lee Anderson said that she had changed her mind and that Mister Welch was a pig and had the brains of a water buffalo and that the cloth was perhaps good enough for an old woman like his wife, but not for her. Mister Welch in great dismay told the incident to his wife, who got very mad indeed, for she did not like to be called an old woman, and she went to Ma Lee Anderson, where she made big oration, calling her a lying mother of ten thousand lying brats with pig tails and heads of monkeys.

“And from that time the friendship was broken.



“The very small one was very much agrieved, for many tips he had been given by Mister Welch whenever he and Ma Lee, his wife, came to the house of his master, and

## SMALL ME

now there were less tips. Beside, one evening Mister Welch said to a friend that he was sorry to be unable to go into the house of Mister Anderson, mentioning the good and new drinks he used to receive there.

“The insignificant one, having listened to this oration, made long cogitation as how to help Mister Anderson to become again friendly with Mister Welch and his wife Ma Lee. But knowing that the foreign men are very hard-headed and unbending, he had to resort to cunningness and patience.

“A few days ago, the very dignified one will remember, there was the feast of the Big Smoking of Tobacco, on which occasion all foreign men assemble at the club, where some of them make big oration and shout ‘Hip, hip, hooray!’ and make much fun and tell many ribald stories and eat and drink very much wine and whisky and gin and very many get drunk while their wives stay at home.

## SMALL ME

“Now, as the very honorable one knows, it very often happens that a man takes too much of wine and then is unable to find his way home, for strong is the power of wine and very confusing. Many mistakes have been made and many drunken men often have not found their way at all and have had to sleep in alleyways or gardens, where the mosquitos stung them badly and where they soiled the black, long-tailed dresses which they wear in the evening and which cost thousands of yuans.

“Therefore the committee of the club had adopted the rule that every member of the club had to carry in his right waistcoat pocket a small tag, on which is engraved the name and address of the owner, and a long piece of silk cord is attached to the tag. And when a man is very drunk, so that he cannot stand on his feet, then his friends take him to the big room in which stand the tables on which is played, with ivory-balls and long sticks. In

## SMALL ME

which room there are many armchairs along the walls. There they place the drunken men in chairs, side by side, and hang the tags around their necks on the silk cord.

“And when a great number of men has become drunk, and when all have been seated in aforementioned armchairs side by side as sit the idols in the temple, then the steward hires a motor car and loads the drunken men into aforementioned car and the driver then reads the addresses on the tags which are hung round the necks of the men and delivers them at their houses, which they otherwise could not find, being very drunk. And thus a great service is rendered to them.



“The insignificant one knew that Mister Anderson and Mister Welch would go to the club on that evening. And, standing near a window, he watched and saw that Mister Anderson passed Mister Welch without

## SMALL ME

greetings and acting as if they had never known each other.

“Ai yah . . . it is a great pity when good friends fall out . . . I said to myself. I will reconcile them. And I waited until both Mister Anderson and Mister Welch got very drunk indeed, which did not last very long with Mister Welch, but took a very long time with Mister Anderson, who is accustomed to drink very many and strong drinks.

“And when both of them had been placed into the big armchairs in which they sat, very dignified and nodding like Mandarins, insignificant me crept in very carefully, so as not to disturb them, and changed the tags on their necks. Then I sneaked out again and continued to watch.

“Shortly afterward the steward came in with a driver of a hired motor car and they began to load the men into the car. Mister Anderson was put into the car and so were six others, while Mister Welch was left be-



## SMALL ME

hind to be sent home later. Approaching the driver of the car, who was a native of Ning Poh in the Province of Chekiang, I asked him to give me a free ride, explaining that my second wife, too, had been born in Ning Poh. He assented and we drove on, the car filled with drunken men who looked like corpses, their arms and their legs sticking out over the brim of the car very odd to behold.

“And after the driver had stopped before Mister Welch’s house I went home, being very satisfied with myself, knowing that I had done a good deed which would be rewarded by the gods. For I surmised that Ma Lee Welch, when seeing Mister Anderson in such a deplorable and helpless state of drunkenness, would tenderly feel pity with him and put him in a bed and place a piece of ice on his head—for the foreign people always keep ice in their houses—and that Ma Lee Anderson would do the same with Mister Welch. And then the next morning they

## SMALL ME

would send them back to their houses with kind wishes and many thankful greetings and that the friendship would be restored. And then the very small one would step forward and modestly claim that it was he who changed the tags and Mister Anderson and Mister Welch would reward him with silver yuans, and Ma Lee Welch and Ma Lee Anderson would say: 'Behold what an invaluable servant you have. Verily, you must increase his wages a hundred times and give him big presents for his wives and children.'

"With these thoughts I went to bed and slept very well indeed.



"The next morning, when Small Me had awakened and begun his daily task, I went into the big room on the ground floor, overlooking the garden in which Mister Anderson and Ma Lee Anderson are wont to assemble for the first meal in the morning, and I be-

## SMALL ME

held Mister Anderson looking very much like a soldier who has returned from a great big battle, being covered with many wounds. One of his eyes had the color of ink as used by writers and on his face he had many strips of the plaster as is used by the foreign doctors.

“He did not speak one word of greeting to me, but looked very sullen and wild, and so did Ma Lee Anderson. Therefore I did not speak a single word, merely serving food as usual.

“At the noon meal Ma Lee Anderson called me and spake thus: ‘Boy, there will be two guests for dinner tonight. Go thou and talk to the cook and see that he makes more food.’ And I went and spake to the cook as I had been bidden by Ma Lee Anderson.

“And in the evening there came as guests to partake of the food with Mister Anderson and Ma Lee Anderson two men whom I had

## SMALL ME

seen at the club, and they all made big oration.

“While serving, I overheard how Mister Anderson spake to one of the men thus: ‘I’d gladly give five dollars to know who changed the tags. It would be worth the money.’

“Whereupon Small Me, seeing that such a great reward of five whole silver yuans had been offered, which exceeded my expectations by far, having expected to get two, stepped forward and addressing Mister Anderson said that it was I who had changed the tags and that I was prepared to accept the five yuans. . . .



“Ai, ai yah . . . O very wise one, incomprehensible and ungrateful are the foreign men indeed. For, instead of handing to Small Me the five yuans which he had offered to pay if he knew who had changed the tags, he called me a very great number of exceedingly bad names, invoking the Prince of

## SMALL ME

Darkness to carry me away to the great oven, and said many other bad things, while Ma Lee Anderson and the two men laughed very loudly and howled with joy and screamed and clapped their hands on their thighs.

“And Mister Anderson jumped up from his chair, and, grasping my left ear, took me to the door, and, placing his right foot there where I sit, pushed his leg forward so that I fell forward and out of the house in great surprise, and when I astoundedly asked for the five yuans he said that I should ask the Prince of Darkness to pay same to me and added that if I would ever approach his house nearer than six li he would take a gun and kill me. . . .

“Ai, ai yah, very ungrateful are the foreign men and incomprehensible . . . ai, ai yah. . . .

“But the extremely enlightened one is not as ungrateful as is Mister Anderson and will make Small Me his number one boy? . . .”

## SMALL ME

### CHAPTER III

#### HOW CAPTAIN FUNG LOST HIS TEMPER AND HIS SWORD

“**A** I yah! Yoo ssama-sa, nee gong-doo ah! Oh, thou cat-headed, monkey-tailed offspring of a bald-headed hedgehog, thou must not stop the gentleman! Dost thou not know who he is?

“Hai, hai, ten thousand times welcome, extremely enlightened teacher! His presence makes the sun shine brighter and the barracks of this regiment have been transformed into a palace!

“And has the extremely dignified one eaten his rice? Or is his exalted stomach hungry and desirous of food? If so, then Small Me will be happy to . . .

“No? The descendant of princes is not

## SMALL ME

hungry! And he wants to know where he can find Fung 'Shang Yue,' the Captain Fung of the Third Company of the Second Battalion of this regiment!

"Hai, hai, oh pride of universities, the Captain Fung is no longer connected with this regiment, neither is he with the army. He has left, never to return.

"Why Captain Fung has left? Hai, hai, an uncle of his died and he had to mourn for him, or his second wife came down with two sons, and, therefore, Captain Fung had to leave the army . . .

"The noble foreign literate does not believe this? He says that Small Me does not tell the truth . . . ai, yah, hard are these words, for does not very insignificant me proudly call himself the friend of the extremely pompous one . . . ai, yah . . .

"The noble one says he knows that to tell the truth pleases the gods but not always the human beings. Very well and wise indeed.

## SMALL ME

And it is for this very reasons that the Small Me says that the Captain Fung left because of happenings in his family.

“The extremely wise one promises never to tell if Small Me would reveal to him the real reason why Captain Fung had to leave this most excellent regiment. Well and good. A man’s word is as good as a bond, and therefore the Small Me will tell the real story how it came that the Captain Fung left the army.

“Hai, hai, very famous teacher of heavenly virtues, the Captain Fung left the army and this regiment and his company of his own free will and everybody was greatly surprised because of it. For did not even a Tsung Chang, a big Lieutenant-General of the army, loudly admire the Captain Fung, saying so in front of ten thousand military soldiers on the parade ground just behind the Kao Chang Miao, the headquarters of the garrison of Shanghai?



## SMALL ME

“Yes, yes, and now the Captain Fung is gone. And the gods have been kind to the little one. For have they not sent to him the extremely noble one, whose boundless generosity is known from An-tung down to Kwang-tung, and is he not known to be liberal with silver yuans? And is not a good story worth a good reward? Ai, ai, yah . . . pay day is a very long while off, and then it will be only four taels and twenty candareens a month for a private soldier, as is the rank of poor little me, who joined the army but recently and will not a tael be deducted therefrom to pay for food?

“Hai, hai. The Captain Fung was a very remarkable man indeed. A man very bold and rough but of very small brain. And he lacked self-respect, thus being unable to respect others. And he had very little knowledge of military things, very little indeed, but he was made a Shang Yue, a captain, because his third brother was married to a

## SMALL ME

woman from Kwel-chow, whose brother-in-law had a cousin who is a high officer of the Lo Chuen Poo, of the Ministry of War up in Peking. Thus Fung received his commission, although he knew nothing of the army. Verily, oh friend of Kings, when the Captain Fung took a gun in his hand to shoot with, then it was more dangerous to stand behind him than to be where he aimed. And, therefore, the target-god is sure to assist him in his examination for a position as a civil mandarin, when Fung tries to become one.

“The pillar of sciences does not know the story of the officer and the target-god?”

“There was once an officer in the army, a very poor officer indeed. And, although he pretended to know everything, he could not even shoot well and always missed the target. One day he had to resign his commission and applied for a position as a civil mandarin. During the examination he was in great trouble, for little was his knowledge. But a

## SMALL ME

mysterious man appeared in a cloud and spake to the officer thus: 'Write thou what I tell thee to write!' And the officer did as he had been bidden, and hai, his answers were considered good by the examiners and he obtained the position. And he asked the mysterious man: 'Who art thou and why hast thou assisted me?'

"And the mysterious man said: 'I am the target-god and I showed consideration to thee because thou always showed consideration to me when thou were an officer in the army. For, when thou shot at targets, thou never, never hit me—never caused me inconvenience or pain. Therefore I assisted thee.'

"Yes, honorable pride of sciences and philosophy, the Captain Fung is no more in the army.

"The extremely noble one will never tell?

"Hai, hai, many apologies, Small Me has forgotten that the noble one has already promised so. For great trouble would there

## SMALL ME

be for poor me, and much prison and making of roads and no visits to the tea-house or the theatre if other officers would find out how it came that Captain Fung was made to leave the army. . . .

“And thus goeth the story.

“Fung had been born in Yokohama, in the country of Ni Pan, where his father was a rich merchant. Hai, hai, his father was a Chinese man, but Fung was brought up in Japan, in Japanese schools, according to Japanese system and there he learned to despise the Chinese. And he learned very little. Nevertheless, when he came to China he pretended to know everything and very often boasted with his foreign knowledge.

“And very, very arrogant was the Captain Fung, when he came to this regiment about nine moons ago, shortly after the quarterly feast of the Dragon. And when he came to inspect us, dressed in a tunic of fine brown cloth, with red facings according to regula-

## SMALL ME

tions and his epaulettes with the three stars shone very brightly and he wore a high and stiff collar and he had his mustache soaked in wax so that it stood stiff like that of the tiger and he walked with very much dignity. Verily, the Captain Fung looked like a real military tiger, but his brains were like that of the fox, just as foolish.

“And he came and looked us over. We, the whole company, had done our best to appear as soldier-like as possible, for we wanted to make our new officer happy by showing him that we were military tigers and not too-fehs—brigands. Verily, noble one, many hours had we spent laboriously cleaning our arms as well as our tunics, and the caps and the leather accoutrements, under the supervision of Too Mei-suh, our old Sergeant, who is a very exacting man, and who swears very fearfully and roars like a lion if not everything is in perfect order!

“But Captain Fung came along, swagger-

## SMALL ME

ing, and accompanied by Mr. Tsi and Mr. Wei, who are both Tsung Yue's, First Lieutenants, and by Mr. Lung, who is a Shao Yue, a Second Lieutenant, and he twirled his mustache in the fashion of military tigers and looked haughty and kicked his sword aside with the heel of his left shoe when he walked as he had seen the officers do in Japan, and he looked us over with a haughty eye and spake thus: 'Men, I have taken this company under my command. Things will have to change and I will make real soldiers of you.'

"And he did not say a single word of welcome or of praise or of friendly understanding, and thus angered us very much. For hadn't we worked very hard to look tiger-like? And, the honorable one knows, did not our company distinguish itself very much indeed by successfully fighting a much greater number of insurgents three years ago during the battle of Kiang Wan?

## SMALL ME

“But he dismissed us and there was no feast of joy. Other officers when assuming command over a new company generally contribute to its joy by presenting a sum of money, however small, so that rice-wine and special food can be bought, and then they address the men, and talk to them, asking for their names and places of birth, thus forming a strong bond of friendship. And are not the soldiers happy to work for an officer whom they know to be their friend and protector?

“Nay, honorable sir, Captain Fung did nothing to promote friendship. He did not even return when a soldier rendered the salute when passing him. And he treated us with great contempt and he had no consideration for the welfare of his men. Very often, when he had lost much money the night before playing mo-tsoang and drinking much wine, he arrived the next morning on the parade-ground with bloodshot eyes and his face hag-

## SMALL ME

gard, and he was in a most bad temper. Then he made us march and run much longer than any officer had done before, and he cursed us in a loud voice, calling us cat-headed offsprings of turtles and snakes and many other vile names with a loud voice, so that the whole regiment heard it. And he had the habit of drawing his sword from its scabbard and throwing it on the ground and treading on it and saying that it was a disgrace for him to be in command of sea-crabs and not of real soldiers. And our hearts turned black.

“One evening, when we sat at our evening rice after a very hard day’s work and very dissatisfied, for Captain Fung had punished many of us by deducting money from our pay, which he did very often, Liang, who is a Corporal in the second squad of the first platoon, spake thus: ‘Verily, verily, this Captain Fung is not a good officer. He never appreciates anything we are doing, although we work very hard. And I know he



## SMALL ME

is unjust, for some time ago I heard how the Lieutenant argued with him, saying that we had marched very well in company front, and Captain Fung said that it might be true, but he did not believe in showing the men that he was satisfied. Verily, verily, most unjust is this man Fung, and we must punish him.'

"And the Corporal took with him Wang, who is the bugler and known to be a great wag, and Tsung, who is attending to the writing work of the company, and Nieh, who is a Sergeant, and they all went into the bamboo grove behind the yamen of the quartermaster officer and there they sat, looking very wise and making hard thought and much oration, judging from their gestures, but we did not hear a single word.

"And then they returned, looking very grave and wild and making faces like water-devils.

"And just as bad as Captain Fung was on the parade-ground he was in the school-

## SMALL ME

house. For, as the exalted one knows, we soldier-tigers are taught in school many useful things soldiers must know.

“But Captain Fung was a very bad teacher, for he knew nothing. He begun to tell us of things, but would not explain them because he did not know. And when a man asked questions, then the Captain Fung made very bad language at him and took his sword from the chain on his belt and threw it with its scabbard into the man’s direction, not caring that anybody could be hurt.

“One day Captain Fung came into the schoolroom and spake thus: ‘Men,’ said he, ‘tomorrow there will be coming to inspect this company a very hig man, a Tsung Chang, a Lieutenant General from the Ministry at Peking, and the evil spirits have ordained that I am still in command of you evil snakes and that I have to take you before the General. I know that you are not soldiers, but bald-headed foxes, but I order you

## SMALL ME

to do your best, and if you do not do so, then I will have half of your pay stopped and will send you to the prison-house and you will have to make roads and no visits to the theatre or the tea-house. Hear and tremble, for great is my rage!

“And he beheld how one of the men was buttoning his tunic, and he flew in a great rage. He hurled the sword at the man and ordered us to stand ‘Lee Ching’—at attention—and spent much time in abusing us.

“Hai, hai, he did not see how Wang, unnoticed, picked up the Captain’s sword, and under cover of the standing men did something with the sword.

“And how he very carefully put it back there on the floor where it had lain when the Captain had thrown it at the man.

“And when the Captain had grown tired of abusing us he told one of the men: ‘Go thou and bring back my sword!’

“And the man did as he had been bidden,

## SMALL ME

and the Captain fastened the sword in its scabbard on the short chain which hung down from the belt he wore.

“The next morning the whole company was lined up on the parade-ground, very well dressed and very clean and very soldier-like, indeed.

“Lieutenant Wei was there and spake to us, making friendly and cheerful talk and saying that every soldier should do his best and stand very erect and still like an idol in the temple when the big General would inspect the company. And we all felt very elated, indeed.

“Captain Fung was very late. We could see he had again drunk much wine and he looked very sullen and wild. He began swearing and abusing us and was getting very angry and still more angry when suddenly the command came from the Major, who commanded the ying—the battalion: ‘Lee—

## SMALL ME

Ching! Syanyo-khan—Chee! . . . Attention! Right dress!

“And we did as we had been bidden.

““Syanjin—khan! Posho! . . . Front, count off!”

“And we beheld the General and many other officers approaching.

““Too—Chang!”

“And the battalion placed their rifles on their shoulders and stood still like the idols in the temple.

“And the big General came along, dressed in the light blue uniform which is worn on big occasions only, and he had much gold on his shoulders and a white plume on his cap and his belt shone with gold. And with him were many other high officers, some of them wearing the red band around their caps, indicating that they belonged to the Tsang Mo Peng Poo—the General Staff—and officers of the cavalry, with white facings, and others of the artillery, with yellow collars, and those

## SMALL ME

of the kung-ping, the engineers, whose collars are black. And the Major in command of the battalion joined the General, walking on his left side, and we beheld how Captain Fung, with his sword, saluted, when the big General came along.

“The very little one was the third man in the front rank and he beheld how the Major suddenly became very red in his face and how his eyes bulged and how he made a face like a water-devil, but only for a wink-with-the-eye-lash-time, when he looked at Captain Fung. And he made a sound very similar to that one a cat makes when she is about to sneeze and he looked very hard at the Captain Fung. And the General, too, looked at Captain Fung very hard indeed, looking very much surprised, and looking at Captain Fung and at his sword and the Captain did not look happy. The little one could see this very plainly. And he beheld how Captain Fung began to sway instead of standing still

## SMALL ME

like an idol in the temple as befitted a soldier-tiger.

“And the General stroked his tiger-mustache and spake thus to the Captain: ‘Verily, Captain, you look very bloodthirsty. I am afraid you will kill me if I stay here long, as well as you have killed others this morning!’ . . .

“And Captain Fung looked very bewildered and swayed where he stood and did not make answering speech. And the General continued, while a great smile spread all over his face and he turned toward the Major, whose face was of the color of plum and spake thus: ‘Major, does this Captain never clean his sword or does he keep the blood of his enemies on the blade to show his valor?’

“But the Major did not make answering speech, but stood very stiff and erect and his face turned the hue of purple.

“And the General, having probably heard of the ill manner Captain Fung treated his

## SMALL ME

men, spoke thus: 'Captain Fung, if you kill men, then at least you ought to wipe the blade of your sword. Look at it! . . .

"And when the Captain looked at his sword, verily there were bright red spots on the blade. But they were not of blood, for they were of red paint which Wang had dabbed on the blade when the Captain had thrown the sword in the schoolroom. . . .

"And the General made big laughter and so made the Major and so made all the other officers who accompanied the General, and even we men could not hold any longer and had to make noises very weird to hear.

"And Captain Fung, as was his habit, took his sword and threw it on the ground and trod on it and turned round and began to run away very fast indeed as if the enemy would pursue him. . . .

"And, according to Tsao, who is an attendant in the house in which the Captain Fung lived, Fung packed his belongings into



## SMALL ME

a trunk of camphor-wood and ordered a carriage and drove to the station of the railroad which leads to Nanking, telling Tsao to report to the Major that he had fallen sick and that his aunt had died and that his second wife had come down with two sons and that he had to travel to Manchuria and that he had to resign his commission and that his pay should be sent to his cousin who is a big official in Woo-Chang.

“Yes, honorable one, this is the true story why Captain Fung left the army, and now we men are very happy indeed, for Mr. Wei has been made our Captain and the Captain Fung is sitting in a small cell with a table before him on which are many papers and brushes, and he is working very hard trying to become a civil-mandarin, and the Target-God will surely assist him.

“And the honorable literate and writer of books on philosophy will never, never tell

## SMALL ME

any one why Captain Fung had to leave the army?

“Hai, hai, and the day is a very warm one. A cattie of rice-wine would be very good to drink. . . .”

# SMALL ME

## CHAPTER IV

ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON, AMERICAN  
CONSULS AND STEWED CATS

“**D**OES not the pride of his exalted teachers know that a merry story is like a dash of the So Ya bean sauce which adds flavor to the rice? And the Dragon of Happiness will descend upon the very exalted one after he has heard this story and will abide with him for ten thousand years of unsurpassed prosperity, and the extremely learned one will rock with laughter and feel sublimely happy and then will not forget to well reward with silver yuans the teller of this story, which brought him close to the gold-and-purple decorated gates of the Happiness of the Soul. For, is not a bearer of very good tidings entitled to a good reward?

## SMALL ME

“Yes, very wise one, the Chinese men have often been slandered by the white foreign barbarians who say that they are crafty and shrewd, but still craftier and shrewder and very, very rude is the white man! . . .

“No, no, very well educated one, no offense was meant. The very strong pillar of sciences is not a foreign barbarian. For has he not lived in this country for a great and long while, has he not learned to talk and to write the language of the Mandarins as well as of the low people, and does he not love the people of China?

“Hai, hai, very Small Me has once for ever guessed right. The very pompous one has become a Chinese man, not in looks but in his mind and in his heart and the whole country is extremely proud of him . . . hai, hai . . .

“And thus goeth the story which shabby and bowlegged me knows very well indeed, for was I not there with my body as well as with my mind when it happened?

## SMALL ME

“And it deals with how Moh Hsiao-mao, the rich maker of coffins (who is a great wag and fond of jokes at the expense of others and who lives in the Hsiao Hua-yue, the street of the little Flower Garden), succeeded in a practical and very funny joke he played on Mee Le Hsien-san, the Mister Miller who is a small Mandarin in the yamen of the Consul General of the American Republic of the United States. How Miller was made an object of ridicule by strangers and friends on account of Moh Hsiao-mao’s great shrewdness for ten thousand days. [And how Moh Hsiao-mao grew fat with joy.

“Also, how Miller in return made fool of Moh Hsiao-mao in a less clever but more drastic manner, and now Moh Hsiao-mao, who was fat with joy like a hog, is now thin with anguish and grief, for now everybody laughs at Moh Hsiao-mao, the maker of coffins who lives in the Hsiao Hua Yue-loo, and old men as well as babes, yell and shout with

## SMALL ME

glee whenever they behold Moh Hsiao-mao and say: 'Verily, verily, Moh Hsiao-mao well deserves his last name, for Moh Hsiao-mao is very fond of 'mao-mao' the cat, whose meat he has eaten with great relish. . . .

"And Moh Hsiao-mao is very irate and full of rage and stamps like a water devil, and the more he fumes and curses and spits the more the people laugh at him and praise in many words the Mister Miller, for Moh Hsiao-mao is very funny to behold when he rolls his eyes and draws up his eyebrows, while his nose seems to disappear between his fat cheeks and the yellow teeth in his mouth look like the aged rocks in the rapids of the Yang Tse-kiang. . . .

"Yea, verily, oh extremely well-read scholar of the classics, Moh Hsiao-mao is a stricken man, for worse than a disease is ridicule. But well he deserves it, for he is very conceited and thinks he is a very clever man ever since he succeeded in winning his law-

## SMALL ME

suit against Chang Wen-ching, seller of opium dross and well-renowned liar . . . Small Me will tell the very well-informed one of that remarkable lawsuit later on. . . .

“Well, as very insignificant me said before, Moh thought he was a very clever man beside being a merry wag. But Miller is a wag as well as is Moh, and does not the poet say that a practical joke played by a wag on a wag is like a lance with two sharp points and the handle in the middle of the staff, thus liable to hurt both? . . .

“Moh is a wag and so is Mister Miller, who is a ghea lee fing, a ‘Griffin’ as the foreign men call those who come to Shanghai the first time and are ignorant of the customs of the country and its people.

“Moh met Mister Miller at the yamen of the Consul General. . . .

“The descendant of Princes is anxious to know what Moh Hsiao-mao, the maker of

## SMALL ME

coffins of the Hsiao Hua Yue Loo, had to do at the yamen of the Consul.

“Why, Moh is very clever. He owns much land near Zi Ka Wei, in the west of Shanghai, only about ten li from the Kao Chang Miao, the great Arsenal, where they make ships and guns and various kinds of machinery and the land is very valuable. A Mandarin in the Land Office recently approached Moh and said that unless he would give him two thousand taels ‘squeeze’ money, he, the Mandarin, would make a report to the Head Mandarin, saying that he had discovered many flaws in the title deeds of Moh’s land, thus requiring careful investigations which may last for ten thousand years and which might cost considerable sums of money, to be payable in silver yuans and which money would flow into the pockets of the officials.

“What does the proverb say? That the pockets of officials are as big as the Yellow Sea and as bottomless. . . .



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“Therefore Moh had made an arrangement with a white man from America, the white man to act as proprietor of the land which actually belongs to Moh and had given him money for doing so. And Moh then registered the land, which in all appearances belongs now to a white man, at the Consulate yamen of the American Republic of the United States, thus insuring the protection of the Consul against the Mandarin in the Land Office, who is now very angry like a Manchurian tiger, for he dare not do anything against registered land and has to look out for another land owner to get ‘squeeze’ money from.

“Thus Moh made the acquaintance of Mister Miller.

“Moh, as the very well-born knows, is a very great and fluent talker and very soon begun a friendly conversation with Miller, who had given him a big and fat cigar from Ha Wan Ah, a country where they make

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cigars which are much better than those they make in China. And Moh, seeing that Mister Miller was new to this country, begun to tell him stories, serious and funny ones, so that Miller's belly shook with laughter like the jelly made of the feet of suckling pigs. And Miller, anxious to enrich his knowledge, made a question and said that in America, from whence he had arrived only seven days ago, he had heard that the Chinese men and women were very fond of eating cats and rats and dogs and other animals which are not eaten by white men. Moh, seeing in this question a chance for a practical joke, told Miller that, although a Chinese man, he did not know. He had eaten no cat and did not care to eat cat, but said that possibly the men from Canton and the Miao-tsze, the wild men in the hills of the Province of Kwang Si, were fond of the aforementioned animals, but that the Chinese of Shanghai, being infinitely

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superior to those of Canton and other provinces, were not eating them.

“Shortly afterward Small Me, when partaking of tea and peanut candy in the teahouse of the Gold-and-Vermilion Spotted Heavenly Pheasant of Richdom, which is situated in the Ssee Ma Loo near the south corner of Kian Se Loo, in company of Ah Fong, seller of entrails; Loo, the leader of 500 foot soldiers, and of Wong, who is a physician who has studied in America, saw how Moh entered the teahouse in company of Mister Miller, showing him the nicely carved wood ornaments which decorate the main room and making to him great speeches dealing with the beauty of friendship.

“Espying us at our table, he came over to us, and, introducing Miller in accordance with the rules observed by well-bred men, he said that he had just arrived in this country, and was very anxious to learn of the customs. These words he spake in English language,

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so that Miller understood their meaning. And when they had sat down and when the servant girl had brought tea, flavored with jessamine, and small cakes strewn with sesamum seed, and after they had applied hot and scented towels to their faces and wrists, thus effectively fighting the heat in the room, and when Wong, who speaks the English language very well indeed, had begun to make big talk with Miller about international politics, Moh spoke to us in Chinese, so that Miller could not understand.

“And thus spake Moh, the man full of guile: ‘Verily, these foreign men are most ignorant and insulting, for even this man Miller, who is a Mandarin of his country, does believe that we Chinese eat cats and rats and other vermin.

“ ‘Therefore I propose that we have great entertainment with him and his erroneous belief. Let us invite him to a dinner in Chinese style, with very excellent and savory dishes

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which please the stomach as well as the palate. And when Miller asks for the names of the dishes we will make great fool of him by telling him he has eaten of cat, or of dog, or of rat, thus causing him very great discomfiture. And when we have enjoyed ourselves to satiation with his embarrassment, then we will tell him that it was a joke and that he had eaten nothing worse than very good lamb or chicken or pig, and we all will be very merry, indeed.'

"'Hai, tai,' said Loo, the soldier-tiger, 'this is a very good plan to derive most excellent amusement at the expense of the foreign man'; and, stroking his tiger mustache, which he wears after the fashion of big soldiers, he proposed to hasten the invitation. And everybody made great laughter, and when Miller asked why we were laughing so hard, Ah Fong, who is glib, told him that Loo had just told a very salty story about a sing-song girl from Soo-chow and two of her lov-

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ers in true soldier style. And Miller laughed, too, for Ah Fong told him a story which was then very popular.

“When the hour of the scorpion came, we broke up the party and Ah Fong, with very much politeness and gracefulness and carefully selected words and bowing to Miller as if he were the Tah Tsung-tung, the President of the Republic and not only a small Mandarin, said that he would consider it an extreme honor if the very illustrious one would honor his poor house by accepting an invitation to a feast with great and wonderful display of food and wines, Chinese as well as foreign ones, and where the most beautiful sing-song girls from Canton and from Soochow would be shown to him. And Miller, who was very obviously interested in the girls, having learned that they were very well built and wore only one garment and trousers made of thin silk, accepted immediately, thanking him very gracefully and promising

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not to fail. Verily, Ah Fong knows the likings of the foreign men.

“A few days afterward the feast took place. Miller came very punctually, which he should not have done according to our custom. And when all of us had partaken of melon seeds and fresh Lee Chee nuts and of sliced roots of the water lily, and when Miller had been seated upon the big seat of honor which is on the left side of the small dish of salt pork which stands on the table opposite the entrance, the dishes were brought in by servant men, whom Ah Fong had arrayed very gorgeously in garments which he had rented from the owner of the theatre house in the Ni Ma Loo. And with much ceremony he invited Miller to open the feast by eating first. Great amusement we had when Miller had much difficulty in handling the kuei-tsze, the little sticks used to eat with.

“Miller, too, laughed very much, for he had drunk much wine of Che-Kiang and was very

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merry. And he was very happy because one of the prettiest sing-song girls sat on his lap, letting him caress her body. The first dish was a very good stew made of beef which had been cut into small slices and prepared with much fat and many and savory spices. Miller greatly enjoyed the dish, and turning to Wong, who sat on his left and acted as interpreter, he asked what the dish was made of.

“Said Wong thus: ‘Very illustrious Sir Miller, this dish has been procured at considerable expense from Canton, in the southern part of China, and costs about three silver yuans the cattie. For it consists of the meat of the well-renowned chow dogs and the fur has to be paid for specially in addition to the price of meat.’

“Miller laid down his kwei-tsze and ceased eating. He made gulps as if he were drinking, but he had not lifted his cup yet. Small beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead, and on his face was a very thoughtful



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expression. But he did not say one word, for he was anxious to show that he did not mind eating dog, although in his heart he thought differently.

“The next dish was brought in, a stew made of bamboo shoots and very young rabbit, tender and savory. Ah Fong, who speaks a little English, said to Miller: ‘You do not seem to like dog, but you may safely eat of this dish, for it is not dog. It is very savory and most excellent for the liver.’

“The stew smelling very excellently, Miller helped himself and began to eat heartily, desirous to forget all about the supposed dog. He had drunk much, and felt the necessity of eating much to overcome the effects of the wine.

“While he was munching, Loo, the soldier-tiger, made a remark to Miller in Chinese language, which Miller, of course, did not understand. Miller therefore turned to

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Wong and asked: 'What does the gentleman in military uniform say to me?'

"Whereupon Wong, with great guile, said: 'The gentleman in uniform, who is a very famous soldier-tiger and winner of ten thousand big battles, is very much interested in you. Therefore he is asking how you like this dish, the main ingredients of which have been procured by himself, having been sent to him from Tien-tsin, in the Province of Chi Li, in Northern China, many thousand li distant, by the brother-in-law of his second wife, and which consist of specially selected and very carefully fattened black cats. This, too, is a very expensive dish. For only black cats which have been born in the night preceding the quarterly feast of the Dragon and fattened with millet-fed mice are used for this dish.'

"Miller laid down his kuei-tsze, as he had done before.

"His eyes were wide open and his face

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turned the hue of a peach just before its cheeks begin to ripen on the tree in the Autumn. Very much perspiration gathered on his forehead and his lower jaw began to sag. He made a movement with his lips as if he were about to make oration, but not a sound emerged from his lips. He gulped very hard and repeatedly, while we all were watching him with very serious mien on our faces while our hearts jumped with joy like a monkey whom the juggler has placed on a piece of hot metal for the entertainment of spectators.

“Suddenly Miller jumped up and left the room very hurriedly without saying one word. As soon as he had left the room, Loo, the soldier-tiger, made a face like a water devil and rolled his eyes so very fearfully that we all exploded with mirth, for he thus very cleverly imitated the expression on Miller’s face, and we laughed till our bellies shook and till Moh let out very loud howls,

## SMALL ME

for Moh is fat and laughing causes him pain in his sides. . . .

“We were still laughing when a coolie, who owns a wom pah tszah, came into the room, and, after having made obeisance, very demurely asked for the payment of ten candareens, saying that a foreign man, coming out hurriedly from the house, had jumped into the wom pah tszah, requesting him to pull him very quickly to his house in the Shing An Tsze Loo—the Bubbling Well Road. That the foreign man was evidently poisoned, judging from various events which had happened during the trip. That the foreign man, after having arrived at his house, with a very weak voice, refused payment, saying that the coolie should demand his money from the men in the house whence he had started his trip and where he had been poisoned by evil-minded persons. . . . Hai, hai, . . . we laughed very hard, indeed, and Moh was so overjoyed with the success of

## SMALL ME

his joke on Miller that he dug into his pocket and gave to the wom pah tszah coolie one whole silver yuan, whereupon the coolie threw himself on the floor, and, calling Moh a Prince of Royal Blood, wished him ten thousand sons.

“ . . . Hai, hai, we laughed till we all became almost ill.

“And then we all went to our favorite tea-house, where we told the joke we had played on Miller to a great number of people, and in the course of the next day almost every Chinese and most of the foreign men in town knew of it, and Miller's friends made much fun of him at the club and at the yamen of the Consul.

“And Miller was very angry at first and said ‘Dam, dam,’ in the fashion of the foreign men when the dragon of rage is raving in their bowels, and said that he would repay Moh with interest.

“When arrived the fourth day of the sev-

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enth moon, Ah Fong and Loo and Wong and Moh and the very ignorant one went to the yamen of the Consul of the American Republic of the United States. For thus is the custom on this day, which is devoted to the memory of Hua' Shing-tung, the big American General who overthrew the Emperor of America and established a republic, probably having learned how we Chinese overthrew the Emperor in the year 1912.

“The Consul receives many guests who come to him to request him to send their best wishes to General Hua Shing-tung, whereupon the Consul makes obeisance and thankful greetings and gives his guests many kinds of wine and of pee-giu, the beer, and of the cigars of Ha Wan-ah, which country, too, has been conquered by the famous General Hua Shing-tung after ten thousand bloody battles. And there we saw Miller, arrayed in a black coat with long tails similar to that worn by the missionary men of whom

## SMALL ME

there are so very many in this country, and who tell us all about the American hell as though we had none of our own. And we all made obeisance to Miller who was full of good spirits and of wine and who slapped our shoulders and gave us many cigars and much wine, and said that he was growing stout with joy at seeing us. Many kind words he said to us, making comparisons between this country and the American Republic of the United States, and we were all very much pleased.

“‘My dear friends,’ thus spake Miller. ‘It is the custom of America, my country, to invite this day special friends to a big feast, with many dishes and many drinks, thus to celebrate in appropriate form the victory of the great Hua Shing-tung and the downfall of the Emperor of America. Will you not honor me by coming to my house tonight to eat with me a big American feast-meal and to enjoy ourselves?’

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“And we all made great thanks and said that we would not fail to come.

“Miller received us at the gate of his yamen with a great smile on his face, saying over and over again ‘Hell oh’ in the fashion of the foreign men, shaking our hands and slapping our shoulders, till they ached. Then he gave us a wine mixed of ten thousand different wines in a silver bottle, and which he called cock-a-tail. Verily, much truth is in this name, for having partaken of aforementioned drink, we all felt merry and enterprising like roosters, and at the same time wobbly and unsteady on our legs, as if they were feathers moved by the southern wind. . . .

“And we sat down at a table which was covered with a white cloth in the fashion of the foreign men. Ai, yah, why do they have a cloth in the color of mourning over the table on which they eat . . . why don’t they use a red one, for red is the color of luck—ai, yah, the white cloth of mourning on the table had



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a meaning—for Moh Hsiao-mao is mourning now, and every much at that, and aggrieved at the ridicule Miller exposed him to by this very dinner. . . .

“And there we were, Miller, the host, and Wong the doctor, and Loo the soldier-tiger, and Ah Fong, seller of entrails, and Moh Hsiao-mao and the very insignificant one, and enjoyed the very good soup which was followed by a big and fat fish and a fat bird as big as a young buffalo, which, as Miller said, was called ‘too-lee-kee,’ and which came from America, where it lived till it was killed by the natives with lances and guns and pistols, very good to eat. After this came a stew, which was very tender and extremely savory, and we all ate very much of it, loudly praising the art of the cook who had prepared such a very delicious dish. But we noticed that Miller was not eating of it, presumably as he did not want to deprive us of his share, which was very generous of him. Wong, the

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doctor, noticed it, and fearing that the Dragon of Sickness had entered Miller's bowels, asked him why he did not eat of this very good and savory dish, comparing it with the food which was served to the great Emperor Sung by beautiful slave girls after he had come home a victor in the great battle against the monkey-men which had lasted a hundred years and a hundred moons and a hundred days. . . .

“‘Verily,’ answered Miller, ‘verily, I enjoy the sight of you eating, men, and I doubly enjoy the fact that you enjoy this very special dish which I had had prepared for you. But I hope you will excuse me for not eating of it, for I do not care as much to eat of the flesh of the cat as you seem to.’ . . .

“‘Ai, yah,’ said Moh Hsiao-mao with a very strong voice, ‘verily, this is a poor joke to say that this very wonderful dish is cat, for cat is not good to eat and only eaten by miao-tsze and other savage and wild men.

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And, prithee, tell the cook to come into this room to receive the expression of my appreciation of this most excellently tasting dish, and I will reward him with a silver yuan if he is willing to tell the secret of its preparation to my cook so that I can enjoy this wonderful dish more often. . . . ’

“ ‘All right,’ said Miller, making a movement with his shoulders similar to a carrier of a load which is about to shift its weight, ‘I will call the cook, and he will tell you if you don’t believe me. . . . ’

“And in came the cook. Miller looked at him sternly and addressed him thus: ‘Cook, these friends of mine do not believe this is cat. Do tell them yourself.’

“Whereupon the cook, in the manner of his kind, scratched his head, and after having carefully cleaned his fingernails, spake thus in the very bad and uneducated language used by low servants only, and which is called the ‘pidgin-English’:

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“‘Yes, this blong cat. You sabe, cat, C-A-T, mao-mao. This moling my master he come kitchen-side and he talkee to me this fashion: “Cook,” he talkee to me, “this evening come fliends of mine, vellee goodee fliends, but little clazy in head,” my master talkee. “You go out, cook, go, catchee one piecee, big, fat cat, mao-mao, you sabe, and you makee good stew, must be vellee fine stew, suppose no good stew, fliends be vellee angly and make you eat bamboo stick . . . , so you go catchee nice fat cat, not too old”—ai, yah, you no believe me, you think I talkee lie? . . . ’

“And back into the kitchen shuffled the cook, to return therefrom holding in his hand the fresh pelt of a black cat. There was no doubt about it, for he produced even the bones. . . .

“And Miller, making big and loud laughter like a lion, spake thus: ‘See, you fellows, I’ve paid back the joke you played on me.

## SMALL ME

You've eaten real cat . . . be more careful next time before you spring a practical joke on somebody. . . . '

"Hai, hai . . . Moh Hsiao-mao has eaten cat, hai, hai . . . and he is very angry, indeed, with Mister Miller and with himself and with all his friends, for now everybody knows that Moh Hsiao-mao has eaten cat.



"The very learned one wants to know whether Small Me has eaten cat without knowing it? Yes, how else could I know that it was cat?

". . . The very wise one wants to know why very Small Me tells this story although I myself have been made to eat cat?

". . . Ai yah, has the pride of highest schools forgotten the words of the poet that to fight slander one must kill the heart of slander by speaking of it one's self before the others get a chance?

## SMALL ME

“ . . . By telling the story of Moh Hsiao-mao who ate cat without knowing it I divert the attention to Moh, who is thus made ridiculous, and everybody will laugh at Moh and forget all about Small Me who too has been fooled. . . . ”

“Is the story well told and is the exalted one happy?”

“ . . . Hai, hai, very good, indeed, and my heart is full of joy because I have contributed to the happiness of another man, which is a good deed and will be rewarded by the gods . . . and the exalted one will not forget the silver yuans? . . . ”

# SMALL ME

## CHAPTER V

### THE AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WATER-DEVIL

“TEN times ten thousand respectful greetings, Very Exalted One, and may the Dragon of Prosperity abide with the Friend of Kings for ten thousand years, and may he continue to remain the adviser of those in such distress as Small Me. . . .

“Yes, Extremely Pompous One, in great distress is Small Me. My master, whom I have served for many years, has become angry, has told me to stay away from his Presence and he has called insignificant me many bad and very ugly names, wishing my soul to go to perdition, and all this because poor me tried to enlarge the fame he enjoys

## SMALL ME

among the Chinese and the Foreign people of this city. . . .

“And at the bottom of all this grievous trouble and distress is Woman. Yes, and yea verily, all trouble cometh from Woman, and it was Woman who brought discord and strife between Small Me and my master, who is a foreign soldier-tiger, hired by the Governor of this large province to teach the Chinese to fight in the fashion of foreign soldiers.

“The exalted one surely knows my master, the foreign officer, who is employed by the Government of China to teach its soldiers, whom we call the three-eyed Dragon. For he is a great and big dragon, full of wisdom, besides being a soldier-tiger, and before his right eye he wears a magic piece of glass, which shines very strongly, and it is not fastened to the eye, neither is it stuck on with glue, and it gives him great and magic power over everything in the world.



## SMALL ME

“And Small Me had the honor to be number one boi and confidential man of the three-eyed Dragon for many years and traveled with him to many provinces and cities in peace and in war. And now a Woman, a foreign woman, has come, and she has destroyed the friendship which my master had extended to Small Me, and he has threatened me and he has become angry all because of Woman—a foreign woman—ai, ai yah!—may the King of the Darkness seize her soul and take it to the tah kang, the great oven!

“No, very exalted one, it is not an affair of love. Truly, my master is a foreign man, but his mind is like that of a Chinese man—he is not such a fool as are most foreign men, who often are mocked because of the foolish deeds they commit for the sake of woman, who is not worth it. No, no, Pride of Universities, my master spake often to me thus: ‘Chang, woman is like a mosquito—they both look frail and weak and graceful—but don’t

## SMALL ME

let them come too near or they will sting you and then you'll discover what nuisances they are!' And by having followed this advice, Small Me has kept out of much trouble—till aforementioned woman came.

"The upper week—last week as the foreign men say—my master came back from the barracks and he swore very much. And Small Me, knowing that something had happened, took the bottle of be-lan-dee, of brandy-wine, and spake thus: 'This be water from heaven and good medicine against trouble and if the great soldier-tiger will pardon my inquisitiveness, may the Small One not know what has befallen the mind of the Extremely Proud One?'

"And my master drank the be-lan-dee and spake thus: 'The Foo-Ling-Sz, the consul is sending to me two women who have just come to Shanghai to stay here but few days and he wants me to show them the Chinese City and everything therein. And I do not

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like to do it because I am sure that these women will do as many others have done, that is, they will go back to their country and will tell how very bad everything is in China and how the people are different, and they will write to the newspapers and they will write books full of lies and nonsense, for great is the imagination of woman, and people will read these books and will think ill of China. I do not like to take these women to the City but the Foo-Ling-Sz is my friend and I must not offend him.'

"And the next afternoon, while Small Me was walking in the garden of my master's house, anxious to obtain beautiful flowers to decorate his table and cogitating which colors would match best, there came two women in a carriage and they wanted to see the soldier-tiger. One of the women was tall and thin and the other was stout and fat and both were of advanced age. But they were dressed

## SMALL ME

like young girls, as is the fashion of the women of Mei-Guo, of America.

“And Small Me approached the carriage with great dignity as befitteth a member of my master’s household and bowed and made respectful greetings and asked for the card on which is printed the name.

“And the women began to seek in bags which they carried and which must have contained ten times ten thousand things, judging from the time they needed to find aforementioned cards. And one of the women took a pair of eyeglasses which were fastened to a long handle and looking through them at Small Me said to the other woman that Small Me were very neatly dressed, which was a great insult to my master, for, did she perhaps expect the number one boi of my master to look like a too-feh, a brigand?

“And Small Me led them into the large room just above the garden, where my master receives his guests and where I bade them to

## SMALL ME

be seated, offering them small tobacco-rolls, which my master keeps there, of a special kind. But the women looked at me with much arched eyebrows, saying that it was a sin to smoke and that people who smoke and who drank wine would surely go to the tah-kang.

“Ai, ai yah—and my heart turned black, for these women spake as do the missionary people who come here to China and who belong to many churches, saying that only their church is right and that the one of the other missionaries is wrong, and who say that we Chinese are heathens and that it is a sin to smoke and to drink wine and to go to the theatre, but that people should sing from a small black book and always go to the foreign joss-house.

“And my master said ‘damn damn’ in a strong voice when I told him that the women had come and that they spake of sin and tah-kang, and he made a face as if he had drunk

## SMALL ME

much sauce of the Soy bean, which is salty and bitter, and he spake to me thus: 'Chang, thou wilt go and get the chee-tso, the motor-car, ready, for I will take these women to the Chinese City and thou wilt come with me, walking behind us and when the foreign women insult the people there by making remarks lacking discretion, then thou wilt apologize in my name, saying that they are only strangers who do not know better and who are of ill manners. . . .'



"Some time ago my master's cook, who had been with him for many years and who was a friend of mine, made the acquaintance of a sailorman from Mei-Guo, America, who gave him a drink from a bottle which contained wine which had been made in America and which he called hoo-che and very soon my master had to look out for another cook.

"And the foreign woman who had heard

## SMALL ME

of it induced my master with much oration to take her cook, saying that she intended to travel to Tientsin and that she did not need him any more. But she did it to save one month's wages, for instead of paying him one month notice, she told him that with much effort and trouble she had induced the soldier-tiger to employ him.

“And this cook was a great thief and rascal who made plenty graft on everything he bought for my master, and when I discovered it and claimed half, being the number one boi, he said ‘nay’ and called me many and ugly names, and ever since he has insulted me very much and tried to induce my master to send me back to the company and hire a second cousin of his, a still greater thief, instead of me. And my heart grew black against him and Small Me thought how to drive the cook away from the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And we drove to the City of Shanghai,

## SMALL ME

which is beyond the French Concession, and the women acted very foolishly. Small Me had come along, too, because my master had said: 'Come thou with me, for it is hard to be with two women and to listen to all their prattling. And how can I beat the drum and row the boat beside'—meaning that this would be too much for him.

“And Small Me followed, respectfully staying behind as befitteth a servant, and telling the many people who asked me that this was my master, the great soldier-tiger, and praying them not to mind the indiscreet questions made by the women, saying that they were crazy. Verily, verily, very tactless were those women. There was an old painter, a very famous artist who paints for rich and noble people. And we went into his place and there came the old painter who had just left his food and he had been eating rice and cabbage. And he made obeisance and hospitable and friendly greetings, offering my



## SMALL ME

master and the two women to share his food. And my master tasted it and pronounced it excellent, but the women said that it did not look nice and that they did not like the smell of the cabbage.

“And so we walked about, and the women acted as if they were small children and they tittered like birds.

“And my master looked very unhappy.



“After we had walked through many streets and alleys we came to the tea-house of the willow-pattern, in the centre of the city, which is situated on a small island in a beautiful pond and a very artistic bridge leading to it. And nearby was a large tent on which were many inscriptions, saying that very rare and wild animals would be shown inside. And upon request of the women my master paid to the owner of the tent twenty-five tungbe and we entered. And there were

## SMALL ME

many monkeys and birds with manicolored feathers and many snakes. And in a corner there stood a box shaped like a coffin. And the women asked what there was inside of the box. And the owner spake thus: 'Verily, a very rare animal is in this box, but I must keep it hidden because many people are afraid to look at it.' And after having received ten more tungbe he opened the box.

"Verily, O Light of Virtue, a great fright and terror came over Small Me, for in the box was a water-devil. Yea, verily, a water-devil very fearful to behold, shaped like a dragon, with a long snout and big teeth and eyes like coals.

"And Small Me fell down and made obeisance in great fear and prayed to the spirits to protect me, and the women laughed and my master spake thus: 'Thou be but a fool to believe this is a devil. This be only a rare animal, called Ko-lo-ko-di-le and it comes

## SMALL ME

from Yindoo, from India, where it lives in rivers, and it is not dangerous.'

"And Small Me was very much ashamed. And the women requested my master to ask the owner for the price of the animal, not because they wanted to buy it, but being women, they wanted to prattle and not being able to speak Chinese they wanted my master to prattle for them. But my master did not want to do so, for, according to our custom, if a man asks the price he is bound thereafter to buy if the price can be agreed upon. But the women insisted with many words and it is like attempting to ring a wooden bell—to resist a woman if she persists. And the owner said he would sell the devil for a hundred yuans, but my master offered only one yuan. And after much oration which amused the women greatly, my master offered five yuans, hoping that the owner, seeing that my master offered only small money, would say, 'Nay, I will not sell.' But the owner scratched his

## SMALL ME

head and made cogitation and spake thus: 'Verily, five yuan is but small money, but, whereas this devil from Yindoo eats every day ten catties of meat which cost much money and whereas I cannot show it to people as many of them would be afraid and think I am a sorcerer I will sell it to you for five yuans but you must take it away with you.'

"And my master made a wry face and paid five yuans and asked the owner to keep the devil but the owner said he would not. And he took the devil from his box and wrapped several old bags and matting around it and the devil did not move but looked like a rolled up carpet.

"And the women became very angry and said they would not ride in the chee-tso with the devil and they took two wom-pah-tsahs and rode back to the Ka Lee Hotel in the Kiang Se Loo, where they were living.

"And my master spake thus to me: 'What

## SMALL ME

shall I do with this very ugly and ungainly animal?"

"But Small Me, seeing a chance to frighten the cook away from the house, spake thus: 'There is a pond in our garden, O great tiger, and we can put this devil into the pond and he will think he is in Yindoo in a river even there and he will be satisfied and stay there forever and nobody will notice it.'

" 'Thou art a man of good ideas,' spake my master, 'and I will do even so. Go thou to the house before I arrive and send the other servants away on some errand and then when nobody sees us, I will put this devil into the pond. And, every day thou wilt go to the market and buy three catties of meat to feed the devil, but nobody must see thee, for, if people find out that I have such an animal in my house, they will come by the hundreds to see it.'

"And we did as my master had said and

## SMALL ME

put the devil into the pond, and nobody saw us.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Two days afterward, when my master was at the barracks, the cook insulted Small Me, saying that my ancestors lived in trees in the Province of Yunnan. And I grew angry and spake to the cook, saying that he was a chief of scamps and that I would pray and a big water-devil would come and chase him away from the house and would eat his heart and bite his head off! But the cook laughed very much and made mock of me.

“The same day Small Me did not feed the kolokodile.

“In the second hour after the sun stands high on the sky, while the cook was cutting meat back of the house, he spake to me thus: ‘Verily thou art a man of big mouth and where is thy water-devil to eat my heart? Thou art but a liar and the son of a woman who as everybody knows was a—’

## SMALL ME

“But, O Friend of Princes, he did not say any more. He dropped his knife and stood like an idol in the temple and he made big eyes full of horror. And when Shall Me looked around I beheld the kolokodile which, not having been fed, had crawled out of the pond and had come to steal the meat from the cook. And it looked very angry and its jaws snapped with much noise and it walked on its legs and it swung its tail, very fearful to behold.

“And the cook threw up his arms and yelled ‘Ai ai yaah!’ and he ran away very quickly, calling for help and saying that a devil was in the house, and all the other servants ran away and so did Small Me, for the kolokodile looked very terrible indeed and I wondered if my master had not made a mistake and if it was not really a water-devil.

“And many times ten thousand people gathered in the street and around the house and the cook told them that a big water-devil

## SMALL ME

had descended from a fiery cloud on which he had been riding and that he had come into the house, flames spurting from his mouth. Also that he rolled his eyes and smoke came from his nostrils and his tail was ten thousand lee—miles—long and he threatened to swallow the house and everybody therein. And the people made great outcry and the police came and formed a ring around the house which nobody was allowed to enter, and they sent for a sorcerer in the City Temple and they sent a messenger to my master saying that a devil had taken possession of his house and that he should beware and bring a foreign sorcerer along with him to exorcise the evil thing. And Small Me went among the people explaining that this surely was a very dangerous devil, for had not I seen the leg of a man which he had eaten hanging from his great and fearful snout? And the people shuddered and many made prayer and obeisance and they began beating gongs and they



## SMALL ME

burned fire-crackers to chase away the devil by the noise, as is recommended by sorcerers.

“And my master came along in his cheetso and a shimpoh—a policeman—approached him, warning him not to enter the house. But my master, who is very brave, made strong language, saying that there were no devils in his house in his absence. And he went into his house and with him went two shimpohs, who had rifles on which they had fastened long knives and the rifles were loaded and they trembled very much. And Small Me followed behind.

“And when we came to the kitchen, verily, there was the devil eating the meat the cook had left. And my master went to the devil and grasped him by the tail and lifted him up and spake very many hard words to the shimpohs, saying that this was not a devil but an animal from Yindoo and that he had bought it and that the shimpohs were great fool men and cowards. And then he went

## SMALL ME

upstairs to his room and he laughed very much.

“And Small Me stood there with the two shimpohs, and one of them, whose name is Tung and who is a native of Tientsin, in the Province of Chili, spake thus: ‘Verily, if we tell the people in the street that this is not a devil but an animal, then they will say we are afraid and we will lose face. What shall we do?’

“And Small Me, thinking to render a service to my master and to ourselves, spake thus: ‘Why should we not tell the people that this is a very fearful and powerful devil, but that my master, who is a very strong soldier-tiger, made fight, and, assisted by us, subdued the devil after a ferocious battle?’

“And Tung, being thoughtful, spake: ‘Yea, this is good talk, but let us add that thy master not only subdued the devil but that he made him sign a contract to serve him and

## SMALL ME

to devour all those people who did not obey the soldier-tiger, thee and the policemen.'

"And we all agreed and disarranged our clothing and Small Me killed a chicken in the kitchen and we spattered blood over our garments and went outside the house where stood many ten thousand people. And they made great outcry when they saw us and asked what had befallen. And Small Me and Tung, the shim-poh, told them how my master had subdued the devil and how we had assisted him.

"And that the devil, after having been defeated, made obeisance and wept very much, saying that he was very sorry and that my master had made him sign a contract to serve him and his friends and his servants and to kill all those who did not obey him or his servants or the police. And Small Me said that we were entitled to a reward for having assisted to subdue the devil, and Tung and Small Me and the other shimpoh received

## SMALL ME

three yuans each, for the people, fearing our displeasure, collected money amongst themselves. And there were many men from the Shin Wen Tsz, the Chinese newspaper, and they too gave us money and wrote much on paper.

“And then they dispersed and spake much amongst themselves, and when Small Me went to the tea-house the same evening there were many people who wanted to hear the story again, and I received much wine and choice food and many more yuans.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Verily, verily, may the King of the Dead take the souls of the women and carry them to the tah-kang, the great oven. These women spake about the kolokodile my master had purchased against his will, and some men of the foreign newspapers who had heard the story of the devil and did not know what it was, wrote stories about it in the foreign newspapers, making much fun of the tale of

## SMALL ME

the devil and saying that Small Me, who gave such a good description of the fight, should receive much money for being a man of great imagination and for having entertained the people.

“And the next day my master called me and made very bad language and told me to stay away from his Presence, explaining that everybody in the foreign Club was laughing at him and asking for the devil who had signed the contract.

“May the King of the Dead take the souls of the women. For, if it had not been for Woman then there would not have been the cook whom Small Me wanted to frighten away and my master would not have bought the kolokodile and the foreign people would not have laughed at my master and my master would not have banished me from his presence.

“Ai, ai yaah—all trouble comes from Woman!”

## SMALL ME

### CHAPTER VI

#### SHOWING UP CONFUCIUS

**T**HIS is the story of Moh Hsiao Mao's lawsuit as mentioned by Chang in a previous chapter:

"Moh Hsiao Mao is my name, oh, very learned and extremely dignified sir, and insignificant me lives in the street which is called Siao Hua Yuen—the Little Flower Garden Street.

"Does not the very exalted and wise one know the street of the Little Flower Garden—across and south of the Giu Mow Tee—the old execution ground, where they used to behead, boil in oil or slice into ten thousand pieces such big and black-hearted scamps as Chang—Chang Wen Ching—who sells opium-dross to fools for real opium and who

## SMALL ME

lives next door to me, the very unimportant one, who has come to see the very great and tremendously wise white lawyer man to seek protection and consolation?

“What has Chang done to very Small Me, oh, light and pride of sciences and art? Chang, if poor me be allowed to respectfully mention such as he in the exalted presence of such a great scholar of law and philosophy, is an evil-minded, illegitimate offspring of a male turtle and a she snake. Chang is the reincarnation of the great and fearful demon T’ang, whose body was slain centuries ago by the great hero Fung in a hand-to-hand fight which lasted seven years and seven moons and seven days. Chang is a murderer of bodies and souls. He is a man capable of setting fire to the house in which lies his paralyzed mother.

“Chang is a robber, a poison monger, a slayer of men and animals and most assuredly the greatest and most daring liar in this

## SMALL ME

country, which is now a republic like the great country from which the very learned and extremely dignified legal light has come to this city for the benefit of those whose heart is heavy, of those who are oppressed and for the benefit of insignificant me, whose bowels wince with pain because of the injury and injustice done to him by that arch scoundrel Chang, whom the Prince of Darkness would have carried off to Tah K'ang, the great hell, were he not afraid that Chang would lie and cheat him out of possession of it. Ai, ai yah, my heart is full of grief and my mind is about to become unbalanced with pain—ai, ai yah—because of Chang, the liar, the murderer, the thief!

“And therefore have I come to see you, the great lawyer, to protect me from Chang, the scamp who lives next door to me in the Siao Hua Yuen. And gladly I will compensate you and pay you as many taels, or dollars, as you may ask—in cash or in bank



## SMALL ME

notes of foreign banks—if you will go to court, have Chang arrested by armed shim-pohs, thrown into the smallest, most evil-smelling and vermin-infested cell in the city jail, have him haled before the Judge and sentenced to be beheaded or killed with a gun or sliced into ten thousand pieces. Or if it cost too much bribe to have him killed, then I will be satisfied if Chang must feel ten thousand times a big, fat bamboo stick on the soles of his feet. And then I will rejoice and invite you to a big feast with swallow-nest soup from Macao, especially selected shark fins from Wei-hai-wei and sing-song girls from Canton, where they are plump, and from Soochow, the girls of which are distinguished by the fineness of their features and their wit.

“Oh, I must tell you, very learned Sir, of Lee Shing Hua, the girl who came to this city from Soochow just three days ago, and

## SMALL ME

what she did in the Yih Ping Shan Restaurant last night—

“Why do I want to prosecute Chang? Didn't I tell you, extremely enlightened reader of ten times ten thousand legal books? Forgive me, my grief is too great, indeed, for this fellow Chang is surely the most unmitigated scamp the world has ever seen. The blackness of his heart exceeds—

“Ai, ai yah—oh pride of Western and Eastern law schools, why are you in such a hurry? Don't you know what Kung Fu Tse says, whom you call Confucius? That repose comes from heaven while worry comes from hell!

“Therefore this fellow Chang—may his progeny be turned into long-tailed monkeys with heads of cats—is not to be equaled when it comes to evil deeds, and do you know how it comes? Because one of his ancestors wore a tail and—

## SMALL ME

“Ai yah—you foreign men are always in such a hurry!

“What has Chang done to me, you want to know?

“Grave injustice he has done to me and may his eldest son be—

“You want me to describe the evil deeds for which you should prosecute him?

“Let me assure you, oh wise one, that many witnesses have seen how Chang, three days ago, willfully and maliciously and with very evil intent in his black heart, stole a dog belonging to me, and having thus committed theft, hit it on the head with a cudgel, had the skin removed and used it to make a bag in which to put silver taels to send to the brother-in-law of his third wife, who lives in Kun Shan and who is almost as big a scamp as Chang. Do you know what I learned from Ah Fong, the seller of entrails in the Woo Mah Loo and who knows the brother of the chief coolie of the Police Mandarin of Kun

## SMALL ME

Shan and who told him that aforementioned brother-in-law of the third wife of Chang—

“You do not want to hear about his brother-in-law?

“Ai yah, oh wise writer of codes and textbooks, don't you know what says Li Tai-poh, the great poet? That news shall be carefully listened to and stored away in the folds of memory, for information is like a sum of money, saved and hidden away and which comes very handy when in need.

“Yes, most assuredly yes, oh great victor in ten thousand legal battles, Chang stole my dog and killed it. And when I went to his house and made oration to him and complaint he not only denied the deed but he turned round and grasped a big bamboo stick and, raising his arm, he made me eat bamboo as if I were a criminal convicted by the Mandarin. Look at my back, very skilled protector of the oppressed, and behold the marks of the bamboo stick, which hurt very considerably.

## SMALL ME

And, in addition to his arm with the bamboo stick, he lifted his right leg and, with a movement similar to that one made by the foot soldiers when they are marching past before a great General, he pushed his leg forward so that his foot hit me there where a man sits and greatly added to my pain. And I fell forward against a barrel which was full of refuse and garbage and which fell over, swamping me with all its evil contents, thus causing me to smell very abominably and exposing me to the ridicule of the throng which had assembled before the house of this fellow Chang, attracted by my cries of pain when Chang made me eat bamboo.

“Ai, ai yah, very terrible is Chang, and surely he is ripe for the jail and the executioner!

“However, I do not want to go to court because of the injury he has done to my body. I only want to have Chang convicted for the theft of my dog, which he stole and killed

## SMALL ME

and made from its hide a bag wherein to put silver taels to send to—

“You say I will have to pay you fifty taels for going to court to prosecute Chang, the thief, and you want to know the value of the dog?”

“The value of the dog is nothing. It was just a yellow mongrel cur of the street, but it used to come to my house every day, to be fed there by my second wife, who cooks very well indeed, and then to chase its fleas. It had no value at all. It was not even dear to my heart—nay, it was a nuisance, for it was full of fleas and liked to sneak into my bedroom and to lie down on my bedstead. Value? No, it had no value!”

“Why do I want to prosecute Chang? Because Chang is the evil-minded offspring of a male turtle and a she snake and his heart is—

“Ai yah, you foreign men do not know about personal feelings. All you think is

## SMALL ME

money. If you hurt a man and want to soothe him again—give him money. If you want to hurt a man and want to punish him—take away his money. What do you know about personal feelings and about the heart!

“Yes, most assuredly I will pay to you the fifty taels you ask. Your fee is small, and if you had demanded ten times fifty taels I would have done so with delight, for Chang is an evil-minded—

“Before I pay to you the fifty taels which are but a very poor compensation for the most eminent services of such a tremendously big and learned authority on law as you are, dear Sir, I wish to impress upon you that considering the great friendship which exists between you and unworthy me, could you not reduce the fee to let us say twenty-five taels? Our friendship—

“Yes, it is true, I have known you now not more than one hour, but have I not made you my confidential adviser and opened my heart

## SMALL ME

to you and does not Fung T'cheu, the great classic, say that between twin souls a friendship can be closed on sight?—

“Ai yah, you foreign men are certainly very stubborn and stiff-necked. But, before I pay to you those fifty taels, won't you accept twenty-five in cash and the rest on a note, post-dated for thirteen days on my wife's first cousin in Kia Ting Hsien, who will pay you as soon as he has contracted that great big deal he is about to close with Poh Tung, the tea merchant who goes up to Hankow twice every year?

“You do not want a note? Well, then, let me make for you a nice and very beautiful coffin, painted black, with red and gold dragons, made to your measure!

“Again, no? Hard as the law is your mind, oh, greatest of all lawyers, and I have to yield. Take the fifty taels, here are they—I hope you do not mind accepting this torn banknote. The money changer will deduct



## SMALL ME

only ten per cent. of the amount, for it is not very badly damaged.

“It is all well, then, and you guarantee that Chang will be condemned.

“You do not even guarantee? ‘Ai, yah, poor me, what shall I do to quiet my mind, if I have no guarantee from you that you will prevail on the Judge to condemn Chang, who is an evil-minded scamp and—

“You say you are very busy? Why, oh, why, are you foreign men always in such a hurry?

“Yes, I will call on you after you have written to me. Nay, I will call on you every day, for my eyes are gladdened by the sight of you, who are my protector and avenger.

“I have grown stout with joy at the extreme pleasure of having made the acquaintance of such an august personage, and may the star of luck always be with you!”

## SMALL ME

The case came up in court. Though there were many witnesses of the killing of the dog and the subsequent application of a stout bamboo stick to the back of Moh the coffin maker, Chang (probably from force of old habit) lied valiantly and denied everything. He even had an alibi. One of his witnesses asserted that Chang on the day of the evil deed had been visiting him in Hang Chow and had got gloriously drunk there on the sweet wine they make in Che-kiang Province. But the following witness said that this was all wrong and persisted that Chang on the same day had been up in Nan King, Kiang Su Province, at his house, where they played mah tsziang, the Chinese domino, and where Chang lost \$17.56 to witness and had not paid up yet; and would not the honorable court be good enough to prevail on Chang to pay this debt to the witness?

Whereupon Chang loudly abused both his witnesses, saying that they and their ancestors

## SMALL ME

had been known as liars for nine generations.



Two hours were consumed in examining various and very eloquent witnesses, the Judge in the meantime looking often and anxiously at the great clock in the courtroom. For he remembered that noodles and bamboo shoots lose their flavor when kept too long on the fire. At the end of that time the court declared solemnly that the defendant, Chang Wen Ching, killer of dogs and beater of men, was a very dashing but unskilled liar; furthermore, that he had failed to make a success when coaching his witnesses and had lacked care in selecting them; furthermore, that in an irresponsible manner he had trifled with the valuable time of the court. Wherefore, judgment was given against him, \$10 compensation for the slain dog, plus costs and lawyer's fees. Furthermore, whereas the defendant had shown very plainly that he

## SMALL ME

was to be considered an unreliable party, he was to be kept in custody, in the house of detention, until the judgment had been paid in full. And so it was done forthwith.

Moh's heart grew big with joy. As he was leaving the courtroom he introduced his lawyer to a number of his friends and witnesses as the greatest jurist of the universe.



Back in his office the lawyer wondered whether his client was just a plain fool with too much money to spend, or a very vindictive individual.

He had reached no decision when about two weeks later Moh reappeared, accompanied by a young Chinese in American clothes and gold-rimmed, thick spectacles. Greetings were duly exchanged and the young man introduced as his son. Then Moh, pulling some dirty papers from one of his pockets, expressed his desire to have

## SMALL ME

Chang, convicted dog killer and wielder of bamboo sticks, haled before the court, this time for refusing to pay an old debt of 3,500 taels.

The lawyer asked if there were any documents or the like to prove the claim. Moh shook his head and, showing some of the dirty papers, asked the lawyer what he thought of them. They proved to be merely letters bearing Chang's signature, referring to some debt without mentioning any sum or other data whatsoever, and the lawyer did not conceal from his client that such papers constituted very insufficient evidence. However, all efforts to make him desist from his intention to sue Chang for the money were of no avail. Not caring to take up such a case and not wishing to give offense by a refusal, the lawyer tried quoting Confucius.

Said he: "Don't you know what Kung Fu Tse says? That a wise man goeth to court once and only the fool goeth twice?—"

## SMALL ME

The young man in American clothes looked owlishly through his spectacles and retorted:

“You must have perceived, dear Sir, that during the last decade reforms have taken place in China of rather thorough nature. Upon careful investigation a number of us young Chinese have ascertained that Mr. Kung Fu Tse, although an authority in his day and several subsequent centuries, has become antiquated; his doctrines are not entirely in accordance with ideas fostered by us modern and progressive young Chinese. We young Chinese are the hope of the Chinese Republic, democracy, liberty and—”

He ceased when he saw the expression on the lawyer's face.



When even Confucius failed there was only one hope left—fixing a prohibitive fee to scare them off. But when the lawyer announced that he would have to charge five

## SMALL ME

hundred taels in advance both nodded eagerly in assent and began to count out the money on the table in banknotes of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. They took a receipt and bowed themselves out of the room.

It was the dull season. The case was soon called before the same Judge who had tried the case of the dog, and that Judge helped Moh's cause considerably. It was not long before, in spite of the slenderness of the evidence produced by plaintiff, judgment was given in favor of Moh and the defendant ordered to pay the 3,500 taels, cost and lawyer's fees.



The following evening Moh gave a celebration dinner at the Yih Ping Shan Restaurant to which he invited numerous members of the coffin makers' guild. The lawyer, as guest of honor, was greatly praised in speeches by the host and his son, both of

## SMALL ME

whom were full of joy in their victory and the acquisition of 3,500 taels.

When the other guests had left, Moh and his son took the lawyer aside for a final drink of kao-liang liquor and a confidential talk. The lawyer expressed his surprise at the quick decision of the Judge, whereupon Moh nodded sagely and spake thus:

“Very learned Sir, with your kind permission I have had aforementioned claim of 3,500 taels for ten years against aforesaid Chang Wen Ching, who is the illegitimate offspring of a male turtle and a she snake. Chang borrowed the money from me to establish an opium shop. Although he made much money, the scamp, and sold not opium, but opium dross mixed with liao-tsz, which is made of pork fat, sesamum seed and dried figs, and only smoked by fools, thus very considerably increasing his profits in a dishonest manner, he repeatedly refused to pay the money back, saying that he owed me nothing.



## SMALL ME

“Long I considered of making him pay, but Chang is very cunning and hard to catch. Besides, I had very little proof of my claim, and how could I convince a Judge that I was right and Chang was wrong?

“Chang has a weakness—he is a very great liar and stubborn as a buffalo. But this had to be proved to a Judge to show Chang’s character. The killing of the dog gave me the chance for which I had waited for many years.

“You thought me foolish to spend money to avenge the killing of that mongrel dog, but I knew that Chang could not help lying in court, in spite of many witnesses and the smallness of the matter. He did so. The Judge noticed it and got very angry. Don’t you remember how he called Chang a very dashing but unskillful liar?

“I knew that all civil cases would be tried before the same Judge. When my case for 3,500 taels came up before him, the Judge

## SMALL ME

recognized Chang and remembered how he had lied before. Being sure that Chang, who had lied in the matter of a small and valueless dog, would most assuredly lie a thousand-fold in the matter of many taels, he gave decision against him.

“And so, very learned Sir, both you and the wise Kung Fu Tse, whom you call Confucius, were wrong when you said that only the fool goeth to court twice.”

# SMALL ME

## CHAPTER VII

MARY, BY ANY OTHER NAME

“**T**SAO-A, tah lao-yah, tsao-a—  
many times ten thousand respect-  
ful greetings, O wise scholar of  
the Law! And may the Dragon of Pros-  
perity descend upon the gables of the house  
of the Most Wise One and abide there for  
ten thousand years of uninterrupted happi-  
ness, and may he always remain to be the  
adviser and protector of the Weak and Un-  
fortunate Ones!

“Yes, extremely enlightened teacher of the  
classics, small and insignificant me is in very  
great distress indeed and full of sorrow and  
grief! . . .

“Yea, yea, the nature of woman is very  
evil indeed. And a woman has more poison

## SMALL ME

in her heart than the green snake has in her mouth, as says the great philosopher Sun. . . .

“Verily, verily, a woman has seriously wronged insignificant me, a foreign woman, and this is very ill reward indeed, for did I not try to help her to recover the most wonderful and expensive belongings of hers which had been stolen by Chow Lan Chu, the thief and murderer and robber? Chow Lan Chu, who, as I have been informed by absolutely reliable sources, is a descendant of long-tailed monkeys with the heads of cats. Chow Lan Chu, who is a man who does evil deeds, who . . .

“The August Personage wishes to know why ugly and humble me is complaining and who is the person that caused all the distress?

“Ai, ai yah—very badly has she treated me—me who tried to help her and who testified on her behalf against Chow the thief, and she has covered my body with bruises and she has thrown me out of her house and has

## SMALL ME

dismissed me from her service and she has failed to pay to me the wages due to me for my work as her 'number one' boi—ai yah, the Wise Scholar of ten thousand heavenly virtues knows what has been said by Sun, the great philosopher, many thousand years ago, that woman has more poison in her heart than the green snake has. . . .

“Ai, ai yah, she is even worse than Chow Lan Chu, the robber and thief, whose mother, as it is widely known, was . . .

“The Exalted One says that he is very busy and that Small Me should hurry in telling his story, so that the Powerful One can help more quickly?

“Hai, hai, well and good. The Dragon of Mercifulness surely has descended upon the Friend of Princes and he will help insignificant me to recover the wages due to me and more money for compensation for the bruises and all the other ill-treatment? Then Shall Me will proceed without further delay

## SMALL ME

and will tell the story how the white woman has ill-treated him very seriously, because he tried to help her loyally, as was his duty as her servant. Does not the Exalted One know what says the classic: 'Be loyal to the person whose rice thou dost eat'?

"And in spite of my loyalty the foreign woman has thrown me out of her house and has bruised my body by applying to my back a piece of wood, shaped like a column and with two handles at the ends so that it can be used for many and useful purposes in the kitchen, and she has failed to pay me my wages! Verily, verily, woman has more poison in her heart than . . . .

"Ai yah! Why is the Tremendously Pompous One in such a very great hurry? Does he not know what says the classic: 'That repose cometh from heaven, while hurry cometh from hell,' besides being very bad for the liver?

"Poor and insignificant me was employed

## SMALL ME

by 'Ma Lee Shing-tso yu-tung yatse ihan' as a house-boi; yes, Exalted One, as a 'number one' servant, being in charge of everything in the house and responsible therefor.

"The Pride of Eastern and Western Universities says there is no foreign woman living in Shanghai who goes by the name of 'Mary-walks-like-a-Duck,' and he says that there is no such name in the foreign languages?"

"Hai, hai, the Noble Foreign Literate has been so very busy studying important things, on which depend not only the welfare of this city but of ten thousand other countries and nations, that he has forgotten to remember that we Chinese must give foreigners special names in Chinese language, because their foreign names are very hard to remember and still more hard to pronounce. And, therefore, we give the foreigners special names, carefully selecting them according to their suitability, thus enabling anybody to re-

## SMALL ME

member the looks of the foreign man or the woman to whom the name has been given.

. . .

“Poor me was ‘number one’ boi in the house of . . . Little Me cannot remember the name but here is a card on which is printed the foreign name of ‘Mary-who-walks-like-a-Duck’ and which she uses when she goes to the houses of her friends to make visits of friendly spirit.

“Yes, August One, the name reads ‘Frau Marie Friederike Kloessenfresser,’ and she and her husband came from Teh-Guo, from Germany, and her husband is a merchant who has a hong in Kiang-Se Loo, the Kiang-se Road, where he sells dyes to give beautiful colors to any garment and in any shade. And the dyes are made in Teh-Guo and they are wrapped in packages made of red paper, which is very auspicious, red being the color of Luck—and inside there is another piece of red paper on which is printed in Chinese lan-



## SMALL ME

guage in addition to the 'chop'—the trade mark—an announcement saying that everybody who buys and uses these dyes will have ten thousand years of Luck and Prosperity, because the maker of the dyes in Teh-Guo had paid a very large amount of money to the chief of all the priests in Germany for sacrifices and prayers for Good Luck for all the people who buy these dyes. And he is selling very many of these dyes and making much money, for, everybody likes to buy goods which have been prepared under such auspicious conditions and which are wrapped into paper of the color of Good Luck.

“And the wife of this merchant hired Small Me for a 'number one' boi when she arrived at Shanghai. And one day she called me into her room and spake to me thus: 'Go thou and find thou a good man to wash my linen and one who does not destroy it. And do so quickly!'

“And Small Me went to see Liu Foo

## SMALL ME

Piao, who is a native of Woo-Sieh, the same town Small Me had been born in. Liu Foo Piao is a laundryman who has a small house with a laundry kitchen in Wei-hai-Wei Loo, which is the street where all the laundrymen of Shanghai have their places of business, and after rendering friendly greetings spake to him thus: 'How much cumshaw—commission—wilt thou pay in addition to washing my laundry without receiving pay therefor, if I induce my foreign masters to let thee do their laundry work?'

"And Liu, who was working at a table, preparing laundry for the final ironing, emptied his mouth of the water which he keeps in it to squirt it on the linen, through his narrowed lips, for the purpose of moistening it before the hot iron is applied, scratched his head and spake thus after having done some cogitation: 'I will give thee the fiftieth part of the money they will pay me for my

## SMALL ME

work and I will wash thy own laundry without demanding money therefor.'

"Whereupon I called Liu a miser and a chief of robbers and extortioners, saying that one-fiftieth part of the money was but small pay and not sufficient, and that I would go and speak to many other laundrymen who were willing to give me more cumshaw. And after we had watched the sun for many hours and had made much oration, Liu agreed to pay to me a cumshaw of one-tenth of the money paid to him by the foreign people, my masters, and, besides, wash my own laundry free of charge.

"And after he had solemnly made the promise to abide by his word, I made him put on his i-fu, his long coat, which is worn on occasions of state, and we went into the street and, mounting a wom-pah-tsah, we told the coolie to pull us to the house of my masters, which is situated in the Kah Teh Loo, the Carter-Road. This after Liu had agreed to

## SMALL ME

pay the fare. And we arrived there very late because the wom-pah-tsah-coolie demanded seven tungbe—copper cents—while Liu offered three, saying that the coolie had not run very fast and that the wom-pah-tsah smelled somewhat second-rate. Finally they agreed and Liu paid to the coolie five tungbes, one of which was counterfeit, but the coolie did not notice it.



“And Ma Lee received us, and very fearful she was to behold, for she is very big, looking like one of the strong men who wrestle and who receive much money therefor. And her face is very red and broad, for she drinks much pee-giu—the beer—and she has eyes which look like those of a fish, and her hair is very yellow, almost white, and she had pulled it toward the back of her head, similarly as do the dja-hurs far up north in the country of Mongolia, where the people

## SMALL ME

are very wild and drink tea with melted butter in it.

“And she looked at both of us with a very severe expression on her face and with a very strong voice she asked Liu how much he demanded for the month to wash her linen. Whereupon Liu, after having made respectful greetings, said that he wanted ten silver yuans—dollars of China—and I supported him, saying that Liu was a very expert laundryman and the best in the trade. But Ma Lee said that she would not pay more than five yuans per month and Liu agreed. And she bade us to begone and we walked over to my room in the servants’ quarters, where we sat down to drink tobacco smoke.

“‘Hai, hai,’ spake Liu, scratching his ear, ‘very, very difficult is it to pronounce the name of this woman who is your mistress. I cannot call her Ma Lee in my books, and I cannot give her this mark, because I have already very many Marys—Mary-who-is-

## SMALL ME

ugly, Mary-who-gets drunk, Mary-who-has-a-red-haired-lover. . . . I must give her a special name. Which one shall it be?

“And we made much cogitation and drank more tobacco smoke when we beheld Mary coming out of her house and walking toward the street to get a wom-pah-tсах there. And she walked very heavily, because of her great weight, and on the wooden floor of the veranda it made a noise similar to that one made by the great and large guns when the tah-pao-ping’s—the artillery—go to war, marching through the streets.

“And she swayed while she walked and she swung her big body in a manner very odd to behold for the person who looked at her from behind. And Liu spat out the melon-seed he was chewing and spake thus: ‘Verily, verily, I will give this woman a name which will fit her, for doesn’t she walk like a fat duck from Tsinanfu? I will enter her in my books as Ma Lee shing-tso yutung yatse ihan—as

## SMALL ME

Mary-who-walks-like-a-Duck — and will mark her laundry accordingly, thus preventing any mistakes when it comes to the sorting of the laundry.'

"And after he had rendered thankful greetings for the business I had helped him to secure, he stuck his fan into the collar behind his neck, after having carefully folded it—the fan being a very handsome one, having been made of black paper with many beautiful proverbs painted on it with golden ink, and costing no less than thirty-two tungbe—and we drank the cup of tea which precedes parting, and he bowed to me and left for his house, while Small Me went to see Chang, the house-coolie, who had wanted to borrow from me three yuans, . . . promising to return five after thirty days.

"The Exalted One does not know Chow Lan Chu? Chow, the thief and robber and gambler? Chow is too lazy to work continuously and prefers to loaf and to gamble and

## SMALL ME

to sponge on his friends. He hangs around their places of business, and whenever there is a chance for him to make some money easily he does it. Only sometimes he works as a boi for foreign people who just have arrived at Shanghai, and who do not know anybody who could tell them what a chief of scamps this Chow is.

“And one morning, when Liu came into his workroom, he found that the laundry belonging to Mary-who-walks-like-a-Duck was missing. And he made great outcry, and summoned his family and his helpers, and they made much cogitation and searching, but the laundry could not be found, although it was all ready for delivery.

“And Liu went to the Shim-poh-kuan, the Chief of the Police, and with him came his two wives and his eight children and all his helpers, and they all made great obeisance and much ululation and outcry and weeping, saying that Liu’s face would be lost if the



## SMALL ME

laundry which had been entrusted to his care by the foreign people would not be recovered, and that it would cost much money to replace it. And Liu gave the Shim-poh-kuan a description of the laundry, and one of the officials wrote down every word Liu spake. And the Chief of the Police promised his assistance, and they made again much obeisance and thankful greetings and returned to their house.

“And the Shim-poh-kuan sent out ten thousand clever spies and they caught Chow Lan Chu in Honan-Loo, the Honan Road, where he tried to sell a packet containing laundry of foreign women. And he was taken to the jail-house and before the Judge.

“And Liu was told by the policemen that he had to come to the Judge to testify there and that he should bring along with him those people who could bear witness that the laundry had been stolen from him.

“And Liu and Small Me and Mary went

## SMALL ME

to the Judge. And Liu looked at the laundry-marks and said that the things had been stolen from his house. But Chow, the thief, who is very glib, began to cry, saying that this was not true, but that the laundry had been given to him by a foreign woman who had been living at the Ka Lee Hotel, where he had been employed, and that the woman had gone to Mei-Guo, to America, in a big ship only two days ago.

“But the Judge asked the official of the court who stands by, to read the laundry-marks, and the official read them and said that the name read: ‘Mary-who-walks-like-a-Duck.’

“And the Judge made a face like a water-devil, rolling his eyes very fearfully and showed his teeth and blew up his cheeks. And he stood up and left the room through a small door behind his seat and he walked very quickly, and Mary looked very wild and spake many words in a foreign language

## SMALL ME

which sounded as if coming from the bottom of a deep barrel, and she stamped with her feet, very fearfully to behold.

“And the Judge came back, and his face was very red, and he did not lift his eyes, but looked steadily at a big law-book which was lying on his table, and he coughed and spake to Mary, saying if she were indeed ‘Mary-who-walks-like-a-Duck,’ and if she acknowledged this to be her name, then he would give her the garments and put Chow in the jail-house; but if she said that the name on the garments was not hers, then Chow would be released.

“And Mary said that the name on the garments was not hers. And Small Me and Liu, thinking that Mary had drunk too much beer, as she did often, and thus could not remember, made great outcry and spake to the Judge in a loud voice, saying that this was not so, but that the garments were hers, for had we not taken special care in selecting a

## SMALL ME

suitable name for her to prevent mistakes? And we asked the Judge to look at Mary and see whether the name was not a well-selected one indeed. . . .



“Ai, ai yah, Exalted One, the evil spirits of madness descended upon the court-house and everybody therein.

“And the Judge rolled his eyes very fearfully, and his face turned the hue of a plum and he wanted to speak but could not, and Liu spake again, saying that he had selected the name with great care, and Mary made much oration in a loud and strong voice, and the people in the court-room began to laugh with very strong voices, and some of them screamed, and the Judge took a wooden hammer and hit the table in front of him many times, and he yelled and the people shrieked and howled, and a young foreign man who was sitting near the Judge on a small table shouted with joy and wrote very quickly on

## SMALL ME

many sheets of paper and we did not know why all the people were laughing because a thief had stolen the garments.

“And the young man who had been writing very much on the papers stood up, and he came to Liu and to me and he was still very much laughing, and he hit us on our backs and gave each one of us a tobacco-roll and said that we were ‘birds,’ which shows plainly that he, too, had gone mad, for everybody can see that we have no wings, thus being unable to fly.



“Ai, ai yah . . . and when Small Me returned to the house of my masters, there was Mary waiting for me like a robber in ambush, and when Small Me entered the kitchen she turned round and hit me many times with aforementioned piece of wood with two handles, and then she began to throw at poor me many things which can be found in a

## SMALL ME

kitchen, not caring whether they would break, and she called me many bad names and said that she would kill me should I ever show myself near the house, and she made so much noise that many hundreds of thousand Chinese and foreign people came to the house to see what has happened, but they all were laughing and nobody came to my assistance.

“Ai, ai—yah, great is the ingratitude of the foreign people and worst of all is the woman. Does not the Exalted One know what says the great philosopher Sun, that ‘woman hath more poison in her heart than the green snake has in her mouth’?”

## SMALL ME

### CHAPTER VIII

KUAN TE, THE GOD OF WAR, AND "WHO GOT  
THE WORST OF IT?"

“**H**AI-WAH khao-a, hai-wah, khao-a—it is good to behold the sight of the Extremely Pompous One. His sight is for the soul what good and strong wine from Chao-Ching is for the body. The sound of his illustrious voice is refreshing and inspiring and strengthens the liver of Small Me, who is in great distress indeed and full of grief and whose soul trembles with pity for my poor master, the Mister Jones, who has been punished very hard and severely by Kuan Te, the powerful God of War, whom he had insulted very seriously.

“The exalted Light of Sciences does not

## SMALL ME

know? Hai, hai—he must have forgotten, for surely he does know that it is a very bad thing to offend gods, especially such a powerful one as is Kuan Te. The Friend of Princes will remember how some time ago the Mister Ferguson broke his nose stumbling over his own feet while he was drunk and falling against a wall; while the following day the Mister Renaud was thrown by his horse, and, falling down, rolled into a dung-pot, smelling very badly thereafter and having been mocked by many people, Chinese and foreign; and that before the week had become an upper one, the Mister Grant came to very serious grief when drinking from a bottle which contained ke-loh-see-ne, while he thought it was wine?

“Hai, hai—the exalted teacher says that these were accidents and that the men were drunk beside! Verily, very unbelieving are the foreign men! Yea, the men might have been drunk, but not all of those who get



## SMALL ME

drunk break their noses or fall into a dung-pot and smell very badly thereafter or drink from a bottle the contents of which are very good to make a fire outside the body but not inside! It was the powerful god Kuan Te who punished them thus. For the Mister Ferguson had stolen a statue of Kuan Te from that small temple east of the Shing-An-Tse Loo, the Bubbling Well Road, when nobody was looking, and the Mister Renaud, espying the statue in the house of the Mister Ferguson, won it from him after having tossed coins for it, while the Mister Grant took it from the room of the Mister Renaud, who lives in the Ka Lee Hotel, for the purpose of teasing the Mister Renaud!

“Yea, verily, the foreign men do not know, but it was god Kuan Te who punished aforementioned three men, not caring that they were foreign men under the protection of the Tsung Ling Sz, their Consul General. For, Small Me has been told so by Oong Tso Pah,

## SMALL ME

who is a very learned priest about whose wisdom there is no doubt, for, has he not been a priest for many scores of years?

“Ai, ai, yah—and Small Me warned my poor master, the Mister Jones and he did not heed my warning. And now my poor master, the Mister Jones, has been punished very hard by Kuan Te, the powerful God of War whom he had offended, ai ai—yah!

“May the Dragon of Prosperity abide with the Light of Sciences for ten thousand years and may the gods grant him ten thousand talented sons to worship before his ancestral tablet when he dies! Very kind and noble-hearted is the Teacher of Heavenly Virtues to inquire what has befallen, for my soul is overflowing with grief and good it is to talk to a sympathetic friend when the heart is heavy!

“Yea, yea, great is the power of the gods and the times are very bad, for, even the gods make mistakes now which they would never

## SMALL ME

have done before. Verily, even the powerful God of War, Kuan Te, has made a mistake, for he has not only punished my poor master, the Mister Jones, who had offended him, but he has also punished Small Me, who tried to soothe his ire and to help my poor master, the Mister Jones, and who was anxious to punish Chow Lan Chu, the scamp and chief of tricksters, whose mother, as everybody knows, was a . . .

“Ai, ai, yah—in great distress is Small Me, for my poor master, the Mister Jones, has treated me very badly, has called me a thiefman and many other and very ugly names and he has beaten my body and he has banished me from his presence—ai, ai, yah—because Small Me tried to help him by trying to avert from his head the rage of Kuan Te, the powerful God of War whom he had insulted.

“Thus it happened, extremely wise and powerful one!

## SMALL ME

“Small Me was employed by my poor master, the Mister Jones, as a number one boi—looking after his house and everything therein and attending to his wants, and Small Me had been high in the esteem of the Mister Jones, for, even when Small Me made a mistake the Mister Jones used to say: ‘Chang, one has to go far to find a man like you’—meaning, of course, that Small Me was the best servant he ever had.

“Some time ago my master, the Mister Jones, beckoned to me and spake thus: ‘Chang, pack up my things into the leather bag which is square and take good care of the tsangs—the guns—for within but few hours I and some of my friends will go to the tieh-loo, and we will travel to Soo Chow, not very far from the Lake Tai Hoo. And from whence we will travel in a ship which is driven by hot air which smells bad and we will sail upon the canals and we will shoot at the pheasant-birds, of which there are very many

## SMALL ME

times ten thousand living in the fields surrounding the canals and the lake, and whose flesh is very good to eat, indeed. 'And we will have a merry feast of joy, I and my friends.'

"And Small Me made many respectful greeting and I did as I had been bidden.

"Verily, verily, the foreign men are very crazy. My master the Mister Jones is a rich man, he is a tai pan—a number one chief—in a Chin Hang, a banking house in which they keep much money which belongs to other people and where he earns many times ten thousand silver yuans each moon; and he spends much money on entertainment, going often to the friendly gatherings of the foreign men, where they put on black and long-tailed coats and where they make homage to women who wear dresses made of very costly cloth, so that they can afford to buy but little of it to make their garments, which are very scant, showing very much of their breasts, their backs and their legs, not always

## SMALL ME

beautiful to look upon, because some of the women are very thin, while others resemble dough, from which the foreign bread is made, and then they dance around with aforementioned women, holding them very closely in their arms as if they were their wives, till they get very warm, and then they get very drunk. And then they go to the gambling house or other places, where they sit and shout and smoke and gamble, often losing much money thereby.

“Why, then, does he try to save but little money for pheasant-birds? Verily, verily, very crazy are the foreign men. He could send Small Me to the market place to buy big and fat pheasant-birds for but little money, including the cumshaw the vendor pays to Small Me for giving him the business, or else he could hire poor men to go and to shoot the pheasant-birds especially for him. But, nay, my master dons old clothes so that he looks like a foreign beggar-man, and not

## SMALL ME

like a dignified tai-pan of a Chin Hang, and he sails in a small boat which is driven by hot air which smells very bad and he travels many lee—miles—in aforementioned boat and sleeps there, not using a bed and rising very early in the morning before the night is over, and then he crawls on his belly like a snake and he waits for the pheasant-birds when they come to gather their food, and then he shoots at them with a big gun, not minding the strong noise, neither the strong push given to his shoulder by aforementioned gun.

And then he and his friends return to the city, and they carry the pheasant-birds themselves as if they were too poor to hire coolie-men to do it. And they look very dirty and similar to too-fehs—brigands—with their guns, and then they eat the birds. 'Ai, ai-yah, very crazy are the foreign men. Why don't they kill the birds as do the Chinese people? [A small boat is taken and one man yo-lohs the boat—he rows it by means of an oar which is

## SMALL ME

fastened on the behind-bow of the boat and which is moved in the same manner as a fish does with his tail. And the boat glides forward very silently like a ship on which sail the souls of the departed.

“And in the bow of the boat there sits another man, facing forward, and across his knees he holds a long lance, made of very light bamboo. And the lance is three times as long as is the man and a very long and sharp point made of iron is fastened to each end. And the man looks around, very carefully and diligently, and when he espies a pheasant-bird in the fields on both sides of the canal, feeding or resting, then he pushes the lance sideways and having aimed carefully he pierces the bird which cannot escape because of the iron barbs which are affixed to the point, and he takes it into the boat where he kills it by breaking its neck. And he can push the lance eastwards and westwards, southwards and northwards, for it has two



## SMALL ME

sharp points, having been invented by ancient hunters.

“Thus the bird is caught in great silence and at no expense, for a lance does not make any noise, and the birds do not hear when the comrade is caught. While when a gun is used, with much noise, similar to thunder, then the tai-pan, the chief of the birds, speaks thus to the others: ‘Verily, this is a big and ungraceful noise. Let us proceed to some place where such uncanny noises cannot be heard.’

“But my poor master, the Mister Jones, does not do so. He spends much money buying the guns, despising the methods we Chinese use. And he is very stubborn. When my master left for the tieh-loo, Small Me, wishing to render him a great service, spake, after having made respectful greetings and wishes for a pleasant journey: ‘The exalted one should offer sacrifices to Kuan Te, who is the God of War and of the guns, so that

## SMALL ME

he gives his blessing, thus insuring great success!

“But my poor master, the Mister Jones, said that Kuan Te and Small Me should go to the tah kang, the great oven, and that he was afraid to miss the train. Ai, ai yah—they are always in such a hurry, the foreign men! Could he not have traveled the following day, or the day after? The tieh-loo runs throughout the whole year!

“And thus my master insulted the god Kuan Te.

“Nay, nay, exalted one, not only this time. He added much more insult to the god. And now my poor master, the Mister Jones . . .

“Well and good. My master the poor Mister Jones and his friends left in the tieh-loo and they stayed away for many days—till the lower week became an upper one and passed.

“And Small Me stayed behind, well caring for the house and everything therein, greatly

## SMALL ME

enjoying the rest till came Chow Lan Chu, who is a great gambler. He is well known to the shim-pohs, the policemen, as a very bad man, and he is much afraid to gamble in places which are often visited by the police. And having learned that my poor master, the Mister Jones, had traveled away to shoot pheasant-birds, he came to me, and after having made friendly greetings spake to me thus: 'Verily, verily, those shim-pohs are very annoying. Often they come to the place where I gamble and they speak thus: "Pay thou to us many times ten thousand yuans or we will take thee before the judge-mandarin and we will tell him that thou didst gamble and that thou didst kill ten thousand men and he will put thee in the jail-house for many years."

"But this house is owned by a foreign man who is protected by his Tsung Ling Tsz, the Consul, and the police do not dare to enter it without the permission of the

## SMALL ME

Tsung Ling Tsz. Therefore it is safe to abide there while gambling and enjoying the company of sing-song girls, and I will pay thee the twentieth part of what I will win from the men who gamble with me if thou wilt let me have the use of the house for several nights. Thus thou canst earn much money without working, and beside thou canst sell to the men and women much of the be-lan-dee wine which thy master keeps in the house, and he will not notice it, and if he does thou canst say that the bottles were broken by him at night when he came home very drunk and went to the storeroom to get more drink, as I know he does. For hast thou not told me so?

“And Small Me made much cogitation and said that it was very wrong to use the house for the purpose of gambling and that Small Me could not do so and that the twentieth part of the winnings was very small pay, indeed. For, was not the house a very

## SMALL ME

beautiful one, filled with beautiful and costly furniture? And had Small Me not to do much work every morning cleaning up when all the men who gambled and the sing-song women had left?

“And Small Me demanded half of that what he would win, but Chow said, ‘Nay,’ and after we had watched the sun for many hours he agreed to pay to Small Me twice the tenth part of his winnings and Small Me agreed. And thus Chow came, and many men and women from the Ss-Ma-Loo, the Foo-chow Road, very good to look upon, who sing and entertain in manifold manners and who receive much money and presents therefor, and they enjoyed the protection of the house, and Small Me had much work cleaning up the house after they had left in the morning, the people being very careless and dirty.

“But Chow, when Small Me demanded payment every night, spake thus: ‘How can

## SMALL ME

I pay thee today? I have won but very little and I need the money for tomorrow night to make a good showing, for I would lose face before the people had I not much money to show to them! I will pay thee the last night before thy master returns.'

'Ai, ai yah—what a great scamp is Chow Lan Chu! When my master, the Mister Jones, sent me a lightning letter saying that he would return forthwith, and Small Me demanded payment from Chow, he refused to do so, saying that he had earned but very little. And when Small Me spake in a loud and strong voice calling him many and bad names, he spake thus to me: 'Verily, verily, thou art but the offspring of a snake which mated with a turtle. And if thou wilt not maintain silence then I will go to thy master and will weep, saying that thou didst rent out the house in his absence and didst gamble and have many women here and that thou owest me three hundred yuan for food which I

## SMALL ME

bought upon thy request for the gamblers and the women and which has not been paid yet and he will send thee to the jail-house where they will make thee eat bamboo-stick!

“Verily, verily, a great scamp is Chow Lan Chu and Small Me thought how I could punish him severely, for my heart had turned black against him.

“And my poor master, the Mister Jones, came back, accompanied by many friends and they were very dirty and they carried many pheasant-birds and they carried a big and ungainly parcel and they were very merry, and my poor master, upon entering the house, at the door of which stood Small Me, making profound obeisance and tendering respectful greetings of welcome, he spake to me thus: ‘Go thou and bring many bottles of be-lan-dee wine and of chee-ssui, the water which bubbles, for we be very thirsty men!’

“And my master and his friends stayed for many hours in the room, verily, the whole

## SMALL ME

night they stayed and they drunk much wine and made much laughter and sang in loud voices and they told many stories about the pheasant-birds and of very fearful adventures when catching fish, and then they told very funny and ribald stories. Hai, hai—very funny they were and salty—

“Has the Exalted One heard what happened to the Missus Fuller at the dancing at the Astor House Hotel in the Whang Poo Loo, when the Mister Gould tore the shoulder-strap of her gown so that it dropped, revealing many things, and what said her husband? Hai, hai—very funny and very salty. . . .

“When Small Me came again into the room, carrying more bottles, my master, the Mister Jones, spake thus: ‘Go thou and open that parcel!’ And, verily, there was the big and ungainly parcel which my master, the Mister Jones, and his friends had brought with them. And when Small Me took the



## SMALL ME

wrapping off—ai, ai yah—it was a statue of Kuan Te, the powerful God of War! Verily, very fearful to behold he is, for in his right hand, which is lifted above his head, he holds a big sword, ready to smite, while in his left he holds a piece of gold, indicating the reward of virtue. He has long whiskers and his eyes are bulging and looking very fierce and he is riding on the back of a lao-foo—the old gentleman—as we call the tiger. And the tiger has upon his forehead three horizontal lines crossed by one vertical one—the character ‘Wang’ indicating that the lao-foo is the king of the animals.

“And when Small Me regarded the god, I noticed how indignant he was, for his eyes sparkled and his whiskers bristled and Small Me fell upon the ground before him, making obeisance and many times kow-tow.

“And my master, the poor Mister Jones, noticing that Small Me was making obeisance before the god, made big and strong

## SMALL ME

laughter and so did his friends, and he spake to me thus: 'Thou art but a fool-man to make obeisance before a figure of wood which is painted in gold and black and vermilion and which cannot harm thee!'

"But Small Me spake thus: 'Verily, verily, the exalted master has done great wrong to bring this god here from the place where he lived. For, this be Kuan Te, the powerful God of War, who is very kind-hearted, but who is very revengeful if insulted, and it would be advisable for the exalted master to make obeisance before the god and to ask his forgiveness!'

"But my master, the Mister Jones, laughed still more and he stuck a small tobacco-roll into the mouth of the god and said that he looked like the Missus Atherton when she gets up in the morning, and he offered him wine and they mocked him very much indeed.

"And Small Me made much cogitation as to how I could protect my poor master from

## SMALL ME

being punished by the god and how I could make the god transfer his hate to somebody else, for my master, the poor Mister Jones, is a kind-hearted man although he is crazy as are most of the foreign men!

“And Small Me remembered how Chow Lan Chu had cheated me out of the money he owed me and I spake to myself thus: ‘Verily, it would be a good thing to let the god punish Chow. I will take the god at night when he sleeps and carry him into the house of Chow. And the god will not notice that he is in another man’s house and he will call and summon his ghosts and evil spirits and will speak to them: “Destroy the man who liveth in this house for he has insulted me!” And the evil spirits will destroy Chow Lan Chu and my master will be saved.’

“Hai, hai—Small Me was very happy when thinking how Chow Lan Chu would be troubled and destroyed by the evil spirits.

“The following night, after my poor mas-

## SMALL ME

ter, the Mister Jones, had gone to the Ke-loob to play cards and to make merry, Small Me took the god, and, after having wrapped him into a piece of silk, carefully, not to awaken him, prepared to leave the house to put him secretly in the house of Chow Lan Chu.

“Ai, yah—Small Me had scarcely left the house when my poor master, the Mister Jones, came in a wom-pah-tsah and espying Small Me, called out loudly: ‘Ssa-ma-sa, men-men-shah’—and he approached Small Me who waited for him as having been bidden by him, and he spake thus: ‘What dost thou carry here?’ And when Small Me said that this was the soiled linen and that I was carrying it to Liu Fa Plao, the laundryman, he said that he wanted to see the linen and he pulled off the silk and beheld the god. And he made very strong language, calling Small Me a thief-man and many other very bad names, saying that Small Me wanted to steal

## SMALL ME

the god to sell it, and he grasped me by the neck and he placed his foot there where I sit, and with a movement similar to that made by foot-soldiers when they march past before a great General, pushed it forth with great force, so that I fell on the ground with great pain, and ordered me to stay away from his house or he would call the shim-pohs and put me in the jail-house! And he took the god back into the house.

“Verily, verily, even the gods are unjust in these days. For Small Me has been punished by losing my position and by receiving a hard push there where I sit, and now there will not be any more rice and no more wine and no more silver yuans, ai, ai—yah! And my poor master, the Mister Jones, has been very severely punished by Kuan Te, the powerful God of War!



“The Exalted One says that Small Me

## SMALL ME

told only how I had been punished, but not my poor master, and that he wants to know how my poor master, the Mister Jones, has been punished by Kuan Te?

“Ai, ai yah, what a question—has not my master lost me, who was the best servant he ever had?”

## SMALL ME

### CHAPTER IX

#### CHRISTMAS PUDDING, CHINESE STYLE

“**T**SAO-A, ta lao yah, tsao-a! Ten times ten thousand respectful greetings! And may the Dragon of Prosperity descend upon the Exalted One and abide with him for ten thousand years of Happiness, and may the Dragon of Good Counsel speak to the Tremendously Pompous One thus: ‘Take thou this man for thy servant!’ For the very insignificant one is very anxious to enter the services of the August Personage in the capacity of a boi—a body-servant, or of a helper to the cook, or as a coolie, or in any capacity, so that he can earn—within this quarter of the year—sufficient money to buy a ticket for the tie-loo,

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the railway, to take him away from Shanghai to the place of his birth.'

"The teacher of classics is anxious to know why I am anxious to leave this City of Shanghai to return to the place of my birth?

"Great Excellency, poor me was born on the Mow-Sai Island, in the great lake, the Ta-hoo, which is near the City of Woo-Sieh, on the Soo-chow Creek, more than two hundred and fifty lee—Chinese miles—northwest from Shanghai, where his insignificant father has a small grove where he raises mulberry trees, raising them carefully and pruning them so that they do not obtain great height, but grow low, so that their leaves can be reached without difficulty. And the leaves therefrom he and his wife and his children feed to many silkworms, and the silkworms make the cocoons. And when there is a great number of cocoons, then the father of the very little one loads them into bags, or baskets, which he puts aboard a sampam, or a



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djoonk, generally using one which belongs to Wong Hsieh Tang, the fisherman, and then travels to Woo-Sieh, the walled city, where he sells those cocoons to the buyers, which come there from Shanghai and other big cities. Or, he does not take them to Woo-Sieh, but waits till other men come and buy them from him.

“And the exalted scholar of arts wishes to know why Small Me is anxious to return to the Ta-Hoo?

“Hai, hai, learned one, Small Me does not like the climate of this city. It is bad for the health, and insignificant me would die here within a very short time. Besides, the food is not very good and there are many other things of unpleasantness.

“The Exalted One says that he does not believe these words, but that poor me looks very healthy, and that he would employ Small Me as a coolie, if the true story would be told?

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“Ai, ai yah, very severe and obstinate is the Exalted One. But if he insists on hearing the true story, and if he will not become impatient, and if he will give poor me a place to eat and to work and to earn money, thus enabling me to return to Ta-Hoo, then bow-legged me will tell the truth.

“Ai, ai yah, it is not because of the climate that poor me wants so anxiously to return to Ta-Hoo, and it is not the bad food, but it is because the Chinese of Shanghai are bad tricksters, always anxious to make practical jokes, and because the foreign men who live here are very incomprehensible and unappreciative and ingrates!

“The Exalted Philosopher wishes to know why the Chinese of Shanghai and the foreigners make poor me wish to leave this city?

“Well and good. Small Me will recount what has befallen him.

“About one year ago, very insignificant me learned from Wong Hsieh Tang, the

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fisherman, that a foreign man, who lives at Shanghai, had arrived at Woo-Hsieh, and that he was selling there the siao-yen-guos, the little tobacco-rolls, which, wrapped in white and thin paper, are very good to smoke, and that everybody liked them very much indeed.

“And insignificant me made much oration to Wong, the fisherman, and after having promised to pay him ten candareens, Wong allowed him to sail with him to Woo-Sieh, for the purpose of obtaining employment with aforementioned foreign man. For the little one thought that the foreign man would perhaps be willing to take him to Shanghai, the great city.

“Hai, hai, oh very Exalted One, very incomprehensible are the foreign men. Very incomprehensible.

“When little me had arrived at Woo-Sieh, I enquired from the shim-pohs—the police—as to the house in which the foreign seller of siao-yen-guos lived, and proceeded there.

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And, in front of his house there stood on a table, well above the ground, a foreign man, with a red and smiling countenance, who spake words in a foreign language, sometimes using Chinese words, thus proving that he was desirous to make us understand him. And he distributed aforementioned siao-yen-guos with the help of two Chinese men, who had big wooden boxes, out of which they took packages and threw them among the many people who surrounded them, and everybody scrambled for them and shouted and laughed and smoked and was very happy, while one of the Chinese men explained that these siao-yen-guos would be sold in the stores of Woo-Sieh for the future.

“And insignificant me received a package of the tobacco-rolls and found them very good indeed.

“And while I was standing near by there came another foreign man, very thin and tall, with a pale face and very light hair and the

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eyes of a fish, dressed in a black garment, who spake to me in Chinese language, saying that I was an offspring of the devil and that my kwei—my soul—would go to the tah-kang, the great oven, after my death. And when I asked the foreign man why all this would happen he explained that it was a very great crime to dring strong drinks and to smoke tobacco. And he took the tobacco-rolls from me, treading them under his feet and making very bad language. Then he gave me a small book, saying that men or women or children who did not read the book would in due course go to the great oven, and suffer great pain there. And he spake very loudly, with a voice as strong as that of the tiger, and many listened to him. And he pointed at the foreign man who sold the tobacco-rolls, and said that he was an offspring of the devil and many other bad things.

“And next to me there stood a lee-sz, a scholar of the Law books, who spake thus:

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‘Verily, we know that the foreign people are crazy, but I did not know they were of so little discretion. Behold, there is a man who sells tobacco-rolls. And here is another one saying that it is a crime to smoke them, and that it is a crime to drink strong drinks like wine. One of them must be a liar. But, verily, methinks that the man with the fish eyes and the many books is to blame. Probably he is envious of the man who sells tobacco or he is intruding and very impudent. For it is surely not true when he says it is a crime to smoke tobacco and to drink wine.

“ ‘For have we not used both for many a hundred years? And what he says about those little books—verily, very intruding are the foreign men. Why does he come to this country and tell us that our religion is bad? He should preach to his own people, for they have many wars and they fight and they lie and they do not obey their own God, and they invade our country and take much away.

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from us, because their soldiers are stronger than ours. Let us not listen to him, but let us chase him away and give him the advice to preach to his own people!

“And the preacher man went to the man who gave the tobacco away and called him many bad names and used strong language. And the tobacco man jumped from his table, and answered in strong language and they started to fight, using their fists, and the preacher man scratched the tobacco man and we all laughed very much and enjoyed the sight.

“And the little one beheld how the preacher man tried to bite the ear of the tobacco man. And so poor me came to his help by pulling the hair of the preacher man till he let go. And the preacher man ran away, very fast, for the people got angry as they liked the tobacco-rolls very much.

“And the tobacco man, beholding me, gave me a silver coin, saying that I had helped him

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and that I was a good man. And I made much oration and thankful greetings and spake to him, saying that I wanted to go to Shanghai with him as his servant.

“‘Hai, hai,’ said the tobacco man, ‘I will take you for a servant, for mine is about to leave, having inherited 500 yuans and now he wants to buy a piece of land to grow rice thereupon.’

“And so insignificant me became the servant of the tobacco man and within a few days we went to the tieh-loo, the railroad, and traveled to Shanghai.



“Hai, hai, very many new and strange things were in the foreign man’s house, things which Small Me had never seen before. And Small Me learned to wait on the foreign man, handing many and wonderful garments to him when he dressed and sometimes running errands.



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“And often he enquired from other Chinese servants of other foreign men how certain things had to be done, but very often he was given wrong information, for the natives of Shanghai like to make a fool of a man from the country who has not been born at Shanghai.

“Thus little me made many mistakes and the foreign man, my master, laughed very much and said that I should not believe the words of other Chinese servants, saying that they were great wags and fond of fooling a man from the country.

“One day, the wife of the foreign man called me into the kitchen room where there stood a small box, made of very strong wood, and spake thus, pointing at the box: ‘Tomorrow there will be a big festival day for the foreign men. For it will be the day on which our God was born. This box contains special festival day food, which has come from In-guo, from England, to be used only

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on the day on which our God was born.

“‘Go thou, and open the box and take what is therein and cook it very carefully. Then take it and place it on a silver salver, put the leaves and berries of the holly, which you can buy on the market, around it. And then take a bottle of be-lan-dee, the brandy-wine, pour some over it and ignite it. And when the flame burns high, then bring it into the room, for I and some of my friends will celebrate the day on which our God was born. Now, begone and keep in mind, that the dish must be served while burning.’

“Hai, hai, noble one, the Small One was very much surprised. And he went to other Chinese servants and asked them for which purpose the food had to be burning, when served. And the servants said that the foreign men ate the food while it was burning.

“Hai, hai, but the little one did not believe them, knowing that they probably were

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anxious to make a fool of poor me, as they had done before. For nobody can eat things which are burning without coming to serious grief and hurt.

“And the little one, being anxious to find out why the food had to be burning, went to see an old priest, who lives in the temple near the Hsiao-Peh-Men, the small North Gate of the City of Shanghai, and who is known to be very wise.

“And little me found the very wise priest reading in a very old book, and made many bows and respectful greetings, and asked him why the food had to be served while burning, telling him what the other servants had told me.

“And the old priest, after having thought a long while, carefully holding his hands in the long sleeves of his garment, and after having scratched his bald head many times, looked over his great and tortoise-shell-rimmed eyeglasses and spake thus: ‘Verily,

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verily, the words of those servants are but lies. For nobody can eat burning food. But I am sure that this food is prepared not for the purpose of being eaten, but for the purpose of sacrifice.

“For did not the wife of thy master say that tomorrow is the day on which the foreign God was born? Verily, verily, the food which came from In-guo—England—must be some special sacrificial dish to please the foreign God. And therefore she ordered you to ignite it. Because, in all probability, tomorrow, on the great and holy day, the foreign men will assemble and will celebrate the birth of their God, and they will place the dish from In-guo on the table while it is burning, and they will render their prayers and watch how the flames devour the food. And their God will be pleased with the sacrificial dish which had been brought from In-guo for this purpose, and the foreign men will regard this as an auspicious omen, probably watching the

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flames and divining from their brightness what luck the next year will bring.'

"And little me, having been satisfied with the explanation given to me by the priest, who is a very wise man, indeed, went back to the house of the foreign man and opened the box, and put it into a boiler as had been ordered by the white woman, and cooked it for a long time. And, verily, the priest was right. It must have been a dish not to be eaten, but to be burned in sacrifice, for it remained very hard in spite of long and careful cooking.

"And in the evening there came many other foreign men to the house of my master, and they sat around the table and ate a great and big dinner which had been brought from the Ka Leh Tung, the Carlton Restaurant in the Ning-Poh Loo, the Ning-Poh Road, and they sang many songs and presented each other with many and useful things and then they sang again, using small books to read

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the words therefrom, while one of them made music on the stringed box which is called pee-an-ho.

“And my master spake thus loudly: ‘Bring thou into the room the dish which came from In-guo.’”

“And the little one heard how the other men were very surprised, saying that it was a very rare thing to get a dish from In-guo, where they had been born, and praising my master very much indeed.

“And little me took the dish and placed it on a silver salver and put the leaves and the berries of the holly around it and opened a bottle of be-lan-dee and poured some of it over the dish, then striking a sz-leh-huo, a match, and setting fire to it. But the flame was very small and blue and not bright at all. And I blew at it, hoping that it would burn with a brighter and more beautiful flame, but it would not.

“And I heard how my master spake in a

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very loud voice, saying that he and his friends were very impatient and urging me to hurry. And when I noticed that the flame would burn not brighter, then, to please my master and his friends—and to make their hearts happy if they would see that the dish would burn with a bright flame—I took one of the big metal cans in which is kept the oil that is made of coal and which is called keh-lo-sin-eh and poured some over it. And, lo, it burned very brightly and with a beautiful yellow flame, pleasant to behold. And I took the salver and carried it into the room to the table at which were seated my master and his friends, and they all said: ‘Hai, hai, very fine,’ and I set it down on the table, being very satisfied, seeing that my master and the friends enjoyed the sight of the brightly burning sacrificial dish.

“Hai, very Dignified One—the foreign men surely must be very very crazy. For, instead of kneeling down and making kow-tow

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and rendering respectful prayers, they took a knife and cut the dish and put it on plates and every one of them took a plate and the dish was still burning. And they stuck a fork into it and tried to eat it, and one of the men spake in a very loud and strong voice: 'Damn, damn, he put kerosene on our pudding,' and he spat the food out and used very strong language and the other men made big and great laughter and the wife of my master began to weep and the face of my master became very red and he jumped up and grasped me by the ear and called me many and strong bad names, and he lifted his foot and placed it there where I sit, and he pushed his leg forward that I fell on the ground in great pain, and he said that if I would come again near to his house he would pour kerosene over my body and set it afire!



“And Small Me, being desirous to live and



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not to be burnt up as it is done with the weeds the foreign men find in their garden, spake to Ming Tieh, who is a servant to the man who lives in the house whose garden adjoins the garden of the house where they tried to eat the dish intended for sacrifice and bade him to go to the master and to gather my belongings and the money Small Me had saved from my earnings, and to bring it to me. For, dangerous it would be to come near a man who promises to pour kerosene over a man and to burn him while he is alive. And Ming Tien went and soon came back, saying that many of my things had not been there and neither was there any money; but that there were but a few old coats and ten tung beh. And the coats looked very much like those Ming Tieh wears when doing work which is not clean. And when Small Me told him so then Ming Tieh became very angry and made bad speech, saying that Small Me was a very bad man and that he

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was a honest man and that probably the foreign man, to compensate himself for the loss of the sacrificial dish, had taken the money and the coats and said that if Small Me did not believe his talk, I should go and ask the foreign man himself—which was very bad joke speech indeed for Ming Tieh knows well that Small Me would not go to speak to the foreign man, fearing to be sprinkled with kerosene and then ignited.

“Ai, ai yah—ai, ai yah, Small Me is a very poor man now, and great is the grief of the soul and great is the pain of the body, especially there where the foreign man placed his foot which he then pushed forward with great strength. And there is no money left and only old coats of the kind Ming Tieh wears when doing work which is not clean.

“And Small Me has made much cogitation. I have found out after very careful cogitation and consideration that Shanghai, this very great and rich city, has but few at-

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tractions for a man of the country as is Small Me. When I came to this city because of the stories told by Chow Lan Chu of its great richness, I always tried to serve very faithfully and to be honest. But what is honesty when dealing with tu-fehs and other bad men or when dealing with foreign men whose mind thinks in a very different and strange manner?

“Ai, ai yah—Small Me intended to stay in Shanghai and become rich even there and to earn much money. But all I have earned is many sore places on my body, especially there where the foreign men put their foot and pushed it strongly forward after having placed it there where I sit. And money I have not earned any. For, whenever money was made through my work it was always somebody else who got it, while Small Me received but the push of a foot there where I sit.

“And now that part of the body of mine,

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upon which I sit, makes angry talk and says that it is made to be sat upon but not to be treated with feet which are in shoes made of hard leather as wear the foreign men. And Small Me has decided to go back to Woo-Sieh, whence I came.

“But, how shall Small Me get there not having any money to pay for the tieh-loo, the iron rail cars—ai, ai yah!

“The Exalted One says he will lend me the money to go back to Woo-Sieh? Hai, hai, what a wonderful and good news. The Exalted Light of Sciences and the Friend of Princes has decided to help Small Me?

“Hai, hai—where is the money? Give it quickly, oh Pride of Arts, so that Small Me can go very fastly to the tieh-loo and leave this town, for I am very much afraid that if I stay any longer in this city of mockery and violence, somebody might again place his foot in a hard leather shoe there where I sit and which is very bad to feel, for it causes

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much pain and grief and prevents man from resting.

“Ten thousand respectful thanks, oh Exalted Light of Sciences, and may the Dragon of Prosperity abide with him for ten thousand years, may he be given many thousand talented sons and may he never feel the foot of a strange man there where he sits.

“Tsai tien, tsai, tien—ten thousand respectful greetings of farewell and may the Star of Luck accompany the Exalted One wherever he goes!”

THE END



















