

The Tears

By Jack

Illustrated by

THERE was a great noise and racket but no scandal in Honolulu's Chinatown. Those within hearing-distance merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled tolerantly at the disturbance as an affair of accustomed usualness.

"What is it?" asked Chin Mo, down with a sharp pleurisy, of his wife, who had paused for a second at the open window to listen.

"Only Ah Kim," was her reply. "His mother is beating him again."

The fracas was taking place in the garden, in back of the living-rooms that were in back of the store that fronted on the street with the proud sign above:

AH KIM COMPANY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

The garden was a miniature domain, twenty feet square, that, somehow, cunningly seduced the eye into a sense and seeming of illimitable vastness. There were forests of dwarf pines and oaks, centuries old yet two or three feet in height, and imported at enormous care and expense. A tiny bridge, a pace across, arched over a miniature river that flowed with rapids and cataracts from a miniature lake stocked with myriad-finned, orange-miracled goldfish, that in proportion to the lake and landscape were whales. On every side, the many windows of the several-storied shack-buildings looked down. In the center of the garden, on the narrow graveled walk close beside the lake, Ah Kim was noisily receiving his beating.

No Chinese lad of tender and beatable years was Ah Kim. His was the store of Ah Kim Company, and his was the achievement of building it up through the long years from the shoe-string of savings of a contract coolie laborer to a bank-account in four figures and a credit that was gilt-edged.

An even half-century of summers and winters had passed over his head, and, in the passing, fattened him comfortably and smugly. Short of stature, his full front was as rotund as a watermelon seed. His face was moon-faced. His garb was dignified and silken, and his black-silk skull-cap with the red button atop, now, alas! fallen on the ground, was the skull-cap worn by the successful and dignified merchants of his race.

But his appearance, in this moment of the present, was anything but dignified. Dodging and ducking under a

rain of blows from a bamboo cane, he was crouched over in a half-doubled posture. When he was rapped on the knuckles and elbows, with which he shielded his face and head, his wincings were genuine and involuntary. From the many surrounding windows, the neighborhood looked down with placid enjoyment.

And she who wielded the stick so shrewdly from long practise—seventy-four years old, she looked every minute of her time. Her thin legs were incased in straight-lined trousers of linen, stiff-textured and shiny black. Her scraggly gray hair was drawn unrelentingly and flatly back from a narrow, unrelenting forehead. Eyebrows she had none, having long since shed them. Her eyes, of pinhole tinyness, were blackest black. She was shockingly cadaverous. Her shriveled forearm, exposed by the loose sleeve, possessed no more of muscle than several taut bowstrings stretched across meager bone under yellow, parchmentlike skin. Along this mummy arm, jade bracelets shot up and down, and clashed with every blow.

"Ah!" she cried out, rhythmically accenting her blows in series of three to each shrill observation. "I forbade you to talk to Li Faa. To-day, you stopped on the street with her. Not an hour ago. Half an hour by the clock you talked— What is that you say?"

"It was the thrice-accursed telephone," Ah Kim muttered, while she suspended the stick to catch what he said. "Mrs. Chang Lucy told you. I know she did. I saw her see me. I shall have the telephone taken out. It is of the devil."

"It is a device of all the devils," Mrs. Tai Fu agreed, taking a fresh grip on the stick. "Yet shall the telephone remain. I like to talk with Mrs. Chang Lucy over the telephone."

"She has the eyes of ten thousand cats," quoth Ah Kim, ducking and receiving the stick stinging on his knuckles. "And the tongues of ten thousand toads," he supplemented, ere his next duck.

"She is an impudent-faced and evil-mannered hussy," Mrs. Tai Fu accented.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy was ever that," Ah Kim murmured, like the dutiful son he was.

"I speak of Li Faa," his mother corrected, with stick-emphasis. "She is only half-Chinese, as you know. Her mother was a shameless *kanaka*. She wears skirts like the degraded *haole* (white) women—also corsets,

as I have seen for myself. Where are her children? Yet has she buried two husbands."

"The one was drowned, the



"It was the thrice-accursed telephone," Ah Kim muttered, while she suspended the stick to catch what he said. "Mrs. Chang

of Ah Kim

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G. Patrick Nelson

other kicked by a horse," Ah Kim qualified.

"A year of her, unworthy son of a noble father, and you would gladly be going out to get drowned or be kicked by a horse."

Subdued chucklings and laughter from the window-audience applauded her point.

"You buried two husbands yourself, revered mother," Ah Kim was stung to retort.

"I had the good taste not to marry a third. Besides, my two husbands died honorably in their beds. They were not kicked by horses or drowned at sea. What business is it of our neighbors that you should inform them I have had two husbands, or ten, or none? You have made a scandal of me before all our neighbors, and for that I shall now give you a real beating."

Ah Kim endured the staccato rain of blows, and said, when his mother paused, breathless and weary,

"Always have I insisted and pleaded, honorable mother, that you beat me in the house, with the windows and doors closed tight, and not in the open street or the garden behind the house."

"You have called this unthinkable Li Faa the 'Silvery Moon-Blossom,'" Mrs. Tai Fu rejoined, quite illogically and femininely, but with utmost success in so far as she deflected her son from continuance of the thrust he had so swiftly driven home.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy told you," he charged.

"I was told over the telephone," his mother evaded. "I do not know all voices that speak to me over that contrivance of all the devils."

Strangely, Ah Kim made no effort to run away from his mother, which he could easily have done. She, on the other hand, found

fresh cause for more stick-blows.

"Ah, stubborn one! Why do you not cry? Mule that shameth its ancestors! Never have I made you cry. From the time you were a little boy, I have never made you cry. Answer me. Why do you not cry?"

Weak and breathless from



Lucy told you. I know she did. I saw her see me. I shall have the telephone taken out. It is of the devil!"

AND WILLIAM L. GROWALL, SKETCHER

her exertions, she dropped the stick and panted and shook as if with a nervous palsy.

"I do not know, except that it is my way," Ah Kim replied, gazing solicitously at his mother. "I shall bring you a chair now, and you will sit down and rest and feel better."

But she flung away from him with a snort, and tottered agedly across the garden into the house. Meanwhile, recovering his skull-cap and smoothing his disordered attire, Ah Kim rubbed his hurts and gazed after her with eyes of devotion. He even smiled, and almost might it appear that he had enjoyed the beating.

Ah Kim had been so beaten ever since he was a boy, when he lived on the high banks of the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse River. Here his father had been born and toiled all his days from young manhood as a towing coolie. When he died, Ah Kim, in his own young manhood, took up the same honorable profession. Farther back than all remembered annals of the family had the males of it been towing coolies. At the time of Christ, his direct ancestors had been doing the same thing, meeting the precisely similarly modeled junks below the white water at the foot of the cañon, bending the half-mile of rope to each junk, and, according to size, tailing on from a hundred to two hundred coolies of them, and by sheer two-legged man-power, bowed forward and down till their hands touched the ground and their faces were sometimes within a foot of it, dragging the junk up through the white water to the head of the cañon.

Apparently, down all the intervening centuries, the payment of the trade had not picked up. His father, his father's father, and himself, Ah Kim, had received the same invariable remuneration—per junk one-fourteenth of a cent, at the rate he had since learned money was valued in Hawaii. On long, lucky summer days, when the waters were easy, the junks many, the hours of daylight sixteen, sixteen hours of such heroic toil would earn over a cent. But in a whole year a towing coolie did not earn more than a dollar and a half. People could and did live on such an income. There were women servants who received a yearly wage of a dollar. The net-makers of Ti Wi earned between a dollar and two dollars a year. They lived on such wages, or, at least, they did not die on them. But for the towing coolies there were pickings which were what made the profession honorable and the gild a close and hereditary corporation, or labor-union. One junk in five that was dragged up through the rapids or lowered down was wrecked. One junk in every ten was a total loss. The coolies of the towing gild knew the freaks and whims of the currents, and grappled and raked and netted a wet harvest from the river. They of the gild were looked up to by lesser coolies, for they could afford to drink brick tea and eat number-four rice every day.

And Ah Kim had been contented and proud, until, one bitter spring day of driving sleet and hail, he dragged ashore a drowning Cantonese sailor. It was this wanderer, thawing out by his fire, who first named the magic name, "Hawaii," to him. He had himself never been to that laborer's paradise, said the sailor; but many Chinese had gone there from Canton, and he had heard the talk of their letters written back. In Hawaii was never frost or famine. The very pigs, never fed, were ever fat of the generous offal disdained by man. A Cantonese or Yangtse family could live on the waste of an Hawaiian coolie. And wages! In gold dollars, ten a month, or, in trade dollars, twenty a month was what the contract Chinese coolie received from the white-devil sugar kings. In a year, the coolie received the prodigious sum of two hundred and forty trade dollars—more than a hundred times what a coolie, toiling ten times as hard, received on the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse. In short, all things considered, a Hawaiian coolie was one hundred times better off, and, when the amount of labor was estimated, a thousand times better off. In addition was the wonderful climate.

When Ah Kim was twenty-four, despite his mother's pleadings and beatings, he resigned from the ancient and

honorable gild of the eleventh-cataract towing coolies, left his mother to go into a boss coolie's household as a servant for a dollar a year and an annual dress to cost not less than thirty cents, and himself departed down the Yangtse to the great sea. Many were his adventures and severe his toils and hardships ere, as a salt-sea junk sailor, he won to Canton. When he was twenty-six, he signed five years of his life and labor away to the Hawaiian sugar kings and departed, one of eight hundred contract coolies, for that far island-land, on a festering steamer run by a crazy captain and drunken officers and rejected of Lloyds.

Honorable among laborers had Ah Kim's rating been as a towing coolie. In Hawaii, receiving a hundred times more pay, he found himself looked down upon as the lowest of the low—a plantation coolie, than which could be nothing lower. But a coolie whose ancestors had towed junks up the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse since before the birth of Christ inevitably inherits one character in large degree—namely, the character of patience. This patience was Ah Kim's. At the end of five years, his compulsory servitude over, thin as ever in body, in bank-account he lacked just ten trade dollars of possessing a thousand trade dollars.

On this sum he could have gone back to the Yangtse and retired for life, a really wealthy man. He would have possessed a larger sum had he not, on occasion, conservatively played che-fa and fan-tan, and had he not, for a twelve-month, toiled among the centipedes and scorpions of the stifling cane fields in the semidream of a continuous opium debauch. Why he had not toiled the whole five years under the spell of opium was the expensiveness of the habit. He had had no moral scruples. The drug had cost too much.

But Ah Kim did not return to China. He had observed the business life of Hawaii and developed a vaulting ambition. For six months, in order to learn business and English at the bottom, he clerked in the plantation store. At the end of this time, he knew more about that particular store than did ever plantation manager know about any plantation store. When he resigned his position, he was receiving forty gold a month, or eighty trade, and he was beginning to put on flesh. Also, his attitude toward mere contract coolies had become distinctively aristocratic. The manager offered to raise him to sixty gold, which, by the year, would constitute a fabulous fourteen hundred and forty trade, or seven hundred times his annual earning on the Yangtse as a two-legged horse at one-fourteenth of a cent per junk.

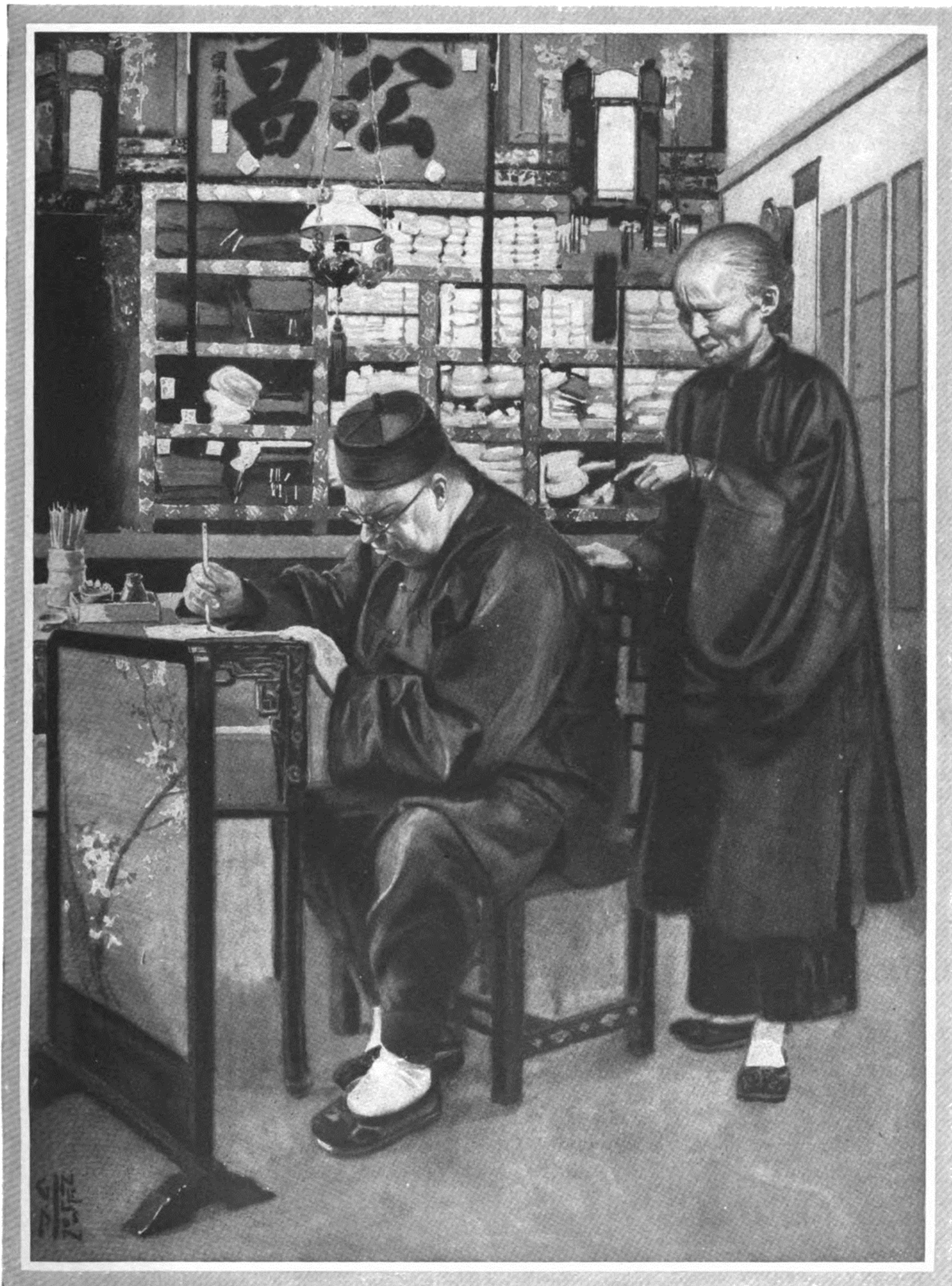
Instead of accepting, Ah Kim departed to Honolulu and, in the big general merchandise store of Fong & Chow Fong, began at the bottom for fifteen gold per month. He worked a year and a half and resigned when he was thirty-three, despite the seventy-five gold per month his Chinese employers were paying him. Then it was that he put up his own sign:

AH KIM COMPANY GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Also, better fed, there was about his less meager figure a foreshadowing of the melon-seed rotundity that was to attach to him in future years.

With the years he prospered increasingly, so that, when he was thirty-six, the promise of his figure was fulfilling rapidly, and, himself a member of the exclusive and powerful Hai Gum Tong and of the Chinese Merchants' Association, he was accustomed to sitting as host at dinners that cost him as much as thirty years of towing on the eleventh cataract would have earned him. Two things he missed—a wife, and his mother, to lay the stick on him as of yore.

When he was thirty-seven, he consulted his bank-balance. It stood him three thousand gold. For twenty-five hundred down and an easy mortgage, he could buy the three-story shack-building and the ground in fee simple on which it stood. But to do this left only five hundred for a wife. Fu Yee Po had a marriageable, properly small-footed daughter whom he was willing to import from China and sell to him for eight hundred gold plus the costs of importation.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"Paint," said she, "the ideograph of 'to marry'." He obeyed, painting the symbolic hieroglyphic with the deft artistry of his race and training

Further, Fu Yee Po was even willing to take five hundred down and the remainder on note at six per cent.

Ah Kim, thirty-seven years of age, fat and a bachelor, really did want a wife, especially a small-footed wife; for, China-born and -reared, the immemorial small-footed female had been deeply impressed into his fantasy of Woman. But more, even more, and far more than a small-footed wife did he want his mother and his mother's delectable beatings. So he declined Fu Yee Po's easy terms, and at much less cost imported his own mother from servant in a boss coolie's house at a yearly wage of a dollar and a thirty-cent dress to be mistress of his Honolulu three-story shack-building, with two household servants, three clerks, and a porter of all work under her, to say nothing of ten thousand dollars' worth of dress-goods on the shelves that ranged from the cheapest cotton crêpes to the most expensive hand-embroidered silks. For be it known that, even in that early day, Ah Kim's emporium was beginning to cater to the tourist trade from the States.

For thirteen years Ah Kim had lived tolerably happily with his mother, and by her been methodically beaten for causes just or unjust, real or fancied; and at the end of it all he knew as strongly as ever the ache of his heart and head for a wife, and of his loins for sons to live after him and carry on the dynasty of Ah Kim Company. Such the dream that has ever vexed men from those early ones who first usurped a hunting-right, monopolized a sand-bar for a fish-trap, or stormed a village and put the males thereof to the sword. Kings, millionaires, and Chinese merchants of Honolulu have this in common, despite that they may praise God for having made them differently and in self-likable images.

And the ideal of woman that Ah Kim at fifty ached for had changed from his ideal at thirty-seven. No small-footed wife did he want now, but a free, natural, outstepping, normal-footed woman that, somehow, appeared to him in his day-dreams and haunted his night visions in the form of Li Faa, the Silvery Moon-Blossom. What if she were twice-widowed, the daughter of a *kanaka* mother, the wearer of white-devil skirts and corsets and high-heeled slippers? He wanted her. It seemed it was written that she should be joint ancestor with him of the line that would continue the ownership and management through the generations of Ah Kim Company, General Merchandise.

"I will have no half-*paké* daughter-in-law," his mother often reiterated to Ah Kim, "*paké*" being the Hawaiian word for "Chinese." "All *paké* must my daughter-in-law be, even as you, my son, and as I, your mother. And she must wear trousers, my son, as all the women of our family before her. No woman in she-devil skirts and corsets can

pay due reverence to our ancestors. Corsets and reverence do not go together. Such a one is this shameless Li Faa. She is impudent and independent, and will be neither obedient to her husband nor her husband's mother. This brazen-faced Li Faa would believe herself the source of life



Mrs. Tai Fu did her best, which was notably weak, until she observed what made her drop the stick in amazement. Ah Kim was crying

and the first ancestor, recognizing no ancestors before her. She laughs at our joss-sticks and paper prayers and family gods, as I have been well told——"

"Mrs. Chang Lucy," Ah Kim groaned.

"Not alone Mrs. Chang Lucy, O son! I have inquired. At least a dozen have heard her say of our joss-house that

it is all monkey foolishness. The words are hers—she, who eats raw fish, raw squid, and baked dog. Ours is the foolishness of monkeys. Yet would she marry you, a monkey, because of your store that is a palace and of the wealth that makes you a great man. And she would put shame, on me and on your father before you, long honorably dead.”

And there was no discussing the matter. As things were, Ah Kim knew his mother was right. Not for nothing had Li Faa been born forty years before of a Chinese father renegade to all tradition, and of a *kanaka* mother whose immediate forebears had broken the tabus, cast down their own Polynesian gods,

charm away ill luck or pray one to death. Li Faa would never come into Ah Kim's house, as he thoroughly knew, and kow-tow to his mother and be slave to her in the immemorial Chinese way. Li Faa, from the Chinese angle, was a new woman, a feminist, who rode horseback astride, disported, immodestly-garbed, at Waikiki on the surf-boards, and at more than one *luau* (feast) had been known to dance the *hula* with the worst and in excess of the worst, to the scandalous delight of all.

Ah Kim himself, a generation younger than his mother, had been bitten by the acid of modernity. The old order held, in so far as he still felt in his subtlest crypts of being, the dusty hand of the past resting on him, residing in him; yet he subscribed to heavy policies of fire and life insurance, acted as treasurer for the local Chinese revolutionists that were for turning the Celestial Empire into a republic, contributed to the funds of the Hawaii-born Chinese baseball nine that excelled the Yankee nines at their own game, talked theosophy with Katso Suguri, the Japanese Buddhist and silk importer, fell for police graft, played and paid insidious share in the democratic politics of annexed Hawaii, and was thinking of buying an automobile. Ah Kim never dared bare himself to himself and thresh out and winnow out how much of the old he had ceased to believe in. His mother was of the old, yet he revered her and was happy under her bamboo stick. Li Faa, the Silvery Moon-Blossom, was of the new, yet he could never be quite completely happy without her.

For he loved Li Faa. Moon-faced, rotund as a water-melon seed, canny business man, wise with half a century of living—nevertheless, Ah Kim became an artist when he thought of her. He thought of her in poems of names, as woman transmuted into flower-terms of beauty and philosophic abstractions of achievement and easement. She was, to him, and alone to him of all men in the world, his Plum-Blossom, his Tranquillity of Woman, his Flower of Serenity, his Moon-Lily, and his Perfect Rest. And as he murmured these love-endearments of namings, it seemed to him that in them were the ripples of running waters, the tinklings of silver wind-bells, and the scents of the oleander and the jessamine. She was his poem of Woman, a lyric delight, a three dimensions of flesh and spirit delicious, a fate and a good fortune written, ere the first man and woman were, by the gods whose whim had been to make all men and women for sorrow and for joy.

But his mother put into his hand the ink-brush and placed under it, on the table, the writing-tablet.

“Paint,” said she, “the ideograph of ‘to marry.’”

He obeyed, painting the symbolic hieroglyphic with the deft artistry of his race and training.

“Resolve it,” commanded his mother.

Ah Kim looked at her, curious, willing to please, unaware of the drift of her intent.

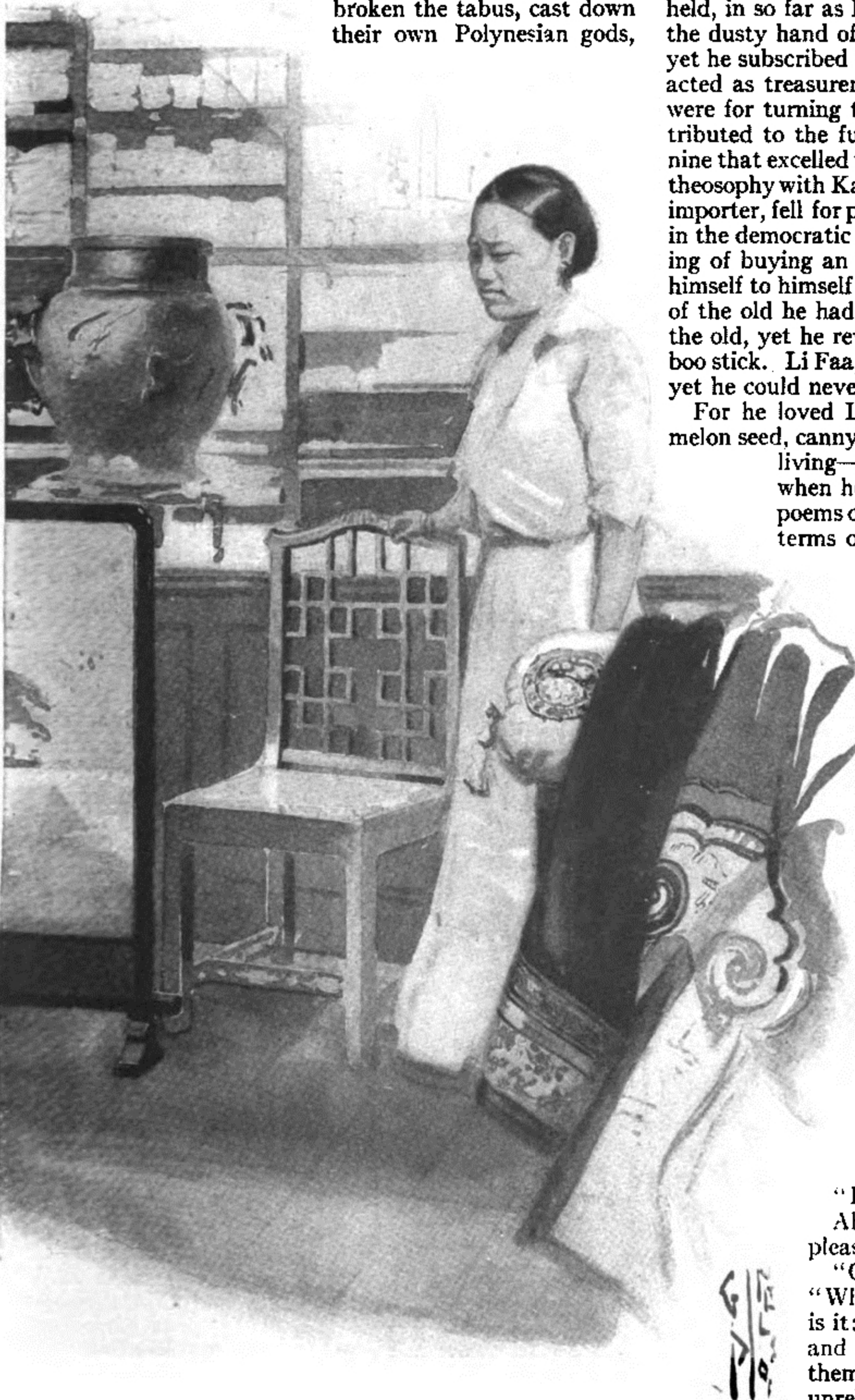
“Of what is it composed?” she persisted.

“What are the three originals, the sum of which is it: to marry, marriage, the coming-together and wedding of a man and a woman? Paint them, paint them apart, the three originals unrelated, so that we may know how the wise men of old wisely built up the ideograph of ‘to marry.’”

And Ah Kim, obeying and painting, saw that what he had painted was three picture-signs—the picture-signs of a hand, an ear, and a woman.

“Name them,” said his mother; and he named them.

“It is true,” said she. “It is a great (Continued on page 136)



and weak-heartedly listened to the preaching about the remote and unimageable god of the Christian missionaries. Li Faa, educated, who could read and write English and Hawaiian and a fair measure of Chinese, claimed to believe in nothing, although, in her secret heart, she feared the *kahunas* (Hawaiian witch-doctors), who, she was certain, could

The Tears of Ah Kim

(Continued from page 37)

tale. It is the stuff of the painted pictures of marriage. Such marriage was in the beginning; such shall it always be in my house. The hand of the man takes the woman's ear and by it leads her away to his house, where she is to be obedient to him and to his mother. I was taken by the ear—so—by your long-honorably-dead father. I have looked at your hand. It is not like his hand. Also, have I looked at the ear of Li Faa. Never will you lead her by the ear. She has not that kind of an ear. I shall live a long time yet, and I will be mistress in my son's house, after our ancient way, until I die."

"But she is my revered ancestress," Ah Kim explained to Li Faa.

He was timidly unhappy; for Li Faa, having ascertained that Mrs. Tai Fu was at the temple of the Chinese Æsculapius, making a food-offering of dried duck and prayers for her declining health, had taken advantage of the opportunity to call upon him in his store.

Li Faa pursed her insolent, unpainted lips into the form of a half-opened rosebud and replied:

"That will do for China. I do not know China. This is Hawaii, and in Hawaii the customs of all foreigners change."

"She is, nevertheless, my ancestress," Ah Kim protested, "the mother who gave me birth, whether I am in China or Hawaii, O Silvery Moon-Blossom that I want for wife."

"I have had two husbands," Li Faa stated placidly. "One was a *pakē*; one was a Portuguese. I learned much from both. Also am I educated. I have been to high school, and I have played the piano in public. And I learned from my two husbands much. The *pakē* makes the best husband. Never again will I marry anything but a *pakē*. But he must not take me by the ear—"

"How do you know of that?" he broke in suspiciously.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy," was the reply. "Mrs. Chang Lucy tells me everything that your mother tells her, and your mother tells her much. So let me tell you that mine is not that kind of an ear."

"Which is what my honored mother has told me," Ah Kim groaned.

"Which is what your honored mother told Mrs. Chang Lucy, which is what Mrs. Chang Lucy told me," Li Faa completed equably. "And I now tell you, O third husband-to-be, that the man is not born who will lead me by the ear. It is not the way in Hawaii. I will go only hand in hand with my man, side by side, fifty-fifty, as is the *haole* slang just now. My Portuguese husband thought different. He tried to beat me. I landed him three times in the police court, and each time he worked out his sentence on the reef. After that he got drowned."

"My mother has been my mother for fifty years," Ah Kim declared stoutly.

"And for fifty years has she beaten you," Li Faa giggled. "How my father used to laugh at Yap Ten Shin! Like you, Yap Ten Shin had been born in China, and had brought the China customs with him. His old father was forever beating him with a stick. He loved his father. But his father beat him harder than ever when he became a missionary *pakē*. Every time he went to the missionary services, his father beat him. And every time the missionary heard of it, he was harsh in his language to Yap Ten Shin for allowing his father to beat him. And my father laughed and laughed, for my father was a very liberal *pakē* who had changed his customs quicker than most foreigners. And all the trouble was because Yap Ten Shin had a loving heart. He loved his honorable father. He loved the God of Love of the Christian missionary. But in the end, in me, he found the greatest love of all, which is the love of Woman. In me he forgot his love for his father and his love for the loving Christ."

"And he offered my father six hundred gold for me—the price was small, because my feet were not small. But I was half *kanaka*. I said that I was not a slave woman, and that I would be sold to no man. My high-school teacher was a *haole* old maid who said love of woman was so beyond price that it must never be sold. Perhaps that is why she was an old maid. She was not beautiful. She could not give

herself away. My *kanaka* mother said it was not the *kanaka* way to sell their daughters for a money-price. They gave their daughters for love, and she would listen to reason if Yap Ten Shin provided *luau*s in quantity and quality. My *pake* father, as I have told you, was liberal. He asked me if I wanted Yap Ten Shin for my husband. And I said, 'Yes,' and freely, of myself, I went to him. He it was who was kicked by a horse; but he was a very good husband before he was kicked by the horse.

"As for you, Ah Kim, you shall always be honorable and lovable for me, and some day, when it is not necessary for you to take me by the ear, I shall marry you and come here and be with you always, and you will be the happiest *pake* in all Hawaii; for I have had two husbands, and gone to high school, and am most wise in making a husband happy. But that will be when your mother has ceased to beat you. Mrs. Chang Lucy tells me that she beats you very hard."

"She does," Ah Kim affirmed. "Behold!" He thrust back his loose sleeves, exposing to the elbow his smooth and cherubic forearms. They were mantled with black-and-blue marks that advertised the weight and number of blows so shielded from his head and face. "But she has never made me cry," Ah Kim disclaimed hastily. "Never, from the time I was a little boy, has she made me cry."

"So Mrs. Chang Lucy says," Li Faa observed; "she says that your honorable mother often complains to her that she has never made you cry."

A sibilant warning from one of his clerks was too late. Having regained the house by way of the back alley, Mrs. Tai Fu emerged right upon them from out of the living-apartments. Never had Ah Kim seen his mother's eyes so blazingly furious. She ignored Li Faa, as she screamed at him:

"Now will I make you cry! As never before shall I beat you until you do cry!"

"Then let us go into the back rooms, honorable mother," Ah Kim suggested. "We will close the windows and the doors, and there may you beat me."

"No! Here shall you be beaten before all the world and this shameless woman, who would, with her own hand, take you by the ear and call such sacrilege marriage! Stay, shameless woman!"

"I am going to stay, anyway," said Li Faa. She favored the clerks with a truculent stare. "And I'd like to see anything less than the police put me out of here."

"You will never be my daughter-in-law," Mrs. Tai Fu snapped.

Li Faa nodded her head in agreement.

"But just the same," she added, "shall your son be my third husband?"

"You mean when I am dead?" the old mother screamed.

"The sun rises each morning," Li Faa said enigmatically. "All my life have I seen it rise——"

"You are forty, and you wear corsets."

"But I do not dye my hair—that will come later," Li Faa calmly retorted. "As to my age, you are right. I shall be forty-one next Kamehameha day. For forty years I have seen the sun rise. My father was an old man. Before he died, he told me that he had observed no difference in the rising of the sun since when he was a little boy. The world is round. Confucius

did not know that, but you will find it in all the geography books. The world is round. Ever it turns over on itself, over and over and around and around. And the times and seasons of weather and life turn with it. What is, has been before. What has been, will be again. The time of the breadfruit and the mango ever recurs, and man and woman repeat themselves. The robins nest, and in the spring-time the plovers come from the north. Every spring is followed by another spring. The coco-palm rises into the air, ripens its fruit, and departs. But always are there more coco-palms. This is not all my own smart talk. Much of it my father told me. Proceed, honorable Mrs. Tai Fu, and beat your son, who is my third husband-to-be. But I shall laugh. I warn you I shall laugh."

Ah Kim dropped down on his knees so as to give his mother every advantage. And while she rained blows upon him with the bamboo stick, Li Faa smiled and giggled, and finally burst into laughter.

"Harder, O honorable Mrs. Tai Fu!" Li Faa urged, between paroxysms of mirth.

Mrs. Tai Fu did her best, which was notably weak, until she observed what made her drop the stick in amazement. Ah Kim was crying. Down both cheeks great round tears were coursing. Li Faa was amazed. So were the gaping clerks. Most amazed of all was Ah Kim; yet he could not help himself, and although no further blows fell, he cried steadily on.

"But why did you cry?" Li Faa demanded often of Ah Kim. "It was so perfectly foolish a thing to do. She was not even hurting you."

"Wait until we are married," was Ah Kim's invariable reply, "and then, O Moon-Lily, will I tell you."

Two years later, one afternoon, more like a watermelon seed in configuration than ever, Ah Kim returned home from a meeting of the Chinese Protective Association, to find his mother dead on her couch. Narrower and more unrelenting than ever were the forehead and the brushed-back hair. But on her face was a withered smile. The gods had been kind. She had passed without pain.

He telephoned first of all to Li Faa's number, but did not find her until he called up Mrs. Chang Lucy. The news given, the marriage was dated ahead with ten times the brevity of the old-line Chinese custom. And if there be anything analogous to a bridesmaid in a Chinese wedding, Mrs. Chang Lucy was just that.

"Why," Li Faa asked Ah Kim, when alone with him on their wedding-night, "Why did you cry when your mother beat you that day in the store? You were so foolish. She was not even hurting you."

"That is why I cried," answered Ah Kim.

Li Faa looked at him without understanding.

"I cried," he explained, "because I suddenly knew that my mother was nearing her end. There was no weight, no hurt in her blows. I cried because I knew *she no longer had strength enough to hurt me*. That is why I cried, my Flower of Serenity, my Perfect Rest. That is the only reason why I cried."

The next *Jack London* story, *The Water-Baby*, will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.