

**BITS OF BROKEN
CHINA. PP. 22-171**

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Bits of Broken China. pp. 22-171 by William E. S. Fales

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WILLIAM E. S. FALES

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CHINA



W^M E. S. FALES



The shabbiest man in Chinatown.

**BITS OF
BROKEN CHINA**

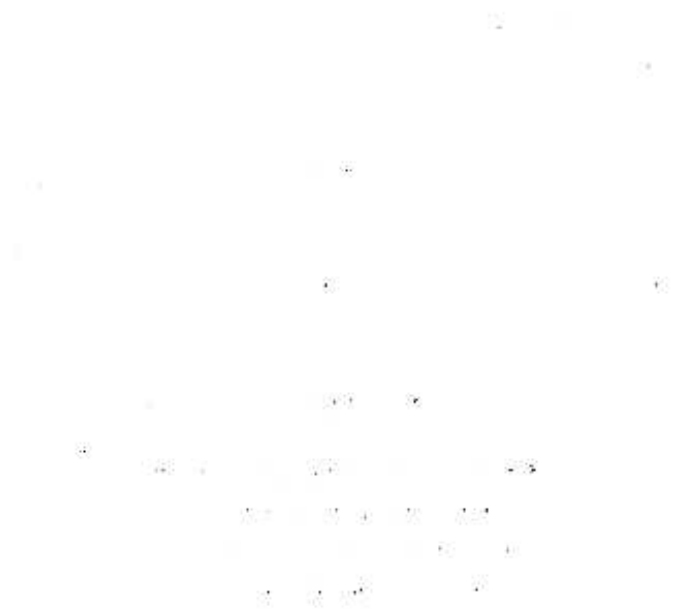
BY **Wm. E. S. Fales**



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Dedication

**TO MY FRIENDS OF THE CHINA COAST, WHERE
I PASSED MANY HAPPY YEARS,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR**



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a poipe drame to move into that rotten tiniment."

Subsequent events seemed to justify both opinions. Doc High's scantily-equipped store did so small a business that his neighbors looked forward to his dispossession for non-payment of rent.

The collector told Mrs. Connors that Doc was a "trifle dopy" as well as hard up, and that estimable lady conveyed the news, with ever-increasing exaggeration, to all her acquaintances upon the block. They bore no deep love to the "Chink," but they had an instinctive sympathy for all who suffered from poverty.

Thus it came about that the newcomer was soon known as Poor Doc High, and Poor Doc High he remained until his mysterious departure from New York.

Doc's establishment was certain-

ly far from attractive. The windows were small and old-fashioned, and the panes so dirty and weather-beaten that they looked like ground yellow glass.

The store was crowded with boxes and bales, most of which were so dusty and begrimed as to indicate that they were seldom opened and never cleaned. No sign was needed to proclaim the place a drug store, for the atmosphere fairly reeked with a stench alongside of which the "forty distinct stinks of Cologne" were as the breath of a spring morning.

Slumming parties avoided the house, and even Officer Kehoe gave it a wide berth.

"Oi've had awful sthuff from the dispinsary," said Paddy O'Brien, "but the worst was loike a glass of mixed ale compared with the medicines of Poor Doc High."