CHINESE COOKING IS A FINE ART

Oriental Chefs Have Methods and Materials All Their Own —Yet They Succeed in Pleasing the Occidental Palate— How Some of Their Famous Dishes Are Made—Vogue of the Chinese Restaurants.

Chinese cooks and Chinese foods are acquiring great popularity in America. The manifestations of this popularity are:

First—Upon certain roof gardens in New York such Chinese dishes as chop suey geish-y-main are served side by side with soft-shell crabs and broiled lobster.

Second—There is hardly an American city that has not its Chinese restaurants, to which persons of every class like to go.

Third—Few Bohemian gatherings are complete without a pail of chop suey, brought fresh and hot from Chinatown.

Fourth—Many rich families employ Chinese cooks—men expert in the best French and American dishes, and expert also in the best dishes of China, which, now and then, they serve.

It is not strange that Chinese food, in a cosmopolitan country like America, should be popular, for Chinese cooking, an art as difficult as French cooking, has a taste that is as pleasant to the occidental as to the oriental palate, while Chinese cooks and Chinese kitchens are as clean as any white-tiled dairy.

There follows a description of a typical Chinese restaurant and of a typical Chinese kitchen, together with the recipes for a few of the simpler Chinese dishes. Those who desire to prepare and sample the food of China in their own homes, may, with the help of these recipes, do so.

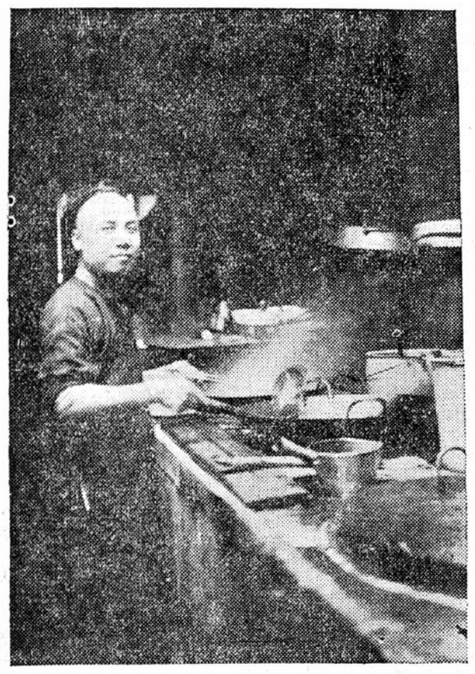
CHOP STICKS IN CHINATOWN.

Chinese restaurants are clean, and some of them are furnished splendidly and beautifully, with teakwood stools and tables inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. They usually have entrances so constructed that the patron, to reach the dining-room, may pass thru the kitchen, the idea being that the patron should examine the kitchen—should see how clean it is—before he eats the food that comes out of it. Chop sticks, as well as the customary knives and forks, are served with the food, and the American finds it interesting to try to learn to eat with these two little ebony or ivory billets.

The Chiense menu is puzzling. It is composed of dishes with such names as mo gu sue ki, chow main, geish y main, yock a main, fin ka nau yok, li chee, si u ah, up tread main, yang wall, muy gu guy pan, etc. All these dishes are agreeable to the American taste. They range in price from $1.50 to $2 for mo gu sue ki, (which is made of chicken breasts and mushrooms principally) to 15 cents for a yock a main, a composition of noodles, chicken and pork.

Geish y main and chop suey are the dishes that Americans like best. In each of them chicken, pork, mushrooms and celery figure, and over each of them a very salty, appetizing sauce, called see yow, is poured. Bread is never served in Chinatown; rice takes its place—rice steamed instead of boiled, light almost as whipped cream—a delicious rice such as only the Chinese know how to prepare. Tea is served with every order; a pot of tea, drunk out of little, handleless cups. Neither cream nor sugar goes with it, for the Chinese claim that cream and sugar spoil the flavor of good tea, which they knew how to brew long before the occident was aware that such a beverage existed.

The Chinese kitchen is clean, and every pot and pan is washed after use, even tho it is to be used in the making of the same dish again immediately. Thus, if a cook is preparing an order of chop suey, and another order for chop suey comes in before he has finished, he does not begin on the second order until, having emptied the pan of the first one, he has scraped and washed it thoroly.



A CHINESE COOK.

The Chinese range has an odd look because its front is protected by a double wooden casing, with panels that can be lowered when the cook wants to rake out ashes or to put on coal. The advantage of the wooden casing is that, warding off the heat, it allows the cook to stand close to the fire continually.

The principal cooking utensils are huge basins of brass or copper. The chopping block is in constant use, for all meats and vegetables are chopped into small pieces before they are cooked. Otherwise it would not be possible to eat them with the chop sticks. One exception must be made in the case of roast meat. Meats, to be roasted, are first cut in strips three inches wide and six inches long, and afterwards spitted on rods of iron and hung in the oven. The oven is portable. It is set on the range, a hot fire is started under it, and over it a dome-shaped cover is placed. Some roast meats—pigs, chickens, ducks—are rubbed with honey before they enter the oven. This gives them a lustrous, reddish-brown color.

The Chinese Desserts.

In Chinese cooking the desserts are of interest. Some of these desserts have a poetical and delicate quality that should cause them to find favor at ladies' luncheons. What could be more tempting to a young woman, for instance, than a dessert made of chrysanthemums, another made of violets, a third of rose petals, a fourth of peach blossoms?

Each of these flower desserts is made in the same way. Take, for instance, the chrysanthemum one.

A fresh chrysanthemum is selected, and it is carefully washed. Then its petals are plucked off, and a little of the green leaf is chopped and stirred into a batter made of beaten eggs and flour. Now the petals themselves are dipped in the batter, and afterwards they are dropped lightly into a pan of boiling peanut oil, which browns them in a moment. They are taken out of the oil and placed on absorbing paper, which drains all the grease from them. They are served warm, and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Peanut oil, the only foreign ingredient used in flower desserts, is an excellent oil for frying. It is made purely from peanuts, and can be bought at any Chinese grocery for 10 or 15 cents a pint.

How Chop Suey Is Made.

Chop suey is made of chicken breasts, celery, onion, pork, waternuts, bean sprouts, young bamboo and mushrooms. Waternuts and young bamboo are tender vegetables of delicate flavor, and all Chinese grocers sell them. These various ingredients are first boiled separately and cut up—the chicken into dice a half-inch square, the vegetables into small pieces—and afterwards they are fried with a little peanut oil and with see yow. See yow, the famous sauce, resembles Worcestershire in appearance. It is imported from China, where it is made of Chinese beans, Chinese peppers and salt prepared in a peculiar manner. This sauce is exceedingly delicious and appetizing. He who should import it, advertise it, and put it on the market in an attractive form would, undoubtedly, make money. The sauce costs at the Chinese grocers 50 cents a pint.

Geishy main is a dish composed of noodles, see yow, onions, mushrooms, celery, chicken breasts, Chinese waternuts and young bamboo. To make it, all the ingredients are first boiled separately, and afterwards all of them except the chicken and the noodles are fried together with a seasoning of see yow. Geishy main is served in a bowl. In the bottom of the bowl about four tablespoonsful of noodles are placed. Over these the main proper is poured, and on top three teaspoonsful of chicken breast, cut in dice, are sprinkled.

Pineapple fish is a pleasant dish. To make it, you take a fresh fish—shad or pike—remove the bones, and cut the flesh into small squares. Dip the squares into a batter of eggs and flour, and fry them to a light brown in boiling peanut oil. Afterwards dry them in the oven. While they are drying, a little celery is chopped up with an onion and five or six mushrooms. Now the juice is drained from a pineapple, and the fruit is cut in small pieces and fried in its juice, together with the celery, mushrooms and onions. Just before the pineapple is quite done, the fish is dropped in with it. Then all—pineapple, fish, mushrooms, etc.—are served together. This dish has an odd and fragrant flavor. No one possibly, tasting it, would imagine it contained fish.

The following is a list of Chinese dishes, with the contents of each dish:

Fin-ka-naw-yok—Beef dressed with tomatoes.

Li-chee—Chicken, celery, onions, water chestnuts, young bamboo and Chinese mushrooms.

Mo-ge-sue-ki—Roast chicken with mushrooms.

Si-u-ah—Duck, Chinese parsley and a dozen of the choicest vegetables. This dish costs $2.75, and must be ordered two days in advance.

Up-tread-main—Noodles, with boiled duck.

Li-hung-chun—Edible bird's nest, with chopped chicken, chicken and mushroom soup, Chinese ham and lobster.

Chinese restaurants have names like Joy Hung Low, Yat Wah Hin, Glue Sum, Yen row Low, etc. These are not the proprietors' names, but the names of the restaurants themselves. Thus, Yen row Low means "House of Pleasure," and Yat Wah Hin, "Place of Good Cheer."

MAKING THE FAMOUS CHRYSANTHEMUM SALAD.

Rev. S. Swann, vicar of St. Aidan's Carlisle, England, has hit upon a novel way of making the acquaintance of his parishioners. The reverend gentleman notifies in his parish magazine that he has been very busy sharpening 540 pencils, which will be placed with writing paper in the pews of the church, in order that the worshipers may leave behind them their names and addresses, which will constitute a visiting list for the vicar.

THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS

He doesn't take naturally to farm work.

Poor boy, don't know as I'll ever be able to raise him.

The minister and doctor recommend a professional career.

He arrives at the University, and is discovered.

Congenial work, at last.

Silas must be doin' well, they've got his picture in the paper.

A WORKING WOMAN'S OCTOBER SUNDAY

AFTER an unusually strenuous week, I awoke on a recent Sunday morning with the delightful rest-day feeling that I need not take the seven-thirty car, and therefore might turn over and have another nap. I napped and had a vision. I seemed to be at the forking of two roads, uncertain which to take.

Down one road I saw walking primly and correctly many men, women and children, all in their Sunday best, very clean and new and bright and rustling. A stern figure with "Duty" written across her brow, pointed me down this road, at the end of which was a magnificent church. I saw entering the church its dignified pastor; and heard wafted from its open doors, the exquisite harmonies of its great organ.

Down the other road passed an occasional rather shabby-looking figure, sometimes a group of two or three. Some of these carried small bundles or covered baskets. Here was a man with a fishpole, there a woman with a book. In the distance I saw gleaming water, brilliant foliage, fleecy clouds sailing over a sky of the deepest blue. I felt a distinct desire to walk that way myself, and I cast a quick glance at the figure which stood pointing me down that road. I expected to find written on her brow, "Forbidden Pleasure," but instead read "Duty" also there, and the face was a joyous and smiling one.

Then I became very wide awake and possessed of a determination to make the most of a perfect day. I would lay in a supply of oxygen and sunshine to last for all the coming week, and feast my eyes on pictures the memory of which would stay with me till another October.

No patent leather shoes and trailing silken petticoats for me (even if I had possessed them); but my thick-soled boots and short walking-skirt. No elaborately planned and served Sunday dinner, but a sandwich and some fruit, stowed away in a pasteboard box.

A stuffy street car ride was soon over and the entrance to our beautiful Riverside park gained. This park is so little known and appreciated that it is to be hoped that a short account of a blessed Sunday morning spent there may induce a few who are unaware of its existence to hunt it up and become acquainted with it. Riverside and Minnehaha cars pass within a block or two of it. The dwellers on the flats and in the poorer portions of the south part of town have within easy walking distance its graveled walks and soft lawns and grand old trees; or if they clamber down its river banks they can find wild bits of nature to transport them miles and miles away from city life. Such a park in such a portion of a large city exerts a civilizing influence hard to estimate, and is a means of aesthetic culture that cannot but have its effect for good upon those that frequent it.

Up and across the river rise from masses of foliage the buildings of the state university. Down the river in the distance can be seen the airy outlines of the Franklin avenue and Lake street bridges.

This particular Sunday morning was sunny and enchanting, with enough briskness in the air to give one energy. The hazy blue distances made every view an exquisite one, and softened the autumn foliage to dreams of blended coloring. Following the broad graveled road which dips down toward the river, a flight of steps was reached which lead to a grove of maples near the water's edge. It happened to be just the day upon which these maple leaves had attained their utmost beauty, come to their fullest maturity. After a life well spent they were gently dropping, one by one, and covering the soft brown earth beneath them with a carpet such as no weaver of the orient, with all man's richest stuffs and dyes, could ever hope to equal. There was no curled or dried leaf among them; all were perfect, each different.

Kneeling on this carpet, with the sun filtering softly thru the gold and crimson of the yet unfallen leaves, one was in a more fitting place of worship than any man-made cathedral could be. Each slow-dropping leaf was sermon and psalm in one; and for accompanying harmony, there was the deep-toned flowing of the river.

It was not long before I was warned by the rustle of dead leaves that some one was approaching, so I reluctantly left my chapel with its carpet, its stained glass, its music, to the next one who might discover it. Walking on up the river, I found that all too soon Riverside park ends and the grounds of St. Mary's hospital begins.

Resolving to walk up the river a short distance, I proceeded along a street lined with quaint cottages, finding it hard to believe that I was still in Minneapolis. The first cross street leading directly toward the river was narrow and foreign-looking, so that I was not surprised at its name, "Bjornsen street." It proved to be a most attractive little by-way with a vista of river and bridge at its farther end, where it was joined by Locust street, and from here was a beautiful view of the river in the opposite direction.

After retracing my steps to Riverside park once more, I found that I had an excellent appetite and felt that the time was ripe for lunching. Then I felt rested enough to undertake the walk from the park down the river to the Franklin avenue bridge. I chose the upper bank, as I was alone, but the walk by the river's edge is charming if one is with a party. It leads, however, thru vast deserted stone quarries; and mingled with a woman's love of nature lurks also a wholesome horror of tramps. Just across Franklin avenue is a deep gully, but a scramble down and up its steep sides brought me to a second resting place. Here is a stretch of velvety greensward, under a grove of grand old trees.

High above the river, this spot affords a charming view and is just the place in which to sit down with one's back against a tree, open a copy of Sidney Lanier's poems and read his exquisite "Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," and "The Symphony," with its appeal:

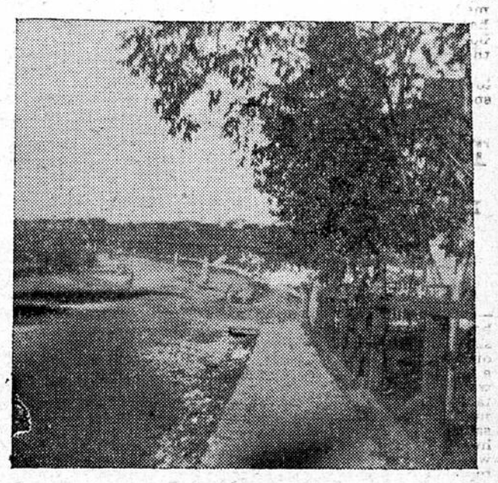
Thou Trade! thou king of the modern days!
Change thy ways,
Change thy ways;
Let the sweaty laborers file
A little while,
A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.

In autumn one loves to bask in the sunshine; so as the sun was beginning to desert the west bank of the river and to shine enticingly on the opposite shore, it seemed time to be on my way once more. It is quite posisble that there are many people in Minneapolis who have never crossed the Franklin avenue bridge; but the fine view from its airy height will far more than repay any effort expended in getting to it. The high river bank on either side is draped with dense foliage which presents to the eye masses of color, softened and blended by the distance. The river hastens down between the banks, while the all but invisible moisture rising from it serves to heighten the atmospheric effects so sought after by artists.

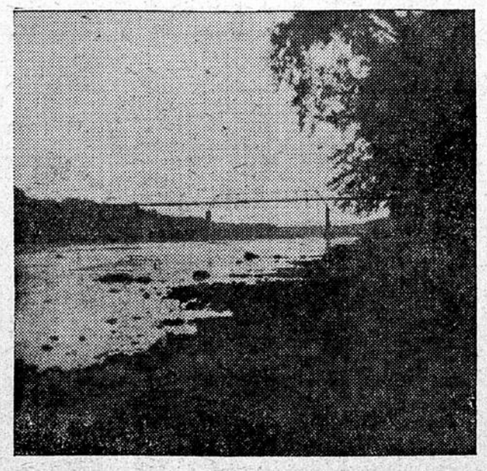
I remembered that on the east side of the river, just north of the bridge, was the graceful little "Bridal Veil fall"; but it was a delightful surprise to find it this year grown to be impressively beautiful, on account of the unusual amount of water flowing over it. The temptation was strong to continue my walk way down the river on the east side, either by the bicycle path along the edge of the bluff, or by the less frequented little footpath over the grassy carpet at the very water's edge. But the sun was getting low and a chill was creeping into the air, so deferred that till another day. A walk of five or six blocks brought me to the interurban line, where I boarded a car and rode home. Tired I was, but such a good kind of tired, and so happy. Kinky nerves were straightened out, lungs washed clean by the pure air, and the whole physical being permeated with the golden sunshine. It goes without saying that the spiritual being was vitalized and uplifted.

—A Working Woman.

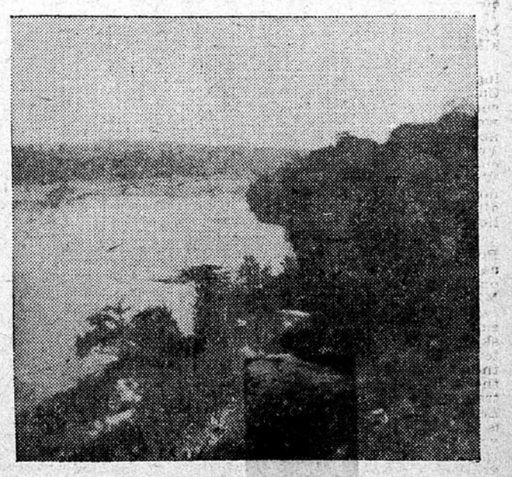
IN RIVERSIDE PARK.



UP THE RIVER FROM BJORNSEN STREET.



VIEW DOWN THE RIVER FROM RIVERSIDE PARK.



DOWN THE RIVER FROM THE CORNER OF BJORNSEN AND LOCUST STREETS.