

THUMB NAIL SKETCHES OF THE CITY OF PEKING; AMERICANS LIVE IN ALLEYS AND LANES

(Paul Wright in Chicago News.)
Peking.—Americans and Europeans in Peking live in alleys. That is, the houses they inhabit are so situated, and the arrangement is delightful. The Peking homes are the most intriguing in the world and the streets of no other city can compare in picturesqueness and fascination with the narrow ways of this old capital.

Of course they are not called alleys in the guidebooks, but alleys and lanes are what they seem to the visitor who threads their intricacies for the first time. They form an interminable maze. They are constricted and winding. They lead in and they lead out. And they are lined with brick walls from eight to twelve feet high—walls that are thick and heavy and painted a dull gray and frequently adorned atop with broken glass.

You never can tell what lies behind these walls, and the chances are that if you learned you'd be surprised. This is an integral part of the enchantment of Peking. Its policies, its warfare, its plottings, its very structure you may guess at, but it is seldom that you can know with positive assurance. All this tends to stimulate the imagination of the visitor and helps him to feel that there at last is the Arabian Nights incarnated in flesh and blood and bricks.

For the most part the walls of the alleys are solid and inscrutable, but here and there they are pierced with doors. Within the gates may be anything, perhaps a rambling Chinese estate, a home with disconnected rooms, stone-flagged courts, cozy little gardens with fountains and pools and rockeries, the whole laid out helter skelter, all over the lot. Possibly this is what you find when you peep within, or you may encounter an entirely western establishment, possessed of a sunny garden and hot-water heat and an honest-to-goodness fireplace with an honest-to-goodness coal fire in the grate, and other evidences of occidental culture, such as distin-

guish the residence of James L. Butts, the Peking correspondent of The Daily News.

At any rate, all of these abodes, native and foreign alike, lie behind the blank walls of the alleys, more properly known as the "hutongs." And it is up and down these hutongs that, if you are socially inclined, you ride to the homes of your friends. You ride in a rickshaw, two-wheeled, rubber-tired, nicely balanced, and drawn generally by a coolie who takes pride in his running. To him you give the address of the house you seek. He says "Yess," lights his lantern, stows his long coat beneath your feet, and away you go. Along the smooth asphalt pavement of the legation quarter, Tree-lined, with parkways and broad stone sidewalks. You leave the legation quarter at a twist in the road—there is an obvious military meaning to this and a memory of the Boxer days—where soldiers stand on guard. You cross and traverse the main business streets of the Chinese city, or the Tatar city, as the case may be. These few main avenues are wide as State street, but badly paved and subject to dust storms. There are street car lines here, a new feature of Peking life. (I have never yet seen a foreigner in a tram car.) Then you leave the broad way and begin the adventure of Peking by night.

The alleys are lighted here and there by inconspicuous lamps, but for most of the distance they are not lighted at all. The coolie in the shafts trots on. Occasionally he shouts a warning and a Chinese pedestrian jumps aside. Occasionally, too, another rickshaw emerges from somewhere in the surrounding blackness, its little lantern swinging merrily over the bumps. The coolies yell and swerve to the left, your back is wrenched, but no harm is done.

Maybe the rickshaw boy pants a little now to let you hear him as his journey's end approaches. The hutongs twist and turn. You cross a business street somewhere, but not particularly wider than the hallway in a modern flat. The dim lights of the tiny shops cast a yellow glow. You hear the weird cry of the Chinese equivalent for the hot tamale vendors of back home.

Long before this you have lost all knowledge of direction, so you pin your faith to the rickshaw boy and sit tight. Your faith is justified. The Chinese runner has a sense of location like a homing pigeon's. Without a falter or false turn he trots to his mark, such a small mark in that vast city of gloom, and finds it.

Up to the very end the boy runs gallantly and lightly. You take pride in him, and thank goodness that you do not weigh a great deal.

He steps before a door in the wall and presses a bell or sounds the knocker. The door is opened. And there you are!

"Willie, wash your mouth and blow your nose!"
"Who's coming, Maw?"



Of Interest to the Women

WHAT SHE WEARS.

The bloused effect for fall is particularly stressed in coats and wraps. For winter, expect a lavish use of fur.

The latest version of the choker is made of crystal rondules cut in flower shapes and strung at intervals round smooth beads of colored crystal. There are earrings to match.

Of interest to the sportswoman is an umbrella with a handle that opens into a seat covered with black silk. It is light and easy to carry and very convenient at the races or the horse show.

Printed silks are holding their own, but it is noticeable that the small calico prints and the conservative colorings seem to have passed the larger and more colorful one sin poultry.

Very smart tennis dresses are made of fine pique in delicate pastel colors. The favorite model is sleeveless and has a small tailored turn back collar. With these frocks is worn a soft crepe de chine tie in matching or contrasting shades.

LEMON ROLY PUDDING.

A steamed pudding dear to the heart of the British housekeeper is a lemon roly. Use one and a half cups of flour, three quarters cup chopped suet, one cup brown sugar, two lemons, one eighth teaspoon of salt.

Peel the lemons thin, put the rind in a saucepan and cover with water boil for five minutes, strain and chop finely; mix with the sugar and juice of one lemon. Mix the flour suet and salt, then add sufficient water to make a stiff paste. Roll it out in a square, spread the lemon on it, wet the edges of the paste, and roll up. Tie in a pudding cloth, and put in boiling water for one and a half hours or steam in a pudding bowl. Serve with lemon sauce. Four or five servings.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE.

Another north country British dish is a variation on the usual cheese cake recipe.

Make a half pound of rich pastry; use one cup granulated sugar, one quarter cup butter, two whole eggs and one yolk; the rind of one lemon and the juice of one and a half lemons; about one quarter cup of dry crumbs of bread or cake.

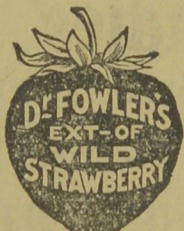
Melt the butter in a saucepan, or the upper part of a double boiler, add the sugar and lemon, then put in the eggs and mix. Stand the saucepan in the lower part of the double boiler and stir until the mixture thickens taking care that it does not curdle. Take it off the stove and stir for a few minutes. Mix in the bread crumbs. Roll out the pastry and line patty tins, pour the lemon mixture into to fill about three fourths of each pan. Put into a hot oven when nearly baked, sprinkle with sugar and grated cocoanut and put back in the oven for a few minutes. Six small patties. The cheese part of this recipe is one of those British jokes: crumbs are cheese, and the crumbly texture is supposed to be that of cottage cheese pastries.

LEMON RINGS.

A thin cool, mildly sweet accompaniment for iced punch is a lemon ring made like this:

1 1/4 cups flour
3/4 cup butter
6 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons ground rice
Rind of one lemon
1 egg

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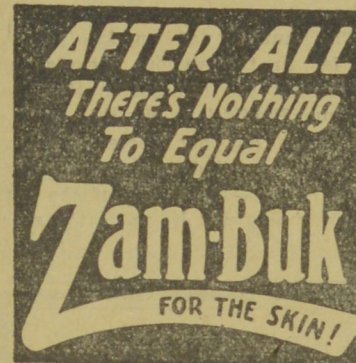
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Cream the butter and flour add the grated rind then the sugar make a hole in the centre of this mixture and pour in the beaten egg and sufficient milk to mix very stiffly. Roll it out on a floured board stamp with a fluted cutter, or use a doughnut cutter for these. Place the rings on a greased baking tin and bake in a moderate oven until delicately golden, but not dark brown.

A CUSTARD SOUFFLE.

From another English cook comes a lemon souffle mixture which is quite something else again. To make it, use the yolks of three eggs the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of two. A half pound of sugar and about a tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in milk. Stir this all over the fire until it thickens.

Whip a half pint of cream and beat up the whites of three eggs stiffly and stir these gently into the custard mixture. Pour all into a glass dish, sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts and serve very cold. Sounds like a lemon-float, and is just about that, making about six dessert dishes.



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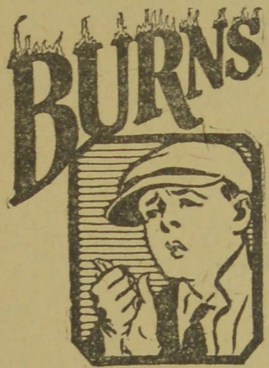
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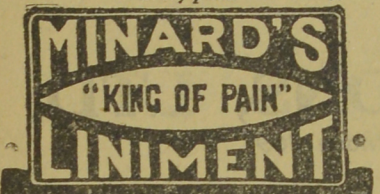
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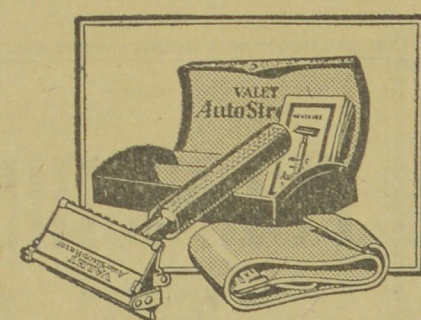
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