

through long dirty Chinese months in their manufacture, and all waiting for the unsuspecting visitor to cough up good American coin for their release.

In the delicatessen, or grocery stores the specialty is a most peculiar sort of a flat-fish fowl, flat as a fritter and as dry as the Prohibition laws are supposed to be. We never for a moment doubted that they had been "cured" by the ancients, but all wondered how they must have looked before they were "cured." The Chinese say their people eat these things and live, but—well, just but.

Their vegetables are just as peculiar as everything else around them and appear to have come from the earth wrong end to. The Joss House—the nearest approach to a house of worship that the "Chink" has—is a store house for all the relics from Confucius down, and besides welcoming visitors who are desirous of obtaining incense sticks, fans, prayers, etc. at a dozen times their original cost, it is the resort for those stubtoed innocents who before entering upon any sort of an undertaking wish to consult the oracles to find out whether they will be successful or not. If the "prayers" they purchase do not promise success, they cease all negotiations and wait until the predictions are more favorable. As the Chinese will not even buy a dog unless the little red papers point out that it will be a good investment, and the Joss House keeper gets paid for each batch of fortunes or prophesies it is of course not probable that the first try will guarantee success. It is in the "restaurants" that the sight-seers get their money's worth. As one sits there and watches the crowds of apparently sane individuals gathered around those little round tables, he wonders at their sublime faith. There they are delving into a mysterious collation in front of them and if you ask what it is, they will say "chop suey." If you ask what chop-suey is, they will say "that's it" and that's all they know, except that "John" stands by and promptly collects the rent before