

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S

COSMOPOLITAN MENU

All the World Contributes to the Pleasing of the Palate of the New York Diner.



carpets, ebony or teak tables and chairs, beautiful screens and exquisite specimens of Mongolian art. Here the almond-eyed Celestial may enjoy shark fins, bird nest soup, biche de mer, dried oysters, rice eaten with chopsticks, preserved ginger and sweets, sip the choicest of tea from dainty eggshell china and drink samsu from tiny thimblelike glasses, while he smokes and dreams of the Lowly Kingdom.

The Italian table d'hôte is everywhere, and it is safe to say that the general public patronize them quite as liberally as do the natives of Tuscany. The small necked wicker-covered chianti bottle, the wholesome spaghetti, with its grated Parmesan cheese, are dear to the bohemian heart, and the free and easy "everything goes" sort of style, with the low priced service, tends to make the Italian restaurant popular in nearly every part of the city.

The Hebrew who eats only the food he is permitted to eat can find eating houses where a few Hebrew characters on the window or blended with the letters of the sign tell him that he may enter and eat without fear and may patronize these places on the east side.

Now, while we eat the food of all nations and drink the drinks of every land, it must not for a moment be thought that the North American has no food and cooking entirely his own. Many writers in European periodicals have gone so far as to assert that there is no such thing as American cooking. It is needless to say that the personal observation of these writers has been restricted to the tight little island whereon porpoise one sees through a fog. In truth, we have a greater range of food products and a more plentiful supply than any other country in the world, and while our national cooking naturally favors strongly of Europe and the Orient it is mainly because we have for centuries employed the natives of other lands to do it. If one still doubts that we have, however, a purely native American style of cooking let him arm himself with several kinds of dyspepsia cures and visit the pie belt and he will become converted.

Indian corn on the cob, Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn muffins or griddle cakes, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, succotash, clam chowder, baked beans, the redhead or canvasback duck, terrapin, shad, sheepshead, sona, the American oyster, the true lobster, California shrimp, black bass, soft clams, soft shell crabs and the whitefish of the great lakes are all indigenous and unique. The pie of New England and the golden brown cruller are all to the manner born. Where in the cooking of the world can a planked whitefish or shad, a planked steak, creole, a Rhode Island clam bake or a poached egg of green corn be equalled? The eastern oyster is the finest in the world. The coasts of California and Oregon are lined with a native oyster superior in flavor to the English native, but almost despised in the country where it is found on account of the strong coppery flavor that makes John Bull willingly pay 7s. 6d. a dozen for 'em "at home."

If we had a prohibitory duty on prejudice, so it could either be kept out of the country or confiscated at the custom house, we would soon be called the best fed nation in the globe. We have not reached the cold roast beef, bitter ale and orange marmalade breakfast, breakfast stage as yet, and will probably be content to worry along on delicious coffee, eggs, buckwheat cakes and fresh fruit for many years to come. The worst crime we are guilty of at the present time is the predilection of pine-shaving, chapped whisker and breakfast food habit, which at one time bid fair to become serious, but will probably eventually be cured.

NEW YORK IS unquestionably the best fed city on the face of the globe, for the simple reason that the world is under tribute to Manhattan and its suburban environment. Why is this? The reason is apparent and the answer simple. New York is a city of spots and streaks. In certain districts Father Knickerbocker is as Oriental as the Orient, as French as France, as German as the Fatherland, as Chinese as China, as Japanese as the Land of the Rising Sun; Mexican, Greek, Russian, Hungarian, Norwegian, Swiss, Swedish and British in spots; more Irish than Ireland, Canadian somewhat, Spanish, a little Italian east and west, but American all over. Natives of every land and clime roam the streets by day and dwell among their countrymen at night in some corner or section where for the companionship of language enjoyed by the most gregarious of all animals, man, they eat, sleep and make merry or sad as occasion requires. The ships of every flag under the sun either

are tug at their anchors in the harbor or are tied to the docks of some part of the one hundred miles of water front that forms the water boundary lines of Greater New York.

Now, with every tribe or clan we get a certain touch of their favorite foods and drink, and what was once a great variety soon becomes a staple; what was originally imported for the few soon becomes popular with the many; and, lo! in time, usually a short time, the use of a delicacy once confined to its native land becomes more or less general and nearly all New York enjoys it.

In almost every land the food and drink of a nation can be quickly learned by the frequent use of hotels and eating houses, while here one finds on "the bill" of all good establishments supposed to be purely American food and drink from every land. The great halls and private dining rooms of the establishments conducted for the patron with a long purse are generally conceded to be the most elaborate in the world—marvels of the decorator's art—where huge mirrors give back the reflection of thousands of electric lights, gleaming on spotless lin-

en, glistening silver and glassware; costly rugs and wall often hung with some of the choicest works of the greatest of the old masters. From behind banks of palms the modulated strains of skillfully played instruments give patrons the popular airs of the comic operas, the classics of the great composers or in instrumental coon songs and ragtime melodies as the taste of the frequenters runs. Perfect service by trained attendants, noiseless, skilful, with a keen anticipation of every wish that pleases the guest, adds materially to the popularity of the house and the amount of the check.

In a first class New York hotel or restaurant one may dine off the birds of the air, the game of the forest, the beasts of the field, the fishes of ocean, and stream, and all that grows in, above or below the ground, not of this country alone, but of every clime. Egyptian quail, the sunbaked sands of the desert, ptarmigan or willow partridge from above the Arctic circle, green turtle from the Bermudas, brook trout from the cool, crystal mountain streams, oysters from the depths of the Northern ocean, ter-

rapin from Maryland, a celery fad, canvasback duck from the marshes of Chesapeake Bay, roast beef from Old England, ham from Westphalia, sausages from Germany or Switzerland, snails, artichokes, sole, truffles and a hundred other delicacies from France, mushrooms from the cellars of the Palisades, caviar from Russia, strawberries from North Carolina, asparagus from Long Island, celery from Michigan, cucumbers and salads from Southern New Jersey, grape fruit and oranges from Florida, melons from Colorado, Canada and France, cheese from Holland and Switzerland, and a thousand other dainties for those who dine. There are those who eat and those who dine, and there are two classes could be more separate and distinct.

New York was a well supplied, carefully fed city in its early days, and it must not be supposed that the land (and waters) then did not yield both quantity and quality in great variety. While George III. was king the dwellers on Manhattan Island could have an abundance from adjacent streams salmon, sturgeon, bass, drum, trout, shad, perch, pike, catfish, suckers, eels, sunfish, mullets and trout fish. The sea food comprised cod, weakfish, halibut, herring, mackerel, flounders, plaice, brim, blackfish, lobsters, flounders, crabs, oysters, clams, mussels, shrimp, etc. Sturgeon were plentiful in the Hudson River, but only the small ones were eaten. The roe was even then highly prized by the English and as caviar was on many tables.

Oysters, as now, were eaten in many ways, and as early as 1774 were pickled and exported in considerable quantities. Nearly every kind of fruit and vegetable now grown here was then raised by farmers and gardeners. Sloops and smaller boats brought weekly loads of produce from Long Island, beef cattle in plenty roamed rich pastures, farmers raised and fattened poultry, hunters brought in a variety of game, and thus it will be seen that the early New Yorker fared none so badly. With his cellar

well stocked with wine, as many were in those days—when here, as in England, hard drinking was the rule—the festive board was a formidable affair. When Corner Burnet died, in 1729, his cellar contained more than twelve hundred bottles and flasks of wine, besides a pipe of Madeira and a cask of Fayal.

Taverns and tea gardens played a very important part in the social life of that day, and the keepers were often men of considerable weight and standing. Not only were these establishments visited early and often by the best of people for food and entertainment, but they nearly all made it a practice to cook and serve meals at residences as well. The Queen's Head Tavern, at the end of Broad street, in 1775, had fourteen fireplaces, a most excellent large kitchen and fine dry cellars. The King's Arms, in Broadway, near Liberty street, was a favorite resort of the officers from Fort George and was made famous by Lord Cornwallis's riding his horse through the large door up to the bar to demand a drink.

The old English chop houses, not long since to be found in many parts of the city of today, were pleasant memories of Colonial days. Rare old tankards, pewter mugs, brass and china adorned the walls, and one could enjoy an English chop fattened and killed in England. Great barons of English beef and casks of ale and porter came over in the ocean liners and the heart of the Briton could be gladdened with a church warden and a tankard of "bitter" at any time while gazing on the reminiscent sketches of John Leach and prints of Hogarth. The House of Lords, old Tom's, Florence's, Brown's, Clinton's, the Shakespeare and the Green Room were notable examples of "quaint and quiet," where "Look out for your overcoat" and "Try our mince pie" were unknown, and peace and quiet helped enjoyment and digestion.

The great hostilities of Manhattan have driven the chop house out of existence, as they serve in its most perfect form everything but the quiet atmosphere of the latter as well as all

SAVED BY WOLVES

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST

On the north shore of Lake Superior, where the Canadian Pacific Railway draws a frail line of settlement through that rugged country of granite and forest, lived Peter Shanley. In the summer he was a platelayer on the railway, but he usually went north into the woods with the first snow, and spent the winter in trapping.

He had discovered an excellent trapping location on the upper Nipigon, and had gone there for the last four winters with his hunting partner, a French Canadian named Chouteau. There they had built a log cabin, and there they returned early in the winter of last year with two toboggan-loads of supplies, and at once proceeded to lay out their lines of traps.

There were marten traps in the swamps, mink traps along the frozen streams, and a few fox and lynx traps; but one of their great hopes of profit was from the timber wolves. There is a Government bounty of ten dollars on the scalps of these animals; but for them they set no traps.

It is next to impossible to capture the gray timber wolf by any of the ordinary devices. He knows the most cunningly disposed trap as far as he can see it, and he can smell poison through any disguise. But for circumventing these wily animals Shanley had in store a method of his own, which had already proved highly successful.

On a moonlight night he would go into the swamps and shoot a couple of rabbits, which he would drag in the snow so as to leave a blood trail. Such a scent is irresistible to any predatory animal, and after an hour's tramping Shanley would hear the hunting cry open—the curious, moaning yelp through the dark

woods. He would then make a small semicircle back, and climb a tree close to his own trail. When the pack came past on the scent he usually managed to get at least three shots with his repeater before they scattered.

They rarely showed spirit enough to attack him; the sudden fright of the shot sent them scampering. He would gladly have had them besiege him in his tree, for with a belt full of cartridges he could have killed the whole pack, which seldom numbered more than eight or ten. But he never had any such fortune.

Winter set in hard and early, with unusually deep snow, and near the end of December Shanley went out on his first wolf hunt of the season. It was about moonrise, and the night air was so still as to appear milder than it really was. There had been recent heavy storms, and the hemlocks were deeply laden with fresh snow, dry as powder. The woods were very still, and in the strange, bluish northern moonlight the silence seemed mysterious and sinister.

Shanley was not much impressed by these effects, however. He merely observed that it was intensely cold, and that perching in a tree would be frigid work that night, in spite of his double clothing and gloves.

Half a mile from the start he saw a hare that was nibbling a spruce trunk, and a little way further he secured another. The carcasses he tied to a deer-skin thong, and trailed them in the wake of his snowshoes.

He dragged this bait across a hard-wood ridge and down into a great cedar swamp on the other side. In hard weather all the wild life of the woods resorts to such places for shelter, and here the wolves would be hunting if there

was a pack in the neighborhood. But he found few tracks and no signs at all of wolves.

After travelling slowly for two or three miles, Shanley sat down on a log to rest, and as the warmth of exercise died out, the cold nipped him to the bone through the "four-point" blanket coat. He got up and moved on, intending to return in a long curve towards the cabin. He did not much care, after all, whether he started any wolves. It was too cold for hunting that night.

The dry snow swished round his ankles at the fall of the long rackets. He still dragged the dead hare, which were now frozen almost as hard as wood, but not too hard to leave a scent. The air grew steadily colder, the thermometer in Sault Sainte Marie went to twenty-three below zero that night.

He had reached the other side of the swamp, when his ears caught suddenly a high-pitched, mournful howl, ending in a sort of yelp, sounding indefinitely far away, yet clearly heard through the tense air. He knew well what it was. The pack had struck a trail—possibly his own, possibly that of a deer. He would very soon learn which.

Shanley was just then in the midst of a tangled stretch of second growth, where the view was too obstructed for shooting, and he hurried on to reach some open woods. After ten minutes of pushing through the snowy thickets, he came unexpectedly upon the shore of a good-sized river, covered deep with snow, a white avenue winding away into the midnight forest.

As he came out upon this convenient road, he caught again the hunting chorus of the wolf pack, far away, but still appreciably nearer. He started up the river at a swinging trot, looking about for a good place to ambush himself,

when the ice suddenly gave way under his feet, and he went down with so swift a plunge that he had only time for a sudden gasp!

The trapper had stepped on an air-

hole lightly crusted over with snow. He went down to his neck without touching bottom, and the black water surged up into his face. It was his rifle that saved him from going under; it caught



across the hole, and he clung to it fiercely. As the current was fortunately not rapid, he managed to draw himself up.

But he found himself unable to extricate his feet. The long-tailed snowshoes had gone down point foremost, and now were crossed under the ice, and refused to come up. He dared not cut them loose, for in the deep snow he would have been helpless. Growing fainter at every moment, he struggled in the deadly chill of the water for four or five minutes, before at last he succeeded in bringing them up end first, as they had gone down.

When he staggered back stiffly upon the snow the very life seemed withdrawn from his bones. His beard was a cake of ice, and his heavy clothing had frozen into a coat of mail almost as hard as iron plate. There was no sensation left in his limbs, and he trembled with a numb shuddering.

Long forest training told him what must be done. He must have a fire at once. He would have to find a dry birch tree, or a splintered pine that would light easily.

His benumbed brain clung to this idea, and he began to stumble towards shore, his snowshoes sheets of ice, and his clothes rattling as he went. But with a hunter's instinct he stuck to his rifle, tucking it under his icy arm.

He could see no birch tree, and the bank was bordered with an impenetrable growth of alders. He dragged himself up the river, and each step seemed to require a more and more intolerable exertion.

He could not feel his feet as he lifted and put them down; when he saw them moving they looked like things independent of himself. He had ceased to

feel cold. He no longer felt anything, except a deadly weariness that was crushing him into the snow.

He went on, however, driven by the fighting instinct, till of a sudden he saw it—the birch tree he was seeking, shining spectrally among the black spruces by the river.

It was an old, half dead tree, covered with great curls of bark that would flare up at the touch of a match. He had matches in a waterproof box, and he contrived to get them out of his frozen pocket. He dropped the box half a dozen times in trying to open it, opened it at last with his teeth, and dropped it again, spilling the matches into the snow.

Snow is as dry as sand at that temperature, however, and he scraped them up, and tried to strike one on the rifle-barrel. But he was unable to hold the bit of wood in his numb fingers; there was absolutely no feeling in his hands, and the match fell from his grasp at every attempt. This is a familiar peril in the north woods, where dozens of men have frozen to death with firewood and matches beside them, from sheer inability to strike a light.

Shanley beat his hands together with out effect. He began to grow indifferent; and as he fumbled again for the dropped match he felt at full length into the snow.

A sense of pleasant relief overcame him, and he decided to rest there for a few minutes. The snow was soft, and he had never before realized how warm it was. His shoulders were propped against the roots of the birch, and with a lazy consciousness that game might be expected, he dragged his rifle across his knees and cocked it. Then, with a

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