

CHINA  
 IN SIGN AND SYMBOL  
 BY  
 LOUISE CRANE

With Decorations By  
 KENT CRANE



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*Arnold gift*

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**DEDICATION.**

*To those in whom the Desire to Know  
Is only surpassed by the Determination—*

*And in whom, the Determination Grows,  
In proportion as Impediments Multiply,*

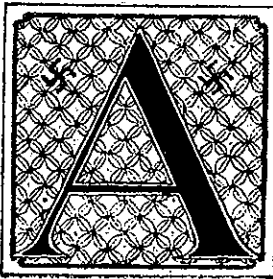
*This small effort at the Solution of  
an Apparent Mystery*

*Is fraternally dedicated,*

*by*

*The Author.*

## *Introduction:*



*ALL symbols are of universal use and date from earliest antiquity. Mrs. Louise Crane has taken in hand in this volume to describe some of the symbols she has observed in the social life of the Chinese. The symbols that exist in modern times may have their origin in prehistoric days. That which looks new may yet carry the weight of innumerable years. It is difficult to trace the origin of many of these. Whether symbols and signs existed before speech is an undetermined point. Many maintain that symbols were used before speech. There are many ways of communication between men. At first they extended only as far as the eye could see; but symbols are now employed for long distances and signs are used to annihilate space. They are trying to penetrate as far as Mars, but most stop nearer and are satisfied if the distant parts of the earth are reached. Symbols are our agents. Some scientists would have us believe that we have no essential connection with matter—as a real part of our being—but*

that the whole of material existence is symbolic. In any case, symbols form a great part of our life. By means of codes, of signs, and material means we send messages by the vibration of the air, and record them by conventional traces. Then again there are pictures. These appeal to children and the illiterate before words.

Of the three allied words sign, emblem, symbol, sign is the most comprehensive and generic. Sign has manifold meanings: an emblem is always visible to the eye—a circle is the emblem of eternity: in Chinese we have a corresponding picture representing T'ai Chi, or the Absolute.

A symbol is a sign included in the idea it represents: an actual part to represent the whole. A lion is the symbol of courage. On the other hand, conventionally we speak of tears as the signal of grief. The science of Mathematics is largely symbolical.

"The rude cross on the soldier's grave is a symbol—the dented helmet which lies on the mound below is not a symbol but a sign. Both of them 'touch the mind,' but in different ways. The symbol is metaphorical—the sign is factual: the symbol implies something abstract—the sign reminds of something that has happened or that is true. In marriage, for example, the ring is a symbol—of perpetuity and fidelity. The grasping of hands is a sign, *de presenti*, of the covenant then made. The Cross is a symbol of sacrifice; the crucifix is not a symbol, but a sign—it reminds of the actuality of an atonement. A symbol signifies—a sign shows."

Symbol has been defined as, "Anything that stands for something else."

The pictures on the clay cylinders are symbols. By a common understanding it was agreed on that the pictures of certain animals should be always used as symbols to represent certain things. These hieroglyphics then are symbols, the key of which being known, help the Egyptologist to understand and interpret these mysterious signs.

Readers of Mrs. Crane's book are introduced into manifold views of the social life of the Chinese as the authoress pictures one phase of the people's life after another.

The literature and the cosmogony of this ancient nation is full of symbolic ideas. To take colour alone, it introduces us at once to a deep and complex series of ideas some of which are most suggestive.

Take for example white, which has been the colour worn during mourning from times immemorial and which is frequently mentioned by Mrs. Crane in this book. The Chinese think it was adopted because it was the simplest and the purest—they had not yet got a Newton to tell them it was composed of about seven different colours—and being the simplest it was in their minds the most consonant for the purpose of grief. Though there is no documentary evidence to prove it, nevertheless, the real reason for its adoption lay in the fact that it was looked upon as the least conspicuous, and, therefore, the wearer would not be easily found by the ghost of the dead person, or other spirits. It therefore has much symbolic significance. So has black. This is the colour of common dignity. It was the colour for the magistrate in days gone by, and esteemed for its neutrality and dignity.

In Chinese cosmogony colours play an important part. The stars and constellations have their symbolic colours, and so, likewise, have the Five elements, the Five viscera, the Five points of the Compass, the Five virtues and others. Each member, in each of these groups, is related to some colour, and as a consequence, there is an interrelation between each and all, the symbolic significance of colour being the uniting link.

The deep-red marble is highly prized, for it betokens peace and prosperity to the reigning house. Equally the arrival of those infrequent ambassadors of good omen, the Chilin and the Phoenix, are highly welcome and the atmosphere of magical ideas which they create is almost enough to ensure the truth of the romantic legend about their virtues.

One of the most august symbols in China is that seen at the ancestral ceremonies where we have the dead ancestor present in a living representative of the family. This is a very solemn occasion. The revered ancestor is supposed to be actually present and to partake with the other representatives of the clan of the sacred offering to those gone on before. The "Live Corpse" is there and symbolizes his ancestor for he stands for something else other than himself. This venerated symbol in the social life of the nation has very ennobling thoughts—for who would not wish to feel that the beloved dead were with us even though it be only once a year at the great feast.

Then again we have those symbolic rites performed at the South Altar outside the south gate of the capital. We must picture that great and solemn ceremony carried on regularly for thousands of years and only suspended with the coming of a new regime of unanimated ideas. Think of the emperor fasting for three days, then proceeding on the destined day, long before dawn, in his chariot with the particular horses harnessed suitably for the occasion. He wore the imperial tassels with their symbolic significance, with the banners and streamers and the gonfalon spread. Travelling slowly over the swept ground, lit along the way by guards carrying the appointed lamps, they reach the altar—majestic in its simplicity—and there he makes the offering to Heaven and Earth, sacrificing animals that have been made ceremonially clean by months of rigorous seclusion and special care. Now, every article, every bit of drapery, every movement had a symbolic idea. This highly significant ceremony has been observed through long ages and the Altar of Heaven in Peking today testifies to the high place these symbolic acts had in the national life. But now the precincts are desecrated since the idea behind the symbol is obscured.

It is perhaps in the Sacred Dance, or Eurethymics that we see the most perfect example of symbols. By means of the movement, and the wands and castanets, the jade and the battleaxe, the various influences and deeds of virtuous rulers were symbolized. For example, the music of Wen Wang (12th Century B.C.), one form of which is called Nan Yoh, was danced to the accompaniment of the flute alone. A spectator exclaimed "How beautiful it is, and yet it brings a certain sadness with it". In the opening movement, the march of the dancers towards the north indicated the march of the armies of Wu against Shang. Another movement depicts the overthrow of Shang and the victory of Wu: the third shows the return south and the delimitation of territory: the fifth round shows how the Dukes of Chou and Shao were delegated with the authority of west and east: the sixth round depicts the gathering at headquarters in the south to display homage to the Son of Heaven. Two men, one on each side of the performers, excite the movement of the dancers with bells. Four times they stop and thrust in order to reveal the abundant awe which king Wu inspired in the Middle States.

Then there was the dance of the Yun Men, or, "The Gates of the Cloud". This dance was intended to symbolise the active sympathy of the Emperor Yao, with the ways of Heaven: and another dance symbolised his accord with Earth. A still more important dance was intended to symbolise the communion of men and spirits in the Ancestral Temple. Again, it is recorded that when Wu Chi Chia witnessed the dance of Shao with its rhythmic motions and the waving of the wands so beautifully executed, he exclaimed "How great the virtues of Shun. Lofty as the dome of Heaven which embraces everything, vast as the earth which sustains all things." But perhaps enough has been said to show the great part played by these symbolic representations.

Mrs. Crane has been a faithful observer of the social life of the Chinese, and a diligent investigator of their customs and manners. It was a happy idea of hers to seek for and expound the symbolisms that are prevalent in every avenue of life. She has found them on the signs outside the shop, in their festivals, in the rites of mourning and the ceremonies of marriage. These are set out in the work now presented to the public. In the letterpress and by the illustrations readers in foreign lands will be well instructed in the social life of the nation, and by means of this window they will be able to look out on a vast community of people which has a great inheritance.

EVAN MORGAN.



## Contents:

INTRODUCTION <i>by</i> EVAN MORGAN, D.D.	vii
CONTENTS	xiii
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLATES	xv
PREFACE	xvii

### PRELIMINARIES

CHAPTER	Page
I. THE SYMBOLS' BACKGROUND	3

### THE INNER MAN

II. WINE SHOPS AND INNS	17
III. FOODSHOPS	35

### THE OUTER MAN

IV. THE BATH, THE BARBER AND THE TAILOR	57
V. CLOTHING AND ITS ACCESSORIES	67

### HIS OCCUPATION

VI. WORKSHOP SIGNS	79
--------------------	----

### HIS FUNDS

VII. TWO PHASES OF EXCHANGE	99
VIII. THE ELUSIVE TAEI, AND THE "LOOFANG"	113

### HIS GENERAL NEEDS

IX. MISCELLANEOUS SHOPS	121
-------------------------	-----

### HIS HEALTH

X. MEDICINES—FOREIGN OR NATIVE?	135
XI. NATIVE MEDICINE SHOPS	143

### HIS FUTURE STATE

XII. THE PARAPHERNALIA OF DEPARTURE	157
XIII. WHEN NATURE CLAIMS HER DUE	169
XIV. THE FUNERAL PROCESSION	199
NOTES	222
INDEX	225

## List of Illustrations and Plates:

	Page
<i>A Typical Peking Shop Front. From a Colour Drawing by KENT CRANE. (Frontispiece)</i>	
<i>A Large Tea-shop and a Candle-shop (photograph)</i>	4
<i>Sign No. 1: Wine, with Rice; Sign No. 2: Yellow Wine Restaurant; Sign No. 3: South Chinese Wine</i>	17
<i>The "South Chinese Wine" Shop (photograph)</i>	29
<i>Sign No. 4: Samshoo; Sign No. 5: Poor Man's Inn; Sign No. 6: The Vinegar Shop.</i>	31
<i>Sign No. 7: Hot Noodles; Sign No. 8: Steamed Bread; Sign No. 9: Hot Noodles "more cheap"</i>	35
<i>Sign No. 10: Semi-Prepared Food; Sign No. 11: Rice, Inferior Grade; Sign No. 12: Rice, all Grades</i>	39
<i>Sign No. 13: Noodles, Uncooked; Sign No. 14: Congratulatory Cakes; Sign No. 15: Rice Cakes</i>	41
<i>Sign Nos. 16 and 17: Cake Shops; Sign No. 18: Hsi Yuen Shao Cakes</i>	46
<i>Cake Shop Emblems (photographs)</i>	48-49
<i>Sign No. 19: The "Compradore" Shop; Sign No. 20: Bamboo Shoots; Sign No. 21: "Fragrant Oil"; Sign No. 22: Milk, Tea, and Mongol Cheese</i>	50
<i>Sign No. 23: The Bath-House; Sign No. 24: The Tailor; Sign No. 25: The Barber</i>	57
<i>Sign No. 26: The Hat Shop; Sign No. 27: Second-hand Clothes; Sign No. 28: Shoe Soles</i>	67
<i>Sign No. 29: Material for Ladies' Shoes; Sign No. 30: The Shoemaker; Sign No. 31: The Stocking Shop</i>	69
<i>Sign No. 32: The General's Mount; Sign No. 33: Hats for the Number One Mandarin; Sign No. 34: Kingfisher Feather Ornaments</i>	70
<i>Sign No. 35: Officers' Decorations; Sign No. 36: False Hair</i>	71
<i>Sign No. 37: The Silver Shop; Sign No. 38: Cheap Jewelry; Sign No. 39: Scented Oil</i>	72
<i>Sign No. 40: Coiffure Frames; Sign No. 41: The Bead Shop; Sign No. 42: Silk for the Hair; Sign No. 43: Headbands</i>	75
<i>The Fauna and Flora of China assembled for the Feast of Lanterns (photograph)</i>	79
<i>Sign No. 44: Food for the Beast; Sign No. 45: The Saddle-maker; Sign No. 46: Government "Peking Carts"; Sign No. 47: Crops and Whips</i>	81
<i>Sign No. 48: The Bamboo Steve-maker; Sign No. 49: The Miller; Sign No. 50: The Tanner</i>	85
<i>Sign No. 51: The Tinsmith; Sign No. 52: Horsehair; Sign No. 53: Articles made of Bone</i>	87
<i>Sign No. 54: Mounting Paper; Sign No. 55: Ordinary Paper; Sign No. 56: The Bellows-maker</i>	89

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLATES—continued.

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Sign No. 57: Matting; Sign No. 58: Shoe Supports; Sign No. 59: Candle Wicks</i>	91
<i>Sign No. 60: The Brassworker; Sign No. 61: The Silversmith</i>	92
<i>Sign No. 62: The Needlemaker; Sign No. 63: The Candlemaker; Sign No. 64: The Lanternmaker</i>	93
<i>Sign No. 65: The Colour Grinder; Sign Nos. 66 and 67: The Painter</i>	94
<i>Sign No. 68: The Pawnshop; Sign No. 69: The Exchange Shop</i>	99
<i>Sign No. 70: The Pawnshop; Sign No. 71: The "Loofang"; Sign No. 72: The Raw Gold Dealer</i>	101
<i>The Shop of the Moneychanger (photograph)</i>	102
<i>A Shoe of Shanghai Sycee (photographs)</i>	112-113
<i>Sign No. 73: The Tobacconist; Sign No. 74: The Pipe Shop; Sign No. 75: Pipe Parts</i>	121
<i>Sign No. 76: The Snuff Dealer; Sign No. 77: The Towel Shop; Sign No. 78: The Soap Shop</i>	123
<i>Sign No. 79: Cotton Wool; Sign No. 80: The Wool Shop; Sign No. 81: Rope, Cord, etc.</i>	125
<i>Sign No. 82: Swords and Knives; Sign No. 83: The Tool Shop; Sign No. 84: The Mirror Shop</i>	127
<i>Sign No. 85: Copperware; Sign No. 86: Woolen Coverlets; Sign No. 87: The Rug Shop</i>	127
<i>Sign Nos. 88 and 89: Musical Instruments; Sign No. 90: Musical Instruments</i>	129
<i>Sign No. 93: Glass Toys; Sign Nos. 91 and 92: Bows and Arrows</i>	131
<i>A Shanghai Medicine Shop (from a pen drawing by KENT CRANE)</i>	135
<i>Sign No. 94: The Apothecary's Shop; Sign No. 95: The Eye Doctor; Sign No. 96: The Midwife</i>	143
<i>An Apothecary's Shop (photograph)</i>	149
<i>Sign No. 97: The Herb Dealer; Sign No. 98: "Ping Lang"; Sign No. 99: Medicinal Wine</i>	151
<i>Sign No. 100: Paper Images; Sign No. 101: Portraits of the Dead; Sign No. 102: Burial Robes</i>	157
<i>"The Western Heaven"; the ultimate Paradise of the Chinese Buddhist</i>	166
<i>The Geomancer's Compass</i>	169
<i>The Chinese Sun-dial (photograph)</i>	190
<i>The Funeral Procession</i>	199

Photographs of Peking Shop Fronts are by John D. Zumbun, Peking.  
 Reproductions of Shanghai Tael from *The Currencies of China*, courtesy of E. Kann.

## *Preface:*



FROM the point of view of authorship, the musical composer appears to enjoy a decided preliminary advantage over the literary craftsman, in that the former feels himself under no imaginable obligation of apologizing for the prelude, by means of which he prepares the mood of his audience for the reception of his theme. The author of a book, on the other hand, allows himself the privileges of a preface in no manner of doubt as to its fate at the hands of the usual percentage of readers, in whom the aversion for introductions is broad, impartial, and sustained by the conviction that no hunt is improved by the conscious selection of an obstacle at the outset. It is, therefore, without illusions on this score that the author of the present offering ventures, under this formidable title, on a few prefatory remarks, intended solely to suggest some of the peculiar circumstances attending the exploration of the subject. The high visibility of its external marks, the *Huang Tze*, is amply demonstrated in our succeeding pages, and

they may be depended upon to speak for themselves in their proper turn. The conventionalized, or *seal* characters appearing on our title page represent the term applied to the *shop device*, as distinguished from the *inscribed signboard*, or *Tiao Pai*, the other of the two classes of signs employed by the Chinese shopkeeper.

In short, these introductory paragraphs are undertaken in the belief that they will be of special interest to the reader who brings to the perusal of this volume a more or less considerable previous knowledge of China, and who for this reason will be subject, inevitably, to certain initial errors of thought. It may be that his experience will have been gained in the outports, or, perhaps, in the port cities of bygone days, when native shop symbols were still contributing their very large quota to the decorative aspect of Chinese streets. In this event, he will have become so familiar with the sight of the emblems, by means of which the Chinese shopkeeper avoids the commonplace in announcing the character of his wares, that he may long since have accepted, without understanding them. Or, again, moved by an occasional vagrant impulse in the latter direction, he may have assumed that their elucidation might be had, at any time, for the mere asking. In this comfortable conclusion, it seems desirable to point out, he would ultimately have found himself mistaken.

Another faulty, though natural deduction, equally arising from an acquaintance with matters Chinese, would be the presupposition that the inquiry into the history and significance of shop-sign symbolism is one that may be conducted along the lines of any other excursion into the fascinating and colourful past of Imperial China; and that it promises the same sort of incidental and delightful experiences which properly belong to such journeys—as who will not testify, who has ever made one, whether guided by the historian, the Chinese teacher, or the omnipresent and omniscient curio-dealer? And who, among such, would not almost as lief surrender the original object of the intellectual expedition, as to imagine himself travelling its paths, bereft of the charming detours, where were revealed unexpected glimpses at dead-and-gone personalities, whose interpretation, under the touch of the living representative of the departed, gave rise to grateful reflections on the abiding vitality of the national characteristics of the Chinese.

Was ever, for example, such a contingency conceivable, as that a relic of the celestial Empire—whether under the Han, Sung, Ming, or some other era of epoch-makers—might be presented by one who could not unloose inexhaustible rivers of eloquence as to its incontrovertible antiquity, its functions, and, in fact, the invisible threads by which it held together the entire fabric of Chinese art, of its own and preceding periods?

It was plainly unthinkable, in the days, not so long ago, when monarchical magnificences still lingered fondly in the memory of the Chinese people; and were a matter of personal pride, and, indeed, of such extraordinarily accurate instinct with so large a majority that, unwittingly, one came to regard all classes of the Chinese, above that of the coolie, as potential artists. And one was not without encountering a surprise, now and then, even at the hands of the coolie.

This road to knowledge, too, was susceptible of being pleasantly enlivened and extended by manifestations of the intricacies with which, for instance, so simple an act as the acquisition of a curio was involved with the easy tranquillity of one's daily life in China. This truth one learned from the carefully-insinuated doubts of the Number One Boy, and an innumerable train of related authorities in whom one's well-being reposed. Actuated, ostensibly, by the purest sentiments of devotion to a master whom they could not endure to see despoiled by an unscrupulous vendor, these guardians of one's sanctity, while delicately disclosing the source of greater profit to themselves, could be counted upon to open up further channels of information in the inevitable, and apparently accidental, visits of rival dealers. In other words, one's arrival at ultimate understanding was limited only by one's physical capacity to listen and absorb—when it was not interrupted by a superseding interest in another offering.

And similarly, in other fields of inquiry. Whatever the institution, whatever the page in the Book of Life in ancient China to which one might be minded to turn, one found its interpreter not too far off. And it is by no means intended to suggest that such adventures, to some extent, may not be experienced to-day. They must, of course, be sought in the districts removed from the wave of modernism that has swept over the port cities, destroying the atmosphere of old China, and creating in its place a prodigious rush for foreign clothes, motor-cars, "foreign"-style homes, and similar blessings derived from

the West. It has also produced another kind of curio-shop, presided over by haughty and uninformed young clerks; and a fraternity of itinerant vendors bearing the familiar blue-cotton bundles, but equally ignorant and unskilled in the art of which the distributor of Chinese curios should be the master. Yet all of these are far from being typical of the real China of to-day.

This being so, then, who, among the initiated, would have predicted that, in the single instance of so universal, and equally authentic an expression of life under the Empire, as the Chinese shop symbol, the inquirer into its history would be forced to blaze his own trail? What previous experience would prepare him for the astonishing circumstance that the simple question, as to the *origin* of the *Huang tze*, proves to have power to strike dumb the most loquacious? Pointed in every imaginable direction, and at representatives of all classes of the Chinese, the query only succeeds in plunging the interrogated into a condition of profound—and silent—bewilderment. In fact, one feels like the discoverer of the original Chinese puzzle; or like the propounder of another riddle of a Chinese Sphinx, which awaits solution at the hands of an Œdipus—though, fortunately, in this case the question is not attended by the dire consequences of silence that afflicted the people of Thebes.

Such, then, is the excuse for these introductory pages—the fact that the quest, whose results are recorded in the following chapters, is probably unique among expeditions into Chinese history, insofar as its *modus operandi* is concerned; this having been developed, bit by bit, under the persistence with which the subject eluded pursuit, and conducted, at first, to a discouraging succession of blind alleys. One is forced to conclude that the custom has always been, and that its explanation lies in the predominating illiteracy of the Chinese public. At which a whimsical, and perhaps altogether reprehensible thought rises to mind: Supposing ignorance to be more or less generally responsible for such artistic effect as it carries in this instance, how difficult might it not become to plead the cause of knowledge!

L. C.

*The author's acknowledgments for the invaluable assistance of Chinese friends are gratefully extended to Prof. Yüeh T'ang, Ph.D., formerly head of the Department of Psychology at Peking University, Dr. Fong Sec, Mr. Z. C. Koo, Mr. J. S. Tsui, and Mr. P. K. Tsai.*

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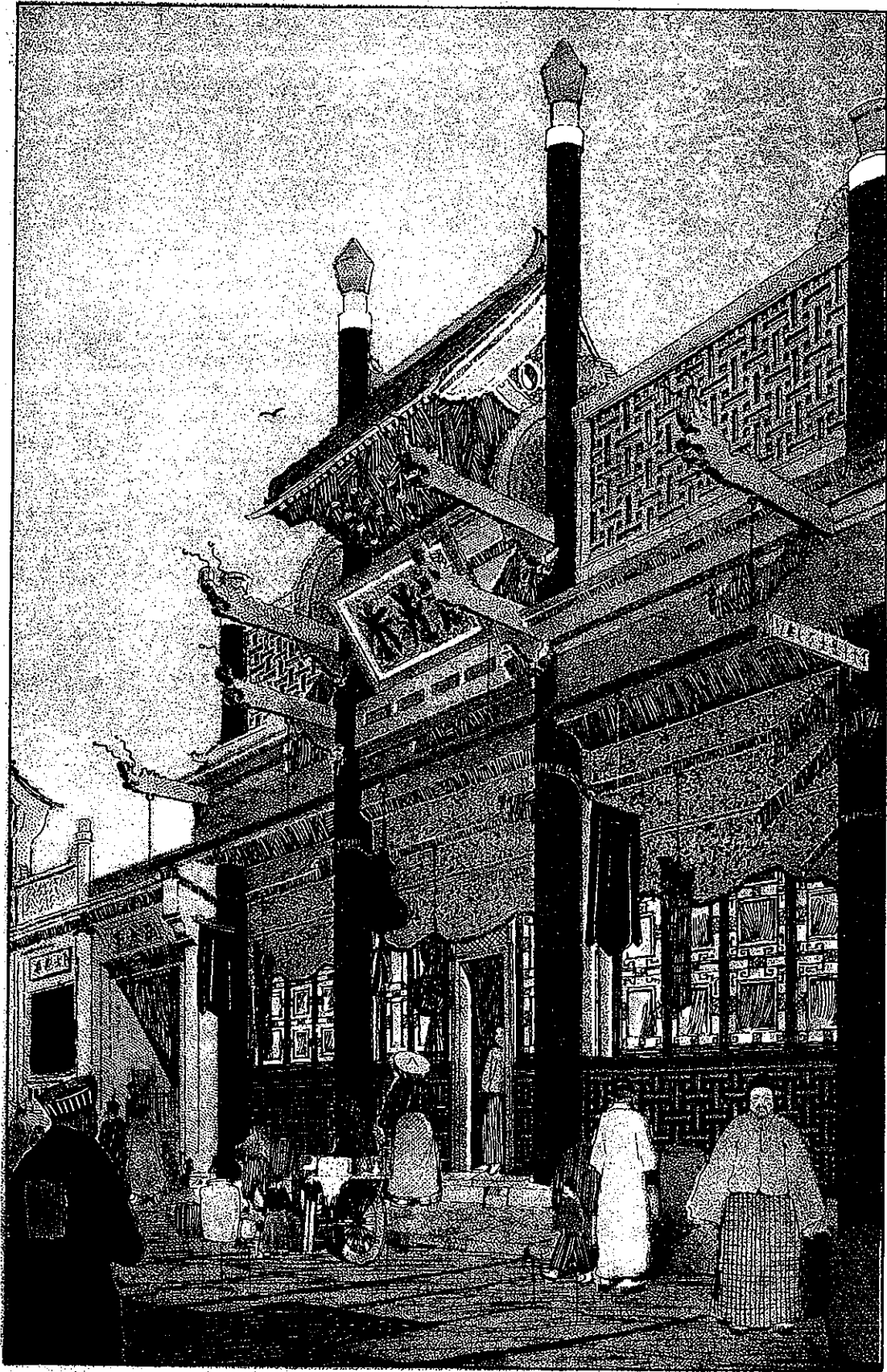
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PRELIMINARIES

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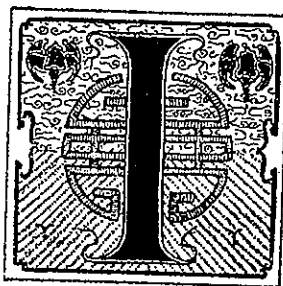


A TYPICAL PEKING SHOP FRONT  
*(from a Colour Drawing by Kent Crane).*

## Chapter One:

### *The Symbols' Background.*

"The ten chapters of the *Great Learning*' finish with words about profit; the half of the book *Chow Kwan* discourses about wealth."—TYPICAL PILLAR INSCRIPTION OF CHINESE SHOP.



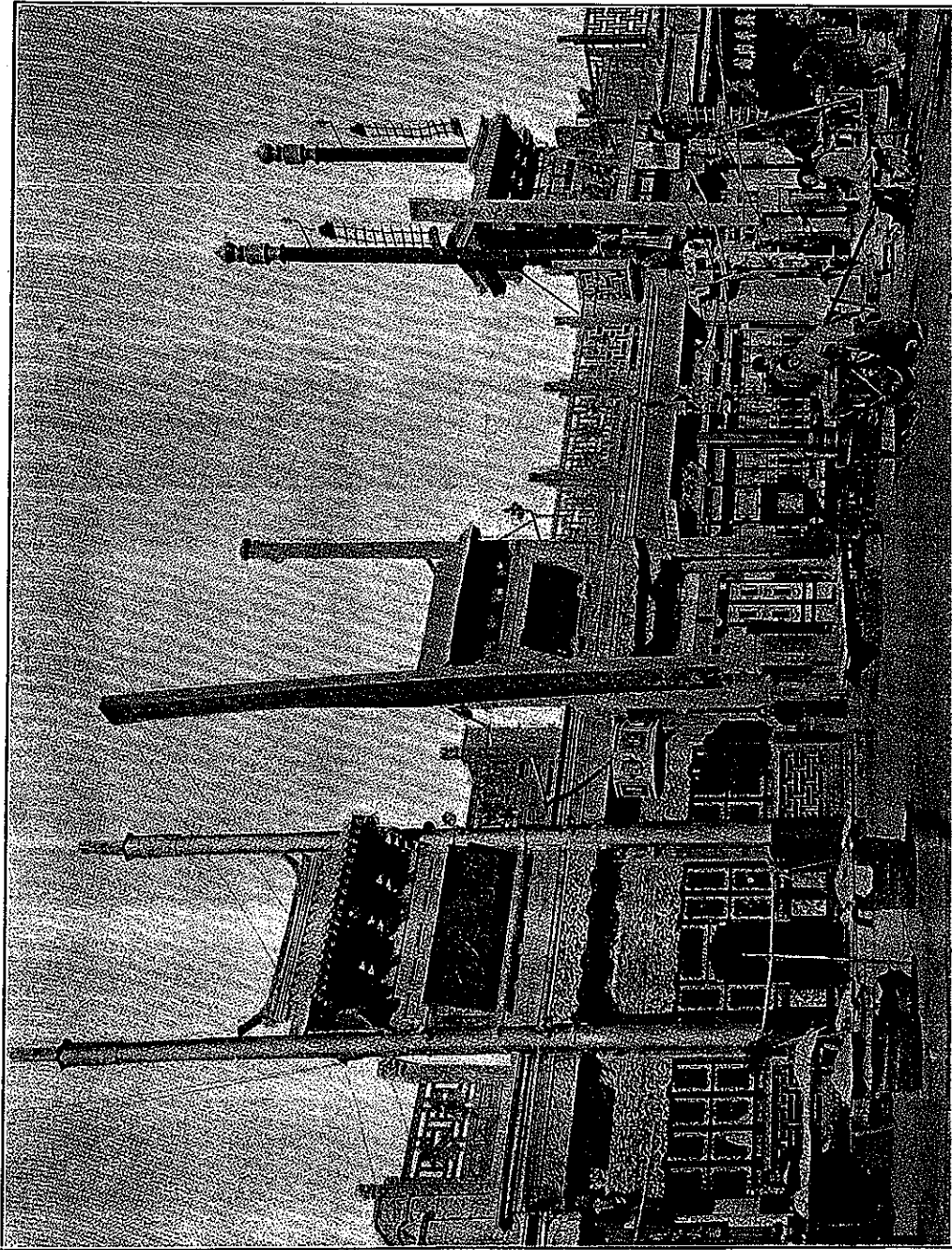
IN a time-and-space-defying era like the present, when the word "remote" is more and more sparingly applied to distant lands and peoples, it was to be anticipated that even the rigid barrier of ancient Chinese reserve was due to meet dissolution at the magic touch of progress. Nevertheless, one can but yield to a momentary surprise, now and then, when comparing the seemingly impenetrable obscurity that enveloped the social structure of the Chinese nation until a decade or two ago, with the frank revelations that are now in daily process of being offered to an army of foreign travellers. Thus far, it is true, the exposition has been carried on within somewhat fixed limits, as if certain phases of native life had fallen, naturally, or by design, into a category that provides a kind of First Course for Beginners. Whosoever's may have been the guiding hand, the success of the programme was immediate; and its popularity is by way of being augmented day by day, as though in response to some mysterious edict

which has decreed that for all time to come, and with the regularity of the moon and tides, the Western world shall impinge on the established order of things in the Far East; and that it shall return to its orbit duly charged with impressions, which shall be disseminated abroad and verified, in due course, by a newly-appointed body of representatives.

In these circumstances, it plainly behoves one to observe a measure of reasonable restraint in touching on the subject of the Chinese shop, as that institution discloses itself to view in Peking. The celebrated "black velvet door" and the delights that lie beyond it, may be assumed to have achieved universal fame, since legions of uninitiated tourist heels already have been soundly whacked by an engaging contrivance which, of course, is not a door at all, but a heavy curtain, reinforced at intervals with horizontal strips of brass-studded wood. Innocent-looking enough, its potentialities soon impress themselves on the novice, who finds them demanding the utmost dexterity and economy of movement, lest one be caught somewhere in the process of lifting the "door," insinuating one's body, and vaulting over the high sill. The feat accomplished, one is free to revel in the unwonted luxury of leisurely methods of trade, in which time is shown to be a mere fetish of the Occidental, and far too gross an element to be weighed against the enticements of tea-and-cigarettes; the friendly barter of English words for their equivalents in Chinese; the enlivening shrieks of the Chinese record on the gramophone—obviously functioning for the entertainment of servitors, as well as patrons—and other less commonplace incidents that now and then fall to the lot of the fortunate, to enhance the charms of these interior explorations.

The theme, however, has not awaited expansion at our hands, having been abundantly and eloquently covered, long since. And, in any event, we should be obliged to skim but lightly over the field mapped out by the guide-book cartographer, for the reason that these necessarily perfunctory contacts with old China play no part whatever in our present narrative.

On the other hand, the background of our series of *tableaux vivants* is by no means an unfamiliar one, at least to the eye of the reader acquainted with Peking. Into its composition enter those long stretches of low buildings, in which the strictly native shops ply their



*On the left, a large Tea shop. On the extreme right, a Candle shop.*

trades. Their façades, elaborately carved and touched with gilt, bristle with a horizontal forest of iron poles ending in dragons' heads; and from these swing the gaily-coloured and intriguing symbols whose elucidation forms our text. As part of the hitherto unexplored mystery of native life, these shop exteriors and their incidentals will have registered negatively, perhaps, in the foreign mind; but they will none the less have provided the setting for many a vision of the street scenes of the old imperial city, such as the thoughtful tourist seeks involuntarily to recreate for himself. His fantasies, to be sure, are peopled, usually, with folk arrayed in the garments comprising his store of mementoes; and in the pride of a newly-acquired knowledge of Chinese design, he fancies himself readily distinguishing the marks of rank displayed by the members of these brilliant companies of his imagination. Here and there he takes note of the colour of cap buttons, or the device worn on the front and back of gorgeously embroidered robes;<sup>2</sup> while yonder, perhaps, an approaching sedan chair proclaims its occupant to be a great dignitary, by the colour and character of its draperies. Whereupon he is fain to conjure up the characteristic commotion created by phantom forerunners and outriders, immensely self-important in their function of providing against any possible contact between ruler and ruled.

Under the stimulus of glittering palace- and temple-roofs, massive city walls, with imposing gates, and the multitude of imperial relics that crowd upon the vision in Peking, few minds are proof against these flights of fancy; and in the course of long ricksha rides through labyrinthian hutungs, or along the broad Chien Mên Street, these quasi-human processions rise up and obliterate the present, while evoking sighs of regret for the more spectacular past.

In the *mélange* of these mental pictures, the item of the ornate shop fronts and their enigmatic symbols are fated to play a minor rôle throughout, and to recede, finally, into the dim recesses of memory, whence it is our pleasant purpose to call them forth. With this particular object in view, we shall pass over, as needs must, those marts of trade to which the tourist is introduced, since the quaint symbols illuminating our pages are not to be found at the portals of the large shops frequented by foreigners.

Here, instead, it is arrogantly assumed that the patron, if Chinese, is of the cultured minority; and hence, there swings outside a long narrow board on which golden characters, against a plain, black background, proclaim the nature of that which is to be found within. The foreign patron, for all that he matters in Peking, may remain unenlightened as to their message, to the end of time, if he like; though in the foreign settlements of the ports their purport is set forth for him in what passes for the King's English.

This unvarying device, in replacing the old shop symbols, has robbed the streets of the port cities of China, even in their native sections, of much of their former picturesqueness. Yet, though one is prone invariably to attribute to foreign influence, the gradual elimination of the decorative and characteristic in the aspect of modern China, the "West" can be held only indirectly responsible in this instance, for a movement which, in Chinese quarters, is asserted to be a part of the voluntary determination, after the establishment of the republic, to put away all marks of monarchy. Whether or not—and how accurately—the growing number of inscribed signboards indicates the probable increase of literacy since this change in the political face of the country, may be judged from the fact that in the great world of China, outside of these commercial centres, the ancient symbols prevail, and will do, probably, for many an age to come.

It is by no means intended to suggest, however, that the character-bearing signboards are less firmly rooted in antiquity than are their more intriguing neighbours. They form, indeed, a profoundly interesting study in themselves, and one less difficult to pursue—granted, of course, a knowledge of the language. For while novel and story are barren of reference to the subject of our illustrations, the inscribed sign and banner come in for considerable mention in the literature of the past, as will shortly appear. These *tiao pai*, or inscribed signs, do not lie exactly in our line of vision; yet, before proceeding with the consideration of the *huang tze*<sup>3</sup>—which are passing out of use, and which, with the aid of our Chinese artist, we have caught on the wing, so to speak—it may not be out of place to direct a well-merited side glance at the *tiao pai*.

The fact is, that the inscribed signboard is replete with significance to the student of Chinese psychology, as one of many eloquent examples of the native belief in the mystical powers inhering in the

written word. By the same token, it may be said that most of the mental processes of the Chinese are revealed in the content of the inscriptions found on pillar and post, in home, shop, temple and public gathering-place. To the characters themselves are attributed mysterious powers of attraction; and far from being the mere visible expression of thoughts, they are held to be capable of radiating invisible forces. Such, indeed, is the function of the ideographs signifying "longevity," "happiness," "prosperity," and other ideal states, that play so large a part in Chinese design. They are more than words, and cannot be called symbols: and so unquestioned is their potentiality, that the sight of the character for "happiness," for example, when inscribed on some object in the home, enjoins upon the visitor the duty of congratulating the fortunate possessor as one favoured of the gods. For it must be presupposed that the auspicious influences thus invoked are actually and actively in operation. The belief, naturally, expresses itself in many ways, great and small; but one of the most amusing of its phases is demonstrated in a popular custom which makes a naïve admission with regard to the inner workings of that universal ideal of the Chinese—the creation of a numerous progeny. Though inspired by what may be called spiritual needs, one learns that the ideal, nevertheless, may be expected to take its own toll of human patience, seasonally at least, in the process of realization. In other words, though each addition to the circle of descendants, on whom rests the responsibility for the happy hereafter of their parents, admittedly is to be regarded as an especial gift of the gods—particularly when the newcomer chances to be of the male sex—there are moments, apparently when, even to the Chinese father, the baby's stock is none of the highest. For one is assured that the Chinese parent is not above "walking the floor" at nights with his beloved offspring. When, therefore, he finds himself overtaken by one of these periods of domestic stress, he sits himself down, in desperation, writes the following message on a piece of paper, leaves the house, and posts up the S.O.S. call on the first convenient place along the road:

"Yellow Heaven, and Yellow Earth!" (An exclamation expressive of the uttermost limits of exasperation). "I have a night-squalling brat at home! Will some passing gentleman kindly read this once, so that I may sleep till morning light!"

The impulse that inspires this appeal is altogether a selfish one; for the ill-fated passerby, who, in an unwary, or over-curious moment, puts himself in possession of the contents of the inscription, thereby becomes the victim of this troublesome tendency of young babies. In other words, the writer of the script is relieved at the expense of the reader, who can only rid himself of the nuisance, in his turn, by proceeding similarly.

The interrelation of the component parts of the Chinese written character is another important point worth noting in this connection. It is best illustrated in the activities of the numerous body of fortune-tellers and diviners without whom the street scene, market-place, or temple-fair in China would be incomplete, and whose calling, besides, is subject to none of the fluctuations common to other trades. For the poor, says an old proverb, "never leave the shop of the fortune-teller; as the rich are never distant from the medicine cup." The first business of the expert on destiny is the separation of the characters representing the name of a patron into their various parts. These he traces back to origins; and the results of his investigations he includes among those on which he builds up the horoscope of his client.

It should be mentioned, also, while we are on the subject of names, that a business man is often known, outside his circle of intimate friends, by his shop-sign, rather than by his given name. Thus, for example, Mr. Wang, is known as *Fu Chun*, "Return of Spring," which is the name of his shop. The placard may quite possibly have occupied its place at the shop door for several centuries—in fact, it is highly desirable that it should do so—and whether or not, in the course of this period, succeeding generations of Wangs have conducted business under this sign, the proprietor, or proprietors will have been known as *Fu Chun*.

Thus the inscribed signboard will be seen to serve a variety of purposes, the hoped-for stimulation of invisible forces being indicated in the presence of certain characters of auspicious meaning, invariably carried by the merchant's sign, besides those enumerating his wares and his name. From earliest times, it would seem, a certain number of the words endued with the elements of good augury, have been given preference over others, as having special application to the needs of the business man; and the identity of these is shown in a



comprehensive study of something under 5,000 of the signboards, published by Prof. Chang Yao-hsiang, of the Peking Teachers' College.

From the total number of auxiliary characters used in the signs selected for his observations, Prof. Chang estimates the average per sign as two and a half words. Yet he finds only 800 of these in use, which demonstrates their frequent repetition. The 20 most popular words and their meanings, he enumerates as follows:

*Hsin* (prosper, forge ahead), *hua* (beautiful, Chinese), *ho* (harmony, co-operation), *yi* (mutual help, righteous), *che* (succeed), *shun* (agreeable), *feng* (plenty), *tien* (heaven, Creator, indicating faith), *chu* (collect, maintain), *tung* (co-operate, unite), *tai* (expand, peace), *yuan* (fountain, abundant), *hsiang* (lucky), *sheng* (prosper, growth), *heng* (constant, permanent), *chang* (expand, grow), *ta* (grand, great), *kung* (in common, public-spirited), *yu* (rich, plenty), *lung* (prosper, grow).

This list makes clear the predominating thoughts in the mind of the Chinese shopkeeper; and in classifying these sentiments, it is interesting to note the total absence of anything to suggest the spirit of competition. *Growth*, *expansion* and *prosperity* appear to be the universal desire, as is shown in six of the 20 words, with *plenty* indicated three times. All of these objects are to be attained, apparently, by means of *co-operation*, *mutual help*, *harmony* and *public spirit*, which are four times repeated, in as many different ways.

The characteristic phraseology employed in signs of this sort is peculiarly interesting, the actual name of the shop being often chosen from some auspicious experience of the proprietor. Thus, for example, such a title as the "Return of Spring," may quite possibly have been given to commemorate a period of prosperity, following upon a more or less protracted struggle with the reverse.

In a list of these inscriptions collected by Dr. Justus Doolittle in his *Vocabulary and Handbook of the Chinese Language*, published in 1852, are mentioned a number of the commodities we shall encounter in our prospective tour; and as a means of presenting the contrasting methods in shopkeeper's announcements, the following examples are quoted:

At the "Tavern of the Harmonious Heart," it appears, were dispensed the "best-made meat and plain cakes, silver thread vermicelli,

and cakes for congratulatory presents." (These latter the reader will find described in the section on "Food Shops.")

The "Surpassing Fragrance House" provided "music and wine feasts for Manchu and Chinese visitors."

The "Saloon of the Drunken Moon" supplied black cat's flesh, a Cantonese delicacy.

The "Garden of Perpetual Spring" offered "wine and vinegar for childbirths, fine flavoured grains, and all kinds of preserved vegetables."

"Peace within the Seas" dealt in "all kinds of superior white rice for families."

The "Abundant Fountain" sold "firewood and coals from all waters"; and the "Handsome and Scented Saloon," cosmetics and artificial flowers.

A medicine shop proclaimed itself the "Temple of the Happy Mean," where noon-day tea was served, and remedies were "skilfully compounded." Among these were "powders for children, white phoenix pills for women, eye medicines made from the eight precious articles, a pill for comforting and harmonizing, and another for counteracting the seductive effects of opium."

"Increasing Riches" appeared over another medicine shop; while "The Half-awakened" examined the eyes, and read the physiognomy. A competitor of the latter called his place the "Most Pleasant Hall."

"Benevolence" dealt in "true cochineal and saffron-dyed skein silk floss, thread, etc."; while another dealer in the same articles designated his shop the "Commencement of Peace."

"Gold Stone Hall" was the engraver's sign; and his words, he declared to be "like gold and precious stones."

The "Prosperous Fountain" was a moneychanger's shop, and a bullion assayer claimed "Great Virtue"; while "Extensive Brilliancy" belonged to the dealer in all kinds of copper and brass utensils.

In proof of the fact that, as regards the shop sign, public sentiment in the business world remains unchanged, a tour of the streets of Shanghai yields, on existing signs, new and old, such evidence as the following:

"The Cloud of Joy," announces a clock and watch shop, and "Constant Profit," the shop dealing in foreign articles. "Celestial

Embroidery," is the sign of a coal dealer, and "Precious and Favourable," that of a native stove factory. "Han, the Abundant and Prosperous," conducts a stocking depôt, while "The Happy Union of all the Virtues," is claimed by a chemist. "The Golden Ox," is a needle shop, and "The Tinder-Case Shop of Smallpox Wang," illustrates another custom of the Chinese, among whom a deformity becomes a part of the name by which a person is known.

The zenith of effectiveness, however, appears to be achieved in the sign of the coffin shop. It reads: "Crystallized Prosperity!"

\* \* \* \*

Let us now, however, proceed on our tour of that vast area of shops where the old trade symbols of another sort swing in the breezes, as merrily as ever they did, and speak their message to the native public of Peking—this ancient stronghold of imperial glories offering itself as the most prolific field for observation of these relics of monarchy, both because it remains the centre of "old custom," and from the fact that our illustrations were gathered at random from the streets of the ancient capital. Certain sections of this district the initiated seek, just at nightfall, when the shadows gather, and street noises are softened, so that whispers of the past may fall on the ear. For a brief and breathless spell, both sound and light, appear to pause midway in flight before the advance of night, and one feels the imagination stirred with suggestions of invisible things, until even the muffled swish of the passing ricksha becomes vaguely mysterious. It is then that the joy is at its height, of moving through long rows, stretching away on either side, of the delicate, lace-like tracery of shop-front carvings, now dimly illuminated from within.

Yet it is in the broad light of day, that our symbols best come into play. And what setting more perfect than the blue skies and brilliant sunshine of Peking to bring out the vividness of blues, reds, yellows, gilt, silver, and so on, with which the eye is struck, first of all? In Peking's pervasive atmosphere of ancient custom, too, one feels more strongly the contact with native thought; and seeks to construct the reason for the things which pass under one's notice, all and several. But it is in the pursuit of such efforts as these, with regard to the universal shop symbol, that one realizes the uniqueness of one's expedition, for search and research as one will, question and cross-

question as one may, the usual path leading backward, and bordered with flowers of speech, is not to be found.

Finding oneself ill-prepared for such an experience in China, one insistently postpones acceptance of the probable explanation of the symbols, *i.e.*, the illiteracy of the Chinese masses. Moreover, this obstinate course appears to have some basis in logic, when it transpires that in many instances the subjects suspended at the shop entrances do not readily interpret themselves to the Chinese themselves; while an assembled collection of *pictured* symbols, such as is comprised in this volume, is found to be almost entirely unintelligible in Shanghai.

Thus one inclines to the thought that such as these, if not the entire system, may have proceeded from the ancient guilds—that vast underlying structure, whose ramifications embraced every form of human effort, except that of the artist, or poet, and, together with the institution of the family, may be said to constitute the foundation of the social system of China.

But linger as one may over the consideration of this amazing example of industrial organization, which comprises both employer and employed, one fails, still, to discover, in available sources of information, any reference to trademarks as having been among the provisions of the guilds. In view, however, of the completeness of their scope, resulting from careful attention to every other detail in the construction and administration of their laws, it were strange, indeed, if such an item as the trade insignia had been left to the individual to devise. Yet the point is likely never to be cleared up, since this extraordinary system has been maintained from age to age, without records of its activities ever having been made. The explanation of this fact lies in one of the most striking characteristics of Chinese thought, *viz.*, the reverence for the written character, which it was deemed a sacrilege to employ in the treatment of so humble a subject, or, indeed, for the collation of statistics generally.

It appears, however, that no such inhibitions have prevented the keeping of guild records in Korea, many of which date back several thousands of years. Moreover, the history of the Chinese guilds was found to be traceable in the Korean records, according to Mr. Sidney Gamble, who includes an interesting study of the former in his *Survey of Peking*. In this volume—which makes no reference

to the trade symbols—Peking's shop signs in general are attributed to the Ching Dynasty, from the fact that the Manchu conquest was attended by the burning and looting of shops and homes, and the universal eradication of Chinese, in favour of Manchu customs. The reconstruction of the guilds to conform with new needs, in the matter of dress and the multitude of toilet accessories, the introduction of the queue, and so forth, naturally followed; and Mr. Gamble found existing Peking guilds marking their reorganization from 1644, the date of the Manchu accession. Subsequent changes in organization again attended the establishment of the Republic; though, generally speaking, only among the guilds of the barbers, hat-makers, tailors, undertakers and others concerned directly with changes in social customs. One guild, alone, has remained unchanged under all these political and industrial disturbances; namely, the Guild of the Blind, which has maintained a continuous existence since 206 B.C., in the beginning of the early Han Dynasty.

Mr. Gamble's description of a meeting, typical of one of the larger guilds, is replete with suggestiveness as to the control which this system exercises over the lives of the masses of the Chinese people, when it is recalled that membership in a guild is practically obligatory—though it is seldom necessary to bring pressure to bear to enforce it—on every human being, however lowly his task. Against the necessity of making his annual contribution, and the other restrictions imposed by the guild, the worker weighs its benefits; for his success in business, whether he be master or man, the collection of debts, the defence against the aggressions of officials, and unjust lawsuits, et cetera, all rest with the organization.

An annual meeting of one of the larger guilds is described as presenting the spectacle of a large hall, with a long table running down the centre, at which forty-eight men are seated. Twenty-four are bearers of titles, such as: General Manager, President, Vice-President, Judge, Attorney-General, Prosecuting Attorney, Grand Juror, Juror of the Court, Sheriff, Counsellor, Protector, Law Proctor, Witness, Advisor, Inspector, Investigator, Court Reporter, Chief of Police, Executioner, Warrant Carrier, Timekeeper, Doorkeeper, Servant of the Court. All are elected either by lot or by choice of the General Manager.

The business of the meetings runs the gamut from the settlement of strikes and other disputes between employer and employed, the trial and sentence of offenders against the laws of the guild, the initiation of members and the registration of new places of business, to every imaginable detail of trade, including the granting of copyrights and like privileges to inventors. But the first item of the agenda is invariably the worship of the patron gods of the guilds, chief among whom is Kuan Ti, once a military hero, who was ennobled in A.D. 219, and subsequently deified by decree of the Ming Emperor, Wan Li, in 1594, since which time he has been called the "God of War."

In the general run of small shops, one still finds to-day the rude shrine and image of this or some other divine, or semi-divine patron, such as the familiar "God of the Hempen Sack," who presides in the shop of the tobacconist. It may be that his benign protection emanates only from a painted scroll—weatherbeaten and covered in grime—that hangs above a table which brazier and candlesticks convert into an altar; but it is safe to say that he is never absent from any place of business, however modest.

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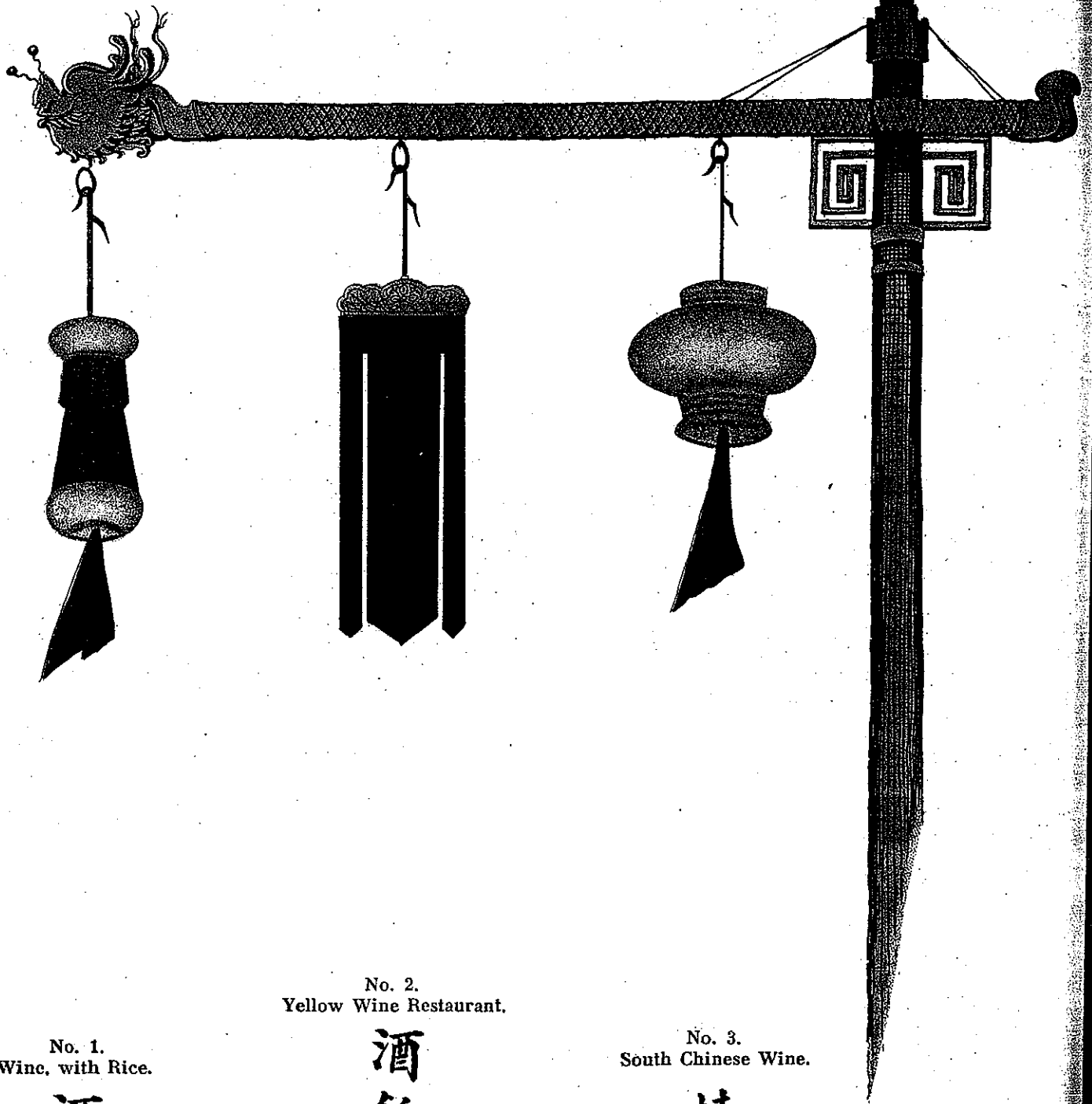
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THE INNER MAN

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No. 1.  
Winc. with Rice.

酒  
飯  
幌  
子

No. 2.  
Yellow Wine Restaurant.

酒  
飯  
舖  
幌  
子

No. 3.  
South Chinese Wine.

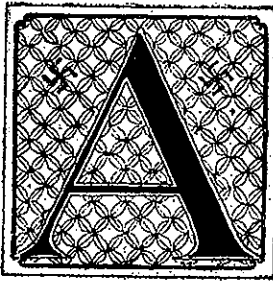
燒  
酒  
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## Chapter Two: *Wine Shops and Inns.*

"The wind blows, filling the room with the fragrance of willow flowers;  
A Wu' beauty draws the new wine, inviting the guests to taste;  
Young men of Ginling come to bid each other good-bye,  
But instead of departing, they linger, and each drinks his fill.  
Gentlemen, I would ask of you: 'The water that flows eastward—  
Is it, or the remembrance of parting, the more lasting?'"

LI TAI PO'S *A Farewell at a Restaurant.*



AFTER experiencing the defeat of one's efforts at historical research, one turns to the field of romance as the last remaining hope, since it is evident that here, at all events, the ancient inhibitions that guarded against the "deseccation" of the written character had not been enforced. Hence, one scans the works of poet and novelist with renewed zest, and a thrill of secret gratification. These furtive celebrations, however, lose much of their force, when the shop symbol proves to have eluded reference even in these pages. Nevertheless, the quest repays itself by revealing a wealth of anecdote centering about the wineshops of other days, comprised notably, in the *Collection of Rare Stories*, and *The World's Anecdotes Newly Told*, from which we are tempted to quote a few examples, though they bear but indirectly on our subject.

It was, of course, to be assumed, from the number of hallowed spots reverently pointed out to the traveller as the meeting-places of the poets of one age or another, that the Chinese *literati*, no less than

the famous wielders of pen and brush elsewhere in the world, were wont to foregather at the wineshops, inns and restaurants of their respective periods. Moved partly, perhaps, by the desire for human intercourse, they were most certainly impelled thitherward by the thought of quaffing of the fluid so universally apostrophized as the ideal stimulant to the divine afflatus—not to say its most reliable fount of inspiration, as Tu Fu intimates in *The Drinking Genie*, in which he says of his famous colleague:

“Li Tai Po can write a hundred poems after drinking a barrel of wine;  
He sleeps in the market restaurant in Changan;  
And even at the Emperor’s summons he does not button his robe.  
Li calls himself the ‘Genie of Wine’.”

From this and the foregoing characteristic bit of verse, one readily conjures up these ancient rendezvous, as a sort of theatre in which were constantly being enacted a multitude of amusing scenes and incidents. Such as these are suggested in our extracts from the aforementioned volumes, their atmosphere being that of the Tang and Sung dynasties. Their perusal provides, also, the means of contrast with the wineshops and restaurants of present-day Peking which many of our readers will have glimpsed, and whence, alas! things of the imagination have fled, while politics or commerce, rather than the promptings of the spirit, hold undisputed sway. Strictly speaking, the identification of the Ching Dynasty devices employed by these latter forms the essential object of the expedition upon which we shall be setting out presently; but the reader will doubtless find it not altogether without interest, as a preliminary, to direct a brief backward glance at the favourite haunts of the personages whose genius made the Golden Age of Chinese literature.

Before serving up our Tang Dynasty titbit, from the *Collection of Rare Stories*, by Hsieh Jung Jo, a word of explanation is in order, with regard to the term “market restaurant,” as it is rendered in the stanza from Tu Fu’s *The Drinking Genie*. Literally, the Chinese characters 旗亭, signify: “tower with a flag,” which, from the functions of the building or buildings so designated, might also be translated “town tower,” or “market tower”; for here were the centers of business, the markets, and the amusements of a city—and equally, of course, the bars and restaurants. The custom still obtains in the interior of

China, and its influence may be observed, in a measure, in the "bazaars" of Peking, where every human want may be satisfied, from edibles to drugs, from undergarments to jewelry and precious stones, toys and curios; or in such modern structures as the "New World," in Shanghai, where half-a-dozen theatrical performances, in as many dialects, are being conducted simultaneously, while restaurants, teashops and stalls are plying their busy trades, amidst the hubbub peculiar to Chinese crowds.

It is, at all events, in one of the ancient "market restaurants" that the scene is laid in our offering from the tales by Hsieh Jung Jo. Paraphrased, the story runs as follows:

In the time of Kai-yuen (Tang Dynasty, A.D. 618-936) there were three poets, Wang Chang-ning, Kao-shih, and Wang Chih-huang, to whom both the public and their contemporaries had meted out an exactly equal portion of fame. But, far from feeling any sense of rivalry the one toward the other, the three were the best of friends—in fact, boon companions, much given to frequenting the drinking places of the town.

One day, having set out for the express purpose of pouring out libations to their several Muses, they had made their way to one of these resorts; and were no sooner seated, than there entered a bevy of ten sing-song girls, summoned to entertain a party of banqueters. After the girls had passed on to their appointed places, the three poets held conclave together, saying:

"Each of us is famous as a writer of poetry. Let us now harken to the songs of these maidens, and whosoever's verses shall be oftenest heard therein, shall be proclaimed the best poet amongst us."

Almost immediately the singing began, the first words being these:

"'Tis cold and rainy on the river.  
On such a night I entered Wu."

Without waiting for more, Chang-ning raised his hand, made a mark on the wall, and remarked, complacently: "A verse of mine."  
The song was soon finished, and another voice followed:

"As I open the chest (containing relics of the dead)  
The tears are streaming down my cheeks."

And at this, Kao-shih promptly drew a line on the wall, saying: "A verse of mine."

Presently came the next song:

"The dawn sweeps in,  
For the Palace gates are opening."

Whereupon Chang-ning, still more complacently remarking: "Two verses of mine," placed another mark beside the first one.

Chih-huang now became impatient, and pointing to the prettiest of the singers, said: "If the song of this girl be not one of my poems, I shall henceforth forever refrain from competing with you two." To add to the suspense created by this attitude of Chih-huang, there now came a pause in the singing; but presently it was the very girl of his choice who lifted up her voice, and sang, charmingly:

"The Yellow River, seen from a distance,  
Seems to flow downward from the White Cloud."

At this Chih-huang laughed aloud; and spent the remainder of the day in drinking.

From *The World's Anecdotes Newly Told*, by Liu Yi Ching, (Early Sung, one of the Six Dynasties, A.D. 420-427) we cull the following quaint tale of two friends, Mr. Yuen and Mr. Wong An-fung. In the original, this is an example of that somewhat short-lived school of literature called the "Style of the Six Dynasties," which produced the prose-poem, consisting of sentences arranged in pairs, according to the tones of the words.<sup>5</sup> The story runs as follows:

Mr. Yuen, it appeared, had for neighbour, a man blessed in the possession of a very beautiful wife, in whom Mr. Yuen felt the keenest interest, and whom it was difficult for the husband to guard as carefully as he might have wished, for she worked as a barmaid at one of the resorts in the town. When the two friends made this discovery, they took to spending much time in the place; and Mr. Yuen contracted the singular habit, when drunk, of leaning against the lady and falling asleep in this attitude.

"Her husband was at first a little suspicious," relates the writer, naïvely, "and determined to set up a secret watch." But finding Mr. Yuen "with no other intention," he concluded finally that "there was nothing to be afraid of!"

In all of this there is no actual reference to the signs displayed by the wine dealers of those days, though, for want of any indications of the contrary, one may assume them to have been of the inscribed-flag order, which one learns from the *Shui Hu Story*, by Sze Nei-an, of the Yuan, or early Ming Dynasty, were used by the wine shops of that later period. The wording of the messages borne by these banners, is sufficiently interesting and characteristic to warrant description, in the course of which we shall be following in the wake of the hero, one Wu Sung.

After several days' travel, so runs the tale, Wu Sung came to a place in the outskirts of Yangkolsien, tired, hungry, and generally disposed to welcome the sight of a wineshop, where a flag hung before the door. On the flag were written five characters, reading: *San Wan Pu Kuo Kang*: "If you drink three bowls of wine, you will be unable to pass yonder mound." This was in evident and distinct contradiction to the old proverb, which declares that "three bowls of wine can set everything to rights."

However, be that as it may, Wu entered the shop, set his traveller's staff against the wall, and taking a seat, called to the shopkeeper for wine. The latter placed before Wu three bowls, a pair of chopsticks, and a dish of cooked vegetables. Then he poured wine into one of the bowls, filling it to the brim. Wu promptly took up the bowl, drank off the contents, and remarked: "This is really very strong drink, Mr. Shopkeeper. Give me something to eat which will satisfy my hunger, and go well with the wine"; and he glanced without interest at the dish of vegetables.

The shopkeeper replied, saying: "We have naught but cooked beef."

"Very good," approved Wu Sung. "Give me two or three catties." (A cattie is about one and a third pounds, English).

The shopkeeper accordingly went into the cookhouse, brought out two catties of beef in a large dish, and placing it before Wu, filled the second bowl with wine, which after drinking, Wu pronounced to be, "Fine wine!"

Thereupon the shopkeeper poured wine into the third bowl, which Wu quickly emptied, and demanded more. But the shopkeeper ignored his command. At this Wu waxed wroth, struck the table with his fist, and cried loudly again for more drink. Mine host,

however, only replied: "Beef you may have, as much as you want, but more wine I will not give you."

Wu's remark, after the first bowl, that "this is really very strong drink, Mr. Shopkeeper," seems to suggest that he may have been served with *Shao Chiu*, the native brandy, in which case the inscription on the flag would seem to have been very much to the point. This, it may be mentioned here, is the familiar "Samshoo," which we shall be discussing presently.

However, the admirable attitude of the shopkeeper in setting his own limitations upon the consumption of his liquid fire, was by no means common among the innkeepers of his day; as is evidenced by what follows, which has more of the atmosphere of the poetry of the period.

Wu Sung, in a furious rage, it appears, departed the shop of the obdurate wine dealer, took to the road again, and after falling upon some adventures which we are obliged to pass over, found himself at a crossroads, where stood a large wineshop. Close by, a tall pole bore a sign inscribed with four characters: *Ho Yang Feng Yueh*, meaning: "Spend a happy time here in drinking wine of the best quality."

Beyond was the shop, with a railing in front, painted green, on which were fastened two flags, coloured gold, on each of which five characters were written. Their message was: *Tsui Li Ch'ien K'un Ta, Hu Chung Jih Yueh Chang*, or, "From the depths of intoxication the heavens appear to expand; from the bottom of the cup the days seem to lengthen." Behind the railing, at one side, was a butcher's block, and at the other, a cooking stove. Within, in the shop, three huge wine jars, in a row, were sunk into the ground to about half their depth. All were filled with wine to more than half their capacity. A long counter occupied the middle of the shop, and there were tables and stools; and contentedly seated here, we must leave Wu Sung to the enjoyment of the hospitality he had so persistently sought—and fancy him making rapid progress toward a mood of unqualified endorsement of the latter half of the proverb which maintained that "three glasses help one to understand great doctrines; and perfect intoxication scatters a thousand troubles."

In the face of all the evidences of a universal and sustained enthusiasm, on the part of the Chinese, for wine and its apparently

much-to-be-desired effects, it is rather interesting to reflect on the fate that overtook the discoverer of intoxicating spirits. This irrevocable contribution to life under the Celestial Empire was made by an official of the court of Yu the Great, founder of the Hsia Dynasty (2205-1766 B.C.); but far from winning him renown, or even preferment, it caused his instant dismissal from public service, so great was the displeasure of his illustrious sovereign. When issuing the decree Yu Huang-ti is said to have prophesied that the day would soon dawn when "the liquor would cost someone a kingdom"; and the words were recalled, when the dynasty collapsed under the reign of Chieh. This was the monarch whose concubine, the notorious Mei Hsi, having contracted a playful fancy for drunken revels, had caused a lake in the palace grounds to be filled with liquor; and thereafter it became a palace custom periodically to gather together some thousands of persons, and at a given signal, to have them plunge into the lake. "They jumped in and drank like cattle," says Li Ung Bing, the Chinese historian, "and their subsequent conduct formed the principal amusement of the king and his concubine."

Thus the conviviality of the Chinese is plainly shown to hark back to antiquity; yet, curiously enough, throughout the centuries of its indulgence the question of vintages appears never to have had the slightest charm for its devotees, though they held wine to be "the proper drink for men, as grains are the proper food for pigs." Noteworthy, too, is the fact frequently commented upon, that intoxication has come to be the rarest of public sights in China to-day; wherefore the present race of Chinese is credited, quite deservedly, with being a conspicuously abstemious one. And, meanwhile, the production of wine and spirits is a continuously pursued industry; though from this point of view, the medicinal and religious functions of wine must be taken into consideration.

In casting about for reasons, in connection with the peculiar indifference to vintages, one is inclined to accept the old saying, "Rich or not, it is my country's wine," as probably expressing exactly the national and uncritical attitude toward the product, which, it occurs to one to mention for the benefit of the tyro in Chinese dinners, appears to accord far better with the native diet, than does the juice of the grape brought in from alien lands. But let not the foreign guest be deceived, on overhearing the command of his host for

"Old Wine!" This most popular of brands proves, on inquiry, seldom to have more than a year to its credit; though "samshoo," says a Customs report, "is often buried in the ground to 'ripen' for three or four years." Ten years, indeed, is regarded as a very considerable age for even the choicest of Chinese wines. To experience this, however, one must ask for *Shaohsing Chiu*, which variety (indicated in Sign No. 3) alone attains to the dignity of age, though it is not designated by the name of "Old Wine." (*Chiu* is the word for wine, but, in the common speech, it is used as a sort of generic term, and applied also to distilled liquor.)

The Western palate, admittedly, finds it difficult to acquire to any appreciable extent, the taste for Chinese wines; yet the opposite is true of the Chinese, among whom foreign wines have long since established themselves.<sup>6</sup> Their importation was inaugurated, in fact, in the early days of the Christian era, and has progressed steadily, without, however, exerting any influence on the question of native vintages. Thus the only real affinity in viewpoint between West and East is shown in an amusing alliance in spirit, between an old Chinese adage and the reply of a defender of the American institution known as the "before-dinner cocktail," to whom the question had been posited:

"Is the cocktail really necessary?"

"More than necessary," was the instant and emphatic rejoinder.

"It is *indispensable*—as a means of starting the conversation."

In Chinese, the same thought is expressed thusly:

"No wine, no company; no wine, no conversation."

But reverting to the search for causes underlying this peculiar characteristic of Chinese wines, nothing seems more logical than to attribute it to processes of manufacture, which are seen, on examination, to be quite different to those pursued in the West. The fact that, in effect, they are such as to preclude the storing away of the liquors for any extended period was simply, but graphically indicated to the writer by a wine dealer, in response to the question: "Since wines are improved with age, why do you use them so soon after they are made?"

For reply, a finger was laid on the neck of a full bottle that stood before us on a shelf. "After ten years," said the demonstrator, "the wine would reach to here"—indicating a point about a quarter of the way down; "after twenty years, here," and the finger travelled down-



ward another three inches. "And in thirty years?" he was asked. The finger left the bottle altogether, and there was a waving about of the arms. "Nobody could drink it," said the merchant, making a grimace, and dramatically acting the part of a person whose mouth, throat and inner regions were being devastated with a burning fluid.

"The production of spirits from grain," says Alexander Hosie, in his volume entitled *Manchuria*, "is the same in principle as elsewhere, but the (Chinese) process is vastly unlike that practised in the West. The various operations are not so clearly differentiated, since with the exception of distillation itself, they proceed together at the same time, and grain in different stages of decomposition is mixed in the same receptacle."

As regards the production of wine from rice, the process consists in first steeping the grain in water, for periods varying from three days to three weeks. The glutinous rice is used, and before being put to soak it is cleaned, softened and sprouted. After steeping, it is usually boiled, and when this mass has cooled, the ferment, which the Chinese call "medicine" is added, as well as a quantity of the grain in other stages of decomposition. The large earthenware jars into which it has been poured are then covered, and left while the fermenting process takes place. Then comes the filtering, through cotton bags, or straw, the liquid being drawn off into other jars, and finally bottled. Sometimes it is this liquid which is boiled, and in this case, it is bottled while hot. It is then stored away for a year, before being disposed of. Wines so prepared are classified as yellow and white, the former ranging in colour from yellow to the tint of sherry, and the latter being better when it is slightly yellowish, as this indicates that it is not too new. The southern provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang produce the bulk of these fermented wines, while the distilled liquors emanate from Newchwang and other parts of North China, and Manchuria, where kao-liang (sorghum) and millet, and other grains from which it is made, are grown.<sup>7</sup>

The afore-mentioned volume on *Manchuria* contains an interesting description of methods governing the production of the famous "Samshoo," 1,600,000 gallons of which spirit are estimated to be produced annually in South Manchuria alone. Following is a condensed summary of the author's special study of the subject:

In the preparation of the fermenting agent, the paddy husks, in the case of rice wine, or the barley, millet and kao-liang husks, for wines made of sorghum, are ground up with the grains, the three latter being mixed with peas in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

To the ground-up grain and husks, water is added, to produce the consistency of putty; and this is pressed firmly by foot into wooden moulds, like those used for brick. These grain bricks are piled up in a room, with interstices between, for the passage of air, as is done in a brick kiln. 6,000 to 10,000 bricks are made and piled up at a time. The room must be secured from draughts, and the matter of light and heat given careful attention. Gradually a fungoid growth forms on the surface, and the skill of the operator must be exercised to maintain the proper temperature and moisture, so that this change will permeate the entire substance of the bricks. This may call for repiling the lot, the opening of windows, the use of artificial heat, etc., etc. The entire process consumes about 40 days, and the bricks, when properly dried, retain their active properties for five or six years. Enough for a year's supply must be made, as the process is not possible to carry out in winter; and in the average distillery will be found, in the season, from 10,000 to 20,000 of these bricks, besides the material in process of preparation.

In the distillation preliminaries, the grain is crushed and moistened, after which a quantity of the ferment, ground fine, is added and thoroughly mixed with it. The whole is then put into pits, in layers, and each layer tramped down. Next comes a covering of chaff, and last of all a layer of moist clay. Beneath this the chemical changes take place. For 18 days the contents are tramped daily, to keep the grain in close contact with the ferment. At the end of this period, the grain is partially decomposed, and ready for the first distillation; but it is successively subjected to the action of the ferment five times for periods of nine or ten days before it is regarded as refuse, and each time a quantity of raw grain is mixed with each layer.

The still, whence issues the national supply of samshoo, is extremely primitive in construction. It consists of a round-bottomed iron pot, six feet in diameter, and filled to three-fourths capacity with water. The furnace underneath is fed with the stalks of the grain, which burn quickly and require constant replenishing. Over the iron pot is fitted

a wooden box, with a screen in the bottom, on which the grain rests, about a foot above the level of the water. The top rises toward the centre, where there is an opening over which is set the leaden condenser. The latter rests on a gutter running round the circular opening of the lid. When the water boils the steam passes up through the spirit-laden grain, and carries the spirit into the curved bottom of the condenser, whence the liquid trickles into the leaden gutter and into the descending tube of the receiver.

The native method is regarded as a highly wasteful process; for, whereas one picul of grain should yield 112 catties of spirit, the Chinese distiller seldom produces more than 65 catties. But time, labour, and material-saving considerations have little weight with the Chinese, who with amused tolerance for the notions of this strange creature, the foreigner, receive all suggestions inspired by Western conceptions of efficiency, with the ever ready answer, "But, after all, why?"

Such was the experience of the newly-arrived American lady missionary, in her earnest efforts at starting a current of thought along the lines of reform, in the mind of one of the leaders in the enormous pig-raising and exporting business centering about Chang-chun, in Manchuria.

"Don't you know that, by other methods, you could take care of twice the number of pigs in the time you are expending on these?" was the gist of a lengthy talk setting forth some of the main points on cattle-raising as it is practised in the West.

Her listener had throughout maintained the characteristically Chinese air of polite attention; but perplexed curiosity had dawned early in the conversation, and at the conclusion of the speech it expressed itself in the question:

"But who ever told you that a Chinese pig cares anything about time?"

And similarly, as regards a minor detail, in the case of the traveller who, while being shown over one of the distilleries, was much perturbed by the presence of prowling dogs—evident consumers of the refuse—whose numbers apparently ran into the hundreds.

"Why do you keep so many dogs?" asked the naïve visitor. "There must be two hundred of them in sight at this very moment!"

"Are there that many, really?" was the surprised rejoinder, and the proprietor looked about him as though taking stock for the first time. "Well," he answered readily, in the next breath, and shrugging his shoulders, "we never count them. But they do multiply, evidently. There never used to be that many!"

It is when confronted, on every hand, with the evidences, either of the manufacture, or of the sale of wine and spirits, that the paradoxical nature of the comment on the abstemiousness of the Chinese presents itself, justifiable though the remark undoubtedly is. It is, of course, to the introduction of tea-drinking, and the gradual growth in public favour, of this beverage, that this highly creditable state of affairs is to be attributed, whatever may have been the deterrent effect of Imperial prohibitions by successive dynasties, "against the excessive use of intoxicants." As far back as 1122 B.C., an infusion made from another leaf enjoyed considerable popularity for a time; but the leaf now known as the "tea-leaf" did not come into general use until the fourth century A.D. The custom of serving tea at court originated with the Sungs (A.D. 960-1280); and extending thence to the yamens throughout the country, as the inevitable accompaniment of official visits, it soon became that distinctive feature of Chinese social life and etiquette, which has since delighted generations of foreign residents and visitors.

\* \* \* \*

We must now, however, proceed with our tour of the streets of Peking, in search of the wineshops of the capital, not for the purpose of exploring their interiors, which would be dull enough work after our excursions into the past; but with a view to examining the present-day signs, which will be seen to be quite different to those with which we have been dealing.

#### THE PEKING WINESHOP.

The three devices with which our collection of shop symbols is introduced to the reader, (facing page 17) though they do not in the least resemble each other, do, nevertheless, equally spell the word "Wine" to the native Peking public. As compared with the large majority of symbols that engage the fancy with the usual Chinese subtlety of suggestion, the first and last are among those referred



*The "South Chinese Wine" shop.*

to as open to criticism on the score of obviousness. In form, they represent the pewter flagons which act as containers, each of a special variety of wine, and when thus displayed, their message is direct and to the point. The maximum of the trade of such a shop would be the sale of the wine for use in the home, or wholesale to other dealers; though frequently, tables and chairs are to be found within, for the accommodation of the itinerant thirsty.

#### WHITE WINE, WITH RICE.

When, however, the red and green colour note is added to the flagon, as it is in the case of No. 1, it signifies that the species of wine heralded by the shape of the container, is to be imbibed on the premises, and that, furthermore, rice is served, if desired—which it usually is. The representative varieties of these mild, fermented rice wines, which contain about ten per cent. of alcohol, are indicated in the three symbols on this page of illustrations.

#### THE "YELLOW WINE" RESTAURANT.

In Sign No. 2, we come upon one of the apparent enigmas that leads one to take refuge in the guild idea, when seeking to apprehend its use as a wineshop symbol. It is the sign of the restaurant keeper, who dispenses *Huang Chiu*, Yellow Wine, as an accompaniment to the meal. The device is made of heavy cloth suspended from a wooden bar; and in general design it resembles the banners which are the votive offerings of the devout, and are hung near the altar in all temples. They are also to be seen in funeral processions. The symbol does not resemble the inscribed flags we have encountered, and contrasts vividly with other wineshop signs—partly, perhaps, because it signifies food, as well as yellow wine.

But there is another thought that is suggested by its peculiar and mystifying form: In ancient times, one recalls, the wines offered among the sacrifices in the ancestral temples, and during the funeral rites, were not of the ordinary variety, imbibed on any and all occasions. They were, on the contrary, prepared according to special and very complicated recipes, this being one of the lost arts of China, owing to the disappearance of the formulæ, and the unsuccess of many attempts to produce a satisfactory substitute. The deduction,

therefore, that this may have been the device employed by the dealer in sacrificial wines seems to account, not unreasonably, for its decided resemblance to the "soul banner."

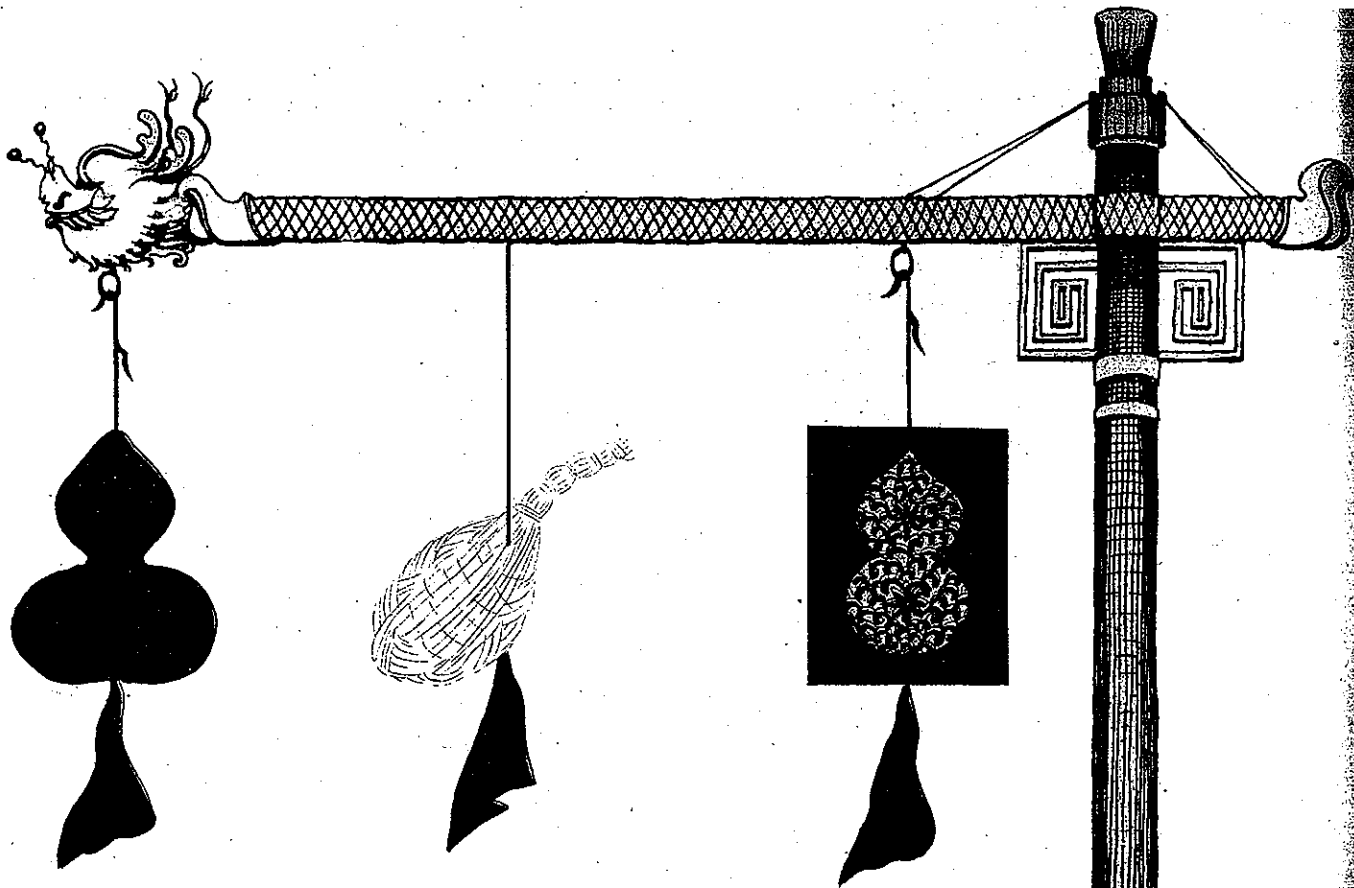
The device, at all events, serves to remind us of the important place occupied by wine in the religious ceremonies of China. In little bowls numbering anywhere from three to ten, it is invariably to be found among the articles set out on the altar table to be offered in sacrifice to the gods, or to ancestors; and to be sprinkled over the paper money, the incense, and the embers of the paper images and trunks of mock money burned during the funeral rites. The wine offerings, in fact, are believed to be held in special favour by the spirits in honour of whom any given ceremony is dedicated; and at the spring and autumn services in the Confucian temples, libations are poured upon the ground by high government officials, in the course of the ritual observed in memory of the Great Sage.

#### SOUTH CHINESE WINE.

Although our artist has written the words *Shao Chiu*, (Samshoo) beneath Sign No. 3, he at the same time contributes a note to the effect that the flagon signifies "South Chinese" wine, which is delivered to the purchaser in a container of this design. It may be assumed, therefore, that this is the famous *Shaohsing Chiu*, to which we have already referred as the choicest of Chinese wines. It takes its name from the district in which it is made—Shaohsing, in the southern province of Chekiang, whence it is exported to all parts of China, as well as abroad, notably to Australia and California. Foreign experts have pronounced the first grade of *Shaohsing Chiu* to be not only the best of Chinese fermented liquors, but one that is "comparable to Spanish and other wines."

#### SAMSHOO.

On the next page of illustrations, in Sign No. 4, appears the Red Gourd, or Pilgrim's Bottle, the symbol used by the dispenser of *Shao Chiu*, "burnt wine," also known as *San Shao*, "thrice fired," although we have seen that it is more commonly five times distilled. This, as we have already explained, is the Chinese brandy; and in



No. 4.  
Samshoo.

燒酒幌子

No. 5.  
Poor Man's Inn.

小店幌子

No. 6.  
The Vinegar Shop.

米醋作房幌子



view of its much-advertised potency, due to the forty-five per cent. content of alcohol, it is reassuring to reflect that in the figures recording the total annual consumption of wines and liquors by the Chinese, samshoo is indicated by only 30 per cent.

It is the latter name, *San Shao*, which the foreigner has distorted into "Samshoo," this being one of the first features of Chinese life to impress itself upon his attention. Whatever may be his judgment of its virility, the word *shao*, in this connection, has some of the meaning of "concentrated, fiery," added to "strong."

In the *Stories of Wu Ling*, a Sung Dynasty novel by Chow Mi, occurs an interesting reference to a signboard that carries some of the suggestiveness of this definition of the word *shao*. Before the door of the Inn of the Green Striped Toad's Eye, it appears, there hung a sign bearing the legend: "Only good wine is sold here." But the most prominent feature of the *tiao pai* (signboard) was a painted reproduction of a green striped toad, described as having great protruding eyes that bulged with anger! Here would seem to be a far more expressive symbol of the qualities of *shao chiu* than the gourd for all its redness.

But, in any case, this use of the "magic gourd" of fable as a wineshop symbol, is in itself a pleasantly significant touch, and one that may be taken as a mark of high regard for the particular character of its contents, since it was in these calabashes that the ancient alchemists were in the habit of storing their Elixir of Life. The experimentation with chemical combinations by which the inevitable was to be evaded, and the search for the Spring of Perennial Youth, were among the most industrious pursuits of ancient China. Most of the famous monasteries rejoice in the possession of a bubbling well of this description, and a gourdful of the magic waters is carried away by the devout pilgrim.

But more than this, there were gourds that, according to legend, small as they were, were capable of "holding a thousand persons," and, in fact, the universal itself. Such, at all events, were the contending claims of the Monkey God, Sun Hou-tzu, and a group of demons, for their respective treasures; though it must be admitted that neither was actually tested, since it was by trickery that the devils were outwitted. Ascending into heaven, Sun obtained permission to "extinguish the light of the sun, moon and stars for one hour," and by this bit of

strategy succeeded in deceiving the short-sighted demons into believing his, Sun's, the better gourd. They eagerly took it from him in exchange for their own, only to find it spurious, and themselves divested of one of their five magic treasures—the fan, to which we shall have occasion to refer presently, the vase, the rope, and the sword, besides the gourd.<sup>8</sup>

This mere suggestion of one of the many legends in which the "magic gourd" figures will be sufficient to fix the Samshoo dealer's emblem in the reader's mind as one having more than ordinary significance, though it is easily distinguishable from its illustrious prototype from the fact that the latter is always a natural yellow, in tint.

#### THE POOR MAN'S INN.

The neighbouring device, Sign No. 5, hangs outside the lodging house of the lowly, and represents the over-night refuge of the itinerant artisan, the travelling mender of shoes, the street barber, the knife-grinder, the wheel-barrow man, the bamboo-pole carrier—in fact, the whole working world that carries the implements of its trade, and its workshop, on its own shoulders; constantly on the move, from village to town, and on again, and when overtaken by nightfall, setting down its pack at the Sign of the Ladle—for such is the form of this symbol.

Partakers of Chinese dinners will be familiar with this item of Chinese and Japanese tableware, half spoon, half dipper, and made, for such uses, of porcelain. When it is made of bamboo strips, and is of much larger size, it becomes a strainer, with which the universal macaroni, vermicelli, noodles, etc., are lifted from the huge round trough in which they are boiled, and transferred to the waiting bowl of the humble patron of the shop where the kettle steams the livelong day, within easy reach of the street, beyond the sign indicated by No. 9.

When, however, its proportions are heroic, and it is suspended at the door of an humble dwelling, it does not signify that such food is to be obtained within, but merely that the rude facilities for its preparation are provided. Along with the night's shelter, this involves the expenditure of not more than five or six coppers, at most. Thus, this constantly changing company arrives at this species of inn, either after having fed at such a shop as the one just mentioned, No. 9, or else bearing the ingredients of its meal, some sorts of which may have been purchased on the streets, while a variety of other kinds are

to be found, half-prepared, according to this peculiarly Chinese custom, among the shops we are about to describe.

\* \* \* \*

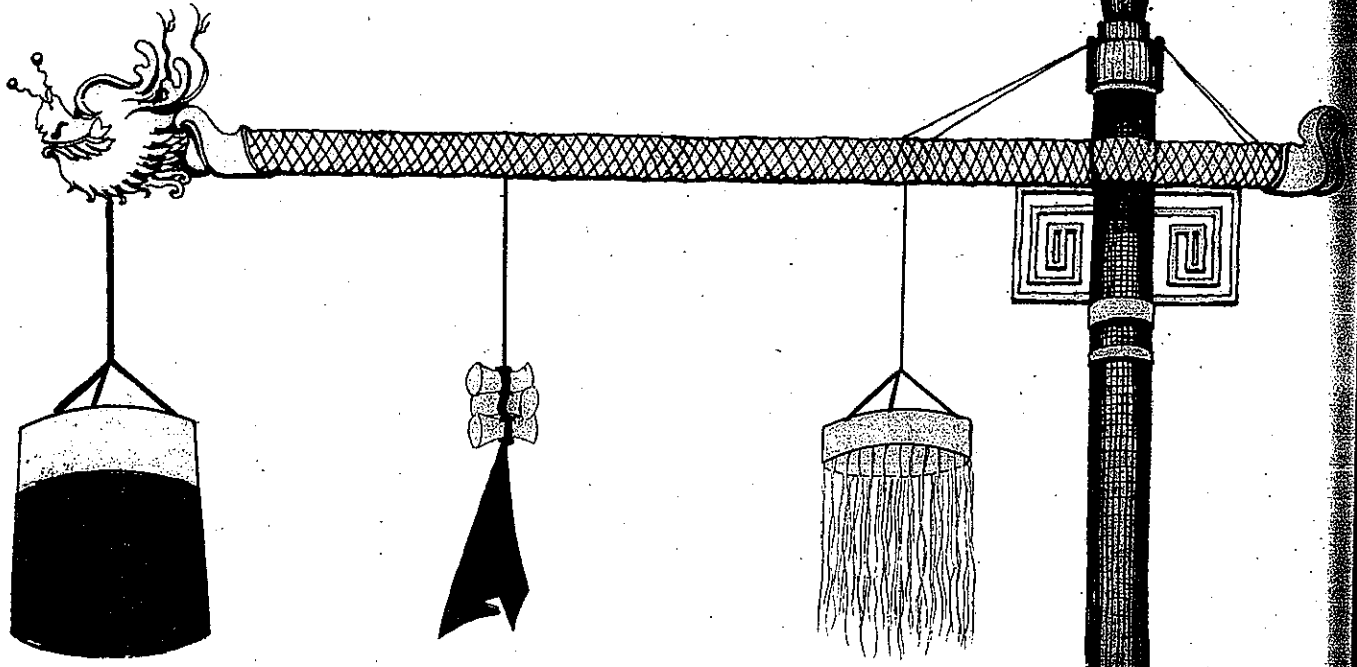
As we move along, from symbol to symbol, the reader's attention will naturally be caught by the little triangle of red cloth that flutters so engagingly beneath the majority of the devices, suspended by one of its corners. Inquiry as to the meaning of this feature, which as will be observed, does not always appear, provoked much interesting discussion, and many theories. As nothing authentic could be produced the reader may make the choice that appeals most to him.

One suggestion advanced was that the touch was added merely for "look-see," and, if one thoughtfully examine a random assortment of the symbols, including those from which the red cloth is absent, one can but acknowledge the influence of the designer.

Another opinion gave voice to the practical mind conceiving it. This was to the effect that it was added to attract attention, red being the colour with the greatest long distance carrying power. As to this, we shall find possible support in certain symbols appearing further along, in the chapter on Money.

But the most attractive of the explanations emanated from another type of mind, in which the conviction was strong that the attachment of the bit of cloth had to do with the significance of the colour, which, according to this interpreter spells success and happiness, generally; and therefore, the red background for weddings, the red New Year cards for the conveyance of good wishes, and the spots of vermilion painted on the baby's face.

This interpretation, however, scarcely covers the true significance of the colour. Red is universally credited by the Chinese with the power of dispelling evil influences; but in addition to this it has its place in the symbology of the seasons. As blue, the colour of spring, symbolizes promise, so does red, the colour of summer, signalize fulfilment, consummation. White and black are the colours of autumn and winter respectively, but of this we shall have more to say in a subsequent section.



No. 7.  
Hot Noodles.

湯麵鋪幌子

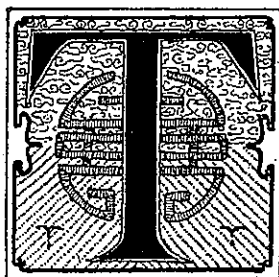
No. 8.  
Steamed Bread.

粗飯鋪幌子

No. 9.  
Hot Noodles, "more cheap."

次等湯麵鋪幌子

## Chapter Three: *Foodshops.*



**T**HAT much of the food consumed by the masses of the Chinese people appears to be constantly in process of preparation at the hands of professional cooks, in myriads of public kitchens and foodshops, is usually among the first puzzled comments one hears from the thoughtful traveller in China. "Everywhere," writes an English author, "there are shops packed with a wonderful assortment of foods; more foodshops and more food found in a day's tour of the streets of a single city, than one would expect to see in a lifetime elsewhere!" The deduction it seems natural to make from these displays, which, to be sure, are more impressive in the larger cities than elsewhere, is that among the generality of poor Chinese, comparatively little cooking is done in the home. And when one reflects on the population figures of this vast country, and on the number of small foodshops created evidently by some demand, whatever it may be, it is easy to imagine, if one has not actually witnessed it, the spectacle presented

at feeding time, when the narrow Chinese streets are crowded with a multitude of hungry workers, of both sexes, and all ages, intent upon besieging the stalls in search of "prepared," or "semi-prepared" foods. Such is the classification of the shops that form a part of these scenes from the dramas of the workaday world, though it also should be mentioned that many of the delectable morsels exposed for sale therein are by no means intended for consumption by the labouring folk.

This remarkable popularity of public cookshop, temporary food-stall, and "travelling kitchen" is to be accounted for, one is told, by the fact that cooking facilities, in the homes of the lower classes, are extremely limited, owing to the scarcity and costliness of fuel. But, on taking into consideration the nature of the entries in this national food exposition, one is inclined to seek further for its *raison d'être*. May it not, one asks oneself, proceed from some fundamental urge, such as, for example, the undoubted demand of the Chinese palate for an infinitely greater variety of flavours than is either known to, or desired by, that of the Westerner? In Chinese opinion, by the way, the relative merits of foreign and native cookery, and their respective claims to rank among the fine arts, are to be measured by the fact that a three years' apprenticeship is required to qualify a cook for employment in a Chinese household, while three months is said to be sufficient to equip him for the foreigner's service. Arbitrarily drawn as these lines may be, the truth is that the foreign-educated Chinese, even after long residence abroad, returns to his native diet with avidity, pronouncing that of the West both tasteless, and of a monotonous sameness. Hence the unpopularity of the foreign hotels in China, among the Chinese, except for temporary stopping-places.

It is but natural, therefore, that these tastes and fancies should be found descending in the scale, from the rich to the poor; and this being the case, it becomes obvious, in view of all the conditions, including the long hours of labour in China, that the public cook and his products represent an absolute necessity of the working people, for more reasons than one. It is a conclusion that, at all events, seems logically to account for the bewildering array, in the ready-to-cook foodshops catering to the lowly, of vegetables and fish cut into chunks, and dubiously coloured, to the alien eye; from the various sauces in which they have been steeped. We shall presently be examining, in its proper

turn, the device (No. 10) by which these shops are identified; meanwhile, however, pausing for a moment, before proceeding on our tour, to follow the aforementioned author's lively description of the method of hawking fish in Canton, where the vendor carries a flat dish strung from the pole on his shoulder, with the fish swimming contentedly, as he calls his wares.

"Soon, the hawker's cry is answered from a balcony above. Down goes the dish on the pavement, and a basket on a string descends towards it. The basket contains a coin, for which a fish is exchanged. The hawker passes on, and again there comes a cry—this time a different note. Immediately there is a stir in the alley; a crowd gathers. Down drops a line with a small hook attached, and a coin, larger than the first buyer's.

"The hawker takes the hook and baits it with a small piece of shellfish. Then the buyer hauls up the line a little way, and skilfully drops the bait and hook into the centre of the dish. The fish are startled, and keep close to the edge. The crowd presses close and the excitement increases.

"A big, red fish overcomes his nervousness, and edges towards the bait. He is a fifty-cent fish, and the coin lowered was a twenty-cent piece. If he takes the bait and is hauled up safely, the buyer gets him for twenty. While the big red fish philanders, a small black-and-gold comrade swims ahead of him, and steadily eyes the bait. A gambler in the crowd offers even money on black-and-gold. Thereupon bets are exchanged in all directions, with the big red the favourite. The noise is appalling!

"More and more fish move around the bait, as their fear is overcome. A rush, a tug, and a lovely green fish with purple spots goes sailing upwards, amidst cries of delight and disappointment from the crowd. Alas! although he is so beautiful, he is not sweet, and his value only ten cents. The wily hawker had him ready, starved for a day or two, and the prize fish all well fed. Bets are settled with laughter, and the hawker goes his way, calling what is probably: 'Fish, oh! Fish, oh! All alive! Red fish, blue fish, green and spotted! Fish, oh!'

But now, having dallied with the general aspect of this question of food purveyance—sufficiently, perhaps, to convey something of the insistence with which the business thrusts itself upon one's attention in China, at every step and on every hand, we are at last brought

face to face with the "minute particular," which to us takes the form of the stationary food stall, and the devices by which the dealers' offerings are instantly identified by the hungry. And suppose that, by way of easy progress in the examination of these, we imagine ourselves following, discreetly and unobserved, the peripatetic artisan, who is bending his steps in the general direction of the "Sign of the Ladle," where he means to spend the night, and where he knows no food is awaiting him.

#### THE VINEGAR SHOP.

It is possible that he would pause, at the outset, at the sign, No. 6, which adjoins that of the lodging-house on the same page of illustrations. This is the shop of the dealer in vinegar, certain varieties of which we found mentioned as obtainable at the "Garden of Perpetual Spring."

The emblem of the wine-dealer, which flanks the Ladle to the left, will be seen to be reproduced in the sign of the vinegar merchant, to indicate, perhaps, the foster-brotherhood of the two commodities. But, in this case the pilgrim's bottle, or "magic gourd," is done in gold, against a plain black board, its effulgent glow seeming to bring out with almost cruel emphasis the crudity of its modest neighbour, in one of those violent contrasts to which one grows accustomed in China.

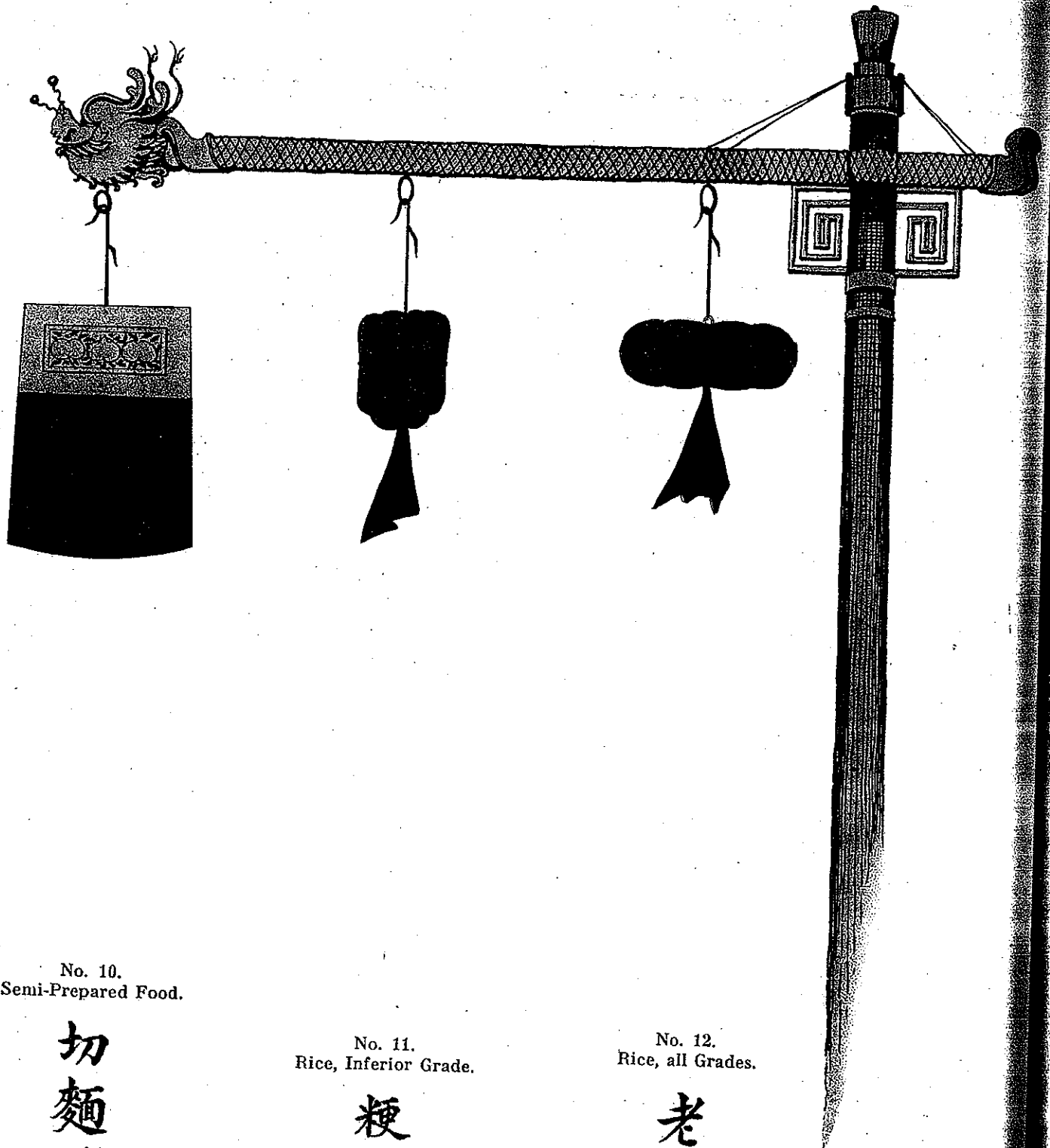
#### READY-TO-EAT FOODS.

Perhaps our travelling knife-grinder, or shoe-mender, or whatever he may be, in the weariness of a mind preoccupied with the problem as to how and where he shall fill the yawning chasm in his interior, will have decided to settle the question promptly by indulging himself at the prepared-food shop. Or, again, it may be that one of the three signs, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, will chance to be the first to meet his eye, and thus determine the matter for him; for such is their significance.

#### NOODLES.

No. 7 tells him that the dealer's stock of boiled macaroni is somewhat more varied, and of a slightly better grade than the noodles dispensed at No. 9, this distinction being attained by means of a





No. 10.  
Semi-Prepared Food.

切麵鋪幌子

No. 11.  
Rice, Inferior Grade.

粳米幌子

No. 12.  
Rice, all Grades.

老米幌子

more carefully made emblem, in which as will be seen, the circular yellow frame is much larger than in No. 9, and the red paper fringe, descending therefrom, considerably thicker. Superiority, one is fain to admit, could not well be more clearly suggested, and by these tokens No. 9 stands charged with dealing in nothing but a single variety of the cheapest grade of steaming hot noodles; while at No. 7 flour, salt and dried vegetables may be purchased, as well as noodles.

If the restaurateur caters also to the Mohammedan public he indicates the fact by introducing a touch of blue into the colour scheme of his sign. This usually takes the form of a bit of cloth, or a tassel attached to the device or hung up beside it. But now and then he appends as well, a cup or other food vessel, whereon is inscribed his guarantee that the regulations prescribed for the preparation of food for followers of the Moslem faith have been strictly observed.

#### STEAMED BREAD.

But, supposing that, one and all, these beacon lights of promise will have signalled in vain the unconscious object of our scrutiny, who now spies, perhaps, not far off, symbol No. 8, consisting of three bits of wood, painted yellow, and bound together with an enticing triangle of red cotton cloth fluttering beneath. This engaging device proclaims the presence of the little mounds of steamed bread, whose production and consumption appear to proceed by perpetual motion; and doubtless he will be disposed to munch one or two of these, in the company of the surrounding crowd of coolies, and others of his ilk, while continuing to debate with himself the advisability, after all, of ready-cooked food.

And should he in the end, decide to prepare his own meal, on arriving at the "Sign of the Ladle," let us observe him in his search for the elements which he will there put together, in the utensils supplied by the house, and cook over a small stove, either in the street before the door, or in an inner courtyard, if the dwelling possess one—or, again, in the cookhouse possibly attached thereto.

#### READY-TO-COOK FOODS.

The chances are ten to one in favour of his fancying a titbit or two, from among that already-referred-to assortment of sombre-hued

vegetables and fish; hence he would be on the watch for such a sign as No. 10—which as may be observed, bears a certain resemblance to No. 7. As in No. 7, the colour note of No. 10 is red and yellow, and there is a similar red paper fringe, but instead of being circular, No. 10 is flat, and on its rectangular face, painted yellow, is a design traced in black, in which naïvely appears the peach, the symbol of Long Life.

“Buy your prepared, ready-for-cooking food here,” it says to the initiated; and its proprietor doles out from an apparently inexhaustible supply, an endless succession of small portions into the bowls of such as present them, or wraps little heaps of them in squares of coarse brown paper for those, who, like our hero, do not. Obviously, it would not be a high class of food, and therefore would be suited to the purse of such as he.

#### RICE SHOPS.

It is probable that a certain quantity of rice would be among the things of his desire—if not exclusively so—and in this case, the green object, No. 11, with tiny squares of red running round its middle, would attract his notice. This is the sign that distinguishes the inferior grade of that one-time universal article of diet in China, which civil wars, strikes and profiteering are gradually converting into a luxury; though it is true, also, that among farming folk in many parts of the country, far distant from the districts in which it is raised, rice is not eaten, from year's end to year's end.

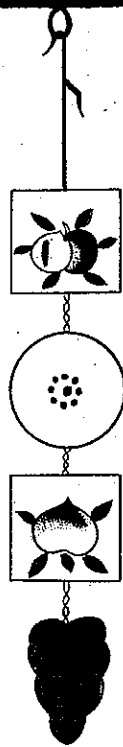
No. 12, whose form suggests an old-fashioned footstool, is likewise the sign of the rice-shop. It signifies that the dealer's stock comprises all grades of the staple, including the best, or *lao mi*—old rice—meaning that which is allowed to mature, and, moreover, is properly grown. This was the variety referred to in the “Peace within the Seas” signboard.

And now, with his packet of rice added to his other modest, if highly-flavoured purchases, all of which he carefully stows away in some corner of the little shop which he carries on his back, we may allow our humble traveller to depart; and, having watched him cheerfully shoulder his pack, and make his jingling way towards



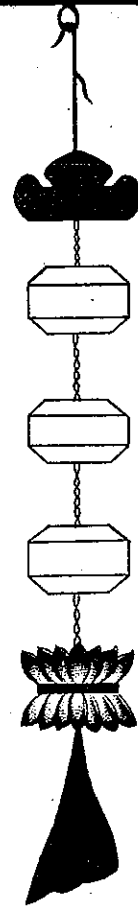
No. 13.  
Noodles, Uncooked.

麵  
鋪  
幌  
子



No. 14.  
Congratulatory Cakes.

蒸  
鍋  
鋪  
幌  
子



No. 15.  
Rice Cakes.

糕  
乾  
鋪  
幌  
子

food and rest, we may now turn our attention to the shops that, from this point, mount to the plane of the general.

#### DRIED NOODLES.

Having this poor but vastly contented object of our just-concluded observations still in mind, one feels a vague stir of sympathy—misdirected because he would be far from comprehending it—on coming upon emblem No. 13. This is the sign of the dealer in the best quality of macaroni—the “Number One” grade of the staple that vies with rice in popular demand, but which in this degree of excellence is beyond the reach of the lower classes. The Chinese taste in ready-made macaroni runs the gamut from vermicelli to three or four thicknesses beyond, where it stops, the larger sizes seen elsewhere, seemingly having no appeal to the Chinese.

It is interesting to encounter in China this familiar industry, which one had thought to be peculiar to the sons of Italy, of whom one is further reminded, again and again, on actively experiencing the Chinese taste for garlic. Why this object—made of wood, and coloured a bright yellow, with its own outline repeated in the centre in vivid blue, edged with red—should announce the presence of “noodles,” while its form appears to reproduce a section of the crown of one of the heavenly kings, is one of our unsolved and delightful mysteries!

#### CONGRATULATORY CAKES.

The neighbouring device, No. 14, is one of a number of cake-seller’s emblems; and, by suggesting the indulgence in an occasional luxury, it would cause our lowly friend to recede still further from view, were it not for several important features it displays that have a profound, and in fact, a life-and-death significance to the Chinese; so that it is probable that even he must, now and then, make his way to this shop.

Here is the dealer in the steamed cakes that were mentioned under the sign of the “Tavern of the Harmonious Heart.” Their interior is filled with sweets, while on their upper surface are stamped the various characters that stand for happiness and good fortune,

done in vermilion, as suggested in the picture. Ostensibly they constitute good wishes in the concrete, and, as such, are exchanged among friends at birthdays, and on other family festival occasions. But, to grasp their real meaning one must analyse the elements of the dealer's sign, which is one of the most interesting of the symbols.

First of all, it must be pointed out, that its delicate tints, while seeming pleasantly to invite the less grave considerations of life, are by no means intended merely for decorative effect, for every stroke of the Chinese designer's brush, both as to colour and line, has a symbolic significance. Hence, the peach, appearing on the two squares above and below the central disc, and symbolizing longevity, is tipped with red, while the white background prevailing throughout the sign, signifies purity. On the centre of the disc itself appears the medallion of millet-seeds, which denotes a numerous progeny, while the green of the leaves duplicates the tint of the nethermost object, that purports to be made of green jade.

Perhaps the reader would ask: why the bit of jade, appended to the sign of the cake-seller, when one naturally associates it with questions of personal adornment. The answer is, that this is a very special sort of cake, a symbol in itself, whose functions are involved with, and explain, the use of the piece of jade; for this most precious mineral of the Chinese is held to be imbued with the power of arresting the physical deterioration of the body. It was their philosopher's stone, as well; while gold was believed to contain the elixir of life. Both these minerals belong to the *Yang*, or positive element (as against the *Yin*, or negative), and hence jade, being the concentrated essence of *Yang*, may be taken as the symbol of life.

In a subsequent chapter, we shall have occasion to observe the operation of this belief, and the practices to which it led, which included the placing of bits of jade and gold into the mouth of the dead as a means of infusing the body with vital energy: the belief being that during a certain period after death the soul, composed of *Yang*, is considering a return to its earthly habitation, whose strength was thought to be maintained by the agency of these minerals. (In the relation between soul and body, *Yang* would be Spirit, and *Yin*, Matter).

From this it will not be difficult to deduce that these cakes are expected to attract and diffuse the elements of *Yang*, which is per-

haps, a rather deeper thought than one is accustomed to look for in birthday wishes, generally. At the same time, the symbols of longevity and posterity, in the dealer's sign, acquire an added significance, finished off as they are with the touch of jade.

Ancient custom also prescribed the pulverization of jade—and pearls and gold, as well—and various preparations made therefrom were eaten, or drunk. Perhaps the act of Egypt's illustrious queen, in dissolving and quaffing her priceless gems was inspired by a similar belief in their life-preserving qualities. It is unlikely, however, that our dealer's sign intends to convey the claim that a decoction of jade enters into the composition of his cakes.

The peach, which contributes so attractively to the decorative effect of this emblem, has crossed our line of vision before; and as such instances tend to multiply rather than diminish as we proceed on our way through China, it may be as well to refresh the reader's memory as to the origin and significance of this familiar detail of Chinese design.

The literature of ancient China abounds in legends centering about the peach tree, most of them based on myths ascribing an extraordinary age—sometimes reaching to ten thousand years—to trees encountered by fabled personages in regions vaguely located in the "East," or the "West." In one of these recitals, found in a fourth century work, the *Shen I King*, or *Curious Things about Spirits*, it is related that the elixir of life was extracted from the stones of peaches growing on a tree that stood five hundred feet in height, with branches eight feet long, from which depended fruit that measured three feet around.

The basis of all the legends, however, is of Taoist origin; though the peach has its place, also, in the story of Kuan Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy. As the latter figures in Buddhist art, so does the equally lovely and beloved Hsi Wang Mu, "Royal Mother of the West," appear in painting, porcelain, or stone carvings expressing the faith of the followers of Lao-tze. And she it was who distributed the most marvellous of all peaches.

In the grounds of her palace in the Kun Lun Mountains, this mythological queen of the celestial paradise of the Taoist, and patron saint of conquering heroes, maintained an orchard of peach trees, where she was wont to receive her favourites, and present them with

branches, or fruit. Among those who were so honoured were the Chou Dynasty Emperor Mu, and the Han Emperor Wu; and in the records of the latter it is related that during his visit to the "Royal Mother" he had been shown trees thousands of years old. Approaching one of these, which, she explained bore fruit only once in three thousand years, she plucked a number of its choicest specimens (one wonders if they might have been of the three-foot variety!) and graciously bestowed them upon her visitor, pointing out, however, that it was only in the celestial regions that such trees could be grown.

The Kuan Yin legend of the peach belongs to the period of the goddess's earthly existence, when, as the Princess Chunda, she had incurred the wrath of her father, King of Hsing-lin, first by her indifference to royal pomp, and finally by her utter refusal to marry the prince whom her parent had chosen for her husband. The enraged King thereupon decreed the execution of his daughter; but at the moment when the sword was about to descend, it was rendered powerless by a purple aureole—emanation of innate divinity—that appeared above the Princess's head.

Chunda, however, knowing that her father's anger was to be appeased only by her death, besought heaven to withdraw its protection. The Supreme Buddha answered her prayer by causing her spirit to pass painlessly at the moment when the bow-string of the executioner touched her neck. Upon this a fearful cataclysm of nature laid waste the country thereabouts. Mountains were shattered, trees fell, the light of the sun was obscured, and beasts and birds ran screaming through the forests. In the midst of this appalling confusion, augmented by the lamentations of the people of the whole kingdom, a tiger seized upon the body of the Princess and carried it away.

The soul wandered to the realm of Yama, God of Death, but, by his order, and with the aid of his angels, it returned to the body; and the Princess awoke once more, and found herself lying stretched upon the ground at the edge of the Ssu-tu Forest. An old man, with bulging forehead, a knarled stick in one hand, and a peach in the other (the reader will recognize this familiar figure as "Old Man Long Life") stood over her. After a time he helped her to rise, and talked to her of a purple bamboo grove on a sacred mountain (Hsiang Shan, Hui Chow). Here, he told her, she would find peace,



and attain to the true knowledge of Buddha's Law. Whereupon he presented her with a peach, and explaining that it would protect her from hunger, cold and fatigue, set her upon her way.<sup>9</sup>

#### NEW YEAR CAKES.

By way of reassurance to the reader who may have been subconsciously dreading the inevitable descent from Olympian heights to prosaic considerations, we hasten to direct attention to the points of similarity between the adjoining devices, Nos. 14 and 15, which, as we shall see, mercifully afford us a stopping-place halfway down the mountain, as it were.

In No. 15, the emblem of the dealer in rice cakes of a special variety, we have again the simulated bit of jade, this time at the top. Further down is the lotus, the thoughtful consideration of which immediately takes us into the intermediate heaven of the Chinese Buddhist, where souls are imprisoned in the calyxes of the lotus flowers, with which the quiet bosom of the Sacred Lake is bestarred, while they await the time appointed for their entrance into Paradise. (The subject is treated of in a subsequent chapter).

The cakes, however, are eaten alike by Buddhist, Taoist, Confucianist, or native Christian, at the New Year season. In the cities they are procurable in some of the shops throughout the year, but among the people of the country they are among the preparations for the New Year festivities, and are made at home. The rice is steamed first, and then chopped and made into a pulp with the addition of water, milk being employed in the composition of cakes, only by the Manchus. This is then cut into cakes half an inch in thickness, and of the length and width of the rice wafer of Japan. After this they are toasted.

Another variety of rice cake is eaten during the *Chung Yang*, or Longevity Festival, in the belief that they help to lengthen the span of life of the partaker. This one of the moon-worshipping festivals, when the nation's prayers for "long life" are offered from the tops of hills, mountains or any available eminence, is based on a Han dynasty legend. A great scholar, it appears, in response to a secret warning, escaped calamity by taking his family to the top of a high mountain, and on returning to his home found that all his domestic animals had been killed—instead of himself and his relatives, he was told.<sup>10</sup>

In celebration of this victory the air is filled with paper effigies of animals, dragons, and terrifying insects, *Chung Yang* marking also the opening of the kite-flying season.

Rice cakes of a special sort are also dedicated to His Majesty, the Dragon, and eaten during the Dragon Boat Festival, when, on the waterways everywhere are to be witnessed all manner of wonderful displays of boats shaped like dragons, the smaller ones engaging in racing, while the larger ones, magnificently decked out with myriads of silk banners, are made to whirl round and round in one spot, by oarsmen costumed in the robes of ancient days. Though it is generally believed to be a sort of memorial service in honour of the poet-official, who, in a fit of despair over the corruption of the government with which he had been associated, had killed himself by drowning, the festival is really a gigantic prayer for a good harvest as the result of the fecundating rains, of which the Dragon is the celestial guardian.

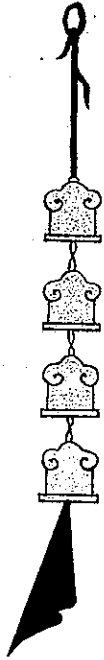
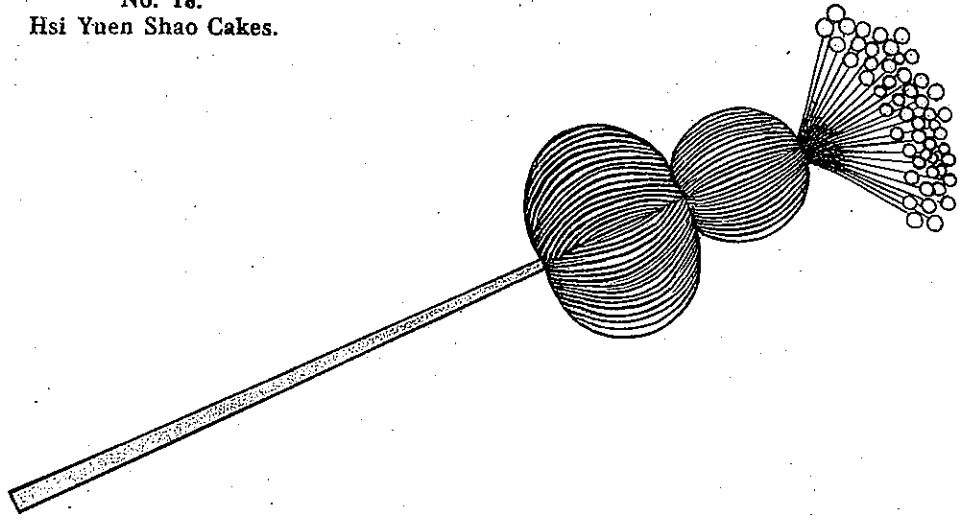
#### MORE CAKE SHOPS.

Nos. 16, 17 and 18, on the following page of illustrations, are also cake-seller's devices, the first two signifying the cakes, biscuits and wafers used at all seasons. Long rows of No. 16 are frequently seen, stretched along the front of the shop, and again one sees it supplementing No. 17, to indicate that the latter shop carries a varied stock. Any of the signs representing special varieties of cakes is also to be found hanging at the doors of tea-houses and restaurants where they are served. On the four lozenge-shaped objects comprising No. 17, by being strung together one above the other, and painted yellow, it is interesting to discern some of the most significant elements of Chinese thought, picked out in a tracery of black lines.

On the lower section are the familiar cloud effects, signifying immortality, and the jade triangle that figures prominently among the instruments whose music is heard at important temple ceremonies, such as are conducted annually at the great Confucian Temple in Peking, when the President comes to pay his devoirs at the splendid shrine of the Great Sage. This "Hanging Musical Stone of Jade," it will be remembered, is one of the familiar group of "Eight Precious Articles," the others being: a jewel, a cash, a lozenge (symbol of

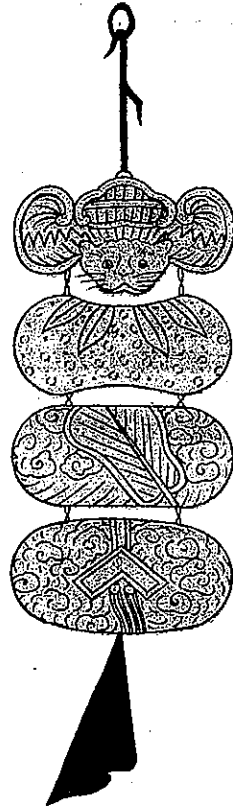
點心舖元宵幌子

No. 18.  
Hsi Yuen Shao Cakes.



Nos. 16, 17.  
Cake Shops.

點心舖幌子



victory), a pair of books, a painting, a pair of rhinoceros-horn cups, and an artemisia leaf. In our first chapter we found these articles entering into the composition of eye medicines, dispensed at the "Temple of the Happy Mean." Above the Musical Stone, on the next section, appear more clouds and a suggestion of waves, as the background for the "magic fan" one of the five treasures of the demons whom we encountered recently, in the Myth of the Monkey God.

Like the gourd, the magic fan was a powerful instrument wielded by both the good and the evil spirits of Chinese legend; and one of the most interesting of its adventures offers the possible explanation of its presence on the cake-seller's sign, as well as some of the suggestiveness of modern methods in warfare.

The reader will recall, perhaps, that the gods of the Chinese Taoist pantheon are headed by the Pearly Emperor, and that celestial affairs, generally, are administered according to a system which is an exact replica of the ancient imperial government on earth. That is to say, in the plan of the Other World were established an identical number of ministries and sub-departments, and every official, high or low, had his counterpart above. There were Ministries of the Stars, of the Waters, of Fire, of Thunder, Lightning, Rain, etc., of Medicine, Epidemics, Exorcisms, and so on.

An old Taoist hermit, named Lü Yüeh, who had become an Immortal, was President of the latter Ministry. He wore, usually, a red garment, had a blue face, red hair, long teeth and three eyes, and carried a magic sword. His horse was named "The Myopic Camel." In the course of one of his battles, however, he appeared with three heads and six arms, holding in his hands, besides the celestial seal, an assortment of plague microbes, the flag of plague, the plague sword and two others. In this instance, his faces were green, and large teeth protruded from his mouth. He was severely wounded in the battle by a goblin-dispelling whip and another magic weapon in the hands of his adversaries, but managed to make his escape, full of wrath and resolved to avenge his defeat.

This he sought to accomplish by joining an army corps, and surrounding the mountain near which they were quartered, with a system of "entrenchments and infection." The nephew of the Pearly Emperor, however, released his celestial hound, which bit Lü Yüeh

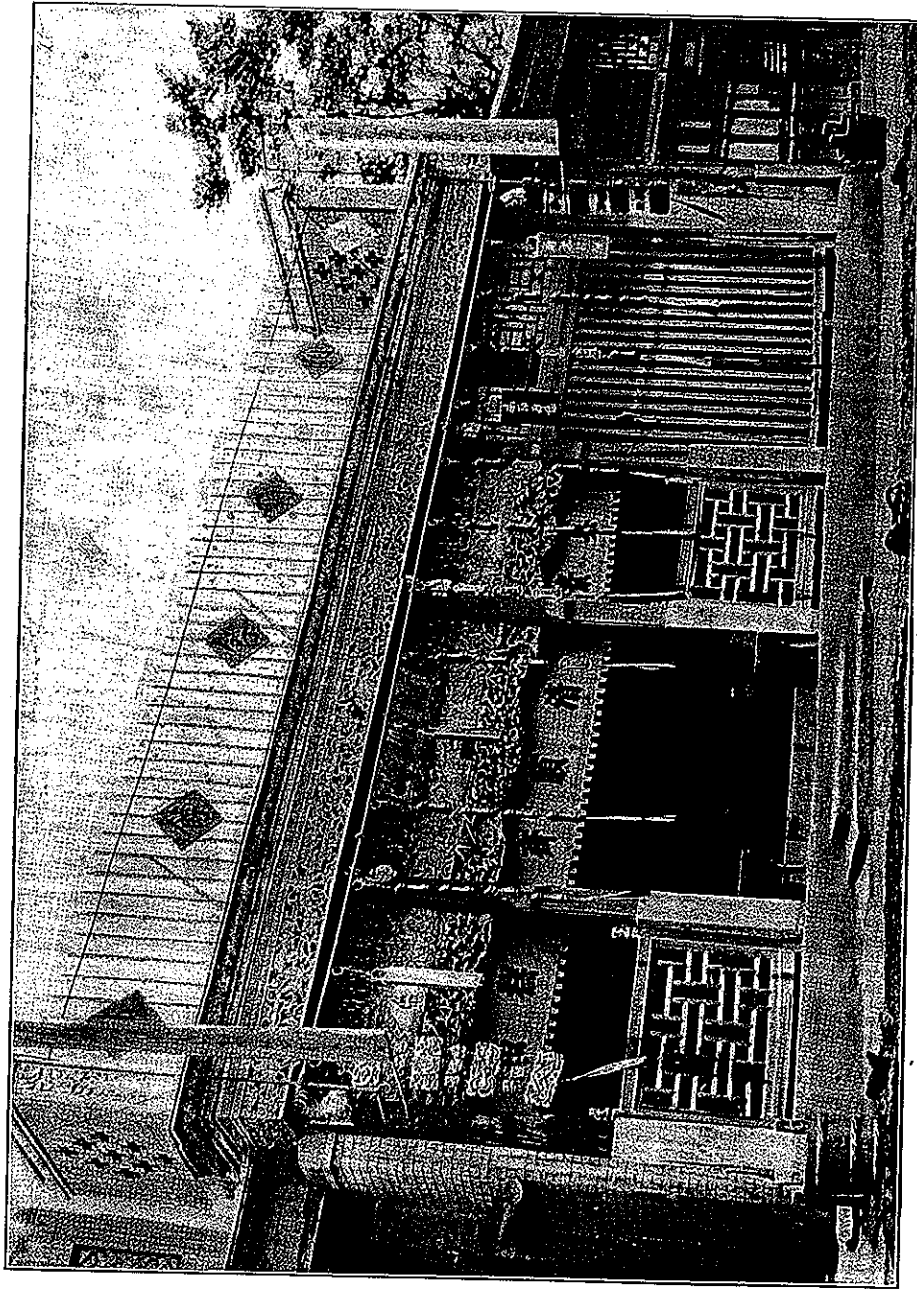
on the crown of the head. Then Yang Jen, the magician, armed with his magic fan, pursued Lü Yüeh and compelled him to retreat to his fortress. "Lü Yüeh mounted the central raised part of the embattled wall and opened all his plague-disseminating umbrellas, with the object of infecting Yang Jen, but the latter, simply by waving his fan, reduced all the umbrellas to dust, and also burned the fort, and with it Lü Yüeh."<sup>11</sup>

So much for the magic fan, as a dispeller of evil influences, in the cake-seller's sign. Above it is shown the pomegranate, symbol of success in life; and surmounting the whole is the head of the tiger, the beast that might almost be called sacred in China, from the superstitious regard in which it is held. As every part of its body is employed in the making of medicines, the killing of a tiger for any other purpose is considered the gravest and most nameless of offences, and one likely to incur the vengeance of the gods. Hence, as one can never be certain as to the attitude of the rulers over the spirit world, it is in fear and trembling for the possible consequences that a tiger is killed, even for these, that might be assumed to be legitimate reasons. It has often been asserted that the deforestation under which China suffers to-day is the result of the cutting down of large trees by the natives, in order to rid the country of danger from these beasts. But, meantime, they appear to be necessary to the prolongation of life, paradoxical as it seems. However, whenever one is killed, the body is taken to the nearest temple, where the hunters burn incense, and endeavour thus to propitiate the celestial guardians of tigers.

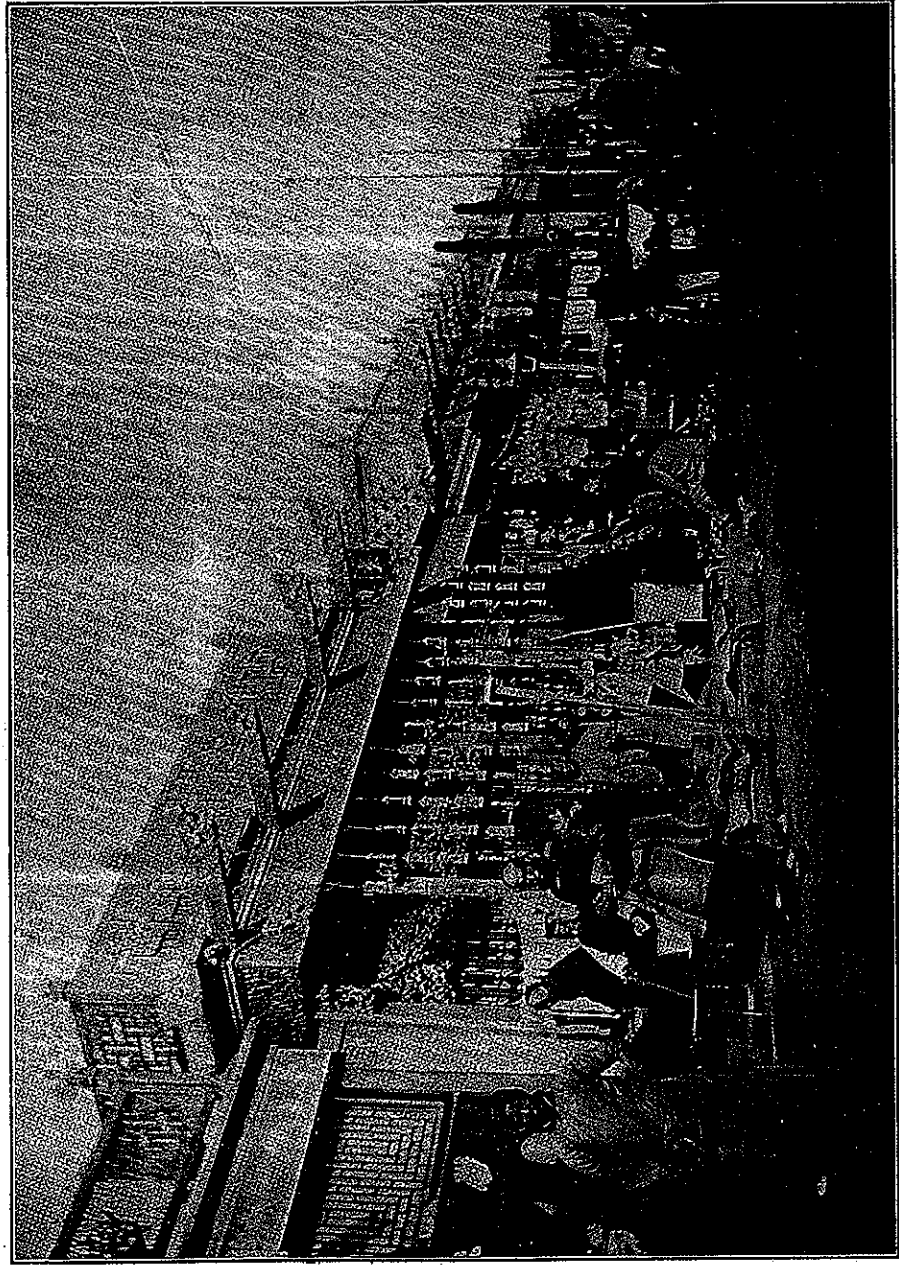
The tiger is also the God of Gamblers; and, watching over the gamblers, he is pictured, in this capacity, on paper scroll or wooden board, rampant, and clutching a "cash." His title is "His Excellency, the Grasping Cash Tiger."

#### "HSI YUEN HSIAO" CAKES.

The device No. 18, that occupies the top of the page connotes the whole series of spectacles that comprises the Lantern Festival, which concludes the Chinese New Year celebrations. It stands for the thin, sweet wafer which is prepared for and eaten during the holiday season, but particularly on this day, called *Hsi Yuen Hsiao*, if on no other.



*A Cake shop displaying two varieties of the cake-sellers' emblems.*



*A Cake shop carrying the smaller symbol only.*

It is this day which marks the end of the annual holiday and the beginning, on the day following, of another year's work, uninterrupted—except for a short period during the Dragon Boat Festival, six months later—for the general masses of the people, by the one-day-in-seven schedule of labour that prevails in the West, and is just beginning to be adopted by a few of the more progressive Chinese firms.

Why this emblem should instantly suggest the wafer, which it in no wise resembles, remains one of the unsolved mysteries. Made of thin, flat strips of bamboo, finished off on the ends with little balls of cotton wool, and caught together in two places, in a double balloon and plume effect, it is only supplementary to other cake signs, and is taken down again when the holiday season has passed.

#### THE "COMPRADORE" SHOP.

On the next page of illustrations is the sign, No. 19, that has been broadly interpreted as that of the "compradore," or something approaching the dry grocer's shop, which is known by this name among foreign residents in China. The eight character-bearing red squares, affixed to discs made of a network of bamboo, recite the wares of the merchant as comprising a prepared ginger, and all sorts of writing paper, as well as the coloured paper from which the flowers, and the lanterns used at the China New Year and Dragon Boat Festivals, are made. He also makes and sells the imitation money burned in memory of the dead, and the incense sticks and similar paraphernalia of temple worship.

Two of the discs make the broad claim that "any kind of article" may be purchased here, and the limitations not expressed are well understood by the Chinese. But, at all events, a very large share of the merchant's stock consists in the food products of the provinces, far and near; and includes dried fruits and vegetables, dyes, oil, vinegar and even wines.

#### BAMBOO SHOOTS.

The same sort of bamboo network and character-inscribed red square forms the two discs that in No. 20 advertise that great delicacy



in the north, the southern bamboo shoot, which reaches the capital after a long journey by water to Tientsin, travelling thence by train. The upper character is that which stands for white jade, the meaning of which characteristic touch the reader will readily interpret. The curious fact is that the Chinese use the word *yü* in referring to pearls as well as jade, the Pearly Emperor being called *Yü Huang-ti*.

#### HSIANG YUH—FRAGRANT OIL.

The golden disc adjoining, No. 21, hangs before the shop of the dealer in *Hsiang Yuh*—fragrant oil—or, in other words, the extract of the sesamun seed, the tiny and popular grain devoted to so many uses in China. As *Hsiang Yuh*, it forms the principal ingredient of salad dressing, as does the oil of the olive, in the West. When the seed is prepared with sugar, or with honey and almonds, it figures as a sweet, cut either into neatly rolled strips, or into squares. In the latter form it is well known in the West, to patrons of Chinese restaurants. It is also universally sprinkled over cakes. The four characters on the disc explain that the oil is extracted by grinding the seeds in a small mill, *hsiao moh*. But to the unlettered the characters are superfluous, as the colour of the disc tells its own tale.

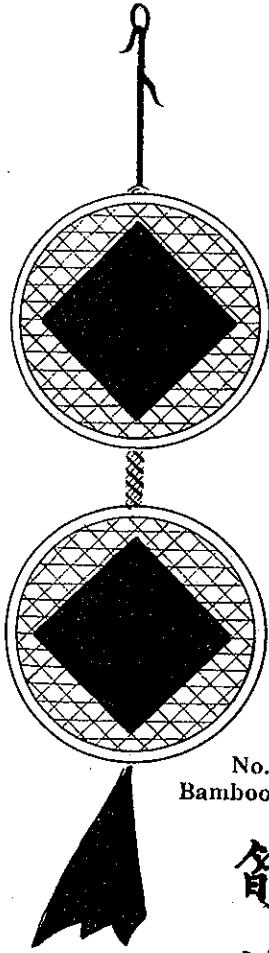
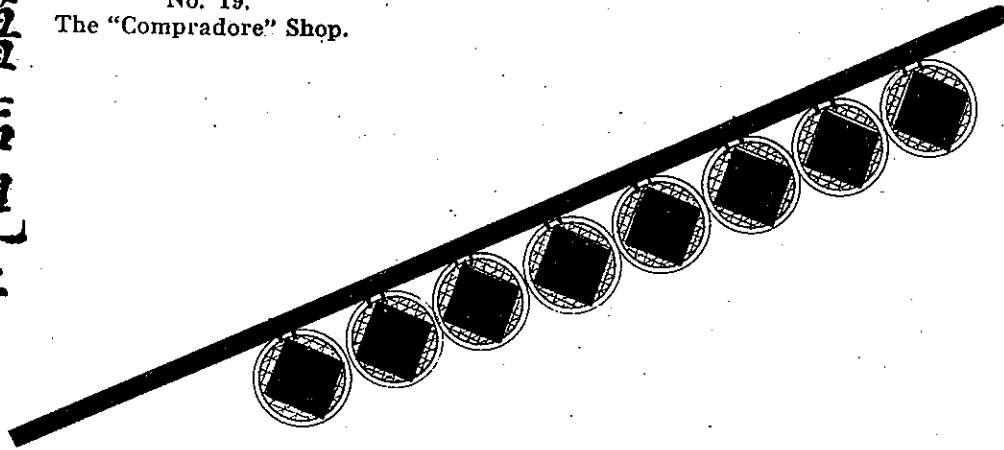
Were it, instead, coloured in red—in which case the bit of red cloth would not float whimsically beneath—it would indicate the shop of the large, round cakes made of bean flour, which are not properly to be called cakes, since they are not sweetened. They are a familiar sight on the street stalls in the villages of the north, where the foreigner has dubbed them “cart-wheels.” They are consumed by wheelbarrow men and others engaged in heavy labour, and are the principal article of the midday meal of the hard-working poor.

Here is a nursery rhyme in which some of their properties are recited:

Round bean cakes, with red spots bright!  
 The blind who eat them receive their sight.  
 They cure the deaf and heal the lame,  
 And preserve the teeth of the aged dame.  
 The bald who eat them grow a queue,

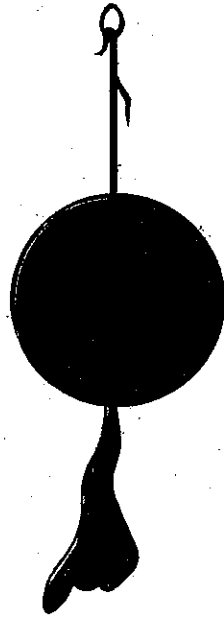
薑店幌子

No. 19.  
The "Compradore" Shop.



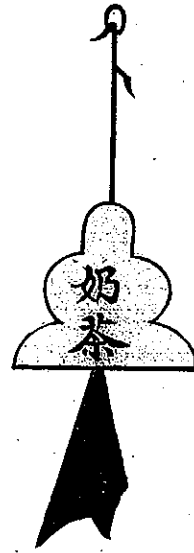
No. 20.  
Bamboo Shoots.

筍鋪幌子



No. 21.  
"Fragrant Oil."

香油幌子



No. 22.  
Milk, Tea, and Mongol Cheese.

奶茶鋪幌子

And the priest can read his Bible through.  
The man who eats fears not his wife,  
And the woman works better all her life!<sup>12</sup>

#### TEA, MILK, AND MONGOL CHEESE.

The history of No. 22, the last of the food symbols, has been most puzzling of all to trace, and it may be of interest to recount the most noteworthy of its interpretations. The characters it bears read: "Milk," and "Tea," and when passed around at random, among numbers of Chinese in Shanghai, where its like has never been seen, it was amusing to add each new translation of its significance to those that preceded it, sometimes disclosing the latter, for the purpose of starting discussion.

It may be as well to mention, at the outset, that for the most part, the sight of the symbol produced nothing but a shake of the head on the part of the majority of those appealed to. But among the replies were the following: 1. A teahouse, where milk would be served on request. 2. A teahouse, simply, as Chinese are not in the habit of drinking milk. 3. A shop selling "foreign man's" tea, or that variety to which milk would be added, as compared to the native's brand of the beverage. 4. The interpretation of the Pekingese—or such among them, as were not stricken dumb by the question—is probably correct, and runs as follows:

The sign is that of a teahouse of an humble order, and of a special sort, since the symbol is unlike any teashop sign ordinarily used. The regular tea dealer has adopted the black signboard, with the single character for tea, painted in gold; and the teahouse employes the same, or banners with written inscriptions, when it is not to be identified by its location in some fine old residence, or a park, with tile-roofed pagodas, like the famous teahouse in the Chinese city of Shanghai.

The message of this unique tea symbol is to the Mongol passerby; for the Mongol is a milk drinker, and his tea is a decoction more nearly resembling soup, being cooked in an open kettle over a fire, with butter and various other ingredients added. The "tea" itself bears no likeness to the tea leaf of commerce as it is known elsewhere. It is appropriately called "brick tea," being made from tea dust, pressed into a form that gives it the appearance of a slab of dark

brown wood. When the liquid is ready for drinking, it is transferred from the cauldron to a large copper receptacle built on the lines of the German beer stein, except that its perforated top is fixed, instead of hinged. This familiar object, in Mongolia, replaces the teapot used in China.

Attached to the humble dwelling in Peking, where the yellow sign swings, is a cow yard and its inhabitants, and therefore the character for "milk." But more welcome than this, to the Mongol, is the cheese of his native land which he may procure here.

It may be superfluous to mention that the form of the emblem does not suggest that of the Mongol's cheeses, as these are invariably cut into six- or eight-inch squares, of a thickness of about three inches. The cheese is very hard, and white in colour, and not at all unpalatable, though rather flat and unsalted in flavour. Clusters of these squares hang about the walls of the Mongol's *yurt* (tent) and play their own part in the atmosphere of his home—though not so prominent a one as does the future supply, which is simmering in the huge cauldron over the smouldering fire, occupying the centre of the *yurt's* floor!

Cheese, it may be remarked, is an article of food foreign to the Chinese regimen; and as the language does not include an authentic term for the commodity, it is called "cheese" by the foreigner's compradore and servants—or rather, "cheesi" or "cheeso," from their inability to cope with the final consonant. True, the Chinese Moslem is a cheese-eater, and among such as these it is known as "milk cake" (*nai bing*). But while it has been conservatively estimated that one in every 40 Chinese is a Mohammedan, it is interesting to remember, also, that in the Moslem province of Kansu, where 3,000,000 of the 10,000,000 inhabitants are followers of the Prophet, a large percentage of the so-called "Moslem Chinese" are not native converts to Islam, but the lineal descendants of the Arab-Persian Moslems, the Tung-siang Moslems, of Ugrian stock, and the Salar Moslems, whose forefathers were expelled from Samarkand by their ruler, one of the descendants of Mohammed.

The ancestors of the Arab-Persian Moslems first entered China during the Tang Dynasty (A.D. 618-936) coming through Central Asia by way of Chinese Turkestan. The arrival of the Tung-siang, believed to be of the same race as the Hsiung-Nu Turks,<sup>18</sup> is placed

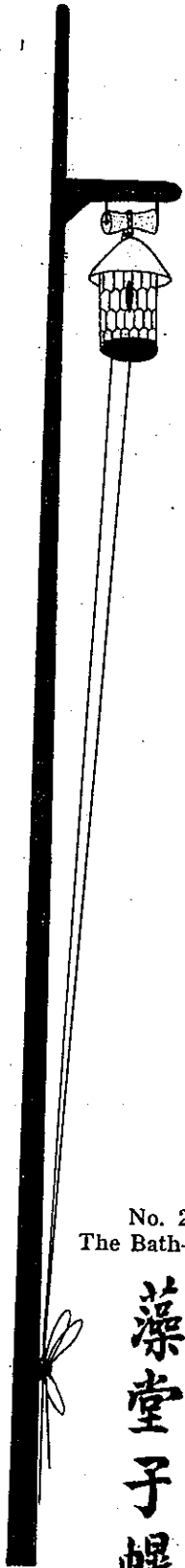
somewhere in the seventh or eighth centuries; while the Salar Moslems, following the injunction of their revered prophet-ruler, set forth in search of a new country—which he described to them by the colour of the land and water, and by the fact that a white camel had there been changed into stone—and reached China some time in the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). “By reason of this pure-stock addition to their numbers, the Mohammedans of Kansu are more easily distinguished from ordinary Chinese than Moslems living in other parts of China.” Thus, of the 3,000,000 “Moslem Chinese” in Kansu province, 350,000 are sprung from alien stock. The 50,000 aborigines (Miaos) are for the most part Lamaist Buddhists, like the Mongolian and Tibetan immigrants. In the Chinese flag the Mohammedans are represented in the white stripe; the Tibetans in the black; the Mongolians in the blue; the Manchus in the red; and the Chinese in the yellow.

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THE OUTER MAN

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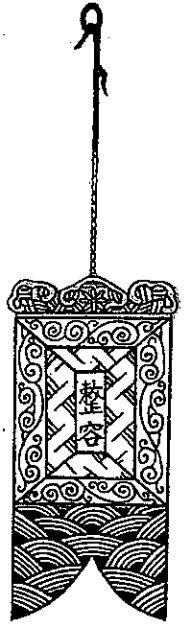
No. 23.  
The Bath-House.

澡堂子幌子



No. 24.  
The Tailor.

裁縫鋪幌子



No. 25.  
The Barber.

剃頭鋪幌子