

THE FLAMING RED DRAGON.

TODAY IT WILL FLOAT TRIUMPHANT IN CHINESE HOMES.

This Is the Opening of the 4,788th Year Since Emperor Yu Wong Drove the the Waters Into the Four Seas and Made the Globe Habitable—Hence It Is the Chinese New Year and It Will Be Celebrated in Kansas City With Much Rejoicing—The Bill of Fare.

Today is the Chinese New Year, and the Chinese colony in Kansas City has been in a state of ferment for more than a week over the prospect of the New Year festivities. There are upward of 300 Chinamen in the two cities, and for a whole week from yesterday they will give themselves up to a general all around jollification. The fun began on the last day of the old year, which was yesterday, and a TIMES reporter who went among the Celestials last night found that they know how to have a good time much better than do some of their Caucasian brethren.

At the home of Hing Kim, who operates some kind of a resort in the basement of the Fifth Avenue hotel, the reporter found gathered a party of eleven Chinamen. Gam Lee, an educated "Chink," who reads, writes and talks plain English like one of the manor born, filled the post of honor at the head of a table formed of a row of big dry goods boxes covered with a red cloth. Around this table were seated the guests and the feast spread out before them was fit for an American millionaire. Gam was in an amiable and talkative mood. The reporter was given the right hand of good fellowship and invited to be seated. There were no knives or forks upon the table, but plenty of spoons and chopsticks. Everybody helped himself to whatever he saw that appealed to his appetite and the guests were all talking and eating at the same time. There were no rats nor mice at this feast. There were gallons of tea served in little shallow teacups without handles, holding each a good swallow. The secret of its delicious aroma may have been in the quality of the leaves or the method of its making, but certainly no Caucasian disciple of the hissing urn ever brewed such a satisfying pot of the beverage as was handed around at this feast last night.

A huge stuffed goose loomed up in the center of the table. It was surrounded by innumerable jars and pots and cans and packages. This roast goose was the first thing tackled by the Celestials. It was carved and passed around and when every one present had had a taste the jars and other receptacles were made to yield up their secrets. There were pickled sharks' fins, tongue, pigs' snouts, fish crackers and a whole lot of curious looking Chinese confections and nuts. This part of the epicurean lay out was all right and smacked of civilization. Everybody was in the best of humor and even the hideous paper Joss perched upon a shelf in the corner appeared to relax his features in a smile and beamed patronizingly down

upon his worshipers.

Gam informed the reporter that this was a fair sample of hundreds of similar blowouts that will be given by different Chinamen for a week to come. Between mouthfuls of a dried fruit that tasted like apricots Gam said: "We keep a good time for one week long. Every Chinaman visits around like you treat me today and I treat you tomorrow. We make a big time. We eat and smoke a whole lot and drink plenty of wine."

At other Chinese laundries and stores the reporter found that great preparations had been made for the new year saturnalia. Quong Lee Chung, who keeps a big Chinese store at 218 West Fifth street, was behind his counter busily doling out groceries last night. He was selling stacks of queer looking Oriental packages. When asked if his countrymen were preparing to celebrate on an extensive scale he said:

"Yes, you bet, we have a — of a time."

And from what the reporter saw on his rounds last night he thinks Quong told the truth. Here is a Chinese New Year bill of fare:

First day—Paper prayers to Joss and New Year calling.

Second day—Eat fried bean sticks with salt olives.

Third day—Dried turnips and brand new port wine and Korean sea weeds.

Fourth day—Roast pig, roast chicken, pork pie, oyster sausage, duck's feet. The whole is washed down with swallows of bird's nests soup.

Fifth day—"Hit the pipe" and eat watermelon seed.

Sixth day—Fire crackers and gong music.

Seventh day—Once more "washee, washee."