THE BACHELOR AND THE CHAFING DISH

DESHLER WELCH

ILLUSTRATED

"AN AUTHORITY."

THE BACHELOR

AND

THE CHAFING DISH

WITH A DISSERTATION ON CHUMS

BY

DESHLER WELCH

CONTAINING SOME VALUABLE RECIPES GATHERED FROM FASCINATING SOURCES IN COOKERY—TRIUMPHS OF WELL-KNOWN BON VIVANTS IN CLUBS, YACHTING CIRCLES, ARMY AND NAVY, AND THE DREAMS OF FAIR WOMEN—HEAVEN BLESS 'EM!

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS DAY AND GEORGE R. HALM

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To Her

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THE TABLE

I HAVE more than once observed in public prints, of big and little circulation, that although the art of cookery ought to be the most attractive study in domestic economy, yet women as a general rule manifest less interest in it than men. In fact, the most important piece of machinery in woman's domain is usually relegated to an engineer of faultlessly persuasive ignorance. The more she may be mentally equipped to preside over the kitchen realm the less she seems inclined to have anything to do with it. On the other hand, men appear to have an instinctive fondness for meddling with everything appertaining to the art of cookery, for such it is come to be under ingenious skill and logical deduction. I have partaken of a more elaborate and tasty dinner gotten up in a yacht's small galley than I have ever had from "Bridget's" great kitchen with all her conveniences, and I have attended informal dinners where everything served was cooked directly in front of me on a chafing-dish with but very little trouble, that produced a feast worthy of the gods.

Since the ethics of Hafiz, the most epicurean of Persian poets, including that triumphant philosopher, Brillat Savarin, the most notable of writers have also been famous cooks. Dumas took his greatest delight in superintending the actual cooking of the simplest *déjeuner* or a banquet, were it in his own or his neighbor's house. The late George Augustus Sala was not only a most accomplished cook, but his dissertations on the subject were exceedingly infectious.

There may, of course, be too much "larnin'" even in cookery. As Goldsmith wrote:

> "You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
> A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning!"

Then again the poet-chef may construct his dishes so elaborately that

> "Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
> To spoil such a delicate picture by eating!"

I have had the privilege of knowing many distinguished men in various walks of life, and I think the most beguiling hours in their company were when some new culinary "creation" was under discussion. No man understood the value of a genial host in this respect better than the elder Sothern, nor could any man turn a spit with more energetic

interest than Dion Boucicault. But men's stomachs have always been their weaknesses, and it has fairly been said that if women wished to control the lords of creation it was only necessary to treat them as kindly as they would the brute—feed them!

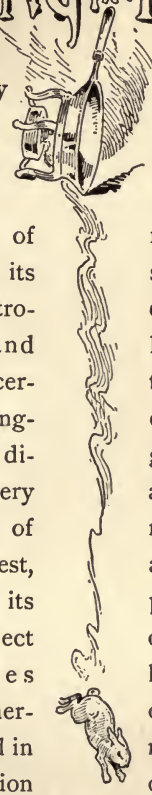
The new chafing-dish—which is a most delightful evolution—is accomplishing much as a civilizer. It is certainly an important factor nowadays in breaking formality and bringing people around a festive board under the happiest sort of circumstances. Its very general use by both men and women, its convenience for a quick supper or for a dainty luncheon, and its success as an economical provider where it is necessary—all this is putting the chafing-dish upon a queenly dais.

The idea of making this little book has been suggested to me over and over again by various friends with whom I have had the privilege of testing many of the recipes given. They have in every instance been a happy success in the presence of carefully scrutinizing *bon vivants* on board of yachts, in private dining-rooms of many clubs, in bachelor apartments, and among clever men and charming women at their homes.

In addition to such recipes suited to the chafing-

dish, a number of directions are given for the preparation of sauces, suggestions for the bachelor's larder, and various hints on miscellaneous subjects, that will be found more or less apropos, to which is added a glossary of the various terms used in cooking. This will be found especially convenient to the amateur chef in the construction of a menu-card.

CHASING THE RABBIT



NOT very many years ago toasted or cooked cheese was considered a most indigestible dish, and was seldom suggested in this country as a proper article of food for a late-night supper. But its sudden popularity came with the introduction of English chop-houses and latter-day cosmopolitanism. It can certainly be called the king of the chafing-dish, and, if made skilfully, is as digestible as it is palatable. Nearly every amateur cook believes his own way of making a Welsh rabbit to be the best, and in an assembled company during its preparation he is usually the object of a critical comment that becomes humorously provoking. After numerous experiments at various times and in many localities, and under the discussion of men and women of well-known good judgment, I am convinced that this is the most satisfactory recipe for its making. Let us say the rabbit is for six persons.

Two pounds of fresh American cheese should be in

readiness, well cut up or grated. First put into the dish, immediately over the fire, a lump of butter about the size of an egg. Rub this around in the pan until it begins to simmer. Now add to this a smooth teaspoon of paprika, a couple of tablespoons of beer or ale, and mix well with a spoon. Empty the cheese into this and manipulate it well until it becomes the consistency of batter, meanwhile adding more ale by degrees. Put in a modicum of salt, and either a tablespoonful of prepared English mustard or two of the French, and stir well until the cheese begins to bubble. There are some people who like the added flavor of Worcestershire sauce. I never had a rabbit become stringy if, at this stage, I took care of it and let it thoroughly cook while stirring. Have your bread or toast ready, and with a fork plunge each piece into the rabbit, thoroughly covering it, and then quickly serve on a heated plate. I do not think it makes much difference whether ale or beer is used—in fact, milk is an excellent substitute. Paprika is preferable to red pepper. *It actually helps to digest the cheese.* Ale or beer is the only thing that should be drunk in accompaniment.

Many a Welsh rabbit is ruined by not being well stirred. It should even be beaten. On this hang the law and the prophets.

"A golden buck" is simply a Welsh rabbit with a poached egg dropped upon it.

The late William J. Florence, the actor, once asked me for a good recipe for a Welsh rabbit. I was prompted to send him the following:

Should you ask me, friend and actor,
"Whence the flavor of the rabbit,
Whence its odor and its smoothness,
Whence its subtle fascination?"
I should answer, I should tell you:
"From the method of its mixture,
From the choice of its ingredients,
And the time of introduction,
This the way to make a rabbit:

'Give me of your cheese, O grocer!
Good fresh dairy cheese domestic—
Cheese quite fresh, not old and mouldy.'
Cut it then in dainty fragments—
Fragments cut in sizes equal;
Light the spirit-lamp and place it
'Neath the blazer brightly gleaming;
Then a lump of butter placing
In the blazer, watch it creaming,
Creaming in the heated blazer;
Then with deftness add the substance—
Creamy substance, cut in fragments.

Then when it doth melt and thicken,
Pour on ale—the ale called Bass's;
Gently add in scanty spoonfuls,
Lest you chill the substance melting—
Always stirring, stirring always.

When the cheese to heat surrenders,
Drop into this dish so tempting
Two teaspoonfuls, measured finely,
Only two of Coleman's mustard.
This you add to keep dyspepsia,
Grim dyspepsia, from partakers—
All this while keep up the stirring,
Always stirring, stirring always.
Add a touch of red paprika,
Made from pepper-tips Hungarian;
This the foe of indigestion,
Deadly foe of indigestion.

Now you stir with vim and ardor,
For the rabbit nears completion,
And the appetites are whetted
By the subtle, faint aroma.
Plates, hot plates, must be beside you,
Crowned with buttered toast and waiting
For the baptism of the rabbit
Hot and smooth, and O! so fragrant!

Quickly bid the guests assail it
Ere a breath of air can chill it;
Ale or beer attend the feasting.
And delay is most disastrous;

Plates and toast and beer and glasses
Must be ready at your elbow—
Quickly served and quickly eaten,
And the grace be spoken after.
This the secret of the rabbit."

Shade of Longfellow! May I be forgiven for this!

But it is no wonder too many cooks spoil the broth! I have eaten some very extraordinary Welsh rabbits. As a matter of curiosity, I give the following, which I find in the autobiography of Brillat Savarin: "Take as many eggs as you wish, according to the number of guests, and weigh them; then take a piece of cheese weighing a third of the weight of the eggs, and a slice of butter weighing a sixth; beat the eggs well up in a saucepan, after which put in the butter and cheese, the latter either grated or chopped up very small; place the saucepan on a good fire, and stir it with a flat spoon until the mixture becomes sufficiently thick and soft; add a little salt and a large portion of pepper, and serve up in a hot dish."

According to a recent English writer, "a Welsh rarebit is not reckoned as among the refinements of the table, but is still held in great repute by gentlemen of the old school, who desire a stimulant

after dinner." So, as a curious stimulant, I give "Dr. Kitchiner's" recipe. Whether the good doctor's name is a humorous *nom de plume* I know not. If it is his own, the gods give him joy! Here it is:

"Cut a slice of bread, about half an inch thick; pare off the crust, and toast it very lightly on both sides; do not harden or scorch it. Cut a slice of rich cheese a quarter of an inch thick, less than the bread by half an inch all round; it must be perfectly sound and the rind be cut off. Lay it on the bread, and put into a cheese-toaster; carefully watch it that it does not burn, and stir the cheese gently with a spoon to prevent a skin forming on the surface. As soon as it is thoroughly melted and hot, serve with mustard and pepper."

It seems to be a question of doubt by the average cheese-lover whether to call it "rarebit" or "rabbit." It is most certainly a Welsh rabbit, just the same as the addition of an egg makes it a "golden buck," and nothing else. We also know that a "Scotch woodcock" is quite a jocular treatment of an appetizing dish in which the real bird does not appear.

"It may not be just to judge others by your own weaknesses, but it's safe," a clever woman once re-

marked to me, and I think it is quite likely to be so in almost everything but eating. But one must be Napoleonic in making Welsh rabbits before a number of interested guests; one must also be royal. To my taste, there must be an apparent prodigality in the use of the condiments here set down.

Mushrooms for Jim

So far, O reader, you must have observed that I have not written as an autocrat; at least, not entirely so. Pray give me credit for that! Rather would I write as Horace, with simple ejaculations of delight in conjunctive; as *I* like it. I am not a maker of cook-books. I have not a single ambition in that direction, and what I may wish to say under the warm glow of conviviality will not partake of cold-blooded prescription, all well indexed, and set up in oil-cloth covering for ready reference by Bridget in her basement kitchen.

Let us come to our bachelor apartment. Jim—big, bustling, hearty fellow as he is—has come in. I have been buried for the last half-hour in Charles Lamb's dissertation on "Roast Pig."

"I say, old chap," says he, "I'm deucedly hungry—what's in the larder?"

"Nothing but mushrooms," I reply.

"Ye gods!"

I knock the ashes from my pipe, and poke the fire a bit.

"Well, you *are* a good 'un," says Jim. "Noth-

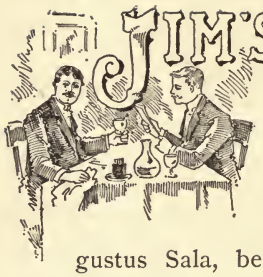
ing could be better. But oh, for a broiled mushroom on toast!"

"You shall have it."

"In a chafing-dish? Come off, old man!"

This is how I did it:

In the first place, they were fresh—just from the field where I had found them. Into the chafing-dish I put some sweet olive-oil—just enough to flood it. Then a teaspoonful of paprika, a divination of black pepper, and a pinch of salt. Into this I placed the mushrooms, hollow part upward, put on the cover, and they browned in—well, say ten minutes. Turning them into a covered dish, I put two slices of bread into the hot pan with half an ounce of butter. In a few seconds they were heated sufficiently to serve the mushrooms upon.



JIM'S DINNER

It is useless to set down the culinary invention of such a connoisseur, for instance, as George Augustus Sala, before a hungry canal-boat driver, and look expectantly for an intellectual smile of satisfaction. Some men simply eat to live until another day, not with the cheering prospect that they may eat again. To-morrow's meals are, to many, a tiresome necessity. And, too, I do not care for the glutton who lives to eat; but give me a moderate man who thinks well, and, when free from his professional duties, says to you, with a hearty slap and just a suspicion of a smack to his lips, "Look here, old man, what do you say to a chop? I know the cosiest place in town—something to see while you eat—a regular crank on paintings and etchings, don't you know—the best men go there, and all that."

That's the kind of a fellow Jim is. He talks just that way, and never speaks about anything more serious when he is hungry than a chop or a steak; but when you are seated at the little polished table with him, he has such an insidious

way of making you believe you are hungrier than you are, and that you know a great deal more about the proper thing than you do, that the first thing you know "you are like a house afire" with enthusiasm, as he used to say.

Sometimes Jim would be hard up at an exceedingly unfortunate time—just when I was. On one of these occasions he said to me: "We'll have to go it light, old man—simply a snack of something or other." Then we would have a bisque by the way of a soup, with some toast and anchovy paste, to start off on. Of course nothing could be better; it was all so deucedly appetizing! Then would come some calf's tongue in brown sauce, with a triumphant tinge of flavor that Jim had suggested himself. Then a salad—chicory with plain dressing—followed by Rocquefort cheese that was solemnly declared to be genuine. Meanwhile we had completely destroyed a bottle of Chablis, and ended with black coffee and Benedictine, and a cigar that he knew how to recommend. There was not much variety to that, was there? Oh, but it was all very hearty and chummy, and we would wax warm in friendship over it. Does any woman know that? Does any woman realize the honest, pure feeling of affection that one man may have for another—that feeling that is never lost as long as life lasts? I

think Jim enjoyed *my* enjoyment more than he did his own ; I know he did. He left the table with a worried brow, and I saw him talk to the proprietor —old Gerot gone to his reward—then he returned with a smile, and "it's all right until to-morrow !"

Emerson has said, "We walk alone in the world." I don't believe it.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Has often left me mourning."

MY SCOTCH FRIEND

"Musing sit I on the settle,
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays."

—HEINE.

IT was blowing great guns outside one night, and I was just in for a lazy time of it with a "church-warden" and a "hot Scotch," when my friend Henderson squeezed through the doorway, and instantly filled the room with his ruddy glow of geniality. From a capacious pocket in his great topcoat he drew forth a sealed quart-can and placed it on the table with a bang.

"There!" said he, "is something direct from Glasgow; you never tasted the like of it. But give *me* a Scotch haggis when I'm hungry, and I call it the 'hecht' of hospitality!"

"And *what* is a haggis, pray?" I asked with some astonishment, surveying the object as I might a can of dynamite.

"A haggis?" Then he stretched himself on the settle, lit a warden, and said with an injured air: "I thought better than that of you, old chap. I knew you never tasted one, but it's not half so mysterious as your American hash. A haggis?

Why, it's the stomach of a sheep filled with its other good things—heart, tongue, and liver, all cut up; then there's added to it a bit of bacon, eggs, anchovies, wine, and pepper and salt! Then you boil it for two hours!"

"That's pleasant," I ejaculated.

"Of course it is," said Henderson. "Why, man alive, it's the pleasantest thing on earth!"

"I mean—sitting around for a couple of hours—waiting for it to boil!"

"But if *I* don't object to sitting around why should you? Come, don't you think you're a bit unreasonable for a man who doesn't know anything about haggis? Besides, what is time made for, anyway?"

"Of course, I know, but"—I put in—"it isn't the time so much as it is the waiting. Now, look at it seriously, old fellow. Say, for instance, we start in: you tell that old Scotch story of yours about Doctor McLeod's Sunday out; that will take twenty minutes, possibly half an hour, if you're in the humor of it. After that you'll tell me George Augustus Sala's conversation with Sardou about French plays being prejudicial to the morals of the young; that certainly won't take ten minutes, if you get excited over it. Then you'll follow with your inimitable, and, I may say, superb, description of

the Maharajah's palace ; that's another twenty minutes. Now, *what* are we to do the next hour ? "

This was too much. My friend snapped off his churchwarden, and, as he lit up another, said : " Well, I'll be damned ! Can't *you* do something ? If I provide the haggis, it seems to me you might at least wait until it cooks ! " Then he became so earnest that he went off into the most unintelligible Scotch dialect. Henderson always talked in another language when he got mad. Finally, he ended up understandingly : " When you've been aboard my yacht, haven't *I* waited around an old iron anchor *hours* just for a breeze that you might enjoy yourself ? How was it that day off Noshone Island ? "

" Yes, how was it that day when *I* got up a surprise dinner for your birthday, and you went off in some other fellow's yacht—and didn't turn up ? Didn't *I* do the waiting ? "

" Well, I'll admit that was a surprise," said Henderson with a make-believe humbleness. Then, suddenly, with a merry twinkle, " Come, old chap, you never would take a chaffing. Why, that haggis *has* been cooked ! It only needs steaming up ! "

" It isn't everybody who can appreciate a haggis," said my Scotch friend half an hour afterward. " *You* do. I can see that."

"It depends greatly on the condition of one's stomach, I should say," I said timidly. I always tried to enjoy everything the way he did.

"Yes; it does depend on the stomach. I can see that. This one which you have just eaten is capital."

We puffed our pipes in silence for a few moments. Then, after a new brew of hot Scotch, Henderson said: "Now let me fix you up something—just to top off with. We will have a Scotch woodcock!"

"Let's talk about it instead. Really, I haven't an appetite. What is it?"

He gave me a look of despair, and then resignedly said, between puffs: "If you want something appetizing, you couldn't think of anything better."

As for me, I never could get up much interest eating anything when once I had dined. But I'll challenge any one to withstand Henderson's seductive ways. I have always thought that if I were a housekeeper I would do all my marketing just before the meal hour. Even a raw carrot or a turnip had charms for me then. Many a time, on such occasions, have I wondered why it was difficult for even the most blasé housekeeper to resist the temptation of a fine-looking head of cabbage.

My friend was certainly a gourmand. He never seemed to suffer the pangs of indigestion. No matter how sumptuously he had eaten he would enter into the most happy kind of a discussion concerning why a well-regulated larder ought to be a housewife's throne. "And yet," he would say, "I never saw a woman take a real heart interest in her kitchen, as I would in my ship's galley. The average cook in a private house wouldn't be tolerated in a man's systematic domain. Now, look at Richard, my steward! Why, he has a little box of a place—you could hardly turn around in it! Yet what of that dinner I gave aboard the other night to two and twelve club fellows? Didn't we have a dozen courses? If you'd looked into that galley an hour after, there wouldn't have been a sign of it! Ten to one Richard would have been found reading 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor!'"

"The fact of it is," my friend went on, "men cook to please themselves and women cook to please others. After all, I think women prefer tea and toast. Now let me tell you how to make a Scotch woodcock: First toast and butter some bread on both sides, and spread on this some chopped anchovies. Beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a pint of cream, and thicken this for

a few moments in your chafing-dish, without letting it come to a boil. Arrange your small pieces of toast into a little pyramid and pour this over it. Then you'll want something else to eat afterward!"

THE LORD HARRY

"THE Invalid's Tray" is worth talking about. I have a literary chum who got ill simply because he didn't eat enough! He had the funniest little "den" in town. It wasn't much more than ten feet square, and Harry slept there, wrote there, and had long chummy talks with me when we both ought to have been in bed hours ago. He would begin his day of work on a boiled egg, a cup of coffee, and a loaf of "home made." He would keep his larder in a soap box fastened on the ledge of the window outside, and respectfully called it his refrigerator. He paid about two dollars a week for his quarters, and laid other dollars by in the bank. During the day he would forget himself in his novelettes, verses, and "pot boilers" generally until it got too late to get lunch. He would dine around the corner at a dyspeptic *table d'hôte*, and regale me afterwards with the astounding menu, including wine, for fifty cents! He had the most wonderful system for his literary business. He could lay his hands on any subject as soon as he thought about it, by referring to the contents of a tin cigarette box, and he kept a lot of these little boxes, all duly labelled, in vari-

ous corners of the room. It used to cheer me up a great deal to have an old-fashioned talk with Harry. I would come away feeling that if I wanted to obtain the earth all I had to do was to think that it was perfectly possible. He gave me so many tips !

And he had such clever, original ideas ! If you'd go to him and tell him your painful story about unrequited love, it would seem the simplest thing imaginable, after you had laid it all before him and got his advice, to win the girl by simply turning your hand over, as it were.

Every once in a while, when literary work began to be financially slow, Harry would accept some theatrical engagement. He was a first-rate actor of the Wyndham type, and had been brought up in the atmosphere of the greenroom. But he seemed singularly unambitious in that direction, and would only speak of it as "going on simply to help matters." On such occasions he would dine around like the veritable lord I had come to dub him.

It was after one of these periods of extravagance that Harry "took ill." After seriously diagnosing his case, I came to the conclusion that it was all because of his stomach. Then I insisted upon treating him as an invalid, and suggested certain things for him accordingly. The first really tempt-

ing dish I gave him was "Croûte clams," then a "Billy Deutsch ragout," and very frequently a "Bill Traver's cocktail." There was a seductive sound about the latter that caused Harry to look anxiously waiting when I first mentioned it. But it was nothing but very hot water.

But the thing that really saved Harry's life (and it helped me a good bit, too) was a brandy mixture. He liked it so well that he thought it ought to be printed in some way for the good of other poor devils in distress. So here it is: Mix a gill of brandy and a gill of cinnamon water, yolks of two eggs, half an ounce of powdered sugar, two drops of oil of cinnamon. I told Harry to take three tablespoonfuls of this every quarter of an hour if he was very exhausted. But he took it all at once and said he needed it that way!

My friend "Ed" taught me the first rudiments of cookery. It all began by frying fish and making coffee after we had pitched tent in some ideal place along the lake-shore in those halcyon days when we were young, energetic, not purse-proud, and full of appreciation for all of the benefits which nature seemed to bestow purposely for our delectation.

I was young in those days. When I look back on those June hours, it is like the dream of Arcadia—more healthy than any I have since had. Life was stretched out before me like that expanse of tranquil blue water. My troubles were as light as the fluff on the heather; my youthful energy was never evanescent, and my air-castles were iridescent with hope! Why, I had never been in love!

The Maud Mullers, the Evangelines, and the Marguerites were merely interesting human creatures described in rhyme. But the luminous mist on the hills in the azure haze of an Indian summer,

the mellow light that crept over the pasture where cows were ruminating, the crickets' song of silence, and the cry of the whippoorwill — all this was poetry, and appealed to me with devout thanksgiving that I was permitted to be alive. For the brute my sympathies were most tender. I think I had a strange influence over all animal life, for the cows and sheep in unfamiliar places would come to me and never seem afraid. It was out of all this longing affection that the virtue of my first real love was subsequently born. But oh, this retrospection! Let me get back to practical things; let me come back to this cook-book and deal with the material!

In those days Ed seemed much older than I. Now he doesn't. I presume it was because he was tall and manly, with a great, big chest, and a way that so dominated me that my youthful impulses oftentimes met with a frost-like observation—very much as I have seen a St. Bernard dog look at a setter pup. My first lessons in cooking principally consisted in going for the milk. That was usually an errand that meant a mile over hedge and stubble and along a dusty road to some near farmer's house. On my return I was sure to find Ed taking a siesta while the water was boiling over the drift-wood fire. Then he would say: "Humph, if

you'd been a little quicker, I would have shown you how to boil water as it ought to be boiled. If you want to know how to make coffee, you must begin at the very beginning. Do you suppose Booth played 'Hamlet' without studying all the stage rudiments?" Of course, I didn't realize the value of all this sage advice at the time. I do now. Well, I did learn to boil on that trip, and one day fried some perch so thoroughly that now among the trophies of the past I believe Ed has the pan with the fish still clinging to it. As I have said, those were halcyon days, when cracked wheat, served hot on the little camp table with some New Orleans molasses, a cup of Ed's coffee, and some berries gotten on a foraging expedition, made a feast that was enjoyed with more healthy zest than any I have since had. We used to get great pieces of cheese from pretty farmers' daughters; but it never occurred to us to make Welsh rabbits out of it. In fact, at that time such a mixture would have been looked upon as a patent recipe for a nightmare. No. I fancy the pretty farmers' daughters' smiles made that cheese more palatable and digestible than any considerable amount of paprika.

One thing I at least learned to do in those old camping-out days, and that was to make a good cup

of coffee. I do not think it was very good then. Ed said it wasn't; but it was the experience I got that was so tremendously valuable—don't you know. We were talking it over the other night. Ed was smoking his old meerschaum pipe and telling me that I didn't know beans about cooking, or even catching fish, in those days. I said that even if I didn't I got pretty good milk when I went for it. Then we discussed coffee, and came to the conclusion that there were two good ways of making it, and in the long run, unless it was for a *demi tasse* at the end of a dinner, the old-fashioned way of boiling it was the most satisfactory.

But we hatched out three good recipes, and here they are:

First.—See that you get good coffee, one part Mocha and two parts Java, ground fine. Fill a good-sized cup with it and mix well into this a raw egg and the shell. Now let your water—say a quart—come to the boiling point, then add to this the mixture. Let it stand for at least ten minutes and keep at the boiling point—at least let it boil up twice—then pour in a cup of cold water. Let stand for five minutes longer, then serve with cream or hot milk. This ought to make a cup of delicious coffee.

SECOND.—To make French coffee : Simply pour hot water on well-ground coffee through the top strainer. If chicory is added it will help flavor and color. Delmonico and all best restaurants use it.

THIRD.—Same as first, except when putting into it a cup of cold water add rich milk. This will bring a perfect golden color to your coffee and also saves extra serving. This is known on the menus as *café au lait.*

A·DINNER·IN·A·SLOT

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY, the "poet with a voice of his own," as the London *Academy* put it, once confided to me something about a nine-course dinner he had which caused him to bemoan the fact that no inventive Yankee had yet patented a folding chafing-dish which could be carried in the vest pocket or worn as a charm on the watch-chain. Mr. Harvey is responsible for the christening of paprika as the "Goddess of Good Digestion" (He also confessed to me in an unguarded moment that he wrote that immortal poem, "Girl in hammock—reading book,") and he bows at her shrine as a fervent devotee. "You can eat a Welsh rabbit, dish and all, without indigestion, if plenty of paprika is well stirred in while the cheese is melting," he said to me once, and I really believe he would have tried it if it hadn't been a silver-plated affair that I was rather fond of. Once upon a time he was in London, and had taken the underground railway at King's Cross for Waltham Green. He became interested in a magazine article (I have often wondered what magazine that

was) and neglected to change cars at Earlscourt. As a consequence he suddenly found the chimney-pots of London town disappearing in the distance, while before him spread out the green fields and suburban villas beyond Hammersmith and Ravenscourt. He appealed to the guard, who told him to hurry across the tracks and take the returning train; but the way was circuitous and elevated, and the gate was closed upon a sadder and wiser as well as a hungrier man, for dinner-time was come. A good dinner had been missed, and the schedule showed no train for an hour. A generous station manager, however, extended him the freedom of the platform on which to walk off his vexation. Then came a ray of hope. In the dim light of an October evening he saw, standing by the station wall, a row of slot machines arrayed along like wailing ghosts on the ragged headlands of the eternal future.

There were sixty long minutes of waiting to kill, "and so," murmured the poet, "I will draw on my imagination (my friend has a plethora of this) and sumptuously dine!"

The margin of the magazine supplied an illustrated menu-card, and upon it was inscribed, "Potage," "Hors D'œuvres," "Poisson," "Releve," "Entree," "Roti," and "Dessert." Then began the dinner, each course being attended by a musical

prelude, which was produced by the rattling of a copper in-the-slot machine. The nearest he could get to potage was fig-paste, while, for poisson, even my poet's now feverish imagination failed, and with the usual prelude he weighed himself on automatical scales. A "tuppence" gave him entrees of sugared peanuts and lemon-drops, tutti-frutti and pepsin-gum. Then came the substantial roti in the form of slabs of sweet chocolate.

But this being in no sense a fulness as yet, a second service was requested, and two more solid slabs of chocolate gave weight and dignity to the solitary dinner—so much so that Harvey was about to weigh himself again, but saved the expense by noticing on the machine that each delivery of the mechanism supplied the purchaser with just one ounce of chocolate; so he stepped on to the next instrument in the line, which happened to be a slot fortune-teller. The fig-paste and lemon-drops had already begun their fatal work, so it was with quiet heroism the diner saw, as though in letters of fire, in the fortune-teller, these words: "A serious illness threatens you. That which you don't expect is sure to come true."

With a heavy sigh the poet moved on to the next machine, which told for a penny what number of spectacles should be secured to make the eyesight

normal. "I'll take that in place of the punch," said the poet to the eye-tester. Another penny was ventured for bon-bons as dessert, but it slipped into the wrong slot and brought forth postage-stamps. Another one perfumed the handkerchief, into which, he told me, he wept copiously as the train at last rolled into the station.

"And if ever I miss another train," concluded my poet-friend, "and have to draw on my imagination, I'll pretend I'm Nebuchadnezzar, and browse on the grass of the fields."

NYM CRINKLE'S DIAPASON

I READ in the *Sun* that the boys and girls were gathering autumn leaves in the country, and a poetical description of the azure haze in the air, the sunshine of gold, and the splashed colors of the rainbow painted on the foliage, set me to thinking. I had really allowed myself to forget for the moment that God was visiting anywhere near me, and I was fired by a sudden desire to go and witness some of His transformation scenes outside the city gates. I had one friend in the country whom I knew would welcome me; so I telegraphed to Nym Crinkle at his house in the Ramapo hills, and this was his reply:

NYMSDEN.

Come on up. I have a new Alderney cow to show you; a short-horn bull; the dog has pups; the ground is covered with chestnuts and apples, and the sun rises every morning where you can see it. CRINKLE.

Nym met me at Spring Valley as the 4.57 train came in. He was on the back seat, with an extra coat for me because, as he said, I probably thought it was just as warm eight hundred feet above my New York office. "Rube" drove, and remarked as we bowled along over the road that if I'd go to

the "smithy" with him the next day he would let me see the sore foot of the nigh horse.

There is no other house like Nym's den. It's the longest, biggest, cosiest country place I was ever in. There's style about it above the lowly farmer, but there are no false notes sung in its hospitality. There is an atmosphere of gentle, happy Bohemia, such as you like where hands clasp firm. Nym built this house by his pen. He was several years in building it, paying for it in ripples that soon gathered into a solid wave of possession. He built it as he wanted it. The boss carpenter may have bossed his man, but when Nym wanted a twenty-foot opening for a fireplace he bossed that. He has his "morning" room, where the early sun shines in from across the meadows, and he has the "living" room, which the sun lightens through the trees the rest of the day, and then gives the calm, gentle hour of dusk, when it sinks back of the great hills of Ramapo. At night big logs of wood warm this living room into an embrace of comfort, and around its table, under a lamp that seems to help in the search to each other's heart, there is something different discussed from the shallow gabble of the club. Nature seemed never more gorgeous than it did on this visit of mine. The sky was Venetian, and the paint-brush that had colored the leaves had

splashed them with Etruscan. The orchards were speckled with red apples, and the little touch of frost the night before had made the chestnut-burs drop and open on the ground. Everywhere the cornucopia of plenty suggested itself, and the air was so exhilarating I found myself thanking God I lived, even more enthusiastically than the katydids and whippoorwills declared themselves that night. Do you blame me that I fell into writing such lines as these before I crept into bed?

What a profusion of leaves!
Yellow and russet, red and brown,
All touched with a golden brush.
Ferns in myriad tints are casting
Shadows of delicate tracery,
And fields are dimly yellow
With fading golden-rod.

Above the sun-burned marsh
The heads of cat-tails peep,
Their brown pompons unravelled in the winds;
Yellow tents of field-shocked corn,
And pumpkins piled like cannon-balls,
While through draperies of dying leaves
Rosy apples wink.

Elms and oaks, pines and maples!
Swelling masses of green splashed red!
The sun's aslant, the shadow's long;
An odor of brown grass is on the evening breeze;

The hazy horizon suffused with blushes ;
The half-moon white as silver shining in the east ;
The leaf-gatherers are going to their homes ;
The whippoorwill is calling to its mate !

There ! that may be faulty literature, and the rhythm may be halting, and there may be a strange uncertainty to my lines ; but I think when I read it to Nym he'll say : " My boy, the way you read it is the way we both have the painting in our hearts ! "

Singular, is it not, that when you are in the country there is more pleasure waiting at the pasture fence for the morning greeting to the soft-eyed cows than there is to be found in a city flat ? I had a great deal of honest happiness in rolling through the autumn leaves with the big staghound " Sport," who always seemed to be on the threshold of conversation with me. The chestnuts and apples, the cider and milk, that I digested made me healthier than a Manhattan cocktail would have made me, and the infantile delight I took in watching the cook at the kitchen step making a pumpkin pie would not be understood by everybody.

One day Nym's family went to town, and directly afterwards the servants struck for higher wages. They seemed to think that if they had to work 800 feet above the level of the sea they were entitled to

correspondingly higher pay. We tried to figure up just about what they should have on that line of argument, but found it would take so much printed matter in the way of pot-boilers to meet their demands, that we resolved to boil the pot ourselves. So Nym put aside his philosophy of dramatic criticism and his deductions concerning the amenities of men and things, and donned a gingham apron. We couldn't understand why the "women folks" shirked the work we then assumed. Why, the hours went by in a perfect rhapsody of happy rhythm! We cooked such juicy steaks, and then we smothered them in the crispest of onions or the freshest of mushrooms! We boiled potatoes with their jackets on that were simply dreams of mealy whiteness! As for our scrambled eggs in thick cream, they were beyond the criticism of a Savarin! Talk about the drudgery of the kitchen wench! Fudge! Why, any woman with half an eye ought to enjoy such occupation! Why should she want higher pay? No; we actually couldn't comprehend it. We could barely wait for the blue streaks of morning, so eager were we to be up and doing, and all day long; whether we were rambling through the woods and orchards, or visiting the pigs, or cavorting with the puppies, it was only a matter of *pour passer le temps* until it was the hour to begin

operations on the next banquet. Of course you couldn't expect us to take time to wash *all* the dishes! We put those aside that we had used and took new ones, because Nym had a lot of 'em, and what was the use?

And then, how we did just enjoy the last hours of the night thinking what we would have the next day! We concocted all sorts of arrangements, and finally, as a last experiment, got up a batch of bread. That was a solid success.

The Little Table d'Hôte

One day Tom said to me: "I say, old man, it's all nonsense, don't you know, spending two or three dollars for our dinners the way we have been doing? There are the Appleby-Joneses, who are rather high tarts, and they get ever so much more than we do, with wine included, for only fifty cents apiece!" So Tom and I determined to forsake the "Studio" or the "Clifton" for a while, and see how things worked along on Twenty-fifth Street. There were three places, next door to each other, that held out alluring signs, and canopies down to the sidewalk in case the night was wet. Our first dinner was astonishing. How they could do it we didn't know: half a dozen courses, claret, all the black coffee you wanted, and only ten cents to the waiter. To be sure, the oil on the salad tasted as though it had been made out of old shoes, and the salt was of the quality that hides are preserved in. Yet it wasn't necessary to gorge ourselves with either, and we considered in the first hour of our enthusiasm that we had struck oil, even if it were of an inferior kind.

With the two successive nights we tried the neighbors, and then went on to other streets hard by, with the result we began laying up money in the bank, and declared that one could live more cheaply, and at the same time more luxuriously, in New York than any other town.

After a couple of weeks had gone by with this sort of thing, Tom said to me : " I don't know how it is, but I'm hungry and still I'm not. Dear old Bradley doctored me yesterday with a dose of pepsin-flakes, but somehow or other I'm all out of sorts. What do you say to trying something better to-night? I don't mind going a dollar." I said : " All right ; let's go to Spagetti's ; they say he's up to Del's almost."

So we went to Spagetti's and ate with new zest. It was a novelty, at any rate, and the people there appeared to be enjoying their first meal on earth. It entertained us to see them devour macaroni as a cow would hay. They had an idea that it shouldn't be cut with even a fork, and sucked it in with a provincial grimace of satisfaction that a stork would have envied in trying to swallow an eel. When we got through and felt like a couple of turkeys with superfluous dressing, I said to Tom : " Those kidneys were pretty good, weren't they ? "

He said : " Do you mean those things on a stick

with bacon in between them? For my part, I feel as if I had a stick through my own. No, old chap, the fact is, I'm going back to a boarding-house. Even pie would be a relief."

The next night we went to Del's.

FITZNOODLE'S CHAFING DISH

I MET B. B. Vallentine, formerly editor of *Puck*, rushing around the *Herald* building a few days ago. We got to talking about the chafing-dish. Knowing him to be almost wholly responsible for the sanity of Lord Fitznoodle as we knew him in *Puck* and occasionally since, I asked him to speak to His Lordship on the subject. The next day came Fitznoodle himself.

"Ya-as," he said, "there was a time aw—it was a considerwable perwiod aw ago—when I thought it would be awfully jolly, ye know, to be what some aw literwarwy fellaws, artist fellaws, and some fellaws interwested in the dwama, call a Bohemian. I don't pwecisely know how to descwibe the charwactah of a Bohemian, but in a generwal way it is supposed to be a aw fellaw who is not fond of cerwemony or of doing everwything in a cut-and-dwied mannah.

"I got the ideah fwom weading some aw Fwench books when I was at Cambwidge. I don't mean, ye know, the Amerwican aw Cambwidge, which I believe is also a descwiption of college, but the English Cambwidge aw.

"By the way, it's doosid awkward having the same name aw faw such places, and must aw fwequently lead to erwahs.

"In twying to be a Bohemian I used to gives uppahs in my wooms in Twinity College. Jack, who was aw in those days a cornet in a wahtah cwack cavalwy wegiment, used occasionally to wun down to see me and aw suggested on one occasion that it would not be at all a bad ideah to pwactice cookerwy and the pweparwations of varwious edibles in connection with a chafing-dish. Jack wemarked he had made aw quite a success of it in barwacks.

"I aw don't think my name will be handed down to posterwity as a particulahly superwiah cook, but it weally afforded me and the othah fellaws in Twinity considerwable wecweation.

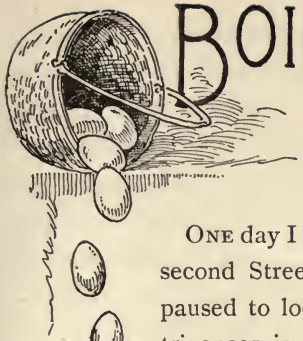
"We didn't aw welish the arwangements I pweparwed in the chafing-dish, but serving them cweated hilarwity, and I aw indeed often laughed quite fweely. One fellaw, just befaw exam. faw the aw degwee, got weady a verwy widiculous examination papah, containing comical and humorwous questions, the aw answers to which would weveal the pwoficiency any fellaw had acquired in the aw science of chafing-dish cookerwy.

"Of course it wasn't weally aw necessarwy to weply to these questions in ordah to pass an examina-

tion—the fellaws only did it to have a aw jolly lark, ye know.

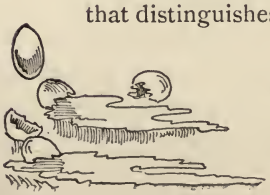
"My memorwy is not verwy good, but among the aw dishes I twied to pwepare in my chafing-dish experwiments were aw Welsh wabbits, aw bwoiled lobstahs, aw large Bwitish cwabs, two or thrwee kinds of fwicassees and Colchestah natives—they're oystahs, ye know—cooked in a mannah which has escaped my wecollection.

"Many fellaws wemarked aftah I had gwown tired of my chafing-dish that there was an extwemely wapid disappearwance of the dyspepsia fwom which they had been sufferwing aw."



BOILING THINGS

ONE day I was walking along Forty-second Street with George, when we paused to look at some curious contrivances in a large show-window of "a house-furnishing store." There were two machines so mysterious and intricate that we resolved to go in and inquire of a gentlemanly clerk, if he could be found, exactly as to their uses. The clerk proved to be gentlemanly enough, but extremely noncommittal. He treated our subsequent surprise as a personal insinuation. Whether he had any hopes of selling either of us the first machine I have never learned. He placed it before us with that American complaisance that distinguishes and makes brighter the life of Chauncey Depew, and explained to us its workings as well as



he could. It was a nickel-plated affair, resembling somewhat an old cider-press that I was once very intimate with when I used to spend my summers on Calvin Ely's farm. This counterfeit presentment, with its hydraulic screws, jacks, and levers, was a combination of ingenuity, so the clerk informed me, for the purpose of squeezing the marrow out of a duck's bones, and the price was forty dollars!

It seemed to us this was rather an expensive method of getting out marrow. There were so many simpler ways! George suggested, for instance, that any old thing would do. "What's the matter with pushing it out with a lead-pencil?" said he.

"Or a hairpin?" I added. Then continuing:

"Although either one of those plans is good, George, yet it seems to me that the subject under consideration is whether this machine is not only superior, but if it has not some fine points that may have escaped us."

"No doubt," he answered half apologetically, "we have given it but a cursory examination."

So the clerk then exhibited to us the working of the machine, to his infinite satisfaction. It was certainly admirably adapted for the purpose. "No bachelor who possesses a chafing-dish should be without one," said the clerk.

George was now convinced, and was about to buy it. He's the most amiably extravagant fellow you ever met. He would hesitate at nothing, as a general rule, if you could impress it upon his mind that it was really a good thing—and the clerk was getting in his work. It was becoming a moment of intense anxiety on my part, and I was almost afraid I might offend the clerk lest he should think me hypercritical concerning my friend's luxurious desires.

Finally I spoke up: "Why can't we take the marrow out of our next duck—ourselves? You have never particularly cared about marrow, and why should you pay forty dollars for it now?"

"I am surprised at you," he answered, with certainly a look of it. "Don't you see how much more perfectly it could be done by machinery?"

"But we may not have another duck this year!"

"Oh, but we would; this would positively be an incentive."

Just then George's eye lighted upon another machine, less complex perhaps, but only about two-thirds the size. The clerk told us that it was for the proper boiling of an egg. I asked him why an old tin pail wouldn't do in case of an emergency. Then he showed us how superior this would be. It was about the size of a Vermont maple-syrup can,

with a door in it and mounted over a spirit-lamp. Inside the first cylinder was another just large enough to hold an egg, and the egg was nicely adjusted between wire springs.

"That's splendid," said George; "nothing could be more perfect."

The price was seven dollars, I think, and he would have had it then and there, besides the marrow-squeezer, if I hadn't rushed him out into the open air. I finally compromised matters by accompanying him to a florist's, where he bought a bunch of violets as big as a cart-wheel, and dispatched it uptown with an expression of serene happiness.

I have begun this chapter in a roundabout way to illustrate, as I afterward did to George, that the simplest way is the best way. Every cook-book I have consulted, as to boiling an egg, for instance, has some new discovery of its own. One evening George popped in on me with great glee. He had just purchased a beautiful new book by Mrs. Ronald, and, directly he was seated, read from it as follows: "Place the eggs in cold water on the fire and remove as soon as the water boils!"

Then we consulted other writers on the subject.

Said Mrs. Rorer: "Put them in boiling water; if you like the white set, about two minutes' boil-

ing is enough. A new-laid egg will take three minutes."

"Isn't that something of an insinuation that the eggs in the first instance are bad eggs?" asked George.

It seemed like it. Then we referred to Thomas Murrey. This is what he said: "The chafing-dish is just the thing for boiling eggs at table in hot weather."

"Well, that is a great recipe for boiling eggs," said George. "He wants you to guess at it, and then only in hot weather. Let us guess again."

We now got out Warne's ponderous English book, "Model Cookery," and found on page 82 this thrilling advice: "Fill a pint saucepan with water" (this means water—not milk, of course!), "set it over the fire and let it boil" (how very explicit!); "then, as it boils, put in with a spoon" (not a shovel, mind you!) "two or three fresh eggs. Do not use a fresh egg until it has been laid ten hours."

"In other words," I said, "every hen must lay a guarantee of the time with every egg."

"Just so," said George.

A Lunch With Her

DEAR MAB:

The larder is stocked with things you like to-day:
There are kisses in cocoanut, and buscuits
Sweet in their fresh baking, while in bottles lay
Tasty anchovies, ready for olives.
There's truffles, cheese ruffles, and chicken paté
Crammed into boxes eager to be eaten.
There's chow-chow; and jam is in tempting array—
Peaches in brandy to tickle your palate!
There's the daintiest tea from China's kitchen;
There's coffee from Mocha and Java's garden;
There's the smell of a leaf as in the lichen—
There's a great fragrance of stuff in that larder!
The Barsac is prime and ready for drinking,
While I am still waiting and waiting for thee;
I love with the love that forever's a-thinking.
Hurry, dear girl, come and take tea—with me!

JACK.

P. S.—Come on over!

Mab never would consider my cooking seriously. I could occasionally tempt her with a devilled mushroom, and once in a while, when she insisted upon being ravenously hungry, she would nibble as a

little mouse would on a Welsh rabbit—that is if little mouse tried to eat a hot one. One day she had it all arranged to have her grandmother, or somebody or other, accompany her as a chaperone to my "studio," as she called it, for a little lunch, and had even gone so far, in hopes to please me with her appetite, that she actually went without breakfast that morning. When the hour came Mab appeared with an armful of bundles, each covered with red stars, and I knew she had been shopping. She came through the doorway with a tremendous sweep of skirt, and in an atmosphere of violets. Suddenly she stopped and looked at me aghast:

"Where's grandmother?"

"I am sure I don't know, Mab, where on earth your grandmother is. In fact, I had forgotten almost that you had a grandmother," I answered.

Then she sat down in my big barrel chair, still clutching at the red stars, and said:

"Look here, Jack, this will never do. We have simply got to have grandmother for lunch."

"Your grandmother for lunch!" cried I. "Why, Mab—Queen Mab—whatever may you be thinking of? And here when I was expecting to have something quite different! How do you want her—devilled?"

"Jack! you are entirely too gay this morning.

But it isn't right for me to be here all alone with —you. I expected to meet her here, I really did."

"But you can wait a little while for her, can't you?" I asked.

"Well, I suppose I might do that."

"Well, then we will have our lunch while we are waiting for grandmother."

This seemed to be sensible enough to Mab, and she graced my *escritoire* by taking her hat off and flaunting the ostrich plumes over it, and distributing the red stars on the bookcase. It just filled my bachelor heart with a thrill of almost proprietary pride when I sat mute and inglorious watching Mab fix her beautiful brown hair with that woman's dexterity in handling film that's a mystery to man. I know that my gentle reader will forgive me when I say that at that moment I hoped to goodness that Mab's grandmother had been carried off to Brooklyn by a runaway cable-car.

"Jack," said Mab, as if a great idea had struck her, "give me a cocoanut macaroon. I must have something to eat right away."

I suggested that cake wasn't the right thing to begin on; that she ought to take soup; that it would simply be the best sort of seasoning I could imagine, to have her getting fearfully hungry while I was cooking it.

"A LUNCH WITH HER."

"I must have something to eat right away."—Page 54.

"No, Jack," she said determinedly, "I don't want soup." Then she went over to my larder—an antique cupboard that I treasured—and proceeded to pick out such things as most suited her fancy—stuffed olives, *paté de foi gras*, macaroons, and sardines. "There!", she said as she placed them on the table, "don't let's cook anything—let's eat those! Really, Jack, it's unbecoming in you to cook; I would much rather have you spending your time writing poems to me!"

That's the way I had my chafing-dish lunch with Mab. There is no use talking—women do not take half the interest that men do in cooking. But, bless their hearts! I am willing to stuff Mab with stuffed olives all her life if she will only have me in the bargain!

We had been sitting at my little mahogany table for more than an hour. A deeper pink flush had come to Mab's dear cheeks. I think it was the sips of Barsac that did it. Suddenly, with her usual spasmodic mood, she exclaimed: "Jack! this is awful. I must go home. Grandmother is probably having a fit!"

There was a swish of ostrich plumes, a gathering

of red stars, a kiss that stranded on two coral reefs, and I was alone !

"We followed the path of years,
And walked for a while together
Through the hills of hope and the vale of fears,
Sunned by laughter and washed by tears,
In the best and the worst of weather."

"Well !—it was long ago,
And the leaves in the wood are falling
As we wander wearily to and fro,
With many a change in our hearts, I know ;
But still I can hear you calling."

LANGUAGE OF THE MENU

Aspic.—A savory jelly of meat.

Assiettes.— Small entrees, not more than a plate will contain.

Atelet.—A small silver skewer.

Au Bleu.—A French term applied to fish boiled in white wine with flavorers.

Au Gras.—Dressed with meat gravy.

Au Jus.—In the natural juice or gravy.

Au Naturel.—Plain, simple cookery.

Barbecue.—To roast whole.

Barde.—A thin slice of bacon fat placed over any substance specially requiring the assistance of fat without larding.

Bavaroise a l'Eau.—Tea sweetened with sirup of capillaire, and flavored with a little orange-flower water.

Bavaroise au Lait.—Made in the same way as the above, but with equal quantities of milk and tea.

Bechamel.—A rich, white French sauce.

Beignet.—Fritter.

Bisque.—A soup made of shell-fish.

Blanc.—White broth, used to give a more delicate appearance to the flesh of fowl, lamb, etc.

Blanquette.—A fricassee usually made of thin

slices of white meat, with white sauce thickened with egg-yolk.

Blonde de Veau.—Double veal broth used to enrich soups and sauces.

Boudin.—A delicate compound made of quenelle forcemeat.

Bouilli.—Beef which has been boiled in making broth.

Bouillie.—A French dish resembling that called hasty-pudding.

Bouillon.—Clear beef soup.

Bourguignote.—A ragout of truffles.

Braise.—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew-pan to prevent evaporation, so that the meat retains not only its own juices, but those of any other article, such as bacon, herbs, roots, and spices, put with it.

Braisiere.—A saucepan with ledges to the lid, so that it will contain firing.

Brider.—To truss fowls with a needle and thread.

Buisson.—A cluster or bush of small pastry piled on a dish.

Callipash.—The glutinous portion of the turtle found in the upper shell.

Callipee.—The glutinous meat of the turtle's under shell.

Cannelons.—Small rolls or collars of mince-meat, or of rice and pastry with fruit.

Capilotade.—A hash of poultry.

Casserole.—The form of rice to be filled with a fricassee of white meat or a puree of game; also a stewpan.

Civet.—A dark, thickish stew of hare or venison.

Compiegne.—Sweet, French yeast cake, with fruit.

Compote.—Fruits stewed in sirup. There are also compotes of small birds.

Confitures.—Sweetmeats of sugars, fruits, sirups, and essences.

Consomme.—Strong, clear gravy obtained by stewing meat for a considerable length of time.

Coulis.—A rich, smooth gravy used for coloring, flavoring, and thickening certain soups and sauces.

Croquant.—A kind of paste or cake.

Croquettes.—A savory mince of fish, meat, or fowl, made with a little sauce into various shapes, rolled in egg and bread-crumbs, and fried crisp.

Croustacles.—Also known as Dresden patties. They are composed of mince incased in paste, and moulded into various forms.

Croustades.—Fried forms of bread to serve minces or other meats upon.

Crouton.—A sippet of bread fried, and used for garnish.

Cuisine Masquee.—Highly seasoned or unusually mixed dishes.

Cuisson.—Method of cooking meats, or the liquor in which they have been boiled.

Curried.—Flavored with curry powder.

Dariole.—A sweet pate baked in a mould.

Daube.—Meat or fowl stewed in sauce.

Daubiere.—An oval stewpan.

Desosser.—To bone.

Devilled.—Highly seasoned.

Dorure.—Yolks of eggs well beaten for covering meat and other dishes.

Entree.—A corner dish for the first course.

Entremet.—A side dish for the second course.

Escalopes.—Collops.

Espagnole.—A rich, brown Spanish sauce.

Farce.—Forcemeat.

Feuilletage.—Puff paste.

Financiere.—An expensive, highly flavored, mixed ragout.

Flamber.—To singe fowl or game after picking.

Flan.—A French custard.

Flancs.—The side dishes of large dinners.

Foncer.—To put in the bottom of a saucepan thin slices of veal or bacon.

Fondue.—A light and pleasant preparation of cheese.

Fricandeaux.—May be made of any boned pieces of veal, chiefly cut from the thick part of the fillet, and of not more than two or three pounds weight.

Fricassee.—Chickens, etc., cut in pieces in a white sauce, with truffles, mushrooms, etc., as accessories.

Galantine.—Meat freed from bones, tied up in a cloth and boiled and served cold.

Gateau.—A pudding or baked cake.

Gauffres.—A light, spongy sort of biscuit.

Glaze.—Stock boiled down to the thickness of jelly, and used to improve the appearance of braised dishes.

Godiveaux.—Various varieties of forcemeat.

Gras.—With or of meat; the reverse of *maigre.*

Gratin.—*Au Gratin.*—A term applied to certain dishes prepared with sauce and baked.

Gratiner.—To cook like a grill.

Haricot.—So called from the French word for beans, with which the dish was originally made. Now understood as any thick stew, or ragout of mutton, beef, or veal, cut in pieces and dressed with vegetables and roots.

Hors-d'œuvres.—Small dishes of sardines, anchovies, and other relishes.

Lardiniere.—Vegetables stewed down in their own sauce.

Lardon.—The piece of bacon used in larding.

Liaison.—The mixture of egg and cream used to thicken white soups, etc.

Maigre.—Without meat.

Marinade.—The liquor in which fish or meat is steeped.

Mask.—To cover meat with any rich sauce, ragout, etc.

Mayonnaise.—Cold sauce, or salad dressing.

Mazarines, or Turbans.—Ornamental entrees of forcemeat and fillets of poultry, game, or fish.

Mignonnette Pepper.—Coarsely ground peppercorns.

Miroton.—Small, thin slices of meat, about as large as a silver dollar, made into ragouts of various kinds, and dished up in a circular form.

Mouiller.—To add broth, water, or other liquid while the cooking is proceeding.

Nouilles.—Strips of paste made of eggs and flour.

Panada.—Soaked bread used in the preparation of French forcemeat.

Paner.—To cover with bread-crumbs fried or baked food.

Papillote, En.—The pieces of paper greased with oil and butter, and fastened around a cutlet, etc., by twisting it along the edge.

Pate.—A small pie.

Paupiettes.—Slices of meat rolled.

Piece de Resistance.—The principal joint of the dinner.

Pilau.—A dish of meat and rice.

Piquer.—To lard with strips of bacon fat, etc.

Potage.—Soup.

Printaniers.—Early spring vegetables.

Profiterolles.—Light pastry, creamed inside.

Puree.—The name given to a soup the ingredients for thickening which have been passed through a sieve, then thinned with broth to the proper consistency. Meat and fish are cooked and pounded in a mortar; roots and vegetables are stewed till soft in order to prepare them for being thus converted to a smooth pulp.

Quenelles.—Forcemeat of various kinds composed of fish or meat, with bread, yolk of egg, and some kind of fat, seasoned in different ways, formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached in stock, and used either as garnish to entrees or to be served separately.

Ragout.—A rich sauce, with sweetbreads, mushrooms, truffles, etc., in it.

Releves.—The remove dishes.

Remoulade.—Salad dressing.

Rifacimento.—Meat dressed a second time.

Rissole.—A mince of fish or meat enclosed in

paste, or formed into balls and other shapes. Used either as side dishes or garnish. (See also *Fricassee.*)

Roti.—Roast meat.

Roux.—A mixture of butter and flour used for thickening white soups and gravy.

Salmi.—A hash of game cut up and dressed when only half roasted.

Santon.—To dress with sauce in the saucepan by keeping it in motion.

Sauce Piquant.—A sharp sauce in which lemon and vinegar predominate as a flavor.

Sauter.—To toss over the fire in a saute-pan with a small quantity of fat only.

Serviette, A la.—Served in a napkin.

Sippets.—Small pieces of bread cut into various shapes, either soaked in stock, toasted, or fried, to serve with meats as garnishing or borders.

Souffle.—A light pudding.

Timbale.—A sort of pie made in a mould.

Tourte.—A tart baked in a shallow tin.

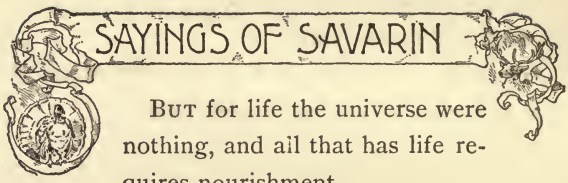
Trifle.—A second-course dish, made of sponge cake, macaroons, jams, etc.

Trousser.—To truss a bird.

Vanner, To.—To make a sauce smooth by rapidly lifting it high in large spoonfuls, and allowing it to fall quickly again for some time.

Veloute.—Rich sauce used to heighten the flavor of soups and made dishes.

Voi-au-vent.—A light puff paste, cut round or oval, enclosing any delicate mince-meat.



But for life the universe were nothing, and all that has life requires nourishment.

Animals feed, man eats ; the man of sense and culture alone understands eating.

The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

In compelling man to eat that he may live, Nature gives appetite to invite him and pleasure to reward him.

Good living is due to that action of the judgment by which the things which please our taste are preferred to all others.

The pleasures of the table are common to all ages and ranks, to all countries and times ; they not only harmonize with all the other pleasures, but remain to console us for their loss.

It is only at table that a man never feels bored during the first hour.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the

happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet.

A drunkard knows not how to drink, and he who eats too much, or too quickly, does not know how to eat.

In eating, the order is from the more substantial to the lighter. In drinking, the order is from the milder to that which is stronger and of finer flavor.

To maintain that a man must not change his wine is a heresy; the palate becomes cloyed, and, after three or four glasses, it is but a deadened sensation that even the best wine provokes.

A last course at dinner, wanting cheese, is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

Cookery is an art, but to roast requires genius.

In a cook the most essential quality is punctuality; it should be also that of the guest.

It is a breach of politeness towards those guests who are punctual when they are kept long waiting for one who is late.

He who receives friends without himself bestowing some pains upon the repast prepared for them, does not deserve to have friends.

As the coffee after dinner is the special care of

the lady of the house, so the host must see that the liqueurs are the choicest possible.

To receive any one as our guest is to become responsible for his happiness during the whole of the time he is under our roof.

Salads and Sauces

If Hamlet was offended to his soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear passion to tatters, what shall I say of the man or woman who tears a salad to very rags? It is the one thing on the menu that should be considered a legal offence if served improperly. I do declare unto all of you beginners that a plain salad should not be prepared until the time has arrived for its eating. Most any sort of salad material will become withered and toughened by standing for any length of time after being mixed. First of all look to your oil. Cheap oil will spoil anything. Pure sweet olive-oil, such as any reputable grocer can guarantee you, is the only stuff to be used. The simplest mode of preparing a salad is called "French dressing." In a large tablespoon held over the salad put quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; add to this about a quarter of a teaspoon of pepper, and then fill up the large spoon with oil, and mix with a fork. Throw this over the salad, and follow with three more tablespoons of oil, then one tablespoon of good vinegar. In plain dressing about four parts of oil to one of

vinegar is a good rule. After the dressing is thus put upon the salad, turn the material over gently with the spoon and fork, and then serve. Remember, O Plebe! the same rule about cutting an oyster with a knife applies to salad.

That glorious old wit and *bon vivant*, Sidney Smith, gave this recipe for a "winter salad":

Two large potatoes, pass'd through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon;
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon:
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two well-boil'd eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And, lastly, on the favour'd compound toss
A magic teaspoonful of anchovy sauce;
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boil'd enough,
Serenely full the epicure may say—
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

The simplest green salads are lettuce, chicory, watercress, fetticus, dandelion, escarole or endive,

and they are all more or less appetizing when treated with plain dressing. Escarole, chicory, and fetticus are especially good if there is attached a suspicion of garlic, and this can best be done by taking a clove of garlic, and with a little salt rub into a crust of bread, and add this to the bowl. This is called the "chapon."

In preparing all green salads take care to select only the ripest and crispest. It is astonishing to me to find how little is known in the average household concerning all the salads just mentioned. I find them extremely popular in New York markets and restaurants, but in the West, with the exception of lettuce, they are seldom seen.

Alexandre Dumas devised this salad:

"Put in a salad-bowl a yolk of egg boiled hard; add a tablespoonful of oil and make a paste of it; then add a few stalks of chervil chopped fine, a teaspoonful each of tunny and anchovy paste, a little French mustard, a small pickled cucumber chopped fine, and a little soy. Mix the whole well with two tablespoonfuls of wine vinegar; then add two or three steamed potatoes sliced, a few slices of beet, same of celeriac, same of rampion, salt and Hungarian pepper to taste; toss gently twenty minutes, then serve."

I had several talks with the late Ward McAllister, but I neglected to ask him if he endorsed such a concoction as this. I think Mr. Dumas, in his desire to astonish his palate, sometimes forgot the culinary art studied under the philosophy of chemistry.

POTATO SALAD.—Potato salad is of all seasons, and accessible to poor and rich. It is simply made of cold boiled potatoes sliced and seasoned with vinegar, salt, pepper, or any more *recherchée* salad sauce. Beetroot, gherkins, or any other cold vegetables, may also be added as an improvement, and, for ornament, any of the graceful herbs of the season.

LOBSTER SALAD.— The most universally approved of all fish salads is the lobster salad, whether as a dinner or supper dish. First half-fill the bowl with the most delicate young salad herbs, then blend the coral of the lobster with the sauce, and cut the meat of the tail and claws into small pieces, which place on the vegetables, intermixed with hard-boiled eggs in slices, and slices of cucumber. Surround with long slices of lettuce and young radishes, and serve with the sauce poured over. Sauce Mayonnaise is often used. Crabs,

prawns, or shrimps are dressed in the same way as salads.

Sauce Mayonnaise.—Beat up well the yolks of two fresh raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter as much Cayenne; mix with this by slow degrees four tablespoonfuls of oil, till it is about the consistence of cream, and then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. It requires great care in mixing. A half a teaspoon of mustard may be added.

Sauce à l'Italienne.—Chop an anchovy quite small, and rub it quite smooth with a teaspoonful of made mustard and a tablespoonful of oil; then add by degrees three more tablespoonfuls of oil, one of garlic vinegar, and one of good wine vinegar; stir till all be smooth and creamy, and serve in a separate bowl, to be added to the salad at table.

A salad can be made of almost anything—from tomatoes and cucumbers to sardines, or veal in place of chicken. A great deal in mixing and dressing must be left to the judgment of the salad-master, and any one with good taste and love of feasting stands an equally good chance with Dumas in hitting upon something tasty in the way of an original juxtaposition of condiments and meats.

My last injunction is to remember the old Spanish proverb :

"A spendthrift for oil ; a miser for vinegar ; a barrister for salt, and a madman to stir it up."

But you mustn't be a madman when you stir up lettuce or other dainty leaves.

The story of the salad had its most famous register in a Frenchman of Limousin, who made his fortune in London by his skill in mixing a salad. Savarin tells it as follows : Although his means were very limited, Albignac (so he was called if I remember aright) went one day to dine in one of the most famous taverns in London. Whilst he was finishing his succulent beefsteak there were five or six young dandies of good family regaling themselves at a neighboring table. One of them came to him and said very politely : " Sir, it is said that your nation excels in the art of making salads. Will you be so good as to oblige us by making one ? "

D'Albignac consenting after a little hesitation, ordered all that he thought necessary for the expected masterpiece, used his best endeavors, and had the good luck to succeed. Whilst studying the ingredients he answered frankly all questions about himself. He said he was an emigrant, and

admitted, not without some natural shame, that he was receiving assistance from the English Government—a circumstance which no doubt authorized one of the young men to slip into the exile's hand a five-pound note and insist upon his keeping it. He had given his address, and some time after he received a very civil note requesting him to go and mix a salad in one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square. D'Albignac arrived punctually, after furnishing himself with some special seasonings and maturing his plans. He had the good luck to succeed again.

The first party for whom he had manipulated had exaggerated the merits of his salad, and the second company made so much more noise about it that d'Albignac's reputation was already made. He was known as the fashionable salad-maker, and soon had a gig in order to keep his appointments, with a servant to bring in his mahogany case, containing all the ingredients, such as vinegar of different flavors, oils with or without a fruity taste, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, ketchups, gravies, and even hard-boiled eggs. Later he got cases made to order, furnished them completely, and sold them by the hundreds. In short, having diligently carried out his plans with sense and discretion, he came to realize a fortune of more than eighty thousand

francs ; and, returning to his own country when peace was restored, he invested sixty thousand in the public funds—then selling at fifty per cent.—and the rest in a small estate in Limousin, his native country.

Sauce Bordelaise for Meats.—Put one tablespoonful of butter in saucepan and brown ; add two tablespoonfuls of flour ; brown again ; add one pint of stock. When boiling add a slice of onion, an ounce of chopped ham, a bay-leaf, a clove of garlic, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of Cayenne. Simmer ten minutes ; strain ; add another tablespoonful of butter, a quarter pound of peeled mushrooms.

Perigueux Sauce.—Chop up fine two truffles. Place them in a pan with a glass of Madeira wine ; boil for about five minutes. Add a dash of Espagnole sauce. Allow this just to come to a boil ; remove from the stove and serve while very hot.

Sauce Maêtre d'Hôtel.—Melt half a pound of butter, strain the juice of one lemon into it, and add Cayenne, salt, and spoonful of parsley to suit the taste. Simmer one minute.

Sauce Tartare.—Put into a dish yolks of two

eggs, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a little salt. Mix this quickly into a cream. Then add a teaspoonful of mustard well mixed, a little Cayenne, and a pinch of parsley. The oil (two spoonfuls) should now be added drop by drop.

Sauce Robert.—This sauce is served hot. Cut two onions in small pieces, fry light-brown in butter, dredge a little flour in the pan, add a teaspoon of vinegar and a little pepper and salt. Boil up, and add half pint of stock or water. Stir over the fire for half an hour, then mix in a teaspoonful of mustard and one of anchovy. Stir for two or three minutes, and then pour on your chops, cutlets, or steak.

Chutney Sauce.—Four pounds of apples cut in quarters, and boil until tender in a quart of vinegar. Now boil in another quart of vinegar three pounds of brown sugar. Mix both together, and, when cold, add one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, half a pound of salt, quarter pound of ginger, three ounces of clear garlic, and one ounce of red pepper. The fruit must be minced fine.

Sauce Financiere.—A pint of rich stock, an ounce of brown thickening, one glass of Madeira,

one glass of mushroom ketchup, a pinch of Cayenne, and a piece of glaze. Boil the stock well up with the thickening, then other condiments. Simmer fifteen minutes, skim it, then add the glaze. Strain for use.

Epicurean Sauce.—It takes time to make this, for after its preparation it must be kept corked in a warm place for a fortnight, and should be shaken every day. Then it must be strained and put in small bottles for use. It is a most delicious and valuable sauce, and is made as follows: Half a pint of mushroom ketchup, half a pint of walnut ketchup, two glasses of port wine, two of Indian soy, three ounces of shallots, half an ounce of Cayenne, half an ounce of cloves, pint and a half of vinegar, and a little pepper. Mix well.

The Devil Dish

". . . Curious viands are prepared
To please all kinds of appetite."
—Massinger.

"Deviling" is simply the art of frying anything well in a chafing-dish, in various hot condiments to suit the taste. Our bachelor with a convenient larder should never be at a loss to get up a snack of something for a suddenly desired little luncheon at any hour of the day. Canned herrings, shrimps, sardines, boned chicken, turkey, tongue, salmon—even Bologna sausage—all can be easily deviled, and the appetite tempted.

Stir in the chafing-dish enough olive-oil to flood it, a spoonful of mustard, half a spoonful of paprika, a little salt, and the same of black pepper. Fry until the meat is well browned. Rare roast beef cut in slices is excellent served this way, and further zest may be obtained by adding a few whole olives. The dish should be watched and covered between times.

The English admiral Ross left to the cooking world a successful recipe for "Indian Devil Mixture." This is it;

Four tablespoons of cold gravy, one of chutney paste, one of ketchup, one of vinegar, two teaspoons of made mustard, two of salt, and two of butter. Mix these ingredients first smoothly in a soup-plate.

DEVILED DUCK.—A dish that is generally liked is deviled duck. To prepare it remove the skin and bones of cold roast duck and cut the meat into moderate-sized pieces. Boil the livers and mash to a paste, and put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of Cayenne pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and gradually; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the same amount of water. In this put one and one-half pints of the cold duck and one gill of Madeira. Place the saucepan over the fire and stir until the mixture is smoking hot. Turn on a hot dish.

DEVILED KIDNEYS.—Twelve sheeps' kidneys split in half; remove the white tubes and the centre fat portion; scald the kidneys and remove the skin. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan; when hot throw in the kidneys; cook quickly; dust with salt and pepper; put over a tablespoonful of onion juice, tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce,

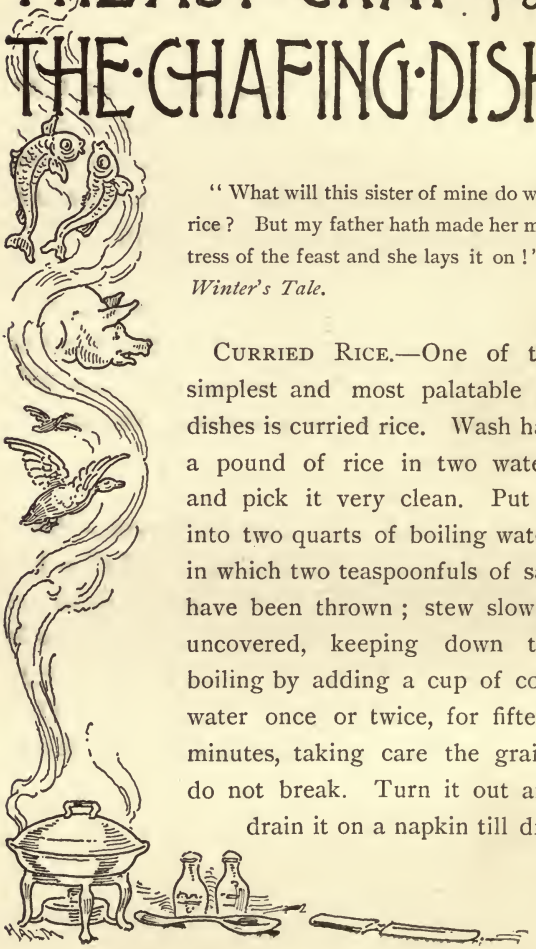
and four tablespoonfuls sherry. Serve smoking hot.

DEVILED LOBSTER.—Make a paste with salt, dry mustard, curry powder, black pepper, and table oil; spread it over the lobster, melt an ounce of butter in the dish, lay in the lobster, cook ten minutes if fresh, and simply heat through if canned.

DEVIL—"LIKE MY MOTHER USED TO MAKE."—Cold rare roast beef sliced, well buttered as you would bread; cover with mixed mustard, a little black pepper and salt, a spoonful of vinegar, and fry until it curls.

DEVILED EGGS AND ANCHOVY TOAST.—Put a walnut of butter in the chafing-dish, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, one of Worcester and one of mushroom sauce. Put into this four hard-boiled eggs sliced, salted and peppered. When heated place the eggs on toast, previously spread with anchovy paste.

THE AUTOCRAT AND THE CHAFING-DISH



"What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast and she lays it on!"—*Winter's Tale.*

CURRIED RICE.—One of the simplest and most palatable of dishes is curried rice. Wash half a pound of rice in two waters and pick it very clean. Put it into two quarts of boiling water, in which two teaspoonfuls of salt have been thrown; stew slowly, uncovered, keeping down the boiling by adding a cup of cold water once or twice, for fifteen minutes, taking care the grains do not break. Turn it out and drain it on a napkin till dry,

then put it into a stewpan with an ounce of butter. Do not stir or touch the rice while boiling ; the water will keep the grains apart, and preserve them from breaking. Dish up separately, and serve with any curry.

It will add much to the flavor to boil an onion in with the rice. The Arabs steep the grains in butter (ghee) before boiling, to prevent the escape of the *gluten*, or starch, and declare that the nourishment is withdrawn from the grain and communicated to the liquor without this precaution.

However, in serving rice with curry, mix a spoonful of the curry paste with brown gravy, and pour on the rice as it is ready to serve. It will be further improved by squeezing in half of a lemon.

Curry of Meats.—Put a " walnut " of butter, or a tablespoon of olive-oil, into the chafing-dish. When it is quite melted, add a tablespoonful of minced onion, and after that is browned add a full teaspoon of curry powder. Now cook for five minutes ; then add a pint of soup-stock, couple of pinches of salt ; then simmer until reduced to nearly one-half. Into this put the picked meat and warm up. Other curries are, of course, made the same way, or slightly varied to suit the taste—by the addition, for instance, of paprika, chutney sauce, etc.

Curries of lobsters, scallops, shrimps, and crabs are especially delicious. Veal chops, sweetbreads, and salmon may be treated the same way.

Rice Compote.—This is the way I saw Mrs. Rorer make it: Into the chafing-dish went four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four of sherry (claret is equally good), and one sliced banana. To this was added four tablespoonfuls of cold boiled rice. It was kept covered while the banana cooked tender to keep the wine flavor from escaping. When the cover was raised to add one-half a pineapple, shredded in with a silver fork, the odor was delicious, and everybody sniffed approvingly. Two minutes' cooking finished it.

Calf's Liver and Bacon.—Slice both liver and bacon quite thin: cook well in the chafing-dish until the liver is thoroughly browned and curled.

Chops or Steaks.—Dredge them with flour. Have the frying-pan perfectly clean and hot, then put in butter or clarified, fresh beef-suet, which makes excellent fat for frying; put in the steaks (or chops), and turn them frequently to preserve the gravy. In fifteen minutes, if the fire be in proper condition, they will be cooked; dredge them with a little salt and pepper before you take them

from the pan ; transfer them to a hot dish, pour the fat from the pan, and put in two ounces of butter rolled in flour, and a cup of gravy or stock, and when it has simmered for a minute, pour it over the meat.

Cut the fillet of a roast sirloin of beef into pieces about two inches square ; dredge them with flour, and fry in butter till they are brown ; then put the meat into a stewpan with half a pint of good gravy, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one anchovy ; add a tablespoonful of port wine, and let it simmer five minutes ; then turn out and pour the gravy over, with a tablespoonful of lemon juice after the meat is dished.

Mock Venison à la Murrey.—A heaping teaspoonful of butter was put in the handled dish and worked with a spoon until it began to cream and foam ; then two very thick slices from a well-hung leg of mutton were put in, turned in the butter

once or twice, seasoned with salt, Cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, and a gill of port, and simmered for five or six minutes longer.

Chicken Livers à la James Clarence Harvey.—Wash and dry a dozen and a half selected livers after scalding. Melt a walnut of butter in the blazer, and for three minutes move the livers about as they change color; then add quarter of a glass of white wine, in which place half a dozen fresh mushrooms, medium size, chopped fine; season with salt, pepper, and a dash of paprika; reduce the heat, and, after five minutes of simmering, serve on hot toast, crisp and brown, from which the crust has been cut before toasting.

> Live and let live is a maxim good.
> But to live on these livers the chick must die;
> And the liver preparing them just as he should
> Will evermore chuckle when chicks pass by.

Sausage à la "D. W."—Fry sliced sausage quickly in fresh butter, add chopped celery and paprika, and serve on toast, without the gravy, previously spread while hot with anchovy paste.

Sweetbreads Larded.—Parboil two sweetbreads. When cold lard them down the centre

with strips of bacon, on each side with thin shreds of lemon-peel, and on each side of the lemon with very small pieces of pickled cucumber. Put them in the chafing-dish, with three-quarters of a pint of rich gravy thickened with flour. When done stir in mushroom ketchup, to the taste, a little lemon juice, and serve very hot.

Sweetbreads à la Roumage. — Have ready four medium-sized parboiled sweetbreads, firm and cold. Fry in a tablespoonful of butter two tablespoonfuls of minced onion, four cloves, a bit of mace, and a trifle of bay-leaves, with four bruised peppercorns; when the onion is very brown, add a pint of broth; boil until reduced one-half, and strain if the bits of onion and seasonings are objected to. Add half a can of mushrooms, cut into slices, to this gravy, with four sliced truffles; thicken with half a teaspoonful of flour, color with kitchen bouquet, add a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup and a gill of port; lay in the sweetbreads and simmer a few minutes.

Sweetbreads with Peas.—Put into the lower dish (hot-water dish) a walnut of butter, and turn in this three or four small sweetbreads, which have first been in cold water, parboiled, and the tough

parts removed. Add half a pint of beef gravy, a chopped celery-leaf, and season with salt and pepper—or celery salt may be used instead of the leaf. Put in half a teaspoon of browned flour. Now put the blazer over this dish, into which has been emptied a can of French peas and a tablespoon of butter, with salt and pepper. When the peas have been just heated through serve together.

KIDNEYS AND MUSHROOMS.—After scalding six lambs' kidneys, skin them. Cut into slices half a can of French mushrooms. Put into the blazer a walnut of butter, a minced onion, and a bay-leaf; when the onion is brown add a teaspoon of browned flour and a pint of beef-broth. Add a spoonful of kitchen bouquet, half a teaspoon of salt, some pepper. Now put in the kidneys and mushrooms and stir for six minutes.

CALF'S LIVER EN MATELOTE.—Cut the liver into rather thick slices and soak for a few moments in cold water. Drain and then dredge with flour and fry a nice brown in butter. In the meantime mince two shallots and put into the stewpan with a sprig of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and a couple of cloves. Pour in a glass of wine, and when it is boiled up add the fried liver and serve

very hot. It will take a good half-hour to cook this dish, but it is worth the trouble.

ENTREE OF VEAL CUTLET.—Dip the cutlets in the yolks of beaten eggs and cover with bread-crumbs mixed with Cayenne, salt, nutmeg, tablespoonful of minced herbs, and peel of half a lemon chopped fine as possible. Fry a nice brown in butter.

PORK CUTLETS WITH SAUCE ROBERT.—Pour sauce Robert over some nicely trimmed cutlets in the stewpan that have previously been brushed over with yolk of egg and sprinkled with chopped herbs.

CHOPS.—Put four little lamb chops into the dish, with a teaspoon of butter for each chop. Heat the butter first, and when the chops are added cover for a moment. Turn and season with salt and pepper, and they should be a golden brown and done to a turn in four and a half minutes. An English chop will take twelve minutes and a mutton chop seven.

BREAKFAST KIDNEY AND EGGS.—Prepare four lamb kidneys by scalding and skinning. Put into

the chafing-dish a walnut of butter and half a teaspoon of chopped onions. When browned add a tablespoonful of water, and then drop into the dish four raw eggs. As soon as these set serve the dish.

KIDNEYS WITH POTATOES.—Prepare kidneys same as above. Fry in small dice pieces three raw potatoes. Keep them well stirred in a tablespoon of butter. Then put in the kidneys, with half a pint of brown gravy, if you have it. Season with salt and pepper and a little mushroom ketchup.

STEAK GOLLASCH.—Cut up a raw tenderloin steak into small pieces and cut into dice two raw potatoes. Put into the dish a tablespoonful of olive-oil, and when hot add a teaspoonful of onion and half a teaspoon of paprika, and the potatoes and meat with half a pint of brown gravy. Season to suit, put on the cover, and stir often during the ten minutes required to cook it.

TENDERLOIN STEAK, WHOLE.—A tenderloin steak an inch and a half thick can be cooked to a nicety in the chafing-dish. Flood the dish first with olive-oil, and when hot put in the steak and cover up. Cook three minutes on each side, season to suit, and when removing the steak add two tablespoons of water and pour over it.

"Howard's Hash: The Kind of Hash that Mother Used to Make."—Chop the corn-beef and the boiled potatoes together very fine; put into the chafing-dish (over the hot-water dish) with a prodigality of butter, and season well. Keep up constant turning until well heated through. Add a little water if too dry, and let simmer for a while.

Hash à la Murrey.—Cut into small pieces two pounds of corn-beef, and cut into dice raw potatoes which, when cut up, will equal in bulk the cut-up meat. Cut up one large sour apple, and chop all together. Cut up fine two medium-sized onions and a large sweet Spanish pepper. Now put into a large frying-pan a scant tablespoonful of beef drippings or oil—butter will not do; when hot add the onion and fry a delicate brown. Next add the pepper, toss about for a few moments, then add a gill of strong beef-stock, after which the other chopped ingredients and a pint more of beef-stock or strong broth. Mix well, cover, and simmer thirty minutes. Should the moisture evaporate too quickly before the ingredients are cooked, add more of the broth. Stir to prevent sticking to the pan. Taste for seasoning, and put away until next day, when it should be warmed in the chafing-dish with hot-water dish underneath it.

COMMODORE GERRY CRAB.—A large slice of good cheese mashed to a paste with vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper, and eaten on toasted cracker. It has the flavor of a crab.

SALMI.—Cut up remains of cold birds ; put some butter in the pan, a glass of port wine, two spoonfuls of ketchup, one of lemon juice, and a shallot. Cook your game in this sauce.

Directly after the battle of Marengo, Napoleon Bonaparte, fatigued and hungry, ordered a fowl for his supper. His cook discovered that there was no butter, so he poured oil into his skillet instead. To this he added some seasoning and a glass of white wine. The dish was served hot, garnished with mushrooms, and Bonaparte said it was as great a success as the battle.

SPRING CHICKEN.—A dainty and tender spring chicken can be split and cooked in a chafing-dish

almost as well as it can be treated in broiling. But fry it in the best oil, instead of butter, and you will find it delicious if handled properly.

Chafed Duck.—Cut the ducks into six pieces each, wash each piece and roll in flour, sprinkle salt and pepper and a tiny bit of dry mustard over each, and then dip in a beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in butter to a nice brown. Slice some small tomatoes and fry in the same dish with the ducks. Put the pieces of duck in the centre of a heated dish, and place the tomatoes around them. Meanwhile cook some French peas, and make a border around the tomatoes. Scatter chopped parsley over the whole, and serve.

Duck Ragout.—To make a ragout of duck, cut the duck into pieces large enough to serve, and place in a saucepan with half a pint of clear stock, season with salt and a little Cayenne pepper, and let it heat slowly until it comes to boiling point. Add half a can of mushrooms and one dozen pitted olives, and cook five minutes. Then add half a pint of Spanish sauce, and cook until it again boils; then add half a tumbler of sherry or Madeira and the juice of a lemon. Heap the pieces of duck in the centre of a hot platter, and arrange the

mushrooms and olives around them. Finish the edge with triangular pieces of toast. Pour the sauce over the duck and serve hot.

CHICKEN À LA POULETTE.—This is the way Mrs. Lemcke made it in a chafing-dish before an audience: She placed a chicken weighing three pounds over the fire and covered it with boiling water, after putting in two onions, one bouquet, and one-half tablespoonful of salt. This she covered and cooked slowly until done, when she removed the skin and bones, and cut the white meat into pieces one-half an inch in size. Then she stirred two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour over the fire three minutes, adding to it gradually one pint of chicken broth, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, and a small bouquet, cooking all five minutes. Next she mixed one-half pint of cream with the yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, and added this to the sauce, stirring it a few minutes over the fire without boiling. Then she drew the saucepan to the side of the stove and put in the fine-cut chicken and a pair of fine-chopped sweetbreads, which she had previously prepared by putting them in a pan and covering them with cold water. In another pan over the

fire she put a tablespoonful of butter. The sweetbreads were drained and dried, put into the butter, covered, and cooked slowly after an even teaspoonful of seasoning salt had been added to them.

HAM.—Put half a walnut of butter in the chafing-dish, and, when melted, add two tablespoons of jelly—any fruit—a dash of red pepper, and half a glass of sherry. Place sliced or cut-up ham in this and simmer for a few moments. Dried beef may be served the same way.

CRABS, SOFT-SHELL.—Clean and remove sand-pouch and gill-like growth under the shells. Dry with a towel, dredge with flour, and fry in chafing-dish with oil or butter.

CANAPE LORENZO.—This locally famous dish, the recipe of the late Lorenzo Delmonico, can only be partly made in a chafing-dish, for in its finale it needs a quick baking. One will find this canape on the menus of the Waldorf or Arena cafés, but it can only be obtained in all its glory at Del's. For a lunch, with "a cold bottle," I prefer it infinitely to "a hot duck." Ah, but it has "a get there" aroma! So I chronicle it here for history's sake: Drop six live hard-shell crabs into boiling

water, add one tablespoonful of salt, boil fifteen minutes; then remove. When cold enough to handle, take off the upper shell, extract all the meat, crack the claws and pick out the meat; season with one even teaspoonful of salt and a little Cayenne pepper; then measure—there should be a good pint of crab meat. Place a small sauce-pan, with a tablespoonful of butter, over the fire; add two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped white onions, cook five minutes without browning; add one heaping tablespoonful of flour, stir and cook two minutes; add half a cupful of white broth, stir for a few minutes longer; then add one pint of crab meat, stir and cook eight minutes. Cut six slices of bread, cut off the crust, and fry light brown in butter on both sides. Spread the crab mixture in equal portions over the bread and set aside. In the meantime melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, cook and stir a few minutes; remove from the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and the same of grated Swiss cheese; mix the ingredients well and form into round balls of equal size. Place them in the centre of the canapes, pressing a little in the centre. Put the canapes into a baking-pan and bake light brown in a hot oven, which will take about ten minutes; then remove; arrange

them on a hot dish and serve at once. If Swiss and Parmesan cheese are not handy, take either the American or English cheese. Canapes of lobster are prepared in the same way.

Corn Oysters.—To a can of green corn add one tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a cup of milk, three eggs, and one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Stir the mixture thoroughly and fry as pancakes in a chafing-dish containing equal quantities of hot butter and lard.

Oyster Crabs.—Heat a pint of oyster crabs with a little butter, and serve on small pieces of toast without further seasoning. This is a delicate way of beginning a luncheon.

Crabs à la Creole.—Into the hot-water dish melt an ounce of butter, and cook in it for five minutes a small onion and a sweet Spanish pepper minced ; stir while frying, and add a half-pint of strained tomato pulp, a gill of chicken broth, and four soft crabs cleaned and cut in two. Use celery salt in the seasoning, and simmer seven minutes.

Clams à la Newberg.—Open twenty-five fresh soft-shelled clams. Put into a saucepan with one

tablespoonful of butter ; stir until heated ; add one tablespoonful of flour and cook until it thickens. Beat the yolks of two eggs light ; add one cup of cream ; beat well and pour over the clams ; stir thoroughly until heated and cooked, but do not boil. Take them from the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of Madeira, and serve at once.

Clam Bisque.—Drain twenty-five clams, pouring over them one cup of cold water. Put the liquor over the fire ; let it boil, and skim. Chop the clams very fine ; add them to the liquor ; let boil again, and skim. Rub together one large tablespoonful of butter and three of flour, and add to the clams with a quarter of a cup of bread-crumbs ; stir and cook until it thickens. Press through a sieve ; return to the dish, and when ready to serve add one pint of cream.

Clams à la Boston.—Cut into pieces size of dice eighth of a pound of salt pork and fry it crisp in the chafing-dish. Add a dozen soft clams, freed from the tough part, and sauté them in the pork fat. Serve on Boston brown bread.

Croûte Clam à la Halm.—Take a Vienna roll, cut out a piece of the crust the size of a half-

dollar, and remove the soft bread from the interior. Open as many of the smallest little-neck clams as will fill the roll, replace the small piece of crust, and place in the oven for ten minutes. Take the juice from the clams, make a little thickening of flour and the juice, mix with it, to taste, paprika, black pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and tabasco, and heat. Remove the croûte from the oven, and pour sauce over the whole. Serve on hot plate, and quickly. This recipe may not properly belong to the chafing-dish on account of the baking that is needed, but it may come in apropos sometime.

Oysters.—*To fry:* Choose large, plump oysters ; put into the stewpan with their own liquor only, and simmer for three minutes, then dip them into batter, and fry in a quantity of oil or butter a delicate brown ; add no seasoning.

To stew: Put fresh oysters into a stewpan with the whole of the liquor from the shells, and simmer very gently for five minutes ; then add a quarter of a pint of cream and two ounces of butter rolled in flour, and continue to simmer for five minutes longer, being very careful not to allow them to boil, or the oyster will become hard. Just before taking from the fire, a large teaspoonful of lemon juice may be added ; but any addition must

be made carefully, lest the delicate and peculiar flavor of the oyster should be injured.

Oysters à la George Trimble Davidson.—Butter the size of two eggs melted first in the dish, then pour in a quart of oysters and as much of the broth as desirable, flavor with salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of paprika, and a dash of tabasco. Cut up celery and put in about two tablespoonfuls, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and add two tablespoons of sherry. Cook about four minutes, and serve on hot toast. A pint of rich cream added to the broth of the oyster makes the dish richer, though it is not absolutely necessary.

Oysters à la John Chamberlin.—This dainty dish, invented by the famous viveur of Washington, is made as follows :—

Add to the juice of one dozen large Lynn Haven Bay oysters two heaping tablespoonfuls of finely chopped celery, a saltspoonful of salt, and two of paprika. Bring slowly to a boil, then simmer five minutes. Now add two pats of butter and a gill and a half of cream. When simmering, add two sherry-glassfuls of fine Madeira, stir quickly, and add the oysters. Watch these carefully, and the moment the gills begin to curl, extinguish the

light, add another glass of Madeira, stir quickly, and serve at once.

Oysters Maître d'Hôtel.—Dry the oysters in a napkin. Put a walnut of butter into the dish, and when it is hot add the oysters. Sauté them on each side and season with pepper and salt; squeeze a little lemon over them, and serve.

Oysters à la Newberg.—This is a very good receipt from Mrs. Lemcke, told to a woman's class in cookery: "I'll tell you all, to start with, that oysters prepared in this way are an excellent thing with which to get your husbands in a good humor. I have here twenty-five large oysters, such as are used for frying. I will now place them, without their liquor, in a saucepan, adding one tablespoonful of butter, one gill of white wine, one even teaspoonful of salt, and one-half of pepper. I now place them on the stove to cook until the oysters stiffen, and in the meanwhile I will cut, very fine, one gill of mushrooms into another saucepan, and also one truffle. To this I add one-half an ounce of butter and one-half a gill of mushroom liquor. This I will cook for five minutes, and while that's cooking I'll mix the yolks of four eggs with one-half pint of rich cream." By the time this was

accomplished the oysters and mushrooms were ready to be put together, and the eggs and cream were mixed with them. The whole was allowed to get very hot without boiling, and was served with pieces of puff paste cut into half-moons.

Oyster Rabbit.—Clean and remove the hard muscles from half a pint of oysters; parboil them in the chafing-dish in their own liquor until their edges curl, and remove to a hot bowl. Put one tablespoonful of butter, one-half pound of cheese (broken in small bits), one saltspoonful each of salt and mustard, and a few grains of Cayenne into the chafing-dish; while the cheese is melting, beat two eggs slightly, adding them to the oyster liquor; mix this gradually with the melted cheese; add the oysters and turn at once over hot toast.

Oysters in a Loaf.—Drain fifty good, fat oysters. Put them over the fire; watch carefully to a boil. Drain; add to the liquor sufficient milk to make one pint. Rub together two tablespoonfuls butter and two of flour. Add milk and liquor. When boiling add oysters, the yolks of two eggs added quickly, a tablespoonful of parsley, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper. Serve hot in a boat made from stale bread nicely fried.

Stir the yolk and white of six eggs in a soup-plate. Cut up twelve medium-sized oysters, moderately fine, in another soup-plate. Rub the bottom of chafing-dish with anchovy paste, put in a good-sized piece of butter, and proceed to scramble the eggs. Just as the eggs are turning put in the oysters and stir well until cooked, then serve on toast lightly spread with anchovy paste. Three eggs and six oysters is about the right proportion for each person.

Anchovy.—Anchovy paste spread instead of butter on hot toast is a most delicious appetizer preceding a lunch. Bottled anchovies in oil served with olives, or olives stuffed with anchovies, are full of zest, and can readily be purchased in original packages.

Fish—Smelts.—For the chafing-dish smelts are particularly well adapted. They are declared to have the singular perfume of violets and syringa!

Pull the gills out, and the inside will follow. Wipe dry, dredge them with flour, first dipping in milk, and fry gently in butter.

Between three or four slices of nicely toasted and buttered bread on both sides, spread a dozen anchovies chopped fine. Beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a pint of cream and thicken over a fire. Don't let this come to a boil. Pour this over the toast after it is arranged in pyramid form on a hot plate.

Perches aux Fines Herbes.—Scale and clean fresh small perch and lay in the chafing-dish. Pour oil over them, sprinkle with pepper, salt parsley and sweet herbs minced fine. Mix minced herbs with bread-crumbs and cover the fish. Then fry, and serve with any sauce.

Salmon, Kippered.—A pound of salmon, half pint of best oil, a little pepper. Don't begin to fry until the oil is boiling.

Shad-roe.—Scald a pair of shad-roe first. Put a pint of hot water into the chafing-dish, a gill of

vinegar, a bit of mace, and a bit of lemon peel, three peppercorns, and the roe. Boil fifteen minutes. Spread with butter, the juice of lemon, and chopped parsley.

TERRAPIN À LA MARYLAND.—Plunge two cow-terrapin into boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. When cool rub off the skin from the legs, and take the shells apart carefully. Cut away the meat, take the gallbag from the liver, removing claws, sandbag, head, etc., and saving the eggs. The next day cook in the chafer as follows: Rub together the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and a quarter of a pound of butter until it becomes a paste. Add to this gradually, while stirring, a half-pint of cream and half a gill of good sherry. Pour this mixture in the chafer (a half-pint of hot water being previously placed in the lower dish), light the fire, stir while warming, and when hot add the terrapin. Simmer for a few moments.

SARDINES À LA GEORGE TRIMBLE DAVIDSON.—Have some sardines broiled and placed on individual pieces of toast, and then, on a chafing-dish, make a thin milk-rabbit. Butter, the size of a small egg, should be melted first in the dish, then the fresh cheese cut up fine and melted with the butter; a

little salt, a little pepper, and a dash of tabasco. Stir the melting cheese in one direction only, and keep adding a little cream, just enough to make it the consistency of molasses. When all is well melted and evenly stirred, pour it over the broiled sardines and serve hot.

Sardines à l'Indienne.—Put a pat of butter into the chafing-dish, and stir in the yolks of four beaten eggs, salt and Cayenne to taste, and a teaspoonful of chutney; when it forms a smooth paste mash with it some trimmed sardines from which the oil has been wiped, dip in egg and bread-crumbs, fry in hot butter, and dish up on strips of thin toast.

Creamed Shrimps.—Mix in the handled dish the yolks of two eggs, with a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and a gill of cream; lay in some bottled shrimps, let them just get hot, not allowing the eggs to curdle, and pour over strips of toast.

Rissoles of Lobster.—Mince up the meat from a boiled lobster very fine and season with pepper, salt, and a little pounded mace. Add two ounces of melted butter and some bread-crumbs; roll into balls, dip into yoke of beaten egg, put more crumbs over them, and fry to a brown in lard.

Lobster à la Newberg.—Extract the meat from two freshly boiled lobsters, weighing two pounds each, and cut it into small pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a pan over the fire, and as soon as it melts put in six fine-chopped button mushrooms, which must cook three minutes without browning. Then the lobster meat must be added; also one even teaspoonful of truffles and one-half pint of sherry. Let this cook three minutes. Mix one and one-half cupfuls of cream with the yolks of four eggs and mix it well with the lobster, allowing it to remain a few minutes over the fire without boiling. Lobster Newberg can be made more simply by leaving out the mushrooms and truffles, and many people prefer it that way.

Frying Fish à la Savarin.—Brillat Savarin, in his *Physiologie du Goût*, which was, according to Balzac, a veritable decalogue of gastronomers, irrefragable as the laws of Kepler, wrote: "The beauty of a good fry is in carbonizing or browning the surface by sudden immersion—the process known as the 'surprise.' It forms a sort of vault to enclose all that is valuable, prevents the fat from reaching it, and concentrates the juices so as best to develop the alimentary qualities. Don't forget when you have any of those trout weighing scarcely more than

quarter of a pound, and fetched from streams that murmur far from the capital—don't forget, I say, to fry them in the very finest olive-oil you have. This simple dish, properly served up with slices of lemon, is worthy of a cardinal. In exactly the same way you should treat smelts, of which adepts think so much. The smelt is, among the fish, what the fig-pecker is amongst the birds: the same in size, the same in flavor, the same in excellence."

Turtle Steak à la Henry Guy Carleton.—After melting two ounces of butter in the chafing-dish add a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, a gill of port wine, a dash of Cayenne, and a little salt. In this simmer the steak till tender; finally add the juice of half a lime, and serve hot.

Scallops.—Scald the scallops, then dry them in a napkin, and fry in the chafing-dish with a couple of walnuts of butter. *To stew:* Parboil for fifteen minutes, then put them in the dish with a pint of boiled milk, a walnut of butter, and season to taste. Simmer for eight or ten minutes.

Thackeray's Bouillabaisse.—Put a gill of olive-oil into the chafing-dish, a minced clove of

garlic, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, two cloves, six peppercorns, and, when browned, put in a pound of canned salmon with its liquid. Now add a little salt, piece of bay-leaf, two or three slices of lemon, a pint of tomato pulp, a pinch of curry powder or saffron, a gill of Rhine wine, with water enough to cover the fish. Simmer for twenty minutes. Line a deep dish with toast, remove from the pan all seasoning in sight, and then pour the contents of the pan over the toast. This dish was made famous by Thackeray.

Eggs—Omelet à la Celestine.—Break four eggs in a bowl, beating them only enough to mix the whites and yolks thoroughly. Add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a very little butter. Put a teaspoonful of butter in the omelet pan. As soon as hot turn in the eggs, shake the pan so the eggs do not set and brown until the raw egg is all cooked, lifting the cooked part every few seconds to allow the raw egg to run upon the hot pan. As soon as the omelet is set add three tablespoonfuls of strawberry jam ; fold over the omelet, turn onto a platter, dust with powdered sugar, and serve at once.

Scrambled Eggs for Four.—One pint of cream, one ounce of butter, ten eggs. Beat well together

in the dish before putting over the fire. Season to suit with a little red pepper. Do not cease thoroughly stirring until the whole is scrambled, then serve on toast.

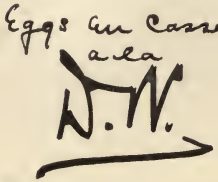
To Poach Eggs.—Have a wide stewpan half filled with perfectly clean boiling water, in which a teaspoonful of salt or vinegar has been thrown; break each egg into a small cup and slide it gently into the water; in about three minutes the whites will be firm; then lift them from the water in a wire poaching-spoon, which will drain off the water. Serve the eggs on bread toasted and buttered.

To Fry Eggs.—Break the eggs carefully into cups, as for poaching. Have the frying-pan ready with plenty of boiling butter or oil; slide the eggs gently in, and with a spoon baste a little of the butter over them, for they must not be turned. As soon as the yolk appears white, showing the deep color through, and the white is firm though transparent, which will usually be in two minutes, lift them out with a perforated slice, that they may be drained.

Eggs à la Meyerbeer.—Cut one mutton kidney in half and broil or stew it. Butter a dish and break

into it two eggs, which cook for two minutes; then add the kidney to the eggs, and serve with Perigueux sauce.

Mrs. Rorer's Omelette.—Break four eggs into a bowl; give them twelve good, vigorous beats; add four tablespoonfuls water, tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, and a bit of butter size of a walnut. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; when melted turn in the eggs; shake, dust with salt and pepper; drain so that the soft part will go underneath; fold and roll, and turn on to a heated dish.



Scramble eggs with cream and grated American cheese, chopped green peppers, tomato ketchup, paprika, and serve *en casserole* (individual stewpans), and just at serving cover with Parmesan cheese.

Eggs with Macaroni.—Heat a gill of milk in the chafing-dish; add two walnuts of butter; two tablespoons of canned mushrooms, cut fine; a cupful of cold, boiled macaroni; then four eggs which have been well mixed. Stir over boiling water for ten minutes, and season to suit.

Plain Omelette.—For a small one take four eggs and beat them up briskly; add a tablespoon of milk, and beat that up with the eggs, and pour into the dish directly over the fire. As soon as it sets, lift off the dish, slip a knife under it half-way, then slant the pan and fold over. Hold your platter against the dish and turn into it. Don't mix salt with it; that will make it flabby; reserve that for the table.

Omelette au Rhum.—After preparing as above, dust sugar over it, and then singe the sugar in stripes with a red-hot iron. Pour a wineglass of warm Jamaica rum over it, which set fire to. Then with a spoon dash the rum over the omelette, and serve.

Omelette Soufflé.—In preparing an omelette, beat the whites of four eggs separately from the yolks of two, then put together; add a tablespoonful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla; then bake ten minutes or so.

Omelette with Chestnuts. — All sorts of things may be introduced into a plain omelette—jelly, mushrooms, etc. A particularly tasty omelette, that was suggested to me by "Her," was

stuffed with boiled (then mashed) French chestnuts.

THE CURÉ'S OMELETTE À LA SAVARIN.—Hash up together the roes of two carp, carefully bleached, a piece of fresh tunny, and a little minced shallot. When well mixed throw the whole into a saucepan with a lump of the best butter, and whip it up till the butter is melted. Then in an oval dish mix separately a lump of butter with parsley and chives, and squeezing over it the juice of a lemon, place it over hot embers in readiness. Next, complete the omelette by beating up twelve eggs, pouring in the roes and tunny, stirring till all is well mixed ; then, when properly finished, and of the proper form and consistence, spread it out skilfully on the oval dish, and serve up to be eaten at once. This dish should be reserved for breakfasts of refinement, for connoisseurs in gastronomic art—those who understand eating with judgment ; but, especially, let it be washed down with some good old wine, and you will see wonders.

EGGS IN MARINADE.—Put four dessertspoonfuls of water in the stewpan, a tablespoon of vinegar, and two of veal gravy with seasoning of pepper and salt. Beat well yolks of two eggs and stir in

gradually; then light your lamp and heat just until it thickens—not boiling. Pour this sauce over poached eggs.

EGGS À LA POWERSCOURT.—Five eggs, a few anchovies or sardines, hot toasted bread, anchovy paste, Cayenne. Poach the eggs and put them on round pieces of toast, size of the egg, nicely buttered, first covering the toast with anchovy paste and a little Cayenne; cut some sardines or anchovies into slips, and lay them transversely across the eggs.

EGGS WITH HAM.—Cut ham thin and keep in hot water for half an hour; wipe the slices dry, dip into beaten eggs, and then bread-crumbs. Then fry lightly in oil and cover with poached eggs.

STEWED CODFISH.—This is a good breakfast or luncheon dish. Picked cod comes prepared. Put half a pound of it in the stewpan, with a tablespoonful of butter, worked into the same of flour, and enough milk to moisten it. Stew gently for ten minutes, add pepper, and serve hot, covering with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

CHESTNUTS AND OYSTERS.—This is an elaborate dish, but worth the while for an occasion. As many oysters as chestnuts, yolks of four eggs, half

a grated nutmeg, peel of half a lemon, two sprigs of parsley, a spoonful of the juice of spinach, six spoonfuls of milk or cream, flour, bread-crumbs, half a pint of white wine, half a blade of mace, three ounces of butter. Now to proceed: Make a thick batter with the yolk of two eggs, the nutmeg, the lemon peel minced fine, the spinach juice, a little flour, and two spoonfuls of the milk. Dip the oysters one by one into this batter, roll in bread-crumbs, and fry with butter quickly to a bright brown, and set aside to keep hot. Take the chestnuts (shelled and skinned) and fry in batter. Pour fat out of the pan, dredge some flour in, rub a piece of butter over it with a spoon, put in the liquor from the oysters, mace, the chestnuts, and half a pint of white wine. Let them boil; thicken the liquor with yolks of two eggs beaten up with four spoonfuls of cream, and when it is thick pour it over the oysters and serve.

If the amateur cook accomplishes this dish very successfully, he will satisfy himself as well as his guests.

SAVARIN'S FONDUE.—This dish is of Swiss origin. It is a healthy, savory, and appetizing dish, quickly dressed, and always convenient to place before unexpected guests. Take first as many eggs

as there are guests, and then about a third as much by weight of the best of Gruyères cheese and the half of that of butter. Break and beat up all the eggs well in a saucepan; then add the butter and cheese, grated or cut in small pieces; place the saucepan on the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon till it is of a thick and soft consistence; put in salt according to the age of the cheese, and a strong dose of pepper, that being a special attribute of this ancient dish. Finally, let it be brought to table on a hot dish, and if some of your best wine is brought and the bottle passes briskly, you will see wonders!

The Queen's Toasted Cheese.—This is the recipe from the Royal Lodge at Windsor: Grate half a pound of cheese very fine and add three tablespoons of ale and a small glass of champagne. Mix well in a silver dish over a lamp for ten minutes, then serve in the dish with toast.

Cheese Balls.—To one cup of grated cheese add a half-cup of grated bread-crumbs, one egg well beaten, and five drops of Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly and roll the paste into small balls with the hands. Place them in a wire basket and fry in very hot lard.

POTATOES BOILED PAR EXCELLENCE. — Boil medium, smooth potatoes in brine. If you have no brine handy make it with salt and water. Boil until tender, serve with the jackets, and, if you are hungry, will be found delicious with butter.

FRY ORDINAIRE.—Boil, then pare the potatoes required, and slice about one-quarter of an inch thick. Fry in boiling butter until light brown. Drain and serve on napkin, sprinkled with salt.

ANOTHER.—Fry raw in plenty of lard. Do not put the potatoes into the pan until the lard is at a boiling point.

"MOTHER'S" STEWED POTATOES.—Cut potatoes into dice that have been previously boiled. Put in stewpan with two walnuts of butter, season with pepper and salt, and add enough cream to reach them. Stew quickly and keep well turned meanwhile.

ASPARAGUS.—Select good "Oyster Bay" plant, and, after scraping well, boil fifteen minutes, adding a teaspoon of salt to the water. When cold, serve with a dish of melted butter or olive-oil to which has been added a little paprika; or, dip into epicurean sauce.

Canned Vegetables. — Corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, etc., as they are now prepared, are especially adapted to the chafing-dish for luncheon service, as well as all the canned soups. The latter may have at least one-third their bulk added to by water or milk, if desired, and with a little seasoning, such as Worcestershire or mushroom sauce, are very tasty. The vegetables are all ready for simply heating through, and can be nicely seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt. In fact, there is hardly anything now that cannot be gotten preserved in some way, and thus easily adapted for the chafing-dish.

Soups.—As all soups that could possibly be desired either by the man or woman bachelor are obtainable ready for heating in the can, there is hardly any need to give directions for the making of any soup. All canned soups are improved by emptying into the dish and adding a seasoning as desired. Let the soup just come to a boil.

Soup according to Savarin.—"To have good soup the water must be heated gently in order to draw out the albumen before it is coagulated, and the boiling must be almost imperceptible in order to mix thoroughly and gradually the soluble parts which the meat successively yields. Sometimes

vegetables or roots are added to the plain soup to improve the flavor, and macaroni or bread to make it more nourishing ; it is then a potage, or vegetable soup, or broth—a wholesome, light, and nutritious food, suitable for all ; not only satisfying, but giving tone to the digestive organs. To make good soup, the pot must only simmer—'smiie,' as the phrase is."

A silver or metal teapot draws out the strength and fragrance of the tea more readily than one of earthenware, and one of a globular form is most effectual. Boiling water should first be poured into it to heat the metal before the tea-making is commenced, that less heat may be abstracted from the infusion, and thus the action be more powerful ; then into the heated vessel put the quantity of tea required, and half fill with boiling water. If the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes before filling up ; if of coarser kind, five minutes is long enough, or you

will draw more of the bitterness than the fragrance of the tea. Never drain all the infusion from the teapot before you refill it; leave at least one cup, and when the strength of the leaves is exhausted, do not add more tea to them, but turn them out and commence afresh, or the bitterness of the old leaves will destroy the flavor of the tea.

SPAGHETTI.—Put the ends into boiling water for a moment. This will soften them, so you can coil the spaghetti into the water without breaking. Boil for fifteen minutes, then drain in a colander and pour cold water over it. Now put in a hot dish and heat through, first pouring over it a tomato sauce, good and hot, with paprika.

VIOLET LUNCHEON.—A luncheon for six people that I had the pleasure of attending recently was an exceedingly dainty affair. The table was luxuriantly decorated with violets; the china service was all, more or less, hand-painted, with the violet as the chief color. The menu was as follows:

Bierre de Malaga
Toast with anchovy paste
Oysters à la John Chamberlin
Eggs en casserole
Quail, chafing-dish style
Crème Yvette sorbet à la Waldorf

Three silver chafing-dishes stood ready on the side-table, one being placed in front of the host for each course. The servant passed him the materials for making each dish just as they were wanted, everything being temptingly placed on the side-table close at hand. The first was simply an imported appetizer. Directions for the three following courses can be found by consulting the index. The quail was cooked as the recipe is given for spring chicken. The last, a violet sorbet, especially delighted the women; the recipe I obtained from the Hotel Waldorf, as follows: One gallon orange and lemon ice, one-half bottle Crème Yvette, and two teaspoonfuls of vegetable violet color.

Creamed Oysters à la Eugene McCarthy. —Here is a recipe for two: One pint oysters, one cup cream, one-half cup sherry, two tablespoonfuls Worcestershire, two drops tabasco, two walnuts of butter, small bunch celery cut fine, salt to suit. Stew until the gills of the oysters frill.

L'ENVOI.

My dear Cook Man:

You're great on la eat; but don't forget la drink. Par example, the little trick of turning new wine into old—no miracle—a teaspoonful of very hot water in the *table d'hôte* red wine of California, and at once you have a fair St. Emilion or St. Estephe or Macon of five years old. Then the raw young whiskey, if it is good, treated with two lumps of sugar to the quart and left open a few hours, takes on age and mellowness with astonishing rapidity. Urge Christians not to drink foreign champagnes that don't come out of a king's or a Rothschild's cellar. San Franciscan champagne, if tabulated ten dollars a bottle, would be in demand the world over. Cool it, but don't ice it. Vat'en au diable, prie.

Ton ami,

Saint Maur.

***

I have loved that alliterative complement, Sala and Savarin, not because (*entre nous*) I think life's enjoyment is mainly what the little pigs may be

thinking of, sketched in my first chapter, but because in all that they have written (not the pigs, but S. and S.) there has been created an atmosphere of the most genial *bonhomie.* Poor Sala died the month this was going to press, and his last parting gift to the library shelf was a book on cooking, the result of his contemplation of years. But he alludes to the fascination the kitchen had for him, in both his bachelorhood and married state, in his "Life and Adventures."

He begins by saying: "I should be false to the scheme which I laid down for myself many years ago, when I first thought of writing my life at all, were I not to say something about the great change that came over me when I had to work for somebody else besides myself; and when my toil was requited by the devotedness and love of a young and intelligent partner. A bachelor must be, to a certain extent, selfish; he cannot help it; he thinks of himself in some shape or another from morning till night; and selfishness begets self-indulgence and hard-heartedness. It is not so with a widower; he has enjoyed the bliss of wedded life. Is there a nobler passage in Johnson's letter to Chesterfield than that in which he says, 'The notice you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been de-

layed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, *till I am solitary and cannot impart it*, till I am known and do not want it'? To my mind it is impossible to be really happy unless you can impart at least one moiety of your happiness to others. Never mind what the moiety is—a ticket for the opera, a bunch a flowers, a new garment, a dinner at Greenwich, a drive in the park—it will not be thoroughly enjoyed unless you can share it with somebody you love. It was my great good fortune to espouse a pious, charitable, and compassionate young woman; and she did her best, during a union of five and twenty years, to weed out of me my besetting sin of selfishness, and to soften and dulcify a temper naturally violent and unreasoning. . . . During the dark days of the long nightmare of Bohemianism I did not forget how to cook, but my culinary faculty was in a state of suspended animation. After my marriage the cunning of the *archimogeiros* came back unbidden to me, and it was one of the earliest and most delightful of my experiences as a Benedict teaching Beatrice how to cook. I bought a very nice little *batterie de cuisine* made of brown Wedgwood ware; and with the aid of a spirit lamp and some charcoal embers we managed to get up the most dainty little repasts imaginable. My wife's capacity for

cooking developed with surprising rapidity. She became in years, as she grew, a veritable *cordon bleu;* and between 1875 and 1885, when we had a roomy old house in Mecklenburg Square, and I was prosperous, and could afford to be hospitable, we concocted a number of lunches and dinners which won the admiration of the most distinguished *gourmets* in London. The manner of our procedure was as follows: I settled the *menu.* If there was any made dish or any sauces with which she was unacquainted she asked me for information and I gave it to her. Then she took three days to think out the dinner. Afterwards she would repair to her laboratory, which was a little room overlooking the garden, and which we had fitted up with shelves, on which she arranged all her condiments, her miniature stewpans and braising-pans, and saucepans, and so forth. The place came to look at last like that gastronomic library which forms the frontispiece to one of the volumes of Reynière's 'Almanach des Gourmands,' in which the articles on the shelves are not books, but hams, capons, *patés de foie gras,* pots of conserves, bottles of oil and vinegar, and other creature comforts. In that laboratory, standing before a broad kitchen table, and aided by one of the neatest-handed parlourmaids I ever knew, the artistic por-

tion of the dinner used to be accomplished; the ingredients for the made dishes were mixed; there was white stock and there was brown stock simmering over the charcoal; the sauces were all made, labelled and placed in different *casseroles* in a *bain marie* pan of boiling water; and all Mrs. Cook in the regions below had to do was to make the soup, dress the fish and vegetables, and roast the joints and game. We had a worthy soul at £30 per annum who stayed with us several years; and when I went to Australia in 1885 she was fit to be cook at a London club. She used to beg and pray to be taught to make sauces and *entrées*, and when my wife had any leisure she used to instruct her; but on the occasion of an exceptionally *recherché* banquet, she herself, and she only, was *la saucière*."

***

Concerning the famous cooks of this century (and I do not know to whom I owe this uncredited scrap from my note-book):

"Each has left a record of his accomplishments in the form of a treatise on the culinary art. Of these, Beauvilliers in his 'L'Art du Cuisinier,' Carême in his 'Maître d'Hôtel Française;' Ude, 'The French Cook;' Soyer in 'The Gastronomic Regenerator,' Francatelli in his 'Modern Cook,'

and Gouffé in his 'Le Livre de Cuisine,' have carried to the utmost limit all that is possible in the science of cookery. Beauvilliers was renowned for his entrées and roasts. In the absolute perfection of these he in his time stood alone as the master *par excellence.* His book, even at this day, offers an example of what a treatise on cookery should be; moreover, it reveals the position of the culinary art at the fall of the First Empire. Carême is probably that cook whose reputation surpasses that of all his contemporaries and successors. Carême excelled in entremets and sauces. It was said of him that if it were wished to eat of a grandfather or an elephant, he was the one to prepare the sauce to disguise the flavor of either. He died before he had completed that part of his work relating to sauces and entrées. Carême as a writer on the culinary art indulged in romantic elaboration. This is attributed to the influence of the time—the reign of Louis XVIII. At that period eating and drinking were ostentatious and vulgar. The King, whose dinner was always one of forty courses, was responsible for this, and Carême yielded to the fashion of the day, probably, however, through natural inclination as much as through necessity. He developed a mania for decoration, in which he employed stearine with a lavish hand. Under this decorative

influence he revealed the skill of a sculptor, colorist, and draughtsman, three accomplishments that he considered indispensable in a cook. Ude was the kitchen director of the famous Crockfords of London. He was a good cook and a bombastic author. His famous axiom was that it was easier to compose an oratorio or an opera than to create a new entrée, and that a cook was a greater artist than a Royal Academician or a professor of music. Soyer was also an extravagant and exaggerated writer on culinary topics. Apart from his services to the English troops during the Crimean war, he is mainly remembered by his hundred-guinea dish, to produce which a hundred turkeys had to be killed, of which each supplied only the two dark-meat lumps on each side of the rump, called by the French *le sot l'y laisse.* Francatelli's 'Modern Cook' has become a classic through the ease with which his recipes are susceptible of practical application. He was Queen Victoria's chef and the innovator in reducing the number of dishes served at dinners of the time. Gouffé was a culinary artist of the first class. His book is a standard grammar of the French school of cookery, and no work treating of superior domestic and higher cookery has surpassed it in practical exactness and painstaking minuteness."

"Dixie's dishes are quoted, or rather misquoted, so often that I am emboldened to take up my pen in defence of my country," said a Southern woman to a writer in the *Sun*.

"'Hog and hominy' have been declared our staff of life ever since Mason and Dixon marked their boundary line between the two sections, whereas hog and hominy only play their part in special seasons, known in Dixie as 'hog-killing time.'

"How the collection of that savory season lingers in memory! The yards and yards of delicious sausages, the backbones and spare ribs, the hog's-head cheese and brains, the tenderloins and pigs' feet, and the saucy-looking little roast pigs with red apples in their mouths. Then the old smoke-houses, hung around with sugar-cured hams, which, baked brown, garnished with cloves, and served with champagne sauce, were always vis-à-vis with the roast turkey or canvas-back ducks at a dinner of any importance.

"And our big, yellow, sugar 'yams,' how they are outraged by being spoken of as 'boiled sweet potatoes'! Who ever heard of a Southerner eating boiled sweet potatoes? He would just as soon think of eating a boiled owl. They are baked, or roasted in their jackets, from which they easily

slip, when properly cooked, and are covered with a delicious saccharine coating. The only time they are boiled is when they are to be converted into croquettes or candied. The latter method is in this style :

"Parboil the potatoes, cut them lengthwise, lay in baking dish, sprinkle thickly with brown sugar and powdered cinnamon, and cover liberally with lumps of butter. Pour over water enough to moisten the sugar, and bake in an oven, basting frequently with the rich sauce that will soon form.

"'Sweet potato pone' is another specifically Southern dish, used as a dessert. The potatoes are peeled raw and grated on a coarse grater. Five or six potatoes will make a good-sized dishful. Add one cup of molasses, one of brown sugar, and the yolks of three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, pounded orange peel, and nutmeg, tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking soda mixed with the molasses, and a little salt. Mix all together, put in a pan, sprinkle sugar on top, and bake brown.

"'Hoppin' John' is a dish peculiar to South Carolina; I have never seen it anywhere else. It is made of cow peas (red peas), rice, and bacon. It sounds awfully plebeian and uninviting, but it

isn't. Eat it once and you'll always want a second experience. A New York clergyman residing in Charleston, S. C., declares that he would feel disloyal both to his stomach and to his adopted home if he did not have 'Hoppin' John' at least twice a week.

"The peas are boiled until tender, a piece of bacon and a pod of red pepper being boiled with them. When done, a portion of the liquid is taken out and poured over the rice, that has been washed the same as for ordinary cooking. The pea liquor is used in the place of water. This is boiled in a double boiler for half an hour, or until thoroughly done, and salted to taste. When done, turn out rice, place bacon on the top, and serve hot.

"'Pilau rice,' or 'à la Creole,' is a dish known only in South Carolina and New Orleans. The rice is boiled with the water in which a ham or chicken has been boiled, with whole allspice and whole black pepper added. It is served with the ham or chicken.

"'Crab gumbo' is another dish fit for the gods. Fry two tablespoonfuls of flour in one of lard until the flour is browned, but not burned. Add a chopped onion, a chopped Irish potato, thyme, parsley, salt, and red pepper, and fry a few minutes. Then put in eight hard crabs that have been

scalded and cleaned. Add three pints of boiling water, and boil the whole for half an hour. When ready to serve, rub a teaspoonful of powdered sassafras to a paste, with a spoonful of butter. Stir this in soup until well mixed through it, then pour in tureen and serve with rice. If okra is used instead of sassafras fillet, it should be cut up fine and fried with the lard, flour, and herbs before putting in the crabs and water. The fillet must never be put in until dinner is about to be served, as it spoils quickly by standing in the pot."

***

Dean Hole, in his book "A Little Tour in America," praises our food, and the variety of it, but declares that the dulness of our table-knives is an abomination. He says also that our fish do not compare to those in English waters, but what certain fish we may lack is very satisfactorily made up for by a variety of others. We may not have sole or turbot, but we have Spanish mackerel, terrapin, smelt, pompano, and Lord knows what not. Our oysters are finer and of better flavor—although Dean Hole, like Thackeray, does not care for their largeness.

***

It is said of Carlyle, a Scotchman of the old school, even after a long residence in London, that

he always clung to the culinary processes of Scotland. The meals served at his house in Cheyne row are described as awful examples of old Scotch gastronomic methods. No cook would remain with him for any length of time, and the revelations of these functionaries when they left his employ appalled even natives of his own land. Carlyle thought he knew something of cookery. A rice pudding, however, that he frequently concocted was the cause of many estrangements between his friends and himself.

Dr. Johnson ridiculed the cooking of the Scotch, and now a writer in an article in the *New Review* calls attention to the rapid if not total disappearance of most of the national dishes of Scotland. Tartan, pansowdie, scadlips, brochan, and drammock are gone. Even haggis, consisting of a minced leg of mutton, suet, bread crumbs, spices, mushrooms, and red wine, enclosed in a skin and baked in a quick oven, is becoming a thing of the past.

***

It is claimed that the insidious and fascinating "cocktail" was the invention of Colonel Carter of Culpeper Court House, Va. "Many years ago," says an anonymous contributor, "in that locality there was a wayside inn named 'The Cock and

Bottle,' the semblance of an old English tavern, and which bore upon its swinging sign a cock and bottle, meaning thereby that draught and bottled ale could be had within—the 'cock,' in old vernacular, meaning the tap. He, therefore, who got the last and muddy portion of the tap was said to have received the 'cocktail.' Upon one occasion, when Colonel Carter was subjected to the indignity of having this muddy beverage put before him, he threw it angrily upon the floor and exclaimed: 'Hereafter I will drink cocktails of my own brewing;' and then and there, inspired evidently by the spirit of Ganymede, he dashed together bitters, sugar, the oil of lemon peel, and some old Holland gin, and thus and then and there was the original cocktail concocted."

*
* *

Mr. Delmonico says that "lobster Newberg" was so called by him after a gentleman named Wenberg, who was a great frequenter of the famous restaurant, and asked for the concoction so often that it was finally put down on the menu as *à la Wenberg*. But his patron not wishing the notoriety, objected so seriously that Mr. Delmonico finally disguised it by reversing the letters of the first syllable of the name.

But the amenities of cooking and eating obtain more or less interest in comparing the atmosphere of a locality. A foaming glass of beer and a Swiss-cheese sandwich made out of rye bread are consumed with a zest by a hungry man in a German saloon that could not possibly be obtained in one's parlor. Perhaps beans taste better in Boston than they do in New York, even if the pot is from the same baker. In Syracuse, or rather a few miles away from it on the country road, is a wayhouse kept by an Irishman, and it is a fad among the Syracusans to drive there and eat boiled potatoes. They are cooked in brine, and, when served, the jacket has on a heavy overcoat. It is declared that there have been many imitators of these famous boiled potatoes, but without success in obtaining the delicious flavor. In Buffalo there is a woman who bakes brown bread in an old Dutch oven. The "upper ten" buy all she can possibly make herself, and she will not employ help. It has a peculiar quality of its own, and she has had many offers for her recipe. One grocer tendered his check for $2,000 simply for the use of it.

***

I may some time possibly aspire to be a poet or a biographer—even a novelist—but if my expecta-

tions are realized in any way, pointing to books, I can hardly fancy that "The Bachelor and the Chafing-dish" will ever be an authority. Perhaps I am trifling with my publisher and my public alike. It will surely be thought so if, perchance, some dyspeptic being should fail in any one of the recipes here given, and I may have much to answer for. But I can truthfully say that naught has been set down in malice, and if some testy fellow may upbraid me, I pray that the one to whom I have ascribed as my incentive will forgive with "his intentions are well meant!"

D. W.

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For panned oysters—When the dish becomes hot put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two dozen oysters, half a cup of cream on oyster liquor, salt and paprika to taste, cover the dish and cook three minutes. Turn the oysters upon squares of buttered toast.

Another way to pan oysters—Malt a large tablespoonful of butter in the heated dish, put in a teaspoonful of flour, and stir until it is well blended. Add oysters enough to cover the bottom of the dish without crowding, and season with salt and cayenne pepper. Cover the dish and cook the oysters until the edges are ruffled, stirring them to have both sides cook alike. Pour over the oysters a couple of spoonfuls of sherry and serve on pieces of crisp toast.

Another method is this—Put in a chafing dish a tablespoonful of butter, and when it is melted add a dozen and a half large oysters. Scatter over the oysters some finely chopped celery, salt and cayenne pepper. Cover the dish and cook until the oysters are plump and the edges ruffled. Then pour over them two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and serve on toasted crackers.

For a curry of oysters—Put one tablespoonful of butter in the heated dish. When it is melted stir in one tablespoonful of grated onion, the same amount of flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Gradually stir in a cup of oyster liquor and stir until it thickens, add two dozen oysters and season with salt. Cover the dish and cook about two minutes and serve.

Creamed oysters—Put one tablespoonful of butter into the chafing dish and stir into it the same quantity of flour. When they are frothy add one cup of cream and let the mixture come to a boil. then stir in one and a half dozen oysters that have been heated to a boiling point in their own liquor and drained. Add one egg well beaten and two tablespoonfuls of sherry or not, as one may desire. As soon as the egg is stirred in cover the burner and serve.

For oyster saute—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the dish, and when hot put a single layer of large, well-drained oysters in the bottom of the dish. When browned on one side turn them and brown upon the other, adding more butter if it is needed. Season with salt and paprika, and serve with toasted crackers and sliced lemon.