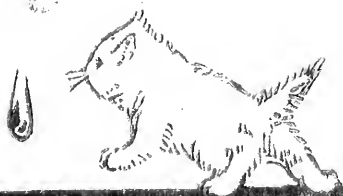


Rhymes Receipts



By
Imogen Black





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**RHYMED RECEIPTS FOR
ANY OCCASION**

for
Any Occasion

By Imogen Clark

Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.

— *Dekker and Ford.*

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TO
T. I. L.
FOR THE BEST OF REASONS

*Now good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both.*

— Macbeth.

SALADS

*Well read, deeply learned and thoroughly
grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads.*

— *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

*Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavor.*

— *Comper.*



Rhymed Receipts

CUCUMBER BOATS

*The hand that hath made you fair, hath made
you good.*

— *Measure for Measure.*

TAKE small cucumbers for your fleet,
And treat each one the self-same way,
Cut lengthwise slice from lower side,
Forming a keel that straight will stay.

Then hollow out the upper side
To make a little oval boat,
And set each on a sep'rate plate,
As if it ready were to float.

Fill in as cargo shredded pine
(Fragrant, and sweet beyond all
praise),
Diced cucumbers, and walnut meats,
All closely bound with mayonnaise.

Now launch your fleet, and rest assured
The venture will successful be.
How good it were could such a fate
Bless all the ships you send to sea!

Rhymed Receipts

JAPANESE SALAD

The image of it gives me content already.
— *Measure for Measure.*

IN Chrysanthemum Land, far over the
sea,
They gave me this salad for Sunday
night tea,
And, I'm sure you'll believe, I ate it with
glee.

Shredded apples, and truffles, and celery
white,
Well seasoned and mixed, as I saw with
delight,
With Chrysanthemum flowers all glow-
ing and bright;

These covered with mayonnaise, golden
of hue,
With hard-boiled eggs garnished, and
green olives too,
Were served in a bowl of rich Japanese
blue.

Rhymed Receipts

BANANA SALAD

*How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection.*

— Merchant of Venice.

SELECT bananas, gold of hue,
And uniform in size,
With care remove the fruit, and slice
Quite thin — I would advise.

Mix these slim rounds with pecan meats
Broken in tiny bits,
And grape fruit shredded finely, too,
And robbed of all its pits.

This medley next is drenched with oil,
And lemon juice combined,
The hollow skins are then filled up,
Or — shall we say — relined?

Now place upon crisp lettuce leaves,
Or curly water-cress,
The golden shapes, and walnuts add
Shorn of their outer dress.

Rhymed Receipts

STUFFED PRUNE SALAD

*Just, as in nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety.*

— A. Cowley.

WASH a pound of large prunes — the
larger, the better —
And soak for three hours (do this to the
letter!).
Then cook them, I pray, until they are
tender,
And after they cool, to give them new
splendor,
Their pits cast aside — their stony inter-
nals —
And stuff them quite full with rich wal-
nut kernels.
On separate plates leaves of lettuce ar-
ray,
And three prunes — or four — in each
nest stow away;
Then cast over all that goldenest bless-
ing,
Which we mortals name a mayonnaise
dressing.

Rhymed Receipts

MUSK MELONS AND GRAPE-FRUIT

No other terms than unconditional and immediate surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

— U. S. Grant.

SELECT small melons—firm, and chilled—
And cut each one in two,
Next scoop the centre out and leave
A gen'rous space in view.

With grape-fruit bits, and melon dice
Proceed these nests to fill,
Then with French dressing marinate,
And win your guests' good will.

Instead of grape-fruit — oranges
May be preferred by some,
And if they're used with chopped nut
meats
All cavilling is dumb.

Rhymed Receipts

PEACH SALAD

A modern ecstasy.

— *Macbeth.*

CHOOSE fine large peaches, peel and halve,
And cast the stones aside,
Then, till they're very firm and cold,
On ice let them abide.

Put lettuce leaves on separate plates,
And in each nest the fruit —
Filled with whipped cream and mayon-
naise —
The hardest taste they'll suit.

Rhymed Receipts

WATERMELON SALAD

I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.
— *Twelfth Night.*

BEFORE the coming of Jack Frost,
While summer lingers with her spell,
Let this most simple salad course
Charm eye, and palate, too, as well.

Out of a watermelon ripe
Cut rounds from the delicious red,
Using the scoop with which the cook
Oft makes potato balls instead.

Drain these and chill, then place each one
Amid crisp leaves of lettuce green,
Like hearts of rose, while over all
French dressing glistens with its sheen.

Rhymed Receipts

FLOWER OF A LILY

(PIMENTO AND CHEESE SALAD)

Practice is everything.

— *Periander.*

DRAIN a small can of Pimentos,
Then each one lay out flat, and trim
The edges evenly and neat,
And shape into a cone form slim.
Next mash a cheese — one made of
cream —
With enough oil, or cream, that you
May roll it with your hand in pipes
Like macaroni thick and new.
Each cone of red Pimento lay
On little leaves of lettuce white,
And when the cheese is pressed inside
French dressing add, just seasoned
right.
If these precepts you take to heart,
And strive to follow well and true,
Each guest will murmur with delight
When the lily flower meets his view.

Rhymed Receipts

BANANA AND NUT SALAD

These reasons made his mouth to water.

— *Butler.*

HERE'S a dainty salad,
Worthy of a ballad,
Or — you will admit — of any kind of
song.

Take some red bananas
(Product of Havana's!),
Strip of peel, and cut in cubes just three
inches long.

Next these pieces (which you
Roll in crumbs of rich hue,
Made of peanuts powdered fine as ocean's
sand,)
Lay on lettuce duly,
And to crown all truly
O'er the whole French dressing you pour
with spendthrift hand.

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DESSERTS

The daintiest last to make the end most sweet.

— *Richard II.*

*Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William
cook.*

— *II Henry IV.*

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Rhymed Receipts

MT. ETNA IN ICES

Comfort me with cold.

— *King John.*

IN crystal glasses for your guests
First, as foundation stand
Ice-cream that's from Pistachio made,
Green as the summer land.

Next strawberries—fresh, luscious, red—
Arrange in layer neat,
Flavored with Maraschino wine,
Like breath of flowers sweet.

And now vanilla ice-cream take
And build a little cone,
A tiny mountain from whose top —
As if with lava strewn —

Some almonds place; the mimic stream
Will cause no least alarm.
Indeed, Mt. Etna viewed like this
Possesses only charm.

Rhymed Receipts

FRUITED WHIPPED CREAM

Infinite riches in a little room.

— Marlowe.

WHIP until stiff a pint of cream
 (The cream must suffer, and not *you!*),
Sweeten it now with lavish hand,
 And add this mixture thereunto.

One cup of strawberries left whole,
 And one of shredded, juicy pine,
With orange and banana mixed,
 Cut into dice all rather fine.

Serve very cold. And, one thing more,
 Be sure the cream is extra sweet,
The fruit is acid, and you know
 “ The little less ” oft mars the treat.

Rhymed Receipts

PEAR COMPOTE

*That I should live so long
And ignorant of such wealth as this.*

— *Randolph.*

PEEL some small pears, and leave them
whole,
Nor cut their stems away,
In water stand, where lemon juice
Will keep them white, they say.

Next boil a cup of sugar sweet —
The granulated's best —
With tablespoon of water, till
It threads. That is the test!

Dry well, and form in pyramid
The pears, on which you pour
The half-cold sirup, so each one
With glaze is coated o'er.

Put this to cool. Then, with whipped
cream
Heaped all around the base,

Rhymed Receipts

Serve cold as ice from Polar seas,
Or any frigid place.

Good as this sounds, if o'er the fruit,
Before the sirup's "set,"
Almonds are cast, or other nuts,
You'll find it better yet.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Thrice better, though, if peaches small
Are used the self-same way,
Well sprinkled with pistachio nuts —
None can this fact gainsay.

Rhymed Receipts

“ MOONSHINE ”

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

— *Hamlet.*

“ FIND out moonshine ” was the word
That “ a wood near Athens ” heard;
And to Bottom, when he cried,
An almanac there was supplied.
But no almanac to-day
Of my “ Moonshine ” aught can say.
Rather seek of me to know
In the lines subjoined below:

Yolks of eggs, that number three,
Must be beaten steadily
Till they spread a glist'ning froth,
Stiff as snow from out the north.
Now for sugar — piled up high
Thrice in teaspoon it must lie —
This is added to the bowl,
And with force you beat the whole.

Next three peaches, ripe and sweet,
In small pieces join the treat,

Rhymed Receipts

Then a pint of thick, rich cream,
Then vanilla — a small stream —
And, for a completer spell,
Brandy goes the list to swell,
Just a trifle, if you please,
What two teaspoons hold with ease.

Now the whole must frozen be,
Ere it's really done, you see,
Just as if it were ice-cream
(Though it tastes more like a dream!).
Serve in glasses very thin —
How it glimmers there within,
Golden as the Harvest Moon
Caught somehow by mortal spoon.

Rhymed Receipts

MELON RINGS AND ICE- CREAM

They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance.

— *Timon of Athens.*

SELECT small, spicy Cantaloupes —

You know the kind I mean —

Slice cross-wise into rings, then scrape

The seeds away quite clean.

The fruit is chilled, and, when it's served,

Each circle on its plate

Has for a heart rich, white Ice-cream —

Is that a cruel fate?

Rhymed Receipts

FRENCH PINEAPPLE BISQUE

A hit, a very palpable hit!

— *Hamlet.*

BEAT with one cup of sugar white
 (The powdered is the best, I deem),
Yolks of four eggs, then stir till light,
 And add thereto a pint of cream.

Next turn into the foamy mass
 A can of golden, shredded pine,
Mixed well with brandy (one small
 glass),
 And macaroons crushed very fine.

Let freeze; and when the time draws nigh
 To serve this dainty at your feast,
See it approach with kindling eye —
 Perfection — at the very least!

Rhymed Receipts

DATE JELLY

Feel, masters, how I shake.

— II Henry IV.

To make this jelly stew some dates, I
pray,
Until the stones slip easily away,
Then take a mold — a circle one is best —
And in it place, like lining in a nest,
The rich, dark fruit cut into little strips;
Next add a layer made of almond chips;
Then one of dates, then nuts, then dates
once more,
And over all clear lemon jelly pour.
Set on the ice until it's time to serve
Heaped with whipped cream in many a
graceful curve.

Rhymed Receipts

ORANGE COMPOTE

*He hath been used
Ever to conquer.*

— *Coriolanus.*

TAKE oranges of medium size,
The peel remove, I pray,
From each a round cut from one end,
And scoop the seeds away.

Fill up the little cups thus formed
With strawberry preserve,
The flavor mixed with orange juice
Is more than most deserve.

Then top each orange with whipped
cream,
A cap all soft and white,
Made up of puffs, while for rosettes
Whole strawberries gleam bright.

On separate plates the fruit then serve
With lady fingers slim,
And I've no doubt a king would say
The dish was fit for him!

Rhymed Receipts

WATERMELON BALLS

Give us a taste of your quality.

— *Hamlet.*

CUT a fine melon into halves,
And from the lovely pink
Make balls with a potato-scoop —
They're prettier than you think.

Next chill and sweeten, then pile up
In glasses sparkling bright,
The rosy shapes with sherry drenched
To make the flavor right.

Rhymed Receipts

TURKISH PARFAIT

*Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense
with its necessities.*

— J. L. Motley.

“COFFEE, which makes the politician
wise,”

From Turkey comes in this delicious
guise:

Within a basin put a quarter-pound
Of freshly roasted berries, still unground,
A bit of sweet vanilla pod, then pour
On these a pint of hot cream (and no
more),

Set all to steep for thirty minutes quite,
What time — with quarter-pound of
sugar white,

You cream the yolks of half a dozen eggs,
And put the same — the *chef* from Tur-
key begs —

With the infusion. Next the basin stand
In boiling water, and with vig'rous hand
The fragrant mixture stir repeatedly
Until it's thick as honey from the bee.

Rhymed Receipts

Remove and strain. Add half a pint of
cream,
And beat o'er ice till cold. Then serve —
and dream!

Rhymed Receipts

VIENNA FILLED APPLES

A dish fit for the gods.

— *Julius Caesar.*

TAKE apples and remove the cores,
Scrape well the pulp away,
And in each hollow cup thus formed
This medley duly lay:

Sugar, and grated lemon peel,
And raisins chopped to shreds,
With apple snips, and bits of nuts,
And cinnamon in threads.

Now set the apples in a pan,
And pour upon the fruit
A cup of wine — with water mixed —
And sweet, the taste to suit.

When you have stewed the apples till
They've very tender grown,
Serve cold, each on a sep'rate plate,
With the rich sauce o'erstrewn.

Rhymed Receipts

FRENCH ORANGE COMPOTE

Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go.

— *W. King.*

SUGAR and water you combine
To make a sirup sweet,
Adding a little lemon juice,
The flavor to complete.

Peel oranges, the seeds discard,
Cut into quarters true,
Lay in the boiling sirup next,
And cook ten minutes through.

Place on a crystal dish the fruit,
O'er which the sirup pour,
And strew with candied cherries red,
To give the one touch more.

Rhymed Receipts

CHRISTMAS CHARLOTTE RUSSE

We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
— *Walter Scott.*

WHIP up a pint of well chilled cream
Till it's a fairy fluff,
Then powdered sugar fold within,
Your taste is guide enough.

Add tablespoon of gelatine
Dissolved in water cold
(The cup should be but quarter full,
And drop by drop it's told).

Next candied cherries, chopped in bits,
Ruddy and gleaming bright,
From a big cup are turned upon
The mass of snowy white.

Serve this within a sponge-cake shell,
The dish all wreathed about
With holly leaves, between whose
green
Red berries twinkle out.

CAKES

*Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there
shall be no more Cakes and Ale?*

— *Twelfth Night.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown.

— *Milton.*

Rhymed Receipts

“LADY BALTIMORE” CAKE

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

— *Byron.*

IN a southern city shady there's a cake
named for a Lady,
One who doubtless was the darling of the
house of Baltimore,
Naught know we of this fair sister, yet
a writer — Owen Wister —
Called his novel by the cake's name —
into thousands it did soar!
But it surely was the Cake's fame that
did make the story soar —
Merely this, and nothing more.

For that peerless, toothsome matter, this
is how they make the batter:
Just one cup of golden butter, two of
sugar, I implore!
Cup of milk, and three of flour — half
another of that dower —
Two teaspoons of baking-powder, whites
of six eggs well whipped o'er,

Rhymed Receipts

And one spoon in which rose-water has
been duly filtered o'er.

Merely these, and nothing more.

Now there still remains the "filling,"
which the layers keep from spilling
(And it's thickly used as frosting on the
top and sides galore):

Three cups sugar, one of water, boiled
until it threads (or "oughter"),

Beaten with the whites of three eggs, in
which cup of raisins pour —

Also cup of chopped pecan meats, and
five figs sliced thin, you pour.

Only these, and nothing more.

Rhymed Receipts

“ ROCKS ”

Like, but oh! how different.

— *Wordsworth.*

Most people think that rocks are stones
And never meant to eat,
But if you'll make the ones I mean,
You'll find them quite a treat.

One cup of powdered sugar take,
Two-thirds of butter add,
And cream together soft and smooth —
The work will make you glad.

Two eggs, well beaten, go in next,
Then 'tis the flour's turn,
One cup, and half a cupful more —
But any extra spurn.

A teaspoonful of cinnamon,
And one of powdered clove,
A pound of walnuts chopped with pound
Of raisins that we love.

These add with soda — well dissolved
(A teaspoonful — that's all!)

Rhymed Receipts

In water hot, to keep the "rocks"
From an untimely fall.

On buttered tins the mixture drop
From spoon — 'twill oddly form —
Bake in an oven not too cold,
Nor yet again too warm.

Taste one when done, and you will own,
Before you are much older,
The only fault with such a rock
Is that it's not a *boulder*.

Rhymed Receipts

ICE - CREAM CAKE

Best of all

Among the rarest of good ones.

— *Cymbeline.*

MAKE a good sponge-cake (any book
Will tell you how to do the trick),
Use layer-pans in which to cook
The batter, spread a half inch thick.
When they are baked, set by till cold,
Nor let impatience mar their gold.

Then, calling all your native skill,
Whip hard a pint of rich, sweet cream
(Suppose it treated you so ill,
What would you think?). Well, to my
theme.
Atone with sugar sifted through,
And add vanilla extract, too.

Next in the mass so fluffy fair
(As 'twere a cloud from Heaven
dropped!),
Fold in with the extremest care

Rhymed Receipts

One pound of almonds, blanched and
chopped.

This 'twixt the layers thickly pour —
Who eats one slice will ask for more.

Ah! willingly I would forsake

Doughnuts, and other simple things,
For this — the queen of ev'ry cake —

How glad I am it has no wings!
And yet it goes so quickly too,
I'm sure it has them. What say you?

Rhymed Receipts

NUT WAFERS

O well done! I commend your pains.
— *Macbeth.*

HERE are cakes for dainty eating:
Peanut butter, just a cup,
In the bowl some soda meeting
(Half a teaspoon, you take up),
Add one cup of clear, warm water,
Stir till paste is smooth as silk,
Leaving not a trace, my daughter,
Of the soda white as milk.

Then, still beating like a Vandal,
Mix in flour just enough
To form dough that you can handle —
It must be a plastic stuff.

Knead this well with your ten fingers,
Then cut wafers very thin,
And where moderate heat lingers
Is the place to bake them in.

Let the oven do its duty,
You'll discover by and by
That each wafer is a beauty
When it comes out crisp and dry.

Rhymed Receipts

SPICED COFFEE CAKE

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

— *Samuel Johnson.*

SOMETIMES it chances John will sigh
For dainties tasted long ago,
And should you wish to still that cry,
And have him laud you to the sky,
The means are duly set below.

The usual cup of butter take,
And just the same of sugar, too,
Alack! how true with us who bake,
No matter how our brains we rake,
Repeat we must, repeat we do.

Molasses next — rich, nutty, brown —
One cup of this, and one as well
Of strong, cold coffee — best in town —
One egg, four cups of flour down,
Into the mixture go to dwell.

Add cup of raisins — stoned, you know—
And baking-powder, teaspoons three,
While cinnamon will one o'erflow,

Rhymed Receipts

And cloves will e'en be measured so,
Thus ends the ancient recipe.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Now if you ask how long it should
Within the oven's arms abide?
I cannot answer if I would,
I only know that it makes "good,"
When the broom proves it's satisfied.

Rhymed Receipts

“ BETHLEHEMS ”

*They are ever forward
In celebration of this day.*

— *Henry VIII.*

OF all the cakes that come for Christmas
Day

The little Bethlehems must lead the way,
So simple, too, to make, as you will see
If you will read this rhyme attentively.

First butter take, about a fourth of cup,
Then sugar — brim but once same meas-
ure up,

Cream these together till they're smooth
as silk,

And add straightway half-cup of sweet-
est milk.

Next sift one cup — and half one more
— of flour

Into the bowl—a sudden fairy shower!—
With two teaspoons of baking-powder
white,

Now beat — and beat again — till all is
light;

Rhymed Receipts

Then in the mixture fold with careful
hand

Whites of two eggs, whipped so they
stiffly stand,

And, last of all, a dash of flav'ring sweet,
Rose, or vanilla, and the whole's com-
plete.

Put in star pans, but give each room to
grow,

And bake in oven, neither quick, nor slow;
Then, when the little shapes have grown
quite cold,

Wrap them in softest frosting smoothly
rolled;

Let some the red of holly berries wear,
While others don a snowy mantle fair,
But white, or red, this do they clearly
say:

“ We wish you all a Merry Christmas
Day! ”



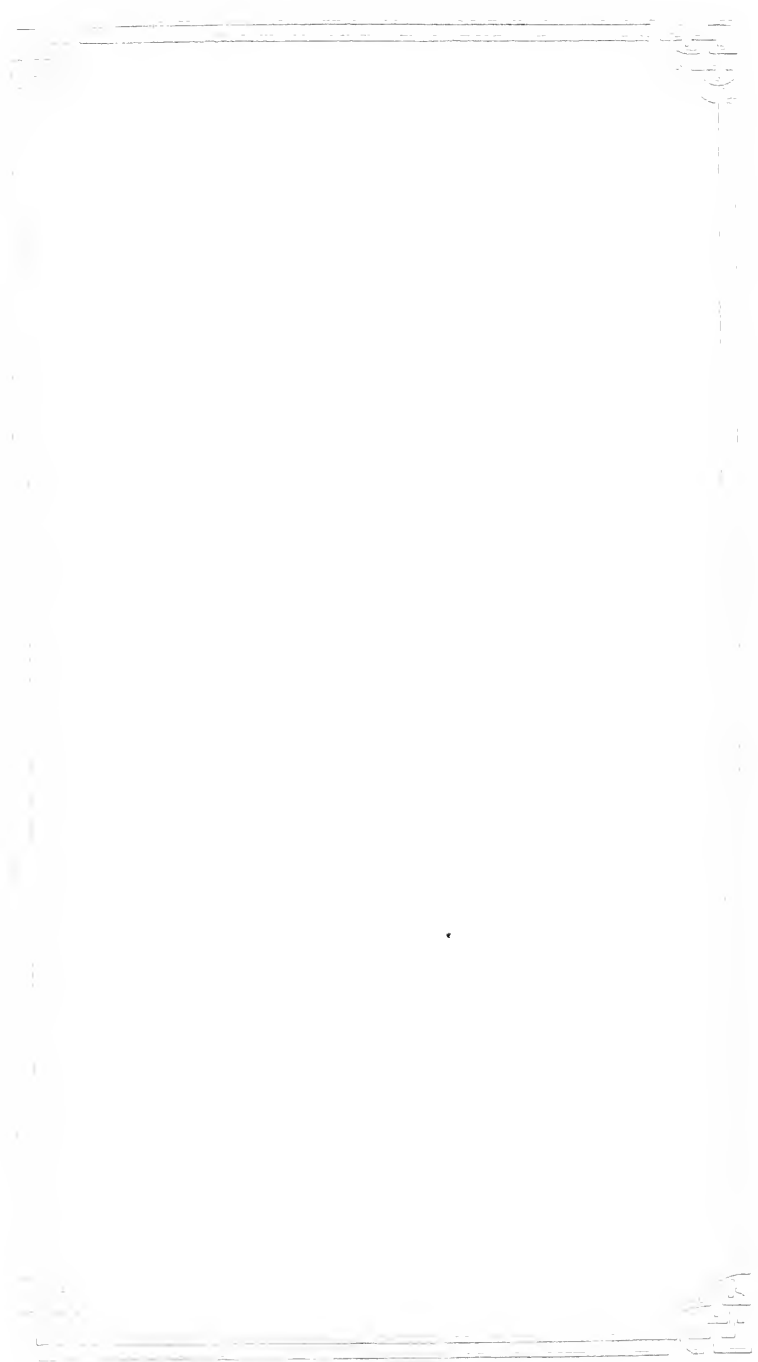
CANDIES

*I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in
his head.*

— *Lyly.*

*All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.*

— *Moore.*



Rhymed Receipts

“DIVINITY”

*Thank me for this, more than for all the favors,
Which all too much I have bestowed on thee.*

— *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

THROUGHOUT the land in ev'ry school
and college
Where girls do gather, there you'll find
this knowledge,
Lectures and lessons may all forgotten
be,
But never how to make “Divinity.”
And so it chanced that, once upon a time,
A maid, skilled in the art, gave me this
rhyme:

Two cups of granulated sugar,
And one of maple sirup sweet,
With a tablespoon of vinegar,
And cup of water — I entreat —
Boil these until a little hardens
In water in a handy bowl,
Then add a spoonful of vanilla,
And from the fire take the whole.

Rhymed Receipts

What time this mixture has been cooking,
Another pan near by must hold
One cupful of same kind of sugar,
And half a cup of water cold.
These two together must boil until
Your spoon a silver thread can spin,
Then drop the mass on the stiff-whipped
whites
Of two fresh eggs, and beat it in.

Next stir with this the first concoction
(Which should by now be slightly
cool),
And beat till all begins to stiffen,
Then add nut meats — two cups, the
rule.
Drop on waxed paper, if such your wish
is,
Or pour the whole into a pan,
Tracing with deft, unerring knife-point
Shapes that no mortal maid will ban.

Rhymed Receipts

COFFEE FUDGE

Right noble is thy merit.

—Richard II.

OF granulated sugar take
Two cups, full to the top,
And one of coffee, rich and strong,
Now mingle ev'ry drop.

Next add some butter—golden—sweet—
A teaspoonful (not *two!*),
Or, if rich cream you'd rather have,
One tablespoon will do.

Boil all together on the stove
Until — mark this, I pray —
A little beaten with a spoon
Will stiffen right away.

Then quickly take the saucepan off,
But dream not labor's done,
Call in the strength of your right arm
And beat the mass like fun;

Nor stop a moment till it grows
Quite stiff, and then with speed

Rhymed Receipts

Stir in a cup of pecan nuts,
Chopped fine to meet your need.

Pour out into a buttered tin
(The stuff will scarcely budge),
Mark off each toothsome square with
skill,
And you have — Coffee Fudge!

Rhymed Receipts

SEA FOAM CANDY

Fruit of the wave! Oh! dainty and delicious.

— *W. A. Croffut.*

Two cups full of sugar — light brown of
hue —

A tea-cup of water, added thereto,
Must boil until done. And this is the
test:

Dropped in cold water a bit may be
pressed

Into soft shapes that will easily budge
(Less brittle than Taffy — harder than
Fudge).

Have ready — stiff whipped — the white
of one egg,

And pour in the sirup — slowly, I beg —
All the time stirring with increasing
haste,

And adding vanilla extract to taste;
Then beat a while longer till, very light,
The mixture proclaims your efforts just
right.

Rhymed Receipts

Drop from your spoon's tip with infinite
care,

On paraffine paper the candy so fair.

And each little snowy, glistening heap

Will look like the Foam that crowns the
great deep.

The Sea's children, though, would envy
our treat,

Far better, I'm sure, they'd find it to eat.

Rhymed Receipts

PEPPERMINT DROPS

Our intent was at this time to move inward delight.

— Beaumont and Fletcher.

Two cups of sugar — pulverized —
And half a cup of water cool
Within a pan, quite medium-sized,
Are set to boil. This is the rule:
That they be boiled five minutes long
(Your spirits you can cheer with song!).

Flavor with oil of peppermint
(You'll have to judge by your own
taste),
For this there are no rules in print,
I only caution: "Do not waste
The essence." Since the little less
Oft pleases more than the excess.

Now stir the mixture till quite thick,
And here again you use your wit,
Then drop on paper—waxed, and slick—
The fairy shapes as you see fit.
If served when dinner's run its course,
We all can dine without Remorse.

Rhymed Receipts

PEANUT BRITTLE

Less noise, less noise.

— *I Henry IV.*

Two tablespoons of butter,
Of vinegar but one,
A cup of rich molasses —
The list is almost done —
Except for cup of sugar,
Brown as a Spanish nun.

Upon the fire these are
Boiled, till in water cold
The sirup cracks, then peanuts
(Just what a cup will hold),
Divested of their jackets,
Are in the mixture rolled.

Off from the stove take saucepan
And soda — one teaspoon
Dissolved in water — dash in,
Then beat the stuff and soon
Turn into pans, and set them
To cool beneath the moon.

Rhymed Receipts

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

*Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though
it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the
judicious grieve.*

— *Hamlet.*

ONE cup of sugar, one also
Molasses filled, and one of milk,
Small spoon of butter — these, you know,
With chocolate, grated fine as silk
(Unsweetened, too, a quarter pound),
Are creamed by stirring round and
round.

This mixture's boiled until it's done
(Cracking in water proves that true),
Then into buttered pans it's run
Inch thick, or even less will do;
But one thing more — and all is told —
Mark off in squares when nearly cold.

Rhymed Receipts

BUTTER SCOTCH

*Our old and faithful friend,
We're glad to see you.*

— Measure for Measure.

THIS candy's out of date, they say,
Old-fashioned quite, and lacking style,
Alas! that fav'rites have their day —
Well, Robbie Burns thought it worth
while!

And if he failed the fact to mention,
At least it is a Scotch invention.

Now should *you* wish the sweet to make,
These simple rules pray don't despise:
Of sugar — brown — one cup you take,
A piece of butter, walnut size,
Vinegar in a teaspoon's hold,
And half a cup of water cold.

Boil all together patiently
For twenty minutes, then you can
Some flavor add — “a drappie wee —”
Before the whole is turned in pan.
And after that? Why, that is all,
Except on you great praise will fall.

Rhymed Receipts

STUFFED DATES

To tell the secrets of my prison house.

— *Hamlet.*

How hard to have a heart of stone!
But if you would that wrong atone,
Some almonds blanch, sprinkle, when dry,
With as fine salt as you can buy,
And in an oven quickly brown.
Then from the biggest dates in town
Take out the stones, and in each bed
Pop in a salted nut instead.
Draw close the edges, and the whole
In granulated sugar roll.

(ANOTHER CHANGE)

A softer heart than that you make,
If fine chopped peanuts you will take.
While sweeter heart, as pure as snow,
Is furnished by the marshmallow.
One square of that most toothsome paste
Makes of a date a dream to taste;
But do not close the edges to,
Leave just a little white in view.

Rhymed Receipts

MAPLE CREAM CARAMELS

Practice is the best of all instructors.

— *Old Maxim.*

FEW ingredients, indeed,
For these caramels you need.
Sugar from the maple trees,
Sweet with kiss of sun and breeze,
Two pounds you must measure true,
Then fresh butter — ounces two —
And a cup of thick, rich cream,
Moving like a lazy stream.

Now the sugar must be set,
With a dash of water wet,
On the stove to melt in haste,
And when on the fragrant paste
Little bubbles skim with ease,
Pour the cream in slowly, please.
Stir it gently — gently, pray —
Then without the least delay
Add the butter, stirring still
(Ah! this candy calls for skill).
Soon your labors will be o'er,
Soon you'll rest and stir no more.

Rhymed Receipts

When the sirup brittle grows
In water, cold as winter snows,
Turn in pans, and when it's cool
Mark in squares. So ends the rule.

Rhymed Receipts

MOLASSES CANDY

A brittle glory.

— *Richard II.*

TAKE two cups of rich molasses,
 Brimming measure, I advise,
Mix with these a cup of sugar,
 And some butter — small egg size.

Now a tablespoon of glycerine
 With the rest is duly blent,
To produce a magic smoothness
 Like an oil of good intent.

Put this mixture in a kettle
 Set above a fire strong,
Where it stays till it has boiled hard
 Five-and-twenty minutes long.

Test as usual in iced water,
 If it snaps you know it's done,
Stir in soda — one half teaspoon —
 And in pans the candy run.

Rhymed Receipts

After it has cooled a little,
Pull until it's almost white,
And with scissors snip in pieces —
Each a mouthful of delight!

(11)

(11)

(11)

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SANDWICHES

'And if it please you so; if not, why so.

— Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The dial points at five.

— Comedy of Errors.

Rhymed Receipts

FRUIT SANDWICHES

'Tis almost five o'clock . . . 'tis time you were ready.

— Much Ado about Nothing.

GET a fresh loaf of baker's bread
 (The Graham loaf is to my taste),
Cut into slices cobweb thin,
 And then prepare this simple paste:

Take figs that over-seas do come,
 Almonds that dream of southern
 France,
And apples that, much nearer home,
 The beauty of our land enhance.

Put these together, one and all,
 And, with a hand as firm as fate,
Chop into bits "exceeding small" —
 And you've a filling up-to-date.

Rhymed Receipts

STRAWBERRY SANDWICHES

'Tis deeds must win the prize.

— Taming of the Shrew.

CUT bread in thin and crustless rounds,
Or oblongs — if you choose —
And spread with butter gen'rously
(All but the best refuse!).

Next make a paste of strawberries
And powdered sugar fine,
With which each sandwich you proceed
Most carefully to line.

For a "pink" luncheon these are served
With baby ribbon tied,
Delicious to the taste, and sight,
The honors they divide.

Rhymed Receipts

GRAHAM BREAD AND CHEESE SANDWICHES

*Pray does anybody here hate cheese? I would
be glad of a bit.*

— *Dean Swift.*

PUT the merest glow of butter

On each slice of Graham bread,
Then a coating of French mustard
Do more generously spread.

After which — oh! most delicious —

Comes a layer of cream cheese,
Stuffed with olives, chopped and num'-
rous,
As round honey swarm the bees.

Rhymed Receipts

APPLE AND NUT SAND- WICHES

My custom always of an afternoon.

— *Hamlet.*

THESE little sandwiches for tea
Are simple, you'll declare.
Cut white bread very slenderly,
And trim the edges, so there'll be
No brown crust anywhere.

The slices spread with butter sweet —
A tiny, golden sheen —
Then apple discs, so slim and neat,
With mayonnaise, and chopped nut-meat,
Put in the space between.

Rhymed Receipts

BROWN AND WHITE SAND- WICHES

Soon at five o'clock

Please you I'll meet with you.

— Comedy of Errors.

Thin slices of brown bread,
Thin slices of white,
Each with nut butter spread —
The housewife's delight!
These alternately press
Together with care,
Cut into strips, and dress
A feast anywhere.

Rhymed Receipts

GINGER SANDWICHES

*Thank God for tea! What would the world do
without tea? How did it exist? I am glad I was
not born before tea.*

— *Sidney Smith.*

CRYSTALLIZED Ginger from the distant
East,
The kind that often tops a home-made
feast,
May be to other uses put. Here's one:
Chopped fine, each morsel — gleaming
like the sun —
Is dipped in orange juice, then thickly
spread
Between thin layers of fine wheaten
bread.
Ah! Ginger that's "hot i' the mouth,"
'tis true
I find you good. And so without ado
Will Martha — cumbered with her cares
— when she
Has unexpected friends drop in to tea.

Rhymed Receipts

NASTURTIIUM SANDWICHES

To the dominion of the Tea-table I submit.

— *Congreve.*

SLICE fresh white bread and thickly
spread

With mayonnaise, in lieu of butter,
Then cut each slice in circles nice —
Using for this a biscuit-cutter.

Take leaves that twine on nasturtium
vine,

Shield-like in shape, and oh! how ten-
der —

And place their green the bread between,
Curling about the stems so slender.

Then girdle round the snowy mound
Nasturtium blossoms, fair and fra-
grant,

The sight complete would tempt to eat
An appetite however vagrant.

SOME LUNCHEON AND SUP-
PER DISHES

Study what you most affect.

— *Taming of the Shrew.*

Cookery is become an Art, a noble Science.

— *Butler.*

Rhymed Receipts

OYSTER BALLS

Brave conquerors — for so you are.

— Love's Labour's Lost.

OF sifted pastry flour, one cup,
The yolk of one egg beaten up,
A pinch of salt, a tablespoon
Of oil, as gold as Harvest moon,
Are put into the mixing-bowl,
And water added to the whole,
Ice-cold, and just enough to make
A batter that will drop; then take
And beat all well. This is the test:
That bubbles form upon the crest.
Into the foaming mass, I beg,
Stir the stiff-beaten white of egg,
And half a pint of oysters chopped.
The mixture now is lightly dropped
From spoon, and fried that pretty brown
The trees put on in Richmond town.
Serve on hot platter, where between
Sprigs of parsley, emerald green,
Small triangles of toast appear
And lend the dish a further cheer.

Rhymed Receipts

STRAWBERRY SCRAMBLE

*Doubtless God could have made a better berry,
but doubtless God never did.*

— Walton.

THE Princess said, “ The snow lies white,
And forth we mustn’t ramble,
There’s not a strawberry in sight,
But we’ll have Strawberry Scramble.”
(I grieve to say her maidens choked,
They had to hide their laughter —
She thought they coughed, they thought
she joked —
She proved her words soon after.)

She ordered up her chafing-dish,
And all ingredients needful.
It only seemed she had to wish,
Her servants were so heedful!
One tablespoon, and half again,
Of butter, she demanded,
Melted it in the pan, and then
The following commanded:

Rhymed Receipts

Six eggs, which had been beaten up,
Small spoon of baking-powder,
And large of sugar, half a cup
Of milk. Her voice rang louder:
“What ho! some salt.” Then all was
cast

Upon the melted butter,
And slowly stirred till, thick'ning fast,
Her Highness, in a flutter,

The whole into a dish did pour,
And duly laid for cover
Strawberry jam, inch deep, or more —
Fit treat for any lover.

On ev'ry side were voices raised
And, with no long preamble,
Her maids in hearty accents praised
The peerless Strawberry Scramble.

Rhymed Receipts

CELERY OMELETTE

A dish that I do love to feed on.

— Taming of the Shrew.

COOK until soft a cup — or more —
Of celery cut into dice,
Drain well, and add a cup of sauce
That's rich, and white, and very nice.

With salt and pepper season all,
Then make an omelette, golden —
light —
Fold in the dressing, and you'll have
A dish to tempt an anchorite.

Rhymed Receipts

ITALIAN OYSTERS

This treasure of an oyster.

— *Antony and Cleopatra.*

INTO the chafing-dish put these:
A teaspoonful of butter, please,
And two of sauce called Worcestershire;
One tablespoon of sherry clear
Upon this mixture lightly toss,
And one as well of Shrewsb'ry sauce;
While slice of lemon — not too thin —
And pinch of salt are cast within.
When these are bubbling o'er the blaze
Entrancing odors, worthy praise,
Fill ev'ry corner of the room,
Dispelling far dyspeptic gloom.
And now's the time to add with care —
Well drained — a pint of oysters rare.
Then cook the whole until you see
The oysters curling up with glee,
At which, I beg, without delay
Put out the flame, and bear away
The dish, for ready 'tis to pour

Rhymed Receipts

On hot, crisp biscuits salted o'er,
And guests will find these oysters—
Well,
More savory than tongue can tell!

Rhymed Receipts

STUFFED EGGS ON ANCHOVY TOAST

*Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
up.*

— *Julius Caesar.*

SPREAD some rounds of bread with butter,
On which put Anchovy paste,
Forming thus a good foundation
That will suit most any taste.

Next, some eggs proceed to devil,
After cutting off one end,
These, when ready, stand on toast rounds
(Cut end down will firmness lend).

Over each, at time of serving,
Pour a lot of mayonnaise,
As the seal of all your labors
On a dish befitting praise.

Rhymed Receipts

BAKED MACARONI AND OYSTERS

Ladies and Gentlemen, will you eat any oysters?

— *Dean Swift.*

COOK till quite soft in water salt
Some macaroni slim — then halt!
Drain well, and rinse in water cold —
(Be sure you do just as you're told).
Next in a buttered baking-tin
The macaroni lay within,
Two inches deep the structure rear,
On which there duly must appear
A layer thick of rich, white sauce,
And one of oysters which, of course,
With salt and pepper's sprinkled o'er;
Now macaroni comes once more —
Layer by layer you repeat
Until the dish is full — complete.
Put sauce and macaroni last,
On which fine crumbs are thickly cast,
With butter dot — then bake till brown,
And you've a dish to please the town.

Rhymed Receipts

EGGS À L'AURORE

*What an excellent thing did God bestow upon
man when he gave him a good stomach.*

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

To make this dish the writer begs
That you will use six hard-boiled eggs,
Press through a colander the yolks,
And cut the whites with skilful strokes
In disc-like shapes. Now one yolk more,
This time from egg, not cooked, but raw,
You beat up light as foam, and toss
Into a cup of thick, white sauce.
Put this in baking-dish and drop
The hard-boiled eggs upon the top,
Then in the oven let it heat
A little while, and when complete
Serve in same dish, and you will swear
Its likeness to Aurora fair.

INDEX

	PAGE
SALADS	1
Cucumber Boats	3
Japanese Salad	4
Banana Salad	5
Stuffed Prune Salad	6
Musk Melons and Grape Fruit	7
Peach Salad	8
Watermelon Salad	9
Flower of a Lily (Pimento and Cheese Salad)	10
Banana and Nut Salad	11
DESSERTS	13
Mt. Etna in Ices	15
Fruited Whipped Cream	16
Pear Compote	17
“ Moonshine ”	19
Melon Rings and Ice-cream	21
French Pineapple Bisque	22
Date Jelly	23
Orange Compote	24
Watermelon Balls	25
Turkish Parfait	26
Vienna Filled Apples	28
French Orange Compote	29
Christmas Charlotte Russe	30

Index

	PAGE
CAKES	31
“ Lady Baltimore ” Cake	33
“ Rocks ”	35
Ice-cream Cake	37
Nut Wafers	39
Spiced Coffee Cake	40
“ Bethlehems ”	42
CANDIES	45
“ Divinity ”	47
Coffee Fudge	49
Sea Foam Candy	51
Peppermint Drops	53
Peanut Brittle	54
Chocolate Caramels	55
Butter Scotch	56
Stuffed Dates	57
Maple Cream Caramels	58
Molasses Candy	60
SANDWICHES	63
Fruit Sandwiches	65
Strawberry Sandwiches	66
Graham Bread and Cheese Sandwiches	67
Apple and Nut Sandwiches	68
Brown and White Sandwiches	69
Ginger Sandwiches	70
Nasturtium Sandwiches	71

Index

	PAGE
SOME LUNCHEON AND SUP- PER DISHES	73
Oyster Balls	75
Strawberry Scramble	76
Celery Omelette	78
Italian Oysters	79
Stuffed Eggs on Anchovy Toast	81
Baked Macaroni and Oysters .	82
Eggs à L'Aurore	83

My Friends' Receipts

My Own Receipts

My Friends' Receipts

My Own Receipts

My Friends' Receipts

My Own Receipts

My Friends' Receipts

My Own Receipts

My Friends' Receipts

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