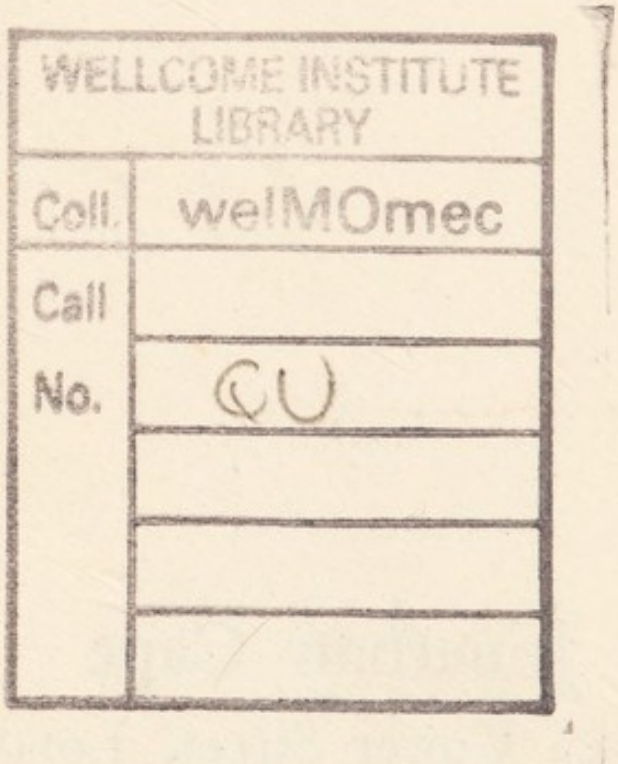
Eating without fears / by G.F. Scotson-Clark.

Eating Without Fears

by G. F. Scotson-Clark

Jonathan Cape
Eleven Gower Street, London

FIRST PUBLISHED 1924



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY BUTLER AND TANNER LTD., FROME AND LOND

to

THE MOST PERFECT OF WIVES

Preface

THIS little book is not intended to take the place of any of the many and excellent cookery books now on the market. It is not even intended to be a cookery book, but it contains many of the dishes the soul of the bachelor loves, dishes that can be easily made by the sweet girl who would win the bachelor's affections, and once having won them would hold them forever and a day. I quite realize that if the book has a big sale, it will also have a marked effect on the practice of the lawyers and judges of the Divorce Court, and therefore I have made arrangements with my publishers that any judge or lawyer who can prove that his practice has been ruined by its publication, shall be presented with one copy free.

I have had the greatest difficulty selecting a title, because I do not want to give the idea that it is a semi-scientific work on dietetics, nor is it just a cookbook. Neither do I desire to pose as a greedy person who "makes a Gawd of 'is stommick." But it does contain the recipes of those dishes I have enjoyed with beneficent results for the past fifty years, fifty years of joyous life, free from illness and wrinkles, except those superinduced at the side of the mouth from laughter. The first

thirty years were inconsequential, occasional good times but interludes of loneliness, and few of us can laugh alone, but the last twenty, since I have had one to make me laugh—laugh with me, though not at me—have skipped by like twenty months.

A dear old man of over seventy came into the club one day, and I rose to give him the comfortable chair in which I was lolling. "Sit down," commanded he; "why should you give me your chair? I'm no older than you—in feelings," he added, after a pause. And I, too, am still thirty—in feelings—thanks to the partner of my joys and sorrows.

Cookery plays such a large part in our life, it is really the fundamental basis of our health, our very existence, that it is foolish to belittle its importance. To take no interest in it is as bad for one's health as to take no interest in ablutions. An individual should cultivate his palate just as much as he should cultivate his brain. Good taste in food and wine is as necessary as good taste in art, literature, and music, and the very fact of looking upon gastronomy as one of the arts, will keep a man from becoming that most disgusting of all creatures, a glutton.

I hope, therefore, that I shall not be accused of advocating gormandizing. I am sure that moderation is the keynote to good health, and

I contend that any one can eat anything I mention in this book, without increasing his girth, and if taken in moderation he can reduce to a normal weight. It is not necessary for one to deprive oneself of all the things one loves, for fear of getting too fat, but it is necessary to take an intelligent interest in the provender with which one intends to stoke the human furnace. You cannot start an engine going on sawdust or rubbish, any more than you can preserve your health on badly cooked food, which is neither palatable nor nutritious.

Contents

CHAPTER I

Youth at Any Age

THERE is an old story of a bride, who, as she was changing into her travelling dress, turned to her maiden aunt and said :

" Oh, auntie, how can I make sure that Horace will always be as good and kind and lovable as he is now ? How can I hold his affection and love ? "

" Feed the brute," snapped the old lady.

Now this is perhaps vulgar, but it is undoubtedly the truth. A good dinner will turn the roaring, raging lion into a sweet-tempered and docile lamb. No man, I care not who he may be nor of what nationality, can fail to fall to the blandishment of a " swarrie," and for those unregenerate ones who despise Dickens, perhaps it might be well to remind them that in *Pickwick Papers* a soirée is described by " Old Blazes " as " biled leg o' mutton and caper sauce." There may be those who say that they do not like " biled leg o' mutton and caper sauce," but I can only reply that if such be the case they have never had it properly cooked. Mark ye, it is a man's dish just as a lark's tongue fried in honey is a woman's, and yet there are some of the superior sex who cannot resist it.

I am not too modest to say that I have

always been fond of the pleasures of the table. To me the hour or so spent over dinner is the most pleasant of the day. I love good food, I love good wine, and the best of dinners is not complete without a good cigar. Nor, speaking from personal experience, does enjoyment of food and drink tend to gross avoirdupois. So few people draw the line of distinction between gourmet and gourmand. Good living, careful living and study of gastronomy will keep one's youthful sveltness ; fat comes from carelessness, ignorance or gluttony.

Daily I am amused by people who eschew the harmless potato, who take saccharine in their tea and coffee, who even take Swedish exercises so as to reduce, and then eat quantities of butter, drink pints of cream and buckets of water. Zola had a scheme for reducing fat which worked absolute wonders on himself. He gave up drinking and taking liquids in any form—no gravies even. In six months he brought his weight down from 220 pounds to 160 pounds. After that he drank a little wine without in any way increasing his girth.

Abstinence from water has a dual advantage. Not only does it help one to preserve one's figure but it eliminates one of the great causes of indigestion, which is the national complaint of the United States, just as rheu-

matism is the national complaint of the British Isles. To drink water without harm, it is necessary to take quantities of violent exercise to overcome the ill effects of such over-indulgence.

There is a story told of an old South Carolina darky who, in the days before the State went dry, was a preacher on Sunday and a liquor-store keeper during the week. When the movement was started to prohibit the sale of liquor in the State, he realized that if it went through, his livelihood would be swept away and therefore he conceived it to be his duty to preach to his flock on "temperance." "My bruvvers," said he, "just 'member the fust miracle o' the Good Lawd was to turn water into wine; an' then St. Paul rec'mends a little wine for the stomach's sake. De on'y time water is mentioned in the Good Book is when Dives asked Lazarus for one drop—'member that my breveren, *one drop*—and he was in hell, where he ought to ha' been."

I once had a friend—poor chap, he's dead now, full of German bullets—who, at the age of fifty looked about thirty-five. When the Boer war broke out he lied about his age, said he was thirty-eight, and the doctor passed him for thirty-five. He came back with four bullets in him and lived to tell the tale. I asked him how it was that he escaped enteric

fever, which accounted for five-sixths of the British death list.

"Simply," said he, "because I didn't drink water. It was only the damned fools who drank water who had enteric."

"What did you drink?" I asked.

"Nothing," said he, "I never drink."

So that his reputation may not suffer I ought to lay stress on the fact that he was a rigid teetotaller. He had never tasted wine, beer, nor spirits. He was one of the first to volunteer in the Great War and was killed at the first battle of Ypres. At sixty-four he looked a well preserved forty. I have always admired him. He was a man if ever there was one, and I have endeavoured to follow in the steps of my old friend "the punctured patriot," as we called him. Although I have not led a life of total abstinence, the medical examiner for the regiment I joined at the age of forty-eight passed me for thirty-five. Therefore, why should I deny that his was a good recipe?

I have never denied myself any dish my soul desired and my pocket could afford, and I have never had indigestion. I weigh around a hundred and fifty-five pounds and am told by the local manslaughterer that I am under weight for my height of six feet. Nevertheless I do not think in the course of my life I

have had more than a hundred dollars' worth of medical advice, which works out at two dollars a year, surely a modest amount when it includes measles, whooping-cough and other childish ailments. The most violent exercise I ever take is to read a novel in a hammock, throwing an occasional stone at a robin in the strawberry patch. Not that I am against violent exercise. Perish the thought. But it is one of those virtues that I am content to admire in others without attempting to emulate.

I have always admired Joseph Chamberlain —not only as a politician but as one who appeared to have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. At sixty-nine he looked a well preserved forty. His hair was grey but there was plenty of it. His figure was upright and jaunty and his manner was buoyant. For nearly thirty years he had been in the public eye, and in a newspaper interview he attributed his youth and beauty to the fact that he never took exercise. He never walked if he could ride, he never stood if he could sit down. He jumped into a cab to go round the corner. And then—at the age of seventy he had a stroke to which, after some time, he succumbed. But that does not alter the fact that he was wonderful while he lasted, and after all did he not complete the psalmist's allotted span of life?

Youth. We all love youth and envy it. The older we grow the more we admire it, hunger for it, and perhaps it is this very yearning that brings us to second childhood. Who knows ?

Sleep ; sound, restful, dreamless sleep is the great preserver of youth. No matter what the worries of the day, no matter what the physical or mental exertion, a good night's rest will make one as fit as a fiddle the next morning. And sleep can only be obtained naturally by a perfect digestion. A perfect digestion can only be acquired and, when acquired, maintained by a natural way of living. After all, the main item in living is food, food that will keep the digestive organs in good condition, enable them to do their work and thus nourish the entire system. The best engine in the best automobile is useless without good petrol. Play tricks with your petrol and your engine will be out of business in no time. Then you go to the garage man, who finds that you have been mixing paraffin or water with your petrol. And what does he say ? This is an exact parallel of a case where a man goes to a doctor, saying he is a martyr to indigestion. He has ruined his internal engine with all sorts of imitation food ; the only thing about it is that one's interior is so much more wonderful than a car engine that

it takes much longer to get out of order. But when it has succumbed, so much longer does it take to get into condition again, if it ever does.

Careful living does not mean plain or ugly living. The best cooking is the tastiest, the most delicious. The varied menu is not only the most pleasant but the most healthy. I have absolutely no patience with faddists, food cranks and vegetarians. It is as natural for us humans to eat meat as it is for a horse to chew hay. A certain proportion of vegetables is necessary to us, besides which they are very nice and there is no reason why one should not indulge one's desires ; but to confine oneself to a vegetarian diet is not only unpleasant but an evidence of lack of self-control and playing tricks with nature. I do think that all children should be trained to eat a little fat with their meat, for not only is fat good for them, but to me it is positively disgusting to see a person trim off every little bit of fat and decorate the edge of the plate with it. It is bad manners, to say the least of it. Some people think it is fattening ; it is not, but it is nature's way of providing heat for the body. In very cold climates it is absolutely necessary to eat fats and we know how, during the Great War, some of the nations suffered from lack of fats.

Where the poor dumb animals are more wise than we humans, is the way they eat. They eat their food first and then drink their water. They do not imperil their lives by drinking water before they eat. Nature tells them that such a proceeding dilutes the gastric juices, rendering them too weak to perform the necessary process of digestion.

In days gone by pepsin was obtained in a remarkably cruel way. A pig was kept in a pen without food of any kind for several days. Then the food trough outside the bars of the pen was filled with steaming hot potatoes. Poor piggy rushed at them ; could not get at them because of the bars and, in his hunger and desire, the gastric juices would flow into his empty stomach, when he was immediately killed and the gastric juice—or pepsin—was collected from his poor little stomach.

It is much the same with us. When our stomachs are empty, even the thought of food, let alone the sight or smell of it, will cause the gastric juices to trickle therein, causing hunger. The stomach is then in a condition to receive food and commence the work of digestion. Does it not stand to reason that if these juices are diluted with water they are not sufficiently strong to do their allotted work? Hence indigestion.

Another great cause of indigestion is over-

eating. One's digestive organs will only perform as much work normally as they are, by nature, intended to do. They will digest what is called digestible food more rapidly than indigestible food, and here again the ignorant will go out of their way to impede digestion, for instance, by drinking tea with a meal, one of the courses of which consists of meat. The process of turning skin into leather is accomplished by treating the skin with tannic acid—in other words the skin is "tanned." Tea contains tannic acid, and while the quantity is comparatively small, it is sufficient to start the process of "tanning" the meat consumed. Consequently the gastric juices, already diluted with the water with which the tea is brewed, are powerless to perform their duty when they also have the tannic acid with which to contend.

Another grave cause of indigestion is too much preserved food. While it is not a very nice thing to talk about, when it comes down to cases, the process of digestion is decomposition. The more easily the food consumed decomposes after the nourishing qualities have been absorbed by the system, the sooner is digestion accomplished and the residue ready to pass out of the system. Preserved foods are often treated with benzoate of soda or some other preservative, which preserves them

after they have been consumed as much as when they were in their original container.

I have always been very fond of a story we used to read in our "Unseen Papers" at school. I fancy it was attributed to Livy, though that does not matter, but it went in this wise :—There was a Bolshevist uprising in Rome. The people contended that they supported the State, while the State did nothing to support them. Therefore they agreed to give up working and cease to support the lazy, good-for-nothing, blood-sucking State. Then an orator told them a story. He told them how, once upon a time, the various limbs and members of the body formed an agreement to rebel against the stomach. "Why," said they, "should we work for, and feed the stomach, while it does nothing at all but consume all we give it, and batten on our work?" So the legs refused to carry the body toward the food, the hands refused to convey food to the mouth, the teeth refused to chew food and the tongue to taste it. The stomach, powerless, reposed in the body, which could do nothing but lie on a couch. The discontented members at first enjoyed their holiday; they agreed that at last they had got even with their lazy associate. But day by day they became weaker, until in the end the entire body was reduced to the last degree of emaci-

ation. Then one of the members realized that they themselves received nutriment and life from the stomach, which, far from being a lazy glutton, nourished the entire body. Of course the speaker likened the stomach to the State and the limbs to the people, who understood a parable better than plain talk, and we presume at once went back to work.

I have retold this ancient yarn merely to emphasize my point that most bodily ills come from a disordered stomach, which can only be kept in good order by a sufficiency of good food. As the old copy-book maxim had it, "We do not live to eat, but we eat to live," and too much stress cannot be laid on the advantageous effect of good, well-cooked food. It keeps one well, it keeps one young and happy and it goes a long way toward keeping one's figure.

The room in which I write overlooks a cinder track for fat men. Portly persons in sweaters and shorts run around the track daily, all with one idea—that of girth and weight reducing. They pant and puff and positively ask for heart failure, and then most probably go off and eat a big meal and drink copious draughts of water, than which nothing is more fattening.

Go to the Turkish Bath and you will see practically the same thing. Fat people endeav-

ouring to reduce, by perspiration, the fat they acquired at the dinner table the night before.

There are more fat people in the United States than anywhere in the world. This is due largely to the plentiful supply of food and the general prosperity of the country. Immigrants who had scarcely any food and less money in Europe, come here, make money for the first time in their lives, and find plenty of food. They have few wants but food, and they are prodigal in their expenditure. The so-called "poor" are by no means thrifty, and gluttony is most assuredly one of the vices of the uneducated. I have always thought that it is quite as disgusting as drunkenness, and if our dear, old grandmotherly Government, that takes such an interest in our drinking, would only pass a nineteenth or twentieth amendment to prevent people eating too much, it would be performing a real service to the nation. It is much better to get the full nourishment out of a small quantity of meat and vegetables by proper cooking, than to eat large quantities of food, out of which three-quarters of the nourishment has been boiled or baked.

Good food, properly cooked and taken in moderation, keeps one in good health, keeps one young and happy and makes life one continual joy. There is an old platitude to

the effect that " He who is healthy is wealthy," and there is certainly little pleasure in being wealthy unless one is also healthy, although money may go a long way toward alleviating bad health. Still a great many people seem to " enjoy " bad health, but in these cases the same is often produced, or at all events aggravated, by injudicious eating and drinking.

I propose now to talk about food and drink in, what I consider, a rational way. I will give the recipes for the dishes I mention and I will guarantee that if my suggestions be followed, indigestion will shortly be eliminated and superfluous fat will be reduced. At the same time it must be remembered that there are some people whose nature it is to get fat, just as there are others whose nature it is to keep thin. But it is much easier to reduce fat than it is to pile it on.

CHAPTER II

Breakfast

BEFORE going any farther I should state clearly, concisely and emphatically that I am not a medical man. I am not even a quack, but I am fond of nice things to eat and drink, and the keynote to the mode of living I suggest is "Moderation."

I am going to start by getting up in the morning after a good night's sleep. I have taken a half-pint of cold water the last thing the night before. My windows have been wide open—even in the coldest weather ; but the covers on the bed have been sufficient to keep me "as warm as toast." A cold bath —in the summer in the river that flows at the bottom of my garden ; in the winter, in my city bath-tub. A rub down with a rough towel, and I feel like a fighting cock. I scorn Swedish exercises and such-like. They will tire you out before you start the day. The main thing is to feel well enough to make a good breakfast and lay a good foundation for the day's work.

There is only one cereal that is worth eating and that is porridge—none of these pre-digested, emasculated oatmeals, that have all the goodness extracted and leave but a bowl of pap. The Scotch are as hardy and brawny

as any race alive, and they are a living monument to the virtues of Scotch oatmeal. The reason why the other oatmeals have gained their vogue is because they are thought to be easier to cook. But real oatmeal is not difficult, if properly handled.

PORRIDGE

Put a cupful of oatmeal in three cupfuls of water, with a teaspoonful of salt. Overnight bring it to a boil, stirring so that it does not burn. Put this in a double saucepan and let stand. In the morning put it on the stove when you get up, and it will be ready for breakfast. If you make sufficient for two or three days, it will keep quite well in the double saucepan, and is better for being heated up.

It should be eaten with *milk*, not cream.

Cream should have no place on the breakfast table, neither on cereal, fruit, nor in coffee. The stomach is not in sufficiently strong condition in the early morning to digest cream easily—besides which, it is *very* fattening. Cream may be very nice, but it should be taken in great moderation—once or twice a month at most—and should be looked upon as a luxury and not a necessity.

I have no objection to fruit at breakfast, but I do not consider it at all necessary.

COFFEE

One hears a terrible amount of nonsense talked about coffee. And what remarkably bad coffee one does get—even at the best hotels. This is because it is improperly made. Percolators and other patent contraptions are all very amusing in their way—there is something nice about seeing the coffee percolating on the table, but when it comes down to cases, there is nothing like the old-fashioned French coffee pot that goes right on the stove. Where the trouble comes in—especially in hotel coffee—is that it is *boiled*, and coffee should not be boiled any more than should tea.

To make an excellent pot of coffee, fill the pot with fresh water, bring it to a boil, put in a cupful of ground coffee (this is sufficient for six or eight cups), stir it to prevent it boiling over, and as soon as the grounds are absorbed by the water, draw the pot to one side and immediately pour in half a cup of cold water. This sends the grounds to the bottom and in three minutes you pour out a clear, rich brown fluid that is perfect. The main thing is that after the coffee is added to the water, it should not stew. Some people add a pinch of salt. Personally I like it, as I do a suggestion—but only a suggestion—of chicory. Hot, boiled milk should be served with the coffee, but not cream.

TEA

One would think it almost unnecessary to give a recipe for making tea. And yet one gets such remarkably bad tea as a rule, that I am going to give instructions regardless of criticism.

First, warm the pot. Then put in sufficient tea. Old-fashioned people used to give one spoonful for each person and "one for the pot." This, I am inclined to think, is rather a generous allowance ; but it was that which appertained in a generation that did not suffer from such a variety of curious and new-fangled complaints as those in which we now indulge ; a generation that produced hardy old men and women who lived till close on a hundred and then died with their boots on. There were giants in those days. The tea having been placed in the hot teapot, freshly boiled water—water which has *just* come to the boil—is poured over it ; the pot is closed and covered with a tea-cosy and allowed to stand for not more than three minutes. Then stir it and pour it out. Then add the milk and then the sugar. Never put the sugar and milk in first—it not only alters the character of the tea for some curious reason, but it is bad manners.

I like India or Ceylon tea. Some people

like China tea ; I never did care for the flavour of it, and when I heard that all China tea exported to the western world has already been used by the Chinese and re-dried, it put me against it, whether it be true or not.

I don't think tea—if taken in moderation and made the way I have suggested—is harmful ; but *never* should it be taken when meat forms a part of the meal. As a matter of fact, meat should never be eaten for breakfast—unless it be a little streaky bacon ; but chops, steaks, liver, corned-beef hash and such like dishes that one sees on most hotel breakfast menus, are coarse, vulgar, unsuitable and in every way contrary to the laws of nature. A very "rich, round" cup of tea can be obtained by adding a pinch of salt to each cup, in addition to milk and sugar.

COCOA

Well, I am inclined to paraphrase Dr. Johnson and say : "He who drinks cocoa, thinks cocoa." It is most extraordinary how cocoa does affect one's political and patriotic outlook. If cocoa is to be taken at all, I think that late at night in very cold weather it may be possible, but then I am prejudiced, I own.

Patent drinks, imitation coffee made of burnt beans and burnt bread and such like concoctions should be avoided as the plague.

I do not believe that good tea and good coffee, carefully and freshly made, taken in moderation, will harm any one. It is only when they are taken in excess that trouble results. This rule holds good throughout dietetics. So many people do themselves harm by eating and drinking too much, and then blame the harmless quality, rather than the harmful quantity.

Breakfast should be a light meal—just something to start the day on. A little fruit, if you like, but only a little. A little cereal with milk, but as I have already said, cream should not be used with either fruit or cereal except as a rare treat—on May 24, for instance, or on November 11.

Eggs are the ideal dish for breakfast. Boiled, poached, fried, omelette, en casserole, scrambled, shirred.

Boiled Eggs.—There is but one way to cook boiled eggs and to have them perfect, i.e., by time.

Soft-Boiled Eggs.—Place in *boiling* water and boil for three and a half minutes exactly.

Medium.—Four minutes.

Hard.—For salads, etc., eight or ten minutes.

How often one hears a woman say: "I can't boil an egg. If it isn't right, let me know and I'll pop it in again." That is simply because she won't take the trouble to time her

eggs. My method is infallible. If it fails it is because you have not followed instructions —or you have been careless about the exact time. Or the eggs may have been extremely cold, in which case they should be thawed out. Ducks' eggs, being a trifle larger, need a trifle longer. Turkeys' eggs ditto. But I have never tried an ostrich's egg. That doubtless would take quite a long time.

And then the eating of a boiled egg. That is such a large part of the battle. Was it not Louis XIII (or was it Louis XV ?), who used to breakfast in public and allow the people of Paris to watch him from the gallery of the breakfast hall, strike off the top of his egg with one deft stroke of his knife ? Alack ! that I lived not in those days. I would have formed one of the onlookers. I have attempted the feat with dire results and am now content to gently tap the apex of the egg all round with a steel knife and then, with a sharp pressure against the thumb, sever the top without injury to the yolk. The next best way is to tap the top of the egg-shell with the egg-spoon, break it off in small pieces and then cut off the glistening white top.

I have often wondered at what age an egg ceases to be " new laid." As a matter of fact there is such a difference between a really new-laid egg and one three days old, that

there is no comparison. A comedian once asserted that there were six kinds of eggs, i.e., new-laid eggs, fresh eggs, breakfast eggs, cooking eggs, eggs, and eggs for election purposes. Then there is the story of the guest at a restaurant who berated the waiter for serving him with a bad egg, and the manager, overhearing the complaint, poured out the vials of his wrath on the waiter's head. "Did I not tell you," he cried, "only to use those eggs for omelettes?" And yet why should inferior eggs, or eggs of doubtful age be used for cooking? The idea is horrible.

I am told the Chinaman makes a very excellent servant and is most apt at learning how to cook things just as he is taught, and having learned, never forgets. A mistress was showing her "chink" how to make a certain egg dish, and as she broke the third egg, found it was bad and threw it away. Ever after, whenever he made this particular dish, he always threw away the third egg as he broke it, irrespective of its quality. Whether he put in bad ones after or before it, history doth not relate.

Before we have done with eggs let me tell you a true story. A friend of mine, an artist, had an old woman model sitting to him at one time, and he found that she had been housekeeper to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the

poet-painter. Now my friend was an ardent admirer of Rossetti—he looked upon him as a god, almost—and at once tried to draw the old lady out and glean some really first-hand knowledge of the genius. But his efforts were in vain, try he ever so much. "No," said she, "there wasn't anything unusual about him; he was much the same as any other gentleman,—except that he always ate six eggs for breakfast." And this, in a way, bears out the story of the reason why George Meredith gave up living with Rossetti in Queen's House, Chelsea. He declared that he left because he couldn't get anything but eggs for breakfast.

Poached Eggs.—Bring a little water to a boil in a frying pan. Add three drops of vinegar. Break the egg carefully into a cup and turn it gently into the frying pan, holding the latter a little tilted. Quickly scoop the edges together with a knife, and then throw a little of the boiling water—with a spoon—over the yolk of the egg. This will cover the yolk of the egg with a thin film of "white." A neater way is to have a metal ring about two and a half inches in diameter and an inch or so deep. This can be placed in the frying pan and the egg dropped into it. In this way the poached egg is quite circular and looks very nice. I like a poached egg to be served on hot buttered

toast with the crust cut off, but the water must be carefully drained from the egg before it is deposited on the toast or the latter will get sodden.

Fried Eggs are cooked exactly the same as poached eggs except that bacon fat is used instead of water. Bacon fat is much better than butter.

Omelettes.—There seems to be so much mystery about omelette making that really they almost deserve a chapter to themselves.

All I can say is that I have had some of the nastiest concoctions served me, masquerading under the name of omelette. And then some idiot invented an "omelette pan," a sort of double, half-circular frying pan, hinged together so that you can fold the pan over and fry the scrambled eggs on both sides without risk of breaking the mess. It would be impossible for the best cook in the world to make an omelette in such a utensil. The whole principle is wrong, foolish, stupid, asinine.

Now here is the way to make a plain omelette such as Brillat-Savarin himself would love :

Break four eggs into a bowl and beat swiftly ; add a pinch of salt and white pepper and beat again ; add a tablespoonful of *water.* Have your frying pan, in which is a little bacon fat

or butter ready hot, but not too hot, on the stove. Whip your eggs finally and gently pour into the frying pan so that the mixture covers the bottom. As the bubbles form, prick them with a fork. Do not have too fierce a fire—a gentle fire is best. Constantly slip a greased pastry knife under the mixture to prevent it sticking to the pan, and if necessary add a little more fat. As soon as the top of the mixture commences to cream, loosen the omelette all round the pan and underneath and fold over three or four times. Your omelette is complete. A beautiful golden brown outside, rich and creamy inside. Serve with a piece of butter the size of a dice on top.

The omelette can be varied, for instance :

Fine Herbs or Savoury Omelette.—In the mixing add a pinch of mixed herbs, a few drops of onion juice and a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Mushroom Omelette
Shrimp ,,
Lobster ,,
Chicken liver ,,

These, cooked any way you like, can be folded in the omelette. They are all delicious.

Jam, folded in a plain omelette (without pepper), makes a delicious sweet. Some people add a little sugar to the beaten eggs.

As for *Rum Omelettes*, make a nice sweet omelette—just like a plain omelette, only

without pepper, and *with* sugar, and when you place it on a deep dish, sift some powdered sugar over it, then pour a gill of rum over the whole. Set fire to the rum and let it burn until the sugar turns brown. Then blow out the fire and eat the omelette. It is excellent.

Note.—The whole secret of making a good omelette is to use water and not milk to mix with the eggs. Milk makes custard, and it is impossible to make a real omelette with it. You merely get scrambled eggs or roast custard.

Numerous things can be used in conjunction with omelettes, and they are nearly all good. A *Spanish Omelette*, for instance, is merely a savoury omelette with chicken livers, and over it is poured a sauce made of tomatoes, onions, and peppers, with a few new potatoes, fried or boiled. An *Indian Omelette* has curried shrimps, eggs or chicken folded in it, and over it is sifted grated cheese. This is an excellent late supper dish. (See "Curries.")

A day or two ago I was talking to a woman whom *I* call a poor housekeeper—that is, she is one of those women who can only afford one servant and to that one servant she leaves all the cares of the house and cooking. She complains regularly of the terrible cost of things, and of the waste in the kitchen, but not only does she not supervise but she even

does her marketing over the telephone. Small wonder then that expenses are high. We were talking about omelettes. She told me that she wouldn't *think* of having one made without milk and they *always* used at least ten eggs. Now, as I have already explained, an omelette cannot be made with milk—batter or custard is not the foundation of an omelette —nor can one be successfully made with ten eggs, except by a most experienced chef. The mixture should cover the pan about half-an-inch thick, and an omelette made of more than six eggs would require such a large pan that it would be practically impossible to fold it without a great deal of skill. My friend of course only made scrambled eggs, scooping the mixture when half cooked to one side of the pan and then browning the outside. I have had this sort of thing served me in country hotels and to me it is most irritating.

By the way, I certainly ought to mention that onions should *never*, under any circumstances, be eaten for breakfast. A plain omelette or a parsley omelette is ideal for breakfast, but an omelette fines herbes is more essentially for dinner as a savoury.

Scrambled Eggs.—Four eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt and white pepper, a tablespoonful of milk, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. After adding the salt, pepper and

milk, beat again and turn into a warm, but not hot pan. Stir briskly with a fork and as soon as the mixture commences to thicken, turn out on a hot plate and serve. If the fire is too fierce, the milk will turn to water, so cook slowly.

Eggs en Casserole.—Use the small-size individual casserole pots about three inches in diameter. Grease well with butter. Carefully drop the egg into the casserole and cook slowly over the fire. When half done, cover the casserole and the steam will cook the surface of the egg, covering the yolk with a delicate skin of white. Always remove the pot from the fire before it seems *quite* done, as the egg will continue to cook some two or three minutes after it is served. It is well to slip a thin knife under the egg to loosen it from the casserole, before placing it on the table. To vary the serving, the egg can be turned out on to a piece of buttered toast—it is equally delicious.

Eggs and Bacon en Casserole.—Line the casserole pot with thin strips of streaky bacon, and when the fat has commenced to rend, drop in the egg. Then proceed in exactly the same way as in the foregoing recipe, but instead of serving in the casserole, slip a knife under the bacon and turn out on a plate, on a piece of toast. It makes a pretty dish—it looks like a bird's nest.

Shirred Eggs.—Much the same as "en casserole," except that the egg is turned into a custard cup and baked in a slow oven. It can also be done *over* a gas or oil stove or on top of the fire stove. Another method is to stand the cup in a saucepan of boiling water.

Other dainty dishes for breakfast are kidneys and bacon, kidneys en brochette, mushrooms, sausages, and if you feel particularly well and fit, bloater and "finnan haddie."

Kidneys and Bacon.—Fry a few rashers of streaky bacon and into the fat place the lamb kidneys, which have been skinned and split, split side downward. (It is well to take out the centre tube, but not the little piece of fat.) Some cooks drop the kidneys after they are split into boiling water to sear the outside and to keep the gravy in the kidney. Fry the kidneys gently on both sides, constantly turning them. The fire should not be too fierce or the kidneys will harden. When cooked turn on to a hot plate, pour a little water into the frying pan and roust around with a fork. In this way you get excellent gravy. Serve the kidneys with a sprinkling of chopped parsley and be sure to use mustard with them. (See mustard.)

Kidneys en Brochette.—Skin and split the kidney, but not quite through. Open it and run a metal skewer through it so as to flatten

it out. Broil it over the fire or under the gas. Serve with chopped parsley or watercress, and don't forget the mustard.

Kidneys and Bacon en Brochette.—Split the lamb kidneys and on a skewer place a piece of bacon and then half a kidney, and so on till the skewer is full. Then broil.

MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are things I cannot resist, but I always say my prayers before eating them. I know a man who, a short time ago, went for a trip in an aeroplane. As he and his friends neared the aerodrome, they passed a few Salvationists holding a street-corner service. "I never in my life," said he, "felt such an urge to join the Salvation Army." That is much the way I feel when I am faced with mushrooms. I would not dare go out into the fields to pick them, but I have a child-like faith in the judgment of the shopkeeper who sells them.

The button-mushroom, or Champignon, is more suited for sauces and garnishing than for a regular "mess o' mushrooms." The mush-room at its best, is when it measures about two to two-and-a-half inches across. When fresh, the gills are a delicate browny-pink, which soon turn browny-black—but this does not impair the flavour. In the county whence

I hail, the mushrooms grow to an immense size, and I have eaten them when they measured twelve or fifteen inches across. They are excellent, but the natives look upon these giant fungi as poisonous. One year we used some of these for pickling, and they were certainly the most delicious pickles I have ever eaten. (See pickles.)

Dried mushrooms are very good when fresh ones cannot be obtained ; but here again one may have qualms. A great many of them come from Italy, where I believe they claim there are only four poisonous varieties. Consequently, among the dried mushrooms, one gets some curious and unknown species. I remember how I felt when I had soaked some overnight, and in the morning found that they were red and yellow. I took them back to the shop, where the storekeeper laughed me to scorn, so much so, that at the peril of my life I cooked and ate them. I am still alive.

The worst about mushroom poisoning is that it is very painful, and apparently the poisonous ones taste just as good as those which are edible. The Romans, marvellous epicures, were remarkably partial to many varieties of mushrooms, and they did not despise this means of getting rid of their enemies. For instance, the Emperor Claudius Cæsar partook of the *Amanita Cæsarea*, harm-

less enough in itself, but it was prepared by his wife, Agrippina, and he never lived to eat another meal. If I remember rightly, without any reference to a Roman history, the lady herself came to a bad end, but not through eating mushrooms.

A farmer near my home is particularly fond of puff balls, which he assures me are excellent ; but as far as I am concerned, he is welcome to them. On our own little "farm" grow all sorts and conditions of fungi, and in the mushroom book I bought I find pictures that more or less resemble these. Some are labelled poisonous and others edible, but so far I have not risked any of them, and I am of the opinion that the wisest and safest plan is to rely on the judgment of the shopkeeper. Anyway, if I get poisoned then, it is *his* responsibility, not mine.

Grilled (or broiled) Mushrooms.—Skin and pick off the stalks. Lay them flat on the gridiron, gill side uppermost, and on each place a small piece of butter and a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Grill on a slow fire. Turn once.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Skin and pick off the stalks. Put both mushroom and stalk into a small saucepan or stewpan with a little water and butter, a sprinkle of salt and pepper, and simmer gently for twenty minutes.

If thick gravy is desired, add a *little* corn-flour or flour thickening.

Mushrooms and Bacon.—Skin and pull off the stalks. Fry gently in the bacon fat and serve on toast.

Mushrooms on toast.—Toast a slice of bread on one side and place it on the grill. On the untoasted side put your mushrooms and butter. Place it under the gas grill for a few minutes and serve with a sprinkle of salt and pepper.

Mushrooms in Egg Sauce.—Into the thin gravy of stewed mushrooms, stir a beaten egg till it begins to thicken. Excellent.

Mushrooms improve nearly all stews, curries, ragouts, hot-pots, and meat pies. They go exceedingly well with steaks and chops, and are the making of a " mixed grill."

Sausages.—I am prejudiced against " bought " sausages, because to my mind or taste they are insufficiently seasoned ; but the best way to eat them, and also the most wholesome way, is to split them, open them out like a kidney *en brochette*, and grill, having well peppered and salted them. (See Home-made Cambridge Sausage, page 188, which is infinitely preferable to any shop sausage.)

Frankfurters can be boiled, fried or grilled, but by far the best way to cook them is over a wood fire. Gently grilled over wood coals or charcoal, they are as good as a steak.

With all sausages mustard should be taken.

Bloaters are salted and smoked herrings, but they are only mildly salted and smoked. The hard, dry salted herring is really the "Soldier" or "Red Herring." The bloater should be grilled, but he is fairly good fried. The *Red Herring*, on the other hand, is much more tasty. Soak it in water overnight, then split and bone it and grill over a slow fire and you will find it a tasty morsel.

The little boneless herrings warmed in the pan and served on toast are excellent, but the canned kipper or bloater is not a gastronomic success.

Kippers, the herring split, salted and smoked, are exceedingly good if warmed through in the frying pan in a little water. They should not be fried, as this makes them too rich and greasy.

"*Finnan Haddie*," the haddock split, salted and smoked, should be thick. The large ones are much better eating than the small ones, and if too large for the pan can be cut into blocks. Boil gently in water or milk and water for ten or twelve minutes, according to thickness. Drain carefully and serve with a little butter. "Finnan Haddie," boned and grilled with a poached egg on top, makes an excellent late supper dish.

No breakfast is complete without a little marmalade made of orange and grapefruit. It is pleasant to the taste, cooling to the stomach, and counteracts any disposition to biliousness. Besides which, it keeps the system in order and obviates, to a great extent, the necessity of taking cathartics and other drugs.

So you see my breakfast menu is very slight but sufficiently varied not to become monotonous. I have eschewed steaks and chops. Toast and bread are sufficient for any one. A heavy breakfast can be taken only by a man on a shooting trip, or who is taking other violent exercise. I am not telling you how to fill yourself to repletion but how to reduce your weight without depriving yourself of the good things of this life ; how to preserve your health and maintain your youth, and how to get the greatest enjoyment out of life. No one can enjoy himself unless he *feels* well.

CHAPTER III

Luncheon

YOU have breakfasted at 7.30 or 8 a.m. because you live in the suburbs or are a suburbanite's wife. There is nothing more to worry about till lunch, which happens between 12.30 and 1.30. During this time you must absolutely refrain from drinking anything, and above all from ice-water. But if you feel so thirsty that you are parched, and as they used to say in Arizona, "chewing cotton," wash your mouth out with water, *but do not swallow any*. You will find that this quenches what you thought was a thirst. The main thing is not to *drink* too much.

I have already said—perhaps unnecessarily—I am not a medical man, and I know that a lot of doctors recommend their patients to drink plenty of water. If you *must* drink water, take it hot, as hot as you can swallow it. After a short time of abstinence from water you will find that your chronic thirst disappears, and with me you will pity the poor fellows who are always rushing to the ice-water tank, and you will also notice that those men are the least efficient in your employ. They are positively sweating away their vitality. To perspire in moderation is healthy, the

poisons in the body are excreted, but to perspire in excess is debilitating, and no man's brain can be in perfect condition when his body is a sort of steam boiler, his shirt like a dish rag, and his collar like a concertina.

Luncheon is a most serious matter. It doesn't much matter where you go for it. All restaurants, all hotels, are much alike. You get the same dishes, same service, same waiters, same prices, to all intents and purposes.

I have had very good friends among waiters, the good old-fashioned waiter—Irish, Swiss, French, and English—but I never seemed to get much out of a German waiter. He is a gourmand rather than a gourmet.

Speaking of Irish waiters: Occasionally I go to lunch with a friend at an Irish restaurant. The place is just like a little bit of the Emerald Isle dropped down in the business section of New York. The menu is printed in green with a border of shamrocks, and the waiters are as Hibernian as Paddy's pig. Prominently printed on the menu is:

Plat du Jour—3*s*.

One day my friend said to me: "I wonder what the waiter would say if we asked him: 'Quel est le plat du jour?'" "Let's try," I replied, and when he came along I seriously asked: "Quel est le plat du jour?"

"Huh?" said he with a puzzled look. "Quel est le plat du jour, aujourd'hui?" I repeated. "Phwat th' hell are ye ta'king about?" he thundered, and then of course we all laughed.

But the average waiter nowadays recommends everything on the bill of fare; he knows nothing about any of the dishes, and at some places, even at some of the best hotels, waitresses have been employed since the war, and as guides, philosophers and friends they are absolutely and supremely helpless.

Think me not ungallant when I say that, taken as a whole, women are not epicures. It is impossible for the same palate to appreciate to the full petite marmite or bouillabaisse and ice-cream sundae. Candies and such-like vitiate the palate and destroy its sensitiveness.

There are exceptions. My mother, for instance, thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of the table without ever indulging to excess. She had, in her 'teens, before her the terrible example of her grandmother, who ate too heartily of a Christmas dinner and expired in her sleep after it, at the age of ninety-nine. Had it not been for over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table, the old lady might have been alive to-day. She would only have been about 140. Her husband was poisoned at the

age of 103, so you see they would have made a fine old couple.

My mother loved good food and she also —all praise to her—had a very high opinion of my taste in culinary matters. When her cook had produced something particularly interesting, the old lady would send forthwith for me, to taste it and pronounce the verdict.

I remember on one occasion I received one of these hurry-up calls, and duly responded at 7 p.m. When the dish appeared—I think it was *capon au maïs*, then quite new to London —my mother waited expectantly for word of praise or suggestion.

"Well?" she said, at last.

"Excellent," I replied. "Excellent. But it could be improved."

"How?"

"The addition of just a *soupçon* of paraffin," I replied.

"You brute!" she flashed. "Go on with your dinner." And I really think she was out of temper for the rest of the evening.

Some little time afterward came Christmas Day, when we always dined with the "Old Lady." I carved the turkey, and when every one was served and I was helping myself to salt, I found at my side a small cut-glass bottle, containing some clear liquid.

"What is this, mother?" I asked, picking it up.

"That, my dear," she replied, "is some paraffin for *you*."

For several years I have been condemned to lunch at restaurants, and I have noted that the most popular dish with men is something of the stew order. Unless one goes early it is practically impossible to get a look in on the Hungarian goulash, for instance. Stewed tripe is also popular, whether it be with milk and onions, Lyonnaise, or Creole. Haricot chops also have their devotees, and yet you will generally hear a patient and devoted wife complain that her husband won't eat stews, or "cooked over" meat. The reason is that the home-made stew is generally something that the dog, if he had any self-respect, would refuse, and nine out of ten "left over" dishes are most unpalatable. However, give me some cold lamb, veal, beef, or any other cold meat, and I will make you a dish you would leave your home for.

I do not think a heavy lunch is good unless one's work is "outside" work. Too substantial a lunch is apt to make one sleepy in the afternoon and disinclined for work. On the other hand, a brain worker—not a book-keeper or such-like, but a man who really does use his brain—needs just as much

nourishment as does one who uses his brawn.

Soup and oysters are quite unnecessary, unless the lunch is to consist solely of one or both of these. A little fried or boiled fish, a chop or cutlets, goulash, tripe, are excellent. In cold weather a steak or slice of rare roast beef, Irish stew, or Lancashire hot-pot may be taken, but really substantial dishes should be taken only for dinner. Of course if the gentleman chooses to ruin his health, constitution, and temper by taking his dinner in the middle of the day, that is his lookout, not mine. My remarks are intended for the man and woman of intelligence.

If you be one of those unfortunates who labour under a very mountain of flesh, or one of those who glory in the fact that you are a martyr to indigestion, you can increase both weight and indigestion by starting your lunch (or dinner or breakfast for that matter), with a long draught of cold water. If you be sensible and want to be young and sylph-like, you will postpone your libation indefinitely, or at all events till you have finished eating. And then moderate your transports.

Always remember that one of the tortures of the Middle Ages, was to make the victim drink water—a barrel or two of it. It produced all the sensations of drowning without killing the poor creature. Nowadays many a

man and woman imposes this voluntary torture on him and herself.

Sweets after lunch should be taken with caution. French pastries are both indigestible and fattening. Stewed or fresh fruit, milk pudding, or ice cream seem to me to be about the most sensible thing to take, and then a cup of coffee with a good cigar.

Every one should allow himself an hour,—a full hour,—for his lunch. It is these hasty snacks of a piece of pie and glass of milk that ruin the digestive organs. The cigar does more to aid digestion than anything else, because to enjoy it thoroughly one should sit quietly in a comfortable chair or recline gracefully on a sofa and feel content and at peace with the world.

I wonder if you remember or ever heard Charles Stuart Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco." I came across it years ago and have since lost track of it. I am told it is out of print, but though I remember it but imperfectly, I will give you what I can of it.

Thou, who when fears attack,
Bids them avaunt ;
And when black care on the horseman's back
Perchest, unseatest.
Sweet when the morn is grey,
Sweet when they've cleared away

Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old for thee,
Though manifold stories are told of thee,
Not to thy credit.
How one or two, at most,
Drops make a cat a ghost,
Useless except to roast,
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees,[1]
All grow by small degrees,
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards ;
Go mad and beat their wives,
Plunge, after horrid lives,
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

. . . . .

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice,
Still, why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken ?
Jones, take a fresh cigar,
Brown, pass the baccy-jar,
Here's to thee, Bacon.[2]

[1] Matches that flare or smoulder in the wind.
[2] Bacon was the Cambridge tobacconist.

There should be a law in every country prohibiting the manufacture and sale of bad cigars. If a man cannot afford a good cigar, he should smoke a pipe. A cigar is a thing to reverence. When I smoke a cigar, I feel much as though I were offering an oblation to the Goddess Nicotina. The great Charles Spurgeon, the famous Baptist minister of the last generation, was once asked to preach against the "filthy habit of smoking." "By no means," retorted he. "Every Sunday I smoke a cigar to the glory of God!"

A short time ago I was explaining to a friend of mine—a much travelled man—how I thought it a crime, almost, to smoke a cigar in the open air—especially in a motor-car. "One should *taste* a cigar," I explained, "inhale its aroma, and roll your tongue around the smoke. Just as one would sip a glass of '47 port, and think over it and dream. No one wants to swallow it at a gulp. You should treat it with respect." "As the Chinaman," replied he, "when he wants to get drunk he drinks quickly and calls it 'Drinkee drunk'; but when he drinks for the pleasure of drinking and not to get drunk, he sips it and calls it 'Drinkee drink.'"

I have never found smoking do me any harm. I learned to smoke when I was ten—when I was twelve I received a "monitor's

whopping" for smoking, and my pipe and tobacco were confiscated by one of the monitors, who smoked it himself. But by seventeen I smoked pipes, cigars, and cigarettes. I was as tall then as I am now, so my youthful indiscretions did not stunt my growth. I smoke all day, but follow Mark Twain's advice: "Never smoke more than one cigar —at a time." This may be taken for some of Mark's humour, but it may not be generally known that the late Emperor Friedrich, the father of the present ex-Emperor Wilhelm, used a cigar holder which held three cigars at once, all leading into the one mouthpiece. That is what one calls gluttonous smoking.

But this is a book on eating and drinking, not smoking. Smoking is only introduced as an aid to digestion. Have you not always noticed that the pale, cadaverous man, who looks fifty when he is only thirty-five, who though a rabid teetotaller has a chronic red nose,—who is the bitter enemy of what James I. called "ye noxious weed,"—is, in nine cases out of ten, a dyspeptic? It is possible, too, that the smoker is apt to eat less than the non-smoker, though I must admit I have seen a many colossally fat men smoking. They are most probably heavy drinkers also,—not necessarily imbibers of spirituous or malt liquors, but of liquid in some form.

At home, I believe that lunch should be of the lightest description. A tasty sandwich or bread and cheese, followed by some fresh fruit or salad. I am certain that the big, heavy middle-day Sunday dinner is a mistake from every angle. To start with, it means extra work for the housekeeper or servants, it is bad for the system, because if one has been living sensibly during the week, with a light lunch and the big meal at the close of the day, it is a mistake to alter the regimen one day in the week. Method, moderation and regularity are the keynotes to good health.

Afternoon tea is often made too large a meal. It is rather a strain on the system to go from one o'clock to seven or thereabouts, without any coaling of the furnace. But it is a great mistake to make a "meal" of it. A cup of freshly made tea is most invigorating about four-thirty in the afternoon, and even in the hottest weather is much better for one than long cold drinks. But it is well to eat a biscuit or a piece of buttered toast with it, "to drop the tea on." Teas consisting of French pastries, layer cake, jam, and what-not do much more harm than good.

And then comes the most delightful hour of the day—dinner. A little soup, "hot, hot, very hot," as *Beau Brummel* declared in Clyde Fitch's play of that name, served in a cold

plate. I remember one of Charles Keene's inimitable drawings illustrating the following caption :

Man at restaurant, in horrified accents : " Waiter ! your thumb's in the soup ! "

Waiter : " That's all right, sir. It ain't. 'ot."

Now, soup should be very hot, but absolutely free from grease. Too much is a mistake—just a little to prepare the stomach for the good things to follow.

A little fish—fried smelts, or plaice, flounder—and if you happen to be in England, or the north of France, a sole ! Ah, the sole is the most delicate fish that swims in the salt sea. In season, boiled salmon, hot or cold, with cucumbers and maître d'hotel butter or tartare sauce. Grilled salmon, boiled halibut, or cod, or mackerel. Fried escallops, with a little streaky bacon. I do not mention fresh-water fish because it is unnecessary to dilate on the succulence of the brook trout. Perch, dace, bass are all excellent, but the pickerel or pike are really not worth eating. Soyer gives a recipe for cooking pike. I have tried it and found it was merely a tasty sauce to make an otherwise tasteless, woolly, and coarse fish eatable.

Some people do not like fish. One man once said to me : " I eat fish with very long

teeth." I had never heard the expression before, but I know what he meant. And then there is the story of the man who was told he *must* eat fish on Wednesday and Friday during Lent. On the first fish day, as he sat in the restaurant, he asked the waiter : "Have you got any shark?" "Shark, sir? No, sir," replied the astonished Ganymede. "Have you got any porpoise?" "No, sir." "Have you got any whale?" "Good gracious, no, sir!" "Then bring me a steak, underdone, with fried potatoes. God knows I *asked* for fish!"

In August 1922, *The American Medical Review of Reviews* reported :—

Brain workers and persons in sedentary occupation should eat a substantial breakfast but a light lunch, according to physicians in forty-six states. Seventy-three per cent. of the physicians favoured a hearty breakfast, 13 per cent. opposed it and 14 per cent. were neutral.

Eleven doctors advised a heavy breakfast because the digestive apparatus is at its best after a night's sleep. Commissioner of Health Herman N. Bundesen, of Chicago, said that "the system, like a furnace, is low on fuel in the morning, and therefore a good-sized meal is justified. Fifty-five physicians favour the hearty breakfast and light lunch, basing their

opinions on observations in their practice.

"I think it is far better to start the day with a substantial breakfast of fruit, cereals, bacon and eggs, toast or, as we of the South prefer, hot scones," said Dr. J. H. Riffe, of Covington, Ky.

"It is preferable to start the day," said Dr. F. J. Underwood, of the Mississippi State Board of Health, "with a fairly substantial breakfast, consisting of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, etc.; eat a light but nourishing lunch and have a heavy meal at six in the evening. I don't think there is any doubt but what one could do better mental work by following out this plan."

"The plethoric should eat breakfast, no luncheon and a fairly good dinner," was the opinion of Dr. Thomas M. Acken, of New York. "The greyhound type, whose combustion is over-active, should have a substantial breakfast, a mild lunch and a hearty dinner."

Seven doctors were of the opinion that the midday meal should be the heaviest.

"I really think that a light breakfast in the morning and the main meal about noon and a light supper at night is the preferable way," said Dr. W. H. Sharpley, of Denver.

"The matter of taste is what is ruining the American digestive system," said Dr. Thomas F. Collins, of Adamsville, Pa. "We eat

things because we like the taste of them, even though we know they contain the wrong elements for us. Therefore, let us eat regularly reasonable amounts of the things we should have, disregarding the taste."

A light meal should begin the day, according to Dr. W. B. Bentley, of Calvin, Okla., who continued :

" As to the other meals of the day, I believe that our instinct, with a little intelligence, should guide us correctly, if not perverted by dissipation, and if so, we should go at once to the doctor, the cemetery or the penitentiary."

" The noon meal should be light so as not to interfere with vigorous mental or physical effort in the day's work," said Dr. S. J. Crumbine, of the Kansas State Board of Health.

All of which goes more or less to substantiate my own observations—with the exception of seven " wilful men."

Moderation and wise selection in both eating and drinking will ensure good health, but excess in either will undoubtedly result in discomfort, indigestion, and chronic ill-health.

CHAPTER IV

Dinners and Diners

I AM sure that more than half the battle in the pleasures of eating is refined and dainty service. I do not mean frills and furbelows. There is nothing I hate more than one of those tables, photographs of which are so popular in monthly journals, devoted to women. To have a dinner table littered with ribbons and gew-gaws which are apt to catch in one's coat-sleeve must be most annoying and irritating. Besides which, a dinner table should never be crowded. There should be room for everything, and unless the table be sufficiently large, a centre bowl of flowers—not tall enough to block out the view of one's vis-à-vis—is all that is necessary. But the table should be neatly laid, the silver and glass brightly polished, and above all the steel knives should be sharp. Blunt knives will quickly ruin the most sweet-tempered disposition.

I have also noted in small families, where only one servant is kept, that service is remarkably slow. The hostess, wishing to "put on side," has the vegetables, for instance, handed round one by one, so that by the time the last is served the meat is cold. If proper waiting cannot be arranged, the vegetables should be placed on the table and

the guests helped as rapidly as possible, so that every one can get his hot meal hot. Cold or half-cold food that is intended to be hot is very unpleasant.

Another thing that goes a long way toward a successful dinner is punctuality. No cook can guarantee a first-class dinner if it has to be "kept hot." There is no excuse for a guest being late, unless he happens to be killed on the way to the house. I have never asked a guest a second time to my house, who has once been guilty of this unpardonable breach of etiquette. On the other hand, it is always possible to arrange a dinner that will "keep hot," if for some reason the hostess has reason to suppose that an unavoidable delay may be occasioned.

I think a great many employers are very unreasonable regarding their servants, in the matter of regularity of meals. The hours should be unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and if, for some reason, it is absolutely necessary to depart from the hours, good notice should be given to the cook so that she can make her arrangements accordingly.

That reminds me of how soufflé potatoes were invented. The President of the French Republic was to journey from Paris to Boulogne, stopping for lunch at one o'clock at Amiens. The chef was working his hardest

to prepare a sumptuous lunch, and one of the vegetables was to be what we call chip potatoes. As a matter of fact, they were on the fire, sizzling in the deep fat, when a telegram came saying that the President's train was delayed and he would not reach Amiens till two o'clock. The chef suspended operations, and among other things removed the pan of potatoes from the fire, half cooked, and put them to one side, but leaving them in the hot fat. At last, word came that the President was due in fifteen minutes. On went the pan again, and soon the fat was boiling. In due course the potatoes were cooked, when to the amazement of the chef, each piece of potato, instead of being a chip, was a little balloon. Great was the success of the dish, and had the chef lived in the palmier days of yore, he would doubtless have received the *Cordon Bleu*.

In planning a dinner it is well to arrange the courses so that boileds and roasts (or bakes) should alternate, not only for the convenience of cooking, but for gastronomical reasons. This is not a hard and fast rule, but it is one well to bear in mind. For instance, if the meat is a roast, it is just as well to have a boiled pudding, whereas if the meat is boiled or stewed, or shall we say cooked over the fire, a baked pie or pudding goes best.

I think very often in small families the cook is a little too ambitious with regard to quantities and variety. A few dishes, perfectly cooked, are much better than a large number imperfectly cooked. Consuming large quantities of food is only a habit. What is often called a "healthy appetite" is nothing of the sort. The only people who should eat really large quantities of food are those whose regular daily life involves a vast amount of physical exercise—like the road-mender. And yet you'll find that the Italians who do that work generally lunch on bread, cheese and garlic, with perhaps a tot of light red wine—nowadays made in the family stock pot. The man who goes out on Saturday to play golf "to keep himself in condition," should eat very sparingly after his game, notwithstanding he may feel hungry. Any good he may have got out of his game will be counteracted by his prodigious feats at the dinner table.

As a matter of fact, we all live too well. The reason the French are such good cooks is because they have to economize. It has never been a rich nation since the Revolution, and just as it was recovering from that came the Franco-Prussian war, which again threw it back. But the housewives of France economized, and largely due to their efforts, the indemnity which the Germans imposed, was

paid off in two years—a feat for which the Germans never forgave them. Stewed oxtail and oxtail soup were invented by the French prisoners in the war of the Peninsula. All the poor devils got to eat, were the tails of the cattle killed for the British soldiers. But the Frenchmen stewed them and lived better than their captors. I believe a French cook would make a tasty ragout out of sole leather. There is one thing a French cook fails in, and that is the simple boiled potato. What is nicer than a large floury boiled potato, white and fluffy, steaming hot? A potato that is damp and soapy is not worth eating. A cook who can boil either, or both, potatoes and rice can learn to cook anything. Now here is how the potato should be treated :

Peel it thinly and at once drop it into cold water. If you do not, it will turn black. When all the potatoes are peeled, transfer them to a saucepan and cover with cold water. Add a tablespoonful of salt, and after they have come to a boil, continue boiling for about fifteen minutes. Then test them with a steel fork. As soon as the fork goes through—when the "bone" in the centre has disappeared, the potatoes are done. Strain the water off, but leave the potatoes in the saucepan, removing the lid and allowing them to stand at the side of the stove for five minutes,

to steam. Then give them a little shake, and you will have so many balls of flour.

New potatoes should be scrubbed but not skinned. They should be put into boiling water and tested in the same way as above. When done they should be skinned and served with oiled butter and parsley. And of course they must *not* be shaken.

A very delicious way of cooking potatoes when you have a roast joint is to cook them with the meat. Peel them and cut them in half, and when you have prepared your joint, wipe the halves of potato dry, place them all around the meat, salt and pepper them, and on each piece place a little piece of dripping. When you baste the meat, baste the potatoes also, and serve with the meat.

Potato Snow.—Having boiled the potatoes —and by the way, when boiling potatoes never forget the spoonful of salt—shake them well in the saucepan till they are broken. Let them steam, and then press them through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon.

Mashed Potatoes are not what servants are apt to call *smashed* potatoes. The boiled potatoes are mashed with a wooden spoon in the saucepan in which they are cooked. They are already salted, so you add a little white pepper and a gill of milk and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. These are all stirred

together till the potatoes are perfectly smooth. They can then be arranged in a mountain form in a vegetable dish, pressed all over with the back of a fork so as to make ridges and then browned, either in the oven or with a salamander or a red hot poker.

Fried Potatoes.—Use a stew-pan at least four inches deep, to fit which you have a fry-basket. Fill the stew-pan with fat or oil and get it absolutely boiling so that the surface is quite still and blue smoke curls up from it. Cut your potatoes, for preference, the long way of the potato, so that each one is wedge shaped, and having washed them, dry them in a cloth and tip them into the fry-basket. Then plunge the fry-basket into the boiling fat so that the potatoes are completely covered. They take about ten minutes and should be a bright golden brown when cooked. Remove the basket from the fat and place on paper to drain until they are quite dry, and before serving sprinkle with salt.

Chip Potatoes are cooked in exactly the same way as fried potatoes, but instead of being cut longways the potato is sliced thin the round way, so that each piece is like a thin poker chip. They should be quite crisp and brittle. Serve with a sprinkle of salt and paprica or cayenne pepper.

Sauté Potatoes.—Cold boiled potatoes that

are not too floury can be cut in pieces and cooked up in the frying pan, but these, too, are much better if boiled in fat in the fry-basket. Fried in a little fat in the frying pan they are apt to be greasy. They should be served with chopped parsley.

"*Potatoes baked in their jackets*" are seldom cooked well at home, generally because they are hurried. In days gone by, in London, the baked-potato man was quite an institution. Often in the wee sma' hours of the morning, I have seen three or four "bloods" in dress clothes, walking home from a merry party, standing round the baked-potato stall, eating the "balls of flour." The truck would be piled high with large, smooth skinned potatoes, and out of the small, brightly polished copper oven at the end of the truck would come the delicacies. The potato man would take one out, squeeze it gently, break it in two, and sift some salt over it. And then you would wolf it, burning your fingers and possibly your nose. But oh, how good it was. You could even eat the skin.

Now here is the way to cook potatoes in their jackets, *par excellence*: Get some fine large potatoes with clean thin skins. You cannot bake "seconds." Scrub them well and let them dry. Then place them in a slow oven and bake for at least an hour. If they are very large they will take longer, but

the oven should never be hot enough to brown the skins. When they are cooked, cut or break them in two and put on a lump of butter, a little salt and pepper, and eat while hot. Any left over are quite delicious the next day, if all the potato is scooped out and mashed with butter, pepper, salt, and parsley. The skins are then filled with this mixture and they are put under the gas grill or into the oven to heat them through.

I know of but one man who could resist the potato in its jacket, and that was Charles Conder, the fan painter, who couldn't look a baked potato in the face. He told me that when he lived in the Latin quarter, his meagre allowance from home came monthly and it was not nearly enough to keep him. Therefore, so as to make it last as long as possible and go as far as possible, as soon as it arrived, he bought a sack of potatoes—a month's supply. These he used to bake on his studio stove, and for weeks at a time he had nothing to eat but baked potatoes. He found that while they were very "filling," they were not sustaining, and to satisfy the pangs of hunger, it was necessary for him to eat a great many at short intervals. Consequently he kept at least half a dozen on his stove at a time, and as he took a cooked one off, replaced it with a raw one. One day his model asked him: "Monsieur

Conder, why do you always have potatoes baking on your stove?" "Because," replied Conder, "I am *so* fond of them," adding with truth, "I seldom eat anything else." She seemed satisfied with the reply, and on the following Saturday, at the close of her sitting, she said: "Monsieur Conder, I want to ask you a great favour." Conder thought a request for an advance payment was coming, and was greatly relieved when she continued: "Will you confer on my mother and me the honour of your dining with us to-morrow?" Conder accepted the invitation graciously after a little pressing, but the intervening hours were torture. Never was he so hungry and, in anticipation of the good dinner to come, for he knew that even the poor in Paris cook divinely, he swept all his half-baked potatoes into the ash-pan. The appointed time came, and as he sat in the model's sitting-room his nostrils were regaled with the most savoury odours from the kitchen. At last they were seated at the dinner table. Madame la Mère was served first with a plate of delicious looking casserole chicken, then Monsieur le Père, and then Mam'selle, who acted as waitress, came in with a plate on which was the largest of large baked potatoes. "For Monsieur Conder, because he is *so* fond of them."

CHAPTER V

Curries

THERE are few dishes that conjure up more dreams of delight than curry. To me the very thought of curry stirs my emotions. Nothing is better than a good curry—nothing is nastier than a bad one. Restaurant and hotel curries are generally beneath contempt. Occasionally a real Indian curry cook is found, but a curry made by a French, Italian or German chef, is generally a thing to be avoided. I have found it rather a good plan to ask the waiter what *colour* it is. If he says : "Yellow"—Oh, my prophetic soul ! Avoid it. Order anything else, but pass the yellow curry. If he says : "Brown," you may risk it, but if it is not good, have no hesitation about sending it whence it came.

I was brought up on curry. Mine is an Anglo-Indian family. So fond was my mother of curry, that she used to declare she was weaned on it. In our old home one day we would have "Uncle Edward's" curry, on another "Uncle Charles's." Uncle Charles was the only member of the family who was a Madrasi. All the rest were Bengalis, and our early recollections of Uncle Charles—when I was about seven or eight years old—are that his curries were infernally hot. The older he

got—and he was close on ninety then—the hotter became his curries, until at last no one but himself could eat them. He lived in a curious old house in Bayswater, a house literally walled with books. The double drawing-room upstairs was always scattered with papers. He wrote from morning till night, but what he wrote I know not, except that he was the author of a Telegu dictionary in some twelve volumes, which I am sure no one ever read. Of course, dictionaries as a rule are not intended to be read, but the greatest enjoyment can be obtained from perusing Dr. Johnson's First Edition. The old doctor put such a lot of himself into his definitions, that pearls can be found of every page. Another, well worth studying, is W. E. Henley's *Slang Dictionary*—alas! uncompleted when he died. Mais revenons aux curries.

There is no necessity for a curry to be hot—hot with pepper to burn the tongue. Too much curry powder, or curry powder insufficiently cooked, is generally the cause of this. At the same time, it should be piquant and not like a stew with a flavouring of curry.

Let me tell you of a delicious Indian dinner once prepared. Some years ago I belonged to a small, unique Bohemian club in London. It was founded by a sculptor who was a little mad. Artists, writers, barristers, soldiers,

sailors, the clergy—we numbered two Bishops among our members, and also the Commander-in-Chief of the Army—all met on equal terms and all were Brethren of the Punch Bowl. Every Friday we had a house dinner of fourteen plates under the chairmanship of one member who was permitted to bring one guest. Once a month or thereabouts we had a large dinner for some forty. There came a Wednesday prior to one of these large dinners when a tragedy threatened. The sculptor came to me. "Uncle," said he—he always called everybody "uncle"—"we're in a peck of trouble. Forty men are coming to dinner on Friday, but a heartless gas company has disconnected the gas, simply because I omitted to pay the bill which hasn't been owing for more than six months. As you know, we cook by gas here, we have no coal range. Now what am I to do?" I asked the amount of the bill. "Don't think of it," said he. "It's colossal. Besides, I wouldn't waste the time trying to raise the coin for such a foolish cause. If they had trusted me, I might have paid; as it is, they will have to whistle for their money, even if I have to buy an oil stove." "Haven't you got one?" I asked. "No," said he, "but I have a spirit stove for a chafing dish—a double one. But what good is that?" "Stay," said I. "You have that stove—you

also have that excellent fire burning over there." This was in the dining-room. "Let's have an Indian dinner, and I will cook it right here, in this room. Let's make a joke of the whole affair. Tell no one of the gas episode, and I will guarantee you a rattling good dinner." I then proposed to give them the following menu :

Mulligatawny Soup
Kedgeree
Curry of Veal and Rice
with Bombay Ducks, Chutney, and
West Indian Pickles
Iced Oranges
Fruit Curry

The dinner came off, cooked on the spirit stove and the dining-room fire. It was not only a huge success gastronomically but also financially, and was the first club dinner held that showed a profit. The West Indian pickles were the sculptor's idea—not mine. He could not resist a joke. They look so innocent and beautiful, and yet they are the hottest things this side of the Inferno.

And so that you may share my joy and pleasant recollection, I will tell you how this feast was prepared. In writing of it I enjoy it again. I do not give the quantities suffi-

cient for my forty diners, but the proportions are for a party of four or six.

Mulligatawny Soup.—One cod's head and shoulders, six green apples, four large onions, a dessert spoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of curry. (See Curry Powder.) Salt to taste.

Boil the cod's head and shoulders till the meat will separate from the bone, but do not overcook it. The flesh should be flaky and firm. Then carefully remove the flesh from the bone, discarding the skin. Put all the bones back into the water in which the head has been boiled and simmer gently for at least an hour, then boil hard till the liquor is reduced to half and it shows an inclination to thicken. Then strain into a clean vessel.

While the bones have been boiling, fry the onions cut in rings in a stewpan till they are a rich golden brown, then add the curry powder and stir briskly to prevent it burning, and as soon as it shows signs of doing so, add a few spoonfuls of the fish liquor. Stir briskly till it boils and then draw to the side of the fire.

Now take your strained liquor ; bring it to the boil, add the curry and onions from the stewpan, washing the latter out with the liquor till the pan is quite clean ; add the apples which have been peeled and cut in small pieces, the sugar and a little salt, and then

et it simmer gently till the apples have quite disappeared. The more it cooks the better it will be, but it should simmer, not boil. When ready to serve it should be about as thick as thin cream ; if it is not you have made a mistake in the time of boiling the fish bones, but it can be thickened by adding a little cornflour or brown roux.

Sprinkle a few grains of boiled rice in the soup before serving, but do not put any rice into the saucepan in which the soup has been made.

Kedgeree.—Take the codfish you have picked off the bone and with two forks break it up into small pieces, but do not shred it.

Boil half a pound of rice and, when it is quite cooked, mix the fish with it, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, a pinch of salt and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Stir it all up with the hot rice and serve. It should not be pappy—the grains of rice should be perfectly well cooked but separate and dry.

Boiled Rice.—Years ago in India, a young lieutenant—they called them "cornets," in those days—was a candidate for Masonic mysteries, and in accordance with instructions arrived at the Lodge in good time. Indeed, he was much too early, only the guard at the outer gate being there and he, a white-haired

native, sat by a small fire over which boile
a huge pot. The neophyte walked up an
down, and from time to time the old nativ
glanced at him through the corner of hi
almond eye. At last the young man coul
stand it no longer. "What are you boilin
in that?" he asked. "Water, sahib," replie
the outer guard. "What for?" asked th
other. "Ah, sahib," replied the old man
"were I to tell you my very life would b
forfeit. But you are young and beautiful an
I am sure that a secret is safe with one wh
has the eye of heavenly blue." "What d
you mean?" stuttered the young man, gettin
more nervous than ever. "What do yo
mean?" "To-night," said the old man
"to-night we have a new candidate, some foolis
young man from over the ocean, and *I am gettin
the water hot.*" Whereat the young man too
to his heels and ran for his life.

As a matter of fact, the old fellow wa
boiling the water for his rice, hence the hug
pot, because to boil rice properly you *mu*
have plenty of boiling water. A gallon c
water to half a pound of rice is a minimu
allowance.

Wash the rice thoroughly in cold wate
but do not let it soak. Drop it into boilin
salted water so as not to stop the bubblin
and boil hard in a covered pan for ten minute

Then test a grain between your teeth. It should be *almost* but not quite cooked. Then strain and replace in the saucepan without the cover till it is quite dry, and serve.

For curries, Patna rice is best, but there is Carolina rice that is equally good—it is a flat long grain. The round grain is more suitable for puddings and is apt to boil pappily.

Some cooks, after straining the rice, wash it under the cold tap, but I have not found this necessary if the foregoing recipe be followed. The rice is perfectly cooked, but the grains are dry and separate and most delicious.

Rice is always served with curry when the curry forms a separate course. It should never be served in the same dish as the curry —how often have I seen a curry "garnished" with rice—and should always be placed in the centre of the diner's plate, with the curry on top. The diner then mixes the two with a spoon and a fork. It is a crime to use a knife.

Curry Powder.—It is very important that good curry powder be used, because I have had some that tastes more like medicine than a condiment. Very often the turmeric in it predominates, which is a mistake—a grievous one. Properly proportioned, no one flavour should be distinguishable. I have tried a many, but personally I like Ventacatachellium's Madras Curry Powder the best. I buy

it from the Army and Navy Stores in Londo
Crosse and Blackwell's is very good, thoug
some people prefer Ahmuti's, Keddie an
Company. For those who have the intere
I give the recipe of " Uncle Edward's " curr
powder, at the end of this chapter.

In using curry powder, it should alway
be remembered that the ingredients are drie
In India fresh ingredients are pounded an
mixed ; consequently curry made with powd
needs longer cooking to bring out the fu
flavour of the different seeds. Some cook
soak the curry powder overnight, but pe
sonally I do not think this is necessary, exce
when preparing a " dry curry." (See Curr
Powder, p. 86).

Veal Curry.—Two pounds of lean veal cu
into dice ; four onions, a teaspoonful of suga
two apples, the heart of a white cabbage, or
cupful of stock, a tablespoonful (or less if yo
do not want it too hot) of curry powder, sal
a pinch of caraway seed, celery seed, a banan
or other white fruit, and a few raisins an
grated cocoanut.

Fry the onions to a golden brown ; sprink
them with sugar but don't let it burn. Mi
the curry powder with the stock till it is qui
smooth. Add this to the onions and simm
gently while you chop up the heart of th
cabbage and the apples. Then add this

the mixture with another cup of stock, and the caraway and celery seeds. Simmer gently for an hour. Then add the balance of the fruit, cocoanut, and the meat and simmer till the meat is tender but not ragged. Draw to one side and let cool. Warm up before serving.

Curry is always better after being allowed to cool. In this way the curry powder becomes thoroughly cooked and does not taste harsh and raw. The curry when finished should be dark brown and rich, the cabbage and apples help to form the thick rich gravy. If it be too hot and peppery, a little flour mixed in cold water and added when the mixture is boiling tends to take some of the piquancy away, but it is also liable to thicken it, and if so more stock must be added. But it is preferable not to use the flour, if possible, as it destroys a good deal of the flavour.

Veal, lamb, chicken, and rabbit all make good curries ; beef is apt to cook hard ; pork is not suitable. In India, of course, the natives do not eat either beef, veal or pork, but I can recommend veal as being delicious and also tender.

Almost anything will curry. Fish, flaky fish such as cod or halibut, is excellent ; lobster, prawns (shrimps), crab, and soft clams are heavenly. Shell fish curries are generally

"dry" curries, for which the following is a good recipe :

Dry Curry.—Fry the onions a golden brown and add sugar as in the foregoing. In a cup mix a dessert spoonful of curry powder, a pinch of salt, and a small teaspoonful of flour, all dry. Take your meat or fish, with which there should be no bone, smear it with bacon fat and dip it in your powder mixture. Then place it in the stew-pan and fry with brown onions, adding a teaspoonful or so of stock or water, just sufficient to keep the whole moist. This is more difficult to cook than a wet curry, as it needs watching because the curry powder must cook thoroughly. It will therefore be seen that it is not a bad plan to soak the curry powder for several hours before using—not in a lot of water, but just sufficient to make it damp and freshen it up.

The dry curry when served should be very dark brown, each piece of fish or meat covered with the thick brown sauce.

Fruit is not added to a dry curry.

Prawn, lobster, and crab curry can be eaten on toast instead of with rice.

Bombay Ducks are delicious, but I do not recommend them. They are fish which are washed up on the Bombay shores and dried in the sun. They are quite crisp and the custom is to sprinkle them with the fingers

over the curry and rice on your plate. They taste like remarkably good cheese and they can be very successfully imitated with much less risk by using grated Parmesan or other strong cheese.

Chutney.—There are several good chutneys on the market and most are good and palatable. Personally I like a sweet mango chutney. I give a recipe for an excellent imitation mango chutney which I can thoroughly recommend. (See page 200.)

West Indian Pickles—Try them if you like to, but do not blame me if they bring tears to your eyes. They are delicious, but molten lead or boiling oil is mild in comparison.

Iced Oranges.—Skinned, and cut in thin slices, are cooling and delicious after a hot curry.

Fruit Curry.—Prunes, bananas, grapes, grated cocoanut, peaches, and seedless raisins.

Soak prunes overnight, then stew in the water in which they have soaked, with sufficient sugar. Add the rest of the fruit, but do not overcook. Allow to cool, place on the ice in a large glass bowl, and serve with the grated cocoanut sprinkled over the top.

You may say that you do not like curry and therefore will not try this dinner. All I can say is that you cannot ever have tasted it, properly made. It is a dish fit for the gods,

one you can taste and die happy. It was either curry or spaghetti (see Italian spaghetti, page 157) for which Esau sold his birthright, and personally I do not blame him. Esau was a gourmet.

INDIAN RECIPES

CHINGOREE CURRY

This can be made of lobster, crab, shrimps or prawns, or all of them. Other firm fish, like skate, does equally well, but it should be dusted over with Parmesan or other grated cheese. Have about as much fish as will fill a soup-plate. Put a large cupful of olive oil into a stew-pan, and when it boils add a large tablespoonful of onions chopped very fine. Let them remain in the oil till they are a light brown and then add a dessertspoonful of curry powder, dissolved in a cupful of milk or cream. Then stew gently till the curry powder is thoroughly cooked ; add the fish and serve. It should always be remembered that shellfish should not be overcooked, as it tends to harden it, and it should also be borne in mind that whenever milk or cream enters into the composition of a sauce the fire should not be too fierce or the milk will separate and curdle.

"UNCLE EDWARD'S CURRY"

Take three moderately large onions and shred them fine. Put two well-piled-up tablespoonfuls of butter into a stew-pan, and in it fry the onions till quite brown; and then take them out and put them on one side. In a tea-cup, mix two tablespoonfuls of the curry powder to a smooth paste with milk, then fill up the cup with milk and add that to the butter in which the onions have been fried. Let it simmer until it begins to look a rich yellow, then add a little more milk and the meat—veal, lamb, chicken or rabbit—free from bones and fat and cut into dice. Add a little salt and let it stew gently for at least half an hour. If in stewing it gets too thick, add a little milk to keep it from burning. Now put back the onions and stew very gently for an hour, always adding a little milk if it appears to be getting dry. A few minutes before serving squeeze in some lemon juice. Never put either water or gravy into a curry,[1] and you must regulate the quantity of milk according to the kind of meat you use. Chicken, rabbit and veal require more than lamb or mutton. The neck of mutton makes excellent

[1] It must be remembered that every curry fiend has his own particular and favourite recipe, and this gourmet preferred milk to water or gravy.

curry and you may put in a small quantity of the fat, but always use uncooked meat.

CURRY POWDER

This recipe for making curry powder is much better than any "bought" powder. The ingredients can be obtained at any wholesale chemist's.

6 oz. Coriander Seed
1 oz. Best Ground Ginger.
6 Drms. Cayenne Pepper.
½ oz. Cloves.
4 oz. Best China Turmeric.
1 oz. Black Pepper.
½ oz. Shelled Cardamons.
2 drms. Caraway Seeds

The whole to be reduced to a very fine powder in a mortar, well mixed and kept in a tightly corked bottle.

PISH-PASH (INDIAN RECIPE)

Wash a knuckle of veal very clean and put it into two quarts of water with two or three blades of mace, one large onion and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it boil up quickly and then skim it very carefully. Let it simmer gently for an hour, and then add a quarter of a pound of well-washed rice and allow it to simmer for another hour. Serve in a deep dish.

CHAPTER VI

Delights of the Table

I HAVE tried, as far as I know, all the known ways of living—hotels, boarding-houses, furnished rooms, furnished flats "with housekeeping privileges," clubs, unfurnished flats, and houses. But for my acumen, when in my early twenties, I would be a dyspeptic old buffer to-day. Thirty years ago, hotels, as a general mode of living, were beyond my means, and cheap ones were so bad. Boarding-houses were impossible—I tried one for six months and came to the conclusion that boarding-house cuisine (Heaven help the apellation !) would kill me in a year, notwithstanding that I had a most excellent and amenable landlady, who, as far as in her lay, catered to my every wish, God bless her soul ! But her achievements were not on a level with her good will. The best of friends must part when one's own life is at stake, and I found the eternal breakfast of steak, chops, or eggs was getting on, what we nowadays call, my "nerves." While we remained the best of friends, I shook off the dust of the boarding-house and rented a furnished flat with the intention of doing my own cooking. I knew how things ought to taste and look, and I experimented. I had a few failures—one I

particularly remember was the stuffing of a roast goose. I put in too much sage so that it was too bitter to eat, but the goose itself was excellent. And while talking of goose, do not fail to try my imitation canvas-back duck (page 102). It is delicious.

When I became what I thought proficient, I invited a friend—who, by the way, is now the premier theatrical power in England—to dine with me. So great was the success of the dinner that the upshot of it was he joined me in the flat. We had a most wonderful coloured lassie to do the chores, but I attended to the cooking. My table obtained quite a reputation in the theatrical district of those days. We seldom sat down less than four, and on Sundays provided for six or eight. They were merrie times, those days in the early nineties. When one can get actors away from their boring "shop talk," they are amusing people, and the stories I heard and the witty badinage more than repaid for the trouble the dinner had given me. And yet it was not so much trouble after all. Some people make too much of a business of cooking. Properly managed, cooking is the simplest of work and nowhere is an efficiency expert so needed as in the kitchen. The fact is that generally the kitchen is the province of the woman, and women, bless their hearts

and pretty eyes, are not as a rule efficient managers. There are exceptions, mark ye, great, glorious, and noble exceptions; but there is nothing I hate more than to see a woman, hot, tired, and untidy from cooking a dinner I am supposed to eat. It takes all the pleasure out of the meal.

When I lived in England for some years, while I was yet a bachelor, I rented furnished rooms and let the landlady "do for me," that is, she served all meals in my own rooms. She also did the marketing. All I had to do was to tell her in the morning what I wanted, and pay the bills at the end of the week. This was a really comfortable way of living, because I had the good fortune to select landladies who, in a previous state of existence, had been cooks in large houses and who, having married the butler, settled down to "let lodgings." So I not only had a first-rate cook, but very often a butler and valet thrown in. While much has been written about the rapacious landlady (and the lodging-house cat, who has acquired the reputation of eating all food belonging to the lodger, from half a dozen eggs to a sirloin of beef), my own experience has been that they are honest, hardworking, obliging, and in every way admirable. One dear old soul I lived with was particularly fond of long words. I always inquired after her health

—she seemed to think I took a personal interest in it. "Well, Mrs. Goodenough," I said one morning, "and how are you to-day?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "I'm in a state of *collopse*. I suffered from *insomonia* all night." Another landlady of mine had been maid, previous to her marriage, to Mrs. Arthur Bourchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). One evening we were talking, as she stood at the door, fondling the doorhandle, and we were speaking of different actors and actresses. "Mrs. Alexander is a very nice lady, isn't she?" asked she. "I don't know," I replied, "I've never met her." (We were speaking of Mrs. George Alexander, the wife of the famous actor-manager who was afterwards knighted.) "Is she on the stage?" I went on. "Oh, no," she replied, "she's a lady." "Yes, I know," I said, "but is she an actress?" "Oh, no," returned my jewel, "she's *quite* a lady." Who was it said no man was a hero to his valet? This good landlady was a plain, but very good cook. Her grilled bacon —cooked in a Dutch oven in front of the open kitchen fire—was superb. Sometimes she would serve a tomato with this—also grilled in the Dutch oven. A Dutch oven, by the way, for those unregenerate ones to whom its uses are unknown, is like a tin box with one side missing. This hooks on the

bars of the stove, and the bacon, kidneys, sausages, or whatever you are cooking, are hung on hooks for the purpose and toasted, while the back of the box keeps the heat in. There is a trough at the bottom to catch the dripping fat. It is curious how very different things cooked this way taste from the same things fried. There is an oven used by campers for roasting in front of a wood fire which is much the same principle as the Dutch oven.

This has been a terrible digression from cooking—this talking of my landladies—but somehow they are part and parcel of my culinary experience. One of my treasures was a most excellent pastrycook, and even now, after over twenty years have elapsed, I can recall the excellence of her "mutton pies," made from the remains of a shoulder of lamb. Her one failing was she had no idea of a sweet other than a "trifle," and I had to eat many a trifle, sore against my will, for fear of offending her or hurting her feelings. I have seen tears in her eyes when what she considered a large enough hole had not been made in her *chef-d'œuvre*.

I had intended to head this chapter "Poultry" and so far poultry has not been mentioned, save for roast goose, and that only casually. But Poultry can be so good and so bad. Restaurant and hotel poultry is generally very poor.

To me it tastes of little or nothing, and a great deal of it tastes as though it had been boiled before it was roasted. The reason of this, I think, is a lack of seasoning.

Now here is the way to roast a chicken. And by a chicken I mean a chicken, and not an antiquated hen that has been killed before it died of old age. You can always tell a chicken by feeling the breast bone, the tip of which should be soft and gristly. The legs too should be smooth and not scaley. It is a bad plan to let the poulterer draw the chicken, because, in nine cases out of ten, he mutilates the bird to such an extent that it is unpresentable. The smallest incision possible should be made to remove the insides, and the crop should be taken out through the neck without splitting the skin. The skin of the neck is then folded back and the bone severed as near the crop as possible. The bird should then be singed to remove all the hairs, and if any quills have been left in the skin, they should be pulled out with pincers. Where the legs have been cut at the joint, they should be folded back until the three tendons show themselves. These should be pulled out—three in each leg—with pincers. This makes the leg—the drumstick—eatable. It is very annoying to have these tendons served you on your plate.

The bird should now be stuffed both fore and aft, and both the neck and the incision in the latter end sewn up with a needle and thread. It should then be trussed, a skewer thrust through the wings, under one of which is the liver and under the other the gizzard, and the wings and legs so tied as to force up the breast and to keep the legs in position. Then it is salted, peppered, and floured all over and is ready to be put in the oven or roasted in front of the fire, covered with fat bacon. The oven should be hot but not too fierce, and the time allowed for roasting is a quarter of an hour to the pound. The bird should be basted every fifteen minutes, and for the last quarter of an hour the bacon should be removed from the breast to allow it to colour a golden brown. It can be served with bacon, for preference rolled in little rounds, fried sausages, or forcemeat balls and, above all, with thin gravy. Thick gravy should never be served with poultry.

The stuffing—or seasoning, as ultra-polite people call it—is made as follows : Half a pound of fresh bread-crumbs, a cupful of chopped parsley, two chopped onions, pepper, salt, and the skin of half a lemon chopped fine. Add a sprinkling of mixed herbs and a quarter of a cupful of chopped suet. These are all mixed together and then is added one

egg beaten to a froth. The body of the bird and also the crop are filled with this mixture. This is called " veal stuffing " and is used for roast veal and turkey.

Forcemeat balls are made from the above seasoning, formed into the shape of small golf balls. These are then dipped in beaten egg and covered with bread-crumbs and are then fried in deep fat in a fry-basket and stew-pan, until they are a rich golden brown. They cannot be made in shallow fat.

Personally I am very fond of bread sauce with roast fowl, capon, or turkey, but it is not every one who likes it. I remember once giving it to a sweet young thing who hailed from somewhere west of Chicago. I noticed a curious look on her face and asked her what was the matter, when she told me she " preferred her bread and milk separate." But here is how you make bread sauce—and I can thoroughly recommend it as a succulent adjunct to an excellent dish.

A large cupful of white breadcrumbs, salt, pepper. Put a cupful of milk in a saucepan with a piece of mace the size of a shilling, a few peppercorns and an onion cut in half. Place it on a slow fire and gently heat, but do not let it actually boil. Draw to the side of the stove and keep hot. When ready to serve, strain off the mace, peppercorns, and

onion and mix the milk with the seasoned breadcrumbs so that it is neither stiff nor thin, but about the consistency of thick cream. Get it thoroughly hot, stirring all the time, and serve in a sauceboat.

The gravy is made from the giblets of the fowl or turkey—the heart, half the gizzard, which, of course, has been cleaned, the feet, neck, and head. These are put in a saucepan with a chopped onion, pepper, salt, a pinch of mixed herbs and gently stewed till all the goodness has been extracted. The liquor is then strained through a cloth and returned to the saucepan. It is brought to the boil and coloured a rich brown. (See Colouring for Gravies, etc., page 204.)

The trussing of a bird is of great importance because it not only improves his personal appearance but it enables you to get a great deal more breast. To the real gourmet the best part of the bird is the wing under which the liver has been cooked. This flavours the wing and the adjacent part of the breast. And this reminds me of old S. C. Hall, the art critic of a bygone age, who in his day was a great trencherman. He was dining at the house of a friend of mine who asked him what part of the bird he preferred. "Oh, just as you like, Mr. T——. It's immaterial to me —say a liver-wing and a bit of the breast."

Which also reminds one of another story. My great-grandfather was a noted gourmet in his day who kept open house, and his greatest pleasure was to see his dinner-table full. "Have you any preference?" he asked one of his guests, as he carved the bird. "Help me, Mr. Chinnery," responded the guest, "as you would help yourself." "Good Lord," cried the old man—he was considerably over eighty—as he laid down his carving knife and fork, "I wouldn't do that to my own father!"

The carver is said to be either a knave or a fool. I have more respect for the knave. Carving is really an art, which, like letter writing, is gradually passing into oblivion. Dining *à la Russe* has done as much harm to the present generation in the carving line as the typewriter has in the art of letter-writing. My stepfather—a noble figure of a man, six-foot-two in his stockings (and there were four men in his regiment taller than he, not including the general of the Division, who was six-foot-seven!) was a most excellent carver. A sirloin of beef would disappear under his hand in perfect full slices, each no thicker than a sheet of blotting paper, delicately flicked on to the plate so that it was perfectly flat. A touch of the scraped horseradish which garnished the joint would be served with each

portion, and as he carved he would carry on a brilliant conversation that would keep the diners amused ere their plates were placed before them. And then when the cold sirloin or York ham was placed on the sideboard at breakfast, when guests helped themselves, and he found that either had been badly carved, "Who's the damned fool that's been hacking at this joint?" he would bellow. He contended that part of a gentleman's education was the ability to carve well. I remember on one occasion a man whom he hated was dining with us, when a calf's head was the dish. For the hated guest he served the nose, and to make sure he'd get it, "For Mr. Richards," said he to the parlour-maid. His rule for us children was that we should eat everything he gave us, and woe betide us if we trimmed off the fat or crispy outside. A little dish he was exceedingly fond of, and which by the way is excellent, is a thin slice of the fat under the undercut of the sirloin, laid on a piece of hot toast, peppered and salted, and eaten smoking hot. It is as good as marrow on toast. (See Marrow on Toast.)

I almost want to talk of the delights of Yorkshire Pudding (see Yorkshire Pudding, page 201), but there is a time and place for that, and I must get back to poultry. It seems to be flying away from me.

Boiled fowl is wonderful if properly cooked. I am not sure it is not better than roast fowl. Take a large fowl, about five or six pounds, not too young, but not an old warrior. Truss it so that the legs are folded down straight, close to the tail. Sew up the bird in a clean cloth, an old napkin is excellent for the purpose, and then place it in boiling water in which you have put two teaspoonfuls of salt and two medium-sized onions. Do not let the water boil hard after the bird has been placed in it, but keep it at the side of the fire so that the surface of the water continues to move. Simmer in this way till done, allowing twenty minutes to the pound, the weight to be determined after the fowl has been drawn. Serve with parsley sauce, which is made as follows :

Boil a large onion, whole, in a pint of water, a pinch of salt and pepper, and the rind of half a lemon, cut thin so that only the yellow skin is used. When the onion is thoroughly cooked strain the liquor into a clean saucepan and bring to the boil. Then, in a cup, mix up a tablespoonful of cornflour with cold water to the consistency of cream. Pour this into the boiling liquor and stir till it thickens. Just before serving add half a cupful of chopped parsley. Pour this over the fowl so that it is completely covered.

The object of boiling the bird in a cloth

is to make the skin white. Boiling is apt to turn it a yellowish grey, which is not appetizing. The sauce also helps to cover discoloured parts. Boiled potatoes and a green vegetable are served with boiled fowl. Fried or baked potatoes are best with roast fowl. The French serve their green vegetables as a separate course, but inasmuch as they do not shine as vegetable cooks, I do not think much stress need be laid on their custom.

Roast duck, properly served, is a dish for the gods. My wife—this is the first time I have mentioned her, isn't it?—always has it for her birthday. Apart from that, roast duck and green peas is the proper dish for Trinity Sunday; but in these days one has such difficulty in remembering when Trinity Sunday is. It is one of those confounded movable feasts to which the Church is so partial, just to keep one on the *qui vive* all the time.

For some reason, why I know not, a duck for roasting is trussed like a fowl for boiling, i.e., with the legs down. Now the *bonne-bouche* of the duck is the leg. "The wing of the bird that flies, the leg of the bird that swims." Always give your uncle from whom you have "expectations" the right leg, and if he be a real epicure, the Pope's nose also. A duck is the very divil to dismember, consequently the joints of the wing and leg should always

be broken when the bird is trussed. There are special clippers for this purpose, but it is quite easy to wrench the joints apart, so that when the point of the knife is inserted, the joint comes off quite easily. The duck is then singed and quilled and if it be thought that Mr. Duck is not as young as he might be, rub him well over with vinegar. Rub it well in so that the vinegar penetrates the skin. Then cover with flour and roast in a medium oven, using his own fat to baste with. Allow twenty minutes to the pound and, about ten minutes before serving, brush the duck over with olive oil and pop it again into the oven. This serves to crisp the skin and make it "melt in your mouth." Owing to the richness of this dish, apple sauce—hot—is served with it ; but if for some reason apples cannot be obtained, any sweet jam will answer the purpose. But apple sauce is much the best partner.

The stuffing for duck is made as follows : Chop 2 large onions fine ; add a pinch of salt, pepper and celery seeds. Mix well. Then add a large teaspoonful of dried sage, which you crumble up between your fingers, a little of the duck's own fat chopped fine, and half a cupful of breadcrumbs. Bind this all together with a whipped egg and stuff the body of the duck with it. Fill the crop with veal (or

chicken) stuffing. Serve a little of both stuffings with each portion of duck, but only a little.

Before dismissing the roast duck altogether it might be well to say that it should not be overcooked. The meat, near the bone, should be slightly red. A wild duck is absolutely spoiled if it be overcooked.

The gravy served with duck should be made from the drippings in the pan above which he is cooked. The fat at the top is poured off, the pan is then stood right on the hot stove and with a fork all the thick gravy which sticks to the bottom of the pan is rousted around. Add half a cupful of water and bring to the boil. It should be salt enough, but if it is not, add a little salt, but do not overdo it.

Green peas are inseparable from roast duck, and owing to the richness of the dish, boiled potatoes. If preferred, mashed potatoes (see Boiled and Mashed Potatoes, pages 66 and 67) may be taken, but on no account fried ones.

When speaking of roast duck, one instinctively refers to tame duck. Wild duck is cooked in exactly the same way, but no vegetables are served with it, although it is accompanied with apple sauce. If wild duck be tough it is because it has not been hung long enough. It depends entirely on the climate in which one lives, but in this temperate zone, twelve or fourteen days is not too long to

hang a duck. It should be "gamey" without being "high." By the way, a duck or any game bird should be hung with the "trails" in. It keeps much better than if it be drawn first.

And now comes this threatened, or shall I say promised, recipe for imitation canvas-back duck. Take a freshly killed duck and draw it. Fill the cavity with chopped celery—the coarse outside sticks and leaves answer the purpose. Renew this every two days and keep the bird hanging in a cold cellar or in the ice box for ten or twelve days. Then truss it and stuff it with chopped celery—the fine sticks this time—and roast as already described, not forgetting to oil the skin. The meat has a wonderful and delicate taste of celery, not at all unlike canvas-back duck.

Braised Duck.—The duck is cut up into portions and turned over in the frying-pan with some of its own fat, just sufficient to brown the outside. Into a saucepan place several onions cut in rings, and over these pour the remainder of the fat from the frying-pan. Next put some sliced carrots and turnips cut in dice on the top of the onions, a sprinkling of mixed herbs and sage, salt, pepper, and 3 small onions in each of which are 3 cloves. On the top of all these vegetables place the jointed duck. Last of all add

a cupful of water and then cover with a paper-lined lid and cook very gently for two and a half hours. Never open the pot, but shake it from time to time to prevent it sticking. If anything burns it will be the onions, and that won't matter. But if the fire is right there is no danger. If desired, the gravy can be thickened with cornflour, but it is not necessary, besides which it destroys the flavour somewhat. Rice served with this is delicious.

Capon au maïs is, I believe, a creation of Oddenino, of grateful memory. A capon or a chicken is filled with canned corn, salted and peppered, to which is added a small onion chopped fine. The bird is then sewn up and roasted. The meat is flavoured with the corn, and when the bird is carved, rich gravy flows from the inside. It is a truly excellent dish, but plenty of corn must be used, as it seems to disappear.

Boiled and roast capon are cooked exactly the same way as boiled and roasted fowl. But do not be palmed off with a big fowl for a capon. There is as much difference between a capon and a fowl, as there is between a pony and a horse.

CHAPTER VII

Lunch and Punch

SOME years ago I met a man who had been through the Siege of Paris, during the Franco-German war. He had described the suffering of the people ; how, when the animals of the Jardin des Plantes had been slaughtered for food—by the way, he was enthusiastic over the succulence of elephant's foot—even rats were at a premium. Rats, indeed, were a delicacy, and I have been told that they cannot be distinguished from terrapin, but I cannot vouch for the statement. The nearest approach to a rat that I have ever eaten, was squirrel. It was nice, but I must confess I did not enjoy it. My Siege of Paris friend, however, having described the privations he and his fellows endured, told me he obtained the greatest comfort from reading a cookery book. He assured me that when a meal was unobtainable at any price, his hunger was in this way appeased. I have always believed this, until a week ago, when the distinguished author, who is kindly typing this book for me, told me that during the process of typing he has suffered from ravenous hunger.

A healthy appetite is a wonderful thing : I do not mean an enormous appetite, but one that is always ready at the appointed time.

Nowadays, my own appetite is not so great as it was ; when I was thirty I could make a shoulder of lamb look very foolish, though now not a day goes by but, while I am thoroughly ready for my dinner, a little satisfies me, and I endeavour to so regulate my meal that, if occasion should rise I could at a pinch eat another one. I seldom take a late supper, save when I go to a theatre or a dance, and then I have no qualms as to what I may eat or what I must deny myself for fear of being unable to sleep. If one's digestion is in perfect condition, one can eat anything at any time. I do not feel sorry for the poor young lover who yearned to dream of his inamorata, and who was forced to complain :

" I cannot dream of thee,
  Whate'er my supper be.
I eat the most unwholesome things,
  Ribs of crabs and lobster's wings ;
And yet I cannot dream of thee,
  The beauty, oh supreme ! of thee.
I fill and fill, until, until
  I'm ill, I'm ill ; but still, but still
I cannot dream of thee ";

as written, composed, and sung by Mostyn Pigott, the barrister, journalist, and wit. His young friend was evidently the owner of a perfect digestion.

I am convinced that in nine cases out of ten a bad digestion is acquired through carelessness and over indulgence. Too much restaurant cooking, especially of dairy lunch restaurants, cafeterias, and tea-rooms. I have been inveigled into these places from time to time, and I contend there is nothing to recommend them—not even the prices, which are very little different from those of first-class hotels. It is better to have one well-cooked meal a day than three inferior ones. Of course the ideal thing is home cooking—that is, if the cook can cook. Unfortunately this is not often so, and many a man has been literally driven to the graveyard by his well-meaning but unaccomplished cook. All women should know how to cook, just as all men should know how to make a living. I have heard some women complain that they are not talented, that they cannot write books or paint pictures, and so forth. Now, a woman who makes a good pie is the equal of a painter who paints a great picture, and the pie is most probably more appreciated than the picture. The main thing is to look upon cookery as an art and pastime rather than as a task. A cook in her kitchen can have as good a time as a chemist in his laboratory. And surely she must be more than repaid when she sees the pleasure her labours give. My

grandfather had a cook who had lived with him for over twenty years, who insisted on appearing after dinner to receive any reprimands that might be forthcoming. Needless to say, she knew there would be none, but the guests always hugely enjoyed the appearance of the rosy-cheeked cook as she entered the dining-room, as soon as the ladies had retired to the drawing-room for their coffee.

By the way, in those days the curious custom of serving tea in the drawing-room at 9 p.m. appertained. I remember when I was a small boy this was done, but whether coffee had been served previously I do not know. I do know, however, that at eleven the spirit case, a beautiful brass-bound, rosewood box, containing cut-glass bottles of brandy, whisky, rum, and gin, made its appearance, together with sugar, lemon and hot water. And then if Captain Jacques happened to be present he would always be asked to make a punch, which he did in this wise : The punch bowl would be stood on a table in the centre of the room, and Captain Jacques would rub several lumps of sugar over the rinds of a couple of lemons until the yellow had been entirely grated off. As each lump was covered he would drop it into the bowl. Then with a silver knife he would slice what was left of the lemons and place them with the sugar.

Over these he would pour a teapotful of tea made with three teaspoonfuls of black China tea, Orange Pekoe for preference, and two teaspoonfuls of green tea—Young Hyson, if it could be obtained. This he would stir till the sugar was melted, gently prodding the slices of lemon to extract the juice. To this mixture he would add an equal quantity of Jamaica rum and a wine-glass full of brandy "to soften it," and then he would serve it himself—to my grandmother first, with "Taste it, Madam, and tell me if it be passable." "Captain Jacques," she would reply, "you have surpassed yourself." Then he would serve the rest of the company with due ceremony. This always happened; he never varied his recipe nor his mode of presentation, and he made the punch just as though he were a priest offering an oblation. He was a wonderful old man, he must have been perilously near eighty, tall and upright, with just sufficient stoop in the shoulders to give that appearance of deferential attention and courtesy indicative of a bygone age. His high collar brushed his white whiskers, and I remember that I, as a child, took particular interest in the parting of his back hair. This ran right down beneath his collar, which closed at the back and was furnished with long ends that wrapped round the neck and tied in a bow at

the front. I believe that Mr. Gladstone wore this same style of collar to the day of his death. Captain Jacques' punch had quite a national reputation, and he used to guarantee that "three good thimblefuls would necessitate a cab home." As a matter of fact, no one ever took a second punch, in the drawing-room at any rate, and if any were left over, it was carefully bottled, "so as to put temptation out of the servants' way," and kept over till the next night, when it was taken cold. After Captain Jacques' death, punch was never made in our house—it would have been a sort of sacrilege.

What a wondrous charm there is about the past, when no one seemed to worry about strikes and labour troubles, and bolshevism, and spiritualism, and nervous breakdowns, and all the curious diseases and ailments, both physical and mental, that surround us now. In those days every one had time to be courteous and polite ; guests were invited to dinner parties at least a fortnight prior to the event ; none of these telephone invitations that make one gasp and rack one's brains for an excuse. In these days every one is in such a hurry, that they rush you off to the grave-yard within twenty-four hours of your demise, and that in a motor hearse. No wonder that half the population is old and worn out at

forty. I once had my "palm read" by a painter who was an adept at palmistry. He told me I had a good life-line. "How long shall I live?" I at once asked. "How long," he returned, "would it take you to spend a hundred thousand dollars?" I replied that it would depend how I spent it, whether I harboured it and invested it, or "blew it in." "Exactly," said he, "and so with your life. You have good vitality, the line is deeply marked, and it just depends how you expand it." I am sure a great many people squander their life, either with work, or exercise, or dissipation, or laziness. You know you can work very hard at being lazy. But you will invariably find that the biggest man, the man who is at the very top of his profession, is always the one who keeps his appointments, has time to be civil and polite, never seems to be rushed to death, and is generally a pretty good fellow. Has he all these good points because he is "on top," or is he "on top" because he has these good points? I am inclined to think there is something in the latter theory.

Worry is the cause of a good many evils, and there are some people who have such a passion for worry that they even wake up at night, to indulge in their favourite pastime. A man once went to a doctor because he

couldn't sleep. "I walked the floor all last night," he said. "Why?" asked the doctor. "I owe Smith a thousand dollars," replied the patient, "and there is no possibility of my being able to repay him." "Well," said the doctor, "let Smith walk." I know one old lady who worried about having nothing to worry about. She eventually worried herself to death.

There is no necessity to platitudinize about worry, and I know that if one does wake up at night, little anxieties are magnified to an enormous extent; and supposing there be something weighing on the mind, it seems much worse and much greater then, than at any time during the daylight hours. But the thing to do is to force yourself to think of something else. Once in a blue moon I will wake in the night, and if I start to worry—because I have mine just the same as you have yours—I figure out, for instance, how much money I shall make out of this book if a million copies are sold; how much advance on royalties I will be able to extract from the publisher; and if it be only a pittance, whether it would be worth while going over to Deauville to increase it. Occasionally I have evolved a splendid plot for an exciting novel, only to forget it by the time I get up. But any way those dark hours, uninterrupted by

the distractions of the day, are splendid for building castles in the air. And then one topples off to sleep again, and in the morning can scarcely realize that the night's rest was broken.

And this just brings me back to what I said in my opening chapter, that sleep is the great restorer, and it is dependent on a good digestion which, in its turn, can be acquired and maintained by a sensible, moderate diet. And then the body, in a sound, healthy condition, is fortified against attacks of illness and is in a fit condition to resist contagion and infection.

I am not one of those idiots who say there is no pain, no illness, and who are willing to see their loved ones die rather than call in the doctor, but I do believe that one can persuade oneself that one is well, just as one can persuade oneself one is ill. I know people who "enjoy" bad health, who are walking drug stores and who, in their way, are just as foolish, just as ill-advised as they who deny the possibility of disease. Speaking of this sort of thing reminds me of a curious story I heard some years ago.

A New York woman suffered from bad health. She did not know what was the matter with her—nor did her doctor, who paid her a visit every day. At last, even he

was losing patience, and as the summer was coming and he wanted to go for a vacation, he told her that he thought a trip to Europe might set her up. "I am glad of that," said she, "because I had intended to go over if possible. I am to sit for my portrait to Mr. Sargent." "Splendid, splendid," returned the doctor. "It will take your mind off yourself and I am sure, when you return, you will be a different person." Well, she went, and in the following October returned, when she immediately sent for the medico. "Well," said he, greeting her, "you're much better, aren't you?" "No, doctor," she replied, "I can't say I am. I am just as depressed as ever." After a little talk he wrote a prescription and was about to take his leave, when she said: "Oh, you'd like to see the picture, wouldn't you? It's in the drawing-room; look in as you go downstairs. It is a splendid portrait." He said good-bye, and as he opened the drawing-room door, the light shone on the full-length portrait of—a mad woman. The painter had divined what the doctor had failed to diagnose. He had treated her for nearly everything except incipient insanity. The poor woman eventually died in a madhouse.

CHAPTER VIII

Dishes for Days

IN these unregenerate days, when religion occupies only a small part of the time of some of us, we still retain the customs of our forbears on their festivals and fasts. The Church in days gone by occupied itself largely with the eating and drinking of its members. It took an intelligent interest in their health. The Lenten fast was merely a Church means of getting the stomach in condition after gross over-indulgence. The Friday fast, too, was originally meant to be a real fast, but insomuch as the embargo was placed on *meat*, which was intended to be equivalent to *food*, the monks took it literally and substituted fish. Even the Jews of old had their clean and unclean food. Moses, not only the first and greatest novelist of all time, was also a man of rare education ; and the laws he laid down for the guidance of the Children of Israel in their pilgrimage through the desert, were founded on strict hygienic lines. For instance, he made the pig unclean for the simple reason that, not only is pork " out of season " during the hot weather, and the desert through which the Jews were passing was tropical, and consequently the porkers would be out of season all the year round, but pigs were

also the scavengers of the camp. Shell-fish, too, is not at its best in hot climates, and while it is not necessary to take each "unclean" creature and dig out the reason of its uncleanliness, examination will prove that in every case health was at the bottom of the embargo. The story of the quail was founded on actual knowledge of the peculiarities of the bird. Quail, delicious though it be, is very indigestible. It takes more than twenty-four hours to digest, and taking quail into the stomach before the previous portion has been digested, sets up a curious poisoning of the system. I once won a fifty-dollar bet on this very thing. A friend of mine visiting St. Louis, where he was going to spend some time, wrote me that he had discovered an hotel where they served most delicious quail. I betted him an even fifty that he could not eat a quail every day for a month. He took me on and almost day by day reported progress. At the end of three weeks he was in a hospital and it took him a fortnight to recover, when he sent me the wager. The last time I had quail was at the Reform Club in London, famed throughout the world as the kitchen of Soyer. It has retained its reputation for excellent cooking; and those stuffed quail! They were masterpieces. The bird is boned, stuffed with delicious sausage meat, roasted

and served with fried breadcrumbs and red-currant jelly. If I were dying and the doctor said I could have any dish my soul desired before I passed to happier climes, I should have some difficulty in keeping away from a Reform Club stuffed quail. It is said that one can die happily after tasting curried prawns at Madras, but I should want to know whence the native obtained his prawns. He is not famed for care for cleanliness and sanitation so long as he gets his prawns.

We Anglo-Saxons, however, have some very wholesome dishes for special days in the year, the first of which is the Twelfth Night cake. Somewhat over a century ago, an actor named Baddeley left a small sum of money to Drury Lane Theatre wherewith to provide yearly a cake for that night to be consumed by the actors of the theatre. The ceremony has been kept to this day, and every Twelfth Night a famous actor cuts the cake after the performance, and he and his fellow Thespians solemnly drink to the memory of the defunct Baddeley. We used to have a Twelfth Night cake at the Punch Bowl Club, and one year I cut it. The cake contains a silver ring, coin, and thimble, and the persons who get the slices containing any of these are the ones who will, during the coming year, either be married, have wealth, or be an "old maid."

On this occasion I remember that the Bishop of London got the ring, much to every one's delight, because he is a confirmed celibate. At this ceremony, I had as a guest one of my old schoolmasters, who had required some pressing to accept the invitation, as he feared there might be some hard drinking there. But he came, and it soon got around who he was, and every one determined to make the old boy "three sheets in the wind." He bore up nobly ; I would hate to compute the number of punches outside of which he managed to get—and it was *real* punch, "hot and strong and sweet and plenty of it"—but about 2 a.m. he announced his intention of *walking* home to Camberwell, where he was staying with a friend, a distance of some seven miles. I offered to call a cab, thinking the cold air might have its effect, but he assured me he needed the walk. As I bade him farewell, he asked : "What time does the drinking start ?" (See Twelfth-Night Cake, page 193.)

Pancakes are the dish for Shrove Tuesday. I believe it is on that day that the pancake scrimmage takes place at Westminster School. All the lower form boys line up in the big schoolroom ; the cook, in white, enters bearing in his hand a frying pan in which is a large pancake. He takes his stand at the end of the room, on a dais, swings the pan three

times around his head, and tosses the pancake as far as he can down the schoolroom. The boys at once scramble for it and the one who emerges with the largest portion, is awarded a guinea—left by some long-since dead benefactor. I once met a man who was exceedingly proud of having been the boy of his year to get the largest piece of pancake and also the guinea. I have never discovered why pancakes are the dish for Shrove Tuesday; true, I have not worked very hard at finding out, but I have done my best to observe the behest of the Church and have eaten pancakes on most of the fifty Shrove Tuesdays it has been my pleasure and privilege to celebrate. And would you make a pancake? Then here it is, within reach of him who will.

Six eggs beaten to a froth, yolks and whites together; two tablespoonfuls of flour in which is a salt-spoonful of baking powder; sufficient milk to make it the consistency of thin cream. Take a frying pan with a base of six or seven inches. Warm it and melt a piece of butter about the size of a small walnut. Then pour in sufficient of the mixture to just cover the surface of the pan. As soon as it commences to harden, slip a pastry knife under it, shake the pan to loosen the half-cooked pancake, and then with a dexterous turn of the wrist, toss the pancake in the air

and catch it in the pan with the uncooked side downward. Cook it for a minute, fold it four times, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over it and sprinkle with sifted sugar. Serve smoking hot with lemon and sugar. A well-made pancake should not be tough, but it should "hang together." A good pancake is excellent; but for some reason or other it is absolutely necessary to toss it as described. It does not taste the same if it be turned over with a griddle slice. Tossing is not difficult when once the knack is acquired—it only needs courage. Never was the saying, "He who hesitates is lost," truer than when about to toss a pancake. Many a cook has tossed a pancake up the chimney never to return; still, this need not deter the valiant soul who essays to make "a pancake wot's a pancake."

The next day—Ash Wednesday—ushers in Lent, with salt cod with egg sauce and parsnips. The salt cod should not be *dried* salt cod, but that which comes especially for the day, freshly salted. The fish is split and boned and packed in barrels in salt. The large-flaked fish is the best. This is boiled for about twenty minutes—it depends on the thickness of the fish—and it is not a bad plan to put half a teaspoonful of vinegar into the water in which it is to be boiled. This does

not in any way flavour the fish, but it tends to take off some of the salt.

Egg Sauce is made as follows : Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan, but do not let it boil. Add to this a cupful of milk in which a teaspoonful of flour has been thoroughly mixed. Stir till it boils, when it should be medium thick—not like paste but like hot thick cream. Add a little salt and white pepper and two hard-boiled eggs chopped in small pieces, but not too fine.

If the dried salt cod be preferred, soak it in water overnight. Then boil it gently in milk and water for twenty minutes and serve with mustard sauce, which is made as follows :

Oil half a pound of butter and add a little pepper. Then mix up half a teaspoonful of dry Colman's mustard in a cup with some of the oiled butter. Turn this into the saucepan and heat thoroughly, but do not boil it or an unpleasant scum will form on the top. This is a delicious sauce for salt fish. There is the flavour of mustard without the burn.

We do not have a mid-Lent celebration, and so nothing more of interest happens until hot-cross buns on Good Friday. I should be very glad if any one would tell me the real origin of hot-cross buns. I do not believe the legend as told in the following Ingoldsbian metre :

In the days of the reign of King Philip of Spain,
(More years ago than I care to explain),
There lived a brother,
(The son of his mother,)
Who was monk in the sect of Saint Something or Other.
He fasted in Lent,
He his days and nights spent
In copying manuscripts that he was sent.
But I blush to say
He was rather gay,
And kissed all the maidens that came his way.
But he didn't refuse
To wear peas in his shoes.
(I should have said sandals, for monks don't wear shoes.)
He wore ropes round his waist
Which he tied on in haste,
Telling his beads
While standing *en pieds*,
Which is French, you must know, for standing *en haut*.

On Friday, the dish in refectory's fish,
As the monks do not eat
One morsel of meat,
And our poor little friar
Was in dismay the most dire,
As the day before Friday,
When they catch the fish slyly,

He hadn't succeeded
To catch what he needed
To keep him from starving.
He hadn't a farthing
To purchase his dinner,
For he, wicked sinner!
Was kept without money.
Oh Lor! Ain't it funny?
He fled to the kitchen
To see what it was rich in.
Found nothing but meal,
Which he proceeded to steal:
Some sugar and spice,
And a bowl where some mice
Had fashioned their nests.
"Oh drat the young pests!"
Cried the monk in a wax
At conduct so lax.

However, he took 'em, determined to cook 'em—
Not the mice, but the meal,
Which I said he did steal;
And with water and rum
He mixed up a bun,
Put a cross on the top
And then with a pop
Shoved it into the oven until it was done.
And then down he sat,
And said: "Look at that!"

His brothers were shocked,
And said that he mocked
Good Friday so much
That he mustn't touch
The bun with his teeth,
'Twas so much beneath
The virtues of fish,
That Good Friday's dish.
But he said : " Friends, I've begun
" To eat hot-cross bun ;
" I therefore ordain
" That throughout all Spain,
" On Good Friday's day
" Each one shall put away
" Three buns at the least ;
" But make himself not a beast
" By eating too many."

The monks without any
Dissension, said many
A prayer for the maker
And then for the baker
Of the first hot-cross bun.
And each one had some,
You may bet two to one.
Remember this legend, but don't tell it too often,
Or I fear it may tend your brain-box to soften.

I might as well state
That the old convent gate
Rang with laughter and joy
When the jolly old boy
Was canonized saint.
Pray now don't faint,—
But I don't recollect
The name that this sect
Bestowed on their brother (the son of his mother).
Suffice it to say
He was jolly and gay
To the day of his death,
When he drew his last breath.
Which was ages ago in the town of Toled-ō.

As a matter of fact, this is not the way to make a hot-cross bun, which to be good should be made as follows : Half a pound of flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a teaspoonful of mixed spice. One yeast cake dissolved in sugar and stirred in a cup till it is creamy, when the cup is filled with warm water and restirred. This is added to the flour, etc., and is well kneaded and put in a warm place, covered with a cloth, to rise. It is then kneaded again, rolled out, and cut into circles with a tumbler. Each circle is crossed with the back of a knife, and the buns are then baked for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

When done they are brushed over with white of egg and sugar. Some hot-cross buns have currants in them, some do not. It is purely a matter of taste. But they should be eaten hot, with butter. When stale, they are delicious toasted.

For Easter Day, of course, lamb and mint sauce. Here the Church borrowed from the Jews' Passover, the paschal lamb. Whether the mint takes the place of the herbs of scripture, this writer knoweth not ; but lamb is not worth eating without mint sauce. I have always objected to the term "baby lamb," and I certainly would refrain from patronizing a restaurant that insisted on carrying such an item on its bill of fare. Not only is it a nasty phrase, savouring of cannibalism, but it is, as a lawyer once told me, "supererogatory." Lamb is necessarily baby, unless it be like the fatted calf that was killed for the prodigal son, which I once heard described by an eloquent preacher as "the calf which had been loved and fondled by the children of the family for many years." I confess that I have had lamb which I will swear died of old age ; but the Easter lamb, the lamb of which I speak, is the most succulent of dainty morsels—that is, if it be properly roasted.

To be absolutely perfect, it should be roasted in front of the fire ; but few of our

modern houses are equipped with real ranges, and we are forced to bake our meats—a custom observed by the ancients only at their funeral feasts.

Mint Sauce, without which lamb is not lamb, is made as follows : The leaves of a sprig of mint are chopped fine and put in the sauce-boat. They are then crushed with a little granulated sugar, over which is now poured some wine vinegar, diluted with water so that it be not too acid. This is served cold, even with hot lamb, but only a little is used on each portion, so that it does not in any way cool the hot meat.

All joints of lamb are so delicious that it is difficult to say which is the best. The leg of lamb—*with the tail on*—is supposed to be the chief delicacy, and the fat of the tail the *bonne-bouche*. The knuckle, too, is most excellent. Lamb and mutton should always be cut thick ; beef and veal thin.

There is a story told of the poet Tenny-son, relative to this very thing. An American girl, visiting the Isle of Wight, was invited to a house at Freshwater, where Lord Tenny-son was to dine. Great was her joy at hear-ing that she was to sit next to the great man at the table. The splendid, poetic things he talked about would be cherished in her memory for life. As a matter of fact, all he said was : "I like my mutton in chunks !"

We have already talked about roast duck, the dish for Trinity Sunday, but the green peas that go with it are worth a word or two. Here is the way to cook them : Have plenty of boiling water in which is a large teaspoonful of salt, one lump of sugar, and a piece of common washing soda, the size of a large pea. Put the peas in and boil *gently*, so as not to break the skins, for ten minutes. *Then strain off all the water* and serve in a vegetable dish with a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Cooked this way the peas will be brilliant emerald green, soft, sweet, thoroughly cooked but not broken.

The Twelfth of August has always struck me as a curious day on which to eat the first grouse. I clipped the following from *The Daily Mail :*

THE FIRST GROUSE

By Aeroplane to London in Time For Luncheon

BY A GOURMET

I had my first grouse of the season to-day (Friday) at luncheon. What is there about the first grouse that makes it so delicious, surpassing all the later and perhaps better grouse that come after ? It is partly in anticipation and partly in sentiment. The

epicure can get enjoyment even without tasting.

Grouse are such glorious birds. Their season is too short for one ever to tire of them. You carry in your gastronomical cells the memory of honoured grouse which died last year in a good cause. The pleasures of anticipation are nearly as great as those of realization. And there is the sentiment of eating grouse on the twelfth, especially at luncheon.

I was invited to join a small party for a grouse luncheon at the newly formed Epicures Club, which meets at the Café Royal. The Epicures Club is a little coterie of food lovers, of those who regard eating as a fine art, who meet together to discuss delightful fare. It was founded only a few months ago, and it has only some seven or eight members. It prides itself on being the smallest club in London, and it intends to keep small.

Its gatherings are never less than three —the number of the Graces—nor more than nine—the number of the Muses. The grouse, however, shot this morning, had been sent by aeroplane from Yorkshire.

There is only one way to cook grouse. Roast them to a turn and serve them with their own natural gravy on toast spread

with a paste made of their inner organs with a little brandy added. And to drink with grouse there is nothing better than a light claret. Burgundy is good with highly flavoured game, such as woodcock. But with grouse a good vintage claret is best.

Now, grouse shooting opens on the twelfth ; it is against the English law to shoot them before, and yet they are always on sale on the morning of that day and apparently no questions are asked. But with all due regard to our gourmet's opinion about the first grouse, I am sure the generation to which I belong would not care to eat a grouse so terribly fresh ; for, within four hours of its having been shot, it would, I should think, be tough and tasteless. I must say I like my game, grouse included, to be hung, and I have known it to take fourteen days to bring a brace of grouse to perfection. I am not one of those who want the birds to walk to the fire, but there is a something about a grouse that has been properly hung that is wonderful.

Thanksgiving Day in the United States without turkey and cranberry sauce would not be Thanksgiving Day.

For some reason, turkey is nearly always roasted, but the cooking can be varied. There is an old saw :

Turkey roast is turkey lost,
Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled,
But turkey braised is turkey praised.

As a general rule roast turkey is dry, but that is because the oven has been too fierce and the bird has not been sufficiently basted. A turkey roasted on a jack in front of the fire is quite different, and much better than one baked in an oven ; but inasmuch as we are limited—most of us—to the latter method of cooking, we must bow to the inevitable. The bird is trussed like a chicken for roasting. It is stuffed in the crop with oysters or chestnuts, and in the south end with veal stuffing. Forcemeat balls and fried pork sausages are served with it, and either bread sauce or cranberry sauce. The oysters for the crop stuffing should not be too large. All the liquor should be strained off and then they are mixed with salted and peppered breadcrumbs, a little chopped suet, a chopped onion, and chopped parsley, bound together with one egg well beaten. The crop is filled with this and then it is sewn up.

Braised Turkey is good, although I must confess I don't know that it is to be especially "praised." Slice two large onions into rings. Put them into a large stewpan with some butter and fry to a golden brown, with a clove

of garlic cut into small pieces. Then cover the onions with a layer of carrots cut thin, a white turnip cut into dice, four small onions stuffed with cloves, a little salt and pepper, and about three-quarters of a pint of stock or water. On the top of these vegetables place the bird, either whole or jointed. Over the top place wrapping paper on which the cover is tightly fixed down. Then leave the pan on a low fire to simmer slowly, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Never raise the lid, but shake the pot occasionally. Serve on a large dish with all the vegetables around the turkey.

Boiled Turkey is certainly not turkey spoiled. It is remarkably good. The turkey is trussed with the wings and legs pressed down so that the bird is somewhat the shape of a Rugby football. It is not stuffed. The bird is sewn up in a white cloth and cooked in a large pan, with plenty of water, which is brought to the boil before the turkey is placed therein. The water is salted and two large whole onions are cooked with the bird, though they are not served on the dish with it. The pot should not boil hard, but simmer very gently, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. When ready to serve, the bird is covered with a thick white sauce, made as follows :

Take half a pint of the liquor in which

the turkey has been boiled and half a pint of milk, and put them on the fire in a small saucepan, with a few whole peppers, a piece of mace, two onions cut in rings, and the yellow rind of half a lemon, cut very thin. Boil gently for ten minutes and then strain, putting the strained liquor back into the saucepan. Mix a large teaspoonful of cornflour in a cup with a little cold milk, just sufficient to make it the consistency of thin cream. Pour this into the boiling liquor and stir till it thickens. Then pour this over the turkey so that the entire bird is covered. If desired, a little chopped parsley can be sprinkled down the centre of the turkey, and the dish can be garnished with slices of lemon.

Boiled Ham is served with turkey, either roasted or boiled. And by the way, here is an excellent recipe of boiling a ham. A large ham is always better than a small one—the flavour is better ; it is tenderer and less salt. The outside should be yellow rather than red or brown, and a well matured ham should be covered with green mould. This shows that it has been well kept. Before cooking, the mould should be wiped off with a clean cloth and then the ham is placed in a large pot and covered with cold water in which is half an ounce of ground cloves. As soon as the water boils, the pot should be drawn to one side of

the fire, or if cooked on a gas stove, the gas should be turned down very low so that the water only just moves. If the water boils hard the ham will be tough and stringy. Twenty minutes to the pound should be allowed, and when it is done the skin will come off easily. The ham is then covered with toasted breadcrumbs and the knuckle decorated with a "ham frill." If the ham is not to be eaten hot it is much the best to let it get cold, after it is skinned, in the water in which it has been boiled. In this way it becomes much more "juicy."

Another way of cooking a ham is to bake it in a paste crust. Soak the ham overnight in cold water. Then make a paste of flour and water, roll this out till it is about three-quarters of an inch thick. Cover the ham with this paste and seal all the joints or thin places with flour and water so that it is absolutely closed. Then bake the paste-covered ham in a medium oven, allowing twenty-five minutes to the pound. When it is done, break off the paste, which will be as hard as rock, skin the ham, breadcrumb it and serve.

A very easy way of making toasted breadcrumbs is to cut thin slices of bread and bake them in a very slow oven till they are perfectly dry. Then fold them in wrapping paper and roll them with the rolling pin.

Remember that half of a large ham is much better than a small whole one, and the thick upper end is the better half. The knuckle of ham is practically uneatable except hot, and it is really a very extravagant way of eating ham to have it hot. An economical way of carving it, however, is to cut it longways from the top to the knuckle instead of across, down to the bone, as is usually done. By the former method long slices are obtained, and with each slice is the tender upper part and a little of the harder, dryer lower part, which, cut very thin, passes unnoticed. All of one side is carved this way till the bone is reached, and then the carver starts on the other side. When a ham is carved in the ordinary way, i.e., down to the bone from the upper surface, the underneath part is left untouched and is consequently wasted because it is not only hard but salt.

Christmas Day, throughout the English-speaking world, is celebrated with turkey and plum pudding, although here and there you find people whose forbears hailed from Yorkshire, who claim that sucking pig is *the* dish of dishes. And by the same token, sucking pig is a remarkably toothsome morsel. He should weigh not over six pounds. He is cooked and served whole, but before he is roasted the mouth is pried open and held open with a small skewer so that before serving the

skewer can be removed and a small lemon or a lime inserted in the mouth. Why? I know not. But 'tis done.

A sucking pig is stuffed with sage and onion dressing, the same as that used for roast duck, except that one clove of garlic should be chopped up with it. It is roasted in a medium oven, allowing twenty minutes to the pound; but it should be thoroughly cooked. Pork should never be eaten the least bit underdone, and about a quarter of an hour before serving, the whole pig should be brushed over with sweet oil and put back into a hot oven. This will crisp up the "crackling." Apple sauce is served with sucking pig as with all other pork. The prime cut is the back.

For any but those of the strong digestion, pork should be taken very sparingly. I do not recommend it, and on no account should it be eaten except in very cold weather. Garlic is said to neutralize its bad effects, and apple sauce to counteract biliousness. Of course when I refer to pork, I mean fresh pork and not ham or bacon, which can be eaten with safety at any time of the year.

Christmas plum pudding is much more the Chieftain of the Pudding Race than Haggis, notwithstanding Robert Burns' dictum. A well-made Christmas plum pudding is positively wonderful, but it *must* be made at home.

Did you ever read Leigh Hunt on this wonderful dish ?

If you would make a pudding
  In which every one delights,
Of six precious new laid eggs
  You take the yolks and whites.

A pound of stoned raisins,
  A pound of currants dried,
Some sugar and some suet,
  And some candied peel beside.

You stir them in a basin
  Till they thoroughly combine.
And be sure you chop the suet
  Up particularly fine.

And you mix it all together
  With a little wheaten flour,
And you let it stand together
  For a quarter of an hour.

You tie the mixture in a cloth,
  You put it in a pot ;
Some people like the water cold,
  And some prefer it hot.

But of either of these methods
  I don't know which to praise ;
But I know that it should boil an hour
  For every pound it weighs.

If I were king of France, or
  Better still the Pope of Rome,
I'd have a Christmas pudding
  Every time I dined at home.

And all the world should taste a bit,
  And if any did remain,
For my breakfast next morning
  I'd fry it up again.

Here is a Christmas plum pudding, sufficient for twelve or fifteen people :

1 lb. of breadcrumbs.
1 lb. of raisins (stoned)
1 lb. of currants.
1 lb. of sultanas.
¼ lb. of flour.
2 oz. of sweet almonds.
2 oz. of bitter almonds.
1 oz. of mixed spice.
5 eggs.
Juice of two lemons.
1 lb. of chopped suet.
½ lb. of mixed candied peel.
1 grated nutmeg.
½ lb. of sugar.
½ pint of sherry.
1 quartern of rum.
2 apples.

With the rum and sherry, I have known puddings kept in perfect condition for six months.

And now to make this glorious pudding. Wash all the dried fruit and be sure there be no stalks on the currants nor stones in the raisins, nor skin with the chopped suet, which must be as fine as coarse flour. Into

a large basin put the breadcrumbs, sift in the flour, and mix thoroughly. Add the fruit, the candied peel cut in small thin slices, the almonds which have been blanched and chopped, but not too fine, because you want them to show in the pudding, the mixed spice, nutmeg, sugar, and chopped apples. Stir thoroughly so that all these ingredients are well mixed. Then beat the eggs to a froth in another bowl, add the sherry and rum (or cider) and lemon juice, and beat again. Then pour this mixture into the dry ingredients and well stir with a wooden spoon. Every one in the family should stir the pudding for luck, and when it is thoroughly mixed, put it into a pudding basin with a lid, over which a cloth can be tied. The basin should be well buttered and quite full of the mixture, which is then covered with a piece of oiled paper over which a pudding cloth is tied down tightly. It is very necessary that the basin be quite full or the pudding will get water-logged. The puddings are then placed in boiling water and boiled hard for not less than eight hours. The longer they are boiled, the better they are and the blacker they become. They should be made several days before Christmas and then given a second boiling of not less than three hours before serving. When turned out on a hot dish,

properly speaking a wine-glassful of rum, brandy, or whisky should be poured over it and set on fire, and the pudding brought to the table all aflame. A good pudding should hold together so that it can be cut in slices ; it should not crumble, but at the same time it should not be pasty. There is nothing indigestible about this dish. Everything in it is good, and it is thoroughly cooked.

Sometimes brandy sauce is taken with it, but I prefer "guard sauce," or even plain fresh butter and a little sugar. By the way, the pudding should not be too sweet. You will notice that for this large pudding only half a pound of sugar is recommended ; but of course all the fruit has sugar with it, and a little sifted sugar over the slice is better than a really *sweet* pudding which might be a trifle nauseating.

Guard sauce is made by working sugar and rum, brandy or whisky into hard fresh butter with the flat of a spoon. A piece about the size of a large dice is put on each slice of pudding, and a little taken with each spoonful.

CHAPTER IX

Pastry

Beneath this here dust, the mouldy old crust
Of Nell Batchelor, lately was shoven—
She was skilled in the arts of pies, custards
and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough, she made her
last puff :
A puff by her husband much praised ;
And now here she lies, a-making dirt pies,
In hopes that *her* crust may be raised.
—*Epitaph on the Grave of an Old Pie-woman*

EVERY cook has her (or his) own way of making pastry, but when it comes down to cases there are only two sorts of pastry, i.e., good and bad. I experimented some years before I arrived at what I consider a good puff paste and a good short crust. A puff paste should be an innumerable number of the thinnest of thin layers, which melt in the mouth. A short crust should be so "short" that it is difficult to cut it without crumbling. It too should melt in the mouth. A puff paste is always used for meat pies and for large fruit, such as apples and plums, but a short crust is better for the smaller fruits like gooseberries, raspberries and currants.

I can almost hear some good lady say: "The very idea of his telling *me* how to make pastry. *Me*, who's made more pies than he ever heard of." I do not doubt it, Madam, and peradventure I have had some of those pies. A bilious upper crust that looked as though it needed two weeks at the seashore to bronze its anæmic complexion, a heavy leathery under crust that meant sleepless nights and pains like a Nasmyth hammer on the chest. I have seen those pies used to great advantage by that greatest of all actors, Charlie Chaplin. The ancient Greeks used them in their sports, and there is the famous Greek statue of the Discobolus, just about to hurl an apple pie into space. Nay, if you would satisfy your appetite on pie, I pray thee, shun the flat pie of the farmhouse and cultivate a passion for the "deep dish." And then pastry need have no terrors for thee. If so be thou *must* eat flat pie, eschew the sodden lower crust.

There is no difficulty about making pastry, either puff or short, but it cannot be hurried. Try this:

In the centre of a deep pie-dish—I refer to a large one about ten inches across and not individual pie-dishes, such as are used at restaurants—place a small stemless wine-glass and then fill the dish with fruit; add sugar

and a little water for juice. The object of the glass is not to fill up the dish but to hold the juice and keep it from boiling out, either through the air hole in the top of the crust, or forcing its way through the edge. The liquid is caught in the glass by capillary attraction.

Puff crust.—Half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter (or half butter and half lard), a pinch of salt, and as much baking powder as will cover a *6d.*, a few drops of lemon juice, and about a wine-glassful of water.

Dry the flour thoroughly and mix in the baking powder and salt. It is important that too much baking powder be not used, or the crust will be " bready." Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice into the water and add this to the flour and mix thoroughly, so that it is sufficiently damp to stick together without crumbling, and sufficiently dry to leave the bowl perfectly clean. For all this mixing use a pastry knife, not a spoon, and *never touch the crust with the hands* until it comes time to place it on the pie-dish, of which more anon. Then flour the pastry board and rolling pin, turn the contents of the basin on to the board, and roll out as thinly as possible. Cover the rolled-out paste with little pieces of butter about two inches apart. Fold the paste over and roll out again. Cover with butter knobs.

Repeat this until all the butter is used. The more times it is rolled, the lighter and more flaky will be your crust. When it comes to the last rolling, roll it out so that it is only a little larger than the outside measurement of your pie-dish. Place the pie-dish on top of the paste, lightly, so as not to dent it, cut it round with the pastry knife and remove the dish. Then cut the remains of the paste into strips one inch wide. This is used for making the thick edge. Dampen the lip of the pie-dish, lay on these strips, pressing them down gently so as to make them adhere to the dish, and repeat this till all the paste is used, being careful to dampen each layer slightly so as to make them stick together. Wet the top layer and then, gently but quickly, lift the oval top crust up in the flat of the hands and place it squarely on the pie ; press down the edge and nick it all the way round with the back of the knife. Make an air hole at the top, just above the wine-glass, and put the pie in a cool place to set. It should be baked in a hot oven, otherwise the butter will run out of the pastry and the pie be spoiled. It should only take about twenty minutes to cook, and if there is reason to believe that the fruit is not sufficiently cooked when the pastry is done, the dish can be placed on the hot stove without danger to the crust. Before serving, the

crust should be brushed over with beaten white of egg, and sugared. Pastry such as this can be eaten without fear of indigestion, so long, of course, as too much is not taken.

Care should be taken to keep the pastry cool while it is being made, and a marble slab is the best pastry board. The butter, too, should be hard. A richer pastry can be made by using equal quantities of flour and butter.

It is not possible to make good pastry with oily butter. Nut butter is not good for pastry making, though margarine (made from animal fats) can be used, but the pastry is not very good. It is apt to be tough and lacks what is called "richness."

"*Short*" *crust* is much simpler to make and takes much less time.

Half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of lard and butter mixed, as much baking powder as will cover a *6d.*, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, and a wine-glassful of water.

Dry the flour thoroughly and mix in the baking powder and sugar. Then with the pastry knife knead in the butter and lard. It will be almost damp enough to roll out, but without water it does not "bind," and it would crack before you could get it on the pie-dish. So you add just sufficient water to hold it together and still leave the bowl perfectly clean. Turn it on to the pastry board

and roll out *only once*. You then cut it, place the strips, etc., just as described in the recipe for puff pastry. Be sure you make the air hole at the top of the pie or the steam will sodden it. Bake in a hot oven directly it is made.

Pastry can always be prepared hours before it is required, and if desired hot, can be warmed up, without hurting it, in a few minutes.

For meat pies, puff crust is always used (except for raised pies, and these are so tedious to make and require special moulds that I am going to skip them altogether. This book, after all, is for "home cooking" and the management of the kitchen on the easiest and most economical lines, both as to money and energy). In a meat pie no wine-glass is used —the gravy should permeate the meat. The usual meat pies are made of steak, kidney and mushrooms, veal and ham, rabbit, sheep's head; and any cold meat "put under a crust" is palatable.

Steak and kidney pie.—Two pounds of beef-steak, four lambs' kidneys, a dozen mushrooms, two hard-boiled eggs, one onion, salt and pepper and a pinch of mixed herbs. Cut the steak and kidneys in small pieces and stew them gently for half an hour with the onion, cut in rings. When cold, place them with

the gravy, in a pie-dish, with the mushrooms and the hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Pile them up in the centre so as to hold the crust. Then cover with puff paste and bake in a hot oven. Brush over the top of the pie with beaten white of egg and serve. Sometimes the top is decorated with paste cut in the shape of leaves and roses. They are quite easy to make and look very pretty and "professional." Be sure, in making meat pies, to leave air holes in the crust, and all meat should be cold before the crust is laid on.

Veal and ham pie is made much the same; the veal is stewed with onions and herbs and with, if possible, some bone, so as to make it jelly when cold. Ham is mixed with the veal when it is placed in the pie-dish, and the top is covered with a layer of ham and hard-boiled eggs. Then the paste cover is put on and the pie is baked. This is excellent cold, but the gravy should "jell."

Rabbit pie.—Joint and stew the rabbit, but not too much, and when cold pack the pie-dish with the meat and small pieces of bacon. Cover it with strips of bacon and slices of hard-boiled eggs. Then put on your crust and bake. This can also be eaten cold.

Sheep's head pie.—Two sheep's heads with the tongues; two onions, mixed herbs, parsley, salt and pepper. Split and stew the heads till

the meat comes off easily. Pick it off in small bits, slice the tongue in thin strips. Put the bones back into the liquor and boil it hard to reduce it to half the quantity. This is to make jelly. Put the meat and tongue into the pie-dish, cover with bacon and slices of hard-boiled eggs, put on the crust and bake. This is always eaten cold.

Giblet pie, made of turkey or goose giblets, is very good, and, as I have already said, almost any cold meat leftovers, except corned beef, are admirable put under a crust. But they should always be made in a deep dish so that there be plenty of gravy—or when cold, jelly—otherwise they will be too dry.

Boiled suet crust, if improperly made or insufficiently cooked is terrible, but which if prepared as it should be, a baby could almost eat with safety. I have had beefsteak-and-kidney pudding with a crust like leather, as heavy as lead, and of a grey complexion. Needless to say, this is not as it should be. A suet crust should be light, spongy, of a delicate golden colour, and the meats inside covered with a rich, thick gravy, the like of which will make you think of the fields of Elysium. No American has visited London without paying a visit to "The Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet Street, supposed to be one of the taverns frequented by Dr. Johnson.

The pudding served there is supposed to be made after the same recipe as that made in Johnsonian times. Be that as it may, it is a remarkably good pudding, and many a merry party have I "assisted" at, at the Olde Cheshire Cheese. 'Tis rather solid fare for these effete days, but if one be in good condition it is possible to go through the whole menu, to wit, pudding with boiled potatoes and Savoy, old Burton ale, toasted cheese, and the famous whisky punch. As a matter-of-fact, it is the whisky punch that saves one's life—just as neat nips of whisky keeps the Scotsman from passing to brighter realms when he indulges in haggis.

Beefsteak-and-kidney pudding.—A big pudding is much better than a small one, therefore I will give the quantities sufficient for a party of six.

Three pounds of lean beefsteak, two pounds of lambs' kidneys, several mushrooms, a dozen oysters, and, if possible, at least six larks, though any other small birds would answer the purpose. Do not, however, let the impossibility of getting larks deter you from making the dish—though a great addition, they are by no means absolutely necessary. Salt, pepper, one chopped onion, and a pinch of herbs. For the crust, half a pound of suet, chopped very fine; three-quarters of a pound

of flour, a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, a saltspoonful of salt, one egg beaten to a froth, and a wine-glassful of water.

Dry the flour thoroughly, mix in the baking powder and salt, and then add the chopped suet, being sure that it is well and thoroughly mixed. Beat the egg, add the water to it, and beat again. Then turn this into the flour, etc., and mix it till it leaves the bowl perfectly clean. For all this use a knife and not a spoon nor the hand. Then turn the ball of dough on to a well-floured pastry board, and roll it out till it is about half an inch thick, or a little less. You now lay your pudding bowl (which has a good lip to it) face downward on the paste and cut round it so as to make a circular top for the pudding. This you lay on one side and the balance of the paste you form into a ball again and roll it out sufficiently large to line the basin. You then grease the inside of the basin with butter, lift up the larger piece of pastry on the flat of the hands and drop it into the bowl, so as thoroughly to cover the inside, leaving about two to three inches of paste hanging around the edge. You now fill this lined bowl with the meat and kidneys, all of which have been cut into small pieces, with a little, but not too much, fat. Don't just tip these in, but place them carefully so as to mix the kidney and

meat, thoroughly interspersing the mushrooms and oysters, until the bowl is full. Each layer should be sprinkled with the salt, pepper, onions, and herbs. When the bowl is full, pour in water up to about an inch of the brim. Then lay the circular piece of paste on top, fold over the flaps which are hanging over the edge, and smear the joints with flour and water to close them. Then tie over the top a square cloth, the corners of which are pinned together to facilitate lifting it in and out of the saucepan. The pudding is then placed in a saucepan of *boiling* water, which entirely covers it, and the water must be *kept boiling*. If it goes off the boil the pudding will become water-logged and spoiled. The longer it is boiled the better it will be, and the lighter and more digestible the crust. A pudding this size requires at least three hours' boiling, but it will not be overcooked if it has four or five. To serve, the cloth is removed from the top, the basin is stood on a cold platter and is then covered with a white napkin neatly folded and pinned around it. The top crust is cut with a sharp knife, and the contents and inner crust scooped out. It is admirable and in every way delicious, wholesome, nutritious, and if sufficiently cooked, most digestible.

Fruit puddings made the same way, using apples, blackberries, black currants, or goose-

berries, are excellent, but these are generally turned out into a dish, instead of appearing on the table in the bowl in which they are cooked. The only trouble is, that the inner crust will very often break. This, however, does not affect the taste.

The same crust is used for "roly-poly" jam puddings.

Plain suet pudding, made exactly as the suet crust described (but not rolled out), boiled in a basin, or even in a cloth, is excellent with sugar, jam, or with hot meat, such as leg of mutton or ribs of beef. Dumplings for corned beef are made of the same materials. The whole secret of successful suet crust, puddings, or dumplings is plenty of suet, enough baking powder, and sufficient boiling, and of course they must never go off the boil.

CHAPTER X

Vegetables

I AM afraid few people realize the food value of vegetables, and though they may realize it, they do all they can, by the way they cook them, to make them malnutritious. Some time ago, a doctor recommended that the water in which vegetables were boiled should be consumed, claiming that all the good qualities were in the water. This is, to a large extent, true and excellent soups can be made from the water in which most vegetables have been boiled. But I contend that many people overcook their vegetables and a case in point is the plebeian cabbage, than which, properly treated, there is not a more delicious green.

It is almost impossible to buy a cabbage from a city store with the outside green leaves still on, but those who have gardens of their own, or who can possibly get an undenuded cabbage, certainly should. The large green leaves are the best part of the vegetable. I have known cooks to cook cabbage for hours and then complain that it is tough. Small wonder ; it is, at all events, very indigestible and absolutely valueless as food. Besides which it is very unpleasant to look at.

The cabbage should be cut into quarters and thoroughly washed. It is then placed in a large

saucepan and covered with absolutely boiling water, in which is a heaped tablespoonful of salt and a piece of common washing soda the size of a large pea. It is boiled for about ten minutes, uncovered, drained in a colander and all the water pressed out and then dished up. It should be thoroughly cooked by that time, be a brilliant emerald green, as tender and sweet as Brussels sprouts, most digestible and nutritious. Cooking it without a lid to the saucepan prevents the very obnoxious smell that lets all the neighbours know that Irish Turkey is being prepared.

Brussels Sprouts are cooked in exactly the same way, but they are thoroughly drained only and not pressed, as pressing might break them and each sprout should be a perfect little cabbage in itself. They too should be brilliant green. Cooked this way the taste is absolutely different from that when they are boiled and boiled until they turn a nasty pinky-yellow, not only unpleasant to the eye and taste but really detrimental to the health.

String beans or French beans are also often overcooked and thereby destroyed. String beans are much nicer if sliced longways of the bean. They are more tender than if broken, or cut across. The strings are of course taken off first and then the bean is slit into two or three lengths according to its size. They are

then placed in boiling water with salt and soda as already directed and boiled for not more than ten minutes. They should be skimmed two or three times when the scum rises. They are then drained quite dry and served with butter. These also are bright green, tender and delicious. To boil them longer destroys the colour, toughens the bean and makes it indigestible.

Spinach should be well washed in at least six waters and then put into a dry iron saucepan without any water. There is quite sufficient left on the leaves from the last washing, and to add more only impairs the flavour of this delicious vegetable. Salt is sprinkled over the leaves and a little bit of soda is added and the pan is covered to keep the steam in. In ten minutes the spinach is cooked, when it is drained, pressed and served either "en branche," or chopped fine with either hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, or a poached egg. The French mix gravy with it, but it destroys the colour, which should be a rich, clear dark green, not brown as I have sometimes seen it.

Turnip-tops are excellent, nutritious, and delicious. They go exceedingly well with roast shoulder of lamb. Only the young tops are used, just like beet tops, but they are more tender than the latter and have a slightly bitter flavour which is most appetizing.

Jerusalem artichokes, when they can be obtained, are wonderful. The artichoke, which looks like a round potato covered with bumps, is peeled just like a potato and immediately dropped into cold water, otherwise it will turn black. This, however, does not impair the flavour. It is then boiled in salted water, drained and served covered with thick white melted butter (see page 191). It has a curious sweet taste which goes exceedingly well with roast sirloin of beef.

Cauliflower is another vegetable that one often gets overcooked. To start with, a cauliflower should always be cooked whole, with the green outside leaves still on, but trimmed flush with the top of the flower. The stump should be cut as close to the base of the leaves as possible and then split in four with point of a knife, as far up as can be reached without cutting the flower apart, so as to let the water penetrate the stalk. It should be covered with boiling water in which is a tablespoonful of salt and a tiny piece of soda, and it takes about fifteen minutes to boil in an uncovered saucepan, unless it be very large, when it may require a few minutes longer. Then when it is served the flower is brilliant ivory white and the leaves emerald green. The stump is not eaten and if that is not soft it does not matter. Cream sauce should not be served

with it unless the flower be discoloured, but this will not happen if the dish be not overcooked.

Cauliflower au gratin is cooked in exactly the same way and then a melted butter sauce, in which is plenty of grated cheese, is poured over it. It makes a very nice savoury. It is a great pity to break up a cauliflower, because it is one of the vegetables that is as beautiful on the table as it is in the garden, and it certainly is one of the most delicious and also digestible, if cooked as suggested.

Scotch Kale is cooked just like cabbage, and it should be equally well drained. It is inclined to be tough and is not as digestible as cabbage. When cooked it should be a rich dark green. It is very good as "Bubble-and-Squeak," i.e., chopped up with boiled potatoes and fried in bacon fat. "Toad-in-the-Hole" is cold corned beef cut in slices, laid in a pie-dish and covered with bubble-and-squeak with a top crust of mashed potatoes, and then baked in the oven.

I can recall no green vegetable that takes more than fifteen minutes to boil, and most of them require less. It is much better for one to eat them a trifle underdone than overdone.

CHAPTER XI

Italo-American

NEARLY thirty years ago I had a friend who fell from grace, in that he married a coryphée of the Metropolitan Opera ballet. But she made him a good wife, was an excellent mother to the very many children with whom she presented him, and died beloved and respected by all. To her I owe a lifelong debt of gratitude. She taught me how to make spaghetti and risotto.

The more I think of it the more am I convinced that spaghetti was the mess of red pottage for which Esau sold his birthright. But the spaghetti one gets at the Italian table d'hôte restaurants is not the spaghetti of Signora Fiametta. And then there was a something about Fiametta—the way she prepared the dish, her dainty movements as she flitted from the table to the stove, her dancing black eyes as she kissed her finger-tips when she tasted a drop of the seething sauce. And then she would laugh and explain, "Alonzo, he ees *so* particular." As a matter of fact, Lon was as easygoing as a man could be; he would have eaten anything put before him. It was she who insisted that her spaghetti should be absolutely perfect. She had three

ways of cooking it—all delicious and really equally good.

She would make a pot-roast of beef or veal, larding the little joint profusely with cloves of garlic, slit lengthwise. Then in a saucepan she would pour a generous allowance of olive oil—the real Italian green olive oil that has a wonderful bouquet. In this oil she would boil, not fry, three onions chopped fine and two cloves of garlic sliced across the clove. As soon as these began to turn a pale yellow she would add a can of tomato sauce—not just canned tomatoes, but the sauce sold by Italian grocers for the purpose. A little salt, a little pepper, a pinch of mixed herbs and a bay-leaf, and then the pot would be drawn to one side to simmer an hour or more. And then Fiametta would get down her largest saucepan and half fill it with water which she would bring to a sharp boil. Into this she would put a heaped tablespoonful of salt and then gently insert the spaghetti. I say "gently insert" advisedly, because her great care was not to break it. The main point is to keep the "spaghetti" in the longest strands. It would take about twenty minutes to boil and become sufficiently soft, without getting pappy or pasty. Then she would strain it through a colander, turn it back into its saucepan, over it pour the tomato sauce and, before serving

the meat, add its rich brown gravy to the already delicious dish. Over this she would sprinkle some grated cheese.

And then when it was served no knives were on the table, only a spoon and fork. The proper way to eat spaghetti after grated cheese has been added, is to hold the spoon in the left hand, pick up one strand of spaghetti on the fork and twiddle it round so that it forms a ball on the end of the fork. It is then eaten. Italians claim that to break the spaghetti toughens it, besides which it makes it difficult to eat. We have all seen olive-hued gentlemen from Mediterranean's shores "absorb" spaghetti—almost like vacuum cleaners—but I am convinced that this is not considered "manners" in Italy, and I am sure that Fiametta's way was the right way. And she did eat spaghetti most divinely.

It is just as well not to go to a dance or even a theatre after this most excellent of dishes. The garlic makes one an outcast for several hours, but it is worth it.

Sometimes Fiametta would vary the sauce by using chicken livers instead of pot-roast gravy, but the rest of the tomato sauce was, to all intents and purposes, the same.

And then sometimes I might appear unexpectedly. "Fiametta," I would say, "my soul craves spaghetti." "Ah, signor, I am

not making it to-day, and you know what time it takes." "Corpo di Baccho!" I would exclaim, "I must and will have spaghetti." And then her eyes would half close and her pretty teeth would show between her parted lips. "Si, si, Signor. Sit down and have patience. Alonzo, he is not here yet. Take one of hees—what you call?—stogies, and wait." And she would get the water ready in which to boil the spaghetti. Then down would come the olive oil; into a saucepan it would go with some garlic. The water boils, the spaghetti is cooked. Alonzo appears and we all sit down to a plain boiled spaghetti, over which is poured the garlic-impregnated oil, and grated cheese covers the whole. A pint of red wine per head was Fiametta's allowance—no more, no less.

And now when I make spaghetti for a guest, I always tell him I learned to make it from an Italian ballet girl. And he always looks shocked, or coy, or whatever the expression is meant to be. It is always the same. But you, I am sure, will allow that my *affaire* with Fiametta, was such as my maiden aunt might envy.

Risotto is rice cooked in the same way as spaghetti. Both of these are better on the second day, when the sauce has thoroughly permeated the paste or rice. The cheese is

all important and either Parmesan or Roman should be used, but it should be freshly grated and not bought bottled. It is also well to buy the spaghetti, macaroni, or whatever Italian paste you desire, at a real Italian shop. The packet paste, German and French paste, are not nearly so good.

For those who jib at the idea of garlic, macaroni cheese is very nice as a savoury. A custard is made of two eggs and half a pint of milk with a pinch of salt. This is put into a deep dish and macaroni which has been previously broken into pieces and soaked in water for an hour is placed therein. The whole is put into a very slow oven and, as soon as it has risen and formed a skin on top, a thick layer of grated cheese and several small pieces of butter, both well peppered, are laid over it and it is replaced in the oven to finish cooking.

Sweet macaroni pudding is made with sweet custard and the top is covered with powdered sugar or meringue.

The figured Italian paste makes a nice garnish for clear soups, and vermicelli is excellent in chicken broth. Some people like Vermicelli pudding. I don't.

VEAL CUTLET À LA CHARLIE SADLER

Charlie Sadler was a first-rate cook, but he used to drink. We always knew when he had

had too much, because he used to buy sweets and pipes, and as he never ate sweets and never smoked anything but cigarettes, when Charlie appeared and unloaded pipes and candy, we knew what to expect. But when he was sober he was an excellent plain cook, and the way he treated veal cutlet is worth recording. Veal cutlet is tasteless in itself, and one gets terribly tired of "Wiener Schnitzel," the only thing I could ever order at a German restaurant (before the war) because it was the only thing I could read in their impossible language.

You require a cutlet about three-quarters of an inch thick. You then chop a small onion and some parsley as fine as possible; add a pinch of mixed herbs and some celery seeds and re-chop; salt, pepper, cayenne, and a teaspoonful of flour. Mix all together and then add a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, making the whole into a round cake, like a muffin. Put a very little bacon fat or butter in a frying-pan, just enough to grease it, and put in the cutlet, on the top of which you place your cake of dressing. Cover the pan with a saucepan cover or plate, and let it cook very slowly for fifteen minutes. Then carefully lift off the dressing, turn the cutlet, replace the dressing, and cover the pan as before for another fifteen minutes. Veal

should be cooked very slowly and very thoroughly. As soon as it is cooked put it on a hot dish in the oven, and turn the dressing into the pan. Fry this over a hot fire, pushing it round with the back of a fork to prevent its burning ; pour over it a little less than half a pint of boiling water, boil it for a minute, and then turn it over the cutlet and serve. It is truly excellent.

MUSTARD

Mustard should be eaten with anything indigestible, rich or liable to upset or impede digestion. Of course only a very little should be taken, but the idea is to promote the flow of the gastric juices and prevent that very unpleasant sensation of tasting the food half-an-hour after eating it. Therefore, mustard should be taken with beef, pork, goose, duck, veal, rabbit, sausages, kidneys, liver and bacon, ham, tongue, venison, and anything which is liable to be indigestible. It is not taken with lamb, chicken, or fish, but I would rather have indigestion than take it with grouse, partridge, quail, woodcock, or any of the delicious birds which come under the head of " game."

It is, however, taken with Welsh rarebit—which, without it, is the most indigestible dish that comes from the kitchen, bar toasted cheese.

CHAPTER XII

Glass

SOMETIMES I feel that I ought to have been born a hundred years ago—or even a hundred and fifty ; and yet at other times I realize that had I been, I should have missed knowing all the nice people whom I do know and whose friendship I value so highly. But never does this back-to-the-past feeling so obsess me as when I lift a rare, old, deeply cut wine-glass. How many people realize what a great part the glass itself plays in the enjoyment of a vintage.

There is something about a glass of port that makes one feel almost poetic. Heaven knows that I hold no brief for poets, but occasionally one does come across a fine thought in verse, though it may be precious seldom. Most of the poets seem to be inspired by an attack of the liver or are the victims of unrequited love, and who can blame any self-respecting lady for refusing the amours of a poet ? But there is something about a glass of port, its glorious colour, its depth of richness, far finer than the costliest ruby, that sets one dreaming and takes one away for a few moments from this sordid twentieth century. A glass of '47 is the elixir of life.

'87 was another wonderful year. I was

fortunate enough to be a youngster just emerging from my 'teens when '87 began to be recognized as a wonderful wine. It was good then ; it is superb now.

What a shocking thing for a boy, not twenty, to take an interest in wine, is it not ? No, not at all for—breathe it gently—I had the good luck to obtain a clerkship in a very old-established wine business. And in those days, wine was one of the few trades one could enter without fear of losing that awful and terrible bugbear "caste." Snobbery is the worst of the minor vices, and yet without snobbery the world, as we understand it, could not exist. We know what the lack of snobbery has done for poor Russia ; we can imagine what will happen to the rest of the world if the snobs be eliminated. Vice is but virtue carried to excess, and snobbery is merely another name for self-respect exaggerated, and nowhere is it more rife than in what is called a democratic community. Snobs abound—in the home, in the office, in the church, the village, the community, everywhere. Down at heart we are all snobs, and if one has only a sense of humour it is supportable, nay amusing.

The scene of my early labours was a delight. The office was spacious, with large windows. In the winter a comfortable fire burned in the large open grate in the outer office. Green

silk curtains screened the lower part of the windows from the vulgar gaze of the passer-by, and corresponding green silk curtains screened the upper part of the desks from the customers or visitors who chanced to call. The ledgers were so large that it was as much as I could do to carry them from the safe to my desk. Quill pens had retired in favour of steel ones on my entry, as had the sand-box in favour of blotting-paper. There was no evidence of wine about the place—that would have been vulgar—but the atmosphere was charged with a delicious blend of the sweet aromæ of wine, brandy and corks, that came up from the cellar. The chief, a most polished gentleman of the old school, used his private office only when some particularly particular customer came in or when he sampled some new vintage. And remember this, oh ye ignoramus, in sampling wine, it is only *tasted*, not swallowed ; and it is only tasted after having passed the test of smell. I have often seen him with six or seven glasses of wine before him—each glass with a hidden label on the foot, reject four or five on the bouquet alone and then the remaining ones would be tested and arranged in their order of merit before the labels were looked at. And then came the final test of colour. A special old Waterford glass was used for this. It was most beautifully

cut, though the lip was as thin as a visiting card. The stem was a trifle dumpy because it had been broken many times and blown together again, and with each repair, so had the stem shrunk. Then there was a special glass for claret, one with an out-turned lip. He liked this because it distributed the bouquet. Now the dock glass you will remember is slightly larger at the bottom than at the top, the alleged object being to concentrate the bouquet so that it escapes just below the nostrils ; but the dock glass was invented or evolved by some sordid utilitarian and not by an epicure. The glass should be wide enough at the top to admit the nose of moderate proportions, for the bouquet of the vintage is of as great importance as the taste.

Champagne should not be taken from a tumbler except as a " corpse reviver " in the forenoon, and at that hour and, for that purpose, an inferior wine is as suitable as a good one, especially if it be " Niblitized," that is, has incorporated in it a liqueur glass of brandy and a squeeze of lime, with the rind dropped in the glass. Neither the palate nor the stomach is in fit condition to receive champagne before 8 p.m., and then it should be taken from the thinnest of thin glasses, either of the trumpet or inverted mushroom shape. Those champagne glasses with a hollow stem

are delightful if the stem be kept perfectly clean, but it is difficult to expel from it all the water in which they are washed and sometimes this will turn musty and flavour the wine. On principle I am against hollow stems except as curiosities. Nor do I like coloured glasses, except for hock which is apt to be slightly cloudy.

I have always loved the tall, graceful, thin-stemmed sherry glass, and here again one can no more enjoy a glass of Montilla or Amontillado out of a port glass, than one can a glass of Cockburn or Kopke out of a sherry glass. One might as well try to play tennis in a football suit. It can't be done.

One of my most cherished memories—one that constantly recurs to my mind, was my one and only taste of "Duke's Montilla." This was a special sherry of the vintage of 1815, shipped over when the Duke of Wellington was at the zenith of his popularity and named after him by the grateful Spaniards. What higher compliment could they pay him? My dear old chief was sick unto death and the doctor said he could have anything his soul craved. He desired a bottle of "Duke's Montilla," but he was too far gone to take more than a sip, so his son, one of the rarest of mortals, brought the remains of the bottle back to the office so that I might taste it.

"You may," said he, "never get another opportunity." I never have had, but I can still taste that glorious wine—three times round the Cape, ten years in wood and some fifty-five in bottle.

When my own time comes I fancy that a glass of Sandeman '64 would be a fitting stirrup-cup, but before I die, the gods willing, I shall go to Spain to revel in the Bodegas of Jerez. For years I have had a standing invitation to visit the Garvey cellars. I want to taste the "natural" wine of Spain, the wine that has no added spirit, the wine of which a parson once told me "you can drink a bucketful without knowing it." And then a Spanish friend who was describing a bull-fight to me, finished with: "And then ze bull, ten minutes after he is keeled, zey serve hot bull sandwiches with a glass of Manzanilla. Ah! but it ees gr-r-r-reat!"

Much excellent glass is made to-day but it does not compare with old glass. It is whitish and cold to the eye and it has not the rich, diamond-like sparkle. Cut glass is better than engraved glass for wine, for, however beautiful the engraving may be, the design will cloud the wine instead of reflecting it. And then there are those wonderful old tumblers, portly enough to necessitate a full-sized hand to grasp them, but glasses that

have the ring of a fairy bell. Each one hand-blown, flawless and perfect, the base ground on a wheel to flatten it, and left ground without being polished. There is something about them that denotes the master craftsman who excelled in the work he loved. I am the happy possessor of four such tumblers.

Most of our ugly glass dates from what we call the Victorian period ; it should be called the Prince Consort period, for it was he who, taking a profound interest in "art," imported all those horrible ideas from Germany. This country suffered equally badly through the invasion of the "forty-eighters." It is only within the last few years that we have been able to attempt to get away from its influence. Glass is still handicapped, and daily, hourly, one can see hideous, heavy, thick cut glass of bad design in any jewellers' or house-furnishing store.

Glass is really a man's passion. Few women care for it. And yet one of the keenest appreciators I ever met, who really loved her glass, was a dear old lady of seventy—an old lady who wore a lace cap decorated with ribbons which partially hid the chenille net in which she wore her hair. Her dress was flounced silk and for high days and holidays a claret coloured brocade. Her shoes were black cashmere with elastic side-springs and patent

leather toes. In her presence one thought of lavender, and could scarcely realize she lived anywhere but in Cranford. Her greatest pleasure was to gather her friends around her, and as to her family, she knew each one personally even unto the third and fourth generation. Was it not Carlyle who said that every one had a tile or two loose, but that some people's tiles were looser than others? Well, if it wasn't Carlyle it doesn't much matter—it is equally true whoever said it; but the dear old lady, as far as I knew or know, had but one tile loose and that was on the subject of temperance. She was positively insane on the matter of wine, spirits, and beer. She would allow none in her house, but she did make most delicious, appetizing and captivating "fruit jucies," as she called them. She declared that if anyone did not like her fruit juices he could stay away, but as for having any of those "filthy French or Spanish wines in MY house! Why, my dear, you may not believe me, but my cousin, Alec Shairp—that is, he's my second cousin, his dear mother was my father's first cousin— You remember the Shairps of St. Andrews, don't you? Well, he told me that when he visited a vineyard in Spain when he was stationed at Gibraltar, he actually saw the filthy Spaniards treading the grapes with their

naked feet ! And they never wash, you know. Did you ever hear of such a thing ? I scarcely know whether to believe him or not—he was a terrible tease. No, I wouldn't have any such stuff in *my* house, I can assure you. I should think not indeed. The very idea ! ' " And so she would go on, talking by the yard without a pause, and generally she would end up with, " Now, you try a glass of my elderberry (or grape) juice with a seedy biscuit and tell me what you think of it."

The last time I visited the dear soul, as I said good-bye she pressed into my hand a small package, saying, " A little present for a good boy who comes to see an old woman. You may turn up your nose at it now, but the time will come when you will find it mighty useful."

Opening the package when I was alone, I found a sprig of rosemary, to which was attached a tiny label inscribed " For Remembrance," and also a little red leather-covered book filled with angular writing in faded brown ink. The opening page had on it merely :

" My favourite Verse.
1 Timothy v. 23,"

and I found that the little book contained recipes for the little old lady's famous fruit juices.

I cannot do better than copy them verbatim.

ELDERBERRY JUICE

If you would make a delicious beverage from the juice of elderberries, to every gallon of berries, which should for preference be plucked from the stalks, allow three pounds of sugar and not more than four gallons of spring water. Crush the fruit with a wooden pestle till the juice be expressed and place it and the sugar in an earthen crock. Add one gallon of water and stir till the sugar be melted and then add the rest of the water. Cover the crock with a clean cloth, over which a flat board cover should be placed. Then keep the crock in a warm, even temperature and stir daily. At the end of about fourteen days you will notice that the cloying sweetness has disappeared and the juice has a pleasant taste. It is now time to place it in bottles or casks. If you make a large quantity a cask is the better, but I only make small quantities for the use of my dear guests, and therefore I place it in bottles for three or four days leaving the corks loose, after which I place one raisin in each bottle and drive the cork home. It must now be kept in a very cold cellar or the corks may blow out, because for some reason the juice gets very lively and sparkles like the water at Vichy Springs,

where my dear mother took me when I was a little girl. Juice from elderberries gathered in August will be fit to drink the following May.

P.S. If you do not put in the raisin, the juice may not sparkle but the flavour is just as good. This still juice is particularly good mulled on cold winter evenings, with a slice of lemon and a lump of sugar, with a little grated nutmeg. It is very useful in sickness and will often ward off a bad cold. With it I cured my niece, Matilda Brown, of the croup.

GRAPE JUICE

There are so many different kinds of grapes and the preserved juices are so different, that it has always been a puzzle to me why the juice varies so. But though I always make the beverage the same way the character of the juice is seldom the same. This may be because I do not take particular notice of what grapes I use, nor do I worry about the exact maturity of the fruit. But this I *have* noticed ; that unripe or partially ripe fruit makes a sweeter juice than ripe grapes. But I am always careful to stack away each batch of juice together, so that I do not get them mixed, and I also label them. My crock in which I make all my juices contains only five

gallons, and one year having many grapes I made three batches. They were all excellent but quite different in character. The early batch was stout and full, the second lighter in body with a rather pleasant acidity—very fine to drink throughout dinner—and the third light in body and colour and sparkling. My cousin, Alec Shairp, Captain in the Marines, and who loved to shock me, declared that No 1 was like Burgundy, No 2 like Claret, and No 3 like Champagne. But he was a terrible tease and of course I wouldn't have such things in my house. But it was a great joy to see how much he appreciated my home-made juices, and with each bottle he became more charming and amusing. Dear Alec.

And this is how I make my preserve :—

I pick the grapes at noon when the sun has thoroughly dried them from the morning dew, because if they be gathered while the dew or rain drops be still on them, the juice will mildew. I pluck them from the stalk and crush them, always being careful that no metal touches them. That is why I never use a cider press. To each gallon of grapes I allow half-a-gallon of spring water and one pound of sugar, thoroughly dissolved. I cover it with a cloth and place the crock in a warm corner of the kitchen and stir it with a wooden spoon every twenty-four hours. At

the end of fourteen days, or less if the weather be very warm, I strain and bottle it, leaving the corks loose for three days. Then I cork it down and it is ready for drinking the following spring.

RHUBARB JUICE

For this recipe I have to thank my dear cousin Amelia Parkhurst—she is considerably my senior—and she told me at the time that it was given to her by the Earl of Peterborough. It appears that while she was staying with the Earl, the Prince Regent invited himself to the house, much to the old earl's annoyance. When he was leaving and was thanking his host for the hospitality shown to him, he remarked :

"I shall certainly come again, if only to drink some more of that excellent champagne."

"I am so glad your Royal Highness approves my home-made rhubarb wine," replied the Earl with a courtly bow.

Amelia says the Regent's face was a picture, but the Earl's object was attained. He was bothered no more with Royal visits.

And this is how the Earl treated his rhubarb :—

To every 5 lb. of rhubarb pulp allow 1 gallon of cold spring water ; to every gallon

of liquor allow 3 lb. of loaf sugar, ½ oz. isinglass, the rind of one lemon.

Gather rhubarb about the middle of May, wipe it with a wet cloth, and bruise it with a mallet in a wooden tub. When reduced to a pulp weigh it, and to every 5 lb. of pulp add 1 gallon of cold spring water ; let these remain for three days, stirring three or four times a day. On the fourth day press the pulp through a hair sieve, put the liquor in a tub and to every gallon add 3 lb. of sugar. Stir in the sugar till it is quite dissolved and add lemon rind. Let the liquor remain and in four, five, or six days the fermentation will begin to subside and a crust or head will be formed. This should be skimmed off or the liquor drawn from it when the crust begins to crack or separate.

Put the liquor in a cask and if after that it ferments, rack it off into another cask and in a fortnight stop it down.

If the liquor should have lost any of its original sweetness add a little more loaf sugar, taking care that the cask is full. Drive home the bung and store in a cool cellar. Care should be taken that the temperature does not go too low during the winter.

Bottle it off in February or March, and in the summer it should be fit to drink.

It will improve greatly by keeping.

RAISIN JUICE

For this recipe, and also for that of the Dutch Cordial, I have to thank my dear friend the Abbé Rougevin. His housekeeper Marianne makes it for him every year, and it was she who wrote out the directions for me, but her French is so incredibly bad, that I had the greatest difficulty in making them out. But by the process of experiment, I eventually deciphered them both and they are very excellent. The Dutch Cordial—a wine-glass of it taken before dinner, serves to pique the jaded appetite, while the Raisin Juice is very good to drink throughout a simple meal.

Take a five-gallon jar and into it put 4 lb. of seeded raisins chopped fine, 4 lb. of white sugar, 2 lb. of yellow corn-meal, and over it all pour 2 gallons of boiling water. Then let it cool and when it is 80 Fahrenheit add two cakes of yeast stirred with a little sugar till it creams. Stir once a day for eleven days and then filter through a fine cloth. Let the filtered liquor stand a few hours till it throws some sediment to the bottom of the container, and then re-filter it through filtering paper. Then bottle it. Be careful that the jar in which the juice is made is kept in a warm, even temperature, and also be sure the water is not too hot when the yeast is added.

DUTCH CORDIAL

5 lb. of seedless raisins.
3 large oranges cut in dice, rind included.
2 lb. of light brown sugar.
2 cakes of yeast.
5 quarts of water.

Put all the ingredients into a crock, dissolving the yeast in a little sugar and adding to it one pint of warm water. Leave the mixture for two weeks. After three or four days push down the oranges to allow the liquid to wet them. Repeat this in another three or four days, but do not stir the liquid. At the end of two weeks, filter through a fine cloth and filtering paper, and bottle. Note that the raisins are not chopped, the water is not boiled, and the liquid is not stirred.

I give these recipes for what they are worth and because I consider it as the only recompense I can make for an old lady's forethought.

Envoi

An' would you be fair and beautiful, svelt and youthful? Then try the dishes set forth in this little work. You may miss mention of some of your favourite recipes, but this is not intended to be a complete "Cookery Book," for there are many and excellent ones, but it does contain recipes for several dishes that are wholesome and tasty, easy to cook and sufficient for the small household to have variety. Above all none of these dishes will give you a moment's regret if you try them.

Nothing is mentioned that is not absolutely digestible; nothing is mentioned that is not procurable, and my only caution is, "Eat moderately."

If you suffer from overweight as many do, do without cream altogether. Take as little water and other liquids as you can. Use as little butter as possible, and never eat it for lunch or dinner. Never eat creamed vegetables, sweets or ice cream unless you are going to make yourself conspicuous by refusing them, and if for a month or two you will try to rise from the table still well able to eat more, you will soon train your appetite to desire less. Above all, never eat or drink between meals.

If you be too thin and are assured by the doctor that you are not suffering from any

wasting disease, drink milk but not cream ; do not drink too much water, especially before meals, as you need the full nutriment of your food undiluted. Don't worry about your thinness—there are many who worry much more about being too fat, and after all the main thing is to *feel* well, whether you be fat or lean.

And my last word is the most important of all. Do not lend this book to any one. Recommend it to your friends by all means and advise them to buy it, but remember

"Borrowing is the scissors of friendship."

RECIPES

EXCELLENT FRENCH SOUP

Thoroughly heat a large tablespoonful of beef dripping in a soup pot. Throw into it 5 carrots, 5 turnips, 4 onions, 4 leeks, 1 shallot, 4 potatoes and 1 large head of celery, all cut into small pieces. Draw the pot to one side of the fire and allow the vegetables to stew in the dripping for two hours, stirring constantly to prevent any of them frying. Then add 2 quarts of clear stock and allow the soup to simmer for six hours, during which time it should be constantly skimmed and stirred. Pepper and salt to taste.

This soup is generally served with slices of

bread, buttered and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, a slice floating in each plate.

SCOTCH BROTH

This is made from the liquor in which mutton, beef or an old fowl has been boiled. Add to the liquor 4 carrots, 4 turnips, 4 onions and the heart of a cabbage all cut into small pieces, and simmer till the vegetables are tender. Then add a cupful of well-washed barley and mix 1 cupful of fine Scotch oatmeal with a little cold water and stir it into the broth. Add salt and pepper to taste.

This very plain preparation is genuine Scotch Broth as served in Scotland. With any colouring or herbs added it is not real Scotch Broth. It is extremely palatable and wholesome in its plain form.

COCK-A-LEEKIE

One old fowl, 2 or 3 bunches of leeks, a gallon of water or stock, a few sticks of celery ; carrots, turnips, 2 large onions, salt and pepper.

Wash and skin the leeks and cut them up, leaves and all. Slice the onions and other vegetables and put them and the leeks into a large saucepan with the fowl, and cover with the stock or water. Bring to the boil on not too quick a fire and then simmer gently for three or four hours, skimming repeatedly.

Carve the bird neatly and serve in the soup tureen or put a piece of meat in each plate with some of the soup and vegetables. The pieces of meat should be as large as possible but free from bone. The soup should be thick with leeks, and too much of the liquor should not be given to each person. It is a meat dish rather than a soup.

OX-TAIL SOUP

is made of the same ingredients as stewed ox-tail but more water is added and it should stew till no more virtue is left in the meat. It should be allowed to get cold so that the fat can be removed, and may then be served clear, or can be thickened with a little flour or brown roux.

STEWED OX-TAIL

2 ox-tails, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, salt, pepper and a pinch of mixed herbs.

Slice the onions and fry them in a heaped spoonful of dripping. Then add the carrots and turnips cut in slices or dice, the salt, pepper and mixed herbs. To this add one pint of water and on the top of the vegetables put the meat which has been cut into pieces. Cover the pot with a piece of paper and place on the cover, which should be weighted down so as to hold the steam. Put it on a slow fire

and shake the pot occasionally to prevent it sticking. Ox-tails take about three or four hours to cook, but they should not be hurried over a quick fire or they will become stringy and tough. They should be thoroughly cooked and tender, but not ragged.

BOILED FISH

All boiled fish should be placed in *cold* water and brought to a gentle boil ; otherwise the outside will be done before the centre. Before serving, if any time must of necessity elapse before it is placed on the table, it should be covered with a cloth to prevent it losing its colour.

BOUILLABAISSE

Thackeray wrote :

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
A hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could out-do.
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace ;
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. onions, 2 cloves, a sprig of parsley, 2 bay-leaves, herbs, garlic, 2 oz. carrots, 6 lb. of fish, 4 teaspoonfuls of olive oil, 2 quarts of water, and half a teaspoonful of saffron.

The parsley and garlic should be chopped fine and the fish must have all the bones and skin removed. A variety of fish can be used, but if tough and delicate fish be incorporated they should be carefully timed so that they are all cooked at the same time. Put all the ingredients into the pot together, the vegetables at the bottom and the fish on top. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for about half an hour or until the vegetables are quite cooked. It should be served in a deep dish and the fish should be piled high in the centre, care being taken not to break it. The gravy is poured over it and the whole is surmounted with a small lobster in its shell. It is eaten with a spoon and fork.

SALMON PUDDING (SCOTCH RECIPE)

To be eaten hot or cold

Pound or chop small, or rub through a sieve 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon, free of bones and skin, and blend it thoroughly with ½ lb. of fine breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce (or 2 anchovies pounded to a paste), a ¼ pint of cream, a seasoning of salt and cayenne pepper, and 4 well-beaten eggs. Press the mixture closely into a deep dish or mould which has been well buttered and bake it for one hour in a moderate oven.

FISH PIE

This is made from the remains of any cold fish, but for preference one of the larger varieties such as cod, halibut, or salmon.

Get a square sandwich loaf and cut off the crust of one side about half-an-inch thick. Then scoop out all the crumb as neatly as possible. Now make a melted butter of 2 oz. of butter, half a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and a little cayenne pepper and thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour, which should be mixed with a little cold milk and added to the other ingredients, when they are quite hot but not boiling. If they boil they are liable to curdle. Stir well till the butter thickens and then add a small teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, or pound up two anchovies until they are a smooth paste, and add to the butter.

Now take your fish which should be free from bone and skin and broken into smallish flakes, mix it thoroughly with the melted butter and pour it all into the scooped-out loaf of bread. Place the fourth crust on the top to form a lid and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve just as it comes from the oven, but garnish the pie with sprigs of parsley which have been plunged in boiling water to brighten the colour.

BRAWN (OR COLLARED HEAD)

Buy a pig's head, salted, and cut in four parts lengthwise. Get 2 extra pigs' tongues and 4 trotters not salted. Boil gently till very tender for about two-and-a-half hours but care must be taken that the meat does not boil too fast, or it will become stringy and tough. When thoroughly done and the fat has been well skimmed off, remove all the meat from the bones and then put the latter back into the liquor and boil hard till it is reduced to half its original quantity. While this has been boiling, cut all the meat into small pieces and slice the ears into thin strips. Mix all the meat thoroughly, season it well with pepper and a little nutmeg, return it to the liquor, bring it to the boil and pour into basins or brawn moulds. If the latter be used, most of the liquor should be pressed out, but if basins be used, only sufficient liquor should be put into each to cover the meat, and just before it is cold the meat should be pressed down so that it goes right to the bottom. Keep in a cold place and dip the basin in hot water before trying to turn it out. Serve garnished with parsley. It is delicious and looks like polished marble.

CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES

These are infinitely better than any bought sausages.

1 lb. of pork both fat and lean but without skin.
1 lb. of lean veal.
½ lb. of breadcrumbs.
1 small nutmeg.
2 teaspoonfuls of salt.
1 lb. of beef suet.
Rind of half a lemon.
6 sage leaves.
1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs.

Chop the meat and suet very fine, stir in the breadcrumbs and the lemon rind chopped fine, and add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. A sausage machine is required to force the meat into skins, but this is not at all necessary as it can be shaped into sausages or round cakes and floured over and fried. They are really much nicer without the skins.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

Make some rich puff pastry (see page 142) and roll it out till it is about a quarter of an inch thick. Then cut it in squares, each large enough to roll round one sausage. Bake in a moderately quick oven on a wire baking dish over a deep pan to catch the grease. Glaze with whipped white of egg. These are delicious and can be eaten either hot or cold.

MARROW ON TOAST

Get a large marrow bone from the butcher's and have it sawn into six-inch lengths. Cover each end with a piece of paste made of flour and water and tie it down tightly with a piece of linen rag. Then boil the bones for half or three-quarters of an hour, take off the paste, dig out the marrow and serve it, well salted and peppered, on thin slices of toasted bread. This makes a delicious savoury.

CARPET BAG

Take a large, thin, round steak or a piece of the skirt which has been carefully skinned. Trim it so that it is square or round. Fold it over after it has been peppered and salted on both sides, and either sew or fasten the edges with skewers, so as to form a bag, leaving a few inches open at the centre. Through this opening insert as many raw oysters as the bag will hold and then close it with a skewer. Broil the bag over the open fire, which should not be too fierce, as the meat should cook through sufficiently not to be too raw on the inside, and the oysters should be hot through. The carpet bag is served without the skewers or stitches being removed, but the carver should be careful to lay these on one side when helping the portions. This is a dish fit for a gourmet.

COLD MEAT COOKERY

The everlasting hash will ruin the best of dispositions. It is therefore the mission of the cook, whose business it is to waste nothing, to serve up the cold joint in as many and as various disguises as possible. In many households hash alternates with rissoles and rissoles with hash, but have you tried any of the following ?

Birds' Nests.—Put the meat with as little fat as possible through the chopper, adding salt and pepper to taste, one chopped onion, a pinch of mixed herbs, and a sprinkling of flour ; just enough to bind it together with a little water or gravy. Then press some of it into a shallow tea-cup, scoop out the centre just sufficiently to hold half of a hard-boiled egg, which is pressed down level with the top of the meat. Remove the meat from the cup, dredge it over with flour and fry in a fry-basket. Six of these, served in a dish garnished with parsley, make an attractive and tasty entrée.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—Take some seedy cucumbers, peel them and cut them into pieces about two inches long. Cut out the seeds with a sharp knife. Fill up one end with a thin slice of bread which just fits the cucumber and thus makes a cup. Fill the cup with

minced meat, highly seasoned, dredge it with flour, and fry in deep fat in a fry-basket.

Cornish Pasties.—Meat chopped as for Birds' Nests wrapped in pastry like a sausage roll, or folded over like a puff and baked, makes a delicious dish, either hot or cold. They are particularly good for picnics.

Casserole Mince.—Meat chopped and seasoned, served in individual casserole pots with a poached egg on top makes a pretty dish. Another way of cooking this is to drop a raw egg on the top of the meat when it has been warmed through in the oven and then put back till the white has set. This can be hastened by covering the casserole.

Any cold meat cooked like stewed ox-tail makes an excellent dish. Of course it does not take nearly as long as ox-tail and, the meat being already cooked, it should not be put in till the vegetables are almost done. At no time should it be allowed actually to boil, or the meat, especially beef, will become hard.

ANCHOVY SAUCE

½ pint of milk.	1 oz butter.
4 anchovies.	A little flour.

Bone the anchovies and pound them in a mortar till they are quite smooth. Warm the milk and butter, and just before it boils, stir

in a little flour which has been mixed with cold milk to the consistency of cream, and stir till it thickens. Then add the anchovies and simmer for three or four minutes. Be careful not to use too much flour or the sauce will be too thick.

The same ingredients are used to make melted butter sauce, omitting the anchovies.

LOBSTER SAUCE

The yolk of 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, pepper, salt and a little mustard. Mix the pepper, salt and mustard with the egg and then add the oil drop by drop, stirring one way till it thickens. A few chives, chopped very fine, improve this in appearance, but too many must not be used or the flavour of onions will be too strong and overpower that of the lobster.

TARTARE SAUCE

Stir into the yolk of a fresh egg, drop by drop, a tablespoonful of salad oil. When well mixed, add by degrees a little chilli vinegar and a tablespoonful of wine vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls of mustard, a little salt and pepper and some finely chopped parsley. Beat it with a fork until of the consistency of cream, cover closely and set in a cool place till wanted. It should be made four or five hours before being used.

CHEESE STRAWS (EXCELLENT)

6 oz. flour.
4 oz. grated cheese.
A little white pepper.
4 oz. butter.
A pinch of salt.
As much cayenne pepper.

and the least grating of nutmeg that will cover a *6d.*

Mix all well together then roll it out once on the pastry board till it is a little less than a quarter of an inch thick; cut in strips about half an inch wide and six inches long, and bake in a moderate oven until of a pale colour and quite crisp. These make a most delicious savoury and should be eaten warm.

TWELFTH-NIGHT CAKE

This is not an ordinary cake, but one, after the eating of which, you will realize that you have not lived in vain. It is rich and not suitable for children.

2½ lb. of finest flour.
2½ lb. of currants.
¼ oz. of mixed spices.
½ lb. of sweet almonds.
A wine-glassful of sherry.
1½ lb. of fresh butter.
1 lb. of sifted loaf sugar.
8 eggs.
1 lb. of candied peel.
A wine-glassful of brandy.

Dry the flour thoroughly. Wash, pick and dry the currants. Whisk the eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Pound the almonds with a little orange flower water and cut the candied peel in thin slices. Get all this done before starting to mix the ingredients. Then beat the butter with the hand till it becomes of the consistency of cream ; stir in the sugar, and when the whites of the eggs are whisked to a solid froth, mix them with the butter and sugar. Now beat up the yolks of the eggs for ten minutes and add them to the flour and spice, then add the butter and sugar mixture and beat for another fifteen minutes. Then mix in lightly the currants, almonds and candied peel with the wine and brandy and pour it all into a well-buttered cake tin (a round one for preference), which has been lined with buttered paper, and bake the cake in a moderately quick oven. Be careful, however, that it does not burn, and it is well to cover it with buttered paper to prevent this. A cake this size takes between two and three hours to bake, but it can be tested with a steel knife or skewer plunged into its centre. The knife should come out perfectly clean, and if it is not sticky the cake is done.

A cake of this kind does not rise very much nor does it crack across the top. Great care should be taken to keep the oven at an even

temperature, which should be hot but not too fierce. A cake double this size, suitable for a large party, a wedding cake or a christening cake, would take about six hours to bake and should be covered with almond paste and sugar icing.

For Twelfth Night it is customary to mix in a silver thimble, a silver coin, and a silver ring. The person who gets the thimble will be an old maid or bachelor ; the coin betokens riches, and the happy finder of the ring will be married before the year is out—maybe.

SCOTCH SCONES

1½ lb. flour.
1 egg well beaten.
¼ lb. butter.
1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
A little salt.

Thoroughly mix the flour, baking powder and salt, rub in the butter, add the beaten egg ; roll out on a pastry board and cut in round, square or triangular pieces and bake in a moderate oven.

SCOTCH SCONES (ANOTHER RECIPE)

1 lb. flour.
1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar.
½ pint of milk and water, cold.
2 oz. butter.
1 large teaspoonful of baking powder.

Mix the flour, sugar and baking powder thoroughly in a dry state. Rub in the butter and then add the milk and water, and knead as quick as possible. Divide the dough into two pieces with a knife, and make each piece into a flat cake, partially dividing each cake into four so that when baked it will easily break apart. Bake at once in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

PLUM CAKE

1 lb. of flour.
1 lb. of sugar.
¾ lb. of butter.
8 eggs.
1½ lb. raisins.
½ lb. currants.
4 oz. candied peel cut very thin.

Be sure that the flour is thoroughly dry and well sifted. Then mix it with the sugar and fruit. Beat the butter to a cream and then add the yolks of 4 eggs and beat well. Beat the whites of 8 eggs till they are very frothy, and add them to the butter and yolk and beat again till thoroughly mixed. Then pour this into the other ingredients and mix them with a wooden spoon, and pour it into a well-greased cake tin which has been lined with oiled paper. The oven should be brisk or the cake will not rise, but it should not be too hot or it will burn. It should be baked about forty minutes, when it can be tested

with a skewer, which should come out perfectly clean. A few drops of vanilla extract may be added to the eggs if that flavour be desired and the top of the cake may be decorated with blanched almonds, which make it doubly delicious.

A plainer cake can be made by using less butter and fewer eggs, but the necessary amount of liquid must be supplied with milk. It is also well, when the egg allowance be reduced, to use a little baking powder.

ROCK CAKES

½ lb. of flour.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
¼ lb. of butter, lard or clarified dripping.
2 oz. sultanas or seeded raisins.
2 oz. granulated sugar.
1 egg.

Mix the flour and baking powder, rub in the butter, add the sugar and fruit, stir in the egg, which has been well whipped. Put a spoonful of the mixture on a greased baking dish, but do not allow it to be too smooth on the top. It should be rocky and for this reason care must be taken not to make the mixture too limp. Bake for about ten minutes in a quick oven.

This recipe can be varied by using ground ginger or caraway seeds, instead of dried fruit.

SEED CAKE

1 large cupful of flour.
A pinch of salt.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
1 large tablespoonful of sugar.
1 teaspoonful of caraway seeds.
½ a cupful of Crisco or lard.
2 eggs.

Be sure the flour is thoroughly dry, sift it and mix in the baking powder and salt. Then rub in the Crisco (lard or butter will do equally well), add the sugar and seeds, and then stir in the eggs, which have been well whipped with about a dessertspoonful of water. Pour the mixture into a well-greased cake tin and bake for about forty minutes in a moderately hot oven. Test with a knife or skewer and when done turn out of the tin and lay it on its side so that it will cool equally all round. If it be left in the tin it will sink and become heavy. This applies to all cakes baked in a tin.

PICKLED WALNUTS

100 walnuts in their green husks.
Salt, water and vinegar.

To each quart of vinegar allow 2 oz. of black pepper. 1 oz. of allspice. 1 oz. of bruised ginger and 2 cloves of garlic.

Pick the walnuts when young, before the shell has formed, and prick them with a fork or skewer. Put them in a strong brine of salt and water, allowing three or four pounds of salt to each gallon of water, according to how much salt you like. Let them remain in this for a week, changing the brine every two days, and then drain them off and place them in the sun for two or three days, and allow them to blacken and dry. When quite dry, put them in crocks or wide-mouthed bottles and cover them with boiling vinegar and spices. Tie down while hot and store in a dry place. They will be ready for use in about a month but will improve with keeping.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

The same ingredients as those used for Pickled Walnuts but not as much salt :—

The mushrooms should not be gathered while the dew or rain drops are on them, but if they are they should be well dried in the sun or before the fire. Place them gills uppermost in a large pan and sprinkle them with salt. Put in mushrooms and salt, layer by layer, until the pan be full, and then cover them and leave them for two days in a cool cellar. Then place them in crocks or bottles carefully so as not to break them, putting in as many as the vessel will hold, cover them

with the boiling vinegar and spices and tie them down while hot.

IMITATION MANGO CHUTNEY

1 lb. brown sugar.
½ lb. salt.
¼ lb. garlic.
¼ lb. onions.
½ lb. powdered ginger.
2 oz. dried chillies.
¼ lb. mustard seed.
½ lb. stoned raisins.
1 quart of vinegar.
20 large sour apples.

Peel, core and slice the apples and reduce them to a pulp. Then add the vinegar and bring to a boil. Meanwhile pound the garlic, onions and ginger in a mortar ; wash the mustard seed in cold vinegar and dry in the sun. Add all of these, with the salt and raisins and sugar, to the boiling apples and continue to cook till it is quite thick, carefully stirring all the time. Then add the chillies and immediately bottle and cork down. Leave in a dark place for at least three months before using. It is not a bad plan to put in a few dried peaches cut in thin slices, at the same time as the chillies are added.

ORANGE MARMALADE

12 oranges, the skins of which are not too thick.
2 grapefruit.
5 lb. of sugar.
2½ gallons water.

The oranges and grapefruit must be *sliced* very thin, not chopped, the pulp and skins together, only the seeds being thrown away. Put them all into a preserving pan with the cold water and let this stand for twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the skins are tender, and allow it to stand till next day. Then add the sugar, stir till it is dissolved and boil till the syrup jellies, and the rinds are quite transparent. It will be noticed that the grapefruit rinds become transparent long before the oranges. As the marmalade boils the scum should be constantly removed.

The little wild, bitter oranges of Florida make most excellent marmalade.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

3 eggs.
6 tablespoonfuls of flour.
1½ pints of milk.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Mix the salt with the flour and stir in sufficient milk to make a smooth, stiff batter. Then beat up the eggs in the remainder of the milk and add it to the batter, beating it again. Then pour it into a shallow baking tin that has been well greased with beef dripping, and bake it for an hour. Half an hour before the joint of beef is ready, place the Yorkshire pudding beneath it so as to catch

the drippings from the meat. Another way is to place the tin of batter beneath the joint, the latter being on a trivet, from the very start so that it cooks with the joint. The above quantity would cook in about the time that it would take to bake a six-pound joint.

HONEYCOMB PUDDING

1 oz. of gelatine.
2 oz. of sugar.
3 small cups of milk.
3 eggs.
Flavouring, vanilla, almond, etc.

Soak the gelatine in milk and then dissolve it over a slow fire. Beat the yolks of the eggs well and stir them into the hot milk till it becomes thick like custard. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, mix all together and pour it into a mould and allow it to cool. Place on the ice when cold.

This makes a delicious chocolate shape if chocolate or cocoa be added to the vanilla.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING

½ lb. of flour.
1 cup of molasses syrup
1 large tablespoonful of sugar.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
½ lb. breadcrumbs.
½ lb. suet.
½ oz. ground ginger.

Mix the baking powder with the flour thor-

oughly and then add the suet, which has been chopped as fine as possible, the sugar and ginger, and then stir in the syrup. Then turn it into a pudding bowl which has been well greased and dusted over with sugar ; tie a cloth tightly over the top and boil for six or eight hours, being careful that it never goes off the boil or it will become water-logged. The longer it boils the lighter and more spongy it will become.

GINGER-BEER

This is much more wholesome than the bought ginger ale and is also much more pleasant.

1½ oz. bruised ginger.
2½ lb. granulated sugar.
1 oz. cream of tartar.
The rind of and juice of two lemons.
3 gallons of boiling water.
2 cakes of yeast.

Cut the skins as thinly as possible from the lemons and then squeeze them into a large earthen pan. Put the yellow skins with the bruised ginger, cream of tartar and sugar, into the lemon juice, and over them all pour three gallons of boiling water. Let this stand till it is lukewarm and then add the yeast, which has been stirred to a thick cream with a little sugar. Stir it well, cover the pan with

a cloth and let it remain in a warm place overnight. Skim off the yeast next day and either pour or syphon off the liquor into a clean vessel, leaving the sediment behind. Bottle it immediately and tie down the corks, and in three days it will be fit to drink.

COLOURING FOR GRAVIES

Into a thoroughly clean frying-pan sprinkle a large tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Put it on the fire and allow it to melt and turn brown but do not allow it to burn. As soon as it is a rich brown pour in, very slowly, half a pint of water and let it boil till all the sugar is thoroughly melted. When cold bottle it. It is most useful for gravies, stews and sauces, but is not suitable for soups. For the latter brown roux is better.

Index