

The Gospel of Good Cooking

By Kate Masterson



A COUPLE of years ago a woman wrote a book in which she exploited the simple tasks of the household as a species of physical culture and the humorous book reviewers wrote amusing columns about the manner in which the overearnest writer suggested quite seriously a combination of Delsarte and dishwashing.

Take the subject of bed making, for instance. As a mattress was upraised for the morning turning the houseworker was to hold the thought of power, take a deep breath with the burden poised gracefully a moment then flippin' it back into place the thought was to change to joy, the consciousness of a responsibility fulfilled.

The sheets were to be spread with thoughts of purity, order, rest and so on, until the filled pillows were placed with beauty and symmetry occupying the brain lobes back of the ears.

And in like manner this brave woman proceeded through the gamut of the day's work from dusting to doormat shaking, each with its high thought as an accompaniment and a corresponding stretching and exercising of the particular muscles that were called in play.

The gray matter was to be agitated in accordance with every move, and by the time the author had reached stove polishing and shining the kitchen faucets it will at once be seen that there was much to cause the frivolous to smile.

She was dreadfully in earnest and she knew what she was writing about,

which always helps some, but she etheralized her idea so completely that to the ordinary comprehension she became humorous.

See Fun in It

There are always persons who will see the fun in a thing without perceiving the idea back of it, but the book reviewers are so rarely funny that we can only joy in any touch of lightness in their moods.

Delsarte has always been intensely amusing to many of us, and when the name is coupled with housework it is really a little too much. But coupled with anything we have always refused to accept the cult seriously, and when a few years ago a young woman in sandals and draperies exploited Omar in a Delsarte dance we fairly hooted at her. But she went to Berlin, made a wonderful success and had a theater built for her by subscription. By and by she will come to New York, under the management of some sincere art lover, and we will pay \$2 a seat to see her.

As a nation we have much for the notion of housework and hygiene, and even of housework and aesthetics, is not so frightfully funny as it would at first seem. If we wait a while and let an idea sink in it often takes on reality.

Doctors all over the country are now, always practicing housework as a cure for jaded nerves. A finely organized feminine, trembling like a race horse, her heart galloping in ragtime, her

fingers tattooing the head of her Pomeranian pup, steps from her carriage and enters the consulting room of a fashionable and expensive physician. In a broken voice she begins to relate a poem in high class symptoms. Not the ordinary thing, of course! Dear me—no! No pains in the back of the neck about this case. She has taken a dislike to those she loves—she shudders when her husband kisses her! Why, even dear little Toots—and she breaks down and weeps over the Pomeranian pup. Then when the radiators rumble and sizzle it drives her fairly wild! She takes no interest in clothes!

Doctors Urge It

Then the fashionable and expensive doctor kindly, but firmly says: "Try doing your own housework for a while! Sweep, make the beds, cook—wash the dishes. Work hard four or five hours a day!"

This is the very limit of her endurance. She looks killy at him for a moment, then, clutching the dog firmly under her arm, she rushes frantically from the room. The doctor doesn't mind in the least. He is used to having this prescription taken violently and knows it will be all charged in the bill.

But many women have been saved from sanitariums the past year or two by this means. Housework, even un-intelligent housework, exercises the muscles magnificently. An oilcloth scrubbing before breakfast with a bath and a rub down is equal to a five-mile gallop through the park.

A few windows cleaned with the help of a small stepladder which requires a bending of the arms and a turning of the waist while breathing the fresh air is better than a bout with a punching bag. Sweeping, bedmaking, silver cleaning, all the tasks that we have such difficulty in procuring servants to do today, can be made into exercises that at gymnasiums and physical culture schools we pay large fees to obtain.

Of course very few women have

learned to look upon the aesthetic side of housework. It has its aesthetic side, and the lady who suggested throwing over the mattress in time to invisible music surely understood it and has simply advanced a stage beyond the scientific spiritual strata. By this time, no doubt, she has reached the empyreal, and in the next book she gives us will tell us how to sing to the stars as we peel the onions.

The Aesthetic Side

When the aesthetics of housework are appreciated by women a great many serious questions that are at present troubling us will be settled forever. The divorce problem will be to an extent eliminated, for under the new scheme of things no one will wish to escape from a perfectly kept home where every one lives up to his blue china.

Men, easily won by comfort and a lack of servant squabbles, will become a mixture of Greek god and the cooing dove. Clubs will get to be unpopular, for they will not be like home even at their best. Intemperance will be a name for only the wrong home surroundings and imperfect nutrition drive men to drink.

As for the servant girl question it will be answered definitely at last. When woman realizes that it is a pure joy to dabble Limoges dishes and cut glass in a blue paper mache tub of soapy water she will prefer it to bridge. When she experiences the thrill of delight the artist feels as she turns out a Spanish omelet on a willow pattern plate, she will know that a woman's life, after all, need not consist of Mere Maryannings.

Servants will take the cue, and the idea of receiving pay for such delicious labors amid the tiles and the porcelain of the modern kitchen will make the position of housemaid one for which waiting lines of cultured and intelligent college girls will stand in their caps and gowns.

It was Richard Le Gallienne who discovered the exquisite poetry that lurks

in a line of freshly washed linen drying in the sunlight. It is true he was interested in one particular petticoat when he rhapsodized in this wise over a clothes line:

Poetry of a Clothes Line

"What numberless suggestions of romance it awoke! What strange perfumes seemed to waft from it, perfumes laden with associations so different from the green world where it now was. No wonder the wind chose it so often for a partner as it danced through the garden!"

In these new thought days those of us in the know are aware that the idea is the whole thing. The idea about housework has been radically wrong since the blessed day when Adam and Eve ate the apple without fruit knives or finger bowls.

There was no question as to who should peel it or who should core it, how it should be served and how on earth were the dishes to be washed. That was aesthetic housekeeping if you want a sample. The cook was not the queen of the Garden of Eden until the snake showed her the way. He was the originator of the intelligence office system.

It was when women began to wear feathers in their hair instead of vine leaves that they woke to the fallacy that the tasks of home were menial. Slaves became the smart thing and it was the very extreme of aristocracy not to button one's own boots.

We have fed on this sort of thing for ages. It hurts us to take a slice of toast unless we get it on a tray, and the idea that we should make it ourselves and, what is more important, make it properly—why, it would be funnier than a Rogersbrother.

Only Fools

We want careers, we wish to high kick and some of us to high kick just as a fad and a time-killer, but one part of our lives that we might make a pleasure we relegate with a frown to the downstairs region—that is, if we have a downstairs.

Most of us are, however, living in flats and apartment hotels, and our husbands feel pityingly that we are, after all, only women, which means that we are irresponsible fools, unable to run our homes.

We must get at it and study this thing out ourselves. Bossism in the kitchen doesn't go, politics being even

worse. One wise woman once suggested that a policeman should be stationed in the basement of every home permanently to keep the cook in order.

Beauty and light are what we want in this gloomy spot—radiance of spirit, joy, yes, even the abandon that makes itself known in the glad whistle, not of the robin, but of the ebon one dallying with the interior of the refrigerator, experiencing an unconscious intoxication from ammonia fumes that causes her glad soul to assert itself in this manner.

That is the key for our revival song—the signal of rejoicing, the spirit rising superior to the mistaken belief that to do housework is to grovel. Let us if necessary wreath roses around the dishpans and hang garlands in mullioned windows, so that our women's eyes, caught by their beauty, may linger there and learn to see aright.

"Well, doctor, your treatise is ready to go to press. What are you going to do about an appendix?" "Cut it out."—Houston Post.

Thoughts of Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page One.)

BEFORE HIS PRESENCE

Rev. D. W. J. Murphy, S. T. B. Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Hollywood

Obedient to the call of the chief magistrate of our beloved United States, on this day, we return thanks to the Supreme Lord of the universe upon our people during the year.

It is inspiring indeed to reflect that in this service we join with seventy-five millions of our fellow citizens, with men and women of all shades of religious persuasion, gathered in synagogue, meeting-house and cathedral throughout the land repeating with the Jewish Prophet Malachi:

"Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us?" and to that one All-Father we bow the head and bend the knee as we voice our "Deo Gratias."

Few indeed are the acts of thanksgiving which ascend to the great white throne in comparison with the beneficent favors which descend therefrom. Man is often forgetful that the air he breathes, the sun which warms by day and the stars that light the even are God's free gifts. God might well say to man as Christ, His Son, said to the tax leviers: "Where is the return of gratitude?"

Thanksgiving is an auspicious day on which to regret our thoughtlessness and with David lament our inability to return measure for measure.

"What return shall I make to the Lord for all that he has given unto me?"

The word "thanksgiving" might be defined as an inward feeling and an expression by some outward act of gratitude for favors which we acknowledge to come from the Giver of all good gifts. It must be rooted in the heart to be sincere. It must have outward expression or it will be lacking in that activity which is proof of its real existence.

To deny this tribute to the Almighty would be paramount to denying that He is the source whence every good comes to us. God is jealous of His glory, so much so that He protects it by the first of His commandments and during the mass the celebrant sings: "We give Thee thanks because of Thy great glory." God likewise values our thanksgiving because He loves us. Every loving heart values a reciprocal love and grateful thanksgiving. Toward God thanksgiving implies faith, hope and love.

When we ask what shall we thank God for we are overcome by the abundance of His gifts. The greatest nation on earth is ours, the fairest flag that is kissed by the breeze is ours. Our California skies of blue, our purple mantled mountains, our rolling plains, our fruits, our birds, our flowers, all declare the goodness of our Maker.

The faith once delivered to the saints progresses amongst us. Education, freedom, manliness and womanliness, domestic virtue, these and all other treasures highly valued in the home of the brave are gifts of God. Our beloved president who weids the north to the south and the east to the west with his impartial government, is heaven-sent.

Peace is ours, on land and sea, pestilence and famine scourge us not, kings and despots crush us not for we are all kings, religious persecutions threa-

then not our churches or our firesides. Indeed numberless as the sands of the seashore are the favors given to us, and for all we should be grateful for "God hath not done in like manner to every nation."

THE DAY'S MEANING

Rev. Walter L. Martin, Boyle Heights Christian Church

If I understand the meaning of Thanksgiving day it is the one day of all the year when we, as a nation, render thanks and express gratitude to God for all his benefits. It is a beautiful custom and we do well to hand it down from year to year.

As a nation we have much for which to be thankful. It can be said of us as it was of Israel, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." But we do not begin to appreciate our blessings. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

What a small percentage of the people will gather in places of worship on Thanksgiving day to offer up praise and thanksgiving to the giver of all good. A much larger number will make a day of feasting and merry-making. Surely this is not in accord with the original meaning of the day. Rather ought we to make it a day of fasting and prayer.

I wish that we might make it a day of fasting and prayer to God. We are all thankful, I know, that peace and prosperity have been our portion as a people; that neither war nor pestilence has devastated our land; but let us not forget the countless smaller blessings which have come to everyone of us.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift comes from above." This thought ought to cause us to break forth into singing: Then "enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise."

ITS RESPONSIBILITIES

Rev. C. C. Pierce, Memorial Baptist Church

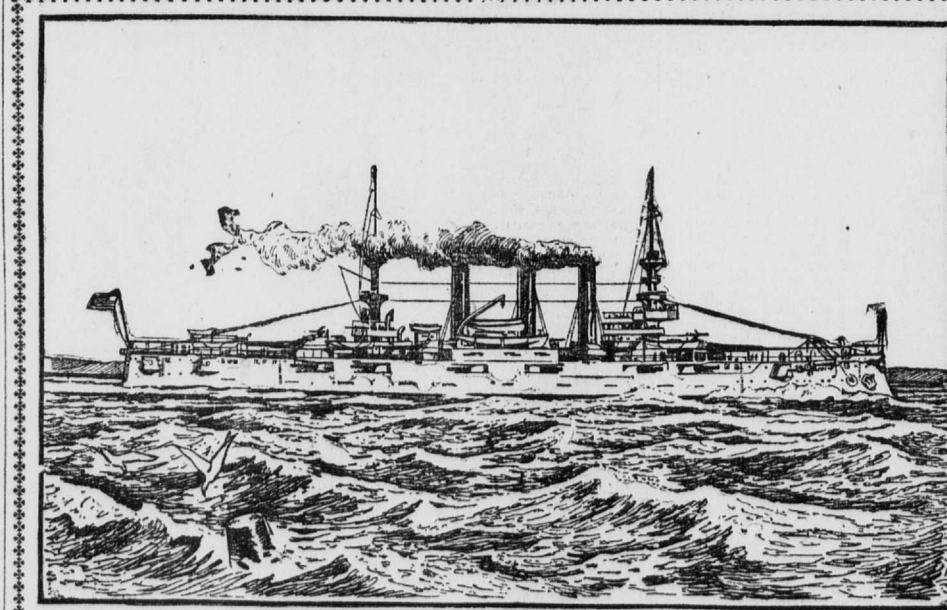
It seems to us, though it may be fair to suppose we are prejudiced, that no land has so great cause for rejoicing as the one in which we live. Should we not, however, remember this, that he who admits cause for thanksgiving admits likewise a sense of responsibility commensurate with the reasons for gratitude?

Our nation has great cause to contemplate the past and look upon the present with feelings of pride, rejoicing and thanksgiving. None see and know this better than those who have studied somewhat the conditions which prevail in the old world.

But let us while we see all our cause for national thanksgiving in our marvelous history of the past, remember that we owe much to the future. Our work as a nation is only fairly begun. Much remains to be done. The exigencies of the present and the needs of the future call for a higher type of citizenship than ever before. We need a great, true, unselfish stamp of citizenship as never before.

It will be but little better than mockery for us to assemble in our churches on this day and preach, sing and pray unless we resolve in our hearts that the future shall be better than the past, and that we each will bravely do our part.

While we rejoice at what we have



United States Battleship Vermont, Type of the New Navy

and thank God for all He has done for us, there is altogether too much in our national life today which ought to make every honest man hang his head with shame. Thankfulness should be coupled with courage, decision and high resolve that, cost what it will, the great blessings which Providence has bestowed shall be so employed as to produce a nobler and a better race.

AN ADMIRABLE CUSTOM

Rev. Thomas C. Marshall, Church of the Neighborhood

It is an admirable custom, this of assembling in our churches on the annual Thanksgiving festival and rendering public thanks to God for the blessings of the year. Were we not actually summoned to this duty by the official proclamation of our chief magistrate, most of us, it is safe to say, would forget that we have anything to be thankful for.

As it is, we begin the day in a spirit of perfunctory observance, yielding merely to the custom, feeling all the while that we have been somehow left out and that for us the day has no special propriety; but even the hardest among us are ready to concede as we leave the doors of the church that although our benefactions have not fallen very much behind our deserts.

The practical result of the Thanksgiving observance ought to be the increase of the spirit of kindness on earth. "Mercy and not sacrifice" is the thank-offering, we are told, of which God is most fond.

If you are thankful, make the day brighter for some one whose list of blessings is shorter than your own. It will perhaps give you a new sensation; incidentally it may make it harder to fall back into the life of sordid bargaining on Friday.

Call for Big Ships Now

THE tendency in naval construction is to build heavier ships than have ever been seen, to make these ships as speedy as possible, and to arm them with the heaviest guns. This tendency, it is interesting to know, is not a result of the Russo-Japanese war. Though emphasized and advanced by the engagements that have taken place in Oriental waters, nevertheless the tendency antedates the war. It is to be seen in the battleship Vermont, which was recently launched at the Fore River yards at Quincy, and which has a displacement of 16,000 tons and will carry four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, and twelve 7-inch guns. It is equally noticeable in the new British battleships of the King Edward class, which have a displacement of more than 16,000 tons and which carry four 12-inch, four 9.2-inch and ten 6-inch guns.

Captain Hovgaard, the professor of naval design at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, not long ago worked out a design of an ideal battleship under present conditions, and the result was a ship of the King Edward class. This illustrates the fact that naval architects are able to anticipate the lessons of actual warfare. It also gives the public an idea of the character of the work done at the institute by the sixteen young men from the naval academy at Annapolis who are studying there.

Years ago the graduates of Annapolis selected to become naval constructors were sent to Greenwich, England, the academy here having no means of furnishing them with the necessary technical instruction. After careful investigation into the matter, however, the government decided that the Boston

institution was fully qualified to instruct Annapolis graduates in the principles of naval architecture, and since then these young men have come to "the modern Athens" to complete their technical education.

Professor Cecil H. Peabody, the head of the department of naval architecture at the Institute of Technology, is of the opinion that one of the lessons of the recent war in the far east is that mere personal courage, which was such an important factor in the sea fights of the old days, is valueless today unless accompanied by suitable material and training. Military experts still agree on the truth of the general proposition that an army of courageous men, men with fighting instincts, even though inefficiently armed and improperly conducted, will inflict more or less severe losses upon the enemy. But at sea, where so much nowadays depends on up-to-date engineering and construction, the defeated side, other things being equal, will be beaten by superior machinery. Hence the tendency to make battleships larger.

Indeed, as the naval architects will tell you, the tendency is to have larger and better ships not only for the purposes of war but also for the purposes of commerce. The new battleships designed for the United States and Great Britain represents the steady progress and growing importance of that department of science which has already produced the colossal liners that plow the Atlantic and the Pacific, and which, according to plans already announced, will yet produce still more colossal steamships.

Does it pay to spend \$6,000,000 on a battleship? The answer of the leading teachers of naval architecture is that you can get a greater return in offensive and defensive power and in speed from money put into big ships than from money put into small ships or ships of moderate size.

How to Cook the Turkey

Written for The Herald by Cornelia C. Bedford

OCCUPYING the most prominent place on the menu for every Thanksgiving dinner is the turkey, and she who can select the bird in advance of his demise is a lucky woman. As a rule, very large turkeys are apt to be rather coarse in flavor.

First of all, pour two or three tablespoonsful of pure alcohol in a saucer, ignite it and over the flame singe the bird thoroughly, turning and twisting it so that no hairs may be left. Next remove all pin feathers. With a sharp knife cut through the tough outer skin below the lower joint, break the bone underneath by quick pressure on the edge of the table, then cut off the feet.

From the entrails remove the heart and liver. Split the heart and cut the two fleshy ends from the gizzard. With a damp cloth wipe out the interior of the gizzard, then wipe and rub the skin very thoroughly.

When a stuffing is to be used lay a spoonful or two of it under the breast skin and fill the body cavity loosely that there may be room for the mixture to swell. Have ready several yard lengths of fine but stout twine and trussing needle. Pull the skin flaps taut then twist the wings so that the tips meet on the back over the flap, twist the neck with a length of twine, then push it through. If properly taut and tightly tied the fowl is now firmly trussed and the breast in proper position for carving.

speed will enable it to maneuver so as to concentrate its fire upon the head of the opposing column. That is what Togo did in the battle of Tsushima. True, the Russians found him in that advantageous position, for though they did not know his whereabouts he seems to have known theirs; but, this advantage aside, the speed of his fleet would have enabled him eventually to concentrate his attack on the head of the Russian column just the same.

The landlubber may wonder why with the great increase in the size of warships there has not been a corresponding increase in the size of the guns. The coming battleship—the South Carolina, for example, with its great battery of big guns on either side—recalls the display of big guns made by the old frigates; but while the latest battleship is many times heavier than the famous fighters of the early part of the nineteenth century, the size of the biggest gun has increased only one inch. The reason for this is that the size of the gun is controlled by the depth to which oil temper will penetrate with full efficiency, which is only 2½ inches. Thus only a tube five inches thick can be thoroughly tempered; and this is the thickness of the tube of the 12-inch gun. There are 7-inch tubes, but they are not fully tempered.

Another interesting question is whether the recent war taught anything new about torpedo boats. In the opinion of naval architects torpedo boats have not proved as effective as was expected. Though they must always be a source of possible danger, no ship, under favorable conditions and with men on the alert, has ever been destroyed by them. The greatest danger in the war between Japan and Russia lay in floating mines. Ships are not necessarily destroyed by gun fire. A ship was destroyed by the Japanese up to the final naval engagement of the war except by mines or by vertical fire from horizon.

A ten-pound turkey will require fully three hours in a hot oven and it is well to have at hand several sheets of thick brown paper to guard against burning. Having the oven very hot, place the bird breast downward on the wire saddle rack in the dripping pan; if you do not possess one of these useful roasting racks, prop it on either side with several raw potatoes. Cover the back with a number of very thin slices of larding pork and put in oven after dredging lightly with salt.

Melt two tablespoonsful of butter in three-quarters of a cupful of boiling water and baste the bird with this every fifteen minutes. At the end of an hour and a half turn the bird breast upward; the oven heat can then be lowered slightly. If in danger of burning, cover with paper. When done the joints will separate easily.

Before taking from the pan use a sharp pointed knife to cut the twine on the side opposite each knot and pull out by the loose ends.

Remove the fat from the greater part of the fat in the pan, stand on the fire and gradually dredge in sufficient flour to absorb the fat which remains. Stir until well browned then slowly add a cupful of boiling water, then the finely chopped giblets and the water in which they were cooked. Season and boil up for two or three minutes.

From the turkey it is but a natural transition to the cranberry jelly which always goes with it. Pick over and wash the berries, then put over the fire with a half cupful of water for each pint of berries. Cover and cook slowly until the berries are tender then rub through a sieve. Return the smooth pulp to the fire with one-half as much sugar—by measure—as there were berries and boil gently for about ten minutes, or until a little "jellies" when dropped on a cold saucer. Turn into molds and set away. This is, of course, done on Wednesday. The pumpkin pies must also be made the day before Thanksgiving.

Among the vegetables peculiarly appropriate to this season are corn and beans in the form of succotash. The old-time succotash was made with dried corn and beans, but we may use the canned article. Turn a can of corn into a saucepan, add one pint of milk and simmer slowly for fifteen minutes. Drain a can of tiny lima beans, rinse repeatedly in cold water and drain. Add to the corn and when again at the simmering point stir in a scant tablespoonful of flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Season and simmer for ten minutes longer.

As a beginning for the real Thanksgiving dinner oyster soup was considered indispensable. Strain and pick over one quart of oysters of moderate size. Place in a colander and rinse thoroughly. Heat and skim the liquor until no more scum rises. In a clean saucepan melt and mix two and a half tablespoonsful each of butter and flour. Gradually stir in one quart of hot milk. When smoothly thickened season highly with salt and white pepper. Three minutes before serving add gradually the oysters and skimmed liquor, a tiny pinch of mace and a shaving of lemon peel. Stir and take off the moment that the oysters begin to ruffle.

Brushley—What are you going to do with that picture you just finished? De Zeeb—I sold it to the proprietor of a swell cafe this morning. Brushley—What does he evidently know his business. De Zeeb—What do you mean? Brushley—That picture is enough to drive people to drink.—Chicago Daily News.