

Baltimore Sunday Herald
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Knocks and Jollies

Mrs. Shouter's Answer to Culinary Conundrums

From The Salesladies' Happy Home Journal

Meat Cakes—The fashionable shape for these delicacies is a graceful ellipsoid, with the longitudinal axis subtending the epicycloid curve of the circumference at the center. According to the best authorities the meat cake is not a relative of the codfish ball. This relieves it of the stigma of plebeian origin which has so long hung over it. Leftover meat cakes are useful for macadamizing the garden path.

Hash—A book could be written about this fascinating dish. It represents the alpha and omega of culinary art—the beginning and the end. The young housekeeper essays it because it is easy, and the skilled cook prepares it in order to get rid of odds and ends. The correspondent who inquires if hash is not interdicted by law in Bulgaria is advised to consult Mrs. Shouter's memoir, "The Science of Hashology," 524 pages, \$1, postpaid. Hash should not be confused with hasheesh.

Turnips—These vegetables, though not au fait, are very palatable when properly manipulated. Caeteris paribus, the turnip, beats the carrot. It is not considered *comme il faut* to eat boiled turnips with a knife.

Pickles—There is no known method of removing the warts from pickles. One experimenter urges the use of a 10 percent solution of hydrochloric acid, but this destroys the symmetry of the fruit. Another says that amputation is the only practicable means of doing the trick. For myself I favor coarse emery paper or a sharp chisel.

Soup—The best authorities hold that soup should not be eaten with a fork. Equally reprehensible, they say, is the habit of soaking it up with bits of bread. Soup eating, in truth, is a good test of good breeding. The person who tilts the plate in order to secure the last drop can never hope to figure in the society column.

Codfish—This delicacy is one of those which should never be mentioned in polite company. I cannot give a receipt for its preparation in these columns.

Chop Suey—A full account of this interesting dish is given in Mrs. Shouter's book "Curious Customs of the Crafty Chinee," 225 pages, \$1.25 postpaid.

Wienerwurst—The origin of this delicacy is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Chaucer referred to it as "the sporty dogge." It is now never seen, except upon the gratis repast counters of beer bazaars. A wienerwurst should not exceed 3.1 specific gravity.

Macaroni—Though the macaroni has long labored under the charge of indigestibility it is evident that the main part of it—i.e., the hole—is easily assimilated by even the most confirmed

dyspeptics. Macaroni should be served strung upon a silk thread. Those remaining in the dish will prove their utility as parlor ornaments.

Haggis—In response to 859 requests I present this month a receipt for haggis, to wit, viz.: Fill a flour sack with castoff gum shoes and sausage skins and suspend it in a cool corner of the cellar. After it has fermented for a week cut it down and revive it by dashing cold water in its face. Then take a pound of spareribs, a quart of hominy, a large and well colored cucumber, two inches of sauerbraten wurst, a dozen black peppers and an olive, and oil them slowly in eggnog. This should be done in the dark of the moon. A week later sew up the entire mixture in an old coat and bake in a swift oven. Then add a plug of dark tobacco and serve hot, with alcohol on the side. There is no more palatable dish.

Cur-rent Top-ics For Lit-tle Read-ers: In Words of One Syl-la-ble

Chap-ter Two—The Pol-it-i-cal Boss

The pol-it-i-cal boss (La-tin bos-so; to rule, to have sway) is dis-tinct-ly a mod-ern in-ven-tion, like ap-pen-dic-it-is and the cin-e-mat-o-graph. Our rude fore-fath-ers knew him not. Col-um-bus nev-er heard of him. Be-fore the year 250 he was non-exi-is-tent.

But to-day he sits in front pret-ty near the bass drum and for this rea-son, if for none oth-er we have chos-en him as the sub-ject of our les-son.

If you met a pol-it-i-cal boss on the street, children, you would not know him. This is be-cause he looks just like an-y oth-er man. Some-times he wears a mus-tache and a red neck-tie; at oth-er times he sports gal-ways and a dia-mond stud. At all times he is in-con-spic-u-ous.

But in the coun-cils of the na-tion he is heat-ed mat-er-i-al, and don't you for-get it. Noth-ing is done with-out his ad-vice and con-sent. Does the mem-ber from the Steenth ward want a drink-ing foun-tain? The boss must say "Aye." Does an-oth-er memb-er want an eas-y job for the old man who has "voted the Dem-my-crat tick-et for fif-ty year?" The boss must look in-to it.

A good man-y peo-ple think the boss makes his pile by sneak-ing in-to the trea-sur-y at night with a dark lan-tern. This is rid-ic-u-lous. There are oth-er ways, and they are eas-i-er. For in-stance, let us sup-pose the case of a man who yearns to rep-re-sent his neigh-bors in the halls of leg-is-la-tion. First he has his friends "men-tion" him. Then he gets the Meat Cut-ters Un-i-on No. 7 to in-dorse him. Then he seeks an aud-i-ence with the dis-trict lead-er. Then the boss—but our les-son is get-ting too long.

Next week we will con-sid-er the ward heel-er.

Auroral

Now comes the clamor of the day.

Night's quietude and peace are gone.

The bright moon pales and hastes away

Before the hosts of dawn.