

Cooking Teachers Not Agreed on Cranberry Sauce; Some Say "Punkin" Pie Tastes Better Than "Pumpkin"

Scientific and "Home-Grown" Recipes Made to Harmonize in Producing Thanksgiving Dinner.



TURKEY FEET SOUP.



DON'T STUFF THE BIRD TOO TIGHT.

MORE than 300 public school teachers of New York are experts in the art of cooking. Every one of them is enthusiastic on scientific cooking. Put them up against the canniest, most deceitful calory on earth and they will recognize it instantly, and wee unto the carbohydrate which tries to pass itself off as a proteid while they are in the kitchen.

Nevertheless there are moments when they escape from science and wander in the realms of things good to eat regardless of their food values and whether or not they constitute a "balanced diet."

One day last week there was a conference, quite a weighty conference, in the office of the director of cooking at the Board of Education. One after another the teachers appeared, and as they did so one after another was asked:

"And what have you been cooking today?"
Whereupon in each instance the reply came:
"Cranberry sauce."

Cranberry sauce is the public school interpretation of a Thanksgiving dinner. The department doesn't strew turkeys lavishly through the classrooms for the pupils to practice on. Pumpkin pies also are inclined to be expensive. But the cranberry comes well within the public purse.

If things go on at this rate much longer it is probable that the great mass of children will come to regard not the turkey but the cranberry as typical of Thanksgiving.

Through the cooking of the sauce or jelly," explained an earnest, dark-eyed cooking teacher, "we lead the children to the knowledge of what Thanksgiving really is. The children in my district are all Italian. They never have heard of Thanksgiving or cranberries. We show them the berries and tell them that we will cook them for Thanksgiving day. Then, of course, we have to tell them what Thanksgiving day is. This leads to the Pilgrim fathers. Of course a few of them get it mixed and think that the Pilgrim fathers came over in the Mayflower, but aside from that the process of thought is interesting and instructive."

A dreamy look had crept across the face of a plump, blond cooking teacher.

"But we teach them how to make stuffing," she said.
"Dressing," corrected the earnest, dark-eyed instructor.

Insists on "Stuffing."
"No, stuffing," reiterated her friend stubbornly. "We always called it stuffing at home before people became so stylish that they had course dinners at Thanksgiving and used oyster stuffing

instead of wood old-fashioned bread crumbs.

Everyone agreed that the only really worth while filling for a Thanksgiving turkey is "stuffing" made of bread crumbs.

"There are many kinds of stuffing that are more 'stylish' than bread crumbs," said the blond defender of the old-fashioned Thanksgiving. "but there's nothing so good. Oysters really ought not to be cooked so long as they have to be in a roasted turkey."

The consensus in regard to stuffing the turkey was that bread should not be crumbed fine for this purpose, but instead should be cut in small cubes. These cubes, not more than an eighth of an inch thick, do not pack so tightly as grated bread crumbs and thus make a lighter filling.

"People make the mistake of having their filling too damp," said the dark-eyed expert. "It is always much better when it is dry. Instead of using cut-up onion for flavoring try an onion cut in two. Then press down on the raw side with the blunt edge of the knife. This brings out the juice. When you can get no more out off a fresh slice and press the blunt knife edge down on the fresh surface. The flavoring should include thyme, sweet marjoram, parsley chopped very fine, pepper and salt—and, of course, there should be plenty of butter."

"Practical" questioned a novice. The cooking teachers looked at each other in dismay.
"It's strange," admitted the earnest one, "that when you make the filling for the turkey according to a strict rule, there never is enough to fill."

Don't Fill Bird Too Tight.
"It's one of the things you have to judge," declared the blond instructor. "But don't fill the bird too tight. There will be some expansion to allow for. And don't forget to put slices of bacon, or, better still, a slice of pork, out into slices, over the breast bone when you put the turkey in to roast. The breast bone of a turkey is dry, and this will make the meat ever so much richer. As soon as the bacon or pork shrivels up in the cooking you remove it. It has then done its work. The turkey must still be basted a great deal, unless you use a roaster with a top. These can be bought for 25 cents, and they really are very good for turkey. It may be necessary to take off the top to get just the last touch of crisp brownness, but throughout the cooking the steam within the closed pan will be very good."

"There is one important thing about the Thanksgiving turkey that must be thought of even before it is brought home. You mustn't let the butcher cut off the feet, as many modern butchers have a way of doing. The feet are well worth having. When the thick skin has been slipped off the feet they should be boiled up with the discarded

neck parts. To get the skin off scald the feet. It will come off easily. Then put them in cold water and bring to a boil, simmer slowly. The cooking takes about an hour. The water in which the feet have been cooked makes a delicious jelly for use with the gravy or for chicken broth. To make the gravy use this stock and the giblets.

"People here in the East don't seem to appreciate gravy," complained the blond cooking teacher. "I had four classes of working girls over in Newark last Winter and not any of them ever heard of it."

How to Remove Tendons.
"There are some families that never take the tendons out of turkey legs," said the dark-eyed teacher, sadly. "It does take a peculiar twist of the hand to get them out right. But when you succeed the legs are the best part of the bird. The best way is to make an incision at the knee joint carefully. If you are not careful you will cut the tendons. There are two tendons right over the knee joint. The best way to get at these is to lift them up with a round iron skewer. A square one would be apt to cut them."

"Might I venture a suggestion?" said the blond teacher. "I always use a kitchen fork."
Her fellow instructor regarded her coldly.
"A fork will cut the tendons," she said, severely. "The best thing is an awl; that is what I use in school. When you get the tendon up on the awl grasp it with the hand and use a hinge movement of the wrist, not a pulling, but a drawing movement, to get it out. After taking out these two tendons open the joints right back and that discloses a case with 10 of them in. If you can get 10 out altogether you are quite successful. In the schools, while we do not cook turkeys, we do cook chickens, and we always teach the children to take the tendons out of the legs."

"What is this cranberry sauce recipe which is the bulwark of public education in the Thanksgiving dinner?"
Cranberry Sauce Recipe.
The teachers shut their eyes and, rocking gently back and forth, repeated in chorus:
"One quart cranberries.
"One pint water.
"One pound sugar."

"Put cranberries in water, cook slowly until they break. Then press through a strainer and return to fire, bring to boil, add sugar and boil five minutes. Then you have cranberry jelly."
"But I don't like the jelly, I like it with the skins in," obstinately declared the blond teacher.
"Cranberry sauce with the skins in is too easy for the children to cook," said the dark-eyed teacher, reproachfully.

According to a straw vote taken on the spot, creamed onions are next in importance after turkey and cranberry sauce in an orthodox Thanksgiving menu.

"A Perfect Cream Sauce."
Here is the perfect art of making a cream or white sauce as practiced throughout the public school system:
Two tablespoonfuls butter,
Two tablespoonfuls flour,
One-half teaspoonful salt,
One-eighth teaspoonful pepper,
One cup milk.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add flour, salt and pepper, rub them together, add the milk, cold; put over a fire and stir until it boils. The fire should be slow. This sauce is good with many vegetables and with some instead of using a full cup of milk it is well to use half a cup of milk and half a cup of water in which the vegetable was cooked. With carrots, for instance, this improves the taste and gives a nice color.

Onions should be brought to a boil in one water and then this water poured off and the vegetable covered again. They must be boiled until tender. Using two waters makes them more delicate. One of the teachers offered a special suggestion for the cooking of Thanksgiving onions.

"Boil them the day before to avoid having the odor in the house on Thanksgiving day," she said. "Then when getting dinner ready place the boiled onions in a baking dish, cover with a large quantity of white sauce and spread buttered crumbs over this. Put in the oven to brown. This makes a dish that is both pretty and delicious."

"The only other vegetables really necessary to the Thanksgiving feast are mashed white potatoes and sweet potatoes," said the earnest instructor. "The reason that really good mashed white potatoes are such a rarity in this bitter world is that the milk isn't heated before it is put into them."
"And yet," said the blond teacher, pensively, "I have seen wonderful cooks put in cold milk."
"But that was while the potatoes were burning hot and on the stove," insisted the advocate of the hot milk dressing; "the potatoes were so awfully hot that they heated the milk. The safest way is to heat the milk and to use also plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Then beat and beat them with a fork. Never use a spoon. You can't beat them too much for their own good."

"How about patent beaters?"
"I never knew but one woman in my whole life who could use patent cooking utensils," said the blond teacher, with her nose a little in the air, "and she could only use one implement for one thing. I may be a suffragist, but I'm conservative when it comes to cooking."

For the Thanksgiving banquet it was agreed that the sweet potatoes are at their best when small ones are selected and browned in butter.

"Then, of course, there must be cold-slaw," said the dark-eyed teacher. "Everybody ought to give up the more usual salads on Thanksgiving day and stick to coldslaw. Choose a fine close head of cabbage, chop it up with a little celery and a little green pepper. Use a boiled dressing.

One tablespoonful of flour,
One teaspoonful salt,
One-half teaspoonful mustard,
Two teaspoonfuls sugar,
One-eighth teaspoonful pepper,
Yolks of two eggs,
Three-quarters of a cup of milk,
One-quarter of a cup of vinegar.
Mix together all the dry materials, add the milk and eggs and stir over hot water until it thickens. Then heat the vinegar and add at the last very slowly.

There is so much difference between really good and indifferent cold slaw that it is worth while to go to great pains in making the dressing.

Then Comes "Punkin' Pie."
"Then what else? Pumpkin pie?"
The blond teacher threw discretion to the winds.
"Don't pronounce the 'm' and 'p,'" she begged. "Call it punkin'."
"That's pastry," commented the dark-eyed instructor. "We'd better not go into that just here, but for a lighter dessert on Thanksgiving there's fruit jelly. This is good made with lemon jelly as a foundation and with any available fruit scattered through it. Bananas are best left out. Grapes, sections of oranges and nuts are delicious.

Candied orange straws, which are good to have on the table at Thanksgiving time, are easily made, as follows:
Cut the orange peel in strips about an eighth of an inch wide. Boil until tender. Then put one cup of sugar with a cup of the water in which the peel has been boiled. Bring this mixture to a boiling point. Put the orange strips back into the mixture. Boil down until the juice becomes quite thick, and then lift out and roll in granulated sugar. Then spread the straws on oiled paper. Candied grapefruit straws can be made in the same way.

The conclusion of the Thanksgiving dinner, in addition to the fruits and nuts and raisins which form the centerpiece, may very well be Roquefort cheese and toasted crackers and coffee, which, like all after-dinner coffee, must be made in a percolator.

"Nothing like that for a Thanksgiving dinner," said the blond teacher firmly. "You may begin with grapefruit if you like; that is cooling and a proper advance guard for what is coming. But I think the old-fashioned idea was best. I don't like anything to come between me and the turkey."

"How about some more of that canelback beer?" Guess it takes the link out of my legs, don't-cher-know!"

Tongue-Tied.
Dundee (Scotland) Journal.
Magistrate—Why didn't you speak to your wife for a whole year?
Prisoner—I didn't want to interrupt 'Jim, he goes to town, and I went her



IT WAS NEVER DRESSING AT OUR HOUSE, A JUST STUFFIN'!



CUT THE ONION IN TWO.



Old Sam's Tale of Punkin

IT GREW SO FAST IT MADE FURROWS IN THE GROUND.

THEY all come to the city in Autumn if they get half a chance. Old Sam was here the other day in the same old Sunday hat and suit. Sam bought them when he was married, but with good care and infrequent use they still were there. Sam was married the year of the great con hunt, Fall of '71, up in the mountains North Chester way.

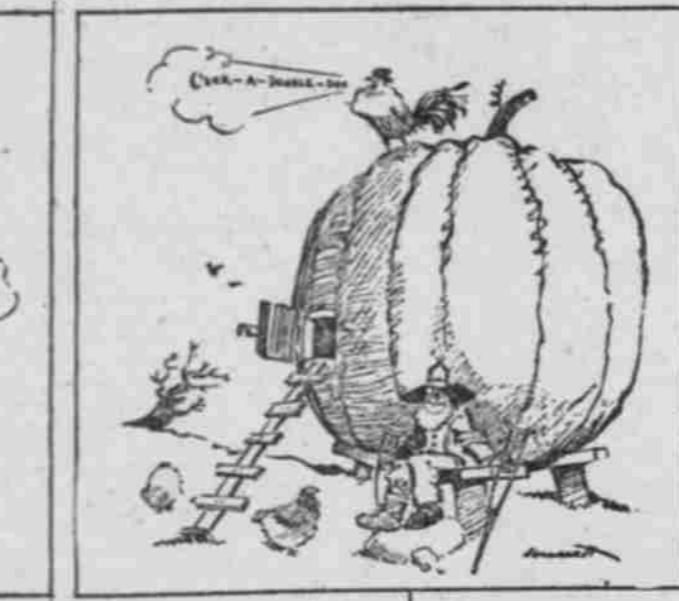
"Hello, Sam. Where on earth did you come from, and why them ax-bow crutches?" greeted his friend.
"Wal, it's like this," said Sam. "The old woman wanted a new dress. She got so highfalutin she wants silk, and I reckon I got to pay 50 cents a yard or more for it, and I want to see a doctor to have him straighten these legs. Oh, yes these legs, these legs. Wal, they got crooked the night I had to stay all night in the punkin patch. I got a bad cold, and the vines grew so fast 'round them that they crushed the muscles."

Sam looked wise and uneasy, so the reporter adjourned with Sam to a nearby refreshment parlor. Soon as the beverage of Gamsbrinus had warmed Sam's brain a little he spun his yarn. Albeit Sam is a direct descendant of Anansi and is able to give Nunchausen cards and spades and get the best of the story, the reader can accept it all as gospel truth.

"Wal, you see, it's like this. Yer recollect the two-acre patch up the hill back of the house? Wal, me and Jim all along the Winter argued what we should do with it, come Spring. It's the best piece of ground in Chester County, back s'ide, and the little spring at the edge runs the whole year.



"Hello Sam, Why Those Ox-bow Crutches?"



"We Fixed up the Shell and are Using it for a Hen House."



"Took Two Yoke er Cattle to Get the Punkin Over the Hill."

men, this here punkin seed is the greatest possession I have got. It was sent to me by a California farmer, who said it would grow a punkin weighin' 400 pounds. Now, I want some good, honest and brainy farmer to plant this here seed and give me one-half the seeds in the punkin, but as security on your part that you will give it proper care you can deposit \$10 with me that you will do so, and when the Fall comes I will return the money. Wal, I was ag'in it, but Jim bit for it.

"Wal, it wan't more'n a week after the seed man was there when a feller came who smelled like a wood pussy. He said he was sellin' fertilizer, and it was so powerful it would make a punkin vine grow 10 feet in a day if the vine could get all the water it wanted 'long with the fertilizer. Wal, it was only \$1 a pound and it only took ten pounds for an acre. Jim, he done

bit ag'in. Wal, Jim is kinder nutty and dreams, and he and his punkin seed was the subject er much talk, and we got it all figured out to plant it 'bout ten feet from the brook.

"Wal, by the great horn spoon, if in another week a feller didn't show up who talked like a college professor, and 'lowed if we would keep a 'cetiens lamp burnin' all night in our garden sassa patch the plants would grow twice as fast, and an ornery punkin vine instead er growin' a foot a day would grow two."

"Wal," sighed Sam, "another half a sawbuck was passed and me and Jim had to 'range our plans all over ag'in. We waited till the June frost had gone, and planted that punkin seed halfway down the lot and 'bout ten feet from the brook. 'Long with a lot er truck, sugar corn and sich like I growed a foot a day would grow two."

"Wal, in a week the durn thing sprouted and commenced to grow. We

over to watch the punkin, and was standin' near the end er the vine. We had put some fertilizer on that day, an' I was watchin' some deer over on Fish's Hill and paid no 'tention to the vine or punkin. Soon I felt somethin' wrappin' 'round my neck, and that durned punkin vine had entwisted 'round my legs and body and started 'round my neck. I couldn't move my legs or arms, so I fell over on my side an' broke the vine 'round my neck. But three other side vines started for me, an' I was held tight and crushed there 'til mornin' when the dog, Shep, found me. Jim had to get an ax and cut me loose.

"Wal, I was laid up with those legs from that day to this. Doc says it's account er poor circulatin' and rheumatism.

"Oh, yes; the punkin grew and pretty near dried the brook up—it drank so much water—and first of October we worked it over onto a stone sled and with two yoke cattle we got it up to the barn and got it onto a timber wagon and hauled it over to the fair. It took Si Eldridge's yoke and our two yoke er cattle to get it over the hill. It weighed, I reckon, nigh onto three tons. Wal, we got first prize, and didn't know what to do with the punkin. But Jim is right part at dreamin', don't-cher-know, and he 'lowed we'd cut a square hole in the side er the punkin and cut all the flesh out and put it in clean apple barrels, which we did, and sold it to a big resturant man in the city. We fixed up the shell and are usin' it for a henhouse. Hold's 20 hens easy."

"Say, do you think that feller will come back for his seeds?"
"How about some more of that canelback beer?" Guess it takes the link out of my legs, don't-cher-know!"

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