

# QUEEN OF THE KITCHEN AND HER WORLDWIDE DOMAIN

## How Meals Are Prepared By "Rough and Ready" Methods.



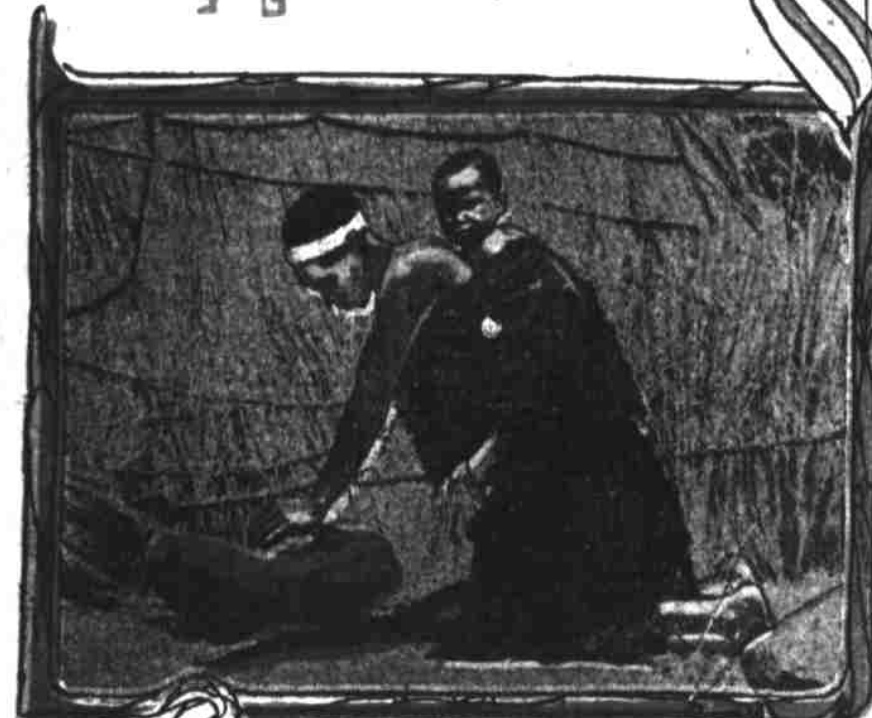
articles of diet, taking the place of our entrees and roasts. It wouldn't pay, even if the natives were financially able, to buy stoves merely to cook occasional pots of beans, meats, manioc and cereals.

But to take a jump to China—here's the complicated kitchen life for you! In this Celestial kingdom the kitchen is anything but celestial.

Hot fires blaze under brick stoves. Almond-eyed women frenziedly roll out dough, cutting up strange things like noodles, which they call by strange names. Another tears apart a bird's nest; still another sorts mushrooms.

Mark that stern individual sitting at the end of the kitchen. He's the boss of the kitchen, and he's there to keep his eagle eye on the women. For it would mean disaster if the favorite dish of the lord mandarin should not be seasoned quite properly!

In the imperial household, so reports run, the empress dowager is more interested in the preparation of her shredded chicken than in planning reform programs and policies. And in the average household the Chinese epicureanism is carried to the limit.



Domestic Duties in Zululand

COME one with a good appetite originated the old saw that "a man's heart is best reached through his stomach." This seems to hold universally true when one considers what an important institution the kitchen is the world over.

It's a pretty good saw, too, especially when the dinner that comes piping hot from your kitchen is exceptionally appetizing, the meat is broiled just the right way and the pie is like that your mother baked.

In civilized countries the after-dinner hour is the most auspicious of the day; indeed, it is at this time that the diplomats of nations, over coffee and cigars, find themselves able to agree on world-important policies.

Whether you visit countries where men wear bifurcated garments, colored tunics or practically no habiliments at all, you will find the kitchen as the supreme domain. After all, the cook is the arbiter of human affairs. The kitchen is the true throne-room of earth.

Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloysed sauce his appetite.—Shakespeare.  
Her that ruled the roost in the kitchen.—Heywood.

ABOUT so important and worldwide a place as the kitchen it is natural that misstatements and exaggerations should be made. And poets, to whom the idea of cookery has peculiarly appealed, are not among the least grave offenders.

"Heaven sends us good meat," said Garrick, "but the devil sends cooks." Garrick had evidently met a Pima Indian cook or he wouldn't have had the audacity to make so outrageous a statement.

In an ecstasy over a rare toothsome dish Burton once enthusiastically exclaimed: "Cooking is become an art, a noble science!" But Burton probably never ate in French Guinea, and his statement may be excused.

When you're downright hungry any kitchen is welcome. Ever feel that you could relish food? Ever have a real hefty hunger? Well, get up an appetite and take a visit to the world's kitchens.

Now the kitchen of the Venezuelan housewife isn't a nice, plastered, whitewashed, spick-and-span affair at all. It's built of sticks, with a thatched roof of grass. Well ventilated—oh, yes, but it's quite hot in Venezuela and so they make the kitchen open and airy.

Here a chief article of diet is grain. But do you see that big stone in the left-hand corner of the kitchen? Before cooking grain the housewife must pound and grind it into meal.

Instead of cupboards and ice-chests, the women of the house use baskets. Food hangs all about this unique kitchen, along the wall, high up in the roof. Besides this, there are few stoves there; this patient, dutiful housewife cooks over an open fire.

In Jamaica, the land of gin, ginger and bananas, the jet-eyed wives make little ado about the midday lunch or dinner.

Did you ever play hookey when a child and go into the country, dig potatoes and turnips from the ground and cook them in tin cans over a bonfire? That's just the way they cook on this spicy isle.

You see, bananas and yams are the staple



Chinese Kitchen Force at Work.

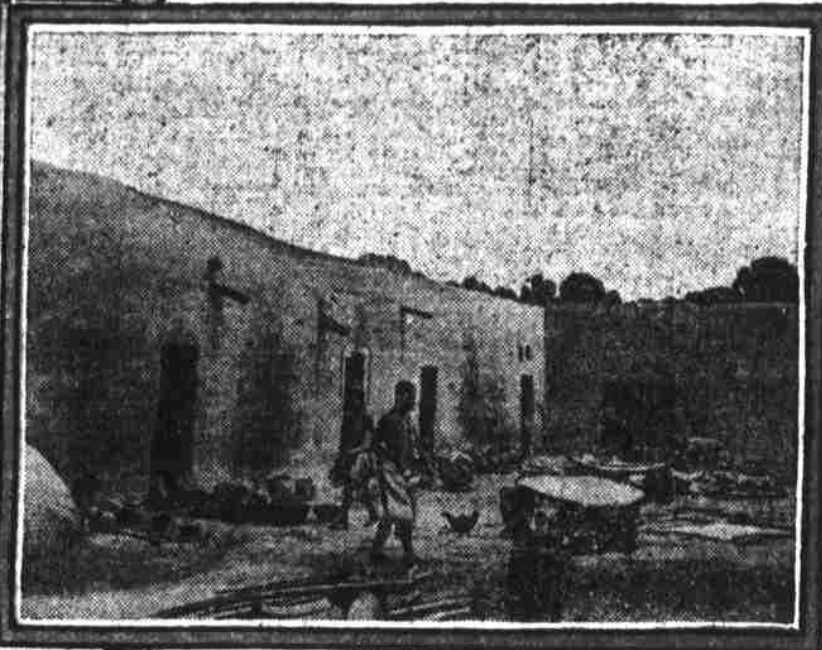
But pity the cook of Zululand. This poor creature must prepare the family dinner with her youngest baby on her back. In the hot sun, too, she kneels and pounds the beans and corn in a hollow stone, while the baby, no doubt, yells and bellows. Not much of joy for this queen of the kitchen. But after all, perhaps, she would not exchange places with those who think they are more favored.

For, after all's said and done, the kitchen is woman's realm. Even the Pima Indian squaw, with horrible leering face, no doubt delights in her job. In fact, she fixes up a little kingdom in which to do the family cooking. And woe to the red man who invades this sacred realm.

First of all, this Indian wife insists on having a clear space in which to work. She



Preparing a Simple Meal in Jamaica



Chefs of a French-Guinea Banquet

clears away the bushes, and in a circular, open place proceeds to cook. Perhaps she's not overly clean, she may put hot stones into the pot of meat and soup to cook the meal. But her people enjoy her dishes.

One thing you will observe, the world over, is that when women preside in the kitchen there's at least a semblance of order. There's a pot for this and a pan for that, and instinctively the eternal feminine cook knows what she's about. But when men invade women's immemorial domain! Could you for a minute imagine a worse condition than that of this pictured kitchen scene in French Guinea?

Everything on the floor pell-mell. Chickens running around, not yet killed, and the time for the banquet approaching.

But now they start the fires under great sheets of iron or beaten metal. They seize the fowls, wring their necks, pluck them ruthlessly, pitch the meat into the pans, stir the millet in pots with great sticks. And soon the feast will begin.

Among the unique kitchens of civilized countries one of the most interesting is that of the Mexican Indians, the land of tortillas. These long flap-jack-like cakes are pressed out on boards and cooked on sheets of metal over outdoor fires. Ask the dark-eyed Mexican girl, and she'd tell you what other cooks the world over will tell you, that her way is the best. And who would doubt the cook?



Well Ventilated Kitchen of Venezuela



PHOTOS FROM PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL MUSEUMS.

Queen of a Pima Indian Kitchen