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MODERN METHODS.

And Also Modern Cooks, and What the Result Always Is.

"The old-fashioned cook who cleaned her cooking vessels by swabbing them out with her finger is a relic of the dark ages," declared Mr. Hiller, the cooking expert who is in Lincoln for the purpose of demonstrating that the art of cookery is really a science.

And as she was talking Mrs. Hiller went right ahead showing that it was just as easy to cook good food, serve it daintily and do it economically, as it is to do it the old way.

"In modern cooking the old method of guessing is eliminated," continued Mrs. Hiller. "We are as exact in our measurements as the architect or the patternmaker."

Several hundred women sat and watched and listened with deep interest as Mrs. Hiller measured and talked and baked and broiled, and her every word and motion was fraught with information. She made a toothsome toast, covered it with white sauce, garnished it with egg and put it on a platter. She baked some pop-overs that would make a dyspeptic shout with delight. She built a peach shortcake that was a dream of gustatory joy, and topped the exhibition off by broiling a porterhouse to just that shade of delicious pink clear through that is the acme of every housewife's ambition and the ultimate of every husband's household hope. It was all done with a cleverness of method, a cleanliness of preparation and a speed that appealed to all.

"People talk about the 'robber gas companies,'" said Mrs. Hiller, "but be that as it may—I am not here to defend anybody or anything save cleanliness and economy—it would be well to investigate for yourselves and not be swayed by prejudice."

Mrs. Hiller's demonstrations are all made with a gas range, and she injects a thousand and one little gems of thought that show her thorough belief in the utility of gas as a fuel, especially in the kitchen. An interested listener had a thought while Mrs. Hiller was mentioning those who talked about "robber gas companies." There are "others." For instance, there is the husband who robs his wife of health and comfort and time and convenience by compelling her to split kindlings and lug in coal to keep the infernally hot steel range going and

heat the kitchen seven times hotter than a potter's oven in order that she may bake or broil for the husband who is taking his ease in the Morris chair and reading the evening paper while waiting for his supper.

Down town the husband dictates to a stenographer in order to save his time and his physical energy. He rides to and from his work in the street cars. He pushes an electric button and calls an office boy to deliver messages. He insists on having everything convenient and as comfortable as possible. But it's different out at the house. The wife is suffering over a red-hot steel range in order to bake bread or pies, to boil the potatoes or to make the coffee. The coal hod is emptied. There is no "office boy" to call with an electric bell and send after the coal. The wife must hike out and expend her strength in lugging in the coal for herself. The ash pan is filled. No "office boy" on hand. The wife must drag out the ash pan, carry it to the alley and then shove it back under the red-hot grate while the heat singes her hair and scorches her face.

O, yes; there are worse robbers than the gas companies are, even though they were guilty of all that is charged against them. The husband who robs his wife of health and strength and comfort is the worst robber of the lot.

The busy housewife snatches a few moments "rest" in the afternoon by getting out of the darned basket. She becomes intent upon her work and scarcely notes the flight of time. Suddenly she looks at the clock, gives an exclamation of dismay and jumps to her feet. Nearly supper time and the husband will soon be home, tired and hungry and nervous from his long eight hours' work at the office. She hurries to the kitchen. The fire is out. The coal bucket is empty. The ash pan is full. It would never do to wait until "hubble" comes home and ask him to split the kindling, carry in the coal and lug out the ashes. No, indeed! He will be so tired after dictating letters to a stenographer and giving orders to the office boy that it would be cruel to ask him to do that sort of thing. So the woman who has done nothing all day but get breakfast, prepare the children for school, wash dishes, make beds, sweep rooms, get noonday lunch for the little ones, wash more dishes set the sponge, knead

bread and darn an endless array of worn stockings and torn frocks—the woman who has done nothing but these simple and easy duties all day, hurries to the woodshed and splits some kindlings. Then she shakes down the ashes and puts in the kindlings. Discovering that the coal hod is empty she hurries to the coal shed and lugs in forty or fifty pounds of black and dirty coal. Just as she starts to touch a match to the kindlings she discovers that the ash pan is so full that it will shut off the draft. So she hurries out with the dirty ash pan, empties it and hurries back. Then she lights the fire. In half an hour the steel range is hot enough to boil coffee, fry potatoes and bake biscuits. By that time, too, the kitchen is hot enough to kill a poor weak man if perchance he should have to endure it while engaged in the extremely hard work of dictating to a stenographer and swearing at an office boy.

And when the grouchy husband—tired and weary—gets home he wonders why his wife looks worn and tired and says to himself that it's "such a pity that his wife can not dress up and look as pretty as she used to look before they were married and he called on her three or four or seven evenings a week.

Wouldn't that jar you? If every husband in Lincoln had to cook a week over a red-hot steel range they would break their necks getting down to the gas office to order in gas ranges. The Wageworker is trying to improve the conditions of the wage-earning classes. For that reason it is going to hammer away at "robber husbands" until they give their tired and worn wives something like the conveniences they demand for themselves.

A young housewife who watched Mrs. Hiller with deep interest wanted to ask a question, and being there in quest of information she did not hesitate a minute.

"Would it not be possible to broil that steak just as well in a gasoline oven on top of the stove?"

"What! A gasoline oven in this busy and enlightened age!" exclaimed Hiller.

"O, I don't mean a gasoline stove—I mean a detachable oven such as is used on a gasoline stove."

The audience laughed at the housewife's instant disclaimer, because it is really a joke to even think about using gasoline for cooking purposes in

this day of gas ranges. "I always remove the bone from a steak," said Mrs. Hiller. "It is merely a matter of choice, and it is a mistake to think that leaving the bone in makes the meat sweeter. Removing it enables the carver to perform his work better; that's all. But the bone and the tough end of the porterhouse need not be wasted—the stock pot should always be at hand. From the stock pot we get the bases for our soups."

Thus talking and trimming and demonstrating, Mrs. Hiller prepared the porterhouse. It was two inches thick, and it had just the deep pink color that all steaks should have. She put it on the broiler, first greasing the broiler with a bit of the fat cut from the steak. The steak was put under the blaze and turned every few seconds. As she turned the steak she talked, and by the time the steak was done—just to a turn—she had told all about how it should be done.

And when the steak was carved and passed around the hungry man in the rear of the demonstration hall sniffed with delight and made ready to spear a bit when it came near.

Mrs. Hiller is presiding over a cooking school under the auspices of the Woman's club, and she should have a class that embraces every housewife in Lincoln.

FAREWELL RECEPTION.

Friends of Mrs. S. A. Hoon Meet to Bid Her Goodbye. Capital Auxiliary No. 11 tendered a farewell reception to Mrs. S. A. Hoon last Tuesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Michel. Despite the bad weather a large number of Auxiliary members and their husbands were present and the evening was happily spent in social conversation, music and story telling.

Refreshments were served, and just as the guests were rising from the tables Mrs. W. M. Maupin made a short speech and on behalf of the Auxiliary presented Mrs. Hoon with a handsome silver berry spoon. Mrs. Hoon responded briefly and thanked the organization for its thoughtfulness and kindness.

Mrs. Hoon and her two daughters left Thursday for Denver, where they will join Mr. Hoon, who has been in Colorado for several months in search of renewed health. The best wishes of "printerdom" and a host of other friends accompany Mrs. Hoon.



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Ethel—What makes you look so pleased?
Edith—Oh! "Jack" says I'm the first girl he ever proposed to on his automobile.

Irate Parent—Tell that young Soft-leigh that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house.
Daughter—But, papa, he doesn't want the house; it's me that he's after.