

# Modern Facilities for Cooking

**T**HE facilities for attractive cookery were never so great as now. A whole battery of handy implements enables the housewife to make her everyday fare tempting and varied at a minimum outlay of time and trouble.

The department of moulds and fancy cutters alone is an imposing array varying from the handsome copper-bordered moulds to those of the cheap tin or lead, enameled or potter's ware, but all of equal shapeliness and efficiency. In a class by themselves are the ice cream moulds, big and little, representing all manner of shapes and embellishments.

The meats, fish, poultry or vegetables for croquettes can now be prepared in half the time it formerly took, by means of the handy shredders and grinders, lightning slicers, ingenious presses and revolving mills for manipulating such matters, all a vast improvement on chopping the substances by hand bit by bit with a simple chopper in a wooden tray. And for rubbing and mixing the ingredients, seasonings, etc., to still further smoothness come cunning little mortars and pestles of wood, marble or porcelain.

As many as six distinct sorts of egg whips of different grades are available. The new boning knives make the boning of poultry and meats easy. And if oil or melted sugar or butter is to be dropped into the compound at a certain stage there

is a little automatic dropper to help in the mixing.

The new-time housewife can buy her fruit and nut essences and flavorings all ready for use in a variety and perfection of quality that the former makers of puddings, sauces and blanc mange and jelly flavorings never dreamed of. She has inventions in her pantry that will core olives or stone raisins and cherries, and pare apples and peaches with great dexterity, when she has a dessert to prepare in a hurry.

The new-century housewife does not realize all the advantages at her disposal until she remembers the old ways of doing.

Did the old-time housewife want to have light rolls shaped in crescents and lady fingers, she had first to concoct the yeast from fundamental substances and from this make a batter that must be allowed to rise and be worked over twice before the baking an operation involving many hours and much watching. She could not make rolls on the spur of the moment as her descendants can by the use of magic or compressed yeast to leaven the compound and work equally good results with half the time and labor. Superior baking powders were unknown to the old-timers.

The old-time housewife had no such array of delicate farina boilers and kettles as graces the new-century kitchen. Fine cooking utensils were the exception not the rule. None of the cheap and attractive enameled wares had come in. One porcelain lined iron pot and a brass preserving

kettle or two probably formed her entire stock of dessert-cooking apparatus.

She set her custards and blanc mange in plain cups. Two fancy frying baskets were in use and her fritters and pop-overs came out any shape that luck might determine.

The housewife of old had no coloring for the fancy viands other than those of the natural fruits and berries. For flavoring she touched a spray of peach leaves to her boiling custard or put in genuine almonds. Few essences were to be had, and in expressing the juice from limes or lemons for flavoring purposes no patent squeezers were available. All her coconuts and cherries and chocolates must be grated by hand.

To decorate pastry and cakes there were no decorating tubes, pastry syringes and batter forciers as can now be had in great variety and attractiveness. The housewife habitually twisted a lighter of writing paper to apply the delicate icing ornaments to her cakes. She pricked the edges of pies and tarts with a fork, or indented them with the tip of a knife or a spoon handle dipped in flour to prevent sticking.

She nipped a piece out of the middle of her doughnuts with a thimble and cut out fancy biscuits and jumbles by the eye. She put many pretty things on her table that tempted the appetite, particularly because they pleased the eye, but she had much more trouble in making them than is demanded now.

## The First Stomach

(Continued from Page Three.)

right. But we, knowing of cell growth, have learned how the "animal" became an animal. We have learned how it achieved a stomach.

What I have explained simply and without scientific terms is the ground principle of the famous theory of the Gastraea.

It was first formulated sharply and decisively by Ernst Haeckel. Springing from the Greek word "Gaster" (the stomach), it describes that cup-shaped animal form whose genesis the reader has beheld.

The "arch-stomach animal" we might call it in plain English.

Haeckel furnished proof that such a creature, with primitive "division of labor" into skin and stomach, must, indeed, have been the arch and root form of the whole higher animal world in the gray days of world evolution.

The formation of primitive beings into cell communities, cell clumps or cell bladders occurred repeatedly in the beginning of life. Such cell clumps then developed in two wholly different directions—some in the direction of the many-celled, true plant, the others in the direction of the many-celled, true animal.

The plant shows no stomach in the sense of the stomach of the animal. Even though some higher plants—the so-called insectivorous plants—produce juices like the gastric juices and "digest" captured insects, the process has nothing in common with genuine stomach and intestinal formation. But in all animals—with the exception of only a few degenerate parasites—the stomach is the most characteristic organ and one that is developed even where the nervous system still is lacking.

So the beginning of the stomach, the appearance in the world of the arch-stomach animal, or gastraea, is the great vital moment in the life history of the higher animals.

In the family tree of these higher animals, as Haeckel has worked it out, the gastraea forms the point of departure for all ramifications, all upward development. Two main branches go out from it in the beginning, working by two different methods the mode of life of the cell cup.

In one branch the living cup gave up its swimming life and fastened itself to the ocean bottom with its lower, closed side, thus becoming the ancestor of the animal sponges and the polyps. In the other branch it continued to swim or crawl straight ahead and thus gradually extend itself laterally. This led finally to a symmetrical development of both ends. An opening appeared at the end opposite the cup, or mouth.

With that opening the cup creature became a tube. The intestine had formed. The creature was a worm.

The worm, in turn, became the primordial ancestor of the highest animals—the soft creatures, such as mollusks; the prickly skins, such as sea stars; the articulated animals, such as crabs, spiders, insects, and the vertebrates.

And the vertebrate, that began with the fish, ended in the mammal with man.

The true, primitive gastraea has not been discovered yet. But there are many living forms that stand so near the gastraea that Haeckel himself has felt justified in naming them "gastroedias," and in a recent work it has been possible to publish a plate with no less than sixteen figures of such creatures.

Our fresh water polyp belongs to this group. It exists today practically with

nothing except skin and stomach, although it has advanced to the stationary form of life. Then there are certain low sponge-like forms of animal.

Jean Paul once said very admirably that the poet begins where a man discovers that everything that is old and of "every-day" is really wonderful. In this sense, every thinking person should be a poet.

I hope that the reader who has made this little expedition into the mystery of life will be conscious that there is nothing trivial in the light of knowledge. The stomach, in the gastraea theory, becomes one of the wonders of the wonderland of life.

WILHELM BOETSCHKE.

## Conductor Oughty-Two

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

would have applied some epithet to the conductor's wife.

"She," said her companion, coldly, "is the daughter—the only one, of Stephen Van Rensselaer of Bellport."

Mrs. Brown gasped. "Wha—What?" she exclaimed, "and did she marry a conductor?"

The other woman laughed. "So that's it, is it," she demanded with a twinkle in her eye, "of course, she did. I thought you knew. She married the famous Number Oughty-two—and it was a famous match for each. Do you mean to say that you never heard about him?"

Mrs. Brown was bewildered. "Tell me," she commanded.

"Why, he was valedictorian of his class—the Class of Oughty-two, last year's class, you know. When they gave him a job on the road he insisted on having for his number his class year. So they call him the Oughty-two conductor. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," doubtfully replied Mrs. J. P. Brown, "but who is he anyway—I don't quite understand."

"He's learning the trolley business," went on the other, "and he has started in at the bottom rung of the ladder. So he's a trolley car conductor. His father is the owner of the road, you know. He's the son of Duncan Cradlebaugh of Bellport."

Mrs. J. Pendleton Brown wilted. She is still skirting the fringe on the edge of the crust of society. She is still without the magic circle. The inner cubes of the magic boxes still resist her efforts.

## Old World Flocks to New

(Continued from Page Four.)

to work for the clinging brood that they bring with them.

Herein may be found the reason why the second generation is so easily absorbed in the American body politic, while the first clings tenaciously to old world customs.

"My wife and I," said Antonio Sabrola, from Rome, to the interpreter, "will work for the children and send them to school and make them like your children."

"But how about yourself and your wife—won't you become Americans, too?" questioned the interpreter.

Sabrola shrugged his shoulders. "We are old," he answered. "A bent olive tree full grown cannot be made straight. It is enough for us to work to make our children like yours."

A similar answer was given by an Austrian German miner bound for the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania.

"Maybe my sons, when they are through school, will become storekeepers like my

brother," he said, "and live in a fine house like Americans, but my woman and I are used to a hut."

Of the single men every one answered "to work" when asked why he came; but pressed as were the men of families, many amplified their brief replies:

"To work at many things and to get up and be somebody," said a northern Italian.

"To work for a home for my sweetheart and have her here as my wife. Why? My brother in Minnesota says this is a fine country to raise a family in," said a Scandinavian.

"To work and do as I damn please, so long as I don't break a law," was the rejoinder of a bristling Irishman.

"To be left alone at your work and in your home, and not have your property and liberty taken away by the soldiers," was a Finn's answer.

Of the hundred or more immigrants who were interviewed, so to speak, this Finn was the only one who spoke the word "liberty." This is explained by the fact that Finland is being roughly Russitized just now, while in the other countries represented among the immigrants questioned no drastic measures have been lately instituted. Even a half dozen Poles, typical representatives of a liberty-loving race, failed to use the word. But they showed their love of country and liberty, when the interpreter jokingly asked: "Is Poland dead yet?"

The men's shoulders straightened, their eyes blazed.

"Poland is not dead—it will never die!" they cried.

One of these men was Jan Jablonski, who had previously declared that he came to America in order to give his children a better chance in life.

"And what is liberty but untrammelled opportunity?" said the interpreter to his companion, after Jablonski's answer had been reiterated by other mouths.

"I, myself, fifteen years ago came through as these men are doing now. Then I said to myself, 'I am coming here to have a better chance to earn a living.' I now know fully what I felt vaguely then—that only in a free land like America can better opportunities be secured. Therefore, I really came here that I and mine might have more freedom. For the same reason these immigrants are here at the nation's great doorway waiting to be let in."

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