Delicious and Savory Souffle's

An Egg Souffle is Easy to Prepare.

Put in the Oven for a Moment to Brown

Orange Souffle with Candied Cherries.

PRONOUNCED as if written "soof-flay." Some will recognize them by the hearing of the ear who might mispronounce the printed word into unintelligibility.

"Kitchen French" thus relates it: "A pudding beaten to a froth and baked very quickly."

Our good standby, the dictionary and encyclopedia, goes into details: "A delicate dish, sometimes savory, but usually sweet. It is made light by incorporating whites of eggs beaten to a froth, and placing it in an oven, from which it is removed the moment it puffs up, and served at once."

Not a bad description from one who, presumably, is not a professional cook. The souffle is as often savory as sweet in my kitchen. It is one of the most popular methods known to us of utilizing left-overs. As I shall show presently, there are few vegetables that may not be saved from the stigma of "warmed-ups" by working them into the compound with the French name. For a quarter century the potato puff has been a frequent and welcome visitor to our table. It may not taste better when christened "souffle," but it more nearly approximates the dignity of a "company dish," especially if it be crowned with a meringue.

She is a stupid or bigoted mistress who does not learn something from every change of cooks. I, for one, am not ashamed to confess myself the debtor to even the least accomplished woman who has ever presided ever my range and sink. If you will deign to study her methods, you will find that each incumbent has some specialty. One, a redheaded daughter of Erin, boasted modestly when I engaged her, that she "had quite a name for her corn bread." She was a mediocre cook in general. She made the best corn bread I have ever eaten that was made of Northern Indian meal. I introduced the recipe into my first cook book under the title of "Nonpareil Corn Bread," and told her I had done it. From a second cook I got a capital recipe for Yorkshire pudding, registering it under its rightful name in the face of her insistent declaration that it was "Auction Pudding." To a later date belongs my instructor in souffles. She was a fair cook in other lines. She had a genius for souffles. It did not lower my respect for her that she was conscious of this. So long as harmless vanity in her one accomplishment did not interfere with the average excellence of her work, I encouraged her. In fact, I had secret enjoyment in the sight of Janetta's mien and movements when allowed to transform a cupful or a saucerful of this or that left-over that might have been consigned to the garbage pail but for her proclivity to reduce any given culinary to a souffle.

Her methods were worth watching. To begin with—and this stage is commended as an example to the novice in kitchen work—she collected all needed materials and tools before beginning the real business of the hour. Eggs, cream or milk, the vegetable or fruit, or marmalade, or rice or tapioca, which was to act as the foundation of the airy structure—bowls, egg beater, bake dish, sugar and other condiments—were set in intelligent order upon the table and duly scanned ere she seated herself solemnly in front of the array and fell to work. In the three years of her incumbency she never once failed to send in a souffle at the right moment—puffy, tender, hot, and in all things satisfactory. What matter if an artist magnify her office when the result is invariably success? It is something to be proud of—the ability to do one thing as well, if not better, than anybody else can do it—be it ruling an empire or tossing up a souffle.

Set the Souffle in Cold Water

RECIPES FOR SOUFFLES OF VARIOUS KINDS

A Chinese Souffle.

PUT two tablespoonfuls of butter into a deep frying pan, and when it hisses stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Rub and stir to a smooth "roux" and add gradually a cupful of milk. Bring to a boil, having dropped a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda into the milk, and stir in an even cupful of grated cheese, a saltspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne. In two chilled bowls have ready the yolks and the whites of four eggs, beaten separately and very light. Turn the contents of the frying pan into a third bowl, and pour in with this gradually the beaten yolks, beating all the time. Fold into the mixture, and lightly, the stiffened whites. Pour all into a bakedish ready heated and buttered and bake in a quick, steady oven to a delicate brown. Send to the table promptly, before it falls.

Bread-and-Cheese Souffle.

Scald two cupfuls of milk, adding a half-teaspoonful of soda. Add a cupful of fine, dry crumbs, and take from the fire. Leave the crumbs in soak for ten minutes, beat to a smooth paste, add a cupful of dry cheese, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of cayenne, and a saltspoonful of salt. Beat hard for a minute, and add the yolks of three eggs whipped light; lastly, the stiffened whites of the eggs. Pour into a heated and buttered bakedish, sift fine cracker dust on the top and bake, covered, for fifteen minutes in a brisk oven. Uncover and brown slightly. A delicious dish, and more wholesome than one based entirely upon cheese.

Baked Souffle of Eggs.

Scald a cup of milk, putting in a tiny pinch of soda. Beat the yolks of six eggs until light and creamy, and the whites till stiff enough to stand alone. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of peper and one rounded tablespoonful of butter to the milk, and stir it into the yolks; then beat in the eggs very quickly. Then pour into a deep, buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven ten minutes, or to a delicate brown. Serve immediately in a bakedish.

Orange Souffle.

Cut stale sponge cake into small cubes and saturate with orange juice. Pour into a dish and pour over it rich custard. Cover with whipped cream and put Maraschino cherries on top.

Spinach Souffle.

Chop a cupful of cold cooked spinach very fine, or run it through the vegetable press. Beat in a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, half a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of mace or nutmeg. Stir and beat to a smooth paste; add a cupful of milk, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and when these are well mixed with the other ingredients, pour in the stiffened whites. Beat for thirty seconds and turn into a buttered dish. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. It is very good.

Green Pea Souffle.

Mash a cupful of cooked peas to a smooth pulp, working in, as you go on, a tablesponoful of melted butter. Mix with this a cupful of milk, into which you have dropped a pinch of soda. Season with salt and pepper; beat in the whipped yolks of three eggs, and, a minute later, the stiffened whites. Turn into a buttered bakedish; bake, covered, in a brisk oven for twenty minutes, then brown lightly.

Potato Souffle.

Into a cupful of mashed potatoes work a cupful and a half of milk which has been scalded, and a pinch of soda added. Beat hard and light. Season with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Add a teaspoonful of melted butter and beat to a cream before whipping in the yolks, then the whites, of two beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake, covered, for ten minutes in a quick oven. Then, uncover and brown.

Rice Souffle.

Make a roux of a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour heated and stirred together in a saucepan. When smooth pour in a cupful of milk heated with a bit of soda. Remove from the fire, and, when it is lukewarm, beat into the sauce a cupful of cold boiled rice, then the yolks, and finally the whites of three eggs, beaten separately. Bake in a pudding dish set in a quick oven. Keep the dish covered for ten minutes.

Onion Souffle.

Make as you would the rice souffle, substituting for the cold boiled rice a cupful of boiled onions—yesterday's "leftover"—run through the colander or vegetable press, and free from all bits of skin and fiber.

It is very savory.

The Queen of Souffles.

Soak half a pound of prunes over night. On the morrow drain them well, remove the stones and mince the prunes finely. Whip the whites of seven eggs to a standing foam, beat in quickly six spoonfuls of powdered sugar; whip the minced prunes into this meringue; turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a hot oven. Twenty minutes should send it to table hot and high—a very dream of lightness and deliciousness.

Serve whipped cream as a sauce.

Date Souffle.

Is made in the same way, and is esteemed by some epicures as hardly second to the "Queen."

Chocolate Souffle.

Make a roux of a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. When smooth, add, by degrees, three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Have ready in a bowl the beaten yolks of three eggs, into which have been stirred three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Turn the white sauce upon this; add four tablespoonfuls of grated sweet chocolate, and whip to a lukewarm cream. Set on ice to cool, stirring now and then to hinder a crust from forming. When quite cold, fold in the frothed whites of the eggs, and turn into a buttered pudding dish. Bake quickly and serve at once with whipped cream.

The Housemothers' Exchange

MENUS FOR A WEEK OF TASTY MEALS

Sunday.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges. Cereal and cream. Fish croquettes. Muffins. Brown bread toast. White bread. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Veal loaf. Baked sweet potatoes. Baked beans. Boston brown bread. Custard pudding. Cocoa.

DINNER.

Tomato bisque. Brown fricassee of chicken. Spinach a la creme. Rice and cheese sauce. Lettuce salad. Crackers and cheese. Prune souffle. Black coffee.

Monday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Oatmeal, Jelly and cream. Curried eggs. Rolls. Toast. Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON.

Little pigs in blankets. Baked rice (a left-over). Scalloped Irish potatoes. Sliced oranges and sugar. Cake. Tea or cocoa.

DINNER.

Macaroni soup with Parmesan cheese. Chicken pie (founded upon yesterday's fricassee). Spinach souffle (a left-over). Stuffed Bermuda onions. Chocolate flummery with whipped cream. Black coffee.

Tuesday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Rice porridge and cream. Fried bacon. Oatmeal scones. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Smoked salmon with creamed sauce. Graham gems. Stewed potatoes. Tea. Soft gingerbread and cheese.

DINNER.

Creamed rice soup. Irish stew with dumplings. Whipped sweet potatoes. Cauliflower with cheese sauce. Sliced pineapple with wine. Cake. Black coffee.

Wednesday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Cereal with cream. Scrambled eggs. Indian meal cakes. Toast. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Baked omelet. Sweet potato puff (a left-over). Cabbage salad with boiled egg dressing. Bread. Crackers and cheese. Cornstarch custard. Cocoa.

DINNER.

Black bean soup. Fresh beef tongue, baked, au gratin. Stewed carrots. Spinach. Cornstarch hasty pudding with cream sauce. Black coffee.

Thursday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Indian meal mush and cream. Bacon and eggs. Popovers. Brown bread. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Salt salmon au maitre d'hotel. Cold tongue. Stewed potatoes. Tomato toast. Tea or cocoa.

DINNER.

Potato soup. Boiled fowl. Rice with cheese sauce. Asparagus. Fig pulling. Black coffee.

Friday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Hominy boiled in milk. Poached eggs on toast. Griddle cakes and maple syrup. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Fried smelts, with lemon. Baked rice and tomato (a left-over). Stuffed potatoes. Cake and cocoa.

DINNER.

Oyster bisque. Boiled halibut. Mashed potatoes. Asparagus on toast. Lemon meringue pie. Black coffee.

Saturday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Cereal and cream. Boiled eggs. Fried bacon. Graham gems. Toast. Tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Creamed halibut (a left-over). Potato souffle (a left-over). Baked cream toast. Lettuce salad. Lady cake and tea.

DINNER.

Asparagus soup. Leg of mutton, larded and boiled. Turnips, creamed. Mashed potatoes. Stewed tomatoes. Strawberry shortcake. Black coffee.

Recipe for Leb Kuchen.

It gives me pleasure to forward to you the recipe for "Leb Kuchen," for which application was made a little while ago.

Four eggs, one pound of brown sugar, half a pound of flour, a quarter-pound of almonds and the same quantity of candied lemon or orange peel, one pound of icing sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, the same of allspice, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, juice and rind of half a lemon, and juice and rind of one orange.

Cream four yolks and three whites of the eggs and the brown sugar—beating them with the hand, not with an egg-beater. This is absolutely necessary if you would be successful in making the cakes. When well beaten add the almonds. Cut each into bits, but do not blanch the nuts. Next come the candied peel, cut rather fine, the spices, and the soda. Dissolve the last in the juice of the lemon. Lastly put in the flour.

Roll into a sheet and cut into pieces 2½ inches square. Bake in a fairly hot oven.

While the cakes are still hot, coat with icing made by blending the reserved white of egg, the icing sugar, the orange peel and juice. The juice will thin the sugar to the right consistency.

The above quantities should make from four to five dozen cakes.

F. T. A., Germantown, Pa.

Lady Baltimore Cake.

I have had so many helpful ideas from your Exchange that I feel constrained to make some return, so I am sending "B. B." the recipe she wants. That is for Lady Baltimore cake.

I wish to ask the same question which "K. N." propounds: Do you know of any book that tells what vegetables, fruits and meats should be used together? And how to serve meals properly?

I have seen meals served in so many different ways, and then heard them criticised by various persons who claimed to be "up" on such matters, that, to one who is not a "professional," it is decidedly perplexing. If "B. B." will look on page 334 of "Common Sense in the Household" she will find a recipe for a white cake which is, in my opinion, better than Lady Baltimore. I have had the book for twenty-nine years, and still consult what my little daughter calls "Mother Marion."

A. L. G. (Kearney, Neb.)

There may be such a manual as you wish to get, but I have no knowledge of it. When I get time to do some of the dozen things I long to undertake, I shall prepare it myself, if none is published before that very uncertain date.

It is not often that I print one of the sweet bits of praise which are to me like the daily fall of manna in what, but for the honest, generous appreciation of my work and motives, would be a weary wilderness. I depart from my rule now, because our Nebraska member has approached me on my weak side. Believing, as I do—thankfully and devoutly—that woman's highest earthly mission is maternity, I accept and prize above any other tribute the assurance that the thousands to whom I am permitted to minister have for me, in a more or less degree, filial confidence and affection. One of the most blessed texts in the Bible is, "As one whom his mother comforeth." It is full of deep and solemn meaning to every true mother. When the night cometh in which none can work, my Nunce Dimittis would be all thanksgiving if I could know that I have awakened American women to a lively sense of the value of their incommunicable gift, and won them to accept it as a precious privilege. I cannot trust myself to write or to speak upon this great subject, for feeling overflows bounds. I do not exaggerate in saying that, in the thought of what motherhood means, and in the sight of the growing disdain felt for the beautiful mission by a mighty class of our countrywomen, I am ready, in bitterness of spirit, to take up the lamentation, "If thou, even thou, hadst known the things that belong to thy peace!"

Will readers pardon the outbreak from a full heart brought forth by the little daughter's "Mother, Marion?" God bless the child!

The Lady Baltimore recipe will appear later among other culinary formulas.

Bran Bread.

After weeks of patient waiting, your answer to my request is before me—Yankee doughnuts for "F. C. R."

It goes immediately into my treasured scrapbook. I thank you most heartily for it.

Bran bread is made from real bran. I may say, in reply to your query on the subject, the same kind of bran that is used for cooking and eating. The specialists are making a great thing of it now, because of its gentle massage of the bowels. Two tablespoonfuls are taken with oatmeal in the morning, and at night one teaspoonful of liquid vaseline as a "calmer."

Bran bread, however, is more appetizing and cures some cases of constipation without medicine. I should be very grateful to anyone who would teach me how to make it.

Your Italian column is intensely interesting, and recalls my own experience in Italy. Can you give me the recipe for "merritozzi?" My spelling may not be correct. I mean that delicious Lenten bun we enjoyed so much in Rome.

F. C. R. (Chicago).

I am sorry I do not recall your Lenten bun, yet I thought myself fairly up with regard to Roman delicacies, especially the cakes and creams from Nazari's, in which we reveled during two idylic Roman winters and springs.

I refer your query to our Italian constituents.

A Word for Turkeys.

Ever since I read in your paper the account of an interview with the man who provides the Presidential holiday turkeys I have hoped to see some adverse comment from the press.

In brief, the description of the manner of dressing the fowls was as follows:

"Hang the turkey head downward, slit its throat and let it bleed slowly to death, meanwhile plucking it, so that by the time it is dead it will be completely plucked."

That is, the creature is virtually tortured to death, subjected to slow and exquisite torment for no better reason than to add a fancied delicacy of flavor to tempt pampered appetites.

The story was published without adverse comment, as I have said. The publicity given to it is bound to spread the practice, since there are always brainless imitators ready to seize upon novelties.

Cannot and will not you do what you can to lessen the effect of the tale by denouncing the barbarity? I am certain that your sympathies are with the oppressed and suffering, even if the victims are birds who must, perforce, die in some way that we may give thanks properly for our blessings.

J. S. (Belvidere, Ill.).

You assume rightly that I deprecate the infliction of needless pain upon any of God's creatures. If you read my paper, published in our corner a while ago, upon a Roman Christmas, you may recall the descrpition of a scene similar to that of which you speak, and my feelings in witnessing the barbarity.

It is a noteworthy fact that cowards are generally cruel, and that, as Bayard Taylor sings:

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

The widow of General Custer told me a story which illustrates this beautifully. No incident in the brave man's life became him better. One day, as the long line of soldiers and baggage wagons was toiling over the Western plains, the quick eye of the leader who rode at the head of the procession espied a birds' nest half hidden in a sage brush in the exact line of the march. The mother bird sat still, covering eggs or brood. In a second the word of command rang down the line. None except those nearest to the general knew why the course of cavalry, foot-soldiers and wagons was deflected to the right. But the mother sat safe upon the little brown nest among the weeds. The march of an army was changed to spare her and her brood.

Cowper would not enter on his list of friends the man

Who needlessly would set his foot upon a worm.

If creatures must die to feed other creatures, let execution be swiftly merciful. Torture is a sin.

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