

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

A BOON TO WEAK STOMACHS.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. When the Risleys were invited to a paper-bagged dinner, they came prepared to scoff—and openly. Charming people both, but a bit difficult. Especially the husband. The root of his difficulties I had long since set down as a stomach maladjustment, in doing its whole duty. The stomach's owner took on fat too readily, but did not gain strength proportionately to his thriving.

Therefore I permitted them to be in at the death—the death of several paper bags, the resurrection of their contents. When the broiler came forth bearing a biggish bag, black-brown at the corners, and ready to crack at a touch, they stood smiling, but critical, waiting to see what I would do with it. Catching the bag either side the cut, I lifted it gently; it came apart along the seams, revealing a chicken, roasted to the most delicate brown all over. But when the carving knife went in there came out the finest saucy juice, and in such quantity it was possible to add "dash-gravy" to the plates as well as that in the boat.

"I never tasted real chicken before," young Risley said, as he took a second helping. His wife gave him an anxious look. "Be careful, dear," she urged. "You know, you've been on the verge of a bad spell all week." His answer was to take another sweet potato, and help himself to succotash—both had been cooked in bags. Salad he disdainfully upon hearing that there was in wait a damson roly poly—by help of which he rounded out a noble meal. His wife also ate heartily to my great joy. But I saw apprehension in her eye, until the very last.

Early next morning she called me. "Jack slept like a baby and says he has of felt so well in ages," she said. "Where can I get some paper bags?" M. Soyer states positively that paper bag cookery is fine for contrary stomachs. My experience backs him up in this statement.

The succotash which I made for my friends, the Risleys, was prepared in this manner. Succotash—Boil one pint shelled lima beans in slightly salted water half an hour, drain and put white hot into a well buttered bag. Add green corn cut from the cob—four to six ears according to size, butter the size of an egg, half a tumbler of rich milk, a very little salt, a dust of pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Seal bag, lay on broiler, and cook fifteen minutes. The beans are parboiled thus to avoid overcooking the corn, which requires much less time.

Pumpkin Roly Poly—Damon's are my favorites for this, but any ripe, sound plums will do. Wash and stem them, pick out the seed, and if very juicy, drain away more than half the juice. Sweeten lightly—no spicing is needed. Make puff paste, roll it out in long strips a quarter inch thick, sprinkle sugar on the upper side, then spread thinly with the stewed fruit, roll up and pinch the ends tight. Roll in a little lump of extra butter. Cook thirty minutes in a hot oven—forty if

the roly is quite big. Serve hot with a sauce made from the extra juice, along with butter and sugar, cooked together over boiling water.

CONVERTING THE COOK.

"But would it be easy to get the cook to take up Soyer's method of paper bag cooking?" That question was put to me the other day by one of my friends who has been captivated with the paper-bag cooked luncheons and dinners I have invited her to eat with me.

In reply to her query I told her I had converted one cook to M. Soyer's method with one "demonstration." This particular queen of the kitchen was a Creole cook who has followed her "Madam" up North away from the delights of her native New Orleans. She feels that she knows pretty well all that is to be known about cooking, especially in the finer parts, and not without reason.

Because her "madam" is my friend, and had eaten things out of paper bags, the cook was sent to see the new method for herself. Less than respectful she cannot possibly be—especially toward one whose cookery she had deigned to approve, yet I was conscious of a certain bewildered amusement in her; her eyes were hawk-like as she watched me grease bags and slip into the biggest of them well seasoned fillets of fish, along with a thinly sliced onion, tomato, p-eled and sliced, a good lump of butter, and a generous squeeze of lemon juice.

I then bagged some very firm, almost green, unpeeled bananas, putting in with them a little water, and finding the trivet that would best fit the remaining shelf-space. I saw my critic smile—a faint, feeble, ghostly smile, and look affectionately at the scrubbing brush. I was sure she saw herself mentally undoing the tragic results of my doing, by scrubbing out the stove floor when bursting bags had made it messy.

I was getting a hurry luncheon-party because there was need of haste, partly to show my pupil how quickly things could be done. A lemon pie and fresh biscuit were kept hot in the trolley-space beneath the oven, shielded from burning by the inverted broiler pan.

Adele, the cook, had not seen them. I meant them for the finishing stroke. After five minutes a look-in showed bag-corners brown, so I turned off one gas jet and busied myself getting dishes hot. At the end of ten minutes I took 'em out.

Adele was staring at the bag. It was brown, almost crisp at the corners, but only lightly tinged on top, and underneath as sound and tough as when it went in. Yet she had seen bananas come out of it—and her judgment assured her that they were thoroughly, and beautifully cooked. But she was still doubtful.

By time the bananas were out of hand, the fish was ready—six fair-sized fillets made a brave showing in the platter, with the tomatoes splashed over them, the onion showing pearl rings in their red. Supplemented with the potatoes, which came out thoroughly cooked and a delicate brown, and the bananas, they made a satisfying meal.

"Miss Molly says you told her you kin bake fish, and meat and roas' chickens in dese things?" Adele said inderogatively as she stood surveying the uncluttered sink, where never a pot or pan waited her skilled touch. "You can cook almost anything you like," I answered. "But first you must take the trouble to learn how."

Adele nodded thoughtfully. "Yes-um," she said, "I ain't as young as I used ter be—but I sho'ly is goin' ter learn how, and den I won't has any pots and kettles to scrub." (Copyright, 1911, by the Associated Literary Press.)

BARE BACKS LASHED IN ZERO WEATHER

Delaware Convicts With Bodies Nearly Nude Tied to Arms of Cross.

Wilmington, Del.—With arms tied to the extended arms of a cross and with backs bared to the zero gale, two men were mercilessly lashed in the courtyard of the county workhouse here today as part payment of the toll the state exacts for their crimes.

John Brewington received 40 lashes with a cat-o-nine-tails, in addition to which he will serve two years in



Ten Times the Scourge Fell.

state's prison for highway robbery. Arthur Johnson received 20 lashes and will serve one year for larceny. The men suffered frightfully from the cold and from the blood-letting lashes and staggered, semi-conscious, back to their cells. The whippings are all Delaware whippings, were public.

Each wore a heavy blanket wrapped about his neck and hanging down across his chest—but his back was nude. The prisoners' hands were encased in gloves as their extended arms were lashed to the cross—but the winds bit and the snow pelted against their naked backs.

Brewington was whipped first. The back, blue from the cold, shivered and shook as the first blow of the strap fell, cutting nine bloody welts straight across. Ten times the scourge fell, straight down, and 90 livid welts showed on his quivering back. Then, by moving his position Warden Crawford made the strap strike at an angle. Ten blows thus, and the angle was changed, until, when the 40 cruel blows had landed, a perfect grid of embossed flesh, torn and bruised, showed across the wretch's back.

Not a sound did Brewington utter, though his lips were bleeding from the bites he gave as the scourge swished through the air. Johnson, nude to the waist, stood by all the while, shivering with cold and fright; involuntarily he braced himself as each landed on Brewington's shoulders as though he could feel the pain himself. Then, when Brewington's torture was ended, Johnson was led to the cross, pilloried and lashed.

MADMAN WRECKS A CHURCH

Smashes Paintings and Ravages the Altar Furnishings and Sacred Fittings With Frenzy.

Hammonton, N. J.—The interior of St. Joseph's Catholic church in this city looks as though a company of lunatics had treated it to a tornado. Fine paintings and other handsome decorations were cast down and smashed, while other serious damage was wrought by Antonio Bernato, a farmer near town, who had become suddenly insane. When efforts were

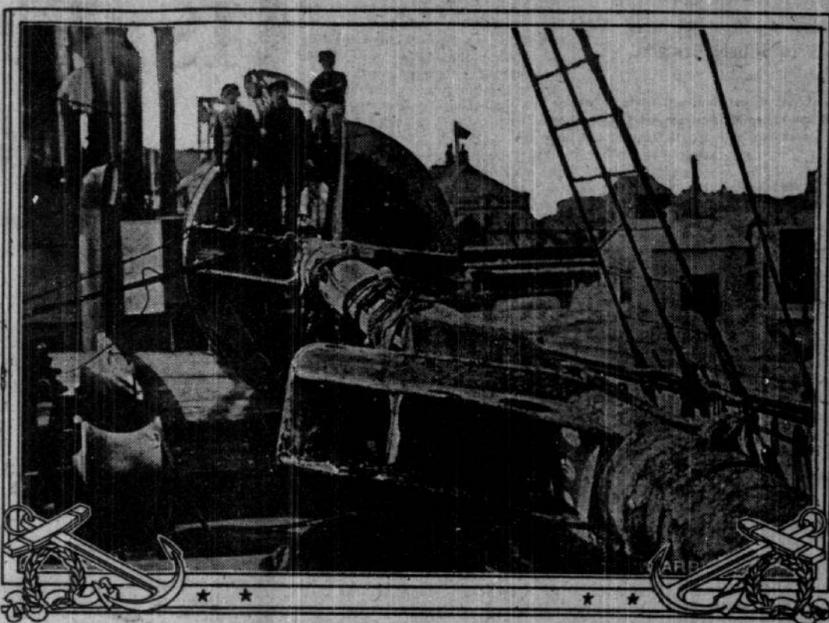


He Ravaged the Furnishings.

made to stop his work of destruction he rushed about the edifice and attacked everybody in sight, holding pretty much half the town at bay for an hour. He was finally captured and sent to the county jail for examination.

Bernato is about forty years old and as strong as an ox, his outdoor life knitting his muscles and giving him a fine physique. He attracted some little attention in town by his peculiar actions and went unnoticed to the church, where he began the work of wreckage. He pulled the paintings from the walls and attacked them with bits of the furniture he had cracked and smashed. He did not molest the sacred statues. At the altar he ravaged the furnishings and sacred fittings with frenzy.

MAIN MAST OF THE ILL-FATED MAINE



THE collier Leonidas recently arrived at the Washington navy yard loaded with relics from the wreck of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. Among them was the main mast which it is intended to erect in Arlington cemetery as a memorial to the men who lost their lives when the ill-fated battleship was blown up. No date has yet been fixed for the ceremony.

SUN YAT SEN'S LIFE

Chief of Republic Has Had an Adventurous Career.

Went to Hawaiian School—Proficient in English, History and Literature—Narrow Escapes From Capture.

Honolulu, H. I.—The "young Chinese party" in Hawaii is represented by 95 per cent of the population of Hawaiian born Chinese and 75 per cent of those whose birthplace is somewhere in China. It is to be wondered at that progressivism has had such a hold where the president of the new republic was brought into the world? Dr. Sun Yat Sen was born in Kula, Island of Maui, November 24, 1870, and was taken to China by his parents when about four years of age, remaining there until he was ten years old.

In 1906 he crossed the Pacific to the mainland and was admitted to the United States as a Chinese student and traveler on a certificate procured by him in China. After touring the United States and Europe he returned to Hawaii, making Honolulu his home. What remained of his family resided at the old homestead on Maui until about four years ago, when the price on the head of the doctor reached an exorbitant figure.

Then they decided to take passage from Honolulu to Japan, where they arrived safely. While in Honolulu and on the voyage to Japan agents of the dowager empress hovered dangerously close to the family, apparently with a view to kidnapping the members and holding them as hostages against the revolutionary doctor. Chicago may not be aware of a census of Chinese taken in Hawaii shortly after annexation. At the time registers of the birth of Chinese in the islands were made and certificates given. It opened the way to graft, and was a source of income to many attorneys, for the Chinese would pay any price for a certificate which showed their children to have been born here and which gave them the franchise. Also, holders of these certificates could get by the argus-eyed inspector of customs and immigration agents on the Pacific coast. A certificate was a valuable asset and rare, indeed, was the Chinese who was not willing to tempt an official to issue one on the payment of much fine gold.

Those of the Chinese securing the coveted paper who were old enough took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Dr. Sun Yat Sen was one of them. That he had once offered a certificate from the Chinese government was not considered a renunciation of his citizenship. His Chinese certificate, issued by the Imperial government, was looked upon as a proof of residence which carried with it the right to travel throughout the empire.

Two years later, when the doctor was in China, the Chinese minister in Paris cabled his government that the much wanted man was traveling between Hanoi and Yunnan and should be arrested. Again the doctor escaped. In 1900 he personally led a little band of 600 rebels in a revolt which had for its object the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a government on western ideals. His

progressing, and turning thousands upon thousands "from the icy grasp of Confucianism" by his statesmanship, by his resource, his indomitable will, his travels, and his acquired knowledge of the written and spoken language of the people among whom he worked.

From Shanghai he penetrated the country in every direction. Hankow, however, has been the principal scene of his work. Today the agencies connected with the Hankow mission include a hospital, a high school, a normal school, a divinity school for the training of native evangelists, and a medical school. Dr. Griffith John translated many books and established the Central China Religious Tract society, which has distributed millions of publications among the Chinese. His translation of the Scriptures gained him the honorary degree of D. D. conferred by Edinburgh university in 1859. He has only spent five years out of China

Missionary is Back Home

Dr. Griffith John Spent More Than Half a Century in Religious Work in the Far East.

London.—After more than half a century in the service of the London Missionary society, and now in his eighty-first year, Dr. Griffith John has returned to his native land a gray haired veteran, broken in health but with his spirit unquenched.

Dr. Griffith John was born at Swansea in 1813, and the religious life early took hold of him. He preached his first sermon when he was 14 years old—at a small prayer meeting held in a private house—and he won fame as a "boy preacher." In 1855 he was ordained and married, and in that year accompanied by his wife, he sailed for Shanghai. "Sending children to convert the Chinese," was one of the criticisms leveled at the young enthusiast, but the "child" grew and waxed strong in the east, never faltering, always

UNLAD GHOST OF TAR DELAYS SHIP

Mates Won't Sail on the Annie Smith With Steve Jackson's Wraith Roaming Decks.

SAILOR WAS MURDERED

And Worse Still, Two Black Cats perched on the Spirit's Form, as the Commander of the Barkentine Was Unable to Put to Sea.

New York.—It was not exactly the fault of Capt. Frederick Foote that the Annie Smith, as trim a little barkentine as you can see in any port, did not sail the other day for Brazilian ports. Nor was it the fault of Edw. Moore, the mate negro that of Steve Jackson, a negro seaman, lately deceased. The blame really belonged to the ghost of the said Steve Jackson.

The Annie Smith, with her general cargo stowed away, her clearance papers signed, her sails ready to be set, was unable to cast off, because Captain Foote could find no mate to sail in her.

And if you speak to Captain Foote and your conscience and your constitution can weather oaths that will make your hair stand on end, you will learn that when Steve Jackson slipped his cable with a knife stuck in between his ribs, he carelessly allowed his ghost to roam at random on the Annie Smith.

That was both unprofessional and unethical on the part of Jackson, and you can hardly blame Captain Foote for using plain and forcible, if unpleasant language.

Captain Foote, you see, joined the Annie Smith only a few days ago. In those few days Steve Jackson's ghost has been working overtime, and with such success that Moore, the mate, quit cold. Moore did not mind a ghost that helped to trim a sail, a hand at



Appeared With a Black Cat on Each Shoulder.

the wheel and a turn at watch, but he did draw the line at a ghost that proucted the fo'castle deck with a couple of black cats poised on its shoulders. And so the mate quit and the captain became sore, and the Annie Smith did not sail.

It was five years ago, when the Annie Smith was bound for the east coast of Africa, that Steve Jackson gave up the ghost. He was murdered in a fight with another negro seaman, and the murderer was placed in irons and later brought back to this port, given over to the authorities, tried and executed.

The night they committed Steve's body to the deep, with only a dead weight of iron to keep him company, the seaman's ghost appeared to the mate.

Moore was at the wheel, eyeing the fluttering of the topgallant sail, as the wind showed signs of shifting, when he heard Steve's voice say: "Good evening, mate." He looked in the direction whence the voice came and there, sitting on the starboard rail, was Steve's ghost, dressed just as Steve was dressed when he signed on the grim ship Death. The mate answered him, but though the ghost remained there, he did not utter another word until after an hour, when he said, "All's well," and disappeared.

Moore soon became used to Steve's ghost, which appeared morning and night, and greeted him, and which said, "All's well," whenever a storm arose.

But after three and a half years the ghostly visitor became too much for Moore, and he left the Annie Smith. A year ago, however, he shipped again in the barkentine, and there was a great little reunion on the first day that the mate took the wheel.

"Morning, mate," said the ghost. "Hello, Steve," quoth Moore as was his wont.

"Well, I've here and you're bin away a powerful long time," grinned the ghost.

"Glad to see you again, Steve," went on Moore. "And say, Steve, just go for'ard to the jib halliards and hoist that jib."

Sure enough, Steve's ghost noisied the jib, and coming back, touched his hat, cried "All's well," and vanished. But the other day the ghost got on Moore's nerves, for if there is one thing that the mate is afraid of it is a black cat, and next to that two black cats, and Steve's ghost appeared to Moore with a black cat on each shoulder.

Moore went to Captain Foote. "I'm here, cap'n," said he. "I'm through. Ghosts is my middle name, but black cats don't go," and after telling Foote the story of Steve's murder and of the ghostly passenger on the Annie Smith, he packed up his things, swung his bundle over his shoulder and rolled down front street.

Cold Meat Cookery

By Nicolas Soyer, Chef of Brooks' Club, London.

Canelon a la Royale.—Take a pound of cold roast veal, free it from skin, fat, etc., and pass it through a mincing machine twice. Add to it six ounces of cooked ham, fat and lean together, also minced. Mix, then add pepper and salt to taste, a teaspoon of minced parsley, a teaspoon half full of minced shallot, a little grated lemon peel, and a dust of nutmeg. Mix again. Add the well-beaten yolks and whites of two eggs, shape into a roll, wrap up in a piece of clean, well-greased paper (a bag cut open), place in bag, and cook for twenty-five minutes.

Mouton Grille a la Indienne.—Underdone mutton for which no other use can be found may be turned into a very nice broil as follows: Cut a sufficient number of slices from a leg of mutton and cut into rounds or squares. Melt a piece of butter, about the size of a large walnut, on a plate in the oven. Add to it a teaspoonful of Harvey's sauce and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly and leave the slices of mutton in the mixture for at least an hour before they are required. Have ready a number of fried cro-

tons, allowing one to each piece of mutton; place the latter on these, put them in a well-oiled paper bag, put bag on broiler, cook for eight minutes.

GAME IN SEASON.

Venison.—Trim the joint of all skin and nerves. Roll in flour, cover the joint with fat ham, bacon, or drippings. Season well, according to taste. Add two glasses of port wine (if desired), seal joint in bag, allow plenty of space in the oven. Allow for joint of three pounds, an hour and a quarter; for one of seven pounds, two hours and a half; fourteen or fifteen pounds, four hours. This must be cooked in a moderate oven.

Roast Quail.—Truss and lard the quail in the usual way. Place in bag, seal up and put on broiler. Allow eight minutes in a very hot oven. It must be cooked quickly. If no lard or fat is used, a little melted butter will do just as well.

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Sea Encroaching On France

Breton Villages and Farms in Danger—Government Assistance Needed for Defense.

Every year a certain number of acres are devoured by the sea on our coasts. The same loss occurs on the French coast, and a serious situation has arisen in the village of Aiguillon, on the Brittany coast.

An entire farm is in danger of being swept away at this point of this coast, for the sea is slowly devouring the sand dunes which form the natural protection of the land. It is feared that the next storm on the coast will flood 4,000 acres, and the government is exhorted to take steps as once to build a sea wall. The village of Aiguillon is not the only place threatened on the French coast.

All along the coast from the mouth of the Somme to the Seine the same process of erosion is going on. On the left bank of the mouth of the Somme a strip of 10,000 acres is in

danger, its only protection being a beach of shingle which is being gradually undermined.

The beach of Onival has been half ruined by the recent storms, and the collection of stones from the bank of shingle that surrounds the coast, for building purposes, has greatly assisted the encroachments of the sea. Even Trepout is suffering from the attacks of the sea. The local authorities will be obliged to take steps to prevent the danger going any further. But the work of strengthening the natural defenses of the coast is laborious and expensive, and the government will be asked for assistance.

Her Majesty. "Well, my little man," inquired the minister, who was making a call, "do you always do as your mamma tells you?" "You bet I do," answered the precocious five-year-old, "and so does papa!"