

# California Cooks And Dishes

It is the boast of Californians that a first class dinner in the Golden State is better than a dinner of the same class in any other country. Certainly no place on the globe offers the variety in foods, the odious riches of ice-cream waters or tropical seas, the brown earth's increase, representing all the products from the north temperate zone to those of the Southland, the honey and nectar of every kind of fruit and flower.

In the provision of raw material nature has been prodigal, but when it comes to the question of cooks, the consensus of opinion among housekeepers is that there was more than a grain of salt in the old proverb, "God sends the man, but the devil sends the cook."

When by reason of fortune's favor one can get hold of a cook of the old regime—a "china boy," white blouse and stockinged, immaculate, quiet, neat, orderly, capable, plentiful, full of resource, turning out the sweetest, lightest of breads, the juiciest of meats, the most delicious cakes and fritters,

you'll find lemon-colored and thick, add the sugar slowly, a little at a time. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add to the yolks and sugar. Put in the flour, then the lemon juice, and bake 20 minutes in a steady oven; not too hot.

**Nebraska Nevada Gingerbread.**  
And here is a recipe for gingerbread that will meet in your mouth. Its sponsor is a native daughter of the Golden State who lived up the Sierra Nevada—a fearless, magnificent creature who can turn her hand to anything from chopping down trees and placing them in the mountains to the most delicate and delicious dishes to tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid.

Bring, she says, to a good boil one cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter, two table-spoons of ginger and a pinch each of ground cinnamon, nutmeg and salt.

When nearly cold add one cupful of butter-milk, the yolks of three eggs beaten light and three cupfuls of flour. Lastly, fold in the whites of three eggs whipped to a stiff froth and bake in a very moderate oven. It kills the flavor to bury it, declares this princess among California cooks. On state occasions a cupful of raisins, seeded and divided with flour, transforms this gingerbread into a ginger-cake. This is especially delicious when eaten warm with a cup of hot cocoa or chocolate.

A fruit and nut cake was also one of her specialties. Stir to a cream two cupfuls of sugar and one of butter. Add the yolks of six eggs beaten light, one teaspoonful nutmeg and cinnamon mixed and one teaspoonful soda dissolved in one cupful of cold water. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold in alternately with the flour, in which cream of tartar has been sifted, in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls of the



most women can arrange them and can do a variety of culinary and decorative skills—their own of the Mongolian Aborigine and the result of the Chinese Exclusion Act. These honorable gentlemen are getting on their feet, however, these latter days, and are being trained in the art of intelligence, seeking even a makeshift of Satan's furnishing.

The few Chinese boys still left are almost entirely gone about to vanish from the scene. There is a good sprinkling of Japanese, but the Japanese boy is neither as reliable as a Chinese boy, nor yet so natural a cook by birth. He does better as a waiter—while the wages asked are just as high. There are Mexicans, but they work under protest, and more often than not fall to put in an appearance the next morning. As long as they have families and the whereabouts for a meal of tortillas ahead they will not labor, for why should they do today what they can just as well do tomorrow? "Indians" you say. Oh, yes: Within the last few years the large government schools at Haskell and Phoenix, as well as the smaller schools supported by various missionary societies and the Indian Association, have included household economies in their instruction. But the Indian does not take to the ethics of pots and pans readily, nor yet with joy. It is not his nature, and although the Indian boy or maid will take a position under pressure, they are slow, pliant and plain to the manner born. There are a few Portuguese, but not nearly enough to go round.

As a result of the large admixture of Spanish blood in the body politic, of the traditional dishes brought from each and every one of the States by the California pioneers, and the imprint left by the Chinese cooks in the days when they waxed fat and flourished, California cookery is somewhat bizarre, but exceedingly delicious. Orient and Occident have taken hands in its formation, and the result is something to recall with delight.

Here, for instance, are two favorite cakes from the famous Glen Beach country, said to be the largest single ranch in the world:

**Chinaman's Caramel Cake.**  
Melt a tablespoon of butter, add to it one cupful of sugar, a dash of salt and a few drops of vanilla. Cook until thick and pour into a greased pan. When it is cold cut into squares. Add one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of flour, one-half cupful of eggs, one-half cupful of cream, one-half cupful of salt, one-half cupful of vanilla, one-half cupful of nutmeg, one-half cupful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of cloves, one-half cupful of allspice, one-half cupful of mace, one-half cupful of ginger, one-half cupful of cardamom, one-half cupful of anise, one-half cupful of fennel, one-half cupful of dill, one-half cupful of celery, one-half cupful of parsley, one-half cupful of chives, one-half cupful of onion, one-half cupful of leek, one-half cupful of garlic, one-half cupful of shallots, one-half cupful of mushrooms, one-half cupful of truffles, one-half cupful of morels, one-half cupful of chanterelles, one-half cupful of porcini, one-half cupful of boletus, one-half cupful of ceps, one-half cupful of girolles, one-half cupful of chanterelles, one-half cupful of porcini, one-half cupful of boletus, one-half cupful of ceps, one-half cupful of girolles.

**China Boy's Sponge Cake.**  
Eight eggs, one pint sugar, three gills of flour and the juice of a lemon. Beat the tartar to four cupfuls of flour. Lastly stir into the mixture one pound of raisins, seeded, chopped and dredged with flour, and one cupful of currant jelly, also dredged. Mix thoroughly and bake in two loaves in a slow oven.

**Richer Fruit Cake.**  
A still richer fruit cake was made of the following ingredients: One pound of sugar, a scant pound of butter, a pound of flour, a pound of currants, well washed and dried, three pounds of raisins, three-fourths of a pound of shredded citron, one-quarter pound of candied orange peel, 10 eggs, one-half pint of molasses, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda, one glass of currant jelly, one cupful of chopped prunes, one cupful walnut meats and a teaspoonful of mixed spices. Mix and knead thoroughly and bake in two loaves in a slow oven for two or three hours. Cover with a ground paper if it shows signs of browning too quickly. In marked contrast to this delicious but somewhat indigestible compound are these delicate dishes, which she made for an invalid:

**Apple Toast.**  
Toast white bread in the oven until crisp throughout, like zwieback. Place the slices in the bottom of a colander set within another in turn, a boiling water over each lot in a pretty china saucer, and serve of chopped apples, about the consistency of mashed apples, turned over each slice. Sometimes dried apricots or preserved peaches are used in place of the apple.

**Prune Puff.**  
Wash a quart of prunes in several waters, nearly covered with water, and let them stand over night. Then simmer on back of range until tender. Put through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, fold in the sifted prunes and pour in the charging dish.

**Soak fine California prunes in water until soft enough to pit. Put in a bowl with a quart of water, and let them stand a week before eating. This is a very good way to eat them. An old California recipe for prunes is to soak them in water until soft enough to pit. Put in a bowl with a quart of water, and let them stand a week before eating. This is a very good way to eat them. An old California recipe for prunes is to soak them in water until soft enough to pit. Put in a bowl with a quart of water, and let them stand a week before eating. This is a very good way to eat them.**

**Crystalized Orange.**  
Here is the way they make orange in San Diego, which is very sweet and raisins. Cut the fruit crosswise in thin slices, moving all seeds and the white lining away from the center with a sharp knife. The granulated sugar and dry is used in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls of the

**Sorbet Meringue.**  
Put a pint of orange juice in a slow oven.

**Velvet Muffins.**  
Velvet muffins are a California specialty, and are made of the following ingredients: One cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of flour, one cupful of eggs, one cupful of cream, one cupful of vanilla, one cupful of nutmeg, one cupful of cinnamon, one cupful of cloves, one cupful of allspice, one cupful of mace, one cupful of ginger, one cupful of cardamom, one cupful of anise, one cupful of fennel, one cupful of dill, one cupful of celery, one cupful of parsley, one cupful of chives, one cupful of onion, one cupful of leek, one cupful of garlic, one cupful of shallots, one cupful of mushrooms, one cupful of truffles, one cupful of morels, one cupful of chanterelles, one cupful of porcini, one cupful of boletus, one cupful of ceps, one cupful of girolles.

**Apple Pie.**  
Toast white bread in the oven until crisp throughout, like zwieback. Place the slices in the bottom of a colander set within another in turn, a boiling water over each lot in a pretty china saucer, and serve of chopped apples, about the consistency of mashed apples, turned over each slice. Sometimes dried apricots or preserved peaches are used in place of the apple.

**Prune Puff.**  
Wash a quart of prunes in several waters, nearly covered with water, and let them stand over night. Then simmer on back of range until tender. Put through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, fold in the sifted prunes and pour in the charging dish.

**Apple Pie.**  
Toast white bread in the oven until crisp throughout, like zwieback. Place the slices in the bottom of a colander set within another in turn, a boiling water over each lot in a pretty china saucer, and serve of chopped apples, about the consistency of mashed apples, turned over each slice. Sometimes dried apricots or preserved peaches are used in place of the apple.

**Prune Puff.**  
Wash a quart of prunes in several waters, nearly covered with water, and let them stand over night. Then simmer on back of range until tender. Put through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, fold in the sifted prunes and pour in the charging dish.

**Apple Pie.**  
Toast white bread in the oven until crisp throughout, like zwieback. Place the slices in the bottom of a colander set within another in turn, a boiling water over each lot in a pretty china saucer, and serve of chopped apples, about the consistency of mashed apples, turned over each slice. Sometimes dried apricots or preserved peaches are used in place of the apple.

**Prune Puff.**  
Wash a quart of prunes in several waters, nearly covered with water, and let them stand over night. Then simmer on back of range until tender. Put through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, fold in the sifted prunes and pour in the charging dish.

**Apple Pie.**  
Toast white bread in the oven until crisp throughout, like zwieback. Place the slices in the bottom of a colander set within another in turn, a boiling water over each lot in a pretty china saucer, and serve of chopped apples, about the consistency of mashed apples, turned over each slice. Sometimes dried apricots or preserved peaches are used in place of the apple.

**Prune Puff.**  
Wash a quart of prunes in several waters, nearly covered with water, and let them stand over night. Then simmer on back of range until tender. Put through a sieve and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, fold in the sifted prunes and pour in the charging dish.



## THE LURE OF THE OLD BRASS KETTLE

Polly didn't know and said so. Whereupon the man smiled, so to speak, between his shoulders, and the woman showed all her white teeth in an inviting smile. Then Polly was allowed to stroll quite undisturbed, she inquired the price of the same thing over and over again in her vague delight. She had big samovars removed from the top shelf and saw her face reflected in their glowing sides. She touched seven branched candlesticks that had assisted at solemn Jewish ceremonies, and her irrevocable impression pictured the corner of her room where they would make the most pleasing show. There were hanging lamps, too, and like any one who had never seen before—small vessels, shaped like flowers or shells, with a depression in each point to hold the sacred oil, and a long chain or bar by which to hang them. She found tiny little candlesticks which the eye of Polly already saw upon the oil desk, holding the wax taper of polite correspondence. She saw three small candlesticks to hang against a wall, and they were speedily transferred in her thoughts to each side of her dressing table. The muslin and the Russian bear played their part in decorating many of these beautiful things. The Russian stamp was on most of the ware in this shop, and the mark of the workman's hammer, in small, even a rarely perceptible, denoted heavy and a guarantee of "hand-made-ness" to much of it. But the trait of the American serpent was over some of it. Light of weight, hollow of

Down the stairs my sweetheart came a tripping;  
Feathered whiteness framed her laughing face.  
I, the poor, her little feet from slipping,  
Found her in resolute and gay,  
Waspish low: "You certainly look ripping,  
I shall hold you always in this place."  
From her lips the sweets I dreamed of sip  
She, a blossom, I a giant tree—  
But, her feathered petals lightly slipping,  
Down the stairs she came a tripping,  
I, the poor, her little feet from slipping,  
Found her in resolute and gay,  
Waspish low: "You certainly look ripping,  
I shall hold you always in this place."

FOR THE SUNDAY EVENING SUPPER.

spoonful of curry powder, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of milk. Stir until it thickens. Serve with hot meat.

**Grilled Sardines.**—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one dash of dill, one dash of lemon juice, one dash of salt, one dash of pepper, one dash of red pepper. Cook a whole sardine in the butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste, stir till it boils and boils, about six eggs in a bowl with a fork, one dash of red pepper. Serve on buttered toast.

**Eggs and Ham.**—One tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one dash of salt, one dash of pepper, one dash of red pepper. Cook a whole sardine in the butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste, stir till it boils and boils, about six eggs in a bowl with a fork, one dash of red pepper. Serve on buttered toast.

hand in which there was less copper, and the delicacy. The little touch of pale gold brought out the beauty of the other two sections.

"Aunt" repeated the settlements, with the easy ease of a well-known name. "You last came from a little business house near the corner of the street, and it is very nice. But we use it and it is very nice for coffee."

"How long has the shop been there?" demanded the breathless Polly.

"Oh, years," returned the settlements. "In the beginning it was just a little second-hand place, where the Russian Hebrews and the Greek and copper and brass and silver utensils they brought over with them, you ought to see the collections, but you got by and by, as it became well known, the astute proprietor began making large profits. There were removers in nearly every back street road of the street."

"And you, I suppose," said Polly, indignantly. "You have known of it all these years. You have been buying your wedding and Christmas presents there. You have been storing away things for the summer cottage to which you will all retire when you are through puffing the masses. You have been reveling in brass and copper candlesticks and coffee pots and—"

"Samovars," supplemented the Settlementers, directing Polly's envious eyes toward the side table, where a great, fluted urn gleamed like gold upon its great gossamer tray.

Polly, as her Settlementer friends had forgotten, is a metal enthusiast. On the door of the apartment she occupies an incognitum of an ancient pattern as if there were not a brass radiator within 1,000 miles. The brass handles on her desk, the glass and brass trimmings of her mahogany chest of drawers bear witness to her passion. Pewter porringers in which the mous children of the

ponders and socks to sitting thus became plentifully with dark curly hair, the narrow and wide here are always full, the children you saw, into the music of the street. The ringing of the brass bell, the car makes such slow progress that strange, in the neighborhood, the Polly are always sure that they have gone beyond their destination and make frantic appeals to the conductor to know if Norfolk street is not now, since passed and forgotten.

"Now, miss," said the conductor to Polly the morning after she had dined at the settlement. "I'll tell you when you get there. It's far now, and it's only a few days from the evening."

Polly looked amazed. How did he know whether her destination was a few days or a mile from the corner? The conductor smiled smugly upon her.

"You're going to the brass shop, I suppose," he observed, paying due deference to Polly's taller-made garments and her hat.

"Yes, I thought it as much. We can always tell. Well, I hope you'll find some things left, but if you've seen the crowd that came just before Christmas, you wouldn't feel so very hopeful."

But the dark fears that rose in Polly's soul on the receipt of this information were grounded. When she was finally directed by her guide to alight and to proceed down south for 50 feet, she looked, dazzled, in a window fairly ablaze with brass and copper. There were removers in nearly every shop upon the top shelf; there were pots and kettles and loving cups, or what looked like loving cups to Polly's eyes; there were just whose use she could not guess, and they were candlesticks of every sort.

Thinking, Polly entered the little shop, with more brilliancy than in any other shop she had seen under the bottom shell, with a doorway in the rear, through the narrow doorway of which more things flowed. In the shop, small, plump, man, with a sturdy red beard and sharp little eyes beneath his bushy hair, saluted her, and a dark-eyed woman asked her, more politely, what she would have.

Delicious dinner bunched up in a chopping penultimate or minute, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar and just about enough to be pressed the stone from the egg, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar.

Polly didn't know and said so. Whereupon the man smiled, so to speak, between his shoulders, and the woman showed all her white teeth in an inviting smile. Then Polly was allowed to stroll quite undisturbed, she inquired the price of the same thing over and over again in her vague delight. She had big samovars removed from the top shelf and saw her face reflected in their glowing sides. She touched seven branched candlesticks that had assisted at solemn Jewish ceremonies, and her irrevocable impression pictured the corner of her room where they would make the most pleasing show. There were hanging lamps, too, and like any one who had never seen before—small vessels, shaped like flowers or shells, with a depression in each point to hold the sacred oil, and a long chain or bar by which to hang them. She found tiny little candlesticks which the eye of Polly already saw upon the oil desk, holding the wax taper of polite correspondence. She saw three small candlesticks to hang against a wall, and they were speedily transferred in her thoughts to each side of her dressing table. The muslin and the Russian bear played their part in decorating many of these beautiful things. The Russian stamp was on most of the ware in this shop, and the mark of the workman's hammer, in small, even a rarely perceptible, denoted heavy and a guarantee of "hand-made-ness" to much of it. But the trait of the American serpent was over some of it. Light of weight, hollow of

Down the stairs my sweetheart came a tripping;  
Feathered whiteness framed her laughing face.  
I, the poor, her little feet from slipping,  
Found her in resolute and gay,  
Waspish low: "You certainly look ripping,  
I shall hold you always in this place."  
From her lips the sweets I dreamed of sip  
She, a blossom, I a giant tree—  
But, her feathered petals lightly slipping,  
Down the stairs she came a tripping,  
I, the poor, her little feet from slipping,  
Found her in resolute and gay,  
Waspish low: "You certainly look ripping,  
I shall hold you always in this place."

FOR THE SUNDAY EVENING SUPPER.

spoonful of curry powder, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of milk. Stir until it thickens. Serve with hot meat.

**Grilled Sardines.**—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one dash of dill, one dash of lemon juice, one dash of salt, one dash of pepper, one dash of red pepper. Cook a whole sardine in the butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste, stir till it boils and boils, about six eggs in a bowl with a fork, one dash of red pepper. Serve on buttered toast.

**Eggs and Ham.**—One tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one dash of salt, one dash of pepper, one dash of red pepper. Cook a whole sardine in the butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste, stir till it boils and boils, about six eggs in a bowl with a fork, one dash of red pepper. Serve on buttered toast.

hand in which there was less copper, and the delicacy. The little touch of pale gold brought out the beauty of the other two sections.

"Aunt" repeated the settlements, with the easy ease of a well-known name. "You last came from a little business house near the corner of the street, and it is very nice. But we use it and it is very nice for coffee."

"How long has the shop been there?" demanded the breathless Polly.

"Oh, years," returned the settlements. "In the beginning it was just a little second-hand place, where the Russian Hebrews and the Greek and copper and brass and silver utensils they brought over with them, you ought to see the collections, but you got by and by, as it became well known, the astute proprietor began making large profits. There were removers in nearly every back street road of the street."

"And you, I suppose," said Polly, indignantly. "You have known of it all these years. You have been buying your wedding and Christmas presents there. You have been storing away things for the summer cottage to which you will all retire when you are through puffing the masses. You have been reveling in brass and copper candlesticks and coffee pots and—"

"Samovars," supplemented the Settlementers, directing Polly's envious eyes toward the side table, where a great, fluted urn gleamed like gold upon its great gossamer tray.

Polly, as her Settlementer friends had forgotten, is a metal enthusiast. On the door of the apartment she occupies an incognitum of an ancient pattern as if there were not a brass radiator within 1,000 miles. The brass handles on her desk, the glass and brass trimmings of her mahogany chest of drawers bear witness to her passion. Pewter porringers in which the mous children of the

ponders and socks to sitting thus became plentifully with dark curly hair, the narrow and wide here are always full, the children you saw, into the music of the street. The ringing of the brass bell, the car makes such slow progress that strange, in the neighborhood, the Polly are always sure that they have gone beyond their destination and make frantic appeals to the conductor to know if Norfolk street is not now, since passed and forgotten.

"Now, miss," said the conductor to Polly the morning after she had dined at the settlement. "I'll tell you when you get there. It's far now, and it's only a few days from the evening."

Polly looked amazed. How did he know whether her destination was a few days or a mile from the corner? The conductor smiled smugly upon her.

"You're going to the brass shop, I suppose," he observed, paying due deference to Polly's taller-made garments and her hat.

"Yes, I thought it as much. We can always tell. Well, I hope you'll find some things left, but if you've seen the crowd that came just before Christmas, you wouldn't feel so very hopeful."

But the dark fears that rose in Polly's soul on the receipt of this information were grounded. When she was finally directed by her guide to alight and to proceed down south for 50 feet, she looked, dazzled, in a window fairly ablaze with brass and copper. There were removers in nearly every shop upon the top shelf; there were pots and kettles and loving cups, or what looked like loving cups to Polly's eyes; there were just whose use she could not guess, and they were candlesticks of every sort.

Delicious dinner bunched up in a chopping penultimate or minute, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar and just about enough to be pressed the stone from the egg, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar.

Delicious dinner bunched up in a chopping penultimate or minute, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar and just about enough to be pressed the stone from the egg, and they were with the white of the egg and sugar.