

THE KITCHEN CABARET

BY
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O MAN doth safely rule, but he
that hath learned gladly to
obey.

Not what we would, but what we must.
Makes up the sum of living.
Heaven is both more and less than joy.
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the
glory.
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BREAKFAST.

At any season of the year fruit is a most refreshing breakfast. It served as the beginning of the meal, then a bit of bacon always makes an appetizer whatever else there may be.

Oat meal cutlets are a good substantial dish made by using cold cooked oat meal formed in cutlets and fried in bacon fat until brown on both sides. Insert a stem of parsley and serve.

Eggs in Nests.—Beat as many whites of eggs as there are pairs of people to serve as one white will be sufficient for two. Heap the white which has been salted on buttered toast and make a place and drop in the yolk of an egg, place on a platter, and when enough are prepared set in the oven to cook. Serve with bits of butter and a dash of salt and cayenne.

Egg and Potato Relish.—Select smooth shapely potatoes and bake in the oven. When done, cut in halves and remove the center of the potato. Break in an egg yolk, sprinkle with salt and season with butter, add a teaspoon of cream and set in the oven. In the meantime beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add the mashed potato, which was taken from the centers. Stir and pour over the baked egg and when well puffed up and brown, serve with minced parsley sprinkled over each.

Breakfast Rolls.—Cut a slice from the top of the rolls, spread with butter and brown the shells in the oven. Have ready some creamed fish, fill the shells sprinkled with parsley and serve hot.

Another pretty way of serving eggs is to cut bread into rounds an inch and a half thick, scoop out the center, leaving a place to drop an egg. Rub the case with butter and brown in the oven, then add eggs and set in the oven to cook. Season and serve.

Mush Rings With Fruit.—Prepare a pan of corn meal mush and when cold turn out and slice, then use doughnut cutter to cut into rings. Fry brown in butter fat and serve with prunes and cream.

Let me tell in trying to do something, rather than sit still and do nothing.
—Cyrus Hamlin.

"An old saw.
Children and fools speak true."

SEASONABLE DISHES.

During the grape season the juice should be prepared for winter and jelly made as well as other good things which may be prepared from grapes.

Grape Fudge.—Separate the skins from seven pounds of grapes, chop the skins and add a pound of raisins, cut into small pieces, a pound of walnuts, broken in bits and seven pounds of sugar; cook all together until thick. Turn into glasses and cover as one does jelly glasses.

Peach Chutney.—Prepare and half sufficient peaches to weigh when prepared, three pounds. Put them in a large glass saucepan, add a pint of cider vinegar, and stew until tender. Pour out the liquid in a mortar. Pound together in a mortar for ounces of onions, two ounces of garlic, and two ounces of fresh ginger root; add these to the peaches, with six ounces of raisins, white mustard seed and sugar. Add two ounces of dried chilies, a cupful of vinegar and simmer ten minutes. Bottle for winter.

Marmalade Tart.—Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with peach or apple marmalade. Cover the top with flange cut from peeled and cored apples. Sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar and bake a half hour. Serve with whipped cream.

Nellie Maxwell.

Lectures Him, Probably.
Wife (with newspaper)—This article says that a person speaks on an average about 12,000 words a day. I've always said that you were above the average.

Insulted.
Mose Yallery—I think you've snubbed me very much.
Melinda Mokeby (angrily)—D'you mean to 'snub' dat she looks like a hen?—Puck.

Loose Screw.
Very often a screw hole gets worn so that the screw will not stay in. To remedy this, cut some narrow strips of cork and fill up the hole completely, and then force the screw in. This will prove just as tight as if driven into a new hole.

One Little Sin.
It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one little sin laden garment makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Duxton.

like the rest of the crowd. "Do you mean that you never want to see me again? Do you mean that you want me to marry Mr. Clinton?"

"I do not care what you do," he said, still more roughly.

"You do not care?" she stammered, bewildered. "What has happened? You do not care for me?"

She looked deep into his eyes, but found no incense burning there. The shine was cold.

"Mr. Gregory! And after all that has passed between us? After I have given you my—myself—"

Gregory seized her arm, as if to hold her. His eyes were burning dangerously. "I saw murder in your heart while you were watching Fran," he whispered fiercely. "That's my daughter, do you understand? I know you now. I know you now."

But it was not the sight of Fran's face that had for ever alienated Gregory from Gregoire. In an instant, she had seen revealed to him the nature, always abnormally alive to outward impressions, had thrilled responsively to the exultation of the audience. He had endured the agonies of suspense, he had shared the universal enthusiasm. If, in a sense, he was a series of moods, each the result of blind impulses, it so happened that he was now a man of God.

Gregory began to tremble as he watched Robert Clinton coming up and Hamilton Gregory descending. She had trusted foolishly to a broken sword, but it was not too late to prefer. The sword name she had been about to smother; the furnace heat in which rash resolves are forged, was cooled. Gregory had deserted Fran's mother; he was false to Mrs. Gregory; he would perhaps have betrayed Grace in the end; but Clinton was at hand, and his adoration would endure.

In the meantime, the voice of Fran had been heard. "I love you all. You helped me do it. I should certainly have been mangled but for you perfect heroes. Yes, thank you. . . . Yes, I feel fine. And oh, men and women, I could just feel your spirits holding mine up till I was so high—I was in the clouds. That's what subdued Samson. He knew I wasn't afraid. I knew it. And I wanted to win out for your sakes as well as my own—yes I did! Thank you men—yes I did! Thank you women."

"Well, I have nothing to do with you, Grace Noir. I go home, if you will," she said, pale. "What do you mean by that?" "You tell me to go to Mr. Clinton?" "I tell you to go where you please. That girl yonder is my daughter, do you understand? Don't let her back! I shall go to her and proclaim her as my child to the world. Do you hear me? That's my Fran!"

Grace shrank back in the suspicion that Hamilton Gregory had gone mad.

"There they are!"

Something very strange had happened up there. It was as if the curtain had been torn away, and one of those happenings in the soul, which, however momentous, passes unobserved in the midst of the throng.

"We must wait up here till the very last—don't you see Mr. Clinton? And Simon Jefferson is now pointing us out. We can go down this way."

Gregory hardly echoed. "We! I have nothing to do with you, Grace Noir. I go home, if you will," she said, pale. "What do you mean by that?" "You tell me to go to Mr. Clinton?"

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The faces of the band boys had become of a yellowish paleness. From behind the mask, the voice so loud that it sounded as a scream—Up, Samson, up, Samson—up!

Then it was that Samson found his voice. A mighty roar shook the loose seat of the central cage; they vibrated visibly. The roar did not come as one short sharp note of defiance; it rose and fell, then rose anew, varying in the inflection of the voice of a slave who dares to threaten, even while he threatens, and gathers passion from his fear.

At that fearful reverberation, the audience started up, panic-stricken. Hitherto, the last act had been regarded as a badly-planned comedy; now tragedy was in the air.

Gregory and Grace Noir at that instant became alive to their surroundings. Hitherto, despising the show, rebellious at the destiny which had forced them to attend it, they had been wholly absorbed in their efforts to escape observation. The roaring of the lion started them to a perception of the general alarm.

Grace clung to Gregory. "Oh, save me!" she panted hysterically. The voice of the woman behind the bars rang throughout the tent—"Sit down!" The voice was not loud, not, but singularly penetrating. "Sit down, all of you, and remain absolutely motionless, or I am lost!"

Grace Noir, her eyes closed, her cheeks palid, leaned her head upon Gregory's shoulder, quivering convulsively.

"There, there," Gregory whispered in her ear, soothingly, "everything will be all right."

The masked woman for the second time addressed the terrified audience, still not venturing to turn her head in their direction: "Whoever moves, or speaks, or cries aloud, will be my man. I have only one hope left, and that is, please to try to keep your mouths shut. I ask you to give me just this one chance for my life. Keep absolute silence!"

Again Samson uttered his terrible roar. It alone was audible. There above, far, far away, the tent-roof, white and set. The audience was like one huge block of stone in which only faces have been carved.

The penetrating voice addressed the band boys: "Don't play. He can tell you're frightened."

The agitated music ceased. The woman walked to the farthest side of the inclosure. In doing so she was obliged to pass the crouching form of Hercules, who pretended not to know he was there; she moved slowly backward, always facing Samson.

At last the vertical bars prevented further retreat. Then she lifted her hand slowly, steadily, and drew off her crimson mask. It dropped at her feet. Despite the muffled street-noises that never ceased to rumble from afar, the whispering hiss of the silken net of the cage, was distinctly audible.

"Grace!" Gregory whispered in horror—"It's Fran!"

Grace started from his embrace at the name and glared down upon the stage. She sat erect, unsupported, petrified.

Gregory's brow was moistened with chilled dew. "It's Fran," he murmured, "It's Fran! Grace—pray for her!"

Fran looked Samson steadily in the eyes, and Samson glared back fixedly. For a few moments, this quiver between life and death remained at the breaking point. Had a stranger at that moment looked under the tent entrance, he might have thought every body asleep. There was neither sound nor movement.

Grace whispered—"It is the hand of God!"

Her tone was almost inaudible, but it was as from a mortal blow. His sinister meaning was unmistakable. Swiftly he turned to stare at her.

In Fran's eyes was a wild and ominous gleam akin to that of the threatening lion. It was a savage conviction that Fran was at last confronted by the justice of heaven.

"Samson!" cried the woman, imploringly. The other lion was patiently standing on his hind end of the board, waiting. He seemed not asleep. Samson, however, was wide awake and every cruel tooth was exposed as he stretched his mouth. In his amber eyes was the glow of molten copper.

Suddenly Samson wheeled about, and made a rush for his end of the sea-wall. He stopped upon it. He was conquered. His haste to obey, evidently the result of fear and hatred, produced a ripple of laughter. The other lion, feeling the sudden tremor of Samson's weight, opened his eyes suddenly and twitched his tail. He was not asleep, after all.

Abbott found himself intensely nervous. He longed to have it all over, anxious, above all, to prove his fears groundless. Yet how were so many coincidences to be explained?

Fran had been a show-girl, a trainer of lions, and Abbott distinctly remembered that she had spoken of a "Samson." Fran had just these movements and his sight. He raised Fran's molten voice, but voices may be disguised; and the hands now raised toward the audience may have been stained dark. Who was the woman who walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once? The woman's construction of the Clinton's mission to Springfield, Clinton's agreement to keep every trick of the woman's secret, Abbott agreed not to discuss with her the possibility of Grace's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, and then agreed to keep every trick of the woman's secret.

When the time came for the clown to hand the woman her violin he was afraid, and withdrew his arm with marvelous rapidity. His grotesque disguise could not hide his genuine uneasiness. The members of the band, too, played their notes with unusual care, and the orchestra, too, played their routine work with catastrophe. Nothing had gone right but the sea-walling act; but of all this, the crowd was ignorant.

After the violin playing—"Now, Simon!" After an announcement, gleefully, "there's only one more act, but it's a corker. Let me tell you—that's why she's resting a minute. A González gets into the crowd—the one that's ahead—and grabs his mane, and pretends to ride like a cowboy. Makes Samson get on top of that table, then she gets up and tells him."

"But this isn't La Gonzatti," Abbott protested, shuddering again.

"Now you've said something. That's all right. But the lady who's come here to tell you—it's better stand a little farther back."

A hand was laid upon Abbott's arm. "Abbott," said the voice of Robert Clinton, harsh from over-excitement. "You want to Gregory's house—did you see him?"

Abbott did not hear. The refractory lion, knowing that she had come on, knew that she was asserting his independence. He would not leap upon the table. The other lion stood watching sleepily to see if he would obey.

"You, Gregory," the voice of the lion, "get here for the best of it didn't you? Seems to me I saw Gregory somewhere not long ago, but I wasn't speaking about him."

"Hercules!" the masked woman addressed the gentler of the lions. "Go to your place. Hercules—go to your place!"

Hercules turned to his blue box, and seated himself upon it, leaving his tail to take care of itself.

The show-girl was still addressing the black-maned lion. "Now, Now! to the table! To the table!"

Samson did not budge. Facing the woman of the mask, he opened his mouth, revealing the red cave of his throat—till the ivory mouthpiece of one could look down and down. This was no yawn of weariness, but a sign of rebellion—a sort of useless roar.

The tent was filled with the roar of the lion. He was asserting his independence. He would not leap upon the table. The other lion stood watching sleepily to see if he would obey.

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no matter how far it might dart through space, remained always in the woman's hand. They well knew venomous bite, and as they slunk from side to side, their eyes were upon the coiling black tongue.

"I met Fran on the street," murmured Abbott, as he watched, shuddering. "She said she was going to visit a sick friend. When did you see Fran last, Simon?"

"Don't know," Simon said, disconcertingly. "Now they're going to see Fran. The black-maned one is the hardest to manage. I reckon, one day, he'll just naturally jump about of her, and fear her to pieces, look at him! I don't believe this girl is going to make him get up on top of that board. My! how he's showing his teeth at her. Say! This is a pretty good show, hey? Glad you came, uh say! Look at his teeth!"

In truth, the black-maned lion opened his mouth to a frightful extent, making, however, not the slightest sound. He refused to budge.

Abbott shuddered.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The show-girl was fastened to the central cage. The clowns raised the ladder down, and the lions shot from their cramped quarters with a tawny arrows. They were almost against the slight figure, without seeming to observe her. For the fourth time since soon they stood erect, raising their bodies uncomplained by galling timbers and chilling iron. For the fourth time this day, they were to be put through their tricks by force of fear.

They hated these tricks at which they hated the small cages in which they could not lash their tails. They hated the "baby carriage" in which one was presently to sit while the other was pushed him over the floor, his sullen majesty sport for the rabble. They hated the board upon which they must see-saw, while the woman stood in the middle, preserving equilibrium.

But greater than the lion's hatred, was their fear of the woman; and greater than their fear of her was their terror of that long serpent which

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