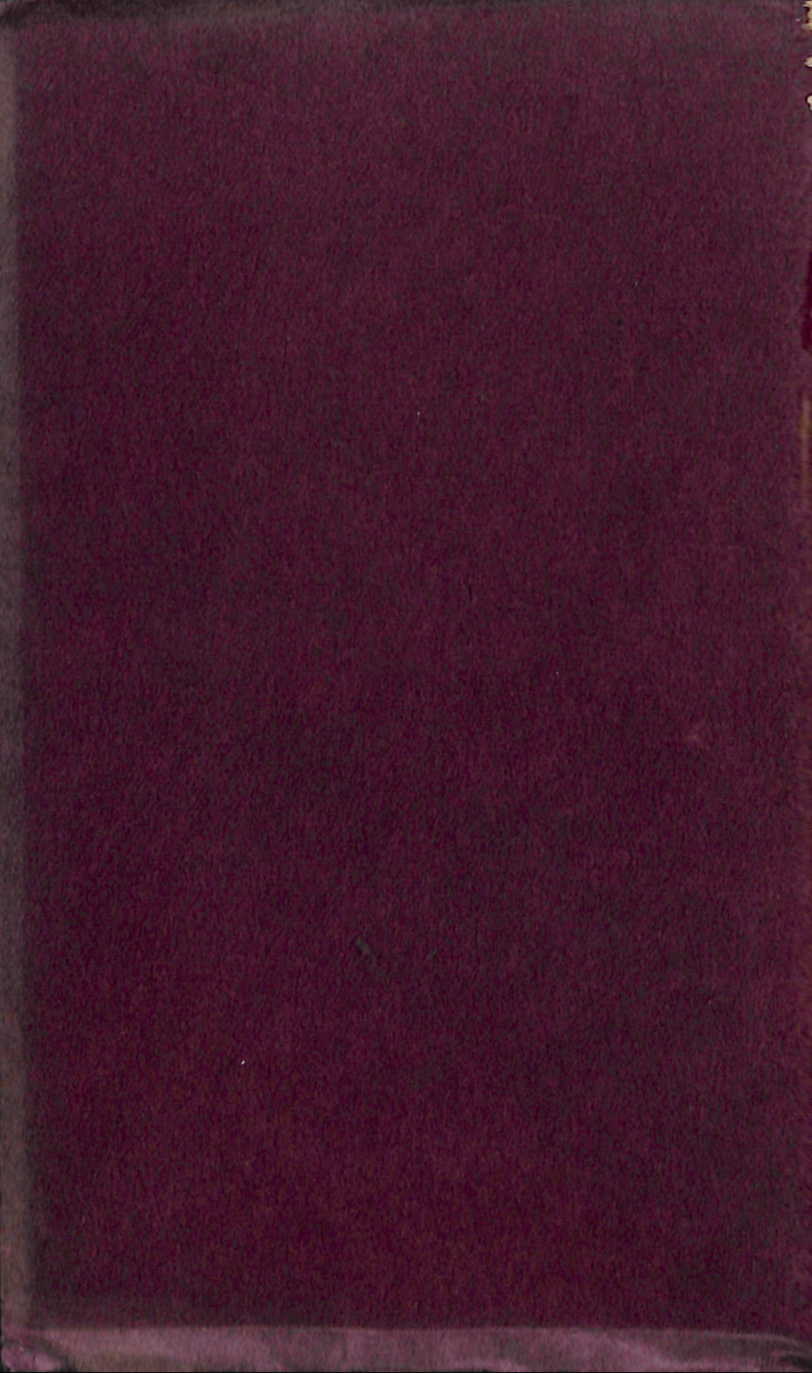


THE
BACHELOR
BOOK.

BY
A LOVER
OF
GOOD LIVING.





301
"They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

The Bachelor Book.

PORT.

*The gloomy gray of storm-clouds seemeth fair,
Thou makest light the long day's onerous task,
Uplifted lies life's tedium and its mask,
Light, love and laughter enter everywhere.*

—Francis Saltus.

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THE BACHELOR BOOK.

A goodly collection of *Recipes for compounding divers delectable Mixtures, with Toasts proper to the ceremonial drinking of the same.*



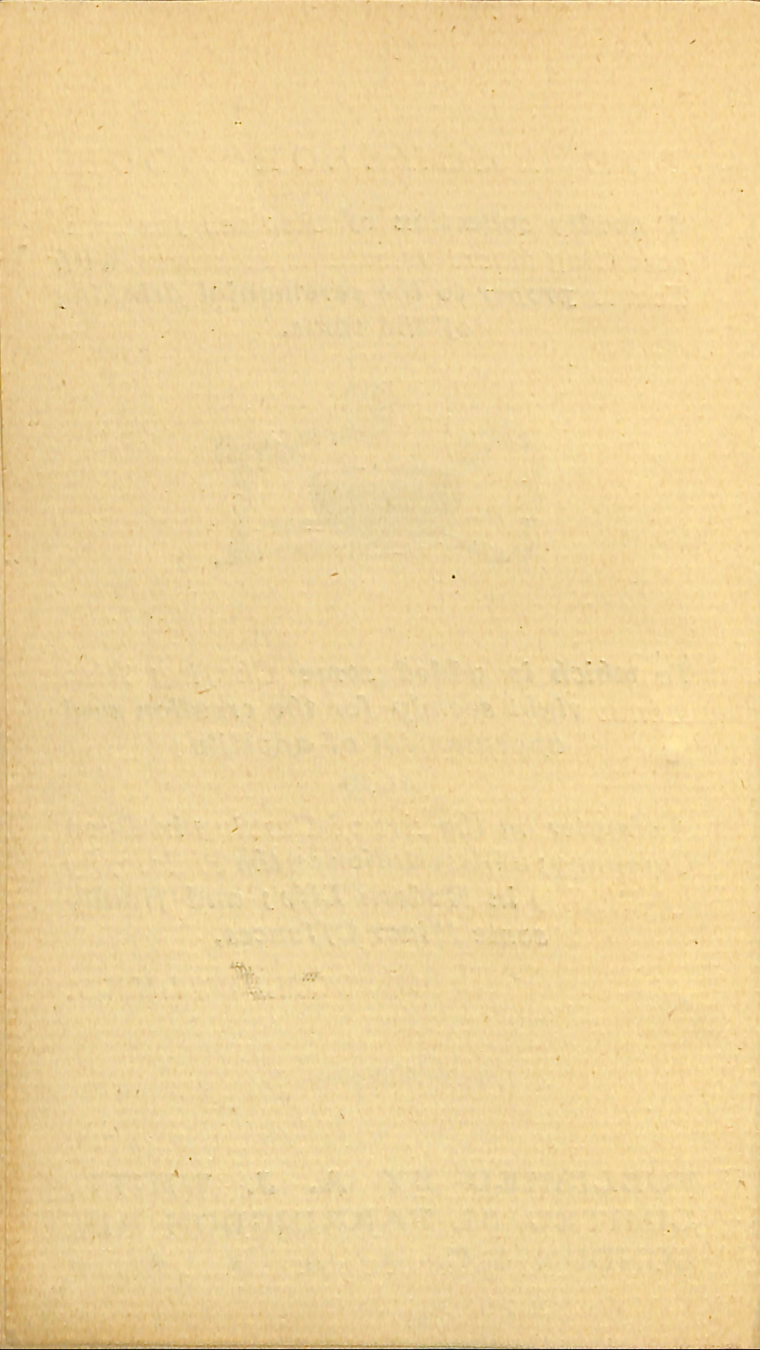
To which is added some *Chafing Dish Menus* right seemly for the creation and appeasement of appetite ;

ALSO

A chapter on the *Art of Carving* in Good Company; a Dissertation on the *Philosophy of Clothes* in Modern Life; and finally some *Minor Offences*,

By *DON. WILKES.*

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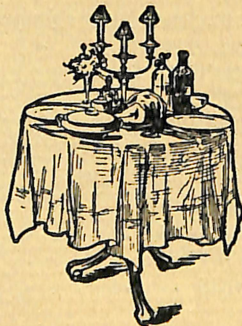
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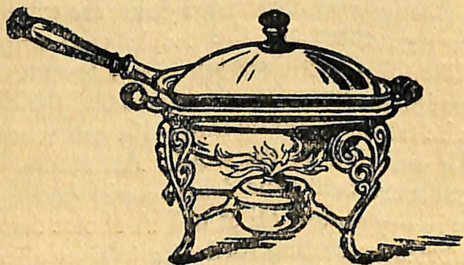
A PREACHMENT ON DRINKING.



THE idea that **men drink** only to **quench thirst** is erroneous: that is but one of several reasons. **Some** people, taking Time by the forelock, **drink to prevent themselves becoming thirsty**. In summer, iced drinks are partaken of for their cooling effect: in winter, spiced drinks for the warmth they create. **Some drink to drown their sorrow**; others, having met with good fortune, because they are jubilant. Again, **certain drinks beget appetite**, while others promote digestion; and both are used accordingly. Lastly (and these good folk are everywhere a majority), there are **the people who drink because they like to**. Only those who drink too much or too little are intemperate, he who steers the middle course being **the truly temperate man**—the one whose conduct fits the meaning of the word. An assembly of friends on pleasure bent sans drinks and tobacco is inconceivable; so say almost all of us! **A choice drink is a mental lubricator**, calling forth the jest, **awakening mirth**, and **stimulating eloquence**. Now nothing is more certain than that a painter, however great his skill with pencil and brush, if he be not cunning in the mixing of his colours is wanting in one of the essentials of his craft, for lack of which his other acquirements shall avail him nought. So also is it with that other estimable artist, the **Concoctor**



of Drinks. Be his materials never so numerous and pure, if he lacks skill as a compounder he will succeed only in marring good ingredients and disappointing a company, to avert which calamity is **the mission of this lilliputian tome**, wherein may be found directions for the mixing of **divers delectable drinks**, with **toasts** suitable to several occasions in life. ❁ ❁ And forasmuch as drinking should not be the sole business of our lives, and that **eating also rightly has its place therein**, appended hereto are some delicious menus proper to be prepared in the **Chafing Dish**—that admirable culinary utensil of the Ancients, so long barbarously neglected by decadent Moderns, but now happily resuming its rightful position on the tables of good livers. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁



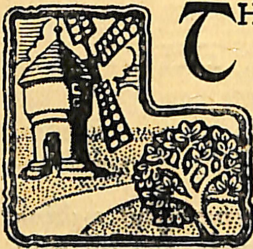
BRANDY.

In nobler ways, even yet, thou prov'st thy might,
 When soldiers, strengthened by thy drops of flame,
 Forget their gory wounds in frantic zeal,
 And with high souls all thrilling for the fight,
 Assault dread bastions for their country's fame
 And lead their flags thro' labyrinths of steel!

—Francis Saltus.



THE CUSTOM OF PLEDGING.



THE custom of "pledging," from which the expression "I pledge you" arose, originated after the irruption of the Danes, who would on occasion stab a Briton in the back or otherwise murder him even as he drank.

So it became customary for the second person to pledge the safety of him who drank, and he that took the cup in return drank good health to the giver.

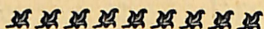
The idea of a Toast arose from an incident that happened at Bath in the reign of **King Charles the Second**. On a certain public day a celebrated beauty was in the Cross Bath, whichever that may have been, when one of her many admirers called for a glass, and dipping it in the water in which she stood, drank her health to the company. Upon seeing this a gay buck of the period who was present, having already drank his fill of wine, essayed to jump in, remarking: "Though I care not for the liquor, I mean to have the Toast!" Since this occurrence the health of a lady has been designated a Toast.



'Tis ever so.—Drink, and the world drinks with you;
Pay, and you pay alone!



DELECTABLE DRINKS AND HOW TO MIX THEM.



Absinthe à la Parisienne.—Put a drink of absinthe into a medium-sized glass, and fill with cold water by letting it drip into the glass very slowly.

“I will drink life to the lass.”—*Tennyson.*

Absinthe Cocktail.—Into a goblet of shaved ice put two dashes of maraschino, one dash of orange bitters, one dash of anisette, and one pony of absinthe. Stir well, strain, and serve.

“If you would have guests merry with cheer,
Be so yourself—or at least so appear.”

—*B. Franklin.*

Ale Flip.—Three pints of ale, a spoonful of sugar, a piece of mace, six cloves, and a small piece of butter. Let this boil. Now beat the white of one egg and the yolks of three eggs in a little cold ale, add it to the boiling ale, and pour the whole swiftly from one vessel into another for a few minutes, then serve.

“The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will
make it felony to drink small beer.”—*Shakespeare.*

Ale Punch. Take one quart of Burton ale, one glass of Niersteiner, a wineglassful of brandy, a wineglassful of capillaire syrup, the juice of a lemon, and a piece of lemon peel; grate a little nutmeg and add a piece of toast; mix well, let it stand cold for two hours, strain and serve.

Don't drink too fast lest you pay too slow.

American Punch.—Rub the peel of six lemons on one pound of sugar; squeeze the juice of the lemons and that of six oranges on it, having carefully removed the seeds; add four pounds of loaf sugar, five cloves, and two quarts of water; skim well, fill into bottles, and keep for the punch. Now mix three-fourths of a quart of green tea, one pint of brandy, one quart of rum, one bottle of champagne, and a cup of chartreuse well sweetened, pour it into a punch bowl, add a lump of ice, three oranges cut in slices, and three lemons. Let the beverage stand for two hours, stir repeatedly, and serve.

*Here is a riddle most abstruse;
Canst read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight?*

Anisette Cordial.—Take six quarts of cognac, four ozs. of pulverised star anise, four ozs. of ordinary anise, the peel of two lemons, and one oz. of stick cinnamon; let this stand four weeks in the sun, or in a warm place; sweeten with two-and-a-half lbs. of lump sugar, refined and cleared in three quarts of boiling water; filter and bottle.



A clever man may make money—only a wise man can keep it.

Avant Déjeuner.—To a large glass half-filled with seltzer add a spoonful of sugar, a glass of Moselle, and a dash of port; fill up with ice.

The pleasure of digestion is great, the misery of indigestion is greater.

Backbone=Stiffener.—One teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, one wineglass of rum, one teaspoonful of spices (allspice and cloves not ground), and a small piece of fresh butter. Dissolve the sugar in a little boiling water, add the rum, spices, and butter, and fill the glass two-thirds full of boiling water.

I've hunted down the lion,
I've tracked the tiger's spoor,
I've used the shooting-iron
To drop my brother Boer.
I've scrambled up the Andes,
I've roughed it in the Bay—
But that's nothing to the snakes
That the soda drives away.

Brain-Duster.—Squeeze into a tumbler the juice of a lime, and add to it two dashes of gum, one pony of absinthe, two dashes of vino vermouth, and two dashes of sherry. Fill up with ice, stir, strain, and serve.

There are prisons for those who do what is not legal,
But they who flout nature escape—thanks to Seigel.

Capel Court Cider Bowl.—Peel a lemon or orange very thin; infuse the rind in a cup of boiling water in a bowl; add some borage leaves, some cucumber slices, some sprigs of balm, half-a-pound of sugar, one pint of sherry, and two bottles of cider. Put the bowl on ice and serve.

The thousand bubbles that rise in the glass
Are a thousand troubles to come,
So lift your hand and tip your glass
And drown them every one.

Catawba Cobbler.—Into a large, long glass put a little seltzer, a large spoonful of sugar, a wine-glassful of Catawba wine, a dash of port wine, and fill up with shaved ice. Serve with a straw and a spoon.

There is nothing like Seigel's Syrup to chase away a headache.

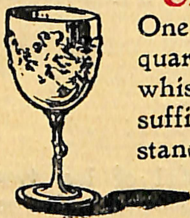


Champagne Cobbler.—In a large wineglass put a piece of lump sugar, nearly fill up with shaved ice, and then fill the intervals with champagne. Stir slowly, add a little vanilla or strawberry ice cream, and serve with a straw and a spoon.

"Give me a bowl of wine; in this I bury all unkindness."—*Julius Cæsar.*

Chatham Artillery Punch.—

One bottle Catawba wine, one-and-a-quarter bottle rum, one-and-a-quarter bottle whisky, one-and-a-half pineapples, and sufficient strawberries. Allow liquid to stand under seal over night. Add three quarts of champagne when it is to be served.



If you live like a king, if your habits are regal,
Your liver won't work unless aided by Seigel.

Cider Bowl.—Make an extract of a spoonful of green tea in a half-pint of boiling water; let it stand for fifteen minutes; pour it into a bowl, add six ozs. of lump-sugar, one bottle of cider, two wine-glassfuls of brandy, half-a-pint of cold water, and place the bowl on ice.

One more, and yet one more; and so on till—no more.

Cider Punch.—Half-pint sherry, one glass brandy, one bottle cider, quarter-pound sugar, and one lemon. Pare the peel of half the lemon very thin; pour the sherry upon it; add the sugar, the juice of the lemon, and the cider, with a little grated nutmeg. Mix well and place on ice. When cold, add the brandy.

“If your friend lends you his manuscript poems which he says he has refrained from publishing because he has so many irons in the fire, advise him to put his poems where he keeps his irons.”—*Samuel Foote.*

Claret Cup.—Into a large bowl put half pony of maraschino, half pony of curacao, half pony of benedictine, half pony of yellow chartreuse, the juice of six limes, two bottles of claret, one bottle of moselle, one bottle of apollinaris, half-pound of sugar, a little orange and pineapple sliced, and a few sprigs of mint. Stir very well, add a little coarse ice, and serve.

O little fishes of the sea,
Had I the power divine,
I'd turn ye into silver cups
And your sea to purple wine!

Club Cocktail.—Half-a-glassful of ice, two dashes of gum, two-thirds of gin, one-third of vino vermouth, two dashes of orange bitters, and one dash of green chartreuse. Stir well, strain, and serve.

Home, sweet home! Ay, there is the rub!
Which is your home, your house or your club?

Coffee and Rum.—Break an egg in a glass and beat it up well; add a spoonful of sugar and a wineglassful of rum. Mix this up well, pour into a cup of the best Mocha coffee (hot), and add a small piece of butter.

Good morrow to you; you are a happily wedded pair.

Coffee Liqueur.—Roast three ounces of best Mocha; grind it; prepare a syrup with one pound of sugar and half-a-pint of water; put the coffee in the boiling syrup and boil for a few seconds; mix all with one quart of brandy, cork well, and let it stand for a month; then filter, and the liqueur is ready for use.

Really, I must smoke a cigarette with this.

Earthquake Calmer.—Into a small wine-glass put one-third brandy, one-third curacao, one-third benedictine, and three dashes of Angostura bitters.

When, after feasting, you feel like a stuffed pepper within, a little Seigel's Syrup is a mighty good thing.

Egg Milk Punch.—Infuse a stick of vanilla in one quart of boiling milk; strain the milk, add six ounces of sugar and one quart of cream; let this boil up once more, stir into it the yolks of six eggs; allow fluid to cool and add one pint of rum, whisky, or brandy.

"Come gentlemen, drink down all unkindness."

—Shakespeare.

Egg-Nogg Punch.—Beat well the yolks of four eggs in a tureen with six ounces of powdered sugar; add gradually one pint of brandy, one-fifth of a pint of rum, one pony of maraschino, and two quarts of milk; beat the whites of the eggs until they assume a snowy appearance, and sweeten with a little vanilla or lemon sugar; let the whites float on top of mixture; put on ice and serve cold.

"It is wretched to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider; it is even worse to die in suspense, for that is to be hanged."—*Dean Swift.*

English Milk Punch.—Rub the peel of three lemons on one pound of lump sugar, put in a tureen, and squeeze the juice of the fruit over it; grate half a nutmeg; add a bottle of rum; mix thoroughly, and let it stand well covered over-night. Then add one quart of boiling water and one quart of boiling milk. Allow the mixture to stand covered two hours. Filter through a flannel bag until the punch is absolutely clear. Serve cold.

“In vino veritas is an argument for drinking only if you suppose men in general to be liars.”—Dr. Johnson.

English Punch.—Rub the rind of two large lemons on half-a-pound of sugar; put it in a tureen, squeeze the juice of the fruit on it, pour one quart of boiling water over it; stir well; add three gills of rum and half-a-pint of brandy; grate a little nutmeg and heat over a coal fire, but don't allow it to boil.

“To combat our wants by suppressing our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.”—Dean Swift.

Eye-Opener.—The juice of half a lime, a spoonful of sugar, the white of an egg, a little Irish whisky, two dashes of tonic phosphate, and some ice. Shake, strain, and fill up with seltzer.

Keep your Pipe sweet.—Sometimes your pipe tastes like a flannel rag, your eyes won't look out strong and clear, and your stomach feels like a luggage van on Saturday morning—aglut with mystery in yellow boxes. That's your liver on a strike! Seigel's Syrup and Seigel's Pills renovate the liver. Three Pills at bed-time call you early.

Gin Punch.—Peel the rind of a large lemon very thin, put it with a tablespoonful of the juice of a lemon in a tureen, add two tablespoonfuls of

powdered sugar and one pint of cold water; let it stand for half-an-hour and then add half-a-pint of the best gin, a wineglassful of maraschino, four lumps of ice, and two bottles of plain soda. Serve at once.

*Esteemed without but loved within
Is London's famous Old Tom gin.*

Holland's Cocktail.—Into a goblet put some fine ice, two dashes of gum, one dash of absinthe, a little Hollands, and two dashes of orange bitters. Stir well, strain, and serve.

*In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and taking too much.*

Hot Beef Tea.—Break an egg in the bottom of a cup and beat it well. Add a small glass of sherry, as much beef tea, and fill up with boiling water. Stir well, season to taste, and serve.

*Never lend a man money after your dinner; never
try to borrow from him before his own.*

Hot Italian Lemonade.—The juice of half a lemon and of half an orange, with large spoonful of sugar. Fill your glass nearly up with boiling water; add a little Chianti; stir, and serve with a little nutmeg on top.

*As a medicinal cordial Seigel's Curative Syrup has no
equal.*

Imperial Punch.—Peel one pineapple and four oranges; cut the first into small slices, and separate the oranges into pieces; put all in a tureen; then boil in a quart of water two sticks of cinnamon and a stick of vanilla, cut into small pieces; strain the water through a sieve into the tureen; rub the rind of a lemon on one-and-a-half pounds of lump sugar,

put the sugar into the water, and squeeze the juice of three lemons; cover well; let it get cool, place it on ice, add a bottle of Rhine wine, a quart of rum, and, just before serving, a bottle of champagne and half a bottle of seltzer.

We shall never be younger than we are to-day.

Ladies' Delight.—Into a large glass put a little seltzer, a spoonful of fine sugar, half a wine-glassful of sherry, half a wineglassful of port, and one dash of brandy. Mix well. Fill up the glass with shaved ice; ornament with orange and pineapple, and top it with ice-cream. Serve with a spoon.

He who seeks not the dames to please
Should be condemned to die;
Though no man has succeeded yet,
All men should daily try.

Ladies' Hot Punch.—A hot glass half full of boiling water, with two lumps of sugar, well dissolved. Add half small glass of sherry and half small glass port, well mixed; one slice of orange and a little nutmeg on top.

From out of the land of the Dollar and Eagle
No better thing comes than the Syrup of Seigel.

Maiden's Kiss.—One-fifth of maraschino, one fifth of crème de roses, one-fifth of white curacao, one-fifth of yellow chartreuse, and one-fifth of benedictine.



The origin of the Bumper
according to Ourselves.

Come hither, sweet maiden, come hither to me,
And bring of good wine a full measure with thee,
And give me a kiss for the kiss I'll give thee.
And do not deceive, and I'll not deceive thee.

Mint Julep. Dampen a small bunch of mint, dust with powdered sugar, bruise slightly and pour over it a little boiling water: allow this to draw, then strain into a tall, thin glass quite filled with finely cracked ice; dress the glass with sprigs of mint, and pour in enough brandy to fill. Do not stir, but stand away till thoroughly cool. Serve with straws.

*"They that love mirth,
Let them heartily drink;
'Tis the only receipt
To make sorrow sink."*—*Ben Jonson.*

Morning Delight.—In a mixing glass put the white of an egg, the juice of a lime, the juice of half an orange, half pony of absinthe, one pony of whisky, half pony of sherry, one spoonful of sugar, and two dashes of calisaya. Nearly fill with ice and shake well, strain, and add a little seltzer.

"Take counsel in wine but resolve afterwards in water."—*B. Franklin.*

Port Wine Punch.—A bottle of claret, a bottle of Rhine wine, and a bottle of port are heated with two pounds of sugar until the sugar is dissolved. Do not allow it to boil. Squeeze the juice of four lemons into a tureen, and add half a bottle of arrack and the sweet mixture. Stir well and serve.

"Claret for boys, port for men, brandy for the hero."
—*Dr. Johnson.*

Shandy Gaff.—Bass's pale ale and ginger ale are mixed in equal proportions.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Sherry Cobbler.—Into a large glass put a spoonful of sugar, one dash of mineral water, a wineglassful of sherry, and a dash of port. Fill up

with fine ice, ornament with fruits in season and ice cream. Serve with a straw and spoon.

*“Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.”*

—Oliver Goldsmith.

Stout Punch.—Boil one quart of stout with quarter-pound of lump sugar and a stick of cinnamon; beat four eggs into foam, and mix with it a wine-glassful of rum; take the stout from the fire and add to it the mixture while continually stirring it.

*When east winds blow and all is drear and cold,
Stout punch will make the feeble warm and bold.*

The Delicious Sour.—Into a goblet put the juice of a lime, a little seltzer, a spoonful of sugar, half of apple-jack, half of peach brandy, and the white of an egg. Fill up with ice, shake well, strain, and serve.

*I'm always in the melting mood at ninety in the shade,
So mix me a delicious sour lest I should droop and fade.*

The First One.—Into a goblet put some fine ice, two dashes of gum, half pony of crème de menthe, one pony of gin, and one dash of orange bitters. Squeeze the juice of a lemon-peel to it, stir well, strain, and serve.

My first, but not my only love.

The Great Appetiser.—To a glass partly filled with ice add three dashes of gum, half pony of absinthe, two dashes of calisaya bitters, one dash of orange bitters, one dash of vino vermouth. Stir well, strain, and serve.

“Keep your eyes open before marriage; half shut afterwards.”—B. Franklin.

The Hunger-Provoker. —Two lumps of ice, two-thirds of vino vermouth, one-third of Fernet branca, and one slice of orange.

The "Pleasures of Life." —Young men who are given to various excesses ought to know that Seigel's Syrup possesses great tonic properties, which not only stimulate the system but repair its waste. It produces spirit and vigour and a keen sense of well-being. It makes you feel fresh and fit, and begets an appetite several sizes too large for a timid man.

The Poem (*with apologies to Mr. Alfred Austin*). —One-third of crème de roses, one-third of curacao, and one-third of benedictine.

Pathos and bathos, sense and twaddle, mixed—
A monstrous hybrid with its heart transfixed.

The Life-Prolonger. —A fresh egg, well beaten, one spoonful of fine sugar, two-thirds of sherry, one-third of port, one dash of crème de roses, two ponies of cream, and two-thirds of fine ice. Shake well, strain into a large glass, and serve.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Velvet. —Half bottle champagne, half bottle apollinaris, and two ponies brandy.

His velvet-like paws hide his talons of steel,
He smiles as he thinks how you'll break on his wheel;
If the fates upon your destruction be bent,
Mr. Moss is your friend at three hundred per cent.

Weeper's Joy. —To a goblet two-thirds full of fine ice add three dashes of gum, half pony of absinthe, half pony of vino vermouth, half pony kümmel, and one dash of curacao. Stir well and strain into another glass.

"Wine has drowned more than the sea."—*Publius Syrus.*

Whisky Cocktail.—Into half a glassful of fine ice squeeze a little lemon peel, to which add three dashes of gum, two dashes of bitters, one dash of absinthe, and one small glass of whisky. Stir well, strain, and serve.

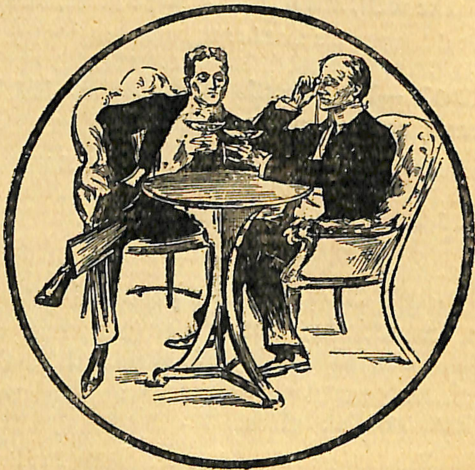
“Wine and youth are fire upon fire.”—Fielding.

Whisky Sling.—Into a goblet containing a little fine ice put two dashes of gum and one wine-glassful of whisky. Stir well, strain, and serve.

“’Twill make the widow’s heart to sing though the tear be in her eye.”—Burns.

Whist.—Half an ounce of Pekoe tea is infused in one pint of boiling water; pour the tea through a hair-sieve upon one pound of sugar; squeeze the juice of six lemons, and mix all with three quarts of Bordeaux; heat without boiling, and serve in glasses.

“Wine is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it. But never forget that water was made first.”—John Eliot.



TOASTS

FOR DIVERS OCCASIONS.



HERE'S to the girl that I love,
 And here's to the girl who loves me,
 And here's to all those that love her
 whom I love,
 And all those that love her who loves me.



To the prettiest girl in the
 room I would drink,
 But who she may be, and just
 what I think
 I'll keep to myself; yet let no
 one blink
 The fact that a glance is as good
 as a wink.



HERE'S to ye absent lords! May
 they
 Long in a far countree stray,
 Drinking at other ladies' boards
 The health of other absent lords.



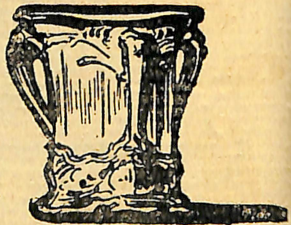
YESTERDAY'S gone, to-morrow
 may not come,
 The past is over and the future
 dumb;
 The wisest know not what may
 come to pass—
 Be merry NOW, and each man fill
 his glass.

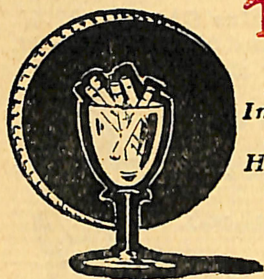


TAKE my heart with this drink! I
 love you, dear girls!
 Be your eyes blue or brown, your
 locks frizzes or curls;
 The plump and the spare, the
 short and the tall,
 If the law would allow me I'd
 marry you all.



GATHER kittens while
 you may,
 Time brings only sor-
 row,
 And the kittens of to-day
 Will be old cats to-
 morrow.

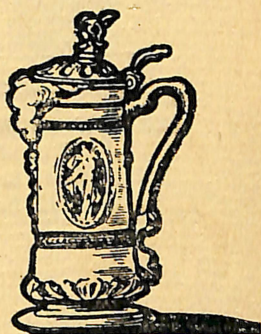




TO MORGAN, the owner of
all things,
With his skill and his pluck
And his marvellous luck
In the gaining of great things and
small things
Here's a health! May he still
achieve tall things—
Own the land of his birth,
Boss the sea and the earth,
Supreme Ruler, whatever we
call things.



GOD made man
Frail as a bubble ;
God made love,
Love made trouble.
God made the vine :
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in ?



THE man I know best I will pledge in
this glass ;
I've known all his merits and failings,
alas!
Since first I was able to walk, talk, and
think,
And 'tis to this man I would bid you all
drink.
His conduct's not perfect, I willingly own,
But what can't be mended is best left alone ;
So wish him long life and a little more
pelf,
And assist me in drinking the health of—
Myself!



HERE'S to the beautiful Yankee Girl,
 With her keen bright eyes and her teeth of pearl,
 And her smart repartee and her willowy
 waist,
 And her loose-fitting costume in elegant
 taste,
 And her dollars galore, and some things
 beside—
 Gadzooks, but she makes a desirable
 bride!
 The tricks of Society she learns when a
 child,
 And she catches all the dukes who run wild.



IF all your beauties, one by one,
 I pledge, dear, I am thinking
 Before the tale were well begun
 I had been dead of drinking.

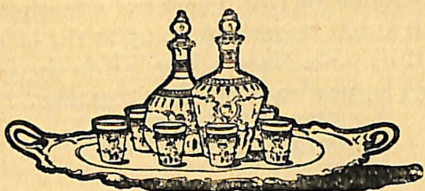


HERE'S to the bravest of the brave!
 Our valiant sons who fought to
 save

Our honour on the boundless veldt,
 Who all the stress of warfare felt,
 Who dying, fought, and fighting, died,
 Fit subjects for their country's pride!
 Here's to their manes, their death-
 less glory!

Long shall their deeds
 survive in story.





A GENERAL TOAST. . .



HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
 Here's to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus Let the toast pass—
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize ;
 Now to the maid who has none, sir ;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
 Sc fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim
 And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c.

And if all these toasts your health should affect
 If these bumpers your wits should inveigle,
 Your joyful carouse, sir, none shall detect,
 If wisely next day you repair your defect
 With a few timely doses of Seigel.

Chorus Let the toast pass, &c.



Little men in big places enjoy the advantages of some
 fleas.



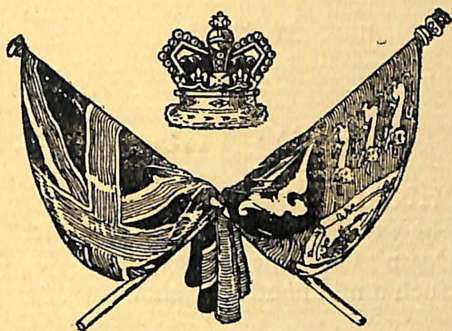
SCOTCH WHISKY.

How rare is thy rich, passion-giving worth,
 When, weary of full many a Scottish mile,
 One rests, and stirs thee with a knowing smile
 In some dim inn of Edinburgh or Perth !

Gods must have drunk thee at their wondrous birth,
 For in thee there is laughter and no guile,
 And they, enraptured from some heavenly aisle
 Perchance have given thee to this sorrowing earth.

—Francis Saltus.

FILL your glasses, every one,
 So their measure be outrun,
 Raise them high, and loudly sing:
 "Long live England's noble King!"
 Other titles hath he many,
 This, the grandest one of any,
 Shall suffice for us to-night:
 "May Experience wisely school us,
 Death to traitors who would fool us,
 Long live the King to wisely rule us,
 And God defend the right!"



Time is the stuff life is made of. If you take Seigel's in time, your life will be lengthened. It is compounded of fruits, roots and herbs.

A man having lost his mother-in-law, declined to attend the old lady's funeral, and went to his office as usual. On being asked to explain his conduct, he said, "No, no; business before pleasure."

HERE'S TO HER GLADNESS.

HERE'S to the gladness of her gladness
 When she's glad.
 Here's to the sadness of her sadness
 When she's sad.

But the gladness of her gladness
 And the sadness of her sadness
 Are nothing to the badness of her badness
 When she's bad.



VERSES BY THE IDIOT.

JOHNNIE hung his little sister—
 She was dead before they missed her.
 Doesn't he do the cutest tricks?
 Such a mind and only six!

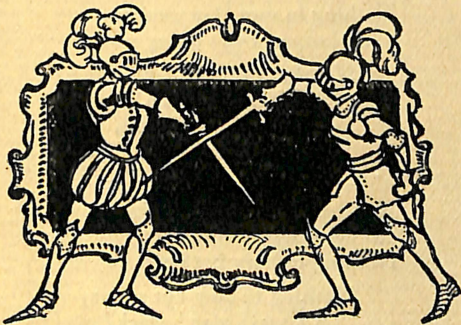
Baby sat on the window seat,
 Mary pushed baby into the street,
 Baby was scattered all over the 'ary
 And mamma shook her finger at Mary.

Johnny put poison in his mother's tea,
 His mother died in agony,
 Johnny's father was terribly vexed
 And said, "Well really, John, what next?"

HOW THEY DRINK.

THE Frenchman drinks his native wine,
 The German drinks his beer,
 The Irishman drinks his whisky straight,
 Which bringeth him good cheer.

The Englishman drinks his 'alf-and-'alf
 Until it brings on dizziness,
 The Yankee has no choice at all—
 He drinks the whole damp business.



BEER.

No blase palate of thy drops can fear;
 Once quaffed, lips eager, seek thy sweets again,
 Without thee students sing no loud refrain;
 Laughter and mirth depart, be thou not near.

—Francis Saltus.



BILIOUS BILLY.

NOTHING to do but work,
 Nothing to eat but food,
 Nothing to wear but clothes
 To keep us from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air—
 Quick as a flash, 'tis gone;
 Nowhere to fall but off,
 Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
 Nothing to weep but tears,
 Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
 Ah, well, alas! alack!
 Nowhere to go but out,
 Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
 Nothing to quench but thirst,
 Nothing to have but what we've got;
 Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
 Everything moves that goes;

Nothing but Seigel's and common sense
 Can ever withstand these woes.

With apologies to Ben King—1894.

THE ULTIMATUM.

- “ You can decorate your office with a thousand gilded signs,
 And have upholstered furniture in quaint antique designs;
 Have the latest patent telephone where you can yell
 ‘Hello!’
 ‘But,’ said she, ‘I just made up my mind that typewriter must go.”
- “ You can stay down at the office, as you have done, after hours;
 And, if you are partial to bouquets, I’ll furnish you with flowers,
 You can spring the old club story when you come home late, you know,
 But, remember, I’ve made up my mind that typewriter must go.”
- “ You can let your book-keepers lay off and see a game of ball;
 The office-boy can leave at noon or not show up at all.
 There—what is this upon your coat? It isn’t mine I know.
 I think I know a thing or two—that typewriter shall go.”



A CASUAL OBSERVATION.

- “ Dar’s nuffin’ hyar but vanity
 An’ riches an’ insanity
 De dollah seems to be de people’s god,
 Dar’s a heap too many ‘Scariots
 A ridin’ roun’ in chariots,
 While de po’ man am a carryin’ de hod.
- Dar’s too much haste an’ hurryin’,
 An’ too much wealth at buryin’,
 An’ dis hyar t’ing am gettin’ worse an’ worse,
 Hit takes all ob de rakin’s,
 De scrimpin’s an’ de scrapin’s,
 To liquidate the ’spenses ob de hearse.
- Dar’s heaps ob care and worry;
 Ebberybody’s in a hurry,
 An’ de few am growin’ richer ebbery day,
 But de most ob us must shovel
 For de children in de hovel,
 An’ silently await de judgment day.”



HUDIBRAS REDIVIVUS.

Striving strenuously a man
Employs the utmost force he can
Induce his brain and brawn to yield,
Goes forth into his chosen field
Equipped to spend his little day
Like other partners in the fray.
Sorest of battlefields, the mart!
Swiftly the weaker ones depart,
Yielding their place to newer blood,
Retirement being their only good,
Unless (most like) their ills abate
Per aid of what is rubricate.



If you take Seigel's with your meals, don't tell your
landlady or she'll raise the board on you.

THE CHAFING DISH.



LEST peradventure there should be living any so unhappy as to be unacquainted with the *♣* Chafing Dish and its manifold uses, let it be said right here that it is an ingenious cooking utensil devised by the Ancients, which, after suffering a period of barbarous neglect, is now rightly restored to its proper place in the service of man. *♣* So far back as 262 B.C., a Greek poet, in praising the skill of an Attic cook, says: "He cooked a fish so successfully in the Chafing Dish that it gave him grateful and admiring glances as he turned it in the pan." Though we benighted XXth century folk cannot hope to rival the achievement of the Attic cook as chronicled by the poet, to-day many of us find the Chafing Dish of exceeding great use. By its aid a dinner or supper can be quickly cooked and served by host or hostess at the very table itself, and that, too, with but little or no aid from servants. *♣* The method of using a Chafing Dish and its few accessories, and the management of the spirit lamp, may be learned only from actual demonstration, which, however, does not generally take more than a few minutes. *♣ ♣ ♣*





CHOICE CHAFING DISH MENUS.

Bacon and Liver.—Cook thin slices of bacon in the hot blazer. Take out the bacon upon a warm platter. Cut the liver in thin slices, and lay them in cold salted water for ten minutes. Drain them, season them with salt and pepper, and roll them in a mixture of cornmeal and flour. Cook them in the hot bacon fat. Make a gravy by stirring a tablespoon of flour in the pan after taking out the liver, and then adding a cup of water or milk. A little Worcestershire sauce may be added.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

Beef Broth.—Two cups of chopped beef, two cups of tepid water, half teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper. Have round steak freed from fat and skin. Add tepid water and salt. Let it slowly heat in the blazer over hot water. Put cold water in the pan, and turn the lamp low so the meat may heat very slowly. Do not let it boil. When the bits of meat are white, showing that the juice has been extracted, dip them out with a wire spoon. Be careful to leave the soft brown flakes in the broth, for they are the nutritious part of the meat.

Seigel's Syrup makes every dish a feast.

Beefsteak.—Remove the bone and most of the fat from a sirloin steak, and cut it in pieces the right size for serving. Brush each piece with butter, and place it in the hot blazer or broiler. Cook from eight to ten minutes, turning the pieces frequently. Add butter, pepper, and salt to the steak when done.

"Onions can make even heirs and widows weep."

—*B. Franklin.*

Beefsteak and Onions.—Have the steak cut in pieces the right size for serving. Brush the pieces with butter and brown both sides in the hot blazer. Then put a teaspoon of chopped onion beneath each piece, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover the pan and cook until done. **Beefsteak and Tomatoes and Beefsteak and Mushrooms** are prepared in the same way, the vegetables only being different.

After dinner, Seigel's Syrup instead of a liqueur.

Broiled Lamb Chops.—Have rib chops, with the bones removed, rolled into rosettes. Broil in the hot blazer from eight to ten minutes, turning them several times. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Broiled tomatoes should accompany this dish.

Bad commentators spoil the best of books,
So God sends meat—they say, the devil the cooks.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Cut large tomatoes in thick slices, without peeling. Sprinkle them with a little salt, pepper and sugar, and roll them in cracker dust. Put a tablespoon of butter in the blazer, and put in the slices of tomato. Turn frequently until done.

Wish not so much to live as to live well.

Brown Sauce.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one teaspoon of onion juice, two cups of beef stock. Cook the onion, butter and flour until it is brown, add the stock, and season the gravy. Beef extract and water may be used instead of stock.

“The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman.”

Cheese Fondu.—Two cups of cheese, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup of milk, three eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one saltspoon of salt, one saltspoon of soda, and a little red pepper. Break the cheese in small pieces and stir in the melted butter. Mix the beaten eggs, milk and bread crumbs, and gradually add them to the melted cheese.

Ay, that's the cheese—the indigestible digestive.

Cheese Souffle.—Three cups of cheese, two eggs, one saltspoon of soda, one saltspoon of salt, one saltspoon of mustard, one tablespoon of butter, half cup of hot water, one teaspoon of Worcestershire, one teaspoon of lemon juice, and a little red pepper. Melt the butter in the blazer over the hot water. Put in the cheese, broken in small pieces, and add the seasoning. Dissolve the soda in the water, and gradually pour it in the melting cheese. Beat the eggs separately until very light. Add a little cold water to the yolk, while beating, and stir them into the cheese. As soon as it is smooth and creamy, put in the Worcestershire and lemon juice. Whip in the white of the egg last. Serve at once, on toast.

“They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.”—*Shakespeare.*

Chicken with Mushrooms.—Two cups of chicken, two cups of mushroom sauce, and yolks of two eggs. Cut cold chicken (or turkey) in dice. Make mushroom sauce, put in the chicken and cook three minutes. Add the well-beaten egg, diluted with half a cup of cream.



“If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.”—B. Franklin.

Corned Beef Hash.—Two cups of chopped beef, one cup of chopped potato, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of chopped onion, pepper. Put the butter in the blazer, add the hash, and stir it until it is hot. Lower the flame and cook the hash without stirring until it is brown on the bottom.

A house without a woman in it, is a camp without a fire.

Creamed Chicken.—Cold roast chicken or turkey, two cups of white sauce, and two tablespoons of salad oil. Cut the chicken or turkey in slices, and dip them in the oil. This should be done an hour before cooking in the chafing dish. Then prepare the white sauce, and cook the chicken in it for about five minutes.

Hollering on the Stock Exchange.—Hollering on the Stock Exchange, or speaking softly to your wife—it's all the same—has a tendency to make you hoarse. Seigel's Malt Cough Balsam is balm to sore throats and inflamed lungs. It is a soothing compound of malt and balsam, with fruit ferments to tone up the membranes and the bowels. It tastes like toffee.

Creamed Codfish.—Put salt codfish over the fire in cold water. Take from the water as soon as it begins to boil and shred it. To one cup of fish add one cup of white sauce made without salt. Cold fresh fish may be creamed by picking it fine and adding white sauce.

“Let not your pocket curse your appetite;” but if it does, thirty drops of Seigel’s Syrup, after meals, will mend your internal plumbing.

Creamed Eggs.—Six hard boiled eggs and two cups of parsley sauce. Slice the eggs and add them to parsley sauce.

Clear eyes, full red lips, sweet breath and steam in your bulk are produced by the Seigel habit after meals. Half-a-teaspoonful in a sherry glass of water.

Creamed Lobster.—One lobster, yolks of two eggs, two cups of white sauce. Cut lobster very fine. To white sauce add the beaten egg diluted with one-fourth cup milk or cream. Shrimp and crab may be prepared the same.

After a night of “strenuousity” and over-feeding, Seigel’s Syrup after meals will help you to explain yourself in the morning.

Creamed Mushrooms. — Cook small mushrooms for ten minutes in a little salted water. Drain them and add white sauce.



Alone and unseen they spring up in the night,
But with me they depart as rapidly quite
If the choosing, and cooking, and serving are right.

Creamed Oysters.—Put the liquor from one quart of oysters in the blazer. When it boils skim off the froth. Put in the oysters with one tablespoon of butter, and cook until the edges curl. Add two cups of white sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Serve in patty shells, or with toast. Select small oysters. If large ones are used they should be cut in pieces with a silver knife.

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others.

Creamed Potatoes.—Two cups of potatoes and two cups of white sauce. Cut boiled potatoes in dice and add them to white sauce or parsley sauce.

"He eats, and hath indigestion."—Rudyard Kipling.

[Not if he supplements his feast with Seigel's Syrup.

—Ed.]

Creamed Scallops.—Two cups of scallops and two cups of cream sauce. Cook them five minutes in their own liquor, then make the cream sauce and add it to them.

Men and melons are hard to know.

Cream Toast.—Dip slices of toasted bread in hot white sauce. Put some of the sauce over each slice. Sweet jelly or jam may be served with cream toast.

"May good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both."—Shakespeare.

Creamed Tripe—Boil the prepared tripe (honey-comb tripe) and cut it in long, narrow strips. Cook a teaspoon of minced onion in two tablespoons of butter. Roll the strips of tripe in flour and cook it in the hot butter

until brown. Take out the tripe, and add flour and milk to the butter in the blazer, to make a smooth sauce. Return the tripe to the pan to heat. Serve with biscuits or toast.

"Keep your mouth wet, feet dry."

If attacked by rheumatism, Seigel's Syrup try.

Curry Sauce.—One sliced onion, two cups of water or stock, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, salt, one tablespoon of curry powder. Brown the onion in the butter. Stir in the flour and curry powder. Add the water, and strain the sauce when it thickens. If water is used, add beef extract.

"Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at the expense of others."

Devilled Tongue.—Sprinkle slices of tongue with mustard and red pepper, and pour over a little salad oil. Place the slices together in one pile, and let them remain an hour. Then brown them in hot butter. Serve with slices of brown bread.

"He that riseth late must trot all day—and even then shall scarce o'ertake his business."

French Toast.—Two eggs, one cup of milk. Beat the eggs, and add to the milk. Season it with salt and pepper. Moisten slices of bread in the custard, and brown them in hot butter.

Work, and you'll never starve; live on hope, and you'll not live long.

Take Seigel's Syrup when you go to bed, and you'll get up with a bright, clear head.

Frogs' Legs.—Boil them five minutes in water to which a tablespoon of lemon juice has been added. Take them from the hot water, pour cold water over them, and wipe them dry. Put two tablespoons of butter in the blazer, and cook them fifteen minutes with the pan covered. Reduce the heat, so they will not burn. They may be rolled in egg and fine bread or cracker crumbs. Serve with white sauce.

He that is rich need not live sparingly; he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Hashed Brown Potatoes.—Two cups of chopped potato, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, salt and pepper. Mix the butter and flour in the blazer. When it is melted, add the chopped potato (cold boiled), stir the potato until it is thoroughly heated, then allow it to cook without stirring until it is brown. Turn the potato on a hot plate, brown side up.

To know how to eat well is a third part of wisdom.

Lobster à la Newburg.—One lobster, one cup of cream, red pepper, two tablespoons of butter, yolks of three eggs, three tablespoons of sherry, salt. Cut one large or two small lobsters in small slices. Cut with a silver knife. Put it in the blazer with the butter. Season with salt and a dash of red pepper, and pour over the sherry. Cover the pan and cook five minutes. Mix the beaten eggs with the cream, and pour it on the lobster. Serve as soon as it boils. Shrimp and hard-shelled crab may be prepared the same.

Seigel's Syrup prevents indigestion.

Oyster Soup.—One quart of oysters, one dessertspoon of flour, two tablespoons of butter, one quart of milk, salt and pepper. Stir the butter and flour together in the blazer. Add the milk and the strained liquor from the oysters. When it boils, put in the oysters, salt and pepper. Serve with biscuits.

“Some are weather wise, some are otherwise.”

Pigs in Blankets.—Drain and wipe large oysters. Pin around each a thin slice of bacon. Fasten it with a wooden tooth-pick. Cook them in the hot blazer until the bacon is brown and crisp.



“Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.”

Saute of Mushrooms.—Cut the mushrooms in small pieces with a silver knife. Melt two tablespoons of butter in the blazer, put in the mushrooms and cook them ten minutes. Stir in a tablespoon of flour. Add one cup of water in which has been dissolved one teaspoon of beef extract.

“Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.”

Scolloped Oysters.—Put layers of buttered bread crumbs, well seasoned with salt and pepper, and layers of oysters, in the blazer over hot water. Have crumbs for the last layer. Cover the pan and cook ten minutes.

“Fish and visitors smell in three days.”

Shirred Eggs.—Brush the blazer with butter. Break in six eggs. Cover the pan and cook over the boiling water.

Eat and get heat, poor starved mortal!

Shirred Venison.—Venison steak, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Broil the venison. Add the butter and lemon juice (or madeira or claret) and cook five minutes longer.

Hunger is the cheapest and best sauce.

Stewed Kidneys.—Split the kidneys, and cut each in three pieces. Brown them in butter. Stir flour and water in the pan to make a brown sauce, and cook the kidneys in this for ten minutes.

“The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach for his meat.”

—*B. Franklin.*

Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.—Two parboiled sweetbreads, one teaspoon of butter, one dozen mushrooms, one teaspoon of flour, one cup of cream, yolks of two eggs, salt, white pepper. Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour and cream. Cook the sweetbreads in the sauce for five minutes. Put in the chopped mushrooms, the salt and pepper. Dilute the beaten yolk with a little milk, and slowly pour it into the pan, stirring as you pour. Serve as soon as it begins to boil.

A simpleton between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.

Tomato Sauce.—Half can of tomatoes, one small onion, four cloves, one cup of white sauce, one teaspoon of sugar, salt, red pepper. Cook the sliced onion and cloves with the tomatoes. Strain and add the juice to white sauce.

“Many dig their graves with their teeth.”

—*B. Franklin.*

Vegetables in Butter.—Melt two tablespoons of butter in the blazer. Put in vegetables which have been previously boiled, drained, and cut. Season to taste, and serve as soon as they are hot.

*“Pain wastes the body; pleasures the understanding.”
Seigel’s preserves both.*

Welsh Rarebit.—Three cups of cheese, ale, red pepper, one tablespoon of butter, one saltspoon of mustard, one saltspoon of salt, one saltspoon of soda or bicarbonate of potash. Put the butter in the blazer over boiling water. Break the cheese in small pieces and stir it in the melted butter. Season it with salt, pepper, and dry mustard, and stir in the soda or potash. As the cheese begins to soften, slowly add the ale, two or three tablespoons, stirring constantly. In a few moments it will be a smooth thick cream. Stop cooking at once before it has time to curdle. If the cooking stops too soon it will be stringy. Serve on toast or crackers. A soft, rich cheese should be used. The American cream cheese is very good. The Welsh Rarebit calls for ale. Cream may be substituted for the ale, to make a temperance rarebit.

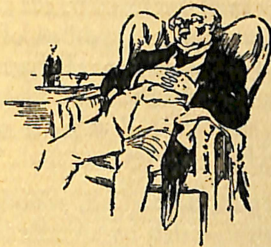
*“Wedlock, as old men note, hath likened been
Unto a public crowd or common rout,
Where those that are without would fain get in,
And those that are within would fain get out.”*

Whitebait.—Wash the fish very carefully, and dry them on a soft cloth. Have a tablespoon of butter “smoking hot” in the blazer. Dip each little fish in flour and put it at once

in the hot butter. In a moment they will be a delicate brown; turn them and brown the other side. They cook very quickly, and should be eaten at once.

“A little house well fill'd, a little field well till'd, and a little wife well willed, are great riches.”

White Sauce.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, yolks of two eggs, two cups of milk, white pepper and salt. Put the butter in the blazer over hot water. When it melts stir in a rounding tablespoon of flour. Cook for about three minutes. Pour in the milk and season to taste. Stir the sauce constantly until it is smooth and creamy. Add the yolks of the eggs, diluted with a little cream.



In the Dog-Days.—When the dog-days are in blast and you feel like a bursted cycle tyre—self-weary and sick of everything and everybody—a little Seigel's Syrup will tone you up to concert pitch, and not let you down with a soft, dull thud. It is the greatest tonic ever made of fruits, roots and herbs.

HOW TO CARVE.



HE carving knife, like the pen, is mightier than the sword; but though more people eat than write or fight, unluckily fewer know how to wield it. An unskilled carver, armed with a blunt knife, who essays to dismember a tough joint in a dish swimming in gravy, is a sight not readily forgotten. To watch his frantic efforts, and be splashed with gravy by the rebounding of the elusive joint, provokes anything rather than appetite in the expectant diner, or amiability in the perspiring carver. Though carvers, like poets, are born rather than made, there is much of the art of carving that can be taught, and of that much, here is a little. First, let the carver always remember not to serve larger portions because he himself is hungry, nor smaller portions when he is disinclined to eat; for he cannot satisfactorily measure the appetites of his family or guests by his own—unless they all have taken Seigel's Syrup that day. Secondly, let him assure himself before beginning his task that he is provided with a good sharp knife.

Cod.—In carving a cod-fish, whether the fish be whole or part served (such as a cod's head and shoulders, or a tail-piece), it is best to make one cut from the head to the tail down to the bone, and then cut slices across from this line to the sides. Cod-fish is very apt to break into flakes, and when it does, these flakes should be lifted by the fish-slice, and one or more served to each person according to their size. A piece of the sound and liver should also be served with each help.

Salmon.—Draw the fish-slice along the centre of the fish right down to the bone from head to tail. Then cut slices from the centre, and add to each slice out of the middle a small slice of the thin part.

Soles.—An ordinary-sized sole should be cut into three equal pieces. A small sole is cut across in half. A very large sole, such as those generally used in *sole au gratin*, is cut like a salmon (*see above*), and then lifting slices on each side, thus avoiding the small bones that edge each side of the fish.

Blackcock (and Grouse).—Thin slices should be first cut off the breast, and then the wings and legs removed. In cutting off a wing, the carver should try to get a strip of the breast, though a thin one, to attach to it.

Duck.—In carving a duck, a good deal depends upon its size and fatness. A large fat duck, with plenty of meat on the breast, is carved like a goose. Thin slices are cut off the breast, and then the duck is turned endways towards the carver, the wings nearest and the legs farthest from him. Now remove the wings, and endeavour to leave part of the side of the breast attached to each wing. Next remove the legs, and afterwards the neck-bone. The whole breast-bone is now separated from the rest by cutting through the sides, when the backbone can easily be divided in two by being pressed downwards. A small quantity of seasoning should be served with each portion.

Fowl.—Boiled and roast fowls are carved alike. Care should be taken to cut plenty of the white meat of the breast off with the wings, the knife being drawn and much downward pressure avoided, as the boiled white flesh is apt to crumble. It is

best for the front *end* to be towards the carver. To remove the leg and thigh, insert the fork in the leg, with the knife underneath, and then raise the leg away from the remainder of the bird. It is only a piece of skin which causes the leg to adhere. The thigh bone will now leave the socket, and with very little assistance from the knife the leg will be set free. The neckbone is next removed, and then the breast separated from the carcase by cutting the thin rib-bones through on each side. The liver-wing and breast are esteemed the best parts; after that, the other wing, to which the gizzard is generally attached.

Pheasant (see **Fowl**).

Quail.—Quails, like partridges and pigeons, are best carved by being cut in half right through the breast and back, cutting down close to the breast-bone. Each half, with a piece of toast underneath, on which they are served, forms one help.

Turkey.—In carving a turkey endeavour to obtain as many slices as possible off the breast. Cut off the meat close down to the wing bone. It is better to avoid leaving the breastbone too bare or it will not look well when cold. When the thigh part is required to be eaten hot, the drumstick can be separated from the thigh and the meat on the thigh cut off; but when not wanted, the leg is better removed whole.

Beef (Sirloin of).—A sirloin of beef may be divided into two parts, the under-cut or fillet, and the top or rump. It is usual to carve the under-cut first, and not to begin the upper part till the under-cut is finished. The reason of this is that the joint presents a far better appearance when sent to table

cold. Often the under-cut, which is best when eaten hot, is sufficient to dine a small family; and then the joint served cold, glazed at the top, and on the uncut outside of a rich mahogany colour, ornamented with fresh green parsley, presents a handsome appearance. The under-cut is carved across in rather thick slices down to the bone. The top or upper part is cut in thin slices, and care should be taken to keep it straight, and not cut out the tender part in the middle.

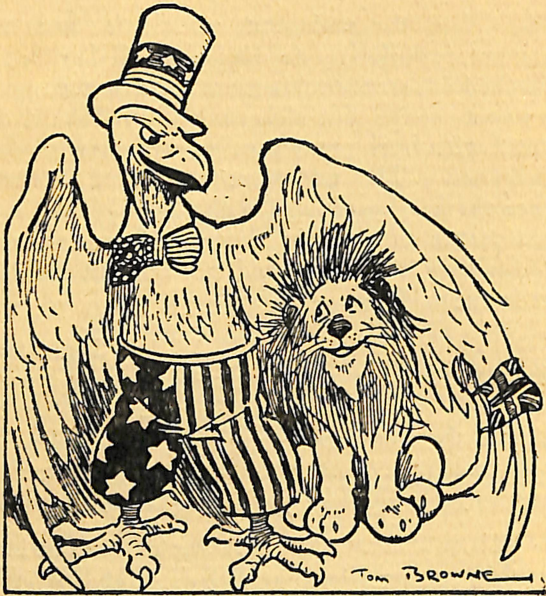
Lamb (Forequarter of).—Separate the shoulder from the other part by cutting round its outer edge. Place the shoulder on another dish. Separate the ribs from the brisket, and inquire of guests which they prefer. The shoulder is rarely cut when hot, most persons preferring the other portions.

Mutton (Leg of).—A leg of mutton is best carved by cutting slices parallel with the bone, which gives it the appearance of a haunch, and is practically the same thing.

————— **(Saddle of).**—Carve by cutting thin even slices on either side of the centre bone. Have relays of hot gravy served separately, as this joint soon gets cold. Dish and plates should be very hot.

Ham.—There are two ways of cutting a ham, but the best and most economical is to carve thin slices off the extreme end of the knuckle, thus gradually cutting into the ham and leaving the knuckle-bone bare.

Tongue.—Cut the tongue in half, and then cut thin slices off each half. A little fat should be cut from the root of the tongue and served with each slice of lean.



"I SAY, JOHNNY BULL, LET'S FORM A TRUST.
WE'LL HOLD THE SHARES WHILE THE OTHERS
HOLD THEIR—BREATH."

—Your Uncle Sammy.



KNOTT DEAD.

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him;
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.

Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And here he lies
And yet was Knott!

THE GREATEST . . THING ON EARTH.



WHAT we eat keeps the world a-going, gives value to what is on earth, and produces all that is joy or misery in life. Think this over for a minute, and you will realise the bigness of the fact. Suddenly take the function of digestion out of man and beast, and this old world wouldn't bring sixpence at auction ; in other words—when digestion ceases the world ends.

So all the greatness and grandeur, the power and performance, the wealth and glory of civilization, depend entirely upon that hidden little function going on in man and beast, called digestion. Isn't it a mighty important performance, beside which kings and coronations are a matter of trivial consequence ?

Digestion is the changing of food to the soluble condition so that it is able to pass through the walls of the blood vessels into the blood. The chief organs of digestion are (1) mouth (including teeth, salivary glands), (2) stomach, (3) intestines or bowels, the liver and pancreas or sweetbread.

In the mouth the food is mechanically reduced and the saliva changes the starch of our food into sugar. In the stomach the gastric juice, secreted by the little glands (gastric glands) found in the inner membrane (mucous membrane), changes the albumen of our diet into peptones. In this way such foods as white of egg, cheese, gluten of bread, lean meat, etc., are made soluble and fit to enter the blood.

In the intestines or bowels the fat is made into an emulsion by the bile and the juice which comes from the pancreas, starchy foods are converted into sugar, and albumens into peptones. Intestinal digestion, as it is called, thus sums up the work of the mouth and stomach. Good digestion is the mainspring of good health, for it is the means whereby the blood gets its nutrient material. The stomach is like the stoker of a fire. It gives the fuel to the body.

Indigestion is the inability of the system to dissolve the food, which is thus lost to the body in the excreta. It is brought on by many causes, viz., extreme acidity of the gastric juice—nervous debility—unwholesome food—worry—confinement—want of exercise—catarrh of stomach—insufficient secretion of the digestive juices—etc.

The general symptoms of indigestion are flushing after meals—a sense of fulness after food—distension of abdomen—pain between shoulders—palpitation of heart—pain in abdomen after meals—wind—heartburn—bringing up into the mouth a disagreeable fluid (water-brash), itching and watering of eyes—etc., etc.

These symptoms are not usually all present, but if any one appears don't neglect it, but restore the organs to their normal condition by a regular use of Seigel's Syrup after meals. This remedy is made from fruits, roots and herbs, and contains no mineral drug. It promotes the healthy secretion and ensures the proper motion of the bowels. The judicious use of Seigel's Syrup ensures good digestion even in the aged.

CORRECT

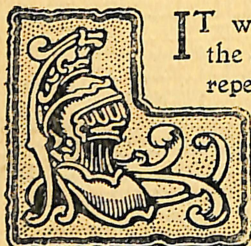
OCCASION	COAT	WAISTCOAT	TROUSERS	HAT
Day Wedding, Afternoon Calls, Receptions and Matinee	Frock	Double Breasted Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Worsted of Dark or Gray Tones	High Silk
Evening Wedding, Balls, Receptions, Formal Dinners and Theatre	Evening Dress	White Double Breasted or Black Single Breasted	Same Material as Coat	Opera or High Silk
Informal Dinner, Club, Stag and At Home Dinner	Evening Jacket	Double Breasted White with Gold But'ns or S.B. Same Material as Coat	Same Material as Coat	<i>Black Alpine or Derby</i>
Business and Morning Wear	Sack or Cutaway	To Match Coat	If with S.B. Coat, to match; if with D.B. Coat, of some different Material	Derby with Sack or High Silk with Cutaway
Wheeling, Golf, Outing	Single Breasted or Double Breasted Sack	Of Fancy Plaid Single Breasted or Double Breasted	Fancy Knickers or Flannel Trousers	Alpine with Pugaree; Tam or Golf Cap
Afternoon Teas, Shows, Etc.	Frock or Cutaway	Double Breasted Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Worsted Light or Dark	High Silk

DRESS.

SHIRT AND CUFFS	COLLAR	CRAVAT	GLOVES	SHOES	JEWELLERY.
White or Coloured with White Cuffs attached	Lap-Front or Poke	Black, White or Light-tone Ascot or <i>Derby</i>	Gray Suède	Patent Leather	Gold Links, Pearl Pin
White with Cuffs attached	Lap-Front, Standing or Poke	Broad End White Tie	Pearl or White	Patent Leather or Patent Leather Ties	Pearl Studs and White Links or Pearl Studs and Links
White with Cuffs Attached	Standing or High-band Turn-down	Broad End Black Silk or Satin Tie	Gray Suède	Patent Leather or Patent Leather Ties	Gold Studs and Links
Coloured Shirt with Cuffs attached or separable	Standing or High-band Turn-down	Ascot Tie, Once-over or <i>Derby</i>	Tan or Gray	Calf with Sack; Patent Leather with Cutaway	Gold Studs, Gold Links, Gold Watch Guard
Fancy Flannel or Oxford	Hunting Stock or High-Band, Turn-down or Necker-chief	Hunting Stock or Tie	Heavy Red Tan or White Chamois	Calf or Tan	Links and Watch Guard
White	High Standing or Turn-down	Ascot or <i>Derby</i>	Tan or Light Gray Suède	Patent Leather	Gold Studs, Gold Links



THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.



IT was said of old that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man, and Byron repeated the venerable lie. Out of respect for its antiquity, the dictum may pass; but who will deny that the tailor, even if only the ninth part of a man, is necessary to the completion of the *whole*, the *finished* man? The parents are responsible for the crude form, the *mere* man, who without the tailor's art can never become a *gentleman*. It has been said that manners make the man, manors the gentleman; but it is not so. The utmost courtliness of manner and a fat banking account will, combined, fail to atone for ill-fitting garments, or cause anyone to mistake a diminutive man clad in a check suit of large pattern for a gentleman.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,"

says Shakespeare, greatest of all authorities on clothes, as on most other subjects. Note that wise William does not assert that the apparel *always* proclaims the man, though it does so often enough to be adopted as a general rule. The man in advance of Fashion, unless he be accepted as the leader of it (and there is but one living King of England), is

accounted by persons of taste eccentric or absurd, or both; while he who follows slowly and at a distance the footsteps of Fashion is commonly regarded as not of this world, though in it. **To hit the happy medium**, to adapt the prevailing style of dress to your size, bearing and manner, **is true art**, an art not always easy of acquirement, judging from the numerous failures to accomplish it. Unfortunately, no precise rules can be laid down in the matter, for what is becoming to one man is often atrocious when worn by another; yet in this very difficulty lies the charm of dress—the scope it affords for individual taste and selection. A profusion of jewellery, denoting doubtful taste even when worn by a woman, is unequivocally vulgar in a man. True, it may indicate wealth; but the practice savours strongly of Israel in Houndsditch, and should be religiously avoided. **King Edward, who may safely be taken as a model of all that becomes a gentleman in dress**, is rarely seen wearing more than one finger ring, while in his choice of cloth patterns he **displays that strong commonsense and correct judgment which he brings to bear upon most of the concerns of life**. If there were tailors in England who had the slightest conception of cutting and fitting clothes, instead of the unskilled cloth butchers of execrable taste who abound in the West End of London and prey upon callow youth and indefinite dandies, the King, in common with some of his subjects, would be attractively and sensibly dressed. In America and France tailoring is a science and an art; in Great Britain it makes freaks of men and frumps of women. **Study, therefore, your apparel**, that it fit and be fit; and don't say of whatever your tailor may please to send you, "These clothes are good

enough" (*Twelfth Night*), lest others report of you that you are "honest in nothing but your clothes" (*Measure for Measure*), "the soul of this man is his clothes" (*All's Well that Ends Well*), but rather "clothe you as becomes you" (*Taming of the Shrew*). Then shall your "clothes not make a false report" (*Coriolanus*), and none shall dare say you are "a fool in good clothes" (*Timon of Athens*), but that you are a gentleman and "have excellent good clothes" (*Pericles*).



Verily, lawyers show their wisdom in ignoring punctuation, for thereby they may make what they will of any written agreement. An astute barber placed the following alluring announcement in his window :

"What do you think?
—I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink!"

Many customers were attracted; but on claiming the expected reward they were referred to the same couplet displayed on the wall inside, punctuated thus :

"What! Do you think
I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink?"

Which end of a Dog is Honest? —If you came to a garden gate, on the inside of which a wide-mouthed bull pup was barking like a Member of Parliament, but wagging his tail the while like certain mangy politicians, I ask you seriously, which end of that dog would you believe? This is the only case where Seigel's could not help you out.

Don't give away what you need yourself—Advice.

I dislike to see a doctor attending the funeral of his patient, it looks so like a mechanic taking home his work.

Lend him money, and you lose your friend.

Pay as you go, and keep on going or you'll be gone!

CHAMPAGNE.

Delicious, effervescent, cold champagne,
 Imprisoned sunshine, glorious and bright,
 How many virtues in thy charm unite?
 Who from thy tempting witchery can abstain?

**IRISH WHISKY.**

Thou bring'st out finely the old Celtic glee,
 Yarns, jokes and glorious bulls surpassed by none,
 Side-splitting stories, funny when begun,
 And at the end one royal mental spree.

**COFFEE.**

Voluptuous berry! where may mortals find
 Nectars divine that can with thee compare,
 When, having dined, we sip thy essence rare,
 And feel toward wit and repartee inclined?

**TEA.**

By thee the tired and torpid mind conceives,
 Fairer than roses brightening life's gloom,
 Thy protean charm can every form assume
 And turns December nights to April eves.

—*Francis Saltus.*



That which is called firmness in a king is called obstinacy
 in a donkey.—*Lord Erskine.*

“Time eateth all things, could old poets say,
 The times are changed, our times *drink* all away.”

Seldom write, never burn, a letter.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay;
 If I should die to-night
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe
 And say "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
 I might arise in my large white cravat,
 And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel;
 I say if I should die to-night
 And you should come to me and there and then,
 Just even hint at paying me that ten,
 I might arise the while,—
 But I'd drop dead again.

—Ben King.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

"What death is dost thou ask of me?
 Till dead I do not know.
 Come to me when thou hearest I'm dead;
 What 'tis I shall show.
 To die's to cease to be, it seems;
 So learned Seneca did think;
 But we've philosophers of modern date,
 Who say 'tis death to cease to drink."



HOW MUCH NICER.

How much nicer it is to sit in a carriage and think how much nicer it is to sit in a carriage than it is to walk, than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to sit in a carriage than it is to walk.

LIKE THE NEW FRIENDS BEST.



Don't talk to me o' old-time friends,
 But jes give me the new,
 The old friends may be good enough,
 But somehow they won't do.
 I don't care for their old-time ways;
 Their questions you'll allow
 Are soulless as a parrot's gab:—
 "Well, what you up to now?"
 That's one thing I've agin' 'em
 'Cause that with all the rest,
 Like hintin' 'bout some old-time debt;
I like my new friends best.

I meet an old friend in the street,
 As oftentimes I do,
 Mechanically he stops to shake
 An' say: "Well, how are you?"
 Then drawin' down his face, as if
 His cheeks was filled with lead,
 He says: "I 'spose you've heard the news?"
 "No!" "Eli Stubbs is dead.
 And' 'fore he died he ast for you—
 Seemed sorry you was gone,
 An' said 'at what he'd let you have
 He hoped would help you on."
 Now that's why I don't like 'em much,
 You prob'bly might have guessed,
 I aint got much agin' 'em, but
I like the new friends best.

Old friends are most too home-like now,
 They know your age, and when
 You got expelled from school, and lots
 Of other things, an' then
 They 'member when you shivered
 The town an' broke the lights
 Out of the school 'nen run away
 An' played "Hunt Cole" out nights.
 They 'member when you played around
 Your dear old mommy's knee,
 It's them can tell the very date
 That you got on a spree.
 I don't like to forget 'em, yet
 If put right to the test
 Of hankerin' right now for 'em
I like the new friends best."

THE FATES.

“**Fortune** came to a youth one day and dressed 'im
Up in his best. While **Society** smiled and caressed him,
Along came **Toil** with a hammer and saw to test 'im—
And all three pressed 'im.

Manhood came, as it usually does, to beard 'im;
Virtue stole in and sat by his side, but feared 'im;
Ambition came with wonderful schemes and steered 'im—
But all three queered 'im.

Wisdom came and knocked at his door; he spurned 'im.
Frivolity came on bicycle wheels and turned 'im;
Remorse at last came up and stung 'im and burned 'im;
And all three churned 'im.

Poverty opened his door and found 'im and sought 'im;
Paralysis, crouched in a corner, had finally caught 'im;
Idleness claimed the prize because she'd taught 'im—
But all three got 'im.

Old Charon rowed up in **Time's canoe** and ferried 'im
Over the creek, when an undertaker hurried 'im,
Dropped sand on his box, while a parson talked and
worried 'im—

But the whole crowd buried 'im.”



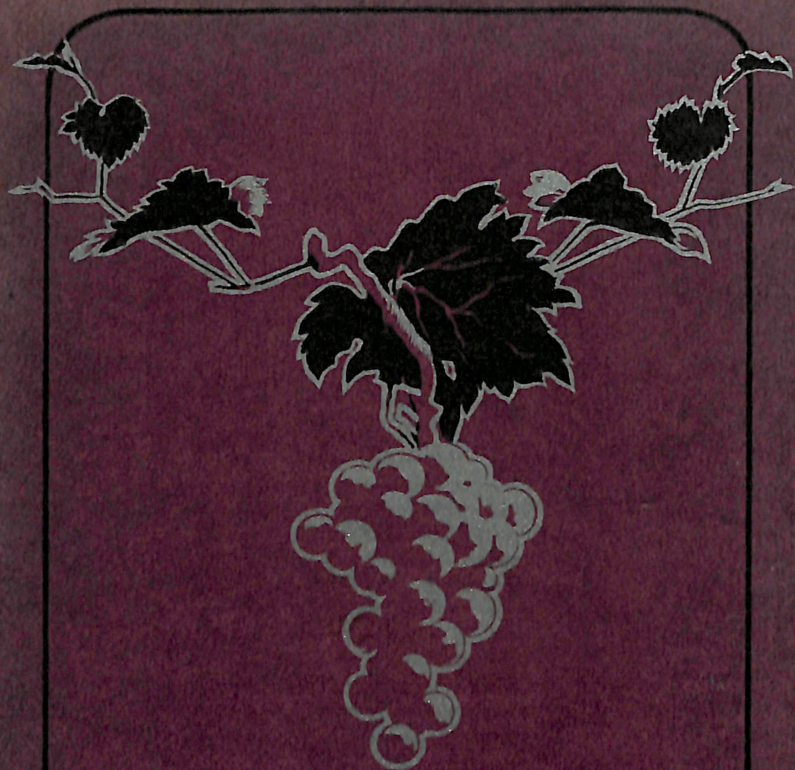
Woes of Ireland. —“Unfortunately,” said the orator,
“our country is full of absentee landlords. If our nation were
wealthier, it would not be so poor. We shall never get our
due till we all agree to follow one upright man. What I
mean by an upright man is a downright honest man. True,
nothing is certain in politics but the uncertainty of it; but,
believe me, it is as sure as anything that is doubtful can be,
that one day oppression shall cease, and they who are now
oppressors be trampled beneath the heels of their present
victims.”

Now this is as fine a drove of bulls as was ever seen at an
Irish fair.

ENFIN.

DONE by Mother Seigel, in a limited edition, for a few of the numerous friends who have bowed to her after many meals — for the enjoyment and good feeling which attend perfect digestion. The "Bachelor Book" is not for sale, but to those who have received it, one extra copy will be furnished on receipt of half-a-crown. M M M M M M

A. J. WHITE, Limited, began business in 1868. Its chief product—Seigel's Syrup—is sold in all parts of the world. The Company has branches, laboratories, and agents in sixteen countries, is capitalized at £1,000,000, and is undoubtedly the largest proprietor of a medicinal speciality in the world.



THE
CHAFING DISH
IN
BOHEMIA.