

## A KAISER'S KITCHEN.

CATERING TO THE APPETITE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Innumerable Cooks Are Required in the German Royal Household to Prepare Vlads for the Tables —A Wedding Banquet.

HERE is a really picturesque vein of eccentricity in the German Emperor's character. He can treat his court and ministers to more surprises in a day than his venerable grandfathers dreamt of in a year. One hour

he may be seen in all his imperial regalia delivering a ringing speech from the throne and a few hours afterward he might be found watching the trial of some new-fangled carpet sweepers. The other day he suddenly called in the Court Marshal, Count Pusker, and started this dignitary with the exclamation: "Count, I want you to accompany me to the lower regions." The Count was somewhat taken aback, thinking that His Majesty wished him to go to a place where fans and thermometers are in great demand. The Emperor, however, set him at ease, explaining that he had decided to make a tour of inspection through the royal kitchens. The object of this unexpected visit was to satisfy and acquaint himself personally with the workings of this important department, the highest aim of which is to keep the imperial stomach in good humor. The visit was



also made in honor of an ancient custom that had been observed by the Hohenzollerns for centuries, but which of late years had become obsolete. Several of the German papers hastened to inform their readers of this visit to the kitchen, stating at the same time that it was the first time the kitchen had been honored by a royal presence. This is a mistake, since both Emperor William I and his royal spouse made it a point to personally inspect the huge buffets containing the cold viands before any great entertainment. These identical sideboards are used even to-day, and placed in a room adjoining the culinary department. They contain all manner of samples of cold viands, which are faithfully inspected as to quality by the present Empress.

The Emperor was more than pleased with his visit to the kitchen. He found the arrangements admirable and evinced a deep interest in the many novelties which he was shown. He said he felt proud to see that the joyous little sausages and the martial fish balls were cooked with such military precision and succulence. He inspected the several complicated spits for turning the roasts. He peered into the turbid depths of the pot where merrily bubbled the flippant bean. The Emperor also saw the workings of the dishwashing apparatus and many other things too numerous to mention. Everything was faultless, and the chief chef has wild dreams of being rewarded with the knighthood of the Limburger or the grand clam chowder cross.

A royal kitchen is at all times an ex-

celling of all materials needed, and accounts of the various tradesmen.

Next come the officers of the kitchen, who have charge of the table furnishings, linen, silver for everyday use as well as glass, etc. On special occasions these men have charge of the setting of the tables, as well as the army of extra waiters.

But the greatest of the great is the "master of the kitchen." He in his turn is aided by a number of chefs of

arrangements for roasting meats, making pastry, artificial ice, etc., are all of the very latest and improved patterns.

The latest gala dinner was given this year during the wedding festivities of the Emperor's sister, Princess Margarete, and Prince Frederick Carl. Eight days before such an important event the master of the kitchen outlines the menu and places it before the Emperor himself. The Court Marshal



LAVING THE TABLES.

the various departments in the kitchen. Some of these subordinate chefs have as many as twenty assistants. The roast meat department is given special care, as the Emperor is apt to be a little "fussy" if things are not exactly right. The chief of the department, as well as his assistants, must be a veritable artist in roasting meats, for Brillat-Savarin truthfully said that "cooks may be taught, but roasters must be born."

Next in importance comes the entree cooks, upon whom it devolves to prepare minor dishes, soups, vegetables and salads. The third division comprises the makers of sauces, or, as they are styled, "sauciers." It is the duty of these gentlemen to prepare the fish, the entrees, and to make all impossible sauces, as the case requires. A very important man is the chief confectioner with his assistants. On these dignitaries rest the task not only of preparing all the fancy pastry, but also the putting it into attractive shapes. All preserves, fancy jellies and candied fruits are in their care as well. The artistic features of the banquet tables owe a great deal to the pastry cooks' skill. These men, who would scorn to be considered anything less than artists, are wonderfully adept in the arrangement of dishes in every

elaborates it, and the entire bill of fare is most carefully considered item by item. The required changes are made to conform to the Emperor's wishes, after which it is handed to the "master" for finishing touches. Then begin active preparations for the grand event. All the reserve cooks from the other courts are called upon to assist, and they commence their labors three days before the gala dinner is given.

ROASTING MEAT.

Illustration showing several men in a kitchen, one holding a spit with meat, another holding a large pot.

MAKING SOUP.

conceivable shape. Beneath their deft touch one can almost hear the roasted pig give a grunt of satisfaction as it lies on its beautifully garnished plate. Fowl and game appear decked in their full plumage and in startlingly lifelike attitudes.

Any good housekeeper would be perfectly delighted to see the array of utensils used in this royal kitchen. All of these, with but few exceptions, are made of tinned copper. They are carefully arranged upon shelves according to the various sizes. Here are kettles,

The most dazzling array of wonderfully artistic plate in gold and silver is brought out on these occasions. The German Emperor is very fond of display, and his table leaves nothing to be desired by the most extravagant entertainer.—Chicago Herald.

### A Pretty Summer Waist.

One of the pretty summer waists is made of pale green chambrey trimmed with narrow white washable ribbon. The upper part is effectively



draped with a pelerine arranged in folds. About the waist is a belt of green ribbon laid in folds and fastened with a white ribbon rosette.

### The Servant Was Horrified.

Doctor S. had last winter a newly arrived Hibernian for a servant; he had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "porpoise hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "lavish whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:

"Yer husband is a docther, num, an' I've heard them docthers do be cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um, wid me own ears, say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide? It's me own ould father that died in the poorhouse, an' I wouldn't be servin' a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirty feet wid!"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

There is a predominance of females over males in Spain, the number of the former being 8,943,000, and of the latter 8,607,000.

THE WAITERS.

tremely interesting place to visit, as it contains such an abundance of culinary novelties of every description. Here are prepared the daily meals of the imperial family and their immediate attendants. The ordinary routine never brings out the full working capacity of the kitchen, as the number to be provided for is not very large. But when a gala dinner or a wedding festivity, such as the recent one, is to be prepared, then it is a sight worth seeing if admission as spectator can be had to the sacred realms of cookery. The kitchen is governed by a court marshal, and next in rank comes a kitchen superintendent. This functionary attends to the purchasing and

fish, stew and frying pans of every conceivable shape, holding from half a pint to ten gallons. Each kettle has a separate number corresponding to the number attached to the shelf.

The ranges are built along the side wall, and are all heated by hard coal. Should there be special hurry to prepare a hasty meal for a large number people these ranges can be supplied with gas by a patented contrivance. Every department has a bulletin-board, on which is posted the daily requirements for each department. Huge frying ovens, resembling sideboards, are built in the walls. There is also a beefsteak broiler heated with charcoal and closed with a lid. The

introduction of Australian meat into Egypt, for the purpose of delivering supplies to ships passing through the Suez Canal, has proved so successful that an attempt will be made to push the trade into the Egyptian market, with the opening of a depot at Cairo and another at Port Said.

## Women of Wolpai.

In the Indian village or "city" of Wolpai in northwestern Arizona there exists and has existed for centuries, according to a correspondent of the New York Advertiser, a condition of civilization which is neither socially nor morally much inferior to that possessed by the American people of today, with whom the members of this tribe have had but little communication. It is particularly among the Wolpai women that the degree of civilization seems to be most remarkable.

When the child is born it is prayed over, after the custom of the tribe, and then a strangely superstitious ceremony is gone through—viz., the baby is rubbed with wood ashes "in order that her bones may not become loose." Until she is ten years old she lives a life of perfect childhood, romping, climbing, playing with innumerable toys and doing everything that a civilized child would like to do, but dare not. As a result the little Wolpai maiden of ten years old is well knit and robust, and has set up a natural foundation of health with which to begin her life of usefulness.

ing, situated on an eminence about one mile west of Keedysville, near the bridge and lime-kiln and junction of the main stream of the Big and Little Antietam, the latter tributary flowing through the town alluded to, whilst the former extends to the north and thence to the town of Hagerstown; that is, to the east of that city.

It was at this point the advance of the Federal army crossed the creek (so called by the natives), the majority fording below Price's Mills, the balance across the bridge above. At this time (Tuesday) the enemy had made a stand on the Sharpsburg pike in front of Fry's House, while the crossing of the troops alluded to rendered this ground untenable; compelling Lee to withdraw his forces across the creek by the middle bridge, assuming positions for the great struggle of Wednesday on its west bank.

On Tuesday evening Fry's House was taken possession of by the Headquarters staff, reports from the line in front being forwarded to that spot then and later. There could be no objection to its availability for active operations, being well up to the rear of the Federal right, and affording good opportunity for correspondence with Burnside on the left, at the same time allowing an unobstructed view of the center.

I am particular in thus describing the reasons and good judgment those officers (whether the General or his staff) displayed in making the selection, as from these facts arise the absurdity of what followed years after the event took place, and suggested by the principal actor in the affair.

But whether accidental or from a motive of malice, the rumor went abroad after the battle that McClellan's Headquarters were situated on a mountain five miles away from the fighting; covertly hinting to that officer's anxiety in avoiding unpleasant inquiries from Washington and the press.

Not doubt these rumors sank deep in the aman propter of McClellan, and with many other such stories embittered feelings toward those whom he supposed his enemies during the war.

A truly great mind would pass over the scoffs and jeers of the outside world as so much chaff, an attribute, unfortunately for himself, the General did not possess, although enemies and friends must admit his ability.

McClellan's retreat from Richmond to Harrison's Landing, extricating his army out of the clutches of an able adversary, backed by "superior" numbers, will ever stand as a monument of military genius.

In view of the fact as to which place was the locale of the headquarters, a curious and unusual incident occurred some two years ago (1863) during McClellan's visit to the scene of his former victory, he having been prevailed upon by the citizens of Hagerstown, Md., to deliver the oration on Decoration day at the Antietam National Cemetery on May 30, 1864.

The General arrived the day before, was sumptuously entertained in the city alluded to, and on the morning of the 30th a special train carried the party to the battlefield, where carriages awaited and conveyed them to the different points where the engagement raged the fiercest. Now mark the sequel. One of the gentlemen in the carriage, pointing to the Fry House, remarked:

"Gen. McClellan, there is your old Headquarters."

To which came the astonishing reply:

"No, sir, I never was in the house. I was with Porter's Corps during the battle."

The statement seems almost laughable as a good joke emanating from a prominent individual, the writer of this article having so regarded it in the light of what followed—repetition of the above and subsequent events bearing on the statement hardly ever failing of producing a hearty laugh from the hearers of the anecdote at Little Mac's expense.

The narrative would not be complete without the following addenda—the second act of the farce securing representation two years after—a very long wait for the dénouement, but useful sometimes to allow the male portion of the audience to withdraw and smile.

Using the personal pronoun, I will give my own experience in connection with the episode.

Having occasion in the Summer of 1866 to walk from Sharpsburg to Keedysville, (the route passes in front of the gate leading to Fry's House) as I neared the spot a buggy containing two gentlemen and a driver drove out of the private road. Being well acquainted with the owner of the vehicle in a jocular manner I extemporized my walking cane into a musket, bringing it to the shoulder and exclaiming:

"Halt and surrender!"

The buggy stopped, driver and occupants ejaculating "We surrender!"

Of course, having captured the whole affair, I immediately took possession by seating myself beside the driver. After some remarks had passed, one of the prisoners on the back seat tremulously exclaimed that having been captured they would desire to know who were their captors.

Humoring the joke I replied:

"The advance of Hooker's Division."

Judge of my surprise at the reply:

"Ah, sir, you are caught: we are Hooker's Division. I am Aid-in-Chief to the general, and this officer represents the 1st Mass., whilst you, sir are but a scouting party of Mosby's thieves!"

"Gentlemen," I answered, "you are correct in one particular. The regiment you allude to was full of my most intimate friends. Your names are sufficient to cover me with confusion. With disgust I disclaim all connection with the humbug alluded to, and am prepared to meet a court martial."

After a passage of bandage, we introduced ourselves.

The principal speaker of the two proved to be Capt. Cades, formerly of Hooker's staff, who told the following story.

With the main column from the 1st Mass. were making a tour of the battlefield of Antietam, reserving a visit to Fry's House as the last point to reach.

Entering this edifice Capt. Cades met an old lady whom he immediately recognized. Accosting her he said: "Madam, do you remember the day of the fight, Sept. 17, when I met you?"

The lady replied that she remembered the day of the battle, but did not remember him, to which the Captain said: "I believe that I can fully bring myself to your remembrance if you will allow us to enter the room in which Gen. McClellan received reports from the field."

Cades, again, came this way, and led them into the room alluded to without a moment's hesitation. The officer, pointing to the table in the center, said: "This is the identical table on which the map was stretched at the time of its examination by the General who stood at that side. You (pointing to the lady) were standing near the door. After giving me some instructions the General turned to you and requested

## SOLDIERS' COLUMN

### AT ANTIETAM.

Where General McClellan Received Reports During the Battle.

AFTER THE fight at Antietam on Sept. 17, 1862, many rumors were current through the press and from the voice of public opinion as regards the exact locality and position of Gen. McClellan's Headquarters during the struggle.

Subsequently, military writers located the General's post at the Fry House a spacious brick building,

sited on an eminence about one mile west of Keedysville, near the bridge and lime-kiln and junction of the main stream of the Big and Little Antietam, the latter tributary flowing through the town alluded to, whilst the former extends to the north and thence to the town of Hagerstown; that is, to the east of that city.

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