

Herald Home Corner

Housewives may mail requests for recipes or ask any questions concerning recipes published. A Herald subscriber, a woman versed in cookery, who desires to remain anonymous, will be delighted to publish requested recipes or answer questions.

—The Editor

Chilli Con Carne

One pint of red kidney beans, 2 tablespoons suet, one pound of beef steak, one pint of hot water, 2 green sweet peppers, seeds removed; 2 onions, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon flour, one pint of ripe tomatoes. Stew beans until soft and drain. Fry out suet in frying pan and cook steak in it until done. Cut in small pieces and add hot water, peppers cut in small pieces, onions and tomatoes. Cook all together until done. Use flour for thickening and add to beans, and cook slowly for another hour.

Chilli Con Carne No. 2

Two cups of cooked beans, one cup of coarsely chopped beef, one onion, one pint of canned tomatoes or tomato soup, one teaspoon of chilli powder, two teaspoons salt, one-half cup water. Cook all together until the consistency of thick soup. Serve with hot buttered crackers.

Frozen Pudding

Melt four tablespoons sugar till it becomes like molasses, add one cup water boil until all the sugar is dissolved. Have ready one quart of milk mixed with the beaten yolks of four or five eggs, sweetened good, strain the sugar (boiled) into the milk, and put all into the freezer. Chop one pound of dried figs or other fruit, and as the pudding is about frozen, stir in the fruit thoroughly and pack the mould in ice for about two hours. When serving put one good tablespoon of whipped cream or white of egg on top of each dish and sprinkle over it finely chopped nuts. But it is fine without the cream or nuts.

Sandwiches

Sardine sandwich—Mix equal portions of mashed sardines and lunch cheese. Spread on thin slices of white bread with thin slice of onion.
Roast pork sandwich—Mix one coffee cup of finely chopped roast pork, with one hard-boiled egg, chopped fine; ¼ cup English walnuts chopped fine, big dash of red pepper, ¼ salt-pon dry mustard, juice of one large lemon. Spread on thin slices of white bread.
Bean sandwich—Spread cold baked beans on thin slices of brown bread, salt, pepper and thin slices of pickle.
Cheese sandwich—Spread thin slices of white bread with German mustard, then put on a thin slice of Swiss cheese spread with mustard.
Tomato sandwich—Place a nice crisp lettuce leaf on thin slices of white bread, then put two thin slices of tomatoes on top, spread with French mustard.

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In the Dark

A Fright and an Awakening.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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Cynthia sat in a hammock upon the upper balcony of the little cottage, and swung her heels like a carefree school girl. For, though school days had long been left behind, the invigorating breeze coming sweet and fresh across the lake, the chirping of birds in the evergreens overhead brought back, with an old sense of joyous freedom, vacations spent long since in this same great Assembly.

Above, the trees arched close like the roof of some green cathedral, while beneath them scattered little winding streets of gayly painted houses.

In the distance was the big hotel, and there, in the very center of the grounds, stretched the amphitheater. It was here in the old days that Cynthia had sung in the children's choir, here now that she hoped to hear far-famed speakers, brought to bestow their eloquence upon the favored members of the Assembly.

Cynthia's admiration for a man who had achieved was something akin to awe. As president of the Home Literature club she hoped to obtain a personal interview with the coming great speaker and noted divine, whose brilliant articles had caused widespread comment, not only in her own country, but in those across the seas.

Her friend and hostess of the cottage had arranged to make the meeting possible. And what a triumph would be her report to the club. Cynthia's eyes shone in proud anticipation. She would write out her own questions to the great man and memorize them, that there might be no mistake in their construction.

In order to accomplish this thoughtfully, Cynthia took a long walk through the wood. When she returned, Grace, her hostess, greeted her jubilantly.

"Such luck!" she exclaimed. "Dr. Raymond Randall, the speaker, is to be entertained at Miller's, next door. You will have a fine chance to meet him."

Diffidently, Cynthia glanced over her shoulder at the red bungalow on the left.

"Silly!" her friend mocked her, "the reverend gentleman does not arrive until tomorrow, and I believe you are trembling now at the mere thought of facing him."

"It's not that, exactly," Cynthia denied, "but one feels that one must be so proper in every respect before such a Personage. Would you—would you wear your gray frock if you were me, as something quiet and suitable in taste?"

"He will probably not know whether your frock is gray or red," Grace assured her; "the man's head is so full of ethics and 'isms.'"

So that evening Cynthia decided to remain at home alone, while the others attended the lecture. She wished to rest after her journey, and to prepare herself for the treat of the next night to come.

Grace pointed out to her the lighting button beneath the stair in the lower hall as they departed.

"When it grows dark," she cautioned, "press the button to light the upper hall before you ascend. We will leave the veranda and garden lights going."

It was truly a pretty sight, the little electric bulbs gleaming here and there among the trees, making the grounds as bright as day. Far out by the lake the hotel windows gleamed as with a hundred eyes, and she could glimpse the gay colors of the throng in the amphitheater.

One by one cottage doors were locked, as at the toll of the bell their inmates hurried off to meeting.

It came upon Cynthia presently that in the vast, lighted stillness she was a creature alone. Alone in her tree-ventilated cathedral, the wash of the waves came to her rhythmically, distantly. It was rather eerie. She laughed softly at the strangeness of the situation. She would go to the upper veranda and read, she decided, some thrilling magazine tale that would put from her mind for the time empty locked houses and queer rustling sounds in the grass.

She found the designated button and pressed it, so that when she came to the top of the stairs the hall was lighted to receive her. She left it so and went out to her favorite seat in the hammock. The tale was most absorbing; in its perusal she forgot the Assembly, the absent friends, the very balcony upon which she was sitting.

Enthralled, she bent lower over the book and then—Cynthia stretched forth her hands; a deep, impenetrable darkness enveloped her, darkness around about, darkness as she strained her eyes above. As realization came slowly, her heart resumed its normal beating. Of course, it was the electricity which had failed; in a moment it would be on again.

But far away twinkled the lights of the hotel, and the amphitheater was still brilliant. Cynthia remembered uncomfortably the large sum of money which she had been chided for bringing and which still remained in the satchel in her room. Was it possible that some one had learned of her carelessness? If so, great was his opportunity.

The lighting button, she remembered, could only be manipulated in the lower hall, and even if she might feel her way across this upper balcony, had she the courage to go alone down the dark boxed-in stairs? She

would make a pretense of having a companion; if the thief were in hiding, that might intimidate him. She would see.

"Mrs. Miller," she called loudly. She recalled that Grace had so called her neighbor. "Mrs. Miller, what shall we do about it?" and almost as Cynthia spoke, the lights blazed on.

For one long moment she stood white-faced and alone in the glare, then as suddenly was again left in darkness.

Her knees failed her now, as she sank back upon the hammock. There was no doubt about it. A thief had discovered her helplessness, and had also located the thick roll of bills in her bag. Stealthily, yet unmistakably, came the sound of some one moving up the rough stair. She could distinctly hear the muffled breathing, the pauses made as if to listen.

"Who is there?" she cried, her voice shaking. Silence answered. Then, presently, on again came the shuffling across the boards, nearer, nearer. If there were only a glimmer of light, that she might find a way to escape. To wait in the darkness was unbearable.

From the amphitheater came the song of a hundred singers. What use to call for help if help were needed?

A heavy body brushed the screen-door at her very side. Desperately Cynthia arose and groped along the railing. At the front was a pillar, a round, veranda pillar. If she could find this, clasp her arms about it and slide to the ground. She would try. An instant she stood dangerously suspended upon the narrow outer ledge. One high-heeled white slipper felt its way, then Cynthia slipped safely and breathlessly to the ground.

Swift as her own descent the lights flared on again, and she found herself staring wide-eyed and startled into the bewildered face of a man crouched upon the lower step.

"By Jove!" muttered the man.

"You—you coward!" burst out Cynthia.

Whether it was the suddenness of her downward flight or the unexpected proximity of the burglar which changed Cynthia's fright to indignation, she could not tell, but she stamped her white shoe on the ground and faced the shrinking young man. "You knew I was here alone and unprotected," she accused, "and so you thought—"

"Where is Mrs. Miller?" the man brusquely interrupted.

Cynthia stood speechless at the coolness of the question. It was evident that her rise as to a companion had deceived him. Perhaps it would be wise to still carry it on.

"Because," the man continued quietly, "if Mrs. Miller is inside, I would like to speak to her. She may be able to explain the eccentricities of this religious Assembly; where a man is left suddenly in the middle of a darkened wood, to hit his head against every tree that he passes en route to the home in which he is assigned to be entertained; and where, from out the darkness, a voice mysteriously speaking Mrs. Miller's name, leads him to this abode. When he congratulates himself upon locating with difficulty the front step, a flying female figure descends upon him, in a glare of sudden light, from above."

The young man mopped his brow. "I've been over a good bit of the earth," he said, "India—the jungle—but for real excitement this night beats it all."

In growing trepidation, Cynthia sank limply down upon the step at the intruder's side. One drawn-out sentence lingered in her mind. At Mrs. Miller's house, he had said, he was "assigned to be entertained."

The man's appearance under same inspection was decidedly not that of a burglar. Mocking the shocked gravity of his face, his dark eyes twinkled humorously.

"Who—are you?" faltered Cynthia. "My name," he replied, "is Raymond Randall. My mission here to dilute upon a present remedy for the ills of the universe in general."

Across Cynthia's mentality flashed a memory of a certain perfectly prepared speech of introduction; also, of one gray demure dress suitable for the occasion.

"The noted Dr. Randall?" she gasped.

He leaned back and smiled at her awestruck face. "Why, I don't know," he remarked. "A few moments ago you addressed me as coward—"

Then Cynthia in quick compunction told the story of her evening; croakingly the screen door opened behind the two as they sat, and a great bulldog lounged out upon the veranda, shuffling as he came and breathing heavily.

"The dog from next door!" cried the girl.

"Your burglar," said the man. Far away the singing ceased; homeward to other verandas came the Assembly throng.

Upon the lower step, talking low, still sat Cynthia and her companion. Twice Grace and Mrs. Miller endeavored to make their presence known.

"I am glad you had company," said Grace. "We were worried about you when the electricity failed. Only the hotel and amphitheater are provided with gas. Cynthia, may I meet your friend?"

Cynthia glanced up absently; the young man's manner as he arose was also preoccupied.

"Certainly," answered the girl. "Dr. Randall, Mrs. Miller, Miss Bowen."

"I am sorry not to have been here to welcome you, Dr. Randall," said Mrs. Miller. "We were not expecting you until tomorrow evening."

Cynthia smiled. "I welcomed him," she said.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Rugged mountains, storm-tossed sea, I stand in awe and there I see God's handiwork in beauty spread; I gaze upon it and my soul is fed With the great wonder of it all: Clouds and sunbeams Ocean— Mountains tall, Blended in lights of closing day. —A. H. Tarleton.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

To make club cheese for sandwiches or for table use take one part of butter to four parts of cheese, put the cheese through the meat grinder, add the butter and then run again through the grinder any number of times until the cheese is smooth. Put in glasses, cover with paraffin paper or pack into paraffined paper boxes; this will keep for a month or longer in a cool place.

When one has a little cheese past the stage of serving on the table, grate it and to every two cups of grated cheese add one cupful of boiling hot cream, season with paprika, salt, cayenne pepper and mix well, put into glasses and set away well covered in a cool place.

How to Cook an Old Chicken.—Cut up the fowl as for fricassee, roll in seasoned flour and fry until a golden brown, then place in a dripping pan or roaster with one cupful of chopped celery and two tablespoonfuls of minced onion. Bake slowly until tender. The older the fowl the longer it will take to bake.

Pineapple Pie.—Peel and grate a pineapple. Separate the yolks and whites of four eggs and to the yolks add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. When these are well beaten add one-half cupful of cream and the grated pineapple. Pour this custard into pastry-lined plates and bake until firm. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs.

Cheese Nut Sandwich.—Put cheese through the meat grinder; to every cup add one tablespoonful of ground nuts. Prepare them by removing all skin add salt, paprika and pack in good cans or glasses.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil good-sized onions until soft enough to remove the centers. Fill with a stuffing prepared from sausage or chicken. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake. Serve with steak.

Nellie Maxwell

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Why Do So Many People Have Weak Arches?

If shoe clerks are correct in saying that 60 per cent of the women they wait on have weak arches; if the army examiners were correct in rejecting, on account of flat feet enough men to make a big city—then it does seem strange that so many people should have to suffer from failure of the foot to hold up under the weight of the body. They're not all fat people, either.

The Answer

Broadly speaking, the reason is this: Every part of the body is always clad so as to permit reasonable muscular freedom, except the foot. Here the ligaments and muscles which should hold the arch bones in place, become atrophied through restricted circulation and lack of exercise in shoes that are rigid, tight, ill-fitting. Down goes the arch. There are other special causes, but the bulk of the sufferers can blame the shoes they have worn.

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