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

Green Peppers, Creole Rice

Remove the seed and veins from four green peppers, parboil five minutes in boiling salted water. Have ready ¾ cup rice with cold water brought to the boiling point, drained and rinsed. Cooked in a double boiler with two cups tomato and cooked until rice is soft, season with onion juice, paprika and salt, add two tablespoons of butter. Fill the peppers, cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake ten minutes in a hot oven, serving the leftover Creole rice round the peppers all very hot.

Parsley Omelet

Beat two eggs slightly, but not light, add two tablespoons of cold water and turn into a pan in which a teaspoon of butter has been melted. As the omelet cooks lift it to let the uncooked portion run down on the pan. When it is cooked creamy, sprinkle with a tablespoon of chopped parsley, fold over, sprinkle lightly with salt and serve at once.

Duchesse Potatoes

Season two cups of mashed potatoes with one rounding teaspoon of butter and a little salt and pepper. Beat until very light then add six tablespoons of cream and the yolks of two eggs beaten light, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fill hot greased gem pans two-thirds full with the potato mixture and brush over the top with the beaten yolk of one egg. Set in the oven to brown.

Raisin Pie

Mix one tablespoon cornstarch with one cup sugar and stir it into one cup of boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the juice of one lemon, a little of the grated rind, one cup of prepared and stewed raisins, one tablespoon butter and when slightly cooled add one well beaten egg. Turn into a plate lined with crust, cover with a rich crust and bake.

Cold Slaw

Slice and chop fine one head of cabbage. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Bruise the cabbage with a potato masher. Serve with a dressing made of one-half pint of sour cream, four tablespoons of vinegar and three tablespoons of mustard, one of melted butter. Bring to a boil and pour over the cabbage.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE

I know a woman who is healthy, strong and intelligent and amply able to make her own living, but who has to be supported because she is so "sensitive" that she cannot go out into the world to work.

I know a young woman who is so "sensitive" she cannot bear to witness the suffering of one she loves, so she wanders among her flowers, while her sister nurses her mother who is slowly dying of cancer.

I know a wife who is so "sensitive" that her husband can never share any of his burdens with her, and who goes into hysterics every time any emergency arises that calls for self-sacrifice or work.

To have to live with a sensitive person or do business with one is an affliction which we might all try to avoid. Yet, curiously enough, the sensitive, instead of regarding sensitiveness as an abnormality and a deformity of character, which they should do their best to conceal, regard it as an ornament to their personality, and boast of it and display it on all occasions.

Women in particular take this attitude toward sensitiveness. They seem to think that their shrinking from doing their bit in the everyday battle of life, and their giving away to their emotions, shows that they are of finer clay than the rest of us. Their attitude is that they have been set apart to be parlor ornaments, while their sisters were foreordained to the fate of kitchen pots.

The girl who cannot go out into the world and work as other girls do makes her sensitiveness an excuse for being a quitter, for it is observable that her shrinking from mingling with other people doesn't keep her from going to the places she wants to to go to or doing the things she wants to do. She doesn't dread meeting men in society. It's only in business that she is stricken with fear of them.

The woman who is so sensitive she is always getting her delicate sensibilities wounded is the one who possesses what alienists call "an exaggerated ego." She is always imagining slights because she considers that great deference should be paid her. She sees herself as the most important figure in the universe, with everybody kowtowing and knocking their foreheads on the ground before her, and when they fail to do this she considers that she has been grievously insulted and she won't play any more.

Vanity and selfishness, these are the ugly core of sensitiveness. Instead of coddling it and cultivating it, we do well to fight it as the most insidious vice to which we can become addicted.—Chicago Daily News.

STRAINING THE SIGHT

By Dr. F. V. Sauvie

There are some occupations which impose an especially heavy tax upon the eyes, and workers under these circumstances should be particularly careful to preserve their vision, especially as they are directly dependent upon it for the earning of a living.

Dangerous Trades

A "black list" of occupations dangerous to the eyes would certainly include all industries demanding close attention, especially in poor light. Some kinds of employment which aggravate eye-defects are: Needlework, benchwork in factories, drawing and painting and clerical work.

Headache is now becoming known as usually a result of strained eyes. Almost invariably when the proper glasses are obtained it permanently disappears.

SAY GRACE BEFORE MEALS

A good old Christian custom which nowadays appears to be more honored in the "breach than the observance," and that of saying grace before and after meals. Very many 20th century Christians would be benefited by some such lesson as King Alfonso of Aragon once gave his courtiers.

Observing that they did not ask a blessing before their meals nor return thanks after them, he invited a beggar to the royal table, forbidding him most strictly either to make a bow on entering the dining hall or to express his gratitude on departing. The beggar obeyed orders, and went away without word or sign of thanks. The courtiers were highly incensed at this lack of good breeding, but the king checked their complaints, saying "Is not this exactly how you yourselves act towards your Heavenly King? You neither ask a blessing nor return thanks, and accordingly He has much more reason to be indignant with you than you have to abuse that poor mendicant."

HOW LITTLE THINGS GROW BIG

The little courtesies of ev'ry day
Are really stones that pave the onward way
To nobler actions later in life's span
'Tis truly said that "manners make the man."

But better far than any worldly gain
Is the true happiness you will attain.
For light are hearts who courtesy do show,
And others lead "Our Father's" love to know.

—Margaret Wakeford in the Leader.

"CAN'T I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU, PAPA?"

Yes, Marie was a dear little girl of just ten summers. She was kind and gentle to everybody, and her large brown eyes were all full of loving helpfulness. Really, I believe she knew as well as I do that God takes special delight in looking upon boys and girls that are obedient and meek and humble of heart.

Now, this gentleness of Marie's made her so obedient and willing to help that she could read a request in mamma's eyes, or papa's, or sister's, almost any time one was there. She would not even wait to be asked, if she could help it.

One evening when papa came back from work, tired and rather out of sorts, and was sitting at his desk reading the paper, Marie softly went up to his side. Why? Because, you see, her love and her desire to be a little angel of charity and to make others happy sent her thither.

Yes, there she stood. Then she lightly touched papa's arm and said, in her soft, musical voice:

"Can't I do something for you, papa?"

Papa turned and looked at her. At first he did not understand. He was so tired and worn-out.

"What do you mean, Marie?" he asked.

"Can't I get you something, or make you comfortable and happy in some way, papa? For I love you so."

Then he understood. This little one for whom he was working so hard wanted to help along by her willingness. His eyes lighted up.

"Of course you can, darling," he cried, as he took her into his arms. "You can give me one big, loving kiss. And I thank God over and over again for having given me the precious girlie that you are, my own Marie!"

Oh! if little people only knew how they can make a heaven out of home by being bits of sunshine, and sweetness, and obedient helpfulness always!
—Manna.

FLYING MACHINES

Records and models in the patent office in Washington afford an interesting study of the possibilities of the human imagination, but it is probable that for remarkable conceptions the field of aviation leads all the rest. Patents have been granted for a flying machine propelled by nitroglycerine, another in which dynamite was to be the motive power, while a third was to be kept in the air by means of "reciprocating parachutes."

The latter, exclusive rights for which were awarded in 1897, was the invention of Henry Heintz of Elkton, S. D. He proposed to carry on both freight and passenger business with his airship, which was to be a big car with doors and windows, containing an engine room, quarters for the crew, a pilot house for the skipper, and all the comforts of home for the passengers. A "cigar-shaped balloon, surmounted the car, but the really novel feature was the "reciprocating parachute" arrangement. A steam engine was to operate these parachutes, which, by working up and down and suddenly expanding, were to obtain a grip on the atmosphere that would pull the car right up "by its boot straps," so to speak.

The parachutes were simply for raising purposes and ordinarly propellers were to be used to drive the car ahead. On paper this plan appears quite feasible, although it is not recorded that the Heintz transcontinental airship line was ever actually put into operation.

EARLY JAPANESE CHRISTIANS' BOOKS

Ossinning, N. Y.—(By N. C. W. C.)—A large number of documents, books, and personal effects relating to early Christian activities in Japan, the property at one time of Prince Mitsukunn Tokugawa, has been found by Marquis Tokujum Tokugawa and will be given to the Tokyo and Mito museums. The works will be of great value to students of Christian history in Japan.

Christian things were burned and believers prosecuted during the time of Prince Mitsukuni Tokugawa, who died in 1651, and the Shogun secured this collection from the things seized in all parts of the country. After using it as reference material for his "History of Great Japan," the Prince carefully stored it away in sealed cabinets in a warehouse in Mito, and there, after 300 years' obscurity, it was recently found by the present head of the Mito Tokugawa family, Marquis Tokujum. The reason for the secret hiding place was the fear that the documents might disseminate Christian truth among people.

Among the books is a copy of the Bible written in Romaji which represents the original sound of the Japanese language. This Bible is one of only two such copies of the Scriptures, the other being owned by Baron Iwasaki. Among the personal effects are peculiar religious garments which were worn by the Japanese Christian at the time of the Amakusa rebellion.

Short Stories

Servant (from next door)—Please, mum, missus sends her compliments, and will you let your daughter sing and play the piano this afternoon?

Lady—Why, certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it.

Servant—Oh, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting a visit from the landlord, and she wants some excuse for asking a reduction on the rent.

It was during the impaneling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred: "You are a property-holder?" Yes, your honor." "Married or single?" "I have been married for five years, your honor." "Have you formed or expressed any opinion?" "Not for five years, your honor."

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is 10 cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth 50 cents."

The old Scotch professor was trying to impress upon his students the value of observation.

"No," he complained. "Ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use 'em. For instance—"

Picking up a pot of chemicals of horrible odor, he stuck his finger into it, and then into his mouth.

"Taste of it, gentlemen," he commanded, as he passed the pot from student to student.

After each had licked a finger and had felt a rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor laughed in triumph.

"I told ye so!" he shouted. "Ye dinna use your faculties of observation! For if ye had observed ye yould ha' seen that the finger which I stuck into the pot was na the finger which I stuck into my mouth!"

"I can't think what's the matter with my watch," said a man. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy!" objected 4-year-old Henry. "Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it yesterday."

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

There was silence for a moment and then one little fellow answered: "Bed."

The teacher told the class to write a theme on "What I should do if I had a million dollars."

At the end of the period Willie had not written a word.

"Willie, where is your theme?" asked the teacher.

"There," he answered; "that's what I should do if I had a million dollars—nothing."

"Tommy," said his mother, reprovingly, "What did I say I would do to you if I caught you stealing jam again?"

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget, too. I can't remember, either," he said.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the star of the world, and moves with it.—Richard Cabot.

MORE GOOD THINGS

A nice hot drink after a cold ride is the following:

Marshmallow Grape Juice.—Add the juice of a lemon to a quart of grape juice and let it come to the boiling point, adding a stick of cinnamon and half a dozen cloves, strain hot into glasses and add two marshmallows cut in quarters for each glass. If the grape juice is rich a cupful or more of water may be added. This makes a nice drink for skaters, as it can be served piping hot from a thermos bottle.

Codfish a la Mode.—Take one cupful of shredded codfish, two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, one pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, one-half cupful of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Mix and bake in a buttered baking dish twenty minutes.

Apples With Sausages.—Fry pork sausages until brown, keep hot on a platter and cook cored, unpeeled apples cut into half-inch slices in a little of the pork fat, sprinkling with sugar and seasoning while browning. For those who enjoy fried onions, these may be cooked in the fat first, or nearly cooked before the apples are added, then both used as a garnish around the sausage, making a most savory dish.

Cream Torte.—Beat six eggs, separating the whites from the yolks, add one cupful of sugar to the yolks, reserving the stiffly beaten whites for the last. Stir in lightly one-half pound each of dates and walnuts cut not too fine, and three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs mixed with a teaspoonful of baking powder, then the whites. Bake in layers and put together with whipped cream.

Fig Pudding.—Cook one cupful of graham flour in two cupfuls of boiling salted water until free from the uncooked taste, then add one-half pound of chopped dates or figs, and one-half cupful of walnut meats cut in quarters. Cook another half hour, chill and serve with cream and sugar or with whipped cream.

Nellie Maxwell