Mother's Cook Book

The price of the milk of human kindness has not advanced. It is still free, but not always to be had.—Deseret News.

YOU WILL LIKE TO TRY THESE

THOSE who are fond of green peppers will like to try

Green Peppers Stuffed With Rice.

Take six small even sized green peppers, cut in halves lengthwise, wash and remove all seeds and white fiber. Scald with boiling water, boil three minutes, then drain. Boil rice in salted water until tender, using one-half cupful. Drain rice, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one fourth of a teaspoonful of poultry seasoning, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, or more to taste, one egg, and beat and mix well. Fill the pepper shells. Put one-fourth of a cupful of bacon fat, or four slices of bacon in the pan, bake until firm and lightly browned, using the bacon fat for basting. Serve with lamb fricassee.

Currant Bread.

Take two cupfuls of light bread sponge and work into it one-half cupful of butter and the same of sugar, which have been creamed together. Add one cupful of currants or two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Let rise in a loaf. When light bake in a moderate oven. This is nice to serve with tea.

Buttermilk Custard Pie.

Cream a tablespoonful of butter with one cupful of sugar, add the beaten yolks of three eggs and stir in one cupful of fresh thick buttermilk; add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into a deep plate lined with pastry and bake one hour.

Fruit Punch.

Make a sirup of one cupful each of sugar and water, cool and add the juice of an orange, the juice of two lemons, one-half cupful of apricot juice, one-fourth cupful each of prune and cherry juice; add two quarts of water and pieces of ice; garnish with cherries. This recipe makes two and a half quarts.

Hot Water Ginger Bread.

Take one cupful each of sugar and molasses, one-half cupful of melted fat, one egg beaten, a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, three cupfuls of sifted flour, and when all are well mixed add a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cupful of boiling water. Stir until smooth, pour into a well greased dripping pan and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

Apples Stuffed With Mincemeat.

Remove the cores from apples and fill the centers with mincemeat. Bake until the apples are tender. Serve hot with a cider sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

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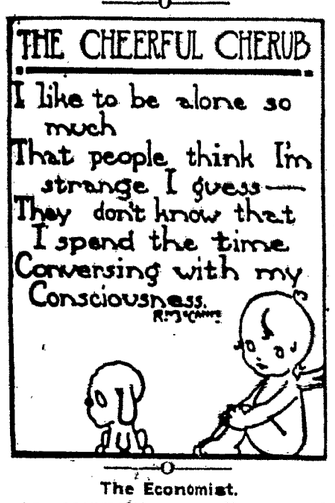
THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



The Economist.

An economist, according to the latest definition, is a man who tells you what you should have done with your money after you have done something else with it.

LIFE.

MAN, thrust upon the world, awakes from sleep,
Knowing not whence he came nor how nor why.
His earliest impulse is an infant cry,
His final privilege is that to weep.

A combatant although he sought no strife,
A guest unwelcome come unwillingly,
Given his vision that he may not see,
He names this unnamed paradox his life.

He learns to walk the forest and to love
Its green and brown, its song and season's change,
Yet will not taste a berry that is strange
Or tread a pathway that he knows not of.

Skeptic and doubter of the flow'r and tree,
He questions this and that investigates—
Yet drinks the beaker offered by the fates
And leaves unsolved the greater mystery.

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PRETTY DENIZENS OF PARK

Rockaway Mountain Jumping Mice Among the Most Interesting of the Smaller Animals.

One of the most interesting of the smaller animals found in Glacier National park is the Rockaway mountain jumping mouse, according to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Bailey. Mr. Bailey is chief field naturalist of the bureau of biological survey of the Department of Agriculture.

Jumping mice are graceful, slender little animals with very long tails and long hind legs and feet. They are kangaroolike in build and form, with tiny "hands" that are rarely used for aid in traveling. Their slender tails are much longer than the head and body and their rich, buffy sides, dark buffy-gray backs, white bellies and pointed ears combine to make an animal of unusual beauty.

They live mainly in the meadows and open grassy slopes, where there is ample cover of grass, plants and bushes for their protection. They do not make runways and their presence is rarely detected unless they are occasionally seen when disturbed in the daytime bounding away from one's feet in long leaps through the grass.

ANYWAY, COIN WASN'T THERE

And When You Think of It, John's Suggestion May Have Been Pretty Nearly Correct.

He was a good hearted but rather simple-minded father, and he said to his son:

"John, I've been informed that if any one buried a half-dollar in the garden at night, and let the moon shine on it, the next morning it would be a five-dollar gold piece."

"Well, dad," answered the son, "I should try it; you never know your luck."

The father agreed. When morning arrived he hurried into the garden. The coin had disappeared. He rushed back into the house and exclaimed to John:

"It's gone, John. How do you account for that?"

John answered modestly:

"All I can suggest, dad, is that you got up too late and the sun (son) got at it."—Houston Post.

WHEN THE CENTURY BEGAN

Mode of Reckoning Is Simple, Yet the Matter Is Frequently Subject of Dispute.

The Twentieth century began on the first day of January, 1901. In common usage the First century means the years A. D. 1 to 100; the Second century the years 101 to 200; and the Nineteenth century the years A. D. 1801 to 1900. The Fifth century before Christ was 500 to 401 B. C. A century begins with the beginning of the first day in its first year, and does not end until the close of the last day in its hundredth year. The mode of reckoning is often confused with the common mode of stating the age of a person. A person born at the beginning of the Christian era would be called one year old during his second year, that is during the course of the year two; he would be called two during the year three; and forty during the year forty-one, etc.

Not Exactly Trade.

Nathan's father has a grocery store and he hears much about business conditions at home. Naturally his conversation is much about it also. The other day his mother took him to the doctor. They sat in the waiting room and waited their turn while several patients preceded them into the inner office.

Finally their turn came and they were ushered in to the doctor. Nathan eyed him a minute. Then he spoke. "You do have a good trade here," he said. "There's a lot more customers still out in that little room out there."

Rather Fair.

"What," asked Miss Jones of one of her pupils, "do we mean by the word plural?"

Marie, knowing the teacher's custom of following a definite order in putting her questions to the class, had been expecting this particular one for some time, and she was rather proud of the answer she had ready. She promptly responded:

"By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."—Harper's Magazine.

What Detained Him.

"Thought you were going out to be shaved?" said the boss.

"Yes, sir, I've been shaved," replied the meek clerk.

"But you've been gone an hour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take an hour to shave you?"

"Oh no, sir; but I had to wait 'til the barber finished his story, sir."

A Nightmare.

"I dreamt last night," said the landlord, "that I owned the earth."

"That must have been a pleasant dream."

"Quite the contrary. People were all the time moving out, and as for my rule against taking in babies, it wouldn't work at all."—Boston Transcript.

That Much Settled.

"We were made for each other, weren't we, dear?"

"I don't know, George. What is your salary?"

"Thirty per week."

"No, we were not made for each other."

JIMMY'S TEACHER

By MARGARET LOUNSBURY.

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"Then Miss Small," said the superintendent to the young teacher, "it is understood that when school closes this afternoon you will detain your pupils a few moments, and Jimmy Norton will be publicly expelled before them all."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Small, in tones of quiet respect.

She crossed the hall and entered the storeroom where she had left her lunch. The door was locked. She paused a moment, then her face became serious. Within that room was Jimmy Norton, the boy who at one o'clock was to be publicly expelled before the other children.

His outbursts of temper, and the frequent punishments they necessitated, had brought down the average of her room alarmingly.

Her determination to bring him safely through to the end of the year had given away gradually, and this morning's performance had run the end of her patience. During the recess period he had knocked down one of the younger boys and taken his knife, a Christmas present, with wonderful new blades.

The teacher softly unlocked the door and entered the room.

Jimmy was huddled on a bench, sleeping soundly. To her he seemed a pitiful little figure, and she knelt down beside him and looked earnestly into his face. There were marks of tears upon his grimy cheeks. He half opened his eyes and looked into the face above him.

"Mamma," he murmured.

The teacher knew that Jimmy's mother was dead, and her eyes felt a sudden mist. "If he were my little boy, and I were his mother who is dead," she thought, "I would want to be pretty near him right now."

Something fell from the boys' relaxed fingers onto the floor beside her. It was a piece of wood partly carved into a whistle. She looked at Jimmy again, and seemed to understand him in an altogether new way. Of course that was why he wanted the other boys knife. His fingers had fairly ached to use the keen blades.

How rapturous were the few moments that he held that knife in his hands. Then Jimmy awoke. He heard voices outside and his sharp little face seemed anxious.

"What yer goin' ter do ter me?" he demanded.

"The superintendent is going to expel you from school before all the other children, and then—"

He shrank back from her, loneliness and terror seemed to stare at her out of his pinched face. He looked up into her eyes. What he saw there she did not know, but suddenly he clung to her with a little strangled cry.

"Miss Small," called the superintendent from outside. She rose and lifted Jimmy to his feet. "Come," she said, taking his little hand tightly in hers. Then she opened the door and faced the superintendent. She was convinced that to expel Jimmy would be a fatal mistake, and she knew that she was going to tell them so—she whose only hope of promotion lay in unquestioning obedience to orders.

"Has he given you any more trouble?" asked the superintendent.

"No," said the teacher.

The children were coming now, and in another moment it would be too late. "Stop them!" she cried. "Don't let them come. Jimmy isn't going to be expelled we are going to give him another chance."

The superintendent closed the door and faced the teacher.

She was kneeling on the floor with her arms about Jimmy's neck. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes big and dark with excitement. The beauty of her made him catch his breath. In her protecting arms, which sheltered the frightened child, she seemed to express the divine instinct of motherhood, loving and forgiving.

He came and stood near her. She shivered and closed her eyes.

He was going to tell her she must go. This was the end of years of dreams and hopes with which she had begun her work.

Then she heard his voice, only a tender music which seemed like a caress.

"Tell me about it," he said, smiling down at her.

"He was so little," she said, "and his mother is dead. She—"

She held out the partly-made whistle. "That is why he wanted the knife."

"Jimmy," said the superintendent, "would you like another chance?" The boy shuffled his feet, then nodded vigorously.

"You are right," said the superintendent to the teacher.

"Understanding is above discipline. Jimmy shall have a chance—have it, my boy, because Miss Small believes in you, and has made me believe in you. You are not going to disappoint us."

Tears rolled down Jimmy's cheeks.

"Run along, now, and get some fresh air. Then come back and how us how you can work."

"You understand," breathed the teacher, as the door closed on Jimmy. Impulsively she held out her hand to him. He took it and held it close, his dignity softening into tenderness.

"Of course, I understand," he whispered. "And now there's something I want you to understand. May I call tonight and tell you what it is?"

SMOKE CANDLE VAPOR DEADLY

Fearful Weapon Said to Have Been Brought to Perfection by the War Department.

One of the many ingenious contrivances developed during the recent war was the "smoke candle." Such candles were little cylindrical boxes containing smoke-producing chemicals, which could be ignited at a moment's notice by a sort of friction device. They were used to conceal the movements of small groups of men. When touched off they were simply placed on the ground, to make a smoke screen.

The Americans thought it would be a good idea to use smoke candles that would give off a poisonous smoke. These improved candles did not come into use during the war, but since then the chemists of our War department have perfected them. The poison stuff used is a coal-tar product which, a solid at ordinary temperatures, vaporizes in the heat of the burning candle. The vapor will penetrate most gas masks. The military authorities think that such poison smokes will find very extensive use in future warfare.

The smoke of a smoke-candle is usually white. To be effective for concealment, it must, of course be as opaque as possible; and it must also be heavy, so as to be not easily blown away by a light breeze. Candles that produce a smoke of zinc chloride meet these requirements admirably, but the addition of "diphenylchlorarsine" makes them poisonous as well.

SCORED ON COUNTRY COUSIN

City Lad Had Endured Much but Opportunity Came and He Surely Improved It.

The country visitor had been regaling his young Glendale cousin with tales of the farm. Some of his stories seemed a little far-fetched to the city lad who at last became somewhat wearied with the rural youth's boasts of the superiority of things "on the farm."

They were walking along the street when two young men sporting the small skull caps of U. of S. C. were seen approaching.

The country boy was a little mystified. "What's this?" he questioned, "a new city style, these little caps?"

The Glendale lad saw his chance to get square. "Oh, those," he said with assumed carelessness, "no, you see these fellows are students at the university. All the boys who enter have to wear those caps because under the system of education they receive their brains develop so rapidly that their heads grow in circumference, and if they wore ordinary hats, new ones would be necessary almost every month."—Los Angeles Times.

Paths in the Snow.

"Even the beaten paths in the snow possess a joy all of their own which, to our mind, excels that of the so-called enchantment of the open road, which had been sung by many writers long before Stevenson wrote of it with such compelling charm," writes Dan Beard in Boys' Life. "To a barefooted boy swinging on the front gate of the white picket fence, the road is both a challenge and an invitation as he gazes wistfully down the dusty reaches and long perspectives where the fences on each side seem to converge until they meet in the unexplored distance or where the road climbs up the hills and dips into the swales to lose itself at last in the mysterious shade of everhanging branches of the wood or grove. That vagabond joy in the open road, that yearning to fare forth and solve the mystery of what lies beyond, comes with almost irresistible force to all of us."

Cave Warmed by Volcano.

A naturally heated cave has been discovered at Horse Butte, near Bend, Ore., which apparently draws its warmth from a subterranean volcanic source. The discovery was made by C. A. Yarnell and H. D. Elde, Bend fuel dealers. The cave is located near the top of the Butte and first attracted attention when a wave of heat was felt issuing from the mouth. The cinder bottom and rock walls of the tunnel are unbearably hot to the touch, the heating increasing as far back as could be explored. That the phenomenon is a recent manifestation was indicated by the smoldering of grass and twigs near the opening. To test the natural oven, Yarnell cooked a light breakfast by introducing raw articles of food into the aperture and closing the orifice for a few moments.

Keeping Down Mine Dust.

The presence of dust in mines is disagreeable from many standpoints, besides being a positive menace from its explosive qualities. Efforts are being made more than ever to keep the mine dust down, and it has been discovered in the case of one mine in Kentucky that excellent results were obtained by sprinkling the empty coal cars. The operation is performed automatically as the cars are moved along after being dumped, and the difference in the atmosphere of the mine was apparent to all.

Age of Petroleum.

The age of petroleum is here. From an humble beginning in 1859 it has now reached a point where it is consumed in ever increasing quantities until the problem of its production has become one of the most absorbing of international questions—to that country which controls the output belongs the power of the world.

Easter Brings Its Brides

THIS year's Easter brides find themselves privileged to choose the simplest and most conventional of wedding gowns, or to take note of and reflect current features of the styles, cleverly manipulated, in their wedding dresses. To be simple and conventional is sure to place a wedding gown above criticism and is a safe and sane choice on the part of the bride. But daring youth often aspires to being original and modistes are more than ready to indulge them in gowns that are interesting from this point of view—and beautiful because it is their business to make them so. The conventional gown is the long-sleeved and (more or less) high-necked model which generations have approved, made of silk fabrics—including satin or velvet as well as the sheer materials—and worn with it is a veil of net or lace, or of net bordered with lace.

Happy the bride that inherits a wedding veil of lovely lace! She may select either the simplest or the most elaborate of gowns to be veiled by her precious possession. The pretty maid pictured at the left, has chosen to feature a magnificent veil over a wedding gown of heavy crepe-de-chine, simple and straight in lines. It is long sleeved and square necked. One edge of the veil forms a frill that is wired to keep it upstanding across the back of the head, where it is attached to a band that slips under the hair at the sides and is decorated with orange flower buds across the front. She has chosen the regulation bridal bouquet.

The youthful bride at the right has a draped gown of white satin with plaited tunic of chiffon and a band of plaited chiffon heading the bodice. There are long, close-fitting sleeves of chiffon that partly cover the bands, but so transparent that the arms seem uncovered. She indulges in a very long train and a voluminous veil flowing from a quaint bonnet with a cluster of orange blossoms posed at each side. Wreaths of the blossoms form a charming detail of the tunic and a little cluster of them on the bodice finishes off a very interesting costume. Having been a little independent in the choice of her gown the bride reveals her serious mindedness by carrying a prayer book.

Julia Bottomley

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