TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

That character I have sometimes referred to in these columns—my husband, if you must know the facts—says that the correct name is "pie-plant". But then he thinks that a "rhubarb" is when six or seven hockey players start slinging punches at one another and only stop when one of them gets his permanent wave mussed.

But he'll eat it—and ask why I didn't make another—even if I insist on calling it,

Rhubarb Pie

2 cups cut rhubarb
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon melted butter

Method—Cook the rhubarb until tender. Mix the sugar and flour, and add gradually to the rhubarb, stirring constantly. Cook until thick. Beat the egg yolks and add to the mixture, and cook three minutes. Remove from the heat and add the butter. When cool, pour into a baked pie shell. Top with a meringue made from the two egg whites and three tablespoons of sugar. (Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar, and heat until the mixture thickens again.) Pile lightly on the filling, then return to the oven until slightly browned.

* * *

"Chicken Every Sunday" is the title of a very fine book—which, of course, I don't need to tell most of you, because you've already read it.

But whether you have chicken every Sunday, or just "once in a while" there are generally some leftovers, which can be made into a really tempting luncheon dish if you serve this

Chicken and Celery Casserole

2 cups chopped celery
4 tablespoons chicken fat
4 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons salt
dash pepper
1 cup chicken stock
½ cup milk
½ cup water drained from celery
2 cups diced, cooked chicken
1 cup corn flakes
2 teaspoons melted butter or margarine

Cook celery until tender; drain, saving water. Heat chicken fat; stir in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add chicken stock, milk and water drained from celery. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Spread layer of chicken in greased casserole. Add layer of celery, another of chicken and so on. Pour sauce over top. Sprinkle with corn flakes which have been crushed into fine crumbs and mixed with melted butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) about ten minutes or until thoroughly heated.

Yield: 6 servings.

* * *

Sometimes I think they should print my stuff like they do the answers to those puzzles and quizzes—upside-down—because once again I'm working from dessert backwards. However, I don't think I need apologize for giving you this veal recipe. But first, just a word about that particular kind of meat. Veal comes from a young animal, and the muscle is tender, but lacking in fat. To make up for this, you should ask the butcher to "lard" a roast of veal. And it will be an improvement, as well, if you lay strips of salt pork or bacon over the top before it goes into the oven. So, here's

Rolled Stuffed Shoulder of Veal

Veal shoulder
3 tablespoons bacon fat
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup chopped celery
2 quarts day-old bread cubes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon marjoram
⅓ cup milk

Method — Have bones removed from veal shoulder. Melt bacon fat, add onion, green pepper and celery and cook till soft, but not brown. Add mixture to bread cubes. Add seasonings and milk and mix well. Spread veal open, spread with stuffing and roll like a jelly roll. Tie roast firmly with string (about seven strings around the roast will hold it firm). Place roast on a rack in a shallow pan and bake uncovered in a slow oven (300 degrees to 325 degrees F.) till meat thermometer registers 170 degrees F. or about thirty-five to forty minutes per pound. Serve with gravy made from drippings in pan.

Yield: twelve to fourteen servings, or leftover roast to slice cold next day.

How Animals Hear

Because human hearing stops short of the highest ranges, there are some sounds in the everyday animal world which are beyond us. On the other hand, we can hear things that animals and birds cannot.

If you doubt this, just strike the bottom key on a piano, the sound will be audible to you, but not to your dog or cat. But dogs can hear sounds an octave above our top limit, and rats two octaves higher. Birds have an even higher level of hearing; the lowest sound audible to a canary is the highest C which a soprano can reach with her voice. So if you are inclined to talk to your pet canary, you're just wasting your time; the bird can't even hear you.

While we can hear no sounds six octaves above middle C, bats produce and hear sounds in the eighth and ninth octaves above that point. It is quite possible that some animals communicate in tones that we can hear no better than the canary can hear our conversation.

Heavy, Heavy, Heavy?—Guess Again—Mary Toohill is not a lady weight lifter. What she's holding over her head is the world's lightest solid, weighing only eight pounds. It's a big chunk of the new plastic foam developed by scientists as an insulating material. It's made by baking a molasses-like resin until it expands to 100 times its original volume. Even lighter than some gases, the new material weighs from 10 to 20 times less than fluffy pie meringue.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

I have just been getting into hot water, so maybe I had better stay put and get on with this column. You see it is such a lovely day—and we have so few really bright days—that, according to Partner, I have been trying to do a week's work in one day. I haven't done quite that much but I have been busy because, as I see it, it is easier to do a lot of work on a nice day, than an ordinary amount of work on a bad day—especially when it comes to the family wash. Dear knows there is plenty of work of all kinds at this time of the year with the sun peering into all the corners and showing up the cobwebs. And the windows so dingy you can hardly see through them—to say nothing of what needs doing outside. As for the work at the barn—it gets me scared. I mentioned calves last week—and they are still coming. It seems every time Partner comes in for a meal he announces the arrival of another calf. We keep shipping them out but we never get any less in number because as fast as one calf goes out another gets itself born. Not only that but the cows Partner specially wants heifer calfs from, promptly produce bulls; and the young cows he wants bulls from, somehow manage to beget heifers.

Last Monday we sent out two cows with their calves at foot. One cow, by the name of Jean, was evidently a particularly loyal citizen of Canada. She strenuously objected to the idea of migrating to the U.S.A. and it took four men to convince her that, while they respected and admired her loyalty, her objections were of no avail. So Jean was provided with free, comfortable transportation and was allowed the privilege of taking her daughter with her, but in spite of all these concessions Jean was as "ornery" as a cow knows how to be—and that's saying plenty! She wasn't at all violent—she didn't run around the yard, or throw herself. And she didn't get tangled up in the rope. In fact she didn't give the men much of a run at all. No, she was just what you might call a passive resistor.

A loading chute was lowered from the truck and it would have been easy for Jean to walk quietly up the chute and into the truck where her daughter anxiously awaited her coming. But no! The men would get her front feet on the chute, and then push and shove from the rear, but not one inch would that cow move—unless it was backwards. Then they would try again . . . same thing would happen. All this I was able to watch from my pantry window as I washed the breakfast dishes. And do you know, all four men seem to have so much patience with our Jean, in spite of her contrariness. There was no shouting or rough talk; no raised sticks or impatient prodding. What the men finally did was to lift Jean's front feet, one at a time, inch by inch, up the loading chute. Finally Jean must have said to herself—"Oh well what's the use? Four men to one cow is too much for any self-respecting bossie. So I guess it's good-bye, Canada." And then—"America . . . here I come!" It was evident Jean must have thought something like that because she took the last two steps of her own volition — and landed in the truck. The calf said "Ma-a-a!" Jean said "Mo-o-o!" And that was their farewell to Canada.

* * *

Partner has just come in after "walking the farm." I immediately asked what he thought of the wheat—how had it come through the winter? Partner answered that one field was surprisingly good and the other field far better than he expected to find it. So that is reassuring—although we are not so foolish as to count our bushels until they are safely in the bin. There are still plenty of things can happen to that wheat to queer our chances of a good crop.

Wheat—or any crop for that matter — is an awful gamble. We know men to buy farms for the wheat crop they thought would be on them—only to discover at harvest time that returns were barely enough to cover expenses. Maybe that accounts for the short time some "city-farmers" stick to the farm even after they have bought it. Farm occupants have almost become birds of passage. We hardly get time to know our neighbors these days . . . here today, gone tomorrow. Change of ownership is sometimes good for a farm—but it takes a few years for a man and his farm to become acquainted; for each to get the best from the other. Too many changes, and the farm is bound to suffer. But that is what is happening—more and more ever year.

Remove Hazards—Save Lives

Here's the story of a farm accident that actually happened. It comes from the files of a College Safety Specialist.

"Bang! You're dead!"

Junior, the six-year-old neighbor, announced his victory proudly. But young Timmy didn't agree. "You didn't hit me," he called from behind the pile of old machinery. "You can't shoot through my fort."

Timmy and Junior often played war around the old machinery and other junk.

It was all right to play there, Mother had said, but they were to be careful. Timmy thought of that word "careful" now as he figured a way to get out of his "fort" if Junior attacked.

"I'm almost out of shells," Timmy called. They always told each other what was happening so they would know what to do next. Junior came charging around the pile of old machinery.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Timmy jumped up. "Bang! No more shells." Up onto the old disk he climbed, with Junior shooting all the time.

Timmy slipped as he was climbing. He fell into the trash below, and lay. still Junior came running up.

"Surrender! I win! I win" Then he noticed that Timmy wasn't moving. He saw blood on Timmy's face.

"Mrs. Bennett!! Mrs. Bennett!!"

Timmy wasn't badly hurt. A cut on his forehead. He was sitting up when his mother got there. But he will always have a scar over his left eye, where the doctor took six stitches to close the wound. Some sharp point did it, the doctor said. A wonder it didn't hit his eye.

Old machinery and accumulated junk don't make a good play-yard for children. Telling children to be careful doesn't solve the problem, either. Maybe Timmy was careless about climbing over that old disk. But he thought he was being as careful as possible.

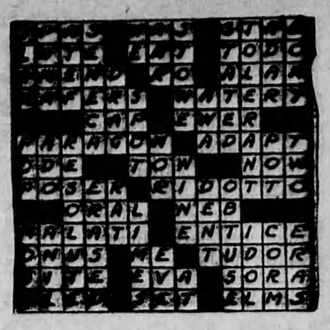
With spring here, it's time to clean up, paint up and fix up. A little labor now will do wonders. A spring cleaning of house and farmstead can remove many hazards that could hurt, maim or kill.

Let Well Enough Alone

Friend—"Don't you hate to be as old as 96, Uncle Joe?"

Uncle Joe—"Heck, no, bub—if I wasn't this old I would be dead."

Answer to Crossword Puzzle



NOW! YOU CAN MAKE HANDMADE GLOVES AT HOME

Yes! Now make gloves at home. Be the envy of your friends—wear beautiful handmade gloves. Or make extra money supplying your friends. To make Glovecraft easy, we assembled a kit for you—you'll find everything necessary—choice domestic lambskin for one pair gloves, needles, thread, pattern and easy-to-follow instruction book. State size and color desired. Available in black, brown, natural. Send today! Ask for Glovecraft kit, No. 11—$2.00, postpaid. For fast service order from your nearest store. Write today: Lewis Craft Supplies Ltd.; Branch stores: 38 Water St., Saint John, N.B.; 645 Yonge St., Toronto; 425 Graham Avenue, Winnipeg.

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—35c.

YOU WOMEN WHO SUFFER HOT FLASHES then FEEL CHILLY-

Here's Good News!

Are you between the ages of 38 and 52 and going through that trying functional 'middle-age' period peculiar to women? Does this make you suffer from hot flashes, feel clammy, *so nervous*, irritable, weak? Then DO try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this!

Many wise 'middle-age' women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against this distress.

Pinkham's Compound contains no opiates—no habit-forming drugs.

It *helps nature* (you know what we mean!). This great medicine also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect.

NOTE: Or you may prefer LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS with added iron

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Unseeing, But Happiness In Sight—Blind since birth, 5-year-old Bonnie Lee Kirchen, of Grand Ledge, started saving the red "tear-open" strips from cigaret packages when she heard a false rumor that a tobacco company would give her a seeing-eye dog if she collected 40,000 of them. When Michigan residents heard of her plight they donated a puppy. When Bonnie is 12, they will give her a real seeing-eye dog. But until then, Bonnie is having a wonderful time with her playful pup.

JITTER

By Arthur Pointer