

Of Interest to Women

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Hints and Suggestions

"START THE YEAR RIGHT"

By BETTY BARCLAY

Start the year right by serving some new dish in the home—and duplicate this recipe each week. You'll be delighted with the results. Try the following dishes on your family and guests:

MACARONI WITH DEEP BRISKEE

Macaroni is the hostess' best friend in every season of the year for its economical bounty. Everyone seems to like it. Try your luck with macaroni and beef briskee casserole.

- 1 lb. macaroni
- 3 stalks celery
- 2 small onions
- 1 small can tomatoes
- 1 1/2 lbs. briskee or beef
- 2 carrots
- 1 clove garlic
- Salt and pepper

Cover meat with cold water, and add chopped celery, carrots, onions and garlic. Boil meat until tender. Drain off and keep broth. Chop meat and vegetables. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Place a layer of cooked macaroni in bottom of baking dish, add a layer of chopped meat and vegetables, and then a thin layer of tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt macaroni. Season broth with pepper and salt and pour over mixture in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 1 hour. Serve hot.

Note: Spaghetti, egg noodles, vermicelli or other forms of macaroni products may be substituted for the macaroni in this recipe.

LIMAS WITH SAUSAGE

- 1/2 pound sausage
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1 cup cooked, dried limas
- 1 cup tomatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon chili
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Fry onion and sausage until well done. Add other ingredients and simmer for 30 minutes.

FROZEN BOG NOG

- 1 package vanilla arrowroot pudding
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup sherry
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Mix vanilla arrowroot pudding with milk; bring to boil, stirring constantly. Remove from fire; add egg yolks mixed with sugar. Cool; add sherry, egg whites, stiffly beaten, and whipped cream. Mix well and pour into freezing tray. Freeze quickly about 3-4 hours. Makes about 1 quart.

COCONUT PINEAPPLE MACAROONS

- 1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 2 cups shredded coconut
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- Few grains salt

Blend together sweetened condensed milk, shredded coconut, crushed pineapple and salt. Drop by spoonfuls on well buttered baking sheet 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30.

PEPPERMINT RENNET-CUSTARD

- 1 package raspberry rennet powder
 - 1 pint milk
 - 1/4 pound peppermint stick candy
- Crush candy into fine crumbs and let stand in milk in refrigerator for one hour. Make rennet-custard according to directions on package, using the peppermint and milk mixture instead of plain milk. When ready to serve, garnish with chocolate sauce or whipped cream and sprinkle with crushed peppermint candies, if desired.

LEMON REFRIGERATOR CAKE

- 24 marshmallows, cut fine and soaked 30 minutes in
 - 1 pint whipping cream
 - 3 tablespoons gelatine, softened 5 minutes in
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar, brought to a boil, with
 - 1 1/2 cups water
 - Add sugar syrup to gelatine mixture.
- Add
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- Cool. When beginning to stiffen fold in marshmallows and cream which have been beaten stiff. Pour into an 8 or 9-inch springform, lined with 18 to 24 ladyfingers. Serve 12.

WORTH SOMETHING

Mr. Williams had hired Sambo to paint his shed at the stipulated price of \$2.50. Re-appearing on the scene some time later, he found Sambo lying in the shade enjoying himself while another Negro was busy painting. "How is this, Sambo?" asked Mr. Williams. "I thought I hired you for that job." "Yes sir, Mr. Williams. Ah knows you did, but Ah done sublet the contract for \$3." "But," remonstrated Mr. Williams, "I pay you only \$2.50, so you are losing money on the job." "Yes sah, you sah, Ah knows Ah is, was the reply. "But it's worth some thin' to be som."

Hints on Fashions

Heavy Moire Dress Does Double Duty



Wardrobe Life-Saver

A frock that can be worn during the afternoon and still go on to informal dinner and dancing is a boon devoutly to be desired. The type of frock shown here is ideal for such use, a regular wardrobe life-saver. It is of heavy moire in a deep eggplant shade. The deep, square neckline is a lovely one to show off the elaborate costume jewelry now so popular. Sleeves are puffed high at the shoulders and caught with a few gathers above the elbow. The bodice is skirted to a basque line. The skirt is flared. Two slippers, one at each side, insure a snug fit.

"Our" Column

Items of Particular Interest to Women in Which Women Readers of The Free Press May Discuss Each-Week

A MORNING GLORY FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK

- Thursday, December 29th**
He seldom makes a good leader who has never been a good follower.
- Friday, December 30th**
Friends are our choicest possession, yet sometimes we part with them most easily.
- Saturday, December 31st**
Nature has a wonderful school, but her pupils are all too few.
- Sunday, January 1st**
A very happy and prosperous New Year to you all.
- Monday, January 2nd**
It takes more than sunlight to make a human day.
- Tuesday, January 3rd**
The best way to break a bad habit is to form a good one.
- Wednesday, January 4th**
Any church that would succeed must adjust itself to the needs of its own special day and generation.

HOME HINTS

- Don't forget to use ashes or coarse salt on the icy sidewalks. It is much easier to do than mend a broken bone.
- Always be sure and draw your kettle full of water before going to bed at night. Even in the city water pipes will freeze up unexpectedly and it is wise to be prepared.

Chronicles of . . . Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This is the day after Christmas. Now, I ask you—could anyone be expected to write intelligently and colorfully?

Yes, the day of days has come and gone; every last present has been unwrapped; ohs and ahs of surprise and delight have given place to ohs and ahs of "preparing quite a different sentiment"—if one could call it such. It might be more correct to say the ohs and ahs are exclamations of regret that the human gastronomic capacity has its limit. But in that I am not expressing my personal feelings at all.

Well, has everyone had a happy Christmas? I sincerely hope so. Because I don't know what else to write about, I am going to tell you how we spent Christmas at Ginger Farm.

Thursday night my sister and her little boy arrived. Friday we were doing last minute jobs; going to town on our last shopping excursion and checking lists for things possibly forgotten. In the afternoon, Son and I went for a tree—there hadn't been a chance before Saturday, right after breakfast, we drove down for Daughter. The roads were not any too good but we made the grade without any mishap. What the road and weather would be like at Christmas has been my worry for the last two weeks. I knew Daughter would be just about heart-broken if anything happened to prevent her coming home.

In the afternoon we all went to town for another last shopping spree—also to deliver various little gifts and to collect a few as well. Daughter brought a girl friend home to tea and there was much talking and laughter and very little work accomplished.

In our home it has been customary of late years to have the Christmas tree after breakfast on Christmas morning. So a clothes basket was placed in the centre of the living-room floor, where papers, boxes and string were thrown, as presents were taken from their wrappings and admired.

Everyone was pleased and apparently well satisfied, including Partner, even though he did not get all he wanted—or so he said as he got ready to go back to the barn. Taking off his old worn house slippers, Partner held them up for inspection.

"Now, look at these," said he. "Would you not think Santa Claus might have brought me a new pair of slippers for Christmas?"

I looked at Partner, and I looked at the slippers—bewildered and incredulous. I mean it was I that was bewildered and incredulous—not the slippers. Then I look to my heels and ran. Sure enough, on the top of the wardrobe shelf was a box, and in the box a pair of slippers which I had bought and forgotten to put on the tree!

After the Christmas tree excitement was over, there was quite a scramble to get ready for church. We didn't all go—just my big son and daughter and I and Daughter's girl friend, who was spending the day with us. My sister was feeling the effects of a bad cold and Partner was busy at the barn—Sundays, high-days and holidays, cows must be milked, fed and watered, stables cleaned and bedded and horses and poultry taken care of.

After church came the big business of the day—Christmas dinner, English style. Turkey and all the trimmings—bread sauce and cran-apple jelly, followed by Christmas plum pudding, but alas, without a sprig of holly or the brandy to send its dancing blue flames leaping around the pudding on the platter.

"It was about one-thirty when we sat down. I don't know what time when we got up, but I did manage to remember Harry Adakin's program and his promised formula for success. His talk was very good and his three-word formula was "Make yourself independent."

able." Maybe we will take that up in this column at a later date.

After dinner Partner and I washed the dishes—we found it good exercise. No one was very anxious for supper but we had to have it fairly early as Daughter was expected to be back on duty at 7.30.

There was very little traffic on the road, and as we got near Oakville Daughter insisted that we go along the Lake-shore Highway to see a house with very original and elaborate decorations—the same that Claire Wallace described on the radio. In case you missed her description, I will see what I can do.

It was a big house and at the entrance to the driveway there were two illuminated Christmas trees. Two more stood at the front portico. The house, which seemed to have an extraordinary number of windows, had at each window a red light glowing within the circle of a red wreath. A single star twinkled from the top of the highest chimney and riding along the top of the roof was Santa Claus, in his sleigh, drawn by his six famous reindeer. The sleigh was loaded with white parcels, tied with red ribbon and a concealed floodlight made everything stand out clear and distinct—as lovely and ingenious a work of art as one could wish to see.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all.

CANADIAN FISH PROVERBS

1. Canadian fish gets its superb flavor because our waters—both fresh and salt—are always pure and cold.
2. Canadian fish is an excellent source of Vitamin A—which promotes growth and enables the body to resist disease.
3. Canadian fish furnishes Vitamin B—vital to proper bone formation in children, and helps to prevent rickets.
4. Canadian fish supply calcium and phosphorus, which are required for building sound bones and teeth.
5. Canadian fish are available all the year round—fresh, frozen, canned, or otherwise processed.
6. Combine Canadian fish with bacon and help the farmer.
7. Combine Canadian fish with milk, and get two essential food elements in one dish.
8. Eat Canadian fish once a day for the nutritive value and energy it furnishes—particularly when the wind blows cold.

REGULAR CUSTOMER

"This is the fifth time you have been brought up before me," said the judge, severely.

"Yes, your honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I generally gives him all my business."

ALMOST A HINT

"Is your watch going?" she said, glancing a yawn.

"Yes," he replied.

"How soon?"

WITH A DIFFERENCE

Economist—Borrowing money is the same as borrowing trouble.

Layman—Except that you can still borrow trouble.

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Just Suppose that He's YOUR BOY!

AND, while we're still in a fanciful mood, let's suppose he has suddenly become seriously ill—

Then imagine yourself to be in financial difficulties—your income, never more than \$900.00 a year, has ceased altogether because the factory has shut down temporarily.

You think your little boy may be dying—the doctor orders you to rush with him to the Hospital for Sick Children—you learn it's Pneumonia of the most serious type—that seems alone will cost over \$400.00, to say nothing of the special graduate nursing and expert medical attention required, nor of the cost of hospitalization itself.

Could you be turned away because of this? There is only one answer to this question. It has been the answer of the Hospital for Sick Children for 63 years—a youngster's real need for hospital care and medical attention is the only ticket of admission required. Race, creed or financial circumstances are not considered. We know the people of Ontario want it that way.

This Hospital has met every emergency which has developed during the 63 years of its existence. It is famous throughout the civilized world for the success and efficiency of its medical and nursing staffs and for the low cost at which it is operated.

And who pays for this humanitarian work? The doctors give their time absolutely free. The Ontario Government pays 60c per patient per day and the patient or the patient's municipality pays \$1.75 on the same basis. That leaves over \$1.00 per patient per day of bare cost for which we must appeal annually to humane and generous citizens. This Hospital does NOT share in the funds collected by the Federation for Community Service because patients are admitted from all over Ontario.

This year, over \$83,000.00 is needed. That means over ten thousand donations if they were to average \$8.00 each—or over twenty thousand averaging \$4.00. Certainly, a staggering total! So, please make your gift as large as you possibly can. If you cannot afford more—remember that even a dollar bill helps pay for the care of somebody's baby.

Kindly mail your donation to the Appeal Secretary, 67 College Street, Toronto. We cannot afford to use any of our much-needed revenue for canvassers or other organized effort to collect money.

The HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

67 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

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MUGGS AND SKEETER

Panel 1: "DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HOUAMAN IS BRINGIN' EFFIE A DOLLAR A DAY! THAT MONEY SHOULD BE MINE!" HOUAMAN IS MY DOG! WE'VE GOT TO GET HOUAMAN BACK FROM EFFIE!"

Panel 2: "I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN SWING IT!"

Panel 3: "IF YOU'RE WILLING TO LOSE THAT FIVE DOLLAR YOU LOANED EFFIE TO BUY FOOTBALL SHOES WITH I'LL GIVE LEANER BACK TO HER AND SHE'LL BE FORCED TO GIVE HOUAMAN BACK TO US!"

Panel 4: "AW WHAT DO YOU CARE? WITH HOUAMAN BRINGIN' HOME A DOLLAR A DAY YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK IN NO TIME! GET THE DOG BACK—THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING!"

Panel 5: "WELL, OK!"

Panel 6: "YES ONE LIL' THING... OH! IF I'M GOIN TO HELP YOU PUT ALL THIS DEAL OVER I'LL WANT ALL RIGHT HALF OF WHATEVER OUR HOUAMAN BRINGS IN WHEN WE GET HIM BACK!"

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