

# Of Interest to Women

## Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!  
By BETTY BARCLAY

## Hints on Fashions

Blouses Make Task of Dressing Up Suits Easy



### MULLED PINEAPPLE JUICE:

1 bunch of stick cinnamon  
3 whole cloves  
1/2 teaspoon ground allspice  
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg  
1 quart pineapple juice  
Pinch of salt

Boil the juice in a small piece of cheesecloth and then to the pineapple juice and bring to the boiling point. Add salt. Serve hot with crackers and cheese. 4 to 6 servings.

### SPAGHETTI WITH SAUSAGE:

1 package spaghetti  
1 pound pork sausage in casings  
1 can tomato soup

Boil spaghetti in 4 quarts of rapidly boiling salted water for about 10 minutes. Drain. Place sausage in a frying pan. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly till tender. In a buttered covered casserole place the boiled spaghetti with the sausages in the centre and on top. Pour over them the tomato soup and the water in which the sausages were cooked. Bake in moderate oven for about a half hour. Serve from casserole.

### STUFFED PORK TENDERLOINS:

2 pork tenderloins, about 2 pounds  
Salt  
Pepper

2 1/2 to 3 cups thinly sliced tart apples  
1/4 cup seedless raisins  
1/2 cup thinly sliced raw olives  
1/2 cup whole ripe olives

Have butcher cut 2 pork tenderloins almost through lengthwise, leaving a small hinge on one side, then have them opened flat or Frenched or flattened out with cleaver to 1-inch thickness. Sew suture and small ends of tenderloins together to form pocket. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook apples until tender in just enough water to prevent scorching. Drain. Rinse raisins and drain, combine with apples and sliced olives and use to fill meat pocket. Sew ends of hole together with skewers and place in greasing pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Place while still hot under broiler to brown meat. Let stand 30 minutes cooking.

### BRAZIL NUT PUDDING SAUCE:

2 egg yolks  
1/2 cup powdered sugar  
1/2 cup ground Brazil nuts  
2 tablespoons sherry  
2 egg whites

Beat egg whites until thick and sugar and Brazil nuts and beat well. Add sherry. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and serve with puddings or ice cream.

### MAGIC CHOCOLATE CARAMELS:

3 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1 1/2 cups of cans sweetened condensed milk  
1/2 cup corn syrup  
Few grains salt

Chopped nut meats, if desired

1/2 cup vanilla extract  
Melt chocolate in heavy shallow pan. Add sweetened condensed milk, corn syrup and salt. Cook slowly over low heat, stirring constantly until thin ball forms when tested in cold water (approximately 20 minutes). Remove from fire and chop into nut meats or vanilla. Pour at once into buttered pan 8x8 inches. When cold remove from pan and cut into squares.

### EARLIEST CHRISTIANS

In the ancient church of Palio ad Aram in Naples where St. Peter is said according to legend to have prayed, a secret vault has been discovered containing the sarcophagi of earliest Christians.

In still another vault a massive subterranean granite sepulchre was found there were open four coffins of solid and bodies supposed to be over 2,000 years old. And the city is believed to be the necropolis of Patriarchs of which Naples is built.

The church building has venerable associations, dating from Santa Candida, who is said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Peter himself and the altar is still shown at which it is claimed the Prince of the Apostles celebrated Mass.

The present regulations bring important confirmation of the local belief that here is the shrine of Christianity on the continent of Europe.

### ALMOST RURAL

"Is this village lighted by electricity?"  
"Only when there's a thunderstorm."

## Donna and the Owl Go Visiting

A Christmas Story for Children  
By G. P. CLARKE

Mummy isn't there any way to make Christmas come quicker?"

Mother looked at little Donna thoughtfully. "Why yes, of course, there is," she answered.

"Oh Mummy, do tell me. I don't think I can bear to wait two more whole days for Christmas!"

"Well then, this is what you do," said Mother. "To-night and to-morrow night, instead of waiting up until half-past eight before you go to bed, you say good-night to everybody at half-past seven. Then you step into your cosy little bed and before you know where you are, you'll be asleep and having the loveliest dreams."

"Donna didn't look altogether pleased with Mother's advice, because she wasn't very fond of going early to bed. "But still," she thought, "if going to bed early makes Christmas come quick-

er, then I'll do it."

So at half-past seven, Donna was on her way upstairs. It was a dark night when Donna got into bed but some time during the night she awakened or thought she did and there looking right in at her window was a bright, full moon! Presently an owl in the willow tree began to talk. At first Donna thought he was just saying "To-wit . . . to-hoo-hoo" just as he always did. And then she found he wasn't. Why, the owl was talking to her! "To-wit, Donna, come with me." To whom, Donna came with me," cried the Owl.

"But I can't," answered Donna. "I cannot fly." Who-ho-ho, laughed the Owl, "you don't have to fly. Don't you know that there is a full moon at Christmas time and little girls go to bed early, they get light as a feather during the night. Come now, come with me."

So Donna jumped out of bed and soon she was floating through the air, following wherever the Wise Old Owl would take her. She never knew how she got out of the house but still there she was.

"Where are we going?" Donna asked the Owl.

"Right to your father's stable," answered her feathered friend. "I heard you ask your mother the other night if the animals enjoyed Christmas so now we are going to find out. Here we are."

"Donna looked around her father's stable in surprise. She always thought the horses would be down all night but there they were standing up in their stalls and as wide awake as you please. Bessie and Nell, Bessie and Beauty.

"We want to know," said the Owl to the horses "what you think about Christmas?"

Bessie and Beauty tossed their long manes haughtily. "It's just another day to us," said Bessie, "not another sort of Sunday."

"That's where you are wrong," said Bessie. "When you have lived as long as I have you will know that anything can happen at Christmas. Nell and I hate to leave our stable early in the morning and last night at night and generally because some of these gas-wagons have to strand down a snowbank."

"Do you enjoy Christmas?" inquired Nell timidly.

"We would rather not," said Nell. "If only the Master would remember and give us an extra dish of oats."

"I'll tell Daddy to-morrow," promised Nell. "And this Christmas you shall have the best feed you ever saw."

"Then we will eat larks!" chorused Bessie and Beauty.

In the cool stable the cattle were all lying down in their stalls, peacefully chewing their cuds.

"What do you think about Christmas?" the Owl inquired of the cattle.

Darke looked at him lazily and just went on chewing. Dolly watched their feathered visitors curiously, peafowl-like the grandfather's week-old calf! Some of the other cows so much as turned their heads. "None of that is," except 'Bessie' Bessie was head of the herd by age and by name. "Christmas," Christmas, what do we know about Christmas?" offered Bessie.

"Two thousand years ago it was different cattle amounted to something then. But now we are mixed and fed on watered rice the savages used. No, in truth, I know as much as an extra wheelbarrow on Christmas morning."

You should have seen this Christmas," replied Donna stoutly, leaping to the stability and peace of the stable. Turning to the Owl, she whispered, "I don't feel a bit sorry any more because the little Baby Jesus was born in a stable. I think a stable is a lovely place, a safe place at night," she added.

The Wise Old Owl nodded. Then, beckoning to Donna, he said, "Come, we must hurry."

This time it was the poultry house they visited. The roosters looked up sharply and crowed in alarm. They were ac-

customed to night visitors now and it usually meant just one thing.

The hen-birds were perched sadly on the roost. Donna knew why they were sad and she was frightened when the Owl asked his usual question: "What do you think of Christmas?" One mother he fell on the roost, she was so upset. "Christmas I think it's a terrible time," she wailed. "Last spring I sat and sat on fifteen lively eggs and in three weeks I hatched out twelve beautiful little chicks. All summer I guarded them, scratched for them and gave them the choicer worms. Oh my chickens, my chickens—where are they now?" wailed the poor old mother hen.

Donna was terribly upset. "Oh, take me away take me away, Mr. Owl! I cannot bear to see so much sadness! Isn't there anything we can do?"

The Wise Old Owl shook his head. "I am afraid not, my child." You see, when you kill food for your use, it is all part of the Divine Plan. In the beginning fish, flesh and fowl were provided that Man might live. The best you can do is be kind to everything that lives."

"Oh, I will, I will," cried Donna. "And at Christmas time I'll be extra kind. I'll ask Daddy to give every creature at the barn a special feed. And after dinner I'll look after Gyp myself and give him the biggest bone; there is Gyp must know what I am saying," laughed Donna. "Don't you hear him barking? He must be speaking for his bone."

Donna turned to look back in her own little bed. But there was a full moon looking right in at her bedroom window. And there was an owl out in the willow, but this time when Donna listened all the owl said was "To-wit . . . to-whoo-hoo-wit . . . to-whoo-hoo."

"Had Donna been dreaming?" Donna didn't know. Do you?

### LEST WE FORGET

It was three o'clock in the morning the guard was rather suspicious of the man in evening clothes who walked slowly along the street, crossing and recrossing the road.

"Out rather late aren't you?" asked the guard.

"Perhaps it is a little late," agreed the man, "but it is about the only chance a pedestrian has these days."

"But I can't," answered Donna. "I cannot fly."

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### THEY MADE A TON OF THIS PUDDING

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The spicy aroma of Christmas baking will now pervade the home with the housewife's usual stir and enthusiasm in the preparation of good things to eat for all the family and friends who gather around the festive table. Most prominent among these good things, of course, will be the Christmas pudding. Working in the tiny kitchens of two dining cars, one at Montreal and one at Winnipeg, Canadian National Railways chefs made a ton of plum pudding to be served to travellers on the dining cars of the National System this Christmas.

Here is the recipe, an old English one for a family-size pudding. It will make two and a half pounds, ten generous individual portions.

### Ingredients

1 lb. bread crumbs  
1 lb. beet suet  
2 oz. flour  
2 lb. brown sugar  
Pinch salt  
1/2 pint milk  
1/2 teaspoon baking soda  
3 eggs  
1 lb. suet bacon  
1 lb. raisins  
1/2 lb. currants  
1/2 lb. cinnamon  
1/2 lb. nutmeg  
1/2 lb. allspice

Procedure: Mix the dry ingredients together thoroughly, then add the beaten eggs and milk and mix all together thoroughly. Turn inside of pudding bowl or covered mould to prevent pudding from sticking. If pudding bowl used, cover bowl with floured gauze tied tightly around bowl to keep moisture away from

pudding. Heat thoroughly before serving, then unmould on dish. Serve with sponge of holly on top.

Serve with Hard Sauce, made as follows:

1 lb. butter  
1 lb. powdered sugar

Procedure: Mix butter and sugar until the mixture becomes snow white, add a few drops of lemon extract. Roll in wax paper, place in refrigerator until hard. Cut in slices. Service slice on top of Plum Pudding.

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