

Mainly for Women

Timely Topics for Women

BY BARBARA BAINES

WHAT DO YOU CARRY IN YOUR PURSE?

I was at a picnic the other day. It was one of those very hot sticky days when there was not a breath of air, and a musty odor floated into city streets from cellar gratings and open doors. A friend called to suggest a picnic. There would be eight of us and we would lunch in a shady woods, and have a dip at a near-by beach before returning home.

We found a shaded hilltop, an ideal spot with a table and benches in just the right place to catch a bit of breeze from the lake. Our lunch was very simple, the most cooling things we could think of—sandwiches, sliced tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, peaches and iced coffee from a tall thermos.

When it was over we lounged about in lazy fashion, and a good old "gossip" was in the making when one girl started fishing in her purse for a darling needle. She needed it to splice the wool for a pair of socks for her soldier. She couldn't find it. Finally she dumped everything out and she might just as well houseclean her purse while she was about the matter.

What a motley array of things she produced. There was a huge key that folded. It was for the front door of their home—one of those great oak ones many inches thick. They had always intended to get a more modern lock put on—but you know how it is. There were three handkerchiefs. There was a box with a pair of ear-rings in it. She had intended wearing them there one afternoon, and had forgotten, and here they were still in her purse. Everyone laughed when a pair of dice rolled out. They had been playing a perfectly harmless parlour game with matches the other evening, she explained.

I have often been embarrassed by the things that have been inadvertently exposed in my own purse, but I hadn't quite realized that other women might carry about with them a quite unexpected assortment of possessions.

By this time the rest of the girls began to get interested. Out were dumped their purses, one after the other. What a collection! what a variety! what an unbelievable assembly of articles. Nearly every one contained a comb and mirror, a compact, rouge and lipstick—all the things needed for a quick repair job.

Some had cigarettes and matches. Most carried a pencil or two, and in one case, three. Some had a fountain pen and an address book. There were bobby-pins, hair-pins, and just pins—but in no purse was a darning needle to be found. There were key-rings, golf-tees, car tickets, lifesavers, gum. There were theatre stubs, tickets, to the symphony, ball games, and even a ticket by air to another city—lucky woman.

There were cleaner's stubs, jewelry repair stubs, parking stubs. There were drivers' licenses, membership cards to golf clubs, and other organizations. One had a Cross button, in another, an I.O.D.E. pin. No wonder purses are getting bigger and bigger every year.

As we looked around, something else would catch the eye, a pair of driving gloves, a hair net, a bandana to wear when it was windy, a pair of scissors. In almost everyone's purse there were letters. Some were just bills; others from friends. One sweet young thing had to take a bit of kidding about a bundle of five, when she admitted HE wrote to her every day and she carried several around with her always.

Several girls had snapshots, one a thimble—a symbol of her Red Cross work. There were innumerable scraps of paper on which were written shopping lists, recipes, addresses. There were clippings—one contained a list of new books, another the guest-list at a summer hotel in which our fellow picnicker was included.

We sat and looked at each other—then we laughed. We were glad there were no men present, and we were glad to know that our purses were exposed. By a woman's purse shall ye know her!

We gathered everything up again. We had been cheated of our "gossip," but our lunch was now digested, and we made our way to the beach where soon sounds of splashing and laughter were heard.

WAR SERVICE

To the Utmost of Our Ability

If you could but stand on a high pinnacle on the southern shore of our Motherland, and watch English Spitfires and Hurricanes, attacking to the death, great hordes of German bombers and fighters as they come across the English Channel; if you could see planes fall out of the skies like broken balloons; if you could see the ear-splitting explosion of bombs, the din of anti-aircraft fire, the chatter of machine gun blasts; if you could see the great geysers of water spouting high in the air as a bomb drops, or the sudden bursting into flames of a home, or a factory or a mill, as an incendiary bomb makes a direct hit; if you could but live for a few short hours where conditions such as these exist daily, then you would know what total war means. You would know what human strength can be called upon to endure. You would know something of the courage it takes for English men and women to even stay on their tight little island and face the inevitable. You would know something of the sacrifice of life, of labour and of talent they are making to preserve for humanity those principles we all hold so dear.

These men and women, undaunted by danger, are of the race that gave Britain her ancient greatness. Their resolution, bull-dog stubbornness and unconquerable spirit can never be enslaved. They face the most pitiless warfare a treacherous enemy can devise, with a calmness all the world admires.

Canada is in this war too—up to the hilt. The finest of her young men are in the empire's front line defenses—her army, navy and airforce. On the home front her people are awakened from their long dream of security. They are ready and willing to do anything and everything that is essential to a victorious outcome. Our Empire Air-Training Plan is of a colossal nature, and at present is far ahead of schedule. Our government has undertaken a huge programme for the production of all implements of war—planes, tanks, trucks, machine-guns, munitions. All this costs untold millions of dollars. The people of Canada must pay for it. Every loyal citizen from the youngest to the eldest must share. It may do so by preventing waste by curtailing expenditures for pleasures and luxuries, or by doing without some of the good things he enjoyed in times of peace and by investing the money so saved in Government Bonds or War Savings Stamps.

Great Britain and her Dominions, alone among democratic nations, are left to face the challenge of a powerful and ruthless foe—to fight on and conquer, that our great Anglo Saxon heritage, our traditions, our beliefs and principles may not perish. Let each true Britisher do his or her share to the utmost of his ability.

LET ME REMIND YOU

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for our own, the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best. —M.W.

BOOK REVIEW

Quietly My Captain Waits — By Evelyn Eaton
A number of Canadian historical novels have been published recently, but "Quietly My Captain Waits" is one of the most popular, and most compelling novels ever written by a Canadian. The heroine is Madame de Frenouse of Port Royal, an alluring femme fatale who was the centre of one of the most elaborate and widespread scandals of the closing years of French rule in Canada. The story of Ravouil de Frenouse's unhappy love for her, the passionate affair that later developed between the amorous lady and his uncle, de Bonaventure, who was Admiral of the French fleet in Acadia, and her charming of three Governors of Port Royal, is vividly told and packed with danger, colour and intrigue. The background of the story includes Indian warfare, a sea-fight between the British and the French, and scenes from the dangerous life of an outlawed courtesan de bois. It is a powerful, human story packed with dramatic incidents of pioneer life in New France. The movie rights of the book have already been sold in Hollywood for \$40,000.

NEWS ABOUT FOOD

Dill pickles are a must in most households. They can be used on many occasions. They make an excellent addition to piquant sauces. They add zest to canapés, appetizers and the relish dish. They are a fine accompaniment to midnight snacks and are popular at regular meals. Many women complain they have trouble keeping their dill pickles from spoiling, but the following recipe is simple and dependable.

Dill Pickles
Choose freshly-picked cucumbers of uniform size about 4-6 inches in length. Wash and scrub thoroughly in cold water. Rinse well. Pack in sterilized jars allowing three heads of dill to each. Cover with the following solution—1 quart vinegar, 2 quarts cold water, 1 cup salt. Stir well to dissolve the salt. Put a piece of alum the size of a pea on the top of each jar. Seal. In six weeks they are ready for use.

J. A. Strang, Harriston Review Columnist To Live Near Here

The Mount Forest Confederate informs us of a new citizen in our midst in the person of J. A. Strang, recently columnist of the Harriston Review. The Confederate states:—
"Mr. J. A. Strang, has removed to near Georgetown, where he has purchased a fine house and a few acres of land which he intends operating as a fruit, vegetable and poultry farm. Mr. Strang spent his boyhood in Garafraha, a few miles east of Fergus. He conducted a bakery in Harriston for a number of years. He was fond of motoring and sports and, for just seven years, wrote the interesting "Behind the Wheel" comments that were published in The Review, and latterly over his own name. These we often quoted, as did other papers. It would be interesting if he would publish his experiences on motoring from interesting to us, as at one time we passed through similar experiences. We wish him success.

"His closing note is on 'Hope,' and he will need it, like all farmers. We quote in full what was writing this closing paragraph to a column that you had been writing for seven whole years, without ever missing even one week, what would your message be? Would it be one of advice, or of regret, or of hope. We are living in what is perhaps the most interesting times that this old world has ever witnessed. We know very little of what the future has in store for us. We still think that Right, instead of Might, is going to prevail as it always has, and we look around for what is the best thing to do. We haven't far to look. The old Book, the Bible, is still available in spite of Stalins, or Hitlers, and others of their like. It is true that there are parts of that old book that we like to read better than we do some other parts. Maybe it is the New Testament, or maybe the Psalms, perhaps it is the love story of the Bible, the Book of Ruth, or possibly it is Esther. We always like to read Esther. You will remember how she took her life in her hands, as it were, to enter the King's Chamber uninvited in order to plead for her people, and when remonstrated with, in regard to her intended action, merely made the statement, 'If I perish, I perish.' Perhaps it is the story of 'Joseph's Bondage' that appeals to you or maybe it is Daniel that is your idea of the Book's delight. At all times, but especially in these troublesome times it is a good idea to remember that the Bible is God's word, written, every word of it, not just those portions that we like best, to read."

Ripe Peach Jam
4 1/2 cups prepared fruit
4 1/2 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin
To prepare fruit, peel and core about 3 pounds fully ripe soft peaches. Grind or crush thoroughly. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5- to 6-quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary.

Mustard Sauce
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup butter or substitute
1/2 cup boiling water
1 beef extract cube
1/2 cup prepared mustard
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, beaten
1/2 cup fresh lemon juice

Orange Chiffon Pie
1 tablespoon gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, separated
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup fresh California orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

Softened Gelatin
Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Mix sugar, beaten egg yolks, salt and orange juice in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and cook until thickened, 10 to 15 minutes. Add softened gelatin and grated orange peel to hot mixture. Stir and cool. Add lemon juice. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into prepared 9-inch shell of Orange Pastry, or a crumb shell made of a dry flake cereal, wafers, or crackers. Chill in refrigerator until firm enough to cut. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Devilled Ham Loaf with Mustard Sauce
New Potatoes with Browned Lard Butter
Cucumber and Red Radish Slices
French Dressing
Orange Chiffon Pie
Devilled Ham Loaf with Hot Mustard Sauce
1 1/2 pounds lean pork shoulder, graded
1 1/2 pounds smoked ham, ground

For Your Late Summer Menu
Not so many years ago in this country oranges were strictly a winter fruit. They ripened in sufficient quantities for commercial shipment only in winter until California growers discovered that Valencia orange trees planted in that state brought forth a summer ripening orange. It is these California Valencias, known for juiciness and sweetness, that make possible our breakfast orange juice in summer, and which are always available throughout the warm months for refreshing salads and desserts. Summer orange plantings in the Golden State have been developed until today they are even more extensive than acreage of Navel oranges, the winter variety for which California first became famous. Development of the industry keeps workers busy around the calendar, picking fruit and preparing it for shipment. From the groves the oranges are trucked to packing houses where they are washed, graded, trademarked and packed with care for consumers throughout this country and in foreign lands.

Here is an excellent menu for late summer or early fall, topped off with a new recipe for one of the most delicious desserts you can make from summer oranges. If you wish, you can use oranges also in the fresh fruit cup suggested as the first course; they blend with other summer fruits and add flavor.

TOO MONOTONOUS
I would not be a clock, my land!
I think 't would make me sick
To stand up on the mantel and
Do nothing else but tick.

TOO MONOTONOUS
I'm sure that I would weary
Should there were what floor and ceiling,
And when they faded I'd end me up
I'd get that run-down feeling.

—Georgetown Fall Fair, Sept. 28 and 29.

Spice is Nice in Jellies



By BETTY BARCLAY

Adventurous cooks like a bit of spice in their homemade jellies and jams. Cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and ginger are familiar waker-uppers. Or just to be different, two or three crushed cardamom seeds, a finely chopped blade of mace, or several whole allspice can be added to a favorite recipe.

Such herbs as sage, savory, thyme, rosemary, and basil also blend particularly well with fruit flavors. Put a leaf in each glass before pouring jelly.

Here are two easy-to-do recipes that are thoroughly foolproof. The extra short cooking time gives you two-thirds more glasses, and all the fresh flavor of the fruit. Add spice or herbs to taste.

Ripe Peach Jelly
(Makes about 9 medium glasses)
3 cups juice
6 1/2 cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, remove pits from about 2 1/2 pounds fully ripe peaches. Do not peel. Crush peaches thoroughly. Add 1/2 cup water. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and add once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, 1/4 teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 8 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

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DAY OF PRAYER SET ON WAR ANNIVERSARY

King George has designated Sept. 8th, the first Sunday after the anniversary of the outbreak of the war, as a national day of prayer. In an accompanying statement, the Archbishop of Canterbury said: "It is noteworthy that the President of the United States of America has called his people to prayer on the same day—Sept. 8. Thus on both sides of the Atlantic the two great democracies will be joined together in their acknowledgement of God most high."

IT MEANT ELBOW GREASE TO THEM

Trans-Canada Air Lines maintenance men stared glumly when the shine was taken off one of their handsome gleaming aircraft. The plane was going into the movies—"The 49th Parallel" now being filmed in Canada with Elizabeth Bergner—and the camera men said the metal flashed too much. The toning down was only temporary.

—Labor Day, the next public holiday, will be observed September 2nd.



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I'm sure that I would weary
Should there were what floor and ceiling,
And when they faded I'd end me up
I'd get that run-down feeling.

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1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup butter or substitute
1/2 cup boiling water
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Dawn of Desire

By FRANK PEARSON

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

TO BE ushered by an office boy who was a model of decorum into DeWitt Wright's private sanctum high above Wall Street was to be immediately conscious of the severe setting that served only to emphasize the austerity of the great financier's expression, so frequently displayed on front pages and rotogravures. There was not a single soft or rounded line in the great, square office room, as there were none in the harshly angled features of DeWitt Wright.

The financier's stenographer-secretary was one of those young women who craved all the things of life that are both beautiful, and secure.

She wanted marriage; a home of her own—and children to love and spoil. Her name was Jane Warden, and there was something angelic about her.

DeWitt Wright was one of the most eligible and desirable bachelors in New York. Jane Warden was his secretary by reason of her skill and intelligence. How could she surmount this business barrier, and influence him to see her now and then through eyes that would reveal her desirability as a woman and a companion rather than a keen, efficient tool?

One day when Jane was particularly blue over the prospect of drab servitude that stretched before her, she chanced on the formal card of a well-known astrologer in one of the magazines. In one corner of the card appeared this simple line: "Let me help you."

Jane took fifteen dollars from her slim bank account and sought the sacred, incense clouded ante-room of society's pet astrologer. Jane was nothing if not direct.

"I don't want a signed, figured horoscope with all my likes and dislikes. I just want to know one thing—how can I win the man I love?"

Madame Francisco's reputation was not without foundation. She had helped many. She liked this girl's directness.

"Miss—Warden? Sit here in front of me. Tell me the date of your birth, and the hour as nearly as possible—then let me look at you a little while . . . two . . . three . . . minutes."

Jane did as she was bid and the ceremony proceeded. Mme. Francisco's great dark eyes seemed to hold the girl spellbound; her magnetism enfolded Jane in a wealth of sure appraisal.

"You are not human enough," the woman said softly. "Stop being the cold angel your name suggests. Do some little human thing like—ah, anything that will show this man without words that he is always in your thoughts."

DeWitt Wright loved flowers. Aside from his pleasure in it he was vaguely aware that the rose in a slender vase on his desk, every morning fresh and fragrant as dew itself, was in some strange sense a message or an emblem.

But the financier was a busy man, not fashioned for the subtleties of romance, so morning after morning he remained in his state of passivity regarding the rose until the day when he chanced to arrive extraordinarily early. His office door was flung wide and his rubber soled golf oxfords were noiseless on the wide-cement approach.

What he saw from his threshold gave him pause. Jane Warden leaning over his desk, with the early sunlight from a tall window unstringing gold glints within her trim blonde bob. She was arranging his rose in its receptacle with delicate fingers that, now he thought of it, seemed moulded for caressing. With graceful movements, utterly unaware of the hungry eyes that covered her, Jane stooped and patted into puffiness the flat little leather pillow she had but lately installed in the financier's rigorous desk chair.

Something far alien to his being, something queer and warm stirred in the heart of DeWitt Wright. He pictured this girl in his bachelor palace—arranging flowers, patting pillows, using the wand of youth to turn a solitary domain into an intimate home. Dawn of desire! Acknowledgment of a great lack! He retraced his steps far down from the door as quietly as any cat—then wheeled and entered his office with his accustomed authoritative tread. Jane was sitting ready for dictation—poised at her desk as usual. They exchanged the customary negligent "good morning."

At closing that evening, DeWitt Wright watched Jane Warden straighten her desk, cover her typewriter, sharpen a pencil for the next day, and don a smart hat and tailored jacket. Ideas clashed in his brain. Oh, to say something to her. For the first time in his powerful life words failed him. Sudden terror seized him as she spoke her bright "good night" and approached the door!

She must not go. She could not go. He must unloose the words from his lips; unroot his feet from the floor. DeWitt Wright actually leaped—and stumbled—as Jane's hand clasped the doorknob.

"AND!" Brilliant achievement from DeWitt Wright. But he could not have said more.