VOICE OF THE PRESS

SAVING FOR THE FUTURE

It is a great tribute to the stability of the Canadian people that even in the midst of war they continue to take thought for the future.

Mr. George W. Bourke, president of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers' Association, stated the other day that life insurance in force at the end of 1941 reached an all-time high of $7,500,000,000, and that new sales in 1941 were 10 percent higher then in 1940. Four million Canadian policyholders are united in this co-operative pool, and out of their savings $175,000,000 already has been invested in the Canadian war loans.

Life insurance is a vital factor in the economic strength of the nation as it is in the economics of the individual.

—Ottawa Journal.

—o—

STYLE IN INDUSTRY

There may be some male sniffing over reports that a costume has been designed for women workers in war industry that combines "allure" with utility. There should not be. That allure will help win the war.

No woman does her best when she does not feel that she is looking her best. The consciousness of being smartly and attractively attired, even among factory machines, will distinctly add to the efficiency of the fair workers.

—Windsor Star.

—o—

"POINTED" RECEPTION

In the Dutch East Indies the inhabitants are setting up sharpened stakes of bamboo in all the clearings in the islands so that any parachute attackers will be impaled if they attempt a landing. The natives don't welcome visitors of that kind and they want to make sure no person will be so dull that he won't see the point.

—Peterborough Examiner.

—o—

"THIS IS LIVING"

A psychologist has estimated that the average seventy-year life consists of twenty-five years of work, twenty years of sleep, seven years of sports and walking, five years of shaving and dressing, seven years' pleasure, three years of waiting, two years eating, one year telephoning, thirty hours annually looking in mirrors, and four hours annually wiping one's nose.

—St. Catharines Standard.

—o—

MORE POWER TO THEM

Sympathetic words, uttered by "Senator Soaper," Chicago news columnist: "The kids who were whittling model planes only yesterday, to the great confusion of the tidy householder, are now flying real ones for Uncle Sam, and all is forgiven."

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

—o—

WON'T WORK

Admiral Yamamoto wrote to a friend that he would dictate peace in the White House. The plan is not sound. White House stenographers do not understand a word of Japanese.

—Welland Tribune.

—o—

MODERN SEE-SAW

"Japs See-Sawing Down Malayan Coasts." It's a long teeter-totter, however, that has no bumps.

—Windsor Star.

Russians Get Booty From German Army

The Soviet Information Bureau, as if to refute Germany's claim of an orderly withdrawal to a winter line in Russia, issued an imposing list of material captured between Dec. 26 and 31 on the central front.

The list follows:

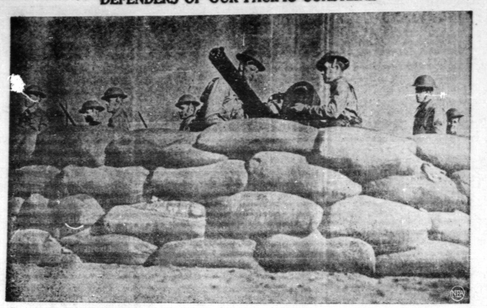
Six tanks, 11 armored cars, 287 field guns, 91 minethrowers, 461 machine-guns, 309 automatic rifles, 2,211 ordinary rifles, 938 trucks, 249 motorcycles, 1,448 bicycles, 30 tractors, seven wireless stations, 226 carts, 40 locomotives, 425 railway cars, one train-load of clothing, several railway carloads of equipment for signal troops, 14 carloads of provisions, 84 carloads of aviation bombs, mines and shells, nine carloads of shoeing, three carloads of personal effects of officers and soldiers, nine carloads of motorcycles, one carload of bicycles.

"Captured ammunition dumps, according to preliminary estimates," said the Information Bureau, "contained 20,360 shells and 1,100 cases of shells and 12,910 mines, 6,193,000 cartridges."

Why They Run

On every front where they have been engaged in this war, the Italians have not merely been thrashed, but thrashed by greatly inferior numbers. The armies of Fascism run away, not because the Italians are not a brave race, but because their heart is not in a gratuitous conflict foisted on them by a lunatic leadership.

DEFENDERS OF OUR PACIFIC COASTLINE



In grim earnest, American troops man a machine gun behind sandbag bank "somewhere on the west coast." Their job of training to protect our Pacific coastline is no longer just a "war game."

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

Position of Russia and Germany After Seven Months of Fighting

On Jan. 1, 1941, Hitler boasted "Soldiers, the year 1941 will bring consummation of the greatest victory in our history." On Jan. 1, 1942, Hitler hoped "the year 1942 should — and we pray God that it may — bring the decision which will save our people."

In the first half of the twelve month period between these two speeches, the full force of Hitler's Blitzkrieg in England failed to destroy England or to damage the morale of the British people. In the second half of the year the unparalleled strength of the Nazi armies and air force failed utterly to conquer Russia.

Hitler's Plan

Seven months ago it seemed incredible that Hitler would attack Russia. It was thought by the Allies that the existing economic pact between the two countries would develop into an outright military alliance. In retrospect it would appear that Hitler considered Russia to be potentially hostile. Germany could not launch an all-out attack upon England with the menace of the Red army in her rear. Therefore, the Nazi plan was to clean up the Russians, in a few weeks, and then finish off England.

Nazi Time-Table

When the Nazi armies invaded Russia last June, the whole world had the previous Nazi time-tables in mind. Hitler had conquered Poland in three weeks, Holland in four days, Belgium in two weeks, France in a month. He had crushed Yugoslavia in ten days, Greece in ten days, and captured Crete by air in another ten days. With each conquest he had increased his supplies of food and materials for war.

Advance in Russia

The almost universal assumption was that Hitler's conquest of Russia would proceed with the usual speed of the Nazi war machine. For a short time that speed was maintained. One week after the invasion had begun the German High Command announced that, in a sweeping advance, the German army had inextricably trapped half a million Russians and had destroyed vast numbers of Russian tanks and planes.

All through the summer and autumn months German successes continued, until in September the Supreme German Command announced the successful conclusion east of Kiev, of "the greatest battle of annihilation of this war and all history." They claimed that in this battle alone the Russians had lost 665,000 prisoners.

Nazi Claims

Hitler's armies had advanced along the whole of the 2,000 mile front and were hammering at the gates of Leningrad and Moscow and advancing into the Crimea. Hitler admitted that "we have been mistaken about one thing. We had no idea how gigantic the preparations of this enemy were." To the sweeping claims of 2,500,000 Russian prisoners, the capture or destruction of 18,000 tanks and 14,500 airplanes, he announced that "Russia is already broken and will never rise again."

Nazis Bog Down

Then there appeared signs of the change that has assumed such tremendous proportions. In places the Nazi drive began to bog down. Early in November Dr. Goebbels issued his revealing warning that the German people must resign itself to a "hard and relentless war." But only a few days later Hitler was still boasting that the Soviet had suffered casualties of at least 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 men, and "from such a blow no army in the world could recover, not even the Russians."

Russian Counter Offensive

Then the Russians reorganized their positions. With the aid of fresh troops from the East and the merciless cold of the Russian winter they began to push the Germans westward as far, in some places, as the lines they occupied last August. The siege of Leningrad was raised, Moscow was no longer in danger and the Russian offensive in the Crimea appeared to promise the complete eviction of the Germans from that strategic peninsula.

Generalissimo Hitler

Late in December the significant and sensational announcement was made that Hitler had removed Field-Marshal General von Brauchtisch who led the German armies into Russia, and that Hitler himself had assumed the personal command of the entire German armed forces. The little corporal of World War 1 was now Generalissimo of World War 2.

Seeking an explanation for this move, neutral observers believed that the German reverses in Russia—which Berlin discounted as a strategic withdrawal to winter holding positions—were so serious that Hitler had lost faith in his Army Command, and that a serious rift had developed between German Army Leaders and Nazi Party chieftans on a question of strategy.

Nazi Retreat

We do not know how long the present remarkable German retreat in Russia will continue. It appears to be Hitler's plan to hold as much Russian terrain as he can until the coming of summer; there is very little spring-time in Russia. Then, the German propagandists say, the Nazis will undertake a great offensive to crush the Russians and reach the oil fields of the Caucasus.

Even though "Germany's military operations have entered an extremely serious and indeed a critical phase," the Nazi war machine is still a mighty force and should not be underestimated. On the other hand, though Russia may have been gravely weakened, she is still very much in the war.

Chinese Give Aid

The Australian radio said that a Chinese labor corps has been formed in Singapore, attached to the Australian Imperial Force, to receive all troops for front line duties.

The broadcast said the Chinese were working three eight-hour shifts.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

"Ruth lets me listen to all the Joe Louis fights. . . . They're so short she doesn't mind them."

REG'LAR FELLERS—The Perfect Host By GENE BYRNES

The Individual Citizen's Army

By ALAN MAURICE IRWIN

A Weekly Column About This and That in The Canadian Army

"Why does our army need reinforcement when it has not yet done any fighting?"

Now there's a real question—a question that was welcomed by the Director General of Medical Services when, in behalf of the questioner and readers of this column, I posed it to him the other day.

The reason, believe it or not, is traceable to our bad habit in civilian life of not calling in a doctor until most of the damage is done.

You see, I am speaking from experience. In civilian life if you have a stomach-ache you balance your discomfort against the $2.00 or $3.00 a physician's call would cost. If the ache disappears you forget all about it—if it persists you call in the doctor much later than you should have.

But in the Army—that's different! Medical attention is free and when you "fall in on sick parade" you miss a drill or so. Small wonder, then, that medical officers have a chance to find out incipient troubles before they have a chance to develop into possible dangerous illnesses. Of course, there is another thing the "M.O." finds out at the same time—he finds out if you are "swinging the lead," in which event — this, too, comes from experience—you are apt to get "2 No.'s and full duty."

You may be inclined to question, as I did, the "stomach-aches." The answer to that question is that what seems like an ordinary stomache may be an ulcer which caught early enough in civilian life is capable of control by special dietary arrangements such, as for instance, a glass of milk and a biscuit between breakfast and lunch, and a cup of tea and some toast between lunch and dinner, with possibly the addition of a slight raid on the refrigerator before turning in.

You couldn't do it in my day and it is no more possible in the individual citizen's army of this generation to arrange to call off an attack or the movement of big guns or the transfer of troops from one place to another while you have a glass of milk or biscuit. Hence, therefore, men whose condition requires such treatment must be found jobs at the base or, if there is no room there, must return to civilian life where they will be perfectly capable of carrying on.

The stomach is only one phase—an important one if Napoleon's dictum that "an army marches on its stomach" was correct. But the Army, even though it is highly mechanized, come the lens still marches on its feet. It marches with precision and this precision is not just to please a drill instructor. It is because you must have absolute control of a unit on the move. You undoubtedly know of several cases where "flat feet" do not interfere in the slightest with the workday activities of locomotive engineers, even postmen and men in a dozen other vocations. The reason is that within the limitations of their jobs they can choose their own time, go from here to there and largely control the length of time they can take to do it. Put one of those men in the Army where he must be papered to move with his unit at a moment's notice, to stay with that unit come what may and the disability which was not a disability in civilian life poses another problem for the medical officer.

Until I pestered army doctors for the answer to the question, "Why do you need reinforcements when there is no fighting?" I was inclined to chuckle with glee at the patriotic volunteer who put one over the Medical Board and got into the Army despite a defect that he knew existed. I have changed my tune now that I look at it from the point of view of the taxpayer who pays that man his $1.30 a day. I have no doubt that nothing but patriotism underlies the desire to outwit a Medical Board, but when finally the defect so skillfully covered up becomes apparent the mistaken patriot has cost his fellow taxpayers hundreds of dollars and is himself unable to fulfil the high duty of fighting for his country.

He is another of the reasons why the individual citizen's army needs reinforcements while there is no fighting.

A few paragraphs back I quoted the old phrase for a man who reports sick when there is nothing wrong with him—"swinging the lead"—perhaps some student of military slang can enlighten us as to the meaning of this one. Off hand, it looks as though its origin would come from the senior service but what the connection between a man in the chains plumbing the depths of the ocean has to do with reporting sick, I don't know — do you?

Leaders Broadcast Christmas Messages

Greatest and most moving thing in the Christmas broadcasts of His Majesty the King and Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt was not in any art of oratory. It was in the deep, reverent note struck by all three of humility and trust in God.

Said the King:

"If skies before us are still dark and threatening, there are stars to guide us on our way. Never did heroism shine more brightly than it does now, nor fortitude, nor sacrifices, nor sympathy, nor neighborly kindness.

"And with them the brightest of all stars is our faith in God. These stars we will follow with His help until light shall shine and darkness shall collapse."

Said President Roosevelt:

"Against enemies who preach the principles of hate and practise them we set our faith in human love and in God's care for us and all men everywhere."

Said Mr. Churchill:

"With God's help we shall win to security for our children."

Confidently, we can contrast these words with the torrents of hate and pompous pride that come from the lips of our enemies. An English writer once spoke of "the solemn beauty of the Christian dream which gives strength to our patient power." It is that dream, pitted against paganism and barbarism, that is our stay today.

Churchill Calls For Total War

"In this strange, terrible world war, there is a place for every one, man and woman, old and young, hale and halt. Service in a thousand forms is open. There is no room now for the dilettante, for the weakling, for the slacker or the sluggard. The mine, the factory, the dockyard, the naval sea wave, the fields to till, the home, the hospital, the chair of the scientist, the pulpit of the preacher — from the highest to the humblest, the tasks are all of equal honor. All have their part to play. The enemies ranged against us have asked for total war. Let us make sure that they get it."

Fortune In Toys For Medical Man

Alfred Gilbert, who graduated with the degree of M.D. from Yale in 1909, made a fortune but not out of pills, potions and medical advice, relates The Toronto Telegram.

Crossing a railroad bridge in New York State one day he was inspired with the idea of making structural toys for children, and borrowed $12,000 to get the business started. His factory, which builds a modernized form of the old-time building blocks, now employs nearly 1,000 men and women.

A light-weight tank carries about four tons of armour plate.

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CROWN BRAND SYRUP

"KATHLEEN"

Adapted By RANDALL M. WHITE From The M.G.M. Picture, Kathleen, Starring Shirley Temple

SYNOPSIS

Dr. A. Martha Kent, "Angela", pretty, young doctor of abnormal psychology has undertaken the "adjustment" of twelve-year-old Kathleen, the motherless daughter of handsome, wealthy John Davis who has neglected her. Kathleen has decided she wants Angela for her new mother, as opposed to Lorraine Bennett whom she dislikes and feels is trying to marry her father for his money. She is deeply disappointed when she finds that Lorraine, and not Angela, is to accompany her and her father on a picnic and discloses that she wants her father to marry Angela when she chides her for being unwilling to "fight for love," as she puts it.

CHAPTER FOUR

The picnic, arranged by Dr. Kent as a part of the program of readjustment between Kathleen and her father, was a success for everyone — excepting Kathleen, the one in greatest interest.

Lorraine's continued play for Kathleen's father, on this propitious occasion, took the form of overly expressed interest in Kathleen's enjoyment. Her pitch, however, was much too low.

They were nearing home at sunset when Miss Bennett claimed a "forfeit" from her "Johnny" for something he had done. "What shall we make him do — say the alphabet backwards?" she giggled to Kathleen.

"Oh, does he have to? It's so hot!" the bored youngster objected.

"Sweet!" gushed the charmer as she rumpled the child's hair. "You can't be cross with her daddy, even in fun?" Then she had an "inspiration." "Oh, I have it," she exclaimed. "He must pay forfeit by kissing us both!"

There wasn't much chance for a handsome marriageable man exposed to such an attack.

And Lorraine continued to be the "life of the party," even until they rolled into the Davis driveway, two of them at least singing lustily, "Row, row, row your boat, merrily down the stream." Kathleen's interest in this performance was a bit cold. She had told Miss Bennett that she'd learn to sing "rounds" in school — in the third grade!

* * *

Angela heard Kathleen's feet come pounding up the stairs. She heard the child's bedroom door slam shut, and then muffled sobs in near-hysteria sifted into the living room.

Fully clothed, the little girl lay face down across the bed, her clenched fists beating the coverlet, when Angela entered.

"What is it?" she asked gently.

"Oh, Angel! I tried?" Kathleen sobbed. "I really did try — but that woman is poison!"

"Get up, darling — we'll go in and bathe your face," was Angela's only answer.

A torrent of words streamed from the sobbing child's lips as this new-found "mother" bathed her tear-stained face. "You ought to see her," she cried. "You just ought to see her batting her eyelashes at him — and catching her lower lip between her old teeth! And her eyelashes are phony—I looked!"

Angela quietly continued her ministrations.

"You said you were here to do 'adjusting,'" Kathleen raved on. "Well, I'm adjusted. I'll never make any trouble from now on . . . so you'll have a lot of time on your hands. Oh, Angel, you've just got to help me save him — please, please! I'm not just selfish — I'm thinking of him. He's wonderful — when you get to know him . . . and she'll make him miserable!"

Kathleen was expected downstairs at dinner. Angela made her apologies. "The day was rather strenuous for her," she told Mr. Davis and Miss Bennett, his dinner guest. "She's over-tired — and over-excited. I've suggested that she go right to bed."

Mr. Davis pressed Angela to stay and chat with them when they had finished dinner — and she saw Lorraine "bat her eyelashes" at the man she was stalking.

* * *

Miss Bennett made conversation by asking about Angela's work—and kept alive the thought that the doctor was in the Davis household professionally — not socially.

"I'm to be with Kathleen only until September," Angela told her. "Then I'm sailing for Buenos Aires to continue my studies in psychology at a rather large and very interesting clinic there."

"Buenos Aires!" Miss Bennett exclaimed. "Johnny, that's the place! Binkie and Helen went there on their honeymoon!"

There was nothing for Mr. Davis to do then but announce to Angela that he and Miss Bennett had just decided to get married in the fall.

"I just can't wait to see Kathleen's face when we tell her," Miss Bennett broke in. "Darling, let's go up to the nursery and tell the little dear right now!"

Only Dr. Kent's "professional advice" that the "good" news—of such a startling nature—be withheld until Kathleen had been prepared for it prevented another stab deep into the little heart which, at that moment, was bleeding so bitterly in the room above.

* * *

There were no signs of sleep in Kathleen's wide-open eyes when Angela found her, pajama-clad, propped up in bed and staring at the ceiling. She stopped to say good-night.

"Well, Angel, am I right?" the youngster asked abruptly — to disclose the problem with which she had been wrestling.

"Do you want some supper?" Angela asked.

"Don't try to change the subject, please," Kathleen said severely. "What do you think of Miss Lorraine Bat-Your-Eyelashes Bennett?"

"Well, Kathleen," replied Angela, "I saw Miss Bennett casually for only a few minutes. She's very pretty and she dresses very well. Beyond that, I know nothing whatever about her. Won't you let me bring you some supper?"

"After what I've been through today," Kathleen answered tartly, "the mere thought of food sickens me — that is, unless you can bring me Miss Bennett broiled in oil."

"Very well, then, good night," said Angela. She was well out in the sitting room when Kathleen rose to close her bedroom door and call after her: "I bet a million dollars you don't like her either!"

"Miss Lorraine Bennett . . . money," Kathleen mumbled as she crawled back into bed. "That's what she's after, I bet . . . if I had a lot of money . . . If I were in New York . . ."

Once more, as she so often did, Kathleen propped herself among the pillows, and lifted the lid of the little music box beside her bed. It was her ritual as its faint, sweet, tinkly tune began, she made her half-closed eyes see visions.

She was in New York. The lights were burning brightly outside a leading theatre as she passed. A man, dishevelled, fairly stumbled out through the stage entrance and into the street at her side. He was talking wildly to himself and she could not help hearing him say: "My God, I'm ruined! Every cent I have in the world is tied up in this production and now, with the house sold out, we can't open. My leading lady has broken her leg. It's only an hour until curtain time. There's nothing on earth I can do."

The distraught man started violently as she addressed him. "Pardon me," she said, "I couldn't help overhearing you. You're in desperate trouble. Perhaps I can be of assistance — I sing and dance a little."

"You're rather young," he answered. "Have you had any experience?"

"I danced and sang in a French play at school," she told him, "and many people were nice enough to say I was the best."

He grasped her by the arm and fairly dragged her back through the stage entrance.

So it was that Kathleen saw the curtains part in a brilliantly lighted Broadway theatre, packed with a most critical audience resplendent in lovely clothes and jewels. She heard herself sing "Around the Corner," a song she dearly loved. She wore a bridal costume — and boys in gay Hussars uniforms crowded a grand staircase behind her. Then she danced a rumba-tap which had been taught her by a very dear and very talented friend.

* * *

The star's dressing room—her's — was banked with beautiful flowers when she reached it after a score of final curtain calls. She was desperately tired—but ecstatically happy.

"You were wonderful, Madamoiselle — toute a fait charmante!" her little French maid said. "But now you are, oh, so weary — you cannot see, this Miss Lorraine Bennett who is waiting?"

"Yes, please, Maria, show her in; I sent for her," she had said in this amazing vision.

And Lorraine Bennett came in, smartly dressed in black — the color of her heart.

"I'm going to be very frank with you, Miss Bennett — as one woman to another," she heard herself say. "I know your only interest in my father is his money. As you know I have become quite successful — and am prepared to offer you one hundred thousand dollars to give him up."

She tossed a sheaf of brand new bank notes on the table between them. The "bat-your-eyelashes" person scooped them up greedily, scarce taking time to say "I agree!"

Then, in this happy vision, she saw officers spring from their place of concealment at her command and seize the woman who had threatened her — and Angela's — happiness. And, as handcuffs clicked, she had heard one officer say: "Lorraine Bennett, I arrest you in the name of the law for accepting the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as a bribe on the promise that you would give up one John Davis forever!"

The little music box had long since ceased playing.

The "little girl on the hill" was asleep!

(Continued Next Week)

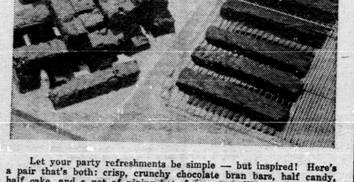
War has killed the one-flourishing sponge fishing industry in the Mediterranean.

HOW TO RELIEVE PILE TORTURE QUICKLY AND EASILY

If you are troubled with itching piles or rectal soreness, do not delay treatment that may run the risk of letting this condition become chronic. Stop itching and soreness and painful passage of stool in nature's way, and proper treatment should be secured at once.

Pyramo purpose get a package of Rem-Roid from any druggist and use as directed. This formula, which is used internally is a small, easy-to-take tablet, will quickly relieve the itching and soreness and aid in healing the tender spots. Rem-Roid is pleasant to use, is highly recommended and it seems the height of folly for any one to risk a painful and chronic pile condition when such a fine remedy may be had at such a small cost. If you try Rem-Roid and are not entirely pleased with the results, your druggist will gladly return your money.

CHOCOLATE ALL-BRAN BARS



Let your party refreshments be simple — but inspired! Here's a pair that's both: crisp, crunchy chocolate bran bars, half candy, half cake, and a pot of piping hot, fragrant-smelling coffee. Really, it's a party formula that feeds six as well as sixty and fits anything from a benefit bridge to a family reunion. Make enough coffee for seconds all around and follow this recipe for the chocolate bran bars:

Chocolate All-Bran Bars

3 squares unsweetened chocolate (3 oz.)	⅔ cup flour
½ cup butter	½ cup All-Bran
2 eggs	½ cup chopped nut meats
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Melt chocolate and butter over hot water. Beat eggs well, add sugar and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add chocolate mixture. Stir in flour, All-Bran, nut meats and flavoring. Pour into greased baking pan, making layer about one-third inch thick. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

Yield: Approximately 16 bars (square or oblong pan).

Variation: ½ cup cocoa may be substituted for chocolate. Omit chocolate and sift cocoa with flour. Melt shortening and add to egg and sugar mixture. If other shortening is used, add ½ teaspoon salt.

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Enclosed find 10c for generous trial offer of 150 tissues in dispenser box.

Name .....

Address .....

U. S. Using Blimps For Patrolling Coast

The navy has put a fleet of blimps armed with depth bombs, machine guns and cannon at work guarding the coast lines of the United States from subarines and prowling raiders.

On the Atlantic coast the first squadron of six blimps has already taken the air, the navy said today. They are the first of scores to be used.

The navy apparently is convinced that patrolling airships are among the most effective weapons against submarine attacks on shipping in coastal waters. Capt. C. E. Rosendahl, veteran dirigible commander and proponent of lighter-than-aircraft, calls the blimp the "dread of submarine captains" and credits it with an important part in halting the first Great War submarine "scourge."

Carrying a crew of eight, the patrol airship can hover, drift or, under power, travel more than twice as fast as a submarine. It has been demonstrated that it is possible to spot even deeply submerged submarines from a blimp under favorable conditions. If the blimp's own depth bombs don't finish it off, the spot can be marked and destroyers summoned.

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CALUMET THE DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

To continue our few remarks on the National Campaign for Health, we have learned many things recently. Our statistics show our laboring men are the best fed on an average and sad, but true, that our children and housewives are the lowest nourished on an average. Many reasons are given for the findings, that such a large percentage of our population are not receiving the proper nourishment. Small income is only partly a reason, for many suffering from nutritional disorders are found in our wealthy homes. Another reason is large families, overcrowded homes, and a poor choice of foods with budget money for that purpose.

Please remember to use one leafy vegetable as well as two others each day. This is a splendid time for those home-grown tomatoes, so carefully canned, and tomato juice. If using the latter as a substitute for orange juice it will take about three times the amount each day to supply the same amount of vitamins.

Here is an appetizing recipe for the cheaper cuts of meat.

MACARONI SWISS STEAK

½ lb. short cut macaroni
1½ lbs. round steak
2 tablespoons flour
1 can tomato soup
Salt and pepper.

Buy a good piece of round steak about 1½ inches thick. Pound into it flour, salt and pepper on both sides. Brown meat in skillet, add canned tomato soup and allow to simmer slowly over moderate fire until savoy and tender.

Remove meat and cut into desired portions. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Sauté it in thick gravy. Pour on large platter and garnish with steak.

Now a word about gravy. Potatoes and gravy or biscuits and gravy, how appealing that sounds when wintry blasts do blow!" Has it occurred to you, that gravy as well as being the essence of the meats maybe the essence of economy too?

Velvety smooth, reeking of the meats savory juices, seasoned to the King's taste, gravy makes it possible to serve the inexpensive cuts of meat, use of which will cut dollars from the weekly meat bill of a large family. The big secret is to water the meat during roasting and be sure juices and fat, that collect are not the least bit burned, but just richly browned.

When meat is tender, remove from the pan and pour off all but three tablespoons of fat. Be careful not to disturb the rich brown sediment which contains the flavor and savor and color for gravy. Place pan over direct heat; stir in 3 tablespoons flour, stirring constantly until very smooth and a rich brown color. Then add 2 cups of cold water, stirring constantly. If hot water is added the mixture will form lumps and the gravy will have to be strained. Season with one-half teaspoon salt and one-quarter teaspoon pepper; cook and stir for five minutes.

These proportions make a medium gravy, which will complete mashed potatoes or for those old-fashioned or very young persons, give a treat of bread and gravy which is "tops" for them.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 72 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Had Always Warned Against 'Easy Wars'

Premier Churchill has never tried to delude the Empire with easy optimism. In a book about his youth he wrote:

"Let us learn our lessons. Never, never, never believe any war will be smooth and easy, or that anyone who embarks on the strange voyage can measure the tides and hurricanes he will encounter . . . Always remember, however sure you are that you can easily win, that there would not be a war if the other man did not think he also had a chance."

Time Capsule

A short history of America's first three weeks in the second World war:

Chapter I: Pants down.
Chapter II: Shirts on.
Chapter III: Sleeves rolled up.

PRINCESS PANELS SLENDERIZE

By Anne Adams

Gone like magic are those extra pounds when you slip into this new, original home frock by Anne Adams . . . and what woman doesn't want to look slim and neat at home? Pattern 4937 does the trick by narrow, up-and-down princess panelling both in front and in back that makes for easy sewing too! A half-belt in back assures a willow-waist. Don't you like the unusually-shaped collar and pockets? They would look very gay outlined with contrasting ric-rac, together with the short sleeves. Both the collar and pockets may be made of contrast fabric—buttons are a bright color accent too. For street wear you'll like a long-sleeved version of this dress in crepe or wool instead of cotton. Let the Sewing Instructor help you finish it quickly.

Pattern 4937 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards 35 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

New Zealand has called up all single men of military age not already in the army for service in the expeditionary force. New Zealand married men without children and between the ages of 18 and 26 also will be mobilized.