VOICE OF THE PRESS

NO COURAGE IN ESCAPISM

"No; escapism at this time is not good enough. Let us by all means keep as long as we can whatever joys are left in life; keep our sense of humor and all of the love and kindliness that should exist in human comradeships and within homes and families; and keep as well our ideas of justice and sportsmanship and fair play, and our inherited instincts of compassion and mercy and pity. But, holding fast to these things, refusing to abandon ourselves to sombre nightmares of gloom, let us not try to create within or among ourselves a false psychology of escape from this war. Courage, the great need of the hour, cannot be born of that.

—Ottawa Journal.

—o—

DANGEROUS BB RIFLES

A strong campaign is being started against the use of BB rifles in the hands of small boys. In Brantford, still another boy has lost the sight of one eye and many complaints are coming in from all parts of the province. One doctor in Brantford tells of treating three cases of wounding by BB guns in one week. There should be far greater restrictions on the sale of BB guns and ammunition to minors and it is to be hoped the recent shootings in various parts of Ontario will bring such restrictions into being.

—Niagara Falls Review.

—o—

HUTS FROM HOLLAND

A shipment of 25,000 huts recently arrived on the Russian front from Holland. Each hut could house 25 Nazis and each hut was fitted out comfortably.

That is only one indication of the way Hitler is using the occupied countries to further his campaigns.

—Windsor Star

—o—

THE LITTLE DARLINGS

One effect of the sugar rationing, as reported by a Toronto grocer, is that many customers who previously had only one or two children now come in and brag about their large families. Trying to kid him!

—Ottawa Citizen.

—o—

WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE LIKE WOMEN

1. They are thinner than they used to be.
2. There is a bold face type.
3. Back numbers are not in demand.
4. They have a great deal of influence.
5. Every man should have one of his own and not chase after his neighbor's.

St. Thomas Times-Journal.

—o—

INCONSISTENT

The odd thing about Mr. Eamon de Valera, Premier of Eire, is that, while he will not allow British ships the use of Eire's bases, he is perfectly content to allow British ships to convoy goods from the U. S. to Eire.

—Brantford Expositor.

—o—

IT DOES THE JOB

Toxoid treatment does prevent diphtheria. This has been proved to the hilt in scores and hundreds of cities. The moral is clear. No parent should dare to allow any child of his to go without immunization against diphtheria.

—Edmonton Journal.

—o—

GREATEST OMELET

If there was any point to it, the world's greatest omelet could be made from the 3,311,000,000 eggs which were laid by 368,000,000 hens in the United States in the month of January last.

—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

—o—

WHAT A.R.P. MEANS

It still seems in effect that most of the argument about A.R.P. comes down to whether those letters stand for air raid perhaps or air raid probably.

—Vancouver Province.

—o—

AUTOMOBILE PROGRESS

1940—No running boards.
1941—No gear shifts.
1942—No tires.
1943—No cars.

—Grit.

Huge Food Orders For Great Britain

The British Food Ministry has intimated through the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa that it will be in the market this year for 10,000 long tons of Canadian beans. This information is being passed along to the bean growing centres. Price quotations are sought.

Canada will be sending a lot of food over this year, if it all gets there. The campaign of sinkings is being much intensified and the new risk they suggest is not overlooked.

The bacon order is over 600,000,000 pounds and the wheat order 175,000,000 bushels.

Millions of pounds of cheese, butter, prepared meats and fruits enter into the food consignment.

A $50,000 UPSET

Pictured above is an upset for turf history books. It shows The Rhymer, Greentree Stables' "unknown," 15-to-1- shot, pounding across the line, Jockey Arcaro up, in the seventh running of the $50,000 Widener Cup Race at Miami's Hialeah Park. The favorite, Market Wise, and all the "name" nags like Mioland, Attention and Challedon, finished 'way back in the field of 17 starters. Best Seller was second and Olympus third.

The Individual Citizen's Army

By ALAN MAURICE IRWIN

A Weekly Column About This and That in The Canadian Army

Once upon a time the cockiest looking soldier you would encounter was the Highlander, characterized by the swing of his kilt and his glistening white spats.

Today kilts are very seldom seen and the palm for cockiness has to be awarded to the Tank Corps man who wears a beret at a cocky angle and walks the streets with an air reminiscent of Kipling's cat to whom all places are alike.

And all places are alike to him. From the steel-walled turret of his tank he looks at everything he encounters with the unbiased, unembarrassed and unworried look of a man who knows he can brush aside any barrier, surmount any obstacle.

In the interests of the readers of this column I made an investigation into what makes a "tanker" tick a few days ago.

Because I am not as young as I used to be and, therefore, a mite on the clumsy side I have a few assorted bruises to report that the young, fit, well-trained tank man would not.

Perhaps I'd better begin at the beginning.

The Commandant of the Training Centre said — his eyes may have been twinkling, I couldn't see because of the shine on his glasses — "we'll have a tank brought round for you to look at."

That was all right. But it didn't stop at that. When the tank arrived—all 30 tons of it—a helpful sergeant poked his head out of the driver's hatch and said: "Shall I take the gentlemen for a ride, sir?"

Bow Bowman of the C.B.C., was the reason for the plural. We looked at each other. We looked at the sergeant. There was no mistake about the twinkle in his eye.

We climbed in. By the time I had hoisted a middle-aged leg over the rim of the gun turret I seemed an awful distance from the ground.

A slightly hysterical major, who roared with laughter from start to finish of the ride, advised me to stand on the gunner's stool with my head and shoulders in the open. "You'll see more from there." I felt more, too. And every time I looked inside during the quarter of an hour that we careeerd up hill and down dale there was the major, wedged in a corner of the gun turret, cackling horribly at my wild attempts to lessen the force of the buffets delivered by the plunging iron hippopotamus.

The tank man, to judge by my reactions, has a sense of power and invincibility as he advances steadily with a disregard for anything confronting him that no other soldier feels. Certainly I never felt it in France a quarter of a century ago.

Once you have safely clambered out of the tank after your first trip you realize that you have never had such a feeling of safety in any mode of travel before. It didn't seem quite the same when the driver put on speed, hurtled down a steep bank, rolled a few boulders aside, took a ditch in stride, climbed the side slope of a hill, turned in his tracks and charged down it again and headed straight for a tall and very thick-looking tree.

After the first tree it was different. You don't dodge any more and you get that feeling that it doesn't matter what stands in your way.

Then you have time to realize that your mobile fortress is giving you a degree of safety you didn't know existed. Instead of a copse of saplings such as we ploughed through you imagine a woods full of hostile machine-gunners and you know that their bullets will spatter harmlessly on the steel hull of your tank.

You know, too, that the crew of well-trained "tankers" under battle conditions will be spraying the ground ahead of them with shells and machine-gun bullets at a far faster rate than the best fire-power concentrated in any attacks in other wars.

It all adds up to a feeling of jauntiness and by the time your first ride comes to an end you feel like tipping your hat to one side and "walking with an air."

But that jauntiness is an assured and sensible one, not a "devil-may-care" attitude. Tanks and the myriad other cross-country vehicles our boys are driving in the individual citizen's army of today are not turning them into reckless drivers when they get on to the road in civilian cars.

The effect is almost opposite. Once you get back into an automobile you think to yourself, "this thing isn't armoured and unhurtable like that tank I was just in—I've got to handle this more carefully!"

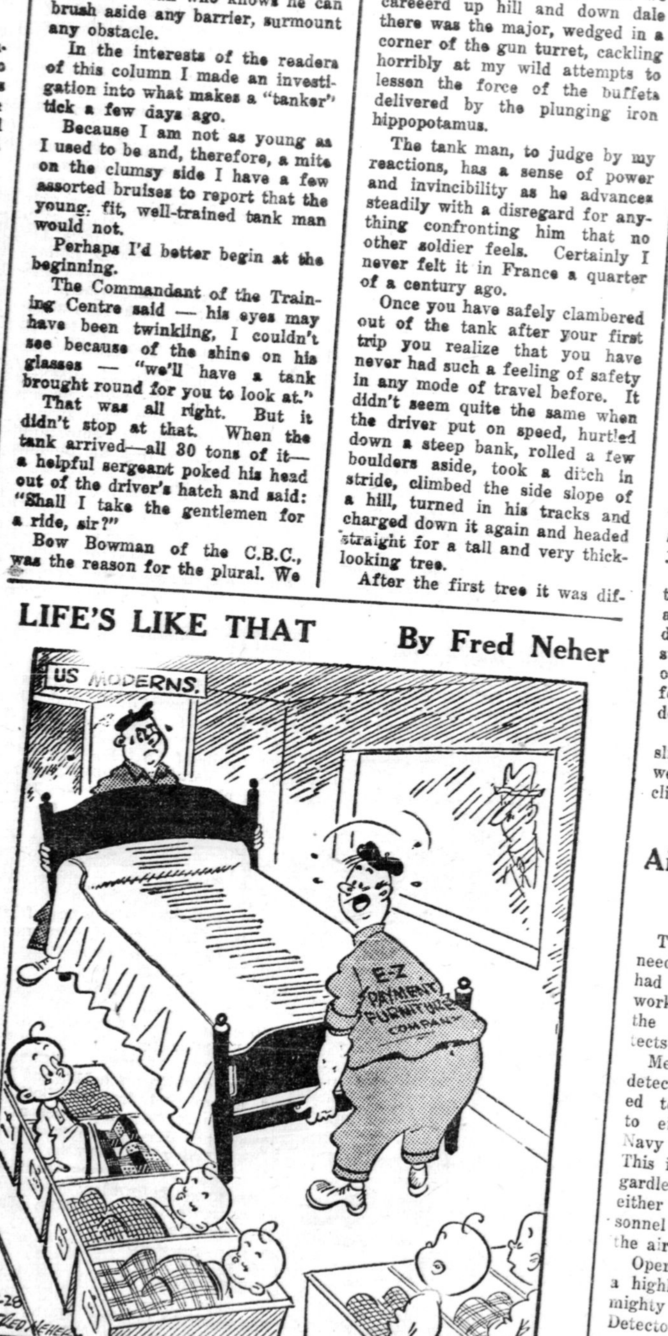
Yes, they're a cocky lot—these "tankers!" And they have a right to be. They spend their fighting hours in cramped, hot, noisy quarters and feel like stretching when they get out.

They have an exhilarating job. They charge across country undaunted by obstacles. They carry the battle to, through and beyond the enemy. That sort of thing calls for light-hearted efficiency—and that same light-hearted efficiency guarantees a cocky bearing and a jaunty stride.

But middle-aged newspapermen, though they catch the enthusiasm and experience the exhilaration, don't quite manage the jaunty stride when they laboriously climb out—they are too busy feeling for the bruises that the youngster doesn't get.

No wonder the major was slightly hysterical—he knew what we would look like when we climbed down.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT — By Fred Neher



"Do you mean you're the guy that ordered this bed? ! !"

Air Force Needs Radio Mechanics

The Royal Canadian Air Force needs radio mechanics who have had some university training for work with the radio detector—the secret instrument which detects enemy aircraft.

Men enlisting for duty as radio detector operators will be required to sign on for attachment to either the Royal Canadian Navy or the Canadian Army. This is a new requirement. Regardless of the attachment, to either the navy or army, the personnel will remain members of the air force.

Operation of radio detectors is a highly specialized work and a mighty dangerous ground job. Detector personnel is just as important to the ground forces as air crew is to the flying personnel for they play an important part in the protection of the land units.

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek Urges Full Support From India

On Feb. 21 Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, in a message addressed to the Indian people on the eve of his return to China, called for their "utmost exertion" in the cause of freedom and asked Britain to grant India "real political power" immediately. The text of the message follows:

During my two weeks' stay in India I had the opportunity of discussing very frankly with the highest civil and military authorities as well as with my Indian friends questions concerning joint plans against aggression and the objective of our common efforts. I was happy to find that there was full sympathy and general understanding between us.

My mission is now drawing to a close. On the eve of my departure I wish to bid farewell to all my friends in India and to thank you for the many kindnesses showered upon Mme. Chiang and myself.

The briefness of my stay has not permitted me to tell the Indian people all that I wished to say. I avail myself of this opportunity to address to them this farewell message. It is an expression of my high and warm regard and of long cherished hopes for India. It comes from the depth of my heart.

Since my arrival in this country I found to my great satisfaction that there exists among the people of India a unanimous determination to oppose aggression.

China and India

China and India comprise one-half of the world's population. Their common frontier extends 3,000 kilometers. In the 2,000 years' history of their intercourse, which has been of a purely cultural and commercial character, there has never been any armed conflict. Indeed, nowhere else can one find so long a period of uninterrupted peace between two neighboring countries.

This is irrefutable proof that our two peoples are peace-loving by nature. Today they have not only identical interests but also the same destiny. For this reason they are duty bound to side with anti-aggression countries and to fight shoulder to shoulder in order to secure real peace for the whole world.

Moreover, our two peoples have an outstanding virtue in common —namely, the noble spirit of self-sacrifice for the sake of justice and righteousness. It is this traditional spirit which should move them toward self-negation for the salvation of mankind. It arms against aggression and in it is also this spirit which prompted China to be the first to take up the present war to ally herself unhesitatingly with other anti-aggression countries not merely for the purpose of securing her own freedom but also for the purpose of securing justice and freedom for all.

I venture to suggest to my brethren people of India at this most critical moment in the history of civilization that our two peoples should exert themselves to the utmost in the cause of freedom of all mankind, for only in a free world could the Chinese and Indian peoples obtain their freedom. Furthermore, should freedom be denied to either China or India, there could be no real international peace.

A World Divided

The present international situation divides the world into two camps, the aggression camp and the anti-aggression camp. All those who opposed aggression by striving for the freedom of their country and of other countries should join the anti-aggression camp. There is no middle course and there is no time to wait for developments.

Now is the crucial moment for the whole future of mankind. The issue before us does not concern the dispute of any one man or country, nor does it concern any specific questions now pending between one people and another. Any people therefore which joins the anti-aggression front may be said to be cooperating, not with any particular country, but with the entire front.

This leads us to believe that the Pacific war is the turning point in the history of nationalism. The method, however, by which peoples of the world could achieve their freedom might be different from what it used to be.

The anti-aggression nations expect that in this new era the people of India will voluntarily bear their full share of responsibility in the present struggle for the survival of a free world, in which India must play her part. The vast majority of world opinion is in full sympathy with India's aspirations for freedom. That sympathy is so valuable and so difficult to obtain that it cannot be appraised in terms of money or material and should therefore by all means be retained.

The present struggle is one between freedom and slavery, between light and darkness, between good and evil, between resistance and aggression. Should the anti-aggression front lose the war, world civilization would suffer a setback for at least 100 years and there would be no end of human suffering.

Japan's Record in Asia

So far as Asia is concerned, the cruelties committed by the Japanese militarists are beyond description. The suffering and oppression, which have been the fate of Formosans and Koreans since their subjugation by Japan, should serve as a warning.

As regards barbarities committed by the Japanese Army since our war of resistance, the fall of Nanking in December, 1937, is a case in point. Over 200,000 civilians were massacred within one week.

For the last five years the civilian population of Free China has been subjected almost daily to bombings from the air and bombardments by heavy artillery. In every place invaded by Japanese troops, men, women and children were either assaulted or killed. The young men and the educated people received their special attention with the result that men of intelligence and ideas have been tortured.

Nor is this all. Institutions of culture, objects of historical interest and value and even articles necessary for livelihood, such as cooking utensils, plows, tools and domestic animals have been either forcibly taken away or destroyed. In places under Japanese military occupation rape, rapine, incendiarism, murder are frequent occurrences.

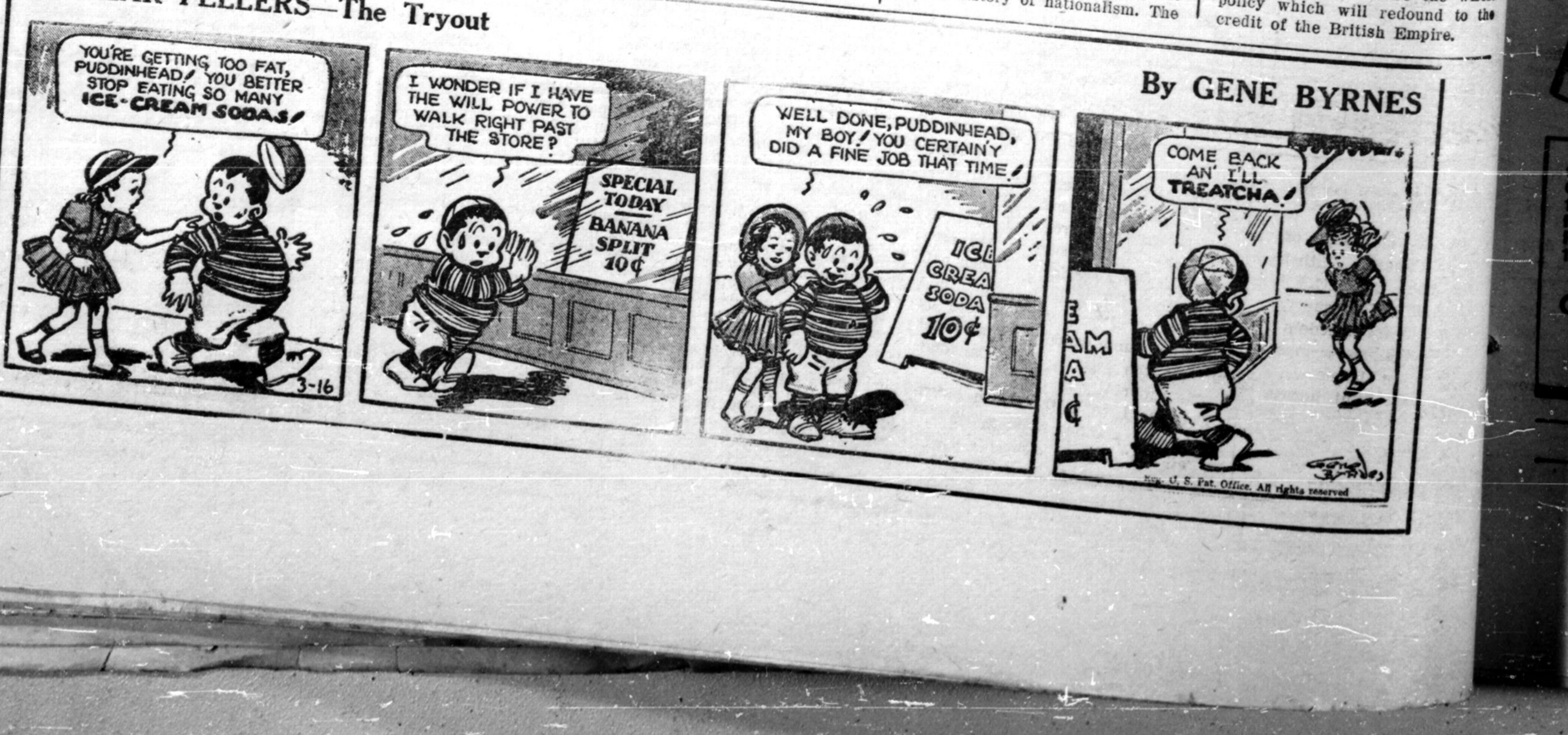
Moreover, they have with official connivance everywhere opened opium dens, gambling houses and houses of ill-fame in order to sap the vitality of the people and destroy their spirit. Such is the disgraceful conduct of the Japanese, the like of which is not found in countries invaded by other aggressor nations. What I have just said is but an inadequate description of the true state of affairs as reported by Chinese and foreign eyewitnesses.

India's Support Urged

In these horrible times of savagery and brute force, the people of China and their brethren people of India should for the sake of civilization and human freedom give their united support to the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter and in the joint declaration of twenty-six nations, and ally themselves with the anti-aggression front. I hope they will wholeheartedly join the Allies, namely, China, Great Britain, America and the Soviet Union, and participate in the struggle for the survival of a free world until complete victory is achieved and the duties incident upon them in these troubled times have been fully discharged.

Lastly, I sincerely hope and I confidently believe that our Ally Great Britain, without waiting for any demands on the part of the people of India, will as speedily as possible give them real political power so that they may be in a position further to develop their spiritual and material strength and thus realize that their participation in the war is not merely aid to the anti-aggression nations for securing victory but also the turning point in their struggle for India's freedom. From the objective point of view, I am of the opinion this would be the wisest policy which will redound to the credit of the British Empire.

REG'LAR FELLERS—The Tryout — By GENE BYRNES



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NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

BABES ON BROADWAY

Adapted by FRANCES BARBOUR from the MGM Picture Starring Mickey Rooney

Synopsis — Tommy Williams, aspiring young dance artist from Wisconsin, is a member of the trio "The Three Balls of Fire". Working in a cellar spaghetti joint they meet the famous Jonesy, assistant to theatrical producer Thornton Reed. She offers them an audition for a musical revue but it falls through. Tommy loses hope until he gets the idea of putting on a benefit show for the kids in Dornan Street Settlement, in order to send them to the country. It will be a big publicity boost for him and put him in solid with Penny Morris, his girl. But when Penny learns that it's all for selfish reasons, she walks out on him. Then Jonesy offers Tommy a chance to be in the show, but when the Settlement children give him a watch which they have bought with their nickels and dimes, in order to show him their appreciation he decides to stay and get the benefit on somehow. He and Penny make up and now he is on his way to tell Jonesy that he can't come to Philadelphia to be in the new musical.

CHAPTER SIX
(Conclusion)

Tommy and Penny burst into Jonesy's office a bit later and without even stopping to say "hello", Tommy told her of his decision. Ending up, he sighed. "It even sounds crazy to me when I say it but . . . that's the way it is."

Jonesy looked up from her desk. "Well, I guess I'll have to return these railroad tickets then." Her eyes were soft as she looked at him. "So you're turning down a great opportunity like this for a bunch of kids that you hardly know."

Tommy ran his tongue over his dry lips. He was suffering visibly.

Then Jonesy smiled. "Helping people can be pretty hard work, can't it? But don't worry, you'll find out it's worth while at the oddest times and the strangest places." She added abruptly, "How soon can you get your show together, Tommy?"

"Huh? Our show? About ten days. But we need a theatre."

Jonesy wrote out a memorandum. "That's no problem any more. You're getting the Old Duchess . . . and for free. It'll be Thornton Reed's contribution to the cause. He doesn't even have to know about it."

Now, as Tommy took the keys and the memo he was jubilant. "Gee, it's wonderful. I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," Jonesy returned brusequely. "Get started with the show. And make it good. Thornton Reed doesn't know it yet and he won't know until I get ready to tell him but he's going to see your show in his theatre from the very front row."

Tommy's mouth fell open. "Golly." Then he came to. "But Miss Jones won't Mr. Reed be angry?"

She smiled back grimly. "It's very likely and that's why it better be good; or else I'll wind up in the country along with the rest of the kids."

* * *

Opening night came, the house was full and in between putting on makeup Tommy shouted last minute instructions to the stage-hands and electricians. Finally, the overture started.

Then, all at once there was Penny in her moonbeam costume and Tommy stared at her in awe. "Gee, I shoulda sent you an extra dozen of roses."

She smiled tenderly. "One rose would have been enough . . . from you." She went on, "Tommy once you told me I'd be dancing on top of the world. Well tonight, I'm all filled up with things I've been saving to say to you but now that the time is here . . ." The overture was starting. She dimpled. " . . . I think I'll just go on saving 'em."

It was almost time for the opening act. But where was Jonesy? Tommy had looked out and seen that she wasn't in the audience. Then he spied her in the wings.

"Tommy," she said hurrying to him, "I'm terribly sorry."

He gulped. "You mean Mr. Reed won't be here? But you . ."

"Yes I know I promised you but Tommy I just couldn't ask him. The poor guy is going crazy in Philadelphia. The show isn't doing any business. They're rewriting, recasting and on top of that he's twisted his ankle. I had to sneak out of town myself."

He closed his eyes. "Ohh."

Penny had overheard it. "Never mind Tommy we'll do the show and it'll be great and he'll hear about it, somehow, I know."

Tommy nodded and got a firm grip on his courage. Then he turned to the boys and girls. "All right everybody. For the first time in years the curtain is going up on the Old Duchess Theatre. Let's make 'em glad they didn't tear it down. Places."

* * *

Then the performance was on and from the very first Tommy knew their audience was with them. It was there in the air like electricity. The show was in the groove. Everybody was giving and so was the audience, with both hands and whistles and cheers.

The first act curtain had just gone down when suddenly a big husky fellow confronted Tommy back stage.

"You Tommy Williams?" Tommy nodded. "Wal, I'm inspector Moriarty. And I'm here to tell you Mr. Ziegfeld, you ain't puttin' on any more show tonight."

The guy must be crazy! Then Tommy bristled. "Who says we aren't putting on a show?"

Moriarty was cruelly airy about it all. "The State a' New York, the City a' New York, the Board a' Health and the Fire Commission. You can't lock people up in this fire trap. This theatre's been condemned for fifteen years."

Tommy was dazed. He began to plead. "Look Mr. Moriarty you can't do this, you can't stop the show. Fifty little kids that never saw the sunlight . . ."

But Moriarty couldn't be moved. "I know all about the kids," he shouted, fighting against his own better nature, "and I got a mother too but if that audience ain't out of this theatre in fifteen minutes I'll have to call the Eighth Precinct."

Tommy knew then there was no hope at all. Quietly, he went to the footlights, explained things to the audience and told them they could get their money back at the box office.

Within the allotted time, they had filed out and Tommy sat in his dressing room with Penny, eating his heart out.

"Well," he said bitterly, "we all did our best and where did it get us? Right out in left field. Sure, never mind yourself. Just help people, be Santa Claus, make sacrifices and if you keep on like that every day of your life you oughta be a big success when you're about a hundred and sixty years old."

Penny was almost weeping. "Oh Tommy you don't mean that."

He cut in savagely. "You bet I do. Faith, Hope and Charity. Well, you can wrap those three up in cellophane and give 'em back to the Indians. From now on it's the old rules. I'll get another crack at it and when I do, watch out brother. I take anybody for anything, anywhere."

He stopped as the door burst open and Barbara Jo tore in. "Oh Mr. Williams," she screeched happily. "It's wonderful. It's marvelous. Nobody took their money. And they all even gave some. They said that what they saw of the show was so good, it was worth it. Aren't you glad? Aren't you happy?"

Tommy was slowly digesting this, when he heard a man's voice outside, loud in argument with Jonesy.

"I never came across such a thing in my life," he was saying furiously. "Jonesy you had a hand in this. I have a hundred thousand dollar turkey in Philadelphia and what do I get? Fire Commission . . . Board of Health . . . Police Commission . . . warrants for my arrest."

"I'm sorry Thornton," Jonesy was desperate. "It's all my fault. But no harm has been done . . ."

"No harm," he raged. "I get into town unexpectedly and they treat me as if I were a criminal. I thought they were crazy. A show in my own theatre and I don't even know about it . . ."

It was just at that point that Penny stepped up. "Oh Mr. Reed, I'm so glad you came," she said breathlessly. "They said we couldn't do our show because it's against the law to have an audience. But there's no law against doing it for you. You're not an audience, you didn't pay admission."

Reed crumpled his hat in fury. "Now she's trying to sell me a ticket."

"Oh no Mr. Reed." She was shoving him out front and to a seat, at the same time making frantic signals to Tommy. "Dear Mr. Reed, we spent weeks and weeks and they gave us just everything. All we want you to do is sit."

Jonesy was grinning, getting the idea.

Reed, still bellicose, yelled, "I've got enough trouble without amateurs, I tell you."

Penny was ready to bop him one if that would do it. "They aren't amateurs, they're wonderful. Just wait. In one minute there'll be more talent on that stage than in the whole town of Philadelphia."

And then, confirming her words, the orchestra crashed into music, the curtain went up and the show started.

At first it was slow. Then the pace picked up and as Thornton Reed sat there, viewing one act after another, he was the most enthralled theatrical producer in New York. The sure instinct that had put him where he was told him he was looking at another miracle—a sure Broadway stage hit!

Thornton's approval seemed to waft itself over the footlights and standing there in the grand finale, Tommy took Penny's hand. "Three words this time," he whispered. "I love you."

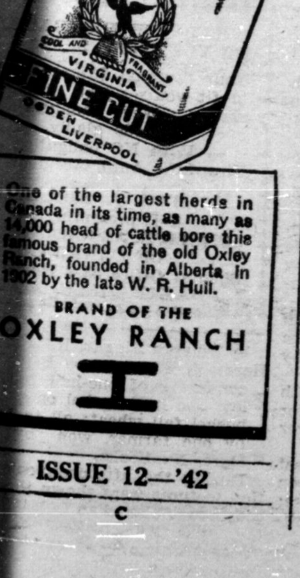
His face was bright as a torch. He had made his dreams come true. He had found the magic of the Great White Way. And best of all, with Penny's help, he had done it with honor and decency.

He might be a successful actor now — but he was proudest of all, that he was a man!

THE END

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's FINE CUT



One of the largest herds in Canada in its time, as many as 14,000 head of cattle bore this famous brand of the old Oxley Ranch, founded in Alberta in 1882 by the late W. R. Hull.

BRAND OF THE OXLEY RANCH

ISSUE 12—'42
C

Death Strikes On A Troop Carrier

"Murder In Convoy"

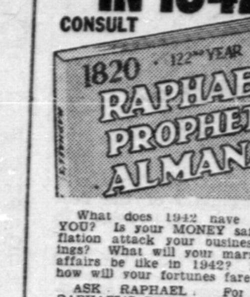
By A. W. O'BRIEN
Beginning Next Week

BAD NEWS FOR AUSTRALIA

The above map shows were Japanese troops made their first landing on New Guinea, at Salamaua, in what apparently is a prelude to the "Battle of Australia." The new Japanese landing is only 390 miles from Cape York, Australia. Arrow shows how the invaders probably advanced from bases at Rabaul and the Bismarck and Solomon Islands. The Japanese had previously gained a foothold on Timor, 290 miles northwest of Australia.

END OF THE WAR IN 1942?

CONSULT



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What are the life prospects for children born in 1942?—a forecast for each birthday in the year. Why should the Dionne Quintuplets be extra careful during 1942? Can the sex of babies be controlled in advance by astrology?—amazing new discovery! Here, also, is how to read horoscope charts: when to observe the planets: many other helpful, fascinating features! Biggest 35c worth in the entire astrological field today!

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The Gentle Art Of Branding Bees

"Hand me the brandin' iron, podner, while I got a rope on Queen, here."

Queen is a bee. The roper is Bertram R. Olsen, of Texas, who says his method of marking the honey-hustlers is a secret.

Eight of his hives were stolen. Five of them, repainted to escape detection, have been recovered through the bee brands.

He expects to have the other three any day now.

A NEW-SEASON SHIRTWAISTER

By Anne Adams

Your shirtwaisters are the most wearable frocks you own—plan a new-season version—Pattern 4000 by Anne Adams — in a bright spring color and fabric! Make it with short sleeves in one of those rich-looking shantung crepes. Choose any of the new rainbow pastels—blend your colors, if you like, by making the collar of contrast. The new extended shoulder line and slightly lower armhole are smart and comfortable too, and these shoulder yokes are cut in-one with the back, with darts below them to give just the right ease across the bust. Don't miss that centre-front skirt panel with pleats at either side . . . It's just what your figure needs to keep it on the straight-and-narrow path of fashion and trim down a larger hip-line! Three-quarter sleeves are optional.

Pattern 4000 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3⅝ yards 39-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.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Adventures In Economy

The homemaker going to market with her basket over her arm to seek health and nourishment for her family has probably fewer coins in her purse than last year. Swollen budgets are a challenge to her ingenuity for it takes careful planning and clever manipulation to arrange wholesome but attractive meals when dollars are scarce.

Wise choice must be made, as one ponders before attractive fruits and vegetables. The quart of milk allowed for each child need not all be fresh milk; evaporated milk will do for many things in cooking. Cereals are of the least expensive foods. They furnish a large supply of energy for the amount of money invested. Whole grain cereals are also a source of minerals, vitamins and bulk, and are necessary when the amount of fresh fruits and vegetables has to be decreased.

From the standpoint of food value, fruits and vegetables are very similar. Vegetables may be made to serve double duty. Raw cabbage is a good source of Vitamin C. Oranges, onions, turnips, parsnips and carrots are all excellent sources of food value and minerals.

Dried fruits, peas and beans are just as nourising as fresh ones and are usually cheaper. Also they cost less in bulk than in fancy packaged varieties. Care should be taken to supply bulk in the form of whole grain cereals and the cheaper raw vegetables.

Bananas are one of the most nutritious fruits and when fully ripe are easily digested by old and young.

Baked Onions

For baking onions, choose a large mild-flavored variety. Cut the onions in half crosswise and simmer in slightly salted water until about half done. Lift the onions out and arrange in a baking dish (if they do not stand up easily, they may be baked in muffin tins). Remove the centres without disturbing the outer layers. Chop the onion centres and add to the stuffing described below. Fill the onion shells with this mixture; cover and bake in a moderate oven for about one-half hour, or until the onions are tender. Remove the cover from the baking dish during the last of the cooking so that the onions will brown well on top.

Stuffing for Four Onions

1 tablespoon butter or other fat
⅛ teaspoon savory seasoning
Onions from centres, chopped
¼ pound ground meat (may be hamburger, chopped bacon or leftovers)
½ cup corn flakes
1 sprig of parsley, cut fine
¼ cup chopped celery
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter in a frying pan, add the celery and onion, and cook for two or three miuntes. Add the ground meat, and stir until the juice evaporates and the meat browns slightly. Then add the corn flakes and seasonings and stir until well mixed.

Toasted Carrots or Parsnips

People who usually do not like carrots or parsnips, will relish them prepared in this manner.

12 cooked small whole carrots or parsnips
¼ cup salad oil, margarine, or butter
½ cup fine corn flake crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Dip carrots or parsnips in oil, then in corn flake crumbs to which the salt and pepper have been added. Arrange in pan under a moderately hot broiler heat and broil until corn flakes are toasted, about five mniutes. Baste twice with remaining oil while toasting.

Yield: 6 servings.

Baked Bananas

Remove peel and scrape bananas. Dip in lemon juice, then in corn flake crumbs mixed with brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about thirty mintes.

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, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Having No Car Means All This

Sort of Economy That Will Beat Germans Says The St. Thomas Times-Journal

The last passenger car until the war is over was completed a few days ago at General Motors plant, Oshawa. There are probably no passenger automobiles being made in Canada today. Very near the same situation exists in the United States. This creates an economic problem for automobile dealers and salesmen and for the service stations. Their only consolation is that there will be more repair work on cars while the war is on, and that after the war there will be an unprecedented boom in the auto business. These restrictions are necessary, however, to enable us to win the war. Here are some facts which the United States War Productions Boards asks the public to note:

For every 24 autos we are not making this year we save steel and rubber enough for a single 27-ton medium tank.

For each automobile we are not making this year we save enough tin to coat 1,000 cans in which to put food for soldiers and sailors.

For every 700 automobiles we are not making this year we save enough aluminum to make one fighter plane.

For each automobile we are not making this year we save enough nickel to make 100 pounds of nickel steel for armor plate, projectiles and armor-piercing bullets.

For every automobile that isn't made this year we will save great quantities of steel, nickel, rubber, chrome, zinc, copper, tin, aluminum and other materials—save them to make weapons to help win the war.

That is the sort of economy that is going to beat Germany.

Yosemite Falls drops 1,439 ft. in one sheer fall, a height equal to nine Niagara Falls.

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