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... OF ...
Interest to Women
A WOMAN'S HEART IS
STILL IN THE HOME

The Girl Who Breaks Old Ties Seeking a Richer Life Is Apt To Be Disappointed

(By Kathleen Norris)
"Dear Mrs. Norris: My trouble is that I want a good husband and don't know how to get one. That sounds so flat, and yet it's the exact truth, and the situation is one that makes me very unhappy."

"I was country-bred, had plenty of young love affairs in high school, went to dances and picnics with various beaux, and at 20, six years ago, without ever having had a really serious affair, or a sweetheart, who could afford to get married, came to the city and obtained a secretarial job. I still hold it, at a fine salary, and am perfectly satisfied with my work."

"I live in a small apartment alone. Sometimes I go with one of the girls from the office to a concert or lecture; and sometimes to a movie alone. On Sundays I fuss and sew, put things in order, write letters home, read, take a walk or go to church, and get in some good music if I can. But always alone."

You would never call me a beauty. But there is nothing the matter with my appearance. I dress well, my clothes being constantly noticed and admired by other women."

"I want to marry. I want companionship and a home. I long for children, for domestic responsibilities, for snowy Sundays beside a fire and summer picnics on beaches. I am heartsick with the need to find someone who will care for me, be interested in what interests me, be glad of what makes me happy."

"Why is it that some women have such a wealth of friendship poured out at their feet, and others are apparently destined to year after year of loneliness? What have I ever done that love and happiness don't come to me naturally, without my agonizing over them?"

"A desperate fear of the years to come overwhelms me at times, and I feel that I cannot go on. Please advise me, and place under great obligation your admirer—Eve."

This isn't the first letter I've received of this type, Eve; no, nor the hundredth. Our cities are full of fine girls who are hungering in just this way for real living and who don't know how to find friends and a home circle—having left those friends and that home circle behind them when they came to the city.

The truth is that modern office and business conditions are unfair to women. The downtown world is still a man's world. Men's offices are reception rooms, their lunch clubs are social organizations, their business and their pleasure are inextricably mixed.

It isn't so with women. Business life is an unnatural thing to them. They can't absorb themselves in markets and dealers, contracts and briefs, and files and records; these things are not real to the sex whose biologically normal interests are the homes, kitchens, children, gardens, the nursing of the sick, the companionship of their own kind.

Thousands of women who really like housework and kitchens are driven into the world of business and fool themselves for years that they like it. What they really like is the pay, and if the living things like bearing children, feeding men, educating, gardening, cooking, home-making, command anything like living salaries we would soon see where the hearts of women really are.

MEMORIES IN
PATCHWORK QUILT(By Ruth Cameron)
Jennie is only five years old, but already her mother is planning a wedding gift for her.

And it will be a gift which I am sure Jennie will prize.

It's to be a patchwork quilt, and the pieces will be all cut from scraps of cloth of which Jennie's dresses have been made.

Can't you imagine all the memories that quilt will evoke in years to come?

There'll be squares of blue and pink from her baby rompers; bits of percale with the gay figures of animals and toys that children love to have dresses made of; striped rayons that were left from pajama patterns; blocked linens in conventional designs for spectacular frocks (if they are wearing them when Jennie is 16); and even bits of the flowered chintz that were overdrapes in Jennie's room.

The patchwork quilt vogue has come back after many years, but not as our grandmothers knew it. You buy the squares ready to put together at the needlework store, or you buy the remnants and make your own pattern and you probably stitch them on the machine to save time.

But in our grandmothers' day the making of quilts and rugs from the scraps and rags was primarily an economy measure, although many beautiful works of art resulted from the necessity which was the mother of invention.

Often needlework of this sort was the only medium for the woman artist of those days who, busy with her household cares, had neither time nor money for developing her talent.

There is an exquisite example of this old art in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. It is made of thousands of bits of applique constituting a rose vine—even the thorns are tiny patches.

But in the olden days, as a rule, there was not much time for working out elaborate designs. Do you remember in 'Seed of the Soil' the woman who was forever making dull colored rugs from her menfolks' old clothes, and how her daughter-in-law, in revolt, cut up a scarlet dress and then brought the pieces to make a gay note in the drab rugs?

The needlecraft which has been revived has resulted in some beautiful pieces of handwork which any bride would be proud to claim. But I think Jennie's quilt will be doubly dear to her because of its associations when she proudly displays it in her hope chest some 15 years from now.

1937
FREDERICTON
EXHIBITION
SEPT 11-18

LITTLE FISHIE IN THE BROOK

Little fishie in the brook,
Papa catch'im on the hook,
Mamma cook'im in the pan,
Baby eat'im like a Man!

And so a nursery rhyme gives us our food cue for summer cookery. There are few of our men folks who will not, at some time during the summer, head ceremoniously for a body of water, be it lake or stream or ocean. Here they will fish and fish to their heart's delight, pose with their catch so they can prove to their friends what a giant fish it really was, then pack it tenderly in ice and turn homeward.

Even as in the nursery rhyme, our men-folks expect us to cook the fish for them. First we enthuse over it and then we cook it. Not necessarily in the pan, though for there are many

ways to bring out the delicate flavor of fresh water fish or to prepare deep sea fish for the table.

Small or medium size fish are best for pan frying or sauteing. This method of preparing fish is simple (cotage, camp and trailer dwellers, please note) quick and economical. Here is how it is done. Dip fish, which have been carefully dried, into beaten egg to which salt and pepper have been added. Roll fish in finely ground corn flake crumbs. Cover bottom of frying pan with fat ¼ inch in depth. Have fat hot, not smoking. Brown fish on each side, and then cook until tender and well done. Be careful not to overcook, for fish is done when it can be easily pierced with a fork. Garnish, if garnishments are available, and serve at once, very hot. Parsley, lemon and paprika are tra-

ditionally known in a few years. Our big men and important women don't come from cities, as a rule. Almost invariably they are country or small-town folk, who got their training in a simpler and cleaner atmosphere than the cities supply.

Eve, cheated out of her feminine birthright by our queer twisted social system that makes notes and bonds and files higher in value than homes and children, has further cheated herself by going away from such advantages of home and background and family.

If this particular Eve, like most of them, has a home somewhere, with a mother or father in it, a married sister, brothers, neighbors, old friends, church and school and childhood associations, my advice to her is to go home, and try to see these things with new eyes.

ditional garnish with fish, of course, but campers can't be choosers.

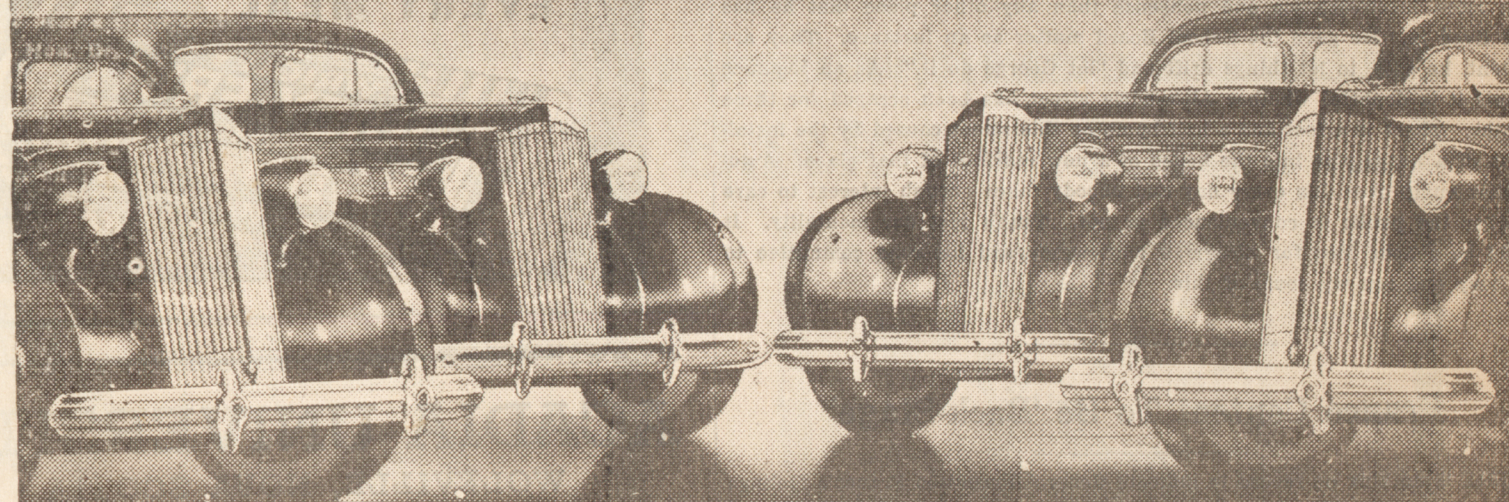
Fish are delicious when deep fat fried. The fat should be at a temperature of from 350 degrees F. to 370 degrees F. in a large saucepan or frying kettle. Drop fish, which have been prepared as for pan frying, into the heated fat, and cook from 3 to 6 minutes, or until a golden brown on all sides. Remove from fat and place on absorbent paper to drain. Serve at once—and again may we say, serve very hot.

Broiled fish is the acme of perfection to many fish lovers. Almost any fish can be broiled. Small fish are broiled whole, medium size fish are split down the back and broiled whole and large fish are cut into steaks or filets and broiled that way. Wipe the fish dry and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange the fish, skin side down, on broiling pan which has been greased, heated and placed two inches below heating unit. When the fish is browned thoroughly on one side, turn it carefully and brown it on the other. Then lower the flame or place broiling pan farther from flame and continue cooking slowly. Loosen fish carefully and remove to hot platter immediately after removing from broiler, spread fish with lemon butter sauce and garnish.

One of the nicest ways to serve fish, and probably the method which is most satisfactory generally, is that of hot-even baking. Cut the fish into pieces for serving—about ¼ pound for each person. Dip in salted milk, using one tablespoon of salt for each cup of milk. Then dip fish into finely ground or rolled corn flake crumbs. Arrange on well-oiled baking sheet and sprinkle liberally with oil. Bake in very hot oven, 500 degrees F. for about ten minutes. Fish will then be brown on both sides—turning is not necessary. Carefully remove from the pan with a spatula or pancake turner place on a hot platter and serve at once.

These are the days when we must keep the dish cloth out in the open as much as possible, or it will become sour and evil-smelling. Hang it out in the air between meals and let it dry out thoroughly. Then it will not become unpleasant.

A jar of leftover rice and a few bouillon cubes in the picnic basket, and a camper's soup can be made in a jiffy.

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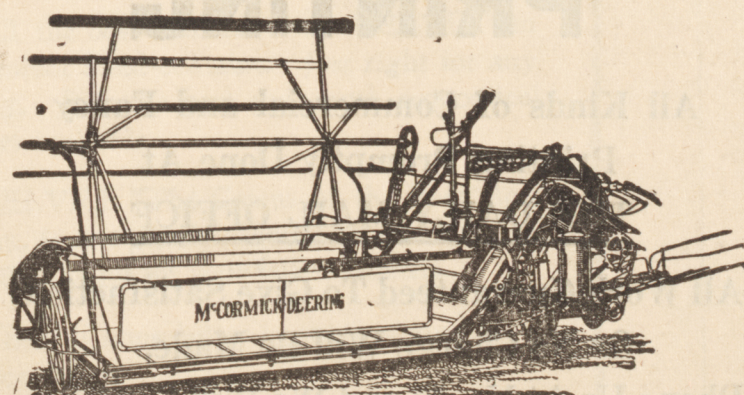
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