GOOD SOUPS—EXCHANGE—FLORENCE ROSE FASHIONS—ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE—CYNTHIA

MRS. WILSON GIVES CHOWDER RECIPES

Thrifty Housewives of New England Make This Delectable Dish Throughout the Whole Year

Various Kinds of Vegetables as Well as Fresh Meat, Clams and Fish Are Used to Make It

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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CHOWDERS are acceptable most any season of the year. They are particularly well adapted to the late winter and early spring menus. The New England people are especially fond of these dishes, and traditions hint that the lone fishermen were the originators of this delectable dish. However, it is the frugal New England housewife who has kept this part of her cooking lore in the keen fight to reduce the cost of high living.

Fresh meat, vegetables, fish, clams and oysters, all may be used to provide variety, and as there are various localities, so, too, are there many varieties of the chowder. One point is necessary for the perfection of the chowder—long, slow cooking.

Vegetable Chowder

Use the coarsest knife on the food chopper to cut vegetables. Wash and pare

Two medium-sized carrots.
One medium-sized turnip.
Two medium-sized potatoes.
Six medium-sized onions.

Put through the food chopper. Now add

One-quarter pound salt pork.

Place vegetables and salt pork in deep saucepan. Cook slowly so as to try out the pork. Take care it does not brown. Now add

Two pints cold water.
One pint stewed or canned tomatoes rubbed through coarse sieve.
One faggot soup herbs.

Cook slowly for one hour. Now place in bowl

Three-quarters cup flour.
One and one-half teaspoons salt.
One teaspoon white pepper.
One-quarter teaspoon thyme.
One and one-half cups milk.

Stir to dissolve the flour thoroughly. Add to the chowder. Bring to boil. Cook slowly for half hour. Add two tablespoons finely chopped parsley and serve.

Bean Chowder

Use either navy pea, marrowfat or lima beans. Soak one pound beans overnight. In the morning, wash and place in saucepan and add sufficient water to cover. Bring to boil. Turn in colander and let cold water run on the beans. Return to the saucepan and cover with warm water. Bring to boil. Cook very slowly until beans are soft enough to rub through colander. Rub beans through colander. Return to the saucepan and add

One and one-half cups finely chopped onions, parboiled.
One and one-half cups finely diced carrots, parboiled.
One and one-half cups finely diced celery, parboiled.
One-half teaspoon thyme.
Three tablespoons finely minced parsley.
Two teaspoons salt.
One teaspoon paprika.
Two cups milk.
Four tablespoons bacon fat.

Stir constantly to prevent scorching, and cook slowly for half hour.

Potato Chowder

Wash and pare six medium-sized potatoes. Cut into small dice. Place in saucepan and add

Two cups water.

Bring to boil. Then add

Three-quarters cup finely chopped onions.
One-quarter teaspoon of thyme.
Two tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

Cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Now add

Two cups milk.
Six tablespoons flour.

Stir flour in milk to dissolve. Then add to the chowder. Bring quickly to boil. Then simmer slowly fifteen minutes. Now add

One and one-half teaspoons salt.
One teaspoon white pepper.
Two tablespoons butter.

Serve.

Two and one-half cups of finely chopped celery.

or two finely-sliced potatoes may be used in place of four of the potatoes for celery chowder.

Corn Chowder

Pare and dice

Four potatoes.
Seven onions.
One quarter pound salt pork.

Place salt pork in saucepan and cook slowly. Do not let it brown very much. Add onions. Then potatoes.

One cup canned corn.
Two cups milk.
One cup water.
Four tablespoons flour.

Dissolve flour in water before adding to the chowder. Bring to boil. Cook slowly for twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper and two tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Fish Chowder

The New England people usually use cod heads for this purpose. Wash and thoroughly cleanse three-quarters of a pound of fish. Place in saucepan and add two pints water and

One quarter bay leaf.
One-quarter teaspoon thyme.

Cook slowly until bone will leave fish. Strain liquid and return to kettle. Remove bones from fish and return to the stock. Now add

Four potatoes cut in fine dice.
One carrot cut in dice.
Eight onions chopped fine.
One cup canned peas.
One half cup finely chopped parsley.
Two cups milk.
Three-quarters cup flour.

Dissolve flour in milk before adding to chowder. Then bring to boil. Cook twenty minutes. Season with salt and pepper and three tablespoons butter. Twenty five stewing oysters or nine large clams may be used in place of fish.

Tomato Chowder

Mince fine one-quarter pound salt pork. Place in saucepan and cook slowly until a light brown. Then add

One and one-half cups finely chopped onions.
One and one-half cups finely diced potatoes.
One can tomatoes, No. 2 size, rubbed through fine sieve.
One cup water.
Two cups milk.
Three-quarters cup flour.

Dissolve flour in milk and water before adding to the chowder. Bring to boil. Cook slowly for twenty-five minutes, adding

One-quarter teaspoon thyme.
One and one-half teaspoons salt.
Three-quarters teaspoon paprika.
Three tablespoons finely minced parsley.

Some New Recipes!

Mrs. Wilson has just returned from northwest Canada, where she has been getting some brand-new recipes. They are really not new at all; they are old ones that Canadian women have been using for years, but they will be new to you, and they are delicious. Mrs. Wilson is going to write them up with some of her own tasty, economical touches added, and they will appear in this column in the near future.

WATCH FOR THEM!

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please print in your column a recipe for bran bread and biscuit? Thanking you in advance. MRS. J. T.

Bran bread: Place in a bowl

Two cups of water, eighty degrees.
Four tablespoons of sugar.
Two tablespoons of shortening.
Two teaspoons of salt.
One yeast cake.

Mix until the yeast is dissolved and then add

Six cups of sifted flour.
Two and one-half cups of bran.

Knead to a smooth elastic dough, place in greased bowl, turn over, then let rise three and one-half hours. Punch down, turn over and let rise one hour; form into loaves and let rise forty-five minutes; bake forty minutes in a hot oven.

Biscuits

Place in a bowl

Two and one-quarter cups of flour.
One cup of bran.
One teaspoon of salt.
Two level tablespoons baking powder.

Rub in three cups of shortening and use one cup of milk to form dough. Roll out three-quarters of an inch thick and cut into biscuits. Brush with shortening or water and bake in hot oven for twelve minutes.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—In making Spanish cream I dissolve gelatin in milk, heat, then add yolk of egg creamed with sugar, lastly beaten white and flavoring. Will you tell me why it is that after adding yolk of egg to milk it curdles and does not mix good? Also, should the white be folded in or beaten in thoroughly? Also, would you give me a good recipe for a molasses fruit cake? Thanking you for the courtesy, I am E. N.

For molasses fruit cake see Christmas recipes and try this method in making Spanish cream: Take one-half cup of milk and place gelatin to soak. Now cream yolks of eggs and sugar, add milk, bring to a scalding point, add dissolved gelatin and remove from the fire and beat to thoroughly dissolve the gelatin. Let cool; now add stiffly beaten whites of eggs and flavoring and beat mixture until it begins to thicken; rinse mold and pour in the mixture. Set aside to chill.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Would you kindly publish the recipe used to make ginger bread, the one used in making the "little ginger bread man"? I have made quite a collection of your recipes and enjoy reading them. MRS. E. F. DeL.

Look over back files for recipe needed. An unable to give date of recipe.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please publish the proportions used and how to serve lobster a la Newburg for a gathering of twenty-five? Thanking you, MRS. M. R.

You will require eighteen pounds of live lobster for a la Newburg. Plunge lobsters in large saucepan containing boiling water, cook twenty-five minutes. Blanche under running water, chill, remove meat and place in china bowl. For a la Newburg place three quarts milk in a saucepan and add one and one-half cups of flour. Stir to dissolve and bring to a boiling point, then cook slowly for ten minutes. Now add

Six well-beaten eggs, beating in well.
One and one-half tablespoons salt.
One tablespoon paprika.
Juice of two lemons.

Heat hard to blend and add the prepared lobster meat; serve in hot cream puff cases or on toast.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Would you kindly publish a recipe for a filling an inch and one-half thick and very light for a cake? Assuring you of my appreciation, A. M. M.

Place in a saucepan

One-half cup of sugar.
One cup of water.
Four tablespoons cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve starch and bring to a boil; cook three minutes, now add

One cup of marshmallow whip.

Beat until light and fluffy, then cool and place in cake.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What material is convenient for cleaning kitchen utensils and porcelain?
2. Describe a striking evening gown of watermelon pink net.
3. In what way are small pins made for the purpose of fastening dress shields in place?
4. What pretty "frame" for a calendar would make an attractive bit of decoration for a room?
5. When a plush stole has been wet in the rain how can it be freshened up?
6. What food storage box should be convenient for an apartment with a small kitchenette?

Saturday's Answers

1. An unusual cover for a sofa cushion has a plain background and an appliqued design of a flower-filled basket. The basket is made of checked ribbon and each petal and leaf is made separately.
2. An easy way to remove seeds from a grapefruit or orange is with a pair of tweezers.
3. A split train on an evening dress is turned up piquantly and fastened with rosebuds to the short sleeves.
4. When the hemstitching wears out in bureau scarfs, crocheted braid can be substituted.
5. A woman should have her husband's full name, not just his initials, on her card.
6. The latest fad for the dressing table is a tiny, fantastically dressed dancing figure that stands up and holds rings or bracelets.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Answer "Mamma's Boy"

Dear Cynthia—We are three girls, eighteen years, considered beautiful by both sexes, although we are no paint or powder vamps. We read "Mamma's Boy's" letters Saturday night, and we will speak up and say he's wrong. Although we have been out much with the opposite sex, we have not yet been kissed by any of the boys. It is really the encouragement of the boys that makes the vamps.

THREE AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

Thank You, E. E. L.

Dear Alice T.—I think it was very rude of you to say you hate Cynthia, as she tries to answer every letter she can. You know she has a lot coming in every day and can't put them all in the paper at one time. I don't think she is ashamed of herself, because she put your letter in the paper, anyway. I like to read her column very much, and it hurt me to read such a thing as you wrote. You owe her an apology; don't you think so? I do. E. E. L.

Sorry to Refuse

Baby Jackie—Cynthia is glad you were pleased about the poem, and you must not be hurt that the second poem is not printed, as space is so limited that more than one poem on the same subject and written by the same person cannot be published.

Is Photo Lost?

J. P.—Perhaps if you would give your name and would tell us when you mailed your photograph and to what department you sent it, we may be able to help you.

"Alpina" Again

Dear Cynthia—"Why does a girl close her eyes when a man kisses her?" No one knows, because she is feminine, and her ways are past finding out.

Tell you what I think about it. Women kiss each other because they have nothing better to kiss. Men have. But if I were a girl and had to be kissed by a man, I would put on a gas mask if I had one. If I had no mask I would put a clothes pin on my lips, close both eyes tight, and keep them closed until the villain got away.

A word to "Ruth" and "Rose": You said nothing about the character of the young man in "red sox," etc. Perhaps he cannot afford better clothes. Fine clothes are a good asset for any one, but clothes do not make the man. The day Abraham Lincoln was admitted to the bar he was no better dressed than this young man.

When women vote I wager "Ruth" and "Rose" will vote for the chap who wears the best clothes.

Dear girls, for my information, please tell me why you wear pumps and low shoes during the present cold, snow and slush, and wear heavy furs in July and August? ALPINA.

For Spring

Fashion writers say that the favorite fur for spring is a light gray caracul, which is used as hat-trimming as well as neckpieces.

A popular feature of the new dresses is the full overskirt or panels over a tighter underskirt.

Three New Veils

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

Yarn has even gone so far as to make an attractive edge for a veil, and it is shown on the little hat at the left of the cut. The young person in the center wears a flowing veil too, but she draws it in around her chin so that the design on the edge is close against her face. A square veil adapts itself charmingly to the draping of a tiny toque, as you will see by the picture at the right. The embroidery comes well below the face

IT REALLY is too bad that so many of us American women got out of the habit of wearing veils. Perhaps it was the result of our effort to effect wartime economies wherever possible, but it has been nothing short of sheer laziness that has kept many of us from getting back into the veil habit now that the war is over.

Friends of mine in Paris say that every woman one meets over there wears a veil of some sort or other. They have never been more devoted to this accessory. Surely we ought to shake ourselves out of our indifference, because we used to have the reputation of wearing our veils even better than French women. The American woman in ante-bellum days was always known by her well-adjusted veil.

In Paris they say the favorites are brown and black and taupe and navy, whereas here although smartly dressed women have called for those shades, there has been a decided demand for veils of higher color. Henna, of a darker, duller shade, has found itself fairly popular, and sometimes one finds the lighter gray and tan tones.

For my own part I think that for the woman of fairly vivid complexion the black veil is the best—it is distinctly Sometimes for the sallow woman a purple veil is most becoming, but when you get this be sure that it is a dark, subdued purple. When you go buying veils you will doubtless see some of the new square-meshed veils, and if you do just remember that these are very new and smart, although the hexagonal mesh is doubtless more popular.

There are some women who simply cannot wisely wear the large, picturesque, droopy veil, and if you find that you cannot, then please stick to the face veil. But if you can wear the more picturesque type of veil, then I am sure you will be interested in the three examples that I have had drawn for you today. At the left you will see a made veil of ample proportions that is edged with yarn. It is a smart addition to the simple little sailor, such as smart women prefer for morning year in town and country. At the right there is a large square veil worn rough over the little round toque. The veil has a wide and elaborate embroidered edge, all of which is worn well below the face. And in the center you will see how some of the smart young women are drawing their veils in nowadays. The veil used here is large and shows a wide hem, above which is a design run in heavy silk in such a way that the hem comes at the neck and the run design shows itself attractively below the mouth.

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The Woman's Exchange

From Miss Evelyn

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wish A. V. W. to accept my thanks for the kind suggestion offered. You may be sure I appreciate it very much and hope to profit by it. Thanking you again for your valuable column. MISS EVELYN.

Sweet-Oil Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly advise me how I can remove sweet oil stains from white buckskin slippers. R. L.

Turpentine or carbon tetrachloride rubbed on the satin until it is dry will remove this stain if it can be removed.

Raising Apricots

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly answer in your answer to inquiry columns how many tons of apricots can be raised on an acre of ground. J. D. M.

A seed farm or seed house would be able to give you this information with all the details that would be necessary for you to know.

Both Should Buy Gift

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am invited to a birthday party. Who should buy the gift, the boy or girl, and who should present the gift? In presenting the gift what would be proper to say?

P. S.—Please let me know what day February 6, 1905, came on? S. G.

The boy and the girl should both take gifts, if there is any presenting of gifts at all. Of course, the boy would have to give something like a book, or candy, or flowers, while the girl could give something more personal, like a collar and cuffs set, or a dainty camisole, handkerchiefs or something of that kind. In presenting the gift simply say, "I hope you will have many happy returns of the day," or "happy birthday." February 6, 1905, came on Sunday.

Adventures With a Purse

DURING the war we learned a lesson in food conservation that we are not likely soon to forget. There is no doubt that we are ever so much more careful than we used to be. Now in the matter of fruit, for instance, I think that few there be who do not like the thought of having a fat bowl piled high with luscious fruit, standing sturdily on the buffet or serving table. But fruit quickly spoils in the warm house. So here is what a number of clever, resourceful women are doing. They are buying artificial fruit and using it on the table as a sort of decoration similiar to the low flat bowls of artificial flowers which used to be used. And at one shop there is a collection of artificial fruit that almost defies detection. Red-cheeked shining apples, fat juicy oranges, plump sweet bananas—all may be had. Most of them are $1 each, and, of course, they last, well—a lifetime.

There are very few of us who can comb our hair with a straight uncompromising line across our forehead, and still retain our natural beauty. Yet on the other hand, there are many of us who were not blessed with wavy hair, and to whom the matter of a becoming way of dressing the hair is a serious and unsolved question. Frequently a soft little curl on the forehead or even a bit of wavy hair will change one's entire appearance, and soften the features unbelievably. But did you know that you can buy a little soft curl exactly the match of your own hair, and that, pinned among your precious locks, looks as if it grew there? Seriously, these curls are exceedingly attractive, and frequently one will make a world of difference in one's appearance. You understand, of course, that the curl can be combed and fluffed up a bit so that it will seem more like a tiny bang, should a bang be more becoming to you. These curls may be purchased for $1.

"They looked so springy and homy," sighed Dorothea, her eyes very bright, "I could just picture a jolly white door with one of these little knockers in the form of a brightly colored basket of flowers. "Yes, but," I argued, "who ever heard of placing little white knockers in the form of baskets of flowers on the doors of houses in the city? Everybody rings the doorbell, anyhow." "My dear," she exclaimed, witheringly, "Whoever said anything about putting them there? These are made for the door of your own bedroom, or for the bright white door of your guest room, or for the outside door of your apartment. There is where they look so homy and quaint." And I think she is right. A quaint little doorknocker has a certain individuality all its own. These that Dorothea saw are $2 each.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page, or call Walnut 3000, for names of shops where articles mentioned in Adventures with a Purse may be purchased.

AUNT SARAH IS ALWAYS BOSSING THE CHILDREN

And They Resent It—But She Acquired the Habit of Taking Care of Them When They Were Little and She Forgets They Are Grown Up

DO you ever feel sorry for Aunt Sarah? Aunt Sarah is the maiden lady who lives with her brother's family, and is always "interfering" with her nieces and nephews. She always chooses the most embarrassing moment to correct them. For instance, when some of the boys have come in to get John to go out with them, or, worse still, when a crowd of boys and girls, too, are at the house, Aunt Sarah fixes a disapproving eye on John.

"Why did you wear that necktie, dear?" she asks. "The other one is much better; you must let me fix this one." And then, before the shamed and blushing John gets through writhing, she continues, "Why, you have on silk socks instead of those woolen ones! You'll catch your death of cold going out that way in this weather. I'll never get used to this way of wearing low shoes in winter, anyhow."

When Betty's club meets, and Betty makes a pan of fudge with her usual successful guesswork, "Oh, I guess a cup and a half is about right, but I'll put in a little more to be safe," Aunt Sarah always offers her little word of advice. "A good cook, my dear, always measures accurately. Now, I get the best results by following a recipe word for word." Betty never looks at a recipe, and her measurements are anything but accurate, but the candy tastes good—what's the difference?

IT IS mortifying for all these grown-up children to have Aunt Sarah always telling them what they should do, as if they were still making mud pies and saying their prayers aloud. Nobody ever feels any sympathy for Aunt Sarah, because she has acquired this unfortunate habit of talking, talking, and always managing everybody. But when you stop to think about it, how could she help wanting to take care of them? For years, ever since the children were little tots, it has been Aunt Sarah who read to them on rainy days when mother was busy sewing. It was always Aunt Sarah who stole into their rooms and closed the windows when a storm broke into the quietness. They used to "camp" in the kitchen on baking days, and follow her about until she was nearly crazy, begging for permission to "lick the pan." "Aunt Sarah's cookies" were famous throughout the neighborhood.

But now they've grown up, or at least they think they have. They have reached that age at which they know just what to wear and why, and just what to do and when. They resent interference and "bossing"—and Aunt Sarah cannot get used to the idea that they are old enough to think for themselves. They will always be "the children" to her, even when they are married and have families of their own. For years they have been her whole mission in life, and now they don't want her.

Sometimes I think Aunt Sarah realizes this. And, oh, how it must wound that love of hers to know that her "children" can get along without her; that they not only don't need her, but refuse to have her. She understands, of course, that the dignity of their youth must not be imposed upon, but she cannot remember that they have at last attained that dignity. Even in the midst of her "bossing," she is a pathetic figure, clinging with her last too-talkative breath to that life in which she was once so necessary, fighting bravely, but almost hopelessly, against becoming a "back number." And all the time people are failing to understand, are looking on that struggle and calling her a meddling old maid. Yes, I think once in a while Aunt Sarah needs some sympathy—do you ever feel sorry for her?

THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Winona and Laurel

Laurel Stone interviewed Granville Burton for her newspaper "The Chronicle," and the fact that she was unusual, appealed to him. He stormed her with attentions and she fell in love with him, but when he asked her to marry him it was not for love. Laurel had lived with Winona Bell, another newspaper woman, in a small apartment and she invited Winona to visit the Burton place on Long Island.

CHAPTER XX

WINONA BELL had thought all her life that she would like to live in luxury and she found after she had been three days at The Cedars that it would bore her to death. Laurel's days were filled to the brim. She rose in the morning and had breakfast with the family in the morning room with the French windows thrown open to the garden. Dulcie and Grace came to breakfast at their new mother's suggestion and sat on their chairs like two well-bred little ladies, sturdy and fresh in dark blue frocks, with short white socks and sandals.

Granville was always courteous, always the gentleman, but Winona knew that he was cold. His unfailing courtesy showed how incapable he was of being ruffled. She felt as though she could never have him for a friend. After the car left with him Laurel had the servants to interview, accounts to go over, all the business connected with a big house to plan and oversee. At 11 they went down to their private bathing beach and had a swim. Dulcie and Grace were learning to swim, and their happy shouts filled the air with laughter. Sometimes Harriet and little Arthur came over and joined them. Winona could not bear Harriet.

They ate lunch at 1 o'clock and in the afternoon there was always something to do. Country club teas, affairs at the different houses, tennis tournaments and golf matches. Sometimes Granville came home from the office early and got in some tennis or golf before dinner. He kept himself in perfect condition.

Then came a late dinner, and then the evenings, with the sun sinking into a pool of purple plush across the sound, the shadows deepening under the trees and the lights at the cedars twinkling out one by one. Laurel would come down to dinner in quaint evening gowns, her gorgeous hair piled loosely on her head. Laurel loved her days at the Cedars; she took to her life as a duck takes to water. But Winona was city bred, and longed for the hot smokiness of New York streets, the whirr of the busy presses, the restless life in the big city room at the Chronicle. She would have preferred a dinner with Ted at Murci's in the crowded, noisy basement than an evening at the Cedars around the softly lighted table with the breeze drifting in the windows, laden with the scent of flowers. Winona, the practical, thought that her own love affair, calm and sane as it was, was an orgy of love-making compared with this of Laurel's. Granville's politeness got on her nerves; she longed to shock him. She would have given anything to make him wince; a tilt at words would have given her exquisite joy, but he was a clever fencer and she never dared to go in very deep with him for fear of breaking her mental lance and receiving a wound to her pride. There was something too cagey about Laurel's life to suit Winona. Laurel had been free as the winds just as she (Winona) would be free even after she was married, but now Laurel did as Granville Burton said; she spent his money and lived his life.

The thing that Winona disliked most was the fact that things went so smoothly. She told Laurel so one morning after Laurel came out to the sunshiny porch and dropped into a big wicker chair.

"I should think you would hate well-oiled machinery," Winona stormed in her vehement way. "Nothing ever goes wrong. Don't you get tired of it?"

Laurel shook her head. "Nothing should go wrong. Gran expects everything to go right, and I'm here to see that it does."

"Don't you ever miss the office and the good times we used to have? You used to be so different then."

"Different, how?" Laurel's tone was suddenly sharp.

"Why, you remember the talks we used to have and your ideas of love. Do you still think the same about love?"

"Yes."

Clever as Winona was, she could not catch Laurel off guard. Laurel was quite determined not to talk about her marriage.

"Why don't you try writing on the side," Winona asked after a few minutes of silence. "It would take up some of your time and keep your brain alert."

"My brain is alert," Laurel retorted, maddeningly. "Besides, I couldn't take up anything of the kind just now. I have other things to occupy my time. Wait till you're a married woman with a couple of children to look out for."

"It would be easier to look out for them in a two by four apartment with Teddy," Winona said bluntly.

(Tomorrow—Winona returns to the city.)

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Recipes of the Old South

BISCUITS of feathery lightness and of such delicious taste that they are irresistible, are the housewife's sure reward if she uses Miss Princine, the baking powder that rises in the oven. Get the members of your family off to a happy start by giving them breakfast biscuits made by this famous old recipe:

Miss Princine Biscuit

Miss Princine Biscuit

Buy Miss Princine at Your Grocer's

In the handy-handled cups
1 lb. net weight, 35c
½ lb. net weight, 20c
In the handy-handled pails
2½ lbs., 75c; 5 lbs., $1.50

If your grocer can't supply you, send 35c for trial 1 lb. cup of Miss Princine.

Miss Princine

The Southern Manufacturing Co.
Richmond, Va.

Miss Princine
Pure Phosphate Baking Powder