

MRS. WILSON GIVES RECIPE FOR GOOD HOMEMADE BREAD

Many Little Mistakes Are Often Responsible for Failures in Baking—Great Care Must Be Taken

By MRS. M. A. WILSON
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The problem of household help is just as vital today as it was a year ago.

During early Colonial days, the good housewife must turn her hand to guide the home craft through her journey. These good women spun, baked, managed the dairy and poultry; made all clothing of the entire household and yet found time to enjoy a quilting party, a camp-meeting or picnic. You of those among us who can remember our grandmother, of the early sixties, can recall with pleasure how you loved to visit her well-managed home. And yet we—who pride ourselves that we are more physically fit than those sturdy dames of yesterday—are satisfied to purchase our entire daily subsistence from the bakery, delicatessen shop and from the tin can. Surely this spells loss for our women of today.

Quite recently I heard a young housewife with a three-year-old child complaining bitterly of being fagged to death. "For you know we went to the late movie and it was nearly 12 o'clock before we reached home and Jack was so hungry and I told him to stop at the delicatessen shop and bring in some lunch—and just think of it, they have the pound, mind you, to charge him \$1.25 a served for baked ham, and Jack always gets nearly half a pig's head for four or five big sandwiches. So I just could not get up and get Jack's breakfast and he'll be so peevish tonight he will hardly speak."

Now, Mrs. Housewife, shame on you. First, for permitting your larder to be food wanting and you not able to supply the master of the house with a snack. This habit of taking a basket or sending a child daily to the store for provisions spells waste and ruin, as does the purchase of these so-called ready-to-eat foods.

Now, mind you, I am not condemning the delicatessen shop. It is truly a godsend for those unfortunate persons who must live day by day in bachelor or housekeeping rooms and have no means of providing their food beyond heating coffee or a can of beans or soup. But you, ah, madam, the lock stock and barrel of our American woman, should leave to history a record of your capable management and good cooking. Discard wasteful, frivolous housekeeping methods and join the great army of true homemakers.

This means that you ought to make palatable home-made bread, cake and pastry, good soups. Discard steaks, chops and expensive roasts and replace them with substantial steaks, goulashes and potroasts and fish. Don't you are turning out healthy, sturdy manhood and womanhood for our foundation of substantial American citizenship. You know that no country is better than the mothers of the nation.

Bread, the staff of life, is of great importance in the home; so, for those who have failed to use former recipes, I am now willing to repeat.

To make good bread, a few simple rules are necessary:

1. First, dough is to be set to rise in a warm place, 80 degrees in winter and in a cool place, between 72 and 75 degrees, in summer.
2. To make good bread, a few simple rules are necessary:
3. How to Find This Temperature: Get an inexpensive thermometer; any kind will do, just so that it will record the temperature of the room.
4. Many failures in making good, palatable home-made bread are due to the fact that the liquid used to start the dough is usually too warm and the yeast is scalded or handicapped at the start.
5. You may use all milk, part milk and part water or all water.
6. If you decide to use milk, scald and cool milk, or if you like to use the evaporated milk just add warm water in proportion:

One-quarter cup of evaporated milk.
One and three-quarter cups of warm water.

Place
Two cups of water or liquid chosen, 80 degrees Fahrenheit, in large mixing bowl and add:
Two tablespoons of liquid or melted shortening.
Two tablespoons of sugar.
Two teaspoons of salt.

Stir to dissolve sugar and salt and then crumble in one yeast cake. Stir again until yeast cake is thoroughly dissolved. Then add four level cups of sifted flour. Beat with a spoon to a smooth batter full of bubbles. Now add:
Four more cups of sifted flour and work to a good, smooth, elastic dough. Clean out the bowl well and grease it. Place the dough in the bowl and press firmly to the bottom of the bowl. Turn the dough over, cover and let rise in a place 80 degrees Fahrenheit for three and a half hours. Be careful not to set dough to rise over the range or on the radiator or where the drafts will chill it.

After three and a half hours the dough is ready for you to punch it down; do this by thumping it hard with your fist and pressing it as hard as you can. Then turn it over and cover and let rise for one hour. Turn on board and divide into three large or four small loaves. Shape and place in well-greased pans and cover and let rise fifty minutes. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Remove and brush top crust with shortening and let cool.

If you measure carefully this means sift flour into bowl and then fill measuring cup lightly by piling high, using tablespoon to lift flour. Then take a knife and use it to level the cup. When first starting to knead the dough, it will be slightly sticky, but as the gluten develops it will become smooth.

The purchase of dependable tools is a real economy and prevents waste. Invaluable use of modern equipment makes for economical, palatable food and absolute success.

If you are doubtful about oven heat, purchase an oven thermometer and then spend a few minutes in studying how to adjust the burners when lighted to produce the temperature required.

Adventures With a Purse

SOME time when you are in town I want you to go look at something I have known about for a long time—and loved. That is, of course, if you are fond of pretty things. I want you to look at the fish aquariums—or is it aquaria? They are about the regulation size, but that is the only regulation thing about them. Under such is a light and lying in the bottom of each are myriads of lovely colored stones, with darting rays of blue, yellow, green, red—yes, you will think you have been transported to a fairy cave of mystery and romance. Fat fishes like funny ogres glide leisurely around and lose themselves among the green seaweed and red coral castles. To gaze into one of these bowls is to dream of Arabian nights!

"Look at these!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Aren't they wonderful?" And they are. They are sterling silver rings. But there, let me describe one for you. It is set with a cabochon sapphire (synthetic, or something like that). Holding it across are delicate leaves of silver and yes, even some gold leaves. The combination is amazing. Then there is another of the same setting only with a cabochon emerald. Gleaming against the white finger of her who finds a charm in Old World things this ring will indeed enhance the beauty of her slender hand. The rings are specially priced at \$2.50.

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

PLEASE TELL ME What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Dear Cynthia—With great interest I have been reading the good advice you have given others, so I have decided to call upon you for a problem to be solved which has always puzzled me greatly. Do you consider a young woman of man, as the case might be, who already has a good home, good parents and making an independent living, wise or foolish to get married? In other words, is she the happiest, married or single person? Of course, we all know that if one marries and fails he or she is worse off than the single person. But taking for granted that we are only taking into consideration those who are perfectly happy or rather have all the comforts of this life, which class do you think has the most satisfactory path to travel? This is a longer letter than I intended to write, but I'll ask you to overlook this and also assure you that your answer will be anxiously looked for and greatly appreciated if only a half dozen words.

My dear, these things depend upon the individual. Marriage is the normal life for man and woman, and when a man and woman love each other and are unselfish and interested in each other there is no happier life in this world; whereas there is no harder life than being tied to a man or woman one does not love.

Taking the love for granted, it stands to reason that a life shared with another is bound to be happier than one led alone. But, as I said in the beginning, it depends on the individual.

Italian Girl Writes to "Anxious"

Dear Cynthia—I read "Anxious" letter about marrying an Italian. May I give her my opinion? Don't marry an Italian no matter how Americanized he may be. I am an Italian girl myself and I could point out to you many unhappy marriages between our boys and the American girls.

The reason for this is first, as Cynthia says, the customs of foreigners will prove less than an American girl. The most important reason is that we Italian girls are brought up to be always at the beck and call of the men. When they are married they expect this from their wives and we expect to do it.

Even if you are fortunate enough to get a young man who is very much Americanized and has none of the Italian ideas, you must consider his relatives. They will always be watching you and every little thing that you do that is contrary to their Italian customs they will look askance at and make life miserable for you.

I have asked quite a few of the boys why they prefer the American girls to the girls of their own nationality; invariably they say that the Italian girls haven't enough freedom and still when they marry these girls it's the very thing they quarrel over. They won't give their wives enough freedom. Now if you think you could stand all this, "Anxious," go through with it and may luck be with you. ONE WHO KNOWS.

She's Encouraged

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading over your column every evening and have a few words to say to "Experienced" and "Lots of Experience."

I am only in my teens but am afraid I am considered an old maid, although I am rather good looking and have a few gentlemen friends. The only reason is because I am too slow, am not a jazz baby, do not use paint or any make-up, and I can dance but would be ashamed to go to the public dances of today. At times I am lonesome, but when I read letters like the one from "Lots of Experience," I regain faith and I am sure he will find his ideal some day, there are lots of others like me.

I hope "Experienced" soon wakes up to the fact that good times don't always pay in the end.

JUST PLAIN MARY.

SATIN AND GEORGETTE IN ATTRACTIVE LINES



The long waistline is a stylish feature of this frock, and the outstanding hips are a survival of the bouffant effect. The hat is of the same satin as the skirt, bodice and collar of the dress.

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THE survival of the fittest is something that works out in fashions as well as in nature.

What happens is this: The designers and dressmakers produce any number of new sorts of clothes, based on what they think the women will want and what they think is beautiful. Then after all these new sorts of frocks and gowns have been shown there comes a time when the woman who is chiefly interested in clothes because she wears them is all at sea. Gradually, however, the sky clears. The clouds of confusion roll away and from it all emerges two or three really dominant ideas. They have proved to be the fittest and they have survived.

Well, this year one of the things that has survived is the long waistline. Whether bodices are made in shaped basque effect or in straight unfitted lines, the waistline is usually placed low.

I am showing you today a little frock that shows some of the interesting survivals of the ideas that were first presented this season. Yes, the tendency to outstanding hips has persisted, but often it is merely a suggestion, as in this frock. It does not actually give the appearance of large hips. Then side panels have shown themselves well worth while, and the short sleeve, in spite of recent long sleeves in Paris, shows that they are still in the running.

As for this frock it is made of satin and striped georgette. The plain foundation skirt of satin has a full panel of the same, which is pulled into the lower edge of the skirt. The georgette extends at the sides of the skirt is extended at the hipline as you see, the large collar of satin is arranged to give the much-to-be desired Eton effect to the georgette bodice, and the softly draped hat is of satin to match the frock.

Miss Princine Crullers

TRY some of these delicious crullers—the kind that not only children crave but grownups too. Made with MISS PRINCINE, the baking powder that rises in the oven, because heat is required to develop its full leavening strength, these crullers are as light and as digestible as they are wholesome. You avoid uncertainty if you use Miss Princine, for it assures you bakings of feathery lightness and delicious taste.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

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

If your grocer can't supply you, send 35¢ for a trial 1 lb. cup of MISS PRINCINE.

Miss Princine
THE SOUTHERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA.

Recipes of the Old South

¼ cup butter; ¼ cup of sugar; 2 eggs; ½ tea-spoon salt; ½ teaspoon nutmeg; ¾ cup of milk; ¾ cups flour; 3 teaspoons MISS PRINCINE Baking Powder.

Cream the butter and sugar together; add well-beaten yolks of eggs, salt and nutmeg. Sift three cups flour and MISS PRINCINE Baking Powder together and add alternately with milk then well-beaten whites of eggs. The dough must be stiff enough to roll out. Cut with cruller cutter and fry in deep hot fat or oil. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar while warm.

THE STREETS OF LIFE

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR
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A Party at Cherry's

Anne Carter has had an unhappy childhood. When she was seven her mother committed suicide because Jim Carter shipped the child for an innocent madam, and Anne's girlishhood was shadowed by this act of her mother's, which, in Jim Carter's eyes, was the culminating act of weakness of a weak life. He is determined that Anne shall have none of her mother's traits and she is kept from young people as much as possible. When she is eighteen her father brings home a man to dinner one evening and it is quite obvious that Anne is expected to be nice to the stranger, although she instinctively dislikes him. He invites her to a band concert.

It was very pleasant to be settled comfortably in the little one-seated roadster and to be asked if she were comfortable and if she would like a wrap. It was also very pleasant to drive down through the Main street archway into Orchard street where the band was just beginning its concert. It was almost exciting to draw up to the curb near Cherry Harding's.

Oh, can we leave the car? she asked her opinion. The next moment she was helping her out and they were walking down the street past the landing house. Anne could see the green of the veranda and in a burst of rare enthusiasm she called out a gay "Hello!" as she and Mr. Snyder went away.

There was a silence while Cherry stared and then there was sudden recognition. Instantly Cherry and Mr. Snyder turned to see who they were.

There was a silence while Cherry stared and then there was sudden recognition. Instantly Cherry and Mr. Snyder turned to see who they were. "Well, Anne Carter, of all people," she exclaimed. "At a band concert! However did you manage that?" Cherry looked expectantly at Mr. Snyder.

Anne introduced them shyly and Cherry, with her usual gay abandon, invited them to come up on the porch. "We're going to have ice cream sent over in a few minutes," she explained. In an agony of shyness, Anne longed for an excuse, but Bill accepted the invitation. Anne could not resist the temptation to follow him up to the steps of the porch. Some one moved aside for her, and Cherry dragged out a cushion for Anne and a long stool for Anne, which she placed near the pillar. She made sketchy introductions, but Anne was so shy that she hardly saw the faces about her and heard no names. She was conscious of the fact that Mrs. Harding smiled at her and that she was sitting near a young man with a short up-turned moustache who eyed her closely and then turned his attention to another near the pillar. She managed to catch notice that Cherry was carrying on a gay flirtation with Mr. Snyder. Anne thought Cherry wonderful. To be able to talk here and there, to fling gay remarks over one shoulder while she carried on a conversation over the other, was quite too remarkable an accomplishment, Anne felt no resentment because Cherry had taken possession of her escort. She thought of Bill Snyder only as a man who had made it possible for her to be here at all, and now that she was here she was too shy and frightened to enjoy herself. The young people all frightened her, they were too glib, too modern, too sure of themselves. She thought sadly of John Porterfield. If he were here he would understand, and she felt that she could talk to him.

When Anne and Mr. Snyder finally rose to go it was quite late, later than Anne had ever been out in her life. Cherry said something in an undertone to Bill Snyder, something that Anne could not understand. Then there was a gay chorus of good-byes, and a moment later Anne was seated in the car and they were off.

They drove slowly down the streets, and as they turned into Main street Bill Snyder turned to Anne and said: "It's quite early; shall we take a little drive?"

"But it's after 10," Anne protested. He laughed. "Surely that isn't late. Don't worry about your family. I'm

sure it will be all right." And he drove the car down Main street, over the bridge and out into the country. It was a perfect night, still and with a sky gammed thick with stars. They were driving quite fast now, and Anne loved the feel of the wind in her face, she felt that she was running away from something and that if she could once get beyond the circling hills that spread darkly against the horizon, life would be different.

The road stretched away in a wriggling white ribbon that the headlights of the car kept eating up as they sped along. Anne had never been in a machine before and she loved it. Suddenly she realized that they were slowing down. They wheeled around a curve in the road and then stopped under the wide spreading branches of a tree. And Bill Snyder was turning to her with a peculiar look on his face, that look that had frightened Anne the first time she had met him, only now it was greatly intensified.

(Tomorrow—Moonlight and some kisses)

An Engagement

One girl, famous for her originality, told the good news of her engagement at a luncheon, via radio delivery. It took quite a bit of thinking to get it out, but now that it has been done, almost every one can copy her idea. When the guest entered the dining room, instead of the usual bowls of flowers in the center of the table, they saw a small mailbag, made of brown cloth, colored to resemble leather, and tumbling from it was a huge bunch of Dorothy Perkins roses. Then at each cover stood little mail-boxes made from water-color paper, colored to look as nearly as possible like the gray mail boxes one sees at the roadside in the country.

They were made double, with the fold coming at the top of the box, so they could be opened. Outside, the guests' names were written, showing where each one was to sit, and inside was the following little verse:

Here's a message via R. D.
To tell you that some time soon
William Hunt and I shall leave
For a lifetime honeymoon.
—Woman's Magazine.

SHE WOULDNT BUY THE HAT BECAUSE IT WAS SO CHEAP

But Another Girl With the Reputation of Always Dressing Well Saw the Hat and Bought It in Spite of Its Low Price

A GIRL in a very unbecoming hat looked up and gasped as another girl passed her.

"What's the matter?" asked her companion.

"My dear," she said solemnly, "that's Myra White. She has a reputation for dressing well, and that hat is stunning. I saw that self-same hat in the store when I bought this thing. I tried it on, and it was very becoming and I liked it a lot. But when I saw the price I was afraid to buy it; it was so ridiculously cheap. And that girl, with all her money and her reputation for being well dressed, buys it and looks wonderfully well in it. Oh, I could kick myself!"

"You can't blame her for that last remark, can you? Yet there are more people like her today than there are Myra Whites. The price of an article of any kind is its only qualification for most of the people who buy. If it's expensive it must be right. It may be a hideous coat, vastly unbecoming and very inappropriate, but if its price is high that settles it. On the other hand, it may be a case of love at first sight between the customer and the article. If a glance at the price discovers it to be ridiculously cheap, however, it won't do. You don't have to have 'something to show for the money' in these days; you have to have a price to show off the article for."

WHAT good does it do? We must buy, of course. If we didn't we'd couldn't live, unless we were on a desert island, and if we didn't buy the business world couldn't live very well, either. But surely we might use a little more sense, a little more taste, a little more courage when we buy. What good does it do to pay high prices for things when they're not what we want? Are we afraid of being criticized or patronized for getting the things we really want just because they may happen to be lower priced than some other things? What a pretty state of affairs to be ashamed of getting suitable things because they are too cheap? And all because of what somebody else will say or think.

It may take courage to stick to getting a low-priced brown and tan rug for your brown and tan living room when a blue and old rose is more expensive; especially when you know that your next-door neighbor has just bought one of the blue and rose ones for her dining room. But that's where the logic comes in. Her dining room happens to be blue, and a brown rug wouldn't look well in it.

A saleswoman expressed her amazement at a customer the other day because she chose sixty-cent buttons instead of ninety-cent ones. "Most people wouldn't have the courage to buy those after being shown the others," she said. But that was where taste came into it. The sixty-cent buttons were a better color and better size than the others. The customer just simply didn't want the others and wasn't afraid to say so.

Myra White didn't let her reputation of being rich and a good dresser interfere with her sense, her taste and her courage, either. She saw a hat that was becoming and suitable, and she knew that it was cheaper than the hats she usually bought. "Fine!" she said to herself. "I can get a pair of gloves and some handkerchiefs with the difference."

Cleaning Hints

When an aluminum pan or pot becomes stained and dark, fill it up as if with water; cut up a lemon or a stalk of rhubarb, place it in the utensil on the stove and let it boil for a few minutes. It will be as bright as new.

The best way to clean a duster, carafe, water-bottle or glass jug is to cut up a lemon into the dish and shake it with a little water for a minute or two before washing.

After removing all the lemon or orange peel, or whatever else has been grated, hold the grater under the spigot and rub with a vegetable brush. This removes all particles, saves your fingers the dish cloth, and time. If you have a gas stove, hang the grater on the oven door to dry. It is hard to wipe.

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