

MRS. WILSON GIVES DISHES TO SERVE ON SHROVE TUESDAY

Welsh Bread Pancakes Are Made With an Old-Fashioned Recipe That Is Still Delicious—Some Helpful Menus for Supper

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE pancake and Shrove Tuesday are always associated with one another, both in the popular mind and in ancient literature. There has always been a great deal of contention among members of certain families as to which one could most dexterously toss the cake in the pan. For, I would have you know, the truest test of a pancake maker's skill is to toss the pancake so that it will be cooked on both sides and then to toss it to turn in the pan and then to toss it to turn in the pan and then to toss it to turn in the pan...

Mix and then let cool. When cold add...

Two cups of flour, One teaspoon of salt, Three level teaspoons of baking powder, One and one-quarter cups of milk, Yolks of three eggs.

Beat, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and bake in the usual manner.

Many families usually arrange a supper for Shrove Tuesday in place of the regular dinner. If you have young people in the family, then let them have a few friends. You all will have much more fun if you let father and the boys take a turn at baking the cakes and then to toss the cake in the pan and then to toss it to turn in the pan and then to toss it to turn in the pan...

Here are some famous old pancake recipes for you to try:

Welsh Bread Pancakes

Soak stale bread in cold water to soften and then turn in a cloth and squeeze very dry. Rub through a sieve and remove the lumps. Measure one cup of the mixture and the prepared bread. Place in a bowl and add...

Two cups of flour, One and one-quarter cups of milk, One and one-half cups of water, Four level teaspoons of baking powder.

One-half level teaspoon of nutmeg, One-half beaten egg, Two tablespoons of syrup, Two tablespoons of melted butter.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then place in a hot frying pan containing pieces of butter. Squeeze one side is nicely browned, turn on the other and brown.

Potato Pancakes

Place in a mixing bowl. Two and one-half cups of flour, One teaspoon of salt, Four level teaspoons of baking powder.

One-half level teaspoon of nutmeg, One and one-half cups of milk, Three tablespoons of melted butter, Two tablespoons of syrup.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then place in a hot frying pan containing pieces of butter. Squeeze one side is nicely browned, turn on the other and brown.

Raw Potato Pancakes

Wash and pare six large potatoes and then grate on a grater into a little water. This prevents them from turning dark. Strain through a fine piece of cheesecloth. Squeeze very dry. Place in a bowl and add...

Three cups of syrup, Two and three-quarters cups of milk, Two level tablespoons of baking powder.

One teaspoon of salt, One-quarter teaspoon of clove, Four well-beaten eggs, Three tablespoons of melted butter, Two tablespoons of syrup.

Beat to mix and then bake in the usual manner.

Bohemian Pancakes

One and one-half cups of milk, Three eggs, One and one-half cups of flour, One teaspoon of salt, Two teaspoons of baking powder, One teaspoon of vanilla, One tablespoon of melted butter.

Beat with egg beater until well blended and then free from lumps and place four tablespoons of steaming in a frying pan; when hot pour in just enough of the batter to barely cover the bottom. Cover the pan with lid and bake. As soon as the cake is brown on one side slip on the hot lid, invert the pan and bake on the other side. When finished, slip on a warm plate and spread with jelly or honey and roll. Lift to a hot plate and dust with powdered sugar and send to the table with drizzle of apple sauce.

Southern Pancakes

Place four tablespoons of oatmeal in the mixing bowl and pour over the meal one-half cup of boiling water. Now add...

One tablespoon of sugar, Two tablespoons of butter.

Beat to mix and then bake in the usual manner.

SOMETHING NEW FOR A WEDDING



Get Some One to Introduce You Dear Cynthia—Thank you for publishing my letter. Now, I ask you for a little advice. How could I make my friends with the other sex? I am so shy? But I have started to go to dances and the young ladies seem to hold back from dancing with a stranger. If you throw a little light on this matter I will appreciate it very much. EX-SBRVICH.

Her Ideal Husband

Dear Cynthia—I read "PEGGY'S" letter and am answering her challenge by describing my ideal man. I cannot give the physical requirements as "PEGGY" did because they do not count. The man I could love must be an animal, nature and a good outdoors. He must be a thorough sportsman in everything; he must be kind and tender, but must have a will of his own so he can "bust me" when I need it; he must be able to protect me from all the hardships of life, yet be the kind of "mother" who I need. He must love children and good books. Outside of those things he can be "red," "black," "white," "yellow," "brown," "short, thin or fat," but if he has these requirements I don't care what he looks like.

The Kind of Men Girls Marry

Dear Cynthia—May I address this letter to you? I have been reading "Frank" and I liked your letter. I have been among the girls who admit a fellow who is "frank" did because he is "frank." I can think of one boy with whom I nearly fell in love because he is a good fellow, but he is "frank" because he is "frank." I have lost my "love" for him now, having found out that he lacked character. And I am sure that a girl would never be just a good-looking "tallor model," and is very hardy to take to a dance or to a party.

Yes, It's Almost Finished!

And by this time next week you'll be introducing yourself to another one of...

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR'S

Wait and See! It Starts Next Monday

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And Now Comes a Canary

A Reference Library

All About a Wedding

Things You'll Love to Make

Saturday's Answers

The Question Corner

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

THE BRIDE'S NEW HOUSE

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What to Do

By CYNTHIA

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THE BRIDE'S NEW HOUSE

It Was Just as Nicely Furnished as She Was Nicely Dressed, but Just as Uninteresting as She Was Uninteresting

"WELL," asked the card club eagerly surrounding the only member who had been to see the bride, "how is she?"

"Perfectly fine," was the enthusiastic reply. "And what is the house like?" came the next question, tumbling over the first one.

"It's—disappointing. It doesn't look like a house, you know what I mean. It just looks sort of flat, sort of uninteresting, sort of—oh, I don't know."

"Looks like her?" suggested a voice. "Yes, that's it, if it is needed. They all knew about the house, then. Did you ever stop to realize how much house look like people who live in them?"

"This bride was a nice girl, always pleasant, never disagreeable, catty, quarrelsome or gloomy—but, oh so dull!"

"Her clothes were well made, but drab, colorless with no particular style, just like her conversation."

"And her house was just like her clothes. Things that should have been stood out from the wall were pushed flatly into a corner."

"A rug which should have sprawled indignantly across the room from the slanting doorway to the dayport was placed tiresomely straight beside a table."

"Pillows which might have lent a note of comforting warmth to the living room were correctly blue and properly green, decorously straight and upright."

"It was a very nice house, but not an interesting one—just like its owner."

YOU know the house that the Browns live in, around the corner. Mrs. Brown stands as a most hospitable person, most unaffected, most delightfully graceful with her guests. And her house is just like her. The pillows on the sofa in the living room are punched into comfortable positions, as if they were just waiting for you to sit down. The lamp on the table is exactly right for reading or sewing, and there is a chair, one of those brown mothers' looking chairs, all ready beside the table for the caller who is to be requested to make herself perfectly comfortable. Magazines are handy, too, and if you get thirsty, why, you know where the water pitcher is, out in the dining room.

But the Wilsons—that's another story. Mrs. Wilson is neat—so neat that she makes you feel slovenly and poorly dressed, even if you meet her on Sunday morning, when you have on your best hat and a veil to keep your hair straight, and the trimmest frock and coat that you own. She can wear a waist and skirt with a belt an inch wide and never reveal a safety pin. And so could her house.

"This very porch bids you be careful not to disarrange it. In summer the chairs are set back against the wall in a solidly row, the fern is squarely in the middle of the table and the cream-colored covers would never blow up one corner if a hurricane came along."

"There is a little table in the parlor inside, and there is a straight chair beside it; a stiff sofa backs up against the opposite wall, and a rug is laid primly on the floor in front of the sofa."

"There is none of Mrs. Brown's honey atmosphere in here. You do not feel as if you were in a home, but as if you were in a store, and you are afraid you will upset the exquisite, storelike order of things."

IT is the character of the woman who lives in the house which influences its atmosphere and makes it uninteresting, comforting or forbidding. What does your house tell of your character?

"Never! She stole my boy, and I can't forgive that. It would not have been quite as bad if she had been a star; but a poor little low down actress that she is, she stole my boy and kept a maid. 'But she said she did the work,'" she says.

"And that she slept at home nights?" "Very true."

"And she told me Elizabeth was out?" "Where was she when she said that?" "On the porch. O, I see. But her name—"

"Even that is true. Surely you remember she was Elizabeth Rose."

"Please forgive me," and a pent-up little figure stole into the room. The pink gown had been changed for one of clinging white material with a silver sash, and in the sunny hair was a spray of wild roses. "I thought you didn't know, at first, I was Elizabeth; but now you might get to liking me. Don't you think you could," she pleaded, "when I want a mother so much? Mine is a—"

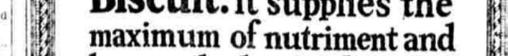
"Mrs. Worthington, senior, hesitated, then slowly opening her arms she drew opposite her to the sunny chair. She murmured, then aloud: "And sweet woman never drew breath. 'Than my own wife Elizabeth.'"

(Next complete novelette—"The Dark Man.")

THAT "BUSINESS BRAIN"

will not function when the stomach is overloaded with indigestible, starchy foods. That's the reason that breakfast and noon-day lunch should consist of Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It supplies the maximum of nutriment and leaves the brain clear and vibrant, ready for any task. Don't dig your grave with your teeth. Avoid hardened arteries and auto-intoxication—these come from too much meat.

Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal for a few cents.



Get Jiffy-Jell in these days of the quality dessert. It is due to you and yours.

Here alone you get the real fruit juice condensed and sealed in glass. There's a bottle in each package.

Today it costs no more than old-style fruit desserts, with flavors in dry form.

We supply dessert utensils also. Also other useful things. Write for catalog of gifts. Tell us which you want.

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