

This Woman Makes Wonderful Bread Discovery in Her Kitchen

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO MADE BREAD-BAKING DISCOVERY.



MRS. LYDIA COALE SHARPLESS.

She Makes Bread That Anybody Can Eat; No Matter How Poor His Digestion.
She Doubles the Values of Every Loaf by Making It Twice as Nutritious.
She Eliminates the Hardest Part of the Labor of Bread-Making. Her Method Is One That Anybody Can Use.

[By Albert F. Ferguson.]

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 31.—The announcement is made today of a wonderful discovery in chemistry.
The chemistry in this discovery is BREAD-BAKING; the chemist is a woman, and her laboratory was her own kitchen.
I came to Philadelphia to learn what I could about this new way of baking bread, so that I might tell you and your neighbors, the how and the why of it, just as the scientific sharks are preparing to tell the world of science about it.

There seems to be no doubt that Mrs. Lydia Coale Sharpless is the first person in the world, man or woman, who ever knew how to make bread as it ought to be made.
That seems like a big statement, for we have been bread-making for many thousands of years, and every woman who bakes is positive that she knows just how to do it, and that her bread is good and wholesome.

But Mrs. Sharpless has proved that every method used is wrong. For the one thing that every woman thinks is essential to good bread-making is the thing she must avoid—THE BREAD MUST NOT BE KNEADED.

And as for wholesome—THE BREAD THAT NOTHER USED TO MAKE WAS DEADLY to anyone whose digestion was not good.

Mother didn't know how to make bread. Wife didn't know, the bakers didn't know, the doctors didn't know.

WHY NEW DISCOVERY IS OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE WORLD.

[By Dr. Edward Tyson Reichert.]

Professor of Physiology in the University of Pennsylvania.
Bread is one of the chief causes of all digestive troubles. Intestinal fermentation and the poisons born of such a condition cause no end of illness, especially among children. Few people ever think of bread as being the offender; yet the raw starch grains are there, and they are almost sure to cause trouble.
In the average wheat bread, no matter how carefully made, 90 per cent of the starch grains are raw. I have had Mrs. Sharpless' bread tested in my laboratory, and found that in her bread 99 per cent of the starch grains are broken up, transformed into gelatine and made digestible.
It is a most important discovery. The use of this bread in place of the ordinary kind ought to bring about a notable diminution in disturbances of the digestive organs and the intestinal tract.

unless that stomach is unusually strong," he said.
"But why?"
"Because of the raw starch it contains. Raw starch in bread is bad. To hosts of people it is deadly. And 90 per cent of the starch in your bread is raw."
Then Mrs. Sharpless began to study. She read everything she could find in Philadelphia on bread and wheat. Then she went to Boston and exhausted the capacity of the great public library there. She studied chemistry and examined all kinds of bread and flour under the microscope. Ten years of the hardest sort of work she put in on the problem.

She found that in the ordinary processes of making bread the minute granules of starch in the wheat flour were gathered in small cells, hundreds of them in a cell. They became coated with gluten, a gelatinous substance which formed the cells, and were protected so carefully that the heat didn't cook them or break them open. All manner of experiments were tried, but raw starch remained in the bread. Finally Mrs. Sharpless got a "hunch" from the way a paperhanger mixed his flour for water, yeast, etc., as quickly and lightly as possible. Then she set it aside to "raise."

When the mixture was "raised" she did not knead it. She merely shaped it into loaves quickly and deftly, with as little handling as possible.
Then she baked it in the usual way. AND THE BREAD SHOWED 99 PER CENT OF THE STARCH GRANULES BROKEN UP—GELATINIZED—COOKED!!!

Moreover, its nutritive value was doubled—every loaf had the nourishing power of two of the old loaves. Samples were submitted to physicians and scientists. They couldn't believe what had been accomplished. Dr. James McAllister, president of the "rexel" institute, stamped it a wonderful discovery as did Prof. Reichert, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author and specialist, who is one of the greatest physicians in the world.

There is no secret about it. Mrs. Sharpless wants everybody to know how it is done. JUST DO IT QUICKLY AND DON'T KNEAD IT. The whole idea is to disturb the dough as little as possible.

It may be mixed by hand, or with a machine. In the mixing of her early batches Mrs. Sharpless used her hands. Then, to make more than two or three loaves at once, she used a mixer consisting of an old rolling pin which she fitted up with a series of knives and placed over a mixing bowl. The rolling pin was turned with a crank and the knives thoroughly and quickly mixed the flour with the other ingredients.

The bread is not as pretty and white as ordinary bread. But it is REAL BREAD.

AND MRS. SHARPLESS' INVALID HUSBAND EATS IT WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE OF HIS DISEASED DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.

MICROSCOPE REVEALS TO HUMAN EYE MARVELLOUS WORKING OF NEW METHOD.

Picture in centre shows natural "four cell," containing many white granules of raw starch. Picture on left shows old-fashioned bread under the microscope; many starch granules are not broken, and are therefore indigestible. Picture on right shows Mrs. Sharpless' bread under the microscope; the starch granules are broken, and therefore digestible.

not make us any more sympathetic with the man who has succeeded. To begin with, we are a little envious that he has got what we have, and are obviously so much more merciful than the Government. We suspect that his success is the reward of methods we are too scrupulous to adopt, of a vulgarity we are too repelled to stoop to, of cold and calculating temperament that contrasts unamiably with the fine impulsiveness of our own. And so we watch him narrowly, we present a palace to the nation? Ah, we say, he has bought the Government. Now we know why he has got that concession in Africa. Does he treat his workmen with noticeable consideration? Just so, that is the artful way of stealing their souls. In all this distrust, unjust and mean though it often is, there is a sound social motive at work. We fear the absorption of power of any kind in a single hand. It is a vague menace to the commonwealth. And we know, too, that success is often rather a sordid thing. It is the failures who are interesting. It is Rembrandt in his garret, not Peter Paul, prancing through the courts of Europe, whom we love. Who cares for the fat and prosperous Handel as a man? It is Beethoven sinking under his weight of sorrows, the final "Comedia finita est," who strikes the chords of our hearts.

But the judgment on the successful man may be reversed by one consideration. How did he use his success? That is the test by which we give him his sentence or his discharge. His success he could not help; his use of it he could.

The Man.
Sir William Lever could no more miss success than you, sir, with the retreating chin and the uncertain eye, or you with the doubtful, balancing mind, can miss failure. Character is destiny. We have made him successful here. We are born either the masters or the victims of circumstance. And you cannot have a moment's doubt as to which category Sir William Lever belongs. You know him at once as the sort of person you would like to have at your back in a row. A man of a certain quality, a man called "good boiled," head erect, with just a suspicion of defiance, the light blue eyes looking out at the world with fearless directness; tenacious mouth; a chin that will stand no nonsense. The sort of man of whom they say in Lancashire, "It's a word and a blow w' him—and t' blow feet." For he has a great gift of eloquent silence. I have seen him sit on a garrulous committee without uttering a word, and at the end that cold, impassive eye and tight-closed mouth formed the only comment I remembered.

There is about him a severe, unrelenting simplicity of mind and conduct. "I was a grocer myself once," he said in the action to which I have alluded, and he preserves with a sort of proud challenge all the traditions of his origin. You could imagine him going back to the grocer's shop unimpaired and unregretful, as soon as he had not built up the vast business of Lever Bros., with its manufacturing centres in every continent, almost in every country in the world, from Japan to the United States, from Australia to Belgium and Germany, with its great enterprises for winning palm oil in the African forests, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and the Congo, with its tens of thousands of workpeople, and its millions of capital—if he had not done this he would have been the Napoleon of tea or of oil or of sugar. For he is of the Napoleon type, born to a small, big battalions and win empires, if not in war, then in peace.

The Businessman.
The businessman must have two common qualities in an uncommon degree. He must see truly and act decisively. He

must have equal truth of vision and of hand. It is that double faculty in its highest expression that makes the activity of Holbein so indisputable. The businessman who has only the first quality is a dreamer; he who has only the second is a bungler. Sir William Lever has both in a rare degree. His eye is always unclouded and roves far horizons, and his mind is stored with an energy that makes action a joy and a necessity. A love of action—I mean not mere activity, but original action, initiative, adventure—is not a common trait. It is a very rare trait in fine minds—not because they are timid, but because they are apprehensive, imaginative, fear the consequences of the irrevocable word. A more distinguished son of Lancashire than Sir William Lever, speaking to me once above his retirement from a great office, spoke of that office as purgatory. The necessity of making grave decisions on vast issues preyed on his spirit until the burden was intolerable. Sir William Lever loves action as you or I, let us say, love to think about it. His earliest memory was a passion for tidying up the books on his father's bookshelf, big and small, and the rest of his life has been a beautiful symmetry to the right; his next was an attempt at intensive culture, covering the tops of his rabbit hutches with soil and endeavoring to grow corn in these ingenious pots. His father's shop would not give a child for so much energy. He opened a shop at Wigan; began to experiment with soap; prospered and bought a factory at Warington; prospered and bought Port Sunlight; prospered and kindled the globe with his enterprises until

The moving waters at their priest-like task Of pure ablation round earth's human shores

seem to breathe his name and surge up his soap upon every beach. And all the time, side by side with these great adventures of trade, he has pursued his own private enthusiasm with a thoroughness that seems to leave no room for other affairs. He has built at Port Sunlight a garden city which is one of the first and still one of the best objects-lessons in the science and art of industrial housing; he has elaborated a great co-partnership system which makes all his workpeople certain service sharers in the prosperity of the firm; he buys a mountain and presents it as "Lancashire to his native town; he buys the town of Lynton and commences a great garden city enterprise; he buys an agricultural estate in Cheshire and begins roadmaking and experimental farming; he prepares an elaborate design for the reconstruction of the town of Bolton; he purchases Stafford House and offers it to the nation; incidentally—and at this I am grieved—he extends his own rambling house at Hampstead so that they dominate the most sylvan beauty spot of the wonderful Heath.

His Activities.

In all this activity there is no trace of hurry or discomposure. He moves with the deliberation of a man who has plenty of time for everything and is always ahead of the clock. He wastes no words and has the Lancashire man's faculty of saying "No" without circumlocution. And though he says that the art of business is to discover the capacity of other men and apply it to its right purpose, he is the architect of all his schemes—especially of any scheme that includes road-making and designing. Withal, he can find time for public affairs—though he found Parliament too great a demand on his time—to make speeches, to lead the Liberal party in Liverpool, and to write on Socialism. His reply to Mr. H. G. Wells on the subject of "Business and Socialism" was a remarkably acute dissection of the theory of the public ownership of the means of production, revealing a real mastery of economic problems and a faculty of lucid thinking and writing. He cultivates, too, the art of quietude with the flowers in your garden because they are not watch dogs. And again, "Don't believe for a moment that success is built on failure. Success is built only on well-laid, well-matured plans. I would alter the motto, if at first you don't succeed try again to 'If at first you don't succeed try another method.'" Like most rich men he is very emphatic about the utility of riches, and he preaches self-conquest as the path to happiness, like the old-fashioned Puritan that he is.

A dangerous man to try a fall with. (Lord Northcliffe paid in all nearly £100,000 for the luxury, and that sum has gone to enrich Liverpool University.) Still, a little of his challenging with something of the watchful reserve of the self-made man, he goes his way, a plain, simple, active citizen, proud with the pride of a captain of industry. In his success presents its best front. We can almost forgive him.

A. G. G.

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The Shoe Clerk.

By BERTON BRALEY

Each time I go to buy my shoes, I say, "Now THIS time I will choose a last to fit my dainty foot. And simply seek myself to suit. I will not let the subtle clerk With siren voice and oily smirk Persuade me that I ought to fall For shoes too pointed and too small."

But when I enter in the store It goes exactly as of yore; The clerk convinces me that I Have no idea what to buy.

THE NEW BABY AND OLD MR. CRAPEHANGER.

MURRAY: WE'VE GOT A NEW BABY AT OUR HOUSE AND IT'S A BOY!
WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HAPPY, BUT BABIES ARE AN AWFUL PROPOSITION. THEY'RE ALWAYS RUINING FROM BIRTH—ESPECIALLY BOYS—
HALF OF 'EM DON'T LIVE—AND WHEN THEY DO THEY TURN OUT BABY NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN—YOUR BOY MAY COME OUT ALL RIGHT ONE.

I DOUBT IT—HI-NO!

CHARACTER STUDY OF SIR WM. HASKETT LEVER, ONE OF THE POTENTATES OF THE MODERN WORLD

[By A. G. Gardiner in the London Daily News.]

It was a dramatic coincidence that made Sir William Heskett Lever and Lord Northcliffe the antagonists in the greatest rebel action of our time. It was as though Hector and Achilles had each scoured the battlements to find the foe-man who challenged his supremacy and had come into collision by a kind of natural law. For Sir William Lever and Lord Northcliffe are the most significant products of our time. They are the Caesars who bestride our world like a Colossus. While we petty men have been creeping about to find ourselves dishonourable graves these great adventurers have shot up in our midst like portents. Their heads strike the stars. They levy tribute on us like the despots of a subject people. You can hardly wash your hands or shave yourself in the morning without paying toll to the one; you can hardly learn who was at Lady Midas' ball last night without paying toll to the other. They hold us all in fee. They are the potentates of our modern world. The king of old ruled us by capturing our territory and making us his serfs; the king of today rules us by controlling our commodities or our finance and making us his customers or his tools. And Sir William Lever and Lord Northcliffe are the pioneers in the

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