

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

The Cook and the Home

"The wife who cannot cook or superintend the housekeeping," says Miss Clement, a New York culinary expert, "takes her husband's pay envelope on false pretenses. She does not know her business. When a couple marry, the girl expects her husband to hand her over most of his salary, and he, in turn, expects that her management of that money will make it go as far as possible. It is his business to earn the money. It is hers to spend it. Surely one part is as important as the other. Correct feeding is becoming a science and we are awakening to the fact that it is as important to combine food properly for the adult as it is for the baby. No woman need think that she is too intelligent to bother with cooking. Cooking is a science as well as an art, and one can go on learning forever. The bride who has a good foundation of culinary knowledge and takes an interest in cooking will find no end of possibilities to it. Right in her own kitchen she can join the great movement to reduce the high cost of living. She can use up every scrap of left-over material. It is the clever cook alone who can make left-over food tasty and never waste anything. The smaller the income the more intelligence it takes on the part of the bride to manage her share of the domestic partnership, and the more she needs to study and plan her daily bills of fare. A man comes home after a hard day's work and sees the same old things served, sometimes purchased from a pastry shop just before dinner. If he is easy-going he says nothing, but after a while he grows grouchy. There are more grouches caused by bad cooking than by bad luck."



"S-O-M-E Doughnut!"

"Any time you want real goodies use Calumet Baking Powder! My mother uses it—she's tried all others—she's learned her lesson—now she sticks to Calumet."

"Unequaled for making tender, wholesome, light bakings. Wonderful leavening and raising qualities—uniform results. Mother says Calumet is the most economical to buy—most economical to use. Try it at once. Received Highest Awards. New Cool Baked From the Box in 15-20 min."

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST
CALUMET
CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO.
CHICAGO

Engaged!

-0- -0-

Honors Are Not with Responsibilities

-0- -0-

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1916, Intern'l News Service.

Claim that Chivalry is Dead is False

By DOROTHY DIX.

Every now and then some Ancient Mariner or Ancient Mariner rises up and accords to the Walling Place and beats upon his or her breast and cries out that there is no more gallantry among men and that chivalry is dead.

These prophets of woe base their melancholy prognostications upon the fact that men are not as glib at paying women flowery compliments as they used to be nor so supple about jumping to pick up a handkerchief when a lady drops it and that when a tired man gets a seat in a subway he's mighty apt to let a husky, able-bodied woman stand.

Therefore, the people who observe these small fry phenomena affirm that chivalry is dead and if they happen to be anti-suffragists they go a step farther and assert that they know who killed Cock Robin. It was the women themselves and they did it by going into business and wanting rights.

It always makes me mad, through and through, to hear anybody claim that chivalry is dead. On the contrary, I assert that for the first time in the history of humanity chivalry has been born into the world and that the modern, commonplace, tweed-suited business man could give Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad and all other rattling tin pan Knights of the Table Round points of a real chivalry so big and fine that they never even dreamed of it, much less practiced it.

Talk about your chivalry of the past when it wasn't safe for a woman to put her foot outside of her own door without somebody going along to protect her! Talk about your chivalry of the past, when women were nothing but slaves to their men folks!

Talk about your chivalry of the past when a father left all of his money to his sons, when a husband didn't hesitate to strip his wife of every cent she possessed on her wedding day, and when brothers thought it all right to take everything and leave the sister nothing! Talk about your chivalry of the past when women were denied an education, and a right to exercise the talents that nature had given them, when they were prevented from even going out into the world and making an honest living!

But the chivalry of today makes it safe for a woman to go alone from one end of the world to another because every man is her protector. The chivalry of today secures a woman's own property to her. The chivalry of today gives her a chance to follow any occupation she desires, and to make just as good in it as a man could. The chivalry of today in some places—and it soon will everywhere—even gives women an equal right with men in government.

And believe me, brethren and sisters, picking up handkerchiefs, and even subway seats, are a mighty poor substitute for property laws and the right to make an honest living.

Another way and a very interesting one and a most important one in which the new chivalry of men is expressing itself is the masculine attitude toward woman and the marriage proposition.

In the old "gallant days," which so many people mourn, a man considered that he had a perfect right to love and ride away. If he enjoyed a woman's society he had no hesitation in monopolizing as much of it as he cared to, even if he knew that his attentions were without intention, and that he was never going to let his philandering take him so far as the altar.

It was nothing to him that he let a girl waste her youth and beauty on him or that he, who never intended to ask her to marry him, kept away other men who would have been glad to have married her or that he let her fill her heart so full with love for him that she would never be room in it for affection for some honest man.

That was the way the chivalrous man of the past looked at the tender subject and all of us know a dozen women who were the victims of this selfish and heartless cruelty. How differently the mad of today regards the matter is attested by hundreds of letters that come to me from girls to whom this new chivalry is so unexpected and novel that they are bewildered by it.

In these letters a girl will write that she doesn't know what to think of the conduct of a certain man—that she knows he likes her and enjoys her society, but that he has frankly told her that he does not want to marry her or for some reason that is cannot marry and that she must not let him keep her from marrying somebody else if she wants to.

One man told a girl that he would never marry anybody because there was insanity in his family. Another told a girl that he was too poor to marry and that she must not think of waiting for him because it would be years and years before he could hope to support a wife in decent comfort, and that he would never marry any woman and drag her down to poverty.

Still another man told a girl that he could never marry as long as his mother lived because he could never leave her—she had made the most heroic sacrifices for him in his childhood—but that she was of so eccentric and disagreeable a disposition that it would be martyrdom for any young woman to live with her.

Each of these men urged the girl he liked, or perhaps loved, to put him out of her thoughts, and to marry some more fortunately situated man while the sun of her youth and beauty shone.

I consider this the highest possible proof of true gallantry and of real chivalry, for these men protected the girls against themselves and they sacrificed their own selfish pleasure for the good of women.

When a man has reached the place where he won't let a girl waste the sweetness and fragrance of her youth on him when he knows he can make an adequate return for it and when he refuses to marry unless he knows he can make his wife happy, and to marry some more fortunately situated man while the sun of her youth and beauty shone.

Chivalry dead? No! As Mark Twain said once concerning a premature obituary of himself that was printed, "Reports of death greatly exaggerated."

In-Shoots

In the matrimonial column the husband was never such a tightwad. He wants a wife who will listen.

A handsome girl with a cigarette breath, is about as attractive as a ruffled shirt has been picked out of a bathroom cupboard.



WHEN you at last push open a garden-gate between whose bars you have peered for many an entranced hour, you cannot turn and flee at the first adventure! For idle hours you must have learned looked at the mysteries framed between the iron scrolls, bits of blue sky with creamy masses of cloud floating over—a bluer sky than that that bends over you out in the dusty road, watched the fairy-tops of trees wave golden and green, breathed in strange scents that are sweet and stupefying, followed the little twisting paths that journey away from the gate into flowery regions, with eyes that explored and were baffled at the first turn where the path looks over-shoulder and beckons on, saw the remote playing of rainbow drops leaping

high in the sun, a jet of gems, and fancied the gold and silver fish that glanced in the sun in a pool beneath; heard faint music from over the armies of lily-bed lances, and at last you-shake the gate 'til it rings in the still air. The garden enclosed—it is not your garden—but there is no padlock! If one was brave enough one could open it and go into this world of still sunshine and guarded ground. And when, at last, you swing it back and slip within with your heart behind your teeth and your feet on the path that travels always just ahead and nods and beckons "adventure" at every bend, you cannot turn coward at the first dim glade and the first wight who steps into the path in his little red coat.

When a girl nods with stolen star-shine in her eyes and says, "I love you, too!" and you give her little ring and announce solemnly, "Now we're engaged!"

once inside the garden at whose gate you have hungered, and on enchanted ground, you must take the frights and the wights that come with the quest!

You may even have to go bonnet-shopping! And, though you truly feel like crying, "Little woman of my heart, your face looks good to me in any, so it is not 'red and yellow!' that offering will never save you if you fall asleep. Crowns have rough edges sometimes—even the ruby whose glow he delights in torments the king's head where it presses; roses have thorns that nip, and if you aspire to the garden of a maid's heart you will have to know that queer adventures will hop out at you from any kink in that labyrinth. Even fishing one bonnet from city-full, along with an untiring sweetheart, will be a request tucked away behind her kiss!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Safe Milk
for
Infants and Invalids
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking. Substitutes Cost You Same Price.

The Sunday Bee is the only Omaha newspaper that gives its readers four big pages of colored comics.

Timely Advice to Those Who Are Contemplating Matrimony
By a WOMAN.

We do not give enough thought to the choosing of our life partners. Before taking a house, a man looks at it from every standpoint, and is therefore able to judge whether it will be likely to suit him. Yet he will take a wife before he has decided on, or even thought about, the kind of one he prefers. He does not trouble himself about the subject—before marriage. Unfortunately, however, there is the risk that he will do so—after marriage.

But a stitch in time saves nine. The amount of domestic unhappiness in the world would be lessened in no small degree if every man and woman knew his or her requirements before marriage—know (and of course God, the particular temperament, character, habits, etc., that he or she wanted in a partner.

We hear too much about the attraction of opposites. Marriage needs sympathy, not contradiction. The kind of woman a man ought to marry depends on the kind of man.

Therefore a man contemplating matrimony should first of all classify himself. He should make up his mind on such things as to whether he wants to be a club frequenter himself, or the husband of a club frequenter; whether tranquility or diversion has the greater attraction for him; whether he wants an ornament for his drawing room or a companion for his kitchen. It is often advisable to look through a catalogue before making a purchase.

In fact, the chances are that his career would be great, which perhaps he would draw in drink. It is hazardous to plant a hortense flower in a child's garden.

A business woman is a safe choice for a practical man. She knows the value of practical meals and of money; therefore, people will try to "do" her in '16. Moreover, she knows something of life. And she is used to forming her own opinions. She is not the wife for a considered man. She is not suitable for a young man, because being accustomed to her own independence, she will certainly demand her full share of the family budget.

Women are supposed to be particularly desirable as wives. Many men in spite of old-time woe are waiting, still, for the woman who will not kiss them. A man who chooses one for a wife always looks for a girl who is a little of what the woman is a woman. Who can tell what a girl is worth until she has been a wife for some time? The woman who is a wife for some time is worth a fortune. In fact, she is worth a fortune. In fact, she is worth a fortune. In fact, she is worth a fortune.

A woman should choose a life partner at least as early as when she is 18. It is not a good idea to wait until you are 25. It is not a good idea to wait until you are 25. It is not a good idea to wait until you are 25.

Don't Neglect Ugly Duckling

There is, in nearly every family, one ugly duckling, and in the generality of cases it is a daughter who seems to be held back or kept down, as it were. She is not always the plainest of the brood, yet there is invariably one who is the Cinderella in every family one who is either not thought so much of as the rest or who is kept in the background for various motives.

If, as a rule, the one who is mother's girl, she who is everything in that home circle, the one that cannot be done without, who is most useful to all at home. Father wants her, mother needs her, the children long for her to join with them, join in their games, and she is likewise expected to be in the kitchen to superintend and help when there is company, or in the drawing room to entertain her brother's friends, or play propriety to her sisters and their sweethearts.

There are many girls who spend their lives in continual drudgery, who, from their earliest years have never known a peaceful, happy youth. Drudgery was not for them; for almost from their cradle they have been made to carry the burden of the care, troubles and worries of their elders have been placed upon their childish shoulders. In fact, from the first days of reason they seem to have been burdened with worry and troubles, tales of poverty and misery, perhaps, which at least need not have been common to their childhood, and in fact, it is wrong to neglect a young girl's own life.

It is true, of course, to be father's confidante or mother's right hand, but there are things that should be kept from children. Life in childhood should be made as bright and happy as possible. It is not right to let the young to have to share the elder's troubles on all occasions. Childhood does not last long, and when it is over, a young girl's life is it is wrong to neglect a young girl's own life.

Many children are made old in wisdom and knowledge of the world's troubles, and they are advanced enough to see and understand the reasons of these troubles, all this trouble and grief. The consequence, then, is an uncheerful, sour-faced life. They have known no happy childhood's days; all is worry, black and unhappy memories of what should have been the happiest, brightest years of their life.

Naturally as such a girl grows up she is old beyond her years. A timid, little old woman, and, in consequence, the least of a young child is not in her, the sense of pride and innocent youth are not allowed into, not indulged by her. The games of other children of her own age seem frivolous in her eyes, they are not profitable, her tastes have grown old, she is constantly with her elders

Armour's "SIMON PURE" Leaf Lard

"Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is always ordered by the discriminating woman for cake, pastry and biscuits, as well as for deep frying. She knows that nothing equals "Simon Pure" for shortening. Experience has taught her that food properly fried in "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is perfectly digestible.

Being absolutely all leaf lard, carefully selected and rendered in open kettles, these parts will equal four of ordinary lard.

ARMOUR COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y. 14609
Sole U.S. Mfrs. 115 E. Wacker Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Sole U.S. Mfrs. 115 E. Wacker Pk., Chicago, Ill.

The German Empire.

The area of the German empire is about the same as the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Kentucky.

The area of the German empire is about the same as the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Kentucky.

The area of the German empire is about the same as the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Kentucky.