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# Woman's Page

INEXPENSIVE RECIPES TO BE USED FOR WHITE HOUSE MENUS IN MONEY SAVING CAMPAIGN

The department of justice is privileged officially to announce that, in connection with the campaign to "Save Money on Meat" by utilization of the less expensive cuts, meat dishes prepared by the following recipes will be served at the White House during "Save Money on Meat" week. These recipes provide for the use of the less costly cuts, particularly those from the forequarter:

### FOR ROAST WITH VEGETABLES.

Three or four pounds chuck roast, 1 cup sliced carrots, 1 cup sliced onions, 1 cup celery cut in bits, 1 cup sliced turnips, 3 tablespoons fat (preferably from salt pork).

If the meat is not sold in a solid piece, skewer or tie it into shape, wipe it with a damp cheesecloth, and roll in flour. Boil vegetables in salted water to barely cover until soft. Rub through a coarse strainer. Heat fat in a frying pan or Dutch oven. Put in the meat and brown on all sides. If the frying pan is used, transfer the meat, after it is browned, to a kettle, unless the pan is deep enough to hold the beef. Pour the vegetables and their liquid over the meat, together with any preferred seasoning. Cover tightly and let simmer slowly for four or five hours, turning twice. Thicken

the gravy a little and pour over the meat.

### VEAL CUTLETS AND SOUP.

Cook 3 pounds veal shank in boiling water until tender. Remove as much meat as possible from the bone. Cut the pieces to resemble chops. Take this veal and season well. Roll in crumbs, eggs and crumbs again and saute in butter or butter substitute. Garnish with parsley.

For the soup take the remaining portion of the shank and put into a kettle with 3 cups brown stock and a few peppercorns, salt, celery salt and any other seasoning desired. Add half-cup each of diced potatoes, turnips and parsley. Cook for one-half hour. (This veal shank provides a soup and cutlets for a family of five.)

### CHOPPED BEEF AU CASSEROLE.

One and one-half pounds clod of beef (ground), 1/2 cup tomato relish, Tabasco sauce, 1 can beans. Mix chopped beef with tomato relish. Add 1/2 teaspoon Tabasco sauce (more if desired). Season well with salt. Put in glass casserole and bake two hours, basting frequently with a high quality table sauce. A few strips of bacon across the top of any meat loaf adds to its richness and improves flavor. Serve garnished with 1 can beans, quartered. (Serve five people.)

# LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author  
Idah McGlone Gibson

### CAN A WOMAN LOVE TWO MEN?

"Has Karl Shepard gone?" I asked quickly after Helen had given me his message.

"Yes, he went back on the next train," she answered.

"It was like him," I murmured. Helen came forward and with her arms on my shoulders looked me straight in the eye, but she did not ask a question. I knew what she wanted to say. It was just what I was asking myself. Did I love Karl Shepard, and was I sure that he loved me?

In all ages men have said that it is perfectly possible for a man to love

two women devotedly at the same time. Poets have made it a subject of their verse and innumerable plays and novels have been written around it.

Indeed I have heard many men declare that no one woman could be all things to one man, but no one has ever intimated for a moment that one man could not meet all the requirements of two women. And yet I questioned it thus liking or loving, if you may call it so, of certain people for certain attributes making it possible to love two or even three people at the same time.

is not a very human quality and not confined to either sex.

**Soul Feels the Consolation.**  
My whole bruised soul felt the consolation of Karl's sympathy, silently but beautifully expressed. I loved his selflessness. It seemed to me I had never encountered a man who was so perfectly willing to make me happy at whatever cost to himself.

On the other hand, just to look into John's eyes when they were smiling, just to feel the touch of his hand on my shoulder, just to brush his coat sleeve with my hand made me tingle from head to foot.

He was my man. I knew it. The only thing that I was not sure about was that I was his woman. Right at this moment, I think, I lost all belief in that foolish theory that in all the world there is just one man for one woman and woman for one man.

If that were so, nature is a great bungler and we poor souls are most of us doomed to earthly unhappiness. "What shall I do with these violets?" said Helen. "Do you want your mother to have them?"

"Yes," I answered. "Put them all about her, except this one little bunch which I am going to take with me to my room."

**Pail for the Gasket.**  
"There are enough, you know," said Helen, "to make a pail for the gasket. Shall I have a florist come and make them into one?"

"Yes, and when he is finished have him tie a cluster of Melanion roses in one corner." Helen said nothing more, but went to the phone to give the order to a local florist.

I wanted to get away and be alone, but I was not sure if I went to my room that I would not be disturbed immediately by Alice and John, and I did not feel that I could stand their bickering. It never entered my mind, however, after what John had said to me that he would have any objection to my staying with Helen. I thought, of course, he understood what she had done for me and was willing to let me keep my friend. My mind was disabused of this rather rudely when, before Helen left the telephone, she said, "Someone is calling for you."

"Ask who it is," I answered. "Who is speaking?" said Helen. "Immediately I saw her face suffused with crimson."

"I think it is your husband," she said, turning to me. "He will not give his name."

**Makes No Excuses.**  
I knew that John had said something insulting, or at least rough, to Helen over the phone, but I made no excuse as I took the receiver from her. "Is that you, Katherine?" came in brusque tones.

"Yes," I answered, nonchalantly. "Do you think it quite the thing to make social visits under the circumstances?" he asked sarcastically.

"No, and I am not doing so," I answered as calmly as I could. "Are you not in Mrs. Gaylord's room?" was his query.

"Yes, John."  
"Then I think you had better come immediately to your own."  
(Copyright by National Newspaper Service.)

**TOMORROW—JOHN'S CODE.**

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# Dorothy Dix Talks

BEING A WOMAN

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A group of children were playing underneath my window.

"I am going to be a general, and have medals on my breast and ride a big white horse when I grow up," said one little boy. "I am going to be a doctor when I am a man," said another. "I'm going to have a hotel," proclaimed another little boy. "I'm going to be a woman, when I'm grown," piped up the one small girl whom the boys had condescended to permit to play with them.

"Aw, Marjory isn't going to be anything but a woman when she grows up." "That's nothing!" jeered the little boys.

But I smiled pityingly at Marjory. I knew that she was slated for the hardest job on earth, and that her life work would comprise that of all the careers the little boys had chosen. And then some. For a woman has to be a soldier, a doctor, the family savings bank, and run a hotel that gives food and lodging to man and beast just as sort of side lines to her regular business of life.

We are in the habit of speaking of being a woman as a kind of cinch. Especially if a woman does not have to go out into the world and earn her own living, she is regarded as a "Darling of the Gods," and men are forever telling her how lucky she is, and how easy she has got things, and how thankful she should be that she doesn't have to grapple with the difficulties of a profession as they do.

**Complicated Profession.**  
As a matter of fact, the profession of being a woman is the most complicated, and difficult profession on earth and requires the widest range of knowledge and talents. For a woman, even of just the common, or garden variety, the woman we speak of as just being ordinary, and having no special genius or gifts, must be an expert in so many different lines of endeavor that the wonder is that one small head can hold all she knows, a one pair of hands accomplish all the labor could be strong enough to endure all the strain that she puts upon it.

To begin with, a woman must have the bravery that does not flinch before pain. The most shell-riddled soldier in the battlefield does not go through greater agony than the agony every woman experiences when she goes down into the valley of the shadow to bring up her children. Nor does she pass through a greater danger than she does. If she had her deserters every mother would wear a hero's medal, with palms, upon her breast.

**Woman Must Be Soldier.**  
A woman must be a soldier. A woman must be a fascinator. Every woman who gets a husband must have a certain deftness in casting the spells of a siren over men, and she must do this subtly and insidiously, for custom does not permit her to openly go forth and choose her mate. In some secret way she must conjure to her side the man she desires, and having gotten him she is in for a life-long job of vanishing so that he will not perceive that she grows old, and fat, and loses her girlish figure.

A woman must be a soldier. She must be a siren. She must be a household efficiency expert. She must know how to cook, and how to feed down the butcher and the baker and the corner grocer, and keep the bills down to the last penny. She must know how to camouflage mutton stew into a ragout, and make cake with one egg that will taste like angel's food. She must be a seamstress who can take an old dress and twist and turn it until it looks like new, and convert last spring's hat into a 1920 creation that even her dearest enemy will not recognize.

A woman must be a soldier. She must be a siren. She must be a household efficiency expert. She must be a thrift campaigner and a savings bank, for on the woman who is at the head of a household depends whether the family shall go on to prosperity, or down to the poor house. No man can make headway against a wasteful and

her husband and children the right food. She must be a bacteriologist forever on the still hunt for the nimble and deadly microbe. She must know what to do for minor ailments and be able to bind up Johnny's cut finger, and nurse Mary's cold, and take care of hubby when he has a headache and thinks he is going to die. And she must be able to be on the job of a sick nurse more hours out of the twenty-four than any professional nurse would even consider.

A woman must be a financier. She must be a diplomat of the first class, who knows how to walk on eggs without cracking a shell. She must know how to wheedle money out of a stingy man in the way that makes him think that he is generous. She must know how to rub a cranky man's fur the right way. She must be able to make a man who is a conceited domestic tyrant think that he ought

to smooth down the quarrels between the children and keep the cook and the chambermaid from pulling hair, and any woman who can do these things—and millions of women do them every day—is worthy to be ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to any court on earth. And these are only a few of the stunts that belong to the job of being a woman.

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But this one has been troubling us for a long time—How can a man get a good round sum on the square?

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The body is made of fine mercerized sateen—wears well and washes wonderfully. The sensible front breast strap holds the garment in position comfortably and securely; the buttons are genuine unbreakable bone. The patent pin tube attachment prevents the garter pin from breaking or bending.

The famous Hickory Garters for children are supplied with the Hickory Waist, if desired. Hickory Garters are so well known to mothers everywhere they need little comment, if any. They are guaranteed to stand the hardest strain.

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THE PRIDE OF JAPAN

## TREE

**CHOICEST JAPAN TEA**

IMPORTED BY  
**M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO.**  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**  
**HALF POUND**

## SOLD OUT

Mrs. Mary Butterfield has sold her apartment house at 2474 1/2 Washington avenue and is now located at 332 Twenty-fourth street. Adv.

**WHICH REMINDS US THAT—**  
There are more kicks at a soda fountain than there ever were at a bar.

Entertaining company depends a lot on your acquaintance.