

Winifred Harper Cooley Wonders Why Men Think Us Heartless

Men Think Us Heartless
ARE we "mercenary, trivial, and unstick-to-you-ive-selfish?" Those are the qualities ascribed to our sex by a man whom I know. He is not a grouch and a misanthrope, or a misogynist, but a kindly, but he honestly thinks we are heartless.

Undoubtedly, some men have found some women so craven and selfish that bitterness such as this welled up and found expression, and this expression met with enthusiasm from a large reading public. But opposed to this is the quadrant of another poet who wrote:

Winifred Harper Cooley
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ALL fairness passes to consider an indictment so hard and so serious. A man of intelligence would not make such sweeping assertions merely because of some one's disillusionment. He would have common sense enough to know that any one might have an occasional disappointment, or be mistaken in his estimate of a friend or lover.

Being brought up from babyhood to "work" father, or brother, for a gift or some money, and to regard a husband as "eligible" if he can support you well, we cannot be surprised that you devote to secure the best provider you can find. It is reprehensible, but natural.

Mrs. Wilson Tells How to Vary Their Taste, So Serve Clams Often in Warm Weather
Have Them With a Piquant Sauce, Bake With Cheese, Mix With Leftover Meat or Mince Them Into Nourishing Omelet

By MRS. M. A. WILSON
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THE oyster is out of season during the summer months, and the clam is a sea food, replaces the succulent oyster. There are many varieties of clams which give the housewife a variety, so that she may serve the little neck clam as in cocktails, the cherry-stones in the half shell and the large clam in an gratin, chowders, deviled or as fritters.

Mined Clam Omelet
Mince three large clams fine and drain well; now place in small saucepan.
Two tablespoons of butter.
Add clams and cook for three minutes. Place three tablespoons of butter to melt in another skillet and heat slowly while preparing the omelet.

Deviled Clams
The real success of this dish will depend upon accurate measurements so follow recipe carefully.
Mince six clams fine and drain; now measure the clam juice, and add sufficient milk to make one cup. Place in frying pan and fry a golden brown in smoking hot fat. Serve with tartar sauce.

Clam and Beefsteak Steak
Mince fine cold left-over steak; place the steak in skillet and add:
Two one and one-quarter cups of the finely minced steak,
Three tablespoons of butter,
One-quarter cup of flour, sifted over.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA
Dear Cynthia—In answer to your kind advice and He-Male's letter, I wish to say all big girls love little men and know that short stature makes an object of affection for the tall of the opposite sex. No girl has answered my letter, which proves the Philly girls admit that they are half-grown runts, except a few. I want to marry a big American girl and will keep on until I find my ideal. I am very handsome, have brilliant red hair and pretty eyes. Big girls are soft-hearted and easy to manage; they make good, obedient wives. When they need to be corrected, it is easier on the man to turn his big wife across a chair and give her a good, hearty spanking. The average working girl does not know how short a man is if he has money and can make a good home for her. I stand four feet ten inches with my shoes on, weigh 140 pounds and have a splendid shape. Every healthy girl should get a good spanking to keep her subject to her parents. T. H.

Wants to Hear From "Benny" and "Just David"
Dear Cynthia—I certainly was encouraged to read "Benny's" letter. May I say a few words to him? I am very glad you like my letter. There are many girls who have the same ideas as myself, but do not express them. The majority of our young men prefer the painted dolls. I was just beginning to get into my disquiet when I read your letter. I've changed my mind a bit. It seems I cannot make a hit with the kind I want. Oh, for I would like to meet you, but it seems impossible. Who knows?—Some day we may meet. Since we cannot meet, would you personally let me correspond through this wonderful column. I hope you'll answer my letter and tell me more about yourself.

His Recipe for Popularity
Dear Cynthia—Answer me a question, please, Cynthia? How do the boys have the nerve to say because they are not looking for a girl to marry, they enjoy the company of the females? I cite my case.
I'm the world's ugliest fellow, bar none. I hold all titles and sobriquets. I am seventeen years old and have "code" of lady friends. I have a good share of beauty. The question my friends ask me is, "Why do you not marry?" Now all you pretty boys hearken to the tale that I have four invitations to social affairs before me as I inscribe these letters. I am to be filled within ten days. I am popular with the ladies everywhere. I am a success in my own way. How do you admire them. It never fails. I know, because I've tried it. I have a recipe for popularity. I can dance just a waltz, but I never miss a dance at a party or evening where I am. I also am not a swell dresser. Just as plain as you or any other fellow. I have a few dollars, but I never have enough to talk about, so finance does not enter into the argument. I can read, but I don't like to read. I like the looks of "Sir Galahad." Don't fret, but use my advice. I am the King of Ugly Men. Write me, Cynthia, and I'll send you my recipe for popularity. My address is: BEAU BRUMMEL, 1922.

A Poem From a Lover
Dear Cynthia—What is the greatest thing in the world, asks Drummond, and the answer is "love." Love is the service of affection, and it is not a selfish thing. It is a love that is not a selfish thing. It is a love that is not a selfish thing. It is a love that is not a selfish thing.

Read Your Character
Somber Coat vs. Flashy Necktie
Today you will please assume, for the sake of an illustration of the value of character, that you are selling a certain make of high-priced automobile of superlative performance. You have two "live" prospects. One of them, you have noticed, is a man who, though he dresses well and in good taste, wears rather somber and conservative clothing. The other one patronizes a tailor with an eye for style, leans a bit to the extreme in the cut of his suits, and has a decided weakness for gorgeous silk shirts and flashy neckties.

What's What
By Helen Decie
An Augusta (Ga.) correspondent asks: "When dessert is served, should the dinner plate be pushed aside to make room for the dessert plate? If so, at what angle should the dinner plate be placed?"

A NEW SWEATER—IT'S COOL



This year's loose, flowing sleeves have even gone so far as to get themselves incorporated into a sweater. This will be welcome news to the girl whose dainty hand and delicate wrist look best when her sleeve falls away from the arm. White is the ground of this sweater, while a dark color is used to form stripes.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT
"An Ethical Interlude"
"FUDDLESTICKS!" ejaculated Virginia, obviously annoyed. Paul looked up to see her occupied with a current magazine. "Some more philosophy you don't agree with, honey, or is the story continued in our next?" he asked mildly. "I don't know where the philosophy or the story is, but it seems to me to be awfully silly," Paul merely smiled—having gained knowledge from experience. "Here's a woman writing about married women in business and she says that the same rules a wife applies to managing her home and husband will make for success in a business or a profession. Isn't that an awful odd and out-and-dried way to look at it?" Paul looked grave. "Why, honey, I don't know but it's about right." "Paul! Why, honey, I don't follow any rule or method of managing or trying to manage you, and we seem to get on pretty nicely together." He twinkled across the table at her. "Oh, well, you're a genius. You're 'Don't you dare tease,' warned Virginia sternly. "And I'm a sort of self-starter and have an automatic control, you know," added Paul brazenly. "You don't really have to manage me, and I don't really have to manage you. You're just a girl, aren't you, dear?" she murmured sweetly. "But it is probably a fact that the same principles that make for a successful business man, do make for a successful home man, at that," said Paul seriously. "After all, every one of us has a line of basic ethical conduct, the right thought, I mean, and so long as it's standard the way it is, it ought to work to the same successful end in home-making as in business. I don't see why you're publishing this treatise."

Nowadays the Plait's the Thing
Plaits are allowed as much freedom as the modern child. There is no place where they do not run around, and as the summer advances the plait advances with it. From Paris have just come lately, for example, some exquisite crepe and chiffon gowns which are tucked solidly from shoulder to neckline, where the tide of plaits is at last stemmed by a deep band of plain material in contrasting color.

Interesting Women
Dr. Irene Morse, who has been decorated by the French Government for her services, was the first woman professor in the University of Wyoming. Mrs. Culla J. Vaynhir, the first woman to receive nomination for a seat in the Indiana State Senate, has long been prominent as a temperance reformer. One of America's foremost cotton exporters, E. H. Galkin of New York, whose chief business is to determine the quality and color of cloth.

Tomorrow—Why Are Telegraph Poles on Curves Never Upright?
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The Unconscious Sinner

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR
Cleo Ridgfield is the type of girl who unconsciously tempts men to love her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide, and is saved by his guardian, Carey Phelps. Carey, believing Cleo to be a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her and to obtain revenge for a wrong she has done to him with Dick, plans to win her heart and marry her. His idea is to tell her the entire truth after they are married and to succeed in persuading her to give up the idea of big seducing and to marry him secretly. On her wedding day Cleo is filled with doubts and fears.

Misgivings
CLEO started almost as if she were suddenly waking out of a dream as the taxi drew up with a jerk. The next minute Carey was hurrying her along under an awning that protected the sidewalk from the rain, and through a lighted entrance. She waited a little shyly while he registered at the desk, and then they were whisked upstairs in an elevator with a uniformed attendant in charge of their bags. A moment later they were alone. Cleo stood irresolutely before the bureau. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and her face seemed very white while her eyes were unusually large and dark. Suddenly she realized that she was waiting; waiting for that moment of tenderness that Carey had not shown since the ceremony. He had made no attempt to touch her, but she had put his arms, but now that they were alone, surely it would happen!

Paul and Virginia (continued)
"Will I do?" she asked shyly, her lips suddenly tremulous. Ever since she had been alone with Carey she had been fighting to get her feet out of the panic that she had felt in the church, and it had been an effort inasmuch as everything was so new and strange. "Yes, I think you'll do," he said liberally. "Some pearls might add to your appearance. You'll have to learn some new tricks now that you have a husband, Cleo. Perhaps if you could wear a few more pearls, it would be more successful business enterprises in the knowledge was universal downtown. "Always give the other fellow credit for knowing just as much as you do," said Paul slowly. "The worst thing for a business man or a mere husband to forget is that he doesn't know more than the other fellow. That's why so many business men get fooled—and that's another reason for so much traffic in the divorce courts." Virginia pondered. "That sounds—well, it sounds reasonable," she smiled presently. "Foolishness and reason. But you'd be astonished at the number of business men who imagine they are the smartest men in the world."

Tomorrow—Saying It With Flowers
How Man Learned to Send Messages
From the earliest times man has found it desirable to send messages by messenger or signal. The Indians used smoke signaling. With a smoke-producing fire and a blanket or shield, smoke clouds were produced varying in size and density by covering the fire at intervals with the blankets. The early Greeks used Marathon runners. When the horse was domesticated messengers rode horses and by establishing relays where fresh mounts were ready, fast delivery was possible. This was the "pony telegraph." Long ago, and even today, African natives sent messages across the continent by beating drums, almost as fast as the telegraph. Before we discovered the principle of the ground wire, natives of South America knew how to drive sticks into the ground several miles apart and send messages by tapping the sticks, the tapping being heard at the stick far away. When Morse invented the telegraph in 1844 they used complete circuit of wire. But when he discovered the principle of the "ground wire" and that the earth itself could be made to act as the return wire, building telegraph lines became more economical.

The Woman's Exchange
To "E. W."
Take your dog to a veterinarian or inquire about one of the pet shops listed in the classified section of the telephone directory. I am sure you will learn how to make him better. To Be Missionary
To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am coming to you with my troubles. I am a young girl, nineteen years of age, and I would like to know if it is possible for me to join some missionary society. I have no money, and the only thing I can give is myself, which I will gladly do. If possible, please let me know where to apply to find out all about them and if I can be of any use to you. You should have a talk with the pastor of your church about doing missionary work. He will tell you all about it and he will be eager to help you, I am sure. There is always a great need for people in this world, and I am sure you are very sincere about it as you are.

No Age Is Dangerous for Those Whose Minds and Lives Are Busy

An Old Lady of Eighty-one, Who Is Still Managing Her Own Business, Says That Idleness Brings the Real Danger
I HEAR so much about the "dangerous age," said a woman of eighty-one, who is still managing her own shop. "I don't think any age is dangerous for some one who is employed." "I didn't mean that everybody should work as long as she has, and she didn't mean to scoff at anybody who is unemployed. What she meant was that, if you are not idle, you don't have time to get into the trouble that idleness so often brings. It is people who don't have enough to do who make so much trouble for other people and themselves. They dabble in things. Some art or cult or way of thinking appeals to them in an unguarded moment. Immediately because they have nothing else with which to occupy their time—they seize upon it and begin a frenzied study of it. They drop everything that they have known and believed all their lives in their exaggerated interest in the new-comer. After a short time it palls, as such half-grown newcomers always do. They don't believe in one thing, another thing has fallen them, and they have given up that good old standby. And so they think the world is all wrong. WHEN you are busy, filling your days with interests that may be simple and obscure as far as the rest of the world is concerned, but important to you and your world, you don't have time to find out the "wrongness" of things. You cling to the faiths and beliefs of your fathers and mothers. They don't believe in one thing, another thing has fallen them, and they have given up that good old standby. And so they think the world is all wrong. BUT the women who talk about the "dangerous age," and the danger of this and the danger of that, are women who have so little to do, and whose husbands have so much to do, and they think they have to amuse themselves with other men. They find the world strangely awfully too. People who gossip, people who spread scandal, people who find fault, people who try to change the whole complexion of the country, people who are nervous and unhappy, are almost invariably women who have so much "loose time" on their hands that they don't know how to do with it. There is so much to be done, too. It isn't necessary to run your own business, or have a shop, or work in a factory, or punch a time-clock, or do anything else, to have a lot to do. There are more people than enough to take care of that end of it. But there are houses to be kept beautiful, and made comfortable, and people to be cheered, hungry people to be fed, lonely people to be sought out, why, you can't number all the possibilities for helpful, necessary occupation. They are waiting for some one to take them up.

Two Minutes of Optimism
By HERMAN J. STICH
Wanted—Men to Rob Neptune
According to recent news dispatches, an expedition has been organized for the salvaging of the more valuable parts of the Lusitania. The report says that the bulk itself lies too deep to raise from its resting place in the depths of the Irish Sea; but special machinery has been constructed to reach the bottom of the wreck. The German sea ghouls; no great difficulty is foreseen because the exact location of the ship is known and the belief is that she is in an upright position. Estimates of the gold in the wreck run into the millions; a single passenger is said to have deposited \$75,000 with the Lusitania purser; while Madame Antoinette de Page, wife of the medical director of the Belgian Red Cross, is reported to have carried more than \$100,000. Perhaps this news itself is ordinary news, but the recovery of men in offices and factories must have felt a quickening of the pulse when they read the brief dispatch. For the moment confining walls fade away into the dim horizons of the tossing ocean swell; the deck becomes the steering wheel of the salvage ship; the workman's cap turned into a diver's helmet; commonplace companions of the workaday world were transformed into adventurers in search of a more than golden fleece; security and comfort were forgotten in the spell of the siren lure of the treasure hidden beneath the waves. A hundred similar schemes must be afoot unknown to the world at large; who can say how many inventors are puzzling over devices to thwart old Father Neptune's jealous guard and add a fathom to the depth at which man may work and recover the valuables lost at sea? For a thousand years the god of the deep has taken his toll; his treasure vaults hold the ransom of myriads of kings; the profits which St. Francis Drake was able to wrest from the loaded galleons of the Spanish Main are but a piker's pittance compared with the plethoric hoards of wealth of today. The invasion of the ocean's depths is a fascinating problem, and science with an ever-watchful eye for accomplishment as well as for profit, has largely enlisted in the contest; and with science enrolled, he would be a foolish prophet who would place a limit on the possibilities of enormous recoveries within the next few years. It will require brave and hardy men to rob Neptune of his loot; but when you are well known to be lacking for such hazardous enterprises? The "Wanted" sign will not stay for long.

Simple Fashions
Simplicity. This is the abstract word covering the juvenile fashions which reign in our metropolises. By and by Miss Van Muffet may have brought out in society at a cost of \$5,000 or \$80,000. No hint of this later extravagance is allowed to intrude upon her game of ball or of hide and seek. Yet will she find her new wearing the plainest of little wash frocks, accompanied by a cape or coat of serge or tweed. With this she is likely to show the Milan straw encircled by field flowers. For the Traveler
If you're planning to do any traveling this summer, it's a wise thing to have a few of our undergarments made of cotton crepe, because this means that you can wash them yourself, and they don't have to be ironed. So the laundry problem won't worry you, and the material is cool to wear, too.

Things You'll Love to Make
Jet Head Dress
You can make this captivating JET HEADRESS very easily. Measure a piece of fine silk-covered wire to fit around the crown of your head. String around the crown of your head, leaving a small space between beads. Join another piece of the wire to one end of the first piece. Run the second wire through the first bead. Then string a number of smaller beads, according to wire, using as many as will make a loop the length you want. Bend the wire to form the loop. Run the second wire through the second bead. Make the second loop the same as the first, but a little longer. Continue in this way until the lovely JET HEADRESS is complete. Twist the four ends together and fasten a large bead, ornament, or buckle at the back to cover the joining.

Tea's Tea
A quick eye-opener for breakfast, a perfect pick-me-up at noon and for afternoon and evening, a restful, cheering refreshment—that's Tea's Tea. Its flavor is an inspiration—its fragrance a delight.
Tea's Tea Orange Pekoe
106 So. 13th St. Just below Chestnut