Winnifred Harper Cooley Wonders Why Selfish Man Is Generally the Most Adored

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

SEAFARING men have a pretty bad name when it comes to fickleness. Whether they are fundamentally more unstable and dishonorable than the rest of mankind, or whether it is a matter of being kept away from feminine society for so long that they take it in allopathic doses, can scarcely be determined. But their reputation for philandering is established.

Commercial travelers also are believed to be gay dogs, but they can be more readily found out. The sailor touches port in India or China, or Australia, loves and promises, then sails away for years. When he returns to that port—if he ever does return—he can scarcely recall whether she was a blonde or brunette. Certainly, no one holds him to an accounting for his misdemeanors, and as Kipling says, he "takes his love where he finds it," and feels no sense of responsibility.

How many a trusting maiden thrilled at the wooing of the mast-encircling tar in the picture-play of same, his white cap set rakishly on one side, and his strong throat exposed in true romantic style. How many a maid believed herself honestly loved, and speak in his vows of constancy, and in the long years that followed, waited and yearned and prayed for his return—in vain! Truly, "women must weep."

All this is an old, old story, but the feminine problem always is fresh. We are reminded of the sailor boss by a charming drama now playing in New York. It is a pretty true picture of life, except that it ends too happily.

Fancy a picture little village dressmaker, romantic as sixteen folks are apt to be, and keen for the sea, because behind her are the traditions of maritime ancestors and a captain father.

No beaux are her gay portion, as they are that of the well-to-do girls of the little seaport. How marvelous and incredible does it seem then, when a handsome young gob makes up to her! She invites him to supper, and labors to captivate him, as women always have and always will. Hot biscuits and a lovely gown, and flowers and candles, all are lavished on his matter-of-fact and prosaic soul. When he kisses her, the innocent creature believes that they are betrothed, and when he is summoned away, she swears she will wait and watch for him, if it be forever.

She was no passive, inert girl. She was "some little bear cat," as he would have put it, and, when she inherits an old ship, she uses her little fortune in an effort to find her sailor and make him master of the vessel. As he has the name of Smith, she searches for all the Smiths on all the boats, giving Smith parties and inviting Smith sailors, hoping that one will prove to be her hero. At last, he does drift in to a dance on deck, and never even recognizes the hostess as the girl who had entertained him at supper! But her eagerness touches him, in his careless soul, and he allows her to reconstruct their past, and pretends that he has been yearning to return to her.

In all, four years elapse before she can cajole him into a marriage, but in the end he graciously and patronizingly capitulates. All that ecstasy is hers, that she will be able to adore and be kind and sure for him.

What a pathetic and universal little story. How numbers of women ever will wake up to the great waste in worshiping selfish men. Were not there some of the affectionate and considerate type in that village? If so, could she not have wed a real husband who would realize her sterling qualities, and not take everything for granted as his right, as one of the "perquisites of creation"? This is an eternal problem. It seems as if women in general prefer the callous and demanding kind of mate. Possibly their instinct to mother a man causes them to yearn to minister. But it does seem unfair.

Though this is of moleskin, evening wraps of any sort would do well to follow the picturesque Spanish style. Even to the fringe.

The Raisin Is Feature of Recipes Mrs. Wilson Brings From Spanish Mission

Cake Fragrant With Fruit, an Attractive Breakfast Dish and Several Well-Mixed Sauces All Make Use of This California Product

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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TO MY mind the most beautiful sight in the early fall days is in the beautiful, sentimental old Spanish mission valleys of old California. Spring time is a time when the air is fragrant with the budding blossoms, and the song of the bees as it sips the nectar from each blossom. Then comes the summer time, with the warm rays of the sun to ripen and mature the fruit of vine and tree, and then come the harvest days, with the refreshing cool mornings and evenings, and the garnering of the fruit of the vine.

The raisin has become a very staple crop in the California State, and it is said on good authority that this wonderful industry will bring a living to those who are engaged in growing this fruit. was first started by two women who had migrated from the bleak New England shores to the Golden State in search of health.

I have some splendid recipes that have come from the old Spanish mission valley, some of them jealously guarded as secrets for over 200 years, and I have to thank Padre Philippe for quite a few of them.

Padre Philippe is the Padre of a little mission church in the valley, and his aged tante keeps house for him. Tante Marie tells me that many have sought the recipes, but she would not give them away and only that the Padre urged her to give to those who are so far from the sunny San Joaquin Valley a taste of the delicacies made from raisins, I know I would have been unable to persuade Tante Marie to let me see that wonderful old recipe book, made of parchment and written in Spanish.

A Spanish Fruit Cake

Place three cups of flour in mixing bowl and add

One-half teaspoon of salt.
Five level teaspoons of baking powder.

Sift three times. Now place in saucepan

Two cups of honey.
One cup of brown sugar.
One-half cup cocoa.
One cup of coffee.
Two level teaspoons of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
Three-quarters teaspoon of allspice.
One-half teaspoon of cloves.
One teaspoon of ginger.

Heat slowly to boiling point and cook for two minutes; now place two packages seeded raisins which have been chopped fine in mixing bowl and pour over the prepared syrup. Stir well and blend, cool and then add

Two-thirds cup of melted butter.
The prepared flour.
Six well-beaten eggs.
One package of seedless raisins.
Two cups of finely chopped nuts.
One cup of finely chopped preserved ginger.
Grated rind of one orange and lemon.
One cup of candied citron, cut very fine.
One cup of prunes, cut in tiny bits.
One cup of evaporated peaches, cut in tiny bits.

Blend well and turn in a cake pan that is lined with three thicknesses of well-greased and floured paper. Bake in oven 275 degrees Fahrenheit, for two and one-half hours. Let cool in the pan and then remove from the pan, spread with honey, cover with wax paper and place in large crock or pan and cover closely; stand away for two weeks or longer to ripen. This cake is then iced and decorated with candied fruit and is used on special festive occasions.

Raisin Fritters

(Padre's Breakfast Dish)

Place in mixing bowl

Yolks of two eggs.
Three tablespoons of powdered sugar.
Two tablespoons of butter.

Cream, then add

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

and beat to smooth batter; now add

One teaspoon of vanilla.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
The stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.
One-half package of seeded raisins.

Drop by spoonfuls in smoking hot fat and cook for two minutes. Lift with skimmer and drain well, turn on soft paper, dust with powdered sugar and cinnamon and serve with raisin sauce.

Raisin Sauce

Place in saucepan

One cup of honey.
Three-quarters cup of brown sugar.
Two cups of cold water.
Two level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and bring to boiling point, cook for three minutes, then add

One-quarter package of seeded raisins.
One teaspoon of vanilla.
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg.

Simmer slowly for five minutes.

Raisin Gnaunche

Place in saucepan

One quart of water.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg.
One teaspoon of salt.
One cup of honey.
Three-quarters cup of brown sugar.

Bring to boiling point and add one cup of rice flour (granulated spices), and cook until thick like mush, and when the mixture will hold the spoon upright add

One package of seeded raisins.
One cup of finely chopped nuts.
One cup of finely chopped preserved ginger.

Mix in the form well, and then turn in a loaf-shaped pan to mold, set aside over night to mold and then cut in slices about one inch thick, dip in flour, then in beaten egg and milk, and then roll in fine bread crumbs, fry a golden brown in smoking hot fat. Serve with salsa de Angeles.

Adventures With a Purse

HOW many times have you wanted a bit of note paper and found there wasn't a piece to be had, and you trusted to your memory, and found that it failed you? A phone number, the name of a piece you heard at the theatre, so many things. There comes a diminutive note book of metal, the top of imitation alligator, lavender, green or black, whichever color you may desire, and a tiny pencil fits into a loop at the side of the book. It is about an inch across and not more than an inch longer, and has slips of paper inside. Not large enough to hold much, to be sure, but awfully convenient, and besides they would make awfully nice favors for that luncheon. They cost $1.

A bracelet made of tiny seed pearls—seed pearls such as have been wrapped about the full, rich throats of the ladies of court. Tiny pearls in which is found lurking a bit of lavender and bats, all those lovely colors caught in the pearl. Four strings of them, fastened together, and a hanging tassel of the pearls to caress the slender arm of the wearer. For evening wear they would be very lovely, and are priced at $2.

For names or shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

Pictures, Number and Character

It is well to have few pictures rather than many. Avoid the cluttering of walls. If one picture is sufficient for a space do not use two. If the wall surface is light in relative tone, such as a Morris or Grote paper or a cretonne effect, use more. Remember in crowding, we are not attempting art galleries; the clustering in a house are part of the decoration, and all decoration should be considered with proportionate.

In those who wish to make their selection with a definite purpose in mind, be sure, in order to get that result, which the picture are to go and then their positions in the rooms. Do not put a draped Holbein in a Rococo boudoir; do not use a distinctly modern picture in a room patently of the past; do not purchase anything that will be out of scale with the space in which it is to go or out of harmony with the surroundings.

See things as a whole. Avoid monotony in the choice of pictures as in everything else, but do not hang right pictures in wrong rooms or put together things that are alien in character—a madonna and a fox hunt, for example.

Tomorrow—"Oil Paintings"

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

John Steele takes Anne Temple home with him on a stormy night when he finds her asleep in his car. Marcia Steele, John's mother, has always wanted him to marry Katherine Cleveland, a woman in their own set, and she is afraid that John may become unduly interested in the stranger. During the battle for her life, Steele falls desperately in love with Anne, but when he asks her to be his wife, she refuses. Marcia, unknown to John, has arranged for Anne to take a position as governess, but in spite of the girl's refusal to marry him, Steele is determined not to let her go. The morning after his proposal of marriage, Anne disappears, but she returns that evening and tells Steele she has reconsidered and will marry him.

The Bargain

IT WAS little enough that Steele had to be happy about, but he was happy, even exultant. Something had made Anne change her mind, but for the present he was not concerned with that. It was enough for him to know that she had changed her mind, that she had promised to marry him. And, with that thought he could not be anything but confident of the future. Some day she would love him and he was willing to wait with the knowledge in his heart that he could not fail. Hadn't he succeeded so far? This last triumph had proved that fact conclusively.

"I don't want you to go into this thing blindly," Anne had said. "I must tell you something now so that you may change your mind before it is too late."

For a moment Steele had a wild hope that she might be going to confide to him about her past, but she shattered that by her next words.

"Can you marry me knowing nothing about my past? And will you promise never to ask any questions? It's a great deal to ask. I don't see how you could love me enough for that."

She stopped and her face flushed scarlet. He hadn't said that he loved her. He had merely asked her to be his wife.

He took a step forward, and then stopped, his hands clenched at his sides.

"I don't care anything about your past," he said quickly. "Don't you suppose I know by looking at you that you have done nothing wrong, and that whatever you have to conceal, you are keeping secret for some very good reason?"

He came suddenly very close to her, but she did not shrink away. She stood perfectly still with her wide eyes fixed on his face. He took her chin in his hand and tipped back her head.

"Anne, you trust me?"

"Yes," she said very softly after a moment's hesitation.

"You believe me when I say that you're free?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a time looking down into her face.

"Will you marry me?" he said finally.

"Whenever you say." The words came quickly, almost eagerly. If he had not been so completely wrapped up in his own desires and longings he would have noticed the eagerness in her voice, and wondered at it, for the one thought was of the fact that she was willing to marry him soon.

"We'll make it immediately, a quiet wedding. I suppose you'd rather have it that way."

Again just that quiet tone—colorless. She was merely acquiescing and succeeding. It was as though fate or souls up her mind to do this thing, she would rather have it over as soon as possible.

But if Steele had but known it, Anne wanted to be married without delay. She had come to the end of her rope, there was no other way out, and there was one important thing that her marriage would give her, something that she needed desperately, that she had to have at all costs—money. She had given very little thought to what her marriage to Steele might mean, but there was something about him that made her instinctively trust him. It seemed to her as though feeling of any kind were dead in her forever, and he had assured her that he would respect her wishes.

If Anne had been able to look into the future she would have realized that nowhere in the world would there have been for her than marriage with John Steele, but of course she did not know that when she promised to be his wife.

Tomorrow—Marcia Plays the Game

Of Patent Leather

Jimboy has a new toy which he's specially attached to, and it's a good thing, too, because it's the kind that won't wear out quickly, the kind that he can pull after him over the floor or even throw out of his little cart in moments when he forgets he likes it so much. Jimboy's mother, of course, is pleased as anything that he likes Mr. Bunny so much, because she herself made the toy out of a piece of patent leather.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers must enclose stamps for that purpose.

Strong for the West

Dear Cynthia—In reading your column I saw a letter from Pittsburgh and will say right now that if anything comes from the West it is good. I wish I were there. But as my business is to the East I must stay. I sure would like to get acquainted with Miss Pittsburgh. But, result would be impossible. You may publish this if you wish, as I am not ashamed of anything that comes from the West.

LONESOME LEE LEE.

She's Cheered Up

Dear Cynthia—May I spare a few words to "Blondy"? I read your letter and sympathize deeply and I certainly agree with you. It really did cheer me up to see your letter, for I had been crying all morning and thought nothing after coming across an expression of a single young man I would often sit and cry for a long time. After reading your letter and the other letters I have not done so, so that is an improvement. It takes ever so much for nothing much to cheer me, but I never felt better after I wrote such a nice letter whether he was a looker or what he was. Here's hoping future success as a boxer, "Blondy," you're agent.

Say, I think Bob must be a peach to be so sympathetic. I hope that some day years from now this wonderful column will still be in existence and that we both write again after enjoying our share of young men's companionship and telling each other of guests we've had.

It is really very encouraging to receive letters from "Bachelorette" considering her own circumstances, and that she is seven miles away from his own district. Many thanks. All would be well indeed were a few more like you. Thanks, "Lonely Stranger." I am very glad you agree with me about the sugar. If ever I become very wealthy I shall endeavor to arrange just such things as our prizes. And last, but not least, I thank Cynthia for her valuable advice. I suppose my real trouble is selfconsciousness.

NOT SO LONELY, UNHAPPY AND MISERABLE.

So glad we've all been able to cheer you up.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

By MISS CHARL ORMAND WILLIAMS

President of the National Education Association

Frozen Strawberries

One quart ripe strawberries
Two egg whites (unbeaten).
Sugar to sweeten (exact quantity of this fruit to exact portion of sugar can be given).

Mash strawberries with a fork, add enough sugar to sweeten heavily, let stand about an hour, if possible. Add the unbeaten egg whites, turn into an ice cream freezer, freeze and serve.

Other fruits may be used with this same recipe.

Tomorrow—Bibesco Salad, by Princess Bibesco.

Things You'll Love to Make

A Shower Cap That Will Keep the Hair Dry

A shower bath is always refreshing provided it does not wet the hair. Here is a shower cap that is both practical and attractive. Cover an ordinary rubber bathing cap with pretty cretonne. Trim the edges with bias bands of some other material. Run a piece of rubber elastic through the casing made by the trimming bands. This elastic will hold the cap snugly to the head and thus prevent the water from entering the cap and wetting the hair. This shower cap can be used for a bathing cap as well.

FLORA.

A Baby's Hand Is the Dearest, Most Lovable Thing in the World

To See It Resting Trustfully on Daddy's Shoulder Is to Love the Tiny Owner of It Before You See Him

IT LOOKED as if the man were sitting all by himself on the outside of the seat in the train.

But just then the little boy in the seat directly in front of him turned half around and waved his hand.

And then the tiniest little hand you ever saw appeared from that empty part of the seat beside the man and opened and shut, opened and shut, in return to the wave.

Is there anything dearer in the world than a baby's hand?

This was a chubby one, with short rounded fingers and a dimple for each one.

It made you love the rest of the baby even before you saw it.

THEN a white pique hat appeared, pulled down rakishly on one side.

A pair of eyes peered over the back of the seat, big eyes, blue ones with the light of exploration in them.

Golden curls made riot over the side of the head that was not entirely covered by the white pique hat, and one tried hard to escape its confines on the other side.

The mouth, as it also came into view above the plush of the seat, matched the hands—curved and dimpled and a little wobbly and soft.

It looked about the car for a moment, gathering admirers as it gazed, this baby face, and then the boy in the other seat called and waved again.

There was a fleeting glimpse of a delicious smile as the face turned back and then that wonderful little hand went up again, opened, shut, opened and shut, in response to the wave.

If you didn't love that thing and especially the hand, there was something acutely wrong with you.

WHY, a baby's soft, curly little hand reaching up to clasp your finger trustfully takes close hold of your heart at that very minute.

To see it planted confidently on daddy's shoulder as he carries the baby.

It is so expressive of complete trust and faith in daddy's strength and power.

And to see it reaching upward to draw mother's head down and circle lovingly about her neck while a secret is whispered in her ear.

Tradition has mothers weeping when their boy's hair is cut short.

But I should think they would weep more bitterly to see their boys' hands gradually losing that baby softness and roundness and gaining the compact hardness that goes with boyhood.

Girls don't lose the baby look quite so early, but soon enough their hands begin to get capable and then mother knows that the dimples must go and with them the dependence and babyhood of their owner.

She will no longer be asked to "Fix this" by something whose helpless hands have been fumbling patiently for fifteen minutes with the button of a doll's dress, or the lid of a box.

GOD'S handiwork is seen at its greatest and most imposing by travelers who journey for miles to stand enthralled before towering mountains, to gaze down upon vast distances of valley and plain, to maintain awe-struck silence before a mighty waterfall.

But the touch of the Creator is nowhere so apparent as in the exquisite perfection of a baby's hand.

It seems as if, coming so recently from Him, that bit of soft, rosy, dimpled flesh had retained some of its heavenliness for the rest of us mortals to gaze upon and wonder at.

It is the symbol of babyhood—and babyhood makes the most unattractive child the object of dearest love.

The Woman's Exchange

About "C. J.'s" Stamps

To the Editor of Woman's Page.

Dear Madam—Having read C. J.'s letter in the column I want to tell you that I would be very glad to appraise the stamps spoken of. I am a private collector of stamps myself, and intensely interested in my hobby. G. E. S.

If C. J. will write, I shall be glad to furnish the name of this stamp-lover.

Freshening Taffeta

To the Editor of Woman's Page.

Dear Madam—Kindly advise what I could use to take a grease spot out of a Harding blue taffeta dress. It was made by gravy spotting it. M. M. M.

Carbon tetrachloride will remove this for you, and you can purchase a solution at any druggists. Apply a little with a soft cloth using a circular motion, and not rubbing very hard.

Note to Stranger

To the Editor of Woman's Page.

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish a little informal note I could use to send to some girls whom I do not know, but who are friends of a friend of mine for whom I am going to give a shower? A. M. F.

Write: "My dear Miss Smith, or such-and-such a date, I am giving a shower for Helen Brown, and I would very much like to have you come. Helen has often spoken of you; it will seem so nice to meet you. I do hope you can come."

To Anxiously Waiting

Since your teeth are in good condition, this must be some digestive disturbance, and a physician would be able to help you correct it. Using an antiseptic mouthwash, which you can have recommended to you at any drug store, will take away the unpleasant odor temporarily.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

The "bike" is most popular in autumn when the weather is neither too hot nor too cold for comfort. But there are other discomforts to step for pedestrians who are not prudent enough to equip themselves sensibly for a long countryside walk. The figure to the left is an attractive study in "still life," but her picture hat, her high-heeled pumps and airy chiffons are absurdly inappropriate for a walking trip.

The girl on the right is dressed sensibly and her pedestrian outfit is in perfect taste, from her sturdy military heels to her natty little weather-proof hat.

Bright Satin Glacier Makes This Gown

By CORINNE LOWE

The evening frock shown today is of white satin glacier. Whatever else you don't do, you should make it your day's chore to commit this one name, for some of the most stunning evening creations coming over to us now are of this satin, which, in addition to being puffed and crinkled, has a wonderful shimmering brilliance.

This material doesn't need much trimming. It is ornate enough in itself. However, fur is often employed effectively. Here the design of the dress with its whimsical substitution of a bow on one arm in place of a sleeve and its twisted girdle below the hips makes it self-sufficient.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

How the Gyroscope Steers Airplanes

The automatic gyro-pilot is a gyroscopic instrument which controls the steering apparatus of an airplane or balloon, in the same manner that a human pilot does it, although the automatic pilot is more dependable.

Elmer A. Sperry made a thorough study of the subject and figured out that a gyroscope could be used, not to hold the plane upright by force, as suggested, but to control the steering gears in the same manner as a pilot only more positively and quickly. After great study and much experimenting along these lines, his son Lawrence assisting and carrying out all the flying tests, he produced the Airplane Stabilizer, now called the Automatic Pilot.

In Paris, in May, 1914, Lawrence Sperry in competition with many other aviators won the French prize of $10,000 for an automatically controlled airplane.

This stabilizer consisted of four gyroscopes, two for controlling the rudder and two for controlling the elevator and ailerons. Since that time the automatic pilot has been modified and includes only two gyroscopes, one for the rudder and one for the ailerons etc. The automatic pilot is used at its best on large planes and dirigibles, where the physical strain on the aviator is greatest. With this instrument the aviator merely gets his altitude and course, then throws in the automatic pilot, which will keep the airplane or dirigible at the set altitude and on the set course. When it is desired to change the course or altitude, the automatic pilot is thrown out of operation, the course or altitude changed, and the instrument thrown in again. A new development of this stabilizing idea is used to control the roll of ships at sea. When these gyroscopes are installed on all ships, they will do away with seasickness.

Tomorrow—"What Is the Origin of the Term 'Better Half'?"

WHAT THE FEMALE SAID OF KIPLING

In his "Female of the Species," Kipling wrote very frankly of woman. Now one of the dreaded species tells tales about Kipling, rippling the surface of international content. To know more about his fair interviewer, read first-page feature in Magazine Section of Sunday PUBLIC LEDGER. "Make It a Habit."—Adv.

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