



They have definite notions about the men of this world, have these career girls—and Leap Year doesn't mean anything in their young lives! Erasing old traditions right off the board, these girls do NOT seek men—but plenty of men seek them! As what man wouldn't? On the left is lovely Barbara Jo Allen, well-known in the New York and London theater, now in the West; next, Miss Christine Henry, Junior Leaguer and business woman; then petite Edna Fischer, famous radio personality, and right, Annette Hastings, whose voice is familiar to all radio fans.

No Leap Year Worries For Career Women; They Don't Depend On Men For Anything!

Parade of Prospective Husbands Given Highly Critical Inspection by the Modern Miss Whose Talents Keep Her Looking a Long Time Before She Leaps

ATENTION, gentlemen! If you want to know how you react on the opposite sex you'll find the answer given here by famous women of the world of art and society. Even a wealthy socialite, whom the papers have widely photographed with Prince Valdemar, Count of Rosenberg, tells the truth about what she thinks of you!

By Helen Stewart

FIRST women wanted love and marriage, then the scenes shifted and they cried loudly from the housetops for "careers"; now they're demanding the right "to have their cake and eat it too"—they want both!

No foolin'. Every year is Leap Year for the modern career-woman. I know! I ran down this Leap Year myth by questioning dozens of successful women, all at the top of the ladder in the field of art, business and society. I asked them all this question:

"What do you want in a man? If you go to a cocktail tea and you meet a group of men for the first time—what attracts you—what repels you?"

I found out that these modern beauty-and-brains Dianas want a man's protection, not from the big, bad world OUTSIDE themselves, as did the older woman, but against something INSIDE themselves.

In short, they want protection against their own emotions! Unlike their mothers, they have much experience with men, and stress ELIMINATION rather than SELECTION. And they all want a home, regardless of what their career might be.

QUESTIONED a red-haired pianist whose salary is the envy of men, and a blonde any man or woman would like to hear sing. Their requirements in men are as sharply contrasting as their coloring, but there are some points these modern, self-supporting women agree on. They all hate men who are gossips. If the gossip extends to women,



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it is unforgivable. A man who makes them feel ill-at-ease at a party or makes them squirm because of his superior attitude is out. A few of them definitely object to a man who drinks at all, and without exception they demand that if a man drinks he must do so in moderation.

Women choose husband material as well as merchandise by what appeals to the eye. They all agree that a man must be their idea of "attractive." He need not be handsome, but must be well groomed and courteous.

A clever writer, who left Vanity Fair to join the advertising staff of a large Western agency, states without hesitation: "I pick the man who makes me laugh. I want to be gay—that's what a man means to me. The men I meet at tea never associate themselves in my mind with my work, or my career."

Take, however, another young woman, a business executive who directs hundreds of men each week in her work. She says she must admit that she will linger over her cup with a man from whom she is learning something. She will even put up with a bore to the exclusion of a more attractive man, if the bore has contacts that will be of value to her in her career. She puts him in her index of men she may have to use some day. Her purpose in life is "ambition" spelled with a capital "A"!

This same person does not deny that her real weakness is for a man who appeals to her love of chivalry.

THIS reminds us of Frances Wilkinson, that smart commercial artist a San Francisco department store recently imported from Washing-

ton, D. C., to draw fashion designs. She says she falls for some man she thinks she can lean on for awhile, but he always seems to turn out to be a straw man, who becomes a clinging vine!

Annette Hastings, one of the West's outstanding examples of beauty and talent combined, has some definite opinions about what she wants in a man. She says she must RESPECT a man she spends even a little time with at a party. Her work keeps her so busy that she has no time for the frivolous type of man. She has won a good scholarship and her golden voice is being groomed for opera. She values a brilliant man, but vows she cannot be fooled by a man who is bluffing. She likes a man from whom she can learn something. Beware, she says, of the glamorous type! They are usually selfish.

Annette Hastings states flatly that chivalry in a man is a rare flower. Lots of men with fine qualities do not possess it. It is latent in most men.

Tall, dark, languorous Barbara Jo Allen, famed as an actress on the London and New York stage before she came West, says that a man at a first meeting can attract her by his wit. Above all she dislikes affectedness in a man and she glorifies "naturalness."

DIMINUTIVE, red-haired Edna Fischer, of piano fame, whose earnings allow her to wear those just-right shades of green and to top it all off with an ermine wrap, says this: "Dependability is what I value most in a man. I admire an effect of quality in the way a man dresses and I cannot abide a 'sheik' type. A man dressed in all the latest gadgets, I cannot see. I like a man to be healthy and husky looking, and the ear-mark of a man I like

is one who likes animals. (Smart girl, we call Edna.) It simply never enters my head that I need protection—maybe that comes from my having lived all over the world."

One Junior League girl has a weakness for the Army and Navy type of man. The high-caliber man, who still has a charming, light "line" with the ladies at a tea party. She declares a military training will knock the smallness and gossipiness out of an otherwise ungentlemanly boor.

Acknowledged queen of the younger Junior Leaguers of San Francisco, beautiful Christine Henry recently embarked on her own career, and her measuring stick for men is the touchstone for happiness we recommend:

"I notice how a man behaves with other men. I like a man that other men like. I mistrust a man that is not all-around and well-balanced. He must be liked by both men and women. Dignity he must have—tolerance, gentleness, and that spark of personality—you know what I mean."

NOW here's a contrast to them all. How would you classify this woman? We'll have to call her "X." She is connected with a government service and is called "assistant director" in her department. You know the kind of assistant who really runs the place.

Well, she says the trouble with the modern career woman is that she wants a Don Juan and when she gets him she is disappointed. She marries him because he is the kind all women love—and then doesn't like that quality in a husband!

Listen to this from her, "When I go to a cocktail tea I want to spend my time with a man whose slightly critical, humorous sophistication gives me a Dorothy Parker view of the world."

Perhaps modern inventions, which give the career woman the opportunity to eliminate more suitors than her grandmother even had a passing acquaintance with have dispelled the Leap Year myth.

Something, at any rate, certainly has!

"WILDCATS" OF THE WEST CALAMITY JANE WHO FOUGHT APACHE INDIANS AND BUILT RAILROADS

FOR hard riding, hard drinking, straight shooting and swearing, "Calamity Jane" outclassed all other "Wildcats of the West." She fought Apaches in Arizona, helped build the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska and is reputed to have been



one of those daring souls who took part in Custer's last stand. Definitely, this makes her a part of the early, if somewhat ribald, history of the Western empire.

What was she like? Well, she was as useful on a Western bull train as a man, and back in the 1870's knew practically every bullwhacker around Cheyenne intimately.

Unquestionably Martha Jane Canary (her proper name) has been the heroine of a dozen Western dime novels and as many sentimental romances of higher caliber.

Her mother, Charlotte Canary, back in Missouri, was one of the wives who kept her youth and sensuous beauty in her late twenties, and could swear like a gentleman. The family traveled West and

little Jane lived an exciting life with this female parent whose morals were free and whose ability to carry her liquor made her one of the then-infamous women of the Middle West.

FROM her birth Jane was set apart from the delicate, modest members of the gentler sex. She learned to swear with a determination that later won her the right "to buy the drinks for the house" and flourish a gun with the best of men—or worst.

Martha Jane traveled with the daring frontiersmen in whichever band she happened to find the gentleman of her temporary choice. She was never any embarrassment to this particular gentleman, for no coddling was necessary to keep her in high spirits. She could ride like a man, often donned men's garb, flourished two guns like a motion-picture bandit of today and drank at any bar.

She was one of the pioneers who helped build Deadwood City, Virginia City, and was said to be the "last scout to get away from Custer before the massacre."

BECAUSE of her curious ramblings and daredevil way of living she was called "Calamity Jane." Wherever there was trouble, Indian wars, gold rushes or saloons, the trail of Jane could be picked up. Apparently she feared nothing and never regretted her mode of life. Practically every state in the West has claimed her, but none can be sure of anything except that she did as she pleased and would take groceries from a store at the point of a gun for soldiers who were ill or families in want. Her generosity was exceeded only by her capacity to drink and "shoot up" the whole town in a fit of temper.

Men who had been a part of her early life and

Fined A Speeder \$25 — And Got Cougar For Pet!

Now Long Beach, Cal., Judge Wonders What to Do With His Growing Lion

JUDGE FRED B. JAMESON hiked off a pair of thick hobnailed soles and never saw a mountain lion. Then he hung his rifle on the wall of his Bixby Township courthouse, at Long Beach, California, and avowed there was more sport in catching reckless drivers.

The first wild motorist brought before the judge after that had to borrow \$25 to pay a fine. As security he left a six-weeks-old cougar kitten. The speedster never returned, and the judge has the lion for a pet!

Six months old, growing fast and getting pretty tough for even the tough motorcycle police to tussle with, "Tuffy," as Judge Jameson named his pet, leads anything but a pampered life. He roams a big, wild wood-ash back yard and is fettered by a steel chain. He climbs a pepper tree faster every day. He drinks milk and eats raw meat, disdains cooked food, and plays with live rabbits as a domestic cat plays with a ball of yarn.

THE judge looks ruefully upon his fast-growing lion cub. Soon "Tuffy" will be too big and too tough, like his savage six-foot forebears to be a satisfactory pet. Then the lion will go into a zoo somewhere, the judge says. At least the animal

who had grown with the West to become cultured business men saw to it that her funeral in Deadwood was an impressive affair, and half the town streamed up the road to Mount Moriah Cemetery where she was buried and where a little monument gave her credit for at least one marriage by naming her "Mrs. Jane Burke, 53."



Every man to his own taste in pets! Judge Fred B. Jameson of Long Beach, Justice of the Peace of Bixby township, likes to tussle with his six-months-old cougar. Above action photo shows "Tuffy" about to nip the judge's ear.

won't come to death by a bullet and win a \$50 sheepmen's bounty.

Judge Jameson defends "Tuffy" against those who say mountain lions are no good as pets.

"Why, he's harmless," the judge contends. "He's just as playful as a kitten. His claws are pretty sharp, of course, but then he doesn't know any better. His teeth are just soft milk-teeth yet. He doesn't get rough at all unless he gets out in the hot sun and gets warm from a lot of tussling."

The judge holds no ill-will against the young lion for an occasional nip of the ear or scratch of the neck in the lively no-holds-barred matches conducted by the judge and his motorcycle officer friends daily in the Jameson backyard.