

SEX

Monthly

Magazine

Art
Beauty
Romance
Philosophy

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Can Men and Women Be Friends?
Sex Rivalry ~ Motherhood~
The Reason Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

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APPRAISAL

—Andre Studio

Extremely critical is this fair dancer of what the mirror reveals. It seems to us she should be registering satisfaction.



"EN GARDE!"

—Andre Studio

The face of this warrior is not so grim as her sword. But she could strike a sound blow if need be.



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 For sale only on news-stands or in quantities of twenty or more — Express prepaid.
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 Name Trademarked at Washington, D. C. Copyright 1926.
 Editorial Policy of SEX will include reprints of outstanding articles on sex from current magazines, also heretofore unpublished articles, romantic poems and from time to time fiction stories.

Our Platform



Prevailing ignorance, prejudice, and hysteria concerning sex cause widespread misery, error and unhappiness.

We oppose the conspiracy of silence on the subject of sex because not ignorance but understanding will safeguard morals and happiness.

Likewise we oppose the conspiracy of shame whereby the beautiful and God-ordained fact of sex has been made to appear horrible and vile.

We oppose the conspiracy of repression because psychoanalysis has clearly shown that to repress an impulse does not kill it but produces nervousness, morbidness, depression, shame, a sense of inferiority, sickness and insanity.

When rationalized, frankly faced and understood, sex energy may be sublimated and used up in constructive activities leading to splendid achievement.

Conventions, customs and morals change from place to place and from time to time. Those who fail to accept any particular set of standards should not be condemned if they are sincere, considerate and constructive.

Marriage is the safest solution of the sex problem but now largely fails thru ignorance of sex laws and technique. The problem of happy marriage should be studied and discussed.

The human body is not immortal but beautiful and should be revered, appreciated and enjoyed. The nude in art may be beautifully and spiritually presented.

Promiscuous sex relationship leads to restless discontent, interferes with success, destroys happiness and endangers health and is not to be advocated as a solution.

Free love as generally conceived is virtually synonymous with promiscuity and hence will probably fail as a solution of the sex problem.

Yet love must be free and spontaneous—there is no worse immorality than to compel a man and woman to live together when they do not love each other.

We are in the midst of an almost universal revolt against the fading sex taboos and puritanic sex repression. This revolt needs to be guided in safe and sane channels. Excesses and extremes breed anarchy. Sex must be rationalized, studied, controlled and wisely directed.

This magazine proposes to supply sane, sound and clean discussion of this subject more important to human health, happiness and advancement than any other social problem.

Our program does not condone the salacious, suggestive, morbid sensationalism so current in certain contemporary magazines and daily papers. We propose to face the truth bravely, frankly, constructively, hoping to make a real contribution to social good.



Can Men and Women Be Friends?

By Floyd Dell

FRIENDSHIP between men and women is rather a new thing in the history of the world. Friendship depends upon equality and choice, and there has been very little of either in the relations of sexes up to the present. A woman does not choose her male relatives, nor is she, according to archaic family laws, their equal; motives other than personal choice might lead her to become a man's wife; wholly impersonal reasons might place her in the relationship of kept mistress. Only in her role of paramour was there any implication of free choice, and even here there was no full equality, not even of danger. None of these customary relationships of the past can be said to have fostered friendship between men and women. Doubtless it did exist, but under difficulties.

Family bonds, however, are being more and more relaxed; women are no longer the wards of their male relatives; and friendship with a father or brother is more than ever possible. Further, the free personal choice which marked only the romantic amours of the age of chivalry is now popularly regarded in America as essential to any decent marriage, while the possibility of divorce tends to make free choice something besides a mere youthful illusion. More than ever before, husbands and wives are friends.

At the same time the intensity of friendships between people of the same sex appears to be diminishing. This intensity, in its classic instances, as in Greece, we now regard as an artificial product, the result of the segregation of the sexes and the low social position of women. As women become free and equal with men such romantic intensity of emotion finds a more biologically appropriate expression. Friendships between people of the

same sex must today compete on the one hand with romantic love and the other with the more fascinating tho often less enduring friendship which can now be enjoyed between men and women. Neglect of these latter opportunities is coming to be regarded as a kind of spiritual cowardice, or at least as a failure in enterprise.

The influences of the machine age, so destructive to fixed authoritarian relationships, appear to foster the growth of friendship between the sexes; so much so that we may expect it to become, in its further developments, a characteristic social feature of the age that lies immediately before us.

Friendship will become a more and more important aspect of marriage itself, but, except in the effects of its wider spread, this will hardly be a new thing—we have friendships between husbands and wives now. Nor will extra-marital friendships between men and women be precisely a new thing. What will be new, furnishing us with an interesting theme for sociological speculation, are the conventions which will gradually come into existence to give social protection and dignity to extra-marital friendships.

AMERICA DISPENSING WITH CHAPERONS

Conventions are, doubtless, always rather ridiculous, inevitably a shackle upon the free motions of the soul, being imposed by fear. But it will be remembered that we, in America, with a vast amount of freedom of intersexual association, have thus far only begun to dispense with the locks and bars and whippings and chaperons which were the appurtenances of a physical segregation



CRYSTAL GAZER

—Andre Studio

The wistful maiden is wondering if all the happy secrets revealed by the mystic ball are really true.



CROSS MY HEART!"

—Andre Studio

Madeline Sheldon insists that what she has just said is the honest-to-goodness and absolute truth!

of the sexes; the vast paraphernalia of psychic segregation, including sexual taboos which hark back to the primeval darkness, are with us still. Our minds are habituated by unreasonable fears in all matters concerning the relations of the sexes. For a long time, extra-marital friendships of men and women may be expected to be hedged about with elaborate and specific permissions, for the sake of keeping them under social control. Yet these conventions may be very convenient. And however irksome they may seem to the free spirits of a future day, they may still be such as would appear to us generously libertarian.

Today, in the absence of such conventions, it does not suffice that a man and woman, too well married to be afraid of extra-marital friendships, grant them to each other by private treaty; relatives, friends, and neighbors do not fail to be duly alarmed. Extra-marital friendship exists in an atmosphere of social suspicion which a few conventions would go far to alleviate.

As an example in a different field, the convention with regard to dancing may be adduced. If dancing were not a general custom, if it were the enlightened practice of an advanced few, how peculiar and suspicious would seem the desire of Mr. X and Mrs. Y to embrace each other to music; and how scandalized the neighbors would be to hear that they did! No one would rest until the pair had been driven into an euphemism.

DANCING FURNISHES HAPPY COMMUNION

We build huge palaces for the kind of a happy communion which dancing furnishes; we tend more and more to behave like civilized beings about the impulses which are thus given scope. We are less socially hospitable to the impulses of friendship between men and women.

In friendship there are many moods, but the universal rite of friendship is talk. Talk needs no palaces for its encouragement; it is not an expensive affair; it would seem to be well within the reach of all. Yet it isn't. For the talk of friendship requires privacy—tho the privacy of a table for two in a crowded and noisy restaurant will suffice; and it requires time. Such talk does not readily adjust itself to the limitations of the dinner hour.

It is a flower slow in unfolding, and it seems to come to its most perfect bloom only after midnight. But, unfortunately, not every restaurant keeps open all night. It is satisfied with two comfortable chairs; a table to lean elbows on is good, too; in winter an open fire, where friendly eyes may stare dreamily into the glowing coals—that is very good; hot or cold drinks according to the season, and a cigarette—these are almost the height of friendship's luxury. These seem not too much to ask. Yet the desire for privacy and uncounted hours of time together is, when considered from that point of view, scandalous in its implications; quite as much so as the desire of Mr. X and Mrs. Y to embrace each other to music. However, Mr. X and Mrs. Y do, under the aegis of a convention, indulge their desire and embrace each other to their heart's content with the full approval of civilized society; and it seems as tho another convention might grow up under the protection of which Mr. X and Mrs. Y might sit up and talk all night without its seeming queer of them.

FRIENDSHIP IS SPICED WITH SEXUAL ATTRACTIONS

Queer, at the least, it does seem nowadays, except under the conventions of courtship; friends who happen to be married to each other can of course talk comfortably in bed. These bare facts are sufficient to explain why so many men and women who really want to be friends and sit up all night occasionally and talk find it easy to believe that they are in love with each other. They find it all the easier to believe this, because friendship between the sexes is usually spiced with some degree of sexual attraction. But a degree of sexual attraction which might have kept a friendship forever sweet may prove unequal to the requirements of a more serious and intimate relationship. Disillusionment is the penalty, at the very least. Society could well afford to grant more freedom to friendship between men and women and save the expense of a large number of broken hearts.

It is worth while to wonder if a good deal of "romance" is not, after all, friendship mistaking itself for something else—or rather, finding its only opportunity for expression in that mistake. Among civilized people, after the romance has ended,

the friendship remains. It may perhaps have been worth while to imagine oneself in love, in order to enjoy a friendship; but it seems rather a wasteful proceeding.

Yet those who, taking a merely economical view of the situation, attempt to enjoy such friendships without becoming involved or involving others in such waste, may with some embarrassment discover—what Mrs. Grundy could have told them all along—that friendship and sexual romance may sometimes be difficult to relegate to previously determined boundaries. Friendship between the sexes may, if only for a moment, seem to demand the same tokens of sincerity as romantic love. Does not this fact threaten the traditional, jealously-guarded dignity of marriage?

FRIENDSHIP NOT TO BE QUESTIONED

Perhaps it does. At present, in any conflict of claims between a marriage and a friendship, there is "nothing to arbitrate"; marriage has all the rights, friendship none. If the rights of friendship are to be at all considered and protected, marriage may have to yield something. It may not be good manners for husbands and wives to be jealous of the quite possible momentary exuberances of each other's friendships; it may be that such incidents will be regarded as being within the discretion of the persons immediately concerned, and not quite proper subjects for inquiry, speculation, or comment by anybody else.

And this might have an effect unsuspected by those whom such a prospect of liberty would most alarm today. When a moment's rashness does not necessarily imply red ruin and the breaking up of homes, when sex is freed to a degree from the sense of overwhelming social consequences, it may well become a matter of more profound personal consequence; and with nothing to fear except the spoiling of their friendship, men and women in an ardent friendship may yet prefer to talk to kisses.

"But what if they don't?" A complete answer to that question, from the Utopian point of view, would take us far afield from the subject of friendship; yet some further answer may seem to be required, if only by way of confession to Mrs. Grundy that the problem is not so simple

as it may seem. Well, then, out of many possibilities which the future holds, I offer this one for what it may be worth. Such friendships, let us agree, tend to merge insensibly into romantic sexual love. But if marriage may be conceived as yielding some of its traditional rights, extra-marital romance may well be called upon for similar concessions. The first thing that extra-marital romance might be asked to surrender would be its intolerable and fatuous airs of holiness. Yes, "holiness" is the word—a holiness all the more asserted by such extra-marital lovers because their relations are likely to be taken disrespectfully by a stupid world. Oh, unquestionably, if you ask them, never was any legal and conventional love so high and holy as this romantic passion of theirs! Its transcendental holiness calls for sacrifices. So they sacrifice themselves—and, incidentally, others—to it. Anything less, they feel, would be cowardly. They must not palter with these sacred emotions—not even by the exercise of their dormant sense of humor! So it is today. But perhaps in a future where extra-marital romance is made room for with a tender and humorous courtesy, it may give up these preposterous and solemn airs, and actually learn to smile at its illusions—illusions which will still give the zest of ultimate danger to relationships of merely happy and light-hearted play. Thus life will continue to be interesting.

FRIENDSHIP IS AN ART

As for the talk of friendship, my Utopian speculations uncover for me no respect in which the thing itself can be improved upon. The circumstances can be made happier, the attitude of society can foster it; but the talk of friendship has already reached a splendid perfection beyond which my imagination is unable to soar. At its best it has, despite its personal aspect, an impersonal beauty; it is a poignant fulfillment of those profound impulses which we call curiosity and candor; it serves human needs as deep as those which poetry and music serve, and is in some sense an art like them. The art exists, and it remains only for the future to give it an adequate hospitality.



THE DRYAD

—Andre Studio

Is she worshipping the god of her trees—or is she lost—or just playing hide-and-seek?

The Reason Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By Winnifred Harper Cooley

THE casual and shallow minds of those who peruse the popular press delight in seizing upon some trivial problem such as the color of feminine eyes or hair most popular with wooing males, or whether men incline towards plump or skinny flappers.

Columns are printed on such themes and read with avidity by the adolescents who scan the picture-tabloids. Yet how few human beings, even in this day of Freud and Havelock Ellis and public lectures on sex psychology, ever faintly approach the real and vital problems of male and female attractions.

A bit of humor portraying a youthful gold-digger ("Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") took the reading public by storm. The spectacle of feminine youth and charm exploiting mature millionaires always is a popular one. The ancient "Angels" who back shows in order to obtain the favors of some pretty trollop, entirely devoid of talent or brains; the provincial "Butter-and-egg men" who lose their heads and fortunes to attractive young adventuresses—all such are regarded as legitimate targets for shafts of ridicule.

Such exploitations are regarded as quite legitimate if the girl "can get away with it," and perhaps there is a measure of social justice in female Robin Hoods holding up boys' papas, who have exploited the public and amassed their millions unfairly only to lose a portion of their ill-gotten gains as blackmail to rid their sons of undesirable spouses.

But how few people ever go below the

surface, dig at the roots of human behavior, and discover the centuries-old sex urges that explain everything so simply! How preposterous for thousands of folks gravely to argue as to whether men prefer girls with yellow hair or black, when the only question is, "What is it that lures a man almost to the point of self-destruction; what quality or attribute in a woman who is without heart, mind or conscience?"

There is nothing new about the problem. In the Golden Age of Greece, learned men, the greatest philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, poets and sculptors the world ever has known forsook their respectable and dull wives and basked in the smiles of the HETERAE of Athens. Pericles, the lofty President of the Republic, divorced the wife that has borne him sons and married Aspasia who founded a sort of cultural school to teach maidens the arts of fascinating men.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD

In all ages, the beautiful and soulless women who consciously practiced the arts of seduction were showered with fortunes, jewels, palaces, and adoration. It has been a matter of bitterness and jealousy and lamentation, that apparently "virtue" never was its own reward! To offset this injustice, at least partially, men have created artificial maxims, religions, and untruths, pretending to exalt the plain, dull, sheltered and SUPPRESSED women, declaring them to be worthy of highest esteem and honors. Maidens were told by graybeards, "Yes, there are wicked



LISTENING

—De Mirjian

They must be happy voices, even if from lips unseen, that can bring this rapturous smile to the face of Gladys Philbin—of the "Vanities."

and fast women, but men never take them for their wives!" Of course, this was quite untrue, as men frequently do marry them. Also, in the past, the status of the wife was so lamentable, the drudgery so hard, that many must have questioned the value of the "honor" thus bestowed on them as a reward for technical virtue!

GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

The question of why men always have seemed to prefer, not literal blonde damsels but the shallow, heartless, and amazingly shrewd immoral girls, is one that clamors for investigation.

The answer forces itself upon the logical mind—"BECAUSE THESE GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED!"

One is not prone to believe that gentlemen who go about hanging strings of priceless pearls around the slender necks of young females without visible means of support are actuated by lofty philanthropic principles! When they buy expensive motorcars and pay for magnificent palaces, it is because they are receiving full value for their expenditures. In human nature there is a craving for joy, for excitement, for gratification of the longings of body and mind. Carnal, yes, but often, a matter of imagination, of craving for beauty, satisfied ego, appreciation.

The false standards induced by early religious asceticism, which declared that emotion, love, sex enjoyment, were devilish and to be condoned only grudgingly and shame-facedly, have made "virtue" synonymous with repression, frigidity. The maiden must be distant, cold, almost repellent. The wife must be sacrificing and obedient, if need be, but always yielding to embraces, with mental reservations, aloofness, shame. St. Paul conceded that marriage was necessary to some poor, weak, faltering mortals, but labeled it one step this side of Hellfire: "It is better to marry than to burn!" But those who were really HIGH AND PURE must renounce all delights of the flesh, all sensuous joys of color and perfume and music and dance, and amorous endearments, and perform rigorous ascetic exercises. Those gay and joyous souls who freed themselves and rejected the severe doctrines, were declared beyond the pale; but the

men of spirit who desired life's joys, went beyond the pale to find them!

The tragedy always has been that a fixed barrier has been placed between the two classes, those who basked in the sun, and those who crouched in the dark quarters of the domestic hearth, the former being labeled "BAD," the latter, "GOOD!" It was a fearful choice for each generation of women; IN EITHER CASE, THEY MUST RENOUNCE SO MUCH! If domestic, they received from their lords lip service, but saw them go to the lovely Pagans for their happiness. If free and joyous, they were condemned and vilified by organized society.

"What is the solution?" the modern thinker asks. "Would you have girls study the art of the courtesan, just because men prefer those lovely ladies with the 'BLONDE SOULS?'"

"Yes, it would be well, to study the arts and charms and graces—but NOT THE VICES of greed, selfishness, and mercenary hardness."

SEARCHING FOR BEAUTY IS INSTINCTIVE

As a result of Puritan doctrines, ugliness and severity and frigidity have been exalted as virtues, and men have been censured for turning to beauty, light, and gaiety, altho it was as instinctive as for plants to turn towards sunlight. Early women reformers made the fatal mistake of wearing hideous clothes and cultivating vindictive, homely actions; no wonder they were caricatured.

"Beauty, yes, but not deliberate sex appeal," modernists now concede. One may only ask, "WHY NOT?" The appeal of nature is the strongest force known. It colors the plumage of birds, and creates their song. Human beings feel it blindly—why not aesthetically and consciously? Too long, the simon pure sex charm has been confused with degenerate sensuality. When it is stripped of these false attributes, sex charm will emerge, like Cytherea from the sea, fair and pure and godlike. It will be cultivated as a singing voice is cultivated. Then there will be no more frigid wives, or divorces masked under innocuous causes, but a fuller and more joyous human expression, and life more abundant.



"PLEASE! PLEASE!"

—Andre Studio

Whatever it is that little Jean Williams, of the Ziegfeld Revue, is asking them to do, or to stop doing, her pleading is sure to be irresistible.

This Old Man's Darling Was His Slave

As told to Ada Patterson

PROPHETIC was the light in the old man's eyes when they first looked into mine. I had not known that the dimming, rheumy eyes of age could hold so much of brilliance. Possessive was their gaze, glinting with a faint sense of humor, the little brother of a leer. It was not a pleasant look:

I turned from it with a sense of the safety promised in Frank Corson's frank, friendly, brown regard. Frank's eyes were like his voice, his laugh, his hand clasp, warm and friend-making. Yet slowly I turned back from the tanned, glowing face of the young man in the white sweater and the nut-colored trousers and the white canvas shoes to the more formal gray figure at the desk opposite the door of the office, with the sign "President" on its big, glistening brass plate and again met the old man's look.

Nineteen, with the memories of my white tulle graduation gown, its broad satin sash, and one of the wax-like gardenias that Frank had sent me drooping from the black curls above my ear, fresh as that perfumed yesterday of June, I knew what the steady, smiling regard from steel-colored eyes, set in the wrinkled face above the square, well-tailored shoulders meant. It was the language that needs no interpreter for any age, nor creed, nor depth nor altitude of life. It was the universal language of admiration fast growing into desire.

Frank Corson exchanged a jest with the paying teller, thrust some silver coins clatteringly into his pocket and strode out of the bank and across the street, down the lane to the tennis court beside me. His brown eyes, grown golden in the sunlight, laughed into mine.

"Shall we play tennis first or row around the lake and warm up for tea at the country club afterward?" he asked.

"Let us row first. I am interested in the excursion you promised me among the lilies."

I like to remember Frank as he rowed among the lilies. His bronzed, eager face rising above the rolled collar of his white sweater. The muscles of his young arms swelling in the powerful strokes that swept the boat steadily forward. Yet keeping his word that he could row me around the lily-strewn pond without harm to one of the great white blossoms. When the boat crushed into the loamy shore he remained in the middle seat. Tossing the oars beneath the seat he folded his fine arms.

"Stella," he began, "I suppose a fellow with another year at college and two at law school, and who has to work his way thru both, has a colossal nerve to ask a girl to wait for him. And to let a girl like you drudge among noisy, impertinent children in a schoolroom while she's waiting. Especially a girl who loves the easeful, exquisite things of the world as you do. I know you think your life has been cramped and made ugly by lack of money and that you hate poverty. But, if you would, Stell—"

A crackling of the drying grass on the hillside. A rose whipped from its stem by the slash of a swinging cane. Frank's words ceased. He rose in the boat.

"Mr. Fuller," he exclaimed. "Miss Thayer, may I present Mr. Fuller, president of the bank at which we stopped this afternoon?"

Again the look, admiring, possessive, a little roguish, in the old man's eye. I lifted to it my dewiest, most personal



DAWN

—AndreStudio

Morning light, caressing the lovely form of this maiden, awakening from sleep, promises a happy day.

smile, the smile into which even virginal nineteen knows how to fling a world of meaning, a wealth of promise.

"I saw Miss Thayer at the bank this afternoon."

"I remember."

"You remember that I saw?" The old man's eyes were audacious. He bowed.

"You were going to play a game of tennis? Why not come with me to the country club instead for an early dinner? Do not the space and the honeysuckle of the veranda tempt you?"

He was peering at me. I answered, "They do."

"My car is at the top of the hill. You will go, Corson?"

Frank said, "As the lady wishes, always, I believe, sir. Thank you."

He looked disappointed. I never again saw the tanned young face without the shadow of disappointment upon it save once. Save once.

The old man was in a gay mood. In a corner of the veranda where the scent of the honeysuckles was heaviest and the moonlight mellowest he placed me. We dined at a small, square table. The moonlight played magic tricks with the silver, with the transparent little bowls of the champagne glasses, with the pistachio green of the ices, with the smile in the old eyes opposite mine. Frank's handsomeness lay in the sudden lighting of his face, in the flash of his glancing smile. Tonight his face, with its bronze gravity, seemed commonplace. The old man talked brilliantly of the club, of the town, of the pairs skimming past the windows in each other's arms. He drove us home.

Frank's boarding house was the first stop. "I'll call you up tomorrow," the youth said as he stepped from the car—and stumbled. But when he did the maid of the dormitory at the teachers' summer school answered: "She's lunching at the country club with—you know, that old man at the bank. And then she's going with him to the scenery at Panther Mountain."

The next time Frank Corson saw me I wore a solitaire on the third finger of my left hand. President Fuller, of the Fargeon Trust Co., was wrapping my blue tulle cloak about me after a dance at the hotel. "Ah, Corson," he said, "let me present you to the future Mrs.

Fuller."

On the evening before our marriage Robert Fuller and I strolled about the country club grounds before dinner. It may have been the scent of the red and gold autumn leaves that lay crushed beneath our feet. The faint scent of far-off death. It may have been a glimpse of Frank Corson playing a brilliant game of golf while admirers shouted, "Attaboy, Frank. You'll win." Frank had lost in a more important game but that fact did not soothe his vanity nor lift my mood out of its unaccustomed irritation. I glanced at the man beside me, his immaculate gray suit glistening from a fresh pressing, a red rosebud in his coat, his eyes restless, smiling thru their lake of rheum. His children would not come to the wedding tomorrow. Their excuses were polite but transparent. Of course they would not be there. I should not witness the mockery had my grandfather at seventy chosen to marry a girl of less than twenty who married him for but one reason, the determination to escape the poverty of her orphaned youth. My irritation found voice.

"You have not sent the papers for my signature."

"What papers, my treasure?"

"For the settlement you promised to make before our marriage."

"Your signature will not be necessary, my love. I have made you a deed of gift."

"Of what?" The sharp edge of my tone had escaped from its usual sheath of velvet.

"Of our home that is to be. My ancestral home."

"Where is it?"

"You shall see it soon. We will spend part of our honeymoon there."

We were married the next morning at half-past eight. "It must be early so that we won't have to face those dirty newspaper fellows," my fiancé had explained with a frown.

The justice of the peace reluctantly lowered his feet from his desk. With his knuckles he wiped the tobacco juice from the corners of his drooping mouth. Some drops fell upon his shirt front and there remained and widened. He had forgotten to scrape his fingernails.

"Witnesses? That's so." He flung open the door and shouted, "Hey, you dames! Come here a minute."



POWER

—Andre Studio

Power—in the loins that strive and in the brain that thinks. No wonder that MAN, gloriously typified in this pose by Orville Stamm, is subduing the Earth.



SUNRISE IN THE WOODS

—Andre Studio

Felmi Kartov—here a wildwood maiden—tunes her lithe body to the harmonies of a new day.

Two scrubwomen came in drying their huge suds-reddened hands on their gingham aprons. One of them sent me a smile from the dark cavern of her toothless mouth.

Thus I, who loved beauty, and had feared to face the ugliness of poverty at the beginning of my life with the young man I loved, was married.

I drew another fold of my beige veil about my face as we faced the sunlight in the courtyard. There was a sharp fusillade of clicking sounds. My bridegroom swore nervously beneath his breath. "The dirty newspaper fellows are at work with their cameras," he fretted.

An automobile waited for us at the side gate. Thru a turnstile we hurried and climbed into the car. The old man slammed the door. A sound followed us. In his withered cheeks blazed a flame of anger. My cheeks burned behind their double wrapping of the beige veil. The sound was laughter. Not the laughter of abounding life, of good humor, of joyous mirth. The kind of laughter that followed us is one of the most unpleasant sounds that rises from the throats of men. It was derisive. It held a sharp, searing note of contempt. Contempt for senile folly.

"Adolescent avarice."

I first heard those words, that so often I was to hear, as echoes along the way of my life, from my husband. After a week of Canadian towns and villages we were walking on the wide promenade above the great escarpment of Quebec. A steamship arriving from Europe was warping her way daintily into dock.

"She sails the day after tomorrow. Let us sail with her." I clasped my husband's arm with both hands. I turned entreating-eyes to his.

"Not on that trip, sweetheart."

"Why?"

"Important business matters require my attention next week."

"Then when?"

"We will see, little one."

"I am a bride. Am I not to have my way in anything? If important business forbids our trip let me have a consolation prize. Give me a draft for what that trip would cost," I coaxed.

"And she would book at once and leave her devoted hubby alone?"

"No, no. But it would console me for not being able to go to Europe as yet. Please, Robert. You have not given me a wedding present. Is it possible that you, a rich man, are not generous?"

His withered yellow hand stroked my shoulder. I shrank from its touch. It was like the talon of an age-withered bird. I feared its touch upon my throat. It tapped my cheek, my chin, that I had turned away.

"Is my pet greedy? Adolescent avarice! Must she have the money she did not have when a child? We must try to overcome—cure that. Yes, yes. We must try to cure it." He chuckled. That chuckle, like the thin cackle of a decrepit hen, had been obnoxious to me. Today it was unbearable. I turned and walked away. Again I heard the chuckle. My husband had called a caleche. He was approaching in the high-wheeled, high-seated carriage drawn by one horse. The wind from the St. Lawrence River thrust rude fingers in his thin, white hair. His teeth showed yellow in the afternoon sunlight. An upper one, nearly twice as long as the rest, was like a wolf's fang.

"Come, my darling," he said and leaned out and stretched forth his talon-like hand. Sullenly I accepted his aid into the two-story carriage.

The driver's vivid, exotic face turned toward us across his slim shoulder.

"Where will Mademoiselle and her grandpere go?" he inquired.

"My wife and I will go to the hotel, idiot," Robert Fuller spat the words at him.

The next day my husband said, "We have seen enough of this city, have we not? Shall we take the five o'clock boat in the direction of home?"

"I would have liked another day among those little shops," I pouted.

"To bad, darling, but while you were in the shops this morning I confirmed our reservations."

On our long, dusty trip to the small town where we were to be met for our drive to what my ancient spouse called "Honeymoon House," he drew from his wallet a deed of gift. I read it, word for word, with infinite care. "To Stella S. Fuller are conveyed all rights to the following described land with all dwellings, outbuildings, and other improvements

thereunto appertaining.

One hundred acres. I closed my eyes and dreamed of my first important possession. I was the chatelaine of one hundred acres. The house must be a spacious one, like the pictures I had seen of baronial castles. With turrets, perhaps, and great, round-corner rooms like those of Calve's castle in the Pyrennees. It should be, yes, it must be, of gray stone. My husband's thin cackle was an answer to my questions, "You shall see very soon, my dear. Here we are at the village."

A small, red-painted station in a sun-baked, treeless town. An agent who was too busy looking after the arriving trunks to more than grunt his acknowledgment of Mr. Fuller's, "How are you, Johnson?" A fatuous greeting from a leering, hired man. A bumping, jolting drive on deep-rutted roads for eighteen miles. We turned from the highway into a less traveled road, and thru depths of silent woods. We stopped before a dusk, irregular shape.

"This be the mansion, Missus." The hired man's tone was insolent.

We followed him to the door. My husband fumbled for a key, found it in his last pocket and unlocked the door.

"Light the lamp, Grim," ordered my husband.

The flare of a wick. A feeble illumination of a square, old-fashioned room. It revealed a rag carpet. Cheap colored prints on the walls. Straight-backed, old wooden chairs set primly about a cheap table.

The heavy odor of a long unopened room assailed my nostrils.

"Is this the lodgekeeper's house?" I asked.

The hired man bent double like a rusty jackknife. He slapped his thighs.

"The lodgekeeper's house," he guffawed. "I told you this is the mansion itself, Missus. There's grub in the kitchen. Reckon you kin find and cook it. I must be goin' to the barn and then home. I live a good three miles from here."

He went out, slamming the door. Thru the darkness came his echoing guffaws. I looked at my husband. He smiled. Dreading his chuckle I said dully, "Show me the kitchen."

He lighted the fire. I toasted some

bread, made some tea, fried a strip of bacon for each of us. He ate avidly. When he saw that I did not taste my food, with a smirk, he ate my portion. I stared at a faded chromo of "Sunshine and Tempest" on the gray wall. Something was screaming within me. Awful, maniacal screams. I wondered that my husband did not seem to hear them. Instead he was listening to my flat, even tones while I said, "Is this Honeymoon House?"

"Yes," cackled my ancient mate.

"Your ancestral home?"

"I was born here, my sweet. Come, you are tired. Let me show you our room."

A long room drearier than the square front one. The heavy dampness of the long unused, unaired chamber pervaded it. As I stood in the door silent tears flooded my cheeks.

I looked frantically about. The old man still slept. The hired man had not come from his home to his work in the field. I might run away.

To what? The school. The day before my marriage I resigned from the post to which I had been elected. My husband was one of the trustees who had engaged me. Futile thought.

A figure appeared in the gray old doorway. It shambled forth to meet me. My husband had donned his "comfortable clothes," old overalls, a threadbare shirt, a soiled waistcoat.

"It's good to be in these things. I've longed for them thru many hard-working, prinked-up years," he said. "I shall take care to wear them, and others like them, the rest of my life."

"You, the Beau Brummel of a college town," I tried to smile.

"I have said good-bye to those togs except when I have to go to Uleville on business. Which will rarely happen."

"But the bank?"

"I sold it the day before our marriage."

"You will want to see your daughters."

"I will not. I said good-bye to them when they divided the money I got for the bank among them. That was the price of their non-interference with my marriage with you, my dear."

"But," my voice was a shadow of a sound, "you have other interests."



SNOW WHITE

Snow white hair, snow white skin, snow white lace—this fair young woman is the perfect symbol of the beauty standards of a hundred years ago.



TOWARD SEA AND SKY

—Andre Studio

This lissome bather seems about to join the gulls in their flight above the shining sea.

"The small amount that my daughter left for me is in bonds locked away from all mortal sight save my own."

"And what of me?"

"I have been generous, my dear. I have given you the home of my boyhood and youth."

I laughed. Even to my ears that laughter was horrible. The old man only fixed greedy eyes upon me.

"But my future. I have given you my youth. In return I have this wretched house, these unproductive acres, the cool, black hell of this ravine."

"Your future will depend upon whether you give me what I want most on earth, a child of my old age."

The next three years stamped their imprint upon me as tho they were twenty. Each day was a rusty link in a chain that I dragged behind me as a convict. The old man was content. He sat on the rickety front porch and dreamed of his boyhood, of the toil and the games of his youth. He hurled abuse at the hired man. Three times a year he reluctantly changed his comfortable clothes for his dapper ones and went to Uleville and other towns for the transaction of mysterious business of which he refused to tell me the details. I who had dreamed of a cook, a housemaid, a waitress, a personal maid, a chauffeur, and a gardener, swept and dusted and scrubbed, and cooked the meals for my senile mate and the hired man.

Mine was the life of a hermit. Once a month we drove to town for supplies. The clerks at the department stores were civil but curious. In their eyes lurked laughter and contempt. The nearest neighbors, who lived five miles away, paid us no visits. They said they "would not encourage an old man in his folly. A marriage so contrary to nature as his was as gross as immorality."

The big-boned ranchman and his tanned wife had said so to the hired man. The hired man repeated it to my husband. The gossip came to me thru my kitchen window.

I begged my husband to take me to town to the circus, to see the stock company at the little theatre, or to a motion picture.

"I'm thru with all that," he answered, settling more comfortably into the worn old chair at the corner of the porch.

"But I am not," I spoke with a passion that amazed me. "I must have an outlet for my thoughts and emotions. This life is unnatural for a young woman. Sometimes I have strange, mad thoughts."

The old man did not lift his eyes from his newspaper. "When you give me a son you will have all you can do to look after him and the house," he grunted.

The fourth year passed. The fifth was vanishing into the past when I saw Frank Corson. It was the first time I had seen him since my marriage. The first time that I had seen him since that never-finished proposal of marriage when the shadow of disappointment did not lie across his face. I had wandered down the ravine toward the road in search of wild cherries. A pair drove swiftly past in a touring car. The car slackened its speed as it dipped into the draw. A lovely, laughing face with sapphire eyes and a straight, provocative little nose was outlined against the silver sheen of a floating veil. The man beside her leaned close to her. His kiss, aimed at the wreathing red lips, reached the tip of the uptilted nose. They laughed and whirled on.

My husband tore a paragraph from the newspaper next day. Frank Corson had been married the morning before and had left at once for a motor trip to the mountains. I read it but made no comment. There was little conversation in our house. In a quarrel with my husband, the hired man had said that he hated the house because "he did not hear a word spoken there from one month's end to the other." My speech, like my thoughts, had turned inward. My husband was growing deaf. If one tried to speak to him it only irritated him. He was content with his "comfortable clothes," his newspaper, his thoughts of his boyhood. He was waiting. Waiting for the son he demanded from me.

It came the winter of the fifth year of our marriage. A wee, weazened infant. The pallor of its wrinkled face and thin body were underlaid with an ominous blue. It lay, like a little old man, in the crook of my arm.

"An old man's child," said the doctor. "They have small chance for life."

My baby died after two wailing, whining days.



TO DIP OR NOT TO DIP

—Paladino

Waiting for the sea shell at her ear to tell her that the sea is safe.

My husband mourned but his mourning was not that of despair. "I shall still have a son in my old age," he said.

I looked into the broken looking glass in the kitchen the other day and saw gray hairs thrusting themselves among the black at my temples. The sight wrung a cry from me.

"I am growing old," I cried. "And—and," I dared not bring into speech what I saw lurking in the depths of my eyes. The eyes had been dull before. There was a new, strange light in them. The lights burned as will-o'-the-wisps dancing crazily above a marsh. The thought made me laugh. Loud strange laughter, hearing which the hired man glanced into the window and went to speak to the old man on the porch. But the old man, his newspaper over his head to fend off the mosquitoes that swarmed from the ravine, was asleep.

That night impulse moved me often to strange laughter. I lay in the stifling little room. My husband would never allow me to open the windows lest he catch cold. I giggled softly to myself. When I was sure he was asleep I slipped quietly out of bed. I lighted a lamp and, shading it with my hand so that the flame would not awaken him, looked at the seamed, yellow face. The lids folded across his eyes in heavy wrinkles. The pendulous muscles of his chin and cheeks suggested that there had been a facial avalanche. A gale of giggles stirred in me at the sight. Lest the light wake him I placed the lamp on the washstand and blew out the flame.

Silently, with catlike footfalls, I crept toward him. "You are old," I whispered soundlessly, "and hideous. But you shall not make me so."

I lifted my pillow and with it hid the yellow ugliness of his face. He moved slightly and I pressed the pillow harder to hide that ugliness. The garbled body that had lain so straight beneath the bed clothes writhed. Still I pressed determined palms upon either side of the pillow. A faint sound came from beneath it. I flung my weight upon the pillow and laughed. The body ceased its struggles. Silence.

The hired man came in the morning to breakfast.

"Mr. Fuller is sleeping late. Shall I wake him?"

I nodded.

He came out of the bedroom, closing the door and locking it. He put the key in his pocket. He looked at me once. Was it fear in his wind-reddened eyes? He came back soon with the ranchman and his wife who lived five miles away. They sat in silence with me until the hired man brought two constables from the village town.

I am writing this in jail. "Pending inquiry," the lawyer said. He told me to write whatever I could remember about what happened and what led to it. I have so written. All save what the warden said to his wife when they talked outside my door.

"Poor thing! She committed a sin against nature. It's an awful price she'll have to pay."

SEX VINDICATED

The spirit, objective, and character of this great human magazine has been called in question in but one city in America, namely Des Moines, Iowa. In that great metropolis of the Middle-West, the chief of police beholding a magazine called SEX, and laboring under the ancient delusion that anything connected with sex must be nasty, immoral, and obscene, blushed for shame, called out the reserve squad, and raided the unsuspecting and unoffending wholesale newsdealer, Louis Hyman, confiscated all copies of SEX available and arrested the dealer on a charge of selling obscene literature and pictures.

The case was tried before Municipal Judge, the Honorable Herman Zench, who dismissed the complaint, ruling that neither the text nor the pictures in SEX constituted obscene literature. The pictures were commended in the decision as being an example of pure and unoffensive art.

This good news, reassuring the publishers of SEX that sanity has replaced unthinking prejudice comes just as we are going to press.

This important legal decision will be commented on more fully in the next issue of SEX.

When Husbands Are Easy to Live With

By Rosita Forbes

NO TWO people, however much in love, can ever find each other easy to live with at first, unless one is a particularly dominant and the other an unusually plastic nature. Half the disillusion of marriage arise from the belief that a wedding is going to fuse two natures, often diametrically opposed, into one, blend divergent points of view and eliminate the friction which is inevitable in any novel and intimate relationship. As long as women are more adaptable than men, wives should be easier to live with than husbands, but in marriage, the process of adaptation is often harder on the woman. For her it is a whole-time job. A man can get away from marriage. It doesn't come into his business, profession, or career; it is something new to go back to and, as such, faintly intriguing. A woman is immersed in it all the time. Unless she is heiress to an unlimited checkbook and a housekeeper, or has a job of her own, everything she does from morning to night is, directly or indirectly, connected with her marriage. That is why women are apt to wallow in matrimony, while men prefer to paddle in it, or, at most, float on the surface!

Women have a passion for "things," which is very rarely shared by men, unless they are collectors or experts. To the average man a house is somewhere where he can sleep, leave things about, ask his friends at the last moment to dinner, and be sure of finding nothing moved. To a woman it is very often a

treasure house where each object has several values. As she is experimental by nature, the furniture is apt to be as mobile as her ideas and the color scheme typical of her hopes. When a woman can't afford Riviera sunshine she paints her walls bright yellow and they mean more to her than paint and paper.

WOMAN WANTS STIMULATION

Little things do mean a great deal to woman, because there are such an infinity of them in her life. A man has one job, which he can generally expand to suit his character. A woman must daily contract to fit into the innumerable small demands which life makes of her. The close of business, to a man, is the end of effort. He comes home to relax. Either he doesn't want to talk at all, or he wants to talk very generally. To the modern woman intent on individuality, the day with its continual domestic claims has often meant frustration, and the evening is her only chance of escape. She wants stimulation not relaxation. Moreover, the man has left his worries in his office and, in fresh surroundings, he can forget them. The woman's troubles stick their heads out of every too familiar corner and her only way of getting rid of them is to "talk them over". A man rarely talks about his bad times, because he can leave them locked up in a safe in Threadneedle Street, so he forgets that his wife is eternally imprisoned with hers. If he rejoices every evening that he is



FAN AND TRAIN

Not quite impudent, or impertinent, but daring—to say the least—is this confident devotee of the dance.



NOT AFRAID

—Andre Studio

Only surprised is this damsel, caught in the glare of the search-light. But who can blame the search-light for hunting her out?

coming back to something different, he must in fairness bring "something different with him".

I think husbands would be easier to live with if they realized that running a house and bringing up children efficiently is as definite and comprehensive a job as any other business. A man's idea is apt to be that his wife has done nothing all day, so she ought to be fresh and receptive in the evening, whereas, if she is an expert, as every modern home-maker should be, she has probably worked as hard as he, and the better her work the less obvious the result will be.

GOOD NATURE INVALUABLE

If I had to choose one quality only in a husband, it would be good-nature. "One does not have to live with a husband's infidelities," wrote a French psychologist, "but one does have to live with his tempers." Thunder storms may clear the air, but if they escape being destructive, they are very exhausting. Amiability (oh, Victorian word!) is as essential in marriage as the oil system in a motor, otherwise the gears of life grind as despairingly as a dry clutch!

We all bring remarkably good temper to the vagaries of our friends, so why should we have it on the doorstep where our own life is concerned? Marriage is a business partnership and as much consideration is due to the wife's department as to the husband's. Let me instance the case of a woman novelist who is a friend of mine. She writes her books, which run into many editions and contribute largely to the housekeeping purse, in bed, because she says that this is the only way she can escape interruption. As she never gets up till noon, her husband regards her as the laziest woman on earth and, tho she may have been writing hard long before he woke up, he invariably remarks at lunch, "Another morning in bed! What a dormouse you are!" He adores her and is proud of her work, but, tho it pays more than half their budget, he cannot look upon it as a job, because it is not done in an office.

A good temper and respect for his wife's business, whether it be domestic

or artistic, would make any husband easy to live with. If he would regard himself occasionally as an outlet—a sort of mental exhaust pipe—he would be quite perfect! What I mean is besides such established outlets as the Club, the Stock Exchange, and the Tape, a man often has clerks, secretaries, telephonists or office-boys as convenient exhausts, but a woman has nothing better than a golf ball on which she may vent her pent-up grievances. Secretaries can be replaced by the score! Cooks must be propitiated!!

DISTINGUISH BETWEEN INCIDENTS AND EVENTS

A man would much rather discuss the Mosul agreement or the economic aspect of the coal strike than the kitchen boiler, but if you've been wrestling with the boiler all day, placating it lest a pipe should burst, encouraging it lest the water should not be hot for the masculine evening bath, telephoning from plumber to plumber, till you decide the genus is extinct, the thing has assumed greater proportions than any international problem! Husbands as well as wives should learn, not only to distinguish between incidents and events, but to realize when an incident has temporarily swollen into an event. A little understanding will restore it rapidly to its right dimensions. And so we come to the basis of what makes anyone easy to live with the power of understanding an alien point of view! We take trouble to understand our friends, but we consider our husbands and wives too near ourselves, sometimes too much a part of us, to need understanding. It is not true. After unnumbered years of marriage and unmeasured love men and women are as much separate entities, as inevitably lonely as they were on their wedding day.

Every human being is an island, surrounded by seas of reserves and inhibitions, of unexpected sensitiveness, of complexities and equally odd "directnesses". The gulfs may be bridged but no two islands will ever be turned into a peninsula and the bridges will only be built slowly and laboriously by means of patient understanding, good-temper, and respect.



A vintage, slightly faded photograph of a person lying on a sandy beach. The person is positioned horizontally across the lower half of the frame, with their head to the left and feet to the right. They appear to be wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment. The sand is dark and textured. In the background, there is a dark, indistinct shape that could be a building or a large tree. The overall tone is nostalgic and artistic.

ON THE SAND DUNES

—Andre Studio

After her dip in the sea
this nymph is bathed in
the glow of the smiling sun.

The Alchemy of Love

By Henry Knight Miller

LOVE is the great cleanser, the divine factor in experience, the saviour of life, a redemptive and transfiguring potency. It sweetens life, driving forth the hobgoblins of malice, envy, jealousy, hate. It is the essence of civilization. It differentiates the cultivated man from the beast and beast-man. Love turns the rough paths to rose-entwined bowers, warms the heart, obliterate every distinction of name, sect, country, creed. Thru love you come to approximate the likeness of God who is love.

Be a spendthrift of love. Some sin perchance thru uncontrolled misdirected love, but by far the more fatal fault is insufficient love. Pour forth floods of affection upon family, friends, enemies. Let this tender emotion obliterate every distinction of name, sect, country, creed.

We know God not thru musty books, barren creeds, spiritually bankrupt ecclesiastical organizations competing for membership, property and power, but thru unselfish and unstinted love.

Sometimes even the demi-mondaine is nearer God than the high dignitary of the church, for tho she err, she errs thru love, even tho it be prostituted and misdirected, while the latter, smug, complacent, self-satisfied, pharisaic may know neither the spirit nor essence of love and by his very lack of kindliness, mercy, sympathy, comradeship crucifies the very God he presumes to represent. Love is not only the fulfillment of the law—it is the law. Live the love-tinctured life and you will soar to sunkissed summits, bearing your fellows aloft, drawing men with irresistible compulsion. You will be for many as the shadow of a great oak at summer's noontide, as an oasis in desert places, a crystal fountain to thirsty lips.



WHO SAID—

—Andre Studio

That pearls bring Tears? Yet this fair girl wonders if it may not be true.

Sex Rivalry

By Jane Burr

"MEN and women are alike!" was the war-cry of the first brave feminist. "There is no sex in brain! Brain is brain wherever you find it!"

They arrayed themselves fiercely against men. They were determined that men should not own them in marriage. They were sure that no woman could marry and have a profession also, and a profession she must have if she wished to free herself from the curse of man's domination. Their way of downing the master was to learn his job and take it away from him, if possible. It was to be a battle to the death.

No doubt it took those embittered personalities to accomplish the sweeping changes that have taken place in woman's economic and political position during the past twenty years.

Yet those sweeping changes, like all reforms imposed from above, have made little difference in the fundamental attitude of man towards woman and of woman towards man. Certainly, the fact that changes have been made has never yet penetrated to the wriggling, struggling masses below.

In these masses there are just as many marriages and separations, just as much falling in love and out of love as there ever has been in the history of the civilized world.

Poor and simple people marry more for a home than for anything else. Nevertheless they accept each other with a large amount of genuine affection. This affection is dealt out occasionally with a rolling-pin or a brick-bat but on the whole there is a steady sort of give-and-take understanding between them.

After the visit of a feminist firebrand, Mrs. O'Hullihan and Mrs. Slobolabotsky discuss the matter over the tenement banisters. They wink their eyes shyly and chuckle. "Men and women are alike, eh?" Not from their experience. As a matter of fact, they have positive proof to the contrary and no number of dried-up, unmarried, Rights-for-Women canvassers can tell them otherwise.

A simple female knows that men and

women are different way down to the last little emotional reaction. Why, for instance take that small matter of her man's drubbing her right after she had done for him a great act of kindness. As she rubbed her bruises and wept she felt she never could have done that to him after he had been kind to her. She can't think very deeply because she hasn't trained her brain to think so she just puts it down to the fact that men and women are different and goes on about her business. It is also a consolation to her to know he didn't mean it. And he DIDN'T mean it. He doesn't know why he did it. He didn't want to drub her. But she WOULD go on doing great acts of kindness and humiliating him. Perhaps he drubbed her to prove he was still a man and not in need of her great acts of kindness.

However, afterwards, he always puts his arms around her, they go to a movie, and all is well again.

The next time her boys are unmanageable, she saves them up until father comes home in the evening, then turns them over to him. To her way of thinking men understand boys better than women do.

"Men are different from women," she thinks, but she wonders if it wouldn't be possible to raise her sons so that they wouldn't drub their wives. She does try in her ignorant way to change them but emotions are stronger than brains and she finds when she is too hard on them they turn away from her. She cannot bear them to turn away from her. She needs them in the empty places of her heart. In their embraces, she forgets her determination to change them. She spoils and pets them and in the response they give her she is happy. Later they go forth, egotistical, vain, pompous to drub their wives when they meant to love them.

Tho the fear of losing her man is a strong factor in the female psyche, there are deeper and more fundamental reasons for her desire to serve. She does not want to be drubbed; she does not want to be a slave. She wants to offer her



AN INTRUDER

—Andre Studio

Frightens this crouching girl. She will drop her tambourine—or possibly break the Intruder's nose with it. "Vanities."

**EXHAUSTED**

—Andre Studio

No farther can she run—this wood nymph—whether escaping or pursuing.

service as a female characteristic and have it accepted and made use of in the highest possible manner.

Why should it be humiliating to the female ego to admit that her greatest happiness lies in the fulfillment of her love life with her husband and children? Is the male ego to be envied because it finds its greatest happiness in money-getting and fighting?

Men and women are different. Their bodies are different; their brains are different; their possibilities are different.

Recently I have interviewed some of the greatest men and women of Europe. Surely if there is no sex in brain, there ought to be a great similarity at the tip-top of intellectuality. Brains on the heights ought to be purely brains.

There at the pinnacle, more than in the lower realms of development, the utter dissimilarity between the male and the female brain, shines forth.

Real women, even at the head of world movements for Peace, for Anarchy, for Socialism, or for the farther emancipation of their sisters, are still personal creatures with their sex and their love united. They are full of regret if they have not married, perplexed at the impossibility of making men understand them if they have married, excessively sad as a whole and unable in their talk or their deepest writings to travel in a straight line to a given end. They reach the end eventually—in their own way, by dallying along the roadside.

There are great women in every land who have men's brains, who work like men, look like men—but they are not female. It is doubtful if they would prove to be female under the microscope. They are like thistles that have been grafted to a rose tree. They live and they are full of wonder but they are not roses.

There are those who will say that it is only because women have so recently entered the intellectual arena that they do not think like men.

Why should women think like men? When they begin to think like men it does something horrible to them—it grows whiskers and beards and coarse voices. Maybe it is the other way around—they have potential whiskers and beards and coarse voices and therefore they think like men.

Perhaps it is this intermediate type, the hard woman and the gentle man, with their female and male characteristics intermingled, that will eventually be the means of a better understanding between the one hundred per cent male and the one hundred per cent female.

Perhaps it will be the work of these people to point out that not by changing each other will the millennium come to pass but by accepting each other, as simple people do, without illusions and for what we really are.

People do not change fundamentally. They cannot be made over. A woman wants her man to be heroic and manly and strong and soft and tender and weak all at one time. She won't permit him to boss her but she longs to have him assert his authority.

Man at the present time seems less sad but more puzzled than woman. It is more his transitional stage than it is hers.

Out of the seemingly endless controversy there arises one certainty. The new feminist wants her man and her babies AND her profession. The life holds much of bitterness if traveled with a man, it holds nothing of sweetness if traveled alone.

As woman ascends in the intellectual scale, the man as a satisfactory mate, falls behind. The old-fashioned feminist left him and rushed on alone. The new-fashioned feminist turns and stretches out her hand. Knowing that she has stretched out her hand in kindliness, he sulks as he knows he cannot drub her. It takes all her diplomatic skill to give him back his egotism and at the same time find a road broad enough for them both to travel.

Occasionally she succeeds; occasionally she adopts the male attitude and tries to separate her love from her sex. In this she is always a failure.

A woman can never be a man. The real woman never tries it. She does not share the ambition of the old feminists to be like men. She wants to be herself and as herself, accepted on terms of equality with men.

She wants to offer him, not more treasures like his own but treasures that are different from his—treasures that spring from the depths of her womanhood and complement his own.



ECSTASY

—Andre Studio

"Why not," asks this fervent dancer, "shake off all care, as I do, and abandon oneself to the 'wild joy of living?'"

In Defense of Motherhood

By Major L. N. Maximovich

MOTHERHOOD is the most sublime aim in a woman's life. There is no sacrifice that she would not undergo when motherhood calls to her. Even the most terrific aches of child-birth are forgotten and soon she shines with blissfulness if only her motherhood has been achieved. Sexual sang-froid does not play any role in regard to the ability for begetting, for even the most insensitive woman may beget and become an ideal mother. And in just this phenomenon may be found something that has the quality of destiny itself. A woman may take full part in the sexual life, may become a mother, without that narrow, personal sexual enjoyment which Nature has given to the act of begetting the future generations.

Alas, it is only too true that thru a misdirected propaganda and some queer demagogy one can influence to a certain extent the disappearance of this most fundamental tendency toward motherhood. For that purpose many social and economic reasons are given, as well as reasons of mode and the woman's endangered rights in her life with man. Wifehood and motherhood are denied, only to create a "lady" in the negative sense of the word, and later on to make a coquette with polygamous inclinations as a result of sexual liberty. But, happily enough, the idea of motherhood is firmly fixed down at the bottom of her soul, and it does not disappear even when a woman is condemned to remain barren. And, fundamentally, this fact is the strongest barrier against all the unnatural demagogic attempts of the enemies of motherhood.

Unfortunately, in spite of this great fact there has been created a special type of woman in marriage—a type which is not rare today. She is the already mentioned "lady" in the negative sense of the word.

She enters into matrimony usually with well worked out plans and intentions. Marriage to her is a cloak which enables her to live the life which she had to hide and cover when she was unmarried. There are many such women today. These are the type of girls who wait to be married and immediately develop into dangerous Xanthippes. Wedlock to these women means nothing but freedom from all the considerations and duties of girlhood, and they will, after their defloweration, use their sexual liberty to the utmost. The moment the veil of girlhood and chastity is off, their aim is achieved. They have before their eyes only worldly aims; they can never grow into the spiritual unity of wedlock; they usually live by their husbands, and not with their husbands. And husbands usually tolerate the sexual laxity of their wives from a kindly consideration, and preserve the marital unity for numberless subtle reasons, often not seeing the things that all others see. These marital Demi-Mondaines are happiest when outside their own homes. They wish to play special roles in society. Usually, surrounded by a crowd of their admirers, they haven't even the slightest feeling of consideration for the most fundamental duties of marriage. The sense of motherhood with these women is brought to the lowest level, and if one of them becomes a mother, she will, because of external reasons, know how to play the role of a very careful mother. Motherhood brings them to what they regard a really undesirable dependence upon their husbands. They negate the most fundamental and most natural woman's qualities, and in that respect they are on the side of the most extreme feminists. They are very active in philanthropic and similar societies. They are not, however, led in their work by any internal spiritual

need, but by the impulse to use society as a cover for their diverse and hidden enterprises.

Between this kind of a woman and an ideal mother and wife there are many transitions—types. And as it is a fact that even a most worldly woman may have somewhere down in the bottom of her soul a neglected idea of motherhood which in a favorable moment may very strongly develop, so it is true that even a coquette with polygamous tendencies can be satisfied with a man, and everything else forgotten forever. Among these is a well known type which, for a long time is searching for a man who can "understand" her. She roams for a long time seeking that true love, passing from embrace to embrace until she finds that true love, whether in marriage or out of it. Woman believers in "free love," who ordinarily belong to the same class, are far away from the true feminine sort, for they put personal momentary sexual enjoyment above all other natural responsibilities, even in motherhood itself.

When one talks about marriage and matrimony it is interesting to note that, undoubtedly, there exists a certain fear of it in both sexes. If we separate pathological cases, and also those who may have social or economic reasons for fear, we find a great number whose fear of matrimony can be explained only on psychological grounds. Women more rarely fear it than men do—I mean those men who may have certain social or economic reasons, and whose reasons do not serve them just as an excuse. Sexuality of men is of a different kind, and for them there is enough opportunity outside of matrimony; they more or less lose their courage and more and more fear marriage as they grow older and become victims of their habits. For women, on the other hand, matrimony means the achievement of her desires and ideals and she is afraid only if in her soul she gets the notion that she has not grown up enough and cannot measure up to all that is expected from a woman in married life. . . .

She may fear the first co-habitation or child-birth, and that fear may take hysterical proportions. Then, there are women endowed with a certain masculinity, and who have, because of some reason, developed a certain physiological hatred for the male sex. They would rather become dried and barren than submit themselves

to a married life. The fear of child-birth and motherhood can sometimes, even in married life, bring a certain disquietude. The fear that they will not be able to get used to married life is especially strong among only-daughters of rich parents, who, thanks to their anti-social home training, are usually very particular in their choice.

Since we have suggested the possibility of women not marrying, it will not be inappropriate if we comment further on that subject. There are girls who have, so to speak, let life go by, and whom people, a little unhumanly and ironically, call "old maids." Their state of mind is characterized by complete depression and resignation; they have, in their lives, shunned social contacts; their ideals are ruined. They had to abstain and arrest their sexuality for certain reasons, either social or professional. But they will, in the first realization of old age, willingly accept an opportunity to make up sexually what they have lost in the past. And the realization that something lost is being made up will arouse very often a strengthened sexual tendency and desire for motherhood. This tendency often finds its realization either in spiritual or physical acts of some sort or altruistic deeds. Very often there develops a strong friendship among these sufferers—a substitute for true sexual love. The desire for matrimonial life becomes so developed that they take advantage of the first opportunity offered. They, so to speak, run into matrimony, and often meet bitter disappointments. While a great majority, not finding an outlet for their psychological sufferings, suffer from neurasthenia and hysteria—and among these we find the largest number of hysterical girls. Undoubtedly, there is to be found a large number of women with refined natures, with great and high intellects. They will strongly resist these sexual tendencies and find full satisfaction in their professions. But there is a large number of girls who are lost to society simply because they have remained outside of matrimony.

And by reason of their lost opportunities they will look for the causes of their unhappiness outside of themselves, in the social system, in the repulsive nature of men, etc., and will become more and more extravagant and misanthropic as they grow older.



STRENGTH BLENT WITH BEAUTY

Poses like this of Anthony Sansone, keep alive the age-long debate among artists and sculptors whether the female form is after all more beautiful than the male.

The Man Who Didn't Care

By Nels Leroy Jorgensen

I DIDN'T CARE. That was the long and the short of it. I gave my wife her divorce because she loved another man. There were no children to be considered.

I can't say I was sorry. Rather had, the feeling that it was all for the best, since she didn't love me. Only my vanity was wounded a little, but of course I couldn't let the world know that. I had been, up to that time, an eminently respectable New York business man, my interests divided between my office, my clubs, and my home.

Suddenly I found myself free of every tie, facing a world in which pleasure of every sort lay lurking in every corner—a rich man at thirty-five, fairly good looking and able to do as I pleased. When I finally awoke to these facts, I asked myself what I wanted to do and found just that—I didn't care.

Certainly I'd never believe a woman again—not another woman under God's vaulted heavens—that I swore. And a decent life had meant nothing but forfeiting the only creature I'd ever cared for to another man less decent than I. A man loses his every bit of faith in the shattering of an idol he has fondly builded upon love; only love itself can rebuild it all. At first the sensation was one of bitter loss and loneliness, to vanish eventually in the face of the obvious.

The world was a wide-open playground and life's span its time limit. I had a good many years to play, the leisure for it, and the income to finance the playing. That was how I began.

I had friends and I found that when I began to entertain, became known as a first-nighter on Broadway, the owner of a rather magnificent uptown apartment and a country home within motoring distance of New York—my list of acquaintances grew. I was soon fatuously terming myself a very popular man.

Business I let slide. I was enjoying

myself. At least, I thought I was and a very able corps of assistants at my office were attending to the more mundane details of getting the wherewithal for me to indulge myself with.

Women were the choicest of my playthings. Conscience was submerged after my one experience with them, so there were no barriers. I found that they were willing to play, too—most of them. Those who weren't, I had no time for.

First there was Ann de Forrest, a little French comic opera star. She wasn't actually the first; but before Ann I hadn't been held for any length of time. Something about her style suited the reckless mood in which my life had been cast—a vivid, sparkling restlessness that was like champagne. She was entirely French.

I liked Ann a lot, but there was never a great deal between us. I don't believe she could really love any man—ever, and I wasn't particular about her caring for me deeply. She was just a convivial play-fellow and if she had any sense of morals she never let them obtrude. So she suited my tastes exactly.

I dropped Ann very suddenly and without any frills to the leave-taking. Dan Folsom, one of my closest acquaintances, warned me that I would. He was staging a party at the Ritz and prior to it, promised that he'd introduce a girl who would make me sit up and take notice.

I did. Peggy flitted across the stage. Dan was at great pains to bring us together, altho' even he couldn't have suspected what was to follow.

"She's yours for tonight, Hal," he laughed. "Peggy, this is your playmate for the next few hours."

I looked down curiously at the slip of a girl he had brought over. She was a little, elf-like thing, petite and graceful, possessed of a pair of quizzical, wistful brown eyes that were sparkling up at me from under a mass of boyishly bobbed



THIS MUST BE THE SECRET—

—Andre Studio

That, altho pearls may bring tears, if you have enough of them they are sure to bring smiles.

hair.

"So you're Peggy," I ventured, scrutinizing her with the care of a connoisseur.

"And you're Hal." I could see that her cool regard was as speculative as my own. And as I nodded, she gave a little gesture that took in most of the room. "I've heard enough about you. This is your crowd, eh—and your life?"

"Why not?" I demanded. "Don't you like it?"

"Very much," she replied unexpectedly. "But I shouldn't enjoy a continual round of it, I must say. There's too much work to be done."

"It's not necessary," I reminded her. "If this crowd of mine likes a fellow's company well enough, he or she can always get along without working—somehow."

I never knew whether I was trying to test her or tempt her. Anyway, she had interested me tremendously since the moment I had looked down first into those deep, haunting eyes of hers. They seemed always questing, searching for something—something, perhaps, just around the corner, as I was fond of putting it to myself.

But she shook her head decidedly in response to my suggestion and then looked away. Her voice, when she spoke, was cool and contained, with a note under it that my better instincts might have sensed was disappointment.

"I prefer to work," she said shortly. "Then a fellow never has to say 'Thank you' for anything. If I'm so fortunate as to be liked by your crowd, anyone can help things along by going to see my show. Let's dance."

I acquiesced with unusual readiness. I was piqued. I couldn't know then what I afterward discovered—that Peggy's willingness to fling care to the winds and take life as it was served to her, sprang from almost the same causes as mine. The night before she had been refused an ingenue's part in a production that she had set her heart on. The bitter disappointment that she was masking under her insouciant smile and laughter represented years of hard work and faith—and a belief that was dead. A man had lied to her.

Oh, Peggy was game, all right—a sport, clean thru!

She wanted no more favors from men—as I wanted none from women. Disillusioned and somewhat cynical, but with eyes that nevertheless insisted upon look-

ing upward because it was her nature to seek the finest in existence, she was taking it all as it came—life was a song and dance; it only remained for a fellow to get the best out of it and let it go at that.

So Peggy was on the night I met her, but the keenest observer would never have known that she harbored disappointment and creeping bitterness under that wonderful smile she had. Dan had told me she'd make me forget Ann. And within the next twenty-four hours I knew that Dan was right. Peggy was staying at a quiet hotel near Washington Square that night, as her own boarding place was too far out to reach at that hour, so after the party, I took her there. I promised readily that I'd go to see her show the following evening.

It was an inconsequential revue and she had a minor part, but to my eyes, she simply scintillated. I hastened around to the stage door afterward with an eagerness I had not felt in years.

In spite of the circumstances under which we had met, I wasn't at all certain that Peggy would see me. It was with keen trepidation that I awaited the doorman's return with my card—which he had taken up to her dressing-room. She seemed too fine and decent, somehow, to be attracted even momentarily by the unending round and careless dissipation of the life I had led. And gradually, while I waited, it dawned upon me that I wanted desperately to have her like me—to shower upon her the things that I could.

I wondered if all this was only the desire in me to conquer and possess the object of my choosing. I told myself that it was. I was pretty far gone, I guess, along the pathway of my choice.

When the doorman, returning, bade me wait, I sighed with gratification. A minute later Peggy came down the iron steps descending from the dressing-rooms, smiling and sparkling with the vitality of her abundant youth. My eyes devoured her.

Contrary to my usual custom, I suggested that we have a trifle to eat at one of the quieter places I knew. Just then I didn't feel like lights and noise and a jazzy orchestra. Peggy hit me that way, somehow.

"All right, Hal," she agreed. "I hope you'll appreciate that I broke a date with a John who was going to introduce me to a big manager—just to see you."

"Why?" I wanted to know.



AGAIN—GLADYS PHILBIN

—DeMirjian

This lovely little lady was happy on page thirteen (not in the least afraid of bad luck) and she is happy still on page 47.

**FRENZY**

—Andre Studio

The dance runs the gamut of human emotions. Yet even in her frenzy this dancer does not miss the touch of grace.

She looked up at me, a dash of coquettishness in her quick smile. "Because your eyes are gray, I think," she surprised me by saying. "That's the only reason I know of."

"Oh!" I hesitated. "Not because I'm—?"

"No, not because you're Harold P. Conigsby, if that's what you're thinking," she cut in. "I know the name means something somewhere downtown, but it's not a thing in my young career."

"I can make it something in your career if you want me to try," I told her seriously. That was when we were seated at a little table for two in Francesci's, a delightful little Italian place that I resorted to habitually in my less hectic moments. "Just say the word, Peg; for the present, at least, I'm wild over you."

She looked up at me gravely. "I know," she replied slowly. "I—I'm afraid it's mutual, Hal, but I don't want any helping hand. I know you—everyone does—for a good fellow." She smiled quickly. "Well, that's all I am, and a good fellow doesn't ask any favors."

She slipped her little hand across the table and I caught it impulsively.

"You mean—we're starting on the square?" I demanded. "No bluffs or promises—just out for the best we can get out of the game?"

"Just that," she nodded.

"You're on!" I told her.

I'd never met anyone just like that. Peggy was the real thing, as I told Dan, and as I told her. I was wild about her—for the moment. She seemed to realize that it wasn't to last. She knew me for what I was worth. It wasn't much but I was fair, anyhow. I never lied, nor promised—unless I could fulfill the promise.

There never was any hypocrisy about our whole affair. It was on the level from the very first. She was a sport and I was a sport and we met on that plane.

Peggy was passive in everything; she left for me the choosing and the planning and my way was always her's. It seemed enough for her that she was with me. Ann I had forgotten completely; she left New York and I never heard from her again.

It was a rosy path and an easy one. Once in awhile, the office would annoy me with the news that business was going to rack and ruin without any help from me, but I was too far removed from that world now to take the warning seriously. I suppose I sensed that eventually a smash

must be inevitable, but whenever the thought entered my mind, I proceeded to drown it by the most effective means at hand.

Once or twice Peggy took it into her head to suggest that I try a little spell at good behavior. She was always a bit shy about it, as tho she were aware that she really had no connection with that side of my life. But I laughed her attempts off.

"Suppose I did try behaving myself for a while?" I asked her once. "What would you do?"

"I hadn't thought," she admitted. "I think, tho, Hal, that I'd—I'd do whatever would please you."

I didn't take that seriously. I wasn't taking anything any woman said seriously, after—my wife.

"You'd be out on parties with that manager you spoke of and a few other managers—the usual round," I told her, laughing. "I know your life, old dear. It's the unpleasant knowledge one gets for living it. If I weren't here, it would be someone else. And I can't seem to think of you with someone else—right now," I finished uncertainly—I couldn't, even tho I did call myself a dog in the manger for the feeling.

"Right now," she repeated gravely. "And when you've finished your playing, Hal . . . I'm going to have to think of you—"

"Nonsense!" I cut in. "You talk as if this were serious. You don't mean to tell me that if I dropped out, you'd still want to—Oh, I say, let's forget it!" I caught her up in my arms and kissed her.

She laughed. "Righto!" So we dropped it. Getting serious about the thing appealed to me not at all. I was afraid.

For Peggy had gotten hold of me somehow, in a way I scarcely dared admit to myself. I came to depend upon her, neglecting other women entirely. It grew a pleasant anticipation to look forward to having her drop into my rooms between shows on matinee days; or at night, when there was no particular party scheduled, to have Philip, my one servant, lay a tasty after-theatre supper for two in my library.

I missed her when she was not about and enjoyed her every minute when she was. She had asked for nothing—would accept nothing but comradeship and understanding. There are a few on Broadway like Peggy—a very few!

But I wanted desperately to do something for her. Often I had begged to be allowed to exert my influence and secure for her a good-sized part—in vain. She wanted no help. So I determined to go ahead on my own account. When the chance came, I felt sure she would not refuse.

I went to Tim Lawson, the producer. I had done a lot of favors for Tim; he used my rooms as his own and never hesitated to call upon me for anything he needed that I could supply. Generally it was money to back a new production.

"Why, certainly, Hal," he told me in his bluff, hearty way, when I explained to him that I wanted to secure a good part for Peggy. "If it's for you, yes. I'll find a part for her in my new show—it ought to go into rehearsal in about three weeks."

I felt happier. It seemed certain that Peggy would not refuse when the chance was offered her, if only for fear of hurting my feelings. There had been a momentary lull in my life and I proceeded to take up the old pace again. With her, it seemed less heartless and cold than it appeared at times to my jaded mind.

There was no question, tho, but that it was telling on me. I was enjoying it, all right, but I was paying, too. It has been my experience that payment must be made for everything in life—in just the proportion to the enjoyment received from it.

When my troubles finally began, they pyramided. The income from my business was cut down by one-fourth at the end of the next fiscal quarter. I didn't mind that so much then, but it was a red warning of danger.

The next I knew I had come down with a bad case of nerves. For two weeks I writhed in my bed under the care of two physicians, raving as tho insane part of the time and for the rest, mumbling and fretting like an imbecile.

But I hadn't learned much—yet. Convalescence over, I felt fit again and ready for the old pace. A party at my rooms to celebrate the recovery seemed the thing. I invited Peggy and the crowd, choosing to ignore the fact that only she had been to see me during my illness. The others had avoided my doors as tho behind them dwelt the plague.

It was a fitting celebration, all right. I don't hesitate now to term it exactly what it was—an orgy of debauch. There was no one sober in the rooms by mid-

night—not even Philip, who sampled every cocktail he shook.

Philip and I were arguing ourselves into a state of tears in my room, over the proper ingredients for a "Tom Collins," when Peggy found me. She had had a little less to drink than most of us and had stopped early, so that by that time—toward three o'clock, she was in decent shape.

"I've got to go home. Hal," she told me.

"Home? Aren't you gonna stay?" I demanded.

She avoided my eyes. "I can't," she said.

Some sense of decency left alive in me came to my rescue at that point. I heard them ordering taxis, giving flourishing directions over the telephone in the other room, and I aroused myself, not without showing some trace of resentment that was entirely out of place.

"Jus' 's you say," I conceded. "I'll drive y' home."

She demurred, but I was obstinate. I even wakened my chauffeur and made him bring my roadster around to the door for me. Then, catching sight of Tim Lawson, I bethought myself of his promise to place Peggy in his show and drew him aside. It was nearly time, I reflected, for rehearsals to begin.

"How about the part you promised, Tim?" I asked him.

"All O. K., Hal," he said, setting down a Scotch bottle he was absently carting around.

"Will you be here tomorrow to let me see it?" I asked. "I'm giving a party at the hotel Saturday and I want to present it to her then."

He promised faithfully to be on hand the following day. I felt that I could trust Tim implicitly, even tho I knew well what the promises of Broadway managers usually amount to. So, as my roadster had arrived, I left him, feeling quite well satisfied with myself.

Peggy entered the car, but with misgivings that were apparent to me even in my dazed state at the time. She lived well out on the Pelham Road and came in to town every evening for her show. We had one or two close calls on the way out there, but I managed it all right, I don't just remember how. Presently I pulled up before the door of a little frame house where she roomed alone.

"You aren't fit to drive back tonight, Hal," she protested.



BLOSSOM TIME

—Randall

Charming Peggy Heavens sits under a shower of flowers, and looks up for the next dash of petals.



ANOTHER SUNRISE

—DeMirjian

As the curtains of the night unfold, Frances Norton unfolds the curtains of her window to greet the dawn.

"Rot!" I answered. "Didn't I drive out here?" I ignored the fact that she had helped me, held back a too impetuous foot on the accelerator and once or twice caught the wheel just in time to avert a crash.

"Will you promise to be careful?" she pleaded.

I nodded hastily. "Kiss me, Peggy," I demanded. She obeyed, hesitantly. "I'm going back. Don't forget to pack your grip when you come in tonight; you're staying over for the week-end, you know," I reminded her.

She agreed, but I felt her brooding eyes on my back as I lurched toward the roadster. Something was on Peggy's mind. Waving a good-bye that was entirely too flourishing, I started off.

The road was a good one and at that hour, deserted. The early morning air began to exhilarate me, but it was too early as yet for the effects of the night's debauch to have worn off.

The mist of early morning had settled over the pavement, but I did not notice. I stepped on the gas and the purring motor obeyed the pressure like a homing bird. The cutout roared madly past the lone staring fence-posts and telegraph poles as I tore down over the wide roadway.

I never understood quite how it happened. I was about to turn into a wide square when another car swung directly into my path. I swerved, missing it by a bare inch or less, but the curb had caught my wheels. They locked; I felt the control wrenched from my hands and the roadster was whizzing sidewise at a sickening angle and speed.

The next moment I had hit something—I afterward learned it was the base of the statue occupying the center of the square. As I felt myself torn from behind the wheel, everything went black and the paling lights of the gray morning reeled and then vanished into abysmal darkness. . . .

I awoke slowly, gradually, in my own rooms. I made certain of that first thing, by carefully taking in every detail of my surroundings. Philip tip-toed in quietly a few minutes afterward and he smiled upon finding me awake.

"I—I think I must've had an accident, eh, Philip?" I ventured, rather lamely.

"Yes, sir. But you're quite well now," he told me. "The papers made quite a

bit of it, but the doctor said it was only temporary unconsciousness from the shock. You can get up whenever you feel able, sir."

I nodded. I could feel no pain anywhere, only a lightness in my head, so the announcement satisfied me completely. "I suppose there've been dozens of calls," I asked impatiently.

But Philip shook his head. "Only one, sir." His tone bespoke the grievance that I might have been expected to feel. "A woman's voice. She asked how you were doing and when I told her nicely, she seemed quite relieved."

That shook me up a bit. So they hadn't been interested in learning of my condition, any of them. And the one—that was Peggy, of course. I looked up querulously.

"This is Friday, I suppose?" I asked uncertainly.

"Saturday, sir," Philip reminded me. "It was yesterday morning—the accident. It's three o'clock Saturday afternoon sir."

I whistled. "Saturday! Was Tim Lawson here yesterday?"

"No one has been here," Philip affirmed again.

"He hasn't called or—anything?"

When Philip again said "No," I began to realize things. My hand had started toward the telephone beside the bed to assure myself that arrangements for my party tonight at the hotel were complete; but something stayed the move.

No one had called. They all knew of my accident. Yet no one had cared.

Suddenly the realization came to me that just as surely as I didn't care, others didn't, either. They were friends—while friendship was convenient and enjoyable. No longer. While I'd been lying there unconscious they hadn't even taken the trouble to telephone.

So far as they knew I was seriously ill, perhaps on the point of death. I brought myself of my recent nervous prostration, when practically the same thing had happened. So that was what they were worth! It wasn't only that, either. The facts simply started me thinking. Oh, it was bitter of taste, the fruit of understanding I swallowed as I lay there that afternoon!

After all, what was this game worth? It was fun, but it was cheap fun. It wasn't even on the level. Men and women were sucked dry of all they had to

offer and then cast aside. I'd been doing it. Could I expect more from the rest of them?

No, I wasn't getting anything I didn't deserve. I hadn't a bit of sympathy for myself then. These friends of mine were following my own code. I hadn't a thing to complain of—those were the rules of the game I had chosen to play and if I wanted to keep on playing, it was my own business.

If I wanted to . . . For the first time in months, I actually gave myself the opportunity to think. And I decided that the game wasn't worth the candle. I'd quit!

That was definite. I have always had a habit of carrying out with the swiftest possible execution any plan I arrived at. And I smiled to myself as I thought out the next step. I'd telephone them all and advise them that the party tonight was still good. Then, when they were all there, I'd tell them what I thought and say good-bye.

A month in the country—possibly two months abroad, and then back to work. After all, I reflected, my work had always been able to thrill me with a sense of achievement and accomplishment. At the thought, I breathed more quickly and my eyes sparkled with anticipation. Already I felt myself back in the old days that were, after all, the best.

I telephoned. Oh, they were all willing. They were coming—"Bet your life, Hal, old top!" I smiled, without rancor. I hoped my announcement would be a surprise.

Only I tried not to think of leaving Peggy.

She came almost last on my list. I had put off my call to Lawson; I didn't know what I'd say to him. At length, after quite a wait, I got her on the 'phone. Her voice was curiously repressed.

"I can't come, Hal," she said firmly.

"Why not?" I demanded in quick surprise and with a curious sinking sensation in my breast.

"I just can't. Count me out—now and later."

"And you won't tell me why?" I gasped. Somehow I felt completely bewildered, as tho I had not heard aright.

"It doesn't matter," she said haltingly. "We had to stop playing sometime and I'm thru now. Isn't that enough?"

There was a long silence. The bottom

seemed to have dropped out of things for me. At last I was beginning to pay for the debts I had contracted.

"You're coming in town tonight, anyway, Peggy," I said, in a voice as level as I could make it. "Will you stop off here and tell me why? Just that. It's all I ask of you."

She hesitated. Then, "Yes," she said finally, but very faintly.

I hung up the receiver and went about getting dressed. Had Peggy, too, forsaken me? Well, I'd found out in time. I was glad of that, anyway. At least, I told myself I was.

Yet I hated to think of her in that way. I wanted to believe Peggy on the level with me, not just playing around for what she got out of it—altho I was fair enough to ask myself why. Our compact had been clean-cut enough and certainly I had never permitted it to get serious. If she wanted to end it, the choice was hers.

When I was dressed, I spent considerable time in puttering about my rooms, nervous and fidgety. I had not realized that a man could reach the depths of despondency to which I had sunk. Finally I picked up the telephone again to call Tom Lawson. His excuses were halting and lame.

"I read in the paper that you'd had an accident, Hal, and I—well, you know I had to go ahead with the piece," he man-aged. "I'll give the kid another part—she'll be taken care of all right. Only I got just my type yesterday morning, see? So I says to myself, 'Hal's a good feller—he'll understand if I—'"

His voice went trailing off. I no longer listened. I suppose he was still making his flimsy excuses when the receiver dropped on the hook.

I stared about me. One of Peggy's absurdly tiny little handkerchiefs lay on the desk. Impulsively I swept it up and pressed it to my lips, my eyes closed. And when I did that the scent of mignonette arose compellingly to my nostrils—her perfume! I think it was in that moment of blind impulse that I first came to realize what she meant to me. When it was too late!

Hot tears started to my eyes—the first since childhood. What a sordid, rotten lot we all were! Was there nothing decent or good left in mankind or life? And when I told myself as steadily as I could

that I was no better than the rest and had merited nothing more than my present lot, my agony was complete.

The whole world was tumbling and Peggy had started the crash. Why hadn't she at least been sincere?—just so as to spare me the little, tiny shred of belief in the good that I wanted so desperately to nurse in my broken heart.

But no; she was part of the life I was leaving tonight; even her coming now was to prove that indisputably. And when I thought of how happy I had expected to be this night when I presented her with her big chance, the stinging tears could no longer be held back. Even my new-born resolutions seemed bereft of meaning; life had turned out too rotten for me to care to go on with the farce at all.

Peggy came into my rooms with just a trace of hesitancy. In a certain undefined sadness that I discerned in her deep eyes she was more adorably sweet and desirable than ever. My whole being cried out in protest against believing her what she was proving herself to be. It was not fair!

She didn't look up at me after her first troubled glance. I crossed to her and gently took her shoulders.

"Tell me why you're quitting, Peg," I said quietly. "That's all I want to know. I shan't try to hold you but I think I'm entitled to that much."

When she raised her eyes, I saw tears glistening on her long lashes. How I longed to crush her to me then, to kiss away the tears and just hold her close for an eternity of time! But it wasn't scheduled, I told myself bitterly. I was due, I reflected, for some further precious knowledge of women.

"It's you, Hal," she articulated finally, her lips quivering. "I don't want to play any longer that's all."

"Why?" I repeated.

"Because of you, after the night before last. I—I began to think. The game isn't worth it, because the play is hurting—you."

I was stunned to speechlessness for a moment. "You mean—?" I began.

"I mean I won't be a part of the crowd you're with, helping you to slip downward always—down to—oh, you know what the finish is! I've asked you to stop and you wouldn't." She was speaking swiftly now; halting but feverishly,

as tho glad of the chance to pour out her pent-up thoughts.

"If you want to keep on, I guess I'm not the one to stop you. I haven't the right, I suppose; I only played—one of the crowd. But at least, I can stop, when I see you ruining yourself and your life. And I guess," she finished, with a broken little sigh, "—I guess that's about all I can do."

She was quiet. Her shoulders drooped. There was a long silence, tender as the hush of a beatitude, while I stared at her in a glad wonder. She wasn't like the rest! The magic of that realization was like sparkling wine. Here was someone who cared at last—cared even enough to leave me, cared even tho I did not. No, I hadn't before, but now—!

"Is—that all you want?" she was saying, trying to be defiant, now that her confession was out.

My hands trembled violently on her shoulders. Suddenly I realized how little and alone and adorably sweet she was. I didn't see her just as a game sport, a pal, any longer; she was a woman—THE woman! Suddenly I realized how deeply I wanted her—the woman who cared for the man who didn't care—wanted her above all else in the world.

"It's not quite all I want, dear—there's one thing more," I said tenderly. "That is—you."

Hesitation and doubts had been swept away. I knew and she knew and we two stood alone and at peace in a wondrous, re-created world of our own understanding. The past was dead; life was worth living again. I kissed her for the first time with all the love and longing of my soul behind the caress and as her lips leapt to meet mine, I knew that my false gods were crumbled and that I had found the truth at last.

And when I went away, as I had planned, Peggy was with me, to help me to come back and to teach me a lot of forgotten things over again—to teach a man who hadn't cared—to care.

Married!

By Jane Burr

(Conclusion)

WHILE the weary gentleman's body was being shipped out West to be buried in the bosom of his family, I passed on to number two. Number two was much richer, much younger, and of much higher position than the weary gentleman. I have often thought of the amazing opportunities nice girls of the demi-monde have. Why, we go with men whose names in Town Topics make the middle-class girl tremble with excitement. Reading the names in Town Topics is as near to them as she ever will get.

Number two was married, of course. He was married to one of those lady scorpions who didn't want him but who didn't want anybody else to have him. It was pleasant.

Thank heaven——but why should I number them — was single. Until his advent I had hung on to my job, a last little middle-class attachment to respectability, a prop for my aunt to lean on when the gossips in our street tried to bowl her over.

He asked me not to go to work any more. It was rather absurd. He was a domestic sort of aristocrat, fond of home and dressing gown and slippers. He read to me in the evening, simple things that I could understand. He took me away on beautiful journeys to China, Japan, and India. He moved my little family to a house in the country. We never went to night clubs tho occasionally we heard an opera or concert.

Gradually I settled down into the domestic peace that I was intended for, that every simple American girl is intended for.

Tho I went into the thing as I had gone into the others and tho I would never have looked at him twice if he hadn't been rich, very soon the idea of his wealth faded and I fell in love for the first time since my sixth year. I

wanted to have him forever, I wanted a house full of children, I wanted to say to people, "This is my husband."

Aunt understood the situation at last but poor dear, life had been too hard on her original scruples. She only knew one thing for certain and that was money made people awful polite.

I spent some pretty unhappy days after I learned to love my man, but he never knew it. Men don't like unhappy women.

I longed to be pure for him and regretted my past life. I tried to tell myself that I was good enough, that I had never willingly lied or cheated or stolen anything or killed anybody, but in my heart I knew that in the minds of all men, including the one I loved, I was not good enough. Men are conventional creatures. They are so worried about what other men think. They can't bear being called a fool by other men. I often feel the only reason a man ever kicks his wife out for committing the unpardonable sin is because of what other men think of him, particularly because of what the man in the case thinks of him if he doesn't kick her out.

Only once during the five years we lived together did I assert myself and that was at the end of the first twelve months. Men don't like women who assert themselves.

I told him I wanted to marry. He was gallant. He reminded me that I had three hundred thousand dollars in bonds he had given me, that the house we were living in was in my name.

"If you wish to marry, my dear, you can afford it. Pick out some nice husband and I will give you my blessing."

"But I want to marry you."

"You will never marry me for I shall never marry anybody."

I repeated his words ten thousand



NATURE DANCE

—DeMirjian

One look at Helen Burk's winsome face and form will convince the most hardened pessimist that life is indeed worth living.

times to myself. He had said nothing about my past. I was sure he loved me and had almost forgotten that I had ever done anything questionable. He was opposed to marriage on general principles. Very well, I would break down his principles.

After he went away I started in by breaking everything to pieces in my room. Then I sank down on the floor in a spasm of sobs.

I have often thought the reason bright women marry so badly is that they do not know how to serve. The less brains you have the more room there is for sweetness. Men, especially big men, like sweet, brainless women. Only small men can afford brains in their wives' head.

For the next four years there was never a moment of the day or night that I did not serve. I had no social life whatever except with my lady. She came to me but I never went to her. I did not even want to be reminded of other days. She had lost both her parents and most of her money. She was horribly faded but she didn't know it. She still talked about going on the stage or perhaps the movies. My one prayer is that I'll know it when I'm forty-five. She had no new girls to push, and life for her, outside the money I gave her, was a pretty dreary affair.

My man conducted an important and nerve-scraping business and I was the only rest he knew. Sometimes in the middle of a hot afternoon, he would telephone he wanted me for a moment. I rushed to him. Sometimes for a week he could not sleep at night. I remained awake and listened to him. Men hate women who talk.

I was grateful for Christmasses and holidays and birthdays in his family because then I was busy buying presents for his uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, nephews and nieces, who all knew of my existence and who scorned me as tho I were a contagion.

I used to feel the little toys all over, sometimes I even touched my lips to a doll's lips because that was the only way I had of sending kisses to the little people of his family.

I asked myself over and over: "Why worry about a legal ceremony. He will go on like this forever." But way down inside my heart, I knew I wanted things that only a legal ceremony can bring. I

wanted children and the respect of the world. I want to say "Husband" and I wanted to hear him say "Wife." When men will not marry you, you know they are reserving some small bit of their hearts and then it is that small bit grows into an enormity that threatens to destroy your whole life.

I grew so nervous and melancholy that I jumped at my own reflection in the mirror. I was like a network of charged wires controlled only by my love for my man. One false move, one moment of relaxation and death and destruction would be the result. My clothes became a burden to my body, my hairpins a torture to my scalp. My whole physical being grew so sensitive that when my man pressed my hand it caused intense pain. I rested in bed as much as possible with one eye open and one ear to the telephone.

And he never knew anything about it. I never had been lively. Men hate lively women. I was quiet and outwardly calm. I served.

At the end of five years I went to confession, put my house in order, settled a definite amount of money on my aunt and on each of the kids, put the rest in my man's name and sat quietly awaiting his home-coming.

I'm not quite sure just what I intended to do. I don't believe that suicide entered my head. In fact nothing entered my head. My head was a clear, clean blank inscribed with the words: "This is the end."

My man came home and saw me quite pale and little in the big fireside chair. The documents I had made out were in my lap. He picked them up, looked them over and lay them back again. I didn't want to talk things over with him. Men hate talking things over.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I love you."

He went slowly out into the hall and walked up and down for an hour. At last he stood before me and said:

"Will you marry me?"

I fell forward in a dead faint. It is the only thing I truly regret in my whole life. Men hate women who faint.

If I had been acting merely to trick him; if I had had one single doubt in my own mind, he would have laughed in my face. I was sincere. It was my abso-



BEAUTY'S QUEEN

—DeMirjian.

No galaxy of Beauties—American or otherwise—is complete without a portrait of Dorothy Knapp, the "Most Beautiful Girl in the World"—of the "Vanities."



HIDDEN SMILES

—Photograph by H. J. Carew

Memories of past delights and dreams of future joy bring a happy curve to the lips of this pensive girl.

lute honesty that carried me thru to success.

After we were married, we tried living in New York but soon found it could not be done. Had I, for five years, been the mistress of an obscure man, I might have married him and walked without a stumble into the very best society. But my man was a man of importance. His people had tripped down the gang-plank of the Mayflower. Everywhere he took me people's faces seemed to say: "So, he has married you at last! What a mistake!" The jealous women of his world could have murdered me with pleasure.

We could not endure it. My husband sold everything he had and we moved to Mexico. Our home is a palace, we have hundreds of Indians to wait upon us, our children are those gorgeous little things that only love and money can

create.

We rule as sovereigns in a fascinating world where nobody ever ask anybody else his real name.

Ours is a successful marriage. Mine is a successful life. I not only landed my millionaire lover but I hold my millionaire husband and in exchange for his millions and his love, I serve, helping to carry his burdens, ease his aches, and smile thru every shadow.

I do not recommend my course for others. Tens of thousands of women try it but die poor, lonely, and broken hearted. For, you see, there is but one man in a million like my husband, and even he had fully determined never to marry. But I was one of the favored few who go thru the fire and graduate to at least a quasi-conventional life—and happiness.

Sex and Current Plays

Reviewed by Staff Reporters

"THE VANITIES"

Spectacular Review
Earl Carroll Theatre

THE fifth edition of "Earl Carroll's Vanities" is one of the most gorgeous revues ever produced in New York. In a few years Mr. Carroll has risen from relative obscurity as a song writer to the very pinnacle as a producer. His latest creation combines every element that goes to make a perfect entertainment of this kind. The music is tuneful, there being more distinct hits than in any performance of this class ever staged. "Climbing Up the Ladder of Love" has taken not only the vast audience that crowd each performance but the radio, night club, hotel, and club audiences by storm. Even more attractive is "Adorable." Other catchy numbers are "Hugs and Kisses," "Alabama Stomp," and "The Gates of Madrid."

Yvette Rugel, a singer, who would perfectly grace any Grand Opera Company; Isabel Mohr, M. de Jari and Robert Rhodes add much in the way of highly enjoyable vocalization.

Wells and Brady in a series of comedy songs and dances literally run away with the show.

As for comedy, Moran and Mack keep the audience in spasms of laughter, while Harry Delf, Joe Smith and Charles Dale make merry in numerous comedy sketches and "black outs." Julius Tannen, as usual, acts as master of ceremonies and offers two clever acts, one with a trained seal and another in a mind reading stunt, which is both funny and brilliant.

No more beautiful sets have ever been created to dazzle the eye, and a bevy of beautiful girls in superb art poses, nude and otherwise, add to the exquisite charm of the production.

A dancing chorus of twenty Foster

Girls does some exceptionally fine work. We have never seen a more finely drilled group of acrobatic dancers.

Dorothy Knapp is as beautiful as always and everyone seems enthusiastic except the New York dramatic critics whose petty and prejudiced opinions are no longer respected by any discriminating observers.

"LOOSE ANKLES"

A Comedy—Biltmore Theatre

HERE is a comedy in which nearly every line is a laugh!

Three young men who rent themselves out as dancing partners are discussing the dignity and humor of their profession when a fourth young man enters, discouraged and licked. They try to keep him by sending him to answer an advertisement calling for a young man willing to be compromised. He arrives early in the morning. The young lady is trying to shock her conventional family by an appearance of scandal. When the bashful lad tries to leave she removes his coat under pretext of having it repaired, and then his collar and tie, so the latter may be ironed. In this condition they are found by the family of snobs.irate father insists upon an immediate wedding and the boy jumps thru a window and runs away! One of the other boys appears in evening clothes and claiming to be a distant relative wins the father's regard and agrees to substitute for the missing boy as co-actor in an impromptu wedding. The other two boys arrive on the scene and denounce the impostor, but the girl, to escape the tyranny and repression of home, insists she will go thru with the ceremony. Then the missing lad reappears, proclaims a sincere love and wins the hand of the jazz bride.

The plot is trite but clever, and the situation, lines and acting combine to make this a real comedy hit.



THE LAST DROP

—Andre Studio

It must have been grape juice, not wine, in the jug, for the young woman seems perfectly sober.

ANNOUNCEMENT !

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