

If You Have Wondered  
What the Returning  
Soldiers Think About  
the French Girls, and  
How Marie Measures  
Up With Gladys at  
Home, Here's a Glimpse  
of Real Opinion Right  
from the Men Most  
Concerned.



AN AWFUL FLIRT

By Hazel V. Carter

THE war isn't over yet—at least for the women. If you've been thinking to the contrary, just lamp this letter:

"Dear Teacher: Tell me what to do. My sweetheart, Billy, will have to spend Christmas in France among all those horrid, fascinating French girls. I'm worried sick! The Hun didn't get him—but I'm afraid the French girls will. Now, dear Teacher, are the French girls so much sweeter than the American girls? Just — FLOSSIE."

Well, my dear Flossie, you aren't the only one who is worried sick about the charms of the French girl.

#### Praying for Billy

Most of les femmes Americaines will have been lying awake at night ever since our boys went to France—praying that Billy wouldn't fall by the hand of the boche or fall for the charms of the French girl; that the winter in the trenches wouldn't be cold, but that the affection of the French girl would be 30 degrees below zero; and ending their prayer with, "Please God, make the war short and the French girl homely."

So, in answer to your letter and to the thousands of others from Ambitious Mamas, Loving Wives, and Just Flossies, I spent the day yesterday, X-raying the hearts of newly-returned soldiers, sailors and marines.

And I've brought you the real dope on Wee Wee Marie—just exactly as the doughboys dope her out. It's first-hand stuff from the Boys Who Have Just Come Back. I found them in New York—before they could invent ideas for you folks in Cloverdale, Missouri. I found shiploads of them, hospitals full of them and canteens crowded with them—bushful about ailing the hero-stuff, but chuckful of ideas about French girls.

I began my X-ray over at the Chateau-Thierry Club. The C.T. Club, you know, Flossie, is a place where reporters, feature writers and sub-sisters hang out to get an interview with the heroes of Chateau-Thierry who, now and then, succeed in gathering in a mouthful of cocoa between attacks of wild-eyed women, who shout "Now-tell-me-where-you-were-wounded-and-every-single-thing-that-happened-to-you-since-the-war-began!"

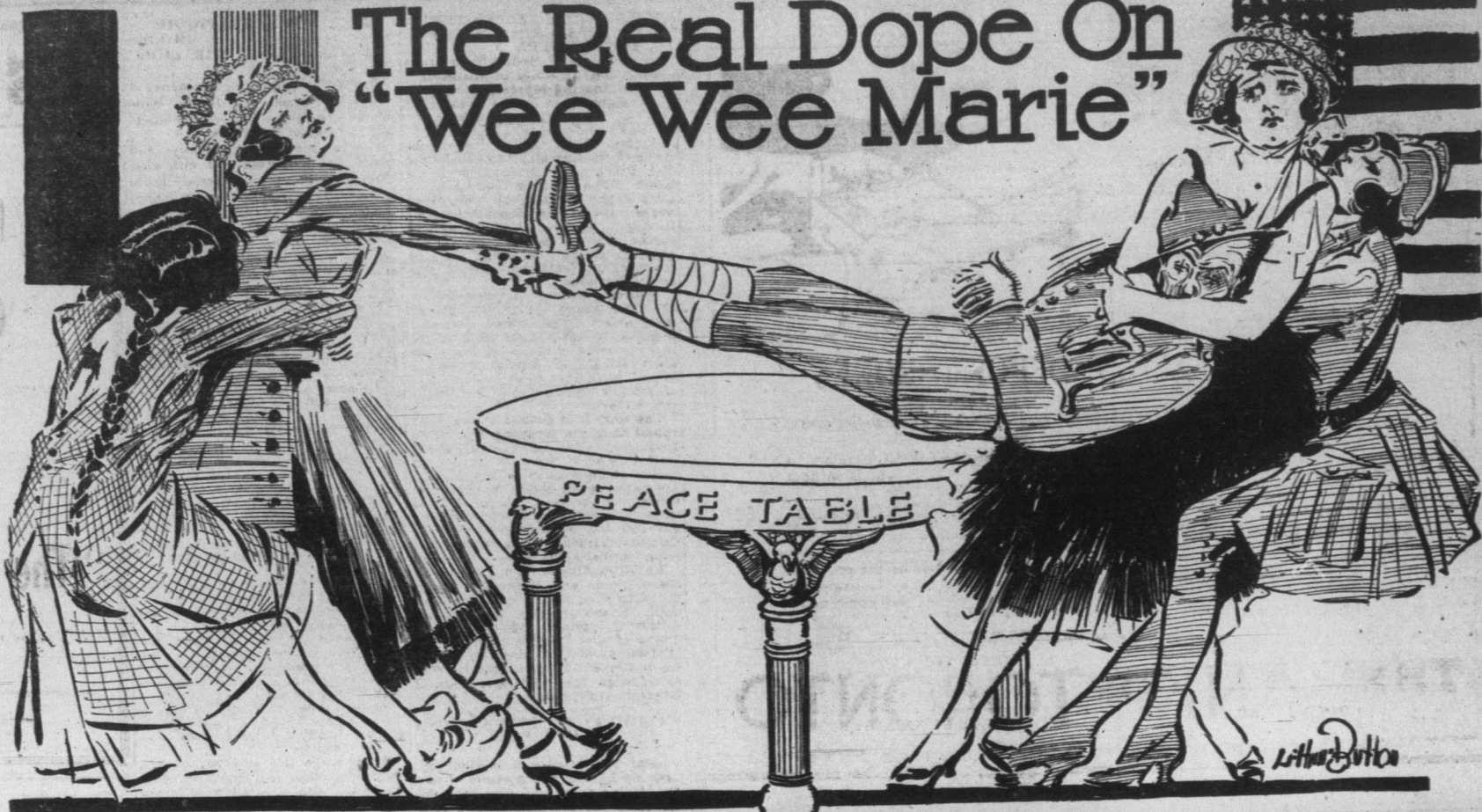
"Well, the poor Chateau-Thierry 'vets' had been under fire for some time when I arrived and they were just recovering from the talking-machine guns.

#### After the Real Dope

"You can see if the dear boys care to be disturbed," the woman in charge told me. "You know they like to have a few moments of quiet and rest to talk over with one another their narrow escapes on the battlefields."

I tiptoed over to a group of them who were trying to make themselves heard above a player-piano. I hoped to hear how the speaker, who was on crutches, got his war cross.

"Believe me, it was a wild night," he was say-



ing, "I never saw so many of them in my life—at one time."  
"Huns?" I hissed.  
"Dames," he said, "French girls."  
"Were they pretty?" I asked.  
"Some of them," he said. "And, golly, how they do doll up! A French girl can make a franc go farther than an American girl can send a dollar, when it comes to glad rags. But as for likin' 'em—I wouldn't give one American girl for a hundred French."

"Get that, Flossie!"  
"Too much paint and powder to suit me,"

slippers," said Ed. "But shucks, you can see 'em just as well and sweller on Fifth Avenue any day in the week."

"I sure do like the way American girls walk," said George Ahearn, Ed. Hawkins's companion. "It was a relief to see the Red Cross nurses swing into Bordeaux, after watching the French girls Mary-Pickford-it-along."

Here's another angle.  
"American girls don't stick you for your last cent, like the French girls," said Jack Robinson, up at Pier 30, where the big ships land.

Then Jack told me how one day he went into a shop in Amiens to get a cigarette holder.

"Four francs," said the girl behind the counter. "I can get the same thing in America for a jittney."

The French girl didn't get him, but she smiled. French girls have a "kinda cute" smile, Flossie, Jack says. When she saw that Jack parted with the four francs sorrowfully, she smiled again.

"Oh, the très riche Americaines," she said, and turned around and sold the same holder to a French chasseur for a franc.

Jack'll be glad to get back to Chicago, where a taxi, flowers, the show and a dinner party is all the girls expect.

"They talk too much," said a wounded marine at Greenhut Hospital. "I was in a hospital in Paris. A French nurse passed by and asked me something. I didn't know what she said, but I smiled and said, 'Oh, fine, thanks.' Every day she said the same thing and so did I."

"One day my American nurse told me the French girl was waiting for me to take a walk."

"A walk?" I said.

"Yes," said the nurse, "she says she has asked you each day to take a walk with her when you are well enough, and you say 'fine.'"

"Well, we went walking and that French nurse talked so



"YOU CAN SEE EM ON FIFTH AVENUE ANY DAY IN THE WEEK"

growled a lieutenant, who was waiting for me to go and for the "wild night" story to proceed. "They're too friendly on short notice."

"Well, I don't know," said a young private with his arm in a sling. He pulled out a postal-card picture of a girl. "How's that for looks?"

She was mostly hat, Flossie, I couldn't see what her face was like.

"But say," he went on, "I've got a girl down in Arkansas that's got her back off the globe for looks."

I went up to a Fifth Avenue canteen where I found a bunch of bluejackets putting away griddle cakes and telling—"of narrow escapes on the battlefields."

"Some ankles," one of the bluejackets was saying as I approached.

Now hark to the story of Mimi, as I gathered it from the next table:

When Ed Hawkins of the Northern Pacific hit Brest, he was put on police patrol. He was standing on one of the cobblestone streets of Old Brest, when he heard a frightful noise behind him.

#### Right on French Soil

"It sounded like an army of German cavalry," he said. "I grabbed my gun and swung around—and Mol-ee Hoses! If it wasn't a whole herd of French girls coming clattering down the cobblestones on wooden shoes the size of a good-sized submarine chaser."

Now it seems that in Brest, just opposite the postoffice, is Mimi's Cafe. Mimi wore wooden shoes, too. She liked American lads, and the American lads liked—well, Flossie, I think they liked the red wine that Mimi poured for 10 cents a quart. Anyway, they didn't like her wooden shoes, not at all. So when Mimi discovered what was wrong, she sent to Paris for French-heeled slippers.

"Some swell ankles, too, Mimi had, in them



SOUNDED LIKE AN ARMY OF GERMAN HORSEMEN

much she gave me a headache. But search me what she said."

When you start the wounded soldiers at the Greenhut Hospital talking about girls—you've started something whether it's French girls, English, American or Honolulu. A whole ward begins to shout at once. I took what I could distinguish down in shorthand—and here's what I have:

"Aw, sure she is."

"She ain't either."

"Well, she's the next best on the globe after

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the American girl, but give me good old U. S. skirts every time."

"Too much perfume, black, snappy eyes, too excitable, little and some flirt."

"She's a same good sport and she sure was white to us fellows, but I'll be glad when I get back to Wharton, Texas."

"No bells hangin' on her for the vampire-stuff. By the way, is Theda Bara still playin' for movies?"

At the Grand Central Terminal I saw a soldier who looked lonesome—like he had a lot of conversation and no place to spend it.

I tackled him about the French girl.

#### A French Queen

"Oh, she's bully," he said. "You can't beat the French girl for looks. She's a queen. She's got starry eyes and a smile that makes the sunshine misty. Sweet? She's everything. Look here—"

He pulled out his card case. I saw his name—Hardy, wireless dispatcher. Then he pulled out a pack of photographs of girls—all of them—and shuffled them like a deck of cards.

"English, Belgian, Serbian," he reeled off—"Ah! Here you are—French. Look at her."

I looked.

Flossie, dear, the photograph you sent me of yourself is prettier, by far. And by the way, Hardy, is an Englishman.

So don't you worry, Flossie. Just be a good girl and do as your mother says. I think your Billy will be perfectly safe among all those French girls.

Just as an after thought—maybe they will in-



TOO MUCH CONVERSATION

duce the American girl to sign an armistice with the French girl. But there'll be a hair-pulling match at the Peace Table, if they do.

## Why Cannibalism Isn't Always Cruel

ONLY an anthropologist could understand the mind of the little girl in the well known story of the lions and the martyrs. As ordinarily told, the tale has to do with a picture of several primitive Christians who were thrown to the lions in the persecution under Diocletian. "But," said the little girl, pointing to an animal apart from the others, "this poor lion has no Christian."

If the little girl in the story had been mature her exclamation might have denoted a depraved mind.

In exactly the same way, a little boy who ties a can to a dog's tail is not necessarily cruel. A profound insight into the structure of the nervous system is required for an appreciation of the agony suffered by a dog who races in panic inspired by any such impediment.

Now the savage is in the child state. This point, often made by anthropologists, is not really grasped by the average person. That accounts for the prejudice against the savage on account of his cannibalism. It is a tendency associated with many lovable traits. Missionaries of long experience have affirmed that they were most successful in preaching the gospel of love to the cannibal: "He is so teachable."

Prof. George Winter Mitchell of Queen's University, Canada, from whose work on anthropology these statements are quoted in Current Opinion, declares among many savages it is a religious duty or a mark of affection to eat a relative. In primitive days, just because man could eat man, our species survived while so many other species of animals have become extinct. In seasons of drought and famine, when other food could not be procured, man survived through privation by eating his own kind. Many species of the lower animals, which were too squeamish to imitate man in this respect, died of starvation.

"Cannibalism after all is not revolting a practice if it is recognized that its origin lay in sacrificing a human victim to the gods. Man began by giving his best to the gods. At first the king or priest was sacrificed, and as he was often thought to be deity incarnate he was eaten by the worshippers in the belief that by doing so they became permeated with the divine spirit. Later an animal, such as a bull, was substituted. Bulls came to be regarded as too expensive and a goat or pig was sacrificed.

"Man became more niggardly still and fash-

ioned a piece of dough to represent the victim and finally they did not even take the trouble to fashion the dough in any image."

The two essentially savage characteristics, however, are modesty and chastity. A different idea prevails only because the civilized enjoy, as a rule, slight personal experience with savages. The savage is truthful because he is not sophisticated. He literally does not know how to lie. In the same way, children are spontaneously truthful. They learn to lie from their elders, who punish them for frankness. In every family there are circumstances which it is deemed wise to conceal from the neighbors. The child does not at first realize this. It is taught the need of discretion under pains and penalties. Incapable of making discriminations at an early age, the little one takes refuge in deceit. A child in a reformatory was known to boast openly of the wonderful lies told habitually by its parents. This was no sign of depravity. It was sheer ignorance. In exactly the same way, the savage, detected in lies, is invariably the victim of association with the civilized. Anthropologists of renown have testified from first-hand knowledge to the veracity of the savage.

It is the same with modesty. The savage goes naked just as a little child goes naked if permitted. Anthropology finds, says Prof. Mitchell, that modesty has nothing to do with dress at all. It is asserted by experienced missionaries as well as by eminent anthropologists that European women and children may travel among the Congo naked men without risking the slightest shock to their self-respect in the way of gesture or word. Not until the savage has been taught the ethical significance of clothing does immodesty as a civilized idea render him objectionably self-conscious.

Again we will be told that savages lack intellectual power. This is the most persistent as well as the most egregious delusion of all. There are many men of intellectual power among the savages, men who rank as high mentally, perhaps, as Kant or Darwin. The fallacy upon which a contrary idea is based can readily be exploded. Take the African savage who can not count beyond four. He will readily exchange four skins for four tin cans. Give him eight tin cans and take eight of his skins and he is bewildered. The transaction must proceed by fives, since he cannot count beyond that number. Here we have no lack of mental power. The savage has no multiplication table, no arithmetic at all. Arithmetic has been handed down from generation to generation among the civilized until we forget that it is not natural. We count mechanically.