

# PRIZE BEAUTIES DEMAND ADONIS TALL AND DARK; POLY-POLY RED HEADS ARE TABOO AS BEAU IDEALS

### Queen of Nation's Fairest, Miss Columbus, Wants Man Who'll Appreciate Her Cooking—Well-Filled Wallet Is Another Important Essential

### LITTLE MISS BIRMINGHAM SAGELY WANTS UGLY ONE TO PREVENT COMPETITION

### Girls Noted for Their Pulchritude Give Symposium on Kind of Man They Want to Say "Yes" to and Each Has Her Own Particular Kind

What kind of men do America's beauties like? Do they like 'em long, short, fat, lean, scholarly, athletic, masterful, rich or poor? Do they protest lavender and old-lace courtships of soft-whispered compliments and gentle caresses? Do they yearn for pugnacious, hair-pulling, football-club, caveman stuff?

The questions are double-barreled; women want to know, if only to compare notes; men want to know for obvious reasons.

Charmers of the Nation—fifty-seven picked charmers—gathered at Atlantic City for its pageant of beauty. While judges concentrated their attention on feminine fascination, the minds of the intercity Aphrodites were directed for an interval to masculine lines. Questions were asked and answers recorded, while the fate of mere man hung in the balance.

Alas for the fat man! Alas for the scholar! Alackaday, woe and the whole gamut of misery for the Lord of Life who has yaller hair!

If you are fat, scholarly and blonde you haven't a chance with the Nation's prize winners from the north, east, south and west.

If you are long and lean—but, never mind! Let the beauties talk for themselves. Their opinions vary like the weather, but on one or two points they are adamant.

#### Winner of Beauty Queen Must Have Good Appetite

Consider America's most beautiful girl, according to the jury of artists, "Miss Columbus," Mary Katherine Campbell. She is only sixteen years old, and a high-school graduate. Her beauty is mature, and she hasn't altogether definite ideas as to what sort of man she prefers.

"I'd like one who likes my cooking," she said, "because I like to cook and I want to cook in my own kitchen."

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, "Miss Columbus" might not need half her beauty. With her beauty, and cooking to boot, she is irresistible.

But she modestly enough seems to have more confidence in her cooking than in her good looks. "Beauty is only skin deep," "beauty wears away with the years," while cooking, like wine and other strong drink, improves with age. Consequently, "Miss Columbus" visualizes her ideal man as one who can be influenced by the sight of steaming roast pork, juicy huckleberry pies, piping-hot soups.

"I look forward to a lovely home, and the man who is my ideal must

love his home besides loving me," she declared. "He mustn't be a gad-about. He must be willing to plan with me to make our home beautiful; he must admire the goodies I cook for him—and besides, he must eat them."

"Since I like homelife, he must make enough money to provide for and maintain a lovely home. He doesn't have to roll in wealth, but he must make enough for us to be able to live on comfortably."

"He must be tall and he must be athletic, and he must be a good chum."

Then there is "Miss Buffalo," who is Bertha D. Rent. Here is her opinion:

"I like a tall, slender, dark-eyed and dark-haired man. My ideal is a real man," and the young lady by emphasis on the word "real" intimated a bushel of attributes.

"He must have strength of character—I mean he must be fair-minded, he must have a decided will of his own, he must be trustworthy,

who is Beth Madson, won second prize as the next most beautiful woman in evening gown among the intercity "knockouts."

"Personality more than looks is the important thing," said Miss Madson. "I don't care much whether he is handsome. I want him to be a good man—a man who is steadfast, who is industrious, who is honored by many friends."

"I don't want him to be buried up to his ears in scholarship either. He's got to know a few things, but he needn't be an encyclopedia or Webster's Unabridged. I'll be satisfied if he knows enough to keep the house going."

Miss Madson is a chestnut-brown haired miss with hazel eyes. Her face is pure joy, and she is like "Miss Columbus," who was deemed by the jury of artists the most beautiful bathing girl in America, that the judges had difficulty in eliminating "Miss Detroit" from the race. She is superlatively beautiful, and one might expect her to have stiff requirements for her beloved masculine type. But she hadn't.

"I don't care much for looks, though I suppose I am partial to medium height and dark hair—and he need not be rich; just enough money so that we

the better," she cried. "I don't want any more handsome woman than I am to get my man."

"Besides, I like red-headed men. Seems like I draw red-headed men somehow—and I got to like them. My case, you see, is different than that of most of these beauties. When I was a little girl my Negro mammy left me with no illusions. She said to me, 'Honey, yo' is little and yo' ain't whut yo' call pretty—yo' sure is gotta work right smart to git along in dis yere world!' And I can't afford to be too particular."

Miss Sparrow pulls her words when she talks. Her voice is soft with the softness of the South.

"Of course, I like a strong man, an athletic man. Students never amount to much. Besides, it'll take a big man to look after me. I'm little, but I talk all the time, and I'm always on the jump."

"I don't mind much whether a man's rich or poor. I couldn't go up to every man I like and ask him whether he's poor or not. Nope; if I like him and marry him, I'll find out soon enough what he's got salted away."

Miss Sparrow is a business girl. She works in the advertising department of the "Jazz Chicken Feed Company"—the goods save the mark!

"You may not believe that's the name, but it is. I do all the lying for the office. I answer the phone and say in a sweet voice, 'I'm so sorry. Yes, sir, it will be shipped today without fail!' They call me 'one hundred pounds of jazz' in our office."

#### Kitty Mollieux Wants Man With Some Brains

"You might add that I like clever men—not stupid." And that the man's got to run the courtship, 'cause I'd laugh in his face if I had to play the 'demure and tender.'"

Kitty Mollieux, of piquant face, who is "Miss Philadelphia," wants a man who knows more than she does.

Her reasoning runs this way: Before she could fall in love with a man she must first learn to respect him, and she couldn't respect him unless he towered mentally above her.

"First, I must respect the man I love," she insists. "He needn't be handsome, provided he is tall and athletic. I prefer dark hair—black hair most especially."

"Too, I want a man who can make a little money. It is ridiculous to marry with no prospect of a reasonable income. He needn't be wealthy, but he must earn enough money to provide a comfortable home."

"Handsome is as handsome does" might have been coined by "Miss Detroit" herself. "Miss Detroit,"

don't have to worry is what I expect."

#### Table Etiquette Part of Her Requirements

"If he knows enough to use his knife and fork properly, I'll be quite satisfied with his scholarship," quaintly observed "Miss Florida," who is Miss Eleanor Logan, of Jacksonville. And it's only a latter-day Venus who could expect as much from her Adonis.

If mythology can be in any sense credible, Adonis was a difficult youth to handle. Strangely enough, "Miss Florida" seems to have been no more fortunate with her twentieth century Adonises.

"You see, I prefer light men, and I always get dark ones," she said. "It may be because I am dark, and like attracts like. But I'm partial to light ones, and let's go use," she added, with mock tears in her voice.

"And no little men for me," she declared. "I like big men. I hate fat men, and I hate the Rodolph Valentino type, with the glossy, plastered-down hair."

Besides that, her ideal must be "well fixed."

"He must make a lot of money," said Miss Logan, "so that we can live comfortably, and he must be willing to work and work and work—for me."

It is rather remarkable that so few of these prize Aphrodites seem to prefer a career over marriage. It really isn't so remarkable after all, since, above all things else, they are the so-called "womanly" type of woman. One's impression is that beauty is its own reward, in the sense that it definitely swings the inclination of the one graced with physical charm

toward eventual marriage. Some few, of course, it swings toward the movies, but rarely toward the business world of dollars and sense.

There's "Miss Los Angeles," for example—a blonde, scintillating charmer, to whom dollars and captains of industry and ledgers and accounts are "positively hateful." With her "art" is everything.

"My ideal type," says Miss Katherine Grant, of Los Angeles, "is none other than Harold Lloyd. He is the right size, he is dark and he is gay; he has a sense of humor and he lives for art."

"Some day I hope to be in the movies. I have been in them just a little bit, but I mean to work harder and harder. And I really have no time to think about men. I think the most important thing in all the world is art. Art is the—you know—art has so many—to me you know—is well, everything!"

One appreciates "Miss Los Angeles" point of view.

"I don't expect a man to be rich—no, not at all. He must be interested in art, like I am. Perhaps I ought to say he must have the philosophy of good nature. He oughtn't to be a 'nut' and all that—but he ought to have a decided—well, you know what I mean. Like Harold Lloyd—something like him—and—"

"Miss Los Angeles" realizes that there are many commendable types of men; she would not go so far as to insist that her type is the only supreme type. She owns to a broad tolerance.

An individual point of view is that of little "Miss America," Margaret Gorman, who won the beauty prize last year, and who was King Neptune's Queen during the recent pageant. She

#### Red-headed Men Do Not Have First Call

One wonders why it is that these young beauties visualize dark men. Is it that black hair suggests inherent strength of physique and of will? Is it that blond men are "deceitful," as Sally in our alley has a habit of saying? "Miss Portland," Virginia Edwards, who brought from the City of Roses a breath of the jovial and hearty West, likes men just a little plump. And she seems to be the only beauty who goes that far.

There are two professional beauties the jury of artists at Atlantic City especially admired. They are Dorothy Knapp, an eighteen-year-old artist model originally from Chicago, and Pauline Virginia Dakla, a "Passing Show" girl, from Perth Amboy. These two maidens received awards in the professional class, which included models, actresses of the silver screen and actresses of the stage.

"The man who can give me a sweet home in the country, with a lot of trees and shrubbery around it and some green meadowland, is on my eligible list," smiled Miss Dakla. "That's what I want—and my ideal doesn't have to be handsome."

"I like business men—snappy, go-get-it business men, who is a man of coolness and resource. And he really ought to have a lot of money, for then we can take occasional trips to the city when the country life gets a little tiresome now and then."

"He ought to be"—and the charmers never vary—"tall, and dark, and he must have gobs of personality. What I mean is, he must look like an interesting man even before he opens his mouth. He must be a man of the world—a man who has seen things, and can take care of himself—and me!"

Miss Knapp's ideal need not necessarily be rich. But he must be athletic, he must go in for all the sports—the strenuous sports, like football, polo and the rest. No tiddledy-wink lounge-lizard for Miss Knapp.

"And he must have intelligence. He must know good books, and he must have an appreciation for the richer things in life—painting, music, sculpture, I don't own to any tired business man for my ideal."

The Cynic who lives next door says: "After all of your list of beauties, none will fare so well as 'Miss Birmingham.' She's looking for her ugly man, and she'll probably get him. There are more of 'em in the world."



Kitty Mollieux wants intelligent mate



Mary Campbell, 'Queen of Beauty,' wants hungry man



Dorothy Knapp, of New York, favors the 'tall and dark' Adonises



Katherine Grant, "Miss Los Angeles," has Harold Lloyd as her ideal

He must have physical strength, and I don't care whether he is a scholar or not, and wealth doesn't matter.

"He must, above all things, be willing to give and take—that's the secret of happiness in married life."

And "Miss Buffalo's" ideal is a sort of blanket ideal, dreamed of by many of these fair maidens.

"Treat 'em rough!" may satisfy some, but "Miss Buffalo" prefers the "romantically gentle" type. And it's because one of her requisites is "intelligence," and "how can a man be intelligent if he isn't polite?" she asks.

#### Wise Words Add to Charm of "Miss Birmingham"

Elise Sparrow, who is "Miss Birmingham," from Alabama, did not win a beauty prize from the judges, but she won all their hearts. She is as individual in her taste for menfolk as she is charming. "I like 'em ugly—the uglier



Elise Sparrow, "Miss Birmingham," willing to accept an "ugly beau"



Beth Madson, "Miss Detroit," also wants 'em tall and dark



Men don't interest Margaret Gorman, "Miss America" of 1922

reminds one of Mary Pickford, with her long curls and her droll and cut whimsies. During the pageant she carried a small swagger stick and when she sat on the throne of the Old Gentleman of the Sea she tucked her legs under her and smiled cooly at her many and admiring subjects.

#### This Sage of Seventeen Scorns the Sterner Sex

"I think," and she blurted it out bravely, "that men are over-rated, don't you?"

And she naturally left little to be said. She is seventeen years old and very candid.

"I have never been in love, and I like men only indifferent; I think Father Neptune is an old dear."

All of which certainly leads this sum-long of ideals to nowhere in particular, the young ladies all are rather facetious about their ideals, with the exception of one, and she is the prize beauty who appeared in a non-Puritanical abbreviated bathing suit of ermine in the bathers' revue.

She is quite sincere in her visualization. She is three and a half years old and can afford to be sincere. When Ada B. Henderson, of Philadelphia was asked about her ideal man, this little winner in the children's section of the pageant said without equivocation or hesitation:

"The man I like best of all—is my own papa!"

No there! At least, this young lady actually knows who her ideal is, she is talking about, and finds him passing fair.