

The Bee Bookshelf

Thrilling Story of North by Holman Day

Holman Day gives us an interesting character in Jean Verdon, the hero of "The Loving Are the Daring," published by Harper & Bros. Jean was a "flameback," of superb physical prowess and an indomitable quest for knowledge. He was unwilling to join in the idle gossip and frivolities of the village; he was the only young man in Boisvert who looked by himself. As the story opens, he had two friends—his college dog, Billee, and his mother. But Jean carried on through a series of enthralling adventures.

He starts on his career by making a thrilling rescue at a movie "location," and is filmed unwittingly, but none the less successfully. According to a custom of the great north country, Jean is pledged by his father to the father of a girl whom the hero does not intend to marry. So with Billee he sets forth to test his wings in a flight of independence. The story has a strong dramatic element and the romantic side is ably written. It is a story that holds the interest to the last page.

"A Wreath of Stars" Proves Interesting Love Story

"A WREATH OF STARS," Louise Mackay's charming new novel, "Love" laughs at bachelors, age or other kinds. A letter found in a bottle, three years after it was written by an Englishman held prisoner in a ruined palace in Xenice, is found by a painter.

There is a certain, strange atmosphere around the story which enhances its telling. The painter, a woman, of course, has been so busy caring for her sister and her sister's children that she has had no time for romance and now that it comes knocking at her door, doesn't quite know how to entertain it.

Other events in the progress of the tale take care of that, however, and the question is successfully decided.

An entertaining book of people you know and meet on daily walks through the streets.

"The Long, Long Trail" Is Interesting Western Story

"THE LONG, LONG TRAIL," George S. Baxter, Charles "House," New York.

A western story in which a rancher has his hands full of trouble with Mary. Mary is his adopted daughter, who when the story opens, is about to be sent away to school. Needless to say that when her guardian brings home a polite and considerate bandit, who has stolen the rancher's payroll, all thought of school is forgotten. The bandit proves a new type in the ring of Mary's male acquaintances and he interests the girl. He is not immune.

There is an exciting chase of the bandit and posse in the order in which things go against the bandit. But Mary, no longer a passive, but a woman, settles that question.

For Child Readers

"A PATRIOT LAD OF OLD BOSTON," by Russell Gordon Carter. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

An interesting story of Don Alden of Boston, who lived there before and during the Revolution. His boyish curiosity led him into many interesting situations and a lot of adventures. He had his part in the battles and met every test in a satisfactory manner. He finally won the attention and the praise of the man he most admired, General Washington. This is a book for red-blooded boys.

"A LITTLE MAID OF MARYLAND," by Alice Turner Curtis. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Another one of Alice Turner Curtis' "Little Maid" series, and just the kind of a story that the little maids will like. It is the story of Barbara Anne, who lived in Maryland during the early days of the Revolution. Barbara was an ardent "Rebel" but her big brother was loyal to the king. She won him over to the side of the Colonists, and that helped to win the war for independence. A story full of interest and with a valuable historical background.

"THE SAFETY FIRST CLUB FIGHTS FIRE," by W. T. Nichols. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

This is the third in the "Safety First Club" series, and like its predecessors is full of sustenance and wholesome lessons. The members of the Safety First club meet a hard problem, but they find that by standing together they can win out. One of their number is unjustly accused of cheating during a school examination. There is another faction which is warring against them and the result is a small blaze in the woods gradually develops into a serious forest fire. The Safety First club and their enemies band together and fight the flames and the facing of great danger together gives rise to bonds of friendship.

"THE SHELDON SIX," by Grace M. Fiebig. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

"Connie" is the member of the sextette written about this time. She is the heart of the whole Sheldon family machine. Indeed, they call her the family carburetor. Anne and Rose have already been written about, but Connie is the one that will make the strongest appeal to the girls who are just getting a glimpse of approaching womanhood. The girls will like Connie, for she is such a human little girl. The whole series would be a wholesome asset to the library of any family where there is a girl or two, or even three or four.

"PRIVATEERS OF THE SEA," by Ralph D. Paine. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Boys, here's the book for you! You always know you are in for a treat when you get your hands on one of Ralph Paine's sea stories. Stephen Claghorn is a typical American boy, fun loving and daring, and in this sea story he has a plenty of both. You can smell the salt sea breezes, catch sight of the foam created waves, and hear the battle cries. Stephen was captured and thrown into an English prison, but of course he escaped. Not a book here is Stephen—a real flesh-and-blood boy who, but what's the use? You'll just have to read it, boys, because it's a sea story and by Ralph Paine.

Foreign doctors in future may not practice in Turkey except those with practice there before the war.

DO MEN PREFER BEAUTY TO BRAINS?

By MRS. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Editor's Note: It is generally conceded that the most beautiful women in the world, and if this beauty is almost entirely perfect in an atmosphere of wealth and leisure, few writers should be more competent to discuss the subject of this article as Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, who has spent her life in New York society. And this notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Morris is herself by no means a woman of leisure, but has means distinct success in the business world.

The remarkable forum being conducted in the columns of this newspaper upon love, marriage, and modern woman, offers many absorbing aspects. Coinciding with the new year—this year—Fanny Heaslip next Sunday will propound, "If Women Should Propose," the subject of the question is inevitable.



MRS. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. (Elsie Waterbury Morris).

Prominent Member of New York Society and Successful Business Woman.

CERTAINLY all normal men prefer beauty to brains. Any honest man in an honest mood will tell you so. The fact is, men rather prefer brainy, ugly women. Men seem to feel that they have a corner on this particular commodity—brains—and resent the female interloper, except as an economic unit in the office or in a managerial capacity in the home.

When beauty speaks men stop, look and listen with attentive eye and wide-flung ear. When the intellectual frump speaks, very few men can hear her words of wisdom unless she talks through the medium of pen and ink, art, music, or the long distance telephone.

The man who purses lips and carefully considered words tells you that he prefers brains to beauty is, perhaps unconsciously, a humbug. This type of man, if young, will in all probability enslave his wife, make her a house drudge, and at the age of 40 or thereabouts, having accumulated enough means in his own name, either in fame or money, proceed to elope with Dotty Dimples, leaving his wife to remake her life as best she can and to care for and support his children.

He reminds me a little of the farmer who, having made his pile drove up one day to "Woman's Exchange" with a grimy, grey, work-worn, old wife and declared he'd come to exchange her for "something not so all-fired humy."

Do Intelligent Men Marry Frumps? Surely there is no man, no matter how intellectual, unless it be that he has been stabled in the back by beauty, who is not enormously influenced by it. Look at the women that your intelligent men friends marry. Are they beautiful or pretty, and often brainless dolls?

The physically weak are extremely likely, as a matter of survival, to develop an acuteness of perception along certain lines that is often times mislabeled intellect and that beauty does not require. This type of woman may appeal to a man who is actuated by "economic determinism" who is in need of a housekeeper, a bookkeeper, or, in other words, an economic unit . . . but not, I think, as a wife or a mother. I think it was Voltaire who said "Love is the embroidery on the stuff of nature," and I would like to add that beauty is the embroidery, the texture, the coloring on the purpose of nature.

It behooves every woman to give time and thought to that embroidery, both mental and physical, to the end that she bring happiness to those near and dear to her and fulfill her own real mission, which is her all important profession, the profession of motherhood.

So the desire on the part of a woman to be beautiful is a perfectly proper wish actuated by the very highest and noblest of motives.

To many, suppose, the spoken dislike of beauty is in some way linked in the mind with the thought of beauty as evil, and that, I presume is an inheritance from our Puritan ancestry. Just as in the olden days filth and dirt were a badge of holiness, symbolizing repression of flesh, so an ugly mask was a badge of holiness. The same idea today obtains in another form. An ugly mask is by many of the superficial supposed to be representative of intellect.

The Value of Good Looks. As a matter of fact, it isn't. The most intelligent women I know fully appreciate, in the home, in social life, in business, the value of good looks. They make the most of themselves and put both time and earnest thought to that end. If there is a hostility on the part of the ugly woman towards the pretty woman, it is the hostility of envy.

The reaching out on the part of woman for beauty is an attempt at perfection both from a spiritual and physical standpoint. No woman should be ashamed of it. It is every woman's right.

Spiritual beauty and physical beauty go hand in hand and make for real and lasting beauty. One is the complement of the other. Beauty that is "splendidly regular, jelly null" is not my idea of beauty. Regularity of features is but a small part of real beauty. Health, vitality, a good complexion, shining hair and what some people call "wallow" make for beauty that beauty, I believe, lies within the grasp of every woman.

Birth of a New Beauty. Real beauty is a clean, wholesome, optimistic mind in a clean, well-groomed, properly exercised, properly dieted body. To neglect the care of or to abuse by dissipation or over-indulgence, the body is to kill physical beauty. To neglect the mind, to permit the mind to become a lodging place for evil thoughts, such as hate, envy, greed, suspicion (and the mother of all of these is fear), is to kill mental or spiritual beauty.

Beauty properly understood is the most powerful influence for good in this old world of ours. Beauty is

more attractive than brain. Beauty is a parental booncome actuated by a desire to dominate, possess and keep the child safe and not by the desire to develop her along the right lines.

The Inevitable Contradiction. These words of wisdom, I may say, generally emanate from the head of the table, along with "Ho hum—what is this generation coming to anyway?" (I'd like to add here that I think that this generation is coming into its own.) However, at a ball, at the country club, at dinner, at the head of the table, I have observed in my mild and simple woman's way, always dances with beauty, invariably plays golf with beauty, and at dinner beauty sits on his right, while brains, behind a grimace, holds up the wall, plays in a woman's four some, and is placed at dinner by another short-haired, bratty frump, or next to a narrow-chested, intellectual man with a strong inferiority complex. Says the young girl, "Am I to believe my eyes or what some people try to tell me?"

So if we are proceeding on the theory that man was made for woman and woman was made for man, and I hereby declare that to be my honest understanding of the matter, a brainy woman who will not resort to making the most of herself will find herself on a somewhat lofty but lonely pedestal erected in No Man's Land, and very rightfully so, for she is not in accord with or in harmony with nature.

Beauty is more subject to attack than brains, for in our present-day life beauty's chances for downfall are parental fears for beauty. I am discussing whether men prefer beauty to brains, and I claim that they do. Beauty with knowledge and the self-protective instinct properly developed and right values based on, need have no fears. Beauty blindfolded by parental ignorance and fears may come a cropper. Teach a girl to make herself beautiful and attractive, but also teach her to use the power beauty gives her to bring out the good in people—not the evil.

Sinking Into Drabland. Just think how much a woman's appearance means to the home. Many a woman, through a sort of egotistic self-sacrifice, permits herself to sink into drabland. She gives no thought to her personal appearance, her complexion, her hair, her hands—ruined by neglect. She presents the picture of a woman whose beauty has been spent haphazardly on a house, on interior decoration, bric-a-brac, yet she gives no thought to her own appearance and thinks of herself as a good mother and a dutiful wife.

She doesn't see herself as the one important picture in the home, the one and foremost impression of her friends, her husband, her children. What happens? Children are imitative and repetitive. If she permits that picture to become drab the children will either imitate or revolt. They will perhaps make their escape from this drabness through early and inadvisable marriage. The husband will make his escape through other interests.

Schools May Soon Teach Beauty. Fifty years ago our grandmothers let their teeth fall out and called the process an act of God. Today bad teeth represent nothing short of criminal neglect. That is true of the complexion, of the hair, of the general appearance. My deep admiration of Mr. Roosevelt was not Roosevelt the president, but Roosevelt the weak, frail child who turned nature's failure into success. I can have only pity for the woman who is not attractive and who sits down and bemoans the fact. Instead of studying herself and transforming nature's apparent defeat into her own victory, I know any woman can do it once she recognizes its importance and determines to do it.

In all youth there lies dormant beauty. That beauty should be brought out, encouraged, developed, I prophesy that within a few years a course on beauty will be included in the curriculum of every modern, up-to-date girls' school. At present many young girls are told by teachers and parents, who seem to assume that drabness and respectability are one and the same thing, that to study oneself and make oneself beautiful is vanity, is wrong, and will lead to awful terrible things such as hell's fire and similar "fear thoughts."

This gives to the young girl who gives attention to her personal appearance the false feeling that she is playing hooky from decency. That

finds also a photo in a watch, a page of an old book and a quill toothpick, and with these constructs a chain of conclusive evidence leading to the criminal. Published by J. B. Lippincott company.

Italy Will Get U. S. Old Shoes

Bucyrus, O., Dec. 29.—Frank Sanzo, former member of the Royal Italian band, now a naturalized American citizen and working here as a cobbler, is waiting for the Italian consul general in New York city to inform him when the annual shipment of old shoes will be made to Italy by the New York consulate.

Every year the consul-general sends notification to the different Italian shoe repairers throughout the United States, it is said, who gather in all available old shoes with good tops, re-sole them and ship them to the consul general for reshipment to the poor in Italy.

Feathers Left Around—By Miss Wells' great popularity is probably due to the fact that her famous "Fleming Stone" stories are different. It is this quality that readers of detective fiction want and they get it in full measure and running over in Carolyn Wells' tales. They are filled with "new ideas," "original problems" and baffling situations. "Feathers" is unlike any other mystery story you have ever read. A murder has been committed. The clues are disappearing. The last person known to have been in a room with the murdered man had been seen leaving the room where the body was found. The murdered man's watch was in this person's desk. She disappears when suspicion points to her, but Fleming Stone, the great detective,

Books of Today

"FEATHERS LEFT AROUND"—By Carolyn Wells. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Books of Today. "Feathers Left Around" is a new mystery story by Carolyn Wells. It is a story of a murder that has been committed. The clues are disappearing. The last person known to have been in a room with the murdered man had been seen leaving the room where the body was found. The murdered man's watch was in this person's desk. She disappears when suspicion points to her, but Fleming Stone, the great detective,

The fact is that man, nine times out of 10, seeks the society of beauty. He is proud to be seen in the company of beauty. Beauty, as a rule, represents vitality, animation, nature at her best. The normal man loves life. A ball game will attract his tens of thousands. A funeral is a handful, and then only from a sense of duty. Brains encased in a death mask man will flee from. It represents to him ill health, oblivion. He will unconsciously jump and sidestep as from the honk of a predatory automobile. It is natural self preservation for himself and race.

A beautiful wife he will tote around and show off. If she is admired he gains in his own mind, by right of possession, a sort of ascendancy over the other males.

Man's so-called supremacy over woman is based largely upon physical might. Man made laws. Man has heretofore been the sole possessor of the material means of existence. He has, by covert threats and daily examples of starvation of women and children, controlled the situation. When mothers act or protest, it is nearly always in behalf of the child or the race.

Woman's Trump Card. The maternal instinct is the strongest instinct in woman. As might disappears from this earth, she will disappear grows, woman will assume her rightful place on a fifty-fifty basis. Until that time arrives in civilization's progress women will have to adjust themselves to the situation. Woman makes a mistake to discard her trump card. Beauty is her one biggest asset.

I know from experience that for a woman to look well, to give the impression of beauty, of health, to keep herself in tip-top condition, to take advantage of and develop any and all the beauty God gave her, and then come to the point of imitating nature, spells for the woman courage, and strength to face the daily problems that confront her. Moreover, to make herself beautiful is not a selfish thing. It will go a long way towards bringing happiness to those near and dear. It will smoothe the patch of ambition whether in society or politics or the home. To look well is half the battle. Just as an honest husband is proud of his wife's beauty, so are the children proud of and imitate a beautiful mother. That Beauty, properly directed by a normal brain, there is no greater influence for good.

So I repeat, men do prefer Beauty to Brains. What else is Mother Nature about? She has just one thought in mind, perpetuating the race—so man turns naturally to Beauty, which represents health, vitality, Nature at her best.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Next week: "If Women Should Propose" by Fanny Heaslip Lea.

Former Omaha Boy Now Owns 525 Hotel Rooms in San Francisco

Largest Individual Hostelry Owner in City—Has Had Remarkable Career.



J.W. Flannery

Word has just been received that J. W. Flannery, born and reared in Omaha, has acquired the Washington hotel, Bush street and Grand avenue, San Francisco, giving him now, with the Court hotel and Court hotel apartments and the Angelus apartments, 525 rooms in San Francisco. He is the largest individual hotel owner in the downtown district of the city.

His career, since he left Omaha in 1896 with his parents for Alaska, has been one of big achievements. Though only 40 he is rated in the millionaire class.

His father, Jim Flannery, lived in Omaha for 40 years and is remembered by hundreds here. He was in politics for years and served as street commissioner several terms. He is a brother of Mrs. Steve Maloney.

The Flannerys moved from Omaha to Alaska in 1896 and the elder Flannery built the first hotel in Dawson, Alaska, and later erected other hostleries patronized by the gold seekers. In the fall of 1900 they came out of Alaska, having cleared \$75,000.

A restaurant and grill in Goldfield, Nev., proved another profitable adventure for young Flannery. A steamship brokerage office in San Francisco and then a woolen manufacturing business followed, with good profits from both.

He entered the hotel business in 1912 and has steadily acquired additional properties since that time. He will take possession of the Washington and then a woolen manufacturing business followed, with good profits from both.

Los Angeles Dope Peddlers Scarce

Los Angeles, Dec. 29.—Narcotic peddlers and other dealers in forbidden drugs have almost been exterminated in Los Angeles, according to a report issued by W. R. Wood, federal narcotic agent here.

"I believe," Wood said, "that at present Los Angeles is freer of narcotic peddlers than any city in the world. They are afraid to venture forth here." Wood admitted, however, that several "rings," working with colleagues across the Mexican border, have been in operation and have not been broken yet.

During the last four months officers here have arrested 65 peddlers, 38 of whom are now serving sentences of from two and a half to six years in the federal penitentiary at McNeil's Island. The other 27, of whom three are women, are now awaiting trial and are in jail here. In addition more than 100 peddlers were arrested and released on bail.

Cissie Has New Tropical Pet



"Isn't he cute?" said Cissie Loftus, famous English mimic, as she fondled her new pet, a South American honey bear.

Paris, Dec. 29.—There's no space in statue-littered Paris to erect the monument to Sarah Bernhardt now being fashioned by the sculptor Bourdelle.

The monument includes a statue of "Divine Sarah" in one of her most famous roles, that of "Phedre," standing in the facade of a temple imploring heaven to witness her sufferings.

Directors of the Beaux Arts planned to place the monument in the little garden of the Palais Royal. Already numerous protests have been raised against this, the protestants claiming such a modern monument will spoil the otherwise artistic effect of the old statuary now there.



Omaha Bee preference - 75,000 strong

The very fact that more than 75,000 subscribers in this territory PREFER The Omaha Bee is worthy of thoughtful consideration by every firm who buys newspaper advertising.

It goes without question that The Omaha Bee possesses high merit. Else it would not have won so many loyal friends and would not be one of the fastest growing newspapers in this territory.

Your advertising story in The Omaha Bee informs 75,000 new prospects of your goods or service. It starts 75,000 subscribers thinking and talking the way you want them to. It results in 75,000 subscribers beginning to spend their money for the things you advertise.

The 75,000 subscribers that prefer The Omaha Bee also prefer the things advertised in their favorite newspaper. In most cases they are reading no other Omaha newspaper, so they naturally buy what is advertised in The Omaha Bee.

There are vital facts about The Omaha Bee and the Omaha newspaper situation you should have. For details call Atlantic 1000 and ask for a Display Advertising Man.

The Omaha Bee

Now Read Daily in Over 75,000 Substantial Homes \$0.00 on Sundays