

Famous Beauties of France Differ on "Who Makes the Perfect Lover?" Americans Find Favor With Many

Interviews Disclose Varied Viewpoints of How Yanks Make Love.

By Universal Service.
Paris, Nov. 26.—Was Claire Sheridan, English sculptress, right when she startled and shocked London society with the opinion that American men made the best husbands?

MARRIAGE was left out of the question, but here is what the most famous women of France—home of romance—answered to the question: "Who makes the best lover?"

By CLEO DE MERODE.
"Morganatic France of Leopold I. of Belgium."

Americans may appeal to the cold, reasoning sensibilities of an English woman, trained to repress her natural feelings and to shudder at passion as at something unclean, but no French woman will agree with her.

The greatest lover is the Latin. All the great lovers of the world have been Latins—in blood if not in name. Conjure up but three names. Hugo, Maupassant and Napoleon. Has any American ever loved as these men loved?

And, in our modern day there still remains one man who understands love as love was understood a century ago—when it was art and before it became a science. I mean Gabriel d'Annunzio. Who has read d'Annunzio's works without feeling herself scorched with the ardent flame that lies beneath his genius?

I once sat at the same table with a great American, who had been president of the United States, and who came through Paris after shooting lions in Africa. His was a wonderful personality—virile, intense, egotistical, cordial and withal severe. Without hearing him speak one knew that there was a great personage, a man who had hewn deep the mark he was destined to leave on the world.

But I—I, who thrill in my senses at the touch of a strong man—was left cold. Statesman this man was; hero I knew him to be—soldier, genius, scientist; a chief of hundred chiefs, a man among a million men. Seemingly the woman honored by his courteous smile should have been overwhelmed to the depths of her sensibilities.

Yet I was left cold. This man of men was lacking—lacking in the sublime sixth sense which would have made him a god to me. And I could not help thinking: "If only this magnificent creature had just a drop of Latin blood in him, how perfect he would be!"

Frenchwoman's Views.
You want to know how a Frenchwoman sizes up a man? I will tell you. It is no secret, but it is the sort of confession one of your own women—or one of the sensitive English women—could never bring herself to make.

First, we take a swift look at the ensemble; we notice his dress. Not that our ideal must be neatly shod and correctly clothed, but the man who dresses carelessly, who affects the badly-brushed trousers, must have a mentality to excuse his make-up. Otherwise, he is a fraud and a poseur and no woman with the courage of her instincts would spare him a second look.

Next we—by a haphazard remark or two—sound him out, to find whether he is fatuous or inspired, two qualities that mean falseness in the long run. A man soon reveals himself for what he is under the skillful lead of an experienced woman. What he does not say is often more important than what he does say, and instinct may be trusted to be a right-hand aid to observation and perception.

Give me 10 minutes with any man and I will guarantee to tell you his character—whether it is mean or extravagant, narrow or broadminded, petty or large, honest or dishonest, vicious and cruel, or considerate and kind.

The women who are deceived are the women who ignore their instinctive summing-up and let themselves be hypnotized into taking a man at his own valuation. A wise woman never does that.

Finally—and this is the supreme test, the one by which the man stands or falls—we try to imagine ourselves in his arms.

If the idea revolts, let it be even the tiniest bit, then that man may as well turn around and walk right out of our lives! He has failed in the most vital test of all!

But, if on the contrary a sort of delicious warmth invades our consciousness, if antagonism vanishes and we feel a thrill at the thought of final submission, then that man's fate is sealed!

Thrill May Be Mutual.
Sometimes the thrill is mutual and comes at once, and then it is called love at first sight. It is in reality an exchange of the psychic flow, a sort of interchanging hypnosis—for love after all is merely the telepathy of souls—and is met with far more frequently when both the man and the woman are of Latin blood.

In America and England propinquity breeds love; here in France it far too often slays it. This I can only explain by the theory that hypnosis is inseparably bound with temperament—and by comparison with that of the Latin the temperament of the American is as the cold sparkle of a diamond to the mysteriously tender glow of a ruby.

During and since the war I have come in contact with many Americans—many of them great in your stage and political worlds. And—regret to say it, but you have asked me and I must tell the truth—not once have I ever conceived myself as lying submissively within the two arms of any one of them!

By LA BELLE OTER.
Dowager Queen of European Beauties.
Fifty years of being made love to by imbeciles of all nations leaves

me still in doubt as to who is the greatest lover.

I have had small experience with Americans, but from what I do know of them I should certainly not partake of the sentiments of Miss Claire Sheridan.

However, one never knows. My experience has been that even the cold, scotch-and-soda-drinking Englishman can become wonderfully ardent in the hands of the right woman—providing he has been suitably supplied with liquor refreshments and is sure nobody is looking.

I can remember several sweethearts who at the time I believed to be the greatest lovers in the world. One was an Italian, one a Russian and one a Swede. I think of the three the Russian had a shade the best of it.

Frenchmen are Vain.
Frenchmen make good lovers, but they are so vain. They think they have only to make eyes at a woman to have her at their feet. Italians are more sensible, but at the same time more of a nuisance—they never will take no for an answer but keep on until they nearly drive you out of your wits.

Germans have never impressed me much. They classify their women with their cows and pigs. A perfect wife to a German is a woman who will never burn the sauerkraut. Still, I once knew a Munich musician who talked like a phonographic record of one of Hugo's letters to his other wife. He spoiled it all one night by insisting on drinking beer at the Cafe de Paris.

Spaniards make good lovers, but they are too jealous, and besides they look on their wives as so much furniture. A Spaniard often goes to the theater with a woman, but he never takes his wife. No woman respects a man who illtreats his wife.

Rumanians are fiery but unstable. There was once a Rumanian prince—but I'm not writing my memoirs. When I do let the world look out! Scotchmen are ideal lovers, but strange to say, they never discover it until they reach Paris. They all have a little Bobby Burns in their makeup.

Norwegians and Danes are proud and reserved, especially if they are of the better class. They unbuckle quickly in their cups, however, and one of the most fascinating things to watch in the world is the metamorphosis of a Copenhagen aristocrat on his first visit to Montmartre.

I haven't answered your question, because the plain truth is I don't know.

By MISTINGUETT.
Famous Musical Comedy Actress, Who Has Returned from a Third Visit to the United States.
The best lover? That depends. If you measure him by his assiduity, his accomplished manner, his savoir faire, then the Frenchman tops the list.

If ardor and passion are the prime essentials, then the palm goes to the Italian.

If consistency, fidelity and lasting tenderness are requisite, the Englishman has much to commend him.

If tempestuous wooing, combined with humor, largeness of view and an airy disregard of petty sin are taken into account, the Irishman is the most lovable creature on earth.

Ideal Love Combination.
I once knew a man who had a French mother and an Irish father. He was my ideal lover! But—he never made love to me!

The American man as a whole is the most accomplished flirt in the world, and knows better than anyone else how to say and do the little things so dear to a woman's heart, but he is not a great lover.

Americans vaunt the fact that they place their women on a pedestal. Imagine loving a woman on a pedestal! As well declare yourself to a statue!

What most Americans take for love is merely worship.

And any woman would ten times sooner be loved than worshipped!

By SPINELLY.
International Comedy Favorite.
Americans—great lovers? That depends on what you mean by love! American love-making is as cold as their language. When they dropped the second person singular out of everyday conversation they demonstrated that the practical side of affection outweighed with them the sentimental.

There are poets in America, I believe, but to be poetical there is a sort of stigma. Every Frenchman in love is a poet!

When I was in America I was amazed at the nonchalant way Americans made love. They left me cold. They always had a twin-bed effect in their speech. Besides, they were so polite!

Frenchy being polite when you are in love!

Imagine stopping to raise your hat before crushing your one woman to your breast!

But that's what Americans call love—that and eugenics. Eugenics—ugh!

By LA BELLE DORIANNE.
Nude dancer at the Casino de Paris, for whom an American, "Tut" Morgan, never takes his wife.

Americans are generous, affectionate, kind, considerate and faithful.

Only one other quality is needed to make a great lover—and whoever says Americans are not passionate has never known one really well, as I have.

I share Miss Sheridan's view. The American is the world's largest lover—but only where he wants to be.

Moreover, "American" is such a large term. His father and mother may have been French, German, Italian, English, Russian, Japanese or Mexican.

Wants Anglo-Saxon.
All of these people Anglo-Saxons have something to commend them—I speak only by hearsay. But my ideal American is Anglo-Saxon—with just enough study abroad to warm his blood a little bit.

I would not, for instance, expect to find a great lover in Kansas City. But if a Kansas Cityan came to Paris and lived here a year I wouldn't be surprised at anything.

have known many Americans. Many great Americans have been my closest, most intimate friends, and I can affirm that only in America is the real definition of love understood.

It sometimes seems to me that here in Europe we are slipping back to primeval times, when man lived in trees and sought his mate with a hatchet, and when love was merely an expression of animal instinct.

Today love should mean so much more than that!

When a man says "I love you" in France he means just what his ancestor the tree lover meant. It is his brutal instinct talking, and not his brain or heart.

But when a man says "I love you" in America he means that he considers you mentally, morally and physically his perfect being; that his soul is attuned to yours, that he loves you with respect and not merely with the primal desire of the flesh.

A declaration of love by an American is a wonderful honor, for it means that not only has your beauty attracted, but that your mentality is a suitable partner to his own.

But when a man says "I love" in Paris it is far too often an insult. There is no respect, no reverence in his tones. Only desire!

In 40 years we in France have slipped back two centuries in moral development. Politeness has disappeared from our streets and consideration from our homes.

The original Pilgrim Fathers took only one woman to America. Competition was so keen for her smiles that every man set himself out to raise himself to the imaginary level on which he placed her.

Since the Americans have never taken the American woman from the pedestal on which those Pilgrim Fathers placed her, they have learned to be considerate, careful,

kind and unselfish in dealing with their womenfolk. They make of their wives copartners in the home instead of chattels in the kitchen.

When it comes to real love the European must go on his knees to America and learn how!

By POLAIRE.
Styled the "Greatest Woman on Earth."
I'm going to America next year and I'm not going to make myself unpopular by disagreeing with Miss Sheridan, who seems to be a very wise young woman with a keen idea for the right sort of publicity.

I don't believe I ever had an American make fiery love to me, but several looked as though they would not need much encouragement.

They seemed too self-conscious, however, and gave you the impression that they thought you were a sort of god.

Americans should forget to blush when they remember that a woman is only a two-legged animal like themselves!

But, frankly, I like them for the very qualities which make their temperaments seem so strange to a Frenchwoman. They are polite, diffident, eager to please. And they do send one such delicious chocolates!

A Cadillac for Christmas

WHY NOT?

It is a tradition in many fine families that some day there will be a grand Cadillac in their home.

Why not please every member of the family for this Christmas with the marvelous gift?

The satisfaction lasts indefinitely because of fine quality and permanent service.

There can be only one Cadillac—See us now.

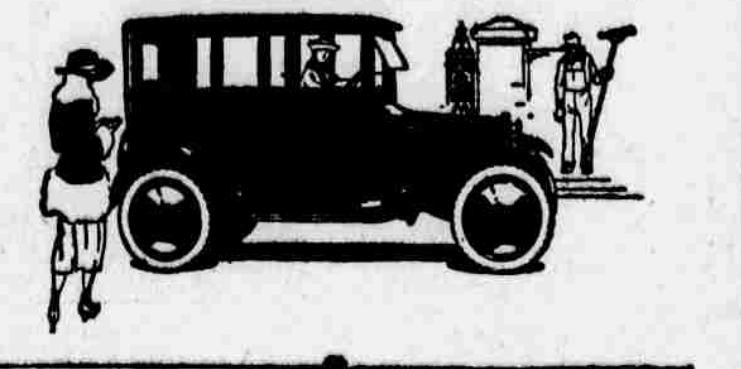
J. H. HANSEN CADILLAC CO.
Omaha Lincoln

The first cost is practically the last

O'BRIEN-DAVIS-COACH AUTO CO.

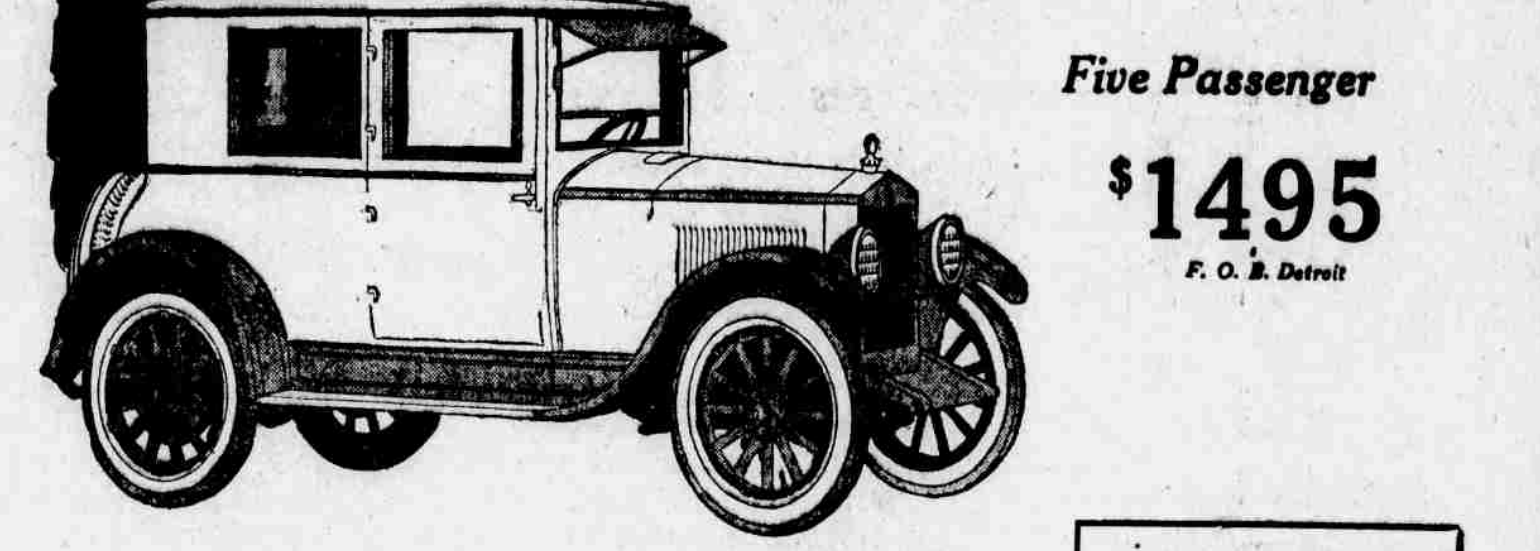
OMAHA, NEB. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.
HARNEY AT 28TH ST. 33-35 FOURTH ST.
HARNEY 0123 HARNEY 0123

DODGE BROTHERS SEDAN



The Latest Essex—The Coach

Five Passenger \$1495
F. O. B. Detroit



Closed Car Comforts Open Car Performance

All men who have not felt able to afford closed car comforts will welcome the Essex Coach. We are showing it today.

Come see how well it meets your desires. It is a new type. It has beauty, utility and a price attraction such as no closed car has ever had.

Ideal for Business and Family

It is light and compact. Business and professional men will appreciate its ease of driving and economy of operation. It is also amply large to meet the family need in both city and country service.

In the city it is ideal for shopping and in making calls where a car easy to handle, easy to turn and easy to park is important. Women admire it for those qualities as well as for its beauty and the high standard of its comfort and fittings.

In the country it may be driven over rough roads the same as an open touring car. It is sturdy in chassis and body. Squeaks and rattles are not likely to develop. Door squeaks are prevented by four hinges and fittings for each door that hold them tight and solid at all times.

On the New and Improved Essex Chassis

The new Essex is a smoother, better car in many ways than those earlier models men praise so highly. In addition to the ease with which it carries the Coach body, it also assures long service practically free from annoyance and maintenance expense.

The Coach was built for those who demand such qualities. You will be pleased with it.

- Has These Fine Car Details
- Dash controlled ventilator.
- Wind and rainproof windshield.
- Sun visor.
- Luggage and tool locker, opened from rear.
- Newest type easy operating crank-handle lifts on door windows.
- Four hinges on each door and fittings that hold doors solid—very important.
- Fine texture, long wearing upholstery and rugs.
- Low, deep-cushioned seats for five.
- Radiator shutters and motometer for efficient motor control.
- Cord tires.

You Cannot Ignore Its Price—\$1495 F. O. B. Detroit

Special Showing—Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

GUY L. SMITH "SERVICE FIRST"

2563-5-7 FARNAM ST. OMAHA, U.S.A. PHONE DOUGLAS 1970

Now Under a Full Head of Steam!!

The Most Phenomenal Shoe Undertaking Ever Brought to the Attention of Omaha Men

ABOVE Actual Cost Is the Selling Price on All Shoes at Dan's

A Fifteen-Day Selling Event That Will Revolutionize the Retail Shoe Business in Omaha

Choose Any Pair of Shoes in the House at Just One Dollar Above Actual Cost

The \$ Covers Cost—of Advertising, Selling—and General Overhead—
Every Shoe a Well Known Make—
Positively Nothing Reserved—

Shoes and Oxfords Latest Styles
Dan's Shoe and Clothing Co.
1415 DOUGLAS ST.
You'll Be Amazed at the Savings This Event Affords

