



A glimpse of Joan Lowell's earliest, little-known triumph . . . entering the Tia Juana bullfight arena in 1924 as Queen of the Day, the first American girl so honored. . . . Was it masculine or feminine charm that fitted her for this background?

Joan Lowell Talks About "These Masculine Women"

While Thousands of Foolish Flappers Are Trying to Become "Good Fellows." The Much Discussed Little Authoress Brought Up as a Boy in Men's Clothes Declares the Things She Likes Best Are Feminine Ways and Graces

THE eternal feminine—no one knows just what it is, but it is as old as Adam's rib, as overwhelming as love and as inescapable as death.

You can give women independence, you can educate them as men are educated, you can give them the ballot, you can give them typewriters instead of dishpans, and pay envelopes instead of babies—but you have just what you started with—women.

And your most independent woman, who "can take care of herself just as well as any man," will end by envying the sweet young clinging vine who gets what she wants because there are a dozen men just waiting to provide any trifle from a rose to a diamond necklace that her capricious heart demands.

Take for instance, Joan Lowell, this very much discussed and debated young woman who wrote the "Cradle of the Deep." Who spent much of her early life at sea, and was brought up among sailors and South Sea Islanders in overalls that she might not become conscious of her beauty and femininity.

What was the first thing she wanted when she took up life on shore?

According to her own words, she wanted to acquire femininity. Without knowing what it was, or how to get it, she knew it was what she needed to fit her for life.

"The most baffling and insurmountable quality I had to battle with," she said, "was this thing called 'femininity.' I had none of it myself, or at least, what I had was completely undeveloped, but I could feel it in every woman that I met—everyone that I admired. And I was completely beaten by it."

"I had, you see, thought I was a pretty smart kid because I could take care of myself. I had muscles like a prize fighter. If a man got fresh with me, I could haul off and land one that would put him out of commission for a while. I could swear as hard as he could. I could outman most men. I could turn a close bargain with natives. I could bully sailors. I could fight my way, but I soon found that wasn't the way I wanted to get along."

"MEANWHILE, I watched other women getting away with murder—women who had no ability to take care of themselves, and who had always worn silk, until they were silky themselves. I saw them lead men on, work them for presents and attentions, and have nothing to go on but a smile and 'femininity.'"

"I saw these women admired, adored and worshipped, not because they gave favors or gave themselves, but because they had the most delightful little tricks and because they could wear appealing and sometimes impudent little frocks

that revealed seductive curves, suggesting lovely bodies. They were women, just as I was, but they knew how to advertise their wares and make them desirable. They knew what it was all about and I didn't. They were feminine, and I was not."

"I had a sailor's directness about sex. I had seen sailors woo and win native women. I had seen a mother in Japan give birth to her child before an assembled crowd of men and women. I knew biology—but I didn't know sex."

It was considerable of a blow to Joan when she found that men did not like her, or, at least, that they did not notice her if there were girls of the feminine type around.

"I was pretty cocksure," she admits. "I did know life pretty well—in the rough, and I let them know I did. When they were inclined to make a pretty speech, I would cover my confusion with some good salty profanity or I'd say, 'I dare you to say what you really mean.'"

"I didn't realize then that the only girls who got away with brutal frankness with men, and the ones who were seemingly the least impressed by their masculinity, were really the ones who were the most feminine at heart—but men know this instinctively."

"You know yourself, that the type of girl who looks well in strictly tailored clothes is the one who is so feminine that the very contradiction has charm. No one hands the masculine type of woman much in masculine clothes."

"To this day I sometimes resent this femininity stuff, and wish it were possible to get rid of it, but I know now that it can't be done."

"I think it would be nice if men and women could be honest with each other, and be friends as well as sweethearts. It would be more comfortable to be just what you are, in-

Says Joan: "I watched other women getting away with murder. . . . I saw them lead men on, work them for presents and attention."

"How to Attract Men." . . . A \$1.98 book, first taught Joan that the shipboard gymnastics of her girlhood are not the height of feminine allure.



Hollywood first knew Joan as a 19-year-old tomboy with winsome curls. . . . "I found it much easier to look feminine than really to be feminine."

stead of always leading on to something that really isn't there. But I guess men love to be fooled, and smart women give them illusions rather than facts."

So having decided that femininity won, Joan's next problem was to acquire it.

"And naturally," she admits, "I saw only the externals at first. There was something about an artificially quirked finger and its highly polished nail, that because of its artificiality, seemed to me the symbol of high-powered allure."

"MY first job on shore was that of a waitress, and on those patrons I tried all my tricks. I used to practice holding those inch-thick cups with an affected elegance."

"I bought cheap perfume at the 10-cent store and soaked myself with it, because I was enchanted by the odors of perfume wafted from feminine women."

"I wanted to shout out to everyone, 'Hey, can't you all see how feminine I am? Just look at my fingernails. Just

smell this jasmine stuff. Feminine, isn't it?'"

"I sewed cheap lace on my underwear after I had dyed it the most violent pinks and orchids. I bought clothes that were ruffled and accented my naturally slim waist. Heaven only knows what I looked like, but I felt like an achievement."

"I even learned to sew and to cook because these were womanly things to do. And to this day, the greatest compliment anyone can pay me is to say that I am feminine. I love it."

Incidentally, Joan is always dressed in the most feminine of frocks, and her curly brown hair, uncut, is coiled into a most feminine knot. And her taste today runs to chaise longues and taffeta curtains.

"However," she went on, "I found it much easier to look feminine than really to be feminine. That is, I always felt different from other women. Frankly, I felt inferior. And I suppose that made it difficult for me to be friends with women."

"I can't ever tell anyone how much I wanted a girl chum. But I hadn't much in common with girls. My early life had been so different and my ways were not those of the conventionally-bred girl."

"I've fought tears often, watching girls going along in pairs, laughing and chatting. I seemed always to be alone, and I was so conscious of my inability to adapt myself. And how I did admire smartly dressed women!"

"ONE day as I was going down Market street in San Francisco, I saw a woman who fairly took my breath away, she was so attractive, so graceful, so seductive, so feminine. I was enchanted! I wanted to study her, to fix her picture in my mind. For she was exactly what I wanted to be. I shall never forget how lovely her small feet looked in their expensive hosiery and their triple A's. Without realizing it, I followed her. I must have followed her some distance, and I must have been staring wild-eyed."

"She turned once or twice and noticed me. I had no idea I was displeasing her. Finally she demanded, 'Why are you following me?'"

"Because," I stammered, "you are the most lovely thing I have ever seen. I love to look at you."

"She told me to keep quiet or she would slap my face. I wilted. I knew nothing in those days of the abnormalities of human affection. My idea of life was a simple, direct one. So far as I could reason there was no reason why my admiration should have insulted her. Again, I realized that 'femininity' had beaten me."

"It was months before I could feel at ease in the presence of a woman, and to this day I have but few women friends. There is a certain something, a consciousness of a difference in training and early environment that keeps me from being myself."

"Perhaps I have a sailor's sentimentality about women. I think they are lovely, marvelous and mysterious—though I know they can be ruthless and cruel. Really feminine creatures always give me the old sense of inferiority that keeps me from being my real self."

Men, Joan admits, were never any mystery to her, or never difficult to understand.

"Even on shore I understood them," she went on. "But women always surprised me—their morals as well as their millinery. It was one of the great shocks of my life to learn that women sometimes cheat in love, and that not all wives are faithful to their husbands."

"I had always understood that men had a double standard, but I had never considered the feminine side. I felt there were just two classes of women—the good ones who married and kept house, and the bad ones."

"I have completely overcome my initial shocks, however, about women's moral transgressions. After all, who, man or woman, is complete master of his emotions? Certainly, at sea, I have seen a typhoon plow up the surface of the sea, for no obvious reason, and I have seen men and women fall in love. There is a similarity in the two phenomena. How can any woman control what she feels? She can conceal it, or she can lie about it, but she can't alter it. All she can do is to pray God she'll get to the shore instead of against it, and pray God she'll get to the shore. Navigate the best you can, that is all there is to it."

JOAN LOWELL has now lived on the shore for seven years.

"In that time, naturally, I've learned to adjust myself to my surroundings," she says. "I've realized that femininity is more than skin deep and that you can't put it on and off like you do perfume or lace."

"I realize that there is a certain 'femininity' that will always elude me. Hence, I have learned to be myself."

"For \$1.98, I once purchased a book on 'How to Attract Men.' It stressed the come-hither stuff. Now at this particular time I knew an awfully nice boy who liked me too."

"Acting upon the book's advice, I decided to become mysterious. The next time he called I acted like a fool. He soon left and I never saw him again. He was the only one I ever knew who deliberately gave me the air."

Joan is happily married, and believes in marriage.

"I don't know how much 'femininity' I have acquired on shore, but I don't belong to the sea any more, and I don't feel entirely like a land animal. I want to become a great actress and to lose myself in the make-believe world. Maybe that is the only real one after all. But always I want to be a good navigator, and get this boat into port somehow."