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Men Are Looking At You

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Men Are



Looking

At YOU

by Merritt Bailey

OUR AMERICAN WOMEN spend a staggering amount of money each year to make themselves attractive. The myriads of manufacturers who cater to woman's chief vanity — herself — can only take time from counting their profits to guess at the amount. The actual figures, like those concerning a woman's age and weight, are shrouded in secrecy.

Men who foot the bills are prone to wonder on occasion—usually the first of each month—just what they're getting for their money. Are lotions and creams, sheer stockings and foundations, supposed to make for a better female product? Maybe so, but they can't do it all. Also important are small points men always notice but careless women fail to notice.

Since women so often dream of having men at their feet, let's start there. An analysis of what women wear on their feet offers convincing proof of what every man knows — that women are unstable creatures, lacking a firm foundation. Have you ever seen a man, for example, setting out in the teeth of a blizzard with two toes and his entire heel exposed? Or walking home from a midnight ride in a pair of 3-inch spikes?

Sloppy Saddle Shoes

Saddle shoes, worn to the point of disintegration without so much as a flirtation with polish, may get by in a clique, but on the crowded thoroughfare, Tom and Dick would probably rather be seen with Harry.

The position of hemlines, like the stock market, is watched by many men but understood by only few. Skirt lengths are currently fluctuating according to the whims of a few dress designers who are in league with the manufacturers of women's clothes.

Men are embarrassed when women wear clothes that are too tight, especially sweaters and skirts. Women who insist on emphasizing their best features this way may get a lot of whistles from the cigar stand on the corner, but few invitations to the opera.

Why is it that so many women with wing backs and prominent collar bones feel they must display their afflictions in strapless evening gowns? Probably because not 1 woman in 100 will admit such a defect. They blithely go ahead and buy their lo and behold gowns and end up by catching nothing better than a severe cold. And apropos — why must large women always wear the 'most' dress? True they have

more to cover, but that doesn't mean it should be accented by bows and flounces.

Another thing a man notices about a woman is her hands, and not necessarily to see whether or not she is married. But let us shift the scene to the parlor bridge table. Is that peculiar look on her partner's face because she just coyly trumped his ace? Or is he wondering what itinerant sign painter did that scaley job on her nails? And is he applauding her successful bid of a small slam, or her thrifty instincts in biting her nails to the quick instead of spending time and money for a manicure?

License for Lipstick

Lipstick is a subject that few men have sense enough to approach with any caution. But once the objective is reached, they retain certain prejudices. No man enjoys emerging from a huddle with the opposition looking like a bleeding heart plant.

Having thus far managed to get into the ladies' hair, let us examine it more closely. The neglect of their crowning glory is the pier at which so many otherwise well-groomed women miss the masculine boat. Men aren't too fussy about how women fix their hair so long as it shows some evidence of grooming. Pigtails or bangs, upsweep or flying-in-the-breeze, it's got to be clean and shining. Too many women forget about the dead, oily lustre that no amount of hairdo trickery can conceal.

No estimate of women could be complete without a word about perfume. Probably more cartoons have been drawn about the aphrodisiacal properties of My Secret Sin and Intoxication than about any other subject and with good reason. The tantalizing fragrance of Kiss Me Again has kept the ranks of bachelors thinned out since the dusty beginnings of time. But women shouldn't let themselves become walking advertisements for their favorite brand of perfume. Men like to be titillated, not drowned in the stuff.

Perhaps it is fitting to close with a question that has already occurred to you. "With what authority does this base slanderer of womanhood speak?" I can only steal my defense from another, older and wiser in the ways of women, who once pled his case by saying, "My only books were women's looks, and folly's all they've taught me."