

When Blushes Were the Fashion

By W. E. Hill

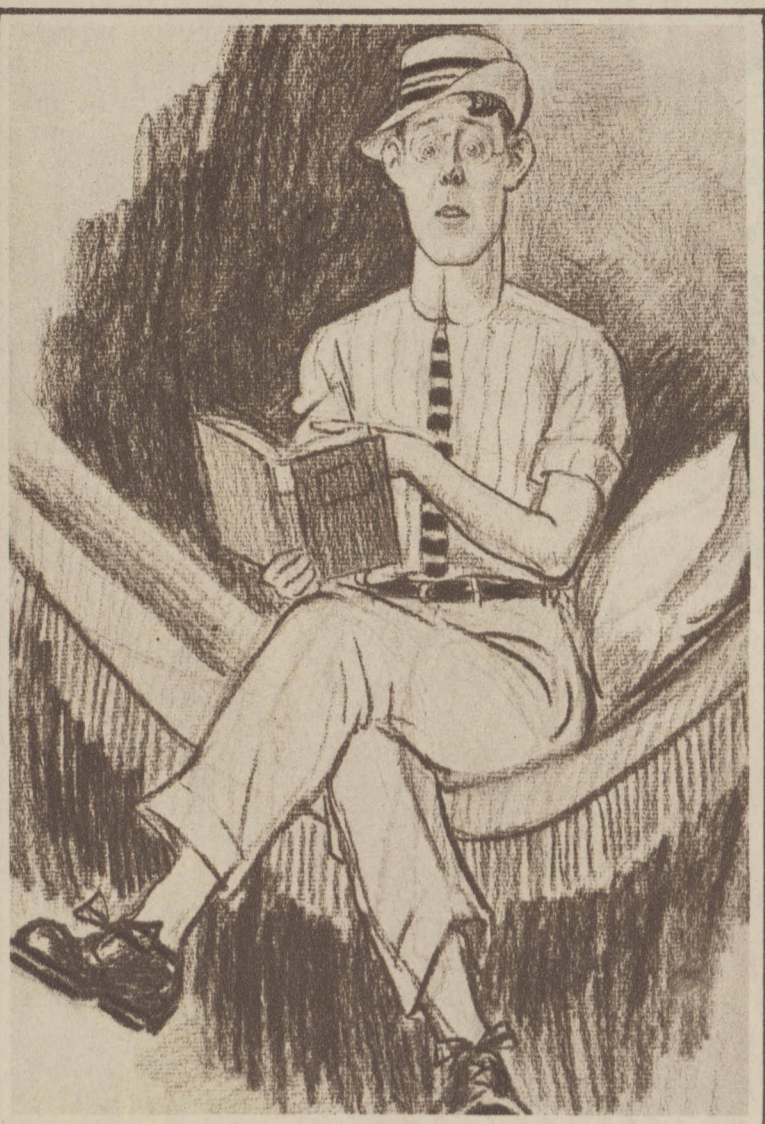
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When a little wife back in the ice age, or maybe before that, was discovered sewing on tiny garments, she would blush to the roots of her pompadour. And the husband would blush a little, too.



It was back in the fiscal year 1906, and Murray had asked Grayce up to prom week, and everything was just dandy till Murray made the mistake of telling Grayce a rough story. Believe it or not, it had "damn" in it! Grayce blushed and said she didn't think it a bit funny, and she hoped Murray would bear in mind that she did not wish to hear anything she could not tell her mother.



This stalwart shirtwaist man of the early nineteen hundreds has, all unawares, stumbled upon a copy of "Three Weeks," and a faint blush, willy nilly, has crept through the manly sunburn. He's thinking, "What if my mother or my Aunt Ida had come upon this book! Gosh!!"



"A gentle blush suffused her maidenly brow, and with a haughty glance at Lord Dorian Ennerdale, Lady Bessie Dusenberry SWEPT from the room!" Back in the good old days, before the hard boiled age, when the heroine of the best seller felt insulted her first reaction was a blush—and then she swept from the room. No more, no less.



A rose pink blush has covered this young suitor's face because, through no fault of his, he has seen a much too generally exposed feminine ankle. If you had courted a girl around the turn of the century, or maybe a little later, even, you would have been as embarrassed as this young man.



It was a frightful experience twenty-five or thirty years ago for a bathing beauty to lose the skirt of her bathing costume in the water.



When the old folks of today were young, a girl was expected to blush easily, and it was considered especially recherche if, at the approach of something in the nature of an indignity, she went red and white by turns. This lovely girl went for a bite to eat after the opera or a performance of "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street" with a man she thought a gentleman. Imagine her maidenly blushes when he tried to put his arm around her waist. "How could you ever respect a girl who would allow such liberties?" said she. And the man was pretty much ashamed of himself.



A real lady in the days preceding the present era of legs and general anatomical knowledge was wont to blush prettily whenever she had to pass a billboard on which the "Bon Ton Burlesque Company" or "The New York Stars" were frankly depicted.