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that the gift of beauty is equally divided between the sexes.

"I have been asked in the towns at which I have arranged pageants, at the exquisite charm and beauty of the women and the superb manly beauty of the men, how I can be so looking at the question from every point of view. I think that abroad the average of beauty is greater on the male side. There is a very good reason for this.

"When a woman has lost the first bloom of her beauty abroad she is put to the test. She must be able to rely on her wit and her character as well as on her very even to field work, while the man leans back against a post, smoking a cigarette, and preserves his beauty. In the United States the situation is reversed, the beauty of the sexes appears to me to be equal.

"I cannot help thinking, however, that as the English woman becomes more independent, and enters more strenuously into the departments of life which have hitherto been the prerogative of men, she will, to a certain extent, lose that charm which at present makes her the flower of the world."

Lillie Charles, who has won fame as an artist in photography, emphatically awards the palm of good looks to women.

"I do not see the beauty of life," Mme. Charles said. "There seems to me no question on this point, especially in this generation of exquisite women."

"Occasionally one may see a beautiful man, and by this I do not want my words to be misunderstood as implying a confession of self-entirement. But a beautiful man is not a common sight, while a beautiful woman is.

"I think that anybody who cares to

studying the subject will agree that our young girls are far finer specimens of humanity than the average of the older thing may be said for the fact that the good looking men are the workers, the men who do things, and who are not content to sit in the office, out of work, absenting themselves from chances of comparison.

"There is no doubt, however," said the woman, "that a splendid creature, with a fine figure, fair skin and possessing that perfect health of body which is today almost constitutive true beauty."

Mr. Eustace Miles considered that it was almost impossible to weigh the sexes in the same scales.

"The best qualities of mind and body are common to both," he said, "but there are special qualities which I can only appear to possess by a man. For instance, we despise a man with small feet and a pink skin, and look askance at a woman with large feet and a pink complexion."

"The whole gist of the matter," that posing and static beauty belongs to the woman, and that the dynamic—the beauty of movement and power—is essential to men. Beauty need not be of the features at all, but may be of the voice, the eyes, or particularly the expression."

The Mind of An Actress

Miss Lillah McCarthy, the actress who made a name for herself at the Empire, and who has since played Shaw's plays, has given a very interesting account of her ideals for the stage, in the *Daily Chronicle*.

"When was I girl at Cheltenham my mind—like that of other girls, I am afraid—was full of all sorts of romantic notions, and I was very much afraid—in tragedy and to be radiant

for long, lonely walks in the country and dream of being great and splendid. Of course, like Helen Faucit, used to pore over Shakespeare and

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is 'doing beautifully.' It is the same of course with some other of the Elizabethans. With Mr. Shaw there

are no raptures of this kind. But he does 'soar' sometimes in his own way. To my mind there is a magic in the very words that Jennifer has to speak in the 'Doctor's Dilemma' death scene.

"You ask me what it is that compensates for all this in the Shays plays. I should say it is the feeling that one is getting beyond a content in mere, natural, external beauties. One is trying to understand—to get at the soul of things.