

WOMAN LOVELIEST AT FORTY

AS EXPLAINED BY CAROLINE OTERO TO STERLING HEILIG
 COPYRIGHT BY PEARSON PUB. CO.

"WOMAN is loveliest at forty!"

The speaker herself seemed never lovelier than when admitting forty-one years past. For twenty years Paris has called her 'The Beautiful Otero'; and she is still at the height of fortune as the most famous Spanish dancer and the most beloved professional beauty of the gay French capital. She explained herself:

"I refer to fine women. In health and the enjoyment of rational luxuries, they need only two things to triumph in the charm of their full flowering—will to keep in condition, and mastery of that pathetic disdain which tempts them to stand back in the shadow."

She rose and paced the room with cat-like grace. She snatched a man's hat from the table, cocked it over her eye, flung the end of a cloak over her shoulder, and struck an attitude.

"I have our value impressed on me ever in the Spanish dance," she said. "The grand dance of the flamenco! What a dance, monsieur, what a drama! It is the whole of woman's life in three



I know of nothing so eloquent of her superior loveliness."

"Let her arrive unknown in a community and confess thirty-one years. The other women will give her thirty-six on principle. And all the men, suspicious of their women's frankness in such matters, will be sure that she is a delicious creature of possibly thirty-four, grand maximum, of unusual tact, poise, suppleness, quoz! all kinds of graces of unknown but obviously superior surroundings!"

"We see it every day," I said. "Fine women have the age they look."

"No, no, the woman of forty is positively loveliest," replied the lovely specialist. "We must distinguish. Physical loveliness is one thing, academic perfection of form another. Paris painters of voluptuous subjects—nymphs rolling green lawns, bacchantes sprawling in pagan festivals, courts of Neptune sunning on golden sands—have always been reproached by their uncompromising brethren for 'doing chic' because they willfully age their models. To attain the acme of sensual beauty, they enlarge rotundities, exaggerate curves, tend toward the corset waist—bete noire of purists and delight of gods and men—and arrive at an unearthly charm by giving the nymph of eighteen a whole set of outlines that she ought not have for fifteen years. What is this but glorifying by 'chic' the beauty of forty—whom these painters seldom obtain as model, because there is always some man to prevent it!"

"Also," I said, "they must pretend their nymphs are eighteen—for the man of forty."

"Detises!" laughed Otero. "In times past overweening plumpness may have been a danger to the lazy and self-indulgent—even at eighteen; but the modern fine woman changes little between thirty-five and forty-five. As for academic purity of line, none but uncompromising painters and sculptors want to give purity of sentiment; and it is lost, not at forty, but at twenty-four. The episode of Eberlein is classical. Struck by the pure beauty of a twenty-five-year-old model, the famous sculptor noted down minutely, numerous, all her exact measurements in order to reproduce such a perfect anatomy in marble. Four weeks later, in verifying the measurements before an incredulous confrere, he was astonished to discover that not a single one concurred; the academically perfect anatomy had budged all along the line—toward the voluptuous beauty prized by common mortals!"

"And the maniere de s'en servir!" I mused.

"I accuse not only the young girl's green acidity, her forming body, sleeping temperament, and crudity of mind," summed up Otero. "In northern lands, the sleeping party may get the sand out of their eyes by twenty-five; but, even then, years pass in looking round and wondering what this world may mean. So, at thirty, the average young woman, loaded down with natural arrogance and ideas that a growing disquiet by repeating to herself: 'I am a young thing!' Up to thirty-five the satisfaction of ruling may have been her chief profit. Now she wakes completely to the pulsing life of things, knows herself and—disarmed by sense of loss—plunges avidly, or else—

"—Or else, discouraged, sinks back, murmuring: 'I am an old thing!' I finished the sentence for her.

"That's it," laughed Otero. "If she grows panic-stricken, she enters the 'terrible quarantine' indeed. They may be the 'terrible forties' or the 'splendid forties,' as she makes them, as her world permits her, or as she dominates it, with happy insouciance brushing aside every obstacle and flinging herself into the harmonies of an instrument finally attuned. Then she is truly terrible—terrible to younger, undecided women whom she mocks and bamboozles, borrowing their admirers from them out of pure lightheartedness; terrible to men, on whom she avenges the neglect of years to come!"

QUALITY AND CONFORMATION OF TYPICAL DRAFT HORSES

Ideal Animal Will Show Vigorous, Lively, Energetic Disposition, Yet be Docile, Tractable and Intelligent—Form Should be Broad, Deep and Evenly Proportioned.

(By A. S. ALEXANDER.)

The typical, ideal draft horse stands over 16 hands (5 feet 4 inches) and under 18 hands high, and weighs 1,600 pounds or more in ordinary flesh.

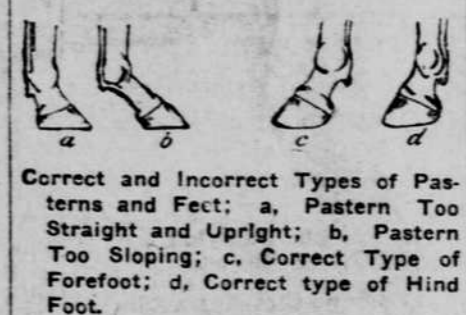
The form should be broad, deep, massive, evenly proportioned, and symmetrical, the entire make-up suggesting great strength and weight. The body should be massive, blocky, and compact, and squarely set on short, broad, clean, sturdy legs showing fine skin, large joints and prominent tendons.

The head should be large, proportionate in size to the body, well formed, clean and free from coarseness and irregularities. The forehead should be broad, full and not dishd or too prominent. The profile of the face should not be too straight or of "Roman-nose" form. There should be good width and fullness between the eyes, indicating power and intelli-

gence. The eyes should be bright, clear, mild, full, sound and of the same color. The lids should be smooth, well arched, and free from angularities and wrinkles. The ears should be of medium size, well placed, alert, normally active, and free from coarseness. The nostrils should be large and flexible; the lips thin, even, and firm, and all of the parts neat and clean cut. The skin and hair of the muzzle should be of good quality. There should be a wide space between the lower jaws free from meatiness, abscesses, or tumors. The neck should be of a size proportionate to the rest of the body, well arched, evenly muscled, with large windpipe, and smooth insertion into the shoulder. It should not curve downward (ewe neck) or be broken in crest.

The shoulder should be moderately sloping, smooth and extending well back.

The arm, which extends from the point of the shoulder to the elbow, should be short, heavily muscled and well thrown back. The forearm, extending from the elbow to the knee, should be long, flat, wide, heavily muscled, and free from coarseness. The knees should be straight, wide, deep, strongly formed, and smooth. The cannons, extending from the knees to the fetlocks, and composed chiefly of bones and tendons, should be short, strong, clean and wide, with prominent and smooth tendons. The fetlocks should be wide, straight, strong, and free from puffs, callouses, or in interfering sores. The pasterns, extending from the fetlocks to the hoof



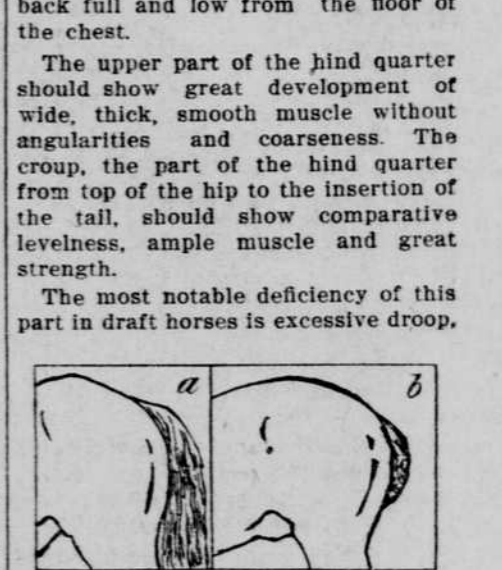
Correct and Incorrect Types of Pasterns and Feet: a, Pastern Too Straight and Upright; b, Pastern Too Sloping; c, Correct Type of Forefoot; d, Correct type of Hind Foot.

The hoofs should be ample in size, sound, smooth and symmetrical in shape.

The chest, inclosing the heart and lungs, should be roomy in every respect. "An ample, wide, deep chest denotes vigor, power, strong constitution and easy keeping qualities." The ribs form the "barrel" and should be deep, well sprung and carried low at the flanks and close to the hips. The back, extending from the rear of the withers to the last rib, should be broad, straight and muscular. In general appearance it should denote great strength and compactness. The loins should be short, wide, deep and strong. The underline should run back full and low from the floor of the chest.

The upper part of the hind quarter should show great development of wide, thick, smooth muscle without angularities and coarseness. The croup, the part of the hind quarter from top of the hip to the insertion of the tail, should show comparative levelness, ample muscle and great strength.

The most notable deficiency of this part in draft horses is excessive droop,

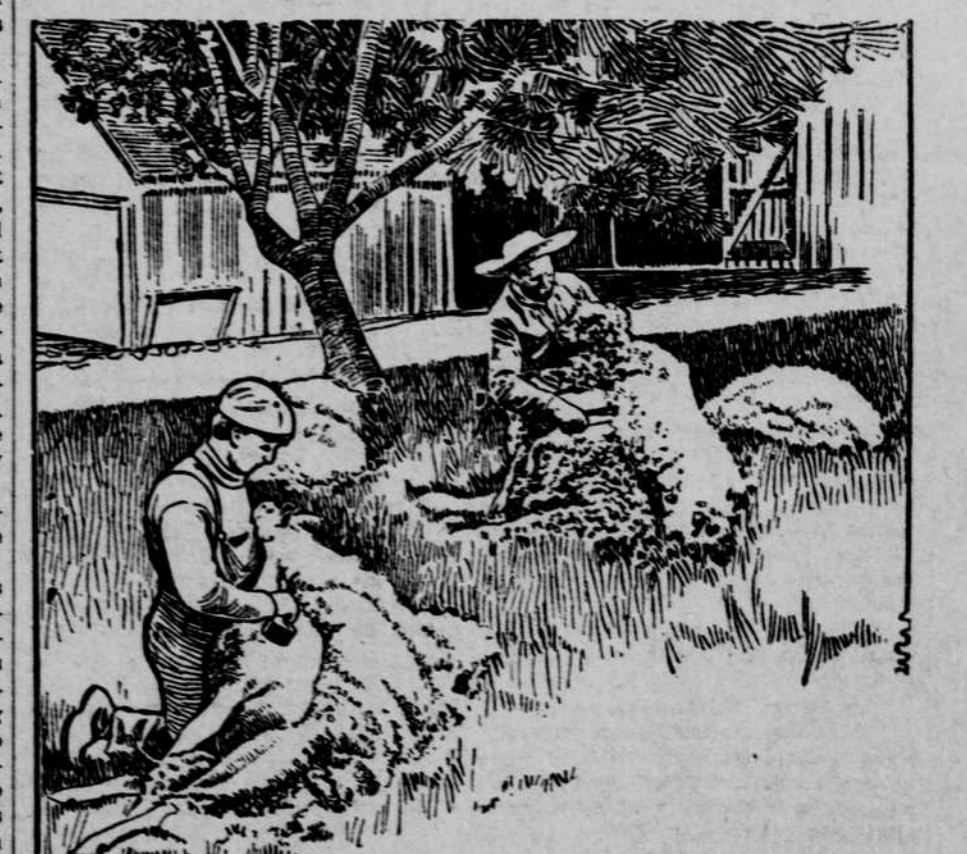


Good and Poor Form in Croup and Hips: a, Too Short and Steep; b, Good Draft Type.

or steepness and shortness, with weakness of muscle. Such conformation tends to slouchiness in gait and often is associated with "sickle" hocks. The draft croup should be smooth, of fair length, and neither too steep nor perfectly level.

The thighs from the hips down to the stifles should be strong, muscular, wide and long.

SHEARING SHEEP IN OLD WAY



Machine clippers are rapidly taking the place of hand shears, as they do the work more quickly and with less laceration of the animal's skin. On the large sheep ranches of the west a number of sheep-shearing machines are run from a shaft propelled by an electric motor or gasoline engine. Smaller machines are also made

which can be turned by hand and with the aid of one of these, two men can do as much work in a day as six in the old-fashioned way.

Dairy Farming in Arkansas is attracting wide attention and is growing very rapidly.

MILLET CROP IS VALUABLE

It is Good Milk Producing Food and Yields Well on Good Land—Moisture is Essential.

(By WALTER R. LEUTZ.)

The claims of millet as an important soiling food rest upon the fact that it is a good milk producing food, that it yields well on good land, that it may be grown as a catch crop and in hot weather in some instances after another crop has been harvested.

Its weak point as a soiling crop is the short season during which it can be fed.

The great points to be kept in view in preparing the land for millet are to have it finely pulverized and moist and as clean as possible. The question of moisture is all important.

If the land can be plowed some time before sowing the seed and rolled and harrowed a few times in alternation in the interval, the process will

be found helpful not only in retaining ground moisture a short distance below the surface, but also in accumulating the same even in dry weather.

Usually depositing the seed with the grain drill is more satisfactory than sowing broadcast and in some instances following at once with the roller will make the difference in a dry season between success and failure in the crop.

Sow from three to four pecks per acre for soiling and of various varieties, as Hungarian, German and broom corn.

If large varieties like the Japanese kinds are used, they are usually sown in rows and cultivated. From 12 to 20 tons of green millet per acre should be obtained from good and well-managed land.

Kills Big Eagle.

Near Washington, Mo., an eagle, measuring more than six feet from tip to tip of wing, was shot while carrying off a 12-pound pig. The farmer had missed several small pigs and lambs and is now satisfied that the eagle carried them off.



"I CAN DANCE THE TRAGEDIENNE, I AM FORTY-ONE"

act: desire, seduction, tragic triumph. Never has dramatic work expressed femininity with the grace, mystery and intensity of those three scenes. Now, look you, in the south of Spain they say it takes eight years to form a flamenco. Perfection is unattainable; because this exhausting dance—twelve minutes—show me a danseuse of the opera who will accept a variation of twelve minutes—contains three roles that are unconnected: the ingenue, the amoureuse, and the tragedienne. One ought to be sixteen years old to dance the first—and forty to dance the end of the drama, in which Rubia, magnificent at fifty, fixed the tradition."

"Madame," I asked, "is it possible that you are old enough to dance that third act?"

"I am forty-one," she laughed. "I had made two trips to the United States before I settled in Paris in 1891; and I was just like some when starting out. If I am not worn like some great flamenco, it is thanks to the life of Paris. Those who remain in Spain use themselves up, monsieur. It is a magnificent public, but it fatigues the artists. In Paris, the good people interest themselves as much in my jewels and accept what I give them. So I have been able to live reasonably. Luxury is good for a woman of self-control. Those soft creatures who lie around and overeat, I have no patience with them! I have always had unconscious training from my work, though I owe much to the Turkish bath."

"The Hamman?" I asked.

"No, no, I have a sweat-box in my apartment fitted with fifty electric-light bulbs. I often take it four times a week when not dancing, followed with a tepid douche, turning cold. There is an apparatus to frighten young beauties, monsieur!"

Certainly a remarkable woman. On the stage, from Copenhagen to Vienna, from London to Rome, she is known, always and above all, as a beauty. She sings after a fashion. She has made successful ventures into pantomime. And now, at forty, she has made herself an actress of merit, appearing in emotional roles on the great Paris stage. Now, also, at forty, she continues to pose for the best selling beauty photographs on the European market. After her comes Lisa Cavalleri, with no third in their class. Other beauties sell as well in certain successful poses; but Otero and Cavalleri never cease posing.

"Women of forty" exclaimed Otero. "What pathetic disdain, what proud anticipation, what unhappy consciousness, hastening to meet fate more than half-way, cause so many to ignore their splendor and even wander into self-

doubt! Loveliness is a living thing made of beauty, charm, grace—physical attraction, yes—and also the maniere de s'en servir! The way to use them! Here is the triumph of the woman of forty—when she gladly lets herself loose!"

"Why not?" I murmured, fascinated by one who certainly lets herself loose. She continued gaily:

"Why, the intuitions of the very young man are unerring in this matter. The youth of seventeen, with senses painfully fresh and keen, begins with a grande passion for the woman of forty. Instinct tells him that she is the loveliest. The thing is traditional, from Harry Esmond down to Porter Charlton. And Joseph even; how did she get that coat? We laugh. Laughter is a sudden glory—over human mischance. The youth himself refuses to arrive at charming forty beside a woman of sixty-three; yet his first untroubled judgment was to award the apple where it belongs."

"The man of forty evidently..." I began.

"The worst enemy of the woman of forty is the man of forty," persisted Otero. "She is the mirror in which he dreads to see the shadow of his own degeneracy—forgetting that his wear and tear of ten years past have not been hers. So the man of forty marries the girl of twenty-three. In spite of his wear and tear, she finds in the charm of the full man her profound satisfaction—without looking ahead. Why look ahead? In Paris we see daily men of forty making inexperienced young fellows appear foolish. For example, I will cite the best loved-man of Paris, over whose elegant person five hat-pin duels have been fought in the past three years—the latest on the Biarritz board-walk, between a young matron and a bud of society. He will be forty-two years old next February."

Otero did not cite his name, so I will imitate her wise discretion.

"The man of forty is vain and suspicious," said Otero. "Even when in full possession of his physical and mental perfections, he must punish unoffending loveliness that walks beside him in the path of years. Oh, yes, he makes the woman of forty suffer! The fair creature would be more than human! Not to resent it. Unspoken malice in her laughing eye accuses the fatuous fellow to grit his teeth with hate. And so two perfect creatures, at the flood of all that is best in them, too often turn their backs upon each other, leaving opportunity open to less prejudiced hearts and heads—to girls with their intuitions, and to men of fifty purged of petty vanity!"

Even so, women of forty rule Paris. Madame Otero collects portrait photographs. Scattering a package of foremost Paris beauties on

the table, she called off their ages for me. I was surprised.

"Who thinks of their ages?" she said. "Some were not so beautiful when younger. Look at this one... and this... Here is a lady with an almost insignificant nose; and her eyes were never much until she had them tattooed where actresses pencil. Here is one with not a perfect feature, yet her physique and temperament are delightful. And this other, without the noble spirit breathing through her look, would she not be almost plain?"

She said true; yet I had passed 2" as charming. All have beauty reputation. When a woman like this gives away her sisters it is edifying. Otero showed me how one splendid creature fought for years against a double chin and conquered; how another began bony; how another has learned to dissimulate a trumpet nose.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "You will make me think that all young women are full of defects!"

"They are," said Otero. "What is time for but to correct them? Scatter the photographs and look again. You will find them beauties now in any case! They are radiant. They have learned their power!"

It was even so. There were flashes of ecstasy, gleams of delight, eyes that spoke soul awakenings, lips parted in mystery. There were coy faces, faces that asked baffling questions, confidential faces, high, couraged faces, faces that breathed sweet, sad reverie.

"All kinds of faces, except woden twenty-year-old faces, hein!" laughed the subtle Spaniard. "A Paris photographer has given me a partial reason why their faces are lovelier at forty. It is because they have been photographed so much."

"The effort to resemble one's best picture?" I mused.

"All that, in general; but he claims a particular influence of self-suggestion. We come to resemble our best photographs by gentle degrees, unconsciously, when they follow each other in a long, changing series."

"Living up to last week's photograph makes next week's photograph still handsomer," I said. "A hundred photographs completes the cure."

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