

## Why They Call Me The Most Beautiful Man in the World

**Paul Swan Tells Why He Was So Singularly Honored by the Women of New York and the People of Beauty-Loving Athens**

The Hermes of Praxiteles, to Whom the People of Athens Compared Paul Swan.

PAUL SWAN, a young American dancer, has been referred to as "the most beautiful man in the world." He has also been likened to "a young Greek god."

At the earnest request of this newspaper Mr. Swan consented to tell what, in his opinion, constituted beauty in a man and why he had been honored with such intoxicating titles. It appears that the fair sex has acclaimed his perfection wherever he has appeared. Mr. Swan has been displaying his beauty in interpretative Greek dances in New York, and appears at the Maxine Elliott Theatre on March 22.

By Paul Swan.

IT is true that I have been called "the most beautiful man in the world." It is a title to be proud of, and I glory in it. I am not unduly conceited, and I accept with due modesty the tributes of my fellow beings to the gracious gifts which nature has showered upon me.

What are the grounds on which I have received this title? In the first place the most intelligent women of New York, those who are fighting for their right to a share in the Government, chose me as the man best fitted to grace their great pageant. In the second place, the people of Athens, where the sense of beauty inherited from ancient days is still stronger than anywhere else in the world, hailed me as a reincarnation of one of their old but ever young gods. I first had the good fortune to impress the public of New York with my physical qualities when the Women's Political Union were planning their remarkable production of that ancient Greek play about equal rights for women, "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes. I was then chosen to lead the chorus of Greek youths. There was great difficulty in finding young men in New York fitted by nature to take these parts. I was honored by being told that I filled my part to perfection.

Since then I have been travelling in Russia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Sicily and France, where I have been collecting material for the new interpretative dances which I am now giving in New York. They are modelled on the dances of ancient Greece. In my childhood I realized that I was gifted with the Greek type of beauty, and it has been my aim to cultivate this gift to my utmost. I began my career as a painter and dancer. For a time I called myself "Iolaus, the Greek dancer," in order to keep my dancing and my portrait painting distinct, but since I have achieved some celebrity it has become impossible to keep up the distinction.

In pursuance of my ideals I went to Greece as a boy. In Athens I was remarked by artists, archaeologists, writers and many of the beauty-loving people of that city as a reincarnation of the ancient Greek type. Somewhat to my embarrassment, I was followed through the streets of Athens not only by women, but by sculptors and painters who requested me to pose as the reincarnated Apollo.

One of the most celebrated writers of modern Athens, Mr. Calligouris, was kind enough to write of me:

As Narcissus, the Beautiful Youth Who Fell in Love With His Own Image



"As if he were proud of the rare gift of beauty he himself has received at Nature's hand, he does not hesitate to paint himself in his pictures. It is thought by some that he looks like Byron, and perhaps this is true, but how much more striking is his resemblance to the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Epeheos, and the Catheron."

Another Athenian critic wrote: "Our distinguished sculptor, Thomopoulos, when he first saw Paul Swan enter his atelier thought that the vision of Apollo had been brought to life in his ideal beauty."

I went to London, and there an appreciative writer said that it was "one of the gods' little ironies that this modern Hermes, with the eyes of Leonardo's 'Golden Boy,' should have been born on a little farm in Nebraska."

It is contrary to convention for a man to praise his own appearance. But is convention always right? A business man has no hesitation in boasting of his successes in business. I have succeeded in something far higher—in being beautiful. I have cultivated the gifts which Nature and my good parents bestowed upon me. I think it right to be proud of what I am, to encourage other men to pursue the same perfection and to give them the benefit of my experience.

Why should not a man be beautiful? Why should the mere suggestion raise a jeer in an ordinary gathering? Let us think a little seriously of these questions. Is it not more modern vulgarity to object to the word "beautiful" as applied to a man? People commonly speak of men they admire as "handsome." If we inquire we find that they describe certain policemen, athletes, and various men who are nothing but fine, large specimens of animal matter as "handsome." On the other hand, persons of real artistic taste never speak of an ancient Hermes or Apollo as "handsome." They call them beautiful. Therefore, it is a nobler thing to be beautiful than handsome, and one should not be



Displaying the Exquisite Grace and Suppleness of His Form.

ashamed of it. A man can achieve greater perfection of beauty than a woman. The large head, with high, straight brow, the broad shoulders, the slender hips, the straight, strong legs of a beautiful man compare with the small head, the narrow shoulders, the large hips, the short legs, insecurely planted on little feet, of a woman, beautiful though she may be.

In this view I am supported by the great majority of painters and sculptors. The great appeal which a beautiful woman makes to us arises largely from emotional and sentimental causes, but for pure beauty of form the man is superior.

My readers will doubtless wish to hear what constitutes beauty in a man. The first requisite is symmetry. This includes proper development, and harmony of features, and above all, a certain harmony between body and mind. To have a beautiful body one must have a beautiful mind.

We grow to resemble the thing we admire, as Hawthorne has so finely told us in his story, "The Great Stone Face." If we fix our minds on the great classic ideals of beauty we shall grow to resemble them. The Greek type of beauty has set the standard for all ages, and everyone is more or less beautiful as he approaches this standard.

I believe the most perfect type of manly beauty to be the Hermes of Praxiteles, whom some of my friends have been kind enough to compare with me. The beauty of the figure in this statue is incomparable. Another immortal type of classic beauty is the Antinous, whose statue, partly mutilated, stands in the Capitoline Museum at Rome.

Antinous, the favorite of the great Emperor, Hadrian, is said to have drowned himself in the Nile because he realized his beauty must pass with age.

The ideally beautiful man is tall and straight, his height depending on the race from which he springs. The



Paul Swan as a Young Greek God.

As a Dancing Greek Faun.

bones of his two legs touch one another.

A good development of the muscles of the back, chest and abdomen are particularly necessary for grace of form and movement. This can only be obtained by exercise and right living.

When all the measurements have been laid down it must be said that beauty cannot exist unless the figure is inspired with grace and the poetry of motion. The face, too, must be intelligent and illuminated with the yearning for the beautiful.

I have said that the man can be more beautiful than the woman, but he rarely is so. He should lead a more primitive life. He should eat simple, wholesome food and not snatch two crumblers and a cup of bad coffee for his lunch.

Dancing is the most precious of all forms of exercise in producing grace of body. Grace is sureness of motion, and this we acquire by dancing. The rhythm of the music, setting every movement of the body to time, produces a harmonious muscular development.

In conclusion let me urge all boys and young men to keep the Greek ideal of beauty before them. Try to be beautiful in your bodies, and in your lives. Do not allow beauty, the most precious thing in the world, to be the monopoly of one sex. If we all loved true beauty the sin and ugliness that disfigure humanity would be impossible. The true lover of beauty would never make his fellow men do work that disfigures their bodies.

### A Drearly Outlook.

A good lecturer, like a good singer, knows at once whether or not he is "in tune" with his audience. And the professor was a very fine lecturer indeed.

Instinctively he felt that his address on "The Dignity of Labor" had not gripped the class in the way it should have done. His suspensions were confirmed when, on looking round the gathering of students, he beheld Percy Fitzwhistle in a semi-momentary state at the back of the lecture room. The professor coughed. "Mr. Fitzwhistle," he said, "will you kindly give me a definition of work?"

The blue-blooded one stretched his legs and yawned. "Work," murmured "Everything is work."

"Nonsense, Mr. Fitzwhistle," said the professor angrily. "You should choose your words with more care! According to that definition, the very chair upon which I am seated is work!"

"So it is, sir!" drawled the aristocrat, settling himself once more. "Woodwork!"

### At the Kirk.

It was the Scottish minister's second Sunday in his newly appointed parish, and he had reason to complain at the meagre collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are stingy, vera stingy. But—" and he came closer and became more confidential—"the auld minister, he put three or four saxpences into that plate hissel'. Just to gie them a start. Of course he took the saxpences awa' with him afterwards."

The new minister tried the same plan, but the following Sunday was a repetition of the others—a dismal failure. The entire collection was not only small, but to his great consternation, his own coins were missing.

"Ye may be a better preacher than the auld minister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge of the world an' o' yer ain folk in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the saxpences to the plate!"

### A Poor Adviser.

Skindint—I have no money, but I will give you a little advice. Beggar—Well, if yer haint got no money yer advice can't be very valuable.

## Mary HAD A Little Lamb--The True Story of Its Escapade and Useful End

DON'T smile at the youngster who accepts at its face value the story of Mary and her little lamb. In this instance, grown-up skepticism is unwarranted.

There was a Mary who did have a little lamb whose fleece was as white as snow and who did follow Mary around wherever she did go. What is more to the point, it did follow her to school one day, which did make the children laugh and play to see the lamb at school.

And the teacher did turn it out and it did still linger near and waited patiently about until Mary did appear. Not only did Mary have a little lamb, but she also had a half-cousin, and although the little lamb is long since dead, the half-cousin is still very much alive. Having been an eye-witness of the incident, this half-cousin is prepared to verify it in every essential.

It is just one hundred years ago since the incident occurred. The heroine was Mary E. Sawyer, of Sterling, Mass. The little schoolhouse was located at the same place. Miss Polly Kimball was the teacher. Richard Kimball Powers, of Lancaster, Mass., the eye witness referred to, was half-cousin of Mary

Sawyer, and was at the school the day the lamb followed her there. He is one hundred and three years old.

According to Mr. Powers, the lamb in question was one of twins born in her father's stable. For some reason the ewe rejected one of them and little Mary Sawyer, then eight years old, reared it.

One day the little lamb followed Mary to school. The lamb was grazing in a field when Mary started. It was too far away for her to see, but Mary called, and the lamb, recognizing her voice, began bleating and at once came to her. Mary and her brother, Nathaniel, were well on their way when the lamb began following them. Mary wanted to take the lamb back home, but Nat said "Oh, no, let's take it to school," and Mary consented.

When Mary and her brother reached the schoolhouse yard their teacher, Miss Polly Kimball, had not yet arrived. Some of the scholars were there, however, and these crowded around the new pupil. They were all much amused. Mary was in a quandary, for she did not wish the teacher to know the lamb was at school.

Then there was commotion among the children. They laughed and twittered and twisted and turned in their seats. It was a strange sight



Little Mary Sawyer and the Identical Little Lamb That Followed Her to School. (From a Picture in the Sawyer Family.)

to see a lamb at school. Even the teacher could not refrain from laughing, but she soon composed herself, and, realizing that she must dispose of the lamb in order to maintain discipline among her pupils, she turned the little creature out of doors. It lingered near the door, however, and bleated for its little mistress. The teacher then allowed Mary to go out into the yard and place the lamb in the woodshed.

A young man whose name was John Roulstone, Jr., a friend of the teacher and a member of the freshman class at Harvard University, was visiting the school when the incident occurred. In order to commemorate an amusing event, he wrote and brought to Mary three days later the familiar verses of "Mary had a little lamb," etc.

The fate of the little lamb was a sad one. Mary's father had a large number of cattle in his barn, and on Thanksgiving morning, 1816, Mary and her little pet were playing together at the barn, and the lamb, placing itself in front of the feed box, which belonged to the cattle, was suddenly gored by a cow. The lamb was instantly by Mary, placed its head in her lap, and in less than an hour it died, with her arms around it.

His shoulders are several inches wider than the measurement across his hips. The palms of his hands reach to the middle of his thighs when he stands upright.

When he stands with his feet together, the knees, calves and ankle

is well covered with hair. His height is eight times the height of his head. His neck is straight and not too thick. His forehead is broad and nearly upright, and only moderately high. His head

ideal height of an American descended from Northern European races, is 5 feet 8 inches. His total height is eight times the height of his head. His neck is straight and not too thick. His forehead is broad and nearly upright, and only moderately high. His head

Mary lived on her father's farm until she was married to Mr. Columbus Tyler in 1836. Mr. Tyler was superintendent of the McLean Hospital for the Insane at Squerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston. She afterward became matron of this institution, which position she held for thirty-five years. Mary outlived her husband many years, and has for her residence the house which he had formerly owned.

When the patriotic women of Boston wished to raise money for the historic old South Church, which became financially involved and was in danger of being sold for debt, a public sale having been authorized, to relieve its embarrassment, Mary took the stockings which her mother had knitted from the lamb's wool (and which she had never worn, but kept in memory of her devoted companion), unravelled the yarn, cut it into pieces of a yard and a half in length, wound it upon cards on which she had written her autograph, and sold the cards for twenty-five cents each. The stockings, thus converted into yarn, brought over two hundred dollars for the two pairs, showing the widespread interest the people had in those days in Mary and her lamb. Mary gave this money to the fund which saved the old South Church.

### Tactful.

Kind words may be more than coronets, and simple faith may beat Norman blood to a frazzle; but after all tact is the possession most dear and most useful to the human race.

Mr. Daniels thought so, too. When he left the house he had left Mrs. Daniels with a lady friend, whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his head into the drawing-room.

"That old cat gone, I suppose?" he said, with a sigh of relief.

For just an instant there was a dreadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony glare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then Mrs. Daniels spoke quite calmly.

"The old cat?" she said. "Oh, yes, dear. I sent it to the Cats' Home in a basket first thing this morning!"

### The Victim.

"Yes," said the solemn-faced man, "it would ruin me financially if the whiskey business should be wiped out."

"Are you in the liquor business, sir?"

"No, no. I'm a temperance orator."

### Different.

"Colonel Blisey told me that he lost his arm during the war. I didn't know he was ever in the army."

"He wasn't. During the war he worked in a sawmill."