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## "POOR MANUEL WILL NEVER LEARN!"

### Discussing Her Tactless Ex-King's Conduct in Preferring French Beauties to Those Picked for Him by Three Kings and Pointing Out How Absurd It Is to Think One Woman Any Different from Another

### SAYS Gaby Deslys

**G**ABY DESLYS, the brilliant French beauty, for whom Manuel of Portugal lost his throne, has heretofore kept scrupulously quiet about the little ex-king. Manuel's recent tactless conduct in alienating the czar by snubbing the beauties of his famous Russian ballet and provoking the King of England, the King of Greece and the Kaiser by refusing to marry

the princesses each in turn picked out for him, thus destroying his chance of regaining his throne, has led Gaby to break her silence. Next week Gaby Deslys, who is the star of the Winter Garden, in New York, will supplement this article with another applying the new Gospel of Efficiency to "the profession of womanhood," in which she will tell women how to make themselves 100 per cent efficient.

By GABY DESLYS

**W**HY, they ask me, is my former King Manuel so tactless? After losing a throne for a woman, why now has he destroyed his chances of getting back that throne by pursuing certain beauties of Paris instead of quietly marrying one of the titled ladies as two kings and an emperor desired him? And why did he alienate the friendship of the czar by snubbing the darlings of Russia—the royal ballet—and casting his affection at the feet of still another French beauty?

Ah! I will tell you. You men will not believe me—my sisters will be so angry for the telling, but I will tell. I will break my silence just a little about my former Manuel. Often I have been offered much money to write of him, but always I have said—Non, I must wait for twelve years, or perhaps ten, until I can get what you Americans call the proper perspective. But now I will tell a little—just because you will not believe, you men.

It is this: Manuel is tactless, throws aside his chances of climbing back upon his throne because he is—a man. That is all there is to it. He has not learned the lesson I tried to teach him. He still thinks that one woman is different from all others! Puff, poor Manuel! No woman is different from another, my sisters. The first is the lesson that no man will learn or believe; the second, like the first, is what all women know. Do not be angry with me, my sisters, for telling this—no man will believe me. You are still quite safe.

It is your Kipling that says: The colonel's lady and Julie la Grande are sisters under their skin. Wise Kipling—in words. But does he practice what he writes? I do not believe.

Listen—if Manuel is to be my theme I must recount a bit of him. When he lost his throne the world said: "Cherchez la femme." They pointed to me. Poor little king—it was not I; it was he himself who lost himself his throne. And, being a man, it was not his fault—it was, indeed, what your Jacques Rose would call a "frame up." Some day I shall tell all of that. But the world thought it was I and my pearls—"cherchez la



"There is no such thing as women—there is only woman. When man first conquered woman she created this great illusion for him—that one woman is more desirable than another! and man, the great sentimentalist, believes it. Puff!" Says Gaby

femme"—zip!  
The throne slides.  
So much for that. But England would have helped him regain his throne. There are unmarried princesses in England whom the King desired Manuel to wed—one of them at least. He was given an apartment in Kensington Palace. And lo, he flies to Germany by way of Paris.

The Kaiser has five uninteresting nieces and cousins that must be married off. Manuel has been drawing an allowance from the German Government, and it would be a most excellent thing for him to repay this debt and approach his empty Portugal throne by way of the Kaiser's niece or cousin. The house of Hohenzollern awaits expectantly. And Manuel flies to Greece—by way of Paris!

The King of Greece, although not so powerful as the others, can do much. He, too, has ladies of title on his hands. He offers. And Manuel flies to St. Petersburg—by way of Paris!

The czar shows him his ballet—those so beautiful ladies who have played so great a part in the history of Russia. And what does Manuel do? He looks upon them with lack lustre eyes and can only be charmed out of his melancholy by a dancer from Paris! And thus is the czar alienated. Russia is alienated, their cartoon my former Manuel even. And he departs for Paris!

Voilà! I touch upon these facts historical only because it is what is happening in larger or smaller way everywhere. I hold up Manuel—the type of what? Of man, of course. Man who thinks because one woman has black eyes and another blue that the women themselves are different, man who thinks that a millimeter difference in the size of an eye makes women of women.

I tell you, because you will not believe it, that there is no such thing as women—there is only woman!  
Man—man is just an explorer. The few explore lands—the many explore women. The lands—are they not, after all, the same? The same earth—here snow and ice perhaps; there palms and desert; here mountains—there plains. But all the same earth. So it is of woman. Man is the great romanticist, the great sentimentalist. He thinks things are different, and so he continually seeks the new. He may think he finds it—but he doesn't. There is nothing different; there is nothing new. But you will not even believe Solomon—and you will not believe me—and so I am frank.

Manuel is an explorer. Manuel is a man. Therefore all men are explorers. Manuel seeks ever something new. He says: "Here I will find a brighter eye, a more sprightly wit; here is the road to Heart's Desire." He finds not. So of all men. I know the syllogism is faulty in theory. In practice it is perfect.

All men crave change. They may deny it; they may have to curb the desire—but there it is. And that is why so many men go about always looking as though they had something to hide. It is woman's art to make them think that they secure change. But they do not really secure it.

Listen—I will tell you a great secret that goes far back to the time when women began to learn to make men think them different. Oh, so far back—millions of years! First, there was little chance for any charm. Life was too hard and cruel. A woman was then just a woman, and men were too simple to cherish illusions. He who cherished illusions fell by the club of an enemy while lying dreaming.

Then came the time when women banded together and formed what is called the mother rule. And during that time man was too glad to be picked by one woman or other as her mate to fall under any illusions. I do not think that even at that time women had the illusion that men were different. One man was stronger perhaps, one more comely, one more amusing—but basically woman knew all men to be the same.

And then man rose and conquered woman. And woman to regain her place created the great illusion for him. She made him believe that there was not just women—but women! She had to. She had become a serf, where Yretofore she had ruled. She was in what you

say—competition supreme with her sisters. Woman has ruled, does rule, will rule. And this was how she did it. She made man believe that each woman was different—that one was more desirable than the other. La, la—poor, romantic man!

She blinded him—and she encouraged him to explore. It is this that has made the world so wonderful a place for us. Man's blindness brings light to many women.

Woman believes nothing that a man tells her and little that he writes. Men, on the contrary, believe nearly all a woman says and all that she writes. This is the reason woman saves letters of love that a man writes, and has persuaded me that it is honorable to destroy those written him by woman. She prepares herself for the time she knows will come—when man will crave change, more exploration, and will stamp himself for what she has always known him—a liar. If this were not so, more men would bring breach of promise suits.

If woman were truthful there would never have been a novel written nor a play put on the stage. All novels, all plays, all life and love are founded on the deception of woman. And we are so simply because it was necessary to hold man and keep him held. The really natural woman is never attractive to man. The absolutely truthful woman would never get a husband—never does. For every thousand men who believe that other men are deceived you will find only a tenth of a man who believes he himself is deceived! Is it not so? You know it. And why is it so? Because woman is the most efficient of creatures.

In this art of deception woman has spent untold ages. Fashion started a million years ago, when one woman wore her wolf skin looped over a shoulder instead of tied around her waist. Why did she do it? To appear different. To stand out from the others, and so to appear more desirable. And this is all of fashion—to help women to seem not women—but women.

Listen—you have seen card conjurers. Yes. They have a pack of cards and they riffle them before you and they say, "Pick a card." You pick a card; you think of your own will. And then the conjuror, without seeing it, tells you the name of the card. Is it not wonderful? you exclaim. No, it is not wonderful. He does that which woman has done for centuries. That card you took out he put out just a little bit more than the others. He made it seem different. Unconsciously man's desire for the different said to him, "Take that card." He takes it. He thinks he has taken it of his own will. It has been forced upon him by the conjuror. This is all there is to women. Ah, women are the master conjurers.

And all this you will not believe. Will not believe when I tell you that for untold centuries woman has spent the greatest part of her life upon this art of seeming different. She has patiently bred the desire and the illusion in the bodies of untold generations of men children! She has bred the art of it into the bodies of untold generations of girl children. She arranges her hair in so many ways; she decorates her face; she studies, learns—all for this. Why is a woman so angry when she finds another woman wearing a dress just like hers? There is nothing that makes her so angry! But no man ever challenges another to a duel because



Here is an ill-natured cartoon of ex-king Manuel concocted by a Russian newspaper after he had snubbed the beauties of the Royal Russian Ballet for the charms of lovely Mlle. Manza, who is seen lightly holding up his chin. Dancing on his cheek is Gaby Deslys, who analyzes him here as a type of man, "the incurable sentimentalist." Holding up his head is Mlle. Trouhanova, one of the bewitching Russian dancers he snubbed.



he finds him wearing exactly the same kind of suit. The woman, the primitive to the higher, resents looking the same as another, and even if she does not know why she resents it, she is no less angry. But men, knowing that he is men and not men—knowing, too, although not consciously, that woman knows all men are just the same, wears the same uniform without a question. How pathetic are his efforts now and then to snatch a leaf from woman and to try to appear different. And how ashamed he looks when he succeeds. Is it not plain to you? No, nor ever will be. The habit is too strong—women are too strong. So much for now. Next week I shall tell you how woman came to make herself so much more powerful than man, how she learned to create the great illusion I have described, and how she can make herself and why she ought to make herself 100 per cent efficient in her profession of womanhood. I will call it the "New Gospel of Efficiency as Applied to Being a Woman."

It will be interesting—and frank and truthful—Ah, yes, all of that I promise you.

### Eat Lime and Ward Off Flat Feet

**F**LAT-FOOT is one of the most common of diseases among those who are compelled to be on their feet a great deal. Police men, letter-carriers, bookkeepers, who stand at their desks, barbers and others who perform their daily duties without ever once getting a chance to rest, suffer greatly from this ailment, which involves a breaking down of the arch of the foot.

Flat-foot has been attributed to the hardness of city pavements, to poorly made shoes and to faulty habits in walking; but recent research seems to indicate that the blame has been misplaced, and that the matter is really one of diet. At any rate, it seems that flat-foot may be largely prevented and may possibly be cured by the addition of lime-containing foods to the usual diet.

Human bones are constructed largely of lime. To build up the bones forming the arch of the foot a certain amount of lime-containing foods is necessary, and this amount should be increased as one grows older, because of the in-

creased weight of the body with age.

As one grows older and heavier the strain on the arch of the foot is correspondingly increased, and it is necessary, in order to meet this additional strain, that the bones forming the arch of the foot should not only grow heavier but should be knit more closely together.

Most of the foods found on the modern American table are devoid of the lime which the bony system requires. Bread is made from braunless flour, cereals are often prepared in such a way that much of their lime contents are lost, and other articles of diet are similarly deprived of their bone-strengthening value.

For this reason, if one would protect himself against flat-foot, it is recommended that a glass of lime water be taken at least once or twice a week. Taken with milk, lime water is not at all unpalatable, and, indeed, makes milk the more digestible for those who find it otherwise hard to take.

Lime water may not cure flat-foot, but it is believed to be instrumental in warding it off.