

At what AGE is WOMAN MOST BEAUTIFUL?



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WOE to beautiful ideals, long nurtured and jealously guarded! An old woman is handsome, wrinkles are becoming, and a dash of rouge no more is a crime against the symphony of feminine loveliness.

Evil days have befallen the traditional "bloom of youth," "chestnut tresses" and the soulful "brown orbs" of which poets have sung immemorial. Grandmother at last is coming into her own. She is encircled upon an artistic pedestal for the edification of those "snips of girlhood" who have the temerity to hint "she was handsome in her day." She's a beauty right now, thank you!

Mother and grandmother owe their idealistic rejuvenation to the New York men whose stock in trade is feminine loveliness—the artists who paint and etch and model. They've taken us down a bit, those of us who rave of fair hair, bewitching eyes, peach-bloom tints and aquiline features. For on this single point they are united:

A woman can be beautiful at fifty.

Harken to what Harrison Fisher, Irvin Wiles, Edwin Blashfield and Victor D. Brenner say. This galaxy of illustrator, painter, mural decorator and sculptor has come to the defense of physical beauty in a woman past the middle span of life. They've all seen matrons and spinners who were handsome when the half-century post had faded on the ten-year distant horizon.

Cheer up, mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins—your whose silver-sprinkled tresses droop over sylvan folds of face and brow! What matters it if nature rebels at the strain of busy life and sears your velvet cheeks with the inevitable wrinkles of motherly devotion? You're handsome still!

The fair debutante may appeal to the eye for beauty no more than her mother from whom the color of buoyant youth has flown; whose flesh has lost the satin gloss of girlhood days; whose tender lips have compressed in the firmness that comes of mental strength and mature character.

None the less is the artistic eye today appreciative of vivacious girlhood with its luminous flesh and radiant nature. But it has turned to another quarter for a type of beauty that has survived from the birth of man, but never shone resplendent in the light of public approval.

The mature woman—she who has the fullness of life, the mental development and the strong force of character written in every age line of her countenance—has been called beautiful. She has been striving for this verdict for centuries and centuries, but only now has her day of reckoning with youth come. She can match her charms with her sex in its teens and stand before the modern day court of art without fear or favor. The middle and the past middle-aged women of New York have heard the verdict. You are beautiful!

Victor D. Brenner, sculptor, who knows the soft and pleasing lines of figure as well as he knows the face, is to the fore as the most outspoken and uncompromising indorseer of this new viewpoint in art. "All women are to be admired," he put it generally, and declares that femininity in every condition of servitude and age has points for artistic admiration.

The poetic has its place in Sculptor Brenner's reasoning as much as the hard and fast rules for physical perfection. He personifies the time-worn adage: "Beauty is only skin deep." Beneath the flesh, beneath the walls of muscle and the frame of bone goes Sculptor Brenner for his ideals. Mentality, morality and warmth of heart are all his prescribed ingredients for the most beautiful woman.

"Beauty all depends upon the viewpoint of the individual sculptor," declares Mr. Brenner. "He is influenced by the nature of his subject, by the task he has before him. If beauty of childhood is his theme, then his whole heart and soul are wrapped in the infinite lines of tenderness and delight to be found in early youth.

"If the sculptor seeks the poetry of spring-time, he perchance requisitions beauty of an age from eighteen to twenty. He none the less appreciates this bloom of early life and it can't help but draw forth his admiration.

"From twenty-five to thirty I might classify as another type of beauty; a beauty that is beginning to bloom in all its radiance, fully developed

and taking on the richness of a valley flower before the touch of withering heat.

"From thirty-five to forty takes us to a period where the average human unschooled in more than a superficial appreciation of beauty might remark that voluptuousness was giving way to the ravages of age. I have found many, many beautiful between the ages of thirty-five and forty—positively handsome.

"This brings us to the half-century mark, where woman has all the strength of character imparted by a lifetime of observation. Here enters personal magnetism, a factor which figures largely in the determination of beauty. If face, form and temperament harmonize, she is placed in the category of the lovely.

"I have seen women fifty years old who I considered exceedingly handsome."

Edwin Blashfield, mural decorator, says: "There are four types or ages of beauty—children, who are most handsome; youth, between the ages of sixteen and nineteen; middle age, ranging from twenty-five to thirty; and women who are mounting the ladder of time toward the half-century mark.

"I have seen many handsome women at forty-five and fifty. Sometimes wrinkles are exceedingly beautiful in women of that age. Persons who use their brains a great deal in after life generally are exceedingly attractive. Wrinkles enhance this type.

"I have no particular choice of beauty as regards age. I use models from nineteen to thirty, but by no means do I consider they are the embodiment of all that is beautiful."

Harrison Fisher, illustrator, has his personal tastes as regards the age of charming women. "I prefer the beauty of a woman from sixteen to twenty-eight," he says. "Between those periods of life I consider her the most charming because she embodies all the spirit of youth, the innocence of girlhood and lacks the veneer of worldliness that comes to a woman later in life. But I am not decrying the attractions of older women. I have seen them at thirty and thirty-five and even forty whom I consider more handsome than girls. I know women of fifty—who I consider embody all the elements of general beauty. They may have lost some of the fairness of their girlhood days, but they have made up for it in physical development, in mental sharpness and in the strong characteristics of the face.

"There are so many good-looking women in New York it's hard to pick out any particular beauty of any type or of any age. Women all are to be admired."

Irvin Wiles, eminent portrait painter, who has daily opportunities to observe types of beauty, is more lenient as to advanced age than either Mr. Fisher, Mr. Brenner or Mr. Blashfield.

"I have seen women who were handsome at seventy," he declared. "A woman at thirty may be far more handsome than one at fifteen or eighteen. They say age is no respecter of beauty, but you may reverse it and remark that beauty is no respecter of age. Much of the secret of beauty depends upon the physical and mental care a woman takes of herself. The portrait painter does not look so much for beauty in his subject as he does for the medium that permits

him to emphasize beauty. Of course the majority of our sitters want us to paint them as beautiful as is consistent with the laws of art. A woman of thirty has developed. She has learned the value of dress, how to attire herself in a manner that enhances any physical charms she may possess. Girlhood lacks the development of more mature age. Therefore, a woman of thirty may present a far more attractive appearance than the girl in her teens or just past the twenty mark.

"The woman beauty at fifty is less in evidence than the handsome feminine in her teens or below the age of thirty. But I have seen handsome women at fifty; women whose features, whose personalities and whose physical development struck me as being amazingly handsome.

"From my view I don't think dress has much to do with good looks. The true lover of beauty gazes and can enthuse over cut of features and tint of complexion without dwelling on clothes. I consider a woman between the age of eighteen and twenty to be in the bloom of youth. Naturally, youth is attractive; it is like a rose in its brilliancy beneath a light morning dew."

UNMISTAKABLE EVIDENCE.

"Those seeds you sold me for flower seeds were nothing but weed seeds."

"Come up, have they?"

"Of course not; I only planted them day before yesterday."

"Then how do you know they are weed seeds?"

"The neighbors' chickens won't dig them up."

PLANNING AND PLANNING.

"I am planning a trip to the Panama canal."

"That so? So is President Wilson."

"But the trip he is planning is altogether different from the one I am planning."

"That so?"

"Yes, he's going."

WRITING THAT PAYS.

"What does this young fellow write? I won't have my daughter married to a starving author."

"Off the handle, as usual, dad. That young chap wrote \$400,000 worth of life insurance last year."

A FREQUENT HAPPENING.

"We don't do as we should. For one thing, we are told to love our enemies."

"A great many of us live up to that. Didn't you ever notice a couple of society leaders kissing each other?"

POULTRY FACTS.

COLORED ROUEN DUCKS

Good Qualities Make This Breed Most Desirable.

Fine Market Bird, but Does Not Mature as Early as Does the Pekin or Aylesbury—Is Hardy and Prolific.

(By G. E. HOWARD.)

The Colored Rouen duck is deservedly popular throughout this country, and is considered one of the most profitable varieties to keep. These ducks are said to have come originally from the city of Rouen, in Normandy. It is known that large quantities of poultry are raised in Normandy, and while there may be no positive proof that these ducks came originally from that city, large numbers of birds closely resembling them are to be found in the market places there. Some writers claim that the name should be "Roan" owing to their color, but really the color itself does not support this contention.

The Rouen duck is a fine market bird, but does not mature as early as does the Pekin or the Aylesbury. The flesh is considered very delicate and the breed is acknowledged to be excellent for table purposes, being easily fattened. The Rouen will be found a profitable bird to raise on the farm being hardy, prolific, quiet of disposition, and of very beautiful plumage. Their eggs are not as large as those of



Trio of Colored Rouen Ducks.

the Pekin, and are diverse in color. The Rouen is undoubtedly closely related to the Mallard duck; its plumage alone would make good this belief. But the shape of the domesticated Rouen duck has been greatly modified from that of the wild Mallard, the body is grown longer and heavier, with a tendency to drop down in the rear, the wings have lost the power of flight which the wild ancestor possessed. The plumage, however, remains almost the same.

Both the drake and duck clothed in plumage attractive and pleasing to the eye, are as much fancier's fowls as any of the varieties of chickens, yet they are of much value as market birds. The only objection to them, aside from their slow maturing qualities, is that of dark pinfeathers. This should get stand against them any more than it does against the many valuable varieties of chickens that have dark plumage and dark pinfeathers. To the farmer who intends raising ducks for market purposes they are to be recommended.

NEW POULTRY FARM STARTED

Second Experimental Station Located at Beltsville, Md.—Managed Upon Practical Lines.

So important has the poultry industry become that Uncle Sam has started a second experimental poultry farm on his own account. He wants to find out what are the best breeds and what is the best treatment and management to make them most profitable. He will not trust to the experimental work by the state of Maine, New York, Ohio or any other. He will have it done under his own supervision, so that no mistakes will be made.

His new poultry farm is located at Beltsville, Md., some 13 miles out of Washington and beyond the Maryland experiment station at College Park. It is being developed by the bureau of animal husbandry along practical down-to-date plans, and the equipment, while of good appearance is simple and inexpensive in character, so that the veriest novice can copy the ideas without a great expenditure either of time or money. Sixty acres have been set aside for the poultry farm, but as yet it is only in the development stage, and much has to be done before a really workable demonstration plant is established. Most of the houses are of the colony portable type.

Culling Out Old Hens.

It is well to keep in mind that from the standpoint of egg production pullets are more profitable than older hens. It is false economy to retain hens more than two years old unless for breeding or exhibition purposes. Get rid of the old stock in the late summer or early fall, retaining only the very best hens for breeding purposes. Plenty of room should be provided for the young pullets to develop and this can be accomplished best by getting rid of the old stock which shows signs of deterioration.

Space for Hens.

Allow every hen from four to six feet of floor space; better six. Ten inches each of roosting space is not too much. The roosts should be placed at least eighteen inches apart.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The JOURNEY HOME



He left the little old town, one day,
To pursue success and to win renown;
The seasons passed in too dull a way:
To give his joy in the little old town:
In the little old town the streets were wide
And the buildings low and pleasures cheap,
And he pined those who were satisfied
To stay where the people were half asleep.

He left the little old town to win
The large rewards that to worth belong,
To add to the city's unceasing din,
To try his powers among the strong,
And he proudly thought, as he turned to gaze
At the little old town in its peacefulness
Of a distant glorious day of days
When he would return, having claimed success.

He thought of the villagers dozing there,
Deaf to Ambition's persuasive call,
Content, because they were free from care,
To claim rewards that were few and small,
And he thought of a girl whose eyes were wet
When, wishing him well, she said good-by,
But he hurried away, to soon forget
Where the roar was loud and the walls were high.

And often he thought in his lonely nook,
When his muscles ached and his heart was sad,
Of the little old town with its sleepy look,
Where the streets were wide and the children glad,
And often he thought of the peace out there,
And often he wondered if, after all,
The people were waiting the seasons when
The days were long and rewards were small.

He had thought of a glorious day of days
When he would return to the little old town,
And listen to those who would give him praise
For his proud success and his wide renown,
And tomorrow he will be traveling back,
No more to care and no more to sigh
For the glory the little old town may lack—
To lie and rest where his parents lie.

PREPARED.

"So you are all ready to go to housekeeping?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Younglove. "Charley's friends at the office have made him a present of a beautiful alarm clock and I have a splendid nickel-plated chafing dish."

Queer Girl.

"By George! Here's the funniest thing I ever heard of. A young man who was inclined to be decent and a fellow who had a hard reputation fought over a young woman, after which she married the decent one."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Of course, that's just what she should have done, but the other fellow won the fight."

Prepared.

"They say Murchison, who, as you will perhaps remember, secured an appointment to a consulship a year or two ago, has married a deaf and dumb lady."

"Need? He must intend to remain in the diplomatic service."

Cause and Effect.

"So you parted never to meet again?"

"Yes."

"And what happened then?"

"He kissed me good-by."

"Ah! When are you to be married?"

A Novice at the Business.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?"

"No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."

Random Guess.

"Why is it that most married women are inclined to frown upon the woman who has been divorced?"

"I think it is because they condemn her for being too weak to go on suffering and pretending to like it."