

New Mystery
Baffles Newport.

STRANGE STORY OF A
BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

NEWPORT has a new mystery more baffling than the famous Godelt case, for it nearly concerns the tragic love story of a beautiful and intellectually brilliant daughter of James M. Drake, senior member of the rich banking firm of Drake, Mastin & Co. of New York.

His summer home, Rev. Cross cottage in Bellevue place, is one of the most splendid of the show places of Newport. There during his holidays he lives in solitary splendor, surrounded by the costliest furnishings and attended by a score of silent, dexterous servants. In vain he pleads with his daughter, Edith Drake McGibney, to come to live with him.

She lives a few blocks away in a dingy room over a butcher shop in the most repulsive section of Lake View. Dressed like the heiress she is, her splendid beauty unimpaired, laughter on her lips, and the unspoken mystery of her life shining from her great eyes, she prefers the seclusion of her squalid room over the butcher shop to the aristocratic environment of her old father's princely home.

If he were a tyrant, if some irreparable estrangement had come between them, if they had quarreled, or if she had been banished from his household for some dreadful sin, the mystery would resolve itself to a curious question as to why she chooses Newport of all places to lead the singularly contradictory life which she has chosen. But her father is a tender, loving, generous man, whose one great sorrow seems to be his failure to hold Edith within his home and heart. He visits her in her shabby room, he lavishes money upon her, he pleads with her to come back and be the Edith her mother committed to his care. The finger of scandal has not been pointed at her, and so far as the world knows, there is no scar upon her heart except the bitter wound left by her first, her only, her absolutely wretched marriage.

Shuns Friends of Her Youth.

Locked up in her unattractive quarters she spends hours alone. When she comes forth it is to walk alone by the seashore or to stroll upon the board walk, or ramble around the stately estates of her father's wealthy neighbors. If she chooses to return to the brilliant life of Newport society not a door would be closed against her. The mistakes of her girlhood have long been forgotten or condoned. And yet, for reasons which none has been able to fathom, she shuns the smart people who cultivate her father, refusing to recognize even the friends of her youth.

Her story, as it is known and stripped of all mystery, is sad enough. Her mother dying when she was a child, she became the pet of her father and the idol of the Drake household. A native talent for music, her beauty, her naturally vivacious temperament, her quick intelligence, and her love for everything that was beautiful, prompted her father to encourage a growing desire the girl displayed for an artistic education. She was sent to Paris to study music and art. She not only attracted the attention but elicited the wonder of her masters on account of the unusual receptiveness of her facile mind and the wayward, undisciplined manner in which she approached, and without effort, conquered the rudiments of the most difficult arts.

Becomes Queen of Bohemians.

She was not more than 18 when she returned to New York. Her youthful fancy was yet charged with the quaint, romantic care free life of Paris and the dull routine, the everlasting practicality of life in New York must have melted upon her ardent spirit. Coming downtown one day in a Broadway car she fell into conversation with an attractive young woman of the stage. They chatted freely and the stranger convinced Edith Drake that New York has its own romantic world and that in the bohemia of Gotham all of the gay life of Paris, with some extras, could be found for the seeking.

The spoiled darling of the wealthy widower agreed to go with her new found friend to a grand ball of the Bohemia club. So splendid was her beauty, so gorgeous her raiment, so free was she with the money, the value of which she knew little and cared less, that she sprang at once into the ready favor of the wanton but brilliant crowd she met at that first night in New York bohemia. Actors, writers, sportsmen, artists—men and women of great talents and little character—were there, and the heiress of the Drakes, still a neophyte in the ways of the world in spite of her brief novitiate in Paris, was fascinated with the false glamour of her novel surroundings.

Regardless of expenditure, she quickly became the queen of bohemia. Gambling on the races was one of the staple pastimes of the habitués of the club. She gave racing parties. She got up excursions to the Coney Island, Gravesend, and Morris Park race courses. She paid the bills and loaned money to her irresponsible friends. She played herself, and when she won wine was the beverage of her followers. She found that Sam McGibney, a stage carpenter, whose fortune had placed him below his rightful station, was the man who knew most about the horses. His "tips" always won. Handsome, well poised, deferential, dignified, she began by liking him and ended by loving him.

Marries a Stage Carpenter.

She even loaned him money to play his favorite horses and to recoup his losses. When he asked her to marry him she said yes because she knew he was in hard luck, she felt sure he was the making of a hero, and, above all, he was the shining light in that world of bohemia which had fascinated her. She told her father that she wanted to marry McGibney, but the indulgent old man balked at that.

For the first time he refused to grant her wish. She flew into a rage, carried off by her jewels, married the stage carpenter, and went to live in a Brooklyn flat. The father agreed to do the handsome thing by them if McGibney would show himself worthy of Edith Drake. But he didn't. He pawned her jewels, went into debt, "followed the ponies" to the limit of his credit and his wife's resources, and then deserted his home.

Unreasonably aggrieved against her father, Mrs. McGibney refused to return to the palatial home on Fifty-fifth street and Broadway. She gained an obscure place in the chorus of a mediocre opera company and set out to make her own living. She was beautiful and her voice was fresh and cultivated. But chorus work and foolish dancing did not satisfy her artistic faculties. The New York newspapers commenced to receive anonymous letters in which it was suggested that a dramatic genius of the first flight was in need of a capitalist to make possible a tour in "Camille" and "East Lynne." The letters stated that the new found thespian wonder was a woman and asked that all communications be sent to James M. Drake. The wandering, incoherent terms in which these letters were written gave the impression that the writer's mind was unbalanced. Banker Drake was notified and he quickly traced the authorship to his daughter.

Mystery of All Newport.

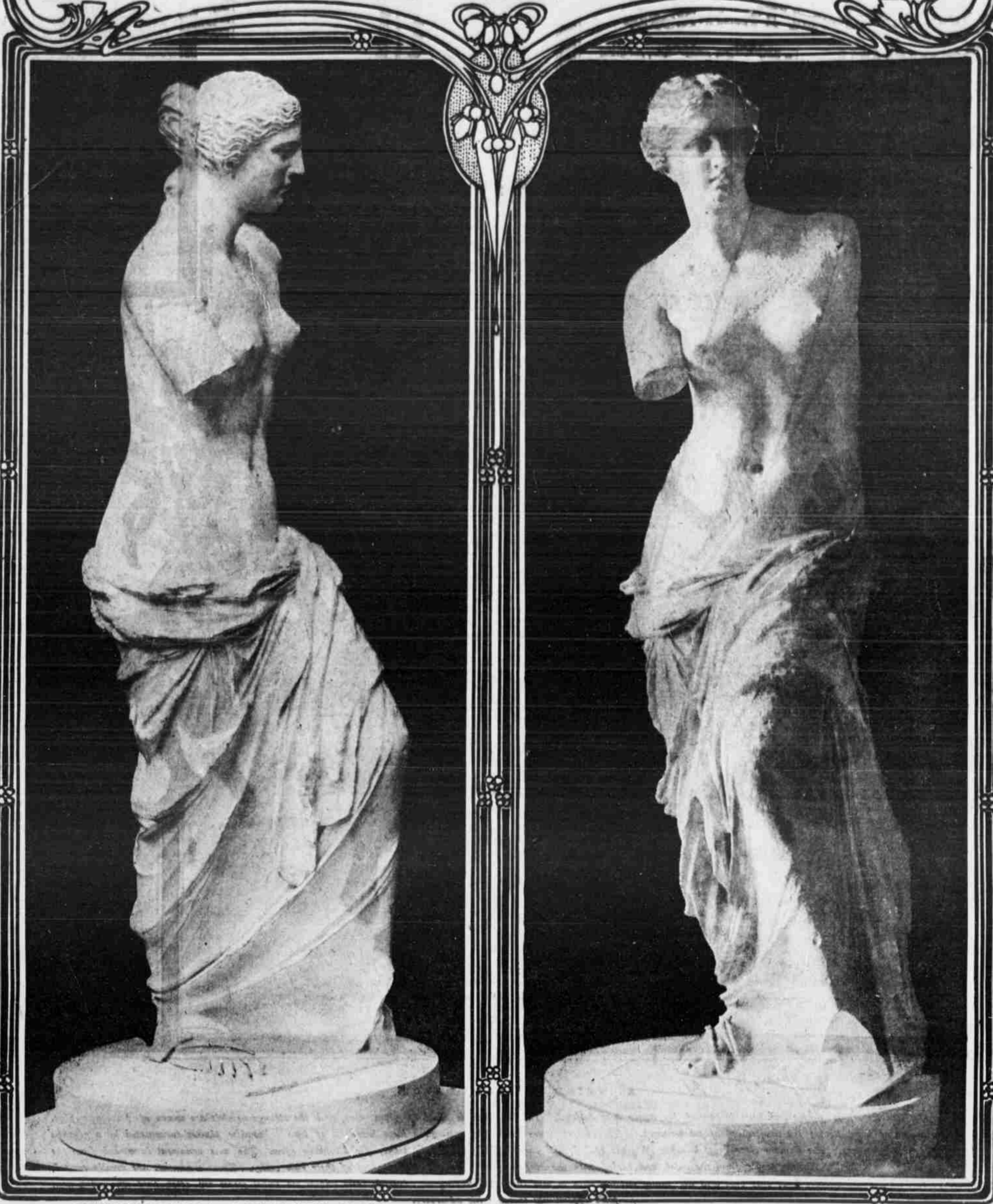
He brought her to some home, she seemed ill, overwrought, and her kind old father was beside himself with anxiety to have her back in his desolate home. But she would not consent. One night, looking out of his study window, he saw her in the street, bare headed, pale, staring at his window. He ran into the street and caught her and with the aid of a policeman carried her forcibly into her own home.

The next day he convinced her of the necessity of retirement. He suspected that her highly nervous organism had been shattered by the chagrin and sorrow of her unhappy marriage. He suggested that she go to Newport to live with some old friends of his. Brian-hearted, smug, and without money, she agreed to follow his wishes and did so. For a time she lived at Newport with her father's friends.

Then, without warning and for no apparent reason, she withdrew from this home and established herself in the dismal room over the butcher shop, where she still lives. Her father came down to Newport last summer full of plans for the future happiness of his wayward daughter. But she would not go to his house. She is so handsome, so clever, so cheerful, so lonely that the gossip of the famous spa cannot forbear speculating about her. Some say that she is writing a novel or that she is correspondent for a society paper or that she is insane.

Whatever guess is right, she continues to be the mystery of all Newport.

MYSTERY OF THE VENUS OF MILO
SOLVED AT LAST



APHRODITE OF MELOS
CORRECT VIEW

APHRODITE OF MELOS
INCORRECT VIEW

LOVE has two sides, and one of them is better looking than the other. And so it is with the statue of love in the Louvre, the famous Aphrodite of Melos, known popularly as the Venus of Milo. Look at her from the front or from the left, and she is just somebody's idea of a goddess. Look at her from the right, however, and she is undoubtedly "immortal Aphrodite of the broiled throne, daughter of Zeus." This profile view of the statue is the correct view, Edmund von Mach, the archaeologist, affirms.

The theory about the figure's original position which Dr. von Mach advances is so simple, and so satisfactory, that it is surprising that no one has thought to suggest it before. The Greek sculptor meant, he thinks, that the Aphrodite should stand either in a niche, with her right profile outward, or else close to a wall with her left side turned toward it. That this was her maker's intention appears from the fact that the figure is not perfectly finished in the round. The front view, which is the one most generally known, "exhibits the beauty of Aphrodite's right side, and at the same time shows an unpleasantly straight line and impossible hip on her left." The technique is excellent only on the right side of a plane erected on a line connecting the right heel with the left ankle. Seen from her right side, however, the statue's perfection both of form and of face is indisputable. The superiority of this view of it is apparent not only in the contours and the attitude of the body, and in the nobility of the features, but also in the arrangement of the hair, with its dainty lock at the nape of the neck.

Looking at the figure thus you certainly have before you the goddess to whom Paris gave the prize for beauty, though the fair queen of gods and men stood by—

"Clear eyelids lifted north and south,
A mind of many colors, and a mouth
Of many tones and kisses."

Von Mach's theory explains competently the probable position of the statue's arms—that question which has made the marble goddess best known throughout the world since her appearance into the light of modern day, in Venus' legendary character of "insprer of feeds." Both arms of the statue are gone, and there is not on the whole figure a single piece of attachment from which originally they could have been supported. Yet, made of marble as they must have been, they were quite too heavy to hang unstayed by some means or other. A short time ago it was proved by Robinson that the right arm must have crossed the body at a right angle, with the hand held downward, for in no other attitude would the biceps of the upper arm press the side closely enough to cause that little muscle to stand out which appears on the statue's right breast. The position of the left arm is entirely problematic. If the sculptor intended to place the figure in a niche, or against the wall, Von Mach contends, the disposition of the arms would be a matter of no difficulty, for in either case the background would offer ample opportunities for invisible places of attachment.

That this suggestion should come so late in the day is remarkable from the fact that the Aphrodite, found in 1820 by the peasant Botoni, at work in his field clearing away the debris of the walls and terraced structures of ancient Melos, was discovered hidden in a niche. This niche has been described by W. J. Stillman, who had it pointed out to him when he visited the island in 1862, by M. Brest, son of the French consul, who bought the Aphrodite for the Louvre from the man who found it. "It was a rudely built work, of the height, as nearly as I can remember, of ten, or at most twelve feet, and about eight wide," writes Mr. Stillman. "It formed a part of an old boundary wall of the field on which it opened, and above it the ground was level with the crown of the arch of the niche."

This niche, he goes on to say, had the appearance of having been made for purposes of concealment. It has been supposed that the Aphrodite found within it was once a treasure of Athens, and was brought to Melos and hidden there at some time when the Greek capital was in distress. There are two reasons for the supposition. The sculpture is plainly Attic; and the coins of all the latest coinages of Melos bear upon them the owl of Athens, and show thereby that Melos belonged to that city as long as she had any Greek alliance.

Dr. von Mach identifies the Aphrodite of Melos with the autumn days of Greek sculpture, the centuries which immediately precede the birth of Christ. This period has generally been considered as one of decadence in art—largely because of Pliny's erroneous statement that Grecoian art came to a standstill at 800 B. C. As Von Mach regards it, this was, instead, a season of "ripe fruit." The Aphrodite, he declares, was the product of just such a season; it was the work of an age that "knew how to adapt and how to combine into one harmonious whole the pose of Lysippus, the charm of Praxiteles, and a bit of technique from the Parthenon."

This opinion of his recalls the tradition that there was found over the niche in Melos, in which the Aphrodite was concealed, an inscription identifying it with the first century before Christ.

The Aphrodite is not, then, a Victory, as Millingen and his followers would have had the world believe; she was not meant to be one of a group, she does not depend upon any exterior object for completion, as so many archaeologists have argued. She stands alone as she was meant to stand, majestic, inspiring, the goddess daughter of Dione. And when one views her from her right side, as her Grecian sculptor planned, he sees her in all her legendary beauty, as the tender Aphrodite, the blissful Aphrodite, the beneficent Aphrodite, to whom unhappy Sappho prayed for peace. Like another Venus, by the Arno dwelling,

"The goddess loves in stone and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instills
Part of its immortality."

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Groom Aged 94;
Bride's Age, 61.

ONE WEEK'S COURTSHIP
ENDS IN A WEDDING.

AFTER a week's courtship Wolf Berenson of Worcester, Mass., an ardent and quite frisky wooer, who will be a hundred years old if he lives till 1911, has just been married to Annie M. Goldman, a coy and blushing widow of three score and two eventful summers. Although the bride is more than thirty years younger than the groom she knows her own mind, and in spite of the short courtship is convinced that she will "live happy ever after."

The combined age of the couple is 155 years; if their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren by former marriages were assembled for the wedding breakfast 151 plates would be necessary. Yet there was no opposition from either family. Mr. Berenson and Mrs. Goldman met in October for the first time and fell mutually in love. The wooing was swift, zealous, and devoid of all that foolishness which characterizes bashful youth.

He is a retired merchant of some means; strong for his years, alert in carriage, clear minded, and healthy, the groom sees nothing extraordinary in the motive or manner of his marriage.

"I have good children," he explained, "but children cannot take the place of a good wife. I am old in years, but I feel as young as I felt fifty years ago. Years do not make age. Yes, I fell in love at first sight, you may say. Annie is a fine woman and we will be happy together for the rest of our lives. I am sure. How long? O, that's another question. I feel as if I might live to be 150 or so."

The bride's pride and satisfaction over the wedding is as evident as her husband's. She is a well preserved, buxom little woman, with a kind face and a gentle, motherly way.

"We will be happy and contented," she explained. "The minute I saw Mr. Berenson I knew I liked him, and when he asked me to be his wife—it was only a few days later—I was glad. I only kept him waiting a day or two after that. O, I think I am young yet. I have been taken for a sister of my children. Then look at my husband; he is thirty-one years older than I and what a fine, lively gentleman he is."

Rejects a Dozen Women Wooers.

The newly wed couple have twenty living children, ninety-four grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild by former marriages.

"We didn't invite any of them to our wedding," says Mrs. Berenson. "There were a few grandchildren about the house and they peeped into the parlor and thought it a wonderful performance. But wedding supper and grand supper don't make happy marriages. We notified our children when we had been married and they all sent us congratulations. They approve of our wedding. And why not? Look at me."

The old man, with head erect and arms swinging, stepped nimbly across the room. His hair and beard are gray, but his form is straight and agile, his eyes are bright and merry. "And you mustn't think that Annie was the only woman I could get. I didn't make up my mind to get married again until a few weeks ago. A woman I have known for many years told me that she would find me a wife. She found a dozen who were willing to marry me, but I knew the moment I met them that they would not suit me. At my age it is not hard to judge of character. You young shavers need a year or two to study out the sweetheart you want, but with us it is different.

"We know human nature at a glance and cannot be fooled by the good looks which conceal an ugly temper or a wasteful disposition. Then we have no time to waste. When a man is nearly a hundred years old he must make his while. He has no time for a long courtship; he knows his own mind and he can tell what sort a woman is the minute he meets her.

Conceals His Real Age.

"When I saw Mrs. Goldman I knew right off that she was the girl for me, and only 62 years old. Why, I could be her father. She liked me, too, I saw that immediately, and I made up my mind to propose. No, no. No such foolish business as candy and flowers. I didn't get down on my knees to her and we didn't tuck down the gas to do our courting. I just told her: 'Annie, I want you to come and be my wife. Our children are all grown up and we are getting old. I am lonesome and I have plenty to support my wife. I loved you when I first saw you. Is it a go?' That's what I said and she agreed."

When Mr. Berenson applied for a license he gave his age as 75. He says that was on account of the feelings of his bride-elect, who said she preferred to escape criticism for marrying "an old man." He was born in Poland in 1811. Two of his sons remain in the fatherland and two of his grandsons are in the garrison at Port Arthur fighting for their lives against the Japanese. The other children of the old couple have their homes in the United States and they are all prosperous. Instead of objecting to the marriage they unite in commending it.

"I think father did what was exactly right," said his oldest son, a merchant of Roxbury. "The children of old parents cannot give them the same care that wife or husband can. I believe my father and his wife will be happy. I'm sure we all hope so."

Mr. Berenson and Mrs. Goldman were brought together by the scatchet, a woman who for a fee makes a practice of introducing persons who are matrimonially inclined.

"It is a fine system—the scatchet," says Mr. Berenson. "Look how much time it saves. I might have spent the rest of my life looking for the right kind of a woman. The scatchet has her inside of a week. You have no idea, you young folks, how valuable time seems when you are past 60."

Wed Under Red Silk Canopy.

The wedding ceremony took place in the home of the bride, Rabbi Herman Silver officiating. At 8:30, followed by a few friends, the bride and groom, walking beneath a red silk canopy carried by four men. A score of children followed them to the door and peeped cautiously between the curtains as the Rev. Mr. Melnick lighted the candles and placed them in the hands of the attendant. Meanwhile the rabbi had filled out the marriage license and the Jewish wedding ritual was chanted by the men. The officiating clergyman then opened a bottle of wine, poured some into a glass, and handed it to the groom, who sipped of it and then threw the glass to the floor, crushing it with his foot. He then read the Hebrew services, to which the bride couple replied. That completed the brief ceremonial. Nobody kissed the bride except Mr. Berenson, but the few guests participated in the informal luncheon.

The groom was not attired as gaily as some of the wedding guests, preferring to wear his old gray business suit. He then departed from his long cherished dislike for cuffs, collars and neckties.

The old bridegroom is something of a philosopher, and he is not averse to giving counsel to others, young or old, who are eligible to marry.

How to Choose the Right Wife.

Said he:
"After all the best, the most lasting value of marriage is the companionship of the couple. Beauty is a poor substitute for a good temper and wastefulness will soon make away even with wealth. I am not rich now, I never was rich. Mrs. Goldman, my new wife, is my third. I never looked for my wife to bring me money, and if she had it would not have added to my happiness. I don't think any of my wives were what you might call beauties, but they were all good, careful, affectionate women, and I always lived happily with them."

"What good is it to have a rich, pretty woman who doesn't understand you at all? Old as I am, I could have married a younger woman than my Annie, but I wouldn't have them. I don't care to give the reason, but I had no trouble seeing through their faults and I knew we couldn't be happy. The person of considerable age is more likely to pick a good partner than the youngest. You boys and girls who in married life there must be two and not only one satisfied. I never could see that it would be pleasanter to have a pretty woman throwing dishes at you than to have a homely wife for your friend."

"And then, if you marry the wrong person, money won't help you a bit. You can't buy peace if you get a virago for a partner. Then the idea that a costly wedding, a honeymoon tour, and a housewarming are necessary to make a right start is the worst kind of folly. I have known young married folks to go without necessities for months after their wedding because they had spent all their savings to make a splurge at the beginning. It's too bad. True friends do not look for such unnecessary display, and the sooner you get free from the false friends of youth the better for yourself and your wife. Everybody finds this out in old age, but not many men of my years have a chance to put in the test the wisest and simplest plans for a happy wedding."

What Wits Have Said About Women.

WOULD you hurt a woman most, aim at her affections.—Wallace.

The more idle a woman's hand the more occupied her heart.—Dubay.

Let women stand upon her female character as upon a foundation.—Lamb.

Women cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see they see quicker.—Buckle.

If men knew all that women think they would be twenty times more audacious.—Karr.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

Beauty is worse than wine—it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.—Zimmerman.

Neither walls, nor goods, nor anything is more difficult to be guarded than women.—Alexis.

We only demand that a woman should be womanly. That is not being exclusive.—Hunt.

Modesty in a woman is a virtue most deserving, since we do all we can to cure her of it.—L'Engre.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their own weakness.—Mme. du Duffand.

It is no more possible to do without a wife than it is to dispense with eating and drinking.—Luther.

When joyous, a woman's license is not to be endured; when in terror, she is a plagues.—Eschylus.

If woman did turn man out of paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.

Men always say more evil of a woman than there really is; and there is always more than is known.—Mozzary.

Lovers have in their language an infinite number of words in which each syllable is a caress.—Rochefort.

A heart which has been domesticated by matrimony and maternity is as tranquil as a tame bullock.—Holmes.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—Simon Iden.

How wisely it is constituted that tender and gentle women shall be our earliest guides, instilling their own spirits.—Channing.

It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty.—George Elliot.

To educate a man is to form an individual who leaves nothing behind him; to educate a woman is to form future generations.—Laboulaye.

It is not easy to be a widow. One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign ignorance.—Mme. de Girardin.

Beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissemblate sorrow and unquietness.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

What is it that renders friendship between women so lukewarm and of so short duration? It is the interests of love and the jealousy of conquest.—Rousseau.

To give you nothing and to make you expect everything; to dawdle on the threshold of love while the doors are closed—this is all the science of a coquette.—T. Bernard.

Women have a perpetual envy of our views; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion.—Johnson.

I am a strenuous advocate for liberty and property; but when these rights are invaded by a pretty woman, I am neither able to defend my money nor my freedom.—Junius.

Women speak easily of platonic love; but, while they appear to esteem it highly, there is not a single platon of their toilet that does not drive platonism from our hearts.—Richard.