

# The Most Beautiful Queen in Europe

Says "Beauty without Brains is useless"



The Queen a life saver

The Queens of England and of Portugal Queen Amelie at the left. From a photograph taken during the Portuguese Queen's recent visit to England



Queen Amelie



Another type of loveliness — partly French

haunted," said the queen. And without a thought of self she swam out, succeeding in bringing in the capsized boat, with all clinging to it, keeping them above water until the lifesavers could come. For this she received a lifesaver's medal.

### How Marvelous Beauty Is Preserved.

Here are some of the mottoes of the queen:  
 Keep out of doors all you can.  
 Breathe outdoor air; live in it, revel in it. Don't shut yourself up.  
 Build your houses so that your air supply is good. Throw away your portières and bric-a-brac. Don't have useless trinkets around.  
 Have a favorite form of exercise and make the most of it. Ride horseback if you can; cycle if you cannot get a horse; motor if you will do something; anything to get out in the open air.  
 Interest yourself in people. Don't let your brains grow tired. If you can't do anything else, count the minutes. Keep your gray matter on the move. Never let the procession get ahead of you.  
 Don't get fat. Fat is an overcoat which overcoats you. Fat is an incubus which weighs you down. Fat is the sign of overindulgence. Fat makes you old and ugly. Fat breeds you from being like, young, and blooming.  
 Don't overeat.  
 Drink little, and let it be pure.  
 Don't try to dress too much. The woman who wastes her time making her clothing will surely repent it. Dress it only a framework, after all; only a drapery to set off a woman's charms.  
 Yet, dress as well as you are able. Spend not your last dollar, but the next to your last, upon dress.  
 Wear fine jewels, wear conventional clothing, wear everything to make yourself lovely.

### Authority on Art of Sweet Scents.

Scents yourself sweetly. Sweet scents were chosen in the religious rites of the bible, and there are certain countries which still worship by burning sweet spices upon the altars. The swinging incense is as acceptable to the Lord today as it ever was.  
 Scents your homes, spice your rooms, let your clothing

**Q**UEEN AMELIE of Portugal is known all over Europe as not only the loveliest but the most progressive of monarchs. In her recent trip to London, she received an ovation such as has never before been rendered a queen. "As beautiful as a Portuguese!" was an expression used in the days of Columbus to indicate a beautiful woman. The Portuguese in those days were famed for their beauty. And they were even then known to have certain beauty arts which kept them lovely when other women faded; and they were well known to be mistresses of certain secrets and potions which preserved their youth when other women grew dull.

The Portuguese in those days, and the women of Portugal of today, are noted for their fine eyes. Large, clear, and sweet best describes them. There is little fire and no flash, but there is a certain lambent, liquid loveliness which attracts one at once.

**Accorded Beauty Palm by Europe.**

And of all the handsome Portuguese women Queen Amelie is the prettiest. She has received prizes at the prize beauty shows, those gentle charitable bazaars where good is done by women—and merit raised—by a little harmless feminine rivalry. And she has been accorded the beauty palm by painters and sculptors.

"Other women may excel in this feature and in that, but for a typical beauty, more French than Portuguese, more Spanish than French, with a touch of Portuguese mingled

in the veins of generations, the queen of Portugal easily holds the palm as the typical beauty of that country," said a sculptor recently, who went there to model the head of the handsomest woman of the land for a permanent exhibit in London.

Queen Amelie of Portugal, beside being a great beauty naturally, is of the intellectual type. Her beauty is of the full, well balanced sort. It is almost too perfect. She has ripe lips, almost too wide. They are a vivid red, almost too cherry. Her cheeks are a poppy when they should be a faint peach color. Her eyes are a snapping blue, when they should be a more subdued hue, and her skin is as white as snow. She is a study in contrasts, clear and lovely.

**Says Woman's Beauty Depends on Self.**

The queen believes that a woman's beauty depends largely upon herself.

"I would not, if I were a woman trying to be beautiful—and what woman is not anxious for this great gift?—attempt to be lovely without intellectual traits. The woman who is pretty without brains is like a pitcher that stands upon the dinner table empty. No matter how beautiful, it is useless."

"History is made," said her majesty, "by beautiful women with brains. The brainier a woman the better. And the more brains she has the better it will be for her and for the whole world. There is no such thing as being too intellectual."

"It is sometimes said," remarked she, laughingly, "that when you make women intellectual you make them unat-

tractive. It is affirmed that when you put brains in a woman's head you crowd out the loveliness and the sweetness.

"But this is a mistake. The more brains a woman has the better it will be for her. If she has a fine supply she will have enough to know that women should always be beautiful. The brainy woman will make the most of her fascinations. She will care for her personal appearance. She will be beautifully groomed. She will take advantage of the beauty arts. She will be a judge of cosmetics. And she will have learned the trick or the knack, or whatever you would style it, of being a handsome woman."

"To say that a woman is intellectual, to affirm that she is brainy, is merely to say that she knows enough to make the most of every fascination that the Lord has given her. It is to say that she is able to make herself twice as desirable in every respect as other women of less intellect."

**Believes Brains Reinforce Charm.**

"What would a queen be who could not attract the admiration of her subjects? How would any woman expect to rule society or the world without knowing the secret of success—namely, beauty?"

No woman is a firmer believer in beauty than the lovely

queen of Portugal. But she believes that beauty should be reinforced with brains. She holds that charms may catch the eye, but it takes merit and brains and intellect to hold the soul.

Acting upon this, the queen has cultivated the intellectual type in herself. She is a doctor of medicine. She is a student of law. She has taken up the study of fine arts and painting, and she is a high class patron of the sports, actively engaged in them herself.

It was only a short time ago that the queen rescued two men and a woman from drowning. She believes in outdoor exercise, and she goes every summer to the coast, where she has a charming though unpretentious summer palace. While here it is her custom to slip away and go in the surf, and so quietly does she go that many times she is actually unattended.

One day last summer the queen had a headache. As there was to be a state function in the evening she determined to rid herself of this aching head.

"I do not want my eyes to look heavy," she said to a lady in waiting. So away she tripped to the surf, which was rolling heavily, and plunged in. A little way out a skiff was struggling with the breakers. And, to the horror of the queen, it overturned and all began to sink. "They are ex-

he redolent with sweet smells. Never forget that a sweet, welcoming perfume is one of the most grateful things about a woman. There is a certain charm that radiates from a person who is sweetly scented.

The queen, like many of the Portuguese women, makes a specialty of the odor of her toilet table. Indeed, she spends large amounts every year providing her dressing table with powders, essences, and extracts that will perfume the atmosphere and scent her clothing.

The women of Portugal are famous for the sweet scents of their linen and their silks. If you purchase a yard of silk in Portugal you will be sure to find it heavily scented with some sweet odor, pleasant to the nostrils. There are fine odors worked into the products of the looms, and the silks, as soon as they are made are packed and shipped in cases of scented woods.

At great expense the women of Portugal obtain chests of sandalwood, all heavily carved, so that the surface is fretted to allow the odors to escape. And they have scented pine and sweet woods from India. To step into the boudoir of a woman of Portugal is to enter an atmosphere heavily laden with spices that are invigorating and gloom destroying.

This is one of Portugal's greatest beauty secrets. The women are healthy and their homes need no disinfectants. Perfumes abound, and, in place of the awful smelling stuffs which are used in American homes to drive away germs, the Portuguese use herbs and spices that are a positive luxury.

## Trying to Solve the Unsolvable Mystery of Woman's Moods.

**W**E like that little boy who, when somebody quoted "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said: "No; my mother is the noblest work of God." He was right, we are sure in it, will agree with one thing; he will believe that "the one who has read the book that is called woman knows more than the one who has grown pale in libraries."

**Wonderful Is the Book Called Woman.**

It is a wonderful book, the book called woman, published in the Garden of Eden, bound in silks and satins, and rags,

read by millions in every generation, having more influence in the world than all other books that ever were written and all the kings that ever were born.

"There is something of woman in everything that pleases," says one of the voices which make up the chorus of love and hate which we find here, and it is true, perhaps truer, than that other saying: "A woman dies twice—the day that she quits life and the day that she ceases to please."

The subtle charm of woman has made the world go round. If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the face of the world would have been changed, said Pascal, anticipating Byron's "What lost a world and made a hero die?"

A tear in Cleopatra's eye; and the thought is thus expressed in this book: "Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments."

**Woman's Tongue a Popular Theme.**

That something which has never been quite defined, which gives woman all her power, has not been better expressed than in Bossuet's sentence: "The cruellest revenge of a woman is often to remain faithful to a man," and that is a beautiful setting of the same thought which we owe to an anonymous writer, who said: "The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty."

He who looks for witticisms about a woman's tongue is not disappointed. It was a woman who said: "Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust." And from George Eliot we have called this: "Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

"Two women," said Shakespeare, "make cold weather," which contradicts much of what we hear of women's tongues.

It was a great man who wrote that "Hell is paved with women's tongues." But it was a man, too, who wrote one of the best things here: "Silence has been given to woman the better to express her thoughts."

**Worst Enemy of Her Sex Is Herself.**

The worst enemy of a woman is—a woman, and some of the bitterest things said of women have, it is true, been said by themselves. Did not Mme. de Staël declare that "I am glad I am not a man, as I should be obliged to marry a woman?" That is a severe indictment of female taste, too, which Mile. de Lespinasse delivered when she said: "A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear," although it is doubtless true.

"The brainiest man who pays attention to women," we read again, "will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest who does not," and "in courting many dry wood for

a fire which will not burn for them."

One of the sweetest pleasures of a woman, we are told, is to cause regret, but it is written on another page that "Rejected lovers need never despair. There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind."

Men, said Victor Hugo, are women's playthings, women the devil's; and it was somebody we do not know who said that "women know a point more than the devil." Life, said Addison, is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in, and the poet would perhaps have fathered this saying: "A coquette is a woman who places her honor in a lottery; ninety-nine chances to one that she will lose it."

**When Women Cry.**

"Between a woman's yes and no," Cervantes said, "I would not venture to stick a pin," and there have been many of the world's great men who have disbelieved in the serious side of women. Often enough in this book they are treated as children or as villains. "When women cannot be revenged," it is said, "they do as children do—they cry," and one remembers that George Eliot said of one of her characters: "I dare say she's like the rest of the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

And it is probably as true as it is brief that "tears are

the strength of women." Yet there are serious women in the world who are not unlovely, and we like to think that this sweet saying is not true of one age of woman only; "It was woman who was last at the cross and first at the grave."

"They govern the world, these sweet lipped women," said the Autocrat, and it was another maker of pretty phrases who said: "There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons."

Yet we read again that "Woman is the crime of man." She has been his crime since Eden. She wears on her head the trace of six thousand years of injustice. And following close upon the axiom that "the test of civilization is the estimate of woman," is this: "Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child."

If it is true, it is surely woman's fault that it is true. No power in the world can be compared unto hers. "In all eras and all climes," Ouida has written, "a woman of great beauty has done what she chose." And it is still true that the true woman can do what she will. But she must be, said Oliver Wendell Holmes, as true as death: "At the first real lie that works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world."

If all our women were so true, it would be superfluous to say, with one of the great minds quoted here: "I have only one advice to give you—fall in love with all women."