

IS WOMAN TO BE BEAUTIFUL? NO! SAYS BOLD AUSTRIAN DOCTOR.

**SHE'S ATTRACTIVE, COQUETTISH,
RAVISHING—THAT'S ALL.**

Imposing Beauty of Past Is Gone, Says Critic—Woman Needs Man More Than Ever Because the Difference Between Wealth and Poverty Is Greater—Heroic Beauty too Austere for Hustling Moderns.



Bright and Tender Beauty of Today—In Sharp Contrast to Sombre, Imposing Beauty of Past.

BY ADELIN OLDHOUSE.
VIENNA, June 19.—(Special Correspondence.)—Are modern women as lovely as those of yore? This is the question all Austria has been debating since Dr. Raul Auernheimer, author of "Rosas Out of Reach," "The Great Passions" and numerous other romances and plays, began discussing it, along with the further question—what is the distinctive type of beauty today?

Dr. Auernheimer has come to the conclusion that there are no more beautiful women, but only adorably pretty and charming women. The heroically beautiful Venus of Milo, he says, is dead. She is supplanted by the attractive, coquettish, ravishing Venus de Leduc. This tremendous change has taken place in a mere couple of generations. A dispute has arisen as to whether it



Old Heroic Type—Reddish Blonde, Pale Cheeks and Regular Profile.



Modern Altering Type of Woman Whom Men Prefer to Heroic Type Beloved of Yore.

is possible for a National type to change in a couple of generations. The objectors say that the apparent change is due to a different fashion of doing the hair, to different hats and dresses. Herr Raschy, a competent authority of Buda-Pesth, retorts that the physical type of a locality may change quickly. He quotes a traveler's observations of a village near Pesth in 1835. "The natives," said the traveler, "are dark and rather small." Today this village is noted for the high stature of its population, and for their remarkably fair skins.

Dr. Auernheimer holds that beauty has changed not only in Austria-Hungary, but all over the world. To some extent it is a change of ideals. When a particular beauty-type becomes fashionable, women of that type are pushed into the foreground; they become prominent on the stage and are chosen as models by artists and photographers. The type which they have dispossessed

in public favor continues to exist, but nobody notices it. Today, says Auernheimer, there live unadmired many women who in the mid-nineteenth century would have been acclaimed as miracles of beauty. The modern world is busy admiring, painting and singing the praises of women who 50 years ago no one would have noticed.

Change of Beauty Ideals.
Auernheimer finds that the beauty-ideal changes in a series of wave-like movements. The strictly beautiful woman dominated the 18th century, and attained her height towards the end of the first French empire. By the thirties of the 19th century the type was extinct. In art this was due to the rise of mean, bourgeois ideals. "Every age," says Auernheimer, "has the women it deserves." Of late there has been a slight revival of beauty. Vienna today has more lovely women

than it has had at any time since the generation of the painter Hans Makart. But this new Viennese beauty would not have been considered very beautiful in the old days. It would have been considered merely charming. Charm is the characteristic of the modern beauty. The old beauty was sombre, imposing and almost demonic. The charm of the new beauty lies in its brightness, childlikeness and tenderness. The old beauty tended to be red-blond, whereas the new is chestnut. "The modern beauty," says Auernheimer, "inclines to keep a small pet dog, and to wear on its face the exclamation: 'It does not bite.'"

Another characteristic of modern beauty is that it has no profile. That is why it is usually painted full-face or three-quarters face. Such an irregular, winsome beauty is not dangerous. The day of the "femme fatale" with pale cheeks and vampire eyes is dead forever. The modern beauty may set a man's heart on fire, but she does so in

a spirit of levity. The conflagration does not worry her. She leaves it to be extinguished by the nearest fire brigade.

This theory of beauty is accepted by most of the Austrians who have written on the subject, but they hold that it touches only the surface. It neglects to explain why the modern beauty is charming and not heroic. The reason, says the artist Rheinlander, is that woman in the early 20th century exists only in relation to men.

Woman today more than ever needs man, because the difference between poverty and wealth is greater than ever, and the modern beauty seeks the man who will provide her with all she needs. Here the heroic beauty of the past type cannot compete. She is too cold, too austere.

"The woman who attracts man must be coquettish, graceful and adorable." A woman of this type gains position and wealth and that enables her to spread her reputation as a beauty. "Today many beautiful girls of the heroic school die old maids because no man wants them."

Psychology of Modern Beauty.
Herr Rheinlander describes the modern "femme charmeuse" as "not at all without a heart; indeed with an abnor-

THE CHYSAIS CAROLINE A Story of Love and Adventure.

BY CATHERINE CARR.
CAROLINE MACLAIN slowly climbed the mountain path, her shoulders listless, her eyes languid. She was going to Red Rock because Cousin Kate had said she should, the view from there being the pride of the county, and Caroline was accustomed to having others make decisions for her.

Orphaned at eight, she had grown up under the kindly but absolute rule of her two half-sisters, who were much older, and women of marked executive ability. They reared the girl after the approved New England method, she being thoroughly instructed in needlework and housekeeping, somewhat in music and carefully selected literature, and largely in the virtues of obedience and silence. Young people spoke only when spoken to, in the code of the capable Sarah and Adelaide, and distinctly, they did as they were bid.

Caroline achieved skill in these accomplishments rather passively than enthusiastically, and to question any of her sisters' rulings never occurred to her, though she did indeed make timid request for pink ribbon on her graduating dress instead of the light blue of Adelaide's choice, intuition telling her, no doubt, since becomingness was never a quality discussed in reference to her wardrobe, of how suited pink was to shell-pink cheeks, shy hazel eyes, and soft ripples of wavy, light-brown hair.

Sister Adelaide, however, was adverse to the encouragement of vanity—Caroline had presented the naive argument that it would look nice on her—and said with chill conclusion that there was nothing so refined and modest for a young girl as light blue.

Inferentially convicted of immodesty, Caroline, of course, could say nothing more, but when alone before her small mirror she held a pink rose under her chin and approved the effect.

"It does look nice," she murmured. "I wonder if Sister Adelaide thinks that it is immodest for flowers to be pink?"

Which marked her nearest approach to rebellion, until Sarah told her that Anson MacLain had asked for her to marry him. Caroline's negative then was decisive and also a little incredulous, for Anson MacLain had been a friend of her father, and his calls had seemed solely upon business affairs—certainly there had been nothing of sentiment in the brief sentences he had addressed to her, Caroline's limited knowledge judged.

"No, no, Sarah," she expostulated, "he's old and I couldn't—He—he had much better take you."

It was very likely that Sarah secretly entertained a similar idea herself, but her Puritan conscience held her firm to what she conceived to be her

duty to her young sister, whose portion would be small.

"Nonsense, Mr. MacLain knows that nothing could change my mind on that point, and it's a fine chance for you. May I ask if there is anyone else you prefer?" she questioned, with alarming formality.

This approached sarcasm, for Caroline had no acquaintance that was not approved by her sisters, and it was not for a member of the M. E. Sewing Society to be ignorant of who walked home with who from evening service. Sarah could not but know that Caroline had never been so favored, a delicate, impalpable detachment holding her apart from her companions. She fluttered vaguely now, under scarlet blushes.

"Of course not," she faltered, "I only thought—that is, it has always seemed as if—if I ever should—he should be younger, and be straight and tall, and not have rheumatism nor talk with a burr—" she added, unconsciously baring her maiden sanctuary to her sister's unsympathetic eye.

"Mercy!" that lady exclaimed, "I'm surprised at you, Caroline. No nice girl ever thinks of such things before she has been asked. When we've tried to raise you so carefully, too, I can't understand it. So unmanly—indeed!" she murmured in shocked accents.

So Caroline, again convicted of undesirable qualities, chafed of her rose-pink dreams as she had been of her desire for the rose-pink ribbon, confused, helpless, was married to a man nearly thrice her 20 untied years, going in truth from one guardianship to another, Anson MacLain being notably "set" in his ways. Yet when, some 10 years later, her husband died, Caroline, her physical strength worn with long nursing, sank into a nerveless inertia that alarmed Sarah and Adelaide, who were prompt to resume their sway.

Rest and change being variously advised, it was at last decided that Caroline should go to New Mexico and visit Cousin Kate Lane, whose husband owned a ranch there, and Caroline went without protest, but equally without desire. She was seemingly incapable of either, and the free twang of the clear air falling in infection, Cousin Kate wrote home with somewhat of apprehension.

"It isn't that she is really sick, but as if she wasn't alive, somehow. It seems wonderful that she should have cared so much for her husband when he was so much older, but I suppose that is the trouble, though she never mentions his name unless some one introduces the subject."

It was at this hour that Caroline sat leaning against a huge boulder, her eyes wandering over the sweeps of

sun-steeped plain, admitting their beauty, yet alien to their charm. The vastness of height and blue distance oppressed with a sense of isolation her spirit, accustomed to the minute detail of village street and environment. Caroline, you would have said, did not possess the quality of ready adjustment.

She sat there long, when suddenly the intense silence was crashed like a thin-blown glass bubble by a pistol shot, and she sprang up in a panic of fright, her eyes wildly searching the rocks. Explanation was offered by the writhing length of a large rattlesnake, with its head shot away, that almost lashed her feet, and the immediate appearance of a man with a smoking pistol in his hand.

He was a man of the mountains, clearly, roughly clad and with a small arsenal hanging from his belt, but he was a man to be noticed in any place. His dark eyes were masterful in large sockets, and high, hawk-like nose spoke of force for large achievement, whatever the cost. A man from whom Caroline, wrapt in her New England prejudices, would ordinarily have shrunk, but now she reached her hands out to him, partly in gratitude and partly in appeal for further support, for her every nerve was quivering; but though the man's eyes softened and were charged with sympathy, he did not take her hands. He seemed almost to hold aloof while he spoke reassuringly, and his voice was in odd contradiction of his appearance, being distinctly that of refinement.

"There, there," he said, soothingly, "it's all over. He's done for now. It's all right—Good Lord!"—in sudden alarm—"she's going to faint!"

Caroline was, indeed, swooning helplessly, and after an appealing glance about him, the man caught her in his arms. He eased her gently to the ground, resting her head on his arm and fanning her with his hat.

"I can't help it. Surely she'll understand that I can't help it," he muttered, his eyes very wishful on her delicate face and long lashes.

She opened her eyes, to meet this strange expression, and to blush violently from chin to the roots of her loosened hair, and the man, obviously distressed by her embarrassment, helped her to a seat on a near-by rock.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, "but really, there seemed nothing else to do."

Caroline's eyes widened with wonder. "What is there to pardon? You have saved my life. Had I been bitten in this lonely place, I should have died before relief could have reached me. I don't know how to thank you."

She again advanced her hand, but the man again drew back.

"Don't," he said, almost harshly, "I don't want you to say or do anything that you will regret when you know who and what I am."

Caroline's face paled, but she was firm.

"Who or whatever you are does not alter my debt to you," she said, and she looked at him steadily as in all her life she had never looked at a man, and what she saw beneath his rough exterior seemed, to bring conviction, "I don't believe you are so very bad. You don't look it, some way."

The man shook his head, a grave smile touching his eyes.

"I doubt if you know what a really bad man is. I know you don't. I've been watching you for an hour. Oh, that demands an apology, I know," as Caroline flushed again, "but if you could understand what it meant to me to see a woman like you! It was like finding a violet in the desert, only—it was not for me to touch—and you speak of debt—do you know what you saved me from? Listen! Not an hour ago I lay behind those rocks waiting for the Last Cruces stage, which I meant to hold up. It passed while I was shooting that snake."

"You were going to rob the stage?" Caroline gasped, her eyes dilated with horror, and she shrank involuntarily.

"Yes, you're glad now that you haven't touched my hand, aren't you?" he said bitterly. "Well, I have it to my credit that I didn't let you, and you're just, I can see that. When a bullet

ends it all for me, you'll say, 'He was honest, at least. He cried 'Unclean.'"

"A great deal more than that," Caroline said, earnestly, "that you did not leave a woman in danger, and, studying his face, that you were not deliberately wicked. That somehow misfortune had been too strong for you."

"The cry of the weakling," the man said, "and, yes, that's what I am. Had I been stronger I should have conquered, but—there seemed no use. I wonder if you would care to know about it. I should like for you to know—because, because had we met in the old days I believe we should have been friends."

"I should appreciate your confidence," she said gently. "And won't you sit down?" motioning to an adjacent rock.

"How strange," he said. "To sit speak to a guest. I can almost see the teakettle."

"To more," Caroline replied. "To my rescuer."

"I think I'd rather be the other," the man mused. "It would be more like meeting you on an equal plane, but then no man could do that."

He chose a place on the ground where he could see into her eyes, and was silent for a few moments.

"It's a common enough story," he said at last. "It happens to many men, but they don't all fall as I did. I was a Junior at college when my guardian absconded and left me practically penniless, and I don't suppose any one could have been more unfit for a

poverty. I simply had no idea of the value of money."

"Poor boy," Caroline murmured, the maternal sense stirring for the unfortunate boy who had had dark eyes and a clean, aquiline profile.

"I don't mean that as an excuse. I don't, but I tried—at least I tried. I came West, to Idaho, and worked on a sheep ranch owned by an old friend of my father, and there's no work that knows the life out of one like that—living with the imbecile, blattling bunches of wool. Cattle's different. They seem to have sense, somehow, and you don't work alone as with sheep, but I held on, and for two years I worked. God! setting his teeth hard, 'how I worked! There—there was a girl, you know. We had been engaged before, when I was labeled a 'good catch,' and she promised to stand by me and to wait. I lived on her letters. Just that, I was a fool in those days."

Caroline divined through his beard that the lines of his mouth were bitter.

"But she grew tired of waiting," he went on. "Perhaps she wasn't so much to be blamed. I hadn't much to offer, but the blow came from a clear sky. She gave no hint of her intention in a letter written a week before her wedding to a rich man. I suppose she was afraid that I should come on and make trouble, and I probably should, for I was desperate. Well, I cut loose then. I had no near relatives, and there was no one to hold me. In two months I had spent all I had saved, and after that I drifted—down. It's mighty easy when you get started."

"I understand," Caroline said, with a little catch in her throat.

Caroline said this, Caroline whose white, sheltered life knew nothing of temptation, of sin's dark places nor its unholy glitter. And Caroline was not of ready adjustment. Clearly some magic was at work.

"I don't think you can, quite," he said, "but it is, and I went the pace. I've been bartender, faro dealer and gambler, and my father was a Senator, but I had sufficient regard for his memory to protect his name with an assumed one. No one has known that it was Rodman Page who served drinks when I dealt the cards, and I put up a straight game of its kind, until this deal. I'd been playing in hard luck, and planned the holdup to set me on my feet. You can't know what it means when no one cares, but I saw you where I lay over there among the rocks, and I knew if she had been like you it would have all been different. She was beautiful, too—as a glowing rose is beautiful, and with the rose's thorns. And after while I knew that if—forgive me, it cannot harm you and the thought is much to me—I knew that if it could only have been you—it would have been—the perfection of life."

He drew his breath long and looked away from her, as one seeking wisdom in looking away from the unattainable.

Caroline's own breath came gasping out of tumultuous emotions. It was as if something within her, with strong and vivid wings, beat against the confines round by gray life and teaching—a something that struggled toward the wonder of her being of help to anyone, the strength for higher things—she, whose heart never been far from the needs of women—her strange desire to give, to serve, to exact and to hold, and suddenly her newly-found wings were beating. "Perhaps it isn't too late yet," she faltered, "I—I wish you would try again."

The man stared.

"You mean—your dear violet woman—you can't mean that it is anything to you?"

"Yes, yes," Caroline said, the blood of her heart red in her face. "I know her heart, and I should like to help you. I'm not beautiful like a rose, but—"

The man sprang up, a great light in his eyes; he landed a little laugh of tender triumph that is of potent charm with women.

"It is," he said, as if awed by the man's audacious, "that am I that I should deserve this!"

"I could help," Caroline insisted, "I have money—"

"No."

He stood very tall and strong, his roughness dropped as a fustian garment. He unbuckled his armored belt and laid it on the ground.

"No, I will win, myself, and I will not touch your hand until I am worthy. The memory of your face and your name is all I ask."

He bent down and cut the rattles from the snake's tail and put them into his pocket.

"For luck," he said. Then a glinted, in strand, he hair upon his dark sleeve caught his eye, and he wound it around his finger and folded it in a bit of paper, which he carefully placed in an inner pocket. He did not say "For love," but his manner bore such an accent, and Caroline watched with the tender smile of the woman who approves her wooing.

They parted without pledge or handshake, but the man walked with resolute tread and the shoulders of the conqueror, and Caroline's step had the spring of hope. She was alive at last, to the finger-tips, and while she rejoiced in the possession of wings, she gave heed of gratitude to the gray wrappings that had held her luster untouched for this hour so strangely full.

"I'm glad, glad," she said repeatedly to herself, "that I never cared before. It couldn't be the same again—for a woman," she added, in generous concession to the portion given the rose girl, showing that the wisdom of women and the ages had descended in large measure upon Caroline.



Explanation was Offered by the Withering Length of a Rattlesnake.



Caroline Set Learning against a High Soldier.