BEAUTY, YOUTH and the JOY OF LIVING

AS DEFINED BY LILY LANGTRY.

Maxims of Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry)

I prefer death to being in bad health.

I feel like a girl of twenty in spirit, and that is half the battle in staying young.

I have no regrets and view the future with tremendous interest.

I advise every woman who wishes to be lovely to select a healthy, handsome father and mother who will bring them up in fresh air and cheerful surroundings.

Sweet reasonableness will work more reform than bricks and and shrieks.

The gentleman of today dresses like a waiter and is no ornament to the scene in his black and white evening dress.

Parenthood is the most wonderful thing in the world

Lily Langtry at 60 Going to the Races.

I AM writing my memoirs; they are going to be dreadfully interesting, but not in a dreadful way. You may be sure that I will set myself right in some matters, and above all I am going to deny that silly story that I lost the friendship of the Prince of Wales by dropping a bit of ice down his back at a royal dinner party.

That fable follows me everywhere, and one of the marine reporters who meet you at Quarantine asked me if I still patronized the same ice man.

Fancy his impudence!

The fact of the matter is that Lady Cornwallis West slipped a piece of ice down the Prince's back and angered him greatly. I was present and witnessed the episode.

Many a time the Prince—later the King—asked me why I did not deny the charge, but I felt that it was hardly worth while dignifying with a denial. However, now that I hear it everywhere in this country I want to say emphatically that as far as I am concerned there is no truth in it.

I am not so awfully old, after all, and I have managed to retain the enthusiasms of youth. At any rate I feel like a girl of 20 in spirit, and that is half the battle in staying young.

Sometimes in the morning I feel my age, but on the whole I haven't a bad moment in the day. I have no regrets, and I view the future with tremendous interest, hoping to be up and doing until the last moment of my life.

I CAN'T imagine anything more horrible than to be feeble and helpless. I never want to be reliant upon others.

I prefer death to being in bad health. I have always cared for my physical well-being. I have always eaten simple, well-cooked food and drank sparingly.

At home I never drink liquor of any kind. In public and at dinners and that sort of thing there seems to be a feeling that one ought to sip a glass of wine and not be a spoilsport.

I have always been a sound sleeper and a long sleeper. I never go without at least eight hours of slumber a day. If I am up late at night I sleep just that much longer on the day following, and if I am up very late I remain in bed at least 10 hours the next day.

I never worry. If worrying could aid me in any degree I would be a vigorous worrier.

However, it avails nothing; so I seek to erase the past from my mind and try to improve the present and lay plans for the future.

I have hundreds of letters asking for beauty tips. I advise every woman who wishes to be lovely to select a healthy, handsome father and mother who will bring them up in fresh air and cheerful surroundings.

Parenthood is the most wonderful thing in the world, and I confidently expect that one day the earth will be peopled by men and women who will answer to our present idea of demigods.

I BELIEVE in votes for women, but I am against militant suffragism. I detest hysterical women and the fighting suffragette answers to that description.

The cause is growing in strength daily and there is no need of violence. Besides, if we challenge men to be violent, there will be no chance for us at all, for the other sex has been practicing violence for thousands of years.

Sweet reasonableness will work more reforms than bricks and shrieks.

The leaders of the movement in England are splendid women, whom I admire and respect, but some of their disciples are horrible examples of what women should not be.

I am really very keen for a revival of fancy clothing for men. The gentleman of today dresses precisely like a waiter and is no ornament in the scene in his black and white evening dress.

How romantic the men of the earlier centuries looked in their lace and ruffles and colored silks. They were brave, chivalrous creatures whom a woman just had to love.

However, I imagine that there is more real chivalry in the modern man than the proudest knight of the Middle Ages ever revealed. But I would like to see the modern man prettily clothed.

There is a movement on foot in London to revive the costumes of the Stuart court, and I am heartily for it.

COLORS; colors within and without. You must dress in them and you must think in them. Have no gray thoughts or dark brown regrets and you will never look old or drawn or haggard. And don't wear the dismal tints.

If you will think in gray colors you can wear them and live them and feel them. It is the simplest secret in the world.

Men do not learn it and will not learn it, and that is why men grow old much faster than women. But a change is coming in that. The change is even here. Men are going to wear colors and cease looking like so many undertakers, like grim glooms in mourners' and grave-diggers brown.

They are putting the colors on over in London now, purples and bright blues, greens and yellows, yes, and even scarlets in the waistcoats and scarfs. They are putting on the colors with the little whiskers they are growing down from the ears. I don't care so much for these little whiskers, but it is a good thing if it brings us back the Man Beautiful of an earlier day, when a Beau Brummel was a shimmering peacock that was good to look upon.

HOW silly it is for man not to wear colors when he knows in his soul that they would become him and preserve his confidence in his youth. The change must be forced upon them, for they lack the courage to bring it about themselves. They fear scorn and ridicule more than they do the calamity of becoming old before their time. You should see how swiftly the change is being wrought in London and Paris. The purple and the green are blooming on every side, and, my! but they are fine.

An interviewer suggested that the men were putting on the feathers in advance of the time when woman would take them off, man the voting booths and force her way into the sterner activities.

Those poor creatures who call themselves militant suffragettes are an immense hindrance to the cause. They will hold it back five or 10 years in England, for instead of provoking sympathy they awaken only feelings of disgust.

I am heart and soul for the cause of suffrage, but I believe in the saner, more dignified methods employed by American women.

WE must win the men by gentler methods than hurling bricks through shop windows. In America the battle is being waged with more intelligence. There seems to be a keener sense of man's true character on this side of the water. English women don't stop to think and read the signs. They conduct themselves like a lot of whirling dervishes and win contemptuous pity where they should gain respect.

I have made suffrage and the petticoat vote my theme on the stage as well as in private life.

It is wonderful the progress we have made since I left America. Why, six years ago a woman who spoke for suffrage was regarded as a freak, a curiosity to be ridiculed. But the cause has grown as these wonderful towers of New York have grown. It has reared its head with dignity and spread its banners to the sky till all men realize that the day must come when they will yield to their sisters the proper place in civilization.

Now doesn't that sound fine? I am getting better at it every day. At first I was almost tongue-tied when I tried to speak about suffrage. I stuttered and stammered and everybody laughed and giggled. We have all been through that stage, but we stuck to it gamely and are now prepared to go on the platform like so many Burkes and Websters.

And think what a glorious thing it is going to be for the old maids!

Management of Home.

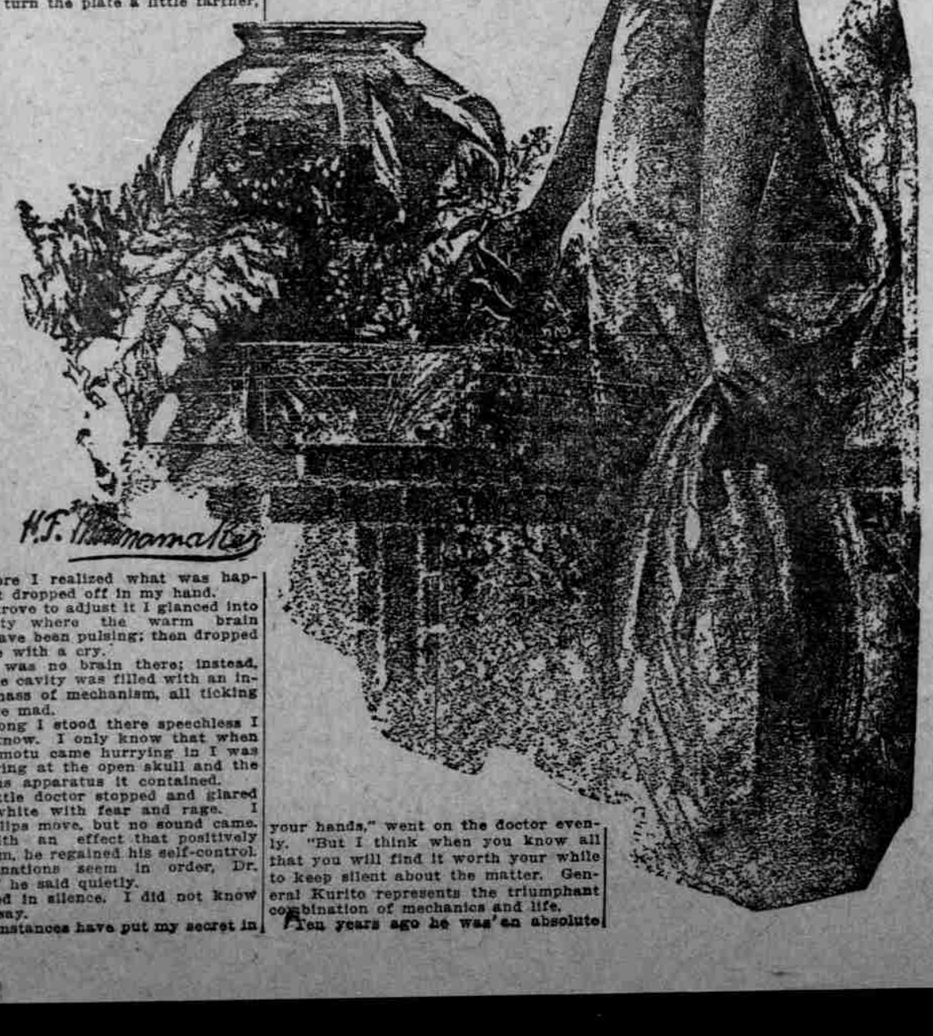
Adapting food to the pecuniary resources and living conditions of a family implies more than buying what one can pay for and the same kind of things one's neighbors use.

Students of economics find that, while the proportion of the total income spent for rent, clothing, etc., remains about the same, regardless of the total size of the income, the proportion spent for food grows less as the income increases. According to available statistics, a family with an annual income of $3000 spends $750 (or one-quarter of the total income) for food, while a family with an income of $1000 spends $330 (or about one-third for food. This does not necessarily imply that the family with larger resources is more adequately nourished than the other, though without doubt it is more daintily fed, the extra money being used not to supply actual bodily needs, but to gratify the tastes of the family, and to adapt the diet to financial and social opportunities. Of course, the gratification of tastes in such ways is not a matter of mere sensual indulgence; but, on the other hand, rightly employed, may have a decided value in raising the standard of comfort in family life. Yet, whatever the income, it is better from every point of view to live simply rather than otherwise. For the man of large income simple living may mean the purchase of out-of-season foods, and specially selected supplies which are high in price, and great care in preparing foods; but it should not mean the superabundance and wastefulness of too generous living. For the family of moderate income right living should mean simple foods economically purchased, well cooked, and well served; these things, after all, are of more importance than out-of-season food and fancy quality.—House Progress Magazine.

THE BRAIN

A STRANGE STORY of A MAN of STEEL.

by J. Frank.



THE world is saved, temporarily at least, and by me—by me, an unknown physician ordinarily living in a fourth-rate American town. The world does not know that it has been saved; does not even know that it has been in peril, and probably will refuse to believe it even after I have told my story. Nevertheless my assertion stands. For a few seconds I held in my hands the potential destroyer of the happiness and freedom of the whole world—and I drowned that destroyer in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

A year ago last Summer I took my daughter to Europe for a vacation. We made the usual round and started home on the Meteoric late in September. Up to that point our tour had been without any incident of serious importance.

The steamer, one of the finest of a famous line, had on board a most distinguished company, including many men and women whose names are household words wherever newspapers are read. A famous editor, three diplomats of high rank, four great scientists, half a dozen well-known actresses, a score of millionaires, several professional beauties, five or six Generals and Admirals, and many lesser though still important luminaries, shone amid the throng of every-day people like myself.

Among the soldiers was General Kurito, of Japan, who had first come into prominence during the Russo-Japanese War. It was an open secret among military men that his was the brain that had conceived the tremendous campaigning resulting in the total defeat of the Russian armies in a great battle 100 miles long, involving nearly a million men.

He, too, had planned the naval battle that resulted in the destruction of the Russian fleet. Since the war he had been a sort of ambassador at large to Europe, where he had concluded a series of treaties by which Japan had received extraordinary concessions from nearly all the great powers, and had made alliances beyond her wildest dreams of a few years before.

Coupled with his amazing military capacity and astounding diplomatic ability, General Kurito possessed a singular modesty, being contented to remain in the background and let older men carry off the laurels. Indeed, he would have scarcely been known had it not been for the foreign Generals and statesmen whom he had outwitted. These declared privately that his intellect was easily the most gigantic in the whole world.

Immediately on sailing this General, so famous, so brilliant, so adroit, singled out my daughter for marked attention, and before we were three days out he came to me and asked my permission to pay his addresses to her, declaring that he believed she was not indifferent to him. He added that he had seen her at various places in Europe and had taken passage for the express purpose of obtaining the privilege he now sought.

To say that this amazed and annoyed me is to put the matter mildly. While appreciating the many good points of the Japanese, I have an ingrained repugnance to any one not of the Caucasian race, a repugnance which I thought Katherine shared with me; and it was by no means modified by the fact that General Kurito was so famous. I therefore declined the honor as courteously as I could, putting my objection entirely on the score of race and declaring that I wished my daughter to marry an American.

General Kurito listened politely, but persisted in his request. "Mr. Fairfax," he said in perfect English, "I have anticipated all your objections, and have dared to hope that I might be able to overcome them. Will you not at least consult with your daughter before giving me a positive refusal? Surely I am entitled to that much."

He was; and in spite of myself I agreed to talk with her on the subject, though, of course, without the slightest idea of yielding. Even as I consented I wondered at myself for doing so, and could not help but admire the singular knack of the man in persuading others to do as he wished.

But Katherine's reply when I questioned her was even more amazing than General Kurito's request.

"Father," she answered frankly, "I don't know what has come over me. A week ago the idea of marrying an Oriental would have been horrible to me, but now—father, I don't understand myself. I don't love General Kurito, and yet he fascinates me, dazzles me.

"When I am talking with him the life he offers seems to me the happiest in the world. When I am alone I don't know what I want. If he were only not a Japanese—oh, father, can't you break the spell somehow? I don't want to marry a yellow man, and yet I know that I shall do it unless you save me. The General is a wonderful man and will persuade me against myself."

Back I went to General Kurito, meaning to settle the matter peremptorily. But when I reached him I found myself couching my refusal in terms much more gentle than I had intended. Nevertheless my words were positive and final.

Their effect on General Kurito was surprising. He turned pale under his olive skin, put his hand to his head, and finally fell back in a chair, gasping.

"Doctor Kitemotu," he stammered. "Get Doctor Kitemotu. No one else. Doctor Kitemotu."

Hurriedly summoning two stewards, I sent one skurrying in search of Dr. Kitemotu, who, as I happened to know, was a military surgeon attached to General Kurito's staff, and directed the other to help me to get the General to his stateroom, which was close at hand. Once there, I sent him also for Dr. Kitemotu.

By this time the condition of the General had became so alarming that I felt that I could no longer defer taking steps to relieve him, despite his expressed wish for his own physician. I therefore bent over him, directing my attention to his head, at which he was still wildly clutching.

At the first touch a wig, whose existence I had not suspected, came away in my hands, revealing a dome of polished silver several inches in diameter set in the top of his skull. For a moment I stared at it stupidly, wondering how such an enormous piece of trepanning could have been successfully performed.

Then I noticed that one edge of it was slightly raised above the level of the skin. I touched it and it turned slightly. As it did so the General gave a sigh of relief. Noticing this, I ventured to turn the plate a little farther, and before I realized what was happening it dropped off in my hand.

As I strove to adjust it I glanced into the cavity where the warm brain should have been pulsing; then dropped the plate with a cry.

There was no brain there; instead, the whole cavity was filled with an intricate mass of mechanism, all ticking away like mad.

How long I stood there speechless I do not know. I only know that when Dr. Kitemotu came hurrying in I was still staring at the open skull and the marvelous apparatus it contained.

The little doctor stopped and glared at me, white with fear and rage. I saw his lips move, but no sound came. Then, with an effect that positively shook him, he regained his self-control.

"Explanations seem in order, Dr. Fairfax," he said quietly.

I bowed in silence. I did not know what to say.

"Circumstances have put my secret in your hands," went on the doctor evenly. "But I think when you know all that you will find it worth your while to keep silent about the matter. General Kurito represents the triumphant combination of mechanics and life.

"Ten years ago he was an absolute idiot, with no more intelligence than an oyster. Then he was placed in my charge. I took him to my workshop and experimented on him.

"I had long known that the brain and the vital principle were separable; that a man might live with his brain shattered and broken. I now proved that one might live without any brains at all.

"Little by little I abstracted the young man's brain, substituting therefor bits of cunningly constructed mechanism. For five years I worked at this, until at last the entire brain had been removed. In its place was the clockwork you see before you.

"Certain results followed. In making this substitution I had endowed my idiot with infallibility. All human weakness had been eliminated—all mercy, pity, fear, everything that might check the career I had planned for him. Nothing had been left except cold, pitiless logic.

"The brain I created never erred—never could err, for it worked by exact rule and time. When it was pitted against mere human understanding its triumph was certain.

"This is no mere theory; it has had thorough demonstration. In five years Kurito has become the most powerful man in Japan; in five more he will become the most powerful in the world.

"China will fall to him first, then Europe, then the rest of the world. He will become lord of the earth. All will be his, and will be glad to be his, for he knows how to beguile as well as how to conquer?"

Dr. Kitemotu's cheeks were flushed and his eyes shone with excitement. Preposterous as was his tale I could not doubt it with the brain of the General ticking away before me.

Mechanically I moistened my lips. "But"— I began.

"But the General loved your daughter, and love is not logic? No! But six weeks ago I discovered that while my plans had succeeded beyond my fondest dreams there was danger that the General might desire to free himself from me, his creator.

"This would not do. I took advantage of one of the periodic headaches, which are his only human frailty, to alter the clockwork so as to implant love in his brain. I meant it to be love for me, but my calculations were not quite exact. I could create, but I could not limit. Kurito loved me, yes; but he alfo fell madly in love with my daughter."

I said nothing. I could say nothing. All this was like some horrible nightmare. After a moment the doctor went on.

"Machinery is remorseless. General Kurito loves your daughter. He must continue to love her. He cannot do otherwise. His love can never fail. Consequently he will do everything for her and hers. Let her marry him and in 10 years—yes, in five—you shall be Emperor of America, greater than the monarchs of the Old World; supreme, except that, like them, you will owe allegiance to your son-in-law, who will create and sustain your throne. In his name I promise it. What do you say? Is it agreed?"

A resolution was slowly forming in my brain. My dry lips moved. "But," I began, "suppose this wonderful brain should be destroyed, what then?"

The little doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It must not be destroyed," he said. "It would take me years to replace it; perhaps I could never do so. But have no fear; we are going to keep it safe—and conquer the world."

I shook my head. "Never," I declared.

The doctor smiled. "Why not?" he asked. "Who will prevent it?"

"I will!"

With the words I plunged my hand into the gaping brain-pan beneath me and tore the cunning mechanism from its place.

With clutching fingers the little doctor sprang at me, but I flung him back and hurled the still revolving clockwork through the open porthole into the sea.

As it struck the water with a splash the doctor gave a yell of despair and buried his face in his hands, while I brushed past him and left the room.

Neither Dr. Kitemotu nor General Kurito made any complaint of my conduct. The latter finished the voyage in his stateroom, the doctor giving out that he was ill, and when New York was reached they started hurriedly across the continent in a private car, and so on to Japan.

Of his later movements I know nothing. But I fear, I greatly fear, that in some secret laboratory the little doctor may be constructing a second brain, more potent than the first.

For the present, however, the world is saved, and I have saved it.

The Northwest Passage.

Assisted by King Haakon and the Queen of Norway, Christian Leden, the Norwegian explorer, will attempt to make the Northwest Passage in May next through the straits between Victoria Island and King William Land. He will be accompanied by several German scientists.

Leden will make a special study of the Eskimo of these regions. He will attempt the passage from the western entrance, traveling from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean by Norwegian whaleboat as far as Stapylton Bay, continuing the journey as far as possible in Eskimo kayaks, then by dog teams. The party will be prepared for an absence of three years.

Mr. Leden is a graduate of Berlin University and has made previous explorations in Greenland on behalf of the Danish and Norwegian governments. His reason for taking the passage from west to east is that Captain Amundsen, his famous countryman, who was the first man to reach the South Pole, is also the only man who has made the Northwest Passage, but traveling from east to west. About 130 other expeditions have unsuccessfully made the same attempt. Among these was the famous Franklin expedition, consisting of 129 men, every one of whom perished in these regions.

Christian Leden's expedition will be very lightly equipped, as the members intend to subsist almost entirely on what they shoot. The expedition will be financed by the Norwegian government, and as the principal object is scientific discovery it will seek to procure specimens of Eskimo manufacture for the museums at Berlin and Christiania, as well as facts relating to the country.—New York Herald.