

The Spanish Spark That Started a Beauty War

She's a Mysterious Senorita From Seville, Flaunted as "the World's Most Beautiful Woman," and London Wants to Know Why Britain's Prettiest Are Snubbed!



Gladys Cooper, An Example of the English Type From Whom Londoners Have Turned to Worship Foreign Beauties

Germaine Mitty And Mitty, French Dancers Who Starred in London.



Agnes Souret, "France's Most Beautiful" Entry in The Beauty War.



Trini, Spanish Dancer, Whom English Arbiters Have Appraised "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World."

an old shoe. When the dog begins to gnaw the bread the anxious mistress is informed that her darling is "doing nicely." When the canine begins operations on the onion, word is sent her that the animal is "decidedly better," and when the dog tackles the shoe, my lady is gratified to hear that her precious pet is "ready to be removed."

Aurora Periodic Display.

London Answers.
The name "aurora borealis" was first used by Casseid, who in 1621 observed one in France and wrote a description of it. The "aurora" is periodic in its manifestations, the finest displays being at intervals of 60 years and less marked ones at intervals of 10 or 11 years.

It is asserted that the greater and lesser displays correspond with the increase and decrease of spots on the sun.

This phenomenon is generally manifested in the following way:

A dim light appears on the horizon shortly after twilight and gradually assumes the shape of an arch having a pale yellow color and its concave side turned earthward. From this arch streams of light shoot forth, passing from yellow to green and then to a brilliant violet.

The name "aurora borealis" while generally referring to the northern lights, also is applied to a similar phenomenon visible in the vicinity of the south pole.

Gilbertian Lyric Modernized.

Alma MacTammany, in Judge.
Oh, I am the cook, and the housemaid, too,
And the mate of Josiah Lee,
And the laundress white, and the "cow" by night,
And the nurse of the children three.

And I never lark, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But scrub and work, with a painfulirk,
And this is my mournful lay:

Oh, I am the seamstress and marketeer,
The dish-washing, pot-boiling belle,
Of the garbage can—and the furnaceman,
And the window-cleaner as well.

And thus the good ship Matrimony,
Sails with a crew of one;
And the baby squawks while I cook the meals,
And I'm glad when the day is done.

Karsavina Russian Dancer Whose Success in London Attracted Others There.

Mlle. Kousnezoff, Noted Russian Beauty, a Former Leader in The "Foreign Invasion" of London.

she has a fine mentality and there is soul in her artistic achievements. She has been tremendously admired in every country where she appeared. There are many beautiful women in the world. But most of them find that their beauty is a matter of geography.

Mr. Hoppe, incidentally, is an ardent admirer of the American girl, though he thinks she sometimes is too imitative.

"There is one point of criticism I must make of American girls, charming though they be," he declares, "and that is their too lavish use of cosmetics. I believe many mar what might otherwise be considered beauty by extravagant use of paint and powder."

Internationalizing Beauty.

"I also believe that America would produce more recognized beauties if the girls were a bit more independent in type. I think the artists, to a certain degree, are responsible for this. For instance, some years ago when a noted artist made his name famous for depicting the willowy, tall, graceful girl, his type had such a vogue that every girl tried to be tall and willowy. When another celebrated American artist developed the more recent type of the bobbed hair, cigarette-smoking girl, he had a big following who bobbed their hair, took to smoking and impersonating the jolly, but rather wholesome type, of what might be called "The New Freedom Girl."

The same imitative tendency was observable in the English girl, declares Mr. Hoppe. She ran to type and of late the type hadn't been very chic. Hence the gusto with which continental and Americans had been received by cosmopolitan London audiences.

Perhaps the English girls will follow Mr. Hoppe's tip and internationalize themselves. Meanwhile, unless some sort of protective tariff wall is thrown up around them, their craft will die out, they claim.

How He Handles 'Em.

A Chicago man tells of the system practiced by a veterinary in that town with respect to the pet animals in-

trusted to his care by wealthy women. "When," the dog doctor confided to his friend, "I receive an overfed dog I consign him to a disused brick oven with a crust of bread, an onion and

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AN ENGLISH theatrical manager suddenly tells the world that he has found the most beautiful woman alive. There is a visible stirring and swelling in those places where London beauty is assembled and worshipped. There is an air of excitement among the professional charmers. As they rush in and out of dressing rooms or put their pretty heads together over teacups, one can hear them making sounds of indignation. For there has been no outbreak of British pride over this London manager's discovery. Even if she had been one of their own number, this would have been unlikely. But she wasn't even British. The "most beautiful woman alive" is a Spaniard.

Trini is her name and Seville her home. Her first appearance following this sweeping pronouncement by C. B. Cochran, the London manager in question, started a blaze of enthusiasm among the play-going public that is still burning—that is spreading, in fact, over all England. She has been described as having black, flaming eyes, skin of the tint and texture that wine seems to have when it stands in a crystal tumbler, shoulders and arms faintly voluptuous without suggesting rotundity.

A Beauty of Mystery.

Trini is, further than that, a person of mystery. She volunteers no information about herself or her family connections. Somehow, though, the information has got around that Trini is a member of an old Castilian family who exacted a promise from her that she would not reveal the family name when she went on the stage.

Altogether several circumstances have conspired to make her the particular delight of London. British artists are therefore very bitter. They make hostile gestures in the direction of the "foreigner."

But Trini has drawn the wrath of these London artists not only because of her own popularity, but because she has seemed to create a demand for foreign beauties that is having its effect in every theater in London. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say that Trini's spectacular appearance was really the high point of a movement that has been under way for a considerable time. There had been an appreciable influx of artists from the United States and the continent even before Trini was heard of; complaints of discrimination against home-grown talent had even found their way into the newspapers.

But Trini symbolizes to the do-

mestic British beauty, the whole hated foreign invasion—an invasion that is seriously threatening her pride and, what is worse, her pocket-book. What was a mere muttering before Trini's arrival, has welled into a deep chorus of protest. The managers, they say, are catering to a false taste by going far afield to pick their headliners. Artists are not picked according to their qualifications, they charge, but according to their geography and their names. As for "the most beautiful woman alive," she is "cowlike" and "coffee-colored," to hear the English artists tell it. So runs the war among the beauties.

The London performers refer to Albert de Courville and C. B. Cochran as pernicious cases in point, of the London manager who is discriminating unfairly in favor of American and continental performers. These two men are slowly stifling the theatrical profession as an English product by making its existence of all English artists extremely precarious, it is declared.

Mr. de Courville's answer to these charges has only added bitterness to the attacks on him. The reason he does not employ English beauties, according to his statement, is because he can't find them.

"I had the greatest difficulty," he said, "in getting together a beauty chorus of 30. The difficulty was not experienced because the girls themselves were lacking. More than 5000 applied for places in my revue. They simply were not pretty. I naturally concluded that British girls must be rather plain."

Mr. Cochran makes a similar reply. He brought Trini to London because she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and not because she is a Spaniard. He says he would have been equally enthusiastic if he had found her in Surrey or Kent. Mr. Cochran can further prove that he is thoroughly impartial in his search for beauty by citing the cases of numerous British girls he has brought up from obscurity. Mr. Cochran, in fact, is known as the Florenz Ziegfeld of Europe. He is continually on the hunt for new beauties, new talents, new artists. In that search he wanders through all of the back-alley streets, dance halls and cabarets of London and the provinces as well as on the continent.

"Art can't be British," he has been quoted as saying. "It must be universal. And the nationality of a girl usually has very little to do with her success."

Those who support Mr. Cochran's position give the example of Karsavina. Karsavina's artistry breaks down all barriers of language and nationality. If England could produce a like dancer, she would be hailed with fully as much acclaim. They also point to Mlle. Kousnezoff, another Russian artist who combines genius as a singer and dancer with physical beauty.

Mlle. Kousnezoff incidentally had social advantages that are not often granted to struggling singers. Her father was the well-known Russian court painter, Nicholas Kousnezoff. Through her father's acquaintance with celebrated men of old Russia, she met the great Russian composers and artists and thus was stimulated to begin an artistic career for herself.

Leaders in the "Invasion."

Mlle. Kousnezoff has a perfectly featured face of a dark Slavonic type, a really dazzling smile and an exquisitely molded figure. She has a many-sided genius, being a dancer as well as a singer. This winter she will combine the practical with the artistic by managing the theater at which she appears in Paris. During her recent London engagement she received the highest pay ever given a dancer on the London stage.

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ret, heralded as the most beautiful girl in France, were among the favorites of this season.

In all of these cases, managers affirm that it was capacity and not nationality which led to their engagements. That the managerial judgment was commercially sound, at least, was proved by the popularity of these foreigners with London audiences.

E. O. Hoppe, the London artist who has just returned from the United States, makes his contribution to the controversy by suggesting that the reason why foreign artists succeed where British artists have failed, may be because they are international types. The British are rather proud of being distinctive in their appearance, habits of thought and manners, and something of this insularity, Mr. Hoppe believes, may have crept into their art. They should strive, therefore, to make their appearance and their appeal take on a universal quality.

"America," he says, "has produced what you might call an international beauty in Geraldine Farrar. That is to say, she is recognized as a most beautiful woman in every country in which she has appeared. Now this is unusual, because beauty very often is a matter of individual taste. To have recognition from people of various temperaments and tastes is to receive a high tribute and stamps one as international. These types, so far as rare, beauty in its accepted highest form today is as much a matter of spirit and soul lighting the eyes as it is a question of coloring and features."

"Miss Farrar is a traveled woman. She has sympathy and understanding;