SILHOUETTES as the SURGEONS of BEAUTY

The Ever-Blooming Lillian

Maxine, the Statuesque and Severe

"Peter Pan" as a Shade

The Duchess of Marlborough as a Saucy Silhouette

Mrs. Astor's Classic Outline

Billie Burke, the Petite

The Cavalieri in Eclipse

Mrs. Philip M. Lydig of a Type not Suited to Shadows

Miss Margarita Drexel's Beautiful Profile

Mary Garden in the Role of a Shadow

Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, whose Profile Can't be Overshadowed

How Noted Women Appear When Their Features are Cut Into Cold Outline

WHEN the silhouette is applied to woman's beauty it leaves only the bare outline of it.

Very few women can bear the test. Nature has made their charm so dependent on details of color, and peculiarly of the color and expression of the eyes, that only the most perfect countenances can emerge in their own shadows with a fair measure of credit for pulchritude.

For it is the very surgery of feminine beauty, a sort of stovaine experiment on loveliness, where the famous belles now living can be just allowed to go on laughing and chatting and flirting—if they want to—without a suspicion of the merciless rays that are cutting out all the rich refinements of their charm.

But modern loveliness, while it is far from classic in the purity of its outlines, appears, from its silhouettes, to be less dependent on expression and piquancy than has been surmised. Some, indeed, among the women who are nowadays most ardently admired lose practically all of their distinction in plain, untinted profile. But an astonishingly high percentage display features which, in their most just appraisement for contour, must rate superior to those of a century ago, when the silhouette most flourished.

ONE need only glance over those relentless silhouettes to realize how much the beauty of the handsomest among women owes to nature's little details.

And yet there are few of them who fail to charm even by the mere shadow of their loveliness.

Of course, the girl with "classic" features, who may be as interesting as a cast-iron deer in a country plutocrat's front yard, loses mighty little on the deal. She was soulless white marble when the shadow began on her, and she is soulless black marble when it finished.

But with a thoroughly piquant type like the actress Billie Burke, the outline of the retrousse nose, which may be completely charming when the eyes it separates are flashing their accustomed fires, is transformed into the one blemish, which only a sculptor would be discerning enough to see. The rest of mankind would be blinded by the radiance of the eyes. It's the same with all pretty women whose noses tilt a little.

Look at Mrs. Phil Lydig. Famous, Newport society leader—and pretty? There isn't a single man in the Newport set but thinks she is one of the fetchingest creatures whose nose ever proved itself undeniably heavenly.

This silhouette surgery, cruel as it appears, really has a pronounced sociological as well as ethnological value, predicated on strictly scientific grounds. It demonstrates that the noses of women in widely different walks of life may be marked by a strong family resemblance, as witness Billie, that favorite of the stage, and Mrs. Lydig, that favorite of Newport.

But, the critical may remark, there exists no longer any difference between the two social orders, Billie being at any minute liable to marry into some Gould or Vanderbilt set, and Newport being always a good deal of a circus on its own hook.

A DUCHESS IN SHADOW

Consider, then, Consuelo Vanderbilt. Now, when she was simply nice little Consuelo, everybody knew her nose was made to hold at least a quarter of the beauties that lay in old Omar's inspiring bowl.

As soon as she became the duchess of Marlborough, with long ropes of pearls around her neck and an inalienable right to wear the ducal near-crown above her forehead, she was converted into an Englishwoman, and translated to a rung of society that left only the curves of her French heels visible to her former associates.

Ever since that ducal apotheosis, charming Consuelo's Rubaiyat nose has been successfully dissembled; even the unparalleled bitterness of the British fight against the peers failed to disclose that terrible secret of her birth. But the silhouette does. Nothing that mars, like most things that make, woman's beauty is hidden from the silhouette. Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, must still follow her nose.

Suppose, however, the silhouette test be examined as applied to famous, acknowledged, reigning beauties.

Take Lillian Russell, for instance. Flawless, indubitable, impeccable; that's her style of beauty, the Galatea and the Ninon of the modern stage. But how the silhouette does do in a flash what Lillian takes hours of exercise a day over; how it whisks away all and more of the plumpness which she so arduously combats, leaving her profile lean and, if anything, a little hawk-like! Can it be that the trusting, confiding Lillian is really as sharp and shrewd as her silhouette portrays her?

Or regard the divine Maxine. That's the word—divine. We used to think of her as Hebe, and then as Diana, and finally, as her charms ripened toward amplitude, as Venus. But with her course of marriage and divorce under Nat Goodwin, and of worldly experience as her own manager, and of royal regard in British society, there has come a look on her face of abiding wisdom, as though her last incarnation among the deities must be the stern and learned Minerva.

But note how truly the silhouette withholds her from her destiny; how firm and proud, and yet how gracious, it leaves the outline of her countenance. Maxine Elliott is one of the few handsome women to whom the shadow of their beauty is willing to be kind.

Lina Cavalieri, flawless as her face is, loses her very type in her silhouette, and seems to lose some of her few years. The Italian queen of song, whose heart has learned by rote, if not by experience, all the emotions of her sex, and whose countenance has already acquired some of the gravity that goes hand in hand with knowing, proves to be the appealing, gentle girl she has remained after all her vicarious excursions into her roles of burning passion; and again the surface charms, stripped away, leave the sheer soul bare.

THE REAL MAUDE ADAMS

Isn't it so, too, with Maude Adams, whom we are so prone to regard as a winsome little trick of womanhood, all daintiness and cleverness and nimble talent? Her silhouette doesn't say so. Far from it. The mere cleverness and winsomeness vanish, and the underlying spirit stands forth, the real Maude Adams, a woman of exceptional persistence of purpose, whose acting has grown to its admitted high level by the stern study and the inflexible self-mastery which lie back of all stage triumphs in the realm where rant and posing are anathema and exquisite detail is the supreme test.

The silhouette solves, too, the mystery of Mary Garden's attractiveness. For all her statuesque figure, however unselfishly revealed; for all her overwhelming genius in making the most of it at every pose, for all the thrills that ripple the nerves of beholders and hearers when she makes great drama of grand opera, there are those who deny her the endowment of real beauty.

Well, she has it—the beauty that is more than skin deep, that abides in the permanent contour of features large and well moulded, features admirably adapted to the more salient effects of the stage as contrasted with the finished touch demanded by close inspection.

As for that crucial test of truth, if not of flattering portraiture, all you need do is go to the silhouette to learn accuracy. It might almost be said that a woman is as old as she looks—in her silhouette.

Take only three famous society belles, and see how the adventitious aids of position, notoriety, attire, adulation, and perhaps even of coiffure and expert maid, sink into insignificance beside the undeniable fact of their actual years.

Mrs. Charles De L. Oelrichs, fair, with her features chiseled to a delicate fineness, appears indisputably the matron, qualified in her experience of life for every emergency of the social turmoil.

AN EXCEPTIONAL SHADE

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, would be credited with extreme, almost naive, youth but for the undoubted poise that is displayed in every line of her so girlishly chosen attitude. It is an exceptional silhouette, this of Colonel Astor's divorced wife, at once an evidence of the sensitive, rather than youthful, spirit she has preserved under the yoke of a marriage she could not always brook; and also of a maturity which no resilience of soul can gainsay.

Margarita Drexel is one of those unusual belles whose fame has been enhanced by an appearance of age somewhat more than they number in years.

About her already statuesque loveliness there is a completeness which ordinarily belongs to the young woman; yet she is scarcely out of her teens. In her silhouette the two or three years that lend her the much more rounded charm simply vanish; and one beholds only the girl she actually is, as though a radiograph had been taken of her innocent young spirit.

Will she be as grateful for the miracle now as she will be when she is as old, say, as Mrs. Astor? Probably not, for it is the privilege of extreme youth to long for at least a little more age, which it is sure to get fast enough, as it is the affliction of age to plead for just a little more youth, which it never gets at all.

Curious Facts

A REMARKABLE record has been commemorated at Teignmouth by the presentation to Miss Linter, organist of the parish church of St. Michael, East Teignmouth, of an illuminated address and a purse of 130 sovereigns, subscribed by parishioners and others. The post of organist in the church has remained uninterruptedly in the Linter family since the year 1803, when Miss Linter's father, William Linter, became organist of the chuch.

The pet dog show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, in London, drew a great crowd, chiefly of women, and the old familiar scenes of luxury were witnessed in every avenue of the nearly 1000 pens. But all records in this direction were surpassed by the miniature iron bedstead with mattress, sheets, blanket, quilt, hangings and all complete, in which a 4-month-old Pekinese spaniel reposed. The smallest dog in the show was Messrs. Willson's miniature black-and-tan terrier. It weighed only 2 pounds 2 ounces, and was brought to the exhibition in a man's coat pocket. The lightest dog, however, was a Yorkshire terrier of 1 pound 14 ounces, with a delightfully groomed coat of silken fleece.

Nirvana

MY LOVE was queen in Memphis,
Her slave an Argive prince—
I loved you then of many men,
Have loved you ever since.

When morning smote the Memnon
And thrilled the wine-sweet air,
I drank the fire of all desire,
The cup of all despair.
For you were like a lily,
And I a rower bent,
Who watched your smile within the Nile
In hopeless wonderment.
And heard you chant to Isis
In softer tones than Greek,
And oh! 'twas sweet to feel your feet
Upon my neck and cheek.
But, Memnon long is silent,
Your palace lost in sand;
But, O my queen, you reign supreme,
Your Argive still command.
Ah, weary lips of pleasure,
And pallid lips of pain,
Enough of life, of birth and strife
When death shall take us twain,
Who quaffed the lees of ages
With laughter less than tears,
And drank the wine in sorrow's shrine
Of human hopes and fears.
But peace we ask and passage
To where the high gods keep
From mortal eyes in starless skies
Eternal dreamless sleep.

William Mountain.

The Eclipse of the Chorus Girl in London

A Typical Children's Scene from "The Blue Bird."

FIVE HUNDRED children are playing on the English stage. There are children in the ballets and in the choruses, children stars and children supers—no end of children—and London, who has 300 of the total, is simply in ecstasies.

The beauties who once dazzled and captivated the beaux of Pall Mall have been eclipsed by the little tots who please the fickle fancy of all London.

FOR some reason London has tired of chorus girls, dancing girls, distracted tragedians and laboriously funny comedians, and has cultivated a new craze, that is almost a mania, for children on the stage. Of course, Barrie is responsible for it all. Barrie started it by writing "Peter Pan," but he certainly had nothing to do with a half dozen other plays which have followed.

Children rule the boards. They dance in the places of the one-time chorus. They pose in their spotlight and wake the echoes of applause that once answered to maturer voices.

London goes in a body to see the children play, and their number is legion. Fate has been cruel to the vestals of the mask, for they have fallen before an invading host of youngsters in the great metropolis.

If "Peter Pan" had peculiar merits upon which the craze sustained itself, why, the craze would have lived in "Peter Pan" alone. But it has spread and is spreading to other plays, to all plays, in fact, wherein children have a part. At present there are 300 clever, spry little tots holding crowded houses in London alone, and their number is increasing.

Woe betide the chorus lady. She sadly folds up her pink tights and packs them away in camphor and mothballs, to await the coming of a better day. Why, they say—but this is not quite authentic—that all the old-time chubby waitresses and barmaids of the metropolis have been displaced this year by an invading force of petite maidens of radiant beauty, who have an instinctive fashion of skipping into unholy steps when a customer whistles a tune.

At any rate, the children must certainly be putting to rout a great number of grown-up professionals on the stage, for they are acting in some of the leading theaters, and their numbers are astonishing.

Whether or not the London populace, that formerly delighted in a display of well-filled hosiery and knowing smiles, has grown domestic in its tastes and finds genuine pleasure in the artlessness of youngsters, the craze is still a puzzle in the dramatic world. "How long will it last?" they ask. "Is it a just appreciation of a truer form of art, based upon the naivete of children and its close alliance to true art, or is it no more than a liking for cuteness, which will in time palll?" they ask again.

Then the playwrights puzzle themselves and seek their oracles, saying: "Shall we write this season on 'Why He Left Her,' or shall we reperuse Mother Goose, Grimm and Andersen and turn our facile genius to 'Toodles and the Bad Fairies' or some such theme?"

In "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's Theater, there are more than 100 youngsters; "Where Children Rule," at the Garrick, there are sixty-five; in the "Blue Bird," most grotesque of all fairy productions, at the Haymarket, there are fifty-three; in "Alice in Wonderland" there are forty, and in "Peter Pan," of wide fame, at the Duke of York's, there are twenty.

The plays themselves are strictly children's dramas, fantastic, dreamlike, full of the quaint impossible. But when the parents take their children to see the fairy plays they usually go again themselves, and that is why they are popular with the managers. They appeal to grown audiences.

Perhaps it is an appeal to the childhood that still lingers secreted somewhere in their beings. Perhaps it is the memory of just such enthralling fantasies which they once formulated and still hold dear. Perhaps it is the poetic instinct.

These plays are utterly different from the old-time Christmas pantomimes and the like. They are written by literary men, for the most part, and there is real merit in their lines.

"Peter Pan" is known to all. The "Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck, is the play of the hour. There are two charming little girls who take the parts of Mytyl and Qytyl, respectively Pauline Gilmer and Olive Walter. Their work is a remarkable feat of memory, but aside from this they have a real genius for acting. "Pinkie and the Fairies" has brought forth a youthful comedian in Master Hampden, who plays the herald, and a very graceful, charming little fairy queen is Florrie Lewis. Philip Tonge and Iris Hawkins are two very pretty, talented children in the same cast.

"Where Children Rule," a play that turns the world upside down and makes the parents go to school and take spankings, has its fairy queen, as well. She is a sweet little girl with an exceptionally guileless smile, named Marjorie Dane. The real genius of this cast, however, is Bobbie Andrews, who plays David, the scout, with remarkable power. Then, there is "Alice in Wonderland," the same old story, ever dear to childish hearts. Ivy Sawyer, playing the part of Alice, is the leading child's role.

In addition to these tiny stars, it must be remembered that there are scores of youngsters just as tiny in the minor parts, in the choruses, ballets and "supers" lists, where grown-ups used to rule. "Where Children Rule" applies not only to the Garrick Theater this season, but to the whole dramatic sphere in London.

Even Cyril Maude, of much fame and favor, has decided to take Elise Craven, the child who starred in "Pinkie and the Fairies" last season, as a co-star. The lights of the stage are compromising with their fate by linking themselves with children. It seems to be a last hope in the present stage of the children's fever. Happy is the actor who can find a place in a children's cast. Until he or she is supplanted by a clever youngster it is the only security.

Baroness von Hutton, the American author of "Pam," is playing the "auntie" part in "Pinkie" this year, and there are many who once had standing of their own now happy to play the minor roles while their nieces, children and even grandchildren usurp the spotlight.

Where it will end or how it will end no man knows, but certain it is that the public will not forever and exclusively revel in fairy plays. There will come a turn, doubtless. The chorus lady will unpack her tinseled garments and the baby actor will go back to the nursery to give a good old-fashioned play in the wholesome light of the daytime.