

WHO IS THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN ALL ENGLAND?

WHO is the prettiest woman in England?

That is a question which must be decided ere long. When it is known, the woman will become famous and she will go down in history as the court beauty of King Edward's day. Not since the eleventh century has there been such a beauty war. Then it was decided by bloodshed.

For weeks all England has been aroused over this query, and the contest which has ensued. A regular election is in progress to settle it. Votes are flying about and London, the scene of the fray, is turned into a veritable voting poll, with women's names upon the balloting slips. A little voting match which was started in June has now opened out until it has become of national importance.

King Edward has always been considered a connoisseur on women's beauty. No woman interests him unless she is more than passing fair. He has certain definite ideas as to what constitutes feminine beauty, and is decided in his tastes. He likes the type of women with these peculiarities:

- She must be feminine in type, not strong featured nor masculine.
- She must not be too large.
- She must be oval faced.
- And she must look like Queen Alexandra.

All of King Edward's favorites, when he was prince of Wales and attended lively house parties, were of the Queen Alexandra type. The king, who is immensely sentimental, has always admired women of the Alexandra style. One after one favorites came before him and were selected as card partners, cotillon leaders, hunting companions and the like. Yet all were something like Queen Alexandra in complexion and style. It was the highest and most subtle compliment he could pay his wife. Compelled to attend functions, from which she was barred by ill-health, he made it known that he preferred women of her stamp and kind.

Questions to Vote Upon
The beauty contest in England is divided into questions which are as follows:

- First—What society woman in England has the prettiest figure?
- Second—Who dresses the best?
- Third—Who has the most classic features?
- Fourth—Who is the most distinctively English?
- Fifth—What woman, not English, is the most beautiful member of English society?
- Sixth—Who has the most beautiful hair?
- Seventh—What is your favorite type of beauty, and are you prejudiced by preconceived notions?
- Eighth—For whom would you cast your vote if you could cast only one vote?

These questions have been answered in various ways, some saying that they were prejudiced in favor of this one and some in favor of that one. One voter said he thought Mrs. Bradley Martin the most beautiful woman in England on account of her charities, adding the old adage, "Handsome is as handsome does."

To the surprise of everybody, such old favorites as Mrs. Cornwallis West and Lady Randolph Churchill received many votes. The latter is now Mrs.



Mrs. Bradley Martin



Lady Curzon



Duchess of Westminster

George West, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Cornwallis West. Lady William Beresford, once Lily, duchess of Marlborough, also got many votes, showing that there were those true to the beauty of ten years ago.

But the great majority have been cast for the younger leaders. These are



Queen Alexandra



Miss Gladys Deacon

most young matrons, for in England the unmarried woman is still a girl, hardly worth considering from a social standpoint until she is married; and, in the contest, the votes are about evenly divided between American and English matrons. At one time the decision stood like this:
Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, in the lead. Then came the princess of Pleas. Following her was Miss Wilson, and second to her came Lady Brooke,

now the countess of Warwick, who is a veteran in society, but more beautiful than ever. Then came the string of popular favorites, with Queen Alexandra loyally placed near the head.

American Beauties in Favor
Mrs. Clarence Mackay when abroad was frequently called the most beautiful woman, and Lady Curzon has been named as a beauty too often to be counted out. At one time she was in



Duchess of Marlborough



Duchess of Manchester



Countess of Warwick

The English ideal is tall and slender. Miss Lella Paget, partly English and partly American, and Miss Gladys Deacon are both of that type. The head is small and well poised, as, for example, the head of Lady Curzon and of her sister, the countess of Suffolk, who is remarkable for her height, the length of her neck, and for her beautiful little head, well set upon her slender shoulders, which, though slim, are wide and elegantly proportioned.
This isn't England's first contest of this sort. Once upon a time Louis XI, designing to learn the handsomest woman in England, offered a prize for a portrait of the handsomest of his subjects. Two led the contest. One was a milkmaid, who, with butter bowl in hand, wandered through an orchard. The other was a court favorite. Clothed in cloth of gold and gold lace—which

was invented by Louis XI.—she appeared upon the canvas resplendent. She won the prize, for Louis XI. was immensely pleased at the subtle flattery of the wearing of the gold lace.

Delights of an Average Duke

The duke of Alderney and Jersey sat in his library calculating the total of numerous bills before him, when a timid knock sounded on the door. He bade the visitor enter and an American girl came shyly in. Without rising he waved her to a chair. He had seen her at various social functions during the London season, but had scarcely given her a casual thought, as no rumors of her available wealth had reached his ears. She was in a tremor of anxious trepidation and did not speak.

"Well?" he said, after waiting half a minute for some explanation of the inopportune visit. "Well?"

"I beg your grace's pardon," she said, rising and approaching him; "I have come to ask the hand of your son, Reginald, in marriage."

"Um—er," he frowned, hesitating; "you know he is my eldest son and will succeed to the title some day. His wife will be a duchess."

"Yes, your grace, but I love him and he loves me. He told me so," she hurried on, trembling, but with courage. "Will you give your consent?"

"Tut, tut, young woman!" protested the duke. "Love is an antique. There are modern considerations of more importance. Can you support him in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

The haunting fear went out of her eyes. The clouds rolled by. The sunshine irradiated her face. She was herself again.

"Oh, yes, your grace," she cried joyously. "I have a million dollars a year income."

The duke sprang to his feet, scattering the unpaid bills to the several winds of heaven and the other place.

"That's the stuff, my dear young lady," he exclaimed, taking her by the hands. "Of course you have my consent, also my blessing and my thanks. If you can pay his bills it's more than I can do. Blessings on you!"

She didn't wait for details. Joyously confident she ran out of the library to her automobile, where Reginald waited impatiently, grabbing up a dual coronet she found in the grand hallway to be sure she could show something for her money.

VANILLA CULTURE IN HAWAII

Experiment That May Mean Much to the Islands

From The World Today.
The vanilla plant is grown in Bourbon on the east coast of Africa, in the Seychelles islands, Tahiti, Fiji and Mexico. The Mexican vanilla bean is the best and the Tahitian the poorest product, the former fetching from \$4 to \$20 a pound, while the latter does not bring more than half a dollar a pound in the market.

E. H. Edwards, a planter of long experience in the Seychelles islands, while on a trip to Hawaii, was impressed with the suitability of the region near Kona to the culture of vanilla, and determined to introduce the plant. Going to the Fiji islands he brought back about 11,000 cuttings, but one-fourth of these died on the way to Hawaii, from being placed in the hold instead of on the deck of the steamer. Though the cost of labor in the Hawaiian islands is high, as compared with that in other countries in which vanilla is produced, the bean can be marketed at about \$1.50 per pound. As vanilla of the quality grown in Kona fetches \$5 a pound on an average and an acre yields from 250 to 300 pounds the crop is highly profitable.

A HEROINE OF FICTION

Who is the great phenomenon?
The chorus girl.
Who loses diamonds by the ton?
The chorus girl.
Who pauses, and thereby wins fame,
A vast inheritance to claim,
But keeps on dancing just the same?
The chorus girl.
Who calmly shows a courage rare?
The chorus girl.
Who rescues people here and there?
The chorus girl.
Who in brave deeds finds so much bliss
That Joan of Arc, compared to this,
Is but a shy and shrinking miss?
The chorus girl.
Who smiles when'er such things she reads?
The chorus girl.
Who's most astonished by the screeds?
The chorus girl.
And who at homeward she doth go,
Exclaims, with just a tinge of do, "My! Don't I wish these things were so?"
The chorus girl.
—Washington Star.

COTTON ASSETS

Whitney had just invented the cotton gin.
"No," he sighed, "there's more money in inventing the cotton leak."
Herewith he sadly perceived that he could never be up-to-date.—Puck.
An Automobile Score
Mrs. Backmedders—"What's them numbers on the automobile fer, Hiram?" Mr. Backmedders—"Why, that's the feller's score. It shows how many folks he's run over."—Chicago Daily News.
A Mean Bank
Mrs. Backbay—Why, Emerson, what's the trouble?
Emerson—Oh, Mamma! I don't believe I'll be able to withdraw my funds when Mr. Lawson gives the word!—Puck.
Undimayed
The frugal housewife was not dismayed, however.
"It is true," she said, "that the bird which the butcher has sent up is much too tough to serve for dinner, but I daresay I can trim my new opera hat with it, very effectively."—Puck.

Want to Know

The Farmer—Goats? We ain't got no goats.
The City Boy—Then where do you get the buttermilk?—Leslie's Weekly.

The Lighter Side of Things

FASHION'S PHASES

When first I whispered words of love,
When first you turned aside to hear,
The winged griffin flew above,
The mammoth gaily gambol'd near;
I wore the latest thing in skins,
Your dock-leaf dress had just been men-d
And fastened up with fish's fins—
The whole effect was really splendid.
Again—we wandered by the Nile,
In Egypt's far, forgotten land,
And watched the festive crocodile
Devour papyrus from your hand.
Far off across the plain we saw
The trader urge his flying camel;
Bright shone the scarab belt you wore,
Clasped with a sphinx of rare enamel.
Again—on Trojan plain I knelt;
Alas! in vain I strove to speak
And tell you all the love I felt.
In more or less Homeric Greek;
Perhaps my helmet strap was tight
—and checked the thoughts I fain would utter.
Or else your robe of dreamy white
Bewildered me and made me stutter.
Once more we change the mise-en-scene;
The white road curves across the hill;
Excitement makes you rather plain,
But on the whole I love you still.
As wreathed with bells and goggles blue,
And clad in mackintosh and leather,
Snug in our motor built for two
We skin the Brighton road together.
—Owen Seaman in Punch.
TAINTED FINANCE
A curate—some what of a saint—
Sought funds his small chapel to paint,
And with every donation
Went this conversation:
"I hope it ain't tainted?"
"It ain't."
—Puck.

"IN ADAM'S FALL"

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, was Adam very happy in the Garden of Eden?
Chorus of Pupils—Yessum!
Teacher—And what great misfortune happened which ended his happiness?
Chorus—The Lord made 'im a wife!—Cleveland Leader.
At the Theater
Gayboy—These entr'actes are too infernally long.
Mrs. Hotwun—Why don't you go to sleep, then?
"If I did, what in the world would I do during the acts?"—Translated for Tales from La Journal Amusant.
Only Way to Celebrate
Tuffold Knutt was taking a bath in the river.
Mosely Wraggs happened along.
"That looks a thunderin' sight like work," commented the latter.
"I know it," responded Tuffold Knutt. "That's why I'm doin' it. I'm on me vacation."—Chicago Tribune.

THE CASE OF JIM

Maw's callin' from the milkhouse,
Callin' stern;
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin',
Come an' churn."
Paw's callin' from the cornpatch,
Callin' loud;
"James, yer hulkin, stupid loafer,
Time yer plowed."
Nature's callin' from the trout brook,
Callin' whish;
"Son, yer poor, tired, lazy feller,
Come an' fish."
Stranger, if we just swapped places,
Put it clear;
Which of all the three a-callin'
Would you hear?
A ROOF GARDEN ROUNDelay
He was tall and quite athletic,
With a heart most sympathetic,
And a passion for the chorus
Did in his system lurk;
But the price of birds and bubbles,
Was the cause of all his troubles,
And his bank roll slowly faded,
So he had to go to work.
—E. W. Dunn.
NO SOUNDING
Dan Cupid has a dozen wives,
His unsuspecting foes to keep,
Beware the hammock, you may be
Kicked in the cradle of the deep.
—Puck.
THE SMALL BOY
He knows not who slew Goliath
Or who by the ravens was fed,
For Sunday-school picnics are over
And Christmas-tree ages ahead.
—New York Sun.

HIS LOYAL SUBSCRIBERS

"How do you get so many subscribers?" asked the visitor to the office of the great magazine.
"Just between you and me I'll tell you the secret. All the manuscripts sent in I keep. I answer the contributors and tell them the stuff will be used as soon as available. That makes them subscribers for life."—Indianapolis Star.
Entertaining the Actor
"We had quite a prominent actor as a guest at our house the other evening."
"Gracious! Didn't you find it hard to entertain him?"
"Oh, no, we just handed him a bunch of photographs and his own was among them. He amused himself for hours!"—Philadelphia Press.
Rightly Named
Sympathetic Lady—"Very sad that your husband should have lost his leg! How did it happen?"
Mrs. Muggles—"Why, he got run over by one of these 'ere subtraction engines, miss!"—Punch.
Sleep Talkin'
Doctor—"Do you talk in your sleep?"
Patient—"No, I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman."—Brooklyn Life.
"Yes, I quarreled with my wife about nothing."
"Why didn't you make up?"
"I'm going to. All I'm worried about now is the indemnity."—Pittsburg Post.
MOTHER GOOSE MODERNIZED
There was a man and he had naught,
So creditors quick sought him;
They hung around his house all day,
Their bills collectors brought him.
But he got out the house disguised,
And ere the bunch could find him,
A bankrupt he had been declared,
And left his debts behind him.
—Puck.
FILLING THE BILL
Said the gas office clerk:
"I'm performing my work
With great and exceptional skill.
It is widely agreed
That I always succeed
In thoroughly filling the bill."
—Washington Star.
A Success Salad
To choicest cuts of Energy
And eggs of cold, hard Cash
Add freely oil—Diplomacy—
With salt of Tact—a dash—
Bedeck with Leaves of Cheerfulness
And pepper well with Nerve—
Behold, your Salad of Success
Is ready—stir and serve!
—Ernest Neal Lyon, in Life.
Mother Goose Modernized
Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean.
Quoth Jack: "Dear Prue, the thing to do
Is very clear, I ween."
With that they went to Dr. Kent,
Who said they had jaundice,
A punctured gland, the jaundice and
Perhaps appendicitis.
One View of Value
"What were you stolen diamonds worth?"
"The younger reporter said,
"They certainly were worth at least
A column," chirped the chorus maid.
—TOMAS B. CHRISTAL.