

HERE IS THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF PHOTOS IN THE SUNDAY CALL'S GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST



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WHIGHAM PHOTO

WHO can appreciate a beautiful woman? Beauty is so essentially in the eye of the beholder that though it be a "joy forever" it is largely influenced by standards and points of view. What is beauty? Is it a matter of form, of feature, of expression, of color, of animation, of repose? Is it something intangible, evanescent, not to be expressed? Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent fraud; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, royalty without force; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world, and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

Lord Clarendon has declared that it was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask. Yet the question, to which there are a thousand and a two answers, arises again. What is beauty?

The East Indian beauty blackens her teeth and files them to points in order to meet the strenuous demands of the East Indian taste. The swarthy charmer of the Soudan hangs a ring through her nose and upper lip to win favor in the sight of man. The Egyptian maiden stains her brows, hair and finger tips red with henna to prove her claim to the elusive word. The Chinese martyr to the royal title binds her feet till she stifles shrieks of pain to assert her right to the prerogative.

These are all merely standpoints, but why dispute their claim? American standards are measured by American tastes, which speak in favor, first, of feature, next of expression. It is a singular fact that a man regarding a pair of splendid eyes will usually declare the possessor of them a beauty. In this he is in accord with the French woman, who, discussing the possibilities of a debutante, said: "Give me beautiful eyes, and I will do the rest." It is quite possible; yet, if it is true that an effect of beauty can be created so perfect as to deceive those who gaze upon it, the question—vexed and apparently unanswerable—recurs with increasing force. What is beauty?

Californians are answering that question to their own satisfaction. If your preference is for beauty of feature alone, classic, unchanging in its lines, you will see it among the types represented in this contest. If you confess to a weakness for beauty of expression you will find that, too. Each picture sent in has its peculiar charm—its subtlety of magnetism—but there must be the one! She who will delight all eyes by showing forth the beauties of an exquisite, perfect head. For the head is, as Addison said, "the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, given it airs and graces that cannot be described and surrounded it with such a shade of flowing hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works."

So even Addison admits that beauty—the real Simon-pure article—is more or less indescribable. But Californians admit no such thing. They know a beautiful woman when they see her, and are not going to be slow about fixing on the California beauty when she appears. She is here—the most beautiful woman in America—and she will be hailed as such when found.

Send in photos of beautiful members of your family or of your circle of friends. By so doing you may win the prize of gold and the laurels of a distinguished honor for her whom you know to be beautiful. Inclose postage so that the photo may be returned to you eventually.

Address Beauty Editor, The Call, San Francisco.

