

THE blessings of beauty they say, are mixed. You would not believe it but four out of five really beautiful people said that!

It isn't that they would be without beauty or good looks. Oh no, once you have a taste for power, you can't give it up—the power of being clever than the average, the power of being prettier than the average, the power of being stronger, power of being richer—it is hard to part with power.

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 Good looking men and women have in their own way a raw deal as some very or-

by Mrs. Habeeb

dinary actions of theirs are misconstrued. What a person with plain looks can do and get away without any one giving it a single thought, raises eye-brows and comments like "He thinks he can do as he likes just because he is handsome."

Or else at a party the pretty girl is just being herself and still attracts a crowd, but of course she is supposed to have given them sweet-smiles and "come-hither" looks.

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 If a man or a of average looks is successful at a party and is the centre of the crowd,

Blessings of Beauty

they are given their due, their virtues eulogized and termed a good sport, generally, but similar success of good looking people is sometimes resented as they already have a handicap, while the plain ones seem to be successful on their own merits.

Right from babyhood the good-looking child bears praises and also catty remarks. In childhood some smarter children make funny remarks about the good looks, then the teenagers find they enjoy being good-looking and getting the small special attentions, which, try as they may, to avoid, is laid at their feet. The boys jump up to give a seat, to offer a cigarette, to open doors, to fetch drinks etc. The girls all want to drop his name in their conversation to show they know this Adonis. If he is stuck with some girl at a party, and when he enjoys her company or not, the ball starts rolling and coupling them together.

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 A beautiful girl who dresses

beautiful people are not so conscious all the time of their looks, and the effect in people—not after the initial stage of discovery—so they wonder if the superlative admiration is Fact or Flattery.

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 One good friend of mine is supposed to have fooled around with a succession of girls, rich and poor, plain and proud, young and not so young; girls chased him wherever he went, fell at his feet and showered compliments at him; even now when he has settled down with the lucky lady, she too continues the compliments galore along with their friends. So I asked him how it felt to be complimented all the time over a period of so many years and guess what he answered:

"You never know whether someone is pulling your leg,"

with care is something so glamorous to look at that every one says she overdresses! Not average good looks, but really handsome people are mostly supposed to be fickle, and their top stories are supposed to be vacant positions.

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 But if the people are suspicious of Beautiful Beings, they too are as suspicious of people's remarks. Because really