

Famous & Beauties & of & the & World.

It is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

THERE are two things beautiful in life: women and roses,' says the tenderly flattering Persian, who beate her, tyrannizes over her, enslaves her, but wreathes her with flowers, sings to her, enshrines her, guards her, and worships at her feet. 'Shirin! Shirintar! and Shirintarin!' he cries in the ecstasy of his delight—Sweet! sweeter! sweetest! Only the velvet, perfumed richness of the rose suggests the subtle intoxication of her loveliness. The Oriental is franker and more imaginative, but all the world adores with him; and at whatever degree of latitude or longitude beauty condescends to exist, there is an altar set up, and there worshippers abound.

What it is—of what it consists—the ages, the poets and painters, and the concourse of all the nations have not been able to accurately determine or define. In the eye of the beholder? But by what laws that eye, without previous training, instinctively differentiates at a glance is not thereby explained. All peoples agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly: and yet women as fragile as thistle-down, and consumed with a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than that of the rosiest young maiden. Helen, the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair, and Cleopatra was 'little and black,' it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain: the amount of feminine beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight ten years for even the most radiant beauty to day; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile. In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women in all but the wealthiest classes were illy protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy manual labour, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and like the peasants of many of the Latin nations to-day, while they may have had a certain *beauté du diable* in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age can not wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest, age by age, lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer trudged with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labours to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needlework, to

knit, to thrum the strings of mandoline and lute, to curl the silken tresses of their infants, and smooth the brows and bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors. The palms grew, like Desdemona's, moist and tender; the nails, no longer broken with coarse labour, gleamed like the delicate, transparent sacre of a shell. The skin, protected from sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine-like curls, and took the smooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food gave rounded con-



THE PEARL OF SEVILLE.
(Carmenita.)

tours; long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last the modern beauty was evolved. Heine says that the sculpture and the women of Italy had a double reflective influence upon each other. The sculptor, living amid the statueque women, modelled divine ideals, and the women unconsciously absorbed impressions of beauty from the statues that reproduced themselves in their offspring.

Some vague consciousness of this process has taught the modern man to adorn his home with all the triumphs of art.

The Princess of Wales is one of nature's queens who seem born with regal grace and dignity of disposition as well as of appearance. Even while she was the young Danish Princess Alexandra, her beauty was famous throughout Europe, and when the Prince of Wales came to look among the marriageable princesses of Europe for a wife, he quickly fell in love with Denmark's favourite beauty. She was nineteen years of age at the time of the wedding in Windsor Castle, and had been only three days in England; but the whole of the English nation fell in love with her, and her position as the prospective queen of England is one which is gladly conceded by her future subjects. Her silver wedding was celebrated last year, but she is still one of the most lovely women in Europe. A few years ago she was made Doctor of Music of Oxford University, and our portrait shows her in the academical costume of that degree.

How much this care and tenderness (alluded to in the first part of our article) increases the sum of beauty is clearly exemplified in America, where it is notorious that women are more universally fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life than in any other country, and where it is equally and famously certain that the women surpass all others in the flower-like delicacy and perfection of their loveliness. To make a list of only the most famous of these would leave no room for mention of the

women of other nations. Two, whose prominent positions upon the stage have made their beauty of world-wide fame, are Mary Anderson and Corn Urquhart Foster, who are both distinctively American in their type, though very unlike one another in features. Both are tall, exquisitely slim, with faces of flower-like softness and delicacy, and with a certain air of fine, keen brilliance and vivacity that is seen in the faces of no other type. Mary Anderson was born in Sacramento in 1859, and removed to Louisville, Kentucky, while still a small child, remaining there until her sixteenth year, when she made her first appearance on the stage in Albaugh's Opera House, playing for one night only in 'Romeo and Juliet,' to a business of forty-eight dollars. Her next appearance was in New Orleans, and the rest of her career is well known to the public.

A charming story is told of Mary Anderson's girlhood in Kentucky, *si non é vero é ben trovato*. Her parents were not rich at the time, and she sometimes went on errands that should have been the duty of the servants. One evening just at dusk she caught up an old hat and ran without a pitcher in her hand. Louisville is quiet enough on the more retired streets at that hour for one to hope that such an errand might pass unobserved. She was then a tall, angular girl of fourteen, desperately shy and conscious of her hat and dress, and when she saw coming around the corner one of the local young swells, she made a dash in the other direction, but like sweet Kitty of Coleraine her foot tripped, she stum'ed, the pitcher it tumbled. The young man gave one irrepressible laugh, and next moment ran forward and picked up the red, wretched, and discomfited maiden, who flung away from his inquiries and offers of assistance, and ran home in tears. Twelve or more years later, when the provincial swell had become a celebrated journalist, he was bidden to a reception in honour of the young actress who had conquered all the English-speaking people. When he was presented she held out her hand impulsively and cried: 'I have waited for this twelve years; it is one of my triumphs.' Then to his puzzled inquiries, she replied: 'Do you remember the little girl who fell down in Louisville one evening? I suppose not; but I went home and cried all the night, as only a girl of that age can weep over a *gaucherie*. I knew you by sight and reputation, and thought you a very splendid person, and I vowed then through my tears that I would some day revenge myself for that laugh by becoming famous enough to make you feel it an honour to meet me. And I have never forgotten the episode, because it was the first step I made on the road I have since travelled.'

The English ideal of female fairness is something quite distinct from the product of American environment,—more calm, less vivacious, more regular and staturesque, less bewitching and beguiling. Of the pure Anglo-Saxon type, Lady Londonderry is the very flower and crown. Tall as a daughter of the gods, slim as the legendary alder from which Odin made woman, dazzlingly fair, every feature perfectly modelled, and with the haughty repose that marks the daughter of a hundred earls, she is the highest possible result of noble Norman blood. It took many generations of chivalric ancestors—men on horseback—to give her such a poise of the head and shoulders; many hundred years of ease, luxury, the habit of command, training, and education to perfect such a type as this. Lady Londonderry is only a



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us have in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!



MARY ANDERSON.
(Madame Navarro.)