

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 27 1895.

## WHAT MAKES A LOVELY WOMAN?

Is it Form or Figure, Face or Feature, or Merely Character and True Womanhood shining Out From the Soul?—A Question Most Difficult to Answer Partially Solved at Least by the Views of Twenty Notable People.

The "woman question" has become one of the questions of the day. The new generation of hysterical English novelists has magnified it into an importance far beyond its deserts. In its crazes over the Tribes and the Tenses of contemporary fiction, the old-fashioned woman seems to have gone to the wall. It has been with the hope of bringing her forward again that this query has been put to a few famous people as to what the charm of women is really due. However varied their answers may be, they show one thing, that the old-fashioned woman lives in the hearts of every one to-day, and that such a she is invariably wanted for guide, counsellor, mother and wife. It is a vindication of the "womanly woman."

Mrs. Kendall's Views.

We are all lovely in somebody's eyes. For instance, no matter how plain a child may be, in its mother's eyes it is a thing of beauty. Charles Dickens says "plain women always talk of their brains," and quite right that they should, if their brains are worth talking about. He also says in one of his works, "Eyes may fade, hair fall off, cheeks wither, and wrinkles come, but the touch of a beautiful hand never dies." The power of brain and the touch of a hand rise to my mind at this moment, when I think of that never to be forgotten woman, George Eliot. When people first saw her she struck them as being really plain, but when she began to talk, that opinion changed.

"Her voice was ever low and sweet, an exquisite thing in woman." And George Eliot's voice was low and sweet—a most exquisite voice. Her words were always well chosen. Whenever she wished to impress you very much, she would lay her hand on your arm or shoulder. Plainness vanished, and she became in the eyes of those who loved her, quite beautiful. It is not what we are, but the eyes of the people that regard us that makes us either beautiful or plain. If some one wishes to take out and view us through a pair of crystal spectacles, we shall appear precisely as they see us.

If, on the contrary, they use a pair of green spectacles, they shall see us from their own point of view, most of our disagreeable traits appearing, even to an exaggerated degree, before them.

Every woman at some time or other in her life has wished for a beautiful face, but many have had to be content without it. God has given us compensating measures for everything. I have met many beautiful women in my life, and I have only fault to find with them. They do not cross "the bridge of years" with proper equanimity. They get a little irritable, to put it mildly, when they first discover that the gentleman with the wings is bidding them "good evening" and that the gentleman with the scythe is most anxious to make their acquaintance. Now, the gentleman with the wings treats us all more or less alike—in a light-hearted and genial manner, touching us sometimes with his golden arrow, lightly and pleasantly and is more or less on our side all the days of our lives. But the gentleman with the scythe is a very different person altogether. He will make our acquaintance whether we like it or not, and he is a most peculiar person. Some women, when they know he is coming to knock at their door, hide themselves in the cellar—placing cosmetics on their faces and bangs on their heads—they refuse to admit him, and tell their butler they are out. The weight of the scythe the gentleman carries is heavy, and he considers it his privilege to knock at everybody's door when he chooses. But the clever, bright woman, knowing he is coming, meets him on the threshold, saying, "Come in, Mr. Time; I am very pleased to see you! How do you do? Welcome! I was expecting you; pray come in and rest a little. Let me relieve you from some of your difficult duties!" This gentleman expands immediately into a beautiful smile, and, seeing before him a sensible-minded woman, touches her forehead, her eyes and her hair with a very gentle hand, and pays her only a short visit.

These are the women who go over "the bridge of years" easily, and this is the compensating measure that the Almighty Power has meted out. In every country youth and beauty is worshipped, but nowhere more than in America.

Some women tell us they wish to be beautiful for the sake of their own sex only. I do not believe them. Beauty is given us certainly to please all. But, nowadays, the young girl knows it will buy her title, position, or anything else she may most desire. To those who possess it, I give my hearty congratulations. Let them preserve it in purity and nobility. But the plain, homely women need not despair. They can still fall back upon the intelligence of their brains, and the respect of mankind, if they cannot gain their fervid admiration.

MADON KENDALL.

One "Loveliest Woman."

A lovely woman is always a beautiful woman. She may not be a beautiful woman outside; but inside—oh, my! isn't she an angel! No? Some think of call-

ing her beautiful. Eyes black or blue? Nobody ever noticed them. She suits us," they say; "She is just right."

My lovely woman is merry-hearted and fun-loving. She is bewitching, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman. She is a perpetual sunbeam. Everybody loves her, from rich old Bunsby, who lives in the big house on the hill, to the negro hack driver. "She's just the right sort of a girl," they all say. "She'll do to tie to." The beaux of the town vie with each other in showing her attention. She does not flirt, but she is honest and loving to all. So the young men just adore her.

"Do girls love her, too?"

Why, yes. She never says spiteful things behind their backs. She gives pleasure only. The girls all come to her for help and advice. When Jennie comes to her with her eyes all red and says, "I hate Willie Peters," my lovely girl says, "Tut, tut, Jenny, don't cry any more," and she manages to meet Willie and talks so sweetly about Jennie that Willie's eyes are all tears too. Then when Jennie and Willie meet, the trouble is settled, and Willie squeezes Jennie's hand, and the old love is all on fire again.

Old ladies say: "She is simply delightful!" My lovely girl knows just how to manage them. She listens to their tales of rheumatism and neuralgia until they feel cured, and when they meet the doctor they forget their sickness, and exclaim only, "Isn't Mamie Gardner sweet?"

But by-and-bye my lovely girl gets married. The young and elegant clergyman from the neighboring town hears about her and falls in love with her character before he meets her. But he marries my lovely girl, and then the villagers crowd around and tell him what a prize he has won. The handsome preacher's parsonage is a haven of love. Mamie's music and embroidery come to where. The young christians come to her with their love troubles, and the deacons with their doctrinal disputes. She settles them all, and even the tenor and the alto in the choir kiss and make up. Clapping Mamie round the neck, they say: "You are the loveliest creature in this world."

ELI PERKINS.

Cleverly Defined.

A lovely woman? How shall we define her? Is she not beyond definition, a being not "too wise and good for human nature's daily food," a person tranquil, self-poised, piquante, beautiful, amiable, firm, gentle, willful perhaps, yet reasonable, strong yet tender, with wide sympathies, with loyal home loves, from youth to age responsive to all high influences in her intercourse with others essentially and always a lady, and always interesting?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Beauty Without Grace."

If Emerson may be quoted, every spirit makes its house. Comeliness of form and of face is not uncommon; but "beauty without grace is the hook with which the bat." As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The inner pattern must express itself outwardly. All high beauty has a moral element in it, which assures attractiveness and endurance. "Character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs." It is related that an actress of high renown in early youth was too plain in her own estimation for success on the stage. So she determined to become beautiful; surrounded herself with beautiful things, read beautiful books, compelled her thoughts towards the beautiful, and in the lapse of time, the miracle was wrought, and she became noted for personal beauty as well as for histrionic ability. Beauty is a development; a progression. To again quote Emerson: "A woman may speak, vote, argue cases, legislate, drive a coach, if it only comes by degrees." The "Cunning Woman" may, therefore, take heart of hope; and every woman may be beautiful in the degree that she plans for it, as the reflex of character rather than of a mirror; a thing of the spirit, rather than of paste and powder.

ELIJAH W. HALPORD.

From New England.

You are quite right in considering that sweetness and strength of character constitute the truest loveliness of woman.

MARY E. WILKINS.

Says Mrs. Dahlgren.

The loveliest woman is she whose large-heartedness makes her forget herself. She is magnetic because she is unselfish.

She is refined because she considers others.

She has a pleasing expression because she is good.

When in addition she is intelligent she becomes a leading force without knowing it.

If God has given her talent, if she is an original thinker, she is a factor in the world's progress, without being as-

Thus men lean upon her for sympathetic aid, where they might refuse her leadership if she claimed it.

The inner soul alone can give that grace and sweetness and indefinable charm that make women womanly.

MADRELINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

A Voice From The Church.

A lovely woman is a woman who without artifice wins the love of those who know her best; the woman who has strength and symmetry of personal character: who follows a true and lofty ideal with a firm will, and who adjusts herself with grace to the sphere which becomes her. She may be required to do what we call outside work for her living and for the support of those dependent upon her, but the womanly quality is so manifest in all her movement and spirit that the demands of business and of society never mar the gentleness, the firmness, the purity which are always associated in the mind of wise men with the true ideal of womanhood.

JOHN H. VINCENT, B.ishop.

Mrs. Lease's Ideal.

That rare unselfishness, which, leaving no thought for effect or result, prompts the thoroughly natural bestowal of gracious acts kind words and pleasant looks, which sweeten the giver and strengthen the receiver. Such a character brightens and blesses the world, and all who come within the radius of her presence exclaim involuntarily, "She is a lovely woman!"

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

They are Angels.

When I was a boy I thought that women were angels. Now that I have been married nineteen years, I know they are. That is the sum of my life's experience, and I ask of my husband no better assurance that they will never go far astray than that they shall enter upon life with that conviction. Strong and beautiful angels they are to me, better, gentler, wiser in all their innocence of business and business ways than the rest of us. A woman wrote the story book I love best of all I ever read—which I read yet whenever I can lay my hands upon it. Women undo with their hearts nine-tenths of the wrongs done in this world with their head. Woman knows how to comfort without a word where men waste—waste—waste—on long sermons.

A woman was my mother, is my sister, my wife. And two little women, as yet with baby bangs, are winding themselves about my heart-roots closer every day. What have I got to do with the "new woman," the woman of the newspapers? She doesn't exist. She is masquerading there. Put her in the home and see how she looks. Ten to one—yes, a hundred to one—she turns out what she ever is to the man who believes in her and woe to the one who does not!—his good and guardian angel, truly and always his better half.

JACOB A. RIES.

Lovely Women.

A lovely woman is womanly in all things, self-sacrificing, gentle, tender, true, full of sympathy, ready to listen, and to do little acts of kindness, as well as to great, brave and decided in the right, yet yielding in matters of slight importance. "Home-maker" could be applied to such a woman, for a sense of home comes with her presence, little children are attracted to her, old people love her, and even the animals feel her magnetism. Sisterhood in its broad sense is understood by her, and she appreciates and understands the girls and women with whom she comes in touch, even if they are in different social circles. Hearty, sympathetic, loving smiles are visible signs of the lovely or lovable woman, and what strength, cheer and encouragement these smile sunbeams develop!

With the above in mind it is delightful to realize that lovely women are found everywhere, in hospital wards, in dreary tenement house surroundings, in crowded school rooms, in the busy rush of store life in dressing establishments, in the noisy din of factory life, in the way-side cottages, in the large city homes. Dress and surroundings make little difference, and age does not count: sweetness, sympathy, love, with tactful common sense can be common property, and when they are found a lovely woman or her influence has been found. Above all, homes reveal them, for the loveliest of women are the true-mothers, tender, charming, self-sacrificing. They should be honored and revered, for so many follow out in their lives these beautifully expressed lines:

"A partnership with God is motherhood; What strength, what purity, what self-control, What love, what wisdom, should belong to her Who helps God fashion an immortal soul!"

GRACE H. DODGE.

In A Nutshell.

"What constitutes a lovely woman?" you ask. Why charm, surely. What is charm? Who knows? Can you analyze the perfume of a flower?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A Famous New York Doctor.

Woman's loveliness is effected through, first, her body; second, her mind, and third, her heart. When any of these three are beautiful, she is lovely. When all are beautiful, she is near perfection as anything on earth can be. Mere beauty of body, however, constitutes the least of her attractions. Though its power to attract is very great, it is short-lived, soon fades, and man's love for it scarcely outlasts the hour of possession. Beauty of mind—intel-

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tual brilliancy—in time proves tiresome, its charms pass away; then, too, the very seeds of discord lie ready sown, and the spring into life and choke the flowers of friendship and love as soon as a man discovers her mental superiority.

Beauty of heart "endureth forever." It has been aptly said the most beautiful thing in the world is Charity—charity in its broad sense. Sympathy, tenderness and love in the heart of woman illumine every line of her face with their halo of beauty. They shine in her eyes and are reflected in the sweet tones of her voice. More than this, the woman who is beautiful in heart is generally healthy and is always gifted with a well-balanced mind. The calming effect of such temperament on the bodily functions of its possessor results in healthfulness, and good health underlies real corporal beauty. The well-balanced mind recognizes and avoids excesses and dangers that threaten the body, and adopts a rational, wholesome mode of living.

Those loveliest women are those who are tender, sympathetic, unselfish, noble and good. Thank God for it. The world and especially America, with many such a one is blest, or life would not be worth the living.

CYRUS EDBOX.

Marie Jansen Very Serious.

Lovableness is the test of loveliness. Qualities of nature and elements of character are its essential components. "Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes, Soft as her climate and sunny as her skies." I think Byron's couplet suggests three prime attributes: Sincerity, gentleness and good-nature.

Sincerity is essentially to loveliness, for it is necessary to love. It is the bulwark of all true friendship. This noblest of virtues lend the limit of their worth when incarnate in woman, and lift her high towards the summit of human loveliness. The many absurd limitations of "polite society" may account for the silly affectations and petty deceptions peculiar to our sex. Naturalness is the highest art on the stage—in the real life of woman a quality of peculiar and refreshing fascination.

At a time when "woman's rights" have come to mean man's as well, and also the assumption of his occupations and attire, it may be well to remember that gentleness is woman's inborn and distinctive charm. Its absence weakness and unsexes her: its presence is essential to her power and loveliness. Gentleness and modesty seem ten forgotten or despised by the shrill-tongued clamorers for woman's emancipation—accent on the "man"—who appeal to man's chivalry in one breath and deny its existence in the next. The age of chivalry is past—for them. No chivalier of old would break a lance to win the trouting of his "New Woman"; but for his "pencil lady" (not even yet, absolute) there are knights to day as brave and ready to enter the lists as were their armored ancestors.

Good nature creates loveliness and compels love. It is a source of song and sunlight, joy and laughter. More potent and enduring than physical charms or intellectual attainments, it can transform ugliness into beauty and make dullness impossible. At some time and to some extent it is found in every one. We may cultivate, neglect or kill it. These are given who have come to make life worth the living and who have learned the secret of its happiness.

Without disparaging any of the attributes that compose the infinite charms of feminine loveliness, it is my notion that the sufficient possessions of the qualities mentioned bestow it upon every woman.

My ideas are not original, perhaps, not even "up to date"—but is feminine loveliness really fin de siècle?

MARIE JANSEN.

Said My Fanny Davenport.

I am almost distrust with work, and responsibility, and if asked what "woman" really was at this moment, I should say something nigh a dry horse, but a true to badinage.

"Woman," real, true, sweet woman, is one who lives for others, who lives to make her dear ones happy, not altogether by bestowing, but in a thousand little kind and thoughtful acts: who lives to find the sensitive points, and not wound them, to lead the weak ones, and consider them. I know two women who are my ideals of womanhood. One has long since passed

to the bright beyond, a gentle and child-like soul, who was so beautiful in spirit that when she was brought into contact with the world its roughness rolled off like water, who was as pure as the new fallen snow, whose character as a wife was an example to all—my mother. Her children could, indeed, rise up and call her blest.

Some women are made for homelife, some for workers in the busy world, and the latter in braving its bustle and temptations long for but never reach the restful goal.

But even in the world there are a thousand opportunities for the impress of woman's gentleness, and woman's proudest gifts—content and the giving of pleasure to her sisters who are less blessed in worldly possessions, though rich in God's.

So let us accept our lot—whatever it be—let us try to be content, to contrast our lives with the lives of others, and see how much we have that they have not. This will make womanliness, and raise us to that height all women aim for—loveliness, and to be the respected, honored, worshipped companion of man.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

A Question of the Soul.

I have seen numberless women of unclassical form, irregular features, and complexion other than that of the milkwhite doe, who were beautiful, charming and lovely. I have known such women, whose physical appearance entered not the mind of any one in their presence.

Again, I have seen women with the figure as and the face of the Milonian Venus, who were unlovely or even repellent by reason of their vanity, selfishness, flippancy, venality, or other vile traits. The soul! the soul! the visible soul, is beauty and divinity.

How few of the supreme women of the earth have become any resemblance, at any time of their life, to the feminine models in Greek sculpture!

JOHN SWINTON.

A Famous Reformer.

The auld lang syne "lady-woman" is comparatively extinct with the present generation. Earnest, thoughtful, prepossessing womanhood has been in fact much the same from beginning, as it will be to the end, yet we can truthfully assert that the Sister is not a step behind her Brother in making truly valuable progress for the human family. "Lovely woman" is in truth not alone, by any means, to be found in the "New Woman," or in the "Past Woman." Lovely womanhood has been lovely in all conditions of the past, present, and will be in the future. I am sure no greater perfection of loveliness was attained in the sweet, chaste girlhood of our own New England, or any other spot on earth, than can be found among the average sweet girlhood that is earnestly studying along the various lines in our colleges of to-day. These girls are truly lovely in character and mind. There is a frankness of manner, a self poise, a beauty of personality that affects every man and woman. God never created more companionable woman for wives, mothers, and wise counselors with men, than these very girls give promise of becoming. There are examples of foolish weakness, displayed by flippant girls of this generation, but even they will compare favorably with the New England Seminary girls, who lazed themselves to the bed-posts, and slept in their corners in our mother's or grandmother's time.

Let any one give a glance at the organizations and representative women which have just formed the Convention held by the National Council of Women in Washington. The grand, eloquent, intellectual women who made their mark, and possibly lasting impression, did well, for which the whole nation has reason to be proud; but what of the earnest, plodding, aggressive workers who compose these organizations, and wield mighty power in work and prayer behind the scenes of the grandest public service to the race, generally represent the most attractive, companionable homemakers, wives and mothers. A diversity of gifts is usually preferable in women, as in men, to having one quality amount to genius to the exclusion of most others.

We cannot have too much of a good thing in mother-love, but we can have too much upon any special gospel truth to the exclusion of others of equal importance.

The attractions of the sweet, chaste virgin, sung by the rone, coupled with a trumpet-ting of the importance of increased mother-love and home training, have become wearisome. It is time for women to dilate upon the duties and privileges of father-love toward their own offspring, as fathers and bachelors have assumed for so long a period the privileges of teaching and preaching at length concerning the duties and privileges of womanhood.

The time is fully ripe for women to cease their humiliations of man, by assigning to him his general mission of money-earner and financial provider for himself and family.

We want the inalienable right of every child satisfied with a reasonable amount of companionship with the father.

Woman's loveliness of character, and development in personality is just as dependent upon the wisest and best development of man, as man is for the most perfect development upon womanhood.

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS.

From Bill Nye.

It is not possible for me to describe exactly in cold type what constitutes a lovely woman, but I have no difficulty whatever in detecting the same, and if any of your readers are so helpless that they need printed instructions to aid them in discovering a lovely woman the Fool Killer is not earning his salary.

BILL NYE.

Lovely and Lovely.

I think the loveliest quality that a woman can have is sympathy. One who is honestly interested in other people, and who has dainty ways and looks, however plain the Lord may have made her face, will please those who meet her; and make those who know her love her; and she is surely a lovely woman if not a lovely one. The loveliest charm that a woman can have is not beauty, but grace. I think I should say that a woman who has grace and sympathy was a lovely woman.

OCTAVE THANET.

A War Horse's Thoughts.

As this question must be answered according to each one's tastes, it must result in anything but exact definition.

As woman must be loved for some leading and many minor qualities, as her physical beauty, her intellectual powers and her character, or sentiment, it would be enough to say that the most beautiful, the most intellectual and best cultured woman, would be the "most lovable woman."

But as your correspondence must result in individual preferences,—"Chacun a son gout"—I can only speak for myself. I draw a distinction between love and passion. I speak of the love between the sexes. Love is of the soul, passion of the body. Love elevates and is immortal, passion may degrade and dies.

Nature forbids us to love a monster, a marked defect from the genus or species—but I think love depends more on the sentimental qualities than physical beauty. Therefore beauty is not the prime force in a "lovely woman." Hence the apothegm—"Pretty is she who prettily does."—I can only speak for myself. I conclude that she must follow Nature's laws, must be passive, not aggressive, not a leader, but the supplement to the man; filling separate but equally glorious and necessary spheres. She is the angel sent by God from the unknown past and future, the first and last of spiritual creation, crowning his works of a beneficent and everlasting Cosmos.

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

Daniel Frohman's Epigram.

The most delightful traits of character in women are in my mind epitomized in the word character. DANIEL FROHMAN.

Blackie as a Magician.

Many years ago, says the London Daily News, "the Wizard of the North" gave some performances in Edinburgh, and Professor Blackie was one of the crowd who went to see them. As he was making his way in he felt something at his coat-tail, and putting his hand in his pocket, he found an egg. This he took out, and most astutely transferred it to the pocket of a young man, just in front of him—a person as unlike himself as can well be imagined. Arrived in the hall, he remarked where this young man placed himself, and chose his own seat in a corner as remote as possible. When the time came for "Wizard" Blackie to "trouble" him for the egg, he arose and explained that he had nothing of the sort in his pocket, but that he believed "that gentleman" could produce it, pointing to the astonished young man, whose surprise, however, by no means equaled that of the "Wizard."