

The World's Ideals of Feminine Beauty

EMPERESS EUGENIE, SORROWFUL and LONELY, MAY



Of pure Castilian type, the dreamy, music-loving maidens of the Latin-American countries, when endowed by nature with charms of face and form, are apt to be exceedingly attractive to the eye.

Central America, especially, furnishes some very pleasing specimens of the Spanish-American beauty. Among the better classes of Costa Rica, Guatemala, and the other little republics that nestle in that semi-tropical belt feminine loveliness is by no means rare.

Regular features and soft cheeks glow under the ardent kisses of the sun; willowy forms rival in graceful motion the bending of the zephyr; scented flower stems in the owners' gardens.

Large, limpid eyes gaze softly from beneath a mass of dark hair, upon which the fascinating mantilla is usually fastened in careless, coquettish fashion, filling the stranger with an irresistible longing to peep at the face shyly hiding beneath its folds.

A Dona Inez with a black mantilla, followed at twilight by an unknown lover.

As part of the romantic picture conjured up by thoughts of this land of moonlight serenades and love-making by music.

As dainty and appropriate in dress as they are soft in speech and shyly coquettish in manner, these dark-eyed Central American maidens deserve many of the poetic compliments paid to them, and they are particularly susceptible to a recognition of their charms, whether made to the accompaniment of the twanging guitar or in the effusions of sentimental rhymesters.

A piquant picture is that of the demure little human chrysanthemum bloom of Japan. Than some of these the most skilful artists of that country of blending colors and delicate tints could not paint a daintier.

Perhaps their pretty costumes, always attractive to the eyes of the American visitor, have much to do with charming effect presented by the aristocratic little woman of the island empire.

A truly pleasing maiden, all in dainty and dimples.

There is little wonder that the Japanese girl figures so largely in the art work of that nation. She is an exquisite bit of Dresden china.

According to American taste, the Chinese belle is in an entirely different class. If her lot has been cast in the higher circles she is apt to be almost helpless from the cruel artificial deformity of her feet.

Her hair is worn smoothly plastered over her round head, with an uncompromising, rigid part in the center. Her features are immobile, her gaze fixed and expressionless; even

her smile seems to lack in spontaneity and sweetness.

There is no elasticity or sprightliness of mind indicated by the placid countenance, no buoyancy or willowy grace in the stolid figure, no suggestion of the liveliness of youth in the sedate movements.

Her dress is rich in coloring and embroidery effects, but those trappings—they are, indeed, a far cry from the softly clinging, graceful silks of the Japanese.

"Near to nature's heart" the Hawaiian woman dwells, and nature has dealt with her rather kindly in the matter of personal pulchritude—at least of the sort that appeals to the Hawaiian lover.

For suppleness of form and easy, unconscious grace of movement, the Hawaiian women can scarcely be surpassed. Many of them are veritable mermaids, and to the long hours spent disporting in the surf much of this suppleness and grace is due.

Then, too, they almost live outdoors. The rich bronze of face and neck comes from a love of open air and sunlight. They have the regular features and dark eyes that characterize so many dwellers upon Pacific islands, and their long, dark hair is usually entwined with flowers.

One frequently finds real beauty among the various tribes in the Philippine Islands. Perhaps sometimes the eyes may set too widely apart or nose seem too flat, but the oval face is almost perfect in its contour and usually bearing with good-natured merriment.

Whatever may be the limitations of a Filipino maiden's wardrobe, she is sure to possess a cherished wealth of beads and is rarely seen without long strings of them encircling her neck.

ATTRIBUTES IN ADORNMENT.

Such a type as is depicted here is found among the natives of the principal islands. Among some of the less civilized tribes feminine beauty

reaches rather a low ebb, and attractions are not so much of face as of rude methods of supposed adornment.

This is also true of some of the tribes of New Zealand. No matter how handsome a Maori woman may be, for example, she thinks her beauty is enhanced by painting her face.

Naturally, the men must think so, too, or she would not do it.

There are among certain of the Maori tribes women who are really beautiful and who do not paint their faces, but it seems they are not accounted as bewitching as those who systematically daub their features with colored grease.

The unpainted among these simple-minded children of nature possess features as regular and as patrician in their way, as an American or European girl. Rich tints creep into their velvety cheeks and their long black hair is often silky and wavy.

Among the face-painting Maori belles a favorite decoration seems to be drawing curious designs upon the chin and about the mouth. About their necks they wear rudely-carved ornaments of idols, and a feather or flower is usually to be found in the hair.

Short, plump, curvaceous and stolid is the Samoan belle. Her feet are usually bare and she probably will not object to the truth being told—very large and emphatic in their suggestion of usefulness.

Many of the Samoan men are more attractive in physical appearance than the women. The latter are heavy-limbed with broad faces and rather flat noses.

They possess many feminine characteristics, however, and have their own ideas of fashion, although those are not imported from Paris or New York. Floral garlands adorn their heads as a rule; they are fond of bracelets, and a string of colored glass beads will make one happy for life.

As "worth makes the man" and "want of it the fellow" in the ethical codes of many civilized communities, so tattooing makes personal beauty in French Guinea. Perhaps it was largely due to the fact that the women there were largely overlooked in the distribution of personal charms that they took to extensive tattooing.

DECORATED ALL OVER.

The more tattooed she is the more beautiful a Guinea woman is regarded. This decoration of herself does not stop, either, with the limitations of the most generously decorated gown ever devised by Worth.

All sorts of designs are tattooed upon her, and they extend pretty much all over the body. The latest designs in tattoo work from an absorbing topic of conversation at meetings of Guinea sewing circles and card clubs.

Perhaps there are enamored swains in Zululand who sigh—

If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be?

but the average visitor to that country of rude customs and strenuous life is not apt to feel impressed with the sentiment.

Extremes—not plumpness, stoutness, or any other softening term, but plain, ordinary fatness—is the standard of beauty among the assagai-flung Zulus.

The women are squat and chunky. Their physical attractiveness increases in proportion as their breadth approximates their height.

The question of robing such rotundity in silks and satins would doubtless prove a staggering problem to the head of many a family were it not for the simple solution that the Zulus have a high regard for the old adage that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

To be considered beautiful, the Eskimo lady, too, must be excessively fat. She may waddle ludicrously and be entirely ignorant of the usual grace of her sex, but if she is sufficiently stout, her personal loveliness is acknowledged.

Women of certain Senegambian tribes measure beauty by the size of the rings they are able to wear in nose and ears. Sometimes they are of enormous extent.

As a rule their features are coarse and irregular, not being at all improved by the blackness of the skin. Their noses are flat and huge in bulk, a combination made really hideous by the big rings they insert in the cartilage between the nostrils.

Aid the quiet surroundings of an English country estate, unnoticed by the forgetful world, the last chapter in a remarkable life story of romance, riches, splendor, and, finally, of bitter sorrow is drawing near its close.

There, surrounded by her dogs, and a few companions who remained faithful when the days of grandeur and prosperity had gone, Eugenie, one time Empress of the French and one time Empress of sovereigns, is quietly entering the valley of the shadow. She will be 80 years of age on the 31st of May.

No more pathetic figure exists in all Europe than this white-haired, shadow-clad woman, once the joint occupant of a powerful throne and the center of the world's most brilliant court.

Of all the splendid past, with its many triumphs and glorious memories, only the saddest of memories remain.

Nearly in the crypt of the church she built, the bodies of those who were dearest to her, the hapless husband and son, Italy's lonely old woman breathes the pathetic prayer that she may soon be beside them.

A sorrowful crown of sorrow is remembered happier things.

Not long ago a policeman, at a crowded street crossing in Paris held back for a few moments the press of wagons, automobiles and push carts to allow a feeble old woman to cross.

Worn and gray, she was clothed in deepest mourning, and a long black veil partly covered her face. As she walked she leaned heavily upon a stout cane.

Escorting her across the street, the policeman deferentially saluted as she passed with a few words of thanks. "Who is she, Eugenie, formerly Empress of the French," he responded to an inquiry.

Twice a year, on her way to or from the south, the old-time Empress, passes a few weeks in Paris, the scene of her spectacular triumphs and her tragic downfall. There she is often observed in the garden of her former palace, the Tuileries.

When questioned as to this custom she replies with a sad smile: "I seek the places where my son used to play."

To this unhappy woman came indeed a double calamity, for the sorrowful crown of grief cannot be abdicated as was the gonemered insignia of imperial rank.

From her visits to the Tuileries, once the temple of her resplendent beauty and the scene of her brilliant career, she returns to her quiet retreat at Farnborough Hill, near London, where she lives the secluded life of a retired gentlewoman.

History has reflected few more brilliant careers than that of Eugenie at the height of her power and prestige.

1826, she was the daughter of the Count of Montijo, Duke of Peralada, and Marie de Kirkpatrick, a descendant of the Kings of Scotland. Her education was only such as the royal disposition of her mother would permit.

When she was old enough to take her place in the social world, men were dazzled by the delicate, lovely golden hair, and by the irresistible charm that crowned her beauty.

She became maid of honor to Queen Isabella of Spain, but left that sovereign's service when her mother was no longer received at the Spanish Court.

CAPTIVATED A PRINCE.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, cousin of Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, fell a victim to the young girl's charms and desired to marry her.

So scandalous were the stories of her mother's conduct, however, and so little was known of the young woman herself except as a belle in every circle wherein she moved, that the French President forbade the marriage, alleging that she was not the proper kind of woman to become the wife of a Bonaparte.

Less than three years later, however, Louis Napoleon, then Emperor Napoleon III, married the beautiful young woman himself. Having met her at Biarritz, he promptly fell a victim to her charms.

In addition to being an imposing religious service, the wedding was made a magnificent state function.

The Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by cardinals and French prelates, officiated with great pomp. The greatest singers in Paris were heard in the musical part of the service.

Troops were on parade, squadrons of plumed cavalry were on escort duty, bands played, cannon roared salutes and dignitaries of all Europe were present in their gorgeous uniforms.

There are still living a number of witnesses of this splendid spectacle. Eugenie remembers it, too, but with tears.

That day opened to her a chapter of seventeen years of pomp and splendor. Already called the "most beautiful woman in Europe," that title paled before the lovelier one of Empress.

Eugenie's court, at the Tuileries, was filled with talented men and handsome women. It became the most famous in the continent, exceeding, perhaps, in magnificence, ceremonial and pomp that of the first Empire.

For seventeen years she knew nothing but triumph. The admiration and flattery of a nation were always at her feet, and all the sovereigns of Europe bowed before her.

Then, with startling, cruel suddenness, the whole imperial fabric crumbled and fell. The meteoric star of empire plunged into darkness and the bitterest of nights came swiftly on.

After the shock of Sedan, and the overturning of Napoleon's throne came the flight of the Empress from Paris. In this she was assisted by Dr. Thomas W. Evans, an American dentist, formerly of Philadelphia, then residing in the French capital.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether the Empress, for whose blood the fickle

man, recently at her feet, was now howling, could have got away in safety had it not been for Doctor Evans, to whose care she committed herself without reserve.

SMUGGLED IN A YACHT.

So desperate was the occasion that he was obliged to have her smuggle across the channel on the small yacht of an Englishman, Mr. John M. Bourgoyne.

The next day was the death of the former Emperor in 1873. As he son this became the real end of the Bonaparte family, an affliction for him and her natural love of his tragic led her into despair—plan for the restoration of the Empire.

During the next few years she directed, from Chislehurst, the political activities of the Imperialist party in France. Rays of hope seemed gleaming through the clouds when the young Prince Imperial, serving with a British expedition in Zululand, met a violent death upon an African plain.

This was the last straw. When news of her son's fate was brought her, Eugenie fainted. Her first words upon regaining consciousness were: "Fate is very cruel. I feel now that I shall live a hundred years. She was the dead of the lonely future."

Since then this unhappy woman has been a desolate upon a sea of sorrow. In her home at Farnborough, though she has collected a few survivors of the memorable past; of the splendid years of the Empire as well as of the saddest later time.

Among these are the master painting of Waterhouse, showing the Empress surrounded by the ladies of her court; bits of wreckage from the Tuileries, portraits of the unfortunate Prince Imperial and the most personal objects which recall his life and youth.

Included, like a shrine, in a glass case is the young man's last uniform, showing the cloth cut by the death-dealing assegais, and a saddle with broken holsters. Nearby is a painting by Drouais showing the tragedy in the Zululand toothills.

Never lifted from Eugenie is the veil of melancholy. Years of mourning and bitter memory have left indelible traces upon the pallid features. Yet, in spite of this, the friends she most loves to see are those who recall the fatal past.

In her quiet way she does a great deal of charitable work. She endeavors to brighten the lives of others, while in her own solitary existence not a single ray of sunshine enters.

When the weather is good it strolls about her Farnborough grounds, followed by her faithful dogs. More often she is seen alone than accompanied by any person. The dreary loneliness of her life is expressed in her daily habits.

During the latter years of Queen Victoria's life a warm friendship existed between the two widowed women, but since the death of the English sovereign the former Empress has withdrawn further into the shadow of solitude.

Every day when at Farnborough she may be found in the darkened church, kneeling beside the tomb of a little time, she knows, the troubled chapter will end and she will sleep with them.