

# MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

## Her Face Made Up from the Best Features of the Most Perfect Living Types of Loveliness.

### Bits from Pretty Countenances Combined into an Ideal Whole.

### The Most Famous Living Beauties Contribute Their Most Delightful Characteristics.

### TEMPTING LIPS FROM LADIES TWAIN.

Bernhardt's Nose Between Composite Eyes—Neilson's Forehead—Miss Miskel's Throat—Miss Hanbury's Hair.

Men with good eyesight are plentiful. Men with good memories are rare. That is why the woman a man sees today is always prettier than the woman he saw yesterday. And yet a man is always fickle to his fickleness. The pale phantom of yesterday no sooner gives place to the warm flesh of to-day than a reaction occurs. The man calls it remorse, but it is only the love of



change, the graceful impulse that makes Master Billy transform the butterfly into a worm by removing its wings, and a few years later makes whiskered William neglect his wife for the sake of the girl with the mole on her neck. Nine out of ten men are not as William is, of course. They look in the same dear face, year after year; the moss-bound hand and the oaken smile are still the same to them; the gentlemen who write ballads say so. But even the best man has his perversities. A man may be monogamous and still like to hear new songs. A man may adore Mrs. Man, and still like to see one pretty actress play at one theatre and another pretty actress at another. He looks at them with the artistic eye. He does not think of them as real people; he has not the least desire to see them in private life. They occupy a place in his imagination, like a landscape or a piece of music. And in complete irresponsibility he wanders from the remembrance of one to the appreciation of another; they are all adorable, and in entire propriety, with every regard for Mrs. Man's vested rights, he adores them all. In the same way he gathers vague souvenirs of pretty women he sees on the street. The society beauties whose names every butcher boy knows, the faces one sees on Fifth avenue day after day, week after week. And out of all these faces he makes at last an ideal in his mind.

It is not a blended face, like that of a composite photograph, for a composite photograph is an attempt to pour together insoluble solids. It is more like a dreamy roving from face to face, a fading impression of one woman's brow and another's eyes, each charm unchanged.

One of the most talented artists of the Journal's staff has combined in the ideal head, which appears upon this page, the especial beauties of no less than twenty women, whose faces are familiar to the readers of the Journal. Most of them are actresses, but the faces of two or three society women, whose distinction and



beauty make them in some measure public property, have been drawn upon. Each reader will trace for himself the source from which every line has been taken; and no two readers will altogether agree with one another, or with the artist, as to the best possible selection and disposition. The arbitrary divisions which have been adopted in preparing the design are necessarily sharper than they should be. When an attempt is made to think of the most beautiful mouth one has seen, the faces of Virginia Harned and of Odette Tyler both present themselves to the memory. And there is something in the curve of Miss Harned's lower lip which indicates that the parallel beauty is to be found in the upper lip of Miss Tyler. If a face were faultless, no one feature could be thus selected and set apart, but no face is faultless, and when an artist tries to construct a faultless face he produces the cold exaltitude of a straight-nosed lady on a

coin. The upper part of Sarah Bernhardt's nose is perhaps the greatest strength in her strong face, and, on the other hand, the tip of Maud Adams's nose is much more beautiful than the corresponding inch of the nose of the great tragedienne, while the aristocratic nostrils of Mrs. Burke-Roche would complete the feature. Nettie Lyford's wonderful eyebrows, set upon Julia Neilson's noble forehead, would make a beautiful combination. The quiet young eye with which De Merode's photographs have made every one familiar with Maxine Elliott's upper lids and the lower lids of Calve would only need Emma Eames's eyelashes to be perfect. From the rounded bust which Lillian Russell's admirers have never forgot-

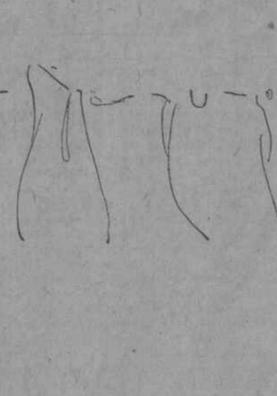


ten and from the exquisite shoulders of Mrs. De la Mar, above the splendid upper arm of Caroline Miskel, the lower throat of Consuelo Tortajada and the upper throat of Viola Allen would spring into the delicious chin of Blanche Walsh, while the nape of Ellen Beach-Yaw's remarkable neck would support the coiffure of Lily Hanbury. The small portraits which surround this patchwork profile will recall to the reader's mind the salient features of each of the score of faces which have lent their riches to the design. It is, of course, a consideration of form and not of color

which is presented, but among the faces portrayed at least three or four contain every tint to which beauty can lay claim.

**Americans in Rome.**  
[Rome Letter in Baltimore Sun.]  
Meanwhile the actual Rome of life and activity is filling with strangers, visitors from many lands. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are here at the Grand Hotel, and the crowds "who dearly love a lurd" watch the newly married couple at their meals in a corner of the restaurant, and note with great satisfaction that, in spite of his dignity, the Duke of Marlborough eats like an ordinary mortal who is not a duke! This consideration and consideration on his part are daily appreciated by those who love to gaze upon royalty.

Among other prominent persons here at present are Mr. Nelson, editor of Harper's Weekly, with Mrs. Nelson; Miss Martha Morton, well known as a successful writer of American plays, lately comedies satirizing the follies and weaknesses of the men of to-day, and her brother, Mr. Michael Morton, the Archbishop of Dubuque; Most Rev. Dr. Hennessy, with his two brothers, is staying at the Minerva Hotel.



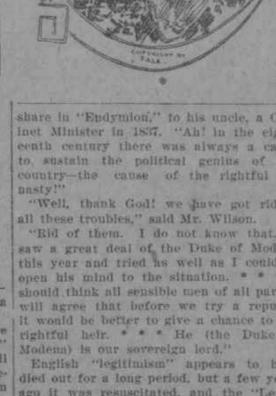
as is also the Bishop of Jamestown, Dakota, The Archbishop of Armagh (Ireland), Cardinal Logue, is residing at the Irish College. The new rector of the American College is expected to arrive here early in the new year.

# ENGLAND'S REAL QUEEN.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—The good people of London who happened to be passing the junction of Parliament street and Trafalgar square in the "wee sma' hours" of Thursday morning last were surprised to find a group of persons bearing wreaths gathered around the statue of his late Majesty King Charles I., which stands at the top of Parliament street. The wreaths were deposited at the base of the pedestal of the statue—one of the very few statues of London that has the right to call itself artistic. Then the police interfered and dispersed the crowd which had been attracted by these strange proceedings. Later in the day single persons were allowed to deposit wreaths, one of which bore the inscription "To the memory of the White King," for orders had been received from headquarters not to interfere with those who wished to pay tribute to the memory of the "martyred king," so

## Many Britishers Believe That Victoria Is a Mere Usurper on the Royal Throne.

claim that Queen Victoria is a usurper; that Mary Queen of Scots was the rightful sovereign of England and Elizabeth an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., and had no right to occupy the throne. James II. was the last legitimate king, in their opinion, to sit on the English throne. As his line died out with Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, in 1807, the Legitimists had to go back to the descendants of Charles I.'s youngest child, the beautiful, but unfortunate, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. Her direct descendant was Francis V., the last Duke of Modena, whom Disraeli described in "Endymion" as receiving the homage of some English idiots as their true sovereign. "Degenerate land!" exclaims Walder-



share in "Endymion" to his uncle, a Cabinet Minister in 1857. "All in the eighteenth century there was always a cause to sustain the political genius of the country—the cause of the rightful dynasty!" "Well, thank God! we have got rid of all these troubles," said Mr. Wilson. "Rid of them. I do not know that. I saw a great deal of the Duke of Modena this year and tried his well as I could to open his mind to the situation. \* \* \* I should think all sensible men of all parties will agree that before we try a republic it would be better to give a chance to the rightful heir. \* \* \* He (the Duke of Modena) is our sovereign lord." English "legitimism" appears to have died out for a long period, but a few years ago it was resuscitated, and the "Legitimists" claimed as their rightful queen the Archduchess Maria Theresa, niece of the last Duke of Modena. She married Prince Louis of Bavaria, now the Prince Regent of that country. Princess Louise is styled by her loyal English "subjects" Mary III., and she is fond of telling her children that if she had her rights she would be Queen of Great Britain. As she has eleven children, all

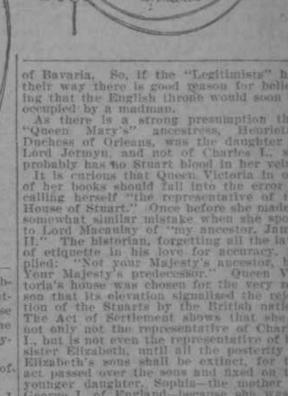
### Princess Louise Styled "Mary III." by Her Admirers, Who Bow to Her.

### She Has More Queenly Blood in Her Veins, They Say, Than the Woman Who Reigns.

### "LEGITIMISM" REVIVED IN LONDON.

### Emperor William's Claim to the Ruler-ship of Great Britain Has No Good Foundation in Fact.

of whom are living, the British taxpayer has good reason to be thankful that the "Act of Settlement" bars her out. "Mary III.'s" father was rather eccentric and an obstinate as any Stuart. The wisest thing he ever did was to, suddenly raise his English groom to the post of Prime Minister, bidding him to govern Modena with the ability he had shown in managing the royal stables. "Queen Mary's" children have a right, too, on their father's side to be eccentric. There is a Wittelsbach alive without a bee in his bonnet, and there are some of them out-and-out Janissars, including King Otto



of Bavaria. So, if the "Legitimists" had their way, there is good reason for believing that the English throne would soon be occupied by a madman. As there is a strong presumption that "Queen Mary's" ancestors, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, was the daughter of Lord Jernyn, and not of Charles I., she probably has no Stuart blood in her veins. It is curious that Queen Victoria in one of her books should fall into the error of calling herself "the representative of the House of Stuart." Once before she made a somewhat similar mistake when she spoke of calling herself "the representative of the House of Stuart." The historian, forgetting all the laws of etiquette in his love for accuracy, replied: "Not your Majesty's ancestor, but Your Majesty's predecessor." Queen Victoria's house was chosen for the very reason that its elevation signified the rejection of the Stuarts by the British nation. The Act of Settlement shows that she is not only not the representative of Charles I., but not even the representative of his sister Elizabeth, until all the posterity of Elizabeth's sons shall be extinct, for the act passes over the sons and grandsons of George I. of England—because she was a Protestant. The present dynasty in England, therefore, reigns by an antiquated right of descent, but by a free act of national choice. The true representative of Queen Victoria's ancestor, Elizabeth Stuart, is that wild young sprig of royalty, the Duke of Orleans. That the "divine right of kings" is looked on as an anachronism and absurdity by all Englishmen and Englishwomen save these few cranky "Legitimists" is shown by the way they are allowed to offer up prayers at the tomb of their "Mary I." in Westminster Abbey, and to lay wreaths at the feet of the statue of their "White King"—so called because his headless body, wrapped in white, was buried at Windsor at night during a heavy snowstorm. If the story be true that Emperor William of Germany claims to be heir to the English throne by divine right and by the right of his mother, who is Queen Victoria's eldest child, it seems that he has either not read or not comprehended the lessons English history teaches. The English throne is occupied by the will of the people, and by their will alone.

**Sunday Question in Chicago.**  
[Pittsburg Press.]  
A Chicago jury has decided that Sunday ball playing is no sin—probably on the ground that the Chicago Club can't play hard enough to do harm to anybody.