

WHY LEAVE AMERICA IN SEARCH OF A VENUS?

THE COUNTRY THAT HOLDS THE PALM FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



A Baltimore Matron

PHOTO BY MARGUERITE HANFNER.

hit of the musical comedies last season. Noted for her beauty and her ability, Beulah is on the road to become another Isadora Duncan or Maude Allan. She has millionaire suitors, too.

Marguerite Martini, the petite, golden-haired, blue-eyed daughter of Filomena, at 12 bids fair to become one of the greatest beauties and singers of her colony.

Tilly Hartmann is now going to school. She has her mother's rosy cheeks, her reddish gold hair, but Tilly at 10 wears it in a pompadour, daintily plaited down the back. All predict that Tilly will become a striking beauty.



A Pittsburg Ideal

PHOTO BY COOK



A Washington Belle

SITTING in one of the splendid cafes of Paris some time since a world-famed artist leaned over to his friend. Pointing to one woman he said: "Russian, undoubtedly Russian; there, German, distinctly German; yonder, beauty from Madrid; and here, there, everywhere, the beauty of Paris."

"But, look—sitting in the alcove, more beautiful than all, the lady of the Stars and Stripes."

He was right. He had designated the nationality of each one. But what distinguished the American woman from the others?

Not long since a widely known artist of New York returned to this country after having traveled, virtually, around the globe in search of a perfectly beautiful woman to serve as a model for a Venus.

As a result of her journey and quest, she brought back the conclusion that the types nearest perfect of feminine beauty are to be found in America; that women of this country hold the palm for real attractiveness of face and form.

A NUMBER of years ago Maggie McCarthy came to this country. She was a splendid type of the physical development of the Emerald Isle; she was whole-souled and happy and a blessing to all who enjoyed her helpful friendship. Yet, according to present-day standards, Maggie could scarcely have been called beautiful.

Nor could Rachel Bolinski, brought over about the same time by her father from the land of the czars. While Rachel was fresh of face, her features were too large, her hair black and stringy, her eyes of the piercing, searching sort. She butchered English frightfully during her first two years in school. Later she made \$2 a week sewing trousers in a cellar, but in after years attained a much higher station and enjoyed a fair share of worldly goods.

Fifteen years ago Filomena Baldi, with her worldly possessions in a handkerchief, landed at Ellis Island. Filomena was stout and a brunette. She began her career in the land of milk and honey by washing dishes in the Cafe Roma, later marrying the proprietor, who in time came to own a large part of a city block.



A Spanish Type

Not many years later Gretchen Schlegelmilch hailed from some "hausen" in the Fatherland and got a job washing dishes. Gretchen was rosy, plump, bright-eyed. She married also. Her husband, Fritz Hartmann, kept a saloon. Gretchen helped wait at the bar, dispensing "suds" and smiles, and meanwhile the bank account grew.

Maggie McCarthy, Rachel Bolinski, Filomena Baldi and Gretchen Schlegelmilch, having married and waxed prosperous, sent their sons and daughters, as they grew old enough, to school, and, in some cases, to college. Possibly you have met Miss Nora McFadden, Maggie's 18-year-old daughter—blue-eyed, ethereal as an elf, with a voice like a silver bell, who wears her hair in a pompadour and longs for a sheath skirt. Accomplished! Why, she plays the piano, sings soprano and paints china.

You may have heard of Beulah Silverstein, who made her debut as the understudy in "The Merry Wives of Woodstock," the great

Now, were you to take these fair young women to determine their style of beauty you'd say, no doubt, that American characteristics predominate, despite the marks of nationality that yet remain. One generation has changed them largely. What is it? The climate, say some. The environment, declare others. The coarser metal of womanhood which came from plowing fields in Russia or Germany has become golden maidenhood, that sings, paints, dances and learns all the arts and accomplishments that serve to make woman attractive.

But if every foreign mother's daughter becomes alchemized in our national crucible of beauty, more typical, indeed, are the American women of older families, the daughters of Colonial ancestors, who have lived in this country for years.

In every city you find them—fairest types of American womanhood. The Girl of the Golden West is little different from the Girl of the White Way. The demure miss of South Carolina differs little from the belle of Pitts-



The Winner in a Recent British Beauty Contest

burg. Beauty, charm of manner and a sprightly, vivacious spirit of independence mark them.

Returning from her tour of the world, the celebrated woman sculptor-artist mentioned above declared that she had found no women to compare with those of America in beauty.

She studied the women of Spain, whose dark eyes and coquetry have driven the dons mad for centuries; she dwelt upon the women of England, of France, of Russia, of Holland, of Sweden; in South Africa she studied the types. But when she returned to this country she declared:

"I give the palm to the American women. They more nearly approach the Greek idea of beauty than the women of any other nation. Among our children I find superlative beauty."

"Children of foreign parents become Americanized, they lose the native national traits, and bud like new world flowers. In California I think we find the most lovely specimens."

"If the women of America permitted themselves to do so, they might attain the standard of Greek perfection. But they are going in too much for athletics; they are becoming overdeveloped, and too much muscle will destroy the beauty of the shoulders, which become square, and the face, which becomes hard."

"The ideal Venus exists in America, however. There are almost perfect women. In

the foreign sections, I find little ones, with faces royalty might envy, hands that princesses might possess, and complexions like that of rose petals. The daughter of your Italian, Russian or Irish immigrant will bud forth as an American belle."

A foreigner who paid a visit to various cities marked the prevalence of the American type—a type hard to define, vague yet charming, wonderful, entralling. In Washington, he declared, he noted the prevalence of dark-haired, dark-eyed maidenhood.

One of the handsome young women, whose photograph appears herewith, typifies the maidenhood of the capital. Slim, delicate, modestly dressed, what man would not fall a victim to those soft, bewitching eyes!

There is something indefinably sweet in Miss Washington's expression. Alas! it is hopeless to try to catch so elusive a thing; but it is one of the traits of American beauty.

A leading society matron in Baltimore is regarded as typifying the beauty of that city. Her expression is gracious; in her eyes there is the light of tender motherhood; her face is alight with happiness, geniality, good nature. It is the face of a noble woman—matured in its beauty.

Miss Pittsburg, however, may be slightly saucy. Her retroussé nose indicates that. Her gift of repartee is said to be remarkable; words bubble jewel-like from her lips. Vivacity is the spirit of her. Her lips—ah, must she

not be the despair of the steel and coal kings, this bewitching American girl!

When the Frenchman avers that the women of his country are more beautiful, when the Englishman tells of the supreme beauty of his daughters, or the people of the north point to the fair women of Sweden as personifying the most perfect loveliness in the world—well, we can just compare our beauties with theirs. It's American—that's all.

Beautiful, indeed, is the prize-winning maiden of Great Britain, with her lofty, spirittuelle gaze, her soft complexion and slender neck. Beautiful enough to rend the hearts of a thousand troubadours is Senora Carmen, of Madrid. Her eyes are as black as night, her hair raven-hued.

But do these women, regarded as perfect types of their country's most beautiful womanhood, surpass the trinity of American women shown here?



Numbered Among Sweden's Most Beautiful Women