

QUEENS OF BEAUTY.

HERE ARE SOME REAL ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

London Has Over Their Faces and Figures and Glories in Their Talent, Such as It Is—Lily Harold and Nellie Osmond.



NELLIE OSMOND

(Special Letter.) HERE are a handful of English roses which are blooming in London's garden this summer. The New York girls are brighter, and the girls in Paris are better dressed, and the Berlin girls are thrifter housewives, and the Viennese more tender sweethearts.

Miriam Clements, with her amber eyes and hair as yellow as corn tassels, is a thoroughly typical English beauty. Like Mrs. Langtry, she was born on the island of Jersey, and her admirers are enthusiastic enough to assert that she is more beautiful than the Jersey Lily herself. Miss Clements is only twenty-three years old, and one has to close one's eyes and think back a good many years to remember Mrs. Langtry when she was in the pride of her youth.

A new generation has, however, sprung up—a generation of young men who never saw Mrs. Langtry at her best, and who are sure that they have never seen anything as beautiful as Miss Clements. Following Dorothy Baird, as Tribby, in London, it says a great deal for Miss Clements that her beauty made the sensation it did. Although Miss Baird who dropped playing Tribby in order to find the time to marry Henry Irving's son—was the most atrocious stick in the atrocious company which played "Tribby" at the London Haymarket, she is one of the loveliest young women in the world.

By all accounts Miss Clements is another "picture Tribby," chosen rather to fulfill Mr. Du Maurier's artistic requirements than to meet his exigencies as an author. It is, indeed, unhappily the case that the magnificent young English girl, with the eyes of a fawn and the throat of a dove, is apt to be as stupid as a heifer. No class of English girls are, speaking at large, as bright and quick as American girls, but nowhere is the difference so perceptible as in the beauty class.

A New York chorus girl is not always the most highly educated, nor yet the most refined, of her sex; but she is always a quick-witted young person, who has a ready answer for everybody, and is uncommonly well able to take care of herself. The run of English Gayety girls, on the other hand, seem hardly to possess human intelligence. By superhuman patience, the ballet-master succeeds in teaching them to walk on and off the stage, and to do a little dance, but their superfluous intelligence is so limited that one can readily believe the story that at the "Shop Girl" picnic a cynical youth in vain offered the prize of a diamond bracelet to any girl who knew how to spell Charlemagne. It shows even in their pictures, this heaviness of wit.

Cissie Crauford has perhaps a brighter face, although her big eyes look as if she might ask stupid questions on occasion. Kate Adams, another one of the bouquet of beauties, has a hard, cold little face, and her figure is absolutely faultless, and she dances like a whirlwind. Rose Dearing is another beauty who owes more to her figure than her face, and a curious fact in this connection is that the lines about her nose and mouth indicate that she is well on the wrong side of thirty, while her limbs and her bust display the fine, delicate lines which afford an almost unmis-



NELLIE OSMOND.

takeable indication that a girl is not yet twenty. Miss North is a languorous beauty. But her husband is one of the fiercest of Scotchmen, and hovers about her like a movable barbed fence. As a rule, a girl on the London stage, who is very well looked after, or who is herself very circumspect, never becomes as great a popular favorite as if she were in the habit of going to fashionable supper clubs. She is not, of course, made the subject of so many little newspaper paragraphs, for she has not so many influential friends; nor, on the other hand, has she beautiful dresses and diamonds, and dogs and

horses to aid her in attracting the public gaze. Notwithstanding the accurate propriety of her life and the highly interesting respectability of her domestic surroundings, Miss North's beauty has created an apparently inexhaustible demand for her photograph.

Nellie Osmond, of the Adelphi, although she blooms among the English roses, is a graft from our own rosetry. Born in Harrisburg, Pa., where Snyder is a name more often found than Osmond, she has now become an established favorite at the London music halls, and is undoubtedly as shapely a young person as any of her British sisters.

Constance Collier enjoys the proud distinction of getting higher salaries and more flowers and more adoring letters than any other vaudeville artist in England. She is a singer rather than a dancer, and a blind man who heard her sing would know how beautiful she must be in order to command the price she gets.

Miss Bastone, on the contrary, is really an artist, singing daintily, dancing gracefully and doing little improvisations which would make her worth going to see, even if she were not so pretty.

As for Lily Harold, every man with an eye to photographers' windows and a heart in his ribs has looked at her exquisite face a hundred times. She doesn't look bright, but for flashy beauty—and not of a coarse type, either—she is almost peerless.

Take them all around, they are a stunning lot of young women, and it is no wonder that the libraries sell hundreds of their photographs. Sooner or later we shall see them all in New York, and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be sooner, rather than later, for



LILY HAROLD.

grease-paint will soon spoil the bloom of their cheeks, the footlights soon dull their eyes, and lobster suppers soon affect their symmetrical curves.

The English stage beauty has rarely more than three or four years of splendor, and there seems to be an idea in England that it will do to send us the flowers after they have begun to fade. There is room in America for these half dozen beauties, if they will put their little clothes in their big trunks and come right along now.

CHILIAN WOMEN.

Their Loveliness Said to Be Unequaled on the Hemisphere.

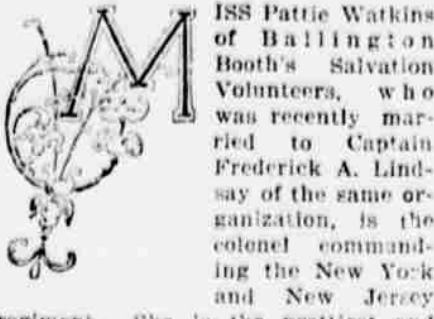
The most striking features of the Chilian cities, Valparaiso and Santiago, are those of its women. Certainly nowhere else in South America, if on all the western hemisphere, is there to be found so large a proportion of pretty women in a total population. The Spaniards say that the very air there conduces to a perfect development of form and feature. However that may be, it is a fact that the proportion of beautiful women to be seen in the cities mentioned is remarkable. The pure blood of the German, French and English has mingled with the Indo-Spanish and the result is a race with the graces and beauties of each, beside which the far-famed beauty of the Indo-Spanish women seem tame and insipid. With their beauty they have much ease and grace of movement, and walk with the long, swinging, virile stride of the English girl. Strange to say, the modern Chilian beauty has little love for the Spaniards and resents the imputation that she is an "Indo-Espanol." But they are pleased immensely, any and all of them, when referred to as the "Yankees of South America." On the promenades or when shopping, riding and attending to ordinary social duties, they are attired quite as fashionably as any of their sisters further north. While attending church services, however, they invariably dress in black and discard the latest French fashions in millinery for a mantua, which has a bewitching effect when worn by one of these glorious senoritas. The mantua is the common head-dress of the poor. The brunette is the more common type of beauty, though a magnificent type of blonde is not uncommon. The brunettes have clear, olive skins, their eyes, big and black, are lovely beyond description. In both Valparaiso and Santiago women act as conductors on the street cars. The cars are double-decked, and the conductor, who wears a smart uniform, has a seat on the rear platform. There she sits and collects the fares of the passengers as they get on, and she rings the register, with which all the cars are fitted, without leaving her seat. She is affable, polite, even-tempered and accommodating to every one but the male flirt.—New York World.

Goated Man's Distinction. John Thurman, 73, died at Greensburg, Ind., Monday. He had the distinction of being the only colored person in the United States belonging to a white Masonic lodge. He had been a barber in Greensburg forty-five years. The assets of Andrew Carnegie are placed at \$20,000,000.

CUPID IN THE RANKS.

INVADERS THE CAMP OF THE SALVATION VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel Pattie Watkins Has Lately Become the Wife of Captain Lindsay of the Same Organization—Her Work for the Cause.



MISS PATTIE WATKINS

MISS Pattie Watkins of Ballington Booth's Salvation Volunteers, who was recently married to Captain Frederick A. Lindsay of the same organization, is the colonel commanding the New York and New Jersey regiment. She is the prettiest and sweetest lass in the Volunteers and had that distinction also in the old Salvation army before she left it. Miss Watkins became identified with the Salvation army about twelve years ago, and is almost as well known in London as she is in New York. She is about 28 years old and was born in Wales, where her father was a mining engineer and a man of means. She attended a young ladies' seminary at Cardiff and was converted at 15. Soon after that happy taking place a lot of strolling Salvationists passed through Cardiff and Miss Watkins became interested in their life and the work and determined to become one of them. She went to London, entered the Salvation Army training school and was assigned to work in London. In 1886 a call was issued for volunteers to go

of this sort. These uncrystallized black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallized diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the noncrystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many branches of manufacture.

LONDON "TOSHERS."

Go Through the Sewers to Search for Articles of Value.

Shorermen, or shoreworkers, they sometimes call themselves, but their most familiar appellation is "toshers," and the articles they pick up "tosh." They really belong to another well-known class, the mudlarks, but consider themselves a grade or two above these latter, for the genuine tosher does not confine himself as they do, traveling through the Thames mud and picking up odd pieces of coal or wood, copper, nails, bolts, iron and old rope. The tosher, when the coast is clear of the police, makes his way into the sewers, and will venture sometimes for miles in quest of valuables that occasionally find their way into them by the kitchen sink or the street grating. When about to enter the sewers these men provide themselves with a pole seven or eight feet long on one end of which there is a large iron hoe, a bag carried on the back, a canvas apron tied around them, and a dark lantern, similar to a policeman's. This they strap on their right breast, so that while walking upright through the large sewers the light is thrown straight in front. When they come to



MRS. WATKINS-LINDSAY.

to America. Miss Watkins was the first to volunteer. When she arrived she was a lieutenant and was sent to Taunton, Mass. She was later transferred to Boston, thence to Fall River and five years ago to New York. She took charge of the Bowery corps to find them \$8,000 in debt. When she left it to join the Volunteers it had \$800 in the treasury. She is small in stature, has a very graceful figure, olive complexion, dark hair, and large, oxlike eyes. The wedding is to take place in Carnegie Hall.

A MONSTER DIAMOND.

South America Produces the Largest Sparkle in Existence.

The largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made



LARGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND.

ready for use. Being purely useful and in no wise beautiful, this immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genus that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy, a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America, and vouches for its size. He offered its owner \$17,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than \$50,000. Broken into available pieces and polished it will probably sell for \$65,000. Were it of the crystalline kind its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victoria diamond, which sold for \$1,500,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind the wealth of a Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other

THE BOSTON LIBRARY.

A MAGNIFICENT MODERN TEMPLE OF ART AND LEARNING.

American Artists Have Richly Adorned It—The Beautiful Decorations of Abbey and Sargent—It is Classed Among the Finest in the World.



(Boston Letter.)

BOSTONIANS are proud of their cultured and intellectual circles; of their music and their art; their symphony concerts and their popular concerts; their new subway; their old churches and graveyards; their municipal government, with the numerous suburban governments, differing essentially from the Chicago idea; their literary traditions of the past; their new vaudeville theater of the present; their clearness and financial statistics, showing them to be the second city in the country and Chicago third; their magnificent breathing spaces; their baked beans and Sunday morning fish balls—but, most of all, are they proud of their new public library. You may have seen the wonders of the vatican or viewed the decorative work in the palaces and public buildings of France and Germany; you may have absorbed the work of Angelo, Raphael, del Sarto or Rembrandt—but you are informed that you know nothing about decorative effort unless you have seen the results achieved by that great modern pair, Abbey and Sargent, in the new Boston library.

And truly you witness something as interesting in its way as any of the old masters, and you believe the time will come when strangers within the gates of Boston will pay a pilgrimage to the then old masters, Abbey and Sargent. The library itself is obviously designed after the Bibliotheque Ste. Genevieve in Paris, although Bostonians disclaim the slightest plagiarism. The inscriptions are read to you by your Boston friend with much pride, self-complacency and emphasis: "Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning;" "The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty;" "Founded Through the Munificence and Public Spirit of Citizens." These inscriptions are very satisfying to the resident, and visitors are duly and emphatically impressed with their significance, departing with this feeling: "Let us go and do likewise."

After such experience the Detroiter feels so humiliated that he looks the other way when he passes his own library. He becomes humble and small, after his experience with his Boston friends, and he does not dare to look in the face "Knowledge," that masterpiece of wood carving which adorns, ornaments and beautifies the front of the local edifice. When the influence of Boston town in a measure subsides he hides himself upon his super-sensitiveness, and is thankful, indeed, for our superb collection of books which may some day be set in a Bibliotheque of our own, with decorations by Wenzell, Rolshoven, Melchers or other local (?) artists of whose efforts we are so justly proud that we continue to claim them because they lived here before they moved away.

It is to be regretted that the country at large has heard of Boston's public library more through the action of certain of her citizens in relation to the much-talked-of Macmonnies Bacchante than for any other reason. The whole affair was lamentable and yet ludicrous, because Boston, having reached the sublime, suddenly and without warning descended to the ridiculous. But having achieved so much in this project that "magnificent" is the only word that fittingly expresses the result, it is really too bad that such fun has been poked at poor, prudish old Boston. She is entitled to so much applause that the shafts of ridicule are decidedly unkind. Poor, rejected Bacchante, embodiment of joyousness! The French government would not buy you; Boston wouldn't have you. You should turn into a figure of melancholy. But after all perhaps you would have intruded upon the seriousness of a philosopher's ruminations in the quietude of the court yard—and you should go back to the boulevards where you belong. A water god or something of that kind will do for a fountain. The decorations have been frequent-

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FROM SARGENT FRIEZE.

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done great things in Egypt. And they served * * * idols; which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and of their daughters * * * unto the idols of Canaan. * * * Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people * * * And he gave them into the hand of the heathen; and they that hated them ruled over them. Their enemies also oppressed them, and they were brought into subjection under their hand. Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry; and he remembered for them his covenant. * * * Lindsay Swift, in an admirable and public-spirited article, has pointed out that the public library is safely lodged in one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and that it will no longer be possible to say that America has no structure of continental dignity and impressiveness. It has an enormous collection of books, and adds yearly an increment so large as to constitute a good working library in itself. It has every modern appliance to facilitate both the public and its working force, which is composed of well-trained and competent men and women, many of whom are giving a tone and reputation to their profession and to the institution which they serve. With such an equipment and in such surroundings, supported and revered by a community conspicuous for the high average of the culture of its citizens, facing a future full of the promise of new birth in arts and letters, the public library of the city of Boston has every reason to be sure of fulfilling its most confident hopes. What the present has been to those humble beginnings of half a century ago, so shall the end of the next fifty years see an institution so robust, so progressive, so powerful in influence, that its possibilities can be prefigured only in the mind of the veriest dreamer of to-day. Excess of confidence, not timorousness, is wanted to

Make Your Workmen Comfortable. A manufacturer, in gossiping about the best ways of handling workmen, says that the nature of the floor of the shop has a great deal to do with the amount of work that is got out of the operative staff. He was once struck by the difference in the apparent activity of two sets of men working on similar jobs at the vise in two rooms of a large shop. One was in an old building and the other was in one of recent construction. In the former the men stood easily and naturally at their work, and showed no symptoms of a hankering for a seat on the bench, while in the latter the men were shifting their weight from one foot to the other, throwing one leg upon the bench at every opportunity and showing every evidence of foot fatigue. The superintendent guessed that the difference was due to the floors upon which the two gangs of men were standing. In the old shop the floor was of wood, springy to a certain extent, and a poor conductor of heat. In the new shop it was of the most beautiful concrete, an excellent conductor of heat from the feet of the workman, and as unyielding as granite rock. So the benches in the new shop were raised a couple of inches, and each man was given a platform of wood that rested on two cross-pieces at the end, and had a slight spring to it. The foot weariness disappeared almost at once, and no further trouble was experienced. Which shows that the prettiest floor is not always the best for the workmen.

The brain of an ant is larger, in proportion to its size, than that of any other known creature.

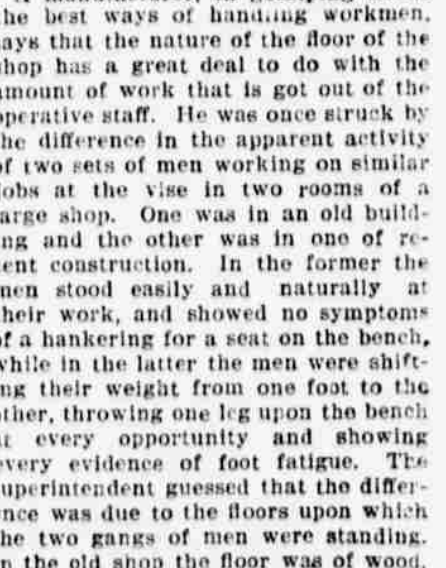


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