

The Was & Pad



GABRIELLE D'ANDRÉE, who lives with her cousin in the Rua da Trindade, in Lisbon, and who is a dancing girl at the Teatro de Sao Carlos, is only 18 years old, and has had 2,000 proposals of marriage. She is not an heiress, but she has been declared by a committee of artists and sculptors to be the most beautiful girl in Europe. Her picture, recently printed as an art souvenir in L'Illustration at Lisbon, was thus carried to all parts of Europe, to the United States, and to the larger cities of South America, especially to Brazil.

It required considerable courage for artists and sculptors, whose success in Europe depends so much upon royal favor, to declare that Gabrielle d'Andrée is the most beautiful young woman in Europe. In the first place Queen Amélie of Portugal has for several years been regarded as the handsomest woman in Europe. The queen is beyond question beautiful, but the artists, true to real art, were compelled to admit that the dancing girl of the Teatro de Sao Carlos was even more beautiful than the queen.

Beauty May Cost Her Position.

If Gabrielle's vanity is satisfied by the artists' verdict her satisfaction is likely to be short lived. The verdict has created so great a sensation in Lisbon that the Teatro de Sao Carlos has been crowded to the danger limit, slightly by curious society, eager to catch a glimpse of the face artists rave over and of the figure that has so delighted the sculptors. Lishers have been kept busy carrying huge bouquets of roses to the footlights and the stage manager and his staff of doorkeepers have been put to their wits' ends to keep intruders from the stage between the acts. Gabrielle's fame as a beauty, therefore, may cost her her position at the Teatro de Sao Carlos, for already there are angry murmurs from influential court circles over the attentions showered upon a mere dancing girl.

But even if Gabrielle d'Andrée loses her place as the leader of the ballet she is not likely to lose friends, for already she has had more than 2,000 proposals of marriage—and more are arriving by every steamer.

Wooded by Men of Many Nations.

Several wealthy coffee planters from Mexico and Brazil have crossed the ocean to make personal offers of marriage to the beautiful girl. Members of the nobility of several European countries have laid regular siege to her heart. One Russian prince has a suite of gorgeous decorated apartments at the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Rua do Carmo. He drives to the Teatro de Sao Carlos every evening in a carriage as glittering as the state coach from King Carlos' stables, and his attentions to Gabrielle d'Andrée are so marked they excite general comment.

Then there are several grandees from Spain who have traveled to Lisbon especially to win the hand if not the heart of the pretty dancing girl, and if glances of burning hatred could slay, the Hotel Braganca, in the Rua Victor Gordon, where most of the grandees stay, would have been converted into a shambale weeks ago.

Then there are French hobnobbers of doubtful antecedents—adventurers without a sou—who live in humble lodgings during the day, but who fill the Restaurant Leao d'Ouro in the evening, drink cheap wine, and pose as men of society and wealth. They are all eager to win Gabrielle d'Andrée—for the fortune she could make for them.

There are several English "younger sons," one or two stolid German counts, and a host of ruffian "nobility" from Monaco and the little states of Europe.

Suitors Make Her Life a Burden.

These suitors from every land have made life a burden to Gabrielle d'Andrée. They hunt her footsteps, call at her cousin's home, glare at each other over the tables in the cafes, and fill all Lisbon with the conglomerate profanity of Russian, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Neapolitan, and Mexican oaths. Gabrielle has been compelled to hide herself in different parts of the city, to leave the



2000 Proposals of Marriage and is still Waiting for the Right Man

Gabrielle d'Andrée

Theatro de Sao Carlos in different disguises every night after the opera, and to adopt strange and weird expedients to shake off the attentions of her admirers.

Then there are proposals by letter. These she does not mind so much, for she can read them, laugh at them, and throw them away. So far she has received more than 1,800 proposals by mail. Almost every stamp known to the international postal union is included in her morning's mail. Many of the letters contain checks for money. These Ga-



abrielle returns. Others contain diamonds. These she keeps. By far the largest proportion of her mail proposals coming from abroad bear Brazilian postmarks, although there are many from Santiago de Chile, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo. The Brazilians, however, are Portuguese and they naturally seek their brides in Lisbon, for to them Portugal is home. Most of the Brazilian wooers are coffee planters, men of great wealth, who are compelled to live half of each year on their plantations far in the interior of the South American republic. They offer Gabrielle everything money can buy—diamonds, of course—a home in Paris or Lisbon, of course—but there is always the insistence that Gabrielle must live at least a part of each year in Brazil.

It happens that Gabrielle is a sensible girl and so far her head has not been turned by the favors fortune is showering into her lap. She declares she will not accept one of the 2,000 and more proposals of marriage. She declares she does not want diamonds and a palace. She loves her profession for its own sake and declares she will be true to it until the right man comes along with power to touch her heart. Then, she says, she will marry him even if he is a sausage maker—or a poet.

The Queen of King Edward's Medieval Beauty Show

ONE frosty day last month King Edward was sitting by the bedside of Mrs. Arthur Paget. Mrs. Paget lay ill of a broken hip, two fractured knee caps, a broken arm, and internal injuries. Nevertheless, with American pluck she was propped up in bed acting the part of hostess.

"I have been thinking these long days," said she, "of the hospitals and the good work they do. And I have been wishing we could do something for the suffering poor."

"There is the hospital fund," said his majesty.

"We ought," said Mrs. Paget, "to hold a beauty tournament for the benefit of the fund. We might call it a great medieval tournament."

"Capital," said the king.

"And we would need a queen of beauty."

"Quite so, Mrs. Paget, and whom would you select?"

"I would select the duchess of Sutherland as being a typical English woman and a great beauty."

"An idea worthy your clever brain," agreed the king. And after an hour's chat, during which the details of the plan were worked out, the king departed. And such was the beginning of the great medieval tournament, which is to be held in London next June, and for which rich Americans are now buying seats at \$150 each.

What the Queen Must Be.

The duchess of Sutherland will probably be its queen, unless another and more perfectly equipped beauty arises between now and that time. If another is chosen there is to be no ill feeling on either side, for all will agree that the "queen" must have certain characteristics.

She must be English born and English bred. She must be a typical English woman. She must be a great beauty. And she must be popular.

Who will combine all these traits and will combine them in the most perfect way? Such is the question which Englishwomen are asking themselves and each other. Thus far all lay the laurel upon the head of the duchess of Sutherland. Whoever is chosen, she will be lovely, for the English woman has certain points of beauty which are her own and which are not shared by many other women in the universe. While not of classic beauty, she is yet a wonderfully handsome woman and with a beauty that is particularly her own. The English woman excels in complexion. Her skin is perfectly smooth and clear.

The English woman is ahead of all others in color. Not even the rosy checked Irish girl is the equal of the English woman in the matter of ruddy cheeks. She has the complexion of a child at play, high and beautiful.

Their Nine Beauty Features.

English women are noted for no less than nine distinctive beauty features, which begin with a good complexion. The English complexion is perfectly clear, without pimples or blemishes. The English skin is cream and white, never gray or dull. The English eyes are sparkling; there is something absolutely lustrous about them. They have the look that lies in a child's eyes when it has just awakened from sleep. The English lips are red. They may not be as beautifully formed as the lips of a Frenchwoman. But they are of better color.

The English mouth looks like a cherry. The tongue is red, the interior has that peculiar glow which is the glow of health, but which no sticky woman ever has.

The English teeth are hard and white. English dentists make little money compared to American dentists. They do not have as many fillings nor do they have one-half the annual amount of patching. English dentistry is called crude. But it is not crude. The fact is that the English dentist does not require the finished art of the American dentist. The English woman has teeth that seem built to do the work of masticating her food, while the teeth of the American woman are frail and brittle.

The English skin is hard, and fine, and firm. It is not of the flabby description. And the pores are clear. In addition to these things the English woman has a vigor of her own, a certain dash which is characteristic of her. She enjoys long walks and she goes out, rain or shine.

Secret of Her Vitality.

"What is the secret of the English woman's wonderful vitality?" asked some one of a traveling Englishman.

"The secret," said he, "lies in your own homes. The English woman never leaves the world think of sleeping in the atmosphere in which you Americans live. She sleeps in a room that is almost down to freezing. She bathes in cold water and she sits in a cool apartment during the day. Then she walks out a great deal."

"The English woman," said he, "while beautifully dressed, is less fond of dress than an American woman, and the result is not difficult to behold. She has more time to put upon herself. While the American woman is doing fancy work the English woman is out seeing the sights."

"I noticed," said he, "in a walk through your parks that your women seldom or never take the air in this manner. When the American woman goes out she goes to shop. She hurries from one hot store to another, and when she gets home she has a shopping headache."

American Women Walk Little.

"In three months in New York I never once saw an American woman out for a walk, much less did I ever see one enjoying the air of the public parks. They are always in a bustle, always in a hurry, always have they got something important to do. There is no time to get the air."

"Now, the English woman does not work in this way. She looks after her own children and frequently takes them to school. Then she does her own marketing. An American woman will spend money on telephone messages calling up the butcher, the baker, and the candied maker, giving her orders for the day.

"The English woman, on the other hand, will get out and do her own marketing. She will order her meats and her groceries and will go from greengrocer to greengrocer selecting what is to be eaten during the day.

"And the result is obvious. She gets the air and she gets exercise. She gets occupation, and she gets many other things which she needs—namely: food for her brain, as well as something for her body to do."

"The English woman," continued this observant Englishman, "never worries. She never wakes up in the night and says to herself, 'I must do this and I must do that.' She never occupies the long watches toward morning in perplexing problems concerning the ways and means of accomplishing this and that. She does the best she can every day and lets the rest go."

"And there is another thing about the English woman. She never gets nervous. The American woman is apt to spend more money than she can afford, and the thought of her extravagance makes her nervous and worried. She is not free and easy in her mind. Her face begins to pucker and she is old before her time."

"The English woman of 50 has bright and red cheeks and a clear eye. She may be full in figure, but her cheeks are plump and she is not wrinkled nor haggard. Her eyes are not dull."

"The English woman preserves to the last her clear sightliness and her cheerfulness. In old age Mrs. Gladstone was as clear, as tranquil, as full of life, and as placid in manner as when in her early prime. The American woman at 50 is a wreck. Few women ever live to be as old as 50 in America, and when they do, it is distressing to behold their feebleness. They are shaking, uncertain, trembling in body and in voice, and thoroughly unerved; 'I have lived my life,' they plaintly say, both in words and in manner. And certainly in looks."

"The English woman takes her best meal at an hour when she is best able to digest it. She makes a hearty meal at noon. But at night she eats nothing nor until next morning. To be sure, she has her cup of tea, and plenty of bread and butter at 5 o'clock, and frequent cups of tea in between times. But she makes no hearty meal after the middle of the day."

What English Women Eat.

"It is said that the English woman lives on roast beef. True, she eats it one meal a day. But as an actual fact her main living is hot breads, vegetables, and tea. She is as fond of potatoes as her cousin, the Irish woman, and as fond of rye bread as her relative, the Scottish woman. She eats potatoes cooked properly, and rye bread and hot biscuit, and crackers heated in the oven. And she takes fried omelets and all sorts of dishes of that kind, while her hearty meal consists of roast beef and roast beef gravy, greens, and potatoes."

"It is seldom that the English woman indulges in high living. She eats little and is hungry for her food."

"I wish I knew what it is to feel hungry," chattered an American woman in London to her next door neighbor. "I don't think I have been really hungry for five years."

"Why don't you go without a meal?" said the English woman. "I was not hungry this noon, so I took only a cup of tea. By night I shall be hungry. I wait until I am so hungry that I can eat bread and butter and a potato. That is the way to enjoy your food."

"The English woman will make a meal of cold potatoes sliced upon a platter and sprinkled with pepper and salt. Perhaps she will pour a little melted butter over them. But she will drink tea, eat waffles, and partake of home made marmalade. Her foods are not quite as filling, not quite as fattening, not quite as bad upon the complexion as the American pickles, strong coffee, sausage and wheat cakes combination."

But it is her outdoor life that is her great salvation. She goes out of doors a great deal and remains a long time. She lives in the open. Her house is her home and she makes it homelike, but she has a way of surrounding herself with a tiny bit of yard, a courtyard perhaps no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, yet from which she can draw her supply of fresh air.

The Secret of Her Beauty.

After several months of hard study a committee of doctors, appointed to study the clear English skin, pronounced upon it thus, giving for its causes a variety of things:

First—The habit of tea drinking. Tea, if not too strong, warms the stomach, flushes the system, and aids digestion and circulation.

Second—The diet, which is simple and easily digested.

Third—The habit of living in the open air.

Fourth—The fashion of wearing large shoes and generally loose clothing.

These things promote the health and furnish the material for the clear skin for which the English woman is noted.



The Duchess of Sutherland

