

IF SHE WOULD CATCH A HUSBAND IN SAN FRANCISCO

What She Must Be and Do to Please Him

Since time immemorial the standard of feminine loveliness has ever been—and, for that matter, still is—a moot question. The ancient poet sang in wild discordant notes of coral lips, low overhanging brow and distended nostrils.

The sweet singers of Greece tuned their lyres to tell of long supple limbs, a figure like that of a goddess and perfection of features.

The whole world then had but one ideal, and it perpetuated her in song, in painting and in sculpture.

Her influence was all permeating, and so thoroughly was the time imbued with her that it was close to the end of the seventeenth century before she ever began to relax her hold.

The moderns, with the exception of the painter and the sculptor, set up for worship a bewildering array of idols. Milo's Venus was relegated to obscurity and forgetfulness.

Tall ideals, short ideals, ideals with soft rounded limbs and ideals whose paucity of flesh scarcely concealed the angularity of their bones were scattered broadcast. The novelist then became the most prolific expounder of the ideal. He took many liberties with the idol. He gave her a mien severe and then again a sunny, dimpling smile. He added or subtracted at will from the recognized classic length of limb. He devoted mellifluous and abundant phrase to the description of her eyes. He crowned her with a golden mesh or an ebony coronet. With one exception he took no liberties with her classic features. Now and then he chipped off the very tip of her inspiring nose and coined the phrase *retrousse* to explain his sin.

So long has the majority looked to the romancer to explain his ideal that the fine sleek novelist, who indulges in no descriptions and hints vaguely at soul influence, left it with nary a leg to stand on.

Then, to add to the perplexities of the day, there is that ambitious expression unmistakably of woman's coinage—the man's beauty.

This new idol is the most mystifying of all. The woman explains her variously, delightfully indefinitely, with mimes and shrugs that convey much but mean little.

With the men apparently lay the solution, and being ever of an inquiring mind I made my pilgrimage among the prominent men of the city, discovering little that was new but eliciting much valuable information.

I know for a certainty that man's beauty is in many cases much the same as woman's accepted standard; that there is a Darby for every Joan. I have perforce lost all faith in the much-vaunted affinity of opposites. I have had proof positive that all men do not marry their ideals; that some men have not forgotten the trick of blushing, and that all deep down in their hearts have set up an idol, which to them represents the acme of the truly noble and beautiful, and at her shrine all bow with devotion and reverence.

James Phelan was the first victim of my mission and a graceful victim he was. Smiling and serene he met the all-important question and answered with firmness and precision. I listened attentively while he explained the goddess of his dream. His exposition was of more value than he ever could imagine. I knew he was the president of the Art Association and a man of rare intelligence, a passionate admirer of the beautiful. Further, I knew he is considered the greatest matrimonial prize of the season and that when he wins the girl

of his choice the telegraph will flash the news to all the four corners of the globe and in a six-hour will the newspapers announce the engagement to an admiring and curious public.

He parried my first question, "Lay bare my soul," and then he found a reporter, who, in quest of news, knows no mercy, and decided that he could do no better than quote what Bancroft said his ideal of California's effigy should be:

"She should be large and supple-limbed; low-browed, with a flood of golden hair veiling her exquisitely molded form; deep-blue eyes, whose dreamy languor a merry recklessness sadly should disturb; nose and chin Grecian; ripe, luxurious lips; while expression, voice and attitude should all betoken an indolent, romantic nature, overflowing with high, exultant spirits."

His quotations were interspersed with telling asides. Mr. Bancroft's historical statements have been questioned, and James Phelan reserved the right of differing from his views.

"A flood of golden hair" came under his displeasure. "Golden hair, no," and there was the same repetition after "She should be large * * * low-browed." But one thing there is no mistaking, Mr. Phelan's ideal is a California girl. Major Rathbone was for a moment nonplused at what he considered the very audacity of my question. Then a look of fear came over the gallant Major's countenance. "Tell my ideal?" he at last found tongue to murmur. "I have too many lady friends. Why, they would say, 'The old wretch! how dare he.'"

But he dared. To Major Rathbone all women are beautiful angels—minus the wings. And figuratively speaking, the Major suggests the thought that his only regret is that his good right arm is not long enough to encircle the entire feminine population of the globe.

There is Southern blood in Allen St. J. Bowie's veins, and his tastes are those of the South. First of all no woman is so beautiful in Mr. Bowie's eyes as a Southern woman. If he is fortunate enough to realize his ideal, she will be a brunette, tall and stately and Juno like. Her limbs will be well rounded. Neither fleshy nor thin will she be, but of those proportions the uninitiated are wont to describe as just right. Her eyes will be black as sloes, her skin like cream. She must be fashionable, not necessarily fond of society. Her voice must be like Cordelia's, be soft and low and her carriage queenly. She may have as many fads as she likes so long as they do not conflict. Above all she must be musically inclined.

I have concluded that the happiest solution to the question, "Why are you a bachelor?" is susceptibility. I have found a living example, and there is no refuting that.

Edward Sheldon, who could be leader of the four hundred if he only said so, trembled at my question. He is my living example. "I have not one ideal. I am too susceptible. And then at present I am living in Sausalito, where there are so many pretty girls. My head is all in a whirl." Now, which is it? Happy Sausalito or happy Mr. Sheldon?

A. H. Small prayed for time before he answered the all-absorbing question. His prayer was granted, and then, after twenty-four hours of reflection, Mr. Small decided that I might just as well ask him to paint a picture—an impossible feat for him. Mr. Small acknowledged himself swamped by the very immensity of the problem.

I put the question to Mr. Bouvier dur-



Mr. Phelan's heart under the X-ray.



The picture that A. H. Small could not paint.



Mr. Dohrmann hesitates—there are so many.



Artist Joullin worships at the shrine of innocence.



Major Rathbone's regret—that his arm is not big enough.



Alfred Bouvier's ideal—brunette or blonde.



"Just mind enough to read the paper and catch the boat."—Lawyer Heggerty.



Frank Worthing finds his ideal in Maxine Elliott.



If she would please Allen St. J. Bowie she must be musically inclined.



Claude Terry Hamilton blushed and cried "Which!"



Rabbi Voorsanger regards it as an ethical question.



Manager Frauley draws the line at women who read detective stories.



Edward Sheldon's heart.



To please Mr. Costigan she must say a good word for suffrage and be a Republican.



Dr. Bazet fixes his ideal upon no outward form, but on the spark that animates the soul.



Henry Stetson wants her mildly athletic.

ing business hours, in the very midst of letters, stenographers, statements, royalties, etc., and for a moment I confused him—but only for a moment. Here is a stenographic report of Mr. Bouvier's answer:

"I suppose every man has some sort of an ideal, in business hours and out of them. I very much fear that my own personal ideas are not in accord with prevailing modern sentiments. The whole world must agree on the qualities of mind and heart and possibly the matter of facial

beauty is only a question of taste, but I do not see in the modern fashionable woman any exemplification of the ideal human form divine or female loveliness, as you put it. My idea of loveliness in the female form is softness, grace, in both movement and lines and strength all combined. This is simply what nature intended and this is what you cannot see in the modern corseted figure which destroys nature's curves, weakens muscles where they should be strong and otherwise shatters the ideal. This is all the more strange to me,

Various Ideals of Feminine Loveliness

"As to an opinion about blondes or brunettes, that is too dangerous a question for a man who has many friends."

Claude Terry Hamilton shrieked a discordant "Which?" to my simple little question as to his ideal of feminine loveliness. And then he blushed and he stammered and he laughed and then blushed again. I wonder, oh I wonder who she is, Mr. Hamilton?

A. B. Costigan felt he needed time before answering the all-important question. He had an ideal, but so prosaic a proceeding as picturing her in words had never presented itself to Mr. Costigan. So he went over to the quiet shades of Tiburon, thought the matter over and here is a copy of the description he mailed me:

"Her hair must be of a reddish hue, with a disposition that is amiable at all times. Not necessary be pretty, but with eyes that speak at every glance. Musically inclined and some thought given to society. Fond of outdoor life and a mind that is all her own. Dwells very little on the subject of dress and occasionally speaks a good word for woman suffrage, and if she were a man, would be a rank Republican.

"Her general character should be inimitable."

President Dohrmann of the Merchants' Association represents the concentrated business ability of this City. His ideal, on that account alone, is not one to be sneezed at. When first questioned Mr. Dohrmann pleaded his age as an excuse, but after a little coaxing gracefully yielded up his secret, and thus spoke me: "My father, who lived to the ripe old age of 83, followed this motto through life, and I, seeing the wisdom of his course, have adopted it: 'All wine is good, but some is better: all women are beautiful, but some are hand-omer.'"

His profession probably accounts for the minuteness with which Charles Heggerty entered into the description of his ideal, one of those creations we feel sure inhabit terrestrial spheres.

This is all that Lawyer Heggerty wants. A brunette. Five feet six inches tall. Her eyes are liquid brown. Her complexion clear and in her cheeks should glow the clear bluish red, like the spark from a live coal. Under no condition must her nose be pointed sharply, nor retrouse. It must be a nose like that which adorns the features of Milo's Venus, and of course in perfect keeping with the proportions of her face. Her mouth must be small. The lips bow shaped, not thin, not thick, and the lower lip must protrude just the veriest shadow of a bit. Her teeth must be small, even and white. She should run to flesh rather than bones, and have just mind enough to read a paper and to enable her to catch the boat.

In her home political discussions must be tabooed. The learned barrister would far rather discuss with his idol her old hat which she had spent the whole day in "fixing over" than the solar or lunar eclipse. Her figure must be trim, her waist in healthful proportion. There must be no padding, and, above all, she dare not be pigeon-toed. She must carry herself erect, and her body should swing with an easy grace. Above all things she must not care for society. She must grumble when she has to put on a street dress, and it must be next to impossible to induce her to go out.

Manager Frauley's ideal has no complexion. Neither is she facially beautiful. She is a womanly woman, dainty and petite—a woman that a man feels he should like to fight for. She certainly has a mind. But the less she reads editorials

the better is Mr. Frawley going to like her. There is to be a lot of romance mixed up in her composition. She will enjoy a walk and war (poor bright man in the days of numbers 5 and 6) a 3½ or 4 shoe. She is to enjoy exercise. She is to be no society lady. She is to love horses and dogs and pretty gowns; be musical; read the "Tale of Two Cities"; and "Night and Morning," but, oh, how she should hate her to read detective stories. The less she knows about household duties the better. She is to be his pal, his companion, and must not punch bags.

Probably no man is more sought after in social circles than Harry Stetson. He shines especially as best man at swell weddings. He has had every opportunity to meet the best the land affords, and consequently his ideal is of more than passing interest.

It is a woman with olive skin and large dark eyes that is especially attractive for Mr. Stetson. She is tall and slender and carries herself well. She cares not for politics. She is well versed in literature and art. She is fond of society to a moderate extent. She is musically and generally accomplished and athletic to a certain extent.

Joullin, the artist, worships at the shrine of Donatello's famous statue, "La Femme Inconnu." Looking at the cold marble he feels she must have had a wonderful mind. Physical beauty and mental attainments the artist contends are one and inseparable.

In the flesh Joullin's ideal is the English beauty. For him she more nearly approaches the classic. She has a fine figure, a stately carriage.

It is many a day since there has been a leading man in this City more beloved of the matinee girl than Frank Worthing.

She hangs his picture in her blue or white boudoir, and some, I am informed on most reliable authority, burn incense constantly before it. I do not know exactly what the actor thinks of newspaper people, but I know my reportorial presence succeeded in scaring him most to death. His lips were blanched. The veins stood out on his forehead like pieces of whip-cord. My question evidently reassured him. "Feminine loveliness altogether? Mental and physical? Maxine Elliott. She represents my ideal, don't you know? She is perfect, don't you know? So beautiful, so simple, so unaffected, don't you know? So loyal; so true; so unselfish." And in Worthing's rather expressionless eyes there shone a light that moved me. So unselfish.

And she is going to marry Nat Goodwin. Ah, Worthing! you judge other people by yourself.

Dr. Voorsanger at first declined to be interviewed on what to him meant so exhaustive a subject. In ideal womanly loveliness he saw a theme that required deep thought and considerable time to formulate his opinions. For him it was an ethical question—one not to be lightly dwelt upon. "Say for me," said the learned gentleman, "that handsome is as handsome does. That is the best I can say in a few words on a subject I feel so deeply."

Ideal loveliness has no physique, no outward form for Dr. L. Bazet. The beauty of woman for him lies in the life spark that animates her soul. It is the intangible, the incomprehensible something that spurs men on to nobler better things. The power that awakens his higher ambitions, the soul which makes him strive and cry, "I will be noble, I will be great, I will be worthy of you."

GREATER THAN A HUMAN EYE

The Camera's Vision Is Widened

Photographs Taken by the Cylindrograph Exhibited at the Fair

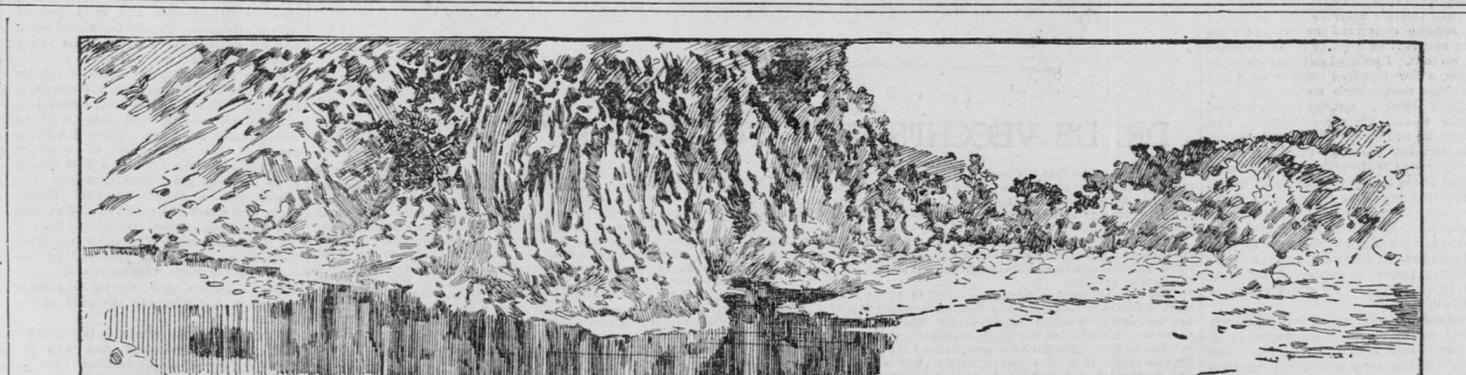
The latest invention in field photography is called the cylindrograph. This is an improvement even upon the human eye, and by its use a much wider range of almost any given subject may be imprinted on the negative than can be taken in by the naked eye.

Excellent specimens of this work may be seen at the southwest corner of the gallery in the Mechanics' Pavilion, where there is an unobtrusive group of photographs, which is a sample of the photography done in connection with the field work of the California State Mining Bureau during 1895-96.

These pictures were, at the request of the management committee of the Mechanics' Fair, donated by Mr. Crawford, the State Mineralogist, to the Mechanics' Institute, and they comprise excellent specimens of the work of the field assistants of the California State Mining Bureau. These pictures illustrate chiefly the topography and geology of the oil fields of Southern California, and many of them are remarkable for having been taken with the latest form of apparatus used in field photography, the cylindrograph.

This instrument has a compass which is even greater than the angle of vision, and the pictures made with it give a more comprehensive idea of the topography of a locality than any picture which can be made by other means. There are also smaller pictures, which are well executed and are very instructive, especially the ones illustrating the oil springs of Ventura County.

The last-mentioned photographs show: First, an oil spring; second, a stream of maltha or heavy viscous petroleum—this picture demonstrating how the oil from the spring, after losing its most volatile constituents by exposure to the air, crawls down the mountainside in a stream of mineral tar or maltha, as it is technically called; third, seepages of petroleum from fissures in hard sandstone rocks.



REMARKABLE CYLINDROGRAPHIC VIEW OF BITUMINOUS SLATES FORMATION ON SANTA PAULA CREEK, VENTURA COUNTY. [From a photograph now on exhibition at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, taken by W. L. Watts.]

An American May Rule Great Britain

Translated for THE CALL from the Paris Figaro.

The Americans, who are always fond of astonishing the old country, have just made a discovery which fills them with joy and pride. They start out upon a tragic hypothesis.

"Suppose," they say, "the Duke of York should meet with a premature death and the Duchess of Fife and their children—who would be called upon to ascend the throne of England? The Princess Victoria of Wales. But this event would bring something else in its suite—a Prince consort; an American, William Waldorf Astor."

What! Is there an engagement between the Princess and the money king? Perhaps; at least, there are rumors of it. This is how they reason. Ever since the death of his wife, which happened about two years ago, William Waldorf Astor has transferred his domicile to England, where he has purchased the fine castle of Clivedon. Recently he gave, in honor of the Prince of Wales, a fair fête, which was considered a step toward achieving an avowed ambition of his—that of being created a baronet. It was also considered a step toward higher aspirations.

most fascinating among the eligible Americans in Europe.

The Princess Victoria of Wales, second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is still unmarried, though her eldest and youngest sisters have both gone to the matrimonial altar. A number of indications point to the fact that Princess Victoria's family are not entirely indifferent to the delicate attentions that W. W. Astor has been showing her of late. She is a bright, buxom girl, with a good deal of her mother's winning personality, though she has inherited too much of the heavy Guelph features to be the beauty that her mother was.

Among the proofs brought forward of her coming engagement to W. W. Astor the most significant fact, they say, is that the Princess Maud, since her marriage, has been permitted to accept from him a marvelous diamond. The royal family does not accept presents from every hand and refuses point blank if the giver is not on terms of intimacy. Then W. W. Astor must be an intimate friend.

It is well known that the Prince of Wales only has a revenue of £500,000, a slender income when one compares it with that of certain other subjects of the Queen, who possess incomes that reach the million mark. It is not a secret that on several occasions the Prince has had to make loans, and that his largest creditor was Sir James Mackenzie.

When that gentleman died—eight years ago—the Prince, it is said, was his debtor for £1,000,000, which the children of the defunct claimed.

Every one must recall the famous bacarat game, when it was asserted that the Wilsons had lent the Prince a million pounds. Baron Hirsch, too, was said to have won royal favor by lending about the same amount. As ill luck would have it, Baron Hirsch died, his heirs claimed the money, and it is supposed the Prince, menaced by compromising lawsuits, was only too happy to find a savior in W. W. Astor, who was charmed to attach himself to the future King of England by ties of gratitude.

Afterward came visits from the Prince to Clivedon, followed by visits of other members of the royal family. Astor's invitations to Sandringham became more frequent, and from this growing intimacy has arisen the supposition that he has asked for the hand of the Princess, and that he will not be refused.

The barrier of birth? This obstacle did not arrest the royal family when it wanted to accept among its members the Marquis of Lorne or the Duke of Fife. It is by pure courtesy that John Campbell Esq. is called Marquis of Lorne, and in all official documents the husband of Princess Louise is not designated otherwise than "John Campbell, commonly called Marquis of Lorne." The Duke of Fife owes his title to the

Queen, who conferred it on him the day of his marriage with Princess Louise Victoria, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The founder of the family was Adam Duff, a Scotch peddler, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Uncle Sam cannot get it into his head that William Waldorf Astor, grandson of John Jacob Astor, a German peddler, should be any more incapable than the Duke of Fife of cutting a good figure at court with the title of Duke of Clivedon, given by her gracious Majesty the day of his marriage with her granddaughter. When it comes to choosing between these two descendants of peddlers Uncle Sam naturally inclines toward his multi-millionaire nephew, who would, in his eyes, add a considerable quantity of gilding to the Princess's escutcheon.

It is said that the English aristocracy shares his ideas on this point. For example, the Duchess of Buccleuch, chief lady in waiting to the Queen, who was formerly very hostile to the invasion of Americans, has now accepted more than one invitation to Clivedon; and there are Countess Cowper, the Marchioness of Londonderry and a number of other women of the aristocracy, whose high influence has contributed to introduce the American millionaire into intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and who have ended by regarding him as a possible pretendent to the hand of Princess Victoria.

The son of American democracy, on the steps of the British throne, seated one day perhaps as Prince Consort beside the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc. Nothing appears more striking to the Americans and nothing strikes them as being more natural.

AN ASTOR MAY BECOME A KING

How William Waldorf Might Rise

Diamond He Tendered Princess Victoria of Wales Was Accepted

And then the idea is such a novelty. Up till now American princesses and duchesses have abounded, but an American prince—Prince Astor, Duke of Clivedon—would be an entirely new departure. Of course he would have to be naturalized in England, if he is not already naturalized, and would remain American at heart and in interest, which would suffice for Uncle Sam.

People are talking already of the wedding tour, which would naturally be in America. Prince Astor would not fail to show his bride a house situated at Sault Ste. Marie, on Lake Ontario—a house of very singular construction its balconied first floor overhanging the ground floor; a sort of fortress, with loopholes, which must have even the Indians food for reflection more than once.

The man who built it was a poor German emigrant who came to New York in 1783. He made it a headquarters for trading in furs with the Indians. In 1812 when the war between the United States and England interfered with his business he realized his little pile and found that he had gained two million dollars. Then he bought tracts of land near New York. His name was John Jacob Astor.

The tracts of land to-day are traversed by Fifth avenue and Broadway. Such is the origin of the fortune of £230,000,000, of which a part belongs to William Waldorf, Prince Astor.

After visits to palaces, mansions and villas, all owned by the Astors, it is just possible that the Princess will be curious to make a last visit to see the cemetery of Trinity Church, where the first wife lies. Two years ago her casket was covered with 3800 orchids at a dollar apiece, and until it was consigned to the earth the florist had orders to renew the flowers every day. Since then flowers have never been wanting, and the florist's bill for the first year was \$36,500. Will the Princess find fresh flowers on the tomb?