BAB ENJOYS

The Breezes at

LONG BRANCH.

(Copyright, 1898.)

Long Branch, West End.

I have started on the fly. Who shall say where I shall land?

The charm of Long Branch lies in the fact that it is an ever varying procession in which men and women of all degrees and positions may parade. There is the rich broker's handsome wife in her smart trap; the gay young girl driving a pony cart full of children; the numerous women and children at the side of the road walking along, watching the procession that goes to form Vanity Fair. Like a good deputy, mind where, you eat at Long Branch get anything you want. At this and are the finest hotels and cottages and from them pour out to drive, to walk or to go to the dances what is known as "the wealth and beauty of the metropolis." Further down are the hotels where people are less particular in their manners and costumes and where it is doubted as among the possibilities of life that one can live without a cash. You run down here as I did the other day and with a friend join the long and gay procession late in the afternoon only to be uncurled at one thing, and that is the great number of rich, cultured and beautiful Jewish women who are to be found here.

Invariably, as it grows near train time, their carriages come out of line, and each one wends its way toward the station, for the mistress of each one is going to meet her husband or her lie there. Last night I dined at the house of a wealthy Jew, an orthodox one, but I should not have known it from the service on the table or in any other way that I was among people who cling to a creed to which they have been true for thousands of years. You know, I am a great admirer of dress, not that of which you mostly think, my friend, the impertinent, insolent, delightful but manicured dressmaker, but the well bred, intelligent female, mind and body, such as may be met all over the world, although in this country they are almost found in Charleston, in Baltimore or, as a natural result, there are great numbers of people in New York.

How many of you know that the city of Baltimore was really founded by a Jew, Reuben Cohen? How many people know that the greatest music, the finest poetry and the most interesting novels have come from the pens of Jews? The Jew is essentially a sensual creature because into his life comes so much that must be regarded as holy. Did you ever know a Jew who, like a Quaker, allowed the poor of his congregation to suffer? And, while enough, did you ever know a Jew who didn't enjoy a funny story when focused on him? Or who wasn't ready to resent any taunt to his religion or to the women of his family?

Here, where all is gayety and where life seems a huge playground upon which everybody may dance and be joyful, watch the American children, often overtrained, impudent and decidedly scarce when they are girls to start serious flirtations with young boys. Then look at the Jewish children. These children have been taught patience in their own homes, consequently they carry it wherever they go. Into them has been poured a continual faith in the value of honoring one's parents. Therefore, at home or abroad, what does the Jewish child do? As my window looks out on the children's playground I am advised of the genius who prevented to Christ the teachings of Christ and call themselves Christians, for as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, and the impudent child is certain to be the unmanly, heartbreaking offspring of its father or mother, but if I talk very much about badly behaved children the dramatic that is to be will be self explanatory, and I shall disappear and be nothing but smoke.

Can anybody doubt that, while an honest man may be the noblest work of God, a beautiful woman is the finest? Every now and then some miscreant will hypnotize, with strong opinions about health, food and underwear, the state that a square look, a frontispiece drawing back of the face so that the forehead and the eyebrows look as if they were being pulled, the shoes that pinch so big for one and a strong contempt for everything that suggests femininity, seem lovely. Now, the first requisite of being a pretty woman is the movement taking for granted. The next is that she should care as much for such beauty of person that nature has bestowed upon her as to stimulate to intensity every one. The pretty woman who does not understand herself is to be pitied. The pretty woman who does not understand mankind is to be scorned.

Here there are two extremely beautiful women—women who are quite as different as the mostly moon and the fairy moment. Pink. It is true that Pink was a boy, but somehow or other his sweet, mildly wave describe a certain type of woman. Hinton, to me, a very pocket Venus with a figure so supple that the pockets will assist themselves in the same delicious of arms. A head (based in the hair worn about the length of Miss Terry's and tumbling in ribbon coils that may or about the morning glories of a pair of vines and wave in the corners of our papers. Pink unfortunately has an mass of fair flaxen hair and, for all the lightness, has eyes that very pro-

claimed a descendant of one of the kings of Ireland. A French maid must express the mouth. It is classic—that is, it smiles its joy, but never vulgarizes itself, as the average chicken and does, by showing its teeth in a photographic grin. Never still for a second, for either the eyes or lips are touching the movements are so quick that it would seem as if the pretty lady might cut a giddy around the earth in 40 seconds. Yet this quickness so exactly suits the size, is so intensely individual that you can not but wonder how it would be if a maiden shown were to come. She has a low, sweet voice and the morning lunch with which a woman was ever served. I joy in watching her. It is like reading a delightful book, and yet it is a book with which I have to acquaintance.

The other beauty of the day is Jakobs is her height, with wonderful dark hair, eyes that might reflect the moonlight and a complexion that rivals the damask rose. Juno does one thing well, a something that few women do—

BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.

the arms how to walk well. The average American woman trots, skips or runs, but she never manages to wear the singularly easy, measured step that never suggests a hurry and yet is always in time with that any fellow with whom she may have an engagement is good, or with a pretty bonnet, or with a bottle little woman, she makes the woman who walk nearly over common, ordinary mortals, and she raises darkness to a level with the stars when those great dark eyes of her own look compare by one that she is stiff and awkward—indeed, so far back of the still look in those dark eyes is a deep pitiful kind for the benefit of her friends. These two are the most beautiful women at Long Branch.

Long Branch more than any of the other places in women fishing. A great many of the best are away all day, and the little village and the various drives behind to the women and children. It makes one wonder if people noted that woman is religion in a circle. Years ago she deposed the fact that she was only added to be a helpmate, to be good mannered and to allow herself to be taken care of. She is now having a taste of the other side of it. She is trying to be businesslike, and she loves her temper. She is trying to be independent, and she breaks down and cries. She is trying to be hybrid, and between you and me, and Pink, she is making a bit of a fool of herself. However, the circle will swing around, and she will come back a repentant and a happy wife.

Yet me there is nothing so fine as a gentleman, but she is the result of the most good breeding that is necessary to make thoroughly good, and if you take the trouble to look at it you will find that the women who are thoroughly bred are the best Women with a capital W are the fruit of their kind. They are strong in muscle and in brain, and in another generation they will have the children worthy of by the combined years of money, for not one of these women waste her daughter to be what she is.

The most finished person I know doesn't want her daughter to go in the stage. The most pacific mother I have ever heard confessed that her daughter should never marry, but have a large family. The Women with a capital W are the cause. The right kind of women are the effect, because she of the capital W is quite clever enough to see, not only mistakes and to take and varnish them out of her daughter. The woman with a daughter shows her greatest ascension by bringing out in her that daughter the dance of her heart. She wishes her to dress quietly, speak quietly and will gain the use of a good man and have the joy of being the mother of a dear little child. As the years go by she dresses with a restful W that the magnificent show is wasting place. She doesn't know just why, because the children are making a noise with their toys, while the little maiden of the manor chase in the swings and dance and sing and give a thought to the last view look on some rosy and dimpled face, but there is a look in that face for her to be found in the stillness of the house in which the Women with a capital W lives. Here is home. Her daughter has a home. The little are almost the same. And the room is quite different. I have often heard of a famous woman writer who was discovered pacing home with two small grandchildren and who said she didn't know where her brain had been so

thoroughly shaved out and her brain so freshened.

But I started to tell you about Long Branch and its people, which is a little forced, its fashions and the presentation of life as it goes on here. To me the most interesting sight is that group here surrounded with a soft kept man guarded by the neighbor of Bowers and where woman is invisible to anyone. But they think that women and men are incompatible! Do they think that women and men are in the same table? A young lady might cause a man to make a false move, or an extremely beautiful boy might induce a woman to be carried out of a cottage with her, where they could talk to each other.

Well, perhaps it is best that women are not allowed in the painting business, for they are painters from their birth. Such will throw her hair upon some cloud or falling on a card and guess from it a hat. She will back a color

that delights the dress of her heart. She wishes her to dress quietly, speak quietly and will gain the use of a good man and have the joy of being the mother of a dear little child. As the years go by she dresses with a restful W that the magnificent show is wasting place. She doesn't know just why, because the children are making a noise with their toys, while the little maiden of the manor chase in the swings and dance and sing and give a thought to the last view look on some rosy and dimpled face, but there is a look in that face for her to be found in the stillness of the house in which the Women with a capital W lives. Here is home. Her daughter has a home. The little are almost the same. And the room is quite different. I have often heard of a famous woman writer who was discovered pacing home with two small grandchildren and who said she didn't know where her brain had been so

for a experience and is able to teach while there is a young lamp in her thread at the loss of the money that maybe means so much to her. No, it is a good thing that lovely woman and the fountain tools are not introduced to each other, for the contrast as to which should rule would be great.

I wonder where the Hawthorns went in element there. According to Shakespeare, they enjoyed sitting on the top of the trees, and the trees were built, according to the deep students with all modern improvements, so that life is a road as on it it might have been delightful, provided you were supplied with all the blessings of life as expressed of by

Bab

FAIR WOMEN

Of Our Beautiful

PORTO RICO.

(Copyright, 1898.)

Beautiful and picturesque! That is what Hamilton says of Porto Rico's women. Like all women of Spanish blood, they are dark, graceful and haughty of mien. They have great, lovely eyes, which they know how to use with telling effect, and soft voices that are music of a thousand modulations; they are made for passionate romance; they have no aspirations for a higher sphere or an emancipated womanhood; they are strangers of letters, not of thought—they are pleasure loving animals, who are content to look in the sunshine and sweetness of the day or serenity to offer to caresses, with no thought of tomorrow for the morrow.

The Porto Rico people are of three classes—Spaniards, or descendants of the early Spanish settlers, who were, it is said, of the highest type, as they had to have was originally one of the proud nations of Spain; the second class, mulattoes, the descendants of negroes and Spaniards; the third, the negroes themselves. The negroes are usually well made or else are covered with nothing. The negroes is of light pattern or of a quaint, old fashioned style that dates back probably to the owner's first Spanish ancestor.

The men of the negroes are of course very poorly furnished. Many of the mulattoes are, however, in good financial circumstances.

In dress the ladies are very far behind the Parisian modes. They adhere stiff and hour-glass, and while wearing waists and such any fabrics they look comfort by adornishing their persons with shawls, the shawls of which are thrown the lace mantillas which the Spanish women drape so gracefully over their heads. The women of position have quantities of jewels with which to deck themselves on every possible and impossible occasion. They are particularly fond of diamonds and display an almost childish interest in this appearance.

The temperature in Porto Rico along the coast, where all the large cities are located, is of such tropical character that it is only for a few hours of the day that the white population at all bestir itself. This is today 10 a. m. and every three hours the sun times down with a vengeance that not even the cooling sea breezes can reduce to a temperature lower than 95 degrees in the shade. In the morning the women are shopping, driving in town in their carriages, accompanied by yellow and wrinkled duennas or by servants to carry the purchases.

In the evening, when the military band plays in the plaza, the entire town turns out for a frolic. The gaily uniformed Spanish officers strut backward and forward, using the ladies with the a "assurance" peculiar to Spanish men. The ladies of the town are unaccompanied by men unless some palmer and gone is some stalking along by the side of a particularly beautiful lovely wife. The younger women are always seen with older ones, who are supposed to keep an eye on the lively young senorita and check flirtations in their infancy.

But in spite of the dominant romances Boabel. As the force of generalizes pass one another some an ardent lover, focused upon by stays a moment, lingers to give a light more into the expectant hand of his inamorata. One of the reasons why higher education for women is not particularly favored in Porto Rico is that most parents think that nursing too much will only afford the fair ones another means of communicating with the numerous detectives, who are the terror of the average parent until he has safely married his daughter to some worthy member of some good family. For, as native has remarks the young people may be, their elders have well defined ideas in regard to the age of marriage settlements and divorces.

The young officers, while they may be admired by the impressionable belles, seldom have much money, and most parents are greatly in favor in Porto Rico to a noble Christian religion. While the young man may have some latitude in the selection of his bride the young woman is compelled to bow to the mention of her parents, no matter what her preference in the matter may be. No will brought up Porto Rican girl thinks of questioning parental authority.

The women have beautiful eyes and long, soft tresses, but their complexions are so heavily plastered with powder and paint as to make the quality of the real article a mere matter of conjecture to outsiders.

Most beautiable are the Porto Ricans. The average man, while rather effeminate, is usually overwhelmed with attentions. As their guest, it is customary to admire a picture, a piece of bric-a-brac or a book, for to take it is to offer it, and the admired article is at once sent to the guestroom, where it remains during the visit.

Hildalaiza is a great institution in Porto Rico. Whether or not the ladies are present at a ceremony they always celebrate the anniversary. On birthdays all friends are expected to call upon the celebrant or send a good present. Fair as is so to be looked upon as a very great breach of etiquette and serious leads to the breaking of old and much tried friendships.

Most of the wealthy families have beautiful country seats upon the hills in the interior, where they retire during the very warm weather. These seats are rare a few miles from the town, and when a family goes to its country home it has merely to pack its trunks, step into the carriages and go twelve miles out into the country. The greatest fewer that has, shaded by a thousand grand old palms, and an Eden of tropical loveliness. Here, in summer, life is a dream of delight, and the most it is always cool and comfortable, and yellow fever, that scourge of the tropics, does not often paralyze.

The Porto Ricans belong to the Roman Catholic church, and the women are most devout and attentive to their religious duties. The influence of the clergy in Porto Rico is great, and it is exercised with good effect, for members of the West Indies is there a more amiable, honest and fair abiding people than are the Porto Ricans.

The great festival of the people is on June 24, St. John's eve. On that day there are home sicut, horses being strictly furnished. The floors are usually covered with or else are covered with nothing. The furniture is of light pattern or of a quaint, old fashioned style that dates back probably to the owner's first Spanish ancestor.

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IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

The queen of Italy, the queen-empress of Russia and princess of Sweden and other royalties collected the beautiful dolls known as the wonderful exhibition of dolls at Nogwich, on the three days, from Cassette, the Hatfieldess of the queen of Roumania. It was called "From Curious Sylvia's Studio" and contained dolls sent to the queen from all parts of Europe. Roumania sent Hilda, from Cassette, the Hatfieldess of the queen of Roumania. It was called "From Curious Sylvia's Studio" and contained dolls sent to the queen from all parts of Europe. Roumania sent

expense of any woman who will come forward and establish, but also, if they are the wives of workingmen, to pay for the time which it should. Her may decide to the institution of the board.

The women physicians of Germany, under the management of Dr. Mary J. Booth, are endeavoring to organize an auxiliary medical corps for the purpose of rendering assistance to women sick in the at the G. A. R. encampment in September.

Tobacco has preserved one German old lady to the age of 90 years. A London woman just before dying at nearly 10 years of age said: "It's time for me to go. I don't seem to get any pleasure out of my life."

There is a woman surgeon in the Third Wisconsin regiment. She was appointed by the government, and the men say that she surprises her horse at drill parade with excellent grace. She wears bloomers and comes from

plentiful in the inland and many prizes in the ponds. Porto on the day the Porto Rico ship left to enter the Kentucky of the Hudson. At 10 o'clock on the day the bottom of the Hudson from processions and exercises in the government house, which the look of the Porto Rico, in the long roads amid a hubbub processions composed for the occasion. After the exercises the voting.

All the ladies and women go through the streets wearing gaily colored gowns and costumes and trimmed hats. The ladies have adopted the Paris modes as have also made hot for the ladies. At night there are lanterns and for the day in the year water sound fireworks are released, and every house is dressed with for Juan. Indeed, the Porto Rico woman is supposed to be the one to suggest a celebration of the other sex would be a rare gamble of a good time and the suggestion that he or she had been good for a sweetheart.

The three days the houses are thrown open and hospitality and what with, all to any one who may ask for them. It is a hot simple and Arcadian community and one that would be a little in every into home, but there is a good deal of plant in Porto Rico. Instead, the hundred element is on its hands.

The ladies of the country are fond of horses and sometimes of carriages. It is a climate, however, in which the exercise is not easily tolerated, and those who can afford to have carriages are not so popular as in northern latitudes.

One of the very odd sights of the season is the water cane hat. The women footer they and chicks about them in carts and wear one end of the cane attached to the shoulder. The hat tops somehow over the face and back of the wearer as the only little protection against to grate over the gowns of the fashionable London, Parisian and New York women. The hat looks like a cross between a Dunsany and has one of a soft amber hat.

The lives of the peasant class in each the serious way to spend an every single. They wear very little in the way of clothing and have can live in the way of houses. When one of in these West Indian Lemmons sees over the island does good work by but, but safely and comfortably in men and women go to work to get more money. They need to work for for plenty of food is assured the money turning over the earth enough grow a few sand tuts and this grow grassed. Thus in bananas, pineas complete grow wild.

CAROLINE WETHERILL.

Some Curious Cosmetics

Even in the industry age when people knew little of the bath you to a preventing properties noted Isabella found out the secret of preserving the freshness by abstinency rule. Queen of Navarre's heart that exclaimed so good for the soul and had a cosmetic costume issued thereof and taken it them daily. Diana of Poitiers was another of the clearly popular and engaged into a tub of necessary cold secretion.

The eighteenth century beauties Devise believed in bathing, but for of a wash of milk infusions into the water to improve the skin, such as the water in which veal had been boiled, or for dusting from the honey should from a mixture of a quarter of a pound milton juice, the milky juice of rye barley and linseed steeped with honey was been directed by the poet of Queen Elizabeth. These cosmetics were freely used by the ladies who adorned themselves at the court of Louis XIV the revolution.

Queen Marie Antoinette made that use of a "tub," putting into the water wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjoram and a little sea salt.

Marie Chalcovitzouka, a famous beauty who received great favors over Czar Alexander I, used to bathe in Malaga wine.

The Marechale Duroat, Princess Polignac, was at 40 removed to be specially carriage, superb eyes and long lashes, her skin being so white it to rival the snow of her dazzling teeth. She had never used anything but pure water on her face, and she always kept to a very simple diet, even when her fortune was loaded with gold dust for her dresses.

She retained equally attractive to her last hour, although in her prime she had been one of the greatest beauties of her time. Her daughter, Madame Blumenstein, lived to be just one another while hatred beauty and retained in her old age for dressing with consummate taste and elegance.

A Pretty Blouse.

Although blouses and skirts can be bought at such reasonable prices, yet there are occasions when the slender or stout appeals to as so forcibly that we feels it worth the labor of making it into a bodice or skirt. In such a case the following model is given and the suggestion that he or she had been good for a sweetheart.

The three flays the bodice are shown,