

"Aurora's" Daughter the "400's" Most Unusual Problem

A \$10,000,000 Bachelor Beauty, She Is Fighting for Social Recognition, Inspired by the Romance of a Father Who Found in Her Mother the Counterpart of a Painting He Adored.

Alice Antoinette DeLamar, who has \$10,000,000, but no family to share with her the magnificent mansion she owns.

BY BETTY VAN BENTHUYSEN.

ALICE ANTOINETTE DELAMAR, young, beautiful, mistress of millions, has just launched the social craft of a bachelor girl upon the tide of New York society.

Alone, without a relative in her town house at 270 Park avenue, and none in the magnificent country estate of Pembroke, at Glen Cove, L. I., she plans to make her own social programme, to live her own life and to be captain of her own destiny.

It is the first time in all of the long story of New York life that a young woman has faced the Four Hundred alone. It is indeed, to be doubted if any other young woman, anywhere or at any time in the world's history ever presented such a picture or such a study.

Fancy her: Twenty-five, worth more than \$10,000,000, her city apartment fitted to the last word of art and luxury, her country place a wonderful palace, surrounded by miles of wooded land, through which fair driveways wind, its architecture excellent, its equipment perfect, its flowers the best, and holding every costly attribute to the comfort of the owner that money might command—

And—
Father dead, mother long estranged, no brothers, no sisters—not a soul to share with her the comforts, or to help bear the sorrows, of her entire life.

It is the sort of story that you would like to read in a hammock in some secluded mountain resort, or to make the companion of a long winter night when lonely in a city home. Rugged strength pursuing wealth, love, hope, despair, misery, happiness are all woven and interwoven in the narrative. Nature lends her finest, grandest scenery; art gives its best refinements and the two sides of the world pour into the moving recital all of the riches with which they endow authors seeking romantic fiction.

In the opening chapter, which is set not so far in the Long Ago that many living readers might have known the time, a young sailor lad, penniless and adventurous, set out from Holland. He determined to see the world, and the mast offered to his mind the best method of making the plunge. In the beginning, he sailed the Seven Seas, picking up a little of strange languages and much of the lore of the sea.

Among the languages that came in his sailor's rude school was English, and with it came strange stories of a wonderful country called America in which men who had no means found fortune, and the door of opportunity was never closed to a lad who had a heart and a will to work.

Lowest Run in Fortune's Ladder.
So, landing at the port of New York, he cut the sea, took his little pack, and wandered as far inland as his saved sea money might take him.

That brought him to Chicago. He needed work. A small job in an old-fashioned Chicago saloon was open. There, as a bartender, he got his first glimpses of the people and the ways of the land he had selected as his own.

He studied life for a time through the magnifying glass that cheers, and then deserted the saloon for a job in a butcher shop, and next for employment in a glue factory. Surely not very romantic setting for the start of a life that was destined to run the scale of human fortune.

DeLamar had heard in the Chicago

saloon the stories of the fortunes that were to be found in the mines of the west. He saved enough to take him to Colorado, where he began prospecting, and from which place he went to Idaho. There he found gold, and became convinced that fortune was his if he could only buy into the Owyhee mine. He wrote to a friend in Chicago and begged a loan. The money came, and right then and there Joseph R. DeLamar became a man of wealth.

But his wealth was still hidden, and he was still a prospecting miner, digging with pick and shovel. His home was a miner's cabin, and his world was his dream.

Some accident of fate has brought to the cabin an advertising calendar upon which, in rude chromo, appeared a copy of Bouguereau's beautiful "Aurora." DeLamar became wonderfully possessed by the picture of the beautiful woman, standing on tiptoe to drink the nectar of nature from the brim of a colorful morning glory.

It came to occupy a place in his cabin, and to be the shrine at which he worshipped, and the representative of the dream that he would bring to its realization when the gold mines gave up their magic key to the luxuries of all life. Picture the rugged man, digging by day in the hills, trudging to the cabin and there sitting before the picture with the fixed admiration that transferred his very soul to the cheap production.

Day by day his love for the ideal grew. When fortune came, he took the mental image that the years had impressed so indelibly and went east, seeking the counterpart of the picture.

Imagine a man landing in the whirl

Miss DeLamar in two poses as she appeared in a society costume play given for charity.

of great New York—city of a million beautiful women—and facing into the faces of a passing multitude seeking the woman of his dream! That is what DeLamar did. Nowhere in the gay throngs appeared the face and form of his Aurora. But one day, passing the shop of a Broadway photographer, he saw a picture that held his attention instantly.

It was his "Aurora" in an everyday pose.

He bought the photograph to

tell him who was the woman of the window picture. It was identified as that of beautiful Nellie Sands, who lived with her widowed mother in a boarding house in West Twenty-sixth street. Her father had been a druggist of modest means, but excellent standing and education. Her mother was a woman of fine education. The girl, without money or backing, was leading the quiet life that must, perforce, come to a person thus situated.

Captain DeLamar sought his "Aurora" at her home. She had gone, said the others at the boarding house to Narragansett. He took the train for the ocean resort.

He wandered down by the beach and, as he neared the waves, Nellie Sands arose from them as some mermaid might have done—the living, breathing ideal he had worshiped in his cabin home. After a swift wooing he married her. But their life proved unhappy and, after he found a bundle of letters, he divorced her. DeLamar, with his divorce granted, relented. He wanted for his own the beautiful woman he had set aside. It was too late.

DeLamar, haunted by the face of his "Aurora," watched the Bois du Boulogne for the hours that she

HOW THE BURMESE BOYS BECOME BUDDHIST PRIESTS

THE initiation of a Burmese boy to the lower grade of a Buddhist monastery—every Burmese village contains one—is accompanied by picturesque and interesting ceremonies. A writer in the London Graphic who has witnessed this strange ceremony says that the candidate for priesthood, in order to become a full-fledged monk must pass the three degrees—(1) the Koyin or novice, who wears the yellow robe, but has not become a professed member of the order; (2) the U-Pyin-Sin, who, having reached the age of 20, has been formally admitted with a prescribed ceremony; (3) the Pongyi, a position reached after at least 10 years' service.

Every Burman becomes an inmate of the monastery at some time or another, but many stay there only for

the prescribed seven days. All wear the same kind of yellow robe.

The Koyin, or youth, aged generally from seven to nine years, receives an honorific name while under probation in the monastery, reverting to his original name when he leaves. His sisters, all dressed in their finest silk loongyi (skirts) and jewelry, and, as is usual, with their faces powdered, go round the village informing everybody when the initiation will take place, inviting them to the feast and giving them the customary small packets of pickled tea. The villagers return the compliment with donations for the feast.

When the day arrives the candidate dresses in his best loongyi (skirt), often also borrowing jewelry to deck himself in. A procession is formed, headed by two of the oldest relations carrying large coconut tree palm leaves. They are sometimes followed

by a Burman who has fantastic white designs all over him, and dances in a quaint fashion. Then comes the band.

In the two installations of Koyins which were witnessed at Shwebo, Upper Burma, four little girls, aged about four and a half years, came next, followed by 30 smaller ones, all looking extremely dainty in their many-headed silk skirts and best jewelry, white flowers being entwined in their hair. The first 20 girls carried flowers, the rest gilt bowls, the covers of which represented dragons, peacocks, crowns, and so on.

The kind of sedan chairs, which each of the little candidates was afterwards to sit in, carried on the shoulders of four men, all near relations, brought up the rear. The chairs were made of gilded lacquer, inlaid with quaint patterns of mosaic glass. The procession first went to the houses of the youngsters' relations, so that they might make their leave-taking obsequies before rejoining the frivolous world, thence returning to the Pongyi Kyauing (monastery), which was twice circled. Then the processionists went up the twelve odd steps to the room above where the Pongyis were sitting with

presents for the novices, consisting of various curries, rice, fruit, yellow cloth, mats, and so forth, in front of them.

The novices take off all their fine clothes and put a piece of white cloth round their loins. Their hair is then cut off close, and the head is shaved and rubbed with saffron. The youth having again put on his loongyi, prostrates himself before the Pongyi three times, and begs in a Pali formula (which he has learned by heart) to be admitted to the holy assembly as a novice, and finally attain the blessed state of Nirvana.

The head pongyi, or mya, then hands him his yellow clothes and belt, which the novice dons, and thus is admitted to the monastery. Feasting and dancing are kept up till a late hour.

Animals That Eat Stones.

Stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic seas, and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea. The em-

peror penguin, on the other hand, shows an instinctive craving for stones for gizzard-grinding purposes; for these stones must be assiduously sought, since these birds never rest upon dry land, but only upon ice. The fate of stones swallowed by birds is not easy to determine.

Another unexpected name in this list of stone-swallowers is that of the lesser porcupine. This is a "baesen" whale, feeding upon minute crustacea, and fish. From the peculiar method of feeding which is, so to speak, forced upon this animal, it is unlikely that any portion of its food is scooped up from the sea-floor; hence the pebbles found in its stomach must be deliberately swallowed, and it is supposed, for the purposes of digestion, or, rather, of trituration. They are hardly likely to be derived from the fish which are engulfed, for these are mostly herring.

English Boat Race April 1.

OXFORD, Eng.—It is officially announced that 12th annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge universities will be held on April 1 next.



Reproduction of Bouguereau's "Aurora," the inspiration of the poor miner who won both his ideal and riches.

where they now live, and DeLamar was left alone in the world with the little girl.

When he died, leaving an estate of \$25,000,000, he gave \$10,000,000 to the girl and \$15,000,000 to scientific and charitable purposes. This is the

unusual romance that brings to the door of New York society its first Bachelor Girl.

She stands, a lovely figure, mistress of millions, at the threshold of the great world—

Alone!