

# GOING SOUTH for YOUR BRIDE?



### Quite a Rush Seems On, Due, it is Declared, to the Influence of Recent Novels



Mrs. W. de L. Kountze, formerly Miss Martha Johnson of Georgia.

was not all given up to enjoying the good things of the world.

In Macon she was foremost in good works, and many poor families there had ample reason to look upon her as their ministering angel. Such a character would add charm to any novel when pictured as its heroine.

Before her marriage to a rich Brooklynite, Mrs. Samuel Sloan Chauncey was known as "the beautiful Alice Carr, of Kentucky." Since the death of her husband, a few years ago, Mrs. Chauncey has lived abroad



Mrs. Samuel Sloan Chauncey was Miss Carr of Louisville.



Mrs. A. Hart McKee, formerly Cornelia Baxter of Knoxville.



Miss Mary Handy of Richmond, formerly Miss Brown of Pittsburg.



Mrs. William Baker, formerly Miss Langhorne of Virginia.



Mrs. Gardner M. Brown, formerly Miss Mary E. Russell of Virginia.



Mrs. A. C. Hone, formerly Miss Alice Castleman.



Mrs. Leonard Day, formerly Miss Selma Allen of Atlanta.

Castleman sisters, of Kentucky, and Cornelia Baxter, of Knoxville, Tenn. Attention has been called to the last-named recently because of her matrimonial troubles in Paris. A daughter of Colonel George W. Baxter, of Knoxville, who, at one time, was territorial Governor of Wyoming, she won international fame on the day when, fresh from a convent school, she appeared at the Grand Prix, the great event of the year in France, in 1900. Only 18 years old, she was voted the fairest of the fair at the crowded Longchamps race course. Some years later, while in California, she met Hugh Tevis, 46 years old, a multi-millionaire and a widower, and shortly afterward married him. Six weeks from the date of his wedding he died while the couple were on a honeymoon visit to Japan. Early in 1905 the dashing young widow married A. Hart McKee, one of the so-called "high rollers" of Pittsburg, who had been divorced by his first wife. Mr. and Mrs. McKee have spent much of their time in Paris—not all of it a happy time, according to recent cables, which stated that the wife was instituting divorce proceedings. A bright, particular star in the southern constellation was Alice Castleman, whom generous nature evidently intended to be the heroine of a romance.

### MADE FAMOUS BY A BALL

It was at a noted charity ball in New York that Alice Castleman, then just grown, marched into fame when she led the grand march with Colonel John Jacob Astor. Every one gazed in wonderment at the stately blonde beauty, and soon the name of Miss Castleman was on every lip. She had come unheralded to New York as the guest of the family of General Egan; when she returned to her own home, in Louisville, her departure was chronicled as a society event. A tall, finely colored, athletic-looking girl; a girl with-



Society had no charm for him; the idea of becoming a cotillon leader never appealed to him. His ambition was to do something in the world, and so he turned to railroading—and began at the bottom.

When he sat at the Castleman table and feasted his eyes on the two beautiful sisters—quickly he decided that Alice was the most beautiful—a new and very tender dream was his.

A dream that happily came true. Although she made her debut in the reflected glory of her older sister's beauty, Elise Castleman was lovely enough to become celebrated herself, but her hand was bestowed upon a man of her own state, Charles Elmer Ralley.

Marriage has taken all but one of the celebrated Langhorne sisters, of Virginia, from their native state. One, Mrs. J. Moncure Perkins, resides in Richmond; Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, bore one away to his northern home; another married Reginald Brooks, a nephew of Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston.

When handsome Nannie Langhorne became the wife of Robert G. Shaw, 24, of Boston, a brilliant and happy future was predicted for the young couple. Their married life might have been brilliant had it been happy; but happiness flew out of the window, and at the end of two years Mrs. Shaw secured a divorce.

It was young William Waldorf Astor, Jr., son of the self-expatiated American millionaire now living in England, who persuaded Mrs. Shaw to assume again the bonds of matrimony. Among the wedding gifts was the splendid Cliveden estate, presented, with all its magnificent equipment, by the elder Astor.

much of the time. Her youngest sister is Lady Newborough.

Mrs. Chauncey has been called "the handsomest widow in the world." Since she went abroad gossip has conferred her hand upon a number of prominent Britishers, among them Lord Romsby, Arnold Morley (son of Arthur Morley), and even that confirmed "woman hater," Lord Kitchener, the grim soldier of Egypt and the Transvaal.

When southern beauties are mentioned, one promptly recalls the celebrated Langhorne sisters, of Virginia; the

White Mr. Day agreed heartily with the views of the President. It seems that he had known Miss Allen before the Chief Executive met her, so that the ardor of love was not kindled in his breast by the latter's words of praise. But Miss Allen was of a type frequently impressed into service by romantic writers, and Mr. Day, no doubt, had been a liberal reader.

A description of the incident in which President Roosevelt and Miss Allen figured had this comment to make: "Good-looking women are numerous in the South, and it is difficult to distinguish those among them who excel their sisters in that respect.

"Miss Allen is a remarkably handsome girl of pure blonde type. Her eyes are porcelain blue, and are shaded by very dark lashes; her skin is the blending of the garban with the rose; while her hair, which is abundant, is a rich gold.

"She is scarcely out of her teens, yet she possesses that rare equipment of well-cultured faculties, which make up the charm of a gifted social woman."

### BEAUTY GOES NORTH

Another transplanted flower of rare beauty went to grace a northern home when, last year, Miss Mary E. Russell, of Winchester, Va., became the bride of Gardner W. Brown, of New York.

Unlike Mrs. Day, Mrs. Brown is of the brunette type; she is not the usual "petite brunette," either, but is tall, stately and the embodiment of grace.

So widely known was she for her beauty that, during her maidenhood days, she was frequently called upon to act as sponsor for her state at gatherings of old Confederate soldiers throughout the South.

Five years Miss Mary Handy, of Richmond, was known as one of the handsomest women in the country. Her beauty won her scores of ardent admirers in her own city, in Baltimore, New York, Newport and other places to which she paid frequent visits.

It remained for James Brown Potter, of New York, to carry off this dazzling prize, whereas the heart of many another suitor was worn by the beauty.

William De Lancy Kountze, of New York, only surviving son of Luther Kountze, the multi-millionaire banker, accented himself very fortunate in winning the hand and heart of Miss Martha Johnson, of Macon, Ga. Miss Johnson, too, perhaps, was envied by not a few of her girl friends.

The beautiful Georgia girl was not a stranger to the upper social circles of New York, Newport and Palm Beach. A cousin of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, she had been launched upon her social career by Mrs. Vanderbilt, and it was at the home of the latter that she met Mr. Kountze. It is declared to have been a case of love at first sight.

At the time of her marriage Mrs. Kountze was generally regarded as a typical southern belle. Tall and queenly, with superb gray eyes and glowing chestnut hair, she possessed a delightful, cordial manner that won her hosts of friends wherever she went.

Loving horses, dogs and outdoor sports, she was prominent at tennis or golf in the ballroom. But her life

## Schools that are Like Theatres

NOWHERE else in the world, perhaps, is the imagination of the young so carefully fostered and cultivated as in the public schools of Switzerland.

Ordinarily, geography and history are sore subjects with the youthful mind; it is a sad grind to store away the needful information that will prove of use in the coming years.

Swiss teachers seek to entertain as well as instruct. Here is the interesting story told by a recent visitor to one of the excellent schools of a mountain valley.

ENTERING the common school of Basle—the visitor is talking now—one finds in the beautiful hall a group of statues representing Pestalozzi—the patron saint of Swiss schools—with two children at his knees.

On the wall, in a prominent place, there is a painting or drawing of the same teacher probably, receiving little ones into his humble school and gazing at them with eyes of divine compassion. You will find as you go through the school that everything is planned to appeal to the eye and thus reach the brain of the pupil.

In the Basle schools the city authorities are one with the educational administrators in striving to make the schools a success. The latter are fitted up with splendid shower baths, which secure not only cleanliness, but perfect privacy for every girl. Basle has built no school for ten years that is not fitted with baths, and school bathing is general, thanks partly to the extreme gentleness and tenderness given with which the susceptibilities of parents and children are treated.

The drill hall is carpeted with English linoleum, and in the cooking room four or five different ranges, dressers, etc., are supplied for groups of four and five. The beauty of the pictures on the walls of the hall is remarkable, and the children often make them the subject of compositions.

Suppose, now, that a class in geography is being instructed. The pupils go to the second floor of the building, where there is a room like a theater. Twice or more a week one will find there a crowd of bright-eyed, eager children seated on benches, sloping from floor half way up the wall, and all waiting, waiting expectantly.

For this room is a real place of enchantment—the open



door of the world. A teacher mounts the platform, and a monitor pulls a string, a black curtain falls, and the room is dark.

Then, by the aid of a small electro-lantern, the city, bay, plain, river or mountain range we have to learn about in the geography lesson is thrown on the screen. The children see the Holy Land pictures, they see old Berlin, and old Basle. They look not at a mere name in the geography book, but at the swift river, the yellow sands, the beautiful mountains that bear the strange names.

Not geography alone, but history, is taught in this way, and the children look at the men in armor who fought the great battles, and gaze on Barbarossa's Tower and the places memorable for ever. They see the faces

of Shakespeare and of Schiller, as well as those of the great Swiss poets, and are familiar with the traits of some English members of Parliament!

Even the cookery class girls come to see pictures of foodstuffs thrown on the screen; and all, from the smallest to the oldest, love the pictures. There is only one form of punishment in the school, and that is employed rarely. A teacher does sometimes say, however, to a naughty child, "You shall not go for a week, for a month, to the picture room." It is a severe punishment.

Most remarkable of all, however, as an illustration of the effect of free eye-training in the development of mental powers is the free modeling done by one dull, or even feeble-minded, boys and girls in the highest standard of the Hahleklassen, of which Dr. Otto Mayer, of Mannheim, is the head master.

At least once, but usually twice, every week, each class goes out with its master into the country, and when they return the children of even the second class (many of whom cannot even attempt to write or give in words an account of anything), are encouraged to take their boxes of colored clay and make pictures with it. And they do make pictures.

One little boy of 8, who was believed on his entrance to be practically imbecile, and who repeated the last words of every sentence addressed to him, suddenly burst for the first time into independent utterance in his new desire to make a clay motor!

Some of these pupils begin to tell stories in words at last, speaking slowly, as if finding their way through a storm. In the children of the Basle Volksschule the inner eye has not to be opened, but is wide awake already. By the teachers say, quite truly, "The eye is the organ of the imagination, and to cultivate imagination is a much greater thing than merely to teach a subject."

Even as long ago as 1886 Basle had her school doctor. Even in 1886—twenty-one years ago!—he brought out a little brochure explaining why the voice should be taken especial care of in school, and why all straining of the voice in singing and speech must be avoided.

The town, meanwhile, has spent \$200,000 in the building of one school, and is projecting another, whose equipment will be finer and the cost still greater than that of any yet built. No social distinction is regarded in education. The children of rich and poor use and have all the advantages of schools in common. Basle weighs carefully every new proposal for the improved, by means of school life put forward by Germany, and is yet maintaining perfect independence of thought and criticism.

### "Moleosophy" London's Latest Fad

ON THE other side of the Atlantic curious fads are springing up, flourish and fade with the coming and going of the seasons. Just now "moleosophy" has the call in London. It's an occult science slightly related to palmistry; it consists of reading one's character and foretelling one's fate or future by the moles one may possess.

There are many curious things about moles, those who have studied the subject tell us. For example, if you have a mole on the upper center of the brow, you are almost certain to have another on the right arm, just under the elbow, while if you have one on the left brow, you will probably find its fellow under the lower left rib.

Let us take the first example, which is the mole in the center of the brow. If you are a male person, and have this center brow mole, and if it is black, it means an anxious and troubled youth and more or less adversity until middle age. A mole in the center of a woman's brow indicates a happy, unclouded existence and the prospect of inheriting money.

The woman with such a mole may not be beautiful, but she will have talent. She will probably write plays or compose music, and acquire riches thereby; but, alas and alack! she will possess a caustic tongue, and will have few friends.

She is advised to wear sapphires, presumably if she can afford them, and is seriously warned against marrying a gentleman who has a mole under his right eye.

The lady with one mole on the right brow and another just below the right lower rib is sure to marry a foreigner, but the comfortable condition is made that the foreigner will be a devoted and faithful husband.

But the poor gentleman with the mole on the left brow and another just under the left shoulder-blade, if the mole be black, is condemned to endure a sentence of imprisonment of some years' duration.

A young man about to marry should avoid the lady with a mole on the left brow, because this may denote "a great jealousy when she is past 30, which will make her most furious, with a desire to kill her own husband."

The man with a mole on the left brow and another on the left wrist will have a peevish nature, and the lady with the same combination will run great danger of death from a contagious disease.

A great man about to marry should avoid the lady with a mole on the left brow, because this may denote "a great jealousy when she is past 30, which will make her most furious, with a desire to kill her own husband."