

# The HANDSOME WIDOW and the ROMANCE

## Why Was It the Prince's Father Entered So Prompt Objection?



Mrs. S.S. Chauncey, Rumored Victim of Royal Ungallantry.



Don Miguel de Braganza, Said to Have Shattered the Latest Romance.



Lord Kitchener, Arnold Morley, Who Seemed Impressed by the Widow's Charms.



The Earl of Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny, Once Son of the Earl Reported Captive of Rosebery.

Rothschild—Earl Rosebery to marry Mrs. Chauncey! Why, the covager dukes and countesses could scarcely believe their ears.

They didn't have to. Promptly and most unchivalrously came the denial from the lips of Earl Rosebery himself. He was not engaged to Mrs. Chauncey and he wasn't thinking about being engaged to her. As for Mrs. Chauncey, with the utmost dignity and the most impressive distinction, she said nothing. And yet Lord Rosebery had shown every sign of being very deeply impressed.

As suddenly, gossip was off the scent, quite as vociferously as before, quite as positively. Yes, of course, it had all been a mistake about the earl. Her real suitor was his son and heir, the young and devoted Lord Dalmeny. Now, at last, congratulations must be in order.

Nothing of the kind. The denials, from the prospective bridegroom's side of the house, were as instant and emphatic as they had been in the case of his distinguished father. That left just time enough for the impatient world of fashion to betroth her to Prince Miguel.

There would appear to have been some foundation for the Rosebery rumor and, perhaps, for the Rosebery lack of gallantry. Five years ago—as far back as January, in 1903—all England was absolutely certain that she had consented to become his second wife. The reports became so public, and were so universally credited, that for once the discreet widow was hailed from out her reticence. She announced, over her own name, that the reports were erroneous.

This time, with their revival, she did not propose to be forced into public utterance again. The earl was left in the position where he could set himself right, take his revenge, as he might choose to view his denial.

Her public discarding of the match first attributed to her with the earl left the field open to other suitors, rumored and real.

First came James J. Van Alen, one of the most interesting widowers of the United States as Mrs. Chauncey is one of the most beautiful widows. Mr. Van Alen has been classified as the most English American since William Waldorf Astor became the most un-American Englishman. Mr. Van Alen is the widower of the late Mrs. Emily Astor, Van Alen daughter of that wealthy William Astor, whose widow is still a power in the land. Mrs. Van Alen left \$18,000,000, divided equally among her three children with their father receiving a moderate annuity and the management of their fortunes until they became of age and married.

He built a perfect English Tudor manor house at Newport, educated his daughters in perfect English style, and adhered to the administration of the fortunes in perfect English fashion, with the good old

English opposition to any likely young fellows who wanted to marry the heiresses.

When, therefore, in the good old English manner, the exceedingly exclusive Mr. Van Alen paid deferential court to the exquisitely beautiful and very wealthy Mrs. Chauncey, it was reported that his daughter May was far from regarding his inamorata as socially qualified to be her stepmother. If she chose to be as firm as her character qualified her to be, she could do some parring on her own account; and then the administration of her \$6,000,000, like that of the \$6,000,000 which departed from him with the wedding of Mrs. Robert Collier, would pass to her and her husband.

Well, that was the end of the Van Alen-Chauncey match. But not of the Widow Chauncey romances—rather, it was the real beginning. A date in the race for her hand and heart. He was Arnold Morley, son of the famous Arthur Morley, London's millionaire merchant, who had been known the world over as a philanthropist. All London was quickly on the quiver, because, by this time, the fame of the beauty of Alice Chauncey was surpassing.

### ALWAYS CAME DENIALS

Great Britain was then in the midst of its first realization that, to American wealth when reinforced by American beauty and American cleverness, was to be denied except royalty—and Great Britain wasn't feeling altogether safe about its beloved royalty. If Andrew Morley should have the luck to land the United Kingdom, no less a personage than Lord Rosebery, he would not be doing so badly, whoever his father was.

But it wasn't true. Rumor was only fooling. It seemed as though Venus, jealous of modern Psyche, was making her the sport of love's strange fortunes. But even Venus must find herself hard put to it when she measures wits with a widow.

No sooner was the gentle Morley out of the running than a famous son of Mars was fairly hurled at Mrs. Chauncey's head and heart by every gully in the United Kingdom. No less a personage than Lord Kitchener was reported to be the latest adorer, and the report had a success such as seldom attaches to rumors of the most important of royal romances.

Kitchener, the gruff, grim warrior—the Hercules of the African campaign led at last to a distasteful was the most delicious bit of gossip England had enjoyed for years. Even the Rosebery romance was eclipsed.

A few days, only a few days—only long enough to let the rumors grow big enough to require denials—and it was all over. Lord Kitchener was deeply impressed, as he seemed, was not to be the favored one. He said so himself.

It is hard to say, at the untimely and ungallant ending of the Braganza episode, whether Europe breathes more freely or more anxiously over the news of the still untrammeled freedom of the entrancing American widow. There seems, at present, to be a marked line of division. It is noticeable that the men are the ones who breathe easily.

**MRS. SAMUEL SLOAN CHAUNCEY**, called by her admirers the most beautiful widow in the world, is disengaged again, according to reports. The match said to have been contemplated with Prince Miguel de Braganza, son of the Portuguese pretender, is all off. So everybody has a fair chance to start afresh, and may the best man win.

There have been women in history whom lovers pursued, with cruel fate always at their heels, ready to snatch from their eager grasp the lovely hymeneal prize in the hour of their realization of bliss. Penelope wove her tapestry and held her suitors at bay for two whole long decades, while the gossips of Greece no doubt had her engagement all ready for announcement every Wednesday and Saturday, with a few side rumors saved over to make things interesting Sunday.

But not even Penelope, so far as the records show, had as many engagements emphatically reported, and as emphatically upset, as are now down to the account of Mrs. Chauncey.

She was born in Indiana; but she was bred in old Kentucky. Her name was Alice Carr. She had a younger sister, Grace. They were the daughters of a veteran who, upon his death, left only his meager pension to his widow.

There was a son, but his health was always weak; so he was of practically no aid in the support of the family. On the contrary, when Mrs. Carr removed to the vicinity of Louisville, the boy developed consumption.

So the Carrs, widow and orphans, were very poor indeed in the days when they lived in the little cottage owned by Carr's father, a local carpenter, some five miles outside of Louisville.

When the boy's disease manifested itself, his mother appealed to Dr. Griffith, of Louisville, to treat him. The amusing beauty of the sisters, Alice and Grace, as reported by the doctor at his home, brought his daughter out to see them.

It was in a room in the doctor's office where she observed that beauty is its own introduction. His discernment held good in Kentucky as it did in Greece. Miss Griffith had the girls visit her.

Grace was still too much of a child to play any role beyond that of charming little sister, but a year had not passed before Alice was the acknowledged belle of Louisville, famous throughout Kentucky.

The Griffith family made her their special protegee. A little later, Alice Carr, born in a log cabin near Leavenworth, Ind., was questioned at the Florida resorts, the guest of the Griffiths, and the bright particular star of the Florida season.

If you ever happen to live for a week in Brooklyn, you cannot fail to hear of the Chaunceys. The Chaunceys of Brooklyn, everybody knows what that means.

Samuel Sloan Chauncey, the millionaire who couldn't be kept away from Kentucky's sweet Alice from the day of her arrival in Florida, was one of the Brooklyn Chaunceys with him. The marriage was a very happy one, but it lasted only a few years, when the husband died.

Alice Chauncey, now wealthy beyond the dreams imagined for her even by enthusiastic Louisvillians, decided to travel in Europe—and decided, too, that her mother and sister should have their share of life's enjoyments. Then began a most remarkable series of reported engagements of the beautiful widow, and as many denials. Strangely enough, these prompt denials came, as a rule, from the men in the case.

During a yachting trip on the Mediterranean, they met an English nobleman, Lord Newborough, who fell an instant victim to the ripening charms of Grace Carr as Mr. Chauncey had to those of Alice. The wedding followed soon.

It was now the turn of sister Grace to play a glorious part in elevating the family status. She had beauty, wealth and position in Europe, where Mrs. Chauncey had possessed a similar leverage in America, although it was said here that with all the prestige attaching to the wife of a Chauncey of Brooklyn, the older sister had not found the path of New York society altogether free from the thorns which forever grip those who have once gone barefoot.

England, however, in these later days, has open

arms for brains and money—open hearts when beauty halos both.

And the Widow Chauncey is ravishingly beautiful. There is a delicate, exquisite perfection to the charm of her piquitude such as makes the beholder wonder whether he is not in the presence of one of those porcelain prettiness of Bougureau, too exquisitely refined to belong to the race of mortals.

Nearly all her time, since her sister Grace became Lady Newborough, has been spent abroad; for the most of that time the world of fashionable gossip has been engaging her to some notable or other. And no sooner is the engagement announced than, usually, the notable hastens to deny it. As for the most beautiful widow in the world, she has usually given an imitation of Brer Rabbit, who "said low and said buffin."

The Braganza affaire de coeur has been positively the limit of royal ungallantry. The announcement, early in the fall, from Vienna, that young Prince Miguel de Braganza, son of the Duc de Braganza, the Portuguese pretender, was engaged to the beautiful Mrs. Chauncey, was apparently so reliable that all her extensive circle of acquaintance made ready their crested stationery for the congratulations. They were never sent.

Post haste from his shooting trip in England the Duc de Braganza father dashed to Vienna, and there promulgated a denial which sweepingly, sternly and unequivocally declared that his son Miguel was not engaged to be married at all, and that, when it is time for him to become engaged, no bourgeoisie American widow, however rich and lovely, is going to figure as the party of the second part. The Braganzas must wed royal blood or nothing.

Which was really very ungalant of the elder Braganza.

This Braganza romance followed hard on the heels of one that was even more sensational. All England was surprised afresh, not to say delighted, not long ago, to hear that the brilliant Lord Rosebery had

## IF ART SHOULD RESTORE the ARMS of VENUS



The Venus of Milo, Original

A Restoration Following the Wish of Paris and the Apple

Might be a Goddess of Victory. A French Suggestion.

THE fair model stirred uneasily. The artist paused in deep study, his eyes fastened upon the beautiful woman who stood before him, holding the draperies about her, waiting his pleasure.

"Truth to tell, I do not know how you should hold your arms," he said, in pure Greek. Outside, the Aegean sea shimmered with a heavenly blue, the palms stirred in the breath of a halcyon wind and in the trees birds sang.

Standing before him the woman—one of the most beautiful of her age—began posing with her

arms in various attitudes; pose after pose was struck, but still the artist paused undecided.

Finally he uttered an exclamation—"The pose! The perfect pose!"

And the unknown artist began modeling the most famous statue of the ages. But the pose of the arms the world has never learned.

THE statue of the Venus of Milo was found on the island of Milo, or Melos, which is one of a group in the Aegean sea, in 1820. It has been regarded since as the acme of perfec-

tion, the standard of the highest form of feminine beauty in the eyes of the world. Its woman's form is deemed absolutely faultless in all proportions.

As a work of art it is without flaw in execution. It is marvellously true. It is one of the expressions of Shelley's poem, whether a vase or the marble figure of a woman is a joy forever.

Millions of plaster replicas have been made. Millions, too, of marble replicas, in all sizes. And yet the name of the original sculptor is unknown. The same name and fame of the fair model have perished from the earth.

But the statue, that is, the main part of it, and the problem which doubtless confronted the artist when he began moulding the clay, remain.

flod, but was possibly a sister in the same age of the Laocoon, the Farnese Bull and the Borghese Gladiator.

An interesting account of the finding of the statue was written in 1847 by Dussault, the French architect. In the year 1820, a farmer named Gorgos, he wrote, "while working in a pistachio field, discovered a deep hole in the ground. Peering in he saw, he asserted, globe-like shapes. He had in terror and appalled to me, as a representative of the government, to exorcise the ghosts."

"We dug and found a rectangular vault, which, with the surrounding earth had slipped a little way down the bank. In this cavity we discovered several Hermes busts and the masterpiece of Greek art. The statue stood on a pedestal thirty inches high, and the arms lay at its feet. One arm was extended and the hand appeared as if it had held the garment; the other arm was bent, and the hand grasped an apple. According to the writer, the two arms disappeared while the figure was being conveyed to France as a present to Louis XVIII. Authorities have never been able to corroborate Dussault's account, and while it is accepted by some, others regard it with doubt.

One of the restorations, after the Frenchman's description, represents Venus immediately after she had received an apple as a prize of beauty from Paris. In this figure her garment is supported by her right hand, she holds the apple in her left hand, which rests upon a pedestal. The introduction of the pedestal is justified by the marks in the pedestal of the statue, which indicate the insertion of a peg.

On looking at the figure, it is evident that the left arm was raised, because the left shoulder is elevated. The other shoulder droops and the arm must have hung downward. No garment could be draped as this on a living model without slipping. It must, therefore, have been supported at the hips.

The restoration with the apple might be deemed consistent with all theories. But how about the face? Would the expression of a woman receiving a prize of beauty be grave? The face of the Venus de Milo is serene, but not sternly beautiful and stern.

Another restoration presents Venus as a goddess of victory. Her left hand, with the laurel wreath, is raised. Her right hand, drooping, also holds a wreath. But how about the garment? How was it held in place if this was the posture? And the expression? Surely the face of a goddess about to crown a victor would express joy, triumph, enthusiasm.

Nor would a woman at her toilet look as though her lofty mind were troubled by the problems of the world. A French restoration shows Venus holding a mirror in her right hand, and her left hand coquettishly arranging her hair. Beautiful, surely, but the great goddess would not stand, with drooping hips, her eyes fixed on infinity, if she were arranging her tresses.

What, then, is the solution of the problem? Professor A. Lohbert, of Leipzig, has made a drawing representing Venus holding a great shield. In this drawing her left hand, raised, holds the shield at the top, and her right arm is extended grasping it at the bottom, while she gazes at her reflection. Possibly she muses upon the vanity of mortal beauty.

But these are still only restorations—mere conjectures. Some say that the Venus of Milo is no Venus at all, but merely the goddess of the city of Melos, in ancient times Melos was a prosperous city, whose oil and fruit were exported in abundance. As a revenge for the neutral position of the people during the Peloponnesian War it was nearly destroyed by the Athenian army in 418 B. C.

Doubtless the unknown sculptor and the unknown, but fair, model themselves pondered long about the position of those arms. And the position finally decided upon—is still a world mystery.