

MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

MRS. WALTER FARWELL OF CHICAGO AND WASHINGTON IS HOLDING THE HONOR.

Daughter of the Wife of Stephen A. Douglass, Herself a Famous Belle—Husband's Father Began Life a Poor Boy.

Who is the most beautiful woman in America? This was the question recently propounded in connection with the preparation of a Beauty Book which was designed to sell at something like twenty-five dollars per copy. It was intended to present in the expensive volume portraits of the handsomest women in each of the principal American cities but one member of the fair sex was to be selected as preeminently the most beautiful creature in Miss Columbia's domain. Naturally there was great rivalry for the honor and the persons who sat in judgment upon the photographs of beautiful women which were submitted in the contest had a rather difficult time to reach a decision. Finally, the choice fell upon Mrs. Walter Farwell of Washington, D. C. and Chicago who was a bride but a few months when the mooted question was decided in her favor. In arriving at a decision the judges studied the features of each subject critically just as a per-



MRS. WALTER FARWELL.

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN AMERICA.

son might judge the good qualities of a picture and the award was made to Mrs. Farwell as the possessor of the greatest degree of perfection in every attribute of womanly beauty.

For the benefit of any person who might be disposed to find fault with the decision of the committee it may be said in simple truth that none of Mrs. Farwell's likenesses do her justice. She is a tall, surprisingly graceful woman of the type so often referred to as the "Gibson girl," with slender but perfect figure; a marvelously clear complexion; hair that is tinged with gold; and a very animated manner. She has been famous ever since she first entered society for being one of the best, or rather one of the most artistically gowned women in the public eye.

Mother Was a Famous Beauty.

Mrs. Farwell comes by her beauty as a rightful heritage from her mother who was the most famous beauty of her day. Before her marriage Mrs. Farwell was Miss Mildred Williams. Perhaps this name does not suggest anything unusual to the older generation of our readers but the hidden significance will be disclosed when it is explained that Mrs. Williams, the mother of this stately beauty of the present day was in earlier years Mrs. Stephen A. Douglass, wife of one of the foremost men of his day and herself famous as the greatest beauty of the period.

Some time after the death of Stephen A. Douglass his widow married Gen. Williams of the United States Army. For a time the couple lived in Washington but Gen. Williams who was a man of some note became so incensed at hearing himself referred to only as the husband of the former Mrs. Stephen A. Douglass that he secured a transfer to a Western army post and remained in the wilds of western America for many years, not returning to the capital city until his wife's beauty was less conspicuous than formerly and he was himself less sensitive on the score of personal vanity.

Miss Mildred Williams was a great belle from the very day that she made her first formal bow to the social world. To be sure she had no doubt but her own marvelous beauty but she made what the gossips pronounced a "great catch" when she married Walter Farwell of Chicago, one of the most prominent young millionaires of the Windy City.

Started with \$10 Capital.

Young Farwell is the son of ex-Senator Farwell who started in life as a poor boy at Painted Post, New York, later removing to Illinois and eventually going to Chicago on a load of wheat with but \$10 in his pocket. He secured employment in the county clerk's office; later became teller of a bank and finally established with his brother the great dry goods business which to this day causes the name of Farwell to be well known in mercantile circles. In 1887 the Farwell brothers built the Texas State Capitol receiving in payment therefor more than 3,000,000 acres of land. Much of this land they sold but considerable holdings of it went to form a gigantic ranch which was stocked with 150,000 cattle and helped materially to swell the Farwell fortune.

Both of Ex-Senator Farwell's daughters married men well known to the public so that the beautiful Mrs. Walter Farwell has two very prominent sisters-in-law. One is Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the well known com-

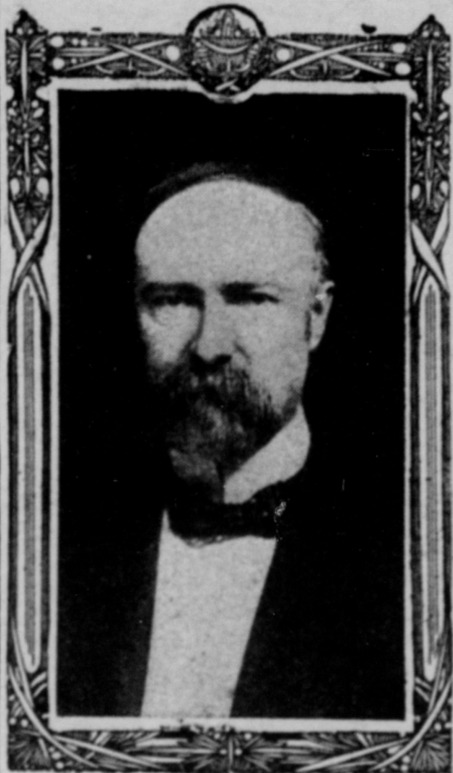
FAIRBANKS IS ACTIVE.

WORKING TO SECURE PLEDGES FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1908.

Is Sure of Indiana Delegation—Also Counting on Illinois, and Thinks Chances Good in Ohio—At Work in South.

Vice-President Fairbanks is 6 feet, 3 inches in height, the tallest man in the Senate. He is also looming up pretty tall as a presidential candidate for 1908.

Unless other candidates bestir themselves, Mr. Fairbanks will at no distant day have a sufficient number of dele-



VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

gates pledged to make him the most formidable candidate for the nomination.

Mr. Fairbanks has had the Presidential bee in his bonnet for many years. He was a great favorite of President McKinley, and many persons believe that Mr. McKinley desired to see Mr. Fairbanks succeed him in the Presidential chair.

There have recently been long conferences between Indiana politicians, Mr. Fairbanks, and his friends, and there is good reason to believe that a great deal has been accomplished in the way of perfecting the organization formed for the purpose of securing the Republican nomination for Indiana's son two years hence.

Beveridge is in Line.

Everything is said to be lovely for Mr. Fairbanks in Indiana. He has cleaned up the opposing faction in the Republican party there, headed by the youthful Senator Beveridge, who is understood to have responded so readily to the treatment applied that he now gives three cheers every time the name of Fairbanks is mentioned in his presence. Senator Beveridge is no longer in a position to hamper the progress of the Fairbanks' boom in Indiana. In the factional fight over the State chairmanship, Mr. Beveridge suffered an ignominious rout, and even if he does not train with Mr. Fairbanks in the future, he will not actively oppose him.

Following Senator Hanna's Methods.

In his campaign to secure delegates for William McKinley in 1896, Marcus A. Hanna began his operations in the South. He had securely nailed down that section before the representatives of other candidates had begun to work. Mr. Hanna enlisted in the cause a number of young men, who went out looking for delegates and got them. Mr. Fairbanks knows something about the methods of Mr. Hanna, and his representatives are now treating with leading party men in the South. While the Republican party in the South is short on votes on election day, it is long on delegates in the national convention. This fact is keenly appreciated by Mr. Fairbanks.

Chances in Illinois.

The Vice-President is certain of Indiana's delegates, and he is counting upon Illinois. His fortunes in that State are in the hands of Charles G. Dawes, former Comptroller of the Currency, one of Mr. Hanna's "young men" in the pre-convention campaign made in the interest of the candidacy of Mr. McKinley. Fairbanks had strong and influential friends in Illinois and his chances of securing the delegation from that State are probably better than those of any other man who has been mentioned for the Presidential nomination, with the exception of Speaker Cannon. Mr. Dawes is understood to be the western manager of the Fairbanks boom. At least, such a report was circulated recently, and it has never been denied.

The Vice-President and his friends profess to believe the next standard bearer of the Republican party will be a western man. Ohio has two favorite sons in the persons of Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker. Both are very strong in Ohio and both are widely and favorably known throughout the country. The Fairbanks men believe that the rivalry of Taft and Foraker will prevent either of them securing the united support of Ohio's delegation to the next convention. Therefore, Fairbanks is figuring on the Buckeye state. Some of the Hoosier's friends are very enthusiastic, and to hear them one would think that the formalities of

a nominating convention and an election might just as well be dispensed with.

Of course if Mr. Roosevelt should run for reelection, as it is being prominently argued that he will, notwithstanding his publicly expressed attitude against another term, it is admitted that he would be the practically unanimous choice for nomination and the work of the Fairbanks party would have been in vain.

INDIA'S RICHEST POTENTATE.

He Owns a Carpet Made of Precious Gems and Diamonds and Rubies by the Bushel.

During the stay of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India they will doubtless meet and be entertained by a personage who has every reason to be regarded as the richest man in the Orient, if not in the whole world. This is the Galkwar (or Rajah) of Baroda, a potentate who well illustrates Milton's famous line concerning the "Barbaric pearl and gold" which the "gorgeous East" showers on its kings. No doubt, in point of annual income, there are richer men—Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for instance—but, from the standpoint of personal possessions the Galkwar probably has no rival in the world.

When he came to the throne some twenty-five years ago the present ruler of Baroda found stored in the vaults of his palace wealth so colossal that a description of it outdoes the "Arabian Nights" itself. Certainly Aladdin never thought of a carpet of jewels, such as the Galkwar possesses. To say that there is nothing like it in the world is only feebly to describe its glories, which can be better indicated by the statement that it is about four yards square and composed of ropes of rubies, diamonds, pearls, woven into a regular carpet well-defined pattern and border. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, every one of the finest quality, went to make up this wondrous carpet, the product of three years work by skilled artists and jewel setters.

Now, if the Galkwar of Baroda were only moderately wealthy, this monarch of carpets would doubtless occupy the place of honor in his palace. But as he possesses jewels enough to set up a dozen ordinary monarchs the jeweled tapestry occupies an odd corner, and is shown to visitors as merely but one of the treasures of the palace.

Less of a curiosity, but far more valuable, is the Galkwar's diamond necklace, a trinket the value of which several times make a man a millionaire. This necklace is the most magnificent in existence. And even the hope of possessing the second finest is denied to the rest of the world, for that also is amongst the Galkwar's family jewels, being worn by his wife, who is, besides, dowered with brooches, bracelets, rings and other ornaments, the value of which is computed in millions of dollars.

Another notable ornament worn by the Galkwar is a collarette made of five hundred diamonds of the purest water, which includes in its glittering rows the famous "Star of the South," the fourth largest diamond in the world.

Such a dazzling collection—such a "welter" of jewels—was, needless to say, not made in a single life-time. For centuries the Galkwar's ancestors have been accumulating their treasures, until to-day the jewels alone could be measured in bushels. As for the rest, there are pictures in bronzes and statuary to the value of several millions of money.

A royal procession in Baroda is worth going many miles to see. Horses and elephants, all splendidly caparisoned and blazing with gems, lead the way; but the cynosure of all eyes is the Galkwar, not merely because of his personality, but also by reason of the stupendous wealth represented by the jewels with which he adorns himself.

He is, perhaps, the one man in the world who could wear that mammoth amongst gems, the great Premier Diamond, without incongruity.

Sleeping Car Acquaintances.

Representative Smith of Maryland is the subject of a good story these days. When he hears it he merely smiles and looks wise. Mr. Smith, the little narrative says, was standing a few days ago in front of the White House talking to two Secret Service men, when a boy came dashing out of the Executive Mansion.

"Who's that?" queried the Congressman.

"That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed.

A moment later another youngster appeared through the same door and Mr. Smith repeated his question.

"That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates.

"I guess that's another one of the Roosevelts," suggested the man from Maryland.

"Yes," was the answer, "That's Quentin."

"By gum," commented Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the station platform at home watching the limited express shoot by."

Why Use Force?

With heavy foodstuffs I certainly am. My system loth to encumber; That's why I am fond of magazine jam. Full of good things—current number.

Nearly all plants with purple blossoms contain poison.

A DARKY CHRISTENING.

WEIRD SCENE AMONG THE SOUTHERN COLORED BAPTISTS—FEET WASHING.

Third Letter of Account of Trip into the Sunny Southland.—Interesting Visits to Jacksonville, Savannah and Richmond.

The first Sunday we spent in Eustis we drove to Lake Gracie, just in the rear of the hotel grounds, to witness the Baptist colored immersion. It was a perfect June morning, with settings of pure gold. It did not seem possible that it was windy March at home. The orange groves reached down to the very edge of the lake, which lay placed, like a mirror. Several of the guests rowed across from the hotel to witness the ceremony. Presently the preacher, followed by his candidates and flock, came through the woods singing one of their wild refrains. A few words from the Good Book, a prayer, all kneeling, and then an exhortation delivered with much vigor. The baptism was quietly performed with the exception of the case of one of the sister candidates who felt so happy, that two men were obliged to carry her out of the water. In the evening we all drove to Egypt, the colored settlement, and I never in my life attended such a service. It was the first Sunday in March, which is a high day in the church—"The Primitive Baptist." The church building is a little wooden structure with bare benches along each side and a rough table in front of a box of a pulpit. When we entered, a prayer meeting was being held. As many of the native congregation cannot read, the hymns are lined, two lines at a time—and such strange music I never heard. They don't seem to sing the words; it is just a loud monotonous refrain, and was perfectly deafening in that small building. The prayers were mostly ejaculations to the Lord, accompanied with clapping of hands and loud expressions from all the brothers and sisters. The sermon was the most rambling discourse imaginable, beginning with Genesis and ending in Revelation, accompanied with vigorous pantomime of face, arms and legs. Then the darkies screamed and yelled at the top of their voices and during all of which one of the sisters got "happy" and surged over into another seat, screaming and jumping up and down. Several buxom sisters held her until she became quiet. Then the collection was taken up, each one going up to the table and laying his money on

was attired in a white and gray cotton mother Hubbard gown tied around the waist with a white apron; around her neck she wore a black fur collar and on her head a very broad brimmed black hat turned up on one side in a jaunty manner. This colored lady, weighing 285 pounds, as I was told, preceded to set the communion table. From his chair in the pulpit, the minister called out, "Let us know, sister,



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH.

when you are ready, and we'll begin business." "All right," responded Aunt Savannah cheerfully, "I'm ready." Then right in the midst of the service another woman became happy, jumping over in the seat back of her directly among the women and babies, and I don't know why the babies were not killed. Such a scattering I never saw before. Pandemonium reigned, but all the time the plate of bread was being passed.

Washing Their Feet.

Then came the "foot washing." Two ten-cent basins were placed on the table; the men and women took off their shoes and stockings; the preacher washed the first elder's feet, wiping them with the towel which was girdled around his waist; then passed the basin and towel to the elder, who washed the next one's feet, and so on until all were done. Aunt Savannah then began a like ceremony on the sister's side of the church; and all the time the dreadful singing, shouting, clapping of hands, stamping of washed and unwashed feet continued in a deafening racket. Finally the table was tak-



A LABYRINTH OF HANGING MOSS IN EUSTIS PARK, BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

it; while all the time this dreadful singing continued without a break or interruption.

A Modern Amazon.

Then "Aunt Savannah," the Captain of the frail sex, became busy. She

en away, and we saw the "Holy Dance." The men and women formed a ring, whirling round and round, swaying their bodies, clapping hands, singing, shouting, swinging and wringing their

(Continued on next page.)



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