

The Latest Caprice of the Whimsical Mrs. Gouraud



Mrs. Gouraud and a Group of Guests at Her "Dance of All Nations." Top Row, Reading from Right to Left—Mme. Kate Rolla, Princess Sita Devi, Mrs. Aimee Gouraud, the Russian Dancer Genia Agaroff, Mrs. Allen Sumner. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Miss Maude Odell, Brandon Hurst, Nance Gwynn, Frank Jefferson, Fania Marinoff, Payson Graham. In Foreground the Cannibal Dancer Dogmeena.

The Much-Married American Millionairess Will Now Try Her Luck with a Russian "Prince."

MRS. AMY CROCKER GOURAUD is going to marry again. For her fourth and latest husband she has picked out a Russian "prince"—he says he is a "prince." Mrs. Gouraud believes he is a real "prince," and that ought to be enough, even though the officials in the Russian Legation smiled and confessed that they had never heard of him.

But let that pass. Mrs. Gouraud will call herself the Princess Miskinoff, and it is well to fix this name in the reader's mind, because Mrs. Amy Crocker-Porter-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud-Miskinoff will probably desire to drop off some of the names she has acquired by previous marriages and insist upon being known as the Princess.

The Princess-to-be is now a grandmother and the Prince is twenty-six. There is little of life that the Princess-to-be has not tasted and experienced—and with his bride's ample fortune there ought to be much fun ahead for the Prince. With a young husband and a change of scene to Russia, Mrs. Gouraud hopes for new thrills.

Mrs. Gouraud's life has been one of adventures in bohemia. She has had fads, fancies, illusions, mental mirages, caprices, recoveries. In which class, Paris, looking interestedly on, inquires is Prince Alexander Miskinoff?

He is not handsome, as the photograph here reproduced proves. He is jealous, as are all Russians. That is the fly in the amber of the latest of Mrs. Gouraud's romances. Will she endure the Russian intolerance of the manners between men and women of her caprice ruled set? It has been said, indeed Mrs. Gouraud herself has said it, that no Russian understands the "Hello, Tom!" "Howdy, Mary?" style of bohemian association of men and women who are friends. "They don't understand pals. They think you are in love with a man if you say 'Hello, Dick,' to him," pensively remarked the whimsical widow.

But if Prince Alexander Miskinoff can adjust himself to this Bohemian idiosyncrasy, in which his fiancée is an adept, for many a brimning glass has been raised to her and many a song beginning "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," has been sung to and at her and about her; and if Prince Alexander can withstand the ghosts of memories of old romances all may go well. Can Prince Alexander Miskinoff endure the visions of the quick as well as of the dead? To the Russian temperament the procession of ghosts of the dead husbands is not so torturing as that of the living admirers, who have gone their dejected way, or who are still hopefully lingering. De Max, the actor, who has been styled, and who accepts the title, "The Most Beautiful Man in Paris," is one of the lingerers. And there was Genia Agaroff, a beautiful boy and the Prince's own countryman. a

Russian. Each had been her shadow in Paris. Each had followed her to New York. And there are others, very many others, who would have been delighted to marry Mrs. Gouraud, notwithstanding the three predecessors. Let it not be forgotten that Mrs. Gouraud has millions.

Many of the suitors found the whimsical widow in the mood she describes in her more or less autobiographical stories, collected under the title "Moon Madness": "Betty was tired of Bob. And Bert. And Reggie. So she took up with Buddha. Bob was too enthusiastic. Bert was too cold. Reggie was tiresome. But Buddha seemed just right."

Will Prince Miskinoff be the Buddha to this Betty of many millions and more experience? Paris is asking. Prince Alexander himself is asking it. He intends to demonstrate that he is, and if an intruder ventures too near the whimsical widow—the Russian is a deadly duelist. But should he draw sword for Mrs. Gouraud he would not be the first. Even in that he will have had a predecessor.

For there was the affair of Senor Ernesto Alvarez and Pierre de Barbaron. Senor Ernesto Alvarez was a millionaire from Buenos Ayres. The Argentine temperament is as incendiary as that of Russia. Encouraged by her languid graciousness in accepting the flowers he sent every day to her room, Senor Alvarez began to secrete gifts in the flowers. When a bunch of lilies disclosed a blazing ruby Mrs. Gouraud yawned.

"Really, that man is becoming a bore," she said. One morning as she sat on the lawn of the American Hospital—for her experiences have included several dangerous operations—a cannon was brought to her. "It is Senor Alvarez." Turning to a caller she said: "Monsieur Barbaron, will you get rid of him?"

He got rid of him, but the next morning, in the Bois de Boulogne, the Argentine nearly got rid of the Frenchman.

Mrs. Gouraud heard the news with that languor of experience that overrules all her vivacity.

"I shall write Monsieur Barbaron, thanking him, but just now I must read the proofs of my book." Mrs. Gouraud had seen everything, gone everywhere, done everything, according to Parisians. She had followed every fad. She had pursued every will-o-the-wisp into the morass of ennui. What should she do next? There was no next. There was one. She "took up" the Russians.

Mrs. Gouraud visited a studio of a famous portrait painter in Paris. The

Princess Elstoroff was the fashion. Into her portraits she painted all the zeal of living that the sitters lacked. She painted them live, joyous, eternally youthful. To her studio came her countrymen of all ranks. In Paris friendships are quickly made. The Princess painter became Mrs. Gouraud's best friend. At her studio the whimsical widow met Prince Alexander Miskinoff. He became one of her whims.

For two months he was ever at her elbow in the cafes and studios of Paris. He dined every day in her charming home. He admired her starving Buddha, all her Buddhas, on the Oriental floor of her home. And Mrs. Gouraud is a Buddhist. She has been one ever since the honeymoon—the Gillig one—of which the larger part was spent in India.

Whims pass, and Prince Alexander Miskinoff might have passed with all her preceding whims had he not been a Russian. "I must run over to the United States for a month," she said. "Business connected with my properties there calls me. I've enjoyed knowing you in Paris. Perhaps we will meet again."

Her hand was cool; her eyes cold. Prince Miskinoff was puzzled. She was so un-Russian.

"It is high time I started on my tour of the world," he said. "I will go as far as New York on your steamship. May I?" "Yes," said the whimsical widow. "But I never expected to see him again, and I was amazed when he saluted me on deck." The Prince tarried in New York while Mrs. Gouraud arranged her business. When the business was completed and she sailed back to France he sailed with her, and with her foster daughter, Yvonne, who had accompanied her here.

Before going aboard, she said to a friend: "Yes, we are engaged. Next month we will go to Cairo to visit my daughter. In March I shall return to Paris to arrange for the wedding. The Russians are adorable. They remind one of Americans. They are so natural. They are more like Californians than anyone we ever meet in Europe."

Unless Mrs. Gouraud's whim veers, she will reside, after the marriage, for six months of each year in Paris, and six months in St. Petersburg. She will not return to America for two years, and her visits will be brief and of a business nature.

Proceeding the wedding there will be a great Oriental ball. It will be as original as Mrs. Gouraud's "Dance of All Nations," which started New York. At this Mrs. Gouraud danced the tango with Genia Agaroff while that dance was still young. Dogmeena, the Igorote maiden, danced her cannibal dance while the guests, particularly the plumper ones, moved away when she approached. Dogmeena's attire

Mrs. Gouraud's Famous Photograph, Taken with Her Statue of the Starving Buddha.



Her Last Photograph. Beside Her Is Prince Alexander Miskinoff, Who Will Be Her Fourth Spouse. Mrs. Gouraud Likes Snakes, as the Photograph Here Reproduced Shows.

was picturesque. It was a red sash. Nance Gwynn represented Salome, after Sanger's excessively candid painting. Many other guests were so lightly clad that they wooed influenza and the unwelcome attentions of Anthony Comstock.

The whimsical Mrs. Gouraud's life has been a continuous performance of romance. The interminable series began with Prince Alexander of Saxe Weimar, with whom she fell in love while she was in school in Dresden.

He was of soldierly bearing and distinguished manner. "I was infatuated with him and we were engaged until I learned that he paid \$100 a pair for his boots," she said. Vanished Prince Alexander of Saxe Weimar and his golden hopes. Entered a Spanish painter, since famous. Arrived dashing Miss Crocker's mother, saying: "Amy, I shall spank you if this goes on." Back went fourteen-year-old Miss Crocker and celebrated her return to San Francisco by begging her mother to buy her Junco, the biggest elephant on earth, for a pet, and weeping bitterly for a day and night because she was denied.

Then came Porter Ashe as comforter, and Harry Gillig as competitor. They were friends and rivals for the hand of the heiress for many of the California railroad made millions. "I like you both," she said. "Don't pester me by looking foolish and saying silly things. Fight for me. I'll take the winner." They fought, but peacefully, at cards. Porter Ashe had a hand full of aces. Miss

Crocker married him, but divorced him in less than a year.

The loser won. She came as consolation prize to Harry Gillig. After a few years she divorced Harry Gillig and wedded Jackson Gouraud, a youth who had written a popular song. She and Gouraud were known in the playhouses as "The Two Masks," because they attended all first nights, and no one knew whether they liked the plays or not. Their faces told no tales. Their visages never moved a muscle.

Two years ago Mrs. Gouraud lost her first aid in devising strange entertainments. Gouraud had helped her plan a ball for Odette Valery, the dancer, when snakes were worn as ornaments, and some of the guests carried home wriggling live serpents as souvenirs of the strange occasion, the strangest ever given at Martin's, famed for curious entertainments. Gouraud who had looked more and more bored every time he appeared in public, died soon after the ball for the dancer.

Mrs. Gouraud lived in brief, comparative retirement until the advent of Edmond De Max, the temperamental actor who was painted in a blue silk robe lying before his mirror, and who accepted as his right the title of "The Most Beautiful Man in Paris." The actor accompanied Mrs. Gouraud to this country last Winter and was her escort to the theatre, and even went for walks with her white terriers, Babetto and Cherub. But De Max vanished from the horizon.

Who should be the fourth husband of the whimsical widow? Paris smiled, watched and waited.

Prince Alexander Miskinoff appeared in her carriage on the Bois and at her side at studio dances. He talked of a trip around the world.

He said his trunks were packed. They must have been unpacked during his daily dance of attendance upon the American widow, for he wore a brilliant new tie every hour. Mrs. Gouraud likes colors. When he consented to wear Japanese kimono in public if she wished, she listened to his suit. Had she not been carrying forward this crusade for Oriental attire for men for years? Could her one disciple be resisted? He came to America with her and her adopted daughter, Yvonne. He said it was his start on the deferred trip around the world. He remained in New York the month that Mrs. Gouraud was here in conference with her men of business. Then he went back to Paris with her.

He will accompany her to Cairo to visit her daughter, the former Mrs. Russell, and her grandchild, next month. When they return it will be to make preparations for the wedding that will take place in May. Until May he will be at the windlike will of the whimsical widow. After that, perhaps, St. Petersburg and the conventional Russian court. How will Mrs. Gouraud adapt herself to the court of the financial czar? And what will the court think of Prince Miskinoff's quadruple wife, if it

Why Children Love Ugly Toys.

MANY parents will not allow their children to play with ugly or grotesque toys because they fear the influence upon the budding aesthetic sense. Ruskin, the great English writer upon the beautiful, wasn't allowed to have any toys at all in his childhood. And yet it is a fact that usually the ugly, tattered rag doll is more favored by its little mistress than the French bisque beauty. Little boys, it has been noticed, are not possessed by their prettiest toys.

The London Times, in an editorial that has aroused much interest in England, discusses this problem and takes up the cudgels for the ugly toy thus:

"A style reaches perfection; therefore it must decline from its Raffael, its Titoretto, its David, its Monet; and a new path must be chosen. The art of doll-making long ago reached the perfection of

formal beauty with the ravishing flaxen hair, the languorous, long-lashed blue eyes that opened and shut, the rosy nose, the perfect Cupid's bow of a cherry mouth, the thrilling voice that said 'Pa!' and 'Ma!'—the exquisite creature that won for herself the name par excellence of Doll. There was no surpassing her; art could no farther go.

"The Dutch doll, the rag doll (the kind with a real rag face and nose of your china or 'composition' heads), these were the infantile works. The modern grotesque is a sophisticated return to simplicity, to imperfection.

"Mankind in its healthy and eager youth loved the grotesque just as children do.

"And children love the sharp flavor of the ugly. We doubt whether there are many authentic cases of healthy children, the very youngest excepted, being afraid of a golliwog. There may be the thrill of

adventure in the first acquaintance; but such thrills are bracing.

"Again, children are innocently insensible to vulgarity or evil. To them the bulging eyes, that are now so popular in toys and posters, convey no suggestion of a painful disease. They find them, in their innocent minds, amusing. Over-stout policemen with fiery noses have nothing to do, for them, with drunkenness or the ridicule of order. They will smile in their careless sleep, hugging close what to us is a revolting brute, and wake to kiss the monster with dewy lips. There is only one form of ugliness from which they need to be protected; and it is a form not wholly absent from the designs of the artists in toys. Anything that is malignant, angry, peevish in expression; anything that suggests misery, discontentment, or hatred, should be left for the dust to gather deep upon its scowl."