

Globe Girdling Honeymoon for U. S. Grant

High Priestess Leads Women to Sun Worship

Son of the Former President, After His Marriage With Mrs. America Will, Goes on a Tour Around the World, Following the Itinerary of His Illustrious Father, Visiting the Courts Which Honored the Civil War Hero.

U. S. GRANT JR. married Mrs. America Will in San Diego on Saturday, July 19.

The distinguished family of the groom objected in no uncertain terms. Differences in social position between the pair were alleged, differences in race, differences in age. All of the charges are undeniable. The son of the great civil war general is now sixty-one years old. The youngest of his five children, indeed, is quite twenty. Indisputably, also, the bride is but thirty-two. Already America Workman-Elms-Will-Grant has a brace of husbands, already a meteoric career as the wilful daughter of John Workman, a Yankee who grew rich in the Southwest and who married a Mexican beauty of another generation. Out of this colorful past, equipped with the remainder of two fortunes, in addition to her own patrimony, the memorable widow appeared in the smart society of Coronado Beach. Two seasons of able social generalship and she had captured the heart and the name of one of California's foremost private citizens.

Of course the powerful Grant family is robust. Of course conservative society in general, instinctively fearful of a newcomer, arches its eloquent eyebrows. But on a Saturday in July the untried Mrs. Will was united to her elderly admirer under the noses of her critics and sailed away with him on a trip around the world.

That world-belted excursion itself is a sign of how complete has been the triumph. A generation ago the first Ulysses S. Grant, late President of the United States, made that identical tour. The ruler of every country in his path paid homage to the great warrior-statesman, then about to retire from public life. This summer the son who bears his name will make his second bridal trip in Gen. Grant's footsteps, visiting the courts that honored his father from Bangkok to London.

On his arm will be the picturesque, much discussed young wife to whom the conservative Grant family objected in vain.

America Will's history is romance itself. Of the four elements of romance—youth, beauty, wealth and headlong passion—it lacks not one. The strangely assorted threads in her career have furnished the magnetic young woman with a background that attracted the adventurous members of society as readily as it repelled the conservative.

Aided by her brilliant personality, it gained her the homage of the most marriageable widower in California. America Workman is the daughter of one of the hardy Yankees who ventured into Southern California shortly after the discovery of gold in the region near San Francisco Bay and found in the cattle-grazing lands of the Southwest the fortune that many of his comrades failed to gain further north. Several of the large public buildings of Los Angeles bear the name of John



U. S. Grant Jr.

Workman, a mute testimony to one of the first who had faith in the possibilities of the arid southern counties. In



Mrs. America Will, bride of U. S. Grant, whose marriage has

The Beautiful Bride, Marrying Against Bitter Opposition of the Grant Family and Facing Even the Attempts to Take Away the Fortune Mr. Grant Has Settled on Her, Declares She Never Wants to See America Again.

divorce, sought by the wife and uncontested by the husband, came within a few years. Mrs. Elms resumed her own name and left Southern California. She appeared later in Chicago, where she had friends.

The visit ended in another marriage—one that startled the old friends of the romantic California girl by the very mention of the antecedents of the groom. America Workman married to

roused such opposition on the part of the bridegroom's family.

those early days John Workman wooed and won the grandniece of Pio Pico, greatest of the Spanish Governors of California before the Yankee invasion. The sole child of the Yankee-Spaniard union was named America in honor of the continent where the two races have mingled and played out one of the dramas of history.

The first venture of America Workman, after a brief but exciting social career that followed her school days, was an early marriage. The groom was a Mr. Elms. His given name is not remembered now by the friends of his brilliant wife. He lives quietly on a side street in Los Angeles with his boy, the fifteen-year-old son of America Workman, whose marriage to the lad's father ended so speedily. A

retail druggist from Marshalltown, Ia. Investigation proved that the benedict was young and good-looking, that he was the satisfied owner of a small but prosperous drug business, that he had no discoverable ambitions beyond a small but prosperous drug business. His name was Edward Clifton Will. Would America Workman be happy in Marshalltown, Ia.?

Every one who knew the gay-hearted girl shook his head or hers—usually hers. As an indication of the certainties of Fate, they referred to the lonely Mr. Elms living on the side street with his unmothered son. The apparent fact is that America Workman did live happily in Marshalltown, Ia., as the wife of a retail druggist. The testimony of the grateful little society of the Middle Western city which experienced the humor and grace and kindness of her leadership for several years proves it, so far as testimony can. Suddenly, early in 1909, the young druggist died, leaving a widow who, as every one who knew her at that period believes, was sincerely grief-stricken.

Mrs. Will gathered up her husband's little estate, consisting mainly of the visible assets of his drug store, and returned to California.

From then on America Will lived in the gay world that she deserted after her divorce. Her first amusement was a trip to the Orient, undertaken with a party of rich Californians. After that cruise she went to Coronado Beach, near San Diego, the most beautiful of the California winter resorts. Her old family friends in Los Angeles had established a somewhat tamer social life than that to be found in the palm-fringed spot at the southwest corner of the continent. English titles, New York multi-millionaires and the French nobility are common events at Coronado. The sports and the dances and the social life in general have been established on a European scale. Behind it all, in a huge house built around a patio, lived Ulysses S. Grant, a recent widower. Mrs. Will met him in her first season. Social life at Coronado was not easy



Bizarre Ceremonies at the Annual Convention of the Mazdaznans Presided Over by Picturesque "Mother Maria," Who Leads the American Zoroastrians in Prayer. The Devotees of Light Bathe in the Sunlight and Air and Live on Nuts and Vegetables.

"Breathe on us, Mother Sunshine; let us know The full of sweetest life, till, even as thou, We radiate all beauty and all power."

THE prayer to the Sun God is rising from the lips of men and women to-day in American cities, even as it rose from the lips of the followers of Zoroaster five thousand years and more before the Trojan war. Even as in the Ptolemaic days, when the pyramids were young or not yet hewn from the living rock, men and women are turning to the East with the coming of the dawn to pray to the fiery seat and centre of the solar system.

The prayer to "Mother Sunshine," as it is given to-day, rises first from the lips of a woman clad in immaculate white robes, robes so gauze-like that the breath of the morning brings into relief the lines of her form. The high priestess, Maria Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, raises her arms toward the sun as it rises and the folds of her robes drop back, showing their marble whiteness. About her on the greensward of her home at Lowell, Mass., the faithful do likewise and echo her prayer.

The High Priestess drops her arms as she feels the warm kiss of the sun upon her shapely body so thinly clad and then turns to her followers. She crosses her hands, wrist upon wrist, and the men and women about her do likewise. Thus crossed—so the worshippers of the sun believe—the magnetic energy of the entire body is conserved. The High Priestess joins hands with each of the cult and kisses each man and woman three times.

"Mother Maria," as Mrs. Hilton is known to her followers, calls the followers of the revival of the ancient worship Mazdaznans. She preaches to them that all life and all holiness come from the sun about which the earth has whirled like a moth for countless aeons. The average span of life is as a day in her reckoning, for she and those who worship with her believe that the mortal span may run into hundreds or thousands of years, carrying always eternal beauty and youth if the precepts of the High Priestess are followed with fidelity.

How old is "Mother Maria?" She will not tell. Some say that she has passed the dangerous forties and yet her face is that of a young woman; her form has the perfection that comes with carefully acquired maturity, and she sings as she occupies herself with the tasks and duties of the average woman. Ridicule sharp and bites has been aimed at her in the quiet streets of Lowell, but she heeds it not. She never falters in her effort to bring to her congregation more women, women who want to live in youth through all of their lives—and is there a woman who does not? Converts among the men are sought by the High Priest, Ottoman Zar-

Daily Rules of Life for the Sun Worshippers.

Eat no breakfast and learn to control your appetite. When sick take a few well-drawn breaths. Do not engage in heated controversies. Express your happy feelings by humming and whistling. When fatigued from overwork or other causes take a few long breaths and swallow the yolk of an egg. When retiring at night forgive and forget. Sleep with your feet to the south and lie on your right side.

Chant Used in the Services to the Sun God:

God is breath and God is greatness. God alone revealeth might. All I know is God and goodness. In his name I shall be right.

Adush Hanih, whose centre of activities is Chicago. The sun-worshippers say that the High Priest and High Priestess are in constant telepathic communication, their thoughts flashing out and meeting day and night, giving and receiving messages.

In Lowell is the Temple Spenta Maria in which the High Priestess conducts the Zoroastrian rites. Rich Oriental rugs cover the floor of the Temple and on the

high altar, primitive in its simplicity, is reared a cross. At its base lies a shining disk representing the Eternal Sun God.

Near the altar is a tall candelabrum. The wavering light from the taper signifies the everlasting fire of the sun. Above the head of the High Priestess glistens iridescently a great golden orb. On the walls of the temple the flags of all the nations of the earth touch each other peacefully as

Proselytes Pouring Into the Ancient Cult, Lured by the Promise of Perennial Youth and Beauty.

a symbol of the end of war and destruction. There are inscriptions in Persian which only the most devout of the Sun Worshippers may comprehend. The High Priestess sits in a richly carved chair while the faithful gather. The Mazdaznans are not compelled to use any one color in the flowing robes with which they vest themselves for worship. The worship begins. The multi-colored congregation rises and echoes these words of the High Priestess:

"Peace, peace, peace of abundance, Shower, shower, shower unto you."

An air, hinting at the Orient and the mysticism of the East, steals through the temple from a pipe organ and the Mazdaznans chant in Persian a hymn beyond the ken of the uninitiated. From the foot of the altar tiny spirals of filmy smoke arise and the fragrance of myrrh and spices comes in a cloud as incense to the Sun God.

During the recent convention of the Mazdaznans held in Lowell in the Temple Spenta Maria the High Priest, robed in snowy white, a black stole about his neck, and girt at the waist by a great red sash, proved by his exhortations to the faithful that the aim of the cult is eternal youth and beauty. He besought the worshippers to feed their system on "banquets of oxygen," drink of the sunshine and breathe deeply and frequently.

That some of the women worshippers of the Sun have taken dew baths unclad is a matter of court record in the evidence of Mrs. Ellen Shaw taken in a lawsuit in Boston. The Mazdaznan women believe that the touch of sunshine and air to the body is of more importance than filling the stomach with food. Their sun baths are taken in such filmy robes that but little of the warmth or air is lost. Led by the High Priestess the women worshippers wave their arms gently as they stand in the open, facing the sun. As they do this they chant the prayer to "Mother Sunshine." Especially among the younger women converts to the worship of the Sun God was the diaphanous robe for the sun bath appeared.

A hearty meal by the followers of Mrs. Hilton consists of nut meats, lettuce and perhaps a slice of tomato. Bowls of rose leaves are always on the tables in summer.

There have been strange stories told of "Inner Secrets" of the cult, stories based upon the volume compiled by the High Priest to guide the worshippers in their daily conduct. Efforts have been made to have this volume destroyed and kept from circulation, but it is said that every follower of Mrs. Hilton has a copy and is conversant with the text.

Despite whisperings of strange and hidden rites, the High Priestess is continuing her effort to increase the fold of sun worshipping women, and the sun and dew baths, the lure of Oriental music, the mysticism that comes out of the East and the promise of youth and beauty forever are winning converts for her.



High Priest Ottoman Zar-Adush Hanih



Daughter of "Mother Maria," Priestess of Sun Worshippers



Reproduction of a famous old engraving of Gen. Grant and his family. Seated on Mrs. Grant's

right appears the recent bridegroom, and below is a photo showing how he looks to-day.

Social life at Coronado was not easy

On the heels of the wedding an-

nouncement came the news of the pre-nuptial agreement. By a document signed three years before the wedding America Grant becomes the sole possessor of nearly three million dollars at her husband's death. That constitutes the entire Grant fortune, save for certain places of real estate that descended to the Grant children from the Chaffee side of the house and which are beyond the father's control. The immediate departure of the bridal couple for the Oriental steamer that awaited them at San Francisco is reported to have been made to avoid a suit to be brought by Chaffee Grant, the bridegroom's son, against the terms of the agreement obtained by the bride's lawyers.

And the crowning clause in that agreement provided that in case of America Grant's dying before her hus-

band several hundred thousand dollars of the Grant estate should descend to Fred Elms, the one offspring of that early mistaken marriage! In the hour of her triumph America Workman did not forget to provide for her own flesh and blood.

In San Francisco, on the steamer that was to take her around the world, Mrs. Grant gave one brief interview to the gentlemen of the press. She was white and spent with the long strain of the wedding in San Diego the day before, which had been "distressing." Of the sixty-five guests who had been bidden to the wedding feast only twelve appeared. Every one of the places that had been set aside for the numerous Grant and Chaffee families was vacant.

"I never want to see America again!" cried the tired bride.