

THEY ARE THREE WOMEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Why Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Sherman and Miss Cannon, in the Order Named, Are Leaders in Social Life at the National Capital

THE obligations of an Empress are as nothing compared to those of the wife of a President of the United States. Every duty is laid down for the former, every convention prescribed by written or unwritten law; her days are planned from the moment she awakes in the morning until she goes to bed at night, and to attend the good will of the people, to achieve popularity, she does not only the duties allotted to her graciously and amiably. If an occasion arises for which there is no fixed rule, the court chamberlain ferrets through the court records, finds a precedent on which to base her conduct or, guided by tradition and custom, makes a new rule from which there is no appeal. Moreover, an Empress is trained for her position from the day she is born, for her guardians are aware that she will one day occupy a throne, and she is disciplined and educated with this end in view.

There are, on the contrary, no set rules, no prescribed conventions, no established tribunal to which she can appeal in social dilemmas, for the wife of the President of the United States, and, as a rule, she has had only the education and training of the average American girl receives, supplemented by some experience, large or small, as may be, in official life, for a man has never yet been taken direct from the plough to rule in the White House, but has previously held office. A few unwritten laws, a few traditions are all that the wife of the President has to go on when she takes up her duties as the first lady in the land. There is not even a permanent secretary in the White House or the Department of State to act as a council. She must alone and unaided master the duties that pertain to the position she assumes, unaided save for the advice of friends, who are as untrained in the mysteries of the position as she is and know it only as lookers-on or occasional guests at the White House.

It happens now and then, however, that a woman called to this high post has had unusual training for its duties as in the case of Mrs. Taft, who was introduced to life at the White House when she was a little girl, and her father's former law partner, Mr. Hayes, was President. In later years she has been a Cabinet hostess, at the head of the Governor's mansion in the Philippines, and had a training and experience surpassing that of most and equal to that of any of her predecessors, and to this she adds a sound education in literature, music, along domestic lines and wide cultivation.

Mrs. Taft's inspiration in her present role is obviously Mrs. Hayes, who was "Aunt Lucy" to the girl, and whose character she came to understand and appreciate when she visited the White House as a very young woman when Mrs. Hayes' husband was President. In later years she has been a Cabinet hostess, at the head of the Governor's mansion in the Philippines, and had a training and experience surpassing that of most and equal to that of any of her predecessors, and to this she adds a sound education in literature, music, along domestic lines and wide cultivation.



MRS. TAFT AND CHARLIE TAFT. COPYRIGHT BY DAVID D. EDWINSON

MRS. JAMES S. SHERMAN, WIFE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT. COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS SEWING

MISS CANNON. COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS SEWING

promptly and cordially and is immensely popular in consequence. Mrs. Sherman was Miss Carrie Babcock of East Orange, N. J., and was married to Mr. Sherman in 1881. She has three sons and two grandchildren. Her mother is still living, and follows with deepest interest her daughter's doings in Washington. Not all of their predecessors have been hospitably inclined, and some of them have not had the means to entertain. But the Shermans have both the inclination and the means and have been frequent hosts since the opening of the season. They have chosen for their home in Washington the big house in Sixteenth street that was formerly occupied by Senator and Mrs. Alger, in which there is abundant space

for any sort of entertainment they might feel inclined to give.

Mrs. Sherman prefers dinners to any other form of entertaining, because she is such a thorough master of the art of dinner-giving and has been such a successful Amphytrion. There is an old recipe for Brunswick stew which begins "first catch your hare." Mrs. Sherman follows this canny advice in preparing for a dinner. She first arranges her list and looks to it that only congenial people come together, which is a difficult feat where official precedence must be

strictly observed, but she is able to accomplish this by asking with her official guests interesting people from private life, and the recent dinner she gave in honor of the President was one of the most successful affairs of the kind on record.

When he relinquished the gavel, Mr. Reed said that the Speakership was an office second to only one other, the Presidency, which is indisputably true, but why the President of the Senate has not equal power with the Speaker of the House is a question not to be dealt with here. In power, certainly the Speaker ranks next to the President, and the same position has been claimed socially by some of the men who have held this office, but there are no hard and fast rules of precedence in America; they vary in different departments of the Government and in different administrations. For to qualify one over and discuss the question of precedence is considered so undemocratic by the rank and file of the men and women in public life that it never has been settled and probably never will be. In the meantime, people of most minds and small natures pick over the subject, those of big minds and big natures adjust themselves to the conditions as they are, and tactful people meet with no misadventure.

There has, perhaps, been no more widely-discussed question than the exact place the speaker should occupy, and the positions accorded to him are as many and various as the people who have written on the subject, but as the chief of a

great legislative body he is popularly considered to be the third ranking officer of the Government, and in society, unless the Ambassadors and Cabinet are present, Miss Cannon is given the third place.

The wife of a young member on coming to Washington for the first time asked a woman who had grown gray in official life what was the chief element of success at the Capital: "First, tact, my dear," was the reply, "second tact, and third tact," and she was right, for the only thing that secures a person's success in Washington is tact. No matter how clever she may be, how intellectual, no matter what good intentions she may have, how earnestly she may try, if she was not born with, or has not cultivated tact she is destined to be a failure. If any one should sum up the reason for Helen Cannon's success, and she has been more successful than any other woman who ever held the same position, it could be expressed in that one small word, for no one could have to a fuller degree the understanding, sympathy, sense of proportion, fine perception and intuitive sense that go to make what we name tact than she has, nor could any one put these qualities to more effective use. To this tact she adds real kindness of heart, a thoroughly demopcratic spirit, grace, ease of manner and a keen knowledge of social history and social traditions at the Capital, which give her a certain poise and dependability. There is so much shilly-shallying, so many changes, such constant social eruptions in Washington that to find a hostess undisturbed by such changes and such eruptions, but assured and serene

packed and shipped back to Paris to be exchanged for other material.

Temper of Mrs. Louis James Seen.

Those who attended a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" recently at the Van Ness were treated to a bit of stage realism which was unexpected as it was exciting. It was an impromptu act behind the scenes, dominated by Alphia James, the wife of Louis James, manager of the opera house. In addition to her blond temperament, she also has an auburn temper.

The act was pulled off when the curtain descended on the first scene of the fourth act, concluding the beautiful casket scene in which Portia, melts with sentimental tenderness for the fortunate Bassanio.

For some reason the orchestra did not play during the wait. First of all a masculine voice was heard. It may have been the stage manager or it may have been Louis James. But whoever it was, the response was swift, lengthy and sensational.

The unmistakable voice of Alphia James rang out, and her tones were of indignation. She stamped her foot so vehemently and so violently that everybody in the audience could hear. Her harangue lasted for two minutes, and it must have burned the ears of the unfortunate person to whom it was addressed. She was adding, perhaps, that the orchestra was not playing, brought the most thrilling women of her dramatic power to a close.

Two of the most-talked-of guests at the St. Francis three days are Emilie A. Brugiere and Mrs. Vesta Shortledge Brugiere, who were recently divorced. Her former husband of the attractive Mrs. Vesta is now a wine merchant, and appears to have plenty of money to spend with his cronies.

The ex-wife has no means gone into retirement. While not a piper, she is frequently to be seen with this or that admirer. From all appearances, Brugiere and his former wife are delighted over the freedom the law has allowed them.

They appear to visit each other, and with a \$500 a month allowance, Mrs. Brugiere is apparently the happiest of women.

It is stated that large mills are to be built in Denmark, which are expected to consume four or five million bushels annually in the manufacture of soy cake.

SAN FRANCISCO'S MAYOR PROVES HE'S REAL POWER OCCUPYING "THRONE"

P. H. McCarthy Has Strenuous Week Ousting Officials of Old Regime and Placing Liquor and Union Men in Their Places—Found to Be Fighter of No Mean Ability, and Finds Only One Rival in Tom Dillon, Hatter.

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—(Special.)—P. H. McCarthy, Mayor of San Francisco by the grace of the laboring vote, has been holding the center of the stage and the attention of the people this week in no uncertain fashion. Unless you except Tom Dillon, the latter, who has been telling what he knows about being turned down as a fight promoter, McCarthy has had no rivals.

San Francisco figured there would be something stirring when he was elected to the office, but it decidedly underestimated the size of the "stir." McCarthy, just after he was elected, announced that he would be the whole show, and this week he has been giving a demonstration that has convinced even his worst enemies.

Some ten days ago the Mayor addressed letters to the various commissioners of the Board of Education, Police Commissioner, Board of Works and the like, that he wanted their resignations. He said there was nothing against the gentlemen, but as long as they were in the office, they were in the way of his administration, and he wanted to have the appointment of the men who were doing the work.

One by one he called in these commissioners, who had been appointed by former administrations, and asked for their resignations. Each and every one of them listened to the words of wisdom and said nothing.

The Mayor gave it out that he would act when he saw fit.

None did he delay long. Just before the weekly meeting of the Police Commission, he told the members of the board, barring Harry Plannery, whom he was to be held responsible, he wanted services were no longer required. He saw to it also that friendly police officers were in the meeting hall to throw out the discharged men if any such course became necessary, and to uphold the new appointees.

The Tom Dillon incident was quite a sideshow in itself and has already furnished a world of gossip. Dillon, it should be understood, was an earliest worker in the cause of McCarthy, before the election. Like the others, Dillon was promised something good, and when it came to a showdown, he decided that he wanted a prizefight permit.

Dillon claims he was promised the permit, and he went ahead in conjunction with the Mayor, the Mayor's Club, and bid for the Nelson-Veigast fight. The new promoter or his friends sent \$1000 advance money to Nelson, and then was stricken to receive the word that John Herget had the giving out of the permit. The upshot of it all was that Dillon was turned down.

It made him sore, and the more he boiled over the more he talked. He told his friends, and then his acquaintances, and finally the newspapers took it up. They induced Dillon to talk, and the things he said about McCarthy set the whole city to laughing.

Dillon explained that he was turned down because they wanted too much money for the permit. He said the administration, expected to make enough out of one fight to pay a deficit of \$12,000 incurred in the campaign, and he is indignant strongly that the Metropolitan Club is an administration organization.

The idea of the city officials of San Francisco paying their campaign expenses by running a fight club was what tickled the fancy of the people. Since then Dillon has been busy trying to explain that he never said it, and denying also that he was through with McCarthy.

Others, who know of the details, admit that the story is true in the main, and are blaming Dillon for talking too much.

When the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce men came to San Francisco last week, they were already appointed, and the man they are grooming to succeed Frank Flint as United States Senator, Flint says he can't afford the place. He is not rich, and he feels he is wasting the best years of his life without laying up anything for the future.

Of course, the South wants a Senator,

and Joseph Scott, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, is the man after the job. He is a lawyer who has not held office except as being of a different administration, and made a good speech at the St. Francis.

Was Dr. Stein Paid Money?

There is an interesting story being told about Dr. E. R. Stein, the young Vienna specialist, who wanted to marry a San Francisco girl, several months ago he was engaged to the daughter of the late Mrs. Breckenridge, whose mother is the wife of Frederick Sharon, of the Palace Hotel Company, and the Sharon estate.

Mrs. Breckenridge died and shortly after married Thomas Hesketh, of England, the oldest son of Sir Thomas Hesketh. After his fiancée had broken the engagement, it was announced that Dr. Stein had engaged attorneys to sue the beautiful and rich young woman for breach of promise.

Now the story is being whispered about here and in Paris that Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon did pay the doctor some money, how much it is quite proper to do so. It was not to ward off a suit. Quite the contrary. As the tale runs, Dr. Stein had made some purchases, which he had no use for when his bride-to-be deserted him. It was to reimburse him for these outlays, so it is alleged, the money was paid.

Suburban Homes Now for Wealthy.

Some magnificent new suburban houses are being built in the vicinity of San Francisco. One of these is the mansion the William H. Crocker are building near Burlingame, and the other the one Mrs. Winchester is spending a lot of money on near Santa Clara.

Workmen have been employed on the Winchester country place for 19 years, and it is not yet finished. Thousands of dollars have been expended in tearing down and rebuilding parts of the structure. Nothing seems to satisfy this wealthy woman, and there is no telling how long she will continue to carry out her building whims and fancies.

The Crocker home was commenced three years ago, and considerable of the hardware and other material has been brought from Europe. It is told that after several of the rooms had been finished with European material, the Crockers became dissatisfied. Immediately everything was torn up,

It must not be assumed that Mrs. Taft disregards the traditions and unwritten laws of the White House. Her own personal conduct is governed by about the same rules as those that controlled her predecessors; she holds informal receptions for her intimate friends, she makes no calls, she is prompt in answering her notes and she goes about town walking, riding, shopping with as much freedom and independence as do other American women. At the theater, concerts and other public affairs she is in demand, and is accompanied by one of the aides at the White House and by one or more women friends. Her interest outside of her official duties is broad and general, and she is a thinker, a reader and a writer. Her interest in the social life of the White House is broad and general, and she is a thinker, a reader and a writer. Her interest in the social life of the White House is broad and general, and she is a thinker, a reader and a writer.