

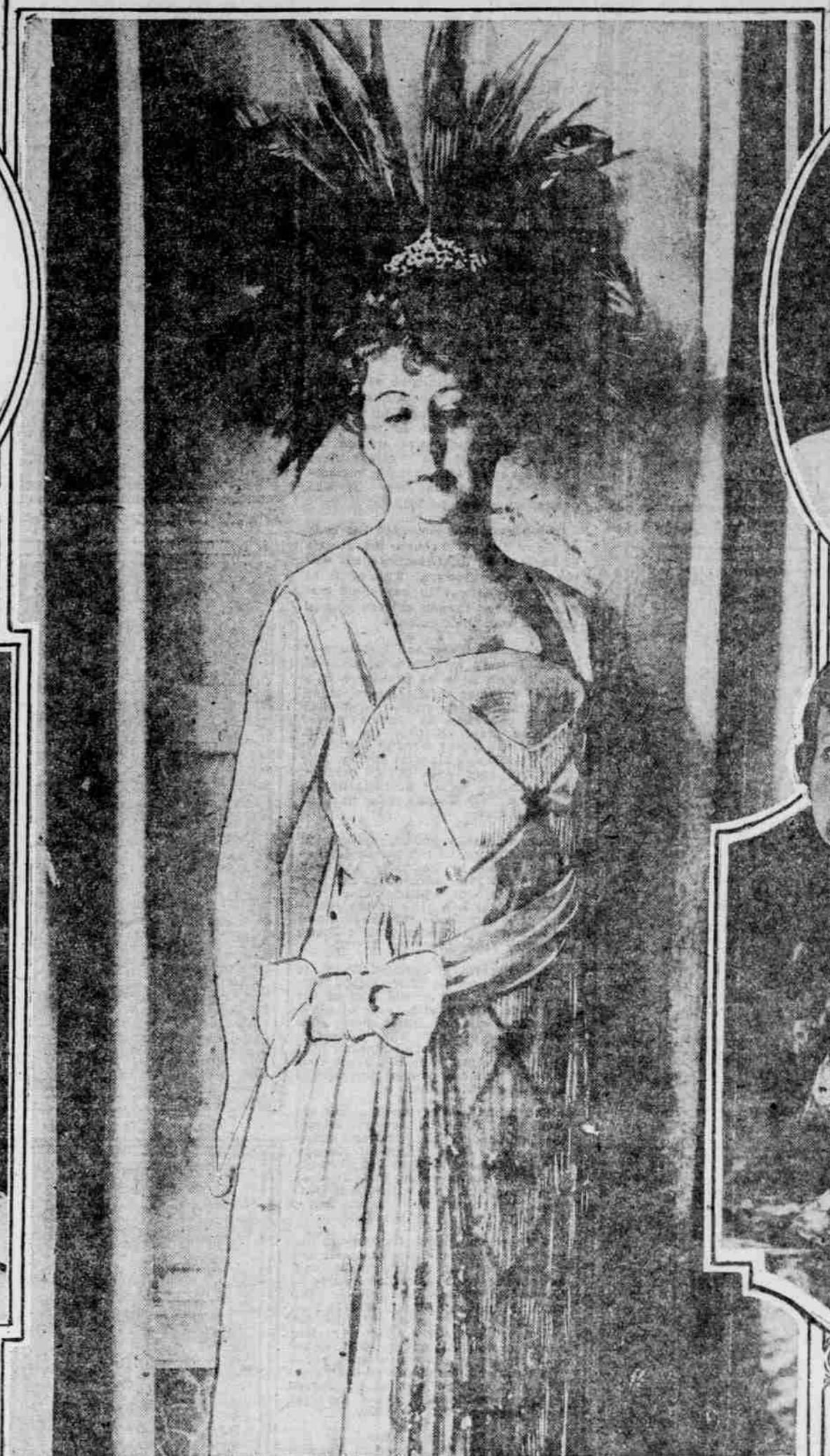
AMERICAN WIVES OF PROMINENT FOREIGN DIPLOMATS

Theodore Roosevelt Shattered Traditions and Through Him the Woman From Yankee Land Has Become the Sharer of State Secrets of Foreign Powers and She Keeps Them, Too



Mrs. Jusseland
Wife of
French
Ambassador

(C) Harris & Ewing.



Baroness De Cartier De Marchienne Wife of Belgian Ambassador.

(C) Harris & Ewing.



Mrs. Ekengren
Wife of Swedish
Minister

(C) Clinedinst.



Senora Bonillas

Central News.



Baroness Averana
Wife of Italian
Ambassador.

Central News.

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.
Can a woman, an American woman, keep a secret? Just one moment, please, ladies. Don't throw that! You will be interested in this and you will smile, too, before you reach the end.

The verdict of the world at large seems to be that the daughter of Uncle Sam knows well how to keep a secret; that she is to be trusted in the secret places of the most high with the weightiest problems of statesmanship and international diplomacy imparted to her, either in fragmentary or voluminous quantities, by a confiding husband, after office hours, after-noon teas and fancy dress festivities. The best evidence of how well other nations of the earth think an American woman can keep a secret affecting the affairs of nations is to be gained from the fact that a majority of the potential powers of the world represented in the elite diplomatic family at Washington now have American women, the wives of diplomats, at the head of their embassies—full-fledged, born-in-America women of social distinction.

France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Sweden of the European nations; Mexico and Brazil of the Latin-American countries—each has an ambassador whose wife is a native American. If Great Britain sends Sir Auckland Geddes in place of Lord Grey, who seems to have burned his bridges behind him by his espousal of the peace treaty reservations, then another American woman will come into the magic circle at Washington, for the wife of Sir Auckland is of the Ross family of New York.

It seems to have become the fashion abroad to send to Washington an ambassador whose wife is an American. The credential-in-chief of him who is welcomed by the department of state and established in any of the embassy buildings appears to be the smile of an American girl.

But this was not always the fashion. Until the time of the 26th president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, it was not "diplomatic" to send a diplomat whose wife was an American. It is said in Washington "that when a certain diplomat from France became involved in social turbulence in the early part of the last century the European governments universally concurred in the dictum made by an illustrious prime minister that it was the height of folly to send to the capital of the presumptuous young republic an envoy who had wedded a daughter of the states."

Colonel Roosevelt, unapologetic foe of convention and obsolete customs, changed the viewpoint of Europe and put the American girl upon a new pinnacle. It all came about through several unfortunate episodes

in American diplomatic circles. Sir Mortimer Durand, British ambassador, incurred the ire of T. R. because of some criticisms against social life in Washington. The German ambassador, Von Holleben, "got in bad" in connection with ceremonies attendant upon the launching of a yacht for erstwhile Kaiser Wilhelm. Mr. Roosevelt spoke plainly. The ice was broken. Europe got a new angle on social life in Washington and thereupon notable changes were apparent. Great Britain was the first to smash tradition and set a precedent. James Bryce came over and he was more intimately connected with America than his many predecessors by reason of the fact that his mother-in-law was an American. Not to be outdone by John Bull in the suave art of diplomacy, the then Kaiser sent

over President Roosevelt's intimate friend, Baron von Sternberg and upon his death dispatched Bernstorff, who was fortified as a climber by his marriage with an American. (This asset failed to stand him good, however, upon a memorable day in April, 1919). Other nations followed suit. In quick succession, as vacancies occurred, came ambassadors from France, Russia, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spain, Belgium and Greece at varying intervals.

Today the American woman stands

higher than ever in favor as the ideal wife of an ambassador ticketed for Washington.

At the head of the foreign diplomatic corps stands the much-beloved dean of them all, M. Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusseland, ambassador from the French republic, who has represented "La Belle France" uninterruptedly for the last 18 years. By his side stands Mme. Jusseland, an American woman. Who will deny that she has been one of the instrumentalities in binding America and

France ever close through the great crisis that ever confronted her adopted nation? Mme. Jusseland was before her marriage Miss Eliza Richards, daughter of the late George T. Richards of New England, and one of the founders of the banking house of Munroe & Co. of Paris. Through her mother, who was a Miss Ketchikan, she is related to the New York family of that name. Of brilliant intellect, madame has been of invaluable aid to her distinguished husband in the many exacting duties that have con-

fronted him during nearly two decades of service in Washington.

Going from the extreme of the oldest member of the corps to the youngest, in point of American wifehood and tenure of office, Baroness Averana, wife of the new Italian ambassador, represents the "baby" member of the group. The baroness was Miss Marie Jacqueline Taylor, daughter of the late Amos Taylor, who went from Kentucky to St. Louis more than 40 years ago and made a name and fortune for himself in the field of law.

Preceding the Italian baroness to Washington came the statuesque Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, wife of the Belgian ambassador and one of the most picturesque among all the wives of foreign diplomats in the American capital. A power in Amer-

ican society for 20 years, the baroness seems to have found in her third marriage the very acme of all her aims, a leading position in the very capital of her own country. It is only six months since the former Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes Cary, divorced wife of Elihu B. Frost of New York, married Baron Cartier de Marchienne in Paris and came with him to his new post of diplomatic and social prestige here; yet in this time she has found a position quite in keeping with the dreams that she first cherished as Marie Dows, a Boston girl of no fortune but many ambitions. When Elihu Frost, a New England multimillionaire, brought his bride to New York 20 years ago, unheralded and unknown, the petite beauty set out to win her way into the exclusive smart set circles then dominated by the Astors. Eventually she won out, but not until the more liberal Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish became the recognized leader of the "four hundred."

As Mrs. Frost she became known as "the best dressed woman in New York." She met Hamilton Wilkes Cary, kin of Colonel John Jacob Astor, racing enthusiast, yachtsman and popular in New York society. In April, 1900, Mrs. Frost went out to Reno and secured a divorce from Frost. By the first of the year Mrs. Frost, the divorcee, and Mr. Cary, widower, were wed. Two years later he died. When his affairs were straightened out she went to France and engaged in war work. It was while there that she met the charming Belgian baron.

It is just three years since the Mexican government sent Ignacio Bonillas, then secretary of communications in the government at Mexico City, to Washington. General Carranza may have made many mistakes since his ascendancy to the executive leadership of a turbulent state, but there are few to admit that he made a mistake when he designated the astute Senor Bonillas as the envoy of his government to his big neighbor republic. Senor Bonillas has absorbed American atmosphere all his life. He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. When it came time to marry he took as his wife an American girl, the sister of former Governor Safford of Arizona. The Bonillas have two daughters, who have been very popular in the Washington smart set.

To look upon the fair Senora Alicia Ward Riano y Gayangos, wife of the Spanish ambassador, is to view that this is some fair Castilian beauty. She is fair, but not Castilian, despite her dark hair, deep blue eyes and dark skin.

Next to Mme. Jusseland, the honors of having remained for the longest time as American wives of foreign ambassadors in Washington are divided between Mme. W. E. Ekengren, wife of the Swedish minister, and Senora da Gama, wife of the Brazilian ambassador. Their husbands became ministers in 1912. In the case of Mme. Ekengren, however, she had already been in Washington six years. Her husband was first secretary of the Swedish legation in 1904 and then was appointed charge d'affaires, which position he filled until his elevation to the ambassadorship in April, 1912. Mme. Ekengren is a daughter of New Jersey. Her father was the brilliant lawyer, John P. Jackson, for many years counsel for the Pennsylvania railroad.

From a wedding ceremony in the New York home of Elbert H. Gary, the steel king, came Senora da Gama, fresh to the diplomatic family in the same season that Washington society welcomed Mme. Ekengren. The senora was the widow of George A. Hoarn, dry goods merchant in Detroit. She is a Texas girl. Her husband died in 1910. Senor Domitilo da Gama has represented the South American republic since 1911, having seen much of Washington since 1902, when he was appointed secretary of a special commission to Washington in connection with the settlement of a dispute between Brazil and Argentina over the Palmas territory.

Who will be the next? Possibly the ambassador from the court of all James will bring a bonny Yankee bride. If not, there are several ambassadors now in Washington quite unattached. And—it is leap year.

EPIDEMIC OF BLOOD PRESSURE CHASES SOME DOWN TO INSURANCE COMPANIES

Montague Says in Fear and Trembling He Faced Inquisitor Who Seemed to Know Secret Workings of Trouble Centers and Looked Pityingly at Victim.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

THERE had been an epidemic of blood pressure around town and we were getting worried. Nearly all our friends had it, in varying degrees of acuteness.

They still went about their business it is true, but they were long faces, and recited their symptoms whenever they found anybody who would listen.

For quite a while we thought that blood pressure was catching, like mumps, and we avoided all of our acquaintances who boasted of having it. But later, in a newspaper article, we learned that almost anybody, at our age, was likely to get it, and that the harder you had been working, the greater would be your susceptibility.

On account of repeated and exaggerated snow storms we had been working very hard.

No sooner would we get the walks all cleared off than along would come another blizzard and pile them higher than ever.

At the end of seven weeks, during which we must have handled 30 long tons of snow, we felt exhausted and had a pain in our side. Furthermore our temples would throb at the mere thought of another blizzard.

This, we figured, must be an indication of blood pressure. We stopped shoveling snow, but it didn't do any good. We gave over work of all descriptions, and got no better.

Soon we developed symptoms at an alarming rate. We had pains in our chest and side, a burning sensation in our cheeks. Our collars began to get too small for us.

We were diffident about consulting a doctor. We were afraid we could not stand the shock of what

they would have to tell us about ourselves.

Yet something must be done, that was certain.

One day a young friend came in and offered to sell us life insurance on a plan which, he said, would be practically giving it to us.

Age Quite Ripe.

"You never can tell what will happen," he said. Then glancing at us searchingly he added, "at your time of life a man is likely to get blood pressure and be off like that." And he snapped his fingers suggestively.

This gesture of his supplied us with food for thought. If we went off "like that," there ought to be a little something for the wife and children.

We lapsed into deep thought from which we presently were roused by the consciousness that our friend was still talking.

"Besides," he was saying, "one of the surest ways to find out about yourself is to get yourself examined for life insurance. Of course I don't know that my company will take you, but very particular—but if you do pass the examination, you at least know that you're all right."

That settled it. We made out the application feverishly, and he took it away with him.

The next day a sepulchral voice over the telephone said:

"I am Doctor Smith of the Rock Ribbed Life. I have made an appointment for you in half an hour. Can you keep it?"

If we had been told that the hangman had made an appointment with us we could have been little more startled. However, we managed to

reply in a husky voice that we would be there.

For half an hour we sat trembling on a chair in the doctor's ante room. What would we do, what could we do if he told us that we had blood pressure and refused us?

In our mind there developed pictures of—but we cannot dwell on such painful matters.

When we entered the doctor's office we found a solemn looking man with black whiskers, who seemed to eye us despairingly.

At his request we took off our coat. He undid the first few buttons of our shirt and massaged our chest with a telephone transmitter, holding the receiving tubes in his ears.

We tried to make jocose comments to cheer ourselves up as he paused and listened, first here and then there.

But he held up a warning hand and we desisted.

At least a hundred times at his request we said "Ninety-nine," that apparently being the telephone number of the particular part of our anatomy he was trying to communicate with.

Telephone Hung Up.

The number must have been busy, for presently he shook his head and hung up the telephone. We thought he glanced at us commiseratingly as he did so, but we had no time to think long about anything.

He got out a rubber strap three or four feet long and wrapped it about our arm. We knew what that meant. Blood pressure!

It felt comfortable at first, and our fears began to dissipate. We didn't have any blood pressure. Why we could hardly feel the thing. But soon

it began to bind. Then it felt as if the late Bob Fitzsimmons had seized us by the upper arm. The doctor was looking attentively at a little gauge connected in some way with the strap. He was shaking his head sadly. We began to shake our knees in unison. For a time we thought we were going out, but by exercise of great will power we kept our feet. He signified that the examination was done.

"How about it? Did—did we pass?" we quavered.

"You will receive your notification," he said gloomily.

We put on our coat again and went out. The world seemed to smile—but not for us. The skies were clear, the air warm. People were laughing and chatting. We didn't see how they could do it.

Three days we spent in frantic suspense. At the end of that time we gave up. We did not work, we ate hardly anything at all. Blood pressure we knew was aggravated by working and eating. We might as well put off the day of doom as long as possible.

One evening as we were coming home with lagging steps and slow, giving our heart as much consideration as possible, the postman who was passing thrust a letter into our hand. We opened it with shaking fingers. It contained a bill for the life insurance premium for which we had applied to the Rock Ribbed. A little reasoning showed us that if we hadn't passed we wouldn't have got the bill.

An hour later we were informed that dinner was ready.

"Can't come just yet," we said. "We have got to shovel the snow off a hundred feet more of sidewalk before another blizzard comes up."

Eight-Hour Day Limited.

MADRID—By royal decree the Spanish government has exempted from the eight-hour day law certain callings. Among those who are now permitted to work longer than the legal hour are domestic servants, waiters and other hotel employees who live on the premises, and druggists.

PROHIBITION MAY REVIVE OLD-STYLE SMUGGLER, WHO WILL THRIVE AGAIN

Millions Must Be Spent Each Year to Prevent Liquor Traffic and to Enforce Amendment in Districts Where Opposition Will Be Strong and Temptations Great.

WILL the faltering demise of John Barleycorn result in the rejuvenation of the old style type of smuggler and cause him to appear once again in the flesh as he is now pictured in the romantic pages of fiction? This is a question that is causing great concern among the federal authorities to whom is entrusted the task of seeing that the 18th amendment is carried out to the full letter of the law and the statutory prohibition made a realistic fact.

Millions of dollars yearly must be expended by the federal government to prevent the hardy and adventurous mariner of romance from stepping out of the printed pages and seeking new and ingenious means of evading the ever watchful revenue cutters. It will be a difficult task for many of this type have already succeeded in running the gauntlet of the revenue cutters and have brought their lugger of liquor to anchor in some hidden cove where the priceless cargo could be shipped inland and sprung in some quiet locality as an oasis for the parched mourners of the great American desert.

Customs Inspectors Handicapped.

Customs inspectors along the Mexican border have been greatly handicapped in their efforts to stamp out illegal smuggling, in a letter from the United States marshal for the western district of Texas which was read to the house by Mr. Ashworth some of these difficulties are pointed out. The letter said in part:

"The customs officials of El Paso are doing splendid work with their limited number of men, but the number is entirely inadequate, as is shown

by the increasing number of smugglers operating in this vicinity."

The same situation is being faced by the custom officials in many other parts of the country and in order to curb the attempts of the bootleggers and smugglers, the personnel of the customs officials will have to be greatly increased. Every vessel arriving from foreign ports will have to be searched and a close surveillance over the crews while the vessels are in port will have to be maintained. With such safeguards as patrolling the thousands of miles of border on foot, horse, automobile and motorcycle, the inspection of the thousands of automobile and foot passengers crossing the international boundary lines that require inspection, along with the surveillance to be maintained along the coasts, it can readily be seen the added expense which will be entailed by the Government.

Convenient Bases Are Plentiful.

All this means a wider field of activity for the coast guard, the strong arm of the customs service. Preparations are being made to fight the new bands of smugglers which might spring up as a result of prohibition.

Commodore E. P. Bertholf, the head of the organization, was only too glad to tell how the service will go about

fighting a possible recrudescence of romantic smuggling.

"Smuggling in bulk," he said, "has always been found a difficult operation because of the strict and systematic watch kept on the movements of all vessels; each individual craft being required to be duly registered, to carry certain papers always ready for inspection and to otherwise account for her movements. The chances of smuggling on a large scale being successful are about one in 10 and for this reason, few intelligent skippers will take the chance of being detected, with the consequent seizure of the ship."

"The guard kept by the revenue cutters at sea is supplemented by the beach patrol. By night and day the shore line is divided into 'beats' and kept under surveillance. The main object in this watch is to keep a lookout for wrecks and vessels in distress. But it works also as a force against smugglers."

"Because of this watch there is only a slight chance of smugglers landing and concealing goods in the old-time fashion. Small sailing ships might turn the trick now and then. In fact we are preparing a gauntlet for any schooner from Cuba that may now try to land cargoes of rum at one point or another on the Florida or Gulf coasts. We realize that big risks no doubt will be taken because of the price that 'booze' will now fetch."

"Because of this fact we will have to take greater precautionary measures. A fast patrol fleet will no doubt prove an effective method of breaking up the profitable practice of smuggling booze. There is no money in smuggling on a small scale, except with such articles as opium and diamonds. Booze will no doubt cause many new attempts to evade the revenue cutters."