AN AMERICAN WOMAN WHO RULES BERLIN SOCIETY

Kaiser Says Mrs. Tower is the "Von Moltke of the Social Set of the Capital"

ONLY one American woman, so far as known, has ever been decorated with the highest praise that the German emperor can bestow. Of Mrs. Tower, wife of the United States ambassador, Charlemagne Tower, he said not long ago:

"She is the Von Moltke of Berlin society."

In addition, the enthusiastic kaiser declared that Mrs. Tower had done more to make social life in the German capital brilliant and interesting than any one who has been in Berlin during his reign.

All of which is high praise, especially the comparison to Von Moltke, one of the ideals of the military kaiser. The fact is, the social career of the Towers in Berlin has been far more brilliant than the majority of their countrymen are aware, and this does not detract from the value of the diplomatic service rendered by the American ambassador.

TO BE regarded by such high authority as the Von Moltke of Berlin society is a distinction that would crown a German hostess with proud honors for life.

Notable features of the winter social season for several years in the German capital have been the fancy dress balls given by Ambassador and Mrs. Tower at the American embassy. Of the first one it was said:

> In the splendor of the appointments and the brilliancy of the guests' costumes, the costume ball given at the American embassy outdid even the court functions.
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> All the notables of the imperial court were present, and the most exclusive and wealthy circles of Berlinese society were represented. The sensation of the evening was the costume worn by the crown prince, who appeared in the uniform worn by his regiment at the time of Frederick the Great. It consisted of a coat with full basque and long waistcoat very much be-buttoned. With these a powdered wig and white gaiters were worn.
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> The prince was accompanied by a group of officers of his regiment, all arrayed in the same fashion.

When it was announced, some months ago, that Ambassador Tower had made up his mind to leave the diplomatic service this year, the crown prince, Prince Eitel Frederick, and others begged Mrs. Tower to cap the climax of their winter's social whirl with another of her incomparably brilliant entertainments.

This was arranged, but was delayed beyond the original date by the period of court mourning for the king and crown prince of Portugal.

With every qualification for social leadership, and with great wealth at their command, Mr. and Mrs. Tower have set a pace for entertaining such as was never known before of Americans in Berlin. Not infrequently an item like this is seen in the newspapers:

> Emperor William and three officers of his suite dined with United States Ambassador and Mrs. Tower at the American embassy last evening.

Ever mindful of his station, and averse to dining at embassies, the kaiser has made no secret of his pleasure at accepting the hospitality of the Towers. Mr. and Mrs. Tower give dinners several times a year to the emperor and empress, and all the princes of the German confederacy accept invitations to the American embassy.

KAISER'S FAVORITE DIPLOMAT

"At an expense far more lavish than any other representative of the United States ever dreamed of," states one account, "entertaining on a scale of great splendor, spending $200,000 yearly in excess of his salary, Mr. Tower has gradually built himself up as the favorite diplomat of the kaiser.

"It is generally known that the emperor has a high regard for Mr. Tower's diplomatic ability, which would, no doubt, be fully recognized even did the Americans fail to maintain the social splendor which Wilhelm so greatly admires."

Soon after the beginning of Mr. Tower's term as ambassador to Germany, the following news item went the rounds:

> Mrs. Tower is as popular as her husband, and has several times been invited to visit the empress, with the utmost informality.
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> Her dresses and jewels are already famous at court—almost as famous as her linguistic abilities, her personal charm, rare tact and unfeigned cordiality to all she meets.

Time has increased her prestige of popularity. Mrs. Tower has been one of the most successful hostesses which the United States has ever sent across the Atlantic.

It is said of her that she accepts the customs and court regulations of Germany with unfailing good humor, and conscientiously endeavors to fulfil her duties as the wife of the ambassador of a great republic.

There was general regret in diplomatic circles when, last fall, Ambassador Tower asked permission to retire from the foreign service of the country this year.

It was recalled that he had been continuously minister and ambassador longer than any other prominent diplomat in the American service, having been abroad in such capacities nearly eleven years.

Mr. Tower's private fortune has enabled him and Mrs. Tower to carve out a social career at Berlin that was beyond the reach of most previous representatives of this country. And few on this side of the Atlantic realize how much influence the social side of diplomacy has upon its business or political side.

Show counts for a great deal at every European court. The social side of diplomacy is as necessary, almost as ability to handle great international questions.

While Mr. Tower has made a careful study of questions constantly arising in diplomatic circles, both he and his wife have been fully alive to the importance of social prestige.

When American minister at the court of Vienna, Mr. Tower occupied the palace of a grand duke and gave many handsome entertainments. At one of his famous dinners there covers were laid for 200 guests.

Later he was transferred as ambassador to Russia, and at St. Petersburg the brilliancy of his social functions dazzled the Russian court.

When the Towers arrived at Berlin they saw the necessity for engaging in a brilliant social campaign. The former American ambassador, A. D. White, being only modestly supplied with this world's goods, had lived throughout his term in a Berlin family hotel.

Home of the Towers in Berlin

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Brilliant Hostess of the American Embassy

Drawing Room of the Tower House

Ambassador Tower

The Splendid Marble Stairway

Neither the emperor nor the big lights of the court ever visit hotels.

One of the first acts of Mr. and Mrs. Tower upon reaching Berlin was to lease for a residence one of the finest palaces in the city.

It is a splendid marble building in the Koenigsplatz, almost opposite the great Branderburgh gate and in the immediate vicinity of the stately houses of the Reichstag and the grand avenue of Unter den Linden.

From the front the building shows little architectural effect, but in the rear is an attractive garden surrounded by a high stone wall.

Rare white marble is used extensively throughout the interior of the building; it was carved by the best masters after the decorations of the famous palace of the Signoria, in Florence.

It is said that few private houses, even in London, Paris or Rome, are provided with such a magnificent stairway as that which, in this splendid home, winds from the main entrance to the drawing rooms on the second floor.

No rugs obscure any part of the black and white marble floors, and the paneled marble walls are considered sufficient in themselves for decorative purposes.

Five drawing rooms open into each other, and each is distinguished by its individual furnishings.

Early French decorations are used in the main drawing room, while the Empire and Directoire styles, blended with old English and Colonial, are to be observed in the smaller ones.

Flemish tapestries, costly paintings, mahogany and rosewood furniture, some of it centuries old, combine to make the stately dining room a thing of beauty.

Withal, the American visitor is pleased to catch everywhere glimpses of home scenes.

There are upon the walls portraits of Washington, of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, of William Penn; and there are numerous pretty bits of water color, showing scenes along the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, in Pennsylvania—from which state Mr. Tower hails—together with picturesque stretches of beach along the New Jersey shore.

In some respects the Tower home in Berlin is more pretentious than the celebrated Dorchester House, in London, which is occupied by Ambassador Whitelaw Reid. Dorchester House is rented furnished by the Reids, while the magnificent furnishings of the Berlin house are the property of the American tenants.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Tower spent nearly $1,000,000 in fitting up the Koenigsplatz Palace, which is the property of a banker. There are more than fifty rooms in the dwelling, and the task of getting them in order, decorating and furnishing them occupied nearly a year.

For rent of this palace alone the Towers are said to expend $18,000 a year. The salary of the ambassador is $17,500 a year.

Such a splendid home, of course, affords ample opportunity for the most brilliant social functions, and Mrs. Tower's experience enables her to get the very best results from the wealth at her command. Her favor with the imperial family is fixed.

Only the other day it was announced in cablegrams from Berlin, the American ambassador and Mrs. Tower were the only foreign guests asked by the crown prince and princess to a theatrical party in their palace.

It is not only with members of the royal family and nobility, with officials of high rank and diplomats that Mrs. Tower is popular. She possesses to a marked degree the happy faculty of doing just the right thing at the right moment, and of saying the proper thing promptly. Leading Americans in Berlin—there are something like 2500 in the American colony—are made to feel that they are always welcome at the home of their country's official representative.

As an instance of Mrs. Tower's thoughtfulness, it is recalled that, early during her stay in Berlin, she had engaged passage for a trip to America. Learning, however, that the International Woman's Council was to meet in that city in a short time, she canceled the passage and remained over in order to extend a courteous welcome and the hospitality of her home to her countrywomen attending the gathering.

Three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Tower are now being educated in this country, and the fond mother occasionally takes a trip across to visit them.

This accomplished and gracious woman was formerly Miss Helen Smith, daughter of G. Frank Smith, of Oakland, Cal. In 1888 she was married to Mr. Tower, a wealthy representative of an old Philadelphia family.

Their married life has been ideal, it is said; certainly the wife has proved of vast assistance in making the public career of the husband a conspicuous success.

A Happy Royal Wife

VERY little is heard nowadays of Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria, who astonished the world some thirty-six years ago by declining proffered alliances among the royalty of Europe and bestowing her hand in marriage upon a subject, the Marquis of Lorne.

Since then Lord Lorne has become the Duke of Argyll, and has attained some prominence as an author. During most of the time since his marriage he and his royal wife have lived quietly in the country, where the duke has devoted himself to literature and the peaceful pursuits of the country gentleman.

From the time he was 23 years old until his accession to the peerage, the duke was a member of the House of Commons, breaking his long term for a time to become governor general of Canada.

His marriage with Princess Louise created tremendous excitement at the time.

It was a most unusual thing for the daughter of a living and reigning sovereign to bestow her hand upon a subject. Such a thing had not happened for five centuries—not since the days of the Black Prince.

It was something in the nature of a revolution. But the general feeling was in favor of it. In a cartoon in Punch Princess Louise was seen leaping over a ring fence, supposed to represent the barrier of royal rank. The policy of the queen in allowing this fence to be crossed was commented upon all over the country in appreciative terms.

A marriage portion of $150,000 was conferred upon the princess and an annuity of $30,000 settled upon her by Parliament without a dissenting voice.

But the feeling in Scotland—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say in the "Campbell country," the part where the duke is lord of the land and the chief of the clan—while equally in favor of the match, was different in its point of view. It was expressed amusingly by an ancient Highlander at Inverary.

"D'ye ken, Tonal," said some one to him, "that the queen's daughter is a gaen to marry the chief's son today?"

"Eh, but she'll be a proud woman the noo," was the dignified reply, accompanied by a sage wag of the head. To the old man's mind the son of the chief of the Campbells was without an equal in rank.

From Stage to Second Lady of France

Mme. Rose Caron

M. Georges Clemenceau the French Premier

One of Her Famous Roles: "Iphegenie."

WHEN the report became current in Paris recently—and was not met with denial—that the prime minister of France, Georges Clemenceau, was to marry Mme. Rose Caron, one of the most popular and gifted of French actresses, there was a new and tremendous sensation at the French capital.

Strange to say, there were few expressions of disapproval in Paris. Mme. Caron has been highly regarded for many years by the French people; why should she not fill worthily the high position of second lady in France?

MUCH is known in this country of Georges Clemenceau, the brilliant, if somewhat erratic, journalist-statesman of France. If any one ever won high position and power entirely because of ability and energy, Clemenceau is the man.

But of Mme. Rose Caron not so much is known on this side of the Atlantic. Her recent nomination as a professor of the Conservatory was the crowning honor of a long and distinguished career on the stage.

Whatever the character she has appeared in, Mme. Caron has left an ineffaceable impression of art upon all who have had the pleasure of seeing her performances. This holds good of her wonderful impersonation of Elsa, the dreamy sweetness of Marguerite, the martial vestments of Brunhilde or the solemn garmenture of Salammbo.

Twenty years of uninterrupted success at Brussels and Paris have constituted an exceptional claim to public favor on the part of Mme. Caron, who has been declared a worthy successor of Damoreau-Sainty and Pauline Viardot.

Recently the actress took charge of her class in the Conservatory, in the institution where she was herself for four years a pupil, and from which she was graduated in 1882, with the small honor of second prize in singing and an "accessit," or near approach to a prize, in opera.

This scanty recognition of her ability at the beginning of her career did not affect her subsequent success. After having perfected her musical education with Marie Sasse she was engaged by the direction of the Theater de la Monnaie at Versailles. There, on September 1, 1883, she made her debut as Alice in "Robert le Diable."

Later she was warmly welcomed by the Brussels public. In her performance of Marguerite in "Faust" she made a specially favorable impression with her pure, clear voice and her perfect diction.

While she was thus engaged the composer Reyer, as yet comparatively unknown, brought to the management an opera, "Sigurd," which had cost him twenty years of labor and had been refused at Paris.

In this case it secured a more favorable reception. The directors saw in Mme. Caron the ideal Brunhilde which the work called for. It was put on with her in that role January 7, 1884. Its reception was enthusiastic, and Brussels took to its heart what Paris had disdained.

Since then Mme. Caron has known only success. Engaged at the Paris Opera, she created Sigurd there in June, 1885. Next she successively and successfully sang Rachel in "The Jewess," Chimene in "The Cid" and Catharine of Arragon in "Henry VIII."

Difficulties with the management of the Opera caused her withdrawal from that house. She returned to Brussels, where she was again welcomed with transport.

Becoming aware of their mistake in allowing her to depart, the directors of the Paris Opera made overtures for her return. On October 13, 1890, she again sang before the public of Paris. This was as Elsa in "Lohengrin," a creation so exquisite that all voices were pronounced in her praise. Afterward she sang Salammbo, and her triumph was no less overwhelming. One of the greatest successes of her entire career has been in "Iphigenie," which she rendered with such feeling as to conquer every audience.

M. Georges Clemenceau has been called the busiest man in France, and one of the least obtrusive. He cares little for show, but has an immense capacity for work.

Instead of living in the magnificent palace provided for the one occupying his position, M. Clemenceau prefers to dwell in a modest apartment on the Rue Franklin, which he has occupied for many years. He lives quite alone, except for a cook and a manservant, and entertains only his most intimate friends, which means very few people. The apartment is on the ground floor and opens on a garden overlooking the Seine and a beautiful panorama of the city. His pets are a handsome white bull terrier and many large birds, such as storks, peacocks and barnyard fowl.

Each morning at 5 o'clock M. Clemenceau gets up and goes through gymnastic exercises, which are followed by a cold plunge. At 7 he has his breakfast, which is his heaviest meal, and consists of about a dozen eggs and some cold meat. He never drinks anything but water, except when obliged to do otherwise at a banquet.

BEGINS WORK EARLY

At 8 o'clock he goes to the ministry and begins work. After reading his letters and dictating the answers, he scans the newspaper clippings which are brought to him, and selects those dealing with matters in which inspection and reform are needed.

At 10 o'clock he receives the persons to whom appointments have been given, and at 12 o'clock goes home to the Rue Franklin and has luncheon, which consists of a soft boiled egg and a glass of spring water. Then he goes to his library or out into the garden, if the weather is fine, and spends an hour reading, preferably old Greek text. At 2 o'clock he goes back to work, visits the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies and the President, and calls upon any important personages with whom he may have business or courtesies to exchange.

By 5 o'clock he is back at the ministry, signs the outgoing mail, etc., receives visitors, attends to the business of his office, etc., till 7 or 8 o'clock. M. Clemenceau makes it a point of dining in town as little as possible, and accepts only those official invitations which he cannot refuse. At 10 o'clock he is back at his office again, and works with his secretaries and members of his ministry until midnight, often later. He gets along with very little sleep, but sleeps soundly.

Clemenceau's first wife was a New England girl, and he has always been quite friendly to the United States.