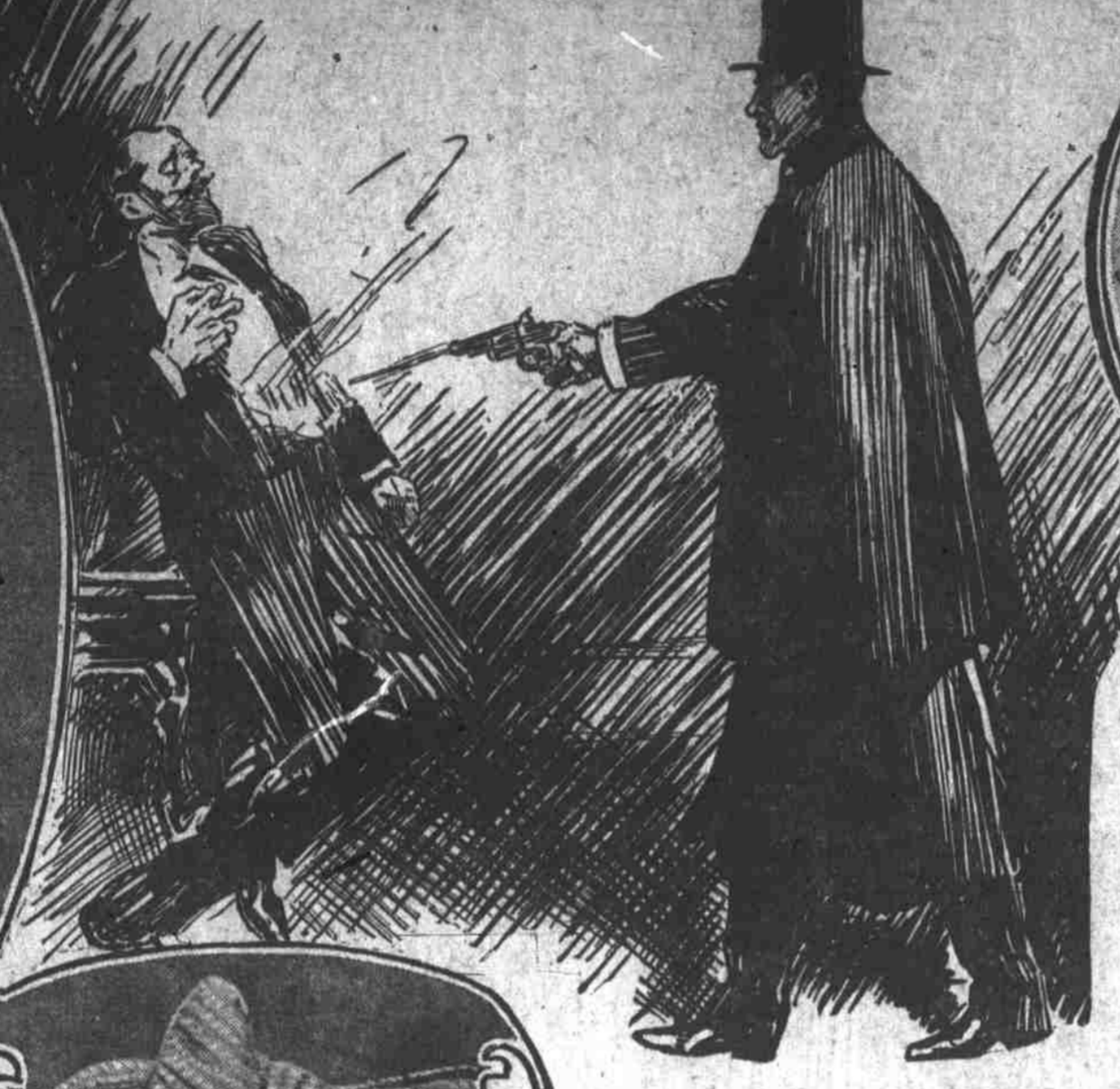


BORN TO LOVE AND TO TROUBLE



The Princess Radziwill Who Was Dorothy Deacon



Prince Radziwill, the first to claim a Deacon as his bride



Miss Gladys Deacon, often reputed engaged, but still seemingly heart free.

The "Ghosts" of Ibsen Seem Not More Terrible Than the Inheritance of the Deacon Girls

WHAT a dowry for three radiantly beautiful girls! A mother so swayed by passion and caprice that she forgot her family ties and was heralded to the world, whether innocent or guilty, as a faithless wife. A father who murdered to avenge his wrong, real or fancied, and then ended his day in a madhouse.

To this, add the fact that the first of these three girls has just given her hand, and presumably her heart, to the scion of a worn-out line of nobility, the head of which has long been far from strong mentally. What conclusion could one come to but that these girls were born to love and trouble? They came into the world through no wish of their own. But they arrived at womanhood and found themselves lovely. Back of them was a family history that not even the humblest could envy. Yet that they could not help. Great wealth, as present times judge it, was not theirs. But they minded it not. Wherever they went they were admired and courted—just as their mother had been. Scarcely had they arrived at womanhood when they became, as their mother had been, not only national, but international figures.

Scarcely is it necessary to say they are those lovely Deacon girls. One of them is now the Princess Radziwill. Another is engaged to a fine young American. The third has been reported engaged a dozen or so times, but is still apparently heart whole. There was a fourth, but death took her away. Well may the world wait with interest to see if they can overcome their heredity, or whether they will be borne down by their birthright of madness and faithless love.

MODERN times have known no greater scandal than that which Edward Parker Deacon gave to the world when he avenged himself on the supposed betrayer of his wife in a hotel at Cannes, France. Like her daughters, Mrs. Deacon was a woman of such wondrous loveliness that all Europe and America admired her. Seemingly, all the fairies had been present at her birth and had denied her nothing. Her ancestry and her marriage had placed her on an equality with any of the social world. She had wealth sufficient for her needs, a husband who adored her, lovely children and hosts of admirers. Late for her was almost a day dream; she was the truest of wives, the best of mothers, until she met that one man who paid for his rashness with his life. Before her marriage Mrs. Deacon was Miss Florence Baldwin, a daughter of Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, U. S. N., retired, who was a partner in the importing house of A. A. Low & Co. From her early girlhood she was noted for her beauty. Not tall, but well formed and of the willowy type, her carriage was such as to attract attention anywhere. Add to this large blue eyes and full red lips, together with that nameless charm which comes from a bright and lively mind, and you have a fair idea of this woman in her youth. So brilliant were her matrimonial prospects that there was general surprise when she chose Edward Parker Deacon. Although he came of a fine New England family, had served in the civil war as a staff officer and had been well educated abroad, there was nothing about his person to indicate either distinguished lineage or great manly gifts. He was small, awkward, and but for his ancestry would not have been likely to make a great social success. While he had a fair share of this world's goods, he was far from being a Croesus. The beautiful Miss Baldwin might have had her choice among the catches of the day. Her family knew it, and opposed her match with Deacon. But she was as stubborn as a lovely woman can be, and had her way. For many years it seemed that she had chosen well. She was a model of virtue and propriety, a happy wife and a good mother. None could have been more se-



Miss Edith Deacon, who is to wed an American

vere, prudish in her associations than she, as was evidenced by the fact that she once refused to meet the then prince of Wales, later known to history as Edward VII.

How was Europe amazed, then, that this model of all that was good and beautiful should be blazoned forth as a wanton wife whose faithlessness had caused a murder!

It all came about when, on one of the occasions the Deacon family visited Paris, Mons. Emile Abelle was introduced into their home.

Here was one of the great beaux of Paris. He had good looks, good tastes, and the money to back them up. His father was one of the contractors who built the Suez canal, and his wealth was practically unbounded. Everywhere he was known as a good fellow. He dined regularly at the Cafe l'Anglais. There he had his own private room, with a table always set for

four. If that alone didn't exactly require unbounded wealth, it at least called for a substantial income. From this meeting it is the same old, old story. The awkward husband may have realized, for the first time, that he cut a sorry figure in comparison with such a gallant. At any rate there were constant quarrels and bickerings over Abelle. At times the Deacons would separate for a month or so, only to be reconciled when the worst of their anger had worn off. Always, though, Abelle remained an admirer of the beautiful young matron. His infatuation seemed to be complete, for when, in 1902, the Deacons went from Paris to Cannes, he followed them.

Then came the shock. Deacon had surprised Abelle in the hotel and shot him dead. The woman he did not attempt to harm, and it is reported that he said to her: "I have a good mind to kill you as I have killed that dog; but killing is too good for you. You shall be reserved for a worse fate. You shall live to have the finger of scorn pointed at you all your life."

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY Whether Deacon was justified in words or action may never be known. His wife acted with great discretion at his trial, when he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a year in prison. The closest she came to indicating the state of affairs in their household was in the official interrogation, which came five days after the crime. In this she said: "It is yet to be proved that I was unfaithful to my husband, and if I was it was Mr. Deacon's own fault, for he was a most unlovable man, who neglected me and left me for long periods. Mons. Abelle, on the contrary, was most charming and an intimate friend of the family. The intrigue was with Mr. Deacon's knowledge, and thus, I maintain, with his consent. While I am deeply grieved at the death of Mons. Abelle, I do not care how soon I get a divorce from a man whom I not only dislike, but for whom I have a great contempt."

Maybe, after all, the world has for years mixed up cause and effect in judging this tragedy. Perhaps it was the manifestation of that weakness which finally sent him to a madhouse that made him so unbearable as a husband that his beautiful wife forgot her discretion when a man appeared whom she could love. However that may be, Deacon got a divorce and, after being pardoned by the then President Carnot, came back to America. But not before Mrs. Deacon had kidnaped her oldest daughter, Gladys, who has since been her constant companion.

Nine years after the tragedy Deacon died. He had been visited by his former wife, but whether his condition was then such as to permit of a real reconcilia-

tion is extremely improbable. At any rate, if he really uttered the curse attributed to him, his words have been signally negated. Society rallied to Mrs. Deacon, who resumed her maiden name of Baldwin, in a manner that scarcely any one could have anticipated. During the year of King Edward's coronation she took Lady Henry Somerset's home in Mayfair, London, and entertained extensively. All at once her idol, Gladys, became the toast of Europe. The richest heiresses, with the most unblemished family records, got not a tithe of the attention that was showered on her.

Mrs. Arthur Paget was her first social sponsor. Then she was exploited by the duchess of Marlborough, one of whose bridesmaids she had been. In every way she paralleled her mother's early career. Her Grecian profile was pronounced almost perfect. She was well educated, bright and witty. She could converse in several languages, and was in all a most fascinating companion.

When the German crown prince visited Blenheim Castle, in 1902, he certainly found her so, and then came the first of the great social sensations that have since kept the Deacon girls in the public eye. Without rhyme or reason, except that she was beautiful, the Kaiser's heir proceeded to fall violently in love with the young American. A crown prince isn't supposed to do anything of the sort, at least in a noticeable way, no matter how beautiful may be the lady. But the affair went so far that it was rumored the crown prince would be glad enough to sacrifice his royal rights and successions to have his own private way. The Kaiser was wroth, as might have been expected, and the royal sonny was hiked back home as soon as possible, leaving some ardent evidences of his love with Miss Deacon. The German ambassador afterward gathered these up, and thus ended the affair. For a single year that was enough for most any one beauty to achieve, but it wasn't so in this instance. That very same season the sensation of the Paris salon was a portrait of Miss Deacon by Boldini, coupled with the announcement that she was to go to England next year to be painted by Whistler. The Boldini portrait indicated all that might have been expected from Miss Deacon's ancestry—her almost supernatural beauty that but too plainly pointed to a life of love and trouble. Then, the very next year, she was kept in the public eye through the attentions paid to her by the duke of Norfolk, the premier noble of the British realm. While never noted for grace or beauty, the duke of Norfolk, named as one of the most forceful characters in the United Kingdom, his notoriously bad taste in dressing but served to bring out the real strength of his character. Several times, in close succession, Miss Gladys was the duke's guest at Arundel Castle, where Lady May Howard, his sister, was then doing the honors for him. Where there was so much smoke there must have been some fire, but the match that the gossips regarded as almost a certainty never materialized. The duke married another, and Miss Gladys went on to further conquests. Among others was the Baron Antoine de Charatte, a French nobleman whose ancestors had occupied the same chateau in Brittany for 800 years or more, and whose mother was the daughter of Bishop Polk, of

tennessee, who was killed in battle during the civil war. In every way the baron was a great catch. He was handsome and brave. He fought for the Boers, gallantly, as became a son of General Baron de Charatte, a renowned officer whose chief distinction came in the disastrous Franco-Prussian war. For awhile Miss Gladys seemed to favor the baron. Then, suddenly, without rhyme or reason, she announced that he was a good friend, and would never be anything more. And so it went, from one suitor to another, with the beautiful American always refraining from giving herself away when the crucial moment came. Probably no girl of a generation has had more chances or had resigned them with greater nonchalance. Strange it is that the one-time belle of Europe should so long remain a spinster, when another of her sisters has become a bride and the remaining one is to be wedded on September 15. The first of the beautiful sisters to go to the altar was Dorothy Deacon, who married Prince Radziwill, son of the former master of ceremonies at the court of St. Petersburg, a man who, seven years ago, went from the czar's favor to a quiet villa near Vienna, where he has been safely harbored ever since, his wife taking his place as head of the family since his mental peculiarities asserted themselves. Like Gladys, her elder sister, Dorothy Deacon is a young woman of rare personal charm. All Europe has been excited over her wedding, which took place in defiance of the wishes of the bridegroom's mother. There seems little doubt that the prince was wildly infatuated. But accounts differ regarding the bride. Some say that at the wedding she had the cold and stony look of a woman who was selling herself. It that is true, she may indeed come into a share of the Deacon family history, which has endowed her with a legacy of love and trouble.

HOPE IN ATHLETICS

For the remaining sister the brightest hopes may be entertained. If anything can overcome the taint that is in her heredity it is her love for athletics. Always she has been a devotee of outdoor sports. No more charming athletic girl could be imagined. She, too, has inherited the beauty that belongs to the maternal side of her family, and with it a sunny disposition that has nothing in common with the traits that might descend from the male line. She has been the companion of her grandmother, Mrs. Charles S. Baldwin. But recently it was that her engagement was announced to George Peabody, of the well-known Boston family. A girl of many graces, she had by no means lacked admirers, and three years ago it was rumored that she would marry James Hagen Hyde. This was another of the times that the gossips erred. Even in her case, however, the Nemesis that seems to pursue the Deacon name was not idle. While playing tennis with her fiancé at Newport not long ago he was so severely struck that it was reported that the wedding might have to be postponed. Not long afterward these rumors were set at rest when the young man's mother, who is the divorced wife of George Lee Peabody, called on Mrs. Baldwin. The gossips' tongues were at once silenced and every one began to shower fresh congratulations on the bride. All this, however, has served to keep the Deacon name continually prominent. There seems to be a continual something that calls it into publicity. What fate has decided that three young, beautiful, harmless girls should be so constantly the prey of circumstances that force them into the public print? Certainly, they seem to have been born to love and trouble.

ODDITIES OF EXPRESSION

CURIOUS ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ab, so ladies! Zen I would before, if you please, wish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair." A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in." "Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time. Over a bride in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined \$1, and if a colored man, twenty-two and a half cents, and the penalty to be stowed on the informer." A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against "unscrupulous persons" who intrude on their "peace and the public." The shopman does not quite say what it means, any more than the proprietor of an "upper house" near the docks, on the Strand, did, when he read the following announcement: "The following intelligence to the gallant tars who port: 'Salvor' vitalis looked here."

LATEST STYLES IN FOODS

THERE was once a great butter lover stopping at a country village in Virginia, who refused to eat the butter placed before him because he swore it was lard. He had never seen white butter, and very few of us ever have not churried it for our mother. The reason for this, it is the fashion in the north to eat yellow butter, and the fashion in food as an autocratic dictator as the fashion in skirts, hairdressing or the cut of evening clothes. However, it is more provincial. The men and women who live in the hurry and care of the city's atmosphere and eat what is placed before them would have no squeamish notions about the color of their foods, one would imagine. But no one would believe how shocked a company of boarders would be if their foods were brought in a shade different from that to which they had always been accustomed. However, a New York boarding house is likely to differ as widely in these semi-unconscious preferences from a Philadelphia food dispensary as a French cafe's clientele differs from that of the patrons of a caravansary in Bagdad, so far as whims in food are concerned. It is something entirely apart from color psychology; it is simply a matter of fashion, changing with time and place like any other mode, only, being less advertised, it is not likely to be so well distributed over the nation's length and breadth as the latest cut of a jacket or the newest dress material. Further south than Virginia there are districts where the people demand red butter just as insistently as the northerners call for his yellow. Then in the oyster saloons of the north there is a demand for red butter to put in oyster stews, for the simple reason that an ounce of the red will give that rich, oily consistency and color to the soup that several ounces of the lighter product would fail to produce. The red color is a coal-tar dye and the yellow annatto, both permissible under the pure-food laws. The dealers accept the beeswax-wax, nevertheless, and are more than careful to see that the white eggs go to New York and the dark brown ones are turned over to the Philadelphia market, where they are much more popular than the white. We insist with loud acclaim upon having snow-white flour, so the natural creamy color of the flour is carefully bleached out for us by devious methods, some of which have aroused the suspicion and ire of the government food commissions. But it comes under that iron code known as fashion, and it will be a sore trial to the manufacturers to defy the people and sell them flour in its natural state. Did you ever see blue rice? Well, you should, for that is the rice which would look if it were brought to you in its true virgin condition. Twenty years ago we used to get rice of the true pale bluish cast, but we passed out of fashion, and at the present date the world is a rice that has the opalescent exterior of a fruit coming from the south has made itself ground off, the under layer whittened with a calcium preparation, while the powder from the exterior makes a side product to stock breeders as feed, thus paying for the cost of pleasing the public fancy. There are yellow and red bananas. The latter are so highly prized in some sections that they bring much higher prices and are totally beyond the reach of the average fruit consumer, though they are not generally thought to have any rare merits or superior qualities. In the same way the amateur mixer of drinks prefers the green lime to the yellow, while experts rather prefer the lemonlike fruit, and in all cases admit that they are as good as the other. Solomon himself could not have told a good cantaloupe from its exterior, but, of course, the prettiest sell best. So, often the man who insists upon having a golden fruit of delicious aspect finds himself burdened with a half-bred, whose mother was an unattractive little cantaloupe, perhaps, and whose father was a green pumpkin. There was a time, too, when the long, plain green watermelon was considered good enough for any one, and certainly its flavor is not now to be despised, but the early striped fruit coming from the south has made itself the fashion and the old-style fruit is at present rather despised. Of course, all candy would be plain buff or white, the color of the sugar and fruit juices, if it were not for the fact that the children are attracted by the gaudy colors, so coal-tar dyes are employed to catch the eye from the schoolhouse red bananas. The rich blushes on the western apples have made them wonderfully popular all over the east and even in Europe, in spite of the fact that some of the plain-garbed whites when it sets down to refined taste, and the wise seller of provender distributes his products so that they flatter the particular humor and fancy of the various districts with which he has dealings.



self shamed if she took any other color home to her family. Further south than Virginia there are districts where the people demand red butter just as insistently as the northerners call for his yellow. Then in the oyster saloons of the north there is a demand for red butter to put in oyster stews, for the simple reason that an ounce of the red will give that rich, oily consistency and color to the soup that several ounces of the lighter product would fail to produce. The red color is a coal-tar dye and the yellow annatto, both permissible under the pure-food laws. The dealers accept the beeswax-wax, nevertheless, and are more than careful to see that the white eggs go to New York and the dark brown ones are turned over to the Philadelphia market, where they are much more popular than the white. We insist with loud acclaim upon having snow-white flour, so the natural creamy color of the flour is carefully bleached out for us by devious methods, some of which have aroused the suspicion and ire of the