

WOMEN KEEPERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC PEACE

The Problem of the Wives of the Ambassadors to Washington from the Belligerent Countries Is a Great Social Task.

Through a Winter of Terrible Strain All Have Kept the Air of Washington Composed--The Wife of Count von Bernstorff the Only Absentee.

WASHINGTON women have a school of diplomacy several months old, and the course was laid out by President Wilson. The wives of foreign ambassadors and the chief ministers are preceptors, and the chief student is neutrality. The school opened shortly after the outbreak of the war in Europe, and it will now transfer its scene of action from the capital to various summer resorts.

The women who head this faculty have proved themselves perfect masters of the subject in all its details, and with a delicacy which has excited the wonder of both men and women in and out of public life have averted many social catastrophes and won the plaudits of the Secretary of State. There has been no intricate study of international law—just one of simple courtesy and wisdom, and, above all else, a profound respect for the President's plea for neutrality.

To be neutral when a sea of blood flows from the veins of one's own countrymen is hard enough, but to enforce with velvet touch yet iron strength this same high mark of diplomacy upon others is a task the accomplishment of which has filled the oldest men of the corps with admiration.

Both faculty and students are separating for the season, but it is not to relax diligence in the study. The ambassadors will go to various summer resorts, where, if possible, they must be still more arduous in their task of enforcing the President's principles than during the social season at Washington. The proof of their capabilities is that not a single diplomat has been recalled, few have been open to criticism, and they are as much favorites in society to-day as they were before the outbreak of the war in Europe nearly a year ago. A single harsh criticism of American methods might have brought about a request for the recall of some high diplomat at a time most disadvantageous to the welfare of his country. Even the most listening ear has not heard it, and least of all from the lips of a woman of the corps.

President Wilson asked for neutrality, and he has got it to a far greater extent with this splendid school of diplomacy than he could have done without it, and just the way this feminine faculty managed their often too arduous American pupils has been a wonder.

Mme. Jusserand, wife of the French Ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, heads this unique faculty; and allied with her in carrying out the President's theories by example and precept are Mme. Bakhmeteff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, both American, Viscountess Chinda, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, who is a progressive woman of her own country and was educated at Bryn Mawr; Lady Spring-Rice, wife of the British Ambassador, and Countess Macchi di Cellere, wife of the Italian Ambassador, who entered the field but recently, but who has handled many delicate situations in the interchange of hostilities before Italy went to war.

Countess von Bernstorff, who is probably in many ways the ablest woman in the corps, an American born, and possessed of the simplicity and true democracy which bespeak greatness, preferred to remain in Germany, where she could directly minister to the needs of

German soldiers. She has no little children, and both her daughter, the Countess Portales, and her son, Count Christian von Bernstorff, are in Germany. The former, with her small children, is spending her widowhood at her home and working for the German soldiers. The son, who figured prominently in society here and in New York, is at the front. The countess is doing Red Cross work in Munich, and Count von

ments have been given to assist the French, British and Russian troops in the trenches, she has accepted with ready grace and certainly without a faint of publicity many thousands of dollars from her rich American friends to help the belligerents of Germany and Austria. Most of all has this large-small woman sat with averted eyes and watched society folk who formerly revelled in the glories of the Austro-Hun-



PHOTO UNDERWOOD-UNDERWOOD



Lady Spring-Rice, wife of the British Ambassador, considered the most astute woman diplomatist in Washington.

(At the centre, top)—Countess von Bernstorff, who has spent the winter doing Red Cross work in Munich.



Mme. Emanuel Havenith, wife of the Belgian Minister, the saddest man in the diplomatic corps.

(Centre, lower)—The American wife of the Russian Ambassador, Mme. George Bakhmeteff.

while Lady Spring-Rice was brought to Washington when only two or three months old by her father, the Right Hon. Sir Frank Lascelles, G. C. B., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., who was then second secretary of the British Embassy here. She was married to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice in 1904, after having been with her father through much of his distinguished diplomatic career at foreign courts.

The "denatured," the "allied" and the "belligerent" diplomats, as they are termed by a saucy belle of society, formed the framework on which not only Washington's social structure but that of the country hinged. The "d-

natured" diplomats were really the neutrals, whose countries were still looking on, and the Belgian Minister and Mme. Havenith were the centre of a large circle of each set. A minister without a country, as it were, Emmanuel Havenith, through having been secretary of the Belgian Legation here before he went to represent his country as Minister to Persia, knew that the hearts of all Americans

of the great bazaars, plays, musicals, etc., planned for the soldiers of their countries, or even allow their names to be used as patronesses. The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand were particularly careful in this way, and the British Ambassador and Lady Spring-Rice were likewise so.

Knitting bees were formed, sewing circles gotten up and both occupations were conducive to the activity of the tongue as well as the fingers. American society women were their instigators and their workers, and they used every polite method of fishing for the war-stricken countries. Apparently, foreign women were sitting by with idle hands. They took no part in the various meetings except sometimes to look in for a few moments. They told no hard luck tales of the soldiers in the trenches and the widows and orphans at home. The American press did that for them.

It was through the medium of local charities that the chief instructors in this school of diplomacy found a way to return the favors heaped upon their own countrymen. They took an interest in everything local. Mme. Jusserand went to the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, donned a great gingham apron and helped cook and serve food to the feeble old inmates. She went often to St. Rose's Industrial School and instructed and bought the articles made there. She made it the fashion for society women to have certain classes of fine sewing done there and for society girls to learn cooking and the household arts from the Sisters—all to help the institution along. When they gave a tea or an "at home" Mme. Jusserand "nourished" and otherwise graced the occasion.

At one of the best kitchens which devotes itself exclusively to the welfare of infants you may find Lady Spring-Rice most any day, offsetting by her work for the helpless little mites there the work done by American women for the British soldiers at the front. She studies American methods in the nursery, and is not only a gracious student, but a worker, lifting up and caring for the babies, feeding, bathing and dressing them and generously giving both of time and money. On one of her trips to this big nursery last winter she found a music machine grinding out the merriest ragtime, interspersed now and then with a classic. Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, she who was Evelyn Walsh, daughter of the late Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado, had been there, and finding things a bit dreary, as the rain and snow beat about the windows and door, she hopped in her limousine and visiting a music store brought the wonderful music machine back with her. She is by marriage the niece of Mme. Bakhmeteff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, and Lady Spring-Rice smiled broadly as it boomed out the American ragtime, with due respect to the neutrality of the country.

Those who entertained these foreign women ceased to fear unpleasant outbreaks after the first or second experience, and they learned that conversationalists were gently led from the paths of discussion by adroitly turning the subject upon things strictly American.

This week will witness the general breaking up of the unique school, with its distinguished instructors and scarcely less distinguished pupils, and probably nowhere else in the world has such a scene been witnessed, such able work has been carried on. Both the President and the Secretary of State know this and are ready to "mark up the papers."

Mme. Riano, wife of the Spanish Ambassador; Mme. da Gama, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador; Senora de Suarez-Mujica, wife of the Chilean Ambassador, and Mme. Romulo S. Naon, wife of the Argentine Ambassador, form a unique group of neutral diplomatists, whose task has been equally delicate with that of the wives of the ambassadors of warring nations, though, of course, they were saved the heartaches.

Bernstorff, who reigns in solitary grandeur in the embassy on the Massachusetts Avenue terrace, with the grim Emperor of Germany ever facing him, is known as "the loneliest man in the corps."

Mme. Dumba, wife of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, young and pretty, has isolated herself in all but strictly neutral places, and has entertained the German Ambassador, giving him a glimpse of home life whenever possible. She has mingled less generally in Washington society than almost any other woman of the corps, and whether the latest cable brought defeat or victory for her countrymen she has maintained the same apparently cheerful demeanor, and while bazaars, theatricals and a variety of entertain-

ments have been given to assist the French, British and Russian troops in the trenches, she has accepted with ready grace and certainly without a faint of publicity many thousands of dollars from her rich American friends to help the belligerents of Germany and Austria. Most of all has this large-small woman sat with averted eyes and watched society folk who formerly revelled in the glories of the Austro-Hun-

garian Embassy pay court at the embassies of the Allies without a single adverse expression.

Pretty Mme. Hak Hussein Bey, wife of the Turkish chargé d'affaires, has ably assisted Mme. Dumba in her lonely task of maintaining neutrality, and, living but a short distance from the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, these two women have frequently exchanged visits. Mme. Hussein Bey is an English woman by birth, while Mme. Dumba was born in Russia. Little Cynthia Hussein has taken part in a number of entertainments for the Red Cross, and carrying a great Angora cat about in her arms, plays with the children of the Allies in Dupont Circle in the most indiscriminate way. One day the matter of battles was mentioned, and Cyn-

thia drew herself up and settled the subject by announcing, "I am not old enough to fight, and neither are you." When an automobile ran Muggins, the pet Airedale terrier of Mme. Dumba, down and killed him, and little

PHOTO BY G.V. BUCK WASHINGTON

Lady Betty Spring-Rice saw the dog carried into the house, there was not a greater mourner than she. From her

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? By ALICE DUER MILLER

A College Woman to Our Alien Citizens. (Thoughts in a Naturalization Court.)

They know not our hopes and our fears,
They know not the laws of our land,
Our language is strange in their ears,
And their oath is an unpraised harp;
But at least they are warm in their plea,
At least they have longed and prepared,
At least they desire to be free,
At least they have cared.

O Yosef, Pietro, or Yan,
O Yinsky, or Yonsky, or Shea,
Our country will ask you—a man—
May American women be free?
Recall, on that day, how like you
We women have struggled and cared;
O sovereigns, O masters, you, too,
Once strove and despaired!

Pearls from the Bench.

It must have seemed curious to the aliens applying for naturalization to discover that the judge who decided their fate was himself indifferent to his enfranchisement.

He is reported to have said: "I don't value my own vote enough to understand why women should be so anxious for the ballot."

Perhaps the judge meant to stop his sentence after the word "enough."

"I should be quite willing to give up my vote if I could be represented by others of my class, understanding my needs."

The judge would not wish to choose those others?

"If all the women want to vote they ought to have the right. But all of them don't."

If the right to life were dependent on everybody's wanting it, we should all lose it when one person committed suicide.

Anti-Suffrage Arguments a Century Ago.

I. PHYSICAL FORCE.

"But how can women show their love to their country? They cannot fight its battles, nor direct its counsels; their purses are seldom at their

own disposal, and their actions are circumscribed not only by physical, but by civil restrictions."

II. THE PROTECTED SEX.

"The propriety of our exclusion from public affairs is necessarily interwoven with domestic subjection. The humor of the present age leans so strongly to the aspiring qualities of independence and self-control that I must shelter my opposition to their delusive enchantment under the protection of mighty names when I pronounce the dependent situation of our sex advantageous. . . . Command is anxiety; obedience is ease."

III. INDIRECT INFLUENCE.

"Man is so enamoured of unresisting meekness as to become the easy dupe of that studied manner which bespeaks its counterfeit. Give the lords of creation but the appearance of supremacy and they are contented to obey."—Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady, London, 1806.

PROPOSITION XXX. THEOREM.

In time of war women may be as useful in the defence of their country as men.

The English Prime Minister has said that the men who are working in ammunition factories are doing as much for the defence of their country as the men in the trenches.

Many thousands of women are working in ammunition factories. The Prime Minister has said that the work of women in ammunition factories is as good, or perhaps better, than that of men.

Therefore, these women are doing as much for the defence of their country as the men in the trenches. Q. E. D.

A MERCIFUL MAN.

"We wish," says G. C., "to enter a protest against all this talk about the ignorant vote; it is too hard on some of our best people."

OH, THE DIFFERENCE—

On June 7, the Sun commends editorially a judge who in opposing woman suffrage, speaks of the ballot as a burden.

But on June 2, in opposing the Honest Ballot Association campaign for stricter registration laws, the Sun refers to the ballot for men as a privilege and a right.

Our Conundrum.

It's a burden and a favor, without doubt;
It's a privilege, a duty and a task,
It's a thing most men can't bear to be without,
But for which they think no woman ought to ask.

THE BEAU PARLOR WAS A MISTAKE

By NINA CARTER MARBOURG.

THERE is no doubt in the mind of at least one woman in the city that the "beau parlors" that have been established in several of the hotels built for young women will soon be things of the past, and with their passing there will be more and happier marriages.

In her office at the East Side House Miss Trenholm said:

"I certainly do not approve of the so-called 'beau parlors.' They have not been a success, neither are they conducive to marriage. The introduction of these little cubicles in hotels for working girls was a novelty; the novelty has worn off, and you do not find that many young men and women are attracted by the small room screened off from the larger by a partition. Young people do not like to have their love affairs advertised; they are any. The room set aside and known as the place for courtships advertises the fact that a young woman has a caller, and you will find that a large room where many may be accommodated is far more successful than the small curtaining room where the boy and girl are alone."

There are no such rooms given over

It Put a Damper on Courtship, Says the Head of the East Side Settlement House, and Was Unwelcome Advertisement.

to courtship in the East Side House, and yet there stands the record of twenty-six marriages in practically eight years. The young men and women dance, play games, have their clubs and entertain. They learn that marriage is not a thing to be taken lightly, but that if it is wisely entered into it is the best possible condition for them.

"I certainly believe in young people marrying," continued Miss Trenholm. "There is no better recreation in the world for them than healthy, sincere courtship. Those who scoff at the love of young people not only do a great wrong to society, but what is pitiful, indeed, make a confession of their own failure in the greatest thing in life."

Engagements Are Stimulants.

"I have had boys and girls in this house who have been absolutely transformed through love and an engagement. Boys who have been shiftless, slack in their work and somewhat careless of their appearance have spruced up and begun to take a real interest in things about them. It is the very same way with the girls. I have seen this thing happen more than once and from my experience am convinced that nothing stimulates a young man's ambition so much as the contemplation of matrimony and the realization that he must prepare himself to meet new responsibilities."

Miss Trenholm advocates early marriage. She does not think one can set an age limit for young people in such a case, the hasty courtship she does not favor, and she is convinced that the "beau parlor" frequently brings forth false sentiment, inadvisable marriage, or a disagreement and separation of the young people which results from

repetition, in the girl's forming a disgust and unbelief in love and men.

Preparing for Homemaking.

Every girl in the East Side House learns that women are made to be loved and respected by men, and that to be a good wife and mother is a most honorable thing. As a result of this idea the girls of this settlement are learning things that prepare them for marriage. Not only do they understand the more solid details of homemaking—how to buy, cook well but inexpensively, sew, do housework and care for children—but they are not neglecting the lighter graces of making a home attractive, for Miss Trenholm is quite positive that "all work and no play" does not make a happy home.

"My boys and girls do not need beau parlors," smiled this able woman.

"Come and see for yourself," and she led the way down the hall, opened the door of a good sized room and greeted three couples sitting about a daintily laid table, laughing, talking and having the best of times. There was a piano in the room, which the young people were free to use. This, it seemed, was an evening luncheon given by the girls to their boy friends. The girls had prepared the meal—sandwiches, salads and cakes—and, while there was a certain amount of privacy for the little party, the same atmosphere did not exist that would be found in a place where the beau parlor is the thing.

"You see, our boys and girls grow to know one another very well before marrying," said Miss Trenholm, "and that is a decidedly important matter. One reason there are so many unhappy marriages is that they are made hastily and neither of the parties really know

much of the other. Settlement and neighborhood houses really introduce the social circle in various districts that are to be found in small towns. Those who frequent those centres come to know one another well. Many times they grow up together, and one may here follow the childhood boy and girl fondness to the love and marriage of the young man and woman.

"A very great difficulty that we have to overcome in many instances is the attitude of the parents toward the affair; that complete indifference, such as that of the parents of the young people of their children. One might as well say that many of these adults adopt toward the love affairs of the young people. They have little respect or respect for love, and the inculcation of such ideas is decidedly dangerous."

"It is true that the congested condition of many homes makes it almost impossible to arrange for the entertainment of the young people and their friends. The dance hall, street corner and restaurant are the result. Many who deplore such conditions would do well to band together and institute more neighborhood centres, where social activities may go forth. I do not believe in strict chaperonage. The girls and boys of this house understand what self-respect means, and therefore know how to respect others. It is an insult to the honorable boy and girl to suggest watching them. There should be supervision, but not an spy system or anything that tends to weaken these young persons' self-confidence and self-respect."

"Our girls and boys here meet naturally and happily. Thrown together naturally, and if they meet another for whom they care more it is generally known before marriage takes place. With the courting parlor idea this is different. Evening after evening the boy and girl sit together in this little room; they are thrown together too much; many times they grow tired of each other, or, thinking themselves in love, make a hasty marriage, which one after the other ending in a quarrel until the girl declares that she does not believe in any man."

"On the other hand, take our boys and girls. They meet naturally, and I am proud of our results."