

Should Mrs. Castle Have Waited a Little Longer?

IT is a little more than a year since Captain Vernon Castle's body was laid in the grave. Many reports that Mrs. Castle was to be married again have been gossiped around during the past few months and promptly denied.

The most recent announcement, her engagement to young Captain Robert E. Treman, Mrs. Castle took occasion to deny with great heat. When asked if it was true that she was to marry Captain Treman she said:

"It is all quite disgusting. I am not to be married to Captain Treman or to any other man. There is no marriage in my programme at all. I do not expect to ever remarry."

And two days after making this emphatic denial Mrs. Castle married Robert E. Treman in the same church from which little more than a year ago her soldier husband was buried. It was in February, 1918, that Mrs. Castle, swathed in the deepest mourning, followed her first husband's flag-draped casket from the "Little Church Around the Corner" to Woodlawn Cemetery. On the afternoon of the 3d of May, this month, Irene Castle left the same church, a smiling, blushing bride, robed in pearl gray satin draped with yellow chiffon and carrying a huge bridal bouquet of yellow and white Spring flowers, her second husband walking by her side.

Why should Mrs. Castle not have promptly married again? It has been argued that the greatest tribute a widow can pay her husband's memory is to promptly and unhesitatingly take another husband. A woman whose matrimonial experience has been wretched may well refuse to risk another unhappy marriage. But a widow's ready acceptance of a second partner would be an evidence of her faith in matrimony as the fruit of her first happy experience.

There are, of course, two sides to this ever perplexing question of widows and remarriages. A generation ago a woman would have been ostracized by society if she had taken unto herself a second husband within two years of her first husband's death, just as she would have been condemned unheard had she lightened her mourning before the second anniversary of her bereavement or attended a dance or gay dinner party during her first year of mourning. Times and rules have changed, however, and Irene Castle, in following the dictates of her heart, is an exponent of these new times with their new rules.

Perhaps Vernon Castle, given such a possibility, would have heartily approved of his young wife's second marriage. In his letters written to her while he was in the British flying service in France, he dwelt on her need for comfort in his absence. He seemed to realize that she would need a mate, and he frequently spoke of himself as her "loving, living mate."

In a letter written September 3, 1916, he ended with these words, "God bless and take care of you, sweet little mate, until I can be back in the nest again. Mates sometimes pine away and die when they are separated."

Here he expressed plainly the fear that she could not live alone. On November 11 he wrote, "I am so glad you enjoyed your party, darling. I don't like to hear of your being a little hermit. I'd much rather you were having a good time."

Immediately after finishing this letter Lieutenant Castle led a bombing raid over the German lines, so it was that even in his most dangerous moments he was always eager to make his "sweet little mate" happy.

It may well be that in the end Mrs. Castle decided that in making herself happy she would be doing what Vernon would have her do. It was a curious coincidence that she should happen to marry just at the moment that her book, "My Husband," was published. The Saturday before her surprise-marriage, the book reviewers devoted many columns of praise to this book, which is a compilation of Captain Castle's letters to his mate, every one of them written under fire during 1916-17.

They are unusually human letters, full of love and intimate thoughts and radiating always his intense desire that she should take care of herself, that she should buy herself pretty clothes and do any and everything she wanted. In October, 1916, he wrote:

"I am so excited about your new clothes, sweetheart. I am so awfully, awfully proud of you. I am so glad you bought yourself some pearls. How I wish I might have bought them for you. I shall some day."

Vernon Castle did not live to buy those pearls for his wife, but another man did. Her bridal gift from Captain Treman was a superb string of 465 perfectly matched pearls! She can hardly wear them without thinking of the other man, whose every thought was for her happiness during those terrible fighting days.

The old-fashioned idea was that such devotion, such real love and affectionate thoughtfulness should be rewarded by long years of sorrowful mourning.

And, after all, why should she have waited the old-time customary two years? Society—that is, smart society—is now content, seemingly, if the widow wears black six months, and refrains from dancing and frolicking for two weeks. Nine months after her husband's funeral Mrs. Castle attended the famous Victory ball in London. This all-night revel of gayety was made famous by the unfortunate "Billie" Carleton, who died of poison immediately after the ball.

Mrs. Castle's name was mentioned in connection with the tragedy. She was at

the ball in fancy-dress costume and was the last person Billie Carleton called on after her return to her apartments in the early morning hours. Of course, if she had followed convention she would not have been at the ball and there would have been no gossip. To an American friend Mrs. Castle wrote:

"I was at the ball with 'Billie' Carleton, and if I do say it myself I wore the most beautiful gown there. It was gorgeous and cost two thousand dollars. 'Billie' wanted to see it, and so went home with me at 4:30. She tried it on, and also several of my hats, and then left me in the gayest spirits."

Attending this ball was not Mrs. Castle's first determination to escape society's former mourning rules. Six months from the day Captain Castle was killed she discarded every vestige of mourning and appeared in public wearing a blue gown touched up with scarlet embroidery. She was in London, and during those terrible war days English women of society did not wear deep mourning for their soldier dead, and so perhaps Mrs. Castle thought it best to do in Rome as the Romans did.

As already stated, the modern custom of smart widows in regard to mourning is quite different from the conventions of our mothers. Although conservative people still cling to the old rules, a fashionable widow of today, for example, wears mourning for one year only. This means that she wears an all-black costume of dull cloth or silk, trimmed with crane bands; a turban or small hat of black crape, faced with white crape and swathed with a veil of silk nun's-veiling that may be as long or as short as the widow chooses. Some women wear veils to their shoulders, some to their waists and still others to the hem of their skirts. They cannot wear diamonds or colored jewels of any sort. Pearls are the only precious stones permissible, and these only in a ring or necklace or set in a brooch of onyx.

During the months while she is wearing this form of mourning a widow must not dance in public, entertain formally or be entertained. When wearing her widow's weeds she is not supposed to drive in a roadster or drive herself in any sort of motor car. If it is necessary for her to do either of these two things she must leave off her mourning turban and wear some other kind of plain black hat.

In the Summer she may wear either all white or all black, and chiffon cloth may take the place of silk. In the Winter her furs must be black. In her corsage an orchid or a bunch of violets is permissible.

While these rules are supposed to be very strict, they are frequently honored in the breach. More and more we realize that the deepest mourning may be worn because it is becoming rather than for grief. Some women who carry broken hearts within their breasts refuse to wear mourning garb of any kind and go about socially long before the first year ends.

A widow is not supposed to take part in a golf or tennis tournament during her first six months of sorrow, and yet she may go to the theatre three weeks after the funeral. She must not go to the opera for at least six months, and she should not accept any public attention from a man until after the first anniversary. When this day comes she may appear in brilliant colors, for there is no gradation in mourning any longer, and frankly, from this day on, there is nothing she may not do! One year, rather than two, three or four, is now the limit of decency for fashionable mourning.

In every remarriage there are always many personal equations to consider.

Conditions may develop that make a year's mourning seem priggish and two years absolutely beyond all reason.

In Irene Castle's case, for example, many things conspired to make her second marriage advisable. The qualities that made Vernon adore her were just the qualities to make other men pay her homage. She was beautiful as a maid and as a wife, and she was even more beautiful as a widow. Her personality won not only men, but women; she was always one of the best dressed women in any assemblage, and she has always adored dogs and horses. On the face of it she was bound to marry a second time. The only question was, "How soon?"

Or Does Her Marriage After Barely a Year Pay the Highest Compliment to the Memory of Her Dead Hero Husband?

the army. When Castle was killed Treman got leave and took all the details of the funeral as well as looking after the grief-stricken widow. But before long he found that other men were as eager as he to console Mrs. Castle!

There was William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., son of William Rhinelander Stewart and brother of the Duchess of Braganza. Now Willie Stewart had been hopelessly in love with Mrs. Castle even before the death of her husband. It was a perfectly harmless love, but it worried the wealthy and aristocratic Rhinelanders and Stewarts, oh, so much!

They feared the heir to the Stewart millions might do something desperate. But Mrs. Castle remained always a nice little playmate. After Captain Castle's death Stewart renewed his devotion. For months he was constantly at the charming widow's side. There was every reason to believe that he would win her because, after all, he could give her everything that she never had possessed; unlimited wealth, a box at the opera, a Fifth Avenue house, a Newport place and a social position second to none. She would become a member of the most exclusive families of America and sister-in-law to a near-queen.

When the families concerned were in the depths of despair over the romance the heroine suddenly betook herself to Europe. Stewart threatened to go, but being then in the army, he could not get leave. In England Tom Powers, the dancer and comedian, fell a victim to Mrs. Castle's charms, and their engagement was reported several times.

Then Captain Lionel Trefusis appeared on the scene, and oh! what a flurry there was, for the Captain was an aviator, a man of wealth and heir to a fine old Gothic castle somewhere in the west of England. Again and again Mrs. Castle had to deny her engagement to the Captain. By this time she was going everywhere, and her days of mourning were decidedly over.

In London, when she seemed to be torn 'twixt Powers and Trefusis, Captain Treman dropped in for tea one afternoon. He was on leave from Flanders and lonesome. From that moment there was really never any doubt as to the end of this new adventure.

A little later they came home on the same steamer—the Adriatic—and every hour since her landing Mrs. Castle firmly denied any intention of marrying Treman!

In becoming the wife of the rich Italian, the once Mrs. Vernon Castle must perforce cut loose from the New York society she was getting to know through her romance with Willie Stewart. She does not get a Fifth Avenue mansion, but she does get a huge country house on Cayuga Lake, with great stables and meadow lands for pets that Vernon loved.

On August 14, 1916, Castle wrote: "I do so long to be back with you, darling. I have a country place and have our monkeys, horses and cows together again. Perhaps, in her new home, Irene will be the kindly, ever thoughtful spirit of Vernon hovering over her. She loves him dearly and missed him sorely when he left her. He wanted her happiness, nothing but that. He would have been the first to say: 'Smash every old convention, sweetheart, only be happy for my sake.'"

There can be no doubt that if a happy first marriage induces a widow to marry a second time Irene Castle had every reason to become Mrs. Treman! And Treman who, by the way, bears a remarkable resemblance in face and figure to Castle, seems to feel confident that he will be more the lover, even, than his predecessor.



William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., Who Was a Devoted Admirer.

(C) By Ira Hill.

Mrs. Vernon Castle Treman's Latest Photograph.

Capt. Robert E. Treman, the Successful Suitor.

Captain Treman did not win Mrs. Castle easily. He had a large field of competitors and many handicaps against him. There were times without number when it looked as though he would be left at the post, but no matter how many times things went wrong he always worked his way to the front and finally won the great prize.

Treman is the son of a wealthy hardware manufacturer in Ithaca, N. Y. His father and Mrs. Castle's father, the late Doctor Foote, of New Rochelle, were classmates in Cornell. After their marriages the two men spent a few days together every year and eventually Irene and Bobby became playmates.

There was no idea of any love affair,

and after their childhood the youngsters grew apart and Irene had been married several years before she saw her boyish playmate again. Capt. Treman went to Cornell and then into his father's business and gave no thought to marriage. Occasionally he would run down to New York and see the Castles dance and have supper with them. Then the war came, Castle went to England as an aviator and asked Treman to be good to Irene and keep her from being lonely.

Mrs. Castle went into the movies and her work took her to Ithaca. There she was taken into the Treman family and showered with every attention. Then we went into the war and Treman entered