

LUCKY FRENCHMAN HAS WON THE LOVE OF GLADYS DEACON

After the Affair of a Smitten Prince and a Duke "Turned Down," Comes the Triumph of Young Baron de Charette, and Another International Romance Is Launched

NEW YORK.—At last Miss Gladys Deacon, of New York and Boston, London and Paris, has found the man upon whom she can bestow her heart and hand. Her engagement to the young Baron Antoine de Charette is announced. For five years Miss Deacon has been one of the most-talked-of young women of society on both sides of the Atlantic. The gossips had her engaged to a dozen eligibles, from princes down to plain "misters." But all the time she had been laughing up her sleeve—they were all wrong, of course.

There was the young crown prince of Germany, for example. The credulous had him head over heels in love with "La belle Americaine" and willing to renounce his claims to the throne of the German empire for love

until she had grown up and been launched in society abroad.

Fitted for Society.

The nuns had done well with Gladys Deacon's inborn vivacity, cleverness and tact. She was turned out thoroughly French; in time she became perfectly Parisienne.

The Deacons had plenty of money. Admiral Baldwin was the richest officer in the navy, and when he died a splendid inheritance went to Mrs. Deacon, or Mrs. Baldwin, as she preferred to be called. Married when 17 years old, she was barely 34 when the scandal came; she was even more beautiful as Mrs. Deacon than she had been as Florence Baldwin, the bride of Edward Parker Deacon, the reserved, awkward man of 40.

Europe took up the daughter Gladys as it had taken up the mother a decade before. Aristocratic society

As soon as she was well launched in society, Miss Deacon began making strong friendships in the great world. Some of the most important people in the Faubourg St. Germain set of Paris became her intimates; in London she chummed with the duchess of Marlborough, the duchess of Devonshire, the dowager duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Arthur Paget, all of them of tremendous social advantage to Miss Deacon.

Suitors in Plenty.

Mrs. Baldwin had Lady Somerset's house in Mayfair, London; a beautiful little maison opposite the Chapel of Our Lady of Consolation, in Paris, and a villa at Versailles.

With all these charms, it could not be doubted but that Gladys Deacon would soon have suitors enough to satisfy even the most exacting debutante. The first soon appeared—to be precise, in 1900. He was Claude Lowther, called the handsomest man in England. Together they made a striking pair, and the matchmakers had them engaged—by rumor. But it was not to be. Gladys Deacon went her way and Mr. Lowther went his. For a brief period the prince of Lichtenstein was favored; then he was dismissed.

Next in line came Lord Francis Hope, who was even then getting his divorce from May Yohe, the one-time soubrette, who had run away with Capt. Putnam Bradley Strong, son of the late Mayor Strong of New York. But Gladys Deacon gave the noble lord, who some day may be the duke of Newcastle, his conge, and he married some one else.

Then came the affair which nearly brought about international complications. Only Miss Deacon's natural good sense saved the day. The German emperor, who wished his eldest son, heir to the throne, to see something in English life, graciously consented that Prince Fritz should pay a visit to Blenheim palace, the regal home of the duke of Marlborough and his American bride, once Consuelo Vanderbilt. The duchess, who wanted to make his stay as pleasant as possible, invited Miss Deacon to meet him. The prince, always susceptible to feminine charms, had already seen and admired her on the continent. Amid the congenial surroundings of the English country life their former acquaintance ripened rapidly. The

ancient lineage she would take precedence of every other peeress. But Miss Deacon refused the duke and that was the end of it.

Prince Charming Arrives.

Two years later Lord Brooke, son and heir of the earl of Warwick, came on the scene. He was young, good-looking, not rich, but had influence at court through his mother. People really believed that Miss Deacon had lost her heart at last, but it was a false alarm.

And then—Baron Antoine de Charette! Amiable, good looking, very rich, possessed of important position and scion of one of the proudest families in France, the young nobleman is one of the most desirable partis in Europe.

There is good American blood in the young baron. His mother was Miss Antoinette Polk of Tennessee, a niece of President James K. Polk. After the civil war Mrs. Polk took her two daughters, Antoinette and Rebecca, and her son, Van Leer Polk, to Italy to live. It was in Rome that Antoinette Polk met Baron de Charette, then serving at the vatican. The impressionable Italians had already hailed the fair American as the most beautiful woman who had ever come to their shores, and the Baron de Charette agreed with them. He laid siege to Miss Polk's heart, won her and brought her home to Paris as his bride.

One son was born, Antoine. From his mother the young man inherits splendid plantations in Tennessee and from his paternal side some of the greatest art treasures in France. Among them is a portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette by Mme. Viego le Brun, given by the queen to the Duchess de Choiseul, now coming in direct succession to the young baron, fourth in line.

At Present in America.

Young Antoine is at present here in the United States attending to the properties of his mother and the interests in the estate, because of the sudden death of his uncle, Van Leer Polk, who dropped dead a few days ago in Memphis. He had been United States consul-general at Bombay, under President Cleveland, and lately had been appointed by President Roosevelt as one of five delegates to Brazil.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

MINING EXPERT RETIRES



John Hayes Hammond, the noted mining engineer, has severed his connection with the Guggenheim Exploration company and the salary of \$250,000 attached to his position as consulting engineer.

Hammond has been in poor health and his first assistant, A. Chester Beatty, has done most of the work since Mr. Hammond went west several months ago. Mr. Beatty is the likely successor to Mr. Hammond. The latter was operated on for appendicitis a few days ago.

John Hayes Hammond was born in San Francisco 53 years ago. He is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale.

Mr. Hammond is one of the greatest mining experts in the world. Often he has taken as fees for reporting on claims shares in new companies, and always they have turned out valuable.

Hammond became an international figure when he went with Cecil Rhodes to the Transvaal and Rhodesia. When first engaged his salary was \$5,000 a month and in less than a year he was getting \$100,000 a year. He became consulting engineer to the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, including most of the richest properties in South Africa.

Hammond was one of the leaders in the proposed rush on Johannesburg, but Jameson, impatient at delay, made his raid with Hammond and others still on the evening's camp. They were sentenced to death. England interfered and on payment of \$125,000 fines were freed. Hammond came to America and in less than a year was making \$20,000 a month.

In later days his work has been principally done in his office, acting on the reports of his assistants, some of the smartest mining men in the country.

LED TRANSVAAL RAID



Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, in resigning the premiership of Cape Colony, revives memories of the days of old King Lobengula, the Transvaal raid, the reform movement, which led to the imprisonment of John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, and other reformers, and, finally, the Boer war, the cost of which to Great Britain, as President Kruger foretold, did "stagger humanity."

Dr. "Jim," as he was popularly known in his hustling days, is about 55 years old, was born in Scotland and educated for the medical profession. He went to South Africa in the early days of the discovery of the Kimberley mines, made the acquaintance of the late Cecil Rhodes and became his warm friend and confidant. The young Scotch doctor soon developed into a South African diplomat, went alone on a mission to King Lobengula of Matabeleland, in behalf of Mr. Rhodes' British South Africa company and persuaded the warrior chief, in exchange for a few firearms and other truck to permit the company to settle his country, exploit his gold mines, and so on. Fort Salisbury was soon established in Matabeleland, and then came the Matabele war, in which the native warriors were mowed down in thousands by rapid-fire guns.

Cecil Rhodes, who was premier of Cape Colony when Jameson started on his raid into the Transvaal, exclaimed that "Jim" had "upset the cart," and resigned the premiership, but never blamed his friend.

Dr. Jameson, on the resignation of Sir John Gordon Sprigg, the premier of Cape Colony, in February, 1904, was called upon to form a new cabinet. He has held the premiership ever since, and, in addition, has served as a director of the De Beers Diamond Mining company and of the British South Africa company.

FIGURES NATION'S DEBT



William F. MacLennan, chief of the book-keeping and warrants division of the treasury department, is the man who keeps track of the public debt. This debt amounts to the enormous sum of \$2,467,869,391, including gold certificates and United States treasury notes, which are offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury.

While Mr. MacLennan does not actually have possession of this vast sum, every cent that the United States treasury receives from internal revenue customs and other sources is turned over to him, and the cash is sent to the United States treasurer, who is under heavy bond to secure the government against loss. Every dollar that is disbursed by the government is disposed of by Mr. MacLennan, by means of warrants.

Mr. MacLennan has a marvelous mind for figures. He has been consulted, during his 30 years of service, by Presidents Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland and Roosevelt, and every secretary of the treasury has depended on him to a large extent. He is a native of New York and went to Washington first to take a position in the Freedmen's bureau. He began his service in the treasury as a clerk. His work soon attracted the attention of his superiors and his promotion was rapid. He practically organized his division, which is one of the best equipped bureaus of the government. His books are exhibited to-day as models of artistic penmanship, beauty and accuracy.

One of his chief duties is to prepare the annual estimates of expenditures of the government which are submitted to congress by the secretary of the treasury at the beginning of each session of congress as a basis for the appropriations.

Mr. MacLennan is the most modest man in the employ of the government. He positively refuses to talk about his duties, his accomplishments or his home life. He lives in the fashionable northwestern district of the city, but is in no sense a society man. He is 60 years of age, of medium height, has deep blue eyes and wears a mustache and whiskers, which are tinged with gray. Several times a position as assistant secretary of the treasury has been offered to him, but he has declined, preferring to remain at his present post.

FAVORS LIMITED MARRIAGE



George Meredith, the English novelist, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is one of the best examples of pertinacity. Early in life he determined to become a literary man, and he was only 23 when he published his first volume of poems. They attracted practically no attention, but the author kept on, turning out both poetry and prose until, after more than 30 years hard work, the public was forced to recognize his genius.

It was his novel "Diana of the Crossways," that made him famous. It was published in 1885, just 24 years after his first book. Then people began to read his earlier works, of which there were 14. Since then Meredith has been turning out about one book a year until 1897, when he dropped his work almost entirely. On his seventieth anniversary he was presented with a letter of appreciation signed by 30 of the leading literary men and women of the United Kingdom. On his eightieth birthday there were over 100 signatures to the letter sent him. It was in book form, handsomely bound, and the novelists, poets and scholars whose names were not attached to it did not belong to the first class. It was a tribute from his fellow workers such as is seldom paid to an author.

Meredith scandalized the world a little over three years ago by declaring in favor of limited marriage. In a sensational interview he predicted a state of society permitting marriages for certain limited periods, the state enforcing a provision of money during that period to provide for and educate children, the government possibly taking charge of this fund.

Mr. Meredith is a widower and has a son and a daughter. He is a great reader, especially of French literature. He used to be fond of long walks. He lives at Boxhill, Surrey. His studio is a two-roomed chalet in the higher part of the grounds surrounding his house.



of her. It took an official announcement from both sides to stop the talk, and even then there were those who believed it to be true—that young Prince Fritz was desperately smitten.

Then there was the duke of Norfolk, premier peer of England, and the prince of Lichtenstein and Lord Brooke and Lord Francis Hope and the Hon. Claude Lowther were reported as about to marry the vivacious American girl, to say nothing of as many more, all lights of considerable magnitude in the social firmament.

But everybody was wrong—at least wrong in that Miss Deacon would marry any of these most desirable men.

Would Have Taken High Rank.

As the wife of the duke of Norfolk she would have taken precedence of every peeress in England; as Lady Brooke or Lady Francis Hope she would have irreproachable position at court.

Gladys Deacon is the eldest daughter of the late Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston and New York; her mother was the lovely Florence Baldwin, daughter of Rear-Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, U. S. N. Society even now whispers of the tragedy that clouded the lives of Gladys Deacon and her younger sisters.

It was just 16 years ago—to be precise, February 17, 1892—when the wires flashed the news from one end of the civilized world to the other—Edward Parker Deacon, an American, had shot and killed M. Emile Abeille, a well-known Parisian, whom he had surprised in his wife's boudoir. Abeille tried to hide behind a sofa, but Deacon's unerring bullet sought him out.

The indignant husband was arrested, fined and imprisoned for a brief period. Mrs. Deacon resumed her maiden name and became Mrs. Baldwin. Eventually Mr. Deacon lost his mind and died in a sanitarium at Waverly, Mass.

Of course there were squabbles about the children, and finally little Gladys was sent to a convent. There, shielded from the outside, she grew up in utter ignorance of the tragedy at Cannes and the scandal that followed upon its heels. She did not learn of it

welcomed her in every capital in Europe. In the Bois she was saluted as if she were a princess—but then Gladys Deacon was to the manner born. She was at home in Mayfair as she was in Unter den Linden. In winter she became the bright, particular star along the Riviera and in Italy thoroughly cosmopolitan grew the beautiful American girl, who spoke with a strong French accent and frankly admitted that she hardly knew anything about the United States, though she was American to the core.

Europe found everything to admire in the beautiful girl fresh from the convent.

Gladys Deacon is the ideal Anglo-Saxon type in face and coloring. Her mass of hair is the palest flaxen, and it waves naturally. Her eyes are large, rather long than round, and a deep violet blue. Her eyebrows are almost black, very narrow and exquisitely arched. Her eyelashes are black as well and long and sweeping.

Miss Deacon's face is almost classic in its oval, the brow slightly broader and higher than the standard of the Greeks, denoting to some extent the intellectualness of this foreign-born American girl. Her wit and vivacity would be made her a woman of note even without the charming loveliness with which nature has so lavishly endowed her.

Her skin is fair, very white and almost transparent. There is almost no coloring in her cheeks, yet she blushes beautifully when she is interested. But her lips are of that brilliant red which no cosmetic save perfect health can give. Her nose is pure Greek; her mouth a Cupid's bow. The chin is strong and firm. Her teeth are dazzling.

She speaks French, German and Italian with equal fluency, and her Parisian accent when she speaks English is altogether charming. Her taste in dress is undeniable; she always appears in the masterpieces of the French modistes. She is a perfect dancer, a rattling good hand at bridge and she can play billiards with the best of the men.



prince so far forgot himself as to fall desperately in love, though well he knew that he must marry royalty to inherit the kaiser's throne.

Could Not Share Throne.

He immediately proposed. Miss Deacon knew very well that the best the prince could offer her was a morganatic marriage, and she rejected his suit. Thereupon the gallant emperor-to-be offered to renounce his rights of succession and to leave Germany forever, if need be, in order to marry Miss Deacon on terms of equality.

Of course the kaiser got wind of what was going on.

The young lover was promptly ordered back to Berlin. There a stormy interview took place. At first the prince bravely stuck to his guns. But when the emperor threatened to lock up his eldest son in a fortress the heir capitulated.

To-day the crown prince is happily married to a wife of his father's choice and is a proud papa to boot.

A year went by and the chance of society threw Miss Deacon and the duke of Norfolk together. The duke, a scholarly man well over 50, hereditary earl marshal of England, a widower and without a son who was mentally fit to inherit his vast fortune, estates and the premier dukedom with its privileges at court, became immensely interested in the brilliant American girl.

His sister, Lady Mary Howard, invited Miss Deacon to visit Arundel Castle, Norfolk's ancestral home, and rumors began cropping out everywhere that it would end in Miss Deacon's wearing the strawberry leaves of a duchess. By reason of Norfolk's