TITLED AMERICANS.

YANKEE GIRLS WHO HAVE MARRIED FOREIGN DIPLOMATISTS.

Now They Are Leaders of Washington Society—Foreign Ministers From the First Have Seemed to Fancy Philadelphia Girls—Happy International Marriages.

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Considered from a purely mental standpoint, the equal of the American woman cannot be found, but she lacks the ro-

MME. ROMERO.

pose of the English woman, the finesse of the French, the grace of the Spaniard, the cultivation of the German and the subtle art of the Italian, while each of these in turn lacks very many of the graces and accomplishments possessed by the American. Grouped together as they are in the diplomatic circle in Washington, one has a fine opportunity of seeing how each displays the characteristics of her race. To most European women it is like coming out of social bondage to become a resident of America. They very soon learn to appreciate the expression of William Dean Howells that "this is the country where women are recognized as having consciences and souls." There are, however, among the ladies of the foreign legations in Washington five who are Americans. They were born, reared, educated and married in this country.

The wife of Senor Romero was a Miss Allen of Philadelphia. After the departure of Baron Fava the Mexican minister was recognized as the dean of the diplomatic corps. At present Senor Romero is at home in his native country

MME. GUZMAN.

filling an office there, but no one has been appointed in his stead, and it is believed that he will shortly be returned to his old position in the capital of the United States. Mme. Romero is a lady of charming personality, and her receptions during the season in Washington are only second in popularity to those held at the White House. The Mexican ball is one of the most important social affairs of the Washington winter. Mme. Romero is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American democracy. Whoever comes to her house is made welcome, be he king or peasant. And is not this true diplomacy? Mme. Romero thinks it is, for she says: "Diplomacy in the generally accepted sense means little less than deception. It should be made to mean something better."

Mme. Romero says woman's liberties are not proscribed in Mexico, but the Mexican woman is not so ambitious as the American. She does not seize upon the opportunities she has, but is an easy, happy, indolent creature, who troubles herself little about affairs of state. Mme. Romero is a little woman, so dark that many people not knowing of her American birth decide at once that she is Span-

COUNTESS D'ARSCHOT.

ish. She has beautiful dark eyes and a big coil of glossy black hair. She wears gowns of marvelous loveliness, is soft voiced, sweet and altogether delightful.

Mme. Guzman, the wife of the Nicaraguan minister, is also a Philadelphia girl. She was Miss Ewing, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Ewing, who was the grandson of Bishop Ewing of colonial days.

Foreign ministers, from the very first organization of the American corps de diplomatique, have seemed to fancy Philadelphia girls. During General Washington's administration three foreign ministers married beauties of the Quaker City. One of them was another Miss Allen, who became the wife of Mr. Hammond, the British minister. M. d'Yrujo, the Spanish minister, married Miss Sallie McLean, daughter of the chief justice of Pennsylvania, and M. Marbois, the French minister, married Miss Moore, the daughter of Colonel Moore, who distinguished himself during the Revolution. Mme. Guzman was married to her husband when he was a resident of Philadelphia and known as Dr. Guzman. She returned with him to their home in Nicaragua, with no idea that he would ever enter upon a diplomatic career, so that her coming back to Washington was quite unlooked for. She is a fair, sweet voiced woman, who is very popular in the social circles of the Capital City. She speaks Spanish with the greatest possible ease, as also does Mme. Romero.

The Countess d'Arschot was a New York girl. She is the daughter of C. E. Detmold, the distinguished engineer, who built the famous Crystal palace. Le Comte Garston d'Arschot is known as the counselor of the Belgian legation. To be a counselor is to fill an office a little lower than that of the ministry and something better than that of the first secretary. The office is one unknown to us. Comte d'Arschot is a descendant of one of the oldest and most honored families of Belgium. The count-

BARONESS VRIERE.

ess, although she has lived much abroad, is still a thorough American. She is very vivacious and witty and tells with inimitable humor a story of the advice given her by one of the former Belgian ministers during the days of her courtship. "My child," said he, "do not marry a diplomat. They are only genteel tramps."

The Baroness Vriere is another New York girl. She was the daughter of Mr. Heyward Cutting. Her husband, the Baron Raoul Vriere, is first secretary to the Belgian legation. Baroness Vriere is young and very pretty. She has spent most of her life abroad, having been educated in Paris, and is admirably adapted to fill the position which she holds. While speaking of international marriages the baroness said: "I will say nothing of what American girls may feel for foreigners when they marry, because any remarks of mine upon that point would seem invidious. I know the general impression prevails that when an American girl marries a foreign gentleman of title she marries him only to gain the title. And you know when people once get an idea that a thing is so it is of little use to argue with them.

"But," continued the lady with considerable spirit, "any one who has any perception or any fairness at all must see that these foreign gentlemen are very fond of their American wives. They are said to marry them for money, but not all American girls who marry noblemen have money. I know quite as many poor girls as rich ones who have married titles, and I do not know of a single instance among my friends where the foreign husband does not almost worship the American wife. American girls please foreigners. They are different from the European women. They are bright and attractive and original, and these men who have education and have traveled appreciate this. I think," went on the stanch little American, "that the girl who makes an international marriage is, as a rule, very happy."

Mme. Mendonca, whose husband was until recently the Spanish minister in Washington, is a daughter of Maine. Her husband having resigned his position in the diplomatic corps, she has now returned to her home in Rio Janeiro. Mme. Mendonca is quite different from the other American ladies in the diplomatic colony. Not only does she look like a foreigner, but she speaks like one, having a decidedly French accent. It is hard to believe that she really was born and reared way down east. Her three beautiful daughters have the dark eyes and hair of their Spanish father, and they were born in Rio Janeiro.

The rare quality of adaptability which the American women possess makes it possible for them to fill with ease and grace any sphere in which they may be placed, and the home loving quality of American wives and mothers makes them learn to love the country of their adoption and the country where their children are born. But I have never talked with an American woman thus allied to a foreign country without finding her loyal heart and soul to the institutions of her own land, and although she found many things elsewhere that were beautiful and interesting still America was to her the real home, the one which if she were left alone she should go back to. Foreign women, on the contrary, who spend a few years in the United States are quite averse to leaving it. Does this prove that the spirit of patriotism is stronger among the American people than any other, or does it prove that to be an American citizen is really the highest and best privilege which can fall to the lot of a human being?

MARGARET MANTON MERRILL.

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LANDING A BARRACUDA.

Game to the Core and Every Inch a Gentleman.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 8.—Lining that shore of San Diego bay which lies next the town are the huts of many fishermen—Portuguese, Greeks and Chinamen—whose daily bread, to speak in paradox, is the barracuda. With one of these brown skinned Greeks I cast in my lot, and the first dusk of an early March evening found me aboard his odorous little sloop, with his party of three, floating with the slow ebb of the tide out from the shelter of the bay past the massive headland of Point Loma into the open sea. Here we moored for the night, stretched ourselves upon the cramped deck under the quiet starlight and slept. At 2 o'clock in the blurred misty morning we were aroused by the little Greek and sat upon the deck. He already had a little fire burning in his sheet iron stove, and the air was full of the odor of coffee. There was no time to lose, for at 3 the barracuda would begin to bite. There was no wind; only a fitful breeze stirred the flap of the sail intermittently, and we were put at the oars, where we toiled painfully for an hour, struggling to pass the matted kelp beds which inclosed us. Then the wind freshened, and we slid again into the open sea.

Already a dozen sails were flitting back and forth, phantomlike, in the deep shadows of the mist. "Portuguese!" the little Greek said scornfully as he busied himself in rigging his lines. His boat carried four of 20 yards in length, thick as clotheslines, knotted firmly at one end to iron staples driven into the boat's rail, with at the other end the great evil looking hooks fastened in bodies of white bone 4 or 5 inches long, curved throughout their length so that they will flash and flirt through the water deceptively. A fresh, strong wind was tugging at the brown sail and sending the salt spray dashing over the low deck, and with one of the men at the tiller the sail was hauled into the wind, and the boat leaped forward, dragging its four lines through the water.

The barracuda were hungry. I, untutored, saw no sign, but a shout from the little Greek announced the first snap, and straightway he threw his body half over the boat's rail, knotted his horny

HE WAS FOUR FEET TWO.

hands in one of the lines and began a fierce struggle with the powerful fish securely hooked at the other end. The man was sinewy and muscular, but the fish was strong too. Back and forth it dashed, now diving until the line stretched straight down into the green depths beneath the boat and then throwing its great, shining, beautiful body half a dozen feet into the air, lashing the waters into silvery spray. But the fish lacked the wily experience of the fisherman, and so slowly, slowly, hand over hand, the line was drawn in, until at last the gasping head was lifted clear of the water beside the boat. Then another of the men lent a hand, and the fish was aboard and lay sullen upon the deck. He was 2 inches over 4 feet long, game to the core and every inch a gentleman. And then came another and another and another in quick succession. The wind was down the coast, and the boat made a succession of sharp tacks, dodging now far out into the sea and then back again, while the water grew rough under the touch of the freshening breeze, and it was with difficulty that we could keep our feet.

Two hours more, and daylight began to break, but still we fished on, and the gasping mass in the bottom of the boat came half way to our boot tops. Then as the dawn brightened we could begin to see the fish when they rose from the depths of the green waters to take the hooks, sometimes a dozen of them trailing along behind the tempting bait doubtfully, until one or two would dart forward and snap. Many times two or three would be hooked at once, and twice we were hauling in all four of the lines at the same time.

Suddenly at 3 o'clock, when we were 15 miles up the coast and 6 miles from land, the barracuda stopped biting, and the Greeks hauled in the lines. "No more today," they said. "Barracuda no bite now till morning," and the boat was put about and headed toward home.

We had done well enough. In the bottom of the boat lay 37 silvery beauties, some quite 5 feet long, others not over 18 inches, altogether more than a quarter of a ton of fish. We were content to sit quietly, I sweated with the dancing waters until with the sun falling low in the west, we drifted easily with the late tide into the shadows of the bay.

W. R. LEGATES.

Politics In Modern Greece.

The modern Greeks are fond of argument and discussion and will sit for hours around a glass of water talking politics. This passion for politics is inherent. The distinction in Greek politics is chiefly self interest. Everybody is a patriot, but the good of the state is a matter of personal judgment. If M. Trikoupis is unpopular, it is not because his public virtues are doubted, but because his administration is expensive for the multitude, and the taxes on wine, petroleum and dried fare very heavy. Hence the Delyannists reckoned the great statesman the petroleum man, the oppressor of the people and the enemy of the "lower class."

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