

THE DIPLOMATS' BUSIEST DAY

By WALDON FAWCETT



MARQUIS DE VILLALOBAR, THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER

THE first day of the year is decidedly the busiest day of the twelvemonth for the foreign diplomats stationed in America. The odd part of it is that the manifold duties which make January 1st the most crowded interval on the calendar are almost wholly in the nature of social obligations rather than business tasks. Moreover, the responsibilities of this busy day rest equally heavy upon the envoys of the various foreign powers—that is, the ambassadors and ministers—and upon the secretaries, counselors and attaches who make up the official staffs of these dignitaries. Even the women of the official foreign colony—the wives and daughters of the diplomats of high and low degree—share in the feverish activity of the dawning year. Indeed, their participation begins weeks in advance with frequent visits to the dressmakers, for, one and all, these fair foreigners must have striking new gowns for the momentous occasion.

The explanation of this display of energy on the part of a class of people who ordinarily lead the most leisurely existence imaginable is found in the fact that New Year's day of each year marks the opening of the official social season at Washington. It is a day of receiving and calling and dining (all in the most formal way), for everybody in national official circles from the president down to the least important public official, but the social merry-go-round, spins at a more lively gait for the diplomats than for any of the other participants in Uncle Sam's great annual dress parade. Not only do they have to go more different places in carrying out the day's program, but they have to do more dressing than any of the other celebrities, not even excepting the high officers of the United States army and navy, who don their full dress uniforms for this occasion.

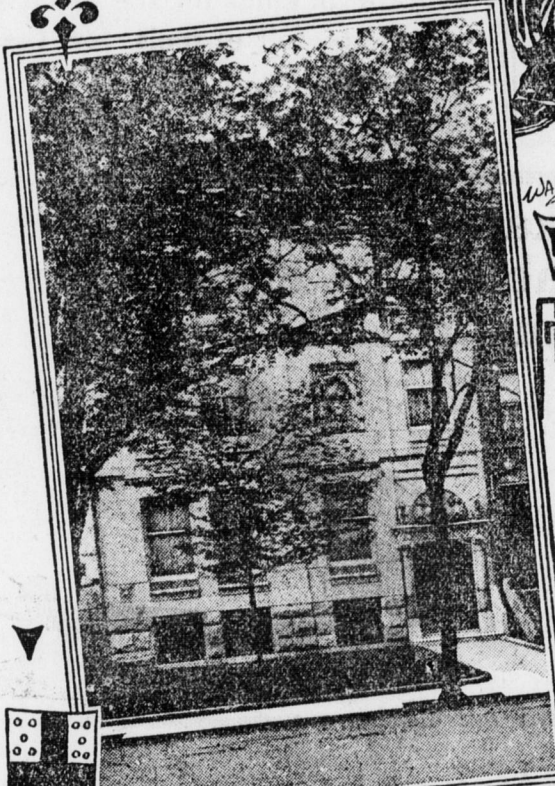
Indeed, it is the chore of getting togged out in their gaudiest raiment that compels the diplomats to arise somewhat earlier than usual on New Year morning. Official etiquette prescribes that each foreign representative shall appear in full diplomatic uniform or court dress on this significant occasion. Now be it known, it is no slight undertaking to put on such garb. The average diplomat, accustomed as he is to fastidious dressing, finds it pretty nearly as formidable a job as the average American workman or farmer regards the donning of a dress suit. The diplomat's viewpoint will be the better appreciated when it is explained that not a few of these costly broadcloth uniforms are so heavily encrusted with gold lace and other ornaments that they are well high stiff enough to stand alone. It is a twentieth century coat of armor, so to speak. In many instances high boots are an item of the court dress and usually a heavy helmet or turban and a long cloak that reaches to the feet are included in the costume. Finally, the diplomat, of any standing, covers the entire front of his coat with the glittering insignia of royal orders and jeweled decorations—each several times as large as the ordinary badge and adding in the aggregate, considerable weight to the trappings of state.

With the time-consuming prelude of dressing out of the way, the diplomats, more gorgeously garbed than any operatic chorus, are ready for the first formal function of the day. This is the president's reception at the White House. The foreigners, all of whom have carriages or automobiles (rented for this busy day, if they do not already possess them), must leave home for the presidential mansion about 10:30 o'clock, for they are to have the honor of being the first persons received by the president after he has greeted his cabinet, and they must be in their duly assigned places in the waiting line ere the presidential party at 11 o'clock sharp, descends the grand stairway and takes station in the Blue parlor for the reception. Hard and fast rules must be observed as to the order in which the diplomats file past the president. There are two divisions. First the ambassadors, each accompanied by all the members of his staff and their wives, and then the ministers, each similarly attended. Places in each division are assigned in accordance with the length of time each envoy has represented his government at Washington. That is, statesmen who have been here for years take precedence over the newcomers.

At the head of the line walks the ambassador who by virtue of the most lengthy service in Washington is the dean of the diplomatic corps. This post of prestige is now held by Baron Mayor des Planches of Italy. The foreigners are introduced to the president by the secretary of state, who has the best of his cabinet colleagues in that he is thus temporarily in the limelight.

After the White House reception the diplo-

omats return home for a few minutes' rest, and then a little before 12 o'clock they set out for the residence of the secretary of state. Here, at noon, an elaborate repast is served. The average American citizen would declare it a luncheon, but in social-diplomatic usage it is a breakfast. Considerably more than 200 persons are expected at this breakfast, so that it can be seen that it taxes the house-keeping arrangements even in a mansion such as the \$150,000 dwelling of Philan-



HOME OF SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX WHERE THE GREAT "DIPLOMATIC BREAKFAST" IS SERVED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

der Knox. Then, too, the same importance attaches as at the White House, to who goes first, so that servants have to be carefully drilled and the utmost care exercised lest some lesser diplomat receive more honor than is his due, while some greater luminary is correspondingly slighted.

The entire afternoon of New Year's day the diplomats devote to making ceremonial calls. Almost all the prominent hostesses in Washington, except the wife of the president, hold receptions on this eventful afternoon. Most of the diplomats go first to the home of the vice-president, then "down the line" of cabinet homes in the order of their official standing; after which they pay their respects at the residence of the speaker of the house of representatives, and then follows indiscriminate calling upon the wives of senators, representatives, army and navy officers and other official hostesses who are keeping open house. Everywhere they meet other diplomats and public officials of all grades, for calling is general at the seat of government on the first day of the year. In accordance with the Yankee idea, only the men of the American households go calling on New Year's afternoon, but the diplomats are in almost every instance accompanied by the ladies of their households. It is past sundown when this round of calling is concluded, but that does not end the day for the tired diplomats. Most of them have been invited to the ceremonial dinners that, in great numbers, close the day in Washington, hence they must hurry home and change to evening attire in order to greet yet another hostess before 8 o'clock.

A RUSKIN STORY

In 1858, when Ruskin was in his fortieth year, he was asked by a friend to give some lessons in drawing to a child named Rose La Touche—whose name indeed was French, but whose family were Irish. There sprang up between Ruskin and this young girl a very charming friendship, which, of course, at the time could be nothing but a friendship. They wrote each other letters and exchanged drawings and then for awhile they did not meet.

Ten years passed by before they saw each other. Meanwhile the child whom he had remembered as a blue-eyed, saucy, clever little blonde with ripe, red lips and hair like fine spun gold, had become a very lovely young



BARON MAJOR DES PLANCHES, DEAN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

CITY OF 4000 B. C. FOUND

The vestiges of a city 6,000 years old have been found in Babylonia by the French expedition which has



HERNAN DE LAGERCRANTZ, MINISTER OF SWEDEN AND HIS SECRETARY



SEÑOR DE LA BARRA, THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF MEXICO

woman of 19 years. They resumed their old acquaintance, but in a very different way. Though Ruskin was nearly 60, he gave to Rose La Touche an adoration and a passion such as he had never felt before. On her side she no longer thought of him as "very ugly," but was singularly drawn to him, despite the difference in their years.

The two met often. They took long strolls together in the pleasant fields of Surrey, and at last Ruskin begged her to make him happy and to be his wife. Oddly enough, however, she hesitated, not because he was so much older than herself, but because he had seemed to be what she regarded as "a true believer." Some of the things that he had written shocked her as being almost atheistic. She was herself, underneath all her gayety of manner, a rigid and uncompromising Protestant. She used phrases from the Bible in her ordinary talk and when she spoke of marriage with John Ruskin she said that she could not endure to be "yoked with an unbeliever."

Yet her heart was torn at the thought of sending him away; and so for several years their intimacy continued, he pleading with her and striving hard to make her see that love was everything. She, on the other hand, read over those passages of the Old Testament which seemed to bar all compromise.

At last, in 1872, when she was 24 and he was 53, she gave him her final answer. She would not marry him unless he could believe as she did. His honesty forbade him to deceive her by a pretended conversion, and so they parted, never to see each other again. How deeply she was affected is shown by the fact that she soon fell ill. She grew worse and worse, until at last it was quite certain that she could not live. Then Ruskin wrote to her and begged that he might see her. She answered with a note in which she feebly traced the words:

"You may come if you can tell me that you love God more than you love me."

When Ruskin read this his very soul was racked with agony and he cried out:

"No, no—then I cannot come to her; for I love her even more than God!"

been at work for several years on the site of the Roman Susa, the Shushan of the Bible and later the capital of the Emperors Darius and Artaxerxes.

According to details furnished to the Jewish World, a mound marking the site of the city has been excavated by M. de Morgan and was found to mark the site of the ancient Elamite acropolis of the city. The excavations have produced most astonishing results. Here the explorer found superimposed, one above the other, the remains of three cities, the oldest dating back to B. C. 4000, and below these the signs of older settlements of prehistoric ages.

The recent discoveries show that far more than a thousand years prior to B. C. 1800 the city was occupied by the Babylonians, and that most of the kings of that country set up their monuments in it. When the powerful Semitic dynasty of Babylonian kings contemporary with the age of Abraham was overthrown, the Elamites regained their independence and retained it until B. C. 649, when the city was sacked by Assurbanipal, king of Assyria, who destroyed the palaces and temples.

Explorations show that the chief feature of the ancient city, as of all those of the ancient east, was the temple of the city god, in this case the god Susinak, which stood upon the acropolis. An exploration of the foundations revealed the records of Gudea, king of Chaldaea, B. C. 2800. Fortunately, considerable information as to the nature of the sacred edifice and its precincts is preserved by an interesting monument, which was discovered in the ruins.

In the center of the model are the figures of two nude men, one holding a water jar. These, no doubt, are the king and priest performing the ceremonies of lustration, or ceremonial purification, which are a great feature of the oriental temples and frequently mentioned in the religious inscriptions.

Primitive Mills in Brazil.

Vice-Consul De Young, writing from Santos, calls attention to the small corn grinding machines in Brazil:

"In the interior of Brazil a primitive method of producing meal by pounding instead of grinding is practiced. The instrument known as a 'mojollo' works automatically, and consists of a tree trunk balanced on the bank of a stream, one end of the trunk being hollowed out to form a large cup, while the other end is in the form of a pestle. Water filling the cup depresses that end of the log, whereupon the water runs out and the other end falls back to its original position, the pestle striking the corn. Some modern corn grinders have recently been introduced, but there is a good field for a very small and inexpensive grinder to take the place of the 'mojollo' in the interior, where flour mills are rare and each family grinds its own corn."

Onion as Tale-Teller.

There's a divorce.
"Tis a very sad affair.
An onion is at the bottom of it.
Of yore hubby was fond of onions.
He ate, and ate, and wifey stood it.
Then he fell in love with a festive maiden.
No more onions for him, much to his wife's surprise.
The more she thought of it, the more she wondered at the change.
Not only did he desert the orodous onions—presently he deserted altogether.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The CHANGE OF MIND



I used to think it would be great To grow up to be president And safely hold the helm of state No matter how the old ship went. I used to think it would be fine Some day to fill that honored chair— But the digestion that is mine Can't do what 'twould be called to bear.

When presidents were not required To eat all folks could broil or bake, To vow they never could grow tired Of possum, 'coon and johnnycake, Of alligator, crocodile, Of ostrich eggs and all the rest, Why, then the job was worth one's while

And for it one might do his best.

But nowadays a president Is always cleaning off his plate Which is heaped high to represent The hunger of a certain state. And though the dish they serve to him May be a fine one, I suppose He must reflect with doubting grim That after all nobody knows.

I should not care to go somewhere To dine, and through the table chat Perplexedly muse if the fare Were eagle, crocodile or rat. I should not like to have them gaze Until I choked it down my throat, Knowing that any doubts I'd raise Would influence the next year's vote.

I used to think it would be grand To grow up to be president And rule my dear and native land, But that ambition has been spent, I could not love my fellow men If every now and then they'd wish To go catch something in its den And make me eat their favorite dish.

The Apotheosis of Hank Edem.

In glancing over the account of the laying of the corner-stone of the temple of peace in Holland, we observe that this inscription has been carved upon the stone: "Paci Justi via Firmadae Hanc Aedem Andraee Carnegie Munificentia Decavit."

It had been many years since we saw Hank Edem. He was a stone mason then, and a good one, and after he passed from our daily view we heard from time to time that he had become a contractor and was putting up great buildings and bridges and monuments and things of that sort. But at that he was the same old Hank.

We know that he built a good many Carnegie libraries, but we did not know that Hank has become so great that he would be called in to erect the temple wherein peace like a river is to be dammed by all the delegates until they can decide whether breakfast foods, shoes, dynamite, floor varnish and arsenic are contraband of war, or whether or not it is conducive to the success of hostilities to shoot soft-nosed bullets into your enemies' stomachs.

Alas! Hank could not stand prosperity. In the old days he was content and proud to be known as plain Hank Edem. In those days he thought a manure was some sort of a medical school, and he did not know whether or not water was used in a Turkish bath. Here he is mingling with the effete and the haute monde, and getting boarding schoolish about his name. Now he spells it Hanc Aedem." We are sorry. Rameses is just being exposed, after four or five thousand years. Hank should have waited. Mr. Carnegie, of course, can spell his name any way he pleases—he advocates that—but when Hank Edem becomes Hanc Aedem" another boyhood idol is busted all to flinders. Hanc iliae lackrymae.

Unmanageable.



"This," gasps the first man, "is what the poets call the 'driven snow.'"
"Yes," wheezes the second man, endeavoring to pick a handful of it out his ear, while about a peck of it slides down his back. "And it acts as if a woman were driving it."

Joyous Vegetarian.

What do I care how high the price On the Thanksgiving forage? That turkeys linger on the ice For four years in cold storage? My turkey shall be garnered from The garden and the garret— Of raisin, hickory nut and crumb And of the healthful carrot!

Hardened.

"Pardon me," says the interviewer to the lady who is being starred as a combination Salome, Lady Godiva and living picture, "but may I ask how you became accustomed to appearing in public in—er—in such a lack of even scanty garb?"
"It was easy," she laughs. "Half a dozen trips across the ocean, with the usual customs inspections at New York."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.