Red Dreams and Ruin to the Upper Crust as to Humbler Folk, and Interest Heartbreak of the Gay Moths Whom It Forbids to Dance in Its Sacred Flame

Her Frantic Pleas, Her Bitter Recriminations Filled the Drawing Room; Tauntingly He Told Her She Would Never Again Have the Boy, and a Few Hours Later She Shot Him With the Pistol He Had Given Her.

attorneys, pleading temporary insanity, eventually obtained her acquittal after a sensational trial. Her son, for whom she had shot her father, was then returned to her, and with the little boy, she sailed for Chile. And that is the end of this episode of love and tragedy. For what became of Bianca and the son she idled, no one knows. That is, no one in the Four Hundred where she was a brief and sparkling ornament.

Rumors says she fled to Japan and lived in retirement outside Tokyo. She was once reported engaged to a Harvard-educated Japanese. But legend reports that eventually she married a wealthy Chinese, but no one really knows what became of the pale, slender beauty and the son, now a man of 35, for love of whom she killed her father.

When Jack de Saulles and his bride returned to New York from their European honeymoon there still lived on the fringes of the Four Hundred an old, old man who had long since furnished Society with tragedy and cause celebre as shocking as that which Bianca was to provide.

The World and His Wife had all but forgotten General Daniel E. Sickles. Only the cagey dwellers who lived in the great private homes that still fronted Fifth Avenue in those days remembered. But when the nanogarnier general died in 1914, his purple obituary was news to the younger generations of Society.

The general, by the time of his death, had outlived his day and almost outlived the tragedy and scandal that bored over him in 1859 when he shot and killed his wife's lover. The nation, no less than Manhattan's upper crust from which he had sprung, rocked with the news. For Sickles was a Congressman at the time of the murder in Washington, D. C., and his victim was Phillip Barton Key, son of Francis Scott Key, author of our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

As a young man of Manhattan, Daniel Sickles cut a dashing figure in the stylish Civil War drawing rooms of Little Old New York. Thanks to his father, a mantle of money and romantic intrigue already surrounded him. Like father, like son, and each knew a pretty face when he saw it. Sickles fitted from flower to flower, but his serious intentions were fixed on politics—at least until he met Theresa Baglioli. But by the time he met Theresa, Sickles was a protege of James Buchanan, destined to become our 15th President.

However, Theresa took Sickles' mind off politics at least temporarily. She was the 17-year-old daughter of a poor music teacher.

The young beauty's capture of Sickles' heart put an end to the match-making schemes of a scene of Mayfair mothers who had hoped to snare him as a rich son-in-law. In 1855, Sickles married Theresa, the huge, flashing black eyes, jet-black hair. Almost immediately they sailed for London, where Sickles became secretary of the American Legation, after Buchanan was appointed American Ambassador to the Court of St. James'. His bride was so young and lovely that she created a sensation in London society.

After Buchanan's election to the White House, the Sickleses were frequent visitors there. Finally, Sickles was elected to Congress, and if Washington's adulation of young Mrs. Sickles went to her pretty head, who could blame her?

In those far-off days, the most dashing and devastating young man about Washington was Key, a widower with a reputation for a way with the ladies. Already, conservative Washington hadticketed him as a "bounder," despite his job as United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

From the moment they met, Key fell violently in love with Theresa Sickles and her flamboyant beauty. Sickles, more and more pre-occupied with politics on the Hill, was less and less at home—and Theresa more and more lonely.

When courted Theresa with all his skill and lack of inhibition. Soon all of Capital society buzzed with talk of the Key-Sickles romance. Daniel Sickles himself the only person in Washington,-apparently with a clear sense of the situation.

But Washington gossip, then as now, was not able to tell well enough alone. Finally an anonymous letter informed the New York Congressman that his lovely wife was secretly meeting Key every day.

INCREDULOUS at first, Sickles soon confirmed the truth and forced Theresa to write a confession of her affair. Then, armed with a shotgun, the in- furiated Sickles prowled into the Key's house on Sunday, Feb. 24, 1859, until he got Key in the dress circle, whereupon he emptied his weapon into the victim.

The ensuing scandal rocked both political and social circles. Public sympathy was with the outraged husband who, in court, testified that he had shot his rival because he polluted his wife. He was acquitted of the charge of murder when Theresa's own confession was read to the jury.

Theresa, stunned by the tragedy, was experiencing woman's inhumanity to woman. The girl, who had once been the belle of London, Washington, and New York, now found herself shunned.

Not a friend came to her defense—only a lover, and that lover, her husband! For Dan Sickles was stunned Society by taking her back.

But within a matter of weeks, Sickles was gone from Theresa's side, this time to fight on the Union side in the Civil War. The fiery man rose to be not only a Congressman but a hero and a military credit to his country. At Gettysburg, he lost a leg.

Furiously, of course, the former First Lady finally con clave back to his family mansion on lower Fifth Avenue to find that her parents-in-law had died and that his family was in ruins. Sickles, who earlier had brooked her lonely home so long that illness and death claimed her at 31.

To the logical end of the Sickles tragedy. But logic had little part in the Sickles family history. Laura, the only daughter of Daniel and Theresa Sickles, was a beauty and a madcap who became estranged from her father. She spent a $50,000 inheritance from the Sickles grandfather in rickus living and died literally in the gutter.

By this time, Sickles was the American Ambassador to Spain. There he married a Spanish woman much younger than himself. But the happiness that should have crowned his old age went glimmering when his term as Ambassador was over.

His wife refused to return to America. Sickles returned to the lonely mansion on lower Fifth Avenue where his first wife had died. He installed an attractive secretary in the house. Seen the last times, Sickles in Spain was accusing her husband of infidelity.

Finally, in the spring of 1914, when Sickles was more than 90 years old, and it was obvious that a final illness was closing in upon him, his Spanish wife was persuaded to come to New York. At last, after a tumultuous career, Dan Sickles died in 1914 just as New York Society was becoming acquainted with beautiful Blanca de Saulles—who, in another three years—was to stun Society with the tragedy of a killing as Sickles had done almost 58 years earlier.

Next week's article will tell of women squander- ing fortunes attempting to crush society's portals.

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