

Wonder Wife of Mexico's Rebel Chief

Why the Beautiful Belle of El Paso Threw Away Family, Friends and Freedom to Become the Prisoner-Bride of Fiery Escobar



DIFFERENT
Unlike Senora Escobar, who gladly dedicated herself to the life of a literal love slave, Senora Jesus Maria Aguirre, wife of a Rebel Mexican Chieftain, (above) is much seen in polite society.

VOLUNTARILY a matrimonial "prisoner," the veritable literal slave of a love that surpasses fiction, Senora Consuelo Goeldner Escobar, wife of the Mexican rebel general, is today accounted the wonder woman of the great Southwest.

To marry Jose Gonzales Escobar the beautiful Consuelo actually gave up everything. When the average girl says that she has given up everything for some man, she means she has endured some slight privation without a whimper; or flouted her social code, or made some personal gesture.

Consuelo's self-sacrifice was different—wholesale.

These are the things she lost in the attainment of her great romance: her family's approval, her education, her proud position, her freedom. She threw them away with an enigmatic smile.

Daughter of the German consul at Torreon during the regime of Porfirio Diaz, she and her family moved to El

HIS BOYS
Two Sons of Escobar, Joseph, 18, at Left, and Amorito, 16.

Paso after the World War. In the border city there was no girl more sought after. There were reasons for this, aside from her superlative loveliness. She spoke fluent English and Spanish and had a quiet charm that was irresistible.

No carnival or dance was complete without her. At one such affair she met Escobar. He had been colonel in command of the Federal garrison in 1919 when Pancho Villa's army made its final agonized thrust at Juarez. Escobar's glittering swoop upon the Villistas is recalled to this day. As the Federalists charged past the Central Cafe, a marksman pinked Escobar through the lung.

REBELS' FOES
Mexican Federalists Preparing to Charge Insurrectionist Troops Under Command of General Escobar.

His face emotionless, Escobar rode to the international bridge, snapped a salute to the American officers, asked medical aid.

His recovery was marked by his appointment to take command of all Federal troops in Chihuahua.

Consuelo, when she met him at the party, knew all this. She also knew that she loved—for the first and only time. Escobar's soul was fired by her beauty. He rushed a divorce suit through the Texas courts, making generous provision for his several children. In a twinkling Consuelo and her fiancé were married at Las Cruces, N. M., El Paso's Gretna Green.

Then began the self-appointed cloistered existence of the wonder woman. She accompanied her husband from point to point, a "prisoner." At Torreon, representatives of exclusive fam-

ilies, calling on her in the general's private car, were told that she was not receiving. She attended no saint's day celebration, never let her eyes even stray casually toward another man. It was the same story at Mexico City.

Once she broke the rule. She appeared at General Arnulfo's town house.

A gorgeous prize had been offered for the prettiest wife or sweetheart of any general. Escobar, burning with pride, brought Consuelo, who won hands down. She wasn't, however, permitted to speak or dance with anyone. Seated demurely at Escobar's side, she looked at the floor.

When Escobar revolted against the Porfirio Gil Government last March he packed Consuelo off to El Paso in a special car. She saw no one; talked

CONSUELO'S MATE
The Dashing Jose Gonzales Escobar, Who Packed Off His Wonder Wife to El Paso with \$200,000 Worth of Jewelry.

to no one. Crossing the line with her small daughter, she declared \$200,000 worth of jewels.

Then she entombed herself in a hotel and set up her vigil, awaiting her hero's return.

Not even members of her own family were permitted inside her suite—only waiters bearing food and servants bringing newspapers with accounts of the rebellion led by her husband were not taboo.

The emotional tenseness must have been great—the suspense to anyone except a superhuman being intoler-

WONDER WOMAN
Senora Escobar (Consuelo Goeldner), who became a Voluntary Matrimonial Prisoner Immediately After Her Marriage to the General.

able, bitter, sleep-destroying. Yet, to the amazement of her servants and others who caught a glimpse of her now and then, Senora Escobar appeared the acme of tranquility. Some inner spiritualizing element in her, if it had not resolved her doubts and fears, at least made them seem allayed to the eye of the curious, groping public, from whom all sorrows, all suspicions, all tempests of the soul must be hidden according to the Escobar code.

Praying passionately for the safety of her militant lover, Consuelo did not know whether he was a triumphant rebel leader, a fugitive bandit hiding in the Sonora Mountains, or a ghost liberated by a Federal firing squad. But she kept on praying.

Courage, Industry, Foresight, Preparation

EVERY boy starts out with an ambition to attain prominence in some particular field. Perhaps the two most romantic of these desires are those of soldier and railroad man. In some ways they are alike—

which may be why William Wallace Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been pre-eminently

successful in both endeavors.



WILLIAM WALLACE ATTERBURY.
These Two Likenesses of General Atterbury Express the Man. He Can Be as Jovial as Anybody Could Hope to See a Man—and Prefers to Be—and He Can Be Equally Grave—as Many Have Discovered.

But first of all General Atterbury is a railroad executive; the soldiering came to him during the World War only because General Pershing had to have associated with him a man who not only knew how things should be done, but how to get them done. Those who know anything about the part General Atterbury played during 1917 and 1918 have no doubt that he filled both bills 100 per cent efficiently.

One great quality which has contributed largely to the success of this foremost railroad executive is the fact that he knows exactly what he wants at all times and then sets out to get it. Obstacles to him are merely things to be overcome; they are not deterrents to the accomplishment of an object. There were several French staff officers who discovered this when the Gen-

eral set himself to get things done in France. Plain spoken and frankness itself in his dealings with others, he gets along best with the man who puts his cards on the table and fights for his convictions.

Here are the principal reasons, as given by General Atterbury, why a man should be successful if he follows them:

—Atterbury's Success Rules

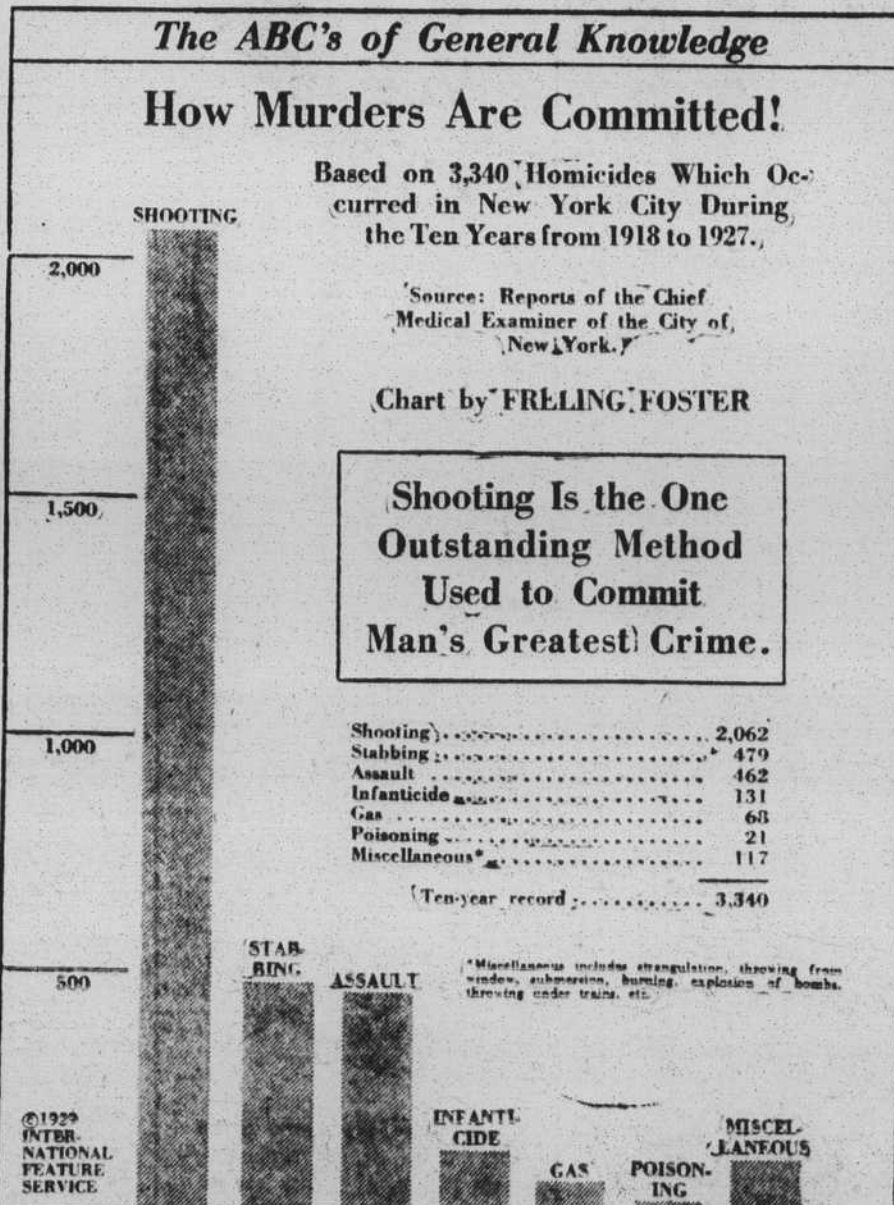
—or the accomplishing of things regardless of the clock?

Any man who "watches the clock" or worries because he is giving more of his time or of his work than he is paid for, never succeeds. Work must be a pleasure. If it is not, get out; and the quicker you get out, the better for all concerned. When work is a pleasure you never think of "watching the clock," and office rules do not bother you.

Why have you been successful?
If I have been successful, it is because

I have been available for promotion when the opportunity occurred.

And there is one more rule which the General has not given and that is his belief in the other fellow. To his subordinates he gives the widest latitude. As general manager of the Pennsylvania—he went through all the grades before he became president—he gave his instructions tersely. Then, "Crack your whip," he said, and left it to them. But there was a bad time in store for the man who did not follow those instructions capably.



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist
SEARCHLIGHT
(On the Riverbank)



"I Watch you and Follow You Riding on High."
DORMANT by day,
With the first descending flutter
Of night
You wake, searchlight,
And leap to life
And whirl and dance
In sweeping circles
Under the purple sky
Until the dawn.

From my narrow window
I watch you and follow you,
Riding on high
So buoyant and free.
Sometimes you move with dignity,
Then, changing your mood,
You play capriciously.
Perhaps you penetrate a mist
And to a little silver cloud
Is startled from its hiding-place.

THEN you, as if you were
abashed,
Run suddenly away,
And with averted eye
On the other side of the sky
You dance.

But soon your restless fingers
Poke about for other secrets,
Glorying in your power,
You have lately grown
Ambitious to unmask
The entire face of the universe.
This can never be.
Not you, nor even man
Whose all-aspiring soul you emulate
Can rise to this.
Yet you pay no heed
And I am glad . . .
For, night after night,
As I see you groping in space—
Hoping and ever hoping—
Your courage comforts me.
Pray do not cease.