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Why Marjorie Gould Drexel Won't Go Back to London!



Photo by
Narcisse.

Photo of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel
Jr., Before Her Marriage.

JINX there are, 'tis said, and jinx. But did anybody ever hear of a jinx whose job is to roost mid the branches of an ancestral roof-tree and therefrom chuck obstacles in the way of life of everybody connected with the family?

And if there are such jinx persons, why? And has the Drexel family one? And is that the reason there's been so much wild racing round and round the trouble bush by Drexels, their husbands and their wives for the last few years?

This jinx isn't a family skeleton jinx, understand. Though skeletons are inconvenient they can be managed. They can be shut in a closet and the door barred and guarded, which creates a common interest and bonds everybody together unitedly.

The jinx under consideration won't be managed. He-she-it—what's the sex of a jinx anyway?—is there and is not there. It's called and won't come. Feminine feet are stamped at it; masculine swear words are hurled at its ugly head—and it grins. It disappears for a brief moment or two, and turns up unexpectedly on the opposite side of the world to start something with somebody else—the newest son-in-law, or Anthony J.—paterfamilias—himself.

Of course it may be only coincidence. It may be fitfulness of disposition, or temperament, or boredom, resulting from undisputed first-rank social position and a perfectly absurd amount of money, which combination leaves nothing to be desired or striven for. Or it may be that family members are too well suited to each other, so failing to create the pleasant little differences which do so much to stimulate household existence.

It may be coincidence, or such other things. And it may be a Drexel family jinx. Anyway something disagreeable seems to have happened to about every one of 'em. Anthony J. and Mrs. Margaria Armstrong Drexel are in the divorce court, to say nothing of being on the tongue-tip of every gossip; Margaria Drexel Finch-Hatton, and her noble husband, Viscount Maidstone, are no less upon the gossips' tongues; and Mrs. Marjorie Gould Drexel, called most beautiful of American women when she married Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., six years ago, has brought her weary and careworn self to America from London, with a vow never again to see that city until her mother-in-law has left it. It's declared by those who knew the daughter of the Goulds when her gorgeous wedding startled two continents, that she has aged twelve years in just half that time, and that she's about as gay and happy as a cemetery-dwelling rabbit.

Be that as it may, common talk struck Marjorie when she first became identified with the Drexels. It came in the way of a true-love obstacle—at least she thought it so at the time.

It was back in 1909 when she was a debutante and all New York was going crazy over her beauty, that Marjorie and Anthony, Jr., fell in love with each other. Then began turbulence right away. One thing happened and another thing happened, and it looked as though they'd never, never be able to meet on the kneeling cushion. And when other things were finally cleared away, Mamma Gould, who'd been the beautiful Edith Kingdon, tossed a flat "no" to any matrimonial alliance. Some said that she considered Marjorie's dark, graceful beauty, accomplishments and education, to say nothing of the wealth that would be hers, worthy of at least a title. Others said that she considered her daughter,



Mrs. Anthony
J. Drexel Jr.

Photo by
Underwood &
Underwood.

then only nineteen, much too young to marry. To prove it she pointed out that Marjorie knew nothing of managing a house, and couldn't even arrange a dinner in such manner as to do credit to the position she would hold if she were Drexel's wife. Marjorie overruled her objections by planning the affair at which the engagement was announced.

No sooner was the engagement well under way and everybody offering congratulations, than another storm brewed. It was a quarrel between the young man and his bride-to-be. It stopped everything for a while. But the patching up culminated in a wedding such as New York had never before seen or dreamed; where price was disregarded utterly and the appointments were splendid as those of an oriental peasant. The bride's father's wedding present was a half million dollar home on Fifth ave., together with a diamond necklace; her mother's gift was a plastron of diamonds and sapphires; and from other friends and relatives she received wonderful and priceless gifts. The honeymoon was passed on the Gould yacht in a cruise to the West Indies. It was some affair all the way around, and looked like the propitious beginning of a happy life.

Six years have rolled along since then. Marjorie and her husband, upon arriving in New York the other day, went at once to Georgian court, Lakewood, where they're to remain for a visit. And if the young lady—she's only twenty-five by

the way—be quoted truly, they're not only in America now, but they're in America to remain for some little time.

It's true that Marjorie does look frayed—though, of course, the stormy voyage over might have contributed to such appearance. However there seem to be more crowfeet than six years of connubial responsibility would warrant. As from all accounts Marjorie and her husband have ever gotten along famously, one must go farther back for the difficulty—one generation back to be exact. Anyone, according to those accounts, who wants a line on mothers-in-law need only have a highball or a cup of tea with Marjorie. She is said to have declared with emphasis that she has had a row with the elder Mrs. Drexel every time they came together, and that the old lady just can't help dragging trouble round with her, and that if anyone doesn't believe it he—she—may ask anybody in London—even the Maidstones. It's perfectly plain to see that she has no sympathy with the senior Mrs. Tony in the latter's trouble with her spouse. One even might think that she was just a bit annoyed by Tony, Jr.'s, desire to remain neutral. Of course the worries of a mother-in-law may be responsible for the changed appearance of the once beautiful Marjorie.

Speaking of the trouble between the elder Drexels, that began as long ago as 1912 it is said, when the first rumour of an about-to-be filed divorce surprised so-



Mrs. A. J.
Drexel.

cety. In February, 1913, they made some kind of agreement whereby they were not to interfere with or annoy each other; whereby they were to live apart, and Tony was to pay his wife \$50,000 yearly, in monthly installments. She was also to be entitled to the income from a policy in a New York company, and, in case of his death, \$300,000 life insurance. Also it was agreed that they should not bring any kind of action against each other.

However it seems that Tony, Senior

decided to divorce his wife early in the present year via the little expedient of cutting off her income, which would automatically force her to divorce him. Accordingly he gave up his London house, moved to France, and applied for French citizenship. In July he filed suit for divorce there.

Mrs. Drexel came back with charge of a plot to escape English jurisdiction. Furthermore she brought double suit in the London courts to establish the legality of her residence there, and to ask

that the alimony contract be enforced. Some said Tony wouldn't find it necessary to defend the London suits; however, the court ruled differently, and the suits are now muddling the Drexel regime.

Just the stirring round such a suit creates may be understood when it is realized that because of her facilities for entertaining and because of the careful game she plays, Mrs. Drexel has been one of the few persona grata Americans in London society—even mixing, as she has, with the king's set. According to those who should know, Mrs. Drexel has surrounded herself with a bevy of the most remarkable people known to London. But by the same ones who know, it is being whispered that Mrs. Tony is losing out since the litigation started. Which may be only another wallop from the jinx.

Meanwhile Lady Maidstone is furnishing the British gossips with an independent line of chatter. Exactly what is the matter with the alliance which promised to be so successful a half dozen years ago? Is it becoming only another hound dog for the foot of the jinx to kick around?

Margaretta's life has not been all smooth skidding. She met up with opposition in the person of King Edward, it is declared, back in 1907, when rumor had her engaged to Prince Francis of Teck. That the king's sense of proportion was outraged at the idea of Queen Alexandra's brother marrying a commoner was put down as the reason for that affair going a diver. Afterward she was reported engaged and unengaged to half the eligibles of Europe, and life for her became a long, wearisome season of denials. Finally when she gave up in despair and let 'em rave, the tumult died and she got married.

As for all the other troubles of the family—what will be the end? Mrs. Tony, Senior's, suit for her \$50,000 yearly (a mere pittance with which she can manage only by economy) is hanging fire; Mrs. Tony, Junior, petulantly declares that far's she is concerned London with mamma-in-law in it isn't her idea of any kind of a place to live, even though she resides with her sister, Lady Decies, as she has done during her London sojourns most of the time lately.

Is there really a Drexel family jinx?