"LOST SOULS" MADE BY CUPID'S RAIDS

MATRIMONIAL INROADS ON A FAMOUS ENGLISH SOCIETY

Miss Viola Tree, Reported Engaged to the Marquis of Granby

Lady Marjorie Manners

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, a Souffed Soul.

Mrs. Reginald McKenna Leader of the Souls and Latest to Wed.

Miss Cecily Horner

The New Duchess of Rutland

Mrs. H. H. Asquith, wife of the Premier and Supposed Heroine of "Dodo"

"BUT at least, Pamela, dear, you will carry a prayer book?"

England's first lord of the admiralty, Reginald McKenna, formerly the solemn and staid minister of education, instilled into the beseechingness of his query as much of the gravity pertaining to his quarter century of seniority as he dared.

But he did not dare overmuch. Wilful, uncompromisingly esthetic Pamela Jekyll, queen of England's famous society of "Souls," had, indeed, consented to exchange her ravishing youth and seductive charm for the first lord's distinction and devoted love, albeit his years were somewhat frosted, if not hoar.

He had wo: her. She was a "Lost Soul." But she was bound to lose herself in her own utterly artistic way, as a tribute to the aspirations she forsook, and as a blow at the conventionalities she derided.

And so, when the fateful word went forth to the expectant world of fashion only a few weeks ago that the leader of the "Souls" had found her Adam and was on the eve of her departure from that paradise of maidenhood which every well-bred English maiden should properly cherish until a wholly prosperous suitor appears to take her away from it, it was made known, too, that the resolute Pamela would not carry a prayer book, or even a bouquet. She would not wear, at the altar of St. Margaret's, in Westminster, the close-fitting gown which fashion regarded as essential as the church regards the prayer book.

She would not have half a dozen bridesmaids. Only her sister, Barbara, would be permitted to accompany her—and that in a Greek robe, flowing free.

Pamela Jekyll, latest leader of the "Souls," was true to the traditions of her cult.

WHO are the "Souls"?

Long, long years ago the world asked another question, "Where is the lost Atlantis?" No one has answered positively yet, just as no one has yet positively learned what was the lost Atlantis.

So, too, there is no sure reply to the question, "Who are the Souls?"

One great coterie in England will declare that the Souls vanished utterly years ago, soon after they first began to lose themselves, a la the winsome, wilful Pamela of today. Another group will declare they are more numerous and more soulful than ever, and pretty nearly ready now to take the world by the ears and time by the forelock and make all of us artistic, esthetic, unconventional, classic and ecstatically young.

But to say who all of them are would be to take a census of the butterflies, here one minute and gone the next; and to say precisely what they are—even to have them say it of themselves—would be like asking the butterflies to write their own autobiographies for the benefit of science.

They don't know. But, so far as they know, they are exceptional human beings who, having discovered that they really have souls, as distinguished from the tiresome, wearied, civilized body with its gross appetites and its painful vanities, are agreed to loose the wings of those souls to all the artistic joys, and all the esoteric latitudes of thought, which their eager natures crave.

Mostly, they are girls—and some are mighty pretty girls. If they weren't, nobody would ever have cared a single orange blossom whether they had souls or whether every one of them was lugging around inside of her an evaporated rhinoceros.

But a bunch of pretty girls, all troubled with their varied assortment of pure white, fluttering, soulful souls—it was enough to set every man in England at work, with pick and shovel, trying to resurrect his dead soul because, maybe, it might fit in somewhere.

It was more than a dozen years ago that Margot Tennant, youngest of Sir Charles Tennant's six daughters, founded the Society of the Souls. At least, that is the name which has been popularly given it, when English folk try to be really accurate in referring to them.

She was the wonder of her day, as fascinating as she was intellectual, as pretty as she was learned, as lovely as she was daring, as athletic as she was accomplished—Di Vernon, Mignon, Fanella and Hypatia, all rolled into one entrancing bit of modern femininity.

The only heroine she wasn't was burning Sappho, although she was as blue-stockinged as a Madame de Sevigne and as charming as a Ninon de l'Enclos—but not that way.

She would talk world politics with Gladstone in the afternoon, to his infinite satisfaction; she would do a riotous skirt dance in the evening, to society's infinite delight.

She would discuss religion with a bishop at night until he was argued into dogmatics, and she would hunt a fox in the morning with a sporting vicar until he was ridden nearly to apoplexy.

She shocked one-half of prim English society, and edified the other half; then she turned around, to edify the first and shock the others.

And nobody dared hint that she was anything but a care-free, brilliant, whole-souled, high-spirited, adorable girl.

It was just at the time when England—and Scotland, too, for that matter—was thinking of the gay Margot every hour of the time it wasn't thinking of bread and butter, that she came to the conclusion life wasn't worth living, after all.

Her soul was cribbed, cabined, confined and various other things which usually show that a girl is about ready for female suffrage or for marriage. But Margot Tennant simply had to do something unexpected.

So she did it. She selected from among her vast circle of friends and admirers, men and women, a few who, she shrewdly suspected, might actually have a soul lying around loose, waiting for somebody to breathe life into it.

Beerbohm Tree and his talented wife, the Hon. Arthur Balfour, Lady Granby, now duchess of Rutland, and quite a number of others discovered that they had souls kindred to hers, that needed plenty of freedom from the iron-bound decorums of conventionality, with a little bit of romance on the side.

They came from the ultra-fashionable set, and they came from the extremely artistic set; they came from high politics, and they came from the stage.

And they had a most lovely time of it, being so esthetic that they felt as though they were composed of soul exclusively, and so intellectual that only the higher aspirations and inspirations of their souls kept them from being thinking machines.

Then the marvelous Margot, who had set the whole thing going and kept it on a level as lofty as her own Psyche flutterings, did her next most original thing.

She married plain Herbert H. Asquith, who was 40 years old, home secretary under Gladstone, comparatively poor, reputed as cold of nature as Margot was full of fire, and—of all suitors—a widower with five children.

She had become a "Lost Soul" via matrimony; but she had fulfilled her destiny of amazing the British public. And, incidentally, she had embarked upon the destiny which she had chosen for herself some years previously, when she announced that the highest happiness she could enjoy in life would be to become the wife of a prime minister.

It is an ambition which does not permit of quite so many vagaries and flauntings of the conventions as had characterized the Margot Tennant of maidenhood. But, to use a phrase that fits well with one aspect of her chameleon character, she was a good sport; and she played the game of premier-maker for all there was in it, from marshaling to her chosen widower's aid all her vast coterie of friends to playing the model stepmother to his batch of children.

As Mrs. Asquith, the gay Margot surely should have vanished from all but the most discreet brand of fame. And, indeed, she did her best to conform to that ideal of domestic privacy which is so reverenced by the British public.

But her old fames, under their varied guises, refused to let her sink into the obscurity of the domestic chrysalis for which she now so ardently longed.

Very speedily young Benson's book, "Dodo," took the literary world by storm; and instantly all Britain hailed the sprightly Margot in the more sprightly Dodo.

"Lost Soul," indeed, was the lovely founder of the "Souls," now that she was vicarious mamma to five young ones, real mamma to another, insatiably ambitious helpmeet to a poor parliamentarian, and henceforth to be known by the sobriquet of Dodo. And she didn't like it much, either.

Meanwhile some of the other "Souls" she had left behind did not seem to retain the angel whiteness that had characterized their hue while she was virginal Margot.

They discovered that new and dangerous creature of the new and ticklish science of psychology, the affinity.

Some of the affinities happened to be married. So there ensued quite a few scandals, rows, dissensions and bickerings among the "Souls" remaining; and all the "Souls" concerned hastened to decide that the best thing they could do would be to forget it.

But such glory as had been theirs does not entirely fade; and scandal does die out within a generation, unless it has actually landed in the divorce courts.

When the children of the original "Souls" were just about old enough to discover that they had souls of their own, a new leader was prepared to revive the dormant cult.

Sweet Pamela Jekyll drew to her the sweet sister Barbara, who had her soul ready for the flowing Greek gown, which Pamela preferred, the minute she heard Pamela was ready for First Lord McKenna and the altar.

To them came beautiful Viola Tree, daughter of an original "Soul," whose person is as pretty as her soul can ever dare be. And graceful, popular Miss Cecily Horner joined them, wondering whether handsome Viola would stay a "Soul" or turn traitor and marry the marquis of Granby, who, they say, is engaged to her.

And they won over, too, the lovely Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the duchess of Rutland, most courted of the English beauties of today, who would have been consort of Prince Arthur of Connaught if King Edward hadn't hated her mother, the duchess, from the days when, as marchioness of Granby, she was a shining "Soul" among the earlier group.

The "Souls" of this new batch are younger and mostly unmarried. So it is only romances, and not scandals, which thus far have stirred up the interest that attaches to them.

But it is a remarkable coincidence that, almost at the hour when the earlier leader of the "Souls," Mrs. Asquith, attains the summit of the ambition she set herself by becoming the wife of the premier, the new leader, Pamela Jekyll, should make a match that parallels the marriage of clever, shrewd Margot.

Is she, too, destined to make a premier of her husband?

And Lady Marjorie Manners, who is generally regarded as most likely to become the new leader of the mysterious society—will she continue to ward off the determined assaults of Cupid?

Already reports have had her engaged no fewer than half a dozen times, and society is expecting almost daily an announcement of a real engagement, just as it is expecting the marriage of Viola Tree to the marquis of Granby.

Strange that such a soulful lot of persons as the "Souls" should be "lost" through the machinations of the little love god!

THE NEW LEADER of ENGLAND'S 400

Lady Farquhar, the New Leader.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Whose Ascendancy Is Over

"LADY FARQUHAR tonight entertains the queen and Princess Victoria at dinner and afterward at a dance, to which the king, the prince of Wales and his majesty's Jockey Club dinner party will come on from Buckingham Palace."

Such a modest paragraph in London's society journal; but what a momentous one, this which appeared on Derby Day.

It chronicled the passing of the scepter of the most rigorously ordered society the world contains from the hand of the dowager duchess of Devonshire, in mourning for the death of her devoted husband, to the grasp of a new queen of the social activities of England. Long delayed, the reward of Lord Farquhar, master of the king's household, has been received at last.

And Lady Farquhar becomes the new social leader of England, in exercising the functions of hostess to her king and queen on Derby Day.

LORD FARQUHAR used to be modest Sir Horace Farquhar, heir presumptive to a baronetcy a century old, with a somewhat earlier baronetcy in the family, which was created under William Pitt, and another ancestor who had the honor of being knighted as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century. But still, he was plain Sir Horace Farquhar, even though he owned imposing Castle Rising, near Sandringham.

But he was also very rich, for he was a member of the great banking firm of Herries & Farquhar, and in 1895, he had judiciously married the handsome widow, Lady Scott, who brought him the magnificent residence, No. 1 Grosvenor Square, where the nearest neighbors are the duke of Manchester, Earl Fitzwilliam, the duke of Portland, Lord Haversham and the marquis of Anglesey.

And he was one of the close friends of the prince of Wales, in the joyous, halcyon days when Albert Edward had all sorts of troubles, from ill-fitting wigs to million dollar debts, and needed friends to straighten both of them.

"Where's Farquhar?" the prince would demand when anything went wrong, as it did one night when he was due at a fancy dress ball in a French costume and couldn't make the wig stay on.

It was in Marlborough House, and there was vast scurrying to and fro to find the omnipotent Farquhar. Meanwhile, the prince and his valets wrestled with the wig—vainly.

"Thank heaven!" cried the prince, as his friend entered, with his air of calm efficiency, "Here's Horace."

He wouldn't have been Horace Farquhar if he had not happened to have some resource at his beck, even for that comical emergency. His own barber was a Frenchman, who was hastily summoned. A deft touch, and the wig was as though Albert Edward had been adapting himself to it for years. And, on the spot, Sir Horace's French barber became the prince's.

When the prince became the king there were all sorts of odd millions of indebtedness lying around loose, which he would have to pay up in full and with measurable promptness. If playing prince had been extravagant, being king was far more costly, and the income wasn't handy.

He owed the famous Sam Lewis, money lender by calling to nobility and royalty, the tidy sum of $1,250,000 on notes duly signed and witnessed. Sam, having come to die, and affectionately loyal, wanted to make his prince a present of the notes; but Albert Edward could not in decency accept them. So Sam, anxious to be truly magnanimous anyway, bequeathed the notes to the Prince of Wales Hospital.

That proved how testatorially generous the old money lender could be; but it transformed the prince's easiest debt of all into the most pressing, for he simply had to pay up when his creditor became his own hospital. Sam had been good hearted, but thoughtless.

When the crown landed on King Edward's brow, after he had become bald headed waiting, that royal brow was corrugated into all brands of grapevine twists over the fearful contemplation of the debts that were clamoring for satisfaction.

"Where's Horace?" came to the worried king's lips, as naturally in this emergency as it had when his wig needed straightening. Horace was on the job, efficient, as usual. He actually worked miracles with those mangled finances.

Using his powerful banking influences, he organized a syndicate that took over all his king's indebtedness. He took over, also, the king's income. And, likewise, the king's household.

Sir Horace arranged to so administer the king's royal income that his majesty shouldn't even know he was economizing—same old favorite brand of cigars at $1.87½ apiece, same old happy sporting life so far as his new dignities would let him enjoy it, same old everything. And yet, in ten years, the king should be free of all his indebtedness, and the syndicate would have made 5 per cent. on its investment.

Of course, Sir Horace became Lord Farquhar. But that was no reward commensurate with such a huge service. King Edward—and, perhaps, Lord Farquhar—waited for the real guerdon.

Lady Farquhar is said to be capable of bearing her new honors with commendable dignity, although she was never trained for the high position of England's social leader—a leadership subordinate, of course, to that of the queen and the members of the royal family.

She is said to be a companionable, good-hearted woman, not especially good looking, but with the tact and foresight necessary to leadership. Doubtless her qualifications were duly considered before the king and queen promoted her to the place long filled by the duchess of Devonshire.