

FROM DRUGGERY TO THE DREAMLAND OF WEALTH

Poor Girls to Whom Cupid Came With Millions

FROM druggery to the dreamland of wealth, from the store counter to the drawing room; from the typewriter to the boudoir; from the office, the manicurist's table or the loom to the palace of the millionaire!

What young woman, stunting herself of beautiful gowns and ravishing hats, because of the small pittance she earns, does not entertain these dreams? What Cinderella of modern life does not dream of the possible Prince Charming who will come and deliver her from druggery? What poor maid does not look forward to her King Cophetua!

It is the theme of fairy tales, this sudden bestowing of all the blessings of riches on the fair but poor maid, the maid who makes sacrifices for her aged mother or works lovingly for an incapacitated father. And, although it is the frequent theme of Grimm and Andersen, it is a fairy tale that often comes true.

Especially in modern life, and in this country, where there are so many rich men and so many poor girls, King Cophetua is almost daily outdone, and the latter-day Cinderellas find more than the magic slipper ever got for the original Cinderella.

SOMETIMES, however, there is a mishap, the fairy charm fails to work and the young heir finds himself precipitated into poverty by the toe of angry fate.

This was the case with Mrs. Bristow Draper, wife of the son of Massachusetts' lieutenant governor. Young Draper jilted a well-known society girl of Boston to marry "Queenie" Sanford, an actress, and found himself disowned by his father. Only the other day was it learned that young Draper is working as a spinner in a cotton mill at Burlington, Vt., for \$1.25 a day in order to support his wife and baby.

It may come all right yet, friends say; papa is only keeping his boy on probation. But in the meanwhile the young bride's expectations of wealth remain unfulfilled.

This is an exception, however, and many poor girls

by and encouraged him. And now that there is a winsome, blue-eyed baby in the home of the young Drapers their friends are hoping that the stern paternal wrath will melt away and that, after all, the young wife will attain her dreamland of wealth.

Some years ago Miss Margaret Harrington was a telephone operator in a New York hotel. She was always neatly dressed, quiet and attentive to her duties; in addition, she was possessed of a winsome face.

While she was working at the switchboard one day she was noticed by Mr. Joseph A. Coram, a millionaire mine owner, philanthropist and all-around business man of Massachusetts and the representative of an exceptional family.

When Mr. Coram saw Miss Harrington at her switch-



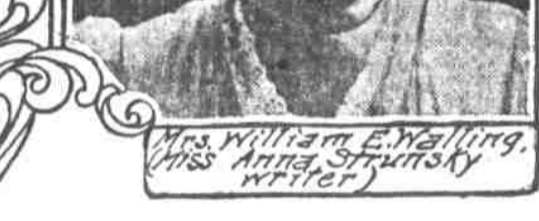
Mrs. Bristow Draper, formerly an actress, who married a wealthy man but was disowned by her father.



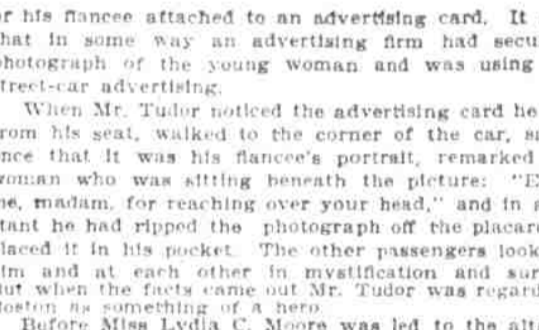
Mrs. Fred Schmidt, who was a manicurist.



Mrs. Joseph Coram was a telephone operator.



Mrs. William E. Walling, a writer.



Mrs. Leslie Green.



Mrs. Frederick Tudor was a stenographer.



Mrs. Amy Isabel Logan was a stenographer.



Mimmie Ashley, former actress.



Mrs. William Astor Chanler, former actress.

employment. Her father died a dozen or more years ago, and Miss Moore, in order to help the family finances, learned the art of manicuring.

She had met Mr. Schmidt at Clover Club dances, and when she took up her new trade at the Hotel Walton she was enabled to see her frequently, as he made his home there when in town.

When Miss Moore removed her sphere of activity to the Bellevue-Stratford Mr. Schmidt evidently concluded that, for him, the Walton was not as attractive as it had been, and he also removed to the Bellevue.

In a short time the romance culminated in an engagement, which soon terminated in a wedding and a joyous honeymoon trip to Florida. When they returned the young couple occupied the groom's beautiful country place at Radnor.

When William Astor Chanler, former congressman and prominent New York clubman and a millionaire, married Mimmie Ashley, an actress, the latter left the trying work of the stage for the dreamland of wealth.

The romance began one night when Mimmie Ashley was singing in "San Toy." Mr. Chanler was not paying particular attention to the performance at Daly's in New York until he heard a sweet voice singing "Rhoda, Rhoda Ran a Pagoda." Every night thereafter young Chanler, not long back from honorable service in Cuba, sat listening to the song and looking into the most wonderful pair of blue eyes he had ever seen.

AND STILL THERE ARE MORE

Then, presently—but the conjecture is easy; soon there was a wedding and Mimmie Ashley left the druggery of the stage for her dreamland of wealth.

And so the list might be continued. There was Goldie Mohr, the brightly colored girl who won and wed Alan W. Wood, the Pittsburgh millionaire, only to be left a widow in a short time; there was Annie Bennett, graceful and soft-voiced, a telephone operator at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, who captured the heart and hand of E. R. Whitney, an aged lumber magnate of Canada, who also died in a short time and left his young widow several millions.

There was the case of Miss May Connor, telephone operator at the St. James Hotel, Philadelphia, who married the wealthy broker, Thomas P. Stokes. Not many years ago Miss Sallie Carr, salesgirl in a Boston store, won Francis Skinner, the rich young clubman, whose winning had been aimed at by nearly every young woman in his exclusively fashionable set.

And only a few months ago Boston society was electrified by the whispered secret that Raymond Fowle, only son of the millionaire importer, William H. Fowle, had been secretly married nearly two years ago to Miss Mildred Lincolne, a poor but pretty store clerk.

Young Stanley B. Puffer, of Massachusetts, one of the prospective heirs to the soda fountain millions, caused a great hubbub a few weeks ago by wedding the daughter of a Providence mill worker.

Summer Tours in a Motor Home



NOW IT'S the motor caravan in Europe. Will the fad be imported to this country? What is a motor caravan? Why, just a condensed house on wheels; the very essence of your home put into a kind of Pullman car, but a car that is really an automobile and which may travel anywhere over good roads, instead of being held to the pent-up limits of steel tracks.

"Houseboating on land" is what you might call motor caravaning. These little traveling homes can be arranged to provide a remarkable deal of comfort. This summer they have attained great popularity in Europe.

Caravanists have their home—even though it be a small edition of a home—always with them; they may go when and where they please and "cast anchor" for any length of time in a "pleasant harbor."

OF COURSE, we might go abroad. Everybody goes abroad when they tire of everything else. And I'm weary of the continent, dear.

Mrs. Goldlump Van Rich languidly addressed her husband at breakfast.

Mr. Van Rich revolved his thumbs rapidly, something which indicated rapid thought.

"Why, dearie," he said, "why not let us get one of these new motor caravans? We can have our bedroom, dining room and sitting room, with all comforts; our own servants, our own cooking, and we can go wherever we wish."

She clapped her hands. "But is it true? Are there such things?"

"I'll have one imported at once." And he rose to go to the library.

The idea of the motor caravan was conceived in the mind of some genius, unknown to deserved fame, who associated a gypsy caravan with an automobile.

He improved on the original caravan, and made of it a modern, if small, home. He divided it into rooms. He enlarged it and put it on automobile wheels and he found that he had a home on wheels, which, to his mind, was the newest, most comfortable way of traveling in the world.

In Europe—France especially—the motor caravan has become popular. Motor-caravan clubs have been formed. The new vehicle is built after the style of a Swiss chalet, with a front and rear entrance and an additional one at the side.

Usually the interior is divided into four rooms, as cozy and snug as can be. In the rear is a kitchen, with stove, utensils and a folding bed for the cook. Adjoining this is a dining room, arranged so that six persons may be seated about a table. The table is removable, and at night the apartment can be made a sleeping room in emergencies.

There is a regular sleeping room, equipped with washstand, mirrors and wardrobes, so arranged that by the changing of panels and furniture it may be converted into a charming boudoir. There is a sitting room, beautifully decorated with pictures and bric-a-brac.

Beneath the machine is a place for extra furniture and baggage. By adding another machine to the rear the house may be doubled, and an entire family, children, nurses and all may go for a long holiday.

Imagine yourself touring in one of these movable homes! No waiting for trains. No tedious parleying about time-tables. None of the discomforts of traveling with cranks in trains—and one always meets them in trains. No compulsion to go by certain prescribed routes to certain destinations at a regulated time.

With a motor caravan you may travel to suit your own sweet will. You may go fast or slow. You may go up mountains or down valleys, along rivers or rivers. You may go as long as you like and stop when you please.

You can, in fact, combine the delightful Bohemianism of the gypsy's life with some of the luxury of the 20th century.

Of course, the motor caravan is a heavy affair and must have good roads over which to travel. It cannot take all the rural highways over which the average automobile may spin or crawl, according to conditions.

But the caravan is home. It may be fixed up with many comforts demanded by individual tastes. For that reason it is becoming popular across the water. Then, one may seek pleasant scenes on the summer outing, and remain in one place as long as fancy is undaunted.

It seems a remarkably clever summer institution, this motor caravan of latter-day genius.

have found themselves transported into a dreamland of wealth via matrimony during recent years. In fact, every year adds new chapters to the interesting serial story.

So if you are poor, Miss Cinderella, do not despair; you may find a prince from the dreamland of wealth coming to seek your hand and heart.

Within the last few years some very poor girls have married into the very richest families. You recall the marriage of Rose Pastor, the cigar maker, to J. G. Phelps Stokes, the New York millionaire; of Anna Strunsky, a brilliant but poor girl interested in socialism, to William E. Walling, who counts his money by the millions; of Margaret Harrington, a telephone operator of New York city, to Joseph A. Coram, a millionaire of New England; of Amy Isabel Logan, a stenographer of Boston, to Frederick Tudor, a millionaire gas magnate; and of Mimmie W. Schmidt, a manicurist of Philadelphia, to Frederick W. Schmidt, a wealthy brewer of Philadelphia.

But these notable marriages, just as wonderful as those of Grimm, are typical of many poor girls meeting fairy princes and stepping into the fairland of high society and a life of ease, culture and luxury.

Now, of course, it was too bad that Father Draper would not countenance the marriage and give the parental blessing to his son and his new daughter-in-law. The marriage in March, 1907, by the time it was consummated, young Draper had jilted the society girl and had married the state-of-mind widow with wealth. He had adopted the life of ease, culture and luxury, and supported his wife and child. His home was not small.

Eight years ago he met Miss "Queenie" Sanford, a dazzling and beautiful girl then playing the part of a New York society girl. She was a widow with wealth. Wherever Miss Sanford went there followed a host of admirers. He was a big, handsome, white-headed man with a fine nose, a full beard and a pair of eyes that were first sighted, and looked into and read the heart.

When she returned to New York young Draper was there, and he was waiting for her. He had returned home to New York, and he was waiting for her. He had returned home to New York, and he was waiting for her. He had returned home to New York, and he was waiting for her.

Both families approved of the match. Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding. A house was built and prepared for their occupancy.

But alas! When it comes to love, who can tell what Cupid may take?

Sam Bernards' "Rich Mr. Huggens" came to Boston. Young Draper took a taxi one night. In the taxi Miss Sanford played the part of the bride, and the young Draper played the part of the groom. The young Draper played the part of the groom. The young Draper played the part of the groom.

Shortly before his marriage Mr. Tudor won the regard of the woman of Boston by an act of obnoxious devotion. He was riding in a street car when he saw a photograph