

The AMERICAN GIRL WHO MAY TAKE HER CHOICE

British Peers Among Those Who Seek to Win Miss Margaretta Drexel



Miss Margaretta Drexel.

TO SOME one girl in every generation there comes the wonderful fortune of being not merely a world-famous belle, but THE world-famous belle.

To her the imaginations of romantic youth turn from every continent as to some loadstar of loveliness come to grass earth for the realization of youth's visions of angelic beauty.

To this generation—the generation that marks for humanity the wondrous dawn of the era of the twentieth century—the supreme queen of loveliness has come into her own, with all the world hurrying to bend the knee of tribute to her charms.

For the first time in history she is an American, a matchless embodiment of beauty and grace worthy of the lofty part her countrymen are bearing in the world's affairs. She is Margaretta Drexel, today the undisputed belle of two admiring hemispheres.

NEVER before, because never before in its evolution has the modern civilization so glowed with the light of publicity, has the appearance of a world-belle been made literally before the eyes of the peoples. That rapturous Helen who ruled great Troy was a handsome Grecian matron, plucked enough until Paris' infatuation dragged the nations into war.

Candaules' matchless queen resented, to the extreme of accomplishing his death, her spouse's ardor that his people should know the miracle of her beauty.

Cleopatra's charms had practically only Antony's sodden infatuation to award them immortality. Every nation has its group of enchantresses, as every season brings its queen. But it is only once in a generation that some belle among them takes unquestioned precedence of all. This time we can witness the world-belle in the making.

When the latest of the many reports asserting the engagement of Miss Drexel came across the water the other day, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest was stated to be the lucky man, but almost immediately came the additional information that the Duke of Leinster, who bears one of the proudest and oldest names in the peerage, had not abandoned his ardent suit. All of which only confirms Miss Drexel's reputation as "the American girl who can take her choice."

MOTHER ALSO BEAUTIFUL

Margaretta Drexel is the only living daughter of Anthony J. Drexel, of the famous Philadelphia banking family, and of Margarita Armstrong, one of the handsomest women ever born in Baltimore. Mr. Drexel, tall and powerful specimen of manhood, came almost immediately into conflict with J. Pierpont Morgan upon accession to his inheritance of the Drexel interest in the banking business of Drexel, Morgan & Co. He demanded control of the firm's management, a position which the iron-willed Morgan as firmly refused to concede, whatever might have been the position of Mr. Drexel's father. When the inevitable separation came J. Pierpont Morgan, it is said, paid to Anthony J. Drexel, in gilt-edged securities, something like \$4,000,000. Among the world's richest men, with a social station in the United States equaled by only a few of the oldest families, and with alliances in those mighty banking circles that hold in leash the very rulers of the earth, there was no height to which one with such advantages might not aspire, if he should choose to take his amusement that way. Mr. Drexel and Mrs. Drexel—did choose, the only diversion of their interest proving to be the possession of the most magnificent private yacht ever built—The Margarita, a floating palace such as kings still grudge him. In 1894 the Drexels leased Wytham Abbey, in Oxford, England. Since then they have resided almost continuously abroad, returning to America occasionally, often with a coterie of titled guests—the beautiful daughter, receiving magnificent such an education in Europe as would fit her for any station in which the chance of marriage might place her. This, then, is the golden setting prepared by

friendly fate for the world's admittedly supreme beauty. It would be impossible to find space sufficient to recount her almost royal progress into her domain of queenly sway.

She was still a child in the century's opening years, when the cables, watching carefully the foreign career of her parents, bruited reports that the wealthy Mr. Drexel was intent upon imitation, of William Waldorf Astor, the expatriate. He let them pass and devoted himself to enjoyment of his yacht.

Margaretta was a girl yet little more than a child four years later when the assiduous cables, impatient of the wait for sight of her beauty, already rumored, although then scarcely budding in the seclusion of her school, announced her as being one of the coming debutantes of the London season, remarking that, thanks to their house parties and the luxury of their entertainments on board the Margarita, her parents had risen high in British royal favor.

ATTRACTED ATTENTION AT COWES

In August of 1904, while the Drexels were entertaining at Cowes, their young daughter, still far from being old enough for her formal debut, began to startle beholders with the promise of her dawning loveliness.

Her parents, her own wishes, all the rules and rites of ceremony might delay her nominal debut until she was a woman grown, but nothing could withhold her from the popular "coming out" that was instantly compulsory under the spell of her beauty once it was beheld by the generation she was destined to dominate.

Indeed, it was coincident with the sudden concession that this slip of a girl was nature's most exquisitely wrought masterpiece, that the innumerable engines of publicity had to chronicle the highest levels of social entertainment for her parents, such as:

Vienna, August 27, 1904: Anthony J. Drexel entertained King Edward at dinner at Marienbad tonight.

A very few months and the old tale of Mr. Drexel's reputation of his native land revived. On October 27, 1904, ubiquitous journalism descended upon him, in company with Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, as he was passing through Philadelphia, his home city, and journalism chronicled with joy his declaration: "Give up my American citizenship? Never! Absurd!"

A year and another passed, and still the beautiful daughter was too young to make her debut. But the family continued to prepare such auspices for the event as only a princess born could have enjoyed:

Nice, France, Feb. 2, 1905: Leopold, king of Belgium, with the wealth of the Congo in his coffers, guest of Anthony Drexel, on the Margarita, a yacht he prefers to his own.

Shortly afterward the following appeared:

Cannes, France, Feb. 14, 1905: Anthony Drexel is the host of the handsomest grand duchess of Russia, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who, up to the birth of the czar, was looked upon as the next probable empress. The grand duchess, the princess of Hohenzollern-Langenberg and the duke of Devonshire.

And a month later:

Syracuse, Sicily, March 15, 1905: The yacht Margarita, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, with sixteen guests, departs tomorrow for a trip to Palestine and Syria. Mrs. Drexel has been passing much of her time, recently, in Dresden, where her daughter is a schoolgirl.

But she was a schoolgirl no longer when, last year, her mother was among the American hostesses who saved the London season from the disorder into which it was being plunged by motor trips and week-end jaunts. One would have thought there was a conspiracy of puffery in the earliest spring for enhancement of the daughter's charms, when the cables heralded such news as this:

London, March 18, 1907: Young noblemen are already looking forward to parties at Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel's house in Carlton terrace, where there will be great competition for the hand of her daughter, Margaretta, who is to make her debut at court.

Summer arrived, and the auspices of the marvelous American beauty's debut became royal, indeed:

London, June 2, 1907: Queen Alexandra seldom dips out in Devonshire; but it is now intimated that she will accompany the king when he visits as he has promised to do, with Mr. and Mrs. Drexel at Carlton House terrace, this month. Miss Margaretta Drexel, the "cush of the season," will have the time of her life this year.

Her presentation assured her supremacy of beauty, both in Europe and America. England hastened to hail the new queen of loveliness:

London, July 5, 1907: Every London season produces a conspicuous beauty. This year it is Miss Margaretta Drexel. She is a very beautiful girl, with a most beautiful face, large blue eyes, and she greatly resembles her mother, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel. Her presentation at court created a sensation.

Of her coming-out dance the following:

London, July 5: Miss Margaretta Drexel's coming-out dance at the Drexel house in Carlton House terrace was one of the highest affairs of the season. There were 150 invitations. Mrs. Drexel wore a beautiful white tulle dress, decorated with pink roses. The guests included the Grand

Duchess Marie and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Francis of Teck, Prince Furstenberg, Prince Henry of Liechtenstein, the American, Austrian and German ambassadors, the duke and duchess of Wellington, etc.

Less than a month elapsed and the world, which had been thrilling in response to these triumphs of its chosen belle, was dismayed to hear she had resolved to become a nun. It was incredible—that lovely creature, in the very launching of her career—a career so dazzling that the most fortunate of her sex can barely comprehend its splendors—could choose so austere an abdication.

CLASSIC DANCES in the OPEN AIR



Inspired by a Picture on an Ancient Greek Vase.

AND now they are going to give the Salome dance—and others—in open air! Society women from various cities will learn the languishing movements of the oriental dance at Bellecrest, near Northport, L. I., where Mrs. Lou Wall Moore, the sculptress and exponent of dancing, has opened a school. For the sake of art rather than for dollars, she has begun teaching the classic dances of ancient Greece. The opening of a school marks the climax of the Salome dance craze. But the Salome dance is only one of many dances—marvelous, sensuous, beautiful dances—that are to be taught. Mrs. Moore has devoted her life to the study, and such authorities as Professor Richard Green Moulton and Dr. Alfred Emerson declare her dances the most faithful renditions of the ancient dances in modern times.

IN ENGLAND Maude Allan entrances audiences with the dance of the Hebrew princess. In Germany all the theaters offer the marvelous performance. In New York city, where the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan pulled the wires to have Strauss' opera suppressed, at least a half dozen theaters present the dance which forms the climax of Oscar Wilde's masterful one-act drama. But the Salome dance is not the only dance of ancient times which captivates the eye with the poetry of motion. Mrs. Moore, from the musty, dusty records of the past, has resurrected even more wonderful dances than that of the chamber of King Herod. These are the classic dances of the artistic Greeks. Mrs. Moore declares that whereas the tones of voice in a modern play suggest the emotions of the

Nor had she: London, Sept. 9: Direct inquiries have at last brought from the ravishingly pretty Miss Drexel the following denial of the rumor that she will enter a convent: "Statement absolutely false. Please deny it. I have no intention of doing such a thing."

Ever since, and even while the cruel doubt persisted, the burden of the wires has been all of her wooings:

London, Aug. 5, 1907: Miss Margaretta Drexel has resigned supreme all through the season. Her manners are absolutely bewitching. She twists men of all ages around her little finger. It is estimated that she has received offers of marriage at the average rate of seven per week. If she were absolutely penniless, her loveliness is so marvelous that she would be quite as precious to her innumerable suitors. Everyone is won'ting whether dashing Winston Churchill is to find favor in his assiduous attentions.

There was no lack of titled suitors for her hand:

London, Sept. 30: The report that Prince Francis of Teck will shortly be formally engaged to the beautiful Miss Margaretta Drexel has spread over London during the last few days, and is being widely discussed. It is, however, believed in court circles that King Edward will never sanction the marriage with a commoner of the brother of England's future queen.

With this year, the now famous belle's fascinations have entailed upon her parents social demands which bid fair to drag heavily upon the income of even the enormous Drexel fortune:

London, July 28, 1908: Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel have leased No. 22 Grosvenor square, the very newest, most palatial thing in London residences.

London, July 25: Miss Drexel is the subject of more matrimonial gossip than any other girl in London. The three young men who are most notable in their attentions are Lord Dalmeida, son and heir of the earl of Rosebery, Lord Wodehouse who will be third earl of Kimberley, and Viscount Royston, eldest son of the earl of Hardwicke.

Miss Drexel's friends, however, say she is in no hurry to give up her freedom; moreover, she has no ambition for an alliance with the British aristocracy. But the members of the royal family, with whom Miss Drexel is very popular, are inveterate matchmakers. They use all their influence to bring about marriages between American debutantes and their own favorites at court.

Still the cable is flashing its breathless news of her triumphs; still the indefatigable presses portray the latest, futile endeavors of art to seize the alabaster tints of her complexion, the luxuriant crown of her parted hair, the blue, fathomless mystery of her entrancing eyes.

actor, with the ancient Greeks emotions were suggested by the movements of the dancer's body. In Greece dances were not accessory interludes to the drama, but often the most important parts. One of Mrs. Moore's dances is the "Symphony," or dance of the four seasons. Another consists of a funeral dance at the tomb of Agamemnon, from the Libation Bearers of Aeschylus; the Eumenides, or spell dance of the Furies around Orpheus, and the Bacchanalia, the sacred dance of Bacchus. You have heard of Maude Allan and Isidora Duncan. Well, as Mrs. Moore has never danced on a public stage she has never become a rival of these two famous women. But she declares that there is no modern dance to compare to the wonderful dances of the days when Athens was in its glory. And these dances are now being taught young society women on Long Island.

Mrs. Moore began to study dancing when a child. Her instructor was a grandson of a nobleman of the court of Louis XV. Early in life she began a study of classic dances, although for a profession she chose sculpture. She was successful. Her work on the buildings at the World's Fair in Chicago was notable; she carried off a medal at the St. Louis Exposition. She is a member of the Chicago Society of Artists, and recently was the only woman and only sculptor on the jury of the exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute. At first her renditions of the classic dances were done privately. Dancing was her recreation. But once Dolmetsch saw her. He declared she was wonderful, a genius. She had resurrected the dancing art which had been buried for ages, he declared. Then Professor Moulton, of the University of Chicago, one of the greatest Greek scholars of the country, interested himself in Mrs. Moore and assisted her in studying the old dances of Greece. Greek literature, art, customs were studied. Greek vases were examined. Greek artists were carefully scrutinized. Whenever a woman danced on the old stone records Mrs. Moore undertook a serious study. The pose, the position, the possible movements that pre-

ceded and followed the pose depicted—all these engrossed the Chicago woman.

But she had to know her history. She had to delve into the life of Greece. She became a Greek scholar.

"It might seem simple to the novice," she declares, "but you must remember that many restorations are erroneous. And it is difficult to look at a series of disconnected poses and study out the continuous dances. You must do it logically, faithfully. And my dances not only look Greek, they are Greek."

Having learned these dances, Mrs. Moore is now prepared to initiate others into their mysteries. She also intends to return to sculpture and embody the old dances in permanent form.

Undoubtedly people are turning their attention to dancing. The famous dance of Salome only happens to be the pioneer. Miss Isidora Duncan, Miss St. Dennis, Mademoiselle Genee and Miss Allan have begun the rehabilitation of what was once a religious rite.

In writing of the dance—Miss Carman, the poet, says: "Terpsichore is not only the muse of dancing, but the goddess of all motion. She presides over the dancing mote and the whirling leaf as well as over the big and minute. The whirling leaf's hanging, the balanced wings above some dark ravine, the vast, innumerable droves of the sea that glimmer and dart through their dusky silent firmament, the dervish tumblers in the arena, the happy children in the street keeping time to the hurdy-gurdy, the Syrian thistle seed, the drifting snow, the sand that travels in the tide, and the recurring planets in their vast career—all are visible devices to her cult, paying obedience to her mighty law, whose first obligation is to her words, the world likes to dance."

But for many years some of the most charming dances were forgotten and only now are they being revived. The perfect harmonies of motion created by the Greeks. Now classic dancing in the open air is to be revived. Soon we may see the grace of ancient Greece reproduced under the trees of our suburban houses.

As Was Seen at the Time of the First Olympic Games.