

SHOVED INTO SUCCESS BY AMERICAN GIRLS



Miss Margarita Drexel, who may make the fortune of Viscount Maidstone.

Englishmen Who Are Being Boosted Into Seats of the Mighty by the Fortunes of Their Wives

"SOME time in June," they have set it—rather indefinitely for the honeymoon bliss of the young couple, but amply vague to make sure that the wedding of Miss Margarita Drexel and Viscount Maidstone shall leave dates enough open to insure meeting the convenience of King Edward in his most benignant mood.

England, ever since the announcement of the betrothal, has been on the tiptoe of anticipation, for the promised event adds another impoverished young scion of its nobility to the envied ranks of those whose limited means have been augmented by the sudden marital gush of American riches, or whose meager tawdriness has been gilded and refurbished into splendor from the same source, apparently inexhaustible.

Instead of diminishing with the increasing streams of wealth, all flowing in the same direction, the supply has seemed of late to suffice for freshly augmented flows, all of them, apparently, steadily raising the fortunate bridegrooms to nearer chances for preferment.

Title after title, long dulled in its distinction, and some of them tarnished as well amid the vicissitudes of fortune, has been boosted into success, glowing all over with the gilding afforded by their newly won American wives.

Miss Drexel's unexpected choice of a husband is among the most impoverished of these; yet he comes to his good fortune with his own reputation clean, and can afford to bask in the smiles which his previously unseeing sovereign always dispenses to those bringing wealth into Britain, enhanced by the favor the Drexels have long enjoyed in the royal sight.

VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE is the heir of the earl of Winchester. There remain to the family some 8000 acres of land—not very much as English land holdings go, and that estate is very urgently in need of money to relieve it of embarrassments collected by young Maidstone's ancestors and to improve its condition to the stage where it will be a credit to an American beauty accustomed to the luxury and magnificence of her father's millions.

The family seat, in Wales, is Harlech Castle, a castle of the kind young girls dream of for the happy hour when their gallant knight of the future shall bear them away to his ancestral halls. It is massive, impressive, picturesque, altogether worthy in appearance of the tradition of its endurance as the last stronghold to defend the cause of Charles I in north

Wales, and of sustaining the history that traces it back in British wars to the times of conflict between the houses of Lancaster and York.

Lord Maidstone himself is only 25 years old, and his polite occupation is that of being a second lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Regiment. His avocation is golfing, at which he is considered a weak player. But beyond managing to exist in a modest fashion as compared with his social station, he has done nothing either very praiseworthy or the reverse; and that, where so many of his compatriots succeed in doing infinitely worse, is generally conceded to be immensely to his credit.

He is, therefore, very admirably situated for the onward and upward destiny that begins to show its hand, as a rule, within a short time after the bank account of an American bride's noble spouse grows

First Woman in Sweden's Parliament

IT IS a striking characteristic of the Scandinavian peoples that they can afford to dispense with development. The possibilities, the germs of the highest attainments, seem to be inherent in their blood. One day we have a genial, yellow-haired savage; the next day he is a mighty sovereign, at home amid all the instruments and products of culture which other nations have spent centuries in developing, and to which they have adapted themselves with infinite travail.

One generation a Viking, the next a Norman conqueror with all the refinements which ten centuries of painful growth had evolved in France. While other nations are pondering, debating, vacillating, the Norseman is living peacefully among his fords, lying dormant like a hibernating animal until it suits his pleasure to come forth, appropriate as his own the culture of the most advanced and therein excel.

While the women of all nations are fighting for their coveted rights—suffragettes in England, France and America—no word was heard from Norway.

Then, behold, we are told that the Norwegian Parliament has a woman representative.

The women of Scandinavia have gained all in a single step that the combined forces of the feminine world will wrangle over for a century, probably. Once more the genial Viking has played his coup d'état, and may now smile with Norse placidity upon the feverish mass of humanity.



SINCE the recent elections for the renewing of the Norwegian Parliament the whole world, now in a contemplative mood on the question of woman's rights, equal suffrage and the like, has been considerably stirred by the discovery that a woman has

bigger, while her father's becomes correspondingly smaller.

And since so many places of dignity and importance in British political, military and naval life, under favor of the king, can be filled on the strength of an appointee's grandfathers, there is every reason to hope that Miss Drexel, shortly after she has become Viscountess Maidstone, will have the happiness of finding herself the wife of a good-looking young nobleman whose merits her newly acquired king will endeavor to have recognized.

START IN SPLENDID STYLE

That will be helped along, it is understood, by Mr. Drexel's design of giving the beautiful young bride a splendidly furnished residence in Mayfair, probably in Grosvenor Square, where he himself is located.

A splendid "town house" is pretty nearly essential to the advancement of any aspiring nobleman in England, whose merit is acquired in the lovely form of a rich American bride. If she can't fight for her new country, she can at least spend for it, and so get in line with the first duty of the aristocracy—lavish patronage of the all-important British tradesman. That tradesman, so avid for profits, maintaining so many dependents in his employ, has for many years been willing to endorse the aristocracy if the aristocracy will only spend generously for his support.

The very administration of Great Britain's affairs, so far as the House of Commons refrains from interfering with it, is largely influenced by the social prestige, which, however haughtily it may ignore every other class of mortals beyond its own narrow pale, always harks back to the all-powerful British tradesman as its most faithful ally.

So the social campaign which American brides are only too eager to embark on, as soon as an aristocratic marriage has given them the social footing guaranteeing permanence to their position, is even more cor-

daily welcomed by the nation at large, and by King Edward in particular.

Thus the countess of Granard, with the great Mills fortune at her disposal, has already boosted her earl to where he has a fighting chance for the vice royalty of Ireland—a feature of the climb upward for both groom and bride which, some years ago, landed Viscount Curzon in the vice royalty of India, with beautiful Mary Leiter and her willingly spent inheritance of millions as his cherished, even revered, companions.

BREAKS INTO PARLIAMENT

Thus, too, the charming Jean Reid, daughter of Whitelaw Reid, married the Hon. John Hubert Ward while her father was in the height of his glory as American ambassador to Great Britain and as a personage peculiarly in favor with King Edward. The bridegroom's ambitions, and his opportunities, immediately expanded, and he has gone into politics with a liberal enterprise that promptly made him a member of Parliament, quite as has Spender Clay on the sinews of war that came to him with his highly fortunate marriage to Pauline Astor.

The same political career, but with higher honors for its climax, held out inviting hands to Randolph Churchill a generation ago. By marriage he secured not only the wealth but the exceptional brains of Jennie Jerome, who has so ably transmitted the brain advantages that now her son, Winston Churchill, who assuredly can't blame his foolish father for his share of them, is one of the leading factors in British politics.

Mrs. Almeric Paget, before her marriage Miss Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney, one time secretary of the American navy, is now domiciled, very elegantly, at 29 Berkeley Square, where she has been providing for herself and her husband in London a notable measure of the splendor of living that characterized her father's mode of life at his famous

Fifth avenue mansion, in New York. And, behold, handily on the heels of Mrs. Paget's gliding of her husband's fortune has come his election to Parliament. England has not finished wondering over the amazing rise in the royal navy of the very good-looking and equally worthy young David Beatty, who had the brilliant luck to woo and win Mrs. Tree, a daughter and heiress of the late Marshall Field. Her father, detecting in the handsome young naval officer no warning signals of nobility or European extravagance, acceded to the match with the benignity of the American father who wants only to see his daughter happy, whether she happens to fall in love with a man or is being hypnotized by a manikin.

Ashore, the enormous wealth which his American wife was able to lavish on entertainments, together with the exceptional tact with which she clinched the favorable impression her beautiful face made on King Edward, metamorphosed him, all at once, into a very prominent British personage.

Well, England will assimilate, with far better grace than the United States, the kissing that goes by favor, and Captain Beatty's unprecedented promotions have stirred somewhat less excitement over there than did those here which marked the rapid rise of General Leonard Wood. But nobody hesitated to say last December, when the latest boost sent brave young David rocketing upward, that only King Edward's insistent influence, cajoled and propitiated by David's wife's wealth and lavishness, was responsible for his promotion to the lofty rank of rear admiral at the age of 43, thus fairly beating the promotion record of the immortal Nelson and almost backing the demigod of the British navy off the map.

POWER OF BEAUTY AND TACT

So, too, in smaller measure and without the wealth, has fortune favored Sir Gerald Lowther in his chosen path, diplomacy, ever since he crowned with marriage his years of siege to the heart, hand and head of handsome Miss Alice Atherton Elght. A famous Newport beauty, with plain and undistinguished Gerald Lowther always dangling after her, she was endowed with a real talent for society and affairs. Her altogether charming personality, her tact and her judgment have counted for much in her husband's advancement.

Now, as Sir Gerald Lowther, husband of the brilliant and clever Lady Gerald Lowther, who wrote such a fetching book about Morocco after he was minister there, he has the ball of diplomacy at his feet.

The recuperation of the fortunes of the dukes of Manchester and Marlborough, by the blessed help of the fortunes of Eugene Zimmermann for Manchester and of Consuelo Vanderbilt for Marlborough, are too familiarly known to need more than reference. But the paternal anxiety of King Edward when the Marlboroughs had reached the limit of mutual toleration—with the pretty little American duchess at the extreme edge of her own self-respect in supporting her husband's quarrel to a reconciliation as desirable for both as it was profitable to British society

rebuffed, in France they cajole the executives and are filled with promises; in Norway a woman enters the lists as a candidate for public office, and Norway, in no wise taken aback, elects her. The Viking smiles down upon the emotional little Frenchman and the stubborn Johnny Bull and says, "Why shouldn't it be?"

The suffragettes of the world must indeed be puzzled. Do they take it as a victory for their cause? Surely they have not devoted much attention to far-away Scandinavia. Or do they see in it a rebuke to their tactics in other lands?

It is just possible that it may set the English riot artists to thinking a bit, and certainly all the more world will watch the experiment with intense interest.

France is dubious. The journals of Paris do not express displeasure, but they make discouraging prophecies and revert to old fables to prove that women in the past have not demonstrated their fitness for office or responsibility.

On a Parisian paper leaves over the fables in Hans Christian Andersen for evidence and finds the story of the woman who went away to run things and left her husband as domestic chief. She reveled in her period of liberty, but when she returned she found the household in a dreadful state. From which the Frenchman deduces the moral that a woman cannot do a man's work, and a man cannot do a woman's; that each is indispensable in his or her sphere; that the world would be like the disordered house of the fable when the duties of the citizen, including the privileges, would rest upon the housewife.

They tell us that Deputy Anna Rogstad did splendid work in the management of her campaign. She represented the Liberal Conservative party and hustled her own interests to the front like a born politician.

Now, we have no inside information as to the condition of her household. If a committee of anti-suffragists should get a chance to pry into her cupboards and peep under her furniture for dust, their findings might be a deathblow to the suffragist cause. The advancement of woman's rights is in indirect ratio to the depth of the dust on her piano and in direct ratio to her parliamentary ability and the quality of her pumpkin pie.

The Viking's daughter sits with his sturdy sons and talks of the making and unmaking of kings. But we baffle her if she looks in her culinary attainments, for France is alertly on the watch, and the woman who goes to vote leaving her household in disorder will be heralded to all the nations as a shocking example of the untidiness of that which "happened in Nordland."

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The Former Miss Reid, who brought good fortune to John Hubert Ward.

The Former Miss Aston whose husband has just become an M.P.

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Mrs. David Beatty and her son, the youngest British Admiral.

Curious Facts

THE House of Commons was originated by Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, in 1258, to strengthen his own power in opposition to Henry III.

On an average sixty reputed centenarians die each year in England and Wales.

Old age is given as the cause of over 32,000 deaths annually in England and Wales.

In the English "Black Country" there are 20,000 waste acres, of which 14,000 might be profitably afforested.

At the Agricultural Hall an attempt to establish bull-fighting in London was made by a party of Spaniards about forty years ago.

In most of the civilized countries of the world, except Ireland, Italy and Bulgaria, the death rate is lower among females than among males.

Disputes between British masters and men in 1900 meant a loss of 10,834,183 working days, which, at an average of only 75 cents a day, would represent \$8,000,000.

Nearly three and a quarter million tons of potatoes were raised in Ireland last year.

Germany's foreign trade in the first nine months of 1909 showed an increase of nearly \$130,000,000.

The annual postage of British India totals over 720,000,000 letters and over 21,000,000 newspapers.

Ostrich feathers to the value of \$3,600,000 have been exported from the Cape of Good Hope in one year.

Over a thousand of the cleverest engineers in the world are at present making a profound study of the problem of flight.

Over 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco was produced in the Transvaal in 1905.

There are nearly 2,000,000 horses in the Australian commonwealth.

About twenty-four out of every hundred tons of coal raised in the United Kingdom is exported.