

How to Deal with Them.

It is easier to prescribe for the evils of modern life than to administer the prescription. Years ago, when Boston was in the midst of a heated controversy as to means of transit, and the merits of elevated railways, subways and surface tracks were vigorously argued, good old Dr. Bartol—whom Phillips Brooks wittily characterized as "a moth-eaten old angel"—proposed a remedy for the municipal disease of congested traffic. It was wonderfully simple, if only the citizens would take it. "Let us hear no more," said the confident doctor, "of the impossible and dangerous crowds, the discomfort of slow, overloaded cars, the impeding of one vehicle by another. There is too much gadding and going. Let people bide at home." But the people heeded not the admonition, and subway and elevated railway and electric traction became accomplished facts. So with a thousand other complications of modern life. Our problem, declares the Youths' Companion, is not to prevent them, for they are already upon us, but to alleviate them. The crowded tenement must be offset by the free, open playground; the dirt and noise of railway trains must be reduced to the minimum; the evil of the slum must be held in check by sanitary regulations and inspection. To the development of these works of alleviation women are especially called. It matters less for the next half-century what new fields they enter than what old fields they make safer and pleasanter, says the Youths' Companion. It is of no use for them to raise the cry of the past. "Let people bide at home." The world will not heed that command. But when women workers for social betterment contrive to lessen noise and dirt and crowds and unproductive toil by methods suited to conditions as they are, the world will accept their service gladly, and will crown it with deserved praise.

Nothing has ever come of the talk of taxing bachelors in America. In Strassburg, Germany, the town council has adopted a system of paying municipal employes, which puts in effect a tax not only on bachelors, but on married men with small families. A standard schedule of salaries has been arranged, adapted to the needs of married men with three children. Single men between the ages of 20 and 25 years receive ten per cent. less than the schedule salary. When a man has more than three children he receives five per cent. more than the standard schedule, ten per cent. more for five children, and 15 per cent. more if he has seven children. A similar system has been in operation in Halberstadt for some time, with this difference, that the extra allowances for children are paid directly to the mothers.

I see that a society paper replies to the London Graphic's suggestion that the wedding present custom should be reversed and that bride and bridegroom should celebrate the joyous occasion by giving presents to their friends, by this novel proposition. One great trouble associated with wedding presents lies in their duplication. Now this difficulty might be met by the establishment of a wedding present bureau, where what you do not want can be exchanged for what you do. Here is an excellent opening for an enterprising business genius. For, says the Boston Herald, while American jewelers and art dealers often do exchange wedding presents, it would simplify the difficulty for them if such an exchange bureau was set up independently of their own establishments.

Prof. Roy, the French Esperantist, is urging the establishment of an independent Esperanto state in Europe. The site he has selected for his experiments is on a neutral strip of territory which lies on the frontier between Germany, Belgium and Holland, five miles from Aix-la-Chapelle. This territory is known as Moresnet, is situated in a pleasant valley, and has a population of 3,000 inhabitants. Esperanto is to be the official language of the place. The expenses of the state are to be borne by the subscriptions of Esperantists all the world over. The scheme includes an Esperanto theater, a daily official Esperanto gazette, and a sort of Esperanto parliament, which will meet periodically to discuss the affairs of the little state.

That Indiana court which has ruled that a nightgown is a luxury needs to have a few ounces of common sense poked into it. How does the court know when a fire is to call for an instantaneous rescue, or a burglar to call for what valuables there may be in the upper left-hand bureau drawer?

A Boston paper contains an article informing us that there are no longer any pirates. Of course not! It is safer and more profitable to run a trust or water up a franchise.

Few sea serpents have been seen this year. This may be due to the prohibition movement which has been spreading across the land.

An enthusiastic scientist has just got a hundred phonograph records of Indian songs in Canada. We hope he chokes.

Count Zeppelin is unable to obtain life insurance. That puts him in the same class with certain European royalities.

Who Will Be the Fairy Prince



to Capture Rich, Beautiful and Very Particular Margaretta Drexel?

NEW YORK.—Who is to be the lucky man? London matrons with eligible sons, earls, barons and plain sirs, are asking each other this important question every day. Who is to be the fairy prince who is going to carry off the prize of the 1908 season, beautiful Miss Margaretta Drexel, only daughter of Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of New York, Philadelphia and London.

To-day Miss Drexel, clever, vivacious, rich, is regarded as the star "catch" of London society. She is called the best-looking girl in London and since the marriage of Miss Jean Reid, her chum, daughter of the American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, she takes precedence among all the American girls now in the British capital.

It may be added right here that her grandfather, the late Anthony J. Drexel, Sr., the Philadelphia banker, left an estate of \$30,000,000. Fifteen years after his death it has much enhanced. Miss Drexel stands to divide it with her two brothers. Her father, Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., inherited the bulk of the great fortune. Since then he has made his permanent residence abroad. He and Mrs. Drexel, together with their daughter, Miss Margaretta, occasionally run over to this country. They were here last winter, coming over in the Mauretania.

But to Miss Drexel—the envy of every other London girl to-day. Her's is the beauty of the exquisite patrician type. She has great, limpid eyes of gray-blue, with long curling lashes and a complexion of ivory white, just touched with the roses of youth. Two little dimples make their homes in her cheeks and there is a tiny red mouth like Cupid's bow. She has the broad, low brow that artists delight in, all crowned with a mass of wavy chestnut hair. She is tall and slender; her perfect figure makes her the admiration of everybody wherever she goes.

Miss Drexel is not of the butterfly type. She is devoted to music; she plays the cello with distinct feeling. She sings with admirable technique and poise—she shows a voice that has been wondrously trained, though it has only the strength for the drawing room. Perhaps she is at her best in her own home accompanying herself on her guitar, which she plays with all the fervor and grace of the Spaniard. More than this—the Drexels have always been devoted to the church. It was whispered when Miss Drexel was getting ready to leave the convent where she spent so many years that she would eventually take the veil. However, her parents prevailed upon her to leave this for later years—they insisted upon her seeing something of life before leaving it forever. And now—so it is said—Miss Drexel has decided that she will not forsake the world forever, but devote herself to doing her charities where she is better fitted to bestow them.

Mrs. Drexel, who was Miss Margaretta Armstrong of Philadelphia, herself a beautiful matron, appreciates clothes and spends a fortune annually upon her wardrobe and as much more upon her daughter's. "She would look lovely in anything," she laughs London, "but when she comes out in something from Worth or Donnet or Paquin, it is little wonder that she creates a sensation." During the London season which has now ended Miss Drexel has been the admiration of all London society. Few girls in the smartest set have



Mrs. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR.

ever enjoyed the buzz of admiration that has greeted her entrance into a drawing room. Few have met his majesty, the king, on such cordial terms.

Of course, Miss Drexel has had more than one eligible suitor, most of them with titles, but she remains fancy free and heart whole. She is enjoying the delights of life close to the throne with all the ardor of a young girl just out of her teens. She knows perfectly well that she mustn't be carried off with it—she has the discriminating eye of a woman much older than she is herself.

A few nights ago her mother gave a grand ball at their home in Carlton House Terrace, closing the London season there. Miss Drexel set a new fashion—she wore no jewels of any kind, though possessed of enough to ransom a king.

She was in palest blue shimmering silk. Her hair was simply parted and she looked the beautiful young girl that she was. More than one who has been in London society for years remarked that her entire costume was most befitting and appropriate to her delicate, refined beauty. Some hinted that it would be a good thing if other young girls out for their first season or so would take their hint from the American girl who had everything, and drop their tendency to vie with their mothers in their display of marvelous jewels.

At another dance given by Mrs. Drexel at which royalty was present, Miss Drexel was equally simple in her attire. She wore soft pink tulle. Scattered over it were tiny pink rosebuds, in the petals of each lay a tiny diamond dewdrop. A wreath of the same rosebuds nestled in her fair hair and in her hand she carried a bunch of little pink rosebuds. Prince Francis of Teck was her devoted admirer and Miss Drexel accepted his attentions with easy aplomb, as she did those of a full dozen of other titled eligibles.

Miss Drexel has two devoted attendants in the persons of her brothers. They have taught her to sail a boat, to golf and tennis, to bowl and keep a wicket at cricket, and to swim. Were it not for her mother's wise interference, she would have taken an aerial expedition with them. They made a balloon ascension some months ago and Miss Drexel wanted to go along, but Mrs. Drexel put her foot down and that ended the matter. The Drexels entertain lavishly on their great yacht. It is really an ocean steamer—the Margarita—and the king and queen have visited them there at Cowes and at other yachting centers. Miss Drexel has the prettiest cabin on the yacht, and its chief decoration is a signed photograph of Queen Alexandra which she gave Miss Drexel herself.

But the yacht is nothing to the great town house they has just taken for the next season in London, No. 22 Grosvenor square, in Mayfair. The Drexels have secured a seven years' lease at a rental of \$20,000 a year, and move in within three months. The lease of the house of Lord Caledon, which they have occupied for sev-

eral years in London, has now expired.

It is here that the Drexels, with illimitable wealth at their command, will do their most notable entertaining—chiefly for Miss Drexel. King Edward and Queen Alexandra will be there next season, and some of the affairs there will rival anything in Europe—paid for out of the great fortune made by the grandfather of Miss Drexel in the banking business. No. 22 Grosvenor square is taken unfurnished and it is estimated that the new tenants will require to spend \$500,000 to furnish it. Mr. Drexel's ten Empire wardrobes are the pride of his home at the present time. He has one apartment filled with sixteenth century Italian chests, and one of these has eched panels attributed to Leonardo Da Vinci. The new house is to be a marvel of taste. The 22 bedrooms are to be furnished.



ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR.

and looks like a tree that had been blasted by some poisonous exhalation. The branches are very long and reach upward and upward, then droop until they touch the coral base, reminding one of the mythical spirit tree of the Polynesians, which, according to tradition, grows somewhere in the interior of the larger islands. This tree has a series of branches, covered with flowers which invite the travelers' admiration, and as the unwary victim approaches they are discovered to be tentacles which reach downward and draw him into their horrible grasp. Once thus caught, no man has ever escaped the crushing power of these alleged horrible freaks of nature, say the natives.

The onlooker familiar with the tale of this mythical tree cannot help wondering if the plant which once grew on a coral reef at the bottom of the gulf and now ornaments the desk of the mayor of Tampa is some miniature of a marine monstrosity with habits like those of the spirit tree.—Tampa Times.

All this is to provide a temporary home for Miss Drexel, his only daughter. He proposes to give some great entertainments for her next year, as his Carlton House Terrace home could only permit parties of limited size.

Across the square, at No. 41, Mrs. Drexel will have her sister, Mrs. James H. Smith, widow of "Silent" Smith, which house she took from Lord Winburnholme some time ago. No. 22, however, stands alone at the junction of North Audley and Upper Brook streets. The Italian embassy is opposite, on the other corner.

It is the largest available mansion in Mayfair. It has more sleeping accommodations than Dorchester House, the home of the Reids. Thirty servants are needed for it. The mansion was in such request for great entertainments this year that the owners were obliged to refuse it to anyone until after Reginald McKenna's wedding, which was held here.

At the wedding Lady Jekyll was able to entertain 800 guests with ease in its spacious rooms. The wide marble staircase and minstrel's gallery on the mezzanine floor are special features.

SALUTING A CAT.

Unusual Custom Observed by Indian Government.

In Poona, at the government house, for more than a quarter of a century, every cat which passed out of the main entrance after dark should be saluted as the avatar of his excellency. Thus for over a quarter of a century every cat that passed out after sunset had military honors paid to it not by Hindu sentinels only, but—such is the infection of a superstition—and even Jewish soldiers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Temperature Causes Trouble. The electric locomotives used in the Simplon tunnel are troubled with excessive condensation, affecting the insulation, due to the difference in temperature in the tunnel and outside.

Mud for His. Yeast—It is said if the real estate of Manhattan island were divided equally among its inhabitants, each individual would own \$220 worth, according to the assessed value.

Crimsonbeak—And I suppose it would just be my luck to get my share all in mud!

MINIATURE SPIRIT TREE.

Unique Curiosity from the Depths of Old Ocean. Visitors to Mayor Wing's office during the past few days have been interested in a curious marine growth which occupies a prominent position on the upper ledge of the mayor's desk. The thing is a curiosity in its way, having a base of fine coral, covering a space about equal to a square foot. On one side of this growth of coral are attached two specimens of sheep's wool sponge, which had grown to the rock. But the most curious thing about the object is a tree-like growth which shoots up from the center of the coral base to a height of about 18 inches. This object is a marine plant, with a trunk like a tree, symmetrical in its proportions and with numerous branches reaching in every direction. The plant is black

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