

MILLIONAIRES GO PACE THAT KILLS

Pittsburg Men of Wealth Unequaled in Furnishing Sensations for the Lovers of Scandal—Allurements of Painted Stage Beauties Fatal to Domestic Peace and Harmony.

New York.—Now that the crime of murder has been added to the eccentric doings of the dozen or more Pittsburg millionaires, it is probable that the limit of their capacity for sensationalism has been reached.

made affidavit that he cut off her personal allowance and household allowance and put at the head of the household a butler, who was objectionable and very insolent, and over whom she had no control. He was given the money to pay the servants, and was empowered to hire and discharge them. Mrs. McKee protested, but was told that she had no power to discharge him.

McKee became acquainted with Mrs. Genevieve Phipps, the wife of Lawrence Phipps, another Pittsburg millionaire, then living in Denver. McKee and Mrs. Phipps were frequently seen together, and an estrangement sprang up between Mr. Phipps and his wife. The breach gradually widened, and Mr. Phipps brought suit for divorce, naming Hart McKee as co-respondent. Pittsburg society was

Clarke wore as a corsage bouquet. That settled it. Mr. Clarke waxed wroth and left his bride. Mrs. Clarke afterward sued for and obtained a divorce, after which she became the wife of L. T. Whitehead, of Erie, Pa. Mr. Clark then married a Miss Katherine Willoughby, of St. Augustine, Fla., thus closing another chapter of Pittsburg noisome sensationalism.

Career of A. R. Peacock.
Mr. Alexander Rowland Peacock is another Smoky City candidate for fame. Mr. Peacock is worth many millions of dollars. When he came to New York he evidently made up his mind to live up to the traditions and habits of the lively Pittsburgers who had preceded him. To perpetuate his name he had a \$17,000 peacock made of genuine diamonds, sapphires and emeralds and gave it to his wife. He also had a peacock put on the liver of his servants.

They tell how when Mrs. Carnegie was buying her wedding trousseau in this city years ago she was waited upon by a handsome young saleswoman to whom she told her secret.

"I'm to be married, too," confessed the young woman. "That is my intention over there—Mr. Peacock."

"That's a Scotch name," said the future Mrs. Carnegie. "Where does he come from?"

"From Dunfermline, ma'am," replied the salesgirl. Andrew Carnegie learned about the incident, and in due time the ironmaster brought Peacock to Pittsburg and made the floorwalker a millionaire.

At the Waldorf one morning Mr. Peacock was discovered scribbling on a sheet of paper in the writing-room. A friend asked him what he was doing.

"Oh, my wife at breakfast just now insisted that I was worth \$10,000,000. I think it is only \$7,000,000. She is usually right, but I can't find the other \$3,000,000 this morning."

Married Mother's Maid.
John Alston Moorhead is one of the latest. He was a heavy man on the Yale football team and also pulled in the crew. He never did anything else to deserve particular distinction. Only a few weeks ago he eloped with his mother's French maid. They have not been entirely forgiven yet, but it is understood that John Alston is being treated in a New York sanitarium, his father paying the bills, and it is said the little French maid is crying her way back to sunny France, well paid, if cash can make it good, but with her foolish little heart broken.

More recently the limelight of notoriety has been turned upon W. E. Corey, one of the best known of the Carnegie group of Pittsburg millionaires.

Harry K. Thaw the Only One of Gay Crowd That Has Essayed the Novel Sensation of Murder, But All Have Sought in Startling Manner to Dissipate Their Easily Earned Millions.

Corey's Lurid Exploits.

Some time afterward Mr. Corey gave Mr. Schwab a Lucullan feast. The costliest wines, the daintiest hot-house fruits and the rarest flowers were liberally provided. The waiters wore colonial costumes with powdered wigs, and the souvenirs were silver card-cases. Previous to this, however, Mr. Corey had emulated other Pittsburg rich men by figuring in a swimming party of which Miss Maybelle Gilman, an actress, was a member. The party took place at the Pittsburg natatorium. There were hot birds and cold bottles and some very pretty exhibitions of plain and fancy swimming.

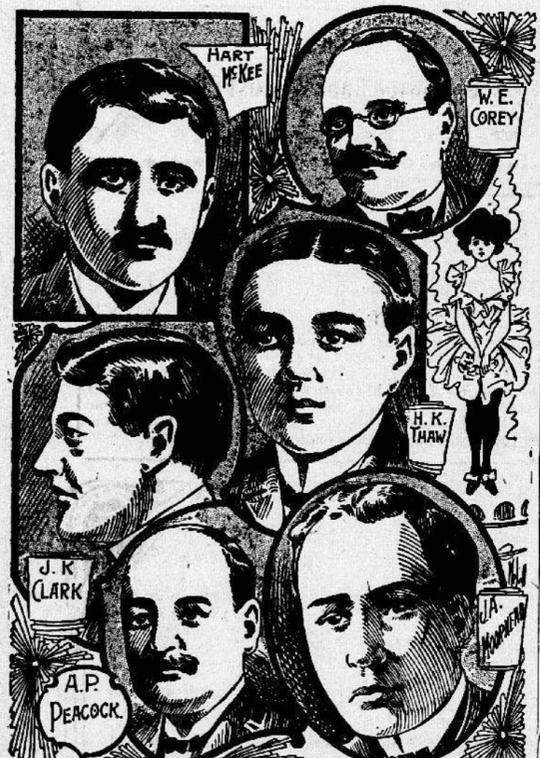
At this party an infatuation for Miss Gilman is said to have sprung up on the part of the millionaire. An estrangement took place between Mr. and Mrs. Corey supposedly on account of Miss Gilman, and at present Mrs. Corey is in the west, where she is residing with a view to securing a divorce.

During the course of business in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie transformed Gibson D. Packer from a poor man into a millionaire. Mr. Packer did not miss his chance to get before the public. Mrs. Mary I. Vetter, armed, it is said, with 140 love letters, prepared to sue Mr. Packer for \$100,000 in breach of promise. There were many pledges of affection in the shape of jewelry.

Contemporaneously with the Thaw murder Mrs. Scott Hartje, the wife of Augustus Hartje, Pittsburg millionaire paper manufacturer, has begun suit against her husband for divorce. Mrs. Hartje says that her husband wore paper collars for years; that he would buy a \$1,500 horse over the telephone and the next minute refuse Mrs. Hartje's request for three dollars for a pair of shoes. Some of the charges of both Mr. and Mrs. Hartje cannot be printed here.

Frank Galey, nephew of John H. Galey, partner of Col. James McGuffey, the millionaire oil producer, of Pittsburg, distinguished himself by committing a burglary.

The suicide of young T. O. Jones, the only son of the millionaire steel



Remarkable divorces, remarriages, breaches of promise, alimony and chorus girls have hitherto been ordinary features of their lives. They seem to have become rich so suddenly that they have lost their heads. Never before, however, has any one of them been accused of murder.

Years before Harry Thaw ever heard of Evelyn Nesbit or Stanford White he was eccentric to the verge of craziness. He was known as a cigarette fiend, a heavy abstinence drinker, an admirer of chorus girls and a reckless spendthrift. He gave dinners costing tens of thousands of dollars, and like the general run of Pittsburg millionaires he always had one or more "affairs" on hand with women of the footlights.

It is a strange fact that chorus girls and actresses seem to appeal to the Pittsburg millionaire past all power of resistance. Four of them who have made New York their home during the past few years, and whose wealth amounts to \$50,000,000 in the aggregate, have become infatuated with stage beauties more or less widely known throughout the country, according to the World of that city.

Three of them have married actresses, and the infatuation of the fourth for a beauty of the footlights is being used against him in divorce proceedings. Although Harry Thaw was probably the wildest among the Pittsburg high rollers who have sowed in the wild winds of the Tenderloin, young Hart McKee was almost as well known, but in a different way.

Forgot Marital Obligations.
His father, E. Sellers McKee, a multi-millionaire glass manufacturer of Pittsburg, supplied him with practically limitless funds, with which the young man proceeded to cut a wide swath. He was handsome, dapper and fastidious, with the red and white complexion of a healthy girl. Soon after leaving college he married a Miss Sutton, from whom he separated a year or two afterward, giving her \$300,000 outright in lieu of alimony.

In Mrs. McKee's allegations against her husband she testified that he was not with her much during the two years of their married life, and that he became more neglectful as time proceeded. Finally Mrs. McKee left him, "owing to his entire neglect." She

disrupted by the news, and the McKee and Phipps factions waxed bitter in their denunciations.

Kidnaped His Children.
Following the return of Mrs. Phipps to this country, her two little children were forcibly taken from the Waldorf-Astoria by Mr. Phipps and hurried away to Denver, where he had resided for some time. It was openly stated that when the divorce proceedings were over Mrs. Phipps would marry Hart McKee, but in the meantime that eccentric young man had become enthralled with Mrs. Hugh Tevis, who a few years previous had been wed and widowed within six weeks.

Mrs. Tevis and Mr. McKee sailed away to Europe on the same steamer, and shortly afterward were married. Things were rather dull in the Pittsburg colony for awhile until Mrs. Phipps went out to Denver, where the divorce case was being heard. Mrs. Tevis began a contest for the possession of the children, but eventually terms were reached under which a divorce was granted on the ground of desertion. Then almost before their friends had ceased talking about their case Mr. and Mrs. Phipps made up, and it is said that they will be remarried. This seems to have finished the calendar of sensations as far as the Phipps and McKee millionaires are concerned.

Another Pittsburg millionaire who had a varied and noteworthy career was James King Clarke, known to his friends as "Jamie". Young Clarke inherited a part of the millions of his father, Charles J. Clarke, of Pittsburg. He was in the habit of spending a part of his time in Washington, and it was there that he met Miss Esther Bartlett. They were married on April 26, 1899, in Washington, and with the best man, Mackintosh Kellogg, journeyed to New York, where they took rooms at one of the big hotels.

As related by Clarke in the suit for divorce, which began a month later, upon their arrival in this city he left his bride in his rooms with Mr. Kellogg while he went downstairs to look after some baggage. He was detained for some time. On his return he found the door locked, and when it was finally opened Mr. Kellogg's shirt front was stained with the violet which Mrs.



alms. He dunned upon New York several years ago on a special train consisting of one dining car, four sleeping cars and two baggage cars, which carried the entire office forces of the National Steel company and the National Flood company. In the baggage cars were 50 trunks filled with ledgers and account books and 12 typewriter girls who took down dictation as the train rolled along.

man of Pittsburg, a few weeks ago, fittingly rounds out the record of the young Smoky City high rollers. He had lost his mind because of his love for his first cousin, a charming Pittsburg girl. He killed himself when she married another.

FARMER AND PLANTER A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH.

Some of the Things Seen by the Wayside—Thoughts Suggested Thereby.

Mrs. Farmer, some weeks ago this old hayseed took a ride over the cotton states east of the Mississippi river. Went to see about cotton and other crops so that I could tell you just how things are.

I saw the mother and little children in the field at work, just as we see it in our state. I saw the unpeeled house with the window glass out and the dilapidated barn or pole stable and fence down. I saw the farmer in town or on the cars dressed in his cheap suit of clothes.

Oh, yes, I saw some fine places, and when possible, made inquiry about them. Usually I learned that the finest farms with good buildings belong to farmers who believe in mixed farming—grains, grass, corn, cotton, hogs, cattle, etc. Such places had a home-like "heartsome" look. (Your home will look that way, too, when you shake old hayseed away from all cotton.)

I saw very few strong negro men at work in fields. The blacks that I saw at field work were old Uncle Joe, the women and children.

I saw great crowds of strong negro men at railroad building, saw-mill plants, at sewer jobs, or other city work. They are paid \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.

To induce that labor back to cotton farms will require cotton to sell at 25 cents per pound.

Railroad building, cutting down grades, straightening crooks in roads, and double tracking can be seen everywhere. And the town and city building is something big. Every village town or city has a bustling appearance.

Saw-mills, one after another, with great stacks of lumber, are found wherever there is timber.

And cotton pays for all these industries. Does Old Hayseed get his share of profits?

I am one of those inquisitive kind of fellows. I ask questions of rich and poor, farmers or bankers, men, women and children. By so doing I learned that more oats had been sown and more corn planted than in any year since the war. These crops what pleased me was to see so much of the crops being cut in the "dough" to make hay.

Invariably, every town or city man who talked to me about cotton said there was an increase in acreage over 1905—some putting it as much as 12 per cent. Every farmer or farmer's wife, said there was scarcely any increase, or said there was a decrease. Who should know about this, the town people or the country people?

The prettiest sight I saw (except the pretty women) was on Mr. Walter Clark's farm in Cochran county, Miss.—fifty acres of red clover, twenty inches or more high and thick as it could stand. Just across the road from the clover was a field of 130 acres in alfalfa—one crop cut and gone to market and another growth of fifteen inches ready to cut. Mr. Clark told me he made a great deal more clear money from his alfalfa acres than he did from cotton acres, even at eleven cents per pound for cotton.

When one farmer begins to sow grain, grass and grow pigs and calves, it is catching. Neighbors see the advantage of the mixed farming and they take the disease. I found this to be the case about in spots in every state.—Charles Cotton Moore, in Progressive Farmer.

A NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH.
A New Line of Work for the Southern Cottonseed Oil Mills in the Idle Season.

It has been known all along that the removal of the tax on denatured alcohol would lead to the use of enormous quantities of potatoes for the manufacture of this product; now it develops that the cotton oil mills of the south may put all other enterprises at a disadvantage in this work. A practical test was made recently by Mr. J. C. Spurlin, of Arkansas, showing that the oil machinery is especially adapted to the work, and at the meeting of the South Carolina Cotton Seed Crushers' association the matter was extensively discussed, the possibility of using sweet as well as Irish potatoes being considered. The Charleston News and Courier, writing of the matter says:

"The suggestion of Mr. Christopher Fitzsimmons to the Cotton Seed Crushers' association that cottonseed oil mill machinery might perhaps be utilized for the manufacture of denatured alcohol from sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, deserves careful investigation. The removal by Congress of the tax on denatured alcohol is expected to cause a revolution in many of the arts, and it is promised that the demand for the liquid will be enormous. We have already pointed out that if potatoes may be profitably employed in the manufacture, the conditions are present in South Carolina for the development of a new and important industry."

"The one drawback to the cottonseed crushing business is that its season is short. The mills are at work from the beginning of the cotton harvest in September until February or March, and for the remaining months of the year the plants are 'dead.' To find even partial employment for the mills in the summer, ice-making machines have been built in connection with them and various other schemes have been tried. Generally these have not proved successful, and in most of the oil mills in the South the engines are idle while fixed charges continue and lessen the profits to the owners."

"Potatoes begin to come in very soon after the supply of cotton is exhausted. If they can be converted into alcohol at a cost which will permit

the product to be sold in competition with producers elsewhere, a great field for profit-making will be opened in the south. It will hardly be disputed that potato crops, of both kinds, can be raised as cheaply in South Carolina as they can be raised anywhere in the United States."—Progressive Farmer.

Have No Right to Complain.
It seems in order to say (in relation to the meat scandals) that at least southern towns, cities, and communities have no right to complain. If at any time they have suffered, either in their stomachs or their pockets, because of the high price of the unwholesome character of Chicago meat products, they have only themselves to blame. There has never been the smallest reason why they should not feed themselves from their own herds, flocks, fields, daries and barnyards. The south is rich in farming and grazing lands, and the inhabitants thereof can raise beef cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, and vegetables of the very finest quality and in unlimited quantity if they choose. Why send them to Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, or any other distant market for food which they can produce themselves? And if they persist in a policy so unnecessary and so imprudent, they might have the grace to realize that it is their fault and refrain from condemnation of others.

The pastures of the south can turn out as good beef and mutton as the stockyards of Chicago. Southern farmers are capable of furnishing as high-class butter, milk, eggs, etc., as any farms in Iowa or Kansas. Why then, do not the southern people help themselves instead of calling upon Hercules to help them and filling the air with complaint and imprecation when he fails to answer to their satisfaction.—Washington Post.

Should Be a Busy Time.
Now is the season when every house-wife in the south should be busy canning fruit and vegetables for winter use. Many do their duty in this line, but the majority put it off until too late, and then during the bleak winter days and rainy early spring days, they can not give their tables that variety it will so much need and which the family will so much appreciate, and which will add very materially to their health. You can put up these goods cheapest in tin cans, of two pounds capacity; but you can put them up much more readily in pint, quart and half-gallon jars. This saves all trouble of soldering, and if we would take good care of the jars, adding to the stock each year, it would be just as cheap as the tin cans in the long run. Ask everything you can, corn, beans, okras, tomatoes, peaches, apples, grapes, etc. Put up some this week and some next, until you have a plenty to carry your family through the winter. The frying-pan is injuring the health of many families among our rural population. We do not want so much fried food. Give your family a variety and nothing is so helpful towards this end as your canned goods. Our farmers are going to have money this fall, getting such good prices for their cotton, so housewives, you will do well to discount enough of it to get a full supply of cans or jars as you may desire and fill them for your winter's use.—Southern Cultivator.

For Fall Forage.
Dwarf Essex rape should be sown at once as a fall feed. Rape looks very much like the turnip. It is widely cultivated in Europe and will be in United States when the farmers learn its value. In the south it can be sown for fall and winter forage. It does for a rich soil, but will do well where an average yield of corn can be produced. It takes from the soil almost a similar quantity of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid that corn does, but if hogs be kept upon it, the condition of the land will be in much better condition than if a corn crop had been grown upon it. Where a plot of land has been in rape and the crop has been eaten by hogs or sheep a wheat crop following on that same land will produce an increased yield. This is an important discovery to the farmers who are complaining about small wheat crops.—Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.
Weedy pastures are said to be appetizing for sheep; if true there are portions of the southwest that would be veritable sanitariums for sheep.
The vitality of the flock is often impaired by breeding immature ewes. Many excellent breeders say the ewe should be two years old when its first lamb is dropped.
Insects and worms are great enemies to all kinds of fruit trees and should be destroyed by man. No grass or weeds should ever be allowed to grow near newly-planted trees.
A profitable orchard is not a pomological museum. There must be a large quantity of uniform fruit to make any district commercially prominent.
There are many ways in which a southern farmer can achieve success; each individual should choose a system that according to his means, surroundings and ability or tastes offers him the greatest certainty of his succeeding, and then push it for all there is in it.
Good farming increases rather than diminishes soil-fertility. In almost every community there are farmers who are increasing and conserving the productivity of the soil, but it is an undisputed fact that where there is one such farmer there are ten whose carelessness suffers their land to run down and grow weaker under cultivation.
Among the summer crops that may be grown by seeding broadcast may be mentioned millet, Hungarian grass, rape and cow peas. Corn may also be grown profitably for fodder by broadcasting the seed, but the preferred mode is to drill the seed in rows and cultivate, which is also applicable to rape and cow peas.
Keep a clean dust bath within easy reach of the fowls, and they will rid themselves of the little red mites, if they refuse to use the dust bath in the poultry house during the summer, spade up a fresh clean spot in the yard, and see how freely they will wallow in it.

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Depressed Blood Causes Pimples and Boils—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood

Cure for Pimples.
"I abused my stomach, my blood got out of order and then my face broke out with pimples and boils," says T. E. Robertson, of 197 Addison street, Washington, Pa. "This was over two years ago. My stomach was in bad shape. After eating I would have to rest awhile or I would suffer the most severe pains in my stomach. On arising I would often be so dizzy that I could hardly stand up. The slightest exertion would start my back aching so that I often had to sit down and rest awhile. At times I experienced a pain around the heart which alarmed me, but which I suppose came from my stomach trouble."

"I began to break out on the face with pimples and later with boils which confined me to the house a week or more at a time. One day I saw in the paper a Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a pamphlet which was left at the door and I thought I would give them a trial. I took several boxes of the pills before all the pimples and boils left me, but I am now glad to say that my blood is good. I do not have any eruptions and I no longer have the head and stomach troubles I have described. I am very grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and I have recommended them to all my friends who are troubled with pimples or stomach trouble to try them."

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.
He who would gather honey must bear the sting of bees.—From the Dutch.
When you make de jail too nice you better streknin de hopeen.—American Negro.
A sensible housekeeper begins to sweep her stairs from the top.—From the German.
An honest man does not make himself a dog for the sake of a bone.—From the Danish.
It is good to be a priest at Easter, child in Lent, peasant at Christmas, and fool in harvest time.—From the Danish.
WANTED.—For U. S. Army, able-bodied, unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of the United States of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English; for information apply to recruiting officer, 126 N. Court, Memphis, Tenn.; or to Main, Jonesboro, Ark., or Tupelo, Miss.

The person was talking to little Elmer about his habits, and asked him what time he was usually called for breakfast. "They don't have to call me," answered Elmer. "I'm always Johnny-on-the-spot."

The Latest Styles for Women's Wear Are shown in the booklets issued by Lord & Taylor, New York City—one of the oldest and most reliable dry goods houses in America. The booklets will be sent free, but as the edition is limited, early application is desirable.

In Washington to Study Fish.
Dr. H. Fortensen, of the Zoological museum of Copenhagen, is in Washington to study the fish in the National museum.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 and 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As soon as the literary young woman has her first poem published, the laurel wreath begins to pinch.

You Don't Have to Wait.
Every dose makes you feel better. Lax-Fo keeps your whole inside right. Not one gripe in a full bottle. Sold on the money back plan everywhere. Price 50 cents.

Hottentot widows cut off a finger joint when they remarry.

What is a Backache?
IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Women's Organs Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Women suffer these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back; pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, nervousness and no ambition for any task.



Miss Maude Morris

They do not realize that the back is the mainspring of woman's organism, and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the female organs or kidneys, and that the aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been for many years the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily cures female and kidney disorders and restores the female organs to a healthy condition.

"I have suffered with female troubles for over two years, suffering intense pain each month, my back ached until it seemed as though it would break, and I felt weak all over that I did not find strength to attend to my work but to stay in bed a large part of the first, two or three days every month. I would have sleepless nights, bad dreams and severe headaches. All this condition of health."

"I consulted an old family physician, who advised that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it regularly and soon found that I could get out and do my work. I had done for months. Within two months I became strong and I no longer suffer from backache or pain, and I no longer have sleepless nights, bad dreams and severe headaches. All this condition of health."

Where Chorus Beauties Come From
By FRANK HENNESSY, Theatrical Manager and Student of Sociology.

City, Pa., Newcastle and Horseheads.

The expert in feminine beauty who has to do with the selection of the perfect forms and piquant faces that go to make up the dazzling mass of beauty in a Broadway production is forced to admit that the New York girl doesn't figure up in statistics as being prettier on the average than girls in any other locality. In fact, aside from a tendency to clearer skin there are a greater number of pretty girls come from the country than from the city seeking a place before the footlights and applause.

It may be that the New York girl is not so dazzled by the glare of the theater as the country girl, and that fewer of the real New York girls seek stage glory, but the fact remains that the river towns and

The beauty of the New York girl in such a mass as we see in the front rows of the matinee seats, and in the front rows of the chorus, is due entirely to the constant recruiting to the whole with pretty faces from Ohio

Pennsylvania produce the real stunning faces that freshen up the chorus ranks from time to time.

Indiana is another state that despite its malaria and swamps produces some remarkable beauties, and Ohio has almost as great a representation by its good looking girls on the stage as it has by its men in politics. Colorado has contributed some "peaches," as the term goes, and California seems to have a pretty-girl atmosphere when you come to count the amount of San Francisco girls who lead in beauty contests on the stage.

There is a distinct difference in the temperament of the girls who come from the interior states, so-called, and that of the girls of New York or California. There is something in the spirit of the girls from these latter places that seems to impel them to go on and up in the work they have chosen, and they are looking for a chance to improve and take advantage of their beauty to shine as "stars," while the girls from the interior states are always looking for a chance to get married.

The New York girl has a chicness and a spirit that none of the other types possess, but the reputation the New York girl has in the wider world for the beauty of her as an entirety is due to the constant migration of the pretty girls from the country who come to New York for fame, husbands or both.