# IF YOU WERE WORTH $300,000,000—?

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, who has long enjoyed the reputation of—or, perhaps, worried under the imputation of—being the richest man in the world, has given out the statement on his solemn word that he is not worth more than $300,000,000, and that his annual income does not exceed $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Riches, perhaps after all, exist only by comparison. At first blush $300,000,000 seems like a fabulous sum, but if each of the 84,000,000 people in the United States were worth $300,000,000 there would be no rich men in the country. The per capita wealth in the United States is $1,235.86. Compared with this sum, $300,000,000 is inconceivable. There are 125,000 persons in this country whose average wealth is $264,000, and whose aggregate wealth is $33,000,000,000. There are 1,375,000 persons whose average wealth is $16,000, and whose aggregate wealth is $23,000,000,000. There are 5,500,000 persons whose average wealth is $1,500, and whose aggregate wealth is $8,200,000,000, and there are 5,500,000 persons whose average wealth is $150, and whose aggregate wealth is $800,000,000. Here, then, are 12,500,000 persons in this country who are worth the classifying in the wealth columns of the nation's ledger.

**By Frederick Boyd Stevenson.**

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IF you were worth $300,000,000—what would you do with it?

If, for instance, you were endowed with a spirit of unthinking altruism, you might distribute it equally among the 84,000,000 people in the United States. Every man, woman and child would receive $3.57. If you had the collecting mania you could expend it in rare works of art—genuine or imitation, and if you did not know the difference it would not matter, or you could gather in all the outstanding ten-dollar bills in the United States and still have enough left to add to your collection all the twenties and fifties in the country. If your fancy ran to warships, you could maintain the navies of the United States and Russia for one year and still have enough money left to make the average person envy you. If your thoughts were running on financial endeavor you might own one-half the national banks in the country. You could pay, thrice over, all the liabilities accruing from the failures in the United States for one year; you could pay, twice over, all the pensions in the United States for one year.

Now, the average annual income of each family in this country is $883.39. With your income of $20,000,000 you could support 2,265 such families every year, and when one considers that there have been 2,000,000 workingmen unemployed in the United States from four to six months during the year you might congratulate yourself on having added a drop to the bucket of charity.

You could pay, if you wanted to, the national debts of Chile and Honduras. You could pay for the maintenance and operation of New York city for three years and own more than one-half of the personal property there. You could run Chicago or Philadelphia or Boston out of your annual income and from your principal you could pay off the total municipal indebtedness of the cities of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Detroit, Indianapolis, Rochester, Denver, Kansas City, Providence, Louisville, Jersey City, Washington, Milwaukee, Baltimore, Buffalo and New Orleans. Out of your income you could pay for a police force twice the size of that of New York. You could build two waterworks systems of the capacity now operated in New York and have ample means left to build another system as large as that operated in Philadelphia. Your income would be larger than the annual income of St. Louis and as large as the annual incomes of Baltimore and Washington combined. You could pay the wages of 560,000 workingmen engaged in all the hand trades of the United States for one year. Your income would pay the salaries of 400 Presidents of the United States. You could buy all the fish hatcheries in the country by saving your income for four years.

* * *

If you were inclined toward agricultural pursuits you could own all the farm lands, all the live stock and all the farm property in Vermont and West Virginia; or you could own it all in South Dakota; or you could own it all in Connecticut, Maine, Delaware and Arizona. The entire annual production of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc in the country would just about equal your wealth.

Providing your thoughts were philanthropically inclined, you could enter into missionary work on a wholesale scale. Not long ago the question was raised w. t it cost to save a soul. A preacher in Georgia made the bold assertion that souls could be saved in Atlanta for 25 cents apiece, but that it cost a dollar to save them in Chicago. Chicago indignantly responded that it cost on an average $200 to save a soul in that city. In New York it was estimated by the Salvation Army that it cost $7 to save a soul in Harlem, $10 in the "Tenderloin" and $21 on the Bowery. Basing the number of converts in Dr. Parkhurst's church on the amount expended in maintaining that institution, it costs $7,857 for each convert; but those figures can hardly be used in this calculation. A fair average would be to take the 25-cent estimate of the Georgia preacher, the $200 claim of Chicago and the varying prices in New York furnished by the Salvation Army. These figures would indicate that the average cost of saving a soul was $47.65. Making these figures $50 for clearness and ease in computation and also for due allowance for inaccuracies in the calculation, with your $300,000,000 you could convert 6,000,000 heathen, whether they had their being in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, China or Africa. In other words, you could convert every man, woman and child in Senegal and Tunis.

All these things you could do and many others, in theory, at least, if you had $300,000,000. But perhaps in striving to do nearly all of the sensible things that you might do you would find it much more difficult to invest, to spend, or even to give away your money than you supposed.

* * *

What have other rich men done in this direction?

If we return again for a minute to the concentration of wealth we shall see that the aggregate wealth of the 12,. 0,000 persons already mentioned is $65,000,000,000. In this connection it might be stated that an expert on wealth statistics for the tenth census estimated that 3 per cent of the people owned 20 per cent of the wealth; 8.97 per cent of the people owned 51 per cent of the wealth and 91 per cent of the people owned only 29 per cent of the wealth. At one of the meetings of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, it is said that one-twelfth of the wealth of the United States was represented. Each of these directors is also a director in several other companies, representing in the aggregate 200 other important companies, and these companies operate about one-half of the railway mileage of the United States. These directors are the mine operators, the carriers of the country. They operate the great telegraph lines and the traction lines. They direct the insurance companies. They control the banks. They hold the mortgages. They own most of the real estate. They manipulate the telephone, the electric, the cable stock. They run the mighty ocean steamers. They are the big merchants. They have the financial destiny of the nation in their grasp.

Mr. Rockefeller in his statement the other day brought his own fortune within signaling distance of other large fortunes in this country. There, for instance, is Andrew Carnegie, who is reputed to have $166,000,000; Mrs. Anna Walker of Philadelphia, $120,000,000; James J. Hill, $100,000,000. Several estates approximated $100,000,000, among them Cornelius Vanderbilt, $100,000,000; the late Marshall Field, $100,000,000; the Goelets, $100,000,000; William Waldorf Astor, $150,000,000; John Jacob Astor, $90,000,000, and William K. Vanderbilt, $67,500,000. The amount of these fortunes today is only a matter of surmise. Mrs. Russell Sage is reported to be worth $75,000,000 and the Guggenheim brothers' fortune, including their mining properties, is placed at $200,000,000. William A. Clark of Montana is reported to be worth $100,000,000, and among the senatorial millionaires of lesser note are Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia, $20,000,000; the late Russell A. Alger of Michigan, $20,000,000; John F. Dryden of New Jersey, $15,000,000; Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, $10,000,000; John Kean of New Jersey, $10,000,000, and an array of senators of lesser financial note varying in the extent of their wealth from $1,000,000 to $7,000,000. Then there are these fortunes that must also be taken into account: William Rockefeller, $75,000,000; D. O. Mills, $75,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, $75,000,000; George J. Gould, $55,000,000; H. M. Flagler, $48,000,000; Mrs. Hettie Green, $45,000,000; Henry Phipps, $45,000,000; James Henry Smith, $40,000,000; J. D. Archbold, $40,000,000; James Haggin, $40,000,000; A. G. Vanderbilt, $35,000,000; John H. Flagler, $35,000,000; C. Spreckels, $32,000,000; J. Ogden Armour, $32,000,000; P. A. B. Widener, $30,000,000; W. H. Tilford, $25,000,000; Helen Gould, $25,000,000; Thomas F. Ryan, $25,000,000; Charles T. Yerkes' estate, $25,000,000; Ogden Mills, $25,000,000; Frederick Pabst, $25,000,000; John Wanamaker, $25,000,000; John W. Gates, $20,000,000; James Stillman, $20,000,000; Jacob H. Schiff, $20,000,000; E. H. Harriman, $30,000,000; George W. Vanderbilt, $15,000,000; F. W. Vanderbilt, $15,000,000.

Nearly all of these millionaires are using their wealth to turn it over; to double it; to treble it. Incidentally, the greater part of them give to charity. Two or three make it a business of giving.

* * *

John D. Rockefeller is the foremost of the world's great givers just as he is the foremost of the world's great money makers. Rockefeller has given away something like $94,000,000, as nearly as the amount can be estimated. Suppose, now, he had given nothing. He is a frugal man from choice. His family is frugal, either from choice or by the wishes of the master. Taking his own figures, therefore, if he did not give away millions he would save about $20,000,000 a year. In fifteen years he would have another $300,000,000—taking no account of the natural, or perhaps the unnatural, increase of the original $300,000,000 through business investments—and his income would be $40,000,000 a year instead of $20,000,000. In another ten years this accumulated income would amount to $400,000,000, which added to the $600,000,000 would make his estate worth $1,000,000,000. After this it would be only a case of mathematical progression before his estate, if it were managed with the same astuteness and thrift as it has been managed by the present head of the family, would be worth unthinkable billions.

Is not John D. Rockefeller, then, out of sheer self-protection—to keep from being buried beneath golden showers—compelled to give away vast sums and thus prevent his ever-increasing wealth from expanding to alarming proportions?

* * *

It has been estimated that between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 are given to charity in the United States every year. This money has been made to cover all fields of endeavor known to the experts of charitable organizations. Millions of dollars have been expended wisely. Perhaps millions have been expended foolishly. It seems like an easy thing to give away money. When one has determined, however, to give away millions and give them away judiciously, the proposition is evolved into a science. On every side where one may turn in this country are evidences of the free hands of the givers. Magnificent schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals and public institutions appear in all the cities and in many of the smaller towns. Millions are expended in providing for the poor by private means outside of the regular work of the state and municipal governments. Private schools for technical work, institutions for scientific research, homes for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the crippled, for the old, for the orphans—for all classes, all conditions of poor and needy—are maintained. Museums of fine arts, of education, of natural history, are founded; expeditions are equipped for the discovery of new lands and new peoples; missionaries are sent to all parts of the globe; churches and cathedrals are built, and in every conceivable way that money may be donated it is given freely, eagerly.

* * *

Andrew Carnegie is about as great a giver as John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Carnegie has given away more than $90,000,000. Of this amount the United States has received about $70,000,000. Rockefeller and Carnegie have given away more than any other two men in the new and the old worlds. Their gifts are so colossal that the mind cannot grasp the immensity of the figures representing them. Among the other great givers in this country were Leland Stanford, who gave $20,000,000, and Mrs. Stanford, who gave $10,000,000 to Leland Stanford Junior University; Marshall Field, $13,000,000 to the Field Columbian Museum; Stephen Girardfl $8,000,000 to Girard College; Johns Hopkins, $7,000,000 to Johns Hopkins University and Hospital; George Peabody, $7,000,000 to educational benefactions; William Marsh Rice, $6,000,000 to Rice Institute; Ezra Cornell, $6,000,000 to Cornell University; D. B. Faverweather, $4,000,000 to various colleges, and Cecil Rhodes, $7,000,000 to the Anglo-American scholarships.

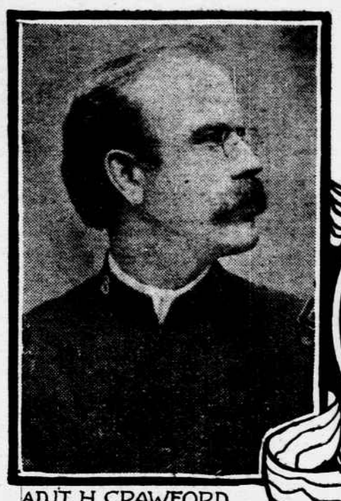
Thus many of the millions are put to the best possible uses. It is probable that many of them are put to very bad uses. There is a power for good and a power for evil in the concentration of all this wealth that the opportunities of America have made possible.

But what would you do with your $300,000,000?

The chances are that you would do just about what other men and other women who might have that amount or what other men and women who have any large amount of wealth are doing today with their money.

# ANTI-SUICIDE BUREAU IS NOW OPEN; CITY'S CLEARING HOUSE FOR TROUBLE

## SALVATION ARMY FIRST IN A NEW FIELD OF MISSIONARY WORK IN WASHINGTON—ADJUTANT QUIRK AND HIS ASSISTANTS READY TO GIVE HELPING HAND TO DESPONDENT.



ADJT. H CRAWFORD

ADJUTANT ANNA H. QUIRK

ADJT. WM. S. QUIRK

THE Salvation Army has started an anti-suicide bureau at Army Hall, for the benefit of the men and women of this city who are contemplating self-murder.

"Don't commit suicide—come in here," is the sign over the door of the New York bureau, and the same invitation will be extended by Adjt. Quirk, chief of the local army and leader in the new crusade.

Every would-be suicide in Washington may take his troubles to the adjutant and be sure of a welcome. The bureau is for rich and poor, white and black, members of all creeds and sinners of none. In the official words of the army:

"We beg all disconsolate ones to remember that if no one else loves them the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau does; that its sympathy is flowing for everybody and that it will point the way to better things."

The men and women who desire to accept this love and sympathy will find Adjt. Quirk young enough to sympathize with the mistakes of youth and old enough to know how to rectify them.

* * *

The adjutant was walking up and down Army Hall yesterday afternoon with his baby daughter cuddled on his shoulder. The big place was bare except for the empty chairs and platform, but, some way, it looked cheerful and homelike—which shows what a baby can do.

The adjutant explained, by way of beginning a little talk about the bureau, that its opening here does not necessarily imply that Washington has more than its share of suicides. It simply adds a link to the chain of such bureaus which Evangeline C. Booth is establishing in all the large cities in the United States. The plan originated with Gen. William Booth, who started the first bureau in London.

"The majority of men and women who kill themselves," said the adjutant in effect, "would probably have lived out their natural lives if they could have been tided over at the critical moment. That is what I want to do for the would-be suicides of this city—to tide them over. Of course people destroy themselves for many reasons, but poverty, I think, is the main cause. I will give you my last experience as an illustration. I was holding an outdoor meeting in Syracuse, N. Y., on a main street near a bridge. Standing on the bridge, and near enough to hear the service, was a man who seemed to pay no attention at first, but who finally came over and joined the crowd. When the service was over he came to me, took a revolver from his pocket and said:

"'When I was standing on that bridge I determined to end my life with this. Take it and give me a chance.'

"Now, he was not a bad man naturally, but drink and the vices that go with it had separated him from his wife and children and lost him his position. I secured work for him, reunited him to his family and he is now doing well."

* * *

The adjutant had stopped his walk to tell the little story and the baby protested. He quieted her with one of those mysteriously gentle little shakes that only parents and babies know about, and continued:

"Suppose there is a man out there on the avenue who is thinking of killing himself because his pepole are starving and he is out of work. If that man were to come to this bureau his family would be fed and he would be given employment. In our industrial home we employ twenty-five men the year around. As soon as a man gets a better position he drops out and we put another in his place. The work they do includes the collecting of waste paper and the putting of it in bales to be shipped to our headquarters in New York, where it is sold to the factories. If we could get more householders to save their waste paper for our collectors we could employ more men."

"Then every old newspaper in Washington means so much food and shelter and courage and self-respect for some man; and every woman who saves those papers for you is practically helping the Army to save men from suicide?"

"Exactly."

"Suppose the would-be suicide was a woman?"

"Then I would put her in my wife's hands. If, as is often the case, she is a young girl who has gone the wrong path and become so sick of the life that she wants to end it, we see that she gets back to the right way. And 80 per cent of them stay there. We have rescue homes where such girls are cared for and trained for work, and we have more applications from wealthy women for such help than we can fill."

"But a woman may be destitute and death driven without being either young or wicked. What then?"

"You are putting a simple case. Such women are easier cared for. All they have to do is to come here to the bureau."

This bureau is a small office in one of the front corners of the big hall. The adjutant has not yet decided what sign he will put up to let the suicidal applicants know where to find him, but said:

"It will be just some simple invitation to enter and find hope."

It will be a great improvement on that other sign that Dante tells about.

* * *

The adjutant will spread his doctrine of love and help by means of the army's nightly meetings out of doors and in; through the columns of its official organ, The War Cry, and by the help of the Washington press. He wants all would-be suicides to see him before committing self-murder. He believes he will be able to save them. And, at any rate, he wants to try.

There was tenderness in his eyes as he brushed his cheek against the baby's; there was tenderness in his voice as he spoke of that man he had saved.

It was the tenderness of a father for his child.

When a good thing goes altogether uncriticised, then it may be expected that the millennium is around the corner. It hasn't arrived yet, however, and there are people who have already protested that there is no need for an anti-suicide bureau in this city and that the establishment of one will give Washington a bad name. As to that, the capital is doubtless as free of self-murderers as any other city of its population, but—

Twelve men and women have killed themselves in Washington since New Year day. Twelve.

Whether or not the would-be suicides will avail themselves of the Hall of Hope is a story yet to be told. In the meantime the door of the anti-suicide bureau is open and the adjutant stands on its threshold with a welcoming hand.

## John Cotton of England Ate 8,000 Peas in a Day

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, March 2, 1907.

JOHN COTTON, who lives in Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is believed to possess the most veracious appetite of any man living. Within the past few days he has consumed a meal at which a van horse would have jibbed in despair. He is already well-known in the district in which he lives by reason of his past performances, but his latest feat surpasses all his previous conquests.

The contest which has just concluded lasted fourteen days. The condition was that he should eat two peas on the first day, double that number on the second and continue to double it day after day for fourteen days. The peas which were used for the contest were the ordinary green marrowfats.

During the first week the man simply swallowed them like pills, in the dry state; afterward they were steeped and boiled. On the tenth day the number was 1,024, on the eleventh, 2,048; on the twelfth, 4,096; on the thirteenth, 8,192, and on the fourteenth, 16,384.

Owing to a little hitch in the proceedings he refused to consume the total on the last day, but on the thirteenth day he disposed of 8,192, which is believed to be a world's record. The only condiment he took was a little pepper.

On the thirteenth day operations were commenced about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He disposed of 500 without the slightest inconvenience, and calmly rested until 7 o'clock in the evening before recommencing operations. At that hour he faced the enormous mass, which filled the largest household bucket, with a determination not to surrender. Just before 11 o'clock he cleared the last of the dishes, and was greeted as the world's champion. During the thirteen days he had eaten 16,384 peas.

The man is prepared to defend his championship against all comers, and there is some talk of a rabbit-eating contest as the result of the pea-eating competition. In the contests which took place simultaneously all the competitors were stopped when they reached 2,000 lest the affair should end in a coroner's inquest.

### Crowded Out.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Johnny, where is your mechanical engine?"

"Pop's got it."

"How about your automatic trip-hammer?"

"Uncle Bill won't let me have it."

"Your Japanese top?"

"Uncle Jim's playing with that."

"Well, you seem to be in the way in the nursery. Guess you'd better go into the library for awhile."

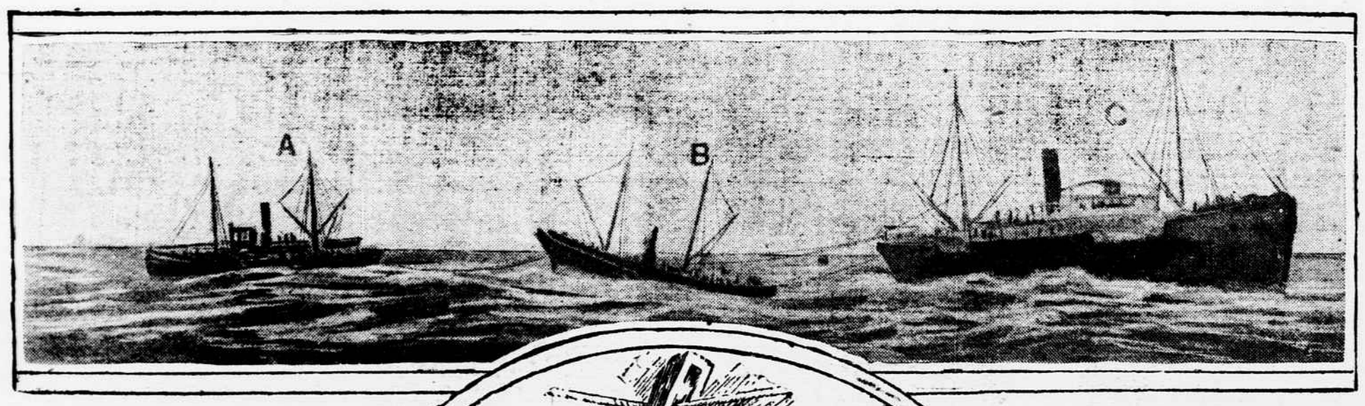
### Generous Man.

From the Gadfly.

"Harold, dear, I dreamt last night that you gave me fifty dollars."

"That's all right, my dear. You may keep it."

# NOVEL LIFE-SAVING PLAN APPROVED BY THE PRESIDENT.




(a) Life Saving Steamer.

(b) Life Saving Barge.

(c) Wrecked Vessel.

RESCUING WITH BREECHES BUOY

HERE is a life-saving scheme that President Roosevelt approves. Mr. John Arbuckle of New York intends to furnish all the necessary wrecking boats and outfit free of expense to the government. He thus explains:

"Two life-saving vessels will anchor on the ocean side of the wreck. Spray the water with oil, fire a life-line across the ship and take off the people in breeches buoy or by a flexible iron gangway that can be extended from the life-saving barge to the wreck, so that passengers and crew may reach safety, no matter how great the storm or high the surf or how far the wreck may be from the shore.

"I called on President Roosevelt at the White House and showed him the drawing for rescuing people from wrecked vessels when it was impossible for the life-saving corps to reach the wreck. He understood the plan in a moment, and said it was a good thing. Then he wrote a note, introducing me to Representative Cocks, who took me to the head of the life-saving service.

"I told him that I did not want to injure the life-saving service in any way, but felt that with my plan people could easily be rescued from wrecks when it was beyond the power of the life-saving corps to perform such service, but I was powerless without the assistance to advise me of such wrecks. He told me how the public was informed of wrecks. One of the ways was to post a bulletin on the beach, telegraph the Marine Exchange, etc. Evidently there is no desire on the part of the life-saving service to keep up with the times.

"In our fire department a minute may mean the loss of thousands of dollars. Why is it not more important to notify by wireless telegraph the vessels that are ready and able to rescue the people on the wreck? I feel that unless Congress comes to my relief I will get no assistance from the life-saving department.

"The steamship Cherokee was wrecked two and one-half miles from shore. Two of the lifeboats of the life-saving corps were smashed, but fortunately the steamship held together until the storm abated, and the fifty-six persons were rescued after seventy-two hours of horror. Thousands on the shore watched, expecting every minute to see the vessel go to pieces, when all would have been lost.

"Some vessels are wrecked four miles from shore, where no life-line can be fired over the ship or any life-saving boat can rescue the people aboard, owing to the heavy breakers. The wrecks on our coast average, year in and year out, from sixty to eighty vessels.

"Theodore Roosevelt is a President to make every honest man rejoice. It took him but a minute to see the practical benefit of my life-saving plan."

Here is the letter the President wrote in its behalf:

"THE WHITE HOUSE,
"February 14, 1907.

"My Dear Mr. Cocks: You must know already who Mr. John Arbuckle is, but I introduce him to you anyhow as a gentleman whom I have long known as interested in many admirable charities. He has a scheme in connection with life-saving which seems to me excellent. He wishes to try it at his own expense, and merely wishes authorization from Congress to do it. Won't you go with Mr. Arbuckle to the proper official of the treasury, go over it there, and then, if you think proper, I shall be glad if you can see your way clear to introduce the bill.

"Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Hon. W. W. Cocks, House of Representatives."

* * *

"You can imagine the consternation among the political grafters, for my scheme has no chance for corruption or legislation for favored contractors," said Mr. Arbuckle. "I simply asked for a bill passed by Congress making it the duty of the proper officials to notify the seagoing life-saving vessels of the John Arbuckle Life-Saving Company by wireless telegraph of all the wrecks which may occur on the Atlantic, or any other life-saving company that is properly equipped with wireless telegraph.

"The vessels will be anchored at Sandy Hook lightship, with steam up, ready to go to the rescue, and it should be made the duty of the life-saving corps to guide the vessels by detonations from the beach opposite the wreck and by rockets at night.

"The vessels are being fitted with electric searchlights, so that the work of rescue may proceed night and day. The company is to receive no remuneration from the government for such services.

"To this end I prepared this bill: 'Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to cause proper notification to be conveyed to the John Arbuckle Life-Saving Company, or any other company or companies possessing life-saving vessels equipped with wireless telegraphy appliances, of all wrecks which may occur on the Atlantic coast; and provided further, that the officers of the United States life-saving service shall co-operate with the John Arbuckle Life-Saving Company, or said other companies, in protecting human life and insuring the safety of vessels under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe; and provided further, that the John Arbuckle Life-Saving Company, or other said companies, shall receive no remuneration whatsoever from the government for such service.'"

### In Kentucky.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Is that Ursa Major?" inquired the young lady visitor, who was star-gazing with an elderly gentleman. Her hostess, who heard her, called her aside a little and cautioned her.

"He's a colonel, my dear," she remarked, "and I'm afraid you offended him by calling him major."