

People Who Are in the Public Eye

MRS. HETTY GREEN, who, with the possible exception of Senora Isidora Cousino of Chile, is the richest woman in the world, is supposed to be possessed of at least \$55,000,000.



MRS. HETTY GREEN.

When she married Edward Henry Green he was a rich man, but she insisted before the wedding that each should be absolved from any responsibility for the indebtedness of the other and that the property of each should be kept separate.

"A pistol is a good thing to have around when I am talking to lawyers," she said recently. "Now, if you were a lawyer and I had a pistol lying on the table and I took the pistol up in my hands, you would keep away, wouldn't you? You wouldn't try to bulldoze me because I am a woman. Except for lawyers I am happy. People are good to me. I have a good conscience. I eat well and am in splendid health. But you don't know what these lawyers have done to me. I am going to protect myself. I am not bloodthirsty, for I am a Quakeress, but if I had to shoot I believe I could hit a man at twenty yards. I wouldn't shoot to hit him first; I would shoot over his head to scare him."

M. Theophile Delcasse, the French minister of foreign affairs, whose prestige has been strengthened so much recently by his success in bringing about the Anglo-French agreement, has another feather in his cap as a diplomat. This consists in the fact that his influence is credited with averting the threatened clash between England and Russia over the North sea incident.

The foreign minister had a good laugh a few weeks ago when he read in a French paper this description of himself: "Frog eyes, the ears of a bat, the vaulted forehead of a hydrocephalus, a small retrouse nose, wide open at the bottom, the gontee of a sea lion."



M. DELCASSE

Apollo, but the description quoted somewhat exaggerates his homeliness, and his achievements more than offset the defects in his features and figure. His father was a humble peasant, and the present diplomat began life as a newspaper writer. Becoming the secretary to a member of the chamber of deputies, it chanced that the deputy died. M. Delcasse soon married his widow and succeeded to the seat as a deputy occupied by his former employer. He has been a cabinet officer under four successive administrations, so that it begins to be said that though ministries may come and ministries may go Delcasse stays on forever.

Russell Sage, whose wealth is estimated at over \$25,000,000, is still in the business harness at the age of eighty-eight. When he was a boy he adopted as his motto the old adage, "Any one can earn a dollar, but it takes a wise man to keep it." He saved the first dollar he made and never has been in debt since, he says. Though so many times a millionaire, he is still haunted now and then by the dread of poverty, which he acquired in early youth from seeing the misery caused by it.

Mr. Sage has been financially interested in railroads since 1850, a time when the railroad business was in its infancy. He is the only director now alive of the original board of directors of the New York Central road. It is an old saying in Wall street that Russell Sage belongs to the Hundred Year Club. To be sure, he has not reached that age yet, but he is in a fair way to do so.



RUSSELL SAGE.

At eighty-eight he is active and attends closely to business, and every time a birthday comes around he says he is going to celebrate many more. He proposes to die in the company of his old friend the "ticker" when his summons comes. His mother passed away at ninety-eight as she was sitting in her rocking chair knitting stockings. His grandmother died at the age of about ninety and attended to her household work up to the day of her demise.

Mr. Sage has never been known as a president maker, but he figured at one

time in that role, and it was nearly sixty years ago too. He was chairman of the New York state delegation at the Whig convention which nominated Zachary Taylor for president. Sage and his associates were Henry Clay men and voted solidly for "the Mill Boy of the Slashes," but when it became apparent he could not be nominated they threw their votes, under the lead of Sage, to General Taylor. The latter's friends were so well pleased that they told Sage he could name the candidate for vice president. The name of a lawyer in Buffalo, Millard Fillmore, occurred to him. His suggestion was taken, and thus Fillmore came not long after to live at the White House as president.

Ellihu Root, former secretary of war, like Joseph H. Choate, another famous New York lawyer, is a wit. When Secretary William H. Taft, who weighs 320 pounds, was civil governor of the Philippines, his health was sadly undermined. He was laboring under great responsibility in governing the archipelago, where conditions were yet so disturbed as to give Secretary Root and President Roosevelt much concern. Mr. Root therefore requested Judge Taft to keep him advised by the new Pacific cable as to the state of his health. One day, says the New York Herald, this message came to Mr. Root from Governor Taft at Benguet, in the mountains near Manila:



ELLIHU ROOT.

Rode ten miles on a mule today. Am feeling much better. TAFT.

Mr. Root chuckled and doubled with mirth in the chair which Secretary Taft has since discarded as too small. He dictated this reply:

Taft, Benguet—Glad to hear it, but how is the mule? ROOT.

Carroll D. Wright, who is about to terminate his long connection with the bureau of labor statistics at Washington, is one of the foremost statistical authorities of the time. It was he who originated the saying, "Figures do not lie, but liars figure." He was the first labor commissioner of the United States and was appointed to that position by President Cleveland in 1885. When the bureau of labor statistics became a part of the department of commerce and labor he remained as head of the bureau, and thus has served under Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. He rendered distinguished service in the settlement of the anthracite coal strike as a member of the commission appointed by President Roosevelt to arbitrate the difficulty, is president of one college and holds positions as professor and lecturer in three other educational institutions. His resignation of his position as head of the bureau of labor statistics is due to his desire to give more time to his work as president of the collegiate department of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., and to important literary work.



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

Mr. Wright was twenty-one years of age and was reading law in his native state of New Hampshire when the civil war broke out. In 1862 he went to the front as a second lieutenant and rose to the rank of colonel. During the war his regiment was on duty for some time in Washington, and he was officer of the day in that city on July 4, 1863, during the progress of the battle of Gettysburg. At this time he received a telegram asking for an ambulance to carry the gallant General Sickles, who had lost his leg in the battle, to a hospital in Washington.

Though a statistician, Colonel Wright is something of a wit. A Democratic friend who was pleased with Commissioner Wright's attitude on labor questions once said to him, "If you were a Democrat I would like to see you in the presidential chair at this time."

"I appreciate your compliment very much," the labor commissioner is said to have replied, "but with all respect to your great party I would rather be Wright than president."

Attorney General William H. Moody, who has decided to remain in President Roosevelt's cabinet, was secretary of the navy prior to the retirement of former Attorney General Philander C. Knox. In Haverhill, Mass., Mr. Moody's home town, there is an informal association of gentlemen whose object is the very definite pursuance of any old scheme which involves a good time. When the press dispatches announced Mr. Moody's appointment to the navy portfolio the members of the association drew up a telegram as follows:

"Dear Bill—We're glad you've got the job. Please send up the Dolphin. The gang wants to go fishing."

Mr. Moody read law with Richard H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," and was admitted to the bar without having studied the prescribed time. "Much as we desired to exclude you," said the chairman of the examining board, "we are compelled to admit you." When Mr. Moody was a senior at Harvard a young freshman appeared at the college, and little did Moody imagine that the humble "freshie" would one day be president of the United States and that he, a mighty senior, would be Secretary Roosevelt's attorney general and secretary of the navy.



ATTORNEY GENERAL MOODY.

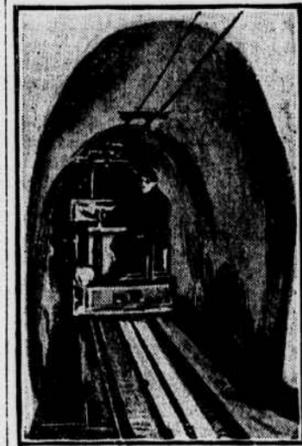
A NOVEL ENTERPRISE THE NEW CHICAGO SUBWAY AND ITS QUIET CONSTRUCTION.

An Underground Railroad Built Under the Heart of the City Without Attracting Attention—Arrangements For Handling Freight.

New York has just opened a subway, and Chicago, not to be outdone, is also going to have one shortly and beat New York in length of system. The Chicago subway has not attracted much attention in comparison with that given the great underground railroad recently opened in New York. In fact, even in Chicago itself, few persons knew until two years ago that such a work was under construction. Yet over twenty miles of the subway will be opened on Jan. 1, and the total length of the system is nearly sixty miles. The New York subway, at present the longest underground railroad in operation, is only about twenty-two miles in extent. Both this and the Chicago enterprise are remarkable feats of engineering. The most important difference between them consists in the fact that while the New York underground railway is for passenger traffic that in Chicago is for freight.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Chicago subway is the quiet way in which it has come into existence. About four years ago a franchise was given to a company for building conduits for telephone wires and other wires of corporations furnishing public utilities. Corporations which scented opposition to their monopolies in the new project contrived to have a clause inserted in the franchise providing that the company should not tear up a foot of pavement or disturb the surface of the roadways in any manner on pain of forfeiture of its plant. It was supposed that this provision had put an effectual quietus on the new concern. No work appeared to be going on. Not a foot of pavement had been torn up, and there was no sign of anything being done. What was the surprise of the mayor and council one day about two years ago on being told that seven miles of subways under all the principal streets of the business district had been completed and that they had been built large enough not merely to carry the wires of telephone and telegraph and lighting companies, but to permit the operation of trains of small cars for conveyance of freight.

The statement seemed beyond belief, but a tour through the subways soon



SMALL TUNNEL IN THE NEW CHICAGO SUBWAY.

convinced the doubters. Down twenty-four feet or more under the heart of Chicago this work had been going on for nearly two years, and not a sign of it appeared on the surface. Surveys were made, and the tunnels were run under the centers of streets so as not to conflict with the foundations of the skyscrapers, for which Chicago is famous. Basements were rented at intervals along the routes, and debris was carried away at night through coal holes in the sidewalk, so that it did not attract attention. The initial point of the system was at one of the busiest parts of Chicago, and it is stated in illustration of the quiet way in which the work was done that even the policeman on the beat supposed it was a job of repairing in a saloon cellar.

The right to use the tunnels for transportation of freight was not easily obtained, but when won the merchants of Chicago began to see the advantage of the system. Work was pushed for the extension of the tunnels, and a large number of merchants entered into contracts with the company. The tunnels are of two sizes. The trunk lines, which run along the chief streets, are twelve feet six inches high and a little over eleven feet wide, and the branch lines, which run off into intersecting streets, are six feet wide and seven feet six inches high. The tunnels run from twenty-four to forty feet below the surface. Business houses will have connection with them, so as to receive and discharge freight, coal will be delivered and its transportation through the streets above avoided, and United States mails and newspapers will be distributed by the tunnel routes.

Merchandise will be deposited in the basements of the railway terminals direct from the underground roads. The freight cars are a little more than ten feet long and have a capacity of fifteen tons each, and they are drawn by small electric locomotives. The cog wheel and third rail system is used. The Chicago Subway company, which has recently taken over the stock of the company that built the tunnels, is capitalized at \$50,000,000. Another subway for Chicago has also been planned, and this will be for passenger traffic.

GENERAL BLACK A FIGHTER.

The Next Pension Commissioner and His Civil War Record.

General John C. Black of Illinois, who is to succeed Eugene F. Ware as United States pension commissioner, has a fine war record and has been a dashing figure in public life. He is very popular in the Grand Army of the Republic and was recently commander in chief of the order. General Black was born in Mississippi in 1839, but his family removed to Illinois when he was a boy, and he was educated at Danville, in that state, and at Wabash college, Crawfordsville, Ind. When the civil war broke out he enlisted in the



GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK.

Eleventh Indiana regiment, which was under command of General Lew Wallace. Afterward he was with the Thirty-seventh Illinois, rising to be a colonel. On the close of the war he was brevetted a brigadier general.

General Black distinguished himself for bravery at Pea Ridge, Ala., in 1862. He was ordered to have his regiment seize and hold a vital point. By his qualities as a commander he stemmed the tide of apparent defeat, held the field and drove the enemy from it. During the engagement one of his arms was shattered, but he remained with his troops until the victory was won. Later in the same year, while fighting at Prairie Grove, Ark., with his injured arm in a sling, his other arm was wounded and crippled. In describing the fighting at Prairie Grove an eyewitness has written:

"General Black was holding his ground. He kept his men as if they were on dress parade. He tore up and down the line, crying in clear tones to be accurate in the aim, to be careful and to snug upon the ground. He saved the day at Prairie Grove."

After the war General Black read law and took up the practice of that profession. In 1885 President Cleveland appointed him pension commissioner, and he served until 1889. He has since been a congressman at large from Illinois and United States attorney for the northern district of Illinois. President Roosevelt appointed him as the Democratic member of the civil service commission, which position he now holds.

When to Exercise.

When to exercise is an important consideration. If the morning only is available the exercise should be light. Particularly is this the case if one is engaged in any work. The supply of energy must not be drawn from at the beginning of the day. The afternoon is perhaps the best time for exercise, when one has gained strength from the absorption of the morning and noon meals. Those who exercise vigorously at night should eat a midday dinner. Exercise should always precede bathing and not, as a rule, follow it. In this respect the ancient Greeks showed great wisdom. Exercise and bathing they called the two pillars of strength. Exercise was Hercules and bathing Apollo. Both were regarded with equal importance, and neither was complete without the other.

No Longer on the Map.

"What makes you so late?" asked Tim's father, who in the boy's absence had had to see to the evening chores himself.

"Teacher kept me in."

"What for?"

"Cause I couldn't find Moscow on the map."

"Couldn't find Moscow? And I'd like to know who could, then? Why, I remember hearing tell of Moscow being burned when I was a boy! It's an outrage to put such nonsensical questions to children what's there to learn something useful. I'll look into that and let yer teacher know I ain't been elected on the school board for nothing!"—London Globe.

Ingenuous.

"Jimmy," said the teacher after reading the youngster's note from his father "excusing Jimmy's absence from school the day before, 'It seems to me your father's writing is very much like yours.'"

"Yes," replied Jimmy, unabashed, "father ain't had no education, and I'm learnin' him."

Taking Care of the Pennies.

Pincher—I believe in that old saying about taking care of the pennies. You know it, don't you? Spenders—Oh, yes! "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs."—Philadelphia Press.

More to Come.

Bride—I feel awfully nervous. Mother—Pshaw! Don't take your first marriage so seriously. It doesn't have to last forever.—Town Topics.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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DISENCHANTMENT.

I saw a maid the other day At sight of whom a golden ray Illumined all the world for me And filled me full of ecstasy.

She was a perfect dream of bliss— What higher praise can be than this? The heart of me swelled in my breast "She is the sweetest and the best."

So sang my happy heart to me. Prophetic of the time to be When I should know this maiden sweet And lay my heart down at her feet.

Such wondrous grace and beauty fair Must surely join with culture rare. I felt that words both choice and pure I'd hear if I spoke the maid I adore.

And speak she did, I heard her say To her companion, lithe and gay: As down upon a bench they sat, "Well, now, what d'ye think 't' that?"

And she unwrapped a bunch of gum And gave the other dame some. And as their jaws began to wag "Last night my beau had on a jag."

Such Ignorance.

When Alexander had swung around the circle a few times and the election returns justified him in wearing the earth as a watch chain, it is related that he sat down one day and broke the drought of several years' standing in the Syrian desert by shedding a few barrels of wet tears because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Poor Alex! His early education had been sadly neglected. He had never heard of New Jersey, Three Oaks, Michigan or the Philippines. Suppose he had saved his money and bought a Cook's excursion ticket and landed some fine morning on the Philippines just as the natives were feeling the working of the revolution microbes! He would have found worlds enough there to conquer with his crude methods to last him the rest of his life, and he could have handed down the job to his wives' relations. There were worlds enough, and then some, had he only been posted.

The Only Remedy.



The man who goes round with a jag on That trips his feet Should drill up to the water wagon And hire a seat.

Just One Hitch.

"He bought stock when it was very low." "I suppose he made a fortune, then?" "He would have but for one thing." "What was that?" "It went lower."

Stringing Him Along.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" "Depends on whether I want to marry the fellow or am just holding him until I can find something better."

Reason Enough.

Well, it's to shoe and dance a jig And do a fancy dog. For we have harvested a big Old style potato crop.

Never Saw One.

"Do you think the age of miracles is past?" "I am sure it has. I have been looking for a raise in salary for five years and it does not come."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A receptive mind is a good thing if it doesn't leak.

Sometimes an ill humored man has a sudden return of good humor when he has made some one else ill humored, and sometimes he has a sudden attack of black eye.

Some men think that they expiate all the sins they ever committed when they have the toothache; women know better.

The fellow who gets the worst of it never tells about it in the magazines anyway.

Auld acquaintances should never be forgotten if they happen to be easily touched.



Many a brave man sidesteps a battle when his wife commands the opposing side.

It takes lots of courage to marry an heiress, but men are courageous creatures and have ever immolated themselves for the good of the cause.

If the Russian winter of discontent is as long as the fall of Port Arthur it will surely be hard lines for the Muscovites.

Money may be the root of all evil, but it spreads a luxuriant and delightful foliage of long green and about the head of its lucky possessor.

When Her Husband Saw the Milliner

MR. STANDISH was mad when he went into the millinery establishment, and the longer he stayed the madder he got. Presently he walked over to a stunning black creation that hung on a peg near the window and said:

"This is the hat I want to see you about."

The proprietor came forward. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"You can fix this hat over the way my wife asked you to," said Standish explosively. "She wants the feather put on the other side, that bow moved to the front, and she wants the rim to bulge a little more over the temples."

"She says you've refused to make any alterations on the ground that the addition or subtraction of another stitch is bound to ruin it, but I tell you that's all nonsense. My wife knows how she wants her hat to look, and if she can't stand up for her rights I'll do it for her. She is coming around this afternoon to try the hat on again. If it isn't ready by that time there'll be no end of a row."

The proprietor twirled the black hat on his forefinger and looked from it to the head saleswoman lugubriously.

"I remember," he said, "that the lady who ordered this hat did bring it back yesterday to be remade. Perhaps it will be possible to make the alterations suggested, after all."

The manager's humility made Standish feel very proud of himself. "That's the only way to deal with those fellows," he said when he left the shop. "You've got to meet them on their own level. It takes a man to do that. No wonder women get cheated out of their very eyeteeth. They haven't got sand enough to say the things that have to be said to secure their rights." Throughout the day Standish continued to revel in self congratulations, and he actually went home half an hour ahead of time to see if his wife's hat had been metamorphosed into the thing of beauty he had suggested.

"Well," said he jubilantly, "was the hat all right?"

"All right?" said Mrs. Standish. "They hadn't even touched it. How could you expect it to be all right when you didn't stop in to see about it?"

"But I did stop," protested Standish. "I saw everybody about the place and laid the whole establishment out in great shape. Here's their card. I picked it up as I was passing out."

Mrs. Standish took up the card and read the name aloud.

"O-o-o-h!" she cried. "Is that where you went? Why, you got into the wrong place. What on earth will that manager think? He must think you are crazy."

"I don't care if he does," said Standish limply. "But I would like to know what the owner of that black hat will say if they make it over according to my directions."—New York Press.

Trouble Coming.



Mr. Roach—This is an outrage. I'll bet my rival posted that.—San Francisco Examiner.

Conventional.

They were parting. The light in the hall was dim. "Good night," he said, bending to press a kiss upon her cheek.

"Now, if you ever tell any one," she began.

"Ah," he whispered, "I printed that kiss there, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith."—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Inference.

"How long have you been the husband of the defendant?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Eh! She's just testified that her age is but twenty-eight. How do you explain this?"

"We've married young, your honor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simply Couldn't Do It.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?"

"You bet I wouldn't."

"I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition."

"No superstition about it—Saturday's pay day."—Detroit News.

No Cause For Alarm.

Bunny—Ma, there comes a hunter. Old Rabbit—Sit right still. He won't hurt you. That old chap has been shooting around here every fall for the last ten years, and he's never hit anything yet.—Detroit Free Press.

A Conscientious Architect.

Caller—I have \$10,000 to put into a house, and I wish to select a design. Honest Architect—Yes, sir, John, show the gentleman the plans of our \$3,000 houses.—New York Weekly.

He Spoke From Experience.

"Colonel, do you think there is any money in horse racing?" "Yes, indeed. All mine is."—New York Times.