

## THE LEITER FAMILY.

**Its History Makes Good and Entertaining Reading.**

**Papa Leiter as a Money-Maker and Gracious Parent—His Daughter Mary to Be Vicereine of India.**

[Special Chicago Letter.]

The other day I had a chat with an English gentleman who ought to know considerable about the social life in the United Kingdom. From him I learned that next to Chauncey M. Depew the best known American name in the British metropolis is that of Leiter—but whether the public mind dwells on Levi Z., the founder of the house, or his hopeful son Joseph, who has just spent seven millions or more in a futile effort to corner the wheat market, my informant could not specify.

Old Levi Z. Leiter is a wonderful man—a typical Chicagoan, although he now resides at Washington. He came to the charming trade center at the foot of Lake Michigan before organized capital and organized labor had made financial progress difficult. Being thrifty by nature and training, he managed to make a few dollars go a long way. Instead of throwing away his money in billiard halls and beer emporiums he put it in merchandise and real estate; and before he knew it evolved into what an admiring multitude is pleased to call a merchant prince. He became a partner of Marshall Field, the great dry goods mer-



RT. HON. AND MRS. GEORGE N. CURZON.

chant; obtained a controlling interest in several Chicago transportation companies, and added quite liberally to his real estate holdings. Everything he touched turned into gold, and finally he became so rich that the west was no longer good enough for the ladies of the family, who yearned for a stately mansion in the national capital.

Being a model husband and father, as well as a giant among money-makers, Mr. Leiter yielded and shook the dust of Chicago from his feet, retaining, however, a fat rent roll in the city which had made his fortune.

When his son Joseph reached man's estate he forsook the temptations and vapidity of Washington society and engaged in business in his native place. Joseph was well received by his old friends. He dabbled a little in stocks and grain, looked after the Leiter real estate interests and became an ornamental colonel on the staff of his excellency, the governor of Illinois. But a quiet life like this did not suit the young man. He wanted to be a power in the world of trade and felt convinced in his own mind that destiny had called him to control the price of wheat in all the world. He entered into a gigantic struggle with Philip D. Armour, the king and veteran of the Chicago board of trade and one of the cleverest manipulators of markets in the United States. At the start everything seemed to go Joseph's way, but later the gas escaped from the over-inflated wheat balloon, and there was a drop that was heard and felt from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. The whilom Napoleon of the grain trade found himself loser to the extent of \$7,000,000—and took himself and his defeat to Europe.

The old man Leiter, so all Chicago calls him, showed that he had the true stuff in him. Instead of disowning his hopeful and enterprising descendant, he came to his Waterloo and began the settling-up process. He sold the most valuable parcel of real estate he had, at the southeast corner of State and Madison streets, to his former partner and later enemy, Marshall Field, for something over \$2,000,000, and mortgaged other holdings for \$3,500,000 to a Milwaukee life insurance company. He may have thought a great deal, some things not fit for publication, but the public never heard him grumble or complain. He knew his duty and did it. The Leiters had been squeezed, and, as their head, he paid the penalty.

A loss of \$7,000,000 would cripple most of us financially, but the Leiter pos-

sessions still rank among the most valuable in Chicago, and yield such a large income that a few years hence they will again be free from all encumbrances. Leiter never was a popular man, but his promptness in settling up Joseph's wheat deal made him thousands of friends among those who had formerly looked upon him with cold suspicion.

Mr. and Mrs. Leiter's pet child is their daughter Mary Victoria, who, in 1895, married Rt. Hon. George N. Curzon, a member of one of the oldest and noblest families of Europe. Curzon was a smart fellow, of prepossessing appearance and every inch a gentleman. But he was poor as Lazarus. When the engagement of Mary Leiter was announced in the newspapers the gossips wagged their heads and said something about another American heiress selling herself for a title. But what the old women of both sexes said made no difference to the Leiters, who liked their prospective son-in-law and his social prominence, and could afford to give the young couple a start in life. Mary Leiter always was a pretty girl. Her education was of the best, and the man of her choice was attracted by her mental charms quite as much as by her physical beauty. Being a public man, he was compelled by circumstances to select a bride who would reflect credit on his position and the country which he represented. He knew that Mary Leiter could do this and more, for she was not only an accomplished musician but also a perfect linguist, speaking English, German and French with equal fluency. And to all these considerations has to be added a still more important fact: Curzon really loved the girl, and the girl returned his affection. And, bet-

ter yet, the couple are still lovers and admirers of each other's accomplishments and successes.

Prior to his marriage Curzon, who is the son of Lord Nathaniel Curzon, was under secretary for India, having made his own way through parliament. He had been a great traveler, especially in India, and was even then regarded as a promising student of oriental affairs. He received the medal of the Royal Geographical society, and was the author of a number of prize essays, including one on "Russia in Central Asia," another on "Persia and the Persian Question" and a third on the "Problems of the Far East." When Salisbury returned to power a few years ago he was made parliamentary secretary for the foreign office, a position of vast responsibility and trust.

The political successes of Curzon pleased the Leiters, of course. Their money had contributed not a little to his progress, and that probably pleased them still more. Moreover their daughter was happy, and that pleased them most of all. And just when Joseph's wheat manipulation threatened to make things dull came the report from London that the government had offered to their son-in-law the governor-generalship of India, a position second only in splendor and influence to that of the queen herself. Sorrow was turned to joy in the camp of the Leiters, even though the new family honors may necessitate the hypothecation of more Chicago real estate.

The governor-general of India receives a salary of over \$80,000 per year, but the expenses connected with the position are enormous. And so are the dignities. He rules over more than 300,000,000 people, and is lord over a land almost as large as the entire continent of Australia. The supreme authority of India is vested in the "governor-general in council," but the council is usually dominated by the advice and suggestion of the viceroy, as the governor-general is called by the people. Curzon has been confirmed in the appointment and it is probable that Queen Victoria will bestow a title on him, for no man without a handle to his name has ever served as viceroy. The only drawback to the position is that its acceptance "shelves" the incumbent politically. However, with Leiter's millions to back him, Curzon can enter the diplomatic service on his return from India, and Mary Leiter can shine as "ambasadress" in one of the great capitals of Europe.

It is a wise woman who can calculate the exact moment when she should begin sitting with her back to the light.

## SOLDIER PAYMASTERS.

Some of the Disadvantages Under Which These Officials Are Compelled to Labor.

One of the pleasantest features of army life is the coming of the paymaster with his gripsack full of money. Since the declaration of war with Spain the war department has added 70 paymasters and twice as many clerks, under the emergency act providing for an increase. The work required is almost wholly that of expert accountants. Especially is this true of the department of the east, in New York city, where, in addition to keeping the accounts of the volunteers in this vicinity, the paymasters are obliged to take care of the accounts of regulars and retired officers and soldiers. There is no mercy shown to a green paymaster. Whether he understands the work or not, he has to do the same amount as is given to a paymaster who has been in the service 20 years. In fact, there is a growing suspicion that the volunteer paymaster gets the worst of it all round.

The retired list which new paymasters are required to wrestle with in the paymaster's office in this city comprises the accounts of 400 officers and men who have been retired from the service, but who are drawing three-quarters pay. These payments are made once each month under an intricate system of bookkeeping. It is so complicated that no business man of to-day would think of applying it to his own business.

The retired officers and men are paid on the first day of each month. Those residing in New York receive their pay in currency at the paymaster's office, while those residing outside the city are paid by check. The New York pay department is under the control of Lieut. Col. Wilson, who ranks next to Paymaster General Stanton. Under him at the present time are two regular army paymasters, all ranking as majors. As in the army proper, there is nothing done in the pay department without orders, and the soldier who becomes impatient at not receiving his pay at the anticipated time should not blame the paymaster. It may be that he has not received his orders.

The First New York volunteers were paid off recently by Maj. Fowler at Fort Hamilton, and the method of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders an estimate of the amount due each man, less fines, was made by the paymaster, and the latter, with his clerk, went to the camp with sufficient currency to pay off. At Fort Hamilton the place selected for paying the troops was the hall of the local lodge of Good Templars. Each company was lined up, one at a time, in front of the paymaster's desk, and as his name was called out each man stepped forward and received his money.

First comes the captain, who receives \$150; then the first lieutenant, who takes \$125. The second lieutenant walks off with \$116.67, and then follow the noncommissioned officers, beginning with the first sergeant, whose compensation is \$30 a month. After the noncommissioned officers come the privates, who receive \$15.60 a month instead of \$13 a month, as formerly. In fact, in all the salaries of noncommissioned officers and privates there has been a uniform increase of 20 per cent.

When an entire regiment is paid off it is done from what is known as the roll of the field, staff and band, containing the names of the brigade or regimental field officers. These officers are paid by the paymaster in the same manner that other payments are made, but the amounts are much larger, the brigadier general receiving \$458.83 a month; colonel, \$291.67; lieutenant colonel, \$250, and major, \$208.33. Regimental quartermaster and regimental adjutants receive \$150, while the regimental chaplain's pay is \$125 a month. Commissioned officers may draw their salaries from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases there is trouble in store for the officer. Paymasters, although they handle large sums of money, are only under \$10,000 bonds. They are responsible for the accuracy of their accounts, and the overpayment of money to soldiers is a loss to the paymaster. The government checks up every item in the pay rolls, and every error in payment is charged back to the paymaster. The possibility of error is a constant worry to the volunteer paymasters, who are unfamiliar with the work and who are largely dependent upon their clerks.

For this responsibility their compensation is \$208 a month. Were it not for the gold shoulder straps and the rank of major which goes with the office, there are few paymasters in the volunteer service who would accept the place. There are among the volunteer paymasters some whose incomes from their private business exceed that of their salary, but whose age disqualified them for army service, who have joined the pay department that they might acquire a military title. Such of these paymasters as have been assigned to the department of the east are fast realizing that they are paying dear for their titles.—N. Y. Sun.



### Woman's Intuition.

Tommy—Paw, what is "woman's intuition?"

Mr. Figg—It is that quality of her mind that enables her to say, "Well, I don't care; it ought to be so, anyhow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Doesn't Understand Herself. "Do you think that man ever understands woman?" she demanded, scornfully.

"If he does," he replied, "he has that much the advantage of woman."—Chicago Post.

### Too Slow for Him.

Farmer (after registering)—What time is breakfast on?

Hotel Clerk—From 8 till 10.

Farmer—Gosh, you're lazy 'round here! How'll I put in the four hours before breakfast?—N. Y. Truth.

The Man Who Doesn't Worry. The man who never worries never hurries, so of course His relatives support him, while he loafs, without remorse. He idles through existence; when he dies he is no loss. And better hard-worked brothers have to pay his way across. —Chicago Record.

### THE MYSTERY.



The Old Man—Hang it if it ain't surprising, the way that Marie has got stuck on diving, this summer!—N. Y. Journal.

### A Baseball Note.

The time that sorely vexes The umpire, north and south, Is when the bat annexes His eyes and nose and mouth. He has no lovely vision When in the air affloat, His teeth and his decision Are batted down his throat. —N. Y. World.

### The Cause of His Enmity.

She—Why, John! What makes you say such harsh things about the mother who bore me? What have you against her?

He—Her evident determination to bore me, too.—N. Y. Journal.

### Family Repartee.

She—You know very well that you had to ask me three times before I would consent to be your wife.

He—Yes, I know, and that only goes to show that it is sometimes possible to be too persistent.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Regular Bombardment.

Jack—That little widow kissed me for half an hour after I proposed to her.

The Major (who has been fighting in Cuba)—Well, now, that is what I would call a hot engagement.—Town Topics.

### Prudent Girl.

She would not shed a single tear If I should march away to die; She would not weep because she'd fear She could not keep her powder dry. —Chicago Record.

### OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.



Ben—I hear De Sponge isn't working now.

Jen—What made him give up?

Ben—The man he was working died. —Philadelphia Press.

### A Queer Kind.

"To prove the pudding, eat it up." Seems not the proper view; For though the Spaniards eat their words It far from proves them true. —Judge.

### Deceptive Appearances.

"She says he is an ideal husband." "He doesn't look such a fool either." —Indianapolis Journal.

The Exact Opposite. "I am deeply interested in the study of prehistoric man," remarked Miss Fosdick. "It is just the opposite with me," replied Miss Flocks. "It is the coming man which I think about and I hope he will be interested in me."—N. Y. Journal.

### Newspaper Enterprise.

Manager—See here. In yesterday morning's issue we had no account of the earthquake. How's that?

Editor—It was crowded out by the article which showed we always had more news than our contemporaries. —Tit-Bits.

### Bobby's Repartee.

"Bobby," cried Tadley to his young hopeful, angrily, "my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing."

"Well," answered Bobby, thoughtfully, "I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that."—N. Y. Truth.

### Barred Out.

"You say you don't intend to marry Miss Whopper?"

"No; two men have come between us."

"Two?"

"Yes; a preacher and the man she married."—Chicago Record.

### Playing the Part.

"Johnny, after coaxing your little brother to play Spaniards, you should not have been so unfair as to assault him violently."

"Yes, maw, but he played it too good. He went to calling me a pig."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Fair Exchange.

Haverly—Our brave soldiers are giving us fresh stars for our flag.

Austen—That's all right. They will get stripes in return.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

### Horrors of Combat.

"This war has simply ruined me." "How's that?"

"The heiress I was courting has got engaged to a soldier."—Chicago Record.

### Bound to Kick.

"I've spent \$15 putting fly screens in my doors and windows this season," grumbled Mr. Chugwater, "and not a blasted fly has come around the house!"—Chicago Tribune.

### A Neglected Subject.

Sweet, clinging curls that round her fair brows twine, Inspirers of a hundred tender songs! Yet who is there with intuition fine Has sung their cause—the useful curling tongs? —Brooklyn Life.

### LOST AND FOUND.

Visitor (who has been regaled with terrible tales of shipwreck)—But you don't mean to say you lose visitors here occasionally?

Native—No, sir; they generally washes up after a tide or two.—St. Paul's.



Just a little explanation, Properly expended; Just a little forbearance—Quarrel is ended. —Chicago Record.

### Those Loving Girls.

Helen—Young Softleigh proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.

Mattie—I'm sure he did, dear.—Chicago Daily News.

### To Drown Domestic Troubles.

May—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him.

Fay—Why, he doesn't drink!

May—No; but he may be tempted to do so later!—Up to Date.

### A Gentle Hint.

She—I wish all men were like Admiral Dewey!

He—In what way?

She—He believes in short engagements!—Puck.

### An Eventide.

The west was gold—the sun was low; She murmured, "Tis a dream!" I thought she meant the sky; but no— 'Twas only the ice cream. —N. Y. Herald.

### When They Count.

Marie—When you don't care to listen to soft nothings?

Ruth—Not unless they mean something.—Puck.

### The Aftermath.

He gets his daughter off his hands And thinks it all complete, But soon he finds he has to keep Her husband on his feet. —Illustrated America.