

THE DREADFUL EMBARRASSMENT OF TOO MANY WOOERS

NEW YORK.—Pity the sorrows of poor Mrs. Hart McKee, who is rich and beautiful. Sympathize with poor Mrs. William H. Chapman, Jr., who is beautiful and rich. Those of us who are homely and ineffectual are not called upon to face their trials and tribulations—we are not pestered to death, at least, with hordes of suitors. Love notes bring no terrors; an ardent wooer might even vary the monotony of things.

But not so for Mrs. McKee; not so for Mrs. Chapman. For them any epistle couched in amatory terms is a pest. A man who says anything more than "the carriage waits" or "What can we show madame to-day?" is taboo. If men would only stop proposing how happy both would be!

But men won't. So these two ladies—young, handsome, unattached, dowered with millions—have taken matters into their own hands, says a writer in the New York World. Mrs. McKee has called upon a committee of gentlemen to protect her from over-ardent suitors. Mrs. Chapman has fled from London to New York in the hope of stopping further proposals from titled Englishmen and Russian generals and others, whose eyes are just as much taken with her dollars as with her good looks.

It would be almost pathetic were it not so amusing. Imagine the situation if you can. These two very smart, chic, rich young American matrons

dry goods business. When he retired, 20 years ago, he was a millionaire, known as a confirmed bachelor, whose affections were centered upon good dinners, good horses and good friends. He liked society, and he was never happier than when he was giving a party for some debutante to whom he might have been a grandfather. His chums in those days were William H. Vanderbilt and Roswell P. Flower. His home he made at the old Windsor hotel, New York, burned down ten years ago.

But his resolutions to remain a bachelor all his days were like chaff before the winds, when Mrs. Lee Agnew, wife of the inventor, confided her troubles to him. Her life was miserable, she told him, and he tried to console her. The Agnews lived at the Manhattan hotel and he at the Plaza, New York. To make the story short, the day Mrs. Agnew got her divorce and the custody of her little girl of three Mrs. Chapman married. Not a soul was let into the secret and the pair—the bridegroom of 76 and the bride of less than 30—hurried off to Europe for their honeymoon.

Few Months of Joy.

There the little secret got out—many a bumper was drained to "the good old boy" who had at last fallen a victim to shafts of the god of love after three-quarters of a century of bachelorhood. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman came back to this country to live and took a suite at the Plaza hotel. There Mr. Chapman died, 18 months after

man went abroad to escape the attentions of the impoverished, when she got into it deeper than ever. Then on the scene came young Lord Robert Keith-Falconer, who did his wooing by proxy. The spokesman was the earl of Kintore, his father. That elderly nobleman met the stunning Mrs. Chapman at Aix-le-Bains, where she was "taking the cure." He began by showing her a portrait of his son. Then he told her that he was the best partridge shot in all England, thinking that would appeal to the lady. He urged that she would be the eleventh countess of Kintore and added if she became the wife of his son she would become one of the court ladies of Alexandra, queen of England. And so Lord Robert was introduced.

Things went along swimmingly. It turned out that the young nobleman had debts amounting to \$1,500,000 and that he was badly in need of someone to save the family estates. The engagement was reported, only to be denied vigorously by young Mrs. Chapman, when she learned that her money figured in the affair quite as much as she did.

"Why can't they leave me as I am?" said she, almost plaintively.

Then it came out that it is almost a mania with her that every man who pays her court does so through desire to obtain possession of her fortune. It is her one besetting fear—that her suitors chiefly desire her for her great wealth.

Her Life One of Worry.

And so Gen. Tcherep-Spiridovitch got his dismissal—perhaps Mrs. Chapman feared for her wealth. He met the rich young widow in New York and was very very ardent in his suit. New Yorkers heard that he was very close to the czar and the youngest general in the Russian army. When Mrs. Chapman went abroad to escape suitors in America he followed. Then came the report of the engagement,

ing his name with that of Mrs. Lawrence E. Phipps of Denver, whose domestic troubles were also in the courts.

Everybody thought that the beautiful Mrs. Tevis was happily and safely married at last, but—not so fast. They quarreled. Mr. McKee thought that Mrs. McKee was still receiving other suitors and went so far as to say so in court. Mrs. McKee came back with charges of cruelty and demanded the custody of her two sons, Hugh Tevis and Andra McKee. She even declared that her husband had spent her money and had forced her to live on pickles and sardines!

Well, the case came to court. The French judge, with Gallic impartiality, dismissed all Mrs. McKee's 26 charges against her husband and then denounced him for using her letters in court.

Then came more suitors, once the divorce was filed. First it was Marquis Guglielmi, the Italian nobleman of whom Mr. McKee was so jealous. Once more an engagement was denied. Nobody could see what the "la belle Americaine" could see in a perfunctory fortune hunter.

"These French people," exclaimed Mrs. Tevis-McKee, "can't seem to understand an honest American woman wanting to get rid of a brutal husband to live quietly with her children."

For a year things went smoothly and the suitors were easily stood off. Then came Count Apponyi, son of Count Apponyi, the elder, attache of the Austro-Hungarian legation at Brussels.

Mrs. McKee's Error.

The young Magyar was all attention. He was good looking, of unimpeachable social standing and charming manners. They became engaged. Mrs. Tevis-McKee wrote him many letters, as often fiancées write to the idols of their hearts. In them she called her count her "Cher Chou-



Mrs. Hart McKee



Mrs. Wm. H. Chapman, Jr.

are actually forced to guard themselves from unwelcome attention; to keep on denying this matrimonial alliance and that; to shut the door daily to men of title and position who fall head over heels in love with them—to say nothing of their wealth. Poor Mrs. McKee; poor Mrs. Chapman!

Galaxy of Suitors.

Just listen to Mrs. Chapman, who, just before sailing for New York on the Mauretania a week ago, in flight from her swarm of suitors, said: "I'm not engaged to any one. There isn't any prospect of my being engaged to any one, either, though I have been besieged with suitors on every side. Gossip has had me engaged to Lord Robert Keith-Falconer—that is not so. Now I am informed that I am engaged to Gen. A. de Tcherep-Spiridovitch of the Russian army. No such engagement exists. Count Spiridovitch has repeatedly asked me to become his wife; he paid assiduous court to me in Paris, but that is all there is to it."

If these were the only two reports of her engagement Mrs. Chapman might have laughed at them and let it go at that. But there were dozens of suitors before these two—the latest. Her troubles began, to quote her own words, "almost before my husband was cold in the grave."

You see, William Hayes Chapman was 76 years old, and had somewhere about \$8,000,000. He began life in a modest way in Norwich, N. Y., in the

his marriage. And from that day to this his beautiful widow has known not a single day's peace of mind.

Five days after her husband's death she received this letter:

Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 22, 1907.—Dear Lady: I read in the newspapers of your misfortune, and I take the liberty to write you, because I want ask you if you like get married again with me. I am a young noble Italian gentleman of 32 years of age, speaking a little English and will you please try my personality. Waiting for a kind answer, believe me to be, Very Truly Yours,
MARQUIS LOUIS LANCELOTTI,
Hoboken.

As she said then:
"It was not alone letters of proposal that I received, but letters of all sorts. Detectives seemed to make me their particular prey, writing me scores of letters requesting positions and appointments to look after my interests."

Then I was hounded by the almost incessant ringing of the telephone. One evening I was called from my dinner five times to answer the 'phone, and in only one instance did I know the party talking. It became so terrible that I asked the management of the Hotel St. Regis to cut off by telephone, and for two months I had peace from that direction.

Worse Abroad Than at Home.
"Then I received letters from a society in Paris which looks out for the interests of impoverished noblemen. They want money, and send one over here, and it is up to him to make a bit."

But this was not all. Mrs. Chap-

only to be denied as so many others before had been. And there the case rests now—Mrs. Chapman, fleeing from America to Europe to escape one train of suitors, has hurried back to America again to escape another train.

Mrs. McKee has taken another course. Instead of trying to escape them by fleeing from Europe she has called upon her American friends to come there to her rescue. They have formed themselves into a vigilance committee to protect her—and her fortune.

Those who read the newspapers must be familiar with the romance that seems to cling close to the life of the beautiful Cornelia Baxter that was. It is a story of Denver, San Francisco, New York, Pittsburg, Paris.

Everybody remembers how the beautiful Miss Baxter jilted rich Gerald Hughes of Denver to marry richer Hugh Tevis of San Francisco. Mr. Tevis died in Japan on their honeymoon, leaving everything to his beautiful wife.

Mrs. Tevis went first to New York and then to London. There she met Earl Roslyn, who became smitten with her beauty—to say nothing of her dollars. The actor-earl was very fascinating and of good family and all that sort of thing, but when Mrs. Tevis heard that his family thought more of her \$50,000 a year than they did of her a brief cable message went under the water. It read: "Engagement off." The earl, who had been revelling in congratulations at his great match, was naturally very peevis.

Then the McKee Case.

Meanwhile there was a great to-do in the courts of Pittsburg, Pa. A. Hart McKee and his wife, Miss Lydia Sutton that was, were airing their matrimonial infelicities. Mr. McKee settled \$300,000 upon Mrs. McKee and she got the divorce and the custody of the children. This settled, Mr. McKee was free and he promptly married the young widow of Hugh Tevis, when all the time folks had been link-

ing his name with that of Mrs. Lawrence E. Phipps of Denver, whose domestic troubles were also in the courts.

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Germany's Potato Crop.
The potato crop of Germany is nearly nine times larger than that of the United States, being over 45,000,000 tons, some four-fifths of which are used as food or for industrial purposes. Nearly one-fifth are required for seeding. In the manufacture of starch and its by-products about four per cent. of the total crop is used, and for distillation about eight per cent.

In Germany there are hundreds of small concerns in the potato districts manufacturing potato starch and dextrine. These manufacturers obtain potatoes at from 90 to 125 pfennigs (21.42 to 29.75 cents) per unit of 59 kilos, or 110 pounds.

THE LIME LIGHT

YOUTHFUL FINANCIAL "KING"



Comparatively young men have been coming to the front in Wall street in the last few years, taking the place of men who have been leaders in the street's affairs. Among the young "kings of finance" whose power has been felt is Frank A. Vanderlip, a former Chicago newspaper reporter. He has made good with a vengeance.

Before Mr. Vanderlip went to Wall street two acts in his career had already riveted attention to him—his part in averting a Chicago panic and his handling of the Spanish-American war loan.

But, before these two big chances, he had not by any means been missing opportunities. Born near Aurora, Ill., on November 17, 1864, he soon decided that his native town was too small for him, and moved to Chicago, where he got a job in an investor's agency. Later he tried newspaper

work, becoming, in course of time, financial editor of the Chicago Tribune.

After that he started a paper of his own, the Economist.

In 1896 came the Moore Brothers' failure. Mr. Vanderlip heard of it at the house of P. D. Armour, to which he had been called. Nothing whatever had leaked out, yet the public was bound to know of it. A panic was feared. Mr. Vanderlip was asked to take charge of publishing the news. His conservative way of handling it doubtless saved the city from a panic.

When Lyman J. Gage became President McKinley's secretary of the treasury he made Mr. Vanderlip his private secretary. But the man was too big for the job; soon he was assistant secretary of the treasury.

The Spanish-American war loan of 1898 gave Mr. Vanderlip his life's opportunity. Congress had voted a popular loan of \$200,000,000. He was entrusted with the floating of the bond issues. The bill was passed on June 11, 1898. Here is how he has described the handling of the loan:

"I put 500 men to work. Within a day the mails were taking our printed matter to every national, state, and private bank in the country, to every postmaster, to every express office, and to 24,000 editors of newspapers."

"The subscription closed at three o'clock on the afternoon of July 14. There were 320,000 subscribers, and they asked for \$1,400,000,000 in bonds. During the last two days we received 50,000 letters."

Mr. Vanderlip resigned from his government position in 1901 to become vice-president of the National City bank in New York city. Turning his attention to extending the bank's connections in Europe, he soon made it a great international institution, and last spring succeeded James Stillman as president.

DEEP WATERWAY HIS AIM



When the deep waterway is dug and the ships of the ocean steam up and down the Mississippi river and its tributary canals, from the gulf to the lakes, the people will not forget the great work done by William K. Kavanaugh of St. Louis. Mr. Kavanaugh is president of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway association, and no man has done more than he to bring the great project up to its present status. The talks of President Taft and Speaker Cannon on the recent trip down the "Father of Waters" indicate that the chances are good for completion of the scheme, and that Mr. Kavanaugh's work finally is to be crowned with success.

Mr. Kavanaugh has fought an uphill battle. It is a well known fact that the great railroads do not want a deep waterway. It would take freight away from them. It need only be left to the imagination of the reader to decide how hard Mr. Kavanaugh's labors have been. The railroads are powerful at the national capital and Mr. Kavanaugh has had to fight hard to make some of the members of congress see the light. That they are beginning to open their eyes is certain.

"The history of the Mississippi river has been a story of inaction and of niggardly appropriations, which have been fought through the rivers and harbors committee and through congress without rhyme or reason," said Mr. Kavanaugh in opening the association's convention at New Orleans.

"The whole valley is sick with the congestion of its transportation system, and only this deep waterway can relieve it. The people of the Mississippi valley must have definite assurance that this carrier is to be completed at a certain date, and that date must not be much more remote than the completion of the Panama canal."

CLEVELAND'S NEW MAYOR



Had Herman C. Baehr, the new mayor of Cleveland, O., never done anything else in his life, he could find sufficient honor in the fact that he defeated Tom Johnson. Others before him have tried in vain to oust "Mayor Tom" and his traction ideas from the throne in the Ohio metropolis, but failed, so it was left to the Germans to produce a man who could take the measure of the 3-cent fare advocate.

But Mayor Baehr has done other things. He is one of Cleveland's substantial citizens, and has done much for the welfare of the big town on the lake. He has held office before and fulfilled his duties with such success that his friends see the possibility of a good administration with him as the city's chief executive.

The new Cleveland mayor is a brewer. He was born March 16, 1866, in Keokuk, Iowa, but came to Cleveland when a boy. He was educated in the Cleveland schools and later in Lehman's Scientific academy, Worms-on-the-Rhine, where he took a degree of M. B. He was graduated from the first scientific station of New York in 1887 and soon after took charge of the Baehr Brewing Company, as manager.

This brewery afterward consolidated with the Cleveland and Sandusky Brewing Company, known in northern Ohio as the brewery trust. Mr. Baehr acted as secretary and treasurer of the trust organization for many years. He is associated with the Forest City Savings and Trust Company, and in 1904 was elected county recorder, being re-elected in 1906 and in 1908.

In his campaign he never had the opposition of a strong Democrat, Mayor Johnson apparently falling purposely to nominate any one of strength against Baehr.

WORKS FOR FREE IRELAND



"Ireland will be free in three or four years." This is the prediction of Thomas Power O'Connor, Irish journalist, and member of parliament, who has been visiting the large cities of the United States, appealing for financial aid in the battle to liberate Old Erin.

In Chicago \$10,000 was pledged to "Tax Pay" at a dinner given for him on the day of his arrival, and before he left the city he had a great deal more.

"The history of Ireland is a tale of misery written in letters of patriotic blood," said the Irish leader in a Chicago speech. "It tells an almost unbelievable story of oppression and misuse, ignorance and want. But of late the story has been changing. We have begun to come into our own. We are getting back some of our schools to do away with the darkness of ignorance; we are slowly gaining some of our own land from the oppressive landlords and we are coming into a power that is going to give us home rule within four years."

"If any of you believe in the efficacy of prayer, pray every night that the house of lords will reject the present budget. It will be their death warrant. It will bring an election in January and in that election we shall win our freedom from the land pirates that have long preyed upon us."

"To do so we may have to create 500 new lords, but we will keep at it if we have to make a lord out of every man in the United Kingdom. There may then be a chance for some of our Celtic friends in Chicago to break into the peerage."