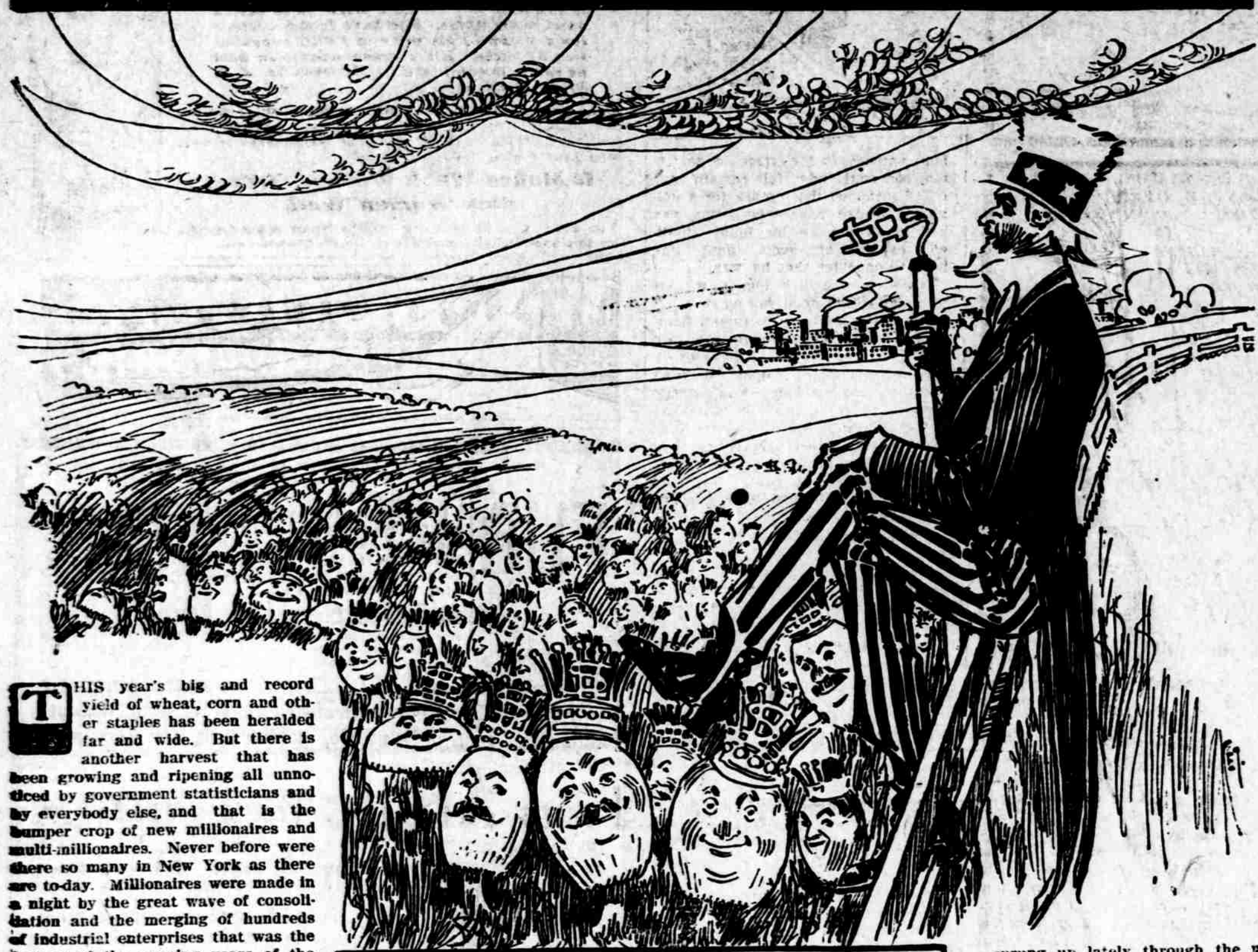


Money Kings Made in a Night

BUMPER CROP OF NEW MILLIONAIRES



THIS year's big and record yield of wheat, corn and other staples has been heralded far and wide. But there is another harvest that has been growing and ripening all unnoticed by government statisticians and by everybody else, and that is the bumper crop of new millionaires and multi-millionaires. Never before were there so many in New York as there are to-day. Millionaires were made in a night by the great wave of consolidation and the merging of hundreds of industrial enterprises that was the feature of the opening years of the twentieth century, just after the close of the Spanish-American war. There were steel kings, steamship kings, pump kings, kings of car springs and of air brakes and of all sorts of things. They blossomed forth between the sunset of one day and the dawn of the next. The select circle of plutocracy widened so swiftly that it broke all barriers and created a new aristocracy of wealth in America. New York was invaded by a horde of westerners whose manners in some cases shocked even the imperturbable servants at the expensive hotels where they monopolized the royal suites. Pittsburgh, from being simply a great mill town, a city of grimy workmen, jumped into world-wide prominence because it was discovered suddenly that it had more millionaires to the square inch than any other spot on earth. In New York all sorts of people achieved fortunes, paper or actual, almost before they were aware; jockeys, waiters, bartenders and other humble folk glanced with amazement at the balances with their brokers and began making plans for yachts and country houses. The history of this period was one of the wonders of America.



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SCENES FROM WALL STREET

Then, two years ago, the panic came and put a damper on the financial hopes and aspirations of those who had survived the various ills that followed in the wake of industrial over-expansion. But since the panic clouds have cleared away there has come another and even more wonderful appreciation in values, the most remarkable advance in the prices of all commodities and securities that this country has ever known. Probably more millionaires have been made in the last 12 months by the steadily rising tide of tremendous prosperity than history ever has recorded in a similar period of time. The number of those who have grown rich quickly is greater, probably than it was in the time of merger and consolidation, nearly a decade ago. Before the panic of 1907 there were, perhaps, 3,000 millionaires in New York. Now there are anywhere between 5,000 and 10,000.

The advances in the value of securities in the last two years have been almost incredible. There probably are more than 100,000 persons who are stockholders of United States Steel. In October, 1907, it was 21%; in February, 1909, it was 41%; this October it has been well above 50. The shares of the Pennsylvania railroad are more widely distributed than any other transportation line, more than 60,000 people being listed on its books of shareholders. Two years ago it was 163; lately it has been above 150. Union Pacific is next to Pennsylvania in the length of its stockholders' list. It is not only one of the most popular investment securities, but also one that is speculated in most largely. Union Pacific common was 100 in 1907; this year it has been above 213, an increase of more than 100 per cent. New York Central, Southern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Illinois Central, Great Northern, Standard Oil—practically all the stocks in the long list of railroads and industrials have advanced from 50 to 100 or more per cent. In value since October, 1907.

Thousands of people who are not speculators and who are intolerant of speculation have profited enormously by this wonderful rise in prices. They are the ones who bought for investment when the prices were low and who are now reaping the harvest. During the panic enormous blocks of gilt-edge shares were thrown on the markets when great speculators like Hefner and Moore, and some others who were not so spectacular or daring, had to sacrifice anything and everything for ready money. Their holdings now are scattered throughout the country and have been tucked away in tens of thousands of safe and strong boxes.

While some of the new millionaires come from the ranks of those who were bargain hunters in the days of panic, most of the new plutocrats are from the army of speculators.

There are so many of these new millionaires that it would be impossible to list them all indi-

vidually with any degree of accuracy. Comparatively few of the old band of millionaires have failed to add materially to their fortunes since the panic. There are some, it is true, who were more or less disabled in those days, and the period that preceded them who have not succeeded in winning back their lost money and prestige; some who were in the ill-fated trust companies, others of the insurance crowd, and so on. But those who held on and were able to weather the storms have been lifted up and now are richer than ever. Not only that, but a large number of new groups of great financial strength have been developed. There is the Hawley group, for instance, which has made millions and millions in the rise in value of railway shares. Edwin Hawley, the head of this enterprise, was not a big Wall street figure until within the last year or so, but of late he has added immeasurably to his wealth and to his power as a transportation king.

Among those of his friends who have climbed into the chariot of the plutocrats is Frank A. Vandenberg, the president of the National City bank. He is reputed to have made more than a million out of Chesapeake & Ohio and Union Pacific. When he was assistant secretary of the treasury a few years ago Vandenberg was a man of very moderate means and lived in a modest little flat in Washington. After he came to New York his wealth increased somewhat, but only since the first of this year has he entered the millionaire class.

Another of the Hawley group who is one of the new crop of multi-millionaires is a banker named Scott, who piled up a small fortune, dollar by dollar, in Richmond, Va., and who has increased it many fold of late in Wall street. Still another of the same group is Robert Fleming. He was not a poor man when the rise in stocks began, but he is said to be a very rich one now. Then there is a new crop of Union Pacific millionaires, Southern Pacific millionaires, Wabash, Rock Island and many other groups of new millionaires who have become wealthy by the tremendous upturn of the shares they were interested in. Some of these men were millionaires before the beginning of this year; these have now moved up to the multi-millionaire class.

There are quite as many who have won fortunes in the field of industrial stocks, especially in United States Steel common. One of these—more than a millionaire when he began buying Steel—is Frank A. Munsey, the publisher. He is said to have started his Steel purchases two years ago, when the stock was around 22, and to have accumulated a total of 100,000 shares at very low prices. His winnings are estimated at more than \$5,000,000.

These instances, taken at random, give an indication of the thousands of fortunes that have

sprung up lately through the upward sweep of prices in Wall street. Great corporations, like the fire and the life insurance companies, have also profited stupendously. These tremendous reservoirs of money own huge blocks of shares in scores of railway and industrial companies—lots of from 10,000 shares to almost a controlling interest. The most of these are sober, gilt-edged, dividend-paying stocks that have not been spectacular in their advance in price as compared with some of those that have gone up like skyrockets. Yet even these high-priced shares have been enhanced in value from 20 to 50 per cent. in the last 12 months. They were bought at panic prices, so the published records of these companies show, and these institutions now are said to be selling them off, cautiously and carefully at the fancy figures that have been prevailing of late. Unlike the individual investor, they believe in cashing in their winnings and salting them down until there is another chance to buy cheap.

In the commodities there are new groups of millionaires and multi-millionaires also. Some of these have won their wealth in wheat, others in corn, but most of them in cotton. There are more new cotton kings and princes to-day than ever before. Practically all of these are southerners, who have had an expert knowledge of this staple. Most of them have been cotton planters themselves on a large scale, and all their lives they have been studying cotton, its growth and its ever-widening markets.

Almost every day there have been rumors flying about as to what Patten was doing in cotton. But curiously enough there has been never a word said about the real bull leader in the cotton market, the man who has recently been jumping into the multi-millionaire class, Eugene G. Scales of Dallas, Tex. Scales is the most towering bull, probably, that the cotton market ever has known. Patten is a piker beside him. Even the celebrated Mr. Sully in his palmist days never operated on such a huge basis as Scales has been in the last eight months.

This new and mighty multi-millionaire in the cotton market has steadfastly kept himself in the background. He is no amateur speculator, however, for five years ago he was in one of the Sully campaigns and retired from the fight with several large dents in his financial armor. But now he has won back all his losses and a lot more.

Some among the many others who "know cotton" and have won big fortunes through their rise in price are Ferguson Reid of Norfolk, Va.; Morris H. Rothschild of Woodville, Miss.; William P. Brown of New Orleans and Louis S. Berg of Mississippi. Berg had charge of the Chalmers terminals at New Orleans not long ago and was a hard-working railroad man. A little later he pieced together a lot of small Mississippi railroads and combined them into an effective and profitable system. Then, with a modest fortune, he came to New York, and since then has been making money out of cotton.

And so the list runs on. Hardly a name among the thousands of new millionaires is familiar to New Yorkers. They are practically unknown outside of the small communities they came from in the west and south. They live in the costliest suites in the most expensive New York hotels. Next summer, if they have no setback they will begin leasing or buying palaces at Newport, Bar Harbor or other places where the socially elect are supposed to live. Then they will begin trying to break through the imaginary inclosure with which "society" surrounds itself. There are so many of these new millionaires that perhaps like the incursion of a new race they will overwhelm and conquer the relatively small group of people who have been priding themselves on having their wealth for a decade or more. At any rate, the names of most of these new millionaires probably will be read for the first time in print in the next year's books of social registry, which form the nearest approach to the directory of the peerage that the plutocracy of America knows.

In the time the letter came back, but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle—San Francisco Call.

Greek State Monopolies.

Salt, petroleum, matches, playing cards are state monopolies in Greece.

BETZVILLE TALES

Cousin Orone and Cleopatra

By Ellis Parker Butler
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

Cousin Orone McDoodle is one of the most patient men in Betzville and, as he often says, you can never tell what will turn up if you only wait long enough. He is willing to wait almost any length of time for something to turn up, and it is his marvelous patience that makes him so successful as a trainer of wild animals. For eighteen or twenty years he has been waiting for some one to give him a couple of lions or tigers, and as soon as someone does give them to him, he will undoubtedly train them in a wonderful manner. Cousin Orone also says he is willing to wait considerable time for someone to give him any other animal to train, and that he will then show us something, but up to the present no one has given him any animal whatever. So Cousin Orone has been lavishing his wonderful talent on Cleopatra.

Last Wednesday a gentleman of Italian parentage arrived in Betzville with a large, rough-cast bear and a painful, squeaky flute, and after wandering through the streets of our burg, put up for the night at the Betzville hotel, and while sitting on the front porch after supper boasted that his bear was ready and willing to wrestle, catch-as-catch-can, with any living being in Betzville. Two shoulders to the ground to be a "down." For awhile no one in the vicinity seemed willing to take the challenge, and it looked as if the bear would bear away the championship of Betzville. But just then Orone McDoodle

legs and prepared to catch-as-catch-can for all he was worth, but Cousin Orone McDoodle merely leaned against one of the hotel porch pillars and waited. He said that Cleopatra was probably maneuvering for an opening. The bear seemed surprised, too, for he had nothing to do but stand with his paws out, awaiting the attack. It must be said for the bear that he was willing to wrestle, but what he was willing to wrestle with. Suddenly Uncle Ashdod began scratching himself on the leg, and we knew that Cleopatra was indeed maneuvering for an opening. In a minute the Italian gentleman also scratched himself and we were doubly sure that Cleopatra was on her way.

An instant later the battle became fast and furious. Cleopatra closed with the bear and secured a strangle hold on his ear. She bit him three times, and as he turned to grasp her, she jumped to his nose, bit twice, and slid quickly to the ground. The bear stood on his head, wiped his face with his left paw, and whirled about just as Cleopatra attacked him in the right flank. The bear whirled again, struck himself wildly in the right flank with his left paw, just as Cleopatra took a bite or two out of his right hind foot. The bear danced, and Cleopatra saw her chance and jumped to the middle of his back, bit three times and moved up between his shoulders.

It was an exciting moment, with the Italian gentleman shouting encouragement to the bear, and Cousin Orone urging Cleopatra on. The bear stood up and tremulous waves wiggled up and down his back, while Cleopatra hung on and bit eagerly. Cleopatra bit again, and tears stood in the bear's eyes, but he was still game. Cleopatra bit once more and the bear tried to reach her with both fore-paws, and failed. Cleopatra bit again, and the bear tried to crawl under the hotel porch, but was headed off by the Italian gentleman. Cleopatra bit four times in quick succession and grasped the bear with all her legs, shaking him to and fro, and with a growl the bear threw himself on his back, and wiggled. Cleopatra had won!

The entire audience crowded up to congratulate Orone, and he received their kind words with becoming modesty. He said the credit all belonged to Cleopatra, and he called to her to come forward and receive her reward of praise, but she remained modestly in the background. Consternation reigned, for it was feared that Cleopatra might have been lost, but half an hour later Cousin Orone backed up against one of the hotel pillars and began rubbing his back against it vigorously. He then said, for publication, that he was able to announce that Cleopatra was not lost.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)



It Was an Exciting Moment, with the Italian Gentleman Shouting Encouragement to the Bear, and Cousin Orone Urging Cleopatra on.

happened along and, hearing the challenge, said he was willing to enter a wrestler, on the terms given, and that he would put Cleopatra against the bear in any kind of wrestle.

At once all became excitement on our main street, and the crowd gathered, and there was a great deal of conversation, for none of us had known that Cousin Orone had a wrestler by name of Cleopatra. But Orone immediately took off his coat and vest, and then he took off his shirt, and asked Uncle Ashdod Clouts to kindly grab the little black thing that nestled between Orone's shoulders. It seems that Cousin Orone, for many months, has been training a flea, and when not in use the flea nestles right there between Orone's shoulders. A flea is a splendid wrestler.

As soon as Uncle Ashdod had grabbed Cleopatra, Orone took her in his hand, holding her firmly between his thumb and forefinger, and spoke to her as one man to another. He explained what she was to undertake, and we all expected Cleopatra to look upon the huge bear with awe and fear, but she merely turned her eyes to Orone, as if to say, "Whatever you command, it is my pleasure to do."

"The honor of Betzville is in your hands, Cleopatra," said Orone. "Remember the rules: first down wins; two shoulders to the ground constitutes a down. Go, my darling, and may all be well with you!" Then he set Cleopatra on the ground, and she immediately became lost to sight.

The Italian at first seemed inclined to resent the appearance of a champion that he could not see without a microscope, but upon being duly spoken to, he had nothing to do but allow his bear to wrestle with Cleopatra. He therefore stepped to the bear in these words: "Jacks, you fight da flea! You wrestle da flea! Maska da good fight. Gitta da move on!"

At this the bear stood on his hind

feet and prepared to catch-as-catch-can for all he was worth, but Cousin Orone McDoodle merely leaned against one of the hotel porch pillars and waited. He said that Cleopatra was probably maneuvering for an opening. The bear seemed surprised, too, for he had nothing to do but stand with his paws out, awaiting the attack. It must be said for the bear that he was willing to wrestle, but what he was willing to wrestle with. Suddenly Uncle Ashdod began scratching himself on the leg, and we knew that Cleopatra was indeed maneuvering for an opening. In a minute the Italian gentleman also scratched himself and we were doubly sure that Cleopatra was on her way.

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Only One of its Kind.

"I handed the conductor a quarter," said the man. "He shook his head. 'Canadian,' he said, 'I don't know it.'"

"I hadn't looked at it before. Sure enough it was Canadian."

"Take it to my drug store," he said. "They'll give you 20 cents for it."

"I took it to a drug store and offered it to the clerk. He shook his head, same old way."

"Counterfeit," he said.

"And sure enough it was counterfeit. That was the only counterfeit Canadian coin I ever saw. I don't believe there are many of them floating around, and of course it was just my luck to get the only specimen."

The Little Rebel.

At the last Fourth of July celebration in a little upstate town, a Virginia maid shocked the other inhabitants by flying a confederate flag from her bedroom window and declaring her intention of emulating Barbara Fritchie, with or without a Stonewall Jackson to assist her against insult to the flag.

A few days ago the same little rebel happened to be crossing the border, coming from Montreal, where she had been visiting. The immigrant

Tommy the Loser.

"Tommy," laughed the visitor, "I don't think you like your sister's new beau."

"Naw!" growled Tommy, with a pout. "The mutt cut me out of a job."

"Goodness! And how was that?"

"Why, sis used to give me a nickel an hour every evening to sway her hammock, and now he comes around and does it for nothing."

GUINEA FOWL, NOT TURKEY

Romans Mistakenly Called Former Bird by Name of Succulent American Fowl.

Beckmann's researches proved that the African bird so prized by the Romans was the guinea fowl, which to this day roams wild over the entire continent, from Egypt to the cape, and that the first turkey Europe saw was brought back by the Spaniards from North America. The earliest author to mention Turkeys (calling them by the Latin name of guinea fowl) is Ordoñez, who in 1525 described them with a minuteness and a curiosity he would hardly have given to an already familiar object. Another Spanish traveler published the statement in 1553 that of all the fowls in New Spain the turkey was the most delicious, and that there was no bird known in Europe that could equal it. That the same verdict was passed in Old Spain is proven by the way the Spaniards set themselves to domesticating the turkey and sending it to their countries.

Points of Husbandry

1557, it is supposed that even some of the Pilgrims may have tasted turkey before their first Thanksgiving dinner in the new world.

Thanksgiving.

Lord of the land and sea,
Our deep thanksgiving be
Forevermore to Thee!

For Thy so lenient ways
To the dead other days,
We live our worship-praise!

For all our radiant names
That history acclaims,
The deeds that now are Fame's!

For failure—that which went
With some sublime intent;
For Death's dark sacrament!

For beckoning beacon-hopes
That show, beyond the slopes,
How wide the Future opens!

For all our land's increase
That slowly, without cease
Man's paths trend more toward peace!

Forevermore to Thee,
Our deep Thanksgiving be,
Lord of the land and sea!

—Clinton Scollard, in Success.

MRS. CAUBLE AT THE POLE.



"This is a nice time to get home. Here you've been gone six months." "Sorry, my dear, but I was afraid to come home in the dark."

RECIPE FOR CATARRH.

Furnished by High Medical Authority. Gives Frequent Results. The only logical treatment for catarrh is through the blood. A prescription which has recently proved wonderfully effective in hospital work is the following. It is easily made. "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Turis compound; half pint first-class whiskey." These to be mixed by shaking well in a bottle, and used in tablespoon doses before each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be gotten from any well stocked drugstore, or he will get them from his wholesale house. There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game without growing the worse for it.—Dickens.

ALLEN'S LUNG BARK
will cure not only a Croup, Whooping Cough, but usually bring on a permanent cure. It is a trial and prove its worth. 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures whooping cough. 25c. a bottle.

The greatest necessity in a woman's life is love.

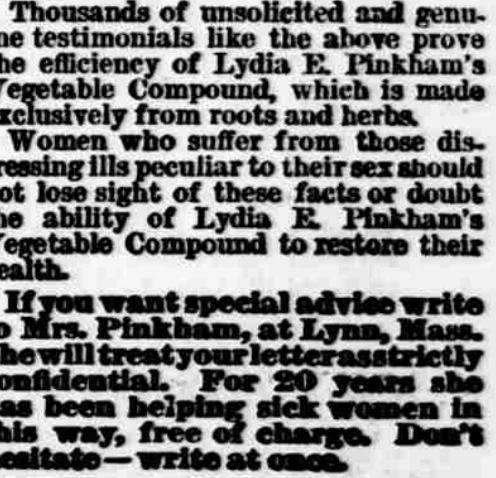
WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Miss. Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman. "I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letters as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.



MILLIONS



OF WOMEN

Regard Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as unrivaled for Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands, for Sanative, Antiseptic Cleansing and for the Nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Depot: London, 27, Coventry St.; Paris, 4, Rue de la Harpe; New York, N. Y., 15, N. 5th St.; Boston, 15, N. 5th St.; Philadelphia, 15, N. 5th St.; Chicago, 15, N. 5th St.; St. Louis, 15, N. 5th St.; San Francisco, 15, N. 5th St.; Honolulu, 15, N. 5th St.; Manila, 15, N. 5th St.; Singapore, 15, N. 5th St.; Cebu, 15, N. 5th St.; Yokohama, 15, N. 5th St.; Kobe, 15, N. 5th St.; Hong Kong, 15, N. 5th St.; Shanghai, 15, N. 5th St.; Peking, 15, N. 5th St.; Tientsin, 15, N. 5th St.; Hankow, 15, N. 5th St.; Canton, 15, N. 5th St.; Amoy, 15, N. 5th St.; Swatow, 15, N. 5th St.; Singapore, 15, N. 5th St.; Penang, 15, N. 5th St.; Malacca, 15, N. 5th St.; Batavia, 15, N. 5th St.; Soerabaya, 15, N. 5th St.; Semarang, 15, N. 5th St.; Medan, 15, N. 5th St.; Palembang, 15, N. 5th St.; Singapore, 15, N. 5th St.; Penang, 15, N. 5th St.; Malacca, 15, N. 5th St.; Batavia, 15, N. 5th St.; Soerabaya, 15, N. 5th St.; Semarang, 15, N. 5th St.; Medan, 15, N. 5th St.; Palembang, 15, N. 5th St.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

SURELY HERE IS THE LIMIT

Undecipherable Handwriting a Minor Thing, According to This Story.

From Horace Gealey's time great man have been noted for their poor orthography, and in this connection Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," is no exception. But the best story regarding the verifiability of handwriting that I have heard came recently from the secretary of a well-known local club. It seems that the club desired to have the poet address the organization at an annual affair at which an elaborate program had been prepared. The secretary addressed a letter to Joaquin telling him of the purpose of the jinks and requesting his co-operation. He was scheduled for a recitation.

In due time, there came an answer from the poet. It was in his own hand and covered four pages. In vain the secretary pored over the manuscript. He turned it over to the president, the board of directors and the members in turn, but all failed to decipher the scrawls. The question before the club was, "Has Miller accepted or has he declined?"

The secretary finally took the matter into his own hands and addressed the following note to Miller:

"My dear Mr. Miller: Your letter received, but I have been unable to determine whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the date mentioned, will you kindly make a cross on the bottom of this letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear, will you kindly draw a circle?"

In due time the letter came back, but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle.—San Francisco Call.

Greek State Monopolies.

Salt, petroleum, matches, playing cards are state monopolies in Greece.